but back in '25

We have had enough mule to last us for a year or so . . .

There are several kinds of mule: Brown's, Army, White, old grey, sophomore, dead—there are more kinds, if you count them all up, than Republicans in Georgia, and they all pack a powerful wallop. A man should never needlessly expose himself to mule. Even a dead mule can make his presence felt in an unmistakable way. . . . A man can always be known by the kind of company he keeps. It takes a mule to love a mule; it takes a powerful stomach to stomach mule. Of course, there's no accounting for tastes, but you wouldn't expect a man with a taste for mule to matriculate at Notre Dame just to develop that taste, when there are so many other places more expert in muleology. This is all by way of prelude to the announcement that you are not expected to be an everlasting ass on the trip to New York. There are clever ways of showing your loyalty to Notre Dame; making an ass of yourself is not one of them; neither is companionship with an animal they call White Mule, or mula blanca. Tickets will admit you to the first sleeper, not to the cattle car, and please hand back your ticket if you cannot travel as a gentleman should.

Make no mistake. Notre Dame has a reputation to sustain in other things besides football. Generations of Notre Dame men in the past have set a tradition of gentlemanliness that this generation must sustain. Making ass in a herd of horses may lead lookers to conclude to a herd of asses. And the bray-casual on-act is another way of saying Notre Dame men. It is only proper that you remember the team in Holy Communion Saturday morning, and this you can very easily do if you remain fasting from midnight till you have landed in good old Manhattan, where a Mass will be arranged for your convenience. It requires a bit of sacrifice, to be sure, but a lot more than that is demanded of the team for entertainment, and you can't think much of the team if you cannot do that much for them. What say? (So good!)

(Adapted from the Bulletin of Cot. 73, 1925. Looks like human nature doesn't change.)