

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Friday, May 8, 1959

Notre Dame, Indiana

WHILE SENIORS ARE rushing off to wait on their dates for the Ball this evening, the rest of you have a variety of things to do:

--AT 6:30 P.M. Hymns will be sung at the Grotto.

--AT 6:45 P.M. Novena in honor of Our Sorrowful Mother, in Sacred Heart Church.

--AT 8:00 P.M. Yves Simon lectures on "Theological Implications of Positivism", in 127 Nieuwland.

--AT 8:00 P.M. Opening of Symposium on "The Problems and Responsibilities of School Desegregation", in the Law Auditorium.

● AT THE 8:00 o'clock Mass Sunday morning, the center section of Sacred Heart Church will be reserved for the Seniors and their guests.

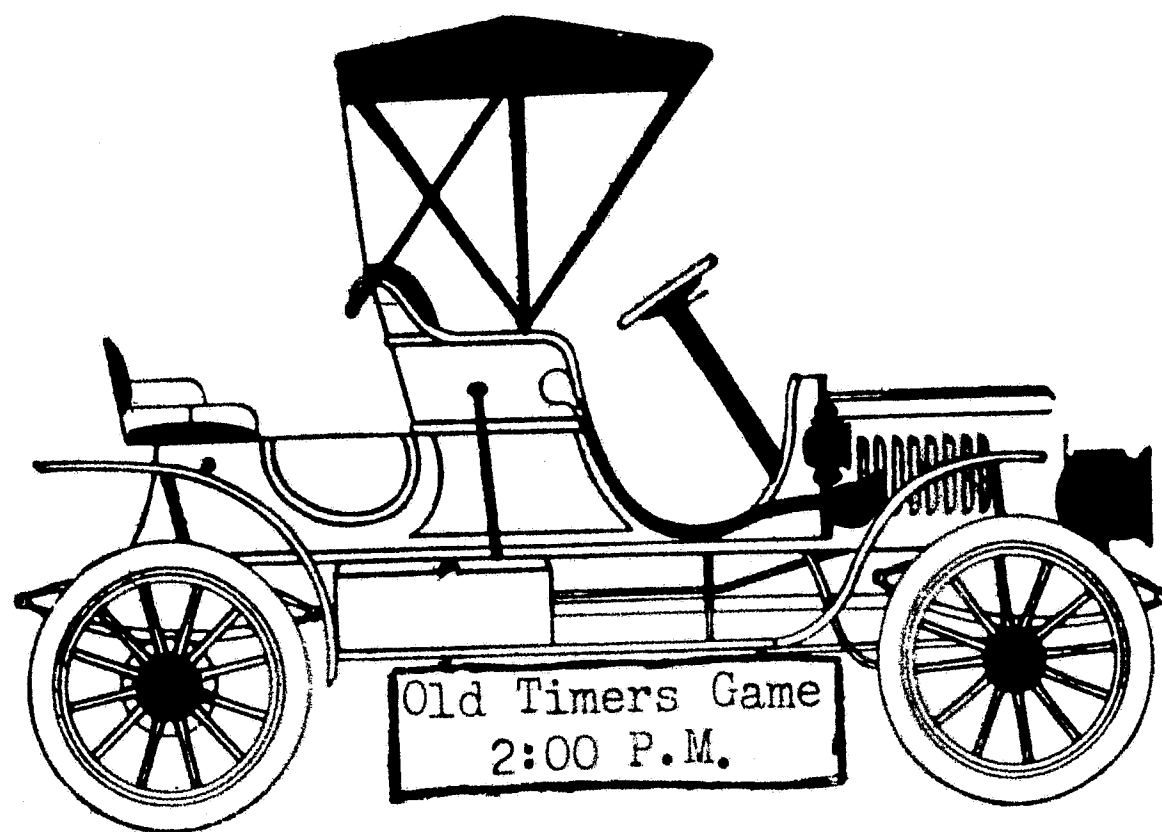
● SATURDAY EVENING, 6:00 P.M. until 8:30 P.M., Confessions as usual in Sacred Heart Church.

● HOPE YOU DIDN'T, but if you did forget to send a Mother's Day card, there are Spiritual Bouquet cards at the pamphlet rack in Dillon Hall.

● JOE BREIG SAID IT--"You can hardly spend your college years at Notre Dame without falling in love with Mary. And something enters into the souls of young men who choose her for their Lady. What enters is a kind of knightly obligation to be not unworthy of her. She never stops demanding of you a Christian manliness; and she will not let you be comfortable if you fall short of it. I do not mean that no Notre Dame man ever has fallen low. But in the depths he will hardly forget Our Lady of the Golden Dome..."

● QUIN RYAN SAYS--"An optimist is:
--a fellow who thinks he'll get into heaven with his tombstone as a passport;
--a person who thinks everything is for the best--and that he is the best;
--a guy who, when every bone in his body aches, is thankful that he's not a herring.
And, a pessimist is:
--one who, given a choice of two evils, chooses both;
--a fellow to borrow from--he never expects to get it back.

● AND CHARLIE CALLAHAN, speaking of the game tomorrow, says:



It is unfortunate, but the Old Timers game really came to life as a "must see" production in the spring of 1937, as the result of an automobile accident.

The story concerns Johnny (One Play) O'Brien. And the telling of the story really reaches back into Notre Dame gridiron lore. It goes back to the story of: "Win this one for the Gipper."

In 1928, when an underdog Notre Dame team beat Army, 12-6, the winning touchdown was scored on a long pass from John Niemiec, the left halfback, to Johnny O'Brien, the left end. This was the game in which the famed Rockne, at halftime, delivered his pep talk in which he told his men that George Gipp, on his death bed, had said: "Someday, Rock, when the going really gets rough, ask the boys to win one for the Gipper." That was the day, in 1928, against Army, that Rockne asked for the win. The victory came, as mentioned above, on a pass to O'Brien. It was the only play in which O'Brien, then a sophomore, participated in that afternoon. And, as a consequence, he picked up the nickname of "One Play O'Brien."

In 1936 O'Brien had joined the staff of Elmer Layden, then the head football coach at Notre Dame. It turned out to be a one-season job. On March 12, 1937, he was killed in an automobile accident.

It follows that the Old Timers game in May of 1937, with a higher rate of admission, was played for the benefit of the family of Johnny O'Brien.

The Varsity beat the Old Timers 7-0. The acting captain of the Varsity was Joe Kuharich.

Since 1947, the proceeds of the game have been used for the benefit of four yearly tuition scholarships for young men residing in the South Bend area.

● STANFORD, ALUMNI, FISHER, AND WALSH residents have their turn at May Adoration in the Lady Chapel on Monday, from Noon until 4:45 P.M. Let's keep the chapel filled throughout the afternoon.

● PRAYERS. Ill: Father of Bill Crosby of Keenan; mother of Sr. Jeremy, C.S.J.; mother and brother of Fr. Anthony Sebastian, O.F.M., of Howard.



THIS IS THE BIG WEEK-END for seniors. All day long, they've been getting calls, meeting planes and trains, and waiting at the circle for the girl behind the wheel of the family car. Later this evening, with car-keys in hand, and bow-tie donned without complaint, they'll look for all the world like a thing of beauty and a boy forever.

SO, ON THE CHANCE that they will come back to earth sometime before the week-end is over we present here some remarks by an old grad, the late J.P. McEvoy, '14. Aimed at seniors, they still can be of value to the rest of you.

AFTER ALL, everyone needs occasionally to be reminded that it is our common lot to have to work while here. And one need not be going to balls all the time to be guilty of failure to work. I suspect that more than one of those who were sunning on the pier this afternoon either were shirking their studies or maybe ought to have been making a half hour of adoration they had promised to make.

John Boorman, c.c.
Prefect of Religion

THEY ARE turning you out of that cozy bird sanctuary called School into this formidable jungle called Life. Start looking right away for an old rogue elephant all scarred up by experience. You have a lot of questions on your mind like: "Where do I go from here? And how do I get there? What's the pay-off? What's the take-home? What's the low-down on all this talk about 'security,' and 'playing it safe'? And please! no valedictory double talk."

Old rogue elephants, like me for instance (care to see my scars?), are glad to tell you where the water holes are — but you will have to get there on your own steam — none of us elephants is going to carry you. We will show you the best feeding grounds but you will have to do your own foraging. We will even let you in on a few of our time-tested tricks for outwitting the ivory hunters who want your two front teeth for piano keys — but don't ask us how you can survive in the jungle of life by "playing it safe." And security — without scars? Never heard of it.

A friend of mine, an employer-type elephant, tells me the first question not-so-shy young graduates ask him these days is, "What's the pension plan here?" Bad timing. Get your toe in the door; your name on the payroll; your pants on a chair. The pension plan can wait, you can't.

Now you are on your way to your own built-in pension plan — complete with *your* savings and investments, *your* skills and accumulated savvy. The know-how in your hands and the know-why in your head form a solid principal that can't depreciate in a bust or inflate in a boom.

And then? I hate to say it, boys . . . , but I just don't know any other word for it. W-O-R-K. You will meet a lot of people in life who think that if you don't look at work it will go away. But it won't.

But, chin up! Remember many others have gone through the jungle before you, and left warnings, bits of lore scratched in the bark of trees, carved in the rocks along the trails and beside the water holes. For the indolent: "He who cuts his own wood warms himself twice." For the thoughtless: "Better to be kind at home than burn incense in far-off places."



"It's tough to say good-bye to all this . . . the campus . . . these halls of ivy . . . friends . . . my allowance. . . ."