

# RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

Vol. XXXIX, No. 8

Monday, October 12, 1959

Notre Dame, Ind.



● THIS IS THE DAY Christopher Columbus stubbed his toe on the "new world", some 467 years ago. Chances are, it didn't take him two weeks to unload his gear and get organized. Some around here, however, are still unpacking, still trying to get to the bottom of a trunk or a book-box. Some may have found their way to class and back to their desks, but too many still haven't yet found their way into the hall chapel! Time you got organized, if you are one of these.

● PRAYERS. Deceased: Father of Bert Bell, ex'58; father of Jim Piowaty, '59; sister of Charles McCauley, '19; Thomas Cotleur, '55; aunt of Jay of Pangborn, and David Kilroy of Dillon; uncle of Ed Gieselman of Pangborn. Ill: Grandfather of Dennis O'Brien of Badin.

All earthly beauty hath one cause and proof,  
To lead the pilgrim soul to beauty above.



ANYONE who has trooped along with the fifty million fans who pack the nation's football stadia during each grid-iron season knew the genial Bert Bell. A convert of a few years only, Commissioner Bell, during more than twenty five years in the game, had a reputation for honesty, sincerity, and a great sense of humor. Pray for the repose of his soul.

● THOSE who are still in the throes of late summer doldrums might do well to mull over these words of Fr. D'Arcy:

A young man, who was at the Catholic school of Beaumont in England, wrote in a letter words which all of us should echo: "There is a tendency to portray the Christian life of today as an easy life, an attractive life; it should rather be presented as the hardest way of all; difficulties do not deter men, they arouse them to greater efforts, the natural tendency is to regard the hard thing as the most desirable, and yet in truth the heroic Christian life that seems to me to be demanded today is not hard; it is the only one with any true joy or peace here on earth."

The loves and ideals which are easy of attainment never bring lasting joy; they become trivial and die. You can choose pleasure and you will never find it; you can choose a career and nothing beyond; the taste of it will grow stale. Alone wisdom and Christian love survive time and the assault of evil. "I loved wisdom . . . for her light cannot be put out," and it is in the discipline of the Catholic faith that this light will continue to shine across the world like the rays of the moon across troubled waters. And it is this discipline too of love which will give you power to warm a desolate world by your faith.

## Fishing Stories.

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,  
Mariners, travellers, magazines of  
myth,  
Settin' up in Heaven, chewin' and  
a-chawin',  
Eatin' their terbaccy, talkin' and  
a-jawin';  
Settin' by a crick, spittin' in the  
worter,  
Talkin' tall an' tactless, as saints  
hadn't orter,  
Lollin' in the shade, baitin hooks and  
anglin',  
Occasionally friendly, occasionally  
wranglin'.  
—Noah took his halo from his old bald  
head  
An' swatted of a hoppergrass an'  
knocked it dead,  
An' he baited of his hook, an' he spoke  
an' said:  
"When I was the Skipper of the tight  
leetle Ark  
I useter fish fer porpus, useter fish fer  
shark.  
Often I have ketched in a single hour  
on Monday  
Sharks enough to feed the fambly till  
Sunday—  
To feed all the sarpints, the tigers an'  
donkeys,  
To feed all the zebras, the insects an'  
monkeys,  
To feed all the varmint, bears an'  
gorillars,  
To feed all the camels, cats an' arma-  
dillers,  
To give all the pelicans stews for their  
gizzards,  
To feed all the owls an' catamounts  
an' lizards,  
To feed all the humans, their babies  
an' their nusses,  
To feed all the houn' dawgs an' hip-  
popotamusses,  
To feed all the oxens, feed all the asses,  
Feed all the bison an' leetle hopper-  
grasses—  
Always I ketched, in half a hour on  
Monday  
All that the fambly could gormandize  
till Sunday!"  
—Jonah took his harp, to strum and  
to string her,  
An' Cap'n John Smith teched his nose  
with his finger.  
Cap'n John Smith he hemmed some  
an' hawed some,  
An' he bit off a chaw, an' he chewed  
some and chawed some:—  
"When I was to China, when I was  
to Guinea,  
When I was to Java, an' also in Ver-  
ginney,  
I teachd all the natives how to be  
ambitious."

I learned 'em my trick of ketchin'  
devilfishes,  
I've fitten' tigers, I've fitten bears,  
I have fitten sarpints an' wolves in  
their lairs,  
I have fit with wild men an' hippo-  
potamusses,  
But the perillousest varmint is the  
bloody octopusses!  
I'd rub my forehead with phosopho-  
rescent light  
An' plunge into the ocean an' seek  
'em out at night!  
I ketched 'em in grottoes, I ketched  
'em in caves,  
I used fer to strangle 'em underneath  
the waves!  
When they seen the bright light  
blazin' on my forehead  
They used ter to rush at me, screamin'  
something horr'id:  
Tentacles wavin', teeth white an'  
gnashin',  
Hoilerin' and bellerin', wallerin' an'  
splashin'!  
I useter grab 'em as they rushed from  
their grots.  
Ketch all their legs an' tie 'em into  
knots!"  
—Noah looked at Jonah, an' said not  
a word,  
But if winks made noises, a wink had  
been heard.  
Jonah took the hook from a mudcat's  
middle  
An' strummed on the strings of his  
hallalujah fiddle;  
Jonah give his whiskers a backhand  
wipe  
An' put some plug terbaccer an'  
crammed it in his pipe!  
—(Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John  
Smith,  
Fishermen an' travellers, narreratin'  
myth,  
Settin' up in Heaven all eternity,  
Fishin' in the shade, contented as  
could be!  
Spittin' their terbaccer in the little  
shaded creek,  
Stoppin' of their yarns fer ter hear  
the ripples speak!  
I hope for Heaven, when I think of  
this—  
You folks bound hellward, a lot of  
fun you'll miss!)  
Jonah, he decapitates that mudcat's  
head,  
An' gets his pipe ter drawin'; an' this  
is what he said:  
"Excuse me ef your stories don't ex-  
cite me much!  
Excuse me ef I seldom agitate fer such!  
You think yer fishermen! I won't  
argue none!  
I won't even tell yer the half o' what  
I done!  
You has careers dangerous an' check-  
ered!  
All as I will say is: Go and read my  
record!"

You think yer fishermen! You think  
yer great!  
All I asks is this: Has one of ye been  
'bait?  
Cap'n Noah, Cap'n John, I heered when  
ye hollered:  
What I asks is this: Has one of ye  
been swallowed?  
It's mighty purty fishin' with little  
hooks an' reels.  
It's mighty easy fishin' with little rods  
an' creels.  
It's mighty pleasant ketchin' mudcats  
fer yer dinners.  
But this here is my challenge fer  
saints an' fer sinners,  
Which one of ye has v'yaged in a  
varmint's inners?  
When I seen a big fish, tough as  
Methooslum,  
I used fer to dive into his oozy-  
goozlum!  
When I seen the strong fish, wallop-  
in like a lummicks,  
I useter foller 'em, dive into their  
stummicks!  
I could v'yage an' steer 'em, I could  
understand 'em.  
I useter navigate 'em, I useter land  
'em!  
Don't you pester me with any more  
narration!  
Go git famous! Git a reputation!"  
—Cap'n John he grinned his hat brim  
beneath,  
Clicked his tongue of silver on his  
golden teeth;  
Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith,  
Strummin' golden harps, narreratin'  
myth!  
Settin' by the shadows forever an'  
forever,  
Swappin' yarns an' fishin' in a little  
river!

DON MARQUIS.

Many stories--some  
fish stories among  
them--came back in  
September. Some of  
them don't show as  
much imagination as  
Don Marquis'. In  
fact, what do some  
of them show??????