

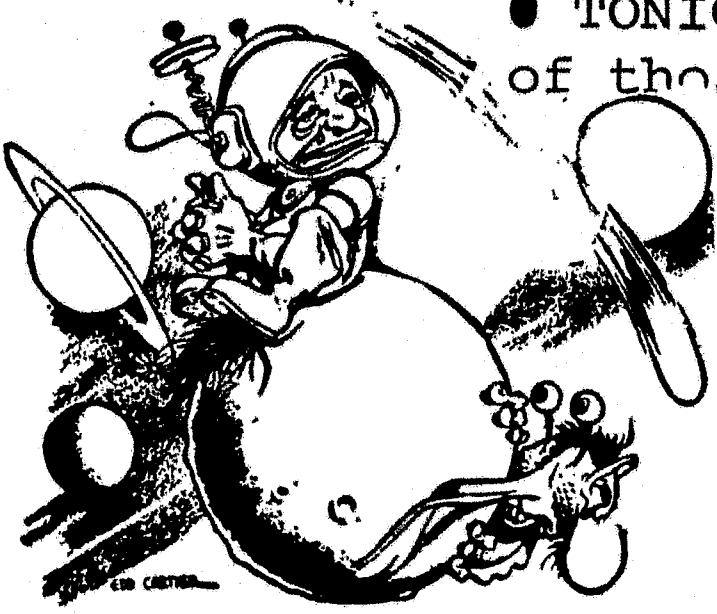
RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

Vol. XXXIX, No. 16

Friday, October 30, 1959.

Notre Dame, Ind.

● TONIGHT is one of those nights when some get it in their wee heads to betake themselves right out of this



world. Suggestion: Before you make the move, be sure you are prepared to accept the consequences (loneliness, phantoms, and tears).

● "SHOOT FIVE" and "you're faded" are fairly solid evidence that gambling is going on in a room. And if the room also boasts a green felt rug on the floor and a pair of dice under the bed, and if you hear your neighbors shout "Ada from Decatur", "Little Joe from Kokomo", "Big Dick from Boston" "Snake-Eyes", "Fever", and "Box Cars", 'twould be a bit naive to think that your next door neighbors' relatives are arriving for the game. It's a good bet, too, that your neighbor is not short of cash.....yet. Same's true when the lights burn late in the Church on a Saturday night. It's a good bet that four priests are at work hearing confessions. And, maybe waiting for you.

● PRAYERS. Deceased: Grandmother of Joe Blake of Pangborn; William R. Baker, '20; Harley E. Kirby, '04. Ill: Father of Rev. Joseph Haley, C.S.C.; infant son of Gerry Giroux, '58.

● PRAY TOMORROW that there will be no more injuries.

● OUT OF THE DEPTHS
O listen, and hear them appealing.....
The voice of the spirits in pain:
In the chill that comes over us stealing
With the sob of the pitiful rain;
The sobbing, cold rain of November,
Like the voice of one crying: "Remember,
Remember the souls of the dead!"

In the midnight, when others are sleeping,
And the moonlight streams through the dark,
A restlessness over us creeping, makes us
Wakeful and watchful; then, hark,
In the lonely, cold nights of November,
How they seem to beseech us: "Remember,
Remember the souls of the dead."

In the rustle of leaves that are falling
With a whisper at our feet,
There's a voice from the past, softly
Calling, Mournfully pleading, sweet:
"O friends, in the month of November,
You, who once loved us, remember,
Remember the souls of the dead!"

'Tis the burden of ocean's sad dirges,
A voice that incessantly says:
We loved you while living,
"O do not forget us in death!
Not alone through the month of November
But still you too need mercy, remember,
Remember the souls of the dead!"

----J.E.U.N.

● BE SURE you haven't forgotten to place the list of those souls you wish to have remembered in the Novena envelope on your hall Bulletin Board. The Novena begins on Monday.

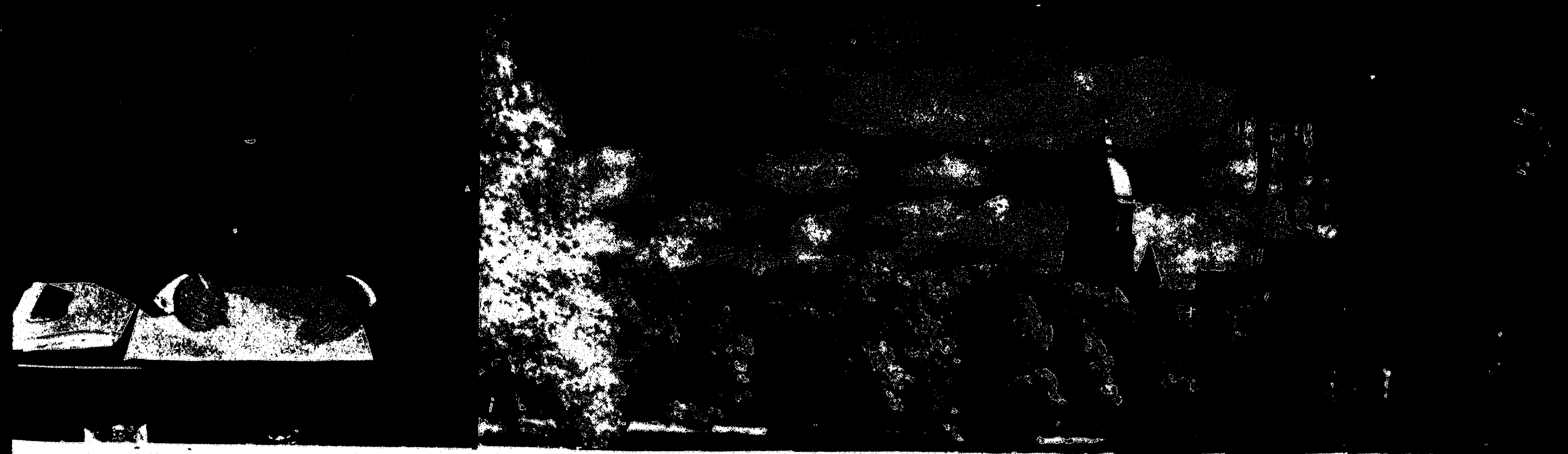
Devotion to Saturday



Saturday is Our Lady's Day, and has been from time immemorial in the Catholic Church.

In recent times there has been a falling off in the devotion to Saturday.

The revelations made by Our Blessed Mother at Fatima in 1917 make it clear that she earnestly desires a renewal of the devotion to Saturday. The fruits of this practice will be tremendous: the Immaculate Heart will be consoled, and Mary will be moved to send peace to the world and to shower an abundance of blessings upon the individuals and families devoted to her.



THE LADS who are bringing the two sisters from Shreveport here for the Ball tonight would not be stepping out tonight had they not been convinced that all the difficulties of transportation, etc., could be overcome. The same can be said for any of the 1396 sophomores and 174 law students who have been awaiting the week-end. Whether you will be dancing tonight, dining with the folks, or watching TV, you can benefit from reflecting on these words:

If you think you are beaten,
you are,
If you think that you dare not,
you don't,
If you'd like to win, but
you think you can't
It's almost certain you won't.
If you think you'll lose,
you've lost;
For in this world you'll find
Success begins with a fellow's
will--
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost
Ere even a step is run,
And many a coward falls
Ere even his work's begun.
Think big, and your deeds
will grow;
Think small, and you'll
fall behind;
Think that you can, and
you will
Much depends on your
state of mind.

If you think you are out-classed,
you are;
Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

IN SHORT, whether you fall for a lot of flim-flam from your stay-at-home friends, a TV MC, or a rock n rollin' goldilocks is squarely up to you. Just remember that your resolutions will still be around to haunt you even after you've failed to keep them. For instance, you may step out tonight with the best of resolutions; you have promised not to be discouraged by any set-backs, you swore to end the nipping and sipping....only to weaken at the moment of test. Tomorrow morning you will wake up to find you've fallen flat on your face!

Before starting out tonight, why not say a short one like, "Please, Lord, keep me from falling flat on my face." It's surprising what a borrowed mink stole can do to your resolutions. Just as surprising as a wandering eye or a lazy disposition or the tendency to believe everything that appears in the newspapers.

