

# RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

Vol. XL, No. 14

Monday, October 24, 1960

Notre Dame, Ind.

- AGAIN, YESTERDAY, there were a few who insisted on leaving the 12:15 Mass before the Mass ended. This seems to suggest that your parents can trust you to get to your meals on Sunday, but some can't be trusted to fulfill their Sunday obligation.
- IN THESE DAYS which have witnessed an increase of political activity everywhere, it is fitting that we be mindful that today is the fifteenth anniversary of the establishment of the United Nations. Pray occasionally that the deliberations of this organization will benefit the common good of men everywhere.
- ANOTHER RETREAT is scheduled for this week-end at St. Joseph Hall. It should be of especial interest to seniors. It will begin on Friday evening and continue until Sunday afternoon. Cancelled cuts can be had for Saturday morning classes. There'll be only one more chance for a closed retreat before Christmas. That will be the week-end of November 11th.

## THE ARISTOCRAT

The Devil is a gentleman, and asks you down to stay  
At his little place at What'sitsname (it isn't far away).  
They say the sport is splendid; there is always something new,  
And lovely scenes, and fearful feats that none but he can do;  
He can shoot the feathered cherubs if they fly on the estate,  
Or fish for Father Neptune with the mermaids for a bait;  
He scaled amid the staggering stars that precipice the sky,  
And blew his trumpet above heaven, and got by mastery  
And starry crown of God Himself, and shoved it on the shelf;  
But the Devil is a gentleman, and doesn't brag himself.  
O blind your eyes and break your heart and hack your hand away,  
And lose your love and shave your head; but do not go to stay  
At the little place in What'sitsname where folks are rich and clever;  
The golden and the goodly house, where things grow worse forever;  
There are things you need not know of, though you live and die in vain,  
There are souls more sick of pleasure than you are sick of pain;  
There is a game of April Fool that's played behind the door,  
Where the fool remains forever and the April comes no more,  
Where the splendor of the daylight grows drearier than the dark,  
And life droops like a vulture that once was such a lark;  
And that is the Blue Devil that once was the Blue Bird;  
For the Devil is a gentleman, and doesn't keep his word.

--G.K. Chesterton

- PRAYERS. Deceased: Father of James Voss of Keenan; friend of Michael Scanlon of Vetville; Capt. Henry Dinger; grandfather of Jim Salmon of Dillon; uncle of Bill Fallon, '37; Lloyd F. Worley, '39. Ill: Sister of Rev. George Bernard, C.S.C.

THIRTY NINE YEARS AGO TODAY, THE RELIGIOUS BULLETIN FIRST MADE ITS APPEAR-  
ANCE AT NOTRE DAME. THE FIRST COPIES WERE POSTED ON THE CAMPUS BULLETIN  
BOARDS. BUT, IN 1931, BEGAN THE PRACTICE OF DOOR  
TO DOOR DELIVERY IN THE HALLS. TO COMMEMORATE  
THE OCCASION, WE'RE PRESENTING TODAY SOME OF  
THE TYPICAL LANGUAGE OF FATHER O'HARA'S EARLY  
RELIGIOUS BULLETINS.

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IN THE OLD DAYS OF CANAL BOATS, the call "low  
bridge" was a warning to duck your head; steers-  
men who paid no heed to it were likely to have  
to swim to shore. In hard times, the business  
world is full of low bridges. If there are any  
stiff-necked seniors around--men who haven't yet  
learned the virtue of humility--they would do  
well to start pumping up their life preservers  
right now. (A general confession is a good start  
towards humility.)



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TONIGHT IS MURDERERS' NIGHT at the confessional in Dillon. All the minor  
felons were gotten out of the way over the week-end in order to give these  
gents a chance to finally make the right start on the schoolyear. TONIGHT.

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IF YOU ARE IN THE BUSINESS of leading others into sin, be honest enough  
to hang out a shingle.

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"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH". That is true. But that is not all. Sin usual-  
ly collects partial payments before death comes.

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DON'T SIN BLINDLY: know and accept the consequences before you sin.

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HURRY BACK IN SEPTEMBER, but expect to find one fellow here ahead of you  
--the fellow who griped most about school in the past few months.

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"BEATI QUI LUGENT NUNC...." that's a good line. "...beati qui esurient..."  
a good line for the Freshmen. They're putting on their fourteen pounds,  
and don't know what self-denial is.

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IF TEMPTATIONS DON'T BOTHER YOU NOW, never rest easy in the delusion that  
nature can take care of the problem when it does arise. Grace is needed.  
Get it while you may.

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DURING THE HEYDAY OF THE K.K.K., a local organization known as the Glee  
Club was gallivanting over the country warbling for the lovers of high  
class music. And, as happens so often on such occasions, dances often  
followed concerts. And again, as often happens, one of the second tenors  
was badly smitten with his blind date--until he found out she was the  
Kleagle's daughter. Then began a conflict between love and the sense of  
humor. The sense of humor won the day. He thought of the inferiority com-  
plex that would arise in his children when the other kids in the second  
grade would squelch them with, "Gwan, your grandpop was a Kleagle."  
Moral: Marry your own.