Thursday, Feast of Holy Rosary. Rosaries at Prefect of Religion's offices.

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Tips And Technique.

You're in business, say selling cars. Things have been going tough; few sales, only now and then an occasional prospect. Maybe it's too much golf, or you've been frittering away your time at the club. Whatever it is, you've got to spruce up on your methods and widen your clientele. So you take a week off. You attend a salesmanship school. And there, in a few morning and evening sessions, experts give you tips and technique. They show you your weak points, draw plans for your future. Especially they recommend keeping up on the pointers and on coming back when there's need for advice.

A week later you're back at the desk: the old routine. But somehow things don't pick up, at least there's no marked improvement. That's the reason? Well, at the salesmanship school you learned mostly principles. It's hard now fitting them into practice. Then you remember. You return to the expert for a personal chat. You tell him your particular problems. He adapts the dope to your needs, and you're all fixed up, off to a permanent pick-up, off to booming business and success.

The Big Business.

Now, selling cars is only your sideline. Your main job is selling an idea to St. Peter—the idea that one day he must turn the key for you to the High Gate of Heaven. In your life, now and ever, that's your chief business; it's the "one thing necessary."

After the dissipation of summer with its easy ways, your business might have slumped, this big business of getting to Heaven. So you made the mission. Morning and evening sessions you learned how to spruce up your methods, how to strengthen your relations with God through prayer and fruitful confessions and daily Communion and Mass.

All right. But you say there's a fact to be faced. You're back at the desk after that mission, once more at the old routine. And you find the same old troubles and familiar temptations, yes even your "fake" friends, your "regular" sins. All this despite your weekly confession and your honest try at devout and daily Communion.

So What?

Well, don't be discouraged. Never give up. Here's the thing: it's hard to turn off from old ways, hard to re-route yourself on a new and narrower road. Perhaps you haven't been clicking yet. Start now. At Notre Dame there's a swing. Swing alone. Sure, there's those pesky, personal problems, those things that a mission can hardly touch. There were principles in the church. In your room, in the halls, downtown: it's life. The follow-up by yourself is the difficult thing. But you're not alone. It's too big a business for one. To make the break, to start all over again, you have Christ and "another Christ," the priest He ordained for you. Press on toward the mark with them.

Personal Chats.

See a priest. He will help you, and gladly. That's what he lives for. He is your soul's physician. All those years of his training were—for you. He's careful. He knows what remedies to prescribe, when to cut if it's needed. He sees things that are hidden from you, the very things you need most to know. See him tonight, or very soon. See him any night you need help. Consult one of the priests who is out at your disposal to help in just such matters: see Father Cavanaugh in Corby Hall, or Father Lynch at 117 Dillon, or Father Grim at 107 Harford, or Father Cortland at 107 Cavanaugh any night (except Saturday) until 10:00. Or go to some other priest if you think he will suit you better. Any priest will help you carry your cross. And the big business of your salvation will begin to pick up.

PRAYERS: (deceased)  Ruot of T. Joseph Collantino; Bob Munix. (Ill) George Griffin Jr.