

N.D. World War 11 Dead.

14. Francis Quackenbush ex.'38

Rosary tonight for him.

University of Notre Dame

Religious Bulletin

November 16, 1942

Tonight 7:00 Ben & Rosary
in thanksgiving for temp.
favours granted you at N.D.

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I. From Vincennes To Notre Dame.

About thirty miles east of Vincennes, you come to a swiftly rising bit of ground called Black Oak Ridge. In 1842, it was the site of a few buildings--a small chapel, two or three larger structures, a half-dozen scattered homes. It was called St. Peters. If you had been on the spot one early November day, looking down the road towards Vincennes, you might have seen a figure on horseback, slowly riding up that steep hill. It was a wintry afternoon, with more snow on the ground than any early settler had ever seen in those parts. Steam came from the horse's nostrils as he plodded up the hill. The riding figure wore a broad black hat. Around his throat was a black woolen scarf, and from his shoulders there fell to the stirrups a heavy woolen cape.

As he drew near, you saw a face that was grim and cheerless. His deep black eyes were without merriment or joy. It was the face of a very sad man. That afternoon he had held converse with the Bishop of Vincennes. He had come away a disappointed man.

If you could follow him as he rides toward the larger of the buildings, you would see the door open. A Brother would step out. The conversation would be in French, but you know French well, so you have no difficulty in following the thought.

"Hello, Father Sorin!" the Brother would say as he took the bridle.

"Eh, mon cher Frere! Are they all here?" asked Father Sorin.

"All except Brother Anselm."

"When you put the horse away, come back for I have something to tell all of you"

Follow the priest into the house. There are ten or twelve others there, all Brothers of St. Joseph. They see that something has depressed this priest, and that is very unusual. Brother Vincent, who is older than Father Sorin, comes close to him and asks:

"Refused?"

Father Sorin nods slowly: "Yes. Refused!" Then turning to all of them, Father Sorin says:

"Now gather round me. I have something I must tell you." The door opens. It is Brother Anselm and the other Brother who had put the horse away.

"You know, the good Bishop, he does not want us to build a college here. I know this is a disappointment to you, as it is to me. We have had such a good start here, our prospects seem so rich, and there is good to be done.

"Nevertheless, the Bishop told me that if I had my heart on building a college, he would give me land in the northern part of the state, near South Bend. We must not think of this without first praying. Me, I do not know what to do. It fills me with sorrow to abandon this project what we have already started. And it is already winter, and to the north, the weather will be even more bitter. But if we are to have a college, we will have to go there!"

No one spoke. Some looked questioningly at the priest, others bowed their heads. All were grave.

Then suppose you came back to this spot on the morning of the 16th of November. You would be sure, from what you see, that Father Sorin had made a great decision.

More about that tomorrow.

SORIN AND ALUMNI REPRESENT STUDENTS OF 100 YRS AT CENTENARY NOVENA TONIGHT.
TOMORROW: WALSH AND CAVANAUGH.