

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
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A Pioneer Goes Home

Maybe it was for his German classes; or for his disdain of hat and coat in winter weather; or for his daily five-mile hike; or for his unflagging appearance at football practice. Whatever the item that caught the eye -- Father Bernard Ill was known to more generations of Notre Dame men than was any other faculty member. This morning, he moved for the last time down the oak-lined path to the Community cemetery to join the other pioneers with whom he first labored and prayed to realize what we have here today. And with him went 70 years of campus life and local lore. He knew those very oaks in their youth. Together they were young and grew strong. Together they laughed at the years, and at adversity, as they weathered the early storms.

When he arrived as a boy of 15, there were scarcely a half-dozen buildings in evidence. He watched every residence hall rise; saw the college student enrollment mount from 100 to 5500. His young feet measured the strides of Father Sorin, as they walked together along the paths you walk today; and spoke French with the founder of the University when that language was still much in use by all.

When Father Ill arrived, football was unknown. Indeed, he watched the first game in 1887, and missed very few thereafter. His teaching spanned an interval from 1887 until 1952. Few men in any age have devoted more years to the apostolate of the classroom.

He discussed with his contemporaries of the last century, the novel idea of private rooms for college students, and witnessed the experiment of Sorin Hall in that regard. Each morning of the past sixty years found him at an altar in one of the chapels on campus, offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

His logic was irrefutable. On one occasion, when attempting to pacify a group of the younger set complaining about the quality of the meals, he laughingly recalled that he had been eating the same type of food for sixty-five years and still had all his teeth.

Tonight in the quiet confines of God's acre, he joins our beloved pioneers to sleep the sleep of peace, and to merit the reward that belongs to those who, full of years and good works, serve God faithfully all the days of their lives. In the prayers of every Notre Dame man he deserves a rich remembrance. R.I.P.

Another Call For Blood Donors

The South Bend Blood Bank is seriously in need of blood. This request is augmented by pleas from the Sisters at St. Joseph's Hospital, and the officials at Memorial Hospital, too. Occasionally, a run on the bank leaves its stocks depleted -- hence the Bulletin's plea that you contribute to this wonderful form of charity. Those under 21 need the written consent of their parents to donate blood. Donors over 21 are urged to report to the Prefect of Religion (117 Dillon) any evening between 6 and 7 o'clock. He will assign you a time to visit the blood bank. Notre Dame blood contributions are reserved for the most needy cases and, of course, for Notre Dame students. For example: you have helped not only indigent students, but have kept alive for over 3 years a little Mishawaka boy.

Prayers Requested

Deceased: uncle of Frank Murray of Cavanaugh hall; brother of Fr. Michael Early, CSC; uncle of John Burns of Farley; friend of Mike Heppen of Old College. Ill; friend of Dick Kaniewski of Howard; son of Prof. John Nims (English dept.); mother of Father Soleta, CSC; Rose Franckowiak; Bob Burns, '52, and wife.