

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Notre Dame, Ind.



DON'T BE THAT WAY!

Like the ostrich, I mean. Face facts! If you're a Sophomore, and haven't begun to make the Mission, let's see some hustle, a little ac-

tion. Tonight, at 6:45, weather permitting, gather at the Grotto with the rest of the Sophomore class for the second visit and Mission sermon.

● THE MISSION FOR JUNIORS AND Seniors will begin on Wednesday evening at 7:00; same place, the Grotto. Be there, even though summer may have gone.

● PRAYERS: Deceased: Father of Tom Kurt of Alumni; father of Bob Brewka of Howard; Brother Ignatius, C.S.C.; James J. Heekin; Edward Rossiter; Michael Mitchell; brother of Rev. Thomas Steiner, C.S.C.; William J. Shea, '43; M. Alan Feeney, '34; John J. Ridley, '42; grandfather of Bro. James Dorson, C.S.C.; father of Arthur Coughlan, '48; grandmother of Philip Ryan of Badin; mother of Rev. James L. Rizer, '31; father of Edward F. Voorde, '36; father of Rev. John Whelley, C.S.C.; sister of Bro. Honorius, C.S.C.; father of Rev. Bernard Niemier, C.S.C.; mother of Rev. James Donnelly, C.S.C.; father of Buddy Day, '58; James Geiger; mother of Rev. Daniel Boland, C.S.C.; Bernard C. Barth; mother of Rev. Peter Sandonato, C.S.C. Ill: Prof. James Danehy; infant son of Robert Joyce, '53; Joe Duffy of Zahm.

"Make no little plans. They have no magic to stir one's blood. Make big plans, aim high in hope and work,"

● IN THE "WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING ABOUT US" Department:

"Americans go to school to prepare themselves for succeeding."

"The American tradition of hard work and of overcoming a harsh nature has led its people away from appreciation of learning for the sake of learning."

"An expression of the average American college student's basic approach to his school might be this: 'O, muse

Sitting stiff lipped in committee: We don't ask to be

Seasoned or inspired.

We don't seek wisdom's warmth;

We just want

Each of us, a good job.' "

"American students with unlimited opportunities for attainment are likely to prefer to spend half or more of their time on 'bridge'."

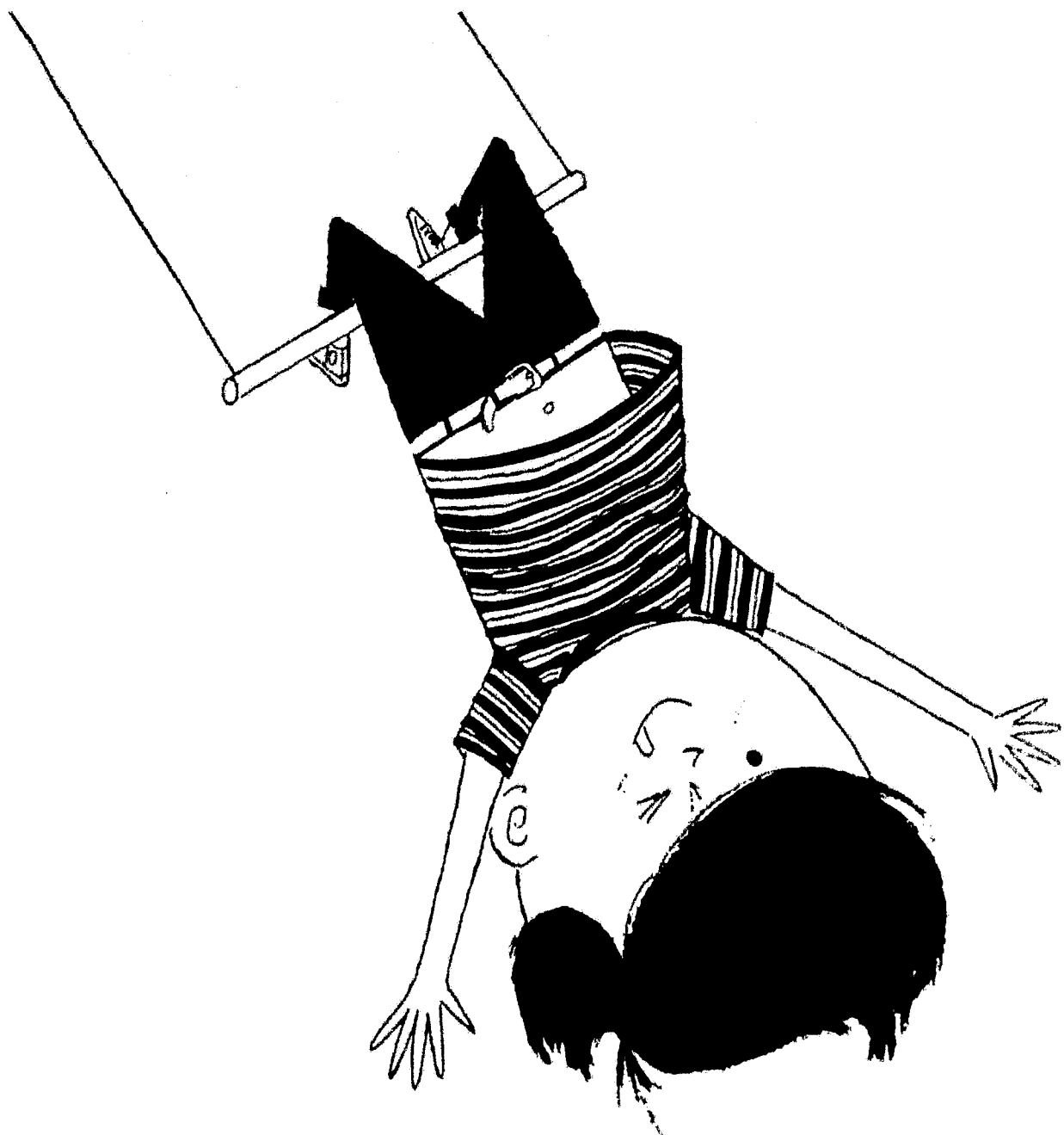
If these statements are well-founded, it looks as if we are anti-intellectual in the eyes of students from other countries who visited here in the U.S. last summer! True?

● IN THE WAKE of Mr. Krushchev's departure, it might be well to recall the words of Dimitri Manuilsky in the Lenin School of Political Warfare in Moscow in 1931:

"War to the hilt between communism and capitalism is inevitable. Today, of course, we are not strong enough to attack. Our time will come in 20 to 30 years. To win, we shall need the element of surprise. The bourgeoisie will have to be put to sleep. So we shall begin by launching the most spectacular peace movement on record. There will be electrifying overtures and unheard-of concessions. The capitalist countries, stupid and decadent, will rejoice to cooperate in their own destruction. They will leap at another chance to be friends. As soon as their guard is down, we shall smash them with our clenched fist."



WHEN FR. DOLL, in his sermon yesterday in Sacred Heart Church, reminded all of you that the years are relatively few before most of you will be married and bringing up sons of your own, I was reminded of the student who stopped by on Thursday with the good news that his first son had just been born. While it's true we don't as a rule recommend marriage until a student has finished college, let's face it, we have some who are married and confronted now with the problems that face every father. For them we present here today, Alan Beck's now-famous, "What is a Boy?"



BETWEEN the innocence of babyhood and the dignity of manhood we find a delightful creature called a boy. Boys come in assorted sizes, but all boys have the same creed: to enjoy every second of every minute of every hour of every day and to protest with noise (their only weapon) when their last minute is finished and the adult males pack them off to bed at night.

Boys are found everywhere—on top of, beneath, inside of, climbing on, swinging from, running around, or jumping to. Mothers love them, little girls hate them, older sisters and brothers tolerate them, adults ignore them, and heaven protects them. A boy is Truth with dirt on its face, Beauty with a cut on its finger, Wisdom with bubble gum in its hair, and the Hope of the future with a frog in its pocket.

When you are busy, a boy is an inconsiderate, bothersome, intruding jangle of noise. When you want him to make a good impression, his brain turns to jelly or else he becomes a savage, sadistic, jungle creature bent on destroying the world and himself with it.

A boy is a composite—he has the appetite of a horse, the digestion of a sword swallower, the energy of a pocket size atomic bomb, the curiosity of a cat, the lungs of a dictator, the imagination of a Paul Bunyan, the shyness of a violet, the audacity of a steel trap, the enthusiasm of a firecracker, and when he makes something, he has five thumbs on each hand.

He likes ice cream, knives, saws, Christmas, comic books, the boy across the street, woods, water (in its natural habitat), large animals, Dad, trains, Saturday mornings, and fire engines. He is not much for Sunday school, company, schools, books without pictures, music lessons, neckties, barbers, girls, overcoats, adults, or bed time.

Nobody else is so early to rise, or so late to supper, Nobody else gets so much fun out of trees, dogs, and breezes. Nobody else can cram into one pocket a rusty knife, a half-eaten apple, 3 feet of string, an empty Bull Durham sack, two gumdrops, six cents, a slingshot, a chunk of unknown substance, and a genuine supersonic code ring with a secret compartment.

A boy is a magical creature—you can lock him out of your workshop, but you can't lock him out of your heart. You can get him out of your study, but you can't get him out of your mind. Might as well give up—he is your captor, your jailer, your boss, and your master—a freckle faced, pint size, cat-chasing bundle of noise. But when you come home at night with only the shattered pieces of your hopes and dreams, he can mend them like new with the two magic words—"Hi, Dad!"

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