

Thanks for the
questionnaires.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
April 16, 1941

We can use more, too.

Death Takes a Friend

Many of you leaving early before Easter missed the last Bulletin announcing the tragic and sudden death of John P. Dean of Milwaukee. He was graduated just this last June. Most of you will remember him, a member of the ND track team.

Coach Mahoney and Captain Joe Olbrys attended the funeral. The track team made up a very generous spiritual bouquet, consisting of Masses, Communions, Rosaries and visits to the Grotto.

Some of his old friends still here on the campus will no doubt offer sincere prayers for him. An assurance of this in a note to the bereaved father will help him to bear with a Christian fortitude this heart-breaking death of his son less than a year after graduation.

Boys, It's Tough!

You're back to the grind called college life. On this 800-acre campus you must eke out an existence for six more weeks. Terrible. Woe is you.

It's true that there are the Memorial and then two lakes, also a golf course and plenty of tennis courts for you to play on, diamonds for baseball and softball, and dear old South Bend society ever beckoning. It's true that you don't have to grub for food, nor for clothing, not even for spending money. But the life is awful just the same.

Here you are cooped up while other fellows your age are out gaily, slaving in offices, driving trucks, working in factories, or serving in the army. They may have tobacco-chewing bosses over them, but, at least they have no hawk-eyed prefects and professors after them morning and night! And they have no unreasonable rules that make them go to bed and get up once every day. No siree!

They don't have to sit three hours a day listening to lectures that professors skillfully devise for the improvement of students' minds. They escape all that and also they escape the indefinite number of hours that a college student must put in at study. What a break they have!

Granted: Your life at college is a frightful one, an awful drag. But this is to call your attention, gently, to the fact that there are only about six weeks left of it.

It might be pointed out too that these Spring days there are such dangers as too much golf, and too much play, and too much loafing in general. It might be further averred that these six weeks are often, very often, crucial in the lives of college men, -- if you get what we mean.

The infirmary is open, of course, and happily vacant too, but we hope there won't be any serious epidemics, say of spring fever or anything else. Yes sir, it looks as if you're up against an awfully hard proposition. There doesn't seem to be any way out.

It begins to look as if you'll just have to get down to work. It's tough, this college life, especially if you try to get by without working, and the last six weeks are often the hardest. But it could be worse, couldn't it?

PRAYERS: (deceased) father of George Katter (Walsh); Mrs. Merrill, sister of Brother Casper, C.S.C.. ILL: mother of Fr. Trahey, C.S.C.; mother of Ed Shevland (Sorin).