

N.D. World War 11. Dead.
21. Geo. A. Wolf, ex. '39
Rosary for him tonight.

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
November 24, 1942

Tonight donate to RED
CROSS for Overseas Kits
for Service men.

1842 VI. From Vincennes to Notre Dame. 1942

November 25, 1842. This was South Bend!.

Alexis Coquillard, the seventeen year old nephew of Alexis the elder, was fastening some runners to a box which, if he were lucky, would turn out to be a sled. He pounded straight some crooked nails and the noise reverberated through the clearing. A clear, cold afternoon it was.

At this very moment--it was about three in the afternoon--there was a crunching of snow, the tramping of heavy feet and someone shouting directions. Alexis quit his pounding and looked up. Around the bend in the road across the clearing came two horses, snorting and steaming and drawing a laden wagon. Atop the load were four black clothed figures. The driver, sighting the boy Alexis, called out to him:

"Boy, where's your paw?"

It took Alexis a moment to recover from his surprise. Then: "'Taint my (paw). It's my uncle!"

Just then the door of the cabin opened and Alexis the elder, a giant of a man, came forth. The four figures on the wagon climbed down. Uncle Alexis stepped forward with a question on his lips:

"Pere Sorin?"

"Oui, c'est moi!" and he held out his hand.

"The Bishop wrote me to expect you!"

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Inside this substantial frontier home, the dark and forceful Madame Coquillard was busy at the fireplace, stirring a ladel in the huge black iron kettle. Around the table sat Alexis and his four guests. They had been conversing for some ten or fifteen minutes--inquiries about the trip from Vincennes to South Bend, the nationality and ancestry of each of these missionaries, the plans for the future--these were the things they talked of.

"But today," observed Alexis, "it will be impossible for you to go to the Lakes! It is far too cold!"

"Ah", immediately answered Father Sorin, "we are accustomed to hard weather. It has been with us constantly during the past ten days!"

"I understand. But you will find no shelter at the Lakes. There is nothing there but a rickety old chapel, and a log cabin where M. Charron lives. M. Charron is the half-breed who acts as care-taker."

"Perhaps we might make the chapel serviceable for the night, is it not so?"

"No, I beg you, Father Sorin, accept the hospitality of myself and my brother until this cold spell has passed!"

"Eh, bien, mon cher ami! But tomorrow we must be on our way. We have work to do. We must begin our school of Notre Dame!"

BROWNSON AND CARROLL REPRESENT STUDENTS OF 100 YEARS AT CENTENARY NOVENA TONIGHT.
NBC WED. 10:30 p.m. THE STORY OF NOTRE DAME. THURS. 10:30 a.m. MSGR. SHEEN-BLUE NET.