

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

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Monday, April 2, 1962

Notre Dame, Indiana

IN YOUR CHARITY

Please pray for the following. Deceased: Grandmother of Jim O'Donnell, Off-Campus; godmother of Dennis Flynn of Howard; great-uncle of Dennis Bonnette, Off-Campus; mother of Richard Clark, '56; father of Eugene T. Cralley, '55. Ill: Friend of Jim Fagan of Stanford.

LAUDERDALE

Some may cry, "Foul!", because we're once again bringing up the trek to Lauderdale at Easter--and, at a time when the newspapers are reporting the violent death of five Duke students en-route home from the Spring rites. But, we're coming back to the subject again because the parents of those Duke students must, no doubt, be wondering about the state of their childrens' souls at the time of death--especially if, like fifteen million other parents, they had read Samuel Grafton's graphic description of some students' conduct during the spring revels. A few weeks ago, we posed some questions one might ask himself in an effort to determine whether he ought to spend the Easter vacation on the beaches. Today, in order that you might know what your parents know and what they are thinking about when they seem reluctant to permit you to risk the family's reputation this Easter--and possibly your neck--we print today some excerpts from Grafton's article in the April issue of McCall's. (If you thought the movie "Where the Boys Are" shook up your folks, wait'll they've read this.) If, after reading it, they still give you permission, you may be sure that it will be with mixed emotions. Try to understand their position. True, they have confidence in you. But,.... it could be that they're convinced your reputation won't be enhanced by your going down there. Others don't know you as well as your folks do. Then, too, maybe your folks are the kind who insist: "You're old enough to make all your own decisions. But, remember, some decisions can't be unmade. A leg lost in a car smash is lost for life; a career ruined by a police incident or an impromptu affair with a girl cannot be easily mended. We are going to have something to say about decisions that can have permanent effects."

LENTEN Liturgy

By REV. ROBERT W. HOVDA

Monday, April 2

Monday, Fourth week in Lent. The Christian's freedom is not a freedom from God's judgment. It is a freedom from the terror that judgment strikes in the heart of one who stands alone and unaided, in his human nakedness, before the Almighty. The judgment of which both lessons of today's Mass speak is real for the Christian. But he does not stand alone. He stands in the community of which Jesus Christ is Head, bearing the seal of his risen Lord. In Christ the terror of judgment is gone, and the Judge he addresses as Father.

Tuesday, April 3

Tuesday, Fourth week in Lent. The Bible (and the liturgy) is concerned not with man's thoughts about God, but with God's thoughts about men, as the Protestant theologian Karl Barth has emphasized. Both lessons today underline that truth. God addresses His people and reveals His thoughts about them, first through Moses, His prophet, and then through Jesus Christ His Son. This is the glory of our public worship: that it brings us into contact with His Word.

Wednesday, April 4

Wednesday, Fourth Week in Lent. The theme of water and of washing in all three lessons and other proper parts of today's Mass directs our lenten watchfulness to the Easter Vigil, the Blessing of the Font, Baptisms, and the renewal of our own baptismal vows. Cleansing and a "new spirit" are the gifts of Baptism. Negatively, the destruction of sin; positively, the grace of Christ, His Seal, and the indwelling of the Trinity.



Starting off with an imaginary monologue, the author discusses some of the problems to be faced in trying to understand the parents' position on the Lauderdale question.

When youth runs wild

by SAMUEL GRAFTON

"Hey, Mom, can I go to Lauderdale? About five of us are going in a car. I'll tell you what it'll be like. We've only got a week, so we're going to drive day and night to get there quick. It's fifteen hundred miles, so we figure we ought to do it in about twenty-five hours. When we get there, Mom, it's going to be great. We're going to shack up with girls and drink beer. You know what our Easter motto for Lauderdale is, Mom? It's 'Sand, Sex, and Suds!' Isn't that great? I'll tell you what happens when we get there, Mom. There isn't a lot to do in the daytime, so we sit around on the beach and try to pick up girls for the night. The way you pick up girls at Lauderdale is, you wait until you see some good-looking ones, and you run up to 'em and yell, 'Hey, there's going to be a big party tonight,' and you give them your address. Then the girls come around, see, Mom? If they don't come, you go somewhere else, where you heard there was going to be a party. They have garbage-can parties down there. Everybody who comes brings liquor, and they pour it into a trash can. That's the punch bowl. You don't stay long at any one place, because you're always hearing that the party is hotter somewhere else. Or you go to a bar. You have to be twenty-one to get into a bar, but don't worry. There are guys who sell you fake draft cards saying you're twenty-one, for only fifty cents. That's pretty cheap, don't you think, Mom? You use that card, and you get in. It'll be great. A couple of the boys were there last year, and you know what? They were having a party in their room, there were about forty boys and girls in this one room, with a big pile of beer cans, and the manager came around and objected, and you know what, Mom? The boys threw the manager into the swimming pool. I guess they showed him. You do a lot of walking down there, too. You know, like you want to boast about how you made out, and everybody wants to tell a bigger story than the next kid, so you keep walking around and looking for girls and talking it up. You don't eat much, but it's all right, because you drink a lot. Hey, Mom, can I go?"

Parents may not know many of the holiday facts sketched above; but they must have some idea that thousands of immature young people, gathering for a brief time in a town far from home, are hardly likely to spend those hours plaiting daisy chains or reading the improving poems of Alfred Lord Tennyson to each other. So the question that reverberates through scores of resort cities, and is echoed in a hundred police stations, is this: Why do the parents let their youngsters go? Are they naïve, or don't they care, or has there been a breakdown of discipline in the home, or what, if anything, is at the bottom of it?

McCall's researchers, asking the simple question: "Why do parents let their youngsters go on these trips?" in several areas of the country, quickly discovered that you don't really get answers. You get moods. The parental mood revealed most often as responsible for allowing high-school and college students to take off on these wild holidays is one of deep pleasure on the part of both mothers and fathers in the fact that their children are popular. By and large, parents seem flattered that four or five other youngsters want to take their boy (or girl) on a long trip.

"Our parents let us do things we sometimes don't really want to do," said one student. "My girl-friend went to Lauderdale. She is a very staid person, but was arrested for drinking on the beach. She hates beer. It was just a matter of keeping up with the others, and her parents had let her go." "Parents are very proud when their kids are 'normal' and not outsiders," said another. One remarked, "Parents are afraid of their kids." "Parents have lost dignity by being our pals and buddies," added another. "If my father warns me against getting into trouble, I look indignant and ask if he doesn't trust me, and that does it," was another contribution. While many of the students thought the college holiday

At this Easter season, not all young people are gathering in church. Crowds of them are converging on the popular resorts in every region of the country, for try-anything frolics that often end in the vulgarity and viciousness of youth riots—a phenomenon of our times.

migrations were harmless or even a useful chance to let off steam, a good third had reservations about the value of these jaunts. One student remarked that a number of youngsters who don't really want to go are forced to do so by social pressure from their friends. "If you object, you're considered un-American or something," one said. Thus, in college circles as on slum corners, the taunt of "Chicken!" is heard in the land, and it forces some youngsters into an antisocial conformism.

Obviously, if there has been a breakdown of discipline in our time, as almost all experts seem to agree, it has not been brought about solely by defiant attitudes on the part of youth. It has been a two-way deal. For several decades, it turns out, many parents have been carrying on something like a mushy love affair with their young; this is the generation of parents that has been raising its children in agonized fear, under the (totally false) idea that to discipline a child will mess him up psychologically and turn him into a Jack the Ripper or at least a tensed-up neurotic.