

RELIGIOUS BULLETIN

Vol. XLII, No. 56

Wednesday, March 6, 1963

Notre Dame, Ind.

Moreau Retreats

Some reservations for the closed retreats in Moreau Seminary have come in. As predicted, the March 29-31 weekend is more in demand. Since Badin hasn't as yet been heard from, it's still "first come, first served."

The nearer of the two retreats -- the March 15-17 weekend -- still has plenty of room. There must be forty men on campus anxious to shut out worldly cares for two days in order to drink deep at the well of God's grace. The retreat, contrary to an impression given when it was announced, is not closed to the Irish. In fact, one of the first applicants traces his faith to St. Patrick, who will be pleased with this, and any other son of the "auld sod", who retreats from worldly pleasures on St. Patrick's Day.

Father Stair, prefect in Keenan Hall and assistant editor of The Catholic Boy, will give the conferences for the March 15-17 retreat. The other retreat master will be announced later.

Be sure to get your reservation in this week (with the \$2.00 down payment on the total cost of \$5.00). Retreat Reservations, P.O. Box 124, Notre Dame, Indiana.

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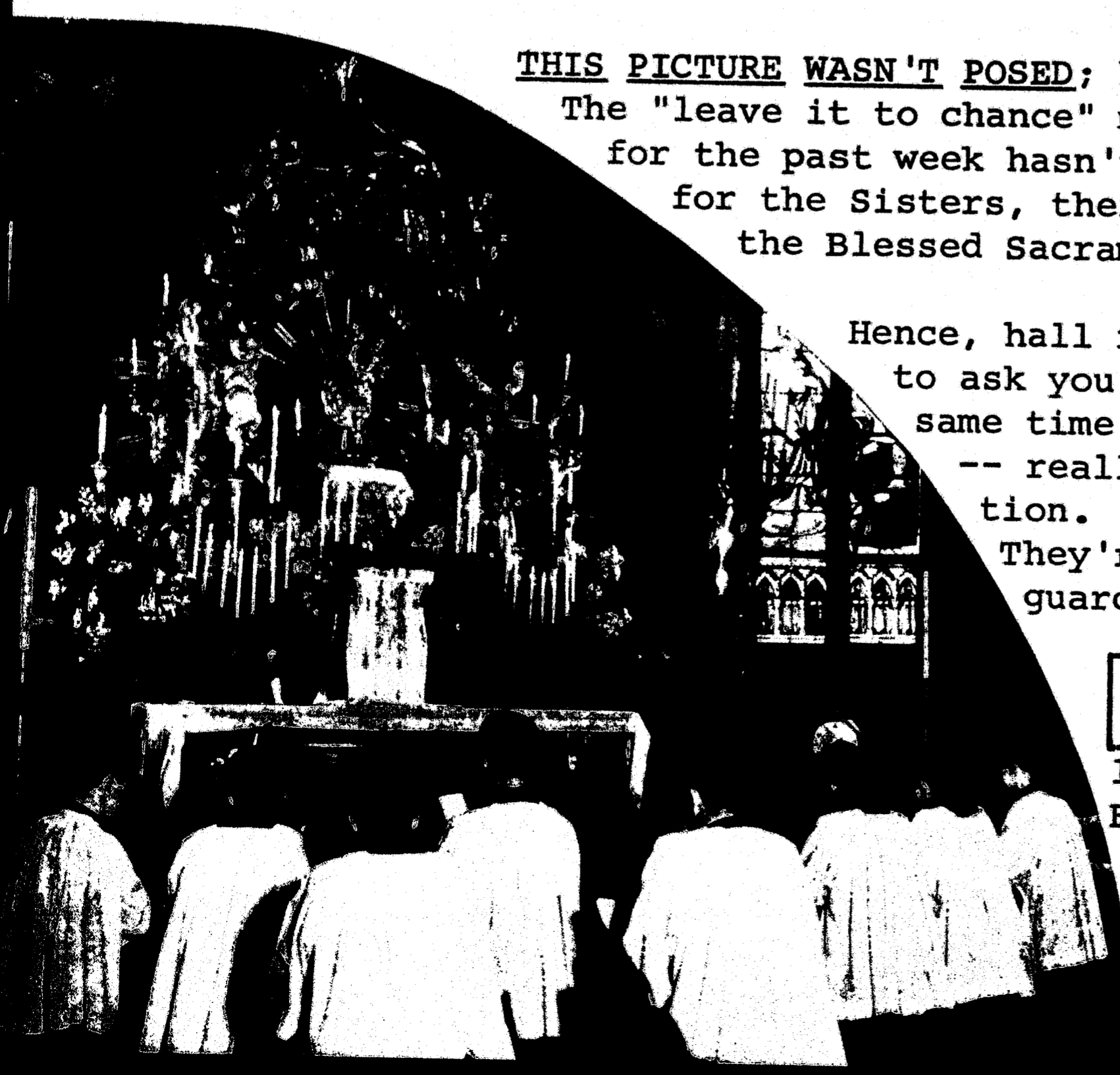
Commemorated in the
liturgy of March 7

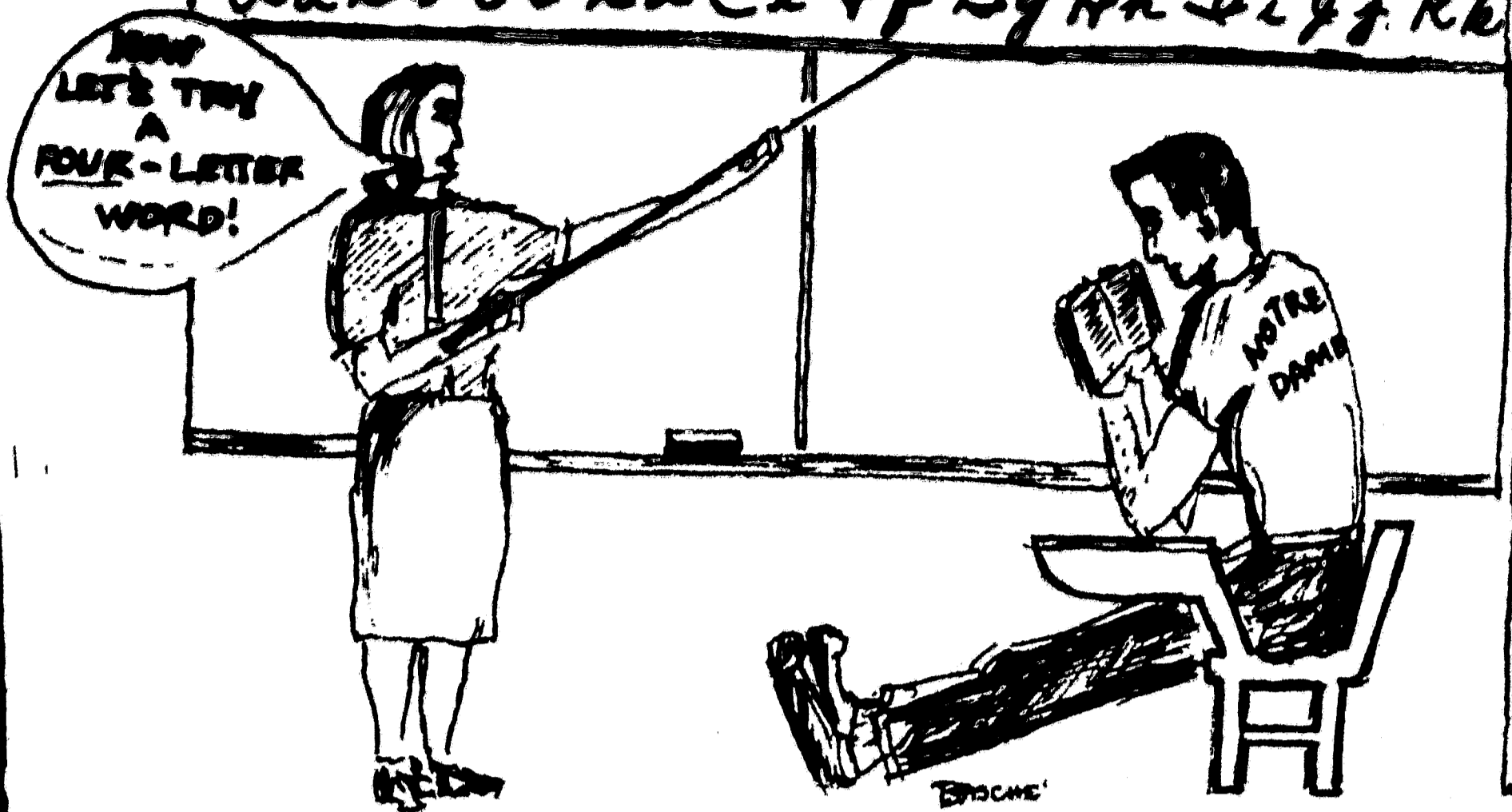
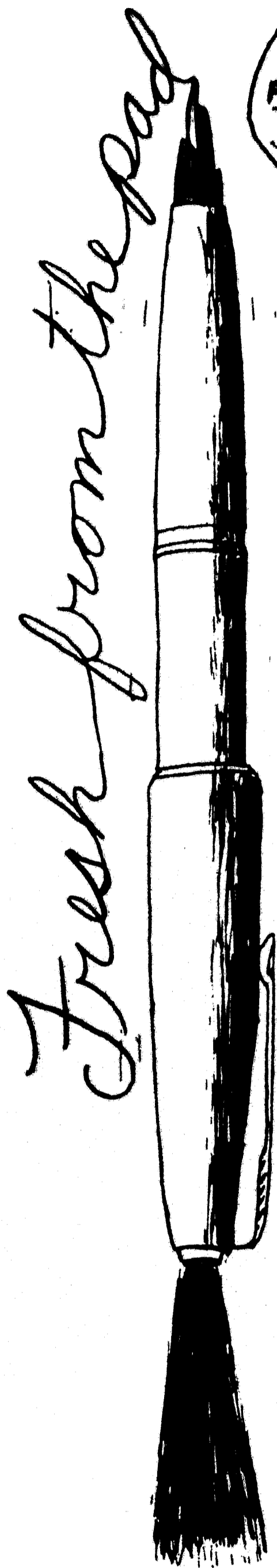
THIS PICTURE WASN'T POSED; but it wasn't taken this year. The "leave it to chance" method of adoration attempted for the past week hasn't worked. If it hadn't been for the Sisters, there would have been times when the Blessed Sacrament would have been left alone.

Hence, hall representatives will be around to ask you to sign for a half hour the same time each week for the rest of Lent -- really only four week before vacation. And wear cassock and surplice. They're the uniform of the official guard which changes each half hour.

In Your Charity

Please pray for the following. Deceased: Brother Ernest Ryan, C.S.C.; mother of Father Lawrence Broestl, C.S.C., rector of Dillon; mother of Denis Quane, Off-Campus.





In an atmosphere seething with intellectual development it is amazing how quickly the most casual visitor becomes aware of the extremely limited and undeveloped vocabulary possessed by our future scientists, executives, engineers, doctors and lawyers.

For all their exposure to sciences such as biology and sociology these students seem unable to master the most elementary technical terminology but must constantly fall back to a vocabulary acquired in a former period of development which consists of four-letter words.

The least critical visitor to the campus begins to feel that many of the students must have suffered a severe emotional trauma in their cribs and so have become emotionally frozen judging from their pre-occupation with the drama of the bed-room.

In spite of an intense dedication to science, literature and art the subject that seems to be totally absorbing (day and night) is very primitive --- the erotic mating habits of the sexes.

Whatever reason is alleged for these conversation patterns, sophisticated or not, the halls and rooms reek with the swill that ceaselessly tumbles from the fetid cess-pool-like minds of our budding Christian leaders and future fathers.

You might well laugh at this. You might scoff. You might become irate. One thing, however, is for sure --- there is a social dimension to everything we do. Whether you and I want to ignore it, forget it, or try to escape from it this will be eternally true:

EVERYONE WHO BRUSHES UP AGAINST ME IN LIFE IS EITHER BETTER OR WORSE FROM THE CONTACT (no, there is no neutral effect).

We walk the road of life just once. How many battered and twisted human beings have you strewn along the way, already?

P.S. It's not so bad to have your mind go blank, if you would only remember to turn off the sound.

