
The Mass Tomorrow -- And Intentions.

The Mass tomorrow will be at 7:30 in the church; breakfast will be at eight. In your prayers today and in Holy Communion every day, please remember Edmund Hogan. Unless a favorable change comes within forty-eight hours he seems doomed. -- And the football team wants your prayers every day. -- Also please remember the deceased grandfather of the Beaupres, a deceased friend of another student, and Paul Bartholemew's sick grandmother.

Van Thanks You -- In His Own Words.

"Dear Father: We hit Detroit Sunday evening in just a few minutes over five hours out of South Bend. The trip back was a lot better than the one down had been, the weather giving us a break, and letting us see what the Irish Hills really look like. Quite plainly, I was plenty tired after the excitement of the week-end, sleeping most of Monday, and dozing most of Tuesday. I'm just getting back to normal, today; which means, I'll sleep only about ten hours. Tough life, isn't it? I'd trade, though.

"After four years of lying around Detroit, it was a thrill-and-a-half, half a dozen thrills, in fact, to see the Dome pointing up through the trees into the gathering darkness, as we turned into Notre Dame Avenue. After four years' dreaming of some day getting back to ND, just seeing the lights of the halls on the quadrangle seemed too good to be true. Even the puddles between Badin and Walsh looked good; they were so blooming familiar.

"Getting onto Cartier Field again was great. Of course, I had hoped that on my next visit there I'd be navigating on my own; but, then, I shouldn't expect everything, should I? The heavily-determined Boy Scout bodyguard alone would have been feature enough for one day. When they locked hands after the game, and formed a circle to make me Rosie, or something, in the w.k. Ring-Around act, they seemed to get such a kick out of their "Old Guard dies, but never surrenders" stuff - they were getting out of stacking seats, too - that I hadn't the heart to spoil their fun, even if they did shut off most of the view. The game itself was splendid. Naturally, it was hard to see the team lose; but, it seems to me, that last-quarter drive down that soupy field, against that heavy Carnegie line was worth more than many of our victories have been.

"Sacred Heart Church never looked more beautiful than on Sunday morning, except, perhaps, with the sun shining in the East windows that June morning, four years ago, when Bob Hemes and I received Communion there before starting out to bum to Detroit. Even the excitement in the thought of getting home couldn't completely overshadow having to break away from ND and the fellows for three months. September seemed much too far away; and its remoteness combined with everything else to make the campus doubly attractive. I wonder how it would have looked, if I had known that it was to be five Septembers, and more, till I got back.

"All in all, I enjoyed those few days back there to the utmost. That's one homecoming I'll remember for a long time. But the assurance of continued prayers, and starting of this new novena for me put me even more deeply in debt to you and to Notre Dame. -- I'd like to be able to show my appreciation, but I can't find a way. Perhaps I should do it by walking again. That's where the trouble comes; I'm perfectly willing, only unsuccessful. It seems that, since no doctor has offered me any hope of recovery, the only way I can walk is through more prayers -- and more indebtedness, an endless chain

"I don't see any loop-hole, though. The doctors won't even admit I should be alive, much less admit that I should improve. Their attitude is the same as it was when I was supposed to be dying -- they couldn't think of a thing to do, and they did just that. You went ahead and prayed me out; so I'll leave them to their crepe-hanging again, and let your medicine do the work. I am making the novena myself, at home, for my father and mother, at church. -- Thank you and the fellows, much. -- Van."