
Storm Heaven For The Sick.

Alright. Everyone ready? We've got a man's job on our hands and we can't say No. Let's get together and do the thing right.

You remember, last Saturday all over the nation there were birthday parties for President Roosevelt, not just ordinary good-time get-togethers, but banquets, dances, and civic demonstrations with a purpose.

The President's purpose was to inaugurate a New National Foundation to Combat Infantile Paralysis. Yes, it's a drive for funds. But don't let that scare you. (Our S.A.C. representatives will smile as they take your coin!) You won't lose. It's a fund to push real research into the causes of this dread disease, to prevent the recurrence of epidemics, to protect yourself from the germ. Yessir, your dime is good self-insurance. Better make it two-bits.

Well, as some of you may recall, last Saturday Notre Dame was busy, in the midst of exams. And because we didn't want to half-do our share in this worthy campaign, we postponed our part. But not for long. We're ready now, and raring to go. As a matter of fact, we planned the postponement. We knew well that there isn't a better day in the year than tomorrow to begin a drive for the sick. We can just squeeze in our annual Novena to

Our Lady of Lourdes.

You see, we're incorporating the President's intention in our prayer. We make this Novena every year. This year, perhaps more than ever, we have some wonderful stimuli--sharp sticks prodding us on. So, to a little money, or maybe a lot (we don't want to discourage prodigality), we'll add the infinite power of prayer.

We know our President's faith in God.
We know our own, and our faith in Mary.
And we're going to town!

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Bill Hawes (Bro); Rev. John Wickham (N.Y.C.); friend of C. Paterno (Eadin); aunt of Tom Ryan (ex '33); father of John J. Rourke '24. Ill, (critically) uncle of Richard Barbier (Off-Campus); (seriously) Mrs. Angus D. McDonald (San Francisco, Calif.); grandmother of Chuck Kirelawich (Cav); Dr. Cohen, interne St. Joseph Hospital; grandfather of Redman Duggan. Six special intentions.

Why, this year--right now--we've so many sick of our own: Fred Snite, Van Wallace, John Clair, George Belting, Dick Swisher, Noble Kizer, Ed Schroeter. There are many more.

And don't forget "the cloth", those "tyrants in black" who have, with the help of God, made Notre Dame your school. Pray for them too. Father Farley's at Mayos', hoping for the best. You know him. Since his leg complaint, he hasn't kicked once. He only wants to get back on the campus, to pass briskly by, yelling "Hya Boy!" And keep Father Norris in mind. He used to teach here and he follows you all the time. Father Cannon needs prayers. So it goes.

Here's The Dope.

Begin the novena tomorrow. (1) Wake up and get up at 6:00. That's mortification. If you think it's too hard, think of "The Boiler Kid", what he'd do to get up any old time; picture Van again peering out of his special-made car at the ten-yard line.

(2) Then assist at Mass and receive Communion. Offer the fruits of Christ's Cross not for yourself alone, but for the sick. Pray, during your Thanksgiving, to Our Lady of Lourdes. She is the Health of the Sick.

(3) During the day either visit the Grotto or say the beads.

(4) Hand in the names of your sick friends in the boxes designated for the purpose. Nine Masses will be said for them and for the success of the New Foundation.

Finally, about that collection. Thursday night, don't skip chapel. After night-prayer, outside the chapel an S.A.C. man, working with the Prefect of Religion's Office will pass the hat. Treat him right.