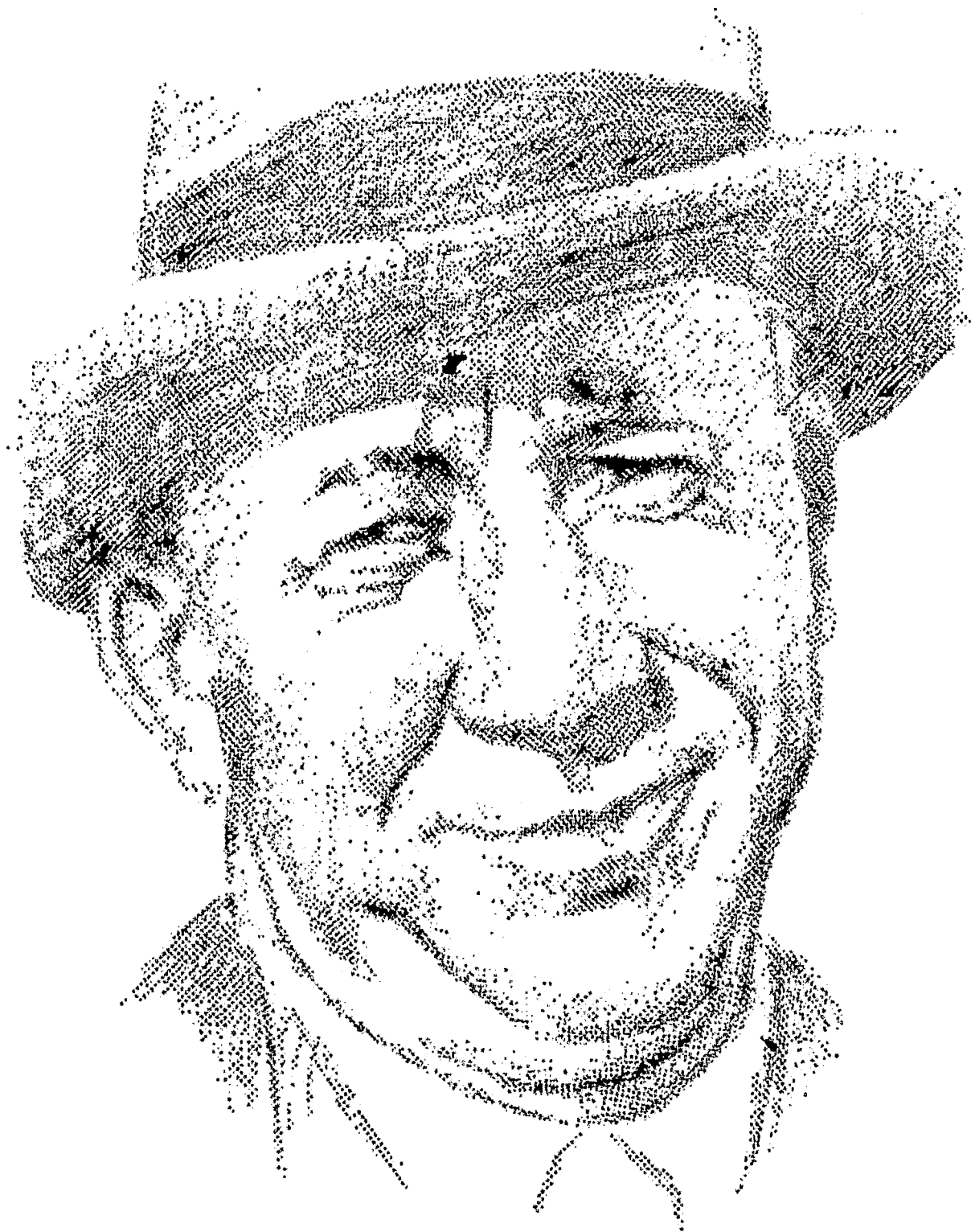


Everyone think of "Rock" tomorrow at Mass and Holy Communion. He is yours.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
March 30, 1939

Penny-a-day in Lent--  
How's it coming? The pamphlet's going big!

Coach Of Millions.



Never to be forgotten, the night of March 30th eight years ago. "Rock" was happy that evening. He had just dined with "Christy" Walsh and "Al" Fuller, playwright and Chicago hotel representative. Things had been breaking well lately. "Rock" had just won his second National Championship. Next day he would greet his sons in Kansas City, then take to the air for a speaking tour beginning at Los Angeles.

Triple propellers cut westward through leaden skies. Thunderous droning. Carefully pilots chart their course. But God plans things differently. Don't say it was cruel. Don't say this thing was unplanned. If "Rock's" life was a tremendous power for good, his death would do more good, much more. God knew.

Silver bird, sleek, swift, soaring. Then of a sudden, terrible, twisting, tumbling. 10:47. An early March morning. The middle of Kansas. Knute Kenneth Rockne, wizard of the pigskin, maker of men, head of a happy family, adopted son of Our Lady.....

Dead!.....The silver crucifix of his rosary was bent as a ring round his finger..... Shocked radio waves, scarehead extras, tears dripping on street corners, draped in black a whole nation.....

Now were the stories told. "Go-giver," said Poet-President Father O'Donnell, and that summed it up. One of Christ's "clean of heart," already perhaps "seeing God." "The most masculine man, ruggedness on field and off." What a lesson sportswriters could teach America's youth.... And this great man, so humble withal, unashamedly clinging to God, bending the knee in church, asking his penance, receiving His Lord in Communion-- this great man "just one of his own boys!" Don't say what the world called tragic and sad was unplanned! \*\*\* He coached not eleven, but many more than eleven millions.

As "Rock" fell, he threw something to you. And he spoke the same simple words which the fallen soldier at Ypres said in 1915: "To you, from failing hands we throw the torch. Be yours to hold it high."

Mrs. Rockne...

has asked to have a Memorial Mass said for her beloved husband tomorrow at 6:20 in Sacred Heart Church. Father J. Hugh O'Donnell will offer the sacrifice, the Moreau Choir will chant the solemn "Requiem Aeternam." Not all of you can crowd into the pews. Let the Monogram men occupy the front square of rows on the gospel side.

The residents of Freshman, Cavanaugh, Zahm, St. Edward's, Brownson and Carroll are asked to pay their homage to "Rock" by assisting at this principal Mass instead of in their own chapels. \*\*\* There will be four confessors on hand and hosts for a thousand Communions. \*\*\* After breakfast, in Dillon Chapel, another Mass will be celebrated for "Rock" at the Shrine of St. Olaf, Patron of Norway. This will be the sixth annual Mass sponsored by the faithful Gogebic Range Notre Dame Club of Ironwood, Michigan.