

Who won the Game?

Walter Eckersall has his version, George Trevor has his, Grantland Rice has his, all the experts, professional and amateur, all the spectators, all the newsboys, all the section hands, all the somebodies and nobodies will tell you all about it.

Notre Dame football won the game -- that's telling the whole story to those who know, and it's not letting anyone else into the secret. The game was a beautiful demonstration. You will hear it said that Notre Dame won using the Army game and that Army lost using the Notre Dame game; but the truth is that Notre Dame won by Notre Dame football. The coach, the players, the twenty million rooters all used it.

Interference won the game -- and interference is a combination of the sound Christian virtues of obedience, humility, promptness, charity, fortitude, self-denial, generosity and determination. Alertness and clean-living won the game.

No coach in the country can approach our own in forming the spirit of interference; and the fruits of his strenuous efforts are multiplied by the religion that goes into Notre Dame football. Socrates taught as natural virtues the elements of interference you have listed above; Notre Dame supernaturalizes these virtues and gives the results that puzzle the experts. When eleven men -- or thirty-eight men -- pray together and partake together of the same Heavenly Banquet, they are interested in one another, and when one man is given the ball to carry, ten men make the hole for him to go through. And he goes through. He is also playing the game.

Prayer won the game. The nuns in the kitchen and laundry lost their recreation Saturday making visits to the chapel, and every light in the place was burning; some of them spent the entire time of the game before the tabernacle, offering up as a sacrifice for the boys the listening to the meagre reports that reached the convent. The nuns and girls at St. Mary's and in convents all over the country prayed brazenly for victory, no less, for the school of their Blessed Mother. Many a strange face appeared at the altar rail at Notre Dame. Catholics throughout the United States said Hail Marys and offered little sacrifices for the team that has won a big place in their hearts.

Prayer won the game. The players who prayed for the past thirteen months that they would not again disappoint twenty million backers, the fellows who have offered every bruise, every knock, every yard gained, every touchdown, every point, for the relief of the Poor Souls and for the conversion of sinners, these men won the game in more ways than one. If... if... if... You can "if" the game from now till the crack of doom, and the fact remains that the Poor Souls were on the sidelines pulling for Chris when he got his hands on the ball.

Prayer won the game. and the most earnest prayer was the prayer of those who went straight from the gridgraph and the laundry and the kitchen to church and chapel to say a word of thanks after the game; the prayer of those who knelt in thanksgiving at St. Patrick's Cathedral on Sunday morning, the first to approach the Holy Table; the prayer of those who had Masses of thanksgiving said for the Poor Souls after the last whistle blew; the prayer of the mothers of the players back home who went and knelt before the pictures of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin to say thanks for the safety as well as the glory of a good son.

Who won the game? We won't know till we get to Heaven; but the fact remains that it did the Poor Souls a lot of good and converted a lot of sinners. -- And don't forget to thank the Poor Souls this noon, by attending Benediction for them when the bell rings.

Prayers.

The grandmothers of Dan Moore and Jas. Navarre are in critical condition; Herman Centlivre of the class of 1925, lost his father Friday. A student asks prayers for his deceased grandmother.