

Mass 8:00, Rockne Memorial
altar, Dillon, request Gogebic
Range N.D. Club.
Benediction tonight

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
March 30, 1938

Paul Breting, Cavanaugh,
remains critically ill;
redouble prayers for him.

Rockne--He Was A Man.

One day, seven years ago tomorrow two Notre Dame alumni walked briskly down Washington's Pennsylvania Avenue. A newsboy, tears dripping down his dusty cheeks, stood on a street corner yelling, "E-X-T-R-A!"

"What's the trouble, Buddy? You're crying."

"He's dead."

"Who?"

"Why, Rockne!"

That was a sad day for all America.

Rockne loved boys, and the boys who knew "Rock" loved him too. Clean-living, he played the game of life square and hard. The thousands of boys and young men who came within the radius of his influence were the better for having known him. But his magnetic personality extended even farther. From the circle of immediate acquaintances it shot off in every direction throughout the country.

The essence of Rock's character was its complete manhood. To the core he was a man's man; by far too big to stoop to anything small, mean or petty.....He was a driver, but never abusive.....He was an insistent master, but always an understanding one.....He demanded discipline, strict adherence to rules, but he knew the secret of masculine virility.

Football for Rockne was a builder of character. He used it to develop within his boys the fighter's heart, which he thought so essential to meet life's struggles in later years. With this two-fisted quality he combined alertness of mind and the principles of good sportsmanship, the better to form the stuff out of which real men are made.

".....Ah, who can tell

Your story, Rock,

Better, while still we feel the shock

Of your quick passing, than

In just these words, HE WAS, A MAN!"

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Jack Ward and Gene Voslett (Walsh); John P. Draney, friend of Frank Murphy (Car.); 2nd anniversary of Geo. Wirry (student); John Hagerty; father of Harold Tomaschko '37. Ill, (seriously) father of Gene Dolan (Walsh); friend of Fr. John Ryan C. S. C.; mother of Dr. McMeel; friend of D. Murphy (Alumni); father of Dan Bradley (Zahn); father of Martha McCabe. Eight special intentions.

Seven years ago tomorrow millions of Americans knelt in spirit at his grave. Americans from every walk of life were there, from the President of the United States on down through the hierarchy of society to the man who pushed a broom in the street. All had lost in his passing a wonderful friend.

The boyhood of America especially felt his loss. But to youth he left a legacy. To it he bequeathed the practical ideal that clean play, right living, discipline and self-sacrifice are necessary not only for athletic distinction, but for real manly character as well.

Seven years ago this man Rockne met the Man-God Christ before the Judgment Seat of God. He faced the ordeal which every one of us must some day face. Will we be as well prepared as he?

He was ready to go any time. Just that he told his friends when they warned him of the dangers of air travel. Rescuers picked up his bruised, broken body, and they found the crucifix of his rosary bent to fit his finger, the Sacred Heart Badge in his wallet, the relic of the Little Flower in his clothes.

That's the way "Rock" the man, the idol of a nation met death, well-prepared, suddenly, swiftly.

He is gone--seven years already. How time flies! But he will be really gone only when those who knew him best are gone too. Even then his memory will linger long. For Knute Rockne has achieved immortality.

At 6:25 tomorrow morning in the main church an anniversary Mass will be offered for the repose of his soul.

Every student in the University is asked to offer his Holy Communion in union with the intention of the celebrant of this Mass.

The Monogram Club and coaches will attend Mass in a body in the main church.