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Fred Was Prepared.

Whenever Fred Aselage raised the lid of his desk in Carroll Hall, there, on its underside facing him, was his Eucharistic Calendar, entitled "Preparedness Year". Every date up to his tragic death was marked with a circle. He had received Communion daily. He had lived the Calendar's direction; "Cross out the days you lose. Circle the days you give to God."

He heeded the direction also to "Prepare. Take the offensive; harden yourself morally, physically, intellectually. Bring into your life self-discipline, denial..... Then you'll be the man Christ wants you to be." Rising at 5:30 a.m. every day, except one, to serve 6:00 o'clock Mass, he was certainly hardening himself, morally and physically, too. Fred already was used to hard mental work. His high school average of 93% showed that - and being intelligent, he was a daily communicant.

His hall mates in Carroll were very generous with a Spiritual Bouquet consisting of 815 Masses, 854 Communions, 980 visits to Grotto, 720 visits to Blessed Sacrament, 481 Rosaries, 9,892 Ejaculations. The Masses requested will be announced shortly.

Rockne's Conversion.

Rockne, at the 1930 N.D. Laymen's Retreat, told the story of his conversion. The Pittsburgh Catholic of that day reported his speech as follows:

"I used to be impressed deeply," said Rockne, "at the sight of my players receiving Communion every morning, and finally I made it a point of going to Mass with them on the morning of a game. I realized that it appeared more or less incongruous, when we arrived in town for a game, for the general public to see my boys rushing off to church as soon as they got off the train, while their coach rode to the hotel and took his ease. So, for the sake of appearances, if nothing else, I made it a point to go to church with the boys on the morning of a game.

"One night before a big game in the East, I was nervous and worried about the outcome of the game the next day and was unable to sleep. I tossed and rolled about the bed and finally decided that I'd get up and dress, then go down to the lobby and sit in a chair alone with my thoughts. It must have been two or three o'clock in the morning when I arrived in the deserted lobby, so I took a chair and tried to get that football game off my mind by engaging some bell-boys in conversation.

"Along about five or six o'clock in the morning I started pacing the lobby of the hotel, when suddenly I ran into two of my own players hurrying out. I asked them where they were going at such an hour, although I had a good idea. Then I retired to a chair in the lobby where I couldn't be seen, but where I could see everyone who went in or out the door. Within the next few minutes my players kept hurrying out of the door in pairs and groups, and finally when they were all about gone, I got near the door so I could question the next player who came along.

"In a minute or two, the last of the squad hurried out of an elevator and made for the door. I stopped them and asked them if they, too, were going to Mass, and they replied that they were. I decided to go along with them. Although they probably didn't realize it, these youngsters were making a powerful impression on me with their piety and devotion, and when I saw all of them walking up to the Communion rail to receive, and realized the several hours of sleep they had sacrificed in order to do this, I understood for the first time what a powerful ally their religion was to those boys in their work on the football field. Then is when I really began to see the light; to know what was missing in my life, and later on I had the great pleasure of joining my boys at the Communion rail."