

A Chance for Notre Dame Spirit.

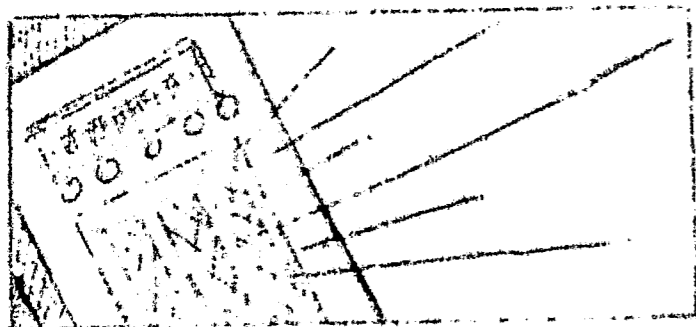
Most students realize now that they've talked over and over all possible angles on V-7, V-5, doubling up and moving up and have decided that from now on, they're going to do some talking where it counts - to God. Many started today, the rest will get down on the old prayer-bones tomorrow to start the Novena (of 9 Masses and Communions) for:

1. Their fellow students shortly entering service - and those already in.
2. Success in Exams.
3. The United States and Divine guidance for governing officials.

We've found an appropriate prayer in America which student Sodalists in Detroit use in praying for the boys in military service. Specially written for them and containing the imprimatur of His Excellency, Archbishop Mooney, the prayer is as follows:

"Mother of God, our Mother, remember thy sons in military service. Protect them against all dangers of body and mind and soul. Grant them a deep love for and an enduring loyalty to thy Son, Christ, Our Lord. Amen."

Tune In.



Unexcelled as usual are the radio addresses of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen on the Catholic Hour. Sundays at 5:00 P.M. His talks on the present war and its problems are meriting great praise from all, not only Catholics.

Incidentally, he is stressing need for prayer, especially an hour of prayer and meditation every day by non-Catholics and Jews, an hour of Adoration by Catholics. An hour a day for laymen! Students here can easily give one-half hour to Mass and Communion with another half hour fitted in sometime during day or evening in your own hall chapel.

You desire advice and encouragement during these times. You will receive it unflinchingly from Monsignor Sheen in his Catholic Hour broadcast SUNDAY at 5:00 P.M.

Strong Heart.

Now what's to make a song of  
With half the world in tears,  
When sunsets flame with hate, not love  
And nights are dark with fears?

Why, sing of courage high, lad,  
And hope that is not vain,  
And gallant men who die, lad  
That love may live again.

But where will all my world be  
When the ship comes into port?  
My brothers lie beneath the sea  
Or went down with the fort.

Hold fast! Quick comes the lark, lad,  
And roses on the wall.  
God's dawn will break the dark, lad,  
His Hand is over all.

(G. Codd,  
Catholic World)