

Benediction Sat.  
at 11:00. Up for  
team in morning.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
October 23, 1942

Avoid morning lineup.  
Confessions tonight  
in Dil., Cav.

- - -

The Spirit of Notre Dame.

The "Spirit of Notre Dame" - you feel it in a handshake . . .

You hear it in the boisterous humor through the halls . . .

It's the din of the dining room - the clatter of the 'caf' . . .

It's the sanctity of the Grotto - the silhouette of a boy kneeling alone in a chapel  
in the glow of the vigil light. . .

You see it glistening on the Dome every time you catch that first breath-taking  
glimpse. . .

It surrounds you in the empty stadium as you sit alone in awed retrospect to the  
accompaniment of the band practicing in the distance . . .

It's the Hike Song!

It's the thrill in your throat when you hear the Victory March!

"Clashmore Mike" carries it over the hurdles.

Through the night, it keeps watch over the campus as the last light goes out and the  
last-minute men cross the deadline.

It smiles down over and over again at those famous last words: " - but, Father, I  
was only a minute late!"

The upturned, eager faces of the students at rallies. That's it! It's the "fellas"  
themselves! The "kids" - in Cavanaugh, Carroll, Sorin, Dillon, Brownson, too, and  
Walsh - sharp like their predecessors whose lingo, laughs, gripes and glory they  
carry on!

It's a boy like Bertelli! Angelo Bertelli, from West Springfield, Mass., standing  
there in the stadium ready for practice, perfectly at ease, even though being inter-  
viewed by a girl, of all people, while his grinning teammates call over: "don't  
swallow that plug, Bert" - a wad of licorice which he deftly shifts to one side for  
a picture.

. . . Bertelli, the perfect passer, lauding his team, the receivers, the line,  
making his own part sound so incidental: "All I need is a receiver like Murphy, or  
Livingstone, or Dove - when I find one of those fellows in the clear, I don't have  
to worry. And the line! Boy, with that kind of protection I can't miss. They give  
me plenty of time to find a receiver and, well, that's all there is to it."

But not a word about his own fame at Cathedral High of Springfield, Mass., where he  
captained the football, baseball and hockey teams.

His teammates will tell you about it, though. They'll tell you he was named one of  
the great hockey centers in New England. The "fellas" will tell you what a fine  
baseball player he is.

That's N.D. men for you. . .

(Interview written for South Bend Tribune by Helen Park,  
formerly of South Bend and later a sports editor of the  
Philadelphia Record.)

PRAYERS: (deceased) friend of Ed Chute (Dil); mother of former Prof. S. Ronay. (Ill) Mrs.  
J. Henry Mayer. 4 Special Intentions. One Thanksgiving.

FATHER SHEEDY CALLED HOME - FATHER IS DYING. PRAY THROUGH MASS AND COMIUNION TOMORROW.