Here is a letter that appeared recently in the Catholic Herald of Milwaukee:

"Dear Bill:

"You're about the best up-and-downer that I know—one day O.K., and the next, flat in bed.

"Last night at the meeting Father Dennis gave a swell talk. Gee, he's a prince and he knows everybody. He was just sort of telling stories but they were all about big shots. Down at Notre Dame he says all the guys go to Communion every day.

"No wonder those fellows are good because that's just part of their life down there. The priests encourage them and the fellows do it. You know there's nothing that makes a fellow more manly than receiving Christ daily. Then we get to be like He was and He was the greatest Man that ever lived, and He was also God. And then he gave you a nice send-off; said the thing that made our good young friend Bill Clemens a real plucky man was because he receives Communion every day. You never told us fellows that Father Dennis brings you Communion daily. Holding back on us, eh?

"You can see down at Notre Dame they teach the fellows that they can't do anything greater than be daily Communicants. Then after Christ does that much for them—gives Himself to them every day—they've got to get out and do great things for Christ. They've got to be world beaters, That doesn't mean they've got to win every football game because while winning football games is a lot of fun and gives you a lot of thrills still the biggest thing is winning in the game of life.

"When the old devil tackles you with a temptation and tries to drag you down in the slime of sin you've got to shake him off and wiggle away from him. Use the old stiff-arm, say a little prayer to Christ and you'll win. And it's a lot easier to shake him off—you'll be a lot stronger to do that if that very morning Christ visited you because He makes us strong.

"And down at Notre Dame all the fellows love the Blessed Mother in a special way because the school is named after her. Notre Dame is the French way of saying Our Lady. They all wear her badge—a scapular medal hung around their necks on a tough chain. They call it a "rough-neck chain" because it's so tough you can't bust it—even in a football game. And they carry a rosary too. There's no excuse for any Catholic man or boy not to have his rosary with him always. There's plenty of room in your pockets and when you change from school trousers to Sunday trousers change your rosary too. A guy wouldn't forget his pants and neither should he forget his rosary.

"When Rockne was killed in that aeroplane crash—there wasn't much to find. But they did find the cross of his rosary grasped in the index finger of his right hand. And Rockne wasn't always a Catholic. The thing that made him one was the football players. One morning before a big game he wouldn't sleep and so he was sitting around the hotel lobby smoking. At six o'clock he saw the fellows coming down by ones and twos and threes and going out of the hotel. He asked where they were going and they told him 'to Mass and Communion'. He figured out there must be something wonderful about a religion that would make young fellows want to get up that early. Nobody made the fellows do that but their love for Christ.

"I haven't written one tenth of what Father Dennis said but I got to do some homework. He had a swell story about Al Smith but it's too long to write so I'll tell it to you next time I see you.

"So long,

Tommy."

Now don't let callouses form where wings ought to be sprouting! There are plenty of Tommy's in the world that look up to you. Always remember that.