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 through the hierarchy of society to the man who pushed a broom in the street. All had lost in his passing a wonderful friend.

Seventh 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.