

There's Nothing Much to Do But Pray.

We have another Van Wallace on our hands. The cases of Van and Jim Powers are quite similar. Prayer has made Van what he is today; prayer certainly steadied the knife of the surgeon who operated on Jim yesterday.

Jim smiled when he heard at 8:30 that there were already 1400 Communion offered up for his recovery; and he added, "I went myself, and I feel fine about it." When he came out of the ether in the afternoon he was told that another 120 Communion were offered up in the Sorin chapel during the morning, and he smiled again. "Prayer will do it," he said, "and I know I can count on the fellows."

The operation consisted in exposing some three or four inches of the spinal column, and removing some bone from the fifth, sixth and seventh vertebrae, to permit the sixth, which was fractured, to resume its normal location, from which it had been jarred. He does not know of the operation. He was placed in a cast immediately afterwards, and the cast is all he knows about. The operation was performed with consummate skill.

During the afternoon he rallied well from the effects of the operation, and he began to get sensation in various parts of the body. He was not suffering much pain, except the inconvenience of the thirst after the ether, and the absolute rigidity which he was forced to maintain. There was not a complaint from his lips, however; like Van Wallace he was cheerful and wanted to do what he could for the Poor Souls during their month.

But while there is much reason to rejoice over the effects of the operation, he is very far from cured. His condition is such that his life still hangs by a thread, and it is possible that if he lives he will be paralyzed. Now you see what your duty is. Storm heaven! After the gridgraph this afternoon there will be public prayers in the church -- rosary and Benediction. Be there! The same thing will happen Sunday night at 7:30. Be there! We want no slackers at Mass and Communion. Jim Powers is counting on Notre Dame spirit to carry him through. He has it in abundance; it is generated in the chapel.

"If You Have Any Spare Prayers Layin' Around...."

Jack Morgan wants them. He is laid up in his hospital with an infected arm, and that was his request when asked whether he wanted anything. You can't quite refuse when a Southerner puts it that way. He is a bit afraid that he may lose the use of his hand. John Manning will also be grateful for prayers for his infected arm, and Hupe, Smith and Lopez, down in the hospital, will appreciate prayers. Ed. Hagerty left a request for prayers before he started home to see his father in the hospital; Al Hockwalt, of the Class of '25, sent a telegram yesterday that his grandmother had just died. Ten other petitions have been received, and they should all have a remembrance in your prayers.

There Is A Game Today.

While you are doing so much more praying than you are accustomed to do you should not forget the intentions you are more accustomed to remember. St. Christopher, the "Christ-Bearer", is patron of the game today, and you should ask his special protection that we will have no more football accidents this year. We have had more than enough.

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The collection at the Masses tomorrow is for the pamphlet rack. It is insolvent.