



CAN YOU TAKE IT?



His Ninth Easter in a Wheel Chair.

Pictures used to be the story books of the poor. That was before the days of the three-cent newspapers and the Saturday E. P. Here is a picture that is a story book for the poor fish who can't take it—the lay cardinals who whine like whipped puppy dogs because the silver spoon sometimes administers castor oil.

The picture tells the story of Van Wallace, who registered in engineering here in September, 1923. The following summer (July 4th, to be exact) he broke his neck in a shallow dive. Since then he has been totally paralyzed in trunk and legs; he has some movements in his arms, but no use of his fingers. Prayer has kept him going all these years, although doctors say he has no right to be alive.

But the story, we said, is in the picture. HE HASN'T WINCED YET. He can read, he can think, he can joke, he can look out the window at the world going by, he can typewrite a letter with the assistance of a contrivance of his own design. And he can pray. That's his old standby. He goes to church in his ambulance when conditions are favorable, and they generally are when there is a novena to the Little Flower.

He hasn't kicked, because he's not that kind. Would that we could say that of all of you! How many of you think you can take it? How many of you, with two good legs under you, got up for Mass every day this Lent? How many of you stuck to your other resolutions during these six weeks? How many of you have walked out of shows that turned out to be raw? How many of you have signed protests against such shows? No, you're soft. You don't fight sin as you should because you are afraid of a little mortification. You don't sign protests because you are afraid the coyotes will razz you. In other words, you can't take it.

Van's address is Moravian Drive, Mt. Clemens, Michigan. If you appreciate the kind of Notre Dame man he is, drop him a line for Easter, and tell him you have offered a few Holy Communions for his welfare. But tell him not to answer, or he'll be in a sweat for the next year, pecking away at his typewriter; an epistle a day is about all he can do. But keep this picture: its story will help you take it.

PRAYERS

Deceased—Bernard Cousino's grandmother; Bill and Dick Schmidt's father. Ill—H. F. Gildea (pneumonia); Harold Gooden's mother. Two special intentions.

Ecce Homo!



The above is a copy of the original painting by Theodelinde Dubouche, later Mother Mary Theresa, frequently referred to in recent numbers of the Religious Bulletin.