Please, no women guests in the choir stalls during any Mass!

He was a ragged little urchin, picking up a few pennies outside Grand Central Station. One of the town's wise-acres who knew all the answers came up to the lad and stuck his pedal extremity out for a buffing. A scapular medal dangled rhythmically from the bootblack's neck as he applied both shoe and elbow grease.

"Sonny," queried the cigar-puffing bigwig, "why the hardware on your neck?"

"Because, she is the Mother of Christ," said the lad as he fingered the medal.

"But," objected the big-shot, "she's just another creature, no different from your mother or mine, kid!"

"That's right, mister," shot back the lad. "But there's a hell of a difference in the sons."

The bootblack's language was crude, but St. Thomas would have smiled his approval of the theology contained in the boy's quip. It is true that Mary is just a human being, and the Catholic is the first to admit that attributing divine prerogatives to her is a violation of the first commandment. But the fact still remains that Christ is God. Mary is the Mother of Christ, and that adds up to the Motherhood of the God-Man.

It is customary to give honor even in the natural order in proportion to the dignity of the one honored. We offer greater homage to the person who has reached the higher rung on the ladder of intellectual, professional, or military prestige. The same is true of the supernatural order. Mary is the greatest of God's creatures. Her role in the triple drama of Bethlehem, Nazareth and Calvary merited for her the highest esteem by you and me. The bootblack in the story knew his theology as well as he knew the power of Mary's protection.

The scapular medal was not only a proof of his love for and trust in Mary but it was also his Catholic tag of identification. Because of the Church's blessing on it the medal had added value of indulgences. It is neither a good luck piece nor hocus-pocus.

Scapular medals—sacramentals with the Church's blessings—are available at Dillon and Cavanaugh Chapels. Drop around and pick one up.

John Bellis (R.I.P.)

John, a graduate student of Vetville, died of polio at 10:10 A.M. Wednesday. He leaves his wife Doris, and their son Jackie, age 20 months. John enlisted in the army after his graduation from college in the Spring of 1941. He served in the South Pacific and was in the battle of Okinawa. After receiving his M.A. at Emory University in Georgia, he entered Notre Dame last year as a Sinclair-Research Fellow. He had just passed his candidacy exams for the doctorate degree when he was stricken. John was a serious, courageous student, a model husband and father. His professors, fellow students and neighbors in Vetville had the highest regard for his quiet, cheerful and unassuming ways. John was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. He will be buried in his home town, Oradell, New Jersey. Please remember him in your kind prayers.

Prayers: (deceased) friend of Ernie Dupraw (B-P); gr'mother of Joe Borges (Ly); P. Paschel, ex-39; cousin of Tom Craven, '49; friend of Jack Nolan (O-C); friends of Homer Barton (Dil); Ill; mother of Tom Ziegler, '39; Bernard Livergood; uncle of Bill Shanahan (Sor); father of Gerald Murphy (O-C); mother of Don Welsch (Ly); aunt of P. Zang (Mor). Special Intentions -- 7.