

Go to Mass and Communion  
for the team in your hall  
chapel tomorrow.

University of Notre Dame  
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Van Will Be Here.

Who's Van? Why Van's a Notre Dame institution, probably the most-admired of all the Notre Dame men of his day. You must know him. Fifteen years ago there lived in Detroit a high school senior named Van Wallace. Popular, intelligent, and athletic, he was a favorite at U. of D. High, where he won his letter in basketball. Baseball, too, he played there. Ambitions he had aplenty.

In the fall of '23 he enrolled as an engineer at Notre Dame. Quickly he fell in love with the place, trod the paths to piety--to his chapel, to the Grotto; sometimes lolled with his pals on the green grass under the trees and dreamed.

Then suddenly during the summer vacation all his dreams were apparently smashed. One day, on the Fourth of July of that summer, he went to a beach near his home for a swim. Off the board, into the water, he plunged... and young Van in the plunge broke his neck. Nine days at most, said the doctors, he could possibly live. But those nine days have almost miraculously lengthened into thirteen long years. Flat on his back, paralyzed from the neck down, for thirteen long years--what could it mean?



Van's friends have no doubt. His apostolate is already the richest. He teaches modern young men, not by lectures, but by living example, how to take it and smile. That's what he's doing to perfection. His plight is to him not a "cross" but an "assignment"--given to him by the good God. To his fullest ability he will ask no questions and carry on. His mother, always nearest to him, has never heard a word of self-pity escape from his smiling lips.

Is he bored? Perish the word! He's too busy, he says, to catch up--too busy devouring good books, too busy picking out letters of good cheer on his specially-constructed typewriter, too busy remembering healthy people and exploring God's love at prayer.

Well, Van writes expectantly this week: "I'm planning to come down for the Navy Game. I simply have to be with the boys. Keep your eye peeled for a glittering new bus in two shades of green. The Notre Dame Club of Detroit (hear off to them!) last August gave me a Chevrolet suburban sedan, a sort of glorified station wagon with all the newest gadgets inside and out. I don't want to lose too much time in teaching it the road to the campus."

In a place of honor within the stadium you will see Van's new car tomorrow. From his cot inside he will pull with you, pray with you, cheer with you all through the game. Now and then from inside the large windows of his car he will look over to your section, think, and be proud. Van's that way. From your section in the stands look back to his car, think, and be proud. For there before you stretched out motionless will be smiling Van Wallace, living incarnation of heroic faith and resignation, bravest and most inspiring example of the unconquerable spirit of Notre Dame.

**CORRECTION:** Monsignor Foley (Chicago) listed as deceased in the Bulletin of Oct. 20, should have been listed as ill.