

Tomorrow at 4:45 in Sacred  
Heart Church -- The Holy  
Hour.

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
November 17, 1954  
-----

Get Iowa TV tickets--Faculty,  
employees (Personnel office)  
Students (Dining Hall)

Recalling The "Boiler Kid"

When all this began, chances are the Seniors were just beginning to walk and talk; while many of the Freshmen had not yet been born. Anyway, Fred Snite graduated from Notre Dame with all the promise in the world of a great future. He was bright, and handsome, with a delightful personality, and a saving sense of humor.

In March of 1936, while on a trip around the world, he became sick in China, and with all manners of medical excellence available, he survived the ordeal -- but found that he could not live outside the iron lung. Henceforth, that became his narrow, little world of existence -- the narrow confines of the iron lung. Because he was a sound, Notre Dame man, with a sound, Notre Dame sense of values, he made the adjustment in no time. In dictating a note to the campus regarding prayers for him in his sickness, he signed himself, "The Boiler Kid."

And he was a boiler that never blew up. When told that he might have to spend seven years in the tank, he replied to his dad: "Make it nine, Dad. Then, if I get out in seven, I'll feel better about it."

For the past 18½ years he tried hard to lead a normal life in spite of his affliction. He never lost interest in any phase of life. He improved to a degree that enabled him to spend intervals outside the lung. He became an expert at bridge. He came to Notre Dame for almost all the home games. He went to Europe, and visited Our Lady's Shrine at Lourdes, and came home with a great spirit of resignation -- though no external miracle occurred. May he now rest in peace everlasting!

... And Van Wallace

Tonight, in the hospital at Mount Clemens, Michigan, lies another Notre Dame man in very serious condition. For the past 31 years, he has not been able to rise from his bed. In the summer of 1923, while swimming, he moved gracefully into the air from the diving board -- and into shallow water -- and into a condition of permanent paralysis. You've seen him at the games, too. You've spotted him in the caf. And you may have noticed that he never neglected Dillon hall chapel on Saturday during the Mass for the team. It was a kind of mutual admiration society -- in that he was proud of their performance; while they who could run and tackle, and block, marvelled at his courage.

For 31 years Van has never let anything dampen his perpetual smile. And it is a smile of beauty; not canned, like movie smiles, not especially posed for a toothpaste ad, not strained either -- but easy and natural, straight from the heart where he evidently is always at peace. On one occasion, this fall, we asked him in Dillon chapel, if he would like to receive Communion after some 15 minutes of praying, or would he wait and receive at the following Mass. He replied: "Before the next Mass, then I can use the Mass to make my Thanksgiving."

And you -- if sometime you have to walk to town, or to Sacred Heart Church, or to the caf -- or you draw a mildly restricted campus, or can't leave early for the Holidays, or miss a dance, or you have to get up for morning check -- remember these Notre Dame men who haven't moved a muscle for the space of your entire lifetime, and longer. It was Fred Snite who got his biggest thrill out of one student who wrote him years ago, saying: "Thanks, Fred, for making me a better Catholic." And Van Wallace continues to be an inspiration to all who have ever met him. Hence, when the chips are down for you, remember that other Notre Dame men have found the going rough, but refused to quit fighting. We owe them much, these two, for their excellent example.

-----  
PRAYERS -- Deceased: mother of Fr. Charles Carey, CSC. Very ill: sister of Michael Durr of Dillon.