

Feb. 16, 1925.

"Neglect" Again.

A sophomore's impression of Newman's "Neglect of Divine Calls and Warnings":

"This sermon hits so close to home that it can't be pushed aside and laughed at. Newman puts us on the defensive. He springs our favorite and pet alibis before we get a chance to set them. He tears down famous old excuses, the main one being, 'We are all human, and therefore.....'"

"This pamphlet is worth its time so many times over that after reading it you wonder how he could say so much, so forcibly, in so small a space."

If you have not read this pamphlet you are neglecting a divine warning.

"Who is Van Wallace?"

This question is asked time and again, and in spite of all that has been said about Van Wallace on the Bulletin, a brief review of his case will be made:

He entered Notre Dame in September, 1923, to take engineering. He was a brilliant student and a great reader of good books. He was about the best-looking member of his class, and certainly no one had a happier disposition and no one a higher character. He was faithful to daily Communion and to other practices of piety, and was ready for a wholesome good time always.

On the fourth of last July he broke his neck in an attempt to dive into two feet of water without striking bottom. Three vertebrae were broken when they dragged him, paralyzed, from the water. His head had not struck and he was perfectly conscious, as he has been ever since. The doctors gave him only the slightest chance to live. The summer school students started a Novena for him, and on the ninth day, when he was at death's door, he fell into a deep sleep, the first natural sleep he had had in the twelve days since the accident.

After eight hours he awoke, much refreshed. He was placed in a cast, and for some time he improved. Through the fall he made only slight progress, however, and an attack of flu early in December nearly proved his undoing. A new specialist was called in recently to operate, in the hope of restoring him. He was hopeful at first, but a second examination showed some severed cords that made surgery helpless to aid him. The doctor says now that he has no right to be alive, from the medical point of view.

Through all this space of nearly eight months, Van has been game to the limit. He is the best living example of Notre Dame spirit, of the kind of spirit that brought Father Sorin through the epidemic of cholera in the fifties and the devastating fire of '79, that made him build a state capitol without a cent in his pocket, that made him draw Notre Dame on magnificent lines when he hadn't two hundred students. Van doesn't complain, he plans to come back to school in a wheel-chair, he does calculus problems in his head, and he is everlastingly grateful to you for all the prayers and Communions you have offered for him. To thank you for the Christmas bouquets you sent him, he borrowed the following verse from J.P. McAvoy:

"If Santa Claus should say to me,
'What do you want on your
Christmas tree?'

I'd ask for another such friend as you,
And he'd say, 'What, another?
There couldn't be two.'"

An appeal was made the other day for a spiritual bouquet for Van, a giant one. Only two students have replied. What are you going to do to show your appreciation of real Notre Dame spirit?