
Eddie Carty, Van Wallace, and the Shut-Ins.

The President of the University received a letter from Eddie Carty the other day - a long letter. Those of you who were here on that gloomy day in March last year when the news came of Knute Rockne's death should remember who Eddie is. At that time the Bulletin published a letter from Eddie's father which told the story of this crippled boy who had once had a letter and an autographed photo from Rock, and who consoled himself by saying the beads for his deceased friend.

Eddie is still praying for Knute and Notre Dame. He is better than he used to be, and he got out in the yard, under the trees, all summer. He is one of those cheerful shut-ins whose prayers are going up to God daily for Notre Dame and the boys here, and we are glad to be reminded of their loyalty to us so that we can put them before you for the prayers you will want to say for them. (Theirs is the great privilege of suffering - of offering, in union with the Passion of Christ, with cheerful resignation to the will of God, all the aches and pains they have to go through. They play their part in the world by taking it on the chin with a smile - and staying God's wrath from the rest of us. And if you want to know more about this part of Catholic mystical theology, read The Shadow on the Earth.)

We can't talk of Eddie Carty without bringing in Van Wallace. Van came here from Detroit as a freshman in 1923. After a splendid year as a Notre Dame man he broke his neck in a shallow dive on a Fourth-of-July outing. His life was despaired of (it still is, for that matter; the doctors say there is no reason why he should be alive) but after a Novena by the Summer School students he began the slow up-hill climb. His case has been before the students for their prayers ever since that day - and Van is praying on cheerfully. He has never whimpered. In his wheelchair life he has read all the worthwhile books and developed his active mind. He has the use of his shoulders and arms, but not his fingers; that hasn't stopped him from learning to type, however, with a mechanical aid he devised for his right hand. He has conducted an insurance business from his wheel-chair.

The mail brings us another case. In a letter a Jesuit scholastic writes: "You will be glad to know in passing that some of your boys, as a result of my suggestion, sent a well-autographed copy of the Army-Notre Dame football program to a crippled friend of mine in Buffalo. He has been confined to his bed for over seven years. This little thoughtfulness made him very happy. He is quite a rooster for Notre Dame as he sits at the radio every fall. On one occasion the late Knute Rockne talked to him over the telephone, on another Jack Elder and some of the boys called on him when the track team was in Buffalo....."

All over the country we have those friends whose loyalty makes us ashamed of ourselves at times. Down in Arizona and New Mexico some of the boys are waiting it out while the sunshine slowly clears up their tuberculosis - old students and other fans, many of whom have never seen Notre Dame or even a Notre Dame man. They have a right to your prayers. Go down on your knees for them - and one of these cold mornings when you feel you don't need to offer Holy Communion for yourself, hop out of bed on the two good legs God gave you, and receive the Sacraments with special fervor for these shut-in friends of Notre Dame.

Prayers.

Jos. Ponzevik is in the hospital receiving treatment for an infection; John H. Carmody has gone home for treatment; Aubrey Boyd-Snee is convalescing after an operation for appendicitis. Ambrose Freehill's father is very ill. Frank Shapiro's grandmother died during the summer. Four special intentions.