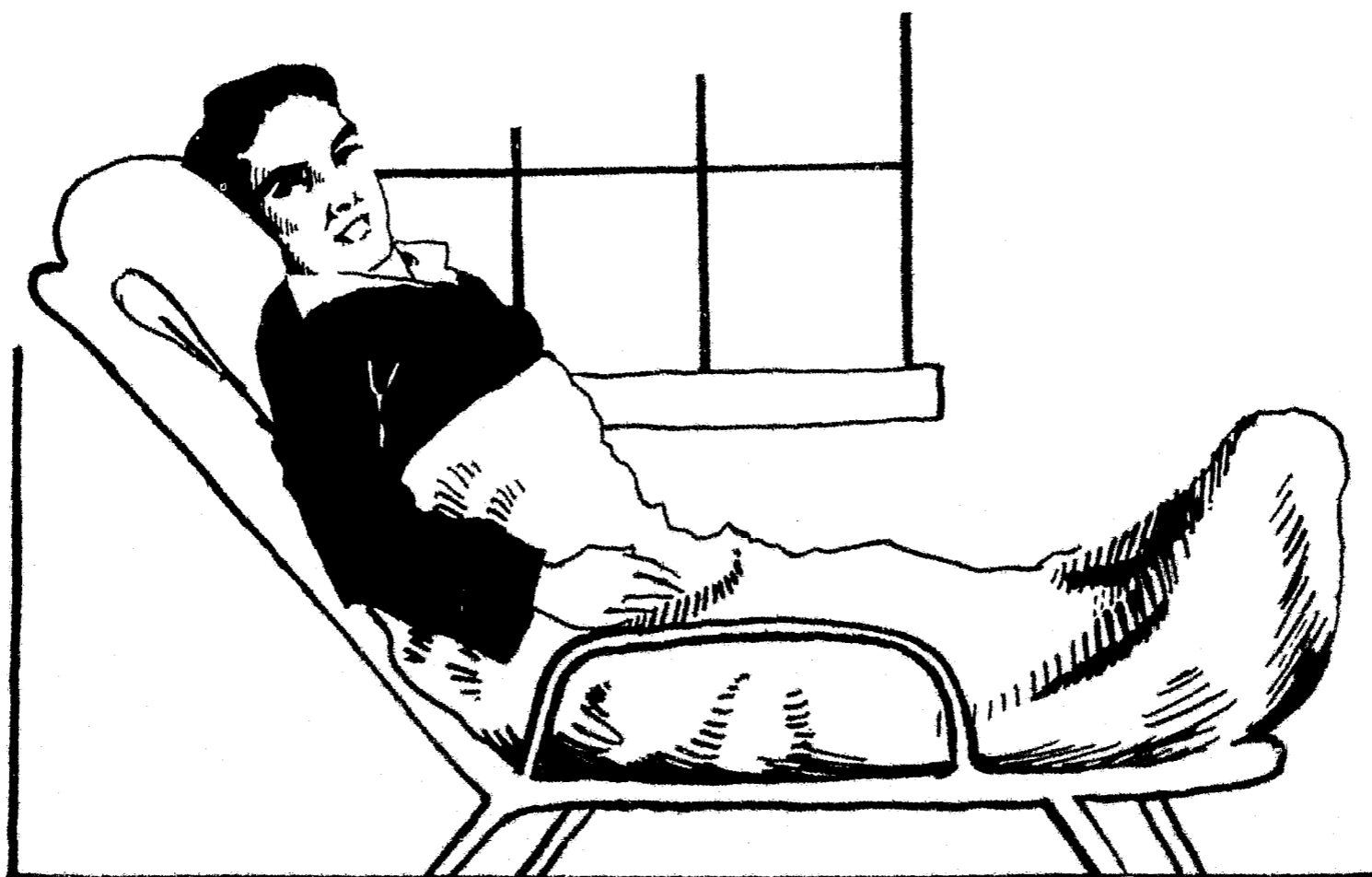


University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
October 9, 1935.

Chin Up !

Father Ray
Massart's
fund jumps
today to
\$14.50. One
donor says...



.. "Here's
a dollar for
Father Mass-
art. I'll
sleep better
tonight."

After Twelve Years on His Back.

The pen drawing is from an actual photograph of Van Wallace, true Notre Dame hero.

Van came to Notre Dame in September, 1923. He spent one school year on the campus and left with the gang in June. Next month, on July 4, 1923, he broke his neck in a shallow dive.

From that day until this Van has been totally paralyzed in trunk and legs. He has some control over his arms but no use of his fingers.

He reads, thinks, jokes, looks out the window at the world going by. He typewrites with the assistance of a contrivance that he invented.

And he prays--how he prays ! That's his old standby. Sometimes, too, when conditions are favorable he goes to church in his ambulance.

But Van doesn't gripe, can't alibi, never gets sour on the world. His almost constant smile is proof that God's heroes lock up life's disappointments in the tabernacle of their own hearts where God may see the tragedy and the world a joyful face.

He thinks of you fellows a lot. Do you suppose that he understands the Samson who whines or yelps or sleeps in the face of every opportunity to receive God daily into his heart? What does he think of the strong, two-fisted loafer whom sheer laziness robs of the chance to be great? How does he feel towards the arch-goof who lets liquor, a painted face, or a wild imagination threaten the loss of his immortal soul?

Don't ask Van these questions. You yourself know all the answers. And, besides, it takes him too long to write letters. Go to Mass and Holy Communion for Van and write him that you have done so. His address is Moravian Drive, Mount Clemens, Michigan.

Take another look at Van's face, and keep your chin up !