

C. A. 2 C. U. 4 C. D.  
Dec: Mrs. Mary Cowan,

University of Notre Dame  
Religious Bulletin  
February 4, 1941

& father of Brother Theo-  
phane, C.S.C.. 4 Sp. Int.

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Keep Smiling, Van.

Dear Van Wallace,

We received the news yesterday from your mother that your leg was broken close to the hip -- broken by some vigorous treatments and massages.

Tough it is, Van, but we assume you're smiling and uncomplaining, just as you have been through all your trials ever since your first injury, a broken neck, 16 years ago.

There was one time about two years ago, Van, when we looked for a frown, at least. For 14 years you had dreamed about and prayed for a trip to the original Shrine of Our Lady at Lourdes. Then, after Freddie Snite went to Lourdes, your friends -- thousands of them -- said, "Van is going, too." Then came benefits and contributions from your friends. They were all smiling, too, and felt privileged to help one who had taught them how to live and suffer a little, yet smile.

The trip money was raised. You came on to New York about Labor Day, 1939. You spoke over the radio on "We, the People" about what Lourdes and Our Lady meant to you. The night before your boat was to leave, you attended a happy farewell party tendered you by the New York Alumni.

That was the night -- you certainly remember it, Van -- when the U. S. government said, "No, Van, we're sorry but you can't go because of the war which has just broken out. We're taking up your passport." So Uncle Sam cancelled the passport -- and also cancelled the smile from the faces of all of your friends there, including the writer, who was privileged to attend. But you came up smiling, as usual, and consoled them with, "Oh well, the money is there. We'll go after the war."

Your Mother Writes --

"If all goes well, it will take one month or maybe three months to knit. For fear of bedsores and complications, they can't use a pin or a cast to assist in knitting the bone, so they have packed him in sandbags. While so packed, he can't read or do anything but look at the ceiling. We would greatly appreciate the boys saying an Ave for him. He sends his best wishes." -- With a smile, too, we'll bet.

Will the boys say an Ave for you, Van? Well, we're just starting the Novena to Our Lady of Lourdes for peace and Divine guidance for our government, for sick relatives and friends; against war injury to any of Our Lady's boys, and for VAN WALLACE.

You can't make the Novena here, of course, Van, but you can offer up your suffering and the 1-3 months packed in sandbags, staring at the ceiling. You can make all that a prayer for these same intentions. And, Van, we have an idea that the boys -- every one -- will get the sand out of their eyes early in the A. M. and take your place at Mass and Communion and the Grotto daily -- with a smile. If each one could capture -- as some have -- your loyalty and courage and bigness of soul, your devotion to Our Eucharistic King and to our Queen and Virgin-Mother, your smile when things go wrong, we'd have no fear for any of them, any time, any place.

Will the boys say an Ave for you who have shown so many of us how to live, how to "take it"?

We think they will, and we'll tell you the good news each day in the Bulletin. Meantime, Van -- but no need to tell you -- "KEEP SMILING."

PRAYERS. Dec.: Grandmother of Joe Faggan (Bad.); Cousin of G. Fisk (Ly.); Rev. James H. Foster, O.P.; Father of Vernon Pellouchoud, (Mor.). Ill: Bryan J. Degan, '34.