

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

Religious Bulletin  
October 10, 1956  
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Saturday: is Freshman Day,  
with Founder's Mass at 8:00  
in Sacred Heart Church.

"Who's The Stretcher-Case Over There ?"

Maybe you saw him in the caf, or being wheeled in for the team's Mass in Dillon chapel, last Saturday, or in the ambulance at the corner of the stadium during the game -- this fellow on the flat of his back, with a Notre Dame blanket tucked about him. He's Van Wallace -- one of the great Notre Dame men of all time.

Van came to Notre Dame in September of 1923. He spent one schoolyear on the campus, and left with the gang in June on a happy vacation time. During the following month, on July 4, 1924, he went swimming -- only to break 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.

But he reads, and thinks, and jokes, and looks out the window at the world going by.

And he prays -- how he prays! That's his old standby. Sometimes, too, when conditions are favorable, he goes to church in his ambulance which was provided for him by the Notre Dame Club of Detroit.

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 hearts, yet continue to share a joyful face with the world. It takes courage, lots of courage, to lead the life that Van leads. There's little doubt that the highlight in his year is to come back to the campus for a game. It isn't easy to make all the arrangements for the event, but many people cooperate to get the job done -- and Van has a big day on the campus.

32 Years On His Back

Van has had a lot of time to think, and to evaluate life and its opportunities -- especially the opportunities unfolding before you but which are denied to him. It is only natural that he would think often of you fellows, because that was his life, too, at one time.

How would some of you rate with him? For example: the Samson who whines, or yelps at the rigors of morning check? Or the confining existence of hustling home by midnight? Or of the strong, two-fisted loafers whom laziness robs of the chance to be great in the intellectual world? Or the huskies with strong legs who come late for Sunday Mass? Or the arch-goofs who let liquor, or a painted face, threaten the loss of their immortal souls?

The next time you are tempted to feel sorry for yourself, or you get the notion that life at Notre Dame is rigorous, or that Fate has dealt you an undeservedly bad hand, ask yourself what you would do, and how you would fare, if you had to trade places with Van Wallace. Could you muster the courage required for such an existence?

That's why we say: Take another look at Van's face, and keep your chin up! Then ask for the courage to make the most of your strong arms, and legs, and mind, and heart during your years here at Notre Dame; and to be wise enough to eat daily the Bread of Angels that will preserve your soul unto life everlasting!

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PRAYERS REQUESTED - Deceased: father of John, '43, and Tom, '50, McHale; Francis Gaulker, '04. Ill: friend of Al Van Bresien of Dillon. 2 sp. intentions.