

Prayers: (ill) father of
Rev. Lawrence Broestl, C.S.C.;
mother of Bob Windheim;...

University of Notre Dame
Religious Bulletin
September 21, 1937.

...Ed Schroeter (How);
uncle of Thomas King; John
Reardon; Sr. Remigius.

Former Notre Dame President on "Traditions"--II.

"Well, if, as you say, Father, traditions are not to be zealously started by students here, don't you think that we could profitably borrow traditions that have been established in other universities?"

"Certainly, son, you have heard much of the Notre Dame spirit. Do you know that it is something sacred and distinctive to this place? Raucous screaming about it in print, frantic appeals to create it (as though it had not existed these ninety years), puerile zeal to 'start' traditions, these are the properties of the vulgar, of the Great Unwashed.

"Those innocents who want to 'import' traditions (God help us!) from without, who want to lug in manners and customs and symbols and badges and nomenclature and clothing and programs and sundry other oddities from alien schools, are not normal, nor civilized, and may by divine arrangement go to their graves without ever understanding what a tradition is. They are not creative but merely mimetic and they are fully entitled to all the respect due to industrious monkeys. Only, I submit, they ought not to monkey with an historic and picturesque school that has gone on these many years facing sometimes hostility, often coldness, and occasionally low theological prejudices, doing its own work in its own way, fighting its own battles, meeting its misfortunes and calamities with a level eye and a stout heart, with never a thought of borrowing old clothes from the neighbors.

"I have already told you something about the early spirit of the priests and brothers at Notre Dame. Heroic memories are not the distinctive glory of the priests and brothers alone. There was Professor 'Joe' Lyons (from whom Lyons Hall takes its name)--Lyons of the sunny smile, the shy manner, the heart of gold, who took no vows but practised them all, whose days were one unending procession of kindness to the simple as well as to the great. There was Professor Edwards--'Jimmy' alike to the ungodly and the affectionately reverential--whose Library

PRAYERS: (deceased) mother of J. M. Crowley '28; father of John McAvoy; grandmother of Robert Schmelzle; Fr. Charles Grunenwald; Bro. Kenneth's mother; Mrs. Mary Hausman.

and Museum, and Bishop's Hall and Archives are merely his monument and not the whole story. And, thanks be! there was 'the Colonel'--one William Hoynes (Hoynes College of Law), of jovial and beneficent repute, favorably known in his day in Rome and Chicago, doctor of laws as well as expounder of them. A Knight of St. Gregory in the latter years of his life, but a true knight always, who was a very lively tradition indeed. The Colonel, who went into the Civil War as a 'mere stripling' and was sent home to LaCrosse when a southern bullet ploughed across the top of his skull leaving the trough of the wound to the end of his life as the most honorable of decorations; the Colonel who most wickedly and disobediently intruded himself by stealth once more into the army before he was half recovered; well, the Colonel may perhaps stand as a symbol not only of the professors' devotedness but also of the patriotic devotion that sent our priests to the front as chaplains, our nuns as nurses, our battalion of students under Colonel Lynch to the ranks, and that later gave Notre Dame the singular distinction of the only G.A.R. Post made up exclusively of priests and brothers."

"But, Father, must heroism be ancient before it is to be canonized as tradition?"

"Happily no! Consider Dave Hayes, who had no idea of starting a tradition but whose memory stands for an important one. He came to us penniless and ambitious, washed dishes for his meals in a South Bend restaurant for a year, became a famous athlete as well as a brilliant student, coached backward fellows in their classes for spending money during odd hours, and on his graduation day turned over the savings of these three years and labors--one hundred fifty sparkling, consecrated dollars--to the Notre Dame Endowment Drive, and left the school with the same old grin on his face and as penniless as he came. Perhaps, after all, a student of today can start a tradition, but," concluded the President with a challenging twinkle in his eye, "to do so he should be such a one as David."