

## Arthur Tracy — Eloquent.

Art Tracy was the kind of lad that walked right into your heart without knocking or introduction. His boyish face was so open and full of smiles, you just couldn't help wanting to step up and meet him and say, "Well, I see we're going to be friends." His intelligent, innocent eyes seemed to be always greeting you with a happy "Hello" or asking you "How are things going?" You could tell from his nod that he wanted to know you and like you.

Here on the campus we only had a week or ten days to become acquainted. But now that Art's gone, we can feel the living impression he has left in our hearts. There's more than a jolly freshman missing from Notre Dame, more than a vacant chair in the dining halls, more than an idle desk in Breen-Phillips Hall, more than an extra seat in Sacred Heart Church, more than an empty kneeler at the foot of the Grotto. There's a pang in our breasts. And a query runs through our minds — that age-old, never quite answered question, "Why?"

Some day we shall fully know why. But tonight we can only make a very good guess. God sent Arthur Tracy to us — as in the past He has despatched His angels — to do a specified task. Father Schulte will not object if we say it: though his sermons on the eternal truths have been crowding confessionals all over the campus and packing the altar rails tight, **this year God Himself sent Arthur Tracy to put the student mission across.** At Canisius, Art had excelled in public speaking. Yesterday his eloquence was superb.

The missionary can say some things which yet will not move certain minds. Let him talk on death and judgment and hell, some people keep right on sinning. "I'll take my chance" is their risky philosophy. But when a good, chaste, bright, handsome young man dies almost without a warning, that "gets" any man who's still sane. "I'll take no chance. This day God's word has been proved — 'I shall come as a thief in the night'." Death is not only inevitable, it's very frequently unexpected.

But Art taught more than one lesson. He lived out Christian maxims one hundred percent. "Be jolly," this young lad would certainly say, "You still can be good." Just before leaving for Notre Dame he arranged a house party for all his friends. All summer, at camp, he had enjoyed dates and dances. **But never did these things keep him away from the Holy Table.** Never did Art sell Christ short.

"Suffer gladly in union with Christ," he would surely tell you. He preached that the hard way, as a real hero, on his hospital cot downtown, as the doctors adjusted the rubber tubing which fed Art both food and air. Once or twice he twitched, then said, "I'm sorry." Father Lynch, who had anointed him Friday, counselled: "Offer it up, Art; think what Christ suffered for all of us." And the lad replied: "That's what I'm doing." When he died, he had completed two days of a Novena to the Little Flower. Hadn't she taught this modern and sinful world "how to take it?"

Through the last night Mrs. Tracy stood motionless at the bedside, pressing the warmth of her hand and the prayers of her beads against her son's cooling hand. It was her **Stabat Mater** and his "**Consummatum Est.**" . . . Doctor Edward Tracy, Art's dad, thinking Arthur was on the road to recovery, had flown home to Lackawanna, New York, late Saturday to care for his patients there, only to learn upon his arrival of Arthur's bad turn. He raced back over the road in ten hours — and happily returned in time.

To Doctor and Mrs. Tracy and to Art's sister and brother, Virginia and Edward, the faculty and students of Notre Dame express their deep sympathy and promise of Masses and prayers. Already the boys of Breen-Phillips Hall have arranged for thirty-three Masses themselves. And tomorrow there will be a General Communion for Art. May God receive him into the place of "refreshment, light and peace."

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**PRAYERS:** (Deceased) Miss Ellen Keogh; friend of Joe DeFranco (Weirton, W. Va.); Jack Sweeney (Georgetown Univ.); (during the summer): Father Krauss of Lafayette, La.; Eddie Collins, '29; Frank Campbell, '14; father of Austin Barlow, '31; mother of "Cy" Connor, '36. (Ill) Grandmother of Henry Caudill (Dil.); sister of Bill Gwinn (Dil.); cousin of Bob Fagan (Morr.); (seriously) mother of Messrs. Patrick and Thomas Peyton, C.S.C.; mother of Bill McKenna (New Rochelle); brother of Ed Pivarnik (How.).