

— — —

God Calls Another Pilot.

Second Lieutenant Edward J. Schreiber, a graduate of Notre Dame in 1941, was killed in the crash of a single-seated army pursuit plane near Newfoundland, N. J., September 24. Lieutenant Schreiber attempted to set the falling plane down in the Clinton reservoir. It missed the water by feet, crashed into a boulder and plowed into the woods at the northern end of the artificial lake. The plane immediately burst into flames. Exploding machine gun bullets and blazing gasoline made rescue impossible. His body was found beside the wreckage after the fire squad had extinguished the flames. He like a fellow pilot often . . .

"slipped the surly bonds of earth, and danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings; sunward he climbed . . . and wheeled and soared and swung his eager craft through footless halls of air. Up, up the long delirious, burning blue he topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace, where never lark, or even eagle, flew; and while with silent, lifting mind he trod the high untrespassed sanctity of space, he put out his hand, and touched the face of God."

(John Magee, Jr., in N.Y. Herald Tribune)

Long before he learned to fly, Ed had "touched the face of God". Our memories go back over the years which he spent on the Notre Dame campus, and we recall so many little things which he did that made others happy, the rose petals which he dropped along the stony paths which others trod; the whimsical smile which brought light and joy to the countenances of those who knew him; his sense of honor and fairness; his spirit of loyalty and devotion; and his deep rooted piety and love of God . . . all these ordinary things, which so often escape notice, remind us that he who waits for us to join him, realized why God placed him here on this earth.

Those not of Ed's faith were moved as they watched his fingers glide from bead to bead and his lips tremble in silent prayer. His life gave testimony to the existence of God. It was a life of love and devotion. It was a full life, a life resplendent with good deeds and hundreds of acts of kindness. Now he has gone from our campus and our world to a better land which we all hope someday to see.

The last time Ed left home he little knew that he would never return. He told one of his friends:

"I understand that Mother took my leaving very hard but sanely. I only remember that it was very hard to say good-bye. If I have to die I don't mind for my sake but only for the sake of mother. I hope that I can live through the horrible ordeal ahead of me because I know that the losing of her two sons would be unbearable for her. (Ed's brother Al was drowned in 1936 a few years before ordination) I know that it is her faith in God which enables her to carry on as she does.

"Whatever the hardships may be, I believe this life is doing me a great deal of good because I find myself closer to God than ever before. It is only when we are deprived of something that we really miss it. I refer to Mass, Communion and Confession. I often look back at the days when I was at good old N.D. and wish I could do it all over again."

Our Lady, mother of Notre Dame men and patron of pilots, must certainly have welcomed another son home.

PRAYERS: (deceased) grandmother of Dan Rourke (Z) (3rd Anniv.); grandmother of Wayne Shriwise (Al); Bill Harphan; Karl H. Rogers (Director of Warbeth Movement).