

Matty Byrne.

Last May, Matty was graduated from College of Arts and Letters. He had made the best of his scholastic opportunities here. The records show that he received honors: "magna cum ~~laude~~". On December 19, Matty was killed when his plane crashed. It is reported that his death came through his efforts to save his plane from accident. Matty was alone practicing in his training ship. While in a dive, his motor failed. Rather than bail out, he tried to prevent a smash-up and save the dive bomber. His efforts failed and he crashed.

While at Notre Dame, Matty took Civil Pilot Training and had received his pilot's license before his graduation. On June 2 he entered the Naval Air Corps and was assigned to Glenview, Illinois. From Glenview he went to the Jacksonville Naval Air Station in Florida for advanced training. He was to have received his wings the latter part of December, but this was deferred because he had requested an appointment to carrier based planes. In November he took up special training and would have received his commission about February first.

Matty's friends know that the war has taken a real man. In announcing the news of this air tragedy, the Notre Dame Club of New York in its circular speaks of Matty's congeniality. Truly- he was one of the most likeable fellows to have worked and played and prayed within the shadow of the Dome.

Matty was only twenty-one when he died. But he was living a full life. There was nothing one-sided about him, as the story of his four years show. He was president of the "Met" Club. In his junior year, he was Class secretary. In 1941 he held associate editorship on the DOME. And there was sports in his life to give him balance. In 1940 Dillon won the interhall football championship and in 1941 Walsh won the title. It was Matty who did the quarterbacking on these squads.

In his last letter to his folks, Matty tells what he thinks of his job as a Service Man. There is a lot you can learn from this letter. Take it to heart.

"I am anxious to get into action. Remember that somebody other than the indefinite "Geroge" of "let George do it" is going to have to fight this war. I don't think that either of you realize the issues that are at stake. I ask you not to pray that I'll save my precious skin, but that I'll have the needed moxie when the time comes to do my job well. This war will not be won by time alone, but by fighting -- the quicker we get going, the faster we will win. Delay and procrastination merely add to the suspense and the so-called duration. The American public is convinced that we can't lose, but yet are doing very little to win. Maybe I'm wrong, but they don't seem to have a firm grasp on the issues at stake. The "business as usual" attitude, "strikes in key-plants", etc., are enough proof that we're trying hard to beat ourselves. Maybe they'll wake up when it's too late. I've seen guts and spirit win many a football game for Notre Dame - this time it looks as though the spirit is all on the side of the Japs. We've got everything we need to win except that spark that makes a winning machine."

Matty tells you how to live this schoolyear: "not to save my precious skin . . . but to do my job well". Pray that Our Lady of Loreto, patroness of airpilots, will welcome home another of her Notre Dame men.

PRAYERS: (deceased) brother of Fr. Charles Milter, C.S.C.; mother of Fr. McGinnis, C.S.C.; mother of Cec Jordan, father of Edward H, '36 and John P, '38 Deley.
(111) Fr. Roman Ladewski, C.S.C., Fr. Flanagan (of Boys Town). Two special intentions.