Late Monday night, March 29th, in Saint Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, Edwin Ralph Matthews gave back his soul to God.

Eddie Matthews was a freshman in Architecture on the campus his home was Zahm Hall. He came to us from a great Catholic family of South Orange, New Jersey. Eddie was the first member of Notre Dame's Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps to die. He was buried in his ROTC uniform, as he would have liked it. On Thursday, April 1, the entire corps assisted at High Mass, sung for the repose of his soul by Father O'Donnell, President of the University.

Eddie Matthews was sick less than a week. A terrible blood-stream infection ran through his system like fire, and destroyed his poor body, for all its valiant struggles, in six fevered days. But there was no conquest of his unconquerable Christian soul.

The striking thing about Eddie Matthews' character was his total Catholicism. From the day of his first Holy Communion, some twelve years ago, until a week before he died, he did not miss a single Sunday Holy Communion. He missed hardly a day during the two short years at Notre Dame. The great portion of his life was spent in Mass. Since the beginning of the school year, he even said the six o'clock Mass in Zahm Hall's Chapel, or in the Recitation Chapel of Sacred Heart Church. He served the oblation Mass the day before. Every Mass for him was in the "Religious Bulletin," Bishop O'Hara, then President of Notre Dame, wrote: "At the hour of death our weeping and moaning will be the Masses we have heard and the Holy Communion received." If that is true — and surely it must be — then Eddie Matthews died consoled.

People say that delirium brings out the subconscious, the real, the hidden self. Eddie Matthews was delirious for three heartrending days before he became quiet. In his ravings he recited the Hail Mary literally hundreds of times, and made acts of contrition; he said the server's prayers at Mass over and over again, until it broke your heart to listen. During all that time not one dirty word passed his lips. Eddie Matthews' subconscious, hidden life was a life of prayer.

Eddie was poppy, alive, full of discussion and argument. You loved him while you argued with him. Zahm Hall misses him intensely, and Notre Dame will not forget him. The agony of separation is for his family almost unbearable, but to them, we, of Notre Dame say to John A. Jr., and Ethlyn Bob, to N. D., and Mary and Sanford, and Blanche and Donald, and your Robert: If you have lost a son and brother on earth, you have gained a powerful protector in heaven. There is a vocation to the soul in Christ as well as for those folks who have been changed, not taken away. The pride, the crimes, and the greatness of both has flowed over for him into the innumerable company of The Virgin, and now he is in all their company. May you be with the Three, and with Jesus and Mary, and with a whole soul of friends. And there he will be waiting for you, when in God's good will he enters the holy times.

May God love him always, and keep him forever in His Peace.