

A. M. D. G.

THE
WOODSTOCK LETTERS
A RECORD

OF CURRENT EVENTS AND HISTORICAL NOTES CONNECTED
WITH THE COLLEGES AND MISSIONS OF THE
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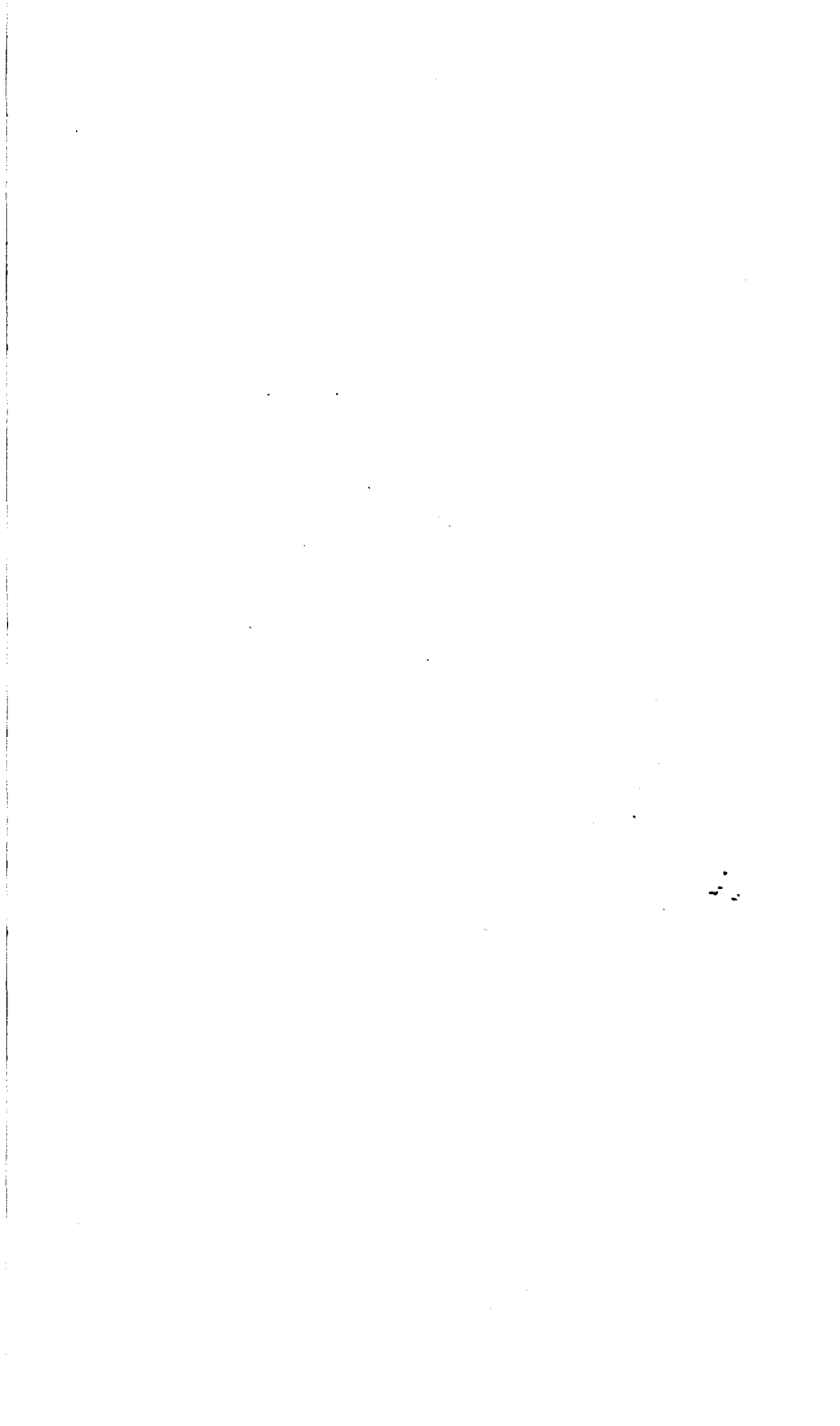


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THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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JOHN BAPTIST FERRERES, S. J.

An American Appreciation

CHARLES J. MULLALY, S. J.

An interesting news item has come from Spain. The Process has been started in the Archdiocese of Valencia for the beatification of the distinguished moral theologian and internationally known author, Father John Baptist Ferreres, S. J. This gifted scholar and brilliant writer was one of many Jesuit victims of the "Bolshevik Fury" that raged in Spain from 1934 to 1938.

The great moralist was a charming, loveable man. He was the fulfilment of the Spanish word *simpatico*. Though eminent for learning and a strenuous worker, he was ever easy to approach and was never too busy to lay aside book or pen to greet with a welcoming smile any priest, scholastic, or Brother who came to consult him. He was the soul of kindness and charity.

I first met Father Ferreres in October, 1908. I had been sent to Spain for my theological studies. In the old *Colegio del Jesus*, in Tortosa, he was minister of the theologians, and he greeted me with a smile of priestly interest and warmth of affection that immediately won my heart. One knew at a glance that there was no guile, no insincerity in the man. He radiated cheerful, spiritual happiness. During my four years at Tortosa I learned to know and admire the saintly Jesuit, and he assisted me at my first Mass.

For some twenty-two years after I left Spain we were in close touch by letters.

He was unsurpassed as a lecturer in moral theology and canon law. It was almost impossible to distract yourself in his class, for he could make the driest passages of a text-book assume a clearness, a vividness, and a reality that caught your attention and held you almost spellbound. He was a perfect actor. His eyes sparkled, his kind, broad face showed every depth of emotion as he presented the text in case form and made the characters live and act their parts. When you left his lecture-hall the vivid cases remained indelibly fixed in your memory, while the definitions and applications had assumed crystal-like clearness. He never read the text to his class; he enthusiastically recited it from memory, then paraphrased it, and quickly presented a dramatic, explanatory case.

During periods assigned to repetitions of his lectures he sat smiling contentedly and nodding his head approvingly, or kindly suggesting a clearer answer to a difficulty. While he was endowed with a charming simplicity he could freeze in an instant to priestly reserve if the occasion demanded it.

It was during the days of examinations of his students that you could read the kindly soul of Father Ferreres. He was not thinking of himself, but of their success. Until the last report of the examiners was given to the Rector he was restless and seemed unable to concentrate on his work. When word reached him that all had passed in "The Volume" or in the "Ad audiendas" he beamed with smiles of happiness; but if someone had failed, he was tenderly sympathetic: "Poor T. has failed; he became confused. He studied hard, but he was probably tired."

Father Ferreres never seemed to consider his own convenience. Though he was stout and found stair-climbing a strain, and it left him puffing and panting for breath, he lived contentedly on the top floor and would gladly walk down to the lower floors and back if the convenience or happiness of some one was helped by his doing so. I can vividly recall an instance of

his willingness to serve others. I had gone to his room to ask if he, as minister of the theologians, had any postal cards. He regretted that he had none, but assured me that he would soon have some from the supplies downstairs. Some minutes later, when I was in my room in the extreme corner of the top floor of the building and far from his room, I heard his familiar, shuffling step and panting shortness of breath. He had not considered his own convenience, but mine: he had gone downstairs to obtain the postal cards and to bring them to me.

He was the personification of the cheerful ascetic. For a year I lived next to his room and I had an opportunity to study him closely. I knew that he was up before the rising bell at five o'clock, that he made his morning visit to the Blessed Sacrament and was faithful to his meditation and examinations of conscience. I could hear his frequent devout ejaculations. There was no ostentation to his piety; it was simple and childlike. One soon knew that this profoundly learned Jesuit was a fervent religious and that he had a deep and tender love for the Society.

He was ever an inspiration to us. He followed carefully an order of time and, though he had a prodigious memory, he spent at least two hours on the immediate preparation for a class-prelection. He seemed never to lose a moment, but was busy writing his monthly commentary on moral theology and canon law for the Jesuit review, *Razon y Fe*, or working on a new book, or answering his heavy correspondence from bishops and priests. He spent only ten minutes a day on the newspaper, and that in order to give the theologians, in their evening recreation, a summary of what was happening in the world. While he took a daily short walk with one of the faculty and went to the nearby villa for dinner on Thursday, the holidays meant more time for study and writing. The Christmas and Easter vacation he spent at home; during two weeks in August he went with the theologians to their villa and then returned to his constant and

absorbing labors. It was this devotion to study and work that inspired the scholastics to imitate him.

In looking back through my nearly fifty years in the Society of Jesus I can say that I never met any priest that typified better the ideal Jesuit: a man of profound learning, widespread spiritual influence, and solid sanctity. If I were asked to point out the outstanding virtue of Father Ferreres I should unhesitatingly say that it was fraternal charity. To the sick in the infirmary he came as a ray of sunshine, in recreation his merry laugh was that of the joyful ascetic who personified charity in word and deed. I cannot recall him speaking, at any time, unkindly of others or being caustically critical in class or outside. When unsought honors came to him he remained the same humble, loveable priest who delighted to be in the classroom with his students. Father Ferreres was an extraordinary man and a true son of St. Ignatius. He was strong in his love for the Church, and stronger when called upon to die for Christ in a Bolshevik prison in Valencia, Spain.

John Baptist Ferreres was born on November 28, 1861, in the town of Ollería among the orange groves of the diocese of Valencia. After his early studies he was admitted to the archdiocesan seminary of St. Thomas of Villanova in Valencia. He immediately showed that he possessed a prodigious memory and keen analytical powers of mind and, though there were such brilliant students in his class as the future Cardinal Reig and the future Bishops Laguarda, Muñoz, Vila, and Doménech, young Ferreres was outstanding. After his ordination to the priesthood and the completion of advanced studies he surprised his friends and ecclesiastical superiors by requesting permission to become a member of the Society of Jesus.

He entered the novitiate of the Aragon Province on June 30, 1888. When his noviceship days at Veruela were completed we find him reviewing his philosophy and theology, and later teaching at Orihuela and Saragossa, at the same time pursuing special courses in the public university. Then came his tertianship,

and his profession of the four vows on August 15, 1900. He was now appointed professor of moral theology at the *Collegium Maximum* (*Colegio del Jesus*) in the ancient city of Tortosa, on the banks of the Ebro river and only a few miles from the Mediterranean Sea. It was from here that his fame was to spread to all parts of the world.

From 1918 to 1924 he was called away from the *Collegium Maximum*, then at Sarriá, Barcelona, to go to Rome for work on the Institute of the Society of Jesus. A revision was made necessary by the new code of canon law. During this period, however, his pen was never idle and his great labors continued.

When King Alfonso fled from Spain, on April 14, 1931, the Republic was proclaimed and sad days came to the Society of Jesus and to the Church. The Church was disestablished and the property of the Society was confiscated. Ours had to leave the country or, if any remained, they knew that they were facing the danger of death from the Communist and Socialist elements that were daily becoming more and more powerful.

Father Ferreres stayed in Barcelona. I received various letters from him; the last was sent to me on September 1, 1934. That was a month before the "Bolshevik Fury" broke loose after the inclusion of three Catholic Popular Actionists in the new cabinet of Alejandro Lerroux. Churches and convents were burned and blood was shed. In February, 1936, the Bolshevik element won or, as was claimed, stole the department election, deposed President Zamora, and assassinated José Calvo Sotelo, the Catholic leader of the Monarchist party. Spain was now in the hands of God-hating Communists and Socialists, and law and order were gone from the land. The revolt under General Francisco Franco against the Madrid Government began on July 17, 1936.

The Communists now systematically attempted to exterminate the Catholic Church. The skies were aglow from burning churches, convents, and schools; the streets were red with the blood of murdered priests and Religious. Father Ferreres found himself forced

to seek refuge here and there to avoid the blood-thirsty priest-hunters. He was seventy-five years old, broken in health, and weighed down with infirmities. He feared to compromise his friends and decided to seek safety in his native province of Valencia.

As he passed through Tortosa, on his way southward, he had his last view of the old Franciscan monastery, built about 1734, and which had been loaned by the bishop to the Society for use as a house of theology. Father Ferreres had taught there during many years before the *Collegium Maximum* had been moved to Sarriá, in Barcelona. From that old building in the Ebro Valley he had seen his students go forth as priests to various parts of the world. There must have been moments of consolation in his thoughts of the past. He probably did not know that two of his former students, Fathers John Rovira and Francis Audí, and Brothers Charles Moncho and Joseph Llatje had been slain for the Faith in those narrow streets where he had so often heard fervent peasant men and women chant in procession, the "Rosary of the Aurora."

He reached the city of Valencia. He was soon discovered by the priest-hunters and hurried to an improvised prison. The sentence of death would be a mere formality. It came, but the strain of his dangerous flight from Barcelona, his increased infirmities, and the brutal treatment he had received from his captors left him paralyzed from the hips downward. The fiendish enemies of God dragged the helpless old man on a mattress to a waiting automobile. It was to be death by a firing squad; but the mattress would not fit into the car. Exasperated, they flung the mattress and the dying Jesuit back into the prison, where his pure soul went joyfully to God after a fellow priest had secretly given him the holy Sacraments.

Thus died Father John Baptist Ferreres, S. J., eminent scholar, consultor of the Holy See, author of some thirty learned works, and loyal son of St. Ignatius and of the Church. His cause is one of about fifty other processes introduced in various dioceses of Spain for

the beatification of members of the Society who are known, from reliable testimony, to have been put to death for the Faith. There were many others of Ours who died for Christ, but witnesses are wanting or circumstances are still unknown of how or where they were slain. In those bloody days from 1934 to 1938, hundreds of thousands of defenseless Catholics—priests, Religious, and lay persons—were ruthlessly slaughtered in the Communist effort to destroy the Catholic Church in Spain. Let this brief tribute to one of their glorious band express our gratitude and our holy pride in them all.



THE SOCIAL BACKGROUND OF JESUIT WORK IN THE BOWERY DISTRICT

DOMINIC A. CIRIGLIANO, S.J.

We thought it might prove interesting to reconstruct, for benefit of the present generation of the Society in America, the religious, moral, and political aspects of the neighborhoods in which our early Fathers worked in New York City. We shall restrict our study to lower Manhattan, for it was in this section that the pioneer work was accomplished.

In 1685, Fr. Harvey established in this district the first Catholic school for higher learning, which was afterwards suppressed by the English Protestant authorities as "a menace to public peace and safety." Much later, in 1809, Fr. Anthony Kohlman started a boarding school with only four boarders and thirty day students at Prince and Mulberry Streets, near the Bowery. In 1841, Fr. Larkin laid the foundations of the future St. Francis Xavier College on Elizabeth Street near Walker, one block from the Bowery—and afterwards in 1847 he moved his school to the upper Bowery between 11th and 12th Streets. It was also one block from the Bowery, on Elizabeth Street near Bleecker, that in 1892 Fr. Nicholas Russo, S. J., started the church of Our Lady of Loretto for the Italians, at a time when Big Tim Sullivan reigned supreme in this neighborhood of filthy morals and rotten politics. Finally, in 1917, Jesuits took over the Nativity Church on 2nd Avenue, east of the Bowery, between 2nd and 3rd Streets. At this time, in the year 1917, gangdom was still rife in the Bowery district and bomb-throwers settled their grudges not with guns but with bombs.

The First Jesuits in this District

As the Woodstock Letters are historical documents, it seems that a record of the conditions under which our Fathers worked in Lower New York for a century

and more should find a place in their pages, before the once notorious Bowery and its gangs and gang warfare pass into happy oblivion.

Fathers Thomas Harvey, Henry Harrison and Charles Gage came from England in 1685, at the request of Gov. Dongan of New York, to convert the Iroquois Indians. As the difficulty of mastering the Indian dialect was very great, they first established themselves on the tip of Lower Manhattan, now Bowling Green, and started a college.

The future city of New York was then a Dutch settlement surrounded by a stockade running the full length of the present Wall Street. This stockade was built as a protection against the Indians who were encamped a little farther north, around a good size lake—later called Collect Pond or Lake, and bounded roughly by Canal and Pearl Streets on the north and south and by Mulberry and Elm Streets on the east and west. The grim old Tombs prison now stands where its waters once rippled—and New York's civic center covers what were once marshes, and thickets and streams. This lake had two outlets. One, along Canal Street, to the southeast, lost itself in the marshy meadows before entering the Hudson. The other ran southeastward along the present Roosevelt Street, through a smaller marsh known as the Old Wreck Brook, into the East River.

The Indians camped and feasted on the shores of Collect Lake. Their canoes came up the brooks from the Hudson and the East River, often bringing quantities of oysters and clams which squaws dried and hung up for winter use. Southward along the low ridge that lay east of the pond ran an Indian trail to the tip of the island, following pretty closely the line of our modern Bowery and Broadway. The trail ended at Chatham Square, at the foot of a slope that gave a sweeping view of today's financial district which was a wooded lowland, and of the waters that bounded it, as well as of the shores of Jersey and Long Island. Canoes stealing up the bay and along either of the rivers, or signal smokes, or the reek of camp fires

within a ten mile radius were all under the eye of the watcher at that point,—long called Lookout Point. On Grand Street, between Center and Broadway, was another high mound commanding an extensive view to the west and southwest across the meadows to the Hudson; while just east of this mound was a still higher knoll known variously as Bayard's Mount, Pleasant Mount or Bunker Hill. This was to be the scene of many future battles and brawls and outbreaks of gang warfare.

In course of time these hills were levelled. The streams and swamps and lake were filled in by the dirt and debris. Streets were built over them, homes and buildings were erected and finally, as if by magic, the sky-scrapers arose to form today's Broadway with its constant traffic and rumbling subways, the center of the world's finances. Here ran Canal Street where Robert Fulton built his first steam boat and sailed it through Lespenard Meadows into the Hudson. As late as 1870 it was common for people to row east and west from river to river along this thoroughfare—hence its name Canal. Even today water has to be pumped out constantly to stop it from flooding the subways. Here too ran the Bowery which has been called the oldest and (since it formed the beginning of the Old Boston Post Road) the longest street in the United States.

Under the patronage of Governor Dongan, who was an Irish Catholic, Father Harvey's classical school prospered for several years. It numbered among its students sons of the most influential families, both Catholic and Protestant.

Expulsion in 1689

When news of the overthrow of James II and of the Catholic regime in England reached America, in 1689, consternation fell on the minds of all. Wild rumors flashed through the little city that the Catholics of Maryland and of other places were plotting an attack on New York. Governor Dongan fell under the criticism and suspicion of the Protestant majority.

He became alarmed and fled to England, leaving the city without a Governor. Jacob Leisler, a wealthy young German, took advantage of this excitement. He made himself head of the militia, seized the England fort on Bunker Hill (now Mulberry Bend Park), routed the Red-Coats, and proclaimed himself not only Governor, but champion of Protestantism as well. He immediately began to wage war against the Catholics. He banded together the Protestant elements, clapped into prison all who professed loyalty either to the deposed King of England or to the Pope of Rome, and enacted severe laws expelling the Jesuits and all Catholic priests from the island. These were branded as "Incendiaries, disturbers of the public peace and safety, and enemies to the true religion."

Father Harvey's College was especially attacked as having been established for some bad design "under the pretext of teaching Latin." The College had to close up. Governor Leisler was so virulent against the "Papists" that in 1696 there were only nine Catholics left on the whole island, and these had to practise their religion in secret.

The Second Beginning

One hundred and twenty years later, in 1809, a second Jesuit School was started close to the Bowery by Father Anthony Kohlman, on Mulberry Street near Prince. Archbishop Carroll requested that Father Kohlman be transferred from Georgetown to New York as administrator of the diocese until the new Bishop should arrive from Rome. Father Anthony, as he was affectionately called, began the boarding school of higher learning with pockets empty, but with his heart full of trust in Divine Providence.

The slums were just starting in Lower Manhattan in 1809. For three quarters of a century previously, New York had centered about the Bowery. The growing city was divided into two essentially different social classes, "the well-to-do," and the "paupers." The aristocracy, numbering such families as the Roosevelts, the Janeways, the Stuyvesants, the De-

lancys, the Van Cortlands, with their well kept lawns, vineyards and extensive farms, resided east of the Bowery. Each farm or estate was called by the Dutch word "Bouweri" which meant a large portion of partly cleared land, free, equipped with a house, barn, stables and farming implements. George Washington had made his New York headquarters in one of these Boweries, at number 1 Cherry Street, at present just under the Brooklyn Bridge. The whole section contained seven such large estates and its main street was styled the Bowery.

Moral, Political and Religious Conditions

The poorer classes lived west of this thoroughfare, with their cheap houses, dingy taverns, odorous butcher shops, noisy tanneries, slaughter-houses, and blacksmith shops. Antagonism between the wealthy on the East side and the poor on the West side soon arose and grew bitter as time rolled on, making the Bowery and its adjacent streets, for nearly a century, the scene of the fiercest brawls and bloody strifes between the so-called "native Americans," who were of the aristocracy, and the "foreigners," mostly Irish Catholics, of the poorer classes.

Two items, a race-course and a tenement house, contributed principally to send the Bowery tumbling down its immoral path, and molded its future notorious character. The Maiden Head Race Course, built in 1787 and covering the ground where the Knickerbocker Village now stands, attracted for years the undesirables from all over the city and from elsewhere and spawned gambling houses, cheap saloons, and immoral resorts all around its course. It was denounced roundly by the better elements of the city but to no avail. The second item was Coulter's tenement, called the "Old Brewery."

The story of this building is almost incredible. It was erected in 1792 as a five-story tenement in the Five Points district, right in the heart of the Bowery. It became the most notorious tenement in the history of the city, and was afterwards dubbed the "Den of

Thieves." For almost fifty years this tenement swarmed with thieves, murderers, pickpockets, beggars, harlots, and degenerates of every type. It housed at one time over 1,000 men, women, and children, both whites and blacks, with no furniture whatsoever, with only the bare floor to eat from during the day and to lie upon, huddled like animals, during the night. A stranger could scarcely expect to enter that den of iniquity and come out alive. It was estimated that for fifteen years the horrid tenement averaged a murder a night. Children were born here who lived into their 'teens without enjoying God's sunshine or breathing God's pure air, for it was as dangerous for a resident of the Old Brewery to leave his refuge as it was for an outsider to enter the building. Graves were even dug in the cellars to bury their dead. Charles Dickens gives a vivid description of this "hell-hole" in his American Notes for 1842. To quote a passage: "Even pigs live here. Do they ever wonder why their masters walk upright instead of going on all-fours, and why they talk instead of grunting?" This moral cancer infested the whole neighborhood for over half a century. When the "Old Brewery" was torn down in 1852 the workmen carried out several bags of human bones, found between walls and in cellars and secret passages.

Such was the character of the neighborhood in which Father Kohlman and four Scholastics started their school in 1809. The political and religious situation was equally bad. Bigotry was rampant. Politics and religion were fanatically ensnarled. When the Constitution of the United States was drafted, the signers assured freedom of worship for all, but on the Bowery, as elsewhere, zealots soon arose who confounded nationality with sectarianism and styled themselves "Defenders of the Republic" or "True Blue" Americans. They were haunted by visions of Irish hordes sweeping through our gates and turning our country into a bedlam of aliens dominated by the Pope.

Curiously enough, it was Tammany Hall which in those days harbored the zealots of this type, mostly

English Protestants who hated the Catholics and everything connected with them; and, paradoxically enough, Tammany Hall was founded in 1789 by a man named Mooney. One of its original laws provided that "no person shall be eligible for the office of Sachem unless a native of this country." Since the Irish were foreign born, they were excluded from the supreme office and, in fact, for a long time no Irish Catholics could obtain any office. This irritated the Irish. They banded together against those who would frustrate their efforts to participate in civil life. From then on, till after the Civil War, there were fierce strifes, bloody battles and civil riots.

It was Thomas Jefferson who trimmed the sails of Tammany's ship to the political wind. He was shrewd enough to see that a Catholic vote was as good as a Protestant vote, so he tore down the bars of Tammany Hall and admitted the Irish into its doors, much to the horror of his opponents. Through him universal suffrage came about in 1826. The Democratic Party gradually became the Party of the poor man and more and more Irish joined the Party—until in later years they got complete control of Tammany Hall. But theirs was a struggle that lasted a century. At first it was the "Bowery Boys" against whom they fought; then the "Know Nothings" (1842-1870); finally the A.P.A.'s (American Protective Association).

A description of the intense social unrest of those days may prove of interest. The "Bowery Boys" were an off-shoot of the pristine Tammany Hall—which was, as we said, anti-Irish, anti-British, anti-Catholic, anti-anything that was foreign and unfamiliar. They were strictly political in the beginning; but after awhile they welcomed into their ranks any forces that could help them against the Irish.

The Irish group, fiercely intent on obtaining civil and religious freedom, centered around a faction of the Roach Guards. The Guards though outwardly military, were disrupted internally by religious issues. One night at a meeting in a Five Points grocery store (where more gin and whiskey were sold than gro-

ceries) the assembly broke up in a brawl. Clubs and brick-bats flew and among the missiles hurled was the carcass of a dead rabbit. The Irishmen at whom it was thrown representing the religious tolerance group—took this carcass as a symbol. They formed themselves into a separate group and called themselves the "Dead Rabbits". A dead rabbit was carried, impaled on their banners in all the subsequent frays and brawls.

Gangsterism Before the Civil War

The number of pre-Civil War gangs was legion. But they were all more or less connected with "the Bowery Boys" or the "Dead Rabbits." All were trying to get control of the city, politically, financially, religiously. Never a week passed but these gangs waged their bitter feuds. Sometimes the battles raged for three or four days without cessation. The streets of the gang area, namely the Bowery, Five Points, and Bunker Hill (adjacent to Fr. Kohlman's school) were barricaded with carts and paving stones, while the gangsters blazed away at each other with musket and pistol or engaged in close work with teeth and fists, knives, and bludgeons.

To give a sample of one of these brawls. On a Sunday evening, June 21, 1835, a thug dumped the apple cart of a poor Irish woman. A scrimmage soon started, reinforcements came for both sides. Clubs and crow-bars came into play. The battle lasted all night, in the streets, in homes, in taverns. Windows were smashed, chairs hurled, heads broken, clothing torn, houses burnt. The battle lasted for two days. Then the whole of the police department was called to the scene with instructions to use their clubs freely. These soon dispersed the hostile mobs, but the hostility remained more bitter than ever.

When one hears of gangs and gang warfare, one naturally thinks that these riotous doings were carried on only by men. This may be true in our modern version of gangdom, but in the early Bowery days "the female of the species was more deadly than the male."

It was the women frequently who started the outbreaks of violence. The women stood on the fringe of the crowd, their arms filled with reserve ammunition, watching the tide of battle; and if the tide went against their men they themselves pitched into the fray, literally with tooth and nail, and fought more ferociously than the men. They asked no quarter and gave no quarter; they used every instrument of torture that they could wield, brickbats, clubs, knives, guns. They sharpened their teeth to bite, and put on long, pointed brass finger tips to claw. Among the most notorious of these amazons was a woman with the redoubtable name of "Hell-cat Maggie." She fought with the Dead Rabbits against the Bowery Boys in many a street battle. When "Hell-cat Maggie" screeched her battle-cry and came rushing, biting and clawing, into the mass of opposing gangsters, even the most stout-hearted ran for their lives.

If, however, the Bowery Boys had their dreaded nemesis in "Hell-cat Maggie," the Dead Rabbits had their wrathful Achilles in the greatest gangster of the century, Mose the Bowery Boy. The wrath of Achilles against the Trojans was as a smoking candle to a puffing chimney when compared to the rage of Mose against the Dead Rabbits. Mose combined in himself the destructive wrath of the Greek demigod and the superhuman strength of Hercules. He flourished in the 'Forties and his name became legendary for daring feats and deviltry. Woe and desolation came upon the opposing gangs when Mose leaped into their midst and began to kick and stamp and slug and tear. If we are to believe the accounts, Mose was eight feet tall and broad in proportion. He wore a hat two feet in diameter and had hands as large as Virginia hams. His strength was as the strength of ten, but not because his heart was pure. Other Bowery Boys went into battle carrying brickbats and ordinary staves, but Mose when accoutered for the fray bore in one hand a great paving stone and in the other a wagon tongue of hickory or oak. When the Dead Rabbits closed in on his gang, Mose would rip huge paving blocks from

the street and hurl them. As time went on, Mose the Bowery Boy became the inspiration of all gangsters. His feats of valor were imitated by thugs, sung by would-be poets, and dramatized by Bowery actors. His name was a battle-cry in fierce feuds from 1840 till long after the Civil War. It is now a dim memory revived only by historians and those interested in the old-time Bowery gangdom.

"The New York Literary Institution"

Fr. Kohlman soon realized that the neighborhood was no longer suitable for his growing little school—so he bought a piece of property—"away out in the country" as he wrote—the present New York Cathedral property, which extended then to Fourth Avenue. He built a school there, transferred the students, appointed Fr. Benedict Fenwick, S. J., its first principal, while he himself continued to live in Mulberry Street to care for the needs of the two parishes under his care, Saint Peter's on Barclay Street and Saint Patrick's Old Cathedral, between Broadway and the Bowery. This new school was called "The New York Literary Institution."

Bigotry and Violent Reaction

The religio-racial question was the burning topic of the times. The old stock Dutch and Anglo-Saxons considered themselves the only real Americans while others were "aliens" flooding our shores and dominated by the Pope. The spirit of antagonism was constantly surcharged as an electric field between opposite poles. It needed but a spark to bring together the Irish, who predominated, and the so-called "true Americans" for a terrific explosion. Hence political and religious riots were rampant during the decade of 1830 to 1840.

Few elections were had without bloodshed; few religious gatherings, especially Catholic, took place without taunts and jibes and insults from hostile elements. The whole country was in the throes of unrest, of growing pains, of the friction of readjustment to new conditions. Hundreds and thousands of paupers and

criminals were being dumped on our shores by almost every country of Europe. It was cheaper by far for these countries to pay a single fare to America than to support the diseased, the crippled, the feeble-minded, the criminals, the degenerate, for the remainder of their years in their own home-land. Hence the American melting pot, into which both good and bad were thrown, began to boil and to steam and to run over even in those early days. The American government had a real problem on its hands. Unfortunately, no real attempt was made to distinguish, among the immigrants, between the worthy and the unworthy.

Though the government itself offered America as a haven for all peoples, still it connived at the formation of secret societies all over the country, whose expressed purpose was the realization of a very different spirit in the civil life of the nation. These societies, filled with intense bigotry, with different names at different times, formed themselves into political organizations whose avowed principles were: 1. the proscription of the Roman Catholic religion; 2. the exclusion of all foreign born from any office, municipal, state or federal; 3. the Irish, particularly the Catholic Irish were to be denied citizenship, unless after fourteen years of probation they would renounce allegiance to the Pope in ecclesiastical matters; 4. Catholic-children were to be debarred from the public schools. The Government also winked at the fact that Catholics and foreigners were being denounced openly in Protestant pulpits as enemies of the Republic, that scurrilous books and pamphlets were being circulated to arouse mob passion, that Catholic bishops and priests were maligned, their religion misrepresented and ridiculed, that acts of violence were committed against Catholics and their property burned.

In self defense the Irish of New York formed a militia of their own—under the titles of "The Emmet Guards", "The Irish Rifles", "The Irish-American Guards"—almost all of whom were later joined into the famous Ninth and Sixty-Ninth Regiments. Naturally, with feeling running so high, gangs and gang-

sters were employed on both sides to further the designs of each. And so the underworld became an important factor in the rotten politics, religious riots, gross immorality, and widespread drunkenness of the times.

Fr. Larkin's School in the Bowery

These conditions obtained in their highest degree when Fr. Larkin, S. J. was commissioned in 1847 by Archbishop Hughes to open a College in the heart of the city. Fr. Larkin, aided financially by Divine Providence in a marvelous manner, bought an old Protestant Church on Elizabeth Street, near Walker, in the very center of the Bowery district and started classes in the basement of the edifice. He called his school after "The Holy Name of Jesus". Since these events are chronicled elsewhere in the Woodstock Letters (Vol. III, 139) and since we are now concerned principally with the moral and religious aspects of the neighborhoods in which our Fathers worked, let us examine why the Bowery reached its climax of depravity during the years 1845 to 1860—and continued to enjoy this notoriety till long after the year 1900.

Since New York City was the principal American seaport in those days, it naturally became the emporium of all the heterogeneous elements that make up American life today. All the white races were coming to our shores—Nordic, Latin, Semitic, Slavic, Dutch, English, Irish, Germans, Hungarians, Poles, Italian, Russians. Negroes, also, mostly fugitives from the slavery of the South, came to New York and settled among the whites. The Chinese came and settled around Pell Street, forming the beginnings of the future Chinatown. The Jews settled east of the Bowery in the section afterwards called "The Ghetto". The Italians centered in the neighborhood four blocks square, which became the later Mulberry Bend Park. The Irish were more towards the north, around the Old St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Germans settled down variously, but especially east of Second Avenue, which section was afterwards called "German Village."

By 1845 the Bowerie Village had died out as a coun-

try resort. The slums took its place. Cheap boarding houses admitted the riff-raff of the world. Each boarding house in turn became a place where schemes were concocted to corrupt the unwary and from whence flowed streams of moral filth that disgraced the city. Many a young boy, like *Oliver Twist*, was taught by a shrewd Fagin to steal, to peddle dope, and bring home the earnings. Many a young girl, even in her teens, was exposed to white slavery. The result was corruption and more corruption, absolutely unchecked.

The Bowery, even before the Civil War, as far back as 1830, with its fanciful illumination at night by myriad whale oil lamps, gave promise of what it was to be in future years. Squawkers invited the public to review the freaks in the lobby, while thousands of people thronged the sidewalks each night, all out for "a good time". With its flashy girls standing on street corners selling popcorn and fried oysters, with its low politicians running immoral "joints" and gambling houses to buy votes at election time, it became in a short time and continued to be till long after 1900 the rendezvous of morbid pleasure-seekers from the world over. Drunken sailors just off the boat for a short furlough, young girls wishing to be hired as dancers in cheap cabarets, thugs from other cities desirous of a more lucrative scene, all filtered to this human sluice-way, the Bowery.

The police could not cope with the gangs and gang warfare. They themselves had often to run for their lives and hide in cellars and alleys to avoid being maimed. These gangs usually started with petty thieveries, but as time went on they fought for anything and everything that the turbulent times made an issue, whether lucrative, religious, social, or political.

Beer gardens, mostly run by Germans, were the seeds of gangdom. At first they were respectable, where German families would go of a Sunday to drink their beer, five cents for a large mug, with a generous free lunch thrown in. Sonorous German bands, pianos, harps, violins, card tables, girls in their 'teens serving

in variegated costumes, with tiny bells dangling from the tassels, attracted crowds not only on holidays but every night as well. This kind of business was profitable, so profitable that for a long time there was a beer garden on almost every corner of the Bowery. Jealousies arose among the proprietors; each had his own clientele, bad or good; each vied with the other in making his garden more and more attractive; thus he gradually became the head of a gang. Mugs gave way to flasks, beer to gin and whiskey, respectable people to thugs and hoodlums, hoodlums to downright gangsters who settled their squabbles no longer with clubs, but with guns and pistols. Hence the song:

"The Bowery, the Bowery,

They say such things, and they do such things

On the Bowery, the Bowery.

I'll never go there anymore."

which became internationally known. It was sung with delighted swagger from the Golden Gate of San Francisco to the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, in seaports from Liverpool to Hong Kong and is still a familiar childhood echo to adults from around the turn of the century.

From 1830 to 1860 the elite of New York's high society lived on the fringe of this "one mile roaring with life." President James Monroe lived at Prince and Marion (now Lafayette) with his son-in-law Samuel Gouverneur. When he died, he was buried for a while in Marble Cemetery, close to our Nativity Church on Second Avenue, before his body was taken to Richmond, Virginia. John Jacob Astor bought the property between Bleeker and Fourth Streets, developed it for residential purposes, and invited the more respectable class of people to live there. From Fourth Street to Astor Place, east to Lafayette, were the famous Vauxhall Gardens, where the noble gentry might pass a quiet afternoon without being disturbed by the "rough-necks" of the Bowery. Westward on Lafayette Street, La Grange Terrace—a row of nine mansions with Corinthian columns, some of which are still standing—was the scene of many fashionable parties and wed-

dings. What a contrast that section of lower Manhattan presented! Just a few blocks away, the scrape of fiddles and clatter of drunken orgies, quarreling voices, the howl of riotous mobs, cheap taverns and lodging houses, while here, as if in a far away country district, the air was scented with flowers and perfume, amid the chatter of cultured voices, in the peace and quiet of respectable houses, where dwelt the well-bred gentry and the aristocrats of early New York.

Father Duranquet

No account of the social scene in lower Manhattan in the last century would be complete without mention of Father Henry Duranquet, S. J. For twenty-five years he was chaplain of the Tombs Prison where most of the criminals from the Bowery eventually landed. His patience, his kindness, and his perseverance did more to reform the prisoners than all the Mission Houses and reform laws put together. He was called the Apostle of the Tombs. No execution took place in that death-house or elsewhere, but the gentle Jesuit was there to console, to encourage, to prepare the unfortunate culprit to meet his God. A single example will serve to indicate the character of his work.

On one occasion a notorious gangster, Albert Hicks, was sentenced to die for piracy and murder on the high seas. Hicks was the Jesse James of his own wicked little world. He was a gang in himself. He would never pay for anything he bought and his enemies, as a result, included all tavern keepers. One night in March, 1860, he entered a tavern and asked for rum and a night's lodging. The attendant, knowing his guest, mixed laudanum in the drink; and to make doubly sure that Hicks would not awaken too soon he also clubbed him on the head. Twenty-four hours later the gangster awoke to find himself shanghaied on a vessel bound for Virginia. The sloop was then only a few miles off Staten Island. In the dead of the night, when the crew was asleep, except for the look-out boy at the prow, Hicks went on a rampage with an axe. He killed the lad and two sleeping sailors, threw their

bodies overboard, and then went for the Captain. In the fierce scuffle that ensued the criminal got the better of the Captain, slew him also and hurled his body overboard. Hicks then tied the rudder so that the boat could keep a straight course, jumped into the tender and rowed himself to New York. The abandoned vessel was discovered by another trading boat. The crew soon learned by the blood-stained ceiling, floors, bunks, and chairs that murder had been committed and reported it to the New York police. The papers were full of the event. The attendant who had administered the laudanum two nights before appeared at the police station to testify against Hicks. The gangster was soon caught, clapped into prison, bound hand and foot, and exposed to the curious gaze of visitors. Fr. Duranquet showed himself kind to the unfortunate prisoner, who was bragging that he would die as he had lived, a murderer and a cut-throat. The gentle priest, however, won him over. In a few days Hicks was on his knees making his confession. He received Holy Communion the following day and a good many days after.

On the morning of the execution the condemned man called for the Chaplain, made his last confession and Communion and told the marshall that he was ready to die. Marshall Rynders read the death-warrant. Then the long solemn procession started from the Tombs to the foot of Canal St. As Hicks, handcuffed and shackled with leg-irons, and accompanied by Fr. Duranquet and the marshall, passed from the dark portals of the prison into the street, the thousands of people who had gathered greeted the three with cheers. A fife and drum corps swung into the head of the line. Amid flourishes and ruffles from trumpets and drums the prisoner took his seat between Sheriff Kelly and Fr. Duranquet in the front carriage drawn by a team of coal black horses and driven by a coachman clad entirely in black. In the second carriage were the Deputy Sheriffs each carrying his staff of office, while in the others were policemen, gamblers, pugilists, politicians, doctors, newspaper reporters. At a signal from Mar-

shall Rynders, the drums rolled, and the musicians struck up a dirge. The carriages rolled slowly along thoroughfares lined with cheering crowds to the foot of Canal St. A steam boat was waiting there to convey the hanging party to Bedloe's Island, on which the Statute of Liberty now stands.

Thousands were invited to the scene of execution. Fr. Duranquet never left the poor wretch's side. Ten thousand surrounded the scene. On reaching the shore Hicks knelt at the Jesuit's feet to receive the final absolution. Both priest and culprit proceeded to the scaffold. As Hicks was mounting the priest kept blessing him. A few minutes later the noose was tightened around the criminal's neck. Fr. Duranquet had gained another sinner to God.

In the closing years of his long life Fr. Duranquet was sent to be Spiritual Father at Woodstock. His first conference to the community was on his work with hardened criminals and how to deal with them. One who was present at the exhortation recalls that it was Fr. Duranquet's first and last conference at Woodstock. He died two years later, in 1891, and is buried at Woodstock.

Father Larkin and Archbishop Hughes

Coming now to the religious persecution which Father Larkin and his associates had to encounter, we might say that anti-Catholic bigotry reached its climax in intensity and violence during that period. The Native American Party of 800 turned into the Know-Nothings of 1850, who in turn became the A.P.A.'s (American Protective Association) of 1870. The Native American Party was more political than religious, the Know-Nothings more violent than political, the A.P.A.'s more insidious than violent. The avowed principles of the Know-Nothings, who pleaded ignorance to any questions asked, were "anti-Romanism, anti-Papism, anti-Nunneryism, anti-Jesuitism." They were against anything "that had the smell of Rome about it."

Archbishop Hughes, at whose request Fr. Larkin

started his school was the great protagonist of Catholic rights in those days. He was a keen statesman, an able controversialist, a great orator, a powerful writer, a fearless prelate. He never yielded an inch to his opponents, private or public, when there was question of defending his flock, his "dear Irish people." He vigorously combated the "Public School System" in its attempts upon the faith of the children of Irish parents.

It was Archbishop Hughes who finally rid the hierarchy and the clergy from the baneful influences of Trusteeism. He silenced on public platform and in print the well known Presbyterian minister, the Reverend John Breckenridge, in a religious controversy that was raging at the time. He was responsible for the present satisfactory "Religious Corporation Act of the State of New York" and also for the recognition by the State of our present parochial school system.

In Philadelphia the Know-Nothings had already begun to attack priests and nuns and to burn Churches and convents. Word reached the Archbishop that they were about to do the same in New York, having marked out the Cathedral (then on Mulberry Street) as the first object of their incendiarism.

Election days were always days of bloody fights between the Orangemen and their Catholic fellow-countrymen. Many were killed or seriously hurt during these riots. Houses were set on fire; even the residence of the Archbishop was more than once besieged by angry mobs who hurled stones through the windows.

As election time, 1844, approached, a group of nearly a thousand ruffians gathered, with the express purpose of burning St. Patrick's Cathedral. Bishop Hughes learned of this in time. Apprehensive that the movement would lead to riot and bloodshed, he called on the mayor in person for protection, demanding this as an American citizen. Receiving no reassurance from the mayor, the bishop assembled two or three thousand of his sturdy Irish parishioners, armed them with every available weapon, cautioned them against

any violence unless attacked, and barracaded them behind the brick wall surrounding his Cathedral on Mulberry, Mott and Prince Sts. He also sent a contingent to protect our present Nativity Church on Second Ave. Faced with such vigorous preparations for resistance, the designs of the attackers were happily abandoned.

The Bowery To-day

We close this review of social conditions in the Bowery with a description of the condition today of that once internationally known thoroughfare. Thank God, all is changed now. "Steve Brodie's" saloon, a rendezvous for thugs, is a thing of the past. McGurke's "Suicide Hall," so called because it counted a suicide a night, is no longer remembered; "Chuck Connor's," a hang-out for prize-fighters and toughs is only a dim memory. The Miner's Theatre and the London Burlesque house are now only names, while the Globe Museum with its freaks and monstrosities, which the writer often visited as a lad, is entirely forgotten. O'wney Geoghegan's hostel for professional mendicants, where the blind and crippled were cured on entering, is gone. The Bowery has now a clean white shirt with only a few dirty spots appearing here and there. In deference to middle-age memories, the sight-seeing buses still include the Bowery en route to Chinatown, but the guides say: "There's not much to see there now, only the missions and the bums."

Thundering elevated trains now replace the horse-cars and buggy of by-gone days. No longer do red-shirted volunteers race behind the fire-engines, no longer do nicely clad policemen duck into hallways from the fury of the mob, no longer is there the crude and noisy vitality, jittery and roaring with life, which once gave its terrible notoriety to America's greatest city and let that section of the city be dubbed "as the liveliest mile on the face of the earth."

At present, the Bowery is a succession of sedate business places, pawn brokers, cheap eating places and lodging houses. Beggars may still be seen, living east of the Bowery from Chatham Square to Cooper Square,

many of them sprawling intoxicated in dark hallways or in the open sunshine. These pitiable, homeless wayfarers, most of them from out of town, are the real problem on the Bowery today, a problem which has not yet been faced squarely. This problem must still be solved — and then New York City will have completely done with the social horror that was the Bowery.



THE U. S. S. BATAAN

At the Commissioning of the new Aircraft Carrier, the U. S. S. Bataan, the following invocation was pronounced by the vessel's Jesuit chaplain.

* * * *

"O God, whom Thy Son Jesus Christ taught us to call Father, deign to accept our adoration in recognition of Thy sovereign power as Creator of the earth and the sea and the heavens.

Accept this act of commissioning as a consecration of the ship to Thee and as a consecration of the men who serve aboard her to Thee in defense of our country and the principles for which she stands.

Guard us, guide us, give us the courage to accept bravely and gladly whatever sacrifice may be asked and, if it be Thy holy Will, through the merits of Jesus Christ and the intercession of Mary His Mother, bring us safely home. Amen."

* * * *

Father Lawrence R. McHugh, S. J., USNR, of the Maryland Province, is the vessel's chaplain.



SOUVENIRS OF A CHAPLAIN, 1918-1919

EUGENE T. KENEDY, S. J.

(Continued from the last issue.)

There was one convert from the mission for American soldiers at Blois. I distributed dozens of beads and scapular medals free—as many of the men had not been paid in months. The entire collection I turned over to the Cathedral.

Some of those making the exercises were from Jesuit colleges. I remember one particularly from St. Joseph's, Philadelphia—Walter Wiegand. He told me as we walked up and down outside the cathedral after services one night, that if it were not for the war he would be in the seminary at that time. He never was ordained, poor fellow, as he was killed in action a few weeks later. An uncle of his was a lay-brother at Boston College at the time.

There was a Holy Cross officer, Lieut. Scribner, who used to notify me each night of the Jesuit college men arriving during the day. His army job was to check in every officer on arrival. In that way I was able to have a Fordham night, a St. Joe's night and alumni of one or two other colleges that could make up a party. The idea seemed to work and the men enjoyed the refreshments and a chance to talk together over old days. I met, likewise, some surgeons from the St. Louis University Medical Unit—also a few officers from Santa Clara. Army officers helped in granting leave of absence.

There was some difficulty about communion and mass on the last morning of the mission. The cathedral was a good half-mile walk from the caserne and the soldiers had breakfast one-half hour after rising. I secured permission from headquarters after a short delay and some difficulty for a sort of second table for those making the mission. Then I arranged to have the mass in the Y. M. C. A. hut in the caserne grounds where the soldiers were quartered. Two priests

distributed communion all through the mass that a third was saying. All who made the mission received the sacraments as far as I could find out.

The Protestant services in the "Y" hut in those days amounted to little. The Y. M. C. A. in general was more philanthropic than religious—even though they did sell for "cash on the barrel" nearly everything that they handled and were sometimes overbearing. In this respect they were quite a contrast to the K. of C.'s fidelity to its slogan: "Everybody welcome, everything free." They spent little energy on spreading Protestant doctrine. Some ministers openly and even bitterly opposed them. I remember a sign exhibited in the hut, about immorality. It offered ten reasons why a soldier should abstain from the social evil and nine of them were wholly natural. After warning of the bad effects of venereal disease on posterity in the opening sentences, only in the tenth was the offence against God even mentioned. In general the "Y" seemed to push prohibition more than purity and of course without much success, though I might say that drinking was not the outstanding evil in the army by any means.

At last my name appeared on the customary list of those to depart on the following day. I was to report to the 41st Division at St. Aignan about fifty miles distant from Blois. The 41st acted as a supply depot, sending men to the 42nd as needed. It trained and prepared men for battle but never took part in battle itself. There new orders awaited me to leave the next day for the 42nd, the Rainbow division which was then in the trenches far to the North-East in Lorraine. I was really glad to leave Blois. I had enjoyed it so much that I had begun to wonder where Sherman had ever gotten his exaggerated idea of war anyway!

I have two recollections of my one day's duty with the 41st Division. The first is of an Alabama boy, driver of a motorcycle for some colonel of the division. Very obligingly he took me in his side-car from headquarters to the station and to my billet, etc., for 2 hours, saving me miles of hoofing it in my many prep-

arations (including gas-mask test with tear-gas) for leaving the following day. I became really worried at what the colonel might have to say, when he even insisted, over my mild protest, in waiting outside a restaurant while I dined. The reason for his generosity was that he had formerly been with the division I was about to be attached to, namely the 42nd, and begged me to "put in a word for him" to get back. When I asked on saying good-bye if I could make him a loan (American soldiers didn't like the word "tip"), he amazed me by his answer: "Though I haven't been paid for months I have plenty of money, thank you." When I asked how that could ever happen, he replied with a cute little Alabama accent: "I'm ashamed to say it to a man of God—but I make plenty of francs shooting crap." His former regiment was, by the way, the 167th Alabama whose members, before leaving America, had had a pitched battle at Camp Mills with members of the Irish regiment as pictured in the movie, "The Fighting 69th." "The Alabams", as they were affectionately called in the division, later fought side by side with the Irish—and extremely well—in all the battles of that hectic summer. I often visited their wounded, offering cigarettes, etc., and they frequently shared their "chow" with me in the field with typical southern hospitality. I can still hear their cheery: "Come again, chaplain. Glad to see you all."

The other recollection concerns a French count to whom I had been given a letter of introduction when leaving Blois by his cousin, the countess de Vibraye. I stayed overnight in the huge ancient building and recall a significant remark of my host. Pointing to a blatant sign over the entrance to his private chapel—a sign erected by the anti-clerical government, of course — reading "*liberté égalité fraternité*", Count Guillaume d'Aymon said: "In France we have the words 'liberty, equality, fraternity', but in America you have the *substance*."

Boarding the train the following morning for the all day trip to Bacarat in Lorraine I had as sole companion in a compartment a lieutenant of the 26th or

"Yankee Division", of New England. Judging by his conversation, a priest can do great work at breaking down prejudice in the army. He chanted the praises of his chaplain till I was astounded. He was not a Catholic and had never met a priest before, but no Catholic could outdo him in admiration for Fr. Farrell. I met his idol, a secular priest from the Boston archdiocese, a year later. He was a small man wearing glasses and his whole appearance seemed to belie the D. S. C. medal he wore on his breast. I told him about the many non-Catholics who had mentioned his name to me and always in the highest praise. Much prejudice against the church was certainly dissipated by chaplains like Fr. Duffy and Fr. Farrell in the army, and like Fr. Gleeson in the navy.

About 2 P. M. we had to change cars at Langres, an old city dating back to Roman days, and wait for a train the next day to Luneville. I remained at the school barracks for officers who were taking a course in chemical warfare. I remember a witty sign at the entrance to a huge tent filled with lethal gas. It warned student officers about to enter: "Put on your gas-mask before entering; otherwise you won't need it!" The gas used was probably a phosgene-chlorine combination that later killed many of our men. When a heavy concentration was hurled at us, the saying was that if you didn't put on your gas-mask within a matter of a couple of minutes you needn't put it on at all; it was too late. Later on in Lorraine I buried many who died from this frightful weapon.

The next day I arrived at Bacarat, a small town of a few thousand inhabitants, famous for its cut-glass industry in times of peace but now acting as headquarters of the Rainbow Division. To my delight I was assigned to the "Fighting 69th" regiment, now like all national guard units rechristened during the war. Henceforth it was to be called the 165th Infantry. I called at once on Fr. Duffy whom I had known in 1893 when he as a layman taught in Xavier Grammar School, 16th Street, New York.

I went with him to visit the trenches about three

miles distant. After having followed closely the newspaper accounts of the war for several years, it was a real thrill to peek out cautiously across no man's land and view a real battlefield with the German trenches opposite. Buttercups, violets and wild flowers bloomed in "no man's land" on that Spring day, in front of our breastworks, just as if no war was being fought there at all. Fr. Duffy at first assigned me to Major "Wild Bill" Donovan's battalion, later to Major McKenna's to which Joyce Kilmer was attached. Poor McKenna, like the poet Kilmer, was soon to make the supreme sacrifice. They both received the sacraments during these days, though there was no opportunity for extreme unction just before they died.

I said Mass daily when in Bacarat at the one Catholic Church with its perilously leaning tower. A German shell had plowed through the belfry platform that probably was manned with machine-gun and crew in the early days of the war. The Church was otherwise unharmed.

Naturally with an Irish Catholic regiment—originally 90% of the more than 3,000 were of our faith—the confessions and chaplain work in general were very heavy. I can recall standing at the end of a hallway in the caserne on one occasion for four or five hours, without a break, while men confessed as they filed by, standing up so as not to lose time. And they were mostly from only one of the three battalions of the regiment.

There were also "outfits" of engineers, balloon squadrons, and graves-registration attached to our division, whom I visited since they had no chaplain of their own. I found out that the best method of working in units outside my own regiment was to do everything "through channels" as it is called in the army. In practice it came to this. I would ask the commanding officer of the unit in which I wished to hear confessions for permission "to do some chaplain work" among his men. Both in the case of the balloon squadron and the engineers I recall vividly the officers seemed more than willing to cooperate in anything to help their

men. So when I came at the hour and day appointed they had notified Catholics and all but shamed them into coming to confession. The last penitent of the captive balloon squadron, I remember, assured me that every Catholic had come to confession except one, and he was up observing in the balloon so would have to wait till a later date.

Among the engineers in Bacarat one Protestant asked to become a Catholic. I procured a catechism which he studied, had the Catholics of his company explain the Apostles' creed in some detail to him, so that he was ready for baptism in a couple of weeks. Further delay seemed dangerous. The French curé was in the sacristy, I recall, watching intently the abjuration and conditional baptism on the day of this man's reception into the Church. I had even to request him to leave when I was about to hear the convert's confession. At the end he said "Your American Catholics are wonderful"—"merveilleux"! He had seen with astonishment the men of the 69th literally crowd his people out of their church on Sunday. He later arranged with Fr. Duffy to have us use our war privilege of saying mass at the caserne or out in the open because there was absolutely no room for our men in the small town Church without crowding out his own people.

Of course there were not wanting many disappointments and discouragements. Once near Brouville (the Irish always called it "mudville") I stopped two soldiers walking along on open country lane, with no trees or houses within a thousand yards. I asked the first if he were a Catholic. He was, so I followed up with the usual question about how long since his last confession. Two years away! I reminded him of the foolishness of crossing a dangerous ocean and being at the moment under the German guns and yet so neglectful. I then asked his companion the same questions. Yes, he was a Catholic and *four* years away! "Hear him first, Father" said the gallant two-year man. I did, but when I finished the two-year man had

mysteriously disappeared. I couldn't find him anywhere!

Later in the summer I often had to ask wounded men in field hospitals if they were Catholics—a very embarrassing thing to do. An inoffensive system, I gradually learned, was to ask the wounded man first if he had ever been baptized. Then followed the question, in what religion? If he said Episcopalian or Methodist, Presbyterian, etc., I went on to ask: "Do you live up to your religion?" Usually the answer was "No." I then would offer him a cigarette and say that whatever religion I really thought was the right one I'd live up to. Surprising enough, it was quite common for Protestants to feel that the Catholic Chaplain should not confine his spiritual activities to those of his own religion. Many thought he ought to be the same to all.

I remember talking things over one night with Fr. Duffy at his quarters on the opposite side of the bridge from my billet. An army surgeon specialist called. His specialty was, by the way, "cooties" and he amazed me with his recondite learning concerning the pests—the only enemy that chaplains, according to international law, are allowed to fight. He said he didn't wish to interfere with anyone's religion but couldn't Fr. Duffy do something about the old-fashioned scapulars which so many of the men were wearing. It seemed the strings around the neck were favorite parking spaces for "cootie" eggs. Fr. Duffy assured him he would do all he could to have the men use scapular-medals, as he had previously urged them to do. Leaving about 10:30 P. M., I procured the pass-word needed at night to cross the bridge. It was "Renan" and I thought of Fr. Drum and scripture class at Woodstock.

Toward the end of our stay at Bacarat I asked Fr. Duffy to be transferred to the 150th Machine Gun battalion. My main reason for the transfer was that the battalion was full of Catholics who hadn't had a priest for a year. Fr. Duffy at first demurred but

finally said "well you will have one foot in the 69th anyway," meaning that it was all but incorporated into the Irish regiment. In every battle that they fought I was with the 69th, either in the dressing stations, field hospitals or trenches and I was able to hear hundreds of confessions of their wounded, bury their dead, etc., all through that bloody summer.

Though Bacarat was a so-called "quiet sector" where we were broken in for the strenuous battles that awaited us, it was not so quiet that we did not have very many casualties. Thus on one occasion two hundred men were killed in one sector of the trenches by chlorine-phosgene gas hurled at us at two A. M., when all but the men on guard were asleep. During the night, raids frequently were made by volunteers, against the German trenches, sometimes bringing back prisoners alive in order to get information from them. I recall a dare-devil name O'Leary who showed me his bayonet, somewhat warped from being driven through the body of a German whom he encountered in the dark. After they had rolled over the top of the enemy trench O'Leary landed on top of his man. He said he could still see that fellow staring at him weeks after he had run him through with his bayonet. Poor O'Leary himself was killed a little later. He didn't seem to know what fear meant.

I joked with a soldier named Kennedy, about the "exaggerated" account of his death that had reached his old parish of St. Francis Xavier, New York. I had heard it myself before leaving. Fr. Harmon had even called on his mother to offer his sympathy and condolence. He was still alive and laughing, poor fellow, but not for long. In a few weeks he was killed in battle.

The night we had orders to leave the sector (at about 8 P. M.), we thought we had kept from the enemy any knowledge of our intended departure. It would be mighty inconvenient to have the Germans attack when the roads would be cluttered with the 20,000 men of the relieving division, passing our division with an equal number, plus the trucks, cannons,

field kitchens, etc., of both. But the enemy through their spies had exact foreknowledge of everything that was going on. Just before dark the Germans liberated a number of small toy balloons with notes tied to them that floated over our trenches with the greeting: "goodbye 42d—welcome 77th!" They not only knew the time of the difficult manoeuvre but even the names of the two divisions—and these were supposed to be state secrets!

Major "Wild Bill" Donovan had told us at table that we were about to begin some very difficult fighting—that the casualties would be heavy. General Lenihan in command of the brigade advised me about this time to get the men ready, since many of them would likely be killed. Within a few months, as mentioned later in Fr. Duffy's book on the war, 644 men of the regiment were to make the supreme sacrifice while 2,857 were to be wounded. That of course included constant replacements as the total casualties exceeded the 3,000 men that formed the usual complement of the "Fighting 69th". The red harvest was fast ripening. In the coming 5 months we were to be used as "shock troops" in many major engagements. The Chaplains were to be kept busy in giving the last sacraments and in burying the dead.

On the 18th of June, 1918, the Rainbow division, so called because it blended, as colors in a prism, national guard units from 27 different states, having finished its long preliminary training on the Mexican border and later in France, quitted the comparatively quiet trenches of the Luneville and Baccarat sectors in Lorraine and began its long journey to Champagne where it was to fight its first real battle. It was an ideal moonlight night as our 20,000 men slipped stealthily out of dugouts and trenches and passed the 77th New York who were relieving us and marching in the opposite direction.

What a picture for the screen, I thought, if photographers had been allowed to shoot it. Horses, cannons, trucks, machine-guns and steel helmets everywhere, beneath emerald-green trees, while a smattering of

French horizon-blue uniforms contrasted vividly with the American khaki and all combined to form a tableau one would long remember. There was a good deal of banter and friendly "kidding" between soldiers, as the long lines moved slowly to and from the trenches along the dusty, crowded country roads. From the 77th division a voice would call out, "Anybody there from Greenwich Village?" or "Are any of you guys from Tremont?" The answer from the 69th was almost sure to be "yes". One fellow inquired of the Irish regiment, "Is John Kelly there?" and the quick reply was "Which one of them do you want?" A 77th man boasted "The Germans will find out what American soldiers are like when we get a crack at them." Mike Donaldson shouted back, "We were over here killing Dutchmen before they pulled your names out of the hat." "Well, thank goodness"—came back the response—"we didn't have to get drunk to join the Army." Our division was made up entirely of volunteers and was proud of the fact. The 77th was composed of drafted men. One of the soldiers of the 77th kept calling loudly for his brother who was with us. He finally located him and the two lads ran at each other and burdened as they were with heavy packs, they grabbed each other and punched each other and wise-cracked until ordered back into ranks. Then they parted, perhaps never to meet again.

Now and then the two columns sang as they passed, breaking out into "East Side, West Side," or "Herald Square, Anywhere, New York Town, take me there." The last notes were still ringing in our ears, as the end of the dusty columns at last swung around a sharp bend in the country road. We fervently hoped that their wish "New York town, take me there" would one day be realized.

We zig-zagged our way, as military trains do, more than half the distance to Paris, going north as far as Nancy, south to Neuf Chateau, then northwest to Bar-le-Duc, finally detraining on the following day south of Chalons-sur-Marne.

During these days, we chaplains were trying to get

as many men as possible to confession and communion. I remember sending a notice through headquarters to all the troops in a certain town, announcing confessions in the local church, with Mass and Communion the following day. As I emerged from the Chapel I met Chaplain Halliday, a Baptist, attached to an Ohio regiment. I asked him if he were to have services on the morrow. He answered hesitatingly and vaguely, looking wistfully off into the distance. As a matter of fact, I can scarce remember his ever announcing such a thing as church services. He stopped in the middle of a sentence, and turning abruptly said: "Father, do you know, after this war, when we have time to sit down and think it all over, maybe we will decide to have only *one* church." I understood what he meant. The Catholic Church really stood up under the strain of war, while many devoted ministers found their task profoundly discouraging.

We were now incorporated with the French 4th Army, being the only American unit to form a part of it. In the history of the late war, the battle which was about to begin is officially known as the Champagne-Marne defensive. With the French we helped repel the last big offensive of the Germans. We soon found ourselves in a vast net-work of trenches. There were two complete sets of trenches, one before the other but each so self-sufficient that during the long-continued attack we really only defended the second set. A few companies of the famous French "blue-devil" division put up a gallant resistance in the forward ones. That succeeded in drawing the almost exclusive attention of the enemy artillery on the lightly held first line. The task of the "blue devils" there was to sell their lives as dearly as possible—sending up sky-rockets as each wave of the enemy passed over them. Fighting with hand-grenades in close combat they signaled back to us once, twice, thrice. And then all was still in the darkness. Not one of them survived.

The morale of the men in the days of preparation was excellent. They had unbounded confidence in their divisional commander, General Douglas McArthur,

later hero of Bataan. McArthur had done everything possible to assist Fr. Duffy in procuring priests from the New York and Brooklyn diocese to hear the confessions of the 3,000 men of the 69th before it left Camp Mills to sail for France.

The location of the battle is rich in historic memories. In a Chapel in the nearby city of Chalons-sur-Marne, the body of the American unknown soldier was later to be selected from among four. There was an ancient Roman road dating back to the Caesars. It ran diagonally past our segment till it was swallowed up in the trenches. The immense plains stretching as far as the eye could reach, were restful and fascinating, like soothing ocean distances. There were on the battle-field innumerable wild-flowers including violets and the ever-present poppies everywhere. The first comment of the Mexican border veterans of the 69th was: "Isn't this just like Texas?" In the far-flung expanse of flat country, almost bereft of undulation, brook or water in any form, the distant patches of scrimpy trees looked for all the world like mesquite.

By a "believe it or not" quirk of history, the battle-field itself was the identical one on which Attila, "the scourge of God," met defeat at the hands of "the allies" in the 5th century. The Catholic Encyclopedia says to the point, "In 451 he (Attila) was met on the plains of Chalons by the allied Romans . . . and Visigoths . . . who overcame the Huns and averted the peril that menaced Western civilization." The French and American allies were now to fight and overcome the Germans whom they called the Huns, on the self-same plains of Chalons.

The Catholic Chaplains visited the men now spread out in many directions, those few remaining days before the ear-splitting burst like a thunder-bolt at four minutes past the midnight of July 14th. There was no surprise, however, about the attack, since our intelligence reports had accurately foretold the day and even the hour when the assault was to open. General Lenihan told me that we were so well prepared that we even hoped they would attack rather than not.

The night of the 13th I succeeded with difficulty in finding a place in which to sleep in the greatly overcrowded trenches of the 69th. In the morning, after confessions, I said Mass and distributed Holy Communion to the men of the Irish regiment and the 150th machine-gun battalion from Wisconsin, realizing that for many it was to be their viaticum. I can still picture vividly that Holy Sacrifice out there in the open, as if the whole world were our Cathedral and the blue sky its dome. But the war-torn altar, built during the bloody battles of 1914, hardly fitted into the concept of a Cathedral. It was "decorated" with a rusty tin covering that reminded one of a bee-hive, so punctured was it with innumerable machine-gun bullets from enemy fire. The sole altar ornaments were two vases of wild-flowers. But the "vases" were empty brass shells, discarded after use in the French 75 millimetre gun.

How confident the men were of victory was strikingly shown during a conversation with Capt. Prout. I was talking with him in his dug-out the night of the 13th when a messenger saluted and handed him a final message from the French commander. He read it to me, an order insisting that the trenches must be held at any cost. In a postscript it added that, if necessary, men with drawn revolvers should be stationed in the communication trenches to shoot down any soldiers who tried to run away. Capt. Prout calmly tore up the note and threw it aside saying: "My men don't need that". That dugout was demolished two days later by a German "minenwerfer" but the occupants were saved by strenuous rescue work and some quick digging. Prout was among those at Mass and Communion on the eve of the battle. There were so many that the confessions considerably delayed things on that golden July morning. Whether or not Joyce Kilmer, the poet, was there I do not now recall. He always was present, if at all possible, on such occasions. In the very next battle, at the bloody Ourcq river above Chateau Thierry, he was to make the supreme sacrifice.

It seemed providential for my ministrations that

the trenches were so very overcrowded. As I could not find room in them, I worked among the wounded and dying, once the engagement began, in the field-hospital at the Ferme-de-Suippes, about a mile to the rear. Experience proved that the field-hospital was where the priest was most needed and reached the greatest number of souls, once battled was joined.

At precisely 12.04 A. M., the firing burst on us all at once, seemingly without either crescendo or minuet. It resembled a mighty, sustained thunderclap, a roaring that seemed to blast the very heavens open. For ten or twelve hours the mighty crash continued, strangely without variation or reverberation. The ear apparently was receiving as many vibrations as possible. Innumerable explosions, screeches and rendings rent the atmosphere, all mingled into one deafening awe-inspiring combination. And yet somehow there was a strange, morbid fascination about it all. It was said to have been the heaviest barrage or cannonade in history up to that time. I think that no one present would argue the point. It simply beggared description.

To the rear, south of us, we could see our own guns replying feverishly, and the sky above them was lit by bursts of fire that made the heavens a mass of flames. Ironically, along the entire front, there was being staged a fire-works display of surpassing beauty. Innumerable rockets pierced the sky, and Roman candles, vari-colored lights and flares and bursting star shells made the landscape stand out starkly in bold relief. These, as well as the imitation illuminated American flags drifting lazily over the battle-field, were all part of a secret code calling for re-enforcements, ammunition or artillery support from far to the rear.

Naturally there was little sleep that night, as shells exploded close or screamed in your ears as they passed overhead. The wounded began to pour in about day-break and for a time we were kept quite busy. About 10 A. M. there was a decided lull, not in the battle but in the number of cases arriving. Then it was that I

decided to board an ambulance bound for a dressing station, thinking I would find more wounded there than where I was stationed. We traveled about ten miles along the ancient Roman highway, which was under heavy fire. I can still see those stately leafy shade-trees, flanking us on either side. We felt duly grateful to them, since they partly concealed us from the eyes of enemy gunners. This road ran from nearby Chalons, as I mentioned, almost parallel to the battle-line, gradually swerving nearer the trenches, till finally it was swallowed up in them.

The driver of our Ford ambulance was an American boy but his blue uniform showed that he was serving in the French army. His dangerous job that day was to ferry the wounded through fields of fire, from the dressing stations to the huge tent-hospital at Suippes. He was a Catholic and had not met an English speaking priest for a long time. So I heard his confession while angry guns barked and half-deafened us. After absolving him I drew out two badges of the Sacred Heart, holding them before me as we sped madly toward the front. I had distributed many hundreds of these same badges among the soldiers and felt sure that the God of battles would not forsake us, as we bounced crazily along that vacant road.

Though a quarter of a century has since intervened, every detail of that scene seems indelibly silhouetted in my memory. We passed, I remember, a dead horse. Once a burning captive balloon fell close by in a field. The leaves of the trees over-head were showering on us like rain-drops in an April storm. To our left, at one place, we could see twenty or thirty cannons lined up hub to hub in an open field, the French artillerymen loading and reloading with feverish haste. Every tiny patch of woods, every clump of trees, anything that could hide guns, large or small, seemed pressed into service and was saturated with fire-belching machines—and the terrific din was awe-inspiring.

The thought occurred to me, as shells burst about us that at any moment I might find myself in eternity. But the idea somehow seemed strangely unreal, all

but the fantastic; in fact, so unconvincing that an act of perfect contrition or love seemed just as hard to make as in times of peace.

At last we turned off the main road, taking a tiny country lane to our left. This led to the dressing-station, a few hundred yards away and close behind the trenches. I recall that the chauffeur very coolly said something then that even under the circumstances made me smile. Our road was now obviously under the direct observation of German artillery, The burlap screen attached to wire-netting to hide the lane was nearly all down or blown away. "Father" said the boy, "this is the bad part of the road." The bad part, thought I; well you can't frighten me now—at least not any more than I am already! It didn't take me long to jump out of that ambulance and duck into the dressing-station while branches of trees and wreckage and shells seemed falling everywhere. German airplanes, flying very low, were strafing our trenches but a few yards away.

During the three or four hours in the "elephant's back", the dressing station covered with thin corrugated iron to ward off shell-splinters, many things happened. There were about twenty ambulance chauffeurs and stretcher-bearers who brought in wounded to be cared for by the surgeons. One soldier, I recall, staggered in by himself, his head and his face simply bathed in blood, saying: "My God I'm killed". Overhead we could see those aviators continuously flying along the trenches, their machine-guns raining bullets to disorganize our men while the enemy attacked. Then there were the falling branches of trees temporarily blocking our one entrance and exit. A broken length of board once hurtled through the open doorway, flying right by us. A French Poilu sitting opposite took a small piece of spent shrapnel out of his tunic (where it had just arrived) and placed it in my hand to show me that it was still hot. He seemed to regard the whole thing as a joke. Then there was the crew of the ambulance returning to say that they could not possibly reach the wounded men they sought

because of the town of Jonchery nearby. It was strewn all over the road, completely blocking traffic!

I was able to hear a few confessions and prepare some for death but not many Catholics were being brought in. The wounded, then, were nearly all from the Alabama regiment (the 167th) which was almost wholly non-Catholic. I ministered to a few of the French, mostly surgeons in attendance. I returned to Suippes on the same ambulance about 2 P. M., the driver and myself still carrying our Sacred Heart badges. He went back and forth all during the day, unscathed, and later told me that he had received the *croix-de-guerre* for his many trips.

From July 15th to 20th the work by day and night at the field hospital was extremely heavy. All the wounded from our 83rd brigade, containing roughly 10,000 men, were received, tended and evacuated so rapidly, that priestly ministrations could not be delayed a moment. Even the slightly wounded had their confessions heard as far as possible and all doubtful cases were anointed, as frequently they died from shock en route to the base hospital. I distributed hundreds of cigarettes, which I bought from the Y.M.C.A. to Protestants as well as Catholics—to all except patients whose lungs were gassed. As I worked alone at Suippes I got what little sleep was possible at odd hours. One night, I recall retiring at 2 A. M. and arranging to be called again at 4 A. M. when I was to begin a busy day by burying the dead that had accumulated.

Two vivid recollections occur to me. One, that of a boy of the 69th fatally wounded and crying out: "Why, I am going to die! I am going to die!" It was a new idea to him evidently. The other, a snap-shot taken from the pocket of a dead soldier. It was of his girl before the regiment left Camp Mills. She had on his coat and his hat—his gun on her shoulder and they both were laughing!

As the Rainbow division was "shock troops", we left as soon as the issue was decided (July 20th) and were rushed by train to Chateau Thierry and thence

to the Ourcq river for our bloodiest encounter of the war. This latter is recorded in history as part of the Aisne-Marne offensive. How heavily we were engaged in these two battles is shown by the fact that though actually fighting only twelve days (July 15-18 and July 25 to Aug. 3rd) we had to call immediately afterwards for 8,000 replacements for our next attack at St. Mihiel, Sept. 12th. Allowing for about 2,000 slightly wounded who would return to the division we had thus lost in a little more than two weeks about fifty percent of our effectives.

Marching many miles to a town called Vadenay we boarded a train about 10 P. M. the following evening, at a little station called St. Hilaire-au-Temple. It was a bright moonlight night and the station was "*à la belle étoile*"—no covering whatever. About 1 A. M., just as I dropped off to sleep, German airplanes attacked us. They flew very low, setting the station on fire and then methodically raining high explosives all along the train which was standing still. The engineer was killed, the fireman wounded, along with about a dozen soldiers. The first casualty I reached by climbing under the train to the opposite side. I heard his confession and anointed him just as he lapsed into unconsciousness and death. I experienced on that occasion the downright demoralizing effect of high explosive bombs dropped from planes. A strange feeling of helplessness seemed to grip everyone. The temptation to run madly for nearby fields, as the soldiers did was momentarily overwhelming. Once you start tending the wounded, however, the feeling of cowardice seems to disappear. In the bright moonlight I was able to find a number of my men who were hit and ministered to them before they either died or were taken to hospitals.

The remaining battles up to armistice day, when at the historic eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1918 the order to cease fire was issued for the first time along a thousand-mile battle-front, were more or less a repetition of the engagement at Champagne that I tried to describe above. At

the bloody Ourcq river, (the Irish called it "the O'Rourke river" just as they called Epieds "A.P.A."), we arrived at 2 A. M. and our brigade attacked at daybreak—after a long forced march. That was one of the rare occasions on which I was supplied with a horse (because of their perennial scarcity) and I had barely dismounted when it was time to start tending the flood of wounded, mostly Catholic, which flowed in from 5 A. M. on. At times as many as a hundred were lying on tables and the floor, or propped against the wall (a few of the worst cases were operated on immediately in the kitchen) and I had to hustle from one to another before that batch was evacuated and another stream poured in. Occasionally I took down a name and address—usually with the request to assure a mother or father that the wound was only slight—not to fear in any case. They were all gallant and brave—like the lieutenant who asked that I send a telegram to his folks to say that he was all right and doing well. His right arm had just been amputated, so of course he could not write himself. But he did not want them to know that!

I do not recall a single wounded Catholic of the thousand and more that I tended during battles who refused to receive the sacraments. But the physical strain was considerable. At Epieds the day preceding the Ourcq river battle I had worked from three in the afternoon till nine the following morning among the wounded of the other brigade of our division. For about two weeks I never took off my clothes, snatching what sleep I could in woods, on military trains or in field-hospitals or dressing stations during temporary lulls in the work. As Frs. Duffy, Hanley and Carpentier were often miles away, completely out of touch and busy anyhow at their own station, there was no relief night or day.

Our chateau had not been originally intended for a dressing station. It was the headquarters of the brigadier general and a regimental colonel who with their staffs were directing each move in the nearby battle. Naturally a great number of dispatch carriers

were coming and going with reports and commands. When hundreds of wounded arrived in addition, the enemy, seeing through field-glasses all the activity where we were, laid down so terrific a barrage about the chateau that Gen. Lenihan and the colonel left, no more wounded could be brought in, and the few of us remaining had to take refuge in the cellar. It seemed to us in our underground shelter that at any minute the building might be demolished.

I remember actually witnessing in that cellar a soldier getting shell-shocked. He was seated at a field telephone, a few feet away from me. An unusually loud explosion occurred. There was at the same instant a flash from wires short-circuiting in front of him—and he began to yell and dance like a maniac. With difficulty we put him on a cot, two or three holding him down by sheer force. On the theory that religion is ever the deepest thing in human consciousness I shouted in his ear that I was a Catholic priest. I commanded him to shut up. Each time I repeated these words he became perfectly still, but only for a few moments; then the fury would return. But even momentary relief eased the strain on the rest of us who never knew what might happen when the next shell crashed.

About 3 P. M. I left the chateau as no more wounded could be brought in and there was no more work there for a chaplain to do. My companion and I ran through the curtain barrage that made entrance and exit so difficult. Reaching a nearby grove of small trees I was marooned there for several hours by planes flying in pairs and methodically machine-gunning the entire woods which was filled with artillery and doughboys. I donned my gas-mask as shells laden with the deadly phosgene-chlorine gas then in use exploded nearby. It was a hot July day but I covered myself with a heavy blanket and tried "to make a noise like a leaf" beneath the few scrimpy trees nearby. The thought of running from the planes reminded me of the Irishman who, when working on the railroad cut, put down his pick as the train approached and ran straight along the

tracks till the cow-catcher hurled him up the side of the steep bank. When he was asked later why he had not run up the bank to his right or left instead of straight ahead he replied: "if the darn thing could catch me so easy on the level—what chance would I have on the hillside?" Even in those pioneer days planes made over a hundred miles an hour, so running wouldn't have done much good.

That night in a dugout, after three successive alarms, I slept soundly (in that same gas-mask) from exhaustion. I never was so tired in my life. I felt very close to death several times that afternoon, even promising the Sacred Heart on one occasion to speak always of the devotion on future retreats, if He would see me through. Another night, when I was sleeping in the woods, a "whiz-bang" Austrian Skoda shell (so called because of its flat trajectory) exploded but a few feet away. I could feel the concussion waves distinctly—like a sudden rapid descent in an elevator—as dirt and stones showered my companion and myself.

But there were comedy and humor, too, along with the grim business of killings, burials, and hardships. Just to mention an instance or two. I met an Episcopalian chaplain from another division during these days who tried to induce me to join in a great baptizing crusade he had inaugurated. "You and I ought to work together," he urged. "Do you know, this army is simply full of unbaptized soldiers. Why, I am baptizing them right and left myself!" Apparently lack of any previous instruction was no great obstacle to him. Among the 800 soldiers in the 150th M. G. battalion there was one whose name was St. Peter. His inseparable chum rejoiced in the biblical patronymic, Cain! Then a William Sunday was sent us as a replacement, and a young lad whose last name was Luther asked to be baptized. So we had in a single battalion a St. Peter, a Cain, a Billy Sunday, and a Luther. Then an Italian joined us with the all but ecclesiastical name of "Roman Colla!" Cain like his proto-type was a tough customer. He neatly side-stepped me about confession again and again till after

the bombing at St. Hilaire-au-temple. The very next morning leaning out of the train as I passed on the platform he begged me to hear him. German planes apparently converted him after I could do nothing. Luther also turned out to be a problem. Before I could put him under instruction he was ordered to officers training school for study and possible promotion. But he took the wrong train somehow—went A.W.O.L. and, as far as I know, they are still looking for him. So I was denied the pleasure of reconciling Luther to the church!

Then there was the top-sergeant who used to round up all Catholics in his company, lagging and otherwise, and accompany them personally to confession before battle. His method of procedure, as he explained to me, was simplicity itself. Singling out a slacker who hadn't been to confession recently he would say to him: "Look here, Buddy—when I tell you to take a shower-bath, what do you do? You take your soap and towel, put them under your wing and do as you're told, don't you? Well when I tell you to go to confession, do as you're told." Top-sergeants don't need much logic. They were supposed to be able to lick any man in their company. At least one that he brought me on that rainy afternoon just before St. Mihiel made his last confession before death that day. Only a few hours later he received a direct hit in the thigh from a shell that literally tore him apart. The soldier just back of him on the confession line told me all about it the following day.

There was pathos, too, as in the case of the young Episcopalian who asked if he could not please receive Holy Communion with my Catholics. He had been head altar boy for Bishop Weller, he explained, in the Fond-du-Lac cathedral back home, but had had no chance to receive in over a year in France. I explained as gently and kindly as possible why I could not give non-Catholics the Holy Eucharist. One of my boys who was intently watching him speaking to me, came up immediately after and said: "Father, keep after him; I think he will become a Catholic. He's on the way!"

A friend of mine, a major from Alabama, once startled me by saying that he had written to his wife telling her about me and assuring her that, if she should die while he was in France, he would at once become a priest! About all he knew about priests was that they didn't marry! I kept a straight face long enough to say "my, my" and to ask him what was her response. "Oh, she's clever," he assured me, she wrote right back and said: "Yes, and if anything happens to you in this war, I will immediately become a nun!" That same major on another occasion, while traveling in the same compartment on a troop train with his adjutant and myself, asked me for a cigarette. All three of us were lying down on the benches, intermittently dozing. As I struck a match and leaned over with it the adjutant, waking from sleep on the other end of my bench, began to laugh heartily under the cap which covered his face. "What are you laughing at, So and So?", asked the major. "That's a good one, answered the adjutant, evidently thinking the whole set up looked mighty chummy, "two masons and a Jesuit in the same compartment and having a hell of a good time together!"

The 4th division relieved us at the Ourcq river so I spent the night with Fr. Rankin and loaned my mass-kit to Fr. Ryan from the Missouri province. They were both attached to that outfit. With the exception of a five-minute meeting with Fr. Richard O'Brien they were absolutely the only American Jesuits I had met in over a year. Even the French Jesuits in hiding were usually very hard to locate. I succeeded in finding them in Lyons, Brest and Chalons but only for short visits. I also called at our house in Coblenz, spending a night there when with the army of occupation.

The St. Mihiel battle was far less costly to us than anticipated. It offered all the elements of a titanic struggle for the first all-American venture. Fighting alone, we were forewarned by the French about our foolhardiness. They had attacked and lost on the same battlefield. But the Germans, though fighting stubbornly, elected to make it a heavy rear-guard

action as they retreated from the long-held salient. We took thousands of prisoners and much booty without tremendous losses. I recall enjoying some captured German "schnapps" to wash down the enemy food that fell into our hands. It was doubly welcome because we had advanced all day so quickly along blown-up roads that we had no food or field-kitchens of our own except reserve rations. In the affair at St Mihiel I might add, we saw the first evident signs of the coming allied victory in the war.

The Champagne defeat of the Germans has been aptly called the Gettysbury of World War I. Both were defensive, costly, but decisive victories. As the Southerners under Lee "reached the high water mark of the Confederacy" in Pickett's famous charge against the center of Meade's position, so the flower of German might, the Prussian Guard, was crushed after their last desperate gamble on those plains that saw Attila's downfall centuries before.

Ludendorff's shock troops had already, it must be remembered, been successful in breaking through the British army of General Gough, in March 1918. Later the Germans crashed through the British and French armies in Flanders. Another great offensive drove south from the Chemin des Darnes and reached as far as Chateau-Thierry. The ambitious plans of the German general staff then contemplated the final and complete defeat of the Allies in Champagne. A breakthrough there would have severed the Allied armies, with their right rolled up and crushed toward Verdun and their left smashed against the line of the Marne and Paris. After their Champagne defeat the Germans, like the Confederates after Gettysburg, fought bravely and stubbornly. But that strange mysterious imponderable morale, was gone. They were a beaten army and they knew it. Only loyalty to the fatherland, one captured officer told us at this time, kept them fighting what they knew to be a lost war.

I recall preparing a French poilu for death at St. Mihiel, a handsome lad of 18 or 20. Both legs had been shot away from him as he stepped out of his tank.

His commanding officer demanded why I wanted to speak to his boy (they regularly addressed their men as "mes enfants" before going over the top). When I explained that I was a Catholic priest, he saluted and retired gratefully.

In the Argonne forest, unlike St. Mihiel, the Germans fought desperately for every inch of the ground. These were the last three weeks before the armistice and American losses mounted daily. The Rainbow division had the honor of winning the last engagement in the war, the capture of Sedan. As was customary on such occasions, we invited the French to join the triumphal entry into the city after the fighting had all but finished.

The actual end of hostilities was almost as complete a surprise to men in the front lines as to civilians back home. Retreating under pressure in perfect order, a most difficult manoeuvre, with a powerful army not decisively beaten, the enemy seemed up to the last shot fired able to hold out for months. But scarcity of food and munitions with the ever-increasing American army (there were as many as twenty thousand U. S. soldiers landed in a single day at Brest!) finally broke the German will to fight. The German home-front, too, collapsed before its military forces were crushed. But Allied armies seemed to leave the victory celebrations to the ones back home.

Once, in the Argonne, I was mistakenly reported "missing in action" and a few of Ours even said Mass for the repose of my soul. It came about in the following manner. Fr. Duffy, then divisional chaplain, unexpectedly suggested to me one day that I go back for field-hospital work at Baulny. I was then on my way up front to help establish a dressing station for the attack soon to begin. We were at the time under considerable fire. My men knew I had been with them just previously, so, when they missed me, searching parties were sent out to scour the woods to find me. As I had no means of letting them know of my new assignment, I was given up for lost and my family duly notified. A curious aftermath occurred. Mr. Gallagher,

a philosopher at Woodstock, very kindly sent, at regular intervals all during the war, a special mimeographed province-news sheet to all our chaplains. Imagine my feeling when in the next issue actually addressed to me I read: "News has just been received that poor Fr. Kennedy is missing in action!" I couldn't figure out just why he wanted to notify me of the sad fact! Shades of Mark Twain!

After the armistice we marched on foot across a huge section of northern France, Belgium and Luxembourg, to the Rhine river in the industrial heart of Germany. It was early winter and the month's hike besides being cold was very hard on the feet as well as on shoe-leather. After having my shoes re-soled twice in a few weeks I had hob-nails added. These latter worked like a charm! I suffered somewhat at this time from the dysentery which I had had for months.

Drinking water in country districts of France (the inhabitants drink mostly wine) is frequently polluted. On this account enemy military authorities used to mark the bad "Kein trinkwasser." The French who always did things the opposite way to the Germans marked only the good ones as "eau potable." Many of us driven by thirst too often took a chance. Result—much dysentery, sickness, probably a few deaths.

Once in northeastern France, I recall we stopped at a small town the enemy had just evacuated after four years of occupation. Monsieur le Curé kindly invited me to dine that evening with him, promising to celebrate the occasion by opening a bottle of rare wine he had carefully hid in his cellar so the Germans wouldn't get it. In my very best French, I said the equivalent of: "I'm your man." We had had bone-dry prohibition in the American forces, so the prospect looked bright. But his cross-eyed old housekeeper unfortunately brought up the wrong hidden bottle from its underground lair, and before I knew it, I had swallowed a whole glassful of kerosene! Conversation naturally languished after that. My mouth somehow tasted as if full of lamp-wicks. Every time I coughed—a thing I did repeatedly—my system seemed lined

with coal-oil whose flavor even the real wine could not dissipate or conquer. I was even afraid to light a cigarette. I need not add that I didn't enjoy the dinner much.

The life from December to May in the Army of occupation was quiet and uneventful. I had charge of the post school and taught English and French daily. I said Mass in the parish Church in a village in which every single man, woman and child was Catholic. All had made their Easter duty the preceding year as the pastor proudly assured me. I often thought that American soldiers must have been forcibly struck by the accumulated evidence of the universality and strength of the Church. During their eighteen months stay in France, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Rhine province of Germany, it is almost true to say that scarce a church of the hundreds the Rainbow division passed was other than Catholic. In France, it was apparently a case of "Rome or unreason, the sacraments or sophistry." Protestant churches were all but non-existent in our thousand miles and more of travel through these sections of ancient Europe, while peasant cottages in which we billeted commonly boasted holy pictures on the wall or a crucifix over the portal. I hate to think of the harm Hitler may have done to the splendid, promising youth of the Rhine land with regard to their faith. The adults can and will take care of themselves even under persecution—of that I feel reasonably sure. I have never seen better Catholicity anywhere. American officers, commonly with little religious belief themselves, and easy morals, were struck by the purity and religious fervor found along the Rhine—and often spoke in admiration of them. Let us hope that Hitler may be forced "to go to Canossa", even as Bismark was after his iniquitous May laws, when freedom of religion returns once again to the staunch Catholics of the Rhine and the Ruhr.

The Midnight Mass, at Christmas 1918, is one of my happiest recollections of the war. My men pleaded for it and as Fr. Duffy was having one in the neighbor-

ing town of Remagen, I consented. Luckily, I arranged with "der herr Pastor" that only Americans should be admitted to the Church—that particular diocese having no midnight Mass of its own. As it turned out, our khaki-clad soldiers by themselves crowded the edifice to overflowing while our amateur quartette and our amateur organist and myself rendered Christmas carols, including of course "Heilige Nacht." My organist had been in civil life a pianist in a night club. Our original battalion quartette earlier in the year had been quite good till two of them were killed in battle. The pastor, I recall, was amazed at the size of the collection for Peter's pence taken up Christmas day. Like many French curés in the preceding twelve months he saw his church offerings doubled and tripled by American generosity. The story is told that on one occasion a French curé went to the American chaplain and asked "why it was that his men had contributed such an unbelievable amount in the last collection. On inquiry it was found out that on that particular Sunday the French pastor all through his sermon was heatedly scolding his people for overcharging Americans and making them pay exorbitant prices for everything. The doughboys not understanding a word that was said except "dix francs, cinq francs, huit francs, etc.", and seeing the pastor angrily pound the desk of the pulpit again and again, concluded that there must be a tremendously important collection about to be taken up and so contributed accordingly. They were evidently reasoning from similar outbursts back home!

Late in April the welcome order arrived to start the long return journey to America. General Pershing inspected the 20,000 men drawn up on a huge parade grounds skirting the Rhine river. As he marched with his staff through company after company drawn up at attention he occasionally made some gracious remarks to individual soldiers. Once he stopped to scrutinize a decoration on the breast of a sergeant of the fighting 69th, at which the non-com became utterly and com-

pletely confused. "Where did you get that decoration?" queried the commander-in-chief benignly, meaning, of course, in what battle? "At the quartermaster's!" answered the blushing sergeant all atremble! Pershing then addressed us in an excellent set speech stressing particularly the idea that men who had fought and bled like those in the Rainbow division should never let anyone belittle the contribution of America to success in the war. He seemed to hint strongly at organized efforts being set on foot to minimize the role that the United States had played. This movement, he minced no words in saying, he could not condemn strongly enough.

The return ocean voyage, about fifteen days, was uneventful except for one or two incidents. On Good Friday someone had arranged, with surprising bad taste, for a dance that evening. There were a number of army nurses, Y. M. C. A. ladies and French brides aboard, but I never found out who originated the idea. Catholic and Protestant chaplains formally protested, so the whole thing was squelched. In place of the dance that Good Friday I advertised a three o'clock service including beads and sermon. The response was very good—about one hundred attending, including some officers.

Another embarrassing thing happened that same Good Friday. A meeting of the eight or ten chaplains was called for, in the state-room of the fine young navy lieutenant in charge of all entertainment, services and social activities on board. I had asked for the use of the largest hall not only for Good Friday services but for our four Masses on Easter Sunday. Possibly fearing that he was favoring the Catholics (though not one himself) he called a joint meeting about 2:30 P. M. to talk things over.

A Protestant chaplain spoke first, strongly advocating a "union service" on deck for all denominations for Easter Sunday. The ministers to a man were evidently for it, even after I objected that we priests felt we had more than we could do to get out all our

Catholics. Therefore I suggested that all should try to get their own to turn out—a most difficult thing in any case. But the ranking Protestant chaplain stuck stubbornly to his guns even going so far as to suggest that I “read an antiphon” at the proposed love-feast—assuring everybody that nothing controversial or dogmatic would be touched on at the non-sectarian service. We Catholics of course had the numbers and this idea seemed part of the Protestant “comrades-in-service” movement for union of churches that was then being pushed. A paper advocating the idea had already been launched. An invitation had even been extended for exchange of pulpits between them and us after the war. The meeting adjourned before 3 P.M. so that we Catholics could hold our Good Friday services. All the chaplains, it was agreed, were to re-assemble at 4. In the meantime I talked things over with the other priests. I then looked up the senior chaplain and told him privately that we Catholics could take no steps whatever toward church union without first consulting our bishops. The best thing he could do under the circumstances, I suggested, would be to drop the union service idea entirely, each church going it alone. As I expected, our 4 masses were crowded. The other services were not well attended.

The communions that Easter Sunday were considerably increased by numerous sailors aboard who had not seen a priest for a year. Some had been doing shore-duty at inaccessible points along the English coast. So many came to my state-room for confession on Holy Saturday night that my minister room-mate very kindly vacated quarters again and again, because it had become a sort of confessional. Each sailor returning to the hold seemed to become an apostle and send up another till I thought it would never end.

We received a royal welcome in Boston harbor, tugs meetings us, flags flying, whistles blowing, reception committees at the dock with endless gifts of candy, cigarettes, free telegrams, etc. They even waved blan-

kets out of windows as our train started for Camp Ayer where we were finally mustered out of service.

My last souvenir of the war is one that impressed me deeply at the time and somehow keeps recurring. We were waiting in line "to sign the pay-roll" for the last time. During a slight delay an elderly Baptist chaplain looked at me and said thoughtfully: "Father, you and I have been good friends in the army. Now we have to go back to civil life and be enemies. Isn't it too bad!" Of course, he didn't mean truly "enemies"—but would that what he did mean weren't so!

LETTER FROM JAMAICA MISSION

From Linstead, Jamaica, center of eight mission congregations which he and Father Hennessey care for, Father James Harney writes:

My missions are a consolation to me and though they have presented many difficulties I think that a great deal of good work has been accomplished. I have already received a number of people into the Church this year and the prospects for the future are very bright. Twenty-one little children have made their First Holy Communion, and though this number would be insignificant at home in the States, it means a great deal in a mission country. As a rule most of these little children are either converts or are the children of converts. At the Concord Mission which is hardly twelve years old I look out on a Sunday congregation of fifty and more and all with the exception of four or five are new Catholics. This congregation is very poor in the riches of this life but it is making great progress towards obtaining the riches of heaven. The grown-ups and the children are very faithful in attending Sunday Mass and in frequenting the Sacraments. It is here that I am building one of my churches and I feel certain that it will mean a great deal to the district.

Of course the life is not a bed of roses. It has many difficulties but difficulties are always to be expected in any walk of life. One of the greatest difficulties we encounter is the Protestant Tradition in the island. People will become Catholics and remain Catholics unto death but some will carry over the customs of the Protestant Churches. They will think nothing of attending the Protestant services and they find it hard to submit whole-heartedly to the Authority of the Catholic Church. Of course they will submit in theory but some fail in reducing the theory to practice. The priest must not expect too much and he must always remember that these poor souls have not had the blessing of the Catholic Tradition. Other converts be-

come as fine and as zealous Catholics as you could find in any part of the world. One consoling thought is that, whether good, bad or indifferent, nearly all cling to the Faith unto death. It is a rare exception that relapses into Protestantism.

Last week I had an East Indian wedding and though the couple were born in Jamaica many of the East Indian customs were observed. There are two wedding-feasts; the first at the home of the bride and the other at the home of the 'groom. I had to officiate at both and bless the cake at each feast. An East Indian served as Master of Ceremonies and I must say he was a very competent one. Many speeches were made and of course "Yours Truly" had to make one; rather I had to make two, one at each feast. It was rather amusing but a bit difficult to address the same bridal couple twice on the same day. The feast at the bride's home was a rather gala affair, and it seems to be at this time that they stress the feast as it is the last time that the girl lives with her parents.

Besides the wedding-feast there was an exhibition (if one may call it an exhibition) of East Indian music and dancing. The women are not allowed to dance and so a man dressed as a woman does the dancing and he is accompanied by East Indian music and singing. The orchestra was composed of four men who played with some special bells (the like of which I have never seen before), an instrument that was something like a guitar, and a drum which resembled a keg. The drum had two heads and the drummer held it before himself and played it by striking the drumheads with the palms of his hands. It was rather novel to hear the different notes he could strike on his drum.

Then one man kept singing in Hindustani, or some East Indian dialect and the dancer kept time with movements of the body. Evidently he had been dancing for a long time, most likely for the whole night, as he seemed very tired. However, he became much animated when a handkerchief was dropped on the floor and a sixpence was placed in the middle of the handkerchief. This he would approach with a slow

rhythmic dance (rather a slow rhythmic creeping) with eyes fixed on the coin and when he had evidently reached the proper distance for the performance of his act he would bend his body over and around like a contortionist and pick up the coin in his mouth; then he would whirl around a few times as an evident expression of his success. The dance was very modest and it was more in the form of a ballet in which the dancer by his movements portrayed the theme of the song and the music.

Such activities precede the wedding-feasts for a few days, or better, for a few nights. The group had been brought from Kingston but there was a local group which vied with the one from Kingston. I was told there had been plenty of rivalry between the two troupes but when I arrived on the scene only the Kingston one was performing, and I marvelled at the way they kept on playing without time out for rest. The music and singing seem to have a touch of mysticism and to my ear was a bit weird at times and almost too sorrowful for a wedding-feast. It was almost an illustration of Kipling's "oh, east is east and west is west and ne'er the twain shall meet." The banquet table was just the opposite. There "east" and "west" met in a very happy mood. There were East Indians, Jamaicans, Chinese and a "Hennessey" and a "Harney" all of whom met and united in playing a tribute to the bride and the 'groom.

The East Indians, as a race, have many qualities which make them suitable for understanding the Catholic Religion; at least many points of it. They are religious by nature and they are strong opponents of divorce and birthcontrol. They believe that the children should marry when they are young; thus they claim that they will grow up and love one another and that this love will grow stronger as the years pass. Devotion of husband and wife and devotion of parents to their children are most admirable. A good East Indian woman would never think of allowing her servant to cook her husband's meals; that is an honour which she reserves for herself.

OBITUARY

FATHER WILLIAM J. MCGUCKEN

1889-1943

William Joseph McGucken had a remarkable love and respect for Cardinal Newman. And the reason for this real devotion of his maturer years was his own appreciation of the magnificent honesty and devotion to principle, which was devotion to Christ, that the Cardinal showed him the way to achieve in his own life; for the lives of the two were lived on the same cross and their triumphs were analogous.

Each knew his own power. Each knew the strength and capacity of his mind. Each knew that he could excell in any competition he chose to enter. Each knew, what was obvious, that he was superior in talent and mental discipline to most of the men he was ever to meet. And each found himself blocked, each found himself perforce spending rare riches on rough work. And each achieved superb peace of soul because, through sheer, dogged intellectual realization of the Will of God and through positively spendthrift love of the Person of Jesus Christ, each accomplished marvels and never "pleased himself."

Concretely this means that Father McGucken's life was thickly strewn with periods when he was listening, straining to hear clearly enough the Will of God in his regard. Born in Milwaukee March 10, 1889, and educated at Holy Rosary parochial school and Marquette, he waited a year after graduating from the College of Arts, teaching in the high school and reading the riddle of the divine call.

Arriving at the Novitiate at Florissant July 25, 1910, he undertook the self-discipline that resulted in such accurate and schooled control that he was able to do that hardest of all hard things for a man as intellectually endowed as he; he could "suffer fools gladly"

and without stunning rebuke for their folly. He was too alive to the possible good in every one and too delightfully aware of the humanity and personality of a man to think poorly of him for his slow wits.

At Florissant he learned in more poised and fuller fashion to subordinate his natural qualities with an ungrudging heart and with unsuspected power of self-sacrifice to whatever was manifest to him as the Will of God. It was well that he did. He was sent teaching after one year of Juniorate to find that the first World War and the needs of Chicago's St. Ignatius High School put him teaching freshman mathematics four and five hours a day.

In philosophy and theology he worked as never beavers worked—but effortlessly, as far as his companions could see. Ordinations came in 1923; the last two years of his theology he took in Europe. There, too, he worked untiringly studying European modes of education—the field to which he was assigned.

There were the years when the dichotomy of his mind was last noticeable. He had a certain preparation to make, and he was making it. God clearly willed that he do these things. He did them with all his heart, allowing the surely unique charm of all his humane and lovable qualities to stand out and to find free expression in his dealings with his Jesuit brethren. He relished them; he loved them; and he seemingly could never do enough to make them happy in their lives.

His rapid and brilliant course for the Doctorate at Chicago University was the last period of perfect tranquility in the mind of Father McGucken. With the beginning of his teaching career as a priest this tranquility almost vanished.

After tertianship he was assigned to the School of Education of St. Louis University. (The school has since had several names and is now known as University College.) It was so infinitesimal in the number of its full-time students that it might be said to be living then exclusively on twilight, that is, on its late-afternoon classes and on hopes.

At this task he fretted, for once more it was taking

much effort of will to be able to understand that the Will of God was being worked out in his life by the work he was undertaking. However, faced with the obvious fact that "there he was," he did not for a moment grow slack. He hewed marvelously on the ungracious, exiguous granite he was given until a school began to appear, well limned, and a structure sound and intellectually responsible was made. At a later date he was appointed General Prefect of Studies for the Missouri Province. In this office his talents attracted most attention.

In the midst of preoccupation, Father McGucken saw to it that the demands of religious life were not slighted. He loved to deal with his brethren because they were his friends. And his charity to the sick was astonishingly thorough and completely inconspicuous. He always had time to drop everything to help another. His unobtrusive charity was evident in his genuine concern for the advancement of the younger members of the Society, in his tolerant attitude towards the willing but perhaps less successful. How often, too, when occasion offered, he found time for the written note of sympathy or of congratulation, of encouragement or of thanks, to one of his fellow-religious.

And then his own turn for suffering came with the "strokes" which dumped him rudely into a long beckoning sick-bed—a very Procrustean bed for him. But his spirit never flagged, his courage never lessened a minute fraction, and his industry simply took on other shapes. If we do not count his very learned and most useful doctoral dissertation, which he amended and published, he wrote his first book while vacationing and recuperating from a major illness.

Imbued with the spirit of community life, he did his part dutifully to foster this virtue. He made it a point to attend faithfully the common recreation, where he could be counted upon to furnish interest and diversion from daily cares. His laugh was infectious. And he laughed most heartily in the recreation room. If his quick wit or keen observation led him at times to critical expression of his views, one felt that there

was more of observation and of wit, and less of animus and of intention.

Before he was really back on his feet after the first of several "strokes," Father McGucken was at the active work of teaching. And this period of his life was truly constructive. His influence began to be felt in the learned societies he joined, in the committees, both national and Jesuit, to which he was drafted. He wrote the Catholic side in a symposium of the ablest educators in the country. He wrote often and he wrote with telling precision, clarity, and force. And he spoke at many and many a convention.

However, the work that lay nearest his heart was his work with his own younger brethren, with the scholastics at study and with the Jesuits at work in the teaching field. He was completely clear and satisfied as to God's Will in this province of his apostolate. It was that Jesuits be able, be qualified, be leaders in the business of teaching and in their own personal appreciation of and quest for knowledge and culture and ranging vision and depth.

He taught the scholastics with a tolerance for their youth, and sometimes, for their recklessness that bewildered those who knew the forthrightness of his spirit and the uncompromising character of his mind and principles. He counselled, encouraged, kept at a higher level of efficiency those who were teaching. He spied out good qualities in the young men of the Society and attempted in every feasible way to see to it that those qualities got development. And he could lead!

He had a special interest in the teaching of religion, both in high schools and in colleges. He undoubtedly contributed more to the future development of that thorny science and art by the course he gave the scholastics than did any other single influence that otherwise entered their lives. He knew that they must know, accurately, exactly, but also with the heart.

And the most cherished point of all his instruction, the one matter about which he allowed himself the unaccustomed indulgence of a boast was in his efforts to show the scholastics what the Mass was and how it

mattered. For the Mass was with a certain, rumming insistence the beginning and the end of his own spiritual life. In the Mass he found comfort and strength for himself. In the Mass he personally found the solution of his own personal and burning problem—the actual, clear, and almost intoxicating evidence from the Person of Christ of the perfect manner of executing the Will of God.

He died November 5, 1943, on one last mission for the Society and in one last enterprise that concerned its educational life and vitality. Perhaps, when the inexorable summons came, the least surprised of all was Father McGucken himself. During the past several years, he had frequently brushed elbows with Death, and where preparedness was the paramount issue, he was never the one to be caught unready. No longer fearful of death, he had grown to speak with familiarity of its nearness.

The when or the where had come to matter little. In any case, the King would find him in suffering and toil; for among the meditations of the Exercises his favorite was that of the Kingdom of Christ; and it was his determination "to signalize himself in every kind of service" and to offer his whole person in labor for the Eternal King and Universal Lord. May he rest in peace.

FATHER JOSEPH M. HAAS

1868-1943

The Apostolic work of the parish with its varied duties was the appointment that Father Haas devotedly carried on for 25 years after the beginning of his active ministry in 1907. His first assignment was in Cleveland.

For this work Father Haas was well fitted. He

seemed to be drawn naturally to the lowly and simple-hearted: little children and the poor. His enduring interest in the study of doctrine and devotion blended admirably with his simplicity and clarity of expression to make Father Haas an excellent catechist as well as an effective preacher of catechetical sermons. These two offices, of catechist and preacher, together with his kindness in the confessional, made him a beloved priest in Cleveland, St. Louis, and Mankato.

Born at Buffalo, N. Y., on August 30, 1868, Joseph Haas attended St. Ann's parish church and school. His secondary and college education he received at Canisius College, at that time a house of the old Buffalo Mission, and on September 1, 1891, he entered the Novitiate of the mission at Prairie du Chien.

Novitiate and juniorate completed, Mr. Haas was sent, in the fall of 1896, to the German scholasticate at Valkenburg for his philosophy and theology. Here he developed the studious habits and particularly the interest in theology and church history that were to characterize even the years of failing mental powers toward the close of his life. Even then a discussion of some moral problem would attract his eager and vigorous participation.

After his ordination to the priesthood in 1901, Father Haas made his Tertianship at Wijnansdonk in Holland, 1901-02, and then returned to the United States to begin his work as a priest of the Society of Jesus.

At Campion college he spent one year (1903-04) as prefect of studies. This was followed by a three-year period as minister of the residence at Mankato. It was at the end of this term that Father Haas was sent to Cleveland.

Despite qualities of mind and character that made Father Haas the peer of many of his brethren, he was not infrequently ill at ease with them. He seemed to find the informalities and frictions of community life particularly hard to bear. Only very gradually could he adapt himself to a new community. If one can judge by external indications, Father Haas must have been ex-

tremely sensitive to the little hurts and injuries that are almost inseparable from common life. In the midst of even the largest community he was always a lonely man, and through the years he tended increasingly to seek solitude. Still he was not a morose, nor even an unpleasant character. From timidity and diffidence he avoided meetings with visitors to the community, although, if he were surprised into an encounter, he was an interesting, gracious, and congenial companion.

Much of his leisure was spent in study and much, too, in long, solitary walks. It was these walks that gave him opportunities for contact with types of men, especially vagrants and destitute people, not often encountered by our Fathers. During his years at St. Joseph's and later at St. Charles, Father Haas carried on his apostolate among the outcasts he met. His own mental sufferings during these years deepened his sympathy for their hardships and distress, so that he was able to give them supernatural encouragement with the radiant vision and grace of Christ.

Even in his failing years Father Haas remained a kindly and inspiring director of souls. After St. Mary's was opened as a Theologate, Father Haas was appointed a house confessor. One of the theologians paid him the great compliment of remarking that in him, he had found *the* confessor.

Father Haas died quietly and peacefully on October 26, 1943, only a short time after the celebration of his golden jubilee on September 1, 1941. May he rest in peace.

BROTHER BERNARD HINDERHOFER

1860-1943

"Who makes the trees grow?" asked the zealous teacher of the elementary catechism class at St. Francis Mission.

"Brother Shoemaker," was the youngster's confident and unhesitating reply.

Of course, the children had been drilled in the answer that it is God in Whom we live, and move and are. And with this qualification, the child was entirely correct. It took thirty-eight years to change the barren, sand-swept mission to an oasis. Today, 22,000 trees gracing the prairie "where no tree could grow" are a living memorial to the labors of the little shoemaker.

When seventeen years old, in 1877, Bernard Hinderhofer saw with horror one morning that during the night a drunken fellow had carried out his threat to smash into bits a large crucifix in the parlor. Then and there Bernard made up his mind to become a humble shoemaker to atone for this indignity to his crucified Saviour.

Seeking to earn a living at his adopted trade, Bernard found himself at the Jesuit College in Feldkirch. He began to ply his hammer and awl for the Jesuits, and continued to do so for sixty years, for here, too, he found his religious vocation. The little Brother Blitz-schuster—who had picked up gardening as a side line—arrived at St. Francis Mission in August, 1899.

Brother Hinderhofer, alias Shoemaker, became also the grand almoner. Many a day he had to feed up to fifty Indian visitors at the school. His memoirs indicate that through the years he served about a million meals!

All his work he did smilingly, talking and trotting—he had no time to walk—in spite of the ailments which came with advancing years. Small in body, he had the will-power and endurance of a giant. He could never do enough for his crucified Saviour. Up to the end, November 30th, 1943, he remained the King's faithful little shoemaker. May he rest in peace.

V A R I A

CALIFORNIA PROVINCE

The American Assistancy.—

Gripsholm.—Father John A. Lennon, S.J., just returned from Japanese-occupied China on the Gripsholm, gives the following up-to-date news of Jesuits in the Far East.

“When we said good-bye on Sunday morning, September 19th, we left behind us interned within the walls of the mission compound at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, a group of 55 so called ‘enemy aliens’, whose only crime, as the Japanese told Maryknoll Fathers at Dairen was that they were ‘unfortunate enough to have been born in America or other enemy countries.’ When we had answered the first roll-call on April 13, 1943, we numbered 64, including American, Canadian, British, Belgian and Dutch Jesuits, Australian and American Missionaries of St. Columban, American Maryknollers, British and Dutch Salesians, and one Marist Brother of British nationality. When the call came for two chaplains for the large camp, or more correctly Civilian Assembly Center, at Yangchow, Fr. Milner, S.J., and James Thornton, S.J., volunteered. In other Civilian Assembly Centers in the vicinity of Shanghai, Frs. Leo McGreal and Wilfred LeSage were at Lungwha, and Frs. Thomas Phillips and John Magner at the Yu Yuen Road Public School.

Our life at Zi-ka-wei followed the ordinary daily order of the community, with the one exception that once a day, usually at 11:15 a. m. one of the Japanese officials came to check us over. Apart from that we were not bothered by their presence. We priests were not allowed to preach or hear confessions of outsiders, to receive or make visits or telephone calls; all had to remain within the compound walls. For a necessary visit to a dentist or doctor, written permission had to

be given by the daily inspector—a permission readily granted.

The Scholastics continued their theological studies; and at the beginning of the present scholastic year, Fr. Charles McCarthy joined Fr. Frank Rouleau on the staff of the theologate; and Messrs. John Brennan and Joseph Donohoe began their course of theology. Frs. Gerald Pope, Thomas Carroll, Daniel Clifford, Richard Meagher, Maurice Meyers, and James Thornton (if he can leave the civilian camp at Yangchow) are making their Tertianship.

Frs. Francis X. Farmer, Ralph Deward, Stanislaus Fitzgerald, James Kearney, and John Lipman are living in the Residence adjoining the Theological. Frs. Mark Falvey and Joseph Gatz were still in Soochowfu, interned with the Canadian Jesuits when we left Shanghai, but were expected to arrive at Zi-ka-wei shortly after our departure.

American Jesuit activities in the Shanghai area are providentially being carried on by others. Gonzaga College is going ahead under the able direction of Fr. Justo Jerez, S.J., who was here on the Coast a few years ago. The school, staffed by Chinese professors under Mr. Joseph Zi, an alumnus of the college and for the past several years its Chinese director, has an enrollment of 320 boys in the middle school, and over 600 children in the primary school. The parish of Christ the King, formerly under Frs. McGreal, Kearney, Lipman and LeSage, is now cared for by two Irish priests of the St. Columban Missionary Society, Frs. McWilliams and Collins; as holders of Irish Free State passports, they are considered neutrals. They also attend to the publication of the Catholic Review, a monthly which Msgr. A Haouisee had entrusted to Frs. Kearney and Lipman. The Sunday evening radio talks inaugurated several years ago by our Fathers are now being given by Irish Scholastics from Hong Kong, who are studying theology at Zi-ka-wei. The work for the Russians also goes on uninterrupted. When Frs. Wilcock and Milner, of the English province, and Meyers of the Chicago Province were interned at

Zi-ka-wei, two more Irishmen stepped into the breach, a Franciscan, Fr. Chambers, and a Columban, Fr. O'Collins.

So, all in all, things are not too bad for our interneers at Zi-ka-wei and in the Civilian assembly centers. When we left, prices were astronomically high in the local currency, still at Zi-ka-wei the gardens furnished sufficient food for table, and all went to work with a cheerful smile. The parting word to all of us as we rode away was one of good wishes to all the friends of the China mission, and a promise that God's work would continue in China despite all the difficulties and obstacles put in its way."

CHICAGO PROVINCE

Patna Mission.—The Jesuits of the Chicago province, numbering 106, have been laboring in and about Patna since 1921. Success throughout India in mission work has been phenomenal, for in the past ten years the number of Catholics has increased 33 per cent bringing the total to over 4,055,000.

Chaplain Speaks.—His hands and wrists revealing the marks of long months of torture in five German concentration camps, Captain Pierre Goube, S.J., lectured recently in Chicago. He is now chaplain of the Free French Flying Cadets who are training with American flyers in various parts of the country.

MARYLAND PROVINCE

Belgian Statesmen at Georgetown.—Mr. Frans Van Cauwelaert, Minister of State and President of the

House of Representatives of Belgium was guest of the faculty of Georgetown Thursday evening, January 20, 1944, at the invitation of Col. Joseph S. Daugherty, Commandant of the ASTP unit at the Hilltop.

Mr. Van Cauwelaert was a guest of honor at the Retreat ceremony and parade of 1,440 of the Georgetown soldier-students. At 7:30 P. M., after dinner with the Jesuit faculty, the Belgian Minister made the following address to the Army cadets of the foreign area and language section studying French in the School of Foreign Service:

"I consider it a very great honor to have been invited by your distinguished commandant, Colonel Dougherty, to attend this Retreat ceremony; and I was very much impressed by the military perfection of your parade. I congratulate you sincerely.

"Great duties will be yours in the near future. You are highly favored in having the opportunity to prepare yourselves for them under the auspices of such a famous institution of higher education as Georgetown University, and under the guidance of an eminent body of professors such as this University is qualified to provide. You are living on the grounds where such immortal military leaders and statesmen as George Washington, Lafayette, and Foch once have addressed other assemblies of young Americans such as you. I am convinced that their memories are inspiring you in your work, and will later be a powerful incentive to you as you accomplish with honor the great task to which you are dedicated, the task of liberating the world from the worst forces of evil that have ever appeared on the battlefields of history. A Provident God has selected your country to be the strong arm of His justice and afterwards a mighty builder of mankind's future. You will take up with enthusiasm your share in the realization of such a unique destiny.

"I was deeply moved while listening to the Belgian anthem as it was played by your fine band. I thank you whole-heartedly for this delicate attention. My thoughts were wandering out to the shores of our North Sea, and the impatiently expected day when the American and British armies will break down the iron walls behind which all my fellow countrymen and some very dear relatives are suffer-

ing in a thousand ways, and will restore to my country its independence and its time-honored liberties. Some of you will be among the liberators. I don't need to give you the assurance that you will be welcomed with joy and gratitude, but I can add with certainty that you find us at the same time a people who, although exhausted by years of privation and illtreatment, are still as proud as they were in the most glorious days of their history, a people worthy of your lasting friendship.

"I express to every one of you my best wishes for a brilliant and successful future, and, after victory, a happy return to your families.

"I thank you."

MISSOURI PROVINCE

The Queen's Work Writer Selected.—Rev. Aloysius J. Heeg, S.J., of the staff of The Queen's Work, St. Louis, American Sodality central office, has been commissioned to write an 800-word article on "Mary, the Mother of Jesus," for the encyclopedia, "Brittanica Junior."

St. Louis Theologians.—Two pamphlets by Mr. Southard, *Almighty Magic* and *Reporter in Heaven*, have been published. Two series of sermons, over a hundred in number by different theologians, are being published by a Harrisburg firm, through the instrumentality of Mr. McAuliffe.

An Alumnus Remembers.—Jesuit Seminary Aid has been left \$350,000 in the will of a Marquette alumnus, Mr. Frederick Miller of the Miller Brewery Company. On January 19, a Month's Mind High Mass was celebrated in the Gesu for Mr. Miller, at which the Gesu school children attended.

NEW ORLEANS PROVINCE

Jesuit Honored.—St. Louis University has conferred on the Rev. Henry Tiblier, S.J., of Spring Hill College, the rare degree of Magister Aggregatus on the authority of the Gregorian University in Rome, where Father Tiblier was about to take his examination when the outbreak of war between Italy and the United States made it necessary for him to leave; he already had his doctor of Philosophy degree. He was directed subsequently to report to St. Louis University for the examination, at which the Rev. Henri Joseph Renard, S.J., presided.

NEW YORK PROVINCE

Earthquake Detected.—On Dec. 23, at 6 a. m., Father Joseph Lynch, S.J., director of the Fordham Seismograph Observatory, found a recording on the drum which by his calculations indicated a major earthquake disturbance in the South Pacific about in the Solomons or New Guinea.

By V-mail on Jan. 2, he got a letter from a former student of his, now in the armed forces in the South Pacific (location cannot be named), telling him that on Dec. 24 (the time out there is a day later) an earthquake occurred just under his feet more or less and threw him to the ground. He did not recover for several minutes. After rubbing his sore nose he immediately sent a letter to Father Lynch reporting the quake and "hoped that it went all the way north to Tojo."

Fifty Years In Same Post.—Brother Claude Ramaz, S.J., completed fifty years of continuous service with the Messenger of the Sacred Heart on Thursday, Jan.

27. For most of these decades he has been in charge of the production and circulation of the magazine.

Born in Lyons, France, on Nov. 27, 1868, Brother Ramaz was brought to the United States in early childhood by his parents who settled in New York City. His father died when Brother Ramaz was four years of age, and his mother during his eighteenth year, at which time he was employed in a clerical position.

Two years after his mother's death he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Frederick, Md., on March 19, 1888. He was stationed there for almost six years.

On January 27, 1894, he was assigned to assist the editors of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, whose publication office was then located in Philadelphia.

In 1922-23 he planned and supervised the construction of the modern and efficient printing plant at Fordham in which *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and the other publication of the Apostleship of Prayer are produced, and has since directed its operation. The constant improvement in the quality and attractiveness of the magazine and the other Apostleship of Prayer publications have been due largely to his skillful management, his prudent judgment, his sure grasp of business details, and his expert knowledge of the technical process of publication.

On March 19, 1938, Brother Ramaz celebrated his golden jubilee as a member of the Society of Jesus. Now the still rarer occasion, of the completion of fifty years of continuous service in the same post, will be marked by appropriate ceremonies and affectionate felicitations from the editors of *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* and his other fellow workers in the promotion of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Without the slightest exaggeration it can be said that Brother Ramaz has been an inspiration to all who deal with him. His kindly good-nature, his solid though unobtrusive piety, his self-effacing humility, and above all his tireless zeal for the glory of God and the spread of His Kingdom on earth, win the affection, the admiration, and the genuine respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

OREGON PROVINCE

Soldiers Receive Instruction.—Many Oregonians are among the theologians who, in cooperation with Father Fallon of Kenrick Seminary, are giving correspondence courses in religion to men in the armed forces, both to prospective converts and to Catholics who have never received instruction. Several "pupils" have already received Baptism and their First Holy Communion.

Distinguished Visitors in Northwest.—Jesuit houses in the Northwest entertained a distinguished visitor last month when Father Pius Moore, of the California province mission band, passed through on his way to California. His cross-country trip was the conclusion of a long journey from Shanghai to New York where with 162 other repatriated American missionaries, he disembarked from the steamer Gripsholm on December 1. Father Moore, former student and teacher at Gonzaga University, had been interned with other French, Canadian and American missionaries, in China since the outbreak of the war.

From Other Countries—

BELGIAN CONGO

Jesuit Botanist Dies.—Brother Gillet, S.J., founder of the Botanical Gardens at Kisantu, Belgian Congo, who died recently, was one of Africa's greatest horticultural and agricultural authorities, the Belgian Information Center in New York says. He introduced into Africa crops which have become staple foods among the natives, and developed a number of new plants. He was a leader in the battle against soil erosion.

CUBA

Noted Scientist Dies.—The Rev. Mariano Gutierrez Lanza, S.J., widely known as director of the Belen College Observatory, has died at the age of seventy-eight. Father Lanza was at Georgetown University and the Jesuit House at Florissant, Mo., at the turn of the century. He was born at Pardave, Spain, and entered the Loyola novitiate of the Society of Jesus at the age of eighteen, and five years later continued his studies at Ona, Burgos.

Father Gutierrez Lanza first came to Cuba in 1891 and taught physics and chemistry at Belen until 1896 when he returned to Ona for further studies. He was ordained in 1889 and went to Washington in 1900 for special study at Georgetown University and the Naval Observatories before returning to Cuba two years later. In 1907 he became director of the Seismological Station at Belen Observatory, and in 1920 of the Monserrate College Observatory. In 1924 he returned to Belen as director of the observatory.

Hurricanes in the Antilles were the special study of this Jesuit scientist and he is credited with having saved many lives. He was the author of numerous books on such subjects as cyclones, earthquakes and Cuban climatology.

ITALY

Vatican City.—The Holy Father suspended all Papal audiences for the duration of spiritual exercises which started November 28 and ended December 4. His Holiness participated in the exercises which were conducted by Father Ambrogio Fiocchi, S.J.



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REFLECTIONS ON A YEAR OVERSEAS

A Letter From

CAPTAIN JAMES A. MARTIN, S.J.

Chaplain, U. S. Air Force

January 28, 1944.—Today marks the anniversary of our entrance into foreign ports, via Africa, and it has started me reminiscing. Mentally celebrating the anniversary, I find that this war has cut out a most unexpected and strange path for us during the past year.

You can thank a bad case of bronchitis for getting to read these recollections. After much coughing my voice left me. And the doctor said "to bed and stay there." I went back to my tent and turned in. It was late then, actually dusk, and not long afterwards night set in. Soon the entire camp was quiet. While lying here I found myself thinking of Stephen Foster's "Tenting Tonight In The Old Camp Ground." I began to whistle it softly. An occasional plane broke the silence overhead. That was the night patrol. In the distance the artillery's big guns rumbled. Yet with all that, it was a pensive atmosphere, and circumstances so shaped my mood. So I began—

Orders telling us to leave Camp Kilmer, N. Y., on January 13, 1943, didn't surprise us. We had spent considerable time there, so much time that the boys were restless awaiting the "go" sign. The 13th arrived cold and sharp. About six o'clock in the evening all

had boarded the train and we started to move out. The boys were happy because they were finally going "over". They sang and joked boisterously the whole way to and on the ferry. Over there as we moved into the ships we could discern in the black night the forms of large ships lying by waiting for troops to board. It didn't take long for that, and by eleven o'clock all were bedded in. I was in a stateroom, originally for two, but on this trip with eight other officers. When we awakened the next morning we saw that we were out at sea and our convoy had formed.

The sea trip was pleasant as far as the weather and the companionship, but the zig-zagging of the ship—a system used to avoid torpedoes—was often quite annoying. The food was excellent. We had an amplifying system on board and used it to provide entertainment for the men. In the afternoon it was a kind of "sidewalk" quiz program from the rear deck. In the evening it was a musical program, volunteer talent every night, together with a Sports Quiz program. The boys liked them. They did entertain, and helped kill the time, especially for those unfortunates packed in the lower decks.

Our convoy of twenty ships had excellent protection in the way of a light cruiser and a number of destroyers. Rumor had it we sighted submarines several times but our excitement ended there. Each day I was able to celebrate Holy Mass; the daily Mass in a small room off the main deck, the Sunday Masses (one at eleven o'clock and the other at four) on the promenade deck. The listing of the ship while it zig-zagged usually had me on edge throughout the Masses. Attendance at Mass was always good which was most encouraging and consoling.

After several days out at sea we learned we were heading for Africa. Most overy one had suspected it.

Early in the afternoon of January 25, we sighted a city shining in the sun. It's shore stretched several miles along the coast and it seemed so strangely new and clean, and, as we drew closer, modern and untouched for the fable-laden country of Africa to which

war had suddenly come. About six o'clock we were edging our way into the harbor through the breakwater and the sight that met our eyes eloquently told of the first American landings there. The pride and joy of the French Fleet, the huge battleship, *Jean Bart*, with several wide gaping holes in her side, was a tragic sight. Masts and funnels of other ships edged over the waters' surface in mute testimony of what lay beneath and the reason for its present conditions.

By this time we all knew that we were in the harbor of Casablanca.

It wasn't until eleven o'clock that we were finally permitted to disembark. Then we were moved off in a hurry. And away we went on foot to our area, an Air Field some three or more miles away. We bedded in about three o'clock.

We had four hours sleep that night, on the floor of a room used as headquarters. In the morning orders were issued to be prepared to move out that night. At six o'clock we entrained—all thirty officers in a first class car, five persons to a two-man state-room, and the men in "forty and eight" freight cars. For seven days we moved along on that train into the interior of the country, usually most beautiful, till we finally arrived at Ain M'Lila ("The daughter of Lila"—Arabic).

At the air field there we serviced Fortresses. The field was set at the base of a huge mountain which was good protection for us. Many nights Photo Freddy came over and evidently couldn't find us for nothing ever happened. The nights were bitterly cold there, which rather surprised us, though not after learning that we were over 3700 feet above sea level.

On the fifth of March we moved up to Youks le Bain, and from there serviced Spits and Px40's way up ahead at Telepthe and Sbeitla together with the air-field located at Youks. Once a week I travelled to the distant fields, stayed overnight with the boys, offered Holy Mass for them, then went up ahead to the next field for a second Mass. It was rough living, but those boys were always in the best of spirits.

Colonel Fleming, our Group Commander, left us here to take over the largest Air Depot Group in Africa located at Maison Blanche, just outside Algiers. We regretted seeing the Colonel go for he organized this Group and brought it along to its present fine status. In Colonel Howell, the incoming C. O., we were getting a man not quite the disciplinarian that Colonel Fleming was, but possessing other qualities, chief of which were his interest and devotion to his men. Under his leadership we could rise to great heights in the Service Command and go along as the outstanding Group in the entire Mediterranean Theatre.

But about Youks le Bain—in this little village with it's some two or three hundred populace we bivouaced in an almond grove. It was springtime. The trees were just blossoming and it seemed that nature was doing her very best to counteract War's cruel and hardening influence of her tender white blossoms. After the bitterly cold winter spent in Ain M'Lila our stay here was pleasant, and the French villagers made every effort to be friendly.

There was a little church. It looked rather large from its external structure, but was hardly big enough for all our boys, and entirely too small when the Second Armored Division was back near us resting for their last big push.

The Foreign Legion had a Battalion there, too. Their losses had been heavy and they were back reorganizing and getting a breathing spell. Their Chaplain was a Spanish Padre, a Basque who with his people opposed Franco in Spain and later had to flee the country. His opposition here didn't shape up much better, particularly when his newly appointed Colonel on the occasion of his first inspection told the Padre to remove his chaplain's cross from his uniform and "go get a gun." The Padre tried to reason with the Colonel, but to no avail. He deserted, was hunted down, managed to escape, and turned up later as an auxiliary chaplain in the French Army. I can tell you more about this later.

But about the little church—I grew to love it. The

people kept it immaculately clean, and what a joy it was to come back to it after my forward excursions and offer the Holy Sacrifice under a roof, protected by four walls. There would be no need to be on edge throughout the entire Mass. And the simple devotion of those people seemed to personify that of the angels who in adoration hover over every Sacrifice that is offered on this earth. My plans for Holy Week and Easter Sunday were rather elaborate, and the villagers joyfully entered into them. But much to our distress orders sent us off early that week for a new destination. The misfortunes of war would leave those people without services on Easter Sunday.

The African campaign was moving into its final stage.

On the 20th of April we arrived at our advanced field in Ebba Ksour. It was just below Le Kef. For the first time we were to have all our Fighter Groups close by us. Four fields were next to each other and the whole area was just about fifteen miles square. The two Groups of P40's, the Spit, and the P51's which were now in our theatre and were being used for reconnaissance, were all next door neighbors.

The fields of Africa were rolling in beauty those days. Poppies grew by the thousands. But there were golden flowers, too, and some kind of delicate-shaded celestial blue flower that grew in as great abundance as the poppies. You would pass fields where just the poppies grew, or the golden flowers, or the blue ones. Then again the blue would be mixed with the golden, or the red poppies with the golden. On one occasion there was a fairyland right before my eyes—all three, blue, red and golden together. And the day I came upon that scene under a soft late afternoon sun I gasped at the breathtaking beauty of it all. If one little spot in Africa can be so enchanting, what must Heaven be like!

The hum of motors overhead had me quickly looking to see whether it was friend or enemy. It is difficult to distinguish from afar. And one cannot afford to be ecstatic with the possibility of sudden death

winging through the sky. They turned out to be Spits and must have had a very successful mission for they came in low and buzzed the field which was their custom on a very successful day.

While at Ebba Ksour I drove up to a detachment of our boys located at Bone. And on the only morning there visited the magnificent Augustinian Cathedral situated high on the hill of Hippono, overlooking the entire city of Bone. The right arm of St. Augustine is preserved there—it being the site of his Episcopal See back in the 4th century—and on his altar I had the happy privilege of celebrating Holy Mass.

Meantime the campaign wasn't going so well for Rommel with his Germans and Italians. They were caught in a vise by the English from the South and the Americans from the East and North. Soon they lost Bizerte and Tunis, were pushed back onto Cape Bone and with no chance for evacuation they surrendered. Rommel had flown out and escaped. About May 21st, we immediately moved up to the Cape where the planes continued their assault on Sicily and Italy.

But now the African campaign was over and thousands upon thousands of German and Italian prisoners were being convoyed back over the road—in their own trucks with their drivers—to temporary prison camps in the rear.

The first day in Tunis Father (Colonel) Walsh, chief of Air Force Chaplains in Africa, turned over his restaurant to me. He had hurriedly opened it the day the troops moved in. I came in two days later, passed him on the main street, fifteen minutes later found myself running a restaurant for British and American troops. That lasted a week when I was fortunately able to turn same over to the Service Command and get up to the Cape to my own outfit.

On the public square in Tunis stands the large and magnificent pro-Cathedral. I visited the Archbishop, a big friendly man, and had lunch with him. I returned to see him several times.

I later went out to visit the Cathedral of the ancient

and famed Carthage. Never in all my born days did I ever hope to be able to visit this place, made famous by the pagan Virgil, made sacred by the martyrdom of some twenty thousand Christians. Chief among the latter were Perpetua and Felicitas who were fed to the lions. That ancient amphitheatre is still standing, the lions' cage is there and also the prisoners' cage from which the two young noble martyrs were driven into the arena. Now the long, long narrow cage is a shrine with a beautiful marble altar dedicated to the memory of the two most illustrious women who gave their lives there. The Germans had desecrated this shrine and it was my happy privilege to have the place cleaned of all its debris and broken marble and reconsecrate it on a beautiful Sunday afternoon in May.

My stay at the Cape was very short, for after being there but five days orders came from Headquarters in Algiers assigning me to a newly formed Command which was being organized for the Pantelleria invasion. Back to Algiers I flew and on arriving there received permission to put up with the French Jesuit Fathers at their College instead of staying at a hotel.

Colonel Fleming, former Commanding Officer of the 41st, was forming this new Command and I saw then why I was called to be its Chaplain.

After being in the French Capital City for a week, I accepted an invitation to dinner from the Fathers and much to my distress, and that of five other Fathers, was laid up the next day and five additional days, with stomach poisoning. A cream they served for dessert had turned sour. The Command meanwhile had received orders to push on by plane to the much bombed city of Sousse on the coast, but I received a few days of grace to recuperate. On the day appointed, still quite weak, I made my way to the airport and stoutly prepared for the five hour air trip.

On arriving at Sousse I found that the Command had pitched camp in a large olive grove. With mosquito nets tied to the trees they were sleeping on the ground. That was quite rough but then the cold "c"

rations on an already weak stomach made it more so. I bought some eggs from an Arab, had them hard boiled over a Boy Scout fire, and found that they helped me more than anything else. Hardly any doctor would prescribe it.

After several days stay there we boarded an LST in the badly battered harbor on a clear moonlight night; what a perfect target we made for a raid! The Mediterranean was too rough so we stayed there that night and the next day. The following night we moved out and with a two destroyer escort headed for Pantelleria. After an eight hour trip, the Island hovered in sight about six o'clock the next morning. We went in close and found it too rough to land—it's harbor facilities had been blasted away and its waters filled with sunken craft. Out to sea we went under protection and returned to land about two o'clock that afternoon. We were surely hungry by that time as our rations had run out the night before. There was considerable difficulty getting ashore but without any casualties we made it. Just as the last man was off, three or four Jerries suddenly bolted out of the sky. They sank our supply ship, made a direct hit on the large British destroyer, shot up a Fortress that had two motors shot out while bombing over Italy, and was limping in to the airfield there, and then proceeded to dash back to their Sicilian base, but not before our ack ack brought down two of them. They crashed into the Mediterranean.

Each day and night we had continual air raid alarms, but few planes ever got through. Our patrols managed to fight them off each time.

During our stay on that well fortified (by Italians), heavily bombed, strategically situated Island the invasion of Sicily occurred, then later that of Italy. We had, as it were, a grandstand seat for it all, and watched the whole procession file by and go into action. At night our pilots would give us their story of the day's action. Four months had elapsed since we first set foot on the Island and the task of the Command had been completed. It was disbanded and we headed

back for our own outfits. Transport planes were rarely on the island those last days so in order to get off with all my Chaplain's equipment I took the first plane to land there. The plane was going to Tunis, Africa. From Tunis I flew to Sicily. We landed in Catania, then Barcelon and finally Palermo. On reaching there I learned that the 41st was no longer operating the Airfield there, but had gone into Italy on the invasion. They had a rough time of it not knowing from one time to the other whether they would be running for the beaches or settling down in their foxholes. They settled down.

The following morning I left Palermo and headed back for Catania, remained there overnight and the following morning flew out for Italy passing over Capri and came into Monticorvino just above Paestum. We spent a few weeks there. The first night there a severe rainstorm with high winds hit the place. We were flooded out. An evacuation hospital close by, caring for over a thousand patients, had every tent blown to the ground. Under the heavy pelting rain and in the darkness of the night every patient was skillfully and safely moved to a tobacco factory about two miles away. Fortunately the Fifth Army Quartermaster was right there with plenty of dry clothing.

I would like to continue on from there and tell of the many interesting days spent in Italy so far, but the censor would hardly pass it. So far several distinct privileges have been mine. I have offered Holy Mass on the tomb of St. Matthew, the Apostle, and visited that of St. Andrew the Apostle. Stood by the remains of St. Januarius, patron of Naples, whose blood preserved in a vial liquifies several times a year. I saw the remains of St. Felix from which exudes a kind of liquor on two special days in the year. These people accept these treasures so matter-of-factly, which I dare say is only natural. They leave me speechless and I stand by in mute reverence, though I do manage to obtain the history of each and then offer my prayers of petition and thanksgiving.

Needless to say, we are looking forward to the day

when we can move into Rome and realize the dream of many a year. My Colonel accuses me of lying awake at night trying to figure how I can be the first American Chaplain into the Holy City. He says that he is keeping an eye on me so that he can be right on my heels when I go in. Well, it is not as easy as all that, as you can judge from the stories you are reading about the Cassino front and the Anzio beachhead. Your newspapers are telling you the price we are paying for Rome. Please God we will not take over a city in ruins.

But there my story ends. It is principally a chronological outline of the highlights of the past year. Much has been omitted—this by desire and also of necessity. However, as we continue on by jeep, by plane, by boat through our future campaign (s?) I pray God that the monuments and church steeples crashing in many lands, the orphaned children and homeless and hungry people crying in so many villages, towns and cities, but above all, the stalwart young men shedding so much precious blood on the battlefields of mountains, plains, and beaches may awaken the world to the fact that the only way of peace and happiness is the way of God.

"THE WANDERING JEW"

A Century After

JOSEPH E. KENNEDY, S.J.

The "Jesuit Legend" which can be summarized under the words "jesuitical" and "intrigue", and the legend of the Wandering Jew were hoary with age even by 1844. The former received its chief impulse in the *Monita Secreta* of 1614;¹ the latter began around 1602 at Leipsic.² The former has been believed generally and is given credence still by those who do not care to investigate facts; the latter was never intended to be taken seriously. Both tales, although remaining essentially the same, became embellished as they traveled their single paths down through the years to 1844 when Eugene Sue hit upon the happy idea of weaving the two legends together to produce his novel, *The Wandering Jew*—a work which first appeared in serial form in the French newspaper *Constitutionnel* between 1844 and 1845. It was a happy combination because the "Jesuit Legend" was once again being bruited about France and other countries and offered superabundant intrigue for the spinning of a long and endless plot; and the legend of the Wandering Jew added just that amount of symbolism and mysteriousness needed to capture popular imagination.

Popular appeal was no small item in M. Sue's calculations. The newspaper *Constitutionnel* had dwindled from 22,000 subscribers in 1830 to the shameful figure of 3720 in 1843.³ New blood had to be pumped into it in order to save its life. Since Eugene Sue had

¹ Martin P. Harney, S.J., *The Jesuits in History* 464-5. *Catholic Encyclopedia*, X, 487, "Monita Secreta."

² *Encyclopaedia Britannica* (13th ed.) XV, 362, "Wandering Jew." *Cath. Encyclopedia*, IX, 126.

³ Alexandre Brou, *Les Jesuites de La Legende*, 236-8. E. Veuillot, *Louis Veuillot* (10th ed.) II, 33-34. Herein is also told how Louis Veuillot attacked the *Mysteries of Paris* in his paper *l'Univers*. To have his revenge Sue introduces a debauched Catholic journalist into the *Wandering Jew* under the name of M. Dumoulin, to represent Louis Veuillot.

had some success recently with his serial novel the *Mysteries of Paris* in a rival news sheet, the *Journal des Debats*, he was invited by the editor of the *Constitutionnel* to re-explore the back streets of Paris.⁴ At that time the Jesuits were objects of suspicion and absurd attacks. What better device could be found to pique public curiosity and keep the reader's interest from languishing from day to day! Just how sincere Sue was in his attack upon the Jesuits is hard to say, but he professed honest intent in his book. The novel was a tremendous success. M. Sue was rocketed to the rank of well-known, if not outstanding, mid-nineteenth century French novelist and earned for himself 100,000 francs; the paper's subscription pyramided to 25,000 and M. Thiers, the paper's political patron, gained influence and hoped for better political success.⁵ Soon the novel was put in book form, even put upon the stage, then translated and spread to all the countries of Europe. As de Ballanche said "voyageait plus rapidement que le cholera"⁶ One year after the book appeared in Europe it was translated and appeared in the United States in 1846.⁷

It is not the purpose of this paper to examine into the reception which the work received by the American magazines. We are interested in what the novel is in itself. It is interesting to note, however, that the Catholic magazines, quite generally, ignored the work. In his *Review* Orestes Brownson stated that he would not review this book because no person should touch it for any other purpose than to burn it.⁸ But not even all the secular magazines approved of the work; as one example we might refer the reader to a searching criticism by a Protestant in the *Southern Quarterly* for January, 1846. But that the book was spread far

⁴ Brou, *op. cit.* 238.

⁵ Brou, *op. cit.* 238. E. Veuillot, *op. cit.* 34. Joseph Burnichon, S.J., *Histoire d'un Siecle* 1814-1914 (Paris 1916) II, 501.

⁶ Brou, *op. cit.* 238.

⁷ *The Wandering Jew* 2 vols. Harper and Brothers, New York 1846.

⁸ *Brownson's Review* April 1846, 202-3, footnote.

and wide in this country there is no doubt. The following quotation proves very interesting:

"On my arrival in this great country [United States] from England, one thing struck me as peculiarly remarkable; and that was the efforts made to circulate, far and wide, the *Wandering Jew*. Stopping at hotels, getting into stage coaches, or traveling by steamboat, it was all the same—the *Wandering Jew* was ubiquitous; every place that I visited, this literary pilgrim was sure to be there also, in every locality was it thrust prominently forward on the traveller's attention. The fact is, there was no escaping it, and for fifty cents, I procured myself [a copy]."⁹

That was in 1846. Since that edition there have been over a dozen other editions put out in the United States alone. Five between 1928 and 1932; the most recent in 1940:¹⁰ Since publishers publish for a market, we must conclude that there is a substantial number of readers even today. We can only hope that these people are reading it as a literary curiosity and are not forming a serious judgment of the Society of Jesus from this diabolical attack.

In it's own day this novel had great influence. Father Pollen, S. J., even goes so far as to say that it gave final form to the "Jesuit Legend".¹¹ To understand the impact that the novel had upon the people of 1844-1845 we must place it in its historical setting. In attack after attack the intellectuals of the University of Paris were hammering away at the Jesuits. Eugene Sue merely took the charges from the university halls and gave them to the man-of-the-street in such a way

⁹ *Catholic Herald*, May 21, 1846 p. 164.

¹⁰ American editions have been by G. Munro, New York, (1877); George Routledge and Sons, New York, (1889); Century Co., New York, (1903); A. W. Burt Co., New York; T. Y. Crowell, New York, (Reprinted from the original. Chapman and Hall, editors); H. M. Caldwell Co., New York and Boston.

Editions which appeared between 1928 and 1932 have been by Princeton Series, Burt Co.; Columbia Series, 2 vols., Burt Co.; Home Library, Burt Co.; Donohue National Library edition, Bigelow, Brown and Co.

The most recent and *almost* complete translation of the original is *Wandering Jew*, Modern Library Series, Macmillan in Toronto. Random House, Inc., New York, 1940.

¹¹ *Cath. Ency.* XIV, 105 "Society of Jesus."

that he could understand and enjoy them. All realize that novels usually teach better than learned brochures. Dicken's portrayal of English poverty is more memorable than any text of Economic History. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* aroused more sentiment than Birney's speeches. *Grapes of Wrath* awoke us to the sharecropper's plight more readily than government reports. So too the *Wandering Jew* made those "terrible Jesuits" live and walk the streets of Paris, nay of the world. Whether the *Wandering Jew* should rate a place in French Literature we leave to the critics; quite commonly it is denied such an honor by the French themselves. But that is not to deny that the work was an important element in one large, almost global, attack upon the Society of Jesus.

How were the Jesuits faring when this novel held them up to ridicule? Let us see the historical background in France.

Although the Society was restored in 1814, the return of the Jesuits to France progressed slowly. Tallyrand had the idea of bringing them back in order to help education, but Louis XVIII refused. Nevertheless, although legally non-existent, many bishops put them in charge of their *petits seminaires* and used them to give missions among the people of the countryside. From 1819 to 1926 the Jesuits of France suffered many attacks, but despite all impediments, in the latter year they had two novitiates, 2 residences and eight colleges (*petits seminaires*).¹²

Two years later they were challenged again and ultimately Charles X deprived them of the eight institutions of learning. In 1830, after mob attacks on their houses, the Jesuits withdrew from France, only to return as soon as possible and do heroic work during the cholera of 1832. Soon they were able to go about France with greater liberty. And one of their

¹² Max Heimburger, *Die Orden und Kongregationen der Katholischen Kirche* (Zweiter band), Paderborn 1934, 208.

number, Father De Ravignan, attained to great prominence as Preacher at Notre Dame. If one is looking for the main source of this attack on the Society during these years, we need only mention the Liberal Party—a strange coalition of elements who seemed united only on one question, namely attacking the Church and Religion.

In 1841 and 1842 real open warfare was waged. The Liberals, who were in charge of the University of Paris, had had a complete monopoly on French education since 1808. The Catholic bishops now became excited over this educational monopoly for it was a serious threat to religion due to the Indifferentism and eclectic philosophy of the University leaders. Although only indirectly concerned, the Jesuits were presumed to be the chief instigators of this resurgence of Catholic and Episcopal pressure. Immediately the men of the University rose to protect their monopoly and drew in a large circle of supporters. But rather than argue the merits of the educational dispute they shifted to the easier task of attacking the Jesuits.

Quinet and Michelet, professors of the University of Paris, transformed their lectures into diatribes against the Jesuits. Then they wrote *Des Jésuites* which charged that the Jesuits sinned against liberty and the intellectual life of the nation, that their Constitutions enshrined their policy of freezing human thought and destroying the souls of men, family and nation. Books and pamphlets of this sort poured from the press. To list part of the galaxy on this side we have Quinet, Michelet, Cousin, Thiers, Genin, Dupin, Villemain, Saint-Beuve and others. The Jesuits answered these charges. Pere Cahour wrote *Des Jésuites par un Jésuite*. And in January 1844 Father De Ravignan S. J., published the more famous *De l'Existence et de l'Institut des Jésuites*. This work sold 25,000 copies in 1844 and was applauded by such defenders of the Jesuits as Dupanloup and Montalembert. Others

who rallied to the defense of the Society were Veuillot, Cardinal de Bonald.¹³

It was into this sea of controversy that M. Sue tossed his novel. While the professors were catering to the intellectuals, Sue began to amuse the masses and, no doubt, the intellectuals as well. Sue accepted the facts presented by the intellectuals as proved. He claimed to base his novel on facts proved by texts subjected to searching investigation—texts that justified theft, adultery and murder. To these he gave flesh and blood, showing what Jesuits would be like if they lived up to the abominable spirit of their Constitutions. Ultimately Sue's purpose was the suppression and destruction of the Society.¹⁴

The immediate effect of this concerted attack was that in 1845 Thiers had the Deputies vote to ask the Government to suppress the Jesuits. The Minister, Guizot, seeking to bring about peace, asked the Pope to suppress them. Gregory XVI refused. But in order to prevent greater evil Father Roothan had the Society go into voluntary retirement, i. e. dissolve a few of the larger houses and change the location of a few residence.¹⁵

As we have indicated, the novel takes its name from the legendary tale of the Wandering Jew. According to this tale, when Our Lord was weary from the weight of His cross as He strode toward Calvary, He wished to rest on a stone bench before the house of a Jewish artisan named Ahasuerus. The Jew drove Him on with curses. Jesus replied, "Thou shalt wander on the earth until I return." It was punishment for the deed and Ahasuerus did wander for eighteen centuries—ever onward, onward, no surcease. Sue

¹³ Burnichon, *op. cit.* chap. 9. J. Cretineau-Joly, *Histoire Religieuse, Politique et Littéraire de la Compagnie de Jesus*. (troisième édition) vol. 6, chap. VII.

B.N. *The Jesuits, Their Foundation and History* II, 304-315. Raymond Corrigan, S.J. "The Jesuits and Liberalism a Century Ago" *The Historical Bulletin*, November, 1941, 5 ff.

¹⁴ Indications of this are found in *Wandering Jew*, H. M. Caldwell Co. N.Y. vol. 3b, chap. XXXVII. *Wandering Jew*, Modern Library Ed. 1940. Part II, 685-6.

¹⁵ *Heimbucker, op. cit.* 208. Burnichon, *op. cit.* chap. XII.

adds a new element to this story. He makes Herodias who urged her daughter to ask for the head of John the Baptist, the sister of Ahasuerus. And for her sin she is condemned to a similar fate. The two wander over the face of the earth for eighteen centuries, permitted to meet but once every century on the shores of the Bering Sea. The Rennepont family, whom the novel portrays as the chief objects of Jesuit intrigue, are descendants of the Wandering Jew and Sister. By this thin link Sue formed the title for his book. The legendary figures play a minor role in the story, occasionally intervening in the action in *deus ex machina* fashion, and otherwise serving as a vague symbol of the restless striving that is the lot of artisans and humanity. In Sue's portrayal the Jew and sister find a welcome grave only after all their descendants come to grief at the hands of the Jesuits. Such was the price God demanded to remove the curse put upon them.

The Story

In 1682 Marcus de Rennepont, descendant of the Wandering Jew, pretended to be a Catholic in order to save his fortune from confiscation. The Jesuits, through sacramental confession, learned of his secret relapse into Protestantism and revealed this to the King, thereby meriting for themselves Renneport's confiscated property. This gentleman was able to sequester 150,000 francs which he entrusted to a Jewish family to invest at compounded interest for 150 years. Then it was to be divided among all his descendants. With this huge fortune these descendants would be able to form an order or association for benevolent and philanthropic purposes and forever oppose the order of evil, i. e., the Society of Jesus. During those 150 years the Jesuits kept an accurate record of all the Renneports, never for once relinquishing their claim to the money. Five months before the day on which the descendants were to meet on the Rue St. Francois to hear the terms of the will and collect the money, February 13, 1832, our story

opens. There are only seven Renneponts alive and they are spread over the earth, in Russia, India, America and France: (1) Rose and Blanche Simon, fifteen-year-old twins, raised in exile in Siberia, now in the care of an old Napoleonic soldier, Dagobert; (2) Mr. Francis Hardy, forty years old, manufacturer near Paris, owner of a factory where modern social reform had been introduced; (3) Prince Djalma, eighteen years old, deposed from his Indian throne; (4) James Rennepont, workman, drunkard and debauchee in Paris; (5) Adrienne de Cardoville, nearly twenty-one, beautiful, wealthy, in Paris; (6) Father Gabriel Rennepont, twenty-five, Jesuit missionary to America, man of solid virtue and a near martyr.

All these had to be present on February 13, 1832 at the Rue St. Francois or forfeit their claim. It was the plan of the Jesuits to keep all from arriving on time, except Father Gabriel, then the entire fortune would be theirs, thanks to Gabriel's vow of poverty. The book now describes one intrigue after another with Jesuits and Jesuitesses and their agents all over the globe conspiring to detain these people. The Jesuit directing all these operations and receiving daily reports from his agents is Father d'Aigrigny. His secretary is Father Rodin, who like all Jesuits, obeys without asking the motive or reason, mute and passive as a corpse in the hands of his superior. Men who allow their wills to be scooped out, left as lifeless lumps of clay.¹⁶ Men who spy not only on others but also on one another and send their report to the Father General in Rome.

But will the Renneponts get to their destination on time? Or will the Jesuits succeed in their plotting?

Rose and Blanche, two beautiful and innocent girls, are on their way to Paris from Siberia under the protection of a friend, faithful Dagobert. To hinder them, the Jesuits have Morok, a bloodthirsty animal trainer, steal their passports, their money, kill their horse and have them thrown into prison. Sue, a firm believer in

¹⁶ *Wandering Jew*, H. M. Caldwell Co. vol. I. par tone, p. 280.

the art of contrast, pictures Morok a hundred times more cruel than the animals he trains. The Wandering Jew's sister appears and releases them from prison. Still that does not frustrate the Jesuits, who succeed in getting the confessor of the lady in whose house they lodge in Paris to so work on her conscience that she agrees to place them secretly in a convent. The confessor persuades her that this is the only way that the girls, who do not know any religion, can save their souls. Distracted, but seeking God's will, she agrees and the twins are taken to a convent, unknown to Dagobert. They are thus detained and are not present on the appointed day. Incidentally this gives M. Sue an excellent opportunity to expand on the evils of convents. And he does not fail us.

To trace the interminable plotting to keep Prince Djalma from reaching Paris is impossible. He succeeds in leaving India, or really Batavia where he now lives, although the Jesuits thought they had prevented him. After a shipwreck he arrives in Paris. But he is not present on February 13th because the Jesuits had recourse to narcotics.

Adrienne de Cardoville, a lady of means and charitable to all in need is ultimately kidnapped by her trusted physician, a secret Jesuit, and placed in an institution for the insane. Thanks to the laws of France she cannot be released in time.

James Rennepont the Jesuits are able to seduce to a life of merriment, drink and a mistress. They lend him money which he spends on feasts and orgies. Then the day of payment arrives and he is cast into debtor's prison. He too is out of the way.

Mr. Hardy is not trapped by such coarse snares. His friendship for his fellow man is imposed upon. A very dear friend, another secret Jesuit, summons him to his aid and Mr. Hardy goes, willingly sacrificing all for a friend in need when he sees that he will not be in Paris on the appointed day.

So on February 13, 1832 only one Rennepont is present at the Rue of St. Francois, Father Gabriel, the Jesuit, whom his superiors have brought home

from the American mission in order to collect his inheritance for them. But all is not well. Father Gabriel has seen the machinations of his order, their treachery and deceit, and announces that he wishes to be released from his vows. Abbé d'Aigrigny and Father Rodin must work fast or all will be lost. They accuse Gabriel of seeking release in order to get the money and to prove them wrong he makes a legal disposition of the legacy in favor of the Jesuits. The plot is a little weak at this point. At any rate they are about to collect the money when the sister of the Wandering Jew appears and discloses an unknown codicil of the will which states that the disposition of the money is to be postponed for three and a half months. By means of this simple *deus ex machina* the plotting of the Jesuits must begin all over again. We thus find ourselves after 750 pages at the equivalent of the first page.

At this point Abbé Rodin takes complete charge. The methods used, heretofore, have been coarse—imprisonment, narcotics, etc. Radin, arch villain of the story, will now plot with the most subtle cunning. Never an untoward act, always work on the minds of the victims, have them destroy themselves. Rodin will ingratiate himself with the six Renneponts, even denounce the Jesuits, expose their craftiness and thus lead these people to their doom. This time all six will be dead in the remaining three and a half months.

James Rennepont, released from prison, is gotten under the influence of the animal trainer, Morok. The Jesuits thus open up a road of foolish joys, unrestrained pleasures and debauches. He dies in the midst of an orgy in a drunken state and stricken by cholera.

Mr. Hardy had a friendship—that friendship is deceived. He had a love—that love is broken; finally even his factory is burned by a mob excited to the act by a Jesuit preacher. Overwhelmed by all these sorrows, he sinks into the arms of Rodin who pretends to befriend him and give him shelter at the Jesuit Retreat House. Slowly the Jesuits work on his mind until he desires obscurity and complete quiet—ulti-

mately this free-thinker even asks to be admitted into the Church and to take the vows of the Society (which the Jesuits allow in the case of death, in order to inherit more property). Soon, after a life of maceration and penance, he contracts fever and dies. Only four remain.

Rose and Blanche Simon are told that their governess has contracted the cholera. Madame de Saint-Dizier, a Jesuitess (and Eugene Sue tells us that these are to be feared even more than Jesuits), visits them and persuades them that since their mother died without the last sacraments, one way that they may secure her immediate release from purgatory is to practice charity and care for their governess during her illness. This they set out to do, but contract cholera and die themselves.

Adrienne de Cardoville and Prince Djalma are madly in love with each other. Rodin uses this and sows jealousy between them. Then comes one of the greatest scenes of treachery in the book. Djalma's half-breed friend, Faringhea, who has become a secret Jesuit, leads the Prince to a secret rendezvous and pretends to show him Adrienne meeting a rival lover. In anger he falls upon both these people and kills them. But now he can not stand living without Adrienne; he returns to her chamber and takes poison. At this moment Adrienne enters the room; they thus discover the tricks of the Jesuits. Adrienne rather than live alone (shades of Romeo and Juliet!) takes poison also. With their death all the Rennepons are dead, save for Father Gabriel. But he has made his legal deposition long since and is no source of trouble for the Jesuits. Rodin prepares to collect the money but upon leaving the house he, too, is poisoned all unknown to himself—with a poison wafted on the air. The Jewish keeper of the money counts it out, places it in a metal box. In the meantime Rodin becomes violently ill. Nonetheless, the Jesuit *socius* draws forth letters which state that Rodin is deposed from office, is to be placed under constant surveillance. But Rodin is not to be outwitted. He likewise produces papers

from Rome, more recent papers, which announce that he has been elected General of the Society of Jesus. From this post he has hopes of being put upon the Throne of Peter, for with this large Rennepont fortune he can bribe the electors. Once Pope he intends to elevate the Jesuits to rulers of the whole Church. He now reaches for the money only to find it burning. Rather than permit it to fall into Jesuit hands the Jew has destroyed this huge fortune. All is lost. And at this moment Rodin falls dead from the poison.

The story then hastens to a close. The Wandering Jew and his sister are meeting for the last time on earth. They foretell the death of Father Gabriel. This occurs and the terrible price demanded for their deeds is paid—all the Rennepont descendants are dead. As the Wandering Jew and sister die they predict the end of the reign of the Jesuits—false priests, pharisees who blaspheme the name of Jesus by thus giving it to their organization. Humanity will at last be free.

In such a long work, 1500 pages, in which every detail is developed at length, it is inevitable that much has been omitted in this compression of the plot. Certainly the sweep of the story is lost and the forceful portrayal of the Abbe Rodin is entirely lost. Rodin, the main character of the story, is by far the best drawn character, and it is hard to imagine that any reader can ever forget Rodin whenever they think of the sinister and plotting Jesuits.

Before ending, we ought to bring out some of the attacks on the Society in more detail. These details are chiefly side remarks that merely add color to the story and do not enter the plot as such.

From this novel the Society of Jesus emerges as an order composed of male and female, priests and laymen, who sometimes use even innocent people to accomplish their aims. Jesuits obey without asking for reasons, a command is sufficient, they are mute and passive in the hands of their superiors.¹⁷ Their principles of espionage are carried out not only against

¹⁷ *ibid.*, vol. II, part one, p. 170.

the enemy, but even against one another. They are never to have a door locked or closed so that another Jesuit cannot behold their actions. Each Jesuit is constantly watched, even superiors are closely observed and secret reports are sent to Rome on every one. Similar practices are inculcated into their pupils, who likewise must go in groups of threes, never in twos. If Jesuits are in the field of education it is merely to get control of the youth and entire nation; and unfortunately their educational system is homicidal—it destroys all will, all thought, all liberty and all intelligence.

How do the Jesuits get recruits? By deceit. Such was the way that they got Father Gabriel. Although it is true that they may leave the noviate before pronouncing the vows, observe how they removed such a possibility in the case of Gabriel. Exhausted and overcome by months of anxiety and trial, utterly prostrate upon his bed and incapable of any motion, the superior entered his cell and asked, "Do you wish to leave? If you desire it, rise and go forth—you are free to do so". Unable to move and soul distraught, Gabriel pronounces the vows of the Society there and then.¹⁸ Jesuits, Sue tells us, are always to be found at the death bed of the rich, seeking to gain a legacy. They hold valuable property and make much more money by selling pious articles, books, e.g., one book was a shameful story about the delivery of the Blessed Mother. They run lottery wheels and one such even had a statue of the Blessed Virgin upon it.¹⁹ If you wish to pay the required fee, they will give you permission to eat meat on Friday. Sacramental confession is their great weapon against mankind and they observe no secrets. The most shameful books are placed in the hands of their seminarians; by that Sue refers to Moral Theology books and he quotes from them to show how they justify murder, adultery, robbery and suicide!

But Jesuits are devilishly clever. They have a type

¹⁸ *ibid.*, vol. II, part one, p. 229.

¹⁹ *ibid.*, vol. III, part one, chap. XVI, pp. 175-187.

of man for every conceivable work. If they need the gaunt ascetic for one work or if they need the fat jolly type, they have them all.

The principles of Liberalism are clearly stamped on the book. There is no supernatural. Whatever is called supernatural will ultimately be explained by science. Catholics owe allegiance, we are told, first to Rome, then to France; and seek to get control of the world. Confession is ridiculed; and even Father Gabriel, who is pictured as the finest type of priest, does not believe in it. In a word all the noble characters of the book do not believe in religion or are indifferent to it; all the despicable characters are Catholics.

It would be wrong to suppose that the book does not have other important didactic elements, but we have suppressed them in this paper, for they are minor compared to the attack upon the Jesuits. Sue exploited the then prevalent interest in social reforms, in the amelioration of laboring conditions, the elevation of the lower classes. He paints the intolerable lot of the working class, recommends a program for profit-sharing and communal living, such as Mr. Hardy introduced into his factory. The abuses of certain institutions are attacked, such as the asylums for the insane and religious convents. But all these are submerged in a rushing torrent of melodramatic blood and jesuitical thunder.

It is hard to imagine how someone who reads this work and knows nothing about Jesuits could come away without an instinctive fear of all Jesuits. Jesuits are everywhere waiting to pounce on everyone; even your best friend may be a secret Jesuit. Nevertheless for some people the story is overdrawn, Jesuits are painted too black and they want to see for themselves what horrible monsters these men are. We can only hope that many modern readers are led to such investigation. We can do no better than to end this depressing account with two stories told or quoted by Father Burnichon, S.J. A law student upon completing the book wanted to see one of these men for himself. He called upon one of the Jesuit Fathers and

after that was so impressed that he sought to be admitted into the Young Men's Soladity. The second story is even more remarkable. A student of l'Ecole Polytechnique read Sue's novel and he, too, wanted to see such men in the flesh. The result was that he himself became a Jesuit. His name was Pere Etienne Legouis and he died on June 7, 1904. Even the *Wandering Jew* has produced some good fruit.²⁰

²⁰ Burnichon, *op. cit.* 503, footnote. It is interesting to note that a certain John Fairplay, An English Protestant, translated the novel from the French and became so disgusted with it that he wrote a novel wherein the Wandering Jew himself refutes Sue's charges. It is entitled *Notes of the Wandering Jew on the Jesuits and Their Opponents*, London 1845.

SCRANTON UNIVERSITY

The Beginnings and First Year

FERDINAND C. WHEELER, S. J.

On Tuesday, July 7, 1942, at 1:15 in the afternoon, two Jesuits rather the worse for a long and hot ride stood on the steps of the Lackawanna Station in Scranton trying to get a taxi to carry them and some bags and two typewriters to the Bishop's residence. There that evening they were to be elected to membership on the Board of Trustees of the University of Scranton and to take over the University for the Society of Jesus. Their first welcome to Scranton really came from a Sister of the Immaculate Heart who was also waiting for a taxi. She asked the Fathers if they were strangers to the city and on being told they were Father Nevils and Father Wheeler, Jesuits, exclaimed—as many were to do in the coming weeks and months—“Oh! how welcome to Scranton!” and other benedictions that made our hearts feel good within us. We had come to stay.

At the Bishop's house rooms were waiting for us and we were soon made comfortable and asked to stay there as long as we wished; in fact, we were urged to stay until our own house was ready for us at the Scranton Estate, which was to be the Faculty House of the University. But other plans were ours and on the next morning at 8:30 a corps of workers were already preparing three rooms and beginning the two months' task of getting the Scranton Estate set up as the home of Ours in Scranton. It was an interesting task from start to finish and involved meeting many people, but it was hard work and tried one's patience a great deal.

Two weeks previously three of Ours had been to Scranton and talked with the Bishop and some priests, looked over the situation, inspected the school buildings and the future faculty house, made certain decisions and, after arranging with the Bishop the

method of taking over the assets and liabilities of the University, had left to pack up at home and come back on July 7, to stay for better or for worse. Father Nevils and Father Wheeler, Rector and Minister respectively, and Father McKeon, Dean, had each attended to his particular part of the arrangements and gathered much useful knowledge of the situation facing them.

The Bishop's announcement that the Society was replacing the Christian Brothers had been made on the feast of the Sacred Heart, June 12, and the Brothers who had been located in Scranton that school year had left the city on June 15 for other fields. The first accelerated course in the University had opened on June 16 with the Registrar, Mr. Frank O'Hara, in charge and a faculty of lay teachers doing the teaching. On June 24 when the three Jesuits arrived to look over the situation the school was in full progress and not a Christian Brother left in the school. Of course, we were objects of wonderment to all, students, business people and general public.

The Brothers' former residence next to the college building was vacant and void of all household effects and not a thing was found in the Scranton Estate except some pieces of furniture, much of it very fine, and some really valuable antiques, which the Scranton family had not cared to remove from their former home, after making a selection of what they did desire. These items the Bishop had purchased for a certain consideration as useful to the future occupants, if any; at that time it had not yet been decided that the Estate was to be used as a faculty house. Of dishes, kitchenware and other things needed by a Jesuit community of 20, there was nothing in sight. For a week we took meals outside and said Mass in a convent or in the Cathedral. Then we went to a five-and-ten store and bought a few cheap knives, etc., and began housekeeping in an empty house with breakfast the only meal served for over a month. Lunch was picnic style and it soon became a nuisance to eat.

The Scranton Estate had been vacant for five years

or more, except for the occasional use of some first floor rooms by Mr. Scranton and some meetings held there now and then. When we arrived three students were living there as guardians of the place and we put them on the top floor, while Father Nevils and Father Wheeler and Brother Klinke took quarters on the second floor. The boys left after a week and went down to the Brothers residence next to the school. The Scranton Estate was soiled and blackened by the dust and dirt of the nearby railroad but under that dirt was a well built mansion dating back to 1872. It had been largely modernized in 1900 and the succeeding years. Brother Mahlmeister from Inisfada and Brother Klinke of Wernersville were sent to help in the adaptation of the house for our use and if ever miracles were wrought by any of our Brothers these two should be counted as the foremost wonder-workers of the Province. Brother Mahlmeister did the cabinet work, the library and the chapel, while Brother Klinke did the building of new rooms and whatever pertained to the building trade. They were both with us until after the community arrived—beginning September 1, 1942—and the comfortable house Ours found was due to the fine planning of these Brothers and their hard and continuous work.

Brother Abram from Woodstock came for a week of listing and buying the smaller things, table ware, kitchen ware, etc. In company with Father Minister, in a most terrible heat wave, he visited about every store in Scranton and sought with success the articles needed—some in one store and some in another, for in no one store could we find enough of the smaller articles for table and kitchen. Only by continual scouting about did we find all the things we thought a Jesuit household should have. The week following was delightfully cool—what luck to have had such a hot week for this buying, morning, afternoon, and evening!

The war, of course, had created a scarcity but the fact that thousands had deserted Scranton for war work in other centers helped. Some stores had a few

things left which in more popular centers where war workers were making big wages had long since disappeared. By a miracle we found an electric refrigerator which, we were told, was not "frozen" by government regulations. It had been bought a year ago and found too large for delivery to the place for which it had been ordered since it could not be gotten into the establishment. It had never been used and was offered us at a reduction, paid for at once on installation and then, when it was working fine for us, the salesman was reprimanded for selling it. But fortunately it was ours now and "frozen" by us and could not be removed from our house. There is more than one meaning to the term frozen. Even an electric vacuum cleaner was secured, as if by a miracle, and so of other household furniture common to all our houses which in more crowded cities would have been impossible of purchase. Evidently St. Joseph was on our side and we opened up in September with the house well furnished from toothpicks to anchors, though at such a distance from the coast we found we did not need any anchors or oars.

Our property in Scranton is situated in two different localities. The faculty house, known as the Scranton Estate, is at a distance of six blocks from the downtown section where the school buildings are situated. This Scranton Residence had been given to the Bishop of Scranton in November, 1941, in trust for the University. Built in 1872 by the grandfather of the present Mr. Worthington Scranton—the present head of the Scrantons for whom the city was long ago named—it is surrounded by four and a half acres of beautiful lawn enclosed in a high wall of cut stone blocks. It was the home of Mr. Scranton's parents and only on the death of his mother was the house closed. Mr. Scranton had built for his immediate family a beautiful residence at Dalton, some miles from the city, in the high hill section up by Clarks Summit.

When Mr. Scranton donated this property to the University through the intermediary of the Bishop the

city sat up and took notice—for here was a non-Catholic and the most well known citizen of Scranton giving away to the Catholics for educational purposes one of the landmarks of the city. Just what the Brothers were intending to do with this property we have only hearsay; but, for ourselves, all were of one opinion and that was that it could best serve us as a faculty home, sufficiently and comfortably removed from the college buildings and the only place possible for the faculty of about twenty which we planned on from the beginning. The Brothers' residence just next to the school was too small for us, as it had been for the Brothers. They numbered only twelve and had room for no more. So we decided on the Scranton Estate as the faculty house, and wisely, as time has proved. It may be added that Mr. and Mrs. Scranton and their relatives who have visited the house are delighted that it is being used for its present purpose and like the way we have disposed of the arrangements and particularly that we have a chapel. They are non-Catholics but they like the thought that its use is a religious one, for they really love the old house.

The house is of cut stone, three stories in height, with a basement. In shape it is almost square, with mansard roof, and beautiful wood work throughout. The beautifully carved staircase is in the very center and from this staircase the rooms open on all sides. The basement contains a spacious cellar with storerooms, and on the first floor, besides a large parlor, there is a library and chapel, the latter made from a reception room, and a spacious dining room, sun parlor, fine kitchen and two pantries. A porch opens on the parlor, and is of stone. This can be enclosed at will by large moveable shutters. One living room is on the first floor. The second and third floors contain all the living rooms and by dividing an unused storeroom on the third floor into three very comfortable and sizeable rooms, and making another room at the end of a corridor where there were two windows, we succeeded in providing twenty-one living rooms. The library is well distributed on the three floors. The

recreation room opposite the present chapel, was the library of the Scranton family. Beautifully carved wood and built-in bookcases make it a gem. In a section of the basement a very devotional chapel with three altars has been built. The laundry was turned into a pool room. In two nooks on the third floor two altars have been set up so that, in all, we have five altars besides the community chapel altar.

The grounds around our house are planted with some beautiful trees. There is a tennis court and croquet court and walks and lawn for outdoor exercise, or for a stroll with the breviary. Some few, of course, would find the Lackawanna railroad a noisy neighbor but aside from a casual interest in railroad shifting, etc., one rarely hears Ours speak of the noise; in fact, one soon forgets the presence of the trains. Mr. Scranton reserved for himself a part of the grounds where he has his offices in an old stable which is now renovated and does not look like a stable at all. This part also contains a flower house, gardens of flowers and a neat little stone building, two stories high and built in 1928, which houses a squash court of which Mr. Scranton makes frequent use for, although 68 years of age, he yet plays tennis and indulges in squash court play and other manly exercises. This part of the grounds still owned by Mr. Scranton is kept in excellent condition and Mr. Scranton and we use the same gate entrance and our relations, of course, are most friendly. Someday, God willing, we may receive this section of the grounds also for Mr. Scranton is very favorably disposed to us and much interested in the progress of the University.

Adjacent to the Scranton Estate grounds we also own other property that came to us with the gift of the Scranton home. On one side of our property toward the Lackawanna Station and outside our wall on Platt Place we have three houses built on eight lots. Two of the houses are rented and a third held in reserve for some probable use we may have for it. At one of our opposite corners at the intersection of Monroe Avenue and Linden Street we own two of the

corners—very large lots, each with a frontage of 150 feet on Linden Street, and since our coming to Scranton a friend has given us four other adjacent lots so that we now hold a frontage of 300 feet on one side of Linden Street. Just opposite one of our gate entrances (we have two entrances on Monroe Avenue) is situated the Lackawanna Historical Society. This is housed in the Catlin estate and is a very worthy neighbor, both from our point of view and from theirs, since they wished their property protected by association with us and got one of their friends who is also our attorney to purchase for us as a gift the four lots mentioned above. Just what use we can make of all these holdings is not clear now but at least should we wish to expand in this section we have some property on which to do so.

The college buildings on Wyoming Avenue are in the center of the city and in the same block with the Cathedral and the Episcopal Residence. At the corner of Wyoming Avenue and Linden Street is the Cathedral and next to it, to the east, is the Bishop's Residence and Chancery Office. Next comes the main college building, built in 1888 as the corner stone indicates and dedicated to "Sancto Thomae Aquinati Conf. et Doct." This is a three story building with basement, not too prepossessing and rather run down, although improvements were made as late as 1935. Next to this building and only separated by ten feet is the three story building now known as La Salle Hall—a name given to it by us to perpetuate the memory of the Brothers' long and meritorious work done here through 45 years. This building had been the Brothers' Residence. It is well built and good in appearance but small, as it housed only twelve Brothers. It is now used as an Administration Building, Father Rector's office being there, and a parlor, and, on the second floor, several faculty offices including the Spiritual Counsellor's Office. The Brothers' chapel we have turned into a students' chapel with daily Mass and the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament. Here the Sodality meets, May Devotions and other spiritual

activities are held. The seating capacity is about fifty and it is dedicated to the Sacred Heart. For devotions such as First Friday Mass and the ordinary Friday Masses we use the basement of the school building—such was its use in the Brothers' time—and on holy days an overflow Mass at 12:05 is held there. This has long been the custom of the Cathedral parish.

When we first came here in July, 1942, there was an ugly frame building on a plot next to the Brothers' Residence. It was known as the Freshman Building and contained five class rooms, but what rooms! This we were able to take down when we had made renovations in the Thompson Hospital building at the corner of Wyoming Avenue and Mulberry Street. This Thompson Hospital was a private hospital built about forty years ago and purchased by the Bishop of Scranton in September, 1941, for the University's expansion. To its original four stories two more had been added later, making the building look worse, though of course giving more rooms. In this building we began, in November, 1942, to house classes and faculty offices, cafeteria and rooms for the Aviation Cadets after we had cleaned it up and spent about \$20,000 in improvements. Just how we succeeded in getting materials and persuading officers to let us do it in this age of priorities will always be a wonder. Out of very dirty and disgusting disrepair we made the old hospital look like something and called it "The Annex"—for want of a better name at the time and because the Bishop did not like the name "Hafey Hall" that some had given it before our arrival and without his approval.

In the rear of the Brothers' Residence, now La Salle Hall, was a boys' club—called the Cathedral Boys' Club—an old stable built of brick which years ago had been turned into this club. When we arrived the club rooms were on the second floor and the Freshman Chemistry Laboratory on the first. The boys moved out upon our arrival and now the entire building is devoted to college uses. Faculty offices are there, and storerooms, and the enlargement of the chemistry de-

partment may be planned. One other ramshackle building, on Mulberry Street next to the hospital building and styled "Nurses Home," was vacant and falling down. We applied acceleration and had it down in quick order. Scranton applauded our move; our insurance premiums dropped. A fire hazard was removed.

One of the uses we have made of the Administration Building (La Salle Hall) is that of using the kitchen and dining room there for the faculty noon-day lunch. Nobody is home at the Estate on school days; no lunch is served at home except on Saturday and Sunday and holidays; and these days of accelerated courses admit of few holidays even between terms. The third floor of La Salle Hall is used for Ours, to afford some privacy for washing up between classes and for changing from street dress to the cassock.

The University Library is on the third floor of the college building and, though rather confined for space, is well stocked with books and manned by a staff of three Librarians. This is the home office of *Best Sellers*—a magazine edited by our own Librarian, Mr. Eugene Willging, who is very active in Catholic Library work and has brought us into some prominence before the whole country. This before and since our coming. The books in the library have been well selected and the magazine section, both of current and bound magazines, would do credit to a larger institution.

When we came to Scranton the University had a large corps of lay teachers—in fact, too many lay teachers and too few Religious teachers. One or two diocesan priests were also on the staff. Our teaching began with more Jesuits on the staff than there had ever been Brothers active in the school. Gradually the lay teachers have decreased in number, for two reasons: financial on our part and the war calls on theirs. But much is due the lay teachers for their enthusiastic work at Scranton and they were ever loyal workers. They showed to us, as they had done to the Brothers,

great loyalty and they worked in a self-sacrificing way for the school.

In 1940-1941 there were over 500 day students and a like number of night school students. This had decreased in 1941-1942 and on our taking over we knew not what to expect. For this reason, with a great number leaving Scranton and the valley for war jobs elsewhere and with the city fast becoming a ghost town, our coming could not have been at a more unpropitious time. Yet this was what gained us the goodwill and affection of so many priests and people—our confidence in the future of Scranton. It acted like a tonic on the citizens. Business men not of our faith welcomed us gladly and enthusiastically and openly proclaimed that our coming to Scranton was the greatest thing that had happened in years for Scranton's good. The Bishop, of course, had asked us to come. It had been a hope in the minds of many for years—the Jesuits are coming to Scranton some day. In fact Bishop Hoban, we are told by reliable witnesses, had the custom at each yearly graduation, since the world war at least, of congratulating the Brothers and the students on their splendid work and then adding "some day I hope to have the Jesuits come and take over." Many wished for it; many prayed for it but it had been talked of so long with no result that some ceased to believe it could happen.

The transfer became Bishop Hafey's own idea shortly after he had studied the situation, upon his becoming the Ordinary of Scranton about five years ago. The Brothers cheerfully accepted the change as they had labored here for 45 years and still could not supply sufficient manpower. Moreover, the financial condition of the school even when they had 1100 students was still, for some reason, a financial muddle.

With our coming and the donation of the entire assets to us we find ourselves in absolute control of the school's destiny. The Society is running the school, and not a board of trustees composed of the Bishop, some priests and laymen—and while there was a mortgage on our holdings of \$148,000 our assets in build-

ings, property and contents amounts to over \$900,000 and this is ours to use and to improve and to struggle with. There is also a large contribution of the utmost in good will from Catholics and non-Catholics alike. And that is a great help.

The affection of the Bishop and priests for us can be shown in two particulars that are proof of their general attitude. First of all, we have been given the use of the Cathedral for any occasion when we need it—for instance, the students retreat, First Friday Mass, and graduation Mass with sermon. Then, at the official opening of the school under our direction, on September 23, 1942, the Mass of the Holy Ghost was made the occasion for an official welcome to the diocese. The Mass was solemnly celebrated in the Cathedral by three Jesuit sons of the diocese, in the presence of the Bishop and of about 150 priests in cassock and surplice who marched in the procession. The Bishop preached a masterful sermon on Catholic education and on the Jesuit system in particular and he publicly thanked us for coming to the diocese. Following the Mass there was a reception at the Scranton Estate for the Bishop and priests and at least 140 were present and met us all in a most cordial gathering. The Vicar General who has been most friendly to us, and is now the Auxiliary Bishop, remarked that he had never seen at one gathering such a representative throng of priests, representing all the eighteen different nationalities here in the diocese. Besides, there were present several priests of different rites which pleased the Bishop and us immensely. To get all these different priests interested in one common aim is something very dear to the Bishop's heart.

In September, 1942, when we took over the teaching after the first accelerated term held in the summer, we just did not know what to expect. Men were being called to the Armed Forces daily and how many students could we expect? To our surprise we had 440 registered before the end of the month and we held on to that number until the end of January, 1943. As to the payment of tuition we experienced no difficulty at

all. The Dean laid down the principle that none could enter the school in any course whatever until after the payment of at least \$50.00, with the balance payable in two or three installments before December 1. This worked well; none objected. Yet this had been the cause of the Brothers' greatest difficulties—the collection of tuition charges. The result of our policy was that for the first time, it seems, in the history of the school there appeared a favorable operating balance at the end of our first six months. No reduction in tuition had been granted at all. Whereas the Brothers had granted ten scholarships each year and we found ourselves with forty such scholarship students, we decided to grant no further ones and the retirements for military service and the graduation in January, 1943, soon brought this feature to proper proportions in a school of 400 students.

January, 1943, saw 72 seniors graduating. Our second term began with 353 students on February 1, 1943, but before February was gone over 45 had been called by the Army or Navy and until Easter the rate averaged one daily. On May 28, when the Spring Term ended, we had 268 students on the rolls and the outlook for students was bad for the third term which was slated to begin on June 14, 1943. At the opening of each term we received new Freshmen, of course, and on June 17 we had 213 registered, including some special students for the summer school. There was also the Aviation Cadet Course whose number rose to 100 at times and in both Winter and Spring Terms we had the evening school averaging about 130 at each term. Thus we were able to teach and to live without the sheriff knocking too often at our door for bills unpaid.

The attendance at present fluctuates and none knows what the morrow may bring to the University of Scranton. Whatever the story may be for the years following this much is certain: rarely have Ours shown such optimism as has reigned among the faculty at Scranton. None has sat down to deplore the march of events; all have continually girded themselves to meet difficulties as they arose and all have been willing

to do their utmost, and have really done it to make this last and final venture of the Maryland-New York Province a real success and to hand it over to the restored Province of Maryland, on July 2, 1943, as a healthy young college. It is the least indeed of several, but perhaps the most enthusiastic of all, from both the faculty and the student angle. Scranton's future is by no means behind it; the future will tell that here we have a fine field for education and the saving of souls.

The course of studies had to be re-arranged when we took over. What philosophy had been taught was not of our kind; there had been little of it and it was an elective. This was changed at once for the Juniors and Seniors and made an obligatory course. The logic specimen offered by the Juniors in November, 1942, was on a par with similar work by other colleges of the Society. History was made of obligation for certain years of the course. Few, if any, were asking for Greek, Latin was below par because of the poor fundamental courses in this subject given by the schools whence our students came. Science was way up, both because of the stress on it due to the war and because the University under the Brothers had stressed this subject rather than the rounded education which we as Jesuits have always tried to impart. In these dark days we cannot get all our ideals into action at once. We can only proceed cautiously and do our best until, with the war over we can really do a good work in Scranton for the thousand boys and more who will be wishing a Jesuit education.

This article on Scranton's beginnings would not be complete without some mention of the very wonderful interest shown and the help afforded by every house in the Province. We started with nothing; we have now a well equipped house. Three houses loaned us Brothers; others sent books; one sent two altars. The Philippine Bureau gave us chalices, ciboria and altar cards. One of the pictures we received is a gem; a painting of St. Ignatius which fitted exactly into a frame built into the wall of the library in the Scranton

Estate. It looks as if this picture had been made for this exact spot. One of the Scranton ancestors occupied this place before we came. Mr. J. William Babington Macauley gave us for our chapel one of the most cherished pictures in the collection of the late Mrs. Genevieve Brady Macaulay. It hangs on the northern oak panel wall of our chapel. It is Luini's Madonna, the Child and St. John Baptist. In the reception room is a series of century old plaques brought from Europe by Mrs. Macaulay. Two large paintings of ecclesiastics and two elaborately wrought silver vases and a pair of exquisitely carved gilded candlesticks were given us by Madam Dreyfus-Barney of Washington. The aqua blue altar that was in the residence of Mrs. Macaulay at Wernersville is now the altar of our domestic chapel. Several friends undertook by their gifts to outfit our chapel and it is admired by Catholics and non-Catholics. There are no pews in the chapel but most comfortable priedieux, built by Brother Mahlmeister, who, after removing the book cases from the room where the chapel now is, most skilfully panelled the walls in keeping with the original woodwork.

One of the best guarantees of the future success of our work at Scranton lies in the present activity of the Sodality in work for the alumni in the services at home and abroad. Father Vincent Bellwoar, the Spiritual Counselor, has done a magnificent job in locating the alumni in the Armed Forces. The thousand or more who were alumni of the Brothers' administration here have been contacted; many had never seen a Jesuit. Now all these and those who were students with us receive each issue of the News Sheet, are attached to the Society and regularly visit us when on furlough at home. They will be staunch friends when, after the war, "clear" signal is given and we can go ahead full speed with our educational works as conducted by the Society.

* * *

P. S.—Since the above article was written there have been further changes at Scranton. The Aviation

Cadets have been withdrawn by the Government. Fire damaged the Annex and, beginning with September, 1944, that building will house the Scranton Preparatory School. The number of college students has dropped, and a successful Labor School was conducted in Hazleton, Pa.

F. C. W. S. J.

RETREATS FOR PRIESTS AT AURIESVILLE

THE DIRECTOR

December 1943 marked the close of the fourth functioning year of the Priest's Retreat House at Auriesville, although three experimental retreats (with a combined attendance of 18) were held in the late fall preceeding the first calendar year of its existence. During this time, 372 priests, including five Bishops, made retreats in this house. With relatively few exceptions, made because of emergencies, all remained for eight full days. The records to date seem to indicate that of each year's enrollment one third will become yearly or almost yearly frequenters of the retreat house.

The customs instituted at the outset have now become firmly established "traditions." Chief among these "traditions" may be enumerated: A schedule of four meditations and one conference per day, with the occasional dropping of one or other exercise at the discretion of the director; emphasis on the meditations of the individual rather than the talks of the director; hence, short points or "conferences" (as they are generally called by retreatants); no recreation periods; reading and silence at table; silence maintained at all times during the day. The retreatants all become interested in the lives of our North American Martyrs, derive inspiration from visiting the holy places on the Shrine grounds, daily make the outdoor Via Crucis, daily are blessed with the relics of the Martyrs, companions to those who died here.

These "traditions" were maintained during 1943, as in preceding years. One exception was made because of war-time conditions. During April and May five retreats were held which lasted only five days. This was done at the request of nearby dioceses which had cancelled their diocesan retreats owing to the shortage caused by the enrollment of so many priests in the Chaplains' Corps of the armed forces. As priests engaged in school work were not yet free to substitute

during the week, many could not have come here for eight days.

This experiment can be termed a success, but not a startling one. The five retreats accounted for only twenty-five of the year's retreatants. On the other hand, the summer retreats, lasting 8 days, were in general better attended, and the constant yearly growth indicates that in a few years all of these will be attended to the limit of our rooming capacity. Hence there would be no advantage in having five-day retreats from June to Christmas, when, probably, as many as can be accommodated will be willing to come for eight days. In regard to this question of duration, the director undertook a quiet survey of the opinions of most of the retreatants who were here between June and December of this year. Asked at the end of their retreats, they were almost unanimously in favor of retaining the 8-day policy. The conducting of 5-day retreats from January to April *may* prove to be the best means of utilizing the facilities of the house during this, the slack season.

During these first years most of the advertising effort was directed toward soliciting retreatants for the milder seasons of the year. But from the beginning was borne in mind the more distant goal of making the retreat house function eleven months of the year, closing in mid-December, re-opening about mid-January. This past year for the first time mention was made on our circular of the possibility of winter retreats. The response in applications coming in at this time points to the probability that in a few years retreats can be scheduled through the winter months, with only slightly smaller groups than those of the summer. (For example, there were seven applications for retreats within the last few weeks.) Unfortunately, this year the winter program had to be cancelled owing to conditions due to the war.

There is reason to believe that the 1943 enrollment would have been higher than it was, if there had been normal peace-time conditions. Nevertheless, the actual number, 148 priests, represents an increase of forty

per cent over last year's enrollment, an increment which can be considered healthy and satisfactory in every respect. Of the 148, three were Bishops, two Auxiliaries, one Co-adjutor and Administrator of his diocese. Included also were numerous Monsignori and diocesan officials, and the Rector of the Seminary of one of the largest eastern Archdioceses. Twenty were religious, representing fourteen Orders and Congregations.

The diocesan priests came from two Canadian dioceses (the Archdiocese of Montreal and the diocese of Hamilton), and from the following 29 Archdioceses and Dioceses of the United States: Boston, Chicago, Denver, Detroit, Dubuque, Newark, New York, Philadelphia, St. Paul, Brooklyn, Buffalo, Burlington (Vt.), Cleveland, Davenport (Iowa), Erie, Fort Wayne, Hartford, Lansing, Mobile, Ogdensburg, Paterson, Peoria, Pittsburgh, Raleigh, Rochester, Scranton, Springfield (Mass.), Syracuse, Winona (Minn.). The greater number of these dioceses were represented by two or more priests. Buffalo led with 18 retreatants; Chicago came next with 17, Brooklyn with 15. It is note-worthy that, even in the case of the distant dioceses, the advent of one priest usually results in the application of one or more others from the same diocese the next year, or later in the same year.

Too much credit cannot be given to Father John J. Fernan, who, with short notice, took over the working management of the retreat house during a considerable portion of the last two years, and conducted a number of retreats to the eminent satisfaction of the priestly clientele. The retreat house also owes a debt of gratitude to the following Fathers who conducted retreats here during 1943: Father John J. Killeen, Father J. Edward Coffey, Father John E. Wise, Father Edward A. Ryan.

HISTORICAL NOTES

THREE CENTENARY PAPERS

*Commemorating the First Centennial of the
Apostleship of Prayer*

GEOFFREY BLISS, S.J.

I

SAINT MARGARET-MARY AND THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

The Apostleship of Prayer was founded 150 years after the death of Saint Margaret-Mary, yet it has a close relationship with her life and writings and with the revelation, made through her, of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. That relationship is threefold: it lies partly in the nature of the Saint's teaching about the Sacred Heart; partly in the fact that the devotion was first propagated, with word and pen, by members of the Society of Jesus, the crown of their labours in our day being, it might be said, this Apostleship or League of the Sacred Heart; lastly it lies in the fact that the Apostleship has been one of the principal means of making widely known amongst the faithful many of the Saint's special practices of devotion to the Sacred Heart, such as the First Fridays, the Holy Hour, Consecrations to the Sacred Heart, etc.

There are two main aspects of the revelation of the Sacred Heart as it is unfolded for us in the Saint's writings. One is the immense love of the Divine Heart for men; the other is the grief of that Divine Heart at receiving from most men either but a cold return, or blank indifference, and from some even malice and scorn. But there is an element common to both aspects, and coming out in almost every word the Saint wrote about this devotion. It is the surpassing desire of the Sacred Heart of Jesus to win the souls of men: to win

them to Itself, to a knowledge of that Divine Heart and of all that God has done for them in the mystery of the Incarnation, so that men may be enlightened and saved and reunited to God. This burning zeal of the Sacred Heart is what might be called the other side of Its love of men; since the motive of that zeal is the love of the human Heart of Jesus for his Father in Heaven, the desire to honour, glorify and satisfy his Father by the salvation of men.

It is this third and all-pervading aspect of the devotion to the Sacred Heart which has been the inspiration of the Apostleship of Prayer: the thought of that Heart consumed, because of Its love of God and man, with burning desires with which it is possible for men to unite themselves, to seek to share; desires which we can even, by prayer and good works, help to satisfy. This is the apostolic spirit as seen in the light of devotion to the Sacred Heart; this is the spirit which inspires the Apostleship of Prayer, and with which it seeks to inspire its members.

It is natural, then, that the series of little papers by which we desire to commemorate the first centenary of the Apostleship should begin at a date much earlier than 1844 and should begin with something about the great Saint without whom our Apostleship as it exists today could never have come into existence. St. Margaret-Mary can teach better than any other the true meaning of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and therefore the true spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer which is wholly built upon that devotion.

It has been suggested by some writers about this Saint that there was in her very little of the natural human charm or attraction to be found in other saints' lives. One can see perhaps what was in their minds in that suggestion; they may, even, be right: the attraction and the wonder of this life is almost wholly supernatural; yet Margaret-Mary's account of her own childhood, passed in such extraordinary conditions, is very moving and very revealing. What it seems to me to reveal is, first a nature of quite exceptional directness and simplicity (though these are, no doubt, qual-

ities of childhood) ; and secondly, a most astonishingly direct and swift action of supernatural grace upon that simplicity of nature: action able to be so swift, and so direct, just because that nature was so simple, so all of a piece, so true to itself. Margaret-Mary was almost from infancy, capable of becoming a woman "of one idea": grace brought it about, from the time of the dawn of reason, that the one idea should be nothing else than the Goodness of God and His claim upon her. But the school in which she learned was a hard one indeed.

Out of simplicity and directness grew, under the power of grace, generosity. It is the great characteristic of this life. The one thing impossible to her was to refuse God anything, though over and over again the things He asked seemed to her impossible at first to give. This was generally because they were actions that threatened to bring her into public notice. Both nature and grace, and the experiences of her childhood, had combined to make that terrible for her. Yet in the end she always overcame and complied, and nearly always the actual result was humiliation rather than praise or approval. Whether Margaret-Mary was lacking in charm or no, she was certainly not lacking in capacity and intelligence of a practical kind, or she could not have discharged the offices entrusted to her. But of these, that in which she succeeded best, and was most happy, was Mistress of Novices, a post in which her simplicity and directness and her capacity for love, had free play.

This, then, was the soul, and the kind of soul, that God chose, among all others, to be the instrument of what was to be a kind of renewal or reinforcement of the central revelation of our Faith, the mystery of the Incarnation, and of all which that mystery unveils of "the height and the depth" of God's love for man: that mystery by which the Divine Love comes to us no longer, as for the Jews, as if from a great distance but out of a Heart human in every way like our own, proving itself a love at once human and divine, even to the death of the Cross; and persuading us that it is a Love

which every man can understand, and which no man can without inhumanity reject, or fail to return with a love straight out of his own heart.

For this is the root of the meaning, and indeed the whole meaning, of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, under whatever aspect we regard it: whether as a revelation of the power of the Divine Love to protect and sanctify souls as illustrated in those Promises of the Sacred Heart we receive from the Saint; or as a vision of the suffering of the Heart of the God-Man refused the love of men; or lastly as a showing forth of the burning desire of that same Heart for the glory of His Father and the salvation of His brethren: whether of the Sacred Heart Pleading, or Sanctifying, or Suffering.

The Apostleship of Prayer lives by the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which, as we shall see, has transformed it, given it its distinctive spirit, and provided it with the means to transfuse that spirit through great numbers of the Faithful. It is fitting, then, that the name of St. Margaret-Mary, the revealer of the Sacred Heart, and its undaunted and generous love, should come first in any attempt to tell the story of our League of the Sacred Heart. We shall hope next to say something of Blessed Claude de la Colombiere, and one or two other members of the Society of Jesus, who were allowed and enabled to carry the spoken and written words of the Saint into the world, even in her own lifetime, and to begin the work of making known to all what had been revealed to one heroic soul.

II

B. CLAUDE DE LA COLUMBIERE

It will not be possible (as it was not possible in the case of St. Margaret-Mary) to give here even an outline of the life of the Blessed Claude. His life, however, is one that should be known to all members of our Apostleship, of which he might be called the Precursor. Certainly without him its actual founder, Père Gautrelet, and Père Henri Ramière, who is often called its

second founder, could never have accomplished what they did. We shall be concerned, then, for the most part, with the brief period of B. Claude's life during which he was a Paray-le-Monial and acted as the director of the Saint to whom the Sacred Heart revealed Itself.

Claude de la Colombière was born in 1641 in the part of France called Dauphiné, of a family that had long provided notaries and bailiffs to a neighbouring great estate. He was one of seven children. All but the eldest of the five who grew up were priests or religious. In their childhood their home was known as "the family of saints." He was educated at the Jesuit College of the Holy Trinity at Lyons, and joined the Jesuit noviciate at Avignon at the age of eighteen. While teaching and studying theology in the college of Clermont at Paris he was tutor to the sons of the famous Colbert who controlled the exchequer of Louis XIV then at the height of his glory. He had contacts at this time with persons of the corrupt court of the Grand Monarque (the King's conversion came about only in the year of Father de la Colombière's death), and with the advances, still secret and unavowed, of the Jansenism of Port Royal. After his ordination and a period of teaching in his old school at Lyons he went, in 1674, to the "Tertian House" of St. Joseph, near the same city, for his final year of spiritual training, and to make at full length the "Exercises" of St. Ignatius. From this retreat he dated his own "conversion" and in it he laid strongly the foundations of an heroic sanctity. His notes of retreat are extant, and the detailed plan which he drew up of a vow to observe exactly in future all the rules of religious discipline. To read them reveals a soul completely calm, clear-sighted and full of courage, and with a profound desire to please God.

It was in the next year that Father Claude was sent to the Jesuit house in Paray-le-Monial to be its Rector. His work was that of preaching in the church, giving missions in the neighbourhood, and directing various religious communities in the town, among them the

Monastery of the Visitation, where dwelt, entirely unknown, the nun now honoured as St. Margaret-Mary. Father de la Colombière knew what dangers were threatening the Church at that time from Jansenism, which declared that Christ had not died for all men, and from Quietism, whose founder, Molinos, had said: "We sought not to love the Humanity of Jesus Christ." He was therefore prepared to recognize in the revelation of the Sacred Heart made to this obscure religious a remedy for these evils. Margaret Mary at this time was in the greatest distress of mind. It had been urged upon her by her superiors and by her confessor that she should regard the revelations as illusions, and this command she had been striving with all her strength, but in vain, to obey. Our Lord had consoled her with the promise of a new director. On Father Colombière's first visit to the convent to give an exhortation both he and St. Margaret-Mary became secretly aware, the one of the presence of an elect soul, the other of the fulfilment in this priest of the promise made to her. The first time he acted as special confessor the nun was reserved about exceptional graces; the next time, at her superior's wish, she opened her mind fully to Father Colombière regarding the state of her soul.

After he had heard her confession several times, and had tested her virtues for himself, he came to a conclusion and a decision. He forbade her to resist the Spirit which inspired her, and declared that the devil did not lead souls by this road. Shortly afterwards the Saint received a direct instruction from Our Lord to communicate fully with her director all that she had learned from Him about his Sacred Heart, in order that this priest might make known to others "how greatly devotion to that Divine Heart would benefit souls."

It was a little later that St. Margaret-Mary received what is generally called "the Great Revelation" in which Jesus Christ showed her his Heart full of love for men, declared his grief at their ingratitude for this love, and requested the institution of the festival of the Sacred Heart at the date when it is now observed.

When the nun declared her incapacity for such a purpose Our Lord referred her again to the aid of Claude de la Colombière: "Tell him from Me to do all he can to establish this devotion, and so please my divine Heart." Her confessor then required her to set out in writing all that she had learned concerning devotion to the Sacred Heart.

The first effect of his consideration of what the Saint then wrote was that Father Claude resolved to consecrate himself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus on the approaching Friday after the octave of Corpus Christi, June 21st, 1675. This date his biographer, the Abbé Charrier, regards as the starting point of the history of the devotion. The form of consecration which he drew up has been preserved and we cannot do better than give some parts of it here. After reciting what he had learned from St. Margaret-Mary of the coldness, ingratitude, and contempt which the Divine Heart had found in the hearts of men, he continues:—

"In reparation for such great outrages and such cruel contempt, O most adorable and most loving Heart of Jesus, and to keep myself in every way that I can from being a sharer in such evil, I offer Thee my heart with every movement of which it is capable. I give it wholly to Thee and from this hour declare, with what I feel is a true sincerity, that I desire to forget myself and all that concerns me, so as to remove every obstacle that could prevent me from entering into this Divine Heart which Thou hast the great goodness to open to me, and which I desire to enter that there I may live and die, with thy true and faithful servants wholly penetrated with, and embraced by, thy love." Then, after an offering of all spiritual merits he may ever gain to be disposed of at the good pleasure of the Heart of Jesus, he continues: "Sacred Heart of Jesus, teach me the perfect forgetfulness of myself, since this is the only way by which I can enter into Thee. . . . I feel in myself a great desire to please Thee and a great helplessness to achieve this without a very special light and grace, which I can hope for only from Thee. . . . It is Thou who must do all, divine Heart of Jesus

Christ: thine alone will be the glory if I make myself holy: that is more clear to me than daylight; but for Thee that will be a great glory, and for this reason alone do I desire to attain perfection. Amen."

During the remaining seven years of his life Blessed Claude de la Colombière set himself to fulfil this act of consecration. And he set himself also to carry out the commission, which by this consecration he had accepted, to make known the adorable Heart of Jesus to others: at Paray for the five months he was still to be there, then in London, and afterwards at Lyons. About his work in London, where he was confessor to the Duchess of York (1676-1678), readers may consult the little book "England and the Sacred Heart," by the Rev. G. E. Price, to which Fr. Bearne, S.J., contributed a Preface. A sentence is there cited (p. 11) from the *Spiritual Journal*: "I recognize that God demands of me to serve Him by obtaining the fulfilment of his desires about the devotion which He has entrusted to my weakness. Already I have taught it to many in England." The illness which manifested itself during his three weeks of imprisonment in the King's Bench prison during the "Titus Oates' Plot" continued to make him incapable of active work until his death in 1682. On his banishment from England he paid a brief visit to Paray-le-Monial, where he had one long conference with St. Margaret-Mary. Then after a sojourn of some months at the family home at St. Symphorien, where he was sent in the hope of his being cured, he lived in the Holy Trinity College at Lyons.

In some of his letters which survive from this time we find him engaging his correspondents to receive holy communion on the day which is now the feast of the Sacred Heart, in reparation for the irreverences committed against Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. But except in private conversation it was difficult to pursue any direct apostolate in favour of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Already a storm of opposition was rising among Jansenists, and others who without knowing it were infected to some degree with

the spirit of Jansenism. Claude de la Colombière had to exercise great caution. But his office in the house at Lyons, that of "Spiritual Father" to the Jesuit scholastics, some fifteen in number, enabled him to explain and promote the devotion among these young men. One of them was Père Gallifet, whose writings on the Sacred Heart, together with those of Père Croiset, did so much to make the devotion to the Sacred Heart widely known during the eighteenth century. We hope to say something of their works in our next paper. Fourteen years after Blessed Claude's death Père Gallifet wrote an account of his former Spiritual Father, and this, with the circulation of Fr. Claude's Notes of Retreat, did much to help the diffusion of devotion to the Sacred Heart.

Fr. Claude's letters in his last years show the great patience and resignation with which he bore the wasting disease of the lungs that caused his death, and an expression in one of them suggested that he had made a formal offering of his life inspired by his great desires for his own sanctification and that of all other souls. And this seems to be confirmed by the message which St. Margaret-Mary sent to him a few days before his death. He was then at Paray, whither he had been conveyed in a last hope for his recovery, but was about to be moved, on the physician's advice, to Vienne. The message was to the effect that Our Lord desired the sacrifice of his life in the place where he was. And there, at Paray-le-Monial, the sacrifice was accomplished, on February the 15th, 1688.

There can hardly be a saint in the calendar in whose life remarkable events, or external marks of sanctity, are more lacking than in that of Blessed Claude de la Colombière. There is only the evidence, in the Notes of Retreat, of a soul possessed with a calm, courageous and very intense desire of holiness inspired solely by a love of Jesus Christ; and that of the veneration with which he was regarded from the moment of his death, by those who knew him. But one of these was a great saint herself. St. Margaret-Mary asked prayers for him when he died, but two days later said

that prayers were not needed, that he should be invoked and prayed to. And on two occasions (while he yet lived) she had assurance from Our Lord himself that the heart of Blessed Claude should be like a throne for his own Sacred Heart, from which it should decree its commands of grace and mercy for souls. From the point of view of devotion to the Sacred Heart the lesson of Blessed Claude's life seems to be that what above all is required of souls that desire to please God is self-forgetfulness, and self-abandonment to the sanctifying power of the Divine Heart of Jesus.

III

JEAN CROISSET

We wish in this paper to give a few details about the life and writings of a Jesuit priest, Père Jean Croiset, who was a contemporary of St. Margaret-Mary, a disciple of Blessed Claude de la Colombière, and who more than any one, after these, prepared the way for the Apostleship of Prayer. Fr. Régnauld, S. J., when General Director of the Apostleship, published a short life of Père Croiset, the substance of which also appeared in *Le Messager du Sacré Cœur* for July, 1888. It is this account which we shall mainly follow.

Jean Croiset, whom Our Lord himself indicated to St. Margaret-Mary, as "a true friend and the future apostle" of his divine Heart, was born at Marseilles in 1656, the year in which Margaret Mary made her first communion at the age of nine. Nothing has been recovered concerning his early life before he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Avignon in 1677, aged 21.

He had not long been a Jesuit when he acquired, probably from Blessed Claude de la Colombière, a knowledge of the new devotion to the Sacred Heart, and was aware that it had its source in revelations made to a nun of the Visitandine Order at Paray-le-Monial. His interest was such that he wrote to her, and his letters persuaded her, as she told Mère de Saumaise, that he would be a valuable ally in making the devotion better known; and she consented to his

desire to meet her. He seems to have come to Paray-le Monial for his express purpose in 1689, the year before he was ordained priest, in company with a Père de Villette. The first interview was a disappointment to both (according to the Visitandine compilers of the Saint's Life known as *Les Contemporaines*), for they heard little or nothing about the Sacred Heart. But when on the next day each had been able to speak separately with the Saint they were greatly impressed. Père Croiset, from soon after this time until the end of her life, became, by means of letters, her trusted director and adviser, the successor, in this respect, to Blessed Claude. We know this on the authority of Père Joseph de Gallifet given in his work "The Excellence of Devotion to the adorable Heart of Jesus Christ."

It was now, even before he was ordained priest, that Fr. Croiset began with his pen to aid the diffusion of devotion to the Sacred Heart, for he contributed certain additions to the little manual of 44 pages known as the *Livret de Dijon* compiled by the Visitandine nuns in that town in 1686, but not given to the public until 1689, a year before the death of St. Margaret Mary. She wrote in that year, to a nun friend, about these augmentations made by Fr. Croiset, that they were "the work of a very holy religious"; and again later in the same year, she writes of him as one "who has taken greatly to heart the glory and the interests of our Sovereign Master, to which he is ready to sacrifice his own interests: but he desires not to be known by name at present."

Fr. Croiset on his part had a profound reverence for the religious to whom Our Lord had revealed his Sacred Heart. He relied on her both for instruction in this devotion, and for advice in his own spiritual life. In a letter to her of August, 1689, after recounting certain efforts he has made to further the devotion, he adds about himself: "The desire to love God burns in me, but I cannot say that I love Him yet when I consider my imperfections. I have no humility at all, and that is the virtue most necessary for this divine

love. I know well that it is a gift of God, this perfect and sincere humility which I see that I ought to have and which I know by experience that I have not. I implore you, redouble your prayers for me, do something to get for me this all-important virtue. Speak to my loving Jesus and beseech Him to accomplish quickly the work at which He has laboured in me this last year more than ever before, though I have responded so badly." Fr. Croiset mentions towards the end of this letter that he hopes soon to be ordained a priest.

St. Margaret Mary's reply was by a very long letter, lost for many years but recovered by the Superior General of the Barnabites in the monastery of the Visitation at Bologna. In communicating it, in 1874, to the *Messenger* he describes it as "a kind of summary of all that she has written on devotion to the Sacred Heart." In this letter the Saint greets Fr. Croiset as "my most dear brother in the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ, who wishes me so to name you," and adds that the Sacred Heart unites them "in an equality of blessings, like a brother and sister." She urges him to devote himself courageously to make known the Sacred Heart, and not to let other occupations become an excuse for neglecting this. The letter contains, in one fairly short passage, a statement of most of the "Twelve Promises," and in it she speaks also of the special part the Visitation Order and the Society of Jesus are to have in the diffusion of a knowledge of the Sacred Heart.

A few months later St. Margaret Mary declared to a friend, "I shall assuredly die during this year (1690), because I no longer suffer, and also in order that I may not be an obstacle to the great fruits which my divine Saviour hopes for from a book about the devotion to the Sacred Heart." This book was the great work of Fr. Croiset which appeared in 1691, the year after the Saint's death. That event left him free to add as a supplement to the volume "A brief account of the life of a Religious of the Visitation of whom God made use to establish the devotion to the Sacred Heart of

Jesus." The book itself was entitled: *La dévotion au sacré Coeur de N.S. Jésus-Christ*, by a Father of the Society of Jesus. It contained 512 pages, and the Brief Life a further 146 pages. It was published at Lyons. The Saint's death enabled Fr. Croiset to write much more fully about the revelations concerning the Sacred Heart made by Our Lord himself, which greatly added to the force and value of his work.

Fr. de Gallifet has recorded that this book had the same immediate success as its predecessor (the small "Livret de Dijon," or "de Lyon" as it was sometimes called after Fr. Croiset had added to it). Of the 1691 volume Mgr. Languet de Gergy, Bishop of Soissons and a member of the Académie Française, the author of the standard Life of St. Margaret Mary, wrote as follows: "All who wish to know with exactness what is the spirit and practice of devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Saviour, and who desire to gain from this devotion the fruits which it should produce in the soul, will find in this book a source of instruction and edification. None has set forth better than has this pious writer the obligations of true piety and the obstacles which weaken it in our souls, or, in a word, all the holy paths of perfection and the love of God. It is difficult to read this work without feeling the touch of this holy love, or without being ashamed of the tepidity in which we live. This is the aim and purpose of the whole work, as it is, too, of the Devotion the sacred mysteries of which are here unveiled."

In the memoir of Père Croiset in the *Messenger* it is noted how his work contains at least the germs of most of the forms of devotion to the Sacred Heart which are known today, and are proposed to its members by the Apostleship of Prayer, such as the Holy Hour, the Communion of Reparation, the Guard of Honour, and others. The Apostleship itself is adumbrated in the practice of a daily offering to the Sacred Heart, and in the author's hope to see one day established an Association of persons devoted to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Fr. Croiset is here almost quoting words of St. Margaret Mary in the long letter men-

tioned above: "If only there could be an Association for this devotion in which the members would share their spiritual goods with one another." This idea and purpose has always been a special character of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart.

In 1692 Fr. Croiset became professor of rhetoric in the college of Lyons where Blessed Claude had spent his last years. Here we find him rejoicing in the success of his book, and writing to Soeur Medeleine Joly, whom he had aided in the compilation of her little manual three years before, that he hears from Central France, from Toulouse, from Provence and from Brittany of the growth everywhere of the devotion. He corresponded also with Fr. de Villette, now Superior at Paray, and with other Jesuits, on this subject. During all the remainder of his life he continued this apostolate: as Rector at Lyons (during which time the feast of the Sacred Heart was first celebrated in all that diocese), and at Marseilles (which became known as the second city of the Sacred Heart); as Master of Novices at Avignon, and as Provincial (at the age of 76). And this was in addition to his copious work as a writer of a series of saints' lives and many other books of devotion, 48 such volumes coming from his pen in the course of some 34 years.

As Provincial he had a curious adventure when he was arrested in Savoy, during time of war, as a suspected spy and brought before Victor-Amadée II in Turin. Such was the humility and simplicity of his manner and appearance that the Sovereign Duke took him at first for a lay brother. When he learned that he had before him the author of the then widely known Lives of the Saints he entertained him very honourably and sent him on his way to Chambery with an escort.

St. Margaret Mary had foretold to Père Croiset the many trials and oppositions he would meet in the work of promoting devotion to the Sacred Heart, and her prophecy was fulfilled. The strangest of these trials (for it has never been quite explained) was the placing, in 1704, on the Index of Prohibited Books of his work on Devotion to the Sacred Heart. This entry in

the Index was not deleted until 1887! Fr. de Gallifet wrote later that it was due to some failure to fulfil certain formalities on its first publication. It is noticeable that in humble submission to this act of authority Fr. Croiset refrained in all his subsequent spiritual writings, from any allusion to the devotion. His book, however, continued to appear, not materially modified, in successive editions and in many languages, with the usual episcopal approbations. It is still perhaps the most popular manual of devotion to the Sacred Heart, and an edition sponsored by our English "Messenger of the Sacred Heart" is in frequent demand. It is to Fr. Croiset that we owe the beautiful Litany of the Sacred Heart, and also the Little Office.

In his last years Fr. Croiset retired to the noviciate at Avignon which had greatly benefited in a material sense by the works of his pen, for the aisles of the noviciate church were added out of the money brought in by his books, and the same source provided for the building of the noble church of St. Louis in Avignon. Fr. Croiset's powers, and especially his memory, now began to fail, and a charming story is told of his asking a novice who was serving him at table for the name of the author of the book which was being read aloud to the Community. Getting the reply, "But it is you, mon Père!" he was quite unable to believe it, and declared that he had never written anything so good!

Fr. Jean Croiset died at the age of 82 on the 31st of January, 1738, on the eve of a First Friday. He used often to invite people on those days to "pray to Jesus to open to us his Sacred Heart and to give us the grace to dwell there all our lives." It was his own prayer, and it was granted him.

OBITUARY

BROTHER MICHAEL DOOLING

1860-1944

For sixty years, the last forty-nine of which were spent at St. Mary's College, St. Marys, Kansas, Brother Michael Dooling deserved well of the Society. His death on February 20, 1944, brought to a close another chapter in the history of the old college on the Kaw.

To borrow a cliché from nineteenth-century American biography, Michael Dooling "was born of Irish immigrant parents," January 19, 1860, on a farm near Monroe, Wisconsin. He was the second eldest of eight children. There were four boys and four girls in the family. His father, Timothy Dooling, died at the age of thirty-five; his mother, whose maiden name was Honora Ryan, lived to the matriarchal age of ninety-eight.

"The little red schoolhouse at the crossroads" was Michael Dooling's own description of the rural school in which he received his formal education. After completing the eighth grade he worked on the family farm until he was twenty-one. In 1881 he followed two of his sisters to Chicago, which was rising phoenix-like from the ashes of the Great Fire, and obtained a position with the traction company. For three years he worked as a conductor on the Madison Street line, the busiest in the bustling city. In later years Brother Dooling was fond of recalling two incidents that occurred while he was in Chicago: the passing of the horse-drawn streetcar and his own remarkable call to the Society.

His two sisters were members of the Holy Family parish. With the usual feminine curiosity they had become interested in a young man whom they had frequently seen praying earnestly in the church. When he suddenly and permanently ceased making his visits to the church, the two girls asked their pastor, Father

Henry Bronsgeest, what had happened to him. "He has gone to the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, to become a lay brother," was the reply they received. Then Father Bronsgeest added, "Perhaps your brother will follow him."

A short time later one of the young ladies boarded her brother's car at Western Avenue, the terminus of the line, and paused for a few moments on the rear platform to tell him what the priest had said. When he had heard his sister through, he simply replied, "Become a lay brother? Certainly I will!" In retelling the story of his vocation, Brother Dooling would add: "I felt as happy as if I were in paradise. I had no thought of it before, nor doubt of it since."

At the time Michael Dooling was living some three miles from the Holy Family church, and he was not personally acquainted with its pastor. An introduction confirmed him in his desire. The next step was that of making his application to Father Leopold Bushart, the provincial. The difficulties which he explained to the provincial had to be overcome: poor health and the support of a widowed mother. He had been advised by a physician to go to California or southwest Texas as he had the appearance of one in the first stages of consumption. Father Bushart told him not to worry about his health, but to go to the novitiate as soon as he could. For six more months Michael Dooling collected fares to help support his mother, and then he left for Florissant.

Father Bronsgeest had insisted with the provincial that the young man be admitted immediately as a novice and not as a postulant, and threatened to send the candidate to another order unless the concession were granted. Father Bushart acceded to the request. Time was to prove that this act of confidence in the young man and his director was not misplaced. On February 11, 1884, a date later to be universally honored as the feast of the first apparition of Lourdes, Michael Dooling walked up the steps of the rock building at Florissant and was greeted by Father Frederick Haggemann, the novice master. Among the novices

to meet him was Brother Joseph A. Nousa, "that pious fellow" who had been the indirect cause of his vocation.

On March 19, 1886, Brother Dooling took his first vows in the Society of Jesus. In May of the same year he was sent to the Osage Mission, now St. Paul, Kansas. There for five years he had charge of the boys' clothesroom. When the mission was closed in 1891, Brother Frederick Wenstrup, who had come by wagon from Kansas City in 1852 to help found the mission, taught him a lesson which he never forgot. "Such a trial as the closing of this mission after so many years of toil," said the old brother, "will teach us that we should not place our hopes on earthly things."

In June 1891 Brother Dooling took up his new duties at St. Louis University. The first two years he had charge of the refectory and the following year of the clothesroom. Then he was transferred back again to Kansas.

On August 15, 1894, Brother Dooling had taken his last vows. Two days later he arrived at St. Mary's College. There he was made sacristan of the community chapel and assistant in the boys' clothesroom. In 1895 he took over the supervision of the laundry, powerhouse, electric-lighting, water-works, and steam-heating. In addition to these onerous duties he took care of the community chapel, the community clothesroom, and the baking of the hosts for Mass.

To the boys of St. Mary's "Brother Clothesroom" and "Brother Laundry," as he was successively called, was always colorful. "Hang on to your things!" was the laconic lesson which he imparted to one lad who had returned to the clothesroom to find the key gone from his locker and his clothes tied up in knots. Nearly fifty years later the boys recalled the incident in a letter which he wrote to brother on the occasion of his diamond jubilee. Evidently he learned his lesson well, for the former student is now the president of a Topeka bank.

Brother Dooling frequently referred to the laundry as such a busy place "that you can't hear anything

but the noise." Not content with a trial and error method of running the plant, he made several visits to laundries in St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Chicago to learn something of the latest developments in washing clothes. When some improvement was required, he was not slow in placing requisitions for new equipment which would increase the efficiency of the laundry. During the seventeen years which Brother Dooling spent in keeping the college linen clean, he manifested something of that zeal for souls for which he was to be so well known in later life. At least one woman who became a convert before her death some years ago owed her conversion to the Catholic books and magazines which brother gave to her while she was working in St. Mary's laundry.

In September, 1912, Brother Dooling was sent to Belize, British Honduras. Being stricken with malaria, he returned to St. Mary's in April of the following year. There he took up the lighter duties of refectorian and clotheskeeper for the community. A short time later he acquired the added position of sacristan of the Immaculata, a post which he kept until 1931 when St. Mary's was closed as a boarding school. Always a great lover of flowers, Brother Dooling saw to it that there were flowers for the altar from April to November. These came from more than forty different varieties of perennial plants which he had planted on the college grounds.

In 1915 Brother Dooling was made mail-and-expressman for the college. During the next twenty years one of the most familiar sights in the village was that of Brother Dooling in his spring-wagon behind a buckskin bag on his way to the station to pick up a passenger, a trunk, or the mail.

In the words of a resident of St. Mary's who knew Brother Dooling for many years, "Brother's public life began when he took charge of the express." Certainly he took upon himself a unique apostolate—that of being the poor man's friend. Color, race or creed made no difference to Brother Dooling. He was never so happy as when he could stage a "party" or

"lend" money to some poor family of the vicinity. Food, clothing, money which he could beg from his more prosperous friends were quickly handed over to the indigent. During the dry years when not a single bushel of corn was shipped from the elevators of St. Mary's, and during the lean years when wheat was selling at forty cents, brother was an angel of mercy to the down-and-out. Some idea of the extent of his charity can be surmised from the thirty "parties" which he held for his poor friends on February 12, 1934, the day after his golden jubilee.

"Brother has a heart on both sides," was the saying of one non-Catholic lady, and many are the kind deeds which the people of St. Marys can still remember. One is in need of medical attention: brother supplies the necessary funds. An old lady needs a dress: brother talks dress to one of his friends so much that finally the necessary article is produced. A family is suffering from a lack of fuel: brother gets the wood and hires a man to cut it. A man and his wife find it difficult to receive instruction in the faith: two nights a week throughout the winter brother calls on them and instructs them until they are prepared for Baptism. An old woman needs a pension: brother solicits the assistance of a friend and obtains the state subsidy. One of his poor is sick: brother brings a sure-cure, a gallon of buttermilk, and leaves the invalid cheered with the thought that "in heaven there will be no sickness."

In the worst years of the depression Brother Dooling ran his "soup-kitchen" for the poor children of St. Marys. He obtained the use of a vacant store, put in a stove, secured the volunteer services of some of the ladies of the town, and then gathered together the necessary food—bread from the bakery and a hog's head or scraps from the butcher to provide the basis of the stew.

The minutiae of brother's charity can be seen from the care which he took of a little Indian girl. He got her to attend the Catholic school and asked some businessmen of the town to provide her tuition.

Brother convinced her grandmother that she should be allowed to make her First Communion before she was twelve. He obtained the services of some ladies of the village to make the child's First Communion dress, and then persuaded a photographer to take her picture for her benefactors!

Each time brother would meet his charge, he would ask her if she had been to Sunday Mass. On one occasion she replied that she had not been able to go because it had been raining. Brother thought of the proper remedy: he immediately gave her his own umbrella! As the years passed brother frequently told his friend that she would one day become a nun. Nothing was farther from the girl's mind, and she eventually began to resent his remarks. But the divine call did come, and in the year of his golden jubilee Brother Dooling had the pleasure of visiting her in the novitiate of her congregation in Chicago.

During the years that followed Brother Dooling kept up a correspondence with his protégée. Two texts which he used in his simple letters show well the ideal which he had placed before his own mind's eye: "One day I will hear it said to you: 'I was sick, and you visited me'." And in another letter he wrote: "Whatever you do to the least of my brethren, you have done it to me."

Brother capitalized on his own love of flowers to finance his charities. Each spring he would gather armfuls of pussy-willow along the creeks, and in the fall he would scour the hills for miles around in search of bittersweet. The third member of his "winter-bouquets" was dyed pampasgrass. The fifteenth of August, the day of the parish bazaar, was always an event for Brother Dooling. At the booth which he would set up for the sale of his "bouquets" there was a steady stream of customers. Not content with the money to be raised in the village, he "cashed in" on the contacts he had made with the boys of the college. One of the graduates of the first decade of the the cenutry has given the following estimate of brother's lucrative hobby:

Personally I think that his greatest claim toward fame is the fact that in his own way he rather began the polite racket of sending people something they do not want and then relying on their good nature to contribute for it. It is the favorite method today of sending unsolicited packages of postcards, medals, holy pictures and so forth. I think he is the originator, although his gratuitous package was armfuls of "bittersweet" berries and a few blossomed Kansas weeds that looked more like the plumes on the old-time hearse than anything else I know of. His letters accompanying the package gave you to understand that he had a dozen or more squaws, orphaned children and panhandlers who needed financial assistance and he took care of them.

Another one of brother's benefactors adds a few details:

Brother Dooling "put the lug" on his friends annually during the bittersweet season. I am proud that I was on his select list for a long number of years. And he warned me and others in a subtle way that if no gift was sent him in return for his Kansas prairie flowers, I wouldn't get any the following season. No threat, of course, just a way to tell us we were free to give or not to give for "his poor."

Because of his simple kindly manner, Brother Dooling was always a great favorite with children, who thought nothing quite so thrilling as a ride through town behind "old Buck," or a chance to hold the reins while brother stopped on some errand of mercy. He always greeted them with a smile, or a little joke or story which he never tired of repeating—of the boys who took the Infant from the church on Christmas day to give it a ride in his new wagon; of the reply of a little girl at a Baptist Sunday school meeting who was asked to say what she was thankful for: "That I am a Catholic and can go to a Catholic school"; of the youngster crying before confession, "because I have no sins." Brother's naiveté was seasoned with a certain restraint, a certain dignity. When he would leave after one of his "parties" he would always say, "Adieu, and God bless you!"

The first to greet the boys at the station, and the last to wish them goodbye, Brother Dooling made a

deep impression on the students of St. Mary's. His interest in two generations that studied at the college was shown by his visits to the infirmary where he would relieve the nurse for a few moments or even hours. Points of advice, little stories with a moral, copies of poems which he thought particularly charming or edifying were all part of his stock in trade. Nowhere perhaps is the hidden life of our brothers so much appreciated as in a boarding school. One of the graduates of St. Mary's, a very successful executive, could write:

To the thousands of St. Mary's men I would venture to say that when their thoughts go back to their old school, their first and best memories are of the good old brothers like Michael Dooling who really gave up the world and possessed that great virtue of humility which very few of us ever attain to in any degree.

Brother Dooling's community spirit was well illustrated by the classic birthday party he staged for Brother George Bender many years ago on the college grounds. Cakes were solicited from friends in town; ice-cream was somehow secured, the village band under the direction of Mr. Farrell was called out because Brother George had been something of a musician in his day—he had played the bass viol. As for the guests—they were gathered from the highways and the hedges, and a good time was had by all.

Nine years ago when Brother Dooling had become too old to handle the mail, he was made porter of the college. Most of his "parties" from that time on were held in the parlor. The last few years of his life were spent largely in the infirmary. The day of his diamond jubilee he was too feeble to attend the banquet prepared in his honor. After the dinner in the evening, the gladiolas which had been placed in the refectory for him were taken to his room in the infirmary. His eyes brightened as he saw the flowers. Then with a gesture to indicate the necessity of speed he said, "You must take them to the chapel."

Nine days later brother was dead. His death came beautifully and easily on the afternoon of February

20th—he simply ceased to breathe. Shrove Tuesday “the bittersweet man” was buried in St. Mary’s cemetery overlooking the village and the college which he had served so well. May he rest in peace.

FATHER FRANCIS J. McNIFF

1865-1944

The Rev. Francis J. McNiff, S.J., who for the past four years had been spiritual Father at Brooklyn Preparatory School, died on Thursday, April 27, 1944, at St. Ignatius rectory, adjoining the school. He was seventy-nine years of age, but up until his death he took a deep interest, not only in educational and spiritual matters, but in the everyday things in which “his boys” were interested—baseball, football and other college athletics.

Father McNiff had a very distinguished career as an educator, and was universally cherished by his students all through his long life. His death came suddenly. He had retired to his room and, before preparing for bed, was on his knees at his prie-dieu, in prayer, when he passed away in peace. Though ailing a bit in health for two or three years past, he was active and full of interest and at work preaching, giving special bi-monthly conferences and lectures to the very end, having taken his daily afternoon walk in high spirits on the day of his death.

Typical of his energy and ability is the fact that during his last week he presided over 25 fellow Jesuit priests at a formal Theological discussion; was very much alive in round-table recreational conversation every day after meals, inspiring the occasion with pointed, clever chats on topics ranging from the poetry of Sydney Lanier to Trout Fishing, and the best in Bronze Miniatures. Of wide reading and great taste, he possessed an extraordinary facility at quoting the

Latin, Greek and English classics, reciting playfully a wealth of Ballads, Rondeaux, Rhymes and Jingles in the finest literary tradition. His unfailing happy disposition and rich sense of humor made him a very valuable Community man and personal adviser.

Father McNiff filled the post of rector at the Jesuit Seminary and House of Studies at Weston, Mass., for long years; held the chair of ethics at Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., when it was the largest exclusively arts school in New England; was master of novices at Guelph, Canada, and after being superior of Campion House, the Jesuit House of Writers, New York City, and spiritual father at Wernersville, Pa., one of the largest Jesuit Houses of Studies, and thereafter in Brooklyn, until his death.

Father McNiff was born in Quebec, Canada, on May 8, 1865; educated in Montreal and Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; entered the Society at Frederick, Md., on September 5, 1883; studied philosophy from 1887 to 1890, and theology from 1895 to 1901 at Woodstock, Md., and Florissant, Mo.

He was universally liked and considered an optimist by all about him. He had retired to his room and before preparing for bed, was on his knees at his prie-dieu—in prayer—when he passed away in peace.

Father McNiff will be long remembered as an impressive personality, and a life-long ideal influence by his hundreds of old students of Holy Cross, Georgetown and Xavier, New York. He is survived by his sister, a Madame of the Sacred Heart at Saulte Au Recollet, Canada. May he rest in peace.

FATHER WILLIAM J. ELINE

1869-1943

Most Jesuits are shifted around considerably in the course of their careers. Father Eline was among those

few who remain more or less in one place. The fifty-four years of his activities as a Jesuit were almost equally divided between the U.S.A. and India; between St. Mary's Kansas, U.S.A., and The Patna Mission, India.

Rev. William J. Eline, S.J., was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, February 26, 1869. After graduating from Marquette University, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, in September 1890. On the completion of his classical and philosophical studies, he was assigned, as teacher and prefect, to St. Mary's College, Kansas, in September 1897. After five years at St. Mary's, he returned to St. Louis University, Missouri, for his studies in theology; and was ordained, there in June 1905.

Then, after his year of Tertianship, he returned to St. Mary's, Kansas, and remained there all of thirteen years,—until his departure for India in 1921.

Naturally, 'Father Eline' and 'St. Mary's' became almost synonyms. Generation after generation of students came to know 'Father Eline', of whom they had heard from their fathers and uncles who had attended this well-known College. Each summer found Father Eline 'on tour': visiting the homes of the students, looking up prospects, contacting the Alumni throughout the Middle West—the very embodiment of the spirit of St. Mary's. Even in his later years, when memory had begun to fail, the mere mention of a name or an incident connected with 'St. Mary's' awoke all the treasured recollections of the Old Days, and he was back again amid the scenes so dear to his heart.

The writer was associated with Father Eline for many years at St. Mary's, and feels urged to state that rarely has a Faculty member been so devoted and loyal to his School as was Father Eline to old St. Mary's and to 'the boys' whom he had known there. It is a fact, that when the day of his departure (for India) came, and his friends sought him to say a last farewell, Father was nowhere to be found. He had slipped away on an early morning train. Farewells at 'St. Mary's' were more than he could endure.

We feel certain that, as the news of Father Eline's death reached them in their homes and offices, St. Mary's Alumni, (Small Yard; Big Yard; Loyola Hall) young and old, paused for a moment of prayer for his soul, and then reminisced musingly over many an incident of the Old Days at St. Mary's.

In March, 1921, Father Eline and four other American Fathers arrived in Patna to take over the management of The Patna Mission, which the exigencies of World War I had compelled the good Capuchin Fathers to relinquish. Of this pioneer 'five', the sole survivor today, is Father Henry P. Milet, S.J. who celebrated his Golden Jubilee this year. Father Eline has gone to his eternal reward; and three of the Fathers had later, for reasons of health, to return to the U. S. A.

Father Eline was appointed Superior Regular in 1921, and held that responsible office for over eight years, being succeeded in June 1929 by Father P. J. Sontag, S. J.

The high points of Father Eline's administration may be gathered from the following excerpts.

"Covering as it did the pioneer stages of the American Fathers' work, it is obvious that Father Eline's term of office called for all the administrative ability which his own rare personal qualities and a long experience in various executive positions gave him. Add to this a conspicuous charity, as generous as it was universal, and you have the outstanding marks of The Patna Mission's first Superior Regular.

"A mission is never a one-man's job; and hence it would be as futile as it would be unjust to recount the progress in mission-work while Father Eline was Superior. But if the many works of apostolic zeal which, during these first eight years of The Patna Mission, were not only inaugurated but stabilized and matured into so healthy a growth as they show today,—if these are the result of team-work and wholehearted cooperation, then surely no little praise is due to the tactful, conciliating, encouraging hand that worked for this very union and one-ness among Patna's

new apostles with such unfaltering devotedness."

(The Patna Mission Letter, July 1929).

"On March 17th, 1921, Father Eline arrived in Patna at the head of a little band of five that would grow to about forty in 1929 when he gave up his office as Superior of the Mission. During these eight momentous years he resided in the historic cantonment at Dinapore.

"In 1922 an Apostolic School for preparing Indian boys for the priesthood was begun at his station in Dinapore. During the following year such notable works as the Khrist Raja High School, work among the depressed classes, cottage industries and the like were begun. The admission of many fine Indian young men to be Jesuits is not the least achievement of Father Eline's superiorship."

(The Patna Mission Letter, July-August, 1940).

"It was Father Eline who conducted the first group of American Jesuits to Patna, where he was appointed Superior Regular in 1921. He held this office for eight years, residing at Dinapore where he acted as Chaplain at St. Stephen's Church. With the exception of several years as Railway Chaplain at Jamalpur and a brief stay at Khrist Raja High School, Father Eline resided at Dinapore, where he continued his Chaplain activities until 1940, when failing eyesight (with consequent operations for cataract) compelled him to relinquish this work. In September, 1940, he celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit.

"Father Eline's administration as Superior Regular was marked by the inception of the educational work which has since so developed in The Patna Mission. His regime was also distinguished by the great strides made in mission-work among the Depressed Classes, a work carried on so fruitfully by Father Henry Westropp and fellow missionaries. Father Eline spared neither energy nor resources in his encouragement and promotion of this work.

"Father Eline died at Patna City Hospital on September 1, 1943. The funeral services were held at St. Xavier's, Patna, interment was in the Kurji Cemetery.

(The Examiner, Bombay, India, Sept. 11, 1943.)

He loved India and its people with a true supernatural love. If he dreaded anything, it was the fact that his Superiors might ask him to return to America. India was the country of his adoption, and he wanted to die in India. Another striking feature in Fr. Eline was his extraordinary love for the Mass. After two operations on his eyes, he could not read very much; in fact, he could no longer say his Office, but until his health broke down completely he continued to say Mass, and the Mass of the day, too. He was so attached to the Mass that he could never thank enough the scholastic who had helped him at the sacrifice. At times he would do so with tears in his eyes, as if the scholastic had rendered him some very great service. May he rest in peace.

FATHER SALVATORE M. GIGLIO

1872-1943

Fifty-four years ago a young man of seventeen left his home in Sicily to follow his vocation in the Society of Jesus. A few weeks before his novitiate ended he sailed, like other Italian missionaries, to the New World in quest of souls.

Salvatore M. Giglio, S.J., completed his course of training at Florissant and at Regis in the United States, before returning to Naples, where he was ordained at the conclusion of his course in theology on July 26, 1903.

Two years and two months later, on September 26, 1905, the young apostle was given a worthy outlet for his zeal when he was appointed as first pastor of Mt. Carmel church in Pueblo, Colorado. A number of Italians had settled in Pueblo and its environs, attracted by the opportunities of work in the smelters and on the truck gardens of the country.

In 1898 Father Massa, S. J., had built a very plain, almost barn-like structure, which was being used as the church. In this simple church young Father Giglio began to labor in 1905. There was nothing of value in the church except the lovely statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which is still used in the present building. The problem of supporting himself and maintaining his parish was a hard one for Father Giglio, because his people, who were accustomed to the government-supported churches of Italy, found the transition to our American system of parish support very unpleasant. Yet, when he left Pueblo in 1917, he had completed work on a fine residence and the present excellent church.

During these years he labored against great difficulties for his people. The life was hard; the facilities at his disposal were meager; yet he spent himself willingly in travel to his many mission outposts. In the course of years he had built up stations at Huerfano, Avondale, Undercliff, Lime, Boone, Pinon and other out of the way places where he found souls. He would baptize, perform marriages, console the sick, preach God's word to Mexican and Italian alike, offer the Holy Sacrifice, and then be on his way.

One thing that especially impresses those few people who know Father Giglio's life and apostolate intimately during these years is his love for children. He was constantly instructing them and caring for them in every way possible. During his pastorate at Pueblo he established a day nursery and orphanage with the help of Franciscan Sisters.

His twelve-year term as pastor came to an end in 1917. Between 1917 and 1929 he was employed in various capacities, chiefly in the New Orleans province. He was minister for a period at Loyola in New Orleans, taught in New York, was assistant pastor at Tampa, Florida, and El Paso, Texas. Perhaps his most outstanding work during these years was done while he acted as pastor in San Felipe (Old Town) Albuquerque, New Mexico. Here again his concern for the welfare of children put all his ingenuity to work at the problem

of purchasing the Old Courthouse, which he converted into a fine school.

In April, 1929, upon the death of Father Valentino, S.J., Father Giglio returned to Mt. Carmel parish in Pueblo. Here he remained as pastor until his death on September 30, 1943.

Perhaps very few people who claimed his acquaintance really knew Father Giglio well. Few understood his quiet, but profound devotion to his people. Fewer still had any idea of the persecution he suffered at their hands. Their callousness or ingratitude or neglect of their religious duties deeply pained his naturally sensitive character. People thought that he was always the same, unruffled and serene, but they did not suspect the constant struggle that went on within him to maintain the calm exterior or how much training in patience underlay his conquest of a volatile character. Those times when his temper did break out left no marks; he did not know how to harbor ill feelings.

Though his appointments were generally such as to deprive him almost from his ordination of all community life, he kept a great love for the Society throughout all his apostolic years. When he was abroad, the Society went with him. His contacts with the world, whether intellectual, spiritual, or social, were in every way a credit to the Society. He was a popular confessor for the priests of the city and was noted among them for his hospitality.

To some Father Giglio appeared to be independent. In reality this was only his earnest desire to trouble no one. The very night before he died, he himself explained this: "I don't want to bother anybody. It's not pride," he insisted; "I just don't want to trouble anyone."

His death was of a piece with his life; he troubled no one. Next morning he rose, went to his office to begin his meditation—the book was a Spanish edition of the Spiritual Exercises, marked at the Foundation—marked his Mass intention book, returned to his room, and died.

The death of Father Giglio brings to an end a long line of heroic Italian missionaries who are responsible, after God, for the preservation of the Faith in Southern Colorado. May be rest in peace.

FATHER ROBERT S. JOHNSTON

1874-1944

Three evenings before his death, almost to the hour, Father Johnston was, with characteristic warmth and courtesy, welcoming some of his Jesuit brethren who had come to visit him at St. Joseph's Hospital; and though he offered an excuse for not being able to show himself a better "host", there were then no sure signs that the end of life was so close. Even on the day of his death, after he had received the Last Sacraments, he manifested his old-time benevolence of spirit in conversation with one of the Fathers of the community. Then, shortly after dinner-time, there came with some suddenness the severe heart-seizure that closed his life of sixty-nine years. It was Friday evening, February 18th.

On December 11th, 1874, Robert Story Johnston, son of Robert A. Johnston and Ellen Story Johnston, was born at Troy Center, Wisconsin, only a few miles from the stretch of lake-land upon which were later to be reared the buildings of the Jesuit Vacation Villa, Beulah, and the nearby summer home of the Johnston Family. After his primary education, Robert Johnston attended Marquette Academy and College, and on August 14th, 1891, he became a novice at Florissant. As a scholastic, he spent his teaching-years in Detroit and in Cincinnati. His course in Theology in St. Louis was followed by ordination to the priesthood in 1905. Tertianship over, he spent one year at Marquette, and then went for special study in Dogmatic Theology to the Jesuit College at Ore Place, Hastings, England.

Father Johnston returned to America to commence an apostolate in the classroom which lasted for something over twenty fruitful years, while he lectured in Theology both at St. Louis University and at St. Mary's of the Lake, Mundlein. He brought to this work not only a brilliant mind rich in the resources of his subject, but a disposition and a personality which his young clerical students were quick to see the kindness and the amiability of, and which made of them friends and genuine admirers of their teacher. His manner as a teacher was uniformly sincere and benevolent, and no one will recall that he ever lapsed from his established way. It were easy to say, in this regard, that his was a native gentlemanliness; yet anyone familiar with the tests which class-room work puts upon his patience and persevering good nature knows well that Father Johnston's achievement here was no ordinary triumph. Christian gentlemanliness in its richest sense he surely possessed, and just as surely practiced upon all occasions and towards all manners of individuals. It was this quality, elevated by supernatural charity, which take on a rareness that his students retained an indelible impression of. And this impression persisted even when, in the intricacies of a lesson, lucid though its explanation might have been, or in the solution of a proposed question, the informed but wary teacher argued a point and, perhaps, still left something to be desired in the minds of his auditors. Mentally equipped as he was, Father Johnston dearly liked a mental bout, whether touching a point of class-matter, or the settlement of an issue in ordinary conversation, or the mere verbal accuracy of a casual statement. On occasions, he seemed to get enjoyment from actually evading the point in question, out of genial artifice.

His energies were not confined to class-room activity. He was known for an excellent preacher in the pulpit, where he delivered many a well-ordered, logical, exhaustive, and forcefully-composed exposition of Catholic doctrine; and for years he devoted himself to confessional work in the College Church, St. Louis. His

many contacts with Catholics and non-Catholics alike, especially during his term as President of St. Louis University, 1930 to 1936, were facilitated and turned to good advantage by the firm force of his benevolent spirit, always guided by the ideals of the Society.

Naturally rugged of constitution, and inclined in younger years to regular and busy activity in the matter of physical recreation and exercise, he drew genuine zest from life, he abounded in health, and even in the years of middle age, his youthful energy was maintained. No less than in things of the mind, he liked to excel in games and diversions, and he could be irked when a companion in recreation showed less alertness or intensity of application than was customary with himself. Father Johnston's attitude towards community-life evinced devotion to those practices and customs which engender unity of spirit and which diffuse genial charity. Many a one still retains the stimulating recollection of his eager participation in the life of the scholasticate. At all times he was accessible to the inquiring or troubled student; his mere daily greeting breathed affability; and with the exhaustion of the youngest of his scholars, he devoted his musical talent to the regular practices of the scholasticate orchestra. Thus, from the particular circumstances of time and place, his companionship, quite as much as his example, took on a value doubly dear to younger members about him.

When Father Johnston's presidency at St. Louis University ended, he came to Marquette University where he zestfully engaged in the work of teaching Philosophy. With the burden of office lifted, and once again in the class-room, he appeared to derive keen enjoyment from his contact with the young people in his courses. They, no less, were quick to find sources of appeal in their scholarly, amiable teacher.

He had now returned to an environment, of all environments the most familiar to him, in which old and treasured associations seemed even richer to his mature enjoyment of them. The large-hearted generosity of his admirable parents, now gone to their re-

wards, was perpetuated about him, in the very building in which he lived, Johnston Hall, of the University. To prosper the work of the Society in Milwaukee, his parents had contributed often and bounteously; in their Jesuit son was worthily continued the family tradition of generosity towards Almighty God and the Society of which he was so gifted and so loyal a member.

The last few years of Father Johnston's life were marked by intermittent illnesses which forced upon him the relinquishment of active work. The physical resources which had so often enabled him to rally from sickness gradually waned until a gentle resignation had supplanted old-time exuberance. Long ago, as a young man, he had gladly left all to follow Christ poor. Now he was at the end of life, rich in generous-hearted service; rich in years, of which he had lived fifty-two and a half in the Society of Jesus; rich in the promise of the Master's reward. May his soul rest in peace.

V A R I A

IMPRIMATUR GIVEN PRAYER FOR EX-GENERAL'S CANONIZATION

On March 19, 1944, His Excellency Joseph R. Crimont, S. J., Bishop of Alaska gave his official *imprimatur* to the following prayer:

"O God, if it be the sweet disposition of Thy holy Will, grant me the favor I ask through the intercession of Thy servant, Wlodimir Ledochowski, that to Thy greater honor and glory, he may be one day raised to the honors of the altar. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

The American Assistency.—

CHICAGO PROVINCE

Loyola U. and South America.—Morton Dauween Zabel, member of the English department of Loyola University, Chicago, for twenty years, who last month left on a year's leave of absence as inaugural professor of North American literature at the National University of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship. Dr. Zabel will work on a biography of Joseph Conrad. He was educated at St. Thomas Military College, St. Paul, the University of Minnesota and the University of Chicago.

Paul F. Elward of Loyola University, Chicago, and Miss Mary Burns, of Our Lady of Cincinnati College, were among the six persons who won awards in the National Discussion Contest finals held in the Pan-American Union in Washington, Dr. Leo S. Rowe, director general of the Pan-American Union, presiding. The awards are \$500 each for study in Mexico during the coming summer.

MISSOURI PROVINCE

Jubilarian.—Rev. Michael I. Stritch, S.J., has just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. At eighty-two he is the oldest Jesuit at St. Louis University in point of service, having taught philosophy continuously from 1912 until his retirement two years ago. He is a native of County Galway, Ireland. He studied at Woodstock, Md., and was ordained in 1898.

Still Prisoner.—Rev. Robert Keel, S.J., dean of the School of Commerce at Kojmachi, Kioicho, Tokio, the only Missouri Province Jesuit in that area, is still detained in Japan; he did not return on the Gripsholm. Five more Jesuits from Missouri recently sailed for India to join sixteen other members of the province laboring in the starving Patna district under the direction of Bishop Bernard Sullivan, S.J.

Large Bequest.—St. Louis University has received a \$1,250,000 endowment from the estate of Henry E. Sever, Chicago publisher to establish a school of earth sciences. This school will greatly expand and strengthen the university's already-existing department of geophysics. It will offer complete undergraduate and graduate training in geology, geological engineering, exploration geophysics, meteorology, seismology, and radio communications engineering.

The school will open in autumn with approximately 180 students. The dean will be the Rev. James B. Macelwane, S.J., famous geophysicist here. The department already has a three-story building, plus \$200,000 in equipment. The new school will be equal in standards with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but unique in its earth science equipment, staff and courses.

The university was chosen out of all colleges and universities in Missouri by a committee of three Chicago experts, investigating for Judge Joseph A. Graber, of Cook County Superior Court, who had been appealed to by the bank trustee of the estate. Judge Graber,

acting on information gathered by the committee after long investigation, said that St. Louis University alone could satisfy the requirements. The text of his decree states:

St. Louis University, founded in 1818, has founded ten other colleges and universities. It has a national and international reputation for scholarship and educational leadership. Its faculty has been gathered from the best universities in the world. Those in the science departments particularly have been conspicuous for research and publications on scientific subjects. Its library contains 424,553 volumes and receives by subscription 1,397 scientific journals.

War Record.—It is practically an impossible task to condense the record of the Jesuit colleges of the Province in the war effort. We can only hint at a few things here and there. For instance, Rockhurst was the first college in the country to begin classes in the Army Air Force Training Program, and was one of the two colleges in the United States granted an increase in the quota of Air Cadets. Marquette was the first Catholic school to have a Naval ROTC unit. The Radio Schools of the Army Air Force are staffed largely by graduates of St. Louis University.

It is as difficult to summarize the achievements of the Jesuit alumni and alumnae. A casual thumbing through of the various student and alumni publications of the Province shows a remarkable record. Each school has its own long list of heroes. Lt. "Jack" Cronin, of Regis, has been five times decorated for his bravery in the air over Europe. A hospital in New Caledonia has been named for Capt. Andre Panettiere, of Rockhurst, who was killed in action on Guadalcanal. Creighton, with 85% of her alumni servicemen holding commissions, can point with pride to such men as Ensign John J. Parle, first citizen of Omaha to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, who sacrificed his life to save his comrades and the Sicilian invasion plan. Marquette numbers among her loyal sons Robert D. Murphy who played such a prominent

part in the preparations for the allied invasion of North Africa.

Brigadier General Percy J. Carroll, Chief Surgeon of the United States Army Service of Supply in the Southwest Pacific Area, who was so highly praised by General MacArthur for his efficient evacuation of wounded from the Philippines after the fall of Manila, is a graduate of St. Louis University. So also are Maj. Gen. Joseph M. Cummins, Brig. Gen. Alonzo P. Fox, and acting Gen. Arthur Thomas. Among the first gold stars for Jesuit college alumnae was one placed in the service flag of St. Louis University for Miss Jane Champlin, a pilot in the Women's Auxiliary Ferry Service.

From Other Countries—

BURMA

A Flying Tiger, returned from Burma, reported that a book entitled "The China That Was," author, L. J. Gallagher, S.J., of the New England Province, published by Bruce of Milwaukee, was in constant demand by the American and British Officers engaged in the China War. The story reached the Army Special Training Division in Washington and the book is being recommended to the U. S. Government for reading by all Army personnel engaged in or destined for the eastern theatre of war.

BAGHDAD

From our College in Iraq comes the following proof that U. S. O. has a place among the Jesuits beside the Tigris.

"It would have done your heart good to have been with us recently when we were deluged with visits

from American soldiers. Each night was like old home week. The Stage-Door Canteen was never merrier than Baghdad College. Many of the soldiers who came were not Catholics, but those who could get leave returned every day they were in the neighborhood. Fr. Shea was doing the impossible, finding food we don't know where, keeping servants and cooks busy from morning till—well, the Fathers sat down to dinner one evening at eight-thirty. The cook protested with each waffle he made: what kind of people are these Americans who eat waffles in the afternoon, when everyone knows waffles are breakfast food. If our American boys enjoyed their visit, you may be sure that they were a real tonic to the Community.

"The triumphs of triumphs occurred recently when Baghdad College defeated the U. S. Army in a thrilling game of soft-ball. Our team was composed of seven stalwart boys plus Frs. Sheehan and Connell. The soldiers were visitors whose coming brought joy to our hearts and their own. With Fr. Sheehan the contest was a matter of pride, and he lived up to his reputation. The Mudir told us confidentially that, through the kindness of the opposing pitcher, he was able to show the students why he was in the lineup. Our outfield played like a trio of Dimaggios, or almost. For the records we may say that B. C. came from behind in the ninth to win 23 to 16. The boys were wildly excited, and the Army men enjoyed themselves hugely."

BELGIAN CONGO

The death on July 21 of Brother Gillet of the Jesuit Order, founder of the Botanical Gardens at Kisantu, was a great loss to the scientific world. As the result of his work, his own name has entered the language of botany, and many a descriptive plant classification ends with the word "Gilletii."

Since the last war, Brother Gillet devoted all the time allowed by the rule of his Order to personal supervision of the cultivation and upkeep of his great gardens. He gathered at Kisantu every plant that would grow in that climate, studied the different varieties of each species and the various methods of cultivation and worked out many original methods of growing them. He introduced into Africa crops which have now become staple foods for the natives. Sweet manioc, for instance, has already largely taken the place of bitter manioc, with great benefit to the consumer's health. He selected and hybridized African fruit species, producing a whole range of fruits, very different from the native varieties from which they sprang. Among these were bananas, mangoes, mangosteens, paw-paws, avocado pears and custard apples. He also catalogued and identified all native trees with a commercial value, and studied the best methods of reforestation to encourage their growth.

An example of Brother Gillet's ingenuity may be seen in the story of how he saved a small chapel on the bank of the Inkisi River whose foundations were threatened by soil erosion. The Order was distressed because building a dam would have proved a very costly matter. After vain attempts to strengthen the river bank, Brother Gillet changed his tactics. He had in his collection an assortment of amphibious bamboos, obtained from every corner of the earth, whose habitat and conditions of cultivation he had carefully studied. Making a selection he had the bamboos planted in the bed of the river, above the threatened spot. A few months later the river was in spate. The frail plants bent back, and the water passed through, but they gradually straightened themselves and for every shoot planted, 20 new ones began to grow. When next the river was in spate, the silt it brought down was stopped by the bamboo dam and settled on the river bed. Today the current has been subdued, and the chapel is safe.

ITALY

New Acting General.—The Very Rev. Alessio Ambrogio Magni, S.J., seventy-one-year-old Vicar General of the Society of Jesus, who has served as Acting General for more than a year, died April 11 in Rome.

Father Magni, who was born near Milan in 1872, entered the Jesuit community in 1892 and was ordained in 1904. He was noted as an orator and retreat master, and was named assistant for Italy in 1935.

Ill of uremia for several months, Father Magni received the Sacrament of Extreme Unction the night before his death, when his condition had become critical.

Father Magni had governed the Society since the death of the Very Rev. Vladimir Ledochowski, S.J., General of the society, in December, 1942. A sealed document left by Father Ledochowski, which was opened after his death, named Father Magni as acting General.

The Very Rev. Norbert de Boynes, S.J., was elected Vicar General of the Society of Jesus on April 19. Father de Boynes will serve as Acting General until a formal election of a new General can be held, which probably will not be until after the war.

Born in the diocese of Seez, Department of Oran, France, on August 24, 1870, Father de Boynes entered the Society of Jesus in 1888. He studied at the English Novitiate of Classical Studies in Canterbury, where he was ordained in 1902. He took his final vows in 1906 and served as Provincial of Paris and as Visitor to the United States, China and Asia Minor.

He was chosen Assistant for France in 1923 and has served in that position since.

NORTH ALASKA

Rev. Paul C. Deschout, S.J., of St. Alphonsus parish, Nelson Island, has been appointed Superior of the

Northern Alaska Mission by the Very Rev. Leo J. Robinson, S.J., Provincial of the Oregon Province. Father Deschout has been an Alaskan missionary since 1930. He succeeds the Rev. Joseph F. McElmeel, who has been Superior at the mission since 1937. The Northern Alaska Mission consists of thirteen permanent residences and over thirty-five mission stations, staffed by eighteen priests, two scholastics and eight coadjutor Brothers.

CUBA

Rev. Simon Sarasola, S.J., at one time assistant director of Belen College Observatory in Havana, has been named director, succeeding the late Rev. Mariano Guitierres Lanza, S.J. He was for a number of years director of the National Observatory at Bogota, Colombia. He has been decorated with the Grand Cross of Boyaco by Colombia and is a Commander of Isabel La Catolica of Spain.

ENGLAND

Rev. Bernard M. Egan, S.J., thirty-nine, the first British Army chaplain to be given his "wings" as a parachutist, has been awarded the Military Cross for bringing back without loss a party of parachutists who dropped in enemy territory in Sicily many miles from the remainder of the battalion; he collected the men and led them over difficult and dangerous country through the enemy lines.

THE PHILIPPINES

Objecting to "gratuitous slurs on the Filipino people, their habits of life and religion," as contained in

an article in the April 15 issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, the Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J., director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau in New York, deplores the publication of such "half truths and ignorance" at a time when the country was noting the second anniversary of the fall of Bataan.

"The burden of the article is to attribute the failure of the Japs in the Philippines to their stupidity, their failure to properly, psychologically approach the Filipinos," Father Masterson said. "In the eyes of the author it couldn't have been because the Filipinos had certain centuries-old principles and concepts of human life, its dignity and divine destiny born of and nurtured by their Catholic faith.

"Dr. Boots insultingly ascribes the Japs' failure to win the Filipinos to the fact that they didn't realize that they could have 'bought' Filipino loyalty. That's ridiculous in the face of the story of Bataan and the even now continued large scale guerilla warfare throughout the Islands.

"If the Filipino were venal, as Dr. Boots implies, how explain more than 100,000 Filipinos fighting on Bataan and other battle scenes. That, too, when they knew they were foredoomed! Yet, ill-equipped, ill-fed, sick, they would carry on for four months to exact a terrible price from the enemy and completely upset the Japanese timetable for the conquest of the entire Southern Pacific. Fifty-five thousand of them—many of them youngsters whom I had taught at our Jesuit University in Manila—were to die on Bataan and on the now famous 'March of Death'. And far away in America they can be slandered as venal!

"If the Filipino were as inept, lazy, pleasure-loving—as Dr. Boots pictures him—he never could have risen to the heroic heights he has in this war. But then, what more could we have expected of the author? He wasn't quite a year in Manila—and that time was spent considerably as an internee. He didn't have the opportunity many of our American Jesuit Missionaries with twenty years of experience in the Philippines

have had. We might then have looked for a little reticence in essaying a judgment of the Filipino people.

"Yet, in the view of the fact that he is forced to admit American friends were completely surprised by the loyalty of the Filipinos; despite, too, what he didn't bring out (but which has been spoken of by more distinguished repatriates) that the interneers' conditions at Santo Tomas were not a little materially bettered by the food and other items provided gratuitously by the Filipinos at considerable personal risk, the Doctor fails miserably in his diagnosis as to what brought about this devotion.

"So much in the Filipino's past of which Dr. Boots must be ignorant could have helped him. Were he aware of their history, even though belonging to another sect, he could not have honestly cast aspersions on the religion of the vast majority of the Filipinos.

"It is pitifully ludicrous to hear the author impugn Catholicism. He categorically states that only one religion will satisfy the Filipino's desires. You'd expect that Catholicism would be the answer, when 80 percent of the 16,000,000 in the Philippines profess it. That for the author must be too obvious a conclusion. So, he fumbles around and comes up with this gem: The religion to answer the Filipino's desires is the kind the Americans gave him, i.e., complete freedom to feed his spiritual hunger in whatever way he desires—Jesuit Catholic, Franciscan Catholic, Dominican Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian or fetishistic or sun worship. But separate from the state and entirely free of police compulsion and supervision.'

"What a world of ignorance to be able to live in, not to know that there is only one Catholicism; that Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, and dozens of other religious groups within the Catholic Church all profess absolutely the same faith. In addition, it is hardly complimentary to have our faith grouped equally with 'fetishistic or sun worship.' It's hard to see how the Post could condone such insulting ignorance in a feature writer.

THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. LXXIII NO. 3

OCTOBER, 1944

ON THE CENTENARY OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

*A Letter of Very Reverend Father Vicar-General
to the Whole Society*

Reverend Fathers and dear Brothers in Christ,
Pax Christi.

The third of December this year will mark the hundredth anniversary of the day on which Father Francis Xavier Gautrelet was inspired to lay the first foundations of the Apostleship of Prayer. Father Gautrelet was a man well aware of the power of united prayer and convinced that every son of the Society ought to be an apostle. On the feast of the Apostle of the Indies in 1844 he gave a memorable exhortation to the scholastics in the College at Vals. In it he proposed to them a plan for propagating the Faith even while they were engaged in studies. They were to offer daily their prayers, all their actions, and their entire lives for this apostolic purpose. Among the scholastics at the time the missionary spirit was aflame, and they welcomed this suggestion of their spiritual father; for they saw in it a most effective way of feeding the zeal for souls that burned within them.

This devout union soon expanded beyond the walls of our college; now, after a hundred years, we find the grain of mustard seed grown into a giant tree that extends its branches to every quarter of the globe.

As we all know, the Apostleship of Prayer reaches to the wastelands of Alaska, the islands of the Pacific, and the missions in the heart of Africa. Religious houses and congregations have joined it; more than 860 of them have asked to share in its merits. Not only has it attracted men and women of every age and walk of life, but it has made its way into hospitals, shops, military camps, and even prisons. As a result, this marshalled host outnumbers the armed forces of the nations, and counts 35,000,000 soldiers in its ranks.

Such a remarkable growth is clearly due to a special providence of God. But we ought not to forget the human instruments that Our Lord in His kindness willed to use in conferring this grace on men. First of all there was that man of zeal, Father Henry Ramière, who gave the League its finished form and by his writings made it world-wide. Many other Fathers have used various means, among them the radio and especially the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* published in almost every language, to popularize it ever more and more widely.

It was inevitable that a tree so vigorous and fertile should put forth fruitful branches. In every country we see the Apostleship of Prayer promoting many works for the good of souls. Among them I cannot omit mention of the consecration of families to the Sacred Heart. This, in the words of Benedict XV, is related to the Apostleship of Prayer as a species to the genus, as a part to the whole.⁽¹⁾ Again, there is the Eucharistic Crusade, "which, in order to lead the faithful, both children and adults, nearer and nearer to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, was by an Apostolic Letter of August 6, 1932, given primary rank as a section of the Apostleship of Prayer."⁽²⁾

Who can count the spiritual benefits which the Sacred Heart of Jesus has poured out on us through the spread and activities of the League? I shall not elabor-

(1) Allocutio ad Romanos Moderatores et Zelatrices Ap. Or., habita d. 22 iun. 1920 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. III, 1920, p. 20).

(2) Pius XII, Epist., ad P. G. Venturini, d. d. 25 apr. 1939 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. IX, 1939, p. 338).

ate the graces and blessings which not only faithful Catholics but also schismatics, heretics, and heathens receive through the daily prayer of the Apostleship. Only in the next life shall we realize how many and powerful these are. But among its own members it has, according to Pius XI, "from its very beginning produced a rich and continuous harvest of spiritual good."⁽³⁾

This will not surprise those who know what the Apostleship of Prayer is. Its effectiveness is assured by its combination of soundness and simplicity.

It is obvious that the Apostleship of Prayer is a sound and fundamental form of piety. It is based on the efficacy of prayers offered in common, and to these Our Lord has promised His special help. And so it unites all its members with the Heart of Jesus ever living and beating in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, and eager in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist they pray unceasingly for the eternal salvation of their fellow-men, and devote their every action, their whole life, to this apostolic end.

Moreover, for the attainment of this object, the League offers its members no novelties, none of those trivial and rather suspect devotions which at times lead to false mysticism. It fosters, in the first place, devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, from which it draws life and the chief efficacy of its prayers. It sees in the Sacred Heart the perfect example and most powerful motive of apostolic prayer, and regards it as the divine, indissoluble bond uniting all its associates.⁽⁴⁾ It also fosters devotion to the Holy Eucharist. This is shown by the formula of the morning offering, made for the intentions for which the Heart of Jesus "in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar" perpetually offers Himself. It is shown, too, by the Communion of Reparation, proper to the third degree, and by the Eucharistic

⁽³⁾ Pius XI, Litt. Apost. *Apostolatus Orationis*, d. d. 6 aug. 1932 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. VII, 1932, p. 58).

⁽⁴⁾ H. Ramière, S. I., *La Dévotion au Cœur de Jésus et l'Apostolat de la Prière* (*Messenger du Cœur de Jésus*, vol. XII, 1867, pp. 1-11).

Crusade. Again, it fosters devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Apostleship grew up in the shadow of the shrine at Annecy; consequently, from its earliest days it has associated with the Sacred Heart of Jesus the Immaculate Heart of Mary, through which its members daily offer their good works. It has had a constant care that associates especially of the second degree should show this filial devotion in all the ways "which the piety of centuries has introduced in honor of the Virgin Mother of God."⁽⁵⁾ Finally, it fosters devotion to the Roman Pontiff. The daily works are expressly offered for his intentions, and in the present calamitous times his fatherly heart finds much solace and encouragement in that devout invention of the Apostleship of Prayer known as the "Mass Clock."⁽⁶⁾

But, as we have said, the League is simple as well as fundamental. It is simple and direct in its whole organization and procedure. The duties of the three degrees are easily adaptable to all ages, all circumstances, and all grades of perfection in the interior life. And nothing could be simpler than its nature and purpose, which is the conversion of a man's whole life to God.

It is no wonder, then, that the Apostleship of Prayer has often been praised and recommended by the Popes and by the Bishops.

As early as 1849, Pope Pius IX, then in exile at Gaeta, enriched it with indulgences,⁽⁷⁾ and often thereafter showed it special marks of esteem. Leo XIII. called it one of the confraternities dearest to his heart, a new plant adorning and fructifying the garden of the divine husbandman.⁽⁸⁾ Pius X did not hesitate to say that there was "nothing more useful" than the

⁽⁵⁾ *Manuale Apostolatus Orationis*, Roma [1934], n. 92; cf. nn. 83-102.

⁽⁶⁾ Cf. *Acta Rom.*, vol. VIII, 1937, pp. 653-654; vol. IX, 1940, pp. 484-485; vol. X, 1941, pp. 5-6.

⁽⁷⁾ *Litt. Apost. Ad augendum*, d. d. 19 aug. 1849.

⁽⁸⁾ *Allocutio ad Socios Ap. Or. Italos*, habita d. 11 oct. 1893 (*Il Messaggiere del Sacro Cuore di Gesù*, vol. LIX, p. 151); cf. etiam epist. ad P. H. Ramière, d. d. 23 sept. 1878 (*Messager du Cœur de Jésus*, vol. XXXIV, pp. 484-489).

Apostleship of Prayer "for curing the many grave ills with which human society is afflicted."⁽⁹⁾ Benedict XV expressed his desire that no one should remain aloof from a share in the Apostleship.⁽¹⁰⁾ Pius XI repeatedly approved, recommended, and praised it, and declared that he counted upon much help from this army of impetration. He spoke of it as "a work of strength and beauty, well fitted for the needs of the present, and most satisfying to the desires of the Sacred Heart." Again he called it "one of the most admirable achievements of our time," an irresistible army and "an apostolate at once the easiest and most effective, one urgently recommended to all."⁽¹¹⁾ Finally, our present Holy Father, Pius XII, has used every occasion of showing how dear he holds the League. It is, he says, "an enterprise of robust faith and vitality, by means of which a fervent and fruitful Crusade is being waged for the propagation of the heavenly kingdom among all classes of society."⁽¹²⁾ More recently, in the Encyclical Letter on *The Mystical Body of Christ* he stated publicly that he was glad "to extol this League as most pleasing to God."⁽¹³⁾

To these may be added the frequent testimonials of Bishops, who, in the words of Pius XI, are ardent in love and enthusiasm for this work, esteeming it a valuable aid in all the good works that are their constant care.⁽¹⁴⁾

All this, Reverend Fathers and dear Brothers in Christ, makes it incumbent on us to thank God fervently for this outstanding gift of the Society to us. Our divine Leader wants us well armed and equipped

⁽⁹⁾ Epist. ad P. I. Boubée, d. d. 9 apr. 1911 (A.A.S., vol. III, 1911, p. 345; *Acta Rom.*, vol. II, 1911, p. 21).

⁽¹⁰⁾ Epist. Apost. Maximum illud, d. d. 3 nov. 1919 (A.A.S., vol. XI, 1919, p. 452); cf. etiam *Acta Rom.*, vol. III, 1919, pp. 17-26; 1920, pp. 205-209.

⁽¹¹⁾ Cf. *Nuntius and Nuntios*, 1939, pp. 69-115, praesertim nn. 13, 35, 62, 80.

⁽¹²⁾ Epist. ad P. G. Venturini, d. d. 25 apr. 1939 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. IX, 1939, pp. 9-11).

⁽¹³⁾ A.A.S., vol. XXXV, 1943, p. 246.

⁽¹⁴⁾ Allocutio ad Socios Ap. Or. Italos, habita d. 25 apr. 1925 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. V, 1925, p. 255).

to fight the battle for God's glory and the salvation of souls. Let me recall only two of the most effective weapons He has provided for us. He gave us, first of all, the Spiritual Exercises of our Holy Father Ignatius, to form his sons for the spiritual warfare and to win many others to the standard of Christ. Then He gave us "the welcome task . . . of sowing, cultivating, and propagating devotion to the Divine Heart."⁽¹⁵⁾ He intended us through the Exercises to penetrate intimately into the life, Passion, and Person of Christ, and then, through devotion to His Sacred Heart, to draw deeply upon the treasures of mercy and grace hidden there, and apply them freely to the needs of souls. But there is a third implement for sanctifying ourselves and others, which He reserved as a gift to the Society at its rebirth. This is the Apostleship of Prayer. Although not actually a compound of the Spiritual Exercises and the devotion to the Sacred Heart, it can be said to flow from these two, and in a sense to complement and confirm them.

In the Exercises we see "Christ the eternal King" inviting men into His army, and planning to wage total war on His enemies so as to come into His own as ruler of the world. Now the same Christ calls to Himself the members of the Apostleship of Prayer and proposes that they ally themselves with Him in this holy war. They respond with the cry, "Thy kingdom come!" They devote themselves and all they have without reserve to the service of their King and Lord. This they do every day, and so they preserve and increase the effect of the Exercises. We know by experience that the Apostleship of Prayer is the best assurance of fidelity. Especially is this true of those who are led to add to the morning offering, proper to the first degree, the practices of the third degree, monthly recollection and Communion of Reparation.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, it is true, is not itself the purpose of the Apostleship of Prayer. But it is so suited to it that Pope Benedict XV called the

(15) Coll. Decr., d. 223 (Epit. n. 851 § 1).

Apostleship of Prayer "a most noteworthy form" of that devotion.⁽¹⁶⁾ In the worship of the Sacred Heart, as Pius XI points out, the predominant element is the consecration "by which, giving back ourselves and all we have received from the charity of the eternal God-head, we devote them to the divine Heart of Jesus."⁽¹⁷⁾ Nevertheless, this consecration is for the associates of the Apostleship of Prayer their primary and essential exercise.

The Society received this new gift of the Sacred Heart in an eager and grateful spirit. Father General Roothaan, so dear to our memory, on reading Father Gautrelet's book at once granted an interchange of the merits of our Society with the members of the League.⁽¹⁸⁾ Later the Fathers of the 26th General Congregation, "on the threshold of the second century since the Society's restoration, . . . urgently reminded all of Ours, Superiors especially, to be zealous in assisting and promoting this League of the Sacred Heart."⁽¹⁹⁾ We all know, as a result of this decree, how much our beloved Father Wlodimir Ledóchowski achieved for the advancement of the Apostleship of Prayer in numbers and above all in its true spirit. As milestones in this advance we may point first to the two conventions held at Rome in 1919 and 1925 by the editors of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Next the general organization was transferred to Rome, and finally the Eucharistic Crusade was definitively made a primary section of the Apostleship of Prayer.⁽²⁰⁾

Now, however, as we round out the first century of this extraordinary blessing, our gratitude to the divine

(16) forma principalissima della devozione al Sacro Cuore di Gesu. Allocutio ad Moderatores Ap. Or., habita d. 17 oct. 1920 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. III. 1920, p. 205).

(17) Pius XI, Litt. Encycl. Miserentissimus Redemptor, d. d. 8 maii 1928 (*A.A.S.*, vol. XX, 1928, p. 167).

(18) Cf. *Epistolae Ioannis Phil. Roothaan, Romae*, 1940, vol. II, pp. 127-128.

(19) d. 21 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. II, 1915, p. 20); cf. Coll. Decr., d. 223 (Epit. n. 672 § 1).

(20) Cf. *Nuntius ad Nuntios*, 1943, Jan.-Febr., Supplementum: In memoriam A. R. P. Wlodimiri Ledóchowski.

Goodness ought to find some special mode of expression. Directors and Promoters in various parts of the world will, of course, arrange fitting celebrations. Beyond this, I wish that a triduum be held in each of our houses, especially in novitiates and scholasticates, so far as the difficulties of the time permit. During this triduum due thanks should be given to the Divine Heart, and all of Ours should strive to appreciate more and more the gift with which It has enriched us.

Above all, we must show our gratitude in deeds. This will be done if our constant effort is to promote the Apostleship of Prayer with a new fervor in ourselves and others.

The first advance is to be effected in ourselves. The League had its origin in Colleges of Ours and among our scholastics, with the particular object of "offering to the young men, while engaged in the hidden toil of study, a way of exercising their zeal."⁽²¹⁾ It would be sad, now that it has spread among many religious congregations and among all classes of society, if the Apostleship of Prayer were to be neglected by Ours. As a result of the communication of merits, you are well aware, Ours no longer need to inscribe their names, and have only to make some other external sign of membership.⁽²²⁾ Still it is possible that some, under the false impression that the Apostleship of Prayer is some sort of association for externs, may fail to apply themselves to this eminently apostolic work. Superiors, then, are to see to it that our young men from the noviceship onward are instructed in the organization and practices of the League. The present anniversary offers the best of opportunities. Instructions by experienced Fathers and appropriate readings will serve to increase that knowledge in everyone.

Above all, the spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer, so agreeable to the spirit of our Society, must influence us more and more. In this spirit the scholastics and

⁽²¹⁾ H. Ramière, S. I., *L'Apostolat de la Prière* Lyon, 1861; Préface.

⁽²²⁾ *Rescriptum* d. d. 13 maii 1875 (Cf *Manuale Ap. Or.*, nn. 196-197).

coadjutor brothers will find a means of attaining the apostolic end to which all of Ours, and not merely those active in the ministry, are called. In this spirit all of Ours will find a means of fulfilling the prescription of our constitutions which obliges us to help our neighbor "by holy desires and prayers in the sight of God for the whole Church."⁽²³⁾ In this spirit all of Ours will find a means of persevering in the right intention which our Holy Father Saint Ignatius ardently wishes all his sons to have "not only in their state of life, but also in all particular things."⁽²⁴⁾ Whoever goes beyond the practices of the League and endeavors to "live" the Apostleship of Prayer, makes a prayer of his whole life, and we can justly say of him what was said of St. Francis of Assisi, that he "is, rather than makes, a prayer." Since this prayer is apostolic, it can be truly asserted that his life becomes a continuous apostolate. In the spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer, furthermore, all of Ours will find a means of cultivating devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The reason why the Fathers of the 26th General Congregation commended the Apostleship of Prayer is, they tell us, because experience had shown them that it was "excellent for furthering this devotion."⁽²⁵⁾ In this spirit, finally, all of Ours will find a means of daily renewing and strengthening that devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff for which our Society is, by the will of its holy Founder, conspicuous in the eyes of both friends and foes.

Our gratitude for this exceptional gift obliges us further to promote the Apostleship of Prayer among the faithful, as "a work preeminently spiritual and social, and proper to the Society."⁽²⁶⁾ Some of Ours attempt at times to establish new activities, destined to be short-lived, and full of the risks that attend those who strive after novelties in religion. But the same

⁽²³⁾ Const. P. VII, c. 4, n. 3.

⁽²⁴⁾ Const. P. III, c. 1, n. 26 (Summ. Const., reg. 17).

⁽²⁵⁾ d. 21 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. II, 1915, p. 40).

⁽²⁶⁾ R. P. Wl. Ledóchowski, Epist. de constituendis in Italia coetibus propagatorum Ap. Or., d. d. 26 nov. 1920 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. III, 1920, p. 347).

men overlook or neglect the Apostleship of Prayer, "approved by long experience"⁽²⁷⁾ and founded with the same or similar aims.

Nevertheless, in our direction of the Apostleship of Prayer among externs, we must have special care for men.⁽²⁸⁾ This was a decree of the 27th General Congregation. I earnestly recommend to our Superiors and parish Fathers, but especially to Directors and Promoters of the League and editors of the *Messenger*, a project that Father General Ledóchowski in his last years had most at heart. This is, that we launch and favor separate sections of the Apostleship of Prayer composed of men alone. Under various names—such as "League of the Sacred Heart", "Apostleship of Men," "Fellow-sufferers with the Sacred Heart", and so Men," "Crusaders for the Sacred Heart", and so places.⁽²⁹⁾ Our late Father General clearly realized two important facts. The first was the need of bringing men to the Holy Eucharist, to draw from that divine fountain of grace the supernatural life that is absolutely necessary to turn back the present apostasy of nations from God. The second was the aptitude for this task of the Apostleship of Prayer, especially through its Eucharistic Crusade, which the Holy Father wishes not restricted to boys and girls but extended to youths and men.⁽³⁰⁾

The editors of the *Messenger* might consider what a powerful weapon of the apostolate they have in their hands. Let them ponder how much good they can accomplish for souls simply by explaining the general intention. Each month they clarify and urge, in more than forty distinct articles for hundreds of thousands

(27) R. P. Wl. Ledóchowski, Epist. de Missionariis Ap. Or. Intentionibus, d. d. 3 dec. 1927 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. V, 1927, p. 701).

(28) Cf. Coll. Decr., d. 223 (Epit., n. 672 § 1).

(29) Cf. Apostolatus Orationis Conventus quem Directores Nuntiorum . . . Romae celebrarunt, Toulouse, 1925, pp. 45-54; [Jos. Boubée, S. I.], Eclaircissements sur notre Croisade Eucharistique, n. 4; *Nuntius ad Nuntios*, 1939, pp. 118-120; *Annuario Ap. Or.*, 1940-1941, pp. 72-74.

(30) Cf. *Acta Rom.*, vol. VII, 1932, p. 59; 1933, pp. 379-380; vol. IX, 1939, p. 338.

of the faithful, whatever point of faith or morals the Holy Father judges that the conditions of the time demand. Let the editors therefore have a high esteem for their task, and strive with all diligence that the *Messengers* be true channels of the Apostleship of Prayer. Let them abstain from novelties and less approved devotions, and chiefly promote devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. After the example of Father Ramière, let them nourish their readers on wholesome Catholic doctrine and avoid as far as possible all secular matters as ill suited to the *Messenger*, which is a spokesman for the Sacred Heart.

This, Reverend Fathers and dear Brothers in Christ, is the importance of the Apostleship of Prayer for us in this critical time. It is a work divinely ordered to obtain the graces of which we see men most in want. This army of intercessors will do violence to the loving Heart of Jesus, so that at length He will mercifully grant to the nations that peace "which the world cannot give." In this harmony of petitions, for the intentions of the Holy Father and in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus ever interceding for us, there will arise that unity of hearts which is so grievously torn in the enmities of wartime. And, last of all, the League will furnish us with a most useful instrument for infusing the Christian spirit in all its vigor into industrial unions and agricultural groups. These form the part of the Lord's vineyard that in our times is most needy ⁽³¹⁾ and most in demand of our special care.

To conclude this rather lengthy letter, I urge all of you to endeavor by your prayers in this jubilee year to obtain from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a resurgence of the true spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer in all of Ours. May this excellent gift of the divine Goodness not lie dormant in any of us, but bear rich fruits of holiness

(31) Cf. Const. P. VII, c. 2, litt. D.

both in ourselves and in all the faithful entrusted to our care.

I commend myself to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers.

Rome, March 12, 1944, on the anniversary of the canonization of our Father Saint Ignatius and of Saint Francis Xavier.

The servant of you all in Christ,

ALEXIUS AMBROSIUS MAGNI,

Vicar General of the Society of Jesus.



THE EXCHANGE AT GOA

An account written for Ours of the visit to Goa and to the Tomb of St. Francis Xavier by Father PIUS MOORE, S.J., returning from China as a repatriate on the *S. S. Gripsholm* in October, 1943.

* * * *

News coming to our concentration camp in Zikawei, Shanghai, in August 1943, that the next Exchange of enemy nationals between Japan and the United States would take place in the Portuguese colony of Goa, India, brought to our repatriates the hope of a pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint Francis Xavier. The writer recalled his joining at Shanghai, in February 1937, the "Pilgrimage Ship" bound for the Manila Eucharistic Congress and scheduled to make a call at Sanchan Island where Xavier had died at the gates of China. Keen disappointment awaited the passengers to the Congress as the sea about the small Island was considered by the Captain too rough for a safe landing of the pilgrims. Little did the writer know that a kindly Providence had in store a far greater privilege six years later,—that of visiting the tomb of Xavier and of saying Mass but a few feet from the miraculously preserved body, brought from the lonely island of Sanchan to Old Goa 390 years ago.

The Zikawei library provided material for a review of the labors of the great patron of the missions,—of his travels, of his sojourning and of his final resting place in the Church of the Society in Goa, on the western coast of India. The Catholic Encyclopedia afforded a good map of Goa of 400 years ago, and the "Memorabilia Societatis" provided a full account of the largest pilgrimage ever held at the tomb of the Saint, 1922,—the third centenary of his canonization. Hopes and enthusiasm grew with study, so it was not hard to conceive our sea voyage to Goa as a devout pilgrimage. Many prayed it might be. Reports from Shanghai of the first repatriation held in August, 1942, in Portu-

guese Africa brought word that our Americans had been allowed ashore two or three days in Lorencos Marques. Were a like concession given us in Goa, a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Saint Francis Xavier might easily be arranged. On his way to and from Japan, Xavier had passed the gates of China, As our ship crossed the China Sea and entered the waters of the Indian Ocean, we crossed again and again sea-lanes familiar to the great Apostle of the East. Thoughts of his voyaging and labors were daily in our minds.

A little disappointment was ours when, because of mines laid in the Straits of Malacca, our ship did not take the usual shorter route from Singapore to India; thus depriving us of a view of Malacca the city of which the Saint made frequent mention during his missionary life, and where many miracles were wrought after death whilst his body rested there for a year on its way to Goa. It was at Malacca the Saint had met the Japanese, Anjiro, who later in Goa, became Paul de Santa Fé. Word of a proposed pilgrimage passed from one group to another of the ninety-four Sisters aboard our ship, and one of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur even wrote a hymn to Saint Francis Xavier, set to a familiar air, and it was sung after the "Ave Maris Stella" by our Catholic Missionaries—160 strong—at eight o'clock each evening on the open deck as we approached the Goanese port. Fellow passengers became interested, particularly the Protestant missionary group, and the writer was asked by the Chairman of the lecture committee of the ship to give a talk on Saint Francis Xavier in the large dining room.

We were to arrive in port Friday, October 15th, and the lecture was given on Wednesday evening. It was not possible to accommodate the crowd that came to hear, (we numbered 1500 passengers), but no mention was made of a pilgrimage to the Shrine. A complete picture was drawn of the life and labors of the Saint—a brief reference made to his tomb and miracles. For seventy minutes, the audience listened in rapt attention. Many afterwards said that they had never thought there was so great a man in the missionary

world as Francis Xavier. The day after, however, Brother Finnegan, while sitting on deck, overhead a group of Protestant missionary ladies discussing the lecture. Most of them commended it, but one when asked what she thought of it, declared it to be "the greatest assortment of fairy tales she had ever listened to."

Our ship was routed southward from Singapore (renamed Shonan by the Japanese) through the Banda Straits separating Java from Sumatra, and we thence pointed northward towards Ceylon. At this island we came to the first mission field so dear to St. Francis, and skirted the Malabar coast where he had spent nearly three years reclaiming the native Christians after the zealous apostolate amongst the Portuguese of Goa. Along the Malabar coast we now find the well known cities of Mangalore, Poona and Bombay. Malabar will be represented at Sanchan Island in the closing scenes of Xavier's life, for India along with China, will kneel at his death bed, in the person of the Malabar boy called Christopher, who begged to follow his Father in the Faith even to China.

From the calm, blue waters of the Arabian Sea we came into the large harbor of Marmugao, Goa's commercial seaport. The city of Goa, called also Panjim, and the capital of Portuguese India, is not visible from this port, but lies hidden from view by tall groves of cocoanut palms on the promontory where it is located. It is about twelve miles across the bay and peninsula where it nestles in dreamy warmth on the right shore of the Mandovi River. Marmugao is of recent development as a port and is located on the north side of a big promontory, its warehouses, cranes, and pier built at the foot of a frowning old Indian fortress that commands a clear view of the approaches to Portugal's Indian Colony. In 1510, Duke Alphonso Albuquerque took Goa from a Hindu Rajah and added a cross and Chapel to the old fortress of Marmugao. Goa was a stronghold of Mohamedanism and at the time of the European Conquest had been in existence about thirty years. It was at that time the port of embarkation for

all Mohamedan pilgrims bound for Mecca; for the entrance to the Red Sea is in a direct line across the Arabian Sea from Goa.

Our repatriation ship arrived at Marmugao on schedule, but the exchange ship Gripsholm, from New York, was some two days late. We spent just a week in port. As supplies of Mass wine and hosts had to be replenished, I was asked a week previous to our arrival to procure in Goa, through our Jesuit Fathers, these supplies. The Swiss representatives accompanying our ship, and our mediators with the local Portuguese officials, promised to do all in their power to secure shore leave for our proposed pilgrimage to Goa and the Shrine of St. Francis Xavier. They advised me to put the petition in writing. It would be presented to the local international board as soon as the business of "exchange of nationals" was completed. Carefully the request was prepared and mention made of the historical nature of Old Goa's place of pilgrimage and the large number of passengers aboard our ship eager to avail themselves of the occasion to visit the Shrine. Hardly again could 160 Catholic Missionaries revisit Goa or hope for such a privilege. Besides authorization from the civic authorities, a request would have to be presented to the Patriarch, Archbishop of Goa, for the "exposition" of the body of the Saint. It would be necessary to call personally upon his Excellency at the episcopal palace. Goa. In the request, therefore, to go ashore and to enter Portuguese territory, the writer asked that Brother James Finnegan, S.J., be permitted to accompany him, not so much to enhance the embassy to the Archbishop's as to help carry a dozen or more bottles of Mass wine we were to procure at our Jesuit Institute. No mention, however, of these reasons was made in the petition.

For three days we waited in earnest prayer, and the hymn to the Saint was sung with increased fervor each evening as we assembled on deck, facing Goa, looking yearningly across the soft waters of the bay, much as Xavier had gazed from Sanchan across to the dim lights of China's mainland. First fears shadowed our

prospects when on Tuesday morning (we were in port since Friday (a report reached us that very unfriendly relations had developed between Portugal and Japan following the concessions given our allies in the Portuguese Azores. The Gripsholm harbored the Japanese Exchange repatriates. Neither group of repatriates would be permitted to land. The petitioner called upon the consular authority handling the matter. He assigned an American member of the board to communicate to me their decision. A pilgrimage, as such, could not be allowed by the Portuguese authorities, since the Japanese repatriates in port might ask similar landing privileges for their people. The officials could not permit this. He argued that allowing us privileges not granted the Japanese might interfere with the next repatriation of our nationals from enemy territory; so at this, the pilgrimage was considered as definitely cancelled.

The possibility of shore-leave in small groups after the departure of the Japanese ship was mentioned by the officials; so some hope still flickered in our hearts as we concluded the interview. I pressed the petition for myself and Brother Finnegan to land and call upon the Archbishop. The American Official promised to use his influence to obtain me a pass to go to Goa. The time was getting very short and should shore leave be given at all, many would flock to the Shrine. Would the Archbishop expose the holy relics on that particular day?

About eight-thirty Tuesday evening our American official met me on deck and calling me aside told me he had secured me a pass and that I might go ashore the next day. Keeping to their order of "no passes" to any save those in official capacity, (so he whispered to me) I was much surprised when he handed me a pass extending the courtesies of the port and Portuguese India to the "Honorable Consul of Venezuela, Senhor Alberto Delfino!" I whispered back my thanks, and he told me I was allowed to use this pass since the honorable consul of Venezuela had somehow missed the boat, but that my "powers of representation" would come

to an end on my return to the ship! The horizon brightened and Brother Finnegan was easily won over to accompany me in the capacity of my secretary, though it meant hurrying with his breakfast in order to catch the first launch across to Goa early Wednesday morning.

We told no one but the sacristan, and we were off. Only once were we stopped by Portuguese police guards as we hurried along the wharf, in and out between freight cars and Goanese coolies, to the launch-landing. This police sergeant, with a broad flourish of his "billy", as he glanced at the official stamp on our extended pass, indicated for us the freedom of the port. From Marmugao across the bay to the landing at Dona Paula took about twenty minutes. Here the bus to Goa awaited us. In paying our fare we had our first experience with Portuguese money, colonial currency: rupees and annas. Happily the Portuguese Consul from Shanghai, who had come with us as far as Goa,—(he was retiring as Consul), had obtained for me a few days before about thirty rupees when he went ashore to dine with friends. The fare for each of us from the ship to Goa amounted to twelve annas; there are sixteen annas to one rupee, the Indian dollar.

Though we noticed six or seven other foreign passengers from our launch, also with consular passes, taking hired cars from the Dona Paula station to the City, Brother Finnegan and I travelled with the "common people" in the city bus. We were the only foreign passengers, but all the natives seemed happy to see us, offering their places in the bus that we might be comfortably seated. Over ninety per cent of the Goanese are Catholic. We inquired about schedules and noted the exact hours of bus and launch communications with Marmugao where our ship was berthed. These details would be important in the event that shore-leave was granted and our missionary passengers wanted to get to Goa and back. We felt quite at ease when we were told that our bus would pass in front of the Instituto San Francisco Xavierio and stop at the door.

The view from the bus was charming. What a

change from one whole month on a very crowded ship at sea, not setting foot on land even once at San Fernando, (the Philippines), at Saigon, Indo China, at Singapore. We were now greeted with the luxuriant growth of waving palms and tropical vines, the various hues of green shrubs and fragrant flowers and trees, to say nothing of a Christian people whose smiling faces portrayed the welcome their unintelligible tongue could not express to us. The houses in Goa are built of stone or adóbé. Coconut trees and banana palms are numerous and shade the houses and overtop the walls surrounding the dwellings. We passed by several churches and chapels on our twenty minute ride across the promontory and, besides, three or more cemeteries in the outskirts of the city, each of which, as a passenger told us) has its parish Church located within the walls of the burying grounds. The place used by the pagan people of Goa for the cremation of their dead was pointed out to us near a Hindu temple. At many street crossings both within and without the city, one observes a quadrangular pedestal topped by a cross, bearing the name of the streets. The appearance of some of these reminds one of tombstones; whilst others are more elaborate, approaching a wayside shrine.

Our bus slowed down as we came into the more populous section of the city and we soon found ourselves under the arching palm trees of the Jesuit Institute, where we recognized the Jesuit cassock (though white) of two Fathers who seemed to be waiting the arrival of the bus. Their eyes opened widely when they saw two strangers alight, also in Jesuit apparel (I wore my cassock in India as we do in China) and they gave us a joyous welcome, rather surprised that we had forestalled their call; for we soon learned that they were on their way to Marmugao to call on us aboard ship. They had heard from some Goanese priests that many missionaries were aboard the repatriation vessel.

The two Fathers, though Portuguese, spoke English quite well and hastened to offer us hospitality, assuring us that they were very happy that we had come to

Goa. Some of their workmen were busy above our heads, cutting cocoanuts, and the Father Superior ordered a servant to bring in some of the nuts that lay on the grass. We soon felt as much at home as Jesuits do in any part of the world, and the dining room with wide open corridors on two sides was a delightful place to await the proffered refreshments. Before each of us was placed a tall glass of fresh cocoanut milk, whilst a Brother prepared for us a cup of hot coffee and placed before us tempting cookies. When the Fathers heard how brief would be our stay and that I wished to call on the Patriarch-Archbishop with a very special petition, they thought it best that we go at once to the Palace which is located on Goa's highest hill. Father Abranches, the Superior, would accompany us. We walked to the nearest taxi station to get a car to go up the "Alto Patriarcál". The Archbishop's full title is "Patriarch of the East Indies and Primate of the Orient".

During the monarchy (up to 1910) the Archbishop of Goa wielded large influence in the colonial government, being vice-chairman of the Assembly, and even ruled the colony in the absence of the governor-general. Today he has no seat in the Council or affairs of State, and cannot even expose the body at St. Francis Xavier's tomb without the Governor's consent. They all say that Salazar will improve conditions when he comes to reorganize Portugal's colonies. The present Patriarch is Archbishop José da Costa Nunes, who in 1941 was promoted from the Bishopric of Macao, in China, to the See of Goa. Our auto ride up the "Almirante Reis" brought us past the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Patroness of the City of Goa, and built far back in 1541, the year before St. Francis Xavier reached India; the first Church in what is now New Goa. An elegant flight of zig-zag stairs leads up to the eminence in front of the sacred edifice.

A charming picture is the large bronze statue of Our Lord, "Salvator Mundi", which looks down upon the city from the entrance to the Patriarch's Palace. I had prepared in Latin the petition to present to the

Prelate in the name of the 160 priests, Brothers and Sisters, and upon our arrival we were given an audience at once by the Archbishop. His Excellency was very gracious, read attentively the petition, placed it open on his desk, sat back in his chair and looking up said: "Much as I would like to grant this petition, it is absolutely impossible. You know", he continued, "three keys are required for the exposition of the body of St. Francis; the Governor has one, I have one, the Guardian of the Shrine has the third." Emphasizing the negative, he said: "I *cannot* ask the Governor for his key." He did not explain further, but turning slightly to his right, he drew out the tray of his large, elegantly carved desk, and taking out a folded piece of heavy, lined silk, seized his scissors and cut off a generous portion of the cloth, saying: "I give part of this vestment in which the body of our Saint was clothed for many decades as relics for the missionaries." He then spoke affectionately of China and dwelt briefly upon conditions of his former diocese of Macao. He brought us to see the spacious halls and rooms of the Palacio; the historical portraits of many prelates of Goa's patriarchal see; the chancery, where records of four centuries are kept and finally to the tribune of his private Chapel. The Archbishop was clad in white silk, bordered with purple, wears a short beard and is about sixty years of age. He speaks English with precision. He was very cordial in his good wishes and said he hoped that all the missionaries would visit the Shrine if shore-leave were granted.

We asked for his blessing as we parted and went away trying to fathom the meaning of his denial. We had hardly passed the purple and white Monsignors on the broad stairway, near the parlors and at the office door, when our Jesuit guide, Father Abranches, began to speak of the Governor and his "power of the keys." "Our poor Archbishop", he said, "has much to bear from the unfriendly attitude of the Viceroy." We took another sweeping view of the lovely city and as we looked across hill and dale, the Father pointed out the Governor's Palace at the Cape, the entrance from the

Arabian Sea to Goa. "That edifice," said he, "is still called by us 'Our Lady of the Cape'. It is the old Franciscan Monastery, built in 1594, with a pretty Chapel dedicated to our Lady de Cabo (of the Cape)." The Monastery was confiscated by the Portuguese Government and made the Palacio as well as the Cabinété or Cabinet-Room of the Governor General for Portuguese India. The Governor is nominated for a term of five years. "We hope," said the Portuguese Father, "that Salazar will do much for religion in Portugal and its Colonies." As we had dismissed our hired car on arrival, we decided to walk down the hill and get a nearer view of fauna and flora and the comfortable Christian homes of Catholic Goa. The city numbers less than twenty thousand, but it is predominately Catholic. Cocoanuts and canned fish are the main export from the city. Cashew nuts also bring them considerable revenue.

The Jesuits are the only religious order now in Goa, and only secular and mission priests have charge of parishes. Our Fathers about two years ago opened the Institute of San Francisco Xavierio for High School students. There were then nine of ours assigned to Goa. But, the Father informed us, the registration of students was very small; so the Superior of the Goa Mission which numbers but thirty-six members, assigned all but four to other work. There are two Fathers and two Brothers now at the Institute, the two Fathers being engaged almost constantly in giving retreats and country missions. In the Old Society there was a "Provincia Goana," and Saint Francis Xavier was the first Provincial. A large Convent of native Carmelite nuns, uncloistered, is the chief religious community of Goa. We returned to the Jesuit Residence after purchasing on the way some postcards and photographic views. We had not long to wait for the noon-day meal at which both fish and meat are served and a platter of delicious native fruits for dessert.

We were joined at this time by a young Goanese priest, living next door, who frequently drops in to recreate with our small Jesuit community. His full

name was Father Andrea de Santa Rita de Vaz and he had been informed of our presence in the city by the Father who remained at home while we were at the palace of the Patriarch. He had come over to be our chaperon for the afternoon, and we were fortunate in having him with us. Father de Vaz has a brother a Jesuit, now a Theologian, to be ordained at Poona in 1944. We made up our program for the afternoon. All were to take the ordinary siesta, or midday rest. But as I needed to supply many of the missionaries back on the ship with rupees (Goanese money) in view of shore-leave the following day, I asked about money exchange. This could be done only at the bank, not far from the Institute, so the Goanese Father offered to go with me. Brother Finnegan, suddenly recalling our pass and his capacity as "Secretary to the honorable Consul of Venezuela," offered to go in my place, and having ably transacted the business, in twenty minutes he and Father de Vaz were back for a little rest.

Again at 4, the Portuguese Brother called us to take a cup of their excellent India coffee, along with spiced cakes and Goanese bananas. We then left in a hired car for Old Goa, the Shrine of St. Francis Xavier, located inland about twenty minutes by car. The Superior urged Father Mathias, the other priest of the community, to take the trip with us. We were thus able to gather more of Jesuit history as the various sites were pointed out. Father de Vaz wished us to call with him on his parents whose home lay on our route. It was a peep into a truly model Goanese home, I would say, of the wealthier class, a grown family of six sons and three daughters, all educated in Catholic schools, three sons, besides the priestly vocations, already following professions. They were so happy to learn that we were on our way to the Shrine—for all India loves St. Francis and rejoices in his glory. They made us promise to stop for some refreshments on our way back.

Just across the street from the Vaz home flows the small Ribanda River spanned by a stone bridge lead-

ing outside of the city to Old Goa. We were interested to hear it called the "Jesuit Bridge" and thought the name might bear remembrance of the architect; but no, "the bridge was built in a single night," said our little mission priest, Father de Vaz, with feigned assurance, "and is attributed to the supernatural powers of the Jesuits!" They wanted a short cut to Old Goa, and had waited vainly and long for city authorities to act; so in a single night, it is said, with the light of a small lamp of cocoanut oil, all Jesuits in Goa joining on the night shift, the bridge was built and appeared at sunrise fully completed. The construction is an elegant piece of work. Built of red stone, it has some twelve Gothic arches, diagonally placed and jutting out on either side beyond the driveway. A pillar at the entrance to the bridge has an inscription stating that the construction dates back to 1633. The Jesuits were certainly in Goa at that time, but the real name of the bridge is given as the "Ribandar," which would probably satisfy historians better than the name "Jesuit Bridge."

Crossing the mysterious bridge, with a smile of family pride, we were soon speeding along the well built highway on the right bank of the Mandovi River, which gives a good harbor to new Goa. Two miles outside the city, the Mandovi divides into the Naroa and the Goa Rivers, the latter passing the Old city of Goa to which we were bound. It is hard to describe the pilgrims' feelings, when coming from the extremities of the earth to Goa's sacred shrine, they realize they are approaching the holy sanctuary, the place of a miracle extending across three hundred and ninety years, the preservation of the body of St. Francis Xavier. How many devout pilgrims; nobles, officials of government, the rich, the poor, the sick, the blind, the halt, have passed this very way, along with prelates, bishops, missionaries, to beg of Xavier, our elder Jesuit brother, his powerful intercession with God. But for the Jesuit pilgrim the approach is a fitting first prelude,—his second prelude will be made at the Saint's side.

The scenery is superb. The Western Ghats in the blue distance form the background for Old Goa. In the foreground the sacred landmarks are hidden by tall palms till you come beneath their shade. Across the Goa River on the left is the mission field of Salsette, where Jesuit missionaries in Xavier's century shed their blood for Christ. High above the river bank as it nears Goa is the Mount of the Pieta, where a lovely old Chapel of the Sorrowful Mother looks down upon the pilgrims approaching the city. All these prepare the soul for entering upon the contemplation of the life and merits of a Saint so dear to every member of the Society. A small fishing village nestles on the river bank just outside the walls of the old city. One recalls that fishermen were dear to Saint Francis. We drive between two stone pillars where once hung the massive gates of Old Goa. Crumbling walls, overgrown with moss and ferns, and festooned with tropical vines border the properties that four centuries ago enclosed the homes of natives and Portuguese, free men and slaves, churches and monasteries. Quick-growing tropical vegetation seems to make an attempt, almost human, to hide from men the ruins of what was once a luxurious city of two hundred thousand souls, the capital of the far-flung Portuguese empire in Asia: Goa, the Lisbon of the East, once basking in military, commercial, and ecclesiastical splendor. The sepulchral gloom hovering over the deserted city is appalling, did not the religious pilgrim come hither for some purpose other than to see this vast sepulchre of departed glory.

But there still stands in perfect repair and in the very center of the ruined city the memorial Church of Bom Jesus, enshrining the miraculously preserved body of St. Francis Xavier, who by countless miracles has attracted to his feet every generation since the sun shone on Portugal's Indian Capital. In the midst of ruin and the ravages of time, he lives on, changing Old Goa into the "City of St. Francis". There is only one street now, a rather modern highway, and it seems to pause at but one place, the "largo" or square of St.

Francis. All that remains of habitable buildings are within a square block of the old Jesuit Church, but only grass covered, unbeaten paths lead to these; the great cathedral, the Franciscan Church, and the monastery attached.

As we two American Jesuit pilgrims were to have part of two days visiting Old Goa (Wednesday afternoon and Thursday morning) the writer will first give expression to external impressions, confining these to the first days' visit.

One realizes at once as he gets out of the car that he is at the goal of his pilgrimage, for the massive church of Bom Jesus faces him. He walks across the stone-paved approach to the former professed house of the Society built in 1586, now the residence of Monsignor Franklin da Sá Guardian of the Shrine. The "Casa Professa" adjoins the Church. We must ask permission to see the Church. As we enter under the stone archway, two large doors lie open before us, and we see in the wide corridor supported on a bracket a large statue of St. Francis Xavier. For the first time in their lives these two American Jesuits walk into a "Domus Professa Societatis Jesu!" But one does not call for the "Prepositus" or Rector. The College is no longer ours, though St. Francis seems to smile us a greeting, as with humble feelings we wait to beg leave of the secular priest to visit this former Church and house of the Society.

Monsignor Da Sá is a native Goanese priest, who has for thirty-nine years been Guardian of the Shrine of St. Francis. Our clerical chaperon, little Father De Vaz, introduced us as American missionaries from the repatriation ship (then in port) and when he mentioned that we were Jesuits, Monsignor Da Sá grasped my hand again, his face brightening, and said: "O, I am so happy that you have come. There must be a special welcome here to all Jesuits." And when he had escorted us up the broad stone stairway to his abode on the second floor, he whispered to his dark-skinned servant a few words which, interpreted, proved to be an order to bring out a bottle of port wine that had

been waiting thirty years for us! "When I was in Rome," said our friendly host, "your Father General called on me—what an honor for a simple native Indian priest," he said, parenthetically, "and because he had heard that I love St. Francis Xavier and all the brethren of the Saint, your Father Ledóchowski gave me an embrace saying: 'Monsignor Da Sá, amantissimus Societatis Jesu'."

With such a welcome we felt sure we would be shown all the privileged pilgrims enjoy at the Shrine. We three Jesuits were in the "Domus Professa" which three hundred years ago housed over eighty members of the Society. The three-story building with the large sacristy of the Church forms a quadrangle, enclosing a lovely, well-kept tropical garden with cocoanut palms and flowering vines reaching above the third story verandah. On each floor verandahs run around the entire building, giving cooling breezes in the hot climate of central India. Though more than a third of the building was destroyed by fire after it passed from Jesuit hands, it contains more than fifty private rooms. At the time of the Suppression of the Society in Portuguese dominions (1759) the Professed House was made the Diocesan Seminary and placed in charge of Italian Vincentians. After nine years, they too, were expelled and the Seminary handed over to the Oratorians of St. Philip Neri. But since 1775 the House has been administered by a Canon of the Cathedral appointed by the Patriarch-Archbishop. He is supported by the Government. Canon (or Monsignor) Da Sá told us that thirty-nine years ago he said his First Mass at the altar of Saint Francis Xavier—and the next day was appointed by the Archbishop as Guardian of the Shrine.

As we walked along the long corridors, we looked for names on doors, pictures of Generals, and other landmarks usual in Jesuit habitations; but found only a few large pictures, mostly paintings of our Saints and Martyrs. The Jesuit refectory, it seems, was destroyed in the fire that occurred under secular care. The writer, with no library or access to books abroad ship, can merely recall to the minds of his readers that Goa's

main residence was for one hundred and seventy years the headquarters of the Society in India, and often the stopping-off place for Jesuit missionaries to China and Japan. To mention but one, it is certain that Brother Benedict de Goës resided here at the "Casa Professa", (1602) before setting out at the order of the Superior of the Mission to find a short overland route from Goa to old Peking in China. History assures us of the residence here, for possibly a year and a half, of Venerable Father Marcellus Mastrilli, S.J., (we can only guess that his room was near the sacristy) who on his way to Japan stopped at Goa and superintended the building of the shrine of St. Francis in the church of the Bom Jesus.

The story of Father Mastrilli's cure and of the origin of the "Novena of Grace" is sufficiently familiar to our readers to be omitted here. But other facts are not so well known. Father Mastrilli, out of love for his devoted patron, Francis Xavier, collected funds in Europe and later in India for the magnificent shrine that does such honour to the Saint in the church of Bom Jesus. It was in 1633, some eighty years after the death of Xavier, that the Saint appeared to Father Mastrilli at Naples, curing him and bidding him renew his appeal for the foreign missions. Mere reference is made at present to the shrine which will be described in its proper place. The life of Father Mastrilli is singular. Saint Francis Xavier seemed to want a substitute; having been unable to secure for himself the crown of martyrdom, he commanded Mastrilli to go to Japan. One would expect that this Father, so wonderfully favored by the Patron of the Missions himself, would have had a remarkable missionary career in Japan. Instead, he scarcely set foot in the mission to which the Saint had guided him when he met with martyrdom. Father Mastrilli suffered the torture of the pit at Unzen near Nagasaki and after four days was decapitated. This was on October 17, 1637, the year he completed his work in Goa. He has been declared Venerable.

We were now to visit the Church, the Shrine and the Sacristy. The writer hopes not to be monotonous in

his description of an edifice that, next, probably, to St. Peter's in Rome, has had the greatest number of devout pilgrims write of its dimensions and architectural form. It is a large impressive structure of dark granite in Doric-Corinthian style, adorned with some striking relief work. Three arched doors form the front entrance, above which are the three square windows of the choir, and above these, smaller circular windows. Crowning all is a quadrangle adorned with fine arabesque, beautiful and stately, the whole surmounted by a cross. The church has a single cruciform nave 170 by 50 feet, about 60 feet in height. The windows are in three series (none of stained glass) and give good lighting to the church proper. There are five tribunes, reserved on solemn occasions for persons of distinction. The church has no pews; a dozen or more chairs at the altar of the Saint suffice for pilgrims outside of times of exposition of the body.

As one walks up the center aisle, the massive dimensions of the richly gilded main altar appear in excellent light. In the right transept, Epistle side, and outside the sanctuary, is the altar (or more correctly four altars), of the shrine of our Saint. In the opposite transept to St. Francis Xavier's is the altar which for some years was dedicated to St. Francis Borgia, but is now called the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament, though outside of times of pilgrimage the Blessed Sacrament is not reserved. This is another reminder that Old Goa is a deserted city. The main altar is dedicated to St. Ignatius, with an eight-foot statue, richly gilded, representing our holy Father in ecstasy, looking up to heaven. The church, however, is dedicated to the Infant Jesus (Meniño Jesus) or as they say in Goa, "Bom Jesus"—Good Jesus. Lower down on the main altar, just back of the crucifix, is a small statue of the Infant Jesus dressed in red velvet and ermined cape. There is no tabernacle on the main altar, the Blessed Sacrament being reserved in times of pilgrimage at the transept altar outside the sanctuary rails. The entire church furnishings are rich and elaborate.

It is interesting to note that the church of Bom

Jesus was erected at the expense of the "Captain of Cochin and Ormuz", Don Jeronimo Mascarenhas, a devoted friend of St. Francis Xavier, who over thirty years after the death of the saint, gave this monument to the Society in memory of Xavier. The church was erected in 1587. It became the fourth and final resting place for the miraculously preserved body of the Saint, the first being at Sanchan Island where he died; the second at Malacca for about a year, when the Portuguese ship, Santa Croce, was enroute back to Goa, where it arrived in 1554; the third at the College of St. Paul, Goa, for about eighty years until the elegant shrine of Father Mastrilli was ready to receive it in the Church of Bom Jesus, 1637.

Words fail one to describe a Jesuit's feelings, as, before examining the elegant shrine of our Saint, he closes his eyes, falls on his knees at the very side of his elder brother and makes his second prelude, a prayer so full of affection, so deep in reverence, so extensive in petition. But our devotions at the altar were planned for the following day, so we arose and stood back to view what is reputed to be the richest tomb in all India, and even with few rivals throughout the world. The sarcophagus is elevated about twelve feet above the table of the altar, the altar itself being of Italian marble, resting upon a four-faced marble structure of various colors, on each of the four sides of which is an altar facing the body of the Saint, with representations in *bas-relief* of some incident of his life. The precious marble of the shrine, including the rich Corinthian columns ornate with acanthus leaves, was given by the Italian Grand Duke of Tuscanny, Ferdinand II, who had received from Goa a cushion upon which the head of the Saint had rested for many years. The sarcophagus, elaborated in Florentine style, is made of copper with silver and gold superbly wrought and set with precious stones. The body, clad in priestly vestments, lies upon a metal couch which can be removed, much like a casket from a hearse, at times of "exposition." The metal door at the feet of the Saint has three keys. When the shrine was com-

pleted in 1636, the Queen of Spain gave the rich gold vestment to clothe the holy body. How happy Father Mastrilli must have been as he gazed upon the completed shrine! He had seen St. Francis in vision; here in Goa he saw his patron much as he was in life, and then went on his way to martyrdom in Japan. How soon was he to present to the Saint in heaven the glorious palm of martyrs he bore from the mission field!

On the altar facing the body of the church which might be called the main altar of the shrine—and on the same level as the sarcophagus, and placed on a bracket in front of the saint's body is a silver statue of St. Francis, four feet in height, given by a Genoese lady, the widow of Don Urbano Durazo in 1670. The statue wears, not a biretta, but a crown of gold set with precious stones. The saint holds aloft the crucifix in his right hand, whilst in his left, resting upon his breast, is a silver baton. The baton is a local adornment to the statue of the Saint. A hundred and thirty years after our Saint's death, that is in 1683, Goa was in danger of falling into the hands of Sambaji, an Indian Rajah. The pious viceroy, Count of Alvor, hastened to the shrine and placed his vice-gerent baton, symbol of power, in the hands of the this statue, entrusting the Saint with the defense of Goa. The city was not attacked; and since that time it was the custom of the Governors-General of Portuguese India to take charge of their exalted office by exchanging a new baton with the statue and taking the one held in the hand of the Saint. The pious custom prevailed for over two hundred years. In 1910 Senhor de Costa, the first republican governor, was the last official to take the staff of his office from the hands of the statue.

One loves to linger about the great shrine, the focal point of universal veneration for so great an apostle. One feels, however, that the side chapel is too dark and too cramped for such a shrine. Only at times of exposition of the body, so Monsignor Da Sá told us, is the church of Bom Jesus illuminated. On the occasion of expositions, twenty altars for pilgrim priests are avail-

able, the celebration of Mass being allowed from one o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon.

One expects to find a spacious sacristy for these great occasions; but it was probably provided likewise for the large number of our own Fathers, forty or more, who once resided in the Professed House. From the sanctuary, Epistle side, one passes by the altar of St. Francis, on to the sacristy, said to be the largest and finest in all the East. It has a high (three story) vaulted ceiling with three large arches, well-lighted, the walls adorned on two sides with a double row of paintings, many said to be valuable, one an original Murillo, representing St. Mary Magdalene in ecstasy.

The long rows of vestment cases on either side are of hard wood, inlaid with variously colored wood. The color and class of vestments are written in letters of brass uniformly one inch in height. The sacristy was built sixty years after the church of Bom Jesu, the expenses borne by Baltazar de Veiga who requested to be buried in the chapel of the Saint (1659). Near the House entrance to the Sacristy—that is from the garden—there still hangs a Jesuit notice board on which is printed in large type the list of Masses and Prayers to be offered by members of the Society for Benefactors and for other intentions. It bears the date of 1671. The other part of the notice board contains a list of Communion Days allowed to the Scholastics and Brothers in those days. The list of Communion days we examined more closely and Father de Vaz asked me, temptingly, why the feast of St. Michael, Archangel, was especially observed by our Scholastics and Brothers. "Was he a Jesuit Saint"? he asked! . . . What hallowed memories hover about this holy place; church, professed house, and cloistered garden! But tomorrow we will return and conclude our pilgrimage.

It was raining gently as we left the "Casa Professa" and stepped out into the fragrant air. The clouded sky, too, seemed to conspire to hide from our gaze the ruins of the once opulent metropolis of Portuguese India. Now only an occasional pilgrim is seen where two or three square miles of city enclosed (so says

a guide book), 150,000 Catholics and 50,000 Hindus and Mohammedans. Here classic grandeur survives in only a few elegant churches, grouped within a quarter of a mile of Bom Jesu. But even ruins can appear beautiful. Silhouetted against the rain-clouds and fringed by waving palm trees, is the cupola of St Cajetan's and the crumbling belfry of the Augustinian monastery. Trying to hide the dark jungle of tamarind and impassable, tropical growth, is a ruined arch of the Viceroys, built by Alfonso Albuquerque, who took Goa from the Mohamedans in 1510.

Goa's earthly greatness long ago passed away. Today it has no streets, its byways are deserted, its houses in ruins, its few remaining Churches unattended. Only once every ten years does it come back to life. Then the lonely forest of palms waves a welcome, as again the city is peopled with human beings; "there is clatter in the public square, the noise of many feet, the babel of many tongues and tens of thousands of people come to venerate the relics of St. Francis and to beg his undying intercession." Goa seems clothed again in its former life. The devout Albuquerque also built a Chapel and dedicated it to St. Catherine, Virgin-Martyr, for it was on November 25th, 1510, that he entered Goa as conqueror. The Chapel has been kept in repair as it is the oldest Christian edifice in the city. The Misericorda Hospital, though now in ruins, bears witness to the charity of the conquistador and recalls the first lodgings of St. Francis Xavier when he arrived in Goa. Frequently in his letters the Saint refers to the "Confraternity of Mercy", a laymen's organization responsible for the care of the sick and the poor. The oldest Church, that of St. Francis of Assisi, built in 1520, sets a remarkable standard for beauty and elegance. Its interior is mentioned in the city's history as one of the best ornamented in Goa. The Franciscan Bishop (Joa Albuquerque) ruled the See of Goa when Xavier arrived and humbly offered to that dignitary his zealous services. Part of the large Franciscan Monastery adjoining their Church is now the residence of fifteen priests, canons of the Cathedral

hardby. A museum gathered from the ruins of the old city preserves many interesting relics of the past on the ground floor of the monastery.

But the largest edifice, though its exterior is not imposing, is the old cathedral of Goa, built in 1570. The Divine Office has been chanted here without interruption for over three hundred years. The full number of canons is thirty-five; but vacancies have reduced them to fifteen at the present. We arrived just after vespers and were cordially received by the Monsignor, head of the Cathedral Chapter, who took us to see the great edifice. The Sanctuary with choir stalls elegantly carved, is the largest I have seen. Besides the obligation of chanting the Office, the Monsignor told us, there is a solemn High Mass daily at eight o'clock. There is seldom anyone in attendance save the canons. Under the sanctuary are buried all the Bishops and Patriarch-Archbishops who have ruled the see since the erection of the cathedral. There are fifteen altars in all. Outside the sanctuary and before the side altars lie buried those viceroys and government officials who died in communion with Holy Church. One seems to be treading everywhere on memorial slabs and inscriptions. We were brought at once to the Jesuit altar where a four-foot silver chest contains the relics of the Jesuit martyrs of Salsette, Bl. Rudolph Acquaviva and companions, who won their crown a few miles from Goa in 1583. Their feast is kept on July 27th.

As mentioned above, the Archbishop resides in New Goa. He comes to the cathedral only for the Holy Week Services. Ordinations are held at the Seminary. Nearly all of the religious orders of the time had houses or churches in the old city. If it is true there were 150,000 Catholics, native and Portugese, within its walls, a large number of churches was necessary. Our guide book says that there were at one time four hundred and eighty-six religious in Old Goa. At present there are sixteen priests: the Canons of the Cathedral and Monsignor Da Sá, Guardian of the Shrine. These are all native Goanese secular priests. In Old Goa and

New Goa there are to be found today no religious men, save the four Portuguese Jesuits at the Institute. St. Francis Xavier had several good friends among the canons of his time and these he mentions with affection in his letters.

We were eager to visit St. Paul's, the first College of the Society in all Asia, so we bent our steps towards the ruins of the College. The College was given to the Society some two years after the coming of Xavier and was also called the College of Santa Fé. Nothing remains but the crumbling walls surrounding the property. The undisciplined jungle romps over the old campus; but here and there one sees portions of high arches of former buildings and stone steps that lead to nowhere. They still stand, however, and one hopes they will never fall—what may have been the gateway of the elegant façade to the college that our Saint could call "home" when voyaging for Christ in the Orient. Here at the College of St. Paul, Francis wrote those many letters dated from Goa; letters humbly written while kneeling in imagination before the "Father of his soul", St. Ignatius. Hither came all the recruits sent him by St. Ignatius from Rome—thirty-six men in those ten years of the early Society. Here came Anjiro, Paul of the Holy Faith, preparing for Baptism, before leading the Saint with him back to Japan. Here also was Antonio, the Chinese, whom he would take with him back to China, but whose dialect was unintelligible at Sanchan. Here, too, was little Christopher from the Malabar coast, "who wished to follow his beloved Father everywhere he went", and who also knelt at his feet when he lay dying on China's lonely island. And what worries the administration of the College cost Xavier, until good Father Gasper Baertz was placed at the helm to keep the "Collegio" from changing its policy every time the Saint sailed out of the harbor.

Xavier wished St. Paul's to be primarily a seminary for the training of native priests. After his death, San Paulo became the Novitiate; the College was transferred to Mont Rosario. There remain in the grounds

two wells, the waters of which are said to be miraculous. The year 1859 is mentioned in the Guide Book as the year of many miracles at the wells.

It was now getting late and we had promised Father de Vaz, our chaperon, to call with him at his parents' home at the other side of "Jesuit Bridge"; so we returned, with sweet memories of Xavier's old home, to the Casa Professa. We had to arrange with Monsignor Da Sá for the hour of Mass at the shrine Thursday morning. The rain clouds had parted, only to gather in the west to make the October sunset a path of glory for us back to New Goa. The Vaz family was now complete with the exception of the Jesuit son, and besides the treat of coffee, cakes and native fruits, their father presented to us some of the precious souvenirs which he had long kept of the Saint and shrine.

We arrived back at the Institute about seven-thirty. Father Mathias told us that Litanies would be at 8:30, so there was time for my breviary and for Brother's prayers and spiritual reading. Every Jesuit chapel in India has, no doubt, a statue of St. Francis; but the one in the neat little chapel of Goa seemed very life-like, particularly when seen at Litanies. "Jesuit night prayers" over, we went to the rooms assigned us and presently heard the community bell ring again—do they ring here for points? A rap at my door and an announcement from the Father Minister: "That's the bell for supper, Father," and it was a quarter before nine! More for sociability than to satisfy a hearty appetite, we assembled in the refectory, much as we do during major vacations in our colleges at home. More interesting Jesuit history was rehearsed with the evening meal of fish (Goa exports fish), several native vegetables and, for dessert, stewed lanciones, I think they called them, but they tasted like fresh California figs. The "magnum silentium" followed immediately after visit and it was a welcome quiet, though the songs of crickets sounded loudly through the windows, opening on to the tropical garden.

We were to leave by auto at 6:30 in the morning for seven o'clock Mass at the altar of the Shrine. One does

not sleep soundly dwelling upon so unique a privilege. I was awakened at midnight and again promptly at three, by the cock-crow that is so distinct in the deep silence of the Oriental nights. I first thought the second call was dawn, but in a few minutes the chorus of cocks grew silent and I turned out my light. But around five, flocks of small Indian crows began their raucous chant and all early risers were grateful for the call of a new day.

Fathr de Vaz with our hired car was at the door at six-thirty. I told the driver we would keep him for four hours and asked Father de Vaz to arrange the price for the time. He spoke a few words in his native Goanese and the young man replied: "I am a Catholic and whatever the Father wants to give will be satisfactory." We were soon on our way. As our return last evening was in the golden glow of the sunset, so now an even more enchanting scene greeted us outside the city and along the quiet river drive. The sun was rising over Old Goa, gilding distant mountain tops, palm trees, and the nearby waters of the river. It was symbolic of the glory of Xavier's tomb where so many miracles have been wrought to brighten lives shadowed by sorrow and to be a promise of eternal glory to those whose "faith wavers not".

In twenty minutes we were at the Church of Bom Jesu. We entered by way of the "Casa Professa" and found Monsignor Da Sá in the sacristy, laying out for us special vestments and alb. We prayed awhile at the altar of St. Ignatius; and then entered the sacristy where so many of Ours of the Old Society had vested for their Masses each day, served by their dear Coadjutor Brothers. I with Brother Finnegan attending me, put on the elegant Spanish style vestments. They were like those worn by our Holy Father as represented in the richly gilded statue. Father de Vaz and two Canons from the Cathedral prepared to say Mass at the other three altars of the shrine, whilst Monsignor da Sá accompanied us to the altar facing the body of the Church, beneath the silver statue of our Saint. He marked the missal for December 3rd, since, as pil-

grims, we had the privilege of the mass of the Feast with Gloria and Credo and one Collect. It was truly our greatest feast of St. Francis Xavier; and though one formulates his intention—first, second and even third—for mass, these all seemed to converge into one; for our Society, our Province, our Missions, Relatives, Benefactors, Friends. Would that one could combine at this holy altar all the reverence and fervor of pilgrims since March 12, 1622, when Xavier, whose holy body lies before us, was raised to the altars of Holy Church! But the mass itself was the fountain-head of his sanctity,—his towering holiness; and the most appropriate prayer of the mass seemed the “*Nobis quoque peccatoribus*”, when, hoping in the multitude of His mercies, we beg fellowship with His holy martyrs and apostles, into whose company we beg to be admitted, not for one’s merits, but solely by the lavishness of His pardon.

No one attended the Mass save my server and one poor Hindu cripple who sat on a mat in the nave. This privacy only added to one’s devotion as he saw associated with him and present in spirit all those dearest to him in life, that October morning. Nor could one deny the lame man his crumb of comfort, for I was told he comes every morning, kneeling tailor-fashion before St. Francis’ altar, waiting for the Saint’s heart to be moved in pity for him and to obtain his cure. Another Mass followed and we made our thanksgiving during the mass of a native priest, in a measure satisfying our devotions.

Monsignor was awaiting us in the sacristy and motioned to us to come over to a teakwood chest out of which he took a monstrance-shaped reliquary. “You can see here at least a humble part of St. Francis’ body,—a phalange (joint) of the toe of the right foot.” We kissed the relic and noted the toe-nail was still well preserved. In expositions of the body, pilgrims are allowed to kiss the feet. On one such occasion, an over-ardent client of the Saint bit off the fourth toe of the right foot, intending to take it away as a relic. Blood flowed from the foot and the rash deed was discovered

and the relic left in the casket. A portion, a phalange, of this toe was sent in 1902 to Maria del Carmen, Duchess of Villahermosa, in Spain, a relative of St. Francis Xavier in the thirteenth generation. The Duchess, in 1901, had restored the ancient castle of Xavier in Navarre, the birthplace of our Saint.

Monsignor had prepared breakfast for us on the sacristy porch adjoining the lovely garden, and during the repast wherein fried bananas, prepared Goanese style, took the place of bacon,—the eggs were associated with the bananas,—we asked many questions and heard, from the lips of our gracious host, things interesting to relate.

The expositions of the body, when it is placed before the main altar of Bom Jesu, take place now every tenth year. Earlier in the history of the Shrine the body could be seen every year on December 3rd, the feast of the Saint. The holy body had to be constantly watched to prevent people taking away relics. Even later, when expositions were allowed only to the clergy and to persons of distinction, some recklessly cut away large portions off the vestments and even disfigured the head by cutting off locks of hair.

Feeling now still more disappointed that we and our group of 160 foreign missionaries were not granted by the Patriarch the favor of seeing the body, I asked Monsignor Da Sá if "private expositions" such as we had asked for were ever granted. "Only once in my forty years at the shrine" he replied. "One day," said he, sitting back in his chair (and draining his coffee cup), "a young priest with several cameras strapped over his shoulder, called at the 'Casa'. As I greeted him, he said simply: 'Monsignor, I have come to see the shrine.' As I moved immediately in the direction of St. Francis' altar, telling him he was very welcome, he asked me: 'Have you the keys?' Possessing the bunch of heavy old keys I am accustomed to carry when showing pilgrims about, I answered: 'Oh, yes, my Father.' 'But I wish to see the holy body and everything', said my clerical visitor. 'But impossible', I replied, stopping suddenly to express my surprise. Swinging aside the

strap of a camera, he took from his inside pocket an envelope and handed it to me, signifying his desire that I read it. I had before read letters recommending pilgrim priests for special privileges and expected some such request as I hastily glanced at the unfolded page before me. To my utter surprise I saw that it came from Rome, signed by His Holiness, Pius XI, 'given at the Vatican' etc., as such letters conclude." Monsignor smiled as he continued: "I noted from the corner of my eye the triumphant pose of my visitors as he perceived my honest reaction, and I saw him take from the opposite pocket of his coat another letter which he smilingly handed to me. He awaited my expression. I opened it and saw on the letter head the seal of the Society of Jesus, and a signature no one could imitate, I think, 'Wlodimir Ledochowski, Praepositus Generalis Societatis Jesu'." We laughed heartily with Monsignor Da Sá, who, to climax his story, raised aloft both hands, saying: "With letters such as these, what else could I do but send messengers for the keys!" The young priest had been given these official letters in Rome, whither a report had come indicating that the body of St. Francis was going the way of all flesh and fast returning to dust. The priest was not only provided with photographic equipment, but even with microscope and magnifying glasses with which he had come to examine and to give a thorough report on the condition of the miraculously preserved body. Brother Finnegan afterwards remarked that the next time we come to the shrine, we will know what letters to carry with us!

On the subject of "expositions" there was still much information we sought. The Monsignor had seen five public expositions, spread across fifty years (since he was a boy) and he willingly gave us his time. "The greatest and most solemn," he said, "was in 1922, the 300th anniversary of the canonization of St. Francis." The exposition lasted thirty-five days from December 3 to January 7. The pilgrims were the most numerous in the shrine's history, exceeding five hundred thousand according to official reports of newspaper men sent

from Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta to cover the event. Special railway and steamship rates were granted to pilgrims. For the first time, women were permitted to kiss the feet and this concession attracted many more. An all-India Catholic Congress was to follow the exposition. The writer, before leaving Zikawei, read in the *Memorabilia Societatis* for 1922, a report sent to Rome of the great and remarkable miracles wrought by the Saint at that time. Amongst others, two instantaneous cures were granted to Protestant pilgrims on kissing the feet; whilst a follower of Zoroaster obtained a miracle in the healing of paralysis. Persons of all religions flocked to the shrine and devoutly venerated the body: Mohamedans, Buddhists, Protestants and those of every Hindu cult kissed the feet, asking the powerful intercession of the Saint.

During the exposition of 1932, a Protestant woman, Jean Armstrong, who afterwards came to Shanghai, was miraculously cured. She is a writer of some note and became a Catholic soon after her cure and in Shanghai established the *CATHOLIC REVIEW*, a monthly, managed and edited since 1941 by our California Jesuits in China.

May 6 to 20, 1942, was the most recent exposition. Though the date chosen was to commemorate the four hundredth year since the arrival of St. Francis Xavier in Goa, an important date in Mission history, pilgrims to the shrine at Goa were comparatively few. Due to war and its accompanying hardships, not many could come from a distance to honor the Saint. I asked Monsignor if there were any miracles last year (1942). He replied that there were none at the shrine, but that many were reported from various parts of India, granted during the two weeks' exposition. I asked again: how do you account for this, as most of the wonders are wrought at the feet of the Saint? "Oh", he said, "St. Francis doesn't like curiosity—many people come here only to see miracles, so he works them far away from here for those who ask his intercession."

Certain formalities precede the expositions. The day previous to the opening of solemn ceremonies at Bom

Jesu, the Patriarch-Archbishop with notaries, the Viceroy or his representative, the Guardian of the Shrine and two invited physicians are present for the breaking of the seal set ten years previously and for an official examination of the holy body. The examination takes place behind barred doors after the holy relics have been taken from the sarcophagus to the sacristy. The doctors carefully examine the miraculously preserved body as to color and condition of preservation. They make a brief oral report to all present. Then a notary reads aloud the attested document, dated, signed and sealed at the previous exposition ten years before. They agree to another exposition and themselves kiss the feet of the Saint. The Custodian of the shrine unlocks the Sacristy door, where heralds are waiting to carry news to the expectant pilgrims, some in New Goa, many en route. The eight bells of the Old Cathedral proclaim aloud the glad tiding and all the churches in New Goa and the surrounding country ring in jubilation. News travels to other parts of India—for such events are of national interest: St. Francis is “the Father and Protector of India.”

At eight o'clock the following morning, priests bear the body to its place in the sanctuary before the altar of St. Ignatius, and another time of grace and heavenly blessings begins, Francis, as it were, humbly waiting at the feet of his Holy Father (*Pater animae meae*) to bestow his favors. Those who have kissed the feet of the saint say they are soft and pliable. How many thousands and tens of thousands have pressed their lips to those feet that tread so many lands and brought him, yet unwearied for Christ, to the very gates of China!

Our last question to the patient Monsignor might well have been our first: In what state of preservation is the body at present? Monsignor answered us: “I am so certain our Saint’s body will always remain as it has been for three hundred years and more, that I do not observe it very closely.” Historically speaking, since 1616, when gradual dessecation (drying up) set in, no perceptible change has been recorded save that

shrinking up of the body. In that year, by order of the General, Father Claudius Acquaviva, the right arm of the saint, amputated at the elbow, was sent to Rome. Plans for the approaching canonization in Rome (that ceremony took place March 12, 1622) were in progress and the centre of Christendom wished a first class relic of the Saint. The Fathers in Goa, it is said, hesitated to carry out the order. But when they did, the body of the saint began to shrink and today it is fully ten inches shorter than in his life-time. The ligaments of the joints have contracted and the florid complexion has darkened. Was it a gentle protest to the pious mutilation of his body? But one must not expect the whole appearance to be like that of a person recently deceased. The body has been miraculously preserved intact for three hundred and ninety years (he died December 3, 1552).

The exposition is most impressive. There lies the Saint clad in rich gold vestments of a reddish brown hue, embroidered with pearls. Centuries have not effaced the heroic features of the Apostle of the Far East. The head is gently raised on a rich pillow, the lips slightly open. The left arm with maniple is resting on the breast, with fingers evenly separated. The right arm lies at the side covered by the sleeve of the alb. Both feet are exposed. Though somewhat shriveled, they have kept their shape, the veins quite distinguishable. As Monsignor Da Sá significantly remarked,—the vestments decay and fall to pieces after sixty or seventy years and become relics, but the holy body, always the same, is clothed again to provide relics to his clients.

Without our knowing the import of this last remarks, he called the sacristan and handing him a key, told him to bring out on the porch (we were still at the breakfast table) several metal boxes. Unlocking a casket he said: "You must have some relics to take with you". He cut a ribbon from a piece of silvery cloth saying: "This is the oldest relic we have. It is the lining taken from the rich casket in which the body of the saint was placed at Malacca in August 1553". From another

box he took ribbon-like tape: "All that remains", he said, "of the elegant vestment given by Queen Sophia of Portugal to clothe the body of St. Francis in 1684, so it is about two hundred and sixty years since the vestment was new." We expressed our appreciation of the Monsignor's generosity to us and he responded by adding a silk handkerchief that had been touched to the body last year and gave us a red ribbon on which was printed in Portuguese: "Official measurement of the holy body of San Francisco Xavier, taken in May 1942." This ribbon I found to measure exactly four feet and eight inches, the actual length of the body today. Allowing for the ten inches shrinkage since 1616, the total length or height of St. Francis in life was approximately five feet six inches, a fair stature for a Spaniard.

We selected a few rosaries and medals made relics by being touched to the body, and noted that our previous hours at the shrine had swiftly passed. A final prayer before the sacred tomb and we tore ourselves away. On leaving, we stood for a moment in the hallway before the life-sized statue of our Saint that had attracted our attention on our first arrival at the "Domus Professa". The crucifix raised aloft is unusually large and we noticed for the first time the gilded lettering on the bracket supporting the image. Monsignor told us the inscription recalls that incident in the saint's life, on one of the savage Moluccas (Spice Islands), when a cannibal tribe on his approach, rushed out to attack him with knives and spears. He raised aloft his crucifix and the savages fell on their knees before him. Gazing again at the statue one seemed to read a parting message from our elder brother: "Our victory is in Christ crucified", and as we stepped outside the stone doorway and gazed again at the lovely church of Bom Jesu, the refrain beat upon my mind: "And he knows how to glorify His friends."

We told Monsignor Da Sá that we could never forget our pilgrimage nor his exceeding great kindness to us. He took me by the arm as we walked towards our car, and said with an interrogative inflection: "But will you

come again? We hope so, for the greatest exposition ever to take place will be in 1952, hardly ten years from now. It will be the 400th anniversary of his death. I will count on you for one of the sermons." We laughed at his bantering, but maybe he thought that all my questioning he so patiently answered, gave promise of a thorough knowledge of the subject! But Brother and I both felt that having been granted so great a privilege, we could now hope for most anything. We sped along in our car to New Goa, apologizing to our dark-skinned Catholic chauffeur for keeping him waiting nearly three hours with his car. He smilingly replied: "I do not mind the waiting; we have plenty of time in Goa and use no gas while we wait" (there's a shortage of gasoline in Goa). We stopped at the Institute to bid adieu to our Jesuit brethren and to get the small supply of Mass wine we had requested. It was all we could do to decline the invitation of the Brothers to take some refreshment before returning to our ship. We could hardly, however, refuse the basket of fruit which looked almost as big as a bunch of bananas and proved to be an assortment of that best fruit of the season in Goa.

We talked with Father de Vaz as we sped over the four miles that brought us to the small steam launch-landing at Dona Paula. How suitable a place of pilgrimage was Old Goa, we remarked. It seemed chosen by Xavier himself; it was the city of all the Orient he loved most. The Saint would not forget his children in the Farther East, his first resting place; but Sanchan was not suited to enshrine his incorrupt body. A wind-swept Island, difficult of access, raided time and again by bandits, frequently the rendezvous of Chinese pirates, was not to be his glorified shrine. But Goa, centrally located on the west coast of India, easily reached by steamship and railway, would afford him a secure resting place,—so secure that one marvels at the apparent lack of fear of looting or robbery of the richest tomb in India, wherein his body lies in a deserted city. But his glory in death is all the greater, set against a background of ruins, where temporal greatness has

crumbled and the voice of a once populous city is reduced to sepulchral silence. Here Xavier lives on, in spite of the ravages of time and the decay of all things mortal, "for what will it profit a man" he seems to say, "to gain the world should he, in doing so, lose his soul." A lesson this, in the vanity of human hopes and the emptiness of earthly greatness!

When we had reached the west coast of the promontory, we noticed the incoming launch was approaching the pier and we bade a grateful farewell to good Father de Vaz who had truly shown himself the brother of a Jesuit. Our chauffeur was well satisfied with the price we paid him, and we were soon comfortably seated on the crowded launch for Marmugao. Out from the shore, we got an excellent view of the Governor's palace at the head of the promontory. His abode, the former Franciscan Monastery of three hundred years ago, took on new interest as we recalled that it was due to his unfriendly attitude toward the Patriarch that we were not permitted to see the body of St. Francis. We said a prayer to Our Lady of the Cape to protect Goa and its precious shrine. Brother remarked that the next time we come to Goa that particular Governor-General won't be here!

Returned to the dock of our ocean liner, my impersonation of "Signor Alberto Delfino" of the honorable state of Venezuela came to an end; but before returning our pass, I helped my "secretary" in lugging a heavy basket of extra large bananas and three bottles of Mass wine to the gangway of the Gripsholm. Though we had purposely returned to the ship before noon, in view of the hoped-for shore leave for all passengers and to supply rupees to all who desired Goanese money, we soon learned of their deep disappointment: There was no shore-leave. But a Malabar Indian peddler appeared on the ship with a large assortment of souvenir postcards and some guide-books of Goa and so profited by the presence of so many Catholic missionaries, whilst affording a crumb of comfort to our Catholic passengers. Though we had endeavored to keep our visit to Goa a secret, our absence had been

perceived and we were welcomed everywhere on our return to ship and had to promise to tell in another lecture what we had seen and heard.

The next morning as our great ship moved from the quiet harbor of Marmugao into the blue waters of the Arabian Sea, we stood long and prayerfully on the deck, gazing toward the palmwooded hills of Goa, till land faded in the oriental haze. It was almost like seeing one's native land vanish from view, and bidding farewell to a dear brother. We had been to Goa, to the Shrine of St. Francis Xavier,—and that meant more than words can express to Jesuits,—to missionaries.

We had been exchanged at Goa for an equal number of Japanese repatriates and had changed from the Teia Maru to the spacious ocean liner Gripsholm, that would take us back to our native land. Goa had brought side by side to the same pier citizens of two warring nations. I thought of Xavier and of Paul Anjiro who had left from this same port to go to Japan, hoping to make the people of that nation citizens of the heavenly Kingdom. Xavier, the "Patron of the Missions", will not forget his missionaries on land or on sea, and when peace dawns for the sad world, those who, for a time, have left their field of labor will return, renewed in spirit, and, we hope, with many new recruits to carry on the great apostolate.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN AUSTRALIA

The history of the Society of Jesus in Australia began on December 4, 1848, when two Jesuit priests landed on Kangaroo Island, South Australia.

The name of the leading priest was Kranewitter, and you may wonder in a hazy way how his name is to be pronounced—difficult names can so often be a barrier to closer acquaintance. Actually, it is Kran-ev-itter, and, that obstacle removed, you will surely begin to be interested in the man himself when you hear, as I heard from a South Australian friend, that his old father had worshipped the very ground on which Father Kranewitter and his fellow-Jesuits trod, and that all the people who had known them had done the same.

Father Kranewitter had sailed from Europe as chaplain to such a party of immigrants to Australia as all are agreed we shall have to encourage after this war to help settle our problems of population and development. The leader of these settlers bought land near Clare, about eighty miles north of Adelaide, and with this leader's family lived Father Kranewitter, in a single story house of five rooms which "dispensed with the luxury of glass windows". By the middle of March Father Kranewitter found himself the only Jesuit in Australia, his companion who had worked for two or three months in Adelaide having been forced to return to Europe on account of ill-health.

Man proposes, but God disposes. Already there had been other disappointments. On the voyage out the supposedly Catholic band of immigrants had been found to be in reality "Christian heathens." The plan had been that they should form a Catholic settlement together, ministered to spiritually by the two Jesuits. But at their arrival the immigrants, ignoring their agreement with their leader, Weikert, scattered far and wide, mingling with earlier Protestant colonists of their own nationality—and this though Weikert had with high idealism spent the then very large sum of

over a thousand pounds on his emigration scheme. Father Kranewitter had as yet no horse, and had to travel far and wide on foot to search for his flock. Weikert was lame, his children very young, finances low, and the farm falling into neglect. In the midst of all this the solitary Jesuit lived his religious life—Jesuit, priest, farm and household assistant!

But God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tried above that which we are able. Sterling Jesuit lay-brothers arrived from Europe to join the priest, and they were soon doing all the work of the farm for the distressed Weikert. We read that "Brother John had often to carry butter, etc., on his shoulders a distance of 25 miles, and that in the great heat of summer, to procure necessities for the household" from the nearest market. Apparently horse and cart could not yet be afforded, or were not available in the young colony.

Sheep farms were extending to north and west, and Father Kranewitter's missionary journeys became ever longer and more arduous.

At last, in 1851, the priest was able to buy land near Clare, on which was eventually built St. Aloysius' College (1856) and Church (begun in 1863, solemnly blessed in 1875). The priest and the two Brothers now had a house of their own—the first Jesuit house in Australia. It was a thatched pine cottage, erected by the indefatigable Brother John. In 1852 Brother John planted the first vines of what were to become the famous Sevenhill Vineyards, which were to supply altar wine to many churches throughout Australia for many years and still continue to do so.

Not till the end of 1852 was the heroic Father Kranewitter joined by a fellow-Jesuit priest, and not till 1856 did another arrive.

In 1856 St. Aloysius' College was opened at Sevenhill with a few students, and a little later in the year a young man began there his studies for the priesthood, Julian Tenison Woods, destined to achieve fame as priest, scientist, and part-founder of an Order that would play a tremendous part in Catholic Primary

Education in Australia, the Sisters of St. Joseph. How the three Jesuits found time to conduct their extensive missions and their parish churches, and at the same time act as school teachers and seminary professors must remain a mystery. It is obvious that they must have been men of heroic mould. We have mentioned the Sisters of St. Joseph, and we cannot pass over them without recording the fact that their chief counsellor and rock of support during their difficult early years was the Jesuit, Father Tappeiner.

The Jesuits had committed to their charge an enormous district, stretching from Adelaide northwards well beyond the Flinders Range over 250 miles away. Discovery of copper in various localities led to the appearance of new centres of population in this vast area;; but somehow the Jesuits managed to stretch out their thin ranks, and built an amazing number of new churches, presbyteries, schools and convents. They added to the extraordinary variety of their work at St. Aloysius' College, Sevenhill, the training of novices for the Society.

The vast suburb of Norwood, near Adelaide, was entrusted to the Jesuits. By 1870 they had built there a new church, and eventually they had founded and built no fewer than seven subsidiary churches throughout the district, not to mention innumerable schools, convents and residences.

The Jesuits in South Australia had built for themselves a spiritual edifice in the hearts of the people, and a material one in more than 20 churches, not to mention schools, convents and presbyteries throughout the extensive district of Norwood and the vast territory north of Adelaide. In a sense their work was done. The Society is essentially a body of free-lancers—pioneering work its speciality. Settled parish work in small and isolated places is not the ideal goal of Jesuit training. Once the Church had been brought to these districts, the parish built up and well established, the Jesuit work was done, and so in 1890 the Society began to seek opportunity to withdraw and hand over its parishes to secular priests. It was a slow with-

drawal, as, of course, secular priests were not immediately available for all the churches founded by the Jesuits. By 1901 the process had been completed in the territory north of Adelaide, where the Society retained only the central churches of Clare and Sevenhill. The Society continued to conduct its eight or more churches throughout the Norwood district until 1934, when all were handed over to the charge of the secular clergy except the central Church of St. Ignatius.

In Victoria

Meanwhile, in 1865, Jesuits from Ireland had landed in Melbourne. Within a few days they were conducting St. Patrick's College. The newly-arrived Jesuits taught about 30 boys there for the last three months of 1865. By April of the next year the number had reached one hundred—a remarkable increase when one considers the size of the population of Melbourne then, and one which bears witness to the esteem in which the Jesuits were held.

In 1866 three more priests and two lay-brothers reached Melbourne, and soon, in 1867, there was begun on the heights at Richmond the great, new church whose spire is now visible far and wide over Melbourne, and also the church at Hawthorn, which was scarcely less magnificent in its proportions. Though these two churches were built to hold great congregations, every inch of their room is required today, and one marvels at the foresight and breadth of vision which saw to their being built in proportions which even today seem truly magnificent.

In 1878 a new college, to become known as Xavier, was opened by the Jesuits in extensive grounds near what was then the country village of Kew, four miles from Melbourne. Xavier was to be the Jesuits' boarding school, and with its opening St. Patrick's became exclusively a day school, as it was not suitably situated for a boarding school. Eventually, Xavier would become recognised as the representative Catholic College among the Public Schools and as one of the great

schools of Australia. Its magnificent white stone chapel, built within the last 15 years, is, with its great dome and pillared portals, architecturally unique among the school chapels of Australia. Distinguished names figure on the roll of Xavier's old boys, and many are the names it has given to the honor rolls of this and the last war. Today, with its two preparatory schools, its numbers are higher than ever before in its history.

In Easter Week, 1878, the Jesuits came to work in Sydney, at the invitation of Archbishop Vaughan. Father Joseph Dalton, far-sighted founder of the Richmond church and of Xavier College, and especially beloved and regretted by his flock at Richmond, came, accompanied by Father James Kennedy. The Archbishop handed over to them the charge of the parish of North Sydney, at that time extending from Wiseman's Ferry to The Spit. The Jesuits took up their abode in a four-room house with a front of corrugated iron, and built, at the rear, of kerosene tins! When tall, Archbishop Vaughan dined with them, his head touched the ceiling.

Before the year was out they had rented a house in Woolloomooloo near St. Mary's Cathedral as a day school, which was to be the second Jesuit College in Australia named for the young Jesuit, St. Aloysius; they had also purchased a house and 98 acres at River-view, then in their own parish, as a magnificent site for a boarding school, and signed a contract for the building of a newschool at Lavender Bay for £4000. The Society was fortunate in having received a generous bequest in the will of Archpriest Therry, Australia's pioneer secular priest. When one remembers the house in which Father Dalton and his companion took up their first abode in Sydney, one is struck by the contrast between the provision made by these great pioneers for the training of young Australians, and that which they made for their own comfort.

St. Aloysius' College opened at the beginning of 1879 and by the end of the year had 115 boys.

In February, 1880, St. Ignatius' College opened as

a boarding school at Riverview, overlooking the Lane Cove River, in the house already there. In April a new building was begun. In July the Independent Church at North Sydney was purchased by the Jesuits, to become the Catholic Church of Milson's Point. It was a year of extraordinarily rapid expansion.

In 1883 St. Aloysius' College moved from Woolloomooloo to Bourke-street Surry Hills. By 1885 it had 151 pupils. In 1903 the college was moved yet again—this time to the North Shore, on the edge of the Harbour directly opposite Circular Quay, next door to the charming little Independent Church, which the Society had acquired, and which could henceforth serve admirably as school chapel as well as parish Church of Star of the Sea. Here the college still flourishes, with its jubilees, golden and diamond, well behind it in the past.

Seven Jesuits took part in the great Plenary Council of Australasia, presided over by Cardinal Moran, in 1885.

In January 1887, appeared the first number of the popular Jesuit monthly, the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," a magazine which has become beloved throughout the length and breadth of Australia, and which has the extraordinary record of having had only two editors during the long 56 years of its career.

By 1891 there were 120 boarders at Riverview. Its rowing regattas were already becoming features in the social and sporting life of Sydney. The Governor of New South Wales, visiting the college along with his Eminence Cardinal Moran, praised it as an establishment "engaged in the great work of education—an education, too, founded on religion, which is the foundation of all true culture"; and he told the boys that their opportunities at Riverview prepared them "for taking a foremost place in shaping the destinies of this great nation." And in 1904 Lord Carrington remarked with homely colloquialism, that hearing and seeing all that took place at Riverview fairly took his breath away!

As the population of North Sydney grew, the area

ministered to by the Jesuits, of course, gradually became more restricted. They still conducted the Church of St. Mary, North Sydney, and St. Francis Xavier's Church at Lavender Bay. In 1938 a magnificent, white stone church was completed at Ridge-street, in place of the old St. Mary's.

In 1916 Dr. Dunne, Archbishop of Brisbane, invited the Jesuits to take over the parish of Toowong in his diocese, and so yet a third church in Australia was named for the founder of the Society, St. Ignatius. The Toowong foundation, besides providing parish work for the Society in Brisbane, serves as a centre for retreats, missions and lectures in Queensland.

Works of far-reaching importance undertaken by the Society in Australia in still higher branches of study were the world-famous observatory and seismography station, in a reserved area of Riverview's extensive grounds; the conducting of the Catholic University College of the University of Melbourne, Newman, and of the Victorian Diocesan Priests' Seminary of Corpus Christi College at Werribee, where for over 20 years now Jesuit Professors have been training men for the priesthood in several Australian dioceses—a work of quite unique importance. There is similar work in abundance awaiting the Society in Australia, but always the lament of the Jesuit Superiors is that they have not enough men to answer all the calls on the Society.

A great step to remedy this deficiency in spiritual man-power was taken in 1931, when the General of the Society of Jesus declared the Jesuits in Australia to be no longer a mere "Mission" of the Society governed from Ireland, but an independent Vice-Povince. An essential need, if the Society was to expand in Australia and the Pacific world, was houses of study, in which Australians and others could receive the long, expansive, and thorough training which are essential to the making of a Jesuit. With wonderful courage and energy, the newly-appointed Vice-Provincial, Father John Fahy, set about building these houses, and today, 11 years later, the great building which

comprises Novitiate, House of Training in University Studies, and Week-End Retreat House for Laymen, stands conspicuous in its broad and hedge-lined acres on the slopes of Watsonia, in Victoria; while in Sydney, among the beautiful trees of Pymble, on the North Shore line, is Canisius College, as yet incomplete, but this year sending out 19 priests after a thorough course in theology under its roofs. Both these buildings are monuments to the zeal and courage of Father John Fahy.

And so the Society of Jesus stands today fully equipped to train men to take their place as Jesuits in the great work that is opening up before the Church in a new Australia, in a new Pacific world. It seems certain that Australia will emerge from this war as the bulwark of Christian civilisation in the Eastern Pacific. For years the missions to China, Japan and the East Indies have been staffed from far-away Europe. All are agreed that Australia must grow in population, and it will surely be to a greater Australia that these eastern missions will turn, while Australia itself, so inevitably a part of the eastern world, will want gradually to mould that world according to its own Christian culture.

It is a happy augury for the Society of Jesus in Australia that already in these war years the Irish and Dutch Jesuit missions to China and the East Indies have looked to the Australian Vice-Province to finish the training of their young missionaries, prevented by the war from returning to Europe. The Jesuits in Australia today number 254, of whom 125 are priests, 108 scholastics and 21 laybrothers.

(From *The Catholic Weekly*, Australia.)

LETTER FROM A JESUIT AIR FORCE CHAPLAIN

Dear _____:

Am now situated on Pantelleria, a five-by-eight-mile Island in the Mediterranean. Volcanoes have at one time or another gone through the usual antics of these fire-spitting monsters and in their time have poured molten rock and brimstone off into the sea. A thin layer of dirt—in places there is a bit more—has fallen over most of this volcanic rock, and on this the Islanders raise their wheat, tomatoes, melons, squash, raisins, grapes and capers. The latter three they export to the continent. In order to save this thin share of dirt the entire Island is completely interlaced with terraces bound by three foot rock walls. Certainly some people, perhaps prisoners (they tell me that this was Italy's political prison) worked hard for years and years to wall these small terraces.

In the process of fortifying the Island, the population has grown considerably in the past five or six years. There are about ten thousand inhabitants here at present. All are Catholics.

These people are a charming lot. Quiet, extremely simple in their way of living, and deeply religious. Their nerves are a bit ragged yet from the terrific siege of bombing they went through. For thirty or thirty-five days they lived as best they could in the caves in the hills. The bombing and shelling must have been hell on their nerves. The cave-dwelling must have been hell on their bodies. Finally when we came in to take over they thought it was all up with them, for the propaganda served out had them believing that the American Army was principally made up of gangsters and super-demons. Eventually some had the nerve to crawl out of their holes. They met some of our Italian-speaking soldiers, and then rushed right back to spread the good news about the wonderful Americans. However, the fear of the Germans returning to bomb would not permit them to give up their cave dwellings. Actually Jerry did come over

a few times, but soon found it much safer to stay away. Finally, cautiously emerging into the day-light, they came down into the settlements to inspect their homes. Those houses near the airfield, the docks and heavy fortifications had been demolished. The major portion of the Island remained untouched.

Several days after our landing most of the prisoners were sent off to Africa. Those who had families on the Island were detained here. Food was immediately distributed to the populace and after the prisoners were properly registered they were paroled to their homes and permitted to set things in order. Such an abundance of food, as the Island Pastor remarked, they had not had in years. Such freedom they had not enjoyed since the Facisti had come into power. Doctors are checking their health. Even dentists are checking their teeth. And as these people go about repairing their devastated areas or performing the tasks assigned them by the military authorities, their health is slowly coming back to normal. Most evident is it in the children. Their little faces are losing that drawn look, the color is returning to their cheeks, the light is once more evident in their eyes, and the smile jumps quickly to their little lips. The American soldier as usual has a piece of candy for them or some chewing gum, and so it seems they are always on the alert for the jeep to pass by and when it does they are standing by the cottage with two little fingers in V shape raised aloft. They and their parents are happy in their new found freedom.

The Italian soldiers are deeply religious. Not only here on the Island but also in Tunis and on Cape Bon where they surrendered we found crucifixes, holy cards, many prayer books among their personal effects, which the men had to leave behind in their hurried departures. It was also noticeable from the pictures on the Christmas and Easter cards they received from home that the spiritual note is still predominant in these feasts.

Ten Army and Navy Chaplains were on the Island. They, with the encouragements of the Island Pastor,

an Oblate of Mary, a Marine Chaplain for the duration, had the soldiers build small attractive shrines along the roadsides to which the chaplains could come and offer Holy Mass for the men when they were on duty at their gun positions. These shrines now are precious keepsakes to the Islanders who when passing by reverently lift their hats, curtsy or whisper an ejaculation. One, quite attractive in its pink finish, which contained a large picture of the Child in the arms of St. Anthony, was situated by the airfield and was somewhat shaken by a bomb which fell close by. Our boys have just finished repairing it.

On the Island there are nine or ten churches. Most of them are without a resident priest and stand waiting for the weekly visit of the Father. A venerable gentleman here, whose stepson lives in New York and whom he was accustomed to visit every year, told me the Island once had twenty churches and was the proud possessor of over fifty priests, all native to the Island. Now four priests service the Island. Two are Oblates of Mary Immaculate and have the main church in the town of Pantelleria; the other two priests, attending two other churches having large parishes, are native to the Island. They are borne down by the weight of years and ill health, which throws the weight of things on the two younger priests of Pantelleria.

The ten holy days of obligation (Corpus Christi and Sts. Peter and Paul are the additional ones) are celebrated with unusual splendor. The day opens with solemn religious services and closes with vespers at eventide. Before the sun is very high in the heavens the older folks are up and about preparing for the solemn procession to the church. Each family has its own banners, which during the year adorn the walls of one room or another in the home. The children are then prepared in their finest—something we all know can never be accomplished in a minute or two—to take their places in the procession which soon wends its melodious way about the entire section and on to the church. The last strains of the Processional almost blend into the choir's Kyriale as the

Missa Cantata begins. These people live with God and never is it more clearly manifested than on such an occasion, as they solemnly consecrate their day, their home and all contained therein, their fields and crops, their animals, and their all to God for a *continuation* of his benedictions upon them.

For the past several months many sections of people in the hill country have not received the services of the priest. The jeep is perfect for moving in those areas so I have been going about during the week offering Holy Mass. Several days ahead of time zealous individuals would visit the homes announcing the day and hour of the Mass. When I arrived practically the entire congregation would have assembled. My first experience in that regard is typical of most of them. With an altar set up out in front of the shrine (the shrine is a bit small to move about in) the people gathered out in front. Chairs were brought for the venerable aged, and placed in front. The others stood about. Late-comers paused on mounds of earth outside the crowd, giving them a view of the altar. A deep reverence was manifested by the adults, a calm and serene happiness was manifested by the older folks, a hushful reverence by the younger ones. The children were as usual unpredictable. Underneath the altar arrangement there was the step of the shrine. A two year old and one just toddling along went in under the altar and sat there throughout, enjoying the shade. A little fellow of four years stood on the topmost shrine step and with elbows on the altar gazed on throughout the entire Mass, his eyes wide with angelic wonderment. Not even the sound of the bell seemed to distract him. Infants moved out of reach of their parents into what would ordinarily constitute the sanctuary. There, out of harm's reach, but in full view of parents, they played in the sandy soil. Hesitating for fear of irreverence, I just couldn't help feel the similarity of that scene with one in the Gospel where the children gathered about Christ and felt so much at home in His presence.

And so life goes on here. As is the case throughout.

most of the world these people have been rudely jolted out of their peaceful way of life, but strong spiritual energy seems to give them the power to place all their troubles in the lap of the Lord and go right on living quite happily in the warmth of His ever-pervading presence. Truly they are God's loved ones.

Sorry I haven't written you before this. Have been kept very active on this little strip of land. Much work had to be done with the civilians and assistance to the priests. Managed to get back to Africa for supplies for them, and then also to Sicily to obtain other things needed from there.

This Outfit I am in at present was formed for this operation. I hold temporary rank of Major with it. Now it is being dissolved, and I am due to go back to Headquarters. A promotion goes with it. But I don't belong behind a desk so I am trying to get back with my old Outfit—the 41st. I'm not worrying about promotion.

Devotedly in our Lord,

JAMES A. MARTIN, S.J.



OBITUARY

MOST REV. ANTHONY J. SCHULER, S.J.

FIRST BISHOP OF EL PASO

1869-1944

Sermon Delivered on the Occasion of Bishop Schuler's Funeral, June 13, 1944, by Most Rev. Sydney Matthew Metzger, D.D., Bishop of El Paso.

"Ecce Sacerdos Magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo."

"Behold the high priest who in his day was pleasing to God."

How often has our departed Bishop heard these beautiful words set to triumphant sacred music when on solemn occasions he entered this very Cathedral where today we honor his remains. In the case of Bishop Schuler, we consider these same words of the "Ecce Sacerdos" appropriate in death because they are what he lived by and are a summary of his mortal life. He was pleasing to God because he loved God.

You well remember that in December 1936 Bishop Schuler celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. It was therefore in the year 1886 as a youth of 17, that he began his first consecration to the service of God. This consecration was officially complete and accepted by the Church when he pronounced his first vows as a Jesuit on December 8, 1888. Passing through the various stages of preparation that are part of a Jesuit's career, he finally attained his second consecration to the service of God when in the year 1901 he was ordained a priest.

The field of his priestly labours was educational and parochial. Immediately after his ordination he returned to his beloved Denver, the City of his youth. He served as Assistant Rector and then as Rector of Regis College, Denver. In the year 1907, our community of

El Paso was first blessed with his kindly presence when he became Pastor of old Holy Family Parish and Chaplain of Hotel Dieu. He remained in our midst until the year 1913 when he returned to Denver to become Superior and Pastor of Sacred Heart Church. Thus his sacerdotal career was entwined between Denver and El Paso which two cities he loved as ardently as they love him.

It was during his pastorate at Denver that a new era in the history of the Church in the Southwest was in the making. On March 3, 1914, the new Diocese of El Paso was created by the Holy See. The creation of a new Diocese means the beginning of a new epoch of spiritual labour and blessings to be dispensed under the guidance, teaching and administration of a Bishop. He who is elevated to the exalted office of Bishop is selected and appointed by the Holy Father, successor of Peter, the visible head of the Catholic Church and Vicar of Christ upon earth. The lot of divine destiny fell upon the shoulders of Anthony Joseph Schuler. Thus the culmination of his triple consecration in the service of God was fulfilled when on October 28, 1915, he received Episcopal consecration as the first Bishop of El Paso. By his episcopal consecration he was forged as another link in the chain of apostolic succession unbroken since the day on which Christ first said to Peter: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church." Because of his union with the chair of Peter, his episcopal office made him the accredited representative of Christ upon earth to exercise spiritual jurisdiction over the souls entrusted to his care in the Diocese of El Paso. And in obedient loyalty to Him who governs the Church in the Chair of Peter, as the Bishop of all Bishops, Bishop Schuler the first Bishop of El Paso, spent himself in apostolic pioneering from October 28, 1915, until December 1, 1942.

Those who were here when Bishop Schuler came can appreciate the difficult beginnings that were his lot. They too can see in true perspective his many achievements and his unremitting zeal for the salvation of

his flock. Long and arduous were the journeys of those first years over a missionary field of 63,000 square miles. Although his flock was dispersed over this vast area, there was no sheep in place so remote, there was none so humble that he would not visit. The humble and the poor were dearest to his heart and they in return loved him dearly as their Bishop, their Father, their friend, their Shepherd. The achievements of his Episcopate are more numerous and important than our poverty of language can portray; nor is it necessary to review them because you know them so well and are deeply grateful for them. After twenty-seven years of devoted service as Bishop of the Diocese, Divine Providence permitted him to lay aside the burdens of office that had grown so heavy.

With the approbation and deep gratitude of the Holy See for so many years of work well done under difficult conditions, he retired on December 1, 1942 to Regis College, Denver, to rest amid the fond recollections of his first priestly labour. But the number of his years, more than the proverbial three score and ten, and the hardships and sacrifices of many years made the approaching sunset of his earthly life inevitable. And so on June 3rd, God took him unto Himself as gently and peacefully as He had sent him to us many years ago.

Grateful as we are for the inheritance of Bishop Schuler's labours, we are even more grateful for the inheritance left by his sainted personality. Imbued with the motto of the Society of Jesus "*Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*" and inspired by the motto on his own episcopal escutcheon, "*Unus Magister Christus*," the love of God and therefore living in the presence of God, became the one force which dominated his whole life. Out of the unity of that force were forged all his undertakings for the eternal salvation of souls. And of the unity of that same force was developed the lovable personality that belonged not only to the Church but to the entire community. For it was because he so loved God that he had a personal affection for all his fellowmen who love God and are God's children. His

charming simplicity, gentleness, and kindness all radiated from a soul that lived in union with God. That these qualities endeared him to all is well evidenced by the eloquent tributes that were accorded him during his years, by our citizenship. Today we have further evidence of the affection in which he is held when we see present here so many who are not of our faith but who have come to honor our departed Bishop and to share their sorrow with ours. Both Catholic and Non-Catholic alike will recall that whenever Bishop Schuler spoke, in his own simple manner, he never left unsaid the love of God. His union with God grew ever more ardent with time. During his retirement he spared no effort to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, even though he was suffering the affliction of infirmity. And when during his last illness his faculties were fading from this earth, he still kept repeating the prayers of the Mass. His soul was communing with God whose glory he was soon to see and so he fetched for himself Life Eternal.

If the Bishop's lips could move today, he would again exhort us above all else to persevere in the love of God. He would tell us that Bishops die, but that the Church must live and that she lives through the Episcopate which is immortal. Bishop after Bishop comes in the long line of apostolic succession, each with his separate task and separate work and ever building upon the structure of those who have gone before. The faith must be kept sound and strong and the bond of love for God and neighbor may never be severed, whoever wields the pastoral staff. He would tell us to lay aside all human pettiness and be of one heart and one soul in our divinely appointed task to continue God's work.

The memory of Anthony Joseph Schuler will be always enshrined in the hearts of our people as the First Bishop of El Paso. But he is more than a memory. The exalted office he held in the Church militant upon earth he lays aside for the livery of eternal glory of the Church triumphant in heaven. In the life of eternal glory his love and intercession for the Diocese

will continue and will bring us untold blessings. For his mortal life was such that we are confident it merited for him Eternal life.

It is therefore with this confidence and spirit of Christian fortitude that we bear our loss and extend our condolences to the family and relatives of the Bishop.

But the Church begs you to pray for him. Let us pray that his soul may rest in peace. And this solemn hour I dare add one humble request. When in your charity you think of the good Bishop now at rest, do not forget him upon whom the burden of the Episcopal office has fallen and pray that he, too, in his days may be pleasing to God.

* * * * *

The following account of Bishop Schuler's life, character, and death is gathered from the many tributes published in the El Paso newspapers on the occasion of his funeral.

Not in the memory of any living El Pasoan has the city witnessed such an expression of genuine sorrow in tributes from thousands of men and women of all creeds, in all walks of life, as during the week of requiem culminating with the solemn Pontifical Mass in Saint Patrick's Cathedral for His Excellency, Bishop Anthony Joseph Schuler, S. J., first bishop of El Paso.

The Most Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, archbishop of Santa Fe, officiated at the services. He was assisted by the Most Rev. Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio; the Most Rev. M. S. Garriga of Corpus Christi; the Most Rev. Lawrence J. FitzSimmons of Amarillo and the Most Rev. Sidney Matthew Metzger, bishop of El Paso. A large group of priests from El Paso and other parts of the diocese took part.

Deacons of honor were the Rev. Fathers Walter Caffery of Las Cruces and E. P. Geary of El Paso. J. I. Driscoll, Knight of Saint Gregory, was near the altar.

The combined Franciscan choir from St. Anthony's

Seminary and Roger Bacon College sang the Requiem Mass by Korman.

At the Mass, His Excellency Bishop Metzger paid touching and eloquent tribute to Bishop Schuler in a eulogy which was broadcast by station KROD.

Funeral services began at 9:30 a. m. when clergymen of the diocese formed in procession and marched from Schuler Hall to the Cathedral to chant the office of the dead. Later they formed in front of the Bishop's residence and escorted Archbishop Byrne and other dignitaries to the Cathedral for the Mass.

The body of Bishop Schuler rested in state in the Cathedral. Thousands paused to pay final tribute to his remains guarded by Knights of Columbus and Boy Scouts.

Following the funeral services active pallbearers, preceded by priests, carried the casket from in front of the altar to the cathedral door, where final church blessings were said. Outside a procession formed to accompany the hearse to Texas and Campbell Streets.

An Army band from the Anti-aircraft Training Center and the Musicians' Union band played funeral dirges as the hearse moved through downtown El Paso.

In the procession were church dignitaries, priests, Knights of Columbus, Boy and Girl Scouts, members of Catholic lay societies and others.

The National Conference of Christians and Jews participated in the ceremonies. Members of the police, sheriff's and fire departments directed traffic.

Bishop Schuler's body was placed in a temporary steel and concrete vault in Concordia Cemetery, pending further arrangements to place it in a permanent mausoleum beneath the altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Bishop Schuler was born in St. Mary's, Pennsylvania, on September 20, 1869. At the age of seven his family moved to Georgetown, Colorado, where his father worked in the gold mines of Chicago Creek.

When fourteen, his father died from an injury received in a mine cave-in. With the help of the parish priest, Father Matz, young "Tony" secured two part

time jobs, laboring in the mines and the other clerking in a store. Each morning the fourteen-year-old lad arose at 5 to serve the six o'clock Mass at the village church. In the evening he studied under the direction of Father Matz.

In 1885, Father Matz was transferred to St. Anne's Church at Denver and young Tony Schuler followed him to serve as sacristan, janitor and usher.

In 1886, Anthony Schuler entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Mo., where he studied philosophy and science for 4 years. In 1893, he returned to Denver, where he was professor and then prefect for five years at Sacred Heart College, now Regis College. He then completed four years of theology at Woodstock, Maryland. In June, 1901, he was ordained by Cardinal Martinelli, returning to Sacred Heart College as President.

In 1907, Father Schuler was missioned to El Paso, then Franklin, Texas, to assist Father Roy in Lenten work. While there, he was assistant pastor at Holy Family Church and Chaplain at Hotel Dieu. In 1911, he returned to Denver to serve as assistant to Father Barry at Sacred Heart Church.

In 1915, Pope Benedict XV selected J. J. Brown, S. J., Rector of Sacred Heart College, Denver, to serve as Bishop for the new Diocese of El Paso. Father Brown's health not permitting, the Holy Father in June, 1915, chose Father Schuler instead.

Bishop Schuler was consecrated in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Denver, by Archbishop Pitival of Santa Fe, New Mexico, on October 28, 1915. This was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the ordination of Bishop Matz of Denver, who was to have officiated at the ceremony, but who, because of illness, was merely able to be present in the sanctuary as his young friend and protegee was consecrated Bishop.

The sermon at the services, which was to have been preached by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Patrick Lynch, Bishop of Dallas, who had been shot in the leg just a few days

before the consecration, was delivered by the Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, S. J., former editor of "America" and president St. Louis University.

Banquets, dinners and all varieties of fetes were given in Denver in honor of the new Bishop. A purse of \$58,000 was presented to him for the construction of a new Cathedral in El Paso.

On November 11, 1915, he was installed at El Paso in the Immaculate Conception pro-Cathedral. Many dinners and entertainments were given the new Bishop by Catholic and non-Catholics as well and the entire city welcomed him.

The task before the new Bishop was not an easy one. His diocese embraced an area of 110,000 square miles—three times the size of Ireland—and included, at the time, most of West Texas and Southwestern New Mexico. To administer to the needs of this vast area, Bishop Schuler had but 34 priests, 20 churches and 51 missions.

Immediately the new Bishop began the construction of new churches and new schools, practically all of those now functioning having opened during his episcopacy and under his direction and sponsorship.

During his many years of service in El Paso, Bishop Schuler worked hard and devotedly to further the growth of this Diocese. He himself became one of the outstanding leaders in this district.

His tolerance and understanding, friendliness and love of his fellow man made him many friends among Protestants and Jews, as well as Catholics.

Bishop Schuler founded the Western American, El Paso Daily, and was instrumental in bringing the "Revista Catholica" from Las Vegas to El Paso.

He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, El Paso Council, No. 638, since 1907.

In 1936, Bishop Schuler was honored with a testimonial banquet in Hotel Hilton to celebrate the event which marked the 50th anniversary of his membership in the Jesuit Order. Many prominent El Paso church and civic leaders were in attendance.

Death came to Bishop Schuler only a comparatively

short time before the annual celebration of Corpus Christi Day on June 18. This was inaugurated in El Paso by him in the year 1919.

Bishop Schuler retired in 1942, when he returned to the Regis campus to spend his declining years. Several days before his death he was stricken with paralysis. He died Saturday, June 3, after receiving the last rites of the Church.

The Western American, leading El Paso daily, which was founded by Bishop Schuler, summed up the feelings of the citizens of that city in the following tribute.

Bishop Schuler's death calls on us to pause and offer a word of homage and a sorrowing tear at the passing of a faithful friend, a helpful citizen and a worthy prelate.

His friends in our Community and throughout this section are countless. In number and quality they are testimony of his fine personality, his sincerity of purpose, his sense of justice and fair play, his kindly toleration for the opinions of others. The City of El Paso will remember him always as a builder of good will and understanding. He cherished and respected all men, irrespective of their religious convictions and from this came the corresponding esteem and high regard which the citizenry of El Paso hold today for his person and the exalted office of Catholic leadership which he so helpfully filled during the twenty-seven years of his incumbency. To his priests and the people of his flock he was never failing kindness at all times and under all circumstances. He loved the poor and befriended the persecuted. His forgetfulness of self, his simplicity and frugality of life, his enlightened and fervent zeal for the cause of the Master marked him as a follower of the best traditions of the episcopal leaders of the Catholic Church. From the beginning of his episcopate he set before himself the Pauline motto: "The charity of God and the Patience of Christ." He fulfilled this ideal in a notable way, leaving behind an enviable record of achievement in material building and spiritual organization and ministrations. He also leaves to us who dealt with him the inspiring conviction that

we have seen and known a saintly priest, a man of God who loved his fellow man in word and deed.

It is singularly appropriate that his remains will rest in our City, where the mountaintop statue of Christ the King, his dream and achievement, the symbol of his faith and hope, mounts guard to remind us of the Kingdom of Heaven and the way that leads to it. May he rest in peace.

V A R I A

ARMED FORCES

Jesuits in Chaplains' Corps.—As of July, 1944, more than 233 Jesuits had received their commissions as Chaplains. Of these 172 are serving in the Army and 61 in the Navy.

The New York Province leads the eight provinces of the country with 56. New England follows with 46; then Missouri with 34 and Chicago with 28. Closely bracketed are the smaller Provinces of California with 21, New Orleans with 18, Maryland 17 and Oregon with 13.

The 233 Jesuit Chaplains represent slightly more than 9¼ per cent of the total priestly personnel of the American Jesuit Assistancy, exclusive of those on the foreign missions or completing their studies. Both these groups would not be available for Chaplain service or as replacements for others detailed to such work. Practically all of the eight Provinces are this month assigning still more of their members to Chaplain duty.

Four Jesuit Chaplains have died in service. Two others have been injured. Their services have won eight decorations and citations. At present, more than 110 are serving overseas.

The American Assistancy.—

CHICAGO PROVINCE

Detroit U.—The Jesuit Social Action organization is making plans for the opening of a College of Chemical Engineering in Sao Paulo, Brazil, under the direction of the Rev. Sabola de Medeiros, president of Social Action in Brazil. Members of the faculty of the Uni-

versity of Detroit will be advisers. To conform with the law of Brazil, most of the members of the faculty must be Brazilians, and Brazilians in the United States equipped to teach in any of the departments of such a college, including these of economics and business management are being sought by the Rev. George J. Shiple, S. J., director of the Department of Chemistry of the University of Detroit.

MARYLAND PROVINCE

Georgetown U. and Japan.—A Maryknoll missionary, Father Harold Felsecker, who spent 10 years in Japan prior to the war, heads the Japanese language department in the Foreign Service School at Georgetown University.

Special classes designed to acquaint students with Japan, first of a series of studies on "Know the Enemy," started at Georgetown on July 3, with the opening of the summer term. Language studies are a part of this interesting course on Japan.

Father Felsecker is assisted in teaching the language by three expert linguists. One of them, Professor C. Yorksen Chen, a native of Canton, is a former Chinese diplomat who has spent many years in Japan. The other two are Japanese-Americans.

Dr. Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., regent of the Foreign Service School, said that Father Felsecker had been in Japan for ten years and in keeping with custom, had returned to this country for his first vacation in that period, shortly before Pearl Harbor. Before coming to Georgetown he had been engaged in morale work at Japanese civilian camps on the West Coast.

The new Japanese courses at the school are attracting a large number of students. They are patterned largely after similar courses given under Army auspices. The Japanese area studies are given by Halleck Butts, former student of the school who was commercial attache in Tokyo for 13 years.

In Professor Chen the school is fortunate in obtaining a distinguished Chinese who is thoroughly familiar with Japan by both residence and professional duties. From 1935 to 1942 he was Chinese minister to Panama and special envoy to Nicaragua, Costa Rica and several other small Latin American republics.

For a number of years Professor Chen was in the Chinese Ministry and was sent on missions to Japan and Geneva. He first went to Japan as a child and lived there for a number of years. He has written extensively on Japanese subjects.

The other two language instructors are Prof. Robert Hiroshi Furudera, a native of Hawaii, and Prof. Arthur T. Miyakawa, who was born in Los Angeles, Calif., of parents long resident in this country.

He holds a Ph.D. degree from Columbia University, where he specialized in Japanese history and government. In 1940 he won honors in economics and international trade studies at Harvard University.

Professor Furudera is a graduate of the University of Hawaii, where he majored in political science and engineering. He also attended Waseda University in Tokyo and obtained a law degree from Hogakushi University.

He was engaged in export trade before the war and assisted in compiling a Japanese-American engineering dictionary. Last year he served as an assistant in the Japanese department at Columbia University.

Jesuit Heads Biblical Association.—The Rev. William H. McClellan, S.J., Professor of Hebrew at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., was elected President of the Catholic Biblical Association of America at its annual meeting held at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Father McClellan was formerly an Episcopalian minister. He was received into the Church in 1908. He is the eighth President of the Association.

He began teaching at Woodstock in September, 1920, three years before a Roman degree in biblical science

was required of all seminary teachers. Although a Doctor in Theology of the Gregorian University, he has no degree in the scriptural sciences. He had his first grounding in Hebrew at the University of Pennsylvania and at the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

After his entrance into the Society of Jesus in 1909, he made his studies in Philosophy and Theology at Woodstock. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1918.

Returning to Woodstock in 1920 Father McClellan taught Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, except for a year's absence in Europe and Palestine. Since 1932 his teaching has been in Hebrew only, most of his work being literary.

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE

Jesuit Scientists and the Navy.—Two chemistry professors of Holy Cross College have developed an apparatus which illustrates on a screen in black and white the fundamental principles governing molecular activity—such as the action of air pumps and safety valves, the secret of cubing ice in a refrigerator, the reasons why chemicals form plastics, explosives or nylon stockings and what propels a rocket through the air.

The Rev. Bernard A. Fickers, S.J., who has been developing the model for almost four years, was joined in the work last year by Mr. Gardiner S. Gibson, S.J., and together they perfected it for use with Navy classes at the Holy Cross chemistry department.

Navy education largely is visual and the approximate 400 Navy men in training watch the pantomime of the particles with fascination. On a screen are reflected the shadows of bicycle ball bearings set in a small transparent plastic frame atop a lighted platform. Father Stricker will fasten the interchangeable frame, start the electric motor and suddenly the sha-

dowed ball bearings on the screen start to roll and quickly are crashing from side to side, smashing against one another and pounding against the walls.

By the use of differently shaped frames vibrated at varied speeds, the ball bearings are activated to mimic antics of molecules to illustrate many laws of chemistry, such as the Brownian movement or the law of energy dissipation.

NEW YORK PROVINCE

Fordham U.—Thirteen Sisters who teach music in Catholic schools attended a course given by the Rev. John W. Ziemak, musical director of Cardinal Hayes High School, at the University, and formed an all-nun orchestra there. At the completion of the course they gave a concert in Collins Auditorium, showing a marked proficiency in the music of both classical and modern authors.

"This is the first time anything of this sort has been tried," Father Ziemak explained. "The real purpose is to give the Catholic schools more opportunity to go into instrumental music. In their schools these Sisters are teachers of music mostly; one is a teacher in a girls' college. This course tried to keep up with the trend of the times by bringing them up to date with stock arrangements of modern orchestras.

"It was a functional class, not theory," Father Ziemak said. "We tried to take the fundamental knowledge and transfer it to a rapid course in trumpet, also horn, barytone or tube, then a clarinet. Through the fingering they also learned the saxophone, flute and piccolo. Their violin ability was transferred to the viola, 'cello and bass."

The nuns heartily agreed that their diversified instruction will be of great value to them in their school classes this year.

Site for College in Syracuse Acquired.—The Most Rev. Walter A. Foery, Bishop of Syracuse, has announced the purchase of a fifty-room residence by the Society of Jesus. This marks the establishment of a Jesuit house here for the first time in 290 years.

The purchase is the initial step in the establishment of a college for men which the Society of Jesus is planning to open here immediately after the war.

Food for the Needy.—The Rev. Francis A. McQuade, S.J., pastor of St. Ignatius Loyola Church, Manhattan, was among those taking part in a mass meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, on Sunday afternoon, June 11, at 5 o'clock, under the auspices of the Temporary Council on Food for Europe's Children. Former President Herbert C. Hoover, Senators Robert F. Wagner, Guy M. Gillette and Francis Maloney, and President William Green of the American Federation of Labor spoke.

A resolution urging child feeding immediately in the occupied countries was made, and suggestions were presented for the manner in which this can be done. "If help does not reach them and Hitler continues to destroy and weaken the freedom-loving peoples," the committee's announcement said, "the Nazis by mere survival may inherit Europe."

OREGON PROVINCE

Negro Leader at Mt. St. Michael's.—Mr. A. Philip Randolph, international president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and one of America's great intellectual labor leaders, addressed the community on Interracial Relations. Mr. Randolph spoke warmly of the Catholic Church and her work for his race throughout the United States. He was presented to the community by C. L. Dellums, the west coast vice-president of the A. F. of L. brotherhood which he founded.

From Other Countries.—**CHINA**

Jesuit Ordained in Jap Prison.—Word has recently been received that Philip Oliger, a Jesuit scholastic born in Newark, N. J., was ordained to the priesthood in the Japanese internment camp at Zi-Kai-Wai near Shanghai on June 3. Bishop Auguste Haouisie, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Shanghai, also interned at the camp, officiated.

The scholastic went to China in 1937 to teach at Gonzaga College in Shanghai, arriving in the harbor on a French destroyer. The city had just been bombed and 2,000 Chinese killed. He taught at Gonzaga until 1939 when he went to Peiping to complete his theology course. He was interned on April 17, 1943.

ITALY

Vatican City.—The Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, was celebrant at a Pontifical Mass of Requiem Saturday (Aug. 5) in the American Church of Santa Susanna for the late Manuel L. Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth.

The Rev. Vincent A. McCormick, S.J., of the Maryland Province, who preached the sermon, said: "It was a worthy cause for which Manuel Quezon consecrated and exhausted his powers. He was a very young man when, with enthusiasm, youth and zealous patriotism, he espoused that sacred cause as his life work; the cause which was the independence of his 14,000,000 people, who constitute by far the oldest and largest Catholic group of the Orient, having a centuries-old civilization.

"The Philippine Islands are rich in gifts of nature but richer still with the beauty of God's creation, so

that they have with every reason been called the 'Pearl of the Orient.' Why should these people not possess also the gift of freedom? This was the thought of Manuel Quezon through the passing years. His youthful enthusiasm, keen comprehension and calm judgment as a statesman won him the confidence of his generous-hearted fellow citizens. Thus equipped, despite his weak physical constitution, he continued over forty years with untiring labor to advance the cause of his people and to bring it to the very threshold of success.

"God called him at a moment when the cause he loved and worked for must have been weighing heavily upon his sensitive soul. His sacrifice, we may assume, was a final contribution to God, asked from him for the cause he had espoused forty years earlier, and from his people, who are soon to enjoy the liberty he had been preparing for them and who will ever hold his name in benediction.

"The tribute of a grateful people will be solace to the gentle lady whom President Quezon has left to mourn his soul. Valiant, yet gentle, Mrs. Quezon is known to be a veritable angel of peace, administering always to the needs of the poor and destitute; always ready to support and encourage every movement for material and spiritual improvement in the Philippines. To her across the sea we send our heartfelt sympathy."

Books of Interest to Ours

De Rome a Montreal. *By R. P. Archambault, S. J., ed. by Ecole Sociale Populaire, Montreal, 1942.*

The subtitle of this book clearly indicates its content: Catholic Action Around the Globe. The book is a factual examination of how Catholic Action, fundamentally one movement, has to be changed and adapted to meet different conditions; or to use the words of Pius XI, of how it has grown 'differently according to differences of time and locality.' From so many illustrations—there are a dozen and more countries visited—the reader has to draw the common norm, but it is plain to see. Fr. Archambault complains that: "There exists in English today (1942) no manual nor doctrinal work on Catholic Action." Pamphlets there are and a fine news bulletin published by the Archdiocese of Chicago on Catholic Action. Since then Mgr. Civardi's book, *A Manual of Catholic Action* has been translated and published by Sheed and Ward.

Far and away the greatest emphasis is laid on French, Belgian and Italian organization of Catholic Action. Certainly France's and Belgium's specialized movements have pioneered for the rest of the world, and in Italy the whole movement has grown under the direct control of Rome. These three then are well chosen as types. Almost everywhere the twofold groupment has arisen: specialised movements and general. This is both natural and explicitly proposed to us by Rome. In countries like the United States where class distinction is at a minimum, general movements assume the larger role; elsewhere, as in Belgium and Picardy, Jocism springs up, a spontaneous growth. Whether we are better off here, where a carpenter and a lawyer belong to the same Holy Name Society and feel no class-consciousness, or whether occupational groupings should be set up for each, no one can say. Usage is the law to follow. The value of the 'apostolat du semblable', the very core of Jocism, is beyond dispute; the question is, how wide will you consider your milieu.

This book is meant for priests and lay leaders. It brings home clearly the catholicity of the Church by showing the common crusade being waged on so many different longitudes and latitudes. It is to be regretted that no mention was made of Spain, especially in view of the many charges leveled at the clergy there, are so 'divorced from the people.' Germany and Austria, too, are not mentioned, though Catholic Action there has much to teach us.

EUGENE K. CULHANE. S.J.

In Towns and Little Towns. By Leonard Feeney, S. J., America Press, New York, 1944.

This first book of Father Feeney's which was originally published in 1927 needs neither introduction nor review. After seventeen years, the inhabitants of *Towns and Little Towns* are too well-known, the sights and sounds too familiar; after seventeen years, so many have walked with the author *In the Evrelasting City* (the second section of the book) that a reviewer's comments are superfluous.

This latest edition of Father Feeney's work, however, has three interesting additions: a new format, a preface by the author, and a third section of seventeen later pieces.

The book is artistically designed,—blue-gold cover, deckle-edged, cream paper, easily readable eleven point type. All bibliophilistic admirers of Father Feeney will find much to please them, especially if they contrast the present edition with the first.

The author confesses in the preface that he, too, has undergone a change since 1927. He now writes a different verse. "I have become somewhat shy of personal emotion, and extremely diffident about my own enthusiasms. I was not in the least so, when this volume was written." At present, he considers verse as a more ontological thing than he first conceived it to be. Which is the better verse? His only admission is that "it is different".

Later Poems, the new third section of the present edition, contains "later things in which something, at least, of the spirit" of Father Feeney's earlier work is retained. *Guess Where, Silver, Child's Challenge, A Rhyme for Tony, Holiness*—would undoubtedly be dated 1927 were the author's *opera omnia* to be judged solely on the norm of internal evidence. Sections of some other poems seem the products of an author who has conceived a different viewpoint of verse, yet, strives to write as if this intellectual conviction did not exist. The results of this melange are occasionally, but seldom, infelicitous.

This wholly enjoyable book is strongly recommended for reading or re-reading. It is rare that a poet's prayer is:

"Lord, make me laureate

In towns and little towns."

This is Father Feeney's prayer. We feel that it has been answered to the enjoyment of the reader.

E. F. CLARK, S. J.

THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. LXXIII NO. 4

DECEMBER, 1944

EDITORIAL

Three-quarters of a century ago, Woodstock gave the first five of her sons to God's holy priesthood. Through every one of the years since, she has stood again at the altar—like Mary, her model, under the Cross—offering still more of her sons that their hands might hold up the eternal Sacrifice. And now Woodstock, mother of priests, is seventy-five years old.

Woodstock has loved her sons both wisely and well. But it seems more fitting, on a mother's birthday, to speak rather of the return of love which the years have wrought in her children. Her sons now are toiling for their King in every corner of His Kingdom. Behind their every labor lies the grateful consciousness that to her, under God, they owe their fitness for the priestly task. Teaching others, they know they but give what she gave them. Carrying their sacramental treasures, they remember it was she who led them to the priesthood itself. Everywhere, they recall with wonder the unique charity which was the very air she gave them to breathe. To-day—to give but one example—many of her sons must spend the coming Christmas in concentration camps of the Japanese pagan; yet their hearts will grow lighter with remembering the happiest Christmases of their lives—those at Woodstock. Truly, then, we may salute her, in her

jubilee, not only for the love she has given but for the love, also, that she has earned in return.

It would be truer to say that Woodstock, on this anniversary, is seventy-five years young. Perhaps no mother ever really seems old to her own children. Certainly Woodstock's sons are well aware of the vigorous youth of mind and heart that underlies all the marks of time upon her. The treads of her stairs are deeply worn by the feet of many generations—but the steps upon them are as light and joyous as ever. The voice of her teaching is dignified with her years of experience—but its accents are as modern as the newest thought in philosophy and theology. Her memory is rich with past achievements in many lands—but her mind is full of to-morrow's work in America, in the Philippines, in a foreign mission as yet unnamed. As the eagle need not soar to find the air, so Woodstock has never had to search afar for the Fountain in which her youth might be perpetually renewed. She has never failed to find it in her midst, bursting from the Living Rock around which she is built.

THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS, which has devoted its own years to the chronicle of what Woodstock's sons and their brethren have wrought for God and His Church, is honored in the dedication of this issue to Woodstock's jubilee. With these pages the lowly plant salutes the rich and holy soil in which it has grown. Out of the thoughts of many hearts it takes the words of its greeting: *Vere non est hic aliud, nisi domus Dei et porta caeli.*

GLIMPSES OF WOODSTOCK THROUGH SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS

JOSEPH R. FRESE, S.J.

It was a cold, wintry March day in 1866 when the Georgetown theologians made their first Woodstock visit. Strongly fortified with comfort for the interior man, they were to join Father Sestini in a surveying expedition. It must have taken all day to accomplish whatever they did, for they did not arrive back at Georgetown until 10:30.¹ Later in May the ordinandi came over for their visit. While a new measuring committee headed by the Provincial busied themselves with the proposed building, the scholastics enjoyed themselves wandering over the premises. Then down to the foot of the hill to catch the 5:15 to Relay; then back to Georgetown for a supperless 10:30 arrival.²

Real scholastic activity, however, did not begin until 1869. In the meantime a charter had set up "Woodstock College of Baltimore County" to "do all things that literary and scientific corporations may do";³ and a cornerstone "auspiciis Josephi sancti" had been laid; and a three-story, hand-carved building had crested the hill.⁴ Theologians of Georgetown had begun packing books in June,⁵ but the "grand departure" did not take place until Tuesday, September 21.⁶ The philosophers from Fordham were sent down about the same time.⁷ That memorable Thursday morning, Sept. 23, saw the house blessed by Bishop Miège assisted by Father Rector, the prefect of studies, and two surpliced acolytes, and followed by the whole community.⁸ Later in the day was held the well-known first academy. The philosophers' diary remarks, "*orationes, carmina, cum musico et 'cigars' habuimus.*"⁹

Before another week of cleaning had passed, school had gotten under way. For the theologians, it was to

1) All references will be found in the appendix to this issue.

be *De gratia* at 9:00, the sacraments at 10:05, Hebrew at 11:00, scripture or moral at 4:00, recreation and beads at 5:00, study at 5:45;¹⁰ for the philosophers, metaphysics at 9:00, math for first year at 10:00, metaphysics for first year at 4:00, physics and chemistry for second year when they obtained the books.¹¹

Before a week of class was over the community was thrown into "quite a fever." The bridge across the river at the bottom of the hill had been washed away.¹² Besides, the railroad had been damaged and supplies cut off. Two days later, on Oct. 6, communications with Baltimore were re-established and the community was once more on a bread diet. On the following Sunday beer was put on the table for the first time. On Monday the theologians' beadle scribbled in his diary the universal *de more*. Woodstock had been founded.¹³

The years passed, filled with much pioneering.¹⁴ Thus, it was not until June, 1873, that table cloths were put on the tables,¹⁵ and as late as 1902 a snake was killed in the theologians reference library.¹⁶ There were incidents and legends whose spirit has already been captured by Father Dooley. There were classes and circles, disputations and papers, and holidays and villas. There were arrivals and departures, visits and celebrations, ordinations, vow days and jubilees. Woodstock grew and progressed. While the theme was the same it was a theme with variations. A narrative of Woodstock's history might well begin again toward the close of the century.

Of all recurring domestic celebrations perhaps Christmas is the best remembered. The Christmas of 1898 was more than usually impressive. In the middle of December the philosophers found a new place where both sides of the house could pick laurel for the usual Christmas decorations. The difficulty was that many could not find the place and of those who did, some did not like it. With the temperature only 6° above zero, one can imagine the theological sentiments of the senior half of the house who were wandering the woods looking for this "Druid Haunt" of the philosophers. It looked as if the celebration was getting off

on the wrong foot. But 51 bags of laurel were brought home by the 45 heroic volunteers of the theologians' side, while a like number was garnered by the junior division. With noon recreations spent in twining laurel and a half holiday thrown in for the same purpose, the theologians finished their 1400 feet of garland by 5:00 o'clock on Friday, December 23. The philosophers added evening recreation to their schedule and finished about the same time.¹⁷ Of course, Christmas Eve was spent in decorating; there was the chapel, and the refectory, and the corridor, and the recreation rooms.

At 11:30 the special choir began singing the "Adeste Fideles" throughout the house. Then the beautiful Midnight Mass which the choir divided between Gounod's *Messe Solennelle* and his *Messe des Orphéonistes*,¹⁸ a Mass of thanksgiving, and so to bed until 6:30 on a balmy Christmas day. The weather was not too warm, however, to ruin the skating on the pond. At 10:00 the traditional eggnog, with its 190 eggs, and other customary ingredients in proportion, was served in the recreation rooms.¹⁹ The Christmas holidays had been well launched. Of course, there was solemn Benediction, and the feast, and plenty of music and singing in the recreation room until litanies time.

The next day, Monday, was sparkled with skating on the pond, and the philosophers' play in the refectory at 7 o'clock. The 3 acts and 11 scenes of "Rob Roy" issued in a long and enjoyable evening.²⁰ By smooth handling the play ended about 10 o'clock. On Tuesday the orchestra travelled to Harrisonville for the children's Christmas entertainment; and after more skating on Wednesday the theologians produced their show "Rip Van Winkle."²¹ It was another 3 hour entertainment and was rated a great success. Two days later and the glee club under the direction of Mr. Duane produced the "Mikado." This time the show lasted only 2 hours and 45 minutes, but it was beautifully done.²² The entertainment continued the next night with the distribution of the splendid Christmas prizes.²³ Finally there was New Year's day with

a sherry haustus in the morning and Father Rector's New Year's gift to all—monthly permissions. Some very memorable and crowded holidays had come to an end.

Even an inadequate sketch of Woodstock must contain some mention of the Woodstock Walking Club, more familiarly known as the W.W.C. In a day of long and even overnight walks when Baltimore, Georgetown, Frederick, and Whitemarsh were destinations,²⁴ and when regular order on Thursday called for an *ambulatio de precepto*, it is not surprising that a walking club was organized. But the W.W.C. was unique in many ways and it owed its uniqueness to its founder and general, Father Frisbee.

General was an apt title, because the club was a religio-military organization. On the religious side the W.W.C. was composed of members who were professed of four vows, and others professed of three vows, and novices, and a master of novices.²⁵ On the military side there were captains, and lieutenants, and aides-de-camp, and quartermasters.²⁶ And as if this were not enough, a sergeant-at-arms, a pathfinder, and a poet laureate filled out the roster.²⁷ With such a full company there was always some organizational problem to be solved, such as the reception of novices,²⁸ the admission to profession,²⁹ and so forth.

The W.W.C. was founded in 1891³⁰ and on the feast of St. Francis Xavier, their patron, the members were decorated with their badges.³¹ But with the general's removal from Woodstock in 1892 the club went into an eclipse until his return. On August 7, 2 years later, the club was restored with all its rights and privileges. As the philosophers' diary says: "The event was celebrated by a grand tramp, in which many of the old Professed members took part under the leadership of their honored General, Fr. Frisbee. New officers were elected, some faithful novices admitted to their vows while many postulants were received as novices." Thereafter the W.W.C. began a vigorous life.

The regular routine of the club would begin on the eve of a walk with a posted sign indicating the order,

the route, the events, and the invitation. Exuberant alliteration found great play on these signs, particularly as the club named every nook, brook, and rook it came across. Furthermore, special events required special invitations, as in 1900, when, with a disputation imminent, all were invited to Disputation Dale by the way of Concedo Cut and Defender's Dam, and Retorqueo Run, with Objectors' Hollow, and Nego Nook, and Distinguo Ditch along the line of march.³² On other days there was Raphael's Ridge,³³ and Gabriel Grove,³⁴ and Mount Michael,³⁵ and Piney Park, and Jolly Jungle,³⁶ and Sassafras Slope, and Creeden's Crest, and Loyola Lane,³⁷ and so on, and so on. To all this wonderful itinerary were added flowers and fruits and news in season. Thus, this was the sign and invitation for the Feast of St. Francis Xavier:³⁸

W.W.C. 94

St. Francis Xavier's

Patronal Feast & Vow Day of W.W.C.

Grand Excursion to Montmartre.

League Badges to be worn by all.

The weather, as foretold in the "forecast," will
be Clear—Cool—Glorious.

Start 8¼—Decorating Stanislaus Spring 8½ (The Novice Master will appoint a novice to get the paint)—Ignatius Spring 9½—Pampeluna Ridge 9¾—Collect Walking Fern—Reception of Novices 10—Pennyroyal Point 10¼—Salesian Vale 10½—Turkey Land 10¾—Apple Alley 11.00—Home 11.30—Bath—Dinner.

Let's now be all uproarious

But not all censorious

And make this day most glorious

For W.W.C.

The Novices are all right, Sir

Quite ready for the fight, Sir

So says Master White, Sir,

Of W.W.C.

Postulants will be in charge of Promoter Carney.

Here is one from September:³⁹

W.W.C. 04

Golden Thursday

Come & see the Foliage in its glory

On Mount Raphael

Via Mount Michael & Sienna Spring

GLIMPSES OF WOODSTOCK

Returning by Soap Stone Quarry
 And Kelly's Cascade
 News from St. Andrew & New York
 Apples from the North
 Chestnuts on Mt. Raphael
 Come along! Come along!
 Start $8\frac{1}{4}$ —Home $11\frac{1}{4}$

Here is another sample:⁴⁰

W.W.C. 04
 To Hemlock Heights
 And the Pot-Holes
 With a Visit to Quarzite Quarry
 Rugged Scenery & Enormous Cliffs
 Come along!! Come along!!
 Apples and Persimmons
 Start $8\frac{1}{4}$ — $8\frac{1}{4}$
 Home $11\frac{1}{4}$

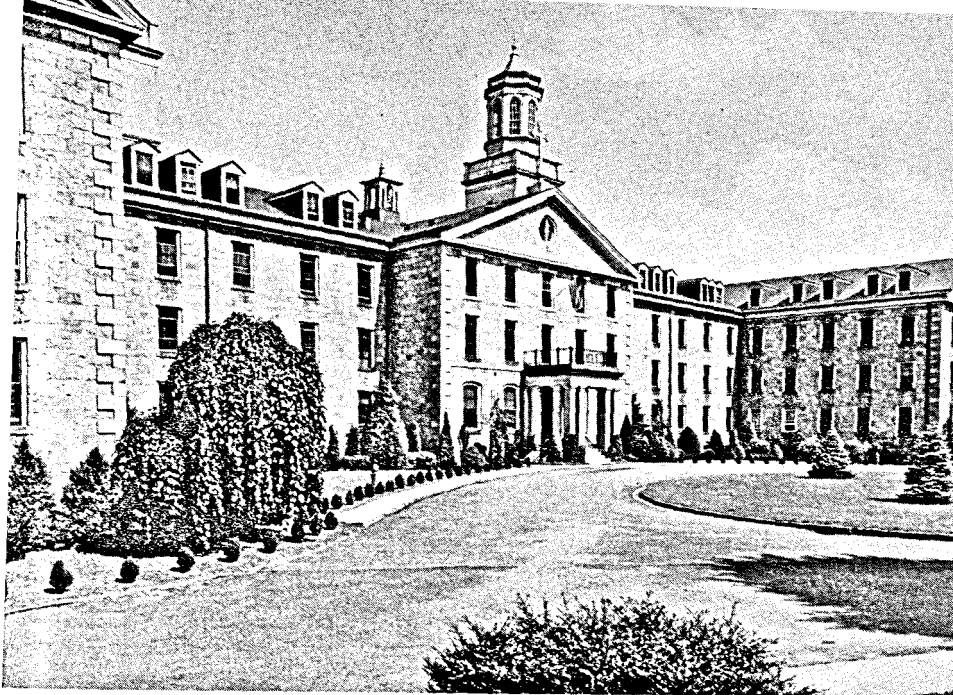
The assembly and start would be to the tune of the general's whistle and the walk would be interspersed with songs from one of the editions of the W.W.C. song book.⁴¹ At one time the songs began at the house until the increase in numbers made it desirable to set up an area of silence. Once beyond this, however, the club would usually start one of its parodies, such as this one to the tune of "Tarara Boom de Ay":

Some odd miles from Baltimore
 Is the College I adore,
 Where I work till I am sore
 Heaping up a lot of lore.
 When I feel the agony
 Brings a weight of woe on me,
 Then I take a walk with thee, Glorious W.W.C.
 Rah! Rah! W.W.C. There is nothing like to thee,
 Rah! Rah! W.W.C. You're the world and all to me.

or there was this to the tune of "Climb up Children":

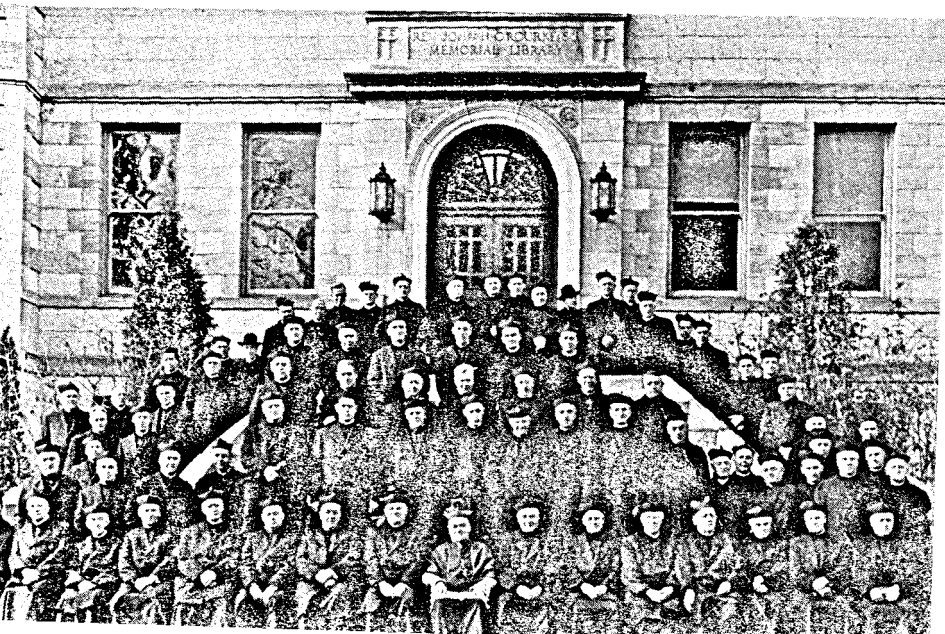
Learning is a great annoyance
 We would gladly shirk;
 Delving for the gold of science
 Is a weary work;
 Puzzling is the dark idea of Philosophy
 But we have a panacea, W.W.C.

Chor:—Come out you young logicians;
 Come out you metaphysicians; Come from chemistry;



Woodstock To-day

Jubilee Guests and Faculty



Give up your mathematics,
Come down from rooms and attics; Come out with W.W.C.

Although there was a theologians' branch,⁴² the club for the most part was made up of ardent philosophers. They belonged to a unique organization full of unmeasured enthusiasm. Truly they could sing

No heavenly constellation
With brightest coruscation
Can claim our admiration
Like W.W.C.

In all this mighty nation
There's no association
That's any approximation
To W.W.C.

It was a sad day when in February, 1907, the great general who had aroused so much enthusiasm and healthful fun fell a victim to pneumonia.⁴³ The club faltered and died. The spirit had gone. It was not just the poet who cried:

The hidden wild flowers die in loveliness,
Unplucked, and forest silences with song,
Re-echoing not for long—ah! not for long—
Are hushed to their primæval silences.
None now will dare untrodden paths to guess,
Or wandering, win new joy in guessing wrong;
None now will lead afield the studious throng
Till nature soothe their cares with sweet caress.
We bear it that he does not call the roll,
That tireless steps have gone their last long walk,
That we are loitering guideless at the start;
But oh, dear God, we miss his childlike soul,
Which bubbled forth in rills of cherry talk;
We mourn the song and sunshine of his heart.⁴⁴

It seems that Woodstock has always been crowded. No sooner is a new set of rooms opened than they are filled. As early as 1882 builders broke into the attic to steal more living quarters.⁴⁵ Later a new building was put up in back of the library and there the print shop was moved in 1885.⁴⁶ Years later it was to serve as a residence for the philosophers, under the name of the White House. Before the change occurred, however, a new house, Claver Hall, was built for the workmen. It

was begun on August 2, 1910,⁴⁷ and by August 18 the first group of exiled philosophers moved into the White House. Although only a few feet from the main building, the exiles merited a special talk from the Recoor before leaving,⁴⁸ and were given their own beadle, or president, as he was called.⁴⁹

There was still not enough room. The following year, the library annex on the top floor of the main building was moved, and 13 new living rooms created.⁵⁰ Conditions were still crowded and on July 25 of the following year, 1912, another frame structure of 40-odd room capacity was thrown together opposite the White House. Technically it was St. Michael's Hall but came to be known as the Green House. On September 1 it was blessed and on the following day the philosophers began moving in.⁵¹ Both the Green and the White House became something of communities within themselves with their own subministrators and litanies and Mass.⁵² Eventually the White House was torn down to make way for the new west wing, but the Green House is still (1944) used.

Claver Hall, built for the workmen in 1910 and situated only 10 or 12 feet north of the Green House, was destroyed by fire on the night of Friday, January 10, 1913. Starting up when most of the community were asleep, the fire was not discovered until it had broken into the next room, and even before all the men had gotten to safety, one end of the building was in flames. This forced the fire strategists into a solely defensive position. The objective was to save the threatened Green House. The aroused scholastics immediately recruited enough corridor hose to furnish 2 streams of water. Both hoses were carried to upstairs windows of the Green House and despite the terrible heat were played down its sides. On the floor beneath a bucket brigade added their supply. Blankets were hung from the roof and continually soaked with water. On the ground three joists shored up the nearest wall of the burning building to prevent it falling on the Green House. Finally it was attacked by a battering ram in an effort to cave it forward. The crash of one corner

and then the other brought it low enough to relieve the danger.

In the meantime the menaced building had been stripped of its furniture, clothes, and books. Other than a few tables thrown out the windows, things were unloaded rather orderly.

At about 12:45, a little more than an hour after the fire had been discovered, the greatest work was over. The scholastics received Communion, then had a wine, hot cocoa, and coffee haustus in the refectory. Rain began falling. The workmen were housed in the theologians' aula, while the scholastics from the Green House bundled their mattresses into fellow-scholastics' dry rooms. It was a tired community that slept until 8 o'clock the next day.⁵³

According to the theologians' diary of June 3, 1914, the General prohibited Ours from engaging in histrionic activity. As a result, Woodstock turned to the movies as a form of entertainment.⁵⁴ The first pictures on December 26, 1914, do not seem to have been a tremendous triumph,⁵⁵ but 2 days later the "magnificent" feature "When Rome Ruled" in five reels was "a success in every way."⁵⁶ Again 2 days and "Richard III" was another hit.⁵⁷ Mr. Lynch and Mr. Z. Maher were the first operators. A year later the 11 real "magnificent photoplay" "Cabiria" was shown.⁵⁸

While we have discovered no record that "The Great Train Robbery" was ever shown at Woodstock; special showings of great pictures began with "The Birth of a Nation" in February, 1917. A special operator was sent by the company because of their concern over the safety of the film.⁵⁹ More recently, there was the "Song of Bernadette," shown by our own men.

Various incidents have always added unexpected diversion to the movies, as when the machine broke down in the midst of a mystery thriller.⁶⁰ Fires have been few.⁶¹

At one time educational films were shown every week, including "From Field to Foot: the Story of the Stocking."⁶² Leaping down to present times, by 1932 silent pictures were hard to obtain; hence the theologians

diary could complain that the perennial "Ben Hur" was all that could be had.⁶³ The first talkie was John McCormack in "Song of My Heart," shown on March 29, 1932.⁶⁴ By the end of the year, they were permanently inaugurated.⁶⁵

It was a fateful Holy Saturday in 1917 when the United States declared war. Even the snow of Easter night could not cut off Woodstock from the patriotic consequences.⁶⁶ The enrollment for military service began with the theologians on Monday.⁶⁷ Later in the same month an application for exemption was signed by all subject to the draft. The philosophers' diary adds that this applied only to those philosophers who were between the ages of 18 and 45.⁶⁸ One wonders what other philosophers there were. In June the draft had been narrowed and another registration was held.⁶⁹ The first numbers were drawn and on the feast of St. Ignatius the first member of the community—a philosopher—went down to Woodlawn to undergo the physical examination. Application for exemption was to be made later. It was a terribly hot day—so hot the philosopher-theologian baseball game was postponed. Besides, Woodlawn was so crowded with examinees that the philosopher had to stay overnight at Loyola.⁷⁰

This obligation of physical examination did not last long. The Rector had already been to Washington about the draft bill⁷¹ and on September 17, 1917, a letter came exempting religious from the physical examination.⁷² Questionnaires and registrations, however, continued.⁷³ Even then there were difficulties, as when the younger men who had just reached their majority walked all the way to Harrisonville to register, only to find the registration office moved to Catonsville.⁷⁴

The vigorous patriotism of 1917 found early vent in the grand flag-raising ceremony at Woodstock at the new 60 foot staff set upon the edge of the hill overlooking the town. After the flag had been blessed by Father Rector, it was given to the breeze while the community sang and the band played the "Star Spangled Banner." The celebration brought the town-folk out on their verandahs and into the station below,

while the station mistress phoned to tell how thrilled she was.⁷⁵

By the time the fourth liberty loan was under way the provincial had worked out a government-approved plan for patriotic Woodstock's participation. The community was to influence its friends to buy bonds, but to buy them through the college, which would give them the bonds, the house the credit, and the government the money.⁷⁶ The loan was oversubscribed even at Woodstock and the large \$16,000 dial set up near the front door had to be recalibrated.⁷⁷ By the end of the drive Woodstock had sold \$30,000 worth of bonds.⁷⁸ The fifth liberty loan was even more successful, reaching the grand total of \$56,400.⁷⁹

Patriotism found other outlets, as when the theologians had Mass and an entertainment for the soldiers guarding the railroad;⁸⁰ and when the Red Cross appealed for peach stones, prune pits, walnuts and the like from which to make carbon for gas masks, the philosophers rallied round the cry, "Do your bit, Save the pit." A custodian of prune pits was appointed and all were asked to pick up any nuts found around the grounds.⁸¹

The war sabers had hardly been drawn before Woodstock with the rest of the country felt the pinch of shortage. Sugar was the first on the list. With the papers reporting a sugar famine, all were cautioned to be moderate in its use.⁸² First-class feasts were abolished,⁸³ even Christmas coming under the ban. The Christmas eggnog morning haustus, however, was retained.⁸⁴ Then carbide for gas lighting was exhausted, and the corridors were spangled with candles and lamps.⁸⁵ The coal sank dangerously low and eventually disappeared. Wood began feeding the furnaces.⁸⁶ To "Hooverize," picnics were abolished on one Thursday in March, 1918.⁸⁷ By September the community was eating war breakfasts: no meat, no eggs, just cornbread and oat meal.⁸⁸ This menu was to appear occasionally until January, 1920.⁸⁹

One of the many projects to relieve the shortage, particularly that of food, was the building of a Belgium

hare hutch. This was begun about a month after the United States declared war, but the first killing of the rabbits did not take place until February, 1918. We could discover no record of a second killing.⁹⁰ Chickens also met the same untimely fate, but whether they were raised expressly for that purpose is uncertain.⁹¹

By far the greatest single issue was Father Lutz's farm. On set days class would be called off and everyone would turn out to work on the farm. In harvesting the potatoes in 1917, from 900 to 1000 bushels were gathered in 2 days.⁹² To place the harvest of the following year on a more systematic basis, a Woodstock War Workers Council was formed.

The Board consisted of Father Minister as president, the beadle and sub and three delegates from each side of the house.⁹³ They adopted a plan to divide the workers into squads of eight, each under a leader. Mr. Grattan, a theologian, was made labor administrator who allocated these squads of eight to activities which had appealed for help.⁹⁴

The work progressed apace. In September the corn had to be cut and work on the farm even took precedence over a Thursday walk of precept.⁹⁵ In October there was bean day to gather a crop threatened with rain.⁹⁶ In November all turned out for the husking bee. Starting at 8:45 and working all day, even the theologians were given an early bed.⁹⁷ A strenuous harvest season was due to last through 1920.⁹⁸

Nor was this all. There were the green tomatoes to be picked and wrapped for storage;⁹⁹ the hay to be pitched;¹⁰⁰ the tomatoes to be canned during recreation;¹⁰¹ the cows milked¹⁰² and the refectory set up on the brothers' holiday;¹⁰³ beans had to be hulled;¹⁰⁴ grain had to be unloaded and stored;¹⁰⁵ coal had to be shovelled;¹⁰⁶ the kitchen had to be aided;¹⁰⁷ and other farms had to be helped.¹⁰⁸ All in all, the Woodstock War Workers had a busy time.

The intense national celebration of the armistice in 1918 reverberated in a strong echo from the walls of Woodstock. Here the church bell and the house bell, relayed by three theologians, clamored for almost two

consecutive hours. Even the alarm clocks were set ringing. By 8:30 the theologians had organized a brass band and originated a cumulative parade, which rolled across the top corridor, down the philosophers' side, around the house, and out to the pagoda. At the flag pole "Old Glory" was flung to the morning air, and a corporal's guard commissioned to escort the members of the faculty to the speakers' bench. Father Barrett read from a piece of old paper "The American Flag," a "capital" poem inspired by the moment. Father Lunny and Father Woods gave patriotic speeches and any number of patriotic songs were sung. The marchers and singers then circled the Mile Path until the hoarse and tired paraders were brought to a halt in the refectory by haustus. Father Minister gave smoking permissions to all the philosophers.

The afternoon was spent in welcoming the former rector and now American Assistant, Father Hanselman. He was greeted at the front door by the community and the brass band, now decked out in white scullery coats trimmed in red, white, and blue paper. At dinner after graces, everyone stood during the "Star Spangled Banner." Father Hanselman left in the early afternoon, but the armistice celebration continued with solemn Benediction, a Te Deum, a bonfire, and, in a final burst of patriotism, with a fusion.¹⁰⁹

A more formal commemoration was held on the 28th of the month with a "Thanksgiving, Peace, and Harvest Concert," held in the corn-pumpkin decorated refectory. The glee-club and orchestra in straw hats and dusters did the performing. The theologians' diary concludes: "This concert is not to be taken as a precedent."

The flooding wake of war caught up our houses in the dreadful flu epidemic. Despite all vigilance, Woodstock was not to be exempt.¹¹⁰ As early as September 25, 1918, precautions were set up. A provincial telegram quarantined flu-ravaged Boston to members of the community even for the death of relatives. A theologian already there was not allowed to return.¹¹¹ Soon the flu victims of Philadelphia and Jersey were

likewise beyond visits.¹¹² The beginning of October saw the missions called off and 4 fourth year fathers sent to Fort Meade to replace the chaplains who had been stricken with the flu.¹¹³ A private novena to the Sacred Heart was begun; this was followed by a public novena of thanksgiving and further petition; and this in turn by a third and a fourth. Finally November heard the chanted Te Deum and a provincial novena of thanksgiving for the first passing of the plague.¹¹⁴

Precautions, however, were continued. In mid-December the Provincial forbade all visitors to Woodstock.¹¹⁵ The first Christmas of the peace was spent pleasantly enough, and even the monthly disputations were assigned. But at the middle of January, sickness began to attack the house.¹¹⁶ Before the month was over 15 philosophers from first year alone were in bed with the grippe,¹¹⁷ and the disease was still spreading.¹¹⁸ The philosophers diary had already recorded no Spanish academy, no algebra academy, no Ratio academy, no dentist and no sermon,¹¹⁹ and now there was to be no class. A patient developed pneumonia and 2 Bon Secours sisters arrived to help nurse the sick.¹²⁰

The vow day on the second of February was very quiet indeed: no music at Mass, no music at Benediction, no applause at the celebration. Things were serious; novenas were started and volunteers watched before the Blessed Sacrament. The philosophers in the White House kept the vigil through the night of February 2. Then, supplemented by the theologians, the all-day and all-night vigils continued throughout the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth of February. The disputations were called off, and still no class. But the end was in sight. There was a sermon at dinner on Sunday, the ninth, and classes were resumed on Monday after a week and a half off. The thirteenth was set aside as a day of thanksgiving with watches before the Blessed Sacrament all day and solemn Benediction and a Te Deum in the evening.¹²¹

It was the same story the next January and February, in 1920: novenas, watches through the night, two sisters to help in the nursing, no disputations, and no

class.¹²² Of the 87 stricken only one had died.¹²³ Compared with some of our other houses, as St. Andrew, Woodstock had been fortunate indeed. At the end of February there was solemn Benediction and a Te Deum.¹²⁴

Towards the end of the war the Provincial expressed an epistolary wish to have the province custom of not voting changed.¹²⁵ Permission was given to all to vote. Owing to Maryland law, which requires a declaration of intentional citizenship a year before voting, it was not until the state elections of 1919 that the political autos ferried Woodstock's contingent to the polls near Harrisonville.¹²⁶ Shuttling between classes, 153 Woodstock Democrats marked ballots against a reputed anti-Catholic Republican, leaving only 9 not using their franchise. The Democratic governor Ritchie was elected by the scant majority of 154 votes.¹²⁷ The Provincial's permission had come just in time.

In November, 1919, Woodstock took a deep breath, and a long look backwards, and celebrated its golden jubilee. Of course, the work had been commissioned early,¹²⁸ and the laurel had been twined by the middle of the month.¹²⁹ On Saturday the fifteenth, everyone girded himself for action, decorated the house and enjoyed one haustus at 3 o'clock and another at 5. The decorating was continued on Monday. Philosophers and theologians moved out of their rooms and slept in "classy" dormitories to give place to the visitors who began to arrive on Monday afternoon. An academy was held that evening with speeches, vocal selections, and orchestral numbers. Cardinal Gibbons was presented with a volume containing the names of all the priests he had ordained, "with views of Woodstock, and illuminations by the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus" in Philadelphia.¹³⁰ The academy was considered an "artistic affair" throughout.

After community Mass and breakfast on Tuesday, Charles G. Herzog, S.J., defended in a public disputation, "De Divinitate Christi." Following this the "older fathers" took over and gave an academy of their own, with papers and poems on the Woodstock of 50 years

ago, and the "Seven Trumpets of the Jubilee." The afternoon was spent discussing sub-atomic structure and scholastic philosophy. This ended the external celebration and many of the guests began to leave. The next day was for a little private celebration of our own.

The Provincial sang a Missa Cantata of Requiem on Wednesday. There were complimentary speeches at dinner by several Provincials, and a simple celebration at night with orchestra and glee club and humorous poems and parodies. It was a tired community that went to bed. Too tired in fact to take down the decorations the next day.¹³¹ Besides, Father John Brosnan wanted pictures of them. There was plenty of time for that, however, for Friday and Saturday were also full holidays. It was a memorable week, to say the least.

Woodstock had seen fifty years of life. It had grown and was to grow in intellectual stature. The Act to Incorporate the Woodstock College of Baltimore County passed the state legislature on March 7, 1867, 2 years and a half before the college opened. But this only set up a corporation and, even after the amendment of 1884, the college was still only a corporation limited to holdings yielding less than \$30,000 per annum.¹³² Woodstock was made a *collegium maximum* in 1885, at which time the event was celebrated with an academy and a holiday.¹³³ It was not until 1916, however, that Woodstock received its state collegiate charter. This gave the college the power "to award, and to confer the degree of Doctor of Laws, or of Bachelor or Master of Arts, or of sciences, or Doctor of Philosophy, and to confer any degree or degrees in any of the faculties, arts, sciences and liberal professions, and any other degree or degrees connected with or growing out of the studies pursued at the said college, and to issue in an appropriate form, diplomas or certificates to the persons entitled thereto."¹³⁴ Diplomas were handed out generously the following year.¹³⁵ In 1925 Woodstock was recognized as an approved college by the Maryland Educational Commission.¹³⁶ Finally in 1935 Woodstock was affiliated with Georgetown

University, under which title the college now grants degrees.¹³⁷ For better scholastic qualification under this affiliation, a new distribution of philosophic studies was introduced. It was arranged to cover the major branches of philosophy in 2 years, with a third for synthetic refinement, and at the same time to hold enough class in some auxiliary study, such as English or history, to entitle the student to his undergraduate degree in that subject.¹³⁸ This arrangement of the curriculum, however, for all its promise, gave way within a few years to a return to the traditional distribution of classes.

The Apostolic Constitution *Deus Scientiarum Dominus* of 1931 quite naturally influenced the curriculum of Woodstock. Inheriting the status of a pontifically approved university given to Georgetown in 1833, Woodstock was vitally concerned with the new revision of ecclesiastical studies. Biblical Greek, patrology and archeology, ascetical theology, liturgy, oriental questions, special courses, and seminars were added to the theological schedule. Hebrew was transferred from the philosophical to the theological faculty. The *Statuta* for Woodstock was drafted and published in 1932. Because of its privileged status, Woodstock's *Statuta* was not submitted for approval with those of the other colleges of the society, but received special consideration from the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries.

About this same time occurred a major change in the time schedule of Woodstock. While there were any number of minor changes in the order of the day through the 75 years, this change in September, 1932, was quite radical, when a complete, new *horarium* "ad experimentum" was inaugurated. The community was to rise at 5:30, and breakfast at 7:35, except for the fathers who fasted until 7:45. Classes were from 10:15 to 12:00 with examen at 12:15 followed by lunch and recreation until 1:30. The afternoon recreation did not begin until 2:15. Coffee was at 3:15 and class at 4:10. Dinner at 6:00 followed the 2 afternoon classes. Evening recreation ended at 7:30. Litanies, points, and

examen at 9:15 with lights out by 10:30 completed the day. The experiment proved so successful that with 2 changes it is the order in use at the present time. The fathers are now allowed to eat breakfast with the community; and that little section between 1:30 and 2:15 has been eliminated by making afternoon recreation begin where community recreation ends. Coffee is consequently moved up to 2:45.

Part of the intellectual development of Woodstock is revealed in its production of periodicals. By September 16, 1870, a printing office had been established,¹³⁹ and in January, 1872, the *Woodstock Letters* appeared.¹⁴⁰ "A record of current events and historical notes connected with the colleges and missions of the Society of Jesus," its long life is nearing its diamond jubilee. This is perhaps the most vital monument to the founders of Woodstock.¹⁴¹ From 1878 to 1885 the *Messenger* was also published here, but by the latter year had outgrown the capacities of a college press. Locally there was the manuscript copy of the "Year's Echo" in 1883,¹⁴² and the mimeographed *Woodstock Bugle*,¹⁴³ and later the *Postscripts*¹⁴⁴ for the Philippine missionaries. Of more importance was the *Teachers' Review*, a journal of practical experience and hints for teaching. It was published from January, 1910, to May, 1927. Its cessation has been greatly lamented. Still in the intellectual tradition there was the periodical *Spare Time Essays*¹⁴⁵ published by the philosophers from 1930 to 1935. Its neat pages of poetry, book reviews, and a broad variety of essays are ample witness to the intellectual industry of the philosophate. It was only the new system of studies in 1935 that caused its death.¹⁴⁶

In the spring of 1942, *Theological Studies* found a home in Woodstock's basement. Graduated since then to the first floor it remains one of the cogs in the intellectual gears of Woodstock.¹⁴⁷

Besides these, of course, are the innumerable books, articles, and reviews which have come from Woodstock's faculty and student body, ever since the "Press" published its first signature of *De ente supernaturali* in 1870.¹⁴⁸

As part and parcel of the intellectual life there is the matter of holidays. In most religious houses of study there is a pious tradition that an ecclesiastical dignitary on his first visit should ask a holiday for the students. The visit of Archbishop Spalding on November 9, 1871, seems to have been the first occasion of the custom being applied to Woodstock.¹⁴⁹ For a time in its history, Woodstock seems to have had a scale of holiday values for dignitaries; thus a provincial, assistant, or bishop rated one holiday;¹⁵⁰ an archbishop or apostolic delegate was worth two.¹⁵¹ The combination of an apostolic delegate and a bishop at dinner on October 6, 1920, was worth three holidays.¹⁵²

While the custom seems to apply only to the first visit, the following was received from Bishop Murphy of British Honduras after his visit in November, 1927:

Quaestio satis implexa. Numquid deceat Episcopum, occasione visitationis suae, studiosis iuuenibus Woodstockii feriam festivam concedere? Videtur quod non. Nam 1º monet patriarcha Job: "bonum est adolescenti si portaverit jugum." 2º Paulus dicit: "Attende lectori . . . et doctrinae (I Tim.) in his esto." 3º Thomas a Kempis, "cella continuata dulcescit." Sed contra est quod dicit Eccl'us, "vectorem posuerunt te, noli impedire musicam." Et Paulus, "Gaudete in Domino."

Revera, si visitatio talis saepius repetitur, esset studiis valde nocivum dare feriam pro unaquaque visitatione—sed in casu P. Murphy, triplex urget ratio pro concessione. Est Woodstockii alumnus veteranus et valde amans. Forte haec visitatio ultima erit in vita eius. In prima visitatione, abhinc duobus annis, nullam concessit feriam a studiis.

Ad 1^m ergo dicendum quod non obiicitur jugum; est solum relaxatio a laboribus quod etiam bobus conceditur. Ad 2^m, dum vacant a scholis non cessant mentem sistere in iis quae pertinent ad servitium Dei et maiorem eius gloriam. Ad 3^m, absentia saepe reddit maius affectum ad cellam.

Unde sequitur diem 26^{um} mensis huius Novembris 1927 optimum ad augendum gaudium omnium. Et ultimus dies hebdomadae rite apte ut "finis coronabit hebdomadam."

To this the theologians replied:

In congregatione prima generali, iuvenes Woodstockii monita constitutionum commemorantes, unius scriptoris doctrinam eligendam esse, unanimi consensu statuerunt, doctrinam Episcopi Murphy in rebus festis tamquam solidorem, securiorem, magis approbatam et consentaneam constitutionibus sequendam esse; cui decreto haec addita voluerunt: nostri omnino Episco-

pum Murphy ut proprium doctorem habeant, eoque amplius ut nullus in officio rectoris assumatur, qui non sit vere Ep'i Murphy doctrinae studiosus.¹⁵³

The holiday was granted.

There was no need to argue about the lack of room and urge the building of a new Woodstock.¹⁵⁴ Every room was occupied and not too comfortably either.¹⁵⁵ Those on the top floor could testify to that. On very hot nights they had been given permission to make a pre-retiring meditation and take a late sleep on the cool porch rather than suffocate in their little attic rooms.¹⁵⁶ Besides the community could not be squeezed into the chapel. The philosophers had their exhortation separately, and knelt in the corridor at community visit.¹⁵⁷

The plans for this new Woodstock seem to have had a democratic inception, having been worked over by our domestic architects and many in the community. They were presented by the Rector to the consultors in New York on September 21, 1922, and approved. On his way back to Woodstock Father Rector stopped off in Philadelphia to leave the plans with a commercial architect for inspection and supplementation. A week later surveyors arrived. Things were rolling onto the green.¹⁵⁸ And there they were stymied by Weston. Father General decided that "any building at Woodstock should be deferred till Weston was finished."¹⁵⁹

That obstacle finally past, the plans were revived from a biennium of death in the blessing of the ground for the east wing and the chapel on Tuesday, November 18, 1924. The Rector turned the turf lightly. Several of the faculty followed with good spade work. At the request of the scholastics, Brother Speiss contributed his share. On Thursday when the horses and scoops appeared for real work the scholastics clustered to study the progress. The new Woodstock was under way.¹⁶⁰ A cement mixer with the asthmatic gasp peculiar to its kind began the din of construction in December.¹⁶¹ By March 4 engines and some riveters necessitated the omission of circles.¹⁶² By June "Deo

gratias" had to be given because no one could hear the reading.¹⁶³ By July the order for the retreat had to be changed.¹⁶⁴

Building and plans proceeded apace. On a fine sunny day in March, 1925, Father Provincial "in the presence of the entire community" blessed the corner stone of the new chapel.¹⁶⁵ In May work was begun to extend the towers of Woodstock¹⁶⁶ for tanking the water pumped from the new artesian well,¹⁶⁷ and plans for a new west wing to parallel the eastern extension were in incubation.¹⁶⁸ By the time the villa-tired theologians had returned from Inigoes, the White House had been torn down, to make room for this new west wing.¹⁶⁹ On the other side of the house the upper stories of the wing begun the previous year were ready for occupancy in late August.¹⁷⁰ On Sunday, September 20, the now entirely occupied east wing was blessed.¹⁷¹ The first of the plans had been completed.

The chapel, the centerpiece of the triptych, was also proceeding rapidly. On December 22 of that same year, 1925, Father Papi quietly (it was 5:15 in the morning) consecrated the new altars.¹⁷² The auditorium under the chapel was ready in the middle of the Christmas holidays. The opening was celebrated with a movie screened on the new white wall.¹⁷³ Upstairs, benches were moved in,¹⁷⁴ a carpet placed in the sanctuary,¹⁷⁵ and the organ changed.¹⁷⁶ Then on the night of Jan. 16, 1926, shortly before 10 o'clock, the old chapel was robbed of its Riches. The Blessed sacrament was silently moved across the corridor into Its new home. The old sanctuary lamp was extinguished and the hallowed historic shadows fled into the darkness.

Then early and bright the next day, Father Rector said the first public Mass in the new chapel.¹⁷⁷ A new page of the old tradition had been started. Of course, the old stations were renovated and set up,¹⁷⁸ and there were new candlesticks and new statues,¹⁷⁹ all in time for the first ordinations in the middle of June.¹⁸⁰ The chapel was not finished, however, until

a year later when the last of the stained glass windows were set in place.¹⁸¹

In the meantime the new section of the refectory was opened,¹⁸² the new kitchen put into use,¹⁸³ and the new west wing opened,¹⁸⁴ and blessed.¹⁸⁵ The space to the rear of the new chapel and wings was turned into a grass plot,¹⁸⁶ and concrete walks were set in.¹⁸⁷

Nor was this all. To the west of the house there mushroomed a new classroom building a year later. The green light had been given in February, 1927.¹⁸⁸ By May they were pouring concrete for the first floor.¹⁸⁹ In June the roof was on,¹⁹⁰ and finally on October 2, 1927, Father Provincial blessed Woodstock's new science building.¹⁹¹

The O'Rourke library was another addition to this greater Woodstock, over which the 1923 theologians' beadle had rhapsodized.¹⁹² On November 26, 1929, the Apolistic Delegate laid the cornerstone.¹⁹³ A large number of books were transferred in 1934.¹⁹⁴ In 1940 a new floor with room for 100,000 volumes was installed¹⁹⁵ and the final transfer was made in 1941. The old library, stripped of its voluminous balconies, was redecorated, ornamented with a stage and a name and now, as "Sestini Hall," honors the name forever connected with its own celestial ceiling and the planning of Woodstock.¹⁹⁶

Other improvements were made. Steam heat was put into the White House,¹⁹⁷ and later into the Green House;¹⁹⁸ a cork carpet was laid in the corridors,¹⁹⁹ for silence and cleanliness;²⁰⁰ a new dentist chair was bought,²⁰¹ and by 1925 new lights were installed.²⁰² The refectory was painted,²⁰³ a new clock was set²⁰⁴ and in 1933 an amplifying system was set up in the refectory.²⁰⁵ To cap it all the roof was insulated in 1938.

Outside, 2 new silos were put up,²⁰⁶ a concrete pagoda, the "frying pan," was poured into the hill,²⁰⁷ a vineyard was planted,²⁰⁸ electric milking machines were installed,²⁰⁹ and, in 1925, 306 acres of an adjoining farm were bought.²¹⁰

Just as important as the fresh plaster and books

was the increase in recreational facilities. As early as 1917 the philosophers had built themselves a log-cabin villa house "in the woods back of the lagoon."²¹¹ It was not until 1930 that disaster overwhelmed it. Amid much agitation for "a bigger better cabin," the old structure suddenly smoked the April air and before the Thursday-laboring philosophers could reach the scene, it was racing into the sky beyond recapture.²¹²

Nothing seems to have been done, to replace it, until 1936 when the philosophers undertook to renovate and extend a 2-story shack situated a comfortable distance from the house. The solemn blessing and dedication of this new "Carroll Manor" was held on December 29, 1936. Father Greenwell, former minister, officiated and was guest of honor. The theologians' beadle remarked that it was a "really remarkable place."²¹³

The theologians had begun building their own cabin on "Brady's Bluff" in August, 1929. The lumber and foundations of an old house on the way to the Forks were used in its construction.²¹⁴ It was not until Thanksgiving a year later that the place was ready for dedication. All the theologians but one and "all the fathers who were home" turned out for the celebration. The house was blessed in the morning and at 12 o'clock the key was presented to the rector. Alternating with a victrola, an orchestra and piano played steadily and as many as 110 people were said to have crowded themselves into the one room at the same time. A "bracing temperature" properly seasoned the Thanksgiving turkey and minced pie, served late in the afternoon.²¹⁵

Another post-war recreational improvement was the swimming pool.²¹⁶ It was first "agitated" around the jubilee of 1919 and a contour map was drawn of the proposed spot.²¹⁷ A year later a chief engineer was appointed but the work seems to have failed of completion.²¹⁸ When the philosophers returned in 1926 after a year's absence, it was proposed to convert the lagoon into a swimming pool.²¹⁹ On July 7,

1927, while the theologians were absent at villa, the philosophers led by their beadle took the first plunge into the cold waters.²²⁰ It saw good service until 1941 when pollution from the pig pen made it no longer useful and forced the swimmers back into the river, the quarry, and "Slattery's Pool."²²¹

Woodstock's golf course is a late development of no little importance. In 1925, a notice was posted announcing that a golf course was not yet sanctioned at Woodstock.²²² Years later when the Tom Thumb golf craze seized the States, the philosophers and theologians were enabled to build their own midget courses.²²³ In a high wind, however, granite dust was blown from them onto the porch or into the chapel.²²⁴

The first possibilities of something more than a putt seem to have been offered on the then open field near the Forks.²²⁵ In 1933 a golf course was again proposed, but the Provincial, although foreseeing a links in the future, thought the moment had not yet come.²²⁶ By mid-1935, however, things were changing and there was a six-hole course on some old farm land by the present philosophers' cabin.²²⁷ Then, in October of that same year, work was begun on a new nine-hole course, closer to the house. By the fall of 1937 the major portion of the work was completed.²²⁸ It now has its own home-made water sprinkling system and bridges across its stream. The first golf match between the philosophers and theologians on October 10, 1938, ended in a tie; in the play-offs 3 days later, the theologians won.²²⁹

Handball alleys were among the first recreational facilities at Woodstock,²³⁰ and the annual fall game between the philosophers and theologians was long a feature. The old brick courts developed tremors of one sort or another, and, in 1932, a new level of courts was begun on the side of the hill sloping to the river.²³¹ The floor was for sometime only gravel but a slow bounce was preferred to an uneven one, and they became the scene of the annual philosophers-theologians fracas.²³² Apparently, however, the bouncing was too slow and the intramural rivalry was dis-

continued.²³³ The courts were covered with asphalt in 1941 and part of the level turned over to a basketball court. The old basketball court (which was also a handball court at one time) became the site of the resuscitated activity, volley-ball.²³⁴ This with indoor, baseball,²³⁵ tennis, football,²³⁶ skating,²³⁷ hockey,²³⁸ skiing,²³⁹ and at one time soccer,²⁴⁰ tobagganing,²⁴¹ and croquet,²⁴² make a rather complete roster.

Not to be forgotten is the music room in the library. Originating in the science building in the summer of 1941, it opened its new quarters on December 8, 1942.²⁴³ With its excellent victrola and choice selection of records, it has proven not only instructional but a real relaxation for music lovers.

On March 6, 1920, the Green House had a small fire. Discovered at 8 o'clock in the evening it was quickly extinguished.²⁴⁴ More serious was the Green House fire which broke up the theological disputations of November, 1923. The fire was discovered about 9:30, and as rumor seeped into the library about 20 men dashed out of a discussion on the Trinity to lend a helping hand. Five minutes later and the whole discussion was dropped. Axes, buckets, extinguishers, and a few hoses were rushed to the scene. The building was emptied of books, clothing, and furniture, with a few blankets spread beneath the windows to catch the thrown articles. By the time the fire engines from Pikesville and Catonsville had arrived things were just about under control. Woodstock was fortunate in losing only 8 rooms. The Holy Angels well deserved the novena of thanksgiving that was begun that day.²⁴⁵

In 1935 the chicken coop with 1300 young chicks was burned to the ground.²⁴⁶ Besides, Woodstock has had its share of small fires,²⁴⁷ and fire scares. Thus in 1923 the theologians kept night watches against the Klu Klux Klan, lest the college be set on fire.²⁴⁸ Often enough, too, the scholastics raced to Granite or Woodstock to help check a blaze or sometimes just to stand by with a few helpless extinguishers in their hands.²⁴⁹ With all the danger around, it is surprising that our

fire fighting efforts were so late in being thoroughly organized. Hydrants were put in and tested in 1925;²⁵⁰ but as late as 1932 the truck heading for a Granite fire was delayed in starting because the fire crew had not been drilled and so many others wanted to go along and help. The fire was out by the time our crew arrived.²⁵¹ By 1936 the department had graduated to a trailer and a year later were given their own truck, "Beelzebub," with a couple of soda tanks and 2 useless nozzles. The organization subsequent to this acquisition proved invaluable when, in March, 1938, the local fire companies and state foresters, hard pressed with a dangerous fire, asked for help. The Woodstock fire department officially rolled for the first time. The haphazard and sometimes dangerous help from the inexperienced was eliminated.

A local town Company gave Woodstock a fire truck which suffered a quick demise. The county came to the rescue with a truck that fell apart on a call to Woodlawn. An American La France Jr. Pumper was the county's next supply which served until a new truck was given in 1944. Within the house a new alarm system, and new sirens, and automatic extinguishers had been installed. While the fire department is not completely adequate for such a vast layout as Woodstock, with an auxiliary truck its 7 streams with 1000 gallons of water a minute assure more restful repose than the bucket brigade of 1913.²⁵²

The community of Woodstock has made 2 public appearances of recent years. The first was on the occasion of the religious celebration of the 400th anniversary of the founding of Maryland, held in Baltimore on May 30, 1934. Since the Jesuits had been so prominent in its early history, the Woodstock community was asked to lead the 3-hour parade. At a given signal, as they passed the reviewing stand, everyone tipped his biretta and turned eyes left. The W.W.C. would have been proud of this later generation. An estimated 80,000 people crowded the Baltimore

stadium for the solemn Mass. Eight thousand children did the singing. At 2:15 the ceremonies were over and the community tumbled into their busses to come home. A feast and a supper haustus completed the day.²⁵³

The second appearance was of a kindred kind but not quite so elaborate. The occasion was the Bicentenary of John Carroll, held at Carroll Manor on September 19, 1937. While only about 75 went over, our contingent was the largest at the celebration.²⁵⁴

Pearl Harbor bombed the United States and Woodstock with it into another war. Many of the trials of 1917-18 were revived. The community was early cautioned on the use of sugar. Coffee was first discontinued at dinner, then dropped from haustus. With the passing of the shortage, however, it has fought its way back into the haustus cups. Ice-cream likewise suffered an early decline only to come back stronger than before. The meat shortage is still felt, and eggs have multiplied by the thousands. To relieve the meat situation, raising rabbits was again tried, and while more than one meal has been forthcoming, the experiment has not been too successful. More tangible returns have resulted from the recent chicken experiment. While involving a great deal of work, there is a weekly testimonial to the value of the labor expended.

Before the first few months of the war were over various farm projects were under discussion. The apple orchard was the scene of the first rehabilitation. Some 90 useless trees were cut down, while the remainder were pruned and cut and polished for the coming season. New trees were planted; even dwarf apples were put in, in hopes of a quick crop. The vineyard was also cleared and new vines were added. A truck garden was begun and the former wood crew moved over to provide the nucleus of a farmers' union. In the first summer, inexperience brought a thousand head of lettuce and too much broccoli to maturity at the same time. The cabbages, kale, beets, carrots, and tomatoes were more successful. Over \$500 was credited to the garden.

A large storage cellar was begun to house the wealth garnered from the farm. With half a hill excavated a cement building was set into its side and subsequently covered with dirt. The 600 bushels of apples, 400 bushels of potatoes, as well as turnips, cider and sauerkraut which poured into its capacity were easily accommodated.

In the middle of the first summer of the war the hired scullery help left their jobs. Since that fateful August Sunday when the theologians moved in to wash the dishes, the scholastics have been soaping the plates as a daily task. With the number of the crew stabilized at 9, they have added the kitchen vegetables to their chores.

But even with scullery, house cleaning, work on outside farms, the efforts on the truck garden at home continued. In 1943, 11 acres were devoted to Victory gardening. Two heavy rain falls ate mightily into the terracing and contour plowing, but the harvest of this second summer was valued at \$1500. Only 7 concentrated acres were cultivated the following year but the squash, spinach, sweet corn, tomatoes, and sweet potatoes, and other crops, netted a crop valued at over \$2000.²⁵⁵

As in the last war, villas are again being spent at home, enlivened with an indoor league on the back lawn.

To many, these extraordinary war works have been the ordinary life of Woodstock. But it cannot be far distant when washing dishes and mopping floors will no longer take scholastics from class and study. With the peace, Woodstock will once more renew its routine in the best traditions of a *Collegium maximum*.

The history of Woodstock is yet to be written. These have been but glimpses of its 75 years' history. There is some record of its foundation, of its celebrations, of a few of its activities, its fires and adventures, its recreations, its academic adjustments, and its tremendous expansion. But there is something more in the past. Its intellectual activity and production have yet to be recorded with the detail that they deserve.

Nor have the spiritual depths of those 75 years been sounded. The zeal, the charity, the prayer, the mortification have all been taken for granted. Surely, a diamond jubilee would have been impossible without them. There has been much of change in the 75 years and there will be a great deal more in the future. Yet tradition has given Woodstock a sense of permanence. There is something that remains. The railroad still stumbles into Woodstock on its way to the west. The brawling Patapsco still falls all over itself in its rush to the bay, and Woodstock on its hill looks across the horizon into the future. "The rest is silence."



WOODSTOCK'S WISDOM

JOHN COURTNEY MURRAY, S. J.

I had a bit of difficulty in choosing a standpoint for these remarks tonight. Initially, it would seem that a jubilee is a time for retrospection, an occasion for recounting the history of the past and its achievements. Yet it did not seem proper for me to take that line, for one reason. Woodstock is seventy-five years old. But, for an institution, that is youth. And it is not characteristic of youth to indulge in retrospection; the interests of youth are in the present and its gaze is upon the future. Moreover, it is hardly befitting for youth proudly to recount its own achievements. Its more rightful desire must be to define its responsibilities, to envisage its ideals, and to measure the tasks that lie before it.

These are the duties of youth. And this jubilee is a reminder that Woodstock is young. I thought, therefore, that we might celebrate our jubilee in truly youthful fashion by some effort at a statement of our ideals. When at last we are old—if ever Woodstock does grow old (a thing that must never be allowed to happen)—we may perhaps grow reminiscent. But for the moment, our highest duty towards the past is a realization of our ideals in the present and for the future.

By reaching such a realization we shall, I think, most adequately pay our debt of gratitude towards all those who in the past have studied and taught, and prayed and suffered here. We of the present, professors and students, know ourselves to be their heritors. We know our heritage from them to be goodly indeed. And it is no small part of today's joy that we are able reverently to pay tribute to their labors, and gratefully to acknowledge their inspiration.

But we would not be in the tradition of those who have gone before us, if we were content simply to conserve the heritage they have left us. Rather, our

primary duty must be to enrich it. Then only will they acknowledge us as their worthy successors, if we, professors and students, do the work that they did better than they did it. In the name of our common desire, and our one end in life—the greater glory of God—the men of the past have the right to demand of us who labor in the present broader vision, higher ideals, greater accomplishments.

In saying this, I know that I am voicing the sentiments of the Woodstock of 1944, and of all the years that have intervened between 1869 and 1944. Therefore I feel that my task tonight must be to define the ideals, the responsibilities, and the tasks of today's youthful diamond jubilarian, this servant of the Society and of the Church, this beloved house—its faculty and its student body.

The task would be difficult, save for the fortunate fact that it has already been done for us. It so happens that the seventy-fifth anniversary of Woodstock coincides with the tenth anniversary of the *Statuta Facultatum Theologiae et Philosophiae in Collegiis Societatis Iesu*, the document in which the newly formulated intellectual ideals of the Church of the 20th century passed into the common law of the Society. Moreover, this is the third anniversary of the *Ratio Studiorum Superiorum Societatis Iesu*, in which the ideals of the Statuta were given more detailed shape and development. It is the wisdom of this last document that constitutes the wisdom of Woodstock. It will preside over the new epoch, already begun, within which her jubilee falls. It will be the star of her destiny, the standard whereby the Society of the future will judge us of the present. By our fidelity to the progress it enjoins we shall show our fidelity to the tradition we have inherited.

Recently, I was interested in making a comparison between the *Ratio Studiorum* of 1599 promulgated by Acquaviva, that of 1832 issued by Roothaan, and our latest *Ratio*. The results of the comparison are quite interesting. Above all, they reveal to us the Society that all of us know—the “scribe instructed in regard

to the kingdom of the heavens," who is like the "householder who brings forth from his store new things and old." It would be surprising not to find in the new *Ratio* old things; it would be no less surprising not to find in it new things. For over its formulation presided the ancient principle: "Apostolatus noster, quamquam principia quibus nititur mutationibus non sit obnoxia, condicionibus tamen temporis ac regionum necessitatibus respondere debet" (n. 289, par. 1).

Let me, therefore, speak briefly of some of the old things and of some of the new things, that make up the academic ideal of the Society, and of Woodstock.

First, two old things, two unchanging principles of our education, are strongly reaffirmed, not only in the *Ratio* itself, but in the late Father General's promulgating letter. The first concerns the kind of knowledge that is our ideal, the second concerns the method of its acquisition.

We are, first, newly bidden to seek "doctrina profundior potiusquam amplior." If I may reverently say so, I think the General's formula is a bit too brief to be clear. Depth rather than breadth of knowledge—the spatial metaphor may be deceiving, as if our knowledge were to be in one dimension only, and therefore narrow. Properly speaking, a knowledge is deep when it is integrated. One sees deeply into a truth when one sees it in its relationships to other truths, in all its premises and conclusions, in all its applications to life. A deep knowledge, therefore, is of its nature wide, well nourished by fact, well structured into a system of knowledge. Actually, therefore, the Society does not condemn a wide knowledge, but only a scattered, disorganized knowledge, as an educational ideal; it condemns the false educational principle, "Ex omnibus aliquid, in toto nihil"; and it asserts that our goal is an organized, integrated knowledge, the possession of a true "corpus doctrinae bene constitutum." It asserts, too, that there is a hierarchy of the sciences, under the primacy, each in its own order, of sacred theology and of Scholastic philosophy. In the new *Ratio*, these sciences are newly empha-

sized as "the most firm foundation for the fruitful exercise of all the ministries of the Society." They are the professional equipment of the priest; and as such they are to be mastered. Their study is not to be governed by any delusive considerations of what is called, by a question-begging term, "practicality." "Let the Scholastics beware of that error by which some perhaps are led astray, and have their eyes on their future ministries and not on their present studies, and are at pains to learn what they deem useful for these ministries, the while they make little account of all the rest." Consciously to embrace this error would be to relinquish the academic ideal of the Society, thereby to risk mental and spiritual impoverishment, and ultimately to drift into superficiality in whatever ministry one might undertake.

The second old principle newly canonized concerns the means toward achieving the Society's academic ideal—adherence to Scholastic method. Here, of course, is not meant the mysterious art of correctly contradistinguishing the minor of a hypothetical syllogism, both of whose premises are negative propositions. With his wonted genius for the essential, the late General put his finger on the twofold essence of Scholastic method. First, it is a synthetizing technique—a technique for the construction of a *corpus doctrinae*. Skill in its use is the mark of the Scholastic mind, which is above all the mind trained for the organization of knowledge, for the vision of the relationships of truths, for the construction of an order of truth—trained, in a word, for the highest activity of human intelligence, its architectonic activity.

Secondly, Scholastic method is a technique for the pursuit of organized knowledge through the natural human method of the collaboration of mind with mind, and the clash of mind upon mind. It is the pursuit of truth, "*conjuncta professorum et discipulorum opera*," by the combined activity of professor and pupil, and of pupil and pupil. Collaboration and clash are of its essence. They take place, first, in the classroom (I almost said clash-room), where the first element

of the technique comes into play, the *methodus quaestionis*. The collaboration and clash are continued outside—the interior wrestling with authors and with one's own difficulties in private study, then the collaboration of informal discussion, then the clash of disputation, and finally the collaboration and clash of communal research in the seminar.

These are the two essential characteristics of Scholastic method. They, and their goal, organized knowledge, are the old things upon which the *Ratio* newly insists. They are the unchangeable principles upon which education to the intellectual apostolate of the Society rests.

What, now, of the new things? I would briefly dwell on two.

The first is not really a new thing, but rather a new insistence on what has always been part of our tradition. In her origins, the Society was a response to a new state of affairs. And a sensitivity to change, an awareness of the reality of the world as it is, a readiness to accommodate her thinking and her apostolic action to the concrete needs of existing situations has always been one of her outstanding characteristics. By our vocation we live at the inmost interior of the Church, alive to every development of her thought, alacritous in responding to her every desire for new growth. But by our vocation, too, we live in the midst of the world, intimately in touch with its tumultuous life, keen to detect the heart of truth in its every error, alert to redirect the aspirations after the good that lie behind its very sins. At every turn our history reveals us standing, paradoxically, in sharp contradiction to the world, and in inner kinship with it. We have never felt that our mission to the world was simply one of contradiction and condemnation; traditionally, we have undertaken the more difficult mission of understanding and sympathy. These have been the distinguishing marks of our apostolate, the means that we have adopted for our end, "to help our neighbor towards the knowledge and love of Christ and towards the salvation of their souls" (Const., P. IV,

c. XI, n. 1). As instruments of the transforming grace of Christ, we have taken as the first law of our apostolate the law to which grace itself is obedient—the law that says that we must reach our neighbor where he is and as he is, and seek in him not the conscious sin but the unconscious search for sanctity and for God that is inseparable from his inmost self.

Constantly we have striven to know the nature of man, to understand the world in which he lives, to be in sympathy with the conflicts that stir the depths of the human soul, and that burst forth to agitate the surface of human history. This, I take it, is the deepest meaning of our devotion to the study of the masterpieces of literature and art; they teach us what is in man; they give us an insight into the stuff upon which we, with the grace of God, must work transformingly.

It is not a new thing, therefore, when the Ratio insists that we be sensitive to changes in the world, and when it enjoins upon us an awareness of contemporary aspirations and errors. What *is* new is the insistence laid upon these old things. I have collected eighteen texts in which the same idea is expressed—the general idea that our intellectual apostolate is to a particular age and that is for us to know its temper and its problems.

Let me cite just two of these texts. One occurs in the section, "On the Professor's Function," in the title, "On the Manner of Lecturing." It reads: "Moreover, the lectures are to be such that the students may perceive what is the mentality, what are the leanings and the needs of the men of their own time and of the region in which they are to work. Wherefore, let the professor make clear the ways in which men today are seeking for the truth and the reasons why they err. Let obsolete questions be omitted; and let them strive so to set forth either natural or revealed truth as to show how in it is contained whatever truth is found elsewhere, and how it solves the problems whose solution is vainly sought in other opinions."

That text breathes in every line the spirit of the Society's intellectual life and apostolate. Yet, curious-

ly enough, I have not found these ideas so clearly enunciated in any of our official documents, save in one—the letter in which the late General promulgated the *Statuta*, where he says: “Let lectures, circles, disputations and seminars be such that the students may feel the needs of our times, and learn how to reach modern man, in order that they may know how to defend the faith, not in general, but against modern attacks; and for the promotion of the glory of God let them become skilled in the use even of the arms of the enemy, if these be apt.”

The counterpart of this text is found in Part V of the *Ratio*, “On the Duties of Scholastics.” There we read: “Under the guidance of their Professors, let them strive to become aware of the needs of their times, the while they restrain an intemperate zeal for novelty, whereby they might be drawn away from the serious labor of that solid philosophical and theological formation which is above all else necessary to remedy the ills and to meet the needs of the times.”

Obviously, the *Ratio* does not specifically determine the mentality, the needs, and the problems of our times, much less of the American scene. That is our own task. I say, our task; I mean the task, not only of the professors and students of Woodstock, but of all the members of the two provinces which it serves; for we are conscious that we work in solidarity with them.

However, the *Ratio* does determine implicitly and in general at least one of the needs of our times, when it newly defines the function of philosophical and theological faculties. In dependence on the text of the Apostolic Constitution, it proposes to them a threefold end: teaching, the direction of graduate research, and personal scientific investigation. It imposes upon them, therefore, a threefold duty: first, a duty to their present pupils, to be discharged by lecturing and by individual attention; secondly, a duty toward future generations of pupils, to be discharged by training teachers for them; and finally, a duty toward their

science itself, its growth and development, to be discharged by scientific writing.

It is the explicit injunction of this last duty that is new. Not that the duty itself has not been hitherto felt; actually, it is a part of our whole academic tradition. But the specific inclusion of this duty as one of the essential functions of our higher faculties has not hitherto been made in the documents of our common law. You will look in vain for its explicit statement in the two previous *Rationes Studiorum* or in the Fourth Part of the *Constitutions*. It is indeed implicit in the ideal of the Society, to have "conspicui . . . et selectae doctrinae viri." But the text of the previous *Rationes* regard the professor only in a single capacity, as professor. The new *Ratio* consistently regards him in, and demands that he be trained for, a double capacity: he is "et professor et Scriptor" (n. 298, par. 3). There are at least thirteen texts in which reference is made to this twofold ideal. They enforce the strong passage in the last General's letter promulgating the *Statuta*, wherein the same ideal is proposed, and developed in its consequences, the chief of which is that the apostolate of science is an apostolate by itself, not to be combined with others: "Totos igitur se dedant suo muneri, in eoque toti semper sunt" (*Statuta*, P. 4).

I think, therefore, that I may legitimately speak of a newness here. I think, too, that I may see here a recognition of one of the needs of our times, an indispensable modern form of apostolate, whereby, as the *Ratio* says, "the principles of Catholic doctrine may be more effectively spread into the various provinces of the intellectual life" of modern times. It would be interesting to develop the necessity of this form of apostolate—scientific investigation and writing—particularly as a response to modern philosophical and theological and religio-social problems. But I must be content simply to have indicated the necessity.

Omitting a third newness in the *Ratio* (its advocacy of the technique of corporate research), which I had hoped to mention, let me conclude with this idea, an old idea.

"The Society," as Peter Lippert has finely said, "formally lives on its trust in each of its members. Each day in their life is a hundredfold appeal to their independent and energetic sense of duty, to their free good will, to their high-hearted love of Christ." This is very true; it is particularly true of the academic life of the Society. Only just enough regulations are imposed upon us to keep the Society herself from disintegrating, academically and spiritually, under the weight of mediocrity. Woodstock, therefore, has one supreme ideal for the future—the ideal that it has faithfully pursued in the past, but that today is newly exigent. I mean the duty of responding to the Society's trust in her. Perhaps no other house in the provinces has a responsibility commensurate with hers. It is a collective responsibility, resting upon faculty and student body; it can be perseveringly discharged only when it is personally felt. Her responsibility specifically is to confer what Pius XI, in a bold metaphor, once called, "the eighth sacrament," knowledge, science, wisdom. But this sacrament is entirely unique. For the seven sacraments we dispose ourselves, with the grace of God; but others confer them on us. For this "eighth sacrament" we dispose others, by the grace of God; but each one of us must confer it on himself. The *Ratio* does indeed prescribe the matter and form of our wisdom. But the quasi-sacramental act of our anointing with knowledge and wisdom is for each of us personally to perform.

“WOODSTOCK AND THE WORLD”

The Intellectual Apostolate of the Woodstock Alumnus

ROBERT I. GANNON, S. J.

What I found intriguing in Father Rector's invitation to this glorious Jubilee was the suggestion that it would be a meeting of the Alumni, returning to salute their Alma Mater. Of course, I knew that I had finished here after a fashion and that Woodstock had nourished me for seven years, but I had never thought of Father Assistant and myself as old grads of the same college. Moreover, I had seen so many old grads on so many college campuses working desperately to recapture a careless past that my imagination rioted at the possibilities of the present occasion. Even the selection of speakers seemed to follow the American tradition. It is customary for such events as this to have a prominent churchman who underlines the moral quality of the training he received, a scholar of repute who reminds the public that in spite of the A.A. his Alma Mater *is* an educational institution, and lastly, a successful trafficker in eggs and butter who brings with him for the comfort of the majority the unspoken message that success in life is quite unrelated to intellectual effort. You can understand why I had a bad moment when I realized that the other two speakers this evening were to be a most prominent churchman and a most reputable scholar.

However, as if anticipating this interpretation, Father Rector tactfully assigned me for a subject “The Intellectual Apostolate of the Woodstock Alumnus”. When the printer got hold of it, however, he changed it to something he thought more appropriate—the title you see on your program—“Woodstock and the World”. It would not have been so bad if he had assigned the Flesh and the Devil to the other two speakers—but no! They have the most edifying titles, and I get the World! I don't know anything about the world. If I did, I wouldn't admit it here. Besides,

it does seem to cover a great deal of territory. So you will pardon me, I am sure, if I return to Father Rector's original topic, which though still pretty broad, has been deliberately focussed. First of all, it concerns only the Woodstock Alumnus—and he is a subdivision of a subordinated subspecies, and secondly, it concerns only his intellectual apostolate, inferentially excluding a great deal of our work. For although in a certain sense all the Apostolic interests of an intellectual man are part of an intellectual Apostolate, the term is not commonly applied to activities that would hardly strain a grammar school education. Take, for example, the work of a University President. All that is required here is a knowledge of human nature, some facility with addition and subtraction and a sense of humor. As far as degrees are concerned, Al Smith's famous FFM would be more than adequate. Of course, I refer only to Presidents who are not also Rectors.

The Woodstock Alumnus, however, who is successfully teaching and writing and preaching and that sort of thing, has to be a real scholar and a great deal more than that. For he is an American, a Catholic, a priest, a religious, a Jesuit and he is himself—and all these elements will influence in varying degrees his intellectual apostolate. As an American he will bring to it not merely that love of freedom which is part of the heritage of all who have the truth, but a passion for freedom engendered in the air he breathes that makes him impatient with the tiniest tyrannies and guarantees that he will never be guilty of them. As a Catholic he will bring to it the great serenity of supernatural Hope, which even more, perhaps, than Faith and Charity separates him from the spirit of worldly scholarship—the spirit of despair. As a priest he will bring to it the treasures of sacramental grace. Every pen he takes up will be held by the same two fingers which only that morning have held the Body of Christ; every book he reads will be interleaved by the hours of his Divine Office. As a Religious he will bring to it all the pervading perfume of his Vows,

subtle as a mood, but changing the value of everything it touches. As himself he will bring to it the peculiar assortment of gifts and tastes and handicaps that are due to heredity and previous training. What then is left for him to bring to his apostolate as a peculiarly Jesuit thing? The spirit of the Exercises? Not exactly. Thousands of saintly men and women outside the Society have become patterns of Ignatian spirituality and every heroic soul in the history of the Church had the true spirit of the Kingdom. It is rather the spirit of the Exercises in so far as it permeates our Constitutions. Nobody else has exactly that. Others may be conspicuous for their reckless devotion to Christ and to the folly of the Cross, while obedience in varying degrees is expected from all the faithful, but no one else brings to his intellectual apostolate a devotion to Christ which is expressed primarily in the obedience of an old man's staff and is made instantly and universally available for any work which promises the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls. Our peculiar contribution, therefore, as Jesuits, arises from the extraordinary flexibility of our Constitutions plus our passion for obedience, which is not unlike the passion for freedom which we feel as Americans.

Such is the background of the Woodstock Alumnus and such are the spiritual influences which surround our studies. The nature and purpose of these studies have been luminously discussed this evening so that there remains for us only to examine what their effect has been on us who are in active service.

They did not of course prepare us for everything that might come our way. The time has passed when a man could be trained adequately for many different fields by one general course, no matter how well planned. Neither did they make us the kind of specialists in any one field that would bring prestige to the Society. Everyone recognizes that further study of a graduate type is necessary for that. But what Woodstock has given us has been indispensable and every bit of it has been put to excellent use, especially in preach-

ing and lecturing, and writing articles, pamphlets and books, on all sorts of subjects. Nor should this surprise us. Because as Apostles of the spoken and written word, we have after all only three things to preach and three things to write about, the Kingdom, the Metanoia and the Gospel. That is to say, the Victory of Christ over sin and death, the complete transformation of the soul by Grace and the good news that both are true and eternally possible. As for economics, sociology, literature and so on, unless they are studied and taught as related to one of these, they are merely intellectual activity, not Apostolic. So that for an Intellectual Apostolate of any particular variety, no training is to be compared with the Philosophy and Theology taught at Woodstock, or for that matter, at any other good Pontifical Seminary. I add that not because His Excellency is present but because we rejoice as Catholic priests to observe that this type of learning is no longer to be found only in the leading religious orders. In the 16th Century, when certain Bishops asked Father Laynez to help them reform their dioceses, he recommended that it would be well if Subdeacons could read the Latin, if Deacons could understand the general sense of what they read and if Priests could actually translate correctly and know, besides, something about the Sacraments they were administering. No wonder that our Fathers created a sensation wherever they went—not only the dazzling luminaries of the Council of Trent, but ordinary men like you and me, of whom there were plenty in the early Society. For they could not only read and understand the Mass, they could preach and teach and write pamphlets and books—and stand up against the heretics, not to out-shout them, but to out-reason them! Today, thank God, there are thousands of diocesan priests in America who can do the same thing. If, then, we are not conspicuous as we were in the spacious days of Laynez, it is not necessarily that we have retrogressed but that the rest of the clergy has made extraordinary progress.

A similar remark is appropriate when we come to

examine the second great division of our Intellectual Apostolate—our Schools and Colleges and Universities. At the time of the Renaissance we had the field pretty much to ourselves and even when Woodstock was founded, the competition was nothing like it is today. It is true that seventy-five years ago all our Colleges were small. Fordham had only 275 on the rolls, and that included the moppets on Third Division, but the other Catholic Colleges were small too and as a rule not as well organized as ours. Even the great secular institutions had not as yet entered their period of wealth and expansion. Columbia University, for instance, in 1869, was contained in a couple of city blocks on Madison Avenue and had a library of less than 20,000 volumes, what we should consider today a very good High School library. So that modest as our institutions were, compared with our present development, they were fairly conspicuous in the United States of that time. I was reading recently a little book, yellow with age, published in 1851 by N. Porter, "Professor of Moral Philosophy, etc., Yale College," entitled "The Educational Systems of the Puritans and Jesuits Compared". It was occasioned by the alarm felt among Protestants at the establishment of Holy Cross College in Massachusetts and of various other Jesuit institutions in the Middle West, and its general thesis was that though Jesuit seminaries were dangerous, they were dazzling. In fact, he considered that they surpassed their Protestant competitors in the following important respects:

1. In the spirit of severe and iron industry.
2. In the maintenance of discipline.
3. In the preparation of the teachers. "The Jesuit comes from the Colleges of Europe. He has been a student from his infancy under exacting and skillful teachers. He has been familiar with prodigies of learning from the first."
4. The methods of instruction were more rigorous and thorough. "The student is drilled to such a control of what he learns that it shall be a possession for life."

5. The Jesuit teachers of the modern languages had mastered them in a way "which to an American is a marvel and a mystery".
6. The teacher's methods had been tested for generations—his books were the work of the ablest men of his Order, so that he was not distracted by experimenting with new devices.
7. Ample and learned libraries were at their command, costly and substantial edifices were located in the choicest situations and the instruction was practically gratuitous.
8. Last of all there was no ruinous competition nor degrading jealousies between the several institutions and they were never multiplied to the impoverishment of their several faculties and the degradation of sound learning.

Thus our poor little Colleges appeared to a Yale Professor in 1851, and while we like to feel that everything he writes is equally applicable today, we know that our excellencies are not as conspicuous as they used to be. Now there are many others in the field of Higher Education, and some of them are doing very well. Stonyhurst and Beaumont may be just as good as ever, but Downside and Ampleforth are pushing them for first place. So many educators have learned everything we had to teach them and we have adopted so much from them that was not originally ours that a distinctly Jesuit training is no longer easy to identify. The solemn paragraphs on the first pages of our catalogues could be printed almost word for word in the catalogue of any Catholic College in the country. That explains, perhaps, the suggestion of a leer that flits across the faces of the scholastics when they hear the President, at graduation, work up to his favorite climax—"But Jesuit Education, my dear friends, is not merely the training of the intellect! It is the training of the whole man! We train men not to make a living, but to live, not only in this world but in the next!" Fortunately, the time has passed when our solid old principles had the ring of novelty and exclusiveness and today even the methods of the

ratio studiorum are as familiar to many others as they are to us. Only one way is open to us now of being unique in the field of Catholic Higher Education and that is by being what the Yale professor implied that we were in 1851—really first class.

Analyzing the possibility of such preeminence in the post-war era, we must recognize the fact that a school is exactly as good as its principles plus its teachers plus its pupils. Our principles we share, thank God, with our Catholic collaborators in the field. The capability of our pupils depends on the extent to which we can be select, in other words, ultimately on the Treasurer's Office. But if the school is well located, has a reputation for excellent scholarship and instead of wasting its surplus funds on luxuries or display plows them back into the sources of better scholarship, it can be select and still meet its financial obligations. Its reputation for scholarship, however, will depend not on Father Laynez but on the scholastics and Fathers who are assigned to its classrooms. Our fitness, in turn, depends partly on the Provincials and local Superiors and to a larger extent than is recognized, on ourselves.

Under the glass on my desk there is a sour quotation done in gold which should hang on the wall of every Provincial's room for his consolation. It is equally appropriate for a coach, and reads: "*Prospera omnes sibi vindicant — adversa uni imputantur*". Father Provincial is usually the "uni". But our individual responsibility toward the intellectual Apostolate of the Society, while certainly not greater than his, is very considerable. For we have to be not merely good enough scholars to handle the little job that we are given today, we have to be through all our active years the very best scholars that our talents and circumstances make possible and that means constant hidden labor, constant mental discipline, often, it must be added, without encouragement. Today's assignment may be only the First Declension; what tomorrow may bring in times like these only God knows; but we have a feeling that it is going to call for better

than we have at the present moment. Many of us have a feeling that it is going to call for a first class Catholic University and that is the greatest intellectual challenge that the Woodstock Alumni ever had to face. If we can meet it successfully, we shall fulfill the fondest hopes of our Holy Father St. Ignatius. He always urged his sons to concentrate on the conversion of the most influential for good and he would be the first to recognize that for the learned world in America, still our most influential group, the apologetic value of a Catholic Princeton would be immeasurable. When we hope, however, that ours will be the honor of this pioneering in excellence, our motive is not that the Society may be way ahead of the Church and our Schools outshine all other Catholic Schools, but simply that we may do our duty as self respecting men, Americans, Catholics, priests, religious Jesuits. Actually, as sons of a single-minded saint whose only aim was the Greater Glory of God and who had no smirk on his face when he called the Society "this least Society of Jesus", nothing should give us deeper satisfaction than to realize that the rest of the Church had left us far behind in everything if only we could be sure that our zeal for souls was still flaming, our obedience perfect and our grand old Constitutions as flexible as ever. That day would be a glorious day for us as preachers of the Kingdom, the Metanoia and the Gospel. Of course, if the fault were ours, it would break our hearts.

Certainly the tradition of Woodstock, the prayers and labors of students and faculty through 75 years of solid achievement, the example of the scholars, missionaries and saints who have gone before us are guarantee enough, not that Jesuit institutions will never be surpassed, but that our beloved Society will never take second place because we as individuals have failed to live the life demanded by the most rigorous and often the most thankless of all Apostolates, the Intellectual Apostolate.

WOODSTOCK'S VISION

ZACHAEUS J. MAHER, S. J.

When Father Rector graciously asked me to take part in this convocation, he kindly intimated as the topic on which I might speak: "The Role of Woodstock in the Grand Vision of the Society." It is a very appropriate subject and I am grateful to him for the suggestion.

In the Scholastic tradition, I shall first speak of the vision, and then of Woodstock's role.

The vision of the Society is the vision of Ignatius; that of Ignatius is the vision of Christ; that of Christ is the vision of the Triune God. The vision was not vouchsafed Ignatius in its entirety in one illuminating flash; rather it emerged gradually out of the years, partly the result of prayerful consideration and of human reflection, partly a manifestation from above. No one has described it better than he to whom it was first revealed.

Great artists are wont to sketch their masterpieces in broad outline and then to proceed to a more detailed execution. To Ignatius was given the power of expressing massive concepts in minute words.

In the meditation of the Kingdom you see the general design: "It is My will to conquer the whole world and all enemies, and thus to enter into the glory of my Father". This is the vision of Christ.

In the meditation of the Incarnation you see the vision of the Triune God: "I am to contemplate how the three Divine Persons beheld all the surface of the terrestrial globe covered with men, and how, seeing all men descending to hell, they determine in their eternity that the Second Person should become man to save the human race".

In the Constitutions of the Society you find the vision of St. Ignatius worked out in minutest detail.

This, then, is the grand vision: the redemption of the human race, achieved by the death of Christ, Who seeks the aid of men in bringing salvation to all; Ig-

natus, desirous to share in the labor and to distinguish himself in the work, yet not alone, but with others united with him in the Society of Jesus, and all for the greater glory of God.

A twofold motive impelled Ignatius: his profound sense of fealty to God, Whom he reverently addresses as "His Sovereign Majesty"; and his intense loyalty to the person and the cause of Christ.

True, his natural temperament, his training, his knightly spirit prepared him for the supernatural orientation of his life. None the less, it is this double and distinctly supernatural motivation which makes the real Ignatius. Unless this be realized, he can never be understood. He has been psycho-analyzed as no other saint has been, and unsuccessfully in all too many instances, precisely because the supernatural aspect of his life has been overlooked. He was a serving man, but his Master was his Maker, and he served a Majesty Divine. He was a liege man, but his Lord was the Son of God. He was a hero-worshipper, but his hero was Christ. He entered upon the service of God and of Christ with wholehearted devotion, seeking nothing for self, asking nothing but the privilege of serving. His consecration was so entire, his eye so single, that men to this day have doubted his sincerity, as they doubt ours. It is so simple that they cannot analyze it; so clear, that they cannot see it. Give me a lover and he will understand.

Ignatius' outlook on men and things was magnificently broad, as far reaching as the love of a merciful God, as all-embracing as the arms of the Cross. In his judgment only one thing mattered. Nothing had value except in relation to it and in the degree to which it contributed to its realization. Indifference, the willingness he demanded of those who would join with him to serve anywhere, at any time and in any capacity, provided only they might advance God's glory: the quality of service he expected, affective and outstanding: the assimilation to Christ, as perfect as God's grace could make it, to be striven after no matter at what cost to flesh and blood,—all this is but a

consequence of his relentless endeavor to spread the salvific effects of the death of Christ, so that every individual human being might share therein, and thus the greatest possible glory accrue to the Divine Majesty.

The Communion Prayer of the Mass of his feast is particularly significant in this connection. It reads: "I have come to cast fire on earth, and what will I but that it be enkindled." Ignatius lived close, very close to the burning Heart of Christ. His own took fire therefrom. He set fire to other hearts, and these in turn to others still, until as fire races over the prairies under the drive of a hurricane, the ardent sons of Ignatius enveloped the world in flames. They leaped the seas and enkindled America, North, Central and South. Bright did they flame until at the command of a Supreme Control they burned low and the earth was grey with ashes and wet with the tears of men who had been ordered to extinguish the firebrands of Christ.

Only in one corner of the globe did the embers smoulder on until the breath of a later Spirit kindled them, first to a ruddier glow and then to a full flame. Again they leaped the seas, and again America took fire, this time to burn over ever-widening areas and, please God, never to die down again.

Here in the United States some 20 members of the old Society lived to see the birth of the new. In 130 years these 20 have become 6,000, and if you look to see these 6,000, you will find them enduring cold in Alaska, heat in India and Ceylon, interned in China and the Philippines, busy in Rome and Cairo and Transjordan, teaching in Baghdad and Basrah, preaching in the bush and brush of Jamaica and Honduras, educating in the classrooms of Nicaragua, Colombia and Chile, dying, yet we hope living, in Soviet land. I cannot tell you where our 225 chaplains are tonight, but wherever they are, they carry on in the best tradition of Jesuit chaplains all through the years whenever fighting men have looked for a priest of God.

We stand too close to the mosaic in our daily wanderings through the halls of history to see more than individual bits of marble. Step back and take in the Assistancy as a whole. View it as it reaches from Portland in Maine to San Diego in California, from Diomed Island in the Behring Sea to Key West, protruding into the Caribbean. See it in all its dependencies, trace the concatenation of Novitiates, Juniorates, Philosophates, Theologates, Tertianships, Universities, Colleges, High Schools, Rectories, Retreat Houses, Houses of Writers, Seats of varied activities,—all this in the American Assistancy.

Some say of us that we are poor business men. Perhaps we are. May not this even be a compliment rather than a stricture? Be it as it may, we have made mistakes. Who has not? Consistent planning might have yielded happier results in certain instances. Better foresight might have averted many a baffling problem. But when you reflect how few have been our large benefactions, and how great the obstacles to be overcome; when you take into account all the factors which go to shape the lives of men and affect the development of institutions, we can say, humbly and truthfully, with gratitude to God and to the men who have gone before, that they have labored well, exceedingly well. It is unbelievable that so few should have accomplished so much with so little and in so short a time.

How was it done and by whom? It was done by men trained under the system which Ignatius had devised. He was a soldier. He knew how futile it is to send raw troops into battle, whether in the army of Christ or of the king. Hence he painstakingly thought out, carefully planned and as carefully executed a system of training for the men of his Society which ranks high among all methods of formation in the Church. Many have paid it the compliment of imitation. If fewer years of activity result because of it, he judged that they would be all the more fruitful precisely because of the skills acquired. Under God's grace it accounts largely for whatever success the

Society has achieved these 400 years, a success all the more noteworthy when it is remembered how relatively few were they who effected it.

Ignatius would have his men learned, but above all he would have them deeply spiritual. Therefore he twice plunged them into the fire of the Exercises, tempered them therein and drew them forth men "crucified to the world and to whom the world itself is crucified, new men who had put off their own affections to put on Christ; dead to themselves to live to justice; men who with St. Paul in labors, in watchings, in fastings, in chastity, in knowledge, in long-suffering, in sweetness, in the Holy Ghost, in charity unfeigned, in the word of truth, show themselves ministers of God and by the armor of justice on the right hand and on the left, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report, by good success finally and by ill success, press forward with great strides to their heavenly country themselves and by all means possible and with all zeal urge on others also, ever looking to God's greatest glory."

Such as these the members of the American Assistancy humbly strive to be. Unless they had been such, they could not have done the things they did. Unless they become such, they cannot achieve what it is confidently hoped they will accomplish in the future.

If you look for the root source of this activity in America, if you seek to find the proving ground where the majority of these fighting men of Christ were trained, you will find it here in Maryland. Fittingly, therefore, has Maryland once more become a Province in her own right.

You who know the history of the Assistancy so well, will not understand me to say hereby that men have not come to us from other lands, that men have not been fully and well formed elsewhere, outstanding Jesuits, who poured their saintliness and their scholarship into the lifestream of our Assistancy. I do but wish to say that as the sturdy trunk of the old Society, which weathered the hurricane of suppression, was rooted deepest in Maryland; so the grafts

that were made on her and the shoots which sprang from her started here and hence spread over all the land. Here was our first American novitiate; here, such as it was, our first American theologate. Hence it was removed, but hither it returned three quarters of a century ago, and here, please God, it shall endure into a distant future. For 28 of her 75 years Woodstock was the only Jesuit theologate in the United States; each American Scholasticate can trace its lineage, directly or indirectly, to this Collegium Maximum Sacratissimi Cordis Jesu. Here were moulded, proximately or remotely, the men who made the Society in America. We pause today to do them reverence: the men who were formed and the men who formed them here in learning and in saintliness. This was Woodstock's role, and she played it well.

The vision of Ignatius continues ever the same. But today it is presented in a new light by the Supreme Authority of the Society in the last General Congregation, and in terms strikingly parallel to those Ignatius used. Today, we are told, "*permagna hominum multitudo a Deo et Ecclesia catholica alienari, et tota fere complurium cogitandi et vivendi ratio, et publica vitae instituta in dies a fide christiana recedere videntur*", and we are bid: "*Nostri id sibi primarium gravissimumque munus his temporibus incumbere intelligent*"—these are momentous words—"ut pro sua parte adlaborent ut denuo tota vita publica et privata ad evangelii doctrinam componatur et perditæ oves ad ovile Christi reducantur."

Pius XI in his "*Ubi Arcano*", written in 1922, found the cause of the cataclysm which even then he clearly foresaw, in "the poison of class warfare, the lust for material goods, the selfishness of political strife, the disintegration of family life and the weakening of parental authority, the restlessness, insubordination, immodesty and sloth" which disfigured individual lives, and underneath these evils he isolated the cause, "the world's apostasy from Christ". You will find no better diagnosis than this, and we are charged "*totam vitam publicam et privatam ad evangelii doctrinam com-*

ponere". This is our task today, complementing and coordinating, I would even say subordinating, all our other tasks. I know not if a more difficult assignment was ever given members of the Society. I need not pause to tell you why it is so difficult. Is it a hopeless task? By no means. How shall we approach it? Study every word of the mandate of the last General Congregation and you will see. It is in obedience to this command that the I. S. O. has been organized. We are not so foolish or so arrogant as to think that we alone can reconstruct the social order. We but strive to do our share, and to do it well.

Our greatest obstacle is the intransigence of those who still contend there is nothing to be alarmed about. They know how to discern the face of the sky, but they cannot know the signs of the times. The earth is rocking, but they do not feel it shake. Dull indeed are the ears which have not heard the Sovereign Pontiff speaking, sluggish the hands which lie still on lazy laps, unresponsive the hearts which do not beat faster at the impending ruin of all that decent men and women love and live for, stiff the knees which will not bend in prayer.

In the Providence of God the Church, under the leadership of her recent Pontiffs, has foreseen and anticipated the emergency. Because of it, the call for priests, better trained, to lead their people. Because of it, the call to Catholic Action. Because of it the Encyclicals which stand as fortresses of truth where men and nations may find sanctuary, whether of mind or body.

The Society, thinking as always with the Church, has responded to the call. With tireless insistence our late lamented Father General urged us to intensify our spiritual life, to deepen our intellectual life, to equip ourselves fully with modern weapons, as good soldiers of Christ, and then to fling ourselves into combat, not counting the cost, *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*.

Woodstock, this is your role in the grand vision of

the Society. Give us the men who can form the battalions we need. In the language of the hour, give us Commandos of Christ!

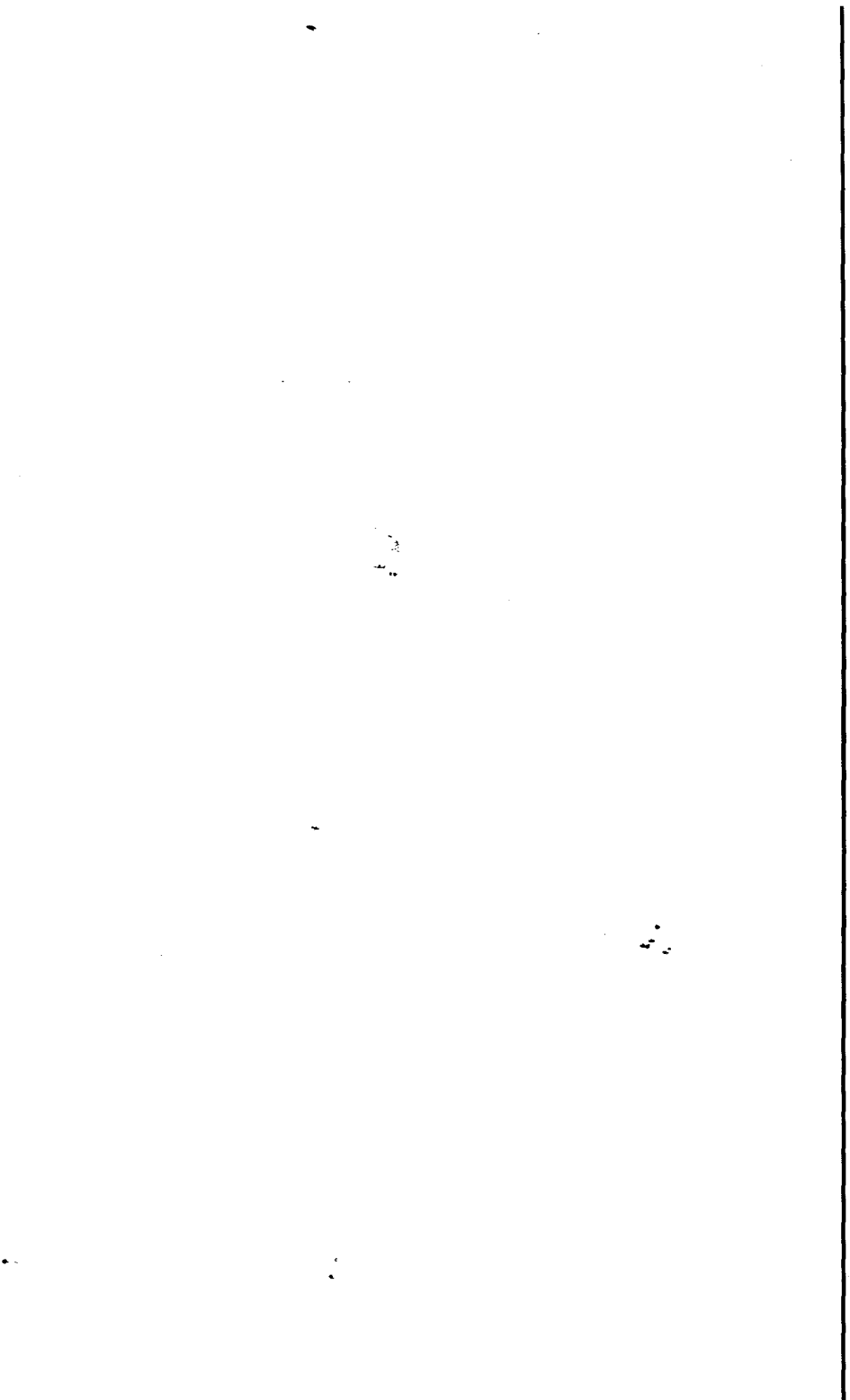
Give us learned, saintly, generous, tireless, alert, self-sacrificing, devoted priests; priests who will be more than ever *in* the world, less than ever *of* the world. Give us priests for the Society, sturdy as Stanislaus; men who will walk the way of their rule straight and true as Berchmans did; men with Aloysian hearts for chastity; give us men to whom all blood is red and all souls are white, give us Clavers; give us men hardened to endure, give us Bobolas; give us giants of Christ with souls of steel like Jogues and Brebeuf; give us men who will fight on gallantly, deaf to the cries of nature, give us Daniels, Garniers, Chabanel; give us humble men who will love to be unknown in the spirit of Alonzo, of Goupil and of Lalande; give us men lifted up, but drawing all things to Christ, with Paul and James and John; give us Belarmines and Canisii, who can point a pen and pinion a foreman; raise up scholarly men in numbers who with Lainez and Salmeron can speak to Princes and minister to paupers; give us Borgias, who scorn this world's honor and ease; train men like Regis and Jerome and Realino and drive their utterances into the division of men's souls; give us Xaviers, and set them ablaze with Jesus' love; give us Loyolas, true sons of the sire of their souls; give us men ceaselessly marching in serried columns, their faces set steadfastly towards Jerusalem, yearning for the baptism wherewith they are to be baptized and straitened until it is accomplished; give us, oh give us, for as long as stars are set in the heavens, give us other Christs!



Mass of Thanksgiving

Festive Decoration





THE CELEBRATION OF WOODSTOCK'S DIAMOND JUBILEE

Nothing, perhaps, in her first seventy-five years so became Woodstock as the leaving of them. The quiet, two-day celebration was not an exercise of mere lyricism; it was the simple, natural, and deeply moving climax of one more scene in a great continuing drama. In all that was said and done, one fundamental chord was repeatedly struck: a warm gratitude to God and to the men who have labored for Him here; and a renewed determination to carry forward, on the foundations they have laid, a worthy structure of American Catholicity.

If there was one thing wanting in this harmony of thanksgiving, it was due to the impossibility—because Woodstock is not so large physically as spiritually—of welcoming back together all of her surviving sons. But every one of them was represented and remembered. And this slight record is written for the many whom Woodstock would have been so glad to welcome back for her jubilee, but could not. Without them, the achievements that were reviewed would have been impossible, and the pervading spirit of gratitude and rededication is their own.

Preparations were under way well in advance of the invitations. A volunteer crew of interior decorators turned into woodsmen, and borrowed the autumn glory of the oak to brighten Woodstock's conservative halls. They dipped the red oak leaves in paraffin to hold their form and color, and worked them into arches and garlands and sprays. Their long hours of work bore ample fruit, and when the guests began to arrive on the afternoon of Sunday, November 5, they found the foyer warmly welcoming and the theologians' recreation hall a comfortable and roomy gathering place. In the chapel all things were made new with an exquisite combination of richness and good taste. Sestini Hall, which old-time Woodstockians knew as the library, was decked and carpeted, with

ivy climbing a tall lattice along its walls. Curtained and candle-lighted, the refectory was a soft blaze of red and gold. With lights shaded, pillars arched in oak leaves, and the college's coat of arms emblazoned on every wall, it seemed a poet's dream of some crusaders' banqueting hall. And indeed it must have gladdened the Heart of the King to be there among His knights as they spoke together of their campaigns for Him.

Through all the period of preparations for the celebration—some of them began months before—there was no remissness in the ordinary duties. Although the choir, the orchestra, and the cast of the pageant had been rehearsing, as someone remarked, "every hour, on the hour, for an hour," studies miraculously did not suffer. Step by step, each plan matured and each preparation was completed. The final step was taken when scholastics living on the 2nd and 3rd floors of the old wings made their rooms shipshape for visitors and carried a few essentials of life into dormitories hastily rigged up for themselves in the classrooms. Then, with everything ready for the morrow's ceremonies, Sunday evening was devoted to greeting old friends as they arrived.

Monday, November 6

Monday was a day of thanksgiving, Community Mass and breakfast were earlier than usual. Then, when the bell rang at nine o'clock, all were at their places in the chapel to attend the Solemn Pontifical Mass of Thanksgiving. As the procession entered, the choir shook the walls with Molitor's resounding *Ecce Sacerdos*. His Excellency, Archbishop Curley, celebrated the votive Mass of Our Lady. Father Francis Keenan was assistant priest, and the Reverend Provincials of the Maryland and New York provinces were assistant deacons. Father Ferdinand Wheeler was deacon of the Mass, Father Edward Kerr subdeacon, and Father Edwin Herbert master of ceremonies, assisted by Mr. William Ahern. The choir beautifully rendered Carnevale's mass *Rosa Mystica*, with

the proper of Rossini, and Verdussen's *Ave Maria* as the offertory hymn. The festival could not have begun more auspiciously.

The first-class feast at half-past twelve was enlivened by the orchestra's well-chosen selection of Strauss waltzes. In the only speech at the dinner, Reverend Father Rector welcomed our visitors, and paid tribute to the makers of Woodstock, past and present. He noted that among those present were Brother Paul Smith, who remembers the building of the college in his boyhood, and Father Peter Lutz, once more a member of the faculty, who may be called the second builder of Woodstock; for it was during his tenure of office as Rector that the new chapel and wings and science building were erected.

Solemn benediction was at five o'clock, during which the *Te Deum* was chanted. Father W. Coleman Nevils was celebrant, assisted by Father Vincent Hart and Father George McGowan. In the evening there was a Convocation, at which the Most Reverend John M. McNamara, auxiliary Bishop, presided. After the orchestra played the National Anthem, there was a pleasant surprise for all, even for those who were honored by it. This was the tendering of a grateful testimonial, an accolade, to each of the Fathers and Brothers who have given more than twenty years of service to Woodstock. "That was the first time," said one of the guests afterward, "that I ever had tears running down my face at such a function." The testimonials, read by Father Lawrence McGinley, prefect of studies, and then presented by His Excellency, were as follows:

Accolade

Conscious of our duty of gratitude not only to God but also to those men whom He has made the special vessels of His blessings to us, we deem it proper, on this day of our Jubilee, to give voice to our gratitude. Through long years of prayer and toil the Brothers of Woodstock have been the living channels of God's

blessings upon our community. To them Woodstock owes a debt which only Christ, its King, can repay. It is they who have surrounded our religious home with the blessed atmosphere of Nazareth. To them, under God, we owe the blessing of our continued health to labor and study in His service. To them we owe the beauty of our house, from garden to sanctuary. To them we owe the years of happiness which have been warmed by the splendor of their charity. To them we owe the growth in holiness which their prayers have nourished and their example has fostered.

In a most special way we owe such debt of grateful love to those Brothers of Woodstock who, for long faithful years almost without number, have thus poured out upon our community all the warm generosity of their love for Christ. Wherefore, mindful of our Savior's words, that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth should speak, we wish, on this day of our Jubilee, to voice our debt of gratitude and to thank:—

Brother John McMullan: for the long years of his devotion, for the immense service of his faithful skill and craftsmanship, for the blessings which his prayers have drawn upon us, and for the priceless treasure of his quiet example of devotion to the ideals of our Jesuit life. Our beloved "Brother Mac" has cared for the metalwork and the heating of our house, without interruption, for *thirty-one* years. He has filled Woodstock with the warmth of his furnace and with the warmth of his charity, and Woodstock will be forever grateful.

In token of gratitude, Woodstock presents to Brother McMullan the gift of 31 Holy Masses.

Brother John Clarke: for all his unselfishness as infirmarian, assistant librarian, and gardener since he came to Woodstock *thirty-three* years ago. For ten years, beginning with the epidemic of 1911, Brother Clarke spent himself in kindness to our sick. Ever

since, save for one short absence, he has toiled to make our gardens an image of their Creator's beauty and to bring that beauty to our altars. Neither the fragrance of his flowers nor the purer fragrance of his faithful life can ever be forgotten at Woodstock.

In token of gratitude, Woodstock presents to Brother Clarke the gift of 33 Holy Masses.

Brother John Himmelreicher: for *thirty-eight* years of constant cheerfulness, unremitting hard work, and utter devotion to the happiness of our Woodstock community. He was Woodstock's careful and skillful baker for thirty-five years. His hands baked the Hosts and prepared the wine which Woodstock's priests lifted up at the altar. His patience and generosity and foresight, as guardian of our store-room, have enhanced the joy of our holidays and cared for the needs of our years of work and study. As long as Woodstock stands, the name of "Brother John" will be in benediction.

In token of gratitude, Woodstock presents to Brother Himmelreicher the gift of 38 Holy Masses.

Brother Charles Abram: for his tireless labors as custodian of the clothes-room, as sacristan, as tailor, as buyer, as cook, and as general trouble-shooter, through *forty* years at Woodstock. For the past twenty-seven years, through the period of the community's great expansion and through the difficult times of two great wars, he has been buyer and in charge of the kitchen; and nothing less than his heroic labors could have accomplished the task. To "Brother Charlie" Woodstock owes a debt of gratitude which only the language of prayer could express and only the happiness of heaven repay.

In token of gratitude, Woodstock presents to Brother Abram the gift of 40 Holy Masses.

* * * *

Serving a King whose Kingdom is the reign of Truth, Woodstock is mindful to-day of its debt of

gratitude to the devoted Professors through whom the riches of that Truth have been poured out upon it. Woodstock was founded to be a mountain upon whose summit there should gleam the Light of the World, the Truth of Christ that makes men free. To the unselfish and enduring devotion of its Professors, in whose hidden labors it has been so blessed, Woodstock owes the realization of that destiny. In the drudgery of laboratory and library and classroom they have kindled the steady flame of Christian wisdom which Woodstock's sons have carried to the ends of the earth for Christ. Patiently, kindly, generously, undismayed by the monotony of the years, they have fashioned the swords which the anointed hands of our priests have carried into the battles of the King. The light which shines to-day from so many Jesuit pulpits and Jesuit schools and Jesuit confessionals, in America and in foreign lands, is to a large extent the fruit of their hidden, laborious lives. Woodstock's apostolate through seventy-five years is their splendid monument. Of their reward God himself has said: "They that instruct many unto justice shall shine as stars for all eternity."

It is with a special sense of gratitude that we turn, on this day of Woodstock's Jubilee, to those veteran Professors who have devoted the whole lifetime of their charity and talents to the making of our priests. In the constancy of their service they have echoed the constancy of Him whom in us they have loved. Woodstock rejoices in this opportunity to thank, with deepest gratitude:—

Father Edwin D. Sanders: for twenty years of constant and inspiring teaching. For eleven years he worked with devotion and efficiency in the duties of the Dean's office. His six years in charge of our Library have immensely increased its value to our studies. For thirteen years our priests received their General Introduction to Sacred Scripture from him. And for twenty years he has, with clarity, patience, and contagious enthusiasm, taught the class in New

Testament Studies. Father Sanders has made the voice of St. Paul a living voice in our midst and, for all the charity of his labors, Woodstock is profoundly grateful.

In token of gratitude, Woodstock presents to Father Sanders the gift of 20 Holy Masses.

Father Allen F. Duggin: for *twenty-three* years of efficient and kindly guidance, in both philosophy and theology. Six years with the classes of Ontology and Logic, nine years as Professor of Cosmology, three years in the teaching of History of Philosophy, and eight years as Professor of Theology in Short Course tell the story of his long labor for Woodstock's priests. He has matched the clarity of his teaching, in so many fields, with the warmth of his priestly charity and Woodstock's grateful prayers will follow him always.

In token of gratitude, Woodstock presents to Father Duggin the gift of 23 Holy Masses.

Father William H. McClellan: for *twenty-four* years of scholarly and exquisitely courteous charity in our classrooms. As librarian, as Professor of Old Testament studies for eleven years, and as Professor of Hebrew for a quarter of a century, he has labored for the enrichment of our priestly knowledge. During all these years the talent of his pen and the influence of his careful biblical scholarship, so recently crowned by national recognition, have been Woodstock's pride. He has truly merited the debt of gratitude which we acknowledge to him to-day.

In token of gratitude, Woodstock presents to Father McClellan the gift of 24 Holy Masses.

Father Daniel J. M. Callahan: for all the wise and understanding guidance, both intellectual and spiritual, of the *twenty-six* years since he first came to Woodstock to teach. He taught History of Philosophy for two years, was for ten years a clear and incisive Professor of Psychology, and for the past sixteen years has taught with distinction in the Faculty of Dogmatic

Theology. Through these years his presence at Woodstock has reflected the zealous charity and sympathetic understanding of the Lord Whom in us he served, and to Whom we offer our grateful prayers for him to-day.

In token of gratitude, Woodstock presents to Father Callahan the gift of 26 Holy Masses.

Father William J. Brosnan: for *forty-two* years of exact and painstaking scholarship as a Professor of Philosophy. For four years he taught Ontology and Logic, and then, for three years, Cosmology and Psychology. His subsequent record—as Professor, for thirty-five years without interruption, of Natural Theology—is unequalled by any Professor of any subject in the history of Woodstock. His books are a monument to the penetrating clearness which made his classes a delight. For his skill as a teacher, for the charity of his faithful years, for the personal example of his own serene and untiring wisdom, Woodstock will be forever grateful.

In token of gratitude, Woodstock presents to Father Brosnan the gift of 42 Holy Masses.

Father John A. S. Brosnan: for truly gigantic service. He has been a Professor at Woodstock for *fifty-six* years. During that time Father Brosnan has been a teacher in every branch of Science that was ever taught at Woodstock,—Mathematics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology, Astronomy, Physics, Empirical Psychology, and “*Questiones Scientificae*”. He has put at the service of Woodstock a talent in photography not less than genius. To-day, after more than half a century of active, constant, genial devotion to our advance in knowledge and happiness, he is still tireless in his Father’s house. Only God can repay him, as only God can know the measure of our debt to him and the depth of our gratitude.

In token of gratitude, Woodstock presents to Father Brosnan the gift of 56 Holy Masses.

Given at Woodstock, on this Day of Jubilee,

In the name of the present Woodstock Communi-

ty, and in the name of the whole Provinces of Maryland and New York, which were the Woodstock community of the past:

Signed:

David Nugent, S. J., Rector

Vincent L. Keelan, S. J., Provincial, Md. Prov.

James P. Sweeney, S. J., Provincial, N. Y. Prov.

* * * *

After the reading of the Accolade, the choir sang the Woodstock *Alma Mater*, composed by Father Edward Gannon, with words by an anonymous author:

As sun breaks through the clouds,
The memory of the past—
The shining glory of Woodstock men—
Before our eyes is cast.
As ageless as her walls,
As boundless as her sky,
Their spirit marches on.
And that spirit shall not die.
A thousand feet that stride
On every foreign sod
To win the world for Christ the King
On Woodstock's paths have trod.
May we in paths they made,
Who follow where they led,
Be each a living flame
In the glory round them shed.

Three stirring addresses were then presented by distinguished alumni of Woodstock. Father John Courtney Murray, editor of *Theological Studies*, had his audience thinking with him from the start, as he analyzed the chief elements, old and new, in the wisdom that is our charge and treasure. Father Robert I. Gannon, president of Fordham University, loosed a hearty flow of laughter as he lightly touched some humorous sides of the occasion; then he made an inspiring presentation of our educational ideal. Very Reverend Father Zacheus J. Maher, American Assistant, rounded out the symposium with emphasis on the spirit that alone gives life to all we learn and do;

a spirit that came to our predecessors, through Saint Ignatius, from the Sacred Heart of Our Lord. The text of these addresses, which made the Convocation so memorable, is presented elsewhere in these pages.

After the first address, Fathers Emory Ross and William Trivett played the last movement of Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, arranged for two pianos. Between the last two discourses, Mr. Cyril Schommer and Mr. Rudolph Doering performed a Bach concerto for two violins, in D minor, and the *allegreto* movement from the third duet by de Beriot. That there should be such accomplished musicians available in her community was just one more of Woodstock's many good fortunes in this time of jubilee. Before the orchestra struck up the recessional, Bishop McNamara made a brief speech that went to the hearts of all who heard him. Simply and sincerely, His Excellency expressed his pride in being a "Jesuit boy," a graduate of Loyola College, and his congratulations upon the deeds of past years and upon the clear purpose, evident in this commemoration, of carrying on that grand work with increasing effectiveness.

The Convocation brought to a close the events of the first of the two days of celebration.

Tuesday, November 7

The Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass on Tuesday, offered for all the deceased sons of Woodstock, was celebrated by Bishop McNamara. Father Francis McQuade was assistant priest, Father J. Harding Fisher was deacon, and Father John Long was sub-deacon. The choir, never in better form, sang Pietro Yon's exquisite Requiem Mass.

On this day again, there was a first-class feast in the beautifully decorated refectory.

This Tuesday was election day, and some of the guests now had to hurry home and cast their vote. But a good number had been able to provide for this and could remain for the pageant at half-past six, with which the celebration closed. Father Raymond

York wrote the text of the pageant, with the assistance of Father John Fraunces. As their plans developed they called in Messers. Cyril Schommer and Edward Stephenson, and later Fathers William Trivett and Edward Gannon, to compose and direct original music for the production. Mr. John Jennings and a sturdy crew created brilliant stage settings, and Father John McCarthy with his helpers worked wonders of lighting. The resulting modern morality play, rehearsed in free moments of many weeks was a dramatic production of superlative excellence. The following appraisal will convey a more adequate idea of its theme and merits.

The Pageant

It is seven o'clock on November 7, 1944. You are in Woodstock's Sestini Hall. The house lights fade and die. The baton descends. Tympanum and cymbals, wood-wind, strings and brass open the orchestral overture. *The-Man-with-the-Three-cornered-Hat*, with original libretto and score, is on the way. The initial chords and thematic melodies please and puzzle you. Such finished music is a prelude to an important message. You read again and this time heed the warning of the program: "...you too may see if your hearts are merry and your minds are quick."

You catch the musical cue. As the curtains part, you see an open-space set, semicircled by a stone-wall-multileveled-ramp, flanked on the wings by neutral drape columns, and backed by a sky-horizon cyclorama, all bathed in warm flood- and spot-light colors. As the curtains part, you hear the opening chorus of the American people. They are praising the magnificence and appraising the meaning of the American spirit, as they cluster around a statuesque minute-man in Revolutionary costume. All is fervor, action, glee.

Just as the chorus resolves that the American spirit shall never perish, the statue speaks: "It shall perish". You too are surprised and follow with intense interest the musical dialogue that ensues between smug Ameri-

cans and the sage spirit who here intrudes. He is the man in the three-cornered hat, he is America, and he tells you that its three points are significant. You recognize what they are and the chorus explains: Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness. But what is life and liberty and happiness? The chorus debates the issues with lyrical paraphrases of current American pseudo-philosophies. The chaotic confusion is pitiful. And it provokes the spirit that is in America, the man in the three-cornered hat, to counsel meditative reflection on the history of their origins.

A blackout breaks the bonds of time. You are now in the vaulted mausoleum of history. In dim light you see in center stage a sprawled and sleeping figure. From the wings appears a butterfly from Babylon, a grim and greenly greyish *Thing That Is Not Human*. With successful modern ballet technique it writhes and weaves a *dance macabre*, and leaps and flits about the set with sinuous posturings. Its chill monologue terrifies your soul. For with hellish glee it summons into flash-back vignettes the minions of its malice: Luther the befouled, Calvin the iconoclast, Jansen the unclean, Kant the solipsist. You shudder as this serpent form slithers near the sleeping figure of Loyola. You recall those tragic pages in Ignatius' autobiography, as the aroused penitent of Montserrat here repeats his torturous scruples in tautly dramatic dialogue. The issue is again in doubt. The tension is terrific. But it snaps as America reappears and recalls Loyola to his truer self. Childhood memories reinvigorate Ignatius. Together they rout with the logic of truth *The Thing That Is Not Human*. Acquaintance now ripens into friendship. And America suggests to Loyola a panoramic review of history. They mount together the ramparts of the world backstage and gaze into the cycloramic horizon of time. You look too.

And you glimpse the miserable state of man in the Egypt of the pyramids and the Persia of the dynasties. Tyranny triumphs. But you focus attention where the script puts it: on the heroic rise and tragic fall of Athenian democracy. In every line and every

word of dialogue and choral song you catch remarkably authentic echoes of ancient Greece. Socrates is here and Sophocles, Antigone and Creon, Solon and Demosthenes. For there is artistic concentration without significant loss of detail. *Zoe poietike, eleutheria, to kallagathon*. All are here. And you mourn their demise in the legalized sleep of Socrates.

Your mind is quick. You sense how near you are now to the miraculous midpoint of history. You expect the technician's cue for the Resurrection scene. Lights flash and play as on the first Easter morn. A new Loyola hears the choral *Paeon* and descends to center stage. And here you notice for the first time that Ignatius' beard is symbolically (*but* authentically) red. A saint now meditates aloud and you follow sympathetically his sublime colloquy on the meaning of the Incarnation and the Redemption and the Resurrection.

With sudden and symbolic resolution Loyola summons America to jot down the framework of *The Spiritual Exercises* for the meditation of mankind. Here the apostolic heart is born. But America urges caution in the zeal. Loyola replies by evoking from his vision of the future success of the plan, spot-lighted vignettes, which you recognize as historical incidents in the glorious record of the Society: Ricci, Campion, Molina, Suarez, Maraiana, and others. The vision has been realized in the context of the times. And you instinctively thrill in the assurance that it *will* endure. But will it? The blackout that closes Act One leaves you with this provocative question.

You are thus prepared to hear the jolly tunes and merry ditties which open the second Act. For these characters are the citizens of Melody Turn where the crossroads of history meet. And they are gaily at work in colored overalls (you note but you do not understand why one is clad in football uniform), co-operatively building a Christian city of song, after the blueprint of the Resurrection's message. You have heard of the ISO. You are delighted to find its destiny written into a ditty.

But then the educators come—to evaluate the city's school. Beneath the harliquin caricature of Cooperative Criteria you sense a real threat to Christian democracy in modern educationalism. But the theatrical satire is so successful that you postpone reflection until more somber moments. You relish every polysyllable in the educators' precise expose of their philosophy. When these credit-conscious technocrats are amazed to discover Greek in the Melody Turn curriculum, you are prepared to hear offstage a dreary

Paean

Offstage Music *Chorus*

HER-ald come O-VER TELL US THE GOOD NEWS Who
 WAS THE FIRST TO UOIN THE EMP-ty GRAVE? WE will a-dure and
 fol-low, Though His shoes stand on the thresh-hold O-VER PLU-to's Cave.
fine

HERALD I *Chorus*

We who had perished in a dreary land, Live by the immortality He wins; Happiness took when LIBERTY took LIMIT
 FREEDOM BY THE HAND OF THE DEAD FOR OUR SINS.

HERALD II

CHRIST is His Name; and He is LI-BE-RAL; Who took man's form; and has a slave O-beyed Even to
 DY-ing on the GAL-LEYS TREE; and His is THE coin; DEAT WAS PAID.

Chorus

dirge of dry-as-dust grammarians, who process across the stage in funeral cortège, bearing the dead ashes of the dead language. You catch the *innuendo* that Greek and grammar are not identical. This cordial *rapprochement* between a modern school and ancient Greek befuddles the educators. They try to redeem themselves. But they fail and are driven out of town. Blackout follows them.

As the lights revive, you are peering into the dark interior of a mine where some typical miners pick and thump away at the hard, black coal. But they too are gay in their song. For they also have heard the word and are glad. But into this ISO Utopia of Christian workers now enters a trio of laborist racketeers, rough, tough and nasty, with a hard-bitten creed of class-warfare in the most sullen Marxian sense. Because the Melody miners have already told you that they cooperatively own the mine, you half expect a high-pressure threat of coercive unionization on their own terms by the interloping racketeers. You are not mistaken. The repartee is electric.

At this *impasse*, there enters into the tunnel three tycoons of trade: sleek, soft, and selfish, vigorously intent upon forcing the sale of this mine and adding it to their vast monopolies. But the Melody miners prove that they do not need to be forced into unionization by laborists nor bought up by King Coal. But you shudder when the scene closes with a vicious alliance between entrepreneurs and racketeers to crush the Melody miners to powder between the millstones of power and pressure. The blackout here is ominous.

But the cheery chatter of the ragamuffin newsboys who hawk their headlines at the opening of the *finale*, dispels your gloom. For they shout that America is to be put on trial for its views. You know that the vision of Melody Turn is being prosecuted by the threats of American educationalism, laborism, corporationism. You absorb too the undercurrent of honest seriousness beneath the frolicsome froth of the five hilarious judges who will preside. But your confidence in ultimate triumph of the truth is assured when you note

that the defendant citizens of Melody Turn are sporting little red beards and tricolored three-cornered hats.

The case opens in song. You hear the charges of the prosecution. The citizens of Melody Turn are charged with doing insane things. Big business says so. Education says so. Laborism says so. But the chorus replies to every charge with logic and with truth in lovely melodies. Here you lose completely your role of dramatic spectator and are caught in the slipstream of the rise toward the *finale*. The disputatious prosecution senses failure and argues heatedly to make their points. But merry quips of the citizens are devastating rebuttals. At this juncture in the court proceedings, jaunty America saunters in, fingering his three-cornered hat. He is the final spokesman for the defense. His plea is impassioned and profound in its content. For here history and revelation meet to form a larger light. But the surly plaintiffs cannot hear him out. They leave in groups in utter disgust at such drivel. But what does it matter? For the Judges descend—singing! The victory is clear. At this moment *The Thing That Is Not Human* reappears and threatens revenge in the future. But It is made to flee *instantly* by the citizen in football togs.

The *finale* is a cornucopia of song, ending with: "Christ, here's America! Loyola, here's to you!" This final chord is the cue for the chorus. And you see the sky studded and spangled with careening tricolored three-cornered hats, tossed in truest tribute and sincerest song. Before these rising, twirling, red-white-and-blue comets curve toward the floor, the curtains close. And so does the play.

You want to see it all over again. And so does everyone else. And maybe you will.

* * * * *

After the pageant, there was haustus in the refectory. When the players had doffed their bright costumes and appeared in the refectory in more customary black—though not without some traces of

grease-paint lingering—they received another grand ovation. All the principals were constrained to sing their numbers and declaim their most ringing lines again. Father Minister generously allowed an extension of the haustus time-limit, and Reverend Father Provincial, Father Rector, and several of the visitors came to shower congratulations on the members of the cast, and upon the inspired and hard-worked authors and directors, for whose achievement superlatives were indeed in place.

Conclusion

The following morning ushered in a day of exodus. As the visitors left, by house-car, taxi and bus, Woodstock was happy to feel that they took with them memories of their visit which were as pleasant as those which she herself would retain.

Most of Wednesday and Thursday were consumed in taking down the decorations, reestablishing the dispossessed in their own rooms, and gently interring this two-day wonderland in the soil of memory under the peaceful air of scholarship. There was universal joy in the pleasant surprise of Father Minister's announcement that there would be no class on Friday and Saturday. An excellent movie on Thursday and a final haustus on Sunday evening brought this memorable week to a quiet close. But the inspiration it brought will not die while a single man of the present community remains alive.

JUBILEE VARIA

Because of the war and the lack of space at Woodstock, the number of guests was necessarily limited. Invitations were sent to the Provincials of the United States and Canada, to the Rectors of all Scholasticates, to all Superiors of the Provinces of Maryland, New York, and New England, and to all former members of the resident faculty. Sixty-five of those who were invited were able to accept the invitation and to participate in the celebration. The guest-list follows:

Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore-Washington

Most Rev. John M. McNamara, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore-Washington

Very Rev. Zachaeus J. Maher, American Assistant

Rev. Father Vincent L. Keelan, Provincial of Maryland

Rev. Father James P. Sweeney, Provincial of New York

Rev. Father James H. Dolan, Provincial of New England

Rev. Edward B. Bunn, Loyola College, Baltimore

Rev. John J. Clifford, Mundelein Seminary

Rev. J. Harding Fisher, Fordham University

Rev. William E. Fitzgerald, Cheverus High School, Portland, Me.

Rev. Robert I. Gannòn, Fordham University

Rev. Neil J. Gargan, Gonzaga High School, Washington, D. C.

Rev. Lawrence C. Gorman, Georgetown University

Rev. Kenneth L. Graham, St. Ignatius Church, Baltimore

Rev. Andrew V. Graves, Revere, North Carolina

Rev. Joseph P. Haitz, Monroe, N. Y.

Rev. Vincent J. Hart, St. Peter's College, Jersey City

Rev. Robert A. Hewitt, Boston College, High School

Rev. Francis E. Keenan, Brooklyn

Rev. Edward A. Kerr, Loyola High School, Blakefield

Rev. John J. Killeen, St. Francis Xavier, N. Y.

Rev. J. Sheridan Knight, La Plata, Md.

Rev. John J. Long, St. Joseph's College, Phila.

Rev. David T. Madden, Great Mills, Md.

Rev. Joseph R. N. Maxwell, Holy Cross College

Rev. James A. McCarl, Holy Trinity, Washington, D. C.

Rev. George P. McGowan, St. Andrew-on-Hudson

Rev. Horace B. McKenna, Ridge, Md.

Rev. Francis A. McQuade, St. Ignatius Loyola, N. Y.

Rev. W. Coleman Nevils, Scranton University

- Rev. George Nunan, Collegium Maximum, Toronto
 Rev. Stephen L. J. O'Bierne, Kohlmann Hall, N. Y.
 Rev. Wilfred J. Parsons, Carroll House, Washington, D. C.
 Rev. Alfred M. Rudtke, St. Ann's, Buffalo
 Rev. John P. Smith, St. Joseph's High School, Phila.
 Rev. Herman J. Storck, St. Thomas' Manor, Md.
 Rev. Edward A. Sullivan, Weston College
 Rev. Edward J. Whalen, St. Mary's Boston
 Rev. Ferdinand C. Wheeler, Wernersville
 Rev. Henry J. Anderson, St. Francis Xavier, N. Y.
 Rev. John C. Baker, St. Ignatius, Baltimore
 Rev. Thomas A. Becker, St. Aloysius, Washington, D. C.
 Rev. Anthony J. Bleicher, Kohlmann Hall, N. Y.
 Rev. Henry M. Brock, Holy Trinity, Boston
 Rev. Thomas P. Butler, Boston College
 Rev. Francis X. Byrnes, St. Ignatius, Baltimore
 Rev. Dominic A. Cirigliano, Willings Alley, Phila.
 Rev. J. Hunter Guthrie, Georgetown University
 Rev. Joseph R. Hearn, Willing's Alley, Phila.
 Rev. William A. Lynch, Cranwell Prep, Lennox, Mass.
 Rev. James I. Maguire, Gesu, Phila.
 Rev. William P. Masterson, St. Ignatius Loyola, N. Y.
 Rev. Stephen F. McNamee, Georgetown University
 Rev. Arthur A. O'Leary, Georgetown Prep.
 Rev. John O'Sullivan, Canisius College, Buffalo
 Rev. Francis X. Pierce, Collegium Maximum, Toronto, *ad tem.*
 Rev. Edward B. Rooney, *Jesuit Missions*, N. Y.
 Rev. Stephen J. Rudtke, Chaptico, Md.
 Rev. John J. Scanlon, St. Michael's Buffalo
 Rev. Martin J. Smith, Fordham University
 Rev. Gerald G. Walsh, Fordham University
 Brother Lawrence Hobbs, Manresa, Annapolis, Md.
 Brother Dominic J. Pandolfo, St. Francis Xavier, N. Y.
 Brother Paul Smith, Wernersville
 Brother William R. Stearns, Kohlmann Hall, N. Y.

In addition to these guests, Father Van Ghent, Chaplain Royal Dutch Navy, visited Woodstock and attended the Convocation. Jesuits from Baltimore and Washington were present at the dramatic production on Tuesday night.

To all bishops throughout the country, to all major seminaries, to all religious houses in the vicinity, to all pastors in Baltimore and the Counties, and to

all Jesuit houses of the Assistancy, the following announcement of the jubilee was sent:

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE ANNOUNCES THE COMPLETION OF SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS IN EDUCATING PRIESTS OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS. BECAUSE OF THE WAR NO PUBLIC CELEBRATION WILL MARK THE EVENT. BUT TO ITS SONS IN MANY LANDS AND TO ALL ITS FRIENDS WOODSTOCK SENDS GREETINGS AND AN INVITATION TO JOIN IN THE PRAYERS IT OFFERS GOD IN GRATITUDE FOR THE PAST, IN DEVOUT MEMORY OF ITS SONS NOW DEAD, IN HUMBLE PETITION FOR THE YEARS TO COME.

COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART

WOODSTOCK, MARYLAND

NOVEMBER

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR.

A lapidary inscription dedicated the celebration of Woodstock's 75th Anniversary to the Sacred Heart and our Blessed Mother.

SACRATISSIMO . CORDI . IESV
 SACERDOTI . AETERNO
 CVIVS . FIDEI
 PERPETVO . COMMENDATVM
 COLLEGIVM . STAT . NOSTRVM
 DEIPARAEQVE . VIRGINI . MARIAE
 REGINAE . SOC . IESV
 PRO . MATERNA
 DILECTIONE . TVTELAQVE
 MODERATORES . DOCTORES . ALVMNI
 COLLEGII . WOODSTOCKIENSIS
 HAEC . MVNVSCVLA
 ANNO . LXXV
 A . COLLEGIO . FVNDATO
 GRATIS . ANIMIS
 D . D . D

On Thursday morning, Nov. 9, 1944, Folger McKinsey, writing in the *Baltimore Sun*, paid tribute in verse to Woodstock.

OLD WOODSTOCK

Sacredly the years have flown
O'er the walls of granite stone;
Lovingly the hours have gone
O'er thy cloisters and thy lawn
Seventy-five of them, till now
Glory sits upon your brow
And your children near and far
Come to pray and lift your star.

Old Woodstock in those Howard hills,
By the music that the stream
Of the old Patapsco spills
As it splashes in its dream:
Ancient buildings, noble halls,
Wondrous memories, visions fair
Of thy proud and mellow walls
Kist by Howard sun and air.

Sanctuary fine and true,
Priesthood in the soul of you;
Jesus entering with the balm
Of His holy spiritual calm:
Scholarship and learning brought
To the flowering mind—old home
Of the students that have sought
God beneath the heavenly dome.

Many other notices in both the secular and religious press called attention to Woodstock and her celebration.

Among the guests who participated in the jubilee celebration were several who, fifty years' ago, had shared in the joy of Woodstock's first jubilee. These were Fathers John Brosnan, William Brosnan and Thomas Becker, along with Brother Paul Smith. Brother Smith told of his boyhood memories of the

day when Woodstock was opened, in 1869! Fr. John Brosnan took all the official pictures of this diamond jubilee—as he had been official photographer, in the same way, at the golden jubilee and, a half century ago, at the silver jubilee also. Father Brosnan's photographs are as superior to any others to-day as they were in the '80s and '90s.

A greeting was received from the Scholastics of the two Provinces who are at present in studies at St. Louis University.

MDCCCLXIX

MCMXLIV

MATRIS ALMAE NOSTRAE
WOODSTOCKIENSIS
LUSTRO IAM VERSO
QUINTO DECIMO
FRATRIBUS EIUSQUE FILIIS
QUI NOBIS SEMPER ERUNT IMIS INFIXI
MEDULLIS
FRATRES NOS PEREGRINANTES
PRO NOSTRO ERGA ILLAM PARENTEM
FILIOSQUE
IN DOMINO AMORE
PRECES HOC DIE PLENO E CORDE EFFUNDIMUS
UT IN DIES CRESCAT
MATER CARISSIMA
UTQUE SINT FILII PRAECEDENTIUM
FIDUCIA DIGNI

In charge of "arrangements" of various kinds were a number of men whose work began long before the time of the celebration and continued even after its close. Most of their names will probably never come to light, though they have received collectively the warm thanks of Superiors and guests. Mr. William Langman's *décor* metamorphosed the refectory into

a colorful hall; Brother Charles Abram, the "steward," saw to it that the functional purpose of the refectory rose to rival the decorations. The many guests received flawless service from Mr. Thomas Crowley. Father John Fraunces, Mr. Michael Smith, and Mr. Gerard Fagan decorated the chapel for the two Pontifical Masses; Mr. John Magan took over the decorations in Sestini Hall. The busy foyer was managed by Mr. John McKinney; Mr. George Hilsdorf prepared the stage of Sestini Hall for the academic convocation. The classical dedication of the celebration was written by Mr. George Glanzman; Mr. William Davish is the chronicler of the events of the two days. Mr. Victor Yanitelli and Mr. Lawrence Hak directed the choir and orchestra respectively.

Among the others who contributed generously to the success of the jubilee celebration were the members of the Choir, the orchestra, and the scholastics who assisted in the sanctuary at the Pontifical Masses. These latter were: Messrs. T. Byron Collins, R. J. Sealy, L. G. O'Connor, J. F. X. Erhart, R. A. Doering, J. F. Giles, D. V. McLaughlin, E. J. Linehan, J. T. Watson, V. F. Blehl, J. L. Farrand, R. J. Roszel, J. J. Mulholland.

In addition to its two Organists, Fr. W. K. Trivett and Mr. C. O. Schommer, the choir was composed of: *First Tenor*—Messrs. J. A. Casey, W. A. Davish, J. J. Finley, R. B. Fullam, J. G. Furniss, R. J. McAllister, E. T. Stephenson, J. J. Walter, J. T. Wilkinson, J. D. Riordan. *Second Tenor*—Rev. J. J. Songster, Messrs. R. J. Balduf, A. D. Botti, J. M. Carmody, E. F. Clark, J. A. Duke, F. R. Farrell, J. J. McCarthy, D. C. Reilly. *First Bass*—Revs. E. Gannon, J. M. Moffit, Messrs. W. A. Cook, W. J. Driscoll, K. P. Flood, J. J. McGinley, B. J. Murray, H. A. Musurillo, J. H. Reid. *Second Bass*—Revs. J. R. Frese, F. J. Helbig, Messrs. P. P. Bosco, P. M. Conway, E. J. Devlin, C. F. Dolan, J. M. Knott, F. X. Lynch, P. J. Rock.

The orchestra of twenty-one pieces included: *First Violins*—Messrs. J. M. Carmody, R. A. Doering, D. F. McCoy, P. F. Murray, C. O. Schommer. *Second Violins*

—Messrs. W. O. Franchois, C. M. Lewis. *Violas*—
Messrs. F. W. Courneen, J. J. Jennings. *Cello*—Mr.
K. G. Manhardt. *Bass*—Mr. A. D. Botti. *Flute*—
Mr. J. K. Fahey. *Clarinets*—Messrs. G. E. Brantl,
J. S. Roth. *Trumpets*—Messrs. L. B. Hill, P. P. Mc-
Govern. *Trombones*—Messrs. W. A. Cook, E. T.
Culhane. *French horn*—Mr. J. G. Furniss. *Piano*—
Rev. E. A. Ross. *Drums*—Mr. J. F. McNamara.

To all of these and countless others Woodstock says
a hearty "Thank you" for a job well done.

Appendix

REFERENCES

For "Glimpses of Woodstock," p. 251

1. Theologians' Diary (hereafter referred to as TD), March 8, 1866. Woodstock Archives (hereafter WA), IE 1b 116 (etc.). 2. TD, May 24, 1866. For other visits, cf. TD, May 14, 15, 23, June 13, October 7, 26, November 8, 1867, April 30, June 23, July 1, August 27, September 30, October 13, 27, November 7, 1868, March 6, 29, 30, 1869. 3. "An Act to Incorporate the Woodstock College of Baltimore County" (certified copy), WA, IA 5.2 320. 4. See, Patrick J. Dooley, S.J., *Woodstock and its Makers*, The College Press: Woodstock, Md. 1927, p. 13, etc. cf. *Woodstock Letters*, 1927. 5. TD, June 28, 1869; cf. TD, August 18, 19, 1869. 6. TD, September 21, 1869; cf. September 20. 7. *Litterae Annuae* (Fordham?) 1869-70, WA, IJ 1a 320; *Puncta pro Litteris Annuis Historiae Collegii Woodstockiani*, 1869-72, p. 5, WA, *ibid.* 8. *Puncta pro Litteris etc.*, p. 6. 9. *Philosophers' Diary* (hereafter referred to as PD), September 23, 1869; cf. TD, September 23, 1869, *Puncta pro Litteris etc.*, p. 6. PD is also in the WA, IE 2b 121 (etc.). 10. TD, September 27, 1869; v.e., September 28, October 8. 11. PD, September 28, 1869; v.e., October 4, 18. There were no third year philosophers this year. 12. TD, October 4, 1869. 13. TD, October 10, 11, 1869; cf. October 8, 25. The first *de-mo-re* in the philosophers' diary appeared on October 19. 14. Cf. Dooley, *op.cit.* In view of the fact that Father Dooley's book was written for the golden jubilee, the emphasis of the present sketch is on Woodstock's later history. 15. TD, June 18, 1873. 16. TD, September 4, 1902. 17. PD, December 13, 15, 16, 19, 22, 23, 1898; TD, December 15, 19, 22, 23, 1898. 18. Choir Diary #3, Jan. 1, 1892—March 4, 1906, p. 69, WA, IE 3.3 122. 19. For like recipes, cf. TD, Dec. 24, 1889, December 24, 1890, December 23, 1892, December 19, 1893. 20. Cf. Programs, 1869-1910, WA, IF c 123. 21. This play was also produced, February 17, 1890, March 27, 1894; cf. TD. For the 1898 program cf. Programs, 1882-1922, WA, IF e 123. 22. Cf. Programs, 1869-1910; the performance was repeated February 14, 1899, TD. The preceding year the glee club had produced "Pinafore", TD, December 31, 1897, January 1, February 21, 1898. 23. For a list of prizes around this time, cf. TD December 25, 1891, December 4, 1892. This sketch of the holidays, of course, is taken from the philosophers' and theologians' diaries. 24. Cf. e.g., TD, April 2, 1890, April 4, 1891, September 8, 1893, December 28-29, 1894, October 24, 1895, August 25-28, 1897, Sep-

tember 9, 1897, April 12, 1898, October 27, 1898, August 12, 1902. 25. Woodstock Walking Club Diary (Signs), p. 30, WA, IK 3a 124. 26. *Ibid.*, p. 20. 27. "Father Samuel H. Frisbee, S. J.; A Memorial Tribute", *Woodstock Letters*, 36 (1907), pp 231, 235. 28. W.W.C. Diary, p. 20. 29. *Ibid.*, p. 30. 30. *Ibid.*, p. 27; cf. PD, October 24, 29, 1891. 31. PD, cf. also, November 12, 1891. 32. W.W.C. Diary, p. 47, cf. p. 41. 33. *Ibid.*, p. 31. 34. *Ibid.*, p. 112. 35. *Ibid.*, p. 133. 36. *Ibid.*, p. 31. 37. *Ibid.*, p. 27. 38. *Ibid.*, p. 61. 39. *Ibid.*, p. 11. 40. *Ibid.*, p. 33. 41. There are several of them in the folders in the W.W.C. Diary. 42. Cf. e.g. TD, April 26, 1900, September 18, 1900, August 27, 1901, September 6, November 1, 1902, April 18, September 8, 1903, March 19, 1904, September 28, November 2, 1905, September 6, 1906. 43. Cf. PD, February 19, 1907. 44. F. P. Donnelly, S.J., "In Memory of Father Frisbee", *Woodstock Letters*, 36 (1907), p. 1. 45. Dooley, *op. cit.*, p. 104; v.e., TD February 3, 1882. 46. TD, June 1, 1885. 47. *Historia Domus*, 1910, WA, IJ 2f 320; TD, August 2, 1910; cf. Dooley, *op. cit.*, p. 198. 48. PD, August 18, 1910. 49. TD, August 18, 1910.

50. *Historia Domus*, 1911; TD, July 20, 1911; PD, August 2, 22, 1911. 51. *Historia Domus*, 1912; TD, July 25, 1912; PD, July 28, 1912, August 1, 2, 1912. 52. *Historia Domus*, 1912; cf. *Litterae Annuae*, 1918-19, WA, IJ 2g 320. 53. TD, January 10, 1913; PD, January 10, 1913; the newspaper accounts in WA, IR 3.1 361, seem to have been exaggerated; cf. PD, January 11, 1913; cf. Dooley, *op. cit.*, p. 198. 54. For a like prohibition see TD, November 25, 1890, cf. December 30, 1899. There were magic lantern views in the refectory as early as February 16, 1874, TD. 55. TD. 56. TD. 57. TD, December 31, 1914. 58. TD, December 29, 1915; cf. December 27. 59. TD, February 19, 1917. 60. TD, September 12, 1933. 61. Cf., however, TD, May 7, 1936, April 11, 1940, PD, May 7, 1936. 62. TD, February 16, 1920; cf. TD, January 29, 1920, August 27, September 3, 17, October 15, 29, November 8, 11, 19, 25, 1920, January 28, February 1, 15, March 1, 16, April 6, 12, 21, May 5, 11, 1921. 63. TD, August 25, 1932. 64. TD, March 29, 1932, PD, March 29, 1932. 65. TD, November 1, 1932; cf. October 21, November 11, 24, December 3, 1932. 66. TD, PD, April 7, 1917. 67. TD, April 9, 1917; cf. PD, April 11, 1917. 68. PD, April 26, 1917; cf. TD. 69. TD, June 5, 1917; cf. PD, June 1. 70. PD, July 31, 1917; cf. TD, July 21, 31, August 1, 1917. 71. TD, April 29, May 2, September 13, 1917. 72. PD, September 17, 1917. 73. PD, TD, December 20, 21, 1917, TD, September 10, 12, 28, 29, 30, 1918. 74. PD, August 24, 1918. 75. PD, TD, April 25, 1917; cf. the service flag of October 22, 1918. 76. PD, September 29, 1918; cf. October 10, 11. 77. PD, October 14, 1918; cf. TD, October 12, 15, 20, 1918. 78. PD, October 19, 1918, TD, October 20, 1918. 79. TD, May 14, 1919. 80. TD, September 13,

1917; cf. PD. 81. TD, PD, October 13, 1918. 82. PD, October 20, 1917. 83. TD, October 30, 1917; cf. November 1, December 3, 13, 1917. 84. TD, December 25, 1917. 85. PD, January 16, 17, 18, 19, 29, 1918; TD, January 18, 21, 1918. 86. PD, January 18, 1918, January 29, April 19, 1918; TD, April 19, 1918. 87. TD, March 14, 1918; cf. TD, April 27, June 28, August 3, 1918. 88. TD, September 27, 1918, October 4, 9, 21, 25, 1918, May 16, 1919. 89. TD, January 10, 1920. 90. TD, May 19, June 20, 1917, February 7, 1918. 91. PD, October 11, 14, 1918. 92. PD, September 17, 1917 gives 900 bushels; TD, September 17, 1917 gives 1000 bushels; cf. also, TD, May 26, 29, June 14, September 13, 15, November 3; 1917, May 6, 1918, PD, September 15, November 3, 1917. 93. PD, TD, September 11, 1918. 94. PD, September 26, 1918. 95. TD, September 19, 26, 1918; cf. TD, September 16, 17, 23, October 10, 11, 2, 19, 24, 7, 1918, PD, September 27, 28, October 24, 31, November 7, 1918. 96. PD, October 19, 1918. 97. PD, TD, November 21, 1918; cf. TD, November 13, 1918. 98. DCf. TD, September 20, October 31, December 2, 10, 11, 31, 1919, July 7, August 5, 7, 9, 11, 24, 26, 27, 30, 31, September 3, November 10, 13, 1920. 99. PD, October 10, 12, 1918; cf. TD, November 7, 1918.

100. TD, June 20, 1918. 101. TD, September 11, 20, 24, 25, October 9, 1918. 102. PD, October 30, 1918. 103. TD, October 30, 1918. 104. TD, October 28, 1918; cf. PD, September 18, 1918. 105. PD, September 11, 1918. 106. PD, October 3, 1918, TD, November 25, 1919. 107. PD, October 11, 1918; cf. September 18, 1918. 108. TD, September 9, October 10, 1918; PD, October 31, 1918; cf. TD, December 10, 11, 1919. 109. PD, TD, Septe November 11, 1918. 110. Cf. TD, March 13, April 27, 1918. 111. TD, September 25, October 6, 1918; PD, October 13, 1918. 112. PD, October 1, 4, 1918. 113. PD, TD, October 5, 1918; cf. TD, October 12, 22, 1918. 114. Cf. TD, October 6, 15, 24, November 2, 10, 1918; PD, October 15, 23, 24, November 10, 28, 1918. 115. PD, TD, December 19, 1918. 116. TD, January 17, 1919; cf. January 18, 19, 20, 25, 26, 1919. 117. PD, January 25, 1919. 118. TD, January 29, 1919; cf. January 28, 30, 1919. 119. PD, January 23, 1919; TD, January 31, 1919. 120. TD, January 31, 1919; PD, February 2, 1919. 121. PD, TD, January, February, 1919. 122. TD, January 29, February 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 18, 19, 22, 25, 29, 1920; cf. PD. 123. *Litterae Annuae* 1919-1920. 124. TD, February 29, 1920. 125. PD, October 1, 1918, October 2, 1918; cf. TD. 126. TD, September 1, 2, 7, 8, 30, October 7, November 4, 7, 1919. 127. TD, November 7, 1919; cf. PD; TD, April 27, May 3, 1920. 128. TD, September 12, October 18, 1919. 129. PD, November 11, 1919. 130. TD, November 15, 1919. 131. PD, November 20, 1919. The account has been taken for the most part from the philosophers' and theologians' diaries; cf. also,

Woodstock Letters, 49 (1920), pp. 1-111. 132. An Act to Incorporate the Woodstock College of Baltimore County (certified copy). 133. Cf. TD, July 21, September 8, October 27, 1885. 134. An Act to Extend and Enlarge the Powers of the Woodstock College of Baltimore County..., Section 2, WA, IA 5.2 320. 135. PD, TD, July 23, 1917. 136. TD, May 11, 1925. 137. *Litterae Annuae*, 1935, WA, IJ 2j.1 320; TD, May 27, 1935. 138. See, Joseph C. Glose, S.J., "The Philosophy Curriculum at Woodstock," *Woodstock Letters*, 67 (1938), pp. 1-15. 139. TD, September 16, 1870; cf. September 19, October 3, 1870; new presses are listed, TD, August 23, 1871, September 20, 1877. 140. TD, January 31, 1872. 141. The *Letters* celebrated their golden jubilee in 1922; cf. *Woodstock Letters*, 51 (1922), pp. 1-35. 142. WA, IG 1 320. 143. WA, IG 2 320. 144. WA, IG 3 320. 145. Cf. PD, October 23, 1930; TD, November 22, 1930. 146. *Spare Time Essays* are in the Woodstock Library, 271.64173 WOSTE. 147. Cf. *Litterae Annuae*, 1941, WA, IJ 2j.2 320. 148. TD, September 19, 1870. 149. TD; July 6, 1870.

150. The "new" provincial gave a holiday, May 14, 1877, TD; a holiday was granted for the new American assistancy, March 6, 1915; for a visit by an American assistant November 12, 1918, TD. 151. When Archbishop Curley on his first visit announced only one holiday (perhaps unaware of the prevailing usage) there was general disappointment, TD, January 11, 1922; the reception to the Apostolic Delegate on October 5, 1923, merited 2 holidays, TD. 152. TD. 153. TD, November 19, 20, 1927; cf. November 16, 1927. One of the peculiar holidays was that of September 20, 1898, to "give new professors time to get ready." TD. 154. Cf. PD, May 30, 1918; v.e., PD, August 9, 1911, TD, June 5, 1912, and the history of the house in general. 155. TD, September 28, 1922. 156. TD, August 6, 1924; June 5, 1925. At the other extreme because of the high wind on January 21, 1924, the heat was kept on all night, TD. 157. Cf. e.g., PD, September 28, 1917, January 4, 1918, November 17, 1922. 158. TD, September 20, 22, 28, 29, 1922; cf. October 17, November 17, 1922, January 23, 1923. 159. TD, May 16, 1923. 160. PD, November 18, 19, 1924; TD, November 18, 19, 20, 1924; cf., TD, June 30, December 1, 10, 1924. 161. TD, December 10, 1924. 162. PD, TD, March 16, 1925. 163. TD, June 13, 1925. 164. TD, July 23, 1925. 165. TD, March 22, 1925; cf. March 23, 31, May 31, 1925. 166. TD, May 4, 1925; cf., June 23, 1925; cf. Dooley, *op cit.*, p. 197. 167. TD, October 14, 16 23, 27, 1922, January 9, 13, 15, 17, April 16, 17, 18, 1923. 168. TD, May 19, 1925. 169. Cf. PD, July 6, 1925; TD, July 1, 21, 1925. 170. TD, August 24, 1925; cf. December 15, 1924, January 8, 13, March 2, 6, 23, 31, April 20, May 4, July 28, August 24, 25, September 3, 9, 20, 1925. 171. TD, September 20, 1925. 172. TD; for other items cf. May 31, 1925,

April 2, 10, 20, 1925. 173. TD; class was held in the auditorium January 4, 1926. 174. TD, January 13, 1926; cf. January 7, 14, 15, 1926. 175. TD, January 14, 1926. 176. TD, January 15, 1926. 177. TD, January 16, 17, 1926; the first Mass had been celebrated in the new chapel, December 22, 1925, *Litterae Annuae*, 1925, WA, IJ 2h 320. The old chapel became the Fathers' recreation room, TD, May 4, 1926. 178. TD, February 10, 1936; cf. *Historia Domus*, 1907, WA, IJ 2e 320. 179. TD, April 26, June 4, 5, 8, 1926. 180. TD, June 15, 1926. 181. TD, May 11, 17, 31, 1927; cf. PD, May 17, 1927, TD, May 8, 1940. 182. TD, January 27, 1926. 183. TD, February 18, 1926; cf. September 4, 1925. 184. TD, March 30, 1926. 185. TD, April 3, 1926; for further improvements, cf. TD, November 22, 1926. 186. TD, March 24, 1927. 187. TD, April 27, 1927. 188. TD, February 16, 1927; cf. March 3, 1927. 189. TD, May 19, 1927; cf. March 15, June 2, 16, 1927. 190. TD, June 28, 1927. 191. TD, PD, October 2, 1927; for further developments see, PD, October 5, 8, 1927. 192. TD, January 17, 1923. 193. TD, November 26, 1929. 194. *Litterae annuae*, 1934. 195. *Litterae Annuae*, 1940, WA, IJ 2j2 320. 196. *Litterae Annuae*, 1941. 197. TD, September 8, 1920. 198. TD, September 21, 1923. Steam heat was used in the main building in 1897; cf. TD, August 2, 6, October 14, 19, 1897; cf. Dooley, *op. cit.* pp. 195-6. 199. TD, March 8, 9, April 2, 21, 1922.

200. *Historia Domus*, 1921-22, WA, IJ 2g 320. 201. TD, April 9, May 22, 1923. 202. TD, August 14, 1925. The first Edison incandescent lamp was used April 23, 1885; electricity was contemplated May 6, 1897; electric lights were used at Our Lady's grotto as early as May 31, 1888 (cf. June 21, 1888, May 30, 1891, May 31, 1892, 1893); an arc light was used over the entrance on June 25, 1898; electric bells were used for the first time on October 30, 1888; the electrical system was installed by Easter 1919 (cf. January 11, 13, 24, April 18, 23, 24, May 12, June 6, 1919); for notes on other illuminants, cf. June 7, 1882, April 2, 1887, December 27, 1889, December 23, 1895, December 9, 1899, October 27, August 19, 1902, April 15, 16, September 11, 12, 22, 1903. All items from TD; cf. Dooley, *op. cit.*, pp. 190-92. 203. TD, July 21, 1926. 204. TD, February 10, 1928. 205. *Litterae Annuae*, 1933. 206. *Historia Domus*, 1914-15; TD, September 4, 1926. 207. *Historia Domus*, 1916-1917. 208. *Historia Domus*, 1921-22. 209. TD, February 11, 1924. 210. *Litterae Annuae*, 1925, WA, IJ 2h 320. 211. PD, October 4, 1917. 212. PD, April 10, 1930. The philosophers were busy sodding their new ball field at the foot of the hill. 213. TD, December 29, 1936; cf. PD, November 13, 1935. 214. TD, August 31, September 3, 12, 1929, November 20, 1930. 215. TD, November 26, 27, 1930. 216. A swimming "hole" was discovered in the river, 1916, TD, August 19, 1916; cf. PD,

August 4, 1917. 217. TD, October 10, 1919. 218. TD, September 20, 1920. 219. PD, August 8, 12, 17, 31, 1926. 220. PD. 221. Father Slattery's pool was completed August 11, 1925. TD. 222. TD, March 26, 1925. 223. TD, September 29, 1930. 224. TD, November 27, 1930. 225. This is oral tradition. 226. TD, August 30, September 15, 24, October 4, 1930. 227. This is personal recollection. 228. TD, October 9, 1935, April 7, 1937; cf. *Woodstock Letters*, 67 (1938), pp. 88-89. 229. TD, October 10, 13, 1938; PD, lists the match as being played on October 9. I prefer the theologians' account. 230. Cf., e.g., Dooley, *op. cit.*, p. 182. 231. PD, March 23, 1932. 232. This again is personal recollection. 233. TD, November 10, 1938 seems to have been the last match. The rise of basketball in the fall may have had something to do with the discontinuance of the series; cf. TD, February 4, 1935 for a philosopher theologian basketball game. 234. Volley-ball was at one time played in the front of the house, TD, October 19, 1925. 235. There is a summary of the baseball games between philosophers and theologians from 1903 to 1942 in TD, September 14, 1938. 236. Cf. e.g., TD, November 7, 1924. 237. The first skating holiday was January 10, 1870, TD. The weather was such on January 25, 1920 that there was skating around the grounds, TD. 238. Cf. e.g. The philosophers-theologians game, January 15, 1931, TD. 239. TD, January 18, 1939, skiing was forbidden. The order was later modified, cf. TD, January 19, 1939. 240. Cf. e.g., PD, October 20, November 1, 1917, November 25, 1918. 241. Cf. e.g., TD, January 14-15, 1914, January 3, 1912. 242. Cf. e.g., the croquet match between the philosophers and theologians, October 31, 1929, TD; v.e., TD, August 15, 1928. 243. PD. 244. TD, PD. 245. PD, TD, November 20, 1923; *Litterae Annuae*, 1923. 246. TD, PD, April 27, 1935. 247. V., e.g., TD, February 6, 1872, October 24, 1884, November 30, 1897, January 29, 1911, February 16, 20, 1914, April 21, 1925, February 24, 1926, January 29, 1929, May 4, 1939, October 29, 1940. 248. TD, January 29, 30, February 15, 27, 27, 1923; cf. January 17, 1923. 249. PD, November 19, 1923; v.e., PD, March 31, 1918, TD, November 14, 1914, April 17, 1918, November 20, 1923, April 25, 1925, April 5, 1926.

250. TD, October 9, 1925. 251. TD, December 4, 1932. 252. Fire Chief, Rev. T. Q. Enright, S.J., has furnished the information on the present fire department. v.e., TD, January 29, 1934, May 28, 1938, May 21, 1940. For a few early fire extinguishers, cf. TD, October 21, 1897, October 27, November 9, 1902. 253. TD, May 28, 29, 30, 1934; *Litterae annuae*, 1934. 254. TD, September 19, 1937. 255. John J. Blandin, S.J., has supplied the figures for the farming effort.

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