

T H E
W O O D S T O C K
L E T T E R S

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 8¼—Home 11¼

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 8¼ — 8¼
 Home 11¼

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 primaeval 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 Rector 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 corn-bread 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.⁹⁶ 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 iuvenibus Woodstockii feriam festivam concedere? Videtur quod non. Nam 1^o monet patriarcha Job: "bonum est adolescenti si portaverit jugum." 2^o Paulus dicit: "Attende lectiori . . . et doctrinae (I Tim.) in his esto." 3^o Thomas a Kempis, "cella continuata dulcescit." Sed contra est quod dicit Eccl'us, "vectorem posuerunt te, noli impedire musicam." Et Paulus, "Gaudete in Domino." R

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 accomodated.

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 it 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 Diomedes 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 intelligant*"—these are momentous words—"ut pro sua parte adlaborent ut denuo tota vita publica et privata ad evangelii doctrinam componatur et perditae 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, slow the intellects which have not understood his words, laggard 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 majorem 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 Scientifical*”. 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 *allegretto* 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 subdeacon. 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), cooperatively 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 philosophistry. When these credit-conscious technocrats are amazed to discover Greek in the Melody Turn curriculum, you are prepared to hear offstage a dreary

Paeon

Allargo Maestoso Chorus

HER-ald come O-VER TELL US THE GOOD NEWS. Who
 WAS THE man TO LEAVE THE EMP-TY GROVE? WE WILL a-dore 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 darkened Land. Live by the IMMORTALITY HE WINS; Happiness TOOK FREEDOM BY THE HAND when LIBERTY TOOK LIMIT FOR OUR SINS.

HERALD II
 CHRIST is His NAME; and HE is LI-BE-RTY; Who TOOK man's form; and like a slave O-beyed even to
 Dy-ing On the gal-lows TREE; and Red is THE COIN; DEBT WAS PAID, wherein OUR

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 *instanter* 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. Gannon, 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

—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-more* 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.