

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

VOL. LXXIV NO. 2

JUNE, 1945

**THE SERVANT OF GOD
MARY THERESA
COUNTESS LEDOCHOWSKA**

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Until the present day, only one member of the noble Polish clan of Ledochowski has had her Apostolic life appraised by Rome, the venerable Servant of God, Mary Theresa Ledochowska. But taking a quick glance at this family of our late Father General, we see that other members of the family preceded and accompanied her in her growth of sanctity. Her great-grandfather spent his last years as a Vincentian. Cardinal Miecislau Ledochowski, her uncle, spent two years in prison during the reign of Bismarck for "standing up to him in defense of his country's right to use her language for religious instruction." Further, it seems certain that the late Jesuit General, Vladimir Ledochowski, her brother, will be found to rival her own efforts in the service of the Divine Majesty, when a complete evaluation of his labors shall have been made. Hardly seven years after the death of Mary Theresa at the Novitiate house of the Sodality of St. Peter Claver in Rome, the ecclesiastical process for her beatification was inaugurated, and she was proclaimed "Servant of God." So it seems that a sketch of the life of this saintly sister of our late Father General would naturally command our interest. Since this former Polish

Countess chose Africa as her field of labor, and for some thirty years directed the "Sodality of St. Peter Claver" in its devoted labors for that country, further motive for bringing her life closer into focus might stem from a desire to give clearer insight into the insistence of Pope Pius XII on prayers for these same African Missions.

Mary Theresa Ledochowska was born April 29, 1863, to Anton Kalka-Ledochowski and Countess Josephine Salis-Zizers, in a country home in Loosdorf, a small town in Lower Austria, a bit South of the Danube. She was the eldest of seven children, and was three years of age when her favorite brother, Vladimir, was born.

Childhood for her was a busy life spent in development of the musical, literary, and illustrative arts, and before her twentieth year, she had written and produced a series of plays, published a popular travelogue, "My Poland", and edited a local newspaper. Her religious progress too was pacing the precocious development of her natural gifts, and as early as the age of thirteen, she expressed her all pervading idea: "If I could only procure happiness for mankind."

After twenty years of residence at Loosdorf, Anton Ledochowski purchased a fair amount of land at Lipnica-Murowana, a market-town of Galicia, where he wished to settle with his family. Here Divine Providence so arranged events in her life that she turned from a popular and aimless literary career to unremitting labors for the Negro missions of Africa.

No sooner was the family settled in its new home than Anton fell ill, and administrative duties shifted full weight to the shoulders of his eldest daughter, who took charge of the laborers in the fields in addition to management of the family. This fine executive experience, though burdensome at that time, paid dividends later on as she tapped the charity and wealth of Europe and channeled it to the vast African mission fields.

Suddenly, however, Mary Theresa fell ill with small pox, and it was only by the self-sacrificing devotion of her sister, Julia, and a trained nurse, that she was

gradually brought back to good health.¹ Nevertheless, the disease did take its toll, for Mary Theresa lost much of her natural charm, and, still more heart-breaking, her Father succumbed to the disease shortly after. A third and most acute suffering arose from the entrance of her Brother, Vladimir, into the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus, scarcely seven months after their Father's death.

Countess Josephine, with deep sympathy for her daughter's sorrows, tried to raise the heavy weight of depression from her mind, and quickly obtained a post for Mary Theresa as maid of honor to the Grand Duchess Alice of Tuscany. On December 1, 1885, she entered upon her duties at Salzburg. During the great formal dinners at Court, Mary Theresa read many of her own dramas, which were well received and appreciated by the nobles of the court. But her life of unreserved devotion to the needs and wishes of the Grand Duchess was full of self-sacrifice, as it meant placing her own personal desires always second to those of her mistress.

As in her public, so also in her private life, Mary Theresa seemed to show no evidence of plans for a future career aimed solely at the service of God, save one attempt to write a drama, *St. Aloysius Watches*, in gratitude for protection from a diabolical attack upon her person. Even though she had amassed a wealth of experience in an effort to lend charm to her personality, and literary circles had already welcomed her, and her rich Catholic Faith had taken deeper root ever since childhood, yet she lacked perspective to focus her three assets into the employ of one all-consuming idea.

However, after three years of life among the nobility at Salzburg, she did take a first step towards the altar of religious consecration, under the guise of a gesture

¹ Julia Ledochowska later became Mother Ursula, Foundress of the "Ursulines of the Agonizing Heart of Jesus." This was a Religious Congregation for women dedicated to the teaching profession, especially of the very poor. Their Schools were located in Poland, Finland, and the border of Russia.

of friendliness to a Protestant acquaintance at Court.² Mary Theresa was asked to read a lecture given by Cardinal Lavigerie, the Primate of Africa and Founder of the Missionary Orders of the White Fathers and the White Sisters. The lecture dwelt on the horrors of the slave traffic and the Cardinal called upon the civilized world for help. To make the call more emphatic, he turned in particular to women and said,

Christian women of Europe, on you falls the duty of making these infamies public and of arousing the wrath of the whole civilized world against them.... Let those who have talent for writing place it at the service of this cause than which there is none more holy...

This stirring message haunted her and soon, under the pen-name of Alexander Halka, she produced a play in the Salzburg Theatre called *Zaida, the Negro Girl*. Meanwhile, taking count of the formidable difficulties before her, Mary Theresa corresponded with her Uncle, the Cardinal, and sought his approval for entering the Apostolate of the Slaves. In a return letter, the Cardinal advised her to follow her inspiration, giving as his reason, that it was urged by the Vicar of Christ, which he considered sufficient motive in itself, and then too, it was preached by Cardinal Lavigerie, who was a "world figure." Finally, he assured her that the doubts and scorn of those who were so fiercely opposing her were only a "mask for their own lazy indifference."

These strong words fed the flame of her compassion for the Negro sufferers" and immediately she arranged for a trip to a Swiss Villa near Lucerne, where the Primate of Africa was resting from his exhausting labors. When she arrived at the Villa, the young Countess introduced herself by presenting a copy of her play "Zaida". She suggested a translation into French for publicity's sake and the Cardinal readily consented—the more readily, perhaps, since the play was dedicated to him. Revelation, however, of the true purpose of Mary Theresa's visit occurred as she recounted the story of *Zaida* to the aged Primate. At one point, he

² This Protestant Lady later became a Catholic through the prayers and efforts of Mary Theresa and her Sodality.

interrupted her and asked, "Who is this Africanus?" "Your Eminence," she answered, "one whose social position prevents her real name from being used." The Cardinal immediately sensed the inference and said, "Kneel down, and let me bless Africanus." As the hours passed, God's goodness to her slipped out while she gave a hurried account of her own life. The visit ended before dusk, and she departed for Salzburg once again.

Cardinal Lavigerie was deeply impressed with the interview and early the next day sent a letter to the Countess authorizing her to form anti-slavery committees of women in Austria. He wrote: "I had the honor of meeting you yesterday, Madam, and the ardor of your word and glance told me that you would guide an army for these aims with a sure hand, not only to battle but to victory." In a postscript he added, "I have already arranged to have *Zaida* translated. Your dedication fills me with confusion, but I am happy that our cause has inspired ideals such as are found in your drama. It is a real battle cry."

This visit with the Primate of Africa revealed to Mary Theresa the vision she sought and for the first time she began to focus her efforts upon one ideal. She did not organize anti-slavery committees of women herself, since she still wished to maintain the rigorous routine of Court-life, but she did persuade a distinguished Catholic lady to undertake the work on an inter-denominational basis. The new venture, as one might fear, was a failure from lack of common ideals. The Countess was disappointed at this and her love of the missions now turned her thoughts back to a visit of two Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, in 1887, one of whom had been a maid of honor at the Salzburg Court, the Countess de Gelin.

Now she faced squarely the problem of her poor health and her desire for the missions. If she were to remain loyal and devoted to her new found vision, she would have to make a momentous decision. The pitiable plight of negro-slavery had her deepest sympathy, but missionary work, not court-life or anything quite so

remote from the reality of human suffering was the only true answer to her problem and theirs. And so after much prayer and serious thought on the whole scheme of her life, she soon realized that only through an active life for the missions could she gain lasting aid for the poor blacks of Africa.

The first sign of a resolution was the dedication of her literary talents to the cause by writing mission articles. Soon the fire of her writing drew money and a correspondence of such volume that she could not give proper attention to these details and still be equal to the exigencies of life at Court. Not long afterwards, she decided to leave the nobility and devote all her energies to the peoples of Africa. She announced her decision and found that nearly all her acquaintances thought her "mission mad." This disapproval also came from her own mother, who considered Mary Theresa's conduct "wild and disgraceful."

But in spite of censure, Mary Theresa steadfastly put aside the frivolity of society life in 1890, and voluntarily chose poverty and self-sacrifice on behalf of her colored neighbor. Zeal, the initial guide in all her efforts, prompted her to send every penny she owned to the missions. As a result she continued for three years to edit her own magazine, "The Echo from Africa", without the aid of a secretary.

The "Echo" presented appeals of African mission fronts to the families of Europe, and Mary Theresa explained how that "Land of the South" teemed with human life, but struggled at unbelievable odds to bring a richer and more abundant Divine Life to its own people. She clearly betrayed her own inward conviction as she wrote. It seemed undeniable that she had been chosen to become another "slave of the slaves", in imitation of St. Peter Claver, who had recently been canonized "Patron of the Negro."

For a normally healthy person with the inspiration of the Countess, this ambition would find its fruition in actually going to Africa and laboring there. But Mary Theresa had suffered poor health ever since the days of the smallpox fever. Her own practical mind told

her that physically she was incapable of the hard life of the tropics. Yet God inspired her to dedicate all the energies of her body and soul to the African Missions. So to meet the problem of her frail health, which seemed to oppose her new desires, and the needs of Africa, she finally resolved before God to spend her life as an Auxiliary Missionary of the African missions.

An immediate increase in the activity of her pen was a clear sign of the new burst of enthusiasm that followed her dedication. Subscription lists for the "Echo" mounted; donations arrived more rapidly than before; disbursements to missionaries increased; letters needed filing, accounts had to be kept—the whole volume of correspondence and business overpowered her resources and the help that four of five friends gave her.

Since God so evidently blessed her labors, Mary Theresa meanwhile made a study of the Institute of the Society of Jesus with the help of some of our Fathers, and together they drew up a set of Constitutions for a religious body, to be named "The Sodality of St. Peter Claver", which would dedicate itself as an auxiliary to the missions in Africa. Its spirit was unique since the Sodality remained in Europe, while the fruit of its labors went immediately and solely to Africa.

With the Institute formulated, she went to Rome in the Spring of 1894, to secure the approbation of Pope Leo XIII. The audience was granted on her thirty-first birthday, April 29. Thus far in the history of the Church the specific designs of Mary Theresa were without precedent, and the Holy Father told her, as she knelt before him, that in his eyes this was a "special occasion." After he had blessed her and consented to the foundation of the Sodality, she immediately walked to the tomb of the Prince of Apostles and there, kneeling before the grave of the first Vicar of Christ, vowed to work unceasingly for the salvation of Africa. Her Sodality was founded.

The Holy Father's approval of the new Institute gave Mary Theresa a new glow of faith and zeal, and she

returned to Salzburg where she hired two rooms at No. 12 Holy Trinity Street which would be the first home of the Sodality. She drew the first recruit from her former milieu, in the person of a well-educated Swiss lady at Trent, and together, they began to share the life they had chose, of Apostolic poverty and labor solely for Africa.³ Others came but many of them went as soon as they found that the glamour of their life was all supernatural. The community, however, grew steadily, so much so that three years later, on the Feast of Our Lady of the Snows, a new home was purchased standing slightly to the rear of a famous place of pilgrimage called "Maria Plain." It was given the name of "Our Lady of Providence", since the foundress wished to obtain special protection against a new thrust of violent opposition she was sure would come from social-democratic elements.

Here "The Echo from Africa" was printed in three languages, and Catechisms, Bibles, prayer-books, magazines, and religious books of all types issued from their press in the African dialects. Testimonies of the Sodalists during these up hill years reflect the complete joy of their lives despite many pains caused by opposition from without.

³ The name of this first companion was Melania D'Ernst. Her memoirs succinctly picture the hidden labors of those first years: "When I joined the Foundress on July 15, 1894, her furniture was very poor: of stained pine wood, for she was a member of the Third Order of Saint Francis of Assisi. The dishes were common; her black dress very serious. Her aspect was ascetic. As I was striving after religious life and a life of perfection, and seeing myself face to face with this woman, completely dead to the world, superior in every respect and consumed in virtue, it was quite natural that my relations were from the start like that of a daughter toward her mother Mary Theresa . . . was not naturally inclined to found an Institute. How much it did cost her to gather companions around her, God alone knows and those who lived with her. Yet she recognized the Will of God and she endeavored to fulfill it, at any cost and to her own expense. Not many friends were helpful . . . Her Jesuit brother also did not encourage her and was suspicious of her undertaking. It was only after the approbation by the Holy See, that he was convinced that her work was God's work . . . In spite of her exalted position in the world, in spite of her relations to the highest personages, she had little protection and help. She did everything with God and with the help of the modest means and tools at her disposal."

Bielak, Valeria, *Mary Theresa Countess Ledochowska*, pp. 131-2.

Taking a quick glance at the life of Mary Theresa from the first moment that she stepped into the active service of God, we see her steadily sacrificing all wishes and inclinations of her own, because all her labors were centered about one pivotal point, the greater glory of God and that which led to it—for her, service of the Negro missions. The famous maxim of St. Denis the Areopagite threw her mind and will into a new cast which moulded it to a Christlike form and today, as then, this same phrase—"The most Godlike of all things Divine is to cooperate in the salvation of souls"—tempers the vision and efforts of all her Sodalists.

Mary Theresa had learned much in her study of the Institute of the Society of Jesus and, taking as her own that certain Ignatian restlessness to seek an ever greater and greater glory for God, she opened a new home in Vienna one year after the foundation of the Mother House. Soon another was established at Cracow; and then footholds were made in many German towns, and in Switzerland, France, Belgium, and Italy, where she sought the aid of influential Prelates. Archbishop LeRoy, Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, amazed at the rapid extension of her foundations, nicknamed her "God's Commercial Traveler."

But as time went on and the former Countess progressed farther and farther into the intricacies of her new work, she became aware that "the pen" was not mighty enough. From the heart her mouth spoke, and she lectured hundreds of times in different languages, instructing, exhorting, and appealing for help. Nor did she stop at this; exhibits, posters, mission congresses, all the newest devices of propaganda, she drew to the service of her Sodality.

However, overwork gradually reduced her health to a precarious state, and in 1901, under advice of Doctors, she retired to Rome for a rest. Here Mary Theresa had much time to pray and plan, and the first fruits of her rest were a purchase of three old houses in the shadow of the Sanctuary of Santa Maria Maggiore, on the Via Dell' Olmata. She rebuilt these

houses into a convent and, four years later, on the Feast of the Finding of the Holy Cross, took residence there with some of her Sodalists.

Mary Theresa was quick to see in Rome an ideal location for personal interviews with the African Bishops as they visited the Holy See. So she founded this new residence as an office of the Directress General and Novitiate of the entire Sodality. Above the altar of the house-Chapel she placed pictures of her two patrons: Our Lady of Good Counsel, from whom she had drawn all her courage and help and, St. Peter Claver, whom she wished to rival in the personal dedication of all she was to the suffering Negro.

Meanwhile, the Sodality met with ecclesiastical favor and in 1902 the Holy Father confirmed the Religious Society temporarily. Eight years later, he raised it to the rank of a religious Institute with his definitive approbation.

The Sodality of St. Peter Claver never would have grown in numbers and spirit as it did unless the Foundress had exercised a generous maternal solicitude for each member. She accomplished this by visiting each of her houses at least once a year, so she could encourage and exhort her auxiliary Missionaries to new heights of sacrifice for Our Lord's Kingdom.

But from 1914 to 1919 she saw Rome only once, since World War I detained her in Austria. Poverty, which was the natural outcome of reverses suffered by the Central Powers, cracked the strength of their mission support. Severe winters brought sickness to Mary Theresa and confined her to her sick-bed at a time when she wanted to make the greatest demand on her physical resources. But she referred to it jokingly as "Mon cher mal", piercing deeply into the secret of suffering and the joy that is in the Cross.

Towards the close of the war, however, as a result of her sickness and sorrow, mind and body were exhausted and she suffered a complete physical breakdown. The price of her suffering was great, but God's grace was also bountiful, since the increase in Novices

during the war was so great that it forced the Directress to build a new home, the Claverianum.

When peace came the Sodality redoubled its efforts to ship money and supplies to the languishing missions. Mary Theresa had recovered sufficiently from her physical collapse to make a trip to Rome in June of 1919, and in the Holy City she worked on for four more years, completely oblivious of her former maladies; but in May of 1922 she succumbed to a second physical collapse. From then on her strength waned gradually, and on June 13 she was anointed.

During the last six days of her life, she had a torturingly painful experience. The blood in her left eye ceased to circulate and caused it to burst. Being at the same time so wasted in body that she weighed a little over fifty pounds, the pain was doubly augmented, but her great austerity of life and her love of suffering robbed pain of its power, as she whispered again and again these words "Whenever it shall please God, I am ready. As God wills—As God wills." With a few hours yet to live, she dictated her last article for the "Echo" and, upon its conclusion, smiled and said to her secretary "this is not yet the writing of the dead."⁴

At dawn of July 6th, 1922, in the company of her own Sodalists, being so weak that she could not repeat the prayers for the dying, a bright smile broke over her worn face, and the vision became eternal. Monsignor Rovella addressed a few words to those present, assuring them that, if they had lost a mother on earth, they had gained a patroness in heaven, and with visible emotion exclaimed, "How beautiful in the eyes of the

⁴ Here is an extract from that last article in the "Echo": "I beg your co-operation in a work of the utmost necessity... If Catholic Europe sees that one of the most important factors in its moral and spiritual regeneration is the diffusion of good literature, and to this end forms associations, and if Bishops speak of this in their Pastoral Letters, we are fully persuaded that a similar work is indispensable for the conversion of Africa... It pierces me to the heart every time I have to return a manuscript to a Missionary, because I know that sometimes one of these catechisms is enough to convert a whole tribe to Christ."

Ibid., P. 173-174.

Lord is the death of His saints!" Twenty minutes later Father Vlodimir Ledochowski arrived, after he had been informed by telephone of his sister's death. He prayed beside the body, then celebrated Mass for the repose of her soul, giving Holy Communion to those present.⁵ Despite the beauty of her death, intense grief struck the Auxiliary Missionaries and their co-workers in Africa alike, because they had lost a benefactress whom they had all learned to call "Mother of the Africans." On July 10th, they took the body of Mary Theresa and laid it to rest in the little cemetery near St. Peter's.

Soon confident appeals for her intercession with God rose to heaven and many people received quick answers to their prayers. Ecclesiastical processes for her Beati- fication were then inaugurated in 1929, and five years later, in October, the body of the Servant of God was exhumed and brought to the Novitiate House on Via dell'Olmata, where it was reverently laid in a side Chapel.

If we attempt to make an estimate of the value of the life of Mary Theresa Ledochowska, we see that stand- ing testimonies to her prodigious labors can be found in the ledgers of accounting books, city residence lists, bank notes, published works, and epistulary corres- pondence still exstant. Over a period of thirty years, she sent \$3,700,000 in cash to Africa, \$300,000 worth of mission articles, and 2,000,000 books printed in the African dialects on her own presses. In addition to this, she wrote 20,000 letters in the interest of the missions, and maintained a continuous publication of two magazines, "The Echo from Africa" and the "Little Negro Child", from the birth of the Society. Today,

⁵ On the wall of the room in which she died, near the bed, hung a picture of the Sacred Heart, to whom Mary Theresa was especially devoted, and one of the Madonna of Czestochow, a precious souvenir of her Father's devotion to Our Lady. At the head of the bed was a photograph of the cemetery of the Sodality at Our Lady of Providence, where deceased Auxiliary Missionaries were buried. Within reach of the bed were a cal- endar with notes on it, a little cardboard box in which Mary Theresa placed her pencil and paper when working in bed, her watch, her crucifix and a holy-water font, which she used fre- quently to gain indulgences for the suffering souls in Purgatory.

together with the "Claver Almanac", these periodicals are published in nine languages.

Nevertheless, her greatest monument is the living Institute of her Sodality. At present it numbers 200 members, with 150 externs, both lay and clerical, who assist the work as promoters. Houses of the Sodality are spread over South and Central Europe, and North America itself claims three—at St. Louis, St. Paul, and Toronto.

The Sodality of St. Peter Claver is unique in its spirit since it claims to be the first to have remained strictly in its home country and yet to work exclusively for the missions of a foreign land. The members give themselves entirely to mission work and, as a result, do not attempt non-essential occupations nor cultural study which is not directly concerned with the work at hand. The venerable Servant of God during her lifetime was a model of the strictest observance of this spirit. Of the three arts in which she excelled, she found the pen alone of paramount importance for her mission work. Music and painting she left untouched. Her austerity also extended to the denial of innocent recreations and rejection of many little attentions to health. But in it all, though she was acutely conscious of the sacrifices entailed, she saw with supernatural vision the privilege, rather than the pain, of giving and said that her heart was enflamed with a yearning to give her life as a holocaust on the mission altar.

Those who had to deal with her assure us that as an administrator she was exceptionally efficient, especially in drawing up contracts, and in dealings with lawyers, engineers, and other executives.

Her eloquence stirred all who heard her. Cardinal Ledochowski wrote that on "no occasion did he hear anyone speak with such conviction" as did his niece, since she had the power of communicating her own enthusiasm to her audience when she spoke of the plight of those who adored stones, and grass and live-stock as their God.

The choice of a field of labor was the most perplexing problem the Servant of God had to face, before the

foundation of her Sodality. She pondered the thought of working for the home missions, but came to the final decision that Africa needed her efforts most of all.

The Negroes, she argued, have few of the opportunities of Christianity that many other peoples have, and yet they seem to desire the gifts of grace. With these dispositions, she thought they would benefit more from her work and would not repel it as might many civilized peoples.⁶ To her, Africa's 157,000,000 unbaptized Negroes were the most neglected race.

A mere catalogue of the labors noted above makes one wonder at the spiritual stature of this woman who planned it all. In the love of Christ and the reign of His Kingdom, she was made of the "stuff" of heroes. She had the unreserved devotion of all her Sodalists and they looked upon her as a saintly and devoted Mother. So true is this today, that words she penned with her own hand are now their most cherished quotations. Some of these give us a more intimate insight into her secret convictions, such as:—

"Let us go forward with buoyant hearts! God will do the rest."

"Not to suffer or to die, but to suffer and to work."

"Let us labor! We shall have eternity for rest."

"I know of nothing more beautiful, more elevating, more ideal on this earth, nothing so well worth living, or of having lived, than to help in the salvation of souls for God's glory."

We might end this account of the Venerable Servant of God with an analogy between her talents and labors and those of her brother, our late Father General. Both were leaders of Religious Institutes; both were pioneers; both made physical disability not a handicap but a spur to greater sanctity; both caught the spirit of the age, its needs, its greatness, and bridled it by

⁶ An article in the Catholic Mind for May 22, 1940, by Rev. Joseph Eckert, S.V.D., seems to corroborate her statement: "To me it appears that a special grace is being showered by Almighty God upon the Negroes in the U.S. Other nationalities have repudiated God's grace, while on the other hand, the Negroes are accepting it and cooperating with it. That is true of the Negroes of Africa, for from all missions we hear of mass conversions almost unheard of before in any part of the world, so much so that our Holy Father has seen fit to appoint two native Negro Priests as Bishops in Africa."

timely cautions, and harnessed it to the great cause of Christ, so that progress became yoke-mate of tradition. Journalism for both was the foundation stone of more important executive duties. Though their vocations differed in particulars as East and West, yet their complete dedication was alike, and the broad Apostolic vision that caused our Father General to be as "impartial as the sun" to all Catholic works, and to direct an amazing volley of attacks upon the strongholds of world paganism,—this same vision made the Servant of God charge the darkness of Africa with a coast to coast circuit, and put day where there was night, life where there was death, God where Satan ruled.

THE SOCIAL BACKGROUND OF JESUIT WORK IN THE BOWERY DISTRICT

1891 - 1917 *

DOMINIC A. CIRIGLIANO, S.J.

We come now to the religious and social background of Fr. Nicholas Russo's work in the Bowery district, from 1891 to 1902. This period is commonly called "The Gay Nineties"; its gayety was principally centered around the Bowery.

The main problem which the saintly Jesuit had to face, during those ten years, was the pitiable condition, material and religious, of the Italian immigrant. Thousands upon thousands of the bronze-faced sons of Italy had flocked to our shores from 1880 to 1890. They came not so much to avoid religious persecution at home as to better their financial condition abroad.

The Italian Immigrant

The United States Government was still in a state of growing pains. Each state in the Union demanded cheap, unskilled labor to build or extend its railroads, to cultivate its new and evergrowing farm lands, to carry on its industries, which had advanced by leaps and bounds after the Civil War. Money was plentiful after the discovery of gold in California. The nation-wide boom in business demanded an increasing supply of labor. As the native population could not meet this demand, the government, in 1870, let down its bars against immigration. While wealth and plenty blessed our country, poverty and starvation stalked abroad. Exaggerated reports of "gold flowing through the streets of America" induced hundreds of thousands annually to leave their native country to seek a better life in a new world. Within twenty years five million foreigners reached our shores, making the United States the great melting pot of the earth.

* Editor's Note: An earlier article by the same author, which appeared in THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS, March, 1944, reviewed this social background as it existed in the years prior to 1891.

When Fr. Russo began his work in 1891 on Elizabeth St., near Bleeker St., one short block west of the Bowery, there were close to five hundred thousand Italians in Manhattan alone. They were as sheep without shepherds, strangers in a strange land. Unlike the Irish immigrants, whose priests followed them abroad, the Italians had few priests, if any, to direct them, to care for them, to help them bridge over the difficulties of an unknown tongue, to remind them of their immortal souls, and above all, to defend them against corrupt politicians, unscrupulous bosses, tyrannical racketeers, who sucked the very life-blood out of them, whether along the railroads, or in sweat-shops or in digging trenches or mixing cement.

Added to these handicaps, there was the ever present smooth tongued proselytizer, who with wealth, with very real material help, but also with scurrilous pamphlets was bent on robbing the Italian of whatever Catholic faith he had. Protestant agencies opened churches and schools, kindergartens and clubs, day-nurseries, sewing circles, and dining rooms; anything and everything that could induce the stranded parent and child to come to them. Five of the largest and wealthiest Protestant agencies had been operating for years among the Italians in the Bowery district before Fr. Russo came. In 1893, the one on Leonard St., was able to boast that it had distributed 21,133 articles of clothing served 121,204 dinners, and assisted 6,295 families. It used these figures in an appeal for larger quarters. We quote: "Our school is a haven for the newly arrived Italian immigrant. The parents are given advice or letters to help find employment, and the children are taken into the schools to learn the language. They are fresh from their work in fields, and are ignorant of the simplest rules of cleanliness and decency. Our teachers visit the children in their wretched homes, see to their food, clothing, sanitary condition and to secure to them some hours of schooling each day, but they are struggling against centuries of ignorant and superstitious environment."

These are the religious problems that Fr. Russo had to cope with during his ten years stay in Elizabeth St.,

problems that would have discouraged the less stout of heart.

Causes of Loss of Faith

It has often been asked, how Italians, coming from the very centre of catholicity, should have had so little faith, or no faith whatever, when they arrived at our shores. As one writer put it: "They must have dropped their faith into the bay of Naples on coming over." A short review of the political and religious unrest that gripped Italy for three quarters of a century, prior to 1890, will give the answer.

By the year 1800, Voltarianism had corrupted and debauched the intellect of France. The flood-gates of irreligion and immorality were wide opened. Streams of moral filth overran the boundaries of France and spread far and wide over Italy, in the north especially. By 1830, the cry "Ecrasez L'Infame" ("Crush the infamous One," meaning the Church) was echoed and re-echoed among the Alps and the Apennines; it was heard in every city, town and hamlet throughout the land; it was made the slogan in text-books of schools, colleges and universities. Mazzini, rationalistic philosopher and demagogue, took up this cry in 1830, and formed the "Young Italy League", whose expressed purpose was to persecute the Catholic Church, and to drive the Pope out of Rome. They soon were joined by the infamous Carbonari, a net-work of secret societies covering the whole of Italy. Mazzini taught anti-clericalism openly; the Carbonari under cover. The aim of both, however, was the same, namely, to rid Italy of all foreigners and foreigner rules. The Holy Father, though an Italian, came under this category, since he was a temporal ruler and Head of the Papal States. He was called the only obstacle to Italy's unity and therefore must be banished from the country.

Italian Persecution of The Church

For seventy-five years the Holy Father and the whole ecclesiastical system, which meant bishops, priests, monks and nuns, were proclaimed as Italy's public

enemies, number one. They were called the only curse to the country's progress. For half a century, books filled with impiety, falsehoods, and obscenity were cheaply published and scattered throughout the country; vile pamphlets, cartooning priests and nuns, were placed in every home; the ministers of the Catholic Church were subjected to the grossest insults and at times treacherously wounded. Religious houses were ransacked; laws were passed curtailing more and more the freedom of the Church and of the Pope. Elections were held to place the most wicked and depraved in high offices; ridicule of religion and downright immorality stalked brazenly on the open stage.

During the decade of 1849 to 1859, the Church in Piedmont had been stripped by Cavour of every vestige of independence and legitimate authority. The education of her priests, her function of teaching, her administration of the Sacraments, had to be subjected to and governed by the civil authority. Church property became the property of the State. Bishops and priests were declared to be officials of the State, and as such were to be trained as the State directed, in such schools and universities as the State approved, under such professors as the State chose, learning what these professors were instructed to teach, no more, no less. Parish and church duties were designated and assigned only by the State, with rigorous military punishment if these duties were not performed as the State required and directed. Every privilege and immunity enjoyed by the Church, even in the Papal States, were done away with by the civil authority. The priest could, according to the law, be taken from the altar, compelled to put aside his garb, don a military uniform and march in the ranks to quell any riot, or even to shoot down members of his own congregation, if need be. He was forbidden to hold or alienate property; his almsgiving also had to be subjected to civil authorities. Pius IX protested, again and again, against these infamous laws, but to no avail. His voice was as of one crying in a wilderness infested by wild beasts.

Jesuits Driven into Exile

In 1860, Garibaldi, an apt tool of Cavour, a free-booter and reckless soldier, was determined to drive the Pope out of Rome, and to place Emmanuel, of the House of Savoy, as ruler of the Holy City and of Italy. This rabid anti-clerical literally rioted in sacrilege and in the profanation of everything that savored of religion. Sent to Sicily by his master, Cavour, Garibaldi proclaimed himself Dictator of the island. He pillaged every Catholic church, expelled the nuns from their convents, confiscated the properties of the Jesuits and Redemptorists, and placed a lien on their persons and a ransom on their heads. After clearing Sicily of priests and Religious, he came to Naples to do the same there, only with greater ruthlessness and violence.

Fr. Beckx, General of the Society of Jesus, in a letter to the King of Sardinia in 1860, protested vigorously against the cruel manner in which his subjects were being treated. We quote:

Everywhere the Society of Jesus has been literally stripped of its property, movable and immovable. Its members to the number of fifteen thousand were driven from their houses and from the cities. They were led by an armed force, like so many malefactors, from province to province, cast into public prisons, ill treated and outraged in the most horrible manner; they were prevented from finding refuge with pious families, while in several places no consideration was given to extreme old age or weakness or infirmities. All these acts were permitted against men who were accused of not one illegal or criminal act, without any judicial process, without allowing any justification to be recorded; in one word, all this was consummated in the most despotic and savage manner.

Italy's loss was America's gain. This persecution climaxed in the capture of Rome by Garibaldi in 1870, and which lasted well into the nineties, drove many brilliant and saintly Jesuits to our shores. They scattered all over the United States, building churches, founding colleges, universities, and seminaries, and opening new missions throughout our broad land. Woodstock College, in Maryland, profited most by these exiled Jesuits. It was founded by one of them,

Fr. Paresce, and it had as its professors, probably the most brilliant scholars of the time, Mazzella, Maldonado, De Augustinis, Pantanella, Brandi, Ciccateri, Sestini, Sabetti, and a host of others.

In the light of what has been said, one might readily see why the vast majority of the Italian immigrants had little or no faith when they landed in America. Driven by poverty and hunger, they came in desperation to eke an honest living here. They struggled not only against the odds of an unknown tongue, but especially against the inherent prejudices of Irish bosses, who forgetting their own long struggle of fifty years in this country, treated the Italians like slaves, paying them a slave's salary, wheresoever employed. Many an Irish Pastor, too,—and this is not to their honor—disgusted perhaps by the ignorance of religion, and the poverty of these immigrant Italians, gave them up as hopeless, and never bothered about them. This was one of the main reasons why Fr. Nicholas Russo was sent downtown to work among the Italians of Lower Manhattan. How well he succeeded, amid trials, sufferings, and contradictions, is only a matter of record. He was justly termed "The Apostle of the Bowery District".

The Bowery, 1890 to 1900

When the Jesuits started Loretto Church for the Italians on Elizabeth St., in 1891, the Bowery had become a bedlam of musty saloons, cheap lodging houses, dime museums, and wide open brothels.

One-sixth of all the saloons of the city were located along the Bowery, on the average of six to every block, from Park Row to Cooper Square, not to mention those on the side streets. The saloon was the poor man's club, the beggar's paradise, the cut-throat's rendezvous. In the saloon the poor man, for a nickel, could get a large mug of beer; he could smoke and chat with his cronies; there in the back room he held his political and labor union meetings; there often he could play cards, billiards or pool. In the saloon the homeless man, for five cents, got not only shelter from the storm, but the "Largest Glass of Beer in the City",

with a bounteous free lunch of meats, salt and pickled fish, saur-kraut, cheese, pickles, rye-bread, and what not, to sustain him for the day; and if he could read, he had access to newspapers that he could not afford to buy. Thus he whiled away an hour or so in a warm, jovial, atmosphere. The saloon-keeper, usually a politician and a clever business man, who seldom drank himself, and sometimes not at all, was the poor man's financial adviser, his political mentor, his agreeable gossip, and oftentimes his banker. On the whole, the saloon-keeper was a kindly person, lending a ready ear to the sorrows of widows and children, and casting bread upon the waters, which he never hoped to see return.

The Bowery Bum

The saloon was also a refreshing oasis for thousands of homeless destitutes, who swarmed the Bowery District during the nineties. They were known as "The Bowery Bums." These down-and-outs came from almost every state of the Union, allured, as moths to the flame, by the false glitter of fortune. Fifteen thousand of these "Knights of the Road" infested the Bowery District in 1891. They were professional tramps, with an unquenchable thirst, with no desire to work, with the conviction that the world owed them a living "hook or crook." It was common in those days to see these wayfarers wearing, in the heat of summer and the cold of winter, long heavy overcoats, tied at the neck by a string. These tramps were always girt with a heavy cord, and they rattled and clanked as they walked, for beneath the overcoats, at the waist, dangled a skillet and a tin cup, used for stale beer they poured out each morning from bung-holes of beer barrels. They also carried a can of solidified alcohol to mix with the beer, a spoon, a knife and a fork, and odds and ends of food, most of which they obtained by skillful scavenging of what other people threw away. With these utensils they cooked their meals in some secluded spot, slept off the fumes of the alcohol, and let the world go by, at least for the time being.

Cheap Lodging Houses of the Bowery

While a good many of these poor unfortunates slept in the open on sidewalks, or in the entrances of dark hallways, the vast majority were housed for the night in cheap lodging houses. These were the real moral cancer of the Bowery District. They became, in time, dens for cut-throats, thieves, and panhandlers. Here the thief, or the fence, readily found allies; the cut-throat, a safe hiding place from crime; the pan handler, a convenient home where he could put aside his crutches and bandages. These lodging-houses were the headquarters of the underworld. They were divided into different classes, according to the price paid for a night's lodging. The twenty-five cent houses haughtily insisted on being called hotels. They offered the lodger a so-called separate room, which was separated from its neighbor merely by a head-high partition, with a ceiling of wire-netting to prevent inter-room thieveries, with no window, and with barely room for a cot and a chair. Their signs usually read: "For Gents only." Competition among them became so keen that some advertised: "Baths free of charge," or "A cup of good coffee served mornings to each guest."

The fifteen-cent houses were better patronized. There the bed, its sheets and blankets foul from much using, stood in a large dormitory with many other bunks. Even a locker was furnished for one's clothes; but as the tramp always slept in his own clothes, the locker disappeared, and the lodger was charged only ten cents for the night. In the seven-cent lodging house, one slept on a strip of canvas, stretched hammock-wise, between heavy timbers. Finally, there was the "flop-houses," where for a nickel you might sleep on the floor. Your space, scantily larger than your body, was marked off with chalk or white paint, so that one slept with arms touching one's neighbor's on either side. In 1895, the price "for a flop" rose to ten cents. Some half-hearted gestures to cleanliness were made. In some flop-houses a hose was turned on ten minutes after the rising signal was given at day-break; so it

behooved all lodgers to make a hasty exit at the word of warning. Years afterwards, Jeff Davis, "The King of the Hoboes," wrote: "They used to burn a couple of pounds of sulphur to kill off the weaklings among the cooties. Gee, the soldiers in France didn't know what the real cooties were. Why, the hoboes on the Bowery would catch cold without them."

There were cheap eating houses to meet the financial condition of these impecunious lodges. For ten cents in those days on the Bowery, one could get a small steak, (very small) or two fried eggs, (freshness not guaranteed) or fried liver, with rice pudding, coffee and rolls. For eight cents, one could get meat, bread and potatoes; but if a man was rich enough, and extravagant enough, he could buy, *a la carte*, a chicken-stew dinner for thirteen cents. In some places you could get rolls and coffee for two cents, while still in other places, if you had only one solitary copper to your name, you could exchange it for a slice of stale bread and chicory coffee. A bracer of cheap whiskey was sold in near-by taverns, for as low as three or five cents a glass. If the customer, however, wanted his potion doped, he paid an extra nickel, retired to a room in the rear, where he promptly fell insensible, and was allowed to remain until he recovered, if he ever did. The room was sometimes heaped and criss-crossed with the fallen, male and female. If one of them died the body was covertly removed in the wee hours of the morning, and dumped, at a distance, on the sidewalk, usually in front of a rival's entrance.

The Dime Museums Along the Bowery

No visit to the Bowery, in the "gay nineties," would be complete without "taking in" the Dime Museums, with their freaks and monstrosities. In no mile of street did so many exist, ministering to a so gullible public. The following, taken from a current magazine, is a sample of how the "barkers" outside the lobbies would inveigle the curious, passing throngs:

Come in Folks, —the greatest, the most astounding aggregation of marvels and monstrosities ever gathered together

in one edifice! —From the ends of the earth—the wilds of darkest Africa, the miasmatic jungles of Brazil, the mystic headwaters of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the cannibal isles of the Antipodes, the frosty slopes of the Himalayas and the barren steppes of the Caucasus; sparing no expense, every town, every village, every hamlet, every nook and cranny of the globe has been searched with a fine tooth-comb to provide a feast for the eye and mind—No waiting, no delays. Step up, ladies and gentlemen, and avoid the rush. Tickets now selling in the doorway.

The freaks and monsters referred to, employed in winter along the Bowery and in summer in Coney Island, consisted of fake mermaids, fat women, weighing five hundred to six hundred pounds, giants and lilliputians, two-headed calves and four-legged chickens, a bearded “lady,” “the wild man of Borneo,” the armless wonder, the tatoored man, the fire-eater and the sword-swallower, the snake-charmer, the rubber, or the elastic-skin man, the stone-faced man that never smiled, etc, etc. The promoters were always at their wits’ end for novelties. Then came the inevitable “Punch and Judy” show, a prelude to the vaudeville or melodramatic performances downstairs. It is interesting to know that such men as Weber and Fields, Harry and Al Jolson, Sam Bernard, John Coyne, the Four Cohans, including George M., and many others who became prominent on the stage later on, had their start on the Bowery.

Brothels could be counted by the hundreds in the Bowery District in those days. Women of ill-repute infested the neighborhood. These women were Fr. Russo’s worst enemies. The writer remembers how these unfortunates used to hurl bottles and tin-cans and other missiles from windows at the saintly priest, as he walked to and from his newly opened mission on Elizabeth St. As night gradually vanishes before the dawn, so these women gradually disappeared from the immediate neighborhood, as Fr. Russo’s work slowly progressed. In ten years they had pretty well gone. During that time, also, Fr. Russo had to a large extent counteracted the vigorous Protestant movement to win over the Italians. Amid fears and difficulties, he

planted the seed of salvation in the hearts of those entrusted to his care. Marvellous how this mysterious seed sprouted into fruit a hundred-fold. At the time of his death, there were comparatively few in his parish who did not attend Mass on Sundays, and approach the Sacraments regularly.

Big Tim Sullivan

This short account of the social conditions of the Bowery District in the "gay nineties" would be incomplete without at least a passing mention of the master politician of the time, Timothy D. Sullivan, better known in verse as "Big Tim, you all know him." He was the chief of the Bowery; to him every business house, whether of good or bad repute, had to pay tribute, not only politically but financially as well. With the money obtained, he bought votes at election time. Born in the Bowery District, in 1863, he became at an early age a leader of men, especially of corrupt politicians. His value was soon recognized. In 1892, he was appointed "Leader of the District" by Tammany Chief Croker. His one ambition was to carry his district at election time by overwhelming majorities; so he instructed his henchmen to vote often, by changing their disguise, and to stuff the ballots, by registering names from the tombstones in Calvary Cemetery. All this was done through an efficient organization, of which Big Tim was the head, and whose members consisted not only of residents, but also of out-of-town gangsters, swindlers, thieves, pick-pockets, pan-handlers, broken-nosed pugilists, and white-slavers. By 1890 the Bowery was declared "The Criminal's Paradise." And Big Tim its "lord"!

In this paradise, a survey of the district revealed that an average of twenty-five thousand men lay nightly along Park Row and the Bowery, in hotels, lodging houses, flop-houses, Missions, or slumped down on chairs, kegs, or floors, in the rear of saloons. The Bowery had reached its lowest depth of degradation. And yet Timothy D. Sullivan, in his personal life, was both disciplined and kind. He never smoked or drank.

His ears were ever opened to, and his heart was always touched by the cries of widows and children. He would distribute, each winter, between five and ten thousand pairs of shoes and stockings, and the same amount of turkey dinners at Thanksgiving and Christmas. His charity knew no bounds. He made millions, and gave away millions. In short, he was a typical Tammany leader of the times. He exacted tribute from anyone and everyone to finance his political overlordship. Big Tim was never connected, personally with the numerous brothels or dens of thieves and cut-throats which infested his domain. He died mysteriously in September, 1913, was buried with a Solemn High Mass in Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Mott St., and was accompanied by twenty-five thousand people to his last resting place in Calvary Cemetery. Thus passed away one of the most picturesque and paradoxical figures that the Bowery District ever saw in all its colorful history.

Transfer of The Jesuits to Nativity Church

In May, 1917, our Fathers transferred their activities, at the request of the Chancery, from Loretto Church, on Elizabeth St., to Nativity Church on Second Avenue, one block east of the Bowery. The reason of the transfer was that the neighborhood between Broome and Bleeker Sts., west of the Bowery, had become almost one hundred percent Italian, and that Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, just two blocks away from our Loretto Church, was catering more and more to Italians. Hence, there was no longer need of two Italian churches in close proximity. In the meantime, for fifteen years, prior to 1917, the Italians had been moving east of the Bowery, driving the Jews more and more towards the East River. The one famous Ghetto became a veritable Italian settlement.

Nativity Church, on Second Ave., between Second and Third Sts., built and sustained by the Irish for three-quarters of a century, had failed to cope with this influx of Italians into the neighborhood. The Protestants were on hand to take advantage of the situation. They realized that sooner or later the Lower

East Side would become a great Italian social center. Hence they built churches, mostly run by ex-priests, to "re-evangelize" the poor neglected children of Italy. The old methods of proselytism were revived, methods which were not entirely a credit to the users. The proselytizers admitted this once to the present writer, but they excused themselves by saying that "these methods are all forgotten, considering the grand end for which we work, namely, the re-evangelization of the Italian people." The Protestants knew that the Italians were mostly poor, and hence won them over by money, shoes, clothes, coal, and house-rent. As most of the Italians had never heard of the word "Protestant" in their homes in Italy, and as they were never told that it was wrong to go to Protestant churches, they naturally were deceived by the proselytizer; for he also spoke the same words of comfort and of religion which they were accustomed to hear in Italy.

Fr. William H. Walsh, First Jesuit Pastor

The ecclesiastical authorities became alarmed at the inroads which the Protestants were making in the ranks of the Italian people. They asked the Jesuits to give up their work in Elizabeth St. and to take over Nativity Church, as an "Italian Mission Church." It is still registered in the Province Catalogue as *pro Italis*.

These were the religious conditions in which Fr. William H. Walsh, S.J., took over Nativity Church, in 1917. He was the first Jesuit Pastor. He had to cope with the wealth of the Protestants, together with their long-standing, and well-founded clubs, day-nurseries, kindergartens, schools, sewing circles, bible gatherings, open-air meetings, and mid-summer camps. The Protestants had had a twenty-five year start on the Jesuits.

Fr. Walsh noticed that the proselytizer was directing all his battle-lines against the children, caring little for the parent, as long as he got the child. To the child was offered every inducement that could af-

fect the young heart. A promise of a free two-weeks' vacation in the country, during summer, kept the child faithful during the year. Many a child was lost thereby to Mother Church. To counteract this evil influence, Fr. Walsh at once formed sewing-circles among the girls, and clubs among the boys. He sent the more faithful of the latter to Seven Springs Mountain House, Monroe, N. Y., where he kept them all summer. We might say, in passing, that Fr. Walsh was the pioneer in Catholic Summer Camps; he anticipated this movement by a decade and more of years.

Social and Moral Aspect of the Neighborhood

By 1917, when the Jesuits took over Nativity Church, the Lower East Side was in a state of transformation. There was still some ugliness, still some noisome, unkempt tenements, veritable rats' nests, to remind one of the past. There were over five hundred rear-houses still in the district, that is, tenements in the middle of the block, with no outlook on the street, and with no light or air, except what came from air-shafts running from the ground to the roof, in the center of the building. It was estimated that fifty-thousand people lived in such places, from Grand St. to Second St. and from the Bowery to Essex St. After 1917, the city instituted modern, sanitary laws and health propaganda, and saw to it that the tenements were so modified and thinned out that the people got more living and breathing space. This necessarily diminished the population of this congested district. Even co-operative apartments are now being built, with comparatively low rental rooms.

Regarding the moral aspect of the neighborhood, great credit must be given to the Bowery Missions, for the wonderful work they did in reforming the Bowery District. This district, in 1917, still bore marks of its naughty past. For years, the pilots of these Missions toiled at what seemed a hopeless task. There was Tom Noonan of the "Rescue Mission" on Doyers St.; John Callahan, "Bishop of Hadley Hall," who placed his chapel next door to the notorious McGurke's "Suicide

Hall;" there was Fr. William Rafter, of the Holy Name Mission, John Henry of the "Bowery Mission," and Commander Wallace Winchell, of the Salvation Army. All toiled for the betterment of the Bowery, each in his own way, both Catholic and Protestant. They did more to promote order, sobriety and decency, than any club of a policeman or law of the city.

The old time Bowery Gangs, which fought their bloody brawls in the open streets, had disappeared by 1917. In their place came the under-cover gangs of "racketeers", who demanded tribute money from produce-markets, teamsters, livery stables, laundries, trade-unions, ice-cream and soda vendors, etc. The gang chieftains concocted their schemes on the Lower East Side, to execute them in other parts of the city. The Labor Unions began the practice of hiring thugs to murder and black-jack strike-breakers, and to intimidate workmen who refused to be organized. The employers, on the other hand, engaged other gangsters to slug union pickets and raid union meetings. This gave rise to the notorious rival gangs, headed by Monk Eastman, Little Augie, Dopey Benny, and Kid Dropper. These gangs were the terror of the neighborhood for many years, until they either killed themselves off, or were broken up by the authorities of the city, in the successful campaigns which brought such recognition to the present Governor of New York.

This concludes our study of the religious and social background of the work of the Jesuits, in the Bowery District of New York City, from 1685 to 1917. What has been done since 1917 has been written up in other volumes of the Woodstock Letters.

(Concluded from the last issue)

COADJUTOR BROTHERS ON THE FOREIGN MISSIONS

PIUS L. MOORE, S. J.

Twenty-eight years after the Restoration of the Society of Jesus, on July 11th, 1842, three Jesuit Fathers arrived in Shanghai to take up again the mission work that had been taken from them sixty-seven years before by the Suppression of the Society. In Peking the Manchu Emperors still ruled in imperial splendor. But mission conditions had changed and the Jesuits were given the Yangtse Valley as their field of labor. It was an immense field of 50,000,000 souls, called the mission of Kiang-Nan, covering the Provinces of Kiang-su and Nan-wei. To bring back Chinese Christians who had been without missionaries and to lead pagans to knowledge of the faith, mission methods would be somewhat different from the plans adopted by Ricci and Verbiest.

Within the first decade, the French Jesuits established a seminary, a boys' orphanage and St. Ignatius' College in the suburbs of Shanghai at Zi-Ka-Wei. Before the half-century mark was reached they had added an observatory, a museum of natural history and the College of St. Francis Xavier, besides three large churches. Only 28 Brothers came to China the first fifty years, 1842-1892; whereas 243 European Priests came to the mission during the half-century.

But on December 20th, 1892, there arrived at Shanghai in company with five Fathers, Brother Aloysius Beck, a master craftsman from Munich in Bavaria. The Brother came to China at the age of 38, and after 15 years in the Society. He hoped, he said, to give 30 years of life to the welfare of Chinese orphan boys: he actually was to give 39. In telling of the very remarkable work of this Brother, the writer does not wish to minimize the wise planning of superiors under whom the Brother worked, nor to belittle the excel-

lent work done in various departments of the orphanage by other Jesuit Brothers. But God was guiding them by a Brother with a master hand.

The Zi-Ka-Wei Orphanage for boys (commonly called Tou-Se-We) is a department of the largest infant asylum in China, which receives from three to four thousand infants a year. Allowing for a mortality of about 70%, this leaves around 1200 young children to the care of the devoted Sisters (Helpers of the Holy Souls). When the waifs reach the age of six, there is a division of this human salvage. As two-thirds of abandoned babes are girls, these remain with the Sisters at Sen-Mou-Yuen ("Our Lady's Garden"). But down the canal to Tou-Se-We trudge the little boy-orphans, proud to be emancipated from feminine rule as they enter the Brothers' Industrial School. These preliminary remarks are important for estimating rightly the material out of which Brother Beck's school at Zi-Ka-Wei will make Christian gentlemen and self-supporting artisans.

For six years, these Chinese boys attend the orphans' school, helping in little chores about the work-shops and being introduced gradually to the craft for which natural gifts have fitted them. At the beginning of their "teens" choice and ability determine their apprenticeship. The type of work they turn out as well as the quality of the finished article determines the scale of wages set by the Brother in charge of the workshops. From the age of sixteen upward, a wage is set for each boy, the money to be given him when he is of age or leaves the orphanage.

But Brother Aloysius Beck fifty years ago did not find this institution so well organized, giving a well planned education for life, as well as making a Chinese orphanage self-supporting:—a rare miracle in finance in any part of the world. Brother Beck studied his workers first of all; then the demands of the population of a great city nearby; the needs of the mission field; the future prospects of his Chinese boys. He knew that the oriental is an adept at imitation; he is patient and ready to work from dawn to dark. Brother

knew he had the esteem and affection of his boys. So he chose a few of the best, and set them to work carving. He always selected their block, whether in wood or stone, and made exact measurements himself. He ordered logs of hard wood through the Jesuits in the Philippine Islands. He drew plans of altars: the boys followed them; they carved statues, stations of the cross in bas-relief, Christmas cribs. Finished work was placed on display. Visitors marveled; purchase orders came. The idea flashed upon his quick mind: why not make at Tou-Se-We everything needed in China for churches and mission chapels? He trained his workmen in many lines and they became experts. His display room was a veritable Daprato or Benziger Brothers' Store! Other departments, if not wholly under his direction, got their inspiration and impetus from Brother Beck. Everything in metal needed for the church was to be had: sacred vessels, candlesticks, censers, church-bells. The finer arts of painting, lithographing and printing were added. Religious pictures and catechism charts were produced. Then an expert in stained-glass work was brought in to train the workers. The results were magnificent. A furniture department was added, designing and turning out teak wood and cedar wardrobes and camphor-lined chests, dining-room sets and library equipment as well as office furniture. And while the ever-smiling Brother Beck and his "Boys" made the name Zi-Ka-Wei known far and wide, the girl-orphans and the Sisters across the canal made vestments, albs, cassocks, mitres and altar laces.

After twenty-three years of patient training and diligent workmanship, Brother Beck's manual arts school flowered forth in the Grand Exhibit sent to the Panama Exposition held at San Francisco in 1915. That is almost 30 years ago; yet those who saw the Zi-Ka-Wei Exhibit have not forgotten their surprise when told it was the work of Chinese orphans. In the Sacristy of St. Ignatius' Church, San Francisco, are still to be seen four or five specimens of wood-work in wardrobes and a cedar chest designed and pro-

duced by Brother Beck in his Tou-Se-We school. The writer was privileged to have known this Brother for three years before his death, September 30th, 1931. He died in his 78th year, busy up to three days before the end. He had the satisfaction of seeing his work advancing from year to year. He saw his once young apprentices go forth from the orphanage as finished craftsmen, taking with them the accumulated savings his goodness and foresight had provided. He saw Tou-Se-We Orphanage self-supporting and able to give to hundreds of friendless, homeless boys such advantages as no other institution in the Orient could give. Christian homes clustered about the great mission church of Zi-Ka-Wei, where between six and seven thousand Chinese Catholics firmly cling to that faith that saved them in their helpless infancy. One wonders if the work of our Coadjutor Brothers at the court of Peking was a work more noble and more enduring than that of our more modern missionary Brothers, laboring for the orphaned Chinese of Shanghai.

There died at Zi-Ka-Wei in November, 1942, Brother Augustus Datin, who was for some years associated with Brother Beck at the Orphanage. This Coadjutor Brother entered the Society at the age of 16, came to the China mission when 48, celebrated his Diamond Jubilee (75 years) in the Society in 1941, and then lived three days beyond his 92d year. Few have done that in China!

This review of mission work by our Coadjutor Brothers turns nearer home for some interesting narratives to be found in the annals of our Indian Missions of the Northwest and in Alaska.

In October, 1941, Montana State held a fitting celebration of the 100th anniversary of the establishment of the First Catholic Mission in the "Treasure State." Old St. Mary's among the Flat Heads marked the beginning of work for the conversion of the Indian tribes of the great Northwest. In the year 1840, Father Peter De Smet had answered the persistent call of the Indians of Montana for "blackrobes" and

was back in St. Louis from his eventful journey to the Rockies. Full of enthusiasm over the results of his missionary excursion, Father De Smet had returned to seek laborers for the new field. By April 30th, 1841, the great missionary was able to set out from St. Louis on his way back to the Rocky Mountains. He had secured five Jesuit companions, two Fathers and three Brothers: Brother Joseph Specht, Brother William Claessens and Brother Charles Huet,—one Alsatian and two Belgians. On September 24, 1841, the band of missionaries reached the Flat Head Indian camp. This arrival preceded by only eight months the date of the return of Jesuits on the other side of the world to China.

Within the first six years, fifteen Fathers and nine Brothers were sent to the newly opened Indian missions. Of the three pioneer Brothers, Brother Claessens passed his 80th year and celebrated the 50th year of his arrival amongst the Indians. Brother Specht spent 43 years on the mission and went to his reward at 76. Brother Huet, however, died at the early age of 51, after 15 years on the missions. He was sent from Montana to Idaho as companion to Father Nicholas Point, who established what is now De Smet Mission. He thus became a co-founder of two important missions—the first in Montana and the first in Idaho.

In answer to the moving appeals of Father De Smet, men came from all parts of Europe to help in the Indian apostolate. In choosing Brother Joseph Carignano as an outstanding figure amongst the Brothers of the Rocky Mountain Mission, the writer does so not only because he considers this Brother deserving of mention here, but also for the reason that he was personally acquainted with the saintly artist, and saw much of his work.

Joseph Carignano was born at Rivalta Di Torino, Italy, and entered the Society in his 21st year. The Brother seems not to have made manifest his artistic talent, for we find his first appointment after novitiate days at Chieri, to the clothes and linen-room at

Monaco. Maybe there were too many artists then in his native land and he wished his talent to lie hidden. For eight years he has this charge of the linen and no other status is given him till he enters the Rocky Mountain Mission. Then at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, we find him as cook of a community of ten. Someone has said that "all good cooks are artists." For the ensuing ten or twelve years the good Brother alternates between cooking and painting—the latter depending upon the demands of newly built churches for his work.

Father Lawrence Palladino, S. J., in his book "Indian and White in the Northwest," pays a well merited tribute to Brother Carignano whose labor during sixteen months produced the elegant fresco work in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, Missoula. "The fourteen Stations of the Cross, in oil, are all from his brush," says Father Palladino, "and were executed by him under very peculiar and decidedly uninspiring circumstances for an artist. He painted them when *chéf* at Gonzaga College, Spokane, and whilst he was cooking for a community of over one hundred persons. Having screened off a little corner from the rest of the kitchen and turned it into a studio, he there spent some four years over these canvases, devoting to them every minute of time he could possibly steal from his pots and pans." The present writer can attest the statements of Father Palladino, for he was one of the boarders at Gonzaga during those very years and oftentimes, with other students, watched the artist-cook at the window of his kitchen studio. He can add that in spite of Brother Carignano's double duty, meals were served with clocklike regularity to some eighty growing students.

Throughout the Rocky Mountain Mission this Brother's work was in demand and many churches and chapels still preserve his frescoes. His best work is said to be in the Church of St. Ignatius' Mission, Montana. The Madonna was always his favorite subject. The so-called De Smet Madonna he reproduced with ever-increasing delicacy of expression. His re-

production of Murillo's Assumption of Our Lady, painted on the ceiling of the Church of The Immaculate in Seattle, is probably his best picture of the Blessed Mother. He told the writer that painting from scaffolding, with one's head constantly elevated to the ceiling, is painful labor. Besides religious subjects, Brother Carignano was especially good at hall decoration and stage scenery. Some readers may remember the old Gonzaga College Hall which stood where De Smet Hall now stands. Two drop-curtains, "The Chariot Race of Ben Hur" and "Old Mission on the Shadowy St. Joe," were the Brother's work—two of the finest canvases in the northwest. For the Silver Jubilee of Gonzaga College in 1912, the Brother painted portraits of the Rectors who had governed Gonzaga since its foundation in 1887. These fine pictures, in golden frames, hang in the main corridor of the present Gonzaga University.

An added accomplishment of this Italian artist, much valued in the earlier mission days, was his skill as a taxidermist. Most of the specimens of birds, animals and reptiles in the Museum of Gonzaga College were mounted by Brother Carignano. Probably the greatest loss to natural history in Montana was the destruction by fire of the St. Ignatius Mission Museum in which were to be found many rare specimens mounted by the industrious Brother.

For the last fifteen years of his life, Brother Carignano was usually stationed at the Provincial House, ready to be assigned to any church or college asking for the artist. We found also from the catalogs that alternately with the kitchen he is in the studio up to the last year of his life. He was always very humble when one spoke to him of his work. If one told him he thought the sanctuary decorations of the old St. Aloysius' Church were superb, he would reply that the "work was too much crowded together." If you told him the cakes he made for the St. Aloysius' Community were the best ever, he answered, "the cakes were a bit heavy."

Brother Joseph Carignano went to his reward Feb-

ruary 5th, 1919, at St. Joseph's, Yakima, Washington. He had almost completed 66 years, 46 in the Society and 38 in the missions. In glancing back to the China Mission's great artist, Brother Joseph Castiglione, one finds some apt comparisons with Brother Joseph Carignano. Both Brothers hailed from sunny Italy and both bore the name Joseph. Both went to the foreign mission in the 8th year of religious life—one went East; the other, West. One went to a very cultured and refined city and people; the other, to a clearing in the forests of Montana, to live and work for savages. Castiglione at the court of Peking was obliged to sacrifice most of his artistic conceptions and to conform to oriental ways. He painted only two religious subjects in fifty years. Carignano, on the other side of the world, began his missionary life cooking for Jesuits and Indian boys, gradually developed his latent talent and produced pictures that today fill a score of churches.

When in 1886, Archbishop Charles Seghers, Apostle of Alaska, asked the Society to take that difficult mission, Father Paschal Tosi and Father Aloysius Robaut were ready for the task and in July of that same year, accompanied the prelate to the snow-fields of the North. But Coadjutor Brothers were soon to follow them: they could not long be denied a share in the mission life that Pius XI called "the hardest mission in the world." In the catalog of 1888 there are listed four Fathers, all at Holy Cross Mission, and two Brothers: Brother Carmelo Giordano and Brother Michael Campopiano. The year following we find five Fathers and three Brothers, with Brother Campopiano returned to St. Ignatius', Montana. That year two other Brothers arrived in Alaska, Brother John Négro and Brother John Baptist Rosati. Brother Rosati returned to the States in 1896 but was back in Alaska after six years. Brother John Négro returned in 1904, after fifteen hard years in the North, broken in health at the age of sixty-three, and did not return. Brother Giordano remained until 1905, thus giving eighteen years to the Alaskan mission. To sum up, we

find from records at the end of the first ten years of the Alaska mission, twelve Fathers and seven Coadjutor Brothers. Brother Peter Brancoli, going at the end of the first decade, was stationed with Father William Judge on the Shageluk River.

In a mission such as that of the Alaskan wilds, it is not easy to single out a Brother for special mention. The loneliness of the arctic wastes, the hard climate, the primitive condition of life and travel, the limitations of food, and, above all, the comparatively small number of souls in an area so vast, make Alaska's missionary apostolate one of the most arduous in the world. Perseverance in conditions so trying to human nature borders upon the heroic. For this reason, the writer feels impelled to mention two Alaskan Mission Brothers rather than one. Both have gone to their reward (and this is one condition for mention in this survey), so they cannot object to a few compliments. They are Brother Bartholomew Chiaudano and Brother Edward Horwedel. Both went to Alaska early in the present century: Chiaudano in 1900 and Horwedel in 1903. Neither of them left the Yukon country during their entire stay in the bleak north, the first making the remarkable Alaskan record of a few months less than forty (40) years; the second, nearing his thirty-seventh at the same mission post.

These Brothers were what one might call a hardy team. What the one could not do, the other could. They were a reliable pair, well versed in the mission's history, giving young missionaries wise counsel on travel in the snowy north and keeping up the work at two or three of the important missions. And almost at the same time these two Brothers came to the "end of the trail" to receive their eternal reward. Brother Horwedel died in Alaska in his 76th year, on December 27, 1939; and Brother Chiaudano followed him from his mission at Akulurak just five months later, May 27, 1940, in his 70th year of life. Brother Chiaudano was of the Turin Province and entered the Society in his 20th year, in 1890. We find him at Gonzaga College, Spokane, in 1900. He went to the Alaskan

Mission that summer and remained there till the time of his death. His brother, Father Joseph Chiaudano, was Provincial of the Turin Province from 1903 till 1910. It may here be recalled that the California Mission reached the status of a Province while Father Chiaudano was Provincial of Turin, the mother province of both Oregon and California.

The writer has more details about Brother Edward Horwedel, having known him personally before the Brother left for the Arctic mission. Even this historical sketch is but meager, as the Concentration Camp in China, where these "notes" are being put together, does not afford the writer more than a copy of "Jesuit Missions" for July-August, 1940, and a few copies of province catalogs. Brother Edward Horwedel was born in Conewaga, Pennsylvania. He went out west in 1894 at the age of thirty and entered the Society at the De Smet Novitiate, Idaho. The loss of two fingers when managing the mission sawmill settled his mind about the grade of Coadjutor Brother in the Society. He was already a master of several trades, carpenter, mechanic and licensed engineer, making him most useful in any house of the Society. The pews in the beautiful church of St. Ignatius' Mission, Montana, are his work. At the new Gonzaga College, Spokane, his carpentry was put to excellent use from 1900 till three years later when he sailed for Alaska. Most of his missionary life was spent at Holy Cross, the heart and centre of the Alaskan apostolate. Here most of the buildings were erected by Brother Horwedel and kept in repair. At the same time the Esquimo boys were trained by him in useful trades. The mission steamboat was built by him; the boiler and other machinery he ordered from the States. Such a boat was a great convenience for transporting lumber and mission supplies. Where fish forms a large part of the daily diet, a great quantity is needed for a large mission. The Brother constructed two large fish-wheels for catching salmon, these taking in some sixteen hundred fish daily.

Everything a solicitous father could do for his

family, Brother Horwedel was ready to do for those housed at Holy Cross Mission. The wood supply for that mission requires over 400 cords of wood yearly: there are some fifty stoves to keep going. As if the natural solitude, so trying in the silent hills of the north, were not sufficient trial for anyone, Brother Horwedel would tear himself away from the mission each year and go up the Yukon some miles, where there was a thickly wooded island. Here he camped and cut the major portion of the mission's supply of fire wood. When all was ready, Indian boys would go up river and help the Brother raft the wood to Holy Cross. When Brother Horwedel was past seventy, his superiors sent him up the Yukon to Nulato, to spend his declining years. At this mission, Brother put up two large buildings and continued to pilot the steamboat "Saint Anthony" up and down the river till his last illness. One can touch only the surface, as it were, of all that a missionary Brother can do in Alaska; run a steamboat or a sawmill; repair machinery of all kinds; drive a dog-team; mend shoes, clocks, window-panes. All this, and more, Brother Horwedel did for thirty-six years. He went to his reward at the end of 1939, on December 27th.

The purpose of the writer is not to cover every mission field and select some outstanding figure amongst our Coadjutor Brothers, but to treat of a few whose lives may edify others of the Society, as well as young men of generous Christian faith still in the world. Enough has been told to show what great work for God and for souls can be done by those men who, though not called to the priesthood, yet accept the divine invitation to the foreign mission field. If the present age in the Church is dominated by zeal for the foreign missions, we may expect that, with the return of peace, every effort will be made by American Catholics to share the noble work of saving souls. It is within their power to share in the foreign missions in a way as conspicuous as the part they played in the recent world-conflict.

All Ours know that we need vocations. Our late

Father General wrote: "We must make known the vocation of our Coadjutor Brothers. How many young men, desiring to sacrifice their lives to God for the salvation of infidels, have never heard of the splendid work our Brothers perform on the foreign missions . . . True, a vocation comes from God; but God uses the agency of man. We must not conclude that we have nothing to contribute toward it in seeking and encouraging candidates for this grade. We do it for Scholastic candidates for the Society; why not also for Coadjutor Brothers?"

We have considered what an important and necessary part our Coadjutor Brothers play in all the foreign missions of the Society. Many Jesuit mission centres can bring into play only a part of the well-proven and efficacious means to win pagan souls, just because they have no Coadjutor Brothers for the work. A missionary of Chota-Nagpore, in India, wrote to his superior: "If I had for two years the help of a Brother, I could probably have had 2000 more converts."

Using the 1940 Catalog of the Society for data, we find that there are 3,902 members of the Society in mission work. The Coadjutor Brothers in the missions are a little more than one-fifth of the whole number, or 687 Brothers. It is however, edifying to note that in the harder and more difficult mission fields, as, for example, Central Africa, the Brothers reach a far higher proportion. The Rhodesia mission of the English Province, called Salisbury, has 63 Fathers and 30 Brothers. In the Belgian Congo, there are 40 Fathers and 19 Brothers. In the mission of the Polish Province in Zambesi there are more Brothers than Fathers; the actual count standing 16 to 15 respectively. Crossing over to Oceania, to the Caroline and Marshall Islands, we find the Brothers of a Spanish Province numbering 17, the Fathers 15. But the missions for the Sioux Indians of South Dakota (Missouri Province) hold the record, 24 Brothers and 20 Fathers. We are sure that this large number of Brothers is given to these missions only through great sacrifices

made by the Provinces responsible, who thus afford such valuable aid to the conversion of the pagans under their care.

If the "call of the missions" is to be heeded after the war—and no doubt God will call many generous young men to do His work in fields afar—a proportionate number of Coadjutor Brothers must enter the field. The present Father Visitor to China, a position equivalent to that of provincial of all the Jesuit Missions in China, has very definite ideas about Coadjutor Brothers in the work of our modern missions in China. He has spent nearly twenty-four years on the China mission, and as Visitor, has obtained invaluable information about its plans and methods. He wishes to give Brothers coming to China the same two year course in Chinese language study as that enjoyed by Fathers and Scholastics. This will fit the Brothers to teach Catechism in Chinese, thus securing for them greater respect from the Chinese people, and enable them to superintend, in some instances, the Catechumens. They should be trained in Infirmary work so as to look after the mission dispensary. They should be able to direct the mission school. With these responsibilities as their main duties, they will share very intimately in the means that conduce to the most conversions. In China, as in other mission fields, the hope of forming solid Christian settlements is founded in the children. The missionary himself, the Priest, cannot be continually on the move, as his work ordinarily requires, and attend to his school at the mission centre. A Brother can make the school the best source of conversions. In new mission territory, two Fathers do not get along as well together as a Father and a Brother. The psychology of mission work allows initiative and a certain independence of action which does not come into play when two are given the same field. With a Coadjutor Brother, the adjustments are easily made, for the ministries differ. The material well-being of the Father is far better looked after by a Brother missionary who is in charge of food supplies as well as of medicines. There is slight danger

of a Brother being lonesome in his mission work, though he will often miss the joys of community life. But plenty of work, a hard life and great sacrifices do not deter generous young men from work for God.

My readers have likely concluded to a purpose in this rather lengthy survey of Brothers on the foreign missions. The China Mission of the California Province is looking for Coadjutor Brothers. Our California Mission in China has twenty-five Priests and *one* Brother. This one Brother has returned to California, not from the Court of old Peking but from an eight months' sojourn in the Concentration Camp of occupied Nanking. Of the ten years Brother spent in China, six were passed under war-clouds. Brother James Finnegan will return to his China Mission; but we do not want him to return alone, unaccompanied by other Brothers who will continue the glorious tradition of these indispensable mission workers.

A NEW DEGREE AT WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

JOSEPH C. GLOSE, S. J.

Woodstock College, at its founding in 1869, received a charter from the State of Maryland which empowered it to grant all the civil degrees usually granted by colleges or universities in the United States. Practically speaking these degrees were the A.B., B.S., M.A., M.S. and the Ph.D. In virtue of this charter Woodstock College has in the past conferred upon its graduates the A.B., the M.A., and very rarely the Ph.D. However, in May, 1935, Woodstock College entered into an agreement with Georgetown University by which the two institutions were integrated in such a manner that, beginning with the scholastic year 1935-1936, no further civil degrees were conferred on its graduates by Woodstock College as an independent institution, but by Georgetown University on presentation of these candidates by Woodstock College. By this integration with Georgetown University, Woodstock College no longer conferred degrees by the powers included in its own civil charter but by those included in the civil charter of Georgetown, except in the instance of those who may have earned their degrees earlier than 1935 and to whom for one reason or another the degree was not awarded at the time.

It was agreed at the time of the integration that Woodstock College would present candidates for the A.B. and the M.A. The M.A. was an M.A. in philosophy, and its course and thesis requirements were such that they could not be completed in the normal three year period of philosophy, but required one or two additional semesters. The curriculum in philosophy was organized according to the 2-1 plan which proposed to finish the text-book courses in logic, epistemology, ontology, cosmology, psychology, theodicy and ethics in 2 years and in the third year to treat special problems in philosophy on a graduate level. It is evident that this course was geared for students apt in philosophy.

When the curriculum reverted to the three year

distribution of scholastic philosophy with the text-book courses in theodicy and ethics back again in third year, the M.A. degree was discontinued. It was thought that mere text-book analysis, such as is the essence of the three-year plan in philosophy, is not the kind of study commonly expected for a master's research degree in philosophy.

During the scholastic year 1944-1945, or to be more exact, in December, 1944, the integration with Georgetown University was discontinued and Woodstock College resumed its original status of an independent institution and its right to confer civil degrees by the power of its own civil charter. At the same time a new degree, the Master of Arts in Teaching, was instituted to supply for the old Master of Arts in Philosophy.

In the matter of civil degrees the history of Woodstock College has been quite co-ordinate with the exigencies of the times. In the early days of the College little attention was paid to civil degrees. The title *S. J.* was considered ample distinction for its graduates. In fact it was classed as naive to parade any other title to academic prestige. This was common practice even among religious teachers outside the Society of Jesus. At the turn of the century a change set in and the worth of civil degrees became more insistent. European scholarship was beginning to be felt quite universally in American schools and there was a clamor for advanced degrees. This new mood was caught up by the province. Some of its members who were destined to fill teaching or administrative positions in its institutions of higher learning acquired advanced degrees or at least took courses at well known universities. Shortly after, the impact of the movement was felt at Woodstock. The A.B. and the M.A. became the usual degrees for the philosophate.

Naturally this change in attitude required a better synthesis of the curriculum. Some courses had to be intensified, new ones had to be introduced and one or another was dropped. In the succeeding years this same process had to be undergone several times. Finally when the elective became a necessary part of

the college curriculum it had to be incorporated into the philosophy curriculum at Woodstock in order to validate the modern A.B. degree. And the graduate M.A. had to take on like requirements of specialization.

The master's degree in American universities has undergone a considerable evolution. From a definiteness it passed through a vagueness of aim until it reached an over-importance in education. The M.A. in the old Colonial days was a tag for general scholarship. It set aside its recipient as one who loved learning and culture, and who was different from the ordinary college graduate who might have made the pass mark in a last human effort. It showed, at least, that he was capable of more than average interest in things intellectual. Later on, when research and specialization became the mark of learning, the M.A. became a much neglected degree. The Ph.D. was in the saddle. Gradually, however, the teaching profession, particularly on the high school level, noted in it an opportunity for advancement. Hand in hand with this desire for a specialized master's degree went the further and further departmentalization of high school teaching. These movements offered each other encouragement. The liberal arts colleges and the universities were quick to see in these movements a great trend to normal schools and to schools of education, where such degrees might be obtained, but perhaps of less real educational worth, because the school of education was loath to emphasize content over method. Hence they opened their own doors to such studies. The universities also hoped by this means to gather a few extra Ph.D. degrees. The M.A. had now become almost a terminal research degree. Two years were required and the method aped the method of the Ph.D. curriculum. It was hoped that this procedure would inspire the recipients of the degree to return some day to do more research in English or Latin or mathematics. It is clear how such a movement would effect Jesuit juniorates and philosophates. Somehow or other we had to get research and specialization into our program of studies or our M.A. would not have

current value. To do this in subjects outside philosophy and still keep philosophy as the core of our curriculum was not an easy task. Woodstock did not attempt it. Its M.A. remained an M.A. in philosophy until the requirements became such that it was found impossible to meet them. Then it was dropped.

About this time an apparently new trend in M.A. education appeared. It really was not new. It was a reversal to the old order of things. Teacher training was not too satisfactory. It was not being solved by the current M.A. training because current M.A. training was too specialized and too set on research method. And the usual bachelor's degree was not sufficient. It did not provide any teaching ideals and was also wanting in its content courses. It was becoming more and more clear to educators that the best training for a teacher is a course that will give the future teacher a broad cultural background and at the same time will be explicit in ideals. Moreover some educators were deploring the specialized training for practical reasons. When emergencies arose in their teaching staff, they found too few were fit to cross over and take even allied subjects. When perchance a teacher had to become a class teacher of the old style, as long as the diversity of subjects taught was not too exaggerated, the principals saw distinct advantages both for the teacher and the pupil intellectually and morally.

In order to prepare better teachers Harvard instituted a special curriculum and a special degree for high school teachers, a degree called Master of Arts in Teaching. Other schools established a five-year training course for high school teachers and awarded the special Master of Education. *Pari passu* some states were preparing a five-year teacher training program for high school teachers. The states did not, however, select any particular degree for this curriculum. On the other hand they were insistent that this type of curriculum was something that would eventually become routine requirement for high school teachers. Besides it must be borne in mind that it is common

practice for the examining board of an educational association and for the state board examiners to inquire about the number of master's degrees among the faculty of a high school. The examiners may waive the requirement in favor of long and successful teaching experience or in favor of a preparation that is the equivalent of a master's preparation; but still the procedure emphasizes that more than a bachelor's degree or a bachelor's training is expected.

Since Woodstock had abandoned the M.A. in philosophy and since neither that type of degree nor any similar M.A. was proving entirely satisfactory for high school teacher training, it became advisable to examine the seven-year training period in the Society previous to the regency, in order to see if some solution could be found and a reasonable M.A. be awarded again at Woodstock, such as the old Colonial type of M.A. which pointed out the cultured gentleman rather than the research student.

The program in the Society, with 2 years of novice-ship, 2 years of juniorate and the three-year philosophy plan of the new Ratio seemed made to order for this new type of M.A. degree. No courses had to be changed, no new courses had to be introduced, the emphasis on philosophy could remain the same. The only change necessary was the same kind of change that had been made often before at Woodstock. There had to be a better synthesis or integration of the courses and moreover the integration had to include the juniorate curriculum. The juniorate courses had to be given their true evaluation in relationship to the philosophate and modern collegiate practice, something which had been neglected for too many years.

The result was a five-year curriculum which merited the approval of the inspector of the Middle States Educational Association. The M. A. to be awarded for this curriculum is to be called an M. A. in Teaching. It is not exactly like the Harvard M. A. in Teaching, and according to the judgment of the inspector from the Middle States Association it is superior to the Master of Education being awarded by many schools for the five-year teacher training for high school teachers.

It is more like the old Colonial type of M. A. And since it is to be given not only for the successful completion of the content of the curriculum but more especially for skill in teaching, it will not be awarded until after 6 or 7 or more years or until a scholastic has shown aptitude in the class room as a teacher.

In this program the ideals of a teacher are inculcated as early as the noviceship where the scholastic is taught to remake himself in the image of Christ. The content of the five-year curriculum, juniorate and philosophate, is admirable for breadth of learning and culture. By a careful integration of courses it is possible to speak of major and minor sequences in the classics, English, modern languages and mathematics. History, and even the social and natural sciences, could be introduced as either major or minor sequences if the teachers were available. A major sequence is a five-year sequence. The curriculum makes it possible to return to the class teacher in the high school. The sequences are so arranged that a scholastic will have ample preparation to teach Latin, Greek and English in either first or second year high; in which combination the classics or English might have been the major sequence and the other the minor sequence.

If the scholastic is to teach English in either third or fourth year high his English sequence should have been a five-year sequence. Other possible combinations are Latin, Greek and mathematics or Latin, Greek and a modern language in any class in high school. This triple diversity, however, would be the limit of possible sequences. No scholastic could be well enough prepared in this curriculum to teach four diverse subjects. Nor should any scholastic be expected to do so. The degree is awarded on a double basis; the recipient must have completed satisfactorily the whole of the five-year curriculum and, secondly, he must show an aptitude for teaching. Deficiency in either element is sufficient to deprive the scholastic of the degree. Summer courses in education constitute a part of the curriculum. In these courses the methods and ideals of the Society are clearly explained. There is no thesis requirement.

FROM A CHAPLAIN IN ITALY

With the 10th Mountain Division

Italy, April 24, 1945

We're waiting just now to move again; and I'm making good use of the time. I've been able to get the old typewriter out, and dispatch some delayed correspondence. At the moment, I'm writing this in an open field, beside my foxhole, with the jeep and trailer parked a few feet away. I dug the foxhole last evening; and if we're to be here again tonight, I'll have to do a little more work on it. Sleeping on the ground never gets any easier; but then I must be thankful to be able to sleep at all.

I wish that you could have been with me the last few days, to feel what it means to liberate people from tyranny. I can't tell you all that has happened in these few days; though by the time this reaches you, you'll probably have read it in the papers anyhow. The correspondents with us assured us this morning that the story of the 10th division's exploits would break very shortly in the home papers. Incidentally, wherever you read of the 5th Army, without any outfit of it being mentioned, insert there name of the 10th division. It is sufficient to state that we've been moving very fast, and that we've freed the people of town after town, city after city.

I'll never forget last Sunday afternoon and evening. In a column that was so long that it exhausts the imagination to grasp it all, we rolled along at an average speed of 30 miles an hour on the very heels of the scurrying Germans. Everywhere we went, we were met by wildly enthusiastic crowds of people—Italian civilians—who had been practically slaves of the Germans. In one place I was talking to people (in broken Italian) within half an hour after the main body of the enemy scooted out, on horses, in horse-drawn carts (they have no gas left) and on foot. In that place the Germans had been entrenched for four

years. They were hated by the people. There was no disguising the joy of the populace. They clapped their hands in riotous applause as every American jeep or truck passed by. They yelled "Bravo!" And "Viva America!" They rushed up to every jeep and offered us flowers, wine, eggs, bread. At every turn in the road they poured out wine, and cheered and cried for joy. Old men and women threw their arms around the boys and kissed and hugged them. In the cities it was bedlam. I thought that the New York celebration of the Armistice after the last war was the height of enthusiasm; but it was mild compared to what we saw on that eventful push. They kissed my hand, and asked my blessing. (On the front of my jeep, I have two crosses painted with "Chaplain" in between them). I felt like a bishop. I read of the liberation of Paris; but ours was not merely confined to one city but quickly stretched to many. The triumphal marches of the Caesars could not have been more glorious—certainly not so spontaneous. I never before realized so vividly what it meant to be an American.

In two days our one division took more than 4,700 prisoners. Since this thing began, our division has taken almost as many prisoners as there are men in the division. But it hasn't all been entirely rosy. I've seen some terrible sights. God grant that the casualties may be few from now on. There are many fanatics—SS men—still holding out. Pray for us—and for peace SOON.

THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.

HISTORICAL NOTES

SANTAYANA VISITS A JESUIT CHURCH

T. R. FITZGERALD, S.J.

That George Santayana for some time attended a Jesuit church is not generally known. Yet in one of his latest works, entitled *Persons and Places*,¹ he has devoted several pages to this fact. In the early eighties there was attached to Boston College, and served by the Fathers of that institution, "The Church of the Immaculate Conception". This is still one of the active spiritual centers of Boston. Here it was that the young Santayana, while a student at "The Latin School", ordinarily heard Mass.

Born in Spain in 1864, George had been brought to the United States when he was eight years old. He lived in Boston together with his mother, two half-sisters and a half-brother. George's father, though alive, was not in Boston. For most of the time he was in Spain, several thousand miles distant from his family.

To say that the Santayanas were fervently Catholic is to be guilty of at least a partial inaccuracy. All had been baptized. They attended Mass more or less regularly and received the sacraments once a year. But that was all. It is true that Susana, one of George's half-sisters, was extremely devout, and even was a novice in a Baltimore convent for six months, before leaving on the advice of superiors. But, apart from her, for the Santayanas Catholicism was not too profoundly woven into the family's life. This was especially so with George and we should not be surprised, perhaps, that he did not remain in the Church.

As a youngster of high school age George went to Mass fairly frequently. But he did not do this because

¹ *Persons and Places: The Background of My Life* by George Santayana, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1944.

he had any deep belief in the Mass. Even in those early days to him everything was a sham. He lived in a Rousseauistic dream-world in which only his own imaginings were real. The roots of his future philosophy were even now taking hold and at this time, in the early eighties of the last century, he was already prepared to admit that "life is a dream, men are animated automata, and that the forms of good and beautiful are as evanescent as the natural harmonies that produce them".²

You may wonder why Santayana bothered going to church at all. He says that it was because the experience always gave him an emotional uplift that stimulated his dreams and imaginings. He considered this a sufficient reason for taking the long walk to church in early morning through the cold Boston streets.

Santayana relates that a number of Fathers from the Boston College faculty preached in the church, though, according to him, not all had a mastery of the English tongue. Two successive presidents of Boston College, Father Fulton and Father O'Connor, particularly impressed Santayana with their sermons. "The latter was a young and very oratorical Irishman, eloquently proclaiming Catholic Truth against all heresies Father Fulton was not eloquent; he was not warm; but he could explore the dialectics not only of doctrine but of sentiment; and it was in unravelling the complexities of our divided allegiance that I found him an instructive guide".³ But it is to be noted that Santayana makes no mention of personal contact with any of the Jesuits, though he does state that Father Fulton was Susana's spiritual director, and that she entered the convent in accordance with his advice.

George Santayana has made some interesting reports on the liturgical functions of the Jesuit church. He writes that the music was florid, that the choir attempted masses of Bach, Mozart, Schubert and Verdi.

² Santayana's summary of his philosophy, given in *Persons and Places*, p. 160.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 166-167.

Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Gounod's "Ave Maria" also were occasionally rendered. The important feasts must have been somewhat remarkable, because on such days an orchestra was added to the organ. For Santayana this music was, in his own word, transporting, and he found it particularly effective as an escape from everyday life to his world of dreams.

Santayana was most interested in the decorations of the Jesuit church. Not infrequently he would sit in the structure, looking at walls or ceiling or windows, especially musing over some angels in a painting just beneath the vault. These angels were depicted as young women, a representation which Santayana, though admitting that angels are sexless, disliked. He claimed that vision, inspiration, tradition and literature were unanimous in demanding masculine representation, and that these should take precedence over theology.

As far as the Jesuit church is concerned, neither the altar, nor the Sacrifice itself nor the Blessed Sacrament are mentioned by Santayana. He went there not for prayer, but for dreaming and rumination. That he frequently passed through the doors of our church is true. But Santayana seems never to have found there the House of God which it was.

OBITUARY

FATHER J. JOSEPH HORST

1880-1944

On Saturday afternoon, July 8, about 3:30 o'clock, Father J. Joseph Horst died suddenly in Omaha. Only that morning he had gone to Boys Town to substitute for the regular confessor. That week he had taught all his classes in the summer school and had sung the seven o'clock high masses in St. John's Church. Premonitions of his death were few and were recalled only after his demise.

About three o'clock that afternoon Father Horst had gone to the North Lawn for exercise with the lawnmower. He had chosen a spot of rather high grass near the observatory. One of the Fathers met him at work. They engaged in light banter. Without warning Father Horst gripped his body, slowly moved his hands to his chest, and without a word or a groan sank to the ground.

His startled companion gave him absolution and ran for help. While one Father gave the Last Sacraments, another summoned an interne who chanced to be on the way to the church. The latter made efforts to restore respiration but soon gave up. A doctor soon arrived from the hospital. He pronounced Father Horst dead from heart failure and cerebral hemorrhage.

Born in the parish of St. Lambert in Duesseldorf, Rheinland, on July 29, 1880, John Joseph Horst grew up in a staunch Catholic home. His father, John Horst, was a merchant. He died when Joseph was still a lad. His mother, nee Margaret Euler, died soon after. His two brothers are still living in Germany. After finishing the parochial school at St. Andrew's in 1893 Joseph attended the Gymnasium of Dusseldorf for six years. On April 26, 1898, he entered the Society at Blyenbeck,

Holland, the transferred novitiate of the German Province for the northern parts of Germany. His juniorate followed at Exaeten, likewise in Holland.

As one of a group of eight assigned to the Buffalo Mission of the German Province he came to America in 1901 to pursue his higher studies in the philosophate at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin. His regency followed in due course for a period of five years, as was then customary. These years he spent as teacher of mathematics and history at St. John's College, Toledo, Ohio. In 1909 he came to St. Louis for theology and was ordained with thirty-two others in 1912 by Archbishop Glennon.

After the tertianship in Brooklyn, Ohio, under Father Henry Moeller as Master, he was assigned for the next eleven years to the University of Detroit as professor of philosophy and biology, 1914 to 1925, and dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, 1925-1931, and Director of the Summer School, 1926-1931. In 1931 he was called to St. Louis to teach our scholastics in the fields of philosophy and biology. From 1932 to 1943 he was Dean of the Philosophate and since 1937 was also superior of the scholasticate. Father Horst was relieved as dean in the fall of 1943 and was transferred on February 10, 1944, to the department of philosophy of the Creighton University, Omaha. In 1936 he had been chosen to represent St. Louis University at the Second International Thomistic Congress in Rome.

Father Horst was a student and scholar. From 1908 to 1916 and again in 1931 he devoted himself during the summer to special studies under master teachers in the fields of biology, geology, zoology, neurology, comparative anatomy, histology, embryology, microscopic technique and psychology. As a writer he contributed articles to the *Modern Schoolman*, *The Archives*, *Acta of the Thomistic Congress*, *The American Ecclesiastical Review*.

As dean, both in St. Louis and in Detroit, he was well liked by the members of the faculty and by the students. In his dealings with the faculty he showed

deep understanding and human sympathy. He insisted on changes, if such were necessary, with a delicate firmness. In his quiet and intriguing way he smoothed out differences without giving offense. As one of his companions writes, "He offended no one. At the same time one could not budge him in the field of his authority to effect any change when he judged the present policy the correct one. Though at times this could amount to obstinacy, this trait in him was the result always of sincere conviction. In him it was likely a cultivated virtue in line with his will to adhere to what he thought the right thing to do."

With the students, both with Ours and with laymen, he manifested a paternal interest, a real personal concern and a gentle insistency on high standards. His devotedness to our scholastics showed itself in his fatherly concern for all individuals, in his common-sense manner of dealing with their difficulties and shortcomings, and his earnest desire to see them spiritual men as well as learned students.

Father Horst's was a deeply spiritual soul. The plan of life noted in his tertianship was adhered to with singular fidelity. His constant regularity at community exercises was noted by all. He remained faithful to the end of his life to all spiritual exercises. When the letter of Father Assistant drew attention to the increase in smoking he at once gave up this habit.

He was an excellent community man. He avoided criticism of others, though he was outspoken to superiors. His charity was at the service of all when he could reasonably be of help. "He was ready always with a smile." writes a superior, "to do little extra jobs which meant personal effort." In recreation he was always cheerful in a quiet way and loved to narrate incidents with a delightful humor. His humor was of the deep and placid kind. Among his effects was found a folder with the entertainment programs during his philosophy years with a recollection of parodies written by himself for the amusement of his brethren.

Though Father Horst seems never to have been afflicted with poor health and consequently probably

knew little of physical pain, his soul was at times sorely tried. The unforeseen lasting separation from the mother province and the homeland, the complete uncertainty about the well-being of former fellow Jesuits and relatives in the present devastating war were silent sorrows for his sensitive and affectionate nature. But his resolve never to complain gave such strength of character that few could ever surmise the depth of grief and sorrow. He lived in a supernatural atmosphere. "His absolute regularity in all things and his gentle serenity were the marks of one at peace with himself and with all about him." Of him it can be said that he was a good teacher, a good priest, a good Jesuit. Though death came suddenly, it found him ready. May he rest in peace.

FATHER E. G. BARTLETT

1886-1945

On January 10, Reverend E. G. Bartlett, well known to pilgrims to the Shrine, died suddenly at the Jesuit Seminary in Toronto.

Father Bartlett had an active and a distinguished career in the Society of Jesus. He entered the Novitiate in Montreal in 1908, one year after he had graduated from Valleyfield College with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. For his early studies in the order he was sent first to Stonyhurst College in England where he studied philosophy and then to Pope' Hall, Oxford, where he took his Degree in Classics. On his return to Canada in 1915 he was appointed to teach Philosophy at Loyola College, Montreal, and shortly after was named Dean of Studies there. He began his theological studies in 1919 and was ordained to the priesthood in Montreal in 1922. After a year spent at the Jesuit Tertianship at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., he returned again to Loyola in 1925, this time to be Rector, relinquishing this post to go to Winnipeg in 1930. In Winnipeg he did parish

work for two years, and then returned again to college work as Dean of Studies at St. Paul's College there. It was while engaged in this work that he suffered his first of a series of heart attacks that increased in frequency and severity until his death.

His superiors moved him from Winnipeg to Toronto in 1934 when he became associated with the work of the Shrine, assisting there from 1934 till 1938. During this time Father Bartlett's health apparently improved and he was again appointed to the post of Dean of Studies, this time at Regiopolis College, Kingston. Unfortunately the improvement was not permanent. Father Bartlett's inability to spare himself brought on other attacks and he returned to Toronto and the work of Martyrs' Shrine, in 1941. Here he still managed to find much to do. During the summer he undertook the arduous work of hospital chaplain at St. Joseph's and at St. Michael's Hospitals and he directed the work of the Sacred Heart Radio Program for all Canada. Meanwhile the number of his heart attacks continued to increase.

Father Bartlett was known and esteemed by the thousands of every creed and profession who visited the Martyrs' Shrine and he was an active member of the Huronia Historic Sites Committee. He was unusually well versed in history of the Jesuit Martyrs and of Huronia. No detail of their story was small enough to escape his interest. To give an example, he spent days delving through the deeds and titles in the Registry Office at Barrie till he could trace the history of the ownership of Fort Ste. Marie back to 1829 when it was first leased from the Crown. His was an enquiring mind. As one outlet after another was closed to it he found others. Latterly he had returned to his former field, languages. Besides his competency in French (which he spoke as easily as English), Latin, Greek, Spanish and German, he was striving to acquire a reading knowledge of Russian. Throughout his life he had managed to acquire an encyclopedic knowledge of a great number of topics and his ability to draw from

it added greatly to the charm and interest of his conversation.

What truly amazed his friends in latter years when his attacks increased in number and in length was the fact that he refused to allow them or himself to be unduly disturbed by them. After each attack he rose again and continued to be active saying that he preferred a short life of activity to a prolonged existence as an invalid. Rest, he was convinced, could never cure him. At the same time he had an almost child-like confidence in the Martyrs and ascribed his recovery from many attacks to their intercession and to the blessing with their relics. His genial manner and cheerful disposition made him a host of friends among clergy and laity all of whom will remember him as one whom neither suffering nor the proximity of death could rob of his peace of mind based on a great trust in God. May he rest in peace.

FATHER JOSEPH A. ORMSBY

1896-1944

“This is it! This is it!” These were the last words of Father Joseph Ormsby before going into convulsions and unconsciousness when stricken with cerebral hemorrhage while sitting at his desk in the Law School on the afternoon of December 6, 1944. He peacefully passed away a few hours later in St. Joseph’s Hospital surrounded by members of his family, his religious brethren, and the devoted Sisters of St. Francis who had learned to love him for his patience and priestly virtues during a previous stay in the hospital.

What was the implication and significance of those final words? Did he recognize and welcome this as the moment set by a loving God from all eternity for receiving his soul in judgment? Throughout his religious life, Father Ormsby had cultivated a deep love and a

tender devotion for the Mother of God. Throughout his entire life he had ever shown a scrupulous regard for purity. Did the Master recognize this attitude of mind and heart of His faithful servant by calling him from this life less than two days before the great feast of the Immaculate Mother of God?

It is difficult to write of one whose religious life was so interior, of one who loved God so intensely and yet who moved through the routine of the day with such casual bearing and almost unobservable serenity. All who knew him realized full well how much Father Ormsby detested ostentation, flattery, and anything that savored of self. Still, no one ever heard him speak unkindly or uncharitably of another, even when that one gave evidence of the above characteristics. In the classroom, he was noted for his wry humor, and all loved him for it. In his quiet and unassuming way, he had the knack and ability of making his classes not only interesting but, likewise, most effective. He was an admirable teacher and an inspiration to all in his classes. He was intolerant of horse-play during time of class and could administer a stinging rebuke in such a manner that offenders were made conscious of their error without, however, feeling the slightest resentment towards their admonitor. He had the deepest sympathy for those afflicted with sorrow and a sincere and Christlike regard for the unfortunate. Derelicts frequently came to his office, and he ever received them with kindest attention, admonishing them for their faults and failings, but never belittling or demeaning them. He always kept a little change in his desk drawer, and, as he handed out a dime or a quarter to one of his old "classmates," as he referred to them with a smile, he would say, "Now, be sure that this time you spend this for coffee." He detested anything that savored of immorality or ugly suggestiveness and was strong in his denunciation of those who uttered flippant remarks about the moral integrity of womanhood. And yet, he was most sympathetic and kindly in dealing with penitent sinners.

Mothers frequently came to Father Ormsby seeking

advice about their children. Young mothers loved to bring their babies to him to bless. He conveniently kept a box of pamphlets with instructions for young married people. Young ladies whom he had formerly taught came to him with their problems. Former men students returned to him to talk over their difficulties. He was never too weary, never too busy to receive them, and he always sent them away feeling better for the visit.

Father Ormsby was deeply affected by the war. He seldom discussed it, but when anyone spoke of harrowing incidents in connection with the war, he was visibly touched. Many of his former students wrote to him from all parts of the world. Zealously and most faithfully he answered all those letters, ever encouraging his young friends to cling to their Christian principles and to be prepared at all times for the final summons. He was well aware of the moral dangers prevalent during time of war. He was conscious of the many temptations for those youngsters in service. He had been a lieutenant during World War I and had witnessed the degradation and profligacy among officers and enlisted men alike. He shuddered at the very recollection of it all and did everything humanly possible to warn young men entering the service against these moral abuses and temptations. How often did he shake his head and say, "This war is simply terrible. Those poor kids are going through hell itself!"

Father Ormsby had an aversion for preaching, yet the sermons he delivered in Gesu Church are remembered and spoken of by those who were fortunate enough to have been present. He did not have a strong voice, nor did he resort frequently to the employment of oratorical devices, but the sincerity of his manner was all-convincing and effective. His sermons were masterpieces of English diction, filled with solid thought and spirituality. Once when someone remarked to him, "I see that you are down to preach the Easter sermon," he replied, "And I would just as soon have someone cut my throat!" The unending stacks of notes filed away in his room were jottings taken from books

he had read. He was a prodigious reader all his life, and what he read he assimilated and later put it to good advantage. In the classroom as in the pulpit his erudition was profound and effective.

For many years Father Ormsby suffered from severe headaches. Nevertheless, he was accustomed to go about his usual work, giving no indication that he had been suffering agony. Far into the night he would read, even though he was physically uncomfortable. He seemed to be crowding as much as he possibly could into the years allotted to him, so that when the supreme hour arrived, those years would represent his record of devout service to God.

Could these be the characteristics that made such a deep and lasting impression upon all who knew him? What quality did he possess that caused students, whom he taught years ago, to return to him either for a friendly visit or to talk over their problems? What was there in his personality that made people love him so dearly? What characteristics did he have that made his own religious brethren esteem and regard him so highly? Why were his innumerable friends so stunned at the news of his death? Why was Gesu Church crowded with mourners on the day of his funeral? Why did hundreds of people travel to Calvary Cemetery on that bitterly cold day of his burial and tearfully watch as his coffin was lowered into the grave? Why did members of his own community and members of the lay faculty repeat over and over again, "There seems to be a great void here with Father Ormsby gone"?

There was nothing pretentious in his bearing. He was not very communicative, certainly not demonstrative. All considered him scholarly; all felt that he was deeply religious, but his absolute sincerity, simplicity, and his sympathetic characteristics were so genuine and unmistakable, that all who knew him regarded him as a reflection of the Master he so whole-heartedly served and imitated. He was an "*alter Christus*".

Father Ormsby was born in Milwaukee on May 12, 1896. He attended the Gesu Parish School and the old Marquette Academy. In the fall of 1914 he entered

the college department and remained until this country entered World War I. He served as a first lieutenant and after being mustered out of service returned to Marquette to complete his college course. In September, 1920, he began his novitiate at Florissant. He taught English Rhetoric in the college department of St. Louis University during the first year of his regency. The following two years were spent at Marquette High School in Milwaukee. He was ordained to the priesthood in the College Church in Saint Louis in 1930. After completing his tertianship he was assigned to Marquette University where he taught ethics in the college department. He received his Doctor's degree in 1937. In 1939, he was appointed to succeed the late Father Hugh MacMahon as Regent of the Marquette University Law School. In this capacity he served until his death on December 6, 1944. May he rest in peace.

BROTHER MARTIN P. CROTTY

1882-1944

Among the acolytes who faithfully served at the altar during the various services held in Gesu Church, Milwaukee, back in the nineties, was a slender, fair-haired, wide-smiled lad. Lively, jovial, with a fund of ready Irish wit and a passion for punning, he had more than once to take a pounding at the hands of other boys for his play on words. While full of life and ready to play, he was a different boy when, attired in cassock and surplice, he stepped into the sanctuary. Joviality gave way to seriousness. Eyes modestly cast down, he went about the business of serving with dignity and reverence. He was one of the model acolytes the many years he was at the altar of the Gesu. If the thought of consecrating himself to the service of his Master as a Jesuit occupied his mind during these years, it was a secret shared only with his confessor.

September was a red letter month in the life of Brother Crotty. He was born in Milwaukee, September 7, 1882. Baptism was conferred in old St. Gall's church. In 1944 Brother Crotty was one of the few Jesuits living whose names appeared in the baptismal records of that famous old center of Jesuit endeavor in Milwaukee. His primary education was received at St. Gall's and Holy Name. The latter school was in the new parish formed to relieve the ever-increasing labors of the Fathers who were working among the Catholics on the lower West Side of the city. The union of the two parishes gave rise to the now-flourishing Gesu Parish.

On completion of his parochial school education Brother Crotty entered Marquette College, where he spent three years, leaving in 1899. It was during the following years, while working, that he finally arrived at his great decision, and on September 3, 1908, he entered the Novitiate at Florissant as a Lay Brother.

After only four years at the Novitiate he was sent to Cincinnati to take over the duties of Sacristan at St. Xavier's Church. This is no light task today and was much greater thirty years ago, for St. Xavier's, ever close to the downtown section of Cincinnati and consequently ministering to both the transient and the business groups, was at that time a substantial parish as well. It was necessary that he be on duty early and late to care for the needs of the Fathers of a large community and the people of the parish.

Brother Crotty was never one to shirk responsibility. He both delighted and took pride in his work as was evidenced by the order and cleanliness of both sanctuary and sacristy. He was extremely happy in this appointment and entertained fond hopes of being permitted to remain in the capacity of sacristan through long years in the Society. He was most obliging and willingly put himself out to attend to the desires of those who might be forced to come late for Mass or of the many visitors who would daily arrive and announce they wished an altar. It was not long before his presence was known and appreciated, and throughout the

years he labored there he counted among his friends great numbers of the people of the parish; nor was he forgotten down to the time of his death.

Six years after assuming his duties in Cincinnati he was transferred to Prairie du Chien and to different work. The new assignment was not one to his nature or liking. He was to enter a field entirely strange to him. The thought of his inexperience caused him genuine apprehension, while the realization of the responsibility attached to this line of duty caused him to fear it might be a cross he was unsuited to carry. Even though it was at that time truly a cross, Brother Crotty could carry it bravely, for he had not been in the Society these few years without gaining a solid foundation in virtue.

He departed from Cincinnati heavy-hearted, it is true, but not without the determination that he would devote his every effort to his new task of infirmarian. His knowledge of medicine, if he possessed any at all, was extremely limited; his acquaintance with professional or technical aspects of the care of the sick was scarcely more. But he was possessed of a wealth of human understanding and sympathy, patience, charity, and forgetfulness of self and personal convenience. Difficult as the task was, he took it in stride, facing each new demand with genuine courage. Daily he added to his store of knowledge and experience, and as these widened, the greater was his efficiency. Magnificent traits of character must have been recognized by his Superiors and induced them to appoint Brother Crotty to this important work. The twenty-six years which followed bear testimony to the wisdom of their decision. A kind and gentle manner, truly heroic patience, painstaking charity, unfailing cheerfulness and a marvelous sense of humor were invaluable assets he brought to his task of caring for the sick.

In his dealings with the boys at Campion Brother Crotty was found to be one who was able to sympathize with them but at the same time one who would not tolerate any nonsense. Through epidemics, influenza or measles or mumps, periodic visitors at every

boarding school, Brother Crotty was attentive to duty and his sense of responsibility was proof of the confidence Superiors placed in him. It is no easy task to have to care for the well-being of several hundred young American boys, especially during an epidemic. That he met with success in his work as infirmarian may be judged by the long years he acted in this capacity. After nine years at Campion he was sent to St. Louis University to continue his work of caring for the sick and infirm. Now his labors would be confined to caring for his brother Jesuits.

With true Jesuit zeal he did not permit the disappointment of removal from the office of Sacristan to prevent him from becoming an efficient and effective infirmarian. In his work with his fellow Jesuits he was candid in giving his advice when asked for his opinion on matters of health. He served his brothers with great charity and patience. No task was too menial for him, no vigil too long. He would find time to visit any of the community who happened to be in the hospital. His pleasant smile and ready joke made his visits the more enjoyable.

From 1927 to the time of his death he 'kept house' on the fifth floor of the Administration Building, where the Infirmary is located. In his death the Missouri Province lost one of her most valuable Brothers. He had gone to Beulah for his annual retreat, but was taken ill and was hurried into Milwaukee and became a patient in St. Joseph's Hospital there.

Early in the summer he had been quite unwell in St. Louis, spending several weeks in St. John's Hospital. It was thought that there might be some benefit derived from a trip to his native climate, but the attempt was too much for his weakened condition. After a few days, fortified with the Sacraments, he died peacefully on September 1, 1944. His remains were brought to St. Louis and, after Mass in the College Church, were taken to Florissant to the hallowed cemetery of the Novitiate, where Brother Crotty had more than once expressed the desire to be buried. May he rest in peace.

VARIA

From Other Countries—

PHILIPPINES SUMMARY

Letter from the Mission Superior

April 27, 1945

Please give to all at Woodstock the sincere thanks of the Philippine Mission for the prayers and Masses offered for us during the past few years. We certainly had our full share of narrow scrapes and shaky moments but plenty of proof, too, that someone, somewhere was offering up a lot of fervent orations for our safety. One night in particular, surrounded by a host of grinning Japs with wicked-looking cocked pistols and a drunken officer with a naked sword at my breast, right under the clock in the Ateneo patio, like Jack Dalton I thought, "Your time has come!" Only prayers pulled us out of that and a hundred other close calls.

Back to the States for needed recuperation about a week or two ago went Fathers Deppermann, Doucette, Ewing, Haggerty, Kirchgessner, McFadden, Reppetti, Bittner, Cervini, Doino, Dow, Dowling, Gampp, Gisel, Guicheteau, Hartnett, Hyland, Irwin, Kennally, Kerr, Kienle, Kinn, Lochboehler, Lutz, McCaffray, McManus, Morning, Mudd, Nuttall, O'Beirne, O'Neill, O'Shaughnessy, Pangborn, Reilly, Sullivan, Welch, Zilling.

Scholastics returning to complete their theology are Fathers Behr, Brady, Gehring, Boyle, Cashman, Corbett, Dincher, Fox, Grau, Hacker, Healy, Horgan, Kavanagh, Klippert, Leary, Madigan, Martin, (C.), Martin, (E.), Maxcy, McCann, McMahan, McSorley, Mitchell, Nicholson (W.), Nicholson (J.), Quinn, Reuter, Riley, Rively, Ruane, Sullivan, Wiley, Wolf.

Two Brothers also—Abrams and Bauerlein—are on their way. Fr. Frank Burns is expected to take off any day now.

All the Ateneos were completely destroyed—de Manila, de Cagayan, de Zamboanga and de Naga. In this same category is San Ignacio Church and Convent, San Jose Seminary and the Ateneo de Manila Grade School. About the only things standing on Padre Faura are the elevator shaft, the shattered front of the auditorium and the cracked dome of the Weather Bureau.

Novaliches was saved but looted from top to bottom. For a time the Japs occupied the place, but as soon as they left the bandits of the neighborhood stole everything, including the toilet fixtures and washbowls and even the doors of the rooms.

La Ignaciana came out almost untouched. There we had concentrated the novices under the care of Fr. Selga. When things really got hot the Apostolic Delegate and many civilian refugees took up residence there. Only one piece of shrapnel entered the house, and that the Delegate's room when he was out.

Fr. Ledesma and five Juniors who had evacuated to Baguio in October reached Manila last week. They have quite a tale to tell about the terrific bombing of Baguio and their trek over the mountains and through the Jap lines.

Natural deaths during the occupation were those of Fathers Casals, Mir, Mulry, O'Connell, Vall and one scholastic, Edward B. McGinty. Brothers Llull and Novellas also died natural deaths.

Fr. Mulry died on the operation table in the hospital of the Los Banos Interment Camp on January 15, 1945. He was well prepared and knew the seriousness of his case. He went on the operating table at 10:05 P. M. and was dead at 10:25 P. M. In a way he was very fortunate because he had a large ulcer in his stomach which had become cancerous and would have caused him a great deal of suffering with no hope of a recovery.

Fr. McGinty passed away on the first day of this year after four successive heart attacks. His death was a beautiful one and you will hear more of it I am sure.

Others who were killed in the course of the war were

Fathers Consunji, Daly, Gaerlan, Rocks, Scholastics Lopez, Pimentel and Abrogina and Brother Lou. Frs. Consunji and Gaerlan were executed by the Japanese; Gaerlan bayoneted to death after the fall of Bataan, Consunji practically tortured to death by the Japanese Gestapo. Rocks was killed by bandits in Bukidnon. Abrogina and his whole family were wiped out by some Jap soldiers in Lipa, Batangas. Lopez shot by a sniper in the Assumption grounds. Pimentel hit by a shell in the Ateneo auditorium. Daly hit by a Jap shell in the main building of Sto. Tomas after the liberation.

Now we are in the interregnum stage. The San Jose Seminary (Theology and Philosophy) will open in a few weeks in two houses immediately adjoining La Ignaciana. Nothing much but the walls remain in these houses, but you know what we can do in this country with four walls!

As regards things Jesuitical—a very fine Catholic family has offered us the use of two houses in Polo for a Jesuit Philosophate; and the Ateneo de Manila High School is expected to open soon, perhaps in June. Anyway, it will open as soon as we can find a place whether that is a private house or a public building or a tent or a whatnot. Fr. Dowd will be the “in-charge.”

I am enclosing a Catholic Welfare Organization bulletin, just to give you an idea of another headache of mine. Against my most earnest wishes and despite formal letters of resignation, the Apostolic Delegate insists that I continue as Secretary General of this organization which means a thousand and one problems added to those we already have aplenty.

We tried our level best to get Fr. Masterson out here as soon as possible. I myself saw an order signed by General MacArthur giving him priority to fly all the way. What more we can do, except pray, to expedite his journey is beyond me.

Keep us in your Mass intentions. We need prayers and Masses now almost as much as before. Give my best and most grateful thanks to the whole community.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

JOHN F. HURLEY, S.J.,

Santo Tomas.—From Fr. John Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Philippine Mission, came the following moving description of the final liberation.

“God bless America. God bless all Americans but especially God bless the magnificent First Cavalry Division who made the brilliant and daring dash into Manila which released and without a doubt saved the lives of 4,000 internees. In years to come America on the school benches will be reading that this brilliant coup was one of the outstanding daring feats not only of this war but in military history.

“The battle still rages in Manila but the issue is settled and the joy unconfined is marvelous.

“No words of any living man could possibly exaggerate the magnificent character of our deliverers.

“The press people with the army tells us that the First Cavalry Division, the 37th Division of Infantry were especially picked by General MacArthur for the dash.

“Of course, they are big, muscular, hard as rocks, magnificent physical specimens. But that of course is taken for granted; the feature that has impressed us all—swept us off our feet, and put these men in our hearts forever is the unbelievable kindness, consideration, thoughtfulness, gentleness, tenderness towards us. You know, that by nature I am not one to let my emotions run away with me. They are not now either. What I write is the statement of plain unvarnished facts. In all my years I have never seen such a group of men. Each and everyone of them. No one of us has yet experienced a single exception to what I have written.

“But I do not need to labor the point. If you know their commander you know the magnificent character of these magnificent heroes. God bless them all.

“‘God bless America.’ How proud and happy we are to be Americans. When in the future we shall sing this song, we shall experience an emotion possible only to those who have lived three years under a system of repression.

“We now have about 35 men ready for ordination—

three years theology finished. The largest body of priests to be ordained at one time in history of the Church in the Philippines, I believe.

“Manila is now a smoking ruins, historic old Intramuros is flattened, the Philippines have been seared and scorched and scarred from end to end but from the ashes—Phoenix-like—already is rising a Philippines of a youthful spirituality—vigorous, genuine, intellectual and sacrificial.

“This war is hard, but it is producing a spiritual character in Filipinos of which America, the Church, and all of us who know and appreciate the Filipino may be justly proud.

“The reception of the Sacraments has doubled, tripled and then quadrupled. The majority of the 30,000 Filipinos who in our darkest hour gave back their noble souls to their Creator and Judge on their Mount of Calvary in Bataan or Capaz Camp (Tarlac) wore about their necks their Rosary, or crucifix or Miraculous Medal.

“Yes, the Philippines of tomorrow will be a vigorously and intelligently spiritual Philippines.

“The Church will be proud of these young men and women of the Philippines of tomorrow. And the Church will be grateful to America and all Americans for the way they have sacrificed—even to their blood—that the Philippines might be able to remain true to her religion. And from her heart will the Church with the Philippines say ‘God bless America’.”

Father Hurley, Superior of the Jesuit Philippine Mission since December, 1936, during his nineteen years in the Philippines had won an exceptional reputation for courageous leadership. For his counsel and direction of affairs during the few days between the evacuation of Manila by U. S. troops in late December, 1941, and the city’s occupation by the Japanese, Jan. 2, 1942, he was called by a former member of the Philippine cabinet “the unofficial Mayor of Manila.” He has been credited with being the individual chiefly instrumental in the cessation of the bombing of Manila by the Japanese after it had been declared an open city.

Father Hurley discerned that the real targets which were drawing Japanese bombings were several ships berthed in the Pasig River running through the heart of Manila. Nearby buildings were bound to suffer in any slight miscalculations. At his instigation tug-boats and launches of every description were harnessed to pull these ships out into the open harbor where any bombing attacks they would draw would not further endanger the city. With this operation the bombings of the city proper ceased.

Cabanatuan.—From Capt. John J. Dugan, S.J., of the New England Province, who was an Army chaplain on Bataan, comes the following:

“I can tell the whole story of my comrades during these past three terrible years in a few simple words.

Those words are these—they proved themselves real Americans; Americans with honesty, courage, Godliness and fine common sense; Americans who never faltered and who may have feared, but were too proud to admit it.

Many of them found God in death; others found their God with me in the simple service we were allowed to hold in our rude little prison chapel.

Yes, we lived a barbaric, cruel and often bestial existence. But we lived a life which bound each unto the other and we shared the pain and suffering of imprisonment under our ruthless Japanese captors with the same community feeling with which we are now sharing our freedom under the Army officers and men who are almost too kind to be real.

I was one of those few fortunate men who missed the Death March—I was ill, too ill to walk, and even the Japanese apparently feared to infringe greatly at that time on the Church.

But everywhere around me I saw what they did to our men. First they confiscated everything we had—our few precious remaining valuables and keepsakes, what little food we had saved aside, and, yes, even our medicines.

Not then, nor weeks later, nor months later, did they

ever give us that medicine we needed so badly for our wounded and our dying.

They did everything they could to starve us, but they forgot one thing—the American spirit. Our boys had that from the start to the finish and they absolutely refused to let the Japanese crush that spirit.

Deliberately, in the first days, they did all they could to confuse us. There were frequent moves, disquieting reports which they circulated of what our leaders were doing, propaganda about how America was about to surrender.

It achieved them no good except to create an even deeper distrust and dislike.

Our death toll at first was staggering. In the early days at Camp Cabanatuan, second only to the terrible scenes at Camp O'Donnell for savage administration, our soldiers were dying at the rate of fifty a day.

Then, in late November of 1942, we were given our first Red Cross parcels—parcels with food, medicine, cigarettes and even some reading matter which the enemy troops let pass.

Nothing was received in all the time we were imprisoned that did so much to lift our morale, to increase our confidence and to cut our death rate.

That medicine meant the difference between life and death for many scores of our men.

All the officers, chaplains and doctors had to do manual labor in the fields every day, working from dawn to dusk.

Our jobs ranged from cleaning latrines to farming and wood chopping. And those who failed to meet the schedule the Japanese had set were beaten and sometimes executed.

I've seen more than one American beaten to death because he lacked both the strength and the will to keep up the back-breaking physical labor our captors demanded.

Certain memorable highlights stand out in those three years we were in captivity, but not many. In time, often in a very short time, the sheer weight of living becomes so heavy you strive to let each day pass

with as little notice as possible, except for a thankful prayer that you are still alive.

I could tell of tens and tens of thousands of terrible things we saw and heard, of little events which we magnified so much at the time, but which seems so small to us now, of more of that same type of camaraderie I mentioned before.

But fortunately, while the hardships of those years will always remain, somewhere deep within us, it's the brighter things we like to remember.

For example, the wonderful kindness of all the Filipinos who willingly sacrificed their lives and freedom to bring us gifts of food or medicine.

I cannot find words to praise too highly their unselfishness, their loyalty and their friendship for us when we were the representatives of what seemed to everyone but them and us, a great lost cause.

I can give the time right down to the minute when our captors knew that our cause was not a lost one. It was 10:30 a.m. on Sept. 21 of last year. We were working in the fields when that hope flew past high above us—in the form of at least 150 carrier-based planes.

We should have been beaten to death had we showed the least outward signs of happiness, but you can imagine what joyfulness seethed within?

That moment, I think, we all knew better than ever before that the Americans were on the way back to us for sure.

It was an unforgettable day in all our lives.

I like to recall Christmas Eve of 1942, also—an evening which will live in my mind as one of the great experiences of all my imprisonment.

We secured permission from the prison authorities to hold Christmas services in the fields near Cabanatuan. All the churches and all denominations were represented in that picturesque setting and 6,000 American soldiers came to that single service of belief.

I am sure God looked down on us that night, and today I'm equally sure that He answered our prayers.

Of course, Tuesday night, Jan. 30, was our night of

redemption and there'll never be another quite like it for any of us.

If all Americans are pouring into this war the same efforts those 120 Rangers gave, individually and collectively, to rescue us from almost certain death, then I know why we are winning this war.

They did an absolutely herculean task with truly beautiful teamwork.

You just can't put into words what your heart feels when freedom—the last thing you have learned to expect after three years of prison—is suddenly yours.

What perhaps made it most realistic to me was that two friends—Lieut. John Murphy of Springfield, Mass., and Lieutenant O'Connell of Boston—were among the first to recognize me and tell me it was not a dream, but reality.

Then I knew that even though there was a long march ahead of us, home lay at the end of the road.

Our Government cannot reward too highly Colonel Mucci and his Rangers for what they did.

I want to say once again that the morale of our men the night we left Cabanatuan was the same strong, unflinching morale they'd showed throughout, and I want to say again how proud they make me feel to be an American.

How do I feel about this new freedom? It's like walking in a new and wonderful world!"

Los Banos.—The drama of Feb. 23, 1945, when internees at Los Banos were liberated by American paratroopers and Filipino guerillas, was graphically described by the Rev. R. H. Dowling, S.J., formerly of Holy Cross College.

Father Dowling was stationed at the Ateneo de Manila when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. With other Jesuits he was interned at Los Banos in January, 1942. His letter, dated March 1, was written from an evacuation hospital in the Philippines, where Army personnel is caring for 3,000 refugees and former civilian prisoners.

Describing progressively wretched conditions in the camp, where eight internees had died of malnutrition

in the nine days before the rescue, Father Dowling wrote: "Put a circle around Feb. 23, when the Providence of God sent some sturdy angels in green uniforms dropping down from the skies. And keep in your prayers the one American soldier and the few guerillas who got killed in rescuing us. For efficiency, the rescue ranks the U. S. Army A-1."

Father Dowling told how the internees, who for two days had been subsisting on a diet of unhusked rice, hailed first with joy and then with apprehension the bombers that appeared overhead on the afternoon of February 22.

The flimsy barracks offered little protection against a stray bullet and none against a bomb. Many thought their release from the camp would be their release from this world. Later it was discovered that photographers on planes that had roared over the camp earlier had taken pictures which gave the Army an accurate knowledge of the camp and of the surrounding terrain, so that no misadventure might occur when the dive bombing began.

It was 7 a. m. when internees, lining up for morning roll call, saw "big transport planes roaring low over the tree-tops and a swarm of paratroopers clouding the horizon in their wake," Father Dowling wrote. He continued:

"There were a few moments of quiet—that is, nothing happening except our excited talk—as we crowded to the door of the barracks, tingling and waiting. Then rifle fire and machine-gunning crackled up right in the camp area. The barracks, though strongly beamed, offered no protection at all against fire. Their roofs were straw and the walls swali, something like the cane bottom of a chair. As the firing crackled up all around, we were heroically lying on our faces on the bamboo floor of the cubicles or on the dirt-floored central passage. Early in the excitement I saw some Japs hurrying between the barracks toward the hills beyond.

"The place was alive with pursuing guerillas. Did we feel good when we saw those un-uniformed but well armed and very active fellows! And when the first American soldiers were sighted—helmeted and in olive

drab! That moment was only beaten when someone shouted, 'A tank!' And there it was—had rumbled in almost unnoticed between our barracks and the next. And now the well-browned but very American faces smiling over the top!"

Internees with one bag of personal belongings each were bundled into the tanks—"perhaps they were amphibian tractors," Father Dowling wrote, "for they rolled right into the water when we reached the lake."

Conveyed by P-38's, the rescue "fleet" was ploughing through the lake when the Japs opened fire.

"The skirmish began with a splash here and there and the sudden ear-splitting bark of answering machine-gun and rifle fire, all adding to the already deafening roar and clank of the tanks, the surge of the spray and the rush of wind," he wrote. "Soon our gun jammed and we contented ourselves with odd rifle shots. The main discomfort of the battle was the extreme crowding it caused in the tank. We were already pressed in tightly. A few hospital cases were on the verge of passing out and were having their faces dampened with water from a soldier's canteen. When the order came to duck low, all from the front and sides had to scramble down. I found myself thrown completely off balance but securely wedged. One man, who had leg room between two valises, found himself thrown behind me and all through the firing kept yelling something about his leg—probably that I was breaking it.

"While I was in a mild agony of mind at causing him such pain, there was nothing I could do but sit on him, because four or five others were piled on me. Luckily, he suffered no more than a passing cramp."

At the beach ambulances were ready to take the sick, among whom was Father Dowling, who was suffering from beri-beri.

"It was all over," he wrote. "We had only to lie there. We would be cared for. We would be fed."

The Jesuits in the area are already planning relief work, he said adding: "The Japanese seem to have gone berserk in Manila."

Destruction.—With the practically universal destruction wrought upon the city of Manila by the Japanese during these last several weeks, many Catholic institutions have been completely destroyed or very largely devastated. It is known that the Japanese were fighting in the Jesuit Manila Observatory and the Jesuit University in the same building; the San Jose Seminary, directed by the Society, which is the Holy See's national seminary for the Philippines, has been completely destroyed; the Jesuit Church along with a dozen others in the Intramuros section is reported to have been completely levelled. The adjoining latest section of the Ateneo University in Intramuros appears to have met the same fate.

Other destruction throughout the Philippines seems to have anticipated the Japanese pattern in Manila. It is known for instance, that in one town in Mindanao, that of Cagayan, the Jesuit Mission has sustained loss of Jesuit College and High School, the Cathedral of Cagayan diocese, the Bishop's residence, the parochial school, convent and rectory, and a Girls' Academy. The complete picture with regard to all of the regularly established parishes in Mindanao with their more than 800 mission stations must await more detailed investigation.

Relief Organization.—In a coordinated effort on the part of the Church to help the stricken populace of the Philippines, His Excellency the Most Rev. Guglielmo Piani, Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, has created a Catholic Welfare Organization which will provide personnel and properties to assist the military, civil and relief authorities in the task of bringing aid to the people of the liberated islands.

The Apostolic Delegate, in virtue of special faculties granted to him by the Holy See, has appointed the Very Rev. John F. Hurley, S.J., Secretary-General of the Catholic Welfare Organization and has empowered him to make the necessary arrangements and to fix the conditions for the use of such ecclesiastical properties as may be required by the military, civil and relief authorities.

In a letter directed to all administrators of ecclesiastical property in the Philippine Island the Apostolic Delegate says: "With all our heart have we offered to General MacArthur the fullest cooperation of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines in whatsoever way it may be possible."

General Douglas MacArthur, to whom Father Hurley offered in person the services of the Catholic Welfare Organization, accepted them and in the course of a conference made a number of specific suggestions in which he stressed the urgency of the problem and appealed to the Church to use all available facilities to assist, spiritually and materially, the United States Army relief agencies in their present mission of bringing relief to the people.

Father Hurley pointed out that the Catholic Welfare Organization is not an independent relief agency. "Its chief function," he said, "will be to provide personnel and properties to assist the military, civil and relief authorities in their mighty task."

The suggestions made by General MacArthur are summarized as follows by Father Hurley:

"1—Realizing that we have neither food nor medicines, he recommended that the Church offer its personnel and properties to work in cooperation with the United States Army relief organizations, which have the necessary medical and food supplies.

"2—The specific work of the Catholic Welfare Organization, as suggested by the General, is first of all to be religious—the Church's own work. All Catholics should endeavor to bring about an increase of spiritual strength in their souls, by God's grace, and help their neighbor to do the same. For this purpose, all churches should have divine worship as soon as possible. Even churches damaged by the ravages of war should be cleared of the debris immediately and divine worship again be offered amid the standing ruins.

"3—He urged thanksgiving services to Almighty God, as soon as the state of war permits.

"4—Schools should be reopened, education should start. 'If you can gather twelve children in the ashes of the ruins,' the General said, 'you will have the new start of our educational system. After all, the building

does not make the school. The school is the teacher.'

"5—General MacArthur urged that 'if at all possible, no tuition fees be charged the people, who are now poor.'

"6—In the meantime, the General urged that the Church use all available facilities to assist, in every way possible, the United States Army relief agencies in their present mission of bringing material relief to the people. This, he said, should be done at once."

Filipino Loyalty.—American Jesuits, together with fifteen Irish, twenty-eight Dutch and ten Canadian priests on Mindanao received an official commendation from General MacArthur's headquarters in the South Pacific for their work in maintaining Filipino morale, the Rev. J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., who returned from Mindanao, said at a press conference in the Jesuit Philippine Mission Bureau, 51 East Eighty-third street, New York. He was the first priest to come out of the Philippines.

Known throughout the area as the "Guerilla Padre," Father Haggerty, former rector and president of the Jesuit College and High School at Cagayan, northern Mindanao, had been living in the hills and working with guerillas since August, 1942.

He saw his own college pounded to pieces "in fifteen minutes" by our liberators because the Japanese were using it as their headquarters, and watched the Cathedral, used by the Japs as an ammunition storehouse, suffer the same fate. The palace of Bishop T. G. Hayes, S.J., of Cagayan was also bombed because the Japs had anti-aircraft mounted on the roof.

Father Haggerty paid high tribute to the courage of the Filipinos and to the loyalty of all Christian natives to the Americans.

"I know of no Filipino in the southern islands who ever betrayed an American, except the Mohammedans," he said, "The Moros (Mohammedans) not only betrayed the Americans but killed them themselves."

He said there are four million Catholics on the island and about 600,000 Mohammedans.

"The Catholics all took to the hills after the surrender and about three-fifths of them never saw a Jap

—except from ambush,” he said, and related that sixty-eight Catholic priests were still hiding in the hills.

“The people lived in ravines to escape bombing and strafing and were fairly safe except when Japanese patrols come out. These sometimes numbered as many as 2,000. Guerillas organized under Col. W. W. Fertig and Col. Robert V. Bowler, second in command, ambushed every patrol and picked off a good number of the enemy.”

Refugees in the hills lived in bamboo huts with grass roofs, planted produce gardens and raised fowls for food. When the Japs located a refugee settlement and burnt it, they simply moved on and built up another community. Father Haggerty told of one family that had made thirty moves and built thirty dwellings.

One of the greatest events in any refugee community was the advent of a priest, Father Haggerty said, telling how he had performed 173 baptisms and seventeen marriages on one parochial visit.

The weddings he described were festive affairs with the bride clad in a rented white dress and the bridesmaids in gay apparel; store articles were unavailable and the proud possessor of a dress was called upon to lease it out for nuptial ceremonies.

Other supplies that gave out early in the refugee communities were soap, needles, thread, shoes, medicine and wearing apparel. Father Haggerty told of cutting up altar linens to make clothing for naked Filipinos.

Asked about civilian health, he said that although the refugee camps had doctors, lack of medicine proved a serious stumbling block in the treatment of disease and that when he left the island about fifty percent of the inhabitants had malaria, even those in non-malaria districts. He believes that medicine is now being sent in.

To the Filipinos, “priests represented the United States,” Father Haggerty said. The day the first American planes came over was celebrated as “America Day.”

Father Haggerty’s permanent hill residence was within four-and-a-half miles of the Japs but he spent most of his time traveling, and estimated he had walked

2,500 miles in a year. He added that he was one of the lucky ones—he always had shoes.

Questioned five times by Japanese authorities and arrested once, he always managed to get away free and was never interned.

He said the Japanese soldier is “dogged, determined, desperate now and fighting fiercely to the end.” The officers were “not so good.”

Father Haggerty expects to return to Mindanao in the near future. For security reasons, he did not make public the method by which he got off the island. He said he and the other priests had had previous opportunities to leave but refused to abandon their flocks.

A native of Charlestown, W. Va., he was born in 1903 and entered the Society of Jesus in 1921. From 1928 to 1931 he was on the faculty of the Jesuit College in Manila. After graduate studies in this country he returned to the Philippines in 1936 to head the Cagayan College.

Escape.—The priest who engineered the daring escape of Lieut. Col. Warren J. Clear, a member of the staff of Gen. Douglas MacArthur, when the Japanese seized Manila, was the Rev. Joseph A. Mulry, S. J., a Jesuit missionary in the Philippines for more than 20 years, whose death occurred in a Japanese prison camp shortly before the liberation.

Following his escape, Colonel Clear recalled that the priest who aided him had conducted a course in psychology for American officers at the Knights of Columbus clubhouse in Manila. Through this the identity of Father Mulry as the priest was established.

Colonel Clear said that he was returning to Manila from a military mission when he discovered that the Japanese advance guard was between him and the city. With his chauffeur, he drove along the Manila road and picked up the priest, later identified as Father Mulry, who was walking back to the city after officiating at a funeral. The Japanese, the priest related, had appropriated his car and had given him a soiled scrap of paper marked with a few Japanese characters as a receipt.

Colonel Clear related that a turn in the road, they espied a truck filled with Japanese soldiers, giving out flags to the natives. They stopped for a quick consultation and the priest left the car, walked up to the truck and obtained two of the flags. He placed a flag on each side of their car's windshield and for a long time, Colonel Clear said, they drove along unmolested and unnoticed by the Japanese.

At length they came to another advance patrol and once again Father Mulry took command of the situation. Colonel Clear ducked to the floor of the car, the chauffeur hunched as far as possible over the driver's wheel, and Father Mulry told him to step on the gas. They got through, Colonel Clear recalled that he had offered to get Father Mulry over to Corregidor before its fall, but the priest declined, saying his people would need him more than ever under Japanese occupation.

CANADA

Ethiopian Mission.—In conformity with the wishes of Emperor Hailie Selassie, the Sovereign Pontiff has just entrusted the French-Canadian Jesuits with the organization of the school system in Ethiopia. A college is to open next fall at Addis Ababa, which will become a normal school for the training of teachers for the elementary schools. Then there will be the question of organizing college courses and, later on, university work.

As soon as travelling permits are granted by the Canadian and British authorities, four young priests, whose names will be divulged later, will leave for Ethiopia, where they will set to work under rather delicate circumstances. Year by year, new recruits will be added until the enormous task which the Canadian Jesuit Fathers have undertaken gets entirely under way.

This appeal of the Pope and of the Emperor of Ethiopia places a heavy burden of responsibility on the shoulders of those who have been given the task of answering it, but it also sheds a lustre upon the Society

of Jesus and the missionary spirit of the Canadians of which we are justly proud.

The Canadian Jesuits will only be taking up once more the task commenced by the first Jesuit missionaries sent to Ethiopia in the very lifetime of St. Ignatius Loyola. Then, as now, the Jesuits were answering an appeal of the Pope. Ignatius sent three priests who had been consecrated bishops of the new mission. Ten other Jesuits went with them in 1555.

The Society of Jesus has the right to expect that the sufferings of the founders of this mission will render fruitful the great work she is about to undertake.

COLOMBIA

Bogota.—The Colombian National Federation of Railway Employees has issued a strong protest against the “discourteous and disrespectful manner” in which the Rev. Vicente Andrade, S. J., the invited observer-delegate of the Archbishop Primate of Colombia, was refused permission to address the Second Congress of the Latin American Confederation of Workers.

This federation, which has headquarters at Cali, where the CTAL Congress was held, numbers its members by the thousands. Its executive board, which issued the statement, regards the incident as an affront to the Colombian people, “Catholic in their totality,” and contrary to “the most elemental principles of our democracy, culture and tolerance for free discussion and examination of ideas.”

In a statement to the press made after he was, to all intents and purposes, ousted from the congress, Father Andrade said: “It is unfortunate that some national organizations are headed by sectarian individuals who are making use of labor associations for personal gain or party causes. And opposed to them, for the same reason that she is against all totalitarians, because they are all one breed and oppress consciences in the same way, the Catholic Church will continue to champion the true interests of the worker until complete victory is won.”

NETHERLANDS

Jesuit Dies.—Father Robert Regout, S. J., succumbed after two and a half years of barbarous treatment at Dachau. The report on Father Regout reveals that he spent some time in the United States after the outbreak of the war in 1939, and that until the very date of his arrest, he remained active in international peace circles at the Hague.

“Father Regout was the moving spirit behind the high-principled attitude of Holland’s universities in the face of Nazi aggression,” the report adds, “The invasion was only a few weeks old when he was arrested. So great was his faith in his convictions that on the day the Germans came to his house, he made arrangements for another peace meeting in The Hague.”

The American Assistancy.—

NEW ORLEANS PROVINCE

Loyola University.—At a special convocation conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Dr. Chen Ping-Chuan, president of the University of Canton and one of China’s leading educators. Archbishop John J. Cantwell of Los Angeles, who bestowed the degree, recalled that Madame Chiang Kai-shek was similarly honored by Loyola. Bishop Paul Yu-Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, sent a message of appreciation of the university’s action in honoring Dr. Ping-Chuan and, through him, “the richest of all nations in the number of souls cherished in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.”

Ceylon Seminary.—Father Ignatius T. Glennie, S. J., has been appointed rector of the Papal Seminary at Kandy, Ceylon. Father Glennie, who is thirty-seven years old, is the first American rector of this important seminary for training native priests, established fifty-one years ago by Pope Leo XIII. It has supplied 450 native priests and six native Bishops for mission dioceses in India, Ceylon and Burma. With other Jesuits of the New Orleans province he has been laboring in Ceylon since 1935.

Jesuit Elected.—Father P. A. Roy, S.J., president of Loyola University of the South, has been elected vice-president of the Association of American Colleges. Father Roy will remain a member of the executive board of the association which consists of colleges and universities throughout the United States. Father Roy is also president of the College and University Department of the National Catholic Educational Association and a past-president of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools.

NEW YORK PROVINCE

Lecturer.—The Very Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., president of Fordham University has returned by plane from Brazil, where he delivered a series of lectures in English in Sao Paulo at the invitation of the Institute of Brazilian Studies. His trip covered over 13,000 miles.

The object of the tour was to aid in the establishment of the Brazilian Institute of Letters. When details are completed, the Institute will offer courses in the months corresponding to the North American summer, in Sao Paulo, under the direction of the Rev. Roberto Saboia de Madeiros, S.J. These courses in Brazilian literature, economics, history and sociology and in the Portuguese language will be made available to university students in the United States.

While in Brazil, Father Gannon visited Rio and several smaller cities, but spent most of his time in Sao Paulo, which he found to be one of the most progressive cities in the world. He said that it may soon outstrip Rio and did not doubt that before another generation passes it would be the first city in South America.

Syracuse.—The Most Rev. Walter A. Foery, Bishop of Syracuse, announced that a 135-acre tract on the eastern edge of the city had been acquired for a college to be conducted after the war by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. The college will be modeled after Holy Cross in Worcester, Mass., and will have an initial budget of about \$1,000,000.

Dedicated
To The Philippine Jesuits
Who Gave Their Lives In The War

- P. CONSUNJI, AUGUSTINO S.—
beaten to death by the Japanese
- P. DALY, DAVID A.—
killed by a Japanese shell in Santo Tomas
- P. GAERLAN, JUAN E.....killed by the Japanese
- P. HAUSMANN, CHARLES W.—
died in Japanese prison camp
- P. MULRY, JOSEPH A.—
died in internment, Los Baños
- P. ROCKS, THOMAS J.—
killed by savages in Bukidnon
- ABROGINA, CONRADO—
killed by Japanese in Lipa massacre
- LOPEZ, FRANCISCO—
killed by a Japanese sniper in Manila
- McGINTY, EDWARD B.—
died in Doctor's hospital in Manila
- PIMENTEL, RICARDO—
killed by a Japanese shell in Manila
- F. LOU, FRANCISCO—
killed by a Japanese bomb

May their dear souls rest in peace

THE PHILIPPINES

