

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

VOL. LXXIV, No. 4

DECEMBER, 1945

CHINA WAR DIARY

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Peace at last! What a grand and glorious feeling. It is hard to express my sentiments when I first heard the long-awaited news. The first report came on the night of August 10th. I was peacefully reading a book while enjoying a cooling breeze, the lone blessing to alleviate Shanghai's summer heat, when a Canadian Father burst into my room: "There is peace! There is peace! Everyone in the town is phoning that there is peace." What a difference from the day in Peking, Dec. 8, 1941, when a South American Scholastic burst into my room in a similar fashion: "War has been declared! Japan has bombed Pearl Harbour and Manila." That seems many more years than it actually is and much water, mostly bloody, has flowed under the bridge since that time. From the jottings of my diary I will try to give you some of the highlights of what was going on around me while all this water was flowing.

Dec. 8, 1941: (This would be Dec. 7th in the States.) Being the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, after the low Masses, we had a Solemn High Mass in our little Chinese chapel at Chabanel, the Jesuit house of language study in Peking. After Mass I went to my room and sat down before my Corona with a determination not to leave it before dinner. We had a holi-

day from the Chinese characters and I had best use it by catching up with neglected correspondence. Then the Scholastic from Colombia burst in with the news that Pearl Harbour and Manila were bombed. And one of my intended letters was destined for a Sister in Manila, and another to a Marine aboard the U. S. S. Arizona in Pearl Harbour. I could only pray for them now and wait patiently for word of what had been God's will in their regard. Anxiety for relatives and friends in the armed forces has been a trial for missionaries cut off so long from practically all news.

But at this eventful moment many other thoughts besides those of the proposed letters criss-crossed through my mind. Was it true? What would it mean to China? What would it mean to us in Peking? To those at home? I left my room to join the others. We were not so excited; rather just dumbfounded. It had been partially expected, especially by us who had just recently crossed the Pacific, but the certainty of the reality was far more impressing. After the first line of conjecturing about our near future, the joking began about who would protect whom. We represented some nine distinct nationalities at Chabanel. One of our Chinese professors came along. He had been attending Mass at the nearby S. V. D. University of Fu Jen, when Japanese soldiers broke in, ordered all Chinese out, then allowed the Mass to finish. They found that the entire place was surrounded by soldiers. The religious community was composed of Americans and Germans. We, two blocks away, waited our turn, but nobody came. Someone suggested that we get rid of any incriminating papers, so we dove into our various files. I stoked my little coal fire with a few odds and ends, but had no heart for the job of rooting all through my things just to hunt out something that might possibly arouse the suspicions of the Japanese. I certainly had nothing that they could rationally take exception to. So I went off to chapel to say my rosary.

The sudden change of events did not mar our festive board in honor of Our Lady. After dinner we Americans gathered in Mr. Donohoe's room studying maps

and rendering decisions on future manoeuvres. In the meantime was posted an Extra of the Peking Chronicle in which the Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese forces in Peking notified all nationals involved in the war that they were to report within seven days at the nearest garrison or Consular office; that they would not be bothered as long as they remained peaceful; that they were not to leave their premises for a distance of more than 6 kilometres ($3\frac{3}{4}$ miles); that any transfer of assets would not be recognized. (We immediately transferred typewriters, cameras, etc. to Hungarians & Spanish. According to their vow of poverty individual Jesuits do not own the things they use, but could we prove it to pagans? We found out later in Shanghai that it was an impossible concept for them to understand. They believed it on our say-so; but they did not understand.)

Dec. 9th: Classes go on as usual, war or no war. Most of the Chinese professors showed up, though they expected to find us under guard. Three Scholastics cycled down to the Japanese Consulate as a test case, but the official there threw up his hands and laughed. No registering yet. He was swamped with business from those who wanted to leave the city, having obtained permission before the declaration of war.

Dec. 10th: The Scarborough Fathers, members of a Canadian missionary order who were studying language with us, were not able to come to classes. They were 'campused' by the Japanese who put three Chinese policemen to guard them. They fed the guards well, so everything went smoothly. This lasted about a week and then they were given the run of the city again the same as ourselves.

At the request of the Apostolic Delegate, Msgr. Zanin, all religious communities began a novena to St. Francis Xavier for the alleviation of the threatening difficulties. It took a while for our prayers to be answered! All in all, though, the Catholic religious were given extraordinary treatment, as you shall see. This does not mean that we were entirely exempt

from persecution here and there by local officials, even to the extent of unspeakable torments and death. In fact it was just at this time that Bishop Chao with the Chinese Fathers, Brothers and Sisters of the Sienhsien Mission were undergoing their two odd months of imprisonment. The Bishop was allowed to say daily Mass, and the others to receive Holy Communion sometimes, but no more than that. Some of these were singled out as "Communists" and shot or tortured. One of the latter is now a theologian here at Zikawei. As a result of his incarceration he still goes to the hospital every other week for a pneumothorax. During the 'examination', he was hung up by the hands for three hours, not with his arms raised before him but behind his back. It took months to get his arms back to even such a normal position that he could raise them to the height of the dinner table when eating. On another occasion three Canadian Fathers were imprisoned on a trumped up charge and executed. With these and like souvenirs, we can't say that the Japanese treated us like brothers, but on the whole, especially in the large cities, they were fair enough. After all I have them to thank that I was able to continue my studies and be ordained, since they did not put me into one of the ordinary civilian camps, so that is something to remember with gratitude.

The Tokyo radio estimates the war will be over in eight days. What an 8 days!

Dec. 11th: We cycled through a light snowfall to register at the Japanese Consulate. The office was packed with "enemy nationals." Mr. O'Leary and I rode back by way of the American Legation. It was a sad sight. Police were ordering everyone to dismount and walk but that was too much for our wounded pride. We stayed on our bikes and nothing happened. In place of the familiar Marine, there was a Japanese sentry. Behind the wheel of a tan Ford truck lettered U. S. Marine Corps sat a Japanese soldier. Hard to swallow. We didn't see any of the boys at the windows, but we knew that they were quartered on the 4th floor, the officers on the 3rd, and the Commandant in a

separate building. They had been all packed to leave Peking on the 10th. There was no leaving now. Later they were taken to Shanghai, and about a year ago some, if not all, to Japan.

We received notice about food rationing, mostly on meat and sugar as I remember, but since we had already begun to economize they affected us little.

After this we remained voluntarily concentrated in our compound for about a week, as Superiors thought it better not to go out "asking for it." After it was seen that the Japanese soldiers were acting meek enough, we were let loose again to continue our wanderings about the city. We were not allowed to go outside the city walls and guards were posted at all the gates to enforce the order.

The newspapers were making a big story at this time of the sinking of the aircraft carrier Enterprise. They claimed that 70 odd planes escaped from it and flew to Hawaii where they were shot down by our own batteries. Later reports in the same paper noted the same Enterprise still floating. What of the story of the planes? Marking up battles on a map according to these reports, we found one battleship sunk three times. We were not so accustomed to contradictory reports in the papers then as we were to become later. In columns side by side there would be direct contradictions about ships sunk, planes lost, battles won, etc. And the childish stories that they cooked up. Incredible! As an example: when a Japanese plane was being pursued by an American, with great presence of mind the Japanese pilot threw a rice cake from his lunch kit, hit the American, and he crashed. If you could swallow that one, they had many more like it for you.

We were helped in our wartime milieu by Fr. Castanon, S. J. who had been a chaplain in the recent civil war in Spain. This was his 4th war, so he could tell us what we might expect. Two of the wars were in Cuba where in '33 within 22 days Cuba had 13 Presidents. One went out to make his inaugural speech, and when he returned he was told that he was no longer

President. Incidentally the other Spanish Father in our class has already gone to his reward. He died like a soldier but in a better army. On a scorching day he went out on two distant sick calls, and on the following day set out on an all day journey to answer another one. On the return trip he dropped in his tracks and died soon afterwards.

His Excellency, Bishop Chao, the one who had been imprisoned at Sienhsien, was spending a few days with us at this time. Telling us about his adventures, he said that it had not been too hard for him. His dignity had been somewhat respected. The greatest hardship he had to endure was that provided by the bedbugs. "But what was there to do," he laughed, "but pray and search." He might have added, "and scratch."

Dec. 17th: As I walked along the second floor balcony in front of my room in the afternoon, I mechanically looked toward our front gate according to a newly formed habit, expecting it to open and admit short khaki uniforms. And it did! I had not been fooled a hundred times for nothing. There were two army officers and three civilians. One could speak Chinese, another French, another English. They were equipped for all eventualities. They were very polite and courteous, but were stumped at the answers to three of their questions: 1) "Where are your wives?" "We have none." 2) "What salaries do you get?" "We receive no salaries." 3) "With nine different nationalities living here, do you have many quarrels?" "Never a quarrel." What a funny world they had entered into! They looked over a few rooms, enjoying a map on which we had scored their victories (according to their reports!), and kidding Fr. McCarthy, S. J. after he had given them a sample of a private Chinese class. That was the only time they visited us.

Dec. 22nd: Fr. Colbach arrived from France, having left in July. He had been a chaplain in the French army and left for the missions as soon as he was demobilized. He was the last foreign missionary to reach here.

Dec. 25th: The Catholic Marines were allowed, under guard, to cross the street from their barracks to attend Mass in the Sisters' hospital. Also the French garrison had been allowed to send into them wine—to decorate the Christmas tree. That was the most of either spiritual or temporal consolation that they were to receive for many a Christmas.

At Chabanel we enjoyed our usual Solemn High Mass at midnight followed by a Mass of thanksgiving. The next morning saw a fair fall of snow to give us a white Christmas. One of our guests at dinner was a Benedictine Father who had been a chaplain with the Chinese forces. After the capture of his division, he spent six months in a prison camp which was enough to put him on the flat of his back. Luckily he was released to go to a Catholic hospital. Our own chaplains, recently of the Spanish and French armies, presented arms, with knives and forks.

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1942: And so the weeks passed at Chabanel, one much like the other: lots of perspiration over the difficult Chinese characters, with a little left over for the basketball court, and walks through the various old temples and Imperial palaces of Peking. Other than not being allowed outside the city, there were no pressing restrictions.

On the day of the month commemorating the falls of Hongkong, Java, Singapore etc., the city was decorated in her best with flags flying everywhere, trams covered with flowers, children parading, etc. We were in a Japanese controlled city and were made to know it. Billboards pictured Uncle Sam on crutches or being winged by a Japanese archer. All of which made us Americans feel very much at home!

March 31st: The American and Canadian Scholastics received orders from our Superior to move to Shanghai, if possible. Scholastics stuck in the north for the duration would not be so good. We should have advanced in the language, studying Chinese all that time, but it would not have been as advantageous as

studying theology. We still had a four-year course of theology ahead of us, and the theologate was in Shanghai. So we hopefully put in our bid at the Japanese Consulate for a pass and waited—for a month.

April 10th: After Months of semi-concentration, Mr. Brennan, S. J. and myself felt it was time to assert our independence. The Japanese soldiers at the gates had relaxed their vigilance, leaving the checking of passes to local police. With the ever-genial Pekinese at the post there was little to worry about. So we hopped our bikes and rode through one of the north gates as nonchalantly as if we had built it. So far so good. We were outside. It remained to be seen whether or not we would get back unmolested. We visited various places of interest: the Temple of Earth, a Russian Cemetery, a famous Lama Temple. To reach the latter we found ourselves skirting a Japanese barracks and parade grounds, but no one challenged our rights. Within the temple I enquired of the old Chinese caretaker about a famous marble pagoda. He said that it was in the other section of the grounds but now Japanese soldiers were quartered there. That promptly excluded the pagoda from our itinerary. But on leaving as we passed in front of its entrance, the leg of my trousers jammed in the bicycle chain. I could not free it nor could I free myself from the bike. And then a clamor of shouting arose and out trotted a squad of soldiers on the double quick. I thought my days were numbered, but they only formed in line and began to sing their national anthem. Before they finished our feverish activity had freed the offending cloth and we speedily put some distance between ourselves and the soldiers. As we approached the other north gate on our return, we tried to act as unconcerned as if we rode that way every day, but for some reason our bikes kept going faster and faster until we looked like motor-cops on the chase. But the Chinese police only gave us their genial smile; there were no soldiers on guard, so we passed into the city none the worse for our little adventure.

April 23rd: This was my next "international incident." I wanted to get a picture of the Peking Union Medical College, a Rockefeller foundation, as it is a good example of Peking architecture. Immediately after the war began the Japanese occupied it and now the military were using it. As I turned my lens on the building, Mr. O'Leary, S. J. nudged me: "There's a guard at the gate." "That's all right," I said, "he will look good in the picture." That's what I thought. I was just ready to snap the shutter when I heard a hefty grunt. Coming from a Japanese soldier, I knew what that meant. I looked up from the finder and made motions that I wouldn't take his picture if he didn't like it. Then I turned to walk on, but not for many steps. More grunts, and he motioned me to cross the street. I crossed with the feeling of one who knows he has put his foot into it this time. Friend sentry stood glaring at me until I was supposed to be properly hypnotized. I spoke to him in Chinese but there was no lingual connection. Another grunt and he motioned me to follow him. Stopping at the guard house for his rifle, he led me across the stone court and up the broad stairway. At least I was going to see the inside of P. U. M. C. but I had no ardent desire to at the time. I much preferred the looks of the outside.

He knocked at a door and when an officer appeared, took a couple of goose steps toward him, presented arms, and told my crime. The officer addressed me in Japanese and I stammered something in Chinese. Again no connection, so he went after another officer. This one looked me up and down, then asked: "Anglais?" I replied in Chinese that I was not French. We weren't getting far that way. Then he asked: "Sprecken der deutsch?" I nodded negatively. He tried again: "Do you speak English?" A little," I answered. "What nationality are you?" That was just the question that I wanted to dodge, so I answered: "I'm a Roman Catholic." "Ah, Italiano!" "Uh, yes, Roman Catholic." I was having a hard time treading between a lie and a mental reservation. "But what nationality,"

he asked again. I saw that I was playing with fire; this man was too smart for me, so I let him have it: "American." "Oh-h-h, American." I waited for the worst, but it didn't come. He asked me where I had come from, when, why, etc., and ended up not only by giving me the permission for the picture, but even accompanying me down to the spot from where I could take it. His one restriction was not to get the guard house in the picture. He then shook hands, saying: "Goodbye, and you must be careful now." Not a bad fellow. The poor sentry who had lost such face after thinking that he had uncovered a choice spy, saluted as I passed out.

Then we proceeded to the spot of the next picture—alongside the military radio station. Here atop the city wall outlined against the sky stand the famous astronomical instruments made by Fr. Verbiest some 300 years ago. I had an uncomfortable thought while snapping this picture. What if I was grunted at by another soldier and taken before the same officer at P.U.M.C. But nothing happened. Later on I wouldn't have been so smart-aleck with a camera, but at that time in Peking things were fairly quiet.

May 4th: We finally received our traveling passes from the Japanese military after over a month of waiting. Archbishop Zanin came over for a gracious *au revoir*. Some of his remarks were significant, since the Scholastics had been forced to sign up for possible repatriation via India when there were rumours of a concentration camp. Better to return and continue studies than waste time in a camp. But the scare blew over and we withdrew our names. It was a wise move, though later in Shanghai it looked fatal for a while. The Apostolic Delegate advised: "Don't leave China. You can't study theology in Mozambique. Besides it is dangerous to travel: 19 priests were lost in a ship that sunk near Java. It's better to live." So we stayed in China, studied theology at Zikawei, and lived.

May 5th: Fortified by a special breakfast of three eggs, we nine Scholastics, four Americans and five Canadians, set off in a string of rickshas with a bicycle

bodyguard of three Fathers. We wound through the hutungs, as the narrow streets in Peking are called, to the railroad station on the other side of the city. It was drizzling rain but that wasn't the only shadow over our sky. We were politely told that our trunks, which had been sent ahead, were overweight, 60 kilos being the maximum. "But you told us yesterday that 100 kilos was the limit." "Sorry, but it changed overnight." Were we being taken for a ride? Apparently not for a train ride, for the usually persuasive form of bribe didn't help. We enlisted the services of the Russian Inspector who would travel with the train. He did his best, but finally told us that it was no use and that he must run along to catch the train. In two minutes he was back. He had missed the train too! There was nothing to do but have the trunks carted back to Chabanel and spend the afternoon repacking them. Later we were to learn why they wanted lighter baggage and why they would not explain.

The next morning, again strengthened by three eggs, we ricksha'd to the station and boarded the train without difficulty. Mr. Brennan, Mr. Donohoe and myself were traveling 3rd class "for experience," and the others 2nd class, which is the usual way missionaries travel. We found a car made to order: half 2nd class and half 3rd. So we took the seats on either side of the door in the middle and thus could have a tete-a-tete whenever we wished. When our wooden seats began to feel too hard, one of the others would trade so that we could bounce for a while on the plush ones. The Chinese in 3rd class are much more companionable, not being abashed the moment they sit next to you from asking your nationality, age, destination, and any other family matters that may cross their mind. Sometimes there may be a chicken roosting in a basket under your seat, or you may have to hold the baby, or the neighbor's packages may fall on your head, or a lady may lean her back against your shoulder and nonchalantly go to sleep—but it all goes free with the 3rd class ticket. That was the "experience" we sought for.

The luggage inspections were frequent but not especially bothersome. We had come prepared for such ordeals by sending everything possible in our trunks. All that I carried was a typewriter which I would not trust to the trunk. You could not be sure that you would get it at the end of the line, or at least get it as full as you had sent it. On top of the keys of my typewriter there was just room for a few toilet articles and a copy of Kempis. That was my traveling kit. The Japanese inspectors always looked at the typewriter with eyes of proprietorship. Their love for these machines was well known, so I kept my hands glued to mine. One fellow thumbing my Kempis found a clipping. It merely announced the appointment of a University President, but he jumped on it as excitedly as if it contained all the movements of the U. S. Fleet (which by this time Japan had sunk three times.) When the Russian interpreter explained its meaning he was sorely disappointed.

As the night wore on our section of the car filled up more and more with soldiers. We were certainly in the hands of the enemy. One of them did get his hands on Mr. Brennan's shoulder, but it was only in a friendly fashion. Mellowed by beer everybody was his friend, even Americans. But not so to his officer who barked a command that jerked our undesirable companion back to his fellow soldiers. As the night advanced more soldiers got on "in case of an attack by the guerillas," so we were unceremoniously ousted from the car. Our worry then was to grope our way through a curtain-drawn, dimly lighted blackout train to try to find space somewhere to rest our weary bones.

Mr. Brennan forged ahead to see what he could find and we took the bags. As we were passing through the next car, a sleeper—only Japanese and rich Chinese were allowed sleepers at this time—Mr. Donohoe's head suddenly twisted around like an owl's. I hurried forward to see what had awakened him so. His bleary eyes were as round as saucers. And lo and behold: on the third tier up two empty berths, and on the second

tier another; three in all and we were just three. Just then Mr. Brennan came back with the encouraging information that in the two cars of people that he had climbed over there was not room for a pygmie's baby, let alone ourselves. Our decision was made. There were no conductors, no soldiers. Up we climbed, pulling the partial curtain around the lower end. Our foreign feet might be a give-away. And then six hours of pleasant sleep as we ticked over the ties. By that time some of the other sleepers had awakened and we awoke. We had got along so well thus far that there was no sense in being caught and have to pay for our success. A Japanese lady was just emerging from her lower berth as I jumped down from my third upper, my cassock bellowing out like a parachute. She thought the paratroops had come for sure, but I tried to smile reassuringly, hoping that her husband was not a general. They carry swords. Taking our bags and Anabelle we moved along. Anabelle was a chicken, fried and wrapped in celophane, which I had bought the night before for a midnight snack. But the berths had changed that. As I hung out the train window haggling over the price and finally paying \$2.15 mex, I heard a chuckle from the old Chinese at my side. "How much would you have had to pay for it, old uncle?" I asked as the train got under way. "Oh, about 90c," he replied. The high cost of living for a foreigner.

First we went forward to gloat over our companions in 2nd class. They were all cramps and aches, some having garnered two hours of fitful sleep, others none at all. We got little sympathy when we bragged about the luxurious berths in 3rd class. But for the next six hours they had the laugh on us. We could find no seats anywhere. We made the best of it until noon standing on the platform between cars, balancing first on one foot, then on the other. For this and for other reasons we were glad of what happened at noon. The train stopped and we were peremptorily ordered to get off. Very queer with no station in sight, but orders were orders, and bayonets shining beneath the windows strengthened the orders.

As we alighted we saw the reason: the train before us had been derailed and was heaped up all over the tracks. This was a common practice of the guerillas which the Japanese were never able to entirely stop, even though they built ditches and mud walls for miles and miles alongside the tracks with watch-towers here and there for sentries and mud huts for police dogs. Some always managed to sneak through and disconnect a length of track or pull a few spikes so that the rails would spread when the train came along. Their activity was usually confined to freight trains. We had to walk through a rice field on one side of the derailed train, to mount a train that had stopped south of it. The passengers from that train passed the wreck on the other side to mount the train we had left, which would then start back north. Watching the colliers hauling our trunks out of the baggage car and over the uneven ground to the other train, we understood why the limitation of 60 kilos had been ordered.

This delay made us late in arriving at the Yangtze River at Nanking. We knew that if we made the first tender crossing the river, we would have a chance of catching the 5:10 p. m. south-bound train from Nanking. So as soon as we could get through the baggage inspection, we made a dash for the boat—and so did the other hundreds on the train. The tug looked as if it would capsize with the crowd pouring on to it on one side from bow to stern. It was worse when we reached the other side since they all wanted to get off at the same moment, but deckhands beat them back and saved the ship. Then it was another milling push and squeeze to get through the turnstiles where everyone was being checked for cholera certificates. If you didn't have one they jammed in the needle then and there. I had a certificate but the medical inspector refused to honor it, so rather than argue and lose precious time I rolled up my sleeve and braced my foot against the fence to try to steady the pushing mob at my back. But the nurse was expert at this sort of pony-express injecting on the run and the needle pierced my arm without mishap.

Then it was a question of rickshas as we were some four blocks from the railroad station. The ricksha pullers knew they had us. They knew the train schedules as well as we did. So the haggling began. They said 4 yen (we had to use Japanese military yen during this part of the journey); we said 2. Then a Japanese Marine got mad at the coolies for blocking traffic and kicked over one of the rickshas. The others were glad to take us and off we were, pushers helping the pullers to get us to the station in time. When we got there the fun began. They demanded 4 yen. There was no time for arguing, so we grabbed the bags leaving Mr. Donohoe to settle the bill. He flung the 2 yen at them and started to follow. Four coolies grabbed him. Mr. Brennan yelled. They let go. We turned. They grabbed again. We were as determined to pay only 2 yen as we were to catch the train. We won. Mr. Donohoe wrenched loose and we ran for it. One of the Canadians used a better system. They were behind us and saw what was going on. At the wharf they had no time to haggle over price, so the coolies sweat in glee on the way over thinking of how they would hold them up. As they stepped out of the rickshas this Scholastic told the others to take his grip and go ahead. Then he asked the price. "10 yen." Perfectly satisfied he took a bill out of his wallet, glanced over his shoulder at the progress of his companions, then flung the bill at the coolies. By the time they picked it up and found that it was one yen, he was far away. The ordinary price was 1 yen and that's just what they got.

The soldiers at the barrier passed us through cheerfully, laughing at the red-ink characters on our passes which meant "ENEMY." We made another dash for the train and jumped on, a bare few minutes before it pulled out. If we had missed the 5:10 we would have had to wait for the one at 10 o'clock. And we later read in the newspaper that it was blown off the tracks. If true, we made a lucky catch. As it was the window curtains were drawn as we left Nanking and we were not allowed to look out. They didn't like to brag about their derailed trains. But we had seen several already.

We stopped at a few stations on the way south, and passengers got on carrying everything imaginable. It was common to see a man with half a pig slung over his shoulder. Transportation was becoming such a hit and miss affair that it was safer for merchants to pack their wares with them than chance getting them from the baggage car.

The nonchalance of some of the passengers would make a good ad for Murads. Melon seeds are to the Chinese what pine nuts are to us. One fellow at the end of the car was an expert at loading his mouth with a handful, then sitting back complacently while he cracked them one by one between his teeth, a continual stream of empty shells bouncing off his lips. A man alongside of us was munching on a length of sugar cane. As he finished he took the butt end with great unconcern and threw it half the length of the car. It hit against the wall just above our friend of the melon seeds. Perhaps it was professional jealousy over who was the blue-ribbon chewer.

When we first left Nanking the car was fairly empty, and two Japanese took up a seat across the aisle from us. We guarded our tongues somewhat and it was probably well we did. After a few miles one took the empty seat of our foursome and struck up a conversation. He had lived in Manila and learned English there. From talk of the weather and the usual bromides, he turned the conversation into war channels. Who would win? etc. But our evasive answers gave him little satisfaction, so he left us for another Japanese. And then he got off the train at the next station. Maybe a coincidence; maybe not.

We rattled right along and pulled into Shanghai at 10:30 p. m., greatly relieved to see figures in cassocks waving on the station platform. One of these was a German theologian belonging to the Japanese Mission. He got us through the Japanese inspection in a hurry. Another was a Chinese Brother. He made quick work of the haggling for transportation to Zikawei, some seven miles away. He hired two diminutive Queen

Victoria carriages and the twelve of us, excluding drivers, squeezed in, baggage and all. At Soochow Creek there was another argument over the fare. The Brother told us to get out and walk across the bridge. This was alright for a seventh inning stretch but we didn't fancy walking the rest of the way to Zikawei in the middle of the night. But the brother knew his business. Soon there was a patter of tiny hoofs behind us. The drivers realizing that they couldn't hold us up for more money, agreed to what had been offered. Another hour and we reached Zikawei. The skinny nags looked as if they would never pull another carriage and we wanted to pay extra fare, but the Brother stuck to his bargain claiming that he was robbed as it was. The fare had been \$100. That seemed a large sum then, but now with \$10,000 bills in common use, it seems paltry.

Two American theologians were waiting up with frying pans on the stove. The nourishment that we needed more was sleep and lots of it, but we couldn't refuse such hospitality. It was past midnight according to the local war time, but not according to the moon, so we could take our repast without breaking our fast. Anabelle, the chicken, had at last come into her own so we ate her along with the eggs. And the weary trip was over. Our trunks followed up a few days later with nothing missing but one fountain pen. That was one for Ripley.

The next week we were kept busy shuttling between the offices of the Japanese Consulate, Gendarmerie, American Red Cross, etc. The latter were doling out cracked wheat and cereals which were a blessing. Later they would have been considered miraculous.

During the summer we divided our time between studying Chinese at Zikawei and vacationing at our Gonzaga College. The vacation consisted mainly in building a new basketball court for the boys. The Chinese love this sport and play a good game. We did our best with the economical restrictions imposed by the war to put up serviceable standards for the baskets,

using tools that came over with Noah and boards that were part of his ark. They served their purpose well enough, even weathering a ripping typhoon, and the boys were appreciative. One expressed his thanks while we were working by offering some tid-bits to eat. I couldn't recognize the nature of them but when in China do what the Chinese do, so I ate. There was a malicious what the Chinese do, so I ate. There was a malicious titter. "Do you know what you ate?" "No." "Silk worms!"

June 29th: The first repatriation ship, the Italian Conte Verde, slipped her anchor in the Whangpoo to meet the Gripsholm at Lorenzo Marques. This ship will long be remembered in the shipping annals of Shanghai, as she was later scuttled in the middle of the river. The repatriates, diplomats for the most part, left in a pelting rain with well-meant promises to meet the friends left behind when the next repatriation ship would follow up in three months. It was to be many more months than that before their promises could be kept.

Sept. 25th: At this time some of the out-port enemy nationals were brought to Shanghai. They were supposed to board a repatriation ship immediately but a year later they were still looking for one. In the meantime they were jammed into the American School, taken over by the Japanese, which was totally inadequate for their number. Amongst them were 3 Maryknoll Fathers, a Brother, and a dozen Sisters. Since the outbreak of the war they had been interned in the parish house in Dairen, being only allowed to go to the church for an hour in the morning during which the Fathers celebrated Mass, and for an hour in the afternoon when they had benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. In Shanghai they were at least allowed to go to nearby churches for Mass. When we were all interned they were permitted to move from their cramped quarters to religious houses, where they could not only breathe, but could breathe in a religious atmosphere. They got off on the second repatriation ship.

Sept. 30th: Some Japanese officials suddenly appeared at the theologate and asked to see all the enemies. In our community there were Americans, Canadians, Dutch and a Belgian. After asking me, who happened to be first for the interview, innumerable questions which they assiduously noted down, as they had done many times before and would do many times again, one accompanied me to my room. He had in his hand a large poster which proclaimed among other things "that this land and premises are under the control of the Imperial Japanese Gendarmerie." He was going to paste it outside my room on the door, but being of an artistic temperament he agreed that that would be unsightly, so pasted it on the wall inside. The other enemy rooms were similarly decorated, which decorations we removed later when we had to put placards on our doors stating our nationality and number as an internee.

There was then a long discussion about our property. We could not convince them that we owned no property, that all alike belonged to the Catholic Church. One of the Chinese theologians who tried in ten different ways to explain our vow of poverty was slapped in the face for his trouble. "How can you buy shoes if you have no money?" Our explanation of a Procurator didn't satisfy. One of them took out a handful of paper bills. "Do you know what these are?" He seemed surprised when the one being questioned replied, "Money."

About this time the red arm bands came into vogue. Each one was numbered, and the American ones marked with an "A", the British with a "B", etc. Later on the quasi-enemies, as Greeks, had to wear various colored bands. We bought our arm bands to help enrich the treasury but were never forced to wear them. Once again the universality of the Church was recognized.

From the 1st to the 10th of each month there were air-raid drills. Lights had to be dimmed, windows blacked-out, traffic ran under restrictions, etc.

Oct. 10th: The Extraterritoriality of the U. S. and Britain was ceded to China. Later the French followed

suit. This raises a practical problem in Shanghai where the city is divided into the International Concession, French Concession, and the rest Chinese. Each was formerly governed by their respective municipal bodies. Now it will all be under Chinese rule. One of the effects of this was felt in the concentration camps the other day. The British police and other municipal employees were informed that when they shall be released from camp they will be out of a job. What other effects the ceding will have on this polyglot trading center remain to be seen.

Oct. 21st: Another Japanese inquisition. They had brought stacks of huge paper folders with them, then decided that they would ask each one only such questions as age, color of eyes, etc., and save the cross-examining for one only. I was that one. My Superiors were worried over this "distinction." They already saw me on the way to the Bridge House, the famous and infamous prison for the third degree. "What on earth have you done?" The only thing that I could think of was that I had been first in the former interview. Like Abou Ben Adhem my name led all the rest, but not from love of my fellowmen. Imagine my chagrin when I nervously sat down to learn my fate, to see my interrogators open their brief cases—and take out sandwiches. They had decided that their dinner bell had rung. There was nothing to do but ring mine also, so I went to dinner. It was disappointing since the other theologians were leaving for Nantao where the Salesian Fathers were putting on a series of pantomines commemorating the centennial of the Jesuit Mission of the Shanghai area. I did not want to miss it, but my inquisitors had other plans. They questioned me about my education in America, my arrival and places of abode in China, and a hundred irrelevant facts; then turned me loose to go to the pageant.

Nov. 5th: The first group goes into internment camp. These were so-called political prisoners. Among them were prominent business men and such technicians as radio-operators, etc. They were taken without warn-

ing. Soldiers routed them out of their homes at dawn, ordering them to pack their handbags and follow. They were put into a building on Hai Fong Road and for a long time no one was allowed to visit them. Some months later their families were granted a ten minute visit under guard. They were treated fairly well and food could be sent into them. Their laundry could be sent out freely at first, until the Japanese found notes sewed in the seams. At the general internment their wives and children were not allowed to join them, but were sent to other camps. Just before the peace they were sent north near Peking. Only two other camps were moved, though the plan had been to move nearly all to positions more advantageous for the Japanese. These other two were joined into one and placed in what had been a Catholic girls school, between a war industries plant and a munition dump which was camouflaged with a hospital on the top floor. And the Allies were accused of always bombing hospitals and schools!

Red Cross letters were beginning to arrive from the States. They were only 25 words but they meant a great deal, even though they said so little. Some of our own that we sent during the past summer returned to us the following summer. During the war they took anywheres from nine months to a year and nine months. The majority of course did not return. Maybe they are still on their way. Maybe Davy Jones is reading them.

* * *

January, 1943: At this time rice was the "stable" food. We would have it for breakfast, in four different dishes for dinner, and again for supper. There was no doubt that we were in China. But, strange to say, by a year later it had disappeared entirely from our menus. The price had soared sky high and continued to do so until the end of the war. It went over a million a sack which even at a favorable exchange was prohibitive for mendicant religious. Since the Chinese in these parts live on rice, its price regulates the prices of all

other commodities. At one time we saw no green vegetables for three months. The farmers who grew the vegetables ate rice. They could not afford the rice so they could not afford to bring the vegetables to market. The reason for the high cost of rice is evident now, after the peace, as we see Japanese trucks backed up to warehouses, office buildings, schools, etc. all over the city, trucking away sack after sack of rice. The army had cornered the supply, storing it up in case of a siege. With rice off our diet, beans and spaghetti took its place. With over a hundred young appetites in the theologate, we measured our meals by the mile.

Meat became more dear and rare as the war progressed. We watched it decrease from three meals a week, to one, then to once every two weeks, and I think the limit was reached at three week intervals. Ecclesiastical authorities had lifted the Friday abstinence but it made little difference now. Even fish haters would have been glad to eat fish every day in the week, but there were no fishing junks sailing out of Shanghai. The tin fish were there. But it's instructing to see how much you can get along without when you have to.

Sugar, too, disappeared almost entirely, the supply lines from the south being cut off. It's strange how it affects a westerner who has always been accustomed to sweets. Those in the prison and the camps simply longed for anything sweet. The Chinese suffer much less from this privation, since the majority prefer tart foodstuffs. Dreams of the things "that mother used to bake" were frequent and universal, but the awakening always disappointing. One night I awoke in the middle of a sweet dream. There had been layer cakes, not one or two but heaps of them, piled all around me. I thought: "something must be psychologically wrong. This should not be the dream of a religious." The next day I asked another Father if he were suffering likewise from such nightly hallucinations. "Well," he replied, "last night I dreamt of bread and butter." Now there was your mortified religious.

Jan. 18th: All radios were called in. They were changed from short wave to long wave, then returned. It was thought this would stop news of the war from coming into Shanghai. Far from it. Gadgets were soon perfected by which the sets could be converted back and forth in a second. In all the concentration camps there were radios, maybe it was in a water tower, maybe in the baby's toy, maybe nobody knew where except the operator, but it was there.

Jan. 23: We received a phone call: "The Japanese want to see the following men tomorrow morning. "There were six of us theologians from Zikawei, 14 Calif. Jesuits in all, who gathered with the hundred or more men the next morning. While waiting we asked one of the American leaders what it was all about. "You are going on a little picnic—to Pootung! You will have a week to get ready." So it was concentration at last. There was nothing to do but get ready even though our annual retreat was beginning that night. What hectic days trying to make a spiritual retreat while buying overalls, tin plates, etc, packing trunks, strapping beds and bedding between meditations. On the third day the unexpected happened. The Japanese telephoned that it had been a mistake to include the Catholic religious. They would not have to go. What a gift, though we did not see it clearly at first. It left an uneasy feeling of lack of patriotism. But after we had seen the camps at the end of the war, it was patent that our presence would have added nothing to patriotism, and would have hurt us much. There could have been no studying of theology there. The camp-life can best be described by a mixed metaphor: the people were packed in like sardines in a bird cage. No room. No privacy. By being exempted from this abnormal life, our studies could continue more or less normally and lead to the priesthood at the scheduled time.

Mar. 6th: Negotiations were under way for concentrating the Catholic religious in Shanghai, about 250 in all. By this time all the civilians, men, women, and

children, had been concentrated, being taken in groups of several hundred to one of the four big camps within or outside the city. Later three more camps were added so that all but bed-ridden cases were included. But in the meantime our turn had come. The Axis and Neutral theologians began a novena that the Allied theologians would not go to a civilian camp. One Japanese official who knew his English assured our French liason Father that our concentration would be liberal. "What do you mean by liberal?" asked the Father. "Look in the dictionary," he replied. It turned out to be liberal in the literal sense, though we were skeptical then.

April 13th: was the day the bars clanged and our vocation came closer to that of Trappists than Jesuits. Three consular officers and one army officer introduced us to our new life. In a speech which a secretary read in English, but didn't pronounce in English, they said that we were being given special consideration because of our profession, and they hope that their confidence in us would not be misplaced. There were to be four Assembly Centers (the term they used for concentration camps): one at the joint Lazarist and Franciscan Procures for the Lazarists, Franciscans and Secular Fathers; ours at Zikawei for Jesuits, Maryknolls, Columbans, Salesians, a Marist Brother (and later a Trappist); and the two others at the Madames of the Sacred Heart and the Helpers of the Holy Souls for the various congregations of Nuns. A group of Franciscans who had been brought down the Yangtze and placed in one of the public camps were then allowed to go to their Procure. Later some 30 Jesuits of the French-Canadian Mission of Soochow joined us here.

Our limitations were: 1) that we could not leave the premises unless they granted permission for medical treatment; 2) no telephone calls; 3) one censored letter a month could be sent; 4) roll call each morning; 5) the wearing of a badge on the breast (we used the gold and white colors of the Vatican); 6) no visitors; 7) no public ministry of any kind. As time went on

more and more leniency was shown in the interpretation of these regulations. At times it was months between roll calls, and they granted passes to go out for such reasons as visiting the sick, celebrating Mass, etc., as long as we did not overdo it.

At the same time we were asking to send priests into the civilian camps as chaplains. The Japanese could not understand this. Here they were generously exempting us from the camps and now we were trying to have some exempted from the exemption. But after a week the permission was given and two chaplains went to each camp in Shanghai and to the three camps in Yangchow, near Nanking, the future mission field of the California Province.

There were also hundreds of Priests and Sisters concentrated in the civilian camp in North China, but after a year or so they were removed to Peking. An article in the Shanghai paper said that in all there were 11,000 people interned in China, and "that they were all contented!" and that the religious found the life easy "because of their simple life!" Our life is not that simple.

During the first year soft ball was the principal means of exercise, not only in the public camps, but also in ours. Our league consisted of three teams: Tanks, Bombers and Destroyers. But by the next summer the vitamins were not so plentiful and the pep not so peppy, so the best one could do was get up a four-some for tennis. Our hand-patched net and unstrung rackets certainly look as if they went through the war, but at any rate they held up until the end.

Sept. 9th: Italy surrenders and in the way of celebration, the Conte Verde was scuttled in the Whangpoo. All in a few minutes this luxurious liner, which had been used for the first repatriation, was lying on its side in the murky river water looking about as beautiful and useful as a dead whale. The Italian officers suffered of course for having played this trick on the Japanese. The latter worked for well over a year trying to right it. Eventually by running cables across the river and

anchoring them around the large office building on the Bund, they managed with the help of derrick barges and steam pumps to float the hull again, only to have an American flyer drop a bomb through it. But he didn't sink it and, refitted, it steamed out of the Whangpoo. Where it is now we have not heard.

The Italians were not interned with us as they expected. Only a few of the wealthy and influential men were sent to the north. In the Pengpu Mission of the Italian Jesuits, they suffered from internment by both sides. Part of the Mission is in Free China and six of the Fathers were interned in their own home there, suspected of being in league with the Japanese. On the Japanese side the missionaries were restricted to their missionary centers lest they be in league with the Chinese.

Shortly before this, when the Allies were invading Italy, one of the Italian theologians returned to the theologate from his summer vacation to find an American in his room. "What is this, Sicily?" he exclaimed.

In general the missions suffered severely when so many missionaries of the various nationalities were removed from their posts. Substitutions were made by having those of neutral or Axis nations take over some of the stations vacated, but at most it meant that only the principal works could continue. Much property has been confiscated and much destroyed. The Chinese were generous in giving what support they could, many pagans donating toward the upkeep of orphanages, homes for the aged, etc., but since these people have been suffering from eight long years of war, their help is minimized.

Sept. 19th: Today internees boarded the second repatriation ship, the Teia Maru, which was to meet the Gripsholm in Goa. Many evacuation ships had been rumoured, but only the two materialized during the war. Civilians are hopefully waiting now for post-war ships, but as yet there are no indications of the Yangtze and Whangpoo being cleared of their mines.

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January, 1944: Our allotment of electricity had long before been cut in half, so we had been forced to reduce the light bulbs. We felt that we were studying like Abe Lincoln. Now our electricity was reduced again, so we retired a half hour earlier. Good for the sleep but not for the studies. We had to chop time off our recreation periods to make up for the deficit. But we had not yet seen the worst of it. During the past year lights were only allowed from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. That raised a problem for priests saying Mass. We had been using electricity because of the scarcity of candles, and now there was a prohibition on the electricity. But we inveigled the permission to have lights in the morning as long as we didn't run over our maximum. We have become so accustomed to blackouts and lack of lighting that I don't think we will be able to drop the habit of walking down the hall with one arm stretched out in front and the other at the side. Our Guardian Angels worked overtime to save us from falling down unseen stairs. The reason for the shortage later was partly due to bombs having been dropped on the power plant, but most of the time it was to save the supply for the war-industry plants.

Jan. 5th: We watched our metal radiators go out the door, in fact we had carried them to the door. Some loyal Americans could not reconcile themselves to this cooperation with the enemy, but there was really no choice. It was either sell them—ostensibly to a non-Japanese firm, but surely they were meant for scrap for the Japanese as even paved streets were being torn up to uncover old boilers, car tracks, etc.—or have them taken away. As far as utility went, they had long since been useless to us. The price of coal was prohibitive. Supplies could not be replenished from the mines in the north as coastal shipping was non-existent and trains were being wrecked too frequently. The price of wood was becoming just as high. We cut down some of the trees in our garden, but fortunately were never forced to sacrifice the best. It was costing us just as much to cook our food as to buy it.

Feb. 2nd: Beggars can't be choosers! When Jesuits pronounce their last vows it is a custom that they go out and beg. Our Hungarian Brother cook went on his begging tour and returned with a live goat. He fattened it up a bit on our shrubs, then served it for dinner. Not bad when meat is scarce. At this time when we did see meat, which was seldom, it was usually water-buffalo—though a friend who knew the ways of our butcher claimed it was frequently horse. Be this as it may, we were never reduced to dog meat, which is a delicacy for the missionaries in the bush districts. Our two watch dogs still romp around unmolested though carnivorous eyes were cast in their direction more than once.

April 8th: The Apostolic Delegate in Peking requested that there daily be an hour of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament by at least one member of each religious community in China. This was kept up daily until the end of the war. It was done for the intentions of the Holy Father. His worries for his universal family must have been terrible during these years.

April 9th: At last permission was granted from Tokio for a priest to say Mass at the camp of the U. S. Marines and Wake Island prisoners. Ecclesiastical superiors had tried every means possible to get a chaplain into the camp, but the Japanese kept stalling with objections. When one objection was met, they proposed another until, after their final condition had been agreed to, namely, that the chaplain would be treated just the same as any other military prisoner, then they came out with a flat "no chaplain." The men in the camp had been begging for one but their plea was rejected. After that the Red Cross asked for permission for a single Mass on Easter, and it was this that had been granted; but it came too late for a priest to get there. However, the local Commandant transferred the permission to the following Sunday, and an Irish Father went. He could speak to no one, so used the Bishop's permission to give a general absolution and told the men they could receive Holy Communion even though not fasting, as can be done in a

case of extreme necessity. The men looked healthy and cheerful this time, but not so a year later when permission was granted for a second Easter Mass. Since that time some, if not all, from the military camp were taken to Japan.

April 24th: The chaplains in the civilian camps were allowed to come out to make their annual retreat in their religious homes. This was a cherished privilege because it was impossible to make any semblance of a closed retreat in camp. This year the petition was refused, but now the war's over so it doesn't matter.

By summer we were feeling the effects of internment. The sameness of everything was depressing. A true supernatural outlook could overcome it but not all of us are saints. But we found a natural diversion, not all but many, by going to the hospital for a vacation. Not that we deceived our captors entirely. With conditions as they were, it was not hard for the doctor to find a legitimate reason for hospitalization. According to nationality we were in the hands of the enemy, being cared for by a German, Italian and a Japanese. But not according to the religious spirit of the universality of the Church, for these were Franciscan Sisters of Mary. This was a Municipal hospital before the war, so now had a Japanese manager, but the devoted care of the Sisters found ways of escaping his vigilant eyes. Sometimes a tray slipped in through the trap door, or an extra egg came out of the pocket of a Sister's habit; anything to fatten up the theologians and send them back to a new semester with renewed energy and spirits.

Nov. 11th: Our first bombing! There had been a night bombing in June and some claimed a bombing in the distance but it had never been confirmed. But this was the real thing from B29's. We were in class at the time. A recess was granted so that we could open the windows of our rooms. There was no replacing shattered glass these days. Incidentally some forgot all about their windows and went to look at the planes. Others forgot to come back to class. But how could one be expected to concentrate under these conditions? The

bombs dropped on the Lung Hua airfield about a mile from here and billows of smoke rolled upward. The anti-aircraft guns peppered away but could not reach the B29's.

Nov. 21st: After dinner we had a beautiful view of three B29's. The sky was clear and these silver birds glistening in the sun were a sight to behold. That is they were until a burst of anti-aircraft directly over our heads sent us scurrying for cover. That was always our danger. We had little to fear from bombings unless some pilot pulled a lever by mistake. The Catholic village of Zikawei with its cluster of orphanages and schools and the tall church spires would be plainly discernible from the air, and we were certain that the Allies knew that there was nothing here to bomb. But the anti-aircraft shells were the danger. It could never be known where they would burst and the fiery razor-edged bits of shrapnel killed many; this day including one of the boys in our grammar school here. He was under a roof but it was not sufficient cover. He was scalped while his companion who had his arm around him was untouched.

December: The cold spell started early this year and did not let up until March. The civilians in the camps, some living in old warehouses or light frame buildings, suffered much. The nourishment given them was low at this time and packages that could come in from the outside limited, so there was no warmth in their blood either. The only solution was to stay in bed. Almost any day we could look out our windows and see frozen bodies in the street below waiting to be carried away.

But theologians couldn't stay in bed all day and attend classes at the same time. Many studied in blankets but that was the closest they could come to the bed. The only alternative was to put on more and more clothes like the poor Chinese. We wore everything we had and sometimes the sleeves were nine deep. Our shoulders put the padded ones of a fullback to shame. We didn't walk, we waddled. Getting dressed was like putting an engine together. There were so many parts that you were sure to end up with one left over. I lost

part of my p.j.'s once and didn't find it until I undressed that night. It was on me! Your hands puffed up until you thought you were wearing boxing gloves. They say it's healthy. I wonder. At any rate we won't soon forget that winter.

But there never is a storm but what there is also a ray of sunshine following. This time there were 8 rays and we didn't have to wait until the storm was over. Eight of our pigs froze to death and provided meat for many a meal. The workman who was responsible explained his negligence thus: He first reported that one porker was frozen from being left out overnight. One was not so bad. He was being saved for a rainy day but the meat would not harm anyone if eaten now. So the offender was not scolded. He returned the next day deeply depressed. "I must be getting old, Father." The Father sympathized with him and asked why. "My memory is failing me. Yesterday I told you that one pig died. I forgot. There were eight!" That's the way to save face.

Dec. 19th: B29's again. During dinner the building began to shake and the windows rattle as one bomb after another fell. Three squads of 8 planes were seen. Probably the same 8, but they made a lot of noise. Since Dec. 8th last, Jesuit communities were daily reciting in their visit before the Blessed Sacrament after dinner Psalm 45. Accompanied by bombs, it took on special meaning: "Therefore we shall not fear . . . Boom! . . . when the earth shall be troubled . . . Boom! Boom! . . . and the mountains shall be removed into the heart of the sea . . . Boom! . . . Nations were troubled, kingdoms were bowed . . . Boom! . . . the earth trembled . . . Boom! Boom! . . . be still and see that I am God . . . the Lord of armies is with us." The words of the Psalmist were repeated with feeling this day.

The bombs had fallen on the docks and shipyards about three miles east of us, where many of the Italian sailors off the Conte Verde had been coerced to work. Many of these were amongst the 200 to 300 killed. On previous alarms they had been allowed to leave the

yards, but this time they were held back at the point of bayonets. And it was no false alarm. The Little Sisters of the Poor have their home for the aged just across the street. In the early stages of the war between the Japanese and Chinese they had been miraculously spared, shells exploding all around them without injury to themselves and a fire stopping at their very doorstep. Now again the Lord was with them. A bomb fell in their yard, smashing the wall and blowing in the windows, but no one was injured. The old people were in the chapel with the chaplain praying.

Dec. 25th: Just before our midnight Solemn High Mass the siren blew for an air-raid alarm. The Celebrant and his Ministers had to grope their way around the dimly lit altar and the choir sing by a shaded cow-lamp. It didn't add to the liturgical splendour of the Mass but it made it more like Bethlehem.

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1945: Jan. 17th & 20th: Bombing of airports to the north, south, east and west. Some 50 grounded planes were destroyed in the first bombing, and in the second after a strafing of the field nearest to us by a dozen P40's there was a heavy explosion and clouds of smoke.

Jan. 24th: Red Cross comfort packages arrive! Once before the civilian camps had received them, but this time we all rated. They were the only two times that packages from the States reached this part of the Orient. But what comfort! They were marked "V2". They had as great an effect on us as the "V1's" did in London, only of a different kind. If those who spent their time and effort packing them could see those at the other end of the world receiving them, they would be assured that their work had not been in vain. We stretched out the choice nutriment as long as appetites would permit, and were actually on the last can when a few days ago planes with "P. W. Supplies" marked under their wings dropped another load dangling from parachutes. Uncle Samuel is O. K.

Jan. 31st: On this day and the following, 29 of us Jesuits of all nationalities were ordained Subdeacons,

then Deacons. Our interned Bishop, Msgr. Côté, the American born Bishop of the Canadian Mission of Soochow, performed the ceremony. Nothing remained now but the final step to the priesthood: *Tu es sacerdos in aeternum*. We ordained breathed a sigh of relief. If anything happened now we could be ordained in a moment's notice. This was a consolation.

Feb. 8th: Manchurian soldiers were arriving and parading the city to prove their presence. It was evident now that the Japanese were planning to make a stand in Shanghai. A trench and mud wall was being constructed around the city by the Chinese civilians under forced labour. These were to be tank traps, but American officers here now say they would not slow an army up much. Both newspapers and radio announced that Shanghai would be another Stalingrad. Fortunately for us, they were joking!

March 23rd: About this time our Catholic institutions began to suffer. The best building of Aurora University was taken, then half of the Madames' girls' College, the Russian Catholic school, a great part of St. Mary's Hospital, and close to us, next door in fact, St. Ignatius College. From then on we were pestered day and night with bugle calls, the morning salute to the sun, machine gun and bayoneting practice. We were longing for the day when our surroundings would return to their studious atmosphere. A striking contrast was often presented to us as we daily recited the Litanies of the Saints and at the same time the soldiers alongside of our chapel practiced bayoneting, a ferocious growl accompanying each thrust. What uses the human voice can be put to: the yelling of the pagan bayoneteer which is destined to be silenced by death; the Christian voice of prayer which knows no death.

Several times lone American fliers flew several miles above us writing in the sky. Once it was a "V" for victory, so we interpreted it; another time "U. S." etc. This of course pleased the Japanese no end. Sometimes planes were sent up after him but he was so high that he was gone before they had gained half his altitude.

April 2nd: Our examination sheets had come out and I had just sat down to begin the long grind of preparation when there was a roar overhead that seemed to take our very roof off. I jumped to the window and there right above my head were two light bombers hedge-hopping toward the airfield. Then the anti-aircraft began firing. I opened my windows wide and ducked. Then the siren blew for air-raid! Had they been caught napping! Some of the Fathers had seen them out in the country approaching the city, just topping the fields and villages, and flying with the speed of the wind. They were ready to drop their bombs before the Japanese knew they were here. They continued circling and diving and zigzagging through the anti-aircraft fire putting on a thrilling show for us. One was seen to chase a train, dive on it, and then the locomotive went up in a cloud of steam. This was the most thrilling of the bombings in Shanghai. All the bombings here were nothing compared to Europe, but they gave us a remote idea of what it must have been like there. When they hit their targets there was a pleasant thrill, but when you heard of the unfortunate casualties among the civilian population, the thrill was gone.

April 13th: The news of President Roosevelt's death hit us as hard as it must have the nation. The Japanese-managed newspapers were very fair in their accounts and condolences. Of course they did not omit remarks about his and the nation's desire for world power, but that was to be expected. At least they omitted such remarks that had appeared in former editions as: "The average American is a barbarian!" Our fellow religious wanted to know if we were average. One account said "that Roosevelt died while being sketched by an architect."

April 14th: Bombings during the small hours of the morning. The Nantao docks were hit again, and again the Little Sisters of the Poor escaped. There were more night bombings on the following night, on the 26th and on May 1st. These bombings did not add

to your comfort, because you were not sure that they knew just where they were, but they did add to the spectacle because of the tracer bullets of the anti-aircraft guns.

May 10th: The non-internee newly ordained Deacons made a pilgrimage to the church of Our Lady of Peace. They attended Mass in the morning, and benediction in the afternoon at which they sang the "Ave" in several languages according to the custom at Lourdes.

May 19th: "This is the day the Lord hath made." 20 of us Jesuits were ordained in St. Ignatius Church at Zikawei by Bishop Côté. Our class had been somewhat depleted as many had been sent during the past months to other parts of China due to conditions. The ceremony was as beautiful and significant as it always is, but for us being ordained to the priesthood it meant everything. Let the bombs fall now; they could not take the priesthood from us. That will last through eternity.

The subsequent days were full of spiritual consolation for us as we celebrated our first Masses. Friends in Shanghai took the place of our families at home who were offering up the great sacrifice of missing their son's First Mass. That is all part of a missionary's ordination. There are scores of altars in all the Catholic institutions around Zikawei where the Internees could offer up the Holy Sacrifice with a congregation: the Sisters, the orphanages, the Seminarians, the school children, the parishioners of St. Ignatius. We were also granted passes to go out into the city for a Mass or two. These were happy days.

We were also able to take advantage of the privilege granted only to priests on the Missions, of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. This is allowed in case of death when the Bishop cannot be present. The orphanage here presents us with many little subjects who wing their way to heaven soon after their Baptism & Confirmation.

July 6th: Along with some bombs during the night, leaflets were dropped—some falling in our garden

and probably intended for the soldiers next door. They were in Japanese and quoted President Truman's advice to the soldiers to put up their rifles so that they could return under favorable conditions to their home country—or else!

July 17th: There had been two light bombings on the 8th and 15th, but today the heavy bombings began. We had just finished dinner and the reader had begun the Martyrology of the Saints, when a deep drone was heard above the clouds. Then our old building shook on its foundations as a stick of bombs dropped in a field a half mile away. It began to look as if some lesser saints would be added to the martyrology, so Fr. Rector called: "separons-nous"—and we scattered. No use having all your eggs broken in the same basket. There had been about sixty planes in all and their targets were the industrial areas.

July 18th: 100 planes today: B24's and 25's; P38's and 51's. The heavy bombing was in the Japanese industrial district of Honkew. The Jewish refugees whom the Japanese had relegated to a section of Honkew were heavily hit. No provision was made for hospitalization. One Father who spent fourteen hours that night in a supposed hospital could do nothing more for the wounded and dying than give them a drink of water. There were no doctors, no medicines, no bandages. It was estimated that 2000 were killed in the bombings of these two days.

July 22nd: There was a distant bombing the day before, and today warehouses were hit all along the Whangpoo River as far as the Nantao docks. Once again the wall of the Little Sisters of the Poor was knocked down by a bomb and once again no one was injured. No one was injured among the inmates, but a generous Italian sailor running over to see if they needed help was struck down by a piece of anti-aircraft shrapnel and died the next day.

Here in the theologate we were reciting our Litanies during the bombing and beads of perspiration stood out on the forehead of the young Father leading them.

But the perspiration was due to the stifling tropical heat, not the bombing. He mechanically fanned himself as he calmly uttered the invocations, seeming to say: where could one be safer than before the tabernacle of the living God calling upon the heavingly help of all the Saints.

July 24th: Today saw the heaviest bombing of Shanghai: some 300 B25's with a few B29's. I was studying the breviary with the two California Scholastics yet to be ordained. If these bombings were going to continue almost daily, perhaps they would be ordained ahead of their time, so they wanted to be prepared. The carpet-bombing of the airfield near here was so rapid and even that we were fooled and thought it was anti-aircraft fire. Clouds of dirt rose in the air. We moved to another room more protected, and started the breviary again. Then a drone coming closer as 50 planes approached overhead. They were above the clouds and didn't add to our comfort. A pursuit plane diving beneath the clouds had escorted them to the airfield the first time. Would he do it again or would someone make a mistake? The breviary study ceased. The planes droned by. Then we took up Matins again. Then the drone returned. This was too much for Mr. Brennan. "I'm not getting a word that you are saying," he said excitedly as he dashed out for a vantage point to look for the planes. Mr. Donohoe and myself were not excited that way. We were quite content to stand in the hallway with two brick walls between ourselves and the outside. I thought of the advice of one of my confreres. This South American theologian is also a medical doctor. He was recently asked to give a series of lectures in the city on First Aid. At the end of his lectures he summed them all up in two rules: in case of bombing first make a good confession, then crawl under the bed!

In all the bombings in Shanghai only five U. S. planes had been knocked down. But one of these was seen from here. It was at night and had been flying low dodging the anti-aircraft fire for some time, its

path marked out by tracer bullets. Then a perfect barrage of shells shot up that it could not miss. It was a direct hit, there was a flash that lit up the sky, and the remains of the plane plummeted to earth near Pootung.

After this there were only reconnaissance flights until the final light bombing on the morning of August 10th—the day we had long been waiting and praying for, the day that the news first reached us that negotiations were on for an armistice. Thank God, it was all over.

A few mornings later I was standing in front of St. Ignatius Church. There was a gathering of people waiting expectantly. A man stood poised like the starter of a race, his eyes piercing the church entrance and down the long aisle. Children eagerly clustered around him, hands cupped to their ears. Of a sudden he whirled, squatted, struck. Bang! Boom! Zing! Another bombing? No, peace had been declared. The priest had begun the Mass: *Introibo ad altare Dei*. And in true Chinese fashion a volley of giant fire-crackers announced the commencement of a Mass of thanksgiving for peace. We have been hearing these celebrations daily as various sections of Zikawei Catholics have a Mass of thanksgiving offered up to Almighty God. Truly we have much to be thankful for.

LETTERS FROM TOKYO

I

USS Missouri
Tokyo Bay
7 Sept., 1945

Reverend and dear Father Maher:

P. C.

I am from the Chicago province and at present am serving as chaplain aboard the USS Missouri. On Wednesday 5 Sept., Father S. H. Ray of the New Orleans Province, now attached to the USS Hamlin, Father Charles Robinson, whom I relieved on board this ship and attached at that time as interpreter for Admiral Badger's staff, and myself got hold of a jeep from the Yokasuka Naval Base and made our way into Tokyo to visit our men at the University there. We had doubts about our ability to complete the trip as the military had only gone as far as Yokahama and reportedly were guarding the entrances to Tokyo and excluding all personnel. But the fathers at the University must have been praying for our appearance, for though stopped a number of times, we managed to bring in our load of food and clothing.

And very welcome we were, too. None of the Jesuits had starved to death or been killed, but all of them were suffering from malnutrition, subsisting especially during the past few months on soy beans, rice, and some few scraps of meat that occasionally they were able to get. We could stay only a few hours as we had to make the long trip back to the ships and be aboard before night fall, but the following is some information I was able to gather from the Fathers in Tokyo.

Personal injuries from the bombings were slight. Fr. Lasalle, superior at Nagatsuka and, if I am not mistaken, the superior of the entire mission, received cuts and bruises from the atomic bomb at Hiroshima only

8 kilometres from the Novitiate at Nagatsuka. Fr. Schiffer, ordained last year, and at the time of the bombing stationed at Nagatsuka where the philosopher and theologate have been located for the sake of safety, was cut by glass splinters. He was present in Tokyo when we arrived and described the effect of the atomic bomb as first a blinding flash, as of magnesium fire, then a terrific and awesome pressure from above that blew out all windows and scattered furniture as in a doll's house shaken by hand, then silence absolute and complete for about eight seconds, and finally the rumble and roar of houses collapsing in the city. He says that as far as he can figure out the bomb itself made absolutely no noise, but admits that the noise may have been lost in the roar of buildings toppling. Our buildings were not greatly damaged by it, aside from windows and furniture and a weakening of some walls. The fathers made their way into town and gave what help they could, which was not much, for the entire city was wiped out. Some of the living casualties were taken to the novitiate and treated, but all those burned by the bomb later died, even though, as happened to one man, only one finger was burned.

In the University of Tokyo, the old building was completely destroyed by an incendiary bomb, but luckily the Fathers were able to stop the fire from doing much damage to the main building adjacent to it, though two classrooms are fire blackened and a corner of the roof slightly burned. This loss they look upon as providential, for a month later another incendiary bomb ignited houses to the rear of the University and a gale swept the fire through the entire district. Because of the fire break presented by the old demolished building the main building was saved. So the building now stands in the center of a completely burned out section. They have had no students there for a year and a half (the military took over several floors the past few months but have already moved out) and they are hoping to open school again within a month or two. Their spirit is something to marvel at.

Throughout the mission our churches at the following stations were destroyed; Okayama, Kure, Fuku-yama, Hiroshima. All together, 80 Catholic places, (schools, convents, churches) were burned out in the whole of Japan. Enemy aliens were interned, but the German, Japanese and Swiss priests were allowed to continue work. During the past year the German Jesuits, according to their reports, were under constant surveillance and heckling by the Japanese Government. They all report the best of relations with the Emperor and claim that he, and he alone, was responsible for the speedy end of the war, since at the final Diet meeting all his ministers except two voted to continue the war to the death. But he overrode them saying, "My people must not be exterminated."

The situation right now of the Jesuits in Tokyo is not an enviable one. (And they report that the Jesuits in the country districts have suffered more from lack of food than they have.) The food we gave them will last them for about a week. We have notified the Red Cross but I doubt if that organization can do much for them, so many people in Tokyo have not even a roof over their heads. Fr. Robinson and I left aboard the Missouri the morning after we visited them. We are now steaming for Guam with our eventual destination New York in latter October. Fr. Ray is going to try to bring more food in in a couple of days, but the journey in is extremely difficult. We made it only because Fr. Robinson knows the language. There may be some Jesuits in the army of occupation to help them out. But so far none have shown up, as we were the first ones to reach them. And yet, when we asked them what we could do for them their first request was not for food but for manpower. They wanted, if it were at all possible, American scholastics to teach English and to wield influence among the intellectual group in the country who are going to rebuild Japan. They fear greatly an influx of Protestantism, because since the war the Japanese people admire secretly American efficiency, and this they associate with

Protestantism. The German Jesuits also greatly fear that they will not be allowed to remain in Japan. So they need man power and, as one of them put it, "to whom should we look but to America." This primary request of theirs was all the more appealing because they did not ask first for food and I saw how hungry they were, so hungry in fact, that, though we had brought some K rations for our own lunch along with the boxes of food for them, we ended up by slipping the K rations in with the boxes and refusing their touching invitation to lunch. Their first request was for their missionary work.

I write this not at all as an official request of any kind but merely to inform you of what I saw and heard in Tokyo, knowing how greatly you are interested in the work of the Society throughout the world. Fr. Bitter is trying to get in touch with Rome but I don't know how successful he will be. Fr. Ray said that he too was going to write to you about our visit, and I told him I would write in corroboration of what he was going to say.

We took some pictures while there and if I can get them printed in time I shall put them in this envelope.

I know that you pray for all of us and may I ask that you continue to do so? My prayers are with you and with the Society.

Sincerely in Christ,
Paul L. O'Connor, S. J.

II

Sophia University
Kojimachi-Ku, TOKYO
Sept. 3, 1945

Dear Father Maher:

P. C.

Since I have met Fr. Charles Robinson, S. J., Chaplain of the Missouri, I take this opportunity to let you know, how the Japanese Mission of the Society came through the war.

By a special grace of God none of our Fathers here has been killed and the University as a whole has been spared destruction, although one of the classroom buildings has burned down completely and another one was partly damaged, but can be repaired as soon as material is available. The entire neighborhood of the University is one large field of ruins and just like a little island of peace, we are standing up in the midst of devastation. But the house of Philosophy and the Settlement are burned down to the ground, both were located in Tokyo. In the Vicariate of Hiroshima we lost 4 missions completely (Okayama, Kure, Fukuyama, Horoshima) and 3 others were damaged (Ube Shimonseki and Nagatsuka the Novitiate). Generally speaking we have been rather fortunate and must be grateful to the good Lord. In Hiroshima four of ours have been rather seriously injured by the atomic bomb, amongst them Father Superior Lasalle, but all of them are on the way to recovery. Throughout the war we have been able to maintain our schools and during the last two years we had quite an increase of conversions. With regard to our apostolic work I am rather optimistic for the future, since many obstacles and prejudices have fallen.

Generally speaking our Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers are well, although a large number is undernourished and tired out. But most of them will regain their health and the possibility to work normally. From the three interned Belgian Fathers, Fathers Eyllenbosch and Gossens were in such a state that it seemed better to take first a recreation abroad, they have left already. As they are, they would have been a burden to themselves and to the community. However, both want to return to Japan. Fr. van Overmeeren was well enough to stay here.

Since we have no possibility as yet to write to Rome, I leave it to your Reverence whether you deem it worthwhile or not to send this letter to Rome.

With best regards and *commendo me ss.SS.*

Yours devotedly in Xto,
(Rev.) Bruno Bitter, S. J.

III

USS MISSOURI

2 Sept., 1945

Very Rev. and dear Father:

Lately I have been acting as interpreter on Admiral Badger's staff but on errands of mercy. The first prison camps were emptied by me. The first civilian camps yesterday.

The Jesuits interned were not much worse in appearance than the German Jesuits who had not been interned. Fr. Eyllenbosch, a Belgian and a Bollandist, apparently cracked up in confinement. I put him and another Jesuit on one of our hospital ships and expect they will be in the States when you receive this letter.

Part of the University is destroyed. Everything in front of the University is wiped out. Tokyo, 80 percent ruins. Yokohama not as bad as after the 1923 earthquake. All the mission stations to the west are in ruins from Okayama, Hiroshima to Shemioneseki. Fr. Lasalle, S.J., the superior of the mission was injured but not burned by the atomic bomb. It seems that anyone who is burned at all dies.

This is just a hurried note to inform you of the main facts. Fr. Bitter, S. J. wrote you a letter, which I am mailing on the ship.

Respectfully,
Chaplain Robinson, S. J.

ROUSSEAU AND THE SPANISH JESUITS

GERALD A. MCCOOL, S. J.

In the year 1767 Charles III issued the decree which banished the Society from the dominions of the Spanish Crown. On the day of its publication over four thousand Jesuits were working in the colleges, parishes and missions of his empire. Twenty-four hours later all who were in the Kingdom, fathers too old for work and novices who had worn their habit less than a year were jolting in open carts to the ports of eastern Spain. There the King's ships were waiting to carry them to Italy. When the Spanish coast sank beneath the horizon, the older Jesuits may have realized that they looked upon it for the last time. The younger men, perhaps, cherished dreams of vindication and a triumphant home-coming. If they had such dreams the long years in Italy brought disillusionment. For most of the Jesuits who sailed from the Spanish ports in 1767 there was to be no voyage home.

Six years after their embarkation the Society was suppressed and Jesuits could no longer live in common. Deprived of their regular work, several brilliant fathers of the Society who had been professors in the days before their exile gave themselves entirely to literary activity and their productions are an indication of the wide range of their interests. The names of these former Spanish Jesuits appeared on the covers of histories of literature, plays and treatises on music, science and history. A small group of these writers, men like Andrés, Eximeno and Arteago, enjoyed a European reputation. All of them wrote in faultless Italian, all were well acquainted with the French literature of their day, and some, like Andrès, were masters of German and English too. Their works have had con-

siderable influence on the development of thought in Italy and particularly in their own country, and for that reason, they are of considerable historical importance although the modern Jesuit may have a much lower opinion of their intrinsic value than the readers of the eighteenth century. Through these books one may derive some idea of what was the mental furniture of the Catholic intellectual during the eighteenth century and an indication of why he was ineffectual to a large degree in checking the growth of French rationalism, for the writings of the Spanish ex-Jesuits did little to counteract the influence of the new philosophy of France on their fellow countrymen because their authors, despite the loyalty to the Church which had led them to sacrifice their homes and their careers for her sake, were by no means completely hostile to it themselves. This weakness is strikingly visible in their treatment of Jean Jacques Rousseau even though their reaction to his writings shows an intellectual fairness and penetration far above that usually shown by Catholics of the time.

In Spain, even before the expulsion of the Society, the danger of Rousseau's ideas and the philosophy of the French Encyclopedists had been recognized and their works had been forbidden general circulation. A decree of the Inquisition made possession of books written by Rousseau, Voltaire and other philosophers hostile to the Church a punishable offense and this decree was generally and vigorously enforced. Spain, however, was not situated in a vacuum and her educated men could not remain ignorant of the ferment taking place on the other side of the Pyrenees. When word of the sensation caused by Rousseau's *Discours sur l'inégalité* was brought to Madrid, accounts of it were carried by the learned publications of that city and in them the substance of the essay was given. An eloquent and able champion of the Faith, Father Feijóo, O. S. B., felt called upon to correct the errors of the French philosophers and in the course of his refutation outlined for his readers the principal tenets of Rousseau's doctrine.

There were also several less orthodox channels by which Rosseau's teachings were seeping into Spain since Rousseau was not without friends in the southern kingdom. Indeed, the year before the Spanish Society went into exile, the famous Jesuit author, Father Isla, engaged in a bitter controversy with three Rousseauists, the "triumvirate" which was directing the Basque Educational and Patriotic Association. One of these men, Altuna, was a close personal friend of the Genevan, and all three were endeavoring to carry out his educational principles as far as possible in a seminary which their Association had founded and maintained. In the attitude of Father Isla toward Rousseau we find the mental outlook of the older Spanish Jesuits who had been formed in Spain when it was still out of the mainstream of French thought. Isla was 67 when the Society was driven out of Spain and had behind him a long career as a professor of Philosophy and Theology and as a popular writer and preacher. Though he was not unacquainted with French ideas, he was not to be plunged into the flood tide of French philosophy as his younger brothers would be during their stay in Italy. A short while after he had landed on the Italian peninsula, he wrote home bitterly in a personal letter, cited by Mr. Jefferson Rea Spell in his study *Rousseau and the Spanish World Before 1833*, that word had come to him that the words of Rousseau and Voltaire whom he considered the "chorus leaders of the modern impiety" had made their way even into Compostella, the sacred city of St. James. The author of "Friar Gerund" made no effort to look upon Rousseau with the calmness and impartiality which we find in the writings of the younger Jesuits.

Although Father Isla's frame of mind was prevalent among the older Spanish Catholics, it was less common among the Catholic intellectuals of France and Italy. There French thought was dominant and though Catholics detested the morals of the eighteenth century rationalists, they were too close to those philosophers in the pattern of their thought not to feel the charm

which the French writers exercised on their contemporaries. Because they had the gift of Faith, Catholics recognized the major errors of the philosophers but the style and even some of the philosophic content of the French works held for them a powerful attraction. The Jesuits who wrote in Italy after the Suppression looked on Rousseau with the eyes of the Catholic "intelligentsia" of that country. Though, of course, they never subscribed to any of his theological heresies, they spoke of him admiringly and gave him the most sincere tribute of admiration when they tried, rather unsuccessfully, to imitate him. This volte-face in the literary attitude of the Spanish Jesuits was not without great influence on their own country for although they wrote in Italian for the most part, Spanish translations of their writings enjoyed a wide circulation in their homeland. It is not, then, unprofitable for the student of eighteenth century Europe to observe the attitude these writers took towards Rousseau and their reason for taking it.

One of their number, Father Andrès has given perhaps the clearest expression of the opinion the Spanish Jesuits had of Jean Jacques Rousseau. In his great work, the *Origin, Progress and Present State of All Literature*, he has given celebrated criticism of Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*. Father Andrès was a man of forty three when the Society was suppressed. He had been professor of Belles Lettres at Gandia before the exile of the Spanish Society and after his arrival in Italy he had occupied the chair of Philosophy at Ferrara. He was a learned man and evidently a serious student of Rousseau. The faults of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*, its rhetorical style, its introduction of long philosophical discussions to the detriment of the plot, and its uneven style did not escape him. He was careful to censure its moral and theological weakness. However, he remarked, the literary merit and moral rectitude of a book are distinct qualities. If literary ability must go hand in hand with atheism, he would choose for himself, he said, a pious ignorance but he could

see no convincing evidence that such a union was inevitable. Why should one not envy the genius of a Rousseau or a Voltaire while keeping a prudent reserve toward their opinions.

It would seem, however, that Father Andrès' admiration for the *Nouvelle Hèloïse* went beyond its literary merit. He says of it that "not only is it a work of imagination but a book full of useful and important information, a book of philosophy. The way to read, the opinions on the inequality among classes, duelling, suicide, adultery and a thousand similar questions are treated with a subtlety and force of reasoning which one would have expected in a novel." A few lines earlier, he called this book whose philosophical pretensions have long since ceased to receive much consideration "a novel filled with such luminous philosophy and animated with such a lively eloquence that not only does it deserve to occupy a distinguished place among books of this class but it should with reason be considered an original work and be respected by philosophers no less than poets and by logicians just as much as by men of letters." Not even his fanatical partizans would dare to make such claims in our day for the philosophical prowess of Jean Jacques Rousseau!

Still Andrès was no fool. He could make, as we saw, a literary critique of the *Nouvelle Hèloïse* with which the scholars of our day would agree. We need not go very far to find the reason for his unwarrantedly high opinion of Rousseau's philosophy. The very work in which it appeared, his *History of Universal Literature* is an indication of how deeply his mind was influenced in secular matters by the writers of eighteenth century France. It was a treatise on universal knowledge whose external form was modelled on that of the French Encyclopedia, though, of course, Andrès was no more guilty of the Encyclopedists' deliberate misuse of that form than he was of the antireligious design which had been their inspiration in their work. The words "sentiment" and "men of sentiment" which appear in Andrès critique of the *Nouvelle Hèloïse* create a sus-

picion that he was imbued with the eighteenth century sentimentalism. More careful investigation of his work shows that this suspicion was well founded. Like Diderot, he was passionately attached to the novels of Richardson. He considered them superior even to the *Nouvelle Hèloïse* and, like Diderot, he favored the new sentimental drama which put on the stage the heart struggles of the middle class. He preferred the *comédie larmoyante* and the *drame bourgeois* to the tragedies of Greece because they "could move the heart and inculcate profitable moral lessons" while classical plays such as the *Oedipus*, *Electra*, *Hippolytus*, and *Iphigenia* "move the heart without enlightening the understanding or moving the will".

The influence of the sentimentalism which had radiated from Rousseau over the whole field of French Literature is shown in the writings of several other Spanish ex-Jesuits who shared Father Andrès' low opinion of the Greek drama. One of these was Father Hervás y Panduro who had taught the humanities at Carceres in the Toledo Province and philosophy at the Royal Seminary at Madrid before going into exile. In his encyclopedic treatise on Anthropology, *Historia de la vida del hombre*, he wrote "What interest for the Spanish nation have the *Oedipus* and *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, or what *feeling* can it have toward the noble deeds and misfortunes of heroes which have no relation to it nor connection with its interests nor the objects which surround it?" Though Hervás y Panduro was interested in promoting a national rather than a bourgeois drama, there is in his argument an emphasis on sentiment, a failure to perceive the universality which is the source of greatness in all lofty poetry, particularly the Greek drama, and a local patriotism—all of which are familiar to the reader of Rousseau.

Nor does the resemblance stop there. The censors of the Inquisition whose duty it was to pass upon manuscripts before their publication took exception to the Introduction to Hervás y Panduro's *Historia de la vida del hombre* because in their eyes it bore too close

a likeness to the *Discours sur l'inégalité*. To the modern reader, the likeness is not startling because the argument for man's equality advanced in the Introduction to the *Historia de la vida del hombre* differs from the one which Rousseau makes use of in the *Discours sur l'inégalité*. In justice to the censors, however, it must be said that there are other passages in Hervás y Panduro's book which could easily give rise to the suspicion that he was echoing Rousseau's opinions. Mr. Jefferson Rea Spell in his study, *Rousseau and the Spanish World Before 1833* has indicated in parallel columns several passages where Hervás y Panduro's *Historia de la vida del hombre* and Rousseau's writings are practically identical. It is startling, then, to discover that Hervás y Panduro, far from deliberately imitating Rousseau, was not even conscious of having undergone his influence. He was sincerely surprised and indignant when the censors of the Inquisition deleted the first pages of the Introduction to his book on the ground that they were repeating the ideas contained in Rousseau's *Discours sur l'inégalité*. Rousseau's opinions had become so much part and parcel of the beliefs of the late eighteenth century that Hervás y Panduro had accepted and repeated them without realizing that he was doing so. There is, however, no doubt about the direct influence of Rousseau on the Jesuit dramatists Colomès and Lassala. The lyric tone of their *autos* has the unmistakable flavor of the Romantic period. Indeed, Lassala's admiration for Rousseau inspired him to make one of the innumerable translations of Rousseau's *Pygmalion*.

In none of the works of the Spanish Jesuits do we find any criticism of the philosophical unsoundness of the basic structure of Rousseau's theories. They disagree with him when his opinions contradict the dogmas of the Church, but even then the Spanish fathers speak of Rousseau as a great thinker whose enthusiasm has led him astray occasionally rather than as a sentimentalist whose thought is basically and hopelessly unsound.

This is the frame of mind we find in the novels of Montengón, one of the youngest of the Spanish Jesuits. Father Montengón had entered the society in 1759, gone into exile as a scholastic and completed his Theology in Italy before the Suppression in 1773. In his novels, *Eusebio and Eudoxia, hija de Belisario* there is servile imitation of Rousseau. The only fundamental difference between these books and their French models is the elimination of those ideas which are obviously out of agreement with Christian doctrine. Eusebio is a Spanish Emile, a young nobleman of Spain, shipwrecked (of all places!) on the coast of Maryland. There he is brought up by a young Quaker who devotes himself entirely to the training of the young lad just as does the mentor in *Emile*. The meeting of Eusebio and the girl with whom he falls in love is almost an exact parallel of Emile's meeting with Sophie. It is followed by a long voyage as happens in the novel of Rousseau. Indeed, so close was the copy that Montengón found his work condemned by the Inquisition because he had neglected to provide for the religious training of the young nobleman.

Eudoxia, in Montengón's second novel is obviously an imitation of Sophie. Though the scene of her adventures is the ancient Roman Empire of the East rather than contemporary France, the adventures themselves are calculated to teach the same lessons Rousseau intended to convey in writing of Sophie. Both Rousseau and Montengón outline the education suitable for young ladies and recommend reading, writing and the household arts as the ideal course of studies. Above all, the young girl must be taught to love the simple country life and scorn the wealth and allurements of the towns. That Montengón's educational theories were closer to those of Jean Jacques than to the Spanish Church is shown by the three brushes which his first book had with the Inquisition. His second book, however, not only got past those formidable prelates but won their high commendation. This, perhaps, is another sign that Catholics of the eighteenth century

had a keener eye for accidental dogmatic error than for complete philosophical unsoundness which may be at times harder to detect or prove.

It seems, then, that the Spanish Jesuits differed with Rousseau mainly on points of dogma. The absurdity of his whole educational ideal did not occur to them, at least, not to Montengón. Rousseau himself had more than a suspicion that his ideal of a single mentor for a single child was an impossibility. M. Jules Lemaitre has given an excellent critique of *Emile* in which he shows that the whole scheme of education by prearranged experiences is not only an impossibility, but that if it were possible, it would be one continual lie. The child could not be freed from the prejudices of his instructor as Rousseau would have us believe, for does not the instructor arrange the circumstances in advance so that the experience of the child will inculcate the lesson he desires? Furthermore, such a method of instruction is at times truly cruel to the child nor is there any method more calculated to produce a selfish and unfeeling adult. Rousseau himself is said to have remarked when an enthusiast informed him that his son was being educated in strict conformity to the precepts of *Emile*, "Then, sir, I pity him!" Yet it is substantially the same method which Montengón recommends in his books!

The same blindness which Montengón displayed towards Rousseau's educational views was shown by Andrès in his criticism of the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. He censured, it is true, what seemed to him the *excesses* of Rousseau; he did not approve of *all* the opinions expressed in the novel; but in his mind it remained a great book worthy of the consideration of philosophers as well as men of letters. He did not seem to realize the fundamental viciousness which runs through it from the first page to the last. The insincerity which clothed what is essentially no more than an erotic novel with the veil of sentimental moralizing escaped him just as thoroughly as did the insincerity of Richardson.

What is the reason for this blindness in sincerely

good priests who were gifted with more than ordinary intelligence? It would appear that the answer is to be found in their philosophical formation and its influence upon their mental outlook. Scholastic philosophy was no longer universally and brilliantly taught in Spain during the eighteenth century as it had been in the days of Suarez. With the exception of a small group of great philosophers of whom Lossada is perhaps the best known, Scholastic thinkers could no longer be found who were capable of keeping the tradition of St. Thomas strong and vital in the schools. It is not surprising, then, that Catholics and even Jesuits should have been attracted by the newer and more popular philosophers of the eighteenth century. The philosophical opinions of the famous mathematician and writer on musical theory, Father Antonio Eximeno, one of the most brilliant of Jesuit exiles, shows us how far some of them had strayed from the Philosophy of St. Thomas. Both Father Geny and Father Klimpe have listed Eximeno in their Histories of Philosophy as one of the philosophers who followed Condillac's sensism.

This similarity between the Spanish Jesuits and the French rationalists in many points of their philosophy goes far to explain their treatment of Rousseau. When Rousseau contradicted the doctrines of the Church they could see he was in error, but because their attitude toward secular affairs had been formed by the same thought which had moulded the intellects of his contemporaries in France, they could not see the fundamental weakness of his position. In this weakness they were not alone. The popularity of the works of Andrès and of Montengòn are a proof that their authors were in key with the ideas of educated Catholics of the day. Indeed, one may say that in the study of the Spanish Jesuits and Jean Jacques Rousseau, one can see a foreshadowing of the ineffectualness of the resistance offered by Catholic philosophers to the advancing forces of materialistic thought until the revival of Scholastic philosophy restored to the Church thinkers who could expose the falsity of its basic principles.

HISTORICAL NOTES

EARLIEST USE OF "JESUITA"?

Father John J. Healy, of Alma College, writes:

"Ludolph of Saxony's *Life of Christ*, written sometime before the year 1330 contains the following interesting sentence in Vol. 1, chapter 10, article 2, on the meaning of the name 'Jesus':

'Sicut enim hic (i. e., in hac terra) per gratiam baptismalem a Christo dicuntur Christiana, sic in coelesti gloria ab ipso Jesu, dicemur *Jesuitae*, id est, a Salvatore salvati.'

. . . . that the word 'Jesuit' was a nickname invented in the sixteenth century seems to be the general impression. Many are aware of the group known as 'Jesuati' before the time of St. Ignatius, but not of such use of the word 'Jesuita' in a document before 1534. The above quotation, therefore, might interest the readers of the Woodstock Letters. Some of them may be able to supply even older examples of the use of the word 'Jesuita' though I have not been able to find the word either in DuCange or Forcellini."

OBITUARY

FATHER J. C. M. GARDE

1874-1945

Vicar-General of the El Paso Diocese

This is the story of a boy who at an early age left his native Spain and went to live in Mexico, of a youth who for years weighed seriously the balance between law and the priesthood, and at length chose the altar, of a Jesuit whose long life was truly apostolic.

Father Garde was endowed by nature with many excellent qualities. He was clear-minded, serious, practical. He acted like a man of thought, and thought like a man of action. When to these natural virtues were added other supernatural ones, attained by long and tedious struggle, the outcome was something unique. Few people who met Father Garde ever forgot him. Even after long periods they would still remember the character, the solid, interior virtue, the genuine Christliness of Father Garde. When notified of his death, a fellow priest who had not seen Father for many years, spoke of him with such love and remembrance as if he had seen him but a short time before. "I plainly remember," writes this priest, "with what love and reverence Fr. Garde would kiss his cassock before putting it on. He would talk to me about his love for the Society, for his fellow Jesuits, and the works he wished to do for this love." Another sums up Father as a "priestly priest, a true Jesuit, a prince of a man," and this after a separation of twenty-four years.

Cruz Maria Garde was born on the 16th of July, 1874, in Valle del Roncal, Province of Navarre, Spain. Eleven years later his family moved across the Atlantic and settled at Durango, Mexico. Thus, at the age of eleven, the young Cruz Garde first viewed the country

and the people he would grow to love so dearly. He would often say later on that one of his richest experiences was his work among the poorest of Mexico's children.

Desirous of giving Cruz and his brother, Jose, a good education, their parents enrolled them the following year at the old Jesuit College in Las Vegas, New Mexico. This college was later moved to Denver, Colorado, and given the name of Sacred Heart College. Today it is known as Regis. Cruz attended school there until 1892, when he graduated with honors.

From boyhood upward Fr. Garde showed consistent character, and strong religious convictions backed by a keen sense of duty. A fellow student who later was also a fellow priest writes about these early days: "Even as a lad of twelve when he and I first met, he gave distinct promise of becoming prominent. He would throw himself heart and soul with prompt decision into whatever was at hand and do it to the best of his ability. No half measures would do for him; it was always all or nothing."

It was while at the Sacred Heart College that Cruz Garde long and seriously debated between law and the priesthood. At length he chose the altar and for this decision ever afterwards thanked God.

On the second of July, 1893, he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Missouri. He pronounced the first vows of the society on the feast of her Founder in 1895. At the end of the Novitiate an incident occurred which Father Garde would retell years later with much relish.

At the beginning of his Novitiate an old lay brother told him that he would not pass his Novitiate without going into the fields and carrying home a sack of potatoes on his shoulders. For two years this never happened to him, and the brother's utterance was forgotten. But on the eve of the Vow Day, his very last day in the Novitiate, Brother Garde was sent out into the fields to bring home a sack of potatoes. Father

Garde would finish the story saying: "So you see, the Brother turned out to be a prophet."

His Juniorate completed, he went to St. Louis for his philosophical studies; and in the fall of 1900 he began his teaching period at Sacred Heart College. He was to remain there until June of 1905.

Father Garde was by nature warm and generous hearted. With himself very strict, he was to others extremely charitable, considerate, a sure refuge in difficulty or trouble, and a splendid community man, especially during vacation periods.

A true Spaniard, he possessed a true Spanish temper; but true gentleman, he labored hard to keep it in check. One could notice when he was doing violence to himself to master his temper and his feelings.

One day at recreation during Father's early years in the Society some records were played, popular then because of the Spanish-American War, but not too complimentary towards Spain. Mister Garde left the recreation room, and later when asked the reason, answered, "I am a Spaniard, and I have a temper. Had I stayed longer I might have lost my temper and broken both the records and the phonograph."

During his regency at Denver, Mister Garde displayed a wonderful aptitude for prefecting students. Although quite strict and exacting in discipline, he made himself loved and respected by his fairness and his readiness to help and advise. Always the man of principle, he despised sham, hypocrisy, and insincerity, and always strove to inculcate in his charges some of his own ideals and convictions.

In 1905 he returned to St. Louis and theology, and was there ordained towards the end of August, 1908. The following year he returned to Sacred Heart College as vice-president and perfect of studies, posts he was to hold until 1916 with the exception of one year, spent in Tertianship in New York.

At Denver Father Garde at once put his shoulder to the wheel. In a short time the College boasted new laboratories of physics and chemistry, and various

other improvements. He is credited with developing Sacred Heart College into an important institution.

Two hard blows fell upon the Denver Mission in 1915. First, Father Joseph Marra, the director of the flourishing Spanish weekly, *Revista Catolica*, was called to his reward, leaving vacant that important post. The second blow fell upon the Sacred Heart College, since its Father Garde was transferred to fill that vacancy.

Accordingly, Father Garde was appointed editor of the *Revista Catolica* and Superior of the Las Vegas house.

He sailed out upon precarious waters. The delay between Father Marra's death and his appointment had nearly proven disastrous. Young and inexperienced hands had attempted, in the interval, to modernize the editing of the paper, with unfortunate results.

Father Garde set about to remedy the damage done. He not only returned to the old way, but brought about two changes which put the paper permanently back on its feet. He started a new section devoted to Latin America, which resulted in an increase of subscriptions undreamed of; and secondly, he moved the establishment to the more promising and growing city of El Paso, Texas.

Different as this assignment was from his previous one, Father Garde threw himself into it with all the vigor and enthusiasm so characteristic of him. To him writing did not come easy, but his articles were solid and instructive. He also proved to be a shrewd business man; and the paper flourished under him, despite the fact that it was barred from Mexico, where lived many, if not most, of its clientele.

At the beginning of 1918 he was appointed pastor of St. Ignatius Parish, keeping also his post as Director of the *Revista Catolica*. At the end of four months he was made pastor of the large Sacred Heart Parish, the job he was to hold with so much success until 1929.

Towards the end of 1921, the Protestant Spanish paper published in El Paso and called by antithesis "*La Verdad*" (*The Truth*), challenged the *Revista Catolica* to a public debate. It promised to refute the claim that the Catholic Church was the Church of Christ according to the New Testament. Father Garde at once accepted the challenge and named as his debater his co-worker, Father Romualdo Benedet, S. J.

They were to be disappointed, however; for no sooner did the Protestants realize that the Catholics were ready and most willing to defend what they held as true, than they left no stone unturned to have the debate called off.

They appealed to Bishop Schuler to stop it; he refused. They approached the County Judge, asking that he cancel the permission to use the City Hall. And though the judge sided with them, he was overruled by the City Council, who allowed the debaters to use the Hall for one night. The night of the debate brought about the final catastrophe for the Protestants, when their debater failed to appear. Father Benedet, undisputed champion, set forth his own thesis amid thundering applause. The *Revista Catolica* was never again challenged.

The following year Father Garde was appointed to the important and responsible post of Vicar-General of the El Paso Diocese. Again, it was all or nothing. In spite of his other pressing duties of Pastor and Editor he gave himself without reserve to his new work. Besides his work in helping the Bishop to govern the Diocese, his duties in the Chancery Office required much study and research into ecclesiastical processes and moral questions; and he soon became a master at Canon Law. One of the priests connected with the Chancery Office once remarked, "It is an education to work under that man." During Bishop Schuler's last years, Father Garde became indispensable to the Diocese, and indeed, the administration of it was practically all in his hands. He was to hold this post of Vicar-General until his death.

The year after his appointment as Vicar-General, in July, 1923, Father Garde was relieved of the burden of editorship that he might the better devote himself to his offices of Pastor and Vicar.

With all the eagerness of an apostle he undertook his pastoral work at the large Sacred Heart Parish. There was work in plenty to be done, and he lost no time in looking to it. A new church was needed. Pastor and flock made a solemn promise to the Sacred Heart of Jesus that they would work together until that new church had been built and dedicated to His honor. Then the work began; it was to prove Father Garde's most important building project. For years they worked, erecting a complete new building around the tottering walls of the old, without once interrupting services. To afford greater space for attendance, Father Garde built two large galleries down the sides of the church. Later, referring to these galleries, he said: "I used every idea I ever had for bleachers in Denver." Within seven years the new church was completed and dedicated—debt-free. It is the largest church in the Southwest, having a capacity of five thousand persons.

It was in the Sacred Heart parish that Father Garde did his greatest work. He loved the poor there, and soon they grew to love him. Twenty thousand souls looked up to him for guidance, and he was indefatigable in his work for them, straining to the utmost of his ability to bring them closer to Christ. Earlier he had become an American citizen, that he might better help them in their business and employments; for he worked for their bodies as well as for their souls.

The people of Sacred Heart parish were never to forget him. Although he left them in 1929, they considered him as their own until his death. "You have lost a brother," they said to Father's sister after his death, "but we have lost a Father."

During the years of violent persecution in Mexico, the unfortunate priests and religious who were driven from their native land found in Father Garde a stal-

wart champion. For them he obtained food, clothing, shelter, protection. They, too, were to look upon him as their greatest friend for many years to come.

In 1929 Father Garde left the Sacred Heart Church and became pastor of the smaller Immaculate Conception Parish. Before long, improvements were under way. Two side altars were installed; the church was modernized; and a large debt was cleared away.

Father's last assignment came in 1934 when he was made Pastor of the Holy Family Parish. He built no new church here, probably because the church was new enough; but he obtained for the Parish a much needed Parish hall.

The rest of his life was spent in the busy, active, and yet hidden life of the Pastor of a small Parish. All this time he attended also to his duties as Vicar-General of the fast-growing Diocese, duties that were becoming heavier and heavier with Bishop Schuler's declining years.

In 1938, because of a severe illness which almost proved to be his last, he was relieved from the office of Pastor and returned to the Immaculate Conception Church for a year's convalescence. At the end of the year he returned to the Holy Family Parish and remained at his post until removed to the hospital during his fatal illness, which came in February, 1945.

For two months Father lingered between life and death, while all the churches in El Paso prayed for his recovery. It was during this last illness that Father's sterling virtues showed themselves most. Completely submissive to the Divine Will, he thought of God continuously and often expressed his desire to die while making an act of perfect love. God was well-pleased with His servant, and in the end granted his request. Father Garde died while the Mother Superior of the hospital recited the act of perfect love. It was the afternoon of April 11, 1945.

His death was mourned by Catholic and non-Catholic, Mexican and American alike. Four churches claimed his remains, and the body lay in state at each of them in turn.

For two days after his death thousands of his faithful friends, young and old, passed the open coffin for one last look at Padre Garde. Several touched rosaries and other articles of devotion to his hands. Others kissed them. Many wept aloud. Genuine sorrow was written upon the face of all . . . sorrow which still remains among his people.

The Solemn Requiem Mass was sung at the Cathedral three days after his death. In a short funeral oration, the new Bishop of the Diocese, Bishop Metzger, said to a thronged church that no sermon was needed for Father Garde, since his whole life had been one. "In him," added the Bishop, "we can admire all the virtues of the exemplary priest, the observant religious, the model Pastor." May he rest in peace.

BROTHER JOHN J. THOLL

1851 - 1945

Brother John Joseph Tholl was born April 9, 1851, in Laubach, a small village near Coblenz, in the diocese of Trier, Germany. Although his parents were staunch and fervent Catholics, they were by no means eager for John to devote himself to the religious life. From his earliest years John expressed his desire to follow such a vocation, but his parents, particularly his mother, did not encourage him. When John was eighteen his father died and John continued in his determination to answer the divine call, but his mother continued to oppose his ambitions and kept him at home for twelve long years. When he was finally free to follow his vocation, John thought of entering the Benedictine Order. On consulting his pastor in the matter, however, John was asked why he did not consider becoming a member of the Society of Jesus, since the Jesuits had a novitiate much closer to his

home. John followed this advice and on September 30, 1883, he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Exaeten in Holland.

With all the energy of his strong will Brother Tholl devoted himself to the religious life from the very beginning. Two outstanding traits of his character were a great zeal and a fiery temper, and both remained with him throughout his long life in the Society. The latter trait was especially evident in him whenever he met with anything which he considered against the rules and regulations of the Order and the spirit of his vocation.

In 1885 Brother Tholl was sent to Ditton Hall, England, where the German Jesuits, fleeing before Bismarck and the *Kulturkampf*, had established a house of theology. Two years later he was sent to Canisius College in Buffalo, New York. Finally, his ardent wish to be sent to the missions was fulfilled in 1891, when he received a call to Holy Rosary Indian Mission at Pine Ridge, South Dakota. There he fulfilled for fifteen years the arduous duty of baking for a large community composed of Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, and three or four hundred children. His work was especially arduous, since Brother Tholl had little or none of the equipment which modern bakers consider necessary for success in their work. During the little spare time which was left to Brother Tholl he built on the Mission grounds a beautiful grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, to which he, as well as the other Brothers, made a daily visit while saying the beads. After fifteen years the work of baker became too hard for him and he was forced to give it up.

In 1905 Brother Tholl was sent to St. Mary's Parish in Toledo, Ohio, where he put in ten years of faithful work. At Campion, where he was stationed from 1916 until his death, April 23, 1945, Brother Tholl performed his assigned work with the greatest fidelity and exactness. During the last four or five years of his life he was not able to do any regular work, but he was faithful in making himself useful whenever and wherever possible. The greater part of his last

days Brother Tholl employed in making long visits to the Blessed Sacrament and in saying his beads. He was known to recite the rosary as often as eighteen times in a single day. The students knew him only "as the kind little Brother who is always saying his beads."

There was one job to which Brother Tholl clung until a few months before his death. It was the thankless task of waking the community each morning at five o'clock. He himself arose each morning at three-thirty, made his meditation from four to five, and then rang the rising bell which summoned the community to prayer.

From whatever angle we may look at Brother Tholl's life, we find it exemplary and edifying. He carefully noted down his spiritual lights and resolutions from his entrance into the Society in 1883 until his last days. During the last year or two he was hardly able to write and he seems not to have had so much spiritual consolation. There is in all of his notes, however, clear indication that he highly appreciated the blessings and consolations with which God favored him.

Community life was sacred to Brother Tholl. During the last few months of his life he was more than once asked whether he would like anything special in the way of food or drink. Invariably his answer was: "Nothing except what the community is served."

As we may naturally expect, his devotion to Our Lord, to the Blessed Virgin, and to his patron, St. Joseph, was most fervent, confiding, and childlike. The following incident gives us a striking example of his childlike piety. Some years ago when one of the old Brothers was on the point of death. Brother Tholl came to him asking him to greet some of his old friends in heaven and to tell Our Blessed Lord and His Blessed Mother that he was ready and eager to come to heaven himself.

At long last God wished him to come. His summons came on the morning of April 23. He had spent a restful night and the Brother Infirmarian was preparing to take him in a wheelchair to the chapel to hear Mass

and to receive Holy Communion. Suddenly Brother Tholl collapsed in his chair. Two Fathers and the infirmarian were present to recite the prayers for the dying. And so Brother Tholl entered upon his journey home, the journey for which he had so ardently longed for many years. May he rest in peace.

VARIA

The American Assistancy.—

CALIFORNIA PROVINCE

War's Aftermath.—Father Bernard R. Hubbard, the Glacier Priest, spent part of the summer photographing the ruins of Jesuit houses in Europe which were wholly or partially destroyed in the war. He visited Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria, shooting 20,000 feet of color film. After his Fall lecture tour in this country, he hopes to return to Europe, in early December, to investigate conditions in Poland.

CHICAGO PROVINCE

Mission Industry.—Father James R. Gibbons is a missionary who not only works but puts others to work, too—on such a scale that he is known as “Boss and General Manager” at his mission in Chuhari, India, where all this activity takes place.

What he is boss of is “QuOats Industries.” Its factories have turned out more than 30,000 pounds of rolled oats since June, 1943. Father Gibbons tells (in an article in the *Patna Mission Letter*) how the industry started.

“Some years ago,” he says, “after saying Mass for some of my people in an out-lying station, I had breakfast with an English planter in that sector. In the course of the meal he mentioned that the porridge we were partaking of was a home-made product. I inquired how this really most palatable ‘oats’ was made, and his reply was: ‘You simply moisten the oats and pound off the husks, and then flatten the grain’ ”.

Sounds easy. Why not try it myself? thought the missionary.

After going through several experimental stages, Father Gibbons and his native helpers finally reached the point of turning out sufficient breakfast food for local needs; and it was not long before they were making sales to other mission stations. And today they sell "QuOats" to mission stations, convents, boarding schools, seminaries, bishops' residences, and parish houses all over India.

Though all along the way there have been improvements in "productive methods", the industry would nevertheless be classed as primitive by most Americans. But Father Gibbons' comment on this situation is: "Our purpose is to give enough employment to the village folk to keep them alive during this period of near-starvation. Should we 'mechanize,' we would have to hand out an equivalent amount of alms to keep the workers alive. Why not let them work for it!"

Thomas Downing, S. J., who visited the Chuhari Mission sums up the enterprise. "To meet the unemployment problem was Father's real purpose in expanding the industry. His people were living, or rather existing, on one meal a day. To tell them to work was mockery. There were no man-hungry employers in this mission village. But now he is able to employ as many as forty or fifty men and women who, otherwise, would have been left homeless, foodless, and helpless. His profits? The satisfaction of giving some of his people a chance to raise their heads and make enough to live."

The picture is completed by a word from Father Gibbons on the finances. "We started with zero capital and are running on about the same amount today. Regularly, pay-day empties my coffers, and I have to start figuring how to get enough together for the following week."

Jubilees.—This Fall, Rev. Ferdinand A. Moeller, who will be 93 on December 16, celebrated his diamond

jubilee at a priest, as Sacred Heart Novitiale, Milford, Ohio. A brother of Most Rev. Henry Moeller, late Archbishop of Cincinnati, Father Moeller is now in his 75th year as a Jesuit.

On October 1, Brother Joseph Nussbaumer celebrated his diamond jubilee in the Society. Having passed his ninety-third birthday, he is the oldest Jesuit in the American Assistancy.

Rev. Arnold J. Garvy, noted for his work among the colored, and founder of St. Joseph's Missions in Chicago, celebrated the 60th anniversary of his entrance into the Society.

MARYLAND PROVINCE

Georgetown.—From Georgetown University comes word that the drive for \$750,000, as its share in the cost of the Government-sponsored 400-bed Georgetown University Hospital, has netted well over that amount. The Government's contribution is \$1,820,000. Work on the building of the new hospital is nearing completion.

Father Edmund A. Walsh, regent of the Georgetown School of Foreign Service, while at work on a book on geopolitics, was called to join Justice Jackson's council at Nuremburg, as an advisor in the prosecution of Axis war criminals.

"Proximity Fuze" Research.—A priest of the Province forwards the following communication which was received from the Applied Physics Laboratory of Hopkins University, "operating under a section T contract with the Bureau of Ordnance, Navy Department." The letter speaks of the results of use of Society properties at Newtown Neck, Md., for re-

search and testing by the Navy, in the development of the proximity fuze.

Applied Physics Laboratory
THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY
8621 Georgia Ave.
Silver Spring, Md.
September 25, 1945

Dear Father:

Because of the real cooperation which you and the Corporation of Roman Catholic Clergymen have always given us in connection with the test fields at Newtown Neck, those fields have been of such great assistance to the scientists in their work that I don't believe it would have been possible to accomplish the results which were attained had they not been made available. My recollections of the pleasant discussions we had and your attitude, which was always one of great helpfulness, is one of the pleasant memories that I shall always have of the small part that I have played in this development.

I am enclosing a statement which we have prepared here indicating for the press the background of the development of the proximity fuze . . . I might add that in the Baltimore papers the fact that we were using test fields in Southern Maryland owned by the Corporation of Roman Catholic Clergymen was mentioned.

With kind regards, I am,

Very truly yours,

D. Luke Hopkins,

Authorized Representative.

P.S. I believe this work must continue under some auspices and at the present time the Naval Ordnance Laboratory is endeavoring to obtain permission to continue the test fields in Southern Maryland after the termination of our lease.

A postscript from our Jesuit correspondent adds: "The successful development of this "proximity fuze"

or of the "Radio shell" as we call it, had much to do with the reduction of the Belgian Bulge, and the final defense of London against the "buzz bombs." In the last day of sustained attack against London, out of 104 V-1 bombs launched by the Germans, 16 failed to reach the English coast; of the 88 which did reach England, 68 were knocked out by anti-aircraft fire and only 4 reached London. The efficiency of the Radio shell was 79%.

MISSOURI PROVINCE

Missions and Co-ops.—A successful Institute on Cooperatives and Credit Unions for the foreign missions, held under the auspices of the Institute of Social Sciences, was conducted at St. Louis University last summer. Fourteen Jesuits, six priests of the Society of the Divine Word, two of the Society of St. Columban, one Maryknoll priest, and a postulant of the Pallotine Sisters in British Honduras attended. Father Leo Brown was in charge.

Creighton.—The Labor School and Employers' Conferences of the Creighton Institute of Industrial Relations reopened the first week in October. Father Linn, director of the Institute, addressed eight local unions and three central labor organizations during the summer. By the votes of both management and labor, he was elected chairman of the Labor Advisory Committee of the Omaha Victory Fund and Community Chest.

Work for Peace.—Father Edward A. Conway, of the Missouri Province, who was correspondent for the NCWC News Service at the San Francisco Conference, is now on the staff of the Social Action Department of the NCWC, and a member of the executive committee of the Catholic Association for Inter-

national Peace. His work on "The Pattern for Peace", preceding the Conference and his interpretations of the work done there have been carefully followed throughout the Western hemisphere. As a result, he was asked to join the Conference on World Order, held in October at Dublin, New Hampshire, and signed the declaration calling for some form of world government, stronger than the United Nations Organization, to insure peace.

Sacred Heart Program.—The Sacred Heart Program, which began on a local radio station in St. Louis, Mo., four years ago, has passed the 200 mark in the number of outlets carrying its fifteen minutes of Catholic thought, music and prayer. Because of its sponsorship by the League of the Sacred Heart, the program is called the "Voice of the Apostleship of Prayer." Its power for consoling the sick and shut-in is indicated by the 800 weekly individual programs.

One of the recent developments has been the extension of the program through chaplains in military service in the Pacific and to wounded veterans in base hospitals. Major John J. Dugan, of New England Province, reports that the men under his care at Cushing General Hospital, Framingham, Mass., derive strength and consolation from these devotional exercises.

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE

Heroic Chaplain.—Father Joseph O'Callahan, a Navy chaplain, became a national hero for his courageous part in the salvaging of the aircraft-carrier Franklin, when it was almost destroyed by Japanese bombers. For what was called "the bravest deed of the war," he was recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor. In October, he became chaplain aboard the new carrier Franklin D. Roosevelt before its launching

at Brooklyn Navy Yard. More recently, Father O'Callahan accepted his appointment as national chaplain of the American Veterans of World War II.

Gregorian Professor.—Father John C. Ford was called from Weston to the chair of Moral Theology at the Gregorian University. He sailed on the Gripsholm. With him went Father Edward Madaras, who was appointed Superior of the Iraq Mission during a visit to the States, his first in eleven years of work in Bagdad; also, Fathers Thomas Kelly and Thomas McDermott, both enroute to the same Mission.

NEW YORK PROVINCE

Provincial.—On October 30, Father Francis A. McQuade was named second Provincial of the New York Province. After completing the usual course and acquiring a doctorate in Canon Law at the Gregorian, he was professor of Canon Law at Woodstock for fifteen years. In 1940, after a short term as Minister at St. Francis Xavier, New York City, he was appointed Rector of Regis High School and Pastor of St. Ignatius' Church in the same city. During this time, he was also moderator of the Diocesan Conferences in Moral Theology and Canon Law, and director of the New York Conference Bulletin.

Vacation Observatory.—Father Walter J. Miller has been appointed to the staff of the Papal Observatory at Castel Gondolfo. The only American Jesuit astronomer on the staff of that Observatory, he received his appointment at the invitation of Father John W. Stein, S. J., it's director. Father Miller studied at M.I.T. and at Harvard, receiving his doctorate at Harvard in 1943. He has done astronomical research, principally in the field of spectroscopy, at the leading observatories in this country.

College in Syracuse.—The new Jesuit college in Syracuse will be called LeMoyne College, in honor of Father Simon LeMoyne, S. J., heroic pioneer missionary and apostle to the Indians who once inhabited the region. Building plans have been completed, and it is hoped to start work on class-room and faculty buildings soon, to be ready for the hoped-for opening of classes in September, 1947. A drive for funds for the project, under the sponsorship of the Most Rev. Walter A. Foery, Bishop of Syracuse, has begun. The college will operate under Canisius College's charter until such time as it is issued a charter of its own.

The school of Industrial Relations, which will be a part of LeMoyne College, will open with registration on Nov. 12, 1945. Father Gerald Treacy, on leave from his position as Superior of Campion House, is in charge.

Letter from Bishop Arnold.—

Washington, D. C.

October 16, 1945

Dear Father Sweeney:—

Your magnificent gift took my breath away. That's the largest personal check I ever received in my life. I lack words to express the gratitude I feel not only for the much needed material help it gives me but for the thoughtfulness and great kindness which motivated your extraordinary generosity. Only our Lord Himself can adequately reward you and your brother Jesuits for such goodness to me. Some day I may be able to tell you in detail why and how much your charity relieved my mind of a burden of anxiety.

It was a great privilege and honor to work with and for the chaplains during the war and I am far more indebted to them than they are to me. Not only by their numbers but especially by their devoted spirit of service the Jesuit chaplains stood out prominently among their fellow chaplains. They were true followers of their soldierly founder and patron.

May our Lord and His blessed Mother help me to be worthy of the gracious tribute expressed in your letter. I still need your prayers and you may be sure of mine from the bottom of my heart.

Devotedly yours in Christ,

Wm. R. Arnold.

I am here for a few days to be retired from the Army and shall return shortly to the Ordinariate.

OREGON PROVINCE

Diamond Jubilee.—Father Louis Taelman celebrated his diamond jubilee in the Society on September 27. Born in Belgium, he made his novitiate at Tronchiennes, and his philosophy at Woodstock. He taught in Spokane and at St. Ignatius. Theology begun at Woodstock ended with his ordination to the priesthood in Spokane by Bishop O'Dea in 1898. After Tertianship at Florissant, he began his life work with the Indians. After four years as Rector of Gonzaga University from 1909 to 1913, he returned to the Indian Mission and is still there.

From Other Countries.—

(The following information about the condition of our European Provinces has been pieced together from incomplete reports of Chaplains and others. Further news will be printed as it becomes available.)

BELGIUM

At Courtrai, the residence was completely destroyed as well as the sixteenth-century church, one of whose

walls crashed to the ground while a statue of the Blessed Virgin remained intact surveying the ruins. Other houses and churches have been seriously damaged during the occupation and by air raids. The philosophate at Eegenhoven was destroyed by fire. The Bellarmino was completely destroyed. The institute, Gramme de Lieja, and the colleges of Mons and Vervier suffered considerable damage.

Liberation came quickly but there were victims: Albert Descamp, a scholastic, killed by the enemy; Father Rene Lange, substituting as a chaplain for the patriot forces, was imprisoned, mistreated, and the following day, killed. Imprisoned, too, were Fathers DeConinck, Vuylsteke, Van Oostayer, Collart. Father Jolier was killed by an explosion while saying Mass. A bomb caused the death of Father Van Open-dosch. Earlier in the war, Father Emile Mersch, author of works on the Mystical Body, was shot by the English, when he was mistaken for a German parachutist. Father Andrew deMarneffe suffered leg-amputation because of a severe wound.

GERMANY

“Dachau Province”.—The ninety Jesuit Fathers who were prisoners in the Dachau concentration camp at the time the American soldiers arrived were organized as a “province,” with the Belgian Father De-Conink as their “Provincial.” The members of this “Dachau Province” included German, Polish, French, Belgian and Dutch Fathers. Among the German Jesuits was the Master of Novices of the East German Province, Father Otto Piess, of Niesse, Silesia, and a well-known Berlin Jesuit, Father Bruno Schmidt. Secret contacts were established with the Jesuits of Pullach, Bavaria, who regularly sent food parcels to Dachau. The underground “mail” service worked so

well that any Jesuit, regardless of his nationality, received his first food parcel within eight days after his arrival at Dachau. These parcels helped keep alive many of their fellow prisoners.

During the war, Father Alois Kolacek, from Moravia, who was a prisoner at Dachau, often said Mass secretly and from memory for the inmates of the camp. He used only a plain table and a water glass containing a few drops of wine which had been secured from visiting German priests, and a handkerchief covering the glass with a smuggled wafer in its folds, for the ceremonies, while two prisoners kept watch at the door for approaching S. S. guards.

Lower Germany.—According to a letter from Father Schmitz, dated May, 1945, these houses of the Province are all badly injured by bombs: Cologne, Bonn (completely destroyed), Essen, Hanover, Coblenz, Aachen. Father Schmitz was at Valkenburg, where forty Germans and a hundred Dutch Jesuits were living. The Dutch were from the Maastricht community and the tertians. The Gestapo entered on July 6, 1942, while they were at dinner and declared the college at an end. The Germans were then brought to Aachen, the Dutch to the retreat house at Spaubeek. A month later the latter house was hit during the night by 200 incendiary bombs and burnt to the ground. Valkenburg was made into a government training school for about 140 boys. In 1942, the chapel was taken down and the crypt made into a swimming pool.

Father Kearns, of the Irish Province, a chaplain with the British Army, reports that, in June, he met some Jesuits in Hamburg where they have a small place. They think that about 50 out of the 200 Jesuits called up for service in the Army, etc., are unaccounted for,—i. e. out of the three German Provinces.

The Provincial has returned to Cologne and is living in the house he occupied before the war . . . The college of Godesberg has reopened under Father Becher . . . One of the three German Jesuits beheaded during the war was Father Delp of *Stimmen der Zeit*. He knew

a family, one of whose members took part in the plot to kill Hitler At Coblenz, publication of *Die Begegnung*, the first Catholic magazine in the "new" Germany has been announced. Its editor is Father William Peuler, who was formerly active in youth work and was the founder and editor of the Catholic Year Book.

Upper Germany.—It is proposed to start colleges at Stuttgart and Munich soon Theological studies have begun at Pullach. A Philosophate is unnecessary because no scholastics have entered in the last few years The noviciate will be at Rottmannshoehe.

Eastern Germany.—At Beuthen, Upper Silesia, where the Province cared for a parish in which sermons in both German and Polish were preached, the two Fathers and two Brothers were expelled and a Polish Father is now in charge. The Jesuit house at Danzig is occupied by Russian troops. One of the Fathers is living with a pastor at Zoppot; another, Father Mianetz, has been imprisoned by the Poles since the end of March. A recent casualty was Father Leopold of Erfurt, who was assailed and killed when returning from a visit to a person to whom he had administered the last sacraments. His assassins are believed to be displaced persons who have taken to banditry. He was in charge of four homes for elderly evacuees and of three villages where evacuees from the Aachen area were quartered.

HOLLAND

Father Regow and Father Zwaans died in Dachau. Father van Gestel, rector of the theologate, was imprisoned. Father Vriend was killed.

Java Mission.—A letter received from Father Joseph van Baal, Superior of the Java Mission, reveals what the missionaries suffered on Java during the Japanese occupation, especially those who fell into the hands of the Kempai Tai, the Japanese Gestapo.

“All European Fathers, scholastics and Brothers were interned with the exception of Bishop Willekens (of Batavia), two Fathers and two scholastics. Most of them were interned in the ordinary way, but quite a few came in touch with the Kempai Tai, an invention of Hell! That is the Gestapo, Japanese fashion, who beat, kick, burn, singe, hang their victims, whom they often fill with water and then press it out again. What we read in the *lectiones* of our Japanese martyrs, they were still practising. Most of the time they did it very scientifically, too, in such a way that the victims would stay alive. However, quite a few died as a result of these treatments.

“The first to come in contact with it were Fathers van Kalken, Straeter, Noyons, Djajasepoetra, C. Teppema, Rietra, Reksaatmadja and Van Rijckevorsel. The first six were accused of having urged the people to pray for an American victory . . . On July 19, 1942, these men were seized, some dreadfully maltreated, for instance Father Straeter and Father Reksaatmadja (a native of Java) worst of all . . . They were transferred to Batavia and sentenced to death on September 19. Then they were pardoned, and their sentence was commuted to 10 years imprisonment “for the sake of good relations with the Vatican!”

“The tragedy of these men caused tremendous admiration and sympathy among the prisoners who witnessed it, among them Mrs. van Mook, wife of the Lieutenant Governor-General, and Mrs. van Indeburg, wife of the former Governor-General, both of them non-Catholics. The latter, after the liberation, went immediately to Bishop Willekens to tell him how heroic and Christ-like these Fathers had behaved . . .”

During the three and a half years of Japanese occupation, 17 Jesuits died in prison camps from maltreatment or starvation on Java. Of these, 13 were Dutch

priests, one a native priest, and the rest scholastics and Brothers.

After the liberation, these losses were increased by the execution of 8 Jesuits (five Dutch Fathers, one Dutch and one Javanese scholastic, and one Dutch Brother) by Javanese extremists, on Nov. 1, 1945

FRANCE

These houses all suffered partial destruction: the colleges of Boulogne, Amiens, Brest—where the Rector died—Evreux, where four Jesuits died, the residence of Nantes and Poitiers and the novitiate at Florennes. Of the thirty political deportees, four died in exile. In general, conditions are still very grave. But there is a gratifying number of novices.

At Grenelle, there was terrible suffering from the cold last winter. One of the scholastics died of cold at Fourviere last January.

AUSTRIA

Theology has been resumed at Innsbruck. The reopening of the Canisianum, closed by the Nazis, who forced the Fathers into exile in Switzerland, was facilitated by the intervention of Father James Meder, an American Army chaplain, from the Louisville Archdiocese. Father Meder, a former student at the Canisianum, made it possible for the superior to come to Innsbruck to negotiate with the French and American authorities. Innsbruck had been taken by the Americans on May 3rd.

These three Jesuits of the Austrian Province are known to have been executed by the Nazis in 1944:

Father P. Steinmair, sentenced to death in Berlin on August 14th; Father Joseph Schwinghacki, sentenced to death on December 16th, for "sabotage of the defense spirit"; and Father Alois Grimm, of Feldkirk, sentenced to death on August 12th, in Berlin, and executed on September 11th.

All the Austrian Jesuits who were in the Dachau concentration camp have returned safely to their posts. In Vienna, our houses and churches suffered considerable war damage, but none of the Fathers was killed. The famous Kalkburg boarding school has suffered most. Ours are at present in possession of only part of the buildings because those parts which the Nazi police had occupied since the closing of the school are now occupied by Russian troops. It is likely that they will stay there a long time. Plans to reopen the school were therefore abandoned. Austrian Jesuits report that religious liberty is unrestricted everywhere in Austria and that the teaching of religion is carried on in all the schools, except for those students whose parents state expressly that they do not wish their children to receive religious instruction. Students of 14 years or older may decide for themselves in this matter.

ITALY

Rome.—The Historical Institute of the Society, whose principal works are the collection of sources for the history of the Society, under the name *Monumenta Historica Societatis Jesu*, and the publication of the magazine *Archivum Historicum Societatis Jesu*, had by the beginning of 1943 brought to completion the Ignatian section of the *Monumenta*. In its 66 printed volumes and the few still to be printed it presents the documents referring to the origin of the Society and its history up to the generalate of St. Francis Borgia.

This section concludes with a 1000-page volume containing the oldest narrative sources about the life of St. Ignatius and the early days of the Society, which were written before 1556. The preparation of the critical edition of the Rules of the Society is announced. It is in the hands of Father Codina.

As the Ignatian section of the *Monumenta* was nearing completion, the members of the Institute were preparing the first volumes of the Mission section, which will be the principal work of the *Monumenta* in the future. Of this section a large edition of the letters of St. Francis Xavier is already at the printers. This has been in preparation for many years by Father Schurhammer and Father Wicki. At the same time, the first volume dealing with Latin America was completed. This contains documents about the mission of Florida, prepared by Father Zubillaga.

CANADA

Social Study Weeks.—On the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Canadian "Semaines Sociales," Father Joseph P. Archambault, founder and director, received an autographed letter of congratulation from Pope Pius XII. The Holy Father expressed himself as well pleased with the subject of this year's study, "The Just and Sane Notion of Liberty," inspired by the encyclical *Libertas* of Pope Leo XIII.

One Cardinal, three Archbishops, eleven Bishops, and many prominent lay leaders were present at the Social Study Week held at Montreal from September 20 to 23.

Father Archambault was honored again when the University of Montreal conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Social Sciences.

Suchow Mission.—After the beginning of the Japanese war against Canada, the Fathers were allowed to remain at their mission stations, but their ministry was confined to the station itself and the immediate vicinity. Occasionally, some priests were allowed to say Mass beyond these limits with permission from the Japanese officers. Extreme unction was administered outside the "pale" at times without his permission.

During this time, the work of the Fathers was hindered in other ways. Groups of soldiers would camp on the premises for days at a time. There never seemed to be an end of the reports and forms to be filled out for the Japanese authorities.

In the section controlled by Chinese communists, our schools were closed, communist schools set up, and intensive propaganda work begun.

In March, 1943, three Jesuits, Fathers Prosper Bernard, Alphonse Dube, Armond Lalone, were falsely accused of speaking against the government. This they denied and were released to return home. About nine o'clock in the evening, on March 18, a squad of six soldiers came to the house, called the priests out into the court-yard, and shot them there. Their bodies were buried by some missionaries who arrived at Fenghsien the next day.

At the beginning of November, 1943, the Canadian missionaries were ordered to assemble at Suchow, and were sent from there to Shanghai on the 15th. Some were assigned to the Seminary, others to the orphanage. During this time of internment they were able to pursue programs of study.

Ordinations to the priesthood were occasions of great joy. Besides scholastics of other Provinces, in May, 1944, there were 4 Canadians ordained, and in May, 1945, 6 Canadians.

On August 18, 1945, a new Superior of the Suchow Mission was appointed, Father August Gagnon, to succeed Father Joseph Courchesne.

MEXICO

This year marked the fiftieth anniversary of the coronation of Our Lady of Guadalupe as Patroness of Mexico and all of Latin America. To Father Romero, Director of the National Association of Catholic Press, Writers, Booksellers and Editors, was given a large share of the work of bringing this anniversary to the attention of the entire continent.

Another joyful event for the Mexican Jesuits was the celebration of the 75th anniversary of the opening of the college of the Sacred Heart in Pueblo. The hierarchy, the alumni, the student body and the Fathers of the college joined in making the occasion memorable.
