THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

VOL. LXXXI, No. 3 JULY, 1952

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For Jesuit Use Only

Published four times a year, in February, May, July and November.

Entered as second-class matter December 1, 1942, at the post office at Woodstock, Maryland, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription: Three Dollars Yearly

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE PRESS
WOODSTOCK, MARYLAND

BEGGAR BISHOP

WILFRED P. SCHOENBERG, S.J.

To most Americans Alaska is the Last Outpost, the edge of the world. To Alaskans it is infinitely more. It is a world in itself. Alaskans, except for Eskimos and Indians, are mostly citizens of adoption. They have that in common with other frontiersmen and they say that it is proof of Alaska's bewitching charms. Alaska, for them at least, is a home of preference, an asylum from something they dread more than freezing. It is the "inside," a cold but comfortable hearth carefully distinguished from the "outside," where fellow-Americans are too busy to keep hearths, or anything else for that matter.

There are really two Alaskas: the one known by tourists—land of totem poles and spectacular glaciers observed cozily from snug cruising ships or new Fords; the other known by missionaries—land of tundra or snow, of dog-sleds, mosquitoes, literally lousy furs and equally lousy villages. Tourists are always breathless when they recall Alaska's wonders; missionaries can only be weary. Their Alaska is one of loneliness and struggle with space. Whatever else it is, it is space and the missionary's danger is distance, not frosts, or even blizzards.

Alaska is almost endless. It covers three time zones and an area of 600,000 square miles which is about as much as the United States east of the Mississippi, or England, Ireland, France, Germany, Austria, and Italy combined. Yet in all this territory, there are only 2,000 miles of highways, exclusive of the Alcan Highway, and 500 miles of railroads. There are only 75,000 people, not counting the military, and they have to be reached for a great part by dog-sled or boat. What is worse, the population is constantly shifting, especially in the north where natives follow the fish and fur-bearing animals. They live on the hunt and cannot settle in large, sedentary groups. The missionary has to find them or follow them, live with them in their crude shacks and move on with them when the hunt gives out. He moves in cycles, like the animals, and his circuit covers incredible distances.

There were not many tourists or missionaries in Alaska when the alert Secretary of State bought it in 1867. In fact tourists were mostly explorers, and missionaries were Russians,

left-overs from a roaring era of exploitation and mass baptisms. The Purchase was to change all that. Under American influence a trickle of Catholic missionaries flowed in, beginning with the Oblates and Archbishop Seghers. Jesuits accompanied Seghers on his second trip and, when Seghers was murdered, the Jesuit Tosi was appointed Vicar Apostolic directly under Propaganda in Rome.

Despite many failures, Jesuit history in Alaska has been glorious by any standard. The Church has been established and if, as Père Charles would say, that is the purpose of our missions, they have succeeded beyond anyone's wildest hopes. For the Church is in Alaska to stay, and the Pope did not have to appropriate two hundred million dollars to defend it against Japanese invaders in 1941. No invading army could snatch what the Oblate Father Clut, and Archbishop Seghers and the Jesuits had come to cultivate, not even the devil himself.

On the eve of the Second Great War, in 1938, the Alaska Mission could count among its assets one bishop, twenty-six priests, two Scholastics, ten Brothers, and fifty-four sisters. There were thirteen thousand of the faithful, about one-sixth of the population. These were cared for in forty-nine churches and missions, five of which had boarding schools for native children. There were, besides, five day schools and five hospitals. Among its liabilities, other than floods, tundra and lice, were groups of bitter and articulate Quakers mostly in the north, and a sizeable debt. The aging bishop, Most Reverend Raphael Crimont of the Society of Jesus, had been trying for nearly four decades to reduce these liabilities, and until the Great Depression struck, had succeeded exceptionally well.

In early 1939 a second bishop entered the scene. He was tall and dignified, most genial in disposition, a tried and proved administrator. He was Walter James Fitzgerald, Titular Bishop of Tymbrias and Coadjutor Vicar Apostolic *cum jure successionis*, of the Vicariate of Alaska. Nature had fitted him ill for the role; he was neither fat for warmth, nor athletic, nor given to feats of physical strength. Nor was he young enough to acquire these desirables. Yet for what nature had denied him, eagerness and determination amply compensated, and his friends were predicting that he would turn in a fine performance. They were saying that his whole career had been a

preparation and no doubt they were right. The new bishop had started to become a bishop the day he was born.

Early Years

Walter Fitzgerald came from a very ordinary background. Perhaps you would call it typical for an American bishop; perhaps not. His parents were humble folk who could, in later years, sign their letters "Ma and Pa Fitzgerald" without blushing and even with dignity. Both had been driven from Ireland by the potato famine in 1847. Pa Fitzgerald served with the 9th Massachusetts regiment during the Civil War. Several years afterwards he took a trip up to Exeter, N. H., where he met a pretty colleen from Limerick County, Johanna Kirk. He married her. Eleven years later he moved his wife and family out to the Pacific Northwest, and settled down on a farm near Peola, Washington Territory.

Here, in the peaceful quiet hills just north of the Blue Mountains, Walter was born. That day, November 17, 1883, was evidently inauspicious for nothing world-resounding occurred then, nor was there anything preternatural or prophetic about the birth. Just the arrival of a noisy little kid, who was soon smothered with love, almost worshipped, by his two older sisters and a brother; and by his mother, too, who was an old woman by 19th century standards, all of forty-three.

Walter, thank God, was a normal boy. He learned very little about farming, because he liked books too much, and attended a county grade school in the neighborhood, just a one-room-with-a-pot-bellied-stove institution, administered more or less efficiently by a certain Reverend S. M. Mathes. The Reverend Mr. Mathes was a United Brethren minister, a personal tragedy, perhaps, but he could teach and he could evidently teach well. During Walter's first term, Washington Territory became a state and one can surmise that the Reverend had a suitable patriotic program and flags with forty-two stars on the wall. Though his books kept Walter from farming, they had little influence on his outings. Whenever he could he galloped the range on horseback, pursuing relentlessly the little creatures of the brook and the meadow. Sister Kate would write of him that "he could beat Henry (Kate's husband) fish-

ing and hunting and was a crack shot with a .22 rifle." Such admiration was characteristic of Kate. She remained to the end Walter's most loyal admirer.

In the autumn of 1898 the Fitzgerald family dug deep into its resources and scraped enough together to send Walter off to boarding school. The institution selected was Gonzaga College, one hundred and thirty miles distant, which might have been China so far as sisters Kate and Belle were concerned. Ma Fitzgerald cried a lot, for Walter was always her baby, but both survived the tears, and a new era began.

Walter was introduced into his status as boarder by a good ducking in the Spokane river. His companions thought it very funny, and so did he, but the prefect, Mr. "Big Jim" Kennelly, did not. The waters of the Spokane had already swallowed up one little boarder and that was quite enough woe for a struggling school out on the Indian frontier. Anyhow, Walter survived the river and other pranks, too. In fact he thrived on the Gonzaga atmosphere and I am sure his mother would have been shocked to see him so happy away from home.

A contemporary photograph shows him in the very middle of his class, a bright-eyed little Irish Patty, typical of Irish Patties everywhere. Across his face is spread a most roguish grin, though the caption on the picture assures us that these are Holy Angels' Sodalists. His hair is parted in the middle in the approved fashion and his hands are quiet for once and his feet together. All in all he is a refreshing picture of happiness, in sharp contrast with the worried laddies about him, most of whom might have died on the spot so painful was this business of being photographed.

Walter stayed at Gonzaga three terms, distinguishing himself with "highest honors." That little phrase, "highest honors," became a battle cry in the Fitzgerald farmhouse. Walter would show the neighbors yet, the Fitzgeralds said. Perhaps some day he might even be governor.

Los Gatos and the Jesuits

And then Walter made them all much happier (poor mother almost died with joy), this time by taking a longer trip, to Los Gatos, California. He entered the Jesuit Novitiate on the eve of the Feast of St. Ignatius in 1902, along with other wide-

eyed and innocent lads, among them David McAstocker from Gonzaga. The Rector and Novice Master at Los Gatos was the clever little Father Giacobbi who had built up a winery from almost nothing to a business of considerable importance. He was, besides, highly popular as a novice master, severe in the solid tradition but gentle enough when gentleness was needed. He used to say of his novices when they came to confession to him, "I give them absolution and they give me poison oak." That was Father Giacobbi, tit for tat.

The novitiate, perched on a shelf of some foothills overlooking the Santa Clara Valley, had a breathless view, but Brother Fitzgerald soon got used to it. In fact the valley seemed to get smaller by weeks and there came a time when he decided he did not like it at all. But this phase passed, too, and he gradually developed into the characteristic novice.

In due course he pronounced his first vows and put on a biretta. Like himself, the juniorate was normal. He listened endlessly and patiently to a professor of Latin, Greek, English, and some history in one of those high-ceilinged classrooms for which the age was famous. Thursdays and part of the summer he spent at Villa Joseph in the Santa Cruz Mountains, not far removed from the present Alma College. Father Giacobbi and Father Congiato had but lately acquired Villa Joseph and it was still a novelty for the whole California Mission. The most beautiful in America, they all said, and no doubt they believed it.

When the juniorate was over in 1906, Mr. Fitzgerald passed into that delirious state called regency, which for him took place at Seattle College. He was assigned to teach the humanities, some more Latin, Greek and English, and besides was given the altar boys to train for services in Immaculate Conception Church. The next year he was promoted with his class to rhetoric and the year after to humanities again, which must have been a promotion, too. For whoever heard of a third-year regent being demoted? That last year must have been a long one but it did end and Mr. Fitzgerald was ordered to Gonzaga to start philosophy. Nothing significant is reported of his days in philosophy; probably he was intellectually marooned the first year and sailing the high seas of discovery the following two. In the third year he rose to the dizzy heights of beadleship, a simple fact which could indicate nothing, but

which, in his case at least, manifested the superior's perspicacity. Anybody that the Pope could eventually name bishop ought to be a good enough beadle for fifteen philosophers. And in fact he was.

Philosophers at Gonzaga lived in the "sheds," a rickety building not far removed from the Little Boys' and Big Boys' yards, and almost countless piles of slab-wood, and what is even more ominous, not far from classrooms and dormitories. It is to be hoped that Mr. Fitzgerald and his fifteen confreres were never pressed into prefecting service. But if one knows the times, one knows, too, the temptations of shorthanded and harassed administrators to use the always-willing philosophers. It can be safely said that prefecting did not blend too well with Schiffini, and there was always current in the philosophate a program for fewer extracurricular activities. Be that as it may, Mr. Fitzgerald at length arrived at his final examination, and after it was over, was told to move, scanty wardrobe and note system also, across the campus to the faculty section of the main building. Those were hard days for Scholastics; regents had two whirls at it, one before and one after philosophy. Accordingly Mr. Fitzgerald soon found himself back on the rostrum, this time a Gonzaga rostrum, and he took up where he left off, with humanities and rhetoric and altar boys who looked more like dead-end kids in lace than holy servers for Mass.

From the old homestead now came an appeal for a "wee visit"—it had been so long and a mother's heart was calling. "Ten years," she said, "since I gave you up to Our Lord forever—and asked the Blessed Mother of God to be your Mother, always to be your Mother." But Ma Fitzgerald was a mother, too, and she was putting up peaches, jelly and pickles for Walter's projected visit home. "We will have something for you to eat when you come down." Then she closed with a precious touch. "Yes, we knew you in that picture you sent. We said it was not a very good one but I said you had a generous looking mouth. You need it in your line of business."

At the moment Walter was too busy getting ready for school to make the trip. Little boys from other homesteads throughout the Northwest were arriving by dozens and most were so homesick that they needed all the attention the Jesuits could give them. The oldtimers were harder to handle. They were

busy ducking one another in the river and trying smokes behind the slab-wood piles. A standard joke for them was "blowing the lights." Some timid lad from the Montana backwoods was given the task of blowing out the electric lights in the dormitory and while the poor kid huffed away the others gathered around and roared mercilessly. Of course it was a stunt good for only one play a year, but it had many other variations, which seldom failed. The boarders slept in the fourth floor dormitory. Long and windowed on both sides it looked like a hospital during a general disaster, a vast hall with row on row of tidy beds and wash stands, towels hanging so, wash basins with the inevitable china pitcher, night shirts folded, and spare shoes beside the beds. To prefect in a place like that was not so much a task; it was a military campaign. For three years Mr. Fitzgerald had his share of it. Most of it was during the third year, whenever he was free from other duties, like teaching, directing the Sodality, or building props for some dramatic extravaganza. There was little enough time for breathing, not to mention trips home to eat Mother's pickles and jam.

Meanwhile the new St. Aloysius Church was going up on the campus, and was getting dedicated and blessed in innumerable ceremonies. Gonzaga College had become Gonzaga University, and a Law School was added. Spokane itself was growing up; automobiles were now so common on its streets that horses no longer bolted when they saw one, or worse, heard one; and even sidewalks were going down so that Gonzaga boys could keep their shoes, long stockings and short pants in a respectable state for scholars.

In the national capitol the talk was all war; could the United States stay out of it and so on. What the world needed was democracy. The United States had enough for everybody and a campaign was launched to share it. In the midst of it all, Mr. Fitzgerald was assigned to theology. He left Spokane in late summer, 1915 for Montreal, where he took up the study of God with characteristic vigor. He had left his mother ailing but hopeful that she would see him as a priest. She was in her mid-seventies now, as venerable and fragile as a Whistler's portrait.

Mr. Fitzgerald enjoyed the prestige of two nicknames, neither of them offensive or exactly suitable. "Wild and Wooly"

was the first, and the second was "Western Farmer," *Fermier de l'ouest.* Perhaps the Canadians saw something funny in them. "Wild and Wooly" did not, but he wrote his mother about them with more wit than appreciation. She, of course, was delighted that his companions had stuck such harmless labels on him. Heavens! It could have been something as bad as "Fitz!"

A Priest Forever

May 16, 1918 was Walter's great day. He was ordained that morning by Bishop William Forbes in the chapel of the College. He said his first Mass the following day in the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Letters of congratulation poured in from every direction, one from his old Novice Master, Father Giacobbi, others from Father Joseph Malaise and Father James Malone who are still with us and still offering congratulations to scores of other new priests. From the Novitiate at Los Gatos came a spiritual bouquet signed by such illustrious men as Brothers Mark and William Gaffney, Nichols, Leo Robinson, John Fox, Louis Fink, Paul Corkery, Francis Altman, Kane, Steele and Prange. A cousin in Holyoke sent him a gift of money for a Roman Ritual. Father Fitzgerald wrote him to say that he would put the donor's name on the first page, "and when I am engaged in baptizing some dusky Redskin or a malodorous Eskimo, this little remembrance of you will make you a partaker of my apostolic work." It is hard to say whether he really meant that part about the malodorous Eskimo—maybe it was just a sudden flight into the vapors of rhetoric. But the Eskimo it would be.

Ordination day's happiness was tempered somewhat by the absence of his kin. Mother, who planned on being present, at last could not, so she sent her love and an ardent prayer that she would see him at the altar some day. It was the one great desire of her life but it was denied her. Walter was well along in fourth year when he received guarded hints that she was failing. Then she got the flu and the parish priest in Clarkston wrote to Montreal advising Walter to come home. Walter sent the letter to his Provincial, Father Dillon, and added: "And now, Reverend Father, I leave the matter entirely in your hands. I am sure that my old Rector of Seattle College knows

me sufficiently well to realize, that if he feels he must send a negative answer, his reply will be received as coming from God's hands." Father Dillon told him to hasten home, but before Walter could get started, he received a telegram stating that his mother had died very suddenly on her Golden Wedding Anniversary.

Her death was the great sorrow of Walter's life. Though he was no souvenir collector, he kept all his life the letters he received at this time, the telegram from home, and clippings and other items that recalled his mother's passing. For him they marked the closing of a happy era and he clung to them as though he could draw from them some bit of sweetness. Even bitter-sweetness like his mother's tears.

When theology was all over and his ad grad successfully hurdled, Father Fitzgerald was assigned again to Gonzaga and given a host of offices. He naturally wondered about tertianship but said nothing. He would wait and see. His patience was rewarded on the subsequent status and he left for California soon after.

In those days Los Gatos served as a tertianship as well as novitiate, and the Tertian Master was snow-white and slightly-balding Father Michael Meyer. He was particularly notable for his repertoire of animal illustrations. "Be like the chicken," he would say to his tertians. "They get out early and scratch around. You must get up early and make your meditation. Understand that now?" This last phrase was a trump card with him and he would have been tongue-tied if he did not use it.

This year Father Meyer looked his eleven tertians over, made Father Fitzgerald beadle, and started a hard season. It was scarcely done with when Father Fitzgerald was made another kind of beadle, this time Rector of Gonzaga University. He was also designated as Province Consultor. So young a man when there were two hundred and nine other Fathers in the province—plainly God had made him for ruling.

Years as Rector

In the following six years, during his rectorship, Gonzaga made consoling progress. Nothing sensational, but progress. De Smet Hall for resident students was constructed. The stadium was enlarged. The football team attained national

fame; fickle recognition, but there it was. Summer schools were established. And Father Louis Taelman held a couple of his Indian celebrations.

Father Taelman is famous for celebrations. During these days of his eighties he does not manage more than one a year, but what he has are worth reporting. Some are called "jubilees," others "Indian Congresses" or "conventions" or anything else that implies multiplicity of Indians in one place. In 1925 he really had a "whopper," and though it was not entirely of his own making, no younger Jesuit would ever believe he played a small part in it. Indians came from near and far. They set up tepees within a bowshot of Spokane's Civic Center and had war dances and powwows to their hearts' content. They had a great Mass in St. Aloysius Church; Father Taelman read it and ninety-year-old Father Cataldo preached from his crutches. They had a great parade down Riverside Avenue, including a float on which Father Cataldo squatted with all the aplomb of a big fat Indian—Father Cataldo weighed less than a hundred. Then there was a football game between the Haskell Indians and Gonzaga, which was attended by a "colossal" throng of thirteen thousand. Meanwhile the missionaries had their own congress and a hot debate on whether or no the Indian was mentally inferior to the white. All these doings Father Fitzgerald connived at, even encouraged, and the old missionaries thought he was a wonderful rector.

In 1927 Father Joseph Piet, Provincial of the California Province, purchased an old stone mansion in Port Townsend. It looked like a gloomy chateau, tired and sleepy, or perhaps just lonesome for the sunshine of France. "Built at a cost of $45,000 and in an excellent state of preservation," enthusiastically wrote Father Piet who transformed it into a tertianship. Father Fitzgerald was named this new Manresa Hall's first Rector and took office there on the Nativity of Our Lady. Among his subjects who were tertians that day was Father Francis Gleeson, his successor in Alaska.

For Father Fitzgerald this new tertianship did not last long. Less than two years. Seattle College across the sound needed a new rector when Father William Boland's term was completed in 1929 and Fitzgerald was the man. He took office as Seattle College's fifth rector on September 4. The new position required more than a host of friends and tact. Seattle College

at that time included a high school department and counted among its daughter residences no less than two city parishes. At the College itself a modest building program had been begun, but with Black Friday in the fall of '29 there was scant hope of extending it. Father Fitzgerald settled down as the superior of three separate establishments and acting dean in the College.

It was a few months after coming to Seattle that he learned one of those hard lessons of life: don't count chickens till they're ready to eat. It seems that a newspaper reporter came up to say that Seattle College had just inherited five million dollars. Five million dollars! Visions of Greater Seattle College began to dance before those bright Fitzgerald eyes. Was the reporter certain? Of course. There it was in the papers. Five million in the will of J. Moriarity, Nome gold miner. It was just like a miracle, altogether too good to be true. Father Fitzgerald calmly accepted the congratulations of all and waited for the bonanza to arrive. And then an Alaskan paper spoiled it all by reporting that the bequest was only five hundred thousand dollars. Half a million, even that looked pretty good. Seattle College would still rise in glory. But alas! no half-million either. Only five thousand dollars—which was a long time in coming. Seattle, so far as the records go, had no more "miracles."

Another Step Upward

During his second year at the College, Father Fitzgerald was moved again, this time to Spokane, as the first Vice-Provincial of the newly erected Rocky Mountain Vice-Province. He took up his residence at Gonzaga, in the "Provincial's room," (that celebrated corner room on the second floor), and established Father Louis Fink as Socius next door, then went about this affair of getting a vice-province organized. There was a novitiate to build—and no money. Times were hard and getting harder. There were Scholastics to be supported, and a provincial's residence to be secured, for a province was in the making—and no money. He went ahead as best he could. Perhaps the best commentary on his success as Vice-Provincial was the shortness of time it took him to prepare for province status. The Rocky Mountain Vice-Province was officially established on Christmas day, 1930. Just thirteen months later, on

February 2, 1932 Father General Ledochowski gave it the full status of Province with Father Fitzgerald as the first Provincial. The name was changed to Oregon, and all the territory of the old Rocky Mountain Mission of the Turin Province was included. It was the mission founded by De Smet nearly a century before and the mission from which the California Province itself had sprung.

With its Alaska Mission the new Province was one of the largest in the Society in point of territory, approximately 982,000 square miles, or an area nearly as large as Argentina. It had four hundred and one Jesuits, of whom one hundred and eighty-eight were Scholastics. It had three province houses including Mount St. Michael's, one university, one college, four high schools, nineteen parishes, twenty-three missions and over fifty mission stations. In the Northwest alone ten thousand Indians were attended by Oregon Province Jesuits.

Getting province status did not solve the chronic financial problem. Money whether it talks or not seems to be about the only creature that gets things done and of money the new Provincial, like the old Vice-Provincial, had none; nor was there any in sight. Somehow he managed to keep the novitiate going, though once its closing was saved only by the arrival of a herd of sad-faced Herefords from Montana—they were not sad very long because the Jesuits ate them up—and a truckload of carrots from Yakima. These with locally produced prunes staved off disaster till something else turned up.

The money problem was manifest elsewhere. In Alaska, for example, Father Fitzgerald's missionary subjects were reduced to a diet of beans and fish. Some of them had worse, seal blubber, often enough rancid, and occasionally the rare treat of salt-preserved dandelion greens. An epidemic had swept the northern regions and left in its wake countless orphans who must somehow be provided for. Pilgrim Springs, where sixty of these orphans had been taken in, finally had to be closed entirely. From Holy Cross the Provincial got a cable, "If you can supply flour and cereal, Holy Cross will pull through." There were two hundred at Holy Cross. Akulurak was worse off. Even the fish were scarce. The usual summer runs brought in almost nothing and the Jesuits were at wits' ends seeking a substitute.

Closer to home the Indian missions were having similar

troubles. In a few short years fires had nearly wiped out four separate missions. Another was on the verge of bankruptcy—had to be abandoned several years later. Others, built in a more prosperous era, when the government had subsidized them, were now falling to pieces and there were no funds to restore them. Several day schools for Indians had to be closed, too, and great was the lamentation in the Redskins' villages. City schools were not much better off. One of them heavily in debt could not meet even the interest on the debt. Others were in no position to aid an impoverished province. Altogether it was an all-province crisis, like a war, but there were no war alarms or Red Cross relief programs to meet it.

One cannot say, as perhaps one would like to, that the Provincial faced these disturbances with an unfailing equanimity. Yet, and it seems to me this is more to his credit, he met them cheerfully and with characteristic Jesuit detachment. Often enough he could even laugh over his woes. Survival, he knew, was a kind of progress in the circumstances, and the Province in his time already was assured of survival. Since he was not notably adept at finance, he left the worrying to the Province Procurator, Father Sauer, who was generally credited with being a financial wizard. There seems to be no doubt that Father Sauer more than anyone else was responsible for survival and the Provincial never hesitated to give him the credit, though he often teased about it. "What's the matter with the Procurator? Please send me some more money!" Father Sauer would take this teasing with mock German seriousness. "I'm the Province goat," he would write back. "You see the Great Northern's freight cars with the goat? Well that's the Great Northern goat and I'm the Oregon Province goat." Then he'd draw the picture of a goat at the end of his letter, and sign it "Oregon Province Goat."

Father Fitzgerald seemed to enjoy his provincial visitations. He apparently loved travel and no less loved to meet people, so that made the official visiting just about right. He was very approachable, so much so that whenever he came to the house, everyone beat a path to his door—for an informal visit. He laughed a lot, a nice airy "ha" (pause) "ha" (pause) "ha," with his head back and face radiating pleasure.

Always on visitations he had a heart-to-heart talk with brother cook. "Brother," he would say, gravely nodding his

head, "do the best you can in the kitchen. On you depends the happiness of the whole house. A well-fed community is a happy community."

A Visit the Pope Remembered

Once during his provincialate he made a trip to Rome. The twenty-eighth General Congregation was called for early 1938, and as a provincial, he took his place in the "Aula" for all the proceedings. Later the assembled Fathers met the Holy Father, Pius XI. "We stood in a group," Father Fitzgerald said, "and the Holy Father looked us all over, then suddenly his eyes stopped moving and they looked squarely at me. I felt so strange, with the Vicar of Christ's eyes looking at *me*." Naturally Father Fitzgerald was greatly impressed by the Eternal City. While there he did not forget his friends; for one he got some rare stamps for a collection, for another a special blessing from the Holy Father, and so on. He went considerably out of his way to visit two sisters of one of the Alaskan missionaries, just to bring home a personal message. He stopped at the usual shrines, Lourdes, Paray le Monial and Lisieux, and then he hurried onto a boat to get back to New York. "No place like the good old U. S. A.," he wrote just after landing. Because the Pope's eye was on him, he was not going to live long in "good old U. S. A."

In the autumn of 1938 Father Fitzgerald's term of office was nearing its end and naturally everyone was wondering who would succeed him and where he would go. One of the Fathers who had successively been pastor of many debt-ridden parishes jokingly appealed to him for a new status. "As a last favor," he said. "Not much, just a nice *little* parish with nothing to build and no debt."

"If I knew of a place like that," said the Provincial, "I'd take it myself."

Instead he got Alaska.

Bishop Crimont was getting old. In fact he had, without effort, been getting old for eighty years, but now the oldness was in his bones and he felt that it was time to get a coadjutor. Alone as Vicar Apostolic he had carried Alaska's burdens for thirty-four years. That was long enough for any man, even a healthy one, which he had never been; so he appealed to the Holy See and wheels started to turn. About this time rumors

began to fly around that Father Fitzgerald was going to be made a bishop. No one thought them funnier than Father Fitzgerald himself and he went about his business of relinquishing the reins of office as if nothing were happening. To his friends he wrote, "Nonsense," and as soon as another Provincial took over, he went to Port Townsend for rest, "as light-hearted as a bird." Just before Christmas he started a quiet, peaceful retreat. But on the third day the "bird" got quite a jolt, a cable from Rome: "Congratulations my prayers assured. Ledochowski." He was not sure what it meant. Perhaps, he thought naively, Father General is glad that I have a successor at Portland or that I survived my recent illness.

He had not long to wait. "Fitzgerald Made Bishop," said the papers. That must have been quite a blow for Father Fitzgerald. A bishop! Relatives back in Peola were saying, "I told you so," and fellow-Jesuits were claiming gifts of prophecy, too. Each had seen it coming a long time ago.

Bishop-elect Fitzgerald

It did not take long for the bishop-elect to recover his poise and native wit. "I hope the mitre fits after all this hullabaloo," he wrote one of his clerical friends. And to another, "If at the consecration Mass the wine barrels for the offering are very heavy, I shall recommend that you handle one of them!"

Meanwhile the new Provincial, Father William Elliott, got things humming for the consecration. Because Bishop White of Spokane had extended a most cordial invitation, offering his diocese for any need whatever, St. Aloysius Church, Spokane, was selected. Old Brother Broderick, often referred to as "the bishop of St. Al's," gave his "placeat," which made it all "official," and other arrangements like printing and choir were concluded.

Of course photographs had to be taken, especially a formal one. In this the bishop sits stiffly, just as the Titular Bishop of Tymbrias should sit, but from behind his glasses the familiar bright eyes of Walter, prefect of Holy Angels' Sodality, shine out, softer now with a touch of sadness and perhaps reluctance to assume the new dignity. But the curve in the mouth is the same. There is the same alertness in the tense position of his hands and in the hunch of his shoulders.

One expects him to jump up and offer his chair to the photographer.

By February 24, 1939, feast of St. Matthias, Apostle, everything was ready. St. Aloysius Church was resplendent with lights and red tulips and even the dingy main building at Gonzaga looked brighter with some two hundred and fifty surpliced clergymen standing around, waiting for the signal. Bishop Crimont was radiant, too; the ice, the Pope had said, had preserved him. Perhaps it had preserved him just for this, the day his power of consecrating would manifest itself.

All Catholic Spokane was in a flutter, especially the convents. Though the day was a blustery one, crowds lined Boone Avenue from Gonzaga to the church to see the many bishops in all their splendor; their own Bishop White, Bishop Armstrong of Sacramento, who had been reared a block away and who had been consecrated in the same church, other bishops, abbots, monsignori, Franciscans, Benedictines, Dominicans, Redemptorists, Servites, Holy Cross Fathers, Oblates, Sulpicians, and many, many Jesuits and diocesan priests. Archbishop Howard of Portland was there, too, last in the procession. The bishop-elect walked gravely—he already had the solemnity of a bishop if not the indelible character—and he kept his head down, so that no one could see what he was thinking.

For the Pacific Northwest the occasion was historic; it meant that the region had reached its majority. A large and influential hierarchy now marched in procession where so recently Indians had struck their wigwams and built campfires. In the span of the bishop-elect's life, Washington had passed from Indian Territory to Statehood, Spokane from an Indian village to a modern city and Gonzaga from nothing at all to an important regional university. Bishop Fitzgerald was the first native-born son of the state to be elevated to the episcopacy. He had been associated with Gonzaga as student, teacher, rector. As rector he had welcomed Bishop White to Spokane. As vice-provincial at Gonzaga he had organized a Jesuit Province. He had pioneered in more ways than one, and now the Northwest was pioneering with him.

The epic nature of the occasion was not lost on Bishop Crimont. He proudly used historic vestments and took care that

all details concerning the same were duly publicized. The Pontifical and pectoral cross he used had once been Archbishop Segher's; the crozier Cardinal Farley's, a gift from the Cardinal on his deathbed to Bishop Crimont. The bishop-elect's pectoral cross had been presented in 1873 to Archbishop Gross by Savannah's diocesan priests. From Archbishop Gross the jewel had passed down to Archbishop Christie of Portland, Oregon, who gave it to Bishop Crimont for his consecration in 1917. There was at least one element of modernity. The crozier Bishop Fitzgerald carried was brand new, a gift to him from Father Felix Geis, a diocesan priest from Lakeview, Oregon. Bishop Fitzgerald had no other more intimate friend than Father Geis. They had been boys together at Gonzaga—with "Smiling Bob" Armstrong—and the friendship of the three had ripened with the many years.

And so the historic procession streamed into St. Aloysius while the organ boomed. It was a little after ten, a few minutes late. The choir, nearly a hundred voices from the Mount and Gonzaga, sang as never before and the ceremonies went along smoothly. When the picture-taking time came at the end, everyone was laughing. Especially the new bishop.

That evening, in a rousing reception, the bishop met his friends—an army of them. Some had been boys under his supervision when he was teacher or rector. Some had been boys *with* him, and these had gay stories to tell. Dr. John O'Shea (who was responsible for the adage: Everyone leaves his heart or his appendix at Mount St. Michael's) got up to say he had been present when the Gonzaga boys had tossed Walter into the Spokane river. Those *naughty* boys! (Loud laughter) "That was forty-one years ago, when Walter was a slender, curly-haired boy." More laughter, and the Fitzgerald family, who were present, beamed with pleasure. The main speaker for the evening, Mr. Charles P. Moriarity of Seattle, got very serious. "Bishop Fitzgerald," he said, "labored in the vineyard of the Lord and as his burdens increased the same gentle spirit of the humble Jesuit characterized his every act." And then he went on to talk about the war brewing in Europe's dark cauldron and about men who, more than ever, were looking to the message of the Church.

The Bishop Travels and Begs

In July of that first year he left for an extensive tour of the missions and by autumn he had covered five thousand frozen miles. He had visited thirty-seven missions and confirmed a total of three hundred and thirty people. Not very many, but then they all did not live together in Hoboken. In October he was back in Spokane for the consecration of another Gonzaga alumnus, Bishop Condon of Great Falls. Then in Chicago for a bishops' meeting. Then Fairbanks again, where he generally laid the mitre when not travelling.

After a peek into his mail-box to retrieve what was there, he left for another tour of the missions. "I took the mail plane out of Fairbanks, connected with the Unalakleet mail plane, and then on to St. Michael's on Norton Sound. At St. Michael's Father Lonneux met me and I confirmed thirty-one in his church there. Next day we took a dog team to Stebbins, fifteen miles from St. Michael's, and I confirmed thirty more there. Then we took a long hike by dog team, seventy-two miles to Chaneliak, where Father has a congregation of two hundred and fifty Eskimos. I had a good 'musher' and he pushed the dogs right along. We made the trip in ten hours flat. We skirted Bering Sea on the ice and then up the river to home base. At Chaneliak I confirmed forty more Eskimos. The Eskimos are a wonderfully fine people, patient, with great faith and devotion. The whole village came to Mass and Holy Communion for the week that I spent with them.

"Then a plane appeared over our village and whisked me away, back to McGrath, where I stopped overnight in a road-house. The next morning, Sunday, I left by plane for Fairbanks, fasting, hoping to get there by noon. But our plane ran out of gas and we had to make a forced landing on a river and await another plane from Fairbanks which answered our radio call for help. I began Mass at 1:45 p.m. . . . I am going to Kodiak (on the Aleutians) on tomorrow's train which connects with the boat at Seward."

The bishop wrote this in April. In June he was in Los Angeles, begging. During July he made his retreat at Sheridan, and soon after left for Eastern United States. More begging for Alaska. He talked and preached from any platform respectable enough for a bishop. He wrangled, cajoled, bargained.

"By this time," he wrote, "I feel as though I could hold up a policeman and take his money."

He got to St. Paul in September and was ready to drop from exhaustion. "But," he says, "I spoke in St. Paul cathedral six times to nearly ten thousand people who attended Mass on that Sunday, and got a fine honorarium. That quickly restored my strength." He called himself "a peripatetic mendicant missionary," which had a fine ring to it, if no great dignity.

In his comings and goings he often stopped at Mount St. Michael's and regaled the Scholastics with an account of his wanderings. While he calmly smoked a big black cigar, pausing now and then to survey the ash on the end of it, he would describe Eskimos, his favorite subject of conversation. And one of his favorite stories, he repeated it often, was about Eskimos kissing.

"I told the Eskimos," he would say, "that special indulgences were granted for kissing my bishop's ring. So they came up, one by one, and rubbed their noses on it—that's the way they kiss." A big Irish grin. "Now do you suppose they got the indulgence?"

"Did the bishop find his begging tours disagreeable?" a Scholastic would ask.

"Well, now," he would answer, grinning from ear to ear, "I never thought I would live our rule so literally . . . beg from door to door should need or occasion require it."

"How about life on the trail, did he find that difficult?"

"Remember when you were boys? No matter how hard it was you enjoyed camping trips. Well, I just pretend I'm on a camping trip, and the hardships are not so hard."

And then, without realizing he was paying himself a tribute, he would say, "Those men up there, they are the real heroes in that bleak and desolate land. They are spiritual giants and I feel very small when I meet them."

The winter and spring of 1941, the bishop spent in the Pacific Northwest. More begging: Portland, Walla Walla, Spokane—anywhere he could get an "honest buck" for the missions. In April he was at Sheridan to confer the diaconate on Mr. Matt Hoch, seminarian for Alaska. Part of May at the Mount. Minnesota for the Eucharistic Congress in June. The summer on the Lower Yukon, confirming Eskimos and slapping

mosquitoes. Clouds of mosquitoes "big enough to carry off my crozier."

Winter and the War in Alaska

In the fall he rushed back to Fairbanks to change his summer gear for winter: fur cap, parka and mukluks. He left December 3 for "a real trip"—he wanted to try the missions at their worst. "I have spent the winter visiting the missionaries in the front line trenches," he writes to his friend Father Geis, "and it has been a wonderful experience for me. I arrived at Akulurak on the south mouth of the Yukon, close to the Bering Sea, on December 11 and remained there for Christmas. Akulurak is the central mission for about one thousand natives scattered from the Yukon south to the Bering Sea. From all over the tundra Eskimos came with their families for the Christmas celebration at the mission. On Christmas Eve there were over one hundred sleds in the village, and as each sled has an average of seven dogs, you can easily imagine how the midnight air was rent with the howling of the Malemutes. Of course the mission supplies the dried salmon for the dogs and the Eskimos get one good meal, so many come for Christmas and the meal. It was a great sight to see the great number of teams leaving the mission after dinner on Christmas, scattering in all directions for their homes. Some of them came from distances that require two or three days' trip by dog team."

The bishop makes no mention of a very painful accident which occurred on this trip. With a "musher" and dog-team he had been following the Yukon trail. They came to one point where an abrupt portage had to be made and the musher tried to stop the sled to let the bishop out. But he could not stop the dogs.

"Jump, Big Priest!" he shouted.

The bishop jumped, landed on the brink and fell over the bank, head over heels. Fifty feet down his chest hit a block of ice and that was that. Minutes later his trip took up where it had suddenly stopped and no one was to know till six months later he had broken the breastbone and several ribs.

That winter war came. The bishop's pace increased. He was appointed Military Vicar-delegate under Cardinal Spellman and now had, besides his mission work, the supervision of all Catholic chaplains in Alaska. During the summer

and fall of '42 he was hard at it. He visited every military post and made a difficult trip all along the route of the Alcan Highway, then under construction, to see what need there was for chaplains in this area. In September he crossed the Gulf of Alaska, in secret convoy. He had to sleep in his clothes with a life preserver at his elbow. Normally the crossing took eighteen hours, but this time it lasted from Thursday morning till Monday evening. Then he made "a swing around the Aleutians" by army transport, covering 2,500 miles in fourteen days. "I met most of the chaplains in this sector, but no Japanese."

After six months he returned to Fairbanks for a brief rest. He caught up on his correspondence and finished reading "Song of Bernadette," which he had begun on the plane ride home. Then he left again for the Aleutians. He landed near Kiska when United States troops took the island from the Japanese. "The Japanese had, like the desert Arabs of old, folded their tents and stolen away."

Five more months of moving around, no mail, almost no contact with the "outside." In November he hustled off to Washington, D.C., for a bishops' meeting. Wartime travelling was difficult. It took him longer than usual. All through 1944, more of the same. Army posts, missions, squabbles with a local American Legion post which mixed too much Presbyterianism with its patriotism.

A highlight was Easter at Anchorage where the post chaplain, Father Hamel of Fall River, Mass., had arranged a grand turnout. "The large theatre building was used for the Mass; it seats over a thousand and it was jammed to the doors. A Solemn Pontifical Mass was sung by the soldiers' choir; the regimental band played a march as we entered the building and during other parts of the Mass; a sabre brigade lead by General Ignico with a half a dozen Colonels, Majors, etc., attended the Mass and presented sabres at the Elevation while the band played soft music and the trumpets replaced the bell. Over 800 received Holy Communion." New Englander General Ignico was a splendid Catholic and a good host. He gave a dinner afterwards for all the chaplains.

Too Hard A Pace

The hard pace was beginning to tell. Photographs of the bishop which were appearing periodically in *Jesuit Missions* and other publications showed the strain. The bishop was much thinner and his forehead was furrowed with lines of weariness. Sometimes there was no smile or a wan one—a sure sign that the bishop was nearing the end of his rope.

"I have asked Bishop Crimont to excuse me from attending the meeting of the bishops in Washington this fall," he wrote at this time. "His health is fine and I would not be surprised if he would bury his coadjutor! He is a marvel."

After Anchorage, the bishop visited Sitka and Father Patrick O'Reilly, who represented the Universal Church locally.

"You will sleep in the bedroom," said Father Pat, his brogue thick with eagerness and welcome.

"And where will you sleep?"

"Oh, outside on the coffin. I often sleep there."

"On the what!"

"The coffin. Let me show you."

They went out on the porch. "You see," said Father Pat, "the army shipped too many coffins up here—couldn't ship 'em back, so I got this fine aluminum one for a dollar." He patted it fondly. "Beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the bishop. "For a dollar?"

"For one dollar. This army fellow said he couldn't *give* it to me. So one dollar."

"You sleep here?"

"Oh often, very peacefully."

"Ha ha," said the bishop. "That's very funny."

"I'll tell you what, bishop, whichever one of us dies first gets the coffin," said Father Pat gallantly. "It's yours if you die first."

"Do you think it will fit either of us?"

"Undoubtedly. And come, let me show you where I want to be buried."

They proceeded outside.

"Under that tree," said Father Pat, his eyes misty now. "I've thought about it a lot."

"It's a nice tree," said the bishop.

Bishop Fitzgerald in winter garb

BISHOP WALTER FITZGERALD, S.J.
Vicar Apostolic of Alaska

"Yes," said Father Pat, "the best tree in Sitka."

The bishop left a couple of days later. So far neither he nor Father Pat have been buried in a one-dollar aluminum coffin; the bishop because he was buried in another, and Father Pat because he's still very much alive. What has become of the coffin? It is hard to say.

Adventure and a Death

During a difficult journey in March of '45 the bishop had another sled accident. As usual he joked about it. "I had an interesting experience on my last lap of the trip from Nelson Island to Bethel, a three day trip by dog team. On the last day my sled turned over on the Kuskokwim River and I was spilled with the rest of the contents over the ice. I was merrily skidding along on my parka head-foremost, when I struck a protruding ice pack. My face was struck with the result that I got a beautiful 'shiner,' a bloody nose and a cut and swollen mouth. Since it was sub-zero weather, the bleeding stopped quickly and as I had discovered no broken bones, I got back on the sled, which the Eskimo 'musher' had righted, and within four hours we reached Bethel. Forgetting my gory appearance, I went to the roadhouse, where I was known, for a room. The woman in charge gave me a look and sternly told me that there was no vacancy. Evidently she took me for a Saturday evening roisterer. I told her that if Father Menager had returned from the up-River district, I could possibly find a room at his place. She gave me another look and inquired if I were Father Fitzgerald. On realizing how I must have looked, I humbly replied that it was what was left of him. At once she gave me the best room in the house and invited me to dinner. The latter interested me most so after removing the clotted blood, which began to run again, but still with my right eye closed and blackened, I put my feet under the dinner table and I lay to. She was celebrating her thirty-second wedding anniversary with turkey, ice-cream and everything, which rapidly disappeared under my scientific approach. I had not eaten a meal for two days; we only had tea and hardtack on the trail. The Eskimo ate some of the dried dog fish, but that was too much for me. I lost twenty-six pounds on my visit to

the missions and when I got home I tipped the beam at one hundred and fifty exactly. The following of a dog team is guaranteed to reduce the avoirdupois. As it was close to St. Patrick's Day, it was hard to convince the people there that I got my wounds legitimately! I had an Eskimo 'musher', but he could not speak a word of English in my defense."

With a big patch on his eye, the bishop said Mass next morning, preached, and confirmed as if nothing had happened.

Two months later, Bishop Crimont died. Eighty-seven in years and active to the very last. Bishop Fitzgerald took over with a heavy heart. There would be more desk work now, not so many accidents on the ice. But the burden—for a man whose health was already undermined—would it crush him? Most thought so, and as things turned out, most were right.

The end of the war in 1945 did not end problems. In a way, it increased them. There were still chaplains, soldiers, missions to be visited, hungry missionaries. There was an influx of Protestant missionaries, especially in the more habitable parts. Many parishes had to be reorganized, larger churches built, schools planned, if not established. New missions had to be started—and all this in the face of rising costs. In Alaska, where carpenters got thirty dollars a day.

The Beginning of the End

The last two years are sad years; an ailing man struggling against the tide of weariness and sickness, determined to do his duty though he could see with painful clarity that it was killing him. Bishop Fitzgerald was not old, at this time; sixty-three is not old, but he was tired. Only God knows how tired. He had been a superior since tertianship, twenty-six years before.

And so the telling of these last two years sounds like doctors' bulletins on a royal decline, or perhaps an obituary notice. As a matter of fact it is an obituary notice, prepared after his death by his chancellor, Father James Conwell.

Bishop Fitzgerald first showed signs of being seriously ill when he returned from the annual bishops' meeting in Washington a few months after Crimont's death. When he reached Juneau on December 11 he had a cold, his asthma was

bothering him, and he was generally miserable. He tried to attend to business matters which had accumulated during his absence, but after about ten days he was so sick that he was induced to go to the hospital. There it was found that his blood pressure was abnormally high. His doctor said that the only cure would be for him to be relieved of all responsibility and go away somewhere and rest for at least six months. But to any suggestion that he do such a thing, the bishop always replied that it would be impossible, because he would get too far behind in his work. After nearly a month in the hospital the bishop's blood pressure had been brought down considerably and he was feeling much better, so he insisted that he leave the hospital. He did so and for two weeks worked very hard at his typewriter, with the natural result that he was soon right back in the hospital, with his blood pressure again very high. He was in the hospital two weeks, and again left as soon as he felt better.

About this time he received an invitation to attend the installation of Bishop Willinger, the new Coadjutor-Bishop of Fresno. The bishop at first said that it would be impossible for him to attend, but finally he was persuaded to go. He left Juneau on February 19. His friends were in hopes that once he got to California he could be induced to see a good doctor and take a very long rest. These hopes were not realized. The bishop had several attacks of high blood pressure in California. Each time he went to the hospital for a few short weeks, but he left as soon as he felt a little better. Strangely, he refused to acknowledge that he was as sick as he was, and was determined to return to his work in Alaska. He kept on his way north, and arrived in Juneau on June 9, after being away nearly four months. On his return he looked haggard and worn, his step was unsteady, and his mind was rather confused. It was necessary for a priest to be with him when he said Mass, because he would get confused. But in his letters to his friends he wrote that his trip to California had done him a great deal of good, that he was completely cured, that his high blood pressure was gone. He continued to refuse to acknowledge that he was ill. He tried to do his work, but it would usually take about two days of intermittent typing for him to complete a letter.

Finally, on July 5, the bishop had a great deal of difficulty

getting through his Mass. After Mass the Sisters prevailed on him to go to the hospital, and he submitted quite readily. His blood pressure was found to be exceedingly high, so it was decided that he should be anointed. To this he also agreed very readily, and he received the sacrament of extreme unction with great piety. During the days that followed, the bishop did not appear to be very sick, but his blood pressure stayed very high and all efforts to bring it down were fruitless. He received Holy Communion every day, and was very cheerful in talking with everyone. As the days passed he became more and more restless, and wanted to leave his room, so it became necessary for someone to stay with him all the time.

There were limited facilities for caring for him in Juneau, so it was finally decided that he would receive more adequate care in Seattle. His doctor said that it would be safe for him to travel by air, so on Monday, July 14, he went by plane to Seattle, accompanied by one of the Fathers, and on arrival was taken at once to Providence Hospital.

Death and a Memoir

During the next few days there was no improvement in the bishop's condition, in spite of all efforts to bring his blood pressure down. Finally, on Saturday morning, July 19, the Sisters called Seattle College and said that the bishop was worse and should be anointed. Father Harold Small, the Rector of Seattle College, went at once to the hospital, reaching there about ten o'clock. He anointed the bishop and stayed with him till he passed away quietly just after noon. The cause of death was a cerebral hemorrhage, the result of high blood pressure and sclerosis of the brain.

The bishop had frequently expressed his wish to be buried in the Jesuit cemetery at Mount St. Michael's, near Spokane. The funeral was therefore arranged for Thursday morning, July 24, in St. Aloysius Church in Spokane. The Office of the Dead was chanted by the Jesuits of Seattle on Monday evening in St. Joseph's Church, Seattle, and the body lay in state there all the next day. Tuesday night the body was transported to Spokane and lay in state in St. Aloysius Church the following day. Thursday morning Archbishop

Howard of Portland was the celebrant of the Pontifical Requiem High Mass, assisted by four bishops and seventy-five priests. All the beautiful and impressive ceremonies of the liturgy for the burial of a bishop were carried out to perfection. Bishop White of Spokane preached an eloquent sermon.

"From authentic information," said Bishop White, "I know that Bishop Fitzgerald shortened the term of his natural life in filling his duty in a territory so large and in a climate so rigorous. Like a good shepherd, he, too, lay down his life for his sheep. . . . Bishop Fitzgerald's earthly career is over. His labor is ended. What hardships he endured surely, now, seem small. We shall continue to pray for him. May he rest in peace."

At the cemetery Bishop White gave the final absolution. The body of Bishop Fitzgerald, enclosed in a mahogany casket, was laid to rest beside Father James Brogan, his associate in many labors for many years.

A few weeks after the funeral Father Thomas Martin, of the Novitiate at Sheridan, wrote (at my instigation) what he calls "Some Random Notes."

"From my first acquaintance with Bishop Fitzgerald, as a fellow novice, he impressed me as a *typical* novice of the *old Jesuit tradition,* simple, very good-natured, bubbling over with fun and laughter, on excellent terms with his companions. I do not recall that anyone ever disliked him or showed any aloofness from him—he was simply one of those men you had to like. He took to the novitiate life wholeheartedly, not a John Berchmans or a Stanislaus, but as pious and obedient, as observant and diligent as they came in our day, rather simple, methinks, in comparison with present times.

"He was not an *outstanding* character. He had good intellectual powers, tried to develop them diligently and, as I believe, succeeded well. The same also in regards to his moral powers. He was a thoroughly good novice, junior, Scholastic, who used all the means the Society supplies us with, and in my judgment, turned out a far better job than most of us did.

"One of the things I used to say, in his later life in the Society, was that I could always see in him a developed picture of what he had been in his youth. That may not always be to a man's credit, but in him it was. To put it

scripturally, he seemed to preserve the virtues of the child. Instead of becoming a child, I think he always remained one.

"I have said that he was not *outstanding,* but perhaps a correction should be made. He did have a rather exceptional gift for making friends. As priest, rector, and finally as bishop, he had a host of friends. I think we should attribute it to the natural simplicity of the man, his unfailing thoughtfulness of others, his abundant good humor.

"It is obvious, (how often do biographers mention it?) that the early scholastic years of a Jesuit are much on the same pattern—and monotonous by reason of this. We can say the same of Bishop Fitzgerald's early years. All I can say of them is that they *were* according to the Ignatian pattern, and as such worthy of great praise.

"P. S. Excuse my penmanship. Fitz had a nice hand."

There is an epilogue to Bishop Fitzgerald's life, an aftermath that need not have been, but as a matter of fact was. It concerns the establishment of a diocese in Alaska, a trivial detail, perhaps; just another diocese on American soil where croziers and episcopal thrones seem to be popping up like magic. But Alaska is difficult. It is "inside," a land apart, and a diocese there is as epic as a diocese in Greenland in the eleventh century.

On October 3, 1951 Bishop Francis Gleeson, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of the Vicariate of Alaska and successor of Bishops Crimont and Fitzgerald, consecrated Reverend Dermot O'Flanagan as the first bishop of Juneau. That event marked the passing of a mission era, a Jesuit era, in Southern Alaska. It turned over to the normal administration of the Church another field, which if it were not ripe for a big harvest, was at least planted and by the grace of God, promising. Henceforth the Jesuits would concentrate in the north, to till a little more diligently another ice-hard field until, please God, another diocese could be established—if ever. Meanwhile Bishop Gleeson could pretend, like Bishop Fitzgerald, that he was on a picnic "so that the hardships would not be so hard," but no matter how earnestly he pretended, he would have no picnic.

His predecessor, Bishop Fitzgerald, surely did not.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHERS AT GALLARATE

ENRICO CANTORE, S.J.

There were seeds of recovery in war-torn Italy, despite the fact that her cities were heaps of rubble.

God's terrible warnings were listened to by righteous people. They realized that the frightful catastrophes they experienced, hatred and fratricidal murders, were but the logical implications of the principles on which modern civilization had been founded. The most serious responsibility, however, rested on modern philosophy, and most philosophers were ready to acknowledge that they themselves and their predecessors had been wrong. "Even after World War I, many problems, chiefly those about God's transcendency and man's religious duties, had focused again the interest of thinkers after positivistic and irrationalistic blasts." (Cfr. M.F. Sciacca, *Il problema di Dio e della religione nella filosofia attuale,* 2 ed., Brescia, Morceliana, 1944, p. 11). But in the wake of World War II, the renewal was more active. And this is the background wherein was framed that grand Italian philosophical movement that goes under the name of "Christian Spiritualism," or the "Gallarate Movement."

Against such a background it may not sound strange to say that the Conventions were born out of circumstances. They had not one founder, but many co-founders, a group of university professors, who also make up the program committee of the Conventions: Professors Battaglia of Bologna, Guzzo of Turin, Sciacca of Genoa, Padovani and Stefanini of Padua. To launch the new undertaking they needed an organizer and secretary; this is the role Father Carlo Giacon has played from the start. For many years a professor at the Aloysianum and now at the State University of Padua, he is known for his many publications, among them two volumes on Occam and three volumes that have appeared so far on the history of "Second Scholasticism," that is, Scholasticism from 1500 on.

Looking back at the last fifty years we see that modern philosophy, in its increasing bitterness towards God and Theism, went ever more astray, misunderstanding and ridiculing the perennial philosophy. Of this spectacle, Father

Cornoldi bluntly stated: "Modern and contemporary philosophy is the extremest aberration of human thinking to the elation of its pride, a pathological case of human reason." Today, on the contrary, we can rejoice as we see this unexpected new approach to philosophical problems on a religious basis that is the Gallarate Movement.

Gallarate is a small, rich industrial city near Milan. There we find a school of philosophy of the Jesuits known as the Aloysianum. This school is the continuation of the one at Piacenza which was, more than a hundred years ago, the cradle of neo-Thomism. Enough to recall the names of Fathers Sordi, Cornoldi, Mauri, Mattiussi and the Foro Julii series of text books in philosophy.

The fine modern building of the Aloysianum has been the scene, since 1945, of the annual Convention of those laymen, professors of philosophy in the state universities, who profess the Catholic faith even in their public teachings and philosophical principles. Adherence to one rather than another system of philosophy is not demanded but only the simple avowal of the conclusions of Christian philosophy and the willingness to prove that they can be arrived at by the use of reason alone. Such conclusions are: the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, the rational and historical prolegomena to proving the divinity of Christ, and the divine establishment of the Roman papacy.

In fact, the most diverse currents of thought are represented at these Conventions: Anti-Intellectualists, Existentialists, Augustinians, Blondelians, Thomists. Each one reflects the color of the school he represents. Indeed some of the participants are well-known men who have returned to the Catholic faith of their baptism. It would be too long to recall all the names of those who "returned," but we cannot help mentioning two leading personalities. One is Giuseppe Tarozzi, the dean of Italian philosophers, successor to the ill-famed apostate, Canon Roberto Ardigò, in the Italian field of Positivism. The other, a respected old man, is Armando Carlini, once a leader in Gentile's Actualistic Idealism and a prominent member of the Italian Academy of Sciences.

Each year the number taking part in the Conventions grows. They meet as a private organization bound by personal friendship and in search of mutual understanding.

Today, about half the "full" professors of philosophy in the state universities that have departments of letters and philosophy or of education (Bari, Bologna, Cagliari, Catania, Florence, Genoa, Messina, Milan, Naples, Padua, Palermo, Pavia, Pisa, Rome, Turin, Trieste, Urbino) are included in the Gallarate Movement.

Exponents of Catholic philosophy in other countries are also invited. So far the Catholic University of Louvain the University of Liège, La Sorbonne, the Catholic Faculty of Lyons, the Catholic University of Freiburg and the Spanish National Academy of Philosophy have been represented. Other Italian philosophers who do not profess the Catholic faith have asked to be allowed to attend in the capacity of observers. Among them is the outstanding Italian Problematicist, Ugo Spirito, professor at the University of Rome.

The work being done deals with the most urgent present day problems of philosophy. The program committee, during the year, studies, and then puts forward the subjects of discussion for the next Convention. Actually, the meetings are characterized not by the carefully thought out addresses which are given, but by a free, common discussion of points of philosophy touching on the faith. Two principal speakers set forth the *status quaestionis,* and the ensuing discussions center around the issue presented. Each year, except the first one, the *Proceedings of the Conventions,* edited by Father Giacon, have been published in volumes of 400 to 500 pages.

A Summary of the Conventions

1945: The First Convention. This Convention was an experimental one and no proceedings were published. There were two proposed topics: the concept of philosophy and relations between Intellectualism and Voluntarism, and characters of Christian and non-Christian philosophy. This Convention brought out the two great trends that were going to continue and grow stronger every year. They were the Aristotelian-Thomists: Bontadini, Del Noce, Gentile, Giacon, Mazzantini, Padovani; and the Augustinian-Blondelians: Bongioanni, Flores d'Arcais, Sciacca, Stefanini; plus the "leftwingers" of the second group: Lazzarini and Castelli.

1946: Philosophy and Christianity. This second Convention

aimed at deepening and broadening the themes already discussed the previous year. Here they are in particular: relation between Christian and ancient philosophy; relation between Augustinianism and Thomism; relation between Christian and modern philosophy; and appraisal of modern philosophy.

1947: Philosophical Actualities. Two main themes: one of really burning interest in modern thinking, namely, the philosophical teachings of Blondel, which drew comment from the author himself with further explanations; the other, rather old, but always interesting, the point of departure for philosophical inquiry.

1948: Reconstruction of Metaphysics. This Convention set the record, both for the interest shown in the chosen theme, and the attendance. Besides the presence of the world-renowned professor Le Senne, two high-ranking Italian officials visited the assembled philosophers. They were Ildephonse Cardinal Schuster, Archbishop of Milan, and Mr. Guido Gonella, Secretary of National Instruction. Discussions made it clear that the two main metaphysical formulas of Being and of Personality, even though quite distinct, were not utterly opposite; instead, they required mutual compenetration; not contrast, but integration.

1949: The Foundation of Ethics. That year things were not easy. One might be baffled reading the record of the proceedings for the first time . . . *quot capita, tot sententiae!* but a more attentive examination of the speeches and discussions shows an inner unity and mutual understanding—which fails to be grasped on the first approach—of the fact that man has been created for happiness or beatitude.

1950: Human Personality and Society. This Convention took a step ahead in the work of furthering Christian philosophy in Italy. It agreed upon and got under way a series *Cristiani di Gallarate.* It will consist of: 1) a comprehensive during the past year. *Ed.*) ; 2) a complete Italian philosophography of Italian philosophical literature from 1951 on.

1951: The Latest Convention. The discussion of this Convention was directed toward a determination of the metaical bibliography from 1900 to 1950; 3) an annual bibliof publications to be edited by the *Centro di Studi Filosofici* philosophical dictionary (This dictionary was published

physical basis for a Christian Philosophy of Esthetics. Once more a large group of the leading Italian professors, representing nearly all the leading State Universities, took part in the Convention, and wholeheartedly underwrote the necessity for a solid metaphysical foundation as a *sine qua non* for a sane science of the arts. The distinguished delegates were also honored at an official reception by the municipal officers of Gallarate.

Conclusion

A wonderful amount of work has been done, a much greater one is being tackled, but we can not overlook the practical organization it required and the complicated problems which needed to be solved.

It costs money and toil to get ready comfortable lodgings, send out letters of invitation and press reports, and pay expenses; briefly, everything an annual convention demands. The two major needs have been met brilliantly by the manifold activities of Father Giacon, and by the Jesuit Scholastics of the philosophate at Gallarate. Money is provided by a committee of industrialists who pay the expenses of the meetings and of the professors' publications. This is a major accomplishment of Father Giacon.

An alert crew of young Scholastics supplies labor behind the scenes at the Convention. For days, early in September, typewriters are kept clattering while other teams throughout the big house sweep, dust and prepare corridors, dining and meeting halls, and rooms for the guests. A good bit of bustling. But, after all, we keep grinning as usual, although some of the guests wonder why we do not look weary.

This brings to an end our description of the Gallarate Conventions. Summing up we notice two major fruits, either of which is of great importance. The first is a practical one. It is evident how great a force this movement constitutes for training and guiding the young men who are now preparing to become university professors. It is also evident how the efforts of these men, united because they are Catholic thinkers and professors, enable them to win in the competition for university "chairs" and to gain professorial posts.

The other is on the theoretical level. Speaking in general, the unity of all present in the one faith, despite the personal

differences, channels imperceptibly, but effectively, the forms and formulas of thought, brings out the areas of agreement among them and the compatibility, at least, with the traditional Scholastic forms in which the official doctrine of the Church is vested. In particular, the Catholic philosophers meeting at Gallarate have been confronted with two basic problems: the historical problem about Christian and non-Christian philosophy, and the theoretical problem on the right way to achieve truth and prove God's existence. Obviously, no general agreement has been reached on either of them, but the outcome is nevertheless a satisfactory one. Instead of the former confusion, a definite clarification has been attained on modern trends in Italian philosophy. Then, still more hopefully, touching on the theoretical problem, all have come to realize that both of the major tendencies of Christian thinking need each other's completion and integration. So a broad path is paved for work ahead.

Therefore we may easily assume that the Conventions, born out of circumstances and nurtured by inner resources, face a bright future. Italy and the whole world need rebuilding of spiritual and moral values based on the immovable rock of Christian truth. That is just the purpose of the Conventions of Christian philosophers at Gallarate.

Humility

Those whom Christ saves are they who at once attempt to save themselves, yet despair of saving themselves; who aim to do all and confess that they do naught; who are all love and all fear; who are the most holy, yet confess themselves the most sinful; who ever seek to please Him, yet feel they never can; who are full of good works, yet works of penance. All this seems a contradiction to the natural man, but it is not so to those whom Christ enlightens. They understand, in proportion to their illumination, that it is possible to work out their salvation, yet to have it wrought out for them, to fear and tremble at the thought of judgment, yet to rejoice always in the hour and hope and pray for His coming.

JOHN CARDINAL NEWMAN

HISTORICAL NOTES

LAMITAN PARISH

The parish of St. Peter the Apostle, Lamitan, Basilan City, Republic of the Philippines, covers about two-thirds of the island of Basilan, an island exactly to the south of Zamboanga City, separated by a channel 18 nautical miles wide. The parish covers an area of approximately 300 square miles, which includes seashore, valleys and mountains, the highest mountain being Mount Basilan, 3,000 feet high.

Basilan Island is a chartered city with the city government headquarters at the town of Isabela on the northwestern shore of the island. The town of Lamitan is near the northeastern shore of the island. The Lamitan parish includes the town and civil district of Lamitan with its many villages, called barrios. This area includes about half the population of Basilan. In the parish there are at present writing (1951) about 25,000 Catholics (i.e., at least nominally so classsified), about 25,000 Mohammedans (both Yakan Moros and Joloano Moros, plus a few Samal Moros, the Yakan Moros being in the majority), and about one to two hundred Protestants.

The Protestants are hardly conscious of adherence to any particular sect, but the only sect that is active on the island is the Evangelical and Mission Alliance. It has a chapel for Christians in the town of Lamitan, with a Filipino minister, and a mission for Yakans in the mountains, with an American minister. The sect which calls itself the Church of Christ also has a small chapel in Lamitan, with a registered membership of exactly one. The American minister comes from Zamboanga occasionally to hold services to which the lone church member brings his Catholic grandchildren in order to swell the congregation. Sometimes free food is served to draw a crowd. There are no other heretical sects on the island.

But traces of paganism can still be found, especially among the Catholics. Among the Protestants, who abhor statues and the cult of sacramentals and among the Mohammedans, who follow the Mosaic ban on graven images, paganism has pretty well died out, although some of the Mohammedans do believe in magic charms. But among the Catholics there are a few

very ignorant and uninstructed people who misunderstand the legitimate Catholic cult of images, and for them it is largely a baptized form of idolatry. Many professing Catholics resort also to so-called quack doctors when they are sick. These practitioners are remarkably skilled in the use of medicinal herbs, but they combine their applications of natural healing plants with pagan incantations and rituals mixed up with fragments of orthodox Catholic liturgy. In their prescriptions they are fond of using, for superstitious purposes, such sacred things as holy water, blessed candles, Mass wine, the Holy Oils (if they can manage to steal them), and pieces broken off from the altar stone. Latin prayers are especially esteemed as having powerful magical qualities, and the priest has to guard his missal and breviary in some places lest pages be torn out of them. Most of these quack doctors profess to be Catholics and see no inconsistency between the superstitious pagan elements of their semi-religious ministrations with natural herbs and true Catholic worship. They revere the priest as a superior kind of magician, more powerful than themselves.

First Governments in Basilan

In 1860, by virtue of the "Organic Law," Mindanao was divided into six civil districts, of which Basilan was the sixth, under a civil governor with his office in Zamboanga. The naval commandant of Isabela continued to exercise jurisdiction over the naval base, but in civil matters Basilan became subject to the civil governor of Mindanao. This civil governor was, however, also a military official, holding the position of major in the army.

The local civil government of Basilan consisted of a council with headquarters in Isabela. The councillors were elected by the people. There was also a Justice of the Peace at Isabela, under the jurisdiction of the Judge of First Instance in Zamboanga. Ecclesiastically, the entire island of Basilan constituted a parish, with the parish priest residing at Isabela. The priests were Augustinian Recollects.

The Yakans were permitted to follow their tribal form of government subject to the Spanish authorities. Outstanding among the tribal chieftains were the Salip Abdula and the Ulankaya Papalapi, who had both come from Jolo. The Salip

Abdula owned a large tract of land from the sea to Cabon Bata and received a salary from the Spanish Government. He married Albaa, the daughter of another prominent Moro, and was buried on his plantation where his tomb is still preserved and venerated by his descendants and the Moro community. His son, Salip Abubacar, who died at Ugbung, was a close friend of Datu Pedro Cuevas who is revered as the founder of Lamitan.

These conditions obtained in Basilan until 1899, the time of the American invasion of the Philippines. During the last thirty-eight years of this period the missionaries of the area were Jesuits. The Augustinian Recollects had turned over the parish of Basilan to the Jesuits on December 1, 1861. Father Francisco Ceballos, 1861-1867, was the first Jesuit pastor. He was succeeded by Father Pedro Llausas, 1867-1888; Father Francisco Foradada, 1888-1890; and Father Pablo Cavalleria, 1890-1899, who was the last resident Jesuit in Basilan under the Spanish regime. The next Jesuit to reside in Basilan was Father Juan Rebull, who assumed the pastorate of the Lamitan parish in 1940.

The Lamitan Parish

In 1899 the Spanish Jesuit pastor of Basilan Island, who lived at Isabela, evacuated with the other Spaniards. For a long time the parish was vacant and no priest regularly attended to the spiritual needs of the Catholics in Basilan. It was necessary to go to Zamboanga for the sacraments or await the occasional visit of some priest from Zamboanga. There is evidence in the baptismal records that after the Maryland-New York Province took over the Jesuit Philippine Mission, Filipino Jesuits from Zamboanga periodically visited both Isabela and Lamitan.

Then, secular priests were appointed as regular resident pastors. Notable among these was Father Vicente Magto. Padre Vicente, as he is affectionately known, is a Filipino secular priest, a man of unusual zeal, humility and childlike simplicity. Lamitan was still part of the undivided parish of Isabela during his pastorate. He lived at Isabela but made frequent visits to Lamitan and even to a number of barrios in the Lamitan area. At that time there was no road from Isabela to Lamitan and dense jungles intervened. The Padre

would therefore travel afoot, starting from Isabela at 5:00 a.m. and arriving in Lamitan at 10:00 p.m. Now, the trip can be made by jeep in an hour.

Padre Vicente lived in great poverty and his parishioners took undue advantage of his kindly patience. Sometimes he had reason to complain that when called away from his simple meal of rice and fish to go on a sick call, he would return to find his rice and fish consumed by some hungry parishioner. His almsbox in the church was forever being robbed.

One time this holy priest incurred a debt for some parochial enterprise which, in his simplicity, he expected to pay with money that parishioners had pledged to contribute. It was a small debt, but one of terrifying proportions to poor Padre Vicente. When his creditors pressed for payment and parishioners failed to fulfill their pledges, the distressed priest appealed to his bishop for help. Bishop José Clos gave the Padre little sympathy, chided him for his imprudence and refused to give him any help. In desperation, the simple-hearted priest, unable to think of any other way out of the difficulty, resorted to the idea of going abroad to work as a common laborer and earn enough money to pay the debt. This escapade, while undertaken with the best of intentions, technically constituted an abandonment of his parish and rendered him a fugitive from the priesthood. In his travels, he reached a place in Misamis Oriental where he made the local rural dean his confessor. The latter persuaded Padre Vicente to work for a while in a vacant parish on nearby Camiguin Island and exercised his authority as dean to give the Padre a temporary assignment pending the bishop's disposal of the case. Meanwhile, Bishop Clos, realizing that he had made a mistake in his manner of handling the case, had set out personally to find the runaway priest and bring him back. But the bishop died suddenly on the way, and Padre Vicente is still at Camiguin where the holy priest happily continues to go about his priestly ministries with his customary zeal, humility and childlike simplicity.

Canonical Erection of Lamitan Parish

In 1936 Basilan was divided into two parishes. The Isabela parish retained the civil districts of Isabela and Maluso while the Lamitan district was canonically erected as a distinct

parish. Bishop Luis del Rosario appointed to the pastorate of Lamitan Father Antero Constantinopla, a Filipino secular priest, an alumnus of the Jesuit-administered San José Seminary in Manila. The Isabela parish remained vacant but Father Constantinopla tried to serve its needs as well as he could in addition to those of his own newly created parish. There was now a road joining Isabela and Lamitan, and the bishop gave the pastor of Lamitan an automobile which permitted him to celebrate one Mass in Lamitan and one in Isabela on Sundays.

Father Constantinopla built the present church and rectory in Lamitan and set about organizing his parish. A young man, not long out of the seminary, he possessed a charming personality and made use of this gift in attracting members to the parish societies which he formed. Among them was a young ladies' sodality called the *Hijas de Maria* and a group of men called the *Caballeros de San Pedro* in imitation of the Knights of Columbus. One of the good effects produced by the latter was the fact that it induced many of the most prominent Catholic men in the parish to have their civil or otherwise illicit marital unions canonically rectified, for no one was allowed to be a *Caballero de San Pedro* who was living in concubinage.

But it was a mistake to place so young and immature a priest all alone in so wild and isolated a place as Basilan, especially at Lamitan which, with its background of lawlessness, had not yet acquired an atmosphere of convention and discipline. After less than four years of ministry the career of this promising and able young priest unfortunately came to a tragic end.

Protestantism in Lamitan

As there are no hotels in Lamitan, visitors must find hospitality in the homes of the townfolk. The Datu's home is always filled with Moro guests; sometimes he does not know how many. And for more distinguished visitors the homes of the more prominent families are the natural places of hospitality. Thus the homes of families belonging to the Cuevas clan were among the common places of hospitality for guests of distinction. Before there was a residence for the priest, sometimes he stopped with the Navarros (a

pioneer family of whom the husband is from Pangasinan, the wife from Cebu), whose beautiful home today is the usual hostel for transient government officials; and sometimes the priest would stop with one of the Cuevas clan. Protestant ministers, too, especially Americans, began to visit Lamitan occasionally in order to try to wean people from their faith in places where it was impossible for the busy priest to keep in constant contact. It was natural for these Protestant ministers to stop with families of the Cuevas clan, and, of course, they exercised as much influence as they could upon their Catholic hosts.

On the occasion of Father Constantinopla's defection, therefore, many of his *Hijas de Maria* who belonged to the Cuevas clan became Protestants. Their religious devotion, it would seem, was centered more on the captivating personality of the young priest than on more solid foundations; and when the priest dropped out, the Catholic religion ceased to exist for them. They turned, consequently, to Protestantism whose ministers they knew well and had often entertained in their homes, and whose services they had sometimes attended out of courtesy. Not all the members of the Cuevas clan are Protestants today, for some are among the best Catholics in the parish, but this group does form the nucleus of the present Lamitan Protestant community.

Later on, during the pastorate of the aged Father Vila, a few more joined the small Protestant group. It is well known that in old age people are often more sensitive to annoyances than in their youthful vigor and become a little testy and difficult to deal with. Old Father Vila was no exception. Most people, mindful of the dear old priest's many years of sacrifice for them, goodnaturedly indulged an old man's prerogative to exercise a few harmless eccentricities. But a few unreasonably took offense when his duty and conscience would oblige him to insist on the fulfillment of some law of the Church, and because he did it with perhaps a little less tact than might have been desired, they childishly tried to spite the priest by giving up the practice of the faith which they never really had, and joined the Protestant group.

While the writer was pastor of Lamitan, a few of these so-called Protestants returned to the practice of the Catholic religion, but for the most part the writer's activities suc-

ceeded only in making the Protestants of the town more bitterly anti-Catholic. Thus nearly all the Protestants of the town of Lamitan are renegade Catholics, who are the more bitterly anti-Catholic because they have given up their heritage.

In the barrios, however, the "Protestants" were mostly ignorant, neglected people who were hungry for religious attention and followed along with any passing Protestant minister merely because the priest was not able to attend to their needs. During the writer's incumbency when roads and a jeep made it possible for the priest to visit them regularly, most of these well disposed but misguided "Protestants" in the barrios returned to the practice of their Catholic Faith.

The Jesuits Return

The immediate occasion of Father Constantinopla's defection was the Bishop's attempt to transfer him from Lamitan and appoint in his place his former seminary classmate, Father Pio Saavedra. The former's transfer was never accomplished, but Father Saavedra did succeed him as parish priest of Lamitan.

Father Pio Saavedra is also a Filipino secular priest, a member of the old Saavedra family of Zamboanga which had contributed some pioneer settlers to Basilan in the early days of colonization. It was now realized how acutely difficult was the lonely life in an undeveloped place like Basilan for a young and inexperienced priest, and Father Saavedra was kept there for only the short time needed to keep the post filled until an older and more experienced Jesuit could be appointed. In 1940 Father Juan Rebull was appointed pastor of Lamitan and Father Saavedra was transferred to a better developed region where he has displayed great talent for promoting parochial education, a talent that would have been wasted in Lamitan where conditions were not yet ready for this stage of development.

Father Rebull was a Spanish Jesuit, a hardened and well-seasoned veteran missionary. During his pastorate at Lamitan the pastorate of the mother parish of Isabela continued to be vacant because of the acute shortage of priests, and the lone pastor of Lamitan continued to serve both parishes.

However, in 1943 Father Ramon Vila relieved Father

Rebull as pastor of Lamitan and the latter was appointed pastor of Isabela. He was the first Jesuit to reside in Isabela since 1899. He was succeeded in that post by Father Eduardo Rodes, 1947-1948, whose successor, in turn, was Father Fenton Fitzpatrick, the last Jesuit to fill the Isabela post when the parish was turned over to the Claretian Fathers on January 26, 1951.

But Father Vila was eighty-three years old and very feeble when he took over the responsibilities of the Lamitan parish, and Father Rebull, by no means a youngster himself, gave Father Vila as much aid as he could, residing at Lamitan almost as much as at his own parish in Isabela. It was from Lamitan that Father Rebull was brought to Zamboanga by Father Eusebio Salvador, the Jesuit local superior of the Zamboanga area, when Father Rebull suffered an attack of cerebral malaria. The sturdy old missionary was still trying to perform the works of the ministry although the disease had rendered him mentally unbalanced, which subjected the faithful to many startling experiences. Father Rebull never recovered and died shortly afterwards at Zamboanga.

During this period there was also a lay brother at Lamitan. One time when the brother was critically ill, the two old priests had a coffin made in anticipation of his death. But the brother recovered, and there was much debate in the household as to what should be done with the coffin. Finally it was argued that since any one of them was likely to die very soon it would be a waste of money to make another coffin, and they decided to save the one already provided. During the writer's pastorate the coffin was still in the church attic where it used to scare the wits out of houseboys venturing into the forbidden area of the attic. Meanwhile, Father Rebull is dead, and the moribund brother still has a good chance of surviving Father Vila, too.

Father Ramon Vila

Father Vila, an aged and feeble Spanish Jesuit, was resident pastor of Lamitan from 1943 to June, 1947. During the early part of World War II life went on pretty much as usual at Lamitan, but finally the Japanese did get around to occupying Basilan. Father Vila remained at the rectory as he was too feeble to evacuate to the hills with most of the

people. He and his lay brother companion, together with Father Rebull, kept themselves from starvation by raising chickens and growing fruits and vegetables. The rectory, church, and church furnishings fell into hopeless disrepair. When the presence of the American armed forces in 1946 brought quantities of money and materials to the town, the old priest, then eighty-five years old, was beyond the point of being able to take advantage of the opportunity to rehabilitate the material installations of the parish. He was too feeble to visit barrios or even go out on sick calls, and consequently the parish deteriorated spiritually, also. He did secure a small lot, and built on it a bamboo and nipa shack where a handful of children were taught catechism, but in the twelve public schools throughout the parish, including the 900-pupil central school directly across the street from the church, nearly three thousand Catholic children, without religious instruction of any kind, were rapidly growing up to be baptized pagans.

Pathetically aware of his helplessness to cope with the situation, the old priest kept sending letters to superiors pleading to be replaced by someone with more vigor, until finally a much younger priest was selected to replace him. In response to his urgent representations, Father Vila was relieved of his responsibilities at Lamitan in June, 1947 but his immediate successor was to fill the post only temporarily until the next active pastor could be released from the position he was then holding. Father F. X. Rello, another Spanish Jesuit, also an old man but amazingly vigorous for his seventy-three years, occupied the post from June to September, 1947 when Father Joseph I. Stoffel was released from the office of Mission Procurator in Manila and arrived to assume the pastorate of the neglected and badly run-down parish of Lamitan.

Old Father Vila is still living at the present writing. Determined to die with his boots on, the venerable missionary rendered such help as he could to the parish priest of Tetuan, Zamboanga, after leaving Lamitan. Until his ninetieth year he heard confessions, celebrated Mass, even High Masses, and, to the amusement of the faithful, insisted on preaching although he could no longer be heard or understood. However, for some months now, he has not been able to celebrate

Mass or exercise any ministry as he has lapsed into senility. At the age of ninety-one, he now lives in the novitiate infirmary at Novaliches, near Manila, patiently waiting for the Angel of Death to carry him to his eternal reward.

Last Jesuit Pastor

Father Stoffel, forty years old at the time of his installation, was the first American priest and the last Jesuit to occupy the pastorate of Lamitan. When he took up his duties he scarcely knew where to begin. The parishioners had lost their first enthusiasm which came with the canonical erection of the parish, and since then it seemed as though there had been more deterioration than development.

True, there had not been much war damage to the property. At one time during the war a two-seater Japanese observation plane used to visit Lamitan once a day and drop out of its cockpit a small captured American bomb just to keep the people properly subdued. These bombs never hurt anybody. Several were intended for the church but merely made holes in the road in front of the church. Concussion blew out the boards of the front of the church and bomb fragments put a few small holes in the galvanized iron roof, but there was no really serious damage. The termites and general decay had done more damage than bombs. One of Father Vila's eccentricities was that he kept everything locked up at all times, trusting the keys to no one, not even the Brother, and would not allow houseboys or workmen in the house. The result was that there had been no repairs or even housecleaning for years, except that every Saturday some little girls would bring brooms and scatter the dust on the church floor so that it settled on everything else. The residence was hardly fit for human habitation. The kitchen was in a state of collapse, there were practically no kitchen or table utensils, there was no dependable source of water, and candles, which pious people placed in the church as votive lights, were promptly removed and used for general illumination in the church and rectory.

The spiritual decay was even worse than the material. A few women and children attended Mass in the dark on Sundays, one pious old man and a woman were the entire congregation on week-days, and the people of the barrios were

hardly aware that they had a priest. There were baptisms and funerals, but few marriages and no sick calls.

The first obvious task for the new pastor was to contact the barrios where approximately 24,000 of his parishioners live. To do this, transportation was necessary, and within a few weeks the pastor was driving a brand-new jeep on Sundays to four of the principal barrios in rotation, and putting the jeep to good use for sick calls. In order to multiply himself he obtained from the Bishop the unusual permission to celebrate three Masses every Sunday, and two Masses on barrio fiesta days.

Beginning the first January of the new pastor's incumbency, a mimeographed parish bulletin was sent to all barrios every month in order to keep the scattered people of the parish informed of parish activities. One of its important notices was the calendar of the month showing the schedule of barrio Masses. As a result, barrio representatives began requesting to be included in the list of barrios regularly visited, and in the course of three years seven barrios, which never had chapels before, constructed new chapels without any urging by the priest. By the end of his incumbency the parish priest was regularly visiting twenty-four barrios, or all the barrios in the parish which had chapels. With Mass attendance brought back into the lives of the barrio folk, many began coming by bus to Lamitan on their off-Sundays, and Mass attendance in the church at Lamitan increased by more than two hundred percent including many men.

This manner of administering a parish involved a considerable amount of office work which would have taken the priest from ministerial duties, so a competent secretary was engaged at a good salary to do the desk work in the parish office. This made it possible to keep careful financial accounts, which were reported to the people every month in the parish bulletin. The result was an increase of the people's confidence in the pastor's administration of parish finances, and the parish income increased by several hundred percent.

Improvements in the Parish

After the first Christmas the new pastor started catechetical instruction in the public schools, the pastor himself teaching catechism in the fifth and sixth grades of the central

school across the street. By the end of three years, eighteen hundred children were attending religious instruction classes three times a week in seven public schools, under more than forty catechists.

It was hard for the old Spanish Brother to remain with the new American pastor because the Brother spoke only Spanish, with which the American priest was not conversant. The priest learned to speak Chavacano, the local dialect of the people, but although the Brother could understand this dialect, he could not speak it. The Brother was therefore transferred, and houseboys were engaged to take care of the ordinary household and sacristan duties. The boys were trained by Brother Augurio Miranda, a Filipino, who was assigned to Lamitan for a period of time long enough to organize the household and church staff. A carpenter was engaged for a few minor repair jobs, but one job led to another and the carpenter continued working steadily for more than three years. At the end of that time the residence was quite habitable and the interior of the church considerably remodeled and repaired and refurnished. Nearly all the old vestments and church linens which the new pastor found on his arrival were unfit for use and had to be burned. New vestments and linens, as well as other sacred implements, were begged and bought.

Early in his term of office the pastor found candles and oil lamps inadequate for illumination and installed a small electric generator which provided ample light for residence, church, and later on, the school. After nine months of taking his daily bath in a wash basin, the pastor at last enjoyed the comfort of a modern shower bath and improved sanitation with running water in the kitchen and a modern toilet. But these were only the receiving end of a complete water supply system using rain water collected from the roof, and installed at a cost of $1,000.

The biggest improvement for the spiritual development of the parish was the inauguration of St. Peter's parochial high school, which held its first class on July 1, 1948. Beginning on a shoe string, the school held classes the first year in temporary quarters, one class in Father Vila's nipa catechism school, the other on the ground floor of the Navarro family residence. The parish priest was one of the teachers. In its

second year of operation the school was housed in a school building erected next to the church which gradually evolved into housing facilities for ten classrooms, auditorium, library and school office. By the end of the third year of operation the high school had an enrollment of 250 boys and girls, a library of 7,000 volumes (mostly begged from benefactors in the United States) and a fully equipped high school science laboratory, not to mention a brass band of 15 pieces. The high school students served as catechists for the religious instruction classes in the public elementary schools.

Availing themselves of the facilities provided for receiving the sacraments, more and more high school boys were being seen at the Communion rail; and, encouraged by their example, other men, young and old, began to frequent the sacraments in ever increasing numbers. The high school students urged their relatives and neighbors living in concubinage to be married properly in the church, with the result that from their example during the last fiscal year of the writer's pastorate there were only twelve civil marriages registered at the town hall, none of them Catholics.

Beginning with the third year of the parish school's operation, two Sisters of the Religious of the Virgin Mary, a native congregation, were secured to work in the schools together with the staff of seven lay teachers, with the idea of eventually turning over the administration of the school to the sisters of this congregation.

Problems and Progress

But it was not all smooth sailing. A Protestant lawyer in town opened a rival "non-sectarian" school as a commercial enterprise. His school was not doing so well, while the Catholic school was flourishing, and he caused a considerable amount of trouble. At one time there were even threats made against the priest's life. (A not entirely unheard of occupational hazard for priests. A Filipino secular priest in Luzon was murdered under much the same circumstances.) There were internal squabbles in the school's Parents-Teachers Association, factional disputes between barrios, difficulties with the government Bureau of Private Schools, the usual run of disciplinary problems in the school, and

friction with the Spanish Jesuits in Zamboanga who disapproved, as is easily understandable, of some of their American brother's strange missionary methods to which they were not accustomed and which they viewed with well-intentioned suspicion and alarm. Financial worries turned the priest's remaining hair almost entirely grey in six months, and his weight dropped thirty pounds. He ruptured himself changing a tire on the jeep, broke a bone when the jeep skidded into a non-elastic rubber tree, and was preemptorily ordered to Manila for a rest one time when the local superior feared that a complete physical and nervous breakdown was imminent.

Concerned with the Lamitan pastor's health, the Mission Superior sent temporary assistance on several occasions when he had a priest to spare for a short period. Father Richard Anable, an American, arrived to help for a while but after only one week an unexpected turn of events in Manila demanded his recall for an important task there. Father Luis Torralba, a Filipino, was loaned to Lamitan for the end of a school year before taking up his position as Dean of the Ateneo de Zamboanga. Father Austin Dowd, an American, was released temporarily from the Mission Band in Manila to help at Lamitan for two months while the pastor was a semi-invalid because of a major surgical operation. Father Justo Perez, a Spaniard, enjoyed the longest stay at Lamitan as a temporary assistant. A refugee from Communist China, he was a semi-invalid, who eventually had to be completely retired from duty and sent back to Spain. And so the pastorate of Lamitan continued at all times to be essentially a one-man job, although it could well have used the services of several.

However, at the end of three and a half hectic years in office, this pastor turned over to his successor a parish establishment valued at approximately $32,500, with a cash debt of $6,000; or, net assets worth about $26,500. More than two-thirds of these net assets had been acquired during Father Stoffel's term as pastor.

Spiritually, there still remained a tremendous amount to be done, but the spiritual development had kept pace with the material development and a beginning had been made. Properly instructed children were now making their first

Holy Communion and continuing in the practice of frequenting the sacraments, well instructed high school students were preparing to found intelligent Catholic families, all marriages of Catholics were being performed in the church, people were beginning to call the priest to give the last sacraments to the dying, Mass attendance and reception of the sacraments by adults was still only a small fraction of what it should be, but was on the increase and many men, especially the more influential ones, were beginning to appear at Mass and the Communion rail, and, finally, the people were beginning to develop a consciousness of their responsibility for the support of their parish.

By this time the parish had developed beyond the capacity of the lone pastor to handle the huge volume of work, and he was happy to be relieved of his pastorate. Besides, according to the rules of his Order, it is the function of the Jesuit missionary to do the spade work, and when the task has progressed to a certain point to turn over the results of his efforts to others, while he seeks other, more primitive fields elsewhere to begin the cycle all over again.

On January 27, 1951 Father Anthony Briskey, C.M.F., was canonically installed as pastor of the Lamitan parish, and two hours after the ceremony, Father Joseph I. Stoffel, the last Jesuit pastor in Basilan, freed of worry and responsibility, was on his way to a new assignment.

Jesuits Say Farewell to Basilan

The Zamboanga diocese has always suffered from an acute shortage of priests. The Bishop, a Filipino Jesuit who was educated in Spain and belongs to the Spanish culture, naturally prefers Spanish priests for his diocese, or Filipino priests trained in the Spanish tradition. Nearly all the Spanish Jesuits remaining in the Philippines after the revolution were therefore concentrated in the Zamboanga diocese. But these were dying off, all the survivors were advanced in age, and the Jesuit Mission now had only Americans or American trained Filipinos to offer for work in the diocese, and even these in not nearly sufficient numbers to satisfy the growing needs of the diocese. The Bishop's appeal to the Jesuit General for Jesuits from Spain was vetoed because

the Spanish Provinces need all their men for their own missions. By agreement with the Jesuit General, therefore, Bishop Luis del Rosario invited the Missionary Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary (Claretian Fathers), a Spanish foundation, to take over all the parishes in his diocese which, until the present time, have been staffed by Jesuits. Although a much smaller organization, the Claretians can better afford to place more men in this field because they operate in fewer places than the Jesuits. They plan eventually to place ten priests in Basilan, previously served by only two Jesuits.

The first parishes to be turned over to the Claretians were Mercedes in Zamboanga and the two Basilan parishes of Isabela and Lamitan. In Isabela, Father Fenton Fitzpatrick was replaced by two Spanish Claretian Fathers. In Lamitan, Father Joseph I. Stoffel was replaced by Father Anthony Briskey, C.M.F., an American Claretian. But Father Briskey, destined for Japan where English speaking-priests are in great demand, was to hold the Lamitan post only until Spanish Claretians could be appointed.

In his short term of less than a year at Lamitan, Father Briskey added to the school building and expanded the school to include normal school courses, with night classes for adults, which will provide Catholic trained teachers for the public schools of Basilan. The parish school had an enrollment of 350 students at the beginning of its fourth year of operation.

At present writing, Father Briskey is preparing to sail for Japan and two Spanish Claretians are expected shortly to replace him and maintain the level of development in the parish achieved by Father Briskey and his predecessor. The Claretian Fathers are keeping intact the parochial system which Father Stoffel established and are continuing the procedures which he introduced. With the parochial mechanism organized and working, there is every reason to expect that the two Spanish Claretians will be able to keep it in operation. We can therefore confidently count Basilan Island as one more corner of the apostolate where Jesuit missionaries have permanently established the Catholic Church.

JOSEPH I. STOFFEL, S.J.

THE BLESSING OF PIUS X ON ST. ALOYSIUS PARISH, LEONARDTOWN, MD.

When visiting St. Aloysius Parish, Leonardtown, Maryland, early in April, 1952 I found in the house diary of St. Aloysius Residence for July 4, 1912 a reference to a signed picture of Blessed Pope Pius X which I had obtained that year. I was stationed as assistant to Very Reverend Laurence J. Kelly, Pastor and Superior of Leonardtown, from 1911 to 1915, when I went to St. Inigoes (later Ridge), and kept the house diary during those four years. I had busied myself organizing the St. John Berchmans' Society for altar boys, while at Leonardtown. The unit was composed partly of the boys of St. Aloysius parish, partly of the pupils at Leonard Hall, an academy conducted by the Xaverian Brothers. My study of Pope Pius' *Motu Proprio* on Church Music had given me the idea of starting a boys' sanctuary choir, so I undertook to train the boys in elements of the liturgical chant, and especially in the Holy Week chant. Using the old Woodstock settings, I taught them to sing the Lamentations in polyphony, and I do not think they did so badly, all things considered.

The idea then occurred to me to ask a blessing for the boys from the Holy Father, and I wrote to the Baroness Schönberg-Roth-Schönberg in Rome, asking if she could get it for me. Baron Ernst Schönberg-Roth-Schönberg, her husband, was a papal chamberlain of thirty years standing, a native of Saxony, and a convert from Protestantism in his early youth, when he was befriended and quasi-adopted by Pope Pius IX. His wife was an American, Miss Elizabeth Ward, related to Mrs. Justine Ward, author of the Ward Method of chant study and founder of the Pius X School of Liturgical Chant in New York City. I had come to know the Schönbergs at their residence near Brixen in Austria, when I was a theological student at Innsbruck.

The Baroness succeeded in obtaining the picture, in a way that is described in a letter from her which I transcribed for the Leonardtown house diary, and quote herewith. It was written on May 27, 1912; the underscoring is hers.

> The moment your letter came I bought a fine photograph of the Holy Father. It is the very last one, and is, we think, perfect,

besides being artistic. I took your Latin inscription to a Jesuit Father, who made a slight alteration, had it written under the photo and we took it with us for the signature. The Holy Father has not been well for some time, and it was doubtful if he could sign it, doubtful even if we could have a private audience. However, the unexpected always happens in Rome, and so after taking the lowest seat in the audience room, (we) were promoted up to the very top, I clinging to the photograph. There were many good sisters, and others with photos, and I heard the order passed along that none but I should be allowed to take in our photograph. It went to my heart to see the sad, reproachful glances when we later came out triumphant with your photograph. I told the Holy Father about you and your work and the boys, and the conditions, etc., and he wrote, as you will see, a small chapter. Never before has any Pope written so much for me on a photograph . . . . I told him this photograph would be framed, and find a place in the church. He did not say that would not be suitable. I should think it might find a place in the church not near the altar. It represents a perpetual blessing. He said besides to tell you he sent his most especial blessing, not only to you and the boys, but to the parish priest, and clergy, and *all the people*,—to the whole parish most especially also. He sat at his writing table between the crucifix and statue of the Curé d'Ars, a wonderful picture of strength, and purpose, and humility. When I asked his prayers for someone afflicted with many trials and discouraged, he looked at the crucifix and said: "No day passes that trials, and very heavy ones, do not come to me. . . But one must never lose courage, never lose cheerfulness; always bow in humility to the Master's will. He wills it, and it is good."

I tell you privately, what you may know, as it has been in the papers—but the Holy Father disclaims all merit, and does not wish the things mentioned in any way, through his prayers several miracles have been performed. Who knows but he will be canonized some day? A saint he is now.

The Fathers were at first skeptical about the survival of the picture after so many changes through the years at St. Aloysius, but it was finally located by Father Charles Rohleder in the attic of St. Aloysius' Residence, and it is now hung up for view. The discovery was particularly moving for me, since I had attended the beatification ceremonies of Pope Pius X last June 3, 1951 in Rome, and had received Holy Communion from his blessed hands shortly before my ordination in 1905. The frame that encloses the picture I obtained from Baltimore shortly after receiving the photo from Europe. The Leonardtown Fathers hope that eventually

it may be featured in a shrine to the Blessed—by that time very likely Saint—Pius X, in the proposed new St. Aloysius' Church.

Translation of the Holy Father's writing:

Cordially congratulating Our beloved children and begging for them from the Lord those rewards which are stored up for all who sing the divine praises, as a token of our gratitude and good will we affectionately impart the Apostolic Benediction. From the Vatican, May 18, 1912.

Pius PP X

Translation of the Inscription on the Photograph:

Most Blessed Father, we, members and choirboys and acolytes of the St. John Berchmans Sodality, who belong to the mission of St. Aloysius at Leonardtown in America and are trying as best we may to carry out the Holy See's prescriptions on church music, prostrate now at Your Holiness' feet most humbly seek and request the Apostolic Benediction.

I trust that two items gathered by the American interlocutor from the Holy Father's words will never be lost sight of: that the saint intended his blessing to be *perpetual*—which gives it a new meaning now that he has been raised to the altar; and that it should be for *all* of St. Aloysius' Parish—"to the whole parish most especially also." For "all" means *everybody*.

JOHN LA FARGE, S.J.

THE NEW GREEN HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK

The ashes of the old Green House were hardly cold before discussion started about building a structure to replace it as a home for the workmen employed at the College. The need was obvious. The twenty workmen who had miraculously escaped from the building on the night of the fire were dispersed around the neighboring countryside in boarding houses and with friends. This made it inconvenient for them to get back and forth to their work at the College, and deprived them of the spiritual advantages afforded by life in a building with a chapel.

With Woodstock in transition from a more general to a more specialized role in the training of the Jesuits of the

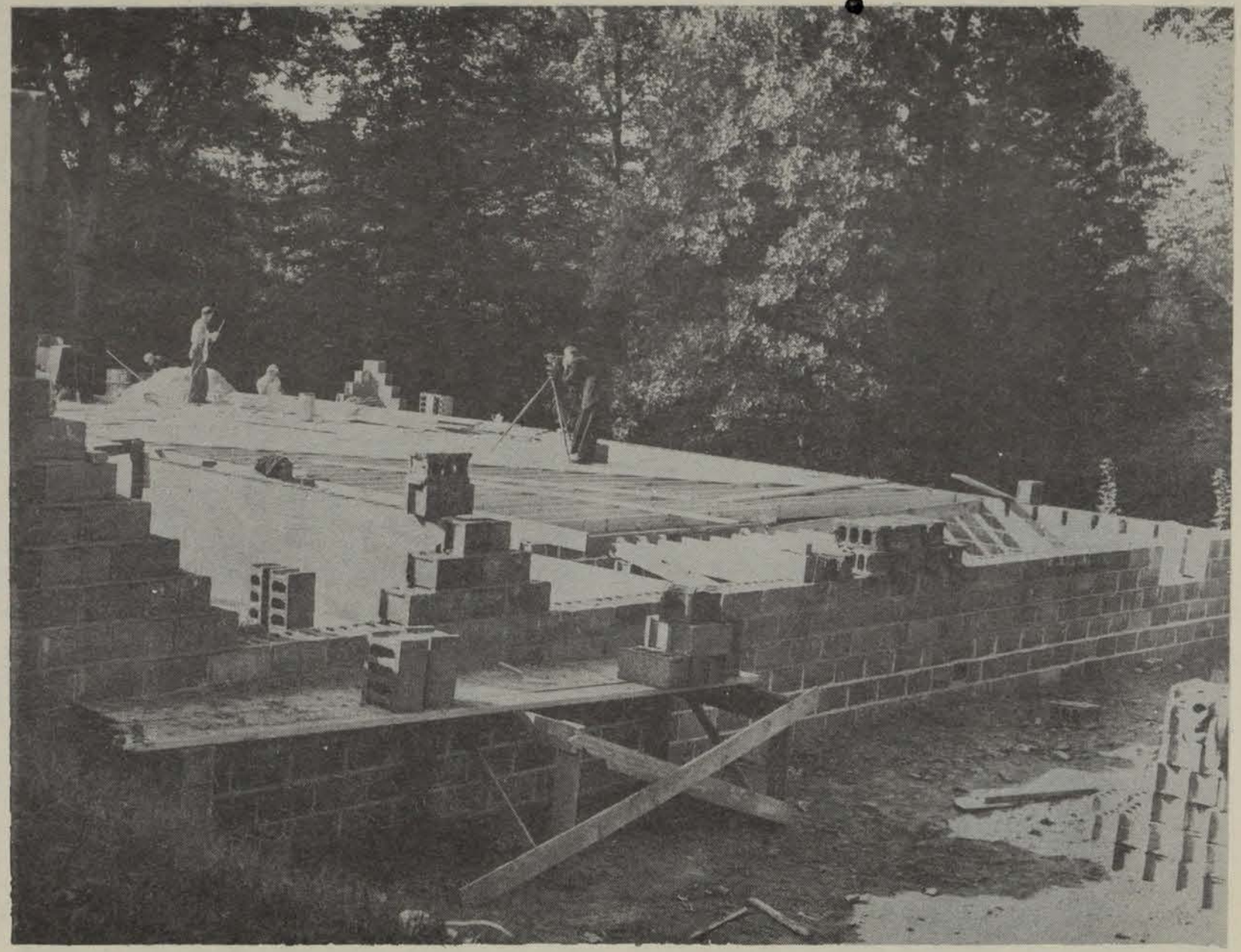
Maryland and New York Provinces, it was difficult to gauge the future needs of the College with any degree of accuracy. Hence, although suggestions were made for the inclusion of everything from speech studios to sacristy store rooms in the new structure, it was decided to put up a building that would be simply a home for the workmen.

For the sake of mutual privacy, the plot between the garages and the print shop where the old Green House had stood was left vacant and a new site was chosen on the old handball courts between the former site and the Mile Path.

Father Charles Neuner, newly-appointed subminister, became architect and contractor. With the help of Joe Peach, our head carpenter and man of many talents, he drew up plans for an el-shaped building of two stories with no basement, but with a large attic that would provide plenty of dry storage space. The first floor contains six living rooms, a large chapel, a recreation room and a wash room. The second floor, which can be entered on a level from the front porch, contains thirteen living rooms and a wash room. The boiler room is located at the front end of the building with its floor slightly below the level of the first floor. An interesting feature in the plan was the inclusion of a boiler of much larger capacity than was actually needed to heat the house. This makes it possible to supply steam to the print shop and the tailor shop and thus to ease the load on the main boilers in the power house.

The plans called for a structure with a cinder block exterior shell and a frame interior. The floors are quartered oak over a pine subfloor. The interior walls are finished with plaster on rock lath and have been left unpainted for the present. There are modern ceiling fixtures in all the rooms and ample provision has been made for electrical outlets. A special feature is a heat-actuated fire alarm system which rings bells in the building and in the main house whenever the temperature of the corridors becomes abnormally high.

Construction started on September 12, 1951 with the digging of the foundation and the pouring of the footings. Aside from the three masons who were brought in to lay the cinder block and the plastering and plumbing contractors, the entire edifice was erected by our own workmen with the



The new Green House under construction

THE NEW GREEN HOUSE

sporadic help of willing Scholastics. The outer shell was up and the roof on and shingled within six weeks. From there on the progress was somewhat slower, since the plasterers could come only on weekends, and the installation of the plumbing was complicated by the necessity of making connections to the other buildings. As soon as the exterior was completed it was painted with a light green waterproof paint that contrasts pleasantly with the dark green of the trim and window sills.

A substantial saving was effected by bringing down spare doors from Bellarmine Hall, the villa at Blue Ridge Summit, Pa. These were reconditioned and hung in the building. Before leaving to assume the post of electrician at Bellarmine College and Novitiate at Bluff Point, Joe Brown wired the building and installed most of the fixtures.

The individual living rooms are bright and airy. The average size is ten by thirteen feet, and they are all uniformly furnished with simple, durable furniture. The carpenter shop turned out writing tables and a number of large wardrobes which were given to the Scholastics in exchange for their old-type wardrobes. These last were reconditioned and put in the workmen's living rooms.

The chapel is fifteen by forty feet in size and will accommodate forty people. The altar and organ from the old chapel at Loyola College have been installed, and the carpenters have made a set of colonial style pews that are painted ivory and mahogany. There is a compact little sacristy with built-in vestment cases and closets. Mr. Schemel, who has assumed the duties of sacristan, is at present hanging drapes and arranging the final details of decoration.

Reverend Father Rector blessed the building on March 22, 1952 and the workmen moved in on the same day, glad to be back at the College in so comfortable a new home. Presently the Scholastics and some of the faculty are busy landscaping the surrounding ground. They are rapidly providing a setting of beauty for a snug, attractive structure that is doing its best to live up to a great tradition.

FREDERICK L. CANAVAN, S.J.

OPERATION: ROUTINE

The Army Chaplain doesn't have many days to rest. A telephone call comes through to the Replacement Company for him to report at Eighth Army Headquarters that afternoon, bag and baggage. So, loading his equipment on the three-quarter ton truck, he holds on tight to the wooden seat while the vehicle bounces along over a few miles of rutted terrain politely referred to as a road.

Arriving at Eighth Army, he is introduced to the Army Chaplain, a full Colonel in rank; the Deputy, a Lieutenant Colonel; and the Personnel Chaplain, a Major. Receiving his assignment does not take too long, as the matter is thought out in advance. Age, previous military and professional experience, religious denomination, and state of health seem to be the main considerations.

In deference to the writer's advancing age, the EUSAK Chaplain (EUSAK being the abbreviation of Eight United States Army Korea) cuts orders assigning the newcomer to the Advance Section of Headquarters Eighth Army, and that night the Padre boards the EUSAK express which rumbles on, blacked out for security, and at dawn deposits him at his destination. At the railroad station, a jeep from Headquarters Commandant's section is waiting to take the Chaplain through the streets of a bombed-out city to Headquarters Eighth Army Advance.

First on the agenda is visiting the Headquarters Commandant to report in and be assigned office space. Next, a trip to the Billeting Officer to draw a canvas cot and a few blankets, and to be shown his barracks room.

The Padre experiences a chill of disappointment when he looks at his office space—it really is space and nothing else. But he envisions the office as it will look after he has finished with it. The Korean houseboys, with the GI to supervise the work, will clean up the room; all the Chaplain has to do is pick up some 446 forms, borrow a typewriter, and requisition a desk—double pedestal, a table—camp, folding, for religious literature, a few chairs—folding, metal, and another chair—rotary, with arms. Then there is the business about having a phone installed, ordering pictures for the walls, picking up maps of Korea, and providing other office facilities.

While waiting for his room to shape up, the Padre makes himself familiar with the various offices in the compound, locates the mess hall, looks over the theater where he will celebrate Mass, and then decides to take a trip around town.

Not yet having a jeep, although that will come shortly, the Chaplain starts on his walking tour about the city. Among other things he sees a patient ox, plodding along, pulling a wagon burdened with a ten foot stack of wood or a casket-shaped nightsoil container, and looking neither ahead, nor right, nor left, but on the pitted, washboard road beneath his feet. The driver, walking beside his beast, is a sturdy-looking Korean, bareheaded, clothed in a dirty cotton shirt, woolen blanket trousers tied at the ankles, and rubber slippers over heavy socks.

The narrow road seems hardly wide enough for the ox-drawn wagon, but an Army jeep manages to squeeze by and turns off into a wide avenue with street-car tracks. The GI driver coasts slowly along, looking at the merchandise displayed in the little open-front stores that are operating in the street level entrances of bombed-out buildings. The Padre follows afoot.

Inhaling the aroma, strong to American nostrils, of *kimche* and other Korean food, the GI's stand in front of one of the stalls, examining the heterogeneous assortment of sun-dried squid, pencils, strips of inner tube for blousing trousers, ash-trays made from beer cans, chocolate bars, brass bowls, lacquer-ware boxes, and what have you.

No one seems to be tending store except a little girl, nine or ten years old, but she knows enough English to make herself understood, especially, "Have-a yes" and Have-a no"; besides she can use her hands for pointing and her fingers for counting if her English fails to register. Mama-san (the GI word for a Korean mother, the *san* coming from the Japanese for "honorable") soon puts in her appearance, baby-san strapped to her back, to help girl-san close a favorable deal. The price asked does not meet with GI approval and, at this impasse, papa-san shuffles in from a neighboring stall, bows in greeting, and to the GI's "*Too* much," he counters, if he wants to sell the article, "You speakee *how* much," and the GI now has his chance for a bargain.

The Padre, while watching the business transaction, notes

that the Koreans have no traffic sense, for they will walk right in front of approaching vehicles, but that they do have a sense of humor. The papa-sans and mama-sans laugh heartily as the GI, on making his purchase, picks up a bell from the stall, rings it, and imitates the Korean newsboy's paper call.

The Padre continues his walk past midget department stores with pillows and comforters (a cross between a mattress and quilt), past hardware items such as rusty nails, rusty tools, battered clocks, fancy dishes, books, and odds and ends. Surrounding the Padre is a group of boy-sans who faithfully promise, "shoe shine number one," and if he is not wise enough to bargain before he steps up on the homemade boxes, he will find himself paying 1,000 won apiece (total of 33 cents) to two of the boy-sans.

Problems of a Chaplain

Back in his office, the Chaplain begins to unpack his assemblage of unassorted office and personal equipment, and to line up his religious services. As it is impossible to cover all units by personal visits, the Padre settles upon two or three central places to which outlying units can truck in with their men to hear Mass. Few chapels exist, so Mass must be said in the theater, or day room, or mess hall, and at times which will not conflict with long-standing schedules of meals and entertainment. After checking by phone or personal visit with the Commanding Officer or maybe with the First Sergeant in the orderly room, the Padre completes his arrangements for Masses, at least for the time being, hangs out his shingle on the door, and is ready for the run-of-the-mill calls that take up much of his time.

Private first class, John Doe, unable to find solace in his problem of adjustment, visits the Chaplain as a last resort. It seems nobody likes John Doe, everybody is against him, nobody will give him a break. He tries his best, so he asserts, but the fellows make fun of him. He was much happier at home before he got into the service. The doctor has seen him, says it is just a question of nerves, and that he will settle down gradually into Army life.

The Padre finds himself faced here with an adjustment

problem which is difficult to handle. If he could observe the boy at close range, perhaps he could prescribe a specific solution, but, as that is impossible, about all he can do is give general hints such as the following: "Try to do your job to the best of your ability, then there will be no complaints about your work. Remember that you have to live and work with others, so try to understand them." And if the GI has any religious background, the Padre can appeal to spiritual motives, such as working for the love of God and seeing His Image reflected hundreds of times in the men about the company.

After settling down for a few minutes to read the *Stars and Stripes* on the slim hope that there may be something encouraging about the truce talks at Panmunjom, the Padre is interrupted by a soldier who wants to marry a Korean or Japanese girl. The GI is only nineteen, but he is sure this is real love. This girl is nicer than any he ever met, and so forth. Here is a problem, the magnitude of which dwarfs the preceding adjustment difficulty. How to begin? There are at least a hundred questions the Padre would like to ask, so, considering the soldier's age, he starts off with the fourth commandment, asking the GI if he has written to his mother and father about the proposed marriage. The answer is sometimes evasive but more often couched in some such generalizations: "My parents say that whatever I want to do is OK by them. It's my life, and I'm old enough to decide." Does the GI have on his person the letter from his parents? No. What did he do with it? Tore it up. Does he have any proof of his parents' consent? No, but he could write to them and ask them for a letter just like they wrote before. The Padre, remarking that he would like to see the letter when it arrives, and reminding the boy that a baptismal certificate and proof of freedom to marry are required, dismisses the lovelorn soldier, who may or may not return to visit the Chaplain. If he receives regular letters from Mary Doakes back in the States, the chances of the GI's returning are reduced considerably.

The Padre picks up the *Stars and Stripes,* and starts flipping the pages over when another knock on the door announces the presence of Corporal O'Brien. "Just thought I'd stop in for a few minutes. If you're going to be in this

afternoon, I'll bring a friend around to see you. He should be a Catholic; in fact, he is, I guess. He tells me he was baptized but never made his First Communion. By the way, Father, could you bless my throat now; I was travelling last Sunday; couldn't make it to Mass."

Further Adventures

The siren sounds the noon hour; a raucous reminder that the mess hall is nearby. The Padre finds himself seated at table opposite a Major, who strikes up a conversation by asking where the Padre comes from back in the States, and whether he knows Father So-and-so. The Major has just returned from the line, wants to go to confession before the five o'clock Mass, and receive Holy Communion. He did not have the chance to go on Sunday, and, "I almost forgot, here's $50 for the missionaries, and I wrote home for some clothes for the orphans."

It is afternoon—a snowy one, and the Padre is standing by the window, saying a little prayer to St. Anthony or whatever saint there is up in Heaven who does not like snow; let him get busy and stop it. It is going to make the roads very slippery and dangerous on the forty mile trip through the mountains to say Mass for the Engineers. So, whispering a little aspiration to the Blessed Virgin to find the right saint or to do the job herself, the Padre pulls on his sweater and jacket and overcoat, picks up his gloves, grabs a blanket and passes it on to his driver who is shouldering his carbine, and goes out to the jeep. The Blessed Virgin did not find the right saint, or maybe the right one was off on some other errand, but she certainly found St. Christopher and a couple of large trucks to pull the Chaplain and his driver out of two ditches a few miles apart.

Come the first of the month, this time New Year's Day, and it is report time—the report in triplicate to the Chief of Chaplains, and another to the Military Ordinariate, that means Cardinal Spellman, who is still here in Korea. Just yesterday a group of the Chaplains around Seoul were at his Mass at the Cathedral and ate breakfast with him at the Columban Fathers. This was a wonderful day for the Padres—and it was the first time in history that a Cardinal had visited Korea.

Time out for a day of recollection at the Columban Fathers in Seoul. There are forty Padres attending; they park their jeeps in the yard and, arms loaded down with bread, hams, chickens or something else, climb up the stairs to greet their confreres. The inevitable war stories start flying, punctured at times by bursts of incredulity, until the large brass bell calls the Padres into the Chapel for the first spiritual exercise.

It is spring again, but, somehow or other, the Korean birds just do not seem to be as nice as the Maryland Province kind. Olive drab woolen shirt and trousers have yielded to cotton fatigues, a sure sign that summer is at hand. And summer promises a return to the States, after a year overseas, and a change back from military to Ignatian obedience.

ERNEST B. CLEMENTS, S.J.

THE NEWLY PUBLISHED MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS OF SAINT FRANCIS BORGIA

It may come as a note of interest to Jesuit musicians and choir directors in our houses of studies that several musical compositions of St. Francis Borgia are now available for general use. For a number of years the editor has been on the lookout for this music. However, though everyone spoke of them and many of our Spanish Fathers remembered having heard them before the last revolution, no one seemed to know where to find them. Father Jorge Blajot, S.J., the well known poet and musician, did succeed in uncovering them in a library of Madrid, where he had them microfilmed and mailed to America.

The editing process consisted mainly in transcribing the music from sixteenth century manuscript notation (a different clef for each voice). In addition, adaptations for male voices were made, keeping the key of the original and simply re-arranging the distribution of parts. These adaptations have been experimentally used in the juniorate at Grand Coteau for the past year and enthusiastically received. At present we are publishing only the *Sanctus* and *Benedictus,* and may, if there is sufficiently good response, publish several of the available motets.

St. Francis' music is well authenticated, particularly by the research of Father Baixauli, S.J., in several articles of *Razón y Fe,* 1902 (pp. 155-170 and 273-282). The style is that of sixteenth century polyphony, notable for lucidity, respect for the sacred text, and a Palestrina-like serenity. Some striking points of resemblance to Vittoria and Di Lasso may be noted, suggesting that these masters may have known St. Francis' music (it antedates theirs). A somewhat fuller account of the music may be found in a forthcoming issue of *Caecilia.*

C. J. McNaspy, S.J.

O God, the strength of the weak and glory of the humble, it was Thy pleasure that Thy servant Alphonsus, by continual mortification and singular humility should rise to illustrious sanctity; grant then that in imitation of him, we too, mortifying our flesh and faithfully following Thy divine Son on the humble way of the cross, may attain to everlasting glory; through the same Christ our Lord. Amen.

—Prayer from the Mass of St. Alphonsus, Oct. 30.

Grant, Lord God, that in serving Thee, we of Thy household may follow that same pattern of innocence and loyalty with which the holy youth John hallowed the springtime of his life; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—from the Mass of St. John Berchmans, Nov. 26.

O God, Who for the defense of the true faith and the authority of the Apostolic See didst fortify Thy blessed martyrs Edmund and his companions with invincible courage, please let their prayers persuade Thee to help us in our weakness, that we may stand firm in the faith and resist the enemy to the end; through Christ our Lord. Amen.

—from the Mass of Bl. Edmund, Dec. 1.

OBITUARY

FATHER ROBERT HAYNE JOHNSON

1875-1952

Father Robert H. Johnson was born in Manhattan, November 4, 1875 and died in St. Vincent's Hospital, January 25, 1952 in his seventy-seventh year. He entered the Society on July 22, 1893 in Frederick, Maryland, and so he was in his fifty-ninth year in religion. His health, as far as it is known, was always of the best. On his seventy-fifth birthday he is said to have remarked to one of Ours, "Well, here I am celebrating my seventy-fifth birthday; have had excellent health, always been able to work and enjoyed my daily walk, so if sickness comes, it is a gift of God, too, even as was my long continued health and happiness." One wonders whether he had begun to think that sickness was soon to take the place of health. I know that in his last year he shortened the length and time of his daily walk. Fatigue, perhaps, was his first warning. Those who knew him well were surely surprised to learn of his sickness and death.

Robert Hayne Johnson's parents were William Johnson, a well-known New York lawyer, and Lucy O'Connell, said to have been the first woman to preside at the meetings of the New York Board of Education. It is interesting to know the reason for the middle names given to Robert and to his brother, George; neither was a family name, as middle names frequently are. George was named "Farquar" and Robert was named "Hayne." Both names are those of prominent lawyers of the early seventies. Robert was not a product of the public schools. After private teaching by his mother, he went through the grammar grades of the Cathedral Parochial School. The two brothers, George and Robert, for years daily served Archbishop Corrigan's Mass, and so were highly regarded around the cathedral. Robert was intended for West Point through the appointment of Mr. John D. Crimmins, a prominent parishioner of the Cathedral; with West Point in mind he chose to go to De La Salle Institute, a military school, in his days situated at 59th Street and Central Park. On his graduation in 1892, he decided to enter the

Society, thus joining his brother, George, who was to enter the novitiate on August 14 of that year. The course at De La Salle was not a full classical course, so Robert took up a special course at Holy Cross in Latin and Greek. He had as his professor a very famous Canadian Jesuit, Father Langois. In 1892, Father Langois known to us boys as "Pop" was a famous figure at the Cross. He had then spent twenty years teaching "Special," a class which enabled apt students who were willing to keep pace with Father Langois' urging to enter the Freshman class in the college. At the end of the year we find Robert Johnson applying for entrance into the Society. He had had a brilliant year and left no doubt of his fitness in the mind of the Provincial, Father Thomas J. Campbell.

He entered the Society on July 22, 1893 at Frederick, Maryland. His Master of Novices was Father John H. O'Rourke who was also rector of the novitiate. The tertianship in those days was also at Frederick, and the tertian master was a well-known director, Father Burchard Villiger, who became Rector of Woodstock at the advanced age of seventy-eight. Among the tertians that year were the Fathers who formed the first contingent from our province to the Jamaica Mission; Father Collins, later Bishop of the Mission; Father Patrick Mulry and Father Gregory, the Father Minister of the Novitiate; all three were stalwarts—over six feet tall, and to us novices awesome and impressive. Also that year Father John Wynne and Father Henry Van Rensselaer were tertians. Father Wynne became very famous as the founder of the Catholic Encyclopedia and of the National Catholic Weekly, *America.* Father Van Rensselaer was a convert from a distinguished New York family. Also a tertian was Father Thomas E. Sherman, son of General Thomas Tecumseh Sherman. Among the novices of those days we number the future Father Richard Tierney, who later was the militant editor of *America,* and with him Robert's brother, George, whose name and fame are written in juniorate annals during many years.

On August 15, 1895 Father Robert's class was admitted to first vows, and then began its juniorate. In his rhetoric year, Father Robert gave a public specimen in all of Virgil. Father Edward I. Purbrick, the Provincial, was present. After congratulating him he said: "Now this young man

(he was then 22 years old) is well fitted to teach in college, and I am sending him to teach Freshman in Boston College as of now."

At the end of the year Mr. Johnson was at Woodstock for his philosophy, and at the end of his course in 1901, he was sent to Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore to study advanced Latin under Professor Gildersleeve. In 1903 he went to Boston College and taught Freshman. In 1904 he was transferred to Holy Cross where he taught Freshman classics and history. In 1905 he began the study of theology at Woodstock. His contemporaries knew him as an untiring student. He was a good theologian and daily read and discussed the lectures with his brother George, who at that time was suffering from eye trouble and unable to read. On July 30, 1908 Father Robert was ordained by the then Apostolic Delegate, Diomede Cardinal Falconio. From 1909 to 1910 he made his tertianship at St. Andrew, Poughkeepsie, under Father Thomas J. Gannon, former provincial. In 1910 he was appointed prefect of studies at Xavier, and on February 2, 1910 was promoted to the profession of four vows. In 1912 he became prefect of studies at Fordham, both of the College and the Preparatory School. On July 20, 1919 he was appointed Rector of Canisius High School in Buffalo. From 1924 to 1925 he was again in the classroom in his favorite class, Freshman, at Boston College. In 1925 he was prefect of studies at Loyola College, Baltimore, and in 1926 he taught Greek at Georgetown University. In 1927 he was prefect of discipline at St. Peter's, Jersey City, but did not finish the year.

While the remarks credited to Father Johnson on his seventy-fifth birthday spoke of uninterrupted good health during his life, the next years from 1927 to 1939 entirely obliterated it from his memory. During these years spent recuperating at Monroe, he was for some time in various hospitals when he suffered from migraine headaches. These too were the reason of his enforced relinquishing of college work. At Monroe he took every means to rid himself of his headaches—he rested conscientiously, engaged in manual labor, sacrificed himself in his love for reading and literary pursuits. But his guardian angel must have found it a hard task to reckon his mileage in walking, in all weather alike.

In 1939 Father returned to Fordham and for five years taught religion both in the downtown division and on the campus of the college. In 1944 he taught religion in the high school for one year. He gave all his energy to the preparation for his classes, a work that was hard for him. In 1945 he was assigned again to teach religion in the college. When the status was published in June, 1951 he became spiritual father of the community which also included giving the exhortations at Spellman and Kohlmann Halls. Little did any of us think that his next status was not labor on earth but reward in heaven. He had been engaged in school work for more than twenty-six years. He brought to bear in teaching the same conscientious, painstaking preparation that characterized every duty assigned him. Thus he merited the praise that all would give him as an excellent dean of studies, an office he filled for many years both at Xavier and Fordham. As rector of Canisius High School in Buffalo, he renovated a fast declining old building into a very attractive and creditable school building, and made the rooms of the members of the faculty pleasantly liveable. His community regarded him as a kind superior and as sincerely interested in all that concerned its religious life and temporal health and happiness. His devotedness to his brother, George, will long live in the memory of all. They were almost literally like two souls who lived as one, the devotedness of Father Robert and its reciprocation by Father George being a byword among Ours. When Father George was dying in great suffering at Holy Name Hospital in Teaneck, N.J., Father Robert daily made the long journey from Fordham to solace the last days of a brother whom he dearly loved. As the last days of Father George drew on, Father Robert remained in his brother's room through many nights, ever alert and attentive. He was an example to the Sisters and to the doctors of undying devotion.

After the death of Father George the reaction was one of complete desolation. Father Robert had no illusions that his brother had not gone at once to God's reward, and he prayed that God would call him soon. They could not long be apart in death as they were never separated in brotherly companionship in life. Father Robert survived his brother by only a few months but these were heightened into magnitude by lingering delay, as he often said. The last years of Father Robert were

somewhat saddened by a failure, not his own, to see his great work come off the press. The delay and final abandonment were due to the publishers. He had worked for over two years to put into the hands of our pupils a new edition of Father Wilmer's Catechism, but it was fated to be shelved by publishers' rights against new editions held by Benziger Brothers. We hope to see it some day in all our schools. It adds much in explanation to old editions.

When I saw Father Robert in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, in January, 1952, he had already been languishing in bed for eighteen weeks. He had grown remarkably thin, all the lustre had gone out of his eyes, his cheeks were sunken and his skin was ashen. "Quantum Mutatus." But his spirit was sanguine. He wanted to get well, and it seemed for a time, he thought he was getting well. I went to see him every week while he was in the hospital and he never moaned about pain or even spoke to me about the greatness of suffering. He would close his eyes in greater paroxysms and say: "John pray for me." The nurse and the doctors gave me some idea of what continual pain Father was experiencing. He wanted to suffer without any human solace. Up to his last days, he never mentioned death. He did speak of returning to Fordham to remain in the infirmary for a while and then to resume his appointed work as spiritual father. He seemed to think it was a matter of time until he would be well, and again at work. When his mortal remains were laid in our parlor at Fordham, one realized by the large number of those who came to pay their respects to him that he had a host of friends in all walks of life. The number of religious was particularly noticeable. He had earned the eternal gratitude of the diocesan Sisters of Charity whose self-sacrificing confessor he had been for many years. They came in large numbers from distant parish schools and from Mt. St. Vincent to say a last prayer for his soul. Nuns from other orders filled the middle aisle at the funeral Mass. The Most Reverend Joseph F. Flannelly, Auxiliary Bishop of New York, representing His Eminence, Cardinal Spellman, presided at the Mass and gave the final absolution. He was told at the end of the Mass that his presence was particularly appropriate as Father Johnson had

been from 1884 to 1893 a faithful altar boy at St. Patrick's Cathedral during the rectorship of Monsignor Lavelle.

JOHN J. CASSIDY, S.J.

FATHER JOSEPH T. KEATING

1871-1950

On the campus at Fordham University stands a magnificent Gothic building, housing the Graduate School, with the words "Keating Hall" inscribed in letters over the main entrance. The financing of the Graduate School was always one of Father Keating's favorite worries, but happily, the rest of the time-worn expression,—"and it sent him to an early grave"—was never true.

Joseph T. Keating was born on April 14, 1871, in Ingersoll, in the Province of Ontario, Canada, one of the eleven children of Robert and Bridget Bowen Keating. He had some business experience working for *The Ingersoll Tribune,* and attended Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass., for one year before entering the Society in 1892. He made his noviceship and juniorate at Frederick, Md. During regency he taught fourth year in the old Academy at Holy Cross. He made both philosophy and theology at Woodstock, Md., and after ordination taught mathematics at Boston College for two years, and then was treasurer there for one year. Many years later, after the passage of time had healed the wounds, he could heartily enjoy telling stories of that one year as treasurer at Boston, which must have been a hectic one. Father X, the Rector, had an odd habit of using currency of small and large denominations as bookmarks. That was puzzling to Father Keating. Of course it was also annoying, but not half as annoying as the Rector's additional habit of making out checks and selling securities without notifying the treasurer. Such amazing experiences left the methodical Father Keating with the strong conviction that, all things to the contrary notwithstanding, only the treasurer should have the custodianship and direct signing power of anything in the house that is negotiable. How he managed continually to make good the periodic shortages at the bank and with the broker was a lifelong secret.

In 1909 Father Keating went to Poughkeepsie for tertianship. The year of contemplation left him calm in spirit again, and he was prepared but very wary when he was appointed treasurer at Fordham in 1910. He also taught mathematics in the Preparatory School for a short while, but regretfully had to give that up because of the pressure of work. He was Revisor of the Province Arca from 1933 until 1946, and was relieved of all his duties in June, 1948.

To many, who did not know Father Keating very well, he was a financial genius who spent wily, scheming hours in a relatively quiet office, turning all his ideas and hopes into gold. This is far from the truth, and not fair to him. He was not, nor did he ever claim to be, a genius. He was embarrassed when others suggested such a thing. Whatever he accomplished was the result of prayer and hard work, with no romance about it. His prayer was marked by regularity and simplicity, and his hard work by minute attention to detail. In 1948 he approached the solution of financial problems with the same care he had used in 1908. Near the end of his life he frequently and solemnly advised another treasurer, "Never lose your nerve, never lose your nerves, and get on your knees."

At the time of Father Keating's Golden Jubilee and also at the time of his death, there were newspaper articles about his business operations which were crammed with false statements. But one was happily put down correctly, his own summation of his life's work, "There is no such thing as a sparkling treasurer. It is a humdrum existence. A treasurer is seldom interesting, unless he gets into trouble."

The reporters were right in their quotation, but Father himself was wrong in what he gave them, because he was a sparkling treasurer. Existence in his office, to use his own word, was never humdrum, and he was always interesting without getting into trouble. Much of the material progress at Fordham during his thirty-eight years as treasurer was due to his good work. Not all of it. Nor would he claim such credit for himself. He knew too well the mystery of what might be behind the scenes in an exchange of checks, and he was too sane to pose as an alchemist. Actually, the main reason why Father Aloysius J. Hogan, then Rector, suggested that the new building be named "Keating Hall" was that

Father Keating had been handling the office of treasurer simply the way the Society expected him to handle it. In the first chapter of the *De Administratione Temporali* we read, "The temporal possessions of the Society should be looked upon as the special possessions of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and the patrimony of His poor, on which the spiritual things, and even the good estate of the Society in a large measure depends, and without which, moreover, our spiritual ministry itself could scarcely flourish. Let Superiors and Officials, therefore, exercise their office of temporal administration with great care and fidelity, not as owners, acting according to their own good pleasure, but as mandatories, obliged to use the temporals in accordance with the laws of the Church, and of the Society."

That explains Father Keating. With that spirit strong within him, he could go through extremely difficult financial crises, not easily, but better than some. Because he was human, he made mistakes. Because he was a good religious it could be said of him, for instance, during and after the disastrous October of 1929, *"Si fractus illabatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinae."*

But he would say that there was one dark evening in that October when he wondered whether it would not be all right if he gave up trying to be the *impavidus* one. The news out of Wall Street, all the way from the graveyard to the river, was particularly frightening that day. Panic had seized thousands of financiers. He himself was close to the breaking point. He left the office late in the afternoon, unable now, as in the past, to leave his problems on his desk. Falling prices were so many spots before his eyes. He went to the chapel to pray, and then to what he hoped would be a peaceful dinner. The Rector gave *Deo Gratias* that night, and the opening greeting from one of Ours was a cheery, "Well, Joe, how much did you lose today?" Laughing about it, twenty years later, he still was not sure whether the desire to cry was stronger than the desire to commit something terribly violent.

Father Keating tried time and again during his life to kill the widespread legend about the acquisition of some of the property on Fordham Road. He died before this work was finished. The legend is that Fordham lost some of the lots on Fordham Road through "squatters rights," and then had to

buy them back again. In his memory, let us put down the facts. There is now a fire hydrant on the lawn between Larkin Hall (the biology building), and Kohlmann Hall. It used to be on the curbstone of what was Emmet Street. All the houses and property west of Emmet Street, with the exception of the one occupied by the Heitman Van & Express, were the property of the University, duly purchased by them at various times before 1910, before Father Keating arrived at Fordham. East of Emmet Street, where Kohlmann Hall and *The Messenger* are now located, there were other houses and a vacant lot. All of these were purchased from the owners in the early 1920's and later sold to *The Messenger*, at a price decided on by the then Provincial, Father Joseph Rockwell. The Heitman property was purchased in 1926, and Emmet Street was purchased from the City of New York in 1932. All of the deeds and abstracts of title to these various properties show unbroken recorded continuity of ownership and transfer even before Fordham existed. These are on file and properly indexed in the vault under the treasurer's office at Fordham. Furthermore, the tenants in those houses paid reasonable rent to the College from the time they became our property until they were demolished for the construction of the buildings now there. Repeating the legend is a useful way of keeping conversation going at haustus, but if the story is told again, it should begin, "Once upon a time . . . ." It would please Father Keating if the legend of the "squatters' rights" were interred with his bones.

Whether he was protecting justice or dispensing charity, he kept pretty much the same expression on his face. It was often inscrutable, and as a result he was frequently misinterpreted. The same actions were called harsh by some, but the more discerning called them kind. His closest friends were disturbed by this. He was not. He was too big to be victimized by human respect.

He could be charming on occasion and a most pleasant companion. You would never tire hearing him at a dinner or a banquet when he would rise, hold a glass partly filled with water, tip it over another glass, and in tones of affected gravity propose his famous "Toast to Water."

Asked once what should be the day-in-and-day-out attitude of a good treasurer he answered that over the door of every

treasurer's office there might be a sign which read: *"In quantum possum et tu indiges."*

Maybe it would have been better to omit all that has gone before this and merely say that all the years that he was treasurer at Fordham there was a statue of Saint Joseph on the top of the safe in the vault. When he retired he asked if he could take it to his room and keep it until he died, adding quietly, "He built Keating Hall." That, too, explains Father Keating. He retired on June 21, 1948, and died suddenly on October 3, 1950.

KEVIN J. O'BRIEN, S.J.

MR. BERNARD J. SWABEY

1928-1950

> Now death in a cloister is fundamentally different from death in the world. Death in the world may be likened to an accident during the building of a skyscraper. One of the sweating riveters plunges from the scaffolding; for a few seconds his comrades take their pipes out of their mouths; stealthily they blink into the abyss, knowing that today or tomorrow the same fate may be theirs. In the cloister death is the festivity that marks the completion of a soul, such as the guilds of masons and carpenters celebrate when a house has been finished. Timelessly one has been working towards this great day. Now one can take a deep breath and hope that one's sure dwelling place is forevermore established. Franz Werfel, *The Song of Bernadette.*

Grace is given to us in many forms. The sacraments are a means to grace. Prayer is a means to grace. The external world of rivers and valleys and sunsets is a means to grace if we care to accept it as such. And sometimes grace takes a form so common that we may never look upon it as a grace except in retrospect. The God who has declared that He loves us to folly often raises up men in our midst to inspire and encourage us. He feels that if the example of His life and agony will not inspire us as a memory, it may move us as it is repeated in someone we know and love dearly. This is the common form of grace that we overlook until a friend's heroism or death shocks us. Then that kind of grace can hardly pass unnoticed. We see, for example, a member of our community, a close friend, suffer and die with the spirit of

Christ. We look to his greatness and instinctively wonder if we could have been as great. We put ourselves in his place and say, "What would I have done?"

Mr. Bernard J. Swabey died at St. Joseph's Infirmary, Louisville, Kentucky, February 4, 1950, the feast of St. John de Britto. He was twenty-one years old. He was a member of our community, a close friend of many of us. He was a means of grace.

"What would I have done?" we said. We had to admit that we would have been saints in our trial, complainers, or cringing failures. We were one more proof to ourselves of the age-old principle that we die pretty much as we live.

In this principle we find the clue to the evaluation of a religious who died before he could be assigned offices important enough to show his mettle. He will have lived his quiet scholastic life in the manner in which he died. Perhaps then, when we see the manner in which Bernard Swabey died, we will be more disposed to interpret correctly the many things he said and did before his sickness which seemed average, normal, ordinary, and were not.

Just when did he begin to die? Who can tell? Perhaps death was in earnest as far as he was concerned in September or October of 1949. At least that is when we first noticed that "Bernie," as he was universally known, was not acting himself. He had always loved to play ball. Now in the autumn afternoons when there was just enough chill in the air to make pass ball exhilarating, you did not see his long, bobbing figure racing downfield under passes. He was six feet three inches of speed that we always wanted on our teams, but he was not playing much. That was certainly odd. But if you asked him about it he would usually reply that he was a little tired, or that he had his path to finish. He was working on a stone path from the swimming pool to the walk around the house. It would be only about fifteen yards long when completed, but it was being made out of large, flat stones, so that took some time. He would go on to describe the path, point out how necessary it was, and then trap you with his offhand, "Want to help?" And there you were using a pick during recreation.

He had to have no alibi for working on a path. He was doing little jobs like that whenever he could. And he cer-

tainly needed no alibi for being tired. So there was not as much reason then to suspect that he was failing as there is now. The only clue besides his sudden absence from the ball field was a throaty cough that kept up through October and into November. Few of us paid much attention to it though, because it just seemed like a little cold. It is a rare Jesuit and, incidentally, one we do not care to meet, who keeps his eye out to see who will die next.

It is interesting now, however, to speculate just how much he knew about his condition. He told somebody that he was not feeling well, that is true, but just how much did he know of the seriousness of his illness? We will never know because he told no one. It is only in the light of some of his actions that last month or two before he was forced to bed that you wonder. He worked feverishly for his missionaries in Patna, writing letters, arranging permission for others to write more, sorting stamps, collecting books and magazines for Father Brennan's drive in Patna, and beginning his sale of Christmas cards and seals. This much is true, that if he suspected anything serious, you would never know. Perhaps it was because he worried a lot that he thought everyone else did, too, and was slow to alarm them. A case in point is the night on which the fever hit him. That was the night of December 8-9. He said later that he was in agony through most of that night. But it was not until after the rising bell had sounded that he hammered on his wall to call his neighbor. He had a fever well over 100 degrees. When asked later why he did not wake somebody during the night, he said he had not wanted to bother or worry anyone.

On December 9, West Baden College was preparing for Christmas, and more proximately, for semester exams. There was no snow. We had little reason to hope for any in our part of the country. Southern Indiana was just a little cold, a little gray, a little boring for tourists. That impatient feeling was in the air which always precedes Christmas. Nothing much was happening. Everything was going to happen.

Rumors flourish in such an atmosphere. Everybody you met who was interested, had a different version of Bernie's illness. Some said it was just ordinary stomach grippe. Others described how the fever was so high that Brother Infirmarian

was doing everything possible to reduce the fever and not succeeding, was sitting up nights with his patient. There was a little truth in both stories. The Doctor had thought the fever came from three-day stomach grippe. Brother was worried about his condition. Between classes on Tuesday, December 13, something certain was released for the rival camps. Bernie had been taken that morning to the hospital in Louisville for a checkup. Well something was happening after all. The rumors started again. Some said that if Swabey ever got sick he would get really sick. Why? Oh, he had that look about him, that is all. Others predicted that he would be home in a week.

From December 13 to Christmas Eve, all we knew about him for certain was that the fever was still high, that the doctors had been unable to determine its cause. None of us doubted, though, that the cause would be found. Few of us had considered the possibility of death. Then too, it is very difficult to believe that a man is really seriously ill when he is so actively concerned about things he had to leave behind him when he went to the hospital. He sent a message back to one Scholastic asking him to mail his Christmas cards for him. He had written about half of them before December 9 and placed them in his drawer until mailing time. Somebody else was to contact the Minister of Scholastics about a box of toys Bernie was expecting from home. Every year the Scholastics have a Christmas party for the children of our parishioners in French Lick, a small town about a mile from the College. Bernie had written home for some toys and knick-knacks of his that he could give to some children for Christmas.

But he was really seriously ill. The community realized that for the first time, I think, on Christmas Eve. It is customary here at West Baden to have a community gathering, some songs, and a few greetings on Christmas Eve around the fireplace and Christmas tree in the famous 150 foot high atrium. Towards the close of the program Father Rector always says a few words. He surprised us this year. Rather he stunned us. After the usual greetings and a promise of remembrance in Christmas Masses, Father went on to speak very seriously about Mr. Swabey. He remarked that if Mr. Swabey recovered it would be because of prayer. In the

natural run of things there seemed no hope. We all sat very still. His voice and an occasional crackle from the fire were the only sounds in the huge atrium.

The community reacted fully the following day. That Christmas morning, at the suggestion of one of the theologians, we began adoration for Bernie. You could visit the sixth floor infirmary chapel of the Sacred Heart any time after that for the next forty-some days, and you would always see at least one of the men kneeling before the tabernacle. If you had difficulty sleeping during those weeks, you might hear an alarm clock at two or three o'clock in the morning. You would not wonder about it. You would know that was just somebody getting up for Bernie. We used to sign a chart for half hour periods of prayer just to make sure that someone was adoring all the time. If the man next to you left a Christmas week movie just before Joe Schmaltz escaped from prison, or better yet, during the comic shorts, you did not wonder about it. You knew it was time for him to get up to the chapel. When your turn came you would leave bed or the movies, too.

Mrs. Swabey had come from Chicago to Louisville about three days after Bernie was taken to the hospital. Just before Christmas his sister, Frances, also arrived. They had been told how serious was his condition, and they, like all of us, found the uncertainty of his ailment the hardest thing to bear. We all kept thinking that if the disease were known it could be easily cured.

And then on December 27, within a period of about forty minutes, we were certain of two things, the disease, and his chances of recovery. Bernie was eating supper that evening propped up in bed. Without warning his head fell back, his fork slipped from his fingers. Doctors were called. They said he was dying.

Two fourth-year Fathers came in just after this. And then two Scholastics, philosophers with Bernie. They best describe the scene, telling how they were met in the hall by a young doctor who told them Mr. Swabey was dying, how they hurried down to his room, how they knelt by the bed saying the rosary over and over again with the frantic mother. One of the Scholastics was holding his hand. Bernie had not lost consciousness. Each of the three times the fifth sorrowful

mystery was quietly introduced, he gripped the Scholastic's hand tighter for a few seconds.

He fought for about forty minutes. Then his head stopped turning and he was quiet. The stroke had passed. He would not die that night unless he suffered another stroke.

What had happened was that an embolism had passed through his brain. The symptoms were now clear to the doctors. They very calmly reported that he was suffering from acute bacterial endocarditis due to a hemolitic staphylococcus condition. It was as bad as it sounded. The name of the disease was not as important to anyone though, as was his chance of recovering from it. Doctors said it was about 95% fatal.

When the two Scholastics returned to West Baden that night they found half the philosophate inquiring about Bernie. Some portion of the news had preceded them home with the two fourth-year Fathers. Father Rector had been called to the hospital, too, so they knew Bernie had taken a serious turn for the worse. Questions flew from all sides. To all the answer was the same. "He is not expected to live much longer." Somebody decided there ought to be an early Mass for him. The idea circulated rapidly. What was originally intended to be an early morning Mass in the infirmary chapel attended by a few philosophers, turned out to be practically a community Mass in the main chapel at 1:30 a.m.

We expected a call that night telling us that he had died. But there was no *de profundis* in the morning, or no notice on the chapel doors to awaken the tired community filing in for Mass.

The stroke had left him half paralyzed. His whole left side was useless. He spoke thickly, almost unintelligibly. But he was clear enough to make himself heard when he told a classmate the morning after the attack, "I want to go to God." Words were precious now because he had not the strength to spend many. But he was so insistent that he make those words heard that with his good right arm he coaxed his friend's ear next to his lips as he spoke them. "I want to go to God. It's not despair. I want to go to God."

That Wednesday morning, December 28, no one actually thought he would linger long even though the doctors said it was possible. If he did last, it was expected that he would

just "hold on." Bernie had something different in store for everyone, a sense of humor, and a spirit of prayer.

We should have been with him the day he kidded the doctors about the need of central authority in their hospital. "How do you expect me to get better? Every doctor who comes in here gives me a new set of pills. Do you know how many pills I took this morning? Sixteen. What this place needs is a little central authority!" (All of this out of the one good side of his mouth, and with eyes shining.)

There were a lot of doctors on the scene. At times there would be as many as eight around the bed at once. His disease made him a medical rarity. That, coupled with the fact that he was getting the most thorough sort of attention, accounted for their number.

One day some Scholastics who had met five or six of the regular doctors, began the inevitable round of mimicry. Bernie joined in, laughing cheerfully, "Does it hurt here, Bernard?" as he jabbed himself in the stomach where they jabbed him when they asked the question. "Of course it does," he answered. "Let me hit you there and see if it hurts."

His sister, Frances, used to knit now and then as she sat in his room. One day the nurse decided to do a little too. He stared at the two of them for a minute and then grinned, "How am I going to get well? Frances knits. The nurse knits. Everybody knits." His sister told us that she almost tricked him into knitting one day, but his pride (and the fact that he had only one good hand) got the better of him. Those were the days when he would stop Frances from saying something by whispering, *tolle et lege.* She was reading a little to him every day when he felt strong enough for it. The session usually began with the command in his beloved Latin, "Frances, *tolle et lege.*" Apparently that is how he got her off the subject of knitting.

He did not make jokes out of everything. If he could he did. If he could not, then was the time for his, "Thy will be done." The intravenous feedings were long and frequent. He was getting penicillin every hour for a few weeks. It was then when the fever made him perspire, the needles hurt, and his head or leg began to flare with pain, that you would hear him muttering over and over again, "Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven."

He was creating a world of his own humor and pain and prayer for all who were with him. A hundred yards from his window was the street and people, normal, healthy people, going to work, riding, laughing, lost in daily and rather consequential necessities. But inside his room the issues were clearer and larger; life or death, sanctity or mediocrity. Nothing could be more consequential. It is a shame for us that we could not have lived those seven weeks with him. Prayer was the obvious thing. A childlike petulance on occasion was the confessed sin. Gratitude was the radiant virtue. He would thank the Scholastics who had been near him through the day. He would thank his mother and the priest on hand. He would be long in his praise of the Sister who was in charge of his floor and who, he said, helped him out so many times with just the right word or motive. To Frances he showed a particularly sweet and manly tenderness. If he were awake about midnight when she was preparing to leave the room, he would wait till she got to the door, then call her back. "Thanks, Frances. Thanks for everything today." Then he would kiss her good-night. He was always asking about the men at Baden. For about ten days he wanted to write them a letter but was not strong enough or clear enough to dictate what he wanted to say. Finally on January 8, he succeeded. This is the letter that went on the board.

To All the Fellows at Baden,

Pax Infantis Amoris!

This letter is long overdue, but let's begin with a litany of "thank you's" now for all the letters received from everybody and the prayers and the Christmas packages. Those prayers are really necessary right now for I'm suffering a great deal. I really "Out-Duffied" Duffy in taking penicillin. The intravenous feedings are no fun. I had one the other night that took eleven hours. My left arm is very sore from lack of action, and my whole back is beginning to get sore from lying down too much. They gave me so many pills I don't know how to take them anymore.

Let me take this opportunity to thank you for all your wonderful cooperation in Christmas letter writing to the missionaries. I'm sure you helped them have a better Christmas. (Incidentally, the letters didn't cost much after all.) Keep up the fine spirit.

I won the nurses' hearts by giving them pounds of candy. All the toys from Sav went to the kids upstairs. It seems like part of Baden is here as long as Murray and Cahill are around—at least they're noisy enough.

Father Rector is right across the hall from me, and Father Milet is on the prowl. He must think I'm a real sinner. Every time he comes in he has to absolve me.

I really need your prayers. Don't let me down, please.

Your brother in the Sacred Heart,
Bernie

His goodness had an effect upon many people. It should not be too much to say that those effects in others highlighted his own virtue. When you have men praying night and day for you because they want to, not because they are told to, you reflect on the qualities of the person they are interceding for. When you get Jesuits out of bed at all hours of the night and morning during vacation for a half hour's adoration, and they do not complain about it, you wonder. God and Bernie Swabey were the big interest during his illness. Ask the Scholastics coming home from Louisville night after night if they could judge anything important besides God and Bernie. They will tell you how it would be dark and the automobile headlights would be carefully searching out turns and twists on the narrow road, but they would not be thinking much of the road. It was more than fatigue that affected them. It was more than just shock in the nearness of death. It was an awareness that they had a daily vision of God in the living death of this high-spirited Jesuit.

What was a day like with him? About 7:55 in the morning you reached St. Joseph's Infirmary in Louisville. You walked carefully through the busy corridors to the first floor east wing and a room numbered 142. Mrs. Swabey or Frances was always at the door with a cheerful greeting and a report of his condition through the night. Then you took off your coat and went in. The long right arm raised up and the tired eyes smiled their greeting. From that early morning moment until you left in the evening, you were in a land where holiness was obvious and human. What had he said that day that made him look so holy to you? Nothing much really. It was just that he was so interested in others, in you, in your mother whom he knew to be ill, in one of the Fathers who had undergone an operation. And when you asked him how he felt, he probably pushed the hair back from his forehead and begged again for the barber. He needed a haircut badly but the doctors did not want to risk the trouble involved which might

over-exhaust him. About three o'clock in the afternoon when you were changing his sheets, still reflecting on his goodness or marvelling at his quiet in pain, he may have grown suddenly sharp with you and complained crossly of your roughness or slowness. You would be about to answer him (after all, you got tired too) until you looked down and saw the hot perspiration boiling on his face this cold January day. You would not say anything. You would just suddenly realize all over again how sick he was, and what the struggle to remain generally cheerful and uncomplaining was costing him. In the evening he would be certain to apologize for what he had said, and would tell you that he was already praying for your safe journey home. Then you had sixty miles of dark, winding road to think it over. You would mention other things, philosophy, sports, to your companion, but they would not stick. Something else was always coming out. You were becoming like Peter babbling on of Thabor and tabernacles and enjoying your mood. For you had felt that you too had seen His shining face, and you could not reason properly for the sight.

We have mentioned that Bernie was cheerful and prayerful during his suffering. But he went further in Christlikeness than that. He was intensely determined that no bit of his suffering be wasted. During his first days at the hospital he had offered all of his suffering for the Patna Mission in India. He renewed his intention constantly, especially at the end of December when every day was supposed to be his last. If he prayed for a sign that his offering was accepted, he never told us, but he did receive a very visible one. A Negro orderly at the hospital, the adopted child of two Jehovah Witness ministers, wanted to become a Benedictine lay brother. He had already caused much family trouble by entering the Church. His parents, of course, refused the necessary permission, saying they would never listen to such a request. Bernie told the orderly he would offer a little of his suffering for him. About a week later the orderly went home for a day. When he returned to the hospital and Bernie's room, Bernie immediately asked him what had happened. The boy was excited and laughing as he told Bernie that his parents had consented to his wishes. "See what good suffering will do,"

Bernie told him. "Perhaps someday I will see the good my suffering has done for Patna."

The quickly approaching "someday" was preceded by one last prayer crusade at West Baden. One of our Brazilian Jesuits told us the story of the saintly Father John Baptist Reus, S.J., who had granted some cures among South Americans. We began a novena to him at the College, having mimeographed the prayer to be said and passed it around to everyone. Our intention, of course, was that God's will be done in Bernie's regard. Bernie himself, along with his mother, sister, the Scholastics and the priest on call, made the novena at the hospital. There were afternoons of special pain when Bernie would look over to the picture of Father Reus stuck on the dresser mirror and murmur, "Help me John Baptist Reus, help me."

For a time it seemed that God's will was Bernie's cure. He rested better. Some few of the doctors began to speak of hope. On Thursday, February 2, he was remarkably rested and well. His mother and sister, with their sense of the practical, had already begun to look for slippers and a robe. He was not thinking too much of slippers, though. They were unimportant. He had work to do. He began thinking about a thesis he had planned. The Scholastics who came to visit him that morning were amused to hear him outline a thesis on his beloved Virgil. He told them, too, of the way he was going to take care of himself when he got out of bed. He would work hard, but carefully, so as not to strain himself.

The news went back to West Baden that he was improving steadily. The philosophers and theologians were more hopeful than ever. Even a sudden call from the hospital Friday night that he had developed a disturbing cough, was not too frightening. He had been worse than that before.

Saturday morning a call came from the hospital that he was worse. However the Sister who called did not think he would die that day. Mrs. Swabey, though, with unfailing intuition, called Father Rector and asked him to please come in. For forty-six days she had been with her son. Now she was certain that God was taking him. Father Rector left immediately for the hospital.

And then it was 1:25 p.m., Saturday, February 4, feast of St. John de Britto. The prayers for the dying had been said.

He stopped his calm breathing and was gone. He was twenty-one years old. He had entered the Society of Jesus five years, five months, and fifteen days before.

We buried Bernie Swabey at West Baden College three days later. There was some grief. There always is when a friend dies. But the general feeling seemed to be that now there was a great void. Timelessly—or so those seven weeks when he was sick had seemed—we had been working together towards this great goal. Now the day had come and it seemed that he alone had reaped the reward. As we walked back to the house from the cemetery, we reflected that we had books, prayer, and play to turn to now, nuisance values almost, in the light of what we had been dealing with these past weeks. It was as if the theatre were emptying and your companion made some commonplace remark which instantly shocked you from the grand emotions of the world of make believe, to the petty concerns of everyday prosaic life. Something came to mind again about Peter and Thabor and tabernacles. But we, too, had to come down from the mountain.

But coming down from the mountain could not erase the experience from our minds and hearts. We talked often of him. We compared him with Stanislaus, Berchmans, and Aloysius, and then almost always with another Aloysius who had died a novice in 1947. Aloysius Yarosh is always important to us, but he is especially important here because he had a profound effect upon Bernard Swabey. Aloysius, too, died young, of cancer, in Kennedy's Veterans Hospital, Memphis, Tennessee. In pain and suffering his prayer had always been, "Thy will be done." Those were his last words. It is no accident or coincidence that Bernard Swabey adopted the same words on his deathbed. He was imitating his young friend. Aloysius, too, had given Bernie plenty of time to meditate on the meaning of an early death. Listen to what Bernie wrote for our juniorate publication, *Ripples,* about Carissime Yarosh.

> Certainly being bed-ridden and helpless must have been hard for one who had great hopes of doing wonderful things for Christ's kingdom. Surely he saw that the fields were ripe for the harvest and that he had been chosen to help reap them, but his sickness put an end to all these plans. Yet he was able to say that God had given him the grace to remain happy in spite of all his trials.
>
> Now . . . (he) never preached a sermon, never gave a retreat or

> heard a confession, yet the good he did by his suffering and his heroic and saintly acceptance of that suffering, will live on to eternity. The novices who lived with him will never forget that example of holiness in life and death. . . . How is it that he did so much and yet seemingly performed no great work? He did this by understanding and living out Christ's command that "Unless the seed falling down die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit." Aloysius Yarosh truly allowed the seed of his own hopes and plans, his health and comfort, his very existence, to be crushed; and from the crushed seed has risen and will continue to arise the fruit whose worth can only be fully appraised in heaven. He realized that death on the cross was the only way to true happiness, and that suffering was an indispensable means for the diffusion of Christ in the souls of men.

And so now we talk on of Bernie, comparing him with Carissime Yarosh, admitting that because he had been with us longer, we knew Bernie much better than we had known Aloysius Yarosh. We spoke of the ordinary, everyday things of Bernie's life which we now knew manifested the fiery heart and determined will of a young man rushing along to heaven. We remembered how red his face would get in a ball game, especially in the last innings or last quarter, when we were behind. We remembered what that impatient toss of the head meant in a classroom discussion. We knew that he was very serious about his vocation because there was a long furrow which used to plough its way across his broad forehead at crucial times. For blessed with the defect of his virtue, Bernie could never conceal the obvious fact that for him the hard things were always hard and the easy things were always easy, and come what may, he was going to do them all extra well. You always knew he was trying.

A person like that could be an arch-nuisance in a community if he did not have a sense of humor. Biographers of St. Aloysius are still trying to get over the disturbing story that one day when he was too ill to come to the Villa one young Jesuit exclaimed, "The Censor is not coming. We shall be able to have some fun." You will never read anything close to that about Bernie Swabey. But you will hear people who knew him constantly remarking that the infectious thing about him was his "terrific" smile. One man wrote a little note to me when he heard I was working on this article. "Whatever you do," it read, "don't leave out his terrific smile. Out-of-province men really noticed this. I've heard them mention it."

You may have thought that his smile was the ordinary thing for a man who was naturally friendly. One man wrote this of Bernie's cheerfulness:

> When I first came to the juniorate Bernie had been there for six months already. We'd been living apart for those six months and I hadn't been giving Bernie the daily once-over which you give to men you rub elbows with every day. One of the first things I noticed about Bernie was that he was always cheerful and laughing at recreation. After that I took his cheerfulness for granted. But almost a year later Bernie and I were admonition partners. One day he asked me if I ever noticed that he was frowning or wearing a worried expression. Then in sort of explanation of why he asked me that particular question, he added something about the exterior expression being able to aid the interior. I didn't take this as an indication that he was often tortured by worries or anxieties interiorly, but I do think that it indicated that his cheerfulness and equanimity were not entirely natural.

In his meditation book for Gaudete Sunday, 1948, we read, "The Lord loves a cheerful giver, He loves service with a smile. By willing it, by practicing it, by rousing myself, by throwing off attachments, I lay the foundation for true joy."

You had to see the thin length of him moving through the recreation room with a smile on his face to appreciate just how well he lived out his ideal of true joy. His smile was never painted on. It was living and moving and reacting to what other people said and did. If you saw that smile when you were particularly worried about something, you might have been quick to assume that he was a man who never ran into any troubles or worries. He seemed to fly along in the service of God. Even his frown was concerned with advancement in his service and was most evident when little things went wrong—things you may have considered small and insignificant. That was all he had to bother about. You had the problems.

He probably never told you that he came to the Society but two weeks after the sudden death of his father. He was the only boy. A sister and an aunt were left with his mother. But then, there were a lot of things he never told you or anyone.

I wonder how many people ever knew that just after he came to West Baden a sickness came upon him which caused him some stomach pain. We find noted on a piece of scrap paper that he must learn to adjust himself to the incon-

venience of it. Very few people knew that he was bothered by some sort of a worry that he himself could not determine.

He wrote on the back of an envelope:

> Our philosophy of life produces happiness and no worry. Now I am worrying and upset. Therefore something is wrong in my understanding and practice of this philosophy. Now I must find this out and clear the tracks and have smooth sailing. I am studying AMDG and therefore all worry and nervousness is a distraction and a temptation and a draw-back to my advancement in studies.

He felt pretty bad when he was not sent to Patna from the juniorate, so bad that he told one of the men, "I feel like I've been kicked in the stomach!" He was deeply hurt, but who was it who organized the farewell celebration in the refectory for the Milford missionaries? Yes, you might have said from looking at him that nothing ever happened to him. But you would have been so wrong, which is the way he meant you to be.

Maybe his appearance contributed to the deception. He was a tall, handsome man with laughs in his feet. All you had to do was look at the length of the brogans and you forgot whatever it was you were being very serious about. They made a noise too, (we said) like flat paddles on smooth water. We used to tease him about them constantly, but especially when he tried to come into the library quietly. He was built long and loose. Things like elbows and feet were always knocking into tables or book racks. Then the blush would come. It did not take him any time to cheer you up at study in the library. All he had to do was try to be very quiet.

Then there was the matter of the letter "R." He just could not say it correctly five times out of five. At least two of the times it would come out a "W." Despite all the kidding he himself did about it, he took the matter very seriously, and while he was in the philosophate he was beyond the stage of warming us at table by reading a martyrology which began with, "At Wome . . ."

He took all the kidding very well and gave plenty in return. We had a little three word song however, which always stopped him. If he were near to cutting up anyplace, all one person had to do was begin the ditty and he would be sure to have a full chorus by the third word. It sang very simply to the tune of the first three words in the song "Sweethearts."

Only this song repeated, "Sway-buy, Sway-buy, Sway-buy." It was just another indication of how much he was a part of the community.

We liked to joke with him. There is something very wonderful about a strict Jesuit who loves to laugh. This man was strict with himself. Perhaps one of the most revealing notes he scribbled about his approach to the spiritual life was written as a bit of practice writing that no one ever would have seen had he not died so young. It read:

> How often do we think and hear these words: "Now be careful and don't overdo it or cause any nervousness." How often we tell ourselves, "Oh, I would like to make this visit or perform that act of charity or self-denial, but work and duty come first. I simply can't afford it."
>
> And yet I think it is about time we all *stop* pampering ourselves spiritually and *start* exercising in our spiritual life some of the energy we put into other activities. During retreats we feel the deep conviction that our spiritual life comes first, and that when we die only one thing is going to count. However, do we not fail to exercise this belief during the year when we constantly prefer the "wiser" course, the "safer" (and in truth the easier) way?
>
> The world is in a terrible plight today, but will never be helped by men who are constantly showing that 'prudence' which is a camouflage and a poor one, for their self love. Christ did not say, "Take up your cross but be careful that you don't stub your toe. Be careful lest you get a sliver." Christ tells us, "Come, take up your cross, carry it to Calvary and die with me."

He was entirely sincere in those words. In another part of his notes he has copied down and underlined a challenge which he answered with his life. "Who is to prevent us from becoming saints, since we have hearts to love and bodies to suffer?"

All the glamor went out of that dramatic question when you witnessed his response to it. What was suffering for him? In another part of his meditation notebook he has written, "If anyone will come after Me . . . Christ says this now in glory, but we can't have glory unless we carry the cross. Where is my cross? Daily life, charity, sickness, misunderstandings, anything hard."

We watched his daily life. He worked hard. Both years in the juniorate he was assigned to the A class for Latin and Greek. By mid-year each time he had done so well that he was moved up to the double A class. Outside of the classroom

he was also busy and as far as some of us were involved, almost too busy. He was forever commandeering five men for some project or other. Whether it was painting, cementing, cutting trees or building little protective shacks for push carts, he was on the job. Looking back now it is not difficult to see where a lot of those little tasks involved suffering. He loved to play ball and go on picnics as much, if not more, than any of us. In the juniorate he volunteered for jobs so often that he told someone that when Father Dean saw him at a certain job one day he asked, "Whose idea is this? Yours or the Minister's?"

We still talk about his charity. Charity can be a suffering, as all of us know, but is there not something significant in the fact that four times in his notes he mentions what he says is an old Chinese saying, "The greatest charity is to the uncharitable"?

Sickness? We need hardly mention how he endured that. Just recall his humor and prayerfulness along with his determination that no bit of his suffering be wasted.

There is not much to say about misunderstandings except his attitude towards them. There is no mention of trouble from them in his notes. But he considered them a form of suffering, a means to sanctity, as the first quotation above about suffering showed.

The last form of suffering he mentioned was "anything hard." That is certainly generic enough to be universally acceptable, and it seems a truism in this context, but there must have been times when he neglected to appreciate that "anything hard" was a suffering to be borne as a cross and not a nuisance to be avoided. It sometimes takes a lot of insight to see just how a fifteen minute wait outside Father Minister's office is a cross sent by almighty God to make saints of us. So Bernie wrote down as a means of becoming holy through suffering that "anything hard" is a form of suffering.

"Who is to prevent us from becoming saints," he had copied, "since we have hearts to love and bodies to suffer?"

He was strict, but the Christlike paradox was in him. He could be hard on himself, could speak of suffering almost like Christ spoke of the baptism wherewith he was to be baptized, while remaining loving and gentle towards others. The only explanation of the paradox has always been love, love of God

and love of fellow man because of God. If we begin with the assumption that Bernie must have been deeply in love with God, and then examine his writings and actions, we are in for a thrill. Our judgment will have been correct. For if anything stands out in the man's actions and words it is his personal love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Both of his juniorate sermons were on the subject. He composed a special examen status for the devotion. His notebooks are full of typed pages of quotations about Christ from spiritual reading books. He wanted to know Christ. Six of the articles he wrote either for *Ripples* or for practice writing concern the devotion. One speaks of different means of establishing the Apostleship of Prayer in the high schools. One concerns the problem Scholastics have with the devotion in general and the Apostleship of Prayer in particular. We read that he had planned to spend one hour each day of his first Christmas vacation at West Baden studying the Mass under the aspect of devotion to the Sacred Heart. In his notebook we read for one New Year's day:

> The Sacred Heart devotion goes to the heart of a man. The heart is the man. According to his heart are his acts and character. What is the heart of Christ like? Go to the crib. Here He shows His desires and likes and values. So contrary to the world . . . Why? Because "I have loved you with an everlasting love." He tells us, "Learn of Me . . ." i.e., study and imitate Him.

He lived to work in Patna. Somebody noted that he must have enlisted secretly the prayers of half the community to be chosen for India. His study partner at Baden remarked that after five minutes of minor logic their study period invariably became a mission circle with the two of them speculating on his chances of going that summer. His missionary spirit was summed up by a note he kept on his desk blotter, "What have I done today to spread the kingdom of Christ?" And in another place this young Jesuit who was already in the Hindu class and preparing in every practical way for India, wrote, "De Britto shot the works. Shoot the works!" When we reflect that he died on the feast of St. John de Britto we wonder if maybe St. John did not want another man who "shot the works" for India to celebrate his feast day with him in Heaven.

He wanted very much to go, but he was not going to

complain if he were not sent. He was too obedient for that. He might show hurt, but hurt is a far cry from complaint. One man remarked of him when speaking of his obedience in general, "You name the rule and I think I can tell you how he observed it very well." He would not complain about not being sent to the missions and he would not complain about anything else. Bernie the worker must have been puzzled a few times by Superiors' orders. At least you are tempted to think that when you read in his notebook two times, "I would rather be obedient than efficient."

Those were the ordinary things about Bernie Swabey. They have been consecrated to their true value, we think, by the example of his heroic death.

There is the man we lived with for five and a half years and learned to love so much. His shoes were the size of piano boxes, he had trouble with his "R's." He had a terrific smile. He was a fine athlete, a hard working student. He was neat. He was going to be a missionary. He was a good Jesuit. Before he died we may have thought of him as nothing but a good religious and a fine companion, an ordinary Jesuit. But his death has changed all that. We now seem to see him for what he truly was, a holy Scholastic, and we reflect on the strong meaning of another one of his little slogans that he must never have forgotten, "The religious who is not a hero is less than a man."

If you ever come to West Baden you can walk up the broad red walk that leads to the cemetery and go over to his grave. There you will see the simple Jesuit tombstone. There will not be any signs around praising him. There never were. In death as in life he remains a quiet religious, like so many other Jesuits and religious the world over. Perhaps he is different from them only in that he died so young. And maybe he died so young that we may have the courage, we who are left behind, to accept the grace that was Bernard Swabey as a challenge and a promise. We take one last look at him now as he sits at his desk, his forehead furrowed by that serious frown, his head cocked to a side, his back slightly bent. He is writing for us, "Who is to prevent us from becoming saints, since we have hearts to love and bodies to suffer?"

J. RICHARD MURRAY, S.J.

Books of Interest to Ours

TENTATIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN ANTI-JESUITIANA

FRANCIS X. CURRAN, S.J.

"Anemic" is the word for it. The Society of Jesus has been restored for a century and a half. In most European countries, our Fathers can point with pride to a large, flourishing, virulent library of anti-Jesuitiana, written since the Restoration. And what have we to show?

The state of American anti-Jesuit literature is feeble. During the Forties and Fifties of the last century, we had some real, red-blooded anti-Jesuitiana. A close examination, however, would have shown that most of the red corpuscles came from transfusions of European books and European ex-priests. With the Civil War, leukemia set in. American anti-Jesuitism, if it can be considered alive today, lives in a moribund state.

Is that a good or bad thing?

Some carping critic might say that American Jesuits are too insignificant to waste words on. He might point to the present bibliography as proof of his contention. But the compiler makes no claims that this list is complete. He hopes that readers can supply him with items he has missed, enough items to refute the contention that American anti-Jesuitiana is anemic.

The present bibliography, omitting periodical literature, lists books and pamphlets attacking the Society and published in the United States or Canada.

It does not include American editions, published without anti-Jesuit intent, of European classical authors. The reader, then should not look for Pascal's *Provincial Letters* or John Donne's *Ignatius his conclave; or, his inthronization in a late election in hell.*

It omits the few European publications attacking American Jesuits. For the curious, this list would include Patrick Smith's *Present State of the Catholic Missions conducted by the ex-Jesuits in North America* (Dublin: P. Byrne, 1788) and Charles P.T. "Father" Chiniquy's *Die Ermordung des Präsidenten Abraham Lincoln eine That der Jesuiten* (Barmen: Wiemann, 18—?).

Nor will Chiniquy's *Fifty Years in the Church of Rome,* from which the canard that the Jesuits assassinated Lincoln was translated into German, be found on the list. Most anti-Catholic publications in America, a tremendous list of which can be found in Ray A. Billington's *Protestant Crusade,* have a few kind words for the Jesuits, as does Chiniquy. But the present list is restricted to works which specifically attack the Society.

In gathering titles for the present list, the compiler came across a few books about the Jesuits which do not fall into the *pro* or *con* classification. One frequently republished example was the Rev. Michael Hobart Seymour's *Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome* (New York: Harpers, 1849, 1856, 1860; also published in London in 1856), a discussion of the Anglican position. Such volumes have not been listed.

For the sake of convenience, the present bibliography is divided into sections.

The first part lists American editions of the *Monita Secreta.* It will be noted that nine editions appeared between 1830 and 1860, and only one since 1900.

The second section gives "histories" of the Society, ranging from the unsympathetic to the downright vicious. It is a bit distressing to note that many libraries, including Jesuit ones, catalogue even the worst of these volumes as serious histories. Only two of these "histories" have been compiled by Americans, published since 1900.

The personal commentaries of ex-Jesuits have been gathered together under the title of memoirs. Again, most of these have been published in the 20th century. Only one is by an American.

Under the heading of "Jesuit in fiction" have been gathered the anti-Jesuit novels and plays. It is noteworthy that practically all were written by Americans and before the Civil War. The Jesuits are stock characters—usually in disguise, sly intriguers, rapists, murderers. A feature of many of these works is the female Jesuit, generally with a high-sounding foreign title, usually married, and invariably proving that the female is more deadly than the male.

The fifth and final division heaps together all other attacks on the Society. The authorship of these attacks is, roughly, half European and half American. By far the great majority

of these works was published before 1865. Only half a dozen have come out in the present century.

A note on American pro-Jesuitiana might be of interest. Apologias for the Society are few in number; and very few, indeed, were written by non-Jesuits. Mention might be made of Father John B. Eis' *The Jesuits: a eulogy of the Society of Jesus* (Colombus, Ohio: Columbian Printing Co., 1889), and "Observer", *Six Letters in Defense of the Order of the Jesuits* (Montreal: John Corcoran, 1843). And it is more than likely that "Observer" was a Jesuit. A third title would be that rare thing—a good word for the Jesuits from a Protestant minister. The good word was only an exposé of the *Monita Secreta* as a forgery; but we can be grateful to Leonard W. Bacon for his *Fair Play on Both Sides* (New Haven: T. J. Stafford, 1869).

The 19th century also produced a number of works of fiction presenting Jesuits as heroes rather than heels. One of the most successful was James McSherry's *Père Jean,* if one judges by the number of editions. *Père Jean,* which also came out under the title of *Father Laval,* was originally issued in 1849 and reissued in 1860, 1903 and 1907. The Jesuit characters in several pro-Jesuit novels, however, were as far removed from actual Jesuits as the anti-Jesuit Jesuit in fiction. Some examples would be Orange McNeil's *A Jesuit of Today* (New York: J. S. Tait, 1895), which by the way is catalogued as a biography in one Jesuit college library, and M. Bourchier Sanford's *The Romance of a Jesuit Mission* (New York: Baker & Taylor, 1897).

I. Monita Secreta

1. *Secreta monita Societatis Jesu. Secret instructions of the Jesuits, printed verbatim from the London copy of 1725. To which is prefixed an historical essay: with an appendix of notes, by the editor of 'The Protestant.'*

   Princeton, N. J.: J. & T. Simpson, 1831. 166 pp.

   This edition gives only the English translation. The editor of 'The Protestant' was William McGavin (1773-1832).

2. *Secreta monita . . .*

   Princeton: J. & T. Simpson, 1831. 232 pp.

   Same title and editor as the first. This edition, however, has Latin text and English translation on facing pages.

3. *Secreta monita Societatis Jesu. The secret counsels of the Society of Jesus, in Latin and English.*
   Baltimore: E. J. Coale, 1835. 2nd American ed. 103 pp.
   Edited by Robert J. Breckenridge (1800-1871). No earlier edition by Breckenridge has been discovered.
4. *Secret instructions of the Jesuits, translated from the Latin of an old genuine London copy; with an historical sketch.* Edited by W. C. Brownlee.
   New York: Charles K. Moore, 1841. 104 pp.
   This edition by William Craig "Parson" Brownlee (1784-1860) was the one most frequently reissued, sometimes with a change in title. Hereafter, it will be noted simply as the Brownlee edition.
5. *Secret instructions of the Jesuits; with an appendix, containing a short historical account of the Society.*
   Philadelphia: F. C. Wilson, 1844. 72 pp.
6. *Secret instructions of the Jesuits . . .*
   New York: American Protestant Society, 184-? 104 pp.
   Brownlee edition.
7. *Secret instructions of the Jesuits . . .*
   New York: American and Foreign Christian Union, 1854. 143 pp.
   Brownlee edition.
8. *A Startling Disclosure of the Secret Workings of the Jesuits; by a former French Roman Catholic, but now a Protestant and Colporteur; together with the Secret Seal of the Confessional, the Obligations of the Confessor and the Confessed; the Creed and Oaths of Popery; the Secret Instructions of the Jesuits . . .*
   N.p.: The Author, 1854. 103 pp.
   Pages 65-103 are devoted to the Monita.
9. *Secret Instructions of the Jesuits . . .*
   New York: American and Foreign Christian Union, 1857. 143 pp.
   Brownlee edition.
10. *Secret Instructions of the Jesuits. In Latin and English.* With an historical sketch by the Rev. W. C. Brownlee, D.D.
    Boston: T. E. Leyden, 1888. 142 pp.
11. *Secret instructions of the Jesuits . . .*
    Somerville, Mass.: T. E. Leyden, 1894. 142 pp.
12. *Secret instructions of the Jesuits . . .*
    New York: Truth Seeker Co., 1899. 60 pp.
13. *Secret instructions of the Jesuits . . .*
    New York: Truth Seeker Co., 190-? 60 pp.

II. 'Histories' of the Society

14. **Boehmer, Heinrich** (1869-1927)
    The Jesuits: an historical study.
    Philadelphia: Castle Press, 1928. 192 pp.
    Translated from the 4th German edition by P. Z. Strodach.

15. **Freer, Arthur S. B.** (1866-)
The early Franciscans and Jesuits: a study in contrasts.
New York: Macmillan; London: S.P.C.K., 1922. 141 pp.
16. **Griesinger, Theodor** (1809-1884)
The Jesuits: a complete history of their open and secret proceedings, from the foundation of the order to the present time.
New York: Putnam, 1883. 2 vol.
Translated from the 2nd German edition by A. J. Scott.
17. **Kidder, Daniel P.** (1815-1891)
The Jesuits: a historical sketch.
New York: Lane & Scott, 1851. 220 pp.
Published for the Sunday-School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church.
18. **McCabe, Joseph** (1867-)
A Candid History of the Jesuits.
New York: Putnam; London: Nash, 1913. 451 pp.
19. **Ridley, Francis A.** (1897-)
The Jesuits: a study in counter-revolution.
Toronto: S. J. R. Saunders; London: Secker & Warburg, 1938. 298 pp.
20. **Steinmetz, Andrew** (1816-1877)
History of the Jesuits from the foundation of their order to its suppression by Pope Clement XIV, their missions throughout the world, their educational system and literature, with their revival and present state.
Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1848. 2 vol.
21. **Taunton, Ethelred L.** (1857-1907)
History of the Jesuits in England, 1580-1773.
Philadelphia: Lippincott; London: Methuen, 1901. 513 pp.
22. **Walsh, Walter** (1847-)
The Jesuits in Great Britain: an historical inquiry into their political influence.
New York: Dutton; London: Routledge, 1903. 358 pp.

III. Memoirs of ex-Jesuits

23. **Barrett, Edward John Boyd** (1883-)
Jesuit Enigma.
New York: Boni & Liveright, 1927. 351 pp.
24. **Barrett, E. J. B.**
Magnificent Illusion.
New York: Ives Washburn, 1930. 321 pp.
25. **Hoensbroech, Paul Kajus, graf von** (1852-)
Fourteen years a Jesuit; a record of personal experience and a criticism.
New York and London: Cassell, 1911. 2 vol.
German original, published in 1909, has chapters omitted in this English translation by Alice Zimmern—"Abuses in the Jesuit Order" and "The Suppression of the Order."

26. **Miel, Charles F. B.** (1817-1902)
Pélerinage d'une âme: ou, expériences religieuses de C. F. B. Miel, D.D.
Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs, 1899. 236 pp.

27. **Miel, C. F. B.**
A soul's pilgrimage. Being the personal and religious experiences of C. F. B. Miel, D.D.
Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs, 1899. 190 pp.
The author, an apostate priest, had been a Jesuit novice in France. Lived as a Protestant minister for many years in the United States.

28. **Steinmetz, Andrew** (1816-1877)
The Novitiate: or, A Year among the English Jesuits; a personal narrative, with an essay on the constitutions, confessional morality, etc., of the Jesuits.
New York: Harpers, 1846. 334 pp.

29. **Truman, Ernest** (pseud.)
Leander: or, Secrets of the Priesthood.
Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 1869. 76 pp.
Author, an agnostic, had been a novice at Florissant.

IV. Jesuit in fiction

30. **Alencar, José Martiniano de** (1829-1877)
The Jesuit. A drama in four acts.
Boston: Bruce Humphries, 1938?
Considered one of the greatest Brazilian plays. A version from the Portuguese had appeared in *Poet Lore* 30 (1919) 475-547.

31. **Binder, William Earle**
Madelon Hawley, or, The Jesuit and his Victim. A Revelation of Romanism.
New York: H. Dayton, 1857. 277 pp.

32. Reissued: New York: H. Dayton, 1859.

33. Reissued: New York: D. W. Evans, 1860.

34. ----------
Carlington Castle: a tale of the Jesuits.
New York: 1854.

35. **Clark, Felicia Buttz**
The Jesuit.
New York: Eaton & Mains; Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham, c. 1908. 282 pp.

36. **Clark, F. B.**
Der Jesuit. In freier bearbeitung von Friedrich Munz.
New York: Eaton and Mains; Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham, c. 1911. 303 pp.

37. **Dhu, Helen** (pseud.)
Stanhope Burleigh: The Jesuits in our homes.
New York: Stringer & Townsend, 1855. 406 pp.

Real author unknown; attributed to Helen Black or Charles E. Lester.

38. **Farrenc, Edmund**
Carlotina and the Sanfedisti: or, A Night with the Jesuits at Rome.
New York: John S. Taylor, 1853. 432 pp.

39. **Luke, Jemima Thompson** (1813-)
The Female Jesuit: or, The Spy in the Family.
New York: H. Dayton, 1851. 353 pp.

40. Reissued: New York: H. Dayton, 1859.

41. Reissued: New York: H. Dayton, 1860.

42. **Luke, J. T.**
A Sequel to the Female Jesuit; Containing her Previous History and Recent Discovery.
New York: H. Dayton, 1852.

43. **Michon, Jean Hippolyte** (1806-1881)
Le Jésuite.
New York: H. de Mareil, 1865. 2 vol. in one.
Also published in 1865 in Paris and Frankfort a/m.

44. ----------
Helen Mulgrave; or, Jesuit Executorship; being Passages in the Life of a Seceder from Romanism. An autobiography.
New York: 1852. 2 vol.

45. Reissued: New York: De Witt & Davenport, 187-? Also published in London in 1853.

46. **Spindler, Karl** (1796-1855)
The Jesuit: an historical romance.
New York: J. Winchester, 1844? 110 pp.
German editions issued in Stuttgart, 1847 and Leipzig, 1904.

47. **Whitley, Thomas W.**
The Jesuit: or The Amours of Captain Effingham and the Lady Zarifa. A national melo-drama.
Washington, D. C.: U. S. Democratic Review, 1850. 20 pp.

48. **Smith, J. F.**
Fred Arden; or, The Jesuit's Revenge.
N.p.: n.d.

V. General Anti-Jesuitiana

49 **Achilli, Dante**
Dealings with the Inquisition: or, Papal Rome, her Priests and her Jesuits.
New York: 1851.
Achilli was an ex-priest.

50. ----------
An appeal to Caesar; a sequel to the Provincial Letters.
N.p.: n.d.

51. **Baxter, Richard** (1615-1691)
Jesuit Juggling. Forty Popish Frauds Detected and Disclosed.

New York: Craighead & Allen, 1835. 312 pp.
American edition of an old English book.

52. **Berg, Rev. Joseph F.** (1812-1871)
A lecture: delivered in the Musical Fund Hall . . . Dec. 23, 1850, on the Jesuits.
Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 1850. 29 pp.
Author claims the Jesuits would destroy America. In the North, they are Abolitionists; in the South, rabidly pro-slavery. Thus they undermine unity.

53. **Bert, Paul** (1833-1886)
The doctrine of the Jesuits.
Boston: B. F. Bradbury, 1880? 612 pp.
Translated from the 13th French edition. By Gambetta's minister of education. Largely an attack on Jesuit moralists—e.g. Jean Pierre Gury.

54. *Book of Tracts, Containing the Origin and Progress, Cruelties, Frauds, Superstitions, Miracles, Ceremonies, Idolatrous Customs of the Church of Rome; with a Succinct Account of the Rise and Progress of the Jesuits.*
New York: 1856.

55. **Carlyle, Thomas** (1795-1881)
Jesuitism. Latter-Day Pamphlets №8.
New York: Harpers, 1850. 48 pp.

56. **Cooper, Rufus T.** (1861-)
Jesuitism in Methodism: or, the ecclesiastical politics of the Methodist Episcopal Church under lime-light.
Washington: National Capital Press, c. 1915. 150 pp.

57. **De Sanctis, Luigi**
Rome, Christian and Papal: Sketches of its Religious Monuments and Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, with Notices of the Jesuits and the Inquisition.
New York: Harpers, 1856. 261 pp.
By an ex-priest. In form of letters from a fictional character.

58. **Dow, Lorenzo** (1777-1834)
Analectic history: touching nullification, Northern and Southern; the last warning of Lorenzo Dow.
Washington: 1834. 36 pp.
The last warning chiefly concerns the Jesuits, who were shipped to America by the Holy Alliance to destroy American institutions.

59. **Drummond, Louis H., S.J.** (1848-1929)
Controversy on the constitutions of the Jesuits, between Dr. Littledale and Father Drummond.
Winnipeg: 1889.
Drummond was a Canadian Jesuit; Littledale a Protestant minister.

60. **Duff, Alexander** (1806-1878)
The Jesuits: their origin and order, morality and practices, suppression and restoration.

Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication, 1845. 107 pp.
From the 2nd Edinburgh edition. Written by a Scotch minister who declares, *inter alia,* that Jesuits, on the orders of their superior, will kill their parents, and did in fact poison Clement XIV.

61. **Fulton, Justin Dewey** (1828-1901)
Washington in the Lap of Rome.
Boston: W. Kellaway, 1888. 265 pp.
Finds that the Jesuits dominate Washington—not only the government, but society. Has a chapter: "The Jesuits in the Parlor: or, Fashionable Life in Washington."

62. **Gaylor, N. M.**
Kossuth and the American Jesuits.
Lowell, Mass.: 1852.

63. **Giustiniani, Luigi**
Intrigues of Jesuitism in the United States of America.
Philadelphia: 1846.
Another ex-priest warns of the Jesuit threat to America. One of the foulest books on this list. Billington, in his *Protestant Crusade,* mentions a seventh edition of this book. Only one edition has been discovered by the present writer.

64. **Griffin, John Smith**
A historic sketch, descriptive of Jesuit warfare, together with a defensive appeal, addressed to the younger ministers and intelligent laymen of the Congregational Churches of Oregon and Washington.
Hillsboro, Ore.: The Author, 1881. 49 pp.
The author, a Congregationalist minister, has been continually persecuted since his arrival in the Northwest in 1839 by the Jesuits, allied with the Congregationalist ministers sent out by the Home Mission Society.

65. **Gury, J. P.**
Doctrines of the Jesuits.
N.p.: Rail-splitter press, 1924. 3rd ed.
In spite of the three editions, no copy of this book has been discovered. It may be a revision of Paul Bert's (q.v.) attack on Jean Pierre Gury.

66. **Henne am Rhyn, Otto** (1828-1914)
The Jesuits: their history, constitutions, moral teaching, political principles, religion and science.
New York: J. Fitzgerald, 1895. 90 pp.
Translated from the German. Only unusual charge: Jesuits favor prostitution.

67. ----------
Jesuitism secretly at work. An exposure of the mental methods used by Roman Catholic adepts, to manipulate and control politics and politicians, and other persons in the United States.

New York: American Standard Press, 1924. 8 pp.
A favorite idea of the founder of Christian Science.

68. **Lehmann, Leo H.** (1895-1951)
The Ins and Outs of the Jesuits.
New York: Converted Catholic Press, 1942. 4 pp.
List of expulsions of the Society by ex-priest, formerly editor of *The Converted Catholic.*

69. **Lewis, Arthur W.**
The Monroe Doctrine Unveiled and the Mexican Crisis.
Aurora, Mo.: Walker Pub. Co., c. 1914. 79 pp.
From the presses of the notorious anti-Catholic periodical, *The Menace.*

70. **Mangasarian, Mangasar M.** (1859-)
The Jesuits and their morals. Report of a lecture delivered before the Independent Religious Society.
Chicago: Rationalist Press, 1913. 19 pp.

71. **Michelet, Jules** (1798-1874) **and E. Quinet.**
The Jesuits.
New York: Gates & Stedman, 1845. 225 pp.
Translated by Charles Edwards Lester, to whom it is sometimes attributed.

72. **Morse, Samuel Finlay Breese** (1791-1872) (ed.)
The Prescribed German Student: Being a Sketch of Some Interesting Incidents in the Life and Death of Lewis Clausing; to which is added: A Treatise on the Jesuits, a Posthumous Work of Lewis Clausing.
New York: Van Nostrand & Dwight, 1836. 244 pp.
The profits of this work may have helped finance the telegraph, patented in 1840. The treatise on the Jesuits occupies pages 59-244.

73. **Murray, Oliver E.**
The Black Pope: or, The Jesuits' Conspiracy against American Institutions.
Chicago: Patriot Co., c. 1892. 2nd ed. 255 pp.
Lectures delivered in a Methodist church by its minister.

74. ----------
Pith and Marrow of the Closing and Coming Century and Related Position of Freemasonry and Jesuitry.
New York: The T. P. Co., 1899. 2nd ed. 17 pp.
Masons, leaders of progress, have fought against Jesuits, leaders of reaction, in the past. They must continue to do so in the 20th Century.

75. **Pitrat, John Cladius**
Americans Warned of Jesuitism: or, The Jesuits Unveiled.
New York: J. S. Redfield, 1851. 266 pp.

76. Another edition: Boston: 1855. 3rd ed.
2nd edition not discovered. Author, a French priest, left the Church in America and made a career here of anti-Catholicism.

Jesuits foster simony, perjury, usury, duelling, rebellion, murder, suicide, rape and adultery.

77. **Porter, Noah** (1811-1892)
The educational systems of the Puritans and Jesuits compared. A premium essay, written for the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West.
New York: M. W. Dodd, 1851. 95 pp.

78. Another edition: New York: M. W. Dodd, 1852.

79. **Poterie, Claude Florent Bochard de la**
The Resurrection of Laurent Ricci: or, a true and exact history of the Jesuits.
Philadelphia: 1789. 28 pp.

80. Another edition: Boston: Edmund Freeman (?), 1789.
Largely an attack on Bishop John Carroll.

81. **Potts, William Stephens** (1802-1852)
Dangers of Jesuit Instruction. A sermon, preached at the Second Presbyterian Church in St. Louis, Sept. 25, 1845.
St. Louis, Mo.: The Congregation, 1845. 21 pp.

82. **Potts, W. S.**
Dangers of Jesuit Instruction.
St. Louis: Keith & Woods, 1846. 126 pp.
The reason for the much-enlarged second edition was that the first had fallen into the hands of Orestes Brownson. The second edition includes Brownson's criticisms and Potts' answer.

83. **"Protestant"**
Protestant Jesuitism.
New York: Harpers, 1836. 295 pp.
An attack on the Temperance movement by comparing it to Jesuitism, which is exposed in an unfavorable fashion.

84. **Scrimger, John**
Jesuit morals.
Montreal: William Drysdale, 1890. 89 pp.
The author, a Presbyterian minister, disagrees with Father Arthur Jones of the Canadian Province on Jesuit moral teaching.

85. ----------
Speeches of Mr. Hopkins of Northampton on the Bill to Incorporate the College of the Holy Cross in the City of Worcester, Delivered in the House of Representatives, April 24th and 25th, 1849, with an Introductory Letter to the Members of the House.
Northampton, Mass.: 1849.

86. **Starbuck, Charles C.** (1827-1909)
The true and the fictitious Jesuits.
Richmond, Va.: Presbyterian Quarterly Press, 1893.

87. **Taylor, Isaac** (1787-1865)
Loyola: or, Jesuitism in its rudiments.
New York: Robert Carter & Bros., 1849. 416 pp.

88. Another edition: New York: Carter, 1851.

89. Another edition: New York: Carter, 1857.

90. **Thompson, Richard W.** (1809-1900)
The Footprints of the Jesuits.
Boston and New York: T. Y. Crowell; Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts, 1894. 509 pp.
By a former Secretary of the Navy. Gives a 'history' of the Society, pages 32-282. Jesuits made Pope infallible, threaten American institutions.

91. **Townsend, Luther Tracy** (1838-1922)
Jesuitical influence on the secular press.
Boston: American Citizen Co., 1892. 35 pp.
This Methodist minister found a Jesuit at the elbow of every newspaper editor.

92. **Vedder, Henry C.**
Life of Ignatius Loyola.
Girard, Kansas: Haldeman-Julius, 1925. 59 pp.

93. **Webber, Charles Wilkins** (1819-1856)
"Sam": or, the history of mystery.
Cincinnati: H. M. Rulison; Philadelphia: Quaker City Publishing House, 1855. 550 pp.
The French and Indian Wars were really fights between Uncle Sam and the Society of Jesus.

94. **Webber, C. W.**
Historical and revolutionary incidents of the early settlers of the United States.
Philadelphia: D. Rulison, 1861. 416 pp.
A shortened version of "Sam."

A NEW JESUIT REVIEW OF OPINION

JOSE A. ROMERO, S.J.

New Year's Day of this year was the third anniversary of the Society's new review of opinion, *Latinoamerica.* On January 1, 1949 this new publication was added to the imposing array of similar magazines edited by the Fathers of the Society. Among these descendants of the original Jesuit review of opinion, *Civiltà Cattolica,* can be found such internationally famous reviews as *Etudes, Razon y Fe, Stimmen der Zeit, Studies, The Month* and *America. Latinoamerica* does not yet enjoy a reputation as great as that enjoyed by its more venerable associates. Nevertheless, its editors are confident that the day will come when it may justly consider itself one of the Society's more important reviews. It is a magazine with a real future since its prospective readers are the educated classes of that vast reach of territory which runs from the Mexican border to the tip of Tierra del Fuego, not to mention the islands of the Caribbean. One of the unique features of *Latinoamerica,* which is the result of the large and varied nature of

its reading public and its contributors, is its tri-lingual character. In its pages can be found articles in French, Spanish and Portuguese, although the latter two languages are the ones which are generally employed for its feature articles. Contributors and correspondents send their material to the new review from practically all the Latin American republics.

The origin of our new Latin American magazine can be traced to a meeting which was held in Mexico City in 1946 at the suggestion of Father Tomas J. Trávi, the present Assistant for Latin America. Father Trávi, who was then Provincial of Argentina, wished to hold a meeting to which representatives of all the provinces and vice-provinces of Latin America could come to discuss the possibility of co-ordinating their work in the field of publication. Since the Mexican Province had etablished its "Asociacion Nacional de Buena Prensa" many years previously, and through it was successfully putting out a good number of magazines and other publications in the Mexican Republic, Mexico City seemed the natural place for such a meeting to be held. Father Trávi, therefore, wrote to Father José de Jesus Martínez Aguirre, the Provincial of Mexico, and suggested that he invite representatives of all the Latin American provinces and vice-provinces to attend a convention on publications to be held in Mexico City. Father Martínez Aguirre fell in with the suggestion and commissioned the author, who is Director of the "Buena Prensa," to organize the meeting and send the invitations to the various provincials and vice-provincials. Cuba, Central America, Brazil, Colombia, Argentina, Bolivia and Venezuela accepted the invitation and sent the delegates who constituted this first Assistancy-wide convention on publications. At this meeting, and at a second convention held at Bogotá, Colombia, in 1947, to which delegates came also from Ecuador and Peru, it was decided that a review of opinion should be established as an Assistancy-wide venture and that the various provinces and vice-provinces should collaborate in its publication. Father General, who had been kept informed of the progress of the discussions, gave his warm encouragement to the project. Even before the second convention was convened at Bogotá he sent a letter urging the author to continue his work along these lines, and wrote also to Father Alberto Moreno, the Provincial of Colombia. Father General designated Father Moreno as the one to preside at the Colombian convention, and in his letter of appointment suggested that steps should be taken toward the establishment of a Latin-American house of writers and an international magazine which would be supported and directed by all the provinces and vice-provinces of the Assistancy.

As a consequence of these conventions, the first issue of *Latinoamerica* was published in Mexico City on January 1, 1949. The "Obra Nacional de la Buena Prensa" took charge of all details relating to publication and distribution, and this responsibility is still in its hands. The magazine is printed in Mexico City every month and sent by air

mail to its distributors in each of the Latin American capitals. The hoped-for house of writers has not yet been established, and so far, although we have an excellent group of contributors in Latin America, Europe and the United States, the full burden of publication has fallen on the shoulders of Father Alvarez of the "Buena Prensa" and the author. We have had, however, the very efficient assistance of our Superior, Father de la Peza. If the editorial department is to function as it should, however, we must have the full-time services of an additional Father from one of the Brazilian provinces to handle our Portuguese articles and of another Spanish-speaking Father to assist us in handling our articles in that language.

The financial situation of *Latinoamerica* is still precarious. Our circulation is still small (3,000 copies monthly) and our expenses are considerable. The largest items are the authors' *honoraria,* which must be paid in dollars, and the expense of circulating our copies by air mail over so large an area. Although financial help has been received from other sources, the chief burden in this field, too, has fallen on the "Buena Prensa." In the first three years of operation, *Latinoamerica's* indebtedness toward the "Buena Prensa" has reached the sum of 40,000 Mexican pesos, and the Mexican organization, which has already the responsibility of financing some nineteen publications of its own and a book-publishing department besides, cannot stand this drain indefinitely. Just as a permanent solution to the difficulties of the editorial department can be found only by the establishment of a permanent corps of writers resident in Mexico, our business department can hope to end its worries only by discovering substantial financial supporters in the same republic, since our widely-scattered circulation drastically limits the amount of advertising which we can hope to secure.

Despite our difficulties, however, much good has been accomplished by *Latinoamerica* in the three years of its existence. Although the Latin American region is relatively homogeneous, its vastness has resulted in the relative isolation of each of its component parts. Consequently, the citizens of one nation know comparatively little about historical or current events which have taken place in the other countries. *Latinoamerica* has performed a valuable service by filling this cultural lacuna. Its articles have been a faithful mirror of the life of each of the Latin American nations and its pages have described the important events in each country and indicated their bearing on the life of the Church within its borders. It has made its readers conscious of the vitality of the Church in Latin America and of the principal dangers which face it there in our times. Letters of praise and encouragement have come to the editors from the Latin American episcopate and from writers and leaders of public life in the various Latin American countries.

The editors have placed *Latinoamerica* under the protection of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus and they are confident that He will see it through its present difficulties and make it a great instrument for the good of souls.

The Sacred Heart and Modern Life. *By François Charmot, S.J.*, Translated by Kathryn Sullivan, R.S.C.J. New York, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, 1952. Pp. xv-261. $3.50.

Every new work on the source of a Jesuit's life and love deserves our attention. This book, by the eminent French humanist (Lyons Province), is especially worthy of prayerful reflection because it presents in a scholarly manner Christ's vehement plea for love to a century heedless of his mystical presence.

Since the author's purpose is not to produce an historical or theological study of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, he refers the reader to the classic works on these aspects of the devotion (e.g. Bainvel, Hamon, Ramière, et al.). He limits his treatment to the actual conditions of the world in which the modern apostle must work, and to how we can exploit to the full the infinite riches of the Sacred Heart for our own sanctification and for the sanctification of others.

To achieve this goal, he first reminds us of Christ's infinite love for men and of His compelling appeal for the unity of His mystical body. Then he emphasizes the importance of devotion to the Sacred Heart by explaining how it is the unique source of every apostolate: "There is only one true apostolate: union in love." The remainder of the book is concerned with formation of active apostles "after Christ's own Heart," in view of the contemporary needs of our pagan world. Though there is an undisguised emphasis on action, the author tempers his remarks by the frequent reminder that contemplation and suffering are the well-spring and acid test of every fruitful apostolate of love.

The theme of the entire book is in the form of a challenge: "The modern apostolate must be an apostolate of love, and only those souls who are afire with Christ's love and with love for Christ will be fit to take part in it." Apt quotations from the papal encyclical *Mystici Corporis*, the writings of Blessed Claude de la Colombière, Sister Josepha Menendez and others are well suited to engender the confidence and courage necessary to meet this challenge.

DOMINIC MARUCA, S.J.

Mary in the Documents of the Church. *By Paul F. Palmer, S.J.* Westminster, The Newman Press, 1952. Pp. xxii-129. $2.25.

What we know of Our Lady comes in great part from tradition. In an example cited by Father Palmer (New York Province), "It is only in the light of the Church's long tradition on the absolute sinlessness of Mary that we begin to understand that Christ's tremendous occupation with His 'Father's business' (at Cana) is in no sense a repudiation of His Mother or her interests." Unfortunately for the student, while the New Testament is gathered into a single book, the documents of tradition are scattered down two thousand years. It is Father Palmer's object, therefore, to collect the more important writings of the Fathers of the Church, the Popes and the Councils in a single volume.

Beginning with the early Church there are the various Creeds, the Hippolytine and Rufine, in which the Church's belief of Mary is stated positively; and in fighting the various heresies of Gnosticism, Arianism and Nestorianism, the belief is stated in its negative form, what the Church does not believe of Mary. Following this there are the writings of the Eastern and Western Church, of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. John Damascene and others, from the fourth to the eighth century. In the ninth century discussions arise concerning Our Lady's Immaculate Conception and Assumption. St. Bernard of Clairvaux was reluctant to admit the Immaculate Conception; in opposition to him came the famous norm of God's gifts to Mary: "Potuit, decuit, ergo fecit." The book continues down to the present day, to Mary's titles of Mediatrix of All Graces, Co-Redemptrix and Mother of the Mystical Body.

Each section of the book has a short introduction putting the cited documents into their historical context. The book, while intended as an historical justification of the Church's devotion to Mary, is also helpful to the preacher and Our Lady's ordinary followers who want to find out about her from the best possible source: the living tradition of the Church.

GERARD F. GIBLIN, S.J.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

The asterisk indicates that a review will be published in a later issue.

From The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee:

***The Ignatian Way to God.** *By Alexandre Brou, S.J.*
***Joseph and Jesus.** *By Francis L. Filas, S.J.*

From The Eucharistic Crusade of the Knights and Handmaids, St. Louis:
***K.H.B.S. Eucharistic Prayerbook.** *By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.*

From The Newman Press, Westminster:
***St. Prosper of Aquitaine, The Call of All Nations.**

From The Bookstore, Loyola University, New Orleans 18, Louisiana:
Catholic Colleges of the U.S. of A. at the Middle of the Twentieth Century.

This report, compiled by Father James F. Whelan, S.J. (New Orleans Province), furnishes valuable statistics on Catholic Higher Education. It merits careful study on the part of all who are interested in that field of Jesuit activity.

From The Catholic Social Guild, Oxford, England:
The Right to Resist. *By Max Pribilla, S.J.* 36 pp.
The Christian Democrat (May and June, 1952, issues).

From C.T.S., 38-40 Eccleston Square, London S.W. 1, England:
St. Anthony of Padua. *By Benedict O'Halloran, O.F.M., M.A.* 16 pp.
Why Enclosed Nuns? *By Dom Bruno Webb, O.S.B.* 16 pp.