

The Record

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SILVER KING DRAMA GRIPS HUGE AUDIENCE



RT. REV. JOSEPH F. BUSCH, D.D.

Officiated in Pontifical Ceremonies on Saturday Morning

COMMUNITY CELEBRATES FEAST OF ST. BENEDICT

Holy Mother Church celebrated with her most solemn pomp and splendor the feast of St. Benedict, Saturday, March 21 in the St. John's Abbey church here. Before the gilded baldachin altar hung a white silk antependium embroidered with the coat of arms of the Abbey. On the altar were displayed the relics of the saints surrounded by great masses of multi-colored flowers. The throne was hung with white silk draperies embroidered in gold Maltese crosses.

The ceremonies of the day began with recitation of Prime by the Community at 4:30 in the morning. At 6:30, to the sweet strains of the

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CEREMONIES ON ST. BENEDICT'S DAY ARE BROADCAST

What came as a surprise to radio lovers on Saturday forenoon was the sudden organ chimes and melodious sound of Gregorian chant that greeted the ears of those who tuned for wave lengths of 236 meters. The Pontifical Ceremonies, conducted by the Right Reverend Abbot of the Feast of St. Benedict, were sent out over the local station. The sermon of the occasion, preached by the Right Reverend celebrant in English and German, were heard over the radio by many families of the community. So touched was Father Anselm of

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Audience Is Moved To Tears By Touching Scenes

Leo J. Hohmann Features In Title Role

On Sunday evening, March 22, the University Dramatic Association scored a signal success in the presentation of "The Silver King," a drama of five acts by Henry Arthur Jones and Henry Herman.

The undertaking was truly a huge one, but its difficulties proved no obstacles to young thespians of the school, and the encomiums rained upon the production have been an adequate appraisal of its success. "The Silver King" with its fifteen scenes and a cast of fifty to sixty players is no small item from a theatrical point of view, especially at college, and the event long heralded in local circles had been awaited with feverish interest. The auditorium was packed to every inch of seating capacity, including aisles and window-sills, over 700 finding places, some remaining standing throughout the entire performance. More than 260 friends of the young actors came as visitors to St. John's for the play. All went away with only the highest words of commendation for the efforts of those concerned.

It has often been stated as a marvel, the scenic effects realized on our small stage, but in "The Silver King," Father David, under whose direction the play was put on, outdid himself in features of stage production. He was assisted by an able corps of stage assistants, namely, Messrs. Eugene Auger, Michael Doyle, John Sweetman, and Father Theodore, assistant director of dramatics.

No small credit is due Mr. Louis Kopfmann, of the Twin City Scenic Studios, Minneapolis, who personally undertook the make-up of the cast. Mr. Kopfmann for many past years has proved himself a loyal friend of St. John's and is one of the master make-up artists of the country. Whispered questions everywhere in the audience as to the identity of the actors accorded Mr. Kopfmann a royal compliment as to the success of his work.

The University Orchestra, which is making a reputation for itself of late, was at its best in five selections, three of which by Tabani were especially appreciatively received by the audience. A masterful interpretation of Aletter's "Pulcinello" was the last musical number.

Of the cast, the chief laurels go to Mr. Leo Hohmann, who played the title role. Mr. Hohmann's interpretation fell little short of

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SILVER KING DRAMA GRIPS HUGE AUDIENCE

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being professional, and the school conceded him abilities of no slight calibre, being little less than professional at critical points of the play. The character of Denver calls for three distinct roles in itself, and coupled with an unusually heavy memory burden. Mr. Hohmann acquitted himself admirably.

Mr. Henry Kirwin appeared in the role of the villain, Capt. Herbert Skinner, a smooth



MR. LEO HOHMANN
He Played the Role of "Silver King"

intriguing schemer and murderer. The character work was heavy and called for a big man. Mr. Kirwin rose to the occasion with the masterful touch that bespeaks hours of practice and no little talent.

One of the most difficult roles of the drama was that of the aged butler of the Denver mansion, Daniel Juikes. The voice work of this character requires a talented actor and good acting. Mr. Raymond DeNomme did not disappoint the audience and successfully brought the tears and laughter that attend a lovable faithful old servant.

The pathetic role of "The Silver King", that of Denver's son, Danny, emotional and heavy in lines, was impersonated by Mr. Thomas Donovan. Mr. Donovan won his audience from his opening lines, and added not a little towards accelerating the movement of the play towards its climax.

A triple set of crooks, Eliah Coombe, Harry Corkett, and Gripps, played respectively by Messrs. Arthur Nestor, Robert Botz, and

INTRAMURAL ORGANIZATION REPORTS SUCCESS

If there is an organization in the school that has a vital bearing upon its general welfare, that organization is the one that regulates and stimulates intramural sports. It is with no small pride that St. John's congratulates itself upon the success of Spike and Cleat Athletic Fraternity. The winter season closed this past week, and it is the unstinted approval of those members of the faculty as well as of those students who control the life of the organization, that never before in the history of St. John's has the intramural sports question been brought to so favorable an issue. Mr.

Joseph Keller were voted a huge success. These characters could hardly have been better handled by professionals, and it was with regret that the audience noted the end of the play deprive the stage of their presence.

Mr. Raymond Goodman made an excellent Sam Baxter—every inch the cool, clever detective. His exquisite voice work united to the facial expressions of a representative of Scotland Yard, rounded out his role to perfection.

The work of Messrs. Wiederholt, Dworschak, and Clay in their clear-cut character delineations were decided helps towards aiding the main action of the drama, and Mr. Phipps scored no little success as a typical old foggy, Gaffer Pottle.

There was not one of the cast that did not "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce it to you—trippingly on the tongue", and one and all should feel that their efforts to make "The Silver King" a memorable event in St. John's dramatic circles, were successful.

The best gauge of the success of the play was the attention and applause of the audience who sat for six hours with unabated interest for the outcome of the plot. May "The Silver King" find many like successors on the local stage.

Flynn avers that never since he took charge of sports at St. John's twelve years ago, has he witnessed such a fructification of the ideal results to be aimed at in the league system of games. Interest has been at fever heat during the whole winter season, the ability of the players has received a fresh impetus towards perfection, and above all the whole student body has been kept actively engaged in the clean wholesome sports, so imperatively necessary from an educative standpoint.

We have carefully examined the other systems of intramural sports throughout the State of Minnesota, and in not one of them do we note the thorough organization that characterizes Spike and Cleat, nor do we note so marked a degree of general success. Many members of the faculty do not perhaps realize what the activity of this organization has meant to St. John's during the past athletic seasons of this school year, but it is the unanimous verdict of Mr. Flynn, Physical Director, of Father Clarus, Faculty Adviser, as well as of the Prefect body, that Spike and Cleat indicates a decided upward stride towards making a more ideal St. John's. The many features affected by the life of the school in its intramural athletic activities may easily be inferred, and we are pleased to congratulate those who have devoted so much time and labor towards making Spike and Cleat Athletic Fraternity attain its ends.

For the sake of the interest of the faculty and of the alumni we wish to publish the fact that we have been the recipients of several letters indicating that other schools and institutions are vitally interested in the outcome of our new system of intramural sports.

Son: Papa, what is an idiom?

Father: An idiom, my son, is merely the feminine form of—

Mother: That will do, son, you'd better run along to bed. —Oklahoma Whirlwind



Ed. Ricker Art. Nestor E. M. Clay W. I. Phipps W. Dworschak



Leo Diekmann Robt. Botz Anton Kampa Vinc. Wiederholt Leo Grode Jos. Keller Art. Kremer

TESTIMONIAL OF BAPTISM

This to certify that

Jacob Leo Stomann,

born at Richmond on the 28 of Jan. 1900

Child of

residing at St. Cloud,

was baptized in the Church of St. Peter and Paul, Richmond, Minn.

on the 3 of Febr. 1900

BY P. Lawrence Steinkogeler O.S.B. Assist. - Pastor.

[Redacted]

Sponsors.

I hereby testify that the above is a true and correct extract of the Baptismal Records of the Church of St. Peter and Paul at Richmond, Minnesota.

Richmond, Stearns Co. Minnesota

Mary 5 1905

P. Gregory Steil, O.S.B. Pastor.

St. Peter and Paul's Rectory

Richmond, (Stearns Co.,) Minn., May 5 1925

This is to testify that Jacob S. Hohmann
son of [REDACTED]
born Jan. 28-1900, & bapt. Feb. 3 A. D. 1900, was
confirmed June 19. A. D. 1919, by his Grace
the Right Rev. Bishop Trobee D. D. in the Church
of St. Peter & St. Paul, at Richmond, Minnesota.
His Godfather was [REDACTED] of Richmond
Minn.

This is a correct copy of the Confirmation-
Register of the S. S. St. & Paul Church of Richmond
(Rev.) P. Gregory Steil, O. S. B.
Rector,

Litterae Testimoniales



Praesentes Inspecturis Salutem in Domino!

Cum ex praemissa diligenti investigatione Nobis constiterit Dilectum Nobis in Christo
Leonem Jacobum Hohmann, ex legitimis natalibus in paroecia S. S.
Petri et Pauli in loco Richmond ortum, pie
educatum atque in religione christiana bene instructum, moribus bonis ingenioque praestanti ornatum, honesta
vita ac fama conditioneque integra commendatum, neque inquisitum aut aliqua censura, irregularitate aliove
canonico impedimento, quod sciamus, irretitum esse, neque opitulandi parentibus necessitudine gravatum
existere: Nos per praesentes litteras indubiam fidem facimus et testamur nihil, quantum cognoscere potuimus,
ex hac parte obstare quominus praefatum D. Leonem Jacobum Hohmann ut ad
statum religiosum admittatur commendemus.

In quorum fidem has Testimoniales litteras manu Nostra subscriptas sigilloque Nostro et Secretarii Nostri
subscriptione munitas expidiri iussimus.

Datum *M. C. C. C. C. C. C.*, ex aedibus Nostris Episcopalibus.

Die *3 Junii*, A. D. *1925*

+ J. F. Bensch
Episcopus.
C. Schubert
Secretarius.

We met P. Joseph Krause in Trier by chance the day we saw Calderon's play. It was a surprise to us and a pleasure. Since then he has visited Maria Larch and we had a good long chat together.

A few days after your letter arrived, I read of an "Orkan" that struck the Bahamas. I sincerely hope the missions weren't damaged. Heartiest greetings to Fr. Ambrose - ask him if "Choral" music comes from his coral islands! These must be resounding with his cheery chants, as of yore. You spoke of his optimism - I'm glad he hasn't changed - it's chronic optimism, I'm afraid! I should have liked nothing more than to have a peep at those photographs you said you were enclosing; now that you kept them back, I take it to mean that you want to write me again. Do so! Ich bin müde, Tübingen, as per usual!

According to your letter I know that I'm not the only one who was wishing to be where Geoffrey is now. Of course, I need not tell you that it takes more sacrifice to live away from St. John's and do God's will than to live at St. John's which means that it requires more ^{living} obedience which is the monk's virtue par excellence. One must be a more perfect monk to live as a monk outside the monastery than within. That, Othmar, is my daily battle at Tübingen. Oftentimes I've felt like showing all the honors of a doctor abroad and apply to the Abbot for a ticket home - but it's not the promise of doctoral honors that's "keeping my nose to the grindstone" but nor the "allurements" of Wissenschaft: it's something more prosaic and at the same time more sublime - monastic obedience. Now in your case, it takes even more of this rare thing we call the "supernatural point of view" for reasons which you know better than I. And it's that which I've admired in you from the time I got to know you as student and as novice. When I think back, those very things Father Martin used to talk about, and we didn't see how they would work out in our own lives. Well, let's unite our mutual understanding, our mutual striving and our "gegenseitiges Wohlwollen" in a brotherly prayer and memento at the One Sacrifice! And be assured I need it more than you! With heartiest greetings to the Very Rev. Bernard, Father Arnold, Denis, Ambrose,

Question and all to remain will much fraternal love,
Pardal 0003

**An Eye-Witness Account
of Survival in the
Eye of a Hurricane by
Fr. Othmar Hohmann, OSB
Summer, 1926,
Nassau, Bahamas.**

St. John's Abbey Archives

Chapter ~~XI~~ Hurricanes

Tropical cyclonic storms ^{called} typhoons in the Orient and hurricanes in the West Indies are of comparatively rare occurrence; yet during the summer of 1926, the Bahamas were visited by three devastating storms ^{and} in a few weeks! These storms form only over certain well-defined and limited water areas of the Tropics and quickly lose their energy on reaching a large land surface such as a continent. As they progress toward the middle latitudes they also lose energy, though more slowly and usually at the same time expanding in area.

Each of them was more
severe than any experienced
since the historical one of
1866

^{In some of its details}
The origin of tropical cyclones is obscure in some of the details. Their maintenance is dependent on a supply of water vapor which in the doldrums is present in the atmosphere in large amounts. The vapor laden and heated air of these regions is under-run and forced upward by adjacent denser air, denser because drier and cooler. Thus perhaps is begun that process which later on results in a continuing system of winds blowing around a moving center and constituting a tropical cyclone.

in large amounts

In summer of 1926, three hurricanes, each of them more severe than any experienced since the historic one of 1866. / Ju. y 26, Srpt. 17, Oct. 21.

Tropical

hurricane

Hurricanes or tropical cyclonic storms are much like the dreaded typhoons of the South Pacific which travel in a large revolving mass with average diameter ~~about~~^{about} 300 miles ~~and~~ in a counterclockwise direction around a center of calm. The center, ~~seldom~~^{seldom} moves more than ten to 20 miles in diameter) moves ahead in a general northwesterly direction from 5 to 20 miles per hour. ^{Near this center the} winds are most fierce and destructive ~~near this center~~^{near}, reaching ~~there~~^{is} a velocity even over 100 miles per hour ~~and even more.~~

Through radio ~~reports~~^{flashes} gathered from land and ship stations scattered about ~~the Caribbean and the West Indies~~^(and the Caribbean and the West Indies) come reports of "Tropical disturbance, center about 100 miles northeast of Governor's Harbour Bahamas, travelling in a west northwesterly direction at about ten miles per hour. No danger for Nassau!"

As new reports come in during the day, Fathers Gabriel Arnold and Ambrose study the hurricane map and chart the progress of the storm. ^{This is} Really a fascinating sport ~~this~~. Fr. Gabriel recalls stirring reminiscences of hurricanes as he has passed through during his forty years in the Bahamas.

From a huge ocean liner out in the Atlantic come radio reports of terrific winds with seas ^{now} breaking over the bow of the ~~liner~~^{vessel}. Some time later the ship's operator flashes out that the ship has evidently struck the storm center. The bottom has dropped out of the barometer; there is no wind ~~now~~ but the ~~ocean~~^{sea presents} a horrible confused jumbled mass of frightful mountainous seas that sweep in from all sides with overwhelming violence. Fortunately this is a large ocean vessel well away from land or reefs. God help any smaller craft caught in billows like this!

No danger for Nassau? ^{Apprehensively} We begin to wonder. ^{Subsequent} Later radio reports ^{indicate that} the storm ^{is} to be moving closer up our way. The atmosphere has been becoming unusually clear. The ^{as the natives say,} wind ominously "backs in" from unwonted directions such as the north or the west, then dies down completely. ^{and} The air becomes unusually oppressive, the atmosphere thick and lurid in appearance.

From ~~the~~ signal towers on the forts and lighthouses appears the ^{ominous} sinister ~~ominous~~ looking black and red hurricane flags that mean ^{just one thing:} "Storm has moved into Bahamian waters". The barometer is acting up very crazily indeed but then we may be just on the outer rim of this disturbance with ~~no danger whatsoever~~ Judging from the radioed report of the storm's ^{progress the wind seems to be no longer unbalanced} direction. The usually brilliant Bahamian skies become overcast with a delicate cirrus haze of greenish tints marked by a copper colored sunset.

"Guess we's in for some mo weddah!" The waterfront at once becomes a feverish ^{scene of} activity as all manner of craft ancient and modern scurry for cover in sheltering coves; ~~What~~ what can be beached is pulled ashore. One of the most humorous incidents I can recall is a scene like this in the harbor when dozens of sponging vessels were tacking to and fro across the harbor against a brisk wind, to get to shelter. As the vessels would come perilously close to each other in their maneuvering or beat each other to a vantage point the air was filled with angry shouts and cursing and threats ^{hurricane} that was really funny.

Sounds of hammer and saw everywhere as everyone is "battening up" doors and windows until ^{the buildings} streets look like the boarded up relics of a ghost town. There is a busy traffic in laying in of "hurricane stores" - namely kerosene for light and victuals ^{+ food drinking water} to last through several days of ^{possibly} violent storm ~~if necessary.~~

For a day or so a long heavy ^{rolling} well has been ~~coming~~ in from the ocean and now with the wind increasing in force the sea is assuming a ghastly appearance as the spray is ^{whipped} ~~blown~~ across the crests ^{wave} of the seas like frantic scurrying wraths and the billows pound against the cliffs and sea wall ^a with deafening booming roar.

The atmosphere becomes sthick and lurid and the wind increases ~~to~~ violent puffs driving along blinding dashes of rain. More radio reports! The storm ^{is seemingly} evidently turning away from Nassau ^{to} dissipate; itself north ^{and} has turned a complete volteface and is headed but a few hours ^{straight} ~~away~~ towards Nassau. ^{in a few hours away' 1946} Through the noise of wind and rain ^{is heard the wail of} ~~separate~~ the fire siren and the radio barks off; Get inside and sit tight and when the lull comes, do not venture outside!

In a few hours more the full fury of the gale is upon us. Terrific winds 100 miles an hour and rain, rain rain, Torrents of it, ^{and blizzards of salt} mixed with salt blizzards ^{and} blown in from the sea. Between puffs and momentary lulls in the rain we see sheets of rain blowing over the crests of housetops and chimneys, waving like ghastly snow banners. ^{During another} ~~Between momentary lulls in the rain~~ we catch a glimpse of the harbor. Not all craft have been brought to shelter ^{at times}

Smaller boats drag anchors and frigt out of the harbor to sea to be ^{mercilessly} devoured. On some of them are terrified mariners who have not gotten off in time. They make frantic appealing gestures for help to those on shore. If they are not thrown onto shore before leaving the harbor they are lost. Thus the Mission Boat "San Salvador" disappeared ^{disappeared} "Esperlos versunken" in 1929?

Every ^{leaf} leaf is ripped from the trees, ^{to} powerlines go down twisted into masses of junk and a terrible dark night is upon us with no letup in the ^{storm} storm. We do hope the Mission quarters hold. The full fury of the ^{storm} storm is now upon us. Outside torrential blasts of rain almost take the skin off one's face and will I ^{lose it regardless of difficulty} am told rip a shirt right off one's back into tatters. At full force one can barely breathe and face ^{the wind} it and must crawl along close to the ground, grabbing a hold on anything solid as he ~~crawls~~ ^{not} crawls along if he is lucky enough to be hit by any of the myriads pieces of flying timber ^{roof} tiling ~~at the~~ ^{delin's} like. The rain is being whipped along through the air like bullets and seems to e lying in a sort of strata in the air.

And the noise! "Shrieking of a hurricane" is not an exaggeration. No thought of sleep with the house groaning and quaking with ^{new} every onslaught of the storm that would tear it to bits. "One is kept almost too busy to e frightened. ^{said one of the sailors} Rain, rain getting in everywhere in most unthought of fashion and we must try to keep dry what we can. Fr. Arnold has even bored holes through the Priory and sacristy floors to drain water out.

God help the poor fellows caught out on the ocean!
Except ~~by~~ a miracle, it's Davy Jones' locker for them.
And the poor natives in their miserable shanties.
They have been through this before and are inured to
suffering but there is enough to bear at that, especially
for the women and children. As one native
told me: Well Eaddak, we jes gather in a strong
house, an wan dat staht to break up an go we jus
hurries to anudder until dat go too. Soon the
church building is crowded to the doors and the
closely packed wet throng of steaming humanity with
dozens of frantic squalling babies is enough to try
the patience of the most sturdy missionary.

Dawn at last at last, but no letup in the storm.
Around the eaves and flagpoles still standing it
whines and shrieks like maniacs in a frenzy.
Suddenly there comes a complete lull for a few hours
with a large hole ^{so} ~~in~~ ^{appears} in the top of the sky and blue firmament
beyond. This is called "the eye of the storm"
Storm oah? From everywhere heads are poking forth
and the streets become alive with cheery natives wet
to the skin but lustful for ^{any} body from wrecked shops
and stores. The radio shrieks out: Do not venture out
during this lull; do not venture from places of safety
the storm is only half over and may break again at any
^{moment} time. Well, at least a few hours' relaxation anyhow,
but what sights or ruin and destruction! No time now
to moon about that. Water must be scooped out of the
house loose battens, window and shutters quickly tightened
and some hurried nourishment taken.

After a few hours the wind ^{again} rises suddenly with another ^{and new} terrific onslaught from exactly the opposite direction as before. ^{as if had stopped} God God, how long will this last? The wind ^{comes in} ~~is~~ from the sea this time and frantically the dwellers near the waterfront are moving out to higher ~~of~~ places of safety as the seas rush ^{behind} the seawall and flood the streets in wild ^{furious} torrents of seething brine. Yet this is not the worst yet. This ^{will most likely come to a climax with} ~~is all going to end most likely~~ ^{storm} ~~is~~ a "tidal wave". More properly called ^{tidal} "tidal wave" ^{had} ~~storm wave~~ For hours the waters ^{had} may have been blown away from the land until harbours ^{are} almost dry. When the wind changes after the lull these waters come back in a rush driven by the terrific winds and ^{maybe} possibly a tide to boot. Get up to where its high! In another lull between showers the horizon is seen to bulge ^{strongly}. The telescope tells ^{that} plainly this is a storm wave; perhaps a whole series of them. How high will these awful walls of water go? On, on, it comes like an Nemesis that knows no ^{mercy} quarter. Up against the seawall ^{is} ~~tearing~~ ^{is} to bits concrete + steel and rushing over low lands. Any dwellings or people or cattle ^{caught} in this area ^{is} ~~is~~ lost! Such a storm wave is what wrought the awful havoc in the Galveston flood of 1903 and the terrible ^{wasted} loss of life in the veterans camp on the Florida keys in September 1935. Another wave and another, each one creeping higher onto the hills. Thank God for high places!

Eight hours more of this! Will it never end? At last the barometer begins to rise and the wind slowly to subside but carries on in capricious puffs for another day and a half. Everyone is wet cold and chilled. ^{this is} Here's one time we ~~shall~~ not be teetotallers. Bring on a little Schpapps!

After the storm: ~~and~~ the disheartening warisome work of Salvage. Let us get into a reconnoitering plane and see what the hurrican~~e~~ did to the Florida cays, wiped ^{every} out the settlements there, ^{is surprised} the CCC camps and the famous ^{England's} ocean going railway to Key West that it has never been rebuilt again. A few looks over the keys reveals a picture of ^{ghastly} total destruction, a city of eath, ~~and~~ bodies strewn about drowned like ^{handily floated} rats decomposing in the sun. This is what ^{it} did to the relief train sent down from Miami to get the ~~veterans~~ out. A friend of mine, an almannus of St. Leo's Florida and ~~one of~~ the first radio men to get down to keys in Sept. 1935 and make contact with the mainland wrote me: It will take me ^{what} twnety years to forget the ~~sights~~ I saw down there!" At Nassau and other Bahamian towns, ruin, ruin and more of it. ^{fresh} We tread our way through streets littered with debris with ^{are} here and there groups searching for missing victims, ^{atom} ~~of the storm~~, ^{pushing out dead crangled bodies} Everything is completely drenched, no coal or fresh water little food. The airplane has been a great help is rushing first aid medicine, food water and doctor to striken outsisland villages, ~~and~~ Pan American Ariways has done some very fine work in recent ~~hurricanes~~ in th Bahamas ^{of next year}

In Andros Father Leander found a man pinned under a fallen house. It was impossible to extricate him in time to save the life of his body, but Father baptized him and thus saved the life of the soul.

On Andros Island the church fell in on the people who had taken refuge in it; they scrambled out & crowded into the parents tent, which managed to hold its own.

All that is left of a church building, and the poor missionary must ~~start~~ ^{rebuild} literally from the ground up again and hope to be able to build ~~as~~ ^{sufficiently} well to withstand the next storm. We must carry on and rebuild ~~out~~ ^{from} the ruins, again.

The gruesome task of identifying victims rotting in the hot tropical sun, and putting them into hurriedly made coffins ~~and then~~ ^{to} cremate ~~them~~.

Along the waterfront, A sunken liquor runner, and Father Hildebrand bought it under water, ^{for a song} called the fire department to pump out the water after plugging the holes. Result, a mission boat for a song, yet the next hurricane made an end of that also. The lighthouse tender dashed into a cement ~~block~~ ^{pier} and wrecking both. Craft large and ~~small~~ ^{small} picked up and swept onto land by the storm wave such as this 75 foot schooner, beyond the hope of any salvage. This particular one I estimated to have been thrown at least a mile or more from where it had been anchored.

Quickly improvised shelters are fashioned for little ones and emergency supplies for food and clothing issued and the little colored tots quite cheerful through it all back to housekeeping at once and the first sign to go up is the salvaged: "God bless our home"

The poor natives are deprived of their means of lilelihoo. Fruit trees are totally destroyed sisal plantations flooded sponge fields swept clean by angry seas.

Thus for instance after the third terrible hurricane the summer of 1926, one third of the houses on Acklins island were down and many people drowned. On Exuma 3350 persons were without home or shelter. At Andors about two thirds of the Sponging Fleet was destroyed. At Nassa alone more than one hundred boats were swept out of the harbor.

U.S. to Nassau
1st days at Pring
✓ II Parish Trade Downtown: Waterfront
✓ III Parish Visiting
✓ IV 4 Day in Nassau
✓ V 9 Day in the Country
✓ VI Audits
✓ VII Schools
✓ VIII Municipalities
✓ IX San Salvador & Long Island
X American
XI Audits of
Laws
History

Reel I *we're going for the Bahamas style*
Off to the Isles of June! New York Harbor
and a cold foggy morning in December.
but we are in luck. *✓* The platial new
liner "Columbus" is making a winter
cruise to Central and South America
and a stop at Nassau. Nasty weather
here, but we ~~should worry~~. *what a summer spirit the winter!* We're off
to the Isles of June with "Columbus!"

With the ~~second~~ *page* day appear first indications of
welcome from the sunny South. Skies
and seas lose their sombre grey and
smile a charming welcome. Daylight
will find us at Nassau. We muse on deck
deck, enjoying balmy breezes from
tropical seas and the spectacle of a
full moon rising in glory out of
gently tumbling waves. A ghost! *the tiny*
The tiny flagship of Columbus,
what a toy aside of the giant "Columbus"
on which we are. So this is how the
great discoverer came to the Bahamas!

With morning a gorgeous sunrise and
waters as blue as we have never beheld.
On the horizon, Nassau on New Providence
Island, flanked by outlying cays, each
a picture against a background of iridescent
blue *with* silvery beaches and gently
waving palms. *gentle* Isles of June, land of
eternal summer!

See that on p. 102, 103, 104
The anchors rattle into the ^{depths} out-
side the harbor. Shouts, lusty calls,
and snatches of song from the water, in
an unfamiliar lingo of English. Native
diving boys ~~that~~ have come out even over
a raging bar (in their tiny boats). "Oh
boss!" "Oh boss!" "One little quottah
boss! Trow dem fast boss!" and when
a clerical callar is spied: "Ohhhh
Faddah! remembah, ah's yore son! Oh
Faddah, ah needs new cloc." Nickels
dimes and occasional quarters sail down
into the pearly waters and are quickly
retrieved by these nimble fellows with
shiny black skins and at times fero-
cious appearance. Generally they are
too quick and nimble even for a shark.
Perhaps the ~~aim~~ ^{aim} of this crowd keeps
any wandering shark at a distance.

over the bearing boat
A tug takes us into the harbor and we
spy the historic old Priory (x) where
a welcome is being waved with American
and English flags.

Over here at the harbor entrance the
historic old Fort Charlotte is decked
out

Chapter ~~VI~~ Hurricanes

Each of them was more severe than any experienced since the historical one of 1866

Tropical cyclonic storms, ^{called} typhoons in the Orient and hurricanes in the West Indies are of comparatively rare occurrence; yet during the summer of 1926, the Bahamas were visited by three devastating storms ^{and} in a few weeks! These storms form only over certain well-defined and limited water areas of the Tropics and quickly lose their energy on reaching a large land surface such as a continent. As they progress toward the middle latitudes they also lose energy, though more slowly and usually at the same time expanding in area.

in large amounts

^{In some of the details} The origin of tropical cyclones is obscure in some of the details. Their maintenance is dependent on a supply of water vapor which in the doldrums is present in the atmosphere in ^{large} ~~large~~ amounts. The vapor laden and heated air of these regions is under-run and forced upward by adjacent denser air, denser because drier and cooler. Thus perhaps is begun that process which later on results in a continuing system of winds blowing around a moving center and constituting a tropical cyclone.

~~In summer of 1926, three hurricanes, each of them more severe than any experienced since the historical one of 1866. /~~ Ju. y 26, Srpt. 17, Oct. 21.

Hurricanes or tropical cyclonic storms are much like the dreaded typhoons of the South Pacific which travel in a large revolving mass with average diameter ~~200~~^{200 to 300} miles ~~and~~ in a counterclockwise direction around a center of calm. The center, ~~seldom~~^{seldom} moves more than ten to 20 miles in diameter) moves ahead in a general northwesterly direction from 5 to 20 miles per hour. ~~and~~^{near this center the} winds are most fierce and destructive ~~near this center~~^{near}, reaching ~~there~~^{there} a velocity ~~even over~~^{even over} 100 miles per hour ~~and even more.~~

Through radio ~~reports~~^{flashes} gathered from land and ship stations scattered about ~~the Caribbean and the West Indies~~^(and the Caribbean and the West Indies) come reports of "Tropical disturbance, center ~~about~~^{about} 100 miles northeast of Governor's Harbour Bahamas, travelling in a west northwesterly direction at about ten miles per hour. No danger for Nassau!"

As new reports come in during the day, Fathers Gabriel Arnold and Ambrose ~~study~~^{study} the hurricane map and chart the progress of the storm. ~~Really a fascinating sport~~^{this}. Fr. Gabriel recalls stirring reminiscences of hurricanes he has passed through during his forty years in the Bahamas.

From a huge ocean liner out in the Atlantic come radio reports of terrific winds with seas ~~breaking~~^{over} over the bow of the ~~liner~~^{vessel}. Some time later the ship's operator flashes out that the ship has evidently struck the storm center. The bottom has dropped out of the barometer; there is no wind ~~now~~^{sea presents} but the ~~ocean~~^{sea presents} a horrible confused jumbled mass of frightful mountainous seas that sweep in from all sides with overwhelming violence. Fortunately this is a large ocean vessel well away from land or reefs God help any smaller craft caught in billows like this!

Smaller boats drag anchors and frigt out of the harbor to sea to be ^{mercilessly} devoured. On some of them are terrified mariners who have not gotten off in time. They make frantic appealing gestures for help to those on shore

If they are not thrown onto shore before leaving the harbor they are lost. Thus the Mission Boat "San Salvador ^{disappeared} disappeared" ~~"Espurjos versunken"~~ in 1929?

Every ^{leaf} leaf is ripped from the trees, ^{the} powerlines go down twisted into masses of junk and a terrible dark night is upon us with no letup in the ^{storm} ~~setm.~~ ^{let's} We do hope the Mission quarters hold. ^{through and down} The full fury of the storm is now upon us. Outside torrential blasts of rain almost take the skin off one's face and will ^{have it against authority} I am told rip a shirt right off one's back into tatters. At full force one can barely breathe and face ^{the wind} ~~it~~ and must crawl along close to the ground, grabbing a hold on anything solid ~~as he crawls along~~ if he is lucky enough to be hit by any of the myriads pieces of flying timber ^{roof} falling ~~and the like~~ ^{ditto} The rain is being whipped along through the air like bullets and seems to be lying in a sort of strata in the air.

And the noise! "Shrieking of a hurricane" is not an exaggeration. No thought of sleep with the house groaning and quaking with every ^{new} onslaught of the storm that would tear it to bits. "One is kept almost too busy to be frightened. ^{said one of the folks} Rain, rain getting in everywhere in most unthought of fashion and we must try to keep dry what we can. Fr. Arnold has even bored holes through the Priory and sacristy floors to drain water out.

No danger for Nassau? ^{Approach} We begin to wonder. ^{Subsequent} Later radio reports ^{indicate that} the storm ^{is} to be moving closer up our way.

The atmosphere has been becoming unusually clear. The ~~wind~~ wind ^{as the natives say,} ominously "backs in" from unwonted directions such as the north or the west, then dies down completely. ~~and~~ The air becomes unusually oppressive, the atmosphere thick and lurid in appearance.

From ~~the~~ signal towers on ~~the~~ forts and lighthouses appears the ^{ominous} sinister ominous looking black and red hurricane flags that mean ^{just nothing:} "Storm has moved into Bahamian waters". The barometer is acting up very crazily indeed but then we may be just on the outer rim of this disturbance, with no danger whatsoever. Judging from the radioed report of the storm's ^{progress the wind seems to be so} direction. ^{from the west} The usually brilliant Bahamian skies become overcast with a delicate cirrus haze of greenish tints marked by a copper colored sunset.

"Guess we's in for some mo weddah!" The waterfront at once becomes a feverish ^{scene of} activity as all manner of craft ancient and modern scurry for cover in sheltering coves; ~~What~~ what can be beached is pulled ashore. One of the most humorous incidents I can recall is a scene like this in the harbor when dozens of sponging vessels were tacking to and fro across the harbor against a brisk wind, to get to shelter. As the vessels would come perilously close to each other in their maneuvering or beat each other to a vantage point the air was filled with angry shouts and cursing and ^{howling} threats that was really funny.

Sounds of hammer and saw everywhere as everyone is "battening up" doors and windows until ^{the buildings} streets look like the boarded up relics of a ghost town. There is a busy traffic in laying in of hurricane stores; ^{namely} kerosene for light and victuals ^{+ food drinking water} to last through several days of ^{possibly} violent storm if necessary.

For a day or so a long heavy well has been ^{rolling} ~~coming~~ in from the ocean and now with the wind increasing in force the sea is assuming a ghastly appearance as the spray is ^{whipped} ~~blown~~ across the crests ^{wave} of the sea like frantic scurrying wrathes and the billows pound against the cliffs and sea walls with ^a deafening booming roar.

The atmosphere becomes sthick and lurid and the wind increases ~~to~~ violent puffs driving along blinding dashes of rain. More radio reports! The storm ^{is seemingly} evidently turning away from Nassau ^{to} and dissipating itself north ^{ward} has turned a complete volteface and is headed but a few hours ^{straight} ~~away~~ towards Nassau. ^{but a few hours away} 1926 Through the noise of wind and rain ^{is heard the wail of} ~~separate~~ the fire siren and the radio barks out; Get inside and sit tight and when the lull comes, do not venture outside!

In a few hours more the full fury of the gale is upon us. Terrific winds 100 miles an hour and rain, rain rain, Torrents of it, ^{and blizzards of salt} ~~mixed with salt blizzards~~ blown in from the sea. Between puffs and momentary lulls in the rain we see sheets of rain blowing over the crests of housetops and chimneys, waving like ghastly snow banners. ^{During moments} Between ~~momentary~~ lulls in the rain we catch a glimpse of the harbor. Not all craft have been brought to shelter ^{on time}

God help the poor fellows caught out on the ocean!
Except ~~by~~ a miracle, it's Davy Jones' locker for them.
And the poor natives in their miserable shanties!
They have been through this before and are inured to
suffering but there is enough to bear at that, especially
for the women and children. As one native
told me: Well Baddak, we jes. gad ~~lets~~ in a strong
house, an wan dat staht to break up an go we jus
hurries to anudder until dat go too. Soon the
church building is crowded to the doors and the
closely packed wet throng of steaming humanity with
dozens of frantic squalling babies is enough to try
the patience of the most sturdy *missionary*

Dawn at last at last, but no letup in the storm.
Around the eaves and flagpoles still standing it
whines and shrieks like maniacs in a frenzy.
Suddenly there ~~comes~~ ^{is} a complete lull for a few hours
with ~~a~~ large hole ^{appears} in the top of the sky and blue firmament
beyond. This is called "the eye of the storm"
Storm ovah? From everywhere heads are poking forth
and the streets become alive with cheery natives wet
to the skin but lustful for ^{any} booty from wrecked shops
and stores. The radio shrieks out: Do not venture out
during this lull; do not venture from places of safety
the storm is only half over and may break again at any
~~time~~ ^{moment}. Well, at least a few hours ^{of} relaxation anyhow,
but what sights or ruin and destruction! No time now
to moon about that. Water must be scooped out of the
house loose battens, window and shutters quickly tightened
and some hurried nourishment taken.

After a few hours the wind ^{again} rises suddenly with another ^{as it had stopped} terrific onslaught ^{and now} from exactly the opposite direction as before. God God, how long will this last? The wind ^{comes in} is from the sea this time and frantically the dwellers near the waterfront are moving out to higher ~~o~~ places of safety as the seas rush behind the seawalls and flood the streets in wild ^{furious} torrents of seething brine. Yet this is not the worst yet. This ^{will most likely come to a climax with} is all going to end most likely ^{in a} "tidal wave" ^{storm} More properly called "tidal wave" ^{had} For hours the waters may have been blown away from the land until harbours ^{are} almost dry. When the wind changes after the lull these waters come back in a rush driven by the terrific winds and ^{maybe} possibly a tide to boot. Get up to where its high! In another lull between showers the horizon is seen to bulge ^{strangely}. The telescope tells plainly ^{it's} this is a storm wave; perhaps a whole series of them. How high will these awful walls of water go? On, on, it comes like an Nemesis that knows no ^{mercy} quarter. Up against the seawall ^{making} tearing to bits concrete ^{steel} and rushing over low lands. Any dwellings or people or cattle in this area ^{are} ^{lost} is lost! Such a storm wave is what wrought the awful havoc in the Galveston flood ^{of} 1903 and the terrible loss of life in the veterans camp on the Florida keys in September 1935. Another wave and another, each one creeping higher onto the hills. Thank God for high places!

Eight hours more of this! Will it never end? At last the barometer begins to rise and the wind slowly to subside but carries on in capricious puffs for another day and a half. Everyone is wet cold and chilled. ^{This is} Here's one time we ~~shall~~ not be teetotallers. Bring on a little Schpapps!

After the storm: ~~Now~~ the disheartening warisome work of Salvage. Let us get into a reconnoitering plane and see what the hurricand did to the Florida cays, wiped ^{clean} out the settlements ^{is completely} there, the CCC camps and the famous ^{is completely} ocean going railway to Key West that it has never been rebuilt ^{again}. A few looks over the keys reveals a picture of ^{total} destruction, a city of eath, ^{and} bodies strewn about drowned like rats ^{decomposing} in the sun. This is what ^{it} did to the relief train sent down from Miami to get the ~~veterans~~ out. A friend of mine, an alumnus of St. Leo's Florida and ~~one of~~ the first radio men to get down to keys in Sept. 1935 and make contact with the mainland wrote me: It will take me ^{what} twenty years to forget ~~the sights~~ I saw down there!" At Nassau and other Bahamian towns, ruin, ruin and more of it. ~~As~~ We tread out way through streets littered with debris with ^{here and there} groups searching for missing ^{at} victims, ^{nothing} of the storm, Everything ^{is} completely drenched, no coal or fresh water little food. The airplane has been a great help is rushing first aid medicine, food water and doctor to stricken outisland villages, ~~and~~ Pan American Ariways has done some very fine work in recent ~~hurricanes~~ in th Bahamas ^{first year}

In Andros Father Leander found a man pinned under a fallen house. It was impossible to extricate him in time to save the life of his body, but Father baptized him and thus saved the life of the soul.

On Andros Island the church fell in on the people who had taken refuge in it; they crawled out surrounded with the parent's tent, which managed to hold its own.

All that is left of a church building, and the poor missionary must ~~start~~ ^{rebuild} literally from the ground up again and hope to be able to build ~~as~~ sufficiently well to withstand the next storm. We must carry on and rebuild ~~out~~ ^{from} of the ruins, ~~again~~.

The gruesome task of identifying victims rotting in the hot tropical sun, and putting them into hurriedly made coffins ~~and then~~ ^{to} cremate ~~them~~.

Along the waterfront, A sunken liquor runner ~~and~~ Father Hildebrand bought it under water, ^{for a song} called the fire department to pump out the water after plugging the holes. Result, a mission boat for a song yet the next hurricane made an end of that also. The lighthouse tender dashed into a cement ~~block~~ ^{pier} and wrecking both. Craft large and ~~small~~ ^{small} picked up and swept onto land by the storm wave such as this 75 foot schooner, beyond the hope of any salvage. This particular one I estimated to have been thrown at least a mile or more from where it had been anchored.

Quickly improvised shelters are fashioned for little ones and emergency supplies for food and clothing issued and the little colored tots quite cheerful through it all Back to housekeeping at once and the first sign to go up is the salvaged: "God bless our home"

The poor natives are deprived of their means of livelihood. Fruit trees are totally destroyed sisal plantations flooded sponge fields swept clean by angry seas.

Thus for instance after the third terrible hurricane the summer of 1926, one third of the houses on Acklins island were down and many people drowned. On Exuma 3350 persons were without home or shelter. At Andors about two thirds of the Sponging Fleet was destroyed. At Nassa alone more than one hundred boats were swept out of the hargar.

At Miami Florida. We're going out into the Atlantic by air! We book passage on a huge four motor Pan-American clipper flying to Nassau this morning. The giant plane carries 40 passengers plus crew freight mail and express and is now being loaded at this union air station of the Americas.

add. cur. OK

Promptly at 8:27 our plane is called and we are sealed in. At the stroke or 8:30 with a terrific roar of the motors there is a short run of less than a minute ~~over 70 miles per hour~~ and we are off in a hurricane of spray, and ^{What a speed!} Up, 100, 300, 500 feet in a jiffy. ~~We are~~

We bank up into a cloud

And get a last look at Miami, ~~the wonder city of the South~~ with the Everglades brooding in the distance.

Our flying Pullman is in fact wider than a Pullman and even more comfortable. Up to 1500 feet now. The windows are opened. Is this all there is to flying? A beautiful sunny morning, the ocean below ^{scintillating} in tiny ripples of blue, green, turquoise and what have you? Intermittent rain showers are travelling across the horizon; one of them straight ahead. With a roar of those four little motors we climb to 1800 feet, --hm, right over the business! and look down into a sea of clouds! This is a new thrill.

One hour ^{has passed} gone like a flash. Bimini, the Berry Islands and the cays skirting the northern end of Andros Island float by, looking like carpets of green sprawled out on the waters.

Down Over here ^{is} an old wreck ^{perhaps} of some old pirate brig, a ~~last of the~~ historic sailing clippers, and flying by at a speed of over 100 miles per hour, our modern clipper.

A few more minutes brings New Providence Island ~~on the~~ onto the horizon. Nassau on the nose and the plane starts ^{descending} into the pearly waters of the harbor. So this is my future vineyard.

Huge rolling ocean swells are trying to get into the harbor and break over the bar. Are we going to land in this? Look out! I do wish that pilot would not bank so sharply, — ^{that} 45 degrees is a little more than I am used ^{expected} to. Wonder whether he will hit one of those combers; but before we know it, swoosh! we slide gently into the calmer waters of the harbor and in a minute we are ~~at the airport~~ ^{have landed}

where a warm welcome awaits us.

FIRST GLIMPSES OF NASSAU

We climb into a mission car of rather ancient vintage. ~~and~~ now begins a crazy jaunt on the left side of ~~the~~ narrow streets that ~~are~~ lined with pink and buff colored walls. We dodge between ~~the~~ rickety cars and horse carriages, donkey carts, ~~and~~ elusive box carts of all ~~and~~ sizes and descriptions.

some sort of shuffling pedestrians

This does look like something different in the way of towns. The harbor is filled with ~~some~~ sundry small sailing craft and looks like a page out of an old geography. ~~A~~ silk cotton tree. ~~This does not look like~~ Minnesota.

The market with its din and noise and picturesque ~~and~~ babel of voices.

Nassau fast freight. ^{street} The Nassau broncho and a typical Nassau ~~street~~ downtown with houses and walls a century or more old.

A Nassau travelling saleslady. The native women carry anything on their heads, laundry, ~~and~~ provender, fuel, ^{poultry} They have strong necks, and stronger heads.

We arrive at the Priory, historic old "Dunmore House" built in 1786 by Lord Dunmore as his governor's residence. In turn it became a military hospital and since 1899 the missionary headquarters. It has seen a good bit of history and withstood many a battering from tropical storms. Well, it's home for a while, a bit of St. John's down here in the blue Atlantic.

at least O.K.

copy to

A DAY AT THE PRIORY

The Priory, historic old "Dunmore House" built in 1786 by Lord Dunmore as a governor's residence and later used as a military hospital. Since 1892 it has been the Catholic Mission headquarters. Legend, rumors of underground passages leading to old Fort Charlotte and to the sea. They have been looked for but never found.

From our simple quarters we command a charming view across the harbor and the ocean in almost a ninety degree panorama. What a panorama of color in sea and sky!

762

A regular morning representation of old faithfuls at Mass, poor beggars, old and decrepit, all converts, cheerfully hobbling their way to Mass each morning.

699

Who dat new faddah? Him plenty wite, yeah? "

Later in the morning, young fruitvenders at the door; they will soon carry heavier loads.

Each morning

479

After Mass old "Captain" waits on the Priory steps for his morning ration of a "panny" or even a Trupance" or "mawtches" or cigarstumps for his ancient pipe. Old captain must be a good bit over 80, poorest of the poor painfully but cheerfully picking up his daily food wherever he may find it, a bit here, a bit at the market place, a bit at the nursery and so on. In spite of a termagant "jumper" wife, yet as cheerful a soul as one could meet. "Tank God for life" he answers every greeting with a huge grin.

to high fockets

411

"Boss man, dis heah plenty fine 'Merican fowl. Him two sheallen moah. Dis fowl no chany fowl, faddah.

355

Down in the yard Brother Bede is attempting a little work, but the nursery babes are having recess and have other ideas about that.

795

Roofs being constructed in the Priory yard for outisland chapels. Each piece is numbered, the roofs taken apart and then shipped. This saves time and the exasperating difficulties and inefficiency with unskilled labor in the outislands.

697

Two laddis from Our Lady's Mission come in to say hello to Father Quentin.

There are

Constant interruptions all day from beggars, of whose numbers there seems no end. Fr. Quentin is dismissing each with a penny and they seem well satisfied. A missionary's day is often a most trying one, listening to tale after tale of suffering and woe, domestic quarrels requests for clothing, medicine, passes to the hospital "loans" big and small. (A "loan" is seldom if ever repaid.) There may be

Or ^{it} There may be squabbles with neighbors, recalcitrant sons or daughters, ~~to whom~~ the parents want the priest to give ^{them} a good "Tonguelawshin". This one's husband or son has gotten into the toils of the law and now the missionary is expected to furnish bail, ^{talk to} the magistrate and what not. Try to be "all things to all men". Pretty difficult if not impossible at times.

Toward evening, ^{there was} a gorgeous sunburst in the western sky. Oh but to get this color onto a picture!

After supper, a wedding, this ~~one~~ an exceptional one and done in style. We must have a picture of these cunning little flower girls. Most Bahamian weddings have no elaborations like this,--just the bare essentials and often no fee for the officiant. "Faddah, we's poah"

The evening is generally occupied with instructing catechumens, and then for some well-earned rest. All evening a persistent "Thump! thump! thump!" mingled with singing and chanting ~~has been floating on the balmy night air.~~ Down a few blocks from the Priory a jolly group of natives is enjoying a "fire dance" to the accompaniment of a few homemade drums of goatskin ^{and} herring pail, some consumptive harmonicas, a wheezy old accordion, perhaps even a dilapidated banjo or two, ^{with} rhythmic clapping of hands and old time chants, doleful at times and rather weird. Thump! thump! thump! Echoes of the jungle, and so on into the night. A perfect evening of fun for these simple hearts. If it adds a little joy to their poor loves, we'll try not to mind disturbed slumbers too much. One soon becomes used to these things after a few nights. The air ^{carries} sound with an almost uncanny ease and windows and doors are open the year round. Besides, Nassau is a city of ^{many} dogs, whose ambitions seems to be to make the nights hideous and coming to frequent climaxes during the night in lusty dogfights, which at times approach the proportions of dog riots and free for all.

The city is a ^{horrible} ^{place} ^{of} ^{horrible} ^{place}

The Nassau of Winter tourists is a Nassau of the rich and finely equipped hotels, yachting, fishing and golfing, of auto rides along gleaming white roads that lead to lovely beaches, clear blue waters and seaside cabanas. The eyes of careless tourists see little or none of the poverty and misery of native negroes and poor whites; and generally care even less. To them it often ^{merely} appears, "so very quaint doncherknow."

James To the missionary priest or sister ~~Nassau~~ is that of poor colored people (and a goodly number of impoverished whites) who can indeed enjoy the natural beauties that God has given to their native land but who have no share in the luxurious life that wealth makes possible for those who seek their island as a refuge from winter's cold and storms. ^{or nearly in search of "something" difficult to obtain} There is a story of an artist who would never allow the visitors to his studio to ~~step~~ ^{step} behind his paintings, lest the view of bare and often soiled canvases might detract from the impression made by the beauty of his work.

Nassau is a city of marked and glaring contrasts. ~~Crowning~~ the brink of a hill or flanking a "respectable" street may lie the rambling dwelling of the native tycoon, liquor king or winter tourist. Below the hill or across a backyard alley ^{may be concealed} ~~are~~ clustered the hovels of the poorest of the poor. The natives are offspring of a race of slaves, ~~but~~ ^{cloud} today the ~~lot~~ ^{lot} of many a one is worse than that of their slave forebears. Yearround ~~unemployment~~ ^{unemployment}, oppression and degeneracy, a ~~hopeless~~ ^{dark} economic outlook, ~~squalor~~ ^{squalor}, disease and inadequate medical care, ~~undernourishment~~ ^{starvation} and slow starvation, -- with these the missionary comes in daily contact. Nassau is a crazy-quilt of the old and the new; of glaring sin, vice and unmorality alongside of charming lilies of heroic virtue that spring from the dunghills. In Nassau religion is much talked of but ~~at times~~ ^{often} strangely practiced. The missionary would not be tempted to call the island an isle of golden dreams; much rather an isle of broken hearts; this holds good for ~~all the~~ ^{all the} many ~~rich~~ ^{rich} tourists who come down to recuperate ~~wrecked~~ ^{frayed} nerves, and sorrowstricken hearts with which ~~too~~ ^{the} missionary ~~must~~ ^{must} often deal.

CHAPT. IX MISSION ACTIVITIES

Life begins at birth and the supernatural life with Baptism. Here is a Sunday's harvest ~~of Baptisms~~, ~~not~~ quintuplets-but quite a chorus of lusty voices. They are ~~Very~~ cunning ^{all the} these brown shiny wriggling little bundles of life. Often of course they show all too evident signs of malnutrition, ^{congenital} syphilis. Well, even though the heart aches when ~~one~~ thinks of their hard underprivileged lot in years to come, at least they are ^{surely} children of God. A missionary must be up and doing to get parents to bring children for baptism without undue delay. The common excuse is "no ~~time~~ ^{time}". Since they are a proud lot, they will not bring the baby unless they have at least something to "fix ~~it~~ ^{it} up" for the occasion; often this must be borrowed since many of the poor have little beyond a few swaddling clothes and frocks. Fr. Arnold, ever ^{resourceful} practical ~~has~~ ^{has} a complete baby outfit in a neat little grip to loan out when ^{the} parents make the excuse of "nuttin to weah". The god mother is made responsible for the laundering and return of the outfit. Not seldom the missionary must sternly remind them that the outfit was merely loaned; they seem always in hopes that Fadda ~~will~~ ^{might} forget.

Spring

In each of the Mission schools ^{at any Spring} there is each year a class of children to baptize when they ^{are} sufficiently prepared and ~~the~~ parents or guardians guarantee (as far as we can ~~be~~ conjecture) to provide for the Catholic upbringing of the children. There are always some of course who figure on getting something out of the church for becoming Catholics. One must at times become quite stern. Most of the parents are non Catholic. Often "a little child shall lead them" and the baptism of a child in the household is the beginning of more conversions in the family, at ~~times~~ ^{times} of the entire family. The father and other male members of the family generally take the step ^{last}, if at all. Those to be baptized in Spring are carefully prepared, ~~and~~ observed and checked up for Mass and school attendance. If requirements are not met they are ~~deferred~~ ^{deferred} for another year.

The morning of Baptism. Look at this group of nursery tots, who seem to be thoroughly enjoying the ceremonies. Over here is a fine group from the public school, the first in their families to become Catholic. Just as fine boys as they look; shortly after they all ^{became} altar boys; ~~one of them~~ ^{one of them} even tried to sneak in ^{to} before being baptized.

Shortly after Baptism comes First Holy Communion. The resourceful sisters always manage, ^{to} gather during the year enough of old scrim curtains, veiling and the like to provide each girlie with white dress and veil. ~~and~~ ^{often} the boys too must be provided with entire outfits.

After the Mass comes a Communion breakfast, which is the most elaborate meal ~~that~~ ^{that} most of them have ever seen. The result is ~~to~~ ^{to} strike most ~~of~~ ^{of} them speechless for a few minutes until they ^{realize} that the dainties are really for them.

After the Breakfast comes a familiar visit with "His Lawdship" and a remembrance ^{of his} to each child, to remember the happy day.

In almost all the Missions there is a catechuminate. Adults are instructed for a minimum of six months. If attendance is irregular, the period may extend to even two years. In the Nassau parishes for instance the catechumens meet for instruction twice or three times weekly.

means real sacrifice.
the church is graced

attending instruction faithfully though
~~After long months of real sacrifice in attending instructions in spite of work, family duties and the like,~~
~~comes the long awaited evening of ^{the} public reception~~
~~into Holy Mother Church, in presence of a packed church,~~
~~many of the audience being non-Catholics.~~ Solemnly the Baptizandi march into church preceded by processional cross and acolytes and followed by their sponsors, and ~~the~~ bishop and priests. The neophytes ~~hold~~ ^{carry} unlighted candles in their hands and ~~carry over~~ ^{carry} the other arm a wide long white sash. The bishop is seated on the epistle side, the baptizandi kneeling at the Communion rail, each his hand on a Bible. ~~The profession of faith is~~ ^{recited} recited slowly and with much earnestness. ~~Then begins~~ ^{the} the ceremony of Baptism. Generally two priests baptize while ~~a third~~ ^{at the same time} recites the prayers in English to the audience, and if a few minutes here and there allow, explains a little of the ceremony taking place. Solemn moments are these which the entire congregation seems to feel, especially at the abjurations, ~~and when the white sash is put over the left shoulder of each and each is given his or her candle lighted.~~ ^{and when the white sash is put over the left shoulder of each and each is given his or her candle lighted.} They then go back to their pews and hold their lighted candles while the Bishop delivers a stirring closing talk, while the baptizandi ~~generally~~ ^{generally} sit motionless deeply stirred by all that has taken place. More than once as is ~~to be seen~~ ^{to be seen} tears of joy are secretly shed. ~~The service closes with Benediction and then the newly baptized march out slowly preceding the clergy, their ~~in~~ out into the still evening air, their lighted candles throwing a gently radiance on bronzed statues, whether on the angelic looking features of a young 18 year old girl, the careworn face of a poor mother, or the old wrinkled forehead and cheeks of a veteran of 72 summers. Dear children of God, safe in the arms of Holy Mother Church at last.~~

making the picture of night

touching to see

^{neophytes receive}
The following Sunday, the first Holy Communion. The newly baptized occupy the place of honor, ~~their candles~~ ^{their candles} ~~burn~~ during the Mass before the Statue of the Blessed Virgin., and they wear their white sashes during the Mass. Here is a fine class, ages from 11 years to 72. Behind ~~most every conversion is an interesting story.~~ ^{most every conversion is an interesting story.} — Of each of this group there could be told such ~~of the mysterious working~~ ^{of God's grace.}

The good Sisters have ^{conscientious} worked ~~hard~~ at congregational and liturgical singing; and ^{by kind of good} have we a shola? Yes, here are ^{some} a few of them ^{all} ~~surrounded~~ ^{surrounded in} by the atmosphere of Easter morn.

On great fewstdays, such as Christ the King, and Corpus Christi, there is Mass on an ^{outdoor} altar ~~erected outdoors~~. All Nassau parishes join in a common service this day until the crowd ^{grows} swells to 1500 or more. ~~and~~ When all join in ~~is~~ the Missa de Angelis, voices that a few years ago were practically all Protestant, ~~well it is~~ a meditation in itself.

^{at such times} Some of the altarboys ~~at whom~~ Tourists are always edified and often innocently amused. Yes, they acquit themselves well indeed!

^{well} These four boys ^{will} never forget that ^{they} once were chosen to be pages to "de Cahdnal!"

^{quite with a moral} The moral of this picture is: "On a warm Sunday night ~~do~~ ~~not~~ preach too long a sermon!"

But look! There must be a rousing third point or conclusion. ~~Something has called them to attention in a hurry.~~
^{Time to light the fish pot!}

^{what's more} The annual May Procession in each parish is a gala affair. Everyone appears in Sunday best, as many girls ⁱⁿ weathes and veils, ~~as possible~~. "Gal, we's gonna mahch" and beside to the music of a real band, good Protestant hornblowers at first, ^{May 9, 27} but ^{Tr. Quentin} through prodigious labor and patience ~~has~~ ^{built up} a Catholic band for these occasions.

The touching ceremony of crowning the Madonna. A rare honor ^{is} that of the little girl who is chosen to carry and place the crown.

Here is the honored one of another year with ^{her} ~~the~~ pages.

^{Solemn} In spite of depression and hard years, building of much needed churches and schools has been ~~steadily~~ progressing. Here is the ~~long~~ awaited church at St. Joseph's. ~~At last~~ the laying of the corner stone and after that singing of Vespers ^{inside} the newly blessed walls.

^{Catholic} Scouts in uniform, ^{in their uniforms} public marches and appearances, ^{made} ~~appearances~~ ^{at public occasions} lead for occasions with life and drum ~~and~~ for the last year (1937) ^{even} with a real honest to goodness band! "Well, da's sumpin' sho enough"

His Eminence Cardinal Hayes blessing and addressing the newly organized troop of Catholic scouts. (1934)

^{How some time} The fit and drum ^{caused} quite a stir ~~for a long time~~.

Here are som lusty ^{copy} imitators (call them aspirants or rookies?) Don't be ^{too} critical ~~at~~ the instruments. No doubt many a mother has been missing an old pan or other utensil that has to do service now as a drum. The noise is deafening, the marching quite fair, and the rhythm well nigh perfect.

what have we
And here? The nursery is not to be outdone and have organized a pipe and drum corps of their own. Bahamian Infantry ~~we~~ might perhaps style this. Their remarkable imitation and rhythm of these mere babies is this kind of play is well-nigh astounding.

The singing is led by a band with time beater spaced at intervals along the procession

Saw enough of the first procession

And for the last few years, *has brought* Corpus Christi processions through the streets! They do enter into the spirit of such a solemn public profession of faith. Mother Church has the wisdom of the ages at her command. The first Corpus Christi procession of this kind was undertaken with much misgiving. Would there not be irreverence along the road? What if it should rain when these people with their thin clothes *get the* are so afraid of rain? It did commence to rain the moment the canopy was *put up* of church and by the time the procession had reached the Priory yard *in the* every one was soaked. But *was critical* no disorder in the ranks and a seriousness that was truly edifying. Almost to a man *metally* the non-Catholics who lined the street on both sides became silent and took off hats or caps as the canopy went by. Mother Church uses the wisdom of the ages to profess and stir up our Faith.

After years and decades came the most memorable occasion in the history of the Bahamas Missions, when the first Bishop-Prefect Apostolic of the Bahamas was solemnly installed at an imposing outdoor Pontifical Highmass in the presence of two cardinals, ~~and~~ a number of monsignors and visiting priests from the North.

After years of fond hopes another historic epochal event *is being* in seen to be realized; namely a *the fall 1957* community of native sisters. Here is a troupe of such on the neighboring island of Jamaica that have been doing splendid work in aid of the Missions. In the Bahamas there are *at* present about 18 to 20 fine colored girls that have *from* 4 to 8 years manifested their desires for the religious life and have persevered in the face of severest handicaps. Please God their wish may be soon realized, and in years to come likewise native colored priests *Another hope of the future, native colored priests.*

A native priest of Jamaica who ~~made his~~ studied and was ordained in Rome. The harvest is black for the reaping.

Summer School

CHRISTMAS IN SUMMER!

For several weeks before bands of smaller flocks in front of our singing etc. about the time of the Bahamas arrangements this is a most welcome contrast to the ordinary jobbing business with the usual meeting and most heartening in rhythm sounding way but with the Christmas season has for decades been desecrated in Nassau by the pagan "Johnny Cane" masquerade and revelry but more and more each year midnight Mass and Christian celebration are taking their place in popularity. A Christmas play? Yes, they are born actors these black little tikes and with them stagefright "Just 'tain't" Christmas afternoon is a most strenuous one for Bishop priests and sisters but quite the contrary to the milling throngs of children who receive gifts and prizes from "His Lawdship" who makes the rounds of every school, the hospital, prison, boys reformatory, leper colony. Very good little rest on Christmas day! In the Nursery they must have their own Christmas party which priest and sisters attend with much fun and merriment. The infants are all spruced up for the occasion. For a year or more, thrifty sisters have been gathering this toy, that article of clothing, and wheedling other Christmas dainties out of Northern friends for their little blackberries. What tense, speechless looks of doubt and wonder at the approach of that strange looking fellow who looks like St. Nick! This is a sign of growing fear and sudden outbursts of hysteria as goodnatured Santa tries to pick up one or the other little one. After a few moments however, he gains their entire confidence. Curiosity and luscious looking cakes and candy soon overcome fear. As an English visitor would say: "Jolly party, every bit as good as a show, Quite, bah Jove!"

charm all its own is a Christmas in the Bahamas. In each parish possible there is a Midnight Mass and there after a procession to the Manger outside on the grounds. It is not easy to describe ones feelings at such a time, a procession made up of all classes from the poorest blacks to the wealthy whites on tour. The heavy exotic scent of night jasmine and pine are on the moist balmy night air. The soft intriguing light of early morn filling the air with the touching notes of Christmas hymns as old sung by vested choristers and people.

The Christmas season has for decades been desecrated in Nassau by the pagan "Johnny Cane" masquerade and revelry but more and more each year midnight Mass and Christian celebration are taking their place in popularity.

A Christmas play? Yes, they are born actors these black little tikes and with them stagefright "Just 'tain't"

Christmas afternoon is a most strenuous one for Bishop priests and sisters but quite the contrary to the milling throngs of children who receive gifts and prizes from "His Lawdship" who makes the rounds of every school, the hospital, prison, boys reformatory, leper colony. Very good little rest on Christmas day!

In the Nursery they must have their own Christmas party which priest and sisters attend with much fun and merriment. The infants are all spruced up for the occasion. For a year or more, thrifty sisters have been gathering this toy, that article of clothing, and wheedling other Christmas dainties out of Northern friends for their little blackberries.

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After a few moments however, he gains their entire confidence. Curiosity and luscious looking cakes and candy soon overcome fear. As an English visitor would say: "Jolly party, every bit as good as a show, Quite, bah Jove!"

then come songs and a few dull simple dances

Chapt X OFF TO THE EASTERN ISLANDS!

Now for a few weeks of real adventure amid romantic settings that stir the imagination and make the blood tingle. Off into the deep Atlantic, to Cat Island, San Salvador the historic landfall of Columbus and the other islands famed on adventurous lore and tales of bloody buccaneering. We engage passage on the "Alisada" a two masted wooden schooner with auxiliary motor of 120 ft. length and about 30 foot beam and sporting a jib, staysail, fore and main sail. Sturdy and seaworthy it has often proven itself; sturdy it looked and so I thought; yet I took one of the last trips ^{main was} ~~on the~~ ^{made;} a few weeks later the engine house caught fire and the whole vessel blew up. The comforting bit of news then leaked out that the bottom was so scraped thin and rotted that in various places a screwdriver could be driven through. Ignorance is bliss.

Lag bleed
down at ~~the~~ ^{Crooked Island}

Bar Beck
12 days is

Our vessel is supposed to leave at two p.m today but they ^{crew} ~~are~~ a long ways from completing the loading of a carload of lumber for Inagua. What? Pile more lumber on this thing? Yes and then more until the decks are piled way above railings and cabins and the craft looks more like pictures of lografts in the Pacific that I have seen. "Yassah Faddah, all goan 'long We reckons to sail 'bout six o'clock. At six o'clock it was to sail at eight and finally ^{del us} ~~with~~ ^{patience} ~~the~~ next morning. ^{and probably saw birds}

Off with sunrise! ^{It is a} beautiful cool breezy morning and we are off into ^{an} ~~a~~ deluge of color from the rising sun to the tune of thousands of cicadas singing in the bushes that line the harbor.

The famous "Joseph Conrad" is in harbor and we pass them as they are setting sail to depart. The old time rigging ^{with the} sailors clambering through it, makes a striking picture silhouetted against the sunrise.

Our captain shouts his orders to prepare raising sail. Here he is; the one and only Cap'n Baintall and powerfully built whose life is the sea and whose mind runs somewhat to the studious. A perfect sailor and a trustworthy captain who is at ease with any passengers he may carry, be they from any walk of life. He may have a family in more than one port of call but then that is considered something quite natural in this part of the world, and an honor to the Saturday offspring. ^{where the vessel went}

In his tiny cabin he proudly mounted the great murrain he had gotten from "de Countess" Laird Binkley

Meet the first mate, a brother of the captain, a good "Cawthlick" and thoroughly fine fellow. Another brother of these two, member of the crew lost his life when the ship burnt in trying to save the life of a boy. All three played heroic parts in getting ^{the} passengers and crew to safety. Though the skin ^{is} ~~may~~ be black, there ^{is} ~~may~~ be a noble heart underneath.

The mess boy; generally looked quite ^{he did} ~~messed~~ ^{a mess} up.

Up go the sails with much flapping and cracking of canvas

and creaking of ^{pulls and} spars and ~~bulloes~~. Then ^{comes a} rest for the crew and a long awaited "breakfast" on the fore deck.

What a cargo! ^{of} ~~Apprehensively~~ I wonder how this conglomeration ~~will~~ ^{will} behave in a high sea; ~~Father Arnold how the new chapel care for Long Island will hold.~~ But then that's not our element; these fellows should know their business.

Not much room for deck chairs. Some second class deck passengers. Not exactly a luxury ~~liner~~ ^{liner} this, and a far cry from the floating hotels that plow across the oceans. The hold is stuffy, filthy and crowded so these natives prefer the hard perch on deck. ~~They~~ ^{They} can sleep on a perch that would tripple one of us in short time. We leave ^{behind} the outlying cays of Nassau ~~behind~~ ^{behind} resplendent with silvery shores. Treasure Island looks still more entrancing through the powerful binoculars.

~~We~~ ^{Here} get into a bit of the ocean swell ~~here~~ and trouble commences. ~~This little girl passenger's dog is the first to get seasick.~~ ^{with} ~~He is a picture of misery as his little mistress seeks to alleviate his trouble a little.~~ ^{He} was soon over it however, and then when ~~we~~ ^{we} got it, ~~well,~~ ^{well,} he was frisking and romping about the lumber piles wondering why no one would play with him, ~~and if a dog can laugh,~~ ^{I think this one certainly did.}

Toward noon we pass ship channel cay. ~~For~~ ^{For} loneliness and seclusion how would you like to be a lighthouse keeper on a bare rock in the ocean such as this?

A beautiful day draws to a close as we approach the first stop on Cat Island and the setting sun throws into soft relief the shoreline of Arthurstown.

Soon I try to go ^{to} sleep on the deep but ~~the~~ ^{the} bunk below is ~~such~~ just that in more ways than one, hot and stuffy with ventilation shut off by piles of lumber outside. The hot ~~smell~~ ^{smell} of Diesel motor just below my bunk is unbearable as also the vibration. We'll just have to go native and pull out blanket and pillow onto a lumber pile outside right under the swinging boom with the sky for a roof. This is fascinating to gaze up at ~~this~~ ^{this} beautiful tropic skies with myriads of sparkling stars and watch the tall ~~astropes~~ ^{astropes} sway about hither and yon like long fingers pointing out this or that star of special interest. Asleep on the deep to the sound of flapping canvass, creaking ropes and booms fanned by a balmy ~~cool~~ ^{cool} night breeze and the taste of salt on one's lips. One's rest is broken ~~by~~ ^{by} the periodic clanging of the ship's bell ~~that always thrilled me is some way~~ ^(a somewhat unfamiliar way) or an unusually heavy lurch of the vessel, or sudden squalls of rain that ~~seem~~ ^{seem} to course across our path every few hours but do cool the air very well ^{and}.

Morning again. More lonely simple island settlements on distant shorelines and dangerous passages through shoals and reefs. We have full confidence in our captain and crew. These Bahamian sailors seem to have an uncanny sense of direction and sight ^{even} at night and actual

seem to feel the ship's way through the dark. At dawn we make the last call, ^{at Cat Island} on the eastern end of Cat Island, ~~Port Howe~~. From there we plunge immediately into deep ocean over 6000 feet deep and the long swells of the deep Atlantic soon start to trouble a-ri^{ght}. San Salvador is 43 miles East, ^{but} we have a headwind and are making a mere three miles an hour! A whole day of most wretched sea sickness. Oh my liver, my liver! (if there is any left of it) Several steamers pass on the horizon; oh for a few hours in one of its roomy commodious airy cabins! After nine long interminable hours we sight San Salvador but that means we are still five hours from landing! This ceases to be funny, or even adventure!

*Just
the quiet waters of*

All things ^{must} have an end and Columbus could not have welcomed this hallowed spot more joyously than our wretched passengers. ^{Columbus} They had two months of this merry bouncing and a whole lot of other things besides to disturb their peace of mind. ^{But} San Salvador it is, and this ^{is} the place where his anchors dropped into the clear oily looking waters of the harbor. Those same honeycombed rocks say the three strange looking caravels of the great mariner ^{anchor} out here where now our anchor is rattling noisily into its depths. It was here that the valiant adventurers tread up those soft silky sands, planting the Cross on the strand and amid songs and joyful prayers of thanksgiving christened the place forever by the exalted name, San Salvador, -Holy Redeemer. This lonely isle, looking so simple and unimposing a hermitage in the deep Atlantic has been the threshold to a new world.

Friday Feb

God bless Fr. Chrysostom who built this fine sturdy comfortable Mission, a combination of Church, rectory and workshop in one. ^{The} sight of these beautiful cozy quarters and the strange charm and fascination of the place, ^{seasickness} ~~is~~ at once forgotten. As we walk up from the seashore there comes before ~~one's~~ ^{our} memory and the many anecdotes of old Father Chrysostom through whom the ^{Fathers} from St. John's came to the Bahamas. Here he spent the last days of his life; here he died and lies buried.

Is the ancient Columbus about?

Down the strand

A few hundred yards to the South a rude cemetery cross looks out to sea, weathered and bleached by tropic suns and wind and marks the spot where ^{was} offered up the first Holy Mass of the island in modern times, 400 years after the landing of Columbus.

at last

^{It draws toward evening} and natives lazily wait for favorable time and time to catch a few fish for the next day's provender. We take a short trip around the island and Mission stations in the noisy consumptive mission truck, ^{the} ~~one~~ and only motor car "in this part of the Atlantic." We sway and bump precariously through groves of stately palms along miles of incomparable beaches, and over roads built rather for horses and donkey carts than ~~an~~ ^{for} trucks. We take along plenty of human ballast to lessen the shocks and give aid in

read hints
formal generation
 case of engine failure. ^{the matter} Through primitive settlements, with thatched roofs built into, or on top of ruins of dwellings of former generations. In all these winward islands the ~~ruined~~ ^{ruined} walls of ~~stately~~ ^{stately} homes of ~~earlie~~ ^{earlie} ~~poet~~ ^{poet} gleam brokenly and speak of once prosperous lord and manor houses in the days of ~~the~~ planters and slave owners.

*On old slave mill corbel
 glass pane is cracked
 in front of broken window
 the former has
 reading out, or grinding*

As the light of the setting sun stretches shadows of evening steel across the island
 As the sun is setting we pay a visit to Father Chrysostom's grave on a mound overlooking the sea, a spot which I believe Columbus mentions in his diary (Harbour Estate). We look about the relics of a former generation, ^{which stand} the manor house, cattle compounds built of stone, garden walls, an old slave mill and whipping post, and even the remains of a race track. Once a little kingdom perched on a hilltop in the Atlantic. ^{On the east side of the island a few miles to the gallery disengaged} The Imperial Lighthouse ^{stands on the mountain} on the mount which Columbus first ~~found~~ ^{found}. The lighthouse is on the East side of the island and is a guide to the constant stream of steamers that travel along the horizon between the U.S. and Europe and the West Indies, Central and South America. A fit memorial to Columbus. From the top of the lighthouse we get a splendid view of the interior lakes and lagoons which Columbus describes. As one missionary put it, "San Salvador is little more than several bodies of water out in the Atlantic surrounded by land."

Father Arnold must show us one of his recent finds. Hidden in the bushes aside of the road, ^{the canoe} an old canoe hollowed out of a tree trunk, ^{used by the natives} ~~is~~ quite good stage of preservation. How old? Who can tell. Columbus mentions these native canoes and marvels at their cruising about between the islands on the high seas in these tiny craft.

We must halt ^{repeatedly} and there I answer to pleasant greetings shouted from "members" whose farm cottages line the road side. Here are some of them. ^{Here we step into an old world}

A moral determination
 San Salvador, what a place for a vacation that is ^{Truly} "different"! Away hundreds of miles from all sound of trolleys, motor cars or locomotives. Not even the Sheriff can ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{found} here. San Salvador with its ^{island} miles of beaches, memories of bloody bucanners, — There is a mystery about it that lingers in the memory forever. Down where the rim of the horizon catches the stars of the Southern Cross, ^{the} rocky isles, honeycombed with caves, ancient dark mysterious ^{and} relics of ancient races long since vanished and who knows what never to be found relics of pirate adventure, mystery, and murder.

Long Island;

We must be off to Long Island, ^{Rum Cay, Conception Island, Long Cay, Acklin and Brown, almost to Inagua, almost} On the way we are to stop at Rum Cay. These seas are replete with names that rhyme like a Stevenson roster, of scenes of buccaneering and sea adventure, The Bight, Rum Cay, Bird Rock, Acklin Inagua, San Salvador, Watlings, Conception Island, etc.

*Adventure
in Long
Island*

The ^{westness, the} mystery ^{is grand and mysterious} and loneliness of the sea. With a fresh brisk breeze from the east-southeast filling the sails, this was one of the most enjoyable day I have had in years. In spite of the many cares on his mind with the San Salvador and Long Island Missions, Father Arnold also seemed to enjoy the day. Here he is taking a hand at the helm, or at least seeing, whether he can.

comfortable

The day passed very quickly. To move around those piles of lumber on a pitching boat was no fun exactly but ~~it was~~ ^{it was} adventure. By late morning we were at Rum Cay, with its churning white waters outside the harbor. Rum Cay (like San Salvador even more) is one of the forgotten corners of the earth. From the distant hills ^{are} ~~are~~ crested with ruins of what ^{at one time have} ~~at one time have~~ been stately manor houses. ^{the jungle has not yet reclaimed them} ~~the jungle has not yet reclaimed them~~

the distant ridge

In the middle of the afternoon we arrive at Clarence town and luckily the harbor is calm and feel quite confident about launching the new mission car onto the pontoon built of empty gasoline drums. Without any event, it was ^{hoisted} ~~hoisted~~ nicely onto the pontoons towed to shore, run onto the beach and off it went!

soft

On the dock the ^{village} ~~town~~ characters are out to see the strange looking contraption that is arriving today; the town nitwit is ^{giving} ~~giving~~ his comments vociferously.

the

Our baggage is willingly grasped by willing hands and hustled up to the combination Church, school and rectory. A place just acquired and which Fr. Arnold is rebuilding in spare time. ^{but} ~~but~~ it was a rest haven, and in spite of midsummer, I found the island delightfully cool.

*this
detour*

Our supper arrives, a native and canned fool cooked by a neighbor woman and served by Ivy and Hazel just as quietly and efficiently as could be desired. They seem to get quite a pleasure in seeing the Faddahs eat.

The next morning Fr. Arnold wants to make a few adjustments on the car before we go out into the country. He has not been at the island here for a good many weeks. Before very long an old bucky ^{comes} ~~comes~~ with a tale of woe. "Faddah dem teeth done humbug me, somthin' awful."

But not for long. Soon

From antitoxins to dental work

"All right" says Father Arnold, in a trice he washes his hands and gets out the dental forceps. Without much ado, one, two tusks, ^{and out} ~~and out~~ a little mouthwash and back to car repairing; which just begun when Little Ivy shyly comes along also with aching tooth. "Once more, sit still now," Father gets her to laugh so heartily she is unaware of the tooth being pulled. And so it goes. There is hardly a thing in the way of light occupations that these islanders do not expect a Missionary to know.

that

At length we are ready to tour the length of the island, over roads of solid rock, flanked by miles of walls and stone fences, from the slave days.

Here is a sisal plantation with which the natives earn a few meagre shillings with backbreaking discouraging work. Labor.

An eighteen foot canal cut out of the solid rock by slaves. Canals such as these leave the ocean into the salinas or salt ponds where the ocean water is evaporated. The salt industry has largely also died out.

The bishop on his Long Island Confirmation and inspection tour was joyfully received everywhere, and inspected various sites where chapels are to be built in the future.

since there were only a few miserable chapels in Long Island

For the present Fr. Arnold's chapel car must do good service. At night it was as a comfortable mosquito free place to sleep in peace, and the next morning Mass may be said on the specially adapted back. The chapel car is called St. Christopher being blessed and put into service on the feast of that Saint.

part

Long Island has its own character, the people, largely mixed looking alike, all related in some way. Mixing between yellow white and darker negro is constantly taking place. They are a more industrious class than on Andros, Exuma or the like islands. Work very hard, and their lot is a hard one and the future dark indeed.

we drive along speaking

Many riding horseback here; Farmers coming home from a morning's work; many herds of sheep. As we travel south ward gate after gate to open and close again. Beautiful vistas of the sea and the coast line which Columbus skirted when he discovered this island and called it "Fernandina"

many years ago he had... people... has been... party

Perhaps the first Catholic Church in the Bahamas founded by a Spanish Missionary from Cuba many years ago but for several generations in the hands of the Anglicans. Destroyed several times by hurricanes and tidal wave, it has a peculiar history that seems like a punishment of God.

The backbone of Long Island is a ridge in which there are no doubt hundreds of secret caverns, a number of which open out onto the road inviting the passerby to explore its dark recesses.

... calculation...

Up hill through low swamp lands that remind one a bit of Florida Everglades. And so on to the next mission where a church is soon to be built and these fine fellows stand in readiness with machete in hand to clear the plot as soon as Fr. Arnold has staked it out.

Services at the opening of a hillside cavern. One can get some idea here of the shades of color and mixtures here. On these islands are found also rare strains of what seems like a meagre remnant of the aboriginal Carib stock.

Fr. Arnold and myself spent several days exploring some of the larger cavers of which there is a special chapter later. My stay on Ling Island was also all too short and I had to get back to Nassau. The morning of sailing looked threatening; a hurricane was reported down some where off Turks Island. The captain thinks there is no danger and if I do not take this boat I shall be marooned here for three weeks. The wave is heaving ominously over the bar into the harbor and when we get out, oh my I feel sick already, a long rolling swell and a stiff wind from the southeast but it certainly makes this thing go, so much so that I wonder if those spars and booms will hold. At evening we round the treacherous waters around the south end of Rum Cay where there is wind, tide and current and reefs to worry the mariner. Fr. Denis can tell you of times when even Capt. Bain turned green behind the gills when things looked bad and the ocean very much like this. To me an ordinary windy passage was enough to make things exciting. Amid intermittent rain squalls the reefs and breakers over toward shore looked very much like angry malicious monsters showing their teeth to devour us. The deck is crowded with sheep and cattle going to Nassau, also poultry and crates of hissing doves. I do feel nervous and a little funny in the stomach. I close my eyes, try to relax and with the baaing of sheep, the moaning of hungry cows and the peaceful cackling and hissing of chickens and whistling doves I try to imagine myself back on a peaceful Minnesota farm but the wild pitching of the vessel would dispel all those illusions. Under my deck chair a half grown kitten in a cage is hysterical with fright it seems and does not add to one's comfort. And so to bed where I cannot see the tumbling ocean and ease my head a little. Barely asleep when crack, crash! Shouts and quick commands. I go on deck in a hurry; just what I had wondered at. The boom of the foresail has snapped but luckily no one in the way to get hurt and the mate's quick efficient wit saved any serious trouble.

San Salvador again at midnight and I go on shore for a few hours to take a warm soup and shower. To wit on shore at two in the morning, lighted by native's torches, and watch the play of phosphorescence along shore and in the water; well it is a picture I shall not soon forget.

Sunday morning at Columbus point again, near Port Howe Cat Island. There seems to be evidence that Columbus describes this point of land.

And so a Sunday on the deep; but I have some interesting fellow passengers; among them the lovely faculty of a outisland radio operator. We spent many a joyful moment together. Here they are playing peakaboo

Here we are enjoying ourselves with coconuts, and sugar cane purchases from a native at the Bight. These are kiddies of a better class family, well nourished and as dear as can be

Chapter VII Off to the Andros Missions.

More adventure! Off to the mysterious primitive island of Andros. This is the largest island of the Bahamas group the northern end of which lies about 40 miles west of Nassau. It is rather an archipelago and only the East shore about 100 miles long is settled. On the west are the sponge beds or "The Mud" as it is called.

We must lay in a complete store of supplies, food, good water, medicines Kerosene and a host of other things for this is going to be "roughing it" ^{Emphasis on the rough for it is going to be rough going over rocky shallows, and still rougher walking over honeycombed rocky roads.}

Dawn brings with it a favorable wind and an outgoing tide. Already at early morn the waterfront shows signs of life

Ridgely gently at anchor ^{lies} Fr. Gabriel's tiny but sturdy "Star of the Sea" which ^{can} speak of many a perilous passage and adventure. It is only twenty foot keel with no motive power but sail. A gasoline motor makes too much noise for Fr. Gabriel. ^{Merely a chip} It is ^{not much more} ~~against the background~~ of the "Prince David" just pulling into harbor. What? Go onto the high seas with this little thing? ^{Well,} Fr. Gabriel has done it for over thirty years and has great faith in the help of the poor souls. Well, we shall leave the "Star" to him and Fr. Daniel. For our first trip we take a larger vessel either the "Shamrock" mailboat or a sponge vessel. Conditions on one of these ^{boats} are primitive to say the least, cramped and dirty.

*These things
small
blue - 11/11
clouds etc*

Out onto the deep at sunrise with a ^{morning} shower to cool things off nicely. A morning like this ^{from the water} makes Nassau look indeed like a dream city.

One of our black sons of the sea trims his gib, ~~and~~ With all sails set and filled by a neat breeze from the East we bounce out over the surging bar. As the sun rises higher the sea changes color. ^{Very} pretty shiny metallic-looking flying fish spin from one wave to the other.

These black fellows do have an instinct for sailing making use of every puff of wind. They take turns at the little helm and Herman here is so proficient that he can ^{steer} with his toes ^{while} as he enjoys his midday meal of inevitable pigeon peas and rice.

By mid afternoon we sight Andros, with its forbidding coast line skirted by shallows and reefs. ^{There are} a few channels that ^{take} the skill of the best native pilots. They seem to know every inch of these forbidding waters. One miscalculation and we shall be hanging on a cruel reef that ^{has} ^{cut} the bottom ^{out} of our vessel, a few miles out from shore with perhaps a heavy surf, an outgoing tide and a shark or two ^{for} company. Folks down in these parts do seem to have especially wakeful guardian angels.

The pickaninnies ^{at our first stop} have already sighted our boat ^{and} make ^{an} conjectures as to its passenger list.

sail for the next Mission.

Out near the reefs a native sponge vessel passes us and the surges pound at the submerged reefs menacingly. The angry sea is showing its teeth. ^{the morning} in the hot sun getting sunburnt from above and from the water below ^{reflection} Endless patience trying tacking around winds are not favorable and perhaps a whole morning of good part of the day spent in negotiating a few miles. Another settlement. Two native boys give us the once over and then duck behind some rocks. A repetition of what happened in the first settlement; baptizing preaching, instructions visiting the sick, endlessly being bothered with requests for this and that, and what not; tobacco, medicine, a few pence or a whiallen" Oh good Lord; did you say: "In patientia vestra?"

traveller's prayer with unfavorable

Repeatedly during the night he has been annoyed by some bird - young and in from the mud, but gives us much peaceful of patients"

After visiting ^{from} mission ^{to} mission, let's go for a few day's change, - over to the sponging grounds on the other side of the island. We enter one of the bights or channels that ^{lead} through to the West side passing through miles and miles of tangled mangrove swamp.

Suddenly there is A babel of noise and confusion. Flamingoes! ^{this is} One of the few places where they may still be found; in fact Andros Island is said to be the only native haunt left for these birds. ^{It is} Its nesting time and here are their nests built out of native lime.

We reach the sponge fleet. The sponge are generally hooked in this fashion by means of a sponge hook about 20 feet long with the aid of a water glass. The waters here being crystal clear and the bottom cream colored marl, visibility is well nigh perfect. When the boat is loaded the sponge are taken to shore, put into a "craal" and the animal matter allowed to decay. They are then beaten free of the vile-smelling dead matter and thoroughly washed clean and taken to Nassau for marketing.

As we get under way to another part of the sponge fields there is suddenly a great commotion. Even the captain of our small vessel otherwise stolid and imperturbable forgets all else in the excitement and ^{joins} in the lively hunt for a turtle that has just showed its head above water. To catch one of these may mean a profit from 25.00 up to much more, depending upon size. Splash! Some husky sponge fishers dive into the water and after Mr. Turtle ^{is} contacted him in a hurry, catches a firm hold by neck and tail and deftly steers him to the surface, where he is soon made helpless in the boat and joins the cargo to Nassau. A bonanza that will bring in more perhaps than a season's wages at sponging. "De Lawd sho good dis time again."

Chapt. 1v. A STROLL DOWNTOWN AND ALONG THE WATERFRONT ^{Albion} 0.11

This morning we give the town and picturesque waterfront the once over. Fishermen have brought their catch to market and are drying and mending their nets. These easygoing out islanders manning these sponge boats have not been quite so lucky as they wait all day and even several days while heartless sponge buyers beat down their prices to a very minimum.

The sponge market where buyers look over and select likely purchases for packing and shipping to many parts of the world.

From several large sponge sheds come strains of church hymns plaintive and rather weird, after the peculiar manner of natives' singing. The singing comes from native women making a few shillings a day clipping and trimming sponge for market. They make work less monotonous by singing. Time out is taken occasionally for some lively bit of gossip To light up disreputable looking clay pipes, or just plain "Ahguh'in"

An old timer.

A little dusky angel bouncing around on a large uncut sponge worth about fifteen to twenty dollars retail. A sponge like this, I was told will soak up as much as 8 to ten gallons of water. (I did not try it)

826
835
834
Boats of all descriptions swaying idly on the incoming tide. Outislanders, often with their families waiting to sell a meagre stock of produce or waiting for favorable wind and tide before weighing anchor for their outisland home across the deep; Children born to the sea and they like it. To train such irresponsible gypsies of the sea to regular habits of school, instruction or Sunday Mass is quite a problem. These interisland boats are about the acme of discomfort and filth but a native seems to sleep very comfortably on hard boards and a rolling sea.

✓ Fr. Cornelius and Mr. Lothian our kind architect are putting last touches to a load of material for an Andros church. Incidentally this trip caused quite a panic in the relatives of the crew, being reported lost in stormy weather than sprang up.

At the market, rows of native sugarcane which the natives buy by the inch or foot for a few pennies. They either cut it off in slices, or as often start chewing one end and walk up the street chewing sucking and carrying on a lively argument the while. No doubt cheap sugar cane keeps many a one here from worse effects of malnutrition.

Keeping shop. The natives all like to do this; it is little more than playing store. The stock in trade may be worth but a few shillings but they will sit like this all day waiting for the stray pennies of chance buyers. The little boy in the background is enjoying the favorite all year round indoor and outdoor sports Bahamaian sport; namely sleeping anywhere anytime and in almost any position, such as this chap. Surely this is the land of "dolce far niente"

At the water's edge the shopkeepers are more aggressive, even these little times., selling mangoes. "Faddah, faddah! comes from three or four stalls at once. Nice fresh mango Faddah, I's yo membah! Faddah, yo can't leave me down dis mawnin. Nice fresh mango jes in from 'Aiti. Penny hap'ny piece Well, I've got several dozen home now (unless Fr. Ambrose has found them) yet who fan resist such cunning little trade and so we take home another half-dozen.

Gurges of delight from the water below this deserted sharp Daddy getting his little cubs used to the water. This is a Long Islander and true to type, devoted to his little ones Note the fine intelligent features.

Shades of bygone boom days of American prohibition. Just a small consignment of booze, woth perhaps a mere loo grand waiting to be smuggled into the U.S. But those days are ove and many of the fortunes made from bootleg liquor lost again

Children of the sea, the harbor is their supplementary school and playground. No wonder they become adept seamen with almost a sixth sense for the tricks of sailing. These are some boys from Sacred Heart school. The parish is a block from the waterfront.

Another waterfront character. Take my pitchah too faddah, Gimme trupunce boss an take my pitchah!

The pennies the boys got for posing must go back into circulation immediately. One penny buys two "snowball" that is shaved ice with al little flavoring poured over it in a paper cup. A typical Nassau confectioners box cart.

A stir over there at that private sharp! A large marling weighing almost a ton and a half, caught over near the Berry Islands. An American sportsman is proudly displaying this trophy of a seven hours battle with rod and reel. Some fish story, eh? Yet this is a tame one, and it's true!

Band music, shinging shouting and dozens of banners, a parade which ends up at the waterfront for another "Jumper Baptism" A good way to show off before the tourists and it brings in more than one stray quarter and half dollar

There is little twilight in the Bahamas. Night really just seems to fall." Hence the plane bringing back Frs. Bonaventure, Arnold, Leander and Cornelius is hurrying home from Harbor Island and in a trice they slide into the harbor an up the ramp. Back from Harvor Island in a half hour where it takes six to eight hours by boat, plus a possible case of seasickness. The plane has doen goos service in emergencies arising in outislands, to bring doctors, medicine and food to hurricane victims.

CHAPT. V A DAY IN THE DAY NURSERY

are you
 Feeling a little bored? Well, you won't be when we visit the Day nursery, where some 55 little tots are kept ^{carefully} during the day while their ~~poor~~ mothers are working, or as the parents ^{each} ~~each~~ ^{take} them.

For the
 About 8 a.m. ^{after} ~~trudging~~ ^{trudging} along about eight in the mornin toddling along with parents or guardians or older brother or sisters. They are put in charge of the nursery for the day with a good motherly Sister-nurse and her staff. ^{the average stay of a child is four years when it goes to a primary school}
 First ~~of all~~ comes a thorough going over of frizzly hair that might make fine mattress stuffing. After a good washing and brushing of teeth a wait in line for a look ing over in the dispensary.

Very much alive and interested ⁱⁿ ~~to~~ No wonder, since they have had several months ^{or even} ~~or even~~ several years of good feeding and medicaton.

The dispensary, busy every morning with cuts, bruises, rashes ^{or even} ~~or even~~ syphilitic sores. A few yelps now and then as an adhesive plaster is removed, but as a whole ^{they are} a courageous little lot.

Later, ^{is found} the "oil line." that is codliver oil, to build sturdy healthy little ^{bodies} ~~bodies~~ out of ^{bodies} ~~bodies~~ that have ^{often} ~~possibly~~ been neglected, emaciated and undarnourished. And they do take it like good little tots should take spinach.

If the sun is warm, ^{there is} a shower of rainwater ^{with} ~~and~~ plenty of soap. When it is done the nurse will ^{have} ~~have~~ to change to dry clothes ^{also}. There ^{is} ~~is~~ just plenty of life. Discipline is not neglected; each must learn how to use soap ^{and washcloth}.

Lunch of bread and milk. When the camera was being set for this picture, each had a good sized slice of bread and a cup of milk. A minute or so later ^{the picture} ~~when the picture~~ was snapped ^{one tiny remnant (x) left} ~~one tiny remnant (x) left~~. Fast work!

Recess time! An ideal December day temperature ⁷⁰ ~~80~~ in the shade; sand ^{like} ~~like~~ talcum powder, every day ^a ~~a~~ deluge of sun beautiful tropical sunshine, ^{so} ~~so~~ Why should we not be happy?

A few impromptu snaps through the window:

Improving on the morning's job of combing.

Slices of juicy sugar cane to pass around, and everyone gets a pull at it.

"The Secret"

Over here the little rascals have found some expensive sponges I had left in a corner. I give little Rosella a stick of candy to sit quiet for a moment. Quick eyed little Stephanie has spied the candy and offers to trade her flower for some of it. Rosella says: "Nope!" ^{Thank!}

-2-

Stephanie ^{felt} hurt and gazed me a rather reproachful look.
Well, stand nicely now and ^{maybe} you get a stick ~~also~~.
(Note the fine features of Stephanie at the right)

^{a study in bronze} Oh so tired out with all ~~the~~ play. Well, what would be
^{Suburban cousin!} easier than to hang up the lot like little paposes, or
lay them away on shelves? Simple, isn't it and saves
room besides. But then the floor will ~~be~~ safer, so we
will ~~turn~~ the picture the ^{other} way:

Noontime sista! They do not need much coaxing for this.

The main meal of the day; peas and rice every day, but pl
plenty of it, which often is not the case at home.

Just a moment to say grace, combined with concerned
sidelong glances onto the other tots plate. "Amen" and, ---

Down to action too busy for a few minutes even to talk.
But after the little tummies have been well packed, what
a racket and what life! ^{as} The little monkeys squirm
and crowd around ^{or squint} inspecting everything, a shiny watch
chain, or camera part, anything that lookd strange or
unusual. "Wat dat faddah? Faddah, yuh wite all obah
like dat? Good bye! Tanks fo de candy! and ^{Time} come again!

Thing what could be done with a number of nurseries
like this to offset the deplorable conditions ~~of~~ homes,
or rather lack of homes.

Chapt. VI A Day in the Country

High on a ridge that overlooks the eastern part of the island are the mysterious shrouded remains of "Blackbeard's Tower" and hanging out over the deep.

Get out your cameras; ^{today} we ~~are going to~~ ^{shall} tour the country and some of the "jungle" today. ~~Before we get out of town we see on the crest of the ridge the mysterious lowering remains of Blackbeard's Tower from which the bloody buccaneer was wont to spy out to sea for any possible prey that unluckily had ventured in sight of his~~ ^{from this same jungle tradition held} ~~series of~~ ^{telescope} weatherworn stones could speak!

Up on the heights of Fort Charlotte the scions of would be "higher-ups" are having a funny streak today and regaling their spectators with a match of "donkey polo." Either donkey race or donkey polo are perhaps the most capricious things in the world to bet on.

Historic old Fort Charlotte ^{overlooks the West Harbor entrance.} with memories of the British garrisons formerly ~~there quartered~~ ^{where} and where many a lonely soldier has left his name engraved into the ramparts.

Nature is tenacious. Very little soil here but trees will even anchor themselves on a wall and in the course of time break the wall to pieces with their roots.

Another memory of the past, pounded by countless breakers of seventy ^{years}. The engine frame of a Confederate blockade runner that came to grief here.

Charming beaches as we drive along, stately palms, vista that speak out of stories of the South Seas and adventure.

Overhanging seagrass frame an entrancing picture of opal seas tinted with blue and green. ^{we wish could} Through groves of palm that have sought to obliterate the marks of the last disastrous hurricane, out to the golf course.

^{at the golf course.} While tourists occupy themselves with the 19th hole, these caddies must ^{also} recreate too and what could be more fascinating to the heart of Rastus or Bueben than just plain African golf, or gallopin' dominoes. ^{This is going to end either in a feast or a famine for someone.}

Out at Cable Beach Fr. Ambrose is enjoying the day with his altar boys ^{they} are having a great day, the smaller ones with sandcastles, ^{and the} the older ones with athletic games, water jousting, ^{and what} and what is most important,

^{what is most important however is} "Plenty, plenty of peas and rice" of which they can pack away alarming quantities into their blackskinned panaches. No matter what other delicacies there may be, a picnic would simply not be a picnic, without peas and rice.

^{friction} Across the road Fr. Ambrose has found ~~a~~ ^{of} termite nest. These industrious insects are very much of a pest and if one does not take extra ^{care} good care, ^{they} will chew up and carry away your house, furniture and all. They may ^{be} ~~be~~ rafters and beams to such extent that the next storm will break them ^{to} ~~to~~ kindling wood.

^{We since} Out into the interior of the island. Herds of sorry looking sheep and goats helping to furnish a precarious living for their owners.

Farmers picking away at a miserable field or "farm" as they call any field no matter how small. Bahamian fields look more like ~~the~~ outcrop of veins of bed rock. It is a heartbreaking sight to the young missionary who has been accustomed to the rich black deep loam of the States. Here the soil exists here and there in handfuls or shovelfull in crevices in the limestone, in holes there. ^{One can see, no plow and} must poke with a stick to probe where there is enough soil to plant a seed. The soil is very quickly exhausted, ^{but} with proper fertilizer it is astounding how quickly a handful of soil ~~or two~~ produce.

For the most part soil in Bahama is of this kind. Among the stones, only deep in the cracks is fertile. Several look like soil with

Seeking to eke out a poor existence by cultivating some corn, cassava, ^{and other things} and other things that grow quickly.

Ruins everywhere, that tell of generations that are gone, ^{manor houses, of slave days, the slave huts,} memories of exiled peoples, planters, adventurers, ^{loyalists} English lords and fugitives from justice.

Remains of mansions and other land marks unhabited by stone walls. Also there are many obstacles to the island. Bahama is kind of a desert.

The "pine barrens", with much of ^{much of this} a onetime forest ^{has been} demolished by fire and storm and coal burners. ^{Much of the soil here} has been completely burnt through careless clearing of fields and neglected fires of coal burners ^{and careless land clearing}

Out of the Lazaretto ^{we} to pay a cheery visit to our friends the lepers, ^{and} what a welcome from this lonely little village of exiles out in the wilderness. How eagerly they look for ^{our} gifts of leaf tobacco, clay pipes, fruit or candy. The more advanced cases cannot leave their cottages. Such ^{as are able to be about,} spend the time pattering about with desultory planting, fishing and a little fiddle and poultry.

This poor but cheerful fellow has ^{become} quite weak. These lepers do not seem to worry ^{and} have rather neat little cottages ^{enough food,} but of course the segregation, ^{and} loneliness is felt even by them.

From out the pine barrens ^{Trail} come wisps of aromatic smoke from the fires of charcoal burners, making charcoal in the same simple fashion as was done centuries ago. They ^{are} an industrious hardworking and cheery lot of fellows. The few shillings per day ^{that they make} felling and dragging trees, chopping them up and building the kilns watching them and then marketing the coal in town ten to fifteen miles away ^{are certainly more than well earned.} are a happy lot, seasoned and mellowed by much hard work in the open.

Clifton Rocks, ^{not but} a lonely ^{and} an aweinspiring sight in a storm. Fantastic stone faces ^{rock} out onto the ocean wastes ^{and} dark caverns open out onto the waters edge into ^{which} the surd booms and seethes without end.

Over into farm district again. Simple hardworking folk with not much to show for their efforts beyond a bare existence.

A Bahamian field house, or "camp" as they call it where

anything

^{a farm} they live during the growing season to prevent every ^{save} vestige of their crops from thieves. The sisters, ~~white~~ angels of mercy and cheer are of course always welcome everywhere.

A ^{somewhat little} ~~semewhat~~ more pretentious farmyard but like the rest, rock, rock everywhere.

"Totin' fishwud" for cooking. The little tots learn to tote ^{this} ~~this~~ from early years on.

"Oh what fun it is to ride on a Bahamian donkey cart."

~~Some~~ ^{Countries} lassies trying to find some of the miserable berries and cherries that ~~do~~ grow in the bush.

On our way home we pass the secluded old time fishing village of Adelaide where ^A fisherman's wife awaits her husband's boat to come in with the day's catch.

^{Back of the} ~~Easier~~ to modern civilization again, ^A modern road cut out of solid limestone. In slave days many of these cuts were made by slave labor. The soil of the Bahamas ~~is only an inch or so.~~ Graves must be chopped out of stuff like this and it takes ^{for some} from three days to a week to dig a grave. ^{Graves must be dug in advance.} ~~For~~ Fathers and Sisters some are also ready dug.

The open sea once more and whispering palms that to the lover of nature and the poet speak a language all their own.

Chapt. 3. PARISH VISITING

It is a beautiful 'June' morning in January; but then, ^{well, might} almost every morning in the Bahamas is ^{thus, -} deluged with gorgeous amber sunshine. We ^{shall visit in} make a day of parish visiting. There is ^{nothing like} getting into one's work at once. How shall we go? No trolley cars here and gasoline is expensive. Father ~~Mabrose~~ ^{Mabrose} for a long time fancied a horse, ^{and} taking a look over the harbor before setting out for the day. A young man should have plenty of superfluous energy, so why not a bicycle?

Father Queiting with his sturdy English made bike ^{equipped} with two wheel brakes, free wheeling his noonday lunch and sick call bag ^{in the ramblest of} Nassau is ideal for bicycling with ^{the} roads ^{hard} no sand and very little dust. ^{This} looks too much like work?

^{Of bicycling looks too much like work,}
^{We can try the} Nassau taxi, 1880 model ^{and} not streamlined except for the horse; speed limit ~~is~~ ^{is} miles per hour. A great boon for the nerves. Of late years motorcycles have been found to be very serviceable and economical ^{in the} for the missionary. ^{But we must be} ^{out on way}

First to anoint a poor ^{dying} woman ^{dying} of cancer, a heroic and patient sufferer for years. Though very poor, from somewhere these simple ^{people} generally manage to procure ^{some} have clean bed linen and a white cloth ^{on} table when Father comes with the "Sacrament". Note how the ^{rough board} walls are pasted with old papers and magazines. This is a common practice ^{among the natives}. In ^{case of} driving rains as ⁱⁿ tropical storms, these poor huts of course become thoroughly drenched.

A corner of a Nassau parish, and this is not the poorest section by any means. The shanties are often without paint and look little more than children's playhouses, sometimes more like barns, hardly fit to live in, many of them. Certain life reduced to its lowest terms. ^{Quite a} job making parish visits and keep in a census, with for instance two families in the first house, as many in the next, and a whole tribe in the two story affair. Often there are different ^{children} from different fathers; each goes by his "title" i.e. the father's family name. One can easily imagine what it means to trace up ^{patentage}, evidence of Catholic Baptism, schooling, sacraments, etc. ^{Added to this is the} fact that ^{especially} in summer many of the people are so lazy or undernourished that they do not even get off the floor where they are sprawled, when Faddah comes in. Besides children's names may change with change of ^{wards}. Out of pure whim or fancy a ^{young} belle may change her name from Maria to "Missie, Trixie or the like ^{nickname}."

As we pick out way back to the street between irregularly placed huts of all sizes and descriptions this little son of the soil is wondering what ^{dat} "wite man in long wite dwess" is doing here among "poh cullud folk."

"Bahamian snow" at the new St. Jseph's church.

Down the alley come lusty calls of "Fishman! Fishman! Jacks! Grunts dis mawmin' Getchur jacks and mahguts!" ^(margots) ^{Bow.}

The "hones" are made up of one or two rooms separated from each other by partitions of ^{board} wood ^{boards} that have ^{been} ^{used} ^{for} ^{years} ^{ago}. The size of open windows is small but, often a change of ^{being} ^{not} ^a ^{shanty} ^{is} ^{the} ^{open} ^{of} ^{old} ^{papers} ^{and} ^{magazines} ^{pasted} ^{on} ^{the} ^{walls} ^{is} ^{the} ^{mark} ^{of} ^a ^{poor} ^{house} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{parish}. The ^{great} ^{difficulty} ^{is} ⁱⁿ ^{finding} ^{the} ^{right} ^{place} ^{for} ^{the} ^{missionary} ^{to} ^{visit} ^{the} ^{poor} ^{people} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{parish}. The ^{great} ^{difficulty} ^{is} ⁱⁿ ^{finding} ^{the} ^{right} ^{place} ^{for} ^{the} ^{missionary} ^{to} ^{visit} ^{the} ^{poor} ^{people} ⁱⁿ ^{the} ^{parish}.

Rightly called
by the natives "fish"
and "jacks"

Fishman! Fishman!" This goodnatured fellow ^{as he} deserves credit. He is at least trying to make an honest living ^{going} about like the ragged charcoal peddlers, not minding the laughter and jibes of shiftless lazy buggs that loll around porches and corner barrooms. The street? This is "pigtail alley." running into "chokeneck lane". In another section we will find "dogflea alley" "jumper corner" suspicious lane" petticoat lane" damnation alley" "see me no mo hill", and the like.

Scattered along the streets of one of the petty shops consisting of small one room stores often no larger than 6 x 8 feet, and generally filthy & uninhabited. At empty barrels & traps of various sorts & traps of native produce & fruit from the reef hang out in the shade of dead wounds, with swarms of flies and plenty of scavenging.

Sawing native stone for new mission buildings. It is a soft limestone that hardens in the air and with care, and good lime cement and steel reinforcing serves quite well for building purposes.

"Pleesa panny, faddah" More beggars, poor decrepit old chaps, Old Uriah at the left, a recent convert and almost a daily communicant; the one on the right something of a parish.

Screeches of delight ^{come} from two little "eightballs" rolling down the hill with a rehabilitated kiddie car.

"Wood, wood! Getcha wood, fish wood." The poor Bahamian broncho has to shift to low before he undertakes to tug painfully up the hill. The usual means for heating cooking pots, wash water and clothes irons is charcoal burned in primitive fashion from native pine out in the pine barrens. Early in the morning the first call to be heard is "Cooaaaalll! Coalman! Coalman! echoing up narrow lanes and alleys as these hardworking fellows peddle their coalward from decrepit looking "boxcars"

"Mawnin' faddah!" comes in chorus of soft musical voices from this group, which is "totin' de watah" from the public faucet nearby. Yes, they can carry heavy loads on their hard frizzly little heads and supple necks, and with a dexterity and poise that is astounding.

Over in ^{the} more important street, ^{there is} a commotion of some kind and a scolding for "Bones" the dog who has just been trying a few little playful tricks with the family sheep. These youngsters are from a better, more industrious class, with small "farms" and fruit groves. Note their sturdy build and the finely chiselled features. But we are soon among the poorest again:

Shaving his feeble old grandfather with a piece of broken bottle. Primitive but the patient old fellow is no doubt used to it.

Lunch time. Though it is often of limited quantity, this little one ~~has to~~ shares hers with "The Honourable Guy Tracy Watts" so named after a recent Bahamian Chief Justice. The Honourable Guy does not like the looks of my camera. Dogs, dogs dogs, everywhere, all manner, all sizes and description the poorer the people the more dogs. The natives fear a dog that looks vicious and will not put a dog to death if they can help it. The city dogcatcher must make periodic cleanups with his wagon which is a chickencopp affair on the chassis of an oversize perambulator. To see the dogcatcher wearily push this contraption up the hill to the "dugh house"

filled with yapping curs is quite an ~~amusing~~ ludicrous sight. The docatcher looks more guilty than the dogs. (No I did not have sufficient finances to get a picture of this.)

For the last hour or so

Stains of slow band music have been coming from somewhere in the distance for the last hour or so and are now approaching land. The music is accentuated with a booming bass horn and periodic outbursts from ripping trombones and ~~dolorful~~ ^{deplorable} clarinets that would make the very stones weep. This is a Bahamian "band funeral" preceding the hearse. A band funeral is a Bahamians's dearest wish for which he would well nigh seal his soul. This deceased no doubt had a few pounds coming from some burial society and his lifetime wish has come true! He is the central figure in a real honest to goodness band funeral. Dozens of dark little feet are pattering in the direction of the music and to follow the band to the cemetery. A band funeral is a real show that is not to be missed and the Southern band boys have their new uniforms for the first time, a result of a good tourist season.

Music hath charms, even for little Andy, not ^{yet} even a year old Andy is a prize baby, to be sure, from one of the better families, his mother a fervent Catholic. He has a little of Scot ancestry but ~~today~~ ^{today} most ^{possibly} forgot to put on his kiltie ~~today~~.

A study in color mixing. The two upper left and lower right are of one family, a mixture of negro, white, Spanish, and a little Japan thrown in for good measure. A good pious Catholic family.

"Box carts" of all manner, shape, and form built out of odds and ends and grease, with crank case drippings. These nondescript carts are used for general all around hauling, for babies, charcoal, sheep, goats and what not, as they scurry about through and across narrow streets and recklessly coast down hills they are a nightmare to the motorist with weak nerves. But they are deft in dodging through traffic and ^{every} ~~every~~ ^{car} ~~car~~ ^{helmsman} must indeed have a good guardian angel. The "Box cart" seems to be a permanent Bahamian institution.

"My little mule and I" ^{runs an} ~~Do you recall that old minstrel ditty?~~ Here's the real thing, one of Mr. Bonaventure's converts with a much worried jenny, spying out into the road where some boys are trying to strike up a friendship with her new baby, a nine days wonder. I ask the boys to hold the little fellow for a picture. "No faddah!" "Why not?" "Well, you see faddah, he done ack too supspishus wif dat ere left hind foot. "You fellows afraid of a baby jackass?" I try to maneuver the little fellow around, by pushing him gently back. He sets his brakes. I pull. He goes in revers and by the time its all done I have several capital "U" s ^{neatly} ~~impressed~~ on my shins. A real Bahamian.

"Mawnin' faddah!" ^{was from this} ~~look at this~~ coquettish little pair

Little Isabele drawing water from a century old well, and she knows just how to lower the bucket gently so as not to mix the lower strata of salt water with the upper which is fresh. Water in these wells raises and lowers with the tide.

"Farmer Brown comes to town" in his one mule shay. This ~~was~~ ^{is} a crotchety old fellow and refused to pose unless we come

across with a ^{two} shiallen." He's on to the light occupation⁴
of cashing in from these crazy rich tourists from Merfear.
I snap the picture anyhow and give him a sixpence. What
he said then is not recorded on this picture. Well, it's
midday, the sun is hot and so is the pavement. With an
ocean breeze at our back we cycle home to cool off.

Last Will

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

I, the undersigned Othmar Leo Hohmann
of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, in the County of Stearns, State of Minnesota, declare, and
publish the following as and for **My Last Will**, hereby revoking all other Last Wills that
I may have previously made:

(1) I give, devise and bequeath all of the estate, property and effects whatsoever,
wheresoever situated, both real and personal, which I may own or to which I may be entitled
or of which I may become possessed hereafter unto the Order of St. Benedict of the County
of Stearns, State of Minnesota, absolutely.

(2) I nominate and appoint the Rt. Rev. Abbot Alain Deutsch OSB
President of the aforementioned Corporation, or his Successor in office, sole Executor of this
my **Last Will and Testament**, and desire that he shall not be required to give any secur-
ity for the performance of his duty.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand this twenty-first day
of September, A. D. 1929

(Signed) Othmar Leo Hohmann

Witnesses:

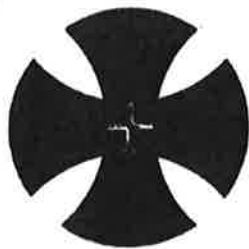
Addresses:

<u>Berthold Edmund Ricker</u>	<u>Collegeville, Minnesota</u>
<u>Nicholas Arthur Bremer</u>	<u>Collegeville, Minnesota.</u>
<u>Loufranc Albert Nordhus</u>	<u>Collegeville Minnesota</u>

In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi. Amen.

Ego Frater Othmarus Hohmann ex Waite Park, diocesis
Sancti Ludoaldi, ad honorem Omnipotentis Dei, Beatissimae
Virginis Mariae, ac Beatissimi Patris nostri Benedicti,
et omnium Sanctorum, tenore praesentium per vota simplicia
ad triennium valitura promitto stabilitatem et conversionem
morum meorum ac obedientiam secundum regulam ejusdem
Sancti Benedicti, et statuta nostrae congregationis, coram
Deo et Sanctis ejus, quorum Reliquiae hic in praesenti
ecclesia sunt, simulque in praesentia Reverendissimi in
Christo Patris ac Domini, Domini Aluini Deutsch, hujus
monasterii Abbatis, et coram Reverendis Patribus et Reverabili-
bus Fratribus hic praesentibus: In nomine Patris et
Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

In cujus rei testimonium praesentem schedulam
manu propria scripsi in hoc venerabili loco, ecclesia
Sancti Joannis Baptistae, die decimo ante Kalendas
Octobres, anno ab Incarnatione Domini millesimo non-
gesimo vicesimo septo.



Othmarus Hohmann
+ Aluinus Deutsch
Abbas.

In nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi. Amen.

Ego Frater Othmarus Leo Hohmann ex Richmond Minnesota, diocesis
Sancti Clodoaldi, ad honorem Omnipotentis Dei, Beatissimae Virginis
Mariae, ac Beatissimi Patris nostri Benedicti, et omnium Sanctorum,
tenore praesentium per vota solennia promitto stabilitatem et conversionem
morum meorum, ac obedientiam secundum regulam ejusdem Sancti Benedicti,
et statuta nostrae congregationis, coram Deo et Sanctis eius, quorum
reliquiae hic in praesenti ecclesia sunt, simulque in praesentia Reverendissimi
in Christo Patris ac Domini, Domini Alaini Deutsch, hujus monasterii
Abbatis, et coram Reverendis Patribus et Venerabilibus Fratibus hic praesentibus:

In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti. Amen.

In cujus rei testimonium praesentem schedam manu propria scripsi
in hoc venerabili loco, Abbacia et ecclesia Sancti Joannis Baptistae, die
vigesima secunda Septembris Anno ^{ab Incarnatione Domini} millesimo nonigesimo vigesimo nono.

Sept. 22 1909



Othmarus Leo Hohmann.

Alainus Deutsch
Abbas.



Josephus Franciscus Busch
Misericordiae Divinae et Sanctae Sedis Gratia
Sancti Clodoaldi Episcopus

Universis et singulis has litteras inspecturis fidem facimus et
testamur Nos die 1^a mensis Junii
anni 1930- in

Ecclisia Abbatiis S. Joannis Baptistae
Dilectum Nobis in Christo

Othmarum Hohmann O.S.B.
Abbatia S. Joannis Bapt.

ad Diaconatum

juxta Romani Pontificalis Rubricas et assistente Nobis in hac Sancti
Spiritus gratia promovisse et ordinasse.

In cujus rei fidem has testimoniales litteras sigillo Nostro
majori insignitas confici jussimus.

Apud S. Clodoaldum

die 11^a mensis Junii

anni 1930

+ Josephus F. Busch
Episcopus S. Clodoaldi



Josephus Franciscus Busch
Miseratione Divina et Sanctae Sedis Gratia
Sancti Clodovaldi Episcopus

Universis et singulis has litteras inspecturis fidem facimus et
testamur Nos die *Septima* mensis *Junii*
anni *1931* in

Ecclesia Abbatis S. Joannis Replis
Dilectum Nobis in Christo

Othmarum Hohmann S.B.
ex Abbacia S. Joannis

ad *Presbyteratum*

juxta Romani Pontificalis Rubricas et assistente Nobis in hac Sancti
Spiritus gratia promovisse et ordinasse.

In cujus rei fidem has testimoniales litteras sigillo Nostro
majori insignitas confici jussimus.

Apud *Clodovaldum*
die *Octava* mensis *Junii*
anni *1931* -

Josephus F. Busch
Episcopus Clodovaldi

CERTIFICATE OF ORDINATION.

I Hereby Certify, That on June 7th 1931 1931
Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B. was ordained to the priesthood
of the Catholic church, and that he is authorized under the rules of
said Catholic church to solemnize marriages.

✠ Jos. F. Breoch
BISHOP OF ST. CLOUD.
Rev. L. Michael, V.G.

Filed for record and recorded June 22nd 1931

John L. Rossin
CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT.



"You have not chosen me, but I
have chosen you." John XV, 16.

In Joyful Memory

of my

First Solemn Mass

celebrated in

St. Joseph's Church
White Park, Minn.

Sunday June 14, 1931

Wilmar H. Hohmann

D.S.B.

Ordained to the Holy Priesthood
by Rt. Rev. Joseph H. Busch, D.D.
in St. John's Abbey Church
Collegeville, Minnesota
June 7, 1931

"Thou hast created us for Thy-
self, O Lord, and our hearts are
restless until they rest in Thee"
St. Augustine Conf. I. 1.

Certified Copy of Birth Register in Stearns County, State of Minnesota.

PLACE OF BIRTH OF CHILD (Town, Village or City)		No. of Birth	DATE OF BIRTH			CHRISTIAN NAME, (IF ANY) OF CHILD AND SURNAME OF FATHER	
Township of Manson		----	Jan.	22	1900	Jacob Leo Hohman	
COLOR	SEX	FATHER'S NAME OF PARENTS		MOTHER'S MAIDEN NAME		OCCUPATION OF PARENTS	
White	Male					FATHER MOTHER	
BIRTHPLACE OF PARENTS		AGE OF PARENTS		No. of Child	Conditions, as Twins, Illegitimate, Etc.		
FATHER	MOTHER	Father	Mother				
		Year	Year				
Minnesota	Minnesota	32	27	-----	-----		
NAME AND ADDRESS OF ATTENDING PHYSICIAN OR MIDWIFE			WHEN REGISTERED			REMARKS	
			Months	Day	Year		
			Feb.	3	1900		

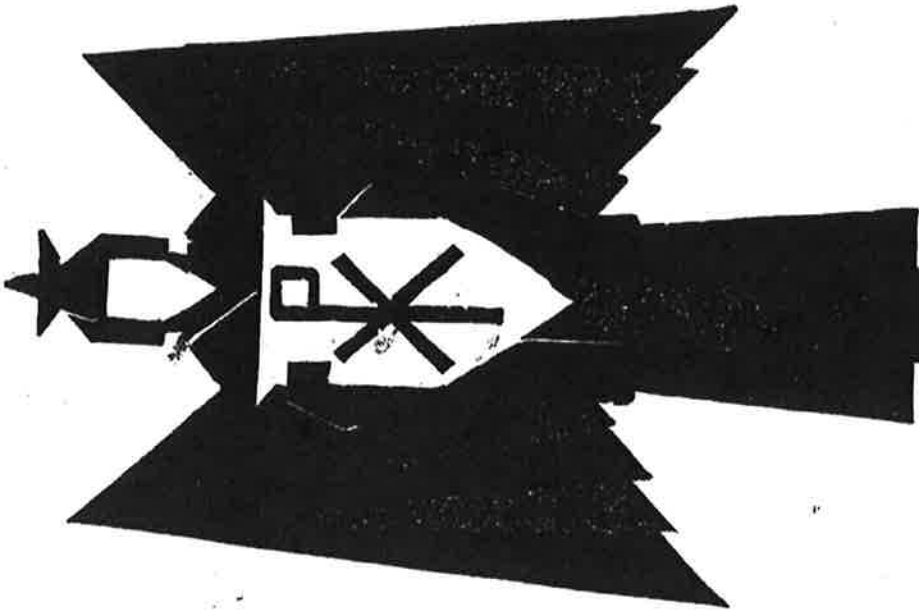
State of Minnesota, }
 County of Stearns } ss. In District Court of Said County

John L. Dominik Clerk of the District Court in and for
 do hereby certify that the foregoing is a full and complete transcript of the entries appearing of record
 Register of Births now remaining in my said office relative to the birth of the said
Jacob Leo Hohman

and of the whole thereof
 WITNESS my hand and the seal of said Court hereto affixed, at
St. Cloud Minn., this 26th day of
November A. D. 1932

By John L. Dominik Clerk
 Deputy

BETHLEHEM



A Drama of the Nativity in Four Acts. Presented by the
College Preparatory, aided by Members of the St.
Anselm's Hall and St. Bede's Hall Boy Choristers

St. John's University Auditorium

GAUDETE SUNDAY, DEC. 13, 1931

Dedicated to the Revival of the Religious Drama

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

(in order of appearance)

The Prophet Isaias.....	Mr. Hugo J. Diers
Zeno.....	Edwin Fuchs
Gallus.....	Arnold Fuchs
Adipatus.....	Gregory Soukup
Claudius.....	Robert Vail
Arno.....	Daniel Kelly
Caesar Augustus, emperor of Rome.....	Richard Meinz
Maecenas, his Confidant and Advisor.....	John Battz
Allibard, a Roman Centurion.....	Lawrence Sippl
Longinus, a Roman Centurion.....	Bernard Watrin
Lydius Sapiens, an aged learned Roman.....	Pius Eisenhammer
Bethaniel, an Innkeeper in Bethlehem.....	Sylvester Claseman
Senoch, friend and neighbor of Bethaniel.....	Henry Schneider
Assa, son of Bethaniel and shepherd.....	Robert Devitt
Joseph of Nazareth.....	George Courtright
Athanas, an old pilgrim.....	Edward Butkowski
Heno, a younger pilgrim.....	Michael Litzinger
Zorastes, an old shephred.....	Joseph Marx
Simon.....	Antony Berning
Amian.....	Malcom Parks
Manreb, young shepherd, son of Senoch.....	Meinard Niggeman
	Bernard Axmann
	John Eickhoff
	Aloys Leuer
	Raymond Ethen
	Joseph Keller
	Adrian St. Hilaire
	Aloys Britz

Shepherds and inhabitants of Bethlehem

Announcing Angel..... Aloys Britz
 First Angel Chorus—St. Bede's Hall Boy Choristers.
 Second Angel Chorus—Members of St. Anselm's Hall Choir.
 Shepherds' Chorus—Members of St. Bede's Hall Choir.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES:

ACT I: Scene 1: An audience chamber in the imperial palace of Caesar
 Scene 2: Augustus in Rome.
 Scene 3: The same.

ACT II: Scene 1: At the Inn of Bethaniel at Bethlehem.
 Scene 2: The same.
 Scene 3: The same. A few minutes later.

ACT III: Scene 1: An open field near Bethlehem.
 Scene 2: Interlude: On the road to the crib.

ACT IV: Scene 1: On the road to the crib.
 Scene 2: The cave in the hillside at Bethlehem.

PERIOD: The fullness of the time. The birth of Christ.
 "Art, When in the Service of Religion, Reaches its Highest Excellence."

Choruses and Music under the direction of Rev. Norbert Gerstken, O.S.B.
 Stage Manager: Clarence Welter. Assistants: Raphael Thunerte, Howard Miner, Carroll Oby, Richard Taaffe, James McCormack.
 In charge of Costumes: Bernard Fruth and Cyril Nathe.
Wigs, Caesar's and centurions' costumes by Martin Giesen, St. Paul, Minn.
 Cover Design by Edwin Fuchs.

CHORUSES AND INTERLUDES

INTRODUCTORY CHORUS "Adeste Fidelis" The Seminary Choir

PRELUDE: Chorus:

The century-old cry through the darkness, from Limbo and earth. Salvation at hand.

"O come, O come Emmanuel
 And ransom captive Israel,
 That mourns in lonely exile here
 Until the Son of God appear.
 Rejoice, Rejoice, O Israel,
 To Thee shall come Emmanuel."

"O come thou rod of Jesse,
 Free thine own from Satan's tyranny,
 From depths of hell Thy people save
 And give them victory's o'er the grave
 Rejoice, Rejoice, etc.,
 To Thee shall come Emmanuel."

PROLOGUE: *The Voice of Isaias*: (580 A.D.). "the Evangelist of the Old Testament." The voice of the prophet reechoing through the centuries, prophesying the joy that shall come after afflictions by the birth and kingdom of Christ which shall flourish forever:

"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: to them that dwelt in the region of the shadow of death light is risen. Thou hast multiplied the nation and hast not increased the joy. They shall rejoice before thee, as they that rejoice in the harvest, as conquerors rejoice after taking a prey when they divide the spoils. For the yoke of their burden, Thou hast broken and and the staff of his shoulders as in the day of Madian."

"For unto us a child is born, and unto us a son is given:
 And the government is upon his shoulder,
 And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,
 The Mighty God, the everlasting Father,
 THE PRINCE OF PEACE. (*Isaias I X, 2-6*)

Refrain by Chorus: the passing on of the prophecy through the centuries by the faithful of the Chosen People.

INTERLUDE AFTER ACT I:

(*The Voice of Isaias*): The prophet comforts the people with the promise of the coming of Christ to forgive their sins. He prophesies of John the Baptist:

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your God.
 Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem
 And my unto her that he warfare is accomplished
 That her iniquity is pardoned."
 The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness;
 Prepare ye the way of the Lord,
 Make straight in the desert a highway for our God." (*Isaias XI 1-3*)

INTERLUDE: After Scene 2 of Act II. Chorus.

"A *Virgin* most pure as the Propiets did tell,
 Doth bring forth a Saviour, as it hath befell,
 To be our Redeemer from death, hell, and sin,
 Which Adam's transgression had wrapped us in,
 Rejoice and be merry, set sorrow aside,
 Christ Jesus our Saviour is born on this tide."

"Then God sent an angel from heaven so high
 To certain poor shepherds in fields as they lie,
 And charged them no longer in sorrow to stay,
 Because that Our Savior was born on this day.
 Rejoice, etc.,

PRELUDE TO ACT III: Chorus, "*The First Novell*"*

"The first Novell the angel did say,
 Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
 In fields where they lay keeping their sheep
 On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
 Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell,
 Born is the King of Israel."

"They looked up and saw a star
 Shining in the East beyond them far,
 And to the Earth it gave great light,
 And so it continued both day and night.
 Nowell, Nowell, etc.,"

"This star drew nigh to the northwest,
 Over Bethlehem it took its rest,
 And there it did both stop and stay
 Right over the place where Jesus lay.
 Nowell, Nowell, etc.,"

CHORUSES IN ACT III, SCENE 1:

Shepherds' Chorus:

- 1) "O come, O come Emmanuel," (as in the Prelude.)
- 2) Drop down dew ye heavens from above, O ye clouds rain down the
 Just One."

"Behold O Lord the affliction of Thy people,
 And send Him Whom Thou art to send:
 Send forth the Lamb, the ruler of the earth,
 Out of the rock of the desert to the mount of Thy Daughter Sion
 And He shall take away the yoke of our captivity.
 Drop down dew, etc.,"

- 3) Chorus of Angels:

"Silent night! Holy night!
 All is calm, all is bright,

*"Novell"—a shout of joy at Christmas time in the old carols.)

Round you virgin mother and child,
Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace!
Sleep in heavenly peace!"

- 4) The Voice of Joel: (800 B.C.) The trumpet call in Sion: "Blow ye the trumpet in Sion, for the day of the Lord is nigh at hand; behold, He cometh to save us! Alleluja! Alleluja!" (*Joel*, II, 1)
- 5) The Heavenly Messenger: Fear not, for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord. (*Luke* II, 10-11)
- 6) The Multitude of the Heavenly Army: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." (*Luke* II, 14)*

SCENE 2: INTERLUDE: On the way to the Crib.

Shepherds' Chorus:

"Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er our plains,
And the mountains in reply
Echoing their joyous strains.
Gloria in excelsis Deo."

"Shepherds why this jubilee?
Why your rapturous strain prolong,
What the glad tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?"

"Come to Bethlehem and see
Him Whose birth the angels sing:
Come adore on bended knee
Christ the Lord, the new-born King.
Gloria in excelsis Deo."

ACT IV, SCENE 2: The cave in a hillside at Bethlehem.

Choruses of angels and shepherds:

- 1) "Reonet in laudibus
Cum jucundis plausibus
Sion cum fidelibus:
Apparuit, Apparuit,
Quem genuit Maria."*
Sion sing His praises loud,
And your faithful voices proud
Mingle with the incense cloud:
(Refrain) He hath appeared, He
hath appeared
Whom Mary bore, Our Saviour dear
2) The voice of Isaiah, now radiant and jubilant. The Joy of Fulfillment.
"For unto us a child is born, and unto us a son is given:
And the government is upon his shoulder,
And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor,
The Mighty God, the everlasting Father,
THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

Chorus, Female: The Prince of Peace, Gloria in Excelsis Deo!

* Symbolism of the angels' shields: PX, the Greek initials for Christ and the Latin for "Pax", peace.

* The Symbol in the Heavens: The great message of peace heralded through the dark centuries in the language of the church of the Old Testament, "Shalom, Holam," (Peace Eternal), now proclaimed through the new-born Christ (symbolized by the Greek letter X) and henceforth to be radiated to all nations and tribes in the language of the Church of the New Testament, "PAX AETERNA," and to endure unto all eternity (the circle)

St. Joseph's Church
Moorhead Minn.
August 30, 1932

Dear Father Abbot,

Father Lambert tells me that he spoke to you concerning the lad from Fargo, who is through highschool, and wants to come to St. John's with the idea of studying for the priesthood. Father Lambert turned him over to me to form an opinion of his merits, and I have investigated and am giving you a report herewith. Father Vincent Ryan Vicar-general of the Fargo diocese, and the boy's pastor was over to recommend the lad to me during the time Father Lambert was on retreat. Father Ryan was quite enthusiastic about considering him a first class risk. I was not over responsive at first, trying discreetly to suggest that the Fargo bishop, or Father Ryan himself try to help defray at least part of the boy's education. Since I thought that they ought to try to do at least something, and also from reports I heard about the boy's parents, I have delayed taking up the matter further.

Father Ryan assures me that, were he in a position, he would be very willing to take on the lad personally. He tells me that the Fargo bishop has a superfluity of priests, and is helping no one until ready for the Seminary. Father Lambert is quite well impressed with the boy himself. I have gone over to the Sacred Heart Academy in Fargo, where he made high school in three years, and interviewed the Rev. Mother and all the sisters that had in school. The summary of their statements is that the boy showed himself to be very industrious, of good character, not brilliant but industrious, rather inclined to be studious, a little mischievous at times, and in general a good pious boy with a good deal of common sense. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the boy has not been prompted or even encouraged to study for the priesthood, by the sisters nor by the pastor, and if at all by the mother, not unduly.

I visited also the family, and did not find things there so desirable. The father is a poor Catholic who goes to Church very irregularly, so Mrs. tells me. One of the older brothers has fallen for Yogi philosophy and dropped practicing his religion. The mother is a convert who has tried to live a good Catholic life, and bring up her children properly I suppose, but she is really a little "queer," with some fixed ideas brought on by hardship, and poor success with two of the children. She has some erratic ideas, as I think inclined to be too introspective but I feel heartily sorry for her, since from what I was able to find out she has also had a hard row to hoe. In spite of this, the boy has been faithfully working where he could and helping his mother along, and in spite of his mother's ideas, has a great respect for his mother.

I had quite a private chat with and he strikes me with ^{his} open sincerity, disregard of what others might say about his trying to be virtuous and studying for the priesthood, and has tried to keep away from the bad crowd by working at the golf links during the day. He seems to be very frank, simple and sensible.

The family has been hard hit by times, and property complications. I told the mother I could not promise anything, but would take the matter up with you, and we would most likely expect her to pay the minimum of what it would cost to keep the lad at home, if we could do any

thing at all for them. She figured that it would cost about five dollars minimum to keep him at home per month, and she would be very glad to pay that if she could, *plus incidental expenses.*

Personally, I feel a little skeptical of course, family conditions being as they are, and can not give an unqualified recommendation as for my Waite Park lads where I have known *by* and family for some years. Yet, everything considered, I would ~~say~~ give him a chance by all means since he has finished high school work required here, and I would say to take the lad on his own merit. He does not know much difference between the secular and the religious priesthood, and I have merely pointed out the difference in a general way, and advised him to pray for light as to where his vocation might be. The boy is 16 years of age, and what I forgot to mention before, I think he is a very cleanminded youngster.

Please pardon this diffuse letter; but before I would recommend him ~~him~~, I thought I would get all the information I could, and give you what I think is a fair statement of the situation. I am of course just a little put out that the Fargo diocese would not offer to do something.

Father Buscher told me the other night that he had spoken with *down* in Chicago. The younger of the boys who was with us some years ago feels that he wants to begin studies for the Seminary. *says* that if the boy does not go through with it, he would be willing to stake some other needy boy at \$500 per year to study for the priesthood. I do not know the father personally, and am merely stating this as hearsay. I thought possibly if you know the people quite well, there might be a fine opportunity to secure a permanent scholarship if it could be suggested to *at* some opportune time. Since I have some more boys in mind (all poor of course) that will come due next year and after, I would surely like to see a few more scholarships come in.

Well, I am enjoying it here. Due to many minor encroachments on one's time, I do not get much reading done, as I would like to, but this week Mr. Canisius is taking care of the hospital, so I have it a little easier. He is getting along as well as can be expected, and his doctor has advised his getting outside a little and doing a little work, as he is doing now. I am of course wondering as to where my place will be for the coming year, but have full faith in Divine Providence even though I have heard the rumor that I might go to New York. I think God made the ~~big~~ country, but man the big congested city. Fiat Voluntas! Please excuse the faulty typing.

Fidelity in St. Benedict,

F. S. Canisius

*P.S. At my questioning the mother of *was* me that to the knowledge she was a substantial person in the little in the relationship. The news on some things prompted me to ask that. I am lost also the boy's credits for you and the Deats.*

Sept. 1932

Prospect for Priesthood Student for 1933:

age 18, Cathedral Parish, St. Cloud. Is at present attending the Cathedral High finishing his senior year. He was recommended to me by _____ in St. Anselm's Hall, as a very fine lad who has had the idea of studying for the priesthood since early boyhood, and has been shy about pressing the matter due to the poverty of his folks. I investigated, being under the impression that the boy's home was at Kimball, and that he was merely staying at St. Cloud. When I found out that he belonged to the Cathedral parish, I went to see Fathers Demery and Wildenberg so as to obviate any suspicion of undue interference.

_____ on the Cathedral teaching staff speaks very highly of boy and family both, mentioning that it is a large family of eight, with the father out of work for a long while, but that the family is very respectable, not given to asking for charity, but very grateful and appreciative for the slightest thing done for them. The sister mentions that _____ is not exactly brilliant, but seems to have a lot of common sense, and did fairly well in his classes.

Fathers Demery and Wildenberg state about the same as and speak also very highly of the boy, as a first class risk who should be given a chance. The boy himself tells me that some years ago when the idea of studying for the priesthood came to Father Gruenes, Father thought it best if _____ would first finish at the Cathedral. Since he had only one year left, and is making around 12-15 dollars a month on his paper routes, I suggested the same. *(the summer, 1932)*

My own impression of the boy is very favorable. I had quite a private talk with him. He seems to be quite sensible, not oversanguine but of an earnest businesslike turn of mind. He realizes the dangers at present of lax company but tells me he has been quite able to steer clear of bad influence. A little incident happened while I was talking with him in the car, when another bigger lad came up concerning some business deal. I was rather well impressed with the firm determined and yet polite way in which he shunted him off.

The family, as before mentioned, is very poor. An older sister is working her way through the hospital at present at a nursing course, and seems to be of very good character. I suggested to Fathers Demery and Wildenberg that they do what they can for him next September, and while I could not promise anything, they might at least take up the matter with you.

_____ might be able to give additional information about the boy, since he has known him for a number of years.

The boy also told me that he felt a leaning towards a missionary vocation. How serious this idea is I do not know.

4/19/33 I visited the boy and family before leaving last winter. He seemed rather discouraged, due to continued hard times with his folks. I shall try to drop him a note during the summer as also to Frs. Gruenes & Wildenberg.

PROSPECT FOR SCHOLASTIC FOR 1933

Sept. 1932

Waite Park Minn. At present in 8th grade, beginning.
Will finish June 1933. Father: Three children in
family. Father a car-repairer in shops.

strikes me as being a very fine lad, open, sincere, earnest, ^{stanced}
pious, a diligent altar boy for some years, plain and simple in
appearance and character. He and his father tell me that
has had the idea of becoming a priest from childhood on. The father
has at times explained to him the difference between a Franciscan,
Benedictine, or other ~~of~~ Order priest, and a secular. The boy
seems to have his mind set on becoming a Benedictine. Except for
being gently encouraged at home, I do not believe the boy has ever
been urged by pastor or teaching sister. Pastor, sisters, and neigh-
bors speak well of the boy, and the family. I ran across him quite
incidentally the other day.

The father has said that he would be very willing to stand any and
all expenses he possibly could, even if it should run into a hundred
or two. From appearances, these people strike me as being very
thrifty and simple in their home life. I do not know whether Mr.
has any other income besides the half-time work in the Car Shops. I told

*him he would be expected to do what he reasonably could at the same time providing
generosity for his family.
highly of the boy. Father Siegle also of the family, ^{principal at Waite Park} speaks very
of deep simple faith + good contributor to the church.*

~~St. John's University~~

Chicago

~~Collegeville, Minn.~~

Sunday Nov. 27.

Rev. and dear Father Abbot.

It is about time that you hear from me. I tried writing on the train but that did not work so well. I am happy to state that I did not need that little operation and subsequent delay. Doctor Johnson's local treatment had been successful and he said that if it would not heal completely, a doctor down there could easily take care of it. ^{and not a cent of charges.} Prof. Minollet Chimie doctor has certainly been fine to me. I was trying to dispose of the rest of the photographic (studio) equipment in Mpls. St. Paul, as you had told me a month ago, but where a month ago I might have gotten a few dollars for it, now one will even consider taking in old equipment ^{even} or a trade in. They are having a hard time selling ^{even} new equipment. I have gotten rid of sixteen dollars worth, and would ask you whether I could keep that for extra photographic equipment for down there, or whether you wish me to send it back to Fr. Roland. Now that I am a missionary, you may find me a bothersome beggar from time to time. Also, do you wish me to send back what may remain of the money given me for travel?

This trying to get rid of that studio equipment has cost me a lot of time and effort, but I am glad to have done my best anyhow. I shall send a more detailed memorandum to Father Roland soon. I had also spent considerable time at shopping around for a good photographer's outfit and not wishing to pay much. I have several good buys but had Father Rembert's machine repaired at Mpls. and though it is old and somewhat unwieldy, I shall try to make it do for the present.

I made a mistake perhaps with "playing Jew" in these transactions due to time consumed, but sincerely I feel I ought to squeeze every dollar extra hard for which ~~somebody~~ someone has had to work very hard perhaps. It has been a source of no

II

St. John's University
Collegeville, Minn.

little encouragement to find the way some poor people wish to make personal donations from their own scanty means.

I also tried a last means to secure a pass at St Paul, but I guess it's all over with full passes on the Eastern roads and they even threaten to cut out reduced clergy fare. I shall send you the article that was in the Dispatch the other week, as soon as I find it among my papers, if you are interested.

^{mission} I also spent some time in copying a list of names of parish donors in St. Boniface parish and addresses and also arranged to get a list at St. Joseph's & St. Bernard's for my mailing list. Then I visited Mr. Ambrose's folks & Father Daniel's mother that gives you an idea how I spent my time in the Twin Cities. I stopped off at Law Clair to bid farewell to a number of aunts & cousins whom I have seen and I saw some boyhood. Father O'Brien was a gracious host and also Father Demetrius' brother with his fine family of 9 youngsters.

He took me over to pay a short call on Father Heise at Whippewa and I certainly had a delightful visit. He certainly has a warm heart towards St. John's & Miss. Leonard and our work, and I hope it will continue. At St. Paul I also called on Father Troy at Father Oswald's suggestion. He was very cordial and I thought he might be interested in receiving occasional news articles & pictures from the Bahamas. I think I was quite discreet and when he suggested sending occasional Mass stipends, I did not appear over-ambitious. Father Roucan over at St. Helena's was also very cordial & most interested and seems to be very well disposed towards the Benedictines. A good Irishman who hits from the shoulder.

I received a little information from a Britisher in Minneapolis who referred me to the consul here in Chicago. I am seeing him tomorrow morning. Mr. Dominic at St. Cloud

St. John's University
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is sending my birth certificate and I wish to take measures on any delay down in Miami. Fray Bernard has written me what to do down there in case I do not get all papers fixed up before going down there and referred me to Father ~~Gregory~~ Gabriel Ruppert down there to help me. I would surely hate to pay a visa charge to ^{considering} ~~that was~~ ^{see in Chicago} ~~deliberate~~ ^{frisco}

I am visiting a few cousins ^{here in Chicago} whom I have never seen. They got me at the station ~~and~~ by rail and so I am right at hand with simple people with a lot of faith amid the hurly-burly of a metropolis. They will stay no amount tomorrow so I will start no difficulty. In that way I need not impose on any of the fathers who no doubt are very busy on Monday & Tuesday. If time allows I shall call on the ^{at} ~~at~~ earnest request. From here I go to South Bend & ~~to~~ La Porte to visit some nice cousins who were very generous to me last year.

Fray Bernard had written to me that in case work on the mailing list would entail a few more days delay, that would be O.K. He is leaving for Nassau this week and possibly wishes me to meet him in New York City. I expect to hear from him tomorrow or Tuesday at South Bend which is on the N.Y.C. main line to Buffalo. If he so prefers, I shall then go directly from Chicago to Miami. The way I figure, it will not cost much more by way of the East if I stop off nights, but as I mentioned, it will take longer.

I was of course a little taken back at the scolding before I left but could see your viewpoint very well lest Fray Bernard would think we were "stalling" on him. I suppose I have acted a little to much on our initiative as you intimated, but will say "forgive me yet for this time". I wanted to say a few more things when I left Monday, but ^{was waiting}

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outside, I had still to tell the janitor
 found out and had just had farewell to "my boys" ^{to get my} which I
 must confess I found quite hard, especially with little
 I suppose I have become too much attached
 to them and must have made amends by praying still
 more for them, the others whom Providence has thrown across
 my path to help in a small way. The few that as to some
 next year I shall recommend in a detailed report as to
 qualifications etc. when I get settled
 tackled me just before I came in to say goodbye to you,
 and opened up from his growing reticence of the past
 two years. He has doubts but I gave him encouragement
 in a few words since time pressed and insisted that
 he take a director in confidence, (suggesting Father
 Xavier) and he promised very gladly to do so at once a
 good talented boy, seemingly honest & sincere but I do hope
 he will not "clam up" as he admitted he has done and
 become so closed up as seems to run in the family (just
 a little suggestion when you speak with him next spring)
 He is included each morning together with the other winter
 Park kids.

I left my good Father and Mother at Minneapolis who the
 day had come on a pass to visit their married daughter.
 The beautiful Christian manner in which they took my
 departure surely made my going very easy & comforting.
 Father refused to be very serious when I gave him my
 blessing and insists that he will live and even grow
 younger by the time I get back. They have their faults which
 I sometimes judged harshly but I guess I have lots to be
 thankful for to think that their shares in the next life will
 be promising and that they have left me the heritage of Catholic
 faith & upbringing. Perhaps their sacrifices & privations & deep
 humility at having a priest in the family have helped me on one

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to get through in spite of all my foolishness than I shall ever realize.

Here I have rambled on for four pages entirely inconsiderate of the Albat's time. Things work by contraries. All my life I had wished to travel. The last few years I had grown very contented to stay at home in my room & keep busy and now that the chance is here to go a little ways, that room & all my interests there looked very appealing indeed. Perhaps a little of the old wanderlust will return after getting on a little ways but I shall be glad to get settled here, the less. I think you had better address me at

_____ who will forward
any mail. I suppose though that when you write, I shall be
in Nassau or at least Miami. My greetings to all the
conferes. Kindly pardon the scrawling penmanship

Fidelity in St. Benedict,

Fr. Othmar

December 17, 1932.

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.,
Nassau, Bahama Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

There was no special reason for my writing you to Laporte, for which you gave your address. I was busy enough and therefore decided to wait until I heard from you at Nassau. I have not yet received a letter from you, but Monsignor mentioned in a post-script to his letter of the 12th inst. that you had just arrived. However, your long letter from Chicago gave me so much pleasure that I want to reward you by giving you a letter for Christmas. To have written me while en route was, I am sure, a sacrifice. Many people don't write even when they have abundant leisure at home, and would never dream of writing while transiently in a city.

I will not comment at any length on your letter. You ask whether you may keep the money you got for photographic material. Also the balance of the money given you for travel-- that is, you need not send it back here, but hand it to Monsignor, who can then use it for Father Ambrose's trip to Florida.

So you were taken a-back a bit by the chiding I gave you when you came to bid me farewell. Perhaps it sounded more like a reprimand than was intended, as I imagine my face looked a bit drawn, as it often does when my nerves are tense. It was more a bit of advice for the future that I intended. Yet I reproached myself afterwards for having possibly made you feel bad. The tone of your letter shows no resentment, for which I am thankful, and I pray that you may never let even a harsher word rankle in you.

I told you before that I appreciate your good qualities. I regretted more than you suspected the need of sending you to the Bahamas. Perhaps you may think there was no need, that I might have sent somebody else. I will not enter into an explanation of this. But you know that I have not been sending away the poorest men to get rid of them; in fact, recently I was charged with sending away the abler men in order to have freer play for myself. Well--enough of this! We all misjudge each other. I merely wish to add that I pray you may watch over yourself, grow ever more considerate of others and more perfect in every way.

Enough for today. I hope you have already fallen in love with Nassau. May your first Christmas there be full of joy and may God bless your work for His people.

Affectionately yours,

Abbot.

Hassan Badenas
Dec 27, 1932

Dear Father Abbot:

Although busy with many things and getting used to a number of things new and unfamiliar, I feel that I should have let you hear from me some time ago. I was indeed glad to receive a letter for Christmas knowing how busy you must be with many things and pressing matters.

I had a lovely trip; it seems my guardian angel was with me all the way; kind friends at Buffalo, fine relatives at La Porte and St. Bend. conferes at New York City, more very kind friends at Washington City where I stayed with the English Benedictines. The prior of St. Anselm's wishes to be remembered to you, as also the Belmont Benedictines at Durham, where I stopped part of a day to rest up.

New York City was just a nightmare to me. Thank God, I am at least away from the diabolical racket of subways, elevated trains et al. and the park, crowd of congested New York. No thrill at all, except the Empire Bldg. Here of course the dogs and roosters have no respect at all, the dogs barking and fighting at all hours of the night, the roosters having all idea of the proper conventional time for a cock to let loose. After a few nights I was used to it, and I say every day: "Thank God, I am not in New York." I was urged to visit the Ropy Theatre was jaded with the palatial interior and bored to distraction by the program etc. Cui bono?

Washington City; what a revelation! City of marble, large open squares, beautiful buildings and the Catholic University! An inspiration, the institution and its precincts. Miss Mc Kenna showed me about the shrine, and wishes to be remembered to you. I presume you know the sculptors are incorporating a historical memorial records of Catholicism in America into pillars and walls of the Memorial Chapel. He suggested that the Benedictines send in some points regarding abbot Boniface Winant and foundation of the Benedictines in America. (I suppose it would cost something.)

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Well, I left Washington reluctantly; I would have spent weeks there, just browsing around the museums. A year ago I read to the boys John Drinkwater's fine "Robert E. Lee." Little did I think that just in a year I would be at the very spot where the scenes take place.

I got to Miami on a beautiful summer morning. Rev Gabriel Ruppert O.S.B. was a fine host and took me over to his friend, Dr. Otto Reinders a fine Catholic layman to whom the priest is everything. Do call on him if you ever have the chance. His address (do not forget the number) is North Bay Shore Drive. Although I had planned to take a smaller boat, both suggested taking the "Munays", this being my first ocean trip, which, of course, cost me enough for the short trip, \$2.20. I got quite a "kick" out of my first ocean trip and only regretted ^{its} brevity.

Well, here I am, happy & contented since the heavy work I suppose has not yet begun for me. Climate just lovely, one day just like the other. gorgeous sunshine, balmy breezes, lovely clear skies, beautiful blue Atlantic, fresh air for 24 hours (which is beginning to show its effects) How I must smile when hearing of 15-18° below in Minnesota.

What is before me all, I know not. When hearing Father Lequien speak of adventures in years past, storms, narrow shelves, primitive conditions, hardships and lonely life, well, I wonder whether I would be called to able to stand up under it all, - well no use worrying for the present, I suppose. How I shall like the work here, I cannot tell as yet; I shall at least give it a good try. I have been sticking pretty close to the house with Christmas correspondence, getting settled; trying to resume a little reading. There will be time & opportunity to explore & study the beauties of nature here, when I get more into the swing I suppose. In spare moments I have revised my "Cyprianus" for publication if you will grant me your permission. I shall first type a few manuscripts & get an expert estimate of cost of printing, prospects etc. I must also write to Eng.

III

land for or for permission to use a few ideas of Fitzgerald, an English commentator. Then, too, I would like to send the Lib. to St. John's for a "Aihil Abtial" as to dogmatic & moral points and play safe. Well, at any rate, I thank God I have a few interests to take my mind far away from the day's work when necessary. Father Arnold, Bonaventurer some of the Sisters seem to be quite enthusiastic as to efficiency of dramatic work in the Apotolat down here. I cannot tell as yet; one I am convinced could not be saved thereby and U.S.O.D. assured I am willing to do what I can. Schools have been closed for some weeks by request of the Health Dept. due to a feared epidemic.

I am very much gratified to see what has been done here to spread the Faith. Father Arnold's new "Cathedral" of Our Lady's is progressing nicely. I tried to take some pictures of it today. I heard of course of Father Mack's appointment; frankly, with much regret. St. John's has been my all in all of late years, its progress, its improvement, its fulfilling the Mission which Providence, I think has for us, developing fine outstanding priests and laymen, Christianizing art, and liturgical centers, lay retreats, and foremost, of course, the school and a vigorous faculty that need take a back seat for no one. Providence is sending us a number of fine vocations year after year; a fine cleric to be proud of with a wonderful spirit; an excellent, in fact, I would say, a wonderful crowd of boys over there in St. Bede's Hall. Naturally I think St. John's is our first charge from Providence; that we must manage well and jeopardize its welfare or progress in no way at all, for no other outside interest. With too much dissemination of effort, nothing solid is accomplished.

No doubt you have been hearing comments incident to Fr. Mack's and Basil's appointments until heart & head are sick and wearied. Well, my comments are merely a few sincere remarks backed by conviction. Someone questioned the other day whether possibly the mission of St.

John's in the designs of Providence might not perhaps be to provide men means and talent for other institutions to our retrogression and eventual disappearance. Well, I refuse to take that seriously. If we work out there in a spirit of cooperation, sinking personal jealousies still will for the common cause, making use of all the assets Providence has provided us with, I feel nothing can stop us in the all-important work of bringing Christ and His Kingdom close to men. Well, no doubt unselfish sacrifice in the mission fields must redound with blessings to St. John's as it has most evidently. I have often said though I have been here but a brief space, that we are perhaps lucky at that to have these missions, considering what others must face in Africa, India, China, Korea et al.

Well, I am glad that Oklahoma is due to be withdrawn from your responsibility. A hour the size of St. John's with all its activities and men and monks' faults and failings is quite enough, I should think to divert any Abbot to distraction without outside burdens to take his careful time and attention. In fact, frankly I have never come into your office except when it was absolutely necessary and then I always felt keenly that I was encroaching on valuable and much demanded time. "Lord, deliver me from positions of authority" as Father Weber mentions to me in his last letter with regard to this: "I know when I am well off"

Enclosed is a small slip with gifts received and Mass stipends prior to ^{arriving at} ~~receiving them~~ to Passay. The gifts were given for personal needs of which there have been few thus far since I have been, and am economizing most rigidly. I had thought of asking you to devote these amounts to a charity loan to my folks (not a gift but a long time loan) to help them save their home during these most critical times when every little helps. I feel like a shameless beggar asking this and I am sure they would object very much, should they know of my request. Especially do I feel thus, realizing that the abbey must be hard pressed too,

V

with the enormous demands made upon it. Well, I am showing & have shown my willingness by, as already mentioned, economizing most rigidly since I have been out on vacation the last two-three years. (I am sure, certain porters on my trip down will remember me with not much enthusiasm) I would like to have these things remain between me and my superior.

Also I shall need another camera. Father Rembert's machine is too unwieldy and out-of-date. That might require encroaching into the gift money. As nearly as I can now estimate that will require an outlay of approximately \$50.00 I am holding off in hopes of getting a donation for this purpose.

Well I would rather receive permission for these transactions than have doubts later on. Sorry to bother you with such small details.

Kindly pardon this badly written letter. My heartiest of good wishes to you and all the Fathers for much peace and happiness of heart in the New Year.

Your son in St. Benedict,

Fr. Edmund OSB.

P.S. I have ministered to the lepers one. Not so bad at all. Poor things! Thank God for health and an easier cross than that!

February 13, 1933.

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.,
Nassau, Bahama Islands,

Dear Father Othmar:

Kindly pardon my delay in replying to your letter of December 27 and thanking you for your good wishes for the new year. January was a very busy month with all the financial statements coming in, besides the ordinary work which, as you indicate in your letter, you know to be very heavy.

Your letter was very interesting and I am tempted to comment on some of the observations you made therein. But it takes time to do so and I want to clear my desk of all correspondence before the end of this week. I shall have no time after that, since I am going to Oklahoma and will be at home for only a short time after my return from there, before I set out for my southern trip which I expect to bring me also to Nassau. We can talk things over there.

For the present I shall confine myself to saying that you may use what you receive by way of gift for the purpose indicated in your letter--as a gift or as a loan, whichever you prefer. If you feel that the camera which you would like to get is necessary or at least profitable in connection with your work down there, you may purchase it out of that money or out of any that you can get from other sources.

We had a play last night--the usual type of the mystery play. As it was somewhat cold and a couple of inches of snow had fallen during the day, the number of outsiders present was not large.

Looking forward with pleasure to my meeting you before Easter, I am

Affectionately yours,

Abbot.

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June 16, 1933

Dear Father Abbot:

I shall at least begin this letter and expect to finish it at odd moments. I had been thinking of it for quite some time but put it off in hopes that my thoughts and sentiments would change, and not wishing to burden my Superior with added concerns and disappointments.

To come to the point at once, I would like to ask you to recall me. This may sound like the unexpected and behind me, I do not know just how to express my feelings so I make the request. But it may sound more reasonable during the course of my letter. I felt of course, when you broached the matter to me a year ago that I had no vocation for these fields down here. I didn't feel I was doing anything heroic by accepting but merely following more or less, the line of least resistance. Since I think I am rather yielding by nature, I did not have the heart to refuse and felt rather considerable for you also, knowing that you would have to send someone. I knew that I might never feel quite right about it unless I would give the matter at least a trial.

Well, from the very first, pretty well everything down here sort of jinned on me. However I set to work with a will, seeking to busy my thoughts and heartaches (the latter hardly worth considering, I suppose) in work. Well that provided temporary relief, but it seems I just cannot get used to things. Especially this summer weather I find unenjoyable. I recall how John Baywood and I always found wild weather so exhilarating, and found the seasonal changes agreeable and charming. In fact lots of expense in the wild open air helped to gain my health during first years at St. John's. For one who had always loved nature as it is in its many moods with us in Minnesota, this down here seems to be quite a hardship. The other day I told Father Ambrose I would like to stick my feet into some good sweetsmelling bladed loam. Boy, all this work, would everywhere! It is still a mystery to me how anything can grow on it at all.

This St. Francis parish has work enough to keep 3 men busy for a long time. I thought I would begin at the bottom and get right out among the people by taking a census. Well, I had to discontinue that last month, - simply no time. Even after some weeks I found

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enough work, lay & fallow-ways, with prospects for instructions, etc., to keep me busy a long time. My! My! Sometimes in a whole square block only a few are baptized and who still attend Mass and Sacraments regularly. And then, to try to bring those back, - all the expenses the Lord must have heard through the centuries. And day after day, going among poverty, misery, starvation, neglected children, vice, drunkenness, illegitimacy, immorality, adultery, promiscuity, laziness, shiftlessness, squabbling etc. - well, I thought I wasn't exactly so "finicky" but frankly, it got under my skin, and I had to go out occasionally for a few hours into the country to try to forget it all.

Up to a few weeks ago I took not much recreation. I thought I would take exercise by tennis. Taking and visiting fallow-ways, but the last few weeks I had to take several drives over to the other side of the island to take a look across the ocean towards Florida. I have done practically no visiting of the better class; that is white families. This is a pretty peculiar place for a young priest, where ever you "Catholic" whites are very skeptical about clerical celibacy in practice. Every word we move seems to be watched and may be grossly misinterpreted and misquoted. Seem the Roman priests are watched with hawk eyes all over town. Well, thus far I haven't trusted my discretion enough yet to do any social visiting despite repeated invitations, especially when young ladies are in the house. Such a place for small-brained gossip & grabbing wild tales out of thin air! Well, their poor minds seem to have little to occupy their brains but the concerns of others.

I had fondly hoped after getting out into active work, to be able to indulge at least somewhat in pleasures of the spirit; my simple literary hobbies, ^{scripture} Christian drama and the like as well as supplementing one's seminarian studies with many lectures by good solid reading. Well, my Calderon's and other things I had puttered around with and began working over, etc. as up on the top shelf or in my trunk, casted away in moth prevention to keep out voracious book worms. He beloved "Mass Drama" began last summer I have worked on a few odd moments before retiring but one look at the stack of other work to take care of rather put the damper on that. Who ever said this was a sort of "vacationing spot?" Well, I suppose a person would intend himself with doing the minimum and not going out to sell people & preaching "extemporé" sermons but my conscience just won't work that way as yet. Last Tuesday was the first real night off since middle of April. Sunday nights I preach apologetic sermons. It seems that is expected on Sunday nights and

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after mature thought and opinion I figured the same way, but to prepare the matter so as to boil it down to a plain intelligible presentation to these people takes time, reading, thought. I recall, I believe that you made the remark some years ago that we must study our dogma well in order to give live worthwhile sermons later on. I would now say a hearty "O.K." to that. Moral & Canon Law are certainly important and all that, but with regard to the striking teachings of our Holy Faith and how to present them in catechizingibus modis we too often perhaps take the attitude that we know pretty well what it is all about until we try to get it across and meet controversy and straighten out hard-headed "Protestant knicks". Well I am speaking as to my own impressions. Hence I simply must prepare for the Sunday night sermon, plus two others at the Masses, one for Thursday night Holy Hour. (Reading out of a book doesn't seem to go) Then there are three nights a week converts instructions. I have a class of 70 regular attendants plus about 40-50 adult confessions. Then there are also some I must instruct privately. Then school catechizing, sick calls, confessions etc. makes one wish at times that the day had 48 hours. Well I worked rather feverishly the first few months here but now I feel: what is the use of rushing + worrying? I am not responsible for the vast number of lay and fallen away. I think a priest is entitled to his daily meditation, spiritual reading saying the Office without attempting speed records. As for myself, I feel that if I do not resume a regular daily meditation (apart from other preparing for sermons et al.) and some leisurely spiritual reading, but especially the meditation, I shall eventually meet with disaster. It seems all the morning the spiritual winters put forth as to neglected meditation ~~are~~ not so exaggerated. How much more down here with very little to stimulate the emotional, aesthetic side of one's spiritual edifice. I said the other day I believe I would rather have youngsters die than have them grow up in this atmosphere of refined concubinage et. al. among whites & black alike, to which atmosphere the youngsters would be exposed from infancy on. A small island, limited caste population,

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not much chance to quit one's company, economically practically no future and intellectual interest & legitimate direction of passions emotions & energies! Concept movies, gossip & scandal-mongering. I secretly rejoice when a baptized baby dies, and now I have a poor consumptive young unmarried mother of 19 to minister to. I secretly am glad she won't last long. At least she will die before her heart is entirely calloused & brutalized by a group of wifebeating brutish husbands.

Monday June 19.

Well there as I read over what I have written I feel like tearing it up and typing out a condensed letter minus the ramblings. But "quod scripsi, scripsi." I had thought that my mind as to being recalled would change by the time I finish this letter. However, I don't think that it will. Before resuming studies 9 years ago I had thought of the Foreign Missions, as also during the first years of my clericate but didn't think I was called to such a life, much less I admired it. In fact those noble souls who dedicate their lives in the Mission fields, especially in the tropical countries deserve the deepest respect and admiration. I suppose St. John's ought to be glad it has not Missions with the stunning obstacles one reads about among the Chinese, Hindus, African and other missions. I trust God will provide always sufficient vocations to take care of the work properly done here. My sentiments are still the same as they were when I voted for retaining the Bahamas, some years ago; namely that we had no right to keep them if we could not man and manage them properly, where perhaps a regular Mission society would. And yet I had not the heart to vote against them, fearing the withdrawal of God's blessing from our shores & its works. I feel certain that God has blessed us for the unselfishness interest of Superiors & those fathers of the same mind, in the case of Aidian Bahamas & other missions & the traditional generosity towards priest-hood students.

I can better understand now why the Missionary Congregations give their men such intensive training. I understand that the S.V.D. fathers orientate a boy from the first day he enters Techomy. When visiting the Catholic St. I wondered why put in all that money into buildings etc. for foreign mission societies and Apostolic Mission

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house? I can see a little better now, I believe and when I think how long & intensively the missionaries prepare for parochial & foreign missions, I feel quite deficient on a Sunday evening when delivering an apologetic sermon to an audience partly non-Catholic, after insufficient time for preparation during the week. It seems that even the average talents I credited myself with are at times deficient or very much dormant. Time, time, required for everything, and no use trying to make speed records and incidentally an ass of one's self. Yet I do very much welcome the opportunities for preaching but don't feel I am "getting across" at all. Golden opportunities possibly. Well - I shall try to measure up to them as best I can, but something tells me a young priest like myself should not be extemporizing much; that is, not preaching without careful preparation.

I do not see where it is of much profit to go out after new converts where the number of lay, fallen away & poorly instructed is so vast. These people are very much children. One must simply visit them in order to hold on to them, and to do that with so much other work? No this parish should have two full time men and could use three for some time to come. Now, I am not casting reflections on Messrs. Bernard. He has the entire Missions to oversee and think & scramble to finance these Missions I suppose. No doubt he has his hands full and he is not to be envied in these times when one thinks of the financing end -

Monday evening:

Well, I am enclosing a few notes regarding the boys I would like to recommend for next September. I hear Kinchen & Stalbege have done very well. Poor boys. In my day a fellow had at least a chance to work during the summer and earn a few dollars towards incidental expenses, but in these times a youngster can find absolutely nothing, but he ever so willing. Last summer I wrote to a number of sympathetic friends and by means of a few dollars here and there I got enough together to pay some incidental expenses but this summer, - no time to write begging letters. In fact my correspondence is limited almost entirely to letters home for the comfort of the folks. Well, I am remembering the cause of "my boys" each

morning at Mass. I hope God doesn't punish me for being hard-hearted to these people down here sometimes. They surely are beggars by birth and to distinguish needy from those not takes a mindreader.

I shall ask the new prospects for students to see you during the course of the summer. The rest I must leave to God. By the way, this brings to my mind a suggestion I may have made before, and which we have discussed since down here; namely to keep our priesthood students at St. John's during the greater part of the summer if they have no work at home; to have a regular daily horarium of carefully supervised work, recreation, light study etc. The important thing would be the prefect - a man like Fr. Blas. for instance, knowing how to train to habits of work, to insist on mild discipline and be at the same time a big brother; since the atmosphere should be different from that of the regular school year. In fact a number of youngsters suggested this to me during my last year or two at St. John's. Fathers Dominic and Blas, I believe had the same experience.

Sunday evening 6/5/33

Here I haven't finished this yet. I should have saved some of this for another letter but don't know when that will be; hence I might as well add a few paragraphs more. Pardon the crazy ramblings which reminds me of what Fr. Ambrose said the other night as he was trying to finish his office and fight off sleep: "St. Benedict, help a crazy monk!" He is working hard in spite of his afflictions, and certainly does much to make my stay down here more pleasant.

My this being down here is certainly a study by contrast. I'll appreciate even the simplest, most unmouth "blot" up North in comparison with what one meets up with down here. What a time Our Lord, St. Paul and the rest of the twelve must have had. Well, without waves of prayer from others to keep on buoying one up, I don't think any of us would get very far down here. Thus far I don't think my time spent down here has been exactly lost. It gives one different views and slants on things, by contrast if by nothing else. And distance lends embattlement to St. John's and all it has meant to us. Threat! Crescent! I am glad you have always held up to me that fervent consistent prayer comes first & foremost in all things. I suppose I must sacrifice even the time I would like to give to reading & study but to cut down on prayer, I feel will spell failure & disaster, as I indicated before. In the many things one should do it is often a conflict as what to

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hurry first. Well, working & getting just won't work and I try to take an example from the natives in this respect. With enough time and consistent effort it seems to me that we would have to increase some church facilities in a few years here. But to have any lasting success, will require an immense amount of follow up work. They are certainly grown-up children.

The hot weather has set in. I find it a little trying, but the house is always comfortable. When you was down here I spoke to you about having my "Cyprianus" printed at St. John's. I thought of having Jimmie set over in the Liturgical Press supervising work connected with making etc. done by, for instance, some students. At present I do not see where I could possibly take care of such work down here with the burden of so many other things. Well, I may have a satisfactory offer from some Catholic publishing house. I have 3-4 other indications I thought of asking you to publish last year, but they shall rest in my trunk for the present. Fond and unwarranted pipe dreams possibly.

God give us more men like Fr. Arnold! He simply is a wonder all around, in his own quiet way. He makes the rest of us who perhaps made better marks in our classes, look pretty small both as regards actual accomplishment, and common sense applied. But now I must close. Pardon the badly written letter. I don't even expect an answer knowing you have so much correspondence; answering of letters not so difficult to read as this. Wishing you and all the community, God's choicest blessings & graces, I remain with greetings from all,

Devotedly in St. Benedict.

Fr. Thomas.

P.S. Fr. Gabriel Ruppert writes me from Miami that he expects to be in Nassau by July 1.

The local "house detective" seems to be on the job all right but we try to ignore it and busy ourselves with less trivial matters.

June 19, 1953

is very highly recommended by outstanding intelligence. He got an idea some years ago of going to Freetown to become a foreign missionary, his enthusiasm being fired by Rev. Dudley S.V.D.'s lecture some years back. I purposely said nothing until I left last winter, when I suggested that I speak to him. In general I indicated to him that if he felt a calling to the Missions there would be opportunity for that also with us. I suggested that he pray for light to know where Providence would want him.

has been a very diligent altar boy for a number of years and has shown evidence of unusual devotion & fidelity. My impression 4-5 years back was that he was perhaps rather "couchy" and not a good mixer. I have not checked up since. I was told his heart was not any too good. He has always been quite fit the while I have known him.

is the youngest, I believe, of a large family. His father rather old, unemployed. Rather a bronzed old fellow, "bumming." I know very little of the mother. Her family very poor I am told. Shavonians, I believe.

During my visits at Edith Court, I have been impressed with faithfulness and marks of real piety. I shall write to forward a memo on the other boys.

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June 19, 1983

Edair's Past Mission

A rather precocious youngster, very much of a "kid" as yet, who seems to have had the idea of studying for the priesthood for some years. Quite well recommended by the sister except for his being still very much of a youngster. Finished 8th grade this Spring.

I have lost names of his parents. Not so highly recommended by pastor. Both rather young, 3 other (younger) boys in family. Parents do not seem to be so enthusiastic about church matters as ^{is} the. Do not impress me as having too much sound old-fashioned faith. Yes, I may be mistaken. The father is a cousin or second cousin of.

seems to be a lad of rather sunny disposition entirely unspoiled. Other impressions & information seem to have escaped my memory down here in the mesh of things. Possibly an interview with the parents had and sizing up of the parent may aid you to form some kind of judgment. I would suggest giving the lad a chance. I shall try to have - and you get opinion. & delight what boy

The father, I believe, has been mostly or entirely out of work during the past year. A real sharp man.

July 17, 1933.

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.
Nassau, Bahama Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

I do not know whether I should say your letter in which you ask me to recall you and give your reasons for this request was a disappointment. I sensed the disappointment you experienced when I called upon you to join the Mission staff in the Bahamas; I knew, however, that the disappointment would be tempered by the thought of the trip, etc. and that the real test of your spirituality would come only after you had been in the mission for some months.

That you are face to face with this test now is quite clear from your letter. You place before me all the dark sides of life and work in Nassau, as if there were no such dark spots in the North; you emphasize the dangers to which virtue is exposed, as if there were no immorality and seductions among our people in the North, whereas conditions are just as bad and possibly worse--worse certainly, if one takes into consideration the chances the whites have had for centuries; you even plead that you can not give enough time to prayer, and therefore fear that you will be deprived of the grace of God that must uphold you amid all these dangers, and you urge that it is not your vocation.

Now, let us begin with the last point. After all, this is the crucial one. What is your vocation? That to which God has called you--obedience to that to which I called you. You say you have the right to place before me your difficulties. So you have and I am glad you have done so. But you have not convinced me that I have made a mistake in sending you to Nassau. If you are as spiritual-minded, as I think you are, and truly seeking God and His will, I do without hesitation say: Stay where you are and trust in God; be humble and He will make you strong; ask His grace and you will receive it both for yourself and others.

It is not God that is drawing you back here; it is self--your love of the changes in nature (they are also in Nassau every hour of the day); the boys in whom you were interested here; the desire to do other work to which you had attached your heart. Throughout your letter self peers through. I say this not in a tone of reproach--we all are forever exposed to its tyranny--but just to show you that you are under a delusion, if you think it is the Spirit of God that is moving you to seek return to the U. S.

You remind me of St. Augustine and his companions. When sent to England by St. Gregory they heard en route tales about the people there that frightened them. They wanted to turn back. The people in the Bahamas are on the whole probably not more corrupt than others. It is to take them out of their corruption that we maintain the mission. Poverty is their portion. Shall we forsake them on that account? You say you favored our retaining the Bahama Mission.

July 17, 1933.

Did you do so that others might be sent there? No one--certainly none of the younger men--should have voted for its retention, unless he was willing to go there and none should make vows for this abbey who is not willing to go there. I can not well send the older men. Nor is it wise to send indiscriminately the younger men. I can not send those who have a penchant for strong drink nor those who are weak over against women. You are more mature and God has given you sobriety and a measure of self-control which He will increase. If I can not rely on you for the spirit of sacrifice, when shall I send? Shall I ask the Holy See to take the Mission out of our hands because there is no spirit of zeal and sacrifice among us? Do you suppose that Fr. Arnold, who you say is a wonder, does not feel the same revulsion that you do? And Fr. Ambrose, who you say is working hard despite his affliction? Let their example stir you to emulation and to new courage.

"Fond, unwarranted pipe dreams" is an expression that you use in connection with your past ambitions. I think therein lies the key to the mood that has come over you and that makes your stay in Nassau so hard that you were moved to beg for your recall. And possibly you went to work a little too zealously and forget that Rome was not built in a day. I know there is much work to be done and possibly too much has been undertaken for the number of men that I could send. It shall be my care to add to the force as soon as circumstances permit. To allow you to withdraw now will only delay that time and make the work in St. Francis harder for the next men, who will need a year to get acquainted with conditions in the way you are acquainted with them now.

But there--I have written enough. You will ponder over what I have said; you will place the matter before God, and I am confident you will not urge that I permit you to leave. *Facta super Dominum curam tuam et ipse te erudiet.* May He bless you!

Affectionately yours,

Abbot.

P. S. I will give favorable consideration to the boys about whom you write.

The Priory

NASSAU - BAHAMAS

Aug. 10, 1933

Reverend and dear Father Abbot:

My suggestion for the office of Prior, would be a reappointing of Father Basil. Your letter of a few weeks back I have received and read with interest. I realize how busy and harrassed you must be at this time of the year with making appointments et al, and wonder at times how you manage to take care of all the details of your burdensome office. Hence I shall defer answering to that letter until some future date. Of course, I do not at all agree with it in mind. Yet, I suppose ^{someones} ~~has~~ must do the work down here, though I repeat, I feel we ^{do not have} ~~has~~ nor have any right to retain these missions if another, say a regular Mission Society could manage it better, and man it more plentifully. That was my sentiment when I voted for its retention, as it is now. Well, more later on when I can think more coolly. Yet I wish to say, not the least glamor of travel, or adventure entered my mind when I heard I was to be sent down here,---well, someone has to do it. Sufficit for the present.

You recall I had wanted to publish that redaction "Cyprianus" which I put on before leaving last Fall. Last Spring I sent a copy up to Father Alexius, kindly asking him to look it over to suggest anything that might be offensive or in any way out of line with Catholic teaching. Meanwhile he has been seriously taken down I hear, and I suppose the typescript is somewhere in his room. I had thought of having it printed at St. John's as you approved when down here last Spring, and circularizing the Catholic institutions for custom, or handing same over to some publisher. The way things are down here now, I have not the time to go into any thing like that. Sheed and Ward of London have asked for a type script for perusal. Well, I am seeking no fame or the like, merely thought there was a chance of picking up a few dollars, and aiding the work of the Christian stage and it was suggested to me to publish it, and I decided to try it on mature thought. Now, to get back that typescript and have one of the other Fathers up there look it over and give it a "Nihil Obstat" as to possible aberrations. Could you suggest something at your leisure sometime when the autumn rush is over? I have on hand several other translations and redactions made during the years at St. John's which I might like to try publishing sometime to aid the work of the Christian stage, since the cry is always, "What to put on?" I had thought of having Henry over in the Liturgical Press handle the publication details for a fee from the profits(?). There is hardly any chance down here when there is work enough in St. Francis for two or three men, and the whole thing hangs on me. The thing that wears is to see what should be done and is simply not in one's power. Well, more about this some other time. I wish you would suggest to me what to do about the typescript. I simply have not the heart to ask someone to ask Father Alexius for it. In his present state I would not hurt his feelings for anything; but I am still strong for trying to publish the "pipe dream" as soon as I can.

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The Priory

NASSAU - BAHAMAS

Have you still a rosary left such as were gotten from [redacted] some seven years ago; those that were blessed with special indulgences by the Holy Father through the Rev. Father Luke of happy memory. I received one in the Novitiate from good Father Alfred, and treasured it very highly but lost it last Fall coming down here. I would appreciate getting another one some time, if they really had special indulgences.

And now, to come to the unpleasant part of this whole letter. Believe me, it is not pleasant to write what I intend to write. By nature I am yielding conciliating and especially over against women, I have not the heart to argue and wrangle, being imbued with an innate gallantry, (or is it weakness?) In fact to fight and wrangle hurts me by far more than the other party. Well, anyhow, today the beloved housekeeper leaves for the States (Deo Gratias) She leaves I venture to say with not more than one of two friends in his partibus. I knew her from the time I was a boy, and when coming down here last Fall was determined to be as conciliating as possible. It wasn't long however before she tried her lowdown snooping and sneaking on me also. It seems that woman simply is disappointed when there is nothing to carry to headquarters about the men here. Well, when she interfered in my business too much and I had to fight even for a little ice water at all, I felt justified to show my teeth, rather only too mildly. Well, in short that woman is hurting the cause of the Missions down here. I do not know what hold she has on St. John's or any of its men, but be that as it may, I fail to see where that gives her any right to insult the young priests and also the sisters ad libitum, to make the Fathers ridiculous to the people, and to insult a man to his face in the presence of the colored help, as happened the other day. That woman is downright mean and malicious, pardon me, and the fact that she is a frequent communicant does not alter the evidence. Pardon me for worrying you with these details but what is one to do? Father Bonaventura of course is hopelessly blinded in her favor. Only my regard for him and the amicable relations that have been between us thus far, and the greater cause of amity and harmony has prompted me to keep quiet, but the rank injustice of the whole business is galling nevertheless. Whatever she may carry to superiors may not be taken seriously, but I know from experience, that "semper aliquid haeret" may work in this case also. Father Monsignor seems to wish to play defending attorney in her favor when these matters are broached; why, is none of my business I suppose. That was the case this Spring when I objected strenuously to her snooping around on our floor, and when I was having conferences with parishioners. It worked in so far that she was ordered to stay off our floor but not without the venting of a little temper on both sides. Well, to repeat, only the cause of harmony in the community has made me keep quiet.

I feel that now is an opportunity. If she comes back here in a few months (as she certainly expects to do) she will think herself perhaps most indispensable. I feel convinced that the cause of the Missions will be much benefitted if she be asked in some way possible not to return. Kindly pardon my bothering you with this. But there seems to be no appeal to any one else

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except one's spiritual Father. If the beloved housekeeper counts for more than the young priests here who are trying hard to do their duty, very well. The superiors down here will have to do without this individual, I am afraid, and I don't think that I will be "railroaded" out to an out^{island} either as the lesser of two evils. I understand that is what prompted Father Denis to get out of Nassau. Who hasn't had trouble that has been here at Nassau, whether regularly stationed or down here as guest? She has insulted guest fathers here more than once with her tomfoolery. and I feel justified to say made the organization ridiculous to Nassau people.

I regret that I must write all this, but there is a greater good at stake. I feel I am running a chance of being called a "hotspur" "young and foolish" making statements without proof and the like. If it will keep that troublemaker away from Nassau forever, I gladly accept whatever odium may come to me personally. Charity is at times overdone, as may have been the case here. Good Father Arnold and Father Ambrose, and Father Denis may not have said much. Well, I feel I have no reputation to make or lose, and this thing has gotten beyond a joke. I have known of cases of domineering housekeepers until I am thoroughly disgusted. (Cf. the case at St. Boniface parish Mpls. of which one heard far and wide.) On several occasions in my young life I have had my life embittered by an old hen like that, all the more so because I just let things go and go out of a spirit of peaceloveing and deep respect for womanhood. Well, the experience taught me how mean downright malicious and dissembling they can be and all the more so when setting themselves up as keepers of the consciences of others, whether young people, young priests. It seems that some of these antiquated spinsters take a particular delight in just seeing how unpleasant they can make things for a priest and the more underhandely, the better, and often in the pretence of "justice" "duty" and what not. That woman is not normal. Pardon my words if they seem uncharitable or "hysterical!" Now that she has gone home for a visit, is an opportunity not to be passed up. I forgive her for the small things she has done to me, naturally. They are mere trifles over against other things she is said to have pulled off down here. One should not be too ready to accept hearsay evidence, but when the testimony is over whelming the case is different.

Now, I dislike very much indeed to burden you with what may under the present arrangement be partly or entirely out of your province; but I earnestly beg you to do what you may be able to do discreetly, to keep that woman from returning hither, now that she is home. The welfare and contentment of the men down here will be influenced, I am sure. Things are so nice and peaceful now that she is out of the house. I would not write to Msgr. Bernard at present when he is convalescing; I may do so after he is restored to health again, possibly sending him a petition signed by us down here. ~~But~~ Fr. Bonaventure should need her around the house for his own personal comfort is in my opinion not to be considered. Now is the time to break up this business.

Please pardon this hurriedly and badly written letter. I am ready

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for a good scolding in answer to this letter, but a greater good is to be considered. There is plenty of help down here that can do the housework as well, if not better than Miss Elizabeth, I am sure. It seems that all she has to do at times is to bully the poor colored help and see just how disagreeable she can make things for them. And I guess things can be run at least as economically around here with her out of the house. So much for that.

When you left here last Spring I asked you to remember me occasionally and pray for the gift of Wisdom for me. That was no random remark; I need it and an oversupply of it; since my stock seems at times to dwindle fast and become seriously damaged. God's blessing and best wishes to the community, especially the fine group of clerics.

Filiaily in St. Benedict,

F. Othman

August 21, 1933.

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.,
Masson, Maliana Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

No, I shall not scold you for the letter you wrote me under date of August 16. Your language on the subject was here and there rather strong, but I can understand how it will inevitably be so when your nerves have been excited as they appear to have been. I shall speak earnestly to you about the matter. Unless I appoint one of the fathers as religious superior in the Priory, I can do nothing directly in the matter. But to make such an appointment would not be without its difficulties and complications--at least for some time to come.

I saw your OTTILIAUS in the Archives room some time ago. I do not know when, if ever, he will be able to do for you what you ask of him. The doctor's reports so far have shown no improvement in his condition. I shall get the manuscript and try to find the time to look it over. I shall then decide what to do with it--whether to have it printed here or to give it into the hands of some publisher.

I am sorry that there is not a single rosary left of those blessed by Father Luke, deceased, of conception. I gave away the last one some months ago. If I do not forget, I shall hand mine to Monsignor when he calls here and ask him to give it to you. I am willing to sacrifice it to you on condition that you will occasionally say it for me.

I thank you for your suggestion in re the new Prior. He would be entirely agreeable to me, but I feel it would be taking an undue advantage of him to reappoint him at this time. I have not yet made an appointment, but will do so before the end of the retreat which begins this evening.

This is all for today. I merely wish to say an encouraging word yet: don't give way to discouragement. When you feel blue, lift up your heart to God. He still is in His heaven and guides things here below. We are short-sighted and do not know what is for our greater welfare. But some day our eyes will be opened and with the Psalmist we say: "Laetati sumus pro diebus quibus nos humiliasti: annis quibus vidimus mala." May God bless you.

Affectionately yours,

Abbot.

*A pictorial-dramatic exposition
of the sacred mystery of the Mass*

*From Fr. Gambal 9/10/23 while
in Germany*

*Costume of
angels reminds
me of Roman
tragedy with long
hair*

To begin with, dramatically it was quite perfect. The scenes, actions, characters were simple and dignified. It was something quite different from anything most of the people had ever seen; I would judge. When I saw the program I was disappointed, but the actuality was better. The figures of Christ, of Moses, of Paul were perfect. All in all, the play had great possibilities for putting across the idea of the Mass. Many people went and the impressions they received will remain with them for life. This pictorial-dramatic "explanation" of the Mass makes a direct and lasting impression and I could think of no better way of explaining the Mass to ordinary people than by just such a play. That's why I said the play has great possibilities. Which brings me to the negative criticism. Liturgically, it was a flop. I don't know in how far the text of Calleron was followed, but it seems to me that the best modern trends of liturgical thinking and piety have superseded this older method of presentation. Of course, there were some minor points that nearly made me "aus der Haut fahren". For instance, the dozens of angels, big and small, were all girls. This weakens the play and makes it infinitely effeminate or soft. You cannot imagine that at the climax, the Elevation, which is represented by the Crucifixion, this effect also reached its climax when one of these angels held the chalice to side of the dying savior. Another item which weakened the direct effect of the action of the play was the use of polyphonic music for the parts of the Mass that are sung. The ever-recurring "Kyrie" and "Sanctus" and parts of the Gloria simply killed the simplicity and strength that is inherent in choral music and that ought to have been sung to correspond to the action. But all these things are accidental to what I would call the "Inhalt", the doctrinal content of the play. In the play there is too much "reading" *N/* of secondary, accommodative meanings into the actions of the Mass: The sacramental character of the Mass as sacrifice is too much neglected. The representation of the Crucifixion at Elevation is all right, but not the idea of having it accompanied by such terrible claps of thunder that everybody jumped out of their seats. The meanings attached to many of the ceremonies were not the necessary, the only, or even the principle meanings of the same. For instance, at the handing of the Gospel book to the Deacon the passing of salvation from the Jews to the Gentiles was expressed. Now this is a very nice idea and a fruitful thought, but when applied to the Mass it's an accommodative sense. The same with the explanations attached to the actions of the priest between the Elevation and Communion. And the Communion was almost entirely suppressed. No relation was shown between what we term the "Sacrifice" and the "Sacrifice-Banquet", because the latter was missing. Then these secondary meanings attached to certain parts and actions of the Mass have the tendency of impressing the outward action of the ceremony on the minds of the audience, not the kernel of the meaning of the Mass. By the kernel of the meaning I mean the sacramental meaning, the re-presentation, the action, the signum and significatum. To all this sharp criticism one might say that the purpose of the play is to *Apply/* explain the Mass in terms of the whole history of the human race. That's true, but I think that our aim should be to produce a liturgical drama nowadays to supplement our preaching and writing for the liturgical cause. And I again wish to stress what I said that for this liturgical cause such dramatic work is more effective than preaching and writing just because it's more direct. This opinion is shared also by Fr. Ernest. So don't let yourself be discouraged. If I run across some book with ideas for a liturgical Mass drama for the stage I shall send it to you. But by all means keep at it! If I were with you we would both go to it, I assure you. If you feel sore at me for saying all this, blame it onto Fr. Hubert: he was the proximate occasion when he lent me his typewriter. I congratulate you upon the success of Cyprianus. Fr. Oliver couldn't praise it highly enough and I take his word since he saw "Cyprianus" staged once in Switzerland. I hope you will be able to publish it soon. Now for the pen!

Printed and Bound by Mack & Ward Co. of London, Kentucky. If you wish

October 8, 1933

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.,
Nassau, Bahama Islands.

My dear Father Othmar:

I have discussed Miss [redacted] with Monsignor. I have discussed her return to Nassau with her, and then again with Monsignor, who handed me your letter in which you speak your mind regarding her. Monsignor, for the sake of your peace, was willing to let her go, though reluctantly, because, despite her faults, he feels--and he has a 25 years experience in the household of St. Anselm's, New York, behind him--that a change is not at all certain to bring peace. And that is quite the way I feel about it, too.

However, both he and I would be perfectly willing to let you learn the same lesson by the experience which would come to you by making the change. In fact, Monsignor asked me to notify Miss [redacted], that, in view of the feeling against her, which you say is shared by the others, it would be better for her not to return to Nassau. I must, however, tell you that over pondering over the matter, I have come to the conclusion that this would not be the Christ-like way of meeting the situation.

It would not be charitable to you and the younger Fathers. I might say a great deal by way of elucidation of this statement. I leave it to you to try to understand my thought and will merely say that you would not feel very comfortable if, in case of a change, you should find you have leaped from the frying-pan into the fire.

It would not be charitable towards Monsignor. While he recognizes her faults, yet he should not be put to the trouble of getting a new housekeeper, and if the new one is unsatisfactory, another one,--and so on--not as long as Miss [redacted] is a morally good woman, in whom he has confidence and who keeps the house clean and the colored help from helping themselves too much. He has striven and will strive to make Miss Tenvoorde less obnoxious to the Fathers.

It would not--I will say it, though you may not consider the point as seriously as I do--it will not be charitable to Father Bonaventure. He will feel greatly hurt, I fear, and his long and faithful service deserves consideration of his feelings also at the hands of you younger men.

Neither will it be charitable towards Miss [redacted]. She has given faithful service for many years. She is without means; she has no home. To tell her now that she may not return when she set forth from Nassau with the intention of returning, left her things there, and has told her friends that she is returning, would be unjust and cruel. Had this matter been brought to a head before she left, I should have found her dismissal less objectionable from this point of view. I did, of course, know--I was told on the occasion of my last visit down there--that some of her ways were

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objectionable, but I did not get the impression that your antipathy was so strong as it appears in your letter to me and to Monsignor. I did not scold you for the words you used in regard to her in your letter of August 18. I excused them on the score of your pained nerves.

But, listen, Father Othmar. Don't you think that the case you have against Miss [redacted] is largely one of mental attitude. Suppose some one were to come to you in the confessional with a case like this. Would you act, as a director of souls, in the name of Christ and pointing out His example of wonderful, divine patience and charity, exhort such a one to imitate the patience and charity of Christ. Why not apply this exhortation to yourself? You have complained that you have hardly sufficient time for prayer and meditation. But, my dear Father, what is the use of prayer and meditation, if we do not daily practice clarity, humility and patience. If you would every day at your Mass enter into the sacrificial spirit of Christ, and if every day at your thanksgiving after Mass you would ask our Lord to help you to be charitable and patient as He is full of love and patience towards you despite your faults, and if every time you feel pained by Miss [redacted] or even every time you see her, you would say: Patience, for Christ's sake, and how about my own ways and words which may get on the nerves of others,-- if you do this, I am sure that, not only would Miss [redacted] cease to be a thorn in your side, but you would have all the fruits of prayer and meditation and would make great spiritual progress. I have always believed that you are sincerely desirous of pleasing God and growing in sanctity. I am confident, too, that when you have read this carefully, humbly and prayerfully, you will humbly yield to my decision, put into practice my counsel, try to get the other Fathers to do likewise, and find Miss [redacted] more endurable, even likable. Try this honestly for a year and then honestly tell me the results.

The day before yesterday I took the time--I should have done so long before, but you know when one is always busy one postpones visits to those places that are near--I visited your parents. I found them both well and cheerful. I told them to call on me in case of need; they thought they will be able to manage, but said they would avail themselves of my offer, if the need of it should arise. There was a serene joy in their faces. I am sure it is the result of years of Christian patience and forbearance with each other. Vos similitur.

Yesterday I sent to Monsignor in New York some albs and surplices for priests and all the lace surplices that our altar boys have been using. I hope they will be found serviceable in your churches down there.

On Monday we expect to have the Apostolic Delegate in St. Cloud and here. In the evening I will leave for St. Bernard's Abbey. I expect Father Daniel will be with you again before long, as his mother was buried yesterday.

Praying that you may be ever more filled with the spirit of Christ and with cordial greetings to the other Fathers, I am

Affectionately yours,

Abbot

The Priory

NASSAU - BAHAMAS

Nov. 13, 1933

Head of all Saint OSB.

Dear Father Abbot:

Well, your last letter to me was quite a disappointment, to say the least. However I decided to say no more about it for the present only hoping sincerely that the Missions will not be too much harmed by her return. More about this later, since this letter will be unpleasant enough regarding another person, before I finish. I have tried to put off writing this just as long as I could, but things have gotten to be just a little too messy. The "casus belli" is Brother [redacted]. I shall give you the story as I see it. Kindly bear with me. I dislike very much to take up your good time; much more so to unload any more grief and trouble than you now have by virtue of your office. Yet, I feel deeply you should be told of these things again, and no one else here will take action.

Shortly after coming here a year ago, I noticed the trouble that Monsignor was having with Brother [redacted]. I thought perhaps that he was "picked on". (He has a way of putting our people down here under that impression, and is the recipient of much sympathy tangible and otherwise in return.) You know, I have never put on any airs before inferiors. (At least I did not think so) I treated him as one of the family, as a fellow religious. Feeling some of his weaknesses, I even tried to be more than considerate when he answered me surly before people or altar boys. Monsignor himself told me last winter he wished he could get rid of him, and told me that he might not be quite right in the upper story. I did not take that seriously. That statement about anyone I have always tried to verify myself.

Well, I made a mistake again of being too kind. He has tried to "ride all over me." I felt it my duty to call his attention to smaller details in the church; as a rule I met with surliness and curses and mumbling under his breath. About a month ago I threatened to give him one in the jaw if nothing else would help, and especially if I would hear any more of his talking about and defaming the Fathers here. (I suppose he is not even conscious of doing that.) Since Monsignor has been gone, he has been quite on his "high horse", and acting as though he were boss, and I would not even be able to make a request or suggestion. Father Bonaventure communicated to me suspicions of a more serious nature about a month ago, and hinted to me that it was my duty to watch him. That was indiscretion cum puellis et feminis. I told him that I could not see where I had any responsibility for him; and I positively refused to play the detective; that grates on me and I have not the time. In fact up to a month ago I concerned myself not at all about things in the yard or the church; only, then making suggestions in the interests of better order and economy. I did not take the suspicions seriously about his hanging around with the women; I do not even do so now even though I have evidence I could construe against him. I don't think that there is anything serious or any malice on his part "in his rebus." I wish to be fair and just. But here are a few things that you should know, since Monsignor seemed unwilling to make any complaint, fearing possibly that

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to do so might cast a shadow on his record, I don't know. Excuse me for being uncharitable or cynical. I think he wanted one of us to make complaint. Father Bonaventure does not care to make complaint, and has given me to understand indirectly that he expects me to write you. So I suppose it's a case of "passing the buck". Well, I'll ride the buck and take also the odium of this onto me.

That brother has had very little good to say about any of the men that have been here; he is a born scandal-monger. I wonder, (and the other Fathers; also the Monsignor concur with me in this) what business he has to hang around the street gate by church by the hour and gossip with every old woman that comes along, instead of minding his business. I fear that much harm has been done the cause of the Missions by his gossiping. Msgr., Fr. Bonaventure, and the others are convinced of this. I have a suspicion he is interfering with my influence in the parish; being malicious and vindictive as he is. Yet thus far, this is merely a suspicion, well rather something founded on incomplete evidence. He is a down right sneak; that we have found out more than once. He has done very little of real work since the Superior is gone; fooling around the yard all day just as and when he pleased. When one asks him to do a little job he seems insulted. When he gets angry, at a person he will spill anything, especially; especially when pumped by someone. This morning I heard him take me through with [redacted]; and some of the things said by him were not any too nice for lay ears. The consensus here is that he has done much harm by his uncontrolled tongue; I fear he will do much more. He seems just to be aching to "get something on any of the Fathers and only to ready to take sides with any lying persons down here. He has flagrantly disobeyed my requests that I simply had to make, and then says that he heard no request made. *He displays very little respect for the gentleman.*

Now, that man is a religious as well as we are. Is he not bound to weekly confession just the same as we are? Is he not bound to his daily meditation and rosary and spiritual reading and thanksgiving the same as we are? What gives him the privilege to fritter away the entire day doing just what he pleases? And how about poverty? I do not wish to be harsh. Often he has boasted about receiving five dollars, ten dollars etc. from people. We deny ourselves practically every drop of beer or any other delicacy in the interests of economy and health. Where is he any better? As Father Bonaventure told me, the brother who will not take care of his spiritual exercises daily will slip. I am also charitably concerned about that souls welfare. He seems to have a mighty peculiar conscience. You as his Abbot should know these things, I believe.

His tactics with our wash has made me lean toward the opinion that "not all is well in the upper" story. Father Arnold has very little left in the way of white suits. Some of them at least have since been marked with the brothers insignia. I did not take Father Arnold's suspicion seriously, until I found some of my odd pieces, one with my mark crossed out and the other with the mark cut out it seems, and his own substituted. I am keeping the two pieces for evidence. Too trivial to mention this perhaps, but a ten twelve dollar suit or two or three disappearing would make even patient Father Arnold rise up.

OSB HOHMANN_00110

III
The Priory

NASSAU - BAHAMAS

Hence, upon consultation with Fr. Bonaventure I took the Sunday collections out of his hands. I felt it my duty to safeguard that as much as I could. Please pardon me for any false suspicions. This morning he called me a liar in the sacristy ending with: "Jah, Jah, Ich ab schon genug gehört!" Please make all due allowances if one of these days I lose patience and take the law into my own hands. Yet, what to do with a man with a warped conscience, ignorant as can be, and downright malicious?

If he is ever take back to St. John's the reputation of the Missions and any of the Fathers that have been down here is not going to mean much. He may find plenty of willing listeners with his convincing way of gossiping half truths. He is a dangerous man, to say the least. By the way, since Elizabeth is back he has made a coalition with her, and become friendly enemies. I suppose.

Now that I have written all this, it seems too puerile to send to you. No one else will make the complaint. Someone must do it. Monsignor will not, even when he comes back; he will have too many other things to attend to. Ergo, I am the "Lastesel". The Missions are suffering harm. You must think me quite a crank by now, and perhaps worse. This letter may do nothing toward removing the evil; I at least have done my part.

I was very deeply pleased to hear of your visit to my dear ones at Waite Park. So were they. They are certainly courageous in the face of conditions, and I feel proud of them. I would like to write more to offset somewhat the "stuff" above, but you may realize to some extent the press of work down here. It is increasing weekly, and I can only trust in God. In your mementos for the Missions, kindly remember the cause of Catholic Literature and Catholic Action in all its phases down here. What can be done will have to be seen. Fathers Arnold and Ambrose are working like good fellows; Father Quentin is becoming somewhat used to things; and I have taken to riding a bicycle again.

My fervent prayers for the spiritual and temporal welfare of St. John's and its family. What a power can be ours at St. John's if we only make use of the means Providence gives us! Please pardon the haste.

Sincerely in St. Benedict,

Fr. Edmund OSB

November 15, 1933.

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.,
Nassau, Bahama Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

Tomorrow is the feast of your patron saint. This will not reach you in time, yet I wish to send you my greetings and best wishes. May his life ever be an inspiration to you and his intercession bring blessing upon all your undertakings.

Father Daniel is leaving today. I drove down on Sunday afternoon to see him once more and to attend with him to certain business matters connected with the transfer of his share of his mother's estate to the Order. You wrote me some time ago for a rosary with the indulgences granted to the late Father Luke of Conception. I replied that I had none left, but that I would send you mine as a mark of affection. I gave it to Father Daniel to deliver it to you. I hope you will use it assiduously.

Father Daniel informed me of your request that he bring with him the things you had asked Brother Anselm to send you. Brother Anselm is in the hospital at St. Cloud. His legs have troubled him for some time; Doctor Stangl thinks it is neuritis. I called up Brother Anselm to inquire what you had asked for. Oh, he said, only some old clothes, which it is not worth while to send. I hope his answer has not disappointed you.

With cordial greetings and every good wish also to the other Fathers, I am

Devotedly yours,

Abbot.

den 2. December 1945.

Hochwürdigster Herr Erzabt
Dr. Petrus Hintz, O.S.B.,
Carolinum, Verano presso Bolzano,
Italy.

Hochwürdigster Herr Erzabt:

Also waren Sie schon abgereist als ich in New York. Das tut mir leid, dass wir uns nicht sehen konnten. Ich wartete jeden Tag auf Sie.

Auch tut es mir leid, dass Ihnen Ihre Pension nicht ausbezahlt worden ist. Das wird jedenfalls in Folge eines Verweigerungsanlasses geschehen sein, das wohl schon gehoben ist. Das wäre nicht schön, wenn man Sie ohne Versorgung lieesse, denn Sie haben gewisse Ansprüche darauf, ganz besonders wenn man es Ihnen versprochen hat.

Ich kann Ihnen leider zur Zeit nicht helfen. Unsere Kasse war seit langer Zeit nicht so leer. Die Einkünfte waren diesen Sommer und Herbst so gering, dass wir nicht einmal die laufenden Ausgaben decken konnten, und ich die Weihnachtsgaben, die ich seit Jahren an mein Kloster sandte, für dieses Jahr muss fallen lassen.

Ich werde vor Weihnachten wieder nach New York ziehen. Am 21. 8. 1945 wird P. Bernard Meyenhofer, an den Sie sich ja als Prior in St. Anselm's erinnern, zum Titularbischof von Casubiana von Cardinal Hayes geweiht wird. Er bleibt als Apostolischer Praefekt der Panama Inseln. Aus sein Versuchen hat ihn der hl. Stuhl zum Titularbischof ernannt, um unsere Kirche der anglikanischen, die dort einen Bischof hat, gleichzustellen. Das wird wahrscheinlich ein Praesedenzfall sein, so dass wir damit rechnen können, dass auch seine Nachfolger als Apostolische Praefekten Titularbischofe werden.

Weihnachten wird nahe sein und Sie diesen Brief empfangen. Ich nehme also die Gelegenheit wahr Ihnen meine herzlichsten Segenswünsche zum Feste und auch zum neuen Jahr darzubringen. Möge es Ihnen eine Klärung ihrer Lage und den Frieden bringen.

Ihr ergebener Diener;

Abt.

December 2, 1953.

Rev. Otmar Hohmann, C.F.B.,
Nassau, Bahama Islands.

Dear Father Otmar:

I am sorry my letter of October 6 was quite a disappointment to you. As it was written in an entirely Christian spirit and exhorted you to exercise a Christ-like gentleness, humility and patience, I can not but grieve that you were disappointed by it. And I am wondering what development you will take. You know, my dear Father, we cannot expect the "incarnation" of Christ's principles without first laying to rest our pride. When we run the risk of gradually losing our hold on God and getting further from Him in our lives. You indicate that you will write me some time this winter and possibly have had a conference will not take too much time from your life's mission. Well, if you can keep your own self and your wife's life out of the question, I am sure that Bishop will take action to remove her, if you can convince him that the work of the Mission is suffering from her presence. If his judgment differs from yours, the proper thing is to submit yours to him, as he is the superior and has the responsibility, and you have done all that is required of you, when you have clearly laid the matter before him. Don't trust your own judgment too much.

I am afraid this is a fruit of yours--trusting your own judgment too much. That is the impression I get from your frequent reference to your experience; that is the impression also others get. Of course, that is a rather common thing with men. But the older we grow, the more we learn that not all wisdom is with us, and that we have many times been foolish when we thought we were wise.

Now, as to the burden of your letter of Nov. 25. After having written it, you thought it too meretricious, but decided to send it on since you felt nobody else would bring the matter to my attention, and you would, therefore, have to be the "lastesel." You took a similar attitude in the matter of Miss G. Just analyse this attitude for yourself, Father Otmar, and seek its source. Don't you think that there is at bottom a sense of self-importance and superiority over others, and perhaps less patience than others have, who may not think a given matter worth-while bringing to the attention of the superior?

But really you have been mistaken in your judgment of your brethren in both cases. They spoke to me about the case of Miss P.,--all except, of course, Father Bonaventure. Father Arnold, though he has not written me about the Brother since my visit down there, did bring him to my attention. So, too, on several occasions Srgr. and Father Bonaventure both on the occasion of my visit and repeatedly since then. Well, why has nothing been done? But I gave instructions and authority to

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.

December 2, 1955.

proceed even unto sending him back here to the Abbey, whenever, in their judgment, it was expedient to do so. If they have not done so hitherto, it was, I presume, from a motive of charitable consideration for the Brother and the hope that he would improve. Possibly they were too charitable and indulgent. But is it not better they should be that than too harsh in their procedure. You will invoke the welfare of the mission. But, my dear Father, the older we grow, the more we understand that it is God that builds the house, that He suffers the tares to grow up with the wheat, that He prefers mercy to judgment, and blessed the work of those that do likewise.

However, do not misunderstand me. I am solicitous for the welfare of the Mission and do not want any scandal that can fairly be avoided. I am solicitous also for the spiritual welfare of the Brother. Even if only the latter is endangered by the Brother's refusal to abide by the injunctions which I suggested both to Sr. and Fr. Bonaventura he laid upon him, I have directed that he be sent North, even though at this time it may prove dangerous to his health.

I can do no more from here; I must leave it to the judgment of Father Bonaventura and the Bishop, if Fr. Bonaventura does not see previous to the latter's return to Haseau, to take the action which seems proper to the circumstances. I would, however, ask you, and through you the other Fathers, to endeavor to do for the Brother's welfare whatever charity may be as far as possibly productive of good results.

Taking advantage of this opportunity to express the hope that you will enter deeply into the spirit of the holy season of Advent that your Christmas peace and happiness may be the more abundant, and assuring you of my affection and prayers, I am

Your devoted Abbot,

The Priory

NASSAU - BAHAMAS

July 23, 1934

Rt. Reverend and dear Father Abbot:

Enclosed find my financial statement, much overdue I must confess. The reason is greatly negligence, partly because I had not kept my funds apart from paper, pamphlet, and book sales as I am doing now. I was waiting to balance my sales report to hand in to the Bishop on July 1st. I did not itemize the personal expenses. I can do so however if you wish. The greater items are clothing, and photographic expenses for the Missions. I am sure the young Fathers here are living just about as frugally as can be done.

I have put off writing this letter for some time, since it is an unpleasant thing to write to you again concerning Brother [redacted]. After my letter of last winter I felt a half regret to think that I might have overstated things and done the poor fellow injustice. However on reading over the carbon copy I can only repeat the most of what was then stated. We have been patiently waiting for the Bishop to take action. We have told him most of the facts; rather less than more. Why he has not taken action, is perhaps not for me to judge. Possibly he might think it a discourtesy to you. Yet the summer is passing, the Bishop is to leave in a few weeks, and I shall find it most trying to say the very least if I shall have to put in another summer with him around sacristy and church. I believe I could overlook the personal humiliations, and his sneaking and all that; but to think of his underhandedly undermining our influence with the people even ever so little,---well it is most aggravating. I have overheard him myself speaking disparagingly to his women friends of me, much to their amusement I suppose. In the presence of altar boys he has given me to understand that I am not fit to say Mass. He has told Father Arnold the same to his face. What can keep him from "spilling" that to others right along? For the past month, month and half he has not been to Holy Communion when I say Mass. He has not served my Mass, when no altar boy was there on Sunday for the late Mass. People notice these things. He is a trouble making rogue, with that peculiar mania it seems for digging up what ever he can to pull down someone from the pedestal. He is a liar, a petty thief and when it comes to underhanded mischief, perhaps not as ignorant as one would be led to believe. I could reconcile myself to many things concerning him, but (to repeat) to think that he may impair my influence with parishioners is enough to make one desperate. Thus far I am thankful I have been able to hold myself from doing what Fr. Arnold did the other night. That should have been done long before. He simply has it in his head he is someone and no one has any right even to ask him to do anything. It seems to be his special desire to get a following among the parishioners' work up patronage. Perhaps I am too suspicious but when special confidants of his, whether children or women suddenly become cool, or even antagonistic with a certain knowing smile towards me,---well there is reason to suspect. In the days when I was rather a willing listener to him, I recall there are few things good that he has to say about any Father that has

II

been down here, and there will certainly be some "poisoning" done if he returns to St. John's. If confronted with direct evidence, he simply denies. What is one to do with a conscience like this? Spiritually I am afraid he is no asset to the community or the Missions. I must certainly give Brother Gregory credit; he was a model of spirituality down here, as regular as a clock in all his spiritual exercises and a good example to the people. He had to stand a lot of abuse from Brother [redacted], but bore it like a Saint. Any charges that Brother [redacted] will have to bring up against any of us, should be returned to St. John's. I trust we will at least be accorded a hearing of our side.

We realize of course that should he be recalled to St. John's he will be an added problem to the overload the superiors now have. Believe me, dear Father, Abbot, it is with much reluctance that we make these complaints, and in spite of all I still have some sympathy for the brother. That keeps me from stating all details or incidents that I might state, such as his cursing and grumbling at one under his breath, even in front of church, as has happened. Well, sufficit!

Just as I started this letter I received something on the order of a "wallop!" I must speak of it to someone to feel better. Well, you recall a little over two years ago I told you some of my overenthusiastic ideas concerning a Mass Drama for the public to be written by someone at some future date. I put in much of my spare time at studying Calderon's attempts, and began building up one from perusing the incomparable Gehr. The more I progressed, the more confident I became of the feasibility of the thing. Down here of course I always felt half guilty that to spend any time on it that should be given to the Apostolate; hence little or nothing has been done. I have always been living in the hope that I would be able at some future date to elaborate the thing after more mature consideration and rumination. In today's mail I receive a circular from the Liturgical Press about Father Helfen's "The Sacred Mysteries" with synopsis and outlines. In parts it seems he has treated the subject much according to my conception of staging. Naturally I think that I could have done better(!) Perhaps it was presumption at the start ever to attempt anything like this. Yet I feel not one moment at the attempt was wasted since it provided a focal point of interest in studying Gehr and about the Mass generally. Yet was it all a fond pipe dream, a form of megalomania? I suppose. It is a good thing in cases like this to have become somewhat like the natives, nonchalant. Fiat Voluntas! I was not worthy to compile something so sublime.

May I have back sometime the copy of "Cyprianus" which I sent up last year for a "Nihil Obstat?" I would like to have it for my keepsakes. I remember also that I never thanked you for the rosary which you sent along per Father Daniel. It was your own, which Cardinal Faulhaber had blessed by the Pope. Thank you very very much for it! I was indeed sorry to lose my own on the trip down. May God bless you richly for your kindness!

The real summer weather has set in, but keeping busy makes one forget it. Besides, deliver me from Minnesota this summer! Pardon the haste in writing. Included in my Mass intentions each morning is a fond memento for Superiors, the community and welfare of St. John's.

Sincerely in St. Benedict,

F. O'Hara

August 18, 1934.

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.,
Nassau, Bahama Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

It was a pleasure to receive a letter from you after your long silence. I thank you for it as also for your financial statement. I am satisfied with what you sent me and will not ask you to itemize. I am sure that you are not wasting money. Yet you know it is a rule that the Fathers should send home annually an itemized statement of receipts and expenditures, as provided for on the form submitted to them. I know it takes some time to get the habit of keeping careful account of income and expense. I am sure that you will be able to give me next year an itemized statement, more or less as called for on our printed form.

I note that you say about Brother [redacted]. I have more than once told the Bishop that if Brother [redacted] is a nuisance and a detriment to the mission, he should send him home. I have also asked him to lay down the law for him, to insist on his obeying it and to punish him, if he does not. There is only one thing left to do, and that is to tell the Bishop that I want Brother [redacted] sent home. I suppose he would have sent him at least a year ago, if I had sent another Brother. I would gladly have done so, but of those that I might have named at the time, some were either too young and some too old. I shall take up the matter with the Bishop again when he visits here.

I do not think that you should lose heart because Father Helfen has published "The Sacred Mysteries". I read it, at least the greater part of it. I did not think it a masterpiece. If you feel that you can improve upon his work, there is no reason why you should not have the ambition to do so.

As to your SUPPLIES, I have asked Father Alexius whether he received it. He says he knows nothing about it. Will you please let me know to whom you sent the manuscript, and I will try to get it for you.

You write: "Deliver me from Minnesota this summer. Well, there was reason for the prayer. It has been an extraordinary summer. There is another heat wave upon us now, and of rain there has been very little. Surely, the worst drought that ever struck us. By it will affect our school, I do not yet know. The number of applications of candidates for the priesthood has been less this year than any year since I became abbot.

Rev. Athar Hohmann, O.S.B.

August 18, 1934.

A copy of the RECORD was just now brought me. I suppose your copy is already in the mail. That will give you some of the latest news. I would merely add the following: Bishop Schlarman of Peoria arrived this morning to spend a week of retreat and rest with us. He is greatly interested in the liturgy and a friend of the movement. Father Christopher is scheduled to go to St. Bernard's, St. Paul, taking Father Elmer's place. He will take Father Cornelius' place in Winona. Father Marcellus is taking the class in St. Cloud of Father Elmer, who has gone to St. Joseph's, New York. Father Corrier is in Seattle, working with Father Stedden, whom I expect to send to Wisconsin, to take charge of the lines of some Indian missions, to which Father Elmer might also be attached. Father Alphonse arrived here last evening to make the retreat with us and various visits in the State. The Prior of Maria Leach will arrive here on the day after tomorrow to conduct our retreat and then to spend a few days with us.

Your father called here some time ago. He appeared in as good a condition as when I saw him last fall. I shall pay a visit at your home some time in the next weeks.

I imagine that all your confreres are well and that Father Ambrose's long silence is not a sign of physical weakness that he cannot write. But I am sure that he is working hard and I asked God to bless him and the rest of you. Yesterday I put my Monday greetings to Bishop Bernard and said that I would offer the Mass on his feastday for himself, his co-workers in the mission, and all his faithful people. Of course, that is not such an extraordinary thing for me to do, as I read for the Holy Mission every day and from time to time offer my Mass for its welfare.

With cordial greetings to all of you and especially to yourself, I am

Affectionately yours,

Abbot

The Priory
NASSAU - BAHAMAS
Jan. 27, 1935

Reverend and dear Father Abbot:

Enclosed is my personal account up to January 1, 1935. I wish you could enjoy just a little of this gorgeous weather, incomparable days and cool nights. I trust all is well with you and that the Visitation duties may pass off happily.

At my first Mass I received a Benediction bourse. There are enough down here and it would be almost too good to send to an outland. I thought of asking your permission to present it to the ~~St. Paul~~ ^{St. Paul} parish ~~because the people there~~ presented it to me and the parish had a very poor one when I was there.

I trust you will be satisfied with the expense. I can honestly say that I have economized most rigidly. Yet when it comes to "miscelling" and close buying I must add the crown to Fr. Bonelius.

Well, as good old Fr. Gabriel says: "The Lord is good!" May God bless you richly in the New Year and the entire community.

Sincerely in Jesus,

Fr. ~~Abbot~~

February 28, 1935

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.,
Nassau,
Bahamas.

My dear Father Othmar:

Father Prior sent me your letter of the 22nd instant; your financial statement he kept at home to submit to me on my return. As you give me the assurance that you have been very economical and I have no reason to doubt your statement, as I know you are by nature so inclined and also conscientious in your vow for poverty, I do not except that I shall have any observations to make regarding it. I am therefore writing you from here, as you know I shall have a great deal of work when I get home. The beginning of Lent you know is always a busy time for me. Then also a great deal of correspondence has undoubtedly accumulated as Fr. Prior was instructed not to send any European correspondence to me.

We finished the work of visitation at St. Anselm's, Manchester East Monday evening. We tried to carry out the wish that was expressed at the last General Chapter and later on by some Abbots and held a more rigorous visitation than ever before. I dare say some of the recommendations that were made were not so agreeable to the Communities - for instance that of the monthly theological conferences, more frequent spiritual conferences and chapters *of fathers* and annual examinations for the junior Fathers, etc. It was strenuous work for us; we did not have a single day off, unless the time spent in traveling may be called such except one day at Atchison which we spent in making a visit to Conception Abbey by auto. Abbot Vincent had never been there.

It was a pleasure to find Fr. Arnold here. I urged upon him to remain to have himself thoroughly attended to, so that he may be spared periodic spells of illness which he has had in the past. The Bishop, in a letter which I found here, mentioned my coming down for a visit to Nassau. I do not know where he got the information; I can only say that it is manufactured out of whole cloth as I have not had the remotest thought of going to Nassau this winter. I do expect to be there next fall or next winter.

I met your father some weeks ago for a few minutes, that was in St. Cloud. He seemed fairly well. I promised him a visit but I was kept so busy in the last months at home

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B. - II

that I did not succeed in getting there, I hope I shall be able to do so some time before Easter. I gladly grant your request to present your Benediction Burse to your home parish. We are amply supplied at the Abbey. If there is anything else that you would like to give them, which is not needed down there I herewith grant you permission.

We had an Alumni reunion here last evening. There were very few of the lay Alumni here - none that you remember but called in the afternoon, since he could not come to the banquet on account of working nights. He looks as cheerful and is as cheerful and bright as ever. Among the Alumni was the son of an Alumnus, who was a student in the days when I was a student (really the young man was never at St. John's but he is so attached to the place because his father so often spoke so fondly of it). His father lives in Italy, having gone there right after he left St. John's where he was a candidate for the Order. But his son came over here and is doing very well as interpreter in Italian, Spanish and French at the General Sessions Court here in New York. He assured me that he will have his father come over here on a visit and that they will come to St. John's. I visited his father in 1929.

Assuring you that I daily ask God to bless you and all your fellow workers in the missions, I am

Devotedly yours,

Abbot

I was over there but thought I would put it off and see. Dr. Gowdy treats nervous constipation of "obstipation" I believe they call it by means of manipulating and dilatation, I don't just remember how Dr. Reinders explained it but declares me that he has had very good success in cases of this kind and could treat me gratis as he treated Father Gabriel Ruppert. ~~He did~~ Dr. Reinders also fixed things for me so that I have necessary dental work done gratis, or at least nearly so, in fact whatever attention I would need, what is saved on dental work pretty well pays for the round trip, passage the way the dentists' charges here are exorbitant, and ~~with~~ ~~the~~ also I suppose the church here is fair gone.

The Bishop tells me that I must refer to you in the above matter, and I ask you most earnestly to allow me to go for a few weeks. It does mean so much to me a little of "God's country" again; I must confess that I feel very, how shall I say it, "constricted" down on this island. Well, more about this in another letter. As to my digastional condition, I am still taking the drug prescription given me four years ago. Without it it's the same old story. As long as I was myself perfectly calm and in an even temper, things go fairly well; but the slightest irregularity of daily routine or excitement due to irritation etc. sets the whole works into a back. I do not think that the drug will here, but one does not like to be afflicted to such things. Do not think that I am complaining. In fact I think that I am "getting off mighty easy" to look at Dr. Ahrace for instance, I am truly grateful that you changed plans for his removal this seems to be the object of his death being affliction; he is very very cheerful even before he left I track with the affliction and suffering and I think is doing very good work and saying nothing about it. One could not give Dr. Ahrace's friends about the being. Once again our deep thanks for his care and the Mission that he is staying here.

I do hope your Father that you will see fit to let me go over to the mainland for a spell. I shall not wear you with stating how trying I find it here, but at times; I shall refer that to my next letter. After all in the words of good Father Gabriel: "The Lord is good". You have so much to tell your sister and hear so many complaints; really I don't care to write even long letters to take your time.

To save myself I shall send the letter concerning Our Placid Society by regular post if this will be too heavy. In brief, they wish some medical certificate as to the cases in there and more. As before stated, I shall write to my sister. Oh yes, while I think of it, thank you very much for that "Life of Leo XIII" sent along with the books Fr. Oliver sent down. I have loaned the volume to a former Anglican catechist and now a good Catholic.

As we enter our times in each morning Mass "pro Superioribus" and for the spiritual and temporal welfare of St. John's and for all Abbots in spiritual of financial distress. Wishing you God's continued blessings and especially strength and comfort in the overwhelming problems and trials that most constantly be yours, I remain,

Respectfully to St. Benedict,

Fr. Othmar 895

Greetings & good wishes to all! Thank you!

August 2, 1935.

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.
Box 187, Nassau, Bahama Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

Since you requested a permission from me in your letter of the 27th inst., I shall not delay my reply. But I shall make it a little more brief, since I have considerable work on hand, and time passes rapidly. This is the end of August and I still face the problem of assigning the work for the next school year, both here in the school and in our parishes and missions.

I grant you the requested permission somewhat reluctantly and only in view of the medical attention which you desire to seek. The reason for my reluctance is that you have been in Miami each summer during the past two years, and I do not wish to allow a tradition to spring up among the fathers in the Bahama mission that they may look forward to getting away from the Islands every year. I have told the Bishop that he might give them a little change and respite by allowing those in Nassau to go to the Out-Islands and those from the Out-Islands to spend a few weeks in Nassau. All monastic experience teaches that it is bad policy and the gradual decay of the monastic sense and discipline if the tradition of an annual vacation is allowed to take root.

I dare say you feel restricted down in the narrow field of Nassau. But evidently it was a part of our holy Father's scheme of life to impose a restriction upon his monks, since he made the cloister of the monastery the workshop wherein they were to exercise the instruments of the spiritual craft or art. Our yielding to a human revulsion against restriction does not improve matters; the more frequently we yield, the more does the sense of confinement grow upon us. Our salvation lies in resisting the temptation of nature and the devil.

However, as stated above, in view of your need of medical attention, I will permit you to go to Miami for two weeks. If you should find then that more time is required, you will please write me for an extension. I trust you will find the relief that you desire, and that you will profit especially by what you write me experience has taught you - that your condition varies with the degree of calmness of temper that you can maintain.

In view of the attitude repeatedly expressed in your letters and hinted at also in your last one, I shall consider calling you back North next year. Meanwhile, I hope you will continue working with the zeal that I know you have, and that God will bless with abundant fruit these zealous efforts.

I called at Koshar's yesterday. I went to the cities for several reasons, and was happy to have the opportunity of getting to Koshar's right after receipt of your letter. Graham was not at home. But his father was there and he told me that there are plenty of documents, and that he will do his best to get them for me. He thought he could send them up next week. I will then send them on to the Postulator of the cause. If you will get your sister to secure whatever medical testimony she can get, I will forward also that to Rome, if you will kindly instruct her to send it to me. I expect to have an English translation of the life of Dom Placido in the course of the next few months.

Enough for today. I had in mind for some months to pay a visit to your folks, but have not yet found it convenient to do so, as I can hardly do all that must necessarily be done. With cordial greetings to all the inhabitants of your floor, I am

Affectionately yours,

The Priory

NASSAU - BAHAMAS

Aug. 23, 1935

The Rt. Rev. Abbot Alekin, O.S.B.,
St. John's Abbey, Collegeville Minn.

Rt. Rev. and Dear Father Abbot:

Again I ask you to pardon my delay in answering your kind letter of the 2nd inst. I appreciate your prompt reply and thank you very much for the permission granted. I was gone eleven days since Father Callahan who was gone here was called back before he expected. I feel somewhat refreshed for the change and as to the intestinal condition, I'll have to do the best I can with the remedy I suppose. As has been mentioned "I'm getting off easy at that" I'll give all medical attention, dental work and ear taken care off gratis. All are certainly fine to me as heretofore.

When I wrote last month I was going to ask you to consider removing me this summer. However Father Timmer has been a little sick; I did not wish to cause a possible difficulty which might cause him inconvenience or alteration of plans made for him. Hence I waited until he was gone and also wanted to give the matter good long and hard thought, during the time I would be away. Really, Father Abbot, the way I feel now is that it will be better for ~~me~~ me if I be removed. I believe I have given it a good try and I think I get to like it down here. Three years ago I told you that I would at least try it and would feel better satisfied if I could do so. At the time I did not think it was the place for me but am glad to submit to your wish.

It is rather humiliating to make this request, believe me. Then too I must realize that you must be rather "hard put to it" these days to make transfers, fill the many vacancies, etc. In view of all this I have delayed this letter as long as I could but feel I should "get it off my chest" that in case you see fit to remove me this Fall yet, I would be very willing. I would not at all mind it if it would already be sold up there. If I have enough time to have my own chest sent down from St. John's, the rest I have here. I have no apprehensions as to sudden change of temperature, at all. Perhaps you can somewhat appreciate how I feel to ask you to remove me. I would as soon "take a good licking." Yet I feel better now that I have asked you. Perhaps it will be a leap from frying pan to fire? Well; I have given this a good try.

In your letter you credit me with zeal and ask God's continued blessing. Thank you so much for the confidence reposed. The group on the third floor are quite happy. I shall congratulate myself if I have such a fine group to work with in the future. And, it is certainly "great" to see God's beautiful nature, landscape and fertile fields and all again over in the good old U.S. Would that all "kickers" over there could spend some time here just seeing how the common people here have to live. I hope you will not take my request amiss. I must close to get this off on today's boat. May God bless you and all and St. John's for the coming year. A daily "ante" each morning for all this.

Devotedly in St. Benedict,

F. Oehmke

August 30, 1935.

Reverend Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.
Box 187, Nassau, Bahama Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

I received your letter yesterday just before leaving for St. Paul to attend the funeral of Father Haas at the Assumption Church. In order not to keep you in long suspense as to my attitude towards your request, I am answering thus early.

I have practically decided within myself to withdraw you from the Bahamas next year. I did not see my way clear to do so this year. There are many considerations to be kept in mind by me in the placement of the fathers - not only their individual welfare and inclinations, but also the welfare of the totality of the work which the Lord has confided to our house. Thus, for instance, it must be clear to you that it would not be for the welfare of the Bahama missions to withdraw you at the present time. A new man is coming down, who I hope will do well and stay long - Father Raymond Layton of Holy Cross Abbey. He must have some time to get acquainted with conditions.

The Bishop has praised your work and also had a word of commendation for the efforts you have been making to adjust yourself to conditions. He appreciates that it has been hard for you to make this adjustment. I know he would feel very keenly, if I were to withdraw you this year. So I beg you to be patient for another year. Undoubtedly you will have many trials in practicing this patience. But you are old enough and experienced enough to understand that, wherever we are and whatever our work may be, our constancy is put to the test, and we must strive day after day to bear patiently the annoyances and irritations and disappointments that inevitably will arise, both from our own insufficiency and from the insufficiency of men and things around us. It is by this daily struggle that we wax strong, if we don't, in a cowardly manner, try to escape from the work which has been imposed upon us.

Praying that God bless you and let you find consolation, even in Nassau, in the work that you are doing for His honor and the salvation of souls, I am

Affectionately yours,

November 16, 1935.

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.,
Box 187, Nassau, Bahama Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

Today is the feast of your holy patron. While it was I that wrote last, yet I do not wish the day to pass without sending you greetings on the day of your feast. I commended you especially at Mass this morning. I hope and pray that you will emulate your holy patron in his total devotion to the service of the Master.

About three weeks ago another letter addressed to you by the Postulator of the cause of Placido Riccardi arrived here. Suspecting that it contained nothing else but a request that you send the documents requested in a letter of last spring by the Postulator, I opened it, and found that I was correct in my surmise. I had already obtained through Mr. Lusher a testimonial from Doctor Henry. Before sending it I wished to see Doctor Henry, but I found no opportunity to do so until about two weeks ago. I sent the testimonial to the Postulator yesterday, along with a letter explaining why I had not gotten other testimonials, but offering my services to get others in case additional testimonials are desired.

Stranged coincidence: While Father Nicholas was transcribing the letter for me on the typewriter, I looked at the latest issue of the Acta Apostolicae Sedis, which had just arrived. In it I found that the Sacred Congregation had voted to allow the introduction of the cause of Don Placido's beatification and that the Holy Father has given his approval.

I have done nothing in the matter of getting medical testimonials to cover the case of your sister, as you did not indicate to me what doctors treated her, and I have been too busy to go out to ascertain their names, which I suppose I could obtain from your parents. I really have too much work of my own to find time for these matters.

It may interest you and the Fathers in the Bahamas to know that yesterday I wrote Cardinal Fumasoni, the Prefect of the Propaganda, that we are willing to accept his invitation to make a foundation at Kaifeng, China. Before doing so, I called for volunteers, because I did not wish to make a promise to the Cardinal which could not be fulfilled. Between Fathers and Clerics there were nineteen who told me that they would be willing to go, if I should request it. If the Cardinal accepts us, I expect to make a beginning with four Fathers at the end of this school year.

Wishing you and your co-workers every blessing for the approaching advent-tide, I am

Your devoted abbot,

March 17, 1936

Reverend Othmar Ohmann, O.S.B.
Box 127, Nassau, Bahama Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

I am sorry that I must again remind you that you have not yet sent me your annual statement. I hope it will not be necessary to do so again. This is a clear duty of obedience, as it is part of our rule that an annual statement be submitted. Why then should I be put to the disagreeable task and to the trouble of reminding you? You will please send it without delay.

I have not yet had the opportunity to visit your folks. Not only has my time been taken up very fully, but I have been somewhat afraid to drive over to their place on account of the condition of the roads off the main highways. I hope, however, to be able to get to White Park before the end of this week, since the melting of the snow has now set in.

Wishing you every blessing for the approaching Passion and Eastertide, I am

Devotedly yours,

The Priory

NASSAU - BAHAMAS

Feast of St. Benedict,
March 21, 1936

Rt. Rev. and dear Father Abbot:

Herewith is my financial statement. It has been ready for some time but I must have too carefully misplaced the blank which you sent me at Christmas time. After hunting for it where I was sure I had filed it I do not want to wait any longer so am sending in the figures on a makeshift. I know that I deserve a scolding, both for delay and for misplacing the blank.

The house was rather quiet and seemed empty after the Abbots had departed. We all enjoyed your visit very much and only regretted that we were able to spend so little time, with you. Things since then have been even busier. A group of private catechumens as a result of the Mission take much of my time. Lenten sermons and on Sundays three to four sermons with Sunday school and all the other details of seeing people etc. makes me feel pretty well fagged out by Sunday evening. The headaches and dizzy spells continue concomitant with the digestional trouble. To give the intestines a good glushing helps matters a lot; but many a days work is spoiled or much hampered by inability to concentrate or stay at a thing. Often it is a feeling of being only half alive. The past weeks with violent rainstorms and chilly spells have helped matters a lot. I know that I should not complain, and I know you will not take it in the spirit of whining. I should try to get out more and do manual work and get into a good sweat but by the time I even get into the day's work the day is gone and with every evening taken with devotions or instructions except a very occasional night, what is not done by supper time will not be done at all.

I am more than ever sure that I would like to be transferred this summer that is, as soon as you conveniently can do so. I feel certain it will be very much better for St. Francis parish to get a change and far better for me physically and spiritually, in fact all the way around. I was rather touched by your kindness and consideration during our interview, and how generously you offered to give me a change. I hope I shall not disappoint your trust put in me. I am after all glad for the experience I have had here and hope I can liven up again and get some "pep" once more when transferring to other work and cooler clime. I shall try to get more information as to Lust's nature cure and whether they might be able to do something for my condition. The great mortification is of course that I would like to do more and better work but with an aching pounding head and dull brain aggravated by long and hot weather its just "pretty tough" I do hope that His Lordship will see fit to let us swim down here at "Wavecrest" when the season is over since to get out to the beach is attended with difficulties each time, both with time and conveyance.

Really I am sorry to worry with what seems like complaints. Do not take them as such please; I shall get along nicely until I hie northward. I was deeply grieved to hear of James Coyne's death. I admired that lad and had great ambitions for him. Well, God calls whom He wills, I suppose. That St. Benedict may bless good old St. John's again and anew and manifold especially the young men and scholastics and the Abbot is my fond wish and prayer this day. A joyous feastday with much consolation!

Devotedly in St. Benedict,

Fr. Ackmann 0.2.36

OSB HOHMANN_00130

The Priory

NASSAU · BAHAMAS

May 15, 1936

Rt. Rev. and dear Father Abbot:

Just a few words to wish you most cordially God's blessing and happiness for the feast of your illustrious patron Saint from all the occupants of the "third floor back," or "the roost" as we call it. All are well, and very busy with their Baptism, First Communion and Confirmation classes. Father Ambrose is of course more a picture of good nature than ever, due to anticipated joy of soon coming home, I suppose. We shall all miss him for the summer, myself especially.

No, I have not forgotten about the album of the Bahamas Missions which you asked me to get together. I have a number of pictures already; there are a number of duplicates from other negatives that I am getting. If you so wish, I can write up a nice article or running commentary to the pictures, which would be desirable for novices, clerics, etc. I am compiling the information now and hope to have it condensed and written up by the end of summer. I have secured some very fine photos since you were here. Rest assured that everything will be secured as cheaply as can be done so that the cost will be by no means prohibitive.

Things were rather quiet after your good self and Abbot Vincent had left. It hardly seemed that you had been here; yet one forgets almost everything here with being so occupied. "An allen Ecken da Barent's" I am still of the same mind which I indicated to you when here; namely that I feel it will be much better for me all around and also for the Missions if I follow your suggestion. I have tried to see it otherwise.

My dear parents wrote me a cheerful letter and spoke of your kind and delightful visit to them. Thank you so much for sacrificing the time; it meant so much to them and to me also. It has been a most delightful Spring with cool weather and gorgeous foliage; with so much that I want to get done before the end of summer, the end will be here before I know it. Pardon my abrupt closing; I want to catch today's airmail. Greet all for us please, and May Blessed Alcuin secure for you all that is good and holy.

Affectionately in St. Benedict,

F. Schma 0883

June 8, 1938

Reverend Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.
Box 187, Nassau, Bahamas Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

I have your letter of the 15th ult., and thank you heartily for your good wishes to the feast of Blessed Aluin.

I am pleased to hear that you are working on the album of the Bahamas mission. I particularly am pleased that you are also gathering information illustrative of the mission and its various stations. I am sure it will prove very interesting.

There is nothing in particular that I feel I should write you. The news will be served you by the Oblate and the Record. Yesterday there were two first Masses at Cold Spring - Fathers Louvain and Marcian, and one at St. Michael - Father Cosmas. The rest will say their first Mass either on Corpus Christi Day or next Sunday. Today we begin our first retreat, which will be conducted by Father Wade Mitchell of New Tabasco.

I suppose His Lordship the Bishop will want to keep you in Nassau until the arrival of Fathers Frederic and Marcian, not only because he can hardly spare you in the absence of Father Ambrose and Father Gabriel, but also because you will be useful in instructing your successor in the work you have been doing. Father Dunstan begins his retreat at St. Bernard's Abbey this evening. He should be with you by the end of the month.

Hoping you to give my greetings to your confreres and asking God to bless you, I am

Affectionately yours,

The Priory

NASSAU - BAHAMAS

July 20, 1936

Rt. Rev. Alciun Deutsch, O.S.B., D.D.
Collegeville Minn.,

Rt. Rev. and dear Father Abbot:

Thank you for your letter of June 8th. We were certainly very pleased at the arrival of Father Dunstan and have had a number of enjoyable chats and reviewing of St. John's news, etc. His Lordship the Bishop has not said anything about my leaving. I shall have a talk with him one of these days. Since he is getting ready to leave for the North I know he is very busy. Yes, certainly, I expected to stay until the two new Fathers arrive. I have been working overtime trying to get done the things that I know the bishop would like to have. It has been rather slow work due to so many interruptions since the parish work goes on just the same and it seems one just cannot get up the speed and endurance in this climate and this time of the year. I want chiefly to get the status animarum up to date as far as I can; that is, make my notations on all the census cards and leave whatever information may be useful to my successor. I am way behind but hope to get along this week. If necessary I certainly want to stay to help my successor get started. There are over 750 adults and over 600 under 16 yrs. on my list in this parish and that is quite a number. Hence if you will let me use my judgment a little as to when to leave, I would be deeply grateful. I would also so much like to take a run of a week or so over to San Salvador and Long Island, both to get the spirit of the outislands before leaving the Bahamas and to take some pictures along the line, of some of Father Arnold's caves, etc., but chiefly to get some first hand observation of the outislands. I could help Fr. Arnold also a little now in his strenuous work of building etc.,

I do not know of course what you have in store for me up North. If you still wish to send me to Washington, I suppose I had better find out when the term begins there, etc. I am in hopes that I will not have to rush home post haste but will be able to spend a little time enroute. Now there is one thing that you may have misunderstood; I do not know, namely that I have no particular aversion to parish work. I don't think you got that impression from my expression of opinion. Of course I really never had any such ^{opinion} up north before coming here, but if that is what you see fit to put me in for the present, I hope I won't prove too bad. I just wanted to make sure that I did not convey the wrong impression. I certainly realize the importance of parish work also. I shall especially make it a memento these weeks that God may direct you rightly if you see fit to put me into training for proclial mission work. Fr. Arnold's boat is leaving in a few minutes (as expectedly) and he is rushing to catch it. I am also getting this off airmail on the way down; hence pardon the haste. Another thing: you mentioned the probability of putting me at the Lust Sanatorium for some time to see whether the digestional trouble, headache and vertigo, etc might clear up. I do not know whether you have given any more thought to the matter but if I get a few suggestions from you on the above points, I could plan things a little. I know how very harrassed you must be with so many details; I know I cannot expect much of an answer. Father Arnold sends his greetings and goodbye before leaving for his post again. Enclosed a few snapshots that might be interesting. Hearty greetings and God's blessings to all the community.

Filially, *Fr. O'Hannan*

OSB HOHMANN_00133

July 22, 1936

Reverend Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.
Box 187, Nassau, Bahama Islands.

Dear Father Othmar:

I received your letter this morning and hasten to give such reply to your inquiry as I can at the present time.

Really, I have not yet come to any decision as to what use I shall make of you on your return. The reason for my delay in coming to a decision lies in the fact that I am not yet certain who will be available for service. Father Jerome is still sick and the prospects of his being able to do any work by September do not look good. Father Christopher came home yesterday from the hospital in St. Paul. He had an operation a month ago for the removal of the gall-bladder, but his recovery has been somewhat slower than anticipated. Father Roland will probably be able to do some work, but I am not yet certain. A recent report from New York says that Father Patrick has not yet recovered satisfactorily from the attack of pneumonia which he had in February. Father Edwin will probably be able to take care of his parish again by September. Father Sebastian, I imagine, is quite out of the running.

The prospects therefore are that I may have to use you for parish work, in which case I ought to have you here by the middle of September at the latest. Anyway, it will not be necessary to make any inquiries as to courses at the University. Should it be possible to send you there this coming year, there will still be time to make arrangements in September. As to going to Dr. Lust's, if there is sufficient time, I have no objection if you stop off there on your way North. But possibly your trouble will disappear, or at least gradually improve, after you have come North.

For the present all that I can say is that you may leave down there as soon as it is possible for the Fathers there to get along fairly well with the work without you. Of course, the new men will not be able to do for some time all that you have been doing. No doubt, the Bishop and the Fathers and your people will miss you.

I think this is all that I can tell you at the present time. I regret that it is not more definite, but I will write you again as soon as I have gotten to see my way more clearly as to the appointments for next year.

Asking God to bless you and begging you to give my greetings to the rest of the Fathers and to the Brothers, I am

Affectionately yours,

The Priory

NASSAU - BAHAMAS

August 7, 1936

Rt. Rev. Abbot Alcuin, O.S.B., D.D.
Collegeville Minn.

Rt. Rev. and dear Father Abbot:

Thank you very kindly for your letter of July 28nd. I realize of course that you must be perplexed to fill all vacancies before Fall and cannot very well send me to the Catholic U as you had suggested. If I may ~~be~~ state a preference however, I feel really that I would like to be in a place where there would be converts to make. This work down here in a way gets into one's bones; but I suppose that now in a good number of our parishes convert work is more done now.

The Bishop left Monday and wants to comply with your wishes and relieve me by September 1. He will write ^{as} soon as he speaks to the two who are to come down here. I understand their summer course was delayed by several weeks. I have not succeeded in getting over to Long Island and San Salvador yet and it does not look as though I will get over there with next week's boat. If I can go I intend to take along my records and try to work in spare moments. Father Dunstan will be leaving in a few weeks I suppose. At any rate if you want me by Sept. 15th why I shall try my best to be there. I would certainly like to leave here just as soon as possible but would not like to work handship on the organization here. I have been trying to get to Long Island since winter but ~~there~~ is always something at St. Francis here; I would like to get just a look at the outlands however so as to give a little more direct experience to my proposed talks on the Bahamas.

I don't suppose there will be any chance to spend time with Dr. Lust. I would have liked to do this and spend a little time enroute at Washington, and with relatives and friends in Buffalo, So. Bend, LaPorte and Chicago, since it might be the last time I ever get East. Washington especially intrigued me when I passed through there. All this I would of course like to do but I realize that you may be quite short of men this Fall.

My headaches and lack of "pep" is about the same. I am in good hopes that will clear up with colder climate and a change. One gets pretty fagged by the middle of the summer here; no respite from the heavy Sunday program with three sermons and all the rest, or the continual catechetical work during the week. I shall use every moment to clean up whatever I can; especially the census records. I hope to feel fit and fine when I get up there. That's another reason why I wanted to spend a little time enroute. Well anyhow I am leaving here just as soon as I can.

I have all prints pretty well arranged for the proposed lecture on the Bahamas Missions which you allowed me to have made at the Catholic Truth Society England on film slides. If I do say so myself, I think it will be fine, cheap, and convenient with no danger of breaking expensive glass slides. I have been trying hard to get certain interesting prints and negatives. Some I will not have for a few weeks yet. Now if you will trust to my judgment I shall send the prints off to England right from here; if you want to look at them first I will of course send them to you; I could send you a list of titles if that would suffice. I am
P.T.O.

OSB HOHMANN_00135

of course disappointed that I could not have the set to take along with me but I shall have it soon after arriving up there. I have secured some excellent photos that I could never have taken myself. Arranging with the sisters of Mt. St. Vincent for a like set has also taken time. I hope; in fact I feel sure that you will like the set very much.

I hope you can fatten up Fr. Ambrose and dear old Father Gabriel likewise. They also got away from here later than expected so I suppose that we cannot expect them back so soon; that will also or may make it a little harder for me to pull out. At any rate, I hope you can let me spend a little time out East; but again, I do not want to be too selfish.

May this find you hale and hearty and with no more additions to the list of sick and incapacitated. Please pardon my writing on both sides of this sheet to save airmail. Wishing you and all the Fathers, Clerics and Brothers God's blessing and a happy Feastday on the 15th, I remain

Filially,

J. O'Hara OSB

August 19, 1936

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.
The Priory,
Nassau, Bahama Islands

My dear Father Othmar,

I don't know just what reply to make to your letter of August 7. You express several wishes therein, but you seem to understand that it may be difficult to fulfill them.

From New York the report comes that Father Frederic has an infection in his thumb. I had a telegram from Father Marclan yesterday expressing the fear that Father Frederic might have to remain in the hospital on account of his thumb for many weeks. Fortunately, a telegram received this morning from the Bishop says that Father Frederic's condition is much improved today and that the doctor feels confident that he may travel in about three weeks; he adds that Father Marclan leaves next week for Nassau. Possibly the Bishop may want you, therefore, to stay even somewhat longer than originally contemplated. I would regret this both for your sake and for my sake. But if they cannot get along without you in Nassau until Father Frederic arrives there, I suppose we shall have to submit with as good grace as we can to necessity.

If Father Dunstan fears that he will get an attack of hay-fever as soon as he gets back here and that he will then have to go to Duluth to have some comfort, he might almost just as well stay down in Nassau until the hay-fever season is past. Of course, it would not be pleasant here since it would be difficult to fill his classes, and to let them go without reciting until the end of the month or thereabouts would be unfair to the students. But if he would want to go to Duluth, nothing would be gained for the classes; but something will be gained for Nassau if he decides to remain there. I will leave the decision to the conscience and prudence of yourself and Father Dunstan. The Bishop informs me that he will be in Minneapolis tomorrow evening.

We are in the midst of our retreat and my time is very much taken up. I will therefore with merely this addition, that I shall very likely use you either in St. Cloud or at St. Joseph's, Minneapolis. O yes, you express the hope that I will let you spend a little time out East; you do not want to be selfish, however, as you say. I appreciate this expression of your willingness to forget your own wishes for the sake of the common welfare. I would like to do you the favor; but in view of what I have said above you will see that it is hardly possible. You may look forward to an opportunity to see the East later on.

Asking God to bless you, I am, with cordial greetings
to all,

Affectionately yours,

RECOMMENDATIONS

Words of His Holiness Pius XI in a Letter to the Late Chancellor (August 20, 1929):

"You can do nothing dearer to Us, or more useful for the Holy Church of God, or more honorable to noble sons of your Father St. Benedict, than, that, exerting the whole effort of your wills, you should supply the University of Peking, on the one hand, with the men best fitted to govern, to teach, and to bring up souls in piety, and on the other hand, with the equipment and instruments necessary to teach the sciences properly, as well as with funds and revenues."

Letter of the S. Congregation of Propaganda to the Hierarchy of the U. S. (May 1932):

Your Excellency:

I earnestly commend to you the bearer of the present letter, His Excellency the Most Rev. Celso Constantini, Archbishop of Theodosia and Delegate Apostolic to China.

For prior to his return to Peking—he is journeying through the United States of America with the object of exhorting both the clergy and the laity to work for, and contribute to, the Catholic University of Peking.

For the Catholic University of Peking is a great undertaking, exceeding dear to the Holy Father, because it gives promise of reaping most abundant fruits among the countless people of China, who in these latter days are reported to be afire with eagerness to acquire knowledge of modern literature and sciences, without being able to do so except in schools under atheistic or Protestant auspices. Accordingly, I beseech Your Excellency to do everything in your power to assist by help and advice the aforesaid Most Excellent Prelate, to the end that there may be established in America a permanent and organized movement, whose purpose it shall be to insure the maintenance of the aforesaid University by moral support and annual subsidies of money, in such wise that, being placed on a solid basis, it may for the future flourish and progress without any fear of failure. Surely the Catholics of America, to whose energy and merit the above-mentioned University owes its origin, will never suffer themselves to be outdone by the Protestants, who have built up their University at Peking with the finest equipment possible.

Conveying, then, to You the thanks of this Sacred Congregation, and cordially wishing you every blessing, I profess myself to be

Your Excellency's most devoted in the Lord,
Wm. M. Card. Van Rossum, Pref.

Words of the Apostolic Delegate to China (Address to the Crusade Convention at Niagara University, June 30, 1932):

"One of the foremost important cultural institutions in China is the Catholic University of Peking, a foundation made by the American Benedictines and maintained by contributions and donations of the Catholics of America. Unfortunately this University is suffering at the present time a very grave financial crisis, due to the lack of a properly organized system of support. I take the liberty on this occasion of entrusting to your assistance and care the financial welfare of this distinguished University—a University that is well deserving of your heartiest interest and support. This University is a stronghold of missionary activity in China. I commend, therefore, to your solicitude its dire needs. I beg your earnest support and cooperation."

The Priory

NASSAU - BAHAMAS

August 25, 1936

vt. Rev. Father Abbot Alcuin, O.S.B.,
Collegeville, Minn.

Rt. rev. and dear Father Abbot:

Thank you for your letter of the the 19th, which has just arrived. Father Dunstan had already made preparations to leave on today's boat but I communicated to him the contents of your letter which referred to him. It has certainly been a pleasure for all of us to have him here for two months, believe me. The way Father Bonaventure speaks, I shall be able to arrive up there by Sept. 15th. Yesterday I received a letter from the Last Sanatorium saying that a stay there to get any results would be about a month or six weeks. So we shall have to defer that. I appreciate that you would like to let me spend some time out East; as it is you can hardly do any differently at the present, I see. I note the appointments you have in mind for me. Well, I am hoping and praying that it will not be St. Cloud. You know I grew up there; that is I spent quite some years the time I was working etc. and of all places in the world I would certainly feel unfamiliar; that is rather embarrassed there. Of course, Father Marcellus went there, but then with the personality he has I suppose the situation was different. But the long and short is that I would feel like on a pedestal with feet not only of clay but of mud. I think that you understand. I shall certainly do some praying that it will not be St. Cloud. Inferiority complex perhaps. I feel however that you will not make it St. Cloud if at all possible.

One does not realize that he has grown into the hearts of some people at least until one leaves. These days are rather "tough" now that people know I am going, and with all their faults or imagined faults these people are quite affectionate. At times I hardly know whether to laugh heartily or to commiserate; I hope to glean some more good anecdotes from the process.

Well, I want to get this off with Fr. Dunstan on the boat so pardon the hurry. May God guide you in placing me; and help me to come up to the mark in my next assignment. Hoping to see you all hale and hearty soon, I remain,

Filially,



Our President by proclamation on this day invites the people of the United States to observe Columbus Day in schools and churches and other suitable places with appropriate ceremonies expressive of the public sentiment befitting the anniversary of the discovery of America".

Just eight weeks ago I stood on the foredeck and under the sail of a 100-foot Bahamian freightboat about the size I judge of the memorable flagship of Columbus. Mine was the rare privilege of making a pilgrimage to that lovely isle forever made memorable -- and sacred -- by the great discoverer on that morning, October 12th, well nigh four and a half centuries ago today. I had been on the water only three days, Columbus two months.

Forgotten now was that rough voyage and attendant seasickness -- as our sturdy little craft glided into the smooth opal waters of Riding Rock Harbor and I drank in the vista before me. How this must have enthralled the great mariner who with his gallant men landed here four hundred and forty-four years ago. Then as now, those soft, silky, creamy white coral sands sloped gently down into crystal clear waters. Very probably those same honeycombed weather-beaten rocks bordering the beach saw the Santa Maria, the Nina and the Pinta moored out in this beautiful harbor where now our anchor was rattling noisily down into its brilliant waters.

Surely this place was sanctuary, this spot of momentous happening, this lovely charming little isle enshrined in tropic seas, mile-deep, sparkling with hues and tints, indescribably beautiful, of ultra-marine, turquoise, and rich green. Here was a land of constant summer, fanned by balmy tradewinds laden with the tang of mighty ocean and scents of inland jungle.

Truly, the warm poetic soul of the great discoverer would scarce have selected a setting more ideal for that romantic hour, October 12th, as these silvery sands advanced the standard of the cross and the flags of Spain while a priest intoned and Columbus and his men with singing hearts and tears of joy made response before the wondering eyes and ears of a strange race, voicing their fervent Thanksgiving in the Church's age old hymns. Here they planted the cross and consecrated the place with that sweet name, San Salvador - Holy Redeemer.

Today the most imposing object in the tiny settlement is the Catholic mission, erected some years ago, I am happy to say, through the fine generosity of New York Knights of Columbus. A few hundred yards down the beach a simple crude wooden cross, roughened by weather, bleached by tropic seas, looks out to sea and watches the spot where in the centennial year 1492 was offered up the first Holy Mass on the island since the days of Columbus. Where Columbus and his men saw groups of excited naked Lucayans, long since vanished, leisurely groups of good natured Bahamian Negroes were now sauntering down to the beach to welcome the fortnightly mailboat.

This lovely outpost of a vast new world then saw the climax of that stirring drama which brought its chief actor from obscurity, mistrust, ridicule and discouragement into the sudden limelight of undying fame. He it was who had dared question the ignorance, the myths, the superstitions of the populace and pompous learning of worldly-wise alike. Through eighteen long years of effort he would not be discouraged nor thwarted from putting his theories to an honest test. Here then, in this vast

expanse of ocean deep came the reward to his noble persistence, his undaunted courage and daring, which changed the history of the world and was for him the peculiar, universal renown that is his, and given him a distinctive place among the greatest of the world's great.

To every school child is familiar the story of his long struggle, success, and reverses. Reasoning from what he could learn at that time of navigation, astronomy, and geography, he persisted in his theory that the world was round, not flat, and that by sailing westward he would eventually reach new and strange lands, the Indies, he thought. His own native city, the courts of Portugal, England and at first Spain turned a skeptical, even a scornful ear to his proposals and petitions for support. Repulsed at the Court of Spain, Providence, it seems, guided his weary feet to the monastery of Santa Maria de la Rabida, seeking food and shelter for himself and son. Here a simple friar, Father Juan Perez, became his close friend. Through his agency Columbus finally got a favorable hearing. A cardinal of the Catholic Church interceded for the daring enterprise and the expedition became a reality. Under the roof of this humble monastery, with the knowledge and advice of the friars, Columbus perfected his plans. At length on the morning of August 3rd, 1492, at eight o'clock in the morning, with supreme and firm trust in God, with unflinching determination, the great Admiral launched out into the unknown, travelers' untried ocean with only three small vessels, the Santa Maria, the Nina, and the Pinta. Alongside a modern ocean steamer, these would look much indeed like a puny pilot or tug boat. On board was a band of some one hundred twenty souls from different nations, many of them half-willing, half-doubting at joining so hazardous an undertaking. There was reason indeed to cause anxiety to the bravest captain, products of the ignorance and fear of the time, looking perhaps timidly out towards the horizon. What would they find there? Horrible sea monsters, boiling seas of which they had been told? Would they eventually plunge off the rim of a flat world into a horrible abyss of nothingness?

What thoughts, what doubts and fears must have crisscrossed through the noble mind of the captain as he stood long watches through starlit nights, observing his magnetic needle, scanning the new stars rising out of the western horizon, his eye melted intently at the line where sea and sky met. How he must have studied his motley crew wondering: Would their doubting minds persevere in the trust reposed in him? And yet, no doubt did he ever breathe easier with renewed firm trust in God and his own reasonings. "Santa Maria, he had christened his flagship. His writings begin thus: "May Jesus and Mary be always with us." Is this the echo of the frequent aspirations of his great soul during two and one half long months of suspense? Yet no terror could move his placid mind to turn back. And finally, on the night of October 11th, from the deck of the "Santa Maria", his sleepless eye caught a glimpse of morning light in the West!

What suspense while awaiting the dawn! Was that faint glimmer but the phantom of an exhausted brain? But with the morning went up the delicious cry of joy from all hands: "Land! Land! Land!" There it lay, hills, forest, flowers, a deluge of green in all its reality.

Thus the Admiral, despite scoffs, ridicule, difficulties and dangers had reached the outposts of a New World, thinking he had found one of the Indies to the realization of his life's desire. We know the stir caused by his arrival home on March 4, 1493, his sudden rise to the heights of fame. True to his ardent zeal he took along with him on his second voyage a Vicar Apostolic and twelve priests to plant the Christian faith in the newly found regions. Columbus would be true to his beautiful name, Christopher - "Christ bearer" would he be to the newfound world.

Not resting on his laurels he would yet further discover and explore. We know the story of his three voyages; the discoveries of the islands of the Caribbean, the coasts of Central and South America. His brief triumph ended after his second voyage when he became a victim of envy and misrepresentation until the close of his noble life. How like his career to the classic heroes of old, to that of many of the truly great, from delirious triumph and adulation of the fickle multitude to fall into contempt and disgrace, from royal patronage to chains. Broken in strength he breathed his last at Valladolid, May 20, 1506, seventy years old, not dreaming of the magnitude and grandeur of the New World he had found.

The human heart is stirred at such epoch-making deeds of heroes. It is the appreciation of the fine noble character of Columbus that leads us to the annual commemoration of this day. Deeply ingrained in human nature is the instinct to hero worship; and well that it is so. The great men of the past are the books from which we learn. "Words teach, examples draw", well said the sage of old. And so we pause in admiration and consider what manner of man was this great. Yet practical dreamer, harmoniously blending in his fine character the qualities of the hardened lifelong mariner with gentleness and cordiality, intense enthusiasm and adventurous spirit with prudence and calculation; the eminent student thinker and scientist with ardent romantic soul, the gallant man of action and winning personality with sincerity, humility, kindness, consideration, uprightness of character, straightforwardness toward his fellowman; the man of the world and worldly affairs, with the man of prayer and practical piety, frugal, temperate in success, patient, resigned and serene in disgrace. While intent upon finding new fields for man's endeavor and glory, wealth and renown for his sovereign, yet always animated by higher notions: God's honor and glory, the conversion of foreign peoples. To his last dying breath was his soul aflame with the fiery zeal and spirit of the crusader so that he would yet show all his resources and final years of life into the project of reconquering the Holy Land from the Turk. Truly, "there was a man". There, my friends, we have the secret of his success and undying love. His abiding childlike faith and practical piety are the dominating notes of his character. It was this which carried him through long years of weary disappointment over a vast mysterious ocean, which kept him modest and unassuming through the heights of glory as also patient and serene through the depths of disgrace and ignominy. Columbus was first and foremost the fervent Christian.

His work gave the world our vast country, a home of freedom, for future prosperity, brilliant prospects, vast resources, replete with opportunities, new fields for human endeavor, asylum for the persecuted, new life to the people of Europe. Even after the lapse of centuries our richly favored and beloved land of America rightfully, dutifully, and gratefully holds in deep veneration the name of Columbus.

Yet, admiration without imitation of his qualities is little more than idle flattery. "Lives of great men all remind us, we can make our lives sublime." Today there are no new continents to discover. Yet is the world and, too, our dear beloved land beset by problems so grave and movements so dark and portentous that we need today, as never before, clear minds and stout hearts and noble characters like Columbus.

The spirit of Columbus, my dear friends is that which animated your own forefathers and mine to leave their native lands, perhaps in the face of discouragement, ridicule and a dark uncertain future. They, too, crossed the immense ocean and vast expanse of wild territory with brave hearts and faith in God, to seek new horizons for themselves and their progeny. The fruits of their undaunted courage and perseverance we reap today. And these very days is threatened this heritage of ours by those agents of

page four

destruction who would (to quote their own words) "love from within" and bring to wreck and ruin all law and order, all honest government, all freedom, all Christianity. You know well what I mean. Behold the once fair and happy land of Spain, the very land that sponsored the voyages of Columbus, this moment fighting a bloody and awful battle for its very life against horrible foes of anti-God propaganda and ruthless persecution under the guidance of Red Russia.

My friends, it is a platitude to say there is much to be remedied in our political and social order. To bring about safe, sane remedies will require just such spirits as Columbus. Neither was the world at his time a path of roses. He took what could be had at the time, thought and reasoned, proved and tried, bravely but not ruthlessly, but first and foremost the man of prayer. Those were after all, ages of faith.

Like the great Columbus, while we busy ourselves with the world about us, while we play our part in the march of progress, while we strive to make a better living for ourselves and dear ones, while we strive even to gratify lawful ambition and enterprise, while we toil at bringing about betterment of conditions and social justice for the oppressed like Columbus, never must we lose sight of the spiritual, the eternal values. The sterling character of Columbus and the sturdy builders of our new world must live on. We must instill it into those who come after us.

S. Joseph's Rectory,
Shandon, 920. Dalk.,
Oct. 30, 1936

Rt. Rev. and dear Father Abbott:

Being here already a month, I suppose it is high time to let a sound out of me, - it seems I only came yesterday. I left on the next train after receiving your message. Now, I have not felt so satisfied, contented and happy in years. Of course, I know the adage about "new brooms sweeping clean," but I certainly want to thank you for sending me here, believe me! A parcel of whom I think a lot and in whom I repose much confidence, the open country in sight, fine diet, and just loads and loads of darling children. A chance to brush up in German again, a fine little town, - "Herrg was willst du mehr?" I've just had 4 weeks of fun in spite of a bulimous attack (or what ever it was) and nervous mishaps. But I'm surely getting off easy at that. A few months of this bracing air will do a lot, I hope since I do want to do much work, practical, reading, writing and a little study again. It makes me a little impatient at times to let us about of endurances at continued mental work but its getting better already, I think. Fr. Marcellus & I spend a good part of its afternoon visiting the Jewish census and to get into so many really bathetic families again with loads of kiddies is really a treat. These are German Russian - may have their faults & peculiarities like the rest of us but there is certainly a lot of the old-time deep faith. I have been certainly edified & thrilled (really) with the school and its 600 little bundles of energy. The morning Missa Recitata and especially the Sunday children's highmass has

been a treat. Like a real pessimist I'm peering around the corner, wondering what's going to happen to me this winter. If you wish to train me for the Mission Band next year, I'll have to try not to become too much attached. The way these kiddies respond in instructions etc. would indicate that the liturgical movement and modern methods in catechesis have done much; anyhow, I'm having lots of fun and I am thankful certainly that God has given me a deep love for His own little ones; and these here are very dear indeed.

Well, I suppose it's the glamor of contrast from the former field of labor. If any of us younger fellows start "kicking up", how about sending him to Andros or Long Island or white?

I have only one suit which - I got at Ordination and it's getting to look a little worn. Should you kindly give the Brother Tailor permission to send me goods for a suit? I can have it made here quite cheaply. Also, I shall need a few books. At Ordination I asked you to keep in mind the money received for books, typewriter etc. when I would need them. At Nassau I "bought" or W. Arnold + Bonaventura, but I really could use the following which I have put into a box in case you wish to have it to Fr. Lebraman to order about here. Since I can rent a typewriter cheaply here, I suppose it would be best to do so for this year.

My worthy wife has been on the water-wagon nicely; if it lasts I'll be happier yet. I wish you continued God's blessing and comfort of soul in the arduous disorganizing tasks that fall to your lot.

Fidally in St. Benedict,
Fr. Ethel

November 3, 1936

Reverend Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.
St. Joseph's Rectory,
Mandan, North Dakota.

Dear Father Othmar:

On my return home on Saturday afternoon I found your letter and also the enclosed one addressed to Father Othmar Hofstetter. Since it comes from the Bahama Islands, I feel quite confident that it is intended for you and I am, therefore, forwarding it to you. If I am mistaken, and you do not know for whom it is intended - I find no Othmar Hofstetter in the Catalog of the Order - send it to the Dead Letter Office. However, I am quite sure it is intended for you, since it is sent in care of me with instructions to forward. I do, however, not know who [redacted] is.

I am delighted to gather from your letter that you are immensely pleased with your assignment to Mandan. I can only hope and pray that your joy in the place will be a permanent one. But - there is no heaven on earth, and you will, no doubt, have trials and troubles also in Mandan. You will face them manfully, remembering that we must all follow Christ on the way of the Cross, and that it is through suffering that souls are won to Him. So try to beware against taking too much natural pleasure in your work, lest it prove barren of fruit.

There is no great improvement in the condition of the sick members of the community. Brother Mark will probably be the first to recover from his operation; Fathers Wilfrid, Sebastian, Jerome and Christopher will require a longer time.

With cordial greetings to yourself and the rest of the household, I am

Your devoted abbot,

November 3, 1936

Rev. Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.
St. Joseph's Rectory
Mandan, N.D.

My dear Father Othmar,

In my letter of yesterday I overlooked to inform you that Brother Walter, our tailor, will send you the material for a new suit.

Also I made no mention of the books you want. I had not yet had an opportunity to ascertain whether copies of these books were on hand. Father Oliver today told me that there have been so many requests for these books that he cannot find any spare copies. If you think you need them, you may order them yourself.

If you can lease a typewriter at a reasonable rate, I think it would be just as well to do so for the present, rather than to invest the money in a new one.

There, I think I've answered all your requests. Your nameday is not far off; I do not know whether I shall be at home at the time - I therefore avail myself of this opportunity to extend my best wishes. May St. Othmar obtain for you an increase of the spirit with which he served the Lord.

Your devoted Abbot,

- I. This morning Our dear Lord speaks to us again in language, plain, simple, so anyone may be able to understand. God speaks to us by the mouth of the prophet.
- How?* II. Thus He speaks to us constantly by the voice of conscience, through His teaching Church, through our Christian doctrine, through the priest or missionary.
- III. We are to prepare the way to our souls, so Christ may enter therein, Why? Let us recall a few simple truths of Christian living:
- a) We are created to live forever, to know God, to love Him and serve Him.
 - b) We are fallen through original sin and by reason of our personal guilt, are powerless to attain Heaven through our own efforts.
 - c) Jesus Christ has paid our debt and also showed us how to live and die.
 - d) If we have Christ, we have everything. All else is but of passing importance.
 - e) Christ really and truly dwells within us when we are in the state of grace. "He who loves me will keep my Commandments." And the Father shall love him, and we will come and take dwelling with him. "Behold I stand at the gate and knock: he who hears my voice will open unto me. I shall enter by him."
- IV. What is your part in this? You have been created and redeemed outside of your own choice. But you will not be saved, unless you co-operate. And you cannot be saved unless you put forth strenuous efforts to clear the road and prepare the way for Jesus to take possession of your soul.
- V. Make straight his paths. Every valley shall be filled, those ravages of sin, deep valleys and holes that have been blasted into your spiritual life. We fill these up through sincere sorrow for sin, good works, repentance, a new life, making good any damage done to ourselves and others.
- VI. Every mountain and hill shall be brought low. Past sins and vices, pride, covetousness, lust, anger, sloth. Rigorous penance, self-denial and mortification.
- VII. The crooked shall be made straight. Insincerity, duplicity, dishonesty, wanderings away from the straight and narrow. Coming back to the ways of God. Now about secret sins,--thieving, impurity etc.
- VIII. Then shall all flesh see the salvation of God. Then can the Christchild be really reborn within our hearts on Christmas Day. "Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

Christ enters mens' hearts by grace. To cleanse and prepare the soul,--that is the idea of the Advent preparation. What a transformation if all hearers would & hearken to the entreaties of Christ's representatives.

NEED OF PREPARATION: Christ came to make all things new. But it is of absolute necessity to correspond with God's grace. God has given man a free will to choose between Christ and Satan. Christ leads the way; man is free to follow. Of old the Jews said: "We will not have this man to reign over us." Adherence to Christ implies constant suppression of evil propensities, a lifelong discipline of self.

OBSTACLES TO CHRIST'S COMING INTO OUR SOULS:

- a) Self-sufficiency, pride, which spurns kindly vital assistance of God our Saviour. This is the only efficient remedy for the ills of humanity, to bring Christ into the daily living of men,--into their hearts, into their homes, into their social and political institutions. Without Christ's saving doctrine, humanity would fall back into the degradation of the old pagans. In order that Christ may reign within human hearts, men must remove the mountainous barrier to His coming, the monstrous pride that would stand against God Himself. The hills too, must be brought low--the petty but offensive vanities that hinder the redeeming work of Christ.
- b) Duplicity. Crooked ways must be made straight. "His will is in them that walk sincerely." (Prov. xl. 20) How severely Christ reproached duplicity in the Pharisees. How many still try to serve Christ and the spirit of Mammon,--worldliness.
- c) Unruly passions. The rough places must be made plain. Hindrances to the reign of the King within our hearts. Due to the fall of Adam, human passions are in rebellion against reason and against the workings of grace. Christ comes to restore fallen nature, but,--through our co-operation.

"At birth our brother He became."

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH

108 3RD ST. N. D.

MANDAN, N. D.
Dec. 28, 1936

Rt. Rev. and dear Father Abbot:

Kindly pardon my not writing for Christmas. It was of course a busy time right before since one man has left. Thank you very much indeed for sending Fr. Arno up to help out over the holydays. We are having some most enjoyable visits together. I extend to you my sympathy ~~of~~ having again the most distasteful business of moving my late confrere here and what no doubt came after. I will not say much about the matter in this letter. In short it was a most nauseating business. There is no use regretting any more over the lost opportunities and the misused talents and abilities. Naturally we all hope that a retreat etc. will bring him to his senses; but I doubt it very much. It seems that the only possibility of an amendment for such a state of things is the medicing of the prodigal son,-- down to the husks and the swine. Well, please don't think me a "holier than thou". I had always in my heart defended the fellow and excused him in discussing with others. Not any More!

Naturally the two of us here hope that there will be a third man available for Mandan very soon. The youth organizations especially will suffer this way. I hope Father Abbot that you do not think me forward in expressing my opinion on this. Fr. Hildebrand, I think will be good for a good many years yet if he can get his regular rest and plenty of it. With two assistants this will be quite possible at all times. What adverse reports you may have heard about my pastor here I do not know. I certainly appreciate your sending me to be with him. Christmas time again brought out the good work he has been doing in that every single thing passed off quietly and smoothly, no disorder and everything devout and edifying. It was the most enjoyable Christmas day I have had for some time though, of course, Thursday was a "knockout" for Confessions. Father spends his spare time at reading and commands the respect of all the leaders here. As several have told me, he is up on the questions of the day and when he gives an opinion of a matter of policy there is not much argument because they know that he has facts and figures to back him up. To my mind he is playing the real pastor here, working quietly, living simply and frugally and not going out for publicity but pushing behind the lines with Catholic thought and practice. I have been especially impressed with the Knights of Columbus here who stand with him to a man. ^{Some} these fine fellows are to be given the credit that there was not more scandal in the recent flings of my confrere who is now gone. I am satisfied that Fr. Hildebrand has certainly made Catholic life felt and brought about some real improvements during the years he has been here. You no doubt know all this. I am merely stating it as reason for my urgent request that a third man be soon assigned. It will certainly be a good investment to conserve Father's health and the quiet solid power he wields here for things Catholic.

We have just heard a rumor that Fr. Terrence might be free again shortly? It might be hoping too much for him here but at least it is something to pray for. I understand his voice has not improved any but here the two of us could make up for that. I have not seen Fr. Terrence since he left for China but always thought a lot of him. If he is still his old self he certainly would "get by big" here. I must admire the faith of these people with so many opportunities for scandal that they have had. Well, it would certainly be a treat to all of us to get a man like Fr. Terrence.

I appreciate the contents of your last letter. Yes, I am very happy and contented. The cold brisk weather is I believe the finest tonic; my only regret is that I cannot get out more right now. I am still very short on endurance with inside or mental work, bothered quite a bit with distress and headache and vertigo. Please

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH

108 8th St. N. E.

MANDAN, N. DAKOTA

do not think that I am complaining. I realize more than ever that I am "getting off mighty easy" at that. Yet it is disappointing and humiliating that I cannot do all the things I would like to do; especially in more of serious reading and the like (I mean it) Being around the good pastor makes me realize how poorly informed I am on many things. I am still at the census and being out in the open air walking briskly is really a treat besides meeting the lovely little tots that seem so plentiful here. The childrens' singing and the altar boys are a treat and certainly a stimulus to devotion.

I do not know whether Fr. Marcellus' going on the Mission Band will change your possible plans in my behalf, but if that straightens him out, more power to him, If that might be still your plan for me, I certainly appreciate your putting me in a place like this for some time where I can get settled again and get some experience in parish work under a good pastor, and I really think, gathering up a little of the spiritual also.

I wish you the choicest of God's graces and blessings and much peace and happiness for the New Year and an abundance of spiritual strength in the arduous duties that are yours. Possibly I appreciate that a little more in the light of recent happenings.

Devotedly in Jesus and Mary,

Fr. O'Hara

December 31, 1936

Reverend Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.
St. Joseph's Rectory,
Mandan, North Dakota.

Dear Father Othmar:

My cordial thanks to you for your letter. I was very favorably impressed by the spirit in which it was written. I shall not enter into any detailed comment on it at the present time. I may have something to say to you later on relative to its contents, and may want to ask you a question or two. Today I shall content myself in expressing my pleasure over the good testimony that you give to Father Hildebrand and the hope that you will continue to work together in mutual esteem and harmony as heretofore.

I have not considered a second assistant, for the simple reason that I have no one available at the present time. Now the rumor that Father Terence would be available ever got to your ears, I am at a loss to understand; I have not even dreamed of withdrawing him from Duluth. Father Maurice is there only temporarily and will come back to the Abbey as soon as I can make some arrangement to fill Father Wilfrid's place, in case that he does not recover from his present paralysis.

I hope that the abundance of fresh air that you are getting will serve as a tonic and gradually improve your health. If you had as much snow up there as we got yesterday, I am sure that the people of North Dakota would look forward to next summer with renewed hope. Brother Michael tells me that our Weather Bureau registered a fall of ten and one half inches - 1.53 inches of moisture.

With renewed good wishes for the new year to you and Father Hildebrand, I am

Your devoted Abbot,

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Mr. Othmar L. Hohmann
108 - 3rd St., N.E.,
Mandan, North Dak.

Othmar L. Hohmann,
Mandan, N. Dak.

Title of drama: *Cyprianus. A Christian Tragedy.*
Adapted from the "El Magico Prodigious" of
Calixto de la Barca by Geoffrey Carlsson.
Othmar L. Hohmann, of the United
States, Translator.

Copy received Feb. 12, 1937. Entry: Class D2, No. 47628

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C. C. Bowé
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U. S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE: 1936

St. John's Abbey
Collegeville, Minn.

Title of drama: *Sacrifice. A liturgical
pageant-drama in 4 acts*
By Othmar L. Hohmann
(Othmar Leo Hohmann), of
United States

Copy received Nov 5, 1938. Entry: Class D2, No. 60105

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[OVER]

March 10, 1937

Reverend Othmar Hohmann, O.S.B.
St. Joseph's Rectory,
Mandan, North Dakota.

Dear Father Othmar:

I had the financial statements for 1936 checked over and it was found that you have not yet sent yours. Please give this your immediate attention, and in the future try to send it in, as prescribed, before the 1st of February.

I hope both you and Father Hildebrand are in good health and not overloaded with work during this Lenten season. Perhaps you have heard that I was out on the West Coast lately. I returned a week ago. If I could have made scantly good time on the Northern Pacific, I could have used it to get to Denver for a brief visit. But I could not use the North Coast with my pass, as I could the Empire Builder, and to come on No. 4 of the N. P. would have consumed almost another day. I was in a hurry to get back.

Wishing you a most blessed Paschentide and a joyous Easter, I am

Affectionately yours,

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH

108 3RD ST. N. E.

MANDAN, N. D.

Feast of St. Joseph,
March 19, 1937

Rev. and dear Father Abbot:

Thank you for your letter of the other day. I thought it would contain a good scolding for my usual tardiness in the financial statement. In moving around I could not find all my notebook slips at once and notation of all donations to me; I think I remember the latter quite well and am sending statement herewith. Really, since New Years there has hardly been a moment to spare; just one thing after another. Of course one must leave a good number of things go. I think you yourself realize that three men are urgently needed in this parish where there seems to be just no end of confessions and communions. Father is a real pastor; he has these people going to the Sacraments which means of course double work at times but that is one of the things that is keeping peace in this hotbed,

I don't know just where to start but in your letter of last January you indicated that you wanted to ask me certain questions at some future date. Certain rumors have come to me, (or are they just suspicions) that there is propoganda on foot to get Father Hildebrand out of here. Yet I feel confident that you understand the situation and would not consider any such a step. I certainly deeply appreciate your putting me to work with him here, certainly a real pastor. He has done heroic work in the seven years he has been here and given sufficient time, all that he has done will be on a more permanent basis. For instance he has gotten practically every Catholic child into the parochial school and emptied one public school in the East end here. He has fixed up marriages by the wholesale and gotten people back to the Sacraments especially the men. The Knights of Columbus have instituted a fine council here under him. They are behind him to a man and the future looks very promising indeed; the work with the knights is bringing out some real fine lay activity. and to see the lineup at the monthly communions as also with the other mens' societies is truly edifying. A circle of Columbian Squires is now being organized and I look for some more fine work from this fine young mens' organization. I have finished taking census and find that there is hardly a thing that Father does not know about the parish; he certainly knows his people. Every spare moment he spends in reading; his Lenten sermons on "Characters of the Reformation" have caused quite some lively interest. He certainly wields the most powerful intellectual force in the community and that is one reason why he has had such a powerful quiet influence in getting a good staff of Catholic teachers in the local highschool and give the lay men confidence and enthusiasm. Really to my mind I see in him the real pastor in these and other ways. He works quietly with no publicity but behind the lines instructing and placing his men and then backing them up. It has been quite amusing to me and most encouraging. As someone told me the other day: any opponents will know better than to fight him on any question because they know he is pretty well always right and can pull anything he likes out of the history of the past centuries. He has a string of converts right along for private instruction and certainly does not spare himself in this and it brings results. Well, I could go on like this; but I do hope and pray for the salvation of souls that he can stay here a good many years yet where there are factions and

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and other vexing problems which I believe very few could handle as nicely and efficiently. Given another assistant not afraid of work what could not be done! I must say these things in all fairness. There is no reason in the world why I should hold a brief for Father. When I was a boy at St. Cloud he never once encouraged me to go to St John's and I thought, just considered me as a nonentity. I do not hold it against him; I can only admire the splendid work he has done here striving for the essentials and no frills whatever. He has been accused of being unsociable; well if one wishes to put any time at all to real study in a busy parish like this there will simply be no time for visiting, cards, and the like.

Now as to the distressing situation with the housekeeper, in short she is leading him an awful life at times. She is a little off in the head I am sure; if it is charity that has motivated Father's putting up with her this long, well, I had not expected to see such heroic charity. It is of course likewise a cross on me which I try not to notice; she has tried her best to set me against him and of course gotten quite peeved me when I played the "Knownothing". I will not get into gossip with the likes of her; she will turn everything back on me the way she does to Father. Well, I feel really deeply sorry for her but more so for the pastor. I suppose it is one of the crosses, or obstacles the devil is trying to throw into some fine work here. How much has gotten out among the people I do not know I admire the faith of these people in view of the fact that they have been scandalized so much during the years that are past. The marvel is that not more have drifted away from the church.

I do not know what to say about my health; it seems to be just one headache after another with dizzy spells and exhaustion. Rather discouraging but I try to be passive. Sundays I just manage to get through the second Mass but have to hold on to the altar when I preach due to dizziness. So if you hear that my Sunday sermons are not so much why there's the reason; I have tried to force myself but believe I would keel over then. I have to shorten them to ten minutes or so. The long fasting did not bother me unduly until the last year in Nassau; but here it is just all I can do to get through. If I do not get outside for a brisk walk at parish visiting every day I am finished for the next day; feels as though the head were full of concrete. While down town today I had my blood pressure tested. Nothing wrong there evidently, so now what? I would much dislike a stay in a hospital for "observation" or even an exasperating week's bouncing about a clinic. Possibly you can think up some suggestion by June. Really I mean it when I say that I would like to do a whole lot more reading and study but with this contrary head trouble or whatever it be, it's just almost impossible.

In spare moments I have rewritten "Cyprianus" which I produced four years ago last Fall and got your permission to publish it at the time but deferred it to rewrite at some future date. I happened to give the MS. to [redacted] an alumnus of St. John's who just came back from Hollywood this winter. He was most enthusiastic about the possibilities and insists on sending it in for a reading with a view to movie production. He claims he has "influence" out there and knows something about the ropes of getting an M.S. looked at. So if I have your permission I would like to submit it and see

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whether Mr. [redacted]'s prognostications are as rosy as he seems to think. I have communicated with Fr. Clarus about submitting the "Great Theatre of the World" and his other Lenten productions also. Nothing is lost in trying and once a producer takes courage to put on something like this in real fashion I am certain it will be a great success. Of "Cyprianus" I am certain that it will be if only some producer can see the possibilities. What a wrap that would be in the cause of Christian drama! The Jesuits seem to be sparring around with something judging from what I read in the Queen's Work and since Emmet Lavery is out in Hollywood. It's hightime the wonderful wealth of the Lives of Saints got into the movies, but how do it, that is the question. I was overjoyed that Fr. Dominic had the courage to put on Gheon's "History of St. Bernard" and am very interested to know just how it reacted on the audiences.

When I finish rewriting the MS. of "Cyprianus" I would like to attempt novelizing it after taking another "stage" at another Calderon that I tackled while at St. John's. No I am not putting much time to these things, just a few spare minutes each day; it gets one's thoughts away from one's troubles.

I would like to put the matter of a typewriter up to you again. The rental is \$3.00 per mo. and a year's rental would make quite a dent in the price of a new one. I have written to Fr. Egbert to see whether he can get better prices than I could hp here. By the way, would you wish me to apply for 1937 clergy fare? I had forgotten all about it, but wondering what the summer might bring. Well, the rest that I wanted to ask you I have forgotten so it will have to wait. I had a very enjoyable visit with Abbot Cuthbert over in the Bismarck hospital the other day. Thanking you for all your kindness to me especially in the past year and wishing you and the community a most joyous Easter, I remain,

Filiially in St. Benedict,

Fr. Edmund

P.S. Pardon the typing on this rather recalcitrant machine.