Chapter XI: AN AWAKENING

My sabbatical leave abroad was coming to a close. A group of Europeans with whom I was conversing asked something about my opinion of European life. This was natural and seemed in order near the end of almost a year of experience. I had had time to make some comparisons between Europe and America. I was ready to say that I liked nearly everything in Europe excepting one. When the question on this point was put to me, as it was in Amsterdam, I made the answer which proved to be quite rash. I had the temerity to say that I did not like the caste system in European countries--their distinctions between the peasantry and the upper classes.

I had scarcely closed my lips when this exclamatory question completely floored me: "What of the Negro in America?"

Of course I had no defense for my unfortunate remark, but the question it provoked did suggest much food for thought. Up to that time I had lived my life with relatively little experience which otherwise might have awakened me to the realities that I had not yet faced. Perhaps it was well that I made such an obvious faux pas. I do not remember now what answer, if any, I made to their question. I realized fully, even in that moment, that my stupidity and ignorance were too evident to be explained away. I was almost instantly shocked into some kind of realization of what I had yet to learn. My European friends convinced me that up to then I had been living in a glass house.

It happened that one of the first things I heard on my arrival home was about a difficulty with parents of the alumnae and of the students in a certain women's college where the first Negro student had just made application. This brash demonstration of injustice, absence of charity, and the utter betrayal of the democracy of which all of us had been so proud struck deep into my soul. Yes, the people of Holland and of
the other European countries were more aware of our queer quirks than I had been. Now I must face the facts.

It was about this time that I made the acquaintance of Father John T. Gillard, the cousin of our dear Sister Gertrude to whom I have referred previously. Father Gillard was then the chaplain for the Oblate Sisters of Providence, Baltimore, Maryland, one of the three congregations of American women religious of Negro ancestry. He made regular visits to Rosary College in his apostolic work in the interest of the Negro American. Sister Gertrude had been transferred to Trinity High School, just a few blocks from Rosary College. Consequently, our long time friendship was the wedge which opened up my acquaintance with her reverend cousin.

In the course of a short time Father Gillard negotiated for some of the Oblate Sisters to enter Rosary College as students, according as some of them had not yet completed the requirements for a college degree. My admiration for him and my spurred-up sense of justice and charity were inducements for me to really get acquainted with these fine young religious women who came to us from year to year.

Among the last of the Oblate Sisters to come to the college as students was one to whom I owe particular gratitude. She is a religious whom I came to admire even more for her special gifts of soul than for her exceptional intellectual talents. Sister Benigna entered as a senior student. She was simply completing some of the perfunctory requirements that American colleges have on their books and which testify to the quantitative often more than to the qualitative accomplishments on a student’s record. Sister Benigna was in my botany class at the time when I had just completed the publication of my college botany textbook, Fundamentals of Plant Science. I had been displeased with the reproduction of many of the illustrations because they had been too much reduced. It was plain that as compared with the originals many of the reproductions had lost notably in
utility as well as in their artistic qualities. This I realized more and more as I used the book. I knew that I should have complained at the time of publication, but, being tired out and wearied with all the details of finishing the book, I let them pass. As it was, I had received many excellent reviews from top authorities. I appreciated these, perhaps very ostensibly; but still more did I regret the fact that the book might have been much better if the illustrations I submitted had been treated with greater appreciation.

In lamenting the case to Sister Benigna, I went to great pains, rather painfully, too, to show her how much my book had lost of its excellence, and I went on regretfully, and not too dispassionately either, about my great disappointment.

Sister Benigna and I were quite well acquainted by that time, and I can never forget the comment she made to me in my distress. She looked at me very earnestly and said in her calm, serious way, "Sister, may be your book is just as good as God wants it to be." Immediately I understood what she meant, and I well knew that she was right. She had the courage and the kindness to suggest to me the most consoling and at the same time the most reprimanding appeasement of my great irritation and disappointment. It was a rebuke to my pride; it was humiliating but it did not hurt. Why? Because I recognized a true friend whom I already knew appreciated whatever good qualities, under God, she may have discovered in me. As a true friend and good religious she wished to see these flourish. She did not want the demon of pride and vanity to obscure or replace them.

Thus, knowing what was needed to be said, she said it. At the same time she paid me the compliment of trusting my common sense to correctly evaluate and accept a reproof which was prompted by the most noble of motives.

I may have taught Sister Benigna a little about plant science, but in that one sentence she gave me a tremendous lesson in the right appreciation of real values and the beauty
of genuine friendship. I can never and would never want to forget it. I am thanking her in the way that seems most possible and the one which will not give her the opportunity to oppose it.

Sister Benigna in her frankness and understanding reminds me of another good friend, the late Father Gillard, except for whom I might never have known her. In the course of the writing of my book, Fundamentals of Plant Science, Father Gillard had made his regular visits to the college. I knew from plenty of published evidence that he was a master in good English writing. I wanted such a person to check my manuscript for clarity especially. I knew that he possessed enough of the knowledge of plant science to understand whatever I was trying to put over. He would be quick and much quicker than a professional botanist to stop at any passage that might need elucidation; whereas the botanist would simply read into the context whatever might be lacking or loose.

Consequently, I asked Father if he would be good enough to give my chapters a critical reading with these points in view. He readily consented, and I gave him several chapters as the first contingent. He came over to my laboratory and told me that he would be through with those chapters in a matter of a couple of hours or so. I left him to his own devices and returned in due time. He was still walking up and down the laboratory, still reading. I said to him, "I thought you would be through according to what you said."

His answer was, "Oh, I knew you were sincere and that you really wanted criticism." And then he added, "I have done a lot of this kind of reading for many people, but, as a rule, they don't want your criticism. They only want you to tell them how good their stuff is."

Then we went to work and I fully appreciated his splendid suggestions.

Before the book went to press, he had read the entire manuscript. His contribution in constructive criticism in the
interest of good form and clarity gave him a special place in my acknowledgements, in spite of his protests. This experience for me was much more than equivalent to a course in expository writing. One reviewer of my book was Dr. Paul B. Sears, then professor of botany in Oberlin College, but, since 1950, Chairman of the Conservation Program, Yale University, and, at this writing, President-elect of the A.A.A.S. Prof. Sears, himself an author of several books, included in his highly complimentary evaluation of my text this sentence: "The exposition is a model of clarity." Only I know how much of that was owing to the ability to criticize and the generosity of Father Gillard. Requiescat in pace!

During the year that Sister Benigna was at Rosary College, she was visited by her former schoolmate and long-time friend, Marian Anderson. I have chosen to reproduce here Sister Benigna’s tribute to the great artist as it was printed at the time (Winter, 1940-1941) in the Rosary College Eagle. Characteristically, Sister Benigna has kept herself out of the picture as much as possible and signed her article "An Oblate Sister of Providence." She admits to a close association with her distinguished friend only to give credence to what she has to say of her.

Sister Benigna is a musician in her own right, and during their high school days and in the initial stages of a great musical career, Sister Benigna, as her friend, was Marian Anderson’s accompanist. After about ten years of separation they again performed together in the way that becomes real artists. Miss Anderson graciously sang several of her choice numbers, including Schubert’s "Ave Maria," for the faculty of Rosary College. Previously she addressed the assembled faculty and students, but her management would, of course, not permit her to sing except to a private audience as a most precious gift to them. After this beautiful program for a privileged few, the Oblate Sisters of whom there were then two or three in the college, were the honorary hostesses at a
luncheon for Sister Benigna’s friend. It was a very happy and
unusual occasion, one that has gone down in the annals of the
college.

Sister Benigna’s article follows:

MARIAN ANDERSON

In His diffusion of varied gifts and talents bestowed universally upon mankind, God has endowed particular persons with extraordinary capabilities and the means of developing them, in order that they may serve in a special way, as an inspiration and example to others. Thus, in the spiritual life, there are individuals, who, blessed by God with special graces, have cooperated with those graces and have achieved distinction in the way of spirituality. Such a person we know as a saint. Correspondingly, in the natural life, there are those, who, favored by God with some extraordinary natural ability, have developed that ability, and have achieved distinction in the eyes of the world. Such a one, we know as a genius.

As a distinguished member of the latter group, Marian Anderson needs no introduction, for she is internationally known and loved, and is considered by many to be the greatest living exponent of vocal art.

It is not my intention in this article to give a critical discussion of Miss Anderson as an artist, but I have been requested because of my close association with her in the earlier stages of her career, to present some points which I think may be of interest to her many admirers. These will not be of a startling nature, for as simplicity has always characterized the life of Marian Anderson, so it has always characterized the friendship that has existed between us for many years. This account, therefore, is only a simple exposition of facts and events as I have seen and understood them.

As first of His gifts, God blessed Marian Anderson with a truly remarkable mother; a mother who has never allowed herself to be influenced by the superficial standards of the world; a mother, who, after being widowed, was unable to return to her profession of school teacher, and was obliged to undertake the lowliest forms of manual labor, in order to support her three little girls.

Marian’s life has been signalized by grateful devotion to her mother, a devotion often expressed, not only in words but in deeds. I recollect on the occasion of a recital in a city not far from home, that Marian decided after the concert that it was sufficiently early for us to return to Philadelphia. However, when we
arrived, the hour was too late for either of us to go to our individual homes alone. It was easier for me, considering an appointment I had the next day, to spend the night at home, but Marian’s devotion to her mother made it hard for her to yield in our little argument. However, she did so, gracefully, and I was glad on a later occasion to reciprocate.

Struggle and sacrifice were accompanied in the Anderson household by a union and amiability which sweetened life regardless of any trials which befell the family. In such surroundings, Miss Anderson developed a cheerful mind, and a patience and humility which are characteristics of the personality which charms thousands by its graciousness.

It was Marian’s great ambition to provide, as soon as she was financially able, a home for her dear mother. Many girls, rising in fame as she was, would have thought of their own necessities first, especially in the way of personal adornment. A small, comfortable home for her mother was her first big achievement. My own heart rejoiced at my first sight of the attractive dwelling, whose little parlor held a grand piano. To this little home Marian’s mother still clings, though she could easily afford to live in a more pretentious one.

We, of Rosary College, heard personally the expression of Miss Anderson’s love for her mother, in her short address to the students on April eighth. After an inspiring talk, she was presented with red roses by the president of the Student Government Association; expressing her appreciation, with deep sincerity she said: "Roses always remind me of the Giver of gifts, God." She then spoke of the great joy with which her mother, "the most wonderful mother in the world," received the news of the recent Bok Award in Philadelphia. "It seems," said her mother then, "that recently, beautiful things are happening to me right along." "And so it seems to me," said Miss Anderson in acknowledging the bouquet of roses, "that beautiful things are happening to me right along." Miss Anderson in speaking of the Bok Award, in her humility did not mention the reciprocal Marian Anderson Award. We rejoice, however, in this act of generosity on her part.

I count the mother, therefore, the most important factor in Marian Anderson’s development after the fact that she was endowed by the Creator with a truly phenomenal voice. Before any training on the part of her teachers, her voice was phenomenally extensive in range, was phenomenally great in volume, and possessed a natural richness. Hence only training was needed to make such a voice one of incomparable beauty. Her splendid physique must also be counted among her great gifts. As I looked at her, after a separation of ten years, standing erect
and slender on the stage of the Rosary College Gymnasium, I recognized with satisfaction the vigor and stateliness which characterized her figure in early youth, and when I heard her again the magnificent quality of her speaking voice, as she addressed herself so simply and compellingly to the throng of eager students, eager for the best things of life as she herself had once been eager, I felt surging through me with a new energy the thanksgiving a soul must express to her Maker, for His most bountiful gifts. "The Spirit breatheth where He will."

I feel that Miss Anderson was fortunate in the very beginning of her career in having as her first teacher and source of inspiration, one of her own race, Mary Saunders Patterson of Philadelphia, whose generosity provided the gifted pupil with a scholarship, and whose general culture and high musical standards could not help but make a lasting impression on her.

Rapid advancement in the field of art has been due also to Miss Anderson’s clear and penetrating intelligence. Without this natural gift she could not be a great interpretive artist. It was her powers of comprehension and discrimination which enabled teachers to train her in the perfection of her art. Her mastery of various languages and her superb interpretation of the music of various peoples, are indicative of her high degree of intelligence, enriched by education.

It is undoubtedly not alone her vocal skill, marvelous as it is, which attracts us to this great artist. There is in Miss Anderson’s voice a quality which transcends all the natural powers and elevates them to a higher plane. It is the supreme quality of her spirituality. What could lend itself better to the expression of this quality than Schubert’s "Ave Maria," usually sung at Miss Anderson’s concerts? It is as if the Virgin Mother herself had revealed to Miss Anderson, to some extent at least, an understanding of the close relationship between herself, as God’s mother, and the soul redeemed by the blood of her Divine Son; for those of us who had the privilege of hearing Miss Anderson sing this composition at Rosary felt something deeper behind the tones and words that flowed from her throat. We felt convinced that her art has a deep personal meaning to her, and that she is using it for a purpose independent of any material consideration. Her unassuming though dignified demeanor, made us feel that she is ever conscious of the fact that her gift is purely an example of God’s bounty towards her, and that she must use it, not for the purpose of exalting herself in an egotistic manner above her neighbor, but in a way which will be a source of real joy and inspiration to others to bring them and herself in closer contact with the
Infinite.

An Oblate Sister of Providence

Since I can offer no better personal tribute to Marian Anderson than the poem by Francis Sweeney, S.J., it is reproduced here by permission.

Marian Anderson

Waking I had not heard such utterance--
The throng sat bathing in the low lark-music,
Drinking with stiffened tongue and hearts too sick
Of sour thirst. Pandor, Eve, the dance
You led us does not end, the piper asks
Forever for his fee, forever paid
The final coin; and Caiphas' serving maid
Knows truth a face of flesh among the masks.

Here where the flags of music blossom and blow
Upon the white gates open to the sun,
The sole beatitude this life can know
Springs in your throat, in your dark breast begun.
Sing bravely, dear, and take the love we owe
Till men hear beauty and Christ and find them one.

It was the winter of 1944. I had been made president of the Cowles Botanical Society of Chicago. This responsibility I had accepted knowing that there would be difficulties, such as securing good speakers for the monthly programs. I was preceded in this office by Dr. Charles E. Shull, who had been professor of plant physiology at the University of Chicago during my brief candidacy there for the degree of doctor of philosophy. Since he was the one who had proposed my name for this office and had previously written me a personal letter of request, I could hardly refuse to accept this additional item to my already full program. I turned for help to my colleague, Sister Mary Henry (recently deceased), then professor of sociology and social work at Rosary College. I told her that I was looking for a speaker who would interest
not only botanists, of whom there are relatively few in the Chicago area, but also chemists and intellectuals generally, all whose interests were deep and wide. At once she said, "Why not ask Dr. Julian?"

I remember asking, "Who is Dr. Julian?" She then told me briefly that he was a great chemist employed by the Glidden Corporation as one of their directors of research. I then recalled having met Mrs. Julian at one of Sr. Mary Henry's brotherhood meetings at the college. I had forgotten the name but remembered this charming woman who had been introduced to me on that occasion as a sociologist. She is, indeed, having taken her doctor of philosophy at the University of Pennsylvania some time previously to very enriching experiences in social work and later her marriage to a man of exceptional talents. Then I said to Sister, "Would you be willing to have me write Dr. Julian, making my request as having been suggested by you, a personal friend of Mrs. Julian?"

In her characteristic spirit of cooperation, Sr. Henry readily gave me permission to do so, and I set about writing my request to a man that I knew was a very busy one, telling him at the same time that we were unable to offer an honorarium to any of our speakers. I very promptly received a most courteous reply from Dr. Julian in which he consented to address the group, at the same time suggesting the dates that would be open. I was most happy because I knew that here was someone who would bring a fuller house than we had yet enjoyed and send his audience away with more to think about than the ordinarily good speaker could do. My assumption came true one hundred percent in every respect, for this meeting was not only much better attended, but was evidently the most appreciated and better publicized of any of the other meetings over which I presided. In the course of a splendid expose of his research, there were many digressions and human interest stories in his splendid lecture. Most of all did I enjoy Dr.
Julian's account of his association with and appreciation of our mutual friend, Fr. Arthur J. Nieuwland, then deceased for about eight years. Here Dr. Julian's remarks included not only the accomplishments of the great chemist, but of the spiritual gifts and character of the great man that Fr. Nieuwland really was.

This meeting was the first time I had met Dr. Julian personally. All who know him cannot fail to appreciate his irresistible personality. Since that time Dr. Julian has become a world figure. He is internationally known as what I might well call a genius in the field of chemistry. At that time he had already made almost phenomenal strides as a director of research. We had this to say of him in the brief announcement that was sent to the members of the society.

THE CHICAGO ACADEMY OF SCIENCES
Museum of Natural History
Lincoln Park at Clark and Ogden Ave.
Chicago 14, Illinois

At its regular monthly meeting on
TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1944 - 8:00 P.M.
The Cowles Botanical Society will present

DR. PERCY L. JULIAN

Director of Research, Soya Products Div., The Glidden Co., who will discuss "THE SOYBEAN AND CERTAIN OTHER PLANTS IN A NATION AT WAR"The author of some 60 publications in organic and bio-chemistry, and of more than 40 U. S. Patents granted and pending, Dr. Julian is certainly one of this country's most distinguished scientists. He received his degrees from Harvard and the University of Vienna, and subsequently held appointments at Howard and DePauw Universities. He has been with the Glidden Company since 1936.

A little later that year it was my happiness to present Dr. Julian to the Rosary College faculty and student assembly. Since that time he has spoken several times at the college, on
different subjects; but the first time he gave a masterly analysis of the concept of "Negro Inferiority in American Thought." The editor of the college journal, Sister Julie, included in her appraisal of his presentation the following excerpt:

With a consummate mastery of language and perfect ease in the communication of thought and experience, Dr. Julian, capable of both laughter and compassion, presented, with a strong appeal to the emotions, a perfectly logical argument. He illustrated by personal anecdotes that were powerfully significant and effective, introducing the topic with an excerpt from a diary written in 1932, in which he narrated the experience of climbing a peak of the Austrian Alps accompanied by two Jewish fellow students. After the glory of the mountaintop, the dismal descent to earth led them into the discussion of democratic ideals. Then Dr. Julian described the paradox which has manifested to the whole world the monstrosity of a democracy whose black armies represent and reflect the discrimination and segregation policies which have grown out of the concept of Negro inferiority and which have led us into an injustice that will destroy us, physically and spiritually, unless our Christianity is strong enough to save us.

An eminent scientist in the field of chemistry, graduate of Harvard and of the University of Vienna, Dr. Julian recounted the story of his slave grandfather who had mastered the art of writing and was prevented by his white master, in the most merciless and irrevocable way, from exercising it.

Such is the inhumanity resulting from the pitiful limitation and outrageous arrogance of the civil and spiritual leaders in our country who dared to depress a whole people by recording their personal, petty opinions as if they were capable of formulating doctrines about man's nature. The audience who listened to Dr. Julian might well question whether any one of these defamers who sowed the bitter seed which has swollen into injustice, could match the fine power, and the beautiful Christianity, of this Negro scientist.

Time came when Doctor Julian was looking for a secretary to replace a very capable one who, because of her approaching marriage, was about to leave. Doctor Julian asked me to
recommend a young woman who would know enough chemistry to take his dictations and one possessed of certain other qualifications and personal traits which are indispensable to any good private secretary, but particularly so, for one who would be a medium of some of the secrets of research. I was happy to recommend such a person and a little later another Rosary graduate, who was qualified because of her knowledge of both chemistry and German, to be employed as his librarian. In the course of time, several Rosary College graduates have served in these various capacities. Among his assistant chemists, too, in one of his public talks, he praised particularly a graduate of Mundelein College, Miss Helen Pretty.

Recently, Dr. Percy L. Julian has announced his exclusive association with the Julian Laboratories, Inc. He is thus sponsoring the manufacture of selected rare chemicals and continuing his world-wide activities as a research consultant.

Who knows but his triumphal success in the intellectual and industrial world and the consequent good to mankind are not in a certain sense a defiance to all that this great man and his fine family have suffered in their beautiful home in Oak Park, Illinois. The disgraces, that have issued from a barbaric ignorance of a few (we hope), have been so thoroughly publicized and are so shameful and humiliating to most of us will have no further place on these pages.

At this point, some of my readers may ask, as has already been done, how it happened that I got into human relations activities, that is to say, how came the career of a humanitarian? Indeed for more than ten years before my retirement from duty as a college professor, my personal interests steadily increased in the sociological more than the biological aspects of my endeavors. After "the awakening" there had to be a "rising," and so, without giving up scientific interests, my reading, writing, and speaking programs began to incline to the direction of human relations.
Real human relations energy began its release after the receipt of a letter from Rev. John B. Murphy, C.M., then Chairman of the Department of Biology of DePaul University, but who since became a chaplain in the United States Army. He is probably somewhere in China at this writing.

Under date of January 18, 1945, the following paragraph of a letter from Father Murphy gave me a real challenge:

Reverend and dear Sister:
Will you be so kind as to honor us by addressing one of our graduate seminar sessions? During this quarter we are inviting specialists of note from the various neighboring Colleges and Universities to be our guest speakers. Representatives from Illinois, Chicago, Northwestern, and Mundelein will be among our speakers and we would feel honored to have you address our students. Any subject of a biological nature which you choose to select will be satisfactory. We would like to have you select for a date January 27, February 3 or 10.

My audience at this seminar I knew would include graduate students in both botany and zoology and all of their ramifications, as well as students of medicine and other allied subjects. I realized that the research which I had personally accomplished was too highly specialized to present to a group of people whose interests were so diverse. My talk would have to be of a different kind, one of more general and of more human interests. In my quandary, I recalled some of the questions which Father Gillard had asked relative to the inheritance of certain superficial human characteristics, such as skin color.

In my endeavor to give satisfactory answers to these questions I had made some investigations. It struck me that these might provide the material which could come under a title suitable for the kind of address that I was asked to make. I had previously published a paper in Thought (Dec., 1943) under the title: "Genetics and Human Traits," a subject
in which scientific study and human relations very pertinently join hands. This matter had only to be amplified and adapted in order to give more particular applications.

I set to work and in two weeks' time I had the nucleus for the matter which I later published under the title *Racial Myths*. Under the title "Genetics and Human Traits," on the third of February I addressed a large group including some of the members of the faculty, the seminar and their friends.

Subsequently, invitations to give the same talk took me to Loyola University, Chicago; Friendship House; the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago; Shiel School of Social Studies; and elsewhere. Finally, I decided that I might reach more people by publishing this speech, somewhat amplified, in pamphlet form. This I did in the spring of 1946. So far as speeches were concerned, the distribution of the pamphlet only stepped up the requests and invitations from various types of audiences, including schools, colleges, and university groups, various women's organizations and interracial societies from many parts of the country. Orders for the pamphlet came from schools at all levels and denominations, from libraries, organizations and individuals, representing almost every state in the Union and even beyond the bounds of our own country. It went into several printings and ever now, after it is out-of-print, orders still come in.

So far as I know, *Racial Myths* brought me the request from Father Edmund J. Goebel (since Monsignor E. J. Goebel), Superintendent of the Catholic Schools of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, to act in the capacity of consultant to his Interracial Committee which he had organized among his splendid teachers--for the most part, priests and sisters. My associations with this fine group of educators was one of the most inspiring and satisfactory of all the experiences I have enjoyed in the promotion of good human relations. During parts of the academic years, 1947 and 1948, I made regular trips to Milwaukee for attendance at these meetings. Other
activities which were consequential to the publication of *Racial Myths* will be treated elsewhere in this volume.

The published reviews of *Racial Myths* were many and most gratifying. Besides these I received numerous beautiful letters--many of them from distinguished persons including such Negro-American scholars as Spencer Logan and Langston Hughes. Only one among all of them, my friend, Percy L. Julian, after a rather brief acquaintance, paid me the compliment of indicating his trust in my right acceptance of the kind of criticism that one friend should always offer another. This he did putting his finger on the weak point in my treatise. With a very full appreciation of the whole situation, Dr. Julian wrote me under date of July 31, 1946:

> I have intended to write you for several days to congratulate you upon the beautiful job represented by your booklet entitled *Racial Myths*. You must have worked tremendously hard on it since I last had the pleasure of a preview of the material, and it is truly a most extraordinary presentation. I naturally am personally taking pride in it because I rather feel that knowing you stimulated you to finish it. Friends should not limit their comments only to praise, especially if those friends are scientists. If I had any comment to make other than that above, it would be the hope that in another hundred years Sister Mary Ellen would write less apologetically about the question of inter-marriage. It is hardly enough for one of the Catholic faith to leave this question resting largely upon the statement that "Negroes do not wish it any more than white." That is an emphasis upon the schism between the races rather than upon the fundamental principle of mutual respect. Of course, you had all of these inferences in your discussion, but I think this is a question which as the years go by we are going to have to be even more blunt about than you were. If two people of like tastes, similar ideals, mutual respect and love wish to marry, it is time that the Catholic Church should say "God bless them."

> Again with sincerest expressions of appreciation for this fine piece of work and with best wishes, I am

> Sincerely yours,

> (signed) Percy Julian

L. Julian
Dr. Julian was right. I knew it. In the first place, my brief treatise was primarily a scientific treatment of the subject. But, as a human being, I wanted to do something about the old bugaboo—"Would you want your sister to marry a Negro?"—or any other such inane question as is common with so many people who are not thinking straight and who want to dodge the real issue of racism. Dr. Julian pointed out a principle—one which can never be sidestepped or trimmed down to fit a mind warped by prejudice and the crippling effects of wrong influence. Whatever an individual Catholic might do or say on his own responsibility about interracial marriage, the Church could never do otherwise than what Dr. Julian’s letter suggests. I have always abhorred "pussy-footing" anywhere and everywhere. Here I inferred that my good friend felt that I had not been fully Catholic—that I did not write as a Catholic should. It was a further awakening and I tried to do something about it a little later in an article: "Color, Caprice, and Circumstance" (Today, December 1, 1947) and still later, in the booklet The Heresy of Race (Summer, 1950).

Now and here it seems best simply to quote from one who well represents ecclesiastical authority, very Rev. Msgr. Joseph F. Doherty, Chancellor of the Camden Diocese. His article treats specifically and exclusively the subject of Interracial Marriage. It was published in The Priest (April, 1952), a monthly published by priests and for priests. With permission, we quote this article in full:

Interracial marriage, as its infrequency of occurrence in the United States of America indicates, is not a significant phase of American life. It seems true that minority racial groups are as uninterested in fostering interracial marriages as is the majority white group. It is also true that there is no important influence at work positively advocating the mixture of races by marriage. The question may be asked, why then is so much attention paid to it?
Marriage is, without doubt, the most intimate social relationship experienced by man. It has become a symbol of group solidarity; the stronghold to be guarded at any price. Thus, in one sense, interracial marriage with its associated problems is the race problem. In fact, marriage generally implies a social equality of parties. When interracial marriage is permitted, a certain basic equality is admitted, but not all are ready to admit this basic equality when other races are involved.

The avenues leading to a sane and sound evaluation of the problems presented by interracial marriage have been blocked in part by the aberrations of racism: the theory that one ethnic group is condemned by the laws of nature to hereditary inferiority and another group is marked off as hereditarily superior. Its corollary maintains that the hope of civilization is in keeping one race pure and eliminating the so-called inferior group, or keeping it segregated. The term race is used as the classification of large groups of mankind based on traits which are hereditary.

Free from all sympathy with racists, Holy Mother the Church, to paraphrase the words of Pope Pius XII, proclaims to all Her sons, scattered over the world, that the spirit, the teaching, and the work of the Church can never be other than that which St. Paul preached: "putting on the new (man), him who is renewed unto knowledge, according to the image of Him that created him. There is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free. But Christ is all and in all" (Colossians, iii, 10,11).

Surely, an organization cannot make such claims in the muddled world of today and then, ostrich-like, bury its head in the sands of indifference and hear no evil. The Church has never done so. Time and again she has insisted on the essential worth of man. The condemnation of racism by Pope Pius XI is only one of such insistences. Social legislation, therefore, which smacks of a condemned racist doctrine--namely, preservation of "purity of race"--is at a tremendous disadvantage in proving its claim to being just law. The Catholic Church is entirely out of sympathy with such legislation. No reasonable justification can be claimed for the deprivation, merely on the basis of difference of race, of the fundamental right to marry according to one's own choice.

Despite the fact that laws forbidding interracial marriage are in force in twenty-nine states of the United States, one will look long and hard to find sufficient reason to justify them on any basis that is not questionable.

The Roman Catholic Church, on the other hand, in no wise forbids interracial marriage as such. The Apostolic
See alone can establish impediments to marriage for the baptized. The Apostolic See alone authentically interprets the divine law insofar as it establishes impediments to marriage. The Universal Church, however, places no obstacle to interracial marriage. It may not be argued that since this has been mainly a local problem it would be left to the local Church authorities to legislate upon it.

On the contrary, it must be denied that the Apostolic See or the local Ordinaries would be indifferent to moral problems in any given locality. If one will consult the acts and decrees of the Plenary Councils of Baltimore, the First Plenary Council of Latin America, the first four Provincial Councils of Quito, or the Archdiocesan Synod of Santiago in Cuba of 1680, no law will be found forbidding such marriages. These Councils and Synods are mentioned because they represent localities where the mixture of races has and does exist on a large scale.

Interracial marriage may also be considered in the light of the right to marry according to one's own choice. The right to marry the person of one's own choice means that there should be freedom to marry this particular person of one's own choice regardless of race, and it is understood, to have children by this particular person. Its importance as a natural human right, therefore, is not to be underestimated.

There are, of course, certain obvious limits to this freedom of choice. Reason imposes many limits as well as the positive divine law. Neither the natural law nor divine positive law sets up any impediment to marriage based on mere difference of race.

Morally considered, entrance upon an interracial marriage is in itself a good act. In general, to enter upon marriage is in itself a morally good act. Difference of color or race may be present in a particular marriage. This difference is, however, no more than an accidental concomitant. Hence, it does not change the primary moral goodness of entering upon marriage. It has been intimated above that the present writer is convinced that the laws of the various states in the United States which forbid interracial marriage are unjust. This conviction is based upon several considerations.

First, there is no equitable proportion between the good effect that may be claimed for these laws and the resulting loss of benefits to the individual and to society, stemming from the deprivation of the fundamental human right to marry the person of one's own choice. One such benefit is sacramental grace in the case of baptized persons.

Second, if the desired effect of the laws is the
advantage of any one particular group (for example, the white group), this advantage is not for the common good. Laws demand some reference to the common good, not merely to the good of a particular racial group.

Third, if the effect desired is the preservation of public order through the avoidance of racial disturbances, this would be a common good. But it is a common good that rests on such weak presumptions that it is practically baseless. There are only one or two recorded instances in the last 150 years in the United States when interracial marriage is alleged to have been the cause of the disturbance.

These laws seem to be somewhat superfluous and exceedingly severe adjuncts to public opinion which would be sufficient deterrent to such marriages. Even in such states where they have been allowed by law, the number of interracial marriages is insignificant.

If the desired effect of these is claimed to be the protection of the rights of others, this is an unfounded claim. Race is not the basis of natural rights. Neither cephalic index nor pigmentary characteristics vest men with rights. Human rights are founded in the human person and his needs, not in some accidental difference among men, not in race. A person does not have rights because he is a white man, yellow man, or black man. He has rights because he is a person, a rational being, a spiritual as well as corporal entity with an ultimate destiny.

The free exercise of rights is necessary if man is to achieve his ultimate destiny for the simple reason that rights are founded in the needs of the person. No whimsical nor pretended motivation of the State is sufficient reason for depriving any person or group of persons of the fundamental personal right to marry the person of his or her own choice. These laws have failed to achieve their main objective, that is, to prevent the mixture of races, but have encouraged concubinage, deprived many persons of the opportunity to enjoy the legal and property rights which would follow from the marriage contract had they been allowed to form it, and have perpetuated interracial conflict.

One reputable scientist, Herskovits, claimed that about seventy per cent of Negroes (in America) manifest mixture with whites. The great number of mulattoes in this country is evidence of liaison. Although many liaisons were perfectly lawful, legitimate marriage is not possible in the majority of states. This argues concubinage of some sort. The laws have perpetuated interracial conflict because they have implicitly denied that social equality exists which is the basis of marriage and all other social intercourse.

To base these laws on difference of race alone is
contrary to Christian teaching on such matters. Christianity preaches the essential equality of all men. These laws forbid without a just and proportionate reason one form of social intercourse that is a manifestation of this essential equality of all men regardless of race.

The Holy Roman Catholic Church has never prohibited her subjects from entering upon such marriages. Where such prohibitions have existed, she has deplored them and maintained that mere difference of race alone cannot justly form the basis of such a general prohibition.

At least one state has invalidated such a law. On October 28, 1948, the Supreme Court of the State of California denied the petition for rehearing of the respondent in Perez vs Lippold (32 Advance California Reports 757). The majority held sections 60 and 69 of the Civil Code of the State of California prohibiting marriages between white persons and members of certain racial groups invalid, as violative of the equal protection clause of the federal Constitution and as being too vague and uncertain to constitute a valid regulation. The petitioners in this case were both Catholics and contended that the laws interfered with the practice of their religion.

The court, although divided 4-3, held the following principles: The right to marry is the right of individuals, not of racial groups. The essence of the right to marry is freedom to join in marriage with the person of one’s choice. A segregation statute for marriage necessarily impairs the right to marry.

In short, there is little to uphold the validity of the laws against interracial marriage. However, this is not to say that in every instance this type of marriage should be encouraged. It is true that the Church, ever a loving Mother, customarily discourages her children from contracting marriages which may involve disadvantage to the offspring, and to this end is disposed to support, within the limits of the divine law, the dispositions of the civil authorities which tend toward the attainment of this worthy purpose. There are many moral and social reasons for such an attitude. But the Church suggests, admonishes, persuades; she does not impose or forbid.

When two Catholics of different races desire to contract marriage and present themselves to her free from any canonical impediment, Holy Mother the Church cannot just by reason of the difference of race, deny her official assistance. Her sanctifying mission and those rights which God has given and the Church recognizes for all her children without distinction, demand this. A general and absolute prohibition of marriage, based on difference of race alone, is in opposition to the doctrine and laws of the Church.

Certain opinions have been advanced above. These
opinions are not to be taken as an invitation to violate the civil laws in states where anti-miscegenation laws are in effect. The practical application of these opinions, advanced as those of a private theologian, must not be understood as an unqualified advocacy of miscegenation, but merely as attempts to state the transcendency of personal rights in this particular situation.

Thus, if a case arose involving the bond of an interracial marriage in which the Catholic Church were involved, e.g., the case of a non-baptized person about to enter the Catholic Church and desiring some authoritative statement on the validity of his interracial marriage contracted in contravention of the state laws, this case should be referred to the judgement of the Holy See.
As already indicated, Sister Mary Henry directed the first steps toward my career as a humanitarian. My religious superiors, too, seemed always to leave the green light in evidence. And so, once started, things happened somewhat in the manner of a chain reaction. There seemed nothing for me to do but to keep going. Speaking engagements, summer workshops on race relations, requests for articles for publication, letters of inquiry to be answered—all of these took most of my leisure time. It seemed as though I had turned "anthropologist" or "sociologist" overnight. Certainly, my religious experiences and my biological training were both of fundamental importance in this third career. And I am still enjoying it to the full.

Sister Mary Henry Gibbs died at St. Dominic Villa, Dubuque, Iowa, on September 23, 1954: She had been away from Rosary College since the fall of 1948—after sixteen years of splendid accomplishments, not only on the college campus but also in and around the great metropolis. I greatly regretted her leaving at the time. And as the months and years moved onward, I lamented more and more keenly the separation from such a friend. I realized that this loss of a real kindred spirit and co-worker left a void which, humanly speaking, could not be filled. Sister had been ever at my side in my amateurish strivings to promote good human relations. I greatly missed her advice, her wise suggestions and her ever-ready and always generous cooperation. I am not going to eulogize here on Sister Mary Henry’s many gifts of soul and mind and heart; but I do want to tell a little about our last especially memorable trip together.

It was Wednesday in Holy Week, 1947, when we set out for the Deep South. Our first stop was at Jackson, Mississippi, for Mass on Holy Thursday. We left Jackson by bus along the Gulf to Mobile. Here we were welcomed by our own Sinsinawa
Dominicans at Pure Heart of Mary Convent, where Sr. Martin de Porres was then the prioress. Every moment of our visit there until Easter Sunday afternoon was precious and full. The sisters and their high school students were ever ready to take us to see all the places of interest. One did not have to go far. It was the season when the azaleas, the redbud, the flowering dogwood, and, most of all, the camellias were in their peak of bloom.

On Holy Saturday afternoon, including many other places of interest, we drove to the Bellingrath Gardens and to the country home of a friend of the sisters who had given us a carte blanche to pick as many flowers as we wished. I had never before seen such an array and such an abundance of flowers on any residential estate. I was content to pick camellias for the convent and enough for corsages for the mothers and sisters of the good high schoolers who drove us there. Not so, Sister Mary Henry. She collected flowers for friends in Chicago and flew them there without considering the trouble involved in the painstaking packing and wrapping of these delicate gifts of rarest beauty.

Easter Sunday afternoon we took the train, a very fine one (I believe it was called the Bluebird), to Tuskegee. Here we visited our other sisters, who teach in St. Joseph’s School there. The same homelike greeting and other courtesies were extended to us as in Mobile. We were personally conducted through the great Tuskegee Institute; we met a large number of the faculty, all of whom were exceedingly courteous to us. We visited the graves of Booker T. Washington and George Washington Carver, as well as the Carver Museum.

While in Mobile, we had made the acquaintance of Mildred Thompson, then a senior in the high school. In Tuskegee, we met Barbara Polk, then a junior in the high school there. Both of these girls are now fully professed religious of the St. Clara Congregation of Dominicans. More about them will be noted in a later chapter.
All the way on this trip we were getting firsthand knowledge of race relations in the Deep South. What one of us did not observe, the other one did. Thus we exchanged facts and ideas as we picked them up along the way. I had previously visited New Orleans, but Sister Mary Henry had not. I wanted her to see it, but she seemed loath to make an extra trip, as it were, for herself alone. So the superior, Sister Mary Norina, at St. Joseph’s, came forward with her persuasions as she, too, thought we should plan our homeward trip via New Orleans. And thus she arranged that we be taken by car to Montgomery. Two good women, faculty wives of the Institute, who are close friends of the sisters, drove us to Montgomery. There we took the train to New Orleans.

In New Orleans, we were the guests of the Dominican Sisters of St. Mary’s Dominican College. During the several days that we spent in New Orleans we saw some of the most interesting landmarks of Louisiana. We visited Xavier University and enjoyed the old French Quarter very much. Certainly we visited the Sisters of the Holy Family, one of the three religious organizations of Catholic sisters of Negro-American ancestry. Two of these sisters, Sister Mary of Lourdes and Sister Stanislaus, have been students in the school of library science, Rosary College.

I sincerely believe that Sister Mary Henry fully realized, even then, that this would be our last trip of the kind together. But that foreboding cast no gloom over this unforgettable experience, neither then nor now.

Two of Sr. Mary Henry’s college graduates in sociology, Mary Gorman and Anita Dunne, journeyed to St Clara in order to attend Sr. Mary Henry’s funeral. The Requiem Mass was followed immediately by the beautiful Office of Burial, according to the Dominican Rite. After the burial services were over I was summoned to greet these two fine representative college alumnae. Both are presently occupied in social work and so their attendance at these last rites was
not without some sacrifice. They completely ignored this fact and we all settled down for a good reminiscence over college experiences of the period in which all of us were closely associated with the dear one just laid to rest. Both of these young women knew Sister Mary Henry for her fine qualities of character and they seemed to want to renew our mutual friendship and cherished memories. It seemed, too, that they wanted to make me aware of how they had known of the mutual admiration and understanding which had existed between the two of us--sisters in religion, colleagues, and devoted friends. They also seemed further to wish to emphasize the fact that they had ever been her grateful students and devoted followers.

There was no lag in our conversation and not a melancholy note. It was buoyant with retailing recollections of Sister's ever cheerful good humor and selfless solicitude for others. None of us would wish her back to the life of ill health and suffering she had borne so long and with such unusual patience and resignation. Our faith in Our Heavenly Father, whom she had served so devoutly, convinced us that she was safe in His loving care. And so the sadness we all felt was sweet to bear.

Now I am going to let Mary Gorman Gyarfas give her appraisal of Sister Mary Henry's unusual character. Mary Gorman Gyarfas has more than proved her good training by her excellent accomplishments as a social worker. The following excerpt is from the article written at the request of the editor and printed in the Rosary College Eagle (Winter, 1954).

...In my early days as a student at Rosary I did not know Sister Mary Henry until one day during a real crisis in my life; she stopped me in the hall and asked me about my plans. I am sure that if I had been facing no crisis Sister would have let me go my way. She seemed to know who needed her, and to those who did, she gave of herself unstintingly. Interestingly enough, although Sister Mary Henry helped me a great deal during those critical years,
it never occurred to me to be grateful to her in the usual sense of the word. It was one of her greatest gifts that she knew how to give in such a way that one was able to take what she gave, as the most natural thing in the world, as a child might receive food from its mother.

Rosary College is particularly indebted to her for organizing the Department of Sociology of which she was chairman from the time of its foundation in 1933 until she left the college in 1947. A very practical person, Sister Mary Henry knew that some of her students would continue in the fields of social work and other professions allied to sociology, but she was far more interested in the education of those students who, as members of the community at large, would be wielding a greater influence upon our social institutions. Sister hoped that her students would contribute to the improvement of their community institutions through a broad knowledge of social life and the principles which govern it. For this reason she insisted that her sociology majors come to have a firsthand knowledge of the community and its problems as well as a wide theoretical background. For example, she hoped that students who had an opportunity to observe mental patients in overcrowded state hospital wards would not be indifferent as citizens to the tax problems involved in providing for the care of the mentally ill; that students who visited the orphanages where thousands of children were deprived of the individual care so necessary to childhood, would, as board members, see the advantage of protecting family life instead of expanding those institutions which provide for the care of children after the family has disintegrated.

In the field trips and lectures that she arranged for us, the most divergent points of view on all subjects were presented to us, and from the store of her own experience and knowledge Sister would help us to balance the scales. But always it was the student who was left with the job of working out that final balance. With an unusual wisdom Sister Mary Henry knew that the truth one has found for oneself is far more vitalizing than the truth that one has received passively. Many of us were not able to learn this lesson; sometimes it takes a lifetime, but Sister Mary Henry had learned it well.

It is heartening to think that her wisdom, her professional competence, and her spiritual depth have, through her students, influenced the most important graduate schools of social work in the country, for her intense interest in her field of work and her zeal for professional mastery caused an unusually large percentage of her students to continue their studies in universities throughout the country. To those of us who loved her it
is a joy to remember that through her students at present working in foreign countries, Sister Mary Henry’s spirit is alive in San Juan, Puerto Rico; Bogota, Colombia; and Honolulu, Hawaii.

Her knowledge of children, of primitive peoples, and of the community at large may have been responsible for the tact and sensitivity with which Sister Mary Henry met students of very different backgrounds and personality traits. Sister was unusually well prepared as an educator, insofar as her natural respect for differences in people was fortified by her understanding of how those differences arise. After teaching in the primary grades, Sister Mary Henry had spent some time teaching English in high school and then completed her graduate education in Sociology and Anthropology at the Catholic University of America. Her primary interest was anthropology and this was the field of her graduate study. Her research had been done in cultural anthropology; and in this phase of the science, Sister did concentrated research in the cultures of Indian tribes in New Mexico.

During her last years, because of failing health, Sister Mary Henry left Rosary to return to the less exacting program of part-time teaching in high school. About two years before her death two of us visited her at Visitation High School, Chicago, and the example she lived for us at that time I shall not soon forget. I had not seen her for some years and it was a shock to see her limping to meet us. She did not brush aside our concern, but she did not linger over it. Quickly she was entertaining us with delightful stories of the adolescent pranks of her students. I could see her bringing Shakespeare to life for those youngsters in a way that few of that age group, unaided, would be able to enjoy. She was still handling the gay majority and the sad minority with equal skill.

And so it was at the end, when one bright October day I visited Sister at the Dominican Villa in Dubuque. She had but a few months to live. But that very day she had reviewed a book for Sign Magazine. She told me about the book with eagerness and insisted that I should read it. I shall never forget her parting advice to me. I had recently married and brought my new husband to meet her. With the gaiety of a young matron she inquired about my home and at one point grew solemn and gave that advice so typical of her character, "Mary, when you are thinking of buying pictures, wait until you can get good ones." That sums her up. Only the best for her, and only the best for those she loved. God was her first love, and after Him all His creatures at their best. People, nature, books, ideas, they were all hers. All kinds of people, all kinds of books, all kinds of ideas...
Another acquaintance which it was my good fortune to make through Sister Mary Henry was that of Mrs. A. B. Counselbaum. Stella, as I now address her, and I have been staunch friends for a number of years. She is internationally known for her splendid accomplishments in Human Relations. From time to time she has received many citations of distinction. These were summarized in 1950 in the Chicago Sun Times by our beloved, late James Supple, then the religion editor. At that time Stella had just received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Bethune-Cookman College, Daytona Beach, Florida, for her "outstanding work in the field of race relations and human understanding." She was selected for the degree by the founder of the college, President Emeritus Mary McLeod Bethune, the distinguished pioneer Negro educator, since deceased.

Mrs. Counselbaum founded Dorothy Kahn Club for spastic children and served as its first president. This club gives aid irrespective of race, creed, color, or nationality. She was also one of the founders of the Illinois Association for the Crippled and was the first person to receive a citation from that group. Mrs. Counselbaum was one of the volunteer workers for the National Conference of Christians and Jews when they opened their Chicago office.

In 1947, Mrs. Counselbaum was one of the delegates to the first workshop on anti-Semitism. This was sponsored by the International Council of Christians and Jews which met in Switzerland. The next year she returned to Europe for more work in the field of human relations. As a widow, Mrs. Counselbaum is at present assistant director of the special events department of the Anti-Defamation League of B’nai B’rith. Her work here has to do with the coordination of community programs for better human relations. She also finds time to serve on committees of the Commission on Human
Relations of the City of Chicago, the Chicago Council against Racial and Religious Discrimination, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and the National Council of Negro Women. Of the latter she is an honorary vice-president. Mrs. Counselbaum has life membership in the national college sorority, Alpha Epsilon Phi, for her work in behalf of the individual, irrespective of his religion, national origin or race.

The above are only some of the many honors which have been conferred upon Stella Counselbaum. At this writing the most recent of the honors conferred upon Mrs. Counselbaum is the special Thomas H. Wright Memorial Citation which is awarded each year to a person who is professionally engaged in the work of human relations. Mrs. Counselbaum received this citation "for her wholehearted and single-minded devotion to bettering human relations."

In response to a request I made of Mrs. Counselbaum relative to her European experience in 1948, she graciously wrote me and enclosed a story of her meeting with our present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII. In this letter she says:

...I hope you will forgive me if I do not go into detail on my visit privately with the Holy Father. Frankly, I always feel, because it was so unusual, that people will feel I am bragging. I prefer to give you the story as I have written it...

In 1948 it was my good fortune to have had an unforgettable experience and one that has remained in my consciousness as a demonstration of the humility of a world renowned and great spiritual leader.

I had gone abroad that year and my travels took me through Germany, France, England and Italy. This was the time when the atrocities that the victims of Hitler had undergone were still fresh in the minds of the people. Displaced camps and refugees were familiar sights. Victims told their tales of suffering, sometimes willingly, oftentimes with great hesitancy. Their tales of unspeakable horrors remain with me as an everlasting reminder of man’s inhumanity to man. One of the bright spots, however, in my conversations with displaced people, were the tales told me of lives that were saved through the intervention of the great Pope of Rome.

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I recall particularly, one young man who owned a bookstore in Florence, who, in discussing the absence of anti-Semitism in Italy, told me this story: he said, "I am a Jew, but I am also an Italian, and since my family has lived here for over 400 years, I suppose I have some of the virtues as well as some of the idiosyncracies of the Italian. I recall so well that when Mussolini became involved with Hitler, we Jews had to find shelter in order to escape concentration camps. I went to one home and my mother to another. There came a day when Mother found herself without funds and wondered what would happen to her. Suddenly a priest appeared on the scene and gave her funds with which to live. Each week until the close of that period, he would appear on the scene, bring her money so that she might live. Undoubtedly the money came from Jewish sources, but the fact remains that the priest came and served her until this horrible time had past. This could be repeated hundreds of times in Italy. In my own case, I lived with a family who were comparatively strangers. I read one day in the newspaper, that those homes harboring Jews would be liable to severe punishment, and, since I did not want this landlady to suffer, I packed and prepared to depart. No matter how much I remonstrated, the landlady refused to let me leave and indicated that so long as she had a roof over her head, I was to stay with her and her family. Again, this could be duplicated the length and breadth of Italy, and I mention this to give you some insight into the goodness of the Italians and the influence of the Church. As a matter of fact, the Pope of Rome housed thousands of refugees in the Vatican, and were it not for him, many more than six million Jews would have perished.

I give this illustration, because while it is a single statement, it is similar to the many tales I heard all over Europe. And so when Monsignor Primeau arranged for me to meet the Holy Father I was determined to express my gratefulness to him. Monsignor Primeau wanted to arrange a private meeting for me, but I did not feel that I was of sufficient importance to warrant such treatment and so he arranged one of the semi-private audiences, attended by some one hundred people. There were people from all parts of the world—young and old.

When the Holy Father approached me, I was struck by the soulfulness of his eyes and the kindly expression that was his. He asked me if I was a lady of leisure. I told him that I was not, that I was on a special mission and that my professional life was one in which I endeavored to bring about better human relations between Catholics, Protestants and Jews. The Holy Father smiled, looked through me with his eyes that really penetrated to my smallest toes, and said, "That is good, I shall give you a special blessing."
I then said, "But, Your Holiness, that is not my reason for coming to see you today. I have really come to thank you for all that you have done for my people." He looked through me again, nodded his head, and then passed to the next pilgrim.

Finally, after completing his round of visits with the group, he retraced his steps and stood before me. I was scared! What had I said, what had I done? The Holy Father stepped quite close to me and said, "Tell me, Mrs. Counselbaum, what did you mean when you said you had come to thank me for what I had done for your people?"

I then told him of my trip through various parts of Europe, of the displaced persons with whom I had talked and of the stories of his intervention and bravery that had been told to me. I told him of the many families who had been reunited through him and of the blessings that had been heaped upon him by grateful individuals and as I talked I must say that the more I did, the easier it was to do so. He listened, interrupting me from time to time to softly ask a question and when I had finished, I saw tears well up from his eyes with no effort on his part to check them. That he was touched there was no question. My prayers I felt were fulfilled for I had been given an opportunity to tell him of the gratitude of those who had suffered and were still suffering, but who did not forget.

The memory of that visit will long remain with me and while I am sure the Holy Father has forgotten me, he will never forget the gratefulness of the victims of 20th century barbarism whose lives were saved through his good work.

Mrs. Counselbaum has been the guiding hand behind the formation and successful growth of the ADL-sponsored Midwest Educators' Committee on Discriminations in Higher Education. She honored me with an invitation to give the summary speech at their meeting in Chicago in November, 1952. This conference included delegates from the Midwest Regional Committee on Discriminations in Higher Education and the Committee on Discriminations in Higher Education of the American Council on Education. It was a two-day conference (November 21-22, 1952) under the chairmanship of Dr. A. C. Ivy, Vice-President, Chicago Professional Colleges, University of Illinois. I already knew before receiving Dr. Ivy's letter that Stella, as a very active member on the program, had
negotiated for this. When the printed program came, I
discovered that I was the only woman speaker on a plenary
session in the conference, but I had the summary speech and
therefore the last word! Since I had received the invitation
especially because of Stella, I had to rise to the situation.

I was particularly pleased before I got very far in my
speech to recognize Dr. Julian in the audience. Dr. Mordecai
Johnson, President of Howard University, was with him and I
might have thought that Dr. Julian came just to see him
because of their former relationship at Howard University.
But I recalled that President Johnson had given the luncheon
address the day previous and that Dr. Julian did not find the
time to be there so I concluded that he was at least killing
two birds this time. At any rate, he was a spur for my
speech, excerpts from which follow:

...I believe that it would be most regrettable if
anyone here would leave this conference with the
persuasion that he now deserves great reward only because
he strongly advocates and intends to continue the
practice of fair play in all that involves privileges in
higher education. This is all very good; but it is not
good enough. May I now take the role of the devil's
advocate in an endeavor to show where all of this is not
more than a good gesture, quite limited in its scope, as
compared with what must be accomplished through
education, if Americans are going to overcome all of the
vices of discriminations--none of which are divorced from
higher education and all of which seriously threaten the
complete collapse of our civilization. As educators at
the higher levels, we hold the key position at which the
right directions can and should be given, both for the
beginnings as well as for the end of an educational
career.

It is something to open all our doors to all
students who are already equipped to profit by the
advantages of higher education and to see to it that
these students do not suffer from other discriminations
whether in their social, economic, or religious contacts,
during their candidacies. It is still another challenge
to insure them as graduates against discriminations and
bigotry which they will experience when they go out to
serve a world that is neither willing nor prepared to
meet them on a fair basis. Such frustrations may result

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in more harm to many individuals than even the deprivation of higher education itself. These frustrated victims have to be far above the average human being if they do not become embittered, cynical, and revengeful, sometimes with tragic consequences. To make sincere efforts to correct this deplorable situation is also, I believe, a most important part of our function as educators. Our endeavors and influence must therefore be exerted on a vertical plane. That is to say, we are obliged to work downward to the roots and upward to the shoots. We must strive to eradicate all of the noxious weeds of injustice which are strangling the very essence of human brotherhood. This is a big order and, if higher education is to function fully in meeting it, all subject matter which is presented and discussed in our classrooms must be purged of all bias, bigotry, and belligerence. In all fields we must deal openly with the truth, in justice, sincerity, and with human understanding. For too long our textbooks have reeked with half-truths, distorted views and, most of all, conspicuous lacunae, all of which contribute to, and confirm the ignorance about facts which every student should know.

Personally, I like to believe that the majority of cases of bigotry are owing to ignorance, not because I think ignorance is a lovely thing to contemplate, but, when invincible, ignorance in itself is not essentially malicious and it can be lost. Prejudice is more difficult to eradicate because prejudiced people are often more emotional than rational, at least about their prejudices. These are the hardest nuts to crack.

Here I cannot refrain from quoting what seems a classic paragraph from a sermon delivered by Father Claude A. Heithaus, S.J., in the chapel of Saint Louis University and later printed in the Interracial Review (March, 1944). Speaking of race prejudice Father Heithaus says:

"Ignorance is the school of race prejudice and provincialism is its tutor. Its memory is stuffed with lies and its mind is warped by emotionalism. Pride is its book and snobbery is its pen. All the hatreds and fears, all the cruelties and prejudices of childhood are perpetuated by it. It blinds the intellect and hardens the heart. Its wisdom is wonderful and fearful; for it never learns what is true, and it never forgets what is false."

It is a mere platitude to say here that no one can give what he himself has not. But the college professor of today must have a liberal education in the good and true sense of the term. He must be critical without being unjust, and not the other way around, if he would direct his students towards the right goal. Many of you
here are administrators and as such your position is very important certainly; but it is not as important as that of the professor; because the professor trains the school teacher and future professor; he trains the lawyer, the doctor, the merchant, the chief; he trains the housewife and the mother, who is the teacher par excellence.

I wonder what percent of our present teachers of teen-agers throughout this great country have been so prepared in their college and university courses as to enable them fully to appreciate the sacred responsibilities of their profession. One thing seems certain: that if all teachers at every level were so equipped, conferences of this kind would soon have no reason for being.

Having considered briefly the scope of the task which is ours as teachers at the higher levels, let us now examine a little some of the motives which may be involved. The acceptance of students from the minority groups is becoming more and more general. There may be several reasons for this, possibly not the least one of which is the self-survival of certain institutions. The fact that so many are now making some effort to conform to justice makes for competition in student enrollment.

Whatever the basic reasons may be, graduate and professional schools, particularly, are becoming increasingly willing to admit all students wherever they find them equal to the work which lies ahead. Many of these students come from minority groups. But the proportion of their number will continue to lag until the educational facilities at the lower levels to which they have access are brought up to the same standard for all; which is to say, when segregation and discriminations are completely abolished everywhere and at all levels. Students from discriminated groups have often enjoyed only second or a much lower grade of educational advantages. This is because of inequities in labor, housing facilities, and in all the other facets in which social injustices affect their lives.

Perhaps the most crucial test, however, which the student from a minority group must undergo comes from his personal sense of responsibility to win for his group the justice and respect which have been denied them. J. Saunders Redding (On Being Negro in America p. 43 et seq) exemplifies this outrageous situation by recalling his father’s advice just before he left home to go to college.

"Son," my father said, the night before I went East to college, "remember you’re a Negro. You’ll have to do twice as much twice better than your classmates. Before you act, think how what you do may reflect on other Negroes. Those white people will be judging the race by
you. Don’t let the race down, son."

...What my father said checked with what I had been taught to feel...

"But there’s some purpose in it," he went on wearily. "God works in mysterious ways...There’s certainly some purpose. So do your best. Remember you’re a Negro."

"I’ll remember," I said, ...But feeling even then, I like to think, the iron unfairness of it; perhaps even drawing a sorry comfort from it, like many a Negro boy before and since.

"A Negro’s just as good as anybody else," my father said, "but he’s always got to prove it."

Thus burdened, I went off to college.

In order to be really right, as human beings, we must be right for right reasons. We must be right for reasons that are worthy of real American citizens who are primarily human beings and therefore members of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God. Here there can be unity without uniformity, and there can be differences which do not connote either superiority or inferiority.

As honest Americans, we ought to avoid making a show of our efforts towards simple justice and fair play. Rather should we concentrate on the serious wrongs of which our nation must plead guilty, as well as those which are still to be righted. Thus our compunction and restitution should be more profound, more modest and more humble.

Discriminations and injustices can never be really overcome by any motives or means which are merely politic, pragmatic, or palliative. Love is the only permanent basis for harmonious human living--love of God and love of neighbor for love of God. This is true brotherhood, as yet perhaps for many only ideal; but it is the one true standard for worthy human living. Our motives as human beings, members of the brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God, must be in strict accord with the natural moral law--the law of the Eternal, Unchangeable, and Infinite God, the law written in the heart of every man.

Human living is made up of equations; that is to say the sum total of our opportunities in this life must be balanced by the expression and the spending of these blessings from God in terms of responsibilities and obligations to others. Our former experiences and our present opportunities are therefore our personal liabilities. And unless and until, with the grace of God, we go all out as sponsors of justice and fair play which apply to right human relations and brotherly love, we are not fully true to our trust. May I now conclude
my remarks with the words of Bernard Iddings Bell:

"He who has been freed from crowd domination, he who has learned how to live a truly human sort of life, which is an art as yet for the most part hidden from the eyes of many, must get that straight. The humanist in a subhumanist culture, the religious man in a secularist society, must never forget the divine law of noblesse oblige. In the brotherhood the strong must love and serve the welfare of the weak; the informed must love and serve the welfare of the ignorant; the wise must love and serve the welfare of the foolish; the righteous must love and serve the welfare of the wicked; those who are freed must love and serve the welfare of those still enslaved."

(Crowd Culture, p. 152, Harper and Bros. 1952)

Since I had received the invitation to make this address especially because of Stella, I was happy indeed that she certainly was pleased. That same day, she asked me to address a group of all Jewish women, friends of hers, the K.A.M. Temple Sisterhood of Chicago. This I did and greatly enjoyed it. I hope, too, that I corrected some of the misunderstandings and misinformation which seem to be common in Jewish circles. That is to say, misunderstandings of the right attitude of a Catholic toward a Jew. Would that I had had on that day the recent summary of Why a Catholic May Not Be Anti-Semitic as written by Father Stanislaus Borucki, a priest-columnist in the Michigan Catholic, and reprinted in the News Letter (February, 1955) of the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago. Father Borucki says:

Our Christian faith is like a grafted branch growing from the roots of the Tree of Israel. The Old Testament, one of the sources of our Faith, was given originally to the Jews. Our Lord Himself was from Jewish stock. So were the apostles, the first missionaries, and the first martyr, St. Stephen.

In the Church’s liturgy there are many ceremonies that derive from ancient Jewish rites and customs. The Mass itself was closely associated with the Paschal supper. And the late Pope Pius XI, commenting on the words in the Canon of the Mass, "The sacrifice of our
father, Abraham," said Abraham is called "our Patriarch," hence our ancestor. The Pope concluded: "Anti-Semitism is incompatible with the thought and the sublime reality expressed in this text. It is a movement in which we Christians can have no part whatsoever."

Anti-Semitism springs from misunderstanding and hate. An entire group is blamed for the sins of a few of its individuals. Often, too, the blame arises from lies, calumnies and slanders. This is true not only of Jews, but of Christians and of minority racial groups. Some anti-Semites say Jews in the past and even in the present hate Christianity. To say that ALL Jews in the past and in the present hate Christianity is a lie. That some Jews were and are associated with movements and programs seeking the destruction of Christianity is a known fact. Even if it were true that Jews hate Christianity, that still would not permit Christians to hate Jews. Christianity is based on love--love of God and fellowman.

On September 25, 1928, a Holy Office decree declared "the Catholic Church habitually prays for the Jewish people who were the bearers of Divine Revelation up to the time of Christ. Actuated by this love, the Apostolic See has protected this people against oppression, and just as every kind of envy and jealousy among the nations must be disapproved, so in an especial manner must be that hatred which is generally termed anti-Semitism."

I responded to Mrs. Counselbaum's next request by participating as panel speaker at an International Tea. This was sponsored by the Chicago B'nai B'rith Women's Council on March 14, 1953, at International House, the University of Chicago. The overall title of this program was "International Relations on Your Own Street." Each of the three panelists was assigned one of the aspects: Moral, Community, Youth. My assignment was the moral significance of the subject. At the request of the officers of the Council's program, I used much of the matter already quoted from my speech to the Midwest Educators, but included also quotations from certain distinguished writers. For example, Father John M. Oesterreicher, born of Jewish parents, in his booklet The Blessed Virgin and the Jew (p. 20), says:
Some Catholics explain their dislike for the Jews on the ground that all of them are moneymakers, usurers, and what is worse, founders of Capitalism. Warner Sombart, a German economist, is, I believe, responsible for the thesis that the Jews are guilty of having created Capitalism. It is, I think, a travesty of truth to identify the Jews with the creation of Capitalism, which, incidentally, some scholars lay at the door of Calvinistic theology of Puritanism or even ascribe it to the financial policy of the Holy See. The truth seems to be that Capitalism did not derive from any single cause but from a great many causes; and as in other instances where people attempt to reduce complex phenomena to a simplified scheme the over-simplification falls short of the mark.

Those who have read the great French Catholic scholar, Leon Bloy, may recall his strong opposition to anti-Semitism. In Pilgrim of the Absolute (p. 267), he writes:

Suppose some people around you were to speak continuously of your father and your mother with the greatest contempt, and were to do nothing but throw insults of outrageous sarcasms at them, how would you feel? Well, this is exactly what is happening to Our Lord Jesus Christ. People forget, or rather do not want to know, that our God made man is a Jew, the Jew of Jews by nature, the Lion of Juda; that His Mother is a Jewess, the flower of the Jewish race; that all His Ancestors were Jews; that the Apostles were Jews, as well as all the Prophets; finally that our holy liturgy is entirely drawn from the Jewish books. That being the case, how is one to express the enormity of the outrage of the blasphemy which is vilifying the Jewish race?

My own personal reaction to all writings which distort the truth was tersely expressed in the words of John Cogley (The Commonweal, August 10, 1951).

...So I suppose the big task of Catholics when they read foolish, untrue books and articles about Catholics being a threat to American democracy is to keep their heads, whatever the temptation to fury, and to remember that those within the Church have one image of the Church in this country, those without oftentimes another. The thing is to make our own image, our own
knowledge of the Church clear, to dispel illusion and
distortion and misunderstanding without increasing
bitterness. That means patience, understanding, good
will. The American in Europe, the Northerner in the
South, the city slicker on the farm, the non-Catholic
looking at the Church, they do not always see things in
focus. It is good to remember.

The meeting at International House was particularly
interesting and informing, and I am indebted to Stella for the
privilege of participating in this enriching experience. I
closed my formal speech on this panel with the following:

As I look over this unusual assembly of fine
representatives of American womanhood I am impressed by
the fact that all of you are here in the interest of
peace--peace among peoples, peace among nations--not
peace at any price; but the peace which the world cannot
give; the peace of God.

Just as Doctor Bell points out our obligations as
women of responsibility may I
now, in the simple prayer
of St. Francis of Assisi, the universally-loved
Poverello, suggest his way to petition for the graces we
need to fulfill them:

Lord, make me an instrument of your peace
Where there is hatred...let me sow love
Where there is injury...pardon
Where there is doubt...faith
Where there is despair...hope
Where there is darkness...light
Where there is sadness...joy

O, My Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek
To be consoled...as to console
to be understood...as to understand
to be loved...as to love

For
It is in giving...that we receive
It is in pardoning...that we are pardoned
It is in dying ...that we are born to eternal life.

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Chapter XIII: RADIO AND AIRPLANE TOO

Just returned from a flying trip to Grand Rapids, Michigan. This was my fourth opportunity to speak there on right race relations. It has been exceptional in my human relations experiences, particularly because of the variety of the groups which sponsored these programs.

It all happened this way. Sister Bertrand, O.P., a member of the Dominican congregation of Grand Rapids, had been at Fribourg, Switzerland and several other parts of Europe for study during some years and was still at Fribourg completing her candidacy for the doctorate in romance languages during the year (1934-35) when I had my sabbatical leave. We both lived at Villa des Fougères and became close friends. We have had chance meetings on several occasions since our return to the United States and so, incidentally, these trips to Grand Rapids have been renewals of an old friendship.

When Sister Bertrand found out that I was trying to do my bit to improve race relations she acted as intermediary for the FEPC and the Interracial Council of Grand Rapids. They wanted a speaker for one of their meetings and so she invited me to address the group at Aquinas College where she has for long been professor of romance languages. I accepted this invitation to Grand Rapids and that speech (given in March, 1949) gave rise to several repercussions.

The next opportunity to speak there came from the Grand Rapids Diocesan Council of the National Council of Catholic Women that same year. It was their 11th annual convention and was held in the Civic Auditorium in the afternoon of May 19, under the sponsorship of His Excellency the Most Reverend Francis J. Haas, late bishop of Grand Rapids. My companion at the luncheon for all the conventionists was, very appropriately, Sister Bertrand, O.P. The luncheon was held in the Ball Room of the Pantlind Hotel, sometimes called the
During the summer of that year when I was counseling at the interracial summer school at Marathon, Wisconsin, I received the third invitation to speak at Grand Rapids--this time on the Marywood Lecture Series sponsored by Sister Aline, O.P., Director of the Marywood Academy.

This lecture series for the academic year 1949-50 included four programs presenting: Donald Attwater, October 6; Sister Mary Ellen, O.P., December 1; Reverend John S. Kennedy, February 10; and Eric Kuehnelt-Leddihn, March 2. This time, my third time at Grand Rapids, included two public engagements for me. One was my first radio broadcast, on the afternoon of December 1. It was a dialogue over WLAV station in which Monsignor Arthur F. Bukowski, President of Aquinas College, posed the questions to which it was my part to give the answers. The purpose of the broadcast was to explode some of the myths and misunderstandings about race, such as were already published in my pamphlet, Racial Myths. I enjoyed this experience to the hilt and looked forward to another such opportunity.

It came, too. This happened on the day, in September of 1951, that Father A. S. Foley, S.J., had come to Rosary College for an interview about the projected book, God's Men of Color, since published. It was our first personal acquaintance, but both of us had previously launched upon the same research problem. Father Foley found out from some of the priests whom he consulted for information about themselves that I had already contacted them. And so he came to offer his service or cooperation in the project. Almost immediately I realized that Father Foley was the one to produce the book and I told him so. I was indeed glad that a priest, and one so well equipped to work out such a book, had already begun to collect the material.

Well, while we were talking the matter over, Father Daniel Cantwell, Chaplain of the Catholic Labor Alliance and
Assistant Chaplain of the Catholic Interracial Council of Chicago, called me on the telephone to ask me to participate in a broadcast that was being planned by the council. This nationwide radio program, sponsored by the National Council of Catholic Men, in cooperation with the American Broadcasting Company, occurred on Sunday, October 7, 1951, over the ABC network. It was a round table discussion with Father Cantwell as leader. The other participants included Reverend John Owczarek; Mr. Edward Kralovec, presently the president of the Chicago Catholic Interracial Council; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Strubbe; and Mr. Clifford Campbell. Neither was this to be the last fling I would have on the air. It had some interesting repercussions, too.

Here I made the acquaintance of Mr. Clifford Campbell, longtime Director of the Dunbar Trade School, Chicago. He invited me to visit his school.

With Sister Aquinice, O.P., Instructor of Sociology at Rosary College, I spent a full day at the Dunbar Trade School, as it was then called. There we saw some exceedingly fine demonstrations of excellent school work. This was in spite of altogether inadequate school housing. Nevertheless the products of the students' craftsmanship represented almost every trade in the category. The samples of their work were convincing. Also the splendid academic spirit which pervaded the atmosphere and the high grade classroom performance were all most impressive. We met a considerable number of the faculty (including Miss Ernestine V. Oldham, then assistant director), both inside and outside the classroom.

As I look through my scrapbooks I find a clipping from *Time* (August 9, 1948) including a photograph of Mr. Campbell. This feature story summarizes the accomplishments of a schoolman, such as Clifford Campbell is:

*Artist in Human Relations*
"If you don't behave," Chicago teachers used to warn Negro pupils, "I'll send you to Dunbar." Ramshackle Dunbar Trade School on Chicago's South Side was little better than a reform school. Nobody preened himself on winning a Dunbar diploma, or stood much chance of landing a job with one. Then Clifford J. Campbell came along.

Cliff Campbell was a young Negro from Washington, D.C., a onetime Pullman porter and redcap, whom the depression had sidetracked from architecture into schoolteaching. In 1942, when war industries were begging for skilled workers, the Chicago school board looked around for a man who could perk up down-in-the-mouth Dunbar. The principal at Wendell Phillips High School, where Campbell was dean of boys, gave him a resounding recommendation: "An artist in human relations."

Installed as Dunbar's new director, Campbell promptly fired all 16 teachers as substandard, gathered a white and Negro faculty of 74 to help him build a bigger and better high school. He set up 23 tough vocational courses, begged or borrowed $2,000,000 worth of machines and equipment. School enrollment has jumped from 125 pupils to 1,650 (400 of them Negro war veterans).

Last month, after six years on the job, 43-year-old Cliff Campbell was picked by the U.S. Office of Education's magazine School Life as the answer to a big question: "What Are Good Teachers Like?" And last week, as Dunbar was closing down for a month's summer vacation, 105 of its 118 graduates paid Director Campbell a tribute he liked even better: they got good jobs.

Skills First Chicago School Superintendent Herold C. Hunt, who thinks Campbell and Dunbar are "amazing," has promised them a new building within three years. Meanwhile overcrowded Dunbar, built to handle only 375 students, makes do with a Hooverville of temporary wooden buildings--and three shifts. Cliff Campbell is the first to arrive every day (by 7:30 a.m.) and the last to leave (after 10 p.m.). Offered better-paying jobs in their trades or at other schools, many of Campbell's teachers have refused.

Because most of Dunbar's students come from low-income homes and many have to leave before graduation, Campbell concentrates on teaching every boy and girl some employable skill in the first half year. In the auto-shop course, a boy learns to grease a car; in the dressmaking course, a girl learns to cut dress parts. Students who stay become skilled craftsmen: some of Dunbar's sheet-metal graduates make $125 a week.

Arts Later. Campbell insists that his students also take academic courses (English, math, science, social studies), encourages them to try music and art. He was
pleased as punch last year when an aircraft student won the state oratory contest. Knowing that factory doors don’t open so wide to Negroes, Campbell drills his students on writing letters of application and taking job tests, makes them conscious of neatness, work habits and "personality." Best measure of his success: Dunbar now takes only the top 15% of its applicants.

Subsequent to our visit at Dunbar, Mr. Campbell and his wife came out to visit Rosary College. While there, Mr. Campbell addressed a group of students in the department of sociology. He described the aims and accomplishments of a large vocational school, Dunbar, which, at that time (1951), included 2000 students.

Later, as acting chairman of a program for the Association of Science and Mathematics Teachers, I asked Cliff for a lift. In response, he recommended Mr. Alvin Harrison, Head of the Department of Aircraft Engineering and Mechanics and Teacher of Mathematics at Dunbar. It proved to be a lift in every sense because Mr. Harrison’s presentation at the Edgewater Beach Hotel was most creditable and did me proud.

On occasions I have had the privilege of meeting Mr. Campbell since. For example, at one of the Catholic Interracial Communion Breakfasts and again we met as participants in another round table broadcast with almost the same personnel. This broadcast was sponsored by the Catholic Interracial Council with Father Daniel Cantwell again as discussion leader, Sunday, February 15, 1953. My part in the discussion was from the point of view of a college professor. My files yield what seems to be the substantial part of my contribution:

Conditions relative to the complete abolition of segregation in schools at all levels are improving, of course; but there is still very much to be accomplished in the field of education. Practically all adults are teachers in one capacity or another. I believe that we cannot, therefore, stress too strongly, both in school and out of school, the important truths that all human
beings—whether Jew of Gentile, Catholic or Protestant; whether white, or yellow, or dark-skinned—are brothers under the Fatherhood of God. All of us are equally bound by the Great Commandment of Love. It is the Law of Mount Sinai; it is also the substance of the Sermon on the Mount. By precept and, especially, by example, we must emphasize the sacred truth that Love is the dearest of all the virtues; whereas hate is the vilest sin. No civil law, no man-made power can compel or enforce the virtue of love any more than they can punish the vice of hate; therefore he who makes a choice between love and hate determines his own individual fate for all eternity.

In our endeavors to combat prejudice and to promote good human relations, there may be a danger, too, of neglecting the moral status of the prejudiced. He, like any other sinner, also gravely needs our compassion and zealous solicitude. Our influence and example must be exerted also toward the prejudiced and unjust in order that they may understand the wrongs they inflict and be moved to repentance and amendment.

Rachel Maria, a distinguished Jewish convert to the Faith, has well described anti-Semitism when she said that it is a twofold murder of souls, since it kills alike, those who are wounded and those who wound.

More recently (November 19, 1954) the Director of Dunbar Vocational High School took time out to attend the Second Annual Tri-County High School Conference on Human Relations. This all-day conference was sponsored by the National Conference of Christians and Jews in cooperation with a large number of other human relations agencies. It was held at the University of Chicago and I served as an adult leader of one of the discussion groups. This was a most inspiring conference of some 700 top students. Andrew White of Dunbar was the presiding chairman over the general sessions held in Mandel Hall.

It was interesting to see that a 17-year old student from a vocational school, such as Dunbar, could conduct a meeting of a group of this kind with unusual poise and executive ability. Of course, the idea that the training in such a vocational school is geared to the lower mentality levels is a very foolish farce. But, I fear there are still those who
are not fully aware of the facts as they really apply here.

And now comes a letter from Mr. Campbell himself, enclosing a program of the Groundbreaking Ceremonies of a splendid addition to the Chicago Public Schools. This new school will be erected and equipped at a monetary expenditure of more than $7,000,000. Its new name will be Dunbar Vocational School. Its new location will be 29th Street and South Parkway. Following is a quotation from the impressive program, under date of May 5, 1955:

This is the second school building to be planned and constructed specifically for vocational education in the City of Chicago. The first was the Chicago Vocational School which was dedicated in 1941, twenty-four years after the passage of the Smith-Hughes Bill for vocational education.

Dunbar Vocational High School was founded in September, 1942. The present facilities are housed in an elementary school building, four temporary brick shop buildings, and fifteen portables. In September, 1942, Dunbar began with a student enrollment of 400 and a staff of sixteen faculty members. As of today, May 5, 1955, Dunbar’s enrollment is 2,099 students; its faculty number eighty-one teachers.

This exceedingly fine forward step taken by the administration of the Chicago Public Schools deserves great credit. It is, however, no less a monument to the achievements of a great educational leader--Clifford Campbell. An architect in his own right, Mr. Campbell has chosen to dedicate his talents and his service to a greater cause--the education of underprivileged youth. Therefore, after his thirteen years of patient progress, we salute Clifford Campbell, Director of Dunbar Vocational High School, together with his fine faculty.

Before I went back to Grand Rapids for the fourth time (May 19, 1955), I had already taken my first airplane flight. It was the winter of 1951-52. I remember distinctly one day of wondering (silently) if and when an occasion for an
airplane trip might fall to my lot.

A number of my colleagues, for one reason or another, had already been up. Very well, I had no fears of the air and rather hoped that I might have this experience also. Of course, in religious life, one does not just go to her superior and say, "Please, I'd like an airplane trip." To do so might ever jeopardize the status of one's full sanity. No, no, in religious life, one just waits quietly and, if God wills such a thing, all well and good and, particularly so, if the occasion seems to present itself without any undue precipitation on one's own part. Then, normally, you just accept it and hop on the plane. Otherwise, no matter what you might like, you just forget about it.

This time I had scarcely time to forget. Very soon after, one morning in early February, at the breakfast table, there was a special delivery for me postmarked Jersey City, N.J. I read the full return and found it was from Father John Cantillon, S.J., Librarian of the George F. Johnson Library, St. Peter's College, Jersey City. Yes, I knew him. He had been at Rosary. And, while still Chairman of the Interracial Department and Editor of the Interracialist at St. Louis University, he had sent congratulations with a sizable order for Racial Myths. This was incidental to his attendance at a workshop for priests interested in Cana Conferences, at the Dominican House of Studies in River Forest. That was early summer (1949), and at the moment I was about to depart for Marathon, Wisconsin, going by slow stages by making stop-overs at our convents in Oshkosh and Appleton.

I had asked him about Muriel Zimmerman of New York City, who was to be the director of the Marathon Interracial Summer School that summer. Betty Schneider had been director in 1948. Of course I would miss Betty's fine executive ability and wondered what Muriel would be like. Father Cantillon had reassured me.

Before I even considered my coffee I opened his letter
Reverend and Dear Sister:

I have been asked to act as intermediary to procure your services as a lecturer to the Catholic Interracial Council of Wilmington, Delaware. They are planning a Saturday afternoon for all the nuns of the diocese, on Interracial Justice in the Schools. There is a distinct possibility that the Bishop will preside. The dates, either March the first or March the eighth. They would gladly pay you to fly and fly back home again, so that you would not have any undue strain of travel. You and I and, possibly, John O’Connor, of the Washington CIC, are the only speakers for the afternoon.

Much work remains to be done, interracially, in Wilmington and some of the sisters are so timid. The CIC there is a very fine and Catholic young group, who recently won the NATIONAL LANE-BRYANT AWARD for their efforts in bettering a community.

Could you possibly make this? ... I commend the work to you very highly. Your time and energy will be well spent. The choice of Saturdays would be up to you (of these two). About fifty minutes would be fine for the main talk, followed by questions.

Devotedly in Christ,
(Rev.) Joseph Cantillon, S.J.

Here was my airplane ride! It would also not only afford a visit to Wilmington, a place of interest that I had not yet visited, but, most of all, would it offer a splendid opportunity to promote true Christian principles.

After breakfast, I told my colleague, Sister Hilaire, who had had considerable flying experience in South America. She responded very enthusiastically, urging me to fly if possible, telling me that she knew I would love it. Then I went to my local superior and gave her the facts. She agreed with me that no time should be lost and that the most expeditious thing would be to call our Mother General at Saint Clara.

A trip such as this is not under the jurisdiction of a local superior, unless, of course, in extreme cases. Permission for such a trip must come from our highest religious superior. So I went to a telephone booth, a place
I usually avoid as much as possible, and put in a person-to-
person call and waited, holding my letter in readiness
meanwhile.

Almost immediately Mother Evelyn answered. Always she
had a way of making one feel that there was no other person in
the world except yourself, when you approached her with any
question or problem. But I lost no time in stating that I had
a letter which I would like to read to her.

I got about half through when a strange feeling came over
me in that almost airtight booth. It seemed that I was the
only one who could hear what I was reading and so I
interrupted with: "Do you hear me, Mother?"

Her answer was characteristic, "Very well." The period
was so pronounced that it seemed to say, "Keep going." I did
that; and when I was through Mother Evelyn settled everything
in far less time than it took me to read the letter. I was to
fly—with a companion sister—whose flying fare would be paid
by "us" (Nevertheless the check which came from the Catholic
Interracial Council of Wilmington much more than covered all).
I asked Mother who the companion might be, but she left that
to me and Sister Felicia, the local superior. That meant that
I had the green light there, too. Sister Hilaire accepted the
partnership for the trip and took very good care of all
travelling details, something else I always avoid when
possible.

At that time (1952), the president of the Catholic
Interracial Council of Wilmington was Miss Mary Elizabeth
Power, member of the editorial staff of The News Journal,
Wilmington. I had had correspondence with some of the group
when they were organizing. They had written me for advice and
my files still hold a letter or two from Miss Mary E.
McConaghy, back in 1949.

Relative to this meeting, Miss Power and I carried on a
lively correspondence. She made arrangements with the sisters
at the Ursuline Academy of Wilmington for hospitality for us
during our stay there. This was altogether a happy coincidence. I had previously met a number of their sisters at the College of New Rochelle, New York. Once I had simply visited the college in a sightseeing tour; but, more recently, I was a guest there in attendance at the Third Annual Convention of the Catholic Commission of Intellectual and Cultural Affairs, which was held there May 16, 1948.

Also, Sister Hilaire, my companion, was professor of botany in the same college during the year previous to her entrance into the Dominican Order. She had taught some of these sisters now teaching in this academy. Needless to say we felt very much at home with these sisters, probably more than usually so. Nevertheless, sisters, of whatever order, are never strangers to each other, and courtesy and hospitality are accepted simply as a matter of course.

At Miss Power's request I spoke to a group of public school teachers of Wilmington on the Friday evening preceding the Saturday afternoon panel discussion.

The panelists were Father Cantillon, S.J.; Sister Mary Ellen O'Hanlon, O.P.; and Dr. John O'Connor, Professor at Georgetown University and Washington correspondent for the Interracial Review. The meeting, held in the auditorium of the Ursuline Academy of Wilmington, was attended by a very representative number of the various religious communities of the Diocese of Wilmington, and some from Philadelphia.

After our speeches we had a question box and a free-for-all discussion. Because of fear of timidity on the part of the good sisters, the panelists added a few questions of their own authorship. This kept the discussion going on points that seemed especially important to us.

The meeting was followed immediately by Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament in the chapel of the academy. Most Reverend Edmund J. Fitzmaurice, Bishop of Wilmington, gave the Benediction and assured us of his episcopal blessing on our efforts.
Included in our correspondence previous to the meeting, one item in Miss Power's request seemed a little out of order for us. She wrote:

I am personally anxious to know if you will be able to join members of the Council, all lay persons except for our chaplain, at dinner that night in a private restaurant lounge? This is the occasion I am choosing for the President's dinner and I am especially hopeful our Negro members may meet and speak with you informally. To date, our other guest speakers will be Father Cantillon, who has told us so much about you and who has been of great assistance to our program; and Dr. John J. O'Connor, president of the Washington, D.C., CIC. The dinner will start at 6 p.m. after the workshop and Benediction.

I had to respond to this in a slightly different way by saying that rules and regulations for the Dominican Sisters, although quite flexible, would not ordinarily allow for participation in such functions as the dinner she described. However, whenever a greater good is served, exceptions can be made. Therefore, I assured her that if the local bishop did not disapprove it would be all right with us, but that I should not want to do anything that might meet with his disapproval or which he would not have the sisters of his diocese do in a similar case.

After the Benediction, we were called to the convent reception room to meet His Excellency, Bishop Fitzmaurice. I was reassured of his willingness to have us attend this dinner by getting his answer myself point-blank to the question. He was most gracious and manifested much enthusiasm over the good work that the interracial council was doing.

The dinner proved to be a very good climax, and we met, informally, a number of persons who were unable to be at the panel discussion. Among them was Miss Helen Arthur, a guest of the Council, and an alumna of Rosary College, who was employed in the Chemical Research Laboratory of the E. I.
Something, which was new to me, was done to get the
dinner group better acquainted with their guests. Between
courses, the guests changed places so that most of the members
would have the opportunity for conversation with each of them
individually.

The next day, Sunday, after Mass and breakfast, Helen
Arthur with her mother and her brother, who is also employed
in the DuPont Chemical Laboratory, came to take us to see more
of Wilmington and to make a visit to the DuPont Plant. Then
we returned to the convent where the good Ursuline Sisters had
been much more than hospitable to us.

Just as we had been met at the airport on our arrival by
the Rev. Father Thomas J. Reese, Chaplain of the CIC of
Wilmington, and their president, Miss Power, and other members
of the council, on our return trip, another group of the
council gave us a sendoff. We were driven to the airport by
Miss Helena Odiorne and several others of the CIC, including
Mrs. Marie Connell, chairman of the school committee. On the
way they showed us some special points of interest in and
around Wilmington.

Miss Odiorne, a very active member in the CIC, is a great
granddaughter of Orestes A. Brownson, that is to say, the
granddaughter of his only daughter, Sarah M. Brownson Tenney,
and daughter of Ruth Tenney Odiorne. Since 1952 Miss Helena
Odiorne has been Chief Psychiatric Social Worker at the
Delaware State Hospital, Farmhurst, Delaware.

Like her maternal aunt, Mother Mary B. Tenney, R.S.C.J.,
of Manhattanville College, and her sister, Rev. Mother M.
Odiorne, R.S.C.J., Superior of Sacred Heart Academy,
Rochester, N.Y., Helena Odiorne has been interested and active
in promoting good race relations.

In our flight to Wilmington we went via Dayton, Ohio, and
Washington, D.C. Coming back, we flew from Wilmington to
Harrisburg, our first stop; then from Harrisburg to
Pittsburgh, where we changed planes. From Pittsburgh to Chicago, we made it in less than two hours. By that time I felt like an old flyer.

As we were coming close to Harrisburg, I looked down and noticed that we were flying near a large river. We had just been told that we were soon to land at Harrisburg. And so, I remembered my geography and said to Sister Hilaire as we looked down on the river: "This must be the Susquehanna." She looked at me with some surprise (I had no map in my hands). Then I remembered that she is about half a generation removed from me, and I realized that she probably had not been taught geography in the "old-fashioned" way. And so I said: "Well, Harrisburg is the capital of Pennsylvania. Yes, Harrisburg, on the Susquehanna. That's the way we learned it." I saw that Sister was still a little perplexed and so I began to recite my geography lesson of many decades before. It went something like this: "Maine, Augusta--on the Kenebec; New Hampshire, Concord--on the Merrimac; Vermont, Montpelier--on the Onion; Massachusetts, Boston--on the Boston Harbor; Rhode Island, Providence and Newport (There were these two capitals during 1864-1901); New York, Albany--on the Hudson; New Jersey, Trenton--on the Delaware; Delaware, Dover--on Jones Creek; Pennsylvania, Harrisburg--on the Susquehanna; and I might have gone further. Our way of learning may have been "old-fashioned" but, in many ways, it seems to have been permanent and now, decades after, it is also sometimes very convenient.

My experiences in Wilmington were indeed soul-satisfying, and subsequent letters from Miss Power added to the deep gratitude I felt for the privileges these experiences afforded.

It is very heartening to read of Miss Power's recent honors. These express the appreciation of influential groups of people who are alert to the great good that she has accomplished in promoting good race relations. The March
issue (1955) of Truth and Deed, the official publication of the Catholic Interracial Council of Wilmington, tells of Miss Power's reception of the Wilmington B'nai B'rith Americanism Award, together with the testimony of the members of the council of which Miss Power is past president—to "her wholehearted and unselfish fight for interracial justice in our state."

And now the May (1955) issue of Truth and Deed carries this note:

The Pilot Club this month named Miss Mary Elizabeth Power "Woman of the Year" for her numerous activities in the past. They included her past presidency of the C.I.C. and her work as past editor of this paper, "Truth and Deed". With pardonable pride we say that no one was more deserving of the honor.

Now we shall return to my recent and fourth visit to Grand Rapids. As another repercussion to the first one, the following letter, under date of February 15, 1955, was forwarded to me here at Saint Clara from Rosary College:

Dear Sister Mary Ellen:

Mr. Gordon S. Carbonneau, President of Carbonneau Industries, and I have been discussing the integrating of Negro workers in our plant.

We operate our company on the premise, "A good employee is a good friend and must be treated that way." And, modestly, we feel that we have as fine a group of people as there is anywhere.

It is our sincere desire to make our small part of this world a better place to live in. We cannot do this by condoning human illusions or prejudices.

However, it is quite important that thought be given to carrying out our aims so that we do not become the victims of ignorance. Therefore, we are organizing an educational program as a first step toward integration.

Mr. Carbonneau mentioned to me that he had heard you read
a poem or story that depicted the falsehood of white supremacy very vividly, during a conference on FEPC here in Grand Rapids. The experience for him was very rich and one he would like to share with others.

I would like to know if it is possible for you to come to Grand Rapids, at your convenience, to present the same story to our people. Also, I would like very much to know the name of the story. In working with this problem, I am sure you have access to knowledge that would be helpful to us. I would appreciate any suggestions or references you can give me.

Thanking you in advance for your time and attention, I remain

Very truly,

CARBONNEAU INDUSTRIES, INC.

Herbert Wendell
Personnel Manager

I responded to this opportunity by expressing my interest in the invitation and explaining my present location and adding, too, that my present occupations are such that the matter of time is more or less at my own disposition and that their convenience was the more important! Another letter from the same corporation was mailed to me on May 12, 1955, and included the following:

...We feel at this time we have a spirit of brotherhood among our people that is compatible with the starting of actual integration. The selection of missionaries is completed, and we feel the inspiration created by a visit from you would assure a start in the proper spirit. Therefore, we would like very much to have you visit our plant May 19, 1955. I realize this is short notice, and if the date would inconvenience you too much, another time more convenient for you could be scheduled. I have contacted the Mother Superior at Marywood, and she said they would be happy to have you.

Please call me collect at GLendale 6-9528 to verify the above date or schedule another and make final arrangements.
You may plan on talking approximately one hour and on having lunch at our plant. We will be looking forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
CARBONNEAU INDUSTRIES, INC.
Herbert Wendell
Personnel Manager

Final arrangements were made by telephone. Mr. Carbonneau suggested and maintained that I had best travel by air. Again Mother Evelyn was most cooperative. So I flew. I was met at the air port in Grand Rapids and driven to Marywood academy. Here also is the motherhouse of the Congregation of Dominican Sisters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. It was in the auditorium of Marywood Academy that I had made my last speech in Grand Rapids. This time I soon found out that Sister Bertrand has been for some time in residence at the motherhouse although she continues to teach in Aquinas College. We soon got together and made our plans for the next day, Ascension Thursday. She would be my companion, and thus she sacrificed what might well have been a free day.

About ten o’clock Mr. Wendell called for us and took us to the plant. Here they assemble the parts of various models of loud speakers. These parts we learned are made in various other factories. In this plant there are some two hundred employed, about ninety percent of whom are women—all young women, including young wives and mothers. This visit was a new experience for both of us sisters, and we found the young managers and inspectors very patient with us in answering our questions and explaining the parts of what seemed to me a very surprisingly complicated mechanism. I do not like to speak into a microphone myself, but I now have much more respect for one than I had before I saw its inners.

As excerpts from the correspondence would indicate, the
management in the Carbonneau plant is doing a fine job in their efforts at relieving the monotony of routine work for a very fine group of picked workers. One thing they told us was particularly interesting and edifying. It is the way they begin each working day.

Some one of the workers, according as her turn arrives, reads aloud to the personnel a short story or poem or some brief sample of good literature. This is not only for the benefit of the hearers but to give each one an opportunity to talk on her feet and to get away from the deadening influence of continuous automatic performance. Then after the reading, there is a short period of silence for prayer--each one praying in his own way.

There seemed also to be a wholesome freedom of speech contact among the workers. The lunch, too, that was being prepared at noontime and which included some items which are regularly supplied gratis by the corporation, was also of high grade.

There is one custom which has been established at the Carbonneau Industries which is probably still more unusual. Every Thursday, two of the workers, according to their seniority in service and order of selection, are chosen as "queens" for the day. They come to the plant that day in dinner attire. They spend the forenoon in going about observing the work of their fellow employees. In this way, they see that the work of each individual in the plant, like that of their own, is a necessary part of the whole. Therefore it must be perfectly done if the final product is to be accepted. This creates a greater respect for the otherwise humdrum repetition of effort by pointing up the distinct importance of each step as an essential part of the whole. It also stimulates greater interest in the industry itself.

But, most of all, does it affect the personality of the worker by giving her a real sense of belonging. Without this, the average human being cannot maintain his full dignity and
must suffer from isolation. Consequently his efforts, no matter at what level, must degenerate into languid routine or worse.

At lunch time, after having been presented by the administration with corsages selected to harmonize with their dresses, these two "queens" are escorted by certain officials of the plant to the finest hotel in the city. Mr. Carbonneau, the president, is the host. He is assisted by the personnel director, Mr. Wendell, and one of the older women officials. Altogether it amounts to a very swanky dinner party. The day that I was there, the party, somewhat augmented by the two sisters, was a group of eight. The two young women were given their places of honor at the table, and it was altogether a very delightful social event. Certainly, it was considered so by the two sisters. During the dinner a photographer took pictures of the group, and then we all went back to the plant, again by taxicabs. There more pictures were taken before time for my address which was charted for three o'clock.

When Mr. Carbonneau introduced me to the assembled personnel he told them of his plans for integrating Negro workers on the staff. Further, that the first Negro girl would report for work the next Monday.

So my talk had to be extemporaneous, and, to be convincing, it had to include my personal experiences. I spoke to the group in their work room which was spacious, airy and light. The entire personnel had drawn their chairs in semi-circles around the lectern, and, although I was speaking in a plant where microphones are assembled, I did not use one. All noise from machinery had been checked, and speaking to this very interested and well-disposed audience was a pleasure and a delight.

I took them back—perhaps some decades before most of them were born—to the time of my early childhood when I knew little of race prejudice and social injustice. I had grown up away from the contacts that might have enlightened me or, who
knows, perhaps, poisoned me. Then I went on from my first real "awakening" during my European visit. I told them something of the many soul-enriching experiences I have since enjoyed in a career of efforts to promote interracial justice.

Mr. Carbonneau had previously that day reminded me of my first speech in Grand Rapids. It was not until then that I registered concerning the details to which Mr. Wendell had referred in his first letter. It was at the luncheon table that I suddenly remembered that I had quoted "The Souls of Black Folk" by the great Negro scholar, W. E. B. Du Bois. It was these quotations which had sunk so deep into Mr. Carbonneau's soul. Once I had put my finger on the source, Mr. Wendell went immediately to the telephone and called the public library of Grand Rapids. He soon returned and assured us that he would have the book by calling at the library. It seems that librarians are among the most cooperative people. Is it, I wonder, partly because our American people have become such poor patrons of books.

Immediately after the luncheon, Mr. Wendell picked up the book together with a couple of others, one of which was a good anthology of poetry by Negro Americans. Thus I was able to close my address with suitable short poems and the quotations from Du Bois--some of the most appealing passages which have been produced on the subject, provided, of course, the reader is unbiased. No one with a fully human heart could read the Du Bois chapter "On the Passing of the First-Born" from The Souls of Black Folk and remain unmoved. I had previously used only short quotations from it, but with the book in my hand I read from the climax of the story of the author's beloved little son--a child whose life span was but eighteen months--to the end of that chapter. This seemed to complete the picture I had tried to portray to a very sympathetic and inspiring audience.

Cooperation--one hundred percent--seemed to be the harmonious note of this most soul-satisfying day, May 19,
1955, the day commemorative of Our Blessed Lord's Ascension into heaven.

After leaving the plant, we were driven by Mr. Wendell, the personnel director, to several places of interest that I had not seen on my other visits to Grand Rapids—among them a fine new classroom building which was near completion as an addition to Aquinas College.

As though this were not enough joy for one day, that evening, Sister Bertrand and Sister Ernestine took me to the cathedral for a seven o'clock Mass. It was my first experience at an evening Mass. The church was filled to capacity and the Mass was followed by the coronation of the statue of our Blessed Mother. This was the second coronation ceremony that they had had in the cathedral in this month of May. This time it was by the younger children, thus making it even more than ordinarily attractive and beautiful. This lovely ceremony was closed with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. All in all, Ascension Thursday, 1955, was for me probably the happiest and most soul-inspiring that I have yet lived.

It happened that on the plane back to Chicago I was seated beside a gentleman who is the sales manager of a very large corporation in one of our major American cities. We soon discovered that we had much in common, and I told him where I had been and for what purpose. He was greatly intrigued and deeply impressed by what I told him of my experiences at the Carbonneau Industry. He said, relative to the luncheon parties, that he had not heard of anything of the kind before, but did not fail to see the naturally good effects of such a gesture on the general morale.
Chapter XIV: SUMMERS

The good old summertime is often the busiest time for sisters, particularly teaching sisters. Most of the younger ones of the community must hurry off to the various universities, workshops, and other institutes for educational advancement almost as soon as the academic year comes to a close. Those who already have all the required "letters" are liable to an assignment to teach in the summer schools or to devote their time to catechetical work, to playground direction, or to camp counselling, and the like.

The smaller convents, particularly those located remote from higher institutions of learning, are often closed for most of the three summer months. This is simply because there would not be sufficient personnel to keep them going. But the closing means great rushing near the end of school in June. Besides the extra school room tasks, such as final tests, records, closing programs, plays, etc., at this period, there usually is also a First Communion class--maybe a Confirmation class to prepare.

One last big job is the "closing of the convent." In as much as the convent itself and all of its furnishings are, as a rule, parish property, the sisters feel a double responsibility in taking all reasonable precautions before leaving one.

If sisters are anything as a class, they are neat and orderly housekeepers. The point is that with the extra burden of closing up, everything must be left immaculately clean and tidy.

No food of a spoiling nature can be left. All woolens, that means blankets, rugs, etc., must be fortified against moth invasions. Everything metal or of a rusting or tarnishing tendency has to be insured against moisture. Particularly, if the building is an old one, definite measures must be taken against a possible uprising of small rodents or
roaches. Every kind of fire hazard must be properly disposed of, such as oiled mops, waxed cloths--anything and everything that is easily combustible. All attachments of such commodities as gas, electricity, water supply, etc. must be properly "turned off." Families who have summer homes sometimes must do the same kind of closing of their city houses, but, of course, on a somewhat smaller scale.

There are always some individual responsibilities, such as personal sewing and packing for the summer program. Such work must be done between acts or, perhaps more often, after the regular bedtime. It may happen, too, that some few of the sisters may have to get off for an early spiritual retreat or in time for registration at some university or summer school which has an early opening date. This, of course, will diminish the number of hands for the final work.

I almost forgot to say that nearly every sister, owing to the contingency of a change of residence for the coming school year, must pack her trunk. Thus in the event of her being sent, possibly even across the continent to her next assignment, her trunk will be ready. One of the final--almost last minute errands--is to notify the post office officials of a change of address, as well as to intercept all other routine deliveries.

In the meantime, unfortunately, there must be some thought given the possibility of robbers or vandalism. Therefore all portable articles of value such as typewriters, radios, violins--or any other readily saleable or pawnshop items must be somehow safeguarded. There are some cases, however, for example, downright vandalism, which must be left to police protection. This cannot be expected to be infallible and so the possibility of a return to an interior wreckage still remains after so many pains. This kind of thing has happened.

Sometimes, it would seem that many people believe that the sisters have a very "easy" life, with nothing to disturb
the "tranquility of their souls."

This latter is true in spite of certain unavoidable annoyances. This is because the good religious does her work, whatever it may be, for the love of God. Thus the inevitable trials and difficulties, which she must encounter from day to day, are accepted as "splinters from the cross of Christ." If these small crosses are borne with patience and resignation to the will of God, they are something to offer in reparation for our many daily faults and failings toward Him whose cross is infinite proof of His infinite love for us. Our Divine Lord was not jesting when He said: "If any man will come after Me let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow Me." (St. Matt. 16, 24). And again in the Gospel of St. John, 15, 13: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Thus that there can be no true Christian without the cross is simple knowledge for all who profess Christ. Indeed, it must be perfectly obvious to every member of the human family: but for the true religious as well as for every Christian, the cross is the great means of sanctity.

Personally, I have missed the kind of excitement which comes with the "closing" of a convent because I have lived all of my religious life, so far, at least, where they never "close shop." But in the summer of 1922 we did move St. Clara College, Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, to River Forest, Illinois. Then, after some thirty years' accumulations, I packed my personal books, manuscripts, etc. for a second residence at the motherhouse, a relatively short time ago.

Moreover the readjustments for the summer are not confined to the convents which close. The sisters who are members of these smaller communities take up duties elsewhere. These are welcomed usually into larger communities for their summer's sojourn--Rosary College, for example. Thus the living quarters of the students for the academic year must be prepared for occupation by the sister incumbents for the
summer. The younger members of the faculty are therefore called into service to help make these final preparations. Of this I speak from firsthand experience.

All of my summers in the religious life up to and through 1925, the date of the Ph.D. degree, were devoted primarily to study or teaching. They also included short home visits or other recreational trips.

My first real vacation as a religious, I mean the kind of relaxation which fully appeals to my particular personality, was two weeks in the late summer of 1921. The summer school was over—it had been a course in philosophy at the motherhouse. I was not a retired student simply because of having taken a master's degree in natural science. Indeed for the religious, at least for the Dominican religious, there is no retirement from study just so long as one's cerebral equipment is still intact and normally functional. For the otherwise incapacitated, so far as actual services are concerned, there is need for mental exercise to enable one to contemplate on the goodness of God and the joys of Eternity, the ultimate goal for all.

The summer of 1921 gave me two delightful weeks in Appleton, Wisconsin. One of my botany majors, Ruth W. Ryan (now Sister Mary Hilaire, O.P., Professor of Biology at Rosary College), had just graduated from St. Clara College. We had been able to recommend her to the faculty of the University of Illinois, where she was accepted as an assistant instructor and graduate student in the department of botany.

The day of her graduation I received an invitation from her parents which promised to be a delightful two weeks, mostly out-of-doors. Judge Thomas Ryan was very proud of his eldest daughter, and indeed an appointment of the kind she had received was at that period not ordinary. It happened that both Mrs. Ryan and her husband loved the out-of-doors and so he took his vacation during the period of my visit to Appleton. I was welcomed to our St. Mary's Convent there,
and, practically every day unless it rained (and I do not remember any such discrepancy in the weather), we drove here and there and everywhere in the "land of lakes" for cook-outs and botanical investigations. The Ryan family had special equipment for outdoor barbecues. This included the utensils and, most especially, the proper food. Of the several sisters at the convent almost every one took a turn at being my companion. Incidentally, botanizing had its proper place in our meanderings. Ruth had been my student for four years and together, sometimes with other students also, we had made many tours of the Sinsinawa area--most generally on foot. In the Mound area one can hardly put a foot forward without running into some challenge of a botanical nature. The flora of the late midsummer in northern Wisconsin offered some new prizes. And we drove great distances--one place I recall was to the Menominee Indian reservation of Keshena Falls. Here both teacher and pupil recognized plants in bloom about which previously we had had only book acquaintance. All in all, this sojourn, my first one in the Fox River Valley and the North Woods, was both recreational and educational.

But it was not to be my last summer outing in the land o' lakes region. I spent almost the complete summer of 1927 in Green Bay and a shorter period there in the summer of 1945. The 1927 sojourn included a week or so of delightful experience at our summer camp for young girls near Marinette. Later, in the summer of 1939, I had another week at the same camp. This time I noted the many improvements and growth in the facilities for the administration of such an institution. Sister Mary David, O.P., to whom we have already referred as one of our teachers of voice, together with two other sisters, may be called the prime mover in the "founding" of this camp in 1923. Through the years Sister David has continued to enlarge and enhance the facilities and good accommodations which this delightful summer home for young girls affords. She has been the chief director every summer since its origin.
with the exception of the time she was in Europe, which probably involved two summers.

My first trip to the Northwest, that is to say Washington State, was in the summer of 1926. Together with an exceptional companion, Sister Camillus (now deceased), we left Chicago by way of the Milwaukee and St. Paul R.R. on June 26th for Tacoma, Washington. There we were to spend the greater part of the summer with the Dominican Sisters whose motherhouse is located a few miles outside of the city at Marymount. Our first stop after leaving Minneapolis, where we spent a day or two with our sisters, was at Spokane. Here we rested for a day or so at the academy conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

From Spokane we went by bus to Chewelah, a little western hamlet huddled among the mountains, almost directly north of Spokane. In the Benedictine convent there I met Grace Trites for the first time as Sister Theophane. I had not seen her since the day that she and Nellie and Margaret put me on the train to Dubuque from Independence, Iowa, just fifteen years before. Then we had our last week-end reunion until we meet again where time and partings will be no more.

Grace looked and seemed exactly her dear old self. Of course, I had mentally visualized her in the Benedictine habit, and she certainly was no less beautiful in it. I did not even miss her exceptionally beautiful hair. This was of remarkable length and of a rich brown color.

They had a delightful perpetual adoration chapel on the convent grounds and dear Sister Camillus spent hours there in prayer. We enjoyed almost a week with these Benedictine Sisters whose motherhouse is at Clyde, Missouri; and, of course, Grace and I had long reminiscent chats.

Again we were aboard the splendid Milwaukee train. I had enjoyed the mountain scenery all along the way but our Northwest, particularly the Sierra Nevada and Cascade regions, surpassed in natural beauty anything that I had yet seen.
During a most delightful summer with the Dominican Sisters of Tacoma, we made many beautiful and extensive auto trips. One of these took us to the Pacific Coast, where we spent a few days at Long Beach. There were five of us in the party, including two of the Tacoma Sisters and the nephew of one of them, who acted as our chauffeur.

The first night on the Pacific coast I shall never forget. We stayed at a small guest house which was conducted by an English woman. The sound of the waves of the gentle Pacific lulled me to sleep in spite of the musty odor of everything capable of holding moisture in Driftwood Inn. It was called Driftwood Inn because much of the house itself and everything wooden in it was made of driftwood. It was exceedingly quaint in every way. The hostess herself was, to say the least, individual, and I can remember being impish enough to suggest that she, too, might have drifted in. She was an excellent cook and served some delicious seafood dishes.

While we were there, this good woman wore a black hat that was draped with a long mourning veil. She was a widow. But the only way we could explain this item of her indoor attire was that she must have thought that it was consistent with the way her guests were dressed. And again, the hat itself, though not of wood, might well have been cast up on the waves.

While we were there, we expressed a desire to go clamming. Now, none of us had ever had such an experience; indeed, this was my first time to put foot on the sea sands. But we discussed this project of going for clams at our first meal. I remember of asking the hostess if she would cook them for us when we would bring them in. Her answer was precise and prompt, but not curt. "Get them first," she said. We all laughed and got some inkling of what ingenuity and skill is required to catch a clam. If this good woman afterward served us any kind of clam concoction, it was not owing to the
results of our efforts.

During our first evening meal, too, we asked our hostess about the facilities for hearing Mass the next morning. She was ready with the information and assured us that she would direct us in the morning. She also knew the hour. We found the little summer chapel—as it seemed—in the woods. It was certainly good to see, and what was our surprise, to find that it was attended by the Dominican Fathers from the California Province.

That night we were the guests of the Mercy Sisters who had a summer home a very short distance from the chapel. We regaled them with our experiences at Driftwood Inn, including the hat and clamming stories.

There were many, many incidents, during that summer of delightful recreation—most of all, our numerous auto trips to all of the places of interest in that exceedingly picturesque part of our country. I did not know then, of course, that I would have another such summer, just five years later, in 1931.

On this second trip to our great Northwest in the summer of 1931, Sister Marie Lillian, now deceased, was my companion, or rather I should say I was her guest as her father was the chief sponsor of the trip. We made our first stop at LaCrosse, Wisconsin, the home of Sister’s parents, both of whom were still living. During the several days that we remained there with this dear old couple, Sister took me to all the places of interest in LaCrosse. Then we went on to Minneapolis and made a stop-over with our sisters there, before taking the Great Northern route to Seattle. While in this most beautiful city, we felt very much at home with the Maryknoll Sisters, that is to say, the Dominican Sisters of the Foreign Missions. Of great interest was the Japanese mission church there, the name of which is "Star of the Sea." The architecture and art of this beautiful edifice made one wonder whether she might suddenly have been transported to
Japan.

The sisters took us to their summer camp for young children--most of whom seemed about four to six years. The majority of the children in this group were Japanese. There were a few Chinese, at least one Eskimo, and one youngster of American Indian ancestry. It was a veritable object lesson in anthropology; for it would be quite impossible to distinguish among these young children--all as cute as they could be--according to their respective nationalities. Nevertheless, in general, these four nationality types, all of the same race (Mongolian), when observed in adults do differ considerably. This fact only emphasizes the influence of different environmental and ethnical customs in the development of persons of similar heredity.

I forget now during which one of my summer visits to the Northwest that I witnessed a forest fire. Although it was fairly under control when we encountered it, it gave more than an imaginary picture of the awfulness of such a disaster. In all too many places, too, there are the tall, stark, charred trunks of once beautiful trees that took scores of years to reach their maturity. These give mute testimony to the havoc that one act of carelessness can initiate.

Washington State furnishes the privilege, too, of firsthand observations of reforestation projects. Indeed there are always many free-for-all botanical demonstrations. I revelled in them.

One or the other of these summers in Washington State included a trip to Portland. This involved a ferry over the Columbia River. Our chief objective was a visit to Marylhurst College at Marylhurst, Oregon, only a short distance from the city of Portland. This college is conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

Well worth a visit to Portland is the Shrine of Our Sorrowful Mother just outside the city. These seven grottoes high up in a natural elevation are gems of art and
architecture, as well as stations for fervent prayers and deep devotion to the Mother of God.

Before we left the beautiful state of Washington, we had a delightful sojourn with the Dominican Sisters whose motherhouse is at Everett. This included St. Dominic’s Day, August fourth. We were much at home there for all of the celebrations which characterize every Dominican convent on that day.

Sister Marie Lillian and I travelled by train from Seattle to the city of Vancouver in British Columbia. After a few days stay in Vancouver we left by boat for Victoria on Vancouver Island. Here we stayed a day or so and while there we visited the truly wonderful Japanese gardens. I remember saying then that the people in Victoria seemed more English than the English of England. That was a guess. Since then I have seen the English in England. My guess seems correct.

An incident on our boat trip was of curious interest. A young girl with whom I was drawn into conversation seemed surprised at seeing sisters travelling. She remarked, "I did not know that sisters ever travelled."

My answer was too spontaneous to be polite in this case; for without meaning to be rude, I said, "That is proof, my dear, that you have travelled very little yourself."

She was young then and perhaps has travelled enough since to have lost some of the other weird, false notions about sisters which seem to persist in our fair land.

My summers in our Northwest (1926 and 1931) each included a stop-over on the return trip of about two weeks with our sisters in Anaconda, Montana. This is a great center in the copper industry. Both times I visited the smelter. And, as always, the people of the parish and other friends of the sisters, took us on many beautiful mountain drives. These included visits to Butte and Helena. On the return of our second trip, we had had an overnight stop at Great Falls with the Ursuline Sisters there.
On one of these trips, too, we visited the State Penitentiary at Deer Lodge. I had previously been one of the party conducted through the State Penitentiary of Illinois by Father Weir, O.S.M., when he was chaplain there. These were experiences—not pleasant or inspiring—but very thought-provoking. One cannot help but feel that, only for the grace of God, any one of us might meet the same fate as did these poor human beings—so like ourselves in most ways. Nevertheless, I must say, too, the countenances of some of the inmates of Deer Lodge, particularly, made me feel that the safety of the rest of us was secure only while some of these unfortunates were under very close surveillance. Indeed I was grateful for a good sprinkling of apparently very alert, well-armed guards on all sides. I wondered, too, whether the poor convicts themselves resented our walking through, apparently so casually, to witness their wretchedness. These are some of the reactions to such an experience.

I taught summer school at Rosary College in the summer of 1928. At its close, I had the privilege of a two-week sojourn in Washington, D.C. I had spent about two weeks there in the winter of 1924. My second visit to Washington, D.C. was, as already said, in August, usually not a very propitious time for good weather. But, believe it or not, one of the two weeks afforded not only good weather, but truly delightful weather. The other week was less agreeable but by no means did it measure up to the reputation which is usually attributed to Washington’s climate—"swelteringly hot and humid." It was not so that time and I have yet to tell of another summer sojourn there, still later, which also gave the lie to this bad weather reputation.

Having seen most of the important buildings and other monuments of distinction on my first trip, on the second, we spent more time out-of-doors. On this second visit, too, I stayed at Sacred Heart Academy, another one of the Sinsinawa Dominican schools. Sister Borromeo, really my hostess on this
trip, took me to some of the places of botanical interest. One of these was Rock Creek Park. I observed some very interesting growths at that season there. One thing was a bear's head fungus of gigantic size. This I carried away and afterwards "pickled" it and brought it back to the botanical museum of Rosary College. I think it is still there among the "canned" fungi.

Besides my summer of 1929 which I spent in Minneapolis as a visitor at the University of Minnesota, I had a vacation trip to Minnesota in the summer of 1946 as companion to Sister Anastasia, O.P., where we spent a week as the guest of Sister's nephew, the Reverend Father Schladweiler, then at Morgan, Minnesota. On our return trip we made another visit at the home of her sister, who was then living at River Falls, Wisconsin. The climax of that trip was spent in Minneapolis with our sisters at Incarnation Convent there.

Incidentally, on the Minneapolis trips, I had the pleasure of visits to the College of Saint Theresa at Winona and Saint Catherine's in Saint Paul. Indeed always there were many side trips by auto or by boat wherever the latter were feasible. Everywhere friends of the resident sisters are always most generous in taking the sisters on recreational trips and, when one is a guest at a convent, there is almost certain to be something of the kind in her honor. This, of course, is because of the sisters in residence who always want to entertain and incidentally "show off" the attractions of their particular locale.

The summer of 1930 took me to Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Several sisters had been detailed to our convent there for rest and recreation. This was after I had taken up the cello as a hobby, and so I did not consider it too much trouble to carry this instrument with me, after I found out that, unlike Cheyenne, where I went four summers later, this convent had no cello.

While in Sioux Falls, we went on several all-day trips
which necessarily included outdoor picnics. I remember one of these most distinctly. We were told that the yawning chasm, really a small canyon, cut by the river (I think it was the Big Sioux) on the banks of which we enjoyed our picnic fare, was the spot where the notorious desperado, Jesse James, had leaped his horse in a flight from the law. Sister Mary Cyrille, one of the party, and I had previously been pupils of Sister Mary Leo. One of the selections she always required to be memorized by her special students was Longfellow's "The Leap of Rushan Beg." Naturally, as we looked across the gorge, we were reminded of the similarity between the reputed feat of this notorious American and that of the poet's Arabian robber.

Almost immediately we started reciting the poem in unison. We thought we were far out in the country where there would be few, if any, passersby. But just as we were at the climax in our dramatic duo, a carload of people rounded the curve. What they thought at what their eyes and ears so unexpectedly perceived is difficult to say, but they were certainly no more surprised than we were. Of course, they kept right on going. And so did we. It seemed the better thing for us to do.

After several weeks in Sioux Falls, two of the other summer residents who were returning to their convent at Sioux City, Iowa, invited me to accompany them and spend a couple of the remaining weeks there. We set out by car--cello and all. Soon after our arrival I began fully to sense firsthand what "closing a convent" was like, for this one had then to be "opened." It was plain that I, a stranger in every sense, would not be efficient help in the undoing and remaking the adjustments for getting everything again in running order.

I proffered my services as cook. They accepted me gladly before they had even a chance to try me out. That was encouraging but also a little fearful. Well, was I not a graduate in home economics? My greater equipment for this
office, however, I really believe, was my good mother’s longtime demonstrations of what good cooking really is. What we learn, too, when we are young usually sticks. I knew I could not do her full credit, but I was also determined not to disgrace the home that had been mine.

Home economics or no home economics I went at it. Then the sister who acted as procurator took me shopping. I had to make the selections. It was fun but even then (1930) by comparison with 1910, for example, the prices seemed impossibly high. She encouraged me, however, and so I went in for fruits and vegetables particularly. I let her select the meat.

Neither did I stop at just cooking: I baked bread, pies, cookies and whatnot. Yes, they were all good, and the praise I got was even better!

At length, other sisters came--some who belonged to that convent, and others whose parental homes were in Sioux City were there for their home visits. These latter, of course, were at our table only for breakfast. They probably fared better, on the whole, as visitors in their own homes, but I was determined not to let the other sisters down.

There were among the sister guests two other amateur musicians, Sister Rosetta, pianiste, and Sister Mary Philip, violiniste. With the cello, here was a trio. We tuned up and began to play. There were enough others for a quadrille. This was before the almost universal revival or, should I say readoption, of the square dance. It was plain that these good sisters all had had experience in this kind of relaxation--just as a matter of course, during their youth. It had been the usual feature of, say, a good Fourth of July celebration.

The question was--who would call the changes? Well, I could. But I was loath to give up my part in the trio. Could I do both simultaneously? I would try. These experienced square dancers knew what the next movement would be before I had time to call it, and the swing of the music as well as of
the dancers made me do what I had feared would be a failure.  

The convent was rather far from the street. We drew the  
shades carefully and probably closed the windows on the street  
side. Recreation was something after that in the evenings  
after the guests came from their respective parental homes to  
spend the night in the convent.

Summer school at Rosary in 1932 again found me with a  
large class of sisters in zoology. At the close of the  
session these sisters put on an entertainment for the rest of  
the students. It was one of the cleverest performances I have  
ever seen. They organized it almost overnight, and it did  
credit not only to their dramatic and musical abilities, but,  
to my greater delight, it demonstrated some of the zoological  
knowledge they had acquired during the course. Some of this  
was in satire and more in comedy. I felt amply repaid for  
whatever extra labor I had expended during those hot summer  
weeks. My appreciation was expressed to them in exemption  
from the final examination, and I felt fully justified in so  
doing. My vacation, which followed this session, was of about  
three weeks' duration. It was divided between two invitations  
of our sisters, as companion to one of them, who went on her  
home visit to Aurora, Illinois, and the rest of the time was  
enjoyed at one of our convents at Peoria, Illinois. Here  
there was plenty of time for outdoor picnics. These were  
sponsored by some of the good women of the parish.

The summer of 1933 was devoted to research at the  
University of Chicago. This consisted chiefly of the  
finishing touches on a paper that was subsequently published  
in the Botanical Gazette, the one which was to give me a kind  
of advance introduction to Prof. Uhrsprung of Fribourg  
University the following year.

In this same summer there was the coincidence of the  
convention of the AAAS and the exposition of a "Century of  
Progress." Sister Mary Henry, of affectionate memory, also  
doing research, was in residence that summer with me at the
Convent of Saint Thomas the Apostle, Chicago. We attended the "Century of Progress" together. Although I had visited it before, I enjoyed the teamwork that Sister Mary Henry and I did. Our special interests there were much the same, and we had no end of real enjoyment together.

Reference has already been made elsewhere in this book relative to the summer of 1934 in Cheyenne, Denver, and Omaha, and to the summer of 1935, in Europe.

A considerable part of the summer of 1936 was spent in collaboration with Dr. U. A. Hauber on the book, Biology, at Saint Clara. This was the second period of considerable length that I had spent at the motherhouse since the opening of Rosary College.

Something extraordinary during my experience with the cello happened that summer at Saint Clara. I had previously played with amateurs--probably not much better than myself; I had also had experience in orchestral programs in the students' string orchestra at Rosary College. But the summer of 1936 reached the peak of my enjoyment of musical feasts.

There was a celebration in honor of the Mother General--something like a feast-day celebration--when, as always, there was a suitable program. A considerable number of the music teachers of the congregation were at the motherhouse that summer for study, teaching, recreation, or whatever it was. And so, an orchestra was organized. I, the only amateur among professionals, was the only cellist! That was probably the proudest moment in my life.

The 25th anniversary of my reception to the religious habit came in 1937. It brought a glorious summer in French Canada. I was companion to Sister Luciola, who was a teacher of the French language and was interested in an opportunity for practicing it where it is spoken almost exclusively. I was glad of an opportunity, too, to apply what I had learned in French Switzerland and to increase my ability to use this beautiful language. Through the negotiation of the late Most
Rev. Felix Courtier, O.P., Bishop of Alexandria, Ontario, Canada, we were the guests of the Sisters of Holy Cross in Montreal. I taught a class in English to some of the novices and young sisters there, and Sister Luciola applied herself most assiduously to the study of French. Since she had already made a visit to the city of Quebec and to the Shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, one of the Sisters of the Holy Cross and I made this pilgrimage together.

After the close of the summer school, Sister Luciola and I had our last week in French Canada at Mont Lauier. Needless to say, there were many attractions for the botanist in this part of Canada. We returned to Chicago via Ottawa, where we stayed a day or two at one of the convents of the Sisters of Holy Cross there.

The summers of 1938 and 1939 found me working on the textbook, *Fundamentals of Plant Science*. This was at the request of F. S. Crofts and Company, who published the book in 1941. Towards the end of the summer of 1938, I had a trip by boat to South Haven, Michigan as companion to Sister Basilia on her home visit there. She is also a botanist, and so we enjoyed some botanizing in the Sand Dunes there. Indeed, I collected leaf specimens of the sassafras, and while we were there we made the smoke prints which I afterward used to illustrate my book.

Near the close of the summer of 1939, I had my second sojourn at Sister David's camp near Marinette, Wisconsin. It was after the campers had gone. Sister David had stayed on to oversee some improvements on the camp grounds. I was her companion. Sister kept one of the maids, so there was nothing to do that was of obligation. It was a marvelous break as compared with writing of a very exacting kind--just sitting on the beach of Green Bay looking at the waves.

Some six weeks of the summer of 1940 were very enjoyably passed in New York City. My journey there from Chicago was via Buffalo. This was because my companion, Sister Nazarius,
had not yet seen Niagara Falls. So we stayed over Sunday in
Buffalo with the Sisters of Mercy. From Buffalo we went to
Ithaca because of my appointment with Prof. Loren Petry of
Cornell University who was the official reader for the Croft's
Publishing Inc. I was delivering the manuscript together with
all of the illustrations to the publisher, and Prof. Petry had
not yet seen the illustrations. Incidentally, we saw
something of the beautiful campus of Cornell University and
had a visit with the Sisters of St. Joseph in Ithaca before we
departed--Sister Nazarius bound for Washington, D.C. and I for
New York City.

During the next few weeks I spent some time with the
publishers making final decisions relative to the printing of
my book. It was then that I should have been more alert in
requisitioning the proper reproduction of, if I do say it
myself, some excellent original illustrations. I can say it
because I only directed the artists--some good ones among the
Rosary College seniors. But bygones must be bygones.

During the weeks I spent in New York City I lived part of
the time within a block or so of Columbia University. This
was at Corpus Christi Convent where my good friend Sister
Vivian was the superior. This residence gave me opportunity
to use the university library and to visit classes at the
largest university in the world. The rest of the time I lived
at Our Lady of Mercy Convent, where my longtime good friend,
Sister Rose Catherine, was then prioress.

Since Our Lady of Mercy Convent is located in the Bronx,
again I had the opportunity to visit classes and to browse
around Fordham University. Both of these sister superiors
were untiring in their generosity and plans for my visits to
places of interest. We attended the Columbia Exposition which
gave me a chance to see certain demonstrations and exhibits,
the like of which I had never seen before and most probably
will never see again. These included figure skating and
bicycle performances.
The summer of 1940 afforded a delightful trip up the Hudson, a day on Long Island, and a picnic day at Maryknoll. It was a splendid time, too, for the trips to the botanical gardens.

Early in June of 1941 was the time of publication of Fundamentals of Plant Science. It seemed that I needed a change, and my long-postponed visit to California came then. I spent the summer session of five weeks at Los Angeles, where I taught one class in biology at Immaculate Heart College. My companion was Sister Therese, O.P. Between times we did a lot of going about. One weekend we spent at Anaheim at the home of my former student, Genevieve Rolling (Heinz). Her three daughters have all graduated from Rosary College. Mrs. Heinz took us on a delightful auto trip which included a visit to San Juan Capistrano.

While in Los Angeles we did much sightseeing including the Huntington Gardens and the Huntington Library and Art Gallery. Here we saw the much admired and famous picture of Gainsborough's, "Blue Boy." We even saw the shooting of a film, and both of us were sincerely thankful that we were not movie stars when we saw what they were put through.

One weekend we spent with the Dominican Sisters whose motherhouse is at San Jose, but our visit was to their academy called Flint Ridge. The nucleus of this academy was once a palatial home on the elevation surrounding the Rose Bowl.

Most of my students in the small class in biology that I taught were sisters--from various communities. According as they were in a position to do so, they provided for sightseeing tours on Saturdays. One of these included a visit to the renowned Wilson Astronomical Observatory, which is the center of the largest stargazing telescope in the world, and to some of the parks where some snapshots were taken.

After the summer school closed we went from Los Angeles to San Francisco, stopping for a day and a night at Santa Barbara. The mission church at Santa Barbara reminds one of
some of the European churches. We attended Sunday Mass there and had an opportunity the day before thoroughly to see the interior of this mission church.

I remember, too, I was awakened early on that Sunday morning in Santa Barbara and thoroughly enjoyed a concert. I was acquainted with the voices of a considerable number of birds, and at first I thought that all of these species were there, all taking a part in the singing—each in his own turn. Finally, I came to and realized that I was having a mocking bird’s serenade just outside my convent window. It was as beautiful as it was interesting.

A week at San Rafael College was more than rewarding. The Dominican Sisters there took us to all the places of major interest. Indeed, their own college campus is a botanist’s paradise. They seemed to have every kind of tree, native and exotic, that could live on their campus. It is indeed an arboretum.

Among the many trips the sisters sponsored for us included Muir Woods and a day at their summer recreational home on the ocean beach. Again I spent St. Dominic’s Day away from home but in another Dominican motherhouse. It was a very delightful celebration indeed.

On our return trip we stopped at Salt Lake City and visited the college of St. Mary of the Wasatch, conducted by the Sisters of Holy Cross from South Bend, Indiana. This college, just outside of Salt Lake City, is very beautifully located. During our delightful sojourn there, we made some very interesting botanical tours.

We travelled to Denver via the Grand Canyon. Denver, like New Orleans and a few other American cities, gives free street car and bus service to religious. We made the most of it and saw some of the places in Denver that did not even exist or we had neglected to see on our previous visits.

Marathon City, Wisconsin, is by no means a metropolis. It is, however, a lovely little village somewhat under the
shadow of Rib Mountain, reputed to be the highest peak in the state of Wisconsin. A small river, called Rib River, flows lazily just outside the town through a farm which for a time offered its facilities for an interracial summer school. A house of considerable size and altogether modern is not the most of it. There is a barn, a round one, of immense dimensions, well built and readily converted to other purposes. And so its ground floor was the school, and the upper floor was the men’s dormitory. In the summer of 1958 I was asked to sponsor some of the class discussions during the one week which the session lasted that year. My sister companion was Sister Leora, then principal of St. Mary’s School, Appleton, Wisconsin. And since I knew Appleton to be much cooler than River Forest, I spent several days there before time for us to go on to Marathon. From three summers’ experiences, I can say the weather in Marathon is delightful.

Betty Schneider, who was that summer director of the summer school, negotiated for hospitality for the sisters who participated in the school with Mrs. Fred Nuxoll. This good woman very generously and graciously practically opened her beautiful spacious home to us. That summer and more especially the following summer, Sister Leora and I could not have enjoyed her hospitality more than we did had our hostess been the real mother of both of us. Since then, the Nuxolls and we are devoted friends.

In the summer of 1949 there were several weeks devoted to the summer sessions, but again each week took on its own particular personnel and was followed by a week’s intermission. The first vacation week we spent in the Nuxoll cottage about seventy miles further north, in the North Woods proper. The cottage on Big Lake was spacious, fully modern and included a well-stocked deep freeze. Moreover Mrs. Nuxoll can make a T-bone steak excel the expectancy of the most experienced epicure, and that is only a sample of what she does do for her guests. We were just twelve miles from
Monocqua, the heart of the Land O’Lakes. To the lovely little church there, we drove each morning through the most delightful country of which even Wisconsin can boast. Much of the road seemed to be just a lined-off clearance through the woods, and we were told by our host and hostess that often the deer are right at the fence in the early morning. It was not our good fortune to see one, but it was not at all difficult to imagine a timid fawn making a hasty retreat at the sight of us.

The summer of 1949 was the last for interracial workshops in Marathon City. But Mrs. Nuxoll invited Sister Leora and me for a period of recreation in the summer of 1952. This time it was complete relaxation. With the church across the street, the days were free for prayer and recreation only. Again we went to the Nuxoll summer home on Big Lake in the North Woods. During this fortnight of recreation Mr. and Mrs. Nuxoll drove us to the extreme northern point of Wisconsin in order that we might see Mr. Nuxoll’s hunting lodge. While we were at the Nuxoll cottage, too, we tried our luck at fishing. I never got so much as a nibble. Perhaps we talked too much.

Friendship House at Harlem, New York City, had acquired a farm about ten miles from Newburgh, and they were establishing a summer session there under the direction of Muriel Zimmerman, who had presided over the workshop at Marathon, Wisconsin in the summer just previous. Miss Zimmerman invited me to go to New York in the summer of 1950 to participate in their program there. She arranged with the Dominican Sisters in Newburgh for hospitality, so I could commute each day to the school. The summer session extended over six weeks with each week of school alternating with a week of intermission. That gave me an opportunity to go into New York City and spend the first intermission week with our sisters at Our Lady of Mercy Convent. The second week of intermission I spent at Maryknoll, Ossining, New York. I was present at a number of their departure ceremonies--sisters in
groups leaving for missionary work in China, Japan, South America--almost any of all of the remote places on the globe.

While I was at Maryknoll, I made my annual spiritual retreat but had a few extra days to visit, to ask questions, and to learn something about the preparation for foreign mission work.

I went back to Newburgh for the second session of their summer program. The personnel so far as student attendance at the summer school was concerned was a complete turn over, just as it had been in Marathon, Wisconsin, in 1949. During the second session the priest directors of the workshop included Father Gerard J. Murphy, S.J., from Jersey City and Father Thomas F. Stack from Bloomfield, Connecticut. Both of them were experienced in interracial and human relations activities and therefore had much to contribute.

During the summer there was some building in operation in order to expand the living space. At the time the men participants--both priests and laymen--were being "housed" in the barn on the opposite side of the road. For this reason a very simple type of dormitory was being erected in order to improve this situation.

It happened that a young man, a Negro from New York City, was employed as the carpenter. He was not a Catholic but he was free to attend any of the meetings if he chose to do so. When he heard that I was going to present the dramatic reading "The Black Christ" by Countee Cullen, he came to the assembly.

Afterward he told me that he had been a pupil of the poet when the latter was teaching English in one of the New York public high schools. Naturally, he was much pleased with the presentation, if only because of his admiration and affectionate memories of his unusual high school teacher. As in the case of the Friendship House Summer Schools at Marathon, the personnel represented places both far and near; for example, one young man at that session was from California. He was a recent convert to the faith and had come
to New York as a volunteer worker. For all that I know he is still devoting his time and talents to this work of the lay apostolate.

The summer of 1951 brought me an assignment which was at the time surprising and intriguing. This was to our mission house in Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio. Some twelve years previous our sisters had taken on this new activity. Primarily, the work there is instructing catechumens, although through the years the sisters have functioned in the field of social work generally among the Negro-Americans of that part of the city.

I was assigned some of the adults for instruction, and my efforts were indeed rewarding, especially in the case of two of the converts who were baptized soon after I left. Their earnestness and zeal could not help but appeal to anyone who has ever done catechetical work.

I had an object lesson, too, in child psychology which I found most interesting. It happened that the sister who had the class of children preparing for First Holy Communion was unable to keep her appointment with them on a certain day, so they were given over to my tutelage. Among them—all children of seven years or a little older—there was a little four-year-old boy, the brother to one of the class. One had only to take a look at this child to realize that there was a good deal of good stuff in his cranium. He was a handsome little chap with big, roundish, brown eyes—rather far apart. He came with the rest only because his mother, perhaps, had no place else for him to be during this period of the morning. Nevertheless, he sat and listened as attentively as his older brother or any of the others.

My problem that morning was to give them some instructions as to the manner in which a person receives Holy Communion. I went through it, as I thought, quite carefully. First, I told them to raise the chin by tilting the head backward and, at the same time to open the mouth moderately
wide and to extend the tongue forward letting the tip of it rest on the lower lip. Then, after the priest places the Sacred Host on the tongue, it must be gently and reverently withdrawn into the mouth, closing the lips at the same time. After that, the Sacred Particle must be swallowed as soon as possible. But, if the Sacred Species should adhere to the roof of the mouth, as sometimes happens, I emphasized that they must gently remove It with the tongue--never to touch It with the fingers. Certainly, too, they must be careful not to use the teeth on It in any way.

I probably went through this repeatedly using the simplest language that I could command. And when I had finished, I called on one of the seven-year-olds to repeat the directions. This child did very well but evidently had forgotten one of the items. He hesitated.

In the meantime our little four-year-old boy had been sitting, leaning on his elbows, with his chubby little hands cupped under his chin, looking more like a lovely, little brown cherub, such as might come from the brush of a Fra Angelico, than anything else that I can think of. This small child had been following closely every word in the older boy’s recitation just as he had carefully taken in all of my directions. I do not remember that he had yet spoken a syllable, but at this pause, he came out in clear audible words: "And keep your teeth off of It."

While in Cincinnati, I had a number of interesting tours, including the cathedral at Covington and an all-day trip into Kentucky. One of the highlights of the day, of great historic and artistic interest, was our visit to St. Joseph’s Proto-Cathedral at Bardstown. Then we drove to the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemani. That was very interesting and seemed to bring alive the incidental descriptions which run through the pages of Thomas Merton’s books. We saw only two of the monks, one the porter and another who was entertaining special callers.
Incidentally, we drove to Saint Rose's, the Dominican House of Studies. There we met some of the younger members of the Dominicans and Father Thuente, of missionary fame. He had preached a retreat at Saint Clara when I was a novice. Needless to say, he was advanced in years but seemed to have a keen memory for many of our older sisters and events which concerned Saint Clara.

I was grateful for being a botanist that day, as well as many another. The crop plants, including tobacco and some of the roadside and wasteland weeds, such as the teasel, so abundant in Kentucky and southern Ohio all had special interest for me.

I returned from Cincinnati to Rosary College early in August in order to keep my appointment for a week as consultant in the interracial summer school conducted by the Chicago Friendship House at Childerley later in the month. And now a word about Childerley itself. Childerley, located north and east of Chicago near Wheeling, Illinois, is a unique Catholic adventure.

Originally, this beautiful estate was the summer home of Mrs. Frank R. Lillie, wife of the former Dean of the Division of Biological Sciences in the University of Chicago. It was fitted up by its owner, Mrs. Lillie, as a summer home for underprivileged children. The name Childerley is translated as children of the meadow. Childerley consists of about ten acres of meadow and orchard land and includes among its buildings a lovely chapel, St. Francis of the Orchard, a library, and two large houses which now serve as dormitories, one for men and one for women.

Now come two other important people into the picture: Johanna Doniat, alumna of the University of Chicago, and Jerome Kerwin, professor of political science at the university. Prof. Kerwin had previously organized the Newman Club, since known under the title of the Calvert Club at the university. Mr. Kerwin soon saw the need of a center for
informal and weekend conferences, essentially spiritual and intellectual. Mrs. Lillie, herself a convert, offered the club the use of Childerley as early as 1934, and in 1941 this generous woman made Childerley a formal gift to the Calvert Club.

Then things began to move fast. In the fall of 1941, His Excellency, Archbishop Stritch of Chicago appointed Rev. Joseph D. Connerton chaplain to the Catholic students at the university and the next year established De Sales House at 5735 University Avenue. Here Father Connerton took up the various duties of such a chaplain alone until 1947. Since then he had been assisted by Father Thomas McDonough.

Miss Johanna Doniat was asked to act as Managing Director of Childerley. Thus Childerley is maintained by the Calvert Club. Various groups, smaller or larger, come out for prayer, retreats, study, or work, but always under the spiritual direction or approval of Father Connerton, chaplain of the Calvert Club.

As a convert and priest-alumnus of the University of Chicago, Father Rollins Lambert, in Father Foley's recent book, God's Men of Color, gives some details of the club, somewhat in retrospect.

This club (Calvert) was the Catholic student organization on the campus--unofficial as far as the Archbishop of Chicago was concerned; it was entirely in the hands of the students themselves, with Mr. Kerwin as faculty adviser. Father George Dunne, S.J., was working on a doctoral degree in international relations at that time; he was a ready and willing helper on any problem which arose for the club or for its members and was regarded as the unofficial chaplain...My association with the Calvert Club also brought me in contact with Miss Johanna Doniat, a teacher of art at Senn High School. At Senn I did not study art, and so never came to know Johanna there; in college she took great interest in me, as an alumnus of her school, and did much to encourage me and instruct me on the way to the Church...Mr. Kerwin arranged that Father Sebastian Carlson, O.P., should instruct me at the Dominican House of Studies at River Forest. Father
Carlson was surprised, too, when he met me. He was expecting, I think, a University of Chicago "intellectual," full of philosophic difficulties. I had none...At this time, Archbishop Stritch acceded to an old desire of Mr. Kerwin and the other Catholics at the university, that a Catholic chaplain be provided for the intellectual and spiritual needs of Catholic students. The archbishop appointed Father Joseph D. Connerton, and it was to him that I went for the completion of my instructions. We finished in time for me to be baptized on Christmas Eve at the Church of St. Thomas the Apostle. While Father Connerton performed the ceremony, Father George Dunne read the prayers in English for the benefit of my Calvert Club friends who gathered around the font to welcome me into the Church.

At Childerley there are no restrictions as to race, creed, or color. And this is where I came in. I looked around the group of sisters at Rosary who had remained after the summer school for a suitable companion. Sister Marie Pauline was still there and was recommended to me. She had spent several years as a teacher in our elementary school for Negro children in Mobile, Alabama. Here was just the one to take to an interracial workshop, and so I asked her to be my companion. She was delighted, promptly received the permission, and off we went. She enjoyed it no end and, as I had hoped, contributed not a little from her fund of experience in the Deep South to the discussions.

The next summer, 1952, I went again to Childerley to give a single address at the Friendship House Interracial Summer School.

The summer of 1953 was briefly accounted for in Chapter VI, and our next chapter will begin with June, 1954.

Here ends Three Careers, Sister Mary Ellen's autobiography.
Conclusion

From Jan., 1954 when she entered St. Dominic Villa as a patient for the first time until she became acutely ill almost exactly seven years later, she served the community with whatever strength she could summon. At St. Clara and at the Villa, she made tape recordings of several books and did table reading in the refectory until, finally, weakness kept her bed-ridden.

Sister Mary Ellen died at the Villa August 12, 1961, in the 79th year of her age and after 48 years of religious profession. Her obituary states succinctly her intellectual achievements and illuminates memories of her strong personality:

Sister Mary Ellen was a talented and recognized scientist, a devoted teacher, and a devoted religious. Most of her religious life was spent at Rosary College, where as a young sister she had continued to teach during the academic year while carrying on graduate study at the University of Chicago. She achieved the extraordinary accomplishment of earning the doctorate without ever having interrupted her teaching program. Her biological research and publications, notably a college text written in collaboration with Monsignor Hauber of St. Ambrose College, and her writings and labors for Christian social justice merited her the distinction of election to the Catholic Commission on Intellectual Affairs.

Sister Mary Ellen would be a hard person to forget.
Possible Illustrations for THREE CAREERS

I. Photograph of the author taken a short time before her entrance into the religious life—in the white dress she afterwards wore at the reception to the religious habit. Picture quite modish for the period.

II. A good snapshot of author in novice’s habit on the day of reception.

III. Two good snaps of author as a young religious with her classes—one on a field trip to Apple River Canyon, on the road, getting help from some passersby in rehabilitating one of the very old-fashioned Ford cars in which the group was travelling.

IV. Author with two students on Rosary College campus. Picture was taken by and appeared in the Sunday Chicago Tribune some years ago.

V. Good snaps of the author in California, one beside an immense cactus in full view of Mission San Juan Capistrano; another taken in one of the parks in Los Angeles where a tame deer has made very close friends with the author. It is a nice picture.

VI. A group picture taken in Amsterdam, Holland, when author, the only sister in the picture, was in attendance at the International Congress of Botanists there in 1935. The group includes a good world-wide representation of the plant scientists.

VII. A number of other pictures, snapshots, taken in various parts of Europe; for example, outside of St. Mark’s in Venice, with another sister; in front of the Lion of Lucerne; in a group at Villa d’Este at Frankfort, Germany, on the spot where the first frankfurters were made.

VIII. Author with Stella Counselbaum (Jewish) and her secretary, a Negro woman.

IX. A very good photograph of Sister Julie, O.P. at the piano, Sr. Mary John with the violin, and the author with the cello.

X. Group picture published in The New World, of the author as president of Cowles Botanical Society, Chicago, including the other officers and the retiring president, Prof. Charles A. Shull of the University of Chicago, as of 1944.

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XI. A splendid photograph of Dr. Percy L. Julian and Mrs. Julian with the author and Sr. Ambrose, prioress of Rosary College, shortly before the author left R. C.

XII. A good photograph of a group from Thomas More Association on the occasion of a Communion breakfast at their anniversary (15th). Includes Jerome Kerwin, Father Cantwell, the author and others.

XIII. Author and Sr. Ambrose in group of Jewish women of Chicago who were sponsors of an interfaith group at International House, Chicago.

XIV. A very good photograph of Father Keefe of St. Norbert College, botanist and decorated army chaplain; together with Father Claridge, distinguished physicist; with the author; and her colleague, Sister Hilaire Ryan, at Rosary College. This picture could figure in Chapter VIII, not yet written.

XV. The author with Dr. Ethel Alpenfels and two or three high school students at the all-day conference of high schools sponsored by the NCCJ and a number of other organizations last fall at the University of Chicago. Chicago Daily News photo. Very good, glossy print.

XVI. A photograph of two young members of our congregation of Negroid ancestry with the author. This picture, like a number of the others, was taken with my projected book in mind. Therefore, I have good, glossy prints of nearly all these which I would want to use. Some of the snapshots are also clear and could be grouped to make a composite page.

XVII. An interracial class at Childerley, with the author. There are still more, some of which might be preferred to those I describe, but I am tired typing. It is a real labor for me. The illustrations are only one item about which I need direction.