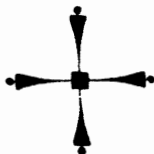


SOME OUTSTANDING COLORED
PEOPLE

INTERESTING FACTS IN THE LIVES
OF REPRESENTATIVE
NEGROES



Gathered from many sources by
REV. MICHAEL J. O'NEIL, S. S. J.



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AUGUST 1943

Dedication

On June 17, 1913, just 30 years ago, three young Josephites composing that year's ordination class, knelt before His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, in the Baltimore Cathedral and received the Holy Priesthood. Rev. John J. Gaffney, S. S. J., oldest of the triumvirate, has long since passed to his eternal reward. Rev. Michael J. O'Neil, S. S. J., next in order, recently celebrated his 30th anniversary at St. Francis Xavier's Church in Baltimore, where he is the pastor. Rev. Carl F. Schappart, S. S. J., the youngest of the group, marked the event in New Orleans, where he is in charge of St. Peter Claver's Church.

In the years of their priesthood these Fathers were accustomed to meet annually on June 17th and celebrate their anniversary with a Solemn High Mass, the local pastor being the celebrant. Being eventually separated by long distances, this praiseworthy practice was finally abandoned.

This book is affectionately dedicated to the class of 1913 and is brought out on the 30th anniversary to mark the passing years.

Introduction

The purpose of this book is twofold, viz., to encourage the colored people generally to adopt a higher plane of living and thinking by setting before them for imitation the lives and heroic accomplishments of a number of eminently successful members of their race and, at the same time, to let people of other nationalities behold for themselves the truth that all Negroes are not illiterate and depraved, as some may think, but that on the contrary, there are many saints and otherwise distinguished persons among them.

Too often the Negro race is judged by the lives of its weakest members, while little notice is taken of the thousands of noble souls around us robed in a dark akin. Because of purse-snatching, drunkenness, wife-beating, and like crimes occurring frequently in thickly-settled Negro neighborhoods, the conclusion often arrived at is that all Negroes are worthless and are to be shunned as well as despised. This attitude is, of course, both illogical and unfair, and it contributes in no way towards the betterment of conditions. The truth of the matter is that thousands of Negro homes throughout the nation are ideal in every respect while the parents, sons and daughters therein are exemplary Christians and the best of citizens.

The word "some" is used in the title lest it be thought that an attempt has been made to publish a complete list of celebrated Negroes in one volume, if such a thing were possible, and to dissipate any suspicion that a racial "Who's Who" has been contemplated, with the aim of distinguishing by its meticulous grading the various strata of Negro society.

The story of each character represent+ herein is depicted in simple language with no attempt at rhetorical phraseology so that all may read and understand as well as feel convinced that, after all, no race has a monopoly on the fine things in life to the exclusion of others. Some accounts have been compiled, arranged or edited by the author himself, while others have been

borrowed from books, magazines and papers with permission.

The yardstick used to determine greatness, and to nominate the outstanding Negroes to a mention in these pages, has been the one accepted by Christians down through the ages rather than that approved by worldlings. It shows in what manner and measure one has succeeded or is succeeding in the purpose for which he was placed on this earth, namely; to do the will of God, and thereby win eternal life. It measures spiritual understanding and advancement instead of material wealth and success. It places a prize upon things that are spiritual and eternal while passing over in silence values that are merely material and temporal.

This spiritual yardstick looks upon man's life not from the viewpoint of its short span on this earth but mainly in its relation to the Creator of man, and to the Creator's "design for living." The passing over as incidental and secondary man's relation to his immediate and short-lived economic, social, and political environment, only emphasizes that his most important concern and responsibility have reference to his duty towards God. God is everything and man owes everything he enjoys in life to Him, and without the aid of God man could do nothing that is praiseworthy.

Hence it is that this spiritual measurement regards favorably not the one who lives according to the standards of men but according to the will of the Creator. Race, political status and affiliation, economic, social, cultural systems and ideals, all are of secondary importance, having at best only a temporary influence upon the life of the individual.

The outstanding Negroes whose lives are recounted in these pages had the right idea of life; they knew the real purpose of their sojourn here on earth, and succeeded admirably in the fulfillment thereof.

—*The Author*

Why The Different Races?

The superficial difference between man and man has led some immature minds to advance the theory that God did not create just one "Adam and Eve" but a separate pair for every type or color, let us say, four original couples to account for the so-called white, red, yellow, and black races. Some such supposition as this predominates in the prejudiced minds of those who consider the Colored man an inferior type of human being, specifically designed by the Almighty to "hew the wood and carry the water" for the superior white man. If it "ain't" so, it "had ought to be" they say, and living up to these suppositions and dictums they cause all kinds of injustices and animosities in the communities where they abide.

Perhaps, the following scientific solutions of the question, from the gifted pen of Austin O'Malley, M. D., will correct erroneous opinions and induce those in the wrong to recognize a brother human, with a soul to save, even though the skin be brown or black,

"Anthropology and tradition show us the earliest man was white, and that he started to make human history in the Euphrates Basin. The colored and blond races are such by development. As the white man migrated southward he slowly acquired protective skin pigment and became brown ; farther south, in the tropics, he grew black to defend himself from the ultra-violet rays of the sun, and to radiate heat more rapidly.

"As he migrated northward he lost the protective pigment, which was worthless to him against the light, and a detriment because it radiated and lost bodily heat which he needed. Physicists that work with extra-spectral rays, Roentgen and Becquerel rays, rays from radium and similar emanations, must protect themselves by rubber, lead, glass and like means, or they will be severely burned, and the radiation will soon change their bodily cells as to let in salts which disintegrate them. Similar rays

exist in sunlight,, and Finsen found that we are protected from these by skin pigment. The more direct the sunlight the less the relative cloudiness in a region, the more darkly pigmented the people that live under it.

Pigment also has a relation to bodily heat. Arctic animals have white hair or fur for this reason, and tropical animals have dark furs. The tropical man is black, the northern man is white, except the Eskimo, who needs some pigment to protect him from the sun glare on the snow during the day of six months' duration."

The Colored Harvest

Africa--The Ancestral Home

Africa, with its eleven and a half million square miles of territory, would make three Europes in regard to size though its population is but something more than a third of Europe. There are four principal races among the Negroes, 500 languages and over 300 dialects. Not much mission work goes on in the North, and in the white man's South, most of the attention is required for the European.

Equatorial Africa, however, is perhaps the most promising missionary field in the Church today. Many thousands of natives are converted each year, the majority of whom are in the center of the continent.

The Church in Africa is believed to have Apostolic origin. A tradition gathered by Byzantine chronologists states that the Church of Africa was founded by St. Peter. An Arab historian states that it was the opinion of learned Christians that St. Matthew visited Ethiopia, St. Philip, Tripolitania and Tunisia, and St. Simon of Cana, Cyrenaica and Barbary. It is also believed that St. Mark, after a brief stay in Egypt, went to Cyrenaica and made many converts, after which he went to Alexandria where he suffered martyrdom on April 25th in the year 68 A. D.

It is certain that these shores where the Christian nations are now engaged in deadly combat were the field where the word of Christ from the earliest days caused deeds to be wrought which are among the most glorious pages of Christianity.

In the early centuries of our era, the Berbers of North Africa embraced Christianity in large numbers, forming numerous flourishing Christian communities. Strange but true, and generally unknown, is the fact that among the glorious ancestors of this race are Saints Cyprian and Augustine and Saints Felicitia and Monica ; also the thousands of martyrs who lie in the catacombs of Carthage, discovered a few decades ago in Tunisia, where 20,000 Christian tombs were found in 2,000 galleries.

Africa, the ancestral homeland of the American Negro, is often referred to as the "Dark Continent," perhaps for much the same reason as the Middle Ages have been designated the "Dark Ages." It has been dark mainly because the light of truth has not been allowed to illuminate men's minds concerning it.

There are many reasons why Africa and the Negroes were given little or no credit for outstanding accomplishments, and prominent among them stands the fact that rapacious white men who were interested in the African natives only as a potential labor-supply, were not at all anxious to call attention to anything that might be to the credit of their victims.

The Negroes in America are, for the most part, descendants of the west-coast Africans. Due to various conditions in which they dwelt, the ancestors of Afro-American differed probably as much as do the many nationalities of Europe. True there are savages in Africa as there are still wild Indians to be found in America, but that fact does not warrant the conclusion that Africa is a gigantic jungle or that the natives are uncivilized.

The opinion of the Western World is rapidly changing towards this land where David Livingstone traveled and Theodore Roosevelt hunted The Sphinx, which for centuries has guarded the secrets of the "Dark Continent" is beginning to speak. Africa is being re-discovered, especially so with the eyes of the world upon it as a theatre of the present, war among the nations.

The result of this change, it is to be hoped, will prove to be a complete reversal of the present-day evaluation of the Negro and his history and background, and that men everywhere will acknowledge without bias or hesitation the accomplishments and possibilities of our colored people.

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HAITI, cradle of Catholicism in the New World, and Liberia, African Gold Coast, where 80% of secondary schools are run by Catholic missionaries, are the only two independent republics governed by Negroes.

Alonzo Pietro

(1492)

CO-DISCOVERER OF AMERICA WITH COLUMBUS

If Alonzo Pietro, the Negro pilot of Columbus' ship, the Nina, could have looked from 1492 to this tragic year 1943 his eyes would have filled with wonder and perhaps with tears. His people, in this land which he helped to discover, are still trying to discover dignity, fellowship, and simple justice. They wish to feel that they belong here and that they have equal right to enjoy the fruits of this part of God's earth.

Alonzo, however, would have one consolation. A Catholic, himself, he would realize that his Church is, as she has ever been, actively on the side of the poor and the under-privileged. He would know that Catholics, worthy of the name, are anxious that the time be redeemed and the mistakes of the past be atoned. He would be heartened by the evident fact that Holy Mother Church wants her colored children equally with her white, and has always deeply grieved at Joseph being sold by his brethren, and consistently pointed out to mankind the errors of their ways.

-The Colored Harvest

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The Question Of Colored Saints

One result of the increasing devotion to Blessed Martin de Porres is that many are asking, "Are there any Negro Saints?" The answer is, "Yes, a good many; more perhaps, than you think."

The difficulty is not so much regarding the number of colored saints as it is to determine who among the saints were Negroes.

There are, for example, those who claim that at least one of the Magi was a Negro. Some there are, too, who argue that Simon of Cyrene who helped Jesus to carry His cross was of the Negro race. St. Paul. refers to one of his disciples as a "black man." St. Maurice or Mauritius of the Theban Legion is represented as a knight in full armor, sometimes as a "black man." The Kingdom of Abyssinia, or more correctly Ethiopia, became Christian in the fourth century, thanks to St. Frumentius, known as the Apostle of Ethiopia.

St. Moses, an Ethiopian saint, is said to have lived in the fourth century. And, of course, St. Benedict the Moor, is a very popular Negro saint.

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S t . B e n e d i c t T h e M o o r
FROM MONASTERY COOK TO SUPERIOR
IT HAPPENED IN THE LIFE OF THIS HOLY NEGRO
(1526-1589)

A saint is one whose life on earth was remarkable for an eminent degree of virtue and whom we now believe to be in Heaven, in the very Presence of God. Such a person was Benedict the Moor.

Born at San Filadelfo in Sicily, this devout, cheerful lad early won for himself the nickname "the Holy Moor," a name that clung to him all his life. Now, a Moor is a native of Morocco or of a neighboring North African state. In fact, Benedict's parer&, Christopher and Diana Mansseri, were from Africa. They had been brought to Sicily as slaves and sold to a rich landowner whose name, Mansseri, they bore according to the custom.

This Mansseri, recognizing the sterling character of Christopher, had made him foreman over the other servants and promised that his eldest eon, Benedict, would be free. Benedict took advantage of the opportunities offered him. His twenty-

first birthday found him an industrious and thrifty youth, living a vigorous life on a farm,

One day when Benedict was working in the fields with a yoke of oxen bought from his own savings, he was grossly insulted by envious neighbors. They taunted him with his color and parentage, Benedict spoke to them with the demeanor of a saint, unruffled and self-composed. As this was going on a young nobleman by the name of Lanzi passed by. Lanzi himself had retired from the world and was living the solitary life of a hermit in imitation of St. Francis of Assisi.

This young man was impressed with the gentleness of Benedict's replies to the insolent neighbors. Addressing the mockers he said:

“You make fun of this Negro now, but I tell you ere long you will hear great things of him.”

Then upon the invitation of Lanzi to join him in Religion, Benedict eagerly sold his possessions, and united himself with the solitaries. He shared their austerities and, indeed, in time surpassed them in the rigor of his penances.

The news of the holy lives of these solitaries soon made the rounds of the town of San Filadelfo. Curious visitors forced the hermits to shift their quarters again and again, until they settled peacefully in Montellegrino near Palermo. This mount was already hallowed for it had sheltered St. Rosalia. Here Lanzi the Superior died, and the community being without a head chose Benedict, much against his own will.

The little congregation received the approval of Pope Julius III, but Pius IV decreed that they should disperse or join some other Order. Benedict chose to join the Friars Minor of the Observance. He found a welcome into the Franciscan Monastery of St. Mary of Jesus, near Palermo, where he became a lay Brother.

Here he was first employed as a cook. Benedict welcomed this task, for it gave him many opportunities for little acts of kindness towards his brethren. His genial smile and unlimited

patience spread happiness everywhere. Such extraordinary virtue could not escape notice for long.

Goodness so permeated him that when he was in chapel his face was often seen to glow with a heavenly luster. The monks believed that Angels assisted Brother Benedict in his kitchen work. Moreover, food seemed to multiply under his hands.

The year 1578 was an important year for the Monastery at Palermo for the Friars Minor of the Observance held a Chapter there. At this Chapter, it was decided to convert the Monastery of St. Mary's into a model monastery, strict in its observance of the Rule, according to which all other monasteries could pattern their religious life.

This necessitated a wise and prudent Guardian. The choice of the Chapter fell upon Brother Benedict. He complained that he was not a priest and not sufficiently learned to be a Superior, yet he was obliged under obedience to accept the appointment of the Chapter.

The choice was abundantly justified. Benedict proved to be an ideal Guardian. His judgment was sound and his admonitions, tactfully and wisely given, were always taken to heart.

His charity for the poor was unlimited, but the monastery never suffered from his liberality. On the contrary, it seemed to be favored with a special providence of God.

By now, all Sicily had heard of the "Holy Moor" of Palermo. Thus, when Brother Benedict was sent to attend a Chapter at Girgenti, at the close of his triennial term of office, both clergy and people turned out to meet him. Men and women struggled to kiss his hands or to obtain fragments of his habit to keep as relics.

Relieved of the office of Guardian, he was given the office of Novice-Master. Here, too, he proved himself fully equal to the task. An infused sacred knowledge enabled him to expound upon Holy Scriptures and explain deep theological truths. He understood the troubles of all who came to him. He read the thoughts of men, His advice was priceless. All this, tempered

with simplicity and humility, made him a favorite with everybody.

An obscure life, however, was Benedict's constant desire. Therefore, he was permitted to cook again. But his sweet obscurity was often broken by visitors; sometimes it was the poor and crippled, sometimes a rich banker or a learned lawyer. Men of all conditions came to receive alms, to beg his advice and ask his prayers. He received them all with sympathetic interest.

St. Benedict the Moor died at the age of sixty-three, after a short illness. He was cheered on his deathbed by a vision of St Ursula. The town of Palermo chose him as its Patron. He was canonized in the year 1807, and is today invoked as the Protector of the Negroes of the United States.

Thus ends the life story of a Negro who, though born in slavery, reached the high achievement possible to mortal man : heroic sanctity.

--BY HAROLD R. PERRY, S. V. D.,
St. Augustine's Messenger
January, 1943.

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Blessed Martin de Porres

DOMINICAN LAY BROTHER

AN AMERICAN NEGRO (16794639)

Martin de Porres was born in Lima, Peru, December 9, 1579. His father was Don Juan de Porres, a Spanish knight; his mother was Anna Valazquez, a native of Panama.

The faded record of Martin's baptism is still extant but only a few details of his life have been handed to us of the present day. It is said that in spite of family handicap, and some unfavorable surroundings of his childhood, Martin proved himself to be an exceptional youngster, and especially generous to those about him poorer than himself.

When his mother sent him to purchase food for their table, he would often return empty-handed, having given his basket of provisions to those suffering from hunger and neglect. It is true that Martin's mother was often angry, and even punished him for his prodigality, but he soon forgot his mother's words when he became face to face with poverty and distress.

When Martin reached his eighth year, his father, who had deserted them, returned to Lima and eventually decided that he should do something for his son's education. He placed Martin at a school for two years at Guayaquil, following which he apprenticed him to a barber-surgeon in Lima. This pleased Martin very much for he could now be of assistance to the sick and Afflicted. The youth applied himself with marked zeal, and it was not long before he learned the art of medicine as it was known in that day. He was able now to give real help to the poor, and together with his prayers and oftentimes miraculous cures, he did big things for the cause of Christ.

At the age of fifteen Martin felt the call to a higher life. He applied to the Dominican House of the Holy Rosary and asked to be admitted as a Tertiary helper. In his humility, he sought the lowest place among the brethren, and it was not until several years later that he finally accepted the post of regular lay Brother. As is related in his life, the young de Porres became a model religious ; his industry was unflagging; his obedience and humility most edifying ; his spirit of penance remarkable, and his charity boundless. Martin, the Dominican friar, began at this stage of his career his marvelous apostolate among the sick and poor of Peru.

Martin de Porres was distinguished by his great love and sympathy for his fellow men. He yearned to relieve want and misery in every form among all classes. It is said that his superiors gave him a free hand to exercise his charities for they well understood that he was utterly unselfish in his labors. Each day he fed upwards of two hundred hungry people, while he collected and disbursed in the neighborhood of two thousand dollar's worth of the necessities of life weekly among the needy, the miserable

and the dying. The Orphanage of the Holy Cross for the poor waifs and homeless children of Peru was erected through his untiring efforts. Everywhere he went Martin brought comfort and consolation to those in need and distress. All Lima soon came to know him affectionately as "the Father of the poor."

Martin's zeal and burning love for his neighbor's welfare is a tremendous challenge to present-day selfishness. One is astounded when he reads of the amazing activities of this humble lay Brother. He led a life of mortification and prayer in a high degree, and yet single-handed he wrought wonders for the physical betterment and spiritual improvement of mankind.

When Blessed Martin died at the age of sixty, November 3, 1639, the grief of all in Lima and the surrounding country was sad to behold. Only the feeling of satisfaction that their friend and benefactor was now in Heaven, and only the numerous miracles worked at his tomb were able in some manner to assuage their sorrow.

Martin de Porres was solemnly declared a blessed servant of God by Pope Gregory XVI in 1837, and the recent spontaneous and enthusiastic devotion to this noble Negro here in the United States leads one to believe that he is a providential patron raised up by God in these times to teach a cruel and proud world the two outstanding characteristics of his life, charity and humility.

Martin still moves in our midst, healing and comforting? and in gratitude, his joyful clients are begging Almighty God to bestow on their loving benefactor the glorification of sainthood for the honor of God and the salvation of Christ's children.

-Condensed from "Novena To BLESSED MARTIN"
by the Blessed Martin Guild

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In the Belgian Congo 1,300 native pupils are attending the junior and 326 the senior seminaries in the campaign for a national clergy, say Belgian authorities in London. Catholic organizations are teaching 750,000 at elementary schools and 5,000 at technical colleges in the Congo. About 3,000 natives are being trained as teachers

The Belgian Congo has 2,700,000 Catholics, with 900,000 catechumens and 143 native priests.

Archbishop Victoria-A Negro

FIRST NATIVE ARCHBISHOP IN THE AMERICAS

(1695-1777)

It was in Seville that I met Dr. Juan Antonio Susto, director of the National Archives of Panama and a historian of great merit. I sat down with him at the ancient oak table of one of the most remarkable historical buildings in the world and pondered over the Archives of the Indies, now available to scholars for research.

The dusty papers of many centuries, long hidden in the safe repository of government archives in Panama and Peru revealed to us much forgotten information as to the deeds of one of America's greatest archbishops-the Negro, Francisco Xavier de Luna Victoria y Castro.

The facts presented by Dr. Susto, derived from the Archives, are often verified by the signatures of attesting witnesses. The papers are still fresh in my memory and the notes I made in Seville confirm what is written by the learned Panama historian.



Victoria was born in 1695 at Panama. His reputed father was Capt. Manuel de Lima y Victoria and his mother, Rosa Gordillo Lima y Castro, both residents of the city of Nata de los Cabaleros. All we know of his early life is that his mother was a Negro woman who sold charcoal for a livelihood in the city of his birth, but who, notwithstanding her circumstances, was determined to give her son the best education that the Jesuits could confer on a youth of Panama. It has been well said that "it was at the feet of the Jesuits that, the youth of the higher and middle classes were brought! up from childhood to manhood."

Let us pick up the record of his life again at the time when the episcopal See of Panama became vacant through the promotion of Bishop Juan de Castaneda to the See of Cuzco in Peru.

Other divines, to whom it was offered, not having accepted the post, the mitre falls on Victoria, native of the country, a man of color, who has ascended in the hierarchical scale of the Church through his reputation for virtue.

The announcement of his designation caused great excitement among the Spaniards, one of the Canons exclaiming incredulously, "Luna y Victoria Bishop of Panama? Then Mister Serrano will take to the woods." Notwithstanding all the excitement, Victoria took possession of his charge on August 15, 1751. "Taking to the woods," became an actual fact. Finally, a tribunal of prelates was summoned to hear complaints formulated against the dissenters. After due investigation, they filed a report, regretting that such an un-Christian spirit had been shown a candidate who enjoyed the respect of all and who was loved by the masses of the colony. The obedient, son of a poor black woman was thus secured in the bishopric of his own home.

While at Seville, I was aided greatly by the Consul of the Dominican Republic, Maximo Coiscou, who was in Spain doing historical research for his government, and by Dr. Susto. Together, they assisted me in unraveling the secrets of the Legajo or protocols dealing with the ecclesiastical regime of Panama. In one of the bundles of documents examined, there were, to my great joy, some of the very papers belonging to Victoria himself. There were, among others, the minutes taken to ascertain whether those who had opposed the newly-elected Bishop were justified in their stand, and these papers, duly attested, bore mute evidence of his complete worthiness. Several letters in the legible and flowing hand of the Bishop dealt with Church matters. And finally, there was the diploma or Bull, on heavy parchment, designating and certifying Francisco Xavier Luna y Victoria Bishop of Panama, engrossed in Latin with the signature and large leaded seal of His Holiness, the Pope.

In addition, there were many holographs concerning the amenities of his pastoral charge. In one of the bundles, there was a report to the Bishop by the priests and other religious, giving an account of their stewardship while at Panama. The then reign-

ing king of Spain, upon hearing of the objections raised to Victoria's advancement, had written a letter in which he gave assurance of making representations in his behalf to the Pope. This latter item was as fresh in appearance as the day it was written and had, perhaps, never been catalogued before.

* * * *

The young Francisco seems to have chosen the priestly vocation very early in life. He received degrees with honors at the Seminary College, having eventually attained the Doctorate. He was appointed Collector for the See of Panama and later Superintendent of the Cathedral factory. To his deep interest in its affairs and to his zealous vigilance was due many of the improvements in the establishment. His probity in this latter capacity is very highly spoken of in a certificate found among the papers :

"In the City of Panama, on the 10th day of April of the year one thousand seven hundred and forty-t&c?, the illustrious doctor, Juan de Castaneda Velasquez y Salazar, Bishop of this Kingdom of Terra-Firme, Provisor of Veragua and Darien of His Majesty's Council, having examined the accounts presented by the licentiate, Francisco Xavier de Luna Victoria, clerical presbyter Collector General and Major-domo of the factory of the Church Cathedral, wherein he opposed the entry of the sum of 29,298 dollars and 4½ dimes, whereas there came into his possession only 17,566 dollars and one dime."

He was honesty itself!

The Audiencia of Panama ascertained that the natives under its ecclesiastical jurisdiction lacked the necessary instruction for priestly duties. Those who were capable of acquiring an education would have had to journey to the University of Lima, to Santa Fe, or to Quito, at a prohibitive expense. The lack of local instructors to teach the native clergy was an added difficulty. The situation impelled Victoria, therefore, to come before the Audiencia of Panama and State that he was ready to establish, from his

own resources, three chairs--Philosophy, Moral Theology and Letters-in the College of the Society of Jesus', where students could obtain the degrees of Bachelor, Master and Doctor according to the privileges granted the College in a Bull issued by Pope Pius IV on August 29, 1561. This charter granted to the Jesuits the right, wherever the Rector of the College would teach philosophy and theology, to confer the Baccalaureate, Licentiate (Magistrate) and Doctorate. This privilege was confirmed with certain amplifications by Pope Gregory XIII.

The Royal Council of the Indies, early in 1749, and a Royal decree later in the, same year, conferred the permission of the secular power to grant these degrees.

Although Juan de Castaneda, Bishop of Panama since 1743, had resigned to take over his other duties in 1749, the See was vacant until 1751. During these two years, as has already been mentioned, three churchmen had been named to the See and refused it. In the interregnum, Victoria was acting as Treasurer of the Cathedral in Cartagena. Here, he was surprised one day, by the receipt of an order, dated June 30, 1751, informing him of his nomination to the See of Panama by His Majesty and of its confirmation by His Holiness.

When Victoria took possession of his See in August, he looked forward to finishing the building of the Cathedral, but this was prevented by his promotion to the See of Truxillo in Peru in 1758. When, in July of the next year, he took up his new duties, he entered with much zeal into a rebuilding campaign, restoring the Churches of Santa Rosa, Santa Anna and San Lorenzo. After a life full of devotion to the Church and humanity, he closed his eyes in death at the age of 82 on March 11, 1777. A warrant certifying that he had been further honored by being elevated to the office of Archbishop of Chuquisaca had already come into his hands!, His body was taken from the Church of the Society of Jesus to the Cathedral crypt with the full ceremony of the Church. Later, the body was interred in the National Pantheon, which was first dedicated with great religious and military pomp in 1831. The Archbishop's heart reposes in

the vice-parish of San Lorenzo, which he adorned, beautified and completed in his lifetime. In 1869, the body was again removed, this time to the Iglesia Cathedral where it now lies.

The lifework of Victoria was constructive in the extreme. Especially significant it is, that he, who enjoyed the distinction of being the first American-born Bishop, and who was later elevated to the American Archiepiscopate, who, finally, had the great honor of being the founder of a noted University, was a Negro.

It was a happy day for me when I held in my hands the indisputable evidence of these attainments of a man of African descent, the founder by Royal warrant of the University of Saint Francis Xavier at Panama, one of the few which flourished in those early days of colonization. Here was a devout man, who against, and in spite of, all opposition, rose, through piety and steadfast faith, to one of the highest positions in the ecclesiastical hierarchy of the Catholic Church.

-By ARTHUR A. SCHOMBURG

Interracial Review

August, 1937

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B e n j a m i n B a n n e k e r

APOSTLE OF PEACE

(1731-1806)

During the week of April 12, the United States commemorated the 200th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birth. The outstanding event was the dedication of the new Jefferson Memorial at the Tidal Basin in Washington, D. C. The daily press and popular magazines gave extra space to the life and character of this great statesman and to the individuals of his time who had enjoyed intimate contact with him. But apart from the Negro press, no mention was made of one particular person whose scientific accomplishments and learning had been the basis of a

close friendship with Jefferson. This man was Benjamin Banneker, a Negro.

This colored man was the son of a free mother and a slave father. His grandmother was an English woman, one Mollie Welsh, who had been sent to this country as an indentured servant. At the expiration of her term of service, she was able to buy a portion of the farm on which she had worked. In 1892 she purchased two African slaves from a ship in Chesapeake Bay near Annapolis. One of these slaves named Banaky, subsequently Anglicized as Banneker, was the son of an African king and had been stolen by slave dealers on the coast of Africa. Banneker gained such favor in the eyes of his owner that she married him directly after releasing him from bondage. Four children were born of this marriage and one of them, Mary, married a native African. From this union was born a son whom they named Benjamin.

The boy very early showed signs of precocity and his maternal grandmother took a keen interest in his intellectual development. "He was unusually fond of study devoting by far the larger part of his time to reading, so that it was said of him, 'all his delight was to delve into his books.'" His aptitude for mathematics quickly manifested itself. Scholars came long distances to challenge him with abstruse problems which he usually solved promptly and correctly. Frequently, in answering questions put to him, he would accompany the answers with questions of his own in rhyme. Here was one mathematician who did not disdain the felicities of rhyme and meter.

Banneker's predilection for mathematics led him to plan and complete at the age of thirty a clock that stands as "one of the wonders of his day." This clock is reputed to be the first ever made in America. Since he had never seen a clock at the time, this work was purely his own invention. He made it entirely of wood, with no other tool than a pocket, knife. It kept time perfectly for twenty years.

From mathematics he ventured higher into the realms of astronomy and advanced so far with his studies that he under-

took the compilation of an Almanac. This work attracted to him a number of prominent men, among whom was Mr. James McHenry, of Baltimore, a member of John Adams cabinet. The publication of this Almanac by a colored man prompted McHenry to declare: "This Negro is a fresh proof that the powers of the mind are disconnected with the color of the skin." A copy of the Almanac was sent to Thomas Jefferson, who thought so highly of it that he formally transmitted it to the Academy of Science at Paris. In a letter to Banneker he said that he considered the Almanac as "a document to which your whole race has a right for its justification against doubts which have been entertained of them."

Perhaps the most interesting item among Banneker's varied contributions to the intellectual and cultural development of America was his plan for international peace which he drafted in 1793. A study of this peace plan shows that the mathematician Banneker never lost his sense of the poetic. Poets have been charged with excessive idealism by the practical minds of the last few centuries. But it is these realists who today are unwilling witnesses to the destruction of their mechanized world. The resources and forces of nature which should have been harnessed to the higher powers of man's God-like idealism have consumed with their unbridled energy much that the practical minded world of commerce, finance and industry had worshipped with pragmatic self assurance.

Banneker's idealism is that of a Christian who understands that peace is just what St. Augustine defined it to be over fifteen hundred years ago: the tranquillity of order. Lasting peace cannot be assured from mere treaties and agreements because such treaties are often made with reluctance and of necessity by the vanquished nation. They are free agreements but vitiated by a deep-rooted resentment that is nourished in the smouldering fires of vengeance. Sooner or later the flames will leap to life again. If there is to be genuine tranquillity among men and nations there must be order, an order based on the source of all order and harmony, Almighty God.

This is not a novel idea. It is as old as man's knowledge of God and its perfect fulfilment. was made possible through the teachings of Jesus Christ. But it is interesting to note how Banneker attempted to apply these Christian principles to the regulation of our political and economic activities.

Banneker pointed out that while the Federal Constitution adopted in 1787 made provisions for war, it suffered from the glaring defect of not doing at least as much to promote and preserve perpetual peace. He recommended, therefore, the establishment of the office of Secretary of Peace in the President's cabinet. This ingenuous proposal was supplemented with some of the following suggestions :

“Let a Secretary of Peace be appointed to preside in this office who shall be perfectly free from all the present absurd and vulgar European prejudices upon the subject of government: let him be a sincere Christian, for the principles of republicanism and Christianity are no less friendly to universal equality and equal liberty. (Here, republicanism obviously refers to democracy, not the G. O. P.)

“Let a power be given to this secretary to establish and maintain free schools . . . and let him be made responsible for the talents, principles and morals of his school masters. Let the youth of our country be carefully instructed in the doctrines of religion . . . It belongs to the Christian religion to teach us not only to cultivate peace with all men, but to forgive, nay more, to love our enemies.”

In a further paragraph he says: “Let the following sentence be inscribed in letters of gold over the door of every home in the United States :

“The Son of Man came into this world not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.””

According to Banneker's plan, a free copy of the Bible would be furnished at public expense to every family in the United States. His recommendation for total disarmament would hardly be very popular today. Not only would he abolish a standing army, but would have laws made forbidding military shows and

parades of every description, inasmuch as such martial demonstrations invest the horrors of war with a false glory.

He concluded his peace plan with the suggestion that "a large room adjoining the federal hall be appointed for transmitting the business and preserving all the records of this office. Over the door of this room let there be a sign on which the figures of a lamb, a dove and an olive branch should be painted, together with the following inscription in letters of gold:

'Peace on earth—Good will to men.' "

The personality of this Negro mathematician and idealist is as interesting as his unique contributions to the world of science and politics in his day. One of his closest friends, George Ellicott, a Maryland mathematician and scientist, says of Banneker: "He lived respectably and much esteemed by all who became acquainted with him." He never married and lived alone, cooked his own meals, washed his own clothes: but those who knew him asserted that there was nothing of the misogynist or misanthrope about him. He was a brave-looking, pleasant man, with something noble in his appearance. He spent most of his time in his little study, engrossed in mathematical calculations or corresponding with other mathematicians throughout the country. One cannot help imagining how Banneker would have appreciated the cloistered seclusion of a monastery. In such an atmosphere of Catholicism and Mysticism he might have been another Roger Bacon, even a Thomas Aquinas.

Like many mathematicians he was a lover of music. He could turn from the study of the planets and the contemplation of their celestial harmonies to the softer notes in the song of life. As a relaxation, he would sit beneath a huge chestnut tree near his home and beguile the hours playing on his flute or violin.

It was under this tree that he finally heard the summons of his Divine Master, one beautiful Sunday afternoon, in the month of October, 1806. His death was as peaceful as his seventy odd years of life had been simple and tranquil. He who had studied unceasingly, through earthly signs and symbols, the limitless order and design of God's mysterious universe, had found

at last the eternal answer face to face with Divine Truth.

It is regrettable that color-conscious America has not done more to honor the memory of this great man.

—By REV. PAUL J. LANICAN, S. S. J.

The Colored Harvest

June-July, 1943



Thorny Lafon

SELF-MADE MAN-CONTRIBUTED GENEROUSLY
TO CAUSE OF EDUCATION AND CIVIC WELFARE

When we mention those persons who gave freely to the cause of education and civic welfare, the name Thomy Lafon takes front rank. This Orleanian, born of a French father and Haitian mother, may be termed a self-made man. As a young man he worked at various jobs, and finally received employment in a loan shop. He thereby became interested in finance, and after his work day ended he conducted a similar business at his home. After some years he had amassed considerable wealth. Then, devoting full time to his own money-lending business, he became one of the wealthiest men of this city. In times of need he lent funds to the city of New Orleans to carry on its work.

His funds were available not only for Negro institutions but for white institutions as well. Today we read on the plaques of honor the name Thomy Lafon. His gift made possible the St. John Berchman Asylum, the Lafon Boys' Home, the Holy Family Convent, and aided greatly in the work of the Charity Hospital and the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat, Hospital in New Orleans.

D. J. JACKSON

The Negro History Bulletin

May, 1941

Catholicism Of Toussaint L'Ouverture

(The reader will recall that the renowned Negro, Dominique Toussaint L'Ouverture (1743-1803) rose from slavery to become the leader of a successful insurrection on the Island of San Domingo, emancipator of his people, founder of a constitutional government, and the first president of the Republic of Haiti. —Ed. Note)

We do not think of the Negro as a Catholic people—even though the majority of Negro Christians are Catholics, even though the greatest Negro leader of all time was a Catholic. This is probably because we have heard about the Negro mainly from non-Catholics.

Ever since Wendell Phillips left Harvard to become the leading orator of the abolitionists, we have heard about Dominique Francois Toussaint, the Haitian liberator. We have heard of him from Phillips himself and from the two Protestant ministers who were Toussaint's American biographers Beard and Mossell. And we have heard of him from Wordsworth, who celebrated him in a sonnet. None of them conspired to keep us in ignorance of Toussaint's Catholicism. On the contrary, his Catholicism is one of their moot perplexing problems. "This man was a Catholic," they say, "and yet—" Yet he was a liberator? the leader of the only successful slave rebellion the world has ever known.

Phillips is aghast at Toussaint's Catholicism : "This man was a Negro. You say that is a superstitious blood. He was uneducated. You say that makes a man narrow-minded. He was a Catholic. Many say that is but another name for intolerance. And yet—Negro, Catholic, slave—he took his place by the side of Roger Williams, and said to his Committee ; 'Make it the first line of my Constitution that I know no difference between religious beliefs.'" Dr. Mossell is no whit less horrified: "Toussaint

L'Ouverture was a Roman Catholic (shocking thought) and we shall see, perhaps, more that is surprising in his religious character than what is marvelous in his military genius."

The tradition which has been built up would make it appear that there was something indecorous indelicate, about Toussaint's being a Catholic: surely such a man as this should have been free from the spiritual shackles and the intellectual restraints of Rome! The tradition would have us believe that Toussaint's Catholicism was a pure accident of birth, which we must not hold against him, and which, if someone had but brought it to his attention (in all its ludicrous inconsistency), he would have been the first to disavow. Like so many other traditions, it has one disconcerting flaw; it is directly opposed to the facts.

What are the facts? Briefly, they are first, that Toussaint the son of an African newly converted from paganism, was educated in his Faith by a man of high purity and (for the time and place) high learning--one Pierre Baptiste, to whom the Catholic missionaries had brought, at once, the materials both of piety and of scholarship; secondly, that he was directly inspired to take up his life's work through his reading of Catholic literature, literature which denounced slavery on philosophical and theological grounds and specifically called for a liberator who would abolish it; thirdly, that the whole conduct of his life, his military campaigns, his reading and writing, his constant and frequent attendance at Mass and devotions, his high moral character (very unusual among both the whites and the blacks in Santo Domingo during the slave days,) his married life--all were in perfect keeping with a full consciousness of his own Catholicism and would be perfectly unexplainable in anyone but a Catholic; and, finally, that he died a Catholic death, forgiving his many enemies and charging his son to "forget that France murdered your father."

These are the facts. That they are not better known is explained partially by what Wendell Phillips tells us and partially by what he leaves unsaid: "All the materials for his biography are from the lips of his enemies" is the classic phrase which

American school boys have been committing to memory since that, famous occasion in 1861 when Phillips first uttered it, He might have added : "All his biographies are from the pens of those who cannot, understand the main motive-force of his life." Only a Catholic could paint a really sympathetic portrait of this man whom Wordsworth immortalizes as "the most unhappy man of men." That no American Catholic has yet taken up the work is a minor disgrace to American Catholic letters. Until a Catholic pen equal to the task of delineating this great figure finally sets to work, we shall have to be content, with the poet, who, if he does not give us an appreciation of Toussaint, the Catholic, at least memorializes his Catholic achievements, In 1802, just after Toussaint, in a French jail, had begun the last. year of his life, Wordsworth wrote the following lines :

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men !
Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ; -
O miserable Chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience! Yet die not ; do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow ;
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou has left behind
Powers that will work for thee ; air, earth and skies ;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies ;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

"Great allies" indeed, and none greater than the long line of Catholic thinkers and men of action who prepared the assault on slavery which it was Toussaint's privilege to make effective. Two men were responsible for the happy circumstance which brought this influence into his life. One was the humble Pierre Baptiste, who taught him to read and gave him a love for books. The other was almost equally unknown, a French Abbe by the name of Raynal, whose book (*Histoire Philosophique et Poli-*

tique des Etablissements et du Commerce des Europeens dans les Deux Indes) he chanced one day to read. There is a long passage in the book which refutes all the conceivable justifications of slavery both from a Scriptural basis and from reason, a passage which finally ends in a prophecy. For the abolition of slavery, Raynal said, "a courageous chief only is wanted. Where is he that great man whom Nature owes to her vexed, oppressed and tormented children? Where is he? He will appear, doubt it not; he will come forth, and raise the sacred standard of liberty. This venerable signal will gather around him the companions of his misfortune. More impetuous than the torrents, they will everywhere leave the indelible traces of their just resentment. Everywhere people will bless the name of the hero, who shall have re-established the rights of the human race; everywhere will they raise trophies to his honor."

We need not imagine the effect of this book on Toussaint; we can read its effects in the history of Santo Domingo. An enumeration of a few of the incidents of his life will make abundantly evident to us, what to Toussaint must have been a matter of course—the practical Catholicism which inspired his every action.

In 1791, when he was 48 years of age, he was catapulted into a military career by an insurrection. His first act was to protect the flight of his master and mistress whom he always regarded with deep affection. Coming into power, he declared a general amnesty, protected the whites and selected a Council, only one member of which was a Negro. No Garveyism here. None of your Communist "Black Republic" schemes. He was a true partisan of interracial action.

The day following his entrance into Port au Prince after the evacuation of the English, he ordered a Te Deum sung in the church. The entire population joined in the religious celebration of victory.

Although the Negroes in Santo Domingo rarely bothered for were not encouraged) to contract formal marriages, preferring, because of the expense, to enter into alliances merely by

agreement, Toussaint, while still a slave, insisted upon making one Suzanne Simon his wife with the full ceremony of the Church. Later he wrote: "Sundays and holidays, we went to Mass -Suzanne and I; after an agreeable repast we passed the day at home and we terminated it by prayer in which we both took part." He had two sons, whom he named Isaac and Placide.

Seven Frenchmen who once attempted to assassinate him were arrested, Phillips tells us. "They expected to be shot. The next day was some saint's day. He ordered them to be placed before the high altar, and when the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, Toussaint came down from his high seat, repeated it with him and permitted them to go unpunished." Another tale Phillips ran across, he relays as follows: "When people came to him in great numbers for office, as it is reported they do sometimes even in Washington, he learned the words of a Catholic prayer in Latin, and repeating it, would say, 'Do you understand that?' 'No Sir,' 'What? want an office, and not know Latin? Go home and learn it.' "

He was given L'Ouverture as a surname. One account of its origin is that someone, referring to his ability to open gaps in an enemy's line, said of him, "Cet homme fait l'ouverture partout." (This man makes openings everywhere.) Whatever its origin, it has come to sum up his achievements and his greatness.

Toussaint, without his Catholicism, would still have been Toussaint, but he would never have become L'Ouverture.

--By FRANCIS S. MOSELEY

Interracial Review October 1937

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Like God's great mercy, Christian love is boundless: it extends to all our fellowmen; it does not ask their nationality, race or social position. Inspired by this magnanimous concept, the Constitution of our beloved country protects the personal dignity and the equality before the law of every citizen. Hence racial antagonism or lack of mutual respect of man for man offends both the precepts of the Almighty and the traditions of our beloved nation. Petty bigotry, of whatever kind, contradicts the teachings of Christ and the guarantees of the Constitution.

Cardinal O'Connell

Pierre Toussaint

A PIONEER OF CATHOLIC NEW YORK

(1766-1868)

Old St. Peter's, Barclay Street, New York's Mother Church, commemorated its 175th anniversary of the laying of its cornerstone in 1935. This was the first permanent church for Catholic New York, which then included the whole State. A feature of the celebration was the publication, under the auspices of the United States Historical Society, of a history of the parish, which was compiled by Leo R. Ryan, a record which is coincident with the progress of the Church in this now one of the greatest Catholic foundations in the whole world. Few stop to recall that it was in St. Peter's parish that the organization of the government of the Republic was put into practical operation. Almost within sight of old St. Peter's, George Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States; the first Congress held its sessions; the Supreme Court and the other administrative, judicial and executive branches of the Government began to function. The Catholic members of Congress and other officials, and the diplomatic representatives of France, Spain, and Portugal were among the congregation of St. Peter's while New York remained the Capital of the Republic.

In his researches for material for the history of St. Peter's, Mr. Ryan has come across a very mine of interesting details in the collection of letters, papers and documents preserved in the New York Public Library, belonging to Pierre Toussaint, the most conspicuously outstanding Negro Catholic in the history of New York. He was a most active and honored member of St. Peter's parish from 1787 until his death, 'at the age of eighty-seven, on June 30, 1853. He attended Mass daily and during all those sixty-six years led a life that would now be considered a model for ideal Catholic lay action and practical, fruitful social

welfare work. His executors, after his death, found a trunk full of his letters and papers and these were presented to the New York Public Library by Miss Georgine Schuyler of the historic New York family whose members had been Toussaint's devoted friends during his long life, Mr. Ryan has made an instructive article of selections from this collection for Volume XXV of the United States Catholic Historical Society's Records and Studies, in which he says :

“This collection contains much interesting material dealing with the events and characters connected with the Church in New York. It is a mine of information on the charitable activities of a devout Negro Catholic, who possessed the respect of all, regardless of race. The collection consists of the file boxes of letters, documents, and announcements. The most of the letters are in French and are from correspondents of varying states of social life ; from prominent ladies of New York, whom Toussaint served as “coiffeur,” and who learned to trust him as a confidant, and to love him for his charity and kindness. Among those who wrote to him in the most playful and intimate way may be mentioned Mrs. Philip Schuyler, Mrs. F. Cotterel, Mrs. John Stevens (one of the Livingstones), and Mrs. Cruger. There are appeals for financial assistance. A priest in a Canadian seminary, and an American missionary in Haiti are among those whose letters for help show that there was an intimate, personal relationship between Toussaint and those whom he assisted. There are letters from friends of his own race, particularly Haitians, whose names are those of the aristocratic French families of that country. There are, finally, some charming letters written to Toussaint by a little niece, whom he adopted and whose welfare was dear to his heart.”

Toussaint, was born, in 1776, at St. Mark, on the west coast of Haiti, a slave in the family of Jean Berard, a planter who made him his confidential servant as he had received the educa-

tion that it was the custom of the time to give to favorites of the household. Political troubles drove the Berard family to New York in 1787 and he was one of the five family servants they brought with them. After a while Mr. Berard started back to the West Indies to try to save some of his property, but died on the voyage. The concern in New York in which his resources were invested then failed, and his widow found herself penniless. She had had Toussaint trained as a hairdresser, an avocation that in those days was a social asset of profit and Toussaint by his deft skill, intelligence, grace and amicable personality, became the popular and much demanded artist, in fashionable circles. His earnings were considerable and he devoted them, until her death in 1810, to the support of Madame Berard. After that and the death of his wife and little niece, the surplus of his earnings, after his own modest needs were satisfied, were freely and judiciously given to charity and good works. So Mr. Ryan notes, there are in the Public Library Collection many documents, announcements, receipts, and letters that throw light upon the part that Toussaint played in the Catholic activities of New York. His interest in St. Patrick's, New York's first Orphan Asylum, extended over a long period of time. There are lists of subscribers from whom it was customary for Toussaint to collect, receipts from Sisters of Charity attached to the asylum, and communications from the "Officers and Managers of the Ladies' Association, attached to the Orphan Asylum." These dates from 1821 to 1844, showing Toussaint's steadfast support of this worthy institution. The list of his subscribers included such names as Binsse, Barre, Bouchanol, Boisanbyn, Coster, Decasse, Depau, Durnyter, Fox, Farman, LaFarge, Livingston (four of this name), Hamilton, Loubat, and many others.

One letter to Toussaint, December 19, 1843, presents the sincere thanks of the Ladies Association of the Orphan Asylum for his great services and another says:

"The Officers and Managers of the Ladies Association, attached to the Orphan Asylum, tender to Mr. P. Toussaint their sincere thanks for the generous manner

in which he annually comes to their assistance ; they hope that conduct like this, distinguished thus by charity and kindness, will not go unrewarded. They enclose him the list of subscriptions he usually collects, and wish him all the success he merits.”

A curious incident that indicates the respect and favor in which Toussaint was held is a letter of apology sent him on August 24, 1842, by Louis Binsse, President of the Board of Trustees of old St. Patrick's Cathedral (grandfather of the present generation of the Binsse family, and long the Pope's Consul General in the United States during the time we had diplomatic relations with the Papal States). It was a formal gesture in behalf of the Board of Trustees for an affront and discourtesy offered to Toussaint by an usher during one of the ceremonies at the Cathedral. It says:

“It would be difficult for me to express to you the grief which has been caused me, by the insult which you have received in the Lord's house. It has given me all the more pain, because, wishing to have order in the Church, it was I who begged this gentleman to be one of the masters of ceremony. This young man is truly very repentant for it, and he has been reprimanded most severely by several of the Trustees.

“Everybody knows, my dear Toussaint, that if God, by His Will, has created you as well as your good wife, with a black skin, by His grace He has made your hearts and souls as white as snow, While many others (and you know them well) to whom God has given a white skin, having repulsed this same grace, have made their souls, and hearts also, as black as coal.

“You have been disgusted, my dear friend, by such an insult. I can well believe it; I should have been so, as much as you, and perhaps more than you, because you are human and I also. Our divine Master is the only One, Who, insulted, beaten with rods and crucified, submitted Himself with meekness to the Will of

His Father, when He could, by the breath of His mouth, have crushed His executioners.

“What ought we to do then, my dear Toussaint? Imitate Him as much as our weakness and His grace will permit us to do. If by our weakness we resent insult, by His grace it should be forgotten, For my part, I should find myself more at ease, seated in the house of the Lord between you and your wife, and the good Cabresse, than beside many other persons whose skin is as white as satin. In the house of the Lord there is no distinction ; God looks at the heart, but never at the color of the skin.

“These are the sentiments of all the Trustees, and of him who is most sincerely your friend.”

Toussaint remained a member of St. Peter's congregation, all his life holding, as the records show, pew No. 25. The famous Rev. Dr. John Power, its pastor, was another of his warm friends. In 1841, in spite of his intimate affiliation with St. Peter's he encouraged the project of establishing a church (St. Vincent de Paul's) for the French Catholics of New York and was the first subscriber to the building fund, giving one hundred dollars, which was no mean sum in those days.

His long and useful life came to a peaceful end on June 30, 1853, having been comforted and cared for in his last illness by many of his devoted friends who visited him daily. The pastor of St. Peter's, Father William Quinn, made his funeral Mass a specially notable function. Mrs. George Leo Schuyler, who had been daily most constant in her attentions to him in his illness, says in a letter:

“I went to town Saturday to attend Toussaint's funeral at St. Peter's, His friend, Father Quinn, made a most interesting address at the Mass. He did not speak of his color and hardly referred to his station ; it seemed as though his virtues as a man and a Christian had absorbed all other thoughts.

“ ‘Though no relative was left to mourn for him,’ said Father Quinn, ‘yet many would feel they had lost one who always had wise counsel for the sick, words of encouragement for the poor and all would be grateful for knowing him.’ The aid he had given to the late Bishop Fenwick of Boston, to Father Power of St. Peter’s, to all the Catholic institutions was dwelt upon at large. How much I learnt of his charity which I had never heard before! In conclusion Father Quinn said : ‘There were few left among the clergy superior to him in zeal and devotion to the Church and for the glory of Cod ; among laymen not one.’”

He was buried beside his wife and little niece in the graveyard of old St. Patrick’s Church, Mott Street, and many of his socially prominent white friends stood beside the coffin as it was lowered to its last resting place. The story of his life was told by a non-Catholic, H. F. Lee, in *Memoir of Pierre Toussaint, Born a slave in St. Domingo*, published in Boston in 1854, and Henry Binsse contributed a most sympathetic appreciation: “*Pierre Toussaint, a Catholic Uncle Tom,*” to Volume XII of the United States Catholic Historical Society’s *Records and Studies*.

By THOMAS F. MEEHAN, K.S.G.

Interracial Review

August, 1935



Naples, March 16, 1944. Three all-Negro squadrons are in Italy already to take part in the all-out air offensive against the Axis.

The new squadrons have not yet been in action, but they are ready to go. They bring the total to four Negro fighter squadrons, complete with Negro ground crews, now established in Italy.

Master Sergeant, Ellaworth Dansby, of Decatur, Ill., line chief for the 99th Squadron which has destroyed 17 enemy planes in action, said. “we’re just one happy family here and our last name’s ‘99th’. We all knew each other in civilian life and we’ve got a team now that’s hard to beat.”

Jean Baptiste Point du Saible

(CHICAGO'S FIRST CITIZEN-A NEGRO)

Died In 1815

On March 4, 1937, the city of Chicago officially became one hundred years old. Just a century has elapsed since the straggling Indian trading post and military garrison which since has become the fourth largest city in the world received her charter from the State of Illinois. Because her beginnings were so humble and unpretentious, and her subsequent development so rapid and unexpected, the true story of her founding has been obscured and in some cases entirely neglected. Yet in no instance is the neglect so evident and the obscurity so pronounced as in the case of the man from whom Chicago's premanency really dates, Jean Baptiste Point du Saible, a Negro.

In many accounts of Chicago's founding, even those of recent date, his name is not even mentioned. In others, he is passed over with a vague reference: "About the year 1796 Point du Saible had a rude cabin on the north bank of the Chicago River." Likewise in the many newspaper accounts in connection with the Centennial we find little or no mention made of the one man who should be mentioned. The oversight is so patent that one is forced to conclude some motive other than ignorance is promoting it.

The usual tradition is that he was a free Santo Domingo Negro. Because of the fact that from the year 1720 Negroes were numerous in the Northwest Territory, there seem to be no reasons for disputing it. The exact place of his birth, the names of his parents, his early life, are among the many unsolved mysteries of history. The first mention found of him in any document states that he is a Chicogoan. "Baptiste Point du Saible," so a report made by Colonel De Peyster, British commandant at Mackinac reads, "a handsome Negro, well educated and settled at Chicago."

From this official report written on July 4, 1779, Chicago's permanency really dates. Point du Saible was held prisoner at Mackinac for a short time, and then was employed by Lieutenant, Governor Sinclair until 1784. After this date he returned to Chicago. He was settled here and from all indications had a large well-stocked farm when Hugh Heward of Detroit journeyed through here in the year 1790. He supplied Hugh and his party with forty-one pounds of flour and twenty-nine pounds of pork, besides a quantity of baked bread. Again we know that he was here in the year 1794 when Parrish Grignon made a trip through the heart of the present city. In his account he describes Point du Saible as being a wealthy trader. And wealthy he was according to the standards of his day as an inventory and bill of sale of his holdings and property at Chicago made in the year 1800 proves. This document shows beyond a doubt that his establishment at Chicago was far more pretentious than "a rude cabin." In fact judging from the buildings, stock, implements, and the furnishings of the house it must have been one of the most complete settlements in the Middle West.

In the near vicinity of the present-day site of the Wrigley building, on the north bank of the Chicago River and Michigan Boulevard, he had a house which was forty feet long and twenty-two feet wide. This house must have been very well furnished, judging from the household articles enumerated in the bill of sale. It had a French Walnut cabinet with four glass doors, four tables and seven chairs, one bureau, a couch, a stove, and one large feather bed. Besides he had a well-equipped and utensiled kitchen, one that could easily delight any housewife, with an iron coffee mill, two spits, a gridiron, a churn, a toasting iron, and innumerable iron, copper, pewter, and wooden basins, pots and pans. Added to these were many little knick-knacks of comfort, and refinement, such as mirror, lanterns, candle-sticks, and even pictures. The grandeur of this house however is eclipsed by the number of additional buildings he had--a dairy, a mill, a bakehouse, a poultry house, two barns, and a work shop. All of these were of such size that they could be used

to advantage on any of our modern day farms. He had a definite need for these buildings judging from the list of his livestock and farm implements. The stock included forty-four hens, thirty-eight hogs, thirty head of full-grown cattle, two calves, and two mules. In implements he had eight axes, eight sickles, seven scythes, saws of various sizes, a plow, and three carts. The mill, the various farming implements, the fact that he could supply a large quantity of flour to at least one traveller, all seem to indicate that he had many acres under cultivation in what is now almost the center of the city. It would seem that a small "rude hut" or "rude cabin" is a rather odd way of expressing these possessions ; one might as well describe the Empire State Building as being a "nice little place" uptown.

These various possessions give us a splendid picture of the first Chicagoan. We see him as a man of accomplishments and taste. He was a farmer, a miller, a trader, and probably a distiller. Only a man of taste and refinement would have dreamed of having a French Walnut cabinet, a bureau, a couch, a feather bed, to say nothing of candlesticks, mirrors, and pictures, in the midst of a wilderness. It is a fact that even in this enlightened day of scientific progress, there are farms in the Middle West that have not the equipment and comfort that Point du Saible had six score and twenty years ago.

The religion of the First Chicagoan was Catholic. Apparently he was as practical in its observance as was possible in the wilderness. He was married to an Indian woman' named Catherine sometime in the seventies.. In the year 1788 he had this marriage solemnized before a priest at Cahokia, Illinois. Two children were born of this union, Jean Baptiste Point du Saible, Jr., and Suzanne. This daughter was married at Cahokia to Jean Baptiste Pelletier in the year 1790, and nine years later she had her daughter Eulalia baptized by Father Lusson at St. Louis. This gives us a fair insight into the Catholicity of Point du Saible. It was not uncommon, nor is it today in mission countries, for people to enter into marriage without the services of a priest. Many times due to the distance to the nearest mission, the lack

of transportation facilities, and the scarcity of missionaries years would pass before the marriage could be solemnized. However, when the opportunity presented itself this man and his wife journeyed over the hundred miles to enlist the services of the pastor of Cahokia. Further, his daughter's faith was such that she made this long and very trying journey twice. From this, one might hazard a guess that he had instructed her well. Finally, near the close of his life he signed over all of his property to his granddaughter, Eulalia, in exchange for her promise to care for him in his old age and bury him in the Catholic cemetery at St. Charles, Missouri. When one remembers the great losses suffered in various sections of the country in missionary days, one is tempted to say that here was an extraordinary Catholic.

In the year eighteen hundred he sold his property and possessions to Jean La Lime and his connection with Chicago ceases. Upon leaving here he seems to have moved to the city of Peoria, and after a few years residence there, he went to Ft. Charles, Missouri. At this city there are frequent references to him in the County Court House down to the year eighteen fourteen. Apparently late in this year or early in the year 1815 he passed to his eternal reward.

For more than twenty years his name was associated with the city. When he came his only neighbors were the original natives-the Potawotami Indians. His relations with them must have been amicable indeed since he took to wife one of their women, and lived among them without any trouble for a long period. His was truly the first permanent establishment on the present site of Chicago. His presence here from every contemporary account we have of him, does credit to the city which later spread over his farm. And if in a later day, that city was to adopt as her motto the slogan: "I Will," she can be sure that the "First Chicagoan," the Negro, Jean Baptiste Point du Saible, had all the qualities and characteristics which that motto implies.

By Rev. THOMAS A. Meehan
Interracial Review
April, 1937.

Armand Lanusse

NEW ORLEANS POET, PROFESSOR, POLITICIAN, AND PATRIOT
(1812-1867)

There lived in New Orleans, during the early nineteenth century, or between the dates 1812 and 1867, one free Negro who was poet, professor, politician, and patriot. This Negro Orleanian, Armand Lanusse, received all his training in his native city. He occupied himself seriously with all questions which concerned the well-being of the Negro population. His zeal and devotion in this regard have yet to be equalled. The life of the people he expressed in poetry, and their progress he enhanced by his efforts.

In connection with Monsieur Lanusse, one cannot but mention the achievement of Madame Bernard Couvent. This woman, the central African type, probably a slave in her youth, by testament made in 1832 generously left funds for the instruction of orphans and Catholic indigents of the third district of New Orleans. Much time and organization became necessary before the provisions of this will could be carried out.

Monsieur Lanusse, then scarcely out of his teens, stepped forward offering his services. Due to his natural ability and training, his leadership was very successful. Before long an edifice known as "Institution Catholique des Orphelins Indigents" was established.

In 1852 Monsieur Lanusse was made principal of the institution. Under him worked such New Orleans teachers as Joanni Questy, Constant Reynes, and Joseph Vigneaux-Lavigne. One of the outstanding graduates of the Catholic Institutions for Orphan Indigents was Mlle. Victoria Lecene. On commencement day she was crowned publicly by Monsieur Lanusse himself. She wore the laurel wreath for general excellency and her unusual achievements in the field of elocution and creative poetry.

-The Negro History Bulletin

By D. J. JACKSON

Emily Mitchell

FIRST CATHOLIC NEGRO IN THE CITY OF RICHMOND
AND THE STATE OF VIRGINIA

(1824-1912)

Miss Emily Mitchell, better known as "Aunt Emily," was the first known Colored Catholic in Richmond and in the State of Virginia.* She was the daughter of John and Priscilla Mitchell, and was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1824. She was a Catholic all her life, and gave valuable assistance in the starting of the Richmond mission.

A non-Catholic family of Richmond named Breedens bought her in Baltimore in 1846 and brought her there as a nurse for their children. It was a great worry to her that she might not be allowed to practice her faith, but after an assurance that her religion would not be interfered with she was quite happy.

After Emancipation she lived with a Colored Catholic family named Griffin on Leigh Street. On November 1, 1897 she became a Franciscan Tertiary, and received the scapular and cord. She was a daily communicant, and always prayed that she would not die until a church was built for her people in Richmond. She suffered from heart trouble, and spent the last of her days as an invalid with the Little Sisters of the Poor, being admitted into that institution on July 26 1907. She died on January 10, 1912, and was buried from St. Joseph's, the Church for which she had prayed so long. There is a window in this Church to her memory given by the congregation.

*The Catholic Editing Company, "The Catholic Church in the United States of America, Vol. III."

Throwing stones never helped a man struggling in the water.-Ayme.

A Most Interesting Man

HENRY BUSH OF PORT TOBACCO, MARYLAND

(1837-)

I have spent many happy hours recently, visiting country pastors in this Archdiocese. I quite recently described one trip. I will write more about my travels in the future. But just now it has been left to me to talk about the trip to LaPlata, and our stopping-off place on the way back, St. Peter's Church, Waldorf, of which the Rev. L. Collins is the pastor.

First of all, I wish to tell you about one of the most interesting men I have ever met. Rev. Father Joseph P. Carney, S.J., pastor of St. Thomas' Manor, introduced him to me. He is Henry Bush, former slave, who now at the age of 91 years, is the oldest member of the congregation of the Manor.

Henry, as he prefers to be known, goes to Church every Sunday of the year, and on the holy days of obligation. Not only does he go to Church, but he listens so attentively to the sermons, that on Sunday last, he was able to repeat everything that Father Carney had said in his talk to his parishioners that morning.

Henry who is a resident of Port Tobacco, was born in 1837, and was one of eleven children. He began work, as a slave when he was ten years old in 1847, and continued work as a slave until he was freed in 1863. He was, he told us, "one of thirty head of slaves." His master, "old master Henry," was Henry Neale, who was very kind to him, and who tried to make life pleasant for him.

Henry Bush has been a man of charitable inclinations always, according to Father Carney, who has kept an admiring eye on him for eleven years; and who has heard his history from other priests. In his life, the former slave has adopted twenty orphan children. He cared for them until they reached manhood

and womanhood. As he says, "Thank God they all turned out well."

There have been some Sundays, not many in the last eighty-five years, on which Henry has not heard Mass. They were the Sundays on which blizzards and storms raged,

Henry never stays at home if he finds it humanly possible to get to Church. For many years he held the post of mail man. He used to deliver mail on days on which the average person would not dare to leave his home. Henry decided that if a day was not bad enough to keep him from delivering the mail, then any Sunday not worse than any mail delivery day was not bad enough to keep him from Church. He never gave himself the benefit of the doubt.

Henry has been married twice. His present wife teaches catechism to a class of 40 colored children every Saturday morning. The first time Henry was married was in 1864. His first wife lived 39 years. Eleven months after this wife died, Henry began his second courtship. "I gave myself three months to win my second wife," he told us, "but I won her in two."

--By VERY REV. ALBERT E. SMITH
Catholic Review

+ + +

J o h n T o l t o n

THE FIRST AMERICAN COLORED PRIEST
(1848-)

In 1848, at a little hamlet, Saint Paul, near Hannibal? in the State of Missouri, was born in slavery a Negro boy, John Tolton, who was destined by Divine Providence to become a notable figure in the history of his race and of the Catholic Church in the United States.

After slavery was abolished by President Lincoln's proclamation, but while the Civil War, on account of it, was still in

progress, that slave-boy escaped out of bondage and made his way to Quincy, Illinois. Hungry and ragged, he stood in front of a Catholic church, wondering whether he might obtain some work around that big institution, to earn something to eat. The pastor observed his longing looks and went out to talk to him. The boy said he was hungry, but he could work some more and first earn some bread. The pastor said : "No ; I will give you something to eat first. Then you can work." The boy was a well-built, strong healthy lad of sixteen, and worked briskly at all kinds of chores. Both the pastor and his assistant, as well as the house-keeper and the Sisters, for whom he gladly did little jobs, all began to like John. They dressed him up in better clothing. One day the pastor asked him whether he would not like to go to the sisters' school and obtain some education. John said : "O Father, you are making fun of me, I am only a poor nigger boy. I must work for my living. I am not fit to go to school to them there nice Sister ladies and with them there nice white children." "Never mind all that," said the pastor. "If you wish it, I will see to the rest." That was the first time in his life that John had his own wishes consulted. Accordingly, the Negro boy, John Tolton, was inducted into the parochial school by the pastor. Both he and the Sisters told the white children not to molest John on account of his color, as he could not help that..

The pastor observed him closely and asked him, after he had been attending school for several months: "John, wouldn't you like to become a Catholic?" John laughed and said: "Now, Father, I know you are trying to poke fun at me. Sure, no Negro could become a Catholic and try to go to the same heaven with them there white folks." "Oh, yes," the pastor replied. "God rules heaven, and He makes no distinction between outside color."

"Well, Father, if you can make me a Catholic, I am willing."

The pastor himself instructed John, baptized him and prepared him for his first Holy Communion. There never knelt a purer, more devout soul for the reception of our Blessed Lord, Jesus, in the Most Holy Eucharist, than that colored boy, John Tolton. He carried his prayerbook in his right hand and

the candle in his left hand, around which he had twined his white rosary, beautifully offset by the color of his hand. He was utterly oblivious to all surroundings. His attention was totally absorbed in Him who had made his soul whiter than the Illinois winter snows.

In those days there were no daily communicants, but John received holy communion at least every Sunday and holyday. In summer-time the pastor said Mass at 5 a. m. He selected John to serve this Mass. John would be up at break of day, waiting at the church door for an hour, to make sure he would never be late. No one had to call him. Never did a boy serve Mass more piously and attentively than John Tolton.

The summer vacation was not half over, when the pastor one day asked him whether he would not like to become a Catholic priest. John laughed, saying, "Father, now the limit has been reached. I know it is impossible for a Negro boy to become a Catholic priest." "Don't be so sure about that." "Are there any Negro priests, Father?" "In Africa, yes, a few. Not yet in the United States. You would have the great distinction of being the first one." "But, Father, I got no money. I could not go away and study for many long years." "Never mind that," said the pastor. "For the present only your desire, your intention and your prayers and others' prayers are necessary ; for it takes a lot of continuous, fervent prayers to pray a boy into the holy priesthood." "O Father," John said with tears of joy, "that would be heaven on earth for a poor colored boy born in slavery, Do you think my heart could stand it? Wouldn't it break?" "God will give you strength to bear up. Let us not look at the end just now. If you are willing, we will make the beginning today, I will give you Latin lessons," "O, Father, how will I ever thank you? Let us go to church and pray for my success," They did.

The pastor hurried him along in his studies, while he was rapidly passing through the grades. Then through high school The assistant pastor taught him some branches. In two years, the pastor sent him to the Propaganda Seminary in Rome. He was a most exemplary student.

In due course of time the newspapers announced that John Tolton, a full-blooded Negro, born in slavery at Saint Paul, near Hannibal, Missouri, was soon to be ordained a fullfledged Catholic priest in Rome. A little later the papers announced in detail the train on which he would arrive and the date on which he would sing his first Solemn High Mass in the Catholic church at Quincy, Illinois.

For a month in advance the pastor made elaborate preparations for the occasion, more so than if the new priest had been a white man; for he was anxious to impress upon the people of his hometown, of the State of Illinois, of the entire United States and of the whole world, that Universality, Catholicity, is one of the necessary marks of the true Church of Christ, that it makes no distinction, as God does not, of race, color, language, nationality, working for the eternal salvation of all men alike, because all have the same heavenly Father for their Creator, the same merciful Jesus for their Redeemer, and the same Holy Spirit for their Sanctifier, and because the same celestial kingdom is prepared for all. Hence, he chartered a special railroad car, in which he, with a dozen other priests, and all Catholic colored people of Quincy went to Springfield, Illinois, to meet the Rev. Father John Tolton's train and to accompany him with a hearty welcome back to Quincy.

As the train pulled into Quincy, the best brass band played "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name." A larger crowd had assembled at the depot to see and welcome the Rev. Father Tolton than any man had ever drawn. The streets were lined with uncounted thousands, while he, dressed in a fine, new, black Prince Albert suit, wearing a silk hat; so different from his first entrance into Quincy, as a slave-boy, rode in a flower-draped carriage, drawn by four white horses, headed by the band, playing familiar Negro melodies. Two blocks from the church the procession was met by altar boys, a thousand school children, Sisters and more priests, who escorted him into the church, where hundreds knelt at the communion railing to receive his sacerdotal blessing, which he first imparted to his beloved pastor.

At that exquisitely decorated altar there was never a more solemn, never a more melodious, never a more sweet-voiced High Mass sung than Father Tolton sang there on that morning. His whole, emotional, musical, Negro nature expanded, so that, at times, in the Preface and the Pater Noster, his voice seemed to soar above the skies and then in beautiful cadences come back again and enrapture the devout audience with extraordinary devotion and raised their minds and hearts heavenward in intense gratitude for the august sacrifice of the Mass and for the holy priesthood of Jesus Christ in the holy Catholic Church.

Mass over, Father Tolton addressed the audience, and in most eloquent language he gave expression to his sincerest sentiments of gratitude to all for the honors that had been shown to the Catholic priest in him, and he appealed to all to help him to thank Almighty God worthily for the countless graces and blessings that He had mercifully bestowed upon him, and through him to them, in the holy priesthood. And lastly, but not least, with a heart overflowing with purest thankfulness, with a soft Negro voice, trembling with emotion, which found relief in tears of joy and gratefulness, he thanked his pastor, to whom, next to God, he owed everything that the Catholic Church had made out of him, and called down upon him God's richest reward and his own everlasting gratitude.

Father Tolton made a tour through the United States, visiting every colored Catholic congregation in it, His own race idolized him everywhere. Everywhere others admired him for his deep humility, gentlemanly deportment, polished manners, fine scholarship, rare eloquence, genuine piety and fervant zeal for God, Church and souls, and all respected him as a true, worthy priest of Jesus Christ.

various positions were open to him. He chose Chicago, Illinois, for his field of work in the vineyard of the Lord. There he built up a large Negro congregation in a few years. There he died, lamented and revered by thousands,

The entire life-history of Father Tolton is sweetly sad, glorious, pathetic. But the most glorious and most pathetic chapter is yet to be written.

His cruel slavemaster resided in Springfield, Illinois, at the time of Father Tolton's ordination. He eagerly read all the announcements in the papers of the young priest's coming. He placed the credit for the making of Father Tolton where it belonged, to the Catholic Church. He was curious to know what it could have made out of his slave. Accordingly, he went, incognito, on Father Tolton's train from Springfield to Quincy, to be an eye and ear witness of the entire performance, and nothing escaped him. He saw the priests on the train respectfully salute him. He witnessed his great reception at the depot. He walked in the procession to the church. He saw all the priests and people, school children and Sisters kneeling to receive his blessing. He minutely observed every ceremony of the Solemn High Mass. He absorbed every word of the pastor's eloquent sermon and of Father Tolton's impressive words of thanks, and closely eyed every one, from priests and Sisters down to children, without discrimination of race-color, go to receive the blessing from the ebony-hued hands of the newly ordained priest of God.

It all mystified him. He was amazed. He tried to explain it away by "Catholic superstition;" but he could not; for there was too much earnestness, sincerity, uniformity in that spontaneous devotion, respect on the part of those intelligent people, from priests down to the innocent children. And that Negro slave-boy, whom he used to punish so inhumanly without just cause, now transformed into a polished, refined, learned, highly respected gentleman, persisted in recurring to his mind so vividly that he could not get away from him.

That evening, in his own home, he formed the firm resolution to find out for his own satisfaction.

He bought all the books that he heard of bearing on matters Catholic. He moved in Catholic circles as much as he could. He attended divine worship in the various churches of the city,

Everywhere he witnessed that same intense, absorbing devotion and sincerity.

He visited Sisters' hospitals, old peoples' homes, orphanages, schools. He found the school Sisters working most disinterestedly for the welfare of every child.

Thus far he had acted everywhere incognito. He never revealed to any one who he was, or what he was looking for. He had been seeking information about the Catholic Church, faith, religion, and Catholic life in action. And everywhere he found them, to his great astonishment, joy, and satisfaction, to be genuine. Likely, Father Tolton's slavemaster received an abundance of such faith-graces, to use him as an instrument to show the powers of His priesthood.

Walking around aimlessly one Sunday afternoon, he called on a Catholic pastor, "just to have a little chat," as he said. He told the priest of his readings, of his observations, as heretofore related. He never revealed himself, nor ever mentioned Father Tolton. But before he realized it and almost unconsciously to himself, he asked the priest whether he would kindly give him a thorough course of Catholic instruction. That was soon arranged for. Before they had progressed halfway, he firmly resolved to become a Catholic. He then revealed himself and told all about Father Tolton. To cap the climax, the priest easily persuaded him to let Father Tolton baptize him and give him his first Holy Communion.

The event had been publicly announced. The church was packed. Immediately before baptism the slavemaster on bended knee asked Father Tolton's forgiveness for his cruel treatment. Father Tolton assured him that all had been fully forgiven years ago. After baptism Father Tolton preached a most powerful sermon on the miracles of grace, that God always has, does now, and forever will work through the Catholic priest. And again, his voice became soft and soothing as he assured his slavemaster that he had made his soul whiter than snow by baptism, that he had made him a child of God, an heir to the kingdom of heaven and a member of God's true Church, and had made him his own spir-

itual child in Christ Jesus, whom he administered to him in holy Mass, after which he invited all to sing with him loud and joyously in thanksgiving "Holy God, We Praise Thy Name."

-By REV. STEPHEN DUREN, Phoenix, Arizona

Interacial Review

May, 1935



I s a a c M o t e n

OLDEST COLORED CATHOLIC IN DIOCESE OF PITTSBURGH (1868-1943)

Oldest colored Catholic in the diocese of Pittsburgh, and probably the oldest colored man in that city, Isaac Moten, aged 90, died in Mercy Hospital, May 24, 1943.

Born in Shelby County, Kentucky, Mr. Moten was baptized when he was seven years old, and faithfully practiced his religion all during life.

He was a member of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for many years, and attended the quarterly meetings of the Diocesan Union Holy Name Society almost since its organization. A well-known figure in Catholic circles, he took part in all Catholic activities and was present at every one of the outdoor programs conducted by the Catholic Evidence Guild last summer.

The life of this good man was a living sermon, and his influence accompli&cd much among the members of his race in the smokey city.

Pittsburgh is blessed with the fine parish of St. Benedict the Moor for Colored, which is conducted by the Holy Ghost Fathers, leaders in Negro Missionary Work in various parts of the world.

The

Rev. Charles Randolph Uncles, S.S.J.

FIRST COLORED PRIEST TO BE ORDAINED IN THE
UNITED STATES

(1859--1933)

The first colored priest to be ordained in America was ordained by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons in the Cathedral in Baltimore, on December 22nd, 1891. He was the Rev. Father Uncles, of the Josephite Fathers, who labor on the Negro Missions throughout the United States, and who have their headquarters in Baltimore, Maryland.

Born in Baltimore on November 6th, 1859, Father Uncles way among the first to be baptized at St. Francis Xavier's Church, then just given by Archbishop Spaulding to the colored people of Baltimore.

From his childhood, he had inclined himself towards not mere study but to thorough scholarship, and after attending St. Francis Xavier's Parochial School, he labored sedulously to qualify for a position as school teacher in the Baltimore County Schools.

He achieved that difficult goal, overcoming arduous handicaps. He thus commenced his pedagogical career which was to cease only with his death. While Father Uncles was studying for the holy priesthood, he was conspicuous for his learning, and later as a priest, he occupied a professorial chair, instructing in English, Latin and Greek. Though burdened with classes, his talent found expression in writing, and among his works is a simplified Latin grammar. He was, indeed, recognized as an authority on the Latin language.

Charming and princely by nature, Father Uncles won a host of friends wherever he went. He was a welcome visitor in all

branches of society, and was much sought after as a chess player, in which game he was regarded an expert.

In testimony of the esteem and love in which he was everywhere regarded, Most Rev. Owen B. Corrigan, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore, presided at the Solemn High Mass at St. Francis Xavier's Church, Baltimore, January 7th, 1917, on the occasion of Father Uncles' 25th anniversary as a priest. Church dignitaries, priests religious and laity filled the church to ask God's blessing upon him. Religious, civic and social rejoicing marked his jubilee.

The Rev. Charles Randolph Uncles, after forty-two years spent most profitably in God's priesthood, passed peacefully to his reward on July 20th, 1933. His body lay in state at Epiphany College at Newburgh, New York, where he died, and where his funeral was conducted by the Very Rev. Louis B. Pastorelli, S.S.J., assisted by some twenty-five priests from various parts of the country. The Rev. Daniel J. Rice, S.S.J., preached the sermon in which he extolled the deceased priest as a man of God, a leader of his race, and a brilliant scholar and teacher.

Father Uncles was buried in Calvary Cemetary, Newburgh, New York, where his confreres and friends can visit his grave and pray for him.

—*St. Joseph's Seminary Archives*
Washington, D. C.



Hon. Walter L. Cohen

U. S. COMPTROLLER OF CUSTOM, NEW ORLEANS, LA.
(1859-1930)

Walter L. Cohen was born January 22, 1869 of Amelia Bingaman and Bernard Cohen, a Free Person of Color, his mother and all of her children having been given their freedom during the year 1857. His education was received at the St. Louis Cath-

olic school and a few years of the sixth grade at Straight University when on Esplanade Avenue.

He first worked in the tobacco business as a cigar maker but this was bad for his health and he had to give up same. He was also a page in the State legislature while the sessions during the 70's were held in the City of New Orleans, La.

During his working as a page in the State legislature he met such men as Hon. C. C. Antone, Mr. Dunn and Governor P. B. S. Pinchback and through contact with them he became interested in politics. He was given an appointment as a Night Inspector on the river front in the city of New Orleans.

The beginning of his political career was in the noted fourth ward of the City of New Orleans where he enjoyed the friendship of James Madison Vance, another noted political figure of this city.

Walter L. Cohen was the noted leader of the Black and Tan faction of the Republican Party of the State of Louisiana from the year 1898 until the time of his death. He was the Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee and also the Secretary of the Orleans Parish Central Committee.

He enjoyed the respect and knowledge of such men as Hon. Mark Hanna, the manager of President McKinley's campaign, Hon. Will Hayes of New York, Hon. C. Bascum Slemp, Hon. Charles Curtis, a Vice President of the United States, the elder Senator Bob LaFollett, Hon. Medill McCormic of Illinois, Hon. Mayor Thompson of Chicago, Hon. Martin Berhman of New Orleans, and Chief Justice Fredric, Douglas White of the U. S. Supreme Court.

Walter L. Cohen was appointed the Register of the Land Office in New Orleans by President. McKinley and reappointed by President, Theodore Roosevelt. The office was abolished by an order of President William Howard Taft but the President offered him the position in Baton Rouge or Natchitoches; however, Mr. Cohen told the President that his home was in New Orleans and his life was to be lived there.

Knowing that he would be without a position in the Govern-

ment, he got himself busy and with a few of his close friends, they organized the Peoples' Benevolent Life Insurance Company of Louisiana, ho becoming the head of said corporation. In the year 1922 the company was reorganized into a stock company, at which time he was still the head until the time of his death in December 1930.

He was first married to Miss Whilemina Seldon of St. James Louisiana, to whom were born four children, two boys and two girls. His first wife dying in 1920, he re-married to Miss Antonia Manade from Lutcher, Louisiana. Mr. Cohen was President of one of the outstanding Negro clubs of his day-the Iroquois Club, which for years stood at the corner of Canal and N. Liberty Streets.

Mr. Cohen was Chairman of the Committee which entertained President William McKinley, President Theodore Roosevelt, and President Warren Harding when they visited New Orleans? and at selected places for the colored to see them.

Mr. Cohen was appointed by President Warren Harding to be the Comptroller of the Port of New Orleans. He was rejected by the U. S. Senate three times and was again appointed by President Calvin Coolidge and after much wrangling with the U. S. Senate, he was finally confirmed by a vote of 38 to 39, this being brought about by Senator ShipStead's asking that his vote be changed as he had promised to vote for Cohen's confirmation and through error he had voted against it, Mr. Cohen was not re-appointed by President Herbert Hoover but he permitted him to retain the office until his death. Therefore, ho served under Presidents McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover.

He was highly respected by members of all races and could be depended upon whenever he gave his word.

Mr. Cohen died in December 1930, His funeral, one of the largest ever seen in New Orleans, was held at the newly, erected Corpus Christi Church. People from every walk in life were in attendance. Hundreds of cars were used in the cortege. The service was conducted by Rev. Father O'Neil, S.S.J., assisted by

other Josephite Fathers. In his sermon, Father O'Neil extolled the deceased as a leader, a citizen, and a loving father. He was buried in St. Louis Cemetery in New Orleans, the city he loved.

+ + +

Dr. George Washington Carver

(1864-1942)

Born in slavery on a Missouri plantation, the late world renowned scientist, Dr. George Washington Carver, received his family name from the owner, Moses Carver. The exact, year of his birth is not certain. Before the War between the States ended, he and his mother were kidnapped and carried into Arkansas. A searching party found the child but the mother had disappeared and was never located. Upon the payment of a race horse valued at three hundred dollars, young Carver was restored to his master.

Of delicate health, much of his early life was spent in the woods on the plantation. Here he became acquainted with the insects and plants and flowers which in later life were to be the means of making him so famous. His observations of and interest in what he saw caused him to become known as the "Plant Doctor" and accounts for the skill with which he protected various plants from disease and insects. An example of this is seen in his solution of the blight that struck the pecan trees of Alabama and Florida.

Formal education for a long time seemed not to be for him. His native State had no provisions for the training of colored students and when it was discovered that he was a Negro, at the University of Iowa, which had accepted his written application, he was rejected. A year later he entered Simpson College and afterwards took four years at Iowa State College where his ability was recognized and he was named a member of its faculty,

About this time, the founder and president of Tuskegee, Booker T. Washington, was looking for a man to bring about the

economic emancipation of the Negro. Carver was chosen for the position. That was in 1896 when the experimental farm at Tuskegee consisted of 16 acres of eroded and impoverished sand loam. Within a year the farm made a profit and produced two sweet potato crops instead of the one considered the maximum at the time. So little and such poor equipment were on hand that many a person would have soon become discouraged. Not so Carver. In the words of the Chicago Sun : "Dr. Carver's genius recognized no obstacles."

For 46 years Carver labored at Tuskegee and the fame of man and institution has increased in the interim. Now he is dead. The world mourns his loss and well it might for here was a real scientist in every sense of the word. To mention that more than 300 synthetic products have come from his experiments with the peanut, 125 from the sweet potato, and other uses were found for the soy bean, corn stalk fibers and surplus cotton shows how every crop produced in the South was tried in an effort to make it of increased value to its producers. Much that he discovered is now of invaluable military importance in the war effort, while discoveries such as peanut oil for infantile paralysis and a drug from the persimmon for pyorrhea have also contributed an important chapter in the treatment of human diseases.

Though honors were conferred upon him by important scientific groups, Dr. Carver remained shy and utterly modest. He described himself for "Who's Who" neither as a "scientist" nor as an "inventor" but as a simple "educator." His services were in demand by great men in our own country, such as Thomas Edison and Henry Ford, and likewise by the Russian government. There is no doubt that he could have become very rich but to the end he preferred to contribute his talents to the good of his fellow men and he ever held fast to his desire to develop and enrich the agricultural life of the South.

Not everybody knew that this great scientist was a most religious man who stood in humble awe before the Omnipotent creator. In the Christmas 1940 issue of THE COLORED HARVEST we discover that it was this same Dr. Carver who said to

Father Leo J. Farragher, S.S.J., pastor of the newly dedicated St. Joseph's Mission Chapel at the world-famous Tuskegee Institute, "Father, one great lack has always been felt at Tuskegee Institute. Now Tuskegee can consider itself complete with the presence of the Catholic Church and the residence of a Catholic priest."

—*Colored Harvest*
February—March, 1943

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Rev. Mother M. Charles

SUPERIOR OF HANDMAID SISTERS OF THE HEART OF MARY
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
(18784940)

The little community of the Handmaid Sisters of the Heart of Mary, headquarters, New York City, was stricken with grief, Friday, September 18th, 1940, when sudden death took Rev. Mother M. Charles, former superioress of the Sisters.

The funeral, held Monday, September 20th, from the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, E. 141st street, was largely attended by many priests, representatives of a number of Sisterhoods, and a host of the laity. A Solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the Sisters' chaplain, Rev. Joseph M. Walsh, assisted by the Revs. Owen Scanlan and Lawrence Cahill, deacon and subdeacon, respectively.

A master eulogy was preached by the Very Rev. Monsignor William McCann, pastor of St. Charles Church and ecclesiastical superior of the Sisters, in which he portrayed Rev. Mother M. Charles as an able leader in a great cause for which she gave every ounce of her energy, and finally her life.

Interment was made in the Sisters' plot in the Resurrection Cemetery, Farmingdale, Long Island. Monsignor McCann read the final prayers and also blessed a beautiful memorial stone.

cross recently erected to the memory of Rev. Mother M. Theodore, foundress of the Community.

Mother Mary Charles, known in the world as Miss Alma Wilson, was born in Melville, N. J., on May 12, 1878. She was one of the first to join Mother Theodore when she founded the Handmaids in the Southland, entering the infant Community in Savannah, Georgia, November 19, 1920.

Mother Charles was in charge of St., Benedict's Day Nursery, Harlem, N.Y., until 1932, when she succeeded the late Mother Theodore a superioress of the Community. She remained in office until the beginning of this year when she was succeeded in turn by the present superioress, Rev. Mother M. Dorothy.

In death Rev. Mother M. Charles' body lies in the grave nest to Mother Theodore, whom, thirty years ago, she joined in Religion to promote a great cause. Requiscat in pace.

The Handmaids now numebr twenty-five Sisters. Their ecclesiastical superior is Very Rev. Msgr. William McCann, pastor of St. Charles Borromeo's Church in Harlem, New York City, N.Y.

--From Our Colored Missions
November 1940

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M i s s M a x i n e L a n e

Miss Maxine Lane, 19-year old Negro girl, has been appointed secretary to the Dean of exclusive Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, an institution of higher learning for Catholic girls, located in New York City, N. Y.

The appointment of Miss Lane as assistant to Dean Mother Eleanor M. O'Byrne, a native of Savannah, Georgia, has caused quite a stir, especially considering the fact that the first Negro student was admitted to Manhattanville only a few years ago after strong opposition by many of the alumnae.

Officials of Manhattanville have been leaders in stressing the study of Negro history and literature, and have sponsored many interracial meetings.

-Interracial Review

Blessed Martyrs of Uganda

“Sister, are there any colored Saints?”

I had only to look at his eyes to realize that he didn't think that, there were-probably in that sphere, as in so many others, there was but little chance if you happened to be colored. Well, we had a long talk, and by the time that we finished, the little fellow was pretty sure that there isn't any color line in Heaven. But there was one more question. “But, Sister, I mean-real ones--can'ized ones.” So I told him.

Perhaps not generally known, though they are the most recent in the public eye, are the Twenty-two Martyrs of Uganda, who were beatified June 6, 1920, and it was not only as confessors of the faith, but as martyrs of chastity, that Benedict XV held them up for the admiration of the world.

Mwanga, the King of Uganda, in British East Africa, was at first very friendly to the White Fathers, who had been sent as missionaries to that part of the Dark Continent. But as he could not follow his evil passions and accept the Decalogue, he soon became unfriendly to the Fathers who were making so many converts among his people. Their model conduct was a rebuke to him, and a faithful Christian servant, Joseph Mukasa, took every means to guard the innocence of the Christian pages of the court. Joseph had been sent to the mission to get a remedy for the King's illness, but as the sovereign did not follow the directions, it did not have the desired result, and Mwanga instantly brought, the charge of murder and treason against the faithful Joseph, who was beheaded at Kampala, Nov. 17, 1885. After the death of Joseph, three other Christians of the court were cruelly murdered, all for no reason, without trial, and in a most barbarous manner, On May 26th, 1886, all the Christian pages were summoned, and the King shouted, “Let those of you who do not pray stand here near me, let those that pray stand yonder against the palisade.” The group consisted of sixteen young men and boys, the oldest

about twenty-five, the youngest only thirteen. Three of these were afterwards pardoned by the King, and two witnesses, Denis Kamiuka and Joseph Nsingisira, were at the canonization ceremonies in Rome. All were asked to deny their faith and all firmly refused. One of them was the son of the executioner, a lad scarcely fifteen years of age, who withstood all his father's entreaties to return home. They were bound and started on the march to the place of execution, forty miles distant. On the morning of June 3 they were stretched on hurdles, and blazing faggots were brought, to torture them. "We will roast you and see whether your God in Whom you have such great, confidence shall come to deliver you." "You may burn our bodies, but not our souls, which will go to Paradise," was the answer.

The three pages who had been spared were so sad at the thought that they were not to be martyrs also that the executioners at last agreed to put them on hurdles and burn them later. Mukajjanga, the executioner, tried once more to make his little son forsake his faith. None could hear what the father said, as his son, bound hand and foot, knelt before him, but they heard the reply of the boy who had been baptized but a week before. "The King has commanded thee to kill me. Kill me, I want to die for Christ." He was led some distance away, and struck with a club on the back of the neck. Then the body was taken to the stake and fire applied on all sides.

The victims on their burning hurdles were taunted by the jeering executioners, but remained steadfast to the end. Charles Lwanga, who had been given charge of the pages by the King, was tortured slowly, in a vain effort to make him relapse, but although, when his feet were already consumed by the fire, the upper part of his body had not been touched, nothing could conquer him.

On the very day when the pages of the King's court were arrested, two Christians were taken at Mengo and thrown into prison. The next morning Matthias Mulumba and Luke Banabakintu, the two prisoners, were given a five-minute trial and sentenced to death. They were taken in haste to join the other com-

pany on its way to execution, but when they reached Kampala, Matthias begged to be killed there, as he knew that there was no hope of pardon for him. When Mukajjanga heard this he angrily ordered the man's legs to be cut off to the knees, and his arms, at the wrists first, and then at the elbows. No complaint was uttered, but only moaned "My God, my God!" To prolong his agony, terrible tortures were devised, and he was finally left by the wayside, where a native heard him moaning for water three days later. Strange to say, the body of Matthias was not touched by the birds or the beasts, and thus the missionaries some weeks later were able to find the bones of him who has been called, because of his innocent life, and horrible sufferings, "the most beautiful flower in the crown of the martyrs of Uganda."

-Franciscan Sisters, 2226 Maryland Ave., Balto., Md.

"The Great Work"

July-Sept. 1927

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T H E R E V . J O H N H . D O R S E Y , S . S . J .

DIES AFTER GREAT CAREER AS MISSIONARY

THREE COLORED PRIESTS SING REQUIEM

(1860-1870-1926)

For the first time in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States, three colored priests officiated at a Solemn Requiem Mass for a deceased priest of their own race. The requiem was for the repose of the soul of the Rev. John H. Dorsey, S.S.J., the second colored priest ordained in this country.

Father Dorsey died June 30th, 1926, after a lingering illness. He was born in Baltimore, and was baptized, made his first Holy Communion, was confirmed, and celebrated his first Mass in St. Francis Xavier's Church.

He received his early education in the local schools. In 1888 he entered St. Thomas College, St. Paul, Minnesota. The follow-

ing year, he entered Epiphany College, Baltimore, Maryland, from which after graduation he entered St. Joseph's Seminary, pursuing his course at St. Mary's, which adjoined the Josephite house in those days. During his seminary studies, Father Dorsey received his A.B., A.M., and S.T.B. degrees, He was ordained to the priesthood June 21st, 1902 by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons.

During the twenty-four years of his priesthood, Father Dorsey preached many missions among his own people, and won a wide reputation as a speaker and lecturer.

On one occasion the Memphis Sun (Colored) wrote about, him: "Father Dorsey, the distinguished Catholic priest, closed his mission in Memphis Tuesday night with a lecture on 'Marriage,' delivered before a packed house at St. Anthony's Church, and left Thursday morning for San Antonio, Texas, where he will carry on a mission for the Catholic Church.

"Interest in no visitor in recent years has been as wide as that which has followed Father Dorsey in his campaign of education among the Memphis people, and certainly, as all agree, his labors for his church have advanced its cause among colored people far beyond the expectations of Father Glenn, through whom he came to the city. The lectures and sermons delivered by Father Dorsey attracted the intelligent element among the people, and at each of his lectures, he had before him the very cream of the colored people in the city."

Father Dorsey was also pastor of St. Peter's Church, Pine Bluff, Arkansas. His last appointment was as pastor of St. Monica's Church, Baltimore, from which he was buried.

The celebrant of his funeral Mass was the Rev. Charles R. Uncles, S.S.J., the first colored priest ordained in the United States, and one of the closest friends of the deceased. Rev. Joseph A. John, of Tenafly, N. J., a member of the Society of African Missions, was deacon; and Father Norman Duckette, ordained for the diocese of Detroit, was subdeacon,

Monsignor Michael F. Foley, of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, pronounced the absolution. The sermon was preached by the Rev.

Daniel J. Rice, S.S.J., of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Washington, D. C. Besides those already named, there were thirty visiting priests seated within the sanctuary.

--Primary Source

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Rev. John Plantevigne, S.S.J.

FORMER ASSISTANT AT ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S IN BALTIMORE

On January 27th, 1913, the Josephite Fathers lost an excellent young Colored priest in the death of Father Plantevigne. In his seven years in the priesthood, this zealous missionary accomplished much for God's glory and the welfare of his people.

The Josephites have, during their short history, received many Colored boys and young men into Epiphany College or St. Joseph's Seminary to study for membership in the community but not all stood the strain of the long years of preparation and became priests as did Father Plantevigne and others.

In the college and Seminary, young Plantevigne measured up to every requirement. In conduct, he was an inspiration to the students of his day, and in studies he kept apace of the leaders in Philosophy and Theology.

As a priest, Father Plantevigne was held in high esteem by many, especially by his superiors. One might easily point out as traits of character, his general modesty, his keenness of intellect and the zeal for the cause of his people that made him outstanding.

Father Plantevigne was an eloquent, preacher. He probably would have become a famous orator if God had spared him more years in the holy priesthood.

Xavier University

HAS MANY OUTSTANDING GRADUATES IN THE SOUTHLAND

Xavier University, New Orleans, La., is the only one of its kind: the Negro Catholic University of America. In ten years, the foundation has enjoyed a half-century growth.

The foundress is Reverend Mother Katherine Drexel, whose zeal for souls, talent for constructive enterprise, and benefactions to Indian and Negro apostolates have been, for decades, one of Catholic America's fairest boasts, and elicited the praise and blessing of His Holiness, Pius XI, himself.

The spiritual welfare of Xavier is under the general direction of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, and the special guidance of the Josephite Fathers. In evidence of their efforts, the atmosphere of the Institution is enviably reverent and conducive to a blossoming of the best.

Though strictly non-proselytizing, Xavier has so strong an appeal to its non-Catholic students, who number over a third of the total enrollment, that an average of forty converts a year, that is, more than that of the respective Negro churches, conducted by the Fathers of St. Joseph in New Orleans-obtains.

The enrollment, inclusive of extension-course students, exceeds six hundred, and is yearly increasing. Xavier is coeducational. Xavierites come from the four corners of Dixie ; and even from Oklahoma, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and California.

On the suggestion of Rev. Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., Ph. D., and Rev. Hugh Conahan, S.S.J., members of the faculty, graduate schools of Negro History and Social Service were opened in the last two years and have proven very successful.

Xavier is the only college of the South that includes a regular, required course of Negro History. Father Gillard's unique treatise and study-guide, "The Negro American," is earnestly

conned by the students; and his larger work, "The Catholic Church and the Negro," a treasure-trove of statistical and psychological facts, has already become a kind of constitution of the course.

With the exception of Fisk and the University of Atlanta, Xavier is the only foundation of its kind to have a Social Service Course of Standard rating. Prominent in this department is Katherine Radke, Ph. D. Educated at the Universities of Koln, Berlin and Tubingen, she is the author of several published treatises on social research and science. Another director of this course is Michael d'Argonne, of Notre Dame de Namur, and the University of Liege, Belgium, where he attained his doctorate in 1912.

This past year, Xavier was chosen for the birthplace of the Southern Section of the American Catholic Philosophical Association. Under the auspices of Doctor Murphy, this enterprise has been flatteringly begun.

Xavier has been admitted to the list of colleges permanently approved by the American Catholic Educational Association. Additionally its graduates are recognized by every standard Negro college in America. The Pharmaceutical Course is accepted by the American Association of Pharmacists.

An honorary degree of M.A. was last year awarded to the famous young Negro sculptor, Richmond Barthe, who was discovered by a Josephite Father, and whose art is highly rated by connoisseurs on both sides of the Atlantic.

The staff of Xavier consists of forty-six, among whom are four Ph.D.'s and one L.L.D. The Xavier Press hopes to issue its first book publication, "Negro Achievement in New Orleans prior 1861," this coming year. The work will represent the researches of Xavier students of the Negro History School.

Floyd Thompson, famous Xavier high-jumper, won the distinction this summer of finishing second in the National Junior Championship at Lincoln, Nebraska, and is automatically a candidate for Olympic honors in Germany. Spauldings Guide carries this year the item that Madison Doram, Xavier sophomore, holds

the record for the longest punt ever made by a college football star.

Xavier University, in its Invitational Track Meet, on May 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, defeated all of the outstanding Negro Colleges and Universities in the South and Southwest, among which were Tuskegee, Prairie View, Bishop, Texas, Alabama, State, New Orleans and Straight.

The Xavier basketball team has been twice the National Catholic Youth Championship winner.

by the Editor of the Colored Harvest

—Colored Harvest

September 1935

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O u r N e i g h b o r s

“There are 120,000,000 white persons in this country. There are almost, 13,000,000 Negroes. More than 5,000,000 of these American Negroes are workers. They are men and women of all skills and trades, in all parts of the country. More than 650,000 of them are already equipped for skilled and white-collar work and more are being trained daily.”

The Negro population has upper, middle and lower class distinctions which closely approximate those of the white population. Snobbish, perhaps, but an upper class black intellectual does not like to be treated as some people treat domestics. Negroes resent the blanket generalization that all of them are alike, just as do white people.

Negroes want to be treated like ordinary human beings. Paternalism is just as offensive to the new Negro as is deliberate mistreatment.

It is to be hoped that all Christians will realize the supposed “task” of treating the Negro according to his rights is no task at all, since it entails, basically, treating him with the same polite-

ness on which we so pride ourselves in our daily contacts with others, not Negroes.

Politeness is, after all, a peculiar quality to Christianity. It is merely one way of carrying out, the Christ-precept, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Surely we have no longer any need to ask, "Who is my neighbor?"

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R E V . M O T H E R M . T E R E S A , O . S . F .

SUPERIOR GENERAL

OBLATE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE

There are four communities of colored nuns in the United States: the Oblate Sisters of Providence (headquarters, Baltimore, Md.), the Sisters of the Holy Family (headquarters, New Orleans, LA), the Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary (headquarters, New York, N. Y.) and the Magdalen Sisters (headquarters, Baltimore, Md.)

The oldest and largest of these is the Community of the Oblate Sisters of Providence over which Rev. Mother M. Teresa is the Superior General, and which was founded more than a hundred years ago, having at the present time considerably more than two hundred professed Sisters.

To fully appreciate the noble work for which Rev. Mother Teresa is the guiding spirit, one must needs be told an outline of the history of the community itself.

Early in the last century two young colored ladies, who with others had fled the uprisings in the Island of San Domingo, kept a small private school in Baltimore. They were Elizabeth Lange and Marie Magdalene Balas. Among their charitable works was that of teaching the catechism to children of the colored refugees who settled in Baltimore. Speaking only French, they were cared for by the French Sulpician Fathers of St. Mary's Seminary on Paca Street.

In 1827 the catechism class was placed in charge of Father Nicholas Joubert. Moved by the ignorance of the poor children, at first he determined to found a school wherein they would be systematically taught, but, this idea soon developed into that of founding a religious community of colored Sisters to conduct the school.

On June 13, 1828 these two ladies were joined by a third, Marie Rose Boegue, and they took up residence in a small house at 5 St. Mary's Court, just outside the entrance gate to old St. Mary's Chapel. There under the direction of Father Joubert and the Superiorship of Elizabeth Lange, they began their novitiate by following a few rules given to them. The little school registered twenty-four pupils, about half of whom were boarders. The following year Alemaide Duchemin joined the infant community and they took their vows on July 2, 1829. Thus with the approval of Most Rev. James Whitfield, Archbishop of Baltimore, was established the first community of colored nuns in the United States.

In 1860 Father Peter Miller, of St. Ignatius Church in Baltimore, became director of the Sisters. It was he who carried them through the trying days of the Civil War, when Baltimore was torn between conflicting factions favoring the cause of the Union and that of the Confederacy. Under his direction, several schools were opened in charge of the Oblates, and in 1871 the new St. Frances Convent and Academy building, the present Motherhouse of the Sisters, Chase and Forrest Streets, Baltimore, was completed and occupied.

The tale of tragedy and triumph lived by the Oblate heroines of those other days has been fascinatingly written by Grace Sherwood in her "Oblates' Hundred and One Years." Naught else remains to be chronicled save those events which have transpired since that epochal Sunday, November 24th, 1929, when the centennial jubilee of the Community was solemnly celebrated by His Excellency Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore, in historic Baltimore Cathedral.

Other one hundred years of living proof that virtue knows no race and sanctity heeds no color! For more than a century these consecrated nuns have walked in the way of godliness and proved that colored Sisters can scale the highest peaks of perfection. For more than a century now these tireless teachers have moulded the minds and souls of thousands and proved that Negroes can match the learning of the most brilliant. Yes, for more than a century these virgin daughters of a maligned race have shone as stars of hope to a persecuted people and proved that, given the opportunity, the colored group can match all others.

For the past several years Rev. Mother M. Teresa has been the Superior General of this fine community of Sisters. She is one of the most outstanding Catholic leaders in the United States today. Her Sisters and their many schools and institutions are located in various parts of this country and Cuba, and their whole missionary and educational organization is under her able direction.

---Consented from "More Colored Nuns"
By REV. JOHN T. GILLARD, S.S.J., Ph.D.

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Rev. Mother Mary Elizabeth

SUPERIOR GENERAL
SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY

New Orleans, La.

Last year the congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Family commemorated the one hundredth anniversary of its founding as a community of colored women dedicated to the service of God and the Church in the fields of education and charity.

The present able and saintly leader of this missionary and educational organization is the Rev. Mother M. Elizabeth, a native of Natchez, Miss., but who has lived most of her days in Louisiana

as a Sister of the Holy Family, and for several terms the Mother General.

As in the case of the Oblates of Providence, the history of this southern community is interesting and inspiring. It is significant, too, that this community was founded approximately twenty years before the Proclamation of Emancipation, when, therefore, slavery was still at its height throughout the Southland.

The foundress was Miss Harriet Delisle, born in Louisiana, of Haitian parentage. She was assisted by Miss Juliette Gaudin, a native of Cuba, and Mademoiselle Marie Aliquot, a young French lady of distinction. Church encouragement and support came through Abbe Rousselon, Vicar General of the Diocese of New Orleans, who proved himself the counsellor and friend of the congregation throughout his life. The actual foundation was made November 21, 1842, in a little obscure house on St. Bernard Street.

It is necessary to recount briefly the history of these Sisters in order that the reader might comprehend the vastness and the importance of the responsibility of the Mother Director.

In 1867 it was found necessary to establish a mission on Chartres Street,, which was placed in charge of Mother Josephine, who founded there St. Mary's School.

In 1876 the Sisters took charge of the Louisiana Orphan Asylum for Colored Girls, an institution which later developed into St. John Berchmans Orphanage, beautifully situated today on Gentilly Avenue, where the Congregation carries on its efficient work for the benefit of underprivileged children.

Demands for the services of the Sisters of the Holy Family soon arose in places beyond the City of New Orleans. In 1874 they opened a school in Opelousas, which is flourishing to this day as one of their largest missions.

Other schools and institutions were opened in rapid succession at the following centers: Donaldsonville, Baton Rouge, Madisonville, Mandeville, Louisiana; and in Galveston and Houston, Texas; and in Stann Creek, British Honduras.

It was in 1881 that the Community acquired the old "Orleans Ballroom" on Orleans Avenue, famed from Colonial times for its gala and not always edifying entertainments, and established there the present Motherhouse, the Novitiate and St. Mary's Academy, a State-accredited boarding and day school.

This is the second time that Rev. Mother M. Elizabeth has been elected to the high position of Mother General in the Community. On the first occasion she retained office for nine years, and at present is serving the twelfth year of her second Superiorship.

From the humble start one hundred years ago the Community has grown to 232 professed Sisters and novices who come from the United States, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Jamaica, British Honduras! and British Guiana.

Besides conducting elementary schools, the Sisters of the Holy Family are in charge of eight high schools, six of which are State-accredited, constantly meriting the approval of the educational authorities of the State as well as of the Church.

Thus Rev. Mother and her noble Sisters may well look with considerable consolation over the development, of their congregation in the course of a century, confident that it has endeavored to serve faithfully and generously the Divine Master and His Church. Truly have they many reasons, therefore, to render to the Lord a tribute of praise and thanksgiving, invoking at the same time His divine grace throughout the future years in which they hope to carry on their noble efforts in the same spirit of unselfish consecration and devotion.

-From Pamphlet on "THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY FAMILY"

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In the United States there are approximately thirteen million Negroes. But even if there were only thirteen hundred, or thirteen, they, like all Americans, must be free to exercise the rights given to them in our Constitution. And when they have these rights in fact as well as in law, they will treasure their national heritage and not be influenced by agitators whose aims are not to improve, but to destroy our American way of life.

Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman D. D.

A Gleam of American History

By Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J.

At a time like this, when America is fighting for the Four Freedoms, the Forty Fears, and for a fresh dawn of democracy in a darkening world, it is well to spotlight a group of her most loyal sons who certainly should fill no small role in the great crusade: our citizens of color.

American history has so often eliminated all reference to the Negro that, except as on the occasion of the Civil War, he seems to many to have played no part at all. Nothing could be farther from the truth. From the time of Columbus to the present day, his has been a meek and often amazing presence in American affairs. He was with the greatest of discoverers, as the pilot of one of those three famous ships—the first from Europe to touch these shores. He stood with Balboa, “silent on a peak in Darian,” when the mighty Pacific first unrolled before Continental eyes. He explored the Mississippi Valley with DeSoto. He was with Menendez fifty-five years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Bock.

In the Revolutionary War, his was the first blood to be shed in the Boston Massacre. He saved the Colonial Army from capture by repelling three desperate assaults at the Battle of Long Island, and won glowing praise from no less a personage than Lafayette himself. In the War of 1812, he was with Commodore Perry in the Battle of Lake Erie, and more than present with Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans. Said the grateful General Jackson: “Men of color—soldiers!—I expected much of you, but you surpass my hopes. The American nation shall applaud your valor, as your General praises your ardor.” During the Civil War, the Negro’s record for loyalty and decency was remarkably high: tenderly he cared for the family of his master, while the latter was off fighting to seal his fate. And when the Spanish American

War broke, there he was again, as brave and serviceable as ever at the Battles of Guasimas, El Caney and San Juan Hill, much to the praise of Theodore Roosevelt.

Most impressive of all, he was the first of the American Expeditionary Force of World War Number One to "go over the top," and among the first of the American soldiers to be decorated for bravery, in fact, four Negro regiments received the Croix de guerre, and General Pershing warmly expressed his elation.

It is of a piece with the past valor of Negro America that the very first soldier of the armored forces of our country to shed his blood in the present War was a young, dark-skinned boy by the name of Robert Brooks from Camp Knox, Kentucky. A parade-ground has already been named after this hero.

And finally we should mention Dorrie Miller, a negro messman, who at Pearl Harbor took control of an aircraft gun and fought magnificently until ordered to leave the bridge. The Navy Cross has been bestowed on him by President Roosevelt for "distinguished devotion to duty and extraordinary heroism, disregarding his own personal safety."

In view of all this, it is shortsighted and fatuous to deny our colored fellow-citizens a full opportunity to share in current defense of America. "Negroes to Die for Democracy Slings Hash" was the eloquent comment of the "Waco Messenger" on the recent Washington call for 1,000 Negro mess attendants. It sickens the self-respecting colored man to think that in spite of all his loyalty to this land, his present opportunity to serve the U.S.A. comes only in crumbs.

Our President, however, has his eye on the situation and seems determined that colored citizenry will be given their due. His attitude has put a new hope into the group. And, as part of the current program of expanding the American Army to 3,600,000 men, our Secretary of War has announced that the Sixth Armored Division of the U. S. Army will be a Negro Division, and that there will be an all-Negro division of infantry, and a second air force pursuit squadron composed of Negro fliers.

Let us hope and pray that the help which Afro-America is so

ready and eager to give in this crisis will be more and more gratefully and intelligently received. Not until Columbia can look the Negro squarely in the eye may our democracy be called pure. Surely, to appeal to the peoples abroad, American democracy must present a more convincing picture here at home. Surely it must purge itself of that which is against, democracy. Surely to cause colored citizens to have to fight for the right to fight for America would be to make George Washington-yes, and common-sense, tool-turn in the grave.

The Colored Harvest
June-July, 1942

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E l i e L e s c o t

PRESIDENT OF HAITI

PAYS VISIT TO ROCK CASTLE, VA.

The President of the Republic of Haiti, Mr. Elie Lescot, visited the United States recently, on a good will tour, during which time he spent a day at St. Emma's Industrial and Agricultural Institute, Rock Castle, Va., conducted by the Benedictine Fathers.

The St. Emma School was founded for the exclusive use and benefit of industrious Negro youth. It was opened for the reception of students in January 1895, and has persistantly endeavored to give to the student8 a thorough religious and secular education, enabling them also to acquire a technical training in modern scientific methods of agriculture, or in such mechanical trade as they may elect.

This institute offers to its students the opportunity of acquiring a standard high school education, and at the same time, of receiving practical instruction in a mechanical trade or of making a study of modern methods of agriculture.

The object, of President Lescot in visiting this famous institution, was to get first-hand information about the school with a view to establishing the same method of instruction in his native land. He was particularly interested in the military and trade departments, his keen mind recognizing the need of similar training of the youth of Haiti.

The Republic of Haiti is composed for the most part of French-speaking Negroes, who are attended by the French clergy, and who practice the Catholic religion.

In the President's party were Mr. Elie Gartia, secretary to the President ; Captain Pierre Mont-Rosier, and Lt. Rene Cajuste, aides to the President, Rev. Dr. Howard Carroll, assistant secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and many others.

President Lescot was enthusiastic about St. Emma's and he reviewed the Cadet Corps during his visit. After spending the day inspecting this school which is accomplishing so much good for Negro boys in this country, Mr. Lescot and his party made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the beautiful newly erected Chapel on the campus at Rock Castle. Upon leaving, he remarked that the chapel visit was a perfect ending to a perfect day.

President Lescot departed from the United States after having been received by our Chief Executive at the White House in Washington, D. C.

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Julia Greedy

ONLY A COLORED WOMAN

They thronged in prayerful reverence and love to look upon her as she lay in state in the Church of the Sacred 'Heart, the first lay person thus to be honored in the history of the Catholic Church in Denver. They came, not drawn by the potent force of press notices or sensational write-ups. No one knows the secret

power which sped the news that Julia was dead, and her mortal remains could be viewed for the last time as she reposed in her simple casket in the Church of the Sacred Heart.

But the news spread on the wings of love and the crowds came to look upon that face worn and traced with the lines of almost eighty toilsome years. And she who lay in state honored by a city's throng, was only a colored woman, an ex-slave and a convert.

Only a colored woman ! Yet, the magic force of the purest love, for God and mankind, which had worked in secret for many a year, was drawing now to this public act of homage, the Catholic heart of the city.

Julia Greely was the name of this modern apostle of the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Sacrament. God seemed to have put the stamp of His approval upon her work when He gave her the great grace of dying on the feast of His Sacred Heart, the devotion to which she so powerfully stimulated by her example and zeal.

Denver is a big city and widespread. Yet, every month this aged lover of the Sacred Heart visited every engine house in the city, and handed out to the firemen the leaflets of the League.

Old Julia, as she was known, was a familiar figure to every fireman, Catholic or non-Catholic. Each returning month brought Julia to them with the League leaflets and the Messengers of the Sacred Heart. Every year, as regularly as clock work, she procured fifty subscriptions to the Messenger, and sold over two hundred of the Almanacs of the Sacred Heart. And this poor colored woman could neither read, nor write, nor count. This hidden saint, working, praying, and living for others, when asked on several occasions whether she had eaten her breakfast, replied with faith, and in the language of sanctity, "my Communion is my breakfast."

She was only a colored woman, and an ex-slave, but she loved God and the Sacred Heart, and that's what counts. So, too, she loved all God's creatures. God alone knows the greatness and the extent of her hidden golden charity. She was constantly visiting

the poor, and helping them from the meagre ten or twelve dollars a week which her labors brought. When this did not suffice, she took to begging for her dear poor. Her charity was as delicate as it was strong. She visited clients at night, lest they should feel ashamed to have the neighbors know they were receiving charity at the hands of a colored person. Many a time was Julia seen on the city streets at night carrying coal and food and articles of furniture to God's stricken ones. Is not the name of Julia Greely carved deeply in the Sacred Heart?, How the Sacred Heart must have loved this ex-slave's face and its blessed lines drawn by time and love, spelling out eloquently, one by one, the story of each year spent for God in Faith, Hope, and apostolic Charity.

-The Colored Harvest

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Interview With Booker T. Washington

BY Rev. Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., Ph. D.

Some years ago, a tall gaunt Southerner, who had been listening to Booker T. Washington making an address in a Deep South town, went up to the illustrious Negro educator and thrust forth his hand. The two fists, black and white, warmly clasped.

"I think," said the son of Dixie, with a tremolo of earnestness in his voice, "you're the greatest man in America!"

Smiled Booker T. : "You're forgetting President Teddy Roosevelt."

"Oh, him !" sniffed the elongated one. "Why, I've never had no use for Teddy ever since the-day he insulted the South by having you dine with him at the White House!"

Apocryphal as this anecdote may be, it expresses an attitude which Negro education and educators continually encounter below the Mason Dixon Line. It is true that Dixielanders heartily approve of training the minor group: not up, however, but down. They want the colored man to be a good worker, but are irked at

the idea of a good colored worker being a man. As a pair of skilled hands, they deem him an asset; but as an active brain, they consider him a pain in the neck. They like him as long as he gives much and asks little and "keeps in his place ;" but when he rises, so does their temper.

Still their duty to do something for him is clear ; and industrial schools for producing abler hewers of wood and carriers of water strike them as just the thing.

Liberal education for underlings? Ugh. Only a flea-brain or a mush-heart could incline to such nonsense. To lift the Negro out of his class, which is essentially menial, is to turn good servants into bad citizens, employables into misfits, cud-chewers into fire-spitters. It is worse than a crime: a blunder.

So?

Well, Booker T. Washington himself, whom the whites most frequently quote and accept as an apostle of the consoling proposition that the Negro must, if he is ever to get anywhere, use his hands rather than his head, had gray-matter that worked and won. He might have labored forever on a plantation with his fingers, without) attracting a single dollar to his life-mission. He knew it; hence he wrote books and lectured and led bigwigs around by the nose so cleverly and simply that they thought that they, not Booker T., were doing. all the thinking. He did not have to preach his belief in higher education ; he was an excellent example of it, and of what it means to one who would be a leader.

Let us evoke him in fancy from the realm beyond, into which he departed years ago, and converse with his genial, lovable soul.--close your eyes. Here he comes.

"Hello, Booker T. Washington. Do you know that white folks are contemplating a monument to your memory in the Deep South ?"

"You don't say !" the spirit gently exclaims. "But, after all, I have one already. Tuskegee."

"DO you object to another?"

"Well, no ; provided it is erected not exactly to me but to the memory of what I really taught."

“You taught the gospel of labor for your people, did you not?”

“Yes.”

“And do you not know that, despite your emphasis on manual training, higher education for Negroes has increased by leaps and bounds since you graduated from, these mortal coils? In fact, New Orleans now has two A-rated universities filled with your mental sons and daughters. Are you glad or sorry?”

“Glad! glad ! Though, in life, I urged my people to industrial skills, I always took care to stress, too, that manual training without moral, mental and religious education, means machines --not men, I never underestimated the value of intellectual, cultural and spiritual disciplines.”

“Now is it, then, that you’ve been identified, over and over again, with a pedagogy that keeps your people in the cotton-field class? Did you not toady---at least a little---to white prejudice? Did you not say what the enemies of Aframerica wanted to hear? Did you not sell the truth for thirty pieces of silver?”

“Emphatically I did not ! I spoke my heart; and if there was no hate for the whites but a love for all men in it, was that a fault? If I sought to inspire cooperation rather than arouse conflict, was that a folly? If my words were balm instead of vitriol, was that a mistake?”

Silence.

“I reminded my poor brethren that no form of honest labor is to be despised and that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. I urged them not to let their grievances over-shadow their opportunities. I impressed upon them that a chance to earn a dollar in a factory is worth more than a chance to spend a dollar in a theatre. I showed them that, to get to upper levels, they must utilize the lower. But I never dreamed of their being fixated in the depths of American existence by any social or educational philosophy of mine.”

“Rut why didn't you warn the white people, who needed the warning the more, inasmuch as they are the great offenders in race-relations?”

"I did. I told them, in kindly, yet unmistakable terms, that millions of Negro hands would help to pull the national burden upward, if America mothered my people and that, if she only step-mothered them, millions of heavy hearts could not but add to the weight of the load. I reminded the South that we colored, constituting one-third of the population, might well contribute in time, with encouragement and sympathy, one-third of the intelligence and progress instead of a third or more of the ignorance and crime. If I spoke of the hands of my brethren more than of their heads, it was because I kept envisaging a Christian hand-clasp between white and black."

"But you did say-did you not?-that, during the first years of freedom, the colored aimed at the top of American life and considered a seat in Congress or the State legislature more desirable than a farm or an industrial skill. You deplored such a vaulting ambition. You tickled the ears of Southerners by inviting your people to step down instead of up."

"Christ stepped down. Very far, too. From the stars to a stable. And He did not disesteem the lowly craft of a carpenter."

Will, He says to the humble, 'Friend, go thou up higher.'"

"And PO did I, in reverent echo of my Master. But I bade my people prepare for the ascent, so that, when the time came for it, they would be ready. I wanted them to guarantee it with work and not render it uncertain with wishes. I tried to have them place their ladder on a solid foundation, so that it would not teeter and crash. I sought to have them win good will in order that they might be really free to seek and find group-betterment, I never put a ceiling on Negro brains and ability, but gratefully thanked God for them and prayed for more."

"White men, and colored too, have twisted your message."

"The great message of God to man was distorted on a cross. But that did not prevent it from being glorified in the Resurrection."

"Many men still seem to be against the Negro cause."

"Only seem. They can be no more against us than against

themselves. To hold a fellow being in the gutter is not rational; for it means to hold one's self there with him."

With that tag-line, the gracious ghost of Booker T. Washington exits; but its influence remains, and will long remain, as a breath of sanity and springtime in the bleak winter of our under-privileged brother's discontent.

If there is any solution to what white America is pleased to call the Negro Problem, it can be found in the chaste and forth-right sayings of this good man whose reputation and appeal, like Lincoln's, keep growing with the years and whom the King of Kings-exceeding the courtesy of Theodore Roosevelt and suggesting the absurdity of human pride-has doubtless summoned to a place beside Himself at the symposium of souls above this world of strife.

-The Colored Harvest
Jubilee Issue, 1943

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O v e r O n e H u n d r e d W o m e n

M a k e R e t r e a t

UNNAMED BUT DISTINGUISHED

The calendar of the Church contains the names of many Saints. These holy men and women of God are honored by festivals which occur each year. But that none be left unhonored and unsung, the Church celebrates a feast, of "All Saints to include all the great heroes who have lived for God since the beginning of time.

In like manner, we must include in a general way the mention of the great army of Colored men and women who have caught the right idea of life and have lived their life accordingly. The following news item which appeared in the Colored Harvest some time ago, will convey my meaning:

“Mothers Day was chosen by 104 Colored Ladies of Baltimore, Md., to make their semi-annual day of retreat at the Mission Helpers Convent. This is the largest number ever to attend, The exercises were conducted by the Rev. Samuel Matthews, S.S.J., Professor of Church History at St. Joseph’s Seminary, Washington, D. C. The day closed with Holy Hour during which the retreatants renewed their baptismal promises and dedicated themselves to the Blessed Mother.”



“Green Pastures” Leads--Catholics

Samuel B. Davis, fifty-two years old, the Negro actor who portrayed “Gabriel” in the Pulitzer prize play, “Green Pastures,” died of heart disease at St. Francis Hospital, Indianapolis, Indiana.

On his death-bed he requested to be baptized a Catholic. Perhaps, it was because of his playing in a religious play every night for the last two years ; perhaps because more than half of his fellow players in “Green Pastures” were of the Catholic faith ; at any rate, he received his first and last Sacraments at the same time to prepare for the biggest. performance in his life.

A true trouser, Mr. Davis played his role right up until the last possible minute. He had been ill for some time, but refused to let his understudy substitute for him, until after the Indianapolis performance was over. From the theatre here he went to Et. Francis Hospital, and was there only four days. At the age of seventeen, Mr. Davis began his stage career. He played in several well-known productions, and was regarded by many as an outstanding actor.

MANY CATHOLICS IS CAST

One half of the cast, of “Green Pastures” are Catholics. Small

wonder that they are able to portray such a religious piece so beautifully.

It is said that the actor who portrays "De Lawd," a Catholic, Richard Harrison, spends two hours in meditation every day, refuses to let any outside influence interfere with his spiritual life.

Daniel Haynes, the Adam and the Hezdrel of "Green Pastures" is another recent convert to Catholicism. Asked about how he came into the Church, he related the following which is taken from the "Queen's Work."

"It happened like this. I was born and brought up a Protestant, and had gone to Church fairly regularly. Then a little girl in our family took deathly sick. We were all very fond of her, and terribly worried, We sent for the minister. He didn't come. We needed strength and consolation pretty badly in our hour of trial, so some one suggested that we send for a priest. We did and he came immediately. I don't remember what he did, but it seemed to make the little girl happy, and that made us happy too.

"Then the next morning two Sisters came to the door. 'We've come to take care of your baby', they said, and we let them in with glad hearts They stayed all that day, and until the time when the little girl died.

"We buried the child, and as we were coming back from the cemetery, I said to myself, 'I am going to find out more about. this Catholic Church.' I was in Washington, D. C., at the time. So I went out to the Franciscan Monastery, I wandered all about the place alone, looked at the images of the passion, saw the pictures and the statues of the Saints and holy people, and altogether got my first sight of the beauties of the Catholic Church.

"Later in New York City, I became acquainted with the Catholic priests at St. Mark the Evangelist's Church where I took the regular course of instruction and eventually was received into the Church*"

Captain Reed

CREOLE FIRE COMPANY, MOBILE, ALABAMA

If you make a trip to Mobile, Alabama, and ask to see the places of interest, in that beautiful city, you will be shown on North Dearborn street, the station house of the Creole Fire Company, an all Negro company which enjoys an enviable record for arriving first at various fires and for contributing its share in extinguishing many a serious blaze.

The Creole Fire Company has been a part of Mobile for more years than one cares to remember, so long in fact that it is no longer a curiosity in that part of the country, but a well established organization that has distinguished itself time and again for efficiency and bravery.

Captain Reed, as he was always known to the inhabitants of that area, was the leader and inspiration of that little band of firemen for many years. He was a fervent member of Moat Pure Heart of Mary Church which is conducted by the Josephite Fathers for the large congregation of Colored Catholics in the uptown section of Mobile.

Captain Reed is now dead but his spirit still rides to the fires in Mobile with the Creole Fire Engine in the sterling example that he always set before his men, in the rules that he caused to be enacted for the discipline of the company, and in the unflinching courage he displayed which has since become the motto of his successors.

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Thelma Yvonne Coffey, M.D.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

“We usually get the things we want most, if we want them badly enough.” That is the way the young physician, Dr. Thelma

Y. Coffey sums up her philosophy of life. To express it another way, if you know what you want and are willing to sacrifice to achieve it., nothing can stand in the way of your success.

There are many of our girls, brilliant in scientific study, who would like to choose medicine as a career. They are deterred either by the expense of a medical education or timidity about entering a relatively virgin field for women. The first of these obstacles-expense-is not so great a problem today as many Government, scholarships are available. As for the course of a career, let us see how the story of Dr. Coffey's life runs

She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John J. Coffey of New Orleans. Her early education was received at St. Catherine's School, Corpus Christi School and Xavier High School. Later she attended Louis Institute in Chicago, Crane Junior College in Chicago, and Meharry Medical College, where she was graduated in 1935.

After a year's internship at Flint-Goodridge Hospital, she continued study in her specialty, obstetrics, at Providence Hospital, Chicago, at which time she was a resident physician. At present she is a very successful specialist in women's diseases in Sew Orleans. She is also a member of the staff in the obstetrics and gynecology section of Flint-Goodridge Hospital-

Dr. Coffey has been honored by election to Kappi Pi, national honorary medical society, and has also at one time served as President of the New Orleans Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutical Association. She is a member of the Knights of Peter Claver. The young physician is prominent socially, being a member of the Alpha Kappa Alpha sorority and President of a social club, Les Belles Alencons.

After all, a woman is still a woman, and when asked her hobby, Dr. Coffey replied, "Knitting." Isn't that, a thoroughly charming feminine relaxation?

The Crescent City is proud that one of its own young women saw the great need for women's specialists and prepared to fill that need. And all of us feel a surge of confidence when we meet this competent, yet pleasant and thoroughly human young doctor. We say, "More power to you!"

Dr. Thomas W. Turner

EDUCATOR AND LEADER IN FEDERATED CATHOLIC
SOCIETIES TELLS AN INTERESTING STORY

On a recent trip which carried me into many colleges for Negroes in the South and Southwest, I took occasion, whenever possible, to get a glimpse of Catholic life and Catholic institutions among Negroes in the various communities where I happened to find myself.

A hasty visit to Marshall in Northeastern Texas brought to my attention a striking example of the trail-blazing, struggling activity so characteristic of many priests and Sisters in out-of-the-way, unheralded places.

I was particularly attracted to a little Catholic Church which had sprung up just outside the gates of Wiley College, a long-established Methodist institution distinguished for its service to Negro education. I was a guest of this institution while in Marshall, but took the first opportunity of my short visit to call at the rectory of the Church. I was agreeably surprised to be greeted by Father Maggiore, a young priest whom I had met in Baltimore a year or two ago.

Father Maggiore came to the door in overalls of a skilled mechanic, dropping during the interruption his pick and shovel where he was engaged, alone and in person, in building a driveway from the street to his garage. I could see at a glance that he was the laborer about the house and yard, the carpenter, the housekeeper and the pastor of his flock.

It was indeed a joy to look with him over the reorganization of his facilities, both in the rectory and the parish house, and to talk with him about his ambitious plans for expanding the Church into the social life of the community by gradually making the parish house a sort of community center where the people around might gather for games and other forms of recreation.

The presence of two strong non-Catholic colleges in this town, and the absence of any Negro Catholic backgrounds there, will undoubtedly make for slow Catholic progress ; but the Christian fervor, the vision, and the vigorous activity as exemplified in priests such as Father Maggiore and others will have great weight in bringing many converts into the Church. I regret much that I did not have opportunity to visit sections where Negro priests are laboring.

—*Our Colored Missions*

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R e v . M a r c u s G l o v e r
NATIVE NEW YORKER, NEGRO PRIEST
(1911-)

At last! New York has done its duty. On Sunday, July 11, at 11 A.M., Father Marcus Glover, P.B., a newly ordained colored priest, celebrated his first Solemn High Mass, in St. Francis de Sales Church, on East Ninety-sixth Street, near Lexington Avenue, in the midst of a unique interracial atmosphere. Acclaimed as one of the boys of the parish who has been raised to the priesthood, Father Glover returns to celebrate his first Mass in the Church where he received his early training. And this, mind you, in a white parish; but the kind of parish which portrays the Catholic tradition, and where the pastor, Monsignor John F. Brady, D.C., was happy to stand by and give honor to one of the sons of his parish.

The Church was filled to overflowing, with an attendance of over a thousand worshippers. Of this number there were over a hundred Negroes, seated in various parts of the Church, some of whom were Protestants. It was a rare occasion for me, for it was the first, time in my life that I have witnessed the celebration of a solemn High Mass by a colored priest in a white parish Church. I forgot that I was colored ; I was thinking of myself as one of a large number of Catholics performing our weekly duty. It was not

a curious crowd. It was a reverent one who came with one purpose--to give glory to God for having raised to the high office of the priesthood another son of the Church.

Close your eyes, and on bended knees, listen to the voice chanting the solemn office of the Mass. It is a voice, resonant and clear, intoning the Latin, just as is done any day in the week. But open your eyes, and look with amazement, as you witness a Negro, standing alone in the center of the High Altar; and, as he turns around and faces you, you can hardly believe your eyes---his hands extended, he intones the "Dominus vobiscum" ("The Lord be with you.") At that moment I felt like bursting out into the refrain, 'Mine eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord !' Again, as I watch with rapt attention, I see this same Negro priest being assisted by two white priests, and these priests serve with him to the very end of the Mass. Words cannot depict the, marveled of such a spectacle. If you were not there, and if you are not colored, you cannot fully appreciate the great significance of this occasion. To me, as to every other colored Catholic, it meant one more demonstration of the true Catholicity of the Church, wherein she serves all nations and all peoples, and in turn is served by them without discrimination.

In the midst of the celebration, the Pastor, Monsignor Brady, arose from his seat in the sanctuary, and proceeded to deliver a eulogy. He spoke in high praise of the zeal of the newly ordained priest, of the many obstacles he had to overcome. He spoke of the saintly mother whom God has called to her heavenly reward, and of the father and the other members of the family who have worshiped in the parish for over twenty-five years. And then to hear him speak with pride as he turns to congratulate Father Glover on his being the first colored boy from the parish to reach the goal of his ambition ! "I congratulate you for the courage to give up your family and your country, and to go away to a foreign land where they know you not." It was like a prayer that other colored boys may be blest in time to swell the ranks, which must from now on grow until at length--instead of being ordained to serve as a foreign missionary in far-off Africa--we may live to see

the day when one of our Negro youth shall be called to labor in this great metropolis, to help in winning many souls to Christ. God grant that the day be not far away!

The Mass is ended, but the ceremonies are not over. One of the most unique parts of the celebration of a Solemn Mass by a newly ordained priest, is the rare opportunity to receive his blessing. On this occasion the scene was set in the Parish Hall. Here Father Glover began his Catholic education. Join us as we enter the hall. Were they all colored people waiting to receive his blessing? No, indeed ! The colored people had a hard time getting in. When Father Glover entered, resplendent in his habit of the Society of the White Fathers (Peres Blancs), he was surrounded by the little children and the grown-ups of the parish, many of whom were his boyhood chums. He blest them one and all. Then what I considered a very touching scene took place. He mounted the platform, and very soon a group of little children, white and colored, ascended the steps and knelt in a semi-circle on the stage, while Father Glover went from one to the other giving his blessing. Then an endless throng followed, and upwards of 600 persons availed themselves of the privilege of receiving his blessing and kissing his hands-and there were many Protestants in the crowd. The scene was so moving that a colored lady kneeling beside me exclaimed, "If only a newspaper photographer were here ! What a picture this would make I"

But who is this Father Marcus Glover, to have so moved the crowd to such a demonstration of Catholic devotion? He was born in the Yorkville section of New York, of devout parents, in the neighborhood of the parish of St. Francis de Sales. He was baptized in that Church, and began his education in the parochial school of the parish. Upon graduating he went to Cathedral College, where he received his academic preparation for the priesthood. He then entered the novitiate of the Josephite Fathers at Sewburgh. From there he went to the Seminary of Quebec, and completed his theological training at the Seminary of the White Fathers in Carthage, Africa, where he was ordained to the priesthood on the 29th of June. He is now 26 years old, and as a mem-

ber of the Society of the White Fathers, his field of labor will be along the Gold Coast of Africa.

In summary, it may be said this important event marks a high point in the labors of the priests in the Archdiocese of New York. It began with the work of the late Monsignor John E. Burke in St. Benedict's Mission, and in succession we have such names as the late Monsignor Thomas M. O'Keefe, F&her Shanley, Very Rev. Father Plunkett, Father Mulvoy, Father McCann, and last by no means the least, Father John LaFarge, S.J., the apostle and pioneer of Catholic interracial work. It will surely inspire the young, and encourage those who are working so zealously for the conversion of the millions of colored people who have not yet been reached. My own resolve as I left the scene of that celebration was to pray-and pray fervently--for the day to come when we may witness not only the celebration of a Solemn High Mass by a Negro priest in a white parish church, but the dedication of one to work among the 330,000 Negroes in New York City, So may it be!

---By Emanuel A. Romero
Interracial Review
August, 1937

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N e g r o G l o r i e s

The Rev. James J. Madigan, S. J., in his excellent pamphlet on "The Catholic Church and the Negro," says that to the uninitiated, "the real history of the Negro is an eye opener." "Once upon a time," he adds, "my impression was that the Negro's history was one long tale of thralldom, a sad background for the thirteen millions of blacks who dwell within our shores. Yet recorded history speaks only to the credit of the race, and the reader comes away from the study reinforced with arguments to confound those who urge the inferior stock of the colored man.

"The glories of Holy Mother Church," he mites, "are brilliantly reflected in the sanctity of the black slave St. Moses, of

the Ethiopian King St. Elesbaan, of the penitential monk St. Benedict. The martyrs of Uganda and the twenty-two other Africans, canonized only two decades ago by Benedict XV, form some of the brightest jewels in the Church's modern diadem. And today the simple Dominican lay brother, Blessed Martin de Porres, is the inspiration and the guiding light behind the new American Catholic activity in the black man's behalf.

"On the achievements of the Negro," the pamphlet continues, "Father LaFarge, S.J., has written amply in his work 'Interracial Justice.' He has enumerated all the modern successes. I shall name here but a few to show that the Negro, given a chance, certainly has it in him to be as great as any other race."

In the year 1859, when the country was wrestling with the problem of secession, parish life began to take shape among the colored people of Baltimore. Father Peter L. Miller, S.J., founder of St. Francis Xavier's parish in this city, spent his whole priestly life, extending over a period of nearly thirty years, in arduous and zealous labors among the colored people in and about Baltimore.

In Baltimore today, there are four flourishing Negro parishes in the thickly settled colored sections of the city, and in the other parts the colored Catholics attend the nearest Church. There are in Baltimore at the present time upwards of twenty thousand colored Catholics distributed all over the city. Some of the most outstanding Negroes, as well as the oldest citizens, are members of the Church.

The Josephite Fathers, who took over the work among the colored people in 1871, have led the parade here as well as in other sections in Negro missionary success.

Among the Baltimore churches, there are a number of religious and social groups with thousands of members ; standing out, among them, however, is the organization known as the "Blessed Martin de Porres" chapter of the Third Order of St. Dominic. Because of its rigid requirements for admission to membership, it has a small but most select roster made up chiefly of school teach-

ers and women in professional life. Following are some of its members :

Prioress	Mrs. Helen Waters
Sub-Prioress	Miss Irene Blay
Sec.-Treas.	Miss Mary D. Lansey
Novice Mistress	Mrs. Genevieve Wilson
Councillors	Mrs. Marie Burley Mrs. Catherine Saunders Mrs. Gladys Britt
Professed Members	Mrs. Caroline Brooks Mrs. Catherine Blair Mrs. Mary Davis Mrs. Allonia Johnson Mrs. Mable Franklin Mrs. Leila Weatley Mrs. Eva E. Williams Mrs. Gertrude Wright Mrs. Edna Wood Mrs. Naomi Armstrong Miss Annie Cromwell Mrs. Rosie Rainey Mrs. Anna Lutlough Mrs. Carrie Green Mrs. Bertha Wright Mrs. Lillian Warfield
Received	Mrs. Ida Mosely Mrs. Geraldine Lawson Mrs. Marie Hacket
Candidates	Mrs. Etta Smith Mrs. Marie Robinson Mrs. Marie Gibson

Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Roberts

It is pleasant to walk through the streets of Harlem. The day has been too warm, and evening is bringing coolness. The children playing in the streets feel it ; their laughter is everywhere ; their running, tussling, tumbling games hold no memory of the past heat. Older people stand in groups, murmuring, keeping an eye on the too-energetic younger ones. We arrive at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, a brownstone house on West 130th Street, and are taken at once to the spacious living room. Dr. and Mrs. Roberts welcome us, and the interview is "on."

* * * *

"The Catholic cause? Timid!" Dr. Roberts doesn't quibble !

Years spent as practicing physician, a member of the Board of Education, and Medical Inspector of the Board of Health of the City of New York, active interest in Tuskegee and Lincoln Universities--perhaps these had something to do with making the Doctor seem so wise. Mrs. Roberts shares her husband's awareness and energy. Non-Catholics, they are obviously competent observers of Catholic trends. The thoughts they voice are not haphazard parryings; rather, they are intelligent, thought-out conclusions.

The Doctor turns to his wife. Mrs. Roberts coaxes her chair further into the yellow circle of lamplight that lies between us, and leans forward.

"Yes, it's true," she agrees. "You're afraid of proselytizing ! Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and other denominations work for greater numerical strength. Since you consider your cause, in some respects, more valuable to humanity than theirs, why don't you come out and say "we're out to get all the Negro Catholics we can?"

Relighting his cigar, the Doctor takes up the discussion: "Of

course, it's slow work; you've got to go slowly here; work through slowness to speed. And I believe it will come, what we're striving for: Negro and white working side by side. I believe it will come, but not in our time. I believe it will come through the church; I believe it will come through the Catholic Church."

Mrs. Roberts rushes in, half defensively: "I attended part of your conference at Fordham. Surely, what that meeting stood for was not 'slow' work . . . it's amazing, . . . so small a group . . ."

"Small-but powerful," the Doctor cuts in. "As we see it," hurriedly he goes on, "your advantage over other religious bodies lies in the unity of your Church. I saw it at the same Fordham Conference. You've convictions; your Church can exact, demand. She codifies her beliefs, rather than leaving them to individual conscience. And now the growing unchristianity of some other denominations makes the time ideal for the Catholic Church to exert her strength."

Dr. Roberts explains this last statement. With neatness of choice, he highlights the religious background of the majority of his race, explaining that the slaves had naturally followed the religious learnings of their masters, thus accounting in a measure, for the large number of Negro Methodists and Baptists. He quotes Booker T. Washington's facetious remark: "When one sees a Negro who is neither Baptist nor Methodist one may be sure his religion has been tampered with." He cites the separation of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches into "North" and "South" due to difference of opinion as to the place of the Negro in the Church, and the recent merger of Methodists which segregates Negro Methodists into a conference entirely Negro. "Excluded from the religious groups into which he has grown, which way will the Negro turn? It is my opinion that it will be to those churches that not only preach the teachings of Jesus Christ, but translate these teachings into daily practices. In America attitudes toward the Negro are the acid test of the real Christianity of any group," the doctor finishes quietly.

There is a moment's pause; Mrs. Roberts swiftly adds her

logic to this point of the Doctor's, that the stage is set for a Catholic drive for souls:

"To succeed, the Church must realize the urgency of the question of education; here, again, is the time especially propitious. Negro Catholic youth has called for admittance at the door to higher Catholic educational centers, colleges and universities, have taken him in. But there's a change coming!"

There is a reflective silence. The doctor nods his agreement. His wife continues:

"These Protestant institutions are striving now to limit their number of Negroes, perhaps to exclusion. At the same time, there is the Catholic tendency to open her doors. Push this, and the Catholic Church will find her way to the Negro a clear one."

"With more intellectuals like Dr. Best, Dr. and Mrs. Oliver, Capt. and Mrs. Boutte, Negro members of the Interracial Council, what a force the Catholic Church would have!" Dr. Roberts adds.

"Whom do you look to as the outstanding figure in Catholic interracial work?"

"We look to Father John LaFarge as the genius of your program. We've watched him through six years research, survey, preparatory work in the field. He had the spirit, always the spirit. He had not sufficient knowledge, so he grew in that. And out of the spirit and the knowledge come his great understanding."

"You'd like our opinion on a wider scope in your editorial work?" Dr. Roberts answers a question. "Well—it's true that there is as great prejudice on the part of the Negro; and that you editorialize almost completely on white prejudice. Yes, this must be called to attention: Negro, as well as white, prejudice should be recognized and condemned."

"Yes," Mrs. Roberts agrees, "the first step in correcting shortcomings is in recognizing them."

"At first you'll have to expect plenty of "letters-to-the-editor," the Doctor regretfully warns.

The Doctor's wife makes a quick gesture, and laughs—"But editors like them, don't they?"

Friends of Doctor and Mrs. Roberts arrive, and the conversation becomes general—"The current Oxford conference--militant religion," "the nursing problem in Harlem . . . Mrs. Roberts' committee memo for the Mayor's secretary," "Paul Williams, the architect, . . . what did you think of his article in the American?" A breeze that owes more to Spring than to Summer balloons the flowered chintzes at the windows, tugs a bit at chairs and sofa. The deep, high-ceilinged room is dim and cool.

-By **MARGARET CLARK**

Interracial Review

November, 1937



Mr. Paul A. Wade

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Here is an outstanding gentleman, high up in the printing department, of the National Government, belonging to an outstanding family which has long been prominent in the capitol city.

Paul A. Wade is an expert in his line. He is considered a valued employee in the publishing department for various governmental documents, and is held in high regard by his fellow workmen.

His brother, Rev. Father Wade, S.V.D. is a priest in the Society of the Divine Word, and is doing excellent work among his own people as a missionary in the Southland. Father Wade is considered a preacher of marked ability.

Two sisters of Mr. Wade are prominent members in the community of Oblate Sisters of Providence, being school teachers in their missions. One sister, Mother M. Angela, has been the principal at St. Cyprian's parochial school for several years.

Mr. Wade is a member of St. Augustine's parish which was founded away back in 1874. He is an active church worker and a fine example of American citizenship.

George G. Wilson, S.V.D.

AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS

A Former Orphan boy Now A Priest. --Returns To The Home
AND FINDS MANY CHANGES

"Wilmington !" bellowed the conductor as the train roared into the B & O station. I grabbed my two bags and made for the platform. I was back in Wilmington, Del., for the first time in thirteen years. Had I known the words of Al Jolson's "Mammy," I would have been tempted to sing ; for I was coming home to "Mammy"-my dear old alma mater, St. Joseph's Home.

St. Joseph's Home was erected in 1892 as a haven for orphan boys and for those male children whom their parents were unable to support. The inmates were generally called "the Home boys."

After the handshaking and volley of greetings exchanged with Father Neifert, S.S.J., the present pastor of St. Joseph's Church, and some of the parishioners, I, accompanied by two of the former "Home boys," began an inspection tour of the place.

"The place's changed quite a bit since you left," said one.

"So I noticed," was my reply.

The third story where the "big" boys slept was gone. The front entrance with the porch, where we used to view the parades, was also gone. St. Joseph's statue had been moved from its exalted position over the building and placed on the lawn between the Home and the church.

"The Home's been changed into a parochial school," explained one of the boys. "About 300 pupils attend it. Of course it's only a grammar school. It's pretty difficult gettin' teachers an' things for a high school."

"How many Sisters teach in the school?"

"Five. They're of the same Order that taught in the Home--

the Sisters of St. Francis, whose Motherhouse is in Glen Riddle, Pa.”

As we passed from one room to another, our minds flitted back over thirteen and more years. I do not know how much time we spent conjuring up old memories with the help of the magic formula: “Do you remember . . . ?” We were living in the past, and we liked it.

“Come,” suggested one, “let’s visit the church. You’ll notice--”

“By the way,” I interrupted, “isn’t this the golden jubilee year of the church? Father de Ruyter laid the cornerstone in 1891--and that’s 50 years ago.”

“Yes ; this is the golden jubilee year !” they chorused.

“Hope you’ll be here for the celebration,” added one of them

“Yes-I hope, I hope, I hope,” was my rejoinder.

We were nearing the church. It is one of the oldest churches built by the Josephite Fathers. Upon approaching closer I discovered that it had a new brick facade. **A9** if anticipating my question, one of the boys explained :

“Father Rebeshier fixed up the church a bit., an’ put up this here new front in 1934. The church now has a choir loft, and a little room for Baptisms.” He was referring to the neat little baptistry opposite the stairs leading to the choir.

Upon entering the church my gaze went swiftly to the main altar and sanctuary. I was looking at the same altar and sanctuary once again after thirteen years’ absence. Next to St. Joseph’s Home--now the parochial school--this church played a great part in the formation of my priestly vocation. For about seven years I was its assistant sacristan. For just as many years I was one of its altar boys. You can imagine what thoughts and sentiments crowded upon me as I knelt in silent adoration. After spending a few moments thus, we left the church.

“Good old St. Joseph’s Church!” exclaimed the companion on my right, as I was being escorted back to the rectory.

“Good old St. Joseph’s Church!” I echoed fervently.

My stay at the rectory revealed to me the reason for the’

rapid growth of the pariah. When I left in 1928, the parishioners numbered scarcely over 100. Today they are over 400 strong. When one studies the religious situation of Wilmington, one will see that converts are not easily made. From this viewpoint St. Joseph's has made wonderful progress in thirteen years.

"You've got to get out and associate with the people," explained Father Neifert.

He succeeds in winning souls through the social approach. Through his efforts, St. Joseph's ranks very high in the C.Y.O. sports. The basketball team and track team have captured several trophies. Not only by means of sports, but also by personal help and advice does he win souls for God.

"Father Neifert, you're wanted on the phone! Father Neifert, there's someone in the parlor to see you!" is the housekeeper's almost hourly call. Sometimes it is a person seeking employment; another time it is a request to procure hospital care for the caller's relative ; still another time it is a person who would like to take instructions.

Father Neifert assured me that there is plenty of apostolic work for himself, and for his young assistant, Father Chester Ball, S.S.J.,--a Negro priest recently ordained--as well as for the good Sisters. This is no exaggeration, especially when one takes into consideration the possible future of the little mission church, Blessed Sacrament Mission, attended from St. Joseph's, This church was built by Father Conrad Rebesher, S.S.J., in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, for the convenience of those who live too far from St. Joseph's Church.

Thirteen years have wrought many changes in St. Joseph's parish. These changes indicate that Catholicity is being favorably received by the colored people of Wilmington. God grant that another thirteen years will see St. Joseph's parish blessed with vocations to the Sisterhood as well as to the priesthood !

---*St. Augustine's Messenger*

February, 1942

Mrs. Barthelemy A. Rousseve

COLORED CATHOLIC MOTHER OF 1942

(1879--)

It was most natural that "The Claverite," official organ of the Knights of Peter Claver, should feature a mother from their own race as the "Mother of 1942." In the May issue of the above magazine we read the story of Mrs. Barthelemy A. Rousseve:

Admired by all who know her as an ideal Catholic mother, Mrs. B. A. Rousseve (nee Valentine M. Mansion) was born in New Orleans, June 14, 1879. She is a granddaughter of Lucien Mansion, militant civic worker and writer during the Civil War and Reconstruction period ; as well as a great-granddaughter of Dominique Foster, who came from Pensacola to settle at New Orleans, and who was one of the 430 free men of color fighting under Andrew Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans in 1815.

To Mrs. Rousseve and to her husband (the late Barthelemy A. Rousseve, himself an exemplary parent) were born eight children, all of whom still live. By dint of strenuous effort and generous sacrifices on the part of the parents, all eight children were given sound Catholic education ; all are graduates of colleges and professional schools.

Years ago, as she led her young children in family prayer, or recounted to them the ageless stories of the Bible, or gave them their first lessons in Catholic doctrine, or lulled her babies to sleep with melodies from Mass or opera, Mrs. Rousseve, deeply religious herself, could not know that one of her sons should today be the Reverend Father Maurice L. Rousseve, S.V.D, pastor of Notre Dame de Perpetual Secours Church, St. Martinville. Nor could she realize then that a daughter should become Sister M. Theresa Vincent, of the Sisters of the Holy Family, and at present principal of St. Paul's Nigh School, Lafayette. Among her other sons, Charles B. Rousseve, teacher and musician, is author-of the book,

The Negro in Louisiana: Aspects of His History and His Literature ; Ferdinand L. Rousseve, only Negro registered architect in Louisiana, is head of the Fine Arts Department at Xavier University ; Numa J. Rousseve, artist, is instructor of fine arts at Xavier ; and Rene J. Rousseve is a senior social case worker. Her twin daughters, the Misses Leona and Leonia Rousseve, are teachers, the former being principal of St. Peter Claver School at Edgard. Three of the sons are Clavers.

Having seen her eight children grow into successful Catholic adulthood, Mrs. Rousseve now has eleven grandchildren, in whom she has more than a grandmotherly interest.

Quiet, unassuming, retiring, and deeply devoted to her home, Mrs. Rousseve is conversant with French and English languages and literature, is widely read in world history and is a persevering student of contemporary social problems.

In addition, she is an accomplished pianist. Labors, joys and sorrows, success and tribulations, she has always faced with a calmness, patience, optimism, and good cheer originating in an abiding faith in the eternal presence and goodness of God, and with a conviction that life, "just a stuff to try the soul's strength on," is a mere prelude to immortality. With a saint's utter forgetfulness of self, she has spent her life in constant and devoted services to her family and to her God.

-Our Colored Missions

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Benedictine's First Negro Priest

REV. BASIL MATTHEWS, O.S.B.

The missionaries on the poverty-stricken, disease-ridden Island of Trinidad are the "poorest of the poor." So says Father Basil Matthews, a native of Trinidad and First Negro Benedictine priest in his order's 1,400-year history, who has just completed his studies for the doctorate in social and political science in Fordham University.

A graduate of Louvain University in Belgium, Father Basil taught in Trinidad for five years before coming to the U. S. in 1940. While finishing his studies, he has taught religion in Manhattanville College.

The island on which many American soldiers are now stationed and which President Roosevelt has visited three times, is strategically located near the mouth of the Orinoco river seven miles off the coast of Venezuela. Important in the defense of the Panama canal, this British crown colony was one of the first major bases lent to the U. S. by England.

The Most Rev. Finbar Ryan, O. P., Archbishop of Port of Spain, the island capital, is assisted by diocesan priests Dominicans, Augustinians, Holy Ghost Fathers and Benedictines.

Poverty and disease are the common lot of Trinidad's 500,000 people, 98 per cent of whom have hook-worm. Illiteracy is probably worse than either of these. Of the island's 300,000 Christians (half of them Catholics), 72 per cent can read and write. Only 17 per cent of the non-Christians are literate.

Trinidad is one of the world's greatest melting pots. Most of its inhabitants are Negroes descended from imported African laborers. There are 22,000 Mohammedana, thousands of Hindus, and many Chinese. Whites make up only seven per cent of the population.

Of the 30 Benedictine priests and 12 brothers now working in three Trinidad missions, six priests and six brothers are natives. One of the priests, a former student of Father Matthews, is the Rev. Chrysostom Lee Sing, of Chinese and Negro ancestry.

The poverty of the island's missionaries is shown by the fact that the Benedictines, who went there in 1912, still live in primitive dwellings, they erected with their own hands and approached by zigzag mountain roads they built. Their barn-like chapel in Mt. St. Benedict, patched dozen8 of times, is now in danger of complete colapse. Their wood and corrugated iron dormitories are open to the elementa, and the monks are often drenched by tropi-

cal rains as they chant the Divine Office in the early morning hours.

-From the Register
Sunday, September 26, 1943

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Colored Catholic Clergy In United States

At the present time there are eighteen Negro priests in this country. Some of the outstanding members of this colored clergy are Father Clarence J. Howard, S.V.D., editor of St. Augustine's Messenger ; Father Basil Matthews, O.S.B., of Jamaica, B.W.I., lately appointed assistant professor of religion at Manhattanville College, New York City; and Father John Walter Bowman, S.V.D., recently commissioned a captain in the United States Army. Father Bowman is the first colored Catholic chaplain in the Army.

The number of Negro priests in this country is pitifully small. The future of the Negro clergy, however, looks much brighter for the eighty-five colored young men who are now studying for the priesthood.

The great majority of these colored aspirants to the priesthood are to be found at St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Miss., and at St. Mary's Mission House, Techney, Ill.

There are five colored young men studying with the Benedictine Fathers at St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minn. The Josephite Fathers have one Negro student in their Epiphany Apostolic College in Newburgh, N. Y. Another colored student is studying with the Sacred Heart Fathers at Hales Corners, Wisconsin ; one at the minor seminary of the Holy Ghost Fathers in Cornwells Heights Pa.; another in the major seminary of the Fathers of St. Edmund at St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vermont,

There are also two colored young men preparing for the secular priesthood in the Brooklyn Diocesan Seminary.

--By WILLIAM L. LAWLESS, O.M.I.

The Oblate World



A f r i c a ' s F o u r B i s h o p s

A few weeks ago it was reported in the press that Pope Pius XII had promoted two Negro ecclesiastics to the episcopate. The secular journals seemed to find something extraordinary in this. However, there is more to come. For news from Rome is that two more colored priests are to receive episcopal consecration. The word colored is used rather than Negro; because, while both the new prelates are natives of Africa, only one may properly be described as a Negro.

The high distinction of being the first African Bishop, certainly in modern times, goes to His Excellency the Most Reverend Joseph Kiawanuka, a native of Uganda, who is appointed Vicar Apostolic of Masaka, in the Uganda territory. His Excellency was born June 11, 1899, in the village of Naki-bare, of Catholic parents. Entering the Order of the White Fathers in 1930, after he made his studies at Bakulasa and Kati-gondo, he was sent to the Angelicum in Rome where, in 1932, he took the degree of Doctor of Canon Law magna cum laude. The new Bishop is renowned for his wide knowledge of Latin as well as for his elegance and proficiency in speaking the Church's language. Bishop Kiawanuka is, by the way, the first native of Uganda to enter the Order of the White Fathers.

Of the recently appointed bishops-elect, the first is Monsignor Joseph Faye, of the Holy Ghost Fathers, who was ordained priest by Cardinal Verdier, at Notre Dame, Paris, on October 25, 1931.

Father Faye comes from a remarkable Catholic Negro family. His father, who was in the employ of the French Company of

Carabane, used to attend Mass every morning at half-past five, before starting out for his day's work. It was the custom for the whole family to assemble every day for family prayers in common, and from such a household it is not at all extraordinary that there should have come vocations to the priesthood and the religious life. Of the five children of the elder Mr. Faye one is the bishop-elect, another son is a seminarian. The three daughters entered religion. One of them, now dead, was a religious of the Daughters of the Sacred Heart of Mary ; the two surviving daughters are novices in the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny.

The new ecclesiastical territory, of which Father Faye is to be prefect Apostolic, lies somewhat to the south of Senegal, between British Gambia and Portuguese Guinea. This is a fertile and populated district known as Casamance. It has been detached from the Apostolic Vicariate of Dakar and erected into a new Prefecture Apostolic. It was at Sedhiou, in this same territory, that Joseph Faye was born, May 22, 1905.

After his studies at Ngasobil and the School of the Missions at Allex, in France, Joseph Faye entered the novitiate of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost, making his religious profession October 26, 1927. The new territory over which he will exercise episcopal jurisdiction as Prefect Apostolic counts 8 Holy Ghost Fathers, 2 Brothers, 7 Sisters and 88 catechists, who work among 11,247 Christians and 1,186 catechumens.

The other native African who has been nominated to the episcopate by Pius XII, is Monsignor Ignatius Ramarosandra, a secular priest, Malagasy by race, who is appointed Vicar Apostolic of Miarinarivo, in Madagascar.

The bishop-elect is a former pupil of the Jesuits, under whom he made his studies at St. Michael's College, Tananarive. On February 18, 1925, together with eight companions, he was ordained to the priesthood by Bishop De Saune in the cathedral of Tananarive. It is important to observe that these nine newly ordained priests were the first secular Malagasy clergy in Madagascar. Not, be it noticed, the first Malagasy priests for there were already five native Malagasy priests in the Society of Jesus.

The two Africans who will shortly be consecrated Bishops of the Catholic Church, while chosen for the fidelity and piety of their lives, were the choice of the Holy See for intellectual reasons as well. Monsignor Faye was, from 1932, professor in the Junior Seminary of Poponguine, a post which he held until he fell victim to the dreaded sleeping sickness of Africa, from which he made a complete recovery.

Monsignor Ramarosandratana, whose academic career was marked by great brilliancy and profound scholarship, after his ordination filled many positions of importance in the Vicariate, and was raised to the office of Spiritual Father at St. Michael's college.

It is significant of Pope Pius XII's confidence in the piety and administrative abilities of these two African prelates, that His Holiness has chosen to create a new Prefecture and a new Vicariate, over each of which he is placing a native son as spiritual ruler, with a native clergy under their jurisdiction.

The phrase "native clergy" is perhaps not the happiest one to use, because pretty nearly all clergy are natives of the lands in which they minister. Our French brethren manage it better when they speak of the "indigene" (indigenous) clergy, which carries the meaning of the phrase more precisely.

When His late Holiness Pope Pius XI was elected to the Chair of Peter in 1922, there were no native Bishops in the Catholic Hierarchy, which is practically the same thing as saying that in the missionary countries there were no Catholic Bishops who were natives of those countries. During his Pontificate Pius XI elevated nearly thirty native priests to the episcopate. Some of them the Pope consecrated himself, notably the six Chinese Bishops who were consecrated with great ceremony by Pius XI in St. Peter's in Rome on October 28, 1926. Pope Pius XII in the short space of time of only three months of his Pontificate showed that he is as ardent in the matter of placing a native Hierarchy over the missionary countries as was his distinguished predecessor in the Supreme Pastorate of the Universal Church.

Although the four recently appointed Bishops-elect are referred to as the first African Bishops, they are by no means the first rulers which Africa has given to the Church. In the first centuries of Christianity three of the Popes certainly were African ; whether they were of European extractions or of the colored race has never been definitely settled. This much is certain-there have been three African Popes.

Nothing more pointedly proclaims the universality of the Catholic Church than the appointment of clergy, native to the missionary countries, as rulers and administrators of that Church. And, by the way, it is interesting to note that the Society of Jesus is promoting this apostolate of universality by the ordination and professing of members of races other than the white race in the ranks of the Society.

Two other things call for attention: first, that these indigenuous Bishops were chosen by the Holy See as much for their learning as for their piety and apostolic zeal and, second, that the missionaries sent out from the older countries of Christendom are faithfully and diligently cooperating with the Pope in adequately preparing their people for the "summum sacerdotium," the high priesthood, the episcopate of the Catholic Church. This is the true spirit,, not only of the Pentecostal Mission of the Catholic Church, but also of the Canon Law which regulates that mission. This, if you look at it in the right way, is the answer of the Church to the fantastic doctrines of modern Racism-that. the Church of Christ knows no distinction of 'race when she calls upon her sons to assume the Divinely appointed task of shepherding the flock committed to her charge,

-By HENRY Watts
Interracial Review
July, 1939

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Communists have been a real factor in retarding the Negro's progress in the United States. I believe in orderly racial progress and we are making progress despite the chaos and confusion which Communist elements have introduced into the American labor movement in particular.

Frank R. Crosswaith.

Cliff

(The Experience Of A Missionary)

"It all happened some years ago down in the sunny south-land. The distance to the mission, near which Cliff lived, was about forty miles. This stretch of land was covered by a slow train, one of the slowest in Mississippi.

"A three-hour run on that train left me at the depot ; a half-hour buggy ride brought me to the little white frame church. I'd leave home at eight in the morning, and arrive at the mission at 11:30. At 11:40 Mass would begin. And there'd be breakfast about 12:30.

"At two o'clock in the afternoon we'd have a parish meeting, followed by rosary, sermon and benediction. Then from 4:30 till 6:30 I'd wait at the lonely way station for the train home.

"One Sunday afternoon, while I was sitting in the station, I was called hurriedly to a sick colored man. It was Cliff. He was a Baptist, but he eagerly requested to be baptized a Catholic.

"I asked poor Cliff why he desired to be a Catholic. Here's the way he answered me: 'Well, Reverend, I'll tell you. Sunday after Sunday I toted that other priest's bag from the station to yonder mission church, and in all kinds of weather . . . rain, shine, cold and warm. One day as I sat thinking by myself on the Lord, I heard something whispering in poor Cliff, saying that that there priest am a priest of God. If that white man makes such sacrifices for us poor Negroes way out here in these sticks, to bring us the message of Christ, that man's faith is truthfully the religion of Jesus. He is doing for us, God's children in the blood of the Lord, what Jesus would do for us colored if He were on earth.' 'It isn't money, Cliff,' the Spirit said: 'that makes that Christ-like priest labor and sweat for you (and I knows the collection was tolerably small-even to pay his fare back home).

"Then, Reverend, I said to myself something like this, "Cliff, that man is a man of God sure enough. He not only brings us Jesus by word of mouth. He brings us Jesus in his life." And that is why, Mister Priest, I want to be a Catholic . . . why I want to die in the Catholic faith. I believe with my whole soul that it is the Gospel from on high. Please, Father, baptize me, so I can peacefully rest in the bosom of the Lord.'

"Well, the doctor," our priest continues, "had given him three weeks to live. Within that time I gave him a few instructions on the essentials of our religion, and then had the great happiness of receiving him into the Church.

"Poor Cliff is dead-dead a long time. So, too, is the saintly priest who was responsible for his conversion. But, you know, I never think of Cliff and that other priest without being reminded that you never know what good you may be doing . . . and doing in the simplest ways,"

We might add that the concluding thought: "You never know what good you may be doing" or could do to help a non-Catholic find the true Church of Christ.

-The Colored Harvest



N e g r o e s I n M a n y L a n d s

"Not until Columbia can look the Negro squarely in the eye may our democracy be called pure," the Rev. Edward F. Murphy, S.S.J., said in the address on "The Church and the Negro" which closed the 1941-1942 forum series of the Metropolitan Union of Holy Name societies, in New Orleans, Louisiana.

Father Murphy is pastor of Blessed Sacrament Church and head of the Philosophy department of Xavier University, which is conducted by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

"At a time like this," said Father Murphy, "when America is fighting for the Four Freedoms from the Four Fears, and for

a fresh dawn of democracy in a darkening world, it is well to spotlight a group of her most loyal sons, who certainly should fill a role in the great crusade: our citizens of color.

“American history, has so often eliminated all reference to the Negro that, except as an occasion for the Civil War, he seems to many to have played no part at all. Nothing could be farther from the truth. From the very beginning to the present day, his has been a meek and often amazing presence in American affairs. He was with Columbus himself, as the pilot of one of those three famous ships, the first from Europe to touch these shores. He stood with Balboa, ‘silent on a peak in Darien,’ when the mighty Pacific first unrolled before Continental eyes. He explored the Mississippi Valley with DeSoto, He was with Menedos 55 years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Bock. Through Arizona and New Mexico he led the original explorers.

“In the Revolutionary War, his was the first blood to be shed in the Boston Massacre. He helped to save the Colonial Army from capture by repelling those desperate assaults at the Battle of Long Island, and won glowing praise from no less a personage than Lafayette himself. In the war of 1812, he was with Commodore Perry in the Battle of Lake Erie, and more than present with Andrew Jackson in the Battle of New Orleans. Said the grateful General Jackson: ‘Men of color--soldiers-I expected much of you, but you surpass my hopes. The American nation shall applaud your valor, as your general praises your ardor.’

“During the Civil War the Negro’s record for loyalty and decency was remarkably high. Christianly, he cared for the family of his master while the latter was away in the field of arms. And when the Spanish-American war broke, there again, as brave and a serviceable as ever, at the Battles of Gausimas, El Caney and San Juan Hill, much to the praise of Theodore Roosevelt.

“Most impressive of all, he was the first of the American Expeditionary Force of World War One to go over the top,’ and among the first of the American soldiers to be decorated for bravery. In fact, four Negro regiments received the Croix de Guerre, and General Pershing warmly expressed his elation.

“It is of a piece with the past valor of Negro America that the very first soldier of the armored forces of our country to shed his blood in the present war was a young dark-skinned boy of the name of Robert Brooks, from Camp Knox, Ky. A parade ground has already been named for this hero.

“And finally we should mention the unknown Negro soldier, merely a mess-man, who at Pearl Harbor took control of an aircraft gun and fought magnificently until his ammunition was exhausted.”

Father Murphy closed his address by noting that both President Roosevelt and Secretary of War Stimson have evidenced full appreciation of the part Colored citizens have played and are ready again to play in the defense of their country. Secretary Stimson, he said, has announced the Sixth Armored Division of the Army will be a Negro division and that there will be an all-Negro infantry division and a second air-force pursuit squadron composed of Colored Biers.

-Our Colored Missions

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R e v . G l a d s t o n e G . W i l s o n

Brilliant Negro Priest Upsets Dope On Negro Intelligence

(1 9 0 6 -)

A Negro priest who passed the entrance examinations for Cambridge University at the age of 15, who at the age of 30, had won doctors' degrees with the highest honors in philosophy, theology and law in Rome, who speaks fluently no less than six languages, and who is secretary to Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, and Vice Chancellor of the vicariate, recently finished a trip to the United States.

He is the Rev. Gladstone O. Wilson, who accompanied Bishop

Emmet on a trip to this country, visiting New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and other cities.

Father Wilson was born March 10, 1906, at St. Andrew, Jamaica, British West Indies. His parents are teachers in government elementary schools in Kingston. The boy won a scholarship at the age of 11, and was admitted to St. George's Preparatory College, conducted by the Jesuit Fathers in January 1918. Four years later he passed the examinations for admittance to Cambridge University, but because a student is required to be 18 to enter Cambridge, he continued his studies at St. George's,

He was received into the Catholic Church in 1922, and in 1924 manifested a desire to study for the priesthood.

Bishop O'Hare, then Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, entered him in the Urban College at Rome in 1925. The young student likewise attended lectures at the Propaganda College.

In 1927 at the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the Urban College, when students from various nations spoke before Pope Pius XI and members of the Sacred College of Cardinals, Father Wilson was selected to give the final address in Italian.

From 1925 until his ordination on December 24th, 1931, Father Wilson assisted Camillo Cardinal Laurenti, at various important ceremonies. He took the degree Doctor of Philosophy, *summa cum laude*, in 1928, the degree Doctor of Sacred Theology, *magna cum laude*, in 1932, and the degree Doctor of Canon Law, *summa cum laude*, in 1936.

When Pope Pius XI observed the golden jubilee of his ordination in 1929, Father Wilson was again chosen to deliver an address in the presence of the Holy Father.

English-speaking students elected him president of the Newman Society in 1930, and when he had passed the examinations for Licentiate in Sacred Theology, he was named prefect of divinity students.

-Our Colored Harvest

Elizabeth Laura Adams

And Her "Dark Symphony," A Compelling Story Told By
A Negro Convert

The press has published many conversion stories. Each has its particular appeal-though few, if any, will equal Elizabeth Laura Adam's "Dark Symphony." Noteworthy is the fact that this volume is the work of a Negro convert to the Catholic Church. This, in itself, makes the book unusual, if not unique. Written in the style of an autobiography, Dark Symphony is the story of a refined colored family with a child, Elizabeth, now grown into a young woman of unusual attainments. Her life has not been without its trials---not an infrequent experience-yet seldom brought so vividly to our attention.

To many individuals, the possibility of a real and lasting acceptance of Catholicism by members of the Negro race is improbable, if not definitely denied, Miss Adams is prepared to challenge this opinion by explaining that "Negroes change from one religious denomination to another many times because they are looking for justice." The present narrative will give, we think, inside information on the religious aspirations of the Negro and it is not too much to hope that a deeper sympathy will be created for and toward the work of bringing the Catholic Religion to the attention of the 13 million American Colored people.

Elizabeth Laura Adams did not find it easy to become a member of the True Church. She had previously encountered many heart-breaking disappointments in other institutions attended by white Christians. How could she know that the same would not be true in a Catholic Church? The ordinary seeker after Truth would have given up completely, but Miss Adams is not an ordinary person and eventually fought down her fears for as she puts it: "Only God can know the fears in a Negro's heart."

Not only did she accept our religion but after eleven years in

the Church declares: "I am a Catholic, and with the grace of God hope to remain one."

The authoress' mother is a painter and her late father was the head waiter of a large down-town city hotel. Elizabeth is a musician and dramatist as well as a writer. Her study of drama may be the key to an ability to set down incidents and experiences of her life in so simple and interesting a fashion that it is difficult to lay aside the account. In spite of the racial antagonism she has experienced, nowhere does the reader discover a single line of rancor. Instead, we find her praying: "May no lasting bitterness engulf my soul, or take away from my sight the beauty of this earth nor the glory yet unseen." However, she boldly tells us there is room for much improvement in our Catholic welcome to the Colored people, since "many Negroes are turning to radical groups because both the Protestant and the Catholic have failed in many respects to show a truly brotherly attitude toward them." The oft-repeated excuse, "Do not confuse the attitude of the Church with the actions of certain Catholics," she claims, "does not add to the Negro's happiness, nor open the doors of opportunity. It does not make up for the fact that certain Catholic schools refuse to enroll Colored children-that certain colleges have no room for Negro Youth."

In one place we find this quotation, "sometimes people ignore the musician but never forget the music"-Miss Adams is more anxious that we never forget her message than that we praise her. "Thousands of Negro boys and girls throughout the world," she asserts, "could tell a story similar to mine, but few are given the chance." If the book "Dark Symphony" is a revelation to white Gentiles and a message of "good tidings" to colored unbelievers, better race relations will definitely follow and all will be brought into a more sensible realization of our own part in the Mystical Body of Christ. And may she, whose desire to enter a convent was frustrated by her mother's ill health, become in the lay state a missionary by means of her writings and thereby cause many to become interested not only in the salvation of their own souls but likewise in the souls of others, particularly the members of the

Negro race for whom Miss Adams pleads so eloquently in this book called "Dark Symphony."

-The colored Harvest
June-July, 1942.

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R i c h m o n d B a r t h e
SCULPTOR
An American Negro (1901-)

During the recent showing of paintings at the De Porres Center we met, in one hour, a painter, a poet and a sculptor. The painter was, of course, Jacob Lawrence, the poet, Claude McKay, and the sculptor, Richard Barthe.

Youthful and yet with a certain dignity, Mr. Barthe readily agreed when it was suggested that we interview him. Within a few moments we had learned the chief points of his rather meteoric career as a sculptor and were discussing his latest commissions. His invitation to visit his studio was accepted and a few days later we fulfilled the engagement.

When we arrived we entered a rather small, square room which on one side opened on a hall and on the other gave direct access to two rooms. After he had greeted us, Mr. Barthe began to show several finished pieces. We stopped before one small statue of Ram Gopal, a Hindu dancer, his figure poised in a traditional movement of the dance in which the whole body was held in firm strength and with incomparable grace and ease. The sculptor turned to a large frame, mounted on casters and resembling a movable blackboard ; he wheeled it around until it stood in the clear, even light falling through the northern windows. We recognized it as the study of Arthur Brisbane that will shortly be placed on Fifth Avenue. A bas-relief in stone, it depicts the famous journalist in profile, in a serious, yet not severe cast of countenance.

We looked into another room, evidently a study, along the walls of which were ranged photographs of actors, novelists, painters, editors. Then we passed through the hall down to a larger studio, the workshop itself. Here were all the things used in the art of sculpture, a long work table, shelves filled with supplies, tools for cutting and shaping, armatures, bronze casts of all types. Here, too, were several finished pieces, shown recently in Mr. Barthe's exhibition in New York this spring. Placed against one wall and somewhat obscured by the screen which divided the room was a model in dark red composition stone of the frieze he is executing for the amphitheatre in the Harlem River Housing Project. This frieze when completed will be eight feet high and eighty feet long and is being worked entirely by the sculptor. The portion represented by the model depicts the Exodus scene from "Green Pastures."

Finally we came back to the smaller studio. Mr. Barthe drew chairs forward into the center of the floor and then seated himself on the edge of the slightly elevated platform used by his models and subjects. It was now time to begin that series of questions to which almost every artist submits in an interview, questions on his education, years, study, experience. Mr. Barthe spoke easily, readily.

His recital was bare, stripped of anecdotal encumbrances often surrounding autobiographical accounts. He touched briefly on his earlier days in New Orleans and remarked that he had been able to finish grade school only. He paid tribute to Rev. Harry F. Kane, S.S.J. It was through the assistance of this Catholic priest, his pastor, that he spent four years at the Chicago Art Institute in the study of painting. A chance venture into modeling, and he turned to sculptor. Then followed, in 1929, further studies in New York on a Julius Rosenwald Scholarship. His first exhibition of sculpture was held in Chicago the next year and thereafter several one-man shows brought continued publicity,

When we mentioned publicity, Mr. Barthe crossed the room and brought us several scrapbooks filled with the printed records

of his progress. We leafed through the first album, noting here the complimentary notice, and there the famous critic's review.

Realizing that we had reached the very basis of his artistic creed, we put another question to Mr. Barthe regarding his position as an artist. Those who have seen any of his pieces have observed that in style they stand midway between the abstract, modernistic treatment and the older realism. Nor are they conceived along classical lines. He does not identify himself with any one particular school in that he has always tried to express himself and his own experience. He asserted that he will not follow a modern trend until he actually feels the need to express himself in that style.

Mr. Barthe's plans for the future include a trip to Africa, to be followed by showings of his work in Paris and London. Here the sculptor's face lit with anticipation. Though he is by no means preoccupied with racial subjects he has a most natural interest in them which should be gratified by this journey abroad. Before he can make preparations for it, however, there are several commissions to be completed, one being for a museum in Adyar, India. This work, a piece showing Lincoln and a freed slave, will take its place among many others from the world over, chosen to represent the contributions of the various nations.

"Don't you think there are dangers for the young artist in so much favorable publicity?" we asked Mr. Barthe who has always received good press notices.

"Of course. Great dangers." Then he continued, "And especially for the Negro artist. Take the Negro novelist, whose first book has just come out and drawn praise from all sides because of its promise of talent. If that writer believes that he has arrived and goes on to the next book, merely to repeat himself, he's lost artistically. And that goes in any art, and particularly for the Negro because his work will frequently draw comment from the fact of his race."

"Being a Negro has been a help rather than a hindrance to me," said Mr. Barthe in a casual, matter-of-fact, tone. Perhaps at the moment we did not reveal our surprise, but this statement was

one for which we were quite unprepared. Mr. Barthe went on, "In the Chicago Art Institute, my work was always noticed, because I was the one Negro in that particular section. I'm sure there were other students doing better work at the time who were not so noticed."

Since the question of race had entered the conversation, we asked Mr. Barthe what relation, in his opinion, exists between art and race.

"Art is not racial," was his definite response. "For me, there is no "Negro" art--only art.. I have not limited myself to Negro subjects. It makes no difference in my approach to the subject whether I am to model a Scandinavian or an African dancer. For instance, I selected a young Negro as my model for the marble head, "Jimmie," because of his peculiarly engaging smile. If he had been white and had had the same smile, I'd have chosen him just as readily."

Originals and reproductions of Mr. Barthe's work are to be found in several European galleries and private collections. His bronze bust of John Gielgud as Hamlet is now permanently exhibited in the New Theatre in London. In New York, several pieces may be seen at the Whitney Museum and also at the World's Fair Exhibition of Contemporary Art for which one of his latest works, "The Mother" was selected. This group, modeled with every possible restraint, has as its subject the agony and grief of a Negro mother at the moment when she receives into her arms the body of her lynched son. His command of figure and group technique has been demonstrated in this as in earlier pieces "The African Dancer," which has been purchased by the Whitney Museum and the praying woman, "Serena," taken from the play "Porgy." Mr. Barthe plans to do many prominent theatrical stars for portraits in their favorite roles, including Katherine Cornell as Juliet, Judith Anderson as Mary, and Helen Mencken.

When he had finished telling us this, Mr. Barthe said in a tone that carried some of his own surprise with it, "I can't believe that it's just about ten years since I made my first attempt at modeling for an exhibit, in Chicago." And ten years is a remark-

brief period for an unknown artist to have secured a recognized position among contemporary artists, In this Mr. Barthe has been fortunate. He is modest and matter-of-fact about his achievement.

-Amy MacKenzie
Interracial Review
July 1939

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S g t . M i l d r e d V . R o b i n s o n
Co. 25, 3rd Regiment, Des Molnes, Iowa

At St. Francis Xavier's Church in Baltimore, Maryland, a beautiful service is held every Sunday night which gives comfort and strength to the parents and relatives of the boys and girls in the armed forces of our country.

During the service, the pastor reads the sixty some names of boys and girls from the parish who have gone to uphold the honor of Uncle Sam, and special prayers are said for them on this occasion, and usually a sermon is preached which brings in some aspect of the war or military life.

Among the names called out weekly is that of Sgt. Mildred V. Robinson, a popular young lady of the parish who was the first girl from the parish to join the army when she enlisted in the W.A.A.C.s several months ago. Miss Mildred was active in the parish when at home, being a member of the choir, a consultor in the Sodality, and a former president of the Ladies of Charity.

Miss Robinson was born and reared in Baltimore. She was educated in the local public schools, the Douglass Senior High School, and the Coppin Teachers College In 1935 she was appointed a substitute teacher in the Baltimore public school system and occupied this position until 1938.

From 1938 until 1942 Miss Mildred worked as clinic clerk, having accepted a position in the Baltimore City Health Department. In 1942 she became junior clerk in Baltimore Social Secur-

ity Board, which job she held at the time of her enlistment in the armed forces in 1943.

Since joining the Woman's Army Auxiliary Corps in April 1943, Miss Robinson has, as was expected by her friends, adapted herself to the life quickly, and received a promotion almost at the beginning

Her present rank is Acting Sergeant W.A.A.C. with specific duties to train recruits for Uncle Sam, who will eventually replace a fighting man so as to let him have an active part in the war.

Here are a few lines from a recent letter, telling in her own words her present occupation : " 'On Charge of Quarters Detail' tonight which means that I am confined to the company office for the purpose of taking calls, visitors and the recruits who have a way of reporting for duty in the wee hours of the morning. You can just about imagine how much sleep I'll get, but will make up for it tomorrow evening as we have Monday afternoons off.

"You should see me teaching the new girls how to do an 'about face' today. Yes, they got it on the double, too. One of the kids came to me after the period and said, 'Sgt. Robinson, did we do so bad this afternoon?' Was T amused? Had to apologize for having such a great big voice but my excuse was that this is the army, and we have to produce good soldiers or else, and I mean else.

"Preparing a program for tomorrow night that, sounds like it will be quite interesting. Inviting the dignitaries on the Post so it has to be extra special."

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Myles A. Paige

(New York's First Negro Magistrate)

The next case was called by a court attendant who droned through the complaints in precisely the same unvaried tone he had used in all the preceding complaints throughout the morning.

Swiftly he glanced back over his shoulder at the wall clock, noted that there remained but fifteen minutes before the recess, and turned back to the defendant, a man of forty-odd years, who had been brought into the court from the adjoining room, unkempt and dishevelled. A general shifting of position among those sitting in the body of the courtroom subsided as soon as the man took his place before the judge, for whatever interest had been stirred up by his unsteady entrance had vanished with the reading of the charge of disorderly conduct, not an uncommon charge and frequently heard in the Magistrate's Court. A typical case, this was, evidently to be heard in routine fashion and dispatched in shortest order to permit an early recess.

The judge? Gowned and gravely presiding over this session was a man who certainly did not view this case with a jaundiced eye. Whatever the spectators may or may not have thought of the case and of the unfortunate who was the defendant, Myles Paige, recently appointed as the first Negro magistrate in the history of the City of New York, displayed no lack of judicial interest and attention as he waited for the charges to be specified in detail. Feeling himself personally responsible for the outcome of every case opened before him, Judge Paige is far from content with a hasty and superficial hearing and frequently questions and examines the defendants of many cases. This he did in the case before him. The charges concluded, he spoke to the man and attempted to learn something of his history in order to account for his present condition. Believing that the defendant had been hailed into court on similar complaints Judge Paige requested that the man's record be investigated. A report being returned shortly, the judge read over a list of convictions for vagrancy, disorderly conduct and drunkenness, the last of which was six years ago.

"I want to help you with all the power that I have," Judge Paige said to the defendant. "Your record shows that you've managed to stay out of court, and out of jail for six years. Before your last conviction, you received sentence varying from one to three months for the same kind of thing. What did you do? You

had a job-longshoreman, and the first week you get paid, off you go and drink your pay up. I want to give you a chance to rest up and get cleaned up. You need that chance, don't you?"

The defendant, who had been listening to the judge with increasing attention, nodded, as if to verify what the judge had said.

"Therefore, I sentence you to five days' imprisonment. Then, you can get a grip on yourself, and make a better start."

With that, the prisoner was led away by the court officers, as many before him and many after him are led away. Hut, we are sure he carried away with him none of that resentment which men frequently harbor against those who dispense justice. It is possible to say, "we are sure," because we enjoyed that rare privilege of sitting beside the judge throughout the whole conduct of the case, and of observing every detail, every facial expression and gesture of those in the courtroom. And as in this case, so too, in others, where Judge Paige was obliged by the very evidence before him to hold the cases for higher courts or to impose sentences, in over a dozen cases, never once did we detect the slightest indication of feeling against the judge as a Negro, though with one exception, the defendants were not colored. Indeed, this total absence of racial feeling was the most notable feature of the session. From the court attendant who assisted Judge Paige with his robes in his chambers, to the attorneys who presented their clients' cases, he received all the deference and respect which are his due as a magistrate and interpreter of the law.

If this absence of racial feeling was notable in the attitude of all toward Judge Paige, no less remarkable was his own interest and solicitude for the rights of all who come before him. For Judge Paige, humanity is not a term to be applied to any one particular group exclusively, but all-embracing term extending to the lowest and humblest. He knows and applies the principle of the brotherhood of man.

Judge Paige's solicitude for the proper administration of justice was evident throughout the day's proceedings, but in no case more so than that in which a -Negro appeared as complainant

against two colored boys-brothers, whom he had taken to lodge in his home and whom he now charged with creating a disturbance. In the testimony which Judge Paige drew from the younger of the boys, a youth of seventeen, he found sufficient cause to dismiss the charge against the boys and to question the complainant as to his own conduct. Judge Paiga warned him in severe tones and cautioned him against inviting strangers into his home.

In the interval between the hearing of the two cases, we had an opportunity to observe Judge Paige in his attitude toward men and women not of his race, and were convinced that his judicial attitude does not vary with respect to race.

After the recess had cleared the court, until the afternoon session, we joined Judge Paige at luncheon in a nearby restaurant. Then, we were able to learn something of his own history. He told us of his birth in Montgomery, Alabama, how he worked as a boy to help his mother, and how he was finally able to attend Fisk University, Howard University, in Washington, and Columbia University Law School. In 1925 in this city he began the practice of law which he continued until his appointment as a Magistrate of the City by Mayor LaGuardia, in September. At the time of the appointment, Mayor LaGuardia stated that his selection had been based on Judge Paige's professional reputation and his intimate knowledge of community problems. That Judge Paige is keenly aware of the social and economic difficulties that lie behind almost every case brought into the Magistrate's court was evident from his conversation at luncheon. It is this understanding of human needs which prompts him to look into the causes of the offenses, to seek a remedy, and, when possible, to put into motion the forces that will correct the situation. For Judge Paige, every case is a new case, demanding individual consideration and worthy of that attention.

In this regard, Judge Paige stressed the importance of the lower courts and their place in the great structure of our judicial system. "I place great importance on the proper administration of the lower courts," Judge Paige said, "because the great mass of people come in contact only with those courts, while the lack

of judicial fairness in the higher courts has likewise a disastrous consequence, nowhere does the improper and unfair conduct of judges affect the lives of the people more than in the lower courts. From their experiences in the lower courts, the vast majority of people judge the whole system of American justice. For this reason it is essential that the lower courts should be conducted on the highest possible level of integrity. We cannot afford to have our entire system judged by the inadequacies of the lower courts. While the cases tried in the lower courts are, relatively speaking, small and minor, yet they are all-important to the persons concerned, since it often affects their very lives. The humblest citizen must be served with impartially measured justice, or the concept of justice as applying to all men equally and without distinction is shattered. And that is the second and equally important reason, for maintaining the dignity and integrity of the administration of justice in the lower courts."

Such, then, is Judge Paige's view of the relation of the court in which he serves, to justice, the justice of the poised scales and blindfolded eyes, the justice which is so frequently revered in the abstract and violated in practice. It is this ideal, then, that enables Judge Paige to see in every case a call for exemplary service in the name of justice. It would be so easy for a judge in his position to sit back and passively allow the parade of cases to pass before him, to listen to what the attorneys have to say, and then to render a routine judgment. And it appears to be no easy thing for a judge to keep constantly a fresh vision and to avoid slipping into mechanical procedure, when the very nature of the Magistrate's Court brings a succession of similar cases and offenses day after day. Yet that is precisely what Judge Paige does.

I The earnestness of purpose which Judge Paige brings to his task is tempered by a certain good humor, patience and understanding which he exhibited in the most trying of situations when the contending attorneys in a case of alleged assault and battery managed to confuse their witnesses and the court stenographer by a series of particularily inept questions. Later his patience was

more than tested during a harangue, which a misguided woman gave for the benefit of the court, and which had no place at all in the question she had brought for the court's solution. When she was finally persuaded that her needs could be better served elsewhere, Judge Paige leaned back in his chair, seeming rather relieved. Yet, in the next case, one of a mother, who was on relief, and being obliged to move, was unable to find a home for her large family, Judge Paige pieced together her story and was able to direct her to the proper agency where it was certain she would be assisted.

In all these cases, Judge Paige's procedure was marked by an all-embracing humanity which reached down and included the least of those who appeared before him. In no case, did that humanity fail, nor will it, we know, in all the years that still remain in which this judge, the first of his race to be appointed to this bench in New York City, will serve Justice and his fellow men.

-By Amy MacKenzie
Interracial Review
January, 1937

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A n n e t t e M a r i e H a l l

CATHOLIC GIRL WINS THE HIGHEST HONORS

Heads 252 Graduates at Douglas High School

Miss Annette M. Hall, class valedictorian at Douglass High, Negro School, Baltimore, Md., received her diploma from Mayor Theodore R. McKeldin during graduation exercises Monday, June 14.

Miss Hall led the class of 252 graduates. She was also awarded a medal from the school Alumni Association.

The young lady is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Basil Hall, who are devout members of St. Francis Xavier's Church. The

priests and members of St. Francis are very proud of her success.
Miss Hall will enter College in September,

-Baltimore Catholic Review

June 25, 1943

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Irene Kelly

TOOK FIRST PLACE AMONG 475

Miss Irene Kelly, a colored student at Port Jefferson High School, Long Island, New York, took first place among the 475 white and colored boys and girls. Four other colored pupils, all graduates of Little Flower Institute, Wading River, made the honor roll of the High School.

-Colored Harvest

July, 1943

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F a t h e r V i n c e n t S m i t h , S . V . D .

We know that it has always been the ideal of the Church to establish a native clergy in each country as soon as possible. The United States has long ceased to be a mission country and yet, until the last decade no efforts at the foundation of a native Negro clergy met with success. There had been individual colored priests, but in those cases isolated efforts were represented and the number at any given time was not sufficient for any proper estimate to be made. It was not even known just how colored priests would be received among their own race, what response would be made to their efforts. Some interest akin to' that which attends an experiment was stirred in 1922 by the announced decision of the Society of the Divine Word to undertake a semi-

nary for colored students. As the years went on and the first class of four candidates received Holy Orders, the seminary came to be regarded as an accomplished fact, but still judgment, was withheld by many who awaited actual results of work in the mission field. Now, three years after that memorable ordination ceremony at St. Augustine's Seminary, there can be no definite solution to the question than that made apparent by the work of the same four priests.

Such were our thoughts upon learning that we would have an opportunity of meeting Rev. Vincent Smith, S.V.D., one of the first four priests ordained at St. Augustine's and who, with them, is engaged in parish work in Lafayette, Louisiana. Although we had gathered some facts of his personal history from others who know him, it was difficult to build up a mental picture of him in anticipation of our interview, simply because WC had never before known a colored priest. Having arrived at the rectory where he was staying we sat waiting for Father Smith, feeling unite unprepared for the interview. We had some information, no talent for high pressure reporting; and, or but, a sympathetic interest. As soon as Father Smith entered the room, we saw that nothing more was needed.

He came forward, a mature, well-built man and greeted us with a warm grasp of the hand. He told us he had been travelling for several days and was planning to leave the city the same afternoon .

Father Smith is a simple man, utterly without, pretension, carrying himself gravely as if sobered by a consciousness of his mission. And when he spoke of that mission he seemed to be disclosing his convictions, grounded in a disciplined reason, and supported by deep-seated faith. There was a tone of appreciation, which could never be termed pride in so unassuming a person, n-hen Father Smith recalled to us that his great-grandparents had been Catholics and that from them the faith had descended in an unbroken chain.

The life of his family in Lexington, Kentucky, has always been particularly Catholic, undoubtedly stimulated by the reli-

gious cast of the community itself, which was first established by families of white Catholics and near which several Catholic institutions have been established, "Wherever the Church has existed and has been known for a period of years," Father Smith said, "there is that much less misunderstanding and prejudice." To illustrate differences in the climate of opinion, he contrasted his native state of Kentucky with Mississippi and Alabama where lack of education has likewise been a factor in raising barriers against the Church.

At this point we asked Father Smith to give some account of the conditions encountered in his parish work at Lafayette, Louisiana. "Of course you already know," he answered, "that there are four of us in Lafayette. We were assigned to the diocese of Lafayette shortly after our ordination in May, 1934, and by October of that same year had established a new parish of some 1,500 persons. This number has since grown to more than 2,000. Up to the present time we have met with few difficulties arising from questions of race. This, I believe, is the result of our fixed policy of remaining within the sphere of parochial activities. These are essentially the same as in any other Catholic parish, and embrace the needs of all our members.

"Economically, we are not as fortunate. Our people have been severely stricken by the depression and scarcely a score have jobs with regular salaries. The rest hire out, at pitifully low wages, for gathering in the crops of cane, rice and cotton. Beyond the seasonal employment, they have no moans at all and must receive government assistance. Nevertheless, in our three years among them, we have found them more than grateful for our services. If there is any one particular change which our coming has brought, I should say it is the vision of the priesthood. So many mothers have told me that the first time they saw a colored priest celebrate Mass, here came the thought that their sons, too, might some day be on the altar."

Father Smith's voice, quietly earnest, carried conviction. He did not need to bring forward proofs for his statement; in his own person we recognized a sincere devout man, by accident of birth a Negro, by choice working among his own race—a Catholic priest.

In response to our questions and speaking again of his life in Lafayette, Father Smith resumed, "we continue the communal life as we lived it in the Seminary." Here he referred to St. Augustine's Seminary in Bay St, Louis, Mississippi, where he had been a member of the first class ordained to the priesthood. Father Smith spoke feelingly of his days at the Seminary and told us of the increasing number of scholastics to be ordained in the next few years. He is vitally interested in the future success of the Seminary. He related how the Seminary was conceived by the members of the Society of the Divine Word, a missionary congregation for the conversion of pagan peoples, founded in Holland in 1875 and maintaining Negro missions in the United States since 1906, To the priests of this society working the South, the need for a native clergy was manifest. After years of preparation, a seminary was finally opened at Greenville, Mississippi, in 1920, and this later received the name of St. Augustine's Seminary. Besides the regular high school, college, and seminary courses for the training of future priests, St. Augustine's established in 1935 a Brotherhood for colored young men, the aim of which is to assist and supplement the priest of the Society of the Divine Word in their missionary effort.

When we repeated questions concerning himself, Father Smith was inclined to brush them aside but our insistence won the point. "I grew up in the Catholic atmosphere of my home town in Kentucky," he went on. "For a time I served as chauffeur to the Bishop of Covington-that's a Kentucky diocese. Then came the War and I saw service in France. Shortly afterwards, I was convinced that I had a vocation to the priesthood. Therefore it became necessary to complete my education, so I began high school at the age of twenty-six. Then came my college and scholastic studies, and, in 1934, my ordination. I remember going home to celebrate my first Solemn Mass. It seemed that the whole population turned out. I think they did. The Church had been restricted to colored for my Mass, but the white parishioners crowded in, too,

"After a short time, I was appointed to the Lafayette diocese in Louisiana and to make our new parish of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the older parish of Saint Paul's was divided and we were given the administration of the new territory.

“Of course, in the beginning we were not any too sure of our way. But we’ve learned. Later we shall extend our activities, but for the present, we have our hands full with our own parish work. I think that’s all there is to tell. Except, that on occasions, we give missions elsewhere. That accounts for my presence in the North. I am to give missions and sermons for about four weeks more then shall go home.”

But that was far from the whole story. Behind the simple story of a vocation lies more than the mere telling indicates, Coming to the priesthood later in life than is usual, Father Smith has had an experience in the world which has, no doubt, given him a knowledge and understanding of the conditions about him. A mature and thoughtful man, he is not too easily disturbed by day-to-day annoyances and is thus able to overcome any stumbling block that might prove difficult to a younger man. Then, too, there is the tradition of Catholicism in his family to be accounted for; it gives a familiarity with the Church and the things of the Church that is almost born with the individual. Finally there is the fine, steady faith of the man himself, a spirituality seen so elusively, yet strongly there, as the deeper current in the sea, It is not readily gauged nor accurately described; it can be only indicated to the reader. But one who meets Father Smith will find this spirituality and rejoice that it springs from the soul of a priest who is dedicated to the salvation of the Negro race.

By AMY MACKENZIE

Interracial Review

July, 1937.

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Marian Anderson

One of Greatest Singers of All Times-Renowned for Her
Rendition of “Ave Maria”

(1908-)

Marian Anderson was a poor girl, born in Philadelphia and brought up in poverty. She was fortunate in having the opportunity to attend a good elementary and a secondary school in that

city, and she finished high school at the age of eighteen. She began singing in the choir of the Union Baptist Church, and persons delighted to hear her. A few of them, realizing the greatness of her voice, assisted her in paying for her first lessons in music. She could not depend upon her poor parents inasmuch as her father was a local dealer in coal and ice which did not net him very much profit, and her mother took in washing and did house cleaning.

Marian Anderson, however, had to find a way. What training she received developed her rapidly and all but wonderfully. It was soon realized that the pains taken with her education had been rewarded in her finely developed voice under a teacher, Guiseppe Boghetti. She began then to sing in concerts which paid her small sums; but her voice was becoming known, and soon she was invited to be soloist with the Philadelphia Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. She made a very favorable impression. Engagements followed rapidly after that success. In 1925, moreover, when the New York Philharmonic Orchestra offered a prize for the best soloist at the Lewisohn Stadium in that city Marian Anderson was chosen as the best among three hundred competitors. It is said that when the director of this orchestra heard her sing he jumped to his feet and clapped his hands, exclaiming that a voice like that had not been heard in a hundred years.

Marian Anderson then with these great honors upon her studied abroad and made a concert tour of Europe. She appeared in all of the important musical centers in England, Germany, Norway-Sweden, Austria, France, Czechoslovakia, and Russia. Kings and Queens came to listen. The League of Nations invited her to sing before that body. Returning to America, she was hailed as a truly great singer. The President invited her to appear before him at the White House. The music lovers flocked to her concerts. The best critics of the country join in saying that she is not only a great singer who would make any race proud but one of the greatest of all time.

-The Negro History Bulletin
February, 1939.

Joseph Bolden

Employee in District Water Department, Washington, D. C.

St. Vincent's Parish in Washington, D. C., covers the Southwest section, and part of the Southeast portion of the District of Columbia. In that area are many excellent people, for the most part, in the employ the Government.

Joseph Bolden, lives in Southwest Washington, belongs to the congregation which worships at St. Vincent's Church, and is a trusted and respected worker in the District Government.

Born and raised in Maryland, Mr. Bolden moved to the District at an early age, where opportunity offered him a chance to make a living, and as the saying goes, "to make his mark in the world."

Joe Bolden, as he is affectionately known by an army of friends and admirers, is easily the most popular colored man in southwest Washington. People see him every morning of his life on his way to St. Vincent's to assist at Mass, and receive Holy Communion and admire him for it. They respect him for his cheerfulness, his helpfulness, and his general all around manly qualities.

As a member of the Holy Name Society, a knight of St. John, and an active worker in the local conference of St. Vincent de Paul, Mr. Bolden is an inspiration and example to many. He leads a team of men weekly in visiting the sick, comforting the sorrowful and urging the backward to the practice of their religion. In a word, Mr. Bolden is a lay apostle, a home missionary accomplishing untold good by his cheery disposition that wins him so many friends.

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"Blessed in death is, therefore, not he who abounded in riches, honors and pleasures, but he who has patiently endured poverty, contempt, and sufferings."

"The possession of temporal goods affords no consolation at the moment of death: that alone consoles us which has been done or suffered for God.

St. Alphonsus de Liguori.

Louis Israel

THE PASSING OF A GREAT MAN

Part Supreme Knight of the Knights of St. Peter Claver

On Friday evening, March 7th, 1941, our Past Supreme Knight, Brother Louis Israel was buried. The Funeral was conducted by the Southern Funeral Home.

Father Conlon, assistant Pastor of St. Francis Xavier Church, Baton Rouge, La., met the funeral at the home and blessed the remains, from whence he led the funeral to the church.

The Fourth Degree Knights of St. Peter Claver led the procession and members of the Third Degree followed. Rev. Father Conlon officiated.

The Pastor of St. Francis Xavier's, Father Keil preached a wonderful sermon on the occasion. He said that in the Catholic Church we don't preach the life, good or bad, of the person buried, but the life a person should live, according to Holy Mother, the Church. Father Keil said that his outstanding marks were his love of God and his fellowman; love of the Priests and Sisters. He also said that it was through Brother Israel's efforts that the church was built in Plaquemine, La. It was also through the extra effort of Brother Israel that an altar was donated to the church free of charge.

"His outstanding work is the development of the Knights of Peter Claver," said Father Keil. "Every Priest that I have spoken to, has told me of the good Catholic man Mr. Israel was. He commanded the love and respect of all Priests and Sisters who knew him."

The pallbearers were : Messrs. Artheu Fabre; A. P. Tureaud; Paul Franklin ; Tan Dubliciet; and the deceased's brothers. Out of town visitors were: Brothers J. D. McCarthy, A. P. Tureaud, Ladies A. R. Aubry, Crocker, and Rieras of New Orleans, Brother A. P. Auguste, Supreme Knight, Theo. Biagas, Roland Prejean, M. M. Guidry, Arthur Fisher, and Preston Stelly of Opelousas,

La., Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Toussaint, Wallace James Oscar Pattin of Lafayette, La

---By M. M. GUIDRY
In the Claverite
May, 1941.

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Miss Vivian Collier

Miss Vivian Collier is the first Colored young lady to be graduated from the Catholic University of America in Washington, DC.

Miss Collier, a concert singer, interrupted her work to further her musical education and gain her M.B. She received a "superior rating," making one of the highest grades in her class. She is now working toward an M.A. in music.

-From The Christian Family and Our Missions
October 1940.

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J. Howard Payne

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Not only was J. Howard Payne, distinguished Colored lawyer of Baltimore, a close friend of the great Cardinal Gibbons, but he enjoyed the confidence of the renowned churchmen on many matters that appertained to the interests of the Colored Catholics in the Archdiocese.

Lawyer Payne is a prominent member of St. Pius' Church; he is active in church life as well as civil life, and is respected and honored as one of the best citizens in Baltimore.

Mr. Payne is also active in promoting racial understanding and good-will in and about Baltimore by his lectures and writings. The following news item appeared in the Baltimore Evening Sun recently which gives an idea of his influence for good: "Co-operation in the effort to promote good-will among all racial and economic groups is an obligation of every citizen, J. Howard Payne, Baltimore Negro attorney, declared in an address before the faculty and students of the University of Baltimore.

Mr. Payne, an organizer of the Good-will Committee of Baltimore, invited Dr. Theodore Wilson, president of the University of Baltimore, to join other educational and civic leaders in a conference with State's Attorney J. Bernard Wells to discuss means of bringing about better racial relations in Baltimore."

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Dr. Eugene A. Clark

EDUCATOR

Dr. Eugene A. Clark, an outstanding Catholic and an active member of the congregation of St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D.C. is President of Miner Teachers College, in the District of Columbia. Miner Teachers College is a four-year teacher-training institution of college grade. It is a part of the public-school system of the District of Columbia, its organization on the basis of college grade having been authorized by the Board of Education of the District of Columbia on July 1, 1929.

Miner Teachers College represents a logical step in the development of an institution for the training of teachers, the beginnings of which were in the pioneer work of Myrtilla Miner, the founder of the "Normal School for Colored Girls in the City of Washington."

In 1879 the Miner Normal School became a part of the public-school system of the District of Columbia with Dr. Clark as principal from September 1, 1920 to September 1996. In 1921 Dr. Clark reorganized the Miner Normal School. Shortly thereafter published the first catalogue of the institution.

Upon the organization of the Miner Normal School into the Miner Teachers College, Dr. Clark, the former principal, became the first president of the college.

Dr. Clark secured his A.B. at Williams College, his A.M. at Columbia University and is a graduate student of Columbia University.

-Miner Teachers Catalogue

Euphemia L. Haynes

COLLEGE TEACHER

Mrs. Euphemia L. Haynes is an instructor in Mathematics and is Chairman of the Division of Mathematics at Miner Teachers College, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Haynes received her A.B. degree from Smith College and her A.M. from the University of Chicago, of which she is a graduate student.

Mrs. Haynes is also Student Adviser in Mathematics for the Seniors and Sophomores. In addition, she is a member of the Catalogue Committee of the Faculty.

Mrs. Haynes is a member of St. Augustine's parish in Washington.

-Miner Teachers College Catalogue

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Rev. Chester Joseph Ball, S.S.J.

First Negro to be Ordained in the National Shrine in Washington, D. C.,
and in that City Itself

Rev. Chester Joseph Ball is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph A. Ball. He was baptized in St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C. in 1913 by Rev. William J. McVeigh, the present pastor of St. Cyprian's Church in Washington.

He received his elementary school education under the Oblate Sisters of Providence at St. Augustine's Parochial School, from which he graduated in June, 1927. In June 1931, he graduated from Dunbar High School in Washington and in September of the same year, he entered Miner Teachers College. His work there was sponsored by Rev. Thomas J. Duffy, S.S.J. In September, 1933, Father Ball entered Epiphany Apostolic College to begin his studies for the priesthood, under the Rector, Very Rev. Michael J. O'Neill, S.S.J.

He was received into the novitiate of the Josephite Fathers in July, 1934, and completed his novitiate under Very Rev. William J. Murphy, S.S.J., who was Novice Master at that time. Further studies for the priesthood were made at the Major Seminary of St. Joseph in Washington, D. C. As a seminarian, Father Ball taught and supervised Religious Vacation School from 1936-39.

Father Ball was the first Colored person to receive Holy Orders in the National Shrine and also the first Colored priest to be ordained in the City of Washington. He was ordained to the priesthood by the Most Rev. John M. McNamara, Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore and Washington, on June 10, 1941. Further studies were made at the Preachers Institute of the Catholic University of America under the direction of Very Rev. Ignatius Smith, O.P., Director of the Institute. At the completion of this special work, Father Ball was appointed to St. Joseph's Church, Wilmington, Delaware, as Assistant Pastor, where he is now, carrying on regular parish work with great success such as Director of the Holy Name Society, Chaplain of the Boy Scout Troop No. 52, and Spiritual Director of the Junior Holy Name Society. He is most popular with the Bishop, Priests and people of the city of Wilmington where he is called upon to officiate often in the various churches in the city. He is an accomplished musician and plays the church organ with great success.

Father Ball's preaching ability was recognized by those outside of his parish and he has been called upon to conduct novenas and other activities outside of his own parish, one of which was the Novena of Grace at St. Ignatius' Church in Philadelphia.

-Primary Source



A Missionary Visits St. Francis' School

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

I was very much pleased with my visit to St. Francis' School conducted by the Franciscan Sisters, located at 2226 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, Md. It is the home of colored children who are in need of care because of loss of parents or for some other worthy

reason. The school strives to answer the needs of the young as well as the developing child, and holds out to the older girls in turn, the necessary education which will enable her to look upon life as a whole and look on it steadily.

The school is organized so that the grades alternately take care of the child until it has met and received the standing necessary for a passing mark which will complete the eighth grade. The Board of Catholic Education supervises these developments which must determine the grade of the child. After the completion of the last grammar grade, the high school training commences, in which a classical and general course combine to qualify the student to acquire the necessary experience to meet her needs. The individual talents of the children are carefully observed and every effort is made by the Sisters to guide them so that their lives may be lived and made useful to themselves, to the community of which they are members, and will be a fitting preparation for their eternal destiny.

In my journey through the institution, I was interested in the happy faces of the children and the freedom with which they moved about. Their pride in the school was quite evident and they seemed delighted to be a part of this delightful home. The beautiful rooms, so nicely fitted out for the daily scheme of life, were a picture. For instance, the dining room was attractive with immaculate white cloths and pretty dishes while the living room is a large recreation hall, as well, and is prepared for "blackout." This, so attractive, that one would not get the nasty feeling that many "blackout" effects give. Lovely drapes cover the window in all the recreation rooms. The two clubrooms, one for the junior group and the other for the seniors, are a dream for any child to behold. These clubs, by the way, are character formation clubs and serve the purpose of self-discipline, and are a means of social development and recreation. It was very interesting to learn that the older girls themselves upholstered the furniture and did a very fine job on it. The display is really worth while and shows the training which the girls receive in their sewing laboratory, where they also make their own dresses and uniforms. We noticed, too, in passing that the recreation rooms provided books and games. The units

on the second floor were completed by the two well-lighted classrooms, where much labor is done and great work accomplished.

Well, we have seen no beds yet! Oh, there is another floor. Ascending the stairs, one meditates upon the cleanliness about the place--(by the way it was not dressed up for the occasion), we turned to the right. The Sacred Heart statue greeted us, Lovely thought to have it placed there! Sister told me that the girls make a practice of saying "Goodnight" to Him every night as they pass to their beds. After passing through the door of the dormitory, a scene of beauty met our eyes! Nothing elaborate, but a large room breathing simplicity with fluffy blue curtains, as dainty as you could wish, hanging at the windows, and beds with spreads to match in color. Another surprise awaited the party to find that the room was unbroken by a wall and continued around in the shape of a "U." We passed from that to the infirmary, which was carried out in a similar manner and from there to the lavatory with lines of basins for each individual child and the other equipment in equal proportions. We thought that was all, but no, there were other places to see. The kitchen in which the children's food for the school is prepared, is impressive in its white tile and metal ceiling and a black and white floor. The laundry next claimed our attention. All modern equipment has been installed and it is a complete laundry unit. The science laboratory for school use is in a separate building. This was a great surprise and a pleasing one!

St. Mary's, as the next building is called, houses a very precious part of the school equipment. On the first floor is a fine library and a science "lab" right next door. The table is supplied with necessary apparatus and serves the three-fold purpose of biology, physics, and chemistry. The day I went through the school, some of the experimenta were still in preparation. The work was very well done, too. The girls like to dabble in things of science. This plant was one of the nicest I have seen anywhere. In fact, it impressed me so much that I desired and resolved to get the same type for my school in Norfolk, Va., if it were humanly possible by prayer and work. Home Economics had been introduced as a special course for school credit in 19%. However, this was not the first that the children had had of home economics.

They receive it daily as part of the extra-curricular activities and delight in what they do. But, this new project of cooking and home-making had been introduced into the curriculum, and a kitchen—the dearest black and white kitchen that one could imagine, was installed in the basement of St. Mary's. Sister then began to hope for an extension into a dining and living room. But, funds were low, and the kitchen only was completed. One day, however, a miracle happened! Monsignor Quinn visited the Convent and was invited over to see the new project. Upon hearing of the hopes of further development he became interested. Indeed so much so that in a short time Knights of Columbus visited the school, and they became interested also. The results were breath-taking to the Sisters. An oil burner was put into the building in September of 1940, to replace the soft coal system which was already there. Further developments were seen when the carpenters got busy, and the new suite of rooms was ready for occupation in February of 1941. The Knights of Columbus have a monument in St Francis' School which is not only temporal, but eternal! Little will they ever know the good which can be accomplished by such a project. The purpose of it is great in itself, since it is for the use of the older girls who have finished school, and not having families of their own, need a place which they can call "home." The whole place is beautiful and nothing was spared by the Knights to make it the best of homes. Sister said the girls love to assemble there and after they marry, enjoy bringing their little ones. They talk over school days and "old times." The rooms also serve as a complete unit for home-making where the students love to work, and learn with happiness how to make a place attractive. They find that work is a pleasure and not a drudgery. I noticed white uniforms for the formal classes were hanging neatly in the cupboard and gave an indication of the care and cleanliness of the girls.

It is a great work and the Knights of Columbus must have already realized many blessings because of it. Such an achievement must have been very gratifying to the men and will prove an incentive to others to follow the example of Maryland and Baltimore Councils of the Knights of Columbus.

The end of our journey had been reached. But, further conversation revealed some other pertinent facts. After having com-

pleted high school, some of the girls had been put through a training for nurses and teachers, others had been successful in their various works, while the crowning point of all was that a number of the girls had entered the Colored Oblate Sisters of Providence. Indeed, five from St. Francis' School alone made profession on the 9th of March. This is a record and shows the blessing God has bestowed on the work of these Sisters, work which is being done in the heart of the city of Baltimore, but which is so little known that many even in this city do not realize what the community owes to them. It would be a surprise to them were they to visit the school for they would never suspect the work done for so many years on Maryland Avenue. In fact, my surprise was so great that I had to express my gratification in this article !

---By J. B. ALBERT, S.S.J.

The Colored Harvest

June-July, 1942



Miss Irene Blay - Teacher

FAMILY LINK WITH EARLY PARK AVENUE BROKEN BALTIMORE, MD.

Miss M. Irene Blay is moving this week from her home, 852 Park Avenue, to 1045 Cathedral Street.

This is more than a mere social note, It marks the severance of the last human link with the early history of lower Park Avenue.

Miss Blay's home at 852, is at the corner of Reed Street. She was born in that house and her father and mother, the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Blay, were married there. Her grandfather, Leonard Coates, bought the property nearly 80 years ago.

But that does not mark the beginning of Miss Blay's family connection with old Park Street, as it was then called. Way back in 1807, when what is now Park Avenue was know as Grundy street, her great grand-parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Jakes, brought property between what are now Reed and Madison streets,

and there they built a borne. They are said to have been the first householders on that street.

Miss Blay, who has been a teacher in the public schools for 32 years, recalled the other day that her grandfather, Glenaldin Goodridge, of York, Pa., used to come to Baltimore on horseback to visit his relatives and return by the same slow but safe means of transportation.

In Miss Blay's possession are documentary proofs of her family's connection with early Park Avenue. She has the receipt for \$100 assessed her grandfather, Mr. Coates, for the opening of Park Avenue, and the receipt for \$50, assessed him for the opening of Eager street. And when Eager street was opened it took part of the long back building which used to be attached to the house at 852.

The Blays are devout members of St. Francis Xavier's Church. Miss Blay has for years been a member of the choir.

-CAROLL DULANEY IN
Baltimore Sun,
February 10, 1943

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J o h n H . C l o u s e r

Supreme Knight of the Knights of Peter Claver
1415 36th Street, Galveston, Texas

The Supreme Knight and the Assistant Director-General, Junior Knights, were the guests of one of the outstanding members of the Order, Aristide Biagas, Church Point, Louisiana. While in this community, a large meeting was held and in a short though timely talk, the Most Worthy Supreme Knight told of the growth of the Knights and Ladies. He emphasized the cooperation that he is receiving from the various National Officers, He told of his various trips and the progress being made, and the fact of us at last being recognized Nationally by the clergy and the hierarchy. He was loudly applauded.

Mr. Clouser is a school teacher in the public school system of Texas and is an orator of recognized ability. He is in demand

as a public speaker, and has spoken to large gatherings in various parts of the United States.

Recently the Supreme Knights visited the various councils of his Order in the city of Baltimore. On this occasion he addressed the members on the subject: "The Christian Home," in which lecture he gave his listeners some pretty fine advice on how to get along and how to raise children during the difficult conditions that obtain today.

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Two Big People In Baltimore

Both Are Prominent Members of St. Francis Xavier's Parish

Mrs. Cecilia E. Rezar, principal of public school No. 116, whose home address is 3116 Barclay Street, has charge of one of the finest elementary schools in the city of Baltimore. She fills her position with great credit to herself and people. Mrs. Rezar is an expert in child welfare, and has done much through her school and its agencies for the Colored youth of East Baltimore.

MRS. IDA SNOWDEN is the daughter of Mrs. Robert A. Elliott and is the present director of the firm entitled Mrs. Robert Elliott and Daughter, Funeral Directors & Embalmers, Established 1902, located at 1129 N. Caroline Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

Mrs. Snowden is a member of the B. V. M. Sodality of St. Francis Xavier's Church, and is active in church affairs in East Baltimore. The most remarkable thing about her, however, is the charity she does among the poor of the city. She has one of the leading funeral businesses in Baltimore as well as one of the oldest, and her reputation for charity and kindness makes her outstanding.

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In one year, enrollment in Holy Name of Mary School, Chicago, Illinois, has been doubled. The situation was met by adding six classrooms to the six with which the school was originally equipped. The pariah, for colored families of the far south side, is one of the first founded by the Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, when he arrived four years ago. The Rev. John F. Ryan is pastor. The school is in charge of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, a Community of Colored Sisters.

Dr. Albert Aubry
and Mrs. Alfreda Aubry
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

National Physician of Knight8 of Peter Claver
Supreme Lady of Ladies of Peter Claver

One of the most unusual and beautiful affairs of the season was the candlelight tea held Easter Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Richardson of 2935 Acton Street, Berkeley, Calif., in honor of Mrs. Alfreda Aubry, wife of the late Dr. Albert Aubry, one of Louisina's fine & physicians, and for many years national physician of the Knights of St. Peter Claver, a society of Colored Catholic men organized throughout the United States.

Mrs. A. R. Aubry, has been for a number of years the Supreme Lady of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Knights of St. Peter Claver, and on this occasion of which we write, was doing missionary work for Claverism in that part of the country.

As the many guests entered, they were met at the door by Mrs. Ferdinand Richardson, sister-in-law of the hostess, who took charge of the registration.

Mrs. Aubry was greeted by a panorama of so many familiar faces from her home city, New Orleans, that the affair turned out to be quite a reunion as well as an opportunity for the Californians to meet this charming person.

The tea table with its exquisite flowered centerpiece, many varieties of fancy sandwiches, cakes, etc., was graciously presided over by Mesdames Julia Griffin and Frances Albrier.

The house was artistically decorated with lighted candles, a profusion of flowers and gorgeous hangings. Mrs. Richardson was also assisted by Mr. Ferdinand Richardson, who was responsible for the delectable sandwiches. Mrs. Theresa Harris helped introduce the guests. Mrs. Alice Pelettre, lovely daughter of Mrs. Aubry was also present. Mrs. Pelettre attended the New England Conservatory of Music for two years and is an accomplished musician.

Mrs. Aubry regrets that she must depart Saturday, however, as she must return to her position as a teacher of adult education. In addition to her numerous other activities, she is kept on the go in the office of Supreme Lady of the National Court of Peter Claver.

-The Claverite



Gilbert Faustina-Cigar Manufacturer

MOBILE, ALABAMA

It has often been said of a man that he started out in life with the proverbial shoestring. Well, here is the story of a Colored youth who started on the road to fame and fortune with a hand full of tobacco leaf, and rose to the position of manufacturer, property-holder and what not.

Gilbert Faustina, as a boy in Mobile, Alabama, got a job in a cigar factory. For some reason he was dismissed in a short while, and the owner, unable to pay him off in the coin of the realm, remunerated him with tobacco leaf. The youth made this into cigars which he sold for a fair profit, bought more tobacco and made more cigars. Soon he found himself in the cigar making business, with a trade that brought a splendid income and enabled him to hire a permanent place to manufacture his cigars and handle the business.

Mr. Faustina, who died recently, was at the time of his death, a respected business man, a property holder and a man of considerable wealth.

Gilbert Faustina was what the world calls a self-made man. He was a typical "Al. Smith," loved and admired by many, perhaps envied and hated by a few. He was not an educated man in the sense of book learning, but like the famous Al., he knew more about the ordinary and essential things of life than many occupying professional chairs.

Mr. Faustina had the distinction of being one of the charter members of the Knights of Peter Claver, a Catholic organization founded in Mobile thirty-some years ago for the fraternal and

financial benefit of Negro men. This order has grown so rapidly during the past thirty years that it is established practically all over the Southland, and has thousands of members in the various states.

There is no one who values education more than one who has been denied the benefit of it. Mr. Faustina saw to it that his children, both boys and girls enjoyed the advantage of an excellent schooling to equip them for the battle of life. He realized full well the handicap one is under in present day life without the necessary mental and moral training to be a success in this world as well as to prepare for the life to come.

Mr. Faustina did not live to enjoy the crowning event of his life, namely, to see his son ordained a priest. It would have completed his happiness to see his boy take his place along side the Colored Catholic clergy in this country to labor for the uplift and sanctification of his people.



T . W a l l i s L a n s e y

Recently a "Movie," starring Joe Louis, was shown in Baltimore at the various church halls, and it drew quite a bit of attention and interest. This picture depicted Negro life in America, and it showed several ads of Negro industries in and about Baltimore which aroused more than a passing curiosity. It was intended to be educational. The rise of Joe Louis to wealth and prominence was held up as a example.

The industry which attracted much comment was "The Druid Hill Laundry" which was shown on the screen as a complete and efficient plant. The various departments proved most interesting, and the audience received a full, explanation on the manner and method of washing clothes.

T. Wallis Lansey who operates the Druid Hill Laundry is a prominent citizen of Baltimore and a member of one of the leading Colored families in Maryland. Miss Mary D. Lansey and Miss Agnes Lansey, sisters of T. Wallis, are public school teachers.

Mr. Emile Angeley--Builder

NATCHEZ, MISSISSIPPI

Along the mighty Mississippi, about midway between New Orleans and Memphis, is the old and beautiful town of Natchez. This city, as it is now designated, was one time known as the garden of the South. Natchez is on the Mississippi side of the great father of waters, and is built on a bluff, high above the stream. One can stand upon the bluff overlooking the wide stretch of water at that point and gaze far into the various points of Louisiana, as far as the eye can see.

If one were to travel about that area on either side of the river, and inquire about the designer and builder of many of the structures in the surrounding towns and cities, the name of Emile Angeley would be spoken. Many of the grand buildings were erected by him and his men, and they tell the story of the enterprise and industry of a Negro contractor who won the admiration and respect of peoples of all races in those parts.

Mr. Angeley, besides being a prominent citizen and builder in the state of Mississippi, is the father of a family that is equally prominent. His sons have positions of importance while his three daughters are active in the church and social life of their own town.

For a number of years or until her marriage Miss Bertha Angeley sang in the choir of Holy Family Church, which is located at St. Catherine Street and Orange Avenue, and is conducted by the Josephite Fathers. The members of the family attend this church.

Miss Odille, the second daughter, is a prominent and successful teacher in the public schools of Natchez, and has now held this position for a number of years. The youngest daughter, Miss Minnie, is a graduate of Holy Family School, which is one of the foremost schools in Mississippi, and is conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Ghost from San Antonio, Texas.

Miss Minnie Angeley, while a student at Holy Family

School played a number of difficult roles in school dramas and won the reputation of being an actress of ability.



A Race Well Run

Ralph H. Metcalfo

There is much satisfaction, I can say, to be derived from winning a sprint race from one of the greatest runners in the world. There is a happy moment when one learns that he has equaled or broken a record. There are pleasures in the fine contacts which can be developed in athletic competition. There are flattering newspaper comments which one naturally likes to read but which, I might say, must be taken with the proverbial grain of salt.

But none of these, none of the glories and honors that have come my way because I happen to have had some success in running, can compare with the pleasurable thrill that was sincerely mine when I realized, for the first time, that I was a Catholic. I have found a new happiness in my religion, an undreamed-of consolation in my prayers. My conversion, very likely, was the most important single act in my whole life and I surely have no regrets.

It may be odd or unusual to many readers to hear of a Negro convert to the True Church, particularly in the United States. My race, however, is a rich field for domestic missionaries, cultivated more and more, and with increasing success. There has been some splendid work accomplished among my people in the cause of Catholicity. Schools and churches for Colored parishioners testify to that fact.

I may say that I had no particularly difficult obstacles to overcome in approaching Catholicism. It was not my ill fortune, as it is with all too many converts, to overcome parental and home objections. As a matter of fact, my dear mother was a convert to the Faith before me. Residing in Chicago, Illinois, our home, she had become interested in the Church because she had friends of her own, both white and black, who were of the Faith. She was impressed by their sincerity of purpose, their zealotness, their calmness in travail because of their religion.

It was at that time, while I was yet a high-school student, that I became more than casually interested in the Catholic Church. This fact was one factor that determined my matriculation at Marquette University in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, because it is a Catholic school directed by the Jesuit Fathers.

My conversion didn't come, a some of my non-Catholic friends have intimated, through undue influence on the part of the Jesuit Fathers. Nor was it the result of urging by my friends on the athletic teams or in classes Long before enrolling at Marquette, as I have said, I had become interested in the Church and my observations at the university only confirmed many conclusions which I had previously formed.

On a trip with the Marquette track team late in the winter of 1932, I confided my "great idea" to a warm personal friend on the squad. He was enthusiastic in his congratulations and urged immediate instructions. "But I haven't the time now," I protested. "Too much classwork, too much track practice, I want to approach Catholicity with both eyes opened."

But my friend persisted. He passed on the information to the Rev. John P. Markoe, S. J., then director of the men's Sodality at Marquette and a "man's man" in the eye of every Marquette student. So I went to him.

Father Markoe was splendid. I had no misgivings about the step I was taking, but I felt it was a bit tremendous. Through private instructions Father Markoe made things comparatively simple. He first showed me why the Catholic Church is the true Church and then instructed me in its beliefs and practices. There were others, too, who took an interest in me. All along the line, not only in religious matters, but in scholastic as well. I have found a fine spirit of cooperation between students and faculty members at Marquette. This is one reason why I remained happy and satisfied while at school.

So I was received into the Church, just slightly more than a year ago as these lines are being written. My Confirmation day was a happy one for me, no happier, however, than December 8, 1932, when I was received into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. It has been my good fortune, since, to have been elected

treasurer of that organization, an honor from my fellow students, which I duly appreciate.

I attend the Church of St. Benedict the Moor, colored mission, not so far off the Marquette campus, And more often than not, I am accompanied there by one of my non-Catholic Negro friends from the Marquette student body.

Catholicity has opened my eyes. It has brought me new happiness. It has consoled me and heartened me. I rely on prayer in my athletic and class efforts, as much as I do in my physical and mental abilities. And my plea to heaven at the moment is that I may remain faithful to the Church.

--By Severin And Stephen Lamping, O. F. M.

From "Through Hundred Gates"

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The Bruse Publishing Co.,
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M a r y M c L e o d B e t h u n e

COTTON PICKER'S CHILD SHOWS HOW

The President of the United States heard Mary McLeod Bethune talk for five minutes back in 1936 and since that time she has been one of the most trusted advisers about the problems of the Negro race.

The sixty-five-year-old Negro woman, who was born in a South Carolina cotton picker's hut and worked her way up the long road of education to found and head a college for Negro boys and girls, is director of the Negro division of the National Youth Administration.

She impressed the President with a discussion of the problems facing the youth of her race during a meeting of educators and welfare workers in Washington.

A few days later Audrey Williams, who was helping establish the N Y A, called Mary Bethune and told her the President wanted her to become director of the Negro division.

She learned to read when she was only five or six years old and immediately she became a leader among the Negro children of the area.

In 1893 she was graduated for Scotia Seminary at Concord, S. C. She went to Dayton Beach, Fla., and established her college for Negroes with \$1.50 in cash, a few packing cases, an old building on a dump heap and five girls for students.

--Colored Harvest, 1941



M I S S E V A L A U R E N C E

It may not be seventy-two blocks from your home to the parish church, but in these days of rationed tires, gasoline and automobiles, many of us may be called upon to follow the example of Miss Eva Laurence of New Orleans, Louisiana. With the permission of her pastor, Father Vincent Severino, S. S. J., of Holy Redeemer Church, she has just had the happiness of preparing a class of twenty small children for First Holy Communion. Formerly the Sisters would come to her home and teach the First Communicants, but this year many things are changed. However, this is not her first attempt at teaching religion. For four years she has conducted summerclass of Christian Doctrine at her home and this year there are thirty-nine pupils in her confirmation class, and thirty-six in a First Communion class. Every Sunday morning she teaches Catechism at Holy Redeemer Church to a class of public school children,

Her home also houses one of the branch libraries which Father John R. Timpany, S. S. J., has established in several Josephte parishes of the South. Miss Laurence acts as librarian of the 510 books and 159 Catholic papers, pamphlets and magazines. Her interest in Catholic Action is again evidenced by the circulation of these volumes among the neighbors. A great army of Miss Laurence's would do much to advance religion, particularly in the outlying districts where children are unable to attend a parochial school and the adults are prevented from joining the study club

or other parish organizations devoted to the task of creating a better informed Catholic Laity. Are you doing your part in the cause of Catholic Action?

-The Colored Harvest
June-July, 1942.

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Miss Ida Johnson

ESTEEMED GRAND LADY

Some forty years ago there originated in the far south a fraternal organization among colored catholics known as the Knights of Peter Claver.

Following in due time, the companion organization of Ladies of Peter Claver came into being. Both of these societies have grown in a remarkable manner and are doing untold good in the cause of Catholicity and among the Negroes.

Baltimore, Md., is favored in having councils for both men and women of this order. Lady Ida Johnson, G.L., is the live wire who is responsible for the rapid growth of the women's branch of the order in this northern city.

It has been interesting to watch this organization expand with the aid of the Divine Savior and under the magnetic leadership of this valiant woman through many trials and hardships from small beginnings to the present grand membership now in the Baltimore council.

During her incumbency as leader and inspirator of this group, initiations have been held regularly, and large classes have been received to swell the total membership to an all time high mark.

Mrs. Johnson is an active member of St. Francis Xavier parish; her home is on East Madison Street in Baltimore.

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We cannot love God sincerely and honestly without loving our neighbor. God made no distinction of race, color or creed; neither should we. In this great land of ours we all live together in amity which has its foundation in the love of our neighbor. we should not only be free of ill will towards him; we should also endeavor to promote his welfare.

Most Rev. Maurice F. McAuliffe, D. D.

How Lovely!

A New York manufacturing plant shut down its activities for five minutes recently to allow its employees to pray for the recovery of an aged Negro handyman.

H. Innis, the worker, became seriously ill and, after two blood transfusions given by fellow employees of the Thatcher Manufacturing Co., 36-20 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, he was told his only chance was an operation.

“You may not pull through,” doctors warned him.

Innis smiled. He asked: “Just ask my friends in the factory to say a prayer for me.”

When word was relayed to the factory, a whistle was blown at 2 p.m. on the day of the operation. All work ceased for five minutes while workers stood at their glass-making machines in silent prayer.

Innis was reported today to be well on the road to recovery. May all of us learn I Let us do likewise.

Throwing stones never helped a man struggling in the water.
-Ayme.

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Sister M. Esperance Collins, S. S. F.
New Orleans, La.

The only Negro in her graduating class and the first to be graduated from Seton Hill college, Greensburg, Pa., is the record of Sister M. Esperance Collins, S. S. F., who received her A.B. degree in botany at the college commencement exercises recently. Sister M. Esperance has been a member of the Sisters of the Holy Family in New Orleans, La., for 10 years, and studied at Xavier University in that city prior to coming to Seton Hill under the auspices of the Sisters of Charity.

Sister Esperance was born in Houston, Texas, 31 years ago. She took her vows as a nun at the age of 21, and has been connected with the New Orleans community of her chapter since that time. Devoted to charitable work and education, the order will probably place Sister Esperance in a teaching position, although she may continue her studies at some graduate institution.

Educated since girlhood by the Sisters of Charity, Sister Esperance was brought by them to their college at Greensburg, along with Sister Stanislaus Sampson, also of New Orleans. Sister Esperance was one of four nuns graduated in this year's class, although the graduates include Puerto Rican and Mexican lay graduates.

Dr. James A. Wallace Reeves, president of Seton Hill, presented the degrees at the commencement exercises, and expressed his pleasure and that of the faculty, on their association with Sister Esperance. The Sister returned to New Orleans, where her order maintains its century-old mission, and where she did her previous study at Xavier University.

-Our Colored Missions



Anita R. Williams

CASE WORKER IN CATHOLIC CHARITIES OF
Baltimore, Md.

It has been said that Miss Anita Williams has done more for the cause of the Colored People in and about Baltimore than all the newspapers and agitators for miles around.

Her life is her strongest argument. In her own quiet and unassuming way, she has literally won her way into the esteem and respect of the Archbishop, the clergy, the nuns and the heads of the various educational and charitable institutions everywhere.

Miss Williams was taught in her early years at the old St. Barnabas School by the Franciscans', known generally as the Maryland Avenue Sisters, where she practically got her start in religion and social science. Now she works hand in hand with these noble nuns in placing dependent colored children in St.

Elizabeth's Home, the Maryland Orphanage and other institutions conducted by them. Baltimore is the mother Diocese out of which has grown Catholicism in the entire United States. The Catholic history of Baltimore is a record of achievement. It has made this city a better place in which to live, to work and to rear families.

The effective social services grouped in the Catholic Charities of Baltimore city, the high standards and inestimable value of their many sided activities have proved a glowing example for the rest of the country. Standing high above the work done, however, are the workers who have organized and directed these activities for the past years and prominent on the staff of social service workers is Miss Anita Williams, the only colored member of the group.

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C o n g r e s s

IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN THAT TWENTY-FOUR COLORED MEN HAVE SERVED IN THE U. S. FOLLOWING ARE THEIR NAMES AND YEARS IN OFFICE

JAMES THOMAS RAPIER

Elected as a Republican in 1872 to the House of Representatives in the Forty-third Congress and served from March 4, 1873 to March 3, 1875.

JOHN MERCER LANGSTON

Was a member of the Fifty-first Congress from September 23, 1890 and held office until March 3, 1891.

JEFFERSON FRANKLIN LONG

Held a seat in the Forty-first Congress from December 22, 1870 to March 3, 1871.

JERE HARALSON

He was elected as a Republican to the Forty-fourth Congress where he gave splendid service from March 4, 1875 until March 3, 1877.

HIRAM RHODES REVELS

Elected as Republican to U. S. Senate where he helped direct the destinies of the nation from February 23, 1870 to March 3, 1871.

BENJAMIN STERLING TURNER

Was a distinguished member of the Forty-second Congress. Held office from March 4, 1871 to March 3, 1873. He was a Republican.

JOSIAH T. WALLS

Served as a member of the Forty-second Congress from March 4, 1871 to March 3, 1873. Re-elected as Republican to the Forty third and Forty-fourth Congresses.

GEORGE HENRY WHITE

Elected as Republican to the Fifty-fifth and Fifty-sixth Congresses and occupied this high place from March 4, 1897 to March 3, 1901.

BLANCHE K. BRUCE

Member of U. S. Senate from March 4, 1875 to March 3, 1881. Was recorder of deeds in the District of Columbia from 1891 to 1893.

ALONZO JACOB RANSIER

He was elected as a Republican to the Forty-third Congress. Served in office from March 4, 1873 until March 3, 1875.

ROBERT BROWN ELLIOTT

Served from March 4, 1871 until his resignation on November 1, 1874 in the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses.

JAMES EDWARD O'HARA

Successfully supported by the Republicans to a place in the Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Congresses. Held of from March 4, 1883 to March 3, 1887.

RICHARD HARVEY CAIN

Successful republican candidate for the Forty-third Congress wherein he served from March 4, 1873 until March 3, 1879.

JOHN ROY LYNCH

Member of Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses during the years March 4, 1873 until March 3, 1877.

THOMAS MILLER

Seated in the Fifty-first Congress and served from September 24, 1890 to March 3, 1891.

ROBERT SMALLS

Born in 1839 and died in 1915. Was named captain in the U. S. Navy in 1863; piloted the monitor, Keokuk in the attack on Fort Sumter, April 7, 1863.

ROBERT DELARGE

Elected to Congress where he served with distinction from March 4, 1871 to January 24, 1873.

JOHN ADAMS HYMAN

The first of his race to be elected to the House of Representatives from North Carolina. March 1875-77.

HENRY P. CHEATHAM

Elected as Republican to the Fifty-first and Fifty-second Congresses. Held office from March 4, 1875 to March 1877.

GEORGE W. MURRAY

Member of Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth Congresses. Served from 1893 to 1897.

JOSEPH H. RAINEY

Served as Republican member of Congress from South Carolina during 1870 to 1879. The longest term of any of the Reconstruction Congressmen.

CHARLES E. NASH

Elected as Republican to the Forty-fourth Congress and remained in office from March 4, 1875 to March 3, 1877.

OSCAR DEPRIEST

From Alabama to Chicago and to the U. S. Congress this distinguished member won his way. Elected in 1928, he served in this high office until 1934.

ARTHUR W. MITCHELL

Present Representative from Chicago's 1st Illinois District. He was elected to Congress in 1935 and is the first Democrat of his race to be elected to Congress.

S a i n t M o s e s , N e g r o H e r m i t

By Harold R. Perry, S. V. D., In St. Augustine's Messenger

Perhaps you have never heard of Saint Moses before now. If you have not, you are not alone, for this saintly Negro, whose extraordinary conversion and holiness of life should claim the interest of many, is actually little known. And yet, his life story is interesting to the point of being exciting.

Moses was born in Ethiopia in the early part of the fourth century. He was gifted with a naturally alert mind and the bodily strength of a grant. The hermits of the Scetian desert, who have handed down the account of his life, say that Moses was a slave owned by a master who filled a public office. During these years frequent outbursts of anger and thefts brought severe punishment upon Moses, Punishment, however, served only to increase his hatred for his master and the burdens of servitude.

One day, because of some incident, Moses killed one of his fellow-servants. To escape punishment he fled from his master. Determined never to return, he collected a band of men around him and lived by highway robbery for fifteen years.

One day Moses planned a theft but was prevented by the barking of a dog. In anger Moses sought to revenge himself on the dog's master. The people in the neighborhood told him that the master was a shepherd who watched his flock on the opposite side of the Nile. Stripping off his clothes, Moses wrapped them about his head like a turban, stuck a spear through them and swam the River Nile.

The news of Moses' coming had reached the frightened shepherd and he had safely hidden himself. Moses revenged himself on the flock by killing all the sheep except four of the strongest rams which he bound together and, swimming back, sold them in the nearest village.

However, God, Who wills not the death of the sinner but that he be converted and live, did not let Moses perish in his sins. One day Moses, to escape punishment for his many crimes, was

obliged to flee into the Desert of Scete. There he was shown the error of his ways by the holy hermits who lived in that desert. Moses began on the spot the work of his conversion. And a difficult work it was. His nature seemed chained to evil.

To avoid all occasions of sin, Moses went to a mountain on the Liberian boundary of the Desert of Scete. There he threw himself at the feet of the old hermit, Father Isidore, who was the priest of the hermits of this district. Father Isidore received Moses with the loving care of a father, and directed his life of prayer and penance.

You perhaps have read how hard a Peter Claver, an Aloysius and a Therese had to struggle for perfection, who all their lives from childhood upward had aimed at holiness; but Moses was one who had grown old in sin's merciless grasp. A weaker man would have given up the task. A hundred times Moses was strongly tempted to abandon this penitential life of the desert and to live a life of comfort again. Often he would run to Father Isidore and tell him of his trials. The old priest comforted him thus: "Fear not, my brother, these attacks of the enemy, for he knows thou art a beginner and he seeks to fill you with disgust. Listen not to him, stay peacefully in your cell, the enemy will depart."

Working, fasting and praying, Moses remained in the narrow cave which served him for a cell. He divided his day in fifty parts and at the close of each he recited a certain number of psalms, while he also wove mats and twisted ropes.

During the night, it was Moses' practice to visit the cells of the sick and aged hermits. Secretly taking their empty water jars, he would draw water, fill them and bring them back to the sick. This was fatiguing for a man already worn out with fasting and prayer, for he had to walk a great distance to obtain water.

One evening while carrying a jar of water to an aged solitary, Moses felt himself suddenly thrown to the ground and a violent pain caused him to lose consciousness. A brother hermit found him in this unconscious state and carried him to Father Isidore who lived near the church.

Moses lay ill for a whole year. When he regained his strength he prepared to leave for his cell. However, he shuddered at the thought of the many temptations Satan would again inflict upon

him in his cell. Here with Father Isidore there had been peace.

"You are not alone in your struggle," said Father Isidore. "Look up there!"

Moses looked toward the East and saw a bright legion of Angels. He then looked toward the West and beheld a swarm of hideous forms retreating in confusion.

"See, my brother," continued the old priest, "the demons fight against us, but God sends this strong host of Angels to protect us. No, you are not alone!"

Three months later Father Isidore met Moses and asked him if he was still being tormented by the devil. "Oh no, my Father. All have ceased since you opened my eyes to God's grace," humbly replied Moses.

Moses was then invited for the first time to attend an assembly of the fathers of the Desert of Scete, who met to discuss an important matter. Now it was the practice of the older fathers to test the humility of younger members. Moses was not spared. When he took his place among the rest, some members of the convention stood up and exclaimed aloud: "What business has a Negro here?" Moses knowing this to be a trial, kept silent. Afterwards those hermits who had treated him so contemptuously, sought him out and explained their intention and asked what he had thought about it. Moses replied: "My thoughts were cm Jesus as He stood before Pilate and kept His peace."

On another occasion the hermits met to judge a guilty brother. But Moses was not among them. Father Isidore sent a hermit to Moses to tell him the fathers were waiting for him. Moses took a basket filled with sand and entered the assembly bearing this burden. Looking at the puzzled faces of the fathers he said to them : "I have to bear the heavy burden of my own sins, how shall I dare to judge the sins of another?" No one spoke a word against the guilty brother.

The hermits were always asking the good advice of Moses and he likewise desired theirs. He often said to the brethren : "If a man does not truly look upon himself as a sinner, the Lord will not hear his prayer."

"And who is it that truly looks upon himself as a sinner?" asked a young hermit.

"He who always looks at his own sins and not at his neighbor's," replied Moses.

The contrast between what Moses had been and what he was now gave Moses a great popularity in the eyes of the world. Everyone was speaking about this hermit who had begun as a robber and ended as a holy hermit. Hut attributing his conversion to the grace of God alone, Moses said : "When you praise me you scourge me." The greatest favor that could be done him was to warn him of visitors. He would hurry away and only his empty cell could be found.

Once a great dignitary set out to see Moses. Moses, informed of his coming, hid himself. But the stranger lost his way among the sandhills and rocks of the desert and unexpectedly came upon the fleeing Moses.

"My father," the stranger asked, "I beg you to tell me where is the cell of the renowned Moses, the holy hermit?"

"What. do you want of this man?" came the unexpected answer. "Do you not know that he often acts as a fool and a heretic? If you wish to be edified go to some of the other hermits but not to him."

The man was surprised and could not understand how Moses could be thought so much of in the world and of so little account here in the desert. So he went to visit another hermit and told how he had at first come to see the hermit Moses but had been advised not to do so. The other father was surprised to hear this, and asked the dignitary to describe the monk who had said these things.

"He was tall, dark, and clothed in a threadbare habit."

"That was Moses himself," said the father.

On another occasion Moses had visitors of a different kind. Four wicked men, former companions who lived by robbery, hated Moses for his change of life. Their evil consciences saw a reproach in his repentance. Wishing to revenge themselves on him they attacked him one night. But the old giant within Moses was dead only in sin. He overpowered these bandits, bound them and dragged them to the church, where he addressed the priest thus: "Good father, I am not allowed to punish these men who violently assaulted me in my cell. Tell me what you wish me to do with them."

The simple goodness of Moses caused the robbers to repent of their sins and to be converted to a penitential life.

The holy hermits were ever anxious to avoid honor and especially the priesthood. In humility they considered themselves too sinful to accept this dignity. Moses in his old age, however, had to submit to the Patriarch of Alexandria, who ordained him to the priesthood.

Moses was 65 years old when the Desert of Scete was overrun by the savage tribe of the Mazics. When these barbarians came to the cell of Moses they found him and other monks waiting in prayer. All were killed. This was about the year 395.

Thus ended the eventful life of Saint Moses, the Negro hermit, priest and martyr. His feast is celebrated on August 23.

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H e r m a n M . H o l l o w a y
NEGRO LEADER

Herman M. Holloway heads the Negro Political Issue Group, a non-partisan group of young Negro men and women who are working among the members of their race to instill a clean independent political spirit among them. This group is pledged: first to efficiently prepare themselves for the leadership of their race ; second, to exert their full energies for the betterment and uplifting of the Negro as a race; third, to study and examine the past and present record of every man who files for public office; and fourth, to work for the election of the most efficient and liberal minded men so that they may have a part in the framing of the Negro's future.

Mr. Holloway is a graduate of Howard high school, class of 1940, where he played football and captained the 1940 basketball squad. After leaving Howard high, he matriculated at Hampton Institute, Va., where he worked in the Record Office to help finance his education,

He is a member of St. Joseph's R. C. Church, the Holy Name Society and the C. Y. O. He is married to the former Miss Ethel Johnson, and is the father of three young children.

Rights of Negroes

FROM STATEMENT ISSUED IN THE NAME OF ALL
CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS OF U. S.

In the providence of God there are among us millions of fellow-citizens of the Negro race. We owe to these fellow-citizens, who have contributed so largely to the development of our country and for whose welfare history imposes on us a special obligation of justice, to see that they have in fact the rights which are given them in our Constitution. This means not only political equality, but also fair economic and educational opportunities, a just share in public welfare projects, good housing without exploitation, and a full chance for the social advancement of their race. When given their rights in fact as in law, they will prize with us our national heritage and not lend ear to agitators whose real objective is not to improve but to destroy our way of living.

In many of our great industrial centers acute racial tensions exist. It is the duty of every good citizen to do everything in his power to relieve them. To create a neighborhood spirit of justice and conciliation will be particularly helpful to this end. We hope that our priests and people will seek opportunity to promote better understanding of the many factors in this complex problem and strive for its solution in a genuine Catholic spirit.

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N e g r o E d u c a t i o n

The United Negro Colleges Fund seeks to raise \$1,500,000 this year to be used by twenty-seven institutions of higher learning in continuing and improving Negro education in America. The sum is a small one to ask for a work that promises benefits so vast, not alone to the Negro but to the nation as well.

Human nature is painfully slow in accepting creative changes

and in perceiving where its best interests lie. That tendency is seen in the uphill struggle for Negro education. Not very long ago, in wide parts of this country, an educated Negro was deemed a danger to the established order, and it was even unlawful for a Negro to teach his own child. People had not yet grasped the truth, now clear to most minds, that a repressed group in the community is a drag upon all groups and a weak point in the structure of the common welfare.

No intelligent person argues against Negro education today. It has won its battle. It has produced scientists, technicians, poets, physicians, preachers, men of affairs without whose contribution the country would be measurably poorer. And it has had an immense influence for good upon education in general. The industrial schools and colleges that now train their thousands of "non-scholarly" white students for useful careers can thank Booker T. Washington in part for their idea. It was that pioneer who, when traditional education was denied to those for whom he pleaded at Hampton, showed the way to a new kind of training to fit the young for life. He "dissociated education from leisure and luxury" and related it to the needs of the individual, black or white.

Best of all, the Negro colleges developed leaders who inspire a needy race with their example and help to create the good-will understanding between group and group that America must have in order to be strong.

-The New York Times

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The Eucharist in Africa

By Owen McCoy, W. F.

Assistance at Sunday Mass for our Christians, as for the early Christians, means receiving Holy Communion as well. Early on Saturday afternoons the exodus from the bush villages begins, and all roads lead to the Mission. People from 8, 10 and 12 miles away, old and young, mothers with babies, others with provisions on their heads, can be seen trotting along towards the Mission. They have set out early in order to go to Confession in preparation for

tomorrow. Having received the Sacrament of Penance, they camp out for the night in a compound, provided for this purpose, and are up with the lark the next morning, to get a good place for the first Mass.



Converting the Negroes in America

By Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., In Medical Mission News

We have been very happy to help many medical missions for the Negroes during the past twelve months, and hope to continue and increase this aid during 1944. Indeed, new requests are coming in constantly and there seems to be a great increase of late in this apostolate for the Colored. A recent and most welcome visitor to ask aid for medical work for the Negroes was Father John J. Roach, of Houston, Texas, Director of Charities for the Diocese of Galveston, who is planning a hospital for the Colored in Houston to which we shall gladly send equipment and supplies. Father Roach made his course in Sociology at Fordham, and is in charge of many activities, but his heart is in the medical mission work, and it is good to hear him express his conviction that this is the most important of apostolates, and is destined to play an ever more effective part in the work of the Church.

We are accustomed to the testimony of missionary priests and Bishops who come to tell us of the fruitfulness of medical work in far off lands. But to hear a student of conditions in our own country, who has had as much opportunity as Father Roach to estimate the value of methods of apostolate in our own land, declare his conviction that in the United States also there is nothing like medical work for winning souls to Christ, is still more impressive.

And, in fact, when we hear of the responsiveness of the Negroes in Africa to the preaching of the faith, and of the help which medical work gives to the words of the missionaries why should we not expect a like efficacy in our own country, where there are thirteen million Negroes, some of them as destitute, materially and spiritually, as are those in Africa? It is true that many of the Negroes in the United States are members of some Christian

denomination, but many others are not attached to any Church. And the Negro is by nature religious, and the fervor of Faith, and the beauty of worship of the Catholic ritual will specially appeal to him if presented effectively, so that he may realize and accept the full truth of the Catholic teaching.

At present the average is far below the usual proportion of Catholics in our country and throughout the world. Roughly speaking about one in five of all the inhabitants of the United States are Catholics, and this proportion holds true or nearly true throughout the world. If the same proportion of Catholics were found among the Colored in the United States there would be 2,600,000 instead of a mere 325,000, or about eight times as many as there actually are. These facts should stir us to pray and work for their conversion.

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C a r d s S t a c k e d A g a i n s t U s

We confess that the selection of the above title is inelegant, because it seems to be an expression in the parlance of gamblers and should not find a place in a magazine such as ours. Yet, it is readily understood ; it is not ambiguous and it is so plain that folks know what we mean. In other words. power pressure is used to keep us in our "so-called place." The question of charity for all and malice towards none never enters the minds of men who are persistent in their use of prejudice and proscription as very effective weapons against us.

We are aware of the power of prejudice and tradition and we have felt the sting throughout our lives. We are now determined to strive with our new found friends in the efforts to lessen the effect. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," written by a poet, is not only a trite saying but it is a *modus operandi* employed in many instances. However, it has failed in its use towards our group. We do not get mad very often. We have laughed when we should cry. We have even thought that our enemies did not quite know what they were doing as did St.

Stephen, the martyr. We have stood up under the strain for centuries.

Do you know that many of our enemies are almost convinced that we are cowards. Surely they still think we will take anything. Whenever we express or show resentment, we are termed radicals as compared with ante bellum slaves of our group who were docile, and meek because of broken spirit.

Yes, the curds are stacked against us, the deck is cold and the cards are marked. Our chance of winning is slight, but we are learning a few of the tricks employed to keep us down. We know the progress of certain sections of our country is slow ; that there is a low economic level there and that those parts can never reach out until they free themselves and strive to make democracy real and workable. Let us have a clean deal and a fair chance.

--The Claverite

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C l a u d e M c K a y

By HAROLD BUTCHER

When Claude McKay, Negro poet, recently contributed an article entitled "On Becoming a Roman Catholic" to the Epistle, quarterly bulletin of the St. Paul Guild attention was thereby drawn to the fact that Negroes are a vital part of the Church in this country. Moreover the work among Negroes is growing, showing an increasing number of conversions.

Claude McKay, author of a number of volumes of poems including "Songs of Jamaica"-he was born in Jamaica and spent his early years there-and "Spring in New Hampshire," used to think that Christianity had destroyed the glory of pagan life ; bu when he knew more about pagan Rome and studied the cathedrals of medieval Europe, he changed his views. Finally he discovered Jesus Christ, the Incarnate One. "I was flooded by the true light," he stated in his article. "I discovered a little of that mystical world of the spirit that eludes the dictators, the agnostics, the pure materialists. I saw too the Roman Catholic Church in a

light different,, indeed, from the manner in which I had previously visioned it from the Protestant and agnostic angle." He was baptized in Chicago, October 11, 1944.

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Religious Influence

Religion pacified warlike tribes and mellowed barbarous nations. From it we learned respect of womanhood and personal responsibility. It strengthened family bonds and parental authority. Knowledge of the Catechism diminished or totally abolished superstitious, shameful practices. Religion opened up to our populations the way to heaven, making us children of God. Formerly the natives died miserably under the astute sight of the Feticher. Today, they die like Christians, comforted by the presence of the Priest and the graces of the Sacraments.

The blessing of Almighty God has visibly descended on our people. Has he not chosen certain of our own number to mount the altar steps, to preach the word of God, and to be fellow apostles with the missionaries who brought, the shining light of the Gospel to the shores of Africa, transforming its darkness into brightness?

--From "Far Away Missions"

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Home Comforts in Liberia

For the past five years we enjoyed the presence of a refrigerator that did its work. Now, alas, it is out of order, and we are drinking warm water all the time. Food goes bad very quickly, but we can endure these little inconveniences--did Bishop Collins not live twenty-seven years here without. any such contrivance as ice or icebox or frigidaire? Probably we shall do the same, for the duration, at least

Food soars airplane-wise. Palm oil used to cost one dollar a tin, now it is \$3.30. Rice is hard to get even if the harvest has

been good. Transportation is the trouble-maker. Roads are terrible. The American Army is improving them in some places

Some Allied Airmen sent us 127 packages of candy for our toddlers and seven boxes of chocolate-already dispatched to two missionary Fathers out in the lonely bush, where home comforts are a thing of the past

What are the compensations, if any, for foregoing the creature comforts of home, friends and family? They are to be found uniquely in the progress of the Church and the spread of the Catholic religion.

—*From "Far Away Missions"*

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W I L T O N C . S C O T T

GRADUATE OF XAVIER UNIVERSITY IN NEW ORLEANS,
EFFECTIVELY AIDS THE WAR EFFORT

Wilton C. Scott, counselor for Negro personnel of the Army Service Forces at the Savannah Medical Depot was interviewed this week by a representative of The Savannah Tribune. Mr. Scott stated that it was encouraging to note the splendid attitude of the army officiala toward him and the whole-hearted cooperation received from them in his new position. He has encountered no race prejudice and apparently the whole staff is interested in developing means to cope with the role that our people play in the war effort. He also mentioned the great cooperation he has received from the clergymen of the city and expressed the desire to receive the full support. of all churches and social agencies in helping to boost the morale of the ASF colored employees.

Mr. Scott is a licensed agent for building of morale of employees. His present duties include: receiving all grievances from employees and advising them accordingly ; serving as adviser on various affairs, such as income tax returns, ration cards (gasoline) and policies of the depot ; investigating absentees; familiarizing employees with their part in the war effort; and directing courses of study for squad leaders and other workers when ever necessary.

In fact, Mr. Scott looks out for both the welfare of the colored employees and the Federal government.

It was learned that Mr. Scott as one of the ASF representatives was the only Negro present at the income tax school recently conducted by the Federal Revenue Agent at the post office for government employees and agents of outstanding defense industries.

Savannah is fortunate in having the army officials recognize the need for a Negro personnel counselor at the depot and is more fortunate in having this position filled by Mr. Scott, who is well prepared for the work.