"By Burden Light"

By

The Right Reverend Monsignor

Robert J. White

Rear Admiral, United States Navy (Retired), Chaplain Corps

In Collaboration With

Adelbert H. Jakeman, Jr.

The personal account of one man who was successful in three careers as:

- Lawyer and Government Prosecutor
- Priest and Law School Dean
- Navy Chaplain and Rear Admiral
"Come to me, all you that labour, and are burdened, and I will refresh you.

Take up my yoke upon you, and learn of me, because I am meek, and humble of heart: and you shall find rest to your souls.

For my yoke is sweet and my burden light."

St. Matthew 11:28-30
To the
Officers and Men
of the
Eighth Fleet
"... My Burden

Light ...

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Chapter Eight

Law School Teacher

My new life as a law school teacher started that fall (1931). Catholic University Law School had been organized in 1895. Though approved by the Association of American Law Schools and by the American Bar Association, and though it had attracted to the faculty such scholars as Dean Robinson of Yale; Frederick de Sloovere,
later Assistant Dean of New York University Law School; Dr. James
Condrick, and Dr. Brendan Brown; the student body remained very
small and was comparatively unknown nationally. In addition, the
school had suffered from long interregnums in the office of Dean.
In a determined effort to strengthen the Law School, the Rector,
Monsignor James H. Ryan, had appointed John McBill Fox as the new
Dean to reorganize the school.

I lived in the old faculty building, Caldwell Hall, on the
campus. My quarters consisted of a medium-sized study, a tiny
adjoining bedroom complete with crockery basin, water pitcher,
and slop jar. It was a long walk to an upper floor for a shower.
The quarters could hardly be called comfortable. Nevertheless,
I thoroughly enjoyed the new life and the challenge of teaching
law. The students in small classes were responsive and aware
that college days were now over. For now they were in serious
preparation for a legal career. For some time, I had felt deeply
that our young men as a group were gifted with personality and
with a facility of expression - sometimes glib. But as a group,
they lacked the stamina for long, arduous study, thorough prepara-
tion, and cold, logical analysis. I gave them a practical exam-
ple of the willingness to work for I spent long days after classes
in research in the library and worked there often until the
lights were dimmed at ten.

Criminal law is an exciting subject to teach. The colorful
and dramatic situations of individual cases intrigue the student.
Yet this very attraction leads students often into superficial
and erroneous judgments. Criminal Law may not be a "bread and
butter course," but the course does offer real training in logic in solving such problems of legal causation, constitutional guarantees, criminal attempts, conspiracies, and the interpretation of statutory crimes. Criminal Law as a subject in the Law School curriculum had fallen into disfavor if not outright rejection. One can understand a young lawyer's aversion to risking his livelihood in an exclusive practice of Criminal Law. However, the subject does have value in developing reasoning and an appreciation of sociological problems and prepares the student for the civic duty of occasionally assuming the defense of an indigent defendant. This is now tardily recognized by bench and bar.

Future historians may well conclude that the Law School's neglect and even rejection of Criminal Law, together with the prevalent disdain and mistrust of criminal lawyers, has brought about in our time the curious current extreme reaction of an illogical and indefensible over-concern for the rights of criminals vis-a-vis law enforcement authorities. In teaching the course, I loaded the students with heavy assignments of cases, law review articles, and treatises by leading scholars. I demanded thorough preparation, marked stiffly, and became an odious tyrant who destroyed the prospects of joyful weekends by frequent examinations on Monday. Perhaps I deserved my reputation as a "Simon Legree." My deserved punishment came in due course from the students whom a professor can never outwit permanently.

At that time, Trinity College for Women had some part-time faculty members from the staff of Catholic University. Trinity planned to give a general course covering the various aspects of
law which might touch upon a student's future life, such as property rights, domestic relations, guardianship, etc. The Dean of Trinity had requested Dean Fox to ask me to give the course. My answer was a hostile refusal. I did not intend to teach women. Consequently, Dean Fox gave the course. One cold winter's morning, the Dean became ill. Departing for home, he left word with his secretary requesting me to give just this one class at Trinity that afternoon. I went through my notes on the several subjects and prepared a lecture on the typical situations where law touched upon women's lives. My main purpose was not to enlighten the dear young ladies. My determination was to be so critical and caustic of women in these situations that there would be no more requests for me to lecture at Trinity. Admittedly, my performance was bad manners. But I preferred to be regarded as a disagreeable boor than to be considered as a future lecturer in Trinity College. The young ladies were very attentive. I was satisfied that my poison arrows had shot home, and that I would never set foot on the Trinity campus again. I was dumbfounded a few days later when the Dean reported that the young ladies had been intrigued by my "witty" lecture and wanted more. But the crushing blow to my pride came when I learned through the grapevine that the dear young ladies, while dancing with my criminal law "slaves," had described my lecture as "amusing" and my personality as "cute." No megaton bomb could be more devastating to a "Simon Legree" than to be labeled as "cute."

Notwithstanding my exacting requirements in classes and examinations, I enjoyed the friendship of the students and play handball
almost daily with them and the athletic coaches Eddie LaFond, Jack Clark, and Bill Howell. Sometime later, an incident occurred on the handball court which became a part of the folklore of the school and material for newsmen who delighted in retelling the humorous details. One cold Sunday morning we had arranged a game on the outdoor court. There were a few small glazed icy spots on the court. During the game, one of my opponents, Steve McNichols, took a hearty swing at the ball but, missing aim as he slipped on the icy spot, landed a knockout blow on my eye. I went down for the count in a daze of many stars. While the blow was painful, I was much more concerned about my "shiner" appearance for I was due to attend a luncheon at the home of Senator Peter Gerry in honor of my guest, Dean Roscoe Pound. Naturally, the young student apologized profusely. However, I noted a merry twinkle in his eye and accused him of looking forward happily to his new status as the student who punched the Dean (I had become Dean) in the eye. Steve admitted that my accusation might be true. Instead of straining our friendship, we continued to play often against each other, and our friendship continued through the years when I was proud and happy to attend Steve's two inauguration ceremonies as Governor of Colorado.

My other subjects were Domestic Relations for the second year students and Legal Ethics in the final semester of the third class. Domestic Relations was an interesting subject because it not only embraced such exclusive civil law rights as those pertaining to property but, as well, aspects in which the ecclesiastical law,
as well as civil law, claimed jurisdiction. Such aspects included premarital promises in mixed marriage, guardianship, separation, and divorce. My interest in the problems of comparative civil and canon law widened and later led me to prepare lectures for the graduate school of Canon Law in comparative jurisprudence.

Like Criminal Law, the subject of Legal Ethics had fallen into disfavor in the curriculum of the majority of Law Schools. The two main objections to teaching Legal Ethics were that it was superfluous and even useless because the character of a student in Law School had already become fixed as to ideals or lack of them. The other objection was the hostile rejection of any teaching which might even remotely touch upon morality or religion. To me, both objections seemed unsound. The former upheld a popular, naive misconception of the maturity of character of young law students wholly inexperienced in the nature and variety of ethical problems which would confront them in legal practice. My judgment has since been confirmed in the widespread efforts to draft codes of ethics for lawyers, legislators, and other governmental officers. The latter objection to teaching anything, which might scent even slightly of moral or religious teaching, was a part of the confused medley of the then prevailing legal philosophies which, however they differed, had two common denominators - the rejection of natural law and hostility to religion as a force in law. I attended the annual meeting of Law Schools where the briefest obsequies, without benefit of eulogy, buried the teaching of Legal Ethics in most Law Schools. An interesting post-mortem revealed later that the most aggressive and cynical opponent
of teaching Legal Ethics found himself involved in serious breaches of the subject he had denounced.

The shallow argument to abandon Legal Ethics as a course in law school is exposed by such a shallow but typical statement as "We believe the present course in Professional Ethics should be discontinued. As an elective which no one elects, it serves no useful function, and its presence in the Catalogue of the School is little short of a pious fraud. If formal instruction in the Canons of Ethics is desirable, it should be required of every student. But we do not think it is desirable. Either such a course would be one in legal etiquette, which we believe to be unnecessary; or one in 'how far a lawyer can safely go,' which we believe to be pernicious; or one of 'hortatory moral instruction,' which we believe to be useless; or one to prepare men for bar examination questions on the Canons, which we believe to be no function of the School."

Being a priest and only recently a member of the Association, I avoided the general discussion in which the teaching of Legal Ethics was plainly doomed. But not all of the members agreed with the meeting's official conclusion. Dean Roscoe Pound of Harvard wrote to me later his opinion that the influence of religion and moral teaching was needed in law. Among others, Elliott Cheatham of Columbia University Law School, John Bradway of Duke University Law School, and W. Brooke Stabler of the University of Pennsylvania recognized the worth and usefulness of teaching Legal Ethics. Though the written material on the subject included a few good standard works and a large volume of opinions decided by the
Committee on Ethics of the American Bar Association, I felt that the subject warranted a much broader treatment including the historical background, examples of inspiring ethical courage in leaders of the Bar, and a consideration of the many new problems resulting from the expanding influence of government and law. I gathered my materials in a book "The Lawyer and His Profession" which, in mimeographed form, became a useful aid in my teaching students in the final semester of their course.

To further student interest in the problems of Legal Ethics, I urged the Law School to become the host of the Eastern Law Students' annual conference. Many accepted the invitation, and a large group of students, lawyers, judges, and other government officials gathered and gave serious attention to the program. Several eminent authorities discussed aspects of Legal Ethics which today, as well as in the early thirties, confront the legal profession. Among the noted speakers and their subjects were: Professor Joseph H. Beale of Harvard Law School "Have Judges and Lawyers Retained Their Traditional Prestige?" Dean Herbert F. Goodrich of the University of Pennsylvania Law School "Problems of Judicial Ethics in a Democracy;" John G. Bradway of Duke University Law School "Justice for the Poor;" and Professor William Douglass of the Yale Law School "Ethics - Past and Future - Reorganization, Receiverships, and Bankruptcy."

Invitations to meetings and dinners of the several very active Bar Associations in Washington, to conferences at other law schools, and to such annual gatherings as the American Law Institute and
the Attorney-General's Conference brought about many new acquaintances which resulted in lasting friendship with a number of men who were to leave their mark upon the administration of law and government in the District of Columbia. Among the promising young lawyers were Henry Schweinhaut, later a District Judge; John Pratt, a successful lawyer prominent in civic affairs and President of the Harvard University Alumni; Leo Rover, Chairman of the Draft Board, United States District Attorney, and later Domestic Court Judge; William Leahy and Frank Hogan, senior leaders of the district bar; and Harold Stephens and Matthew Maguire, both profound students of jurisprudence and both of whom reached the high honor of being appointed Chief Judge of the United States District Court of the District of Columbia.

Those years in the university as priest, teacher, and later law dean were deeply satisfying. The days passed quickly spent in priestly duties, law research and teaching, daily handball games, and some social life such as a frequent Sunday evening dinner followed by good music at the home of Dr. Fred and Mary Schreiber. Fred was not only a leading nose and throat specialist and member of the Georgetown Medical School faculty but, as well, an accomplished musician.

Washington at that time (1930-32) before the tremendous influx of officials and government employees incident to the depression, the New Deal, and World War II had remained rather a sleepy complex of the Capitol and city proper and outlying suburbs. In those days there were plenty of parking places on public streets, ample accommodations in the old Willard and the new Shoreham and Mayflower.
hotels, and good food and prompt service in such famous old restaurants as Harvey's and the Occidental. Because the Capitol had very little manufacturing, the population was largely made up of Congress, government employees, and the medical and legal professions. The result was that Washington had somewhat the atmosphere of a large and hospitable town.

The clergy, both young and old, were very friendly. Church rectories were well known for their open-door hospitality. Among these was St. Joseph's, an old brownstone church near the Supreme Court and Capitol. The pastor was Father Edward McAdams, a warm-hearted, priestly gentleman of the old southern school. He always encouraged young priests and seminarians and made them welcome in his home. Nor was his hospitality limited to clergymen because the door was always open to members of the congregation who came and went freely and joined in the joyful eggnog party of Christmas Eve. Father McAdams was an enthusiastic student of Maryland history and folklore. He had turned the old rectory into a veritable museum. While some questioned the artistic value of such efforts as filling one complete side of a large, crimson, burlap-covered wall with some hundred porcelain geese in flight, they all agreed that Father did have a unique historical exhibit in his complete gallery of pictures of the United States Vice Presidents.

His young assistant, Father Joe Kennedy, friendly and witty, extended the traditional hospitality of St. Joseph's to his own rectory in Forest Glen. I am indebted to Father Kennedy for introducing me to many fine people particularly the group of young doctors he knew well, and to Ed Costigan, the successful contractor
and generous donor to many charities. Ed and his good wife, Ann, took constant pleasure in entertaining in their beautiful home near Rock Creek Park.

In 1931, I had been elected State Chaplain of the American Legion in Massachusetts. Occasional meetings of the state executive committee, of which I was a member, brought me back to Massachusetts several times that year. In the spring, I was invited to give the sermon at the annual Memorial Day Mass in Fenway. Many thousands attended. The ceremony was made more colorful by some four thousand veterans marching in uniform and Cardinal O'Connell presiding in the scarlet robes of his office. In a friendly conversation after the Mass, Cardinal O'Connell complimented me on my sermon and gave me his permission—rarely given—to return and preach at any time in any of the churches of his diocese. Later in the graduation season, I gave the address to the students of my old school, Watertown High and, a few nights later, to Lowell High School graduates before a large gathering in the auditorium of the War Memorial. My term as Chaplain ended with the state convention in Lawrence in August. That convention was a happy reunion with many old friends including Father Edward Carney who was an influential clergyman in Lawrence and who later became National Chaplain of the American Legion.

During the several years of seminary training and later teaching at the Law School, I continued to enjoy a large part of my summers at my home on the ocean front at Grand Beach, Old Orchard. My two sisters, Mrs. Vahey and Mrs. Brady, managed the housekeeping details with the able assistance of 'Ella,' our
beloved cook of many years. She was an expert and excelled in preparing lobster and in baking native juicy blueberry pies. Professor Samuel Williston of Harvard Law School and his sister, Emily, often told friends of their enjoyment in their annual visit on the way to Higgins Beach, Maine. The traditional luncheon was Ella’s preparation of native lobster and juicy blueberry pie for dessert. I never had the inclination nor the money for entertaining on any large scale. However, my widening circle of friends brought frequent visits to my home, if only for a brief chat. Among the visitors were young Teddy Roosevelt, Governor Louis Brann, Governor Tudor Gardiner, Congressman John McCormack and his wife, Harriett, several members of the Law School faculty, and a number of old Massachusetts friends who later became judges including Francis J. Good, John J. Burnes, Thomas Quinn, and Edmund Dewing.

One of the most interesting visits to our home was that of Wiley Post and Harold Gatty when they returned from their historic flight around the world. They had requested the local Post of the American Legion, which was their host, to find a quiet place where they could have rest and privacy. When the Committee asked me whether I would like to have them stay at my home, I readily agreed. Our family let them have complete privacy and refrained from any questions about their globe-encircling flight. Our restraint was rewarded richly. Because after a few days of rest, they were eager to talk for hours about the incidents of their long journey. In contrast to flying today when planes are equipped with so many mechanical and scientific aids, their flying depended largely upon their own judgment, ingenuity, and skill in navigation. For
example, it was impossible for them to speak to each other when in flight. Post and Gatty were markedly different in temperament and appearance. Gatty was slim, quiet, keen, and reserved. In contrast, Post was stocky, talkative, rather slow appearing, and an extrovert. Dr. Fred Schreiber, who was a guest at our house at that time, pointed out to me several characteristics of Post such as curious stubby fingers, hairless hands, and other physical characteristics which indicated an unusual type of personality—"without nerves." This seemed to be corroborated when Post made several short flights over the beach. Instead of a gradual glide when landing, Post would seem to plummet the plane vertically down to a dangerous level—then glide in. One wonders whether this nerveless, hazardous habit contributed to the fatal crash in which Post and the humorist, Will Rogers, were killed.

At the close of a busy school year, I left Washington for New York, looking forward to a change and some rest on a long, slow sea voyage to northern Europe on a freighter of the Moore-McCormack Line. The cargo ship carried only fifteen passengers, mostly older folks but also two or three young people. My outside stateroom, while not spacious, was ample, clean, and comfortable. The ship had only one common meeting room for passengers. It was a fairly large room which served as a combination dining saloon and lounge. As this was the only room available, I had to rise early—around five o'clock—to celebrate Mass in the lounge before the tables were set up for breakfast. However, the early morning rising gave me a meditation on the wonders of the fading night, the coming of the morning light, and the majestic beauty
of sunrise at sea. Truly, it was an added benediction for the day.

There was little social life aboard as the passengers preferred the restful silence of reading or watching the changing moods of the Atlantic. However, our afternoons were enlivened when three of the younger passengers and I contested in strenuous games of volley-ball played with a heavy medicine ball. A much lighter regular volley-ball would have danced into the Atlantic from the narrow decks of the freighter.

As we rounded north of Scotland, we met a long stretch of cold and disagreeable fog, so characteristic of the North Sea. But the bad weather only made my room seem more cosy and my books, such as the works of Sigrid Undset, more enjoyable. In a few days, we finally approached Copenhagen passing in the eerie light of early morning near the ancient castle. It was a setting in which one could easily reconstruct the scenes of the tragedy of Hamlet. Our stay in Copenhagen was only for a few hours so I did not visit Copenhagen until my return some days later. We sailed from Copenhagen to Gdynia, a comparatively new city erected in the controversial area of Danzig. Gdynia was a new, modern port built by the Poles and contained a new Military Academy which I visited later. The ship was to leave for ports further north including some Russian ports to which Americans were not welcome so, travelling lightly, I left the ship after turning the key of the door of my cabin in which I had left clothes and books. My plans were to rejoin the ship some days later at Copenhagen for the return trip to the United States. My trip to Warsaw was more
interesting because of the frequent stops and the chance to view the countryside of Poland. It is almost a regular pattern of small farms, solid little houses, gardens of flowers and vegetables particularly cabbage, and small grazing plots with some cows but many pigs and geese. The Poles impressed me very favorably. Living so close to the earth seemed to me to contribute greatly to the stoic, hardy, and intensely patriotic character of the people. The Pole, as I saw him, was devoted to his family and to the little plot of soil and house he called home. Woven in the very warp and woof of Polish character there seem to be twin virtues of love of God and veneration for his Blessed Mother and an intense love for his nation. Only the overwhelming odds of Hitler's Armageddon could crush the patriotic valor of Poland.

Upon this and my other visits to Warsaw and Poland, I was struck by the deep daily religious devotion of the people. Many hundreds attend daily Masses in the churches of Warsaw. And in the evening, great numbers of men can be seen as they preserve the custom of a short visit in church, kneeling in thanksgiving and prayer before their Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. The Poles are a hardy and independent people. This was true even among young Polish children as I learned when trying to help a small altar boy transfer the heavy Missal from one end of the altar to the other during my Mass. The little fellow shrugged off my help with a proud disdain which seemed to say respectfully but firmly "You mind your business, and I'll mind mine."

After two interesting days in Warsaw, I flew in a small shaky plane to Posen. Posen reflects more than any place that I
have ever been the counter-currents of changing history in the competing struggles of the Germans and Polish for domination of an important city.

From Posen to Berlin was an interesting train ride. My few days in Berlin were taken up by the usual sightseeing by day and some excellent concerts and opera by night. In the hotel one morning, three Americans approached me and introduced themselves and were apparently very eager to talk. They had just arrived in Berlin from Russia where they had spent several years in factory construction. They were eager to learn the news from America including politics and baseball. In turn, they described at length their drab lives during their stay in Russia. They were not too optimistic about the industrial progress of Russia. They cited the interminable and general discussions of not only executives and foremen but, as well, the whole body of workers whenever confronted with a new difficulty or idea. They were bitter about the cynical disregard of authorities in the factories for the physical welfare of the workers. They cited their own plea for mercuriochrome or some other countermeasure to infections from frequent cuts and lacerations in the factory. The factory executive's reply was a rough denial of the request. He cynically remarked that the Americans shouldn't trouble themselves about such accidents as there were many other Russians to take the place of disabled workers.

Leaving Berlin by plane of the Lufthansa airline gave me a fine view of Berlin and the northern passage to Copenhagen. Copenhagen is deservedly popular. It is a lovely city of ancient
museums and buildings, warm friendly people, colorful with the thousands of bicycles, and many shops richly stocked with such native products as Jansen silver and "Royal Copenhagen" blue Danish china. The city boasts as well of good music. It was there that I heard for the first time the magnificent voice of Bjorling, who later sang leading roles in the Metropolitan Opera in New York. One amusing incident added to the pleasure of strolling through the Tivoli Gardens one evening. I noticed several small groups of service men, sailors and soldiers, of various nationalities including Danes, Germans, English, Japanese, and Italian, all hurrying in one direction. My curiosity was aroused, and I followed the various groups to the destination which I found to be highly amusing. For they gathered, representing all nations, at a large booth-like arrangement where you put your money down and received a number of hard balls to be thrown at a large number of swinging plates, platters, and teapots. The reward was, of course, to "smash" the crockery. Indeed, the fun of "smashing" seems to be a universal urge in human nature.

The following day was Sunday, and I went to the old Catholic church a little after nine in the morning. This is a custom everywhere for priests in order to avoid a conflict with the public Mass on the hour. Coming between the hours gives a priest plenty of time to celebrate his Mass between the public Masses and not interfere with the regular schedules. The Pastor received me cordially but excused himself immediately to answer a bell. When he returned, he told me that the priest, who was to celebrate the solemn high Mass at 10:30, had become suddenly ill. He asked if
it would be too much for me to wait and celebrate the solemn high Mass at ten-thirty. I gladly consented and continued to read my breviary. A short while later, he returned and remarked how fortunate they were to have me at this particular time because he had just received word that a British warship had arrived in the harbor that morning and would send a large contingent of officers and men to the solemn high Mass. He seemed embarrassed and hesitated but finally asked me if it would be too much to ask me to preach in English under the circumstances. So arriving unknown in Copenhagen on Saturday night, I found myself Sunday morning donning the heavy gold and green post-Pentecost vestments and celebrating the solemn high Mass in the ancient church. I was deeply moved by the thought of the universality of the Church as the procession led by the Cross bearer and altar boys marched down the middle aisle towards the main altar to the accompaniment of the majestic music of the great organ and choir. After the Mass, the British officers came into the vestry to thank me. They invited me to lunch on their ship the next day. This turned out to be a very friendly affair.

The freighter arrived in Copenhagen the next day from the northern ports and prepared to leave in a few hours for the United States. It was good to return to the ship again. My clothes and books were intact in the cabin as I had left them. On the return trip, I was the only passenger. It gave me a welcome opportunity to spend some time with Captain William Moon and his fine officers. An unusual bit of good luck completed my happy trip. A few days out from New York, the ship received a message from the home office
to change its planned destination - New York - to Portland, Maine, which was only twelve miles from my home at Grand Beach.

I returned to Washington in the fall and resumed classes in the Law School. Teaching continued to be deeply satisfying. Living in the University seemed to me to fulfill President Lowell's description of a University as "the nearest earthly approach to the Fountain of Youth." My widening circle of friends in the Washington area brought frequent invitations to speak before law school meetings, patriotic groups, and invitations to preach at religious services.

Among the latter, the most unique was an invitation to give the sermon at a solemn benediction ceremony aboard the Constitution then anchored in the Potomac. The rosary used in the benediction was one which had been given to the crew members by Pope Pius IX in the last century. In such a setting, one could feel the hallowed presence of the gallant American seamen who fought and won against overwhelming odds. The temporary chapel was impressive. All around him, the worshipper could see the old cannon which had belched forth in defense of the honor of the United States. A wide variety of uniforms of officers and enlisted men, the old water buckets, the gun, and many other relics recalled the glories of "Old Ironsides." Music by a large boys' choir accompanied by an army band added to the beauty of the ceremony. Soldiers, sailors, and marines knelt in reverent silence. Words for the sermon came to me easily: "To tread these historic decks so enriched by examples of hardship, suffering, and dauntless courage is a rare and lasting privilege for any man. This rugged
old ship is more than wood and sail and mast and deck. Truly, it is the embodiment of the ideals of patriotism which stir men's hearts and lead them to deeds of heroic sacrifice that the ideal of American freedom may endure ... It is fitting that this patriotic service be joined with a religious ceremony, for patriotism is a sister virtue of religion and religion is the exalted patriotism of the soul turning in loyalty and love to its Creator, God."

On occasional trips to New York, I usually celebrated my daily Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral. I had met Cardinal Hayes but knew him only formally. I came to know Monsignor Michael LaVelle intimately. He was the old and beloved rector of the Cathedral. He was undoubtedly the best known and most influential priest in New York next to Cardinal Hayes himself. Our friendship deepened through the years of his hearty hospitality of the Cathedral rectory, and my visit to the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven on Lake Champlain, where I gave a series of five lectures on "How Will the Laws of the New Era Affect You?" Monsignor LaVelle had a cottage at the Summer School, and we had several good talks together. He was a short, heavy-set man, gifted with wit and wisdom. He had lived through the decades of change in New York and had known at first hand the trials and sufferings of immigrants in their long hard struggle for betterment. He had a keen knowledge of political forces and personalities. He had been a founder of the Summer School which around the turn of the century had been a very successful Catholic summer center of cultural and social interests. Many of the older families had built
substantial summer homes on the large and beautiful site on the shores of Lake Champlain. But the automobile and restless younger generation brought about its decline and final closing. Monsignor LaVelle could recount all the old days and the families and the well-known scholars and artists who had contributed to the success of Cliff Haven. I met the Monsignor fairly often in New York later for it seemed that the good old kindly churchman was the most welcome guest at every civic function. Stories about him survive which perpetuate his fine reputation for compassion, good sense, and an ever-cheerful spirit. To me, one of the most characteristic of these stories concerned a visit of an old friend to Monsignor LaVelle during the latter's last illness. In an attempt to be encouraging, the visitor turned to the Monsignor and said, "Cheer up, for I hear that you are making progress." With a merry twinkle in his eye, Monsignor LaVelle replied, "Jim, that is the last thing you should have told me. Through these many years, I have heard so many committee reports of progress where no progress was ever made that, when you say I am making progress, that must mean that I am a very sick man." He died shortly after. The city mourned. Cardinal Spellman paid him the unusual but well-deserved tribute of a last resting-place in the crypt of the Bishops under the high altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral which Monsignor LaVelle had served so long, so faithfully, and so well.

Another influential churchman in New York, whom I came to know intimately, was Monsignor William Cashin. He was then the pastor of St. Andrew's Church in lower New York City on Duane Street. The red brick church was overshadowed by the towering
complex of courthouses and municipal buildings. Monsignor Cashin had become nationally known for his many years of devoted spiritual work with the prisoners of Sing Sing. He was tall, rugged, sharp-eyed, and sharp-tongued. But underneath the exterior was a warm and generous and deeply spiritual priest. Early in his career as Chaplain at Sing Sing, he had made a firm resolution, which he kept until his death, that he would never discuss any case or personality of his prison experience. His purpose, as he told me, was to insure beyond all question the integrity of the chaplain-prisoner confidential relation. It was through Monsignor Cashin that I became friendly with Warden Lawes who was also nationally famous as the Warden of several prisons including Sing Sing. Recognized nationally as an able prison administrator and disciplinarian, Warden Lawes yet had a very human personality. The difficult and sometimes tragic decisions of running a prison had not hardened him nor embittered his outlook on life. In this, he resembled other outstanding penologists I have come to know intimately, including James Bennett, former director of the Federal prisons; Russell Oswald, chairman of the New York State parole board; and George McGrath, present Commissioner of Corrections in Massachusetts.

Warden Lawes had the rare gift of humorous self-deprecation. He really enjoyed telling stories at his own expense. One concerned an experience in his early career when he had become tired and worn down by the grim atmosphere of prison problems. He left the prison for New York to spend a few days in rest and recreation. However, as soon as he had become settled in his hotel room, an
emergency telephone call summoned him back at once to the prison to face a prospective hunger strike and riot. Without inquiring as to details, the Warden hurried back to the prison to find to his surprise that the threatened trouble was all due to "spinach." Earlier, the Warden had encouraged the planting of large vegetable gardens so as to improve the diet of the prisoners. The first harvest of spinach was now ready to cook and serve. But the prisoners preferred "canned" spinach and now threatened a hunger strike and a riot if served "fresh" spinach. Another incident, which he enjoyed repeating to me probably because I was a Harvard man, was an occurrence in his early career. A movie company had requested him to allow a number of trusted prisoners to go to Cambridge, Massachusetts and, in the vicinity of Harvard College, to simulate a military skirmish between Yankees and British at the time of the American Revolution. Without realizing the dangerous possibilities of the prisoners being given guns, the warden consented. The battle scene was fought successfully for the movie cameras. All the prisoners behaved well and returned on time. For more interest, the warden would conclude his final description with relish - that every prison "soldier" returned his gun to the movie people, but, in contrast, some Harvard "soldiers" stole their guns after the "battle" was over.

Warden Lawes was only one of many friends whom I came to know through the good offices of Monsignor Cashin. As St. Andrew's Church was in the center of the courts and law offices of New York, the Monsignor introduced the annual ceremony of "the Red Mass." That Mass is a ceremony traditional for several centuries in Europe
and England. It takes place at the opening of the courts. The purpose is a prayerful petition to the Holy Spirit for light and guidance for judges and lawyers in the administration of justice. The ceremony takes place at the beginning of the court's year. It is called the "Red Mass" because of the priest's brilliant red vestments, symbolic of the power of the Holy Spirit "to instruct the hearts of the faithful . . . to relish what is right . . . and ever to rejoice in His consolation." It became a custom in New York to close the courts on the morning of the "Red Mass" so that judges and lawyers might join in the observance of the annual ceremony. Monsignor Cashin invited me to celebrate the "Red Mass" and afterwards introduced me to many leaders of bench and bar several of whom became close friends through the years. Among them were Albert Conway, who became Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals of New York, and Surrogate John O'Brien, who became Mayor of New York. I admired his honesty and industry as a judge and resented the flippant ridicule which some reporters heaped upon him when he became Mayor. Among other interesting figures were Corporation Counsel Arthur Hilly, Judge Victor J. Bowling, Judge Alfred Talley, Dean Wilkinson of Fordham Law School, and Dr. George Matheson, Dean of St. John's Law School.

The following school year was uneventful with the same interesting routine of classes, a great deal of time spent in legal research, and an occasional sermon or other speaking engagement. A second freighter trip to Europe in June was restful but not as interesting as the earlier northern European voyage. However, it was enlivened by younger passengers including two Yale college students.
Two of my old friends, Judge John Burnes and Don McCrudden, invited me to lunch on the day of sailing. Together with the gifts of books and cigars, they presented me with a new, huge medicine ball. Both had a sharp sense of humor and undoubtedly enjoyed the prospect of my going aboard ship carrying the huge unwrapped pumpkin-size medicine ball. However, it was put to good use. As only the two students and I were interested in playing, we needed an added number for a foursome. The second mate was eager to join us so we held a mock ceremony of awarding him a Harvard degree. Every afternoon we had a spirited contest—Harvard against Yale. The victories were about evenly divided.

Debarking at Le Havre, I journeyed by rail to Rouen, an interesting old city with its arched streets, the huge town clock, and best of all the beautiful cathedral. To me, the rich, rose windows of the cathedral in Rouen seemed even more beautiful than those of Notre Dame where I celebrated my Mass during the following few days spent in Paris. Old Legion friends residing in Paris were generous in their hospitality. It was my pleasure to meet many other Americans at the monthly luncheon meeting of the American Club of Paris. However, one unpleasant incident marked my visit. General Pershing, then aging and ill, was staying in Paris. On his birthday, one of my American friends who knew him suggested that we pay our respects and express birthday wishes to him. He met us clad in a lounging robe. He was obviously unwell. We had a short and very cordial visit with him. As we were parting, I expressed a customary priest’s leave taking “I will remember you in my prayers, that you may have many more birthdays.” The General’s expression darkened instantly, and his curt, stern
"Good-bye" clearly showed his rejection of any prayers of a priest. I wondered afterwards as to the reason behind this hostility to such a friendly gesture. I never learned about his religion or lack of it, but I had known for some time that, after the fire which took the lives of his family, his character was marked by a cold and sometimes hard aloofness.

From Paris I travelled by train to Lisieux to visit the Shrine of the Little Flower. It was somewhat disappointing after my earlier visits to Lourdes where, beside the gently flowing river and above the green meadows, the shrine rises with a backdrop of the majestic snow-covered Pyrenees. Somehow, despite its great size, Lourdes retains the healing atmosphere of the divine compassion for the sick and afflicted and the tender love of His Blessed Mother for afflicted mankind. In Lourdes, one can still feel the presence of the peasant girl kneeling in prayer and wonder as she hears the Heavenly salutation "I am the Immaculate Conception." In contrast, the huge basilica in Lisieux seemed so far removed from the atmosphere of the little house and garden of Theresa and from the other reminders of her youth, her innocence, suffering, and total dedication to the Infant Jesus. The mystery of her power and appeal lies hidden in God's treasury of grace. Yet one may ask why the Little Flower, so young and so innocent, became the favorite saint of the fighting men of World War I, as revealed by the hundreds and hundreds of small tablets which line the walls of her church as a testimony of gratitude from individual service men. Among these are many of gratitude "For a favor" and many many "For the favor of return to faith" and "For the favor
of a happy death."

A short trip by bus brought me back to Le Havre to board the Ile de France for the return trip to New York. The crossing in the luxurious ship was made more enjoyable by two new friendships, widely dissimilar. My acquaintance with Colonel Walter J. Carlin, his wife and daughter, Marjorie, ripened quickly into a friendship which lasted a lifetime. Colonel Carlin was a very successful lawyer and banker in Brooklyn and had served on the School Board of the city of New York. We had many mutual interests and friends including Mayor John O'Brien of New York. The Carlins genuinely liked people and entertained a widening group of friends in their luxurious suite. It is sad to look back and remember the happy beginning of our friendship on the Ile de France and the final tragic ending when I sat alone with him and his daughter in the Carlyle Hotel in New York after the funeral Mass of his dear wife who had been killed in the Andrea Doria crash and whose body was never found. Shortly after, Colonel Carlin died from a sudden heart attack — truly a broken heart.

The other friendship, so dissimilar, was with a young Japanese who was one of the younger Mitsui family which controlled a giant financial empire. In the last minutes before sailing, young Mitsui had been unable to secure first class accommodations and so travelled tourist class. He was a sensitive young man and was plainly hurt by social snubs of the passengers. As usual when travelling by ship, I had carried athletic togs and thoroughly enjoyed strenuous daily workouts in deck tennis. As young Mitsui watched the games, it was evident that he wanted to join them.
So I suggested jokingly that as I was Irish and he was Japanese, we join up as a team of the great naval powers. Little did I then dream of what the future would bring. He accepted my suggestion eagerly. We teamed up, won all our games, and were awarded the ship championship. However in the single championship contest which came later, he gave me a sound drubbing. We spent much time together apart from the playing of tennis. He was a pleasant and intelligent young man, but he was adamant in not accepting any invitations now that passengers had learned of his welcome social status. He planned to return to his studies in Cornell University and promised to visit me in Washington with his Japanese fiancee who was also studying in Cornell but events beyond our control were to foreclose the prospects of continuing our happy friendship.

The remainder of the summer I spent at my home at Grand Beach and returned in the early fall to Washington for the school year. Washington in 1933 was undergoing a drastic change. From a medium sized, lazy southern city, it had enlarged rapidly into a metropolis due to the arrival of many thousands of newcomers who would be employed in the new and expanding federal agencies in a desperate attempt to cope with the complex national problems of the depression and the desperate needs for the return of confidence, stability, employment, and financial recovery. It was a grim audience when I stood before the Capitol on the day of inauguration. It was a cold, foreboding day when people appeared shocked and scared - the banks closed - the prospects of the future filled with unemployment and hunger. The sharp and bitter - all white or all black - fixations of love or hate for President Roosevelt tended
to dim the historical contribution in the recovery era by so many intelligent, industrious, and idealistic young men. I have never known a more selfless group working as they did long hours into the night and early morning in research of old laws - the drafting of new measures and implementing both in the government's attempt to compel honest disclosures in stocks, to insure the solid foundation of banking, and the insurance of savings deposits, to insure fair competition, and bring about just relations between employers and labor. There were, of course, a few exception in that devoted group such as the brazen adventurer "I am calling from the White House" or the blustering fringe secretary who practically ordered me to procure an honorary degree from the University for a White House favorite. Such exceptions contributed largely to the restlessness and resentment of Congress and to the "Hate Roosevelt" movement. My most intimate contact was with the Securities Exchange Commission whose first chairman was Joseph P. Kennedy. My close friend, John Burnes, then the youngest judge of the Massachusetts Superior Court, was at my summer home when he received Kennedy's request to become General Counsel for the Securities Commission. He accepted the appointment and showed brilliant judgment in picking young lawyers for his staff. They included Francis Curry, David Shenker, and Edward Flynn of New York; Frank Hammond of Boston; Ben Quin Shauenessy and Frank Walker of Washington. I became very intimate with the group. We frequently met for a late dinner and good talk. Occasionally after dinner, I would return with them to the SEC office where they were working upon the drafts of complex complaints in bills of equity
in which I had had considerable experience as a lawyer and a prosecutor.

In that period, we saw much of Senator Frank Maloney of Connecticut. He was one of the foremost Congressional leaders in measures of financial reform. Frank had been Mayor of Meriden in the bleak days of the depression, served as Congressman, and was now United States Senator. Everyone respected the integrity of his character, his industry, and his great talent for mediation. The Saturday Evening Post had hailed him as a "Senator's Senator." He was a Democrat but parted company from the President on the Court packing plan. We met often. Our friendship lasted only for a few years. It was a sad day in 1945 when I joined with friends, Senators, and Congressmen to attend the solemn requiem Mass and to listen to the eulogy of his Bishop in a final tribute to the fifty-one year old statesman who had literally worked himself to death for his nation's recovery.

In addition to the lawyers, the Securities Commission employed many financial experts the chief of whom was Don McCrudden, later president of Moody's Investment Service. Don, like the young lawyers, worked hard and late. But after work, he enjoyed the relaxation of good conversation, well sprinkled with witty personal addenda to logical arguments. He lived at the Hay Adams Hotel where we met often. An epicure, he enjoyed ordering a fancy dinner in advance, after talking with the Maitre d'hôtel of the Carlton. There was only one discordant note ever sounded at our many dinners. That was the intruding voice of Congressman George Holden Tinkham of Boston. He was unprepossessing, usually in
slovenly dress, and wore a full beard, spotty and stained. Tinkham was a political anomaly. A reactionary Republican, he nevertheless had been returned to Congress for years from an Irish Democratic district in Boston. His victories were attributed to his blatant politically inspired hatred of the British plus an assiduous and efficient daily bestowal of small personal favors. He was reputed to be as stingy as he was enormously rich. Perhaps that was one reason why his frequent intrusions upon our quiet dinners in the Carlton Hotel were so vigorously resented. Without any invitation, he was accustomed to pull up a chair from another table and inject himself into the conversation. His bad manners were terminated abruptly when John Burnes one night angrily requested Tinkham to leave our table, and he never returned. Don McCrudden, who had enjoyed the whole performance, remarked with mock solemnity that Congressman Tinkham would surely have his close friend, William Cardinal O'Connell, demote me for our treatment of Tinkham. But nothing ever happened.

All the young men in the New Deal had a staunch friend in Arthur Krock of the New York Times. Arthur was respected as well by older men including members of Congress and the President, himself. He richly deserved his high reputation as a brilliant, penetrating, and objective observer of the political scene. His reports were always reliable. In fact, two presidents, who denied some facts reported in his column by Krock, had to eventually admit their mistake and the truth of the reports of Arthur Krock. He was always interested in these young newcomers to Washington, enjoyed their company, and encouraged them. He was rewarded by
their favorite name for him "Uncle Arthur." I had known him for a number of years and treasured his friendship. His skill in reporting is enhanced by a remarkable knowledge of American history and constitutional law. This was evident in the very fine talk which he gave to students of the Law School at my request. His integrity has been evident by his courageous criticism of some of his most intimate friends in public office. We still correspond and see each other occasionally. Our books are still out of balance in his favor because of his excellent lecture to the law students and my poor performance at his "quiz program" at the Metropolitan Club in Washington.

My acquaintance with members of Congress was limited. I had known several Massachusetts Congressmen well including Congressmen Healey, Bates, Wigglesworth, Andrews, and Frothingham and Mrs. Rogers. In Congress, my closest friend was John McCormack whose intelligence and integrity I had admired for many years since I first met him as a young Senator in the Massachusetts Legislature.

Forums and conferences brought invitations to speak at the University of Pennsylvania, Manhattan College, New York, Providence College, the University of Scranton, St. Thomas College, and Dubuque. I was invited to preach to the Catholic students of Princeton University and later to the Catholic students at Dartmouth. In Hanover, Father John Sliney was the chaplain to Catholic college students at Dartmouth as well as pastor of the local church. A slight incident occurred on our first meeting which probably contributed largely to changing our formal acquaintance
into a warm and deep friendship which lasted through the years until his death. Father Sliney was celebrant of the solemn Mass at which I was to preach. As can happen in the best regulated parish, no altar boy appeared for the high Mass which was to be followed by benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. I volunteered to serve the Mass and left toward the end of the ceremony to prepare the fire for the censor for Benediction. This was merely the assistance which any priest would give. But Father Sliney was deeply appreciative and, during our long talk at dinner, suggested that I stay over and join him the next day at a "gaudeamus" in Exeter where I would meet many priests of the New Hampshire diocese. Now a "gaudeamus" (Let us rejoice) is an old rural Catholic custom where priests meet and shed their cares and worries in an exchange of news, much banter, a good dinner, followed by a hilarious card game for small stakes. I have never had a more enjoyable day, and, indeed, I met many of the New Hampshire pastors that day who became fast friends through the years.

Father Sliney was an outstanding priest. He was a Doctor of Canon Law which was awarded to him after study in Rome. He had kept up his interest in languages and could converse in French, Spanish, and Greek. He was so widely read in history, economics, and current literature that the Dartmouth Library purchased any book he recommended. But over and beyond his spirituality and wide learning, he was a superb athlete who could best any student or professor at Dartmouth in handball or golf. His priestly outlook on life was mellowed by a tolerance and a rich quiet humor. We became intimate friends, and I saw much of him in Washington,
Boston, Hanover, and at my home at Grand Beach where he was always welcome as a member of the family. Together, we enjoyed the football games of Dartmouth against Harvard, Princeton, and Yale. Wherever we met, wherever we went, large numbers of men were eager to greet Father Sliney. I have never seen a priest more respected and truly beloved by the students and alumni of a college.

We attended the famous Dartmouth and Princeton football game which was played in a driving snowstorm at Princeton. The "spirits" of the spectators had been fortified by large doses of the "spirituous." The high point of amusement occurred when one overly happy spectator ran out on the field, seized the football, and dashed away. Several policemen took up the pursuit while some seventy thousand educated college students and alumni arose en masse, standing in the blinding snowstorm and cheering lustily for the success of the attempted escape of the football thief. Far from being any serious reflection on the college crowd, it seemed to me that this was a good natured example of what Roscoe Pound described as the lingering sentiment from the American frontier "beat the government." My intimate acquaintance with Father Sliney continued to his death. At his funeral, men wept unashamed in their gratitude for his friendship.
Chapter Ten

Law School Dean

It had become obvious that the Catholic University Law School needed a new dean after an over-long inter regnum under an acting dean. Bishop Ryan had earlier offered me the position of acting dean, which I refused. It now became apparent that I was to be appointed dean. But I again refused. My reasons at both times were that I was content in my position teaching law. Moreover, I had become deeply interested in comparative canon and civil law which had been sorely neglected in American legal writing. For example, there had been no scholarly treatment of the law's protection of the confessional secret. My interest in this phase of law was sharpened by the Lindberg kidnapping case. There had been a newspaper appeal to the kidnapper to return the Lindberg child to a priest. It was said that he could shield the identity of the person delivering the child because of the law's protection of the confidential relationship. There was no such protection in the New Jersey law. The priest could have been forced to divulge the identity in court. Under the New Jersey law at that time, refusal to give such information would have subjected the priest to imprisonment for contempt of court until he purged himself by giving the information. Well that led me into an exhaustive examination of the widely divergent state laws protecting the confessional secret. Such protection had started in New York in the famous Zollman case. The English and American common law had refused to sanction the "sanctuary" protection of the confessor-penitent relationship. Consequently, a statute was necessary to protect
the confessional secret. The path of the states, which adopted such statutes, was tortuous and strange. It had jumped from New York to the midwest states and then to the west coast, strangely bypassing the Atlantic border states with heavy Catholic populations. My interest in proposed protecting statutes led me into an inquiry as to the prevailing attitude of psychiatrists on the question.

An old friend of mine, Dr. L. Vernon Briggs, the author of the famous Briggs Law in Massachusetts which provides for psychiatric examination of defendants accused of serious crimes, invited Dr. Winfred Overholser and several nationally known psychiatrists to his Beacon Street home for a luncheon and discussion with me on the psychiatric phase of the problem. All of the psychiatrists were very much interested, but few had any real knowledge of the nature of sacramental confession. At the end of our long and interesting discussion, all of the psychiatrists agreed that there is basic need for the law's protection of the "sanctuary" of confession. I drafted a model statute which was adopted in several states.

In another aspect of the relationship between law and religion, I had published an exhaustive study, "Modern Papal Encyclicals and the United States Constitution." This was a field of teaching and research which appealed to me.

However, I was practically ordered to assume the position of dean. When I accepted the appointment, I turned to my new duties as dean with a determination to put into effect necessary measures for a reorganization and strengthening of the school. It was to
be hard work but was intensely gratifying. I am deeply in debt to all those on the faculty and elsewhere who cooperated in bringing the law school to its position as one of the leading law schools in the United States.

The first drastic decision was to strengthen the faculty. I did not renew several appointments. I had no tolerance for faculty members who failed to keep up with the progress of the law and to take the time for thorough preparation of their lectures. Naturally there was bitter resentment. I was charged with attempting to make the law school "a Catholic Harvard law school." This I regarded as a compliment. I worked immediately with a small committee in the reorganization of the curriculum. We carefully examined the catalogs of courses of ten leading law schools from which we learned much. As a result, we dropped several antiquated courses and added several with a new emphasis upon public law such as taxation and administrative law.

There have always been differences of opinion among legal scholars as to the relative merits of "moot courts" and "appellate trial proceedings." I abolished the moot court as savoring to the dramatics of the "mock trial." In its place, we established the "appellate court's proceedings" which brought students rigorous training in legal research, careful brief writing, and actual oral pleading before an appellate court. This innovation became remarkably successful. For the finals, we always had a judge of the United States Supreme Court together with two judges of the appellate courts of the District of Columbia. The facts of the case were drawn by faculty members, and they sought to frame a novel
and difficult problem. This brought about a humorous situation which threatened me with a students' strike. The particular problem was in labor law. The students complained to me that the problem was too difficult, barren of any precedents in legal cases to date. I was amused rather than angered at the threatened strike and told the students that they could pick one to represent them and could also pick a faculty member and, together with me, consult with Professor Madden, one of the foremost legal authorities in the United States on labor. He was very gracious and invited us to come down to his office at once. We did. He was intrigued with the problem and agreed that it was indeed difficult and novel but was fair and of a type that might come before the courts. The students were satisfied, returned to their research, and produced outstanding briefs. The work was of such a high order that several law firms, who had learned about the situation, paid for copies of the briefs which the young students had written.

Chief Justice Stone of the United States Supreme Court, who had been law dean of Columbia University Law School, once told me his definition of a dean. "A dean, he said, is a man who must solve all types of problems and do all the work which even janitors refuse to do." I found the definition to be true. For my administrative load was augmented by an unwelcome task - even for a janitor - of raising scholarship funds. We had no scholarship money in the law school. So I started the ambitious plan of raising substantial amounts of money to educate prospective students of outstanding talent and proven character who might become a
leaven in the life of their community. Such grants allowed scholarship students to devote their whole time to the study of law. Moreover, all assistance was in the form of grants and not loans secured by notes, for I felt that we should not put a millstone on a young man starting out in law with natural expectations of an early marriage. I am proud of the records of the men who won scholarships. Among them are numbered one governor, several judges, a member of the national labor board, and the chairman of the school board of a large metropolitan city. But raising the money was extremely difficult and distasteful to me. There is neither rhyme nor reason in the approach and results of begging money. For example, my old friend Judge James Joseph Kelly of Chicago suggested that I visit a very wealthy old lady to whom he had given valuable legal advice as a friend. I walked up the long path to the ornate mansion, and duly admitted, sat in the drawing room awaiting the rich old lady with great expectations of securing substantial help for the scholarship fund. Although I told her of Judge Kelly's friendship and interest - he had given a Chicago scholarship - she turned upon me abruptly in a violent denunciation, ending up her tirade with the question "Tell me where all of the contributions which I gave as a child to the Church have gone." As I left with my little black bag empty, I noticed the two huge stone lions at the entrance. I am sure that if she could, she would have had the lions come to life and tear me to pieces. But there were other and happier experiences. Though I raised many thousands of dollars, I yet regarded myself as a failure in begging funds.
The heavy demands of teaching, the many details of administration, the public engagements, and the detestable long trips with my little black bag to beg scholarship funds sometimes brought about an exhausting weariness. But then my dreams, by day as well as by night, of the beneficent influence of a truly Catholic law school of high standards, the expectations of the influence of my scholarship students as a leaven in American life, and the heritage to their sons of learning and culture, dispelled my weariness, and in the hopes of my dreams, my heavy burden became light.

I continued to teach because of my feeling that a dean should have his hand in—so to speak—the classes of the first year men and in the classes of the men who are about to graduate.

There are many facets of a dean's work which few people comprehend. For example, one experience troubled me greatly. Our school was integrated. No information was sought from applicants as to religion or race. There was a national fraternity in the law school. I must admit prejudice as to fraternities which too often shield snobbishness under a guise of fraternity. A young student, who had neither a Jewish appearance or name, had been admitted to the fraternity. Word came to me that after he had belonged to the fraternity for several months, the officers had discovered that he was a Jew and ineligible for membership under the national constitution of the fraternity. My reaction was one of rage. I asked the young student to come in and made a sincere apology to him in the name of the school. I then summoned the student officers and announced that as of that minute the fraternity would no longer be active in the Catholic University Law
School. There was loud protest and even threats of future retaliation by national officers. But to all protests I turned a deaf ear. The national fraternity did threaten to take the matter up with the rector and the board of trustees. I answered that I would have no discussion with them or the rector or the board of trustees. My decision was final. The fraternity no longer existed in my law school. As to faculty members, I had very able Protestant and Jewish teachers such as Thomas Billig, formerly of Yale; Louis Loss, later of Harvard Law School; Henry Fischer, a brilliant student of administrative law; and David Shenker, who had been an able assistant to Judge Pecora. Dave was not only an excellent teacher but as well a warm friend to the students in his course. He returned every check he received to be applied to the scholarship fund. Some of Dave's friends gave him an informal dinner and humorously presented him with the red pompommed biretta of a monsignor. A few years later, I accepted with pleasure the invitation of a large public dinner given in Dave's honor by bankers and investment houses in New York. Though Dave had been an aggressive prosecutor of abuses in the securities field, financial men realized his great ability and his absolute fairness. It was a happy setting and the audience enjoyed my remarking upon the novelty of an Irish Catholic priest coming from Washington to New York to speak at a testimonial for a Jew given by rich Protestants.

The faculty was considerably strengthened by the addition of a few fulltime men. In addition, several brilliant young lawyers, who were in the government service, assisted us in part-time teaching.
I had been deeply impressed by ceremonies and sermons of the "Red Mass" in New York and decided to inaugurate the annual "Red Mass" under the auspices of the Law School, in the national shrine on the campus of the University. A few faculty members doubted whether the school would be successful, competing with other Sunday church services and taking place at a distance from the center of Washington. All doubts were dispelled when the first "Red Mass" brought a congregation which filled the shrine to overflowing. We had been careful as to details. We arranged for the Solemn High Mass to begin promptly at eleven and, including the sermon, to conclude before noon. We were fortunate in having the very fine choir from the Sulpician seminary. We also had seminary students as minor officials of the Mass under the expert direction of Father Walter Schmitz, S.S., the University's master of ceremonies. He will be remembered as master of ceremonies in the televised funeral Mass of President Kennedy. We used some care in picking the preachers for the Mass, all of whom were bishops or archbishops. Included in that distinguished group were Archbishop John O'Hara, later Cardinal of Philadelphia. The "Red Mass" sermon was his first public appearance as a bishop. Others included Archbishop John McNicholas of Cincinatti, Archbishop Sheehan of Baltimore, Archbishop John Mitty of San Francisco, Bishop McEntigart of Brooklyn, and Bishop Fulton Sheen of New York. The congregation, of which a large part came by invitation, included Supreme Court justices, judges of the trial courts and appellate courts of the District of Columbia, many foreign diplomats, and high officials in the Federal government. The success of the Red Mass in Washington
brought inquiries from other cities concerning the details of our preparation. My interest in the extension of the "Red Mass" throughout the country brought me invitations to preach at the "Red Mass" in San Francisco; Brooklyn, New York; Camden, New Jersey; Covington, Kentucky; and Washington. In addition to inaugurating the "Red Mass", I instituted a series of Sunday morning religious round-tables for lawyers. Father Edward W. Dowd, of the department of religion of the University, gave us generous and expert assistance in arranging the programs for several successive years. During the Sundays of Lent, the group attended Low Mass at eleven o'clock in the national shrine on the campus. After that, they met in the Law School where a distinguished speaker would develop the topic of the day. The topic had been announced in the Round-Table pamphlet which also contained excellent suggestions for explanatory readings on the subject. A question period followed until the bell adjourned the round-table at twelve forty-five. This gave everyone a chance to resume his Sunday routine. Attendance increased to well over a hundred, and the lawyers, both Catholic and non-Catholic, were outspoken in their praise of the high quality of the theological presentations.

As I had realized the need of our students for painstaking research and exact writing in legal briefs, I felt also that our students as a whole needed some broadening social experience in meeting leaders in American life. For a natural ease in meeting people rather than an awkward shyness would be a distinct asset to them later as young lawyers. So we arranged a few "social evenings" during the year. The students and I conferred on the choice
of speakers. But after that selection, the students assumed complete responsibility for all other details. Two students, using my car, would call for the guest. The guest would speak in the St. Thomas Moore library upon any subject of his choice. Afterward a question period would follow, limited to student participation. We would then adjourn to the St. Ives library where faculty wives had arranged light refreshments on tables tastefully decorated with candles and flowers. In such a setting, the guest would mingle with the students in relaxed conversation. Faculty members could be present but tactfully refrained from intruding into the conversation between the guest and the students. Students would finally return the guest to his home.

Social evenings became very popular with the students. They also made a very favorable impression on guests. As Chief Justice Stone remarked to me, "You have brought a unique atmosphere into this law school which is a valuable part of the training of law students." We were gratified at the willingness of noted public figures to accept our invitations.

One of the most interesting was Walter Lippman. I had met him at a dinner at the home of Joseph P. Kennedy. In answer to my request by telephone for an appointment, Mr. Lippman, with unusual kindness, volunteered to come out to see me at the University. We had a long and pleasant talk in my suite in the faculty building. We spoke of many things, including the book upon which he was then working. I remarked of my envy of his easy writing style. With characteristic modesty, he replied, "Father, I have to sweat out every word just as you do."
Among other guests of social evenings were Adolph Berle, Assistant Secretary of State; Edward McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor; Arthur Krock, of the New York Times; Richard Smith, former professor of law at Yale Law School and now Chairman of the Trustees in charge of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad; Paul McNutt, Federal Securities Administrator; and United States Attorney-General Francis Biddle. All of the guests, nationally recognized authorities in their fields, gave interesting presentations and informative answers to the questions of the students.

The most unique of our social evenings brought together three giants of legal learning in a symposium on "The legal profession, its past history and present problems." These three were Joseph H. Beale of the Harvard Law School, foremost authority on "Conflicts of Laws;" Samuel Williston, also of the Harvard Law School, author of the definitive treatise on "Contracts;" and John H. Wigmore, recognized by bench and bar for his monumental work, "The Law of Evidence." Strangely, though the three had taught law for nearly half a century and had been warm friends, they had never appeared on the same platform together until they honored our students on the social evening program. Though bound by a common bond of love for the law and legal education, they differed widely in personality. Beale was short, stocky, and bald. In his classes he was violently aggressive and almost apoplectic in his rage at an unintelligent answer. But outside of class, he was a kind and fatherly friend to students, a prominent figure in the councils of the American Protestant Episcopal Church, and a truly Christian gentleman. In contrast, Williston conducted his classes in a quiet,
keen and analytic vein, always smiling and tolerant of a student's failure to grasp the correct solution to a legal problem. He richly deserved the accolade bestowed upon him by generations of students and graduates as their favorite "Beloved Sammy." Such a reputation was a triumph not only for his scholastic achievements but, as well, a triumph of the spirit, for, as his autobiography reveals, he suffered from a long, recurring series of disabling illnesses. Contrasting sharply with Beale and Williston was Professor Wigmore, the witty, elegant, urbane gentleman - the bon homme. A master of the law of evidence and comparative systems of jurisprudence, he was as well a competent linguist in several languages including Japanese and Gaelic. As to the latter, he enjoyed twitting John T. Hughes of Boston and other Irish leaders on their lack of knowledge of their ancestors' mother tongue by writing them notes in Gaelic. Wigmore had no tolerance for boors, a few of which attend all large gatherings, including the Association of American Law Schools. At one meeting in Chicago, he suggested that I meet him at the stage door to escape such bothersome questioners. While we were taxiing to his apartment on the shore front, he told me his favorite story about Professor Williston and a boor. "Sammy" was enjoying a highball with a few friends in a hotel lounge when he spotted a typical boor who approached and broke into their privacy with a hearty "So you are Williston on contracts!" "No, by God," answered Sammy bringing his glass down on the table with a thud, "I am Williston off contracts. Good-day, sir!"

Professor Wigmore's apartment was spacious, richly furnished,
and offered a fine view of Lake Michigan. Mrs. Wigmore, a charming woman, joined us for talk and tea. She wore three large, magnificent, sapphire rings. Apologizing for my curiosity, I asked her about the extraordinary gems. She was pleased with my question and replied that John always gave her a ring on the successful completion of any great task. The rich sapphires represented her husband's treatises on the law of evidence, a book on comparative jurisprudence, and a study of the world's judicial systems. The pleasant afternoon ended with Professor Wigmore's accustomed greeting and leave-taking, "Pax tecum" (peace be with you) and my "Et cum spiritu tuo" (and with thy spirit). Our reorganized faculty worked well together. Admittedly, there were some deep differences of opinion and an occasional clash of personalities. But my policy of a full and free discussion at every faculty meeting, followed by a social hour at my faculty suite, healed all verbal wounds and invariably brought about a friendly solidarity in the faculty. It was a pleasure to work with Bishop Joseph Corrigan. He had a true university outlook and was aware of and approved of the various measures we had taken to improve the law school. My heavy schedule was lightened by daily contests in handball with a widening group which included Edward Egan and William Collins, now successful lawyers in New York; Joseph Betley, U.S. Commissioner for the State of New Hampshire; Charles Tesreau, District Attorney in Lebanon, New Hampshire; and John T. Moore and Philip Monahan of Washington, D.C.

Though my social life was limited, I thoroughly enjoyed meeting a number of interesting people. The honorable Robert Brennan,
who was the Minister of the Irish Government in Washington, attended many of our functions. He had a gentle sense of humor and enjoyed long evenings of conversation which we Irish call "high talk." It was through him that I met the Abbey Players and was particularly impressed by Barry Fitzgerald and Eileen Crowe. Bob Kintner, now President of the National Broadcasting Company, was in Washington as a correspondent during those years. He was very friendly with Senator Maloney and with the young men of the New Deal. I remember a very enjoyable dinner at Bob's house with his wife and Senator Maloney and several others. The guest of the evening was Spencer Tracy. With good humor, all of us tried to pry "Hedda Hopper" information about Hollywood personalities, but Tracy successfully parried all such questions and gave glowing praise to all the actors and actresses except Clark Gable. He told a story with relish about Gable's conceit about his appeal to women and his pride in his youthful physique. Apparently Tracy was offended by such patronizing and enjoyed a misfortune which occurred in a rough airplane scene they were doing together. For after a terrific jolt, Clark Gable's extensive bridgework was hanging on his chin.

I enjoyed being with Adolph Berle, the Assistant Secretary of State. I had known him as a young prodigy in Harvard College. He and his wife and children always attended the "Red Mass." One evening dinner at his house was very informative when General Knudsen told us of his business life with General Motors and his broad responsibilities in the Federal government.

A memorable luncheon took place at the Peter Gerrys'. It was on a Sunday during the bitter contest about enlarging the Supreme
Court. There were a number of senators present, including Patrick McCarron, David I. Walsh, Warren R. Austin, Tom Connally, Josiah W. Bailey, and Walter F. George. We were sitting in the library after luncheon when Senator Burton K. Wheeler arrived. He was apparently excited and very happy. He announced that he had in his pocket the solution of the Supreme Court controversy. He would give us no further details. But we learned later that it was probably the famous Chief Justice Hughes letter to the President.

Among the senators I knew, I had the greatest admiration for Senator Hiram Johnson of California. I had met Senator Johnson a few times on formal occasions in Washington but did not know him well. A curious incident in Miami, Florida changed our formal acquaintance into a warm and deep friendship. For a few years I had spent the Christmas holidays - between Christmas and the New Year sessions of the law school - in Miami. The Guest House of St. Francis Hospital provided a convenient and pleasant atmosphere for saying daily Mass and for rest, reading, and a good swim every day in the surf. It happened that one day I was swimming at a nearby beach which adjoined the beach of the apartment in which Senator Johnson and his wife were spending the holidays. One morning, I was in the surf when heavy seas were running, with a strong undertow. While swimming out some distance, I noticed an old man apparently in trouble who was being slowly taken out to sea. I went to his assistance. He was not too far from shore, and it was not difficult to get a fast hold on him and get him back to the safety of the beach. Apparently he had been thoroughly scared and thanked me with a few words and a silent embrace.
which spoke eloquently of his gratitude. He was Senator Hiram Johnson. That afternoon, Mrs. Johnson drove over to the St. Francis Hospital to thank me again and to ask me if I would join her and the Senator on the beach the next morning. We had a pleasant few hours together on the beach and from that time on we had a pleasant daily threesome of sunning, bathing, and leisurely conversation. In contrast to the unfair image which many have of the Senator as a distant and cranky old man, I found him to be extremely friendly and a warm, human personality.

In the privacy of the three of us, the Senator told in great detail of his long political career including the famous Vice Presidential episode of which he spoke without rancor or even any trace of disappointment. It was fascinating to hear him tell of the political struggles of his early career after he had broken with his father, who disliked his son's liberal leanings. Undismayed, Hiram Johnson as a young David challenged the giant corporations which controlled legislation, and the railroads which had an iron grip on the economy. The dramatic details of the long days and nights of political campaigning from the tailboard of a horse-drawn wagon over the wide spaces of California proved young Johnson's daring in challenging entrenched and mighty economic powers. By gaining the people's confidence in his honesty and intelligence, he was elected as a reform Governor of California and justified their confidence with a splendid record of progress. Later elected United States Senator, he became a national figure in his complete dedication to the enactment of progressive liberal legislation and is remembered with the other great progressives,
Senator Borah and Senator LaFollette. Perhaps the most interesting event of his political career occurred at the National Republican Convention at which Harding was nominated for President and Johnson for Vice President. During one of our mornings on the beach, the Senator described to me the details of that national convention, the preliminary plans, the competition for delegates, the manipulations by the king makers in smoke-filled rooms, and the various political personalities close to Harding. With such people and such powers, Senator Johnson would have no truck. Had he accepted the nomination for Vice President, he would have succeeded upon the death of President Harding to the Presidency of the United States. He related all the aspects of the convention, with which he was so familiar, with a human interest and a simple modesty, expressing no regrets whatsoever at having refused the Vice Presidential nomination. He told of being offered a huge sum of money later to write his memoirs under the title, "The Man Who Might Have Become President," but he refused the lure because of his innate decency. Money could not entice him to become a party to the kind of writing which, under all the circumstances, would necessarily include harmful personal criticisms of others - living and dead.

The hostility of Johnson's father, who had large corporate interests, to his own son, the reformer, was a strange family trait which marked several Johnson generations. Mrs. Johnson told me of a very unusual incident which illustrated the strong personal feelings which apparently marked the Johnson family. Apparently an uncle had a great fondness for Hiram and an equally strong aversion
to other relations in the Johnson family. The uncle had executed a will leaving Hiram all of his money and property, to the complete exclusion of other close relatives. Their resentments were tense and foreshadowed additional feuds in the Johnson family. Senator Johnson invited all the disappointed relatives, who had expected a bequest or a share of the estate of the deceased, to meet him at his home in California on a certain winter night. All the relatives came and were seated in the parlor where the air became tense with anticipation. When all were seated, Hiram Johnson stood before the fireplace where a fire was burning brightly. With careful deliberation he took a document out of his pocket, turned toward the fire, and threw the will into the bright flames. He then announced "Now there is no will, so the estate will be divided equally among all heirs."

Senator Johnson and his wife, whom he called "The Boss," were inseparable. Their evident respect and love for each other gave a silent sermon on the dignity and beauty of the companionship of a happy marriage. Both had known success and tragedy, and both bore the visible marks of their deep and lasting grief over the suicide of their most promising and talented young son, a war veteran.

We met fairly often after our return to Washington. The Johnsons had a charming house, surrounded by a garden, near the Supreme Court. The Senator, however, seemed almost more at home in his old-fashioned but tastefully furnished office - a hideaway under the dome of the Capitol but with a magnificent view of Washington. This he preferred to the lavish suites of the new Senate Office Building.
During our intimate conversations, the Senator recounted his interesting friendship with President Franklin Roosevelt. The President in the early days of the New Deal, according to the Senator, would often telephone him about ten o'clock, or even later, in the evening to come to the President's study in the White House for long and intimate talks about national politics. However, the friendship cooled as differences arose between them over major issues including the so-called attempt to pack the Supreme Court. The telephone calls dwindled and the intimacy faded as the Senator and his wife became aware of a strange change in the happy disposition of the President to a hardening vindictiveness toward anyone who crossed him, or even differed with him, over any political issue.

Senator Johnson spent his last days in the Naval Medical Center at a time when I was Senior Navy Chaplain there. His wife, "The Boss," was his constant companion, and the Navy graciously gave her an adjoining room. However, she returned home each day to care for the details of their home, as well as to prepare and bring to the Senator delicacies for his evening meal. Both the Senator and his wife were rabid baseball fans and listened to the daily broadcast. Mrs. Johnson arranged a joyful birthday party for his last birthday with some intimate friends and the medical staff in his room. She was "The Boss" at her best with a brave attempt at gay spirits to cheer the gallant old statesman. She enjoyed shocking people with an occasional bold statement. During the birthday party, she upbraided me for not having seen her as we passed each other the day before on busy Fifteenth Street.
"Indeed, she said, if that happens again, I will go up and throw my arms around you and kiss you." To which I replied, "I will enjoy the kiss and have you arrested." Her affectionate reply was sending a large basket of flowers for the chapel altar for Sunday services. But neither the love of a good wife, the solicitude of friends, the finest medical care, nor his own stout courage could stave off the final decline in the last chapter of his mortal life. At last the great heart was still. The long years of dedicated public service had come to an end. Hiram Johnson deserves a scholarly and sympathetic biography for the annals of American history. Such a biography could mellow the last unpopular impressions of Senator Johnson as a stubborn advocate of isolationism in the face of rising international philosophy of the interdependence of nations. And such a biography could inspire younger generations of Americans to emulate the sturdy qualities of honesty, high idealism, and tenacious courage against seemingly overwhelming powers which produced in Hiram Johnson one of the great American pioneers in true liberalism within the frame of constitutional democracy.

In the summer of 1939, my old friends Emmet McCormack and Bob Lee, of the Moore-McCormack Lines, invited me to take a cruise lasting thirty-eight days. We touched on some points in the Caribbean and then sailed to South America. There, we visited Rio de Janeiro in Brazil and Buenos Aires in the Argentine. I celebrated Mass each morning in the ship's lounge. The days were restful with leisurely reading and strenuous exercise in deck tennis. The Captain asked me to assist in arranging games and athletic contests, and I was happy to lend my hand. Thus, I came to know many
passengers and also became friends with the officers and the crew. At the conclusion, they were kind enough to present me with a beautiful plaque with a map depicting our route, together with a warm resolution of appreciation and friendship. We crossed the equator, and I willingly submitted to the initiation by King Neptune. Among the interesting passengers was Billy Sullivan who was a referee in bankruptcy in Chicago. He had had a long record in politics and had been secretary to Governor Horner. He told many political tales, not the least of which was the initial breaking into politics by "pink-whiskered" J. Hamilton "Ham" Lewis, United States Senator from Illinois. It happened that a severe snowstorm hit Chicago on St. Patrick's Day which made it impossible for the featured speaker to arrive. "Ham" Lewis filled the gap. With his sharp wit and real oratorical gifts, he made a smash hit at the dinner and thus wedged his way into the hearts of the Irish in Chicago.

On our return trip from South America, Tito Schipa, world-renowned tenor, boarded the ship with a large retinue at Montevideo in Uruguay. When we were approaching New York, I asked Schipa to sing two solos at the Sunday Mass. His reply was an excited refusal complaining that the sea air hampered his vocal cords. I replied that I could take care of that very quickly. He was curious and asked me how. I said I would take him to the ship's infirmary and cut his throat which would open the vocal cords. He hesitated a minute and then laughed loudly and surrendered, saying that he knew when he first met me that he would have to do what I wanted him to do. He sang two hymns, including his own "Ave Maria," which
added greatly to the ceremony. We became fast friends, and he promised to come to Washington and sing for me at a "Red Mass."

During our return trip, war was declared in Europe. Feelings were heightened by all sorts of rumors. A source of worry was the long daily radio address by what appeared to be an Englishman. It was certainly a sinister piece of German propaganda. For after great compliments to the English and to the Americans, the supposed Englishman would embark upon a very clever analysis as to the certain defeat that England would suffer at the hands of Germany. When we were about to leave the ship, newspaper reporters thronged aboard for interviews. I told them about the serious impression which had been made by the daily German propaganda. My recent experience in Europe, and particularly in Germany, and the present move by the British and French to enlist American sympathy convinced me that we would eventually be at war. I warned that if America should lessen her neutrality and lift the embargo on arms to England, then the American people must realize that they were indirectly helping Germany's enemy. Moreover, a financial stake by a neutral nation in favor of a combatant must necessarily lead to a continuous barrage on public sentiment in favor of the buyer nation. My interview was published at length in all the New York papers, Newsweek, and reported in the national press. I was bitterly criticized for making such statements. However, I was certain in my conclusions, which time verified.

Back in the continuous work of the law school, and in particular raising scholarship funds, two speaking engagements brought me many new acquaintances and friends in the Chicago area and the
middle west.

The Knights of Columbus of Illinois hold an annual banquet on Washington's Birthday which attracts hundreds of guests who fill the floor and the balcony of the main ballroom of the Palmer House in Chicago. I was invited to respond to the toast "The United States." I accepted the invitation and was on the train from Washington to Chicago when, at Gary, Indiana, a delegation of the committee on arrangements boarded the train. They had arranged for newspaper pictures and interviews upon my arrival in Chicago. The head of the delegation was my very good friend, Judge James Joseph Kelly of the Superior Court in Chicago. He explained the details of the hospitality which included a luxurious suite in the Palmer House. Reluctantly, I told him that I would not take part in any social activities prior to the banquet and preferred to enjoy the athletic facilities of the Chicago Athletic Club. Judge Kelley understood and was my host and guide during my stay. The banquet was a huge success, and my speech drew warm applause. I stayed over for two days and enjoyed every minute of it with Judge Kelly and his friends. I asked to see the courts in action. Our first stop was at the celebrated trial of Roger Touhy for the kidnapping of "Jake" Factor. The courtroom scene was totally unimpressive. The court had, in my mind, used poor judgment in putting aside the judicial robes which always give a judge added dignity. Similarly, the court officers were not in uniform. In the excitement of the crowded courtroom, it was difficult to distinguish between officers, witnesses, or mere spectators. The high point of the hearing that morning was real
drama. I had learned from long experience to watch a defendant very closely for his reaction to the testimony of a witness. "Jake" Factor was on the witness stand describing the kidnapping in detail. I watched Touhy carefully. He was chewing gum. At points of damaging testimony by Factor, Touhy was having real difficulty in swallowing. I knew then that the shafts were hitting home. He was convicted and given a long prison sentence. Upon parole, he was shortly thereafter murdered.

We visited another courtroom in which the notorious Mrs. Winekoop was being tried for murder. She was cold and unemotional. One would almost think that, instead of being the defendant, she was the prosecutor of the judge and the jury. However, she was convicted.

We visited several of the juvenile courts where we witnessed terrible tragedies of youthful delinquency and crime. The presiding judges handled the cases admirably with patience, understanding, and compassion. The Chicago visit and many more later visits found Judge Kelly to be an extremely intellectual, witty, and generous friend.

The golden Jubilee of Catholic University came in 1939. The Rector called the deans of the schools together and suggested that each school prepare a suitable program. After consulting with the members of the faculty and other legal scholars, we decided to arrange two series of public lectures on "The Church in Legal History" and "The Function of Law in Society Today." For the former series of four lectures, I was fortunate in securing the eminent scholar, Roscoe Pound. His scholarly lectures were entitled:

The lectures attracted large audiences of lawyers and judges. In addition to arranging the lectures, each school had to assume their financial burden. Several friends of the Law School underwrote the cost. Although I had known Dean Pound intimately for many years, I hesitated to ask him the amount of his fee. I feared his volatile temper if any bargaining should be intimated. So I waited until the conclusion of the series and was amazed by his generous gesture of friendship that there would be no charge and a gift of publishing rights.

The second series, "The Function of Law in Society Today," was given by Daniel J. Lyne, "The Future of the Common Law;" Grenville Clark, "Law and Civil Liberty;" Hector D. Castro, "Natural Law and Positive Law;" and John J. Burns, "Law and Ethics." All of the lectures were well received and both series, when published under the title "Jubilee Law Lectures" won critical praise and a wide circulation.

In connection with the "Appellate Court Competition," "Student Social Evenings," "The Jubilee Law Lectures," and "The Red Mass," I had found the Justices of the Supreme Court friendly and encouraging. I could appreciate the dignified aloofness of Chief Justice Hughes. He had invited me to his home for a long intimate conversation. He always appeared to me to be the fair and gentlemanly but stern school-master of a court in which sharply contrasting personalities sometimes needed strong control. He stated his reasonable grounds for limiting himself to two public appearances
annually - the American Law Institute and the commencement of his alma mater, Brown University. It seemed to me an added gesture of regret when he took my coat from the old valet and helped me into it upon leaving.

Justice Stone had been Dean of the Columbia University Law School and retained a lively interest in legal education. We became good friends, and I enjoyed long talks with him in the Supreme Court, in his two-story-high, magnificent library in his home, and in the informal and intimate late evening discussions in Bishop Corrigan's study. The many friends of Justice Stone justly resented the slur "A man of vanity is a great self-deceiver and Stone was that" written by an expert in vanity - Justice Frankfurter.

In contrast to Hughes and Stone and indeed sui generis was the scholarly and saintly Justice Cardozo. Frail, in poor health, with pale, marble-like features, Cardozo was a consecrated disciple of justice. He lived in a large apartment on Connecticut Avenue which was lined with books from floor to ceiling in every room and corridor. When he invited me to tea, I had anticipated hearing him talk, but with a gentle maneuvering of the conversation, he had me talking about such subjects of mutual interest as capital punishment and theories of correction. His sweet, old housekeeper brought in tea and cookies, but she watched over him lest he take either sugar or cookies, which were forbidden him. To know Justice Cardozo was a memorable experience for in him one could see great intellectual gifts blessed with true humility and unfailing kindness.
Justice Roberts was another of the justices keenly interested in education. He was later Dean of the University of Pennsylvania Law School. I saw more of him after World War II when both of us were engaged on separate projects in connection with the administration of military justice.

Justice Pierce Butler attended University functions frequently. He was of the old conservative school. His path upwards in the law had been hard fought and had left him with traces of aloofness and harshness. His home seemed cheerless and lonely.

Justice Frank Murphy was obviously happier as Attorney-General than as a justice in the Supreme Court where he experienced the disillusionment of jealousy and personal animosities.

Among my speaking engagements, one of the happiest was at Notre Dame at the annual mid-winter sports dinner which brings together the nation's great football coaches and sports writers and hundreds of alumni and students which pack the huge gymnasium and make the rafters ring with songs and cheers of Notre Dame. In part, I said in my response to the toast, "To Notre Dame,"

"Several years ago I was pondering over this question 'Why the greatness of Notre Dame' and was talking with an old priest, the pastor of a church situated near the union railroad station of a large city. He described how that morning two men had rung the bell at 11 o'clock and asked to receive Holy Communion. Naturally, he asked why they had come so late. Their simple answer could fill a volume. They said, "We have just arrived by train and this day is the anniversary of Knute Rockne's death." Theirs
was the lasting loyalty of Notre Dame!

Many thinkers wonder now whether in all this amazing scientific progress man has not lost his way because he has forgotten the simple joys of his yesterdays and the basic truth that 'man cannot live on bread alone.' You have been fortunate indeed in a University training which teaches life's greatest truth—that man can achieve true happiness only in the living friendship of his God. Tonight congratulations upon your training and achievements are not enough. For all honors, including yours, bring added and greater responsibilities. America needs these eternal but forgotten truths which you have learned and preserved in an unique way. A great national figure told me after he had visited your campus and had seen fine, stalwart young men kneeling in the twilight shadows in the Grotto of Our Blessed Mother that he felt convinced that only such a religious force could save America. What wonders the spirit of Notre Dame could accomplish in the future life of America—unconquerable faith, staunch hope, and dutiful obedience to God's law. Then the present fantastic complexity of life and mad search for pleasure would change into an ordered life, as it should be and God intended it to be, an adventure with Him for time and for eternity. Then truly might America face the future confident and unafraid.

In the courts of Massachusetts we have an old and
admirable custom when giving the oath of juries, concluding, "these persons (meaning the parties involved in the case) have thrown themselves upon the country, "which country you are."" So it is with you, gentlemen, through all the days of your life, people will decide about Notre Dame by the example of your lives, for 'Notre Dame you are.' To all whom you will meet, young lads, little girls, your future wife, your neighbors, your business acquaintances, the people in your community, to each and all, 'Notre Dame you are.'

Such is your heritage, such your tradition, and such is the task which lies before you. Keep up the custom of your daily Communions which ring through the land like bells of the Angelus blessing the countryside with prayer. Because you have lived and worked and played in the living presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament, continue to make your life a daily benediction like the one we hear in the Mass so often and think about so rarely 'Dominus Vobiscum.' May your lives spread throughout the land the profound living benediction 'Dominus Vobiscum.' The nation looks to you with confidence and hope. Surely God Himself will guide, protect and bless you. Such it must always be, for God loves in a special way your consecrated campus where 'alma mater,' so fondly treasured by all colleges, is for you, in truth, His Mother, 'Notre Dame.'
Where she is, you may be sure that He will always be, Her Son, 'Christ, Our King.' So with all reverence, I raise my glass and give my toast tonight and always--'Dominus Vobiscum'--to all loyal sons of 'Notre Dame.'

My speech was well received. Father John O'Hara, the president, and Father Hugh O'Donnell were grateful. After that I had choice tickets for the Army-Notre Dame games and the pleasure of breakfast with the players and coaches on the morning of the Notre Dame-Navy game, which was always enlivened by the visit of the loyal rooter, movie actor Pat O'Brien.

Whatever the influence of these and my other speeches had been, none stirred up such deep reactions as my Boston speech in 1938. That speech, widely quoted in the press, and repeated many times on radio, brought a tremendous reaction of praise and condemnation, bringing me many new friends but also a few lifetime enemies.

An appreciation of the speech requires a short description of the setting. When I was admitted to the practice of law in Massachusetts in 1920, I quickly became aware of the general knowledge of the corruption of some Catholic leaders in public life. Like many other young Catholic lawyers, I was embarrassed and truly ashamed. Among such traitors to Catholic ideals of public service was a ring of blackmail lawyers who did not hesitate to destroy the characters of decent men as well as to profit from the weaknesses of wanton victims. The brazen operation involved public prosecutors, and the combination had a bold
confidence that they were insulated from public exposure and punishment. For example, one blackmail lawyer, drunk on the popular one o'clock train from Boston to New York on a weekend, opened a large handbag to display rolls of hundred dollar bills and boasted loudly, "That is the way to practice law." Graft seemed to have become an entrenched way of life for politicians. Political casuistry attempted to change the fifth commandment to "Thou shalt not steal - except from the public treasury," justified demands of extortion as a "tithe" from contractors and suppliers. Under such casuistry, the "anonymity" of the stolen public funds - which would be larceny if taken from an individual - relieved the thieves of moral blame. On public contracts for highways and purchases of materials, a substantial kickback to politicians became often the rule rather than the exception. Nor was the rich money quarry of appointments and promotions, including police, firemen, school teachers and superintendents, neglected. For politicians boldly put a price on appointments and promotions. Nor did the few occasional disclosures disprove the existence of such a widespread evil. Grafters knew that the victims of such exactions realized that their word would be discounted and even expose them to criminal prosecution.

When the rumblings of investigation and possible criminal prosecutions made the chief conspirators uneasy, they boldly threatened "to tear down the pillars of the judicial system" in the event of their own downfall. Indeed they made such an attempt in maligning elderly Supreme Court Justice Pierce for taking some roses when he was trustee of a greenhouse business.
It was a dark day of shame for Irish Catholics in Boston when charges before the Supreme Court and the Governor's Council revealed the criminal corruption of prominent men who had paraded their religious affiliation and made political capital of their Catholicism.

The official reports of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and of the Massachusetts Senate had condemned two of the more notorious betrayers of the public trust:

Attorney General v. Joseph C. Pelletier,

240 Mass. 313, 314.

"... There was considerable evidence concerning financial transactions of Mr. Coakley and the respondent. This related to withdrawals of large sums of money by Mr. Coakley from his bank accounts, or the possessing by him or his agents of large sums of cash in bills, and the deposit soon after by the respondent of similar amounts of bills to his credit in his bank account. In one instance the withdrawal by Mr. Coakley was of a larger sum than that deposited by the respondent, but there was evidence that the exact difference was paid to a third person. These sums deposited in bills by the respondent varied from $1,000 to $5,000. They were reasonably near in point of time to the receipt by Mr. Coakley, in connection with cases named in the information, of sums of money largely in excess of any amount justly due for legitimate services rendered by him or for any just claims due to or from his clients.

"These transactions all were competent evidence.
The respondent and Mr. Coakley were intimate friends constantly having personal and professional relations with each other. There was evidence tending to show that they were conspirators to exert the power of the district attorney to extort money, to terrorize people into surrendering causes of action and otherwise to abuse that office. The use of bills in such large amounts rather than checks, in the practice of the law or in the ordinary transactions of life, is so unusual as to arouse suspicion in connection with other circumstances. Neither the respondent nor Mr. Coakley was engaged in a kind of business where in the natural course of normal affairs large sums of bills would be used instead of checks. There is rational ground for a probability or presumption in connection with all the attendant factors that there was a relation of cause and effect between the abuse by the respondent of the authority of the district attorney and the receipt by Mr. Coakley of sums of money far larger than he was entitled to receive on any just basis, on the one hand, and the deposit of considerable sums in bills by the respondent shortly after the withdrawal by Mr. Coakley of similar sums, on the other hand."
JOURNAL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATE,

October 2, 1941

"At the direction of the President, the Clerk read the seventh Article of Impeachment as follows:--

ARTICLE 7.

That the said Daniel H. Coakley was and is guilty of misconduct and maladministration in his office as Governor's Councillor from the Fourth District of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts:

In that the said Daniel H. Coakley, while Councillor as aforesaid and subject to the obligations and duties of said office, including the obligation and duty faithfully and impartially to advise the Governor in connection with the granting of pardons, did, on or about December 14, 1938, in violation of his said obligations and duties, wilfully, wrongfully and corruptly prepare a pardon petition with an appended statement, on behalf of one Raymond L. S. Patriarca, a dangerous and notorious criminal, containing the intentionally false and fraudulent statement that "Rev. Father Gareni of Quincy is also anxious to express his opinion to the Governor, as well as Father Fagen of Providence, his (Patriarca's) pastor," when, in fact, the said Father Gareni knew nothing about the said pardon petition, and there was no such person as Father Fagen, all of which was known to the said Coakley, for the purpose of deceiving the Governor and members of the Council, whereby a pardon
was granted on December 21, 1938.

The roll was called and, in response to the question, in each instance, "How say you . . . is the respondent, Daniel H. Coakley, guilty, or not guilty, of misconduct and maladministration as charged in the seventh article of impeachment?", the Senators answered as follows, to wit:--

So the respondent was found guilty on the seventh Article of Impeachment. . . ."

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

AN INTERMEDIATE REPORT OF THE SPECIAL UNPAID COMMISSION APPOINTED FOR AN INVESTIGATION OF PARDON AND PAROLE SYSTEMS IN THE COMMONWEALTH AND OF THE FACTS AND CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE GRANTING OF CERTAIN PARDONS AND PAROLES.

Certain Misstatements in the Pardon Petition.

III.

The Petition Asserts:

3. "Rev. Father Gareni of Quincy is also anxious to express his opinion to the Governor, as well as Father Fagen of Providence, his pastor."

The Evidence Shows:

Father Gareni did not know that his name was contained in the pardon petition until this investigation began, and there was no Father Fagen of Providence who
at any time had been the pastor of a church located in Providence. According to Councillor Coakley, "... then when I tried to find out where I got Fagen, I am thinking sometime about Dickens. I think he told about Fagen.

To be sure, there were some convictions and disbarments. But the "dragon's teeth" had been sown and brought forth a black harvest in a new generation of young cynical politicians in the pattern of the old. It was disheartening to see young, clean-cut, idealistic public office-holders gradually surrender their integrity to the evil of "easy political money." Nor was the change imperceptible, for patterning their attitudes after those of the blatant and swaggering "last hurrah," they too, became insolent, ruthless, and contemptuous of public opinion. Over the long run, the tradition of such honest and capable Catholic office-holders as Patrick A. Collins, David I. Walsh, John W. McCormack, and others might have survived a single Coakley, Pelletier, or Curley. But our respected position in the community could not survive the damage of a new young crop of "Robin-Hoods."

Too many of our people viewed the situation with an easy tolerance saying "Wasn't he good to the poor?" as if procuring a new bathing beach justified a credit card to the politician to loot the public treasury. Many have asked me "What about the attitude of the Clergy?" The responsibility, of course, rested on the shoulders of the diocesan officials who in their timidity lacked the courage for outspoken condemnation of such betrayal of Catholic
principles. Admittedly, it would not be easy, if indeed it would be possible, to reform successful and hardened politicians, swollen with power. However, there was no excuse for the lack of real attempts to educate young people for their responsibilities in public office. And too often, the diversion of attention by a few clerics to similar conditions in other states was wholly beside the point and was interpreted, as was to be expected, as minimizing, if not negating, the immorality of stealing "anonymous" dollars from the public treasury.

In such a setting, I was invited to address the Catholic Alumni Sodality of Boston. That society is composed of many Catholic graduates of not only Boston College and Holy Cross, but Harvard, Dartmouth and other secular colleges. There was a strange coincidence about the date of the meeting. I had been invited two years before, but my schedule was too crowded. The same thing happened the next year, but I sent word that I would accept an invitation for any day which they would choose. I am sure the Committee was as unaware as I that the Sunday picked was two days before the state election.

My purpose in speaking to this large and intellectual audience was to review and appraise for them the forces shaping contemporary public opinion in such important areas as religion, the philosophy of education, relations between capital and labor, and the proper function of law and government in a new era. Only the day before my speech, in a forum of the New York Herald-Tribune, Assistant United States Attorney General Thurman Arnold had startled the American public by his outrageous proposal, "The state
must have its established church... every organized state must have its established church, or as I have expressed it elsewhere, its folklore..." I denounced his brashness saying, "The erstwhile Mayor of Laramie, Wyoming (Pop. 8,000) now Assistant Attorney General of the United States (Pop. 125,000,000) has emerged from his cave of winds and words to shock the nation with his pagan proposal. Thus the champion of this new type thinking, overriding all proprieties, and in the face of the established tradition of separation of church and state, religious liberty, and the encouragement of the Christian religion—has the arrogance to propose the pagan religion of the state which shall do away with God and the hereafter. God forbid such a tragedy in America." My reply to Arnold brought hearty applause, was picked up by the press services, and editorially praised throughout the country. An interesting postlude brought an urgent invitation to lunch the next day in Washington from an old friend of Arnold's who promised no more such proposals if I would not pursue the faux pas further. I was glad to drop the matter.

It was inevitable in such a speech that I would develop the Catholic's civic duty and incidentally attack politicians who had betrayed Catholic principles of civic morality. In part I said, "Every Catholic has the duty to vote. To fail to vote because of disgust or discouragement is to act the part of the peace-time slacker and become a deserter of the cause of good government. For the best ally of political gangsters is the slacker citizen who fails to vote. Such failure plays into the hands of political pirates and lends encouragement to petty politicians who hope to
imitate the successes of political piracy."

"In voting, Catholics are bound in conscience to vote for the candidates best fitted by character and capacity for the duties of the particular office. The basic quality of any Catholic who aspires to public office is honesty. For without honesty no man can present himself to the voters as a real Catholic."

"... Political dishonesty and graft are doomed to defeat when every citizen interested in honest government awakens and casts his or her ballot. But votes must be cast to be counted. The decent citizenry, if united and voting, can be victorious in any community."

"If I judge the temper of our people rightly, an aroused Catholic citizenry is determined to defeat candidates who betray the public trust. And our Catholic citizenry is likewise determined to elect Catholics who carry their religion into public office, men whose honesty and integrity will justify the Catholic traditions of your fathers and mine."

My speech had been interrupted several times by vigorous applause and at the conclusion I received a long standing ovation. It was clear that these several hundred Catholic college graduates felt the shame of their betrayal and their duty to restore the honest traditions of their people. But it was also apparent that the shafts had hurt when I was told that a press release was forbidden. My answer was, "I did not come from Washington to be muzzled," and promptly gave copies of the speech to newspapermen. Radio stations made repeated broadcasts of it, and newspapers printed it in full. Many letters and phone calls congratulated me.
But a bitter few protested, "He should keep out of politics," and "He wrote it for the Republicans in the Biltmore Hotel in New York." No one had seen the speech which was written in Washington. And it was reported that the loquacious brother of a prominent cleric intimate of Curley had predicted, "Bob White will be sent to the Styx." Nothing happened.

A letter from Cliff Carberry, assistant editor of the Boston Post, appraised the effects of the speech:

My dear Father White:

I want to tell you what a strong impression your brilliant address made and how powerful a influence it had on the campaign.

Leverett Saltonstall was in the office early Wednesday morning and we were talking about the surprisingly low vote that Curley received in Boston. Among other things, Mr. Saltonstall said, "You know, I feel that remarkable address by Father White had a good deal to do with it."

On election night, Bill Foley, the District Attorney, was in the office here getting the returns. A group of us were sitting around a table and Foley said, "I felt Curley had a chance and I thought, too, he was going to get a very big vote in Boston which might put him over. The moment I read Father White's address, I knew he was sunk. I went to Curley and told him that he should find some way to reply to Father White's address at once. I suggested that he come out and say that he agreed with
all that Father White said and he was perfectly willing to have his candidacy tested by the standards which Father White set up but was afraid to do it." A big laugh all around greeted Foley's statement. Somebody said "Gosh, Bill, who in the world would believe him if he said that?"

Our men reported the most favorable comments all over town on your address. Personally I think it is one of the most remarkable ever delivered in Boston. I was particularly interested in what you had to say about Assistant Attorney General Arnold and I want to make that the subject of an editorial sometime in the near future. I was personally extremely glad that you raised that question for I was outraged by the supercilious radicalism of Arnold's speech.

With my hearty congratulations to you and my deepest personal good wishes, I am

Sincerely yours,

C. B. Carberry

June 1940 brought the members of our Harvard class of 1915 back to Cambridge for our twenty-fifth anniversary reunion. The class of 1915 had been noted for its loyalty and in 1940 brought back the largest percentage of any class at a twenty-fifth reunion. I was surprised and pleased when the committee on arrangements invited me to make a principal address of the reunion at a banquet in the Harvard Union. In such a setting and with the future uncertain, I said in part:
"Twenty-five years have tempered the prejudices and dimmed the individual differences of our youth. But time has deepened the bond that binds us in life's maturity in spiritual loyalty to truths that are eternal. Happily, this reunion comes as a fresh, cooling breeze to the fevered patient, and as a sweet, healing balm for the wounds suffered by all of us in the recurring shocks, the scars, and the bereavements, inevitable with joys and sorrows in the days from youth to middle life, through a restless and troubled quarter-century. Indeed, this reunion with its happy recollections of our college days in the very setting of their occurrence has been a journey to the fountain of youth to drink again from the springs of our youthful happiness at Harvard.

"... Today, it is not for ourselves, our future, our success, or even our happiness that we shall bear courageously the heat and the burdens of the future day... Our ideal and our aim - God helping us - shall be to live and labor, not for ourselves, but for the future of your children - the flesh of your flesh - the completion and complement of your being - your sons and your daughters of 1915.

"... As they ascend the stage in the new scene of 1940, how ominously similar is the forgotten and faded backdrop, the setting of our own ascent upon life's stage in 1915... The general restlessness, the quickening of national feeling in partisanship, the departure of college
men to drive ambulances, the bustling of military camps and the steady tramping feet of the students' training corps all have a significant similarity in the Commencement days of 1940 and the Commencement days of 1915.

This is not the place nor the occasion to discuss or to determine which path America should take in the world cataclysm which confronts us. But of this we are certain - if ultimately it is necessary for America to bear arms, then we and ours shall not fail the nation we love - the last stronghold of freedom in an enslaved world. With traditional conservatism, we scorn the pageantry of patriotism. But proudly we point to our class record of military service in the World War. With reverent recollection, we honor our martyred dead - whose life's blood sealed their patriotic love - our fallen heroes of 1915.

"... But if by some miracle of God's love and mercy, America can be spared the holocaust of war - then our motto "Veritas, Christo et Ecclesiae" - the dedication to the truth - under God and rightful authority - human and divine - offers the only hope of enduring peace to a confused and troubled land.

"In Christi gloriam" upon the college seal of 1650 speaks eloquently in 1940 of the spiritual determination amid material hardships to achieve knowledge and culture which would enable man to be rich within himself with the imperishable treasures of faith and learning...
"Fighting for its existence and growth through the centuries, Harvard - steadfast in its dedication to truth, to the supremacy of the intellect, and to the benign influence of culture - stands today as an awe-inspiring ideal for your sons and daughters of 1915 . . .

"In a day when falsehood parades boldly as truth - when the ashes of the libraries of Vienna and Louvain are trodden underfoot by a demagogue become dictator - when weary, hungry and homeless refugees plod the heartbreaking path of exile because of race or religion or because they taught the truth - in such a day, we may think less of securing the comforts of prosperity for our youth, and dwell more upon inspiring them to glorious self-sacrifice in valiant defense of the truth in this dark day when truth faces a critical struggle for life . . .

"We live in a new era, when the masses are firmly entrenched in power. To thinkers, it is not a question of turning back. It becomes a question now of how far these movements to the extreme left or violent reactions to the extreme right threaten to reduce man to a puppet of an omnipotent state, and ultimately to destroy man's dignity and worth as an individual personality - possessed of inalienable and God-given rights - which no state can rightfully wrest from him by force or wheedle from him by persuasion. Surely, there is no guarantee from human experience that the masses, with new-found power,
will be free from temptation and from the evils committed by the few who were entrenched in power in the past. There can be no role of a spectator in government for any Harvard College graduate in the crisis of today. Every man of us must freely give the benefit of his education to public service, and fight with a soldier's courage against the evils of the few or the corruption of the masses, and save American democracy from the destruction of self-ruin.

"Reluctantly we realize that no longer can we devote our complete efforts to the solution of the problems of our people in the paths of peace.

"... Preparedness it shall be! God helping us - the day shall never come to America when the spokesman of government facing defeat will repeat the tragic words, "We face the future of blood and tears and sorrow and sacrifice." The tyrant's taunt against the character decay and the divided efforts of democracy in comparison to the hardihood and unity of dictatorships has struck to the quick the pride of the American nation. The answer shall be - and Harvard will have its part in the glorious answer - that the power of an aroused American citizenry can match and overmatch any vaunted prowess of dictatorships by the complete consecration of self-sacrifice that can come only from men who are free. Yet, even in the praiseworthy movement of mobilization to save liberty, we must be ever alert lest the momentum
of emotion steal away those constitutional guarantees of freedom which are the very essence of the liberty we seek to save.

"Our task then is greater than building planes and men-of-war, and more complex by far than equipping and training the military. Material preparedness and power alone can never save us. The shocking tragedies so evident today are but the blighted harvest of false teachings of a yesterday. Violence to any eternal truth ends in a distortion of the divine plan which wreaks its vengeance upon the perpetrators or their children. Let us be strong then and watchful, not in any hysterical suspicion of others, but rather in a courageous self-examination of ourselves, our philosophy of life, and the forces which form our convictions. This is the present battleground and ours is the duty to expose and to strike down forces of error which seek to set up false gods within our borders, human doubt for divine faith, self for self-sacrifice, license for liberty, and class strife for national unity. American history is our expert witness that rugged faith in God, self-discipline, self-sacrifice, patriotic solidarity of all the people are the great spiritual forces which alone can give to a democratic people the indomitable will to preserve their freedom.

"Mighty is this task - yes, mighty beyond the human powers of men. We need the divine grace which can
come from God alone. Now in these critical days when men have brought civilization to the very brink of ruin, how every man speaks reverently again of the God of our Fathers in the realization that God has not deserted man, but man has deserted God — our God, Who still causes the sun to shine with the morning light and life, and the stars to sparkle in the beauty of the night, Who moves the melted snows to feed the planted seed and bring forth the fruits of our harvest — our Lord, Who gives, by the Resurrection, the pledge of immortality to you and to me. Yes, God is still our refuge and our strength!

"Surely, then, our reunion, so rich in happy memories of the past, summons us to a present spiritual dedication for the future in loyalty to our Alma Mater and the ancient truths for which she stands. Then indeed does our reunion sound deeper than the springs of human friendship and strikes the firm rock of eternal verities. The future, whatever it may hold, cannot daunt or defeat us. Strong in faith, we shall face that future - hopeful, brave and unafraid, confident that with God's help we shall preserve our Harvard heritage and bestow upon our children and our children's children "the Truth that shall keep them free."

My address was well received and was later printed in an attractive brochure and widely distributed to members of the class of 1915 and other alumni.
As the summer of 1940 progressed, it became more apparent that the armed forces would be substantially enlarged to be in readiness for the dark and uncertain future. This would mean that large numbers of reservists in the Army and Navy would become involved in one capacity or another in military law. The scope of military jurisdiction, the content of substantive military law, and procedure before courts-martial constitute a sphere of law seldom taught.

I decided that the Law School would offer a series of public lectures on military law. After consultation with the Army, I invited Lt. Col. F. Granville Munson, U.S.A., the outstanding American authority on military law, to give the lectures.

The lectures covered the historical development of American military law, the substantive of the Articles of War and military customs, the principles applicable to both military and martial law, the jurisdiction of courts-martial and of civil courts in military matters, procedure before courts-martial and the respective rights and duties of enlisted men and officers, and the manner in which these rights may be asserted and protected in military courts.

The lectures attracted large numbers of military officers and personnel and law teachers and students from the Washington-Maryland area. Among the presiding officers who conducted the question periods following the lectures were Major General Allen W. Gullion, U.S.A., Judge Advocate General of the United States Army; Rear Admiral Walter Browne Woodson, U.S.N., Judge Advocate General of the United States Navy, and the Honorable Robert P. Patterson, Assistant Secretary of War.