

TO LOVE AND SERVE

WORLD WAR II CHAPLAINS OF THE NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE OF JESUITS



Edited by Joseph P. Duffy, S.J., Boston College





DEDICATED TO:

GRADUATES OF NEW ENGLAND JESUIT HIGHER EDUCATION
AND SECONDARY SCHOOL INSTITUTIONS
WHO DIED SERVING THEIR COUNTRY

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Introduction

IN THE CONTEMPLATION ON THE LOVE OF GOD THAT CONCLUDES THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES OF ST. IGNATIUS, THE GRACE PETITIONED IS THAT ONE “MAY BE ABLE IN ALL THINGS TO LOVE AND SERVE”¹ THE LORD. THAT IDEAL OF LOVE AND SERVICE IS AT THE HEART OF THE JESUIT VOCATION AND THE MOTIVATING FORCE BEHIND WHATEVER APOSTOLIC ACTIVITIES ARE UNDERTAKEN ON BEHALF OF THE PEOPLE OF GOD. That this extends to the men and women in the armed forces of their respective countries should come as no surprise. Such service has been part of Jesuit history since its earliest years.

Rev. James Laynez, S.J., who succeeded St. Ignatius as General of the Society of Jesus, was the first Jesuit to serve as a military chaplain. In 1550 he was invited by John de Vega to accompany him and his men in a war against pirates in the eastern Mediterranean. As chaplain Laynez ministered to both the physical and spiritual needs of the fighting forces. From this experience he offered advice about engaging chaplains in the military to John de la Cerda, who had been appointed Viceroy of Sicily after de Vega’s death.

“I believe that our Lord will be very well served and Your Excellency much consoled if you send some good religious along on this expedition, men who will be true servants of God and who will seek the salvation of souls. By prayer and good example, by preaching and hearing confessions, by nursing the sick and helping the dying, these men will do a tremendous amount of good. They will teach the soldiers the proper motives for fighting, keep them from quarreling among themselves, and will call them to task for blasphemies and gambling. Finally, I know that the soldiers of our nation will

really profit from this, for by their peace of mind and confidence in God they will better fulfill their duties in the war.”²

Despite all the changes over the centuries in how wars are conducted, the role of the Catholic chaplain has remained essentially the same in our own nation as well as in nations throughout the world. And Jesuits have been leaders among those who have served their various countries with honor and distinction. Rev. Gerard F. Giblin, S.J. has documented the records of Jesuits in the United States who served in the Armed Forces from 1917 to 1960.³ Building on his detailed report, this volume focuses on Jesuits from the New England Province during World War II. At its peak in 1945, 246 American Jesuits were serving at chaplains. The second largest number was from the New England Province (54); only the New York Province had more (59).

They were a part of what Tom Brokaw has called “The Greatest Generation.” They responded to our nation’s and our world’s need in the company of and in support of young men mostly,

¹ *The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius of Loyola*. (New York: Catholic Book Publishing, 1956), 115.

² Joseph H. Fichter, *James Laynez, Jesuit*. (St. Louis, B. Herder Book Co., 1944), 277.

Introduction (continued)

much younger than themselves, and many thousands of whom gave their lives in the fight for freedom. All of these Chaplains have long since gone to their eternal reward and, like those whom and with whom they served, with stories untold. Through their service records, citations for “conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity,” “meritorious achievement” and “heroic conduct,” and in their own and in

the words of others, we catch a glimpse, not only of their own generous service and often courageous accomplishments, but also of their appreciation and admiration for the youth of our nation and for what one Chaplain described as “The American Spirit.”

May 2014
Joseph P. Duffy, S.J.

³ Gerard F. Giblin, “Jesuits as Chaplains in the Armed Forces,” *Woodstock Letters*, 89, 323-482.

First Chaplain

IN AMERICAN JESUIT HISTORY ONE OF THE FIRST TO SERVE AS A CHAPLAIN IN THE MILITARY WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE RENOWNED FR. JOHN MCELROY, S.J., FOUNDER OF BOSTON COLLEGE. For reasons pragmatic and political rather than religious or spiritual, President James Polk was anxious to have Catholic priests appointed as chaplains to American troops in the war against Mexico.

With the help of three Roman Catholic bishops, he was able to secure the services of Fr. John McElroy, S.J. at the age of 64 and Fr. Anthony Rey, S.J., who was 39 years of age.

The nature of their appointment was spelled out in a letter to Fr. McElroy from the Secretary of War W. L. Marcy. “It is proper that I should apprise you that the existing laws do not authorize the President to appoint and commission chaplains, but he has authority to employ persons to perform such duties as appertain to chaplains.”⁴ Marcy had requested Fr. McElroy for his views of what those duties might include and he was evidently pleased that Marcy expressed them in his letter to General Zachary Taylor, notifying him of their assignment. “...it is his (Polk’s) wish that they be received in that character (as chaplains) by you and your officers, be respected as such and be treated with kindness and courtesy – that they should be permitted to have intercourse with the soldiers of the Catholic Faith – to administer to them religious instruction, to perform divine service for such as may wish to attend whenever it can be done without interfering with their military duties, and to have free access to the sick or wounded in hospitals or elsewhere.”⁵

After a long and difficult journey Father McElroy arrived in Matamoras, Mexico where he remained for a little more than ten months in 1846 and 1847 during which time he had been almost constantly sick, suffering from a hernia condition. This became so painful that some six months after his arrival in Matamoras he was unable to mount a horse to carry him around to the various hospitals. Still it was in the various army hospitals that most of his apostolic work was accomplished. His routine involved daily Mass in a covered shed which served as a sacristy, visits to the various buildings used as hospitals, other visits to either troops moving up to support the U. S. Army or returning units awaiting discharge. As if this were not enough, in whatever time he could spare, he began classes for the children of both merchants and Army personnel and giving instructions to converts to Catholicism. But apparently because of his age and physical condition, in April 1847 he was directed by his religious superior to return to Georgetown as soon as convenient. (His fellow chaplain, Fr. Anthony Rey, S.J., had been murdered by highway robbers in 1847 during this conflict.) Before his return he reflected on his ministry in Mexico and on the good that can be accomplished in serving as a chaplain

⁴ John McElroy, “Chaplains for the Mexican War – 1846,” *Woodstock Letters*, 15, 200.

⁵ *Ibid.*, 201.

to members of the military. “I am now fully convinced, though I was not at the beginning of our Mission, that our labors in these various departments had a happy effect on sectarian soldiers and on the country generally. Not only time was necessary on our part to learn how to treat successfully with the soldiers, both officers and privates, but also it is important for them to have an opportunity of learning somewhat of our religion, from our practice and our labors. Thus I found that those who were shy in the commencement became familiar and confident with us in the end. I think that very few would depart this life either on the battlefield from their wounds, or in the hospital by disease, without accepting or calling for our ministry. It is in such functions, our religion becomes in their eyes, what it always was, a religion based upon charity, having for its divine author the God of charity.”⁶

A local newspaper offered an affirmation of the impact that his presence as chaplain had on the local community. “We are quite sure we express the sentiments of every citizen of Matamoras when we say it has sustained a loss in the departure from our midst of Father McElroy. He was ever ready to

impart instruction or administer consolation to the afflicted. His was not that cold, austere piety that enshrouds itself in the cloak of bigotry and freezes into an iceberg those who have been taught a different mode of worship. He held no one to accountability for a difference of opinion; his heart pulsed only with devotion to his supreme Lord and Master, and peace and good will to the human family.”⁷

A later historian commented: “More good came of Fr. McElroy’s and Fr. Rey’s chaplaincy than McElroy could know. The two priests set an exemplary model in the Mexican war which their fellow Catholic chaplains would follow in many later conflicts. They ministered to Catholic and non-Catholic alike, to the enemy as well as their own people, regardless of political or religious differences.”⁸ The effects of their inspiring example are evident in the dedicated service of the New England Province Jesuits who have followed in their footsteps.

His loss to the citizens of Matamoras was to be Boston’s gain where he was missioned upon his return from Mexico and oversaw the founding of Boston College, that, today, more than 150 years later stands as the greatest monument in his memory.

⁶ John McElroy, “Chaplains for the Mexican War – 1846,” *Woodstock Letters*, 16, 228.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 229.

⁸ Steven O’Brien, “Soldiers in Black: Father John McElroy and Father Anthony Rey in the Mexican-American War,” *Papers of the Bi-National Conference on the War between Mexico and the United States*, ed. Douglas A. Murphy. (Brownsville, TX: National Park Service, 1997).

Men for Others

WORLD WAR II CHAPLAIN SERVICE RECORDS

ANYONE INVOLVED WITH JESUIT EDUCATION FOR THE PAST 40 YEARS IS FAMILIAR WITH THE PHRASE, “MEN FOR OTHERS” or its more recent and more inclusive variations, “men and women for others” or “persons for others.” It was first used by Father Pedro Arrupe, S.J., 28th General of the Society of Jesus, in an address to the International Congress of Jesuit Alumni of Europe at Valencia, Spain on July 31, 1973.

He stated that “our prime educational objective must be to form men-for-others... men who cannot even conceive of love of God which does not include love for the least of our neighbors; men completely convinced that love of God which does not issue in justice for men is a farce.”⁹ The phrase with its ideal of unselfish service has application in every area of our lives. The military service records of our Jesuit chaplains document such application in their readiness and willingness to undertake any assignment, at home or abroad, in which they can provide religious worship, supply moral support and spiritual guidance, and bring the Sacraments to the sick, wounded and dying under even the most dangerous and difficult

circumstances. For Americans engaged in the struggle for peace in our country and around the globe in World War II, they embodied what it truly means to be “men for others.”

In an effort to achieve uniformity, where available, the following information has been included in the service records:

- Name, dates of birth, entrance into Jesuits, ordination and date of death.
- Date of commission and branch of service.
- Serial number.
- Date of appointment to various ranks.
- Place and date of assignments.
- Date of release from service.
- If recalled, second tour of duty.
- Awards.

This information is compiled from “Jesuits as Chaplains in the Armed Forces” by Gerard F. Giblin, S.J., *Woodstock Letters*, 89, 323-482.

⁹ Pedro Arrupe, “Men for Others,” *Justice with Faith Today*, ed. Jerome Aixala. (St. Louis: Institute of Jesuit Sources, 1980), 124.

JOHN L. BARRY, S.J.

Born: 13 Jan 1911. **Entered Jesuits:** 9 Nov 1928. **Ordained:** 23 Jun 1940. **Died:** 3 Mar 1987. **Commissioned as First Lieutenant in the Army:** 11 May 1945. **Serial number:** 0931664. **To rank of Captain:** 31 March 1953. **Assignment:** Fort Jackson, SC (1945 to 1946). **Recalled to active duty:** Aug 1951. **Assignments:** Fort Leonard Wood, MO (Aug 1951 to Dec 1951); Camp Gifu, Japan (Mar 1952 to May 1952); 11th Evacuation Hospital, Korea (May 1952 to Sep 1952); 7th Division Artillery (Sep 1952 to Aug 1953); Fort Lee, VA (Sep 1953 to May 1955); Berlin, Germany (May 1955 to Feb 1958); Göppingen, Germany (Feb 1958 to Apr 1959); Headquarters, 5th USA, Chicago (May 1959 to 1970) **Awards:** Bronze Star; Purple Heart.

JOHN L. BONN, S.J.

Born: 23 Oct 1906. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1923. **Ordained:** 23 Jun 1935. **Died:** 17 Jan 1975. **Commissioned as Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy** 7 Apr 1943. **Serial number:** 307221. **To Lieutenant:** 1 Jan 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Williamsburg, VA (13 Sep 1943 to 7 Nov 1943); Naval Training Station, Great Lakes, IL (19 Nov 1943 to 22 Jan 1944); Naval Air Station, Ottumwa, IA (27 Jan 1944 to 21 Oct 1944); 13th Naval District (Northwest coast of U.S.: 2 Jan 1945 until relieved of duty). **Reverted to inactive status:** 31 Oct 1945. Retired from Naval Reserve 1 Jan 1954.

BERNARD R. BOYLAN, S.J.

Born: 5 May 1905. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1924. **Ordained** 21 Jun 1936. **Died:** 29 Jan 1978. **Commissioned as Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy:** 6 Mar 1943. **Serial number:** 262652. **To Lieutenant:** 1 Jun 1944. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Williamsburg, VA (18 Apr 1943 to 6 Jun 1943); Naval Hospital, New River, NC (18 Jun 1943 to 7 Apr 1944); with Commander, 7th Fleet, Australia (Apr 1944 to 14 Jun 1945); 88th Naval Construction Battalion, New Guinea (14 Jun 1945 to 8 Oct 1945); Naval Air Base #3964, Philippines (8 Oct 1945 to 14 Dec 1945). **Reverted to inactive status:** 28 Mar 1946. **Appointed Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve.** **Resigned from the Naval Reserve:** 9 Feb 1951. **Award:** Navy and Marine Corps Medal.

THOMAS A. BRENNAN, S.J.

Born: 27 Dec 1895. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1915. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1928. **Died:** 27 Dec 1967. **Appointed to the Army:** 4 Apr 1945. **Serial number:** 0931744. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Fort Devens, MA (11 May 1945 to 22 Jun 1945); Fort Mason, San Francisco, CA (22 Jun 1945 to 7 Jul 1945); Camp Stoneman, CA (7 Jul 1945 to 14 Jul 1945); Fort Ord, CA (14 Jul 1945 to 17 Apr 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 17 May 1946. **Retired as Captain in the Officers' Reserve Corps:** 1946.

LAURENCE M. BROCK, S.J.

Born: 30 May 1903. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1923. **Ordained:** 21 Jun 1935. **Died:** 9 Feb 1989. **Appointed to the Army:** 16 Jan 1941. **Serial number:** 0403400. **To rank of Major:** (182nd Infantry, Mass. N. G.) 15 Nov. 1947; **to Lieutenant Colonel:** 12 Apr 1958. **Assignments:** 182nd Infantry Regiment, 26th Division, Camp Edwards, MA (1941); 182nd Regiment, 26th Division, Southwest Pacific Area (1942 to 1944); Fort Devens, MA (20 Jul 1944); 1448th SCU, Camp Blanding, FL (13 Nov 1944); 1400th SCU, Headquarters, 4th Service Command, Atlanta, GA (29 Jul 1945). **Relieved of active duty:** 15 May 1946. **Award:** Legion of Merit.

ANTHONY G. CARROLL, S.J.

Born: 9 Aug 1906. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1922. **Ordained:** 23 Jun 1935. **Appointed to Army:** 12 Jan 1940. **Serial number:** 0386674. **To the rank of Captain:** 24 Apr 1942; **to Major:** 12 May 1945. **Assignments:** from 1942 to 1945 served with Army Air Force Units in Australia, New Guinea, Philippines and Japan. Served in the United States and overseas with the 102nd Coast Artillery. Overseas with the following units: 380th Bombardment Group; 8th Fighter Group; 5th Fighter Command. **Reverted to inactive status:** 9 Nov 1946.

JOHN L. CLANCY, S.J.

Born: 25 Oct 1903. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1922. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1934. **Died:** 11 Apr 1984. **Commissioned in the Army as First lieutenant:** 28 Dec 1937. **Serial number:** 0361159. **To rank of Captain:** 20 Jun 1942; **to Major:** 27 Sep 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain, Civilian Conservation Corps; Fort Edwards, MA with 68th Coast Artillery, 26th Division Special Troops, 181st Infantry Regiment; Eastern Defense Command; Cushing General Hospital, Framingham, MA; Panamarim Field, Natal, Brazil; served also with units of the Air Transport Command. **Reverted to inactive status:** 15 May 1946.

JEREMIAH F. COLEMAN, S.J.

Born: 16 Jun 1911. **Entered Jesuits:** 7 Sep 1928. **Ordained:** 22 Jun 1940. **Died:** 7 May 1961. **Appointed to the Army:** 6 Apr 1944. **Serial number:** 0549368. **To the rank of Captain:** 4 Apr 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (30 Apr 1944); Headquarters, 3rd Air Force, Tampa, FL (16 May 1944); 335 AAF BU Dale Mabry Field, FL (15 Jun 1944); 354 AAF BU, Rapid City Air Base, SD (9 Nov 1945). **Reverted to inactive status:** 14 Apr 1946. **Recalled:** 15 Jun 1951. **Assignments:** Camp Kilmer, NJ (1951); Germany (1952). Returned to Camp Kilmer and relieved of active duty 28 Oct. 1952.

J. BRYAN CONNORS, S.J.

Born: 15 Mar 1898. **Entered Jesuits:** 15 Aug 1918. **Ordained:** 16 Jun 1931. **Died:** 24 Oct 1970. **Appointed to the Army:** 27 Sep 1944. **Serial number:** 0927185. **To the rank of Captain:** 18 Sep 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Fort Devens, MA (7 Oct 1944); Keesler Field, Biloxi, MS (1944 to 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 20 May 1946.

JOSEPH P. CURRAN, S.J.

Born: 5 Jan 1910. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1929. **Ordained:** 22 Jun 1940. **Appointed to the Army:** 19 Apr 1944. **Serial number:** 0550495. **To the rank of Captain:** 25 Jun 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (30 Apr 1944); Venice, FL (12 Jun 1944 to Nov 1945), Stuttgart, AR (Nov 1945 to Dec 1945); Brooks Field, San Antonio, TX (Dec 1945 to Jan 1946); Biggs Field, El Paso, TX (Jan 1946 to Feb. 1946); Mitchell Field, NY (Feb 1946 to Apr 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 23 May 1946.

JOHN F. DEVLIN, S.J.

Born: 25 Nov 1905. **Entered Jesuits:** 8 Sep 1927. **Ordained:** 19 Jun 1938. **Died:** 19 Nov 1981. **Appointed to the Army:** 24 Apr 1944. **Serial number:** 0550793. **To the rank of Captain:** 18 May 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (1 May 1944); Richmond Army Air Base, VA; Camp Springs Army Air Base, Washington, DC; Bradley Field, Windsor Locks, CT; Westover Army Air Base, Chicopee, MA; Seymour Johnson Army Air Base, Goldsboro, NC; Charleston Army Air Base, SC; Chatham Field, Savannah, GA; Myrtle Beach Army Air Base, SC; Shaw Field, Sumter, SC. **Reverted to inactive status:** 19 May 1946.

JAMES J. DOLAN, S.J.

Born: 25 Apr 1903. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1920. **Ordained:** 22 Jun 1933. **Died:** 5 Mar 1952. **Appointed to the Army:** 21 Dec 1940. **Serial number:** 0402252. **To the rank of Captain:** 1 Feb 1943; **To Major:** 30 Jan 1946. **Assignments:** 63rd Coast Artillery, Fort Bliss, TX (1941); Fort Lewis, WA (1941); Hawaii (10 Dec 1941 to 30 Nov 1942); Harvard Chaplain School (30 Nov 1942); 63rd Coast Artillery, Seattle WA (Feb 1943 to Feb 1944); 13th Replacement Depot, Hawaii (28 Mar 1944); 751st AAA, Guam and Saipan (28 Jul 1944 to end 1945). **Reverted to inactive status:** 30 May 1946. **Award:** Bronze Star.

MICHAEL J. DOODY, S.J.

Born: 25 Mar 1898. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1918. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1932. **Died:** 10 Apr 1988. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 3 Mar 1942. **Serial number:** 139093. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 10 Jul 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Norfolk, VA (6 Apr 1942 to 30 May 1942); Naval Hospital, Aiea Heights, Hawaii (21 Jun 1942 to 10 Jan 1944); Naval Air Station, Glynco, Brunswick, GA (10 Feb 1944 to 23 Nov 1944); *U.S.S. Richmond* (cruiser) (19 Dec 1944 to 27 Nov 1945); Personnel Separation Center, Great Lakes, IL (12 Dec 1945 to 22 Apr 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 19 Jul 1946. **Resigned from Naval Reserve:** 20 Jan 1954.

WILLIAM J. DUFFY, S. J.

Born: 1 Jan 1902. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1918. **Ordained:** 16 Jun 1931. **Died:** 23 Jul 1998. **Appointed to the Army:** 25 Jan 1944. **Serial number:** 0544422. **To the rank of Captain:** 10 Oct 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (10 Feb 1944); Stark General Hospital, Charleston, SC; Finney General Hospital, Thomasville, GA; 755th Anti-Aircraft Gun Battalion, Hawaii; Schofield Barracks, Hawaii. **Reverted to inactive status:** 22 Oct 1946.

JOHN J. DUGAN, S.J.

Born: 26 Jun 1897. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1915. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1928. **Died:** 6 Dec 1964. **Appointed to Army:** 28 Aug 1936. **Serial number:** 0348200. **To the rank of Captain:** 6 Feb 1941; **to Major:** 18 Feb 1945; **to Lieutenant Colonel (Massachusetts National Guard):** 11 May 1946; separated from the Mass. National Guard as Colonel Jun 1953; separated from the Army Reserve as Lieutenant Colonel 25 May 1954. **Assignments:** Chaplain USAR, CCC, VT (Nov 1937 to Jun 1940); Fort Riley, KS (Jun 1940 to Sep 1941); to Philippines (Oct 1941); to Bilibid Prison, Manila (20 Jun 1942); to Cabanatuan, Luzon, Prison Camp #1 (3 Jul 1942); to Cabu, Luzon, Prison Camp #3 (10 Jul 1942); to Cabanatuan, Luzon, Prison Camp # 1 (1 Nov 1942); liberated by 6th Ranger Battalion (30 Jan 1945); arrived in San Francisco (8 May 1945); Chaplain, Cushing General Hospital, Framingham, MA (May 1945). **Relieved of active duty:** 25 Aug 1946. **Recalled:** 21 Jun 1948. **Assignments:** Randolph Field, TX (Jun 1948); Oliver General Hospital, Augusta, GA (Sep 1949); Fort Custer, MI (Feb 1950); Camp Crawford, Hokkaido, Japan (Oct 1950); Guam (Feb 1951); Manila (Feb 1952); Camp Stewart, Hinesville, GA (Feb 1953). **Relieved of active duty:** Jun 1953. **Awards:** Bronze Star; Army Commendation Ribbon.

THOMAS A. FAY, S.J.

Born: 15 Jan 1892. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1911. **Ordained:** 28 Jun 1925. **Died:** 14 Mar 1969. **Commissioned in the United States Merchant Marine:** 15 Dec 1942. Taught in Officers' Schools on Hoffman Island, NY, Gallups Island, Boston, and at Alameda, CA. **Reached rank of Lieutenant Commander. Released from duty:** Nov 1945.

THOMAS P. FAY, S.J.

Born: 29 Aug 1905. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Sep 1931. **Ordained:** 22 Jun 1940. **Died:** 23 Jun 1988. **Appointed to the Army:** 12 Apr 1944. **Serial number:** 0549900. **To the rank of Captain:** 16 May 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (30 Apr 1944); in U. S. with 61st Ordnance Group; in U. S. and Europe with 1151 Engineer Combat Group and 3230 Engineer Service Battalion. **Reverted to inactive duty status:** 11 Aug 1946. Recalled 5 Aug 1948 and served with Air Force units for over a year during which time he was in Germany for period of the Berlin Air Lift. **Reverted to inactive duty:** 3 Nov 1949. **Award:** *Benemerenti* (Papal Decoration).

BERNARD J. FINNEGAN, S.J.

Born: 9 Jan 1906. **Entered Jesuits:** 7 Sep 1929. **Ordained:** 22 Jun 1940. **Died:** 19 Dec 1979. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 18 Jan 1945. **Serial number:** 445079. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 1 Aug 1951; **to Commander:** 1 Jul 1956. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Williamsburg, VA (26 Feb 1945 to 21 Apr 1945); Naval Hospital, Shoemaker, CA (Apr 1945 to Jun 1945); *U.S.S. Bottineau* (attack troop transport) (Jun 1945 to Dec 1945). **Reverted to inactive status:** 21 Mar 1946. **Recalled:** Oct 1950. **Assignments:** Naval Training Station, Newport, RI (Oct 1950 to Apr 1953); Assistant Fleet Chaplain, Commander, Service Force, Atlantic, Norfolk, VA (Apr 1953 to Feb 1955); National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, MD (Feb 1955 to Aug 1955); Naval Hospital, Newport, RI (Aug 1955 to 1957). **Relieved of active duty:** 1957.

JOHN P. FOLEY, S.J.

Born: 6 Jun 1904. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1923. **Ordained:** 21 Jun 1936. **Died:** 21 Oct 1995. **Commissioned as Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy:** 22 Feb 1942. **Serial number:** 133964. **To Lieutenant:** 1 Mar 1943; **to Lieutenant Commander:** 3 Oct 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Norfolk, VA (20 Apr 1942 to 12 Jun 1942); *U.S.S. George Clymer* (attack transport) (25 Jun 1942 to 15 Mar 1944); National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, MD (30 May 1944 to 15 Jan 1945); *U.S.S. Vella Gulf* (escort carrier) (27 Jan 1945 to 10 Nov 1945). **Reverted to inactive status:** 14 Jan 1946. **Resigned from the Naval Reserve:** 6 Apr 1946.

FREDERICK A. GALLAGHER, S.J.

Born: 5 Aug 1898. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1917. **Ordained:** 18 Jun 1930. **Died:** 25 May 1964. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 11 Mar 1942. **Serial number:** 136485. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 1 Mar 1944; **to Commander:** 5 Nov 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Norfolk, VA (20 Apr 1942 to 12 Jun 1942); Marine Barracks, Parris Island, SC (15 Jun 1942 to 7 Oct 1942); *U.S.S. Tryon* (armed hospital evacuation ship) (7 Oct 1942 to 11 Mar 1943); Fleet Marine Force, 1st Marine Amphibious Corps (11 Mar 1943 to 1 Aug 1944); Naval Hospital, St. Albans, NY (11 Sep 1944 to 2 May 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 16 Jul 1946. **Resigned from the Naval Reserve:** 20 Oct 1953.

JAMES F. GEARY, S.J.

Born: 21 May 1905. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1925. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1937. **Died:** 8 Sep 1980. **Appointed to the Army:** 13 Apr 1944. **Serial number:** 0549986. **To the rank of Captain:** 1 Oct 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (30 Apr 1944); Infantry Training Battalion, Camp Croft, Spartanburg, SC; Indiantown Gap, PA; Camp Kilmer, NJ; replacement depots, England, Belgium, Germany and France; 115th Station Hospital at Plaistow Downs, England, Metz, France and Augsburg, Germany. **Reverted to inactive status:** 27 Jan 1946.

THOMAS P. HENNESSEY, S.J.

Born: 30 Nov 1908. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1926. **Ordained:** 17 Jun 1939. **Died:** 10 Apr 1978. **Appointed to the Army:** 6 Aug 1943. **Serial number:** 0530788. **To the rank of Captain:** 16 Oct 1944; **to Major:** 1 Aug 1947; **to Lieutenant Colonel:** 13 May 1956. **Assignments:** 7th Service Command, Fort Riley, KS (1943 to 1944); Chaplain School (3 Jan 1944); to France with 11th Regiment, 5th Infantry Division (13 Jun 1944); Fort Campbell, KY (23 Jul 1945); Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, DC (1946 to 1947); Fort Rucker, Hawaii (1947 to 1948). Separated from service in 1948. Recalled to Army 1951. **Assignments:** Fort McClellan, AL (1951 to 1953); Eielson Air Base, Fairbanks, AK (1953 to 1955); 505th Missile Battalion, Fort Tilden, NY (1955 to 1958); Metz and Orleans, France (1958–1960). **Relieved of active duty:** 1968. **Award:** Bronze Star.

HARRY L. HUSS, S.J.

Born: 23 May 1903. **Entered Jesuits:** 8 Sep 1926. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1937. **Died:** 25 Feb 1976. **Appointed to the Army:** 28 Dec 1942. **Serial number:** 0509085. **To the rank of Captain:** Jul 1944; **to Major:** 19 Sep 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (3 Feb 1943); 52nd Coast Artillery, Fort Eustis, VA (3 Mar 1943), and Fort Hancock, NJ (1 Apr 1943); 181st Infantry, Fort Devens, MA (Nov 1943). (continued)

HARRY L. HUSS, S.J. (CONTINUED)

Assignments overseas: (1944 and 1945): Western Base Section, Chester, England; Channel Base Section, Lille, France; Chanor Base Section, Brussels, Belgium. **Reverted to inactive status:** 5 Jun 1946. **Award:** Bronze Star.

JOHN J. KELLEHER, S.J.

Born: 18 Sep 1908. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1928. **Ordained:** 22 Jun 1940. **Died:** 16 Dec 1964. **Appointed to the Army:** 19 Apr 1944. **Serial number:** 0550493. **To the rank of Captain:** 21 Feb 1945; **to Major:** 12 Apr 1948; **to Lieutenant Colonel:** 10 May 1955. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (30 Apr 1944); Camp Atterbury, IN and Crile General Hospital, Cleveland, OH (1944); Hawaii (1944 to 1945); Governors Island, NY and Fort Dix, NJ (1946); Fort Monmouth, NJ and New Mexico (1947); Fort Sam Houston, TX (1948); Okinawa (1949); Camp Gordon, GA (1950); U. S. Army, Europe (1951 to 1953); Camp Kilmer, NJ (1954); Camp Dix, NJ (1955 to 1957); U. S. Forces, Caribbean (1957 to 1958); Nike Base, Coventry, RI (1958); Headquarters, 11th Artillery Group, Rehoboth, MA (1959 to 1960); Headquarters, 11th Engineer Group, Schwetzingen, Germany (Apr 1960 to 1964). **Relieved of active duty with the rank of Major:** 1964.

WILLIAM J. KENEALY, S.J.

Born: 30 Jul 1904. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1922. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1934. **Died:** 2 Mar 1974. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 2 Jan 1943. **Serial number:** 246575. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 3 Oct 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Norfolk, VA (22 Feb 1943 to 25 Apr 1943); Pre-Flight School, St. Mary's College, CA (12 May 1943 to 15 Sep 1943); *U.S.S. California* (battleship) (26 Sep 1943 until relieved from duty) during which time he saw service in the invasions of Guam, Saipan, Tinian, Palau Islands, Leyte Gulf, Lingayan Gulf, and Okinawa; participated in the sea battle of Surigao Strait. **Reverted to inactive status:** 6 Feb 1946. **Retired from the Naval Reserve:** 1 Nov 1953.

WALTER E. KENNEDY, S.J.

Born: 20 Nov 1910. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1928. **Ordained:** 22 Jun 1940. **Died:** 5 Dec. 1966. **Appointed to the Army:** 27 Apr 1944. **Serial number:** 0551228. **To the rank of Captain:** Feb 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (1 May 1944); Fort Leonard Wood, MO, as Chaplain for Engineers; Camp Barkeley, TX; 189th General Hospital, Lison, France; 189th General Hospital and 333rd Engineers, Mourmelon-le-Grand, France; Assistant Chaplain, Base Section, Rheims, France; Base Section Chaplain, Bad Nauheim Germany, Continental Base. **Reverted to inactive status with the rank of Major:** 4 May 1946.

GEORGE A. KING, S.J.

Born: 23 Oct 1907. **Entered Jesuits:** 15 Aug 1925. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1937. **Died:** 6 Jan 1965. **Appointed to the Army:** 26 Aug 1942. **Serial number:** 0492181. **To the rank of Captain:** 1 Feb 1944; **to Major:** 6 Apr 1945. **Assignments:** 48th Evacuation Hospital, Tennessee Maneuvers (Aug to Oct 1942); Chaplain School, Fort Devens, MA (30 Nov 1942); Ledo Road, Assam through Burma (March 1943); Base Chaplain, Chabua, India, serving also units of Air Service Command and 10th Air Force (Nov 1943 to Nov 1944); Headquarters, ADMAC, American New Delhi Command (Nov 1944 to Sep 1945). **Reverted to inactive status:** 4 Feb 1946.

WILLIAM J. LEONARD, S.J.

Born: 10 Apr 1908. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1925. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1937. **Died:** 11 Feb 2000. **Appointed to the Army:** 24 Jan 1944. **Serial number:** 0544318. **To the rank of Captain:** 26 Jun 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (10 Feb 1944); 86th Infantry Division, Camp Livingston, Alexandria, LA; 9th Ordnance Battalion, Finschhafen, New Guinea and Mangaldan, Luzon; Headquarters Base X, Manila. **Reverted to inactive status:** 28 Jul 1946.

JOHN J. LONG, S.J. (CONTINUED)

Born: 20 Feb 1904. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1920. **Ordained:** 22 Jun 1933. **Died:** 17 Jul 1964. **Appointed to the Army:** 31 Jul 1942. **Serial number:** 0487098. **To the rank of Captain:** 19 Mar 1943; **to Major:** 25 Oct 1943; **to Lieutenant Colonel:** 19 Jul 1946. **Assignments:** Mitchell Field, Long Island (1942 to 1944); 5th Air Force, Southwest Pacific, Philippines and Japan (1944 to 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 27 Oct 1946. **Recalled to the Army:** 22 Jul 1947. **Assignments:** 28th Bombardment Wing, Rapid City, SD (1947 to 1948); Antilles Air Division, Puerto Rico (1948 to 1949); Caribbean Air Command, Panama, Canal Zone (1949 to 1951); Lackland Air Force Base, TX (1951 to 1953); Headquarters, 5th Air Division, French Morocco (1953 to 1954); Loring Air Force Base, ME (1954 to 1956). In Aug 1949 Father Long was transferred to the Air Force; **Serial number:** A0487098. **Reverted to inactive status:** 1 May 1956.

DANIEL J. LYNCH, S.J.

Born: 1 Jan 1879. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1900. **Ordained:** 28 Jun 1916. **Died:** 13 Nov 1952. **Commissioned as First Lieutenant in the Army:** 16 Apr 1918. Stationed at Blois and Tours with the 310th Infantry, 78th Division. Brigaded with the British near Arras. In action at the St. Mihiel Offensive at Thiaucourt, and Liney Sector at St. Juvin in Meuse-Argonne Offensive. Cited by General Pershing in a letter dated 11 Nov 1919 for conspicuous and meritorious (continued)

DANIEL J. LYNCH, S.J. (CONTINUED)

service at Bois des Loges. Discharged 29 May 1919 at Camp Lee, VA. **To the rank of Captain:** 31 Dec 1924; **to Major:** (National Guard) 20 Jul 1935; **to Lieutenant Colonel:** (National Guard) 15 May 1936. **Recalled to the Army:** 16 Jan 1941. **Serial number:** 0208785. **Assignment:** Assistant Chaplain 26th Division at Camp Edwards, MA and Fort Devens, MA (16 Jan 1941 to 19 Feb 1942). **Honorably discharged for physical disability resulting from a heart attack:** 7 May 1942. Appointed Brigadier General, Massachusetts Organized Militia, 16 Dec 1946. **Award:** Purple Heart.

JOHN F. LYONS, S.J.

Born: 22 Oct 1904. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1926. **Ordained:** 17 Jun 1939. **Died:** 17 Jul 1964. **Appointed to the Army:** 24 Jan 1944. **Serial number:** 0544278. **To the rank of Captain:** 16 Aug 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (11 Feb 1944); Mason General Hospital, Brentwood, Long Island (1944); 34th General Hospital, Atlantic City, NJ, and France (1944); 48th General Hospital, France (1944); 305th Bombardment Group, France (1945); 305th and 306th Bombardment Group, France (1946); 414th Air Service Group, France (1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 17 Feb 1947.

FRANCIS J. MACDONALD, S.J.

Born: 29 Mar 1897. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1917. **Ordained:** 18 Jun 1930. **Died:** 14 Dec 1979. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 11 Sep 1942. **Serial number:** 207850. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 3 Oct 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Norfolk, VA (5 Oct 1942 to 29 Nov 1942); Mobile Hospital #7 (12 Mar 1943 to 22 May 1944); Naval Training Center, Bainbridge (13 Jul 1944 to 2 Mar 1945); *U.S.S. Tutuila* (15 Apr 1945 to Oct 1945). **Reverted to inactive status:** 13 Mar 1946. **Released from Naval Reserve:** 15 Oct 1954.

HARRY C. MACLEOD, S.J.

Born: 23 Aug 1900. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1917. **Ordained:** 18 Jun 1930. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 21 Aug 1942. **Serial number:** 200219. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 3 Oct 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Norfolk, VA (21 Sep 1942 to 13 Nov 1942); Amphibious Training Base, Solomons, MD (23 Nov 1942 to 3 Aug 1943); Commander Naval Base, FOLD (6 Oct 1943 to 20 Mar 1944); Landing Craft Repair Base #2 (8 Apr 1944 to Jan 1945); Naval Hospital, Fort Eustis, VA (22 Apr 1945 until relieved of active duty). **Reverted to inactive status:** 1 Dec 1946.

LEO P. MCCAULEY, S.J.

Born: 8 May 1904. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1922. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1934. **Died:** 31 Dec 1993. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 31 Aug 1943. **Serial number:** 317540. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 3 Oct 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Williamsburg, VA (11 Oct 1943 to 5 Dec 1943); Naval Construction Training Center, Camp Peary, Williamsburg, VA (11 Dec 1943 to 11 Apr 1944); USN Advanced Base, Dartmouth, Devon, England (May 1944 to August 1944); Naval Advanced Base, Fowey, Cornwall, England (Aug 1944 to Oct 1944); Port Chaplain, Le Havre, France (Oct 1944 to Jul 1945); Port Hueneme, CA (12 Aug 1945 to Mar 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 12 Mar 1946.

JAMES D. MCLAUGHLIN, S.J.

Born: 11 Nov 1901. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1917. **Ordained:** 18 Jun 1930. **Died:** 24 Dec 1977. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 6 Nov 1943. **Serial number:** 335812. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 1 Jan 1946. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Williamsburg, VA (3 Jan 1944 to 27 Feb 1944); Naval Hospital, San Diego (12 Mar 1944 to 7 Jul 1944); 2nd Naval Construction Brigade (13 Jul 1944 to 2 Dec 1944); 121st Naval Construction Base (2 Dec 1944 until relieved of active duty). **Reverted to inactive status:** 31 July 1946. **Released from the Naval Reserve:** 15 Oct 1954.

CARL H. MORGAN, S.J.

Born: 24 Mar 1908. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1926. **Ordained:** 19 Jun 1938. **Appointed to the Army:** 1 Feb 1945. **Serial number:** 0930671. **To the rank of Captain:** 27 Sep 1950. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Fort Devens, MA ((Feb 1945); Fort Wadsworth, South Island (Aug 1946 to May 1947); 11th Airborne, Sapporo, Japan (May 1947 to Jan 1948); Osaka Army Hospital (Jan 1948 to Nov 1949); 82nd Airborne, Fayetteville (Nov 1949 to Jul 1950); 8069 Replacement Depot, Sasebo (Jul 1950 to Dec 1950); Headquarters, Kobe Base (Dec 1950 to Oct 1951); 279th General Hospital, Sakai (Oct 1951 to Dec 1952); 8022 A.U., Kumamoto (Dec 1952); Fort Lee, VA (1953 to 1954). **Reverted to inactive status:** 30 Nov 1954.

FRANCIS J. MURPHY, S.J.

Born: 15 Jul 1905. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1924. **Ordained:** 21 Jun 1936. **Died:** 31 May 1995. **Appointed to the Army:** 27 Mar 1945. **Serial number:** 0931658. **To the rank of Captain:** 24 Dec 1945. **Assignments:** Fort Devens Chaplain School (11 May 1945); 33rd Infantry Division, Philippines (1945); 123rd Infantry Regiment, Kobe, Japan (1945); Japan (1946); 38th Regimental Combat Team, Camp Carson, CO (1947). **Relieved of active duty:** 16 July 1947. **Recalled for a short time and again relieved:** 4 May 1948.

GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.

Born: 13 Oct 1899. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1917. **Ordained:** 18 Jun 1930. **Died:** 11 Jun 1971. **Commissioned First Lieutenant in the Army Reserve:** 26 Aug 1938. **Resigned:** 28 Aug 1940. **Commissioned First Lieutenant in Massachusetts National Guard:** 13 Aug 1940. **Ordered into active service:** 16 Sep 1940. **Serial number:** 0371536. **To the rank of Captain:** 28 May 1942; **to Major:** 31 Jul 1945. **Assignments:** 241st Coast Artillery, Fort Andrews, MA (26 Sep 1940 to 9 Mar 1942); 50th Coast Artillery, Camp Pendleton, VA (4 Mar 1942 to 3 Apr 1942); Headquarters, Headquarters Battery and 3rd Battalion, 50th Coast Artillery, and 20th Coast Artillery, Galveston (3 Apr 1942 to 4 Jun 1942); 50th Coast Artillery, Camp Pendleton, VA (4 Jun 1942 to 5 Aug 1942); Harvard Chaplain School (5 Aug 1942 to 17 Sep 1942); Camp Pendleton, VA (17 Sep 1942 to 10 Dec 1942); Chaplain, Harbor Defenses, Key West, FL (10 Dec 1942 to 13 May 1943); 50th Coast Artillery Regiment, Montauk Point, NY (13 May 1943 to 20 Sep 1943); Fort McKinley, Casco Bay, ME (20 Sep 1943 to 14 Dec 1943); Camp Hero, Montauk Point, NY (14 Dec 1943 to 14 Jan 1944); Headquarters, 16th Cavalry, Framingham, MA (17 Jan 1944 to 18 May 1944); 2nd Coast Artillery, Fort Story, VA (18 May 1944 to 15 Jun 1944); Harbor Defenses, Chesapeake Bay (15 Jun 1944 to 25 Sep 1944); Woodrow Wilson General Hospital, Staunton, VA (25 Sep 1944 to 29 Dec 1944); Valley Forge General Hospital, Phoenixville, PA (29 Dec 1944 to 31 Jan 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 18 Jun 1946. **Award:** Army Commendation Ribbon.

PAUL J. MURPHY, S.J.

Born: 18 Nov 1908. **Entered Jesuits:** 7 Sep 1926. **Ordained:** 19 Jun 1938. **Died:** 27 Aug 1990. **Originally appointed as chaplain in the U. S. Maritime Service:** Feb 1943. Served at Officers' School, Alameda, CA, until May 1944. **Commissioned as Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy:** 7 Jun 1944. **Serial number:** 394865. **To Lieutenant:** 1 Feb 1946. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Williamsburg, VA (3 Jul 1944 to 27 Aug 1944); Naval Hospital, Great Lakes, IL (8 Sep 1944 to 12 Mar 1945); Bogue Field, NC (18 Mar 1945 to 22 Aug 1945); U.S.S. General Meigs (transport) (22 Aug 1945 to Mar 1946); Naval Hospital, Newport, RI (16 Mar 1946 until relieved). **Reverted to inactive status:** 14 Jul 1946. **Resigned from the Naval Reserve:** 13 Oct 1953.

VINCENT DE P. O'BRIEN, S.J.

Born: 23 Aug 1907. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1925. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1937. **Died:** 5 Jul 1987. **Served with the United States Maritime Service:** Feb 1945 to Dec 1945.

JOSEPH T. O'CALLAHAN, S.J.

Born: 14 May 1905. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1922. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1934. **Died:** 18 Mar 1964. **Commissioned at Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy:** 7 Aug 1940. **Serial number:** 87280. **To Lieutenant:** 2 Jan 1942; **to Lieutenant Commander:** 1 Jul 1943; **to Commander:** 20 Jul 1945. **Assignments:** Naval Air Station, Pensacola (23 Nov 1940 to 20 Apr 1942); *U.S.S. Ranger* (carrier) (31 May 1942 to May 1944) during which time the carrier served in North Atlantic waters and in the invasion of North Africa; Naval Air Station, Alameda (May 1944 to Dec 1944); Naval Air Station, Hawaii (23 Dec 1944 to 2 Mar 1945); *U.S.S. Franklin* (2 Mar 1945 to 8 Apr 1946) during which time the carrier was hit by enemy bombs in waters off the coast of Japan, 19 Mar 1945; Bureau of Personnel (April 1945 until relieved of active duty). Acted as official escort chaplain for the body of Manuel Quezon (first president of the Philippine Islands) from Washington, DC to Manila, P.I. **Reverted to inactive status:** 12 Nov 1946. **Retired from the Naval Reserve:** 1 Nov 1953. **Awards:** Medal of Honor; Purple Heart.

DANIEL F. X. O'CONNOR, S.J.

Born: 12 Oct 1900. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1918. **Ordained:** 16 Jun 1931. **Died:** 12 Sep 1958. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 18 May 1942. **Serial number:** 169209. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 17 Oct 1944. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Norfolk, VA (6 Jul 1942 to 28 Aug 1942); Naval Hospital, Corona, CA (10 Sep 1942 to 10 Sep 1943); 14th Naval District, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii (18 Sep 1943 to 10 Jan 1944); Naval Operating Base, Midway Island (10 Jan 1944 to 10 Oct 1944); Iroquois Point, Oahu, Hawaii (13 Oct 1944 to 2 Jun 1945); Navy Base, Port Hueneme, CA (6 Jul 1945 to 18 Sep 1945); Naval Training Center, San Diego (23 Sep 1945 to Apr 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 26 May 1946. **Resigned from Naval Reserve:** 18 Feb 1957.

LEO P. O'KEEFE, S.J.

Born: 10 Apr 1908. **Entered Jesuits:** 15 Aug 1929. **Ordained:** 17 Jun 1939. **Died:** 16 Nov 1991. **Appointed to the Army:** 29 Jan 1944. **Serial number:** 0544766. **To the rank of Captain:** 25 Jan 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (14 Mar 1944); Randolph Field, TX (1944 to 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 22 Apr 1946.

CHARLES J. REARDON, S.J.

Born: 2 May 1907. **Entered Jesuits:** 7 Sep 1927. **Ordained:** 17 Jun 1939. **Died:** 28 Jun 1991. **Appointed to the Army:** 29 Apr 1944. **Serial number:** 0551384. **To the rank of Captain:** 1 May 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (8 Jun 1944); Camp Gordon, Augusta, GA (15 Jul 1944); Fort Jackson, SC (20 Sep 1944); England, France, Holland and Germany (Oct 1944 to May 1945); 15th General Hospital, Belgium (28 Jul 1945). Served in the United States and overseas with 1147th Engineer Combat Group. **Reverted to inactive status:** 22 Sep 1946.

CHARLES M. RODDY, S.J.

Born: 26 Sep 1888. **Entered Jesuits:** 7 May 1910. **Ordained:** 26 Jun 1923. **Died:** 11 May 1967. **Appointed to the Army:** 2 Aug 1943. **Serial number:** 0530276. **To the rank of Captain:** 28 Jul 1944. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (1 Oct 1943); Fort George Meade, MD (1943); Carlisle Barracks, PA and Camp Lee, VA (1944); hospital ship chaplain (1945). **Reverted to inactive status:** 18 Mar 1946.

RICHARD L. ROONEY, S.J.

Born: 21 Oct 1903. **Entered Jesuits:** 15 Aug 1923. **Ordained:** 23 Jun 1935. **Died:** 2 Feb 1977. **Appointed to the Army:** 13 Apr 1944. **Serial number:** 0549988. **To the rank of Captain:** 21 Apr 1945. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (30 Apr 1944); Army Air Force Base, Biggs Field, El Paso, TX. **Reverted to inactive status:** 28 Feb 1946.

DANIEL F. RYAN, S.J.

Born: 30 Jul 1888. **Entered Jesuits:** 13 Aug 1905. **Ordained:** 29 Jun 1920. **Died:** 8 Jan 1970. **Appointed to the Army:** 29 May 1943. **Serial number:** 0523595. **To the rank of Captain:** 28 Jul 1944. **Assignments:** Harvard Chaplain School (4 Nov 1943); Woodrow Wilson General Hospital, Staunton, VA; Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, PA. **Reverted to inactive status:** 20 May 1946.

JOHN D. ST. JOHN, S.J.

Born: 9 Feb 1908. **Entered Jesuits:** 30 Jul 1925. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1937. **Died:** 9 Sep 1992. **Appointed to the Army:** 6 Apr 1942. **Serial number:** 0447906. **To the rank of Captain:** 7 Dec 1942; **to Major:** 17 Aug 1944; **to Lieutenant Colonel:** 7 Jun 1946. **Assignments:** 324th Air Force Service Group, Orlando, FL (22 Apr 1942 to 21 Aug 1942); 324th Air Force Service Group, Lakeland, FL (22 Aug 1942 to 26 Dec 1942); 324th Air Force Service Group, Algeria, Tunisia (Jan 1943 to Dec 1943); (continued)

JOHN D. ST. JOHN, S.J. (CONTINUED)

324th Air Service Group, Foggia, Italy (Dec 1943 to May 1944); 304th Bombardment Wing, Cerignola, Italy (May 1944 to Sep 1944); Headquarters, 15th Air Force, Bari, Italy (Sep 1944 to May 1945); 304th Bombardment Wing, Cerignola, Italy (May 1945 to Sep 1945). **Reverted to inactive status:** 7 Feb 1946. **Appointed to the Air Force:** Jan 1949. **Serial number:** A0447906. **To the rank of Colonel:** 17 Dec 1956. **Assignments:** Office of the Air Force Chief of Chaplains to organize and conduct missions for Air Force personnel (5 Jan 1949 to 1 Jun 1957); Staff Chaplain, 9th Air Force, Tactical Air Command (25 Jun 1957 to 31 Dec 1959); Headquarters, 30th Air Division, Truax Field, Madison, WI (1 Jan 1960 to 1965). **Awards:** Bronze Star, Air Force Commendation Medal; Air Force Commendation Ribbon.

JOSEPH P. SHANAHAN, S.J.

Born: 7 Mar 1908. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1925. **Ordained:** 19 Jun 1938. **Commissioned as Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy:** 20 Jan 1944. **Serial number:** 349588. **To Lieutenant:** 1 Jul 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Williamsburg, VA (28 Feb 1944 to 23 Apr 1944); Naval Air Station, San Diego (9 May 1944 to Jul 1945); 3rd Marine Air Wing (19 Jul 1945 to 22 Sep 1945); Naval Air Station #28 (22 Sep 1945 until relieved of active duty). **Reverted to inactive status:** 19 Apr 1946. **Released from Naval Reserve:** 15 Oct 1954.

THOMAS A. SHANAHAN, S.J.

Born: 23 Jun 1895. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1916. **Ordained:** 22 Jun 1929. **Died:** 25 Jun 1963. **Appointed to the Army with the rank of Captain:** 2 May 1942. **Serial number:** 0888031. **To the rank of Major:** 5 Jul 1943; **to Lieutenant Colonel:** 15 Jan 1946. **Assignments:** 35th A.B. Group, Charters Towers, North Queensland, Australia (2 Mar 1942 to 2 Jun 1942); Headquarters, USA SOS SWPA, Deputy Chaplain, Sydney and Brisbane, Australia (5 Jun 1942 to 18 Sep 1944); Headquarters, Base K, Tacloban, Leyte, Philippines (19 Sep 1944 to 31 Dec 1944); Headquarters, Base M, San Fabian, Luzon (1 Jan 1945 to 8 Mar 1945); Letterman General and Lovell General Hospitals (30 May 1945 to 20 Sep 1945); Redistribution Center, Fort Oglethorpe, GA (Sep 1945 to Nov 1945); Fort George Meade Separation Center, MD (Nov 1945 to Jan 1946); relief work in Philippines (Feb 1946 to Mar 1946). **Reverted to inactive status:** 8 May 1946. Prior to his appointment to the Army, Father Shanahan had been appointed as Red Cross Chaplain, Manila (9 Dec 1941); and was Chaplain on the S.S. Mactan which evacuated wounded personnel from Manila to Sydney, Australia (1 Jan 1942 to 28 Jan 1942). **Award:** Bronze Star.

RICHARD G. SHEA, S.J.

Born: 28 Sep 1902. **Entered Jesuits:** 14 Aug 1922. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1934. **Died:** 25 Mar 1984. **Appointed to the Army:** 15 Dec 1942. **Serial number:** 0507901. **To the rank of Captain:** 20 Nov 1943 (continued)

RICHARD G. SHEA, S.J. (CONTINUED)

Assignments: Harvard Chaplain School (3 Jan 1943); Camp Patrick Henry, Hampton Roads Port of Embarkation, VA (1943 to Aug 1944); Infantry Replacement Center, Camp Blanding, FL (Aug 1944 to Oct 1944); with 9th Air Force in France, Belgium, Germany (Oct 1944 to Sep 1945); Shaw Air Force Base, Sumter, SC (Oct 1945 to Dec 1945). **Reverted to inactive status:** 19 Feb 1946. **Appointed to the Air Force Reserve:** 1 Jul 1949. **Serial number:** A0507901. **Called to active duty:** Jun 1951. **Assignments:** Castle Air Force Base, CA (Jun 1951 to Mar 1952); 3918th Air Base Group, RAF Station, Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire, England (Mar 1952 to Apr 1955); Lackland Air force Base, TX (May 1955 to Jun 1956). **Relieved of active duty with the rank of Major:** Jun 1956.

ROBERT E. SHERIDAN, S.J.

Born: 7 Jun 1897. **Entered Jesuits:** 15 Aug 1915. **Ordained:** 20 Jun 1928. **Died:** 25 Dec 1978. **Appointed to the Army:** 11 Mar 1942. **Serial number:** 0442204. **To the rank of Captain:** 5 Oct 1942; **to Major:** 9 Dec 1946. **Assignments:** Port of Embarkation, Charleston, SC (23 Mar 1942); from Feb 1944 to Feb 1946, thirteen months of hospital ship duty aboard *Acadia* (in Atlantic) and *Chateau-Thierry* (in Pacific), logging 95,000 miles at sea. **Reverted to inactive status:** 21 May 1946. **Award:** Army Commendation Ribbon.

HAROLD V. STOCKMAN, S.J.

Born: 3 Jun 1898. **Entered Jesuits:** 16 Sep 1917. **Ordained:** 18 Jun 1930. **Died:** 10 Aug 1962. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 24 Aug 1943. **Serial number:** 316882. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 1 Nov 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Williamsburg, VA (11 Oct 1943 to 5 Dec 1943); Navy Yard, Norfolk (15 Dec 1943 to 21 Jun 1944); with naval units in Mediterranean Theater of Operations (24 Jun 1944 to 25 Jul 1945); Chaplain, Portsmouth Naval Prison (Sep 1945 to Jul 1947); Naval Air Station, Green Cove Springs, FL (Aug 1947 until relieved of active duty). **Reverted to inactive status and retired from Naval Reserve:** 1 Jun 1948.

FRANCIS V. SULLIVAN, S.J.

Born: 10 Apr 1898. **Entered Jesuits:** 23 Jan 1919. **Ordained:** 18 Jun 1930. **Died:** 11 Jan 1972. **Commissioned as Lieutenant in the Navy:** 13 Mar 1942. **Serial number:** 139079. **To Lieutenant Commander:** 13 Dec 1943; **to Commander:** 5 Nov 1945. **Assignments:** Chaplain School, Fort Schuyler, NY (1 May 1942 to 12 Jun 1942); Naval Operating Base and Chaplains' Training School, Norfolk, VA (20 Jun 1942 to 31 Jul 1942); 3rd Marines, Samoa (1 Aug 1942 to 3 Mar 1943); Dean Chaplains School, William and Mary College, VA (28 May 1943 to 13 Aug 1944); Senior Chaplain, European Theater, London (3 Sep 1944 until relieved of active duty). **Reverted to inactive status:** 14 Mar 1946. **Retired from Naval Reserve:** Jan 1956.

The Medals and the Men

CITATIONS AND AWARDS

THE LIST OF CITATIONS AND AWARDS WAS COMPILED FROM QUESTIONNAIRES AND THE RECORDS OF THE OFFICES OF CHIEF CHAPLAINS OR THE VARIOUS SERVICES. The Navy and Air Force records are reasonably complete; the Army list for Jesuits is about 80% complete. Awards that have not been verified have not been included.

In the following list, the citation or general orders conferring the decoration is cited or, if unavailable, a précis of the citation.

If neither is available, only the title of the decoration is listed.

WORLD WAR II CITATIONS AND AWARDS: MILITARY	
BARRY, JOHN L.	BRONZE STAR, PURPLE HEART
BOYLAN, BERNARD R.	NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL
BROCK, LAURENCE M.	LEGION OF MERIT
DOLAN, JAMES J.	BRONZE STAR
DUGAN, JOHN J.	BRONZE STAR, ARMY COMMENDATION RIBBON
HENNESSEY, THOMAS P.	BRONZE STAR
HUSS, HARRY L.	BRONZE STAR
LYNCH, DANIEL J.	PURPLE HEART
MURPHY, GEORGE M.	ARMY COMMENDATION MEDAL

WORLD WAR II CITATIONS AND AWARDS: MILITARY (CONTINUED)	
O'CALLAHAN, JOSEPH T.	MEDAL OF HONOR, PURPLE HEART
ST. JOHN, JOHN D.	BRONZE STAR AIR FORCE COMMENDATION MEDAL AIR FORCE COMMENDATION RIBBON
SHANAHAN, THOMAS A.	BRONZE STAR
SHERIDAN, ROBERT E.	ARMY COMMENDATION MEDAL
WORLD WAR II CITATIONS AND AWARDS: PAPAL	
FAY, THOMAS P.	<i>BENEMERENTI</i> – AWARDED BY POPE PIUS XII

NOTE: The Commendation Medal was originally a ribbon and was first issued by the Navy and the Coast Guard in 1943. But by 1960, the Commendation Ribbons had been authorized as full medals and were thereafter referred to as Commendation Medals.

This information is compiled from “Jesuits as Chaplains in the Armed Forces” by Gerard F. Giblin, S.J., *Woodstock Letters*, 89, 361-491.

MEDAL OF HONOR

THE MEDAL OF HONOR IS AWARDED BY THE PRESIDENT IN THE NAME OF CONGRESS TO A PERSON WHO, WHILE A MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMED FORCES, DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF OR HERSELF CONSPICUOUSLY BY GALLANTRY AND INTREPIDITY AT THE RISK OF HIS LIFE OR HER LIFE ABOVE AND BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY while engaged in an action against an enemy of the United States; while engaged in military operations involving conflict with an opposing foreign force; or while serving with friendly foreign forces engaged in an armed conflict against an opposing armed force in which the United States is not a belligerent party.

The deed performed must have been one of personal bravery or self-sacrifice so conspicuous as to clearly distinguish the individual above his or her comrades and must have involved risk of life. Incontestable proof of the performance of the service will be exacted and each recommendation for the award of this decoration will be considered on the standard of extraordinary merit.

JOSEPH T. O'CALLAHAN, S.J.

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as chaplain on board the *U.S.S. Franklin* when that vessel was attacked by enemy Japanese aircraft during offensive operations near Kobe, Japan, on 19 March 1945. A valiant and forceful leader, calmly braving the perilous barriers of flames and twisted metal to aid his men and his ship, Lieutenant Commander O'Callahan groped his way through smoke-filled corridors to the flight deck and into the midst of violently explod-

ing bombs, shells, rockets and other armament. With the ship rocked by incessant explosions, with debris and fragments raining down and fires raging in increasing fury, comforting and encouraging men of all faiths, he organized and led fire-fighting crews into the blazing inferno on the flight deck; he directed the jettisoning of live ammunition and the flooding of the magazine; he manned a hose to cool hot, armed bombs rolling dangerously on the listing deck, continuing his efforts despite searing, suffocating smoke which forced men to fall back gasping and imperiled others who replaced them. Serving with courage, fortitude and deep spiritual strength, Lieutenant Commander O'Callahan inspired the gallant officers and men of the *Franklin* to fight heroically and with profound faith in the face of almost certain death and return their stricken ship to port.

PURPLE HEART

THE PURPLE HEART IS AWARDED IN THE NAME OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES TO ANY MEMBER OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES WHO, while serving under competent authority in any capacity with one of the U.S. Armed Services after April 5, 1917, has been wounded or killed, or who has died after being wounded.

During the early period of American involvement in World War II (December 7, 1941 – September 22, 1943), the Purple Heart was awarded both for wounds received in action against the enemy and for meritorious

performance of duty. With the establishment of the Legion of Merit, by an Act of Congress, the practice of awarding the Purple Heart for meritorious service was discontinued.

JOHN L. BARRY, S.J.

(Received the Purple Heart for wounds sustained in action 17 October 1952 near Kumhwa, North Korea, while on service with the 48th Artillery.)

Chaplain Lynch on more than one occasion appeared at dawn at Brigade Headquarters almost in a state of collapse from an all night of arduous, dangerous and nerve-wracking hours. He thought not of himself, only of others, his duty to his country and his God.

DANIEL J. LYNCH, S.J.

His work comforting the dying and burying the dead in front of the Bois des Loges in October 1918 involved much night work, exhausting mentally and physically, under fire of all kinds.

JOSEPH T. O'CALLAHAN, S.J.

(Wounded by an explosion aboard *U.S.S. Franklin* 19 March 1945.)

LEGION OF MERIT

THE LEGION OF MERIT, ESTABLISHED BY ACT OF CONGRESS 20 JULY 1942, IS AWARDED TO ANY MEMBER OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES OR A FRIENDLY FOREIGN NATION WHO HAS DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF OR HERSELF BY EXCEPTIONALLY MERITORIOUS CONDUCT IN THE PERFORMANCE OF OUTSTANDING SERVICES AND ACHIEVEMENTS. *The performance must have been such as to merit recognition of key individuals for service rendered in a clearly exceptional manner.*

LAURENCE M. BROCK, S.J.

Laurence M. Brock, 0403400, Captain, Chaplain Corps, United States Army, for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services in the South Pacific Area, during the period of February 1942 to September 1943. As Chaplain of a regiment bivouacked in an area of over fifty miles at an advanced base, Captain Brock travelled to his men under the most adverse conditions to carry out his own duties and those of Special Service Officer prior to the time that the Table of Organization provided an officer for that duty. This presented Captain Brock with the problem of extending his normal work to

include such arrangements as the operation and upkeep of motion picture apparatus, and the organization and direction of amateur theatricals. The cumulative effect of his good work was clearly evidenced by the high morale of the regiment upon its entry into active combat. In his unceasing efforts to carry the word of God to troops fighting in perilous forward areas Captain Brock disdained all hazards and expended his every effort. The altruistic, courageous quality of his superlative work was best illustrated at Christmas time, 1942, when he traversed from foxhole to foxhole under hostile sniper fire to receive confessions and thus administer religious solace to men.

BRONZE STAR MEDAL

THE BRONZE STAR MEDAL, ESTABLISHED BY EXECUTIVE ORDER 9419, 4 FEBRUARY 1944, IS AWARDED TO ANY PERSON WHO, WHILE SERVING IN ANY CAPACITY IN OR WITH THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES AFTER 6 DECEMBER 1941, DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF OR HERSELF BY HEROIC OR MERITORIOUS ACHIEVEMENT OR SERVICE, *not involving participation in aerial flight, in connection with military operations against an armed enemy; or while engaged in military operations involving conflict with an opposing armed force in which the United States is not a belligerent party.*

JOHN L. BARRY, S.J.

Chaplain (First Lieutenant) John L. Barry, 0931664, Chaplains, United States Army, a member of Headquarters, 7th Infantry Division Artillery, distinguished himself by meritorious achievement on 20 October 1952. While an intense attack was being launched against the enemy, Chaplain Barry, against the protests of the commanding officer, moved into the thick of the battle, administering aid, both spiritual and medical, to the friendly casualties and encouraging the fighting men. The integrity, the sincere devotion to God and country, and the deep personal regard for the welfare of the men with whom he served, made Chaplain Barry an inspiring figure and an ennobling influence on all with whom he came in contact. The meritorious achievement of Chaplain Barry reflects great credit on himself and the military service.

JAMES J. DOLAN, S.J.

James J. Dolan (Captain), 0402252, Chaplains Corps, has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal for meritorious service and exceptional service in connection with military operations against the enemy

on Saipan, Marianas Islands, during the period 21 July 1944 and 2 September 1945.

JOHN J. DUGAN, S.J.

(Awarded Bronze Star by General Order 113, Headquarters, War Department 4 December 1945.)

THOMAS P. HENNESSEY, S.J.

Chaplain Thomas P. Hennessey, (Captain) 0530788, Corps of Chaplains, has been awarded the Bronze Star Medal for distinctive heroism in connection with military operations against the enemy during the period 22 to 23 March 1945 near Geinsheim, Germany. When assault troops crossed the Rhine River, Chaplain Hennessey volunteered to accompany the attached collective company. An hour and a half enemy artillery barrage was launched into the area occupied by the collective station, and Chaplain Hennessey exposed himself constantly to supervise the removal of wounded men. His outstanding devotion to his self-appointed mission was a great inspiration to the wounded and the men working with him and reflects great credit upon himself and the military service.

BRONZE STAR MEDAL (CONTINUED)**HARRY L. HUSS, S.J.**

Major (Chaplain) Harry L. Huss (then Captain), (Army Serial No. 0509085), Army of the United States, for meritorious service in connection with military operations, as District Chaplain, Western District, United Kingdom Base; Deputy Chaplain, Channel Base Section; Deputy Chaplain, Chanor Base Section, Communications Zone, European Theater of Operations, from 16 September 1944 to 8 May 1945. Despite the ever increasing difficulties with regard to the readjustment of Chaplains, Chaplain Huss executed quick and sure judgment in the redeployment program. His zeal and energy in covering small and isolated units who were without a Chaplain and his meticulous attention, guaranteeing burial services of American personnel, gained the respect and high regard of all with whom he came in contact. His understanding of human nature enabled him to solve many delicate problems requiring a knowledge of the civilian statutes, army regulations and individual's emotions. The outstanding services rendered by Chaplain Huss reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States. Entered military service from Massachusetts.

JOHN D. ST. JOHN, S.J.

Lieutenant Colonel John D. St. John performed meritorious service from April 1944 to May 1945 as Chaplain, 304th Bomb Wing, and later as Assistant Chaplain, 15th Air Force. He exhibited a high degree of initiative, tact and forethought to insure spiritual and moral facilities for the entire personnel under his ministrations. He displayed exceptional executive ability and resourcefulness in reorganizing and

putting into effect an entirely new Chaplain's policy for the 15th Air Force, whereby all members of his faith received guidance and consolation despite a shortage of Chaplains.

THOMAS A. SHANAHAN, S.J.

Chaplain (Major) Thomas A. Shanahan (0888031), Chaplain Corps, United States Army. For meritorious achievement in Luzon, Philippine Islands, from 13 January 1945 to 15 March 1945, in connection with military operations against the enemy. Because of his former residence in the Philippines and his intimate knowledge of their people, Chaplain Shanahan voluntarily accompanied the advance echelon of a major base headquarters to Luzon. Immediately on arrival he organized relief and rehabilitation measures for the local populace and ministered to battle casualties in forward-area hospitals with complete disregard for his own safety. Among the first Americans to enter Manila, he immediately began obtaining food, shelter, and medical care for upward of 10,000 sick, injured, and homeless refugees, and for 70 nuns suffering from illness and malnutrition. While the enemy was shelling the University of Santo Tomas, he stood by continually to administer clerical rites to the wounded and dying and devoted himself unstintingly to the aid of civilian internees. His efforts materially assisted in the organization of Santo Tomas for conversion into a major hospital unit. By his intrepid courage, inspiring spiritual guidance, and substantial material aid to a needy and suffering people, Chaplain Shanahan upheld the highest standards of humanity and the priesthood and rendered substantial aid in the proper care of the sick and wounded.

NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL

THE NAVY AND MARINE CORPS MEDAL, ESTABLISHED BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS ON AUGUST 7, 1942, MAY BE AWARDED TO SERVICE MEMBERS WHO, WHILE SERVING IN ANY CAPACITY WITH THE NAVY OR MARINE CORPS, distinguish themselves by heroism not involving actual conflict with an enemy. For acts of lifesaving, or attempted lifesaving, it is required that the action be performed at the risk of one's own life.

BERNARD R. BOYLAN, S.J.

For heroic conduct during rescue operations in Finschhafen Harbor on August 23, 1944. With the gasoline laden *S.S. John C. Calhoun* enveloped in flames following an explosion in the hold, Lieutenant Boylan leaped from an adjoining vessel to go to the aid of several casualties on the stricken

ship. Aware of the imminent danger of additional explosions, he assisted in removing men to safety; searched the debris for other wounded; and refused to leave the scene until all casualties had been cared for. His initiative and courage throughout reflect the highest credit upon Lieutenant Boylan and the United States Naval Service.

AIR FORCE COMMENDATION MEDAL

THE AIR FORCE COMMENDATION MEDAL WAS AUTHORIZED BY THE SECRETARY OF THE AIR FORCE ON MARCH 28, 1958, FOR AWARD TO MEMBERS OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES WHO, WHILE SERVING IN ANY CAPACITY WITH THE AIR FORCE AFTER MARCH 24, 1958, shall have distinguished themselves by meritorious achievement and service. The degree of merit must be distinctive, though it need not be unique. Acts of courage which do not involve the voluntary risk of life required for the Soldier's Medal may be considered for the Air Force Commendation Medal.

JOHN D. ST. JOHN, S.J.

Chaplain (Colonel) John D. St. John distinguished himself for meritorious service as Staff Chaplain, Ninth Air Force, Shaw Air Force Base, South Carolina, from 25 June 1957 to 1 November 1959. During this period of unprecedented operational activity and frequent overseas deployment by units of this command, Chaplain St. John's dynamic personality and tireless efforts were an inspiration to the commanders and unit chaplains charged with maintaining the morale and spiritual welfare of Ninth Air Force personnel. In addition Headquarters United States Air Force has accepted a plan conceived by Chaplain St. John for sending selected members of the USAF Chaplain Corps to civilian institutions of learning to receive specialized training. Designed to enhance the professional qualifications and prestige of Air Force chaplains, this program will yield far reaching benefits throughout the Air Force. Chaplain St. John's initiative, devotion to duty, and unflagging concern for the welfare of others have reflected great credit upon himself, Ninth Air Force and Tactical Air Command.

JOHN D. ST. JOHN, S.J.

Chaplain (Lieutenant Colonel) John D. St. John distinguished himself by meritorious service as a member of the USAF Catholic preaching mission team, Office of the Chief of Air Force Chaplains, Headquarters USAF, during the period 12 May 1949 to 19 July 1955. During this period Chaplain St. John traveled 238,082 air miles, which included 1228:58 hours of flying time, to conduct Catholic preaching missions within every oversea Air Force Command. In carrying out these preaching missions, Chaplain St. John and his co-missioner conducted 218 missions, 1,203 evening services, 2,624 Masses and administered 64,462 Holy Communions. It is estimated that 387,784 Air Force personnel and their dependents of the Catholic faith took part in these mission activities. Through his efforts as a member of the Catholic preaching mission team, Chaplain St. John has brought spiritual benefits and enlightenment to personnel of the Catholic faith and in turn advanced the program of the Air Force Chaplains Six-Point Program in developing the spiritual well being and morale of Air Force Catholic personnel. In accomplishing his duties in such an outstanding manner, Chaplain St. John has reflected great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

ARMY COMMENDATION MEDAL

THE ARMY COMMENDATION MEDAL (ARCOM), ESTABLISHED BY WAR DEPARTMENT CIRCULAR 377, 18 DECEMBER 1945, IS AWARDED TO ANY MEMBER OF THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES WHO, WHILE SERVING IN ANY CAPACITY IN THE ARMY AFTER 6 DECEMBER 1941, DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF OR HERSELF BY HEROISM, MERITORIOUS ACHIEVEMENT OR MERITORIOUS SERVICE. AWARD MAY BE MADE TO A MEMBER OF THE ARMED FORCES OF A FRIENDLY FOREIGN NATION WHO, AFTER 1 JUNE 1962, DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF OR HERSELF BY AN ACT OF HEROISM, extraordinary achievement, or meritorious service which has been of mutual benefit to a friendly nation and the United States. Awards of the Army Commendation Ribbon and of the Commendation Ribbon with Metal Pendant were redesignated by DA General Orders 10, 31 March 1960, as awards of the Army Commendation Medal, without amendment of orders previously issued.

GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.

For meritorious and outstanding service as Chaplain at Valley Forge General Hospital, Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, from December 1944 to 1 February 1946. Chaplain Murphy filled the spiritual needs of the patients and no call on his services went unanswered. Above and beyond his normal duties he has won the friendship of patients and staff alike by his sympathetic understanding of their problems and his congenial personality which was reflected in his daily tasks. Chaplain Murphy exemplified the finest attributes of his profession

and his contribution to the service reflects great credit upon the Chaplain Corps and the Military Service.

ROBERT E. SHERIDAN, S.J.

His untiring efforts, cheerfulness, pleasing personality and complete devotion to duty displayed from 10 May 1945 to 21 February 1946 gave comfort and confidence to patients aboard the Hospital Ship *Chateau Thierry*. A high state of morale was also achieved throughout the voyage.

BENEMERENTI MEDAL

THE BENEMERENTI MEDAL, INSTITUTED BY POPE GREGORY XVI IN 1832, is conferred on those who have exhibited long and exceptional service to the Catholic Church, their families and community. The word benemerenti means “to a well deserving person.”

THOMAS P. FAY, S.J.

PIUS XII PONTIFEX MAXIMUS
 Numisma Decernere Ac Dilargiri
 Dignatus Est

REV. P. THOMAS P. FAY, S.J.

Virtutis Laude Benemerenti
 Eidem Facultatem Faciens Seipsum Hoc
 Ornamento Decorandi
 Ex Aedibus Vaticanis,
 Die 30 Aprilis 1947

While serving as Chaplain with the Armed Forces of the United States of America in the European Theatre during two years, from July 1944 to July 1946, and particularly during the period from May 1945 to July 1946, as Chaplain attached to Western Base Headquarters, France, Thomas Patrick Fay, of the Society of Jesus, rendered signal service over and above the line of duty in administration of duties, not only to the American personnel in his charge, but also to the needy population of the war torn countries and in particular to the numerous clergy of all faiths among the prisoners of war held by the victorious American armies in various encampments in France and Belgium. Father Fay arranged and provided for spiritual retreats for Catholic priests and for Lutheran ministers among the prisoners of war and showed a devotion to his fellow men which richly deserves the recognition of the award of the medal “Benemerenti”. Father Fay’s services in this regard were unique and invaluable: the more so as they are evidence of a charity that is truly Christian and transcending motives merely human.

Benemerenti medal in the collection of the Thomas P. Fay, S.J., Archives of the Society of Jesus of New England, College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, MA



In Their Own Words

THIS SELECTION OF ARTICLES OFFERS AN INSIDE LOOK AT JESUIT CHAPLAINS. THEY OFFER ACCOUNTS OF THEIR PERSONAL EXPERIENCES, THE SPIRITUAL DIMENSIONS OF THEIR SERVICE, THE HARSH REALITIES OF WAR, THEIR ADMIRATION FOR THE YOUNG MEN TO WHOM THEY MINISTERED AND WITH WHOM THEY SUFFERED IMPRISONMENT. Also included are sample expressions of appreciation of extraordinary courage and singular commitment of individual Jesuits that merited for so many well deserved citations and awards.

Many of these articles are reprinted from *The Woodstock Letters*, a publication of the Society of Jesus from 1872 until 1969. The *Woodstock Letters* include historical articles, updates on work being done by the Jesuits, eyewitness accounts of historic events, book reviews, obituaries, and various other items of interest to the Society. They provide an invaluable record of the work done by American Jesuits throughout the 19th and 20th centuries. They are now fully digitized and available online at the St. Louis University Libraries Digital Collection, <http://cdm.slu.edu/cdm/landingpage/collection/woodstock>

Two autobiographical publications, too lengthy to reprint here, may be of interest.

- “Life Under the Japs: From Bataan’s Fall to Miraculous Rescue at Cabanatuan by Yanks” by Major John J. Dugan, S.J. as told to Willard de Lue and published in installments in the *Boston Globe* newspaper from Sunday, April 1 to Saturday, April 21, 1945. Based on a series of interviews, the full story of Fr. Dugan’s 34 months as a prisoner of war under the Japanese.
- *I Was Chaplain on the “Franklin”* by Joseph T. O’Callahan, S.J. (New York: Macmillan Company, 1956). Fr. O’Callahan recounts his experience as a Navy Chaplain on the USS “Franklin”, an aircraft carrier bombed by Japanese aircraft.

In Their Own Words

FIGHTING IN FRANCE

FATHER DANIEL LYNCH WAS THE ONLY NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE JESUIT TO SERVE IN BOTH WORLD WAR I AND WORLD WAR II. FOR HIS OUTSTANDING SERVICE IN WORLD WAR I HE WAS AWARDED THE PURPLE HEART AS WELL AS THE CROIX DE GUERRE FROM THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT FOR HEROIC SERVICE DURING SEVERAL SUCCESSIVE HOURS UNDER HEAVY FIRE. *This letter about some of his experiences in World War I is included here since it captures the spirit that characterized his later service in World War II.*

Now that the censorship has relaxed a little, I shall give you a brief account of my wanderings over France.

I left New York on May second, on the British India steamer Leistershire. The fleet of fifteen troop ships were all British, carrying about thirty thousand troops, with the San Diego (U.S. cruiser) as escort. After fifteen days at sea we sighted the north of Ireland and entered Liverpool by the north. One submarine attack on the way. From Liverpool we proceeded by train to London where we were informed that the channel was closed to traffic for a week. I rested the day after our arrival in London, visiting Westminster Abbey, etc., and intended to call at Mill Hill the following day. Orders came for me that night to proceed immediately to Southampton, where I would find a small fast steamer to take me to Havre. Of course it was rough, and to see the destroyers racing along on all sides of us made it a very interesting evening. From Havre I was ordered to Paris, where I ran into an air raid the first night. There was an air raid starting when I left London. After seeing the sights about Paris for a few days I started for Blois. From Blois I was shipped to Tours to join my negroes. As there was no Catholic chaplain in that city, I was called to Headquarters, given

the second Aviation Field to look after, besides St. Pierre des Corps, the three Barracks and American Hospital. This job I held down till a K. C. chaplain arrived in about a month and took part of the work. It was not so hard, as I had lots of transportation either from Headquarters or Aviation Field. All I had to do was to call up either garage and I had a Cadillac at my door in ten minutes. You can imagine my disappointment when I was disturbed from this gentleman's mode of warfare by orders to join the 310th Infantry, then in the British area, at once. Fifty pounds was all I was allowed to carry. There was some hustling for a day or so, getting my accounts straightened out, and then after leaving almost everything I had at Our Fathers' House in Tours, I started for Calais via Paris. When I landed in Paris one of those shells from that long distance gun dropped, not too far away from the station. It made quite a mess in those crowded streets, but as I was expecting to see lots of such excitement in a few days, I did not delay long. The shells were then dropping on Paris every twenty minutes. From Calais I went to Bologne to see another big air raid, and finally found my regiment near St. Pol. From St. Pol the regiment moved up back of Arras, a rather quiet front, except for night air raids. Finally I got orders to prepare (we thought for Italy). After two days and two nights in freight cars we landed

near the Swiss border. After a week's rest the troops moved up back of the St. Mihiel Sector and were stationed behind the Marines near Limey. Of course it rained all the time. The roads were in a frightful condition. All one could see from the light of the cannons was wrecked transports, dead horses and men falling from exhaustion. We had all kinds of surprises, wondering whether bridges were going to blow up before, or after, or while we were crossing them. We had not really got into action. The whole sky in front of us was just ablaze with rockets and flares and all kinds of light. We didn't know then where that was, but we knew things would be more plain in a few hours, as we were going right through that line. The Marines kept ahead of us till we reached Thiaucourt, where we relieved them under the big guns of Metz. A few kilos beyond Thiaucourt the Germans made a stand. We lost about eight hundred men. Here I buried about one hundred and thirty of our boys in sight of the German lines and under continuous shell fire. I am about to write to the good mother of one. She knew from his letters home he was very close to me, serving my Mass every morning when possible. I taught him at St. Peter's (Jersey City) and buried him under terrific shell fire. After three and one half weeks of such excitement the regiment was pulled back for a rest, being relieved by the 256th Regiment. The day before we retired I said Mass in the woods because it was pouring rain, and German aeroplanes could not see us. The Germans shelled us so madly when they saw us retiring that it was impossible to get my chaplain's kit, and maybe it is there yet or somewhere in Germany.

I had taken advantage of a very cloudy day-in fact it was raining-to say Mass for one of our battalions and two detachments of machine gunners in the woods north of Thiaucourt. On account of numerous German planes, which were quick to signal for heavy shelling on any spot when they

observed men gathered together, we were not able to say Mass, except in crowded dugouts, for over two weeks.

After Mass and Communion for over two hundred, I hurried up the line to bring Communion to the men on duty. When I returned the next day, our men had been shelled out of the woods and left my chaplain's kit behind. I inquired everywhere of our men and of the other division who occupied the woods some days later, but no trace of the kit could be found. I was called to the woods at about twelve o'clock the night of the shelling to attend to the dead and the wounded, but in confusion forgot to look up my kit. We moved that week to the Argonne, and I have never heard anything of my chaplain's outfit since. Division Headquarters then secured another kit for me from the Knights of Columbus.

Well, we went back for a good rest and to get replacements to fill up our ranks. This good long rest lasted just one night in the rain when we started for the Argonne Forests. Here we went through, for over a month, some of the most desperate fighting of the whole war. We had the celebrated Prussian Guards against us, and they were there to die, all with machine guns. When our men would drive them out of their machine gun nests, they would come around our right flank and set themselves in our rear. This fact also made the very front line as safe as anywhere. How I ever came out alive is due to the prayers of my dear ones and friends. I certainly never expected to see the U. S. A. again. There was nothing to do, but wait to see just what shell or bomb or machine gun was to have the honor of doing the job.

Finally on the last big drive we broke this line, and the retreat started that ended in the armistice.

*Daniel J. Lynch, S.J.
Lieut. Chaplain¹⁰*

¹⁰ Daniel J. Lynch, "Letter from France," *Woodstock Letters*, 48, 285-288.

In Their Own Words

THE BRAVEST MAN I EVER KNEW

TODAY IS THREE DAYS BEFORE THE 14TH ANNIVERSARY OF PEARL HARBOR, WHICH REMINDS ME THAT SOME DAY SOON I'LL BE STARING AT A MOVIE SCREEN AND RELIVING ANOTHER NAVAL TRAGEDY – THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE DAY OF MY LIFE. There, in the midst of a seaborne holocaust, I will see a wide grin topped by a helmet with a white cross. That will be someone acting like Joseph Timothy O'Callahan, and he may do it well, but he'll never match the original.

Father O'Callahan was the bravest man I ever knew. A Jesuit and an instructor in mathematics and philosophy, he was a Lieutenant Commander and Senior Chaplain on the *USS Franklin*, a big aircraft carrier that I was commanding on March 19, 1945, about 50 Miles off the coast of Japan.

Not long after dawn that morning, while we were launching aircraft, the *Franklin* was hit with two heavy bombs by a skilled Japanese dive bomber. Both bombs penetrated to the hangar deck, killing everyone inside. The planes on the flight deck were bounced into the air and came down in a pile, their churning propellers chopping into gas tanks and spilling about 17,000 gallons of fuel. The gasoline vapor went off with a tremendous blast and we were on fire from stem to stern on three decks.

For four interminable hours blast after blast rocked the ship. All interior communications were destroyed, fire mains were cut, all power was lost.

From my position on the bridge, it seemed that wherever I looked I could see a familiar battle helmet with a white cross painted on it. My navigator, Commander Stephen Jurika, didn't overstate the case when he wrote in his log: "O'Callahan was everywhere, leading men, officiating at last rites, manning hoses and doing the work of 10 men."

Thousand-pound bombs kept going off like firecrackers at a festival. The men would scurry away, only to meet the padre charging in after more of the wounded. Time and again they followed him.

There are twin turrets fore and aft of the *Franklin's* bridge – ammunition-handling rooms for five-inch anti-aircraft guns. In mid-morning the aft one blew up in the worst blast yet.

I looked at the forward turret. Visible heat fumes were coming out of the top hatch, indicating it might be next to blow. I called to a group of men on deck to take a hose inside and cool it down. They didn't understand but O'Callahan did. He recruited two other officers and the three of them went down into that oven-hot hole with a small emergency hose, knowing that it might blow sky-high any instant.

A few minutes later O'Callahan's smoke-grimed face grinned up at me from the hatch as he made the OK sign with his fingers. Then he and the other two officers passed out the ammo, still blistering hot, to a waiting line of men who tossed it overboard. I breathed a sigh of relief. If that turret had gone like the other one, the ship probably would have been abandoned and lost.

I recommended Chaplain O'Callahan for the Congressional Medal of Honor, and it was

approved. The President himself presented the medal, the only similar award to a chaplain since the Navy's Medal of Honor was created in 1861.

I am not a Catholic. I have been asked why I recommended the Congressional Medal for O'Callahan and only Navy Crosses for the two officers who accompanied him into the jaws of death. To a sea-going professional the answer is obvious. The other two men were line officers. It was not "above and beyond the call of duty" for them to risk their lives to save the ship. But it was no part of the chaplain's duty to help carry that hose into a dark, hot and explosive turret. He just went.

In the afternoon another Jap plane sprayed us with bullets. The padre, on deck, didn't even look up. "Why didn't you duck? I shouted. He grinned and yelled back: "God won't let me go until He's ready." Maybe that explained everything.

We got a tow late in the day and managed to outlive the night. By morning we had part of our power again and managed to limp back to Pearl Harbor, the worst-damaged Navy ship ever to reach port. With 432 dead and more than 1,000 wounded, ours was the greatest casualty list in Navy history.

All the way back Chaplain O'Callahan was the life of the party. He helped organize a band with

dish pans and tubs and he wrote parodies of familiar songs to keep the boys in humor. The Jewish lads aboard, who had no chaplain of their own faith, got tired of hearing the Irish boast about their padre.

"He's our padre, too," one of them declared. "To us he's Rabbi Joe, you jerks." The story got around. Years later, I received a note from O'Callahan signed, "Yours in Christ, Rabbi Joe."

Now, a decade after the disaster, Columbia Studios in Hollywood is working on a film, *Battle Stations*, based on the *Franklin's* travail and on the heroism of Chaplain O'Callahan, who'll have a fictitious name in the movie.

He's back at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he taught before the war. Three years of general combat service on carriers didn't help his health any. I hear he has suffered a stroke and is now a semi-invalid although he hopes to teach again soon. His spirits are still high, I'm told. They would be. I pray God isn't ready to let him go for a long time to come.

*Rear Admiral Leslie E. Gehres,
USN (Ret.)¹¹*

¹¹ Leslie E. Gehres, "...The Bravest Man I ever Knew," *The American Weekly*. (December 1955).

In Their Own Words

THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

I CAN TELL THE WHOLE STORY OF MY COMRADES DURING THESE PAST THREE YEARS IN A FEW SIMPLE WORDS. Those words are these – they proved themselves real Americans; Americans with honesty, courage, Godliness and fine common sense; Americans who never faltered and who may have feared, but were too proud to admit it. Many of them found God in death; others found their God with me in the simple service we were allowed to hold in our rude little prison chapel.

Yes, we lived a barbaric, cruel and often bestial existence. But we lived a life which bound each unto the other and we shared the pain and suffering of imprisonment under our ruthless Japanese captors with the same community feeling with which we are now sharing our freedom under the Army officers and men who are almost too kind to be real.

I was one of those few fortunate men who missed the Death March – I was ill, too ill to walk, and even the Japanese apparently feared to infringe greatly at that time on the Church.

But everywhere around me I saw what they did to our men. First they confiscated everything we had – our few precious remaining valuables and keepsakes, what little food we had saved aside, and, yes, even our medicines.

Not then, nor weeks later, nor months later, did they ever give us that medicine we needed so badly for our wounded and our dying.

They did everything they could to starve us, but they forgot one thing – the American spirit. Our boys had that from the start to the finish and they absolutely refused to let the Japanese crush that spirit.

Deliberately, in the first days, they did all they could to confuse us. There were frequent moves, disquieting reports which they circulated of what our

leaders were doing, propaganda about how America was about to surrender.

It achieved them no good except to create an even deeper distrust and dislike.

Our death toll at first was staggering. In the early days at Camp Cabanatuan, second only to the terrible scenes at Camp O'Donnell for savage administration, our soldiers were dying at the rate of fifty a day.

Then, in late November of 1942, we were given our first Red Cross parcels – parcels with food, medicine, cigarettes and even some reading matter which the enemy troops let pass.

Nothing was received in all the time we were imprisoned that did so much to lift our morale, to increase our confidence and to cut our death rate. That medicine meant the difference between life and death for many scores of our men.

All the officers, chaplains and doctors had to do manual labor in the fields every day, working from dawn to dusk.

Our jobs ranged from cleaning latrines to farming and wood chopping. And those who failed to meet the schedule the Japanese had set were beaten and sometimes executed.

I've seen more than one American beaten to death because he lacked both the strength and the will to

keep up the back-breaking physical labors our captors demanded. Certain memorable highlights stand out in those three years we were in captivity, but not many. In time, often in a very short time, the sheer weight of living becomes so heavy you strive to let each day pass with as little notice as possible, except for a thankful prayer that you are still alive.

I could tell of tens and tens of thousands of terrible things we saw and heard, of little events which we magnified so much at the time, but which seem so small to us now, of more of that same type of camaraderie I mentioned before.

But fortunately, while the hardships of those years will always remain, somewhere deep within us, it's the brighter things we like to remember.

For example, the wonderful kindness of all the Filipinos who willingly sacrificed their lives and freedom to bring us gifts of food or medicine.

I cannot find words to praise too highly their unselfishness, their loyalty and their friendship for us when we were representatives of what seemed to everyone but them and us, a great lost cause.

I can give the time right down to the minute when our captors knew that our cause was not a lost one. It was 10:30 a.m. on Sept. 21 of last year. We were working in the fields when that hope flew past high above us – in the form of at least 150 carrier-based planes.

We should have been beaten to death had we showed the least outward signs of happiness, but you can imagine what joyfulness seethed within.

That moment, I think, we all knew better than ever before that the Americans were on the way back to us for sure.

It was an unforgettable day in all our lives.

I like to recall Christmas Eve of 1942, also – an evening which will live in my mind as one of the great experiences of all my imprisonment.

We secured permission from the prison authorities to hold Christmas services in the fields near Cabanatuan. All the churches and all denominations were represented in that picturesque setting and 6,000 American soldiers came to that single service of belief.

I am sure God looked down on us that night and today I am equally sure that He answered our prayers.

Of course, Tuesday night, Jan. 30, was our night of redemption and there'll never be another quite like it for any of us.

If all Americans are pouring into this war the same efforts those 120 Rangers gave, individually and collectively, to rescue us from almost certain death, then I know why we are winning this war.

They did an absolutely herculean task with truly beautiful teamwork.

You just can't put into words what your heart feels when freedom – the last thing you have learned to expect after three years of prison – is suddenly yours.

What perhaps made it most realistic to me was that two friends – Lieut. John Murphy of Springfield, Mass., and Lieutenant O'Connell of Boston – were among the first to recognize me and tell me it was not a dream, but reality.

Then I knew that even though there was a long march ahead of us, home lay at the end of the road.

Our Government cannot reward too highly Colonel Mucci and his Rangers for what they did.

I want to say once again that the morale of our men the night we left Cabanatuan was the same strong, unflinching morale they'd showed throughout, and I want to say again how proud they make me feel to be an American.

How do I feel about this new freedom? It's like walking in a new and wonderful world.

*Captain John J. Dugan, S.J.,
U. S. Army Chaplain¹²*

¹² John J. Dugan, "Cabanatuan Prison Camp," *Woodstock Letters*, 74, 154-157.

In Their Own Words

JOURNEY TO MOROCCO

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1942 –FEAST OF CHRIST THE KING. 0530 – General quarters. Mass on boat deck aft at 0630, half an hour before sunrise. The altar is set against the shield of the #16 and #18mm AA guns, with crews manning them. Portside aft of boat deck, as I turn around to start the Mass, the full moon is setting in the west, a bit pale after its long trip, looking as though it needed a rest. Stray clouds drift along slowly, keeping company with the moon to make sure that she will not be lonely. They are just a handful who apparently detached themselves from their brothers and sisters and went on their own. The others have gone to parts unknown.

The winds are blowing a bit but nothing of consequence to disturb me during the Mass. Men, hundreds of them, stand in the three lanes looking at the altar – at the warships behind the king mast # 2 just ahead of the king mast along side the gunnels of the invasion ships. A strange setting for Holy Mass but one that is pleasing to Our Lord and that the men will not forget. One regret – the celebrant has to keep a silent tongue in his head when he had so much to say; an unexpected and most untimely attack of laryngitis hit the Chaplain, first ever of its kind. Printed a dope sheet to familiarize men with some necessary points. Gave General Absolution.

Lieut. Starkweather, leader of fifteen Commandos, taken aboard at the last minute. They are to cut the sub net up the river where we are to land. He tells me that the Fifth Columnists of ours have been doing their work in Morocco for a long time.

Just before he left Washington on this trip, he said goodbye to an officer who told him that he would meet him on the dock in Morocco.

Lieut. Starkweather sent one of his Commandos, Ernest J. Gentile, to me with offers to help me in any way that he could. Later in the afternoon

he visited my room. He told me their job is to cut the net silently for passage up of a destroyer; they have rubber boats with paddles on board. Hope to take charge of the net tenders without resorting to bloodshed.

Why did he sign up for this volunteer work? “I told my wife that I would give everything I’ve got; this was a chance to give. Will be doing our bit to bring the war to a close in a hurry.

I’d hate to think that my two little girls would have to live in a world ruled by Hitler and his gang. That’s why I signed up.”

Calmly he spoke of his ambitions and ideals, the long preparations made for this raid, how he used to read about such things in books as a boy, without ever dreaming that he would take part in one some day.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1942.

Today, our fourth day at sea, is fairly rough for landlubbers. Yet, Mr. Kreutzer, 2nd Division Officer, asserts that this amounts to nothing. He was crossing the Pacific once, when his freighter tried to climb a wall of water three times and slid back three times. Yet it is rough enough for us strangers to

the sea. Last night in my bunk, I smacked my head against the portside bulkhead as the ship rolled way over.

Out on deck after celebrating Mass with a dozen men receiving Holy Communion, as far as the eye can see, white horses are on the rampage. One of the ships behind is really pitching. Her keel is visible ten feet below the waterline as she rises up on the huge waves.

1200 – A new convoy of four ships join us, the battlegroup Massachusetts, two heavy cruisers, and a tanker. They flank our starboard side of the convoy, sliding along slowly, their horsepower cut down to keep company with us fellows who are making only 15 knots.

Lieut. Robbins of the Army stops me on the way out from the wardroom. Wonders if it would be possible for me to mail a message to his wife after his outfit leaves the ship. “Just in case I am ploughed under,” he says, “I would like her to have a last word, from me.” He speaks quietly of his little girl four months old whom he hopes that he will see again. He will write a letter to her also. But his problem, “What if I write, yet nothing happens and I manage to be one of the survivors of the initial attack?” He remarks that he will wrestle with the problem for a while, then let me know his decision. He is a young fellow, well-educated, who speaks in soft tones; yet through those tones runs the quiet determination that must make him a good officer for his men. I don’t like to think of him lying, a crumpled piece of humanity, on the French Morocco shore. He, like all the others aboard our ship, has so much to live for. May God bring them back safely to their own some day.

2000 – I go looking for Chaplain Tepper, a Jewish Rabbi, to obtain one of the harmonicas that he brought aboard. One of his soldiers wants to make the night loud with music. Before leaving he presented me with one of the pocketknives that

will be given as tokens of friendship to the native Moroccans. Brightly colored blankets and cloth are also among the goodwill offerings that make up a part of our strange cargo.

2200 – I go to the chart room directly behind the bridge and discover what our course has been. First we sailed directly south until we were north of Bermuda, east of Charleston, SC, then we sailed directly east, then north, then east again until at this hour we are about 800 miles directly east of Baltimore. We delayed to allow the convoys departing after us an opportunity to catch up.

2230 – Discussion in the passageway with Lieut. Gilchrist and Dr. Walker. They tell me this will be the largest number of ships ever to sail together in history. We have now picked up three subs that are riding straight ahead of us on the surface. When we start landing operations they will help to form part of the protecting screen with orders to shoot anything in sight that heaves.

Also learn from them that the password is “Bordeaux,” for our friends ashore. They speak the word, then show the inside of their hats on which the same word must be written. Practically all of our fifth column groundwork in Northern Africa has been done by Free French sympathizers.

One hour before “H” hour all the governors of Northern Africa with the exception of Spanish Morocco will be handed a letter informing them of the turn of events. They are expected to take the correct decision.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1942 – 5TH DAY AT SEA.

Mass at end of General Quarters as usual in the library.

0730 – At breakfast we learn that the new convoy has arrived. Promptly we stow the rest of the toast down the hatch, then make for the flying bridge. Then a sight! As far as the eye can see, ships of all sorts, shapes and sizes. Aircraft

“What if I write, yet nothing happens and I manage to be one of the survivors of the initial attack?” He remarks that he will wrestle with the problem for a while, then let me know his decision. He is a young fellow, well-educated, who speaks in soft tones; yet through those tones runs the quiet determination that must make him a good officer for his men.

carriers, battlewagons – three more of them; 25 more transports, innumerable destroyers and SPs, heavy cruisers, all rolling in the heavy sea. It is an impressive, awe-inspiring sight, one that never does tire the eyes. Suddenly, the formations are shifting. We slacken our speed, they cross our bow at a slight angle; we pick up speed and move out to their port-side. Our two middle lanes of ships move into the middle of their lineup and our starboard line shoots far out to form the starboard column of the entire convoy. Again, the sight is most impressive. As far as the eye can see, in every direction, ships are ploughing ahead while our watchdogs now steam alongside of us; then turn back. Then they shoot in between us to nail any sub foolish enough to try to do damage within the columns.

0815 – Quarters Commander Irwin informs us that we must all be inoculated against typhus now for those germs have no respect for gold braid.

He tells us that November 7 is the “H” day; that in this convoy he counted 49 ships and then gave up. “Business is meant on this trip and we must do our part; we will do it, so let no officer consider it beneath his dignity to grab a line that needs attention when we are engaged in the unloading operations.”

To the soldiers a letter from General George Patton is read in which the reasons for this expedition are outlined. At the close of the letter he writes: “The eyes of the world are watching you, the heart of America beats for you, God’s blessing is with you.”

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1942 – 8TH DAY AT SEA.

Today a fairly smooth sea running after the

heavy weather of the last two days. Taking advantage of the change, three planes from the four carriers astern of us put off and go long range scouting overhead. Before long their reports come back to our ship indirectly – four German submarines 25 miles directly ahead. Immediately, we strike off to starboard on a new course to avoid those who would at least try to detain us, if not permanently detach us and as many as possible from our convoy.

1030 – I continue instructions in the faith with Washington Mess Attendant. My question is “Who is God?” He answers: “God is a being who is infinitely perfect,” and I ask him: “What do you mean by infinitely perfect?” And he replies “Nothing no better.”

The one carrier that has been with us since the second day of the trip has her flattop jammed with Army planes. They will land after the capture of the airport at Port Lyautey before they start winging their way east to battle the German Luftwaffe.

Spend most of this day laying the keel for Sunday’s sermon when the men will be at Mass probably for the last time for “H” hour is 2400, midnight Saturday. It is hoped that all good Frenchmen and native Moroccans will be sleeping the sleep of the just.

Before retiring I step out on the flying bridge. A destroyer is only 50 yards off our port beam, hugging close to keep off those four subs sighted earlier.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1942 – 9TH DAY AT SEA.

I go topside after breakfast. Far off on the horizon the tankers are feeding their black gold to the cruisers and destroyers. We have slowed down to

eight knots to keep the convoy together during this fueling at sea operation. Using the glasses of one of the lookouts, I count 73 ships within sight. There are others, how many I do not know, making up the rest of our armada.

After the heavy weather of the last three days, we find the sea smooth-surfaced this morning. The planes off the four carriers astern also finally have another opportunity to go aloft to scout hundreds of miles afar for our natural enemies.

0900 – At this hour we were supposed to have emergency drills. At 0930, the tweet, tweet, tweet, etc. of the public address system sends us to General Quarters, forward by starboard and aft by port.

Contact with a sub is made by a destroyer off portside aft. Our ship shivers twice as two depth charges are dropped over the side. We sit in the sick bay, our battle station, and again the ship shivers as one more can is let go at the one who would dare approach us with our ample protection.

In the Junior Officer's Wardroom this evening we were listening to the broadcast of the Wisconsin-Ohio State football game with Ted Husing announcing. It sounded strange to hear him say: "I hope you're enjoying this game as much as we are no matter where you may be listening to it!"

We were, at the time, sitting in practical darkness with illumination provided by just one small blue battle light, for "Darken Ship" had gone into effect two hours previously. We were getting ahead of the folks back home on time with every passing day. Eventually we would be six hours ahead of them.

This evening three depth charges make things uncomfortable for subs that dared venture too close to us.

Our ship is a floating arsenal. If she is hit, the report will be that she "disintegrated."

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1942 – FEAST OF ALL SAINTS AND 23RD SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

0650 – Mass at the end of General Quarters; about 350 in attendance, 125 Communion, a most edifying sight. Very windy. God is pleased with our primitive surroundings. Overhead is the blue canopy of the sky. We have no walls broken by stained glass windows, just sterns and bows; we boast no marble inlaid floor, just a wooden deck; no fluted columns soaring aloft and carrying on their shoulders tons of masonry and steel; only a strong king post adorned with cables and pulleys and lines that are whistling in the wind.

0900 – General Service. About 200 there, including Major Dilley. I speak of Jesus Christ and loyalty to Him, the need for a man to examine the foundations of his life at this crucial time.

0330 – In the afternoon, Benediction on the boat deck aft; the first with my Benediction kit. Rosary; full-throated response by Catholic men most inspiring. Altar is placed against the side of one of the invasion boats. To the left is an AA station; men manning it over the side. Starboard are ships of our convoy, all steaming south away from the western sun that is slanting its rays on us. Three hymns: Mother Dear, Oh Pray for Me; Holy God We Praise Thy Name; Tantum Ergo. Unforgettable – men remark it later!

Jack Bennett, Notre Dame boy, 15006 Fenway Avenue, Lakewood, Ohio serves my Mass. He is one of the soldiers aboard ship. He says that he gets more of a thrill out of serving my Mass on the boat deck aft, flush against the side of an invasion boat or up against an AA gun mount shield than he did the times he served in Cathedrals.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1942.

Ship vibrates violently; four depth charges dropped by destroyer ahead of us. Later tremendous oil slick floats by our starboard side.

“Wallace Beery” Johnson, member of Naval Commando Net Party, weight 225, infectious smile, gentle as a kitten, pounds out a good tune on the piano, his favorite – Indian Love Call by Victor Herbert.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1942.

Mass at dawn; about 50 received. Our planes are flying in formation over us. THE DAY! Men give me letters to mail “just in case they are killed;” give me money to hold for them or to send home.

0900 – Soldier on deck singing as he makes his way aft – “Give My Regards to Old Broadway.”

0330 – Benediction and Rosary; 300 present.

SATURDAY NIGHT, NOVEMBER 7, 1942.

2200 – Jagged lightning behind what appear to be hills in the distance.

2400 **Midnight** – Patrol Boat – if it fires, “Blast her out of the water.” We also passed a Portuguese ship last night brightly illuminated. She did not see us; if she had, she would have been sunk after her passengers were taken off. I give out Viaticum to the Catholic men in the library after hearing confessions.

0045 – Topside, inky blackness; can’t even see my hand in front of me. Two clusters of light ashore; boats going over the side.

I stand by silently and bless the men as they start their battle operation. The President speaks four hours before we land.

0230 – Mass in library with Jack Burke present.

0315 – Topside. Cmdr. Irwin is directing traffic on the bridge.

0330 – Tea and toast.

0500 – Five French ships, merchant-men, pass right ahead of us, blue, red, green; Foudrayante Dohremy unmistakably painted on the sides.

0545 – Lieut. Starkweather sends up red cluster that shows the net has been broken and that the

destroyer U. S. S. Dallas can go up the river to the fort and then on to the airport.

0605 – Tremendous barrage of red hot steel laid down on the beach. Broken arc of red dashes against the black velvet of the night sky.

Dawn. A cloudy day. Lieut. Haile returns to the ship and remarks that the first three waves got ashore without difficulty. Commando Net Party returns to ship; net not broken. Searchlight picked them up – crossfire of machine guns nailed party down helplessly.

0740 – Shore batteries open fire on us alone; we are the biggest of eight ships with all invasion boats clustered around us like a hen with chicks – eight near misses. Wheeeeeeeeeee – then tremendous geysers; one shell right over the forecastle. We could follow the course of the shells coming from the fort on the crest of the hill.

0800 – “Enemy Bombers Overhead!” from Executive Officer.

0805 – U. S. S. Pennsylvania AA guns fire – two puffs – plane aflame, plunges into ocean, disintegrates.

0815 – U. S. S. Savannah and U. S. S. Texas pour tons of steel into the fort. Ammunition dump ashore a pillar of smoke.

0945 – Three casualties; two serious – Lieut. McCrackin and Kolfenbach, a Catholic to whom I administer the Last Sacraments when he was dying after being on the operating table for two hours. Four bullets drilled him; strafed by planes as his boat hit for the beach. “All hands to General Quarters; enemy submarine sighted off starboard beam.”

1230 – In sick bay. Depth charges rocking ship during operations on wounded. We maneuver wildly to escape subs.

1330 – We have command of the air with our planes cruising in formation over us. Topside, heavy firing shoreward and seaward. Radio man tells me last report. “Co. F reports that it is completely surrounded by the enemy.”

1630 – Six more casualties; three ambulatory.

Lieut. Starkweather of Net Party reports that “we were spotted immediately and caught in searchlights, withering crossfire of machine guns, both jetties, and then we had to run for it as the fort laid it on us also.”

Young sailors who wouldn’t wear life jackets once now all wear them; wouldn’t wear helmets either. “Enemy bombers overhead” cured them. Strange, even at that announcement, how one could be so cool, stand watching them, and go to bed at 2015 and sleep through a quiet night.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1942.

Arose at 0700. Mass attended by Commando Party in gratitude for their safe return. Day is a bit cloudy; “rainy sunshine.” We move closer, within four miles of beach. Tremendous surf crashing on the jetties, ship rolls on the swell. Fifteen more wounded. We move within one mile of the beach. Picturesque summer colony of light brown cottages with red-tiled roofs. On this beach our men landed yesterday morning.

Four men dumped out of boat as she was being hoisted in; dangerous but nobody is injured, fortunately. One man wounded in arm; was ducked once on beach, then again as he was being lifted into the ship.

Twenty-three American bombers fly over us. Last night two destroyers pour hot metal over the hills at some objective which we cannot see; arc of red hot dashes for miles.

Boat #5 spills being lifted up with one wounded man who gets ducked. Inboard guy loose. Five dumped when Penn tankers hit sandbar, then surf upended, nosed her over with men in tank.

Report on radio: “Fierce fighting north of Casa Blanca.” “That’s us,” says Perkins, E. M. 1/c.

SICK BAY CASES:

1. Machine gunned by plane before hitting beach.
2. Machine gunned on shore.
3. Shrapnel cases.
4. Concussion – Jack Bennett.
5. Man blinded in whose face gun exploded.
6. Crushed by boats against side of ship.
7. Crushed by boat broached on the beach.
8. U. S. S. Penn: Seven drowned in tank in boat nosed over by surf- heavy swell.

One man about 26 was quietly sobbing to himself. “If I can help you, I’d be glad of the privilege. What’s the trouble?” “Nothing, sir.” After a while, he said that he went to pieces under the gunfire, machine gun plane strafing and coast artillery and men crumbling on every side of him.

1000 – Commando Net Party tries again. I give Catholics Viaticum; six of them.

1015 – They shove – portside aft – pitch dark down the landing net. Just before they go, “Kneel down, men.” *Benedictio Dei*, etc. “May the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost descend upon you and remain forever. May He be with you in your mission and bring you back safely.”

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1942.

There was a knock on my door at 0400. Three men of the Party, Chief and two others. “Well, Padre, we made it.” Congratulations and then the story. Ran out of fuel first, came back at midnight to the ship, then started in again, black as coal. Tremendous surf. Got by the jetties, being carried down the river. No Colonel Henny on the dock of the fish cannery as expected. Suddenly swept onto the net; rocket guns cut steel cables one inch thick – one cut, current forced most of cable out; then cut

the other and both of the two dories at either end of them swept out to sea and they swept out after them, raked by machine gun fire from nests south of the fort and by 75mm from near the fort; shell about 18 feet long and eight inches in diameter. Green, the bowhook; Southern youngster. "Did you ever operate a machine gun before?" "No, sir, but ah sure operated this one!" (Quiet, soft-spoken, yet to shave.) Courage and bravery of these boys under fire – don't worry about American youth, one and all of them. Surf 30 feet high on way out. Boat about 30 feet long pointed bow ride up to the crest and then drop as if going over a cliff. Lieut. Starkweather lifted up bodily, flung nose first on the deck – sprained ankle, smashed fingers. River Oued Sebou. "Would rather face hell of machine gun fire than that surf again." Afraid – all of them grown men but got used to it after a while.

0700 – Destroyer Dallas goes up the river 48 hours late with 80 Rangers to take the airfield.

1030 – Seven casualties brought alongside; four brought aboard when General Quarters was sounded. First Aid station was set upon the beach, then carried out, ferried to us on ship in tank lighter. Three left behind in lighter as we got underway on sub alarm.

I stayed with a Lutheran who remarked: "I sure would appreciate a prayer." He had been wounded by shrapnel in the arm badly, in the forehead, on the left eyebrow, left hip, left leg in front and right calf. "Sweet Jesus, mercy. I offer up this suffering for you in union with your sufferings on Calvary for my sins, for my buddies wounded and lying ashore without protection or attention."

1345 – Just met Lieut. Gilchrist outside my door. He was in the tank lighter that capsized yesterday 300 yards from shore, in 30 feet of water, nosed over by 30 feet of surf. Four soldiers in tank trapped and drowned, sunk not like a stone but like what she was – a tank.

1350 – End of General Quarters.

1430 – Dive bombers, three of them, circled over target on hill, then leveled off, came in and blasted; then Texas on north and Cruiser on south poured in their salvos of shellfire.

1500 – Tug pulls alongside with two Frenchmen; name of tug – Moumein. Two family men said that Germans took them to Dakar. They jumped off the ship and swam ashore. French think they are fighting the English. Took both of them to wardroom for coffee. They asked for milk for the children. Loaded them with food and their tug with supplies for men ashore.

Situation ashore: Airport taken today at 1200. Our P 40s land; five nose over. A Major, one of our patients, was the only one seriously hurt.

This afternoon casualties started to flow back to us; lose first man, Huffstutler, from a bullet wound in stomach.

A Protestant carried over his heart a copy of the Gospel according to Mark, small copy – bullet cut through it and picture of his girl and left only a black and blue bruise. "Supply your own explanation, Father."

1800 – Dinner in wardroom, radio turned on. Englishman broadcasting from Berlin remarked that Media Beach had been captured. First mention of us at all by any commentator. Oran and Tangiers fell last night, Monday.

2000 – Executive Officer informs me that the Captain desires burial of soldier who died this evening to be done ashore tomorrow morning.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1942.

0900 – I go ashore in support boat with body of Huffstutler. Two machine guns on either side and cases for 48 rockets, 4 lbs of TNT, racks six on either side with four slots on each.

We hug the south jetty on the northern side. Swirling current and surf about ten feet high.

See tragic reminders of inexperience of coxswains with this shore; overturned lighters near the rocks. River runs parallel with ocean after a sharp turn.

We hit Brown Beach and as I step ashore on African soil for the first time I raise my hand in blessing. The entrance to the fort is just off the narrow catwalk. Off to the left is the house where temporary headquarter have been set up. I inform the doctor present of my mission and am directed to Blue Beach where a cemetery is being built. On the way up I see the roadway lined with bodies of Americans and Moroccans. Directly overhead are the frowning walls of the old sandstone Moroccan fortress that our men took by storm yesterday. After a mile and a half ride in an army jeep I met Dr. Cassedy, our young doctor, who went ashore with the medical detachment Sunday morning. He is happy to see me and all his corpsmen sing out a "Hello, Father!" They are working like slaves taking care of the American, French and Moroccan wounded. A hospital has been improvised of a large summer residence. Twenty beds have been set up and there the wounded are being attended to. I give the Last Rites to two badly hit Frenchmen who will die.

Mehdia Plage itself is a picturesque little summer resort of 154 houses by actual count. French love of color in evidence – buff, cream-colored walls, blue blinds, red and green tiled roofs.

I am told that Army Chaplain Tepper, the Jewish Rabbi, for whom I am searching is up at the cemetery just over the brow of the hill behind the town. On the way up I see three women and a cluster of half a dozen children about four and five years old. I tell Conway the bugler and the soldier accompanying me to wait for a minute while I go down and identify myself as a Catholic priest and give them some medals of Our Lady and the Little Flower. The eyes of the mothers light up at the mention of St. Therese de Lisieux.

Pass gabled house – seven gables and cone-shaped roof, along a sand road, down, then up a slight incline, a turn to the left through the short cedars, where an American flag identifies the location of seven American bodies. There is a sailor from the Anthony Cooper who is awaiting burial. He was killed when his tank lighter capsized and his head struck the side.

Chaplain Tepper is now down at the fort I am told, so I start down for the Mehdia Plage again and receive a ride up to the fort there and meet Tepper who is directing the collecting of the bodies. The fort was a formidable military installation, a steep precipice on one side and three slopes leading up to it on the other side, pitted with foxholes and trenches. Flanking its approaches are large concrete square houses with half a dozen compartments. These presented an obstacle to assaulters that was costly, as the corpses stiff, cold, and frozen in the grotesque positions of their death agony testified.

What a hideous, repulsive countenance war has. It tears the heart to see the tragedy of young faces upturned to the sky, staring with glazed eyes meaningless at the sun.

When half a dozen bodies had been collected in addition to my two boys – sailor and soldier, I started the service at about one o'clock just outside the east end of the fort by a Moslem cemetery. Along the south wall were lined the bodies. Along the east wall the graves were being dug by 50 odd Arab prisoners. They stopped, flanked me on the right, with 50 of our soldiers on my left, the bugler on my rear.

I read our prayers over them after the soldiers and Arabs and a few French have snapped to attention when the order was given them, "May the Angels lead thee into Paradise, may the Martyrs receive thee at thy coming, etc." Never shall I forget the circumstances under which I conducted that funeral service. Overhead the blue sky was cloudless,

a gentle Moroccan breeze stirred the air of a day warm with sunshine. At the foot of the hill, swinging idly at anchor, were our eight ships, Commando and cargo, while the protecting screen of destroyers and patrol craft and the battlewagon Texas kept away the marauders of the sea. Straight ahead stretched away the broad reaches of the Atlantic. Over the edge of its horizon was country, home, dear ones, for all of which these boys from New York and Michigan and Texas had died that the foul breath of Hitlerism might never come close enough to blight those near and dear to them.

Here these boys lie on the crest of this hill on which they gave their last measure of devotion. The bugler sounds taps and we have paid them our last respects. "Eternal rest grant unto to them, O Lord, and may perpetual light shine upon them. May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed rest in peace. Amen."

The simple but impressive ceremony is over and the Arabs go back to their task of digging the graves. A Catholic boy who comes up to me regrets that there was no Catholic priest aboard his ship on the way over. I hear his confession then and there on the hill.

I wander around the hill and the fort to give my blessing to men whose bodies have not yet been brought in, twelve in all. A young officer, Lieut. Sharf, is one who ate in our wardroom; a splendid young Jewish boy who wondered when he left the ship at midnight Saturday if he would see his wife by her next birthday in May. He lay where he fell, 200 yards from the east wall of the fort, dying as he led his men in charge. Inside one of the small rooms in the glorified pillbox are two Catholic boys who managed to get in alive but will be brought out differently. They are lying in their own dry caked blood, their heads horribly gashed, brain of one of them completely exposed.

Off to the west are two long trenches protecting the line of six 5" guns that lobbed shells at us

Sunday morning. One had been blasted by a direct hit. At the base of the other lay a boy by the name of Hastings from New York City. His mother, mercifully, will never know how he looked in death. To one and all of them I give my blessing. The last has a small funeral group as three sailors join me in saying prayers over a boy from Indiana. At the lighthouse one of the Lieutenants whom we carried over the ocean informs me that he will be grateful if I would explain to the Arab family in the square white house next to the lighthouse that they may stay if they wish. I tell them, "S'il vous plait, restez ici." The man of the family is grateful for the information and stops carting out their pitifully few possessions. Their mule that had given them, I suppose, patient dogged service, is dead alongside their door.

Returning down to Brown Beach we see more evidence of the murderous efficiency of the dive bombing that finally crushed all resistance.

I speak with French boys 16 and 17 years old. They say that they did not know that they were fighting the Americans; they thought they were English – for whom they have apparently only a bitter hatred and would fight to the year 2000 against them.

1600 – We return to Brown Beach where the prisoners are industriously unloading our boats of their supplies. A squadron of dead tanks roar out of the temporary garage on its way to a rendezvous somewhere.

Chaplain Tepper in charge of the personal effects of the dead boys gives me something that touches me deeply – a copy of Joyce Kilmer's "Prayer of a Soldier in France," that I had mimeographed and gave out at the last Sunday Mass aboard ship. Yes, this day will be among one of the unforgettable!

Upon returning to the ship I learned that the Armistice had been signed at 1 p.m. this morning. Thank God this needless bloodshed is over, in at least one section of a bloodstained world in which

Germans are killing Russians and English, Italians and Americans, French.

Climb up the side of the ship by Jacob's ladder hand over hand up 50 feet of landing net. Pitch dark ship rolling in the long swells swings us out away from the side and then in to it.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1942.

Unloading of ship continues. I visit the wounded in their staterooms; we have 65 aboard.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1942.

I go ashore in the afternoon to visit the American wounded in the French hospital in Port Lyautey. I step ashore at Brown Beach, arrange for transfer of all wounded – 60 day convalescent cases, beg a ride in an Army jeep to the town over the crest of a hill. The town stands out dazzling white in its African colonial setting against the white green of the surrounding hills. At its entrance soldier guards challenge us. I identify myself and my mission to the two soldiers who recognize me as off the Clymer; recently they were two of the passengers. Off down the long paved highway flanked with quaint houses of varying design – some modernistic, square-boxed, cream-colored walls, blue blinds, yellow roofs. I guess that they are, or rather most of the buildings are white to lessen the heat of the Moroccan sun. In the hospital I greet two of our boys badly wounded; one will die, the other will live minus his left forearm. I give out cigarettes – worth their weight in gold, chocolate bars, and apples; people have had a lean time these last few years.

On the way back to Brown Beach in the jeep, I espy Major Dille of the Army. We have a happy reunion for a few minutes. When we last heard of him, he was shying away from shrapnel thrown by a French shell. It was good to see him safe and sound after so many wounded. He informed me that 74 Americans were killed, about 700 French-

men and Moroccans. Their firepower could not match our rifles, more rounds, grenades, machine guns, artillery, etc.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1942.

Sperry of the Commando Party presents me with a beautiful picture of the fort. I shall always treasure this tangible evidence of their thoughtfulness. It will also help to freeze in my memory the spot where I counted 58 crosses last evening.

Lieut. Mark Starkweather, 3174 165th Street, Cleveland, Ohio (his permanent address) finds that he has a broken heel as another souvenir of his trip up the river to break the net.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1942.

Although we were supposed to start out for sea yesterday afternoon, we didn't pull up the hook until 0630 this morning.

0715 – Mass. End of General Quarters. "Where are we going?" is the question on everybody's lips. Casa Blanca is the answer to the question; again, only a guess but a good one for our ship has only one-third of her cargo unloaded and it would seem the height or the depth of inefficiency for us to carry back again all this most important material.

1210 – We sight the Electra sinking. She was one of our group which, for some strange reason, ventured out alone last night and caught it early this morning. At two o'clock we make out on the shoreline with which we have been running parallel all the way, a beautiful town – Casa Blanca, with the hills rising directly behind it. Most modern in design; apartment houses, corner windows, ten stories high, cream and buff colored buildings.

As we come in behind the breakwater we see evidence of the naval struggle that took place last Sunday, melancholy reminders of what might have been if we were only friends from the beginning.

Dr. Walker mentions that four of our transports were sunk just off this breakwater while unloading Wednesday after the Armistice had been signed.

About one hour ago just outside the harbor the sea was littered with our life rafts and sea rations; tangible evidence of something that was hit.

Tied up alongside of us and the French freighter on the south side is a torpedoed destroyer that shipped the tin fish just above her waterline. Just the other side of the little railroad, off our starboard, is a French destroyer and a battleship burned at the water's edge.

Sermon today at Mass. Introduction – eventful week, recollections of things seen and heard, impressed indelibly on the memory. Each man has his own recollections. Mine: Saturday

Mass – Benediction, Viaticum – stories – St. Mark's Gospel copy shot – Big One – Funeral Service – Setting. One thing we all share is our obligation of gratitude to God and remembrance of the souls in Purgatory.

1900 – Just back from the U. S. S. Hambleton, destroyer tied up alongside of us. It was a torpedo that wrecked one of her engine rooms, one fire room, and the electrician's room, killing eighteen and wounding six.

The four ships sunk, Adam, the fireman, tells me were Rutledge, Scott, Hughes, and Bliss – all transports. Tanker Winooski that came across the ocean with us also caught two torpedoes. Scuttlebutt has us unloaded by tomorrow night and then setting out for home once again.

RADIO PRESS RELEASE.

Churchill announced yesterday that subs hunting in packs off the N. W. Africa coast had paid a heavy price for their foolhardiness; thirteen were sunk in the last three days, five yesterday.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1942.

Casa Blanca is indescribably beautiful

in the morning sunrise. Lieut. Ellery of the U. S.S. Hambleton, moored on our portside for steam and electrical facilities, inquires if I am a Catholic priest. We make arrangements for Confessions at 1600. I hear them and then I go into the machinist's shop to bless the bodies of the three men taken out of the gaping hole in her portside that was the engine room until a torpedo hit her three nights ago at Fedela, where the tanker, the Winooski, also caught it along with the Rutledge, the Hughes, the Scott, and the Bliss.

2000 – A 150 English soldiers and merchant marines come aboard. They were torpedoed on September 12; lost 2000, 1400 of them Italian prisoners, when their ship, the Laconia, was torpedoed. Since then they have been in a prisoners' camp. Remarks: "It was music to our ears to hear the noise of your guns." "I think that this meal is all a dream after the stuff they have been giving us." "Sir, I have been in the desert for two and a half years but I never did see such beautiful dive bombing as on last Sunday morning." "One youngster, Paddy Kenny from Liverpool, is only fifteen years old; shipped in the merchant marine." "We all thank God that we are here this evening."

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1942.

1300 – We carefully nose out of our pocket in Casa Blanca Harbor as #23 on the list of ships that have been shoving off all morning. Goodbye to Casa Blanca without seeing her obvious beauty at close range; too dangerous to venture ashore. Hence no leave granted anyone.

Just before we leave the Commander calls me to pacify Raymond Colle, a French boy of 18 who is sick with anxiety about what the French will do to him if he is put ashore. He was a member of the Army that swung over to General de Gaulle. Now those who did that are being shot as deserters as quickly as they are apprehended. Outfitting him in an American coverall and soldier's jaunty cap and

putting him under the special protection of Lieut. Brooks quiets him. He will proceed to Port Lyautey where he will join up with the de Gaullists there.

I meet Major Creedon, one of our guests, and find that we have a common friend in Fr. Webb of Woodstock, England fame.

Some English were saved after their ship, the *Laconia*, was torpedoed. They would sail by day; then at night the sub would insist on towing them back to the spot they had left in order to be picked up by the French cruiser which the sub had contacted. Men aboard her who hailed the Limeys spoke perfect English. On one occasion they had to put four Italians over the side. "It was a case of either them or us." Sub apparently saw the operation, came alongside, challenged them about it, admission; the German remarks; "Good work, after all, they were only Italians."

Next an Italian sub contacted them and asked if they had any Italians aboard their ship when she was hit. "Yes; they are aft about five miles." "Thank you; do you need anything?" "Could use some water." Gave them six bottles of water and same amount of very good wine. The irony of this gesture!

The *Laconia* lost 1800 souls when she went down in about twenty minutes even though she was about 18,000 gross tons.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1942.

When daybreak comes we are well on our way out to sea with land no longer visible. Our small convoy of eight ships finds its number increased in the afternoon when three huge Army transports loom up on the horizon, headed directly for us. They are former Grace Liners, Uruguay, Argentina and Brazil; each about 25,000 tons and used exclusively for transporting troops, unlike ourselves who are combat ships.

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19 AND 20, 1942.

Sea is a bit choppy.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1942.

Sea really begins to kick up after fuelling of destroyers, one on either side of tanker. During this evolution we slow down to about five knots per hour.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1942.

0650 – Mass in Junior Officers' Wardroom; crowded with about 70 present.

1000 – General Service in NCO Mess. Largest attendance since I came on the ship. We are growing. Two the first Sunday total number of non-Catholics, then five, now eighty. I gave them a Catholic sermon without the word "Catholic."

1530 – Rosary and Benediction. I am sure Our Lady is pleased with the mixture of Scotch, Irish, Cockney and Yankee dialects making answer to the first part of her Hail Mary.

Ocean really boisterous, in fact boiling today, whipped by a 20 mile wind that we push up to 35 by our speed. Shrouds are constantly moaning; everything is securely lashed both inside and on the weather decks.

Sea is alive with white caps and waves that rise to a crest of 30 odd feet. Foam lashed off the tops by the wind forming rainbows on every side of us. Suddenly a three-decker rainbow colors the sky in the west where we could see a rain squall a short while ago.

Ships on every side rolling and pitching violently. *Chenago*, aircraft carrier, taking water on the nose of her flight deck; tanker shipping water regularly. We, I imagine, are like the ship in front of us. When her bow plunges down, her stern rises high and the propeller, apparently angry at being lifted out of her element, lashes out blindly for

the sea that wouldn't stay altogether with her and white spray is thrown five feet on all sides.

The piece-de-resistance is furnished by the Chaplain at dinner. We had been sliding a little bit in our chairs which were not lashed to the deck. Whenever we felt a move coming, we held onto the table until the roll stopped, but for this one there was no warning. Dr. Harris asked the Chaplain for the bread. The Chaplain had just finished putting a piece of white turkey in his mouth. With the other hand he picked up the dish of bread to pass it to Dr. Walker who had requested it. Then, the roll. We slid to the portside, three feet, myself and the tailman, then a long ride of fifteen feet to the starboard. All had grabbed something by this time except the Chaplain. I set sail again for the portside, holding out a loaded dish of bread in one hand trying to make a sale, and armed with a fork in the other. "Look at the Chaplain," I heard as I went sailing by the customers! Then my ride was over.

**THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1941 –
THANKSGIVING DAY, U. S. S. GEORGE CLYMER.**

Thanksgiving at sea. Catholic Mass at 0700. Standing room only. Congregation – Yanks, English, Irish, Scotch.

1000 – General Service. Congregation the same; standing room only.

Dinner. Rough sea like a street on a windy day when the snow is falling, streaks of snow everywhere, not even a blanket. Streaks of foam; combers breaking all over the face of the ocean. Spray whipped off the crests lashes me in the face as I look over the starboard side. Forty winks. Visit to the wounded. Instructions to two potential converts.

Sermon "Today, men, is Thanksgiving Day. This morning we are gathered together here to take part in a service of gratitude to Almighty God for the blessings He has bestowed upon us.

"Although at first sight it may seem that out here on the Atlantic, 1100 miles from home, our

little service is slight and inconsequential but that is not the case. It would be if we were alone but we are not. By prayer, the strongest of bonds, we are united to countless other services being held all over the globe, at home and abroad.

"At home in our own country, the memory of Thanksgiving is being renewed in every section. The day has been consecrated to prayer by our President. So in the majestic cathedrals and modest churches back home, our mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, wives and sweethearts and friends are raising their voices in song and prayers of Thanksgiving. Perhaps they are worrying, wondering how we are faring, little dreaming that their fervent prayers have stood us in good stead.

"Abroad, wherever American soldiers are stationed, on ships of our Navy at sea, divine services are being held. For the first time in history, Thanksgiving ceremonies are being conducted in Westminster Abbey with an American Chaplain presiding. Aboard ship, we too render homage to God and join with all those services everywhere. Our prayers do not ascend to the white throne of God as single, isolated fragments but as part of a mighty host of prayer, welling up from hundreds of thousands of hearts all over the world in Thanksgiving.

"As one of the Officers remarked this morning, 'We indeed have much to be thankful for.' The personal blessings that God has conferred upon us, we alone know their number. What they are is a sacred secret between us and our Creator, but we do know that deep down in the sanctuary of our hearts where we walk alone with God, where no man treads without intruding, that the protecting arm of God was not foreshortened. One and all of us can look back upon moments when we were intimately aware that God was with us, moments either of the remote or of the recent past – as recently as two months ago or two weeks ago.

"Some among you now listening to the sound of my voice looked death in the face for six harrow-

ing days and five nights in small lifeboats on shark-infested waters. Death stared at you and passed you by – for others. Others among us apparently had a rendezvous with their last hour when landing upon Mehdiya Beach and after landing upon it. Yet death stared at them, too, and passed them by – for others.

“Those of us left aboard ship know that we were enveloped by God’s protection. It was there for all to see it. Shells whined aft of us, over us, and off our foc’stle. They fell all around us from coastal guns. Yet not one hit its target.

“Now go back, for a moment, to that historic day when we steamed out of Hampton Roads on our way at last to open up the much-heralded second front. If any man had ventured to predict that we would return home with our ship intact, except for the loss of a few boats, and more wonderful by far, with our crew unharmed, he would have been labeled “crazy” for ignoring the percentages of modern warfare. Yet here we are – ship and personnel intact.

“The same cannot be said of other ships and their personnel. If I may be pardoned for injecting a personal note, I buried sailors from other ships. I have conducted funerals before as an ordained ambassador of God but never shall I forget the service on the top of the hill next to Fort Mehdiya. The Armistice had been signed a few hours before. A number of bodies were hastily collected. I faced them, the long row of them. Beyond them I could see our ship and her sisters peacefully swinging at anchor out on the broad Atlantic. The time was one o’clock. The day was beautiful with a clear, blue sky overhead and warm with Moroccan sunshine. On my right, 50 Arab prisoners of war who had been digging the graves. On my left, our own

American boys – comrades of the fallen. The age-old prayers for the dead, always moving in their simplicity began:

*May the Angels receive you into Paradise;
May the Martyrs take thee at thy coming;
May thou, with the once poor Lazarus,
have rest everlasting.*

*I am the Resurrection and the Life.
He who believeth in me, even though
He be dead, shall live, And everyone who liveth
and believeth in me, Shall not die forever.*

*Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord,
And may perpetual light shine upon them.
May their souls and the souls of all the
faithful departed, Through the mercy of God,
rest in peace. Amen.*

“Taps were sounded and when the last note had died away, the final blessing was given to our heroic dead. They lie buried on the crest of that hill looking out over the broad reaches of the restless Atlantic, toward country, home, friends, and those near and dear to them for whom they gave the last full measure of devotion. God, we may be sure, is mindful of their sacrifice. He is mindful, too, of the honored dead of our allies, soldiers, sailors, and members of the merchant marine. We pause to pay them all our meed of tribute and remember them in our prayers where prayers count most, at God’s altar.

“In the words of Scripture, ‘They had girded themselves, they were valiant men, they were ready against the morning – they had fought the good fight, they had finished their course, they kept the faith.’

“What of us? We must make certain that we, too, have girded ourselves with the double bond of loyalty to God and to country that we may be valiant men in the discharge of our duty to both, that we may be ready against the morning when the white tremendous daybreak of eternity dawns for us. We must also bend every effort to fight the good fight, to finish our course, to keep the faith. Then, and only then, are we making the best possible return to Almighty God for the blessings and favors that He has showered upon us. He will know that our thanksgiving is not an empty, hollow phrase, but a sincere, honest expression of gratitude that rises

straight from hearts of men whose lives are a living confirmation of what they profess with their lips.”

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1942

HOME, NORFOLK, VA.!!! Minus four ships that went East with us – they are now filed in Davy Jones’s locker. Thank you, Lord, for bringing us safely back again. We, indeed, have much to thank you for! Thank you, Lord, again, for a safe 7000 mile round trip.

*John P. Foley, S.J.
Lieutenant Commander, USN¹³*

¹³ John P. Foley, World War II typescript diary, 1942 – 1945. Archives of the Society of Jesus of New England, College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, MA.

In Their Own Words

BATTLEFIELD PROMOTION

THE STORY OF A SIGNAL HONOR BESTOWED BY GENERAL MACARTHUR UPON FATHER THOMAS SHANAHAN, S.J., was related recently to the Most Rev. John F. O’Hara, C.S.C., Military Delegate for the Army and Navy Vicariate, by a chaplain who had just arrived from Australia.

Father Shanahan, a native of Waterbury and a member of the class of 1918 at Holy Cross College, originally reported wounded in the bombing of Manila, actually went as chaplain of the ship “Mactan” bearing the wounded from the Philippines to Australia. On the eve of the fall of Manila, General Douglas MacArthur, Commander-in-Chief of the American and Filipino forces in the Philippines, was very anxious to evacuate all the men wounded during the course of the war up until that date. Despite great difficulties this was finally accomplished. The interisland steamship “Mactan” was converted into a Red Cross ship. A number of doctors and nurses were assembled and the wounded transferred late on the eve of New Year’s Day. At the last moment it was discovered that no chaplain had been appointed.

This part of the story has been supplied by the four Filipino nurses who are at present in New York, having come all the way with the wounded men from Australia. They were among the nurses sent to the “Mactan” to take care of the wounded in the course of the voyage to Australia. When it was discovered that no chaplain had been obtained, it seems that Father Shanahan’s name was suggested by everyone who was consulted. According to the nurses, he had been very active during the bombing of Manila, especially in the port area where the

bombing was most intense, and his name was well known to the military personnel especially of the Medical Corps. He was accordingly asked to accompany the “Mactan” as chaplain. He actually had about five minutes’ preparation for the journey, just long enough to call Father Hurley, his superior, and obtain his permission to leave.

When the trip was over and the wounded had been taken care of in Australia, Father Shanahan consulted the Jesuit Vice-Provincial in Melbourne with regard to his future duties. It was agreed between them that Father Shanahan should make application to become a regular army chaplain. This he did. The regulation papers were made out. When General MacArthur arrived in Australia he found a great deal of desk work awaiting him. Some new commissions had been held up pending his approval. In going through them he found the regular form made out but waiting his signature, commissioning Father Shanahan as first lieutenant in the army of the United States. General MacArthur read the name and then inquired, “Isn’t this the Father Shanahan who was chaplain of the ‘Mactan’?” On being assured that he was the same man, General MacArthur crossed out the words “First Lieutenant” on the commission and said, “Make Father Shanahan a captain.”

The Catholic News, December 5, 1942¹⁴

¹⁴ “MacArthur Honors Jesuit,” *Woodstock Letters*, 71, 91–93.

In Their Own Words

DARWIN'S DEAD

DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR, THE JAPANESE FLEW 64 RAIDS ON DARWIN AND 33 RAIDS ON OTHER TARGETS IN NORTHERN AUSTRALIA. From the first raid on 19 February 1942 until the last on 12 November 1943, Australia and its allies lost about 900 people.

The Courier-Mail of Brisbane, Australia, reproduced a poem of tribute to Darwin's dead, written by Father Anthony G. Carroll, S.J., U. S. Army chaplain, and read by him at a memorial service to

fallen men at an advanced Allied base. Father Carroll served as a professor of chemistry at Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass., prior to entering the service.

POEM IN MEMORY OF DARWIN'S DEAD

*On Darwin's shore our bodies lie,
And o'er our graves the soft winds sigh,
And whisper through the star-filled night,
The story of the silver blight
That struck us from a wing-blackened sky.*

*But death will never break the tie
That binds us all – we did not die
To idly gaze from some great height
On Darwin's shore.*

*Know ye who guard the slopes nearby –
Know ye who overhead still fly –
Till victory, with you we fight,
And not till then, will bid good-bye
On Darwin's shore.*

Adapted from *The Catholic News*,
August 1, 1942¹⁵

¹⁵ Anthony G. Carroll, "Poem in Memory of Darwin's Dead," *Woodstock Letters*, 71, 345.

In Their Own Words

WORSHIP IN WARTIME

IN 1944 I WAS A MILITARY CHAPLAIN AT FINSCHHAFEN, NEW GUINEA, WHERE A TEEMING ARMY BASE STRETCHED FOR SOME 15 MILES ALONG THE COAST. On both sides of the single road, built out of coral by Army engineers, were acres of tents, mess halls, headquarters, shops, offices and a hospital. Every time a six-by-six truck rolled by during the dry season, it churned clouds of white dust into food and bedding. The 33rd Division was bivouacked there, waiting for the word to move on Biak, Halmahera and the Philippines. There was also a Navy base for PT boats and a landing strip for the Air Corps.

Sometimes we saw native gangs working under the surveillance of Australians. Once in a while, a native family would come out of the jungle: Daddy striding ahead with his spear and his “Marys” strung out behind him, carrying the children and household luggage. But the base itself was largely populated by Army service troops: ordnance, signal, quartermaster.

Under tropical sun or in the deep mud of the rainy season, they struggled to empty huge crates of equipment from the States: generators, refrigerators, switchboards, artillery, ammunition, food, trucks, ambulances, jeeps, weapons carriers, motorized field kitchens, ducks, tanks and bulldozers. These were assembled for shipment to the combat areas where Gen. Douglas MacArthur’s armies were successfully carrying out their island-hopping strategies.

At the height of its activities, there were upwards of a hundred thousand men on the base. Almost all of them would have given anything to be out of the Army and back home where they would be free to pick up the pieces of an education or a career, free to walk downtown without a pass or drive a car without a trip-ticket, free to take the girl

to whom they wrote poignant letters out for an evening and free to do as they pleased rather than what the sergeant ordered. Of course, they also wanted to be out of New Guinea – away forever from palm trees and jungle rot and pestilential insects, from ceaseless, enervating heat and cascading downpours of rain.

Under such conditions, it was up to the chaplain to be more than a jovial, back-slapping morale officer. Somehow he had to counsel and exemplify patience and fortitude. He had to inject meaning into this baffling enigma called war. So when I set about building a chapel, I gave thought to its symbolism. I knew that as much as anything I might say within it, the chapel’s shape, size and furnishings could be counted on to create an attitude.

The building, therefore, was fan-shaped so that the men sat in a half-circle with their attention focused on the altar. No posts blocked their vision or impeded their awareness of one another as mutual witnesses to their faith and collaborating worshippers of their common Father. An altar table made from New Guinea mahogany was supported by two brass 90-millimeter shell cases that rested in turn on a 500 pound block also of local mahogany. Both

the Army and New Guinea were thereby symbolized by this table of sacrifice.

Candlesticks, shaped out of brass shimstock, bore the emblem of the Ordnance Department to which the men of this outfit belonged. The misal stand was made of heavy-gauge brass wire with a hammer and a wrench, typical Ordnance tools, worked into its back and crossed so as to become the Chi-Rho symbol. The holy water stoup, fashioned from a shell case, had a sprinkler with a handle of New Guinea mahogany and a head of Army brass.

The thurible was a triumph of resourceful ingenuity – a perforated jeep cylinder swinging from bicycle chains. When the Ordnance men, who worked on engines and called themselves grease-monkeys, saw and smelled the fragrant smoke rising in worship from this commonplace item of their everyday lives, they began to understand that the Mass was not a spectacle they watched, but an action in which they could have a part.

The tabernacle, measuring 16 by 16 inches, suggested the troops' pyramidal tents, which were 16 by 16 feet. It was covered with a veil resembling a tent-fly so that they might remember that "the Word became flesh and pitched His tent among us."

Looking down on this sanctuary and these worshipers was the crucified Christ, carved from rosewood by a non-professional but talented corporal. The figure on the cross was robed and crowned – a reminder that Good Friday was followed by Easter, and so the disciples of Christ may confidently look forward to rest after labor, joy after sorrow. Since the canopy was lined with red silk taken from salvage parachutes, the sanctuary, illuminated by "sealed-beam" jeep headlights, was suffused in red--the color of blood, of life, of devoted love.

The liturgy was still in Latin in those days, so I introduced an English "Dialogue Mass," but it

turned out to be a clumsy and unsatisfying arrangement. When I greeted the congregation with "Dominus vobiscum," the leader shouted, "The Lord be with you," and the congregation's response was directed to him, not to me. But it would have been precipitous at that time, when liturgical considerations were chiefly rubrical and rubrics had almost the authority of the Ten Commandments, to celebrate facing the people. It would have gotten me a reputation as an extremist, even a faddist, and in the climate of that era it might have led the congregation to think that the external conduct of worship is more important than the interior dispositions one brings to it.

We had only a few weeks in which to enjoy our chapel before the battalion was alerted for movement. However, the C.O. ordered that the altar and its appurtenances be crated and taken with us. Then, although we were service troops that had never expected to see combat, we hit the Philippine beach at Lingayen where we dug foxholes and huddled under enemy artillery fire. Some days later, when a Regimental Combat Team had pushed the Japanese back to Baguio and the area had been secured, we retrieved our gear.

But we moved so often in the following months that it was impossible to give the altar even a temporary home. When the peace treaty was at last signed aboard the Missouri, Cardinal Francis J. Spellman, the Military Vicar, came to Manila, and with 6,500 troops participating, he offered a Mass of thanksgiving on our altar set up in Rizal Stadium. Then the altar was crated once again and made the long journey through the Panama Canal to New York and then to Boston College. For a while, it served as a small chapel, but the mounting enrollments prompted by the "G.I. Bill" called for alterations that displaced the chapel.

Nowadays, the altar is the permanent centerpiece of the World War II display in the U.S. Army Chaplains' Museum at Fort Monmouth in New

Jersey, an hour's drive from New York City. This aging chaplain would like to think that the men who labored devotedly to build and adorn that altar go on occasion to the museum to see it. Where are they now, he wonders: Bill Graham, Tip Maher, Bob Hauser, Clarence Staudenmayer, Bob Car-racher, Steve Brennan, Chris Spicuzza, Len Stack, Tom Jones, Johnny Mangiaracina, Sammy Shapiro, Jimmy Scannell, Leo Spinelli, Tony Galluci, Ben Gorski...? Wherever they are, whatever altars they gather about now, may the memory of those days and of their dedicated efforts to provide a worthy setting for their encounters with the Most High sustain and comfort them.

But what happened to the New Guinea chapel itself? The last thing I saw on that morning after Christmas in 1944, when we left the area in a frantic rush for the ship taking us to the Luzon invasion, was the steep pitch of the chapel roof. In the years that followed, I wondered if it were still standing. Could it possibly have survived the termites and the typhoons of more than 40 tropical years? Perhaps after we left, the Aussies made it into a pub. Maybe the native people used it for their sing-sings. Or perhaps, it simply collapsed one night when the high winds blew.

One day this spring, I looked down from an Air Niugini 727 on the gray-green hills around New Guinea's Port Moresby and felt again the twinge of distaste mixed with apprehension that this island had always inspired in me. I had never been able to banish the feeling that there was something sinister in that atmosphere, something invisibly malevolent toward those who were not children of the jungle.

I remembered, too, the miseries of the Salamaua campaign and thought I could pick out the thread of the Kokoda Trail along the Owen Stanley Range, one of the highest mountain ranges in the world. In 1942, the Japanese, having landed at Buna on the east coast, swarmed up that trail and down the other side until they almost reached Port

Moresby from which they would have had a clear shot at Australia. But the 32nd American Division, a work-horse division from Wisconsin, and the 7th Australian Division had landed and attacked the Japanese head-on. They pushed them up, up, up, over the top again, and down, down, down back into Buna.

According to legend, Gen. Robert L. Eichel-berger, commanding the 32nd, then wired to General MacArthur: "I can spit in Buna, but I can't take it." MacArthur is said to have wired back: "You will take it, or leave your body." He took it, of course, but the price was enormous: thousands dead or wounded. The survivors endured malaria, dengue fever, scrub typhus, dysentery, psychological exhaustion and cold---they had left Port Moresby in tropical uni-forms but needed winter clothing at the summit of the range. From a purely military standpoint, it was one of the finest exploits of the war. We should never have heard the end of it if it had been done by the Marines. But the human cost overpowers the imagination. I remember Pope Paul VI pleading before the United Nations General Assembly in 1965: "Jamais plus la guerre, jamais encore!" ("No more war! War never again!")

As the plane came in for the Finschhafen landing, I peered intently at the empty harbor and the silent landscape. I was looking for something, anything, familiar. They had told me that because Finschhafen was a malarial area, it had not been developed as Moresby, Lae and other provincial centers had been. So, I had guessed, the place would look pretty much as it did when I last saw it.

When we set out from the Lutheran Mission Hospital, however, I could recognize only one fea-ture---that single road along the coast, built of coral by our engineers and now somewhat macadamized. Dr. Hershey, the American volunteer physician at the hospital, had generously loaned us his car. I had to drive on the left and use a stick-shift instead of the automatic transmission that has become more

familiar in recent years. But it didn't matter; we met almost no traffic.

We dipped into the hollow where Base Headquarters had been, but saw only thick underbrush and mature palm trees. Then we reached the level stretch where I was sure the 900 men of the Ninth Ordnance Battalion had had their tents and shops. This must be the place. This was where I would find my chapel. But there was nothing, not even a bit of old metal rusting away under the gently waving fronds of jungle vegetation. I suppose the native people had carried away whatever they could use after we left, and anything else simply disintegrated.

We stopped to explore a bit as best we could under the fierce midday sun---how had we ever done such heavy work in such a climate?---but I could not identify with certainty even the chapel site. I asked questions at a general store near what had once been the Navy Base and also at the Lutheran minor seminary but only got a wondering and regretful shaking of heads.

We drove on, but I knew we had gone too far when we reached Scarlet Beach. (The Japanese had attempted a landing there and had been repulsed with so much bloodshed that the place was given this grisly name. That is what it is still called, though the natives probably don't know why.)

We went back to search again, scanning every foot of the way. Nothing. If I had heard the kookaburra bird cawing its raucous laugh, I would have thought the triumphant jungle was mocking me. With sympathetic perception, my traveling companion and Boston College colleague, George Lawlor, S.J., sensed my disappointment. In a quiet, let's-be-reasonable tone, he said: "You fellows came out here to establish peace, didn't you?"

"I suppose we did," I answered.

"Well," he said, "Look around you."

The breeze soughed softly through the palm trees, and I broke into a slow grin. It was true. The Japanese were gone. We Americans had gone. The Australians had gone. The country belonged, as it should, to the people of New Guinea. Mission accomplished. So if my chapel had vanished, it didn't matter. I took a last look at the serene and silent bush, said a quick prayer for all the comrades, living and dead, of those days and drove back to the hospital. Dr. Hershey, with rare delicacy and kindness, thanked me for what we had done, more than 40 years earlier, for New Guinea.

*William J. Leonard, S.J.*¹⁶

¹⁶ William J. Leonard, "Worship in Wartime," *America*, (August 8, 1987). Reprinted with permission of America Press, Inc. c 1987.

In Their Own Words

A PARABLE OF REDEMPTION

I DON'T REMEMBER THAT I THOUGHT OF WORLD WAR II, WHILE WE WERE FIGHTING IT, AS JUST ANOTHER EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF SALVATION. THE CONVULSION IT BROUGHT INTO ALL OUR LIVES WAS TOO GIGANTIC. And if we had been able to grasp the full dimensions of the horror at that time – in particular the demonic things associated with names like Dachau and Auschwitz, Bataan and Lubyanka Prison – it would have seemed such a sickening concentration of misery that we could not have endured it.

It was not a pretty time to be alive. We had known the bread lines of the depression, and as the thirties drew to a close we heard Mussolini ranting in the Piazza Venezia in Rome and saw the stormtroopers goosestepping into Prague and Vienna. The lights went out, then, all over the world; it was the scorched earth of the Ukraine and the Nine Hundred Days of Leningrad; it was disaster at Dunkirk and death raining from the skies over London; it was, finally, Pearl Harbor, Anzio, and Omaha Beach.

This convulsion, they said, was the birth pangs of a new order, the kind of thing that happens about every five hundred years. But this was too cataclysmic – no new order could be worth that much wretchedness. One claps his hand to his mouth and falls silent in the presence of an evil so hideous, so enormous.

My office [86th Infantry Division, Camp Livingston, Alexandria, La., in 1944] was in the rear of the chapel building, quite adequate except there were no screens in the windows, and after dark all the bugs in Louisiana came in to see me, including some revolting specimens at which I used to stare in disbelief. Almost always I had a stream of men with problems. It had been decided, for instance,

that the Air Corps and the Army Special Training Program (ASTP) were overloaded, and many hundreds of men in these relatively pleasant outfits had been assigned to the infantry.

A more disgruntled and resentful crowd I had never seen. Some of them were in their middle and late thirties; they found that long hikes and crawling on their bellies gave them anguish in areas they had never been conscious of before. Some were kids who had enlisted in the ASTP believing that they would be sent to medical school or graduate studies. Some had highly specialized skills for which, with reason, they foresaw no use in a rifle company. Very occasionally I was able to help by arranging a transfer to the medics or the signal battalion, but for the most part all I could do was provide a sympathetic ear; they were infantry, and that was that.

There was one exception. A colonel sent for me one morning to tell me about a lad who refused to fire a rifle or throw a grenade.

“He says he’s a pacifist,” the colonel snapped. “I want you to set him straight, and if you don’t succeed, I’ll court-martial him and send him to Leavenworth.”

“Maybe he’s sincere,” I offered.

“I don’t believe it. He enlisted in the army, didn’t he? He thought he’d get a free ride through medical school, and now that bubble has burst, so he’s taking the easy way out. You think I’m hard, don’t you? Look, Father, I was at Pearl Harbor the day the Japanese hit us. I want to pay off those beggars, and I have no illusions about them. They’ve been tough and they will be tough. If we’re going to survive, we have to be tough, and that boy will have to do his part. Knock some sense into his head.”

I saluted and went out with a real worry. I respected the colonel as a man and an officer and understood his attitude, but the thing wasn’t that simple. When the boy in question reported at my office my anxiety grew. He was a blocky, muscular fellow, no sissy. He spoke slowly and softly and without emotion.

“I don’t think it’s right to kill,” he said

“Then why did you enlist?” I asked.

“They told me I would go to medical school.”

“Are you afraid of combat?”

“No, I’m quite willing to go as a medic.”

I gave him all the classic arguments for the legitimacy of a just war. I reminded him that we were being attacked. I pictured as vividly as I could the consequences of the Axis victory over us. I quoted all the theologians I knew. After our talk, feeling that there must be other considerations I had overlooked, I wrote for help to a theologian at home. The theologian’s answer, alas, was an appeal to paternalism that even in those days sounded very hollow to me. By what right, I was to ask the soldier, did he oppose his immature opinion to the considered judgment of his country’s leaders? I never asked the question. I was afraid it might be the same question that was being put to young men in Germany about that time.

We talked, however, far into the night on several occasions, and I found that I could not shake him. A very small thing finally convinced me of his sincerity. We were sitting in my office, very

late, and my lights must have been almost the only ones burning in the whole camp. The walls and the ceiling were crawling with insects, and I had been killing the most annoying of them. Then one particularly nauseous centipede landed on his arm and started for his face. Very gently he brushed the repulsive thing away and went on talking.

Next morning I reported to the colonel that I was thoroughly convinced of the boy’s sincerity and recommended that he be transferred to the medical battalion. The colonel glared at me, told me I had greatly disappointed him, and said he would make sure that the lad got twenty years in Leavenworth. But long afterward, when I met the division again in the Philippines, the young soldier was with the medics.

It was after 6 P.M. when we were dropped at an Ordnance company in San Fernando [in the Philippines with General MacArthur’s forces at the end of the Luzon campaign, 1945] where we not only got a temporary repair job done on the jeep but also wrangled a square meal and a much-needed bath. Alas, the jeep stalled twice more before we reached the outskirts of Manila, and then, because of rumors that Rizal Avenue had been mined, Fr. Ortiz took us through side streets to the gates of the University of Santo Tomas. During the Japanese occupation, American and European civilians had been interned either here or at another camp at Los Banos about 30 miles south, still in enemy hands. It was now dark, and the MPs didn’t even want even to hear of letting us in, but Fr. Ortiz’s golden leaves came in handy, and we pushed the jeep through the gates. The ex-prisoners were enjoying their first movie in three years, and it would have been difficult to pick out any individual in the crowd, so we walked on and suddenly ran into Archbishop O’Doherty, the archbishop of Manila, with whom we had a long conversation. He told us of all the maneuvering and chicanery he had to use to avoid being forced into a public approval of the Japanese regime, and

of his many narrow escapes from imprisonment in Santiago. At last I said, "Your Excellency, where are the Jesuits?"

"Father," he replied, "over behind that building, which used to be a girls' dormitory, you'll find a big chicken coop. That's where all the priests are living."

Well, in that shanty we found Fr. Hurley, the superior, Fr. Vincent Kennally, later bishop of the Caroline Islands, Frs. John and Vincent McFadden, Fr. Anthony Keane, Br. Abrams, and a number of Columbans, Oblates and Maryknollers. It was a wonderful reunion, particularly since Fr. Dugan had told us horrible stories he had heard by grapevine about atrocities involving Fr. Hurley and Fr. Keane. It was glorious to find that the stories were simply not true. There were plenty of horrors without those.

In the middle of the excitement [the liberation of Manila] a priest came up to me with his hand extended. "Hello, Bill."

I was embarrassed. "Er-hello, Father," I said uncertainly.

"Don't know me, eh?"

I looked again, but nothing registered. "I'm sorry."

"Buck Ewing!" he said.

I was staggered. The last time I had seen the distinguished Fordham anthropologist he had been a burly figure of 250 pounds. The skeleton I was talking to could not have weighed more than 90. Fr. Ewing had been looking for relics of prehistoric man in Mindanao when the war broke out and had been interned at once. The food ration, never substantial, dwindled to a thin gruel of rice and water during the last four months. The Japanese, in this case, had not been deliberately barbarous; our navy had effectively blockaded the Philippines and prevented Japanese supply ships from bringing in food – if, indeed, there was anything they could bring after feeding their own millions at home. Had

it not been for the loyal devotion of the Filipinos in the city, who threw bundles of food over the walls to the prisoners, there would have been few survivors in Santo Tomas.

The erstwhile prisoners told us how respectful the men of the First Cavalry had been when they first came into the camp, and I thought I knew why. I myself felt a sense of awe in the presence of these Americans who had undergone so much. Somehow the word *internees* (a clumsy word in any case) had always held for me an exclusively masculine connotation; I was shocked when I saw women and girls among them. And the babies! Some of them had been born inside the wretched compound; others were so young when they went in that they never knew anything else.

Fr. Ewing told us of a conversation he had overheard between a little boy and his father.

"Daddy, when we get out I'll stand in the breakfast line and get your food for you."

"But there won't be any breakfast line outside, son."

"No breakfast line? Well, how can we eat?"

All this time I was looking expectantly about, and finally I asked, "Where is Fr. Doucette?"

Fr. Doucette was a New Englander like myself; his family and mine had been friends for years. They told me he was living in another building, and Brother Abrams volunteered to get him.

"Don't tell him who it is," I said.

Meanwhile we went out to push the jeep a little closer to the shanty, and while we were at it, Fr. Doucette arrived. He peered at me in the darkness, and I had to tell him who I was. It was a most delightful meeting for us both. I gave him all the news I had from his family and from the province, and he spoke of his confinement in Santiago Prison.

Because he had directed the observatory at our college, the Ateneo de Manila, the Japanese were convinced that he was working secretly with the

American navy and had imprisoned him. Though he showed no bad effects, I suspected that he had had more to put up with than he told us about. The great loss for him, he said in his self-effacing manner, was the observatory; he had managed to remove and hide the lens of the telescope, but everything else was gone.

Back at the university, Bill and I went on listening to stories. We heard how the prisoners, first confined in 1942, had set up a government for themselves, and how they had built on the campus the shanties and the lean-tos, the only shelter they were permitted to have. Months wore on and turned into years. Hopes that flamed high at first began to burn low. But in September 1944, the first American planes appeared over the city; the prisoners ran out of their huts and cheered and hugged one another until the Japanese threatened to shoot them. But October passed, and November, and December, bringing no further raids, and hope waned once more. Then came that wonderful night in early February when the prisoners heard a column of tanks in the street outside. They thought nothing of it since the Japanese often moved their armor from place to place. But suddenly the leading

tank swung in and butted its snub nose against the campus gates, and they screamed, "Americans!"

The First Cavalry had sent in a spearhead of only 300 men, but they took the gate and swarmed in. The prisoners rushed on them, heedless of Japanese snipers in upper stories of the buildings, flinging their arms about them until the soldiers themselves urged them to go back for safety's sake.

It is probably farfetched and I shall be accused of preaching when I say it, but when I think of the Redemption, especially the Resurrection of Christ, or of his coming again at the end of time to "wipe away all tears from our eyes," as the Book of Revelation says, it's actually this story that returns to my mind. The long waiting at Santo Tomas---longer because no one could say when it would end---the perplexity, the hunger, the need to bolster others' courage at the same time your own is languishing, and then the swift, incredible release, the mad joy, the freedom, the friends, the food, the going home---it seems to me the best parable in my experience for what will happen when Our Lord returns to claim his own.

*William J. Leonard, S.J.*¹⁷

¹⁷ William J. Leonard, "A Parable of Redemption," *Company*, (Winter, 1989), 10-13. Reprinted with permission of *Company*, c 1989.

In Their Own Words

PASTORAL MINISTRY

FASSBERG, GERMANY 18 APRIL 1949. Things have been the busiest ever. To start with we have about 3,000 men on this post, and occasionally due to illness of another Catholic Chaplain in Celle, 25 miles away, I have to cover both posts in cases of crash. Sundays we have three Masses: at 0900, 1100 and 1600 hours. Mondays and Thursdays I teach in the local British school, where I have a catechism class of about six children, ranging in age from five to seven, mostly of Irish origin.

Every evening we have Mass at 5:30 p.m. and there is the usual number of converts to care for. Now they have found out I can give priests' retreats, so for the past three months I have been flying once a month to some part of Europe to give a Day of Recollection. The last one was in Frankfurt, where Bishop Muentzsch, the Papal Delegate, attended and made some flattering remarks. So it seems I may be called on regularly for this type of work also. Then we have taken on the local orphanage at Celle, where there are a minimum of 50 and a maximum of 96 children, all victims of the war and the shifting of population. I have a "Big Brother" project in operation whereby one GI takes on the responsibility of one child (or more if he sees fit) and acts as a Big Brother. Fortunately, I have the assistance of some adults in Celle who speak English and do my interpreting for me. Gradually the lot of these children is being changed due to American generosity. They now have a second suit of clothes; their quarters have been DDT'd and their flour sacks have been replaced by regular white sheets. They still need more shoes and underwear; but these have been promised.

Our latest project is a pilgrimage to Rome on the 25th of April, when 44 of our lads will go to see the Holy Father and see Rome for 3 days. On the 17th of June I hope to lead a group to Lourdes to visit the

Grotto. The trip to Rome will go in two sections of 22 each, plus a five man crew for the C-47.....Here the atmosphere is strictly pagan. The nearest Catholic priest who speaks English is either at Hamburg or Bremen – a good three hours by jeep. I try to make it every two weeks but the punishment to my aching back is starting to be just too much....

And now I must hurry off to start the 5:30 p.m. Mass. Since the mission, the attendance has picked up somewhat. Maybe when we have dependents a little nearer, it will go up still further. By the way, one of my parishoners is the film actress, Constance Bennett, a Catholic-of-sorts, who attends Mass regularly on Sundays, and every so often brings her husband, Colonel Coulter, the Commanding Officer of the post, with her. She is now planning to bring their children (two of his and two of hers by former marriages) on the post. That will complicate things somewhat, since I am now writing to someone out near Hollywood for an opinion on the status of her present marriage. If I did not have so many marriage cases to handle, my life would be fairly serene. And most of these are in the textbooks only in the barest outlines, without the complications.

Time is up...

*Thomas P. Fay, S.J.
Captain, U. S. Army*¹⁸

¹⁸ Letter from Thomas P. Fay, S.J. to Fr. Provincial, April 18, 1949. Military Chaplains (WWII) Files. Archives of the Society of Jesus of New England, College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, MA. Used with permission.

In Their Own Words

THE “PADRE” REPORTS

DURING THESE DAYS OF EMERGENCY THE WHEELS OF OUR GOVERNMENT ARE MOVING RAPIDLY ALONG THE HIGHWAY OF NATIONAL DEFENSE. The countless natural resources of the country, the many plants of industry, even the thoughts and the everyday lives of our people are being tuned to the vital work of preparedness. Our manner of national life, it is reported, is seriously threatened by death-dealing forces. That democracy, as we know it, may survive depends solely on the completeness and thoroughness of our preparation.

It is not surprising, then, to learn that the strength of our armed forces has more than doubled within the past twelve months. Each unit and organization of the army and navy has been authorized to increase the number of its personnel to wartime strength. Accordingly, the Auxiliary Bishop of the Military Ordinariate of the Catholic Church in the United States, Most Reverend John F. O’Hara, C.S.C., has appealed to the secular clergy and to religious orders and congregations for two hundred and seventy-five priests to serve the armed forces as Chaplains.

To one who is familiar with the history of the Society of Jesus the generous response given by the Superiors of the Society to the call of Bishop O’Hara was expected. Saint Ignatius in his day witnessed the beginning of a tremendous disaster. He saw the life of the Church of Christ threatened as the reformers led millions of souls away from God and revealed religion. To win these souls back to God, Ignatius founded the Society of Jesus. Four hundred years later, the Society of Jesus of New England has placed four of her sons on active duty with the armed forces. Six other Jesuit priests of the New England province who have Commissions in

the Reserve Corps are waiting for the call to duty from the Chief of Chaplains.

THE PRIEST IN THE ARMY

It is the purpose of these pages to give our friendly readers a brief picture of the work of the priest in the army. The words, “Army Chaplain,” have little or no meaning to many people. For most people who look upon the priest as a man of peace fail to recognize for him a proper place among those who carry on the work of wars and battles. It is in the Army Regulations that we find the following summary of the definite duties of the Chaplain: namely,

- a. to provide opportunity for public religious worship;
- b. to supply spiritual ministrations, moral counsel and guidance to all under military jurisdiction;
- c. to be the exponent of the benefits of religion as an aid to right thinking and acting;
- d. to foster the building of personal character and contentment by example and instruction.

The chaplain is an officer on the staff of the Commanding Officer and it is his duty to advise the Commanding Officer in matters pertaining to public religious observances and with respect to the morality and morale of the command. "In the performance of his duties the chaplain is accountable solely to the commanding officer. Ultimate responsibility for matters of a religious and moral nature within a command devolves upon the commanding officer as completely as do strict military matters." (Army Regulations). The chaplain, whatever may be his rank, is addressed as "chaplain." Yet due to a custom of long standing, the Catholic chaplain is addressed as "padre," and the non-Catholic chaplain as "chaplain." The initial grade of the chaplain is that of First Lieutenant with the pay and allowances of that grade. The chaplain may be promoted as high as the grade of Lieutenant Colonel. The Chief of Chaplains alone attains the rank of full Colonel which he retains only during his four-year tenure of office.

Such is the clear and concise statement of the work of the chaplain in the army. To the priest it is not a new message or commission; it is but the continuance of the work for which he was ordained. The priest of the Catholic Church labors for the salvation of souls, and while in the service of the armed forces the circumstances of his work may vary, the labor remains unchanged.

THE "PADRE" REPORTS FOR DUTY

On the third day of last June, the writer of these pages, a Jesuit of the New England province, reported for a tour of active duty with the Regular Army at Fort Riley, Kansas. Rich in its traditions which date back to days of the War between the States, Fort Riley is the largest Cavalry school in the whole world. Furthermore, it has been blessed many times by the labors of not a few exemplary and zealous priests.

Recalling to mind this history of Fort Riley, the newly arrived "padre" made an honest effort to give

little thought to the temperature of the warm summer day and lost no time in making acquaintance with his new surroundings. The work involved in the obtaining and the arranging and the settling-down in the living quarters brought forth a few prayers of sympathy for the 'Father Minister' of other days. Soon after arrival the chapel was visited and it was found to be a beautiful edifice worthy in every respect to be the Dwelling of the King of all kings. Under the title and patronage of Saint Mary, it was dedicated in the year 1938. It occupies a site on the reservation where for many years former chaplains and visiting priests from St. Mary's College had offered the Sacrifice of the Mass.

THE "PADRE" AT WORK

Among the first duties of the chaplain during his first days on an Army Post is the work of numbering the members of his flock. If he is to attain any evident results of his work, he must learn the names of those who are Catholic. Although the total strength of the personnel at the Fort was almost four thousand, only about six hundred were Catholic. Two Masses were celebrated on the following Sunday, and the six hundred had dwindled to about two hundred. This small number convinced the chaplain that he should make every effort to emphasize as often as possible the attendance at Holy Mass on Sundays and holydays of obligation. The fulfillment of the obligation of attending Mass has ever been considered a sign of a practical Catholic. The hearing of Holy Mass is one of the chief means of obtaining the grace of God. Since we need God's grace for the performance of good works, it is not surprising to discover that the Catholic who fails to fulfill the obligation of hearing Mass, fails also in the fulfillment of many other obligations. Excuses offered will be legion, but seldom has any soldier a reason for his failure to attend the Sacrifice of the Mass on Sunday. Only amid the most extraordinary circumstances would any commanding officer deny

to any individual, Catholic or non-Catholic, the privilege of being present at divine services.

VISITING THE SICK

During the summer months the majority of the military personnel was absent from Fort Riley. Consequently the work of the chaplain during this time was the routine work of any priest among the sheep of his flock. In addition to the Saturday confessions and the Masses on Sunday, the chaplain makes a daily visit to all the patients at the Station hospital. This is a hospital of one hundred and seventy-five beds and provides medical care not only for the military personnel but also for the members of their families. The priest who has been blessed with the assignment of daily visits to a hospital knows well the fertile field for his work as he moves quietly yet effectively among the bed-patients of the hospital ward. All types and conditions of human nature are before him, and after a few visits he discovers that a man during the hour of sickness sometimes for the first time in his life thinks of God and religion. The army chaplain who is a patient listener will hear a myriad variety of opinion concerning the entrancing subject of religion. And in the midst of it all, he will through the infinite power of God's grace not only lead the wandering soul back to Christ but also portray to countless souls their first true picture of an ambassador of Christ.

INSTRUCTION

Each month the chaplain is asked to give to the entire military personnel a lecture on sex morality. In the audience are men of all faiths and creeds. Here is a most fruitful opportunity for the Catholic chaplain to present a clear and brief statement of the Catholic teaching concerning the subject of sex. Army Regulations treat this subject from a natural viewpoint. The aim and object of these regulations in this matter are to prevent disease and to

protect the health of the soldier. The words of the chaplain should be the natural supplement of the army regulations, for he offers the true motives for the complete and proper solution of this question, namely, the teaching of revealed religion which alone explains the supernatural life of man.

PERSONAL INTERVIEWS

Because of its most tangible results a very comforting work is the personal interview between the chaplain and the soldier. It is during the time of this interview that the soldier realizes, usually for the first time in his life, that he is talking to one who has vowed to take a personal interest in him and in his welfare. Oftentimes the raw recruit soon forgets the shadows of an unfortunate background; to the chaplain he reveals his story, his thoughts, his aims and ambitions, for in the priest the soul of youth recognizes the highest and most noble things of life. The chaplain in the person of Christ stands on the same level as the young man, but before the interview is over, another soul is lifted up to Christ.

The explanation of all this is found in the proper interpretation of the circumstances which surround the young man. Accustomed to a regimental form of existence, he feels that he has been herded and like members of a herd, he feels that he must act and perhaps even think only as the herd acts or thinks. He is very likely to lose his sense of individuality. At times he may look upon himself as a mere cog in a huge machine. In the personal interview the chaplain has the golden opportunity of assuring the young man that he is an individual, that he has his own life to live, and for that reason he must be held responsible for his thoughts and actions. It is the opinion of the writer of these pages that the personal interview offers the chaplain one of the greatest natural means of accomplishing good for the youthful soldier.

CATHOLIC NEWS

On a large Post such as Fort Riley it is possible to have a personal interview with only a small percentage of the men. Nevertheless, the personal contact is made through the weekly letter which the chaplain sends to every Catholic soldier. More than six hundred copies are mimeographed each week and sent to the individual each Friday morning. The letter is called Catholic News of the Week, and in it are found the explanation of a timely truth of our faith, the program of Catholic activities for the coming week, and any items of news which may help and encourage the soldier to lead a life in accordance with the teachings of his faith. The Catholic News of the Week has been received with enthusiasm by the enlisted men, and it is the sincere desire of the chaplain that it will accomplish the purpose of its existence.

MILITARY FIELD MASS

Sunday, September the eighth, is a day which will live long in the memory of Catholics and non-Catholics at Fort Riley. The President of the United States had proclaimed the day to be a Day of National Prayer. Our observance consisted in the celebration of a Military Field Mass in the Post Stadium. The chaplain celebrated the Mass, and the sermon was preached by the Most Reverend Francis A. Thill, D.D., Bishop of Concordia. After the Mass the Bishop was the celebrant for Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. A choir of nearly thirty Jesuit scholastics from St. Mary's College sang hymns for the Mass and at Benediction. A lasting

impression was made on the minds of all who attended the beautiful ceremony.

Among the Catholic organizations on the Post we have a Holy Name Society. The men of this Society receive Holy Communion as a group on the second Sunday of each month, and attend the meeting of the Society on the second and fourth Monday of each month. The members of the Holy Name Society are almost indispensable for the chaplain, for the success of any enterprise undertaken by the chaplain is due to the willingness and readiness of these men to cooperate with their chaplain. It was possible to have a High Mass on Christmas Eve because of the earnest efforts of the members of another organization, St. Mary's choir. Because of their enthusiasm and success with the High Mass of Christmas, it has been decided to have a High Mass each Sunday in the future. The High Mass has always been considered as the parish Mass of any congregation, and at the present time at Fort Riley we have a parish which has already outgrown the accommodations of our chapel.

In the expression of these few rambling thoughts the writer has endeavored to present a picture of the position and the work of the chaplain in the Army. If interest has been aroused, it will be a reward to the writer to feel confident that prayers will bring the blessing of Heaven not only upon our chaplains and their work, but also upon the youth of our country who stand ready to make the supreme sacrifice.

*John J. Dugan, S.J.*¹⁹

¹⁹ John J. Dugan, "The Padre Reports," *The Jesuit Bulletin*. (February, 1941).

VETERANS DAY REMEMBRANCE REMARKS

THIS ADDRESS BY ROBERT L. KEANE, S.J., A RECENTLY RETIRED JESUIT NAVY CHAPLAIN, IS INCLUDED HERE since it speaks to the suitability of Jesuit priests for service as military chaplains for reasons as valid today as they were in World War II.

Ladies and Gentlemen, good morning! And, thank you for your kind invitation to celebrate this Veterans Day with you! I confess that I am somewhat surprised and humbled to find myself as a guest speaker at my Alma Mater. I am also awed by being in the shadow of this venerable library where, as an undergraduate, I spent so many hours sleeping in the over-heated book stacks! Nonetheless, it is both a privilege and a pleasure for me to join you today to acknowledge the generations of women and men who have served in the Armed Forces of our nation, many of them graduates of Boston College. Their dedication, courage and selflessness deserve our profound respect and our lasting gratitude.

I have been asked to speak to you this morning about Catholic military chaplains and, in particular, about the suitability of Jesuit priests for this very unique ministry. I do so from the perspective of Navy chaplains who minister primarily to Sailors and Marines. However, I trust that my Jesuit brothers currently serving as Army and the Air Force chaplains would concur with my observations. For the record, let me say that I address you today not as an official representative of the Department of the Navy, or of the Archdiocese for the Military Services, USA. I am but a retired Navy Chaplain who is honored to have been a member of both organizations for more than two decades. Hence, I, alone, am responsible for these remarks.

Military chaplaincy is nothing new to the Society of Jesus. Our founder, Saint Ignatius Loyola, himself a soldier, was undoubtedly on the receiving end of the priestly ministry of dedicated chaplains. His successor as Superior General of the Society of Jesus, Diego Laynez, once served as a chaplain to Spanish naval forces in a raid on Tripoli in 1550. Closer to home in both time and space, Father John McElroy, the revered founder of Boston College, served for ten months as a chaplain to American Army personnel in 1846-1847 during the Mexican American War. He did so, I might add, at the age of 64!

At the close of World War II, 246 American Jesuit priests were serving as military chaplains. Fifty-four were members of the New England Province, and 18 of them came from the ranks of the Boston College faculty. One chaplain, Fr. Daniel J. Lynch, holds the distinction of being the only Jesuit to have served in both World Wars! Another former faculty member, Fr. Joseph Timothy O'Callahan, is the first Navy Chaplain to be awarded the Medal of Honor for his heroic actions aboard USS FRANKLIN in the Western Pacific. Over all, from 1918 to the present, 67 New England Province Jesuits have served our nation as military chaplains. Today only one New England Province Jesuit remains on active duty: Father John Monahan, who is at the Coast Guard Air Station at Kodiak, Alaska.

I began my own active duty service in the Navy at an age by which many others had already retired – though I was not as old as Fr. McElroy! In the late 1980’s you would have found me as a college chaplain and an instructor in the modern language department at that other educational institution in Worcester whose name we do not mention on the Heights. Shortly after the school year began my supervisor asked me to reach out to the Midshipmen of the Navy ROTC Unit on campus. Many months later an unexpected conversation with the Commanding Officer set in motion a sequence of events that I had never foreseen. Acquiescing to his request that I at least think about becoming a Navy chaplain, I researched the issue thoroughly, as any good Jesuit would do. And I consulted with several priest-chaplains with whom I was acquainted. They spoke very enthusiastically about their ministry and stressed the desperate shortage of Catholic priests in the military. At that time, my Jesuit Community had fifty-one priests. I reasoned that they would likely not miss one. So, I decided to volunteer for the naval service.

My first challenge was to convince my Jesuit superior that this plan was a really good idea. Church authorities are notoriously reluctant to allow priests to go off to serve in the military. They fear we won’t ever return to our dioceses or religious communities. Suspecting that I would be fighting an up-hill battle, I mounted a deliberate, phased campaign aimed at persuading Father Bob Manning, my Jesuit Provincial, to grant me permission to become a Navy chaplain. In our initial meeting in his office we had a cordial conversation, which he concluded in a very non-committal fashion. He simply suggested that we both pray more about the matter. While driving home, I reflected on our visit and, specifically, his response to my request. Though not lacking an appreciation for the importance of prayer, I quickly came to the conclusion that the

Holy Spirit might benefit from a little assistance from yours truly.

So, several weeks later I took a five by seven index card and wrote: “Dear Bob, Reason Number One why you ought to let me join the Navy.” I stated my case very simply, mailed it, and waited for his response. The Provincial replied exactly as I expected—on the back of the very same index card. The next month I followed up with Reason Number Two, and a month later, Reason Number Three. I seem to recall that we reached Reason Number Eight or Nine before he finally capitulated—slain by the Spirit, if not my persistence. Although Fr. Manning has long since gone home to God, I can well imagine that he is still enjoying a good laugh over my unusual, if not persuasive, tactics.

I now look back on my twenty-three years, two months and sixteen days of naval service and wonder where the time went. Those years were filled with marvelous opportunities for priestly ministry, and with countless situations in which peoples’ lives were enriched by the practice of their Catholic faith. I sailed all around the world, landed on six continents, and visited many of the holiest shrines and religious sites so important to our Faith.

Many times I have been asked: “What was your favorite duty station?” Truthfully, I never know precisely how to respond to that question. In God’s good providence every one of my tours of duty was richly rewarding and exceedingly enjoyable—but not for the reasons I have just listed. The primary source of my satisfaction was always the people: the service men and women, and their families, with whom I served and to whom I was sent to minister as a priest and a chaplain.

I cannot find the words to describe adequately how extraordinary are these young men and women who volunteer to serve our nation. They repeatedly endure cramped quarters, long deployments, physi-

cal rigors, long separations from their families, uncertainty, fatigue, constant change, economic hardship and real danger in order to honor their enlistment or commissioning oaths. I stand in awe of their courage and dedication. Their ingenuity, creativity, and initiative humble me. Their selfless commitment to each other and to their mission is nothing less than inspiring. It is patriots such as these whom our nation honors today. We owe them our profound gratitude and unrelenting admiration and respect.

The exercise of priestly ministry in the Armed Services is intensely personal. As chaplains, we witness marriages, baptize babies, hear confessions, anoint the sick and dying, and share grief and suffering in moments of disappointment, confusion, sickness and death. Names and faces are forever embedded in our memories. For example, my very first military funeral was that of CPL Robert J. Murphy, USMC who died in a training accident at Fort Ord in California. Mid-career, I was called to the Pentagon war zone on the evening of 9-11. Two days later I was ordered to the White House where I joined a team of psychologists and clergy providing counseling to the household staff and to workers in the Executive Office Building. In the weeks that followed 9-11, I conducted seven funerals or memorial services for Naval Academy graduates, including one for my former shipmate, CDR Pat Dunn, with whom I served in the Sixth Fleet. Shortly after arriving at my final duty station at Quantico, Virginia I laid my own nephew to rest in Section 60 of Arlington National Cemetery.

Unlike civilian pastors who are accustomed to greeting their flock at the doors of the church, we chaplains go out and forward with our units: we train with them, deploy with them, get cold, wet, tired and dirty with them. The camaraderie that arises from those experiences builds a bond and a trust which eventually open all sorts of doors for

pastoral ministry. To paraphrase Pope Francis, when chaplains return to garrison after a field exercise, we definitely smell like the sheep of our flock!

Many people have seemed surprised to see or hear of a Jesuit in uniform. I usually explain to them that a Jesuit in the military chaplaincy is actually perfectly consistent with our history and our spirituality. As you know, our founder, Ignatius of Loyola, was himself a soldier. In founding the Society of Jesus he borrowed from his own life's experiences in order to better orchestrate the ministries of his early companions. Hence, military service and religious life within the Society of Jesus have much in common, and not by coincidence.

So, with this in mind, please allow me now to share with you six reasons why I believe Jesuits are especially well-suited to serve as military chaplains

(1) First, Ignatius states that it is according to our Jesuit vocation to travel to the farthest corners of the earth where there is hope of greater service to God and of help to souls. Consequently, from the very earliest days of our novitiate training, we Jesuits are expected to be available to serve wherever we are needed and sent. Though many of us labor in venerable institutions such as Boston College, Ignatius did not want us to be tied down by these commitments, but rather to be highly mobile and ready to go at a moment's notice wherever the need was determined to be greater. Thus, the entire world is our mission field. So, crisscrossing the globe as I have done for twenty-three years would probably not surprise Ignatius in the least. In fact, I hope it would please him immensely.

(2) Second, Jesuits are missionaries. We go to unfamiliar places to share the message of Jesus Christ both in word and in deed. Throughout history we have adapted our forms of ministry in order to better meet the needs of people, sometimes with great success, and at other times to the chagrin of those watching our innovations. In my first letter to

Fr. Manning I described to him how I had come to identify strongly with the sixteenth-century Italian, Jesuit missionaries who were admitted to the imperial court of China. I, like they, had to learn to speak a new language (called acronyms), to wear different clothing (called uniforms), to adapt to unfamiliar social customs (called military protocol), and to live among people whose priorities and experiences were often very different from my own.

When I first joined the Navy the culture shock which I experienced was disorienting, to say the least. The only knowledge I had of military life came from old John Wayne movies and from a few history books I had read along the way. Like many World War II veterans, my own father, who was injured in the Battle of the Bulge, never ever spoke of his wartime experiences. Hence, it came as no surprise to me that I had much to learn at my first duty station from my teachers: the United States Marines. One of their favorite expressions is “Improvise, Adapt, and Overcome!”— an expression that I found very practical, and “motivating”, as Marines like to say.

I recall early in this tour of duty going once again to consult with the Battalion Executive Officer about some matter of importance. As usual, the X.O. was harried and busy. Despite the fact that his desk faced the doorway, he never looked up from the thick stack of papers before him. Recognizing my voice, he simply barked: “Yes, chaplain, what is it?” I thought to myself in a moment of frustration: “What do I have to do to get this man’s attention?” To this day I don’t know what possessed me, but spontaneously I knelt down in front of his desk and kept talking. The X.O. soon recognized that my voice was no longer coming from high above him but rather was at his eye level. Completely startled, he looked up in almost total disbelief, speechless. At that very moment, I thought: “Ah, ha, I’ve got him!”

From then on, every time I went to see the X.O. he instantly gave me every bit of his undivided at-

tention. You see, the real issue was not that I was so important or the matter at hand so urgent. Rather, it was that he knew that every person who passed by his open door would want to know why the X.O. had the battalion chaplain down on his knees!

Learning new tricks and adapting to unfamiliar surroundings are behaviors not unknown to Jesuit missionaries.

(3) Third, Jesuits are called to labor for the good of souls in an ecumenical environment. The Navy introduced me to a world far apart from the Boston, Irish Catholic cocoon in which I grew up. There I occasionally encountered harsh stereotypes or ill-informed misconceptions about the Catholic Church. Once I was caught completely off guard while speaking with a younger chaplain who had never in his life ever met or spoken with a Catholic priest. I was an entirely new challenge for him, and he for me. Over the years I have learned to appreciate more and more the world-wide, historical and theological perspectives which we Jesuits develop due to our extensive education and training. This provides a tremendously useful resource in demystifying the Church in the eyes of others. The Navy Chaplain Corps’ motto, “Cooperation Without Compromise”, speaks well to the manner in which military chaplains work closely together on a daily basis while never sacrificing their own religious identities.

(4) Fourth, Ignatius expected his followers to go wherever the need was determined to be the greatest. Currently, the Department of Defense has a total of 234 active duty priests serving approximately 1.8 million Catholics, that is, military personnel, family members, and American diplomatic and federal employees laboring overseas in 134 countries. Military priests deploy with their units, as well as serve personnel at 220 military installations in 29 countries. Today approximately 25% of all military members identify themselves as Catholic, and yet only 8% of all military chaplains are Catholic. So,

given these statistics, I think it is safe to say that the need for priestly ministry among our military services is very great indeed. A soldier himself, Ignatius would certainly be sympathetic to Jesuits stepping forward to assist with this need.

I want to mention in passing that the Archdiocese for the Military Services is also responsible for providing pastoral ministry to the Catholic patients of 153 Veterans Affairs Medical Centers throughout the country. A number of “civilian” Jesuits have served faithfully at these centers as chaplains to our veterans. God bless them for their dedication and service!

(5) Fifth, Jesuits are, by vocation, evangelizers and teachers. Within the military community there are many, appropriate venues in which we chaplains can speak the Good News. We do so in a comparatively subdued manner, but our presence as chaplains affords us the opportunity to share the Catholic faith with any who ask. This is particularly important in light of some of the alarming statistics of our times. The Pew Research Center’s Forum on Religion and Public Life issued a study not too long ago that indicates that approximately one-third of all Americans under the age of twenty-five claim no specific religious affiliation or identity of any sort. And 88% of them say that they are not actively seeking an affiliation. They are colloquially referred to as “Nones”—spelled “n-o-n-e-s”—since they have no religious preference—none at all. 74% of these “Nones” were initially raised in some faith tradition which they subsequently abandoned. More to the point, among our young, military service members these “Nones” comprise the single, fastest-growing religious profile on record. Jesuits have a long history of going to the “unchurched”, living among them, and sharing the faith with any spiritual pilgrims whom they meet. This, too, seems to be another good reason to have Jesuit military chaplains!

(6) Finally, the ministry of priests in the military is dedicated to sustaining the spiritual lives of all Catholics. However, our presence is especially helpful to those individuals who are discerning a call to religious life or to the priesthood. Military personnel are generous people who have a mind-set of service. Hence, transitioning from the Armed Services to a life of dedicated service within the church is not all that dramatic or even uncommon. One of my former shipmates is now a cloistered nun in Colorado. Six men with whom I once served are either currently preparing for ordination to the priesthood or are already serving in various dioceses or religious orders throughout the United States. One of them even became a Jesuit! Just last month, at that other college whose name I did not mention earlier, I ceremonially commissioned a Jesuit scholastic (or seminarian) as a Navy Chaplain Candidate. He is presently a student here at the School of Theology and Ministry and he hopes to serve on active duty once he has completed his Jesuit training. That will be about seven years from now – we Jesuits are notoriously slow students!

It is a commonly-accepted statistic that approximately ten percent of priests in the United States have previously served in the Armed Forces. So, we know that there are priestly vocations in the ranks. There definitely are individuals who are considering separating from the military in order to serve the Church in the priesthood or in religious life. Having priests in uniform to direct, counsel and advise these potential vocations is critical to their spiritual well-being. Meeting that need is certainly something that we Jesuits can do well, along with the many other, fine diocesan and religious order priests who are currently serving as chaplains.

So, in closing, let me say that I firmly believe that the military chaplaincy offers a very suitable venue in which Jesuit priests can and should be present. As a Church, we have an obligation to

provide pastoral care and sacramental ministry to those in uniform. As Jesuits, we have a spirituality and a perspective on ministry which prepare us well to serve in these extraordinary circumstances. I was very pleased and proud to have served as a Navy chaplain. And, although that ministry required me to live alone for twenty-three years, I always felt very much a part of my Jesuit community, no matter where in the world I happened to be. Thanks to my Jesuit superiors who consistently and enthusiastically reaffirmed this assignment, I was richly blessed in ways that I could never have imagined.

I am very grateful to our Jesuit Provincials who are mindful of the spiritual needs of our men and women in uniform. Despite the increasing shortages of manpower in our own institutions and apostolates, they have generously provided Jesuit priests who supply pastoral care for those in the military. Currently we have two Jesuits on active duty in the Navy, one in the Air Force, and one in the Army. There are also two Jesuits serving in the Air Force Reserve, one each in the Army Reserve or National Guard, and one in the Navy Reserve. The latter is Bishop Michael Barber, who is the new Ordinary of the Diocese of Oakland, CA. Yes, a Jesuit, Bishop, Navy Chaplain!

In appreciation of the ministry of these Jesuit priests, I leave with you with these words of Fleet Admiral Chester W. Nimitz:

“By his patient, sympathetic labors with men day in, day out, and through many a night, every Chaplain I know contributed immeasurably to the moral courage of our fighting men. None of this effort appears in the statistics. Most of it was necessarily secret between pastor and his confidant. It is for that toil in the cause both of God and country that I honor the Chaplain most.”

Ladies and gentlemen, please pray for the 234 priests who are currently on active duty in the Armed Services. They labor every day in the face of tremendous challenges and ever-increasing, urgent pastoral concerns.

Please pray also for our Wounded Warriors who struggle each day with the burdens of frail health and physical challenges and limitations. They have sacrificed much of themselves for our nation. In every way possible we need to support them, and their families and friends who provide them with assistance on a daily basis.

Today our nation pauses to remember all who have served in the Armed Forces of the United States. These veterans – you veterans – have earned our admiration and profound gratitude for your singular selflessness and devotion to duty. We can never thank you enough, but may our words and our presence here this morning stand in testimony of our appreciation for your generous and courageous service.

Thank you, and God bless you all!

Robert L. Keane, S.J., 2013²⁰

²⁰ Robert L. Keane, S.J., “Veterans Day Remembrance Remarks,” Thirteenth Annual Veterans Remembrance Ceremony, Boston College, November 11, 2013.

Afterword

DURING WORLD WAR II BETWEEN DECEMBER 1941 AND 1945 SOME 16 MILLION AMERICANS SERVED IN THE ARMED FORCES. OF THESE 416,000 GAVE THEIR LIVES AS THE UNITED STATES WAGED WAR IN THE EUROPEAN AND PACIFIC THEATERS. More than 8,000 Chaplains of all denominations served side by side with the men and women in this deadliest military conflict in history.

“**T**hey held religious services for soldiers and sailors and preached to them. They counseled and advised those who sought help. They were everywhere they deemed their presence to be necessary – in battle, that meant with the combat troops, and there the chaplain often acted above and beyond the call of duty. Under hostile fire, they risked their lives. (Seventy Catholic Chaplains died in World War II.) They sought the wounded, the dying, and the dead who lay exposed and helpless. They succored them, rescued them, brought them back to medical aid stations, and prayed over them. They buried bodies and wrote to the families of the deceased.”²¹ “In combat, every chaplain experienced the same terrors – the threat of sudden annihilation or severe

injury, the death of one’s closest companions – the same crushing burden of labor, and hardships of weather and terrain. At the same time, chaplains who remained in the United States during all of the war (many of whom resented having to stay at home while ‘the boys’ were suffering overseas) suffered boredom and frustration.”²²

Although but a small percentage of the total number of Chaplains, the records of military service, the citations and awards, and the inspiring stories of New England Province Jesuits recounted here capture the shared experience of the whole and remind us that we must not forget with the passage of time the sacrifices they, together with millions of their fellow Americans, so generously made to keep our Nation free.

²¹ Donald F. Crosby, *Battlefield Chaplains*. (Lawrence, KS, University of Kansas Press, 1994), xi-xii.

²² *Ibid.*, xxiv.

Appendices

- New England Province Military Chaplains, 1918–2014

- New England Province Military Chaplains, Number by Year, 1942–2014

- New England Province Military Chaplains, Post World War II

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE MILITARY CHAPLAINS, 1918 – 2014

NAME	RANK	BRANCH	YEARS	AWARDS	STATUS AS OF 2014
Barry, John L.	Major	Army	1945–1946 1951–1970	Bronze Star, Purple Heart	Died 1987
Bonn, John L.	Lieutenant	Navy	1943–1946		Died 1975
Boylan, Bernard R.	Lieutenant	Navy	1943–1946	Navy and Marine Corps Medal	Died 1978
Brennan, Thomas A.	Captain	Army	1945–1946		Died 1967
Brock, Laurence M.	Lieutenant Colonel	Army	1941–1946	Legion of Merit	Died 1989
Burke, William J.	Lieutenant Commander	Navy	1975–1984		Died 1989
Carroll, Anthony G.	Major	Army	1940–1946		Left SJ 1950
Clancy, John L.	Major	Army	1937–1946		Died 1984
Cleary, Hebert J.	Lieutenant	Navy	1970		Living
Coleman, Jeremiah F.	Captain	Army	1944–1946 1951–1952		Died 1961
Connors, J. Bryan	Captain	Army	1944–1946		Died 1970
Curran, Joseph P.	Captain	Army	1944–1946		Left SJ 1959
DeStefano, Neal J.	Lieutenant Commander	Marines	1987–1997		Left SJ 1998
Devlin, John F.	Captain	Army	1944–1946		Died 1981

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE MILITARY CHAPLAINS, 1918 – 2014 (CONT)

NAME	RANK	BRANCH	YEARS	AWARDS	STATUS AS OF 2014
Dolan, James J.	Major	Army	1940–1946	Bronze Star	Died 1952
Doody, Michael J.	Lieutenant Commander	Navy	1942–1946		Died 1988
Duffy, William J.	Captain	Army	1944–1946		Died 1998
Dugan, John J.	Major	Army	1936–1946 1948–1953	Bronze Star, Army Commendation Ribbon	Died 1964
Dunn, Raymond V.	Lieutenant	Navy	1966		Left SJ 2001
Farrelly, Peter T.	First Lieutenant	Army	1957–1977		Died 1999
Fay, Thomas A.	Lieutenant Commander	Merchant Marine	1942–1945		Died 1969
Fay, Thomas P.	Captain	Army	1944–1946 1948–1949	<i>Benemerenti</i> Medal	Died 1988
Finnegan, Bernard J.	Commander	Navy	1945–1946 1950–1957		Died 1979
Foley, John P.	Lieutenant Commander	Navy	1942–1946		Died 1995
Gallagher, Frederick A.	Commander	Navy	1942–1946		Died 1964
Geary, James F.	Captain	Army	1944–1946		Died 1980
Hennessey, Thomas P.	Lieutenant Colonel	Army	1943–1948 1951–1968	Bronze Star	Died 1978
Howard, Edward F.	Captain	Army	1969–1971		Living

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE MILITARY CHAPLAINS, 1918 – 2014 (CONT)

NAME	RANK	BRANCH	YEARS	AWARDS	STATUS AS OF 2014
Hurld, John L.	Captain	Army	1952–1970		Died 1970
Huss, Harry L.	Captain	Navy	1942–1946		Died 1976
Keane, Robert L.	Captain	Navy	1990–2012	Navy Commendation Medal (4), Meritorious Service Medal (3)	Living
Kelleher, John J.	Majot	Army	1944–1964		Died 1964
Kenealy, William J.	Lieutenant Commander	Navy	1943–1946		Died 1974
Kennedy, Walter E.	Major	Army	1944–1946		Died 1966
King, George A.	Major	Army	1942–1946		Died 1965
Leonard, William J.	Captain	Army	1944–1946		Died 2000
Long, John J.	Lieutenant Colonel	Army	1942–1946 1947–1956		Died 1964
Lynch, Daniel J.	Brigadier General	Army	1918–1919 1941–1942	Purple Heart	Died 1952
Lyons, John F.	Captain	Army	1944–1947		Left SJ 1952
MacDonald, Francis J.	Lieutenant Commander	Navy	1942–1946		Died 1979
MacLeod, Harry C.	Lieutenant Commander	Navy	1942–1946		Left SJ 1951
McCauley, Leo P.	Lieutenant Commander	Navy	1943–1946		Died 1993

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE MILITARY CHAPLAINS, 1918 – 2014 (CONT)

NAME	RANK	BRANCH	YEARS	AWARDS	STATUS AS OF 2014
McLaughlin, James D.	Lieutenant Commander	Navy	1943–1946		Died 1977
Mellet, Robert C.	Captain	Navy	1963–1987		Died 1990
Monahan, John C.	Lieutenant	Navy	2006–		Active
Morgan, Carl H.	Captain	Army	1945–1954		Left SJ 1954
Murphy, Francis J.	Captain	Army	1945–1948		Died 1995
Murphy, George M.	Major	Army	1938–1946	Army Commendation Medal	Died 1971
Murphy, Paul J.	Lieutenant	Navy	1944–1946		Died 1990
O’Brien, Vincent deP.		Maritime Service	1945		Died 1987
O’Callahan, Joseph T.	Commander	Navy	1940–1946	Medal of Honor, Purple Heart	Died 1964
O’Connor, Daniel F.X.	Lieutenant Commander	Navy	1942–1946		Died 1958
O’Keefe, Leo P.	Captain	Army	1944–1946		Died 1991
Passero, Ernest F.	Commander	Navy	1974–1992	Navy Commendation Medal (2), Navy and Marine Overseas Ribbon	Living
Reardon, Charles J.	Captain	Army	1944–1946		Died 1991

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE MILITARY CHAPLAINS, 1918 – 2014 (CONT)

NAME	RANK	BRANCH	YEARS	AWARDS	STATUS AS OF 2014
Roddy, Charles M.	Captain	Army	1943–1946		Died 1967
Rooney, Richard L.	Captain	Army	1944–1946		Died 1977
Ryan, Daniel F.	Captain	Army	1943–1946		Died 1970
St. John, John D.	Colonel	Army Air Force	1942–1946 1949–1965	Bronze Star Air Force Commendation Medal (2)	Died 1992
Shanahan, Joseph P.	Lieutenant	Navy	1944–1946		Left SJ 1950
Shanahan, Thomas A.	Lieutenant Colonel	Army	1942–1946	Bronze Str	Died 1963
Shea, Richard G.	Captain Major	Army Air Force	1942–1946 1951–1956		Died 1984
Sheridan, Robert E.	Major	Army	1942–1946	Army Commendation Medal	Died 1978
Smith, Lawrence C.	Lieutenant Commander	Marines	1989–2003		Living
Stinson, William M.	First Lieutenant	Army	1918–1919		Died 1935
Stockman, Harold V.	Lieutenant Commander	Navy	1943–1948		Died 1962
Sullivan, Francis V.	Commander	Navy	1942–1946		Died 1972
Travers, David O.	Commander	Navy	1977–1996		Living

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE MILITARY CHAPLAINS, NUMBER BY YEAR

YEAR	NUMBER	YEAR	NUMBER
1942	8	1957	6
1943	21	1958	6
1944	32	1959	6
1945	49	1960	7
1946	54	1961	6
1947	7	1962	7
1948	6	1963	7
1949	6	1964	7
1950	6	1965	6
1951	10	1966	5
1952	11	1967	5
1953	9	1968	5
1954	9	1969	5
1955	8	1970	3
1956	6	1971	2

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE MILITARY CHAPLAINS, NUMBER BY YEAR (CONT)

YEAR	NUMBER	YEAR	NUMBER
1972	2	1987	3
1973	3	1988	4
1974	3	1989	5
1975	4	1990	5
1976	5	1991	5
1977	4	1992	4
1978	3	1993	4
1979	4	1994	3
1980	4	1995	4
1981	4	1996	3
1982	4	1997	2
1983	4	1998	2
1984	3	1999	2
1985	3	2000	1
1986	4	2001	1

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE MILITARY CHAPLAINS, NUMBER BY YEAR (CONT)

YEAR	NUMBER	YEAR	NUMBER
2002	1	2009	2
2003	1	2010	2
2004	1	2011	2
2005	2	2012	1
2006	2	2013	1
2007	2	2014	1
2008	2		

NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE MILITARY CHAPLAINS, POST WORLD WAR II

CHAPLAIN	NUMBER OF YEARS SERVED
John J. Kelleher, S.J. (Army)*	1944–1964
John D. St. John, S.J. (Air Force)*	1949–1965
Bernard J. Finnegan, S.J. (Navy)*	1950–1957, 1961, 1965
John L. Barry, S.J. (Army)*	1951–1970
Thomas P. Hennessey, S.J. (Army)*	1951–1968
John L. Hurd, S.J. (Army)	1952–1970
Peter T. Farrelly, S.J. (Army)	1957–1977
Robert C. Mellett, S.J. (Navy)	1963–1987
Raymond V. Dunn, S.J. (Navy)	1966
Edward F. Howard, S.J. (Army)	1969–1971
Herbert J. Cleary, S.J. (Navy)	1970
Ernest F. Passero, S.J. (Navy)	1974–1992
William J. Burke, S.J. (Navy)	1975–1984
David O. Travers, S.J. (Navy)	1977–1996
Neal J. DeStefano, S.J. (Marines)	1987–1997
Lawrence C. Smith, S.J. (Marines)	1989–2000
Robert L. Keane, S.J. (Navy)	1989–2012
John C. Monahan, S.J. (Navy)	2006–

* Also served in World War II

Photo Gallery

NEW ENGLAND JESUIT CHAPLAINS – WORLD WAR II,
Weston College, August 21, 1946



PHOTO: Archives of the Society of Jesus of New England, College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, MA

TOP ROW: ARMY: John F. Devlin (Captain), Walter E. Kennedy (Captain), Anthony G. Carroll (Major), Harry L. Huss (Major), Charles J. Reardon (Captain), Thomas A. Brennan (Captain), William J. Duffy (Captain), John J. Long (Lt. Col.)

3rd ROW: ARMY: George A. King (Major), Robert E. Sheridan (Captain), Daniel R. Ryan (Captain), Thomas P. Fay (Captain), Thomas A. Shanahan (Lt. Col.), John L. Clancy (Major), Leo P. O’Keefe (Captain), John L. Barry (Captain), J. Bryan Connors (Captain), Thomas P. Hennessey (Captain)

2nd ROW: NAVY: Frederick A. Gallagher (Captain), Francis J. MacDonald (Lt. Cmdr.), Joseph P. Shanahan (Lieut.), Leo P. McCauley (Lt. Cmdr.), Daniel F.X. O’Connor (Lt. Cmdr.), William J. Kenealy (Lt. Comdr.), Bernard R. Boylan (Lieut.), Bernard J. Finnegan (Lieut.), Paul J. Murphy (Lieut.), John P. Foley (Lt. Comdr.), James D. McLaughlin (Lt. Comdr.), Vincent de Paul O’Brien (Lieut.), John L. Bonn (Lieut.), Michael J. Doody (Lt. Comdr.), Francis V. Sullivan (Cmdr.)

FRONT ROW: ARMY: John J. Dugan (Lt. Col.), Richard G. Shea (Captain), Laurence M. Brock (Major), Francis J. Murphy (Captain), Daniel J. Lynch (Colonel), Fr. Provincial John J. McEleney, James J. Dolan (Major), James F. Geary (Captain), Jeremiah F. Coleman (Captain), Carl H. Morgan (Captain), William J. Leonard (Captain)

ABSENT: Joseph P. Curran (Captain), Thomas A. Fay (Lt. Cmdr.), John J. Kelleher (Lt. Col.), John F. Lyons (Captain), Harry C. MacLeod (Lt. Cmdr.), George M. Murphy (Major), Joseph T. O’Callahan (Cmdr.), Charles M. Roddy (Captain), Richard L. Rooney (Captain), John D. St. John (Colonel), Harold V. Stockman (Lt. Cmdr.)

BOSTON COLLEGE CHAPLAINS – WORLD WAR II



PHOTO: Archives of the Society of Jesus of New England, College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, MA

SEATED: Francis V. Sullivan (Cmdr.), William J. Leonard (Captain), Leo P. McCauley (Lt. Cmdr.), Richard G. Shea (Captain), William J. Kenealy (Lt. Cmdr.), Daniel J. Lynch (Brig. Gen.), Vincent de P. O'Brien (Lieut.), George A. King (Major)

STANDING: Daniel F.X. O'Connor (Lt. Cmdr.), James D. McLaughlin (Lt Cmdr.), Francis J. MacDonald (Lt. Cmdr.), James F. Geary (Captain), Anthony G. Carroll (Major), Carl H. Morgan (Captain), John L. Bonn (Lieut.), John P. Foley (Cmdr.), Joseph P. Shanahan (Lieut.)

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE CHAPLAINS – WORLD WAR II



PHOTO: Archives of the Society of Jesus of New England, College of the Holy Cross, Worcester, MA

FRONT ROW: Frederick A. Gallagher (Cmdr.), John F. Devlin (Captain), Joseph T. O’Callahan (Cmdr.), J. Bryan Connors (Captain), Michael J. Doody (Lt. Cmdr.)

BACK ROW: John L. Clancy (Major), Paul J. Murphy (Lieut.), Thomas A. Shanahan (Lt. Col.), Bernard J. Finnegan (Cmdr.), Charles J. Reardon (Captain)