

St. Anna's Convent  
12 St. Anna Strasse,  
Munich, Bavaria, Germany  
November 15, 1924

Dear "Gang" :-

For some time past I have been trying to settle down long enough to collect my thoughts and notes and write off a real letter to you so that you may be assured, if such an assurance is necessary, that tho there are many thousands of miles between us, tho you are in the good old U.S.A. and I am nightly laying myself down to rest in a land I never expected to see and least of all to live in, yet in thoughts and in spirit I am daily and nightly travelling back the trail that leads to Yesterday, to good old Allegany. Now and then a letter comes my way from the old place and for the rest of the day I am here only in the flesh, in spirit I am again strolling thru the corridors of the "big red-school house" just off the "main drag" between Allegany and Olean. The old proverb assures us that "history repeats itself". If this is true and I am again to come back to Allegany, then history can't begin to operate any too quickly for me.

What shall I write you? I know there are many things that you would like to hear, and there are indeed many things that I want to tell you. I would like to write to you all individually, but you realize as well as I that such a procedure is more or less impossible for me. However I want you all to take this letter just as if it were written to you personally, for I think of you all and remember you all so clearly and distinctly that, with due apologies to the new members whose acquaintance I hope to have the pleasure of making some day, I think I could rattle off your names as easily from memory as tho I were standing there in the office checking you in. I am particularly indebted to Ed Gibbons for furnishing me with the necessary prod (a letter just received from him) to begin this message. He thought I would be surprised to learn he was back again in Allegany. Not so, Ed. I shall be surprised, however, if you don't make good, and the surprise shall be decidedly unpleasant.

Now, where shall I begin? You all know more than likely that I had a very pleasant and surprisingly agreeable trip across. I had rather anticipated an attack of seasickness, but thanks be to God I was able to say Mass every morning, the only sickness I experienced being due to a terrific attack of the "blues" and homesickness. Most of the travellers on the boat were German or of German extraction. Fr. Hugh and I were about the only foreigners on it, and since the language spoken by most was German, we did not need wait until we hit this country before feeling like foreigners. Every evening at dinner there was a concert and every night at nine bells the orchestra again broke loose. The music was good but after having been rather interested in the one-time Jazz Orchestra we used to have for our dances in the gym ("Them days are gone forever?") the classical began to pall. One night after setting them up for the musical troupe we insisted that they ought to give us something with a little pep to it. They had no jazz with them, so we promised to be satisfied if they gave us a medley of Irish airs. Naturally, there was quite some red tape to be gone thru, and permission obtained from the Captain and the other Almighty-you-call-it, but we finally won our point and had the satisfaction of listening to the strains of "Killarney, Kathleen Mavourneen, Haste to the Wedding, etc".

We landed in Bremenhafen on the fifteenth of September about eight in the morning. Immediately the ship was boarded by officials in all sorts of colored uniforms and we had to show passports to seventy-eleven different colored uniformed upholders of the law and order. The Custom Examiners were decidedly decent and I experienced very little difficulty in getting anything thru. We had to declare how much money we had with us and how long we intended to remain in the country, but outside of these main points and four thousand less personal questions we had nothing to do but walk off the boat and exclaim "So this is Germany". I had rather expected to be met at the wharf by Fr. David, whom you may recall had been here for the past year, studying at the University of Muenster. He failed to show up, however, due to a misunderstanding as to the exact date of our ship's landing, and there I was cast ashore with my few German phrases alone to see me thru. However, I managed to secure some information and a ticket to Muenster for the afternoon train. Then I ventured forth into the city of Bremen to look over the local talent.

I will reserve until later my impressions of my first glimpses in Germany. Let us pass on to the afternoon train and a little incident that caused me some slight annoyance and almost landed me in a German prison. Perhaps most of you are acquainted with the European railway system, or at least have heard something of it. How the whole train is divided into coaches of, ordinarily three classes. A word can explain the different classes. In the Third Class, used mostly by the ordinary middle-class traveller for ordinarily short journeys, the compartments of the coach (the coach itself is divided into compartments something on the style of the Pullman Smoking Room) contain seating capacity for eight persons. The seats are not upholstered at all, just the plain polished wood work; the Second Class compartments seat six persons and are upholstered in gray; the First Class allow room for only four persons and the upholstering is in red. The price of travelling between the first and third class is about one half the difference. Not knowing how far away from Bremen was this city of Muenster towards which I was headed I had bought Second Class tickets for Fr. Hugh and myself. When we came to the outside platform leading to the trains I asked one of the porters where we could find our train, for I knew it was about due. He seemed quite officious and hustled and hustled us around until finally we dropped, all out of breath into the compartment into which he had shoved us. At that time I knew less of the railway system than I know now; in fact, I knew nothing of it. Upon entering the compartment we found an elderly lady and a young lady, whom we mentally catalogued as mother and daughter. They were both reading but the light prevented me from seeing just what book it was that interested them. We had just about comfortably arranged ourselves when the door was noisily slammed back and a highly bedecked and uniformed General or Colonel looked in at us and shouted something that we failed to grasp. However, in spite of his regimental disguise, playing the role of Sherlock Holmes, I ventured the opinion he might be the conductor and so handed him the tickets. He gazed at them for some time in silence, then at us and then let loose a torrent that sounded as intelligible to us as would Chinese. We looked at the tickets he shoved back and then at him but could not get what he wanted. Summoning our best German to the fore we wanted to know why he was making himself so noisy. Again a torrent of the awful, unintelligible jargon that left us speechless and as ignorant as before. Glancing around to see if any help might possibly be forthcoming from the occupants of the inner seats I was just in time to catch the younger damsel smilingly admonishing her rather concerned companion to keep <sup>silence</sup>. Before I had time to conjecture upon this rather unusual procedure, another bewhiskered and burly official with eight or more flaring colors came along and joined in the monologue. Finally I held up my hand and when silence slowly halted the loquacious duo, I asked them to go slowly and speak intelligently. Might just as well ask them to sell you their hat. Again they broke forth and this time I managed to grasp that if we didn't do something we would be arrested. By that time I was more or less exasperated. I felt we had done our part to preserve the peace, so leaning back comfortably in the seat and speaking as casually as if I was discussing the weather I told them "go to the devil". You should have heard the burst of merriment from the corner occupied by this young lady. When she had sort of choked off her merriment she told us that the two worrisome individuals wanted us to know that, whilst our tickets called for Second Class, we were travelling in a First Class compartment and must either go back to where we belonged or pay the difference. Thinking the latter procedure the better we forked over the difference. Later on, when I rather reproachfully asked this young lady, whom I had discovered was an American from the Western States, why she had waited so long before coming to our aid, she laughed and said: "I would have helped you out immediately but then I waited, hoping you would tell them to go where I have so often wanted to send them, but may not say so whilst my Aunt is around". Nice girl to be making me almost swear!

Upon arriving in Muenster we find Fr. David there and spent several days with him. The city itself is very old and contains much of interest to one interested in Medieval history. You perhaps recall that in the Middle Ages most cities had a high wall running about them to guard the inhabitants from the attacks of more quarrelsome neighbors. The wall no longer exists here, but on the spot where it formerly stood now is a promenade that runs about the city and takes in most of the really interesting and worth while sights. The walk is delightful, running as it does between tall and shady trees on either side of the road. There is an old castle here where the ex-Kaiser used to stop when he came down from Berlin in the fall to review the former military maneuvers of the German Army. Several old and very interesting churches, the principal being that of St. Lambert, built in the twelfth century and

St. Ludger, the oldest in that section of the country. Also visited the Fried Saal (Peace Room) in the Rathaus (something like our town-hall and a building to be found in every German city and town). Here it was that peace was signed between Spain and Holland in the seventeenth century. Around the walls are to be seen oil paintings of all the signers and on the benches running about the rectangular Saal can still be seen the century old cushions upon which the princes and generals sat whilst they listened to the reading of the articles of peace and debated about the chances for the next war. Indoor sports of the Medieval Ages! The old caretaker took a sort of "shine" to me and insisted upon showing me an object that he evidently reserved for his highly favored customers. Dragging out a bunch of keys, he began to open up a large trunk-like box. I say he began, for inside the outer box was another and smaller and in this still others and smaller receptacles. Finally he came to the smallest he had and reaching in brought forth the withered skeleton of a hand. He told me that it was the dismembered hand of a forger who had been thus punished about two hundred years ago. I thought it rather a dismal relic but he seemed to think it more important than the Fried Saal itself. "De gustibus non est disputandum". Laugh that one off, you members of my former Caesar class!

From Muenster I came down to Cologne, a city still in possession of the British Army of Occupation. I stopped off here because I wanted to see the most famous cathedral of Germany. It is wonderful and I could not begin to give you an adequate idea by a written description. You may recall that it is considered as the third largest church in the world, (St. Peter's in Rome comes first and the Cathedral of Milan) and the largest gothic structure in Germany. Inside I paid my respects at the tomb of the Holy Magi, the three Kings who came out of the East to visit the Infant Savior in Bethlehem and whose relics rest here; also knelt in prayer before the tomb of St. Herbert who is considered the patron saint of this city. Leading from the ground up to a platform ending just where the building begins to taper off into twin spires is a narrow circular stair-case. For the payment of one mark (about twenty four cents) you are permitted to ascend these steps. I did it, but once is enough. The steps are over five hundred in number, about two feet long and eight inches wide and circle around and around until the weary and dizzy climber wonders whether he shall ever reach the stop. Just as I was beginning to conclude that I would have to quit we reached the platform. The view from here is wonderful, looking out as it does over the whole city. It is a truly magnificent monument to the building genius of the men of those ages, the most remarkable thing to me being the exact and incomparable beauty to be found in the least detail. Even hidden away in dark corners where they can be seen only by the venturesome and extremely curious individual are corners and crevices that for beauty of finish are not one whit less marvelous than the most outstanding features. The building itself has a curious history. It stands on the exact spot where formerly stood in the ninth century the Bishop's chapel. Begun in the thirteenth century work was vigorously pushed forward until about the end of the fifteenth. At that time, due to the many petty wars being waged between the medieval cities, the construction had to be dropped, and during the interim the plans of the Master Architect were lost. From then on until their recovery during the French Revolution nothing was done to the building and it began to decay. In 1824 under Frederick William IV work was again begun and the building as it now stands was finished in 1880. When you look aloft at the enormous stones that have been used in the construction of this cathedral, and remember they had not the conveniences of our modern lifting and hauling apparatus, when you see the magnificent and incomparably superior buildings they erected to our modern structures, then you feel you must take off your hat to the genius of an age that ignorance calls "the Dark Ages".

At Cologne I took the boat ride down the Rhine. They say a tour of Germany naturally begins with the Rhine, both as a beautiful entrance into the country as well as an important key to its history. My trip along the River being of necessity a rather hurried one, nothing more than a day in a rather swift steamboat, where the dinner bell rings out ordinarily just when the scenery on the banks opens out to its most exquisite loveliness, it would scarcely be fair to institute a comparison between this German stream and some I have seen in America. I will just mention one or the other outstanding feature and let it go at that. The waters of the Rhine are unquestionably greyish, not to say muddish, in their tint. Along the river at different points can be seen from the deck the ship the ruined castles grimly crowning the beetling crags, abodes in days long gone by of the robber-chieftains. To linger over the legendary history of the river, to me the most romantic part of the Rhine, would be

rather pleasant, but there are so many other things to mention in this letter, and to most of you its history may be better known than to me; so we shall have to hurry along, not stopping to tell you more about Bonn, one of the first stops in the trip, than to say it has a wonderful old University, is the birthplace of the famous musical composer Beethoven and lays claim to St. Elizabeth's Church, the most perfect specimen, I believe, in the world of Rhemish-Roman style of architecture. At present it is also in the territory occupied by the Allies, the French colored soldiers holding it. Down the river we went past the Drachenfels and the famous Seven Mountains, past Neuwied with its famous schools and so on to Coblenz, a city once held for a short time after the armistice by the A.E.F. Had I possessed sufficient time I should probably have spent a day on the Mosel in a visit to Treves, one of the oldest cities in Europe after Rome. Some even say it is older than the Eternal City itself. Some of the most interesting remains of this marvellously interesting old city, which I still have hopes of seeing some day, are the Porta Nigra, the old amphitheatre where so many Christian met death to satisfy the whims of a Roman holiday crowd, and the yet more ancient bridge of which the massive piers still remain in good condition. Founded by Augustus, some few years before the Christian era, it is mentioned by Tacitus in his works as the members of the Sophomore Class may recall. From Coblenz then, I continued down the River to Bingen (memorable in virtue of Browning's poem) regretfully gazing as I passed by into the exquisite valley of the Lahn, where that river disappears among its wooded hills to the charming health-resort of Ems, some few miles away. The Rhine here becomes narrowed within the limits of a magnificent ravine. Vineyards cover every slope, castles crown the heights; picturesque villages are dotted here and there upon the banks. Passing Oberwesel, a little way beyond the Lorelei rock, on the opposite bank, all beauties seem combined of scenery and quaint architecture. The lofty round tower called Ochsenthurm attracts everyone's attention. There comes the curious "Pfalz" in the middle of the stream, and a little further on, Bacharach, so called perhaps from the "altar of Bacchus". Now followed in quick succession the vine-bearing hills whose names are famous in all the world for their wines. It was curious to see how every rood of ground on these steep slopes was cultivated, the earth being embanked, terrace upon terrace; and the wines, so a fellow traveller informed me, are sometimes planted in baskets where the declivity would not retain the soil in any other way. Then followed such villages as Assmannshausen with its steeply terraced slopes, Ruedesheim at some distance beyond; still further off could be seen the white walls of Schloss Johannisberg. The next halting place was Mainz where was born Gutenberg, the reputed inventor of printing. The boat goes further, but here I was forced thru lack of time to disembark and take to the train, arriving here in Munich on the twentieth of September.

This in short is an account of the first trip that I took after landing in Germany. As I mentioned above, there are many interesting things that can be told, but I know you will not wish to be bored by too great a detail. Whilst coming down in the boat along the Rhine I made the acquaintance of four American college lads who were doing Europe. My attention was directed to them and the acquaintance formed in a rather peculiar manner. The waiters in Germany are called "Herr Rauber". Mike Reilly or any of the other good German students can pronounce this properly for the uninitiated. It was at dinner and above the noise and music occasioned by the soup-eating contest that can be heard all over this land, my ears were assailed by the call of a twang that brought memories of Yankee-land: "Hey Robber", and the caller was the typical clean cut, clean faced snappy talking American type, trying to draw the horrified waiters' attention to his wants. He caught my eye and winked; I returned the compliment and he called over from his table "Say, Reverend, you wouldn't be apt to know English, would you? When I called back that I knew nothing better he brought over the whole gang and I enjoyed the remainder of the trip in their company.

Do you wish to know some of the things that have struck me as being so particularly and peculiarly different from America and Americans? It is only in the first moments in which you witness something which is entirely new to you, that you feel that novelty in all its vividness and perceive how widely divided is the nature and aspect of what you then contemplate from the objects of your former knowledge. Every hour that you continue to regard what strikes you with its newness carries off that newness and your impressions fade and bedim themselves in proportion. So perhaps I can give you a better idea of what I have noticed now than I could were I to wait until later when they shall no longer strike me as novel. If I won't bore you then I shall continue on another page.

Before saying anything at all, let me preface my remarks by mentioning that they are peculiarly my own, not to be taken as a criterion for studying a nation or people for which I perhaps feel no particular penchant. I am just trying to set down my own impressions.

If you enter Germany as most do, and as I did to a certain extent, by way of the River Rhine, you are introduced at once to that class of its natural scenery in which its natural beauty lies, namely its mountains and its rivers. The rivers of Germany I believe to be generally the great highways of its commerce and its population gathers most thickly along its banks. This is pre-eminently the case with the Rhine, at least. When you land in its towns you become at once sensible of their peculiar character. The bustle that you noticed along the river front along the banks and the quays of the towns disappears and all is rather quiet and old and still. You see, as you land, plenty of solemn-faced officials, in a sort of half military dress and well mustachioed and bewhiskered. As you proceed along the streets you find around you gabled and picturesque white buildings with red roofs, old squares and markets, with avenues of limes or dwarfed acacias; people, many of them in the garb of yesteryear. Coleridge has celebrated the six-and-thirty stenches of Cologne, and the invention of Cologne water to cover them; the acquaintance I have thus far had with German towns leaves me under the conviction that Cologne has no more queer odors than any other town of the nation. In most of them every street, almost every house and every hour has its own appropriate and peculiar and by no means enviable smell. If you are in one of the smaller towns going along their Gasse (alleys) you see all manner of flights of steps from shops and houses set upon the pavement, some pushed one third of the width across them and sometimes wholly across them so that a stranger traversing them for the first time in the night would surely fall and break his neck after the first few yards. Or if there are no steps breaking off the pavement, even on the better sidewalks one must stand out from the walls as he walks else he will be brought up short with a grunt and terrible clip from the strong iron bar, about a foot long, sticking out of the wall of the house or shop. These iron bars are what the worthy shopkeepers rear their shutters on in the day time and at night when the shutters are put up they stand out naked from the wall about the height of your face or shoulders and God help your anatomy if you are inclined to hug the wall as you go along. Again, in many except the best regulated cities, every hundred yards or so you are likely to be stopped by a great wood-heap and its busy sawyers and cleavers, or by a wagon or a carriage set on the trottoir to be out of the way.

These nuisances, which would not be tolerated in the worst regulated country town of America for a single week, here remain for ages. The people, accustomed to them, avoid them as we would avoid walking into hydrants or gas-stations; and when you point them out, they are not so much surprised that they should exist here as they are at your thinking them at all extraordinary.

Such and the overpowering smells are the things which first arrest your attention in a German town. The inns next become the object of one's notice. They are, for the most part, very large with great and bare looking rooms, painted walls and ceilings, naked boarded floors, lots of smoking people and the constantly persistent odor of beer. Several Sundays ago, shortly after saying an early Mass, the weather being very tempting, I decided to take a long hike out into one of the many interesting places in the neighborhood of Munich. Leaving here at nine A.M. I walked for several hours until I came to the entrance of what is known as Perlach Forest. You know the forests of Germany are all government-owned. I must say they certainly know how to take care of them. They have special officials for their forests, known as Foresters, whose principal duty is to see to the observance of the rules governing the use and abuse of the woods, just as with us in America we have Fish and Game wardens for the observance of those respective laws. No one is permitted to cut down a tree in a German forest until the solemn-visaged official has carefully examined the tree, wisely decided whether it would be better off down than up and after carefully noting the vandalism in his official Day book gravely permits its destruction. When a forest has been cut down down, the ground is again ploughed and a new wood of young trees planted by the government. In this wise do they keep their forests up, and a very good regulation. The trees are planted about six or seven feet apart and as they grow are constantly pruned of their extending branches, thus forcing them in grow in one direction only, - up, up, constantly up. Most of them are

species of the evergreen family and reach heights of seventy or eighty feet. The Forest as such is divided into sections, the divisions being effected by means of a wide and grassy avenue cut every so far apart from one end of the forest to the others. These mossy lanes, with their towering and green trees on either side afford a delightfully shady and pleasant walk thru the woods. Well, to continue. Thru these Perlach Woods I walked for several hours, now and then meeting some children or old women with bags, hustling and bustling around collecting the pine cones underneath the trees. For the poor of Germany, these pine cones afford the only fuel during the winter. I imagine they must burn well and give good heat for they contain much pitch. About one o'clock, feeling rather wearied of the monotonous regularity of the woods, and likewise feeling the need of something more substantial than scenery, I turned aside and short-cut my way thru the woods to the nearest opening. Upon emerging from the forest, stretching away to the south, their snow-capped peaks glistening like burnished silver in the reflected rays of the afternoon sun could be seen the Alps. Not so far away, for which I thanked God in behalf of my stomach, and yet apparently nestling at the foot of the mountains I could discern a little village, its red-topped homes huddled and clustered about the village church in much the same fashion that little chicks hang about the mother hen. A walk of fifty minutes brought me to the Gasthaus (what we would call the country inn). Just as I entered this place, located I casually noted just across from the church, the bells on the latter building began to boom out their solemn message. The far from flapperish-looking damsel who met me at the door assured me in a guttural Bavarian dialect that the Poor Souls' Devotion was just about to begin in the church and since she and the family were attending, I would have to wait until they were over before I could eat. No, willy-nilly, I had to cross the road and take part in the services also. I discovered later that in many of these villages where the population is preponderantly Catholic the inns are closed down during the church services altho they are the most frequented places for the rest of the Sunday hours. After an hour or so the old Pastor considered his day's work finished and services ended. Upon returning to the inn, I was there but a few moments when practically the same gang that had been with me in the Church straggled thru the doors of the inn for their Sunday stein of beer, a smoke from their long-stemmed pipe and an hours chat about the latest scandal. Among the crowd I noticed the old pastor with his three foot long pipe and his big stein of Munich Brew. Reminded me of a story I had read in some joke column some years ago, in days before Prohibition hit America. Kelly, the owner of a large saloon just across the way from a new Church that was being erected was approached by the energetic pastor for a donation. What could he give? Well, he might give anything and it would be gratefully accepted, but it would be fine if a grand Irish Catholic like Kelly would donate a stain-glass window to the church. I will, Father! And what shall we put on it Kelly? What sort of an inscription would you like to stick to the bottom, for you know that is the usual procedure with such donations? Kelly couldn't decide at once, but after due deliberation and careful thought he ventured: How about this Father: "After Mass, all over to Kelly's". I didn't see any such sign in the little church I visited but all were over after the services. Looking about the wall, whilst waiting for my meal, I noticed several cases hanging thereon. Guess what they contained? Do you recall how the steady patrons of some barbershops have their own individual mugs, razors and brushes, all kept on shelves in a case hanging on the wall of the shop? Well, here in this inn, in these cases on the shelves could be seen the steins of the regular patrons; in another case could be noticed the long-stemmed pipes of the same. This is a typical picture of a German inn.

I suppose I could go on for several hours yet writing and trying to convey to you some of the peculiarities of the towns, the cities and the people. But you would become too tired listening to it and besides, you can read all about the nation and the country in any of the many travel books that must exist. To sum up my whole opinion, I may state that I personally think Europe is about forty years behind the States. Being an intensely patriotic and partial American, as was told me by a little Dutch (Hollandish) girl one day whilst we were sort of arguing about the respective merits of Europe and America, I might be expected to say this. She also thought I was typically American in imagining that just because I had been in the country for a few weeks I felt capable of judging or instituting a comparison between the countries. The argument took place in the

compartment of a train whilst I was journeying to an old town called Fulda. You know, there is a sort of freedom of conversation permitted travellers on trains that would not be tolerated in America. I like it, however, for it sort of makes travelling alone not so much a bore as it is apt to be in America. Occupants of the same compartment ~~fall~~ fall into conversation. This young and decidedly determined lassie had about four or five heavy bags when she boarded the train and entered the compartment. I helped her stow them away on top where is reserved a place for such stuff and thus was afforded a natural introduction to a conversational opening. I guess I need not have wondered how to begin for she was quite primed for a conversation with anyone who might be occupying the compartment. She thought I was an American. I acknowledged the honor and said as much in words. Well, she didn't know whether it was any more honorable to be an American than to be of any other nationality. Atta' girl, says I. Let's hear your indictment of the American race. She didn't spare us, believe me! We Americans who come to Europe for three or four months, then return to America and think we are qualified to institute a comparison between Europe and America; America was this and America was that.; etc. etc. I let her talk until in sheer exhaustion she laughingly quit when she saw the rather quizzical grin I must have been wearing. Then I began to kidd her. Had she ever been in America? No? Then how could she have been so competent to judge America and say such harsh things about the country as she had? Could she speak English? No? Then why criticise all Americans because they could not speak more languages than their own. Here in Europe where one nation need but stretch *its* neck and thus can look into the other's back yard it was not to be wondered at that so many Europeans know other languages than their own. She had been in Spain for several months; I had never been there and could speak better Spanish than she; etc. etc. An American did not need wait for several weeks before instituting a comparison between America and Europe: a few days, perhas a few hours would afford him enough to say that America was forty years ahead of the Continent. It isn't necessary to live in a prison for a year or several years before correctly concluding that the inmates thereof have less freedom than those outside. And so on went the argument until we both dropped off at Fulda, I to go to the Franciscan Monastery there and she to go her way with my ~~parting advice ringing in her ears, the memorable words of the old~~ Horace Greeley "Go West, young woman, go west and grow up with a real country".

A typical instance of the relative progress of the nations may be mentioned. In America, there is practically no village or hamlet so small that the transportation or means thereof is not more mechanical than (to coin a word) horsical. Autos are more common than beasts of burden. Here, the automobile is known but not so well. I would be willing to say that there are more cars in Olean than there is in this city of Munich with its 700,000 people. Most of the inhabitants ride bicycles and therein show the forty years difference. Everybody seems to be on a bike, from the little kid who has just about learned to navigate upon its own two tender feet to the old lady just about ready to drop into the grave.

A word about student life. I have registered at the University here, and occasionally attend some of the lectures in the course I am taking. It is not compulsory to attend all lectures, and since I can accomplish more in the privacy of my room than in the big halls of that building I usually go no more than once a week. All the students - I guess there may be eight or nine thousand - belong to some society or what we would call Fraternity. They all wear hats, something on the style of a street car conductor, with the colored band of the organization to which they belong. Typical looking, heathenish minded, pompous and overbearing. The other day whilst on my way to the University, whither I ordinarily go in my habit, three of them came along the pavement. There was not room for three of them and for me to pass, so the end lad tried to brush me into the gutter. I figured he might attempt that so braced my shoulder just before passing and by quickly snapping it in football fashion and placing the back of my shoe where it would do the most good (for me, I mean) he soon found himself sprawled on the side walk. He got up ripping mad and was just about to come at me with his cane when one of the others whispered that I was an American citizen. Magic word! Perhaps he had been on the front and recalled a few things for all passed on. But, this instance is just typical of the treatment you receive. Half of the staff must be atheistical; the student body for the most part is red, anarchistic, anti-clerical. I am not worrying any for as I told Murphy, the American Consul, if anything is started I figure to be in at the finish. Perhaps it will be my own but then it's all in the game.

Now, then, I have given you a few notes, a couple pages from my German living life. Suppose we talk of you all for a little.

I have heard the results of the Cornell, Rutgers and Canisius games. I am not saying a word, but in spite of my downheartedness, particularly about that last terrible blow, I am mighty glad I was not Father. I notice that the old gang is still at it: Carroll, Reilly, Kenneally, Connors, Cummings, McCarthy, Green, McAndrews. Then back again with us is our old friend Jawn Cunningham whom I know is making good; Willie Logue from Johnstown and several new men. Suppose Clem Flynn is with you, altho I heard he was again running that outfit up in Olean. The subs are also remembered: Burke, Cruess, Kowalski, etc. Too long to name you all and perhaps some of you are not there. That last sentence has a distinctly Irish flavor. More than likely Jarp is beginning to assemble his crew for basket-ball practise. That brings out Bo, Bill McCloud, etc. Get in there now, <sup>come</sup> back strong against Canisius in that branch.

Heard about your initiation proceedings up in Olean and am glad you all enjoyed yourselves so heartily. Welcome to the new men and may their joy next year be in proportion to the mental anguish they may have suffered this season.

I could not conclude this letter without telling you that I miss you all more than I can adequately express. I had rather anticipated being lonely after the four years spent with the gang, but never imagined it would be so terrible as it was for the first weeks. I remember you all every day at Mass and would ask you all to sometimes think of me when you feel like falling asleep in the chapel in the morning. Just an occasional Ave that everything may go well with me, that if it be God's will I may come back to you again in Allegany. I am not much for showing what I feel, but I could not think any more of you, dear old gang of mine, whether you are taken collectively or individually, than I do of my own brothers. Be good, study hard and fulfill the hopes you certainly must have for yourselves and which I know your parents have for you. I shall be always delighted to hear from any of you, altho as I have mentioned before I may not always be able to write you individually. I do in thank Ed Gibbons for his letter and wish him success on his third attempt. I feel he will make good. When you go up town and drop in to the New York restaurant, present my compliments to Paul and tell him I would give anything to have him somewhere near me. The food here is nothing too plentiful, but then I am alive, am feeling much better than I have in years since I usually get to bed between eight and nine and stay there until six the next morning. I am not attempting too much work this first semestre but intend to hit it up gradually. I hope you all have a very pleasant Thanksgiving Day and that your coming Xmas may be a real Mary Xmas - a Christmas with as much joy to you as the first Christmas morning and first Christmas gift brought to the heart of our Mother Mary. May God love and bless you all and may we all meet again, if not here at least hereafter. My sincere blessing and greetings to all.

Fondly and fraternally,

F. Gerald O'Farrell