

Coming: Nightly hymns  
at Grotto during May.

University of Notre Dame  
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Mother's Day, May 13.  
Get ready for Novena.

### They're Back Home

The church bells rang Wednesday evening shortly before five o'clock prompting many students to ask what was going on. Those bells called all the Holy Cross priests and brothers at Notre Dame to the church. Four of their fellow religious, two priests and two brothers, all Notre Dame men, had just returned home from three hard years of internment in Manila. At five o'clock the Holy Cross religious gathered around the altar at Solemn Benediction to sing a hymn of thanksgiving to Christ in the Blessed Sacrament. Those bells rang out a note of joy for the religious at Notre Dame and of praise to God.

These religious had stories to tell. They spoke of the hospitality of Lieut. Jack Finneran, '33 who was among their rescuers; how after all were out of danger, Lieut. Finneran used his jurisdiction as head of the supply department to set out special food, gathered the Notre Dame men together -- there were two civilian engineers from N.D. among the internees -- and had a Notre Dame Night all their own.

There were stories about funny incidents. The 2000 rescued Americans lined up for their first American food. They went through the line, receiving quarter-rations, lest they become ill from overeating. The GI at the food disposal table reported that 8000 had checked in for that one meal. He didn't know the internees hardly stepped out of line. They came back for thirds and fourths. There was a story of humor in a very serious situation. Japs were looking for American soldiers near a house in which the Sisters had taken shelter during the battle in the internment camp. Suddenly a Yank came upon the scene behind the Japs and without their knowledge of his presence. The Sisters spied the GI and he spied the Sisters. From his place of concealment he gave the Sisters a big wink, as if to say, "Take a look, good Sisters, to see how we put the situation well in hand," and then blazed away with his Tommy gun.

Last Christmas was a day of great disappointment for all the internees. Everyone looked forward to a Christmas package. They were certain that would be one day the mail would be allowed to come through. Nothing came. It was a terrible let down.

The stories told about scanty food supplies make one less concerned with his own occasional discomfort because of war rations. Two meals a day was the limit in the internment camp, and those consisted of a handful of rice. For bulk in their diet, the internees boiled and ate their homegrown greens. Salt gave some relish to this single course, but towards the end the salt supply failed. Extra handfuls of rice came by bribing the guards. In one case a new Hamilton watch brought only a cupful of rice.

One food never ran out -- the Bread of Life. Mass was offered every day during the whole period of internment. The altar wine and breads were most precious. Five priests made one bottle of Mass wine last for nearly six months. They used an eye-dropper at Mass. No more than fifteen drops of wine were used in each Mass in order to make the supply last as long as possible. A small host was used by the priest at Mass, while other small hosts were broken into small pieces for the Communion of the faithful. The Blessed Sacrament was reserved in a small chapel at all times. Hope was kept alive in camp by religion, by the Faith, and that only.

They're back home, and all at Notre Dame are glad. And it's not just a piece of luck that they are here. There were endless Rosaries said to Our Lady of Lourdes (She's at the N.D. Grotto.) And there are those Masses and Communions offered every day. The internees did their part as God wanted them to, they prayed, turned to Him. And God did His part; He consoled them, helped them carry their crosses, and He brought them home. All things turn out well for those who use Mass, Communion and prayer to Our Lady.