

Here is where my concept of freedom differs from that of President Roosevelt. I do not think that freedom necessarily means freedom from want and freedom from pain. Christ never promised His followers immunity from suffering. In fact, He warned them to be prepared to accept the cross. Although true freedom can be enjoyed only in heaven, we can, by keeping God's law, have a foretaste of it here on earth.

BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.

Michael Hennessey

"Good morning, Mrs. O'Brien. I hear Jimmy's coming home soon."

"Faith he is, I hope. In his last letter he said to expect him in about a month's time."

"He's still somewhere in England, I suppose."

"Yes, he is. But he expects to be sent somewhere else after his leave is up."

"He really loves the Air Force, doesn't he, Mrs. O'Brien?"

"You know yourself he does, Willy. And I know that you do, too. You were really disappointed when you weren't accepted."

"Oh well. We can't all fly planes. Somebody has to stay at home and build them."

"Yes, and a good job you're doing, too, Willy. Jimmy said in his letter that he was proud to have a chum like you, who wouldn't quit after being turned down. He said that your heart was with every ship that flew away from the factory."

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At a Spitfire base somewhere in England, there was action a plenty. "Scramble Tiger Section" had just come through from operations. As soon as the aircraft were airborne the orders came over the R T: "Gain angels (altitude) as quickly as possible. Party of twenty Messerschmitts coming in over Dover at twenty one thousand. Intercept and engage."

The aircraft climbed quickly and headed off on the given course. The odds were four to one against them, but this section had seen them as high as eight to one during the Battle of Britain. They were an all-Canadian section, carefree and happy in their new life. They lived for air fighting and had become one of the most dangerous quintets ever to fly Spitfires. Their confidence was apparent by the very flying of their machines as they approached Dover. One by one they picked out their opponents. They circled and dived and rolled. One Spitfire managed to get on the tail of a Me. It barrel-rolled and looped, but the Spitfire hung on grimly waiting for a chance to deliver the K. O. blow. Finally, it came. A two second burst and the Me spurted flame and went in from ten thousand feet. But in getting on the tail of the enemy machine, the pilot of the Spitfire had failed to keep his own tail clean. A Me had followed him down, and just as he was pulling out of his dive the Hun let go everything he had. The Spitfire went into a spin and continued spinning until it hit the sea eight thousand feet below. The famous Tiger quintet had finally been broken up.

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Mrs. O'Brien was still talking to Willy Doyle about Jimmy's homecoming, when she was interrupted by a youngster dressed in the uniform of the Western Union messengers. "Telegram for Mrs. O'Brien," he said.

"For me?" questioned Mrs. O'Brien. "Why, it must be from Jimmy."

She opened the envelope and unfolded the message. Her eyes were eager. Then the light died. She read slowly, aloud, unthinkingly. "We regret to inform you that your son has been killed in defence of his country, and that." Her voice died. She bowed her head. Her boy would not be home.

THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

John F. Murray, '47

On September 27, 1540, Pope Paul bestowed pontifical approval on the dynamic new religious project of Ignatius Loyola called the Company of Jesus. The