

### St. Thomas More Adds Mass At 7

To accommodate the increasing number attending Masses of St. Thomas More Parish, temporarily in St. John Fisher College Chapel, an extra Mass at 7 a.m. has been added, the Rev. Francis J. Pegnam, pastor announced today.

The six Sunday Masses for St. Thomas More parishioners will begin at 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 noon.

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## Fr. Rigney Gets 'Solitary' Cell

By The Very Rev. Harold W. Rigney, S.V.D.  
Divine Word Missionary

By the summer of 1955, I had become a proficient matchbox maker and applied myself diligently to the task. My hope was, of course, that exemplary behavior in this job in the Tzu Hsing Lu prison factory would cut my 10-year sentence in half.

That hope waxed and waned. There were moments when I was depressed, believing that no amount of industry would lessen my term; at other times, I was quite cheerful.

Then, on July 13, Chi, who was my new cell leader, walked up to chat with me. Chi was altogether different from my previous cell leaders. Unlike Tito and Wang, who had persecuted me with a singleness of purpose, Chi was human and quite considerate.

A prison Personality  
After all, I had become a sort of prison personality as the inmate who had set a record of making 4,200 matchboxes in a day.

Chi said I was to pack my belongings. My spirits soared; I was convinced that I was going to be deported.

"Take your time," suggested Chi, "and collect all your belongings since you will find it difficult to recover anything left behind."

Hastily, I wrapped all my paltry possessions into several bundles and was taken to the prison entrance where the guards gave me two food packages sent by my relatives.

Waits For Next Stop  
Bundles, food and all, I clambered into a jeep at the command of a prison officer and waited breathlessly for the next step in what I believed was going to be my release from imprisonment in China.

The officer's next move dashed my hopes. He handcuffed me and the jeep rattling through the streets of Peiping, stopped before some buildings that looked vaguely familiar.

Suddenly, I realized where I was. Back in Ts'ao Lan Tzu—the prison hell of Peiping!

But I wondered why I had been taken back here. Was it going to be the same old story—more torture, more persecution, more grueling court sessions to force me to confess crimes that I never committed?

Locked in Cell  
These and a score of similar agonizing questions raced through my mind as I was directed to a new cell, where the door was locked behind me and the bolt clanged shut.

It was an empty cell, bare walled and full of dust. Then the officer returned, pasted on the daily prison regulations on the wall. Generally, the posting of the daily orders meant a long confinement. This was the final blow, I thought, and squatted on the cell floor—squating which once had been so physically painful now had become a position of rest, I'm back, I thought glumly, back in the old cell of Ts'ao Lan Tzu.

Sleeps Fitfully  
That night I slept fitfully, rolling and tossing on the wooden kang (bed), plagued by misgivings. I groaned; whatever was in store for me could only be bad.

The next afternoon, a guard pointed a big pistol at me, motioned to the open cell door and said: "Tso!"

Wearily I obeyed, certain that the tragedy that had started al-

most four years ago when I, the rector of Fu Jen Catholic University had been arrested, was about to be re-enacted.

I faltered as we approached Court Room No. 4 where I had been grilled mercilessly as to my alleged activities as an American spy. But the guard did not stop there. He ordered me on to the "adacent" chamber, Court No. 3.

Meets Different Judge  
A young judge, one whom I had never seen before, was sitting at the bench. But the young woman who sat beside him was a familiar face. She was the court interpreter who attended most of my previous sessions.

After an exchange of polite formalities, during which the judge said he had heard good reports of my work as a maker of matchboxes, he asked me: "If there was a war between China and the U.S.A., would you join the Army as you did in the second world war?"

"No," I said. This was the truth, although he may not have realized it. But the reason I wouldn't rejoin the services as a chaplain was because I was over-age. Actually, I had been dropped from the active reserve officers' list in January of 1951 as too old in grade.

"But what would you do?" he insisted. This was a loaded question. I thought fast, recalling a letter I got from my brother, the Rev. Dr. J. Francis Rigney in San Diego, Calif. The envelope bore a government postoffice stamp saying: "Pray for Peace."

"I would work for peace," I said: "I would not want to see any of my countrymen killed. Neither would I like to see the Chinese killed."

The judge shook his head and complained that my answer was not explicit. "Be clear," he said. "What would you do?"

I tried to get at what he meant. Finally, after he stressed the need for "clarity" after each set of answers, I said, "I would not take up arms against my country. Neither would I take up arms against China."

Asks My Thoughts  
He was somewhat mollified, although not entirely satisfied with this statement. He then passed on to another question: "What else had I been thinking about recently?"

I replied that I had been brought back to Ts'ao Lan Tzu. He was somewhat mollified, pause. "Well, I will tell you why. You see, you do not know Chinese and consequently can't follow the indoctrination course. You were brought back here so you could study about the New China in English."

I was deeply relieved. Then he asked an irrelevant question: "Why did you grow that beard?"

I rubbed my hand over my gaunt, whiskered cheek and said: "For two reasons: First, because I thought a beard looked less disorderly than the fuzz that accumulated every two weeks between prison shaves. Second, because I wanted to experiment with growing a beard and a mustache."

Offers Daily Shave  
His look was quizzical. "If you want, I can arrange to have you shaved daily."

Before he dismissed me, he said the court considered me honest; in fact, it considered all Roman Catholics honest. This was an encouraging sign, indeed!

The following day, I was given a thorough physical examination by a prison doctor. I was put on the scales and the physician observed that my weight was down to 101 pounds, a loss of 79 pounds since my arrest. He declared I was too thin and ordered a bolstered diet, which included daily rations of rice, milk and fresh eggs.

Ate Sparingly  
I also received regularly American Red Cross food packages as well as food sent by my family. At first, I ate sparingly, fearing that the first package would be the last. But when they arrived without interruption I feasted. For the next eight weeks, I was in solitary confinement. But solitary was a pleasure and a relief. I meditated as I pleased, never alone. I was always mindful of the presence of God.

Throughout these eight weeks, the interpreter brought me books on Red China. But toward the end of August, the interpreter stopped bringing me books. I regarded this as a bad omen and fell into a fit of depression. My gloom was deepened by intermittent rains that ended on Sept. 10. I went to bed that night, a weary and despairing prisoner, little knowing what would be in store for me on the fateful morning.



Classmates

MEETING FOR FIRST time in many years at the convocation of MCCM at Berchtesgaden, Germany, are these two graduates of 1946 class of St. Bernard's Seminary: (left) Chaplain (Captain) James C. Carroll, Diocese of Hartford, stationed in Heidelberg and Chaplain (Captain) Joseph A. Natale, Diocese of Rochester, located in Augsburg, Germany.

### Income Tax Return Given To Girls' Home

A description of the work being done at Holy Angels Home for girls will be given by Miss Alice Moreland in a talk to the Rosary Society of Holy Family Parish, Rochester, on Wednesday, May 9 at 8 p. m. in the parish hall, Jay St.

Persons interested in the program of the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity of Refuge conducting the Home at 1326 Winton Road North continue to send in gifts in the Appeal for a new Monastery and for other improvements.

EXCERPTS FROM letters received this week follow: enclosing \$5.00 toward your Building Fund. Please remember my petition in your May devotions.

Enclosed please find \$10.00 to add to the fund for the Appeal. This was given to me by a person for whom I did a small favor and for which I did not expect any reimbursement.

One person (no name given) enclosed a \$100 bill with an article cut from the Catholic Courier Journal. The enclosed \$100 is for your Building Fund. Wish it were a hundred times more.

"This \$100.00 is a return on my Income Tax and I can't think of anything more worthwhile than to give it to your Building Fund." Please accept this small gift of \$100 and remember my three intentions in your May devotions.

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