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FOURTH FIRE IN FIVE YEARS

STANN CREEK CHURCH AND CONVENT COMPLETELY DESTROYED

READ BISHOP RICE'S GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION



**STANN CREEK CHURCH
PRIOR TO FIRE**

January 27, 1942

Bishop's House,
North Front Street,
Belize, British Honduras, C.A.

Dear Father Alexander:

P.C.

Yesterday morning Father Knopp, who was in Belize making his retreat preparatory to his final vows, received the melancholy news that his church and the Sisters' convent in Stann Creek were burned down to the foundations. No details were given and Father had to interrupt his retreat and return by a boat that fortunately was sailing at noon.

The fire was discovered at 2 A.M., and the good Sisters had to leave so precipitately that they could save none of their belongings. They escaped, however, with a few essentials, and are now lodged temporarily in a spacious dwelling which a Catholic gentleman put at their disposal.

The church and all that was in it is a total loss. Statues, the fine mahogany altar and rail, cassocks, candle sticks, were burned to ashes or melted to formless masses. Both the church and convent were made entirely of wood and had been built about half a century ago. They were very dry and once the flames got started, burned very quickly. The Fire Department responded enthusiastically enough, but unfortunately, the engineer could not be found and no one knew how to get the fire engine started! Happily a coastal boat that plies between Barrios and Belize came to the dock just after the fire got started and the engineer was pressed into service. He got the engine going and it was probably due to his efforts that the Presbytery and the school were not destroyed. Or perhaps even more of the town.

We had to look among our "treasures" to give Father Knopp something to make a new start; altar linens, vestments, ciborium, etc. He brought a big case of things back with him and is now down there getting what information he can and making plans for beginning all over again.

Such a disaster comes at a very unhappy time. For it will be almost impossible to obtain any building materials, and even when we can, the price of them will almost be beyond our reach, I am afraid. Even now it is almost impossible to get hardware, nails especially are at a premium. And we have to use galvanized nails, since the ordinary iron nails rust away in a very short time.

Well, we are not discouraged by any means. Divine Providence will come to our assistance and we will start working with renewed energy.

Devotedly in our Lord,

WILLIAM A. RICE, S.J.,
Bishop of Belize

**FR. KNOPP, S.J.
PASTOR AT
STANN CREEK**



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CONTRIBUTORS

FATHER JAMES F. KEARNEY, S.J., was educated in France and America. For the past twelve years he has been a missionary in China where he is now Editor of the *Catholic Review*. The author of two books and a pamphlet, a radio priest of note in the East, he has survived forty bombings in Nanking and a bombed train, has been called upon constantly to protect refugees and to guard church property; yet finds time to write, *When Will This War End?*



F. C. Rodrigues, S.J.

REV. LEO DEBARRY, S.T.D., is the Detroit Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. As such he is both zealous and successful. In his article, *It's No Secret*, he gives encouraging news and interesting information about Catholic mission charity in America.

FATHER HUGH J. McNULTY, S.J., (*More Pain for Lepers*) was formerly Prefect of Studies at Regis and Xavier high schools in New York. Among the first American Jesuit missionaries to the Philippine Islands, for ten years pastor of the American Catholics in Manila, and the first American Superior of the Leper Colony of Culion; he returned to the States about a year ago.

How the mission spirit keeps alive and grows among students for the priesthood is revealed by: GEORGE BOILEAU, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who heard Alaska creep into California one night during a blackout in (*Fugitives in a Blackout*);

DANIEL HANNIN, S.J., of the Upper Canadian Province, now in Montreal, who recalls heroes among Ontario's Indians, (*Active at Eighty-Six*);

STANLEY E. KALAMAJA, S.J., of the Missouri Province, now in British Honduras, who receives a direct challenge to his missionary zeal by a preview of the work that awaits him in the years to come (*Dreams Come True in British Honduras*);

RICHARD J. MCCARTHY, S.J., of the New England Province, now in Weston, Mass., eyewitness of three dangerous years at Baghdad College, climaxed by "the Battle of Baghdad" who writes of a battle of far greater importance in (*Baghdad College is Ten Years Old*);



James F. Kearney, S.J.

F. C. RODRIGUES, S.J., of the Chicago Province, now at Poona, India, where the heroic German Jesuits have long done grand work, gives an uncommon twist to the refugee problem in *No Sound of Guns in India—Yet*.

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JESUIT RELATIONS was the name given to the correspondence of America's first Jesuit missionaries who 300 years ago discovered, explored and evangelized large sections of this country. The Jesuit Provinces which grew from these missionary beginnings today conduct a string of missions which encircles the world. The American Provinces have 619 men in the Philippines. Alaska, India, Iraq, British Honduras, Jamaica, China, Ceylon and among the Indians and Negroes. The Canadian Provinces have 112 men in China and among the Indians of Ontario. JESUIT MISSIONS is their magazine, now "The Modern Jesuit Relations."

COVER—The four horsemen, pestilence, famine, flood and war have not been able to crack the soul of China. Always she springs up with the spirit of this happy smiling Chinese boy. No wonder every missionary who returns home wants to go back. There's something in the soul of China calling them, something young, quick with hope and promise, something spiritual that the effete civilization of the West has lost or forgotten and must, one day, recapture to survive.

EDITORIAL

GENERAL MACARTHUR

THE epic stand of General Douglas MacArthur in the Philippine theatre of war has been magnificent. For us Americans it has probably done more good than a quick victory. Small wonder the whole nation has thrilled to the heroic and courageous leadership of this General who offers us the brightest page, thus far, of our part in this second World War.

Against tremendous odds in planes, tanks, ships and men, General MacArthur has fought a superb delaying action. At times he held the enemy to a standstill. Although he had to withdraw gradually from the rice paddies of the lowlands under the repeated and smashing assaults of the enemy he did all this without a misstep. Yielding ground inch by inch and only when overwhelmed by the savage onslaught of superior forces, MacArthur kept his lines intact and often baffled and upset the plans of the enemy by sudden fierce counter-attacks. Not without reason then has the secular press acclaimed and universally applauded this American General for the spirit and calibre of his leadership. In him we find epitomized the spirit that is America.

It is taking nothing away from the glory of MacArthur to point out to you that such a spirit permeates every day of a missionary's life. To him an unequal struggle is quite ordinary. He is called upon to be heroic almost as regularly as he takes his meals. As Catholics we should realize this. To our shame we have missed it. We have not thrilled to the deeds of the soldiers of Christ as we have to the feat of a soldier of our country.

In China, India, the Philippines and other mission fields today the missionary is fighting a battle against tremendous odds; against ignorance, superstition, poverty, disease, extremes of heat and cold, financial worries, the slavery of the caste system, and often against open hatred and violence. These are the enemies lying in wait for him behind the strong wall of paganism. They plague and harass his every move. To overcome them he must rise to super-human heights of heroism. Around him are those ready to misinterpret his every word and action, to turn his people against him. He cannot afford to make a misstep but must match these foes blow for blow. Only by bold measures does he baffle them as they seek to trap him. At times he has to give ground, keeping his lines intact while he instills

new courage into his flock and coaches and instructs his catechists to defeat the enemy in his own stronghold. Sometimes hatred sends his mission and the work of years up in flames. Then he has to withdraw, organize his forces and build all over again. Undaunted he carries on for Christ and His Kingdom. These are the deeds that will grow luminous in the dazzling light of eternity. They should be realized and acclaimed now by all the members of the Church even here on earth. So a salute to the soldiers of Christ, the forgotten heroes, as we applaud the heroic stand of General Douglas MacArthur.

SPIRITUAL WASTE

PRUDENCE makes a virtue of necessity. In the coming months we are to be afforded, perforce, a grand opportunity to stand behind the missionaries in their unequal struggle. We are not speaking here of material help, which, of course, they always need, but rather of the spiritual strength we can give them. And it is so easy to give.

The cry of the nation today is to avoid waste. Nothing must be thrown away. Everything from the aluminum kettle to yesterdays' newspaper can be saved and used again. In keeping with this program for the defense of our country we would ask you to allow none of the supernatural force, which will surround us more and more in the present crisis, to go to waste.

It doesn't require much vision to foresee that there are hard times ahead for all of us. As Americans we should face them readily for the sake of our country. None the less, the increase in taxes, the lack of certain commodities and the whole curtailment of the war economy will soon begin to pinch. We shall find that certain things we thought absolutely essential to our well being were merely luxuries. When we are deprived of them we may begin to growl in spite of our patriotism. We suggest that you take all these sacrifices and spiritualize them. There will be an abundant supply of supernatural force there which can easily go to waste. As Christians and co-missionaries this supernatural strength should be gathered up by us and channeled to the distant mission outposts. We may have neglected to play our part in the Mystical Body of Christ in the past, through negligence, carelessness or downright selfishness. It would be unforgiveable of us if we rejected this opportunity of helping the missionaries when it is thrust upon us.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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When Will


A war-weary missionary in China consults a modern "prophet" on the situation.

James F. Kearney, S.J.

extensive, up to a week before the capture. The last few days were almost one continuous air raid. War supplies, says the prophetic historian got into China from Soviet Russia in the north and from the European possessions in the South. The earlier successes, the easy capture of Peking, etc., had filled the island empire with patriotic enthusiasm and hope, but though the war was apparently brought to a victorious conclusion three times, it still continued.

No one in history had ever completed the conquest of China. Always beyond the subjugated provinces appeared other provinces swarming with hostility. Szechwan and the south supplied inexhaustible support and supplies for the Kuo-mintang resistance. It seemed at last as though there could be no peace any more in China until the invaders fought their way through to Tibet.

AND so, according to our prophet, a war weariness descended upon Nippon. The war was starving home fields of men and was destroying the productivity of large areas of China. And still there was no end in sight. The militarists had gone too far to recede. Behind them they had a suffering population that might rapidly become vindictive, and about the arena of the struggle watched Russia, America and Europe. Finally, he states, a deadlock ensued, a deadlock of mutual exhaustion. Throughout 1938, the



Japanese marines with fixed bayonets crouch behind sand bags in the battle-scarred streets of "a city in China."

RECENTLY there took place here in Nanking a rather tame civic celebration, sponsored by the military, on the anniversary of the fall of Nanking to the Japs. A few flags were strung up along the streets in the center of the city, thirty-six planes flew in a gigantic triangle around and around the walls, a mild lantern procession went by in the evening, and that was all.

Our home is on the city's main boulevard. Every day for over two years now there have come to our ears the sounds of war: the measured cadence of boots, boots, boots, boots moving up and down again, as bands of a hundred, five hundred, a thousand, sometimes five thousand or more sturdy, dogged-looking, frequently bespectacled and bearded Jap soldiers enter or leave the city, their full war equipment on their weary backs. Cavalry trot by on their way out to pursue troublesome guerilla bands. Occasionally there is the racket as of a dozen threshing-machines when a small fleet of tanks charges by. War planes, sometimes singly, usually in formations of three, six or nine, sometimes, though not so often this year, in waves of fifty roar off with their loads of death. Occasionally, we look out to see the wreck of an army plane towed to the rear.

From morning till evening and far into the night a big parade of auto transports is shuttling soldiers, soldiers, and more soldiers back and forth, with endless loads of military supplies, sometimes scores of wounded. The gas bill alone for war purposes in this one city must be incredible. The waste of men and money merely for destruction is disheartening. When and how will it all end?

THE anti-Catholic writer, H. G. Wells, who prides himself on being something of a prophet had up to recently pretty good success in forecasting the main developments of the present struggle in China thus far, with the exception of the dates. Writing in the early 1930's from the pretended vantage point of the year 2105, he states that the Sino-Japanese war started in 1935 when Japan occupied Peking and Tientsin, and that by 1936, the Japs had a million and a half men between the Manchurian frontier and Canton where a third landing had been made, yet still her hold upon China hardly extended beyond the range of her guns and the glitter of her bayonets.

She bombed Nanking twice on an extensive scale, says the prophet, though in fact there had been 111 raids recorded, many of them very

This War End?

Hungry Shanghai women rifle a stalled grain-truck.



Japanese waited for good news of the end, but the good news never came.

THIS history of the future, save for the dates and the fact that the guess that Wuchang, across the Hankow, would not be captured, was quite accurate up to fairly recently, especially the statement that a third at least of the invading forces were trailed out along the line of communications.

On a recent train trip back from Shanghai, we had to make a detour. For during the previous night a freight train had been wrecked by guerillas. Box cars were lying helplessly in the ditch, and two of them were burning. A string of others had already been lifted back to the track after being completely stripped of sides, top and contents, whether by guerillas or not, I do not know. These wrecks occur every week or so, nearly always at night, despite the vigilance of soldiers posted everywhere up and down the line. Passenger trains dare not run during the night in this section. The latest news is that a Chinese winter offensive will shortly be launched hereabouts.

The prophet could not have been

expected to fill in all the details of this picture. We get those from missionaries who pass through. One of the latest told us how in spite of constant guerilla activities off the main roads, the Fathers and Brothers, not to mention the Nuns, continue their mission work stout-heartedly.

BACK and forth they make their way by all sorts of devious by-paths from mission centers to out-posts. The war is not their war, so they try to be on good terms with both sides. And that often means trouble with both. Some have had the thrilling experience of being shot at by both Japanese and Chinese, others of being shot. Our own walled city has so far been a haven of safety compared to that.

WERE it not that this same writer, a devout anti-Catholic, foolishly predicts the early breakup, then demise of the Catholic Church, its last stronghold in Ireland, we might, after seeing how lucky he was in his guesses up to date, have some confidence in his future prognostications. Naturally, we are very much interested in them anyway, because we and our work

are vitally concerned in that future. Already in 1939, he states with his year at least wrong, the invaders began their retreat to Nanking, their transport disorganized, mutiny growing, with all the country rising about them.

The horrors of that retreat can never be fully told, with famine and guerillas combining to decimate the fleeing army. The broken remnant of a million men that finally assembled at Nanking did not greatly exceed a hundred thousand, and still smaller bodies from the lines of communication fought their way onward to the north and south over the sad, monotonous landscape of China's hills.

AT Nanking, we are told, the weary and dispirited survivors realized that their country was now at war with the United States also. For some weeks then their broken army sprawled inactive in its former cantonments of Nanking, then revolted, shot many of its officers, declared for the social revolution and fraternized with the Chinese Red Army which had marched in under its nose and taken control of the city, etc., etc.

So you see if we are only credulous enough to put stock in uninspired prophets we have a fairly interesting time coming up. (*Father Kearney wrote these lines before Japan declared war on the United States and Britain and embarked on its blitz of the Philippines and Singapore. Consequently, he did not know just how bad a prophet H. G. Wells turned out to be, or even how "very interesting" a time he and his companions in China were going to have very shortly after this article began its long voyage through the new war-zone to the United States.—Editor.*)

MEANWHILE, we have other things to worry about: our winter relief work, our schools, and the question of burying the dead. Reports have it that coffin wood is getting scarce in Shanghai, that the coffins filled with the unburied are piling up hundreds high because the Chinese inhabitants can't get out of town to do the burying. In Nanking, it's not (Turn to page 83)

ONE of the most tragic bits of information that has come out of the war in the Pacific is the news received here recently that the 6,000 lepers in the island of Culion face starvation because of the Japanese blockade of the Philippines. That these unfortunate lepers should have the pangs of hunger added to their already normally painful life is distressing to contemplate and should call forth the sympathy and prayers of all Catholics.

Efforts are now being made to urge the Japanese to allow food and medical supplies to enter this largest leper colony in the world. I can say from my own six years' experience there as chaplain that the entire food supply of the colony is not sufficient to last over three months. Very little food can be raised on the island itself and in normal times more than 90% of the island's supply is shipped from Manila. One can well imagine, then, what will happen if no boats are allowed to enter.

THE Leprosarium in Culion was begun in 1905 by the Philippine government under the direction of Dr. Victor Heiser. The Jesuits, assisted by the French Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres, have had charge of the spiritual welfare of the lepers since that time. It is considered by all Jesuits as one of our special places to work. And small wonder. With everything of human value stripped from them by their dread disease the lepers find their greatest comfort in the Mass, the Sacraments and especially their hope of the world to come.

The leper colony is the holiest place in which I have ever lived. You can almost see Our Lord in the signs of His presence and influence. I have never seen a leper die badly.

In the year 1934, to quote the record from one of my years there, the Holy Communions totaled 173,000 annually; there were as many as 200 to 250 Communions every day to bedridden lepers and very often far more than that number to the lepers who could come to church. There are about 3,000 lepers confined to bed. Two-thirds of these are absolutely helpless.

More Pain For Lepers

In Culion, now faced with starvation by a Japanese blockade of the Philippines.

Hugh J. McNulty, S.J.



(Above) Father Clement Risacher, S.J., worked for one year among the lepers of Culion and later became the first chaplain of the Leper Colony in Cebu.

(Below) Sightless eyes, missing limbs, decaying faces; to these the Japanese blockade will add the pangs of hunger for these poor exiled lepers of Culion.

The name Culion means a place that is hard to get to. It was so chosen by government officials in 1906 as a place hard to get away from. In front you have the China Sea, the most dangerous sea in the world, and at the back the great expanse of the Pacific. It is dangerous as a storm center; fierce storms come there five or six times a year. The name Culion is, therefore, well

chosen. It is not a prison for it is down in the statutes that lepers shall not be considered prisoners but they might just as well be for there is no escape. Take the following case to illustrate my point.

HERE is a young girl, just turned sixteen. She is talented, a beautiful singer without a sign of any deformity. Yet hidden



Father Francis X. Rello, S.J. (center), spent a quarter of a century working among the lepers of Culion. This veteran missionary, famous for his gift of tongues, left Culion in 1940 and is now chaplain of San Ramon Penal Colony, Zamboanga, P. I.

beneath the fresh sleeves of her dress her arms are leprous. In a week it might break out on her face in a way that would make her hideous. She was taken from her far away home four years before and she has never seen any of her family since. Of course, like all children, she is longing for a visit from her mother and father.

The leper ship comes once a year with new victims. Visitors may come at that time. At long last this girl's parents came to see her. As they came down the gangplank the girl rushed over to greet them. The light of joy died in her eyes as her parents drew back and held her off. Her own father and mother would not even touch her hand; they were afraid of her, afraid they would catch the infection. The poor girl burst out crying, broken-hearted. She never saw her parents again. So there you have it. Despised and driven away by the dearest ones on earth. Escape? Why? Where? You see what I mean when I say Culion is not a prison; yet the lepers are prisoners there more than if they were behind steel bars.

LOOK at this small boy coming down the road of Culion. He has just gone twelve years yet he is walking with the limp of an old man; his feet are all cut and swollen and tied in rags. His wrists and hands are tied up too, and his face is all ulcers. Perhaps he will be stone-blind in a year for hundreds

of lepers go blind eventually.

This boy had been picked out because he seemed promising and had a talent for music. Along with four other boys he was chosen to take lessons and play the organ in the church. In less than a year three of the boys had to stop because of their broken out condition, with eyes going bad, with fingers stiffening and rotting off. No need for any one to tell him he has a life sentence on Culion.

THE best medical authorities say there is no cure for leprosy. Doctors are able with long treatment to stop the growth of the disease and render the patient "negative." But such lepers are usually unhappy if they go home. Nobody at home wants them. No matter what the verdict of the doctors is the people are afraid of catching the disease.

Why even to get our church built on Culion we had our troubles! Our greatest problem was to get a contractor. Some sent estimates but when they learned that the job was to be done in a leper place they simply dropped us, would not think of coming. After long months we did secure a master workman who had a fine sympathy for the lepers. Then there were only leper workmen who frequently had to stop because of "reaction" or fever. By kindness and patience our master builder finished the whole structure in one hundred and twelve days.

Most people, though mortally afraid of this "living death" are none the less curious to know more about it. The following facts I learned during six years spent with lepers. The disease is infectious and is transmitted by contact. To control it there must be segregation, that is, by controlling the source of infection, which is the person having leprosy. As leprosy is essentially chronic this segregation must extend over a period of months maybe years. It is generally accepted that children are especially susceptible while adults are comparatively immune. Treatment by modern methods serves to delay the progress of the disease and to render a leper incapable of infecting others but there is no complete cure. Though lepers may lose sensation they suffer very much at times and are sadly handicapped and disfigured as the extremities of the body gradually drop off.

OUR lepers come from all parts of the Philippine Archipelago. As a result, the Father conducting the Sunday School had to be fluent in about seven languages. Father F. X. Rello, S.J., a Spaniard who worked in Culion for twenty-seven years, was master of every dialect of the Philippines, not to mention his mastery of other foreign tongues. These Filipinos speak more than fifty dialects. In 1940, he was transferred from Culion and is now working in a penal colony.

Be it said to the credit of the Philippine Islands' government the leper hospital is excellent, and is assisted by the research work of the American Leprosy Foundation. Doctor Wade, an American and international authority on leprosy has devoted more than a quarter of a century of service to Culion. Besides there are many outstanding Filipino leper specialists assisted by male and female nurses.

ANOTHER point of interest among lepers is the question of marriage. According to the law of the States and the Church, lepers may marry, for the offspring is not a leper. The disease is not hereditary. But the P. I. Government requires the mar- (Turn to page 83)



Eskimo boys with crude hockey sticks from the mission woodpile work up an appetite for freshly baked bread.

Eskimos are endowed with extraordinary capacities for food? They have to live! But what American boy can do away with a dozen duck eggs, two bowls of mush, four slices of bread, half a fish, and perhaps a portion of reindeer meat, together with all the side dishes . . . and return within an hour ready for another snack!

“THE bread is baked at least twice a week in large loaves which generally come in two-foot lengths. A willing crowd of wide-eyed youngsters scramble around the bakery door to help Brother carry the golden loaves to the boarding school kitchen. Each lad totes one at a time. Why one? Well, once the Brother Baker loaded

Fugitives in a Blackout

George
Boileau, S.J.

“SPIN us a yarn, old Sourdough,” called a theologian from across the room. A chorus of “Ayes” followed. . . .

A few minutes before, the mournful wail of air-raid sirens had echoed across the Santa Clara valley. Now, dim except for a tiny light outlining a statue of the Christ Child, the recreation room at Alma College in California echoed to scuffling chairs and eager voices. A group of Jesuit theologians, caught by a blackout in the midst of their evening recreation, drew closer to the two former Alaskan missionaries, ready for an evening of tall tales.

Soon Mr. William McIntyre, S.J., and Mr. Gregory Landon, S.J., became the targets of lively banter. In response to questions popped away with machine-gun rapidity they began to unroll their experiences among the Eskimos at Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, from which they had recently returned.

RECALLING the boys who had been under their care, an unseen smile spread over “Father” McIntyre’s face. “Forty-five Little Eskimo rascals,” he began. “But what splendid youths. Once they

receive the faith they hang on tighter than a hungry malemute does to his daily fish. God becomes the center and meaning of life and they spare no sacrifices to be present every day, if possible, at Holy Mass.

“Their glistening faces light up with eagerness as they follow the priest’s movements at the altar. Each one’s turn for serving comes much too slowly for his devotion. You, here in America, call it ‘copy-cat’; but the better word for the way in which they learn to serve Mass is ‘imitation’. Let them once or twice see another lad in the sanctuary serving Mass and thereafter they can do the same perfectly if called upon. Father Paul O’Connor, now at Kotzebue, believes there is no finer Mass-server in the world than a full-blooded Eskimo boy. . . . How about it, Mr. Landon?”

“I agree entirely,” responded the junior partner. “Which reminds me: there is only one thing these Eskimo lads like almost as well as serving and that is eating freshly baked bread. Tell them about it, Mister ‘Sourdough!’”

“Well, boys will be boys,” remarked the old sage from out of the darkness. “Can it be helped if

some of the larger boys with two. But only half as many loaves arrived at the kitchen table. A search revealed the missing bread lying among the kindling in the woodshed where they had been slyly tossed by the hungry carriers as they passed. The culprits had intended to steal back later for a feast. . . . They learned their lesson! But Eskimos are always hungry and Nature is a peculiar thing. Every now and then the good Sister Cook discovers on the kitchen table a stray loaf with a perfect outer crust and no insides. Strange how the contents disappear. . . .”

An appreciative chuckle went the rounds of the theologians as they remembered their own pantry forays of younger years.

AMIDST the general laughter, Mr. McIntyre pulled at a few tufts of hair behind his ears and continued in all seriousness, “But that is not the manner in which these gray locks are developed. It is incidents like the following that furrow the brow of the missionaries who are responsible for the children entrusted to them:

“January 13, 1939, dawned clear, icy and thirty (Turn to page 83)

ALASKA'S FAMOUS BISHOP IS 84

**BUT HE STILL ACTIVELY
RULES "THE WORLD'S
HARDEST MISSION,"
THANKS TO ST. JOHN
BOSCO**

MOST REVEREND JOSEPH R. CRIMONT, S.J., the oldest bishop in point of years in the American hierarchy, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday in Juneau, Alaska, last month. Despite his forty-eight years in Alaska, called by Pope Pius XI, "the hardest mission in the world" Bishop Crimont still actively administers the affairs of the Vicariate from his humble residence in Juneau.

While a young Jesuit Scholastic in Amiens, France, the doctors told him he had only a month to live because of a bad case of anemia. One day Father John Bosco (now St. John Bosco) then already known for his miracles, visited the school. Brother Crimont served his Mass. At the conclusion of the Mass, he said: "Father Bosco, God does everything you ask. Won't you ask that He let me live so that I may become a missionary?" And John Bosco responded: "Gladly, my son. God will grant your request and you will become a missionary. I'll remember you in my thanksgiving every day after Mass."

BISHOP CRIMONT is offering other fervent prayers for help to John Bosco these days because of a forty-five per cent increase in freight rates from the States to Alaska which has recently been announced. This increase is a tragic blow to the Alaskan missions since most of the supplies needed for missionary work there have to be shipped from the States. Indeed, the fight against the sub-zero weather of the Arctic has never been as severe a trial on the Bishop as the heavy expenses of operating the



Small and frail now as might be expected in a man of eighty-four years, Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., is still active in the Jesuit Mission in Alaska. Through the years he has moved from mission to mission by dog sled or boat. Hardship seems to have added to his years.

Mission. And most of these expenses are taken up by the cost of shipping materials to the 77 far-flung mission stations, manned by 24 Jesuits of the Oregon Province.

Bishop Crimont was ordained to the priesthood at Woodstock College, Maryland, in 1888. After a short time spent in the Rocky Mountain missions, he went to Alaska in 1894, just six years after Holy Cross, the first permanent Catholic Mission was established. He was made Vicar Apostolic in 1917, the first bishop of Alaska. Around him and through his zeal has grown the Alaska Mission.

FOR the past two years, Most Reverend Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., has been his zealous Auxiliary. Bishop Crimont has covered a territory one-fifth the size of the United States, by boat and dog sled. For the first twenty-five years there were no railroads or airplanes. The winter trips were often long and hard. Once he was found unconscious and half frozen while going from Pimute to Holy Cross by dog sled on the Yukon. On another trip he was lost in the trackless tundra for days without food. Yet at 84, on "the hardest mission in the world," Bishop Crimont is still active.



No Sound of Guns in India—Yet

But plenty of the things that make
missionary work extremely difficult

F. C. Rodrigues, S.J.

Father Batson, S.J., chats
with a friendly Moslem.

IT was two years ago, the last day of August, 1939. A rumor of war in Europe had brought together a few anxious persons to the radio room here in Poona, India; the atmosphere was tense with expectation; every ear was strained; silence ruled supreme. Suddenly there came over the air the clear but trembling voice of a man speaking from a studio of the B.B.C. in far away London. "War," he said, "the German troops have crossed the Polish frontier." A cold shiver ran down the spine of every one there present and one by one they stole away.

Strange vistas came before one's mind: man killing his fellow man with the most dreadful instruments human ingenuity has devised; large bombers raining down death and destruction on fair cities and innocent civilians; lurking submarines sending unfortunate passengers to the bottom of the sea in the darkness of the night. How dreadful war is.

THE missionary who heard those fateful words of the announcer had reason too, to be sad and anxious. Though himself far from the scene of horror and carnage, many a one has his near and dear ones in the war zone; he knows that he will have to carry on the work begun for His Master alone without the help of his home mis-



Fathers James I. Stoy, S.J., and Charles D. McAleese, S.J., far away from the actual scenes of war, smile at the ordinary trials of mission life in Patna, India.

sionaries; and finally, he is anxious for his future for he knows that when the day shall come for him to lay down his life there, perhaps, will be none to keep the fire burning in the mission fields.

There was another reason for me to be apprehensive. Obedience has placed me for my theological formation in a college conducted by German Jesuit Fathers. As every one knows, no belligerent country can afford to leave at liberty "enemy" subjects. There were in India on that day about a thousand German nationals of whom about a hundred were Catholic missionaries. Of course, the Government was not

going to make any exception for the latter and so we theologians were sad indeed. England was not yet at war but it was only a question of time before she, too, would be involved and then . . .

ON Sunday the blow fell. At three o'clock we heard again over the radio the memorable speech of the late Neville Chamberlain announcing the decision of His Majesty's government. An hour later two sleek police vans pulled up in front of our main door and out came a dozen officers and men. There was no need for them to explain the purpose of their mission; we knew.



The sound of a gun in India usually announces the presence of a beast of prey about the mission, such as this leopard, shot by Father James R. Gibbons, S.J.

Yet, like a drowning man clinging to a straw, we hoped against hope that things might yet change; but it was a vain hope. The officers were all politeness and they did their best to make the departure as little painful as could be.

SIX of my professors, five of my fellow theologians and a good old lay Brother had to go. The latter has spent the greater part of his life in India, devoting his life and energy in the service of Christ the King in a simple and unobtrusive way, worshipped by his laborers and loved and revered by his fellow Religious.

When World War I broke out he was in India and was promptly interned and later repatriated. Once peace returned, he came out again to the missions and began his quiet work again. That night when we wished him good-bye our eyes were full of tears and the good Brother bore it all like a hero. His men were there, too, sobbing away in the silence of their hearts and they would have been but too glad to accompany him.

We wished our professors and companions God-speed, we shook hands and we prayed for them. The whistle then gave the signal to de-

No thoughts of war are on the mind of Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., as he tells a story to these Indian girls.

part and the vans disappeared into the darkness of that never-to-be-forgotten night. It will take long years to efface that pathetic scene from my memory: that silent crowd! those sad faces! those warm tears!

SIMILAR scenes must have been enacted in other parts of India that night when the police took away every German to an internment camp. All women, however, among whom there were many Nuns, were left behind and allowed to carry on their work with some minor restrictions. Practically the entire personnel of the Indore Diocese conducted by the S.V.D.

Fathers of the Austrian Province was interned.

But Providence did not abandon His dear children. The British Government with its broad-minded policy as well as their generous behavior towards the ministers of religion soon ordered the release of the majority of the missionaries interned. Within three months most of the Fathers were back in their houses and were allowed to carry on their usual work. And the first to return was our dear lay Brother.

IN June, 1940, Italy came into the war on the side of Germany. There was again reason for anxiety but once again the Government was generous. All Italian missionaries were allowed to carry on their work but with some restrictions which in some cases necessitated a change of residence.

At the out-break of hostilities in 1939, the French Government had called up a number of French missionaries for military service but they, too, were exempted and allowed to stay on.

In spite of all this, however, there are a number of difficulties arising from the war to be reckoned with. There are several thousand missionaries in India, Indian and foreign, men and women, secular and religious. Though a substantial number are indigenous, yet the majority are from abroad. Every year new recruits used to come to fill the gaps caused by death and illness, and to (Turn to page 83)





STYKKISHOLMUR AND REYKJAVIK are in the news these days. They were more in the news ten centuries ago when Iceland was evangelized by the Irish monks. By the 15th century it was completely Catholic. In the year 1880 it was completely Lutheran. Out of this cold environment came little "Noni" Svensson over 70 years ago eventually to become Iceland's only Jesuit. He wrote for the youth of all the world twenty immortal sagas. Several years ago at the age of 80 he spent three years traveling round the world and gave over 500 lectures—even in China. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary are in charge of a hospital at Stykkisholmur and Most Reverend Martin Meulernberg, S.M.M., died recently in Reykjavik, mourned by every one of the 118,000 Lutheran Icelanders. The valiant Sisters and the three Marist missionaries are hopeful for the geometric increase of their 230 Catholics.

NOTED MISSIONARY AMONG COLORED DIES. Very well known for his work in behalf of the Colored race, the Rev. Dr. John T. Gillard, S.S.J., forty years old, died of a heart attack at the motherhouse of the Society of St. Joseph in Baltimore, Maryland. The editor of the *Colored Harvest* since his ordination in 1928, Father Gillard was the author of a number of books, his latest being "The Catholic Colored in the United States." Archbishop Michael J. Curley presided at a Solemn Requiem Mass celebrated in Baltimore by the Very Rev. L. B. Pastorelli, S.S.J., Superior General of the Josephites, and Bishop William J. Hafey sang a Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass for Father Gillard in Scranton, Pa., the priest's native city.

MISSIONS AND THE RADIO. The Catholic apostolate of the radio dates back to the earliest days of its usefulness. Millions of people are familiar with the National Catholic Hour every Sunday, with the annual Mission Sunday radio appeal under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, with the special radio talks on the missions such as that of Rev. Thomas B. Cannon, S.J., (which has since been included in the Congressional Record), and that of Rev. James P. Gillis, C.S.P., and with numerous sectional Catholic Hour programs.

Since 1921, two Jesuit Stations, WEW of St. Louis University and WWL of Loyola University, New Orleans, have occupied prominent places in the field of radio. WWL "the Voice of the South" has interviewed missionaries returned from foreign fields. Plans, we believe, to popularize and to dramatize both the home and foreign missions are being studied.

The Sacred Heart Program over WEW, which speaks daily for Home and Foreign Missions, is justly becoming national. It is transcribed and recorded for more than thirty local stations throughout the United States. Originating in October, 1923, this program is now known officially as "the Voice of the Apostleship of Prayer." Each year the announcer of WEW requests special spiritual bouquets for the Holy Father's intentions. The number of prayers and good works total into the millions. The majority of these prayers go to the missions.

WIFE OF NOTED CHINESE LEADER ENTERS CHURCH. With the conversion of Mrs. John C. H. Wu, wife of the distinguished author of the Chinese constitution, the spiritual reunion of 15 of the 16 members of the Wu family has been effected. Since his conversion a few years ago, Dr. Wu has seen 13 of his 14 children embrace Catholicism.

IN THE DUTCH EAST INDIES. besides rubber and oil, there are 204 Jesuit missionaries, one-fourth of them Javanese, in the two vicariates of Batavia and Semarang, Java, under two Jesuit bishops, one a native Javanese recently consecrated.

In the vicariate of Batavia there are 20 Dutch Jesuits in charge of St. Peter Canisius College and two mission centers. Twenty-six Jesuits assigned to this vicariate are at the moment in Holland trying to complete advanced studies.

In Semarang there are 158 Jesuits in charge of a minor and major seminary for diocesan native clergy, a Jesuit Novitiate, Juniorate and Philosophate, a language school where Javanese and Chinese are taught, two flourishing high schools, a university and 13 mission centers. All of this extensive missionary activity is naturally directly imperiled by the conflict in the Pacific.

STRIKING UP THE BAND among the Indians has been a regular practice with Golden Jubilarian, Brother Nicholas Fox, S.J., a talented musician, who has spent practically his entire religious life in the Indian missions in Idaho, Montana and South Dakota. Holy Rosary, De-Smet, St. Paul's and Holy Family Indian Missions all have their Fox Bands. Though just turned 79, Brother Fox still wields the baton at St. Paul's Mission, Montana. May he enjoy many more years of mission work.

VENEZUELA COMMEMORATES RETURN OF MISSIONARIES.

The Catholics of Venezuela recently manifested their appreciation of the missionary work of the Society of Jesus by celebrating the silver jubilee of the second arrival of the Jesuits.

The most important work of these Jesuit missionaries is the Inter-diocesan Seminary and the schools at Caracas and Merida. From these schools and parishes in several cities they further Catholic Action and maintain charitable and welfare centers among the needy.

NATIVE CLERGY INCREASE. In 1915 the Society of Jesus counted four novitiates in missionary countries. By 1940, this number has increased to ten, distributed as follows: three in India, two in China, one each in Java, Madagascar, Japan, Latvia, and the Philippines.

Houses of Philosophy and Theology in mission lands was increased from four to nine.

Last summer 19 young Filipines entered the Jesuit native novitiate at Novaliches, P. I.

A COURSE IN CONVERSATIONAL JAPANESE will be introduced next semester at St. Louis University by Rev. Charles A. Robinson, S.J., who mastered the language while he was on the faculty of Jochi Daigaku, Jesuit University in the city of Tokyo, from 1923 to 1926.



For India's Native Clergy

THE MARCH MISSION INTENTION

• "According to long standing tradition supported by contemporary evidence," to quote Most Reverend Thomas Pothacamury, Vicar Apostolic of Guntur, "Christianity was introduced into India by St. Thomas the Apostle. He preached the Gospel, established Christian communities, founded churches and ordained priests."

• While history seems relatively *jejeune* in its details of the status of Christianity during the ensuing centuries, it is simply prolific with factual information since the time of the Portuguese explorers at the turn of the 15th century.

• Xavier and the hardly less able missionaries of the Society of Jesus, such as de Nobili and Acquaviva, together with those of other religious congregations, so vitalized this smouldering spark of Catholicism that by the end of the 17th century there were 800,000 Catholics in India.

• The struggle for power between the Portuguese, Dutch and English, the suppression of the Society of Jesus and the conflict between the Portuguese Crown and the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda almost nullified the remarkable advances of Catholicism. A decided change of policy was instituted under Gregory XVI. Mission work in India was resumed during his reign. When Leo XIII restored the hierarchy in 1866, India entered upon an era of mission activity that is still prosperous.

• At the moment there are 3 Archdioceses and 13 Dioceses entrusted to the care of native Bishops and over 3,000 native priests are at work in India. Nationalism has been the cry of leaders in that country for years and the formation of an indigenous clergy is the answer of the Catholic Church to those who would remove any foreign elements.

• When Holy Mother the Church exhorts us to pray for the "Native Clergy of India, Ceylon and Burma" she wants us also to pray for the means to that end, namely, the establishment and maintenance of hundreds of schools from which will come the hundreds, yes, thousands of seminarians first and later priests necessary to win over the millions of the people of India who know not our Saviour, Jesus Christ.

• While wishing you to be Catholic in your prayers, we recommend especially the 1,209 Jesuit missionaries, of whom 2 are Archbishops, 7 foreign and 2 Indian Bishops and 1 Ecclesiastical Superior. Their territories cover 350,000 square miles with a general population of approximately 100,000,000 of whom 800,000 are Catholics. Their greatest mission work, of course, is the direction of and teaching in five seminaries for the training of diocesan ecclesiastical students.

Rt. Rev. Thomas Pothacamury, D.D., Bishop of Guntur, a Native of India, who is striving to organize and develop the new diocese of Guntur, entrusted to the Indian secular clergy, many of whom have been trained by the Jesuits.

"Al-Hamdu Lillah"

Graduation exercises at Baghdad College. Seated at the extreme right is Very Rev. Francis B. Sargeant, S.J., the Superior of Baghdad College.



DURING this month of March all Baghdad Jesuits, past and present, will many times repeat their own heartfelt version of the title of this article "Al-Hamdu Lillah." It is an Arabic phrase which the average dweller in Baghdad must utter several million times in the course of his average lifetime. It means simply, "Praise be to God!" Ask him how he is and he will invariably reply: "Al-hamdu lillah!" How is everything and anything? "Allhamdu lillah!"

Often enough, no doubt, it is little more than a stereotyped formula. But, we repeat, this month it has a very deep and very real meaning on the lips and in the hearts of Baghdad Jesuits.

WHY *this month* more than any other month? Those of you, who have followed our fortunes from the small and quiet beginning, know. To our more recent friends we say: this month we celebrate our tenth anniversary in Baghdad. It was on March 9, 1932, that Father (now Bishop) William A. Rice, S.J., and Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., looking and feeling like two travel-weary, dust-caked "Innocents Abroad" descended from the trans-desert bus at the Bagdad Airport. It was the end of a five or six thousand mile journey. It was also the beginning of a much longer journey, one which is still going on and which is not to be measured by milestones, but by the

repeated benedictions of the Providence of God.

Many of our readers know why those two Jesuits arrived in the ancient capital of Harun al-Rashid ten years ago this month. For those who do not we presume to repeat the reason. It was not that they might fare forth into the highways and byways of Baghdad, holding crucifixes aloft, like modern Xaviers, and calling the followers of the Prophet to the fold of Christ. However desirable that might seem to mission-minded Catholics, it would have been singularly inexpedient and not a little risky. But the real reason, if apparently more innocuous, is no less akin to the spirit that sent Xavier flaming through the East. Briefly, there was a crying need, in this almost completely Moslem country for a Catholic secondary school.

FOR many years the Catholics of Iraq, both lay and ecclesiastical, had been petitioning the Holy See for aid in filling their educational need. The Holy Father responded, in the Spring of 1931, by sending Father Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., to investigate on the spot. He reported favorably. Thereupon, the General of the Society of Jesus told some of his American subjects to go ahead and open the school. Hence the advent of Fathers Rice and Madaras in March, 1932. Hence our tenth anniversary. Hence our fervent, "Al-hamdu lillah!"

We know that ten years is really

a very short time. We appreciate the fact that our "Mission" is not even yet in its "teens." We agree that children should be seen and not heard. But since we cannot very well be seen we shall presume to make ourselves heard—in the spirit of that other and divine quotation: "Out of the mouths of babes . . ." Not that we intend to write even a partial history of Baghdad College. This is neither the time nor the place for that. But we would like to set forth a few thoughts that may help all our readers to join in our fervent "Al-hamdu lillah!"

Baghdad College was born amid difficulties and nursed on more difficulties. But that is how God seems to work out His projects. Following our Father St. Ignatius we shall begin really to worry only when there are no difficulties. From the day on which Fathers Rice and Madaras started out to find a suitable place for living quarters and a school to the last brick recently laid in our new wall about the property, the difficulties have abounded. But always the Providence of God has abounded even more.

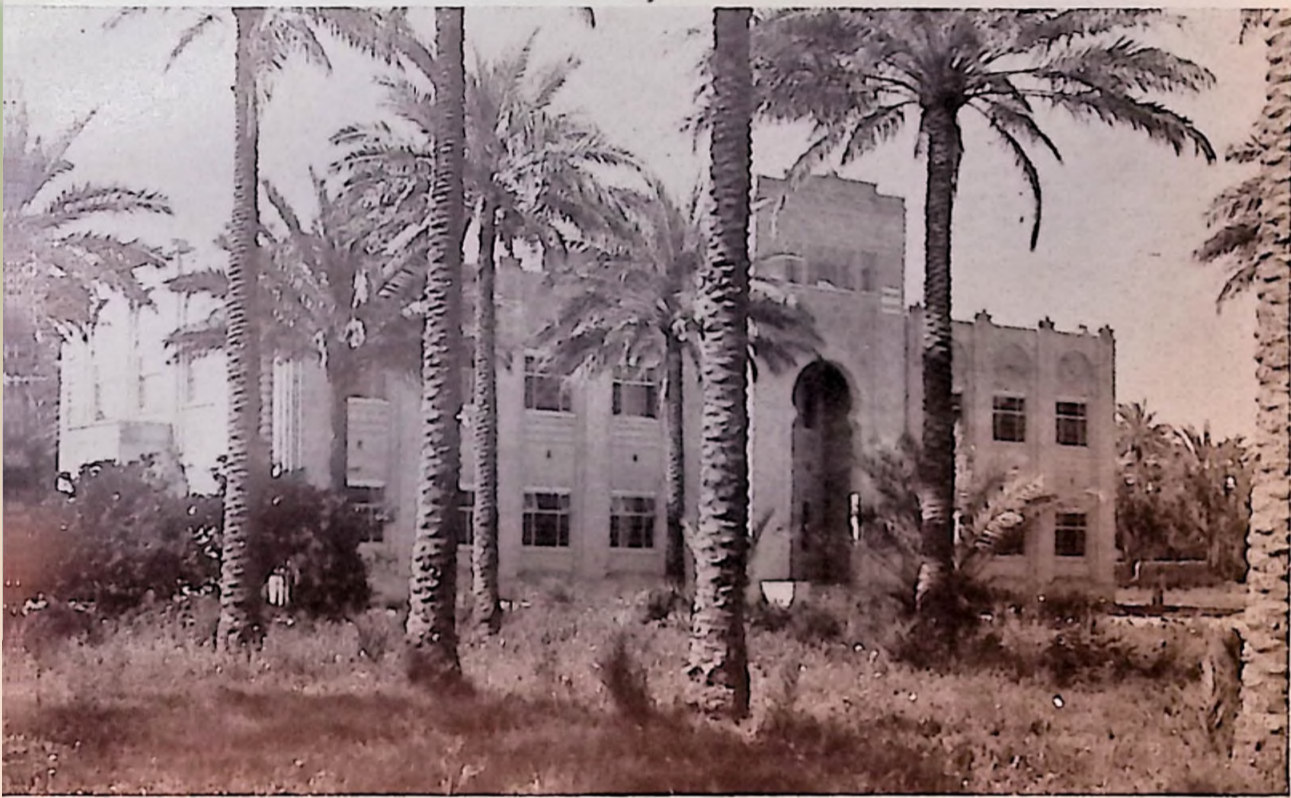
HAVE we fulfilled our purpose in coming here? In a sense, no—because ours is a purpose which cannot be said ever to be fulfilled while there are still Christian boys in Iraq to be educated. And it is clear that not all the Christian boys in Iraq at any one time could be crowded into our school. But in another sense we have fulfilled our

Baghdad College is Ten Years Old

Richard J. McCarthy, S.J.



(Above) A combination residence and dormitory for the Fathers and students. (Left) A side view of classroom building.



purpose. In a tract of land on the banks of the Tigris River where, a few years ago, there were only date-palms and orange trees and masses of tough camel-thorn, there now stands a beautiful, modern, thoroughly equipped, Catholic high school.

THAT building is ever so much more than a school. It is a monument to the faith, zeal, devotion and generosity of countless Catholics in the United States. It is a constant reminder of the mercy and Providence of God. It is a real and living inspiration to the Catholic minority in this ancient land of Abraham and Daniel and Jonas, a minority whose long keeping of the Faith has about it much of the sublime and the heroic. Do you wonder that we, who have received so many mercies, are ever ready to cry out with something of awe, "*Al-hamdu lillah!*"

But the Providence of God is, at times, a little hard to grasp. Let us illustrate it concretely. We chose our examples somewhat at random because almost any period of our Baghdad career abounds with them, and they are all to the point. At the same time we experience a dire need of caution for fear of treading on a great many live toes.

A few summers ago all the Fathers were sleeping quietly on the roof—a Baghdad custom necessitated by the fact that this is one of the four hottest places on earth during the summer time. Suddenly there was a terrific crash. Simultaneously a dozen or so Jesuits sat up in bed amid a billowing cloud of dust. What had happened? A large canvas had been put up over the courtyard as a protection against the sun. It was anchored to the substantial brick parapet running around the roof overlooking the

courtyard. A wind came up during the night and the strain upon the canvas was so great that one whole side of the parapet gave way and a couple of tons of brick and mortar crashed into the courtyard. During the daytime people were passing back and forth constantly through that courtyard. The parapet might well have fallen during the daytime. But it didn't. *Al-hamdu lillah!*

WHEN our new residence and boarding school was being erected something similar happened. As a protection against the sun a long and heavy concrete cantilever (really a solid cement awning) was put up over the windows of the boys' dormitory on the west side of the building. While the concrete was drying the whole thing was held in place by a system of wooden supports.

On the particular day of which we speak the architect, thinking that the concrete was dry enough, ordered the removal of the supports. There was a crowd of our picturesque Arabic workmen, all Moslems, engaged in the task. Suddenly a large section of the heavy cantilever simply gave way. One little Arab boy worker was underneath. He should have been crushed to death. Several of the others should have been at least seriously injured, if not killed. But nobody was injured; nobody was killed; and there was no ensuing bad feeling or legal difficulty. So we repeat *Al-hamdu lillah!* (Turn to page 83)

It's No Secret

Mission Charity is definitely increasing.

Rev. Leo DeBarry

MOST diocesan directors of the Pontifical Mission Societies deal directly with pastors and religious superiors. They meet few of the faithful lay members of the Church . . . they just haven't time to do much visiting. The result is that the rank and file of our Catholics know little about what is being done in every diocese to bring spiritual and financial aid to the missionaries of Holy Church. What we are doing, however, and what we hope to do in directing mission action is no secret. The more our lay benefactors—God bless them!—learn about our part in the mission plan of the Church, the better it will be for the missions and better, too, for our mutual service.

Here are a few out of a host of questions which some readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* may have wished to ask. Is charity to the missions increasing? How much do you receive in mission alms? Do you distribute our gifts? Should The Society for the Propagation of the Faith receive all our mission alms or should we answer appeals from individual missionaries? Is a member of the Propagation the same as a benefactor? What spiritual favors are granted to members?

HOW easy to ask questions! Let us try a few answers with apologies to other Directors who are older, wiser and more zealous.

Is Mission Charity increasing? Give us the record. Very definitely, yes. Over a five-year period in the Archdiocese of Detroit we have had the following pleasing results:

In the following years the amount of alms received was as follows:

1936	\$37,744.70
1937	64,498.05
1938	75,525.30
1939	104,108.68
1940	146,194.27
1941	179,187.59

Figures from our recent Catholic census are not yet available but we are quite sure that our Catholic population in the Archdiocese of Detroit is well above the half million mark. The conclusion is evident: we are still very far from receiving the minimum in mission alms, one dollar a year, from every adult Catholic. I venture the opinion that not more than two out of every three of our estimated 300,000 adult Catholics make any sacrifice for the missions. (I am allowing, you see, for 200,000 infants and others who cannot help fill the mission treasury.)

NOT one reader, I trust, will think that I am blaming a single soul who may be failing to heed the mission call. My theory is: everyone whom we reach with a clear explanation of the Pontiff's mission program will become a benefactor. We have at least 100,000 yet to reach in this little corner of Michigan.

Do Diocesan Directors distribute mission alms? We distribute, or better, we forward to the missionaries, gifts that are designated by the donors for particular missions. Membership dues and Mission Sunday alms are distributed by agencies set up for this purpose—sixty per cent is allocated to missions in foreign lands and forty per cent re-



Rev. Leo DeBarry, S.T.D., director of the Propagation of the Faith for the archdiocese of Detroit.

mains in America for our home missions. The agencies referred to are The Supreme Council of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith appointed by the Holy See and The American Home Mission Board.

I should add here that the Near East Welfare Association receives nine per cent of the Mission Sunday offerings. This allocation which is made in favor of strictly mission work in the Near East limits the Society for the Propagation of the Faith to fifty-one per cent of the alms collected on Mission Sunday.

OCCASIONALLY a benefactor may say to me: "Father, send my alms to any mission you wish." Then I become a distributor of mission charity. Most of the time I am only a collector, and, contrary to all common opinion, it is not a difficult work. Propagation Directors are fortunate. They ask for the very favors that Catholics wish to grant.

Should The (Turn to page 84)



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

Ad Multos Annos

There was occasion for congratulations and rejoicing at JESUIT MISSIONS last month. Rev. Calvert Alexander, S.J., Editor, and Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J., Business Manager of JESUIT MISSIONS, pronounced their final vows on February 2nd in the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York City.

The Jesuit vow ceremony itself is always simple even when there are five to pronounce their final vows as there were that morning. At Communion time, when the celebrant of the mass would ordinarily have descended the steps to distribute Holy Communion he stood at the altar facing the congregation, holding in his hand above the ciborium the Consecrated Host. Each of the five Jesuits, in black cassock and black cape, went up in turn to the top step of the altar, read aloud his vows face to face with Our Lord, received Him in Holy Communion and returned to his place. In a few minutes the whole vow ceremony was finished.

The Perfect Setting

But surrounding that stark dedication were circumstances that gave it unforgettable majesty. Associated with it were the most glorious memories of Jesuit tradition, inspiring it was the essential spirit of a Jesuit—the renunciation of all encumbrances and the dedication to God's work anywhere.

No one present could miss the significance of the surrounding circumstances. It was the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady and the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple. For each Jesuit his vows were a purification and a

presentation. The church itself was the Church of St. Francis Xavier, hero of every Jesuit, patron of every Jesuit missionary. Among the vow men were two editors of JESUIT MISSIONS and two Philippine missionaries. Filling the sanctuary on either side of the vow men was the Jesuit community of St. Francis Xavier's. Among them was a former Jamaican missionary, a former Philippine missionary, and a former papal emissary to Russia. In solid formation down the vast body of the church, in full dress, were the splendid, inspiring cadets of St. Francis Xavier High School, a Guard of Honor for the followers of the soldier saint, Ignatius of Loyola.

As It Was . . .

Memories of other vows which have made glorious the Jesuit tradition came repeatedly to mind—in a cave of Manresa where Ignatius Loyola presented his sword to Our Lady and dedicated his life to Our Lord; in a chapel at Montmartres where the first companions of Ignatius pronounced their vows together; at the feet of the Pope where the first Jesuits offered their lives and the whole Society of Jesus forever to the service of God in obedience to the Popes of all time.

The history of the Jesuits has been the fulfillment of those vows, renewed by every generation since;—Xavier marching across the East; DeNobile self-exiled among the Brahmans of India; Jogues, Brebeuf, Chabanel, prisoners of the Indians in North America; Claver, slave of the slaves in Central America; Rodriguez, a porter stationed at the door of a rectory for life.

Is Now . . .

In modern times the same spirit of fidelity to sacred vows, the same whole-hearted acceptance of all the unforeseen consequences, the same renouncement and dedication, keep the Ignatian tradition alive. Today, in China, in the Philippine Islands, in Ceylon, in India, in Baghdad, in Jamaica, in British Honduras, in Alaska, 619 American Jesuits stand by their posts on the Missions in fulfillment of their vows.

And Ever Shall Be

So has it been from the beginning. In every Jesuit's life there are two simple vow ceremonies: First Vows at the end of his noviceship, and the Final Vows at the end of his course. It takes but a minute to say them: there is only a part of a day given for congratulations, but as each Jesuit kneels at the Altar and says aloud the solemn words in the presence of God, he knows that he dedicates himself forever by those vows. What the future holds, not one of them can ever tell. What the morrow will bring, not one would dare to say. One thing only he can be sure of—whenever the will of God is made known to him, he has but one course, one joy, one honor—to obey. When you kneel at the altar, face to face with God, it isn't hard to promise that. When you receive Him daily into your heart and soul, it isn't hard to remember it. When He asks you personally to accept each role, to perform each task, to make each journey for Him, it isn't hard to do it. Not when you are face to face with God for life. And that's what the vows mean.

JOSEPH F. MACFARLANE, S.J.



Father Joseph Richard, S.J., of Spanish, Ontario, with his team of sled dogs. For fifty years he worked among the Indian tribes of Lake Superior.

Active at Eighty-six

Daniel Hannin, S.J.

IT was ten o'clock; the daily train whistled as it approached the little village. From house and from store, placid villagers came to watch the engine puff majestically into the wooden station, drop the mail and continue its eastward journey. For three brief minutes contact was established between the town of Spanish, Ontario, and the rest of Canada. A few passengers descend from the train and were given a careful scrutiny by the occupants of the waiting room.

A stately little man, white goatee, long, black frockcoat hastily descended to the platform and walked with active gingerly steps to the station master's office. "May I leave my bag here? One of the boys will call for it this morning." "Certainly, Father Richard. And how are you today?" "Very well, indeed."

SMILING and bowing to the on-lookers, Father Joseph Richard, S.J., turned to the road west of the station. One mile to the school, yet over eighty-six years old, he pre-

ferred to walk. It was my introduction to this remarkable priest whom I cannot call old, for his work, his actions, are those of a young man.

Although he lives at the Indian Residential School, Spanish, Ontario, he is now the parish priest of Sprague, a ghost lumber town of the north. Every Friday the black bag is packed; an Indian lad acts as porter and the pastor goes to his church. Confessions, sermon, study club, Sunday School are all included in this weekly visit. It is no tottering feeble language that comes from the pulpit but a clear logical exposition of the Gospel.

WINTER, when the cold winds and snows of northern Ontario huddle families around the fire, summer when the heat causes people to seek cool verandahs, the black-coated figure makes his weekly trip. But that is not all his sacred ministry. Once a month he makes a trip to Blind River and hears the confessions of the Sisters where his direction tempered by years of ex-

perience is highly appreciated. At the school, where he lives, he is the spiritual director of the boys, a task requiring great tact. For Indian lads have not too delicate a conscience and many things must be brought to their attention.

ONE day I asked him, "Father, what do you think about Germany's latest move?" He replied, "I have no time to look at newspapers." No time! What does he do when not employed in ministry?

His activities can be classified under two categories: Botany and Philology. For fifty years he was a missionary among the Indian tribes of Lake Superior. With ease the difficult Ojibway language fell before his energetic mind. Fifty years ago his parish stretched from Sudbury to the land beyond Sault-Ste-Marie, a parish of nearly six hundred miles. Indians, lumbermen, priestless settlers in small hamlets were his parishioners. Where the towns of Espanola, Blind River, Thessalon, etc., stand today, he used to administer to the white Catholics besides his red-skin charges.

BY canoe or sail-boat, snow-shoes or dog sled, later by automobile or motor boat, the missionary made his rounds. Death he faced many times, he even met people possessed by the devil. What a story those fifty years would make! What hardships he must have undergone! From what he is today at eighty-seven, we can judge the tireless zealous worker of thirty-three.

He is a master of the Ojibway language and can understand any Indian language on the continent. Daily he still pursues his studies, searching for the similarities between the dialects of the various tribes. Just recently the Eskimo tongue attracted his attention and at the age of eighty-six he commenced its study. His is no superficial glance; he dissects each word for it is roots and the method of forming words absorbs his attention. He has a thesis which he will maintain against all comers. "Indian was the original language, the perfect language of all people, before the Tower of Babylon." Of course, he speaks sev- (Turn to page 84)

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



GORILLA LOOSE!

◦ Father John Newell, S.J., of El Cayo, had some interesting adventures returning from Orange Walk:

◦ I left Orange Walk (twenty-five miles down the Belize River from El Cayo) on a borrowed mare, aware that the road would be bad because of trees fallen down during the recent hurricane. As I went along, I found the road stopped up. It was necessary continually to make diversions through small circling side paths chopped out by my predecessors. The horse grunted his way along these paths and over obstacles of stone and branches. A fair distance along, the horse stopped at one big trunk of a tree and refused to budge further. This necessitated removing the wallet from his back and beating him from the rear. He broke away suddenly and started to run back home. I discarded everything in my pursuit of him, and what a job I had to catch him! Luckily, after some hundreds of yards a foot got caught in the rein and he was forced to halt.

◦ "Back again; this time by tying the grazing rope on a tree in advance of the fallen stump, I took him in gradually to the stump and he finally gave a leap and was over. Later on I found the road emerging from the other side of a wide creek completely stopped up. I repeated the former tactic of bringing him in gradually by means of the rope tied to a tree in advance. I had to descend into the water to accomplish this; getting all set, I let go at him with a stick and a series of yells. He jerked and pulled but saw it

was hopeless, so he made the leap. Twice more this performance was to be completed, but the same tactic worked each time. However, just as I was approaching the next stop it had to rain. The heat from a big hurricane lamp was useful that night in drying out clothes.

◦ "Well, later someone found on the road a burse containing a stole which I had dropped in jumping over something or other. This combined with the report that a gorilla had been seen at different places along the river gave rise to the report that the Father had been torn limb from limb and done away with entirely. The boatmen on the river helped along the story and hurried inquiries were sent along the line from Central in Belize about the fate of the Father."

FLEETS OF PLANES

◦ "Alaska is decidedly in the news these days," writes Father Joseph F. McElmeel, S.J., from Fairbanks. "There is a great deal of talk about the possibility of invasion by way of Bering Sea with a swoop down on Kodiak and other places from Bristol Bay. Despite what some explorers, chance visitors, etc., have said about the invulnerability of Alaska? Who knows? It is known for fleets of planes of all kinds to this part of the world. What for? For an attack on Japan by way of Siberia? For defense of Alaska? Who knows. It is known for certain the Jap subs were operating off Kodiak less than three weeks ago. However, we shall

carry on just as if nothing had happened at Pearl Harbor."

COLD ON TOP

◦ From "the top of the world" in Kotzebue, Alaska, Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., sends us a few notes on the prevailing weather:

◦ "The weather up here in the Arctic has been one successive gale after another. The mail plane was held over two weeks at Nome by bad weather. Drifts are thirty feet high already. The wind certainly blows.

PROSPEROUS WINTER

◦ Cold weather is also reported by Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay:

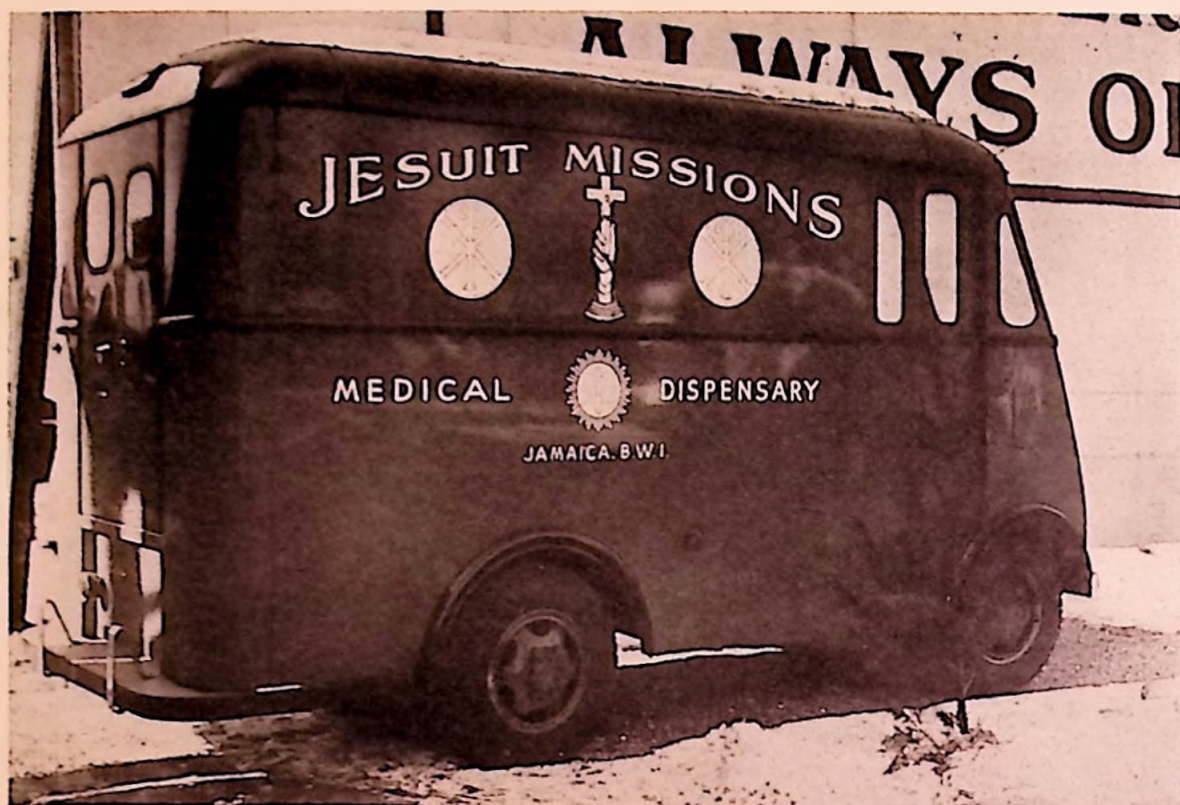
◦ "Things here are going along pretty much the same as usual. The weather is very cold, but we have enough wood; so we are not worrying. The natives are in for a prosperous winter, I guess. Russia being at war, fur has gone skyhigh in Alaska.

◦ "For us at the Mission things seem to be going in the opposite direction. Due to government priorities it is hard to buy anything, supposing that one has the money. Building material is just out; so are all sorts of machinery and equipment. As to food, it is hard to say just what we will be able to buy for next year."

SANTALS ENLIST

◦ Writing from Godda, Santal Parganas, India, Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., reports that his arm, hurt in a recent automobile accident is getting back to normal:

◦ "I have been cycling out to the wilds again. I went to Baromasia



Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, presents his latest gift to the mission work in Jamaica, B.W.I. This Medical Dispensary equipped with up-to-date apparatus, will be invaluable in those many little villages far off the beaten track where medical attention is badly needed.

last Sunday for Mass and, incidentally, baptized Damien's new daughter. Damien is just about a part of the Mission, though he was thinking of going to the war a little while ago. A good many Santals have enlisted in the labor corps, and more will sign up this week. They enlisted a number of the educated ones last week to be leaders among them. I was told that practically all of those taken in that capacity were Catholics. They should exert good influence.

• "I have had a little group of Santals here for instruction this week. Only a few of those who said they were coming eventually arrived. Another example of getting these people to do anything at a definite place and time. The others will come some time, no doubt. I expect to baptize some of them tomorrow after which a belated Mahle wedding will be celebrated. The girl was baptized about ten years ago, but her leper father gave her to a pagan in marriage. They mean well but I have certainly had a hard time keeping them here for a week's instruction. It is very hard for them to apply themselves that long to anything in the intellectual line.

HAD HE KNOWN

• "Father Francis Stoy, S.J., spent Thursday night here. I found him here when I returned. He deserves credit for courage. He was not frightened away by the seven or eight foot *jombro bin* rock snake and the four or five foot *Dorn bin* which Cornelius had on exhibition when I returned. He had killed them both in a burrow a few feet from the house. Neither variety is poisonous. The rock snake is extremely fast and death on chickens. Two weeks ago I found a small but very deadly krait knotted up in the washroom. Father Edward Scott, S.J., had been sleeping on that verandah a few feet from all these reptiles. Had he known they were there, I fear he would have had a troubled sleep. They are not pleasant companions to have around. When one doesn't know they are present it is not so bad, but these silent, slithering creatures can be most ugly.

MENAGERIE

• "Our Mission Compound is beginning to look like a mixture of nursery, orphanage and farm yard. With four orphans, the infants of Sam, Paul and Remy, a

cow and calf, two pigs, chickens and two ducks, not to mention two guinea pigs, there is plenty going on. The boys, nevertheless, seem to think things are still rather quiet and are suggesting guinea hens to be added to the assembly. It is one way to keep from growing old, or it would be if it were not for paying for the upkeep of it. We hope that the cows, etc., will contribute a little, as well as given the people a few ideas of bettering their condition which many of them might easily do if they knew how. The babies and little children especially have a hard time and it is no wonder a good percentage of them die. Our limited boarding school facilities are able to provide for only a small portion of those that survive however. There is not much hopes for the others until a generation of Catholic people is able to instruct their children at home.

VERITABLE DIOCESES

• Some idea of the huge territory which the Patna, India missionaries have to cover is given by Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., in a recent letter:

• "My territory covers about 4,600 square miles. Of this amount I have covered up to now about 2,000 square miles. The northern part lies along the banks of the Ganges. The southern part lies on the range of hills



Some boys in the Mission of Chutun Ku, China, enjoy a story about their own country in JESUIT MISSIONS.

which form a part of the Chota Nagpur Plateau."

• Father Frank J. Welzmler, S.J., of Piro, Shababad District, writes that his own territory covers an area of 7,500 miles and it includes over 4,000 villages:

• "It is the fertile Ganges valley where the population averages over 500 people to the square mile. By now the total is near to 4 million of whom 4,000 are baptized. We have four men in the field. A thousand people newly converted is quite enough to keep a zealous missionary's nose to the grindstone. And here we have a thousand villages for whom one man is assigned. That's a tremendous lag. When we shall be able to invert this and put one man in charge of four villages it will be a happy day for the Kingdom of Christ in India.

CLARION CALL

• "Arise you Americans! There's not a kingdom but an empire of souls to conquer here. There's not a crusade to fight for a patch of hallowed ground, but there are legions of captive souls to be ransomed from Satan's thrall-dom. There's not a war to be fought for evanescent peace of earth, but a campaign to be staged for the unending peace of Heaven. There's an investment to be made not for dividends in gold, but for a weight of eternal glory. There's a triumph to be achieved not for fleeting fame and power, but for the undying laurels of reigning victorious with Christ."

CLOSED ROADS

• No matter what direction this letter from Mr. Clement Armitage, S.J., went, to avoid bombs and mines, it came through in record time all the way from Baghdad College, Iraq. He writes:

• "Ten days ago we could have said that our thoughts often turn eastward towards you for it was from that direction our mail would generally come. Today we



Father Sedlack, S.J., makes a visit to a Santal village in India and finds the smiling welcome pictured here.

can only sigh and wonder by what route, if any, this little word will reach you. We seem to be an island in a sea of closed roads. And from the latest reports it is very dangerous to be an island these days. However, as I look out the window at the crummiest day I have seen in a long while I get the impression that we won't be even an island for very long. The rains have come. We are doomed to be a sea of mud, clinging mud which gets a nasty grip on the apostolic fervor and doesn't let go until Spring.

GOD'S WORK

• "Yet there is a little cloud of something or other over us all, for it is not easy to keep working at the same old tasks when we know that the folks back home have started down the hard road on which there is no turning back. Don't think for a moment that there are any smug smiles among the Fathers here,

just because we seem to be rather distant from the turmoil of war. There's no smugness and no satisfaction. We are here because there's a job to be done, God's job and we must keep our eyes on that fact. It means carrying on under a little more strain.

ROUND ABOUT

• "Of course, there are several ways in which this new phase of the war will affect us. For one thing, much of our mail came through the Pacific and I imagine that it will be a long time, if ever, before the mail sent to and from Baghdad after the first of November arrives at its destination. I noticed in our one English newspaper a day or so ago that Air Mail to America will go by plane to South Africa and be transhipped there by boat.

GOOD MAN, TOUGH JOB

• "Yet in the midst of so many big happenings in the world our daily life has continued smoothly enough. We had the pleasure of welcoming back to the fold for a couple of weeks Father Frank Anderson, S.J. He had been looking around for a quiet hole into which he could creep after setting up his school system in Transjordan. The job itself is like the country and I have yet to see a harder country. He doesn't expect to satisfy everybody but he has a keen eye peeled to find the ones who should be satisfied. Even that requires extraordinary vigilance for in the East satisfaction is regarded with intense suspicion. It is the first time he has been back to the old fireside since he left us two years ago. We received a letter from him after his return to the Land Beyond the Jordan. A trip which usually takes under twenty-four hours had cost him the better part of four days. And he arrived there only to find that tragedy had come to one of his schools. A sudden flood had arisen and swept into an orphanage, killing two little children.



I wish I could. . . .

No mother, no father. . . . That's why those little boys and girls whom Mother was reading about look so scared and some are even crying. No mother to love them, no father to run to for help . . . all alone. I'd be afraid and cry too. Sometimes even their brothers and sisters were killed by the bad men. . . . No home to go to. It was all burned down. . . . They look so hungry with their empty rice bowls. . . .

I wish I could bring them into my house for a while.

That is every China missionary's wish, Joan. Would that he could bring all China's waifs within God's house! There to shelter, clothe and feed them. There to restore their tender faith in men as seen in the devoted ministrations of missionary priests and Sisters. There to light their eyes with the picture of the Boy Jesus and Mary, His Mother—the one Brother and Mother not all the world can deprive them of.

Joan, say your little prayer to-night that all America's children and parents will help bring the children of China "into God's house."

***Now, more than ever, your help is needed. Send your gift for
CHINA'S CHILDREN***

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COMMUNICATIONS

The Editor will welcome your communication on any topic connected with
JESUIT MISSIONS and Jesuit Missionaries

With Such Our Army Must Win
To the Editor:

Enclosed you will find my dollar for the renewal of my subscription to the JESUIT MISSIONS. My home address is at 622 N. El Paso St., El Paso, Texas. However, as you can see by the return of this address, "I'm in the Army Now." I would like you to send the magazine here at camp instead of home. I would like to start with the month of February as I have already read the January number at our Chapel.

I want to add that this is my favorite magazine for it is full of real adventure and true heroism. I like to read it from cover to cover.

May the Sacred Heart and St. Ignatius of Loyola aid the missionaries in their present crisis and help them to make the missions flourish.

Pvt. Manuel Ramirez
Camp Roberts, Calif.

Enthusiastically . . .

To the Editor:

Recently I enthusiastically received my first copy of JESUIT MISSIONS.

After perusing this interesting publication I was somehow reminded of an incident which happened at school. It seems that my marks had fallen below par, and my mother, becoming somewhat alarmed, called the head of our Department and reported to him that I was spending too much time reading novels. The good man, who had his own way of doing things, said nothing to me at the time. Indeed I would never have known of the matter but for a subsequent event, and then doing some very elementary deduction.

I had just finished an example at the board when I turned rather enthusiastically and asked, "How is that?" "Pretty good," he returned, "pretty good for a man who reads novels," and he flashed one of those characteristic grins for

which he was famous. At that age I changed color like a traffic light and hurried to my seat.

In due course I forgot the matter, but it was brought back to mind at the end of the year when the good Father leaned over one of the old-fashioned desks and talked informally to his little graduating class. Somehow I felt he was shooting particularly at me. ". . . and when you are casting about for something to read, don't forget the Bible. It's the greatest book written. . . . You will also find there poetry and adventure, history and romance. You will find it far more interesting than most of the stuff being written today. . . ."

Perhaps it is strange that I should think of this now, after reading your magazine, but I do. Perhaps it is because in the letters I found printed there, there were many commendable motives for taking or renewing subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS, but there seemed to be a conspicuous lack of appreciation for the fact that this excellent magazine in itself is well worth the price to those interested in reading worthwhile and inspiring accounts written by such intelligent and capable men as the Jesuit Fathers.

Houston, Texas. Michael Turner.

Follow This Leader

To the Editor:

Kindly send a year's subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS to a Chaplain in the Armed Forces. I believe in the power of the Catholic Press. . . . May God love your thoughtfulness, protect our brave boys and keep each and every Chaplain within the shelter of His Sacred Heart.

"Shorty of Cambridge"

"Interesting and Educational"—The
Goal We Set

To the Editor:

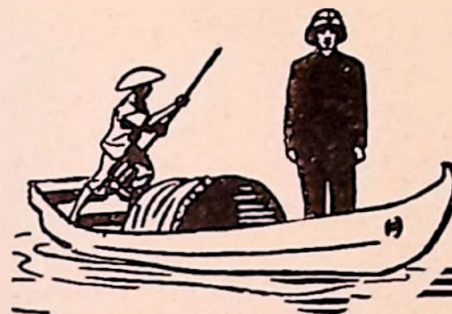
I am enclosing herewith ten dollars for the renewal of the subscriptions for the missionaries. I have subscribed for ten of your missionaries. I am only too glad to help the missions in a little way. I only hope I could have given more to help the missions along, especially now.

Please send us the February issue as I do not want to miss a single issue. Your magazine is very interesting and very educational. I have learned a lot just from reading the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine.

I shall do everything I can to help you keep up the good work. God bless you and help you in the wonderful work you are doing.

Newark, N. J.

J. M.



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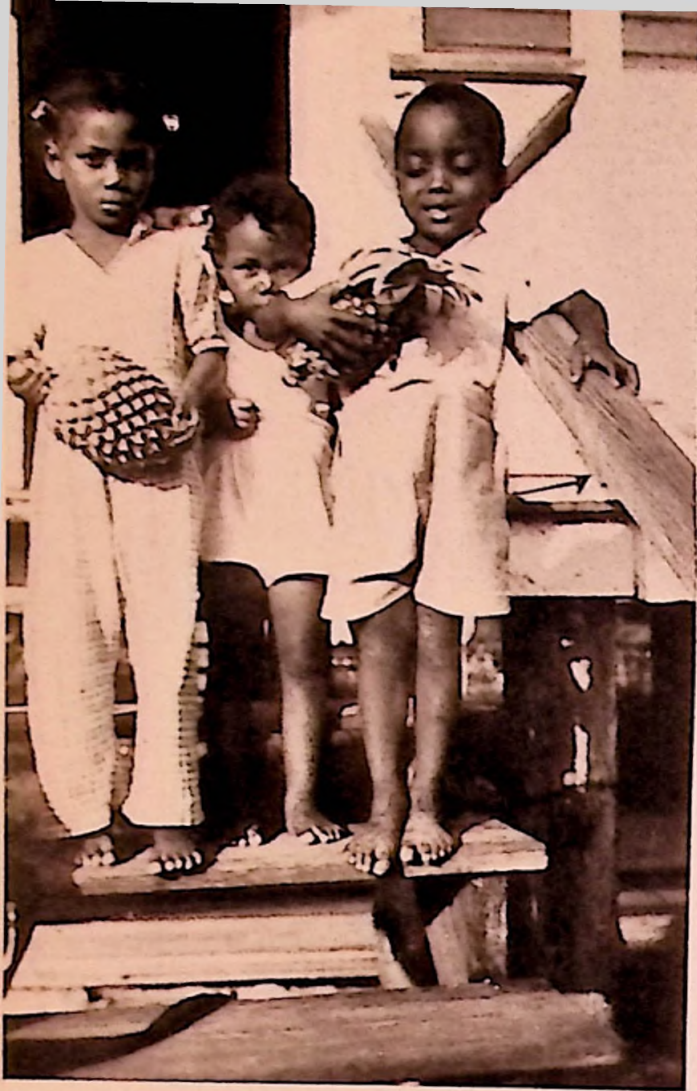
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PROFITABLE AS WELL AS ENJOYABLE

WHOLESOME AND INSPIRING READING
IS A SERIOUS NEED, THEIR
CHAPLAINS SAY

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Dreams Come True in British Honduras

Stanley E. Kalamaja, S.J.

Mission children
bring some juicy
pineapples for
Father's table.

WHEN a Scholastic is sent to teach in the College of St. John in Belize, British Honduras, his first and foremost intention is to do his task well and to bring the boys, who come under his care, to a fuller intellectual development and greater knowledge and love of Our Heavenly Father. But at the same time, in the back of the heads of most of us is a desire to get a good view of the Mission as a whole. Dreams of riding the river boat of Father Michael Schaefer, S.J., or Father Joseph Wade, S.J.; or of slowly plodding along on horseback through the paths of dry land missionaries are constantly forming themselves in a variety of intriguing pictures. Recently we saw our chance to fulfill those dreams on land.

It was really to be a vacation of two weeks away from Belize and the surroundings of the school. The place chosen was Orange Walk on the Belize River in the El Cayo district. Orange Walk is the ranch and about center of a six-mile stretch on the river owned by a Catholic of Belize. At opposite ends are the banana plantations of Mount Pleasant and Roaring Creek.

Orange Walk boasts one of the better bush schools of the Mission which draws pupils from San An-

tonio, Banana Bank, Saturday Creek, Roaring Creek, Mount Pleasant and several other places, hence it will be seen that it is a good mission center also, and a splendid place from which to trail our "el padre."

This school is a combination affair, as the custom of the Mission, because of lack of money, is to house both school and church in one building—one-room. Sunday morning for Mass we find the one-room interior looks very much like a country parish church. Beautiful mahogany altar, beautiful in its simplicity, a neat communion rail, rough benches and kneelers make up the church furniture.

MONDAY morning, however, all is changed and only the altar and communion rail remain to tell us of the Holy Sacrifice which is offered here. The communion rail is pushed back to the altar step; the benches are swung sideways, the long desks are brought out from the wall and we have the classroom.

This school was built entirely by the owner of the ranch, who also assists in the upkeep because the funds of the Mission are drawn on heavily by other needs. The building is ten feet above ground, as is the custom in the tropics, to avoid the damp ground during the rainy season. It is nothing more than a

skeleton of two by fours covered on the outside by pine board siding. Not very pretentious but it does serve nicely for the work of the Lord. We could do much with a few more of these church-schools to gather in the sheep of the Lord.

At present, it is the station of Father John Newell, S.J., who works out of Cayo, always by horseback. Father Newell was busy at the time of our visit and could not be in Orange Walk, but luckily we had, as our superior and chaplain, Father W. Ryan, S.J., a former missionary of this district, who, however, is now assistant pastor at the Cathedral of the Most Holy Redeemer in Belize.

THE change of weather from usual dry May to a very wet one gave ample opportunity to taste some real mission trips, through mud and water and pouring rain.

We left Belize by truck but as the road is not complete all the way we had to switch to horses at the government road camp at Beaver Dam, and continue the last eight miles in that style. It had rained for two weeks previous and even during our truck ride from Belize, which was some ride—a heavy canvas rested on our heads to keep off the rain as we bounced along,

seated on board seats. We could see nothing and would have preferred the rain to the heavy weight and stuffy air, had it not been for the other passengers.

Heaven apparently favored us, when we got to the horses, by stopping the rain. Slush and mud were plentiful and the horses did a noble job of carrying us through the sticky mud in three hours. The rain would not spare us, though, and when hardly a mile from the house it came in a downpour which soaked us in ten minutes.

THE first week found us (four in number—three Scholastics and one Father), confined to the house with our books and a little bridge game, as not a day missed its rain. Several times, when the afternoon looked promising, two or three of us would venture out but every time to return with a soaking.

Our original plan had been to travel via horse to Cayo, but the rains swelled the creeks and river so badly that experienced bushmen advised us to put aside the idea. That we did and spent the ensuing week, which proved pleasant, exploring the surrounding country.

One trip to Banana Bank through the acres of bananas—50,000 plants; several trips to Roaring Creek and more bananas—and above all a de-



Along the shoreline of the open sea the sailing is comparatively smooth on a clear day, but when the missionary swings into the winding, swift-running creeks and rivers he has a job on his hands to avoid disaster at every bend and turn.

licious swim in the cool rushing waters of a fresh water stream at Brandy Bank. How we wished we had found it sooner.

LITTLE, however, has been said about our footsteps on the mission paths. One is really worth mentioning—the one to San Antonio. A ride from Orange Walk to Roaring Creek then over the high bridge, made slippery by mud and rain, so slippery that we had to get off and lead the horses lest they slip and tumble us down seventy-five feet to the swollen river, and we were on our last lap through inches of mud trying to find the *camino real*. We would never have found it had not a young Chinese boy happened along and showed us the way. What a *camino real*! Hardly a horse path so overgrown with bush! Between watching, so that the horse did not stumble, so that the low branches did not knock us off or a

vine attempt a jungle hanging, (none of which we completely prevented), we were busy for about a mile.

AT last we came upon a clearing occupied by thatch huts. Our object was to announce Sunday Mass at Orange Walk, but we wanted to see *la casa del padre*, in which he slept and said Mass on his short visits. What a place! Bamboo pole hut, a few bamboo poles for a bed and at one end of the hut a rickety altar with a faded picture of St. Anthony. The altar was covered with withered flowers or dirty paper ones, candle stubs with their overflow grease all over the altar, and dirt everywhere. What a place to spend the night! What a place to offer up the Holy Sacrifice! Could we Scholastics grow up to take this? Thus our thoughts ran.

A long trip back so we could not stay long. Once clear of the jungle path we speed back at a furious gallop, mud flying everywhere but mostly on our clothes, so it seemed when we stopped.

We left Orange Walk early Sunday morning, for we had an eight-mile horseback ride before we could catch our bus (truck). A bumpy ride home to Belize left us ready for our retreat, with many serious thoughts and reflections on real mission life.

Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., of Benque Viejo amuses himself with a pet tiger and forgets about the rainy season in British Honduras.





NEW BOOKS



The Mass

Joseph A. Dunney

There are several learned works on the Holy Sacrifice but the need has always existed for one that combines simplicity, clarity and completeness in a popular rather than scholarly vein. For some time Father Dunney's book has met that need. This is its latest reprint, the first appearing in 1924.

The full text of the Mass is given in Latin and English each prayer being taken separately before its explanation. In explaining Father Dunney has succeeded in catching the mind of the Church so that Our Lord's life, the grand progress of the liturgy from Apostolic times and the worshipper of today are all united. Thus the great Sacrificial Act presents the double aspect of lifting man to God and drawing God into our daily lives.

Each ceremony and the significance of each action of the priest are given together with many other interesting things that Catholics ought to know about their Faith and Worship. The altar and sacred vessels, too, are explained and an appendix treats each of the vestments, together with pictures of them. (The book is liberally illustrated throughout.)

This attractive treatise ought to find a place in every Catholic home.

Macmillan Company, Milwaukee, Wisc., \$1.25.

"A Declaration of Dependence"

Fulton J. Sheen

In his lucid and forceful way Monsignor Sheen exposes the folly of created men excluding the Creator from their council chambers. The series of essays reveals the shifting sands upon which modern political science rests and illustrates how the reverberating ruin of our civilization is the only logical result of building a culture upon philosophical quicksand. With superb clarity he shows how the proud refusal of modern man to acknowledge and fulfill his duties toward the Almighty has brought about the just retribution of an angry God. In pursuing unrestrained liberty a prodigal civilization has found slavery, for when God's existence was denied human rights became but an empty dream.

The fundamental ideas of modern democracy are expressed by The Declaration of Independence. "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." If God's very existence be denied, these

rights vanish. As Monsignor Sheen puts it, "The Creator has endowed men with rights and liberties; men got them from God! In other words, we are dependent on God, and that initial dependence is the foundation of our independence."

Rights are from God, if God be denied then slavery and chaos must follow as the totalitarian countries of Europe have illustrated both by manacled peace and ghastly war. And the optimistic corollary of this central theme of the book is that the remedy can be found by acknowledging the Creator as the Law-giver and Father of rebellious man. Thus human rights will again be solidly founded and freedom will be restored to a world which will recognize freedom to be the right to do one's duty.

As is evident, this series of essays will be invaluable to the student of political philosophy, indeed to everyone who is concerned about human liberty in the modern chaos.

Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc., \$1.75.

In the Shadow of Our Lady of the Cenacle

Helen M. Lynch, Religious of the Cenacle

This story tells simply and succinctly the origin and growth of the Congregation of Our Lady of the Cenacle in its first fifty years in America. It is a splendid story of anxieties and sacrifices, hardships and sorrow joyfully accepted. This Religious Congregation came from France and started with nothing but faith in God to introduce the idea of closed retreats to the laity of early New York. From New York they went to Newport, R. I., then to Charleston, then to Boston, then west to Chicago and Illinois. It is a story not fully told in the mere chronicling of the events and establishments of those years but sufficiently well told to give us a breath of the spirit and the permanent good the Sisters of the Cenacle have generously contributed to Catholic life here in the New World.

Paulist Press, New York, \$2.00.

"A Light To My Paths"

Peter Lippert, S.J.

Another delightfully ascetical book has been written by inspired hands. The old-fashioned spiritual treatise with its endless "don'ts" and cold platitudes has gone forever, we hope. Here we have spirituality, profound in its simplicity, personalized in the attractiveness of Christ. Prayer, humility, resignation, moral courage, solitude and all the desirable prin-

ciples of spirituality which make for intimacy with God are treated with the touch of a Master. Christ lives for us with moving reality in Father Lippert's newest contribution. We close this book with a longing for this beautiful companionship of God. We are clearly directed how to acquire it. After reading "A Light To My Paths" we know the answer and are satisfied: Be Christ; ask Christ for the grace to live as He lives. It's all so simple and here it is irresistibly presented.

Frederick Pustet Co., New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

The Children's St. Francis Catherine and Robb Beebe

If such a terrible punishment is held in store for those who scandalize "little ones" what shall we say of the reward they will receive who lead children to God. This Catherine and Robb Beebe have been doing for quite some time now by their children's books. They are very happy this time in their selection of the life of St. Francis of Assisi. This Troubadour of God was one who lived as a child in the eyes of God. He made the world around him wonderful by his deep faith. It is a world children know before they are spoiled and pull down their banners before the scorn and laughter of unbelieving companions. If they come to know and love St. Francis, their customs and manners and beliefs will not change with the years.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., fifty cents.

One Inch of Splendor

Sister Mary Rosalia of Maryknoll

The Church in China against the background of paganism looks pitifully small. Like Angels in this pagan land, come the Sisters of Maryknoll, going out into the highways and byways to spread the seed of the Gospel. In these few pages we catch far more than an inch of splendor in the courage and devotion which these Maryknoll Sisters are displaying in the work of conversions. Moving from house to house, out into the market place and in the field, they gather in the people into their catechumenate and prove valuable helpers to the Fathers in their work for the conversion of China.

Field Afar Press, Maryknoll, N. Y., \$1.00.

Easy Notation Hymnal

William E. Campbell, M.A., Ph.D.

The author has devised a splendid method for the simplification of the musical scale and applied the same to Church music. This book should be very helpful to teachers and to choir masters.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., twenty-five cents.

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

(Continued from page 61)

so much coffin wood as firewood that is scarce, as the following horror story shows: The mortality among the Nuns' war orphans is high. The tiny corpses were always nailed up in little wooden boxes and buried by one of the servants on a neighboring hillside. One morning after taking a box out he returned all excited and said that during the night ghouls had come and unearthed all the little coffins, apparently to get firewood, and had scattered the decaying remains of some fifty youngsters everywhere on the hillside. Since then he has used no wooden boxes, but has wrapped the tiny corpses in straw matting.

In these abnormal days peace-time pursuits such as higher education and the like, outside of Shanghai, Peking, Tientsin and a few other places are out of the question. But the missionaries in the troubled areas feel that by devoting themselves wholeheartedly to helping a people in agony, they are doing the work the Church wants them to do. Yet is it wrong if we look eagerly for signs of the dawn of peace?

MORE PAIN FOR LEPERS

(Continued from page 63)

ried couple to agree beforehand to surrender the babies at about six months old. These babies are kept in a nursery where they receive the best scientific care.

At two years old they are transferred to an asylum in Manila. There they are adopted by relatives or other persons. At the going away of the babies in the leper ship you see as many as 200 parents standing by in tears. When the ship departs there is a terrible wailing that can be heard a mile away up in the hills.

One of the gifts God seems to have given the leper is that of song. In May, June and October you hear them singing beautiful hymns. Hundreds are so disabled that they have no other joy or diversion. Thus they sing out their days on the island of Culion. Nobody knows them or wants them even if they are pronounced "negative." Nobody wants them but God and most of them find Him before long in their land of exile.

FUGITIVES IN A BLACKOUT

(Continued from page 64)

degrees below zero. Three boys stole out unnoticed from the mission soon after breakfast, and started for their home some one hundred miles away.

The eldest, fourteen years of age, had come just before Christmas and now was homesick for his family. Behind him trudged his two younger brothers, aged nine and eleven. A crust of bread, inadequate clothing for such a trip, forty miles to the nearest village and only two shelter spots between . . . a tough set-up for even a grown man with a team of dogs. In a few minutes they were out of sight beyond the snow hummocks piled high by the wind.

"Late in the afternoon we discovered their absence and immediately set out in pursuit. Unless they were found before night, the three children would most certainly be frozen to death. For ten miles we trailed them. Soon dusk began to fall. The trail had dimmed out but we hurried on in the hope of catching up with them before total darkness came.

"Nine o'clock. No boys. No footprints on the trail. We turned around to retrace our steps, thinking that perhaps they may have lost the path in the darkness. Time was most precious now. A piercing wind rustled the surface snow over the hard crust, chilling us to the bone. Sudden winter storms are fearful things in the northland.

"We had returned several miles when suddenly the dogs picked up a scent and shot off the trail. We followed their lead some hundreds of yards to a clump of trees. There, huddled together for warmth, the eldest with his arms around the two smaller ones, were the three lads, just beginning to doze off into a sleep from which they would never have awakened.

"It was after midnight when we arrived at the woodcamp four miles from the mission where Brother Aloysius Laird had fire and blankets for the half frozen fugitives. We came home the next morning, one of the boys with a fine case of chillblains, all three a wee bit wiser and the missionaries with a few more gray hairs. . . ."

Far down in the Santa Clara valley a mournful siren whined; the phone rang; blackout was over. But no one moved to snap on the lights. The theologians were still musing along under the northern skies, thrilling to the call of souls, echoing out of the Alaskan winter.

NO SOUND OF GUNS IN INDIA—YET

(Continued from page 67)

enable superiors to start new fields of activity.

Since the beginning of the war, no new laborers have been able to come from foreign lands to Christ's Vineyard in India. Some, destined for the missions, have been either killed or are wounded or are languishing in some prisoners-of-war camp. Many are actually fighting in the armies of the various belligerent countries. Those who are in a position to come are prevented from doing so by the disturbed conditions prevailing in Europe and America.

In the missions many have gone to their reward—death knows no respite—many have had to retire on account of failing health; some are interned. The situation is serious and many a missionary is wondering with anxious concern if his work of long and arduous years is not threatened with ruin.

Of late, vocations from among our own both for the religious and clerical life have increased but many more are needed if we are to continue the work begun and open up new and necessary activi-

ties. The harvest indeed is great but the laborers all too few.

Missions need not only men but money too. Formerly generous help came from abroad for practically all missions depend almost entirely on donations but now not a cent comes from Europe. Yet the schools which teach our children their faith, the orphanages which feed hungry mouths, the hospitals which care for Christ's suffering brethren, the seminaries which train and educate our future missionaries, all these and many others work *must* be kept going. Conversions are plentiful but the missionaries cannot go on without sufficient means. This is an acute war problem and those concerned are wondering how it is going to be solved. We are confident that He who cares for the ravens of the air will not allow His own work to come to nought and as long as we trust in Him we have little to fear.

BAGHDAD COLLEGE IS TEN YEARS OLD

(Continued from page 71)

Last April we woke up one morning to find ourselves in the midst of a war. The roads were full of soldiers. The air seemed, at times, to be full of airplanes. Often we heard the rumble of artillery and the crash of bombs rattled our windowpanes. Had we still been in the city we should have been in even more immediate danger. One of our Fathers was taken off to a concentration camp. The period immediately following the Armistice was not without danger from looters. We sat tight and nothing happened to us. We quickly got our Father out of the concentration camp. But a lot of things could have happened to us and to our work. They didn't. *Al-hamdu lillah.*

When we came here we found ourselves in a really foreign country. The biggest barrier between us and the people was, of course, the Arabic language. According to the Arabs it is the language of God. After trying to learn it we decided that there must be something to their claim because we were sure that only God could really master it. But we didn't give up. Several of our Fathers can now hold their own in the language of God. *Al-hamdu lillah!*

We have moved about five times since the beginning. Some of us can boast of having lived in seven different places, including the new school building. At one time we were seriously thinking of living in tents because we did not know, so to speak, where our next roof was coming from. A permanent residence or school were projects that, in the first years, seemed to call for about a hundred Aladdin's Lamps. Even now, with our superb new school building and a very substantial combined residence and boarding school, we are sometimes inclined to pinch ourselves. But on more serious second thoughts, we simply say: *Al-hamdu lillah!*

Our ten years' entanglement with red tape would provide material for several

books. Our financial history is, in itself, a kind of sustained miracle. And we have said nothing about such minor points as dust storms, sand-flies and Baghdad boils. But when we look back at the whole ten years' complexus of laughter and tears we are inclined to regard it all, if not as a miracle, at least as a convincing and striking proof that the arm of the Lord is not shortened.

We really do not look back very often. However, we do permit ourselves occasionally to look beyond the waving palm fronds, beyond the twinkling lights of the Mosque of Kadhimain across the river, beyond and through the lively Christian boys in the classroom or on the playing field, and we see dimly the fruit that is now only in the bud. We see Christian men, strong and sure in the faith, giving great glory to God because they have experienced His love and grace in Baghdad College. We see all this and more, and in the depths of our hearts there sounds and resounds the constant refrain: *Al-hamdu lillah!*

IT'S NO SECRET

(Continued from page 72)

Society for the Propagation of the Faith receive all mission alms?

Very definitely, *no*. Our slogan here in Detroit seems to give the right answer: Help from All but not All the Help. Pius XI in making the Propagation a Pontifical work stated that he wished "a contribution from the Catholic universe"—a gift from every Catholic and from each one a daily prayer for the missions.

In my visits to the churches and schools I keep urging that membership in the Propagation represent our primary act of mission sacrifice. We may and should give more alms to particular missions than to the Propagation; but for the Society, given to us by The Vicar of Christ, we should reserve our first sacrifice.

Here is a capital point: only the head of the Church could give us a universal mission society. This he has done. Only his word is heard and headed by all the flock of Christ. He has spoken. He has given us a plan for universal mission action. He has ordered his societies established everywhere. He asks little. It is the Director's work and the work of every priest to make this plan of the Pontiff known and loved. The plan itself is good—it is the best for the Church universal. It does not exclude other approved mission works. We, especially the priests of Holy Church, are on trial to make this plan effective.

Can you bear with me for another two minutes? There is so much to say in answering question number four. We should help the Jesuit Missionaries, the Dominican Missionaries, any and all missionaries, for even though the Holy Father's Mission Society tries to assist all missionaries, it can never provide sufficient help for all.

Is a member of the Propagation the

same as a benefactor? This question is a good one and two definitions supply the answer. A member of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is one who offers the required daily prayers and, if possible, makes an annual contribution to the Society—one dollar is the usual membership alms. A benefactor is one who remembers the Society in almsgiving but does not assume the obligation of daily mission prayer. Our cry is always for more faithful members because more members mean more prayers.

It is difficult to measure or number the spiritual favors granted to members and benefactors of The Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Chief among these favors is a participation in the special fruits of 15,000 Masses offered every year for members and benefactors in America. Add to this a long list of rich indulgences; try to estimate what great value there is in sharing in the personal sacrifices of the missionaries; vision, too, how many prayers are sent heavenward by the missionaries and their converts—many of these prayers are certainly for their benefactors—and you will have the answer to question number five.

There are other questions—many, many more—but we must wait for another day to answer them. Here is a final word whatever others may think or say (I did not mean to be so bold) I believe that the Pontifical mission societies—we have mentioned only one of them—are heaven-sent. Pius XI did not give these works to the world without careful thought and without much prayerful preparation. In my opinion he was directed by the Spirit of God; and, we may add, it was not necessary for him to feel that God was directing him.

Often I call the Pontifical mission societies of the plan of the Pontiff, which is the same as saying the plan of the Church. Take one more step—or is it necessary?—may we not say immediately—the plan of Christ or the plan of God?

ACTIVE AT EIGHTY-SIX

(Continued from page 74)

eral modern languages besides the old classical Greek, Latin and Hebrew. Last year he corrected several articles for the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, and has made several contributions to their study of Canadian Indians.

One day I saw him scrambling over the rocks, basket in one hand and a small garden trowel in the other. "What are you doing, Father?" "Oh, collecting wild flowers. Here is a beautiful specimen." During his travels along the mission trails, wild vegetation, the various types of herbs and plants were ever a source of interest. He has remedies for colds, poison-ivy and even consumption. The latter disease he claims to have frequently halted by a drink made from certain plants known only to Indians. From the district around Spanish and Sprague, he has collected over five hundred types of

wild flowers. These he has planted in a garden and can give you the botanical history of any one of them. Daily when the weather is fine, you will see him along the shore, on the rocks or in the fields, seeking, always seeking new specimens. In his room wild flowers, roots, leaves, fill many jars. Look at him—glasses perched on his fine French nose, eyes quickly glancing at various books as he seeks to catalogue a new find—ah—a smile! He reaches for his pen. Another specimen! It is no wonder he could say I have no time to read newspapers!

Among the older inhabitants along the north shore of Lake Superior, the priest of Sprague is a legend. As one old French-Canadian lumberman said: "He should be dead, if work could kill a man. I remember back in the 1890's when he used to go by canoe from Sault-Ste-Marie to some of his missions. Lake Superior would be storming, the big boats clung to the harbors. And right under their noses a little canoe—just about twelve feet long—a little canoe, with a sail would go out into the lake. And mind you, Father Richard could not swim." They still talk of his fast dog teams and fine sleds. The history of his early labors would be the story of the growth of the Catholic Church in northern Ontario. The results of his present work will be beneficial to all Indian scholars and students. His early life will encourage future missionaries, his later activity gives us an example of work. Cheerful, kind, patient, he offers all to God, learned yet simple, he is a priest, a religious, a missionary and a scholar.

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