

# JESUIT MISSIONS

VOL. XVII

NO. VI



JUNE, 1942

TEN CENTS

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by Edward Madaras, S.J.

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# JESUIT MISSIONS

## THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

JUNE

1942

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • AMERICAN INDIANS • JAMAICA • CHINA • BAGHDAD • INDIA

### CONTRIBUTORS

The mail plane had difficulty flying through to Kotzebue, Alaska, which is above the Arctic Circle on the Bering Sea. When it did, FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., of the Oregon Province, former pastor of Akulurak, who became pastor at Kotzebue at the beginning of the year, sent us *Civilian Defense a la Eskimo*, showing his parishioners' reaction to the war against Japan.



Joseph M. Lynch

FATHER PAUL B. HUGENDBLER, S.J., ordained last year at Woodstock, Maryland, for the Philippine Mission, comes from Philadelphia. With Corregidor's fall he thinks of a former pupil who lives *Across the Bay from Corregidor* and exemplifies the finest spirit of Filipino youth.

FATHER JOSEPH M. LYNCH, native of Springfield Mass., and graduate of Holy Cross College, (*War's Tribute to the Native Clergy*), is the National Secretary of the Pontifical Work of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy, and is attached to the Propagation office in New York City.

An alumnus of Santa Clara and a member of the California Province, FATHER RICHARD B. MEAGHER, S.J. (*"The World's Best Catholics" Live in Mud Huts*), went out to the China Mission in 1936. He was ordained at Zi-ka-wei, last year.

BOB SENSER is an associate editor on the *New World*. He has been a frequent contributor to other national magazines. A visit to St. Stephen's Indian Mission prompted him to write *God's Country*.

During the past winter, FATHER CHARLES J. EBERLE, S.J., of the New England Province, returned to Jamaica after a brief visit to the States. *"It's a Submarine!"* is a vivid description of the added hazards to missionary travel today.

About this time last year RICHARD J. MCCARTHY, S.J., of the New England Province, started on a 12,000-mile trip from Baghdad to Boston. *From a Penthouse on the Tigris* goes back in memory to his years in Baghdad. Mr. McCarthy is now a theologian at Weston College, Weston, Mass.

FATHER GEORGE M. ZIEBERT, S.J., of the Chicago Province, ordained last year in India for the Patna Mission, tells us about *The Little Apostle of Nepal*.

STANLEY E. KALAMAJA, S.J., of the Missouri Province, now teaching at St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, describes a *Tropical Track Meet*.



George M. Ziebert, S.J.

### THIS MONTH

	Page
<b>EDITORIALS</b> .....	143
<b>CIVILIAN DEFENSE A LA ESKIMO</b> ..... Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.	144
<b>ACROSS THE BAY FROM CORREGIDOR</b> .... Paul B. Hugendobler, S.J.	146
<b>WAR'S TRIBUTE TO THE NATIVE CLERGY</b> ..... Joseph M. Lynch	148
<b>"THE WORLD'S BEST CATHOLICS" LIVE IN MUD HUTS</b>	
Richard B. Meagher, S.J.	150
<b>MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS</b> .....	152
<b>THE MISSION INTENTION FOR JUNE</b> .....	153
<b>GOD'S COUNTRY</b> .....	154
Bob Senser	
<b>"IT'S A SUBMARINE!"</b> .....	156
Charles J. Eberle, S.J.	
<b>THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS</b> .....	157
John P. Deevy, S.J.	
<b>FROM A PENTHOUSE ON THE TIGRIS</b> ...	158
Richard J. McCarthy, S.J.	
<b>AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS</b> .....	159
<b>COMMUNICATIONS</b> .....	163
<b>THE LITTLE APOSTLE OF NEPAL</b> .....	164
George Ziebert, S.J.	
<b>TROPICAL TRACK MEET</b> .....	165
Stanley E. Kalamaja, S.J.	
<b>NEW BOOKS</b> .....	166
<b>GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS</b> .....	169

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 medical mission sisters working with the Jesuits in Patna, India, have already accomplished wonders in winning the hearts and curing the ills of the poor. They minister freely to all. The diseases that afflict the very poor of India are many, due to unsanitary conditions and the primitive methods and remedies still in use among them. Picture taken by Father John A. Morrison, S.J.

# EDITORIALS

## OUR WAY

THE American, the Catholic way, is not only what must we do, but what can we do. The greatness of our Church and Country were built on an enthusiasm which didn't count the cost. Christ could have won for us the blessings of His Church at little personal cost. He chose the more generous way. Our founding fathers didn't have to stake their all for an ideal. Yet, because a few chanced everything, an oppressed world breathes courage while America stands.

If we are to have hope of an enduring peace, the teachings of Christ's Church and blessings of our way of life, rooted in Christian principles, must permeate the world. The day of the spirit of the American pioneer and Christian apostle is not past. Recent months have brought America to the crucial testing of its free, generous way of life.

Selfishness can corrode our greatest efforts. It is narrow-minded. It is most alien to Catholicism. The Catholic's vision must parallel that of God,—it must be all-embracing.

There can be no straddling in today's tragedies. It is all out for God and Country. It is heartening that we can do so much. The emphasis of the moment is on the buying of War Savings Stamps and Bonds. Their purchase speeds the day of victory. Their purchase and donation to the missions is the surest guarantee of hope for a lasting peace.

Today, more of us are blessed with more of this world's goods than we have been in a long time. This is due in large measure to our God and Country. Give a little back to them by buying War Savings Stamps and Bonds, and donating them to the missions.

## NIGHT OVER THE PHILIPPINES

LACK of "Jesuit's bark," now called quinine, precipitated the fall of Bataan; lack of munitions speeded the end of Corregidor's courageous stand; lack of supplies is forcing Mindanao's missionaries to move into the mountains in search of food and protection. With the recent invasion of Tagaloan, only twelve miles from Bishop Hayes' See of Cagayan, in northern Mindanao, the other prong of Japan's latest pincer movement has been forged; Zamboanga is in ruins, ruthless machine-gunning of civilians from the air is in progress, schools

are closed and have been converted into hospitals with former teachers acting as nurses, 165 Jesuit missionaries are detained on the island of Luzon, and Radio Cebu is silent. To sum it all up in one word: suffering, Gethsemane-like, the night of sorrow for the missions has deepened in the Philippines.

Once again we are faced with the enigma of suffering permitted by the God of love; once again we are asked to look with eyes of faith upon the folly of the Cross, and to understand. The more we suffer, the more our loved ones suffer, the more we hope; the quality of our hope will measure the length and constancy of our prayers. Though we are cut off from some of our missionaries we can still aid them effectively by our prayers. We can still aid them by sacrificing and saving against that glorious day of resurrection that is sure to come, when they will need our accumulated help to rebuild an even greater testimonial to God's universal and impartial love for all mankind.

## A RECOGNITION FROM ROME

RIGHT Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, was recently appointed General Secretary of the Supreme General Council of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Vatican City. It is a unique honor because it is the first time an American has been appointed General Secretary of the Supreme General Council of this international mission-aid organization.

This appointment comes as a merited reward to Monsignor McDonnell for his nearly twenty years of service to the cause of the missions. With the generosity characteristic of a missionary, Monsignor McDonnell declared: "This honor conferred upon me by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, Vatican City, is a token of appreciation to the American Hierarchy, clergy, religious and laity for their increased interest and magnificent generosity to the missions during the past six years." May this recognition spur on all American Catholics to an ever-increasing appreciation of the apostolic spirit and their contributions to it in prayers, material help, and in vocations.

We congratulate Monsignor McDonnell on the honor he has received, and we believe with him that our country today more than ever is the hope of the missions.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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# Civilian Defense a la Eskimo


Bomb-proof igloos are now  
the rage in the Arctic Circle

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

The climax of it all came when snow-igloo bomb-shelters began to be made. I might remark here that, despite common opinion in the States, very few complete snow houses are now used. Most of the young men do not know even how to build them. Old veteran Eskimos were commissioned to draw up plans. Soon the young bucks were industriously cutting snow blocks and fitting them into a spacious two-roomed igloo. This was something new to me and I followed the proceedings with interest.

Later on we will give more items to show how even up here on top of the world we keep abreast with the times and have become defense-minded. What thrilled me most of all was to see good old Eskimo women patiently learning the "Prayer for War Time" so that they could follow my recitation of it after Mass.

**E**NGINES of all kinds fascinate the Eskimo. Eminently practical, he loves things that he can see and can take apart. He has not the knowledge for prolonged readings. Big words confuse his mind and little letters hurt his eyes. Many are far-sighted anyway—made thus by incessant hunting. In the long Arctic evenings a White man will grab a book or a magazine and ensconce himself in an easy chair; the Eskimo will sit on the floor and take a tickless clock apart and with truly oriental patience put it back together



A sturdy Eskimo seal hunter, now an air raid warden, on the lookout for Japs.

**U**P here at Kotzebue, Alaska, on the top of the world, the cabins may be completely buried in snow, but radio poles are sticking out all over the village. I would say that fifty per cent of my congregation have radios. Late models of the "Zenith" with a three-wave band, top the list.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when Pearl Harbor was attacked, the parishioners had the news long before their pastor. An Arctic village during December with only two or three hours of daylight is incomparably drab and lifeless. Well, it snapped into life and activity with a jerk. Japs and spies were hiding behind every igloo ready to blow it to bits. (In the darkness one can imagine anything and does.) Strange lights from big black bombing planes were nightly seen in the

sky (most likely distorted views of the Northern Lights).

Meeting after meeting was held—and do Eskimos dearly love a meeting with endless talking and smoking! Civilian guards were formed to guard our wireless station and the gas deposit of our local aircraft company.

**T**HINGS finally came to such a pitch that I was requested to silence the church bell and hold it in reserve only for a bombing alarm. Needless to say, I here demurred. I have lived with the Eskimos now ten years and I knew that despite their ability to fix a clock—that doesn't mean that they follow them. If I didn't ring the church bell for services I would have my congregation drifting in all the way from fifteen minutes to an hour apart.



Three Eskimo children huddled outside of an igloo of pre-Pearl Harbor days. Modern igloos are made entirely of snow to cut down the possibility of injury from wood splinters in case a bomb falls on it.

again—ticking. He dearly loves a puzzle. Outboard motors which a master mechanic would throw overboard in disgust, the Eskimo will finally after myriad experimentation get going again.

The radio with its multitudinous wires and tiny connections had him for a long time puzzled. But even this delicate mechanism is at last becoming subservient to the skillful hands and brains of the Arctic dweller.

**D**ISTRACTIONS are few in the Arctic. Life is simple from sheer necessity. The essentials of life concern the Eskimo, not the incidentals. He is hardened by inconvenience and thinks nothing of it. Loss of time does not disturb him as it does his White brother. He is too wise to try to regulate his life by an uncompromising schedule.

The Northland is a stern and at times a harsh teacher. But there are two lessons which are learned and learned well—the fine art of patience and that of quiet endurance. When an Eskimo thinks that a certain thing is necessary, he concentrates his ingenuity on its achievement with a patience and an attention that commands admiration. Take a kayak for example. It is his sole means of locomotion during the summer. On it depends his source of livelihood

from the sea. In its construction, therefore, is put his best talent. The streamlined perfection that results cannot be equalled even by Chris-Craft, the master boat builders.

**A**S the husband, so the wife. Eskimo women know better than any that the body must be kept warm in this freezing climate. She has clothed her man in a beautiful parka which is a masterpiece of matched furs and fine needle-work. Her footwear defies anything yet made for warmth and lightness.

But the little luxuries that the Whites so carefully husband and niggardly dispense do not tally with the utilitarian ideas of the Eskimo. His luxuries are so few that when they come he hardly knows how to handle them. A fine garment is not carefully stored in a cedar chest to be worn on state occasions. It is put to immediate use and used until it is worn out. Frugality at the table is unknown. Butter and jam will be slapped on bread in prodigal disregard of what will remain for the next meal. His philosophic code is to let the next meal take care of itself. His appreciation looks only to the present.

Permit me to illustrate my point with an example which is only one among many. I was touring my mission district on the Lower Yu-

kon by boat. My crew consisted of two tall, strapping Eskimo lads. They knew the Yukon as well as any pilot and were perfect mechanics. We took dinner on the open river. I opened a two-pound can of peaches. Considerately I took two slices. I thought not only of my two companions, but also of dessert for supper. One lad was at table with me, the other up in the pilot house. My dinner companion proceeded to fill up on canned peaches. He had already partaken of a husky meal, but this did not daunt him. He unceremoniously emptied the can of peaches. I casually remarked that the pilot also liked peaches. The sarcasm was completely wasted. I was merely rewarded with a concisely uttered statement that the pilot would take care of himself. As a matter of fact, there was plenty of fish on the table. I need not add that then and there I learned the lesson of personally rationing canned fruit. But, of course, my way was not the Eskimo way of etiquette.

**I**N the past this wholesome disregard for the morrow often resulted in periodic famines. Things went fine when the hunting was good. One could as a rule bag a seal or trap fish under the ice. But times do come when weather prevents seal hunting for long periods. Fish also fail to run, and then, despite their skill and resourcefulness, the Eskimos starve. Happily, there are a few lessons that the Eskimo can learn from the Whites and one of them is providence in food against the above contingencies. One now sees industrious Eskimos providing dry fish for an entire winter. Wood is also rafted and cut in the fall to permit more leisure for hunting during the winter. Famine as seen before the White man came to Alaska is now no more.

Need I add that not famine, but often hard times knock at the missionary's door. He can expect little from his Arctic congregation except Arctic foods. Light through a long dark winter, fuel for warmth, and necessary clothes must come from kind donors in the States. Here in Alaska we learn to get along without much we thought necessary at home.



Felipe was a happy lad, selfless, true and a first class cadet, socialist, athlete and scholar.



His little home in Obando looks across Manila Bay past Corregidor, toward the purple shore line of brave Bataan.

I FIRST met Felipe as his Prefect in our boarding school in Manila. He seemed to be just another of a crowd of over a hundred young boys from the Provinces for whom the Jesuits were providing roof, bed, board and education. Our first meeting is still clear in mind. Dinner was just over and the boys filing from the dining hall, were beginning their recreation in the palm-cooled patio. A very young thin lad came toward me, still munching on his dessert—a long banana. He managed to smile and eat and talk at the same time.

"Verbal, Fathaire?" pointing to the large school clock over the main entrance to the patio. "Three minutes only?" He was asking for permission to go outside the college grounds.

"But son, you're still eating your dinner!"

"Yes, Fathaire; bery good de food today."

"Why do you want to go out then?"

"Three minutes, Fathaire? Bery short time only."

"Why?" I began to wheedle on my own.

"I will buy, Fathaire."

# Across the Bay From Corregidor

Paul B. Hugendobler, S.J.

"But what?" I thought I had caught the sing-song tone.

"Peanuts, Fathaire. Bery many for two *centavos*, there," pointing out through the entrance to the little Chinese *tienda* (store) opposite the school.

I said: "O.K.! Three minutes! report back."

HE could not have heard anything after the first word—for he was gone like a flash. I saw him running in through the gate within two minutes. "Re-por-tiing," he sang out, speeding through the vestibule with a paper bag held gingerly. Holding the top open he handed me the bag. "You try, Fathaire. Umm-umm, you will like bery much."

I found myself juggling a water-soaked bag with a steaming soggy mass of unappetizing brown peanuts to be inspected. With two fingers I felt in among the steaming fog and located a prize . . . one

bite brought conviction—"Hot wet-rubber peanuts!" I said to myself.

"No good, Fathaire, without salts," I was warned by a wry face. Yes, there was a small bag of rock-salt included for the price, guaranteed to be a ripe condiment to add brilliance to the dead flavor of the nut!

As Felipe seemed eager to get working on his bargain, I rid myself of it politely.

"You'll never see tomorrow, if you eat that poison, son." He was sure I was joking. "Thank you, Fathaire," he laughed, "tomorrow you will see. I will buy you *balut*," he threw over his shoulder as he walked away eating his tasty delicacy.

He did not remember his promise. I did not remind him of it, for a Father had explained to me, "the *balut*" . . . an almost-ready-to-hatch duck egg, to be eaten thus, out of the shell! A fine introduction to native food if you want my opinion.



Military drill, rough work in sweaty khaki, parades in proud white and blue, all ejected new life into Felipe.

THAT all happened more than six years ago. All the world has greatly changed since then, and Felipe along with it . . . but he for the better. Today, he finds himself alone amidst a sea of over-powering odds. As I write he is listening to the rumbling guns of Nippon's legions, watching the invader's bombing-planes let loose their tons of death upon his people. He can look out upon Manila Bay, past the island fortress of Corregidor, toward the mountained, purple-shore line of brave Bataan, see in the blood-red sunset the unfurled banner of the pagan invader. His little home in Obando on the Bay may still be safe for himself and his little family of six brothers and sisters. Or he may have followed to the hills with the frightened rice-field peoples. But it is upon this kind of new youth, Catholic and loyal, that the future of those "Isles of the Morning" depends, conquered or unconquered. And for the missionary, they are his greatest hope, for he helped to make them what today finds them . . . selfless, true, loving God enthusiastically and ready to fight and die for His holy cause.

WHEN Uncle Sam turned back the mail across the sea, a barrier of heavy silence grew apace. Many Filipino friends of long standing now wait in vain for a greeting from mission friends in the States.

Among the thousands of cards and letters returned was one addressed to Felipe . . . it, too, came back, closing a chapter of friendship. "*Returned to Sender. Service Suspended.*" was the stamped message across the soiled envelope.

After this war a new chapter will begin, to carry on the happy memories of the past. It will be a much experienced Felipe who will break the long silence imposed by war. Meanwhile, with prayers and best wishes, we can recall the lad's spiritual training and trials in the years gone by.

THE picture of Felipe comes up before me as we met at the start of his high school career. A weak thin-framed youngster, he gave no indication of the energy and fortitude of character he was to develop. Not a month went by without showing its good effect on him. There was the constant training of the military drill, the rough work in sweaty khaki and the dress parades in proud white and blue . . . all injecting new life into his muscles and into his quickening mind. Intramural sports put a freedom and joy of living into his heart, taught him the art of playing the rules and of losing with grace. Sodality of Our Lady gave him fields aplenty to exercise his naturally pious temperament; and then there was steady application to the books. Winning

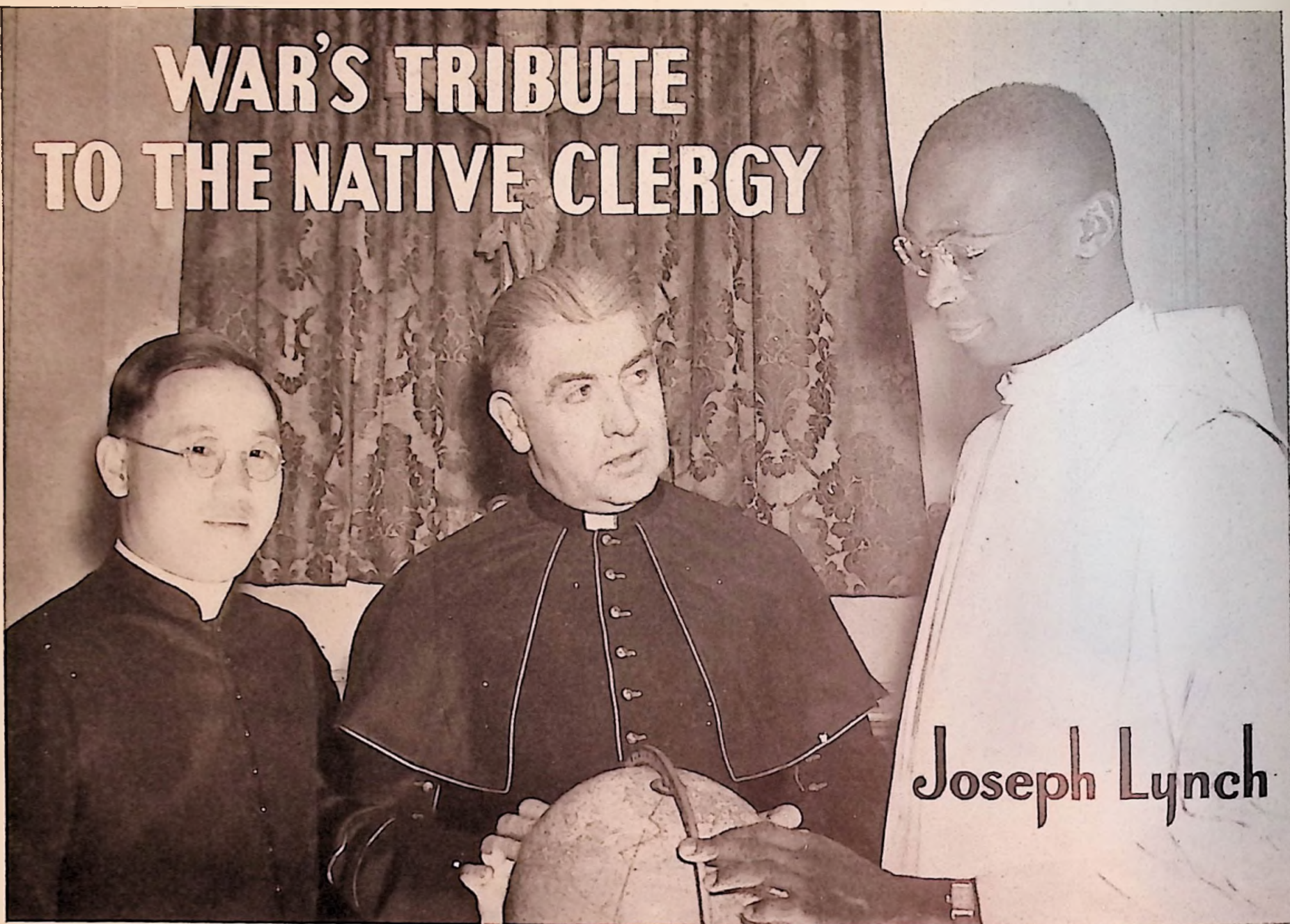
and forging ahead from goal to goal he gained new confidence and clearer recognition of his ability. He was a happy lad when he headed back to the Province for vacation in the rice-fields at home.

I SAW him enter the school the following June—to take up again where he left off. Dressed in white, the black band around his left arm was all the more conspicuous. I beckoned, he smiled and came over. Answering my questioning glance he said: "My mother—last month." "I'm sorry, Felipe," with my arm around his shoulder we made our way through the the crowd of students to the little chapel off the patio. I left him alone to dry his fresh tears, and to say a prayer for his father and the three young children.

The year pushed on with all its usual scholastic excitement, its bright and dark days, but I could see that there was a bit of spark missing in Felipe. He was trying to swing into things with his classmates but he seemed to have lost interest. The class pressed him and pulled him into their games but he could not finish any of them . . . had to fall out of the games. Soon he was also out of the drill-ranks. The doctor advised more rest. It appeared to be only a question of time before he might be forced to stop class entirely.

ONE day, as the bugles were calling the cadets, and down under the dormitories the click of gunracks and running feet were mingling with shouts of boys hurrying to the field, I found him packing. "This means you're going to leave us, Felipe?" I asked understandingly. He held three brown shirts in his hands as he straightened up and sat on the edge of the bed. Nodding his head, he sat there coughing for a full minute. I never have felt more sorry for a youngster. The lump in my throat was hard to swallow as I knelt to pack his keds, basketball uniform, school banner and military equipment . . . of what use these now? Such was the toll of the Islands' widespread scourge of tuberculosis that only the strong survived. (Turn to page 168)

# WAR'S TRIBUTE TO THE NATIVE CLERGY



Monsignor Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and recently appointed General Secretary of the Supreme General Council of the same Society, discusses the global war and the missions with a young Korean priest, Father Lorenzo Youn (Left) and Dom Basil Matthews, O.S.B., of Trinidad.

**T**HE war in the Orient which has already swept through the Philippines, Malaya, Burma, the East Indies and other mission countries has underlined in bold strokes the vital importance of one aspect of the Church's missionary work—the native clergy. While foreign missionaries, such as Americans, in the Far East, have been interned or their apostolic activities greatly restricted by invading armies, the native clergy for the most part has been unmolested. Thus, today, despite the war, the Church is still operating in the East and thousands of Catholics who might have been deprived of the consolations of religion are being administered to by the Priests, Brothers and Nuns of their own race.

Now as the war threatens to descend upon India, all Catholics should thank God for the sacrifices and foresight of those who have

brought it about that almost one-half of all the missionaries in the world are indigenous or native. This native clergy will be the chief hope of the Church's survival in many places during these dark days of the war.

**O**UTSTANDING in the work for the production of the native clergy in mission fields since the last century has been the Pontifical Work of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy.

Fifty-three years have elapsed since this Society came into existence. It was founded in Caen, France, by two humble laywomen, Stephanie and Jeanne Bigard, and the poor and middle classes were their first friends and benefactors.

The development of this great undertaking may be written around one question taken from the Acts of the Apostles. "How can I know

(the Gospel)," asked the Ethiopian of St. Philip, "unless someone teaches me?" And how can countless pagans in India, Africa and China learn about the true Faith unless there are priests to teach them? Millions today are desperately hungering for God and native priests are wanting to break unto them the Bread of Life.

**D**IVINE PROVIDENCE has made the spread of His Kingdom on earth directly dependent on man and his influence on his fellows. The logical instruments for imparting Christianity to pagan hearts are men who speak the language and understand the mentality of the people they are to evangelize. This was the conviction of the Bigards and of the missionary bishops their charity was helping.

One might have thought that the whole Catholic World would have



Chinese and European candidates for ordination entering the Jesuit Cathedral of Zi-ka-wei, China. They are the hope of the Church in the present crisis.

rallied at once to the support of this cause and these women who had the vision and the courage to provide funds for the training of poor native candidates to the priesthood. One might suppose that Catholic authors would have written books and articles pleading assistance for so promising a work so that the missionaries would be able to devote their entire time and energies to primary apostolic labors. But as is true of all great undertakings done for God they had to contend with the apathy of some and the opposition of others and all through their lives against the crushing weight of suspicion and indifference. Finally, the great Leo XIII gave them hope and encouragement and forty years later Pius XI set the seal of approval on their endeavors and made their Society a Pontifical enterprise.

**T**HAT this Society has contributed to the education of more than 4,500 priests is an historical truth. That with Christ-like perseverance and tact it has pierced the walls of prejudice and misunderstanding and induced Catholics in increasing numbers to cooperate in this form of mission action is a mighty achievement. The work of St. Peter the Apostle exemplifies in our modern age the traditional policy of the Church with regard to a native clergy. It also illustrates the difficulties encountered by the missionaries not by the nature of

their work but by the attitude towards it of those who have a lesser vision than the Master for the sheep not yet of His Fold.

**F**OR many years the need of a native clergy was admitted in principle but many and ingenuous were the objections that native peoples as a whole were not yet ready for the priesthood and the episcopate. The objections originated in Europe as a result of Jansenism and the exaggerated reports by some missionaries of the low intelligence and barbarism of the people among whom they labored. They have been proven to be lacking in historical foundation.

The formation of a native clergy is the strongest rebuttal to the accusation that the Church is a hostile thing linked with Western or White civilization. She respects and encourages those national traits and practices which, having their origin in the individual character of each race, are not opposed to the duties incumbent on men from their unity of origin and common destiny. She is the Church of all mankind at home, in every part of the world and period of time.

Native races have made astounding progress in the intellectual and moral fields in the last half century. Ethnological studies methodically pursued and multiplied and the steady advance of the Negroes in America since their liberation in 1863, and, it must be admitted, even

Japan's military successes have refuted superficial judgment and demonstrated that a saner verdict must be pronounced on two-thirds of the human race. Defects supposedly inherent in Oriental intelligence can no longer be used to oppose the creation of an unrestricted native clergy. Providence has thus utilized the conclusions of science to prepare the way for the apostles of tomorrow and the Holy Spirit will undoubtedly find means of raising up chosen ministers among all peoples of the earth.

The work of St. Peter the Apostle came at a most timely hour when the Papacy, lifting its voice in ringing tones and joining authoritative speech to action, recalled to the missionary world the place held by the native clergy in the mind and heart of the Church.

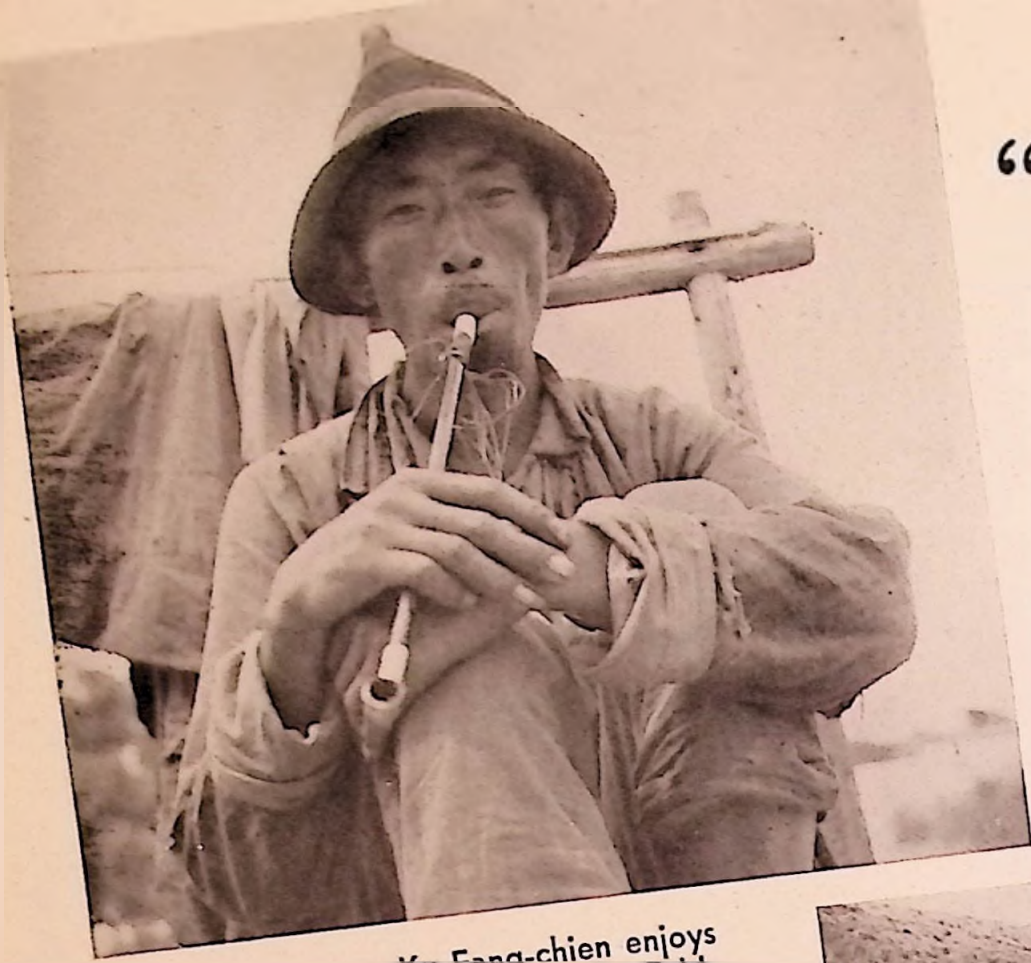
**A**PART from its extensive subsidies to struggling missionary bishops and the new courage it has infused into them to carry on, it has conditioned the atmosphere, if not completely, with us in Christian countries, where as yet it has reached only those souls prepared to be led, then certainly in the missions themselves where sometimes noble pre-occupations, generous fears or grave difficulties had paralyzed docility.

Native priests today exemplify in their lives the highest spiritual ideals of the priesthood. They have great respect for authority and are unaffected by the errors of modern thought and the claim for independence of human reason. Native Chinese priests have in recent years offered heroic examples of sacrifice. Father Paul Ly, an aged pastor of Ichang, was dragged from his confessional and butchered because he refused to renounce his Faith. And Father Chang, an Annamite priest in Indo-China, to save his people from suffering, delivered himself up to Communists and was murdered.

When this Apostolate is sufficiently understood and receives from us the spiritual help and encouragement it deserves, a new and glorious day will have dawned for the missions and we shall find as the principal instrument in God's right hand, the Society of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy. (Turn to page 167)

# "The World's Best Catholics" Live in Mud Huts

Richard B. Meagher, S.J.



Ku Fang-chien enjoys his pipe after a hard day in the field.

ONE afternoon early in July, Father Mark Falvey, S.J., the genial missionary of Chu-tun, Kiangsu and I had just come out from Mr. Tou's mud house, where I, a new priest, had performed my first Baptism. Mr. Tou's seven-day-old son had already been given the Chinese name of *Ch'ang Hsin*, (to keep the Faith always). Stephen, we then agreed, was the most fitting Christian name for the infant. Was not St. Stephen the Protomartyr of the Faith?

On the bank of a close-by stream, Father Falvey and I parted. He was returning to the mud-hutted village of Chu-tun, the center of his mission district, whose population was about seven hundred. I was going over to Kuan-chuang, a village much smaller than Chu-tun. This was to be my first night alone in a mission station.

The words, "First Night" flashing through my mind, brought the realization that this "First Night" would be something quite different from the thing usually signified by those two words—the First Performance—Premiere—the first opening of a Broadway play or some other stupendous production. It was to be my first night in a tiny village whose proudest house was nothing but a mud dwelling;—it was to be my first contact with the solidly good, rugged, poor, coun-



Chinese farmer wears a grass cape for a rain coat.

try people. On the morrow, I was to hear their confessions, say Mass for them, and preach to them.

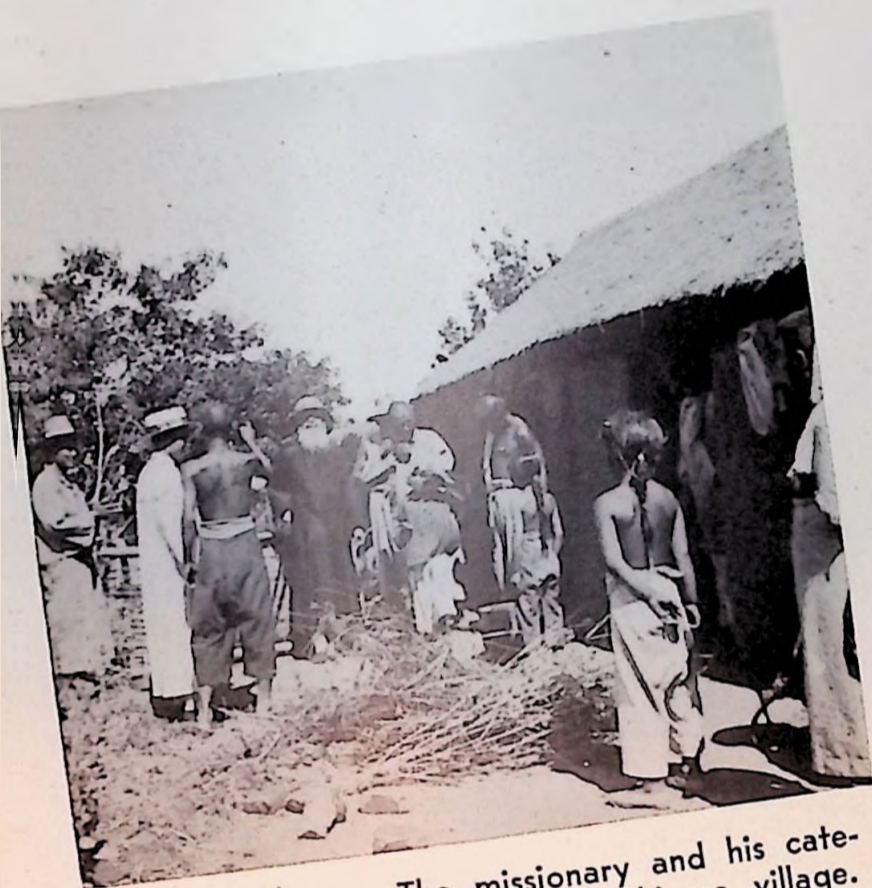
BY the bank of the stream, Mr. Tou, my guide to Kuan-chuang, politely said: "I shall carry Father across." Since I was much larger than he, laughing, I thanked him but refused his offer and slipping off my shoes and socks waded through the stream which had been made quite warm by the strong sun. By short-cuts through tall, green fields of corn he brought me to Kuan-chuang and showed me the two-room mud hut that served as the mission station. The larger

room served as a classroom and with a portable altar was used as a chapel. The second much smaller room was for the missionary. It had a low bed whose mattress was corn stalks. There was a tiny table and a chair. There was no other furniture.

I was welcomed by Ku Fang-chien, a man about forty—strong and wiry—whose appearance showed that he had been accustomed to hard outdoor work all of his life. Ku Fang-chien was the *Huei Chang*, or the one chosen by the missionary to look after the church and Christians when the priest is absent. The *Huei Chang* calls the

Catholics for morning and evening prayers and sends out messages to neighboring villages to let the Christians know when there will be Mass.

"*Wang, wang, Shen Fu!*" (Hello Father!) "We are glad that Father has come. To visit us means that Father has to put up with hardship," Ku Fang-chien said to me in greeting. In one hand he held his long thin pipe and in the other was the large hexagonal sun-hat which is so common—because it is very useful in this part of China.



The missionary and his catechist are well received in a Chinese village.

SOON a young farmer of twenty-five or so was introduced. "Father, this man would like to become a Christian," Ku Fang-chien told me and then pointed out a clean-cut sturdy lad of sixteen. It was Ku Fang-chien's eldest son. Ku proudly explained:

"He is going over to Suchow this fall to enter the Junior Seminary. He wants to become a priest. He is a good, straight-forward lad."

As we were speaking Ku's second son brought us some tea.

"Did Father hear that the bandits took this son last year?" Ku asked.

"Yes," I answered. "Father Falvey had told me of that kidnapping." Poor Ku Fang-chien had to sell forty of his eighty *mow* of land and two of his oxen to raise the money to redeem his son!

"And did the bandits give you a

tough time of it when they were holding you for ransom?" I asked the boy.

Ku Fang-chien answered for his son: "No, for he is but a boy who would have had difficulty in making an escape. The bandits keep a grown man much more confined as prisoner than they do a youngster."

Ku then turned to me and attentively asked: "Shall we bring Father his supper now or later?"



The sons of Ku Fang-chien help their father with the many chores about the farm.

I TOLD him not to bother preparing anything special but that I would eat some of the canned American baked beans which I had brought with me. I had been told that if you happened to ask these generous people for eggs, instead of bringing you a couple of them which you might have expected, they would cook for you eight or ten—an ordinary individual's weekly supply! My baked-bean supper was soon finished and Ku Fang-chien returned to ring the bell for evening prayers. After the Christians had devotedly recited their prayers, Ku Fang-chien brought me his bed to sleep on.

"There are *ko tsao* (fleas) in the bed you have in there already," he explained. Of course I thanked Ku for his solicitude in wishing to have my slumbers undisturbed by

the predatory habits of the flea.

Now was the time for the final evening chat with Ku Fang-chien and the other Christians. Ku began to talk of the missionaries of the Haichow country.

"DOES Father know that four missionaries are now buried right here in the district of

Haichow? One of them was a French Father, a scientist, who came from Shanghai to study the Haichow region. He contracted typhoid and died of it. By his side lies Father Hugon, S.J., who once had barely escaped death by being buried alive. The third was Father Hermand, S.J., who had brought so many into the Church at Haichow and who was killed by bandits a few years ago. By the way, did Father know Father Simons, S.J., who was killed at the beginning of this year?"

"INDEED, I did," was my answer. "It was just last year this time that he was visiting in Shanghai. He was heart and soul for missionary work in Shuyang and Haichow. He was so resourceful and knew how to meet an emergency better than any one I knew, that it seemed that he would come through unharmed. (Turn to p. 168)



**MONSIGNOR McDONNELL SPOTLIGHTS MISSION PICTURE.**

One of the paradoxes of this war is that missionaries who sought out pagans to bring them corporal and spiritual aid, only to be met with fear, indifference and sometimes even hostility, are now being sought by these very people to establish the Church in their midst, declared Monsignor Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and recently appointed General Secretary of the Supreme General Council of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith in Vatican State.

"The missionaries were all brothers and sisters to those in need in the hour of need and distress. Despite the warnings of the various governments the missionaries have 'stuck to their posts.'" This is the bright side of the picture.

"Naturally," declared Monsignor McDonnell, "there has been great property damage. Seminarians nearing that longed-for goal of priestly ordination in mission lands must be removed from the schools they know and love to resume their studies in makeshift quarters, often within sound of actual fighting.

"No matter what the sacrifice, the mission spirit must not be allowed to diminish, but must rather be augmented. The missionaries will not fail; we must not fail the missionaries."

**MOTHER DREXEL HONORED BY HAITI.** Hon. Elie Lescot, President of Haiti, personally conferred the rank of Commander of the National Haitian Order of Honor and Merit upon Mother M. Katherine Drexel, Foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and

Colored People. The President flew by plane from Haiti to the United States and then journeyed to Cornwells Heights, Pa., where he paid glowing tribute to Mother Drexel's work for members of the Colored Race.

**INDIAN RAJAH PRAISES CARMELITE MISSIONARIES.** His Highness, Sir Rama Varma Thainpuran, of the Cochin Royal family, while presiding over a large gathering at Sacred Heart High School in Trichur, conducted by the Carmelite Sisters, said: "The noble labors of religious Sisters in imparting sound instruction to the girls under their charge is well known all over India. It is only such schools as this that can impart religion and mould character."

**FOUR BISHOPS OF ST. COLUMBAN'S MISSION SOCIETY** and their missionary priests and Sisters are enjoying, in the midst of war, a rich harvest of souls. They have recorded a total number of 8,665 Baptisms and 512,858 Communions. They are carefully supervising the training of 13 major and 47 minor native seminarians—the most important part in solid establishment of the Church in China and Korea. As a result of having cared for 94,225 sick and wounded, they have 7,879 more natives under instruction.

**INTEREST IN JUNIPERO SERRA CAUSE AROUSED.** The Third Order of St. Francis has planned a series of pageants to tell the story of the California Missions and part Father Serra played in founding them. The missions of San Fernando, San Gabriel and Carmel have been selected as objectives of pilgrimages in which non-Catholics as well as Catholics have been invited to participate by prayers, voluntary good works and other devout exercises to aid in the advancement of the cause of canonization of the saintly Father Serra.

**ANOTHER JESUIT PROVINCIAL OF OREGON TO ALASKA.** Father William G. Elliott, S.J., second Oregon Jesuit Provincial since 1938, has been assigned to work at Fairbanks, Alaska. The first Oregon Province Superior, now Most Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., coadjutor Bishop of Alaska, recently mushed 600 miles by dog team to confirm 100 Eskimos scattered over the frozen tundra of Northern Alaska.

**CORPUS CHRISTI FEAST MADE INDIA CIVIC HOLIDAY.** The Feast of Corpus Christi has been added to the list of Catholic Feast Days which have been proclaimed public holidays in the State of Travancore. On these dates all public offices are closed. Other such holidays are the Epiphany, Ascension Thursday, Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday.

**VETERAN INDIAN MISSIONARY DIES.** Rev. Alphonsus Couffrant, S.J., who even began his novitiate in the Indian mission district of DeSmet, Idaho, died recently in his 78th year and his 51st in the Jesuit Order, deeply mourned by the Coeur d'Alene and Spokane Indians whom he loved.

**FIRST AFRICAN-BORN BISHOP,** recently appointed Vicar

Apostolic of Masaka, Uganda, is Most Rev. Joseph Kiwanuka, of the White Fathers. The new Bishop is 40 years old and studied in Rome.

**THE JOSEPHITE FATHERS.** with 115 priests laboring in 72 parishes and 36 missions, are in charge of 83,987 colored people, of whom 1,560 are recent converts to the faith.

**HIS EXCELLENCY, THE MOST REVEREND JOHN MARK GANNON.** Bishop of Erie, Pennsylvania, celebrates his jubilee of 25 years in the episcopate, the fortieth anniversary of his priesthood this month of June, 1942.

Under his dynamic and inspiring leadership as chairman of the Press Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Council, the Catholic Press in America has grown to a vigorous maturity. It has given special emphasis to mission news in the present mission crisis.

Bishop Gannon is also chairman of the American Bishops' Committee on the Montezuma Seminary in New Mexico for the training of Mexican priests. The seminary is staffed by Jesuits. He also serves on the episcopal committee for the relief of war victims.



His Excellency, the Most Rev. John Mark Gannon, D.D.,  
Bishop of Erie, Pennsylvania.

## Native Clergy of Japan and Korea

### THE JUNE MISSION INTENTION

● In Japan proper there are about 416 priests of whom 117 are natives; in Korea, Formosa and the Japanese mandated islands there are about 262 priests of whom 114 are natives. Specifically, these are primarily recommended to your prayers, though, of course, the 1,100 native Brothers and Sisters, and 1,074 Foreign Missionaries also need your spiritual support. Jesuit missionaries, following the tradition established by St. Francis Xavier, who first brought Christ to the Japanese, are in charge of the only Catholic university in the Japanese Empire.

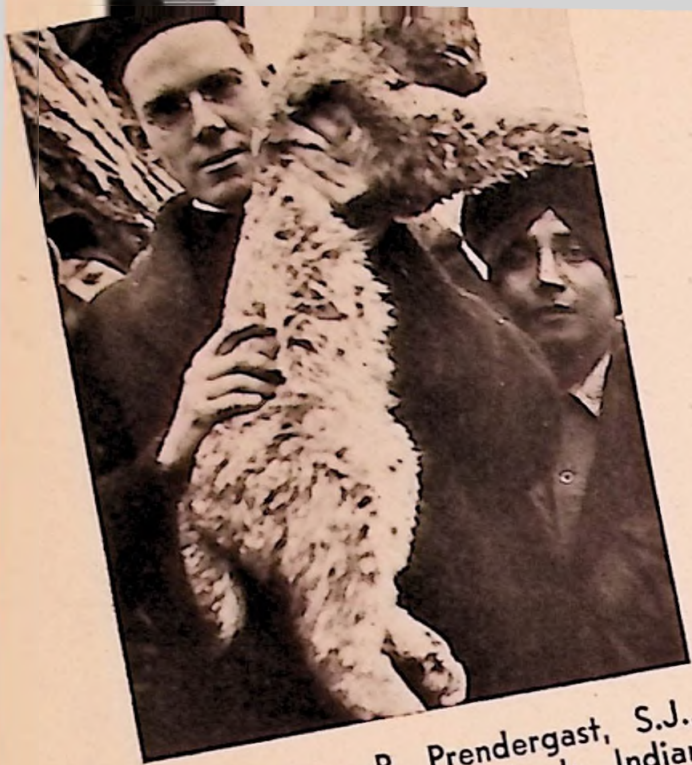
● Latest statistics (1940) reveal there are 127,210 Catholics in Japan proper, 156,280 in Korea and about 20,000 in the mandated islands. About 12,000 serious adult conversions in the entire Japanese empire are recorded yearly. Should these results seem meager it may be observed that relatively three times more conversions were made in Japan last year than in the United States.

● America is at war with Japan. Morally, we consider this a just war because we were attacked without warning while special negotiations were still being officially conducted in Washington, D. C. If we wish to be really intelligent Catholics while at the same time being one hundred per cent loyal Americans, we should realize that our war effort against the Japanese, even though it be conceived as necessarily total war, is directed primarily against the insanely chauvinistic Japanese militarists and only indirectly against the blinded Japanese people as long as they remain the unconscious victims of such instigators of national and international hara kiri.

● The Divine Missionary, though meek and humble of heart, exhibited a just anger and a holy zeal when He drove the buyers and sellers from the temple. He also demonstrated His power and freedom in the Garden of Olives when He caused to be thrown helplessly upon the ground those ignorant minions called the soldiers of the High Priests and Pharisees. Time and again Almighty God has permitted the scourge of war in order to purify a people and turn their thoughts to the recognition of His supreme Sovereignty.

● As Catholics, with access to historical facts, we should realize the souls of the Japanese were equally included in Christ's victory on Calvary, that the Japanese captivated the heart and mind of Xavier, that they sustained and survived the worst persecution in Christian annals and that when their admirable qualities are purified and sublimated by Catholicism they will be a great force for good in this world.

● "The Japanese clergy," for whom we pray this month, in the words of Archbishop Marella, Apostolic Delegate, "with their keen sense of responsibility, their habits of discipline, their spirit of solidarity and devotion to the Church is creating an excellent impression and attracting to themselves general esteem and affection."



Rev. George P. Prendergast, S.J.,  
Superior of St. Stephen's Indian  
Mission in Western Wyoming.

# God's Country

Bob Senser

**H**OME for the Warrens is a one-room ramshackle log building without a floor. Everybody in the family helps farm the sixty tillable acres of their 160-acre tract. They get their vegetables from their garden, some of their fruit—wild berries—from the mountainside and along the river, their milk from two cows—and their bread (twenty loaves a week) from wheat grown on their land, ground at a mill in town, baked by Mrs. Warren in a small stove with wood as fuel. They used to keep about fifty chickens, until one night a skunk dug underneath the poultry fence and killed them all.

Such is the life of an Indian family. The life of the Warrens, Arapahoe Indians of Western Wyoming, exemplifies not only what most other Catholic families of their tribe must face economically but also what they are made of spiritually.

**T**HE Warrens are staunch in their Catholicity. All of the eleven children have gone, are going, or will go to St. Stephen's school. Two grandchildren are also enrolled, with two more coming up.

Each Sunday and every first Friday the Warrens pile into their rattling two-door 1938 Plymouth and drive over the bumpy three-mile dirt road that leads to one of St. Stephen's Mission Chapels. When they are out of both gas and money, the whole family starts out on foot a few minutes after nine in order to get to church in time for ten o'clock Mass.

**O**N the Wind River Reservation where the Warrens live, the cold, foaming mountain streams are teeming with trout. Coyote, antelope and other animals still manage to elude the hunter in spite of long open seasons. The air is invigorating, sweetened by the smell of greyish-blue sage brush. The wide open spaces are everywhere—bounded only by the distant snow-capped mountains and covered by a deep

But they aren't in Western Wyoming to admire nature. For fifty-seven years the Church has labored to make an area which is God's country insofar as scenery is concerned into God's country insofar as souls are concerned. Among families like the Warrens, the Church has succeeded.

**T**HE 4,000 square-mile Wind River Reservation in Wyoming is the home of two Indian tribes—the Arapahoes and the Shoshonis. The 1,100 Shoshonis, the richer of the two tribes, live on the western section of the Reservation, away from the immediate influence of St. Stephen's Mission, which is situated on the eastern tip. As a result, the Catholics among the Shoshoni number only about fifteen, including the one woman member of the tribal council of six. The 1,200 Arapa-



Father Leo Doyle, S.J., visiting the Warren home, conducts a little informal outdoor class for the younger children of this fine Catholic family.

blue sky with cotton-like clouds. This is Western Wyoming.

This is God's country, according to the testimony of many besides local Chambers of Commerce. No one sounds more like a travel folder than do the Jesuits of St. Stephen's Indian Mission when they describe the land they work in. Awed by the natural beauty of their environment, they agree that it is God's country, every distant corner of it.

hoes, who live on the eastern portion, have among their people about 900 Catholics, including five of the six members of the Arapahoe tribal council.

**B**ALD statistics tell nothing of the hardships, and the disappointments of about thirty missionaries and twice as many Nuns from three different Orders, all of whom have labored at St. Stephen's. Many

of them had never seen an Indian before they came to Wyoming. Some of them left, discouraged after many backaches and headaches.

The Arapahoe tribe used to be one of the fightingest bunch of Indians that ever donned a war bonnet. About a hundred years ago they finally buried the hatchet with a few of their neighboring tribes so that they could cooperate in burying the hatchet in the scalp of the White man.

**I**N 1867, when the Government tried to get them to go to a Reservation in Oklahoma, half of them (under the leadership of Chief Black Coal) rebelled, and fled to the hills. After several skirmishes with the army, they were allowed to squat on the eastern part of the Wind River Reservation. Even after this, some of their number participated in the slaughter of Custer.

St. Stephen's history of ups and downs began in 1884. Father John Jutz, S.J., who had escaped the persecution by Bismarck in Germany, travelled from Buffalo, N. Y., to Fort Washakie, Wyoming, the last one hundred miles on an open freight wagon drawn by four horses. In Wyoming he expected to take charge of the teaching of the newly opened government boarding school for Indians, as was promised he could. But when he arrived he found an Episcopalian minister had already taken over.

**G**REATLY disappointed, but determined to make the best of it, Father Jutz in a few days rode out into the land of the Arapahoes to begin his missionary activities. He pitched his tent on the delta formed by the Big and Little Wind Rivers, the future site of St. Stephen's. There he stayed, without a White man within forty miles, among a people who could not talk his language, nor he theirs. All through the first night, as he tried to sleep on his bed made of hedge branches covered with buffalo hide, he heard the weird *boom-boom* of a big bass drum and the ghostly incantations of medicine men.

Early the next morning he said Mass in his tent on an altar made



Men awed by the natural beauty of these vast plains near St. Stephen's Indian Mission, Wyoming, call it God's country.

of a few old boards. Neighbors of his, Chief Black Coal and his two wives and two children, sat down on the ground before the tent, and watched the Holy Sacrifice.

**E**IGHT years later, when St. Stephen's had a mission house and a convent, Maggie Coal, daughter of Chief Black Coal, became the first Arapahoe child to receive Holy Communion. Her father, a famous war scout, a great Arapahoe leader, and a convert to Catholicism, was not there to see her receive Communion, for he had died the day before.

Today the Mission School has about two hundred students in its grammar and two-year high school. Since ninety per cent of the people born on the Reservation live and die there, the curriculum of the school emphasizes practical subjects—cooking, baking, laundering, and similar subjects for the girls; soil chemistry, irrigation, poultry, carpentry and the like for the boys. One of the classes is compiling a dictionary of the Arapahoe language, one of the least studied of all tongues.

At the school, many of the children get their only nourishment. Those who have had no breakfast at home get it at school. At noon they all have a big dinner—the butter, milk and meat of which is al-

most always from the Mission's three hundred acre farm. After the bell rings dismissal at 3:30, everybody has some sandwiches and a cup of cocoa.

Transportation is the school's big problem. Only twenty students are within easy walking distance. The rest are brought to school and back home again each day by a pick-up bus, a big bus, and the three cars of the priests. Only long distances and very poor roads prevent the school from having a larger student body.

Attendance at the school is almost perfect today. At the beginning, when the priest started for school with a wagon-load of children (who usually were compelled to go by their parents), they would jump off one by one, until by the time he got to school the wagon would be empty.

**N**OW the attitude of the students is much different. Besides their love for the place, they have a material incentive: for perfect attendance during the week they get free tickets for themselves and their parents to a Western movie shown in the gym on Sunday. When a child is absent from class for a while, he usually is not playing hookey, but probably is in the infirmary under the care of Sister Mary (Turn to page 168)



The author, safely back at his mission station in Jamaica, B.W.I., narrates his experiences to an interested parishioner.

**W**HAT changes have taken place in our world since I left the congenial offices of JESUIT MISSIONS in December.

First of all, it's a big jump to leave a country where my toes were almost frozen and return here to put a hat on my head in order to protect it against the heat of a tropical sun. There are changes in Jamaica, too. The American soldiers are installed at the naval base and are a familiar sight on Kingston streets.

The voyage back was very different from my first trip to the Island in 1932. We left New York at night. Government boats played (here four lines deleted by censor) so that our boat might pick its way out in safety. The buildings of New York were still brilliantly lit. I wonder if they have since assumed the gloom of the blackout? I suppose so. I imagined what would happen if the pilot became suddenly confused and lost his way among these infernal machines hidden in the waters.

**I**N 1932, the ship, gay with tourists, wore the spotless robe of the Great White Fleet. Now, camouflaged a dirty grey, we sailed with a serious faced company of compulsory travelers. No pleasure seekers these. Our one thought was to "get there." Blackouts were en-

# "It's a Submarine!"

The missionary on deck could see it clearly.

"There was an empty sickening feeling in my stomach. Then, our boat began to zig-zag..."

Charles J. Eberle, S.J.

forced each night. Not even the pin point of light from a cigarette must be seen on deck, and as the deck was in complete darkness there was always the fear of falling over ropes or buckets, or even overboard.

The days passed quietly and the nights more so. Only the captain knew our course. We had no idea for what port we were headed, we hoped that eventually we should reach Jamaica.

**T**HE voyage went peacefully until we reached the Bahamas. There had been the usual boat drill, somewhat more rigid than in pre-war days. An officer had stood in one of the life boats and harangued the passengers and crew on just what to do in case we were torpedoed. He fired off a gun of some sort which had a balloon or parachute in it that went far up into the sky and drifted away. This was to be used, if the need arose, as a signal to attract passing ships to a drifting life boat. It was all very impressive.

On the fourth day, soon after lunch, the siren went seven times. We all trekked to our assigned life boats, life preservers in hand, secure in the knowledge that this was just another life boat drill, wearisome but necessary in these times. Some minutes before, I had been on deck and one of the crew pointed out an object about three miles ahead, slightly to port. A fisherman from one of the islands, we thought, a reassuring sight now that our trip was nearly over.

But when we reached the life boats we were left standing for some time without receiving any instructions. What could it mean? The captain, in shirt-sleeves, was on the bridge with his long telescope directed at the fisherman. We waited. I shall never forget the ensuing moments. It was the chief steward who finally said: "It's a submarine." There was a dreadful, empty, sickening feeling in my stomach. Then our boat began to zig-zag in its course. It *was* a submarine.

It was the first thing I saw as I went over to the starboard side, and it was about a mile off from us now, amidships. I kept my eyes on the water to pick up the trail of a torpedo, but none came. Finally, the thing rose to the surface completely. The seas were high and the waves tossed the vessel about, washing its decks and splashing against the conning tower.

**W**E stood and waited, a little group of forlorn human beings. Not a word was spoken for several minutes. We knew no wireless messages could be sent from our boat. That was forbidden. We saw a sailor go to the stern and run up the Panamanian flag, under which the boat was sailing. Then the name and nationality of our ship was signalled in code. What it all meant we did not know at the time. The tenseness of the moment was almost unbearable.

For a few (Turn to page 168)



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

### *A Garden*

It is not every associate editor that has a garden outside his window. From the eighteenth floor of JESUIT MISSIONS, Gramercy Park looks more like a window box than a garden but it is pleasant to look down and rest your eyes on the green of the trees and the small grass plots. Just at present the flowers are lifting their heads to the warm sun. This little oasis of God's handiwork stands out in sharp contrast to the man-made things surrounding it, the tall buildings, black with age and soot, the hard pavements, the ugly structure of the Third Avenue 'El', the heavy haze of smoke pouring out of busy factories along the river.

This garden is enclosed by a high grilled iron fence. This is man-made, too, and is meant to keep people out. You cannot go into that garden unless you live in one of the nearby hotels or apartment houses. Then you receive a key, but a stranger or the youngsters who play a modified game of baseball on the street below are excluded. They don't belong.

### *Garden of the Soul*

The Christian soul has often been compared to a garden and the soul in grace, according to Holy Scripture, is a beautiful garden in which God takes delight. But that soul, unlike my window box, must not be hemmed in by fears and inhibitions. It must not be fenced in by man-made conventions and restrictions, it must not be wrapped up in its own little sphere or give its fragrance to only a fraction of humanity. It must sink its roots into the prodigality of God's love for men and expand

to remove the ugliness of sin from the world. It is not an isolated garden but one in spirit with all humanity reaching up out of the darkness and sorrow of this world to beautify it and to add to God's glory.

Even in nature there is that universal urge to grow, to increase, to fructify. Only man's restrictions keep it in narrow, hard-drawn lines, of black pavements and tall buildings. The little garden in Gramercy Park is one with the wheat fields of the west, the cottonfields of the south, the vast timber forests of the north in its urge for a fuller life.

### *Divine Seed*

We see this clearly in nature. The same is true of that life implanted in the garden of the soul by Jesus Christ. His was a full life, a perfect life which embraced and affected all men. He finished His personal mission upon earth when the centurion pierced his Sacred Heart with a spear on Calvary. Then Christ was the Divine Seed going down into the earth to spring to life again in a thousand, thousand gardens, to grow, increase and be multiplied in the souls of men until the end of time. Christ lives and the urgency of Divine life and love for all men still throbs in His Sacred Heart. During the month of June we as Christians should advert to the urgency of that Divine life when all nature surges with life and awakens to the call of Spring.

### *Divine Life in Us*

Christ was the first great Missionary. He had a mission from His Heavenly Father. He sealed and consummated that mission on the

Cross. The ultimate completion of that mission He left to men and women like ourselves. He would remain with us, but silent and hidden, now leaving it to us to make His love known to all men. In us and through us and with us, He would take root in other souls and bring with Him, His life, His love, His peace. So we must not be content with our own personal salvation and sanctification. We must be Christ, must share Christ with all men. The seed of His life is in us. It in turn must bear fruit and multiply. We cannot isolate the love of His Sacred Heart to our own little selves. In that Heart, as in nature, is the urge, the longing to impart His life to all men.

### *We Must Participate*

Therefore, not because we are united to men by nature, by proximity or by social ties but because we are one with them in the life of Christ and its urge to increase and fructify we must participate in this infinite expansion of the love of the Sacred Heart. This love we must share even though our lives be encased and encircled by bounds as firm as the iron fence around Gramercy Park. At least the urge for the fulness of Divine life in the hearts of men must find expression in us. Our horizon if we are living in Christ must be world-wide, total, all embracing. If we cannot bring Christ to men in our bodies, we can bring Him to them in spirit, by prayer, by suffering, by sacrifice. Only thus will we at home live and participate in the full and perfect devotion of the Sacred Heart as manifested so splendidly in the lives of His missionaries. JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



With the Tigris in the background, Messrs. John J. Williams, S.J., and Richard J. McCarthy, S.J., get some relief from the desert heat of Baghdad on the roof of Baghdad College. Mr. Williams (left) is now studying theology in St. Mary's, Kurseong, India. He was forced to go there when war closed the sea lanes back to the States.

A GOOD Catholic friend of our family was very much surprised to learn that priests went to confession regularly. It would still further surprise her, no doubt, to learn that they also make retreats. And missionaries, though blessed by God with a high calling, being mindful that they are dust, also go to confession and make retreats. Even spiritual energy has a tendency to run low unless it is carefully tended and replenished at regular intervals. And, of course, without spiritual energy there is no use being a missionary.

Now if you were an American Jesuit missionary in Baghdad, making your annual retreat, you should doubtless find yourself spending most of the dark, cool evenings pacing meditatively about the roof of the building which serves as the residence of the Fathers and boarders. It is a delightful roof for the purpose, being very spacious and quite private. Furthermore, like the hanging gardens which the Babylonian monarch built for his homesick, mountain-bred queen, it affords an opportunity for a viewpoint different from the everyday monotony of the flat and barren desert in

# From a Penthouse on the Tigris

Richard J. McCarthy, S.J.

which Baghdad is set—like a curious jewel in a ring of clay.

IN the course of your meditative paces you naturally think about a great many of the things of God and man. Overhead, in the dark

blue canopy of space, the stars do more than shine or twinkle: they sparkle, glow, burn, with that peculiar eastern intensity common to such dry, clear climates. Some of them are bright enough to cast their own distinct reflections on the silent, smooth-flowing waters of the nearby Eden-old Tigris.

Naturally, your mind goes back to the ancient astrologers, sages and soothsayers who once superstitiously gazed at these same stars from the flat roofs of Nineveh and Babylon. And, being a missionary, you like to think, with humility and confidence, of words spoken by the angel to Daniel in the same Babylon: "They that instruct many to Justice shall shine as stars for eternity."

This, by the way, is a reward that is offered not only to missionaries but to their co-workers at home whose prayers and sacrifices make our work possible.

WALKING to the western end of the roof you gaze across the river to the suburb of Kadhimain. There, amid the darkness, you see the bold brilliance of many electric lights. Those lights, as you know, outline the four minarets of

the famous golden-domed mosque in this one of the four "holy cities" of the Shi'a adherents of Islam. In that mosque are the mortal remains of two renowned *Imams*, prayer-papers before countless blandly impassive buddhas. While far to the south, the midnight people are worshipping their crudely primitive gods. Being a *Catholic* missionary, you breathe a truly Catholic prayer embracing every nook and corner of the great vineyard.

Because you are a human missionary you look once more to the west, past Kadhimain, and the Sea of the Romans, and the Pillars of Hercules, to a figure ever holding aloft the torch of liberty in New York harbor. There are your brothers in the flesh, and in spirit, and in Christ. For a brief moment you mingle with them again in the secret recesses of memory, and the hidden windings of the heart, feeling their love, sensing their encouragement, knowing their cooperation. And you commit them and yourself to the wide embrace of the Great Heart.

FINALLY, with a good-night look at mosque and city, at river and desert and stars, you start down the roof, feeling your way through the dark refectory, hurrying past a half-dozen lighted transoms to the stillness of the small chapel, lit only by a flickering red lamp. There you find a greater horizon than that afforded by the roof. There, you know, is the answer to all longing, the Light of light, the Source of peace.



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



### GOOD NEWS FROM CHINA

• Despatches received from Father John Lipman, S.J., at Shanghai and Father John Magner, S.J., at Nanking, indicate that all of the California Jesuits in Jap-occupied territories are being allowed to continue their work for souls. Fear was expressed at the beginning of the war that the American missionaries there would be interned, but this, fortunately, has not been the case. The California Jesuits operate a college in Shanghai and one in Nanking, besides doing other missionary work in the district.

### CARRYING ON

• The following news about the Jesuits in Mindanao, P. I., comes from Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., Superior of Iligan, Lanao, P. I.

"I suppose you have been wondering about me—I know not worried. As you know, I can take care of myself. I did wire a few times. Did you receive the radiograms? All our Fathers down here are safe and doing their regular work. At present, instead of a school, I am running a hospital. My teachers take turns as nurses. The Sisters are a big help. I have at present twelve patients in the hospital; all kinds of cases. Naturally, there is no school during this time. We are still doing our work as parish priests. I cover all my *barrios*. Pray for us all."

### THE PRESENT IS OURS

• One can detect a note of determination as well as humor in these few lines from Father Francis B. Sargent, S.J., Superior of Baghdad College in Iraq.

• "The old lady who had only two teeth was thankful that they hit. We, too, can find some humor in the slow mail situation. What we now read in our reviews coming from the States is not news, but much of it false prophecies. The writers have done so poorly in foretelling what is going to happen—you do not notice so much when you read it before the event—that we are more than ever convinced that the future belongs to God only; the present is ours. And that is a lesson we have learned in other ways at Baghdad. What is going to happen after—or during this war we do not know. Neither do the 'crash of civilization' editors. But we do know that God is running the world and will continue to do so—despite men.

### 'GOD'S WORK MUST GO ON'

• "There was an outburst of anti-Semitism the two days following the end of the war here in Iraq, the details of which I shall not put down here. But these events have caused us the loss of some good students—English boys evacuated to India and Iraqi boys whose parents feel that it would be safer for them to finish their education outside the country. Several good families are leaving the country too. But we intend to stay. As an Indian Bishop remarked in 1916, 'Why God's work must go on, even during a war.' And we have never doubted that this school is God's work."

### NUMB SILENCE

• The latest news from Baghdad College comes from Clement Armitage, S.J. He writes:

• "In the past we have often bewailed the time it takes for a shipment of books or food or school supplies, etc., to reach us from the States. (At present time I imagine there are a few million people who know how we have felt in by-gone days.) Recently our wailing ceased—to give place to a numb silence. A shipment for which we had waited months was reported to have arrived in Basrah. A sigh of relief was heard along the upper reaches of the Tigris. 'Tis true that nothing had been heard from our food or book orders but at least something had finally reached us from 'back there.' Then came numbing news. It seems for some reason or other there had been no room on the Basrah docks so the ship had sailed off to India with out shipment still on board! There were other things besides sighs of relief heard along the upper reaches of the Tigris. Ah well! What's another six months or so? The orders that have given us the most anguish, however, have been those for school books. It is no easy task for a teacher when the class, or part of it, are lacking texts.

### MACBETH IN ARABIC

• "Formerly all subjects were taught in English with the exception of Arabic itself but there is a general ruling now from the Government that all History, Geography and Social Science classes are to be taught in Ara-



Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., who has been called "a real hero" by Lieut. Bulkeley for the help he gave to U. S. torpedo-boat raiders in Philippines.

bic. So the boys only have English in that subject and Algebra, and Father Cronin, S.J., finds that it is necessary to use a good deal of Arabic in the latter class. Every teacher, of course, can use a good amount of Arabic in his class, no matter what the subject is, as our *Mudir*, Father Devenny, S.J., discovered recently. He was filling in for me in Fourth High English and during the reading of Macbeth he came to the line 'and the receipt of reason a limbeck only.' A few rapid

scratches on the board and there was the Arabic word from which our English *alembic* is taken. A half minute like that is worth more than twenty minutes of explanation in English. Afterwards, he modestly said, 'When I came over here I never expected to turn Macbeth into Arabic.'

**TIGER COUNTRY**

• "A little word arrived yesterday from our theologians in India, Fathers John Williams, S.J., and Thomas Hussey, S.J. They had just returned (in late January) from a view of Mount Everest, thus adding another item to their long list of things worthy of seeing in the world. They were up in the tiger country but as Canon Law frowns on even the use of a falcon in hunting they didn't show much enthusiasm for the sport. At the present moment it looks as if they are on the wrong side of India. We understand a new theologate has been started near Bombay so if things come to the worst they can make a strategic withdrawal to Poona and there pursue their studies. Meanwhile, their health and spirits remain high. And we can close with the same state-

ment for all of us in Baghdad. Keep us all in your prayers."

**NATIONAL SHRINE COMPLETED**

• "My building operations on the National Shrine have left me as flat financially as the proverbial pancake," writes Father Ray Sullivan, S.J., from Brown's Town, Jamaica, B.W.I. "It is finished at last at a cost of 2,500 pounds sterling and needs another \$1,000 for church furniture. I'm still a firm believer in miracles and retain the Little Flower for my depleted exchequer. With all the gifts for stone, lime, timber and labor that we have received we can safely estimate that the edifice is worth about 6,000 pounds. It will remain a beautifully cut stone monument to the continuity of the Catholic Faith in the island of Jamaica. There is every hope that one year from its blessing and opening we shall have a large congregation of recent converts. The prospects are most encouraging at present."

**'STOGGIES' FOR THE LADIES**

• "My treat for the poor was a success though it entailed lots of time and energy," writes Father Daniel F. Dwyer, S.J., from St. Anne's, Kingston, Jamaica. "We visited about sixty old, infirm, blind, all pathetically poor people, arranging to meet and transport the helpless to Mass. Each one we saw personally, heard their confessions, gave them a dress and shoes here, a suit or shirt there. On an appointed day we rounded them all up by bus and car and brought them to Mass. Afterwards we gave them breakfast. We passed around cigars to the old men. Before I knew it all the old ladies were cackling over their 'stoggies' looking furtively at me and grinning."

**NO BLACKOUT**

• "Since the above incident we have had a full week's mission. The church was packed. We closed with a crowd that bulged out the church walls. The people renewed their baptismal promi-



This group of young Jesuits are all seasoned veterans of the California mission in war-torn China. Messrs. Thornton and Carroll (the last two on the right) are the youngest and will be ordained priests during this present month of June.

ses in the dim candle-lit church. After Benediction we all marched out into the night and through the street to the house. It was a very impressive sight and the spiritual results were amazing.

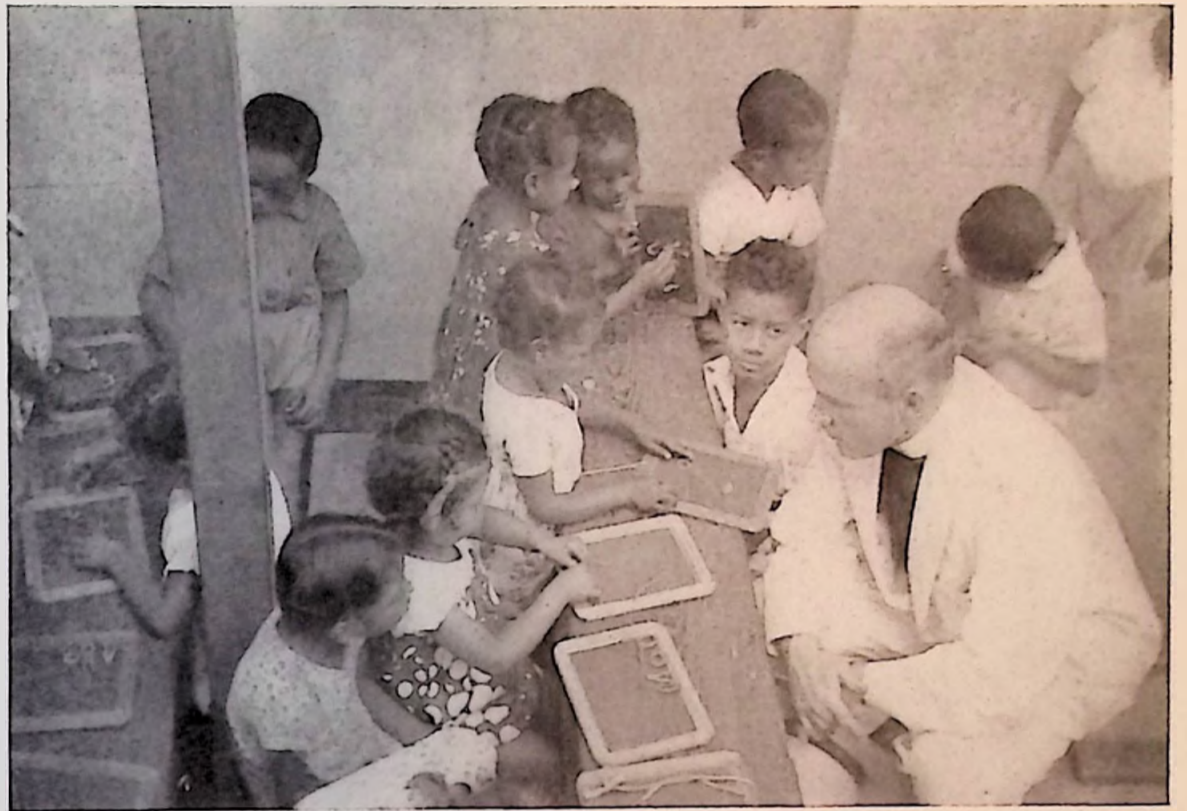
• Funny thing about the candles. An hour before the closing, the ushers came rushing over to the house, 'No candles, Father.' Over we go to the Chinaman across the street. He is closed. We rout him out and demand candles (sperm). He gives us about twelve dozen. Fifteen minutes later—another alarm—'Candles all gone!' Over to the Chinaman for fifteen dozen more. In the end everybody got a candle, free of cost. Imagine the poor Chinaman peeking out from behind his shutters and wondering what those Catholics were doing with all those candles! All the folks, Catholic and non-Catholic renewed their promises in the dim light of those candles."

**KEEP 'EM ROLLING**

• "There is a little more money among the people at present due, I believe in part, to the work on the American Air Base," writes Father James Becker, S.J., from Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I.



Father John K. Lipman, S.J., a pioneer in Catholic radio work in central China, was recently appointed assistant pastor at the parish of Christ the King in Shanghai.



Father Daniel F. Dwyer, S.J., visits his little parishioners in St. Anne's School, Kingston, Jamaica, to see if they are becoming proficient in the three R's.

"It took me three years to realize that there really is a difference in the seasons in Jamaica. It just seemed to me to be as hot as blazes all the time. The heat and the worry about funds to carry on are the two main elements that take the joy out of life down here. The consoling fact is that through the zeal of many good people in the States means have up to now been coming in sufficient amounts to keep things going. And also to allow for some expansion. If certain dreams of greater things have not materialized we at least find great comfort and encouragement that we are not going backwards. Our friends in the States keep us rolling."

**'EVEN FOR BISHOPS'**

• Father Jeremiah O'Keefe, S.J., writing from Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I., reports:

• "Father James Becker, S.J., and myself get along well together; but it is strange to live a community of two after all the years with a crowd.

• "Next Sunday we are having Confirmation here. Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., in years gone by, used to come from

Kingston in his car; even at that it was a pretty rough ride over the hills and along the shore and around 112 miles of curves to this place they call Montego Bay.

• "But this year the gasoline is scarce in Jamaica, even for Bishops. So he is coming out by train, the one and only train from Kingston daily to Montego Bay. It leaves Kingston promptly at 11:35, but once out of sight of the station, its promptness ceases. Why not—it has miles of track all to itself.

**BUT IT GETS THERE**

• "If it doesn't get to Montego Bay by 5:30 it seems to know that Montego Bay will be still in the same place at 9:30 when it really gets here. A little earlier or later doesn't really matter. Father Joseph Krim, S.J., came out here Christmas Eve; he was pretty hot when he arrived at 8:15. Two minutes after he passed through, the station was ablaze and burned to the ground. When the Bishop arrives on Saturday night he will find himself getting off the train in an open field near the sea. Father Becker will be there to meet him and bring him to the Rectory provided he survives the trip."

# NEGRO AND INDIAN MISSIONS



The 300,000 Negro Catholics saved were distributed over 58 Archdioceses and Dioceses. 312 churches were at their disposal.

8,873 Negro infants and 6,326 Negro adults were baptized, while 47,138 pupils attended the 244 schools for the Negroes.

20 Jesuit priests work exclusively among the Negro Catholics.

- 390,011 Negroes and Indians in the United States were ministered to last year by 635 priests.
- There remain almost 8,000,000 Negroes who are not members of any church.
- Almost 200,000 Indians have not embraced Christianity.
- The blessings of our way of life will never be theirs till their white brethren—their fellow-Americans—help bring them the saving truths of Christ and themselves abide by them.
- Red, White, Black—Americans all and all alike sons of the same Provident God, brothers of Jesus Christ and with Him heirs of the same Heaven! Let's pull together! Your offering for these Home Missions can be sent to

JESUIT MISSIONS - - - 257 Fourth Avenue - - - New York, N. Y.

90,000 Catholic Indians were cared for in 35 Sees last year. An additional 10,000 are greatly scattered among their fellow white Catholics.

200 priests served these Catholics in 386 churches. Infant baptisms totaled 4,207, while 750 adults received the Sacrament. Pupils in the 68 schools numbered 7,234.

80 Jesuits devote their efforts to the Indian ministry.



THE NEAREST MISSIONS TO AMERICANS

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Three of a Kind

To the Editor:

With pleasure and appreciation I renew my subscription for JESUIT MISSIONS, and also subscribe for copy to be sent to an Army camp of your choice to help a bit in the true spirit of things.  
Ft. Thomas, Ky. H. M. Troescher

To the Editor:

I am enclosing a money order for renewal of the Jesuit Mission which I enjoy so much. It gives us so much pleasure to read about the young men we have seen grow up and become Jesuits that it would be the last thing that I would let go. So I do hope that God will help our boys to be victorious in this war and to protect our Churches.

Stephen C. Herman

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editor:

I am enclosing one dollar for the renewal of the subscription.

The magazine has such interesting short stories which I think every Catholic should read.

Mrs. Joseph DiRienfo

Revere, Mass.

## With One Mind

To the Editor:

I can think of no better investment than a Defense Stamp for the support of the Catholic Soldiers of Christ—our Priests—God keep them!

Regina H. Mettler

N. Hollywood, Calif.

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find two defense stamps, five dollars each, to help in your work of aiding the missions. Hope to be able to send you a five dollar stamp each month of this year.

Mr. & Mrs. T. Adams

Kenilworth, Ill.

To the Editor:

I thoroughly like your idea of Defense Stamps and Bonds for the Missions. Thank you for letting me share in it.

And they came bearing gifts! Will you accept this Baby Bond in the name of the Christ Child?

New York, N. Y. A Friend

To the Editor:

Kindly find enclosed seven dollars and fifty cents in Defense Stamps to be used for your missions.

The children of the orphanage collected the fund and bought the stamps to be used for that purpose.

Sr. M. Dominica

St. Joseph Orphanage  
Cincinnati, Ohio

To the Editor:

On arrival, I found your letter awaiting me, so I am scratching a few lines with the enclosure of \$18.75 in Defense Stamps, which you can exchange for a \$25.00 Bond for your Philippine Missions.

Purcellville, Va., Alonzo J. McNealea

To the Editor:

Enclose check for \$75.00 to pay for a \$100 Defense Savings Bond for your missions in the Philippines. Praying that the missions may one day be re-established, I am

Brooklyn, N. Y. J. M. C.

## A Super Salesman

To the Editor:

Enclosed is a money order and cash which is to pay for a renewal of my subscription to the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine and of six new readers.

I have truly enjoyed reading this wonderful magazine and felt that I must have more of my fellow soldiers read its interesting stories and articles. Then, too, they are in need of this Catholic literature which is all too scarce on our reading list. So with but a little sales talk they were won over. But these are all my pals and are the best of the lot. I know that they will benefit by your magazine as I have.

Wouldn't it be possible for them to receive the May issue?

I shall remember the Missionary Jesuits each day in my prayers.

May God be always with us strongly in our efforts to help one another especially those who labor for souls.

Fort Lewis, Wash. Pcf. Henry Bracht

*Editor's Note:* Hundreds of USO Clubs are anxious for copies of JESUIT MISSIONS. Gift subscriptions for these Clubs would be a mark of Catholic Action as well as interest in the work of our missions.

## Attention, Please

To the Editor:

Several of our American Jesuit missionaries in Jamaica, British West Indies, have asked us to assure their benefactors of their gratitude for the financial assistance which still comes to them. They want their friends to know that they write an acknowledgement for every gift received. Still, because of the enemy activities in the Atlantic it is possible that their letters may never reach their destination. The missionaries, naturally, cannot afford to send an air-mail acknowledgement.

Of course, it is still possible for us to get funds to these gallant soldiers of Christ.

William F. Masterson, S.J.  
Business Editor

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# The Little Apostle of Nepal

George Ziebert, S.J.

of Nepal sent a donation to Patna to have the ancient bell of the Old Cathedral repaired. Other hopes appear and fade in the educational field where the Nepalese show great interest. Many of them leave their homes for a good education and then return home afterwards. Why not get them before they return to the land of their birth? Yes, there lies a good opportunity. But there are others also.

Such in brief is the introduction to our Nepalese apostle, Mary. But thirteen years of age

she does her share for the support of the family by doing coolie work. Eighty to a hundred pounds is the usual weight of each load as she trudges up four hundred steps from the road. Nothing out of the ordinary! And four *annas* (ten cents) is her reward! But she has another reward awaiting her and it will surely be a hundredfold.

ONE day while walking, another Father and I happened to come across several little ones playing what American girls might call Jacks. Mary was there in the midst of them. At the Fathers' approach, they all arose and gave the greeting, "*Jesu ki berai.*" Somewhat interested, my companion and I stopped to investigate, since it was a school day. Here they were. No school because they were too poor. No catechism because there was no one to give it to them. Work at home because the mother was sick or out working, etc. And the conclusion? Beginnings had to be made. Willingly, they agreed to report the following Sunday for catechism. It was from this time that Mary showed her mettle as "the little apostle." According to

schedule, she appeared with her four companions. Bright, alert and anxious to learn from the colored pictures, they promised to be on deck every Sunday.

The following Sunday Mary was heard going through the village, "Philly . . . Annie . . . hurry up, Father is coming." Then the fun began. One would make the Sign of the Cross with her left hand. Another couldn't get farther than half way through the Hail Mary. Still another, ten years old, had not as yet made her First Communion. The problem grew.

TWO weeks later Mary announced the arrival of three more girls for the catechism class. I went into a quandary. Were there more in the same predicament? Reports went to the parish priest. Mary was called. Seeing the abilities of a leader in her, the parish priest asked her to collect all the girls of the neighborhood who were in the same plight as she. She promptly turned up the following day with ten girls. The parish priest smiled. He made inquiries from each.

The upshot of the whole affair was that I was to begin instructing them and that Mary was to act the part of Paul Revere every Sunday, reminding them of class. Mary in turn received a little reward. That only served to stimulate her to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Every Sunday afternoon the girls of the village knew what Mary's call meant. Fifteen appeared. Then twenty-five. And Mary was always at their head. Sometimes I would have to wait a half hour before starting until Mary had made the rounds. And if one or two failed to make their appearance she went to investigate the rea- (Turn to page 168)

NEPAL for India! And Patna for Christ! Such is the spontaneous cry of every Patna missionary, especially when he catches his first glimpse of Nepal from Kurseong. So close and yet so far! But a stone's throw from here and yet closed to missionaries! True, an energetic walker may set foot into the land of desires but he must withdraw it as soon as he is caught sight of.

Many are the stories of Fathers here who will proudly return from their walk and say that they have been in Nepal. But that is as far as it goes. How to get in there and stay is the question at issue. The question has often been mooted among the Patnaites but without fruit. They must satisfy themselves by keeping watch near its borders and be ready to make a streamline dash as soon as the green light appears:

STILL, the horizon is not full of grey skies. Rays of hope appear here and there. And at Kurseong, close to the borders of Nepal that ray keeps feeding the missionary's hope. An exceptionally bright ray shone when the Hindu Maharaja



Brother John Jacoby, S.J., and assistants ready for the races. (Right) Bruce McDonald, high scorer, competes in the broadjump.

# Tropical Track Meet

Stanley E. Kalamaja, S.J.

“**M**OSQUITOS on the high-jump; Seniors to the shot-put; Juniors on the broad-jump; Middlemen practice hurdles,” is the cry of the Scholastic Prefect as the boys of St. John’s College, Belize, British Honduras, crowd out in the small yard in back of the Catholic Presbytery of an afternoon when studies have been dismissed. A fifth group is unseen because they have previously been assigned to practice basketball. Activity in the athletic line is at a high pitch from January until the early part of March, for the boys are preparing to take part in the biggest athletic event in the school calendar—the annual School Track Meet and Field Day.

Preparations begin with the weighing and measuring so that a boy may be put in his proper division. The method is very objective

but appears to be somewhat complicated as each boy’s age is multiplied by four; weight divided by two; and to his height in inches these sums are added to give an index number. Boys whose numbers are over 200 are called Seniors, while those below 165 fall into the Mosquito division. Juniors, Middlemen and Minims come in between these two.

**A**CTUAL practice for the affair begins as soon as all the book-keeping work is finished and divisions arranged; and all the students practice for they know that missing a day without an ironclad excuse means being dropped from taking part in the competition. Day-in and day-out for six long weeks you can see the lads running and jumping until one week before the real big day. Then preliminaries start.

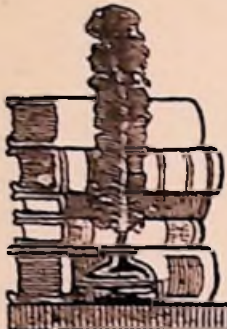
With five separate divisions, you have in reality five field days so each group has to be cut down to the minimum and some finals need to be completed so as to enable us to have a program which can be finished in one day. By Saturday, March the eighth this year, twenty events were run off or four for each group also preliminaries for all the rest except the 120 yard low hurdle race. That must be kept until the last day as a matter of necessity.

**O**UR hurdles are two stakes hammered into the ground to the desired height of two feet five inches then another one inch stick is laid across these two. When you have to put up forty of these, or pound eighty sticks into hard dry dirt, and at the same time try to keep them in a straight line you have some job. It takes three men about four hours to do this. Along with this work there are about twenty-five other stakes to place which will mark off the course of the track. Next year it will be easier as the generosity of friends enabled us to build simple hurdle stands.

But the long awaited day arrives and we still have forty finals and five preliminaries. At seven in the morning, Mr. George Toruno, S.J., and Brother John Jacoby, S.J., and I went to what is called the Barracks (public stadium, you might call it). There we began laying out a 440 yard track, the hurdle lanes, and putting up the college pennants. Last year, incidentally, all this was done in the rain.

**I**.T is not long before we have a group of the boys helping. They are eager to do what they can so that they may start the sooner. Even at that, though, we cannot start any event until eleven.

First, however, you may get an imaginary picture of the track. On one side lies the deep blue waters of the Caribbean, dotted, in the distance, by small cays; while on the other side are the various club buildings of Belize. The 440 yard track, spoken of before, is an oval shape in the center of the polo field and is marked off by the twenty-five or more stakes which are joined by a string stretching from one to the other. Begin- (Turn to page 168)



# NEW BOOKS



## And Down The Days

John Louis Bonn, S.J.

Every woman should meet "Lady Lizzie St. John" in the pages of this book. She was the daughter of Maria Monk, the author of "Awful Disclosures" a libel against the Catholic sisterhood which caused such a furor during the latter part of the last century.

The story opens in the slums of New York where Maria Monk nightly drank herself into a stupor of forgetfulness and finally into insanity and death. From these sordid surroundings, Lizzie St. John set out in life with one ambition to become a great French Lady. To know how she achieved that ambition, had all Paris at her feet and was presented at the royal court, you should read this book. But you must read it also to see a divine plan slowly shaping itself above all the cool calculations of this designing woman. This divine plan gently intrudes first in the dissatisfaction she experienced in the fulfillment of her fondest dreams and grows stronger under the selfless love and delicate guidance of a fine French nobleman. Led by the hand of her little child, Lizzie St. John stripped self of all those things the world holds dear and found peace in the Church in the infinite love of God which had pursued her down the days.

The author unravels the twisted skein of her life with the delicacy, the sympathy, the appreciation of a master. Too much praise cannot be given to him for his keen scholarly portrayal "of a woman who made an incredible journey alone." The opening chapters describing the ugly side of life in the slums as seen through the eyes of a child, rival Dickens at his best. The sheer dramatic power of some of the scenes will grip you. Far better than all this will come from this book the very salutary conviction that though you have everything, without God you have nothing.

MacMillan Co., New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

## The Story Of American Catholicism

Theodore Maynard

"A handy popular history of the Catholic Church in the United States" was Mr. Maynard's aim in writing this work. He tries to appeal to those readers for whom John Gilmary Shea's works are too long or too formidable. The first part of this book may bore most of us, but only because the early phase of American history is already so familiar to us. We are well acquainted with Catholic Columbus and the English Catholic Calverts; and we know that Spain

and France sent their missionaries side by side with their explorers.

But the part the Catholics played in the American Revolution is more interesting. Even the long discussion of the causes of the war is not out of place, while the details about the interest of the Church in the first years of our republic have been too little known. The forward, but stumbling steps of the Church, after its own liberty had been assured, its growth, its difficulties with Trusteeism and internal dissensions, its organization under John Carroll and John England and their colleagues, all are strongly contrasted with the subsequent strength of the Church in the latter part of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries—the age of James Cardinal Gibbons. We are prouder of our Church when we see how she overcame the troubles caused by Nativism, the slave question, the Civil War and Reconstruction.

The history as such seems to cease with the first World War. It then becomes a study of trends, political, social, economic and cultural. This is perhaps the most appealing part of the book, because the historian gives place to the mature critic, who is fully aware of the activities of all modern Catholics. His view of the present-day picture is sane and adequate.

MacMillan Co., New York, N. Y., \$3.50.

## March Into Tomorrow

John J. Considine

Maryknoll is thirty-one years old this year. The ensuing years since its foundation by those first pioneers, Fathers Walsh and Price have been turbulent ones in their chosen mission field in China. This first generation of Maryknollers with their grand enthusiasm have made good progress and opened up the way for its other sons, especially in southern China and later in the Philippines and now in Bolivia. This superbly illustrated volume shows how the first young day has been lived. It tells the story of the humble beginnings, the trials, the sufferings, the heroism of those first years as Maryknoll's latest sons gird themselves for the march into tomorrow.

Field Afar Press, 121 E. 39th St., New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

## Colored Catholics In The United States

An investigation of Catholic activity in behalf of the Negroes in the United States and a survey of the present condition of the Colored Missions.

John T. Gillard, S.S.J., Ph.D.

In 1929 the first national survey of colored Catholics and the work of the Catholic Church for them in the United States was published by the late Father Gillard under the title *The Catholic Church and the American Negro*. The statistics given therein served as a basis for more extended study, a stimulus for further discussion, and a guide for subsequent lines of action. Interest in the welfare of the American Negro has so increased that a new survey is now badly needed. This need the author supplies in a scholarly manner in the present volume.

That no survey covering so vast a field with the available machinery could give a complete picture of Catholic care for the Colored, the author admits and even emphasizes, but every care has been taken in this survey to reduce the margin of error to the lowest possible degree and the author has reason to believe that he has succeeded in attaining the end. If used with an understanding of the principles according to which the survey was made, which are fully explained in the introduction, it will undoubtedly be found most satisfactory.

This book should have a place in every library and is an absolutely essential source of reference for anyone in any way connected with the apostolate of the Negro.

The Josephite Press, Baltimore, \$3.00.

## The Imitation Of Christ

From the First Edition of An English Translation Made c. 1530 by Richard Whitford Edited with an Introduction by Edward J. Klein

This volume is based on a critical edition of the first complete English translation made from the Latin *De Imitatione Christi* of Thomas à Kempis. This early English translation, under the title of *The Folowynge of Cryste* was published by Richard Whitford in 1530 and first printed by Robert Wyer, a leading book-maker of his time.

In his edition of Whitford's translation, Dr. Klein has striven to keep as close to the original as possible. Spelling and punctuation have been modernized but the old forms of the verbs are retained and the fewest possible changes in vocabulary and word order were adopted.

As a work distinct from recent work on the authorship of *The Imitation*, Dr. Klein has done English scholars a great service in bringing back to light this old English classic.

Harper & Brothers, New York, \$3.00.

## ACROSS THE BAY FROM CORREGIDOR

(Continued from page 147)

Downstairs his father had come to take him home . . . far away from his friends and the surroundings he had come to know well and to love. There was deep disappointment on our faces as we said farewell. "Perhaps in two years I will be better, Father, if the doctor is right."

"I hope he is, Felipe," I answered, as the *calesa* (native hansom) pulled up with a loud clanging of its bell. They were seated in a moment and the tiny horse was trotting out the main gate.

We did not see each other again, but letters began to come and go between us. There was nothing to do at home but rest . . . and his good father took good care that nothing interfered with this. Each letter became more reassuring. After I returned to the States, he wrote about a happy visit to the school. Former classmates were surprised at the weight he had put on; some failed to recognize him at all.

Later on, sad news came of his married sister's death. This added to their family three tiny youngsters more. Shortly after, the big news—that he had once more enrolled as a student—to try again. There seemed to be no more happy boy alive. It was easy to see him again in the midst of the activities, cadet, athlete, scholar and sodalist. The books were no trouble, it seemed for at the end of the year he was able to report a final average of ninety-four per cent in his studies. The miracle seemed to have come true.

Graduation was only one year away. But it never came. The old trouble came on as bad as before. Soon he was home again—seriously stricken. "I intended to finish high school," he wrote, "but well . . . just sick again, that's all. . . . But I thank God. It is His Will that I be off from school; yes, to give up all I desire and stay home where I can serve Him more. I am resolved to do my best for His glory, yes, to obey Him, love Him and do greater things for Him." I wondered just what he thought those greater things would be.

The air and surroundings at home made an instantaneous change for the better. His place was at home, that was clear. Interest in the world outside did not wane and his radio gathered about him great crowds of neighbors, who could not afford such a luxury. Every Sunday evening brought the news of the world, of Manila, of the Church. The Catholic Hour programs were real Catholic Action miniatures of life—controversy over Legislature, Divorce Bills, Answers to lies and calumnies of the press, Explanations and debate on Catholic Practice and Doctrine. He also became active in spreading the Catholic weekly, the *Commonweal*, through his neighborhood, and fed them with his own enthusiasm for the faith and love of God. He had come to think of this kind of service as his great "call."

But one night he awoke close to mid-

night, to find his world shattered . . . his father lay abed in the cold moonlight, dead. Here was one cross he had not prepared himself for—to find his one understanding support taken so suddenly away from him. A few weeks later he wrote: "O, Father, it is really so hard, not for me alone, but for my brothers and sisters . . . there seems no one now to look out for us except the good Lord."

So at nineteen years of age, Felipe was feeling the burdens and worries of a father. How, he wondered despairingly at first, could he possibly fill the place of that wonderful father whom God had taken to Himself.

From that hour Felipe matured rapidly, responded unselfishly and shouldered the task with all his ability. Gradually he found himself a match for each situation that arose. Plans for the future were forming in his mind. Once he wrote: "I will strive hard to carry on what my Dad has left . . . give my sisters and brothers and the other children a bright future based on a solid Faith . . . yes, a Catholic education, too."

Often he asked himself: "Is this really a serious call of God; and is my vocation really clear now?" His answer showed that he was definitely settled. "Of course, then I must start eagerly and joyfully, unselfishly . . . and not falter."

Dejection of soul, trust misplaced, physical exhaustion and nervous high tension when signs of a "storm" arose, were the price he was paying for his daily experience. He had also learned to laugh at himself when he felt overcome by the impulse to strike out wildly in self-protection. "Father, it is really hard—hard to be alone; to keep trying to play the man. But God is with me. . . . I've lost many pounds already thinking about our situation."

He soon learned that not every offered hand and smooth tongue is worthy of confidence. "They think that they can shower me with praise and carry me along their way. . . . I am getting used to their tricks now, and have learnt many sad lessons; I must be on the alert always now . . . but Father it is so true that the hardest thing to say is 'no!'"

If we added any more it would have to be conjecture. . . . Felipe is hemmed in by adverse circumstances, isolated on his Pacific isle. Not until after peace comes to us all again may we hope to have revealed for us the course and nobility of his life today. But thus far he is a shining example of the effect of the labors of God's missionaries and God's grace working through many unselfish channels in America. The work of the missions has nothing to fear when it can produce such characters; the sacrifices of the mission-minded who spend money, time and effort and add their fervent prayers for the spread and establishment of the Church, can see in Felipe tangible results of their co-operation. Recent headlines gave still greater proof of the fine spirit of Filipino youths.

## WAR'S TRIBUTE TO THE NATIVE CLERGY

(Continued from page 149)

Nationalism has no place in a universal religion. Nor do we speak of the role of the various nations in the spread of the Faith except to record their charity and commend their zeal. However, the honor to be first in mission help work seems a blessing too precious to be enjoyed by more than one country at a time. France led the world in mission interest for centuries. Then in particular ways Spain, Ireland, Belgium, Germany and Italy came to the front. The coveted palm is held in our day by Holland, that in the prewar period, although only 35% Catholic, sent more men and women and expended more money on the missions than any other nation. May our own land that owes so much to the missions and missionaries soon take the lead in support of the native clergy movement as she already leads in the perishable things of finance and business.

## "THE WORLD'S BEST CATHOLICS" LIVE IN MUD HUTS

(Continued from page 151)

When I said 'Good-bye' to him last summer it was farthest from my mind that he would suffer a violent death."

"Did Father know that he opened over forty schools?" Ku Fang-chien asked. I noticed that as Ku talked he had difficulty in holding back his tears. "Father Simons was willing to endure any hardship to help his Christians. He always thought of his Christians and never at all of himself. He was fearless—he was afraid of no one—no matter how dangerous a bandit. His only desire was to help his Christians and to bring many others from paganism to embrace Christianity."

Then Ku asked: "What country has the best Catholics?"

"It would be difficult to say," I answered. "There are some very good Catholics in every country of the world."

It was getting quite dark and a rain-storm had begun. The Christians took leave to go back to their own mud huts before the downpour would become too heavy. Ku Fang-chien stayed on.

"It is late now and Father will want to go to bed. It is peaceful here now as far as the bandits are concerned. There is no reason for Father to be afraid. But I shall throw down a mat in the next room and sleep on it to be on hand if anything should happen."

In a few minutes I had retired to the bed that Ku Fang-chien had prepared for me. There was no mosquito net. Mosquitos hummed around and banquetted on any part of me uncovered by the blanket. Shortly, I noticed that there was another type of insect also biting me. "That must be the *ko tsao*," I reflected, "from which Ku in vain had tried to protect me." By now the rainfall had become quite heavy. Water which seeped through the roof steadily dropped down on my bed.

"And so," I was thinking, "ends my first night in a mission station. What country has the best Catholics? Well, it would be harder to find a better one than Ku Fang-chien. What a proud and happy day it will be for him when his sturdy and manly son comes back to this village—a priest of God, to labor for Christ amongst his own people."

### GOD'S COUNTRY

(Continued from page 155)

Firmina, a registered nurse.

The biggest disturber of law and order among the Indians is liquor. Almost every crime committed by an Indian is done under the influence of the bottle. One night five years ago the Prefect of boys at St. Stephen's, an Indian who had graduated from the school with a fine record, came staggering into the Mission, as drunk as anyone could be. Father A. C. Zuercher, S.J., then Superior, fired the man, but later promised to rehire him if he would swear to abstain from alcoholics for one year. The pledge was so successful that the Tekak-witha Temperance Society was born.

Since then seventy-five persons have taken the pledge of abstinence for one year. Because Indians regard a promise as sacred, only five of the seventy-five have broken their word.

People in surrounding towns, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, cooperate with the Mission because they know what a splendid job it is doing. One of its best friends is a leader of the Eastern Star; she contributed the screen, moving picture projector, some films, and other equipment for the Mission's Sunday night movies.

Statistically the work of the Jesuits among the Indians of Western Wyoming does not look tremendously successful. The Indians are slow to accept changes in their methods of living. Almost no one among them has a watch, not only because they have not the money to buy one, but also because many of them feel it is utter stupidity to become a slave to two rotating hands of a mechanical instrument.

### "IT'S A SUBMARINE"

(Continued from page 156)

seconds it was as though death hung in the air as we realized the utter hopelessness of our position. Then a whistle broke the stillness and we were permitted to proceed. We were told that it was an American submarine out on patrol duty evidently on the look-out for surface raiders. They had signalled and we had replied with flags.

A lady passenger, a Catholic of sorts, who had to have brandy administered after our adventure, assured me that her spiritual course was clear from then on.

What if it had been an enemy submarine? What if we had not been permitted to proceed? I think with horror of the many ships which have encountered unfriendly submarines. It must be a ghastly experience. That ship was the

last to carry Mission Fathers from America.

Since my return I have talked with other travelers, those who have journeyed by boat and by plane. One woman told me of passing an empty life boat, surrounded by a school of sharks. A gentleman described a similar sight seen from a plane. Recently another empty life boat was washed up on the shores of this island. A grim reminder.

Such are the dangers which beset men and women who travel by sea to do Christ's work. War has made our task doubly difficult.

Here in Jamaica gasoline is severely rationed. We in the city of Kingston can travel by cycle. We managed to secure two of them at Holy Cross. The Fathers in the country and hill districts are less fortunate. How they will manage to visit their missions, some many miles apart, it is difficult to say. Father Edward Scollen, S.J., who lives with us at Holy Cross, has fortunately purchased a horse. He goes to his hill station on horseback.

In your prayers and good works, pray, pray for those who go to sea in ships and especially for mission priests and nuns everywhere. God give us an early peace.

### THE LITTLE APOSTLE

OF NEPAL

(Continued from page 164)

son and then make the report to me.

At the end of six months, Mary had thirty girls. Over half of them had not as yet received their first Communions. And what they wanted most of all was to have their religion taught them in Nepali. There is some similarity between Hindi and Nepali but how much better for the children to have their religion taught them in their own tongue. The problem again thickened. Whom to get? The whole solution appeared when two catechists volunteered to take up the teaching task.

But what of first Communion? Who was to teach the children their prayers? Mary did not stand back. Little Josephine and Margaret were handed over to Mary. And not only did they have to learn their prayers on Sunday. No. Daily they had to report to the little apostle. And if their memory slipped, Mary was right on their heels. Nor did any of them resent her insistence. Mary had very likeable qualities and there is no one to recognize such qualities sooner than the pupils themselves.

Soon others passed into her hands. Mothers and fathers at home were warned by their Agneses and Elizabeths that they had to make their appearance before Mary and learn their prayers each evening. With arched eyebrows and an amused smile, the parents began to wonder what had come over their little wood-carriers and water-girls. (It is the custom in these parts for the girls to bring in the wood from the forest and fill the water jars at the well. This is not the boy's task.) They couldn't resist the appeal. Soon they began to put

two and two together when their girls announced their coming first Communion. And Mary was behind it all.

Now one year has passed. Thirty-five girls are now under instruction. Ten have made their first Communion. Five others are under Mary's direction. The round-up has been completed. Not one girl has escaped the magnetic call of the little apostle, regular as St. Francis' bell through the streets of Goa. And why? Because they have begun to realize what their religion has meant to them, because Mary has taught them how to say their little prayers.

Generous, ever-ready and dependable are the main characteristics of this little apostle. School life has never been nor ever will be her hobby. But a true Catholic, she is by her example and constancy in helping the little ones towards Christ.

There is but a snapshot of the possibilities close to the Nepali border. If the missionary can raise little staunch Catholics, he may be sure that their example will soon make inroads into the land of Nepal. How true has been the saying, "And a child shall lead them."

### TROPICAL TRACK MEET

(Continued from page 165)

ning at one end of the inner area you have the four lanes for the hurdles, and in the opposite end two saw-dust pits are spread for high jumping and broad jumping. Around the track itself fly the blue and white pennants of St. John's College which were made this year by the girls of Holy Redeemer School.

At last everything is ready and the individuals can now begin to gather points which will allot them a place in the picking of prizes. High award at which all aim, is the Melhado Shield, a donation of Hon. Henry Melhado, O.B.E., K.S.G. To the boy who gains the most points goes the honor of having his name engraved on this shield. This year Bruce McDonald was high scorer with fifty points. Incidentally, any boy, no matter what his division, has an equal chance at this coveted award, for each division has the same number of events.

Through the rest of the afternoon the various events are run off. When the meet is over and the field cleared of saw-dust and sticks, each boy is treated to a bottle of cold pop and some cookies.

A grand day is finished and each lad is happy. He must wait, however, until the following Monday for his prize. A fine assortment donated by friends in Belize or the States is spread before their eager eyes and each takes his pick according to his points. At last the Field Day is complete until another year has elapsed when the Scholastics must again begin to arrange divisions, beg for donations as prizes, and direct the practices. The young minds of the students now turn to cricket, soccer, basketball, and tennis so that they may develop healthy bodies along with healthy minds to serve their God the better.

## Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

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WASHINGTON

May 7, 1942

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We are indeed appreciative of your efforts, and  
sincerely thankful for the splendid cooperation we have  
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*Vincent F. Callahan*

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