

# JESUIT MISSIONS

July-August 1942

Ten Cents



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**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

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In a single recent issue our correspondents included the following:

Richard O'Sullivan, K.C.; R. R. Stokes, M.P.; The Duke of Bedford; Philip G. Fothergill, Ph.D., Lecturer in Durham University; Dr. Halliday Sutherland; A. C. F. Beales, Lecturer in London University.

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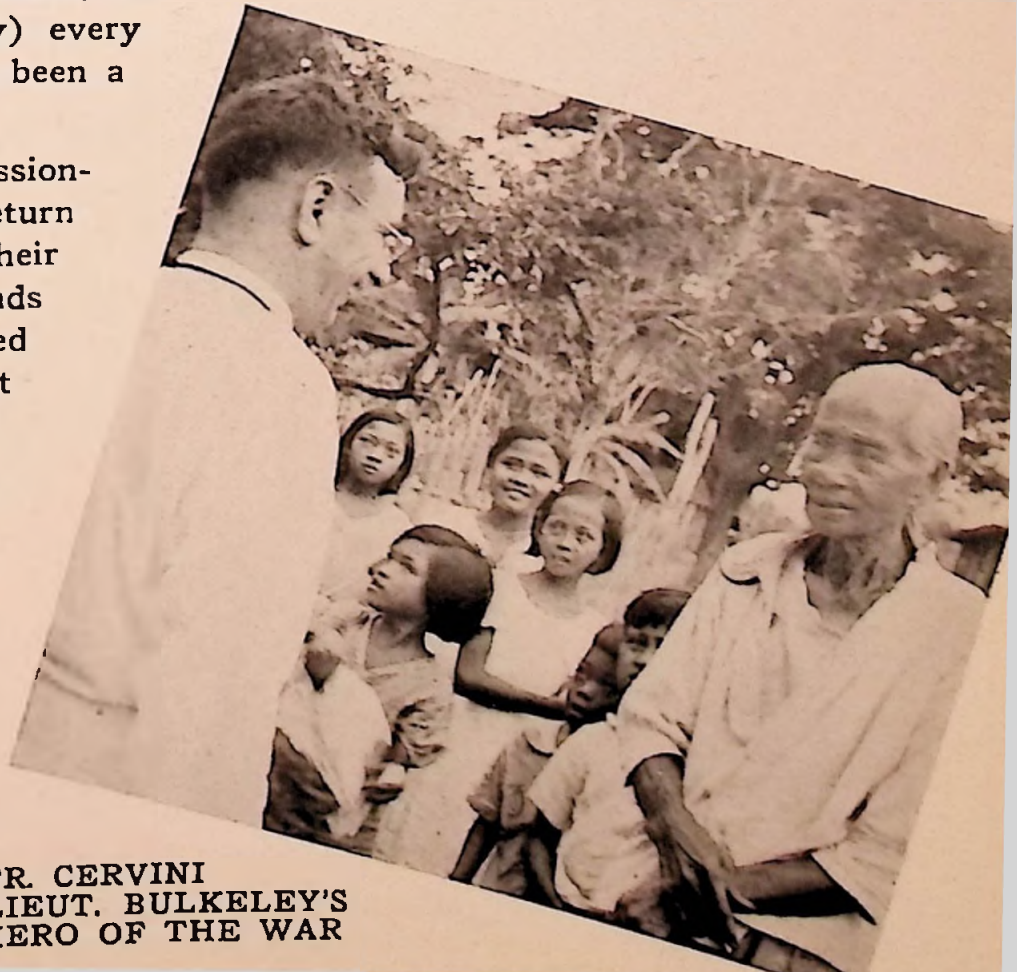
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From Xavier, through Jogues, Marquette and countless others to Father Cervini (the hero of Mindanao, according to Lieut. Bulkeley) every Jesuit missionary has long been a hero in God's eyes.

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# JESUIT MISSIONS

JULY-AUGUST

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

1942

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

## CONTRIBUTORS

■ **Father James F. Kearney, S.J.**, of the California Province, eyewitness of all the horrors of war in Nanking and prominent author and editor of the Catholic Review, has survived forty bombings during his twelve years. But (Tiny Tim at the Gate) impressed him.



James F. Kearney, S.J.

■ **Father Calvert Alexander, S.J.** (A Navy Hero Salutes a Missionary Hero), is editor of "Jesuit Missions."

■ **Father William F. Masterson, S.J.** ("Captain Ortiz Reporting"), our business editor, spent three years in the Philippines as professor at the Ateneo de Manila. Thoroughly familiar with the topography and the personnel of that Mission he took from the lips of Captain Ortiz the story of the past few months in that war-torn area.

■ **Everett J. Mibach, S.J.** (Fur for God), of the Oregon Province, has just finished his first year of philosophy at Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington.

■ **Joseph G. Fennell, S.J.** (Mass for Desert Troops in Iraq), from Springfield, Mass., in the New England Province, has spent the last three years teaching in Baghdad.

■ **Father Albert Muntsch, S.J.** (The "Learned Mayas" of Honduras), is a prominent anthropologist of St. Louis University. The present article is a brief of field work conducted in British Honduras.



Edward A. Scott, S.J.

■ **Father Edward A. Scott, S.J.** (Converting the Santals by "Pera horok"), of the Chicago Province has been appointed to the Pan-India Mission Band.

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

**COVER**—Captain Ortiz, S.J., enjoys a quiet moment during a press conference at the Philippine Bureau, New York City. During the past few months his life has been one of action. Uprooted from the studious halls of the Ateneo de Manila, he became a chaplain in the Philippine Army. The good news he brought with him about the Jesuits in the Philippines made him more than welcome to our shores.



## BOMBS FOR THE BISHOP'S JUBILEE

BUT THE POPE'S CONGRATULATIONS TO HIS "VENERABLE BROTHER" IN ALASKA BEAT THE JAPANESE RAIDERS BY SEVERAL DAYS.

**J**APAN'S gift to the ancient bishop of Alaska, who this month celebrates the silver jubilee of his consecration, was a shower of bombs dropped on a part of his huge territory. The Japanese bombers roared over Dutch Harbor at 6:00 a.m., just as Bishop Crimont in Juneau was beginning his Mass.

It was the first enemy bombing raid in the history of the North American continent, but, frankly, it didn't make much of an impression on the first bishop of Alaska. After all, when one has reached his eighty-fifth year and has spent forty-eight of these battling against the savage elements of the arctic, a certain philosophical balance is achieved. Moreover, an important letter had beat the Jap bombers to Alaska by several days. It was from His Holiness, Pope Pius XII and expressed his warm and affectionate greetings on the jubilee.

**B**UT the Japanese invasion threat has made it impossible for Bishop Crimont to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration in any part of his extensive vicariate. So, at the generous invitation of His Excellency, Bishop Shaughnessy, he will journey to

Seattle, where on July 29th, he will offer up a Mass of thanksgiving in the Cathedral. Catholics all over the United States will join their prayers of thanksgiving with his for that miracle of Providence which has preserved to the ripe old age of eighty-four America's oldest active bishop in what Pope Pius XI called "the hardest mission in the world."

"It's the ice that preserves you," jokingly remarked the same Pope several years ago to Bishop Crimont. Ice indeed has penetrated to the very marrow of his bones during almost a half century of mushing over the frozen tundra. But numb though his body has often been, the Arctic sub-zero frost has failed to extinguish or even chill the fire of his apostolic zeal. It is this that has preserved him.

Crude and unsettled was the Alaska to which young Father Joseph Raphael Crimont, S.J., came in 1894. Gold had not yet been discovered on the Yukon. Only eight years before, the heroic Archbishop Seghers had been murdered near Mulato as he journeyed to establish Alaska's first church. Thus the young missionary began his career with the earliest pioneers of the Alaskan missions and side by side

with them he endured the years of suffering and privation that went into the establishment of Catholicism in this hard and bitter region.

**P**OETS and novelists have immortalized the fight that the men who searched for gold fought with the relentless elements on the Yukon. But few have sung of the heroism of the early Alaskan missionaries like Bishop Crimont who felt the bite of the Arctic winds long before the gold seekers and are there today when the sourdough is but a legend.

The winters have taken their toll upon the Bishop's now frail body. Still more debilitating have been the years of struggle to support this Mission. But none of this has broken or embittered his spirit. Today after taking forty-eight years of the toughest beating Alaska can offer, Bishop Crimont is as gentle and gracious as though he had spent all his life on Park Avenue.

"To you, therefore, Venerable Brother, who have spent such a long period of years to the glory of the Most High and the good of souls, we express our heartfelt congratulation . . ." These words of the Pope we can all make our own.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

*Editor:* CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

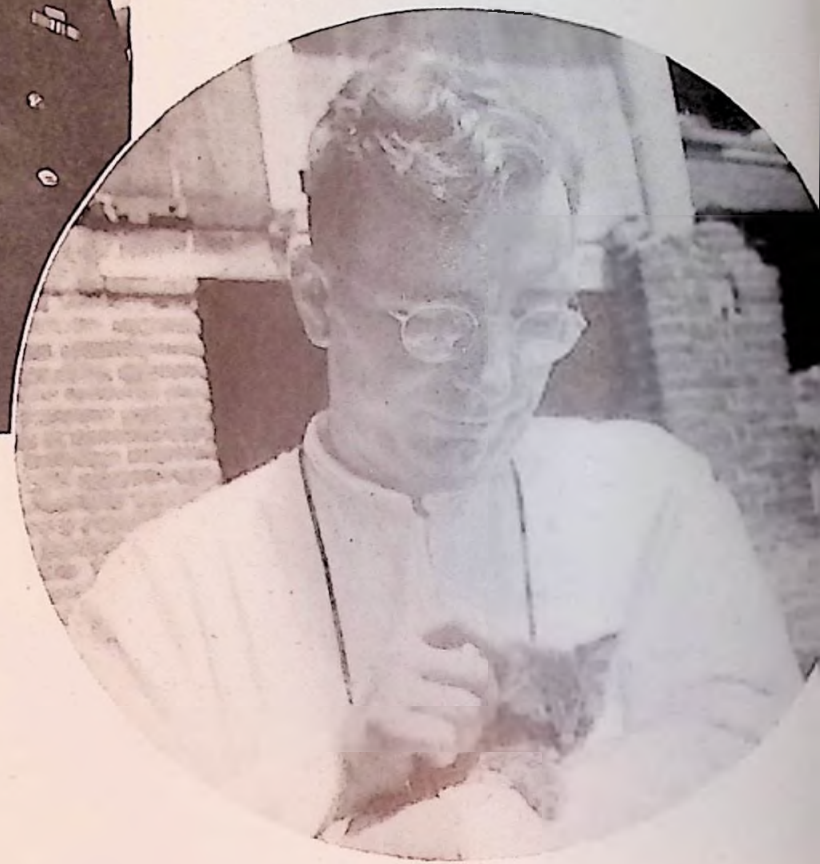
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Lieut. Bulkeley and wife (center) flanked by Ensign Akers (left) and Lieut. Kelly, salute while the crowd in Times Square cheers. These heroes did not forget the hero they left behind them, Father Cervini, S.J. (below).



## A Navy Hero Salutes a Missionary Hero

**Lieut. John D. (Torpedo Boat) Bulkeley wants the world to know that his particular hero is Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., whom he met one critical morning in Iligan Bay, the Philippines.**

**Calvert Alexander, S.J.**

**I**N the gray, pre-dawn light of one morning last March, three U. S. Navy PT Boats slipped quietly along the palm-fringed shores of Iligan Bay in the Philippines. From the bridge of the leading boat, its powerful Packard engines throttled down to a whisper, the black-bearded skipper of the little fleet anxiously scanned the shore. For three days he had been eluding the hot pursuit of two Japanese destroyers; now with food and water supplies practically depleted and several of the men seriously ill, it had become necessary to risk a landing. And it was a risk. Would they be welcomed by fifth columnists or Filipino friends, or could they hope to steal up to the hills unnoticed and return with food and water?

A hand signal from the skipper and the engines of the PT Boats were cut. In the silence a motor car could be heard running along the beach road. It shuddered to a stop; a figure in a white cassock got out, came running down to the shore and began to hail the boats in a voice that immediately relaxed the tenseness of the situation. It was an American voice, and very friendly. A moment later the black-bearded skipper and the man in the white cassock were shaking hands on the beach. It was the first meeting of two great heroes of the war.

**R**ECENTLY, one of these heroes, the bearded skipper (now beardless and known to millions of Americans as Lieut. John

D. Bulkeley, whose torpedo boats were the terror of the Japs) returned home to receive the clamorous applause of a grateful nation. The Sunday before the big New York welcoming ceremonies began, Lieut. Bulkeley and his wife were discovered going to St. Teresa's Catholic Church in Queens to attend Mass. Newspaper reporters who knew that neither he nor his wife was a Catholic, asked the meaning of the visit. Lieut. Bulkeley replied that this was his tribute to a hero he had left behind in the Philippines, a young Jesuit missionary priest by the name of Father Andrew Cervini, S.J. of Iligan. "At great personal risk to himself and over a period of our most successful operations against the Japanese, Father Cervini rendered to me and to my men simply invaluable services. He was one of the finest men of God that I ever met."

**L**ATER in the same day, to Sally, Theresa and Anthony Cervini who went to see the Lieutenant to obtain news of their missionary brother who has been in the Philippines for six years, he said:

"Your brother is the real hero.



A religious procession in Father Cervini's Mission at Iligan.

When I get to see the President I'll make it a point to recommend him for the work he did for us."

That all this was not just an off-hand gesture of gratitude on the part of Lt. Bulkeley to be made and then forgotten in the honors that were being showered upon him by the people of the nation, the present writer had occasion to observe a few days later. New York in the meantime had given him and his junior officers, Lieut Robert Kelly and Ensign Anthony Akers, its noisiest demonstration with a ticker-tape parade in Times Square. The hot May sun had also done a nice job on Lieut. Bulkeley's face, now unprotected by the black beard of the Philippine campaign. But he had not forgotten the hero he had left behind him in Iligan.

**"I MADE** up my mind that when I got to the States I was going to tell the world about Father Andrew Cervini," he said, and one could see by the warm glow in his very expressive brown eyes that here was a subject particularly dear to him.

"My first meeting with Father Cervini occurred about March 15th. As you probably know we had to do practically all of our raiding by night because of the threat of enemy airplanes. We could outrun any of the fastest ships the Japs had and we weren't afraid of dive bombers.

We shot down several of them at the beginning of the war. But a high altitude bomber could spot us and report our position to other crafts, so we had to keep out of sight during the day. Around about the middle of March we had a brush with three Japanese destroyers and they began to chase us. For three days we eluded them. Finally, our small supply of food was gone and our water down to the bottom, so we simply had to put in somewhere to replenish. Several of my men, too, were sick. We knew that it would be a risk but we had to take it.

**"WE** picked Iligan Bay in northern Mindanao, not knowing what we would run into because there was always the danger that some fifth columnists would spot us and give our position away and we would be trapped in closed waters. We pulled into Iligan Bay early in the morning. It was just getting light. We made our way along the shore, hoping to see someone friendly to us. Fifteen minutes or so after we had picked out a lonely place, we heard an automobile coming along the beach road and wondered who it was. It turned out to be Father Cervini. When he saw us he stopped the car and ran down towards the boats to welcome us. Man! was it ever good to see an American, and Father Cervini was so effusive in his welcome that it

really went right to our hearts.

"Father Cervini's old station wagon was loaded to the gunwales with coffee, cigarettes and food, which was really a miracle because we had communicated with no one. He told me that he had heard our engines in the bay and just guessed that it was us and prepared. The men jumped on the food and drinks like ravenous wolves because, believe me, we were really hungry. He insisted that all fifteen of us go up to his house where he loaded us with more food and cigarettes. He gave everything to us. Then he insisted on taking care of the wounded.

**O**NE of the advantages of meeting Father Cervini was he knew that our stay in Iligan had to be unknown to any one so the fifth columnists couldn't give our position away. He took every precaution and saw that our boats were hidden and while we were at the house only he and Brother John J. Doyle, S.J., waited on us. What impressed me most about the whole thing was that Father Cervini did everything with his own hands, cooked the food, waited on table, nursed the wounded and everything. This caused us to be really relaxed, a thing which we badly needed after our long stay at sea.

My men and I had been on half rations at Bataan and more than half rations on the PT Boats. We hadn't had much to eat for days and we were dead tired, but at Father Cervini's place we really felt at home. It was complete relaxation. Most of us slept in what Father Cervini called his church but, believe me, it certainly didn't (Turn to page 195)

### **"Father Cervini Day"**

Sunday, July 12, has been designated "Father Cervini Day" in New York. A military parade and ceremonies will be held at Our Lady of Sorrows Church in Queens. A scroll memorializing the missionary's heroic deeds will be presented to his two brothers and two sisters by the General Sherman Council of the Knights of Columbus of Corona, which is in charge of the program.



## "Capt. Ortiz Reporting ..."

Completely surrounded by two news-hungry Jesuits, Captain Pacifico Ortiz reports on the war in the Philippines. The author, Father Masterson (left), and Father Thomas B. Cannon, S.J., Director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau (right).

**L**ISTENING intently to Father Pacifico Ortiz, S.J., as he neatly, naturally and patiently bore with and disposed of hundreds of queries about the Jesuits in the Philippines on his recent whirlwind visit to New York, over and over again I found myself echoing in prayerful gratitude the old Army phrase I had become so familiar with at the Ateneo de Manila: "All present or accounted for." In such wise did those Cadet Captains of mine of almost a decade ago report to their Senior Officers.

Father Ortiz, now Captain Ortiz of the Philippine Army, is detailed as chaplain to President Quezon of the Philippines, his family and official party. In an arduous three days Captain Ortiz reported end-

lessly to his religious Superiors and brethren, to high Church dignitaries, to the parents, relatives and friends of our American Jesuits in the Philippines and to Mission Circles that all our Jesuits in the Philippines, American and Filipino alike, were well and accounted for at the time of his departure from the Islands in late March; that there were, to his knowledge, no incidents of physical harm inflicted by the Japanese on any cleric or religious and that such would probably remain true if the missionaries continue to live by the prudent course they chose in the early days of the war.

**F**ROM his seminary days Father Ortiz has been respected as a keen student and exceptional leader.

Teamed with Father Russell Sullivan, S.J., he did yeoman work in bringing the Catholic Radio Hour in the Philippines to its acknowledged position of leadership. In addition, through the past four years he has been Professor of Philosophy and Religion at the Jesuit University in Manila, the Ateneo de Manila.

In Father Ortiz's judgment there is little, if any, of the heroic that entered his own personal life, despite his round of extraordinary experiences in the field with the troops and on Corregidor. He veils quite constantly many of the more irksome and nauseating details that must have grown quite regular. This very reticence has charm all its own. His agile wit disarms as

## Back from Bataan and Corregidor comes Captain Pacifico Ortiz, S.J., bringing good news from 250 embattled Jesuit Missionaries in the Philippines.

William F. Masterson, S.J.

it delicately catches at every opportunity for a hearty laugh or quiet reassuring smile. So, to Father Ortiz's story.

THE day following Japan's attack upon the Philippines all the schools in the Islands were closed. In Manila, alone, that meant a great deal. There are in that city at least 25 Catholic high schools, colleges and universities. This meant there were extensive buildings and grounds in addition to a numerous devoted personnel available for war work. Immediately Father John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of all the Jesuits in the Philippines, in his further official capacity as President of the Auxiliary Board of the Archdiocese of Manila, placed all these facilities at the complete command of the Government. Overnight they became temporary hospitals and refugee cantonments. The religious themselves were organized with remarkable dispatch into Red Cross Units and stationed at strategic centers.

Four Jesuits, Father Shanahan, Father Dowd, Father McGovern and a Filipino Jesuit were assigned to the Port area—a very vital sector and one bound to witness much action. It was from such work that Father Shanahan was assigned to the Red Cross Hospital Ship, the *SS. Mactan*, as chaplain on its extremely perilous voyage to Australia. Father Shanahan is now Captain Shanahan serving as a chaplain with our forces in Northern Australia.

Another Jesuit, Father Avery, was assigned to work among those detained at the internment camp for enemy aliens quite a distance from Manila. His ministrations won the admiration of all he was able to assist in many varied ways.

The Jesuit University was designated as a center for the injured and homeless from the Cavite and Pasay air raids. Father Ortiz with

the assistance of two other Jesuits undertook to effect this transformation. He spoke of faring forth in the Ateneo bus to the scenes of the latest attacks, ministering spiritually and bodily to the wounded and bringing as many as possible by repeated trips to the Ateneo.

IT was during these first few hectic days that what Father Ortiz terms "the greatest single disaster of the war in human casualties up to the last days of Bataan" occurred. This was the sinking of the *SS. Corregidor*—the biggest and fastest boat in the Inter-Island shipping—by a mine at the entrance to Manila Bay. The boat was jammed with well over 600 passengers bent on getting away from Manila back to their homes in the Southern Islands. A number of our own students at the Ateneo were thus tragically lost. The first survivors, 84 in all, were quartered at the Ateneo. Father Ortiz feelingly describes the pathetic scenes as these survivors gradually threw off the stupor into which the disaster had plunged them.

From such gallant work Father Ortiz was called to accept his present position as chaplain. Some months prior to the outbreak of hostilities there, three other Filipino Jesuits had been commissioned as chaplains in the Philippine Army. They, along with an American Jesuit, a chaplain in the U. S. Army, went through the whole Bataan campaign. One of them, Father Gaerlan, made a marvelous escape at the Battle of Marong in which our forces were practically encircled. Since the outbreak of the war another Filipino Jesuit as well as another American Jesuit have been commissioned chaplains in Mindanao. The latest report had 16 other Jesuits in the Philippines awaiting similar commissions the while they were doing most all the work of a chaplain.

From December 12th to Decem-

ber 24th, Father Ortiz remained in Manila with the Presidential family and party. Thus he witnessed the growing efficiency of all the religious and clerics in their volunteer work of all sorts. As the invader's push on the city from the south grew stronger the President, his family and official party were evacuated with the High Commissioner and his staff to Corregidor on Christmas Eve. But five days later began two of Corregidor's many severe trials—rationing of food (two meals a day) and aerial attack.

FATHER ORTIZ goes out of his way to praise the gunnery of our forces on Corregidor. The anti-aircraft crews set records in their efficiency particularly in bagging one plane over 25,000 feet high. In typical matter of fact vein, Father Ortiz talks of his preference for air-raids over shelling. They were so many ways of being forewarned about air-raids while the shelling from shore batteries never gave advance notice.

We have read about life in the tunnels of Corregidor—its cramped quarters, fetid atmosphere, etc. We should have known, too, that there would have been a place for Christ down there. Wherever man might go in his desperate struggle to preserve the freedom wherewith he could serve his God, Christ would surely tread at his side. So, we learn of the little chapel set up by Father Ortiz in a section of the tunnel assigned the Presidential party; of the devotion of the President, his family and advisers in their daily reception of the sacraments and frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

TOWARD the latter part of the two months passed at Corregidor, Father Ortiz's radio voice again rang through the Philippines as he broadcast for a number of days over the Army's Voice of Freedom Station on the Island Fortress.

In the early hours of February 20th the Presidential party left Corregidor by submarine. Thirty hours later they arrived at Panay which with Negros are the two richest islands in the Southern Philippines. Through more than a month the Presidential party toured these important islands, inspecting everything. From (Turn to page 195)

# Fur for God

Everett J. Mibach, S.J.

**E**XCHANGING his miter for the furry hood of an Eskimo parka is not a new experience for His Excellency, Most Reverend Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Alaska. Indeed, the episcopal parka gets an extremely heavy work-out during the winter months when the Bishop visits the far-flung missions of the Alaskan vicariate.

Recently he completed a three weeks visit of the mission on Nelson Island and the mission stations along the Kuskokwim. The six-hundred mile trek over the frozen tundra was made by dog sled with eleven husky malemutes mushing to bring the Shepherd of the Snows to his widely scattered flock. Like the shepherds of old, he came not empty handed but bringing gifts—the seven gifts of the Holy Spirit.

**A**RRIVING at Nigtmuit, a village of about one hundred souls on Nelson Island, the Bishop was received by Father Paul Deschout, S.J., and his native neophytes. The news that the longed for *Agaierlerlukpok* had at last arrived set dog teams out in every direction as spokes from a wheel. All the neighboring villages must share the good news! In the event that your Eskimo has become a bit rusty, that rather formidable collection of vowels and consonants that you probably had difficulty in pronouncing means "Big Priest" or as we have it "Bishop."

Confirmation was planned for the following Sunday. It was not long before Nigtmuit began to take on the appearance of a "Boom Town" and memories of the ill fated Douglas and Dawson suggested themselves. The barking of dogs and the soft swish of the sleds through the snow announced the arrival of entire families. Soon all of the hotel space—if nine feet square igloos

Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J., a familiar figure to Alaskan Eskimos, will now be known also to the U. S. Armed Forces in Alaska by reason of his appointment as Vicar Delegate of the Military Ordinariate for Catholic chaplains.

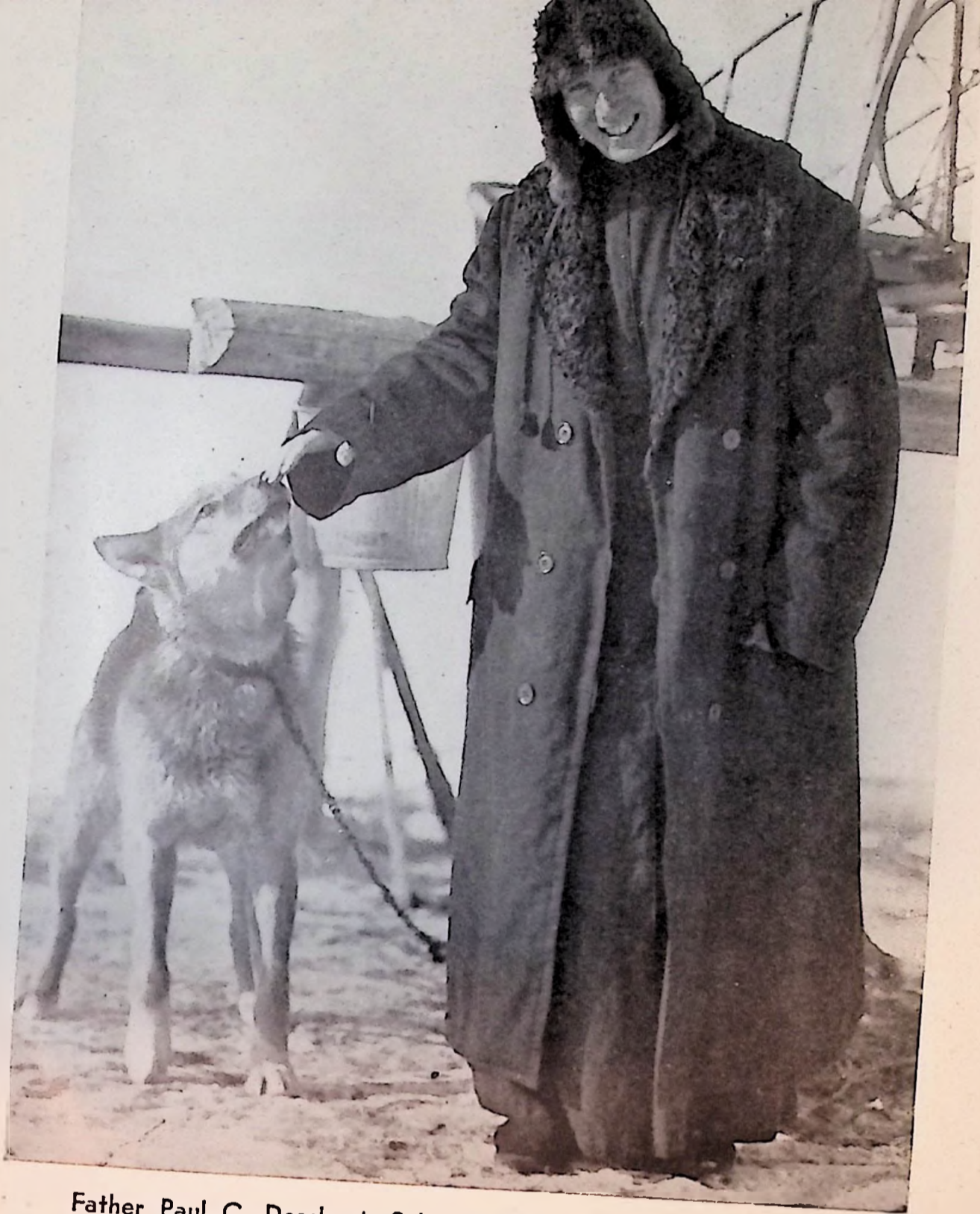
can be glorified with the name "hotel"—was gone. Hospitality among the Eskimo is as sacred a thing as it was among the early California Dons. It is an unwritten law of the social life that a place to sleep and meals are to be shared with any and all visitors. But when one hundred Eskimos arrived after a two-day drive from Tsfarnak on the mainland, even the ever hospitable Eskimo was at a loss what could be done.

Father Deschout solved the housing problem. Igloos of the resident Eskimos were thrown open to the women and children. The floor of the church offered fifty of the men a night's shelter. Some of the sturdier souls stretched out on the top of their caches with the cold Northern lights for their coverlet. Fortunately, the weather was clear, in fact, almost balmy—ten above zero! The stream of visitors continued to flow in and soon it became evident that a change of plans would have to be made. Father Deschout announced that Confirmation would be held that Friday morning.

**I**F there is one thing that the Eskimo does not mind it is being crowded. The little church that is crowded with its ordinary congregation of one hundred somehow or other held two hundred during the Confirmation service. Fifty-two adults knelt to receive the Holy Spirit! After the ceremony the Tsfarnakians left for home to make room for the cavalcade of dog teams that were still arriving. Two hundred more visitors for Nigtmuit! Alas, the poor church! Will it hold three hundred? Father Deschout thought it would be tempting Divine Providence so he said Mass early for his flock and allowed the visitors to have the Church for their Confirmation. Sixty-four were given the sacrament on this occasion.

The flock of Christ is ever increasing in Alaska. Between Nelson Island and the Kinak River there are well over two hundred adults waiting for instruction and admittance into the Church. Lack of financial means makes it impossible either to instruct or to work properly with those longing for the Bread of Life.





Father Paul C. Deschout, S.J., who lives alone at Nelson Island beyond Hooper Bay, Alaska, welcomes a visit from his bishop.

After the Confirmation at Nigtmuit, Bishop Fitzgerald seeing the need that there was for a larger church told the people that he would supply the lumber if they would help Father Deschout in the erection. Following this an incident occurred which is indicative of the true Catholic spirit of the Far North. Some of the men came to Father Deschout and asked him if they might help pay for the lumber. They have no money. They live on what they can catch or hunt. They are among the poorest of Christ's poor. But Father told them that if they wanted to contribute they must do it in secret. They were to tell no one. God alone was to know.

Late that same afternoon the

Bishop went into the little church to say his Breviary and there heaped all over his prie-dieu before the silent altar were furs. The Eskimo had given in secret. No one had seen who put the furs there. No one? Yes, One. Their Eucharistic King had seen it and if He promised reward for a cup of cold water given in His Name what will He give to those who gave not out of their riches but of their poverty?

**S**T. Lawrence's Church in Mountain Village is the headquarters for the missionary, Father George Endal, S.J., for this section of the Yukon River. His district extends from above Hamilton up to Marshall and includes the following mis-

sion stations: Pitka's Point, Chuchartulik, Pilot Station, Tuckchuk and Marshall.

Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J., arrived in Mountain Village via Hooper Bay and confirmed a class of 19 Eskimos. After a few days Father Endal hitched up his dog team, loaded the sled with a two weeks' trip of provisions, and was ready to "mush." He provided the Bishop with an expert Eskimo "musher," Anthony Beans, and the two teams were ready for the trail. The first stop was at Pitka's Point. The night was spent here and in the morning Mass was said and Confirmation was administered. The next objective was Chuchartulik, forty-five miles south of the Yukon on the Kashunak River. After crossing the Yukon, the teams took to the trail and after seven hours of a steady grind Chuchartulik was reached just at dusk. The Eskimos were waiting there. The trader of the village, who enjoys a radio, told them that he had heard Father Endal's message to Holy Cross announcing his itinerary and stops at each station. It so happened that at each station along the route they had heard the message, and the Bishop arrived to meet the waiting crowd of Eskimos just as if he were on a train and kept an exact schedule.

**P**ILOT Station back on the Yukon about forty miles from Chuchartulik was reached in a day's travel and a stop of two days was made. Next in order a visit was made up the river to Tuckchuk, thirty miles away. Here two native catechists, Ivan and Maggie Sipary, had prepared a large class of Eskimos for Confirmation and the three-day stay in the village made it clear that the natives were well instructed in the articles of the faith.

If we were to recount what happened to the Bishop at all the mission stations he visited during the winter this article would be endless. Let us conclude by the announcement that the Bishop in addition to his other duties now has been appointed to the post of Vicar Delegate to aid the Military Ordinariate in supervising the work of Catholic chaplains in the U. S. Armed Forces in Alaska. This will give him a very full schedule for the duration.



**A**N Indian sentry yelled at us in his native tongue, and Zea amazed us by answering back in the same language! What a man! Arabic, English, Chaldean, Indian—he speaks them all at a moment's notice.

"This one, he say to go slow, Father, because the dust is too much."

The sign by the roadside was definite: "5 Miles Per Hour."

The Indian troops certainly added color to the drab surroundings. The showy turbans, white, red and yellow contrasted against the rich, dark brown skin. It was our first glimpse of those famed British-

# Mass for Desert Troops in Iraq

Joseph G. Fennell, S.J.

**T**HE Jesuit community on the roof of Baghdad College was snoring heavily one Sunday morning. Between snores we were slapping at nasty white sand-flies. These pests drive a hard bargain, like a bazaar merchant. In exchange for our very life's blood the insects donate a generous shot of itchy formic acid! Neither snores nor sand-flies made Father William Sheehan, S.J., and myself desert the ranks of the brethren at 4:30 a.m. We had been appointed to go somewhere out on the desert, find the British and Indian troops coming up the Tigris from Basra, and celebrate Mass for the Catholics among them.

Our man Zea was waiting for us when we came to the door with the Mass kit. He's a Chaldean, one of those sturdy Christians that have clung to their Catholic faith in prosperity or persecution in Northern Iraq. The Fathers would be helpless here without their services. They can deal with the natives in Arabic for us, they buy groceries more cheaply than we could, keep the house and school clean, and cook for us. At times they arouse our ire by their indolence, but after spending a few summers in Bagh-



(Top) A few summers of Baghdad heat make you forget the appearance of these mud houses. You only recall one thing: they are cool. (Lower) Somewhere on the desert road to Mosul these Jesuits of Baghdad would gladly have swapped their house car for an army jeep.

dad heat, we can overlook that and appreciate their fine qualities.

Zea drove us across a narrow pontoon bridge over the Tigris to Khadhamain, one of the Holy Cities of Islam. Leaving the city, we turned north on the Mosul road, passing two camel caravans plodding along in the same direction. Three miles further on a sea of white tents spread on both sides of the road.

trained warriors, the Sikhs, descriptions of whom you may have read in former **JESUIT MISSIONS**. Their thin silk beards cover the sides of their faces, and the hair, knotted in a ball, adds still greater height to their powerfully built bodies.

But we were not exactly out on a sightseeing tour. In this vast sea of tents and troops we had to find where we were to say Mass.

**I**T took us one hour and a half to find our friend, Brigadier Weld, who had rounded up about fifteen Catholics for Mass. We found a tent for our chapel and an ancient table for our altar: the ground was rutty and the camel-thorn, springing up on the desert this time of the year, didn't make kneeling a pleasant way to pass a half hour. We heard later that the Rev. Roach had kneeling pads for his Anglican services a couple of miles down the road, but we were far from being jealous. We would soon have Christ our Lord really present under our triangular bit of canvas. The shape of the tent allowed Father Sheehan to stand erect only in the center. In serving, I had to walk around bent over to avoid contact with the roof. I had brought along a cruet of clean water, not wanting to take a chance on the "cafe-au-lait" colored, bacteria-infested liquid which we might or might not find running in a ditch from the river.

"*Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus.*" Doctor Lee, who hails from somewhere in southern Ireland, reached for a chair, pulled off the canvas top piece and respectfully laid it for the brigadier, his superior officer, to kneel upon. "*Hoc est enim Corpus Meum.*" Our Eucharistic Lord is lifted for the adoration of these Christian soldiers and from this parched wilderness sends the graces of His Heart towards the Holy City

of the Shias, and Baghdad, the "City of Peace." If somehow the gold on all those mosques and minarets could be transmuted to His golden doctrine!

**M**ASS over, the brigadier and his men, with true British hospitality, led us to the Officers' tent for "a cup or two of tea." I guess the doctor knew we were from New England, because he shouted to his dusky Indian servant, "Sammy, bye, hurry now and bring bacon and beans for the Fathers!"

"Yassuh, coming, suh!" And eventually Sammy did get around to it.

Pointing to a grove of palms near the river, the veteran brigadier showed us where he had camped with General Maude way back in 1917. The cool, early-morning breeze added to the pleasure of the after-breakfast chat, but I knew that in four hours the heat waves rising from the hot sands would make our friends sigh for a thick London fog! The six officers in the tent with us filled all the places. Two more were coming, which meant that it was time for us to move along. We promised two Masses for the doctor and his wife, and started back along the dirt road. Passing a dilapidated car, we stared at something wrapped tightly in burlap and tied to the carrier, something familiar! They don't bother to disguise death in the East.

**Z**EA volunteered the information.

"That is one dead man, Father. He is take him and is go put him in the ground at the holy place in Kerbela." Pious Moslems bury their relatives in or near one of the Holy Cities.

"Zea, you know everything!"

"Is not true, Father."

Along with his other virtues you see Zea is modest. Though he has had less schooling than any of the Fathers at Baghdad College he has grown up in the East and kept his eyes and ears open. With the years he learned much perhaps without being fully aware of it. His knowledge especially of language makes him invaluable to us. Only consider the elements which go to make up a polyglot people of many tribes and nations; Armenians, Assyrians, Kurds, Arabs, Jews, Greeks to name only a few. Without a knowledge of the languages of these people our lot would be difficult. But as long as we have Zea for our interpreter we get along very nicely.

The first freshness of the morning had worn off long before we reached the banks of the Tigris. The sun burned through the top of the car and the heat was stifling, rolling in from the hot sands of the desert. At last we came to the pontoon bridge across the Tigris. We were glad to be home out of the desert.

Powerfully built Sikh warriors with their showy turbans lend a spot of color to the grey and ageless desert.





**MISSION AID FORMS THE FRONT LINE OF DEFENSE** was the keynote of the report recently made by Rt. Rev. Msgr. James J. Horsburgh, Chicago Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith.

"The spirit of sacrifice has actuated our Catholic people to a high degree and has indirectly served to bring home to them the spirit of sacrifice the Church has always urged for God and for Country. In comparing their sacrifices with those of the soldier they would not as Catholics escape comparing their sacrifices with those of the missionary.

"Thus at a time when all-out effort is made for the defense of our homeland our Catholic people have been first and foremost; and realizing that the salvation of souls cannot be placed in the background, they have poured out this year even more generous gifts than ever before for the works of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. In the trying days ahead we urge a continuation and growth of the splendid mission spirit that now exists and kindly ask a remembrance in the prayers of those with whom it has been our privilege to be associated in this noble and glorious cause."

**MISSIONARIES LIKE MANNA.** "Catholic missionaries," says Madame Chiang Kai-Shek, wife of the Generalissimo of the Chinese Army, "have hurled themselves unsparingly and with consecrated zeal into the task of alleviating pain and misery, both physical and spiritual. . . . In deed and in spirit, their all-embracing charity is like manna dropped in the way of starved people."

**TRAGIC FATE OF MISSIONARIES.** Nineteen German Cath-

olic Missionaries lost their lives when a boat on which Dutch authorities were transporting them to India was sunk by a Japanese bombardment. The Missionaries, 15 priests and five lay Brothers, had been laboring in the Little Sunda Islands Vicariate and had been interned by the Dutch authorities. They were being taken to India when the boat in which they were carried was attacked by the Japanese. Only one of the 20 Missionaries survived. As the Society of the Divine Word is in charge of the Little Sunda Islands Vicariate, it is presumed that the Missionaries were members of this Congregation.

**MARYKNOLL VICARIATE SET UP IN BOLIVIA.** Upon the arrival by air in La Paz of Bishop James E. Walsh, superior general of Maryknoll, and Father Alonso Escalante, M.M., the head of the first Bolivia mission band of 20 Maryknollers, Archbishop Egidio Lari, the Papal Nuncio, announced the formal erection of the new Maryknoll territory. The Holy See has designated Father Escalante as Administrator Apostolic of this new area.

**FIFTY YEARS A JESUIT, TWENTY-ONE OF THEM IN INDIA.** is an enviable record and represents a thumbnail biographical sketch of Rev. August Forster, S.J., who will celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his religious life at St. Xavier's College, Patna City, India, on September 14th.

Father Forster was born March 16, 1874, in Bregenz, Austria. Coming to America as a youth he entered the Jesuit Order at the age of 18 and was ordained in St. Louis in 1907.

In February, 1921, he left for his first foreign mission assignment, the Catholic Mission, Bhagalpur, India, where he remained about a year before becoming pastor of the Catholic Mission, Bettiah. From Bettiah, Father Forster was transferred to Chuhari where he remained until 1936. During his stay here, Chuhari was the second largest station in the Patna Mission. Four years as chaplain of the Irish Christian Brothers' school outside Patna City followed. Since the opening of the new St. Xavier College in Patna City, Father Forster has been spiritual Father there.

Remarkable versatility in adapting himself to mission life, a gift for languages, and a strong constitution (he has warded off several attacks of tropical fever), have made Father Forster's twenty-one years on the missions a fruitful apostolate.

**THE "DOUBLE JUBILATION" OF FATHER MEEUS.** Rev. Charles Meeus, a Belgian by birth but now a Chinese citizen, after a year in this country popularizing the missions of China by traveling around the U.S.A., in a dust-covered truck lecturing on China and selling "China Through Catholic Eyes" by T. F. Ryan, S.J., and "The Science of Love" by Dr. Wu, is returning by freighters and planes via South America, Africa and India to Chungking, the city of Double Jubilation. Upon his arrival he will experience the double jubilation of a job well done and the joy of returning to the people whom all the world loves and admires.

**HONGKONG IRISH JESUITS TO CHINA MAINLAND.** A late

dispatch from Chungking states that the Irish Jesuits who were in Hongkong have been permitted to proceed to the French Concession of Kuanchowan on the coast below Hongkong where they are preparing for new missionary activities on the China mainland.

**OBLATES OPEN MISSION FIELD IN HAITI.** The Missionary Oblates of Mary Immaculate have accepted, at the request of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, missions in Haiti, according to the Very Rev. L. G. Bachand, O.M.I., Provincial of the Franco-American Province here. As a result of this new project American Oblates will leave shortly for Haiti.

**DALLAS PRIEST NAMED AUXILIARY OF NATIVE SEE.** The Rt. Rev. Msgr. Augustine Danglmayr, Vicar General of the Diocese of Dallas, has been named by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, to be Titular Bishop of Olba and Auxiliary Bishop of Dallas. As former Diocesan Director of the Propagation of the Faith, Bishop-elect Danglmayr proved himself worthy of this new honor.

**DOM PETER CELESTINE LOU,** former career diplomat and at one time Prime Minister of China, has recently been appointed China's minister to the Vatican.



Did the capture of Diego-Suarez by British Commandos bring out an extra edition of "Lakroa", printed at the Jesuit Mission Press, Tananarive, Madagascar? Two of the seven vicariates on the island are manned and cared for by 219 French Jesuit missionaries.

## MISSION INTENTIONS

### JULY: NATIVE CLERGY OF OCEANIA

● Oceania is a comprehensive name for all the islands of the Pacific between the western hemisphere and the continent of Asia and between north latitude 35° and south latitude 56°. It does not include Japan, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Australia, New Zealand or now the Hawaiian Islands.

● In this area of about twenty million square miles of water are located 1,500 islands with nearly a two million population divided into 17 vicariates with 180,000 Catholics. Though Franciscan and Jesuit missionaries pioneered in a relatively small part of this watery expanse nearly four centuries ago, most of these 17 vicariates were erected between 1850 and 1900. Today Marist missionaries are in charge of 7 of them; 38 Jesuit missionaries are laboring in the Caroline, Marianne and Marshall Islands.

● In this vast expanse of ocean there are about 400 foreign priests, only 20 native priests from the three major seminaries in the Wallis, Fiji and Samoan Islands—all directly east of the historic Coral Sea, 300 Brothers, 1,000 Sisters and 2,000 catechists. Here as much as any mission field in the world prayers and material support are needed for a large increase in the native clergy.

### AUGUST: NATIVE CLERGY OF ORIENTAL RITES

● Missions dependent upon the Sacred Congregation for the Oriental Church of Russia and the Near East are found in the following countries: Abyssinia, Albania, Arabia, Armenia, Austria, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Egypt, Eritrea, Holy Land, Hungary, Iraq, Southern Italy, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Russia, Syria, Turkey, Ukraine and Western India.

● When we ask you to pray for the Native Clergy of the Oriental Rites we have in mind those thirteen rites totaling eight million people who, though they have a liturgical language, customs and Canon Law different from that of the Latin Church, yet are exactly like us in faith and morals and obedience to the Holy Father at the Vatican. Side by side with these groups are 170 million people who through heresy but principally on account of political ambitions and intrigues are separated by groups or Churches from obedience to the Holy Father. They have a valid Mass, real Sacraments and believe in the Divinity of Christ.

● These 170 million orthodox, dissidents or Separated Brethren must be brought back to the fold principally by the Native Clergy of the Oriental Rites in Communion with the Vatican. They are scattered in groups through the 20 countries listed above and look to their religious rite rather than political or racial boundaries for their homogeneity. If their leaders can be sympathetically approached and filled with an enthusiastic and insistent desire for unity with the one true Church of Rome, all of their members will follow them. Pray much for this very important Mission Intention.

# The "Learned May

An anthropologist and missionary surveys the rise and fall of America's highest aboriginal civilization, produced by the people among whom the American Jesuit missionaries labor in Honduras.

**A**NTHROPOLOGISTS speak of three ancient American, and now extinct civilizations: that of the Aztecs, the Incas, and the Mayas. The latter, on account of their high attainment in sculpture, architecture, calendar system, road building, mosaic work and hieroglyphic writing, have been called the "learned Mayas."

Dr. Sylvanus G. Morley, a lifelong student of Central American archaeology, says: "All things considered, the Maya may be regarded as having developed the highest aboriginal civilization in the Western Hemisphere, although it should be borne in mind that they were surpassed in many lines of endeavor by other races. The Inca, for example, excelled them in the arts of weaving and dyeing; the Chiriqui (Isthmus of Darien, Panama) in metal working, and the Aztecs in military proficiency."

**W**E owe the first scientific work on Maya culture and ethnology to Bishop Diego de Landa, whose book "Relacion de Cosas de Yucatan" which had lain unnoticed for three centuries, was translated into French and first published by the Abbe Brasseur de Bourbourg in 1864.

Descendants of the Mayas of old, still form part of the motley population of British Honduras and have been under the spiritual care of the Jesuits of the Missouri Province since 1894. Before that time missionary work had been done in the colony by Fathers of the English Province of the Society of Jesus.

Maya Indians dwell in the vil-



(Top) In a Maya Indian kitchen Father Albert Muntsch, S.J., anthropologist of St. Louis University, draws a tortilla from a native calabash pot.  
(Below) Father Kuenzel, S.J., and Mr. Thompson of the Carnegie Institute study the remnants of Maya culture in a 7th century Maya settlement.

lages of Xaibe, Patchakhan, San Narciso, San Joaquin, Paraiso and Pembrocal in the northern part of the colony and are visited by Fathers from Corozal. The residence at Cayo is charged with the care of the group at San Antonio, while the Father at Benque Viejo ministers to the people of the Maya village of Soicotz.

**I**N the south, in the Toledo District, Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., a veteran worker in the field, has established a permanent residence among the Mayas of San Antonio, who differ dialectically somewhat from their kindred in the northern pueblos. He also has charge of the Kekchi Indians whose

languages differ from that of the Mayas.

Any one who has knowledge of the difficulties of missionary work in these regions will understand why the Fathers have little time for ethnologic or archeologic studies. Climatic conditions, for instance, long rainy seasons, make the vicariate one of the most difficult missionary fields under Jesuit control.

Disheartening experiences are many. The Father may have worked long with a family or group, to realize in the end that, humanly speaking, he has gathered only a few sheaves. The persistent efforts of the Adventists and other sects who are liberally supplied with money from the United States, have

# as" of Honduras Albert Muntsch, S.J.

made sad inroads upon regions once entirely Catholic.

Verily, the laborers are few and the needs cry out for generous helpers.

The domain of the Maya Indians in the days of their national greatness embraced the entire Peninsula of Yucatan, the present states of Tabasco and Chiapas in southern Mexico, the whole of British Honduras and nearly all of Guatemala.

According to Frans Blom, even today there are more than one million Indians speaking Maya and Maya dialects. Twenty years earlier Sylvanus G. Morley had written:

"There are at present upward of twenty tribes speaking various dialects of the Maya language, perhaps half a million people in all. These live in the same general region their ancestors occupied, but under greatly changed conditions."

**D**ISCREPANCY in the estimate of Blom and Morley may be explained by the former counting those who use both Maya and Spanish, while Morley likely had in mind those who speak Maya only, to the exclusion of Spanish.

The years from 1915 to 1935 have been especially fertile in Maya research, owing largely to the extensive program of the Carnegie Institution and the field work of the School for Middle American Research of Tulane University.

The immense territory above mentioned as the original habitat of the Maya practically coincides with the linguistic area of the Maya stock today. For the stock includes four different groups with numerous subdivisions. For a period of more than 400 years, up to about 600 A.D., the Mayas had occupied the forest regions of Peten in Guatemala, and there developed the civilization just referred to. This period may be called "The Golden Age" of their history. In a cultural, not a political sense, it has also been called the "Maya Old Empire."

**Y**UCATAN, whose coast, in the course of an adventurous voyage from Cuba, was first sighted by

Francisco Hernandez de Cordoba in 1517, was to become famous as the region where was developed "The Maya New Empire." For twenty years (1527-47), the Spaniards fought for the possession of the peninsula, finally imposing their rule upon the natives at the end of this long campaign.

For reasons not entirely clear, the Maya had abandoned the old sites in the southern home, and about 700 the great migration northwards to Yucatan had begun.

During more than four centuries the Mayas wrought and builded in Yucatan their wondrous works in stone. For Chichen Itza was occupied by Old Empire Maya in 711, and the year 1194 saw the end of the League of Mayapan, for a long time the principal city and capital of the Northern Empire. Mayapan was situated in a plain, twenty miles south of Merida, Yucatan's present capital, and was finally destroyed by Xiu, and other Maya chieftains in 1441.

In other words, the glories of Mayapan and of Maya civilization had come to an end long before the arrival of the Spanish conquistadores.

**B**RITISH HONDURAS is, in some respects, the heart of the old Maya domain, though it possesses by no means splendid architectural remains like Chichen Itza and Uxmal of northern Yucatan, and Uaxactun and Quirigua of Guatemala. But British Honduras is important for having been undoubtedly on the "line of march" when the Mayas first trekked northward from their original home in Guatemala. Morley holds that "Maya culture seems to have first reached Yucatan by way of the east coast of the Peninsula." As the ancient Maya had no seaworthy vessels to make that long trip, they must have passed through the intervening land, now the English crown colony British Honduras, which still shelters numerous descendants of the famous race.

Even today (Turn to page 196)



(Above) The "Moros," a Maya play calling for fantastic masks and headgear, depicts with a great deal of ceremony the victories of the Spanish Christians over the pagan Moors.

(Below) The players at the fiesta must eat, so the Mayas of the Cayo district keep the pot boiling just like their ancestors of long ago.





In-laws are always welcome among the Santals. Here is one "getting the works" from the lady of the house.

# Converting Santals by "Pera horok"

Edward A. Scott, S.J.

THE little word *Pera* plays a big role in the life of a Santal. Its first meaning is "a relative either by blood or marriage." The national sport, so to speak, of the Santals is to go "visiting relatives" (*Pera horok*). If a man comes to your doorstep and says, "*Johar in amren pera kanan*" (I am your relative), it is the height of inhospitality to refuse him bed and board.

I could tell you many an amusing and annoying story of *peras*. But the point is to show how this obsession of the sacredness of relationship, plays its part in conversions among the Santals.

You will never have a "mass movement" among the Santals, that is, whole villages converted at once. The *Hor* (Santal) is far too inde-

pendent for that. The hope that conversions among village leaders (headmen) would win whole villages, was soon exploded. The first conversions had to be by individual contact and persuasion, (prayer and grace doing the rest). But then came the *pera* persuasion and this is still working. You make one good (this is of prime importance) Christian family. This family goes a visiting. It leaks out that they are no longer pagans. They turn down offers of *bunga jel* (meat offered to the devils) or openly discuss their new status. *Pera* listens to *pera* and soon *Pera No. 2* comes asking for Baptism. These *peras* may live fifty miles apart or they may be from a neighboring village.

I have trudged back and forth month after month for two solid

years, through villages without a single conversion. Then suddenly one day I baptized thirty relatives of some old Christians who lived six miles from these newcomers. They made no fuss about it. They had learned prayers and truths (a minimum of essentials) while *Pera horok-ing*.

A Mohammedan (friendly disposed to Christianity) once remarked to me: "Father, I hear you are very successful in converting the poor and low caste. No doubt they 'come in' from material motives of gain." "My dear friend," I replied, "who in this world acts without some material motive of gain or fear of loss? I make bold to say that you hold back from becoming a Christian, because you fear the consequences. Hope and fear are primary motives in all we do. Unadulterated love or faith hardly exist even in the best of us."

DURING the first years of work among the Santals, we accepted individuals; now we insist on whole families. Here and there we take a man without his wife, but not without his young children. Some day I hope to be able to enlarge on reactions to conversion, especially interesting is the reaction of the wives. In passing, I may say that men are more easily converted but women make often the better Christians.

I was displaying my "wares" in a Christian backyard. Many pagans had come to see the Mass and listen to the instruction after it. When I finished, I heard a voice behind me saying, "Father, I would like to be baptized." I turned and saw a middle aged man with a horrible cancerous growth eating away his left cheek. "I have no medicine for that," I said, indicating the sore. "No," he answered quietly, "I know you cannot cure me. But I cannot live long and I want to go to Heaven."

THAT day he and his household were baptized. In a month he had died. Missionaries have a reputation for exaggeration. Many of the conversions I have known would make unbelievable romances. "The Spirit breatheth where It will."



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

### *Captain Ortiz, S.J.*

Captain Ortiz, S.J., is a handsome Filipino in the best sense of the word. Short but well built with rounded features, brown eyes, olive complexion, perfect teeth and coal black hair. Even had he lacked all these attractive qualities he would have been welcome when he came to JESUIT MISSIONS.

Only a trickle of news had seeped out of the Philippines. After months of anxious waiting and speculation as to the welfare of 251 Jesuits doing mission work in that war area, Father Ortiz's arrival in our office was like that of an angel from heaven. We say this because angels are messengers and usually bring good news to men. Father Ortiz brought the good news that all our men were safe in the Philippines. How he got out of the Philippines is a story in itself told elsewhere in the pages of this issue. We shall confine ourselves to his visit to JESUIT MISSIONS Office here in New York City.

### *Red Is For Sacrifice*

Captain Ortiz arrived about eleven thirty in the morning. No sooner had he entered the inner office than some one on the alert in the outer office found the Filipino flag tucked away in our mission collection, brought it out and spread it just at the feet of our Madonna of the Missions. The Filipino flag has two bands of color, red and blue, running the length of it. As we learned from Father Ortiz when his country is at war the red which symbolizes sacrifice and suffering and blood is on top. In time of peace the blue is uppermost, the blue of a cloudless sky in the Philip-

pinas. How to hang the flag puzzled the office staff. Just by mere coincidence the flag was hung properly; for war.

### *When the Bombs Fell*

Blessed with a fine sense of humor, Captain Ortiz spoke English fluently with just a trace of a foreign accent. It was his first visit to this country and to New York. He said that our subways made more noise than bombs dropping in an air raid. During his two months on Corregidor he experienced many of them. When asked how it felt he remarked, "When the bombs fell the ground shook and I shook but I didn't exactly faint." He was detailed as personal chaplain to the Quezon family just as he was packed and ready to go on duty in Bataan. Someone asked if he were their body guard; he replied, "No, I'm their soul guard." He described the Japanese bombing of churches in Manila as a matter of "bad aim rather than bad intention." On Corregidor they had two meals a day but turkey on the President's birthday. Cigarettes were selling at ten dollars a pack. Someone suggested he should have given them up. "I have," he said.

### *How is Father . . . ?*

Certain of the Fathers came up for honorable mention because of former associations with our office. Father Vincent Kennally, S.J., was giving a retreat to the lepers of Culion when the war broke. He stayed there and from a Master of Novices became a Master of Lepers. Father Edward Wasil, S.J., had anticipated gas rationing when he first got to the Islands by buying a good

horse and an old Ford. Father Reith was alright in Dansalan. Father Ewing looked thirty pounds younger. Father Cervini was an excellent chaplain to Lieutenant Bulkeley's men, especially at meal time. Putting all the men in the Ateneo was a wise policy because it took less to feed more.

### *A Regular Barrage*

This to show that Father Ortiz was at his best. Neither he nor we could have been in such a light mood if even one of our Jesuit Fathers had been harmed. And watching his smiling countenance it was hard to realize that he had come so recently from an island where death fell from the skies. For an hour or two he faced our barrage of questions. He knew we were hungry for news and he told it willingly because it was good. Only when Father Masterson and Father Cannon, who had both taught at the Ateneo, began to inquire about some former student, did the laughter go out of his eyes. "He's gone," he said simply.

The following evening mothers and fathers gathered at St. Francis Xavier's School, N. Y. C., where Father Ortiz addressed them and assured them of their sons' safety. There was something in the air that night; a blend of quiet admiration for those dear ones who courageously share in their sons' vocations, a sigh of relief and joy that their sons were safe, a surge of gratitude towards this young ambassador from the Philippines, who brought this wonderful news. Rest assured he returned to Washington accompanied by a fervent blessing from many hearts and many homes.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



# Tiny Tim at the Gate

James F. Kearney, S.J.

Brother Finnegan, S.J., doctor, nurse and teacher at Nanking Institute.

THEY found him trembling at the hospital gate in Nanking one bitter January morning, a frail Tiny Tim of a lad. His father, he said, had tried vainly to get him into one institution after another, and then had deposited him there before the Sisters' hospital in this dying condition. While he was being hastily instructed for Baptism, his teacher happened to mention briefly that Jesus was so good that He even gave Himself to us as food. Intelligent far beyond his years, Tiny Tim surprised everyone by asking if he might have some of that living food.

This caused considerable head-scratching. So young he was that even Pius X would have hesitated; but the Chinese pastor after personally taking over the instruction for several days pronounced that this remarkably bright youngster, recently snatched from pure pagan surroundings, understood what the Blessed Sacrament was, and as he persisted in wishing to receive It before he died, why should he be prevented?

BUT Tiny Tim hung on to life, and a couple of weeks after Baptism he made his first Communion. Under the sympathetic care of the Sisters he rallied; and perhaps it was because thereafter he received Communion daily that he was able to fight off death so long. Communion always made him extraordinarily happy, and one morning after I had given him the last blessing he could not contain his joy and burst out into a hymn of childish thanksgiving. And here was the song, perhaps the most unique Eucharistic hymn ever sung by a

grateful communicant to his God.

As the sun rises the sky is like fire.

In the springtime we children  
Are happy and sing: "Ha, ha, ha!"

Come, come quickly, we'll all go  
Together to look at the flowers.

The sky is blue, the sun is clear.

In springtime we children

Are happy and sing: "Ha, ha, ha!"

Let thieves and robbers come!

I am not afraid. We will send them

All away to their dens!

HE was puzzled at our astonishment. Entirely lacking in a Christian background, still too young to reflect on the exact meaning of words, Tiny Tim was nevertheless boldly praising God in the most fitting way he knew, expressing his unbounded joy at the Divine gifts of sun and blue sky, springtime and flowers, and his sturdy defiance of the powers of evil. I am sure Our Lord who understands perfectly the artless language of childhood, was immensely pleased with the song which came from such young lips.

But it was the last time he sang it after Communion, and so it remains unique of its kind in the annals of Eucharistic psalmody. When at last spring came back with its blue sky and flowers, Tiny Tim's suffering body gave up its soul to a merciful Heaven, where it could be supremely happy and with the other children of God sing, "Ha, ha, ha!" forever.

During the past year, Brother James Finnegan, S.J., too, has often experienced what it means for youngsters to have a pagan background. He had some two hundred

of the local school children studying catechism regularly, every last one of them a pagan. Some took the daily lessons as a part of the course like geography or character-writing. But others, liked Brother's teaching so well that they freely came again on Sundays, anywhere from forty to seventy of them, to get more of it, assisting at Mass, and in a word, trying to act according to their somewhat vague concept of how little Christians should. At the end of the year, prizes were given to the twenty-five or thirty pagans who had passed the best examinations in catechism. When the rewards were being distributed, one of the prize-winners was asked:

"Do you believe in God?"

"No!" he answered in surprise. "I believe in Buddha."

Another prize-winner who knew all the answers, even about the Holy Trinity, stoutly maintained that he was a follower of the prophet, Mohammed. And so on. Nevertheless, the year's work was not by any means a failure, for Brother had the consolation of hearing the great majority of his pagan class who a year ago had not the faintest notion of the true religion, reply to the question: "In whom do you believe?" that they believed firmly in God and Jesus Christ His Son.

NATURALLY, youngsters so small whose families and background are pagan are not yet to be admitted to Baptism. If during the coming year their people can be interested in the Church there should be some excellent conversions as a reward for the hard work of Brother Finnegan to attract the difficult Nanking people to Christianity.



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



## LITTLE THINGS MAKE LIFE

• It would take more than a sand-storm to prevent **Clement J. Armitage, S.J.**, from sending us the latest from Baghdad College. He writes:

• "I was up around Basrah and the Persian Gulf during the first couple of weeks of April. But more about that anon. Let us take the various activities chronologically. In themselves, I am afraid that they don't make startling news, but they make up our life here.

• "A week after the last letter I sent, Baghdad College celebrated its tenth anniversary. The celebration was simple but perfect. His Excellency, **Monsignor Georges de Jonghe d'Ardoye**, Apostolic Delegate to Iraq, celebrated Mass in the school chapel. During the Mass he gave a sermon in English to the students and concluded by giving a holiday for the boys.

## JUST THIRTEEN

• "This was the time of year for retreats. In the middle of March, **Father Joseph Merrick, S.J.**, went off to Basrah to conduct a laymen's retreat there. This year he had thirteen men for the exercises, a few more than in previous years. Each year the number is increasing and there are always many who want to make the retreat but can't get away. You see, there are three Sabbaths in the week here and it is very difficult to arrange a triduum satisfactory to all. Quite a few Moslems who work on some government job are free on Fridays, the Moslem holy day; if the concern is Jewish it means that Saturday is the day of rest; and if the firm is a Christian one, Sunday, of course, is free. It's the old story of some of the people

some of the time, etc., but never all of the people all the time. I know the number thirteen does not look very big to you, but under the circumstances it is very satisfying to us.

## WE OFFER ORCHIDS

• "When the Easter vacation began during Holy Week the graduating class took up their residence at the boarding school for their annual closed retreat. **Father William Sheehan, S.J.**, was the director and by all reports he did a fine job. As one boy said, 'For three years I have been looking forward to making this retreat and it's been all that I expected.' So, this being the flower month in Iraq, we offer an orchid to **Father Sheehan**. Not that he gets the only orchid for the month. **Father J. Austin Devenny, S.J.**, comes in for a meed of praise in the retreat-giving line. He conducted the exercises for Second, Third and Fourth High during their triduum at the end of the vacation. It was a tribute to his all-round ability, for as Prefect of Studies and Discipline he is on the go all the year, vacations or no vacations. The First High boys had their retreat at the same time under **Father Paul Abraham**, our Maronite priest, who spoke to them in Arabic. These boys are not too well versed in English as yet, so a separate retreat is necessary for them. During the three days **Father Francis Sarjeant, S.J.**, filled in at his old job as *Mudir* and showed that he was still in his old form.

• "But there must always be scallions where there are orchids, if one

follows the Winchell method. So two scallions (according to the rest of the Community) must go to **Father John Mifsud, S.J.**, and myself. For the Easter vacation for the two of us was really a vacation. Off we went one fine day in the beginning of the holidays to visit **Father Leo Shea, S.J.**, in Basrah. And we didn't come back until the holidays were completely finished. Even then it was only sheer will power that brought us back from the flesh pots of the 'Venice of the East.' **Father Shea** entertained us royally, helped by a goodly portion of Basrawis. The additional number of Latin clerics enabled us to put on a Solemn High Mass both in Basrah city and the part of the town called Ashar. In the latter place this was the first Solemn High Mass in some years, owing to the fact that there are only two Carmelite priests and **Father Shea** to take care of the two Carmelite churches. Both of these Masses were on Easter Sunday. We also assisted on Good Friday and Holy Saturday.

## AULD LANG SYNE

• "A big thrill came after the Mass in Ashar on Easter Sunday. I had just stepped out of the sacristy when around the corner came a nice looking, smiling young man who greeted me in startling fashion. 'I'm Mickey McGovern from New Orleans.' A minute later there were half a dozen other Americans around us. For the moment we were not on a port in the Persian Gulf, but back on Broadway and a dozen other places surrounded by a bunch of laughing, wise-cracking Americans. The atmosphere was redolent with 'Auld Lang Syne.'



Another hero of Iligan who served Lieutenant Bulkeley and his command is Brother John Doyle, S.J., assistant to Father Cervini, S.J., in that area.

We soon discovered that they were only a small part of what, for the benefit of the censor, we will call an American colony. They had traveled quite a distance to get to Mass, so, after a few questions, Father Shea got a new job. Well over one-half of the colony are Catholics and it is impossible to get them all into town on Sundays. So on the next Sunday Father Shea and myself went out to them and for the first time in history Mass was said in a place where there had never been an offering of the Sacrifice of Calvary before. So each Sunday now Father Shea goes out to say Mass there. To make sure that all Easter duties, etc., are taken care of he goes out on Saturday for confessions and stays overnight. From my own experience I know that he thoroughly enjoys it. 'Be it ever so humble' is the keynote. . . . You can

probably understand why Father Mifsud and myself easily won the scallion award in the eyes of the Community back in Baghdad. It is dangerous even to mention the blueberry pie any more.

**BACK TO THE KHAKI**

• "But we are all back in the groove once again, only more so. Today we changed to our khaki habits, so you can guess that the weather is not that of New York. Tomorrow we swing into summer order in classes, necessitating a 4 a.m. rise with class beginning at 7 and ending at noon. The afternoon is far too warm at present for class—and it's going to be far hotter very soon. The only worry we have is about our busses. They are absolutely necessary for running the school and lately they have shown the strain of the years. We had wonderful hopes last year for getting new ones, but hope all by itself is a very unsatisfactory chassis.

**"GIMME-A-BIT"**

• Though Father Raymond J. Fox, S.J., is director of Alpha Boys' School, administrator at Winchester Park and Prefect of the Cathedral, he manages to keep us posted on recent activities. He writes:

• "I am enclosing some pictures of Jamaican country life which you can put in your files for future reference. They were taken by U. S. En-

gineers of a place called 'Gimme-a-Bit,' around near Father Frank Deevy's mission. The U. S. Government has taken over the sight. The fellow in charge is a former Rutgers football player, who delights in telling of the day he played against Fordham. By the way, he is a Catholic and a great friend of Father Fred Owens, S.J. I am not saying much about 'Gimme-a-bit' for the U. S. Government has acquired the land.

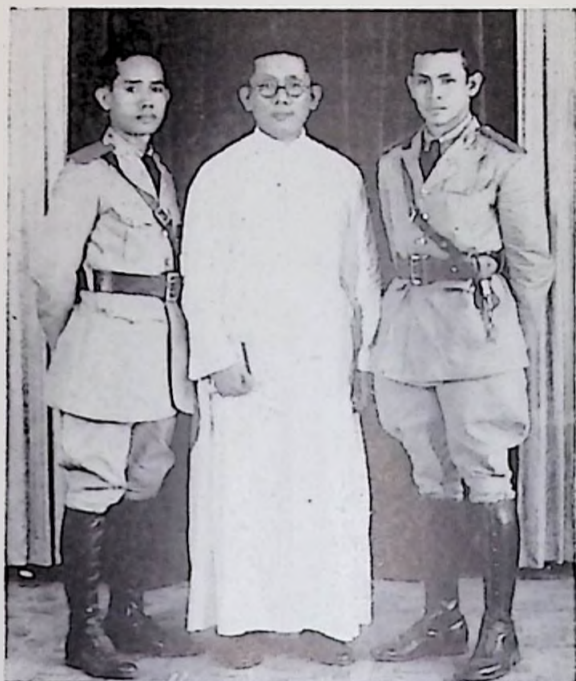
• "What are we all doing that we can't write? Well, speaking for myself, I am supposed to be prefect of the Cathedral and Minister here. That includes supplying the country Fathers with men when they are sick and seeing that things run along smoothly. If this were all life would be easy here, but then who would look after Alpha schools where nearly 2,000 children attend? I am the director. If you know anyone who has any band instruments or old uniforms for our band, I would appreciate them.

**THEIR HOME IS ALPHA**

• "Then we are trying to raise money for a working boys' home and, once this is achieved, for a working girls' home. The problem is not while they are at school, but when they leave at sixteen. Many have no homes to go to and some have never seen their parents since entering school. If they do go back to their homes often con-



An American engineer "somewhere in Jamaica, B.W.I.," reconnoiters Gimme-a-bit, taken over by the United States, for military purposes.



Father Edralin, S.J., now a chaplain in the Philippine Army, befriended American soldiers quartered in his mission territory in Cagayan.

ditions are not the best for a useful life.

"Is that all? No, I have taken over Father Semmes' instruction class. Father Semmes went to the States and is trying to return, but priority prevails and he is still on the docks. While in a begging mood, 'I am begging you, Fader'—some catechisms, Baltimore preferably for First Communions and those #1. I have at present 35 under instruction, some soon to be received.

• "Father Leo Butler is working at Gibraltar Camp in place of Father T. J. Hennessey, S.J., who is doing parish work."

#### HOSPITAL DAYS

A recent letter from Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., of Godda, India, contained some reminiscences of his stay in the Patna General Hospital, recovering from a dislocated shoulder sustained in a motorcycle accident. What he says about conditions at Patna General Hospital stresses the importance of the work being done by Doctor Anna Dengel's Medical Missionary Sisters to build an American Hospital in this district. He says:

• "As one of the doctors laughingly remarked, as he pointed to a group of cows contentedly

munching hay at the door of the hospital, 'The cows and goats actually wandered around in the corridor of the hospital when I came here. I have finally got them out of there and am going to put that fence in to keep them farther away. But look at that.' He shook his head. He certainly was a fine, charitable man, and I have a lot to thank him for. But he couldn't keep the people from putting the corpses on the front lawn while the relatives went looking for wood. That might disturb new patients in an American hospital to see one or two stiff figures on the grass, and hear the wailing of relatives or to see gauze-masked surgeons with red-splotched gowns waiting for the next one, but that never seems to disturb the Indian imagination.

#### ANTISEPTIC TEA

• "It did disturb some of my Anglo-Indian companions a bit when they found that some of their hot water for making tea and malted milk had come from the sterilizer. We could see the funny side, however, and when I saw the terrible sufferings of cases in the Indian ward next to us, it made my little discomforts seem light after all. Even when the coolie came in and cut the cast off my arm, letting it fall while the doctor forgot to attend and I writhed in pain—had its funny side. The others said the coolie took his two pairs of pliers and broken-handled knife and made tracks. He sent another one in two days later to take the cast off another patient's leg, not to say a good share of the hair. They were all really trying to be so kind that it is cruel to laugh, but it might just give you a little insight into the way things go in India. As, for instance, too, when the coolies came in with the cot two days before I left and wanted to take me to the operating room. I finally persuaded them they had the wrong man, or no telling what they might have cut out of me. Anyway, I didn't land out

on the grass as a corpse ready for the funeral pyre.

#### HEROIC MEDICOS

• "One admires the really fine work, you might say heroic work, of some of the Anglo-Indian nurses. The poor class of people have no ideas of sanitation and cleanliness, and no work of doctors or nurses can change them in a hospital, or keep dogs and cats outdoors. Smells are sometimes overpowering. Doctors and nurses have more work than twice the number could do. It was my first hospital experience anywhere, and I guess it was worth the cost. There are good hospitals in India, but this is Bihar. You can see the field the American Medical Mission has to work in. They have a neat little hospital started at Patna City."



From a Master of Novices, Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., became a Master of lepers when confined to Culion by the Japanese attack.



Alone on the Alaskan trail in the confused echo of destructive weapons of war, the missionary offers the great Peace Victim, Jesus Christ, our propitiation, in the Mass.

Beyond the seas, his brethren in protective custody draw hope for each new day in their privileged repetition of Calvary.

In Jesuit seminaries in America and the mission, half a hundred missionaries are newly ordained to offer sacrifice for the living and the dead.

War or not, it will ever be true: "In every place there is sacrifice and there is offered in My Name a clean oblation." (Mal. I, II.)

## MASS INTENTIONS

We can still send Mass intentions to our missionaries in Alaska, British Honduras, British West Indies, China, Ceylon, India, Iraq and those working among the American Indians and Negroes.

Today—above all times—all of us have so much to pray for and to be grateful for. Why not entrust these intentions to the infinitely powerful intercession of Our Lord in the Mass?



In supplying our missionaries with Mass intentions your offering will be doing a two-fold good. It will be instrumental in hundreds of ways in bringing the message of the Mass—the good tidings of peace in and with Christ—to a world tragically in need of Him.

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# COMMUNICATIONS

The Editor will welcome your communication on any topic connected with  
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You Can't Say No . . .

To the Editor:

Thank you for the thoughtfulness you displayed in offering to send copies of JESUIT MISSIONS to those USO Clubs under our jurisdiction. I am certain that your magazine will be of much interest to the large number of men who visit our clubs. I am attaching a list of these clubs.

Philip Wendell Shay,  
Assistant Director  
National Catholic Community Service

*Editor's Note:* There are hundreds of USO Clubs anxious for copies of JESUIT MISSIONS. Gift subscriptions for these clubs will serve the double purpose of aiding our missions and inspiring our boys in Service.

The Gift Wonderful

To the Editor:

It is with a feeling of deep gratitude that I write this note to JESUIT MISSIONS. Its stories have made me realize so much I had never thought of before. The poor Indians, Chinese and Negroes in the mission lands are so grateful for the opportunity of knowing about Christ, as taught them by the Jesuit Fathers and we who have known Him since Childhood really take Him for granted. They are delighted when they

can receive Him once a month or maybe less, and we who can receive Him every day, just don't.

I am sure if others would read this magazine and learn of the hardships these people undergo, they would appreciate, as I did, all they have and would take advantage of being able to receive the most precious of all gifts—the Body of Christ.

New Orleans, La. E. M. S.

Mutual Help

To the Editor:

Although the former cover design of JESUIT MISSIONS was always most appealing, I thoroughly like the recent change in the set-up. It is a real eye-catcher, and should attract even more readers. Not only is the cover attractive, but the stories presented in JESUIT MISSIONS bring out the true idea of the foreign missions, that is, the continual struggle and trials of the missionary Fathers in their efforts to win souls for Christ. To me, each issue brings a clearer picture of our own responsibility to help God's missions.

Boston, Mass. A. M. F.

Apropos

To the Editor:

As an old friend and reader of JESUIT MISSIONS I feel free to offer a suggestion and I trust that you will accept it in the spirit in which it is written, which is surely one of friendly interest. A magazine so well prepared, edited and complete as is JESUIT MISSIONS must be an authority in whatever field it chooses to cover, and so I would suggest that JESUIT MISSIONS be the leader in a Peace movement, linking articles, headings, editorials and other columns with Peace suggestions instead of war titles. The newspapers, secular magazines and many religious magazines are always screaming with war headlines and it certainly would be a relief to pick up some reading matter that would deal with Peace and it would be interesting to watch the development of a Peace movement. But does the world want Peace—sometimes I wonder!

Riverdale, N. Y. M. Dee

From Our Chaplain File

To the Editor:

. . . We feel certain that this copy of your publication will be very much appreciated by our men in training and will be a source of encouragement to them.

Geo. A. Rosso, Chaplain,  
U. S. Naval Training Station,  
Great Lakes, Ill.

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To the Editor:

. . . My sincerest thanks for your welcome letter telling me of the addition of my name to the subscription list for JESUIT MISSIONS. I am deeply grateful for this thoughtful act and know I will greatly benefit as the recipient of that publication.

John P. Wagener, Chaplain,  
U. S. Navy Service School,  
Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Mich.

To the Editor:

. . . Today I received your very kind notification. It is a pleasure and a privilege to be the object of such generosity. JESUIT MISSIONS has always been a fine magazine, telling its story from a truly Catholic point of view. It will prove extremely interesting to the men.

Francis T. O'Leary, Chaplain,  
U. S. Naval Training Station,  
Newport, R. I.

To the Editor:

. . . Was very happy to hear that we have been added to your mailing list to receive the subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. Thanks very much.

Philip J. Newman, Chaplain,  
Headquarters, 33rd Inf. Div.  
Camp Forest, Tenn.

To the Editor:

. . . Rest assured that JESUIT MISSIONS is the source of much spiritual help to our boys; the magazine is made available to them and they in turn avidly read it.

George J. Crone, Chaplain,  
44th Inf. Division,  
Fort Lewis, Wash.

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# Zamboanga in Flames

**Francis X. Clark, S.J.**

**Z**AMBOANGA was in flames. The Japanese column hardly paused in its drive across Mindanao. A few guerilla forays by Moros annoyed but did not halt the sons of Nippon. It was not headline news. Corregidor was the center of interest. But to me, against the lurid background of that burning city, there came to mind the picture of a missionary of old Spain. Seventy-six years old he was and still active. What had become of him? We do not know. Perhaps we shall never know. But I feel that you should know my friend.

For two years I had lived with Father Joseph Casals, S.J., in our little house in Zamboanga. His day was so well ordered that I knew just where to look for him at the different hours. Before five o'clock in the morning, when the first streaks of dawn had begun to pierce

the church windows, he would cross from the house to the church, up to the very altar rail when very simply he began the day with Him. From then until breakfast at seven, save for the time for celebrating his Mass, he would spend hearing confessions.

**A**BOUT ten o'clock in the morning, sun helmet on head, little bag in hand, off he went to the hospital. The effect of his presence in any sick room was remarkable. He threw about no empty words and consolations, he knew nothing of a studied sick room technique.

He just goes in, he smiles, he looks sympathetic, he *is* sympathetic, he says a few simple words—and somehow you feel better. I don't know why and I don't know how, but the fact is certain. It is the patient then who feels encouraged to talk, and he does; before he knows



(Top) In foreground, Francis X. Clark, S.J., welcomes Very Rev. John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Jesuits in the Philippines, on his official visitation to Zamboanga.

(Below) Father Joseph Casals, S.J., a missionary in and near Zamboanga for over thirty years.

it several minutes have slipped by, Father Casals quietly passes on to someone else in pain.

There was something strange about this power he had with the sick, something that quite upset the accepted tradition. Very commonly people quote the axiom: "Only those who have been sick can really

sympathize with the sick." Yet, though he had spent countless hours visiting those stricken by illness, he himself had never been confined to anything like a hospital, even for a day. For over thirty years he had labored in the missions of Mindanao, climbed mountains, breasted storms, dared everything that his various missionary assignments demanded, and more, yet he had not been sick during all that time. He told me once that he thinks he remembers "three days, long ago in the mountains of Bukidnon, when I had a fever and cold"—but that's all. He had known no sickness, but he knew the sick like few men do.

About five o'clock each afternoon, as the burning rays of the sun level and cool, he set forth for his little *paseo* or stroll to the seashore. There he shuffled slowly along, with the same gentle smile and the same simple gait, carrying about him an indescribable atmosphere of peace.

OF course 76 years have taken their toll; no one lives that long unscathed. With Father Casals it is the power of speech, which has been partly affected by some affliction of throat and larynx. Though in conversation he could be understood, any public speaking became impossible. It took some little time to convince him of that. From the pulpit only the first word of his sentences could be heard, and the last word; all between seemed one long mumble. Forced to give up preach-

ing he now limits his zeal in that line to the periodic religious conferences to his fellow Jesuits. Even we could usually grasp only the first and last words, plus some in the middle if the sentence was long and he took a breath. Yet few conferences have been so inspiring. If we could not hear all the words, we could almost perceive the spirit that prompted them. We might not grasp the precise point or lesson of any particular talk, but we did learn many a lesson from the way he gave it. We could *see* the sincerity, love and enthusiasm behind every sentence.

FATHER CASALS is connected with one of the strangest tales ever told in these missions, a story which reached its climax two years ago. All together he had spent over thirty years on the islands of Mindanao. Another Jesuit missionary, Father Vila had been on the same island for almost forty years. Yet, incredible as it sounds, they had never met!

Mindanao, of course, is a fairly large island; roads and other facilities for travel have been few. But thirty years is a long time. When changing from one mission post to another, while journeying to outlying villages and *barrios*, or attending some meeting, it would ordinarily be expected that at least a few times the paths of these two veterans would have crossed. Yet somehow it never happened. Though they had

often been in the same places, they had never been there at the same time.

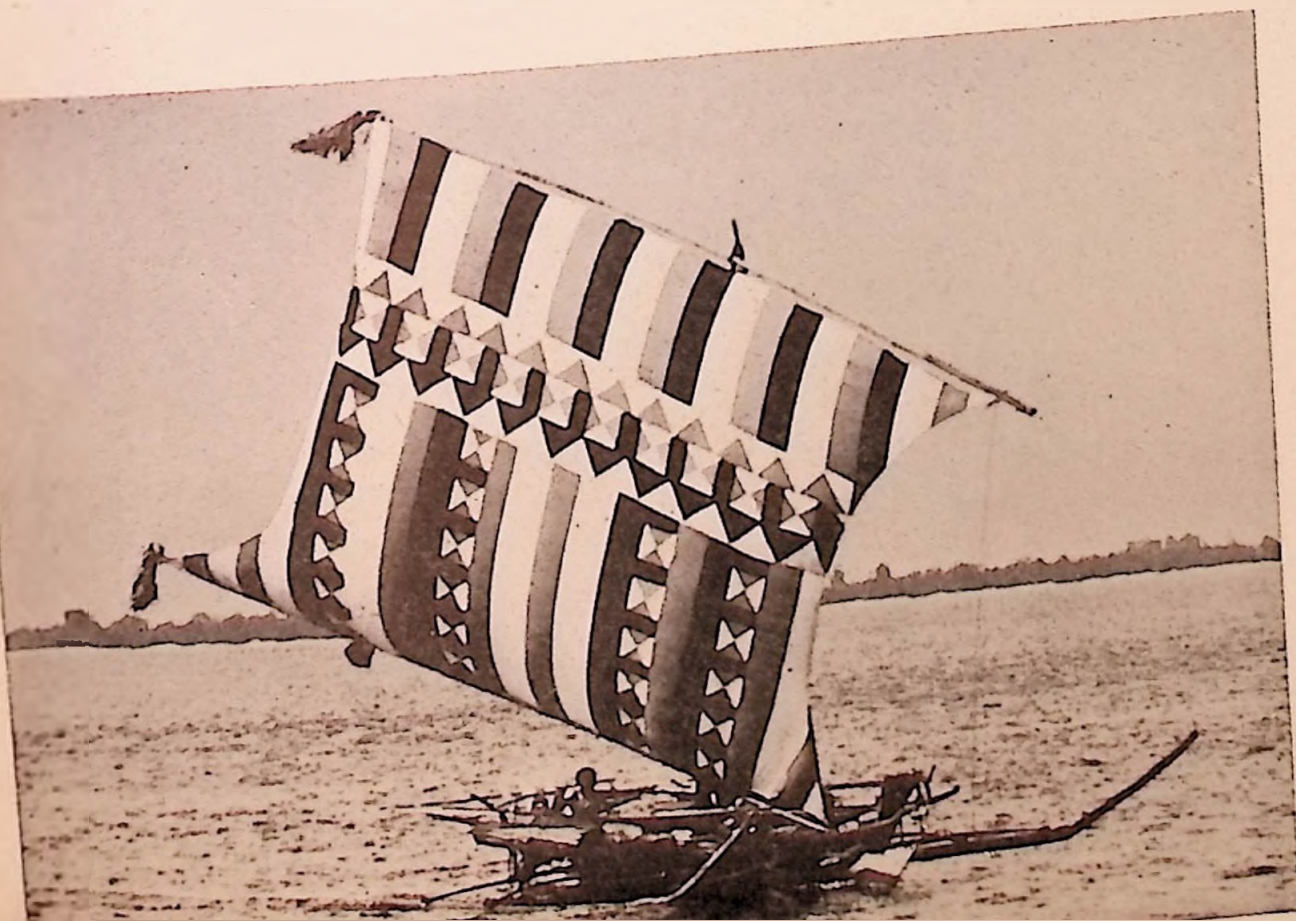
Finally they did meet, quite by accident. Father Casals had gone off on a visit to some outlying islands, the one occasion in the year when the people there would see a priest. While he was away, Father Vila was suddenly changed to a new mission and came to Zamboanga, the nearest port, to get the boat.

ON the day he was to leave we kept scanning the waters for a view of the small launch carrying Faather Casals, hoping it would arrive in time. Finally, it did swing around the point, but only as the hour of departure for the outgoing boat came close. It became a race against time. Nearer drew the launch, nearer the moment when the other boat would pull up the gangplank. But the launch won out, by a mere ten minutes, to set the stage for a really dramatic moment. There they stood on the pier, two veteran missionaries, one 76, the other close to 80. For thirty years they had labored together for the conversion of the same island, and now, for the first time, they shook hands and met. In ten brief minutes it was all over, the greetings became farewells as Father Vila boarded his ship and slipped off to the horizon and his new mission.

The characteristic one could not miss in Father Casals was his willingness for any task. If it was a sick call, he'd be ready with the sun helmet and little bag. If there were Baptisms, he would be seen down in the church making little citizens of Heaven almost before any one realized it was the day and hour for the regular Baptisms.

BUT I liked especially his manner of accepting all requests, even wearying ones. If Father Superior inquired, "Do you think you could say Mass in that *barrio* tomorrow?" or the sacristan came to ask, "Can you (Turn to page 196)

A common sight along the shoreline of Mindanao is the Moro vinta with its colorful sails. These fierce fighters were no match for the Japanese well trained mechanized columns.





# NEW BOOKS



## The Song of Bernadette

Franz Werfel

If you are accustomed to measure life by experience and sense, this book will startle you as well as broaden your vision. For it is filled with the real presence of a "beautiful lady." At a time when rationalism and atheism were running in breathless haste over France, this "beautiful lady" appeared to a simple peasant girl in an unknown village in the shadow of the Pyrenees.

We open our appreciation of this story with a tribute to the author for this exquisite attempt to snare in words the beauty of the "Immaculate Conception." Those moments when Bernadette communes with her "lady" are to us the high points in a story well told.

The story itself is the life of Bernadette Soubirous, a poor simple peasant girl. She it was to whom Our Lady appeared in the grotto of Massabielle. Eighteen times in all Bernadette saw "the lady" who asked for penance, processions and a church to be built upon this rock where she stood and from which she had brought forth a miraculous fountain of water. Other miracles followed from this fountain of water. All France was disturbed. Bernadette alone remained calm in the face of ridicule, doubt, suspicion, cautious questioning and stupid tests of her sanity. Nothing could bend her unflinching veracity. For the remaining twenty years of her life she told always the same story.

In time she went away to the convent and left Lourdes to the world. Her last years were filled with pain, both mental and physical which she accepted as her "lady" desired. Truly a wonderful story, marred by a few instances of vulgarity, one excusable error and a discordant note or two of blasphemy, plausible enough in their setting.

Viking Press, New York, N. Y., \$3.00.

## Rig for Church

Captain William A. Maguire,  
Fleet Chaplain, Pacific Fleet

This is a rare book of adventure and travel; rare because a navy chaplain seldom gets around to writing the story of his life and seldom is a chaplain's life as full of events and years of service as was that of Chaplain William Maguire in the United States Navy. Since 1917, Chaplain Maguire has been around a lot and his story is well worth telling.

It is a story of war, of mountainous seas, of far ports, of fleet maneuvers, of strong friendships, of the pride and tradition and heroism of the United States Navy, of distinguished personages met in

the course of a quarter of a century and last but not least of the detail of a chaplain's work and the definite place he has in the navy. The story is simply told. If it needed humor to make it interesting, which it does not, it would be found in the many anecdotes interspersed throughout. One fact we regret; that is that the author did not enlarge upon the great work of the Church in the many foreign lands he visited during his years with the Fleet.

MacMillan Co., New York, \$2.00.

## Salve Regina

Rev. Joseph E. Snyder

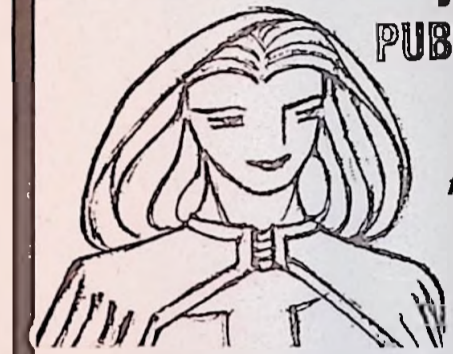
Here is a book that should give substance to the devotion of the faithful to Our Lady. The meditations, presented by the late Father Snyder, prove to be food, for which both lay and religious hunger to nourish their love of the Holy Mother of God. The author has built his devotional approach on the solid foundation of dogma, scripture and tradition. Thoughtful and prayerful, the book satisfies the yearning of Mary's children for more knowledge about their Queen—knowledge that is rooted in the mysteries of our faith. For those, who daily recite the Litany of Our Lady with little understanding and hence little appreciation of her titles, this book will be helpful. The meaning of the titles and their significance are excellently treated by Father Snyder. Religious will find the book of great assistance in the preparation of their meditations for Our Lady's feasts. It is a book where we can discover knowledge, where we can absorb wisdom. It belongs on every shelf devoted to Our Lady.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.  
Price \$2.00.

## Bishop Crimont's Biography

Sheed and Ward announces for publication in October, a book on Bishop Crimont and the Alaskan missions. The author is Miss Alma Savage, whose competence in handling the difficult Alaskan scene was amply demonstrated in her recent book, "Smoozie."

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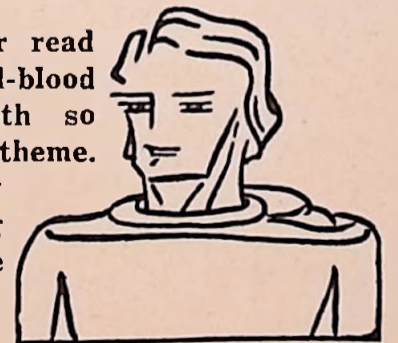
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## A NAVY HERO SALUTES A MISSIONARY HERO

(Continued from page 173)

look like one to me. It was open on all sides.

"I stayed only several days but my men stayed more. I went out to do some scouting and then came back to take the whole fleet out to do some more raiding.

"This time we went towards Cebu. We were really feeling strong and refreshed and it was there we had our greatest victory. We ran into the bay and sank a Jap cruiser. We were really in a tough spot during the fight. The cruiser fired several salvos at us with its 6-inch guns. We could feel the heat of them as they passed over us and one of them took the superstructure off Lieut. Kelly's boat. That was close enough. It was time to get out of those waters for awhile.

"Well, we got out anyway and headed again for Father Cervini's place which is about 150 miles away, being pursued all the time by Jap destroyers. This time we had several wounded due to the brush with the Jap cruiser and by the time we reached Father Cervini's place, several of the men had dysentery and malaria badly. Again we were welcomed as before and Father Cervini took care of the wounded, dressing their wounds with his own hands. By this time also he had a lot of other work on his hands. There were fifteen American army officers with him and he was feeding them, just as he fed us, working night and day.

"We operated out from Father Cervini's place over about a period of a month. It was the period of our most successful operations in the Philippines. Among other things we did besides sinking Japanese ships, was to take General MacArthur out of Corregidor so that he could get to Australia to command the forces of the United Nations, and also to pick up President Quezon and his party. These were all hazardous expeditions and I don't think that we would have been able to do them without the help that Andy gave us."

At the beginning of the interview Lieut. Bulkeley had been referring to his missionary friend on Iligan Bay under his full title as Father Cervini. When he heard the interviewer refer to him as "Andy" he asked if it were possible to call a priest by his first name. Told that those who were close friends to priests sometimes called them by their first name, he continually thereafter referred to him as "Andy."

"On my last trip to Iligan we stayed one week. We had lost our last torpedo in sinking a Japanese ship. We had no ammunition left and no gasoline and there was no possibility of getting it any place. There was nothing else for us to do but obey orders and go to Australia. We flew out from the field in Mindanao about April 15th. Before I said good-bye to Andy he told me that he was going into the army. I sure hope he got in."

Asked what he thought were Father Cervini's chances of safety now that the Japs were very probably in his district,

his face became very grave and then he said, "Well, I don't know what the Japs will do when they come to Iligan but I know what Andy will do. He's a real hero and I know that he will act like a hero in the face of anything they have to offer."

"I sure hope I get to see Andy again," he said at the conclusion of the interview. "Do you ever send your missionaries home from the Philippines?" When he learned that Jesuit missionaries are not sent home from the foreign missions unless they are too ill to work, he said, "What a man!"

One could see that Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., missionary of Iligan, was a hero's hero.

## "CAPT. ORTIZ REPORTING . . ."

(Continued from page 175)

Negros they made their second dash for freedom, this time in the trusted hands of Lieutenant Bulkeley and his torpedo boats. This part of the whole journey to America was the shortest, lasting but five hours. Yet, Father Ortiz rates it as the most dangerous by far. A very rough sea, coupled with the high speed of the boats made the trip very hazardous. The high speed had to be maintained because of the presence of Japanese destroyers in adjacent waters. There was the added excitement of nearly having a powder keg ignite.

In Mindanao Father Ortiz witnessed the great work of his fellow Jesuits carrying on their manifold regular duties as they shouldered still additional jobs incidental to the war effort. His own observations bear out Lieutenant Bulkeley's story about Father Cervini. Father Ortiz relates how both Army and Navy personnel were stumped by the way in which Father Cervini sensed in anticipation their every need and somehow or other provided for them.

With the closing of the schools in the Islands all of the Sisters laboring in the Cagayan Diocese were evacuated to a secure place of refuge in an almost inaccessible mountain range in Central Mindanao. Every parish was left with one priest, the remaining missionaries retiring to a central point. In order to assure themselves of sufficient food both groups took to farming in a big, crude way. The Scholastics who had been teaching in the two Jesuit high schools and college in Mindanao retired to the mountains. It took the Scholastics teaching in Zamboanga one month of continuous trekking to journey what normally would not have required more than five days. In the primitive surroundings and safe shelter of Central Mindanao's high mountains, these young Jesuits have begun their study of theology so as not to delay the day when they can go back among the people of the lowlands with priestly powers.

In his stay of many days on Mindanao, Father Ortiz met most of the American Jesuits there. He managed to send notes to all he could not meet personally, informing them of the possibility of his visit to America and his desire to trans-

mit any messages from them to their dear ones back home in the States. Thus, he brought two dozen letters from Mindanao to America, and an endless stream of personal greetings. A native of Northern Mindanao, Father Ortiz was fortunate in being able to visit his own family at this time.

In Mindanao, besides Father Cervini, the work of Father O'Keefe, Father Kennedy and Father Edralin in connection with the Armed Forces stood out. But the work of all the Jesuits in Mindanao was best epitomized by Gen. Sharp, the Commanding Officer of the joint American-Filipino Forces on Mindanao, when he told Father Ortiz that "the Jesuits were the best friends the Army had in Mindanao."

What about the Jesuits we left behind on Luzon? We knew months ago of their final efforts in civilian defense work in the last days of Manila's siege. They worked feverishly as volunteer firemen fighting the extensive fires in the Walled City section of the city. In various reliable ways, Father Ortiz was able to confirm the following: As the city prepared to surrender, Father Hurley ordered all the Jesuits in the Manila area, about 160 in all, to come to the Ateneo for the duration. On the Japanese occupation of the city, the American Jesuits were notified that they were not to leave the grounds. This, in itself, worked no undue hardships as extensive grounds lend ample facility for recreation. The Filipino Jesuits were allowed complete freedom. In the early days of the occupation two sentries were posted at the Ateneo gates. Later they were removed.

Food naturally is a prime concern. Again our Fathers in Manila seem to be assured of sufficient for quite a while. Every inch of playing fields and drill grounds at the Ateneo has been sown. The same holds for the many acres at our Novitiate some 17 miles outside the city. Father Ortiz informs us that the Japanese authorities seem to be trying to carry on the functioning of government and life as normally as possible. Significantly, though, he would not hazard an opinion concerning their methods of confiscating food in their occupied territories. He feels only a systematic procedure of confiscation will bring general suffering along the lines of hunger. And since their whole attempt is to win the goodwill of the Filipinos he wonders why they would chance such confiscation.

Father Ortiz has a passion for truth in all today's welter of propaganda. Hence, he insists he is not aware of any incident where physical harm has been inflicted on any cleric or religious. Confronted by reliable reports lately given us of at least two such incidents concerning religious other than Jesuits, he agreed that it were possible but not likely. If such were the case he felt that the religious may have neglected the prudent warnings given them to band together in numbers. Isolated enemy aliens are always a temptation to isolated soldiers regardless of nationality.

The Japanese seem to be very careful to respect the religious beliefs of the Filipinos. Why not? In a Catholic country, you could not hope to get very much cooperation if you trampled everything sacred under foot. As a gesture of their good-will, they brought two Japanese Catholic priests with them. The religious functions of these priests were being highly publicized in the Manila press when Father Ortiz last saw smuggled copies of these papers.

It is known that at the Ateneo some American priests other than Jesuits are also in residence. Their identity, exact number, etc., has not been confirmed. Among the American Sisters of whose well being Father Ortiz had definite word, were the Maryknoll Sisters, the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, and the Good Shepherd Nuns.

The Jesuit communities in and near Manila suffered no property damage in the bombing of the city. The Holy See's National Seminary entrusted to the Jesuits, was for a short period used as barracks for the Japanese troops.

At the Ateneo the Scholastics who were ready for theology have, like their brethren in Mindanao, also begun the study of this sacred science. The staff and library formerly attached to San Jose Seminary will afford them excellent teachers and study.

The one real question mark over the Philippines concerns our Jesuit community at Naga in Southern Luzon. It will be recalled that on the third day of the war the Japanese landed at Legaspi about 50 miles below Naga. They met little effective resistance till they got well beyond Naga. By the second week of the war, Naga had fallen. Communications were disrupted. It is presumed that our Fathers at Naga remained either at our high school there or took refuge with the Bishop, an exemplary Filipino, an alumnus of our Seminary in Manila, and the one who first invited us to Naga three years ago. Father Ortiz did have word of some Americans in custody at Naga. It is likely that this report referred to our Jesuits there since there is no knowledge of any other group of Americans in that vicinity.

Culion, the leper colony, alone remains. Shortly before the war broke, Father Kennally, Rector and Master of Novices at Novaliches, went there to give a retreat. Because of the war he has been there ever since. This Father Ortiz learned from Father Gampp the Superior at Culion whom he met on the Island of Panay. When starvation threatened the six thousand lepers and hundreds of attendants at Culion, Father Gampp succeeded in getting permission from the invader to have food shipped there. But it was up to him to find the necessary ship. By native craft he had made his way to Panay on this quest. At Father Ortiz's departure from that island, Father Gampp had been promised the use of a small inter-island steamer. What blessings its owner called down on himself in thus succoring the leper outcasts!

It's the end of March. Onward again the Presidential party moves. This time by Flying Fortress from Mindanao to Australia, paradoxically carrying further from yet nearer to America the only Jesuit from the Philippine war scenes. A few weeks stay in Australia, then the long sea voyage to America.

Practically the very first thing the Presidential party did on touching American soil was to retire to a quiet church to chant their *Te Deum* for God's manifold blessings and providence in their regard.

In February, I titled my article, "Pray for the Philippines." Your prayers have been highly instrumental in our being able to present the above optimistic report. We hope their continuance will hasten the day of Father Ortiz's return journey in the day of triumph for America, the Philippines and the bulwark of all just nations—the Church.

### THE "LEARNED MAYAS" OF HONDURAS

(Continued from page 183)

there is a great deal of visiting to and fro between the Maya Indians, especially of the Corozal District of northern British Honduras and the people of Yucatan. Only a small body of water, the Bay of Chetumal, separates the town of Chetumal (Yucatan) from Consejo, a settlement to the north of Corozal.

Many of the Maya Indians living in and around Corozal are known as "Yucatecos" just as those of Benque Viejo and Soicotz, in the western part of the colony, near the Province of El Peten (Guatemala) are referred to as Peteneros.

At least two imposing ruins still remain in British Honduras, Lubaantun in the Toledo district in the south, and Xunantunich, near Benque Viejo in the western district near the Guatemala border. Numerous smaller mounds and pyramidal structures dot the colony and have often been described.

What makes the vast ruins more significant is that the Mayas of old possessed no beast of burden and did not know of the mechanical use of the wheel in connection with traction. Hence the immense boulders had to be transported and placed in position by sheer effort of brawn and muscle.

What brought about the decay of this marvelous culture? We do not know. One writer is content to say: "As mysteriously as they came, the Maya people suddenly left their great cities and the records of their highly developed sciences to be buried by the jungles." As to the abandonment of Chichen Itza, the splendid city of the Mayan Second Empire in northern Yucatan, an old chronicler says: "The Itzas moved away and returned to the land of their fathers." He meant that they proceeded to the south, in Guatemala, which saw the first beginnings of Maya culture. There is still plenty of room for extensive study and field work in the ruins of British Honduras.

### ZAMBOANGA IN FLAMES

(Continued from page 193)

please baptize the dying infant the parents have just brought?" or worried relatives came with the petition, "Can you please bring the last sacraments to our home?" he would smile that strange little smile and answer in Spanish: "*Puedo siempre*" ("I can always.") And off he went. Everyone was reluctant to make requests to so elderly a priest, whose hair had grown white, whose shoulders were bent. But in a land where priests were scarce, every hand was sorely needed. Those words were always on his lips: "I can always."

Of course, good Father Casals even if there were no war could not have gone on forever. The day would come when he would say, "I can always" only with his lips. And he would not go, not because he did not want to, but because those shuffling feet, weary from answering so many divine calls, would carry him along no longer.

Yes that will be a day. It will be his hour and God's hour, the time to reckon in His generous manner. For when good "Padre" Casals approaches the gates of Heaven and makes that all important request: "Can I come in?" the answer, I oftentimes feel, will be a divine *bon mot*; "You can, and for always."

Perhaps that day has already come to him now at the hands of the victorious Japanese. Certainly his aged body could not stand up under too much hardship and suffering and war has no pity for the weak and the old. Perhaps his frail body went down with the fall of Zamboanga, but his spirit never. That will live. The spirit of Father Casals will remain with the people he has shepherded these many years. It will burn far brighter and last much longer than the flames which burned Zamboanga.

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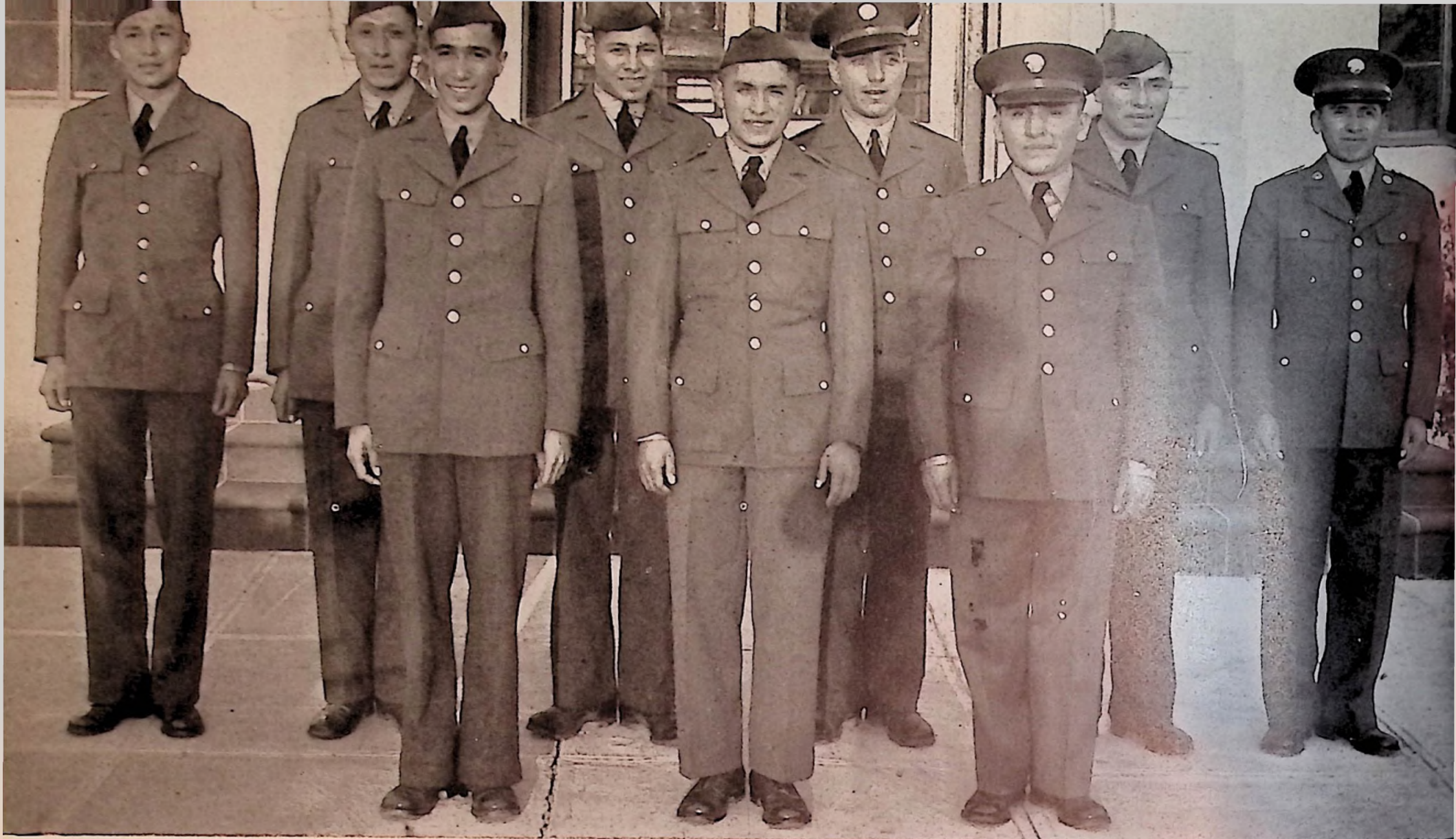
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SEE PAGE 169**



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