

# JESUIT MISSIONS



September, 1942

St. Rene Goupil, S.J.

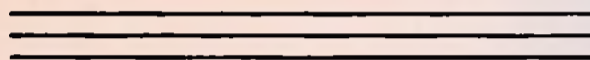
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Stamp ..  
Stamp ...**

**The Boys are Marching!**



**A Company of the Ateneo de Manila Cadet Regiment on Parade**



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**M**ISSIONS and Missionaries feel war's wrath in the Far East. Reports from the ravaged Philippines tell of fresh attempts by the Japanese to import Shintoism. Catholic missions centers, if not crushed, may suffer heavy damage in the war zones.

**S**OME means of salvage and reconstruction must be devised. The Mission Stamp Exchange, Woodstock, Maryland, known to fellow Jesuits in the field as MSX, is building for the future, by investing all profits in Defense Bonds. But stamp bins empty quickly.

**X**AVIERS of the future will be grateful if you lend them several seconds daily. Tear all used stamps from envelopes, stuff them in a box and send them to MSX, Mission Stamp Exchange, Woodstock, Maryland. The Defense Bonds they will purchase are a guarantee of the Nation's victory now and the Missions' strong security in the future.



**PART PURCHASE PRICE  
OF VICTORY IS U. S. SAVINGS BONDS**

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Have a double and lasting value. They help American Soldiers in their fight for the Four Freedoms. They help the Soldiers of Christ in their timeless Battle for Souls.

Souls are precious in the sight of God. It will add to your happiness to know that your "double investment" helped to bring the light of the Faith to Souls now knowing only the darkness of paganism.

**Today—Remember the MISSIONS with  
U. S. Savings Bonds and Stamps.**

619 American Jesuits are on active mission duty in China, Alaska, the Philippines, India, Iraq, British Honduras, Jamaica, B.W.I., Ceylon and among the Colored and Indians of the United States.

**BUT ONE WAR MUST GO ON . . .**

Long, long before this present Global War, missionaries were on the warpath in the fierce, hard, unending struggle against the **FORCES** that would destroy Christianity.

Wars among Nations will come and go but the Battle for Souls must go on forever. It is a God-given task which man cannot disregard. From the steps of our own parish churches to the Outposts of Civilization missionaries must continue the **FIGHT** till the end of time.

Missionaries are Soldiers — they need our interest, prayers and help especially now when other wars add many hardships to their Apostolic Endeavors.



**St. Rene Goupil, S.J.  
killed in action  
New York State  
September 29, 1642  
(See page 200)**

**JESUIT MISSIONS—257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.**

**FATHER MASTERSON:**

Herewith is my donation of.....

in { U. S. Stamps  
U. S. Bonds —to help America and the work of American Jesuits in the mission fields.  
Cash for Bonds

**NAME.....**

**ADDRESS.....**

# JESUIT MISSIONS

SEPTEMBER

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

1942

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

## CONTRIBUTORS

■ Last June Father Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J., completed his final year of formation as a Jesuit at the shrine of the North American Martyrs in Auriesville, New York. In past issues of JESUIT MISSIONS two interesting stories of his on the Jesuit Martyrs of Florida and Virginia have appeared. He wrote "Victory by the Mohawk" in commemoration of the ter-



centenary of the martyrdom of René Goupil. Father MacFarlane is at present working on the New England Mission Band in Maine.

■ Father Thomas B. Cannon, S.J. ("May God Take Care of These Brave Men"), formerly a teacher in the Ateneo de Manila, is director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau in New York City.

■ Father Leo J. Shea, S.J., originally from Lawrence, Mass., in the New England Province, went to Iraq four years ago this past summer. He taught for two years at Baghdad College. During the last two he has been the Director of St. Thomas elementary school in Basrah. Right next door to Basrah he found some "Americans in Paradise."

■ Father Richard H. J. Hanley, of the Brooklyn Diocese, and curate in the Holy Family parish of Flushing, New York, is a missionary at heart. He has written for other Catholic periodicals, but this colorful and timely article in which he follows with interest the "White Fathers in Africa's Desert War" introduces him for the first time to JESUIT MISSIONS readers.

■ Thomas A. Halley, S.J. (Only Eskimo Sisters in the World), belongs to the Missouri Province. He is studying philosophy at St. Louis U.



Leo J. Shea, S.J.

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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**—Three centuries ago America was a wilderness, the hunting ground of the Indian. Into this wilderness came the intrepid French "Blackrobes" to write in their own blood a glorious page in the missionary history of the Church. The superb sketch by Father Andrew Vachon, S.J., portrays the martyrdom of Rene Goupil, S.J., a Jesuit Coadjutor Brother, the tercentenary of whose death occurs this month.

# Tercentenary

of an

# AMERICAN MARTYR

## RENE GOUPIL'S MESSAGE TO US



ON the 26th of September, 1642, a young French Jesuit by the name of Rene Goupil was martyred for the faith in an Indian village near Albany. Saint Rene Goupil was a missionary. It is important that we remember him as a missionary on the occasion of his tercentenary. For there is something in the example of his life and death here on our own native soil that we need to inspire us and to broaden our vision in these critical times.

Our American missionaries today in posts all over the Orient, Alaska and the Caribbean countries are, like Rene Goupil, living dangerously. War has swept over their missions, and those which actual war has not touched are seriously affected by submarine blockade and attendant economic and social disorders. Despite the devastation of this global war, however, our American missionaries are still carrying on and will continue to carry on successfully even though the world situation becomes progressively worse. To those who doubt this we cite the example of Rene Goupil and his America.

THE America to which Rene Goupil came three centuries ago was a howling wilderness. He came as a "foreign missionary," just as today a Jesuit from Albany is a foreign missionary in the Philippines. There were wars in Europe in the 17th century and wars in Asia. But the people of France did not forget their missionaries in the New World or lose confidence in their ability to carry on. There were wars in America. Rene Goupil was captured by a war party; he was tortured by these warriors and martyred by them and his blood enriched our American soil.

He died, and others died, but still the work of establishing the Church in the United States continued. There were more wars in Europe, more wars in America—three centuries of all the catastrophes that the western world has suffered. But still the Gospel was preached in the United States, because the missionaries believed that wars were but an episode in human history through which and above which the divine work of bringing Christ to the world must and would continue.

TODAY, three hundred years after an unknown savage struck down Rene Goupil, this wilderness to which he came is one of the mightiest strongholds of Catholicism in the world. Founded by missionaries like Goupil, built up by missionaries who followed him, the Church in the United States is now itself the mother of hundreds of missionaries whom it has sent to all parts of the world to do in these strange places what Rene Goupil did for us.

These American missionaries are doing what Goupil did—in the Philippines, in China, in Alaska, in India, and elsewhere. They are bringing Christ to the needy in the face of the gravest difficulties. And they will continue to do so, even though some of their friends at home may cease to share their heroism and vision.

Our prayer to Saint Rene Goupil on his glorious tercentenary is that he strengthen these missionaries in the field; and, what is even more important, that he increase the faith of American Catholics at home that they may see the necessity and the fruitfulness of continuing our mission work even in times of war. What Rene Goupil and his supporters at home did for us, we can and must do for others now depending on us.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

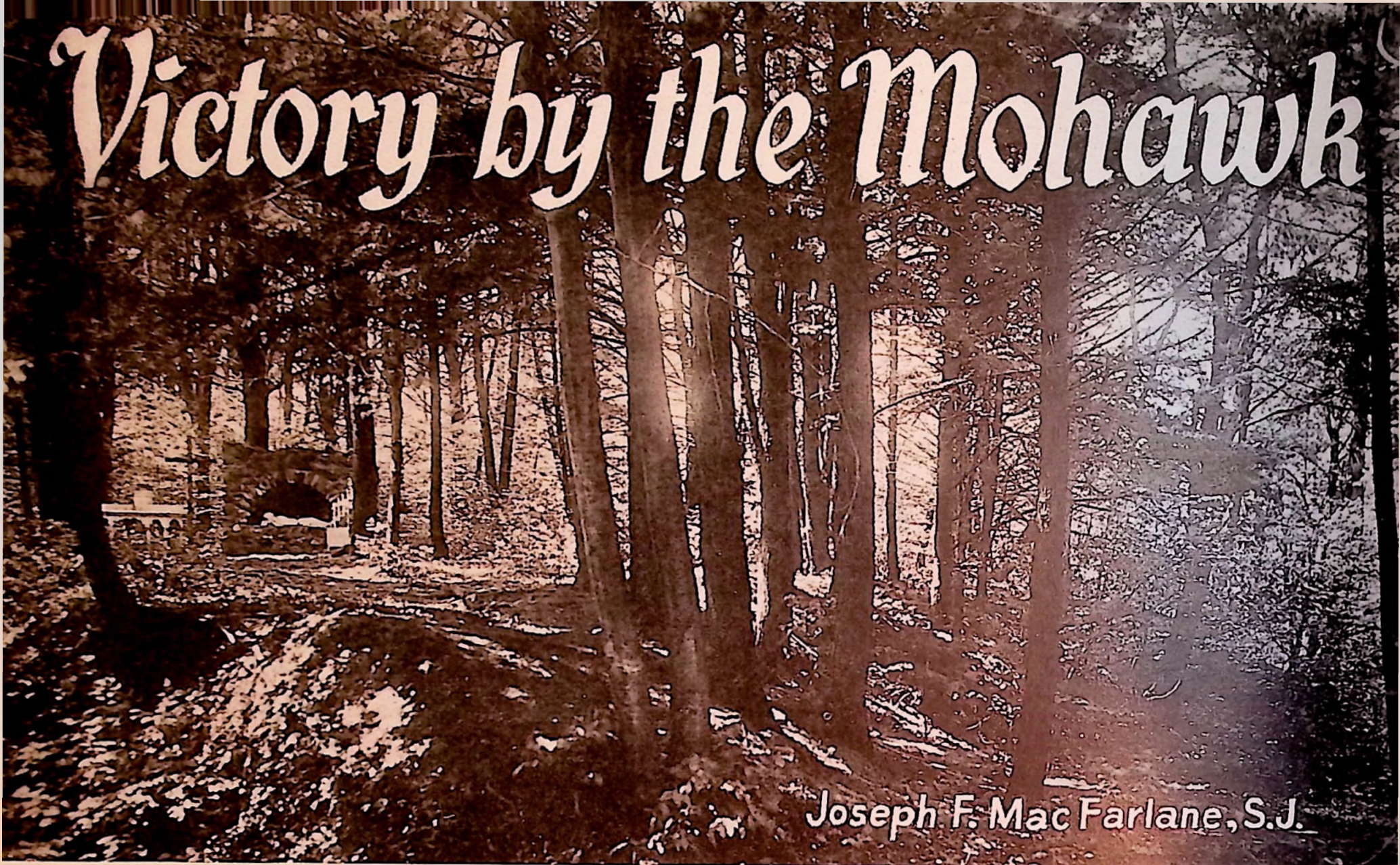
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# Victory by the Mohawk



Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.

The "Ravine" at Auriesville, N. Y., where lies the body of Rene Goupil, martyred 300 years ago.

**T**HERE are no ghosts at Auriesville. No eery spirits steal down the Mohawk, creep up the hill at night, and step stealthily in ghostly moccasins along the paths of "Ossernenon." The savages have fled the spot forever. On other hills and camp sites they might assemble to retell the stories of their prowess, but not on "Ossernenon."

A shrine there now perpetuates a failure they would rather not recall. Not the failure to drive the French from Quebec and Montreal which here they planned to do,—the French were stronger than they realized; not the failure to survive against the white man,—he was too powerful and there were far too many in the end; but the failure to accomplish what seemed so easy and so very sure,—to suppress the sign of the cross.

One savage brave especially must recall the night he failed and is perhaps forever haunted by its awful memory. He was tall and strong beyond the average, sullen and treacherous, usually, but, that night,

afame with rage at the "paleface" for teaching a child the Christian sign. Craftily he waited near the village walls for the paleface and his blackrobe friend to return from prayer. At their approach, brave as he was, he sent the blackrobe on ahead until his victim was alone. Savage that he was, he struck quickly, and from the rear, at the head of the unresisting white man. The blow went home; the injured man slumped to the ground, murmured three times the Name of Jesus, and then lay still.

**I**T had been so easy! Now to make sure—two more blows—now he was surely dead. The savage raised himself to his full height, proudly, then strode away in triumph. He had stopped the "superstition." René Goupil was dead and the blackrobe soon would follow. The sign of the cross would be seen no more at Ossernenon.

That was just 300 years ago, September 29, 1642. Today you never see a savage at Ossernenon, not even a ghostly savage haunt-

ing the hill at midnight, but from early morning until after dark, 100,000 times a year, you can see the sign of the cross there, for today it is the beautiful shrine of the North American Martyrs at Auriesville, New York. Here the "paleface" is honored as Saint René Goupil, S.J., Martyr, put to death by "an unknown savage." To Christians everywhere the shrine is a glorious memorial to the triumphant heroism of martyrs, but to the savages of 300 years ago, wherever they are, and to the savages of all ages, whoever they may be, it will always be a monument to failure,—the failure all must meet who attempt to suppress the Cross.

**R**ENE GOUPIL left the France of Cardinal Richelieu in 1639 to come to Canada. By all the standards of a nation that was powerful and prosperous, and, therefore, proud, his decision could only lead him to oblivion at some frontier post or in the wilderness of Canada. What his friends at home in Anjou thought of his

action, we have no way of knowing. Somewhere there used to be a room that was his, and a home, and a street where he was known, but the names and deeds and feelings of those busy people in their crowded cities have all passed into oblivion. All that remains is the name and full heroic story of St. René Goupil in Canada, and from his 32 years in France, two bare facts (recorded by someone in the Canadian "wilderness"!): he was for a short time a Jesuit novice, and later became a surgeon.

**T**HAT Goupil came to Canada in the first place is astounding. All France knew about the Indian missions from the widely published letters of the Jesuit missionaries. Every discouraging detail was known until there was not a shred of romance left in the undertaking. Three years before Goupil's arrival, John Brebeuf had written home to prospective missionaries his immortal picture of the Indian missions, from beginning to end, the strongest challenge ever hurled at the courage of men.

What a picture it made for anyone looking toward Canada—a hovel for a home, vile food to eat, smoke and cold and filth and fleas, loneliness and poverty, humiliations, ridicule, and molestation from uncouth savages every hour of the day and night, weird superstitions and depravity on all sides, the constant threat of instant death or drawn-out torture, not one single sign of comfort or of culture from the day of arrival until death, no sympathy, no understanding, no cooperation, no gratitude—only one thing, one real goal for which a man can work, souls who need Jesus Christ and who know Him not!

**I**N the face of that report, Goupil asked to go to Canada. Not as a priest would he go, not as a missionary,—and so for him there would be no priestly consolations, no ministry for zeal. But the priests needed lay assistants, and above all, doctors. That he could give them; that he could do for God. What a burning love of God must have flamed in the soul of that man to make him leave a life of comfort,

a prospering medical career, home and all that France could offer, to face with eyes wide open the life Brebeuf had painted!

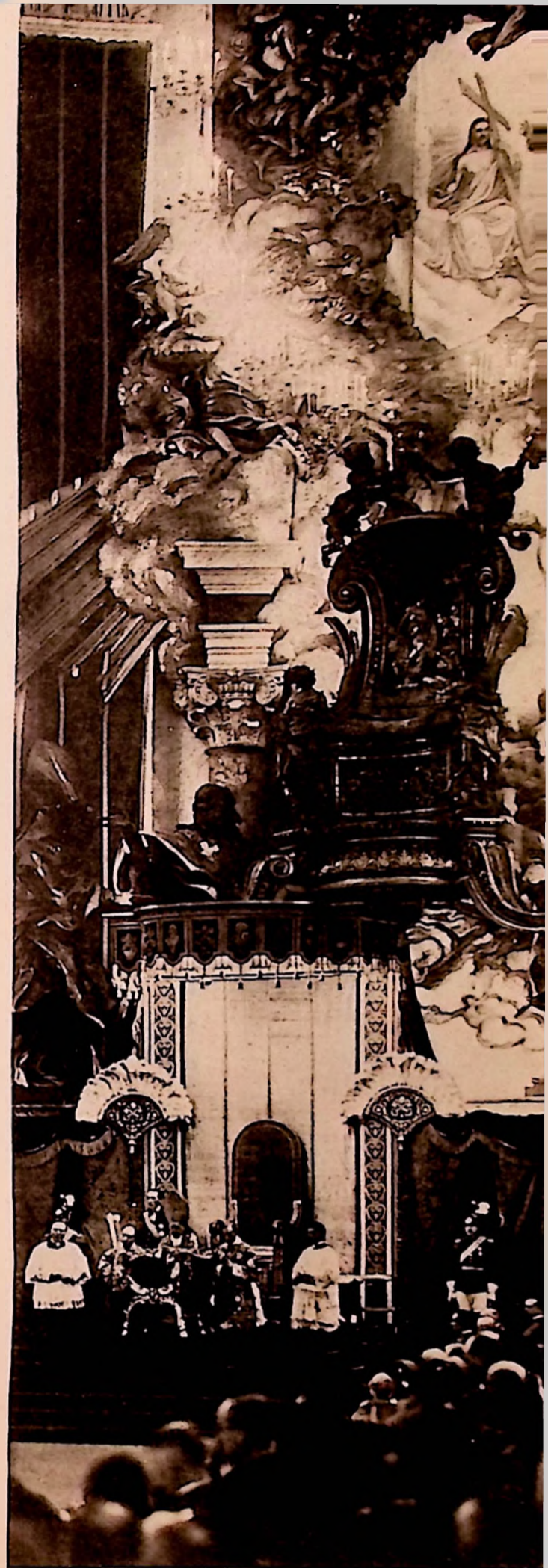
**H**IS offer was accepted. In 1639, he arrived in Canada where for two years he served, literally and heroically, the missionaries around Quebec. At the end of that period, this was the Jesuit Superior's judgment of him: "... labored tirelessly, devoted himself without stint... humble, charitable, zealous, always affable, perpetually good-humored, simple, frank, generous, pure-minded as an angel, beloved, and trusted." The proof of his complete sanity is in the "always affable, perpetually good-humored." Sanctity is in them all.

In 1641, he begged the privilege of going with Father Jogues to the wilderness mission among the Hurons. Every effort of the Jesuits to dissuade him failed, and when they finally yielded to his insistence, the man was simply beside himself with joy.

**O**N July 28, a long line of Indian canoes headed up the St. Lawrence River from Quebec. The Christian Hurons had packed them well; Goupil had only helped. The Indians were paddling now; Goupil could only marvel. Their backs glistened and rippled as every powerful stroke lifted the canoes noiselessly onward, ever onward into the silent wilderness.

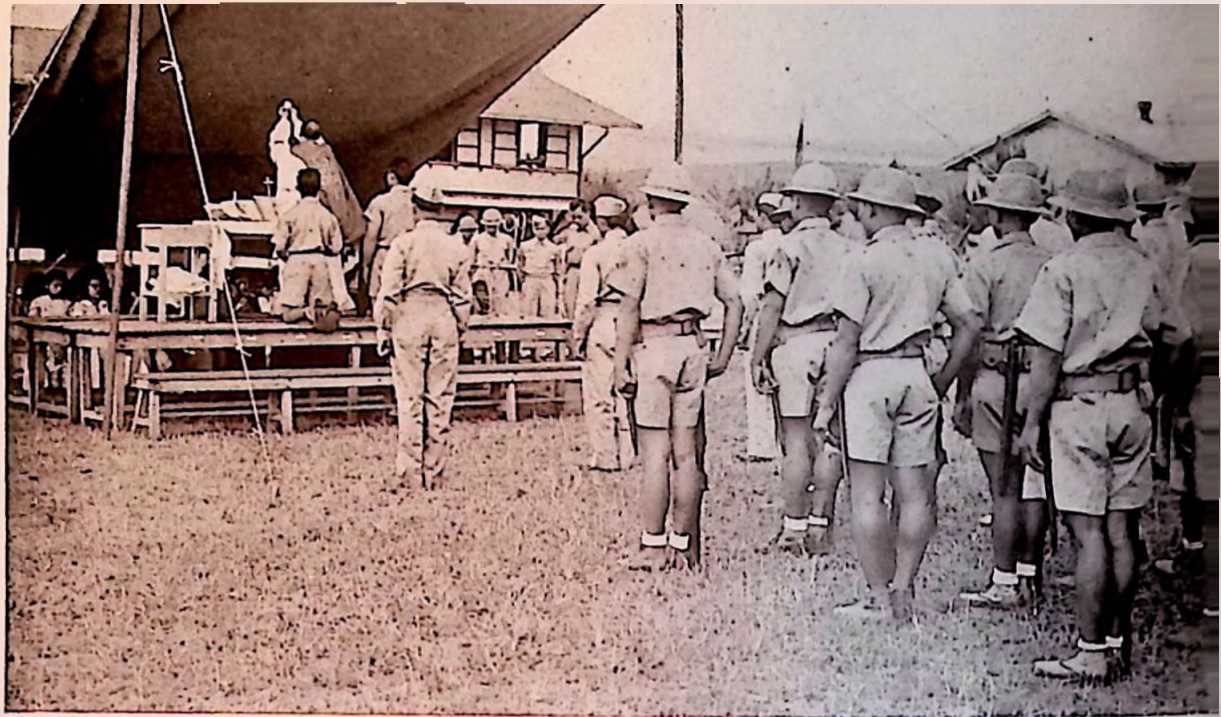
Four days later, they left Three Rivers, the last French outpost. From now on, they were on their own and they must move with extreme caution. The Iroquois were on the rampage again. Every tree was suspect. Every fluttering bird and scurrying animal snapped them to attention. Not a stirring leaf escaped the eager eyes of the Indians. Suddenly the blades whirled. The procession stopped short. Footprints on the shore had caught someone's eye. But they were found to be too few to matter, and on once more they moved, more cautiously than ever.

All this time, hiding in the thickets along the river's edge and ambushed in canoes around the river bend ahead, watching, waiting,



Before the high altar of St. Peter's, the late Pope Pius XI decrees the canonization of Rene Goupil and his Jesuit companions.

crouching, ready to pounce upon them, when the right time came, was a large war party of the dreaded Iroquois. Suddenly they swooped down on the mission convoy. There was a furious hour of shrieks and shots, escapes and captures, scalplings and fren- (Turn to page 223)



(Left) Father John F. Hurley, S.J., who saved Manila from a second bombing. (Above) Somewhere in Mindanao Chaplain Francis D. Doino, S.J., says Mass for Filipino troops. He made "Jesuit's bark."

## "May God Take Care of These Brave Men"

**Thomas B. Cannon, S.J.**

**Director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau**

**P**IECE by piece the story of the heroism of the American Jesuit missionaries in the Philippines is being fitted together. And it is an inspiring story. Of course, as Captain Thomas A. Shanahan, S.J., remarks in a recent letter from an air base in Australia, the complete history cannot be written until after the war is over. Meantime, however, from returning army heroes, from members of President Quezon's party, and from notes smuggled out, extremely interesting details of how the 250 American Jesuits acted when the war broke in the Philippines, have come in.

There is, for instance, the story of how Manila was saved from a second Japanese bombing by the quick thinking of Very Rev. John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Philippine Mission. It will be re-

called that all the country was shocked by the news that the Japanese had not confined their bombing of Manila to military objectives but had dropped incendiary and explosive bombs on the ancient Walled City, damaging the Church of Santo Domingo, the Cathedral, and Santa Catalina College. Why was this spot, sacred to all Filipinos, chosen for destruction?

**C**OLONEL ANDRES SORIANO, Secretary of Finance in President Quezon's Cabinet, recently gave the explanation. He said that Father Hurley, whose headquarters was in the Walled City and who was rushing around doing first-aid work during the bombing with other missionaries, immediately sized up the situation. He concluded that the Japanese were trying to bomb the ships in the Pasig

River nearby and that the hits on the ancient edifices and hospitals were the result of bad aim.

Immediately rushing to the telephone he called up a number of shippers in the city and asked them to gather all the launches they could and tow the freight ships which were moored in the river out into Manila Bay. He himself, then, accompanied by Colonel Soriano, went down into the rain of fire and assisted the launches in towing the boats out into open water. There was no second Jap raid on the Walled City.

**O**NE of the most thrilling stories of individual missionary heroism in the early days of the war is told by Lieutenant-Colonel Warren J. Clear in the July number of *The Reader's Digest*, entitled, "The Heroic Defense of the Philippines."

## The impressive list of heroic acts performed by missionaries is added to by every fresh batch of news from the Philippines

"I had been on duty with General MacArthur's staff in Manila," relates Colonel Clear. "One day, as the Japanese were closing in, I had to go south to Batangas on a certain mission. While I was there the Japanese advance guard passed through. So when I had finished my business they were between me and Manila. There was nothing to do but drive up the Manila Road and see what would happen. Fortunately, my Filipino driver, a corporal of the Scouts, was as cool and capable as they come. We started off at 2:00 a.m., New Year's Day.

**P**ERHAPS we wouldn't have made it if we hadn't picked up a Jesuit priest plodding along the road. He had driven down from Manila to officiate at a funeral service, and the Japanese had unceremoniously taken his car. He displayed a dirty scrap of paper marked with a few ideographs—his 'receipt.'

"Suddenly, rounding a bend in the road, the feeble illumination of our dimmers revealed a crowd. We stopped. Two Japanese soldiers, standing on a parked truck, were handing out tiny Nipponese flags. They had bales of them. The populace was to be well supplied to greet the invaders. After a quick consultation as to strategy, the Jesuit got out, went up to the truck, and was given two flags. He tied one on each side of our windshield. We drove on. The Japanese soldiers didn't even look up at us as we passed.

**F**IVE miles farther on we hit the last hurdle. A Japanese advance patrol was halted, standing by its reconnaissance car and disarming some Filipino police. But they appeared to be intent on the job at hand and a narrow strip of the road was open. There was only one thing to do; so we did it. The corporal and I scrunched down in

our seats. The priest sat bolt upright. The corporal stepped on the gas. He leaned on the horn for gangway—and we got it. There were surprised shouts and yells, but no bullets.

"From there on into Manila we had no more trouble. I offered to help the priest get over to Corregidor—if there should be any way left of getting there. But he declined, saying he would stay with his parish. His people would need him when the Japs came. May God give His care to that brave man."

Who was "that brave man?" We would all like to know, but it is impossible to give his identity at this time. Let us take him, in the meantime, as a symbol of the devotion to their stricken people of all the Jesuit missionaries in the Philippines.

**M**UCH appeared in the papers during the heroic defense of Bataan concerning the need of quinine. Here's the story of how the Jesuit missionaries assisted the army in their effort to extract quinine from various native trees. The Jesuits, by the way, were the proper ones to do this since the name of quinine for many years was "Jesuit's bark" because of the fact that it was Jesuit missionaries in South America who discovered it three hundred years ago. A famous historian said that "it was more precious than all the gold and silver which the Spaniards obtained in South America." It was precious in the Philippines too. In a letter recently received from Lieutenant Colonel Arthur F. Fischer, we learn that he was assigned by the government to extract quinine from the bark of trees at the government plantations in Bukidnon, Mindanao. Immediately he contacted his old friend, Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., Rector of the Ateneo de Cagayan. Father Haggerty placed the chemical laboratory of the college at the Colonel's disposal.

**M**EANTIME, he called in the well known Jesuit anthropologist, Father J. Franklin Ewing, S.J. Father Ewing had formerly taught chemistry at the Ateneo de Manila. "I do want you to know," writes Colonel Fischer, "that his work was



Lieutenant Robert Kelly, who reunited the Cervinis and Kellys in Iligan Bay, and then went on to sink a Japanese cruiser.

greatly appreciated and also that the progress made was largely due to his energy and resourcefulness. The other Fathers helped and the chemical laboratory of the Ateneo de Cagayan was placed at our disposal. I wish the colleagues of Bishop Hayes and the Jesuit Fathers in Mindanao to know of the work done for the army and myself. I left Mindanao April 13 and do not know what happened since."

Father Francis D. Doino, S.J. of Bukidnon, and formerly head of the Department of Chemistry at the Ateneo de Manila, had already begun work on the job of extracting quinine from bark when Father Pacifico Ortiz, S.J., saw him there several months ago.

**W**INSTON CHURCHILL'S expression, "the long arm of coincidence" might be an apt one to use in connection with the following new sidelight on the now historic meeting between Lieutenant John D. (Torpedo Boat) Bulkeley and Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., on the shores of Iligan Bay. More fitting, however, is James C. G. Conniff's summary of the incident in a recent article in *America*.

Six years ago when Father Cervini was a young priest in New York he met in a local hospital one



**"Both of my regimental Chaplains on Bataan were Jesuits and I am sure that you would be tremendously proud if you could sit down with me for an hour while I told you of the bravery, the self-sacrifice and the marvelous service they performed," writes Col. Clarke.**



(Left) Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., chaplain and war-time superior in Mindanao. (Right) Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., who, with Father J. Franklin Ewing, S.J., did a good job producing "Jesuit's bark" or quinine for the troops.

Julian Kelly, who was suffering from paralysis of the legs. Although Kelly was an Episcopalian, the priest and the patient became very close friends and Kelly after his cure felt that Father Cervini was in a large measure responsible for it. When he quit the hospital he wrote a long letter of gratitude to his priest-friend who, by that time, was a missionary in the Philippines. Now Julian Kelly had a younger brother, Robert Kelly, then a midshipman, just graduating from Annapolis. The young officer was sent to the Far East. When the war broke out last December he was a junior officer in command of one of the PT Boats under Lieutenant Bulkeley.

**E**ARLY in March, Lieutenant Bulkeley's little fleet was being pursued by Japanese destroyers. Out of water and food, the commander decided that they had to put in at Iligan Bay in Mindanao. And it was on the shores of this Bay in the gray of the early morning, that Lieutenant Robert Kelly found his brother Julian's friend, Father Andrew Cervini, waiting for them with his old Ford filled with food and all the things they were most in need of. More apt than the

phrase of Churchill, is Mr. Conniff's description of this meeting: "Thus in a distant island in the Orient did the bread of friendliness come floating in over the waters."

Lieutenant Kelly was recently decorated in Boston with the Naval Cross for his heroism in having sunk a six thousand ton Jap cruiser off Cebu. As related in the last number of JESUIT MISSIONS, Lieutenants Bulkeley and Kelly attributed this exploit largely to the help given them and their crews by Father Cervini.

**V**ERY few people know that at Camp Dix, New Jersey, there are 37 Filipino soldiers, all veterans of the Philippine campaign. Recently Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Bellamy, Catholic Chaplain of the hospital there, sent word that the men were asking for a Filipino priest. Father Alejo Regalado, Filipino Jesuit completing his studies in this country, was sent to the Camp and was able to give the consolations of religion to the wounded men, all but two of whom were Catholics. Many of these men had seen service on Bataan. The others had been sick or wounded in various other ways, previous to Bataan, and were in the Sternberg

General Hospital on the Pasig River in Manila when the city was bombed by the Japanese. They were evacuated to Australia and from there were moved to Camp Dix.

The latest of many tributes to our Philippine Jesuits is contained in a letter from Colonel George S. Clarke, lately returned from Bataan, to Father Francis R. Donovan, S.J. Regretting his inability to give news of Colonel Swanton (Father Donovan's nephew), Colonel Clarke continues: "Both of my regimental chaplains were Jesuits, and I am sure that you would be tremendously proud of the Society of Jesus if you could sit down with me for an hour while I told you of the bravery, the self-sacrifice and the marvelous service they performed." Colonel Clarke left Corregidor the night before it fell in a submarine laden with mail bags for the U. S. Government.

**S**O the story runs. Accounts from Mindanao tell us of Bishop Hayes' solicitude for the safety of his priests and religious; ever the good shepherd, he arranged a refuge for them in the Bukidnon hills. Father Lucas, war-time superior of Mindanao, sent me word through Father Ortiz that he would see that the missions (Turn to page 223)

# Americans in Paradise

**Scene: The Arabian Desert. A contingent of U. S. Engineers meet an American Jesuit. They celebrate—but how?**

**Leo J. Shea, S.J.**



An ancient Arabian gazes in wonder at the American engineers.

This article on U. S. war effort in Arabia came to us from Basrah, Iraq, in the short space of nine days, thanks to the U. S. Ferry Command.—*Editor.*

**W**HEN a hundred American Catholic men eager for Mass and the sacraments and a young American priest cross paths in a town 8,000 miles from home, then it's time for a flag-raising and a heart-warming celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. But when it happens to be a completely new settlement of huts and cabins erected by the men in a spot far off in the Arabian desert, then you'll understand why both men and priest at the first Mass there felt aglow with the halo of truly Catholic pioneering.

There had been many firsts in the brief history of this U. S. war engineering project in the Arabian desert. There was the first meal, all canned. The first pile driven to form the new jetty with logs brought all the way from Vancouver; a slice of that first pile is enshrined at headquarters. That very morning Old Glory had been unfurled for the first time in that region to the Arabian breezes. She sure looked grand.

But clearly Mass was not "just another first," and most clearly of all perhaps in the eyes of the Catholic head of the engineering group. "C. Ed Foley" had been his name ever since the subject of having Mass at the camp had been opened up by a certain Mickey McGovern of social service fame around New Orleans; what he had really been trying to tell me was "See Ed. Foley; he's your man."

He surely was that. He looked the part too; tall, large-handed, with smiling Irish blue eyes and a combination of white hair and tan lined face such as you see featured on the cover of *Time*. With the same ease with which he reels off orders to his steam-shovelers, road-builders and rail-layers, he listed and had approved by all necessary authorities the steps for arranging the Mass. He himself drove over the road early in the morning and took us there, effortlessly as usual, in his 1942 Chevrolet.

**A**S we sped along with throttle at an even fifty, he drawled out bits of archeological lore about the terrain and how we were traveling across what had ages ago been the bed of the Euphrates (which has since receded to a point twenty-five miles north where it joins the Tigris). He pointed out the pile of bricks that local legends claim is the vestige of Sindbad's home; he traced the name of the genuinely typical city of the desert, Zubair, to its connection with the early followers of Mohammed.

The droves of camels with their spring-born young ones trailing close behind particularly caught our eyes; at one point a depression in the otherwise flat desert road set a long file of them up on the horizon and penciled them against the sky.

More fantastic than all else was to have a ship loom up right in the middle of it all, just when we had become convinced that the seas and lakes we thought we saw were only mirages.

This time, however, it was no mirage; the sea was real, the ship real, and the dock the very real accomplishment of these fast-working engineers in the short time they had been there.

**O**N arriving we were immediately ushered over to the recreation hall. At one end, hundreds of new books with their jackets still on made an inviting library. A huge radio-victrola stood to one side. At the other end rows of chairs faced the wall of the canteen which had been closed for the occasion.

The reverence of the men for the Sacred Act that they were about to take part in showed itself in their silence while the preparations were being made. The *Introibo*, the *Gloria*, and the *Credo* quivered with a tingle of emotion very similar to that of every priest's first Mass.

**I**T would take the pen of a Chesterton to do justice to the occasion. No doubt if he were writing about it, he would find contrasts and paradoxes aplenty about the camel and the car, the unmechanical Orient and the ultra-mechanical Occident and many other things, perhaps more complimentary to the East than to the West.

But I'm sure that he would call on his most exalted turns of phrase to tell how young American Catholics had come back to the true land of their birth to offer the unbloody Sacrifice of the Redeemer of the world in the very vicinity where thousands of years before He had been first promised to Fallen Man.

# Interlude in the Battle of Alaska



(Above) This is the Bishop of Alaska in the garb most familiar to the members of his Eskimo flock. (Right) The Bishop "all dressed up" entering St. James Cathedral in Seattle.

## Honors for a Veteran

While U.S. Armed Forces were trying to blast the Japanese out of the Aleutians, a veteran of forty-nine years in the "Battle of Alaska" was honored last month in Seattle on the occasion of his silver jubilee as bishop of the Church's most northern and "most difficult" mission. He was the Most Rev. Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska.

The story of the Jesuit bishop's forty-nine year battle for souls in the Arctic was called "the epic of a warrior of Christ" by His Excellency, Gerald Shaughnessy, S.M., bishop of Seattle, in a stirring address at the Mass of thanksgiving. A brilliant gathering of prelates and clergy from all over the country attended the celebration, colorfully arranged by Seattle's distinguished bishop.

Active and alert despite his eighty-four years, Bishop Crimont made only one statement about the presence of Japanese troops in his territory—that it did constitute a threat not only to Alaska but to the United States. He was greatly consoled by the gracious hospitality of Bishop Shaughnessy, the letter of



congratulation from Pope Pius XII, and the presence of so many of his brother bishops at "the feast of the mercies of God for a poor little man." Most Rev. William P. O'Brien, D.D., President of The Extension Society, spoke of Bishop Crimont's achievements in Alaska and presented him with a check from his society and the American Hierarchy.



## President and Varsity

Three students who attended Gonzaga University, Spokane, while Bishop Crimont was President, are now his brother bishops and were present at the jubilee celebration. They are, left to right, (excluding second from left who is Bishop Crimont), Most Rev. Robert J. Armstrong, Bishop of Sacramento; Most Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., Co-adjutor Bishop of Alaska; Most Rev. William J. Condon, Bishop of Great Falls, Montana.



### Prelates Present

(Center) Archbishop E. D. Howard, Portland, Oregon; Bishop Crimont; Bishop Shaughnessy; Archbishop Spellman, New York. (Left to right; around back), Abbot Lambert Burton, O.S.B.; Bishop W. Fitzgerald, S.J., Alaska; Bishop Joseph M. Gilmore, Helena; Bishop Charles D. White, Spokane; Bishop William O'Brien, Extension; Bishop William J. Condon, Great Falls; Bishop Bernard Sheil, Chicago; Bishop Martin Johnson, Nelson, B.C.; Bishop John C. Cody, Victoria, B.C.; Bishop C. E. Byrne, Galveston, Texas; Bishop R. J. Armstrong, Sacramento; Abbot Thomas Meier, O.S.B., Lacey.



### People Back Home

Back home in Alaska, Eskimos such as those pictured here rejoiced at the honors conferred on their leader in Seattle. (Above) Bishop Crimont with Father Fox and a group of his native Sisters of the Snow. (Right) The Bishop, Father Fox and some sturdy parishioners at Hooper Bay.



**Tokyo Protests War Aid to Soviet Via Vladivostok**

**U. S. Military**

**MISSIONS**

**Iran Invasion**

**MAKE THE**

**NEWS**

**French Police House-to-house**

**Japanese Raid Takes Heavy Toll**

**PRINCE.**

**Martha of**

**Crown Pr**

**By the United Press.**

**KIATING, Szechuan Province, China, Aug. 24 (Delayed).**—Japanese planes yesterday...  
Kiating is a...  
...are burned.

**Iran Invasion**

**MAKES THE**

**NEWS**

**Iran Invasion**

**MAKES THE**

**NEWS**

**French Police House-to-house**

**PARIS, (Delayed).**—French police, proceeding systematically house by house, today evicted off a large section of the Fourth Arrondissement (Ward)—workers' district around City Hall—and took into custody a number of Jews and Communists.  
All residents in the area, which lies along the River Seine, were required to remain inside their homes and submit identification.

**WASH., Aug. 27.**—America is more deeply involved in the Iranian war than indicated by official Anglo-Soviet explanations regarding Nazi agents or by alcohol statements of Washington officials.  
Though Iran's failure to deal with Fifth Columnists is the occasion of the war, the basic cause is the need for a safer all-weather supply route for American aid to Russia.  
Pressure Followed Parley  
Washington officials denied that the Anglo-Soviet ultimatum to

**NEIGHBOR**

**Democracy Up at 3**

**Bart And the Hyde P...**

**mittee of the ment, announce dinner of the planning comm next Wednesday Appointment mittee was and the du season.**

**Mr. Andr**

**LILY OF THE MOHAWKS' CAUSE ADVANCED.** The decree of the Sacred Congregation proclaiming that the virtues of Kateri Tekakwitha were heroic was presented to Pius XII, who on June 12 gave his consent to its publication. When the decree is formally published Kateri may be addressed by the title Venerable. Monsignor Marioni, Promotor of the Faith (devil's advocate) remarked in 1925 when it was first proposed to institute the cause, "Now, I believe she should be canonized, and canonized without a miracle, since her life was the miracle." The Vatican Daily, *L'Osservatore Romano*, recently reported that few causes were ever better documented.

**"WE RELY ON YOUR PRAYERS, TOO, NOT JUST ON PLANES AND DESTROYERS, TO CARRY ON"**—are the concluding words of a recent and very interesting letter from Father Carl Hausmann, S.J., missionary pastor of Sumilao, Bukidnon, P. I. He tells of the terrible suspense and uneasiness created by the war situation; of the constant hope of relief; of the cheerfulness of the troops. Except for Davao, he says that the war has not been very bloody in Mindanao, plenty of bombs having been wasted on empty lots. He tells of his work as semi-official chaplain at a military hospital, and pays tribute to the excellent medical and surgical skill of an American doctor, Major W. R. Davis, of the Medical Corps, head of the hospital. Father Hausmann mentions that he was expecting to be commissioned as a Army Chaplain.

He reports that the Canadian priests and Sisters who were at Davao at the beginning of the war are safe on the northern coast of the Island.

**BADLY-NEEDED HELP SENT TO CHINA.** After having received a cablegram for help from American Jesuit missionaries in China through the Vatican State, Mass stipends and other donations have been forwarded to the Vatican. A reply cable from authorities there assures us the money has been received and will be forwarded through neutral sources to China. More help of this kind is urgently needed.

**FATE OF CULION LEPER COLONY DOUBTFUL.** Three ship loads of food on the way to Culion, spiritually administered by American Jesuits, were definitely reported sunk. No information has been received of any ship getting through. The High Commissioner of the Philippines has taken up the matter with Tokio but so far there has been no information with regard to the Leper Colony.

**A PAIR OF OVERALLS IN ATLANTIC CITY** instead of a loose, full-length robe in a Chinese leper colony was used by Divine Providence to gather in a spiritual harvest in which any missionary would rightly be glad to share. A year ago Rev. Leo A. Hudzik of the Camden Diocese arrived at St. Monica's Mission—a dilapidated, old building that served as a rectory and church for 15 parishioners. Today the "Overalls Missionary" has a good home, a comfortable chapel, a hall near completion, a church and a school in prospect. Most important of all he has over 600 parishioners of whom 140 are converts.

**STEADY STREAM OF MISSIONARIES FROM IRELAND.** Thirteen societies and orders of priests, three of Brothers and ten communities of Sisters send out missionaries from Irish seminaries and novitiates. For twelve months an average of eighteen missionaries a month left Ireland for God's distant harvest fields, chiefly Africa and Asia. Donations from Ireland follow every one of these missionaries to support them in their work. In addition, Ireland's three million Catholics donate considerably more than \$100,000 a year to the General Fund of the Propagation of the Faith Society.

**THE PIED PIPER OF THE AFRICAN MISSION FIELD,** the Most Rev. Maturin Guilleme, Titular Bishop of Matara, died in Nyassaland last week at the age of 83 after spending 58 years as a missionary in Central Africa. So great was the natives' affection for him that when he was moved from one section of Tanganyika to another, 500 miles distance, he was followed by 3,000 members of his flock.

**THE VATICAN HAS ACCEPTED DR. CHEO-KANG SIE** as China's Minister to the Vatican. Dr. Sie, is a prominent Chinese diplomat, educator and playwright.

In his years in the mission field the bishop saw 43,000 natives converted to Catholicism in the nine mission stations under his jurisdiction.

**BROTHER, EDUCATOR, DIES AFTER 50 YEARS IN CHINA.** Brother Antonin, thrice Provincial of the Little Brothers of Mary, died recently at Shanghai after more than 50 years in China during which he had witnessed many tragic events, including the Boxer Rebellion and several wars and revolutions. He has admitted over 100 native Brothers into his Congregation.

**AMERICAN CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES INCREASED 13%** during the past two years, according to the C. S. M. C. 1942 edition of "A Missionaries Index of Catholic Americans." The largest number of missionaries is reported by the Jesuits who have 484 men in home and foreign missions. (This does not include the many native Jesuits attached to the American Provinces.) Next in numbers are the Maryknoll Missioners with 240 men, all but 13 of whom are overseas. (Sad to say, 85 of these are being forced by the Japanese militarists to return to the United States from Manchuria, Korea and Japan).

Among the Sisterhoods the various groups of Franciscan Sisters have a combined personnel of 441, the Blessed Sacrament Sisters 347, and the Foreign Missionary Sisters of St. Dominic 313.

The grand totals are: outside the U. S.: 1,468 women, 1,225 men; in Home Missions: 845 men, 1,649 women. These figures represent an increase of approximately 250 foreign and 375 home missionaries in the field.

## September Mission Intention For Native Sisters and Brothers

● The expulsion of missionaries from Japan and Japanese dominated territory, the 2000% increase in the cost of living in many sections of China, the practical impossibility of transportation facilities to a majority of the mission fields, the possibility of a long war with all its sombre implications—all these disturbing factors should cause unselfish and mission-minded Catholics to focus their attention upon the possible collapse or serious weakening of many mission fields, and should urge them, through the charity of Christ, to find a solution to this grave difficulty.

● A solution is offered in this month's mission intention for Native Sisters and Brothers. Of course, native priests, by reason of their sacerdotal character, are most important; but, closely allied to them and indispensable for their work, are native Sisters and Brothers. What could a native Indian priest do towards the conversion of women in India because of the system of Purdah or feminine isolation? Only a Sister, and better still a Native Sister, can solve this problem and train those Catholic mothers who form the warp and woof of Christian society. God alone knows how much money has been saved, how many souls have been prepared for the ministrations of the priest, how many vocations stimulated and nurtured by Native Brothers who will always understand their own people better than a foreign missionary.

● What, you may ask, does a pagan think of a Native Sister? At first, he thinks the professed life and ideals of a Sister are quite improbable; but when he comes into actual contact with them, the moral force of the Sister's religious life definitely shocks his naturalism. He sees this Native Sister enjoying liberty in a country where custom and prejudice makes the very reason of woman's existence that of satisfying the caprices of man. "He finds her to be free from all kinds of servitude, endowed with nobility, protected by both human and divine right, entrusted with a mission so high, so noble and so universal that it makes her a superior being, placing in her hands the power to control others and giving her a prestige that is captivating." To him she is a most impressive picture of two virtues unknown to the real pagan world even by name—virginity and charity.

● Much has been written about lay men and women catechists, and undoubtedly there are many saints amongst them. Money can make possible the multiplication of these catechists, but money cannot give a soul dedicated to God and permeated with Christian charity. Money being a dead thing, can never generate an apostolic heart, but prayer can. Pray, then, daily, that Divine Providence, through your humble, sincere, Catholic prayer, will multiply the number of vocations to the Native Sisterhoods and Brotherhoods and thus help to prevent the possible collapse of many missions made imminent by the lightning thrusts of global war.



Rev. Robert Jacquinet, S.J., one-armed French missionary in China, has arrived in Hong Kong to take charge of relief work among civil and military prisoners. Father Jacquinet is remembered for his famed safety zone which he established in Shanghai to shelter thousands of refugees following the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war.



Before the impressive bronze statue of St. Isaac Jogues, erected by the State on the shores of Lake George, N. Y., stand a group of Jesuit missionaries. They are in the Philippines today. The memory of Jogues' life and death will be their inspiration.

Jogues original manuscript has been best translated by John Gilmary Shea. We have used it with a few variations. —Editor.

**W**HEN we came down from the Hurons in July, 1642, we asked Rev. Father Vimont to let us take him (René Goupil) with us, as the Hurons greatly needed a surgeon. He consented. It would be impossible to express the joy this good young man felt when the Superior told him to prepare for the journey. He was indeed well aware of the great dangers on the river; he knew how enraged the Iroquois were against the French; yet all this could not deter him from embarking for Three Rivers, at the slightest sign of His will

to whom he had voluntarily resigned all that concerned himself.

We left there (Three Rivers) on the first of August, the day after the Feast of our Holy Father. On the second, we met the enemy, who, divided into two bands, awaited us with all the advantage which a large number of picked men fighting on land can have over a smaller group of all sorts of persons afloat in bark canoes.

**A**LMOST all the Hurons having fled into the woods and abandoned us, we were taken. Here his virtue was strikingly displayed; for as soon as he was taken, he said, "Father! blessed be God; He has permitted this; He has wished it;

## "How Many

His holy will be done! I love it, I wish it, I cherish it, I embrace it with all my heart." While the enemy pursued the fugitives, I heard his confession and gave him absolution, not knowing what might befall us after our capture. The enemy, returning from the pursuit, fell upon us like mad dogs with bared teeth, tore out our nails and crushed our fingers,—all of which he endured with great patience and courage.

**H**IS presence of mind in so distressing a mishap was shown especially in this, that he aided me, in spite of the pain of his wounds, in instructing, as far as he could, the Huron prisoners who were not yet Christians. While I was instructing them individually as they came up, he reminded me that a poor old man named Ondouterraon might well be one of those to be killed on the spot, for it was their custom always to sacrifice some one in the heat of their rage. I instructed this old man unmolested while the enemy were occupied with the division of the booty of twelve canoes, some of which were laden with necessaries for our Fathers among the Hurons. The spoils having been divided, they killed the poor old man almost at the very moment when I had given him a new birth in the saving waters of Baptism.

During our march to the enemy's country we had the additional consolation of being together. . . . One day—it was soon after our capture and while we were still on the way—he said to me, "Father, God has always given me a great desire to consecrate myself to His holy service by the vows of religion in His holy Society; till now, my sins have rendered me unworthy of this grace; yet I hope that our Lord will accept the offering I wish to make Him now, and to take, in the best manner that I can, the vows of the Society, in the presence of God and before you." This being permitted him, he pronounced them with great devotion.

Wounded as he was, he dressed the wounds of others, not only of

# Tears I Shed . . . " Isaac Jogues

**The Saint's own account of the New York martyrdom of René Goupil. One of the most moving passages in early colonial literature, it has been the inspiration of many American Missionaries.**

the prisoners, but even of such of the enemy as had received any injury in the combat. He also bled a sick Iroquois; and that with as much charity as if he were doing it for his dearest friends.

**H**IS humility and the obedience he paid to his captors confounded me. The Iroquois who had us both in their canoe told me to take a paddle and use it. Proud even in the face of death, I would not. Some time after, they told him to do it, and he immediately began to paddle; but when he perceived that the Indians wished to compel me to do so after his example, he begged my pardon. At times along the way, I suggested to him the idea of flight, as the liberty given us afforded him abundant opportunity. For my own part, I could not forsake our Frenchmen and the twenty-four or five Huron prisoners. He would hear nothing of it, resigning himself entirely to the will of our Lord, who inspired him with no such thought . . .

**O**N entering the first village where we were so cruelly treated, he showed extraordinary patience and mildness. Having fallen under the blows from clubs and iron rods that were rained upon us, and unable to rise, he was carried, seemingly half-dead, onto the scaffold, where we were already, in the middle of the village. So pitiable was his condition that he would have moved cruelty itself to compassion; he was all livid with bruises, and in his face we could distinguish nothing but the white of his eyes; yet he was all the more beautiful in the sight of the angels, the more disfigured he was and like to Him of whom it is said, "We

have seen Him as a leper," etc. and "there was in Him neither comeliness nor beauty." (Isaias Liii, 24).

Scarcely had he, or even we, recovered breath, than they came and gave him three blows on the shoulders with a heavy club, as they had already done to us. After cutting off one of my thumbs—I being considered the most important victim—they turned to him and cut off his right thumb at the first joint. During this cruel ordeal he constantly repeated, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph." During the six days that we were exposed to all who chose to maltreat us, he displayed admirable mildness his breast was all burned by the live coals and ashes which the boys threw upon our bodies while we were tied down on the ground at night. Nature gave more dexterity to me than to him for escaping some of these pains. . . .

**B**UT I must hasten to his death, which in no point falls short of being that of a martyr.

After we had been six weeks in the country, disagreement arose in the councils of the Iroquois, some of whom were for sending us back; and we lost all hope of seeing Three Rivers again that year,—a hope

which in me had never been very strong. We consoled each other, then, at this disposition of Providence and prepared for all He should ordain in our regard. He did not realize so clearly the danger in which we were,—I saw it better; and that made me remind him often that we must hold ourselves in readiness.

Accordingly, one day when in our mental pain we had gone out of the village to pray more becomingly and undisturbed by noise, two young men came after us and told us to return home. I had some presentiment of what was to happen, and said to him, "My dear brother, let us recommend ourselves to our Lord and to our good Mother, the Blessed Virgin: these men have some evil design, I think." We had a little before offered ourselves to our Lord with much devotion, beseeching Him to accept our lives and blood, and unite them to His life and blood for the salvation of these poor tribes.

**W**E then started back towards the village, reciting our beads, of which we had already said four decades. As we stopped near the gate of the village to see what they would say, one of these two Iroquois drew an axe which he had hidden under his blanket, and dealt René a blow on the head as he stood before him. He stiffened and fell on his face to the ground, uttering the Holy Name of Jesus (we had often reminded each other to sanctify our last word at our death by pronouncing this most Holy Name).

I turned at the blow, and seeing the reeking hatchet, fell on my knees to receive the (Turn to page 224)





# White Fathers in Africa's Desert War

Richard H. J. Hanley

**"T**HE Tuaregs are on the move again!" is the report that slowly clicks its way across the hand-generated telegraph system of the Free French forces of the Sahara. The Tuaregs, probably the most fierce tribe of the African sands, once more leave their encampments to fight. But this time they fight on the side of France—Free France—to protect their lands from the invaders.

This is not the first time that the Tuaregs swooped down from their dune homes. During the last war many a German mother grieved for a son who did not return from the trek of the German army into Africa. And the Germans were not the only ones to suffer! A lonely hermit priest of Tamrasset was murdered because the high-veiled warriors thought he was on the side of the enemy. They invaded his outpost chapel and Father Charles de Foulcauld, the ex-French Army

officer who became the beloved unofficial chaplain of the French Foreign Legion, met his death on the sands he loved so much.

**T**HE Tuaregs are the most feared of the desert tribes. They are the irregulars—the guerrilla warriors—of the present desert campaign. And this is not a new role for them. In the nineteenth century, when they first came into public notice, they were regarded as master of a great part of the desert. Even troop convoys feared to cross their lands. The Colonial French only met them when they came to attack an outpost of the Sudan. This they often did.

In 1875 a group of these tribesmen, captives, were brought to Algiers as prisoners by the French Legion. The desert men were treated kindly by the priests of the newly established mission society in that city and in order to show their

African warriors in a picturesque night dance.

gratitude they offered to escort some White Fathers (for that was the name of the missionaries bore) across the desert wastes. These priests set out in January, 1876, but before they had progressed much on their journey the tribesmen murdered the white men. Three more priests set out (one was Father Louis Richard whom some of the Arabs considered to be one of themselves) and on the third day of their journey they also were massacred by the Tuaregs.

**N**EWs traveled fast! People began to take notice! The big question was not: Who are the Tuaregs? but, who are these White Fathers? Where do they come from? What do they do? Where did they get their strange costume? These and many other questions rose to the lips of the men and with their answer the apostolate of Archbishop (later Cardinal) Lavigerie to the Arabs of North Africa became known to the world.

Today with the advance of mechanized armies across the desert sands and with the raiding airplanes which dive from the skies to bom-



In Central Africa a White Father shows some of his African charges how to bake bricks for the new mission buildings.

bard the camel corps of the Sudan both the Tuaregs and the White Fathers once more come into notice. The story of the Tuaregs is written in the daily press but the advance of the Arab costumed priests is recorded in the annals of the Propagation of the Faith and more especially in the souls of men whom they are daily winning to the Cross of Christ. What is the story of this Mission Society which Pius XI pointed to as having the model mission structure of the world?

**I**N the 1860s, Monsignor Lavigerie had been sent from France to be the Archbishop of Algiers, the spiritual leader of the Colonial French. But the new Catholic leader, conscious of the fact that he had an obligation to teach *all* men the truths of Christ, began to evangelize the non-French people in his territory. As a reward for his splendid work, Rome rewarded him with the Cardinalate and the Arabs regarded him as the *marabout* of Algeria and the only Christian who would not go to hell.

He had a seminary in his diocese and in 1868 Father Girard, a Vin-

centian, was the rector. One day at assembly, Father Rector told the students that for 25 years he had prayed that God would raise up missionaries who would evangelize Africa. Three men offered themselves to be trained for this work. They were accepted and with four companions the Archbishop put them under the direction of Father Francis Vincent, a Jesuit, and Father Gillet a Sulpician. The Archbishop gave only one command to these novice masters: "Make saints of them." "I want saints." On Candelmas Day in 1869, seven men received the habit from Monsignor Lavigerie in the Church of Our Lady of Africa and so was born the Society of the Missionaries of Africa.

**T**HEY were to be missionaries to Africa. Men who would bring the grace of Christ to the souls of men! Men who would build upon Arabic culture and not impose a foreign one! And to do this their Archbishop saw that for success among the Moslem tribes they must not only speak Arabic but also must live, think and dress like the people

whom they wished to convert. So he dressed his novices in Arab dress: "in a white tunic (Gandura) and mantle (Burnus) with a red cap (Chechia) and a black and white rosary (in place of the Mohammedans' Tesbiha, a string of beads for saying over the name of God) round the neck." Because of this habit they are commonly known as "White Fathers."

Recruits were needed. There were not enough vocations in North Africa. It was but natural to appeal to the mother country. It was not long before the novitiate at Al-Biar was too small, and the training center was moved to St. Eugene and later to Maison Caree, near Algiers.

**T**HE Franco-Prussian War over, a new novice master was appointed. The Jesuit, Father Terasse, did such splendid work that the missionaries today regard him as a co-founder of the Society. On October 1, 1872, twelve of his charges definitely brought the White Fathers into being when they took the solemn missionary oath consecrating themselves till death to the work of the African Missions. In 1875, it became an independent institute governed by three of its own members who were elected Superiors while Archbishop Lavigerie remained Superior-General until his death. Father Terasse, S.J., and the Archbishop framed the Constitutions of the Society which were ratified by the Holy See in 1885. In 1908 Rome formally approved these rules and confirmed them in 1921.

**T**HE early work of the Society was confined exclusively to North Africa among the Moslem Arabs and here progress was and is slow because the religion of Islam has a powerful hold upon its adherents. During this same period the Archbishop established two Christian villages, St. Cyprian and St. Monica, under the spiritual care of the White Fathers—a happy ending to the disasters of 1867. Then since the Archbishop was also Vicar-Apostolic of the Sudan he desired to send missionaries to that district. The (Turn to page 224)

# THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

## *Long Range Planning*

Long range planning is the cry today. Though confident of ultimate victory the thoughtful foresee inflation, depression and economic chaos after the war unless decisive steps are taken to avoid it now.

Such long range planning has always been a policy of the Church in her mission work. Before the missionary goes into the field he must be versed in the language, customs and traditions of the people amongst whom he is to work. Many Jesuits early in their religious life are sent to China, India, the Philippines and other missions to become acclimated and to study at close range the people of their adoption.

## *Stumbling Block*

Language is a great stumbling block to the future missionary. The story is told of a Jesuit in India who had no opportunity to learn the language of his people before he went on the missions. In the beginning he would walk into a village, undo his Mass kit while the pagans gathered round and say Mass not merely to arouse their curiosity but confident that Christ Himself would speak to them in the silence of His Supreme Act of Love. That was in the days when we had neither the men nor the opportunity for long range planning. Now, though the war has cut us off from many of our mission fields, we can plan and prepare for the day when the sea lanes will be clear once again.

Overtones of this mission preparation were heard recently on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. Some young American Jesuits were trying out their Arabic on a chance

acquaintance whose remarks gave every indication that he was the Nestorian Patriarch of Baghdad in exile. Even in New York where the strange hardly merits a passing glance, this group attracted attention. Passengers were amazed to hear tongues, more suited to the soft brogue of Erin, speaking the difficult gutturals of the Arabian desert with this stranger.

## *Arabic in New York*

These Jesuits are preparing for a mission in the East. Arabic is the common language of that whole territory and especially of Baghdad, the heart of Islam. Ten years ago the Pope requested the General of the Jesuits to start a mission among the Moslems. This mission was entrusted to the American Jesuits, of the New England Province. They now have a fine college in Baghdad.

These latest recruits are preparing for their future work over there. They are pursuing an intensive Arabic course in New York. Four hours daily for six days a week they are instructed by native teachers. The other members of their class ambition government appointments in the United States Intelligence Service. The Jews and the Orientals among them have the decided advantage of knowing a language kindred to Arabic. This puts our young Jesuit Arabissants on their metal in the daily classes.

## *An Inspiration*

The finest inspiration and incentive they have received thus far has come from a Protestant minister who spent forty years preaching the

Gospel among the Arabian tribes. The war caught him on this side of the ocean and forced him to reside in New York. He had traveled and lived with the nomadic tribes of the Arabian desert, a lone white man in their midst. Naturally, with the years he acquired a remarkable facility in their language. At the end of his life he had one big regret, that he was such a poor representative of Christ to these people. The years in the silent desert had given this profoundly spiritual man far more than a knowledge of the ways and manners and tongue of the Arab.

## *Hand on the Torch*

When this grand old man had been working in and about Basrah he came to know the Jesuits at Baghdad College. In them he saw souls kindred to his own in dreams and ideals. In their lives they too would portray Christ to the Arab. They were taking up the work where he left off and would realize his dream of planting Christ in the heart of the Arab.

So too would these Jesuits now listening eagerly to his experiences. He urged them on in their studies, even volunteering his services as instructor. They returned home that evening with fresh enthusiasm for their work of preparation. As priests of God they will have infinitely more to call upon than their minister friend. Where he had to rely solely on Scripture and his own personal sanctity they would have Christ and the sweet influence of His sacramental grace to crown their mission with success.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



## "MISTER JAPANESE"

• Mail from Alaska these days contains much news about the threatened Japanese invasion. For instance, Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., writes from Hooper Bay:

• "We have seen no Jap plane here as yet; but we had two or three false alarms; the Eskimo are on the look out and they try to black out their igloos and succeed sometimes. I surely never expected it would come to this. The Eskimo call the Japs 'Japanees' and they are deathly afraid of them. At the same time they think that with their thirty-thirty rifles they might be able to give 'Mr. Japanese' something to think about. They often ask me for news about the war and it takes all the ingenuity possible to explain to them in Eskimo what it is all about. The Eskimo who are of age are registered and they all wonder what will happen to them, though so many of them are sickly that I hardly think that more than three or four might pass the physical examinations."

## ESKIMOS WILL FIGHT

• The war has even had its effect on isolated Diomed Island, according to Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J.:

• "Our usual tranquil existence is a trifle upset with this war and the anxiety it causes. On the island we are fortunate because we can always keep body and soul together without much outside help, but even so we feel the pinch. The Eskimos are all for Uncle Sam and have been working up various schemes to fight off possible Jap invasion. How-

ever, I don't think there is very much here to tempt any Japanese.

• "I hope to get over to see Father Belarmine Lafortune, S.J., soon. From all reports he has been very well all winter. The Eskimos tell me '*Tamna chimmeunghillac*'—he never changes."

## THIN SUPPLY LINE

• All of the missionaries write about the difficulty of obtaining provisions due to war priorities. Here's an example from Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J.:

• "Owing to war priorities, it is doubtful whether the usual provisions from the 'outside' will reach the missions. The boats on the river are bringing government supplies to the various bases; then the boats from Seattle that come on the inside passage are very much restricted in cargo; finally, since Dutch Harbor there will be no boats on the outside passage through the Aleutians to St. Michael. Hence, the down-river missions will only get supplies that come in by boat and train and by the river boats if these latter are available.

• "When I was at Holy Cross Mission recently, it was garden time and every available acre is being planted to vegetables, especially potatoes. The latter will take the place of flour in the event that no flour will come. There are 115 hungry little native mouths to fill. But with a good catch of salmon, they will not go hungry. They are in greater distress at the mouth of the Yukon, at Akulurak, where there are no gardens. Holy Cross is planning on supplying them

with as much vegetables as can be spared. But the fish is more abundant there. God's holy Providence will not fail us.

## ALASKA'S CHAPLAINS

• "During the summer and fall I shall have to visit all the military posts where there are Catholic Chaplains. I plan on going by the Canadian Pacific Airlines from Whitehorse to Fort St. John and Vancouver next week to make a survey of the need of Chaplains in the various districts of the Yukon territory and British Columbia, where our American troops are engaged on the new highway. Bishop O'Hara of the Military Ordinariate informed me that the Chief of Chaplains has promised two Chaplains for this district. The War Department has also commissioned five more Chaplains (Catholic) for our defense bases and military posts."

## THE WAR IN BELIZE

• The war, too, is having its effect on British Honduras, Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., writes from Belize:

• "Things are pretty quiet here so far. However, there has been some excitement about the arrest of a few who have been suspected of having helped the enemy by supplying oil to submarines. No details, of course, so far have been published so we do not know what might happen. Outside of that, we are as quiet and unmolested as if we were not in the war. Ships come rarely to our port,—once a month, perhaps, and mail takes a month, sometimes longer to ar-

rive. There is air service between us and the United States and that is why I am using it this time so you can reckon the time it takes. Fourteen days it has taken and on other occasions eight or nine.

• "On the 19th of July we are dedicating the school-chapel at Hopkins. Don't look for it on your map, you won't find it! When the hurricane of last autumn blew Newtown to pieces, destroyed the school and chapel there and left every bush house a pile of water-soaked wreckage, the Father suggested that the people might find a more suitable location elsewhere and rebuild there. Newtown was swampy, low and unhealthy and this was a good occasion to move to a better site. Since they had to rebuild the entire village, why not choose a healthier place? A good beach was found about five or more miles down the coast, where the government gave the Mission a generous lot upon which to build. The people were ready to move their belongings (what was left of them) and the whole village, five hundred souls or more, quietly migrated in their canoes to the new site and began a new village which they called Hopkins, in memory of Bishop Hopkins, who in 1923, lost his life by drowning.

**MULLINS RIVER RE-VISITED**

• "Last Sunday a group of us, Brother John Jacoby, S.J., with twenty Boy Scouts, Eugene Latta, S.J., and Francis Wallace, S.J., and myself sailed down to Mullins River to bless and dedicate our new school and chapel. Mullins River is now a little village and of not much importance, though it can boast of being the cradle of the Church in British Honduras. For it was here that in 1832 Fray Antonio, a Franciscan, stopped off and said the first Mass that we have any record of. He apparently liked the place for he remained there, on and off, for the next four years and turned over his charge to another Franciscan Father, Fray Rubio in

1836. We don't know how long Father Rubio stayed, and there is not much to be said about priests in British Honduras for the next dozen or more years when in 1850 two Jesuits, on their way back to Jamaica made a call on Belize. They brought word of the sorry plight of the Catholics

ready the walls separating sacristy from sanctuary have risen to height of some eight to ten feet and the whole appearance is that of a church, built of native rock and mortar. Doors and window frames are of native, solid mahogany, which is no dearer than pine lumber here, but far



Father Frank Welzmillier, S.J., of Patna Mission, India, shows how he cools off his little parishioners. Things are hot in India, says Father Welzmillier, and it's not the climate either but the proximity of the Japanese that bothers him.

to their Vicar Apostolic in Jamaica and the next year some Jesuits came over from Jamaica and started the Mission here. In the meantime some good soul brought a copy of the Cristo de Esquipulas from Guatemala to Mullins River and people began to make pilgrimages to that place in large numbers. The town was a flourishing place till business dwindled down to almost nothing and Mullins River lost its place of preeminence."

**NEW MISSION CHURCH**

• "Our new mission church is well under way," writes Father A. R. Kuenzel, S.J., of Benque Viejo. "Walls are about two-thirds up, window and door frames are up excepting the main door and front wall windows. Al-

more durable and finer as anyone will admit. We are using native materials, native lumber, native rock and lime burnt in our 'bush' kilns constructed in native fashion by our own men in order to economize as much as possible, but naturally we must pay our laborers something, even if it is barely enough to supply their food, for which reason I would beg some help."

**ANYTHING BUT ROSY**

• In India, also, the minds of the missionaries are focused on the war. "Schools are closed in Calcutta, Ranchi, and Patna," writes Father Francis J. Welzmill, S.J. "St. Xavier's, Patna, however, has been able to continue because they erected air raid protection in time. Here's

hoping that the United States will start strafing Japan proper soon to prevent the further advance of their expeditions for conquest and so save the missions here.

• "Most of the Chamars are out of work since the general exodus from Calcutta. Moreover, while the unusual February rains were welcome in that they staved off the hot weather three weeks, they did considerable damage to the spring crops of peas of various kinds, wheat and barley. These two factors added to the sky-high prices still sky-rocketing into the stratosphere make the immediate future for the poor anything but rosy.

• "Here and there the Hindus have become a bit bold and taken to annoying my Christians. One set have been put in their places. In another village where the situation threatened to develop into a serious persecution, there is now hope that the authorities will get after the ringleaders and nip the thing in the bud. There is no room for passive Catholics over here: you either have to profess your religion in the face of daily tests of faith or give it up."

#### CHURCH PROFANED

• The following letter was sent to Father Dennis Tobin, S.J., of Port Antonio, Jamaica, B. W. I., by one of his parishioners in his mission station at Balcarries:

• "Dear Father—On Sunday we went to church. We found it broken, the tabernacle was taken outside the door were and all the holey thing was scatter on the ground back of the church. Vestry was pull up from end to end. Vestment priest was open and many of the things was all about the floor. However, the chalice and all the other holey things are all right except to the tabernacle key and the priest key was gorn. Also your house was broken. The tin things were eaten and taken away, dishes, spoon, fork, pot and quart of gas. The corporal came and take statement. Dear Father,



Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., of Akulurak, scours the Yukon in his mission boat for supplies. The presence of "Mr. Japanee," as the Eskimos call them, on the Aleutians has created a food problem for the missionaries in Alaska.

I make sure and move away chalice and the holey thing to my home. I hope to hear from you soon. I remain, your, A. Elmire."

#### IT'S THE OBEAH MAN

• Commenting on this letter, Father Tobin was convinced that this act of vandalism was perpetrated by an obeah man or one of his henchmen. In order to impress their clients with their occult powers these obeah-men want incense and candles to use during their incantations. Although the more violent forms of obeah which resorted to ground glass and stone throwing and poison herbs are no longer heard of now, the obeah man still makes a substantial living by preying on the superstitions of the simple country people, with his sorcery and magic ritual. Frequently a member of the more intelligent class will dabble in obeah.

• The obeah man resorts to trickery to maintain his hold on his victims. Usually he neither molests the priest nor Church property for he feels the missionaries' obe is stronger than his own. Yet even today people, convinced that a duppy has been put upon them have been known to grow sick, and waste away under his

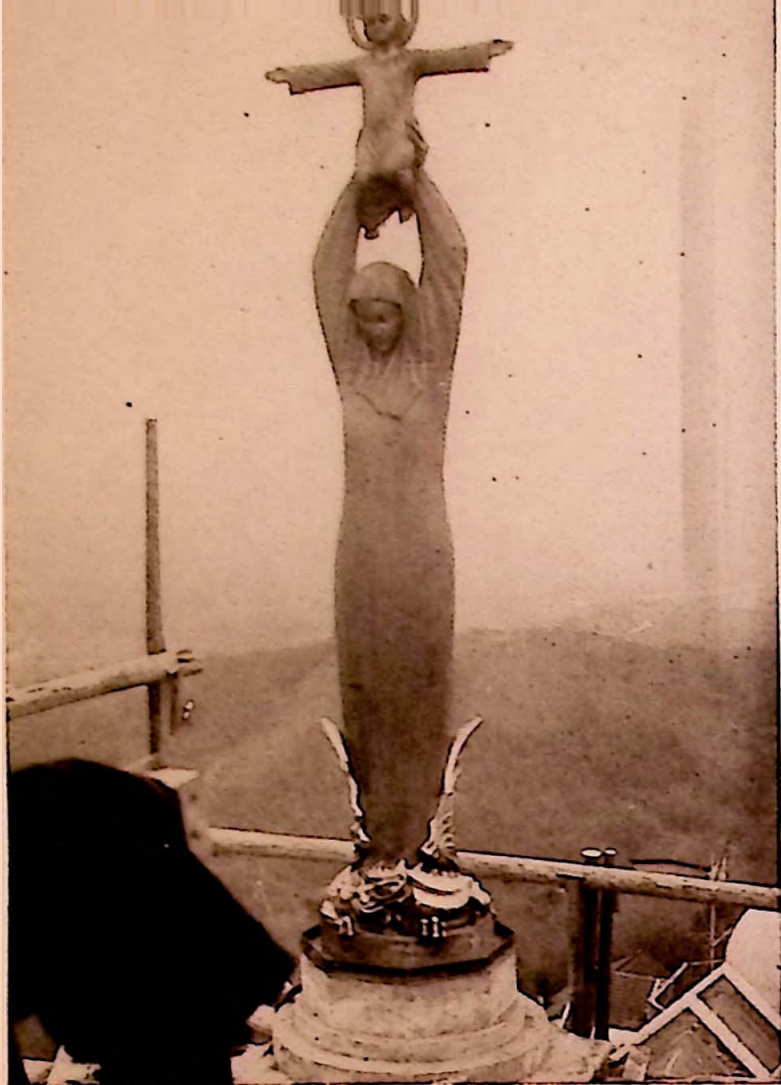
spell. This may come merely from the overwrought imagination of the victim but it is still a nuisance in missionary work.

• Since the receipt of this letter from Father Tobin word has come from Jamaica announcing his transfer from Port Antonio to Kingstón, where he will be pastor of St. Anne's Parish.

#### DONALD DUCK

• "As a sequel," writes Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., pastor of Mandeville, Jamaica, B.W.I., "to that squib about my bucolic activities you will be interested to know that I dug up four hundred pounds of potatoes. I did not have much luck with my duck eggs. Only one duckling out of seven survived, but he has more than repaid for the effort involved, in the amusement he has given us. He is unusually tame and always under our feet. Of course, his name is Donald. I have a duck pond all prepared for him."

• "The gas situation is getting worse. I have a batch of converts about ready for Baptism at Chapelton but can't get to them. To walk would take days. Getting around hilly Mandeville even with a bike is tough going."



God chose from all eternity to let you share in His own glorious work. His work, ever that of the Comforter, finds ample scope today. His call to share in that work comes today in the wail of the waif, the pathetic plea of the peasant, in the vibrant voice of the missionary. Think! The only way Christ and all He has meant to you and can mean to China, can come to China, is through you and your and His representative—the missionary.

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# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## July-August Issue

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find five dollars to continue my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS magazine and the other four dollars to be used as you see best, to help the Missions. Reading your magazine as I do each month and knowing the urgent need of all your Missions, especially in times like these, I realize it is but a drop in the bucket and am sorry my drop could not be larger. I am hoping and praying, however, that many other readers will realize the needs of the Missions and add their drops till the bucket will be overflowing and all your Missions flourishing and prosperous as they should be.

May I say I enjoyed the July-August issue very much, even more so than usual. Captain Ortiz Reporting was the best and most stirring article I have yet read on the conditions in the Philippines. I would like very much to have heard Father Ortiz's talk at the benefit. I also enjoyed the article about Bishop Fitzgerald of Alaska. Reading that story made me feel like I was hearing from a far away friend again.

Please remember me in your prayers and may God bless you and all your good workers at home and afar.  
New Orleans, La. M. M. B.

## A Different Tune

To the Editor:

In your fine magazine, please remind our boys to write home often. I work in a small store and wait on these wonderful mothers each day. If the boys only knew how much happiness their cards and letters carried to their best friend—their mother, they would write oftener. They are not forgotten or alone. Throughout the day there is a constant prayer going to Our God to watch over them and bring us a just peace at the earliest possible moment. Until that happy time, Boys, write as often as you can. You will never know how much the assurance that you are well and O.K. means to her. Your Mother and Dad love you more than they do themselves. Return this love by writing today.  
East Rochester, N. Y. J. H.

“ . . . Happy and Better Soldiers”

To the Editor:

Enclosed is a check for three dollars, for three subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS, for chaplains in the Armed Forces. I would be glad if you would send them as you think best, for you have contact with chaplains and know where they are needed. The inspiration came when reading of the gratitude of a chaplain for Catholic literature. It is a small amount, but the school is not large, and this is from a little Mission Fund, and I do not know a better way in which it could be used.

How I wish I could send more! Hoping it will make some of our boys happy and better soldiers, sailors, marines or air pilots, and asking God to bless your glorious work, I am in the Sacred Heart,  
Springfield, Mo. Sr. M. V. L.

P.S. JESUIT MISSIONS take us around the world with the missionaries as well as with the war.

## From Our Chaplain's File

To the Editor:

. . . Please accept my heartfelt thanks for the subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. I wish to assure you and the donor of the appreciation of the many members of this organization who are now reading your wonderful publication. The magazine has been placed in the library of the Service Club here in camp, thus passing through many hands. I have also noticed it finds its way to the camp hospital where it is read by many of our patients.

Our soldiers will be inspired by the true heroism of Christ's soldiers and will find encouragement and strength to endure the many hardships necessary for a final victory; this inspiration will un-

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J. M. J.

## PRAYER TO THE HOLY FAMILY FOR OUR BOYS IN THE SERVICE

Jesus, Mary and Joseph and all the Saints in Heaven, we beseech You from the bottom of our hearts to watch constantly over and protect all our boys in the services of the United States of America who are exposed to the dangers inseparable from a military life. Grant them such a strong and fervent faith that they may never deny it nor fear to practice it. Do Thou by Thy Grace, fortify them against the contagion of bad example that, being preserved from sin and serving Thee faithfully, they may be always ready to meet death when and where it may occur.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, mindful of Your most Precious Blood and of the Five Sacred Wounds, we beg You to inspire them with a sincere sorrow for sin and grant them pardon.

O Mother of Perpetual Help, in honor of your Seven Sorrows and the Joyful, Sorrowful and Glorious Mysteries of Your most holy and powerful Rosary, we beg You, as the Queen of Peace and of Heaven and Earth, to protect and intercede for our sons and to be by their side in battle. If it is God's Holy Will please bring them home soon safe and sound to their loved ones. Should they be called upon to make the supreme sacrifice, obtain for them from Your Divine Son, the grace of a holy and happy death. St. Joseph Patron of the Universal Church pray for them.

O Powerful and Immortal God have compassion upon us miserable sinners and upon the whole World. With bitter tears of repentance we invoke You to end all wars and grant us peace in the sacred name of the Holy Family.

Say one Our Father, Hall Mary and a Glory be to the Father.

Imprimatur: ✠ Bartholomew Joseph, Bishop of Camden, Feast of The Holy Family.

January 11, 1942.

Copies of this prayer can be had free from Mr. Charles A. Pittighofer, 110 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

doubtedly bring the choicest blessings upon our country, upon you, your publication and the generous hearts working to make such an accomplishment possible.

John B. Rettagliata,  
Chaplain  
295th Inf. 92nd Brigade

Camp Tortuguera,  
San Juan, Puerto Rico.

To the Editor:

. . . I wish to thank you for sending your splendid publication, JESUIT MISSIONS, and to tell you that it is read by the men. We have a literature rack in our chapel and the men use it to good advantage.

R. A. Schueth,  
Chaplain  
208th Field Artillery

Camp Forest, Tenn.

To the Editor:

. . . Please accept the thanks of both the Catholic soldiers and myself for your interest in their spiritual welfare. You are correct in assuming that the men will gain spiritual benefits from the reading of good Catholic literature. This, I can say, because the soldiers' response to Catholic literature has been more than gratifying. Father Charles Clark, a Jesuit stationed at St. Louis University has been conducting a mission here during the past week and the response of the soldiers has been so overwhelming that I feel that any Jesuit literature would be read with avidity.

William E. Pearson  
Chaplain

Scott Field, Ill.



An Eskimo Sister of Our Lady of the Snow, feeds the latest additions to Father Fox's dogteam. She can also drive a dogteam. These nuns are exceptionally versatile.

# The World's Only Eskimo Nuns

Thomas A. Halley, S.J.

**T**HE most difficult foreign mission in the world" is the way the Alaskan Mission has been characterized by the late Pope Pius XI and the Jesuit Father General, Wlodimir Ledochowski. This distinctive title is certainly confirmed by the accounts which a veteran Alaskan missionary, Father John P. Fox, S.J., gives of the Hooper Bay area, his section of this vast mission. Father Fox has returned to his Eskimo flock after being in the United States for a few weeks on business connected with the Congregation of Our Lady of the Snow the only Eskimo nuns in the world.

"A seventeen-cylinder dog-mobile" (as Father Fox naively styles his sled and team) is this priest's

sole means of contact with his many, widely-scattered mission stations for a greater part of the year. Traveling without a guide "for economy's sake," this intrepid apostle of Christ directs his course over the trackless northland by compass. All goes well until a ptarmigan or an Alaskan hare crosses the path of the lead-dog. This is a temptation which a husky can never resist. Only the iron-clawed brake on the sled saves the ice-land mariner from getting hopelessly off his course on such occasions.

On these treks which sometimes are from sixteen to eighteen consecutive hours in duration, a breakthrough into the icy waters of an Alaskan river is not altogether unknown to this missionary. After

such an icy plunge, however, nature has a rather remarkable way of protecting the victim, even in the bitterest sub-zero weather. The soaked clothing freezes almost solid except at the ankles, knees and hips. This icy shell keeps the freezing blast out and the natural warmth of an active body is sufficient for several hours of what Father Fox blandly calls "tolerable comfort."

But woe to the man who stops for even a few minutes rest after one of these icy baths; for within a very short time he would be frozen into a helpless "pillar of ice."

**C**ONCERNING the little community of native Eskimo nuns, the Congregation of Our Lady of the Snow, which was founded by

Father Fox himself some ten years ago—the missionary has a fund of inspiring and interesting stories.

How invaluable these nuns are in promoting Christ's interests in Alaska may be gathered from this: on one occasion the priest was for several months unable to get through by dog-team to the village where two of these Sisters had been stationed. Notwithstanding their great loss in not having either Mass or the sacraments for so long a period, these two apostolic Eskimo Sisters had used the time so well that when Father Fox did get through to the mission, the entire village was prepared for the sacraments. The days that followed his arrival were one continuous round of administering six of the seven sacraments—for an isolated missionary priest usually has the power to do everything but ordain!

At Hooper Bay—far north of the American armed forces in Alaska—is the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Our Lady of the Snow. Here, too, they conduct a school at which every child of school age in the village faithfully attends. The little government school in the village had previously been able to muster or even to accommodate only about one out of every ten of the children.

Father Fox delights in telling of

the versatility of the Sisters: "When Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., wrote that he was coming for a visitation of our Hooper Bay Mission, my good Sisters rounded up a number of their former pupils—all of whom were now married and rearing families—to prepare a program for the occasion. By the time the Bishop arrived, a three-act play in English had been prepared, together with a concert of Negro spiritual music! But what pleased the Bishop still more, was the Dialogue Mass in which all the young people of the village participated with the celebrant—this in the prelate's estimation was the crowning achievement of the nuns' devoted zeal.

"**YOU** might be interested in learning that our soldiers aren't the only armed forces in Alaska," the priest continued with a chuckle. "When the Sisters get away occasionally for a little outing, they are as likely as not to come home with a half dozen wild-geese on their sled, 'potted' by the unerring aim of one or other of the Sisters! You see, marksmanship is an art at which every Eskimo of my mission—child or adult—is a

master. Their larder depends on this skill to a great extent."

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the Eskimo people is their ardent spirit of faith. The missionary's stories in this regard remind one of the faith of the early Christians. The Eskimos rely on Divine Providence for everything, and God repays this trust that is almost forced on Him—repays this trust in most remarkable ways. A lad who had shot himself through the abdomen in a hunting accident, appeared to be in his death agony. Joining with the prayers of the family and friends of the boy, the priest read the ritual prayer of the Church which seemed to be most suitable for the crisis. That boy is now one of the priest's sturdiest lay-helpers about the mission.

**I**T is no wonder God almost invariably hears their prayers, "for they pray just like children," the priest admiringly adds. "Late one evening an old lady came into my little chapel, and not noticing that I was there, hobbled up to the altar and there began to tell our Lord about her sore leg. She told how it happened; showed Him where it pained her; and ended by asking Him to see what He could do for it. You'd have thought she was talking to a doctor there."

So jealous is God of their child-like dependence on Him, that He seems to resent any jeopardizing of His place in their lives. Some time ago, a competent government nurse was sent to Hooper Bay to bring the Eskimos some of the benefits of modern medical science. Yet, no sooner had she arrived than the village was quarantined with a measles epidemic. Thirty-five lives was the toll of this scourge which decimated the little community. Then followed close upon this, a long diphtheria quarantine. Finally, a still-unidentified disease struck the Eskimo village. The nurse asked to return to America. Since the day this innocent victim of God's jealousy left Hooper Bay, there has not been a single case of contagious disease in the entire mission!

Sisters of the Snow in the habit they wear around the Convent at Hooper Bay.





# NEW BOOKS



## The China That Was

Translated by  
Louis J. Gallagher, S.J.

Matthew Ricci became a mandarin in China and Robert de Nobili became a brahman in India. They did this because they realized that the best way to convert a people is to become one with them, to wear their garb, become masters of their books and their language, observe their conventions, and, as far as possible, put on their mode of life.

In the light of this fact this book is fascinating. It is a scholarly presentation of the life, ways, customs and government of the Chinese people. Some of those customs prevail to the present day. Although only the introduction to a larger work by Ricci himself, this preface by Father Trigault is a book in itself. It is a scientific ethnological and sociological study, an intimate presentation of Chinese life as it was in the sixteenth century. The sharp contrast between western and oriental culture stands out clearly in these pages. Father Trigault had a keen mind and lived in close association with the people of his adoption. This translation of his work into very readable English should be in the China section of every library.

*Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc., \$2.25.*

## The Catholic Pattern

Thomas F. Woodlock

This book was written by a journalist, but it has nothing to do with the ephemeral stuff that rolls off the daily press. Rather it is the attempt of a man who has spent most of his time writing to describe the inner significance of things. It is a brief succinct treatment of the Catholic Way of Life addressed primarily to those who are not members of the Catholic Church but are curious to know more about it. The author's purpose is not to argue but simply to make clear the stand of the Church.

This Pattern, as he calls it, undertakes to answer all the "whats" and the "whys" that man can ask about God, about himself and about everything else. It centers around three tremendous facts. Man's Creation, His Fall by Original Sin, and his re-sanctification by the Incarnation. Independently of its source, the author maintains that this pattern, in comparison with the whole series of philosophies and substitutes which have gone bankrupt with time, is the only completely reasonable pattern offered to mankind today. Only in that Pattern will the world find the secret of order and peace.

*Simon & Schuster, New York, N. Y., \$2.00.*

## The Saints of Ireland

Hugh de Blacam

The author of this book loves Ireland. This is evident from his fine description of her green vales, her gaunt crags, her foam-beaten shores. All this natural beauty, however, is only a background for Ireland's spiritual beauty. Here the author really shows his love for Ireland.

He gives us a brilliant picture of her Saints, their lives teeming with legends and the miraculous stories of their deeds. They would not be Irish if there were not a certain amount of embellishment in the lives of these holy men and women. We do not mind the exaggeration since it was begotten of loving admiration. Even without the vivid imagination of poets and story-tellers, Patrick and Brigid and Columcille and a host of others were spiritual giants.

These Saints live again in these pages. We smile as we hear the old schoolmaster concluding the story of one of them as only an Irishman could: "He was a relative of my own." And the schoolmaster was right since he kept the faith they, too, had loved. The author has preserved the friendly warmth which is manifest despite the austerity of these Irish Saints. History and legend are delicately blended in this book in such a way as to leave no false impression on the reader.

*Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc., \$2.50.*

## The Solution Is Easy

Mark Schmid, O.S.B.

The title of this book might lead one to think that it concerns the present war. Well it does and it doesn't. It says nothing about the war but it goes back to the cause of war, namely, that confusion of thought which has caused man to lose his grasp on fundamentals. As a man thinks, so he acts. This war is the result of much confusion in thought and education during the past centuries.

So there is need for a clear reiteration of the fundamental truths which men have long ignored. What the author has done, and this is an awful lot, is to give us an easy approach to the bed-rock truths of scholastic philosophy. Many thinking men deprived, through no fault of their own, of the benefits of such a course of study and yet eager to acquire an acquaintance with the main tenets and principles of sound reasoning, will find satisfaction in this book. The author strips these thoughts of all the laborious argumentative procedure of definition and distinction and syllogism and pre-

sents them in a popular fashion. Those big truths must be grasped if one wishes to meet present problems sanely.

At the conclusion of each chapter there is a fine list of readings and references for further study of these interesting truths.

*Frederick Pustet Co., New York, N. Y., \$2.00.*

## Draw Near to Him

Sister Mary Aloysi Kiener, S.N.D.

This book, rich in passages from Scripture, from the Mass, from seasonal hymns and from religious poetry, strikes fresh sparks from old familiar truths under the meditative reflections of the author.

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## VICTORY BY THE MOHAWK

(Continued from page 201)

zied murders, and when the hour was over, the river was deathly still once more, but a long file of prisoners, in frightful agony from blows and bruises, was on the long bitter march into captivity far southward from Huronia, far from friends and assistance, down to the savage village of Ossernenon on the Mohawk.

René Goupil had several chances of escape along that tragic road which led to certain death. But Father Jogues was staying with the Christian captives, and the loyal Goupil refused to leave him, though he knew full well the price his loyalty would cost him. No words can recreate the torture they had to suffer before they reached their destination. Bruises and blows were not enough, tortures had to be added. Their flesh was clawed, their sores were gouged, their nails were yanked out by the roots, their fingers were chewed and hacked off,—their sores were left to fester and to be the food of flies, their backs were left to burn and bleed under the heavy packs they had to carry.

The arrival at Ossernenon brought no respite. Here and in several villages along the Mohawk, they were tortured for the *entertainment* of the inhabitants, old men and women, young men and girls, and even little children. Tying them to trees and putting flames to their flesh was only part of it. Double lines of men and women armed with clubs and metal bars were formed to welcome them, to beat them on the face and back and arms and legs as they stumbled on between them.

Water was thrown on their faces to revive them, and hot coals placed on their flesh to keep them quivering with pain. And when evening came, the children had their hour. The victims were tied to stakes, face upward, flat on the ground, unable to stir in hand or foot. The little children sprinkled them with hot ashes and giggled or shrieked with laughter when the victims could not shake them off. As soon as the ashes cooled, they scraped them off, and began anew. Not once, but several times in different villages, they had to undergo this awful treatment—running the gantlet, flames and gougings, and in the evening when the tormentors were exhausted,—the children's hour. It was the savage way of welcoming their captives.

Somehow they survived, and were given into slavery to different families. Every unsuccessful raid was blamed on them, every hurt was laid to their fault, until half the village sought to murder them. Tribal law gave that honor only to the family which owned the slave.

Then came the day when René Goupil found one lone responsive child who seemed to look on him with a child's pity and innocent concern. He taught her to make the sign of the cross. That was the end. He was seen by the tall strong savage who met him outside the

gate that evening, clubbed him to the earth, and murdered him when he fell.

This is the man we honor this year at Auriesville, once Ossernenon, the place of his captivity and martyrdom, where his memory is still cherished across 300 years. His body still lies buried here, somewhere in the Ravine where St. Isaac Jogues placed it in the keeping of God's angels. The savage assailant's name is forgotten. 100,000 savage crimes are all forgotten. Centuries of depravity all are wiped away because here a hero died for having traced a small cross on a small child's forehead, and because he bore with such tremendous courage the huge cross God let him share.

## "MAY GOD TAKE CARE OF THESE BRAVE MEN"

(Continued from page 204)

and missionaries survived, provided we here at home put our energies into collecting funds for the reconstruction after the war.

Father Lucas also acted as a chaplain, together with Father Francis Doino and Father Charles Haussmann; Fathers Andrew Cervini, Eugene O'Keefe and Hugh Kennedy are Army Chaplains, though we do not know whether any but Father Kennedy's commission was actually received. In Manila, Father Henry Avery was chaplain of the Concentration Camp before the fall of the city; Father Austin Dowd and Father Leo McGovern were Red Cross chaplains.

Father John Dugan, a major in the Army was captured on Bataan. Father Thomas Shanahan is now a captain with the American troops in Australia. Chaplains in the Philippine Army are Father I. Edralin, commissioned in Mindanao; Fathers J. Gaerlan, P. Dimaano and P. Carasig, taken prisoners on Bataan; and Father Ortiz, now chaplain of President Quezon's party, who saved the day for the Mindanao missions by bringing to Father Lucas a thousand dollars from the Manila superiors.

Father Hurley seems to have been everywhere. Elected Chairman of the "Auxiliary Board of the Archdiocese of Manila," composed of heads of all religious orders and directors of all Catholic schools and institutions, acting as executive of the Archbishop, he offered to the government, at the declaration of the war, "everyone and everything" belonging to the Church. Stories are still trickling in of the things he did, the persons he rescued. He engineered the escape from Manila to Corregidor just before Manila fell, of Leon Guerrero, brilliant young Ateneo graduate of 1935, whose radio talks had fired the people with indignation against Japanese aggression. After the fall of Manila, Father Hurley's friendship was sought by the two Japanese priests who came with the invading army. Father Hurley, as usual, "has the situation well in hand!"

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**"HOW MANY TEARS I SHED . . ."**  
(Continued from page 211)

blow that was to unite me to my beloved companion; but as they delayed, I rose and ran to him where he lay dying very close by. They gave him two more blows on the head and extinguished life, but not before I had given him absolution. Since our capture I had done so regularly after his confession every other day. . . . I was commanded to return to my cabin where I awaited the same treatment during the rest of that day and the next. . . .

Early the next morning I went and I looked about, and with the help of a captured Algonquin, now an adopted Iroquois, I found the body. After he had been killed the children had stripped him, and tying a cord around his neck had dragged him to a torrent which runs at the foot of their village. The dogs had already gnawed away part of his thighs.

At the sight I could not withhold my tears. I took the body, and, aided by the Algonquin, I sank it in the water and covered it with large stones to hide it, intending to return the next day with a spade, when there was no one near, dig a grave and bury it. . . .

The next day, while they were looking for me to kill me, my "aunt" sent me to her field, to escape, I think; this compelled me to defer my plan until the day following. It rained all night, so that the torrent was extremely swollen. I borrowed a hoe from another cabin, the better to conceal my design, but on approaching the place, I could not find the blessed deposit. I entered the water; it was already quite cold. I went up and down, sounding with my feet to see whether or not the water had raised and carried off the body, but I found nothing.

How many tears I shed, mingling them with the torrent, while I sang as best I could the psalms which the Church chants for the dead! After all, I found nothing.

A woman whom I knew, passing by and seeing me in trouble, told me when I asked her if she knew what had been done with the body, that it had been dragged to the river a quarter of a league from there, with which I was not acquainted. This was false; the young men had taken it up and dragged it to a neighboring wood, where during the fall and winter it was the food of the dog, the crow and the fox.

When I was told in the spring that we had dragged there, I went several times without finding anything; at last, the fourth time, I found his head and some half-gnawed bones, which I buried, intending to carry them off, if taken back to Three Rivers as there was then talk of doing with me. I kissed them repeatedly and with devotion as the bones of a martyr of Jesus Christ.

It was on the (29th) of September, the feast of St. Michael, that this martyr of Jesus Christ gave his life for Him who had given him His.

**WHITE FATHERS IN  
AFRICA'S DESERT WAR**  
(Continued from page 213)

White Fathers met the Tuaregs and the White Fathers gained their first martyrs. This fierce tribe kept the Society from establishing this mission until, in 1895, after the Cardinal's death, the French troops opened up the route and Bishop Hacquard, a White Father, was made Vicar-Apostolic of the "Mission of the French Sudan."

The next step in the evangelization of Africa was to conquer Central Africa for Christ. So in packing his bag to go to Rome in 1878, the Archbishop, tucked into a corner two documents—a plan for work in this region and a petition from the White Fathers to be permitted to put this plan into operation. Soon after his election, Leo XIII assigned the territory to the White Fathers and before long ten missionaries set out for the new land. It took them three and a half months (today it is a journey of forty-eight hours) to reach Tabora where they separated into two caravans, one bound for Lake Taganyika, the other for Lake Nyanza. One mission they established was that of Uganda. Here Christianity flourished until King Mwanga came to the throne and persecuted the converts. These martyrs were beatified in 1921 and since their death the Mission of Uganda has developed into one of the finest missions of the Church.

Slavery was a grave evil in Africa. It was more than an evil. It was the scourge of the continent. The defenseless negroes were at the mercy of the Arab slave traders and that which passed unseen "was revealed (by the missionaries) as though by sudden searchlights" and Cardinal Lavigerie, all, ageing, and worn out in the service of his Lord once again rallied to the cry of his people. He accepted a commission from the Holy See to undertake, a crusade against slavery. Up and down the continent, in the British Isles, his eloquence won many supporters. Tired and seeking for rest, the warrior returned to his See. But there is no rest for the weary. Persecution broke out in Uganda. Many pastoral problems arose! The Cardinal spent himself on these and soon his health broke. When Cardinal Ledochowski, the Prefect of Propaganda, heard that the Cardinal Archbishop of Carthage had died on November 26, 1892, he immediately conveyed to the Auxiliary Bishop "the undying gratitude of the Holy See to the champion of Christ fallen on the battle field and now sleeping in the peace of the Lord."

Bishop Livinhac, a White Father, succeeded the Cardinal as Superior General and when he died in 1922, Father Paul Voillard became the leader. In 1892, there were 230 in the Society—160 priests and 70 Brothers; in 1936, there were 1,025 members—724 priests and 241 Brothers. Before the war, candidates came seeking admission from the diocesan seminaries of the continent,

the British Isles and North America.

The French Foreign Legion which tried to keep order on the sands of Africa was composed of men of all nations. All nationalities likewise were represented in the ranks of the White Fathers, the Christ-like desert warriors. Before the war their largest and most important missions were in the British Colonies so, since 1912, the Society has endeavored to recruit aspirants from English-speaking countries. For this purpose houses were established in England, Scotland and Canada. The White Fathers opened an American House on July 15, last, at Alexandria Bay, New York, in the Diocese of Ogdensburg under the direction of the able Irish-Canadian, Father Remigius McCoy, W.F.

Today the aim of the White Fathers is the same as it was when those seven young men first received the habit from Monsignor Lavigerie in 1869—the conversion of Africa. This they wish to do not only by the work of their own institute but also by the establishment of a native clergy. They wish to convert Africa by means of the Africans and in this they are but following the commands of the Sovereign Pontiff.

Not only were seminaries established for the preparation of native priests but there was also a Society of native Sisters. Before the war there were five senior (excluding St. Anne's in Jerusalem) and many junior seminaries in the White Father mission territory. The native Sisters are called the "Daughters of Mary" or "Bannabikara" and are a recognized Congregation active in teaching, in caring for orphans and for the sick, and in all the other matters that are so well managed by nuns throughout the world. But this forming of native priests and nuns is a slow process and the Fathers have called in lay auxiliaries to help them in the work. These are the catechists and "without our catechists" said a White Father, "we could scarcely do any work among the pagan natives, for our time is entirely taken up in looking after the spiritual needs of those who are already Christians." Underlying this we can see the two great needs of the African missions, the same as that of all missions throughout the world—more missionaries and more of that which keeps the missionary, support both spiritual and material (prayers and money). In the Dagari Mission where there were only two priests for four tribes, one of the Fathers (Father McCoy, the new Superior of the American house) had to write: "It is forty missionaries that we need in the Dagari Mission alone, without speaking of the rest of the densely populated northern territories of the Gold Coast."

The Tuaregs are on the move again! The desert guerillas win another skirmish! These may be the daily headlines. But I prefer—

The White Fathers are still on the move! The desert warriors of the cross have won another soul to Christ.

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