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October, 1942

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AMERICAN JESUITS IN CHINA CHOOSE TO REMAIN

"Granted permission to leave by highest Superiors and offered repatriation by the Japanese, all American Jesuits in China elected to remain at their posts."

"Fr. Wilfred LeSage, S.J., internationally known for his work in the Jacquinot Refugee Zone, has offered himself for voluntary incarceration in the Yangtzepoo concentration camp to minister to the 400 Catholic soldiers and Marines taken prisoners on Wake Island and other battle zones in the Pacific."

"The missionaries are grimly holding on to their mission stations. They are respected by the Japanese as priests even though they are Americans and admired by the Communists as self-sacrificing Americans even though they are Catholic priests."

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JESUIT MISSIONS

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

OCTOBER

1942

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

CONTRIBUTORS

■ Our Associate Editor, Father John O'Farrell, S.J., of California, after wearing out the docks of New Jersey waiting for two Mexican Jesuits who arrived on the Gripsholm, brings us the first definite news in months of the American Jesuits in China. Father O'Farrell, who spent eight years on this mission, reports that "American Jesuits in China Choose to Remain" at their posts.



Richard J. McCarthy, S.J. ■ Two American Jesuits, Richard J. McCarthy, S.J., of New England, and Vincent S. Kearney, S.J., of New York, returned from the Middle East a year ago after three years' missionary experience in those parts. They now collaborate to point out "Rommel's Threat to the Middle East Missions."

■ Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J. (These Faith Robbers Must Be Stopped!), of the Missouri Province, has been covering the waterfront missions of British Honduras for the past four years. During this period the activities of Protestant sects have caused him much trouble.

■ Father John P. Deevy, S.J. (Mr. Salter "Sticks His Neck Out"), for the past two years Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS.

■ Still ably covering the missionary activity of the home front is John W. Magan, S.J. (Air-Wave Missionary), Assistant Director of the Crown Heights Labor School, Brooklyn.

■ "It All Began at Mullins River," says Eugene O. Latta, S.J., a recent recruit from the Missouri Province to the British Honduras Mission.

■ Though his mission is at Kotzebue, above the Arctic Circle, Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., informs us that "Alaska is 'Hot'" these days.



Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

THIS MONTH

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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—Some 500 Filipino residents in Washington attended a Pontifical Mass in St. Aloysius' Church on the sixty-fourth birthday of Philippine President Manuel Quezon, who is shown leaving the church with Bishop John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., Military Delegate and celebrant of the Mass. Walking behind them are Mrs. Quezon and Captain Pacifico Ortiz, S.J. Filipino loyalty to us in this war is largely due to the constructive influence of Catholic missionaries.

Much Depends

on this

MISSION SUNDAY

Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell,

National Director
The Society for the Propagation of the Faith



WHEN the first of our Marines waded ashore at Tulagi they may have been surprised to see a cross surmounting a building in this town in the remote South Solomon Islands. They undoubtedly did not know that 97 years prior to their arrival there had been another landing of valiant soldiers at Ysabel, to the northwest of Tulagi. The leader of that first band, Bishop Epalle, paid with his life for his temerity, for the then notoriously cannibalistic Solomon Islanders wanted no part of the Catholicity the good Marist Bishop came to offer them.

However, our American boys are now aware that the work of Catholic missionaries in these distant outposts has not been in vain. In the islands of San Cristoval, Guadalcanal, Ysabel, Malaita, Florida, New Georgia, as well as the Russell and Santa Cruz groups, one out of every ten natives is a Roman Catholic and there are some 50 priests, Brothers and Sisters working there, in addition to 180 native catechists. It may also come as a surprise to our landing forces in the South Solomon island groups to be greeted in English by some of the missionaries there. Actually there are six Americans working in this Vicariate—2 American priests, 1 Brother and 3 Sisters.

WHAT the future holds for the northern section of this same group remains unknown at the present time. However, prior to the Japanese invasion of the North Solomon Vicariate there were over 23,000 Catholics enrolled in this district under the guidance of the American-born Bishop Thomas J. Wade, assisted by 33 Marist priests and Brothers, as well as 30 Sisters, 5 of whom were native. In addition to the

Bishop, 10 of the priests were American, as were 3 of the Brothers and 9 of the Sisters.

As one contrasts today's landing of American forces with that of 97 years ago he realizes that the apparent failure of Bishop Epalle, who was murdered on December 19, 1845, was in reality a great success and that the fruit of his sacrifice has increased extraordinarily within less than a century. There is another contrast which should prove a revelation to readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. It is only 34 years since the United States was raised by the Holy See from the status of a missionary country, yet we find that already over one-third of the priests, Brothers and Sisters working in the far-off Solomons are Americans. Certainly this would seem that our nation is proving her pride in her Catholic heritage by willingly sending her sons and daughters to share her priceless faith with the less fortunate peoples of the world.

THE present "discovery" of Catholicity by our A. E. F. is not confined, however, to the Pacific Islands. It will occur wherever our forces are billeted in mission territory. Since the beginning of the Sino-Japanese crisis in 1937, this fact has been proven time after time. Was it not the action of the gallant Father Jacquinet de Besange, S.J., that inspired the foundation of the Nantao Safety Zone in Shanghai where some 250,000 refugees were housed and fed at one time? Was not Dom F. X. Clougherty, O.S.B., named chairman of the International Relief Committee in Central China? In his report to The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Father Clougherty announced that "within three months the missionaries gave (*Turn to page 251*)

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.


Associate Editors: JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.; JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J.; JOHN E. REARDON, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; EDWARD A. McNAMARA, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; PAUL BRENNAN, S.J.; HENRI BÉCHARD, S.J.

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American Jesuits In China Choose to Remain

John J. O'Farrell, S.J.



How could they leave with such an enthusiastic hold on their hearts.

“GRANTED permission to leave by highest Superiors and offered repatriation by the Japanese, all American Jesuits in China elected to remain at their posts” was the highlight of a report brought from Shanghai by Father Fredrico Chavez-Peon and Mr. Ramon Gomez-Robleda, two Mexican Jesuit missionaries who arrived on the *M.S. Gripsholm*, in New York, August 25th, after a 58-day trip via Lorenzo Marquez and Rio. These two missionaries when they regain their health, hope to return to China after the war and help the 840 other Jesuits remaining in China. In company with them were four orphans, children of the famous Chinese pilot, Francisco Lee, shot down in a dog fight with several Japanese planes over Nanking in October, 1937.

FATHERS CHAVEZ and Gomez reported that all American Jesuits were well, and enjoying a restricted liberty that did not seem to interfere too much with their many-sided activities. Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., has organized a Portuguese group and collected quite a few Chinese dollars for the relief of American refugees.

Father Wilfred LeSage, S.J., internationally known for his work in the Jacquinot Refugee Zone, after his “escape” from Wuhu last November with Father Ralph Deward, S.J., on the American gunboat subsequently trapped by the Japanese in the Wang Poo River, has offered himself for voluntary incarceration

in the Yangtze-poo concentration camp so as to be able to minister to the 400 Catholic soldiers and Marines taken prisoners on Wake Island and other battle zones in the Pacific. Father John K. Lipman, S.J., Procurator of the American Jesuits in China, is acting as liaison officer between the Japanese, Swiss Consulate and International Red Cross to provide food and money for American, Canadian, English and Dutch nationals stranded in Shanghai. Father James F. Kearney, S.J., veteran of 40 bombing raids on Nanking, continues to edit the *Catholic Review* and has succeeded in keeping up the Broadcast of Sunday Mass from December till the end of June.

THOUGH hunger, extreme poverty and disease stalk through the Haichow district, 200 miles north of Shanghai, where travellers are not only robbed but even stripped of their meager clothing, Fathers Mark Falvey, S.J., and Ignatius Gatz, S.J., are grimly holding on to their mission stations. They are respected by the Japanese as priests even though they are Americans and admired by the Communists as self-sacrificing Americans even though they are Catholic priests. Father Falvey's mother, over eighty years of age, died recently. News of her death may not reach her missionary son till the end of the war.

When all missionaries were practically ordered out of Nanking, Father John Magner, S.J., and Brother James Finnegan, S.J., persuaded the Japanese to allow them to remain there even though their

high school was closed. Along with a French Jesuit and a few native priests they hope to keep the light of Christianity burning on Wang Ching Wei's very doorstep.

FATHERS CARROLL and Thornton were finally ordained on June 3rd. As a precautionary measure they were raised to the Deaconate on January 30th so that they could be ordained immediately before possible internment and thus be able to work among internees as priests.

Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., well known Mission Procurator in California who had gone to China to open a new mission field and then planned to return last January, is extremely busy filling in on every imaginable type of work, thus helping to relieve the pressure on other Jesuit missionaries.

OF the last three American Jesuits to go to China, Messrs. Eugene Fahy, S.J., and John Brennan, S.J., returned from the Chabanel Language School in Peiping to Shanghai early in May. Father John McCarthy, S.J., was ordered by the General Superior of all Jesuit missionaries in China to remain with four French missionaries to keep open the language school until that day of peace when a hundred or more new missionaries will be clamoring for instruction in the Chinese language.

All the rest of the younger missionaries have been safely collected in Shanghai where they hope to continue their studies and prepare themselves for the great but glorious task of reconstruction that lies



Kid, Kids and the "Kidder," Rev. Wilfred LeSage, S.J., who scooped the Japanese on the concentration camp issue.

ahead. The ten American Jesuits stationed at Zi-ka-wei with a large number of Jesuits from 12 different nations are safe and well and carrying on in the midst of the Japanese soldiery.

When the Japanese took over the International Settlement on December 7th all Chinese government schools of the secondary and higher level were immediately closed. The American Jesuit High School, Gonzaga College, and Aurora University, directed by the French Jesuits, continued to flourish as never before and many notable conversions have been recorded among the student bodies. Both schools expect to open in the Fall with record enrollments.

THE economic situation, of course, is none too bright in Shanghai. Trade and business is practically at a standstill. All banks have been taken over by the Japanese and Wang Ching Wei's Central Reserve Bank Notes—pegged to the Chinese dollar and the Japanese yen, are the only official legal tender. American greenbacks, strange to say, still have their same value and are very much in demand. Flash an American greenback on the side-

Homeless Chinese refugees. Another reason why the American Jesuits are determined to stay in China.

walks of Shanghai and anyone will immediately give you 34 dollars in local currency. Of course, many greenbacks were needed when the price of rice was four hundred dollars a sack. It has since been "stabilized" at one hundred dollars a sack. And that grimly means that 50 Chinese are dying every day in the streets of Shanghai from starvation.

"Escaping," as it were, on the refugee liner Gripsholm, from this depressing area came the orphaned Lees: Conchita 18, Gloria 12, Paco 10 and Marie 5, children of a Chinese pursuit pilot and a Mexican Mother. The arrival of these orphans added another proof of the operative universality of the Catholic Church and her missionary spirit.

FRANCISCO LEE migrated to Mexico over 20 years ago, became a naturalized citizen and there married a Mexican girl. After the birth of the two oldest children, the Lees returned to China where Paco and Marie were born. Before the Sino-Japanese war began, Francisco Lee, an experienced civilian pilot, joined the small but heroic Chinese fighter squadron. He was among those who afforded fighter protection for the squadron of Northrop bombers that attacked the Japanese fleet in the Wang Poo river, Shanghai, on Friday Aug. 13th, 1937, which you may recall.

LITTLE did the writer and other American Jesuit missionaries in Shanghai realize they were going to become associated with the children of this pilot chasing a Japanese seaplane through the clouds. A few months later, Lee shot down three Japanese planes over Nanking, but paid for this victory with his life. Prostrated by the news Mrs. Lee died a few months afterwards after giving birth to Marie.

When Paco had "outgrown" the girls orphanage Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J. persuaded a Portuguese family to adopt him. Before returning to America in 1940 the writer visited St. Joseph's orphanage in Shanghai to say good-bye, and there met in a group though not personally three of the orphans in this story.

AS soon as the Japanese agreed to the exchange of nationals via the Gripsholm, Mr. Edward Espinosa, Mexican Charge d'Affaires, assumed responsibility for the children. The family of Father Chavez, S.J. had already agreed to take care of them in Mexico until their relatives could be found.

All in all, the report of Fathers Chavez and Gomez and the arrival of the orphaned Lees linking us to the Chinese and our missionaries in China was as a bright and cheerful frame to an otherwise sombre and grim picture presented by many of the repatriates on the Gripsholm.





(Above) Baghdad military police get a spot of tea at the guard house. (Left) Moslems at prayer in the Arabian Desert where in the past few months they have seen American troops land to take up military operations.

Rommel's Threat to the Middle East Missions

Two American Jesuits, one from Baghdad, the other from Egypt, interpret the significance of the Axis advance in the territory which Belloc describes as "the Battleground."

Richard J. McCarthy, S.J.

THE lightning advance of Marshal Rommel's caterpillar legions across the Libyo-Egyptian border has once more focused minds on the perennially restless scene of the Middle East. Egypt and the lands to her east and north are no strangers to the martial tramp of armies. In time past the "Daughter of the Nile" has been wooed by Macedonian and Moslem, by Roman, Frenchman and Briton. Classical Syria (modern Syria, Lebanon, Palestine and Transjordan) has been called simply "The Battleground" by Belloc.

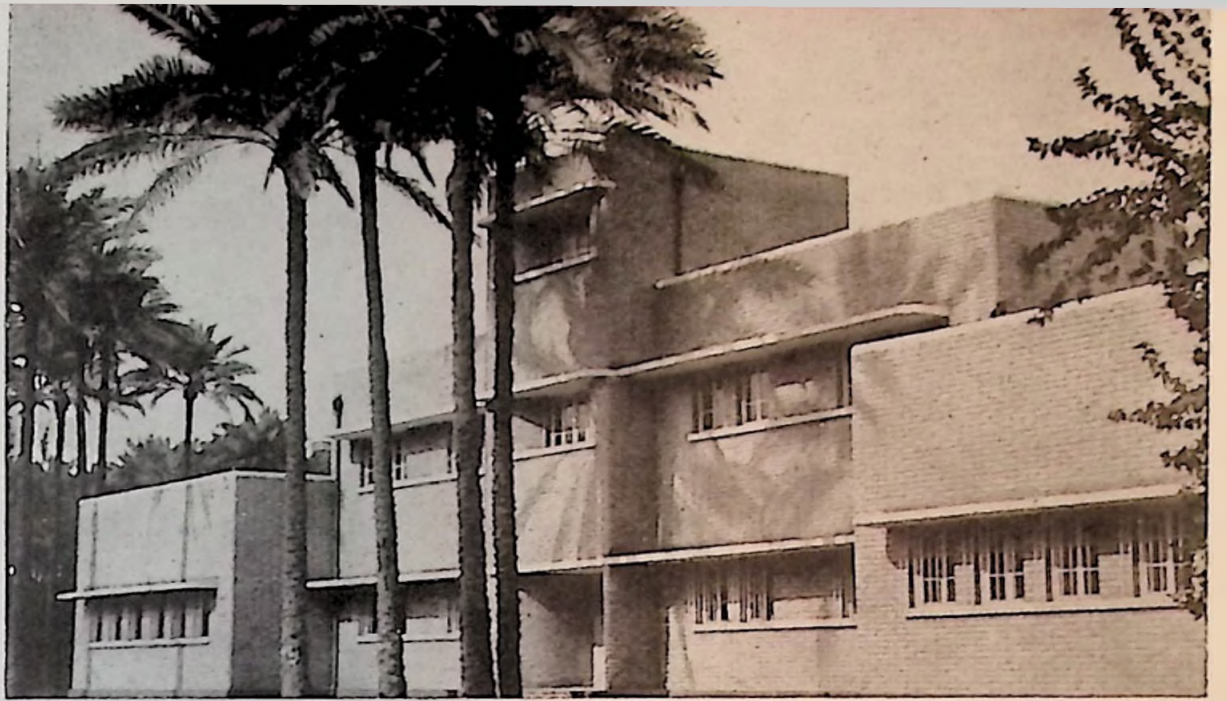
Further east lies the "Land of the Two Rivers," the modern kingdom of Iraq. Its ancient soil, probable site of the Garden of Eden, reticent-

ly embraces the bones of Assyrians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Persians, Romans, and Moslems. To its north lies Turkey, the storied Asia Minor of old. Its eastern border is shadowed by the great Iranian plateau, domain of the Shah-in-shah. To its south is the Persian Gulf, one of the world's most strategically important bodies of water. And, swinging like a giant pendant from the cord of classical Syria and Iraq, is the barren Arabian Peninsula, cradle of Islam and ancient land of aromatics, from which Sheba came to Solomon.

ALL this is geography and history. Countless books have been written about the incredibly rich past of these 3,000,000 square miles we call the Middle East. Less numerous are the books about the

passage and repassage of Christ through these countries, in and through His followers and apostles. The first four centuries of Church History are largely concerned with these same countries. And in succeeding centuries their lamentable fertility in heresy and schism made them ever an object of sad concern to the guardians of Catholic unity. But this, too is history, and he who runs may read.

What I have just written may serve as a rather sketchy introduction to a consideration of modern Iraq's position in the present momentous grouping of affairs in the Middle East. The question might be approached from the political viewpoint, or the economic, or the military and strategic. All these viewpoints have their importance, and their proponents have a great



(Above) One of the newest buildings of Baghdad College conducted by the American Jesuits. And (left) some of the College's curious neighbors.

deal to say. Both the United Nations and the Axis Governments are fully aware of the various elements involved in the situation, but none more so than Great Britain. For beyond Iraq, Iran and the Persian Gulf lies India and beyond the political hodge-podge of India are the Japanese. Moreover, it is no secret that there are American troops in the south of Iraq and nearby. What they are doing is not known to everyone, but certainly they are not there for the fun of it.

Correspondent Edgar Snow, in the *Saturday Evening Post* of July 4th, wrote from Calcutta: "In the yellow sands around Basra and Abadan (at the head of the Persian Gulf) lies perhaps the most valuable single piece of earth in the world today . . . supremely important to our survival here in India." And at the other end of Iraq is Turkey, thus far neutral, though her position becomes more and more problematic in the light of the German advance in Russia.

BUT there is another, in a sense narrower, in a sense infinitely broader viewpoint from which we can consider the position of Iraq today. I mean the Christ-viewpoint of the American Jesuits in Baghdad. It was in the September of 1932 that they opened the doors of Baghdad College to the Christian youth of Iraq, and to such Moslems and

Jews as they might be able to accommodate.

Beginnings are always hard, and there was no exception to the proverb in their case. Thanks, however, to the unfailing spiritual and material support of those back home, the ten years have witnessed a constant progress. Now, on the bank of the historic Tigris River, they have two splendid buildings, one the school proper, the other a residence for the Fathers and the boarders. Their prestige has constantly been growing and many of the nation's notables are only too happy to entrust their sons' education to the "American Fathers."

DURING the past year there were 185 students, of which number about 40 were boarders. Naturally, most of the boys are Christians (chiefly Catholic, though several are Orthodox), but there is a goodly representation of Moslems and Jews.

As I write this, I have just received news of the fifth annual commencement, an event which brought the number of graduates to more than one hundred. With the increasing number of graduates we shall now begin to see the fruits of Jesuit education in Iraq. Some of the first alumni have just completed, or are completing, their professional training in the fields of Medicine, Law, Pharmacy, Education, etc. Frankly, we are proud of them because they represent for the most part a high type of boy, and we are sure that they will be a credit

to the education they have received. This means much in a country which is almost ninety-five per cent Moslem.

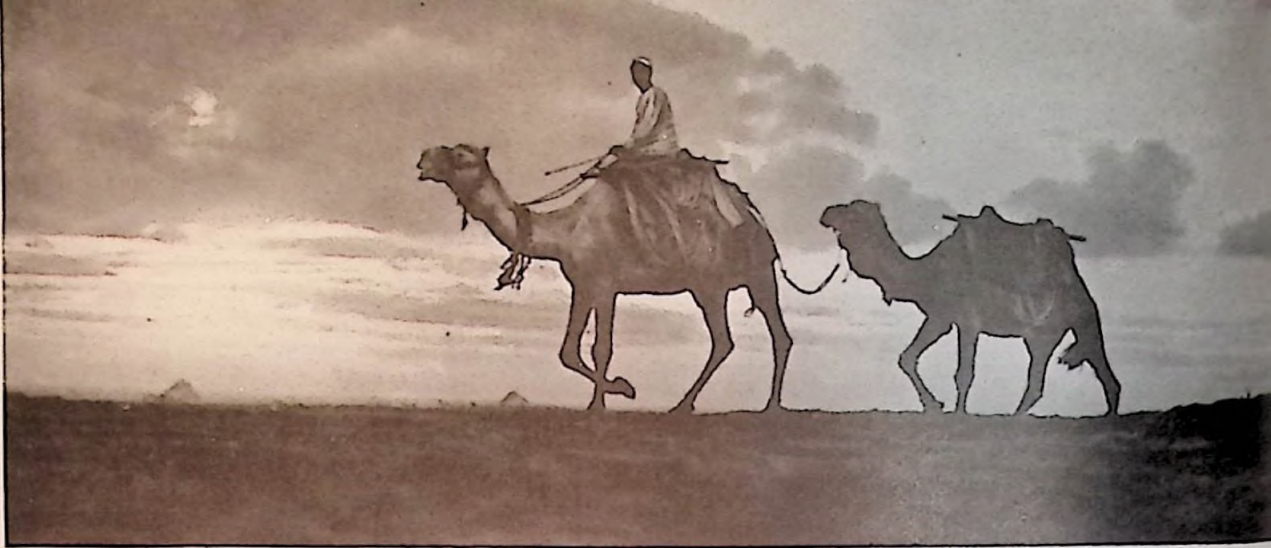
WHILE the Fathers bade goodbye to the newest alumni their thoughts must have been both of past and future. They can look back on a record of achievement. But what of the future, in the light of present conditions? It would be idle to pretend that they do not realize the gravity of their position. Thus far they have experienced no other than material discomforts as a result of World War II.

The abortive revolution of a year ago last May left them and their work practically untouched. Father Francis Sarjeant, S.J., Rector of the college, could write that this past year has been the smoothest year thus far, relatively at least, since absolutely smooth years are not to be expected. Just now their work is starting to bear fruit, and it seems to be threatened by events to their north and west. What are we to think of their position?

MY own feelings about the present situation of Baghdad College are prompted by a conviction that became very real to me during my years in Baghdad. Military and political considerations have nothing at all to do with it. I do not deny them, but, thank God, I can look beyond and above them. The Christ-viewpoint will prevail in Baghdad. I cannot believe that God means this great work to end now.

The Threat to Egypt

Vincent S. Kearney, S. J.



THE Church has much at stake in Egypt. At the present moment those engaged in missionary activity among the Egyptians are beginning to fear lest the fortunes of war in turning against the Allies turn against them as well.

During the past fifty years Jesuit Missions have played a large part in the attempt to win Egypt once again back to the faith. The Nazi descent on Greece, however, the violent taking of Crete, their sudden appearance in Libya after General Wavell had routed the Italian armies and their attempted filtration into the Levant States, all with an eye on Suez, have caused certain of the French Jesuits to wonder how long their work was going to continue without interruption, indeed, how long it would continue without suffering irreparable harm.

While serious progress has not been made toward breaking down the natural opposition the Moslem has toward Christianity, any casual critic would maintain that extraordinary work has been accomplished by the French Jesuits in Egypt. The religious situation in Egypt is a complex one. It is a complexity that is the fruit of centuries and an understanding of it is necessary if one is to comprehend the nature of what the French Jesuits are trying to do and of any threat to that work that may come as a result of the war.

EGYPT has long known Christianity, much longer than it has known Islam, the dominant religious influence in the country today. According to tradition the Gospel was first preached in the country by St. Mark the Evangelist. It swept the country as completely as any of its desert sandstorms. We read of the first monks in the Church retiring into the desert the more perfectly to

practice a Christian life in the midst of its barren solitudes. Remnants of the glories of Egyptian monasticism still stand in the famous monasteries at Wadi el Natrun fifty miles northwest of Cairo, on Mt. Sinai and in numerous other places. They seem doomed to be soon caught up in the swirl of armored cars, tanks, and mobile artillery that make up a modern army.

While these relics of a past age are reminders of a glory that once was Egypt, they are also reminders of the first dissension in the ranks of Christians. They are inhabited by Copt Orthodox monks. When Schism came to the Eastern Church it came to Egypt and in 450 A.D. the monk, Dioscorus, led vast numbers of the Egyptian clergy away from the Church. Thus was born Coptic Orthodoxy, the first feature of the complex problem that religion presents in Egypt.

LATER in 640 A.D. Islam arose in its might and spread over North Africa. Egypt lay in its path and was swallowed up. The Copts, as Egyptian Christians are known, were forced to choose between the sword and Mohammedanism. Many chose the latter; many were slaughtered. Tales are told of whole villages being wiped out. Though some remained faithful to their beliefs thirteen hundred years of Arab infiltration, intermarriage and bitter persecution have left Egypt for all practical purposes a Mohammedan country with a populace bitterly hostile wherever Christians are concerned. Indeed it would seem that the work of St. Mark would have to be done all over again.

Not taking into account the undermining by American Protestants, this in brief is the situation

the French Jesuits met when they came to Egypt fifty years ago. The country had a population of 14,000,000, 91% of which was Moslem. The rest were Christian the Orthodox outnumbering the Catholics to the ratio of 60 to 1. The latter had resisted both Schism and Islam throughout the long centuries. At that time, however, Catholicism seemed to be about to disappear from the land because there were no priests. In the Copt Catholic rite there remained but ten or twelve and these were scattered up and down the valley of the Nile.

ACCORDINGLY the Holy Father requested the French Jesuits to go into Egypt for the purpose of building up a Copt Catholic clergy. They began with a seminary in Cairo. So successful was it that they were asked to take in lay students as well, a fact which bespeaks a certain recognition on the part of the Moslem government. That little seminary was the nucleus of the present College de la Sainte Famille engaged today in educating 400 boys of many religious beliefs, and of all rites of the Eastern Church, both Schismatic and Catholic.

The Copts still make use of the school for their seminarians. Here they receive their classical training before departing for their own major seminary at Tahta in Upper Egypt. Priests are coming forth filled with zeal for their own people who were at one time, and that not so long ago, almost lost sheep of the fold.

THE pulse of Catholicism is beginning to beat more strongly in the land. The *fellah*, which is the Arabic name for peasant, is becoming conscious not only of the tenets

of his religion, many of which had been long forgotten but also that he has a faith, a religion which is a power and of which he can make an open profession before his Mohammedan compatriots with as much splendor and dignity as they can. It makes a great deal of difference to a body of people who have been persecuted for centuries by fanatical neighbors.

FITTING climax to the long years of success that the seminary has had is the consecration of Msgr. Khouzam, a former student, as Copt Catholic Bishop of Upper Egypt a few years ago. Wherever he went visiting his people after his consecration he was welcomed with great enthusiasm, for these people, simple of heart as they are, were at last taking pride in something that was their very own, their Church, their spiritual leader.

The school is likewise having its effect on the Moslem lay students. The boys become attached to the Fathers and once grown up they remain loyal to them. Many of these alumni have high ranks in the government and have often given proofs of sincere friendship. What prevents them from accepting Christian truth is fear of their Moslem coreligionaries, for to adhere to Christianity is to separate themselves from their Mohammedan milieu.

ALMOST simultaneously with the arrival of the French Fathers in Cairo fifty years ago a small group of Jesuits arrived in El Minyeh, a town 150 miles south of Cairo in Upper Egypt. Here in the heart of Egypt, for Cairo may be the center of activity but it is not the real Egypt, are found the extremes of missionary life.

Europeans find it difficult in El Minyeh and the surrounding villages that make up the territory allotted to the station. The climate

itself is enough to wear out a sturdy constitution. The missionary is forced to make his journeys for the most part on foot. Once he reaches the village the dense, airless and lightless mud-huts are his home. He must learn Arabic or he can do nothing for the people. Learning Arabic is almost a disheartening process as the Europeans never arrive at speaking it perfectly, except in rare instances. He must eat their food, not always the most inviting. Unless he is fortunate in finding something that resembles a bed he sleeps on the ground, a trying ex-



Cairo, Egypt, the heart of Islam, long the scene of the French Jesuits' labors seems about to be caught up in the swirl of armored cars, tanks and mobile artillery that makes up a modern army on the march.

perience during the chill December night that follows a sweltering day.

IT is in Upper Egypt, however, where one meets those material difficulties that tend to make life all the harder, that the most marked successes are being recorded.

Copt Catholic and Latin priests capitalize on the disrepute, greed and ignorance of the Orthodox clergy. The Christians come to the Catholic priest willingly. They are quick to realize that he is something different from their own. They sense the fact and are given ample grounds for believing that he is there for their good and expects nothing in return. The result is they want to become Catholics and are being converted at the rate of several thousand a year.

It is by such successful work among the Orthodox that the Church in Egypt hopes finally to reach the Mohammedan. Orthodoxy

is the first obstacle. The inroad made by the American Protestant Missionary Societies will take care of itself, for Christians of the East are not made for Protestantism if their love for liturgy is to be any gauge in judgment. Once that first obstacle has been removed in Egypt it seems logical that Ethiopia, the Bishops of whose church are under the Copt Orthodox Patriarch of Alexandria, will follow their neighbors into the fold. The approach to the Moslems would be easier if all the Christians of the country were of one unified belief. It may

be safe to say that one of the reasons why Mohammedanism looks askance at Christianity is the very obvious dissidence that appears in the ranks of those who call themselves followers of Christ.

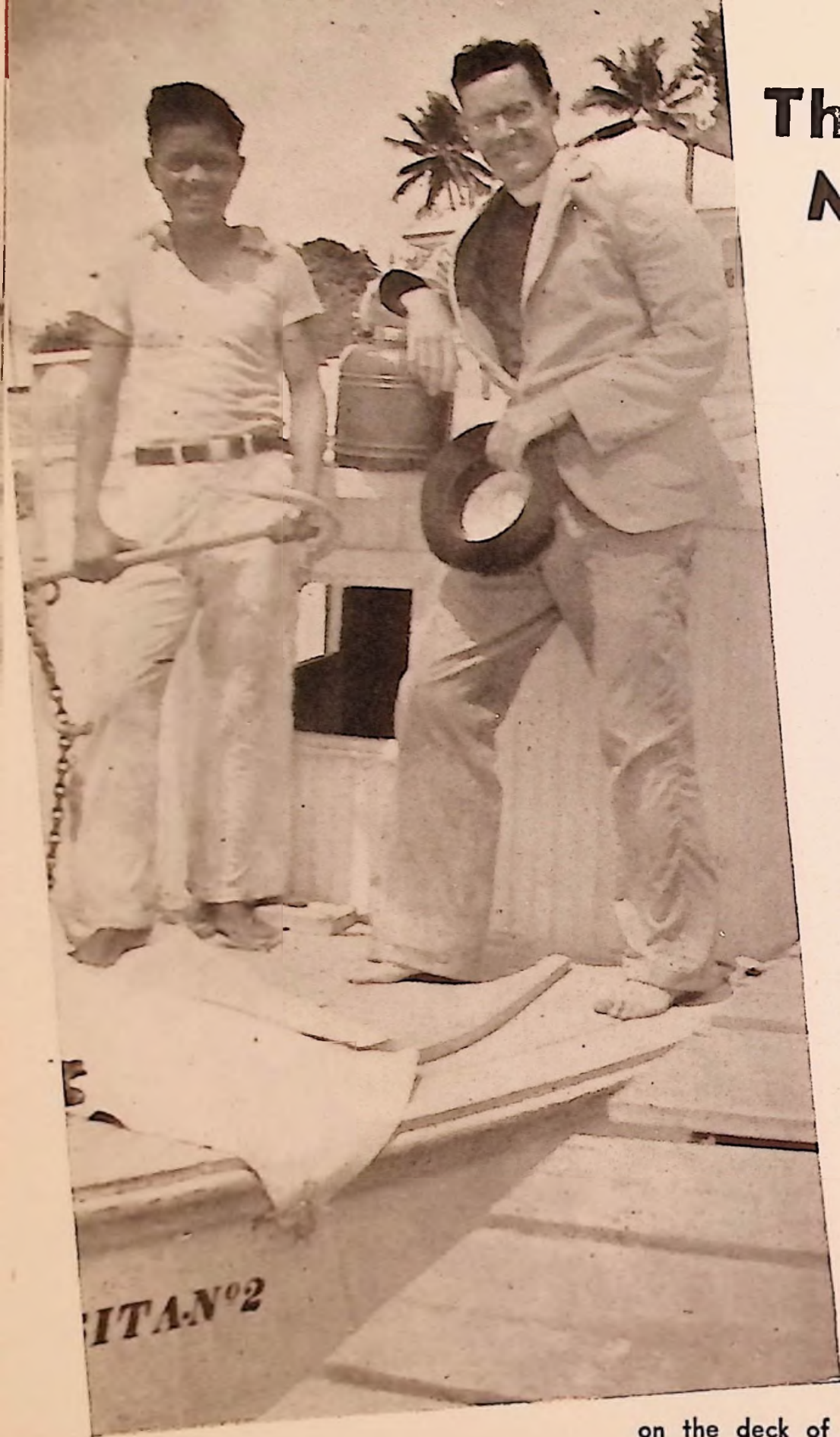
While the outlook is bright as far as the work among Christians is concerned it must still be remembered that what has been done even there is a mere scratching of the surface.

Whether the completion is to be retarded indefinitely or not is precisely what is giving those working in Egypt a feeling of apprehension.

NAZI propaganda usually reaches a country long before its panzer divisions. Egypt has been no exception and the very complexity of the religious situation in Egypt merits that that propaganda be directed along religious lines. Taking advantage of Arab fanaticism their catchword is, "A Moslem Egypt for Moslems." The Germans must win the Arab over and there is no better way to do it. Predictions have come over the Berlin radio that the day was at hand when the Copts would be shipped off to Ethiopia, Syrian Christians, of which there are plenty, back to Syria and the Mohammedan element left dominant. Perhaps such promises to the Arab may seem too fantastic to be (Turn to page 251)

These Faith-Robbers Must Be Stopped!

Joseph D. Wade, S.J.



(Left) Father Joseph Wade, S.J., with his catechist on the deck of the mission boat. (Right) Children of Progreso welcome their sea-going Padre, who fears they will be stolen from the true fold.

The campaign by certain Protestant sects to undermine the faith of Catholics in Central and South America has been condemned by sincere Protestants. Yet the well financed campaign still goes on. The present article relates a typical instance. It will be followed by others. It is our hope that sincere Catholics as well as sincere Protestants will be aroused to this danger to Latin-American relations and the faith of thousands.—*Editor.*

JOSÉ had sent an urgent message to "El Convento de los Padre" in Corozal, British Honduras, saying that the Padre should rush to Progreso at once if he wished to save it from apostasy. Why? The

great "Jefe" of the Adventists had arrived two weeks before with pictures, slides and projector.

Every night he had given a long show, free. In ingratiating manner, and fluent Spanish, he explained that he had come to bring the "light," wipe away all tears, and bestow on each one peace. As a matter of fact, the end of the world was only a short time off, and if they would escape that day of terrible reckoning they must hand over all gold ornaments, pay the Old Testament tithes and let the light flood right down deep into their souls.

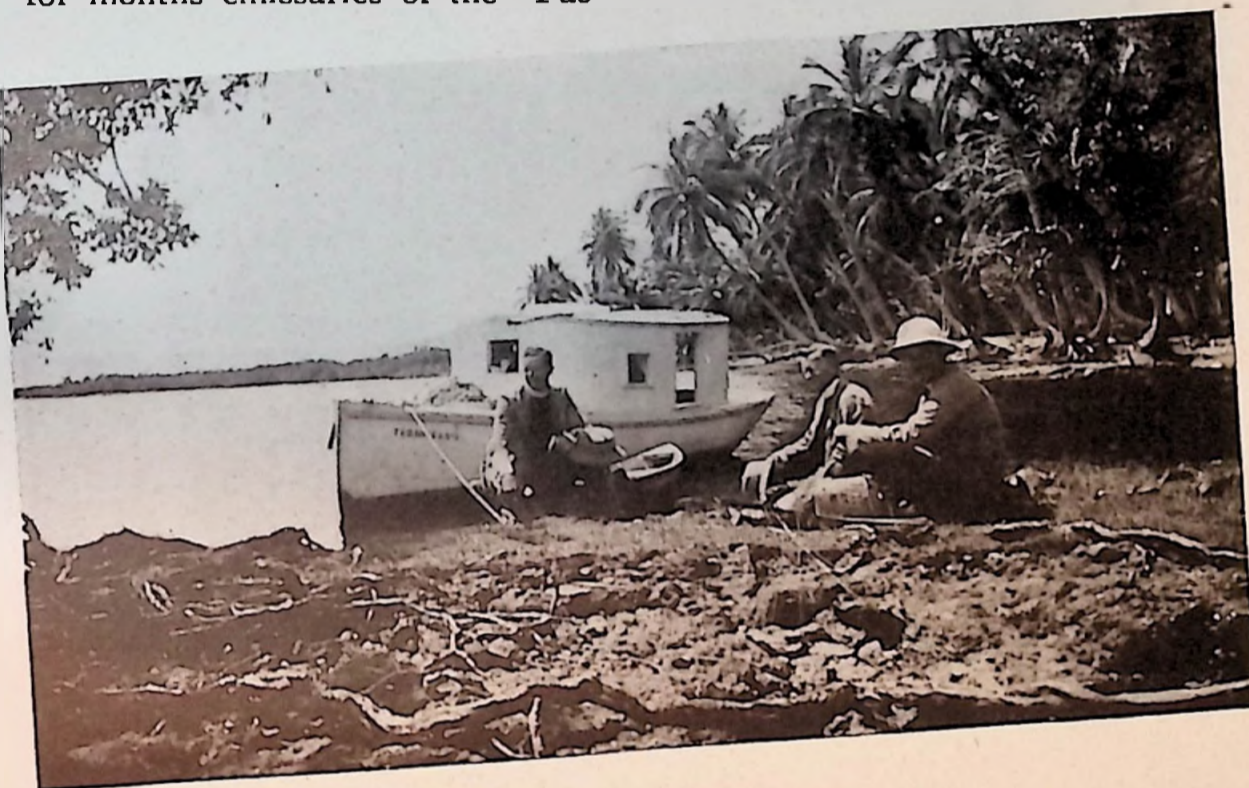
It was easy—give and believe, and behold they were already "Eligidos"—chosen ones of God. If they refused this call from God, His wrath would soon fall upon them.

WHEN the Padre arrived in Corozal the message was already a week old, so he had to go at once. He got his boat ready, and set out on a journey up the bay for a little more than an hour, and up a series of winding creeks and wide shallow lagoons for about three hours. Finally, Progreso was seen spread out on the brow of a high

hill at the side of one of the larger lagoons, a village of some dozen frame houses with zinc roofs, and many others of poles and leaves cut from the bush. There in the center facing the lagoon was the fine little church, built many years before in the former prosperous days of chicle and mahogany logging.

IN a moment the "Teresita" had reached the wharf, where José and one or two others stood waiting to welcome the Padre. There were tears in José's eyes as he said, "Padre, I am afraid you have arrived too late to save all. Half the village is already his." The Padre knew that this was possible, because for months emissaries of the "Pas-

tor" had been visiting the village for a day or so at a time, sowing doubt and confusion concerning their religion, and preparing the ground for the attack by the great "Jefe." Now the crisis had arrived; the test of the strength of two powers for the soul of this little town was about to open.



pause for a rest in their strenuous work of covering the water missions of Corozal. Among other things the

Father Wade (left) and companions missionary must be a good navigator.

tor" had been visiting the village for a day or so at a time, sowing doubt and confusion concerning their religion, and preparing the ground for the attack by the great "Jefe." Now the crisis had arrived; the test of the strength of two powers for the soul of this little town was about to open.

THE first thing was to get all the Mass equipment and other belongings from the boat up to the church and the Padre's house. José then sat down to tell his story. For more than two weeks the "Jefe" had shown his slides every night. The crowds had gone at first because they were a novel and rare treat.

days of preaching, showing pictures of his own, and visiting the people from house to house, routine work for all the Fathers in the mission. At first the reception was cold; arguments of the "Pastor" were hurled back at the Father. Speaking to the people with great kindness, and about the "Pastor" with great severity, he took up each argument, and then added words to stir up the courage to resist. The "Pastor" who was at first referred to as "The other Padre" gradually became "El Engañador," the Deceiver.

Finally, after much patient instruction, the situation began to change. They were coming back to their Padre, the black clouds of sus-

picion that had gathered over their souls were dissipating, and the warmth of faith was flowing back.

A few days passed, and anger against the one who had almost robbed them of their faith, arose in their hearts. The young bloods who had been strangely cowed, now saw that they had a champion who was not afraid of the "Jefe." They arose with the impulsiveness of youth, and came to the Father by night with a proposition that they throw "the Deceiver" into the lagoon. From then the Father's work was to protect the "Pastor" from violence.

A NUMBER of more faithful ones decided that a public profession of faith should be made. It would be a procession in the streets, carrying the little statue of the Blessed Virgin, an antique village treasure, and a large crucifix, two objects railed against by the "Jefe." Down the street went the procession with Our Lady's statue. With their eyes on their treasure, fearfully the first brave souls joined, then more and more as they passed house after house, until it became a landslide and all rushed to join and exulting and praying vociferously and singing defiantly the whole village streamed past the house of the "Jefe" who watched it and saw that he was through.

The next day he called a lad aside, and sent him to the Father with this message: "The Padre has opened his mouth to eat me, so I go." And he did.

IT was three months later before the Father was again in the village. An improvement was going on. A year passed and the improvement continued. It was a different Progreso. Many who had been away from the sacraments for years came back.

One might ask how a Catholic people could be so quickly deceived. You must know that they in Progreso were living far from the modern ideas of the enemies of the faith. Since they had not heard these things before, they did not know what to answer to one fortified with all clever deceits of a sect so perfectly organized in the States. To counteract this evil we need more Catholic schools down here.



Very Rev. George Marin, S.J., pledges the support of the 840 Jesuit missionaries in China from 12 nations to the Holy Father's representative, Most Rev. Mario Zanin, Apostolic Delegate to the Republic of China.

THE story of the American Jesuits' decision to remain in China, though offered every opportunity to leave, has already been told in this issue.

Equally simple, equally inspiring is the report on the eleven other groups of Jesuits strung out in the coastal provinces of China from Peiping to Macao.

"Those amazing Irish Jesuits" was the most common expression in the conversation of internees at the Stanley Concentration Camp, Hongkong, according to diplomats, missionaries and correspondents interviewed upon the arrival of the *M.S. Gripsholm* in New York. One Missionary Sister stated all refugees at the concentration camp in Stanley were loud in their praise of the Irish Jesuit priests who for days at a time were working in the line of fire providing temporary shelter for fear-crazed refugees, removing the wounded and administering the sacraments amid exploding shells.

Hongkong waterfront—scene of the heroic acts of "those amazing Irish Jesuits." In the distance, to the left, Stonecutter's Island; to the right, the Kowloon docks. Across this stretch of water swam Japanese commandos, speeding the fall of the Crown Colony.

Dangerous Living

Eight Hundred and Forty Jesuit Missionaries in China Reporting—

VAUGHAN MEISLING, correspondent, an eye-witness of the above, reported more in detail on some of the 47 Irish Jesuits. Fathers Joy, McCarthy and Grogan did yeoman work at the government hospital in Hongkong during hostilities. Father Thomas Ryan, S.J., fearless and outspoken editor of *The Rock*, a Catholic monthly dealing with far-eastern affairs, was not molested by the Japanese. Ricci Hall was shelled and looted by the invaders. Wah Yan College is intact and hopes to reopen if some German Jesuits from Tokyo can be obtained to teach Japanese. Several other Irish Jesuits have started new mission stations on the Chinese mainland.

THE Canadian Jesuit Mission of Suchow is holding up under the constant indirect pressure and general annoyance of the Japanese. Though they are not allowed to travel from one mission to another, their schools "miraculously" remain open. Only a Jesuit or a Chinese could play the hand these happy Canadians are playing. The story about the joker in this subtle "card game" can only be told at the end of the war, but it is working beautifully right now. Father Ngavi, an Italian Jesuit, acts as liaison officer between the Japanese and our 60 Canadian missionaries. All remain at their mission stations.

IN Tamingfu, the 40 Hungarian Jesuits are not bothered much by the "friendly" Japanese, but they do know that a price has been set upon their individual heads by several of the Communist leaders of the 8th Route Army. Such a state of affairs has not prevented them from reaping a rich harvest of 8,000 souls. A goodly number of their Christians are being killed by the Japanese and the Communists not for money but because they are found to be carrying the wrong kind. Honorable revolvers explode when Chinese farmers are caught with Communist bank notes and heads are lopped



off when the Communists find Japanese military *yen* in the patched pockets of a poor coolie.

VERY little news has leaked out about the 26 Portuguese Jesuits on the island of Macao. With Portugal still neutral and its scudi accepted as a medium of exchange we hopefully presume their mission work has not been more than normally impeded by this global war.

The 144 French Jesuits in the Sienhsien mission, Hopci Province, have been and are being sorely tried. Everyone is conversant with conditions in France at the moment; so, little imagination is required to realize how seriously such conditions are affecting the Sienhsien mission. Several native priests have been killed—some of them tortured to death for their faith, and their large regional seminary has been occupied by Japanese troops. Severe floods and subsequent droughts have literally turned large portions of this once flourishing mission into a graveyard for the victims of starvation, disease and reprisal shootings.

When His Excellency, Most Rev. Leopold Brellinger, S.J., entered the town of Nankung, a few years ago, to assume episcopal charge of the vicariate of Kingsien and the 40 Jesuit missionaries laboring there, his Christians, after great sacrifices, presented him with a "purse" consisting of two sacks of flour and four pigs. And yet he and his co-workers have accomplished miracles and are happy to report that they have opened a regional seminary where they hope to train aspirants to the native clergy from several neighboring vicariates.

THE 185 Spanish Jesuit missionaries in the vicariates of Anking and Wuhu, though they have lost heavily during the past year or so are struggling along heroically trying to keep their seminaries and schools open for the training of the native clergy. Already a number of their isolated missionaries have practically gone native in order to stay with their ever-increasing flocks of Christians. Several of these young missionaries have died suddenly of unknown fevers.

The Mission of Shanghai and its 250 Jesuits, one of the largest and best organized in the Catholic Church, suffered great material damage during the Sino-Japanese war. Just when their two large regional seminaries were on the point of collapse, Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., obtained help from several American bishops. This generous aid has long since been utilized, and the collapse of France has again brought the problem of training the native clergy to a most critical stage. Help can be sent them through Swiss diplomatic channels. One of their many problems is the gap between young and old missionaries. Having lost over 400 Jesuits in the last World War they were unable to send very many missionaries to China between 1914 and 1924. As a result, there are a number of missionaries over 70 years of age trying to do work that would tax the strength of a missionary of 40. Father Lecointre, saintly trainer of mission catechists and Father Durand, head of the Minor Seminary at Zi-ka-wei have already succumbed to the heavy burdens they have been so generously carrying through these many trying and difficult years.

October Mission Intention

Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy

- The object of this work is to gather funds for the training of native priests in non-Christian lands and for the erection of seminaries in these countries. For the 14,000 native seminarians now in training, the minimum budget necessary is about \$1,500,000.00. Those who give \$100.00 a year for six years or smaller amounts over a correspondingly longer period can justly say: "I have given a priest to the service of Almighty God."

- We urge our readers to be Catholic in their outlook and their prayers, and to be as generous as possible toward this Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy, for it is the only court of appeal, the only means that many a comparatively unknown native seminary has at its disposal. Tremendous good has al-



Filipino Jesuit Novices praying for the preservation of the Faith in the Philippines. June, 1941, a record group of 19 young Filipino novices, fruit of the Jesuit system of education, began their training for the native priesthood.

ready been accomplished by this Society and more and more native seminaries in these days of global war have come to depend upon it for support.

- The picture in this column and the report of the 840 Jesuits in China is but a glimpse of the large amount of Native Clergy work entrusted to the Society of Jesus. Actually one-eighth of all the native seminarians in the world are being trained by Jesuit missionaries.

- Pray much for this important Pontifical Society, try to send to it regularly some generous donation for the cause it represents, and remember that Papal statement: "Better one native priest than 50,000 Baptisms."

Mr. Salter "Sticks Hi

John P. Deevy, S.J.



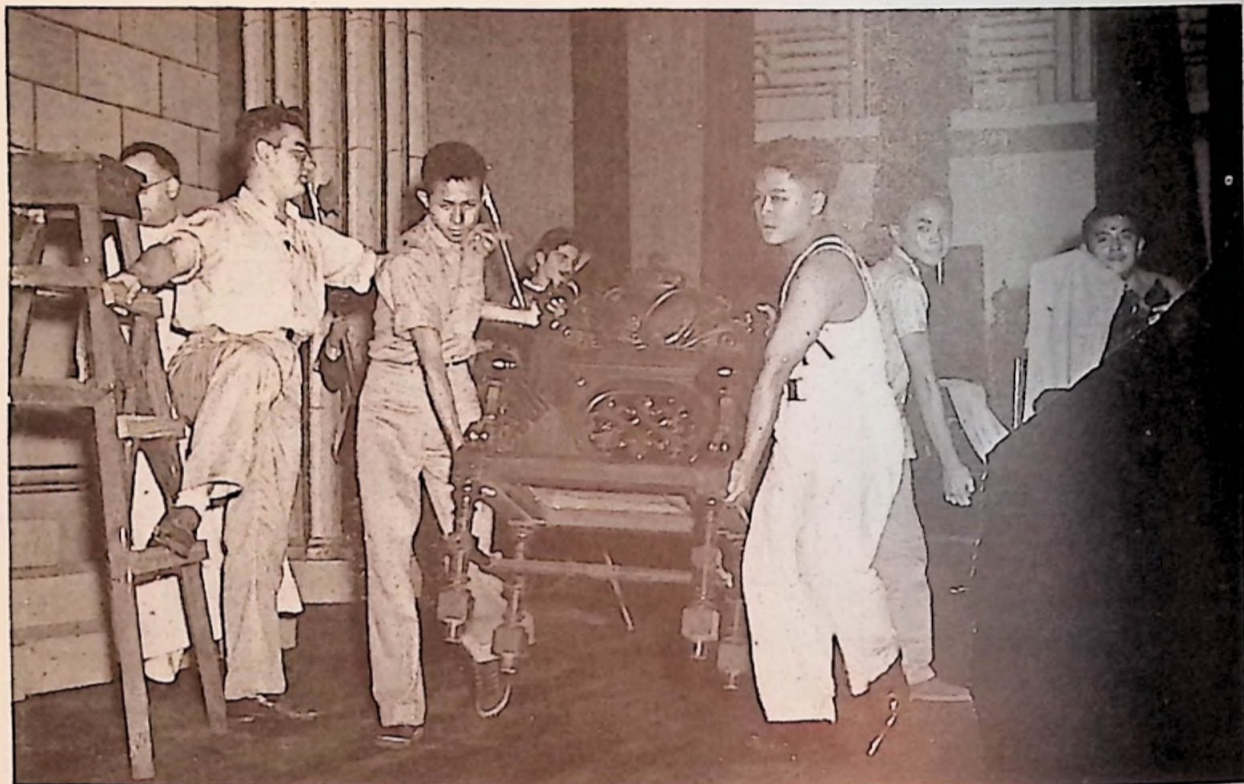
AFTER the many accounts related by Army and Navy officers of the heroism of the American Jesuit missionaries in the Philippines, it is incredible that anyone should charge them with playing the part of Fifth Columnists. But this is precisely what was done recently.

A certain K. H. Salter of Madison, Wisconsin, wrote a letter to the *Springfield Republican* of Springfield, Massachusetts, accusing the Jesuits of having tried to undermine the patriotism of the Filipinos. The instance: a radio broadcast, given by the students of the famous Ateneo de Manila University, conducted by the American Jesuits.

With communications with the Philippines cut off, Mr. Salter apparently thought he was safe in making this attack. But it happened that the only Jesuit to reach this country from the Philippines was the man who was immediately responsible for the broadcast in question, Father Pacifico Ortiz, S.J., former Assistant Director of the *Commonweal Hour* in Manila and now a Captain in the Philippine Army and Chaplain to President Quezon.

WHEN the slander was brought to his attention he characterized the charges as "a downright lie" in a letter to the editor of the *Springfield Republican* which brought out the following points:

1. That Mr. Salter's authority for his charges was the "Philippine Magazine" owned and edited by Mr.



(Left) Cadets receive Communion at the monthly military Mass at the Ateneo. (Above) The stage crew sets up a scene for a play under the direction of Father Russell Sullivan, S.J., in background, who supervised the *Commonweal Hour*.

Abraham Van Hellig Hartendorp, an anti-Catholic sheet which was banned from the Philippine public high schools by the Protestant Secretary of Public Instruction.

2. That most of the young actors in the radio play fought heroically on Bataan.

3. That 200 of the youthful undergraduates of the Jesuit school which was charged with being a place where Fifth Columnists were turned out, fought through the entire Philippine Campaign and many of them were killed.

4. That the testimony of Army and Navy heroes such as Lieutenant Commander Bulkeley and Lieutenant-Colonel Clear have extolled the heroism and cooperation with the American Armed Forces of the Jesuits all over the Philippine Islands.

When the smoke of this controversy had settled down, it looked as though Mr. Salter had "stuck his neck out" and the American Jesuits appeared more heroic than before.

Father Ortiz's letter continues in part as follows:

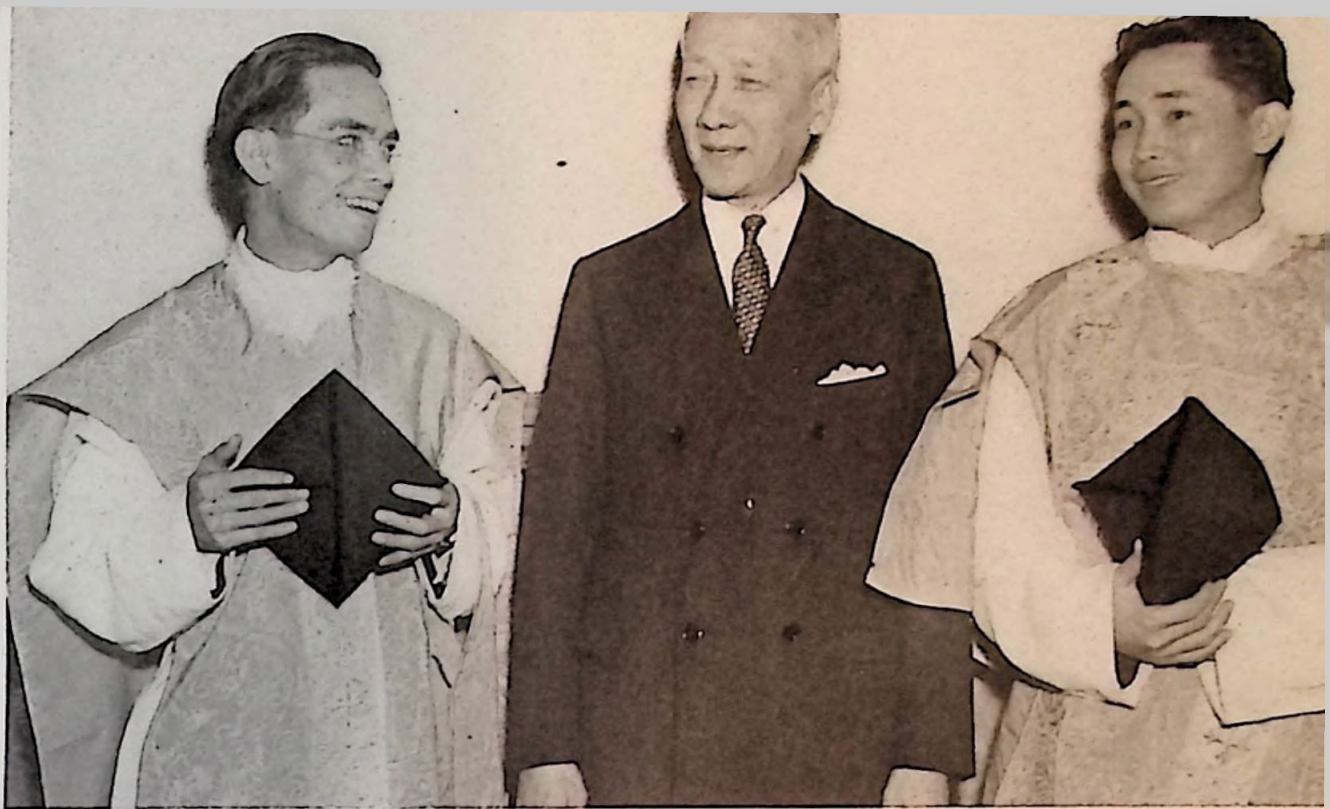
"THE radio play, as a matter of fact, contained no insult or slander whatsoever against the American people. The play was intended to portray in a dramatic form the birth, growth and full flowering of America as a democratic country. Unfortunately, Mr. Abraham Van Hellig Hartendorp (editor of the anti-Catholic magazine) gave a distorted and anti-American interpretation to a certain scene in the play where the author dramatizes the recruiting and the hazardous voyage of the early colonists of America. . . . What he intended was to depict America as a democracy, a nation built not on the blood of a decadent and arrogant aristocracy, but upon the blood, the sturdy sinews of tough, daring pioneers who braved the tempests of the sea and the terrors of the wild West in search for freedom, a people who refused to be governed except by a government of the people, by the

Neck Out"



people and for the people, a fighting race that reached the fruition of this kind of government only through the bloody battles of the American Revolution and the Civil War.

“IT is really unfortunate that Mr. Salter should accuse his own fellow-Americans, the Jesuit Fathers of the Ateneo de Manila, as Fifth Columnists. It is twice unfortunate that by implication he should brand as Fifth Columnists two hundred or more Ateneo boys who fought in Bataan. For I want Mr. Salter to know that out of the six hundred college students of the Ateneo at least two hundred were mustered into the Philippine Army that fought in Bataan. I know twenty-five of these youngsters who did not have to go. They were below the age of twenty. But they readily volunteered. And I know that many of them are now dead. They have gone down fighting for your country's flag, Mr. Salter! This is the kind of Fifth Column work they did. And if you care to know, Mr. Salter, the first Filipino flier who died in actual air combat with the Japanese airmen was Lieutenant Cesar Basa, an Ateneo



(Left) Manuel Colayco, outstanding Ateneo alumnus, laughs with Father Armand Guicheteau, S.J., in the carefree days before the war. Scholar, editor and apologete, he proved himself likewise a hero in Bataan. (Above) Sergio Osmena, Vice-President of the Philippines, congratulates Father Montero, S.J., on the occasion of his first Mass. At his left, Captain Ortiz, S.J., who was deacon at the Mass.

boy. He was one of those six Filipino pilots under Captain Villamor who fought against a formation of thirty-six Japanese planes.

“AS for those Ateneo boys who took part in the above mentioned radio broadcast, I want you, Mr. Salter, to know that most of them took part also in the Battle of Bataan. Leon Ma. Guerrero, for instance, who played the hero's role in the broadcast, was no less heroic in war. He handled the government morale broadcasts in Manila, until the very eve of the Japanese entry into the city. Then leaving on the last motor boat that pulled out of Manila, he joined our forces in Bataan. Here he was until he caught malignant malaria. Then he was taken to Corregidor and the last time I heard of him, they told me he was too weak even to stand or move while the Japs bombed and shelled the Rock night and day.

“Manuel Colayco who played the hero's part in the Tagalog version of the play, played a hero's part, too, in the bloody Battles of Mauban and Morong. He was in the very front-line in Bataan. Between him and the Japanese was No Man's Land, and far behind the Japanese lines, he knew, his wife and five young helpless kids were expecting him.

“‘By their fruits you will know them.’ Surely this was not the kind of graduates that Fifth Columnist

professors can turn out. Yet Mr. Salter accuses the American Jesuit Fathers of the Ateneo of Fifth Column activities. I wonder if Mr. Salter knows that from the first day of the war almost all the Jesuit Fathers of the Ateneo were assigned to the various city hospitals and those dangerous city zones like the Port Area that were likely to be bombed. And they were not there to do Fifth Column work. They were there to take care of the wounded.

I WONDER if Mr. Salter knows that all the school buildings of the Ateneo were offered to the government to be turned into emergency hospitals or army barracks? I wonder if he knows that it was the Superior of the Jesuits, Father Hurley, who, together with Colonel Andres Soriano, removed all the boats that were anchored in the Pasig River and constituted a military objective in the very heart of the city, and that by doing this, he saved the open city of Manila from a second bombing? I wonder if Mr. Salter knows the wonderful help that Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., and the rest of our Jesuit Fathers in Mindanao rendered to the Army, by turning their rectories into clubhouses where officers and enlisted men could now and then get a decent meal, a decent shower and a puff of a cigarette? (Turn to page 251)

Air-Wave Missionary

John W. Magan, S.J.

of the country his was the place to feel the pulse of America. Pagan Nationalism, Communism, Rutherfordism were the foes which he saw as the most threatening to his people. Could he oppose them?

ALONE he knew he could not. But he was not alone. Behind him as a Catholic and as a Priest were all the love and ardor of the Sacred Heart of Christ. He realized what tremendous forces could be drawn from that Heart to revolutionize the world. For the most part those forces had been unused. Surely it was time to release them.

He knew, too, the power and the depth of merit in devotion to the Sacred Heart. He knew that the Morning Offering, the Communion of Reparation, the dedication of families and all the details included in the devotion were essential for a full Catholic life, yet he saw how apathetic many American Catholics had become.

Fired by these thoughts it was not long before he had convinced the managers of WEW, St. Louis University Radio Station, that he had a program that WEW could use. A brilliant corps of speakers from St. Louis University's many Jesuit professors, rallied to Father Murphy's aid.

BY mid-January, 1939, a new series had begun. It was the Apostleship of Prayer, the League of the Sacred Heart on the air. No new devotion was it, but an old devotion in a modern manner. There was the Morning Offering, a popular hymn, a thought to inspire the day. Speakers, announcers, singers, all were the best. From the very first morning the Sacred Heart Pro-

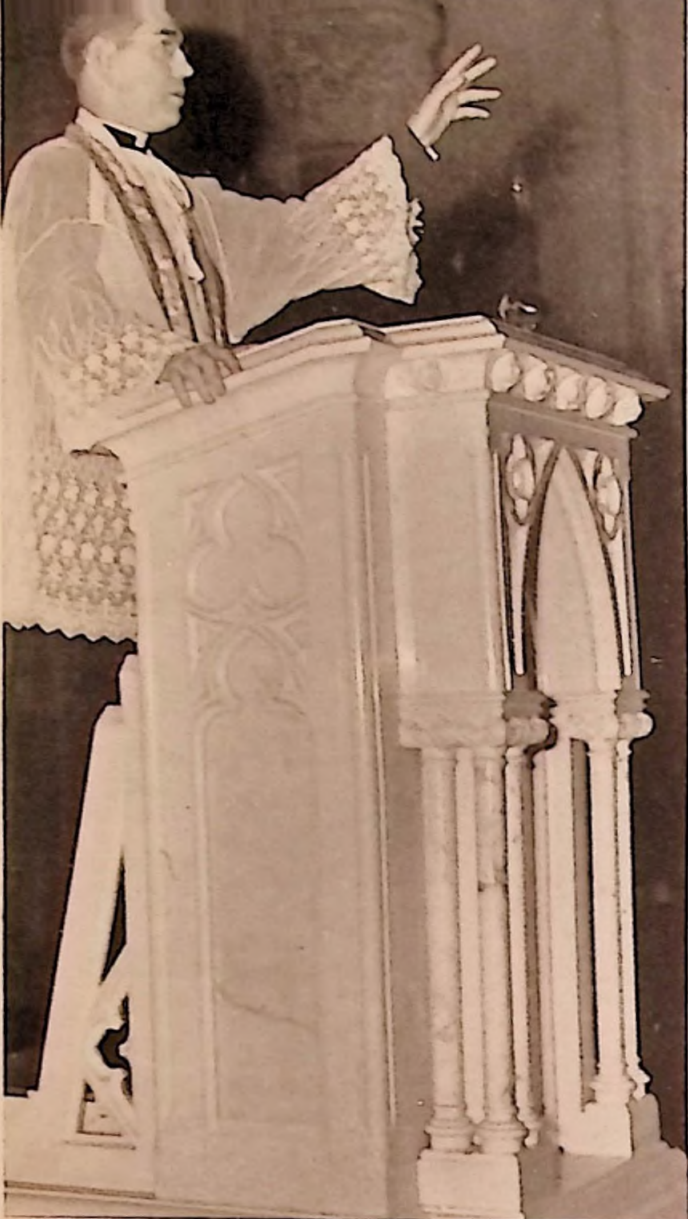
gram had a professional touch; from the very beginning it had a popular appeal.

Within three months it had attracted an audience of 40,000 persons in Saint Louis alone. Mail poured in from every post office within the station's two hundred mile radius. Factory hands in Illinois, Indiana farmers, cabin-dwellers from the Kentucky hills all wrote their appreciations. In no time 3,000 persons had enrolled themselves in WEW's register of the League of the Sacred Heart. A few months later that number increased four times.

WEEK after week the mail kept coming. As one boxful was piled upon another each card or letter gave Father Murphy new knowledge of the mid-West's need of the Sacred Heart; each writer assured him that his fifteen-minute morning broadcast "starts the day right."

So often was that expression used that he took it as his catch phrase, used it as his norm in developing future programs. To find a place in the Sacred Heart program, a talk, a hymn, a thought must be able to "start the day right."

All kinds of people made up his radio audience. Those in need, the poor, the sick and rural classes, especially, were begging for help. Not for material assistance were they asking, but for strength and grace to carry on. Knowing that his work was helping his hearers obtain that grace, and helped them live their humdrum lives, he grew in love of his new apostolate. He had never been chosen to go to foreign missions, but here was one at home that was calling for a pastor. He realized this, and realized, too, that unlike any foreign mission this one had no bounds. He could be the missionary of the Sacred Heart, (Turn to page 252)



JESUIT missions are as old as the Society of Jesus itself. Year after year men have gone from every province fulfilling Christ's command to carry the gospel throughout the world, but few have tried to get everywhere at once. Father Eugene P. Murphy, S.J., is the modern exception. Not only would he preach to every soul and in every country but he even cherishes hopes of doing it every day. It sounds impossible, you say. Yet many other persons who said just that a year ago are now convinced of their error. More than that, they are the ones who now are most enthusiastic in their efforts to make the dream come true. Here is how it all has come about.

For seven years Father Murphy had been Assistant Superior of the Jesuit Scholastics in Saint Louis University. Looking out on the world from the windows of his university room, Father Murphy saw the fierce struggle which was being waged in men's souls between the forces of love and hate. He knew that the battle between the troops of Christ and those of anti-Christ was not something to be ignored. Living in almost the exact center

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

What a Difference!

Personal relations make a difference. The story is told of a man who returning home from work one evening came upon the scene of an accident. He was mildly curious to see what had happened but the crowd was dense and he was in a hurry to get home for supper. Besides, he was hungry and tired after a hard day in the shop. So he was about to pass by but a neighbor grabbed his arm and said: "Tom, it's your son Bill." What a difference! Weariness fell from him. The thought of supper vanished. He dropped his lunch pail and made his way through the crowd. Looking into his eyes instinctively the crowd sensed tragedy and made way for him. Soon he was stooping over the crushed body of his son struck down by a hit-and-run driver.

Invasion of Dieppe

Strange how we can be cold and indifferent until the personal equation is added to shake us out of our lethargy. Sometimes it is as violent as a bomb dropped in the heart of Manhattan. Most of us were mildly interested in the invasion of Dieppe by the Commandos. To a certain family in the New York area it spelt tragedy. Their son was an American Ranger in that raid. He did not come back from Dieppe. The war was terribly real in that whole neighborhood. It had struck home in the death of this young soldier whose parents lived down the street. The personal equation is always powerful and poignant. That Ranger's death did more to make that neighborhood war-conscious than a thousand slogans.

The Gripsholm Arrives

Perhaps you read in the papers of the arrival of the *Gripsholm*. Fifteen hundred men, women and children came back to tell us what it was like to live in a Japanese concentration camp. Do you remember one bit of it now? Not at all. It was only of passing interest to you. The personal element was lacking. But watch these repatriates as they come down the gang plank. Once again in the States, free! Their hearts are singing with joy for their deliverance yet heavy with sorrow for those left behind. Months in a concentration camp, sharing the same fears, the same quarters, the same poor food; they would not easily forget their friends still in the hands of the Japanese. Their sympathy and personal interest would make them trumpet-tongued. America soon became conscious of the plight of their friends. Again the personal element was there, pleading the cause of the victims of war. Of all those who returned on the *Gripsholm* only two were Jesuits who brought us news of our missionaries. The news on the whole was good. None of them were physically harmed, but they were carrying on their work amid almost impossible circumstances.

Personal Interest

For a long time now we have looked upon the missionary effort as something departmentalized, ordered and classified, and far removed from the individual Catholic. In a sense, we were right for the missionary work of the Church is so vast that no one individual or committee could handle it. As a re-

sult, just as in a big corporation, the personal element to some extent was lost. This must be revived for the command of Christ is a personal thing and applies to every individual Catholic as it does to the missionaries.

Many Catholics with seeming justification have neglected to play their part in the spread of the Kingdom of Christ. They excused themselves on the score that there was an organization set aside for that sort of thing. Let them take care of it. So when opportunities arise they turn their face the other way. This is pretty much the act of Peter turning away from Christ in the courtyard of the High Priest.

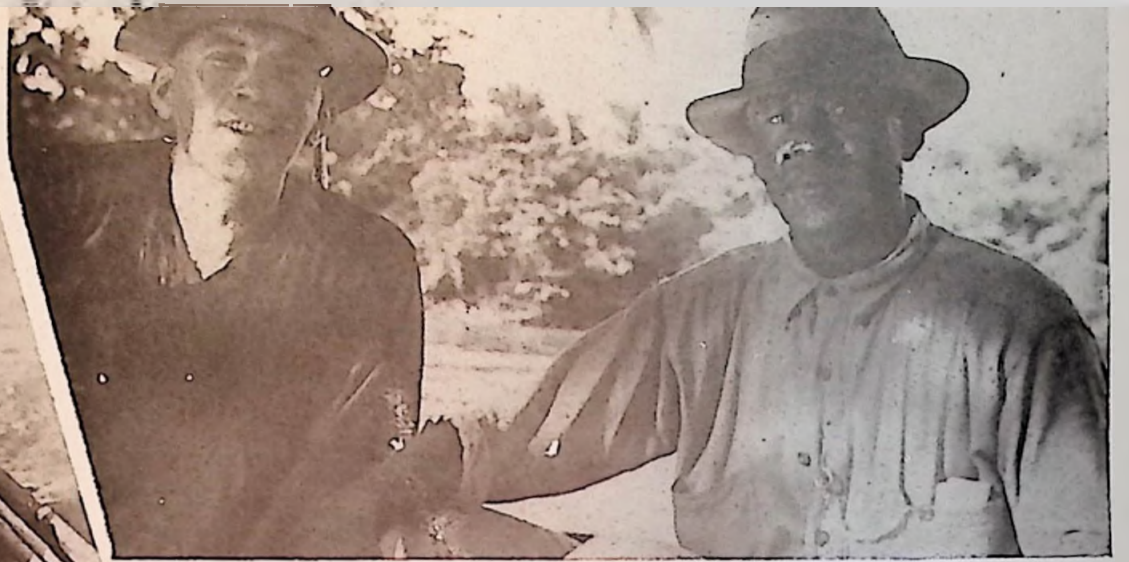
To make up for their neglect, we who have stood by the missionaries up to the present must double and redouble our efforts in their behalf. We are speaking here primarily of that spiritual force which every Catholic can give even as the Little Flower gave in her lifetime. With Christ on our altars we have a personal contact that is all powerful.

Expendables

In the Philippine campaign the American soldiers called themselves "expendables." It's an army term which literally means something to be used up. They were to hold the enemy. Cut off as they were, they knew it was only a matter of time; the situation was hopeless.

Sometimes the missionaries must look upon themselves as expendables in the work of the Church. They are sent out to the missions to be used up. Sublime heroism, but it does not excuse our forgetfulness of their plight.

JOHN P. DEEVEY, S.J.



Down the coast towards Mullins River goes Father Michael A. Schaefer, S. J., (left) famous bush missionary, with his catechist, John Scott. The mission boat is giving a lift to some workmen met on the way.

It All Began At Mullins River

Eugene O. Latta, S. J.

“**T**HE hurricane took nearly everything, Father.” The speaker was an old man long a resident of Mullins River, a small settlement on the seacoast of British Honduras, some twenty-five miles south of Belize. He was speaking to the two Scholastics who accompanied Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., to Mullins River for the dedication of the rebuilt church and school, and his subject was the hurricane of September, 1941, which did considerable damage to many small coastal settlements of British Honduras. One of the chief sufferers was the town of Mullins River.

The mission church at Mullins River holds a prominent position in the Catholic history of British Honduras. It has been called the Cradle of the Church in British Honduras; and rightly so, for it was here in this little village by the sea that the first recorded Mass in the history of the Colony was offered up in 1832 by a Franciscan missionary named Fra Antonio. He was followed four years later by another Franciscan, Fra Rubio, who served this little community.

In 1837, a small bush chapel, more like an Indian hut than a temple of God, was erected by the people where Mass was offered on the periodic visits of Fra Rubio.

From 1840, very little is recorded of the Catholic activities in Mullins River and it is only when the Jesuits arrived several years later and installed themselves in Belize that the Church at Mullins River began to take on a new importance.

At present the town is no longer as flourishing as it once was, has no resident pastor, and now the material results of many years of toil by priests and people were destroyed by the hurricane in the short space of a few hours. The necessity of caring for the children of the district and of giving them a Catholic education plus the Catholic faith of the people and the long Catholic tradition brought about the decision to erect a large substantial building to house both chapel and school in spite of the high building costs driven upward by the present worldwide conflict.

EARLY in January, Father Michael Schaefer, S.J., the famous bush missionary, was sent with a crew of carpenters from Belize to begin the work. Some of the old structure was salvaged, especially the zinc roofing—a precious article today in the Mission, since it has been impossible to import any for some time and it is now unobtainable. This old zinc was cut and shaped to fit the new building.

From January to May Father Schaefer was busy at Mullins River

and we caught but fleeting glimpses of him in Belize when he returned for a day or two to make necessary purchases. He worked side by side with the laborers, wielding hammer and saw all day long. In the evening, prayers and devotions were held in a small bush hut and convert classes followed till late in the night. A hard busy life it was, but happy withal. After five months the building was ready for dedication.

Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., arrived at Mullins River late in the afternoon of the day before the dedication and was met at the landing by a large number of people.

SUNDAY morning the church was crowded before the five-thirty Mass of Father Schaefer and during the Mass said by the Bishop the crowd filled the veranda and lower steps of the building. Before the High Mass the new building was dedicated. The congregation sang the *Missa de Angelis* which Father Schaefer had managed to teach them in the evenings after work.

In his sermon the Bishop reminded the people of the long Catholic history of the Church in Mullins River, the frequent pilgrimages formerly made to the wonder-working crucifix, “The Christ of Equipulas,” and the unique statue of the Mother of God.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



ESKIMO FINANCE

- Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., in a recent letter describes some of the summer activities at Kotzebue, his mission in the Arctic Circle.

- "Here of late all the boats in and about Kotzebue have been launched—sea lion hunts have topped off a fairly successful muskrat season. Geese, crane and swan have been winging their way back and forth over the village.

- "With this foreword let me give a few notions on Eskimo high finance. Many think that the Eskimo possesses a simple mind and that the whites can outwit him on a business deal. Their bland ways are often interpreted by new-comers to be an index of stupidity. These strangers will talk pityingly of the poor Eskimo and blame the traders for their high prices. They will accuse a trader of taking advantage of the child-like simplicity and inexperience of the Eskimo. I must confess that I was also tainted with these ideas during my first few winters in Alaska. After a decade or so of these same chilly winters, my ideas have cooled also.

- "I have often had occasion to watch a business transaction between the Eskimos themselves. They manifest the subtleness and patience of the Oriental. Of course, to appreciate their fine art of haggling one must be able to understand their language.

ENTER THE BANKER

"I remember one time when I visited a distant fishing camp on the Bering Sea. To get there I

had to follow a tricky channel about ten miles off-shore. As luck would have it I met en route an old Eskimo thoroughly conversant with the channel and the changing tides. I offered him a sack of flour for the trip which was in reality a small price for an experienced boatman such as he was. Well, to make a long trip short, we covered the distance on sea and finally came upon a small slough where the camp was situated. The Eskimos here on account of a long break-up had plenty of fish to eat, but nothing else. They literally besieged my boat for flour, milk and tea. I, of course, had nothing, was not a trader, but my friend the Eskimo pilot had a big sack of flour. Happily, I diverted all attention from myself and they proceeded to concentrate on the old Eskimo.

HEART OF ICE

- "After two hours of talking the old man had whittled down the contestants to a determined young hunter and himself. During the main feat of haggling I had visited the camp and baptized two babies. When I returned to the boat I found the old pilot calmly smoking but still sitting on top of the flour. He was listening patiently to the young hunter in question. This hunter had four small children and I marvelled how he appealed to the old man's love of children.

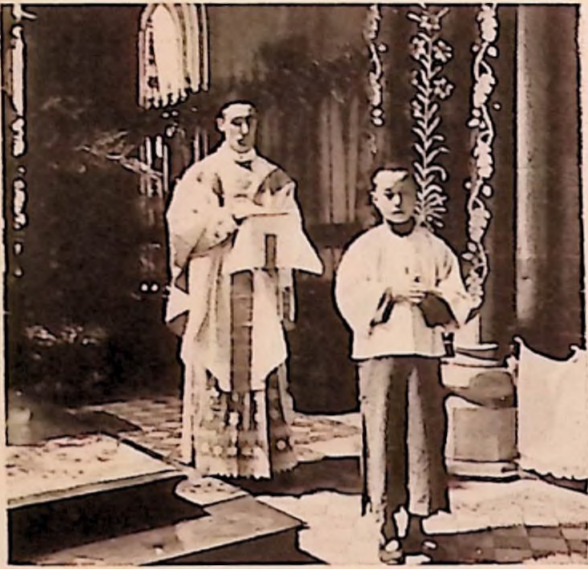
"He graphically described how his children hadn't seen a crust of bread for months, how they cried for it, how far the trader's store was,—the difficulty of sea travel in a small boat, etc. And so the

argument went on. The old pilot admitted that life was hard during the break-up. The children were hungry, but still looked well. He would gladly dispose of the flour at the regular price, plus a little gasoline, plus a little tea, etc., that he had used on the trip. (The old fellow had probably hooked a ride both ways!) The young man thought he could finally beat the old fellow down to the regular store price, but after another hour he began showing signs of wearing himself and the old man was smoking and agreeing with him as placidly as ever—agreeing in everything but the price.

POOR TRADER

- "Traders certainly make profits and Eskimos run up enormous bills. Death comes and the trader has the unpaid bill. A trip will be made to another village leaving, of course, the bill behind. I really believe that it is the Eskimo that wins in the long run. Credit will mount steadily, imperceptibly—and all at once the Eskimo has a lucky catch of fur which he plants down at a store miles away from the merchant that originally grub-staked him. It is a game and the smartest man wins—need I say that he necessarily has to be the white man?

- "It is remarkable, however, what an Eskimo will do for one he likes or for one whom he knows is not after his fur nor his money. A priest, for example, will be given tid-bits of fish, goose, duck, deer, rabbit, in fact, anything that the Eskimo has at hand. He is a member of the family.



The war in China cannot take away the joy and lasting peace of the priesthood from Father James E. Thornton, S.J., ordained in St. Ignatius' Cathedral, Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai.

ARCTIC "RACKETEERS"

• "I started out to give an idea of some dyed-in-the-wool Eskimo racketeers. I got a little off the subject. Anyway, be it known that their ages run between five and twelve. Their racket is 'all day suckers' for flowers. Should I intimate that I am the cause of the racket? Summer has finally come to the Arctic and with it the sun shining twenty-four hours a day. Tundra flowers are popping up in grand style. I have counted no less than twelve varieties within a five-minute walk from the church."

ST. ANTHONY AT A LOSS

• Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., has a new mission at San Antonio in British Honduras. In his efforts to build the mission up he describes how he appealed to the Patron, St. Anthony.

• "Well, what is 'St. Anthony at a Loss' for? About a new church for his Indians in the bush, whose heavenly patron he is supposed to be. But good St. Anthony in this case seems to see fit to pass the buck to the old bush missionary who a year ago was appointed the first residential pastor of this backwoods mission, which has thus been raised to the status of a parish. The old mission church built thirty-five years ago was beginning to fall to pieces. The

boards for the walls had at that time to be brought up from the coast along a dyed-in-the-wool bush road, twenty-five miles long, on the backs of the Indians, each carrying four boards.

HIRE A DESERT

• "We had intended to put up a stone structure and for that purpose our good Indians with heroic good will had brought in (or 'backed' as our lingo is here among those that talk English) a great number of heavy stones from the neighborhood. But when we wanted to start building we found out that nowhere in the nearer or farther neighborhood was there to be gotten any sand for making the necessary mortar. We would have to get it from the coast and that would cost in cartage alone more than one-half the money our apostolic benefactress in the States had given us for 'a new church in an Indian village.' Even good St. Anthony was unable to find a sandpit for us at a feasible distance. So the 'Stonyhurst' we had longed for remains in dreamland.

• "We got the lumber for the flooring and siding from Belize and Monkey River (one of my former mission stations along the coast). But the new pillars we needed were cut by my Indians in the neighboring hills and 'backed' by relays of them ten, twelve or fourteen at a time into San Antonio and up our church hill. And I tell you it was a circus to hoist them in place with our primitive outfit.

UP TO ST. ANTHONY

• "Now the side aisles are to be put under roof. With what, please? Ah, there good St. Anthony is again at a loss. Thatching with palm leaves won't do because we could not get the needed pitch (not black pitch—but the incline or angle to shed the rain).

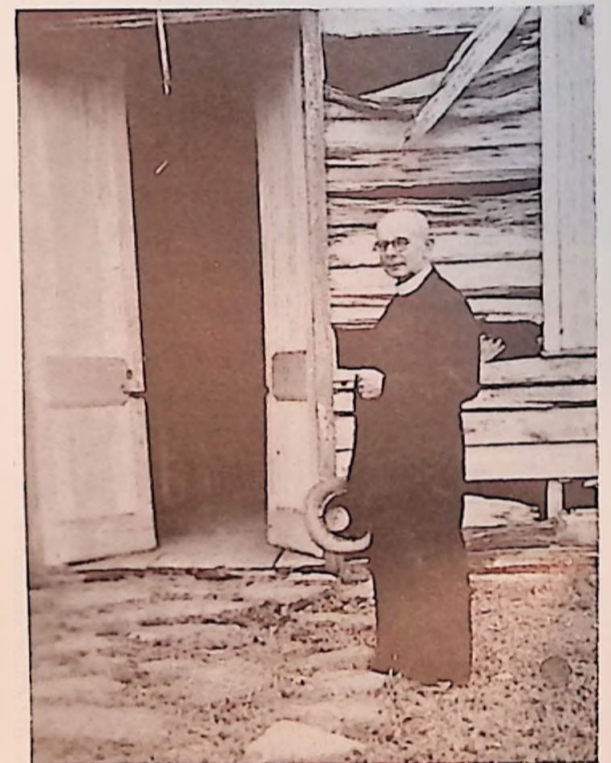
• "And the zinc roofing? Yes, St. Anthony found some of pre-hurricane times (1931) on the old

premises of St. John's College, Belize—but by far not enough. Well, what about buying new zinc? Ask the War Supplies Board!"

22,000 EGGS

• The Egg Co-operative at Seaford Town, Jamaica, B. W. I., is successful due entirely to the zealous work of Father Francis Kempel, S.J. In a recent letter he recounts its progress:

• "The Co-operative is still moving along. From the first of the year to the end of June we handled all of 22,000 eggs. This represents not only member's eggs but also the eggs of Seaford Town



On his first visit St. Anthony's Mission, British Honduras, greets its new pastor, Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., with open door and sagging walls.

and the surrounding districts. We give those not in the Co-operative the advantage of the good price of eggs and they willingly sell to us.

• "The members can also grade and pack the eggs. They are divided into five groups. Each week the group appointed reports for work. The work begins Friday at 6:00 p.m., and is continued on Saturday. On Monday morning the eggs are taken to the railway station in our wagon. It is fortunate for us that we have our

own means of conveyance. Otherwise, we would be unable to get our eggs to the station. The gas situation is acute and means of transportation hard to get. The wagon was made co-operatively. We bought four wheels and two axles of an old car. On these we built the wagon. We built the wagon, painted it and printed the name of the Co-op on the sides. Two mules and a set of harness had to be bought. We thus solved our own transportation problem.

NO FOWL, NO EGGS

• "As a result of the Co-op movement, a few shillings extra are being circulated. This means something especially in these times. The people come in here with their few dozen eggs, get their money and then go to the shop to buy a few things for the coming week. Were there no Co-op, they would not be in a position to do that. Times are hard here and even those outside the Co-op realize the benefits of the movement. The other day a man was telling me that in days gone by the poor people would sell their fowls when they planted their corn. The reason being that the fowls would go into the fields and eat the corn. Now the poor people tie out their fowls until the corn has grown to be about four or five inches high and then they let them run at large. They know they can get a good price for their eggs so they do not dispose of their fowls.

NO EGGS, NO PIG

• "Another story I heard. One of the members took his bonus money last year and bought a pig. The amount was nearly five dollars. The pig is now worth about fifteen dollars. He calls the pig 'Eggs'! As a result of the Co-op, he is worth just that much more. The poor people have never had a chance to better themselves and now the opportunity has come for them here through the Egg Cooperative."

It took time to convince them.



Father Francis Kempel, S.J., promoter, director and president of successful Egg Co-operative in Seafordtown, Jamaica, starts out for one of his hill missions. Even before gas rationing only the horse could cover some roads.

HEADACHES WORTH WHILE

• "Of opposition, there has been no end. One after another, people come along and threaten to exterminate us. One after another they have failed in their attempts. Some try to cause internal strife, others come along and offer high price for eggs. When this happens, we offer a price just as high, and we get the eggs because the people are with us. It often happens when the Egg War is on we lose money but our ambition is to stay in the market and we always win out.

DAILY DISTRACTIONS

• The quick energetic style of these few lines are characteristic of Father Philip Branon, S.J., busy pastor of Holy Rosary Mission, Kingston, Jamaica.

"Sometimes it seems we have as many problems, projects, fronts, etc., as Messrs. Churchill, Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Uncle Sam, Barnum & Bailey, not to mention the Bureau of the Propagation of the Faith.

"'Five-Fifteen' in the A.M. sees Mrs. 'T' (Thomas), mother of a Jesuit lay Brother at Shadowbrook, and Miss Irene Johns at the church, to open up and to tidy up. Veritable Angels of God! These two have brought many souls to God, and now one of their

delights is to see that God is brought to these many souls who are unable longer to come to God. Holy Communion is brought to many every First Friday. At other times clothing, food, cash according to times and supplies.

"We have Mass at 6:00 and 6:30. Confessions before each Mass. A few Baptisms, a few problems and some breakfast; after sending the 'yard-boy' to do fifteen odd jobs in fourteen minutes, expecting that he'll at least have his 'tea' in the meanwhile. We *might* do a little of our Office and then soon after 8:00 the little ones begin to arrive for school and the 'Mornin' fadder' is a chorus.

"No monotony or ennui: we're in the school, at the Charities Meeting, taking some dear old soul home from Mass (if gas permits), sick calls, calls not so sick, chase somebody's 'fowls' out of the rose beds—yesterday a pig got in twice and out the same number of times, put iodine on the bruised elbow of little Miss Fal-linthe Grass and tell Buddy Ruffin to take it easy for a while; tell the telephone man that the phone won't phone, and the 'blacksmith' that he didn't stop the leak in the water pipe. These are some of the daily distractions that occupy us any morning.



AN IMPORTANT FRONT

Long before the world heard of the Aleutian Islands, Alaska was an important front. Wherever human beings—made to the image and likeness of God—dwell, an important battle for their souls, for their love is carried on. For over two generations Jesuit missionaries have been driving forward in the Alaskan combat for Christ.

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Inadequate resources and supplies plague every distant front. Its tragic to read over and over again: "What we couldn't do if we only had more personnel, more means!" Every Alaskan missionary's letter echoes that refrain. Right now faint hope is held out for essential winter food supplies. Your help is urgently needed.

THE MOST DIFFICULT FRONT



If our faith, as our country, means everything to us, we must share in its crusade.

Large or small, send your offering for the

ALASKAN MISSIONS

to

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COMMUNICATIONS

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

"A Grateful Duty"

To the Editor:

I am sending herewith a money order of five dollars for some of your missions. For years I have contributed to the mission in Patna, but now due to the war, I believe that it is best to send you my humble offering so that you may dispose of it as you think best.

The love for the Missions is something that excels above everything else. To help those who have been called by God to spread the Word abroad is not only a function but a grateful duty which I fulfill today with deep gladness of heart. Besides my periodical offerings, I offer daily my prayers for all those who are engaged in the field of the Missions abroad.

Please remember me in your daily offering of the Holy Sacrifice.

Brooklyn, N. Y. N. Intrieri

The Sick Can Be Powerful

To the Editor:

We are patients in the Norristown State Hospital, Pa. and like your little book very much. We think the Jesuits are very powerful before the throne of God and the Blessed Mother and beg of you to remember us in your prayers. We promise to help you in return for our recovery.

Norristown, Pa. A. S.

One of Hundreds

To the Editor:

Please find enclosed money order for \$2.00, a little offering for "Help China." I enjoy JESUITS MISSIONS immensely.
Berkeley, Calif. F. R.

Patna Does It

To the Editor:

Before telling your readers how my life was saved on July 25, 1942, I would like to mention here that a Franciscan from Loretto, Pa., went over to Patna, India, a few years ago to work there with the Jesuits.

Eleven hours before the day begins here, it has already begun in Patna, and, Jesuits and Franciscans there have remembered me and my needs in their holy Masses, etc.

For the past fifteen years I have been employed here by a large wholesale concern, during which time I have ridden to and from the office with the Credit Manager, who was "my boss." Two men from our office also rode with this man.

On Saturday, July 25th, I came home by street car, due to the fact that the car had been left for inspection and it was quite a long walk from the office. As our clock struck 12:30 I was holding in my hand a relic of my favorite Saint, the Little Flower. It had been sent me by a Franciscan at Loretto and was for a Jesuit in Patna. Here at 12:30 was a link connecting me with the Franciscans and Jesuits in Patna.

And at 12:30 a large trailer-truck rushing down hill out of control struck the car of "my boss." The car door flew open and the passenger on the front seat was thrown clear of the car. Though badly injured (he is still in St. Francis Hospital, this city) his life was spared. "Mr. K." (my boss) was killed instantly. The other man who was riding in the back, was seriously injured and at the hospital they did not expect him to live the night through. He will be in St. Francis Hospital for several weeks yet.

Now it "could be" and probably was the prayers of my Patna friends, and the intercession of the Little Flower that was responsible for my being saved from injury or death that day. Of the four who rode regularly in the car, I was the only one whom God spared.

With deep gratitude in my heart for my Jesuits and Franciscans in Patna who have prayed for me and with gratitude to God also, I am
Pittsburgh, Pa. Eleanor Hill

Happiness Is God's Reward

To the Editor:

Enclosed find a money order for twenty dollars, as another offering to the work of the Jesuit Missions. I pray to God, Father, that the offerings I have

made this Summer will make some poor souls just half as happy as I have been made to be able to send them.

Roxbury, Mass. R. L. C.

Serving in Two Wars

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will please find \$10.00 for the missions; I give this in memory of my deceased mother.

In your prayers I ask that you remember her and that God may see fit to restore my uncle's health.

Hoping that the war will not cause too much hardship to the missions.

Fort Jackson, S. C. Wm. H. K.

Extraordinary Dividends

To the Editor:

For several years I have tried real hard to dispose of a piece of property; because I haven't the time to keep it in repair. This past week I promised to send Two Dollars to one of His Missionaries, if only He would send me a cash buyer.

Monday night my party came to inquire about buying it and yesterday he returned with the cash in full and bought it. Please send this two dollars to your poorest priest in thanksgiving.

It is very seldom that I make a selfish request like the above. I prefer to ask blessings for others, particularly our Catholic Missionaries. It is a great privilege to be able to help them in every possible way and thus share in their work.

A school mate of mine has been in the Rochester Institution for the Insane for seven years. She would have nothing to do with her parents, family or friends. As her parents were getting old, I considered this a very heavy cross for them. During May I assisted at as many Masses as I possibly could and offered up every thing I did throughout each day in communion with the sufferings of St. Isaac Jogues and Jean Brebeuf that our God would restore her health.

In July she awoke as she said from a horrible dream and her health has been improving gradually since then. She now goes home occasionally with a nurse and her parents are happy about her improvement.

JESUIT MISSIONS continues to be a fine magazine. Would that all our Catholics would subscribe to it. Surely they would derive much help; for our Missionaries teach us not to be selfish or solicitous for ourselves. Rather help others and be so busy doing for others that we will forget about ourselves. God will take care of us and we must take care of others.
N. Y. J. H.

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FOR THE MISSIONS
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ALASKA IS "HOT"

The war has produced sizzling activity among the Eskimos, who, besides other things are Uncle Sam's No. One plane-spotters far above the Arctic Circle.

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.



Alaska may be "hot," but these icicles on Father O'Connor's parka are real. This photo was taken just after he returned from a dog sled trip around his missions.



The Eskimos make little go very far. Consequently, severe war restrictions on supplies do not affect them as severely as they do the missionaries. Here are two Eskimos making fire without matches. Necessity teaches them to be resourceful.

STRANGE but true—Alaska though cold has become "hot." Thinly populated before—now it is becoming thick, at least with soldiers. You come upon them everywhere. Strategical centers, weather observers, wireless operators, reconnaissance flyers—why you can meet them in places where whites seldom went and never stayed. Certainly Uncle Sam is not going to lose his well stocked "Ice Box" as Alaska is sometimes called.

Above the Arctic Circle precautions are taken, and hidden plans

secretly started are pushed through with lightening speed. In the good old days ham wireless sets were agog with gossip and sourdough news. War time has shoved this drastically aside and government operators alone are filling the air with a ceaseless ticking. War business and nothing else is the order of the day.

PLANES drop in from nowhere—gather a bunch of drafted Eskimos and off they go to parts unknown. Every Arctic village has

given its quota. These dusky, stocky lads are not capable of military service as such. They speak a smattering of English, but technical words are hard for them to understand. Quick orders and drill requirements are difficult for a speedy pick-up to minds that have never been in a hurry.

Naturally, of course, all Eskimos know how to handle a gun. A good hunter buys a new one every few years. His gun rack will often hold five different calibers. But hunting game is far different from modern warfare. An Eskimo from necessity works alone or with very few comrades. Blitzkrieg methods of close coordination with huge numbers both of men and weapons confuse and startle him.

BUT the government has found out that the Eskimos are useful for other things. He can drive a nail straight and can properly set a window frame. Surprising as it seems, few white modern lads can do this. The Eskimo also understands the fundamentals of machinery and dearly loves to tinker with an engine. Where patience and precision are needed in a tooling shop—he can fill the bill. It thus happens that the Eskimos are building barracks, operating machines—while they leave the war games to their white brothers.

The Eskimo stay-at-homes have a defense job all their own. Naturally, they are close observers and keen

listeners because they are hunters. They can hear a plane long before a white man. They are so familiar with motors that they can distinguish the plane and aviator without going out of the house. It is not for nothing that they have observed the myriad planes that have been flying over Alaska the last ten years.

IT thus happens that the Army has the best listening post in the world—scattered strategically all over the Arctic. In fact, every Eskimo is one—and need I say that he is always listening. Northern Alaska, therefore, is constantly on the lookout for enemy planes. What's more, they know exactly how and to whom to report these planes. It will be pretty hard for a foreign plane to sneak into any part of Northern Alaska unobserved.

You all realize that during the summer there is no real darkness in Arctic Alaska. The sun shines twenty-four hours a day. Somebody is always up. There is no curfew. Children sleep when they get tired. Alaska, therefore, is ceaselessly watching and listening.

WHILE the young Eskimo are away at the various soldier camps, the old men and women of all ages are whaling and fishing. War or no war the Eskimos are determined to have food and *are getting it*. If there is no flour or tea—they will miss these items, but will not starve.

Just yesterday, I was down on the beach as a boat landed with ten *Ugruk* (Eskimo word) sea lions. A sea lion weighs from four hundred to six hundred pounds and is a nourishing morsel for many a family. All this food was distributed in the time-honored fashion to the hunters. The poor helped in the cutting and got their share. In fact, anyone who was hungry could come along and set to work. If a whale

is caught—practically, every member of the village must help haul it up the bank—and, of course, no one is forgotten in the ensuing feast.

YOU see, then, that the Eskimos are settling down to the stern realities of war and preparing for the winter. Boats from the outside may be few. My people are looking after the resources of the country and making use of them.

I might also remark, that with all the activities of summer, they still find time to come to church and ask God's blessing on their drafted boys.



Father O'Connor of Kotzebue, the Church's most northern mission, saws his own wood and does numerous other chores. He also trains air-raid wardens and radio operators. The war has brought more work and more hardships to the hardy Alaskan missionaries, who receive them cheerfully as their contribution to the war effort.

Incidentally, too, though the missionary lives among the Eskimo, he still cannot live entirely as an Eskimo and the few remaining food-stuffs are soaring. I need not explain further.

NATURALLY, I am in hopes that the freighter will come through from the United States. The various stores are nearly all

sold out as they never have a great supply left after the long Winter. We are confident that at least one boat will be able to bring us the principal necessities before Winter sets in. Just at present the urgency of the war effort takes precedence in all transportation. However, the airplanes are shuttling back and forth. They will carry packages not exceeding eleven pounds and only forty-five inches in diameter.

If you took a walk down Kotzebue's main and almost only street, you would see the same old sights; rows of tents along the waterfront, some people drying fish, more trout than salmon later in the Fall. Here an old woman is energetically scraping the underside of a sealskin with a triangular knife much like a trowel. In this peaceful scene the war seems far, far away. Suddenly, a flight of planes goes overhead. Their roar fills the sky. These people who have never seen a train or an automobile hardly look up from their tasks. They are used to Uncle Sam's eagles watching over Alaska.

As my little bit towards the war effort I have become a weather observer. This job added to my duties as pastor gives me a pretty heavy schedule. So I have been training some of my Eskimo parishioners for the job. They need constant watching. A thousandth point in a mercurial barometer reading does not mean much to the Eskimo, but with coaching they are doing better than I first expected.

If you recall the news report of the German tanks freezing in their tracks in the cold of a Russian winter last year you will realize that reading the barometer correctly is a pretty important duty for our Army. Planes, tanks and all kinds of machinery can be grounded or stalled by a sudden blizzard or a quick drop in temperature. We hope to avert such disasters to Uncle Sam up here in Alaska.



NEW BOOKS



The Battle of Hudson's Bay Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, D.D.

A fine brochure of the story of the heroic Oblates of Mary Immaculate and their battle in the frozen North. Step by step from the first pioneering efforts the grace of God led these zealous priests mushing behind their dog sleds up and over the icy ramparts of Eskimo and Indian indifference. It was a hard pull and long before the tide of battle turned. The work went on slow, steady, strong. Today Hudson Bay has a representative Catholic settlement. Where nothing but a few wild flowers and berries and moss survive, the faith has taken firm root and grown. The number of converts will never be impressive, but the hardships and suffering incurred there will ever be a challenge and a magnet to the real missionary.

This is only a book of eighty-six pages, but it is a splendid story. Its appropriate cover design, its many exceptionally fine pictures of mission scenes and its clear, legible type are added attractions.

Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 49 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

Not Even Death Theodore Maynard

These poems, with one or two exceptions, have a sombre note, but it is not the note of despair. Woven through each is a strong Catholic faith that Not Even Death can weaken. The poet's spirit tempered with pain and experience grapples with substantial grim truths and is unafraid. His courage does not quail, but finds these passing sorrows drawn up to a bloodless Calvary of the Mass where Christ, the Eternal Victor, is the Victim Sacrificed.

These serious thoughts of the poet fit into the mood of the day. Although there is only one poem about the war in this small volume, we cannot help but think that the war prompted this selection. In normal times we might call the book gloomy, but today, when life and death are only a block apart, the serious tone throughout the book is very appropriate.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey, \$1.25.

A Chronological Harmony of the Gospels

Stephen J. Hartdegen, O.F.M.

Harmonies of the Gospels are necessary for a clearly defined knowledge of the sequence of events in our Lord's life. With the revision of the Rheims version of the New Testament, there was a definite need for a new harmony. In the

chronology of the present harmony, the author maintains that two years and some months is the likely span of Christ's great missionary work among men. In this space of time he draws up the events of Christ's life, leaving intact wherever possible, the wonderful discourses of our Lord. There are brief preliminary insertions on problems pertinent to arrangement, summary discussions on controverted parts and explanatory footnotes accompanying the text. As visual aids in mastering the order of principal events of the Gospel and correlating them with history various outlines and tables are added for the reader's benefit.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey. \$2.50, plus postage.

With Wings As Doves Sister M. Eustolia, M.A.

This book contains short biographical sketches of the various members of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary. They are simple records which hold the reader's interest from chapter to chapter. Originally written in French, Sister M. Eustolia undertook the task of rendering these sketches into English for English-speaking Communities.

You won't find the narration of great deeds as the world knows them in this little volume, nor will you find any profound theories on asceticism, but you will find something beyond any human estimation and above all worldly accomplishments, the stories of young nuns who gave their lives to God so lovingly and so heroically. One can hardly fail to see the hand of God in these brief sketches.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.50, plus postage.

This Is My Body—The Sacrifice of the Mass Hundreds of Churches — But Only One Is Christ's No Pope Can Be Wrong in Teaching Doctrine Science Helps the Church — The Church Favors Science Martin J. Scott, S.J.

The titles of these pamphlets adequately describe their contents. The subjects are important and the Catholic layman should thank the author for offering such a scholarly yet popular approach to these difficult questions. It is the result of a wealth of experience in explaining the faith to converts. Each pamphlet is bound in a very attractive cover and

there is a quiz for Study Clubs.

America Press, New York, N. Y., ten cents each.

Christ, You And Routine Richard L. Rooney, S.J.

A series of twelve outlines for discussion on the adventurous romance of a positive Christian life in union with Christ, this booklet will appeal to study clubs made up of young people.

Each outline is made up of well-tabulated instructions and questions for discussion. There are also some references for further readings.

The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo., 10c.

The Catholic Church and The Negro James J. Madigan, S.J.

An appeal for justice to the negro among Catholics, this pamphlet is chock full of disturbing, thought-provoking facts. 46 pages.

The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo., 10c.

Family Life In Christ Therese Mueller

No. 6 of Series IV in the "Popular Liturgical Library," this pamphlet issues a call for the renewed sanctification of the home as an antidote to our pagan environment, indicating practical methods by which this end may be achieved through various customs in regard to the Sacraments, the Liturgical Year and daily life. It is, in brief, a compendium of the liturgy in the home, and a valuable hand-book for the head or prospective head of the family. 32 pages.

The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn., 10c.

I Pray the Mass Rev. Hugo H. Hower, S.O.Cist, Ph.D.

You will like this new Missal called, "I Pray the Mass." It reduces the Masses for the Sundays and feast days of the year to the rudiments of the ABCs. All you have to do is follow the omnipresent dot directing you from page to page. "I Pray the Mass" is printed in a fine legible type with some small cuts placed at the side to show at just what part of the Mass the priest is from minute to minute. The whole Missal is condensed into a neat pocket size prayer book. Besides the prayers for Mass, there is a short introductory meditation before the Mass which stresses the spirit of that particular day and season.

Catholic Book Publishing Co., New York, N. Y., \$1.10, with imitation leather cover.

MUCH DEPENDS ON THIS MISSION SUNDAY (Continued from page 227)

medical attention, clothing, food and spiritual consolation to more than 54,000 wounded Chinese soldiers. Often as many as eighteen consecutive hours were spent in dressing the most ghastly wounds. In addition, of the approximately 17,000 panic-stricken old men, women and children who fled to one or other of our fourteen camps for safety and shelter, not one suffered any harm or major discomfort.

Is it any wonder that the action of Catholic priests, Brothers and Sisters in China has won world-wide praise, particularly since their truly Christ-like charity goes out to all in need of help regardless of nationality?

For our African billeted A. E. F., another surprise is in store. Bishop Reesinck, writing from the Upper Nile, informs us that five of his priests have been assigned to chaplain duty with the troops, while the following cable received from the Most Rev. John Dellepiane, Apostolic Delegate to the Belgian Congo, attests that: "The 28 Vicariates and Prefectures under my care are continuing their mission work with consoling results."

What do you suppose our American armed forces will find if they reach this section of Africa? In the Belgian Congo there are 2,600,000 Catholics with baptisms averaging 200,000 annually. There are 3,800 missionaries in the section with 18,000 schools in addition to 27 seminaries devoted to the training of native youths for the priesthood.

In the Philippines where did the American forces turn after the destruction of the Cavite Naval station, the greatest and most powerful United States naval base in the Orient? It was the Jesuit Observatory at Manila that became the United States Navy Communications Headquarters, once more proving the worth of missionary foresight, educational and cultural development.

These are but a few highlights of mission achievement to which our men in service will be able to testify, but they constitute a tangible proof of the constructive work of the Catholic Church through the labors of our priests, Brothers and Sisters during the period when the world was preparing for its program of destruction. True, the financing of many of the stations seen by our A.E.F. was done by European Catholics, who, during happier days, had devoted both their spiritual and material aid to an apostolate they thoroughly understood and loved.

But the future of many of the most flourishing missions must devolve for many years to come upon the charity of American Catholics. It is for this reason that the appeal for the *Universal Observance of Mission Sunday* (October 18) has a special significance this year. As Catholic Americans we cannot allow the work of thousands of Christ's soldiers—the missionaries of the Catholic

Church—to disintegrate through lack of support. We are ready "to give till it hurts" for our troops in action. Will we be less generous toward those men and women who left home and country to devote their talents and their lives to the salvation of souls?

THREAT TO EGYPT (Continued from page 233)

taken at their face value but they at least give evidences of an attitude of mind toward the Christian elements in the country. Any further repression of the Egyptian Christian cannot but work harm to missionary activity, since their greatest efforts thus far have been expended on the Copts, whom, significantly enough, Nazi racial theory places next to last in their tables of racial superiority.

One may find fault with British colonial administration but there is one point not to be debated. As long as England has been the power behind the Egyptian throne, and as long as the British army has made any show of force in Egypt, missionary work has continued. The situation will not be so favorable should the present ruling power in Germany take over. Clearly should Rommel fail to reach Suez, it will be to the best interests of the Church in Egypt.

MISTER SALTER "STICKS HIS NECK OUT" (Continued from page 239)

"If Mr. Salter does not know all this, let him seek information from one of our American heroes, the well-known Lieutenant Commander John D. Bulkeley. Let him find out from Lieutenant Bulkeley what kind of Fifth Column work the Jesuits in the Philippines did. This way perhaps he will find out the real truth. He will find out perhaps that these American Jesuits whom he has slandered have done great service to their country at war and in peace. He will find out perhaps that those Ateneo boys whose school he has insulted can teach the world courage, gallantry, and heroism in the silent language of those who have gone down fighting to their soldiers' grave."

The following testimony from Lieutenant Thomas A. Caswell of the American Air Corps in a letter to Father Thomas Cannon, S.J., Director of the Philippine Mission Bureau in New York is very much to the point and substantiates Captain Ortiz's defence of the Jesuits and their work in the Philippines. We quote freely from it. "Though I am not a Catholic I became well acquainted with the Jesuit Fathers in the Philippines and appreciated their work so much that I thought you might be interested in hearing a few words about their situation."

"I was near Cagayan, Mindanao, for several months and left just before its capture by the Japanese. During that time some of us officers from the army met at the Ateneo de Cagayan each evening and enjoyed Father Haggerty's

hospitality. . . . We looked forward to our meeting with Father Haggerty as the main and I could say the only diversion from our work. . . . It just doesn't seem possible to describe the joy we received through our acquaintance with the Fathers. . . . Those meetings each evening we discussed everything from our military strategy on down, the Fathers helping us out in every way. When the naval heroes, Cox and Bulkeley, were there, Cox needed a piece of asbestos to repair his boat. The first person he turned to was Father Haggerty. He produced the asbestos from his laboratory! I needed some equipment for my work. Father Haggerty produced it! The quinine situation was serious. Father Ewing set to work and in a short time he had assembled equipment and chemicals from all corners of the island and was turning out quinine pills gratis.

"Most of us didn't get much news and Father Haggerty at his own expense put out mimeographed news gathered daily from the Allied radios and distributed it to soldiers as best he could.

"The food situation there was none too good. . . . Most every night Father Haggerty would have something waiting for us, usually something that we thought we would never see again."

Mr. K. H. Salter if left to his own devices might discover some more Fifth Column activity on the part of the American Jesuits in the Philippines in this honest letter of a non-Catholic American Army officer. Perhaps Mr. K. H. Salter should have gone over there himself to see at first hand these American priests who went to that distant land in the service of God and won the respect and gratitude of fellow Americans who later went thither in the service of their country.

If Mr. K. H. Salter had been in Washington a few weeks ago he would, no doubt, have suspected further Fifth Column activity right in the capital of our country. It was President Quezon's birthday. More than 1,000 Filipinos and Americans attended a special Communion Mass at St. Aloysius Church. The Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., Military Ordinary of the U. S. Armed Forces, said the Mass. Present at the Mass were President Quezon with Mrs. Quezon and family, Vice-President Sergio Osmena and his daughter, Secretary of finance, Colonel Soriano, Major General Basilio Valdez, Chief of Staff of the Philippine Army, Colonel Romulo, former aide to General MacArthur. Representing the Society of Jesus were Father Keelan, S.J., Vice-Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province, Father Welch, S.J., Rector of Georgetown Prep, Father Wiesel, S.J., Rector of Gonzaga College and Father Thomas Cannon, S.J., Director of the Philippine Mission Bureau. Assisting Bishop O'Hara were 4 Filipino Jesuits, all of whom were educated by the American Jesuits.

Before this distinguished gathering, Father Ortiz rose to speak. Most of the sermon, Mr. K. H. Salter would not have



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understood. Love and sacrifice and gallantry and suffering were high points in it. But we know he would prick up his ears when Father Ortiz said that a free nation, a happy people and an Independent Philippines will rise again in victory. To bring this to pass Father Ortiz suggested that all should make use of a secret weapon and a secret alliance which in due time would crush the arrogant enemies of our freedom. At this point, Mr. K. H. Salter's suspicions would be fully aroused. We hasten to allay them by pointing out that the secret weapon is prayer and the secret alliance is with God.

Relying upon this secret weapon and secret alliance, the American Jesuits in the Philippines, have kept faith with their adopted people. With neither political ambition nor mercenary interest nor desire for worldly honor these priests of God have done more to further the American cause in the Philippines than any other body or organization. The nobility of their lives is not lost upon the Filipino people who have grown to know and love them for what they are.

Inspired by the ideals manifested in the lives of their teachers, many of the Ateneo students have given their lives to God, still more have now laid down their lives for their country. A little over a year ago 18 students left the halls of the Ateneo to become Jesuits. Others are in this country studying for the priesthood. Just this past June Rev. Agathonico Montero, S.J., newly ordained, said his first Mass at the Gesu in Philadelphia. After the war he will go back to his people to carry on the work so well begun by his American Jesuit teachers.

In normal times we would disdain a reply to Mr. K. H. Salter but when the nation is at war and emotions run high and slander can easily be propagated we state the above facts and testimonies and let them give the lie to this falsehood. It is sad to think that it had to be an American who would treacherously raise the knife of slander behind the back of fellow Americans.

AIR-WAVE MISSIONARY

(Continued from page 240)

a missionary to the world.

But expansion was not easy. Nor was there to be any immediate success along these lines. Trial after trial ended in seeming failure. Prospects were built up into cherished hopes only to crash one after another. Daily the program was growing stronger in its Mississippi valley home but it could not seem to extend itself beyond that region. Attempts to introduce it in one city after the next seemed futile. Like every missionary, Father Murphy, too, was tasting trials.

Then came Christmas, 1940. A Saint Louis paper gave two full pages of its rotogravure section to telling in pictures "the story of the Catholic Sacred Heart Program." Copies flashed across the nation. A new day was about to dawn.

Father Matthew Hale, a New Eng-

land Jesuit, read the news with interest and soon a letter was on its way addressed to the Radio Priest asking "What can I do?" A like response came in from California. A meeting was planned for April. When it opened, twenty delegates from all parts of the United States and Canada were gathered at Saint Louis University.

The group was chatting in the conference room waiting for the opening session. Suddenly someone snapped on the loud-speaker. With the tune of "O Sacred Heart, O Love Divine" serving as an organ obbligato a mellow voice announced "This is your Sacred Heart Program—fifteen minutes of Catholic thought and prayer, brought to you by the League of the Sacred Heart."

Twenty priests stood fixed, catching every word. Before they could realize it the quarter hour had passed; and twenty priests were won. Two days later the meeting was adjourned and the men took trains for home. With him, Father Hale carried enough transcriptions for a week. The program was to start the following Sunday in Western Massachusetts. That was the beginning. Before the month was out Troy opened up; then Albany.

A short time later Reverend Stephen L. J. O'Beirne, S.J., editor of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, adopted the program as the official "voice of the Apostleship of Prayer." And a strong voice it has been.

At the present writing, little more than a year from the convening of the first conference, seventy-seven stations are carrying the Sacred Heart Program. From Oregon to Florida, from Texas to New Hampshire, the Sacred Heart is daily honored on the air. Two stations in Alaska feature the broadcast. It is heard, too, in Puerto Rico. In some localities Spanish and Polish peoples hear it in their native tongues. And everywhere the response is the same.

"I tune in as I drive to the office," the worker writes. The doctor says, "These programs are most consoling to my patients." From the rural family comes the word, "We live ten miles from church. We never miss listening." Mon-signors vie with miners in expressing their gratitude for the broadcasts. All kinds of people, all races, all creeds are listening to the voice of this Air-Wave Missionary who is now making negotiations to reach into South America.

To most observers the success of this radio mission has been startling but neither Father Murphy nor his staff are much surprised. From the beginning they had confidence and knew it would be so. Did not the Sacred Heart Himself promise great things to those who would attempt to make Him loved?

Now the Sacred Heart program is on the air. It is functioning smoothly and successfully but its beginnings were a real missionary enterprise calling for the courage and faith of a pioneer missionary. May its voice continue to be heard for many years to come.

Grateful Acknowledgement

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is Procurator for the Canadian Indian missions cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada.

Rev. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.
51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.
is Mission Procurator for the Maryland-New York Jesuits in the Philippines and among the Negroes of Maryland.

Rev. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.
6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.
is the Procurator for the home missions of the rural districts of the South cared for by the Southern Jesuits.

Rev. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.
4511 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.
is Procurator for the missions in British Honduras, C.A., and American Indian Missions in South Dakota and Wyoming, which are cared for by the Jesuits of the Missouri Province.

Rev. FRANCIS J. KANE, S.J.
2440 Interlaken Blvd., Seattle, Wash.
is Procurator for the missions of Alaska and Indian Missions in the Northwest entrusted to the Oregon Province Jesuits.

Rev. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.
1076 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.
is Procurator for the missions of Patna in Northern India in charge of the Chicago Province Jesuits.

Rev. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada
is Procurator for the missions in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada, which are Suchow Mission in China and Canadian Indian Missions at Caughnawaga, near Montreal.

Rev. JOHN A. MADDEN, S.J.
300 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.
is Procurator for the foreign missions in Jamaica, B.W.I., and for Baghdad College in Iraq, which are administered by the New England Jesuits.

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