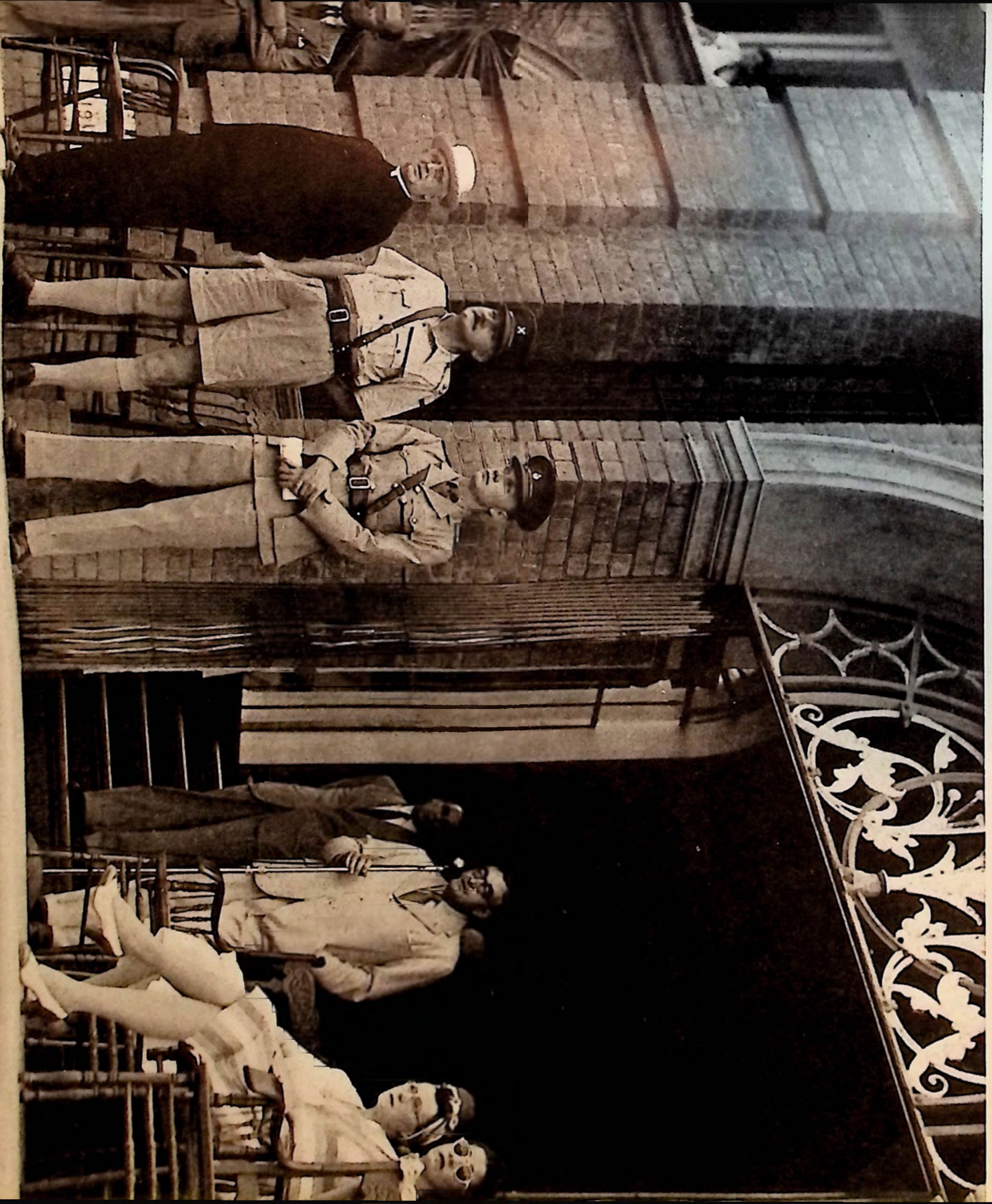


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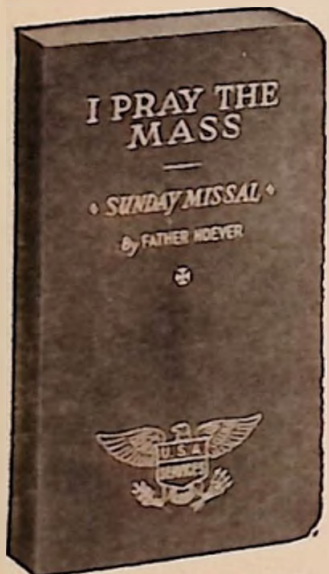
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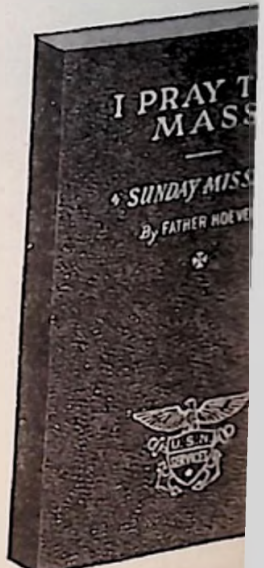
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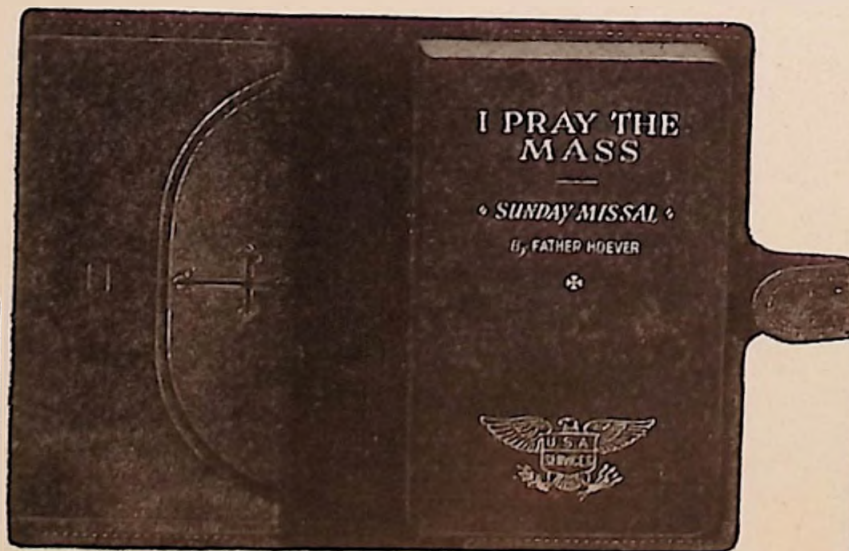
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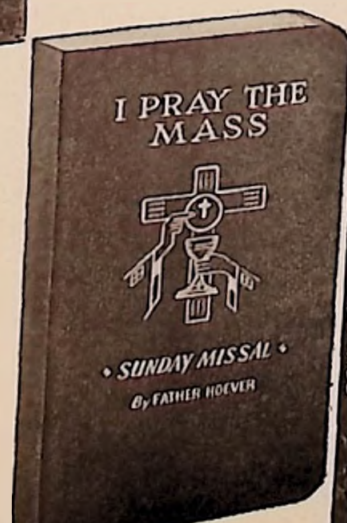
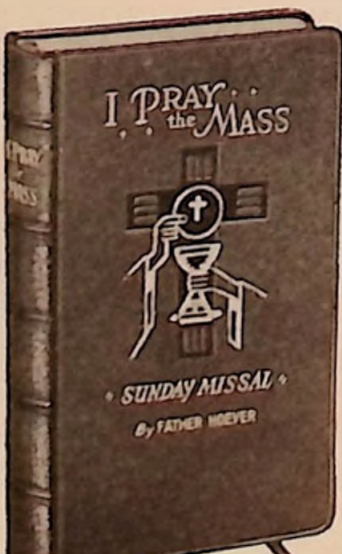
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JESUIT MISSIONS

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

NOVEMBER

1942

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

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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—Church and State work together in the Jamaican war effort. His Excellency, Sir Arthur Richards, Governor of Jamaica, standing at the entrance to St. George's College, addresses the new cadet corps. The serious tone of the Governor's message is reflected in the countenances of His Lordship, Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, Hon. B. E. Easter, Director of Education, in uniform at the Bishop's left, and Lieutenant Lynch, A.D.C.

This is War

On Foreign Battle Fronts with American Jesuit Missionaries

- COL. CLEAR NAMES A HERO.
- TORPEDOED TWICE.
- MANILA OBSERVATORY SIGNALS STILL HEARD IN THE PACIFIC.

WHEN we read Lieutenant Colonel Warren J. Clear's "The Heroic Defense of the Philippines" in *The Reader's Digest*, we felt certain that the unnamed Jesuit priest he credits with having saved his life in a thrilling episode outside of Manila, was none other than Father Joseph Mulry, S.J., well known Philippine missionary and member of a famous New York family. Colonel Clear did not have time to ask him his name; as he remarked in a letter to us, "The situation was such a tense one that we were much like two men in a burning house who were trying to find an avenue of escape." Recently, however, Colonel Clear identified his benefactor through a picture of Father Mulry sent to him by Father Cannon, Director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau.

So now we know the name of the hero who saved a hero. Colonel Clear has been decorated for his heroic acts in the Philippines. Father Mulry will not be decorated. But we are all proud of him none the less and grateful to Colonel Clear for bringing this good deed of a famous missionary to the attention of the American public.

Proudest of all, however, must be the heroic Jesuit's father, Thomas M. Mulry, now in Heaven. One of New York's greatest laymen, Thomas Mulry is best known, perhaps, as the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in the Archdiocese. Noted for his practical charity, it must have pleased him immensely to see that it was while his son was engaged in the very charitable act of burying a dead Filipino that he met Colonel Clear and was able with great personal risk to take him in a mad dash through the Japanese line to safety.

Downtown bound on a Lexington Avenue subway recently was Father William Masterson, S.J., our Busi-

ness Editor. A weatherbeaten man who obviously was not an office worker sat down beside him.

"Are you a Catholic priest?" he asked.

Father Masterson nodded.

"You wouldn't by any chance be a Jesuit?"

Father Masterson admitted that he would.

"Well, now, isn't that a coincidence? I am a seaman. I have been torpedoed twice. The second time I came ashore in Jamaica—at Kingston. The Jesuit missionaries there really treated me swell. I'm grateful. I'm not a Catholic but I want to express my thanks to some Catholic priest for what these American Jesuits did for me."

We should like also to express our gratitude to this heroic member of the American Merchant Marine and to his gallant buddies for the swell job they are doing for us.

Back from a dangerous voyage came another member of the Merchant Marine who told the following story to Father Cannon. He was cruising in an unnamed area in the Far East. The ship's officers were surprised one day to receive radio time-signals from the famous Jesuit Observatory in Manila. Thinking it might be a Japanese ruse they merely noted the time given as the signals continued to come in. When they arrived at the next friendly port they checked up and found that the time signals had been accurate. This was at the beginning of last August which means that at that time, at least, the Jesuit station was still continuing its work of guiding mariners on the Oriental seas. But is it being operated by the Japanese or the Jesuits? American soldiers in Bataan, shortly after the fall of Manila, heard the Japanese radio announce that the Jesuit scientists were still in charge of the famous station.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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NO BREAD, NO PRAYER!

John Peter
Sullivan, S.J.

Father John P. Sullivan, S.J., calls upon his eloquence to unite Jamaica fishermen into a Cooperative. It was really a very tough job but he did it.

rectors, the fishermen might be photographed anywhere.

ANYWAY this is the missions. The photos represent young Catholic Jamaica in action, Jamaica in the war-zoned Caribbean. The activity revealed in these pictures is not directly sacramental. Not directly. But it is activity which aims to set up those decent economic conditions which make the sacraments easier to receive. It is, to be exact, the Catholic Young Men's Sodality of Kingston, Jamaica, involved in Catholic Action. It is the Mystical Body of Christ activating in the *coöperative* way.

Briefly, here's the story. To get to heaven, among other things, we have to pray. But, argued these young Catholic Jamaicans, it is normally *pretty difficult to have a prayer on your lips if you have nothing on your stomach.* Hence,

WHEN I was a youngster in a Boston parochial school many moons past, the vivid picture of poor little Chinese babies abandoned to die—*without Baptism*—set my Irish imagination on fire. Easy then to give up movies and all-day suckers and lolly pops to fill the good Sister's mite box with coppers and nickels thus to rescue even one abandoned slant-eyed darling. Besides, when my good Irish aunt, shure as fine a colleen as ever left the "ould sod" to become a New England Yankee, read of the Alaskan missionary mushing behind his malemites ("the poor soggarth aroon" to her) or of the missionary in India stalking wild tigers in the jungle—all this just to reach and baptize a dying pagan ("God forgive him" says she) she would split her last dollar, not knowing when or where the next dime was coming.

So I believe it is with the aver-

age generous American Catholic. Examine his phantasms of the foreign missions. They seem to be *confined*, I feel, to pictures of the poor priest in fields afar fighting for the minimum essentials of existence and absorbed only or mostly in the actual administration of the sacraments to dying pagans. They picture often the missionary starving for the sight of a mango or a banana, pleading for a donkey to replace his broken-down jalopy or for a mudhut cathedral but recently levelled by a tropical hurricane or for a house proof against snakes or wild cats or . . . Japs. And all this to save the benighted pagan from the devil.

THIS being so, the average mission-minded American Catholic might be a trifle nonplussed at some of the photos which accompany this article. The young credit union di-

the problem: to put some prayer-ballast on that stomach. Their study-clubbing of the papal encyclicals convinced these young fellows that their reasoning was sound. But how get that material security?

Charity? Good. But not adequate. Government subsidies in the guise of doles and relief works (shades of the W.P.A.)? In an emergency, good. But not adequate. Besides, such methods are apt to spoil the people, make them dependent, stifle self-help. Novenas? Good. But God normally works, even in the granting of novena petitions, through obvious secondary causes, through the utilization of our faculties and powers. Miracles cannot be expected as the usual thing. Revolution? Out. Despair? Never. What's left? Self help (no Pelagianism here; we suppose grace) the *coöperative* way.

REASONING thus (and praying over it, too, in their *weekly dialogue Mass* here in Kingston) the inevitable happened to these fellows—a Coöperative Study Club. Their immediate objective: mastery of the cooperative credit union idea. Their equipment? Outside of good will, outside of an intense desire to translate *coöperative worship* into *coöperative work*—practically nothing. No credit union in existence in Jamaica. No precedent locally. No local credit union law. No literature, not even a pamphlet. Lots of opposition. Plenty of local prophets who were prodigal in their predictions of failure. What happened? Every Tuesday night from January, 1941, until February of 1942, those splendid young Jamaicans, fourteen of them, and myself met and talked and argued. We took off on the social encyclicals and the coöperative literature radiating out from the Fathers of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia. For which literature we had to do some tall begging in the States.

Setting the share installment at a thruppence (six cents) a week the first collection in March 1941 amounted to fourteen thruppences; that is, to about eighty-four cents in American money (salaries are much lower in Jamaica than in the



The board of strategy of the Catholic Young Men's Sodality of Kingston draws up plans to sell and spread the Coöperative idea in Jamaica.

States). Today, in the middle of 1942, the approved membership is about thirty and the share capital in the Sodality Credit Union is about one hundred and twenty-five pounds; that is, about seven hundred and twenty-five dollars when the exchange is normal. This capital, of course, is to be loaned to one another at very low rates of interest. In other words, they have their own bank and run it themselves.

Weekly study clubbing will push on from cooperative credit to coöperative consumption, to coöperative insurance, to coöperative marketing, to coöperative medicine and so on.

SO much in swift outline for the *internal* growth of the Sodality Credit Union itself. However, in true apostolic, in true Catholic Action style, most of the efforts of this young group has been spent *externally*; that is, in propagandizing the coöp. idea throughout Jamaica, particularly in the formation of other study clubs and credit unions.

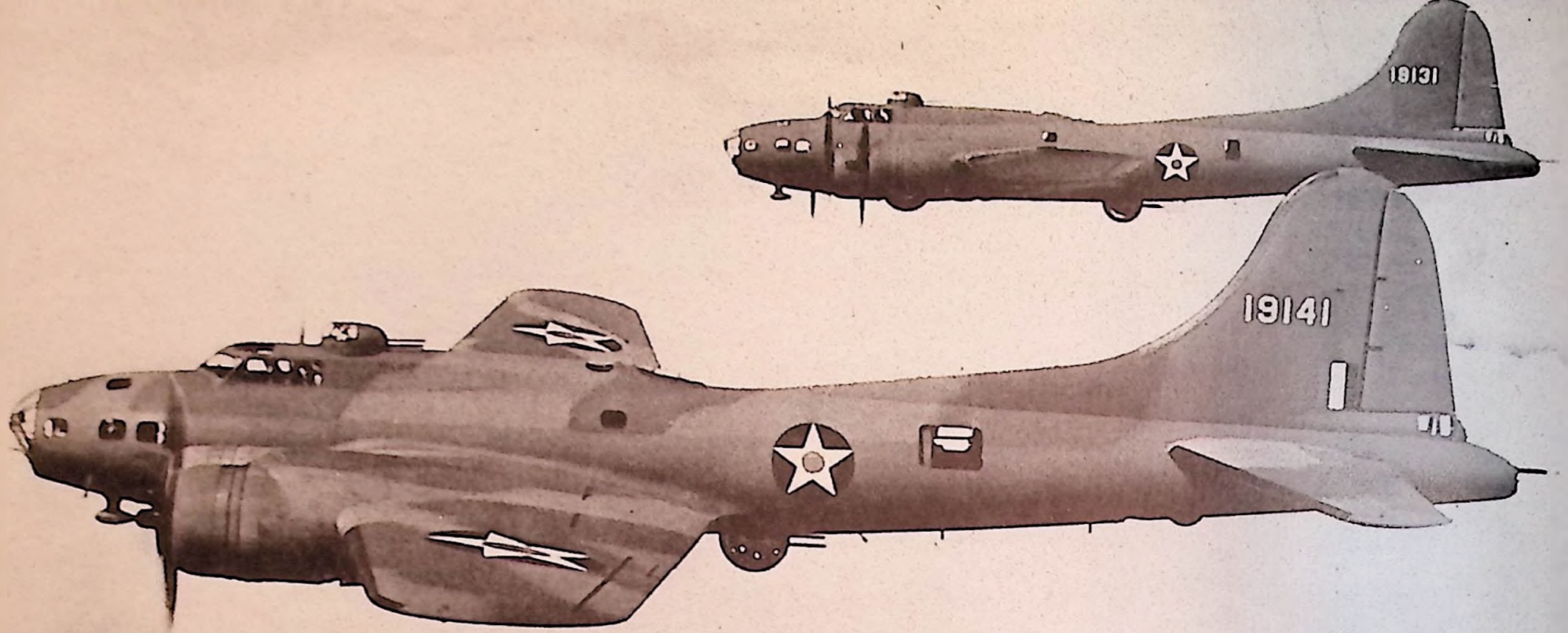
A year ago we formed a study group in another local Catholic parish. This latter is about to be legalized as a full-fledged credit union. One of our group is a teacher in a Kingston school. Under his leadership—"boring from within" in the good sense—the Kingston teach-

ers are on the verge of legalization as a coöp. credit union. For a year and a half we have run a weekly coöp. class in a Jamaican Normal School under Franciscan auspices. Another sodality boy has organized the alumni of our Jamaican Boys' Town, Alpha, as it is called.

BEFORE many groups in the "country parts" of this island, before government overseers and peasants and settlers on land settlements, before village and "bush" groups alike, youthful representatives of the Sodality Credit Union have waxed eloquent on coöp. credit and marketing and buying and, in general, on the building up of the people to *help themselves*. Some of these courses were given in response to the invitation of the Jamaican government.

Perhaps the most strenuous and the most promising job this small group of Catholic Actionists has put across has been the organization of one group of local fishermen along coöp. lines. Thirteen months of *weekly* study clubbing are beginning to fructify. This job has been really tough, almost of heroic proportions.

No American can appreciate the local obstacles involving the unification of the fishermen. Heat, glaring sun, poverty, apathy, suspicion among the (Turn to page 279)



To Iraq in a B-17

Are there many more U.S. pilots like MAJOR HICKEY?

Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.

THE British Royal Air Force, or more briefly, the R.A.F., was and is a select force. Even now, despite the tremendously rapid expansion since 1938, its personnel has an esprit de corps and sense of discipline which mark it off from other groups. Since 1933, it has been my good fortune to have had friendly contacts with many officers and airmen and to have served a bit as chaplain both in its Hinaidi and Habbaniya cantonments.

Needless to say, the Catholic men in the Force treated me as one of themselves. That was to be expected. But in my limited dealings with those not of the Faith I found great courtesy and respect also.

WITH key officials, strange to say, there was a slight passage of arms, although the cause of the difficulty had its origin in their complete misunderstanding of the Iraqi people and not, to the best of my knowledge, in any unfriendliness toward me or the chaplaincy. Their

unwise statements had hurt Britain and Britain's name; it was to point out this unwelcome fact that, in one case, I felt obliged to protest. To undermine friendships in time of peace may be one of the chief causes of failure in time of war. May, 1941, proved I was only too correct.

The splendid character of the non-commissioned Catholic airmen was both a God-send to me and a constant source of self-dissatisfaction. So many of them lived for all the world like novices in some monastic establishment that they were a composite photo of what I ought to be. To preach to them meant necessarily a slight forward propulsion along the path of virtue, for one couldn't have the heart to advocate heroics to them without hewing closer to the line of duty for oneself. If I couldn't be a saint, I'd be hanged if I would be a Pharisee.

SOME names shine out with a peculiar effulgence. They served their two or three years and thence to Malta, or Himalayas, or Aboukir

or England. God alone knows where some of them are now. Men of the gallant 55 and 70 squadrons, like Gribben and Allen and Wells; of the ground crews like Preston and Moore, of the medical service as Moore and Green and Varley, and, outstanding, that mender of skiey things, fuselage and chasubles, Turner, who for more than two faithful years was sacristan and Mass server and assistant curate all rolled up in one divinely transparent spirit.

FATHER SUTHERLAND, the Camp chaplain, had left. Hitherto we had only been able to help him in Lent or at Easter or Christmas or similar solemn times. He had done his work admirably and his going left a void that we Jesuits did not and could not fill. A military chaplaincy is a seven-day job; we could allot only a few hours on Sunday morning and a few on Thursday afternoon and it took more than one of the hours to travel to and from our college. To say two Masses on Sunday and to visit the

American Jesuits in Baghdad have long been fervent admirers of the R. A. F. in Iraq. Then one day some U. S. pilots arrive in a Flying Fortress.

sick on Sundays and Thursdays were minimum requirements that we made sure to meet. But rounding up the slackers and checking up on George and Paddy, Jock and Tuffy, were pretty much beyond our powers. By and large, you don't save a Catholic docker in New York by being a parish priest in Brooklyn. St. Therese of the Infant Jesus will never be the modern apostle of Russia until she has first developed her preachers of the word and dispensers of the sacraments and smuggled them into every corner of the Soviet stronghold. She, under God, may prove to be the gigantic dynamo but His Providence also requires myriads of priest conductors.

SO we bombarded the British Air Ministry in London with the true refrain: "The Catholic airmen here are not getting the service they need and deserve." And so Father O'Connell came. Good husbands are the required answers to most maidens' prayers. Good priests are the answers to most of ours. Now Father O'Connell was a good priest, a priest's priest. He should have been able to begin where Father Sutherland had left off two years before, but he had something else to do first. He had to resurrect the smoldering fires and restore the pristine gold, for in two years much dross can accumulate.

A mission under Father Sutherland and a single retreat one hot July in 1936 and then, since our expanded quarters gave us more room, a week-end retreat the next Whitsuntide for about a dozen airmen, plus the invigorating zeal of the chaplains did much to retain and restore the warm Catholic spirit.

Shortly after this the men had moved 55 miles westward to Habbaniya on the Euphrates and annual retreats at Christmas or in late summer became a regular feature of the Catholic airmen's life. Tomorrow, now so happily married to his charming, faithful Scottish convert,

proved to be another Turner and did a notable job in forming a St. Vincent de Paul Conference but no less fervent and reliable were his partners Gibbin, McLoughlin, O'Reilly, Toner, Johnston and a host of others.

UNFAILINGLY, from the very first day of the war, these staunch Catholics said the rosary every evening in the appealing Catholic Church which the British Government built for the Catholic servicemen. Even when Father O'Connell became ill and was in the hospital and again in the interim between his going in February and the arrival of Father Deegan in mid-May, the men never failed in their promised rosaries. What with Sunday and (for some) daily Mass, frequent Communion, evening rosary and other prayers, Saturday conference of St. Vincent de Paul, annual retreat and generous alms to orphans and the poor, no one can deny that these simple hearts were giving the Catholic world illustrious examples.

There were some Catholic R.A.F. men whose carryings on did nobody any good and least of all themselves and some there were who never came near a priest nor darkened a church door for black sheep there are and always will be. They were the very few who drew tears of blood as the rank and file of both officers and men drew tears of joy and gratitude.

TAKE a walk some Thursday afternoon in the Fall of 1935 through the groves of Hinaidi Palms and sycamores and eucalyptuses form the sweeping avenues that alone in all Iraq bring back memories of New England lanes and hamlets of Maryland. Over there a spin bowler is limbering up; he has a tradition to sustain, for to give up cricket is the same as to give up England. On this nearer stretch a game of field hockey is in

progress and, of course, the Indian team is winning, while all about, on the multitudinous pitches and playing fields, footballs are flying,—golden eclipses of the golden sun. And in the distance the martial tread and gay, triumphant music of the world-famed Assyrian levies as they swing bravely into view.

The hospital is here and the medical mess and look there's Dr. Kennedy with, "How do you do, Father. Meet Squadron Leader Hanley, another doctor, who is always glad to meet a Jesuit." And so I meet Dr. Hanley, simplicity blending into peace. His spirit will be remembered while his name is lost.

NOW it is Spring in 1942, a glorious Palm Sunday with Nature wearing all the finery and men in dusty khaki. If Hinaidi be a faint recollection of the West, Habbaniya is the West itself in all its flame and flower and fragrance, in all its green of lawn and hedge and leaf, in all its crimson and starriness of oleander, rose and orange blossom, in all its blooming and majestic avenues, in all its trim red brick and trellised, cool contentment. There, effaced as it were by the very scene he himself creates, smiling a welcome, is the remembered spirit of the name forgot. Father Deegan mentions it. "Group Captain Hanley, Father, in command of the hospital." In him the West was awake and all the warm Catholicity of the Irish, and in his voice patient mastery blending into peace. It was a medicine to hear him talk.

WE stood facing the civil cantonment where a dozen thousand Assyrians and Armenians (very many of them Catholics, the rest schismatics), lived in crowded hardihood and anxious hope. In the foreground and to the right were the levies' quarters. "All these Christians have risked their all for Britain. It is up to Britain to stand by them, in all the days to come, both in fair weather and in foul and most of all when Britain's sun is shining once again and the Lion and Unicorn are riding high." It was Father Deegan who spoke. "Absolutely." I (Turn to page 278)



Marching Along Together in Jamaica

Sir Arthur Richards, Governor of Jamaica, and military aids, with Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., and Father Walter Ballou, S.J., inspect St. George's College Cadet Corps.

Richard J. Coakley, S.J.

TENSHUN Forward March." The cadets of St. George's College swung down the field with that smooth rhythmic stride that comes only after patient hours of drill. For a month or more now the cadets had been practising. They had been serious about it, too, not because there was a war going on or because they hoped soon to smell the acrid smoke of battle, but because they were getting ready to parade before the Governor of the Island.

Today was the day. As they marched before the reviewing stand the cadets looked smart in their new uniforms made of the tough khaki of British Colonial troops. They were no longer boys but young soldiers on parade.

St. George's College in keeping with the times had gone military.

This was nothing new to Jesuit schools. With the invasion of the Philippines, thousands of young cadet graduates of the famous Ateneo de Manila met the first onslaught of the Japanese and died gloriously facing the enemy. Not a few of the prominent officers in the United States Army today are graduates of St. Francis Xavier's Military High School in New York City.

But a military school was something new to Jamaica. That was why the cadets of St. George's marched so proudly. Like soldiers they stood stiffly at attention now looking neither right nor left as His Excellency, Sir Arthur Richards, Governor of Jamaica, came from the reviewing stand and moved down the line.

Smart was the word for their per-

formance. These cadets had paraded with a precision far in advance of their short period of training. English officers from the garrison camp at New Castle had whipped them into shape and given them a soldierly bearing. The discipline, the drill, the obedience to command had already left a stamp upon them. The *Daily Gleaner* was accurate in describing their performance as a "smart, indeed elegant display."

THEIR marching pleased the Governor too. After his tour of inspection in true military form he returned to the main entrance of the College Hall where he received the royal salute. He then addressed them.

High points of his address ran as follows: "Members of St. George's College Cadet Corps, I find that this

visit of inspection which I considered my duty has turned into a pleasure. It is always a pleasure to me to greet the efficiency which springs from continuous effort rightly directed. I congratulate you and those responsible for your training for this splendid and practical evidence of keenness and enthusiasm in your training. To your generation will fall the task of bridging the gap between yesterday and tomorrow. May God grant to you the imagination and the faith to see the way. Out of the darkness of a world at war may it be your privilege to greet the dawn and may you have the vision and the courage to follow leaders who show you the goal."

THE Governor, a wise man, had hit upon the reason for converting St. George's into a military

panied by Reverend Father Superior visited the new emergency hospital established at Winchester Park. A few years ago this building was a delapidated shed known as the "gym." It was dignified by the name simply because the boxing team of St. George's for lack of something better used to work out there.

DUE to the expert handiwork of Brother Thomas MacElroy, S.J., this building was reclaimed and converted into a theater for school plays. Brother did an excellent job. The old "gym" was transformed and christened Mulry Hall. It was so named in honor of Father Patrick F. X. Mulry, S.J., one of the first American Jesuits to go to the Jamaican Mission 48 years ago.

That was back in 1894 when the mission changed hands and was

Here again the experience and skill of Brother MacElroy, S.J., was called into service. He outfitted this first aid post with eighty-nine cots and twelve stretchers along with cabinets for the medical kit equipment. The cost of each cot is about three dollars and fifty cents. They are sturdy and durable. The medical kits were prepared and shipped to Jamaica by Father Edward Garesche, S.J., Director of the Catholic Medical Missions in New York City.

HIS Excellency, the Governor, expressed intense gratification and satisfaction with each detail, the orderly rows of cots, the cabinets stocked with medical equipment. Standing by each cot was a member of the St. John's Ambulance Association. They likewise looked



Sporting the tough khaki of British Colonial troops, these cadets were no longer boys but young soldiers on parade.

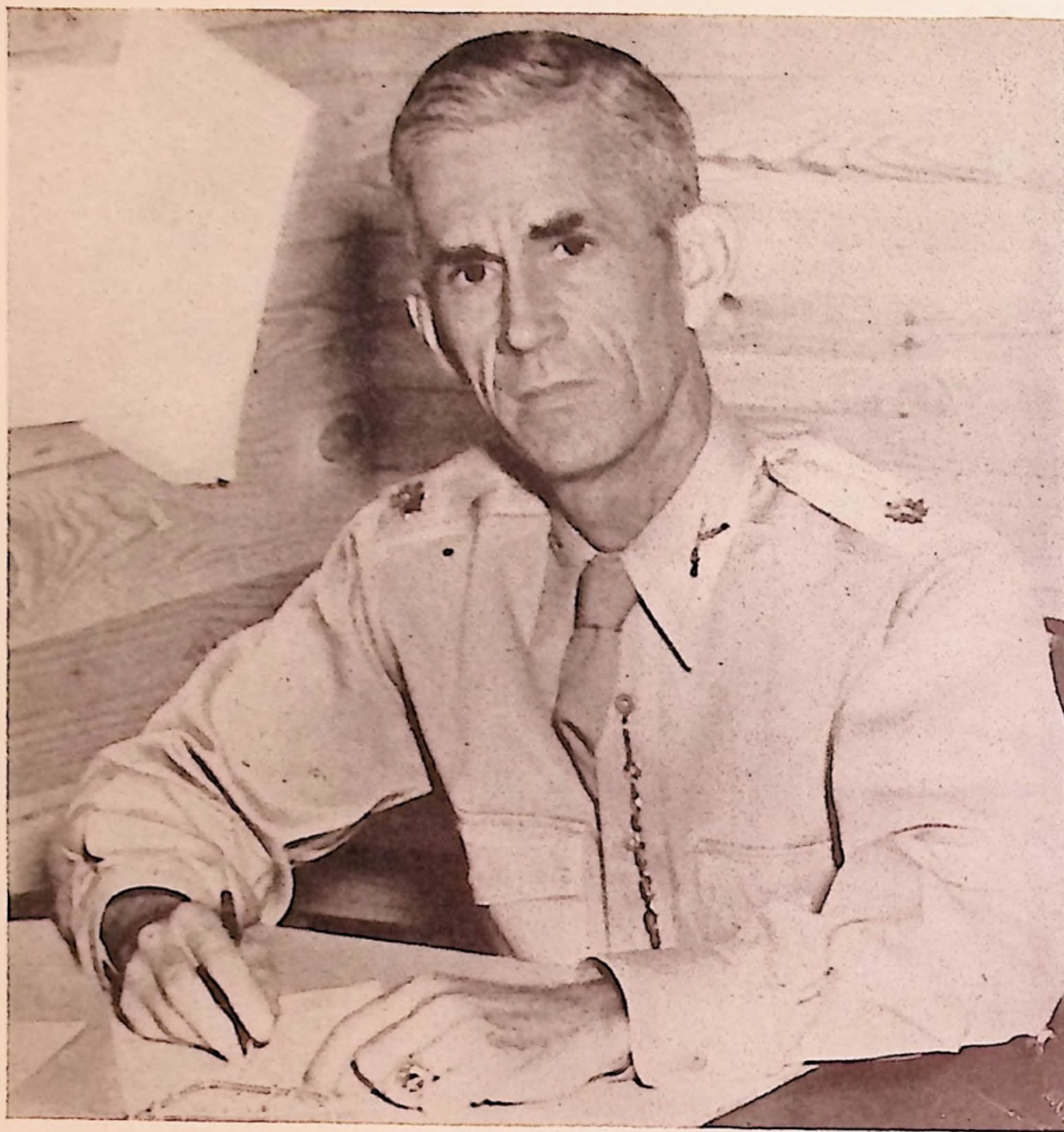
school. It was not to prepare these boys for war alone but to prepare them for life; to make them leaders for tomorrow, to instill into their minds and hearts, courage in the face of difficulty, the spirit of sacrifice for the years ahead and all those other fine qualities and virtues that go to make a soldier.

The Cadet Corps dismissed, the Governor and his attendants accom-

taken over from the English Province by the Maryland-New York Province. It is quite likely that Mulry Hall judging from its age existed then. It may even have served as a hospital during the time of the terrible earthquake of 1907. Be that as it may, with the advent of the present war, Mulry Hall was converted into an emergency hospital and First Aid post.

neat in their uniforms. This is one of the first, if not the first, branch to undertake first aid and home nursing courses. Emergency cases arising out of possible aid raids will be taken care of in this Winchester Park center.

After the inspection of this new first aid post there was a demonstration of siren sound effects by electrical transcrip. (Turn to page 279)



Colonel Roger Hilsman, U.S.A., who with his Ateneo "boys" fought a gallant but losing battle at Davao and Negros in the Philippines.

Col. Hilsman's "Little Army" Fights It Out

Thomas B. Cannon, S.J.

THE story of Colonel Roger Hilsman, U. S. A., former Commandant of the cadets at the Jesuit University in Manila, can now be told—part of it at least. The story takes place in the Philippines where Colonel Hilsman now is, but God knows where. With him, however, are the fighting boys he taught at the Ateneo de Manila and his little army with which he defended Davao and made the epic march from there to Negros. As fitted together from pieces of information received from Army of-

icers and diplomats who have returned from the Philippines, the story runs as follows:

When the war broke out on December 8, 1941, there were 18,000 Japanese congregated around the city of Davao in southeastern Mindanao. The Commanding Officer of this sector was Colonel Roger Hilsman, U. S. A., of San Antonio, Texas. Automatically, at the outbreak of the war, the 18,000 Japanese became enemy aliens and the Commanding Officer was instructed to establish a concentration camp.

He did so and was notably successful in all the arrangements which he was able to make both for the safeguarding of his country's interests and the care of the people under his command. He had only 700 men with him, most of them Philippine Scouts, a few of them raw recruits; a handful of American officers. The kindness of the Commanding Officer during the period of the Concentration Camp will not soon be forgotten by the Japanese who owed much to the Colonel's discipline, which was tempered with great consideration for their health and convenience.

AN attack was made on the coast of Davao by a division of Japanese troops. Seven transports carried the Japanese division up the Gulf of Davao. By means of a deceitful ruse, in violation of all International Law (which the Army censorship does not wish revealed), it was possible for the Japanese to make an easy landing at Davao, splendidly equipped for invasion.

It then developed that many of the 18,000 so-called civilian Japanese already in Davao were actually trained soldiers; and for them rifles were supplied from the transports. The odds can scarcely be imagined; roughly about 25,000 Japanese (at least 10,000 of them trained soldiers) against 700 Americans and Filipinos. The invading force brought with them all the weapons of modern warfare; Colonel Hilsman had only 8 machine guns.

FOR one whole day Colonel Hilsman and his gallant little force held back the Japanese attack. No one has yet come back to tell the details of that day of fighting. So conscientiously did Colonel Hilsman fulfill his order that it finally became impossible for him to effect a retreat by way of the Gulf of Davao. The sea was completely cut off. Yet so well had he deployed his men that in spite of the number of men engaged against him, he lost only 150 of his own command.

Finally, it became imperative for Colonel Hilsman to retreat. It was impossible to hold Davao any longer. But the retreat which he finally suc-

The boys he trained at the Jesuit University in Manila rallied around him at Negros in a gallant last ditch defense of the Philippines.

ceeded in leading should go down in military history as one of the most magnificent feats of this war. The interior of the Province of Davao is very difficult country. Central Davao is still marked on the official maps as "unexplored." Part of the Province of Bukidnon adjoining Davao is also marked "unexplored." Those sections of the interior of the two Provinces, which are inhabited, are populated to a great extent by wild pagan tribes. The Mandayas and Bagobos predominate. They have a very primitive civilization, and though they are peaceful enough when not disturbed, an invasion of their country is something to be feared worse than a Japanese attack.

WE know from letters from a Jesuit missionary in Bukidnon that many of the people who escaped from Davao following in the path blazed by Colonel Hilsman, were subject to attack by the wild tribes in the mountains. These poor tribesmen were driven to violence by the sudden and unexpected appearance of men from the south. Naturally enough, the refugees desired food and the wild Bagobos and Mandayas couldn't understand what they considered the stealing of their hard gained rice. With primitive weapons, bolos, spears and daggers, they attacked the refugees from Davao.

Despite all the dangers, however, Colonel Hilsman succeeded in leading his men into Malaybalay, capital

Colonel Hilsman trained his boys well as this old picture indicates. (Left to right) Cadet Captain Vicente Cinco, killed in action shortly after the outbreak of the war; Cadet Captain Manuel C. Colayco, editor of the "Philippine Commonwealth" and hero of the Battles of Morong and Mauban, as well as Bataan; Cadet Colonel Ricardo De Vera, who, as Father Ortiz reports, did "nothing" except hold his sector of the front line in Bataan for four months; Captain (now Colonel) Roger Hilsman.

of Bukidnon. It is doubtful whether any individual, let alone a party, ever before succeeded in crossing this unexplored territory. It was an epic retreat. Those who know the Philippines will understand what difficulties were surmounted by the brave little force. From Malaybalay the route through Bukidnon and Oriental Misamis and finally to the coast was comparatively easy.

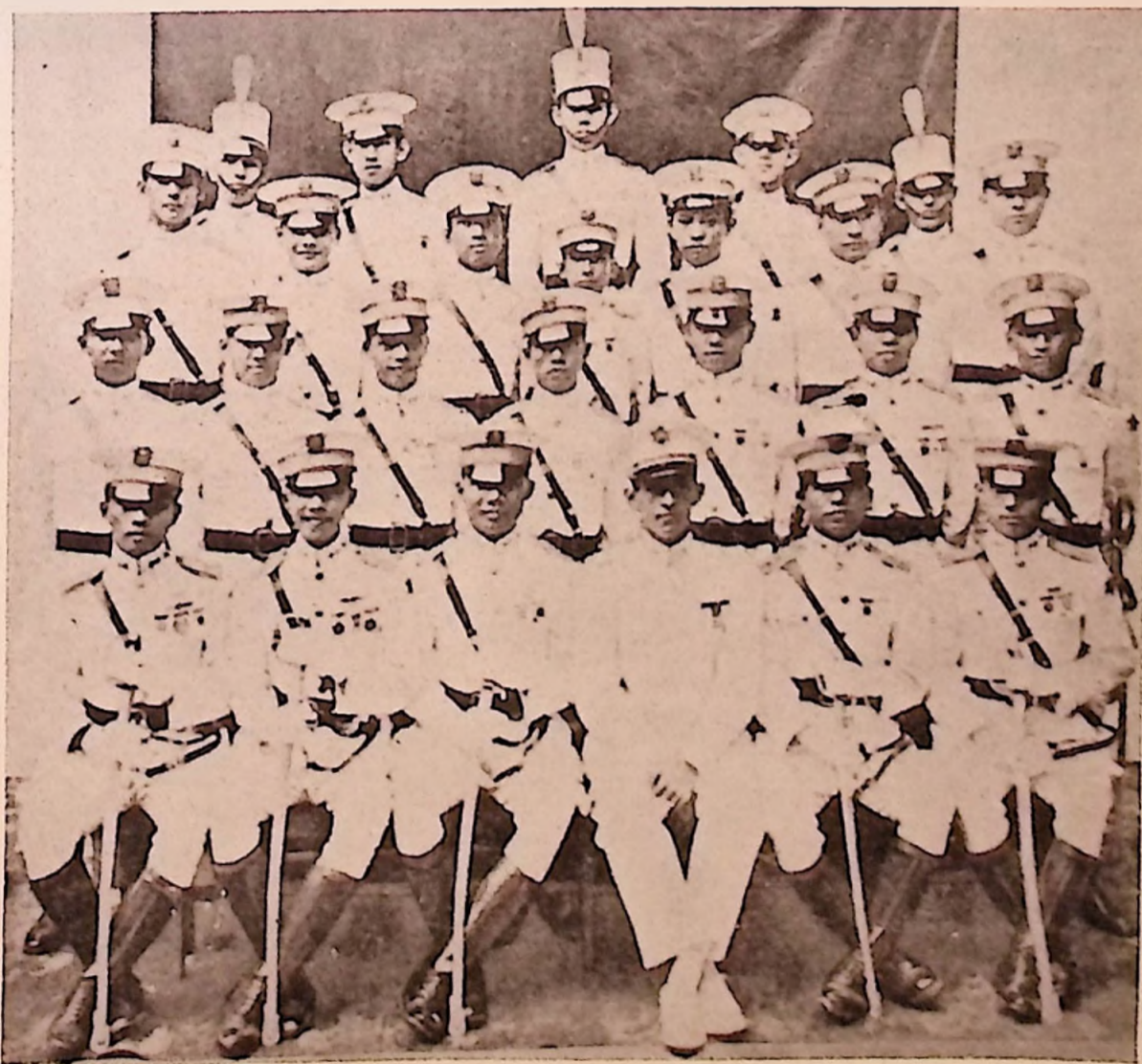
IN recognition of Colonel Hilsman's achievements in Mindanao, he was then appointed Commanding Officer of the Island of Negros.

It was imperative at the moment to have an American Commanding Officer in Negros who would be able to enlist the complete cooperation of the people. In this Colonel Hilsman was tremendously successful. His success was due to a great extent to knowledge gained and friendships made while he was Com-

mandant of cadets at the Ateneo de Manila, the Jesuit university at the Philippine capital. Every other educated man in Negros is an Ateneo graduate, and almost every Negros boy is either a student at the Ateneo or hopes to go there sometime in the future.

FROM 1928 to 1930, Colonel Hilsman, then Captain Hilsman, had been Commandant of the Ateneo Cadet Corps and he had been a very popular officer. Consequently, when twelve years later he arrived in Negros as Commanding Officer during this current war he found waiting him there many of his old boys, now mature men. The word was spread very fast that "The Captain" had come back! The spirit changed very quickly from something bordering on indifference to great enthusiasm for the defense of Negros.

Ben Gaston who had been a boy in first year high when Captain Hilsman first went to the Ateneo, was in March of 1942 the owner of the second largest transportation system in the Philippines and he at once placed his 47 trucks at the disposal of the new Commanding Officer. Ben (Turn to page 279)





Standing to the right of Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J., are the parents of George Sippary. His aunt is Superioress of the world's only Eskimo nuns, aptly called the Sisters of the Snows.

Eskimo Jesuit

George Sippary comes from a famous Eskimo family

Neil G. McCluskey, S.J.

SHROUDED in secrecy, loaded with the destiny of a nation, swift ships sail northward with men and supplies that Uncle Sam keeps pumping into the bloodstream of his long Alaskan arm. Important setting for the death-lock struggle of the Pacific, this vast land of sturdy people and unlimited wealth, with its Aleutian finger poised for the inevitable death-clutch on enemy Japan, must be strengthened and held at any cost.

Not surprising, then, that when a small but sturdily built lad of 20 walked down the gang plank of an Alaskan ship and quietly set foot in war-fevered Seattle, little attention was paid him. Although not in the familiar army khaki, he was still a real soldier and anxious to continue his military training. In fact that was what had brought him here to the States—all the way from Holy Cross Mission on the Lower Yukon. Yes, George Ivan Sippary in whose veins flowed one hundred per cent Eskimo blood was very happy to be nearing his training site.

A day later the "barracks" doors of the Jesuit Novitiate at Sheridan, Oregon, opened to receive him, and Brother George Sippary, N.S.J., (Novice of the Society of Jesus) had begun his two-year noviceship for the Jesuit Brotherhood—had taken his place as a "rookie" in Christ's Quartermaster Corps.

THE story of this unique call of Christ—only the second native Alaskan vocation to a religious order of men—has its beginning back three generations in the gray dawn of Alaska's mission history.

When in 1888 the newly founded Mission of Holy Cross was ready for operation and Eskimo children were admitted to its tiny school, a Sippary was the first child to receive instruction. Simon Sippary, for that was his name, grew up with the struggling little Mission. Along with the lessons he copied out on his slate, there were other lessons he wrote into his heart:—love for God—zeal for souls—devotion to the Church—lessons that would lead him to give his life to the great work of the Mission.

Simon established his home beside his beloved Holy Cross Mission. His wife, Marie, a convert from the Russian Church in which she had been born, shared his fiery enthusiasm for the apostolate and together they became the first lay-catechists of the missionaries.

In 1914, Simon took over the U. S. mail contract and

ran his route by dog sled from St. Michael's to Mountain Village and Marshall. A 30-30 kept the wolves at bay along the trail, but Uncle Sam's contract kept the wolf from the door that sheltered four little Sipparys.

Ivan Sippary, one of the four children, married Maggie Kameroff, like her husband's mother, a convert to the Catholic faith before her marriage. In time, eleven more little Sipparys of a new generation had to be sheltered behind a new door—from the same old wolf. Their father found the means. After working some years for the Northern Commercial Company, Ivan, at the invitation of Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., began to work steadily at St. Michael's Mission, north of Holy Cross. While Mother Sippary attended to the household, Ivan, with little George toddling after him, took care of the Mission chores.

ONE day when George was two, his little brother David fell into a deep ditch. George at once toddled off to his mother and in baby fashion made her understand the danger. She came hurriedly and rescued the year-old youngster from his watery trap. George's first recollection goes back to the little boy of five, standing wide-eyed on the frail wooden dock at St. Michael's, proudly watching his father load the Mission boat, a stern-wheeler, the *SS. St. Joseph*.

In the evening with the work done and the ripe yellow moon climbing into the cold black sky, Ivan and Maggie would gather the rest of the villagers into the frame church and teach them their prayers and catechism.

Here at St. Michael's in 1930, under the tutelage of Father Lonneux, the eldest Sippary boys, George and David, began to study the English language. Soon they were repeating the simple prayers of the penny catechism after the priest and in no time had mastered their new tongue. That same year, old Grandfather Simon Sippary died at the Jesuit Mission on Nelson Island, where he had been hard at work till the very last.

FOR the next ten years the Sippary family traveled from mission to mission lending aid to the Jesuits in establishing the native Church. Hooper Bay, Nelson Island, Bethell, Hamilton, Akulurak, Scannon Bay, Endall, Mountain Village, St. Michael's, all in turn felt the spiritual influence of this happy big soldier-family.

George's formal school began at the Territorial Public School at St. Michael's which he attended one year. The family then moved to Hooper Bay. Now it was Father John Fox, S.J., and the Little Sisters of the Snow who

November Mission Intention

Christianization of Indigenous Art and Culture

were his teachers. One of these native nuns was his Aunt Anna, whose religious name is Sister Mary Sippary. She was the first member of the little congregation, entering in 1931, and is now the Superioress. When George was eleven, the family spent six months on Nelson Island where the lad studied at the government school there. Back to Hooper Bay went the Sipparys in 1934, successfully making the treacherous trip across the open Bering Sea to the mainland. Three more years divided amongst Nelson Island, Loyola and Bethell, and George at 16 was ready for his last taste of books and classrooms.

By this time Rome had heard of the work of the Sippary family. On Christmas Day of 1939, Pope Pius XII extended his blessing hand across the world to reward Ivan and Maggie and the little Sipparys for their devoted labors. A few days later a son was born to them. They named him Pius.

WHILE the rest of the family were at Scannon Bay working as Catechists, young George stayed through '37-'39 at Hooper Bay in the capacity of chief Jack-of-all-trades to Father Fox. Today with gun in hand he would be off to supply the Mission table with fresh game. Tomorrow he would make the rounds of his traps, or mush a sled load of supplies over the frozen tundra to an outlying sub-station of the Mission, or spend the day mending torn harness, or take a turn in the kitchen as cook, or any one of a hundred odd jobs that are always turning up around a Mission.

Brother George Feltes, S.J., in September, 1941, took him to the Mission at Holy Cross to initiate him into the ways of motors and machines. Here in the well equipped mechanical shops, young Sippary found a new world of wonder. Six months later the Brother was transferred to another Mission, but he went, confident that his youthful protege could take over the management of the Mission shops. A bit later George proved that trust when Nat Brown, an old-time Alaskan flyer, damaged his plane in a landing at Holy Cross. The young mechanic showed himself a handy helper to Brown, and between them they got the injured ship rolling again.

JUST before his entrance as a postulant into the Society of Jesus, that March, he helped Father Spils, S.J., in the radio room of the Mission, and at times when the priest was out on the trail took over the controls himself.

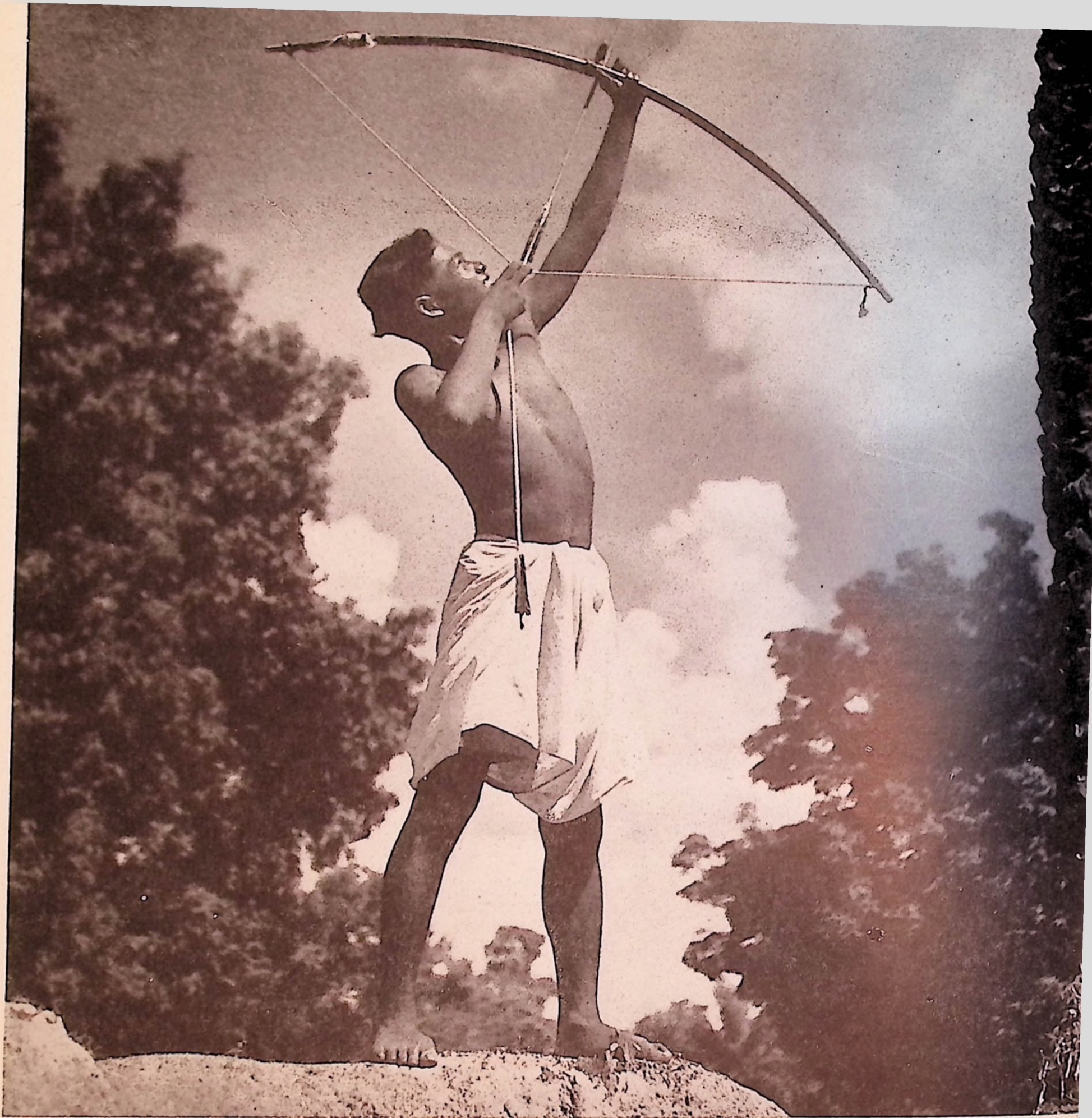
1937, George says, was the year he first began to think of becoming a lay-Brother. But responsibility, hard work, and continual change of residence give one little time to think about anything but responsibility, hard work, and continual change of residence. He and Father Spils talked the matter over early in 1942 with the result that on April 22nd of that year, Bishop Walter Fitzgerald, S.J., and Father Spils accepted him into the Order on trial. He at once began his postulancy—a term of candidature required by Canon Law before the novitiate proper may commence—at Holy Cross Mission. George lived with the Fathers during the following months, examining the Order he wished to join while the Order examined him. (Turn to page 279)

- God has entrusted the fullness of Truth and Goodness and Beauty to the keeping of the Catholic Church. In a very true sense she may be said to have a monopoly on these three so that what Saint Augustine has said of Truth can very well be applied to Goodness and Beauty also—wherever and whenever they are to be found Catholics recognize them as their own and may rightfully lay first claim to them. If there is anything to be admired in the pagan cultures of Greece and Rome or in the ancient civilizations of the East this is because they have partaken to a greater or less degree in those things which are *basically* Catholic. And so the Church in her missionary activity has always sought to develop the art and culture native to the countries God has given her.

- But shouldn't missionary effort confine itself to saving souls and leave the cultivation of the arts to the men of the world? Not if the missionary effort is to be Catholic—"catholic" in the strictest sense of that word—embracing in its activity the whole of life, the universal well-being of man. The Church must save souls, true enough. But this is not enough. If, as the Mystical Body of Christ, she is to grow into the fullness of Christ, if her influence is to be lasting, then she must establish herself in every nation. To establish herself in a country the Church must enter fully into the life of the people and this in such a way that the effect may be lasting.

- Mission history proves this. Saint Francis Xavier was not satisfied with baptizing souls but looked to the establishment of permanent Christian communities through the foundation of schools and colleges. By their interest in the cultural pursuits of the Chinese people, the great Jesuit missionaries Ricci and Schall accomplished much good in helping to establish the Church in China. Brother Castiglione, S.J., had been fifty years a missionary in China. Become famous as an artist at the Court of the Emperor Chien-Ling, he has influenced Chinese painting even in our own times.

- What has been said of China can be equally said of Japan, India, Java, the Philippines, and, in general, of all those countries which in the long course of their histories have developed an art all their own. At Peiping, China, we have the art school at Fu Jen. The Nanking Institute, entrusted to the American Jesuits by Pius XI, seeks to carry on the best in the cultural tradition of China, reclaiming, as it were, all that is there basically Catholic. Mr. Luke Chen has already achieved fame by his paintings, as has also the Javanese artist, Abdullah. The Philippines have given us Rizal, Barcelon and Recto. It is the purpose of the Mission Intention for November to draw our attention to this important aspect of the Church's mission vocation.



WE had great hopes that Ranga would at length attend our mission boarding school. He had only to hand over the charge of grazing a yoke or two of buffaloes to his younger brother and to make up his mind to stay at school for at least a semester. It was the first week of February when many of our Santal convert boys returned to school at Gokhla for another semester of studies and religious instruction after two months of freedom in the jungle.

Looking through the window of the Prefect's room I could make out in the distance each approaching group and the familiar faces beaming with joy. They had been traveling on foot across hills and dales for two or three days from the different mission sectors. Each boy carried a little bundle of clothes and books on his head. Wearied and dust-laden they were glad to be back to their Fathers and the school. One has not to teach these lads to greet you. "*Jesu marang, Fadar!*" which

means, "Let Jesus be praised. Father!" springs spontaneously from their lips. You will be drowned in a chorus of that greeting anywhere you happen to meet a group of them.

The forlorn fields and courtyards now started ringing with their shouts and songs and the music of the bamboo flutes. Every lad was there. Even Gangu, the scamp who had so often run away from school, was present, and had brought with him a bottle of coconut oil for his

BUFFALO BOY

His name is Ranga; he lives in India;
he wants to be a Catholic;
he asks your prayers.

Alphonsus Goveas, S. J.



(Left) The Santal boy always has his bow and arrow ready for birds on the wing. (Right) Santal cowboys on the range.

hair. Only Ranga was not there. I was disappointed.

RANGA is a Santal lad about ten years old. He had never been to school nor learned to spell a single word from a book. Yet what he knew, he knew perfectly well, which was to tend his buffaloes and the cows. He is a master buffalo-boy, a leader among his equals. Early in the morning when the cuckoo starts its matins in the mangroves you would see him duly sit astride the pick among his buffaloes and driving the whole herd before him to the meadows and wood. The rest of the boys follow him in due succession driving their own herds and singing their own tunes. But Ranga was the leader and he drew from his flute many a pastoral tune that kept together the whole herd. His bow and arrows were ready at hand to be of instant service when the neighboring thicket gave the least sign of scurrying rabbits. The Santal meadows bristle with such game and the trained eye of the Santal will rarely miss it.

I happened to visit the village of Ranga far out in the jungle during one of my mission tours with Father John Brennan. We had an early Mass at Dombassa which a few converts of the village attended. News had come of the visit of the missionary, so some of the pagans in the neighborhood had also flocked to the thatched hut which served as the temporary chapel.

The Mass over, we were just coming out of the chapel when, to my great delight, I found Ranga

with a group of cowboys. They had been peeping through the window and observing every part of the morning service going on within. Ranga was evidently drawn to the hut by the sound of prayers and hymns. For a Santal boy loves songs naturally, and a tune is always on his lips. He did not know how to salute a missionary as the Christians do. But he had seen others do it. Hence, he said, "*Jesu marang!*" but a la Santal with a slight inclination of the head, the right hand raised in front to signify obeisance while the left hand supported the right elbow.

"HULLO, Ranga! You are thrice welcome and your friends, too." I made all of them squat on the floor in front of the chapel while I sat likewise in front of them. Father Brennan was busy instructing the converts and I had a splendid opportunity to give a few nice thoughts to these sons of the jungle. I knew all the while why they had come. Boys, even Santal boys, do not easily forget sweet experiences. For sweets they came: they call them *Toyo Billies* (Jackal Eggs).

"You will have your Billies, lads, but you ought to learn a prayer first and sing a hymn." Then followed a demonstration of the Sign of the Cross, several times over, all in Santali. In the test that ensued all failed except Ranga. I never expected that feat from a pagan boy, and feat it was, word for word, with every sign in perfect order.

Forthwith I chose Ranga to teach

the Sign of the Cross to his less gifted friends. You could imagine their amazement and outbursts of enthusiastic cheers at such a novel appointment. The same scene was now rehearsed but with Ranga as catechist. I should say to the credit of Ranga that he is cut out to be a future catechist, though success is acquired only by time and repetition.

This scene was followed by the "Our Father" sung to a Santali tune. Then a few more instructions, the distribution of sweets and the boys dispersed as happy as larks. They promised to come back in the evening while Ranga undertook to teach them all the Sign of the Cross and the hymn.

DAY wore on to sunset. Meanwhile, an occasional note of the hymn was carried to us across the distant hills and I said a prayer for those lads to gain the light of Faith. Towards dusk all drove their cattle home. But Ranga would never go without paying us the promised visit. He came for sweets, of course, but he came to see us, too. He had earned his bread all day long by keeping his buffaloes off the paddy fields of the village and in the day's occupation he had little time to be a catechist and to remember the prayer. Yet, as a true Santal lad, he had not forgotten the hymn. He had been singing it the live-long day as he kept his herd together.

"Well, Ranga, I don't think you want to be a buffalo yourself."

"Of course not, Father!"

"Well, then, (Turn to page 278)

"Christian Missions" are Facing a Crisis

Albert Muntsch, S.J.



A solemn faced Maya Indian boy of San Jose in British Honduras. The faith of thousands like him in Central America is in danger these days.

THE *American Journal of Sociology*, devotes one of its recent issues to an analysis of the social changes that have taken place in the decade of 1930-1940. The article on Religion is contributed by Professor Hornell Hart of Duke University.

His opening sentence is significant. "The first change to note in what has happened to religion during the last dozen years is the decline in religious interest as evidenced by articles in periodicals."

Specifying this "decline" in various types of religious activity, he finds that as regards "Christian missions," the "entries on 'missions' and allied topics in the *Readers' Guide* dropped from 222 per 100,000 in 1933 to 47 in 1941. Publications by the *Missionary World* ceased in 1939, but nearly half of the decrease had occurred before that date." Hart rightly refers to this decline in interest as a "crisis in Christian missions."

By "Christian missions" Professor Hart means chiefly Protestant missions. However, the lesson of

this decline by Protestants in their mission work is an important one for us. For although it has not yet happened to us, it certainly can unless proper steps are taken.

The whole Catholic world, therefore,—missionaries and stay-at-homes, priests and laity, teachers and students—should be interested in this vast change.

For our Church is a missionary Church, and from the days of St. Paul to our own, the preaching of the Gospel to "those without"

has never ceased. And that heralding of the "good news" of Christ's Evangel must be continued, despite obstacles, to the end of time. This preaching of the Gospel to natives "sitting in the darkness" is more than mere effort of the Church to preserve her strength and integrity over against her many foes. It is obedience to the Divine mandate: "Go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." This is the commission to the Apostles. The bishops as well as the priests and missionaries of today are their successors.

OUR missionary work is, therefore, based on the fact that the Church is both Catholic and Apostolic. By virtue of the former note the Church, as the body of believers, maintaining the same faith, sharing the same sacraments, and united under one head, must grow, expand, flourish, and ever produce new fruits of holiness and extend her beneficent sway to the ends of the earth.

By virtue of the other character-

istic, her apostolicity, the Church cannot cease in her efforts to do the work of the chosen disciples of Christ—the Apostles. An apostle is "one sent." But Christ's apostles and the messengers of His words are sent to all the nations. The first apostles were saints and zealous preachers. They continued in the work to the end of their days. But now the same duty devolves upon those who are their rightly ordained successors. No; missionary work cannot cease in Christ's true Church which is one and holy, but is also Catholic and apostolic.

Among the causes for the crisis in missions, Hart cites the disruption of mission activities by World War I and the havoc brought on by Japan's aggressions in Asia and by World War II.

WE fully realize these terrific obstacles to our missionary effort. They have been commented upon many times by those in charge of our Mission Bureaus and mission magazines. But this only means that more S.O.S. calls must go out to our devoted Catholic laity. Seeing the difficulties under which we labor, American Catholics will be moved to make still greater sacrifices for the cause of Christ in foreign lands.

Perhaps new ways can be used to interest our young in foreign missions. The articles in our missionary journals may be used with advantage in classes of history and geography. For the articles are generally written by "men who know."

On the other hand, though, in Hart's opinion, missionary work in the Protestant churches has received a setback, he very likely does not know what (Turn to page 278)



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

Flying Fortress

A flying fortress roared in over Manhattan. It had come a long way, from the other side of the world. The next day a letter with a New York stamp on the envelope landed in our mail-box. It was from Father Leo Shea, S.J., American missionary in Basrah, Iraq. That letter had come in the flying fortress. We tried to contact the American engineer who was mentioned in the letter but that day he was in conference. The next day we tried again, but had to be content with a brief telephone conversation, most of which was filled with the engineer's admiration for the young Jesuit he met in Basrah. That afternoon he was taking off again for some place in the Arabian desert. These American engineers were preparing the way for our troops to land in the Middle East.

American Front

The point behind this incident is that the missionaries formed the first American Front. Before we entered the war, before American engineers set out on secret missions, American Jesuits were at work in those distant outposts of the world. In the Phillipines, in Alaska, in India, in China, in the tropical islands to the south, it is the same story. Enthusiastic letters from soldiers, high commendation from officers for heroic service reveal these soldiers of Christ in a new light. Though we Americans were not aware of it, the missionaries were our first front in this global war. In their lives we find the substance of the four freedoms reduced to practice. Though

we know they are gambling for far higher stakes than the mere temporal welfare of their adopted people we should not overlook the fact that these priests of God exerted a very real and definitely constructive influence towards the American way of life.

The Issue

America declared war because we believe that man has a certain innate dignity, certain inalienable rights such as life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That they have been endowed by their Creator with these gifts we find written clearly in our Constitution. We went to war against nations that would destroy this idea, and crush all who resented their aggressions against weaker nations. But before the Atlantic Charter, before this issue was clarified, we find these American Jesuits teaching their people that they are creatures of God, that they are not slaves nor animals nor machines nor clods of earth to be trodden underfoot. These missionaries reminded their people that they are endowed with free souls, free to worship God without fear. They strove to lift these pagans out of their poverty and misery, to provide them with food, clothing and medicine, to make them economically self-sufficient. Here is the substance of the Atlantic Charter in deed. We Catholics know that the Christian ideal stretches far beyond the shores of America, beyond the borders of this world and into eternity. But we should not on that account overlook the fact that Jesuit missionaries are thoroughly American in their way of life. Though men of peace, they

have made a definite contribution to our ultimate victory.

Second Front

Our missionaries were our first American front. The stepped up tempo of modern warfare has brought this home to us. Now a second spiritual front is forming. During the past few months not a few chaplains have visited JESUIT MISSIONS office. Close to a hundred Jesuits are already in the Army or Navy with a long list waiting to be called up. As one of them laughingly said one evening as he parted from us for an unknown destination, "We are off to start the Second Front." Many of these soldier sons of a soldier, Saint Ignatius, have already sailed with their troops to distant parts. The spirit is the same as that of their missionary brothers. Catholic soldiers, sailors and marines like to have their priest near them when death is in the air.

Scrap Drive

We at home have been salvaging steel for guns these past few weeks. The whole nation has been poking into attic and cellar and yard to find any bit of metal that can be redeemed and converted into ammunition against the enemy. How about a spiritual salvage campaign for the conversion and redemption of souls on American Missionary Fronts? We shall find in the missionaries and chaplains the way of life that is truly American and intensely Catholic. More, we shall find the radiant lustre of the Christian ideal of service, of sacrifice and of love.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

Jimmy Doolittle Is His Name

Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J.

“JIMMY DOOLITTLE,” is a name every American is familiar with, especially since the bombing of Tokio by this famous Army Air Corps General.

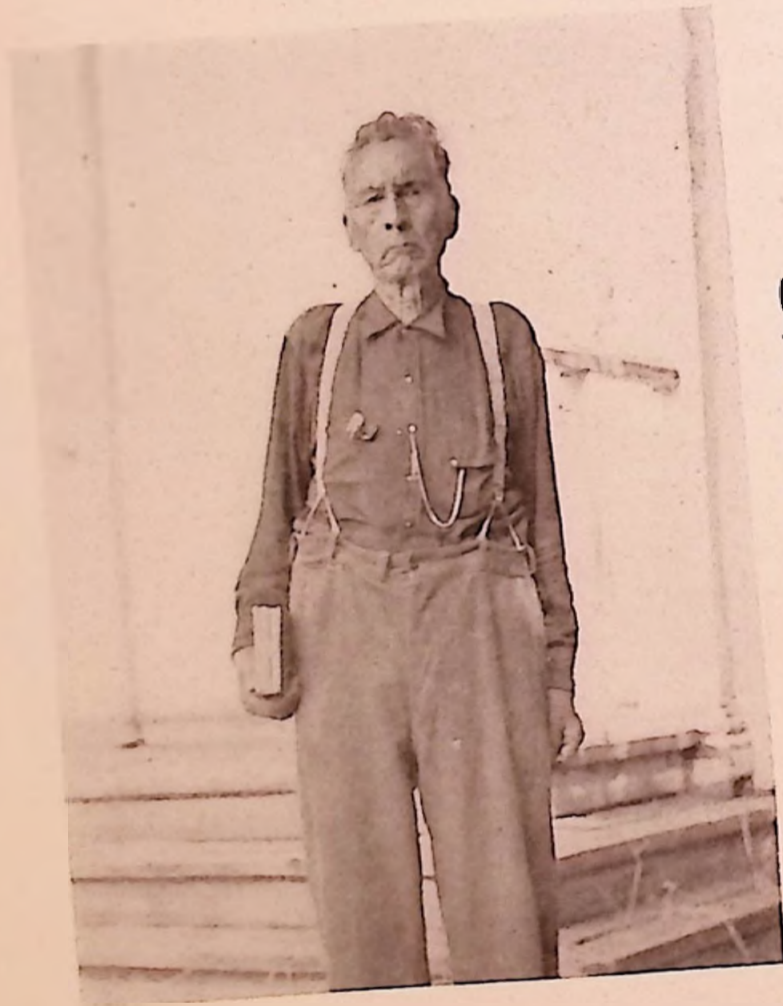
This article, however, is about another Jim Doolittle, whose distinction is in the service of Jesus Christ and His Kingdom on earth, and whose fame does not extend much beyond the limits of a small Indian mission. He is a well known personage on the Nez Perce Indian Reservation in central Idaho and

year 1863, at the time while the American Civil War was raging. His father was a white man, perhaps a trapper or an employee of some trading company. Since he abandoned his son when he was six weeks old, Jim knows very little about him, except that his name was Doolittle. Although a half-breed, Jim has the appearance and manners of a full-blood Nez Perce Indian.

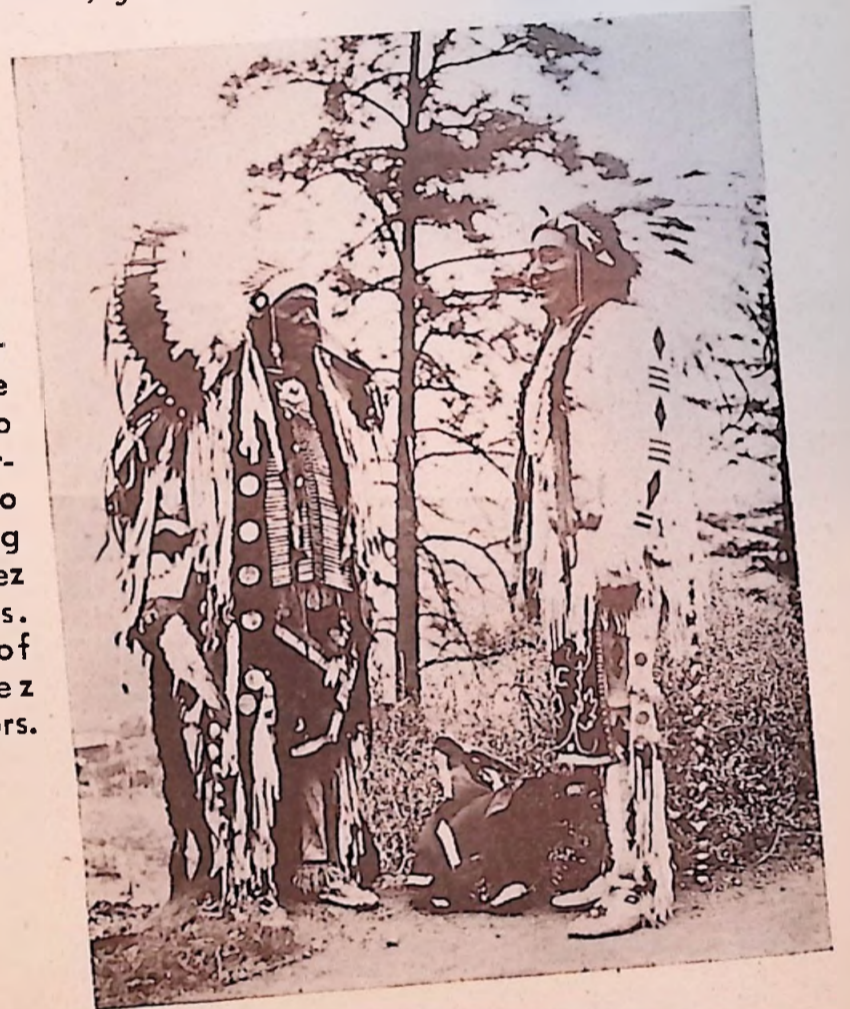
After he grew to manhood, Jim

to the Mission among the Coeur d'Alene Indians, and had been instructed and baptized by the Blackrobes there. Father Cataldo and other Blackrobes had visited them from time to time and instructed them in the Faith.

AROUND about the years 1923 to 1924 Jim Doolittle rose to his present position of distinction among the Catholic Nez Perce In-



(Left) Another Jimmy Doolittle whose claim to fame is the service he gave to Jesuits, working among the Nez Perce Indians. (Right) Two of Jimmie's Nez Perce ancestors.



especially at St. Joseph's Mission near Culdesac, the Catholic Mission among the Nez Perce Indians.

IS there a Corpus Christi celebration here at the mission? In the lead is the aged Jim Doolittle bearing the cross. If you would attend the mission church at Lapwai you would hear the Indian people reciting prayers and singing hymns in the Indian language. The leader is Jim Doolittle.

Jim Doolittle was born about the

was converted and baptized by the famous Father Cataldo, S.J. Just when is not known. It was in the year 1875 that Father Cataldo and Father Morvillo took up their abode at the present site of St. Joseph's Mission. From the beginning of the nineteenth century there have been Catholics among the Nez Perce Indians, whose interest in Christianity had been aroused by contact with Catholic Indians of neighboring tribes, and by contact with Catholic employees of the Hudson Bay Company. Some had made long journeys

dians. Father Cataldo, now an old man, was spending his declining years at his favorite mission among his beloved Nez Perce Indians. He now had leisure to carry out a long cherished project, namely, that of writing a Life of Christ in the Nez Perce language. Jim Doolittle was called to the mission as one versed in the Indian language, to help with the work. So he took up his abode in the Fathers' house. He was a faithful helper to Father Cataldo. In about three years the life of Christ was completed. As was the case with most (Turn to page 279)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



JUBILEE IN INDIA

- One of Patna's veterans has just celebrated his Golden Jubilee at Kurji, India. He is **Father Augustine Forster, S.J.**, who was one of the first American Jesuits to go to India to open the mission among 27,000,000 pagans, constituting the largest pagan area in the world. After twenty-one years in India, Father Forster is now almost blind but he is cheerful and continues his work.

NO PANIC HERE

- The large American Jesuit Mission in Patna, India, is moving on as usual under war conditions—this is the gist of the report of **Very Reverend Francis N. Loesch, S.J.**, Superior of the Patna Mission:
- "Sometime ago an invasion seemed imminent, but it did not come off. We formulated our policy—business for the Lord as usual—without panic. We are in God's hands and hope and pray for the best.
- "It is very difficult on account of local circumstances to write anything bearing on the war or on local problems simply because such things will be misunderstood. The national situation in India is something very complex and the less one says about it, the better. However, it is something quite interesting indeed.

AMERICANS FILL GAPS

- "All of the men in the Mission are carrying on as usual. **Father Francis Stoy, S.J.**, has been loaned to the Dinajpur Diocese to fill a gap made by a missionary who was interned. Quite a few of that

diocese are interned at Bishop's House. **Father Cecil Chamberlain, S.J.**, is teaching Church History at Poona. He will be there for two semesters. **Cyril Rebeiro, S.J.**, was also sent to Poona for Regency. Quite a few of the German Fathers are interned. Hence, he was sent there to fill a gap for the time being. **Father Paul Joehl, S.J.**, is teaching first year theology at St. Mary's, Kurseong.

- "The new classroom building at St. Xavier's has been completed and is already fully occupied. We have about 300 boys on the rolls, 80 of whom are boarders. They are an extremely fine bunch of lads with plenty of pep and enthusiasm.

ORCHIDS TO THE NUNS

- "The Apostolic Carmel Sisters of Mangalore, opened a Girls' College at the invitation of the Bishop two years ago. They had splendid results with their first class which appeared for public examinations. They have 92 students on the rolls now and are crowded to capacity. Indian women are becoming emancipated even in Bihar.
- "The Medical Missionaries are a God-send. We have provided additional hospital space for them in Patna City. This place is only a temporary location as we hope to secure another site where they can erect a large hospital. At present they can accommodate about 70 patients. They have many patients coming to their outdoor dispensary. A recent event was the birth of a set of

triplets at the Holy Family Hospital. All survived. The hospital was the scene of many visitors who were anxious to have a look at them. This was a fine ad for the Medical Missionaries."

U. S. FLIERS IN PATNA

- "Thanks to the fear-inspiring successes of U. S. flyers, it looks as though India and our work will be left in comparative peace," writes **Father Francis J. Welz-miller, S.J.**, of Piro. "Rumor has it that an American detachment will be posted about twenty-five miles from here at **Father Nicholas Pollard's** station. In that case, we may come in for some chaplain duty.
- "I have been fortunate enough to get **Father Matthew**, a zealous young Indian priest, as assistant here. Watch us go now. For the year just elapsed, we had about 300 Baptisms in the district. A good number of these were victims of cholera, and received their through-ticket to a better place. By means of medicine and dispensary service we are able to contact all religions and win many a one who would otherwise have been lost. Their dispositions when at death's door are remarkably consoling. The pity of it is that we cannot cover our 4,300 villages adequately.

TOUGH YEAR FOR POOR

- "We have been meeting somewhat more opposition due to the critical times. The element that keeps the farm hands in serfdom have been nursing the hope that the Japs would soon be here, little knowing, of course, what that

would mean for them. They'll soon see now that law and order is to remain.

• "It's going to be a tough year for the poor. There's a lot of hoarding and jacking up of prices which will drive many to desperation. Looting and thieving are on the increase. The ordinary people get a meager enough living in normal times. If there are good crops there is hope that the wolf will be staved off. If not, there will be trouble and worry aplenty for police and the wealthy hoarders before the end of this year."



Two missionaries who flew to Jamaica in August. (Left) Father John R. Knight, S.J., now working with Father McHale at Morant Bay, and Father Francis Scannell, S.J., the new "out-fielder" on the Spanishtown mission.

BUILDING AT BENQUE

• Father John T. Newell, S.J., describes a recent visit to the new church that Father Anthony Kuenzel, S.J., is building at Benque Viejo:
 • "The other day I got over to visit at Benque Viejo for the first time since Father Kuenzel began building his new church in place

of the one that burned down. My immediate impression on viewing the scene was of being transported back to medieval times. The scene was like that. Rough scaffolding built of poles and sticks from the nearby bush, a covering of cohune palms spread at the top as a roofing to protect the workers from the hot sun; a thick wall going up of rough native stone cemented by a composition of sand and lime; thick, massive mahogany frames for doors and windows which add to the solidity of the building. All in all, and taking into account the respectable dimensions of the structure, it looks like an operation and an achievement in the style and temper of the age-old mission churches that dot nearby Mexico. Father Kuenzel created the model for the church, Spanish-mission style, and is very active superintending the construction. Laying the masonry is especially slow work, but much progress has been made during the several months since inception, and we hope he will strike no snags now, especially in regard to funds."

JUNEAU IS GHQ

• "For a couple of months, I am making my GHQ at Juneau, Alaska while visiting the Army and Naval bases in these parts," writes Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J. Bishop Fitzgerald, besides being Coadjutor Bishop of Alaska is the Military Vicar Delegate for the territory.
 • "We have almost twenty chaplains with the Armed Forces in Alaska and some of them are in combat zones. My visits around these parts of the territory are very helpful also towards understanding the missionary activities."

SOLDIERS AND ESKIMOS

• Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., has been appointed pastor of a new Mission with headquarters at Bethel, Alaska. Father Men-

ager has been in charge of Hooper Bay during the absence of Father Fox. There are a thousand U. S. troops stationed at Bethel, many of whom are Catholics. Father Menager, in a recent letter, describes his new Missions and asks for Catholic literature for the use of the troops:

• "I am to be a roving missionary with headquarters at Bethel; you perhaps remember that when Superior of Holy Cross I used to travel every winter to the Kuskokwim and that I put up a church in Aniak where we have



This picture is a tangible example of the fruits of Father Augustine Forster's twenty-one years in India. Next to him stands Peter Angelo who is now a Jesuit priest. Father Forster has just celebrated his Golden Jubilee.

a flourishing congregation; then we have an old church at Kalskag with about eighty Catholic Eskimo and finally last year just before going to Akulurak I made arrangements with a good Irishman to build me a cabin at Bethel whilst at the same time I staked a good piece of ground for the church I had hopes to build there within a few years; well, all this will make it easier to start. However, Bethel while having a few

Catholics is really a Protestant stronghold where the Moravians have had sway for over fifty years and I shall need all the help I can get to break down prejudice. I have met all the ministers, in fact, some of them attended some of the services I held there in the school auditorium and while not exactly overjoyed at seeing us start there, they are, it seems, resigned to it."

ALASKAN FOXES

• There are two "Foxes" in Alaska now. When the famous Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay returned to his mission he brought with him his nephew, Brother Francis J. Fox, S.J. Brother Fox, however, will not be stationed with his uncle but at the more or less nearby Mission of Akulurak.

NEW INFIELDER

• "As you probably have heard," writes Father Richard A. Drea, S.J., from Kingston, Jamaica, "I am now stationed at the Cathedral. Father Frank Scannell, S.J., has taken up the outfield position at Spanish Town. Besides my duties in the Cathedral I have charge of Allmantown, Kingston Gardens, Campbelltown, Woodford Park, in fact, anything from South Camp Road to East Street. I have already started to take a census of the district. Every morning I visit the Public Hospital. On weekends I take care of some of the country missions, Devon Pen, Tom's River, Stony Hill and Friendship. I missed the prize of them all, King Weston, which Father Donovan handed over to Father Owens during the past year. The road to Friendship is a knockout with hair pin curves and sheer drops. I am told it is nothing compared to the old one.

GOD'S TIME GOOD ENOUGH

• "We have been experimenting with Daylight Saving Time down here but it only confuses the

country people. They go by the sun and will have nothing to do with the Governor's time. God's time is good enough for them. So I arrive, open up the churches myself and wait an hour for the congregation to show up. Then follows Mass, sermon, benediction, baptisms, etc., breakfasting somewhere around one. These Sunday mornings are a work-out. It looks as though I signed up for something."

MIND OVER MATTER

• "Greetings from this desert fortress of the Faith, to America," writes Father George F. Hoyt, S.J., from Baghdad. "The printing of our school paper *El Iraqi* is a triumph of mind over matter. During the printing I set up my tent in Baghdad and almost lived there. The English part was set up by a fellow who knew only two words in English. What a job of proofreading I had. Still, it was useful because I had to do all my business in Arabic. I got to know all the employees down to the printer's devil.

AMERICAN MOHAMMED

• "I have become a local *marabout* wandering for hours in search of a hopeful Arabic conversationalist. I have a regular coterie of customers now including a few Bedouins. My greatest triumph came the other day when I passed myself off as a Syrian whose name was Mohammed. When I finally confessed to the fellow that I was an American he thought I was fooling him. Though this method of learning Arabic is tiring, I am convinced that it is the only way and there is no other."

DIVIDE AND EXPAND

• "Boats between Jamaica and the U. S. are very few and transportation within the Island is also very difficult," writes Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., pastor of Mandeville. "We must conserve gasoline with the greatest care.

Many private cars are forbidden to run at all. However, to balance this my mission has been divided. Father Heffernan, S.J., will take care of May Pen, Chapelton and Lioneltown. This will leave me free to expand nearer Mandeville. I have already purchased a piece of land at Balaclava. Two other centers I have in mind if I can find a decent place to say Mass. One is six, the other eleven miles away. Recently I officiated at an Indian wedding in a little place where we have been trying to start a Mission. Many East Indians mostly Hindus work on the sugar estates in that locality. The



Father Anthony Kuenzel, S.J. (center, standing), pauses in the midst of work on his new church being built at Benque Viejo, British Honduras.

wedding was colorful enough but marred by heavy rains which turned the roads into rivers and made the going underfoot terrible, like gluey mud. I got pretty wet before returning to Mandeville. Down here we are urged to plant for victory, but it's impossible to get any seed. Meanwhile, the price of food goes up."

Memorandum

THE DEAD

■ November reminds us of our Catholic duty of having Masses offered for the dear departed.

—AND THE LIVING!

■ Let the Missionaries say these Masses, and you will be helping your dear departed and the missionaries, too. Please send your offerings for Masses to JESUIT MISSION PRESS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York. We will see that they are sent to the Missionaries.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Accolades

To the Editor:

... Whatever I have been able to do for JESUIT MISSIONS has been done with most willing heart.

I have read with great interest the account of how the Fathers of the Society are situated in the Orient. I know that the noble sons of St. Ignatius will give a good account of themselves and that, in great measure they have already done so.

The whole Catholic world is looking at them and those who are imbued with their spirit envy them their place on the firing line.

You may be sure that I will continue to keep them, the Staff and the whole of St. Ignatius Company in my prayers.

To the Editor:

... I am always happy to have any one whom you will send to bring the cause of JESUIT MISSIONS to the attention of the people of our Diocese.

Expressing my best wishes for God's blessings upon the Editors and the work of JESUIT MISSIONS.

To the Editor:

... Those who are reading the recent issues speak most flatteringly of JESUIT MISSIONS. The day of the missions and the missionaries has come. It is your missionaries that brought distinction to

the Society in the past and right now during these war days your missionaries who are winning new friends for the Society.

Montgomery, Ala. P. A. R.

To the Editor:

I consider your work a big step forward towards forming our people into the real spirit of Catholicity. It is a powerful impetus from the traditional indifference to real conception of religion.

Many thanks for your good work.

(Rt. Rev. Msgr.) W. J. T.

Lafayette, La.

A Missionary's Gratitude

To the Editor:

Thank you very much for the receipt of your latest check. You are certainly being very kind to us and we are thoroughly grateful because we are especially in need of financial assistance at the moment.

On the whole we are making out splendidly and the people are doing a great job for us on all our missions down this way.

Again with many thanks and our very best wishes to all.

(Rev.) G. H. Heffernan, S.J.

Jamaica, B.W.I.

War Stamps for the Missions

To the Editor:

Please accept my three dollars in Defense Stamps which I am sending to your missions. From time to time, I shall make other offerings.

Your magazine is very interesting and would add much enjoyment to anybody's reading. May God bless you in your work.

Lakewood, Ohio S. S.

"Favorite Magazine"

To the Editor:

I am enclosing my renewal subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for one year. It is our favorite magazine, and we wish you continued success.

Like all mothers in this war era, I ask you to pray for my boy in the service.

St. Louis, Mo. M. V. M.

The Catholic Herald

Published in London for the World

Extract from Letter received from a
Chaplain serving Overseas:

"In the midst of all the dreary unhappiness, hatred and stupidity which this war has accentuated, it is wonderfully refreshing to be able to read a paper so consistently objective, fact facing, and yet so inspiringly optimistic. ... Thank God for youth of spirit — and for the *Catholic Herald*."

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the outstanding account
of the Spanish Civil War

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Free from all propaganda fanfare, FACE TO THE SUN presents a plain, accurate, perfectly honest and reliable picture of what Communism has meant in Spain. FACE TO THE SUN is a sound historical novel on a subject that touches our home defense, as well as a graphic portrayal of the right side of the Spanish Civil War. Read it and see if you don't agree that there is something about a siege that not only sets your spine atingle but that inspires you to think differently about those who turned their faces to the sun.

Published Oct. 9, \$3.50

Face to the Sun is reviewed in this issue of Jesuit Missions (see p. 278).

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(Left) A Carib teacher rings the mission's bell when the priest comes to his people. (Above) Far in the interior of the bush a British official stumbles upon a mission school and its Carib teacher.

THE Caribs, dispersed from their island homes in the Caribbean and transferred to this region many years since by the English, have a peculiar distinction that while those of their number who live in the colony are in a minority, being concentrated along the coast in the south, they are in a majority as Catholic teachers. Outside of the principal towns, where the Sisters teach, the many schools in each District, be they among Creoles, Mayas, Peteneros, or Yucatecans, are practically all presided over by members of the Carib race.

Others have given as reasons for this, the natural qualities which the Caribs display for teaching. They have an ambition for educational betterment, and the faculty of being able to keep discipline and impart knowledge. At any rate, the efforts and achievements of the Carib teachers have given them a recognized standing in the whole Colony for ability to teach. This is a reputation which they try honestly to be worthy of and live up to.

NO one thinks it strange that the Caribs should have a monopoly on teaching. It may be due to the fact that, in addition to other qualifications, they have been better grounded in English, which is their common language along with Carib,

"Give Us More Carib Teachers!"

John T. Newell, S.J.

They can solve a Central American problem.

than the Spanish and Maya elements. The fact is that the Spanish and Mayan populations have not developed teachers, and that they take the Caribs for granted under the circumstances, and cooperate perfectly with them as well as show an agreeable appreciation for their efforts.

SCHOOLS are, of course, all small, the enrollment varying usually from about thirty to less than a hundred. They are located on small islands along the sea coast, along the rivers of the Colony, as well as at remote places in the bush. The program of education of the Mission includes all the children possible. Therefore, you will find their schools scattered all about at strategic points, to put educational opportunities and advantages within the reach of practically all children. The foundation of a school works a veritable transformation in the children in a few short years. To the best of their ability, they make the children learn their reading, writing and arithmetic, but their all-important purpose is to permeate the lives of the children with religion.

The Fathers who visit the stations are the ones who appreciate this most, and rely most upon the schools, owing to the special difficulty of being able to visit their stations only at intervals. Certainly the teachers try to please and satisfy the Fathers with their work, and the latter, on their part, are not slow to show their appreciation for the excellent singing of hymns and of the parts of the Mass as well as for the mastery shown of the catechism.

THEY never forget that they are distinctively Catholic teachers. Out of their slim vacation of six weeks beginning in May, as many as possible avail themselves each year of one of the two lay retreats provided for the Carib teachers by the Mission. Thus they periodically charge their spiritual batteries, so to speak, so as never to lose the spirit of their primary purpose of zealously fashioning the wax of their charges along spiritual and moral lines.

As regards scholastic training, they unfortunately labor under handicaps, which they appreciate



A good school works a transformation in a village. Under the watchful eye of their Carib teacher these Maya children learn the usual three R's, but far more important, they learn the fourth R of religion to the intense appreciation of the missionary.

most keenly during the time of vacation, when most of them, striving for higher teaching certificates from the government, sit for the annual examinations. This has meant conscientious and ambitious preparation during the year, along with the burden of daily teaching. Still, too frequently, their best efforts do not bring the desired success in the examinations, and so they have to try, try again! Most of them have not had other training than that as pupil teachers, which, as a rule, is not sufficient. The ideal would be a course in teacher training as such, and we are hoping for that in the not-distant future. Meanwhile, they make the best personal preparation they can, and hope to be among the successful candidates.

MANY Carib teachers could be singled out, as examples. As a typical example, we might choose San Antonio, whose teacher was recently sent a special letter of commendation by the Board of Education for his achievements. The Maya village where he is stationed was without benefit of school a few short years ago. Now, with the passage of a few years, the school has worked a transformation. The compact little village is situated nine miles out in the bush, having to depend on a village well, and somewhat difficult to reach at times on account of the mud. There, these few Mayas have cut themselves off, surrounded by unlimited stretches of

land for their well tilled milpas.

The children have settled down to the happy and healthy routine of school life. All kinds of visitors to the village have expressed their joy and satisfaction with the school and its activities. There is a fine, adequate building with walls of red earth, white-washed with lime. Inside, a well-equipped school room. The bright enthusiastic teacher has always a program ready for his attentive and appreciative visitors. The children give demonstrations of their ability in Maya, Spanish, English and Latin by singing hymns in them. The children are eager to be tested in their knowledge.

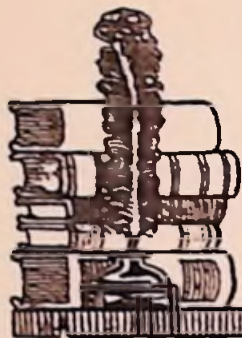
INCIDENTALLY, like all children, they are always ready for a lark. Some time ago, several of them had an adventure with the Padre and the teacher. In visiting a nearby cave, where are found evidences of the ancient Mayas, we were so eager in pushing forward in the cave that we lost track of the way to the exit. With only one lantern to rely on, this episode gave rise to some cold chills, until a Scout fortunately found an extinguished lamp which he had left at a certain spot and which showed us the way out.

Visitors do not go away without visiting the large school garden. Here they are again impressed. The present teacher has enjoyed special success in this, and has sacrificed precious days in his vacation to take

training offered by the government in order to better fit him for instructing the children in this especially useful occupation. His recent letter of appreciation from the Board of Education had this particular effort and success in mind.

AS regards the older people in the village, one is impressed with their attitude of respect and appreciation for the teacher and what he is doing. His opportunities with them extend beyond the school hours. His door is always open, and he is constantly available to them. He is a center for games; the older ones come to talk things over at all hours. He is ready to visit the gardens which he has encouraged the children to make for themselves in the close environs of the village. It is no wonder, then, that he leads a happy, active existence. Indicative of a right attitude is his remark in a letter of thanks to the Board of Education that, he has learned with time, that other people have their own ways of looking at and doing things, and that some of his own ways may seem just as funny to them. He takes himself philosophically, and works with and not against the people. A few years back, he was teaching in one of our private schools. Now he enjoys the advantage of the higher salary and incentives to better himself afforded by a government-aided school.

WHILE he, in common with the other Carib teachers, is no slouch in searching out and putting to use up-to-date teaching methods, he especially has his ingenuity put to a test by the language difficulty. He must literally wrestle with the younger children to get concepts into their pure Mayan consciousness. The process is slow but sure. In due course, the child displays a creditable knowledge of written and spoken English. Incidentally, the child has acquired a proficiency in Spanish outside of school; this is his second mother tongue and medium of expression with the outside world. Apart from this and the other Maya village of Succotz, the other places in this District do not (Turn to page 280)



NEW BOOKS



Face To the Sun

Arthur R. McGratty, S.J.

One hesitates to call this book a novel. It is rather a dramatization of events that occurred during the recent Nationalist-Communist struggle in Spain. A book of some six hundred and four pages, there is a Prologue and an Epilogue while the main narrative is divided into three Books—Book One—1931, Madrid; Book Two—1936, Toledo; Book Three—1938, Teruel. Book Three, by far the best part of the work, is an excellent piece of writing.

The story is told in the first person. The style throughout is graphic and colorful. The author has the faculty of portraying deep human emotions without ever watering them down to mere sentimental effusions. The book is interspersed with passages of exceptional strength and beauty. Instinctively, the reader catches the spirit of the brave men and women and children, who, in the words of the Phalanx hymn, kept fighting "face to the sun"—to the light and the things that are!

But the special merits of the book and its lasting value are to be found not so much in its literary qualities as in the fact that here we have what Father Husslein in the Preface says is "a plain, accurate, perfectly honest and reliable picture of what Communism has meant in Spain. From it we can conclude what it would mean in England, the United States, and other English-speaking countries, if allowed unhindered power." Too long have we been kept in the dark regarding the tremendous significance of Spain's recent bloody struggle against Red Communism. Here we have a book that brings home to us the meaning of that struggle, not by any cold, uninteresting narrative of facts, but by a vivid and yet accurate portrayal of the struggle itself as it was actually undergone by the people who were so much a part of it.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc., \$3.50.

Philosophy for the Millions

J. A. McWilliams, S.J.

This book is well worth reading because all of us have a definite philosophy of life whether we are aware of it or not. Many have drunk from poison wells with the result that they are mentally sick. They have a distorted vision of reality. A sound philosophy is a map of reality. It sets up sign posts to keep us sane on the road of life.

This book strips philosophy of its academic gown and brings it out into the

street with the hope that the non-professional man may become acquainted with the basic principles of truth concerning man in his personal, his social and his spiritual life. It invites all of us to realize that social peace and prosperity cannot endure without the deep conviction that man comes from God and that his life does not end with the grave. All men, therefore, have an innate dignity that no wilful age can destroy. Calling upon historical records the author traces the origin and rise of the present evil economy wherein man is treated as a mere animal or a machine to be used and scrapped when his days of usefulness are over. He shows that the war stems from the false ideologies that have befuddled the human mind. To come successfully out of the present crisis we must recognize once again the inalienable rights of men, the existence of a natural law that offers no repeal, a life other than this temporal one and a God other than this material world.

By analogy and example selected from current events the author steps down from the rostrum and focuses the principles of right thinking on life as it is today. Thus he avoids being too academic and offers to the reader certain fundamental absolutes that cannot be ignored in any philosophy of life.

Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

Social Wellsprings, Volume II. Eighteen Encyclicals of Social Reconstruction by Pope Pius XI Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D.

We need an anchor hold today to maintain a sane outlook in the present confusion in thought, word and deed about us. We will find it in the calm, intrepid eloquence of the late Pope Pius XI. Of the more than thirty encyclicals of the Apostle of Peace, these eighteen on Social Reconstruction include every important one of a social nature, some previously scarcely available in translation. They deal with Catholic Action and bring Pope Leo XIII's teachings up to date.

As with the first volume on Leo's encyclicals the purpose of this edition is to provide an equally scholarly and popular presentation of all the words of Pope Pius XI, seen against their proper historic background, and supplied with adequate notes and introductions. Again every precaution has been taken in this second volume to give a worthy translation of the great thoughts of Pope Pius XI.

The technical methods employed are substantially the same as those in the

first volume. The structure of the encyclicals is outlined. The thought content is brought out clearly by headings and marginal titles. The conflict in moral, social and industrial life, as well as the present chaos in international relations are due to a lack of sound principles and religious truth. This volume of Social Wellsprings outlines the Catholic interpretation of the great questions of the day. No means has been spared to give a clear and scholarly presentation.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc., \$4.00.

Blessed Are They That Hunger Reverend Richard Graef, C.S.Sp.

The theme behind this book is that the soul should live more by faith and place itself more directly under the influence of God's grace. Our spiritual life is commensurate with our degree of faith. Up to now we have worked negatively, we have placed too much emphasis on avoiding sin eradicating faults because we put too much emphasis on human activity and on the moral virtues. We are steeped in the fallacy that we must do every act as if everything depended upon us as if we ourselves had to work out our own spiritual transformation. As a result, we are discouraged by our own mediocrity.

The author suggests that a stronger emphasis should be placed on the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity. By scriptural text and analogies from nature in brief easy style, the author points out that the short cut to sanctity is to let Christ inform our lives and our actions. It is not so much what we do but the desire to do that gives life and impetus to the deep spiritual forces within every man. The author places the essence of holiness in the continual assent to the Divine Will. In this way anyone may bring God into his or her everyday life.

Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York, \$2.00.

Addresses and Sermons

Most Rev. Amleto G. Cicognani

Tirelessly, His Excellency, Archbishop Cicognani, has spoken and lent the force of his eloquence to all manner of occasions which marked the progress of the Catholic Church in America. In this volume are gathered his most important addresses during the years 1938-1942. It includes a wide range of subjects on practically every phase of Catholic life. Here you will find not only good writing but some interesting data on events whose complete history has not yet been written.

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

NO BREAD, NO PRAYER!

(Continued from page 257)

fishermen themselves (for instance, down by the beach one day a spokesman for the fishermen asked me bluntly what rakeoff I, the priest, was getting from the venture) and the philosophy of the eternal "mañana" have made the work at times almost discouraging. But three young coöp. enthusiasts in our sodality whose ages run from nineteen to twenty-five, have plowed through and have at last got the fishermen under way.

What is the equipment of this small line-up of sodality propagandists? Unpaid, obviously they're young. Their ages: from about nineteen to late twenties. Their education: the traditional Jamaican secondary school; that is, roughly equivalent to an American high school course. They are Jamaicans. Hence they know their own people well. Hence they can adjust the cooperative idea to fit the prejudices and attitude and capacities of their own people far more accurately than I, an American priest, can. Most of all, they have caught the coöp. vision. It has got under their skin. They know it will go in Jamaica. And their study-clubbing of the liturgy and the Mystical Body and the social encyclicals over a period of nearly three years gives them a motivation and more a drive which no technique, exclusively economic, could ever give. They feel their weekly dialogue Mass needs proof in their own *milieu*, particularly for their own poor and underprivileged. They feel they are building more than shares but rather *building men and women*. And hence the indirect connection with the sacraments mentioned in the beginning of this rushed article. Put something substantial in the stomach and, other things being equal, the prayer on the lips will follow.

What of the future on this tiny island in the Caribbean? Still many difficulties. But the people are thinking, talking it over. Study clubs are springing up everywhere. We must go slowly. Perhaps in ten years I will take a chance and go out on the old limb with a statement, but the emphasis at present is definitely on the *formation of local Jamaican leaders*. Pray that God will grant the increase.

TO IRAQ IN A B-17

(Continued from page 259)

agreed. "Britain made many mistakes in the past decades," added the doctor, "but wiser heads are planning the future,—she will not forsake her true friends again." To which we all said, "Amen."

We stood quietly dreaming. In this country, pock-marked with all the signs of original sin, this place alone seemed to remind one of the primal garden of Paradise.

"Did you hear the story of Hickey?" mused Dr. Hanley. "Father Deegan will tell it to you."

"Yes, a few days ago a Flying Fortress paid us a flying visit. One of its officers was Major Hickey. It was Saturday

afternoon and when all the introductions had taken place and arrangements made for an overnight stop, Hickey requested to see the Catholic chaplain. So they brought him over to my quarters. Say, he was a Catholic right clean through. He knew his aviation, too. Naturally, I bombarded him with all sorts of questions about the States and he gave us all the latest news. 'Pearl Harbor means union, victory and a United Nations world,' was his conclusion. 'Is your wife a Catholic?' I asked him. 'She sure is, and how! And listen, Father. If there is to be a real union of peoples and a lasting victory, it has to be on Catholic principles and made permanent with Catholic cement.' In the morning he went to Mass and Communion. In the afternoon he was off."

Hanley broke the silence. "If we Catholics are all as virile and forthright as Major Hickey, we will come pretty close to forming a bright new world. Has America plenty like him?"

MARCHING ALONG TOGETHER IN JAMAICA

(Continued from page 261)

tion on the radiophone. These sound effects are records brought from the States to be used around Winchester Park as auxiliary sirens.

The inspection over, the Governor expressed a word of thanks to the Fathers present. All this equipment had been a free contribution of the Jesuits toward the war effort in Jamaica. Their kitchen at Winchester Park has also been placed at the disposal of those operating the post. It is ready for immediate use as an emergency camp kitchen. The gardens at Winchester Park have likewise been ploughed and planted with vegetables, etc., from which necessary food supplies will be available.

So the students of St. George's are now cadets marching bravely into tomorrow. And the Catholic Church in Jamaica is marching a step ahead of every other society and organization in its cooperation with the government in the present war emergency. It richly deserves the praise and gratitude of the Governor of Jamaica for its vision and enterprise.

COL. HILSMAN'S "LITTLE ARMY" FIGHTS IT OUT

(Continued from page 263)

Gaston did so much for Colonel Hilsman that the Colonel called him his "Chief of Staff." Scouts were sent into the interior of Negros to prepare a place at Ben Gaston's suggestion for a final stand if necessary. Former Ateneo boys from all over the islands were gathered together into companies and soon there was tremendous activity.

Romeo Gustilo, also a cadet under Colonel Hilsman at the Ateneo, now a doctor, became the Chief Medical Officer of Colonel Hilsman's little army.

From all over Negros old "boys" flocked to join their former Commandant. It was Ben Gaston who finally succeeded in making the arrangements for President Quezon to escape from the island of Negros to Mindanao when the President was so closely pursued by Japanese destroyers that the launch containing his possessions was actually captured off the coast.

How long Colonel Hilsman was able to hold out in Negros is still unknown. The Colonel's wife, Mrs. Roger Hilsman, is patiently and courageously engaged in war work in San Antonio, Texas. The Colonel's son, Roger Hilsman, Jr., who as a little boy was with his father at the Ateneo Camps in Baguio, is now a cadet at West Point and is due to receive his commission this coming June.

The rest of Colonel Hilsman's story will only be told after the U. S. recaptures the Philippines. Meantime, however, we should say a word about the splendid work Colonel Hilsman did while he was Commander at the Ateneo. He made many changes in the equipment and drilling of the Cadet Regiment. The climax of his term as Commandant was a parade and review in honor of the Major General Douglas MacArthur on the Luneta, the beautiful park facing Manila Bay. General MacArthur was then Commanding General of the Philippine Department. The cadet commanding the Regiment during Captain Hilsman's first year as Commandant was Cadet Colonel Ricardo de Vera. The last heard of him was from the front line of Bataan; he was a Captain in the Philippine Army leading many of his old classmates.

The Ateneo Cadet Camps at Baguio in the mountain Province of Luzon, at the end of each year, under Captain Hilsman, were the finest military camps conceivable, even under Army management. For Captain Hilsman was so convinced of the necessity of training the boys of the Philippines in military tactics that he succeeded in enlisting the complete cooperation of the Army itself. General MacArthur needed very little persuasion. In late March of 1930, General MacArthur assigned 14 Master Sergeants to the Ateneo Camp and allowed Captain Hilsman to use a tremendous amount of Army equipment. The cooperation could not have been more complete.

But it was not merely in military matters that Captain Hilsman had an interest. He was interested in everything concerning the life of the college and of the Philippines. When the Ateneo Passion Play was being produced in November and December of 1928, Captain Hilsman went out of his way to help in making this Sacred Drama a great success.

The following year Captain Hilsman made a visit to the Culsion Leper Colony. He had become interested in the subject of leprosy and more or less out of curiosity went to see for himself the conditions prevalent in the largest Leper Colony in the world. The result of that

visit was a tremendous desire on the part of Captain Hilsman to help the lepers as far as it was possible for him to do so. That interest in leprosy never seemed to leave him. The immediate result of it was the filming of a picture entitled, "The Conquest of Leprosy." This was a motion picture story in four parts, produced at the Culion Leper Colony for the Leonard Wood Memorial Association with the permission of the Philippine Health Service. Captain Hilsman persuaded the patients to act for the benefit of their fellow sufferers. The picture was directed by members of the Culion Medical Staff. The story was written by Captain Hilsman himself and the photography was by Captain Hilsman and Major J. H. Pirie, U. S. A. It was shown for the first time in Manila on December 17, 1929, in the Ateneo Auditorium at a benefit show sponsored by the Ateneo Cadets Corps under the inspiration of Captain Hilsman.

Captain Hilsman on his return to the Ateneo from Culion told everyone of his experiences and of his own personal reactions. The medical care of the more advanced cases of leprosy, he said, was in the hands of capable doctors of the Leonard Wood Memorial Association; the spiritual care of the poor outcastes as well as their minor medical needs devolved upon the missionaries; his own decision was that he could help by providing some entertainment for these poor lepers. Desiring to cast a ray of sunlight into the lives of some of those afflicted with the frightful disease, and to render their hours of pain a little more endurable, Captain Hilsman asked the cadets of the Ateneo to help him in collecting money to be used in buying a new modern Moving Picture Projector for Culion. The benefit show which followed was the most successful ever held at the Ateneo. The projector was bought and personally delivered to Culion by Captain Hilsman, flying an army plane. He was successful in interesting the Film Exchanges in Manila, notably the Lyric Film Exchange, in providing free films for Culion. A number of corporations in the U. S. A. sent pictures all the way to the Leper Colony at the request of Captain Hilsman. All in all, a total of three million feet of film, valued at one hundred and ten thousand dollars, was presented to Culion through the efforts of Captain Hilsman.

Needless to say, the Commandant, in spite of his exceptionally stern discipline at drill, was very popular with his cadets. They all perceived in him a very sincere and a very just man, a man with great intelligence and broadmindedness.

ESKIMO JESUIT

(Continued from page 265)

Since the rules of the Jesuit Order require that the lay-Brothers be trained in the novitiate or house of formation, toward the end of July as his probation drew to a close, George Sippary took his hand from the lathe and bade

farewell to his family and friends. Soon he was on board ship steaming up the Yukon to Fairbanks. From there he flew to Juneau, and from thence took passage for Seattle. The last lap, to the Jesuit Novitiate at Sheridan in Western Oregon, he made by train. Thus, this story draws to a close, or rather takes its real beginning, as George becomes a member of the blackrobe battalion of Jesus Christ.

BUFFALO BOY

(Continued from page 267)

come to our school across that range of hills and we will teach you to read and to write. We will give you a slate, a pencil and a book . . . and plenty of rice. (A Santal lives on rice and likes it immensely.) You will learn to sing and to pray to God."

"I will come along to your school most willingly, Father, and I like so much to sing hymns. But my father won't let me go!"

Ranga's father is an out-and-out devil worshipper. He is the chief of the village and hence he is in charge of offering sacrifice to the *Bonga* or the village spirit. There is a mud platform in front of his house with a black stone in the centre dedicated to the *Bonga*. His sacrifice consists in pouring the blood of chickens on this stone and sprinkling vermilion powder all around it. He knows some incantations, too, and thus he has great influence in the village. Ranga, then, is helpless; he is neither allowed to go to school nor to say prayers.

"But pray you should, if you want to be a good boy. You need not pray loudly. Repeat the prayer I taught you silently and God will hear you. Meanwhile, keep on asking your father to send you to school. There are many boys like you over there and they will be happy to have you."

Though his zeal for devil worship makes Ranga's father hate the missionaries and the mission school, I have great hopes that the little prayer of Ranga will at length win him over. Please pray for the conversion of Ranga and his folk. He will make a fine Catholic, a leader of his class and of his village.

"CHRISTIAN MISSIONS" ARE FACING A CRISIS

(Continued from page 268)

many a Catholic missionary is unfortunately too well aware of. This is the almost ferocious zeal of gospelers in certain foreign missionary fields. They leave no stone unturned to turn Catholics, especially of the poorer and less educated classes, from the faith of their fathers. In Latin America the Adventists and Evangelicals are especially hard at work (with funds often supplied by organizations in the United States) to "convert" the natives.

Passing one day through the streets of Mixco, an Indian village on the outskirts of Guatemala City, my attention was caught by a placard near an Indian house. I approached and read: "The

people of this house are Catholic and ask not to be molested by ministers of other religions."

These "ministers," with Bible in hand, veritable wolves in sheep's clothing, go from house to house spreading false accusations against the Church of Christ. But we do not fear. Christ has promised us the assistance of the Holy Ghost and that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against us.

But at the same time "the crisis in missions" calls for new efforts and new plans and programs to help our valiant missionary Fathers and Brothers and Sisters, now working under stress and many hardships on the outposts of civilization.

JIMMIE DOOLITTLE

IS HIS NAME

(Continued from page 270)

works written in the Indian language, the Latin alphabet was used. None of the Northwestern Indians have a written language.

Although Jim has never gone to school, and cannot speak more than a few words of English, he has learned to read the Life of Christ in the Nez Perce language with facility, and he can also read the catechism, prayers and hymns which have been translated into his language.

Since Father Joseph Cataldo's death in 1928, Jim Doolittle has dwelt at Lapwai, a little town about twelve miles from our main mission here at Slickpoo, where is located our main outlying church. On Sundays he leads prayers and hymns in the Indian language. He is a frequent visitor here at the mission. The Fathers still keep a room especially for him. He is a very good man. He has never married, a remarkable thing for an Indian. He is now bent with age. May he soon come to a happy eternity along with Father Cataldo and many other of the good Nez Perce Indians.

"GIVE US MORE CARIB TEACHERS!"

(Continued from page 276)

offer such great difficulties of language. In some of them, the teacher will have to cope only with Spanish; in the remainder, located along the river, the teacher needs only English among the mixed Creole and Spanish population. This situation may be taken as representative of other parts of the Colony, but wherever the place or whatever the language, the Carib teacher adjusts himself and gradually surmounts the difficulties.

In conclusion, we may remark that in this one District of El Cayo, we now have thirteen schools attended by more than a thousand children, nine of them under the care of Carib teachers, only six of the total receiving aid from the government. Any little bit of financial aid, therefore, that comes to us, towards maintaining the private schools among them is valuable to us, since it is only thus that we can keep going the good work of the Carib teachers.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

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