

JESUIT MISSIONS

February, 1943

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MARCH 12

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CONTRIBUTORS

■ Like all the Jesuits of the California Province assigned to mission work in China, Father Albert O'Hara, S.J. (Meet Madame Wei), has acquired a deep interest and affection for that country after spending eight years there. He returned to the States two years ago to take special studies in Sociology.



Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.

■ Father Arthur A. Weiss, S.J., comes from Union City, New Jersey. He spent three years on the Philippine Mission. As Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS he presents us with an appreciation of "The Greatest Modern Jesuit Missionary."

■ Before the Japanese invasion of the Philippines, Lino Banayad, S.J. (Will the Faith Survive in the Philippines), came to this country to study theology at St. Mary's College, Kansas.

■ Father Paul O'Connor, S.J. (Alaskan Disillusionment), is our most constant correspondent from the Alaskan missions. He is pastor of Kotzebue up in the Arctic Circle.

■ In ten years of hard work as pastor of Our Lady of Guadalupe Church in San Antonio, Texas, Father Carmelo A. Tranchese, S.J. (So This Is Guadalupe), has achieved wonders for his Mexican parishioners.

■ Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J. (Tariz Is in Edinburgh), of the Chicago Province, was one of the pioneers in the founding of the Baghdad College and the editor of "Al Baghdadi."

■ Lawrence P. Shehan, S.J. (Two Hundred Snows), is a member of the California Province, now studying philosophy at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington.

■ Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J. (Baghdad and Bombay in Nocturnal Adoration), of Roslindale, Mass., has been doing fine work on the Baghdad Mission for the past nine years.



Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.

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

COVER—Two little Eskimo maids of Akulurak Mission, Alaska, show that they can pout just like any other little girls. Normally, however, they are the happiest of children. Even this winter, when food and other supplies are very scarce because of the needs of the Armed Forces in the territory they do not complain. The government school at Hooper Bay had to close recently because the teachers, unlike the missionaries, couldn't exist on Eskimo grub.

EDITORIAL

"IT'S FUN BEING A PRIEST!"

THIS month we intended to say something about vocations to the priesthood. One of our missionaries, however, in a recent letter from the Arctic has spoken so much more eloquently than we could that we are going to let him do the talking. He is Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., and he writes as follows from Kotzebue, Alaska.

"The Arctic coast is a playground not so much for Eskimo children, as for the winds. All winds enter into the game, but the North Wind is chief. None can stand before him. In sub-zero weather he loves to show his power. The blitzkreigs of conquering armies are nothing to his roaring gale. Then the toughest Eskimo hunter seeks the seclusion of his igloo. How well does he know that a frozen face is only a matter of moments before such driving power. The malemute has the distinction of being the most enduring animal of the Arctic but even the malemute turns instinctively from the hard impact of the polar king. The missionary, too, comes to respect this roving giant.

"For three days the North Wind blitzkreig had been going on here at Kotzebue. Blizzardly days, however, are good for visiting. People are usually at home, or within a few doors' call. I, therefore, set out with a set of nice Mass pictures and a stereoscope. A priest is always a welcome visitor, and with such pictures, doubly so. A little group of Eskimos gathered about me. They looked with awe and admiration at the various parts of the Mass as celebrated in a beautiful church with a perfect religious setting. They certainly were an appreciative audience. I explained the Mass as we went along. It was worth a cold trip through hurtling snow just to see the expression of joy and wonder on these bland round faces. Guttural exclamations were in order, but one young wife could not contain herself with such inexpressive grunts: 'My,' she said, 'it must be fun being a priest.'

"I looked at her and smiled, 'How well you have expressed it,' I answered.

"The pictures were finally laid aside and I trudged home to prepare a missionary's meal alone. But the words lived in my mind and are still remembered.

"Priest's secrets are generally known only by the priest. This simple Eskimo lassie had penetrated the veil and learnt the truth—it is fun being a priest!"

OUT of Guadalcanal recently there came one of the war's most unusual tributes to a priest. It was a letter written to *The Tablet* of Brooklyn by a Jewish sailor, Alfred Landes, in praise of Naval Chaplain, Frederick P. Gehring, C.M. Father Gehring is a Vincentian priest from Brooklyn and an ex-China missionary.

"The voices of all the men here at Guadalcanal," writes Alfred Landes, "no matter what their creed or color, are raised in thanksgiving to the Almighty, that He in His wisdom sent a man like Father Gehring to them in their hour of need. To us he is truly Father for he takes the place of those at home in a spirit that can only be shown by a true man of God. . . .

"I've seen grime-smearing Marines limping in from the front lines to fall on their knees in this tent, while Father gave them his blessing. I've seen Commanders and officers of every rank going to him for confession. A General of the Marine Corps comes to his Mass each Sunday morning, setting a splendid example to those of his faith.

"Time after time a Catholic Major or a Colonel would call for him to take him to the front line trenches where he would hear the confessions of the boys and give them Holy Communion. He never wavered, he never complained of too much work, he never refused a call.

"Twice he was practically bombed and shelled out of his foxhole when near misses poured debris all over him. And one night when it seemed that all hell was breaking loose and Japanese warships were pouring their shells into our camp, Father Gehring braved the enemy fire by leaving his foxhole to bring a superior officer back into the safety of his dugout.

"Not only has Father looked after his men in the service but he also takes care of the natives of this island. The natives come here constantly for confession and Communion and attend his Mass and they, like everyone else on the island, have found Father Gehring to be a true spiritual leader. . . .

"After nightmarish nights of shelling and bombing by enemy ships and planes his tent would be filled the next morning with nerve-shattered men who had seen their buddies killed before them. They came for consolation, they came for comfort and Father Gehring could give them that, they had that faith in him and they found comfort when they joined him in prayer."

The world of tomorrow must be supplied with hundreds of priests like Father Gehring and Father O'Connor.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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The distinguished wife of China's Ambassador to America insists that unless we plan now for the period after victory the whole of China and our missions will suffer

Meet Madame Wei

Albert O'Hara, S.J.

“**I**F your foresight does not extend to the distant future, then you shall be bothered by many difficulties close at hand!” This saying of the old Chinese Sage sums up well what I have been trying to explain to you, Father.” said Madame Wei Tao Ming, the wife of China's new Ambassador to America. “If we do not plan for the period to follow the final victory, then we shall have constant trouble on our hands and your missionary work will suffer too.”

I must say that I was most pleasantly surprised by my interview with Madame Wei, who, among her many other achievements, has the distinction of being China's first woman lawyer. I felt that the newspaper and magazine articles that I had read about her had done her an injustice. They seemed to have tried to cast her in one of their

ready-made stereotypes and emphasized whatever would build up their desired picture of her. Madame Wei shows many of the traits of Madame Chiang Kai Shek, namely, a broad knowledge of world events and a deep interest in the spiritual, political and economical welfare of her people, and a tireless and self-sacrificing energy in laboring for her cause. She possesses in a high degree that gift that most Chinese have but which Americans and Europeans fail to suspect that they have, a generous helping of common sense.

WHILE Madame Wei is intensely interested in her own people and in advancing their welfare, she is not blinded by these interests to the sweeping panorama of international needs and world problems. I assured Madame Wei that we are most anxious to aid her

people, both now and after the war. If we find a like spirit in all those who help to direct China's destinies, I am sure that there will be a most happy cooperation between China and the missionaries that shall work to the advantage of both sides.

We had been talking of the work of the Catholic missionaries during the present war and I asked, “Well, Madame Wei, don't you think that the missionaries have been helping the Chinese people a great deal during this time of hardship and suffering?”

“**O**F course,” she protested, “the missionaries have been doing fine work. They have cared for the wounded; they have housed and fed the wandering refugees; and, best of all, they have courageously protected, generously provided for the innumerable war orphans. Now, all of this work is of

great importance and we appreciate it most sincerely."

"Do you think that there is some work of greater importance then?" I broke in.

"Yes, of course, there is. It is the work that must be done after the war. I consider it of the greatest importance that the missionaries aid our people to live morally good lives after the victory has been won. At that time our people may go one of two ways: either they may keep the fine spirit of unity and courageous self-sacrifice that they are now manifesting during the war, or they may undergo a serious moral let-down and go to pieces."

"Do you really think that such a thing could happen to your people, Madame Wei?" I interjected.

"**Y**OU and I both know well what has happened to other countries after the last World War and there is no reason why it could not happen in China, especially when the struggle has been fought right through our towns and villages. Hence, if your missionaries are well prepared to help and teach our people to live morally good lives after this war, it will be a contribution of the highest importance."

"I heartily agree with you," I enjoined, "and it is for this very purpose that we are trying to train men right now."

"You see, we must not look at the difficulties just in front of our noses," Madame emphasized again, "but we must look and plan definitely for the future as the Sage warns us. Now, Father, let me give you an example! After the first World War, Tsingtao, Chinese territory, was handed over to the Japanese because they had driven out the Germans who had been in power there. I was an attache to the Chinese Delegation to the Peace Conference in France and I protested this action."

"Quite naturally," I approved.

"Not just naturally but justly and

Dr. Wei Tao Ming, new Chinese Ambassador to America, reiterated the praise of Madame Wei for the work of the Catholic missionaries for the unhappy victims of war in China.

with good reason," Madame Wei insisted. "This was Chinese soil and inhabited by Chinese who had aided the Allies so why should they be handed over to the Japanese as a subject people. Moreover, I predicted that if this territory were handed over to the Japanese, it would be but the first step in a series of aggressions that would only end in an attempt of Japan to swallow up China. And that is just what has been happening. Still, no one then wanted to look to the future but only to satisfy the embarrassing demands of the moment. Today we reap the whirlwind that was then sown."

"**M**ADAME WEI, if you don't mind, let us go back to a matter we were speaking of a few minutes ago. Were you not formerly in Shanghai as the first woman lawyer in China?"

"Quite true," Madame answered. "And, of course, I knew of the work of the Jesuit missionaries at the Aurora University with its medical, law and engineering faculties."

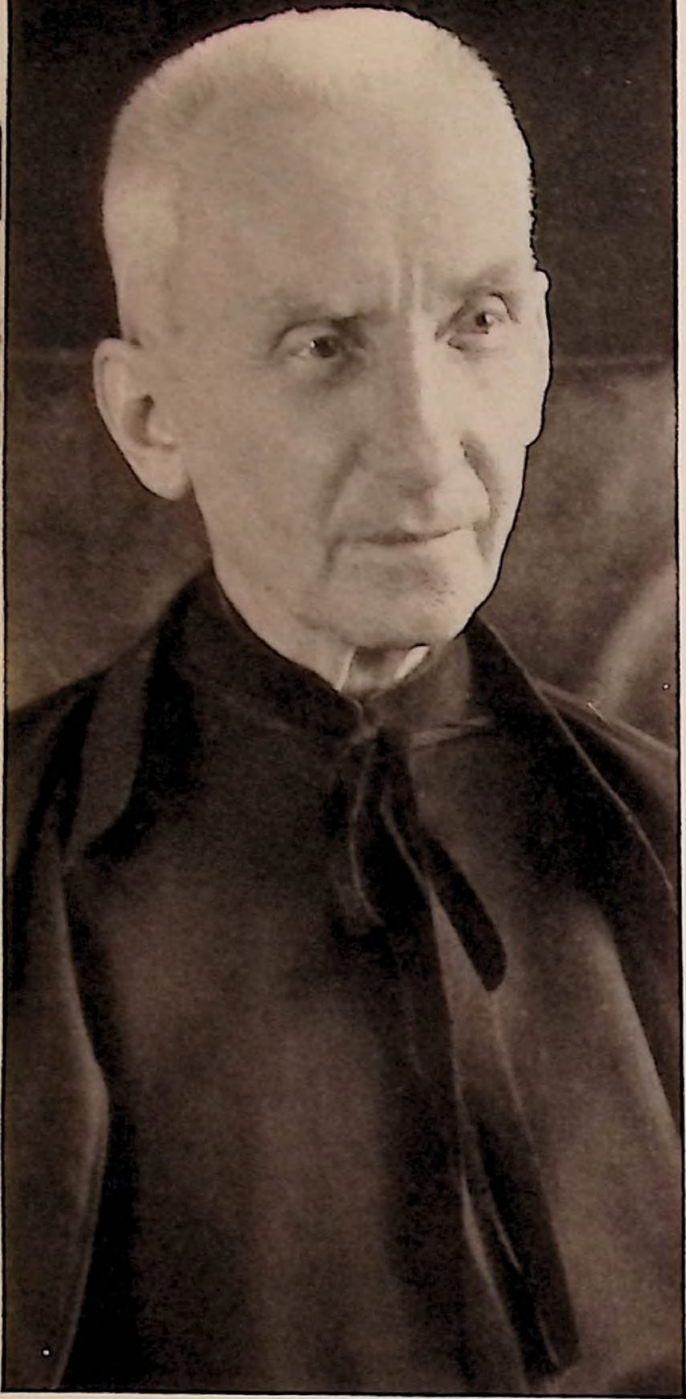
"And I suppose you knew of our missionary work at Zi-ka-wei?" I added.

"**Z**I-KA-WEI! Know of it! Madame Wei exclaimed. "Why one of my nephews was educated at St. Ignatius College which your Fathers direct there in Zi-ka-wei. One of my assistants in the Shanghai Law University had his earlier training at the Aurora University. Of course, when the war came, we were forced to move to Nanking, and then go along with the government to Hankow and finally to Chungking."

"Did you meet any missionaries?"

"Yes, we (Turn to page 55)





The late Father Vladimir Ledóchowski, S.J., General of the Jesuits.

AT Kurseong, India, several months ago there was presented a pageant called "Legion on the March" which dealt with the history of the Church in India since the days of Francis Xavier, four hundred years ago. In the final act one of the characters, Robert de Nobili, summing up for his brother Jesuit, St. Francis, the progress of Catholicism in India during the last century and the great names connected with it, concludes with these words: "But the greatest champion in modern times was Father Ledóchowski."

To the large group of Jesuit missionaries from all over India who heard this tribute to Father Ledóchowski, it did not seem at all strange that a man who had never been in India should be acclaimed as India's greatest modern Jesuit missionary. Had a similar historical pageant been given in China, Alaska, Syria, Africa or any other place where Jesuit missionaries labor, the

The Greatest Modern Jesuit Missionary

Arthur A. Weiss, S.J.

same tribute would have been given. For Father Ledóchowski, Superior General of the Jesuits, who died December 13th last, was regarded by all Jesuits as the Society's greatest missionary figure in modern times.

IT is no exaggeration to say that for his leadership and vision in missionary affairs he must be ranked with the other great generals of the Society of Jesus, such as St. Ignatius, St. Francis Borgia and Claudius Acquaviva. Just as under these early generals the Society attained world renown for its missionary work, so under Father Ledóchowski's generalship the Jesuits became once more the Church's largest Missionary Order. During the last two decades and a half he was the energizing influence behind what has been the Society's greatest mission expansion. Under him the numbers of Jesuits working to convert the pagan world exceeded that even of the Golden Age of the Missions.

Only forty-nine years of age, he was elected the twenty-sixth General on the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, February 11, 1915. The young General faced most serious international conditions. The World War was in its beginnings. Not alone Jesuit missions but Catholic missions generally were in a sad plight. But a world at war was to be no excuse for slackening the missionary efforts of the Society.

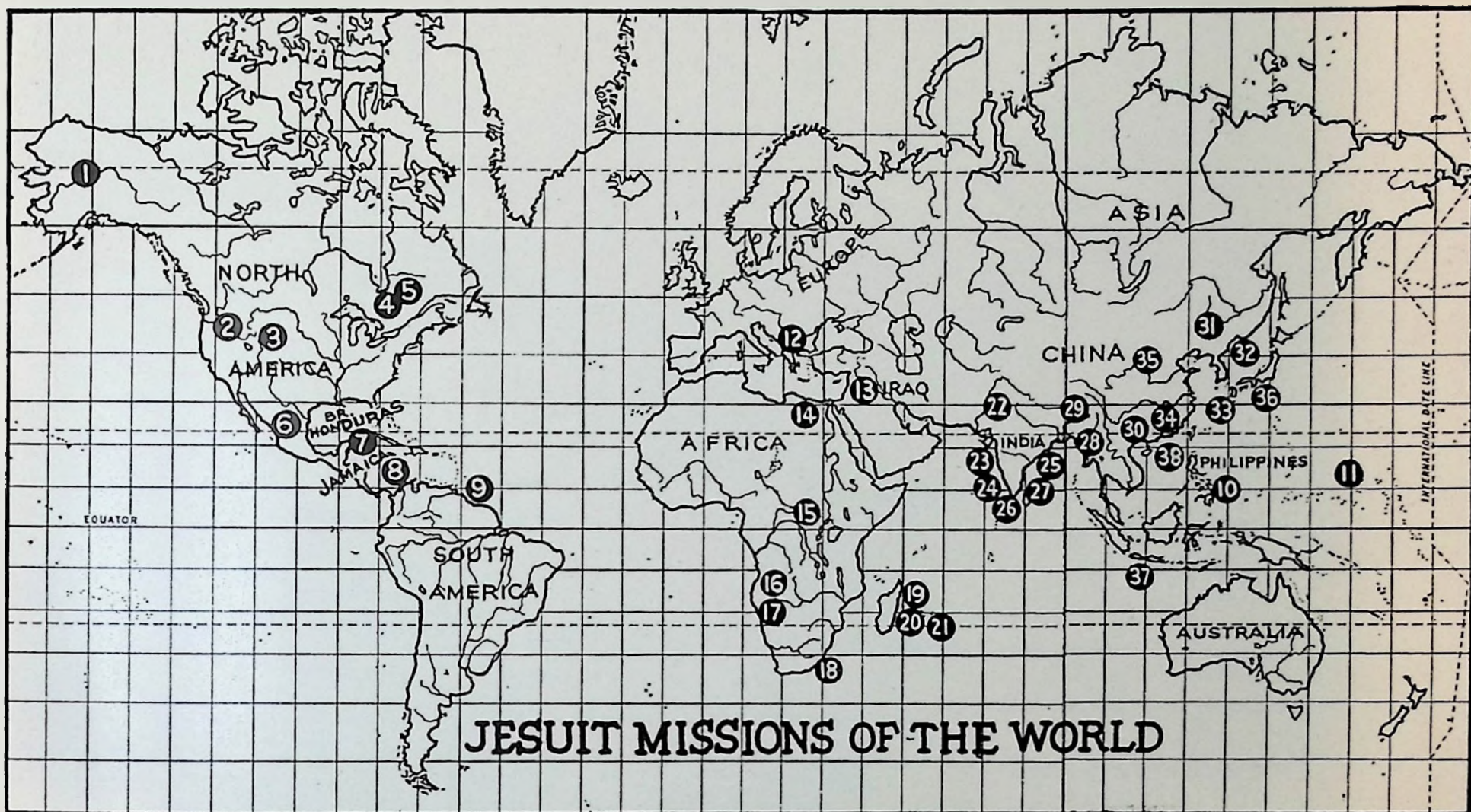
Father Ledóchowski belonged to a family that was noted for its defense of the faith in the face of great

odds. His uncle, the famous Cardinal Ledóchowski, Prefect of Propaganda and Archbishop of Posen had been imprisoned by Bismarck for his opposition to the Kulturkampf. His sister, whose cause is now being considered for beatification, founded the Saint Peter Claver Society which has done such wonderful work for the African missions.

THE year following his election the new General issued a call to the Jesuits of the United States urging them not to be dismayed by the war but to renew their zeal for the missionary vocation that was theirs. This letter "On Giving Aid to the Foreign Missions" was one of the first to issue from his pen. Three years later a letter entitled "The Choice and Formation of a Native Clergy" outlined a plan of campaign which was to meet with great success as the long years of his generalate ran their course.

It was providential that in the year 1922 Pope Pius XI was elected Pope, for it was under the "Pope of the Missions" that Father Ledóchowski was enabled to carry out to the full the ideas he had enunciated in his first two mission letters to the Society. In accordance with an old Jesuit tradition Father Ledóchowski paid a special visit to the newly elected Pontiff and in the name of the entire Society of Jesus renewed his pledge of loyalty to the Holy See and this with special respect to the missions.

Ten years after his election, Father Ledóchowski convoked a



JESUIT MISSIONS OF THE WORLD

1. Alaska; 2. Rocky Mountains; 3. South Dakota; 4. Canadian Indian Missions; 5. Caughnawaga; 6. Tarahumara; 7. British Honduras; 8. Jamaica; 9. British Guiana; 10. Philippines; 11. Caroline, Marianne, Marshall Islands; 12. Albania; 13. Syria; 14. Egypt; 15. Congo; 16. Broken Hill; 17. Salisbury; 18. Cape Colony; 19. Tananarive; 20. Fianarantsoa; 21. Reunion and Mauritius; 22. Bombay-Poona; 23. Goa-Cochin; 24. Mangalore-Calicut; 25. Trichinopoly; 26. Galle; 27. Trincomalee; 28. Calcutta; 29. Patna; 30. Shiu-hing; 31. Nanking; 32. Wuhu; 33. Anking; 34. Hwaise; 35. Sienhsien; 36. Tokio-Hiroshima; 37. Batavia; 38. Hongkong.

Jesuit Mission Congress in Rome in conjunction with the Vatican Mission Congress held at that time. Each Jesuit mission around the world was represented. Perhaps one of the most significant utterances of the General at this Congress was his formal approval of a paper by the celebrated missiologist, Father Brou, S.J. It was Father's Brou's thesis that the Society of Jesus was not only the largest but actually the first entirely Missionary Order in the Church. By this he did not mean to underestimate the tremendous mission work done by monks and nuns throughout the centuries before the foundation of the Society in the sixteenth century. What he pointed out was that these older and greater Orders were not founded primarily for foreign mission work nor could their members be obliged to go to the foreign missions by virtue of their vows. When St. Ignatius and his assistants, however, drew up the constitutions of the Society of Jesus in 1539, an entirely new missionary feature was in-

cluded. All members of the Order (there were to be no exceptions) were to consider it their "vocation to travel to various places and to live in any part of the world where there is hope of the greater glory of God and the help of souls." Hence every Jesuit simply because he has taken a vow of obedience can be obliged to accept any missionary task assigned to him by his superiors; the vow of obedience implies a pledge of missionary service.

WE can be sure that Father Ledóchowski's formal approval of this thesis was not made out of any vain desire for special recognition. It was born from the firm and serious conviction that as the Superior of this, the largest and oldest missionary group, he had the obligation to impress upon those both inside and outside the Society the tremendous force that was at the Church's disposal for establishing the Kingdom of Christ throughout the modern world. And it was Father Ledóchowski himself who

was foremost in the work of utilizing this force to the best of his abilities. In the course of his twenty-seven years as General he succeeded magnificently.

IT is not possible within the limits of this article to give detailed account of all that Father Ledóchowski has done for Jesuit missions. A general survey of the work must suffice. He was outstanding in accepting new missions for the Society to work in and in sending men to these posts. When he came to office in 1915, the Society had 1,971 missionaries working in 29 foreign missions. When he died last year, this number had been increased to 3,894 missionaries working in 48 different foreign missions throughout the world, an increase of almost one hundred per cent in foreign mission personnel.

An example of how he achieved this expansion can best be seen in our own United States. He was insistent that the American Jesuits, because of the (Turn to page 55)

Will the Faith Survive in the Philippines?

Lino F. Banayad, S.J.



Archbishop Spellman converses with President Quezon of the Philippine Islands on the occasion of The Philippine Commonwealth Day celebration.

THIS coming February will see the fifth anniversary of the 33rd International Eucharistic Congress, held at Manila in 1937. As the Philippine Commonwealth Day celebrations last November 15 called to mind the glorious vision of the future Philippine Republic, so will this coming February revive the memory of the missionary role which had been conceived for the Catholic Church in the Philippines.

It was believed then that the Islands were going to be a firm outpost of Catholicism in the Far East. They were to be a mission station from which Orientals themselves were to sally forth and Christianize the Orient. This thought was uppermost in the minds of many mission-minded people in the Congress. The very refrain of the Congress hymn fanned this hope to flame: "*Venid pueblos del Oriente, Naciones todas, venid; Y en abrazo de fe ardiente a Dios-Hostia bendecid.*"—"Peoples of the Orient, come, all ye nations come; and bless ye with glowing faith God in the Eucharist."

BUT fervent hope wanes into a wistful thought against the gloomy background of the Pacific tragedy. Orientals have come not to pay homage but to destroy. They are trying to paganize a people that

hopes to share with them something more transcending than a "Co-Prosperity Sphere." They are trying to uproot Christianity from a nation which hopes to link them to herself by the unity of the Faith, a bond more lasting than the mere ties of Asia for the Asiatics. But will they succeed in robbing the Filipinos of this Faith? Good evidence goes to show that they will not.

At no other time since the Philippine Revolution was the Church in the Philippines ever so flourishing as after the Eucharistic Congress. To those who have watched with interest the progress of the Church there, this fact was clear. There was a reawakening of the Faith. And what was more, this resurgence of the Faith was most manifest in the youth of the land.

TYPICAL of this spirit was the Chesterton Evidence Guild, a jolly group of young men and women who, Sunday after Sunday, broadcast to the entire nation the Commonweal Hour, Catholic Hour of the Philippines. From their fifteen-minute programs in 1938 their broadcasts had lengthened into the two most desirable radio hours of the day: the first hour being devoted to English and the other to the national language, Tagalog. And if you happened to look into the homes of Catholics you would invariably see the family group gathered around the radio listening to the Commonweal Hour. Out in the provinces you would meet groups of common people huddled together

listening to this hour on the rectory's radio.

By radio plays the Guild expounded truths of the Faith and effectively ridiculed vicious and outlandish attacks against the Church. People listened because the programs were entertaining as well as instructive. And enemies of the Church who had heard them began to think twice before launching an attack. No longer could anti-Catholics slander the Church at their whim; these youngsters were something to be reckoned with. Three instances may indicate their power for good.

IN 1940, Assemblymen Ramos and Lazo introduced into the Philippine Legislature a bill "liberalizing" the Islands' laws governing divorce. Stock, outworn sentimental reasons were alleged in favor of the proposed legislation. The Guild stepped in, and its radio plays, "Divorce without Tears," "She Asked for It," and a musical comedy, "I'm Going Crazy" were influential in the bill's utter defeat.

That same year the Chesterton Evidence Guild directed its attention to the editor of the *Philippine Magazine*. This periodical was compulsory reading matter in all public schools. Feeling secure in his position, Mr. A. V. H. Hartendorp ran articles in his magazine poking fun at sacred dogmas. He bitterly attacked the Jesuits, calling the Filipino Jesuits and the Guild members "stooges" of the "anti-democratic" Jesuit organization. Series



Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy, last Governor General of the Philippines and Captain Pacifico Ortiz, S.J., escort Madame Quezon from St. Aloysius Church, Washington, D. C., after a special Mass for the Filipino people.

of broadcasts emanating from radio stations KZRM and KZRF carried counter-attacks of the Guild. Poor Hartendorp was sorely worsted by these youngsters; his magazine was banned from the public schools; anti-clericals learned their bitter lesson.

THE following year, the Masons picked a fight with the Guild. Their journal *Cabletow* denounced the Church as a menace to society, a red octopus. In proof they revived the spurious Knights of Columbus Oath. Whereupon the Guild offered the sum of 1,303 pesos and 12 centavos (\$651.56) to Masons or anyone else who could show that the libelous "Oath" attributed to the so-called "Roman Catholic Organization of North America" had ever received any sanction from the

Church's authorities. Further, the Guild demanded a gentleman's apology for printing the libelous "Oath." The Masons ungracefully retired from the scene, fully conscious that the days were gone when they could freely attack the Church without being challenged.

Practically gone, too, was the "Let the Priests do it" spirit. To the aid of their pastors had come Catholic students, offering to teach catechism during summer months. From the Ateneo de Manila alone more than 150 boys signed for this work in 1940. And during the following summer months one of these high school boys prepared three hundred children for Baptism, invited a priest to give a retreat to the young people of the town and obtained support for eight seminarians for the coming year. That was Catholic Action.

THE bishops called for catechetical instructors in public schools. Young men and women from Catholic colleges, seminarians and the Catholic Women's League generously responded. According to the 1937 memorandum of the Secretary of Public Instruction, religion classes had been established in 817 schools with an enrollment of 187,089 students. True, this total is meager enough when compared with the total of public schools and public school students, but it is a significant indication of the young laity's active Catholicism.

There was a great need of familiarizing the population with the Catholic point of view in science and literature. To answer this need the Champion Literary Guild, made up of chapters from practically every Catholic school of Manila, held annual Catholic literature expositions. Here Catholic books of all kinds could be procured. Exhibits ranged from pamphlets and leaflets to large tomes on philosophy, history, arts and sciences.

Every year the exposition's success could be gauged by the number of visitors and the number of books sold. In 1935, in its first year, the Guild sold 11,500 pamphlets, 1,200 books and 4,000 leaflets. At least 10,000 people visited the exposition in 1940. And in 1941 the Guild chapter of the Ateneo de Manila sold more than 65,000 copies of the radio plays of the Chesterton Evidence Guild.

CERTAIN things undreamed of some years before were coming into existence. Students' Catholic Action units had been established in non-sectarian colleges and universities. Years before, Catholics had been laughed to scorn or studiously ignored in these institutions. Street preachers also had their counterpart in the Philippines. For this a group of college boys had formed the Bellarmine Guild. During the summer they went from town to town discussing the truths of religion or explaining the social justice advocated in papal encyclicals or teaching Catechism to the children. Young men and women of a generation ago would never have thought of undertaking (Turn to page 56)



Arctic thrills aplenty comes to Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., on the open trails leading out from Kotzebue.

Alaskan Disillusionment

Paul C.
O'Connor, S.J.

MANY visitors have come to Alaska since the war began. Defense measures have flung soldiers and other people far and wide over this immense territory. These newcomers cannot but think that Alaska has the proportions of a mighty nation. Its climate is as varied, its riches as abundant, its scenery as magnificent, and, finally, its people as devoted—as that of any nation. But the thought most often expressed by the cheechakos is one of disillusionment. It is so different up here from what they had expected.

The notions of ice and snow, Northern Lights and Midnight Suns have been uppermost in their minds, so that when they come and do not find them they are a trifle disappointed. Those that have lived in Northern Alaska for years have seen all these things. In fact, when one is caught by a blizzard on an open trail in sub-zero weather, the incident is indelibly etched on his mind. Old sourdoughs cannot help talking about these things. By dint of repetition, the unusual becomes a

common occurrence. An imaginative mind can easily embroider a simple mushing excursion into an intrepid saga midst Arctic terrors.

Visitors, therefore, are almost loathe to believe that blizzards do not rage in Alaska during the summer; that midnight suns are confined to the short period of one month; that bear hunts are off the beaten trail and require time and money to make them. Then, too, they seem to think that Northern lights can be turned on and off at a tourist's will. Even Mt. McKinley, North America's highest peak, is rather modest. I have known photographers loaded down with equipment waiting in vain at a favorite spot for a good picture. Arctic thrills come only to those who live in the country!

HERE, for instance, is a trip I made recently. Come along with me and you will see what our visitors have in store for them if they stay in Alaska long enough.

The trip will be replete with scenery incomparable in the world at

large and different to the outside in every detail. It is only twenty below, but no wind, but remember that this is January and up here at this season anything can happen both with the wind and the mercury. If you don seal-skin pants, reindeer parka, fur-lined mukluks with moose-skinned bottoms, you are ready for the trail.

LET me introduce to you, first of all, Walter Reich, our guide. He is a veteran of Arctic trails and a wolf-hunter of no mean standing. You will find out also that he is a crack shot. I have never seen him miss. Notice the telescopic sight on his 306. He knows how to pick off a mountain sheep high up in the mountains. Where we are going mountain sheep will be found in plenty. However, my missionary activities will keep you to lower levels. Perhaps we shall have a mutton chop over a camp fire before we return.

There are thirteen dogs on the string—unlucky number you say—not in the Arctic. There are super-

stitutions up here but not in numbers. Off we gallop at 9:30 with the sun yet to show its face. We shall, as a matter of fact, hardly see the sun. Much of our journey will be under the flashing splendor of the Northern Lights. As we dash across the Kotzebue Lagoon we notice that the trail is already broken. Walter informs us that five teams are in the lead. News came just the night before that Arctic hares are to be found in abundance among the willows that skirt the Kobuk Lake.

OUR dogs scent the teams ahead and pick up speed. Hardly an hour passes before we see four dim black lines on the horizon. They are our fellow travellers. Eventually, we draw near and soon will pass two teams. If you are new on the trail the antics of the dogs when bunched together will probably scare you. They jump and snarl at strange teams and if not protected by the steady gait of a leader who holds them in place, there would be one grand free-for-all scrap.

Our musher, though, knows his business. He holds his foot on the brake and keeps our team well in the rear until we start to cross a small lake. He then gees his leader to the right and with a dash of speed we circle the teams and fall into the lead.

As we pass the teams we get a fleeting glance at the heavily loaded sleds. These hunters are out for a week or more and carry both a small tent and stove. Fish and seal blubber for the dogs are also no small item both in bulk and weight.

We look off to the northeast and see lofty mountains now shining in the morning sun. We are to pass through those mountains. Let us hope that the snow has been well packed by North winds. Along the trail flock after flock of ptarmigans rise with a flutter and almost Eskimo guttural clucking sounds. They are beautiful birds about the size of a quail, pure white except for a black tipped tail. Should we run out of food we can always de-

The lead dog with a steady gait can prevent his team from being snarled and tangled in a free-for-all scrap with strange teams on the trail.

pend on them for a succulent morsel.

We pull off our mittens to pick up a cup of coffee. The intense cold is also seen from the billows of steam which rise from the wide open panting mouths of the dogs. They are lying about in close familiarity with other strange dogs—unmindful now of differences and taking a much needed rest.

NOT more than forty-five minutes is taken for lunch. Sled covers are again tied, a small tomcod thrown to each malemute and away we gallop again. Here our trails diverge. The hunters strike across to a willow patch. We cut across a twelve-mile lake straight for the Kobuk range. On this broad open expanse the wind picks up and smarts our faces with the cold. We can take the handle bars anytime now. The dogs pursue a steady pace and our driver would just as soon sit down with his face turned from the wind for a smoke.

The early dusk has already fallen when we clear the lake and our path now keeps to the deep snow of a narrow river bed. There is no trail and our iron runners scrape and crunch on the hard sandy snow. Pulling is getting harder. We are forced at odd intervals to take to our heels and give the dogs a rest. Running in even fairly packed snow requires a good wind. If you have none, it will not be long before

you drop exhausted on the sled.

At 7:30 p.m., we finally crawl up the bank to a long cabin. It is the home of a fine old Eskimo couple by the name of Punalik. Leaving Walter to take care of the dogs, we stoop low as we enter a tiny igloo. Our first impression is not so good. We wonder where we can put our baggage, even where we can find room to sit down. Mukluks hang from the ceiling, pots and pans are strewn around the floor, a big pile of freshly shot rabbits in the corner, a huge stove, piles of wood, pails of ice, and what not. Things are shoved aside and we finally unceremoniously sit on the floor.

LITTLE English is spoken, but we can easily gather that we are perfectly welcome and to make ourselves at home. A rabbit stew is boiling in a huge pot on the stove. Later we avail ourselves of it and find, despite the unsavory look of the container, that the stew itself is excellent. Perhaps our long hours on the trail has whetted our appetite!

It is well into the night before we curl up on the floor and try to sleep. The old folks snore with the perfect abandon of a good conscience. You cannot get rid of the impression that that mysterious little animal called the louse is living happily and undisturbed in this community. As the night progresses our impres- (Turn to page 56)





THE MEXICAN ACADEMY OF HISTORY has appointed the Rev. Jose Bravo Ugarte, S.J., to fill the seat left vacant by Carlos Pereyra. *La Nacion*, organ of the National Action Party, praised the selection made.

CHINA'S PRICE LIST. Father Vianney McGrath, O.F.M., reports the following scale of prices prevailing in present day China: A pair of socks, \$50; a second-hand suit, \$100; sugar, over \$20 a pound; coffee, \$140 a pound; Mass wine costs \$50 a bottle.

ANOTHER MISSION VICTORY. Owing to the Allied successes in Africa the Motherhouse of the White Fathers has been liberated and the English members of the community are now free to undertake missionary work in Central Africa.

INDIAN LANGUAGE DATA GIVEN BY MISSIONERS. According to Father Arthème Dutilly of the Catholic University of America, a major source of materials for use in the study of North American Indian languages, heretofore unavailable, exists in the many publications and manuscripts used by missionaries. Dr. Dutilly is now engaged in assembling and cataloguing this hitherto neglected scientific data, preliminary to making possible their reproduction in forms useful to students of languages. Thus far 145 published works, as well as 52 reproductions of unpublished manuscripts, representing 21 distinct northern Indian languages and dialects, have been assembled.

RELIGION IN GOVERNMENT SCHOOLS. Terminating thirty years of secularism, religious instruction in all primary schools has been ordered by the Portuguese Government for the country's colonial possessions in India.

THE FIRST NEGRO CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN in the U. S. Army is Lt. Walter Bowman of the Society of the Divine Word.

NEGRO CATHOLIC POPULATION. Two and three-tenths of the total Negro population in the States is Catholic. Twelve years ago the percentage was 1.7. In the United States one person out of every ten is a Negro yet only one out of every 43 persons is a Catholic Negro. The largest concentration of Colored Catholics in the United States is in southern Louisiana—the Archdiocese of New Orleans and the diocese of Lafayette claim thirty-six per cent of all Colored Catholics in this country.

EGG COOPERATIVE IN JAMAICA. At Seaford Town, Jamaica, Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J., started an Egg Cooperative two years ago. The total egg supply was fourteen dozen. Today the Cooperative handles an average of 2,500 dozen eggs a week. According to the Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of the Mission, this is only one example of the economic and social movements inaugurated in the Jamaica Mission. Credit unions, cooperative industries and markets are being developed throughout the Mission. The missionaries are cooperating with the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission, of which Charles V. Taussig is chairman.

NEW SUPERIOR FOR BRITISH HONDURAS. Complete trust in God's Providence must fill the mind of Very Rev. David F. Hickey, S.J., as he enters upon his new office as Superior of the British Honduras Mission. A month previous to his appointment a savage hurricane lashed that Mission with all its fury and left behind a wake of churches and schools in ruins. No newcomer to the mission field, Father Hickey witnessed the disastrous hurricane of 1931 when ten of his fellow Jesuits lost their lives. With God's help and that of his friends in the States, this veteran should prove equal to the difficult task of reconstruction.

99.67 PER CENT of America's 622 Jesuit Missionaries have remained at their post despite the war.

SCHOOL FOR SOUTH AFRICAN NOBILITY. The Rev. Odilon Chevrier, O.M.I., twenty years a missionary in Basutoland, South Africa, reports that he has been assigned by the Royal Family of Basutoland to open a school there for the education of the sons of all the chiefs in that country.

PROPAGANDA HAS LARGEST ORDINATION CLASS. Forty-two candidates for the priesthood, the largest class in the history of Propaganda College in Rome, were ordained by His Eminence, Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. Those ordained included Africans for the first time in at least fifty years. Four of the newly ordained were from British Africa and three from Ethiopia.

THIRTY-ONE SCHOLARSHIPS IN THE UNITED STATES have been recently obtained for young Jamaicans to develop future leaders of the Church in that mission.

MEXICAN MISSION CONGRESS. A second Propagation of the Faith Congress in Mexico will be held in the Archdiocese of Puebla in 1945. At the Guadalajara Congress which has just ended, Msgr. Felipe Torres Hurtado, the youthful Vicar Apostolic of Lower California, made an urgent appeal for missionaries.

JESUIT MISSIONARIES GREET HEROES. After a desperate escape in a thirty-six foot boat, slipping through the Japanese dragnet and playing tag with death on the open seas for thirty-one days, eighteen American soldiers sighted land. Natives, very black and painted the colors of the rainbow, lined the shore. Before the Americans landed a tall white man walked down the hill. "What place is this?" they yelled. "It's Melville, Australia. Where do you hail from?" "Corregidor." The man on the shore was a Jesuit Brother, assistant to Father O'Connor, S.J. These Irish Jesuits gave the bedraggled, weatherbeaten crew a royal welcome to their mission.



Very Rev. David F. Hickey, S.J., newly appointed Superior of British Honduras, is greeted at the Belize Airport by Father Salvo. He succeeds Rev. Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., who directed that Mission for the past ten years.

Conversion of Infidel Youth in Catholic Schools

THE FEBRUARY MISSION INTENTION

• "The missionary's task is to disappear." That remark, made once by a missionary bishop, sounds strange, doesn't it? But it contains a truth that is fundamental. The Catholic missionary is interested in making the Church more and more visible throughout the world. A Church that is not seen, is not known, is not loved. It is the work of the missionary to establish the Church in a country so that it is there, "the city set upon a mountain," for every one to see and examine and, with the help of God's grace, to enter. Having extended the boundaries of the visible Church in one country, having given it a certain permanence there, his task as a missionary is to disappear. He begins his work elsewhere.

• To effect this setting up of a visible Church the means at the missionary's disposal are varied. He may, for instance, open a free medical dispensary and so by caring for the external ills of the body bring men to be a bit more concerned about the invisible needs of the soul. By building hospitals and orphanages and organizing recreation centers the missionary can show forth the charity of Christ and draw attention to the divine institution which is the visible fountainhead of that charity. But after he has made use of all other means, the Catholic missionary is not satisfied that he has really built the solid foundations of this city on a mountain, has made the Church completely visible for all to behold until he sees the cross surmounting a Catholic school. His best hopes are founded in the education of the youth in the land to which he has come. When he sees Catholic education flourishing, then and then only can he "disappear" leaving to other hands the work of carrying on what has been well begun.

• It is a fact that many of our Catholic schools in mission lands have already attracted a large number of pagans to enroll in the courses offered. In not a few instances these pagan students belong to the most influential families of the land. Although it may be that no direct efforts are made at conversion (in some countries this would be forbidden by law), yet the influence of the Catholic school for good is very great. Here we have a concrete example of how the Catholic missionary uses education as a means to make the Church visible. For the Catholic School cannot be hid; it is truly a light shining in the darkness and the darkness cannot overpower it. The missionaries know this from experience. Prejudice must be overcome, then good will must be fostered. A sincere desire to learn follows until eventually the truth, goodness and beauty that belong to Catholicism will, with God's grace, break through the error, the sin and the ugliness of paganism.

• This is what we are asked to pray for in this month's Mission Intention—for grace that infidel youth may "find" the faith that surrounds them in the atmosphere of a Catholic school.



(Left) Planning, praying, struggling, Father Tranchese, S.J., realized part of his dream in the housing project of Guadalupe, but there is still much work to be done. A tale-telling contrast is caught in the former slum area (above) and the housing project at the right.

THE strip of land which lies between Guadalupe Street and Torreon Alley is still generously decked with slums and poorly built houses. It is there and will be there for a number of years to come. However, Divine Providence left it there for some purpose. Apparently it was the result of the opposition of the land owners to the housing project. But now it shows a tale-telling contrast between the wonderful project of new houses and the slum area.

Guadalupe Mission now is almost entirely changed in its setting. The Mission extended for one square mile, mostly covered with slums. After years of efforts, two housing projects were built in this area. They are called the Alazan Courts and the Apache Courts. These two projects cover 68 x 41 acres of land. There are 672 dwelling units, housing that many families, that is, over 7,000 people. Now the Mission cares for 18,000 people of which 3,500 are children of school age. The Alazan Courts has a wonderful administration building in which there is a magnificent hall provided with all utilities for the social ac-

So this is Guadalupe!

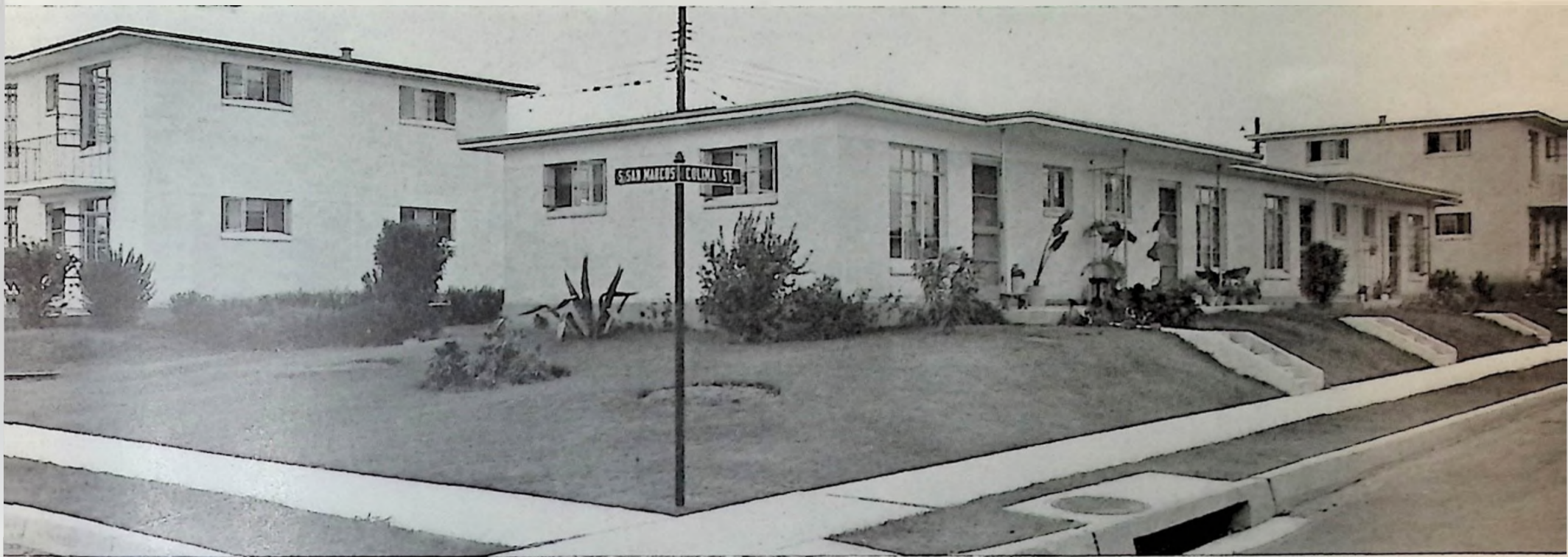
One of the most remarkable mission transformations in modern times has taken place at a Jesuit mission in Texas

Carmelo Tranchese, S.J.

tivities of the courts. Amongst them are the activities of Guadalupe Community Center. This institution was started two years ago under the auspices of Guadalupe Church and is directed by the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word. There is a nursery, a pre-school set-up, a clinic, etc. This is a branch of the Guadalupe Community Center which has its headquarters in a building some blocks away.

THE Courts are now a show place in San Antonio. These houses equipped with all modern conveniences, are very nicely kept by the tenants, who are all Mexicans. They take very good care of the houses and the lawns surrounding them which add to their beauty.

From this one can see that the Mission has undergone a tremendous change since the Jesuit Fathers landed here some ten years ago. Most of the slums are gone forever, the death rate has lowered considerably and sickness also has diminished in no small degree. As I said, there are still slums around Guadalupe. But these are scheduled to go. A couple of months before the war broke out we, that is, the Housing Authority, had already received the "go ahead" signal from headquarters to clear another strip of land covered with slums. Unfortunately, the war stopped all this. And now we are praying for victory, which, we hope, will give us the opportunity of going on with this wonderful housing work, one of the out-



standing enterprises of our President of the United States.

At present, there are three Jesuit Fathers working in the Guadalupe Mission. Two of them have been here ten and nine years respectively. Most of the time there have been only three Fathers working at Guadalupe. When we look back on all these years we wonder how three men could have accomplished such a gigantic work, like the establishing of a new colony. For it was due to their efforts that this area had almost completely changed. They were the pioneers of housing in San Antonio.

I MAY just as well state that the housing program in the city comprehends five projects, two for Spanish-speaking people, two for Negroes, and one for Anglo-Saxon Americans. But the Spanish project was the first one to go through, and on account of its difficulties has remained the most outstanding. Then the second project, the Apache courts, was added and the three others followed. These two projects, the Alazan-Apache Courts, were built at the cost of approximately six million dollars, and six millions were spent on the other three.

Thus when one visits Guadalupe Mission one gets a feeling of ease and general welfare. One almost thinks that Guadalupe now is a well-to-do Mission and that it stands no longer in need of help from friends. But it is not so.

Residents in the courts must have some special qualifications. They

must be American citizens, must be able to pay the rent, and consequently, must have a steady job. This means that the former slum dwellers cannot get into the courts. When we started planning these housing projects we intended to carry out the idea of our President, namely, that these houses should be used by the people who formerly lived in the slums. But in the course of execution of the project so many items were altered and added to, that the construction cost became much higher, and, consequently, the rents had to be raised.

THE present tenants of the courts are mostly Catholics, but they came from many other parishes, which they still frequent, so much so that the attendance at our church has scarcely increased. The attendance varies with the seasons of the year. In winter time, the attendance at church is about fifty-five hundred adults and nine hundred children. In summer time when many of our people go out to pick cotton or to work in the beet fields of Michigan and Ohio, the attendance goes down to thirty-five hundred adults and seven hundred children. Our church is still poor, and our revenues are insufficient to meet the needs which confront us. The constant repairs on the church keep us almost exhausted financially. But our main worry is the school.

As I said, we have thirty-five hundred children of school age and about two thousand of high school age. Up to two months ago our

school was a rickety frame building thirty-five years old. It was condemned for the fourth time last December. We compromised with the Fire Marshall that we would take extra care of the school for the rest of the year and that we could make an extraordinary effort to repair it at vacation time. Vacation came and we had to do something about it.

His Excellency, the Archbishop, made the necessary arrangement for the repairing of the school. The cost of the work was equal to the cost of the building when it was first put up. Now we can take care of some three hundred children. It is a drop in the bucket but after all, the bucket is filled with drops. The tragic part about this all is the fact that we are surrounded by Protestant institutions, which are doing their best to get hold of these children. They have set up clinics, sewing classes, game groups and even movies to attract them. It is hard to cope with their efforts.

BESIDES our mission work we, the Fathers, undertake extra work, like giving retreats, missions, tridiums, etc., to make the ends meet. But the need of the school is paramount and it is the only way of salvation for these children. Religion is taught chiefly in the school. The church has to cooperate with it, but the school is really the molding factory of real Catholics and good citizens. The Fathers of Guadalupe are so well convinced of this truth, that we spare no efforts to carry on the (Turn to page 56)

Tariz is in Edinburgh

This once shy Moslem lad has just completed a brilliant medical course at the university. He is a symbol of what Baghdad college is doing for many young men in Iraq

Edward F. Madaras, S.J.



Tariz shed the native dress of the Arabian desert for the spotless white of a student of medicine in Edinburgh.

TARIZ MUNIR BEG AB-BAS is the name of a Moslem lad who came to us as a boy of fourteen when we opened up Baghdad College back in 1932. As I remember him, he had big serious eyes and an irrepressible eagerness to learn, but his English was decidedly halting and his handwriting simply terrible.

In those days everything was taught in English except the Arabic and French languages, and it required a good deal of courage and determination for a young lad to sit and listen to subjects being explained all day long in a language of which he understood but little, and then go home at night and try to do written exercises out of Wentworth's Algebra and Donnelly's Model English.

WHEN Tariz received his report card at the end of the first month, he eyed it with a mixture of hope and despair. He was ambitious and had wanted to do a good deal better, but he probably also suspected that the teacher, to encourage him, had been much more generous than he need have been.

In 1937 Tariz graduated from Fifth High and received his diploma, and his name stood near the top of the class.

At the graduating exercises he delivered a stirring speech, for from a shy, reserved lad he had developed into an excellent orator. When he took his diploma from the hand of the Chaldean Patriarch, his big black eyes shone with joy, and he was one of the happiest boys in the school. It was the greatest day in his life.

Today, as this is being written, Tariq is a medical student in Edinburgh, where he has spent the past five years. By the time these lines appear in print he will be a full-fledged doctor, for he is due to graduate this summer. That his course has not been a mediocre one is shown by the fact that he was chosen from among many to act as tutor to lesser students. What a far cry from the shy stammering lad of ten years ago who butchered the English language so unmercifully!

SEVERAL hundred boys like Tariz have passed through our hands since we came to Baghdad ten years ago. The reader may be familiar with the fact that we were sent to Baghdad primarily to raise the standard of Christian education and to restore to the Church some of her former glory in this once-flourishing Christian land. That did not mean that we were indifferent

towards the Moslem population, which makes up some nine-five per cent of the people of Iraq. But it must be realized that direct missionary work among Moslems here is next to impossible. The problem of their conversion has defied missionary effort for centuries.

PERHAPS the first important step in that work is to allay the suspicion, contempt, and even downright hatred which Moslems in many instances feel towards Christians. In the case of Tariz and of the other Moslems who have passed through our hands, we believe we have succeeded admirably in this part of the work. But it is only a remote beginning. Having thus prepared the soil, we can only hope that prayer and the grace of God, with the good-will of the Moslems themselves, will begin to do the rest. It is a hard job and a long one, and no man living will probably see the first fruits. It will be for others, we hope, to reap where we have tilled and still others will have sown. May the harvest be an abundant one.

The old order has changed. Our residence is surrounded by Moslems who have ceased to regard us with distrust and suspicion. When Tariz and our other boys come back to Baghdad as men to take their place in civil and professional life we shall, by the grace of God, have lasting good-will among the Moslems.

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

Gasoline Bath

A recent letter from Baghdad could tell a story even more interesting than its contents if it had the gift of speech. Somewhere in its flight over continents it became soaked with gasoline, arriving here in our office practically indecipherable. What had happened? The story is probably tucked away in the Army files in Washington as military information. At least the mail clipper was able to limp home to our shores.

The letter came from Mr. Clement Armitage, S.J., and the only part we could decipher reads as follows: "Father Merrick is well and busy. He has already put in a bid for two or three Fathers during Christmas as there are plenty of Americans to be taken care of in various places along the Persian Gulf. Every Sunday I believe he manages to get to one or two groups but Christmas isn't much without Mass so he wants to take care of as many as he can. And I know from glad experience that if several of the Fathers get down there they will probably be most reluctant to come home again." That is all we could decipher in the letter but it is enough to tell us that American Jesuits from Baghdad College brought Christ to American engineers somewhere in the Arabian desert on Christmas Day.

Devotion to Duty

The American Jesuits would be reluctant to return to Baghdad for a two-fold reason, first for the joy of associating with fellow Americans; secondly, because even teachers reluctantly return to school. Re-

cently in *The Saturday Evening Post*, Edgar Snow covering the Iran project, wrote this revealing sentence. "Honest men agree that few things in life bring the same satisfaction as leaving Baghdad." Evidently this American reporter arrived in the 'City of Peace' during the sultry dog days when the heat is fierce.

The smell of gasoline on our hands from holding the saturated letter speaks of sacrifice and devotion to duty and the hard things young Americans are asked to endure and suffer on distant fronts all over the world. The breath of war was in the smell of that gasoline. The war is far removed from us. We cannot realize how terrible it is. Only lately have we at home been asked to give up little things like butter, sugar, meat, coffee, milk and the like. These privations hardly merit the name of sacrifice when placed alongside that of the soldier who gives his life for the Cause.

Eloquent Advocates

Heroes, who have returned from the battle fronts do not mince words. They remind us that it is our war as well as that of the soldiers forging a beachhead at Casablanca or of the sailors crouched behind the anti-aircraft guns waiting for the dive-bombers to come in for the kill or of marines creeping through the jungle of Guadalcanal. From morning paper and screen these heroes are urging us to still greater efforts in this war. They have seen with their own eyes and felt in their own flesh what our boys are asked to endure out there. They must groan in spirit over the irony of it all when

they return home and find us complaining about the little things we are asked to give up in this total war.

The most widely known hero to make a recent appeal to the American people was Captain Eddie Rickenbacher. He and his comrades were rescued from a watery grave in the Pacific. Having learned at close range and the hard way he was more than eloquent in pleading the cause of those still 'out there.'

Lonely Graves

American fighting men must feel hurt at the slow reaction of the American people to cooperate to the fullest extent with their efforts in the field. Still, they stick to their duty. They must first win the war. If necessary, they will leave their bones to bleach on desert sands or lie in an unknown grave. At least they will have the satisfaction of dying for the Cause of Freedom, to save the world from the scourge of Nazism and the aggression of the Rising Sun. Meanwhile, at least they have some advocates to plead their cause at home. Would to God American missionaries had such advocates to plead for them and their work. They have a life assignment to a post in a foreign land. Normally, they don't come home. We have stood over their lonely graves and felt the keenness of their sacrifice. Yet do not pity them for they, too, are willing to die and be buried in a foreign grave for a high and noble cause, the spread of Christ's Kingdom. They accept that though many American Catholics at home fail them and never realize their sacrifice.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



In the month of May the Coeur d'Alene Indians come from far and near to pay honor to Mary. The early Blackrobes planted and fostered these devotions.

Two Hundred Snows

L. P. Shehan, S.J.

LONG before the Blackrobe had pushed his way across this continent of ours to the vast unexplored region of the Northwest, there lived in what is now the State of Idaho a tribe of Indians with physiques like Greek gods and hearts at once fierce and noble.

Each year they celebrated three great Christian feasts—the birth of the Child God, the coming of the kings, and the slaughter of the little ones; and yet they were not Christians and they had never seen a Blackrobe! Incredible as this all may seem, it is born out by ancient traditions that still exist among the now Catholic Coeur d'Alene Indians of Idaho.

More than two hundred snows ago, so the tradition runs, when the Northwest was yet unspoiled by degenerate Whites, when the Coeur d'Alene River flowed with liquid silver, when great cedars lifted their glory into the skies, when all the great Northwest was a happy hunting ground, a young Indian boy of nine years was visited in his dreams

by a beautiful child wrapped in a garment of brilliant white. He often came, this little child and each time, he imparted great and holy secrets.

Swiftly the years hurried on and the Indian lad became a man. He was chief of his tribe now, and his name was Circling Raven; for a raven had circled above his camp before Battle, and he had won. He led his warriors into battle, predicting the number that would be killed and wounded to the man. In the Moon of the Wintry Blasts when food was low and nowhere to be found, he would raise his voice in the wilderness and call the antelope forth that his braves might have game to kill.

BUT above all, he brought to his people "the good tidings of great joy." He instituted the three great feasts of the Christmas season and told his braves and squaws to look for the Blackrobe who would come and tell them all things concerning the Great Spirit. But the shadows of his long day on earth

lengthened into twilight and on his death bed he left these last words of prophecy:

"My dear children, you all know that I am very old and death is even now at my side. Long ago, when I was in the fulness of life, I had a dream, and in this dream, it was given me to know who it is that comes to teach my people. He will be clad in a black garment that reaches to his ankles. Around his waist is a wide black belt. He has a string of beads; they hang from his belt. At the end of the beads is a cross. He shall never have a spouse. He is the one, my dear children, that you are to believe, for he will teach you the truth."

IT was almost fifty years from the death of Circling Raven to the coming of the Blackrobe. But Twisted Earth, the great chief's son, remembered the words of his father and waited.

Once the news came that the Blackrobe was at Lapwai. With great excitement the faithful tribe came to hear his words, but when they saw Dr. Spalding a Protestant missionary of that day, their hearts sank. "Where is the black garment and the beads?" "No, this is not he who is to come; see, he has a wife." So with heavy hearts they returned to their village and waited.

But they had not long to wait. News soon came that the real Blackrobe, Father DeSmet, S.J., the man who had already brought the faith to thousands of Indians, was now near at hand. Once again the whole tribe hastened to welcome him. This time they were not disappointed. Twisted Earth did not need to gaze long on the Jesuit; he knew at once who he was.

FATHER DESMET, overjoyed at the mercies of the Almighty, taught these children of the mountains of the one and only true God, of the Son of the Great Spirit, and of the Great Spirit Land. And fierce savages who had never been conquered by the Red Man or subjected by the White became children of the Gospel of peace.

The Mission cross was planted on the banks of the shadowy St. Joe by Father La (*Turn to page 56*)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



BOMBED IN DAKOTA

- The unusual experience of having been bombed in South Dakota was had by Father Louis Meyer, S.J., of Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Porcupine, South Dakota:

- "I saw some real fireworks on Cuny Table last Tuesday night. An Indian and I had to go through the U. S. bombing range to get to the home of Billy Cuny, one of our school boys, who was at the Pine Ridge Hospital with appendicitis. Bombs fell on both sides of us and if we had not turned to the right at the wrong place we might have been in for it. The road lay between the machine gun and bomb targets. As it was, we landed at another house and the man there took us to Cuny's over another road. We managed to bag four jack rabbits before getting back here at 11:00 p.m. The jacks averaged about twenty pounds."

HONDURAS REBUILDS!

- The Mission of British Honduras, one-third of which was destroyed by a hurricane recently, has immediately begun building operations, according to Bishop William A. Rice, S.J.:

- "Every station seemed to have an equal plaint for immediate attention and it was difficult to see just where to begin. But we did begin and the first thing that we did was to get the schools operating again. Temporary shelters were made of palm branches and here the children are having their classes in the open. They have plenty of fresh air, you may be sure. But when the rain and wind comes we just don't know where


to put them. Maybe put up some more palm branches on the side to keep the rain away! But at all events, the schools must be kept functioning and I am sure we will succeed in that."

RIOTS IN INDIA

- Father John Morrison, S.J., of Poreya Hat has some interesting and sometimes humorous sidelights on the recent riotings in India. He was making his retreat at Godda when the rioting began:

- "The retreat had one or two little distractions. On the evening of the first day we got a notification from the S.D.O. telling us that it would be a good idea for us to leave for a place of safety, one of the larger towns. This was a routine warning on his part to all civilians in his area, so we didn't take it very seriously. (S.D.O. is the subdivisional officer.)

- "On the evening of the second day, during meditation, I was distracted a little by the howling and yelling of the mob over by the courts, a quarter of a mile away, and later on by the sound of gunfire when the S.D.O. broke up the party when it got too rough. The Congress volunteers put young boys in the front line so they would be safe and also to rouse public opinion in case the boys got shot, so the S.D.O. had to shoo the youngsters out of the way first. Our present S.D.O., by the way, is a fine fellow, a young Rajput, a Protestant named Prem Singh, has his boy at St. Xavier's in Patna. This same day the Congress volunteers tried to



burn down a government bungalow in Godda, but failed. They had tried a few days before, too, but hadn't succeeded.

THE R.A.F. ARRIVES

- "I think it was the third day that a bomber came over, skimming the tree tops. We were cut off from Bhagalpur and the telegraph lines were cut and the plane was evidently checking up on things out our way. The plane passed so close to the Mission that I could have thrown a baseball over the plane. I gave the chap running the buggy the high-sign as he went over. In the evening we got word that the Poreya police station was going to be looted and burned the following day.

- "As our Mission in Poreya is right next to the police station and you can never tell what a mob will do when it gets started, I went down to Poreya Hat on my *phat-phat* (motor bike, to you) early in the morning, to be with Father William Hussey, S.J., in case anything happened. But nothing happened. The shooting in Godda two days before had probably cooled the people off. So I went back to Godda in the evening. They had damaged one of the bridges on the way but it was still crossable.

"HERE COME THE TOMMIES!"

- "The next day everything was quiet, but they expected trouble on the following day as it was market day and large crowds would be in from the surrounding country. Prem Singh had thirty military cops in town, the gun toting type, and could have han-

dled the situation, but that morning six truck loads of Tommies rolled in from Dumka, over forty miles away and from then on all the Congress volunteers seemed to prefer rice planting and other peaceful pursuits to campaigning for *swaraj*. Market was prohibited for one month, also gatherings of more than four and everything in Godda was quiet from then on.

• "Word came that they were going to burn and loot and what not at a place named Simra some eighteen miles from Godda but a couple of loads of English soldiers went there and the party failed to materialize. And a day or two later it was the same thing at another place in another direc-

to achieve by this trouble is hard to figure out. After the first few days it seemed to deteriorate into simple looting and rioting for the most part. That is certainly all it was out this side. A few Congress men tried to stir up trouble or rather make the ignorant common people cause trouble. They ran like rabbits when they heard that troops were near, without even waiting to see them. How they hoped to get 'self rule' and just what they mean by self rule, and how they hoped to keep it after they got it is hard to understand. People don't get independence by burning down a few bungalows and liquor shops. That sort of thing simply antagonizes

crowd got ugly he told his cops to get out of his way and not to bother him, ordered the crowd away for the last time and when they refused he pulled out his two six-shooters and began blazing away. (Must have been a cowboy in a former birth!) The next day, so I heard, thirty-eight people were treated at the local dispensary for gunshot wounds. That cop makes Hopalong Cassidy look like an amateur.

• "In Bankipore a crowd of Congress lady volunteers, thirty of them, went to the convent and told the nuns that they had *swaraj* now and that they were going to take away all the Indian girls in the convent. Whereupon one of the Indian girls came out and told the Congress lady volunteers exactly what the Indian girls thought of them. The Congress volunteers then withdrew in disorder to the Bankipore lawn, a large kind of village green, where all thirty of them were run in by the police. There's no chivalry left in this little world!

• "Much of the trouble in places was caused by high school and college boys who tried to outdo each other in raising general ned. For several days at the outset in Patna there wasn't very much done to stop them. On the third or fourth day though, a truck load of Tommies simply rolled through town, and after that the college boys vied with one another in making themselves scarce.

CIGARETTE BARRAGE

• "At one railroad station a train with an American in it was rushed by the mob when it pulled in. I don't know who the man was, but he kept his head. 'Come on boys,' he shouted, 'glad to see all of you,' and he threw out a handful of cigarettes. They didn't know how to act in such circumstances and he then threw out his watch, and cleared out of the other side of the train and got away before the crowd knew what he was up to.



The recent Congress riots in India could not disturb the cheerful disposition of Father John A. Morrison, S.J. He is not holding onto his hat here but rather saluting his friends from Poreya Hat, India, untouched by the rioters.

tion. I came out of retreat on the morning of the 25th and there was not much news. The Tommies were quartered in Godda and, apparently, going to stay there and everything was quiet. That certainly was reassuring. Telegraph lines were down and buses were not running to Bhalgalpur as bridges were reported damaged but the bus still went to Dumka.

• "Just what the Congress hoped

and makes the situation worse."

TWO-GUN COP

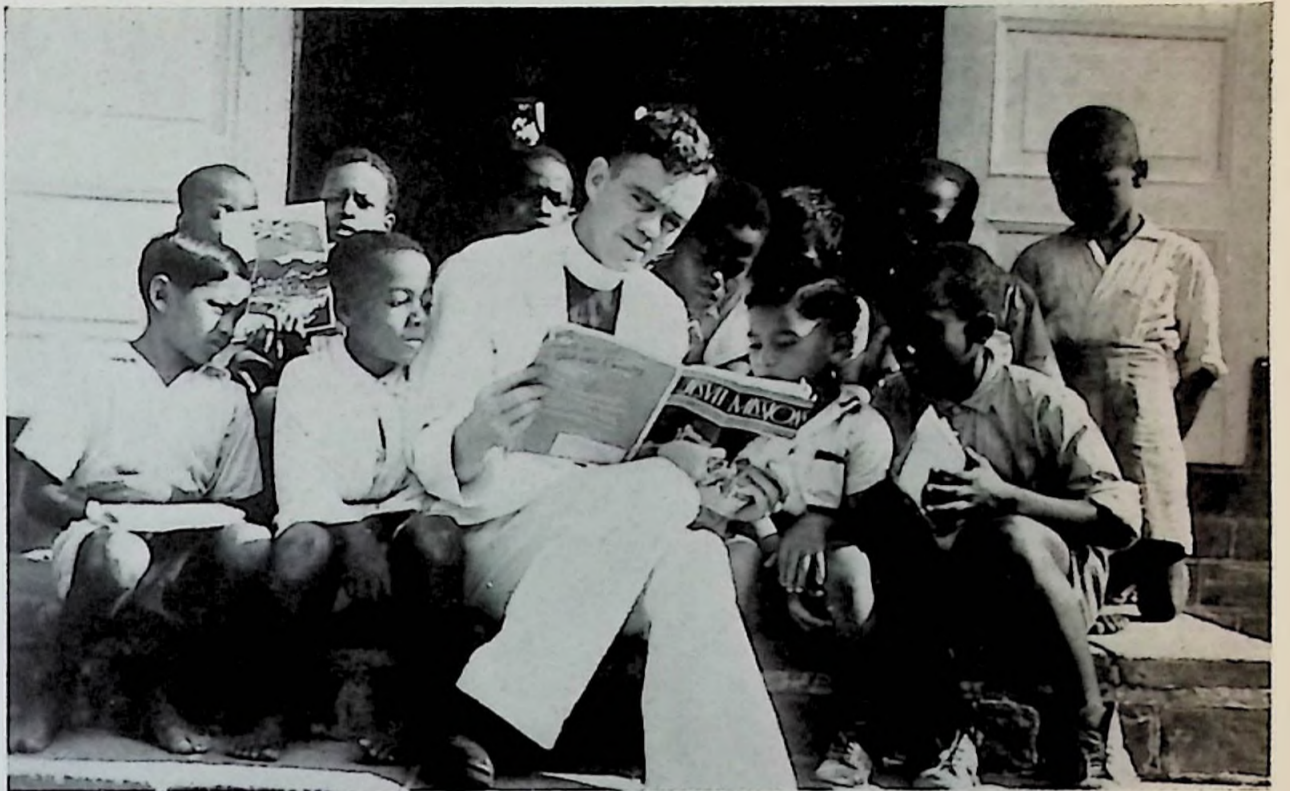
• "In different parts of the province grim things happened and funny things, too. A crowd gathered at one police station, intending to loot and burn the place. The Chief of Police was alone except for a few cops of the club swinging variety. There were only two guns in the place and they were on his hips. When the

• "I suppose you know that Congress doesn't represent the majority of Indians by any means and many better class Indians are ashamed of their countrymen for this outburst. There are sincere Congressmen, but they certainly distinguished themselves by a lack of brains in this fiasco. By doing this now they certainly have lost many friends whom they had in America and elsewhere. India is full of troops and one wonders if the Congress thought the English would sit down and allow themselves and their war effort to be embarrassed. The people suffering most from all this are the Indians themselves."

PINCHHITTING

• The hills of Jamaica are beautiful but when you are rounding hairpin curves with a drop of five hundred feet, if you grow careless, you haven't time to appreciate the beauty. **Father Richard Drea, S.J.**, sees in them inventions of the devil:

• "Each Sunday for more than three months while **Father Frederick Owens, S.J.**, was in the States, I covered his missions along the Junction Road. Father Owens' stations are in the hills, most of them off the beaten paths and reached by roads, really single trails, that in the words of the song 'go round and round and round and come out' . . . in what seems nowhere, except for the lonely cross-crowned chapels from which the Light of Christ radiates for miles around. In the past we have been awed by some of these roads of Jamaica, oddly enough attributed to the devil in one way or another; Mt. Diablo, on the way to the missions of **Father Sullivan** and **Father Becker**, the Devil's Race Course leading to the Highgate missions, but during the summer we found a few more to add to our collection . . . for which the devil is not given credit, but should be! One is really a winding track, ever circling and climbing, sometimes



Before his assignment to parish work in Kingston, **Father Richard A. Drea, S.J.**, spent two years on the Spanish Town Mission. He is telling the school children there about other Jesuit missionaries in other lands beyond the Jamaican horizon.

balancing as it were on the back of a ridge with six hundred or a thousand foot drop on both sides. In one place it suddenly turns back on itself, and though I know this piece well, I have never been able to navigate it without stopping and backing into the bush for another start.

SOUND THE HORN

• "Father Owens had warned me that the hill country technique called for much use of the horn, for safety sake in the intricate weavings of the road, and, secondly, on approaching the chapel, as a signal that 'Fadder come' . . . they just don't leave their thatched house until they know he is around. In peacetime he would ring the bell, open the church himself, and then say his breviary while they slowly came in from all sides, but in wartime the ringing of the church bells is reserved as an air-raid signal.

BREAKFAST AT 3:30 P. M.

• "The second Mass of the day gets under way sometime after eleven, and with the Mass sometimes a High Mass, sermon, benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, a little catechism and

some chatting with the parishioners, it really is a day's work before breakfast. Sometimes there are sick-calls . . . one I recall, came at the end of a busy morning and was 'just over the hill' . . . scrambling it on foot over the rough goat trail, it seemed like miles up the hill and miles down to the bed of the sick one . . . and then back again. That day I certainly blessed the good Sisters who brought a thermos of coffee and sandwiches, for it was three-thirty before we sat down to a real meal.

• "There is something inspiring about those poor country missions. Maybe it is the good-will of the poor people who sometimes trudge miles to hear Mass.

Maybe it is the expression of consolation and gratitude on the faces of the sick to whom our Lord is carried late in the morning uphill and down . . . perhaps most of all it is the realization that little tots of ten can forego their morning tea to wait for late Mass and Holy Communion. At King Weston on my last visit there were about six little ones who received Communion and did not leave the church until after twelve-thirty . . . fasting all the while!

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To the Editor:

Enclosed please find one dollar for my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. I am always very pleased and proud to hear about my old schoolmate Rev. John Hurley, S.J. and my chemistry professor at Fordham, Rev. Clement Reisacker, S.J.

The work of the Jesuits here and in the foreign missions constitutes, at least in my opinion, the highest manifestation of our Holy Religion in its highest estate.
Bronx, N. Y. J. J. Conlon

We, Too, Are Indebted

To the Editor:

The decision of the Jesuit missionaries to remain in China, Hongkong and other belligerent areas, to care for the needs of war prisoners, the wounded and the sufferings of humanity, was a spiritual self-sacrifice contribution to God and mankind.

My good friend, Father Jacquinot, S.J. went to Hongkong, where I know that he and his associates are caring for my fellow officers, soldiers and sailors who are prisoners of war in the hands of the enemy.

The enclosed United States War Savings Bond, payable to you, is for the benefit of Jesuit Missions.

I have been and always will be, indebted to the Jesuit Order and its members for the many benefits which I received through their teachings, especially at Georgetown University.

With best wishes for the success of Jesuit Missions and the personal safety of your missionaries.

San Pedro, Calif. E. E. D.

We Have Been Helpful

To the Editor:

I am a young man who has at last fully realized the extent of God's generosity to the people of this nation. How fortunate we are to be living here. But most of all how grateful I am that I am in the best of health. Looking at the pictures of those poor people afflicted with leprosy seemed to make me realize in the flash of a minute all the gifts that we, that I possess. Accept this token of my gratefulness to Our Savior for all the blessings He has given to me. Take this little donation to aid in making the life of the leper a little less weary.

May God keep and perpetuate the work of our missionaries.

Boston, Mass. A. V.

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To the Editor:

I still greatly enjoy my monthly magazine JESUIT MISSIONS. Friends for whom I have subscribed for JESUIT MISSIONS tell me they are delighted with the outstanding instructively educational and enjoyable JESUIT MISSIONS.

San Francisco, Calif. Mrs. A. L.

Something Longed For

To the Editor:

Am renewing my subscription. Your little magazine is a source of information that I long for.

God bless the Jesuits. May they reign forever is my prayer. They are fearless. All good wishes for the New Year.
W. Newton, Mass. Mrs. J. D.

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Baghdad and Bombay in Nocturnal Adoration

Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.



The tower of a church in India ablaze with light, pays nocturnal homage to Christ, enthroned in the tabernacle.

IN the Convent of Marie Reparatrix in Jerusalem, adoration is the supreme law, so day and night the nuns adore our Eucharistic Lord. There are a few other places in the Catholic world where this perpetual adoration goes on and will go on to the end of time as far as human ingenuity will permit. Nuns will enter and kneel and depart, the fabric of the building will from time to time be renewed but the Sacrament of Love, Jesus Christ, Himself, will forever remain enthroned on His altar. He will not pass on, He will not perish, He will forever be adored.

Some day Baghdad will, we hope, have such a focus of adoration, where the fire which Christ came to cast upon the earth leap up forever and never be extinguished. Before that will be, many a year must pass and Iraqi Christianity come out of its chrysalis. Yet if we cannot emulate Jerusalem and Rome and some of the other great Catholic centers, we can at least emulate Manila or

Bombay; we can establish a focus and a foyer of monthly nocturnal adoration. That only requires a few zealous steadfast laymen, a priest and a convenient church.

It was with the intention of stirring up our flagging Catholicity that Father Hussey, en route to theology in the Himalayas, wrote of the wondrous work being done at the Gesu by the sturdy Indian Catholics of the Bombay Presidency. "What amazed Father Williams and me was the way the men practically ran the adoration services themselves. Priests only appeared for confessions, the sermon, Mass and Benediction. Seven hours of adoration! Surely these laymen are a 'chosen generation, a kingly priesthood, a holy nation, a purchased people.' You may easily guess this was one of our richest and deepest experiences of the many novel ones it was our good fortune to enjoy in Bombay." It thrilled Fathers Hussey and Williams to see it, it thrilled me and many other Iraqis to read about it and perchance it will also thrill some of the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*.

THE when and where of this sublime ceremonial is not distinctive; but the how is surely unique. . . . Be at the Gesu on Saturday night for it is the first Saturday of the month, be sure, too, that the sleep is rubbed out of your eyes and childlike simplicity deep in your heart. See, the church is well filled up. Toll the bell for now it is 9:30 p.m. and the hush of prayer must be ushered in.

Simple is the opening. Kneeling before the radiant altar all recite their Night Prayers. What the rest of Bombay should be saying (and thank God much of it is saying) before it drops off to sleep, these spiritual toilers of the night are say-

ing with or for them, preliminary to beginning their seven-hour vigil. Immediately afterwards the Blessed Sacrament is exposed on high and remains exposed above the altar until the very end of all. Meanwhile that devout assembly of men recite, deliberately and in unison, the Evening Offering of the League of the Sacred Heart: O Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I offer up all my thoughts, words and actions of this night for all the intentions of Thy Sacred Heart in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass throughout the world in reparation for sins.

FROM the pulpit one of the laymen adorers reads a litany of sins, to refresh the conscience of the penitents, for now is the time of preparation for confessions which begin at ten o'clock and continue until all have been heard. Just after the catalogue of the sins that men may and do commit, the *Miserere* rises like a mighty murmur from a storm-tossed sea. Then while the confessions are being made, the Vespers of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament is intoned, each side of the church responding in alternate versicles. At a quarter after ten one of the men ascends the pulpit and reads an address: "Jesus to the Night Adorers," which comes to worshippers as it were from Our Divine Lord Himself. The men answer with the harmony of "Sweet Sacrament Divine." At eleven, one of the Fathers of the parish preaches; five decades, the Joyful Mysteries of the Rosary, give the men time to ponder on his words and early life of Christ. Thence until midnight groups leave for an interval of rest and coffee, but always some few adore.

At midnight begins the impressive Atonement for Sin. Here all the



Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., at one time on the Philippine Mission, blesses some religious articles in the chapel at Baghdad College, Iraq. (Right) Spanish Padres taught the Filipinos to give fitting expression to their Catholic sentiment and worship.



adorers go up and kneel in the sanctuary while a formal prayer of atonement for personal sins is recited. Then with arms outstretched in supplication all sing, "God of mercy and compassion look with pity down on me. . . ." This hymn is followed by a one-minute prayer in silence. Once again a solemn prayer of atonement is recited. This time it is for each one's family. Once again the hymn of supplication is sung with outstretched arms and again there is a minute of silent prayer. Finally, most solemn atonement is made for the sins of India, with the same solemn penitential supplication, arms outstretched, climaxed by the hymn and the fervent prayerful silence.

AT twelve-thirty begin the Five Sorrows of the Sacred Heart. First Sorrow: the sin of Judas. Second Sorrow: injuries done by heretics. Fourth Sorrow: injuries done by sacrilegious communions. Fifth Sorrow: injuries done by tepid Catholics. The Stations of the Cross fittingly conclude this intense

effort to console Christ and make reparation.

NOW it is half past one, the time set for the recitation of Matins of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament. The Litanies of the Blessed Sacrament and Consecration to the Blessed Sacrament are properly added, ending with the singing of "Sweet Heart of Jesus."

By 2:30 A.M., one might well expect half of the men to be asleep and the other half utterly exhausted, but they seem in fact to have taken on a new lease of life and there is offered up a "Prayer of Intercession for Relatives," the Litany of the Blessed Virgin is chanted, the Memorare and the Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart of Jesus are recited by all in unison, and the Five Sorrowful Mysteries of the Holy Rosary conclude this Marian canto.

Universal supplication is made again at three o'clock when all pro-

ceed to the sanctuary as at midnight and repeat the self-same exercises and prayers and penances, in persistent atonement for unhappy India. Then at a quarter after three the Lauds of the Office of the Blessed Sacrament remind one of the monks of Beuron and LaTrappe. All pray for the Retreat Movement in India and for the growth of Nocturnal Adoration in India and the world. It is then in order to say the Five Glorious Mysteries of the Rosary. Already it is morning with the need of Morning Prayers, the Angelus, and the Morning Offering of the Apostleship of Prayer.

In the dull grey dawn of four o'clock the heroic hardihood of seven hours of prayer and adoration and reparation to Jesus Christ, the King, to the Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, is perfected with High Mass and Communion of Reparation and thanksgiving in Solemn Pro- (Turn to page 56)



NEW BOOKS



These Two Hands E. J. Edwards, S.V.D.

The human soul is a miniature world. Hopes, fears, desires and frustrations crowd through its dark streets never seeing the light of day but moulding the soul of a hero or a coward. Here is drama absorbingly interesting if it can be expressed by human pen. The author of this book has succeeded to a remarkable degree.

The story has to do with the soul of a priest which was disgusted with itself because it had failed in a crucial moment of weakness. Father Templeton was no coward. With the help of a brother priest his soul conquered itself and found the mental grit and physical courage to face the squalor, the disease, the shiftlessness of his people in a remote mission in tropical Mindanao. More, he discovered, in these people, he shrunk from, an intense Catholicity, a sincere compassion, a real love for him as their "Apo." They were praying that he would prove himself as a real spiritual Father to them. And he did prove himself even to the searing of his hands with fire to save a leper. Thus he won the love of his people and proved himself a real missionary.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin, \$2.25.

Report from Tokyo Joseph C. Grew

Everyday we read of "must" books on the war. To those of us knowing something of the Orient "Report from Tokyo" is the must book for the general American public. Even the stunning blow of Pearl Harbor has failed to jolt us very noticeably from our malformed judgment that the Japs are push-overs.

Mr. Grew, our last Ambassador to Japan, an exceptionally able diplomat, writes as you would expect. The book is very matter of fact. There is no pretense of exotic revelations, no fantastic build-up. The grim seriousness of the author's message forbids such. Hardly a word is wasted in presenting his fellow-Americans with an authentic picture of Japanese military ideology and practice.

The intense singlemindedness of the Japanese is ably depicted. The awful truthfulness of the Ambassador's Report is borne out by everyday's communications from the South Pacific. Americans, generally, owe it to themselves to become more familiar with the background which nurtures such fanaticism. We know of no better concise presentation of the Japanese picture.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N. Y., \$1.00, paper edition; \$1.50, cloth.

The Family That Overtook Christ Rev. M. Raymond, O.C.S.O.

Amongst the myriad details which crowd especially these our days it is wholesome to read so enjoyable a book about characters wholly immersed in "the one thing necessary"—the love of God. Not in a long while has the love story of God for man and man's fumbling reciprocation been so fascinatingly told in popular form.

This story of the great St. Bernard and his extraordinary family is highly informative as well as captivating. Its author skillfully deals with the average soul's queries about the "extremes" surrounding a life lived completely for God in the cloister. Midst the various soul-combats laid bare in the telling of the lives of Bernard's unique family the reader finds ample scope for personal reflection and encouraging inspiration.

There is a certain rigidity and unescapable sense of forced attention to form which mars the style. At times, too, there is a forgetfulness of the time of which he writes when the author, with his reader in view, cleverly turns a phrase or a point with a typically twentieth century quip. A theologian might feel that the role of grace in man's struggle to serve God—and Him alone—is not sufficiently highlighted.

This latest of Father Raymond's books is truly welcome. Throughout the book, be it in describing the most intimate family scenes or in expounding the tremendous motive force which sustained Bernard and his saintly family, the author writes with fitting delicacy.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$2.75.

Torpedo Junction Robert J. Casey

This is a news reporter's diary written on the scene of events in the Pacific during the past year. But this is not a stale news report by any means. You catch a breath of the mass hysteria at Pearl Harbor, some intimate and interesting slants caught by an eye witness and not hitherto told; to mention only one we have a Paul Revere of Pearl Harbor.

Then you "hit the deck" on a U. S. carrier and feel the tension of battle. The whole diary is spiced with yarns and incidents of the battle line as our fleet sails over the Pacific to contact the enemy. With the author you live through those first jittery hours until the American fleet contacts the enemy and proves itself. You feel the shock of "near misses" fore and aft. The story is told by one

whose impressions are fresh and clear, whose humor rises above the hardships and dangers met day by day with the American fleet.

Bobbs Merrill Co., New York, N. Y., \$3.50.

Pageant of the Popes John Farrow

This is the historical march of the Church militant across the centuries. Without delaying on disputed points, the author has given us a simple narration of events surrounding the lives of the various Pontiffs with sufficient background to enable us to appreciate their day and age. It is a monumental task and well done in the scope of four hundred pages.

In the first two centuries to become Pope was almost a guarantee of martyrdom. The bark of Peter was always sailing in tempestuous seas, always defending a desperate cause. When it wasn't the sword, it was the pen. In the crisis of the centuries the Pontiffs were adamant and strong in guarding the traditional Faith against the Roman Emperors, against the Goths, the Vandals, the Huns, against the wave of the Crescent, against the intrigue, violence, treachery, factions and patronage of temporal sovereigns within the fold.

Always the succession of the Popes continued, outliving the plots of villains, despots and heresiarchs.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$3.50.

The March to Liberation

Yves Simon
Translated from the French by Victor M. Hamm.

Professor Simon has written an eloquent book to rally Frenchmen everywhere to an heroic faith in the France of the future—a liberated and reconstituted France. He believes that to have done with Nazism is sufficient reason for fighting and dying. But it is his purpose to show that an afflux of creative hope, "coming like fresh troops who have been awaited with impatience," is needed to assist and inspire the combatants. The fight for a liberated France must be energized by a vision of the Fourth Republic, which must restore universal suffrage, have the supporting strength of the union of authority and liberty, and be built on the sound economic principle that property is able to guarantee both individual and collective liberty.

The author is particularly fortunate in his translator who has reproduced the spirit of the French original in clear and beautiful English.

The Tower Press, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, \$2.00.

MEET MADAME WEI

(Continued from page 33)

saw many and everywhere they were doing very fine work for the poor suffering people. Then, in Chungking the Catholic missionaries were most kind and helpful to China and the Chinese people."

Madame Wei went on sadly, "Work and life in Chungking were most difficult. Air raids at night took our sleep and raids and alarms in the daytime broke up our work." Then Madame's face brightened, "But the people were wonderful. They worked and sacrificed. They had so little to eat and they suffered so courageously."

"Yes," I nodded. "I noted the same admirable qualities in the people during the war period around Shanghai and Nanking."

"When I came to America," Madame Wei hurried on, "It was like coming to another world. There were materials and food in such an abundance here and so much was wasted and just thrown away. I thought of how the hungry war-stricken people at home would have made many a good meal of what was so thoughtlessly wasted in America."

"Last year when I returned from China, I was struck by the same thought," I put in eagerly.

"After being here awhile," Madame continued, "I was somewhat comforted for I saw how this great nation of yours is laboring with all its mighty resources and vigorous power to bring peace and the right of self-government to my poor suffering country. How much our two great countries can do, if they unite to seek a lasting and just peace,—a peace where no breeding place is left for the devilish ambitions of men like Hitler! To accomplish this we must work and make long-range plans together, your country and mine."

While still discussing these matters, I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Wei Tao Ming, the Ambassador himself. Dr. Wei reiterated the praise of Madame Wei for the work of the Catholic missionaries in China.

"Do you know Bishop Paul Yu Pin?," he asked.

"Yes," I answered, "I have met him several times."

"Well, we have seen him in Chungking before coming to America," Dr. Wei continued, "and he is doing very good work over there."

Dr. Wei was most cordial and chatted on in quite good English but at times changed over to a Mandarin which was pleasant to hear once again.

THE GREATEST MODERN JESUIT MISSIONARY

(Continued from page 35)

fact that the Society owed all it had here to the missionaries, should become the largest missionary group in America. His success here was astonishing. In 1915, the American Jesuits had only 159 men

in foreign missions. Today they have 622, an increase of almost four hundred per cent.

One of the first missions to be entrusted to American Jesuits during Father Ledóchowski's regime was the large Mission of Patna. The Patna district in India had been formerly part of the diocese of Allahabad. It was joined with the territory of Bettiah and the kingdom of Nepal and formed into a separate diocese. The Belgian Jesuits were first given charge of the Mission but in 1921 it was given to the American Jesuits of the Chicago Province. Patna is now the largest diocesan mission field in the world having a combined population of twenty-nine and a half million.

The same year in which Patna was given to the Chicago Province, the Philippines were entrusted to the Maryland-New York Province. The Philippines had been formerly staffed by Spanish Jesuits from the Aragon Province. In the year 1915, there were 172 in the Mission; this number has increased to 250, the largest mission personnel in any one of the Society's missions.

In 1927, the Island of Jamaica in the British West Indies, was given to the New England Province. Five years later another Mission was entrusted to this same Province. By direct order of the Supreme Pontiff, Pius XI, the Society of Jesus was to begin educational work at Baghdad, Iraq. This Arab kingdom of Iraq twice the size of the six New England States, has a population mostly Mohammedan. Father Ledóchowski appointed men from the different American Provinces to begin the work assigned by the Holy See. Later the entire assignment was handed over to the New England Jesuits.

In 1928, the Province of California sent five of its members to China to assist the Fathers from the European Provinces already at work there. China has always been a land especially dear to the Society. At present more than one-third of the missionaries in that land are Jesuits.

Of recent years he kept focusing the interest of the Society in the United States on the social needs of the Colored people of America. We would be overlooking an important feature in Father Ledóchowski's missionary achievements if we were to pass by the special concern he always showed for social works in the missions. Thanks to his encouragement, Jesuit missions the world over are at present managing 41 hospitals, 107 orphanages, 133 dispensaries, 11 leper colonies, of which Culion in the Philippines is the largest in the world. Many of these works carry on in spite of great poverty. For example, in the very poor Jesuit mission at Ahmedabad, India, 10,047 cases are tended a year in the major dispensary; 7 minor dispensaries give free medicine to some 22,700 cases.

Among our Catholic people there is a rather widespread impression that the primary purpose of the Society of Jesus

is the education of youth. This is a mistaken notion. Education is a means; it is not an end. The Jesuits are essentially, by reason of their Institute, a missionary order; their primary end is apostolic. To achieve this end, to realize their missionary aims, they first found a most efficient weapon and most useful means to be the training of the young. Especially is this true in mission countries where the Church has not yet been established. As Pope Leo XIII has expressed it "the real aim of the missions is not the conversion of souls, the addition of new members to our statistics, but the building up of the Church on a permanent basis." For the "building up of the Church on a permanent basis" the education of youth is a necessity. Here is the missionary work par excellence. The Church has always recognized this. We have an instance in the case of the Mission in Iraq where beginnings were made by first erecting a school for the education of the young.

Under Father Ledóchowski the work of education in Jesuit missions has gone on with great strides so that at present there are 11 universities and more than 57 colleges and high schools run by Jesuit missionaries. Of all the students in mission lands one-third are being trained by the Society's missionaries. These efforts at education are not being confined to training the laity; the work that is being done to develop a native clergy in mission lands has also been most fruitful of results.

One of the first letters written to the whole Society by the late Father General concerned the training of a native mission clergy. It outlined a plan of campaign that was put into execution most successfully. The following figures may give some idea of the results realized from Father Ledóchowski's insistence on developing a native clergy. During the period from 1927 to 1941, there was an increase of 132 per cent in the number of native Jesuits on the missions. During the same period the increase of native seminarians being trained in Jesuit mission seminaries was 239 per cent, an average yearly increase of 130. At present writing, one-third of all the native bishops are Jesuits whereas in 1915 there were no native bishops at all. At the outbreak of the present war the Philippine Mission was singularly blessed with 116 native Jesuits. If Father Ledóchowski had done nothing more than to foster this training of a native clergy his contribution to modern Catholic missionary effort would have been sufficiently outstanding.

Elected to the office of General during the troublesome days of the first World War, Father Ledóchowski almost immediately focused the attention of his sons on the plight of their missions in a war wracked world. Inspiring the whole Society with his own undaunted courage he lived through a quarter of a century to see the magnificent resurgence of those same missions. Then came a sec-

ond World War, came also the year that marked the 400th anniversary of the landing in the Orient of St. Francis Xavier—first great missionary of the Society of Jesus. Father Ledóchowski died with the consoling realization that he had done his utmost to carry on the glorious missionary tradition begun by St. Francis. He knew from his own experience that the fierce ravages of war cannot destroy the loyalty to his missionary vocation that is deep in the heart of every Jesuit, that was deepest in his own heart.

WILL THE FAITH SURVIVE IN THE PHILIPPINES?

(Continued from page 37)

the job of the U. S. O., but the Junior Auxiliary of the Knights of Columbus, in addition to their other activities, had been a U. S. O. to American soldiers in the Philippines before the war. Picnics, dances and entertainments were organized. In May 1941, strings of busses filled with American soldiers and Junior K. of C. members went to towns near Manila on picnics.

During the war, too, the influence and prestige of the Church rocketed skyhigh. It is significant that Catholic priests have been numbered among the heroes and brave men cited for valor in the Philippine struggle. Catholic priests alone seem to have ministered to the Filipino soldiers, eighty-two per cent of whom were Catholic. Significant, too, was the fact that Catholic parish priests, to a man, stayed with their flocks.

Thus this war has proved to the population of the Islands that Aglipayanism and Protestantism are but an empty show. The fact that those who are to go back when the war is over may not be Xaviers or DeSmets will not hinder them from looking forward to a Catholic Church in the Philippines whose vitality and influence have endured through these trying days. For the Church is not something extrinsic to the Islands. She has played an important role for four centuries in the formation of the nation. She has Christianized the Philippines, instilled into society Catholic ideals and traditions. This Christian way of life, many centuries old, cannot be done away with.

ALASKAN DISILLUSIONMENT

(Continued from page 39)

sions gather the conviction of stark reality. We begin to think that Walter was more canny than polite in seeking the seclusion of his sleeping bag out in the open. True, it is cold, but he is used to sleeping out and one thing is certain that he will not be disturbed.

Finally as we fall into a troubled sleep we wonder just how we will fare for the eight remaining days of this trip. Anyway we are warm, full of adventure, ready for strange and newer sights. It will take more than a few tiny insects to disturb us.

SO THIS IS GUADALUPE

(Continued from page 43)

school, even under untold and manifold difficulties. While the carpenters and the painters were working on the school, some of the fathers assisted by a group of volunteers had to fix some very ancient desks, wash them and paint them. Their hands were blistered and their clothes were smeared with paint. All this, that the Lord's words could be fulfilled: "Let little children come unto Me!"

There is a silver lining in every cloud. In the big cloud which hovers over us there is also the silver lining. The children who come to our school are proud of it. They love it and love the Sisters who teach them. Most of those who graduated from it are very enthusiastic about their old, dark, ugly school. They are very faithful and have set up an Alumni Club. Our hopes are pinned on these youths, who will help us to carry on the Lord's work.

The last, but not the least of our troubles is the Sisters' house. This also is a frame building a little older than the school because it was built of second-hand material. When it rains, it comes in everywhere, and the Reverend Mother Superior brought me a huge bundle of the wall paper which had fallen during the last storm. Yes, it would be very interesting to tell something about these Texas storms. They are one of the attractions of Texas, together with the Texas steers and Texas cowboys.

We have five Sisters living in this house which is one of the sources of my sleepless nights. All I have been able to do up to this has been to tell the Sisters that something shall be done about fixing up the house, but this also is a politicians' promise. Because I don't know when and how we can repair this house. Yet the Sisters, like many others, are really wonderful in their work. The church pays them the paltry sum of eighty dollars per month for all five of them, yet they manage to live on that and to carry on their work; besides teaching they take care of the choir and of several church societies.

We have made great strides in ten years, but there is still plenty to do in Guadalupe Mission. At the present we are staving off the insidious efforts of our enemies who are trying to chase us out of the work in the courts. They claim that "as this is a public project, it should be independent of any private religious group, but should come under the domain of the public," which means that we get out and they get in, in the name of the public. So far we have been successful but we don't know what might happen tomorrow. The trouble is that in planning, fighting, struggling, the years go by and we get deeper into the years. However, there is one consolation and that is: the good Lord will reward the efforts and the intention which directs them, and not the success.

TWO HUNDRED SNOWS

(Continued from page 46)

Point, S.J., who was sent to be the Father of the Coeur d'Alenes by Father DeSmet, and the whole tribe was consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was the first Friday, December 2, 1842.

The tribe thrived under the Blackrobe, and soon the Mission of the Sacred Heart became something of a Catholic Utopia—"a land," said Father Ganss, a visitor in 1902, "which God has blessed with every gift to gladden the heart of man, and where our Holy Faith reigns with a wondrous vigor and undisputed sweetness that can not be paralleled on our continent, if it can be paralleled in Christendom."

On April 4, 1939, minutes after a large group of retreatants had departed, their beloved church burst into flames and burnt to the ground. It was sad to have it no more—this building that had for sixty years housed their God. And the years have brought no new one. But the Heart of Jesus is not outdone in generosity. Somehow it will be built again! And the old wooden buildings that sheltered the children, Sisters and priest will be replaced by new and fireproof ones!

And so, buildingless but not churchless, for the Church of Christ is within them, the Coeur d'Alene Indians celebrated with a happy day of rejoicing on the first Friday of December 1942, the hundred snows since the coming of the Blackrobe, and the two hundred snows of glorious Christian tradition.

BAGHDAD AND BOMBAY IN NOCTURNAL ADORATION

(Continued from page 53)

cessional Benediction. All the glory and magnificence that the Catholic Church can muster, they mass in liturgic serried splendor and pour out at the base of the tabernacle. They have writ a latreutic epic; they have filled greatly what was still "lacking in the sufferings of Christ." Wearily they wend their way homeward to sleep truly the sleep of the just. For surely they have kept holy the Sabbath day, and Sunday and India's purest honor.

Women have a name for being pious but here is a congregation of men that can bear comparison with any group of women anywhere. With my own eyes I had seen a score of years ago the splendid character of the nocturnal adoration which these Spanish Jesuits had inaugurated in Manila. Manila, however, was the Catholic capital of a Catholic country. Now here in pagan India these same versatile Aragonese and Catalans had builded even better and outshone themselves in one of the key cities of Asia. Gimenez, Berenguer, Llorens, Vilallonga, Fortuny, Zurbitu and the rest; these were the very men who had helped in no minor way to make and keep the Philippines Catholic. Now we of Iraq look to these same men and their confreres to again show us the way.

Grateful Acknowledgments

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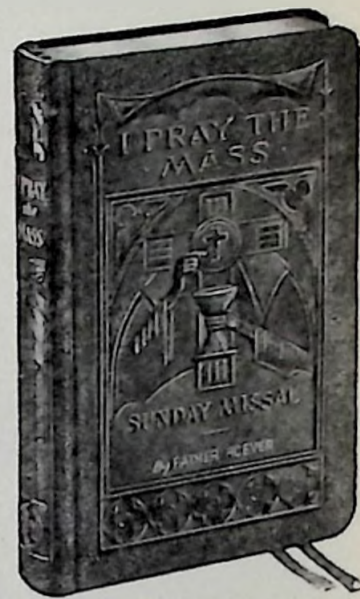
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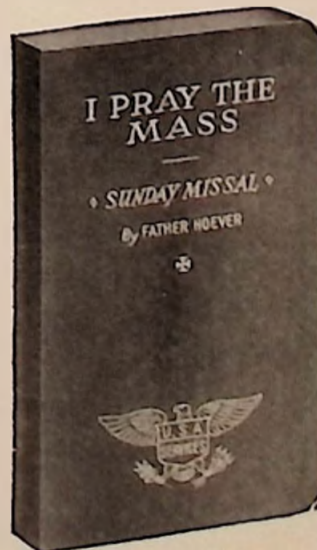
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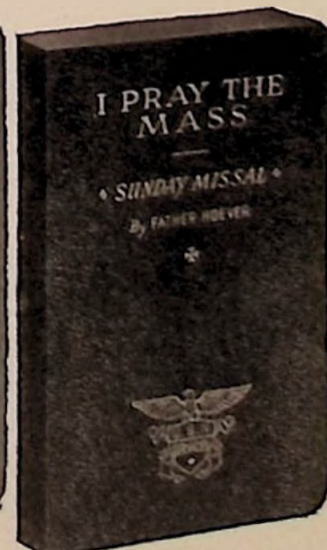
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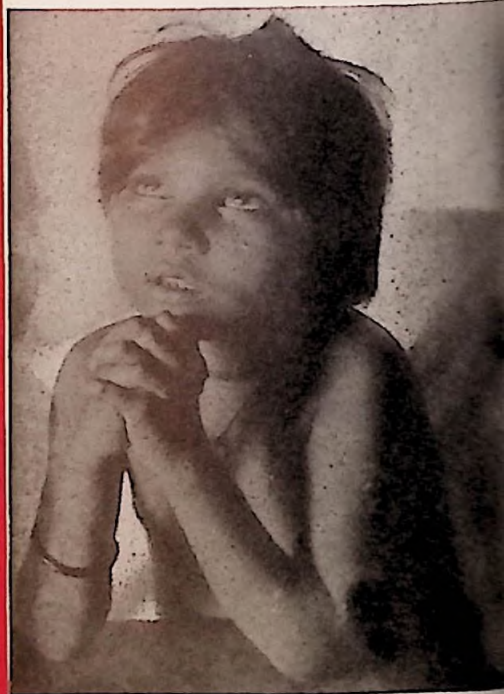
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