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June, 1943

Ten Cents



Praise from Madame Chiang

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At the moment, our chief hope of reaching this vast body of our people must be through you who have befriended our cause so devotedly in the past.

Will you help us to bring JESUIT MISSIONS and its cause to but a small circle of your friends? We have so few priests to devote to this particular work we must rely on you as our propagandists.

Can you, then, jot down the names of some such friends on the blank below and send them to us? You can be sure of the sincere, prayerful gratitude of our 4,000 Jesuit missionaries—619 of them from our own country.

FATHER MASTERSON, S.J.
Business Editor

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With a prayer for God's further blessing on your work, I am

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JESUIT MISSIONS

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

JUNE

1943

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

CONTRIBUTORS

■ Two decades ago John E. Reardon, S.J., of the Chicago Province went to the Isle of Jersey off the coast of France to study philosophy. One of his fellow students was Jean De Geuser, S.J. On a recent trip to New York as Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS Father Reardon met his old classmate once again. He is "The Gallant Chaplain of the Richelieu."



■ A theologian at St. Mary's, Kansas, John

M. Scott, S.J., follows with interest the "World-War-Paths of the Sioux," many of whom he taught at Holy Rosary Indian mission.

■ John J. O'Farrell, S.J. (Expendables for Christ), spent eight years in China before becoming Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS three years ago.

■ Paul C. O'Connor, S.J. (Alaskan Fliers to the Rescue), of the Oregon Province, has been stationed at Kotzebue, Alaska, for the past few years. Kotzebue is above the Arctic Circle along the Bering Sea right next door to Russia.

■ William F. Masterson, S.J. ("This Is Gregorio"), is Business Manager of JESUIT MISSIONS. He spent three years in the Philippines doing missionary work before the war.

■ E. J. Farren, S.J., and P. F. Murray, S.J. (Heaven via Henryton), two students of Woodstock College, Maryland, collaborate to describe missionary work on the home front.

■ "Tribal Devotion to the Sacred Heart," by Paul T. Hackett, S.J., was the result of a mission excursion among the Indians from Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, where the author is studying philosophy.

■ Michael Joseph (Hilaire Looks West) is a pseudonym of a Jesuit in Baghdad, Iraq, who prefers to remain anonymous.



John E. Reardon, 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—It was eminently fitting that China's First Lady should be honored by a Jesuit University during her stay here in America. Most Reverend John J. Cantwell, Archbishop of Los Angeles presents an honorary degree to Madame Chiang at Loyola University while Very Reverend Edward J. Whelan, S.J., President of the University, looks on. Through her mother Madame Chiang is descended from the great Catholic Prime Minister of China, Paul Hsu, converted by Father Ricci, S.J., who followed in the footsteps of Francis Xavier.

PRAISE

from

Madame Chiang

● CATHOLICS AND THE
JESUIT FATHERS ARE
"PARTICULARLY DEAR"
TO HER.

● ANCESTOR A FAMOUS
CHINESE CATHOLIC.

VERY simple but highly significant was the closing incident of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek's triumphal tour of the United States in the interest of her heroic countrymen. It took place in her hotel suite in Los Angeles, where in the presence of Most Reverend John J. Cantwell, Archbishop of Los Angeles the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred upon her by Loyola University.

The importance of this final public appearance of Madame Chiang was perhaps missed by millions of her admirers in America, who saw nothing more in it than a gesture of friendship by an American Jesuit University. Not so Madame Chiang herself. She accepted the honor conferred on her by Loyola as coming from all the Jesuits of the world who have been connected with her people by ties of friendship which go back 400 years.

"In the year 1552 St. Francis Xavier of the Society of Jesus died on his way to China," declared Very Reverend Edward J. Whelan, S.J., Loyola's president, in presenting the degree to Madame Chiang. "His burning ambition was to bring to the Chinese his best gifts of brotherhood and friendship. Inflamed by his noble example and following his directions, others of the Society eagerly carried out his mission.

"Dwelling in amity and accord with your people, they brought back to Europe the first organized knowledge of the philosophies, sciences, and culture of the Empire of the East. With the years their numbers increased until today we are privileged to be identified with more than eight hundred of our associates, who are zealously bringing to fruition in your land the high ambition of Xavier. Your visit should be marked by us were it only on the grounds of the strong ties of nearly four centuries." Thus briefly did the President of Loyola sum up the heroic missionary endeavor of the Jesuits in the Middle Kingdom. Since these words were spoken a radiogram has been received announcing that three more Jesuits died at their posts as missionaries in China.

MADAME CHIANG'S response to the honor conferred on her was simple and brief but contained one of the greatest tributes to the work of the Jesuits, both in the missions and elsewhere, that has ever been pronounced by a great modern figure.

"I feel greatly honored," she said, "in receiving this degree from Loyola University and more deeply in that it was the Jesuits who wrote against the tyrants of Europe. The Jesuits may be said to be the torch-bearers of freedom and the forerunners of democracy.

"When I think of how much the Jesuits have contributed to the advancement of human knowledge and the service they have rendered to mankind, it makes me feel the more determined to prove worthy of the trust you have reposed in me.

"You know that the Catholics are particularly dear to me for a Hsu of the Imperial dynasty, a forebear of mine, was a convert to the Catholic Church and studied under the Jesuits."

PAUL HSU, Madame Chiang's relative, was the most distinguished of the early Chinese converts made by Father Ricci, S.J. and his Jesuit companions in their evangelization of China 350 years ago. Indeed had it not been for Paul Hsu the work of these missionaries who followed Xavier would not have achieved the success it did in opening up China and laying the foundation for the growth of the Church there.

A famous litterateur and prime minister of the empire, it was this ancestor of Madame Chiang who performed signal service to the Jesuits in introducing them to China's great figures in the political and scientific world, and in persuading the emperor to allow Father Schall, S.J., to reform the Chinese calendar.

A very saintly and zealous Catholic, Paul Hsu died in 1663. Zikawei, the ancestral home of the Shu family, is now the headquarters of the Jesuits in Shanghai and the largest mission compound in the world.

JESUIT MISSIONS

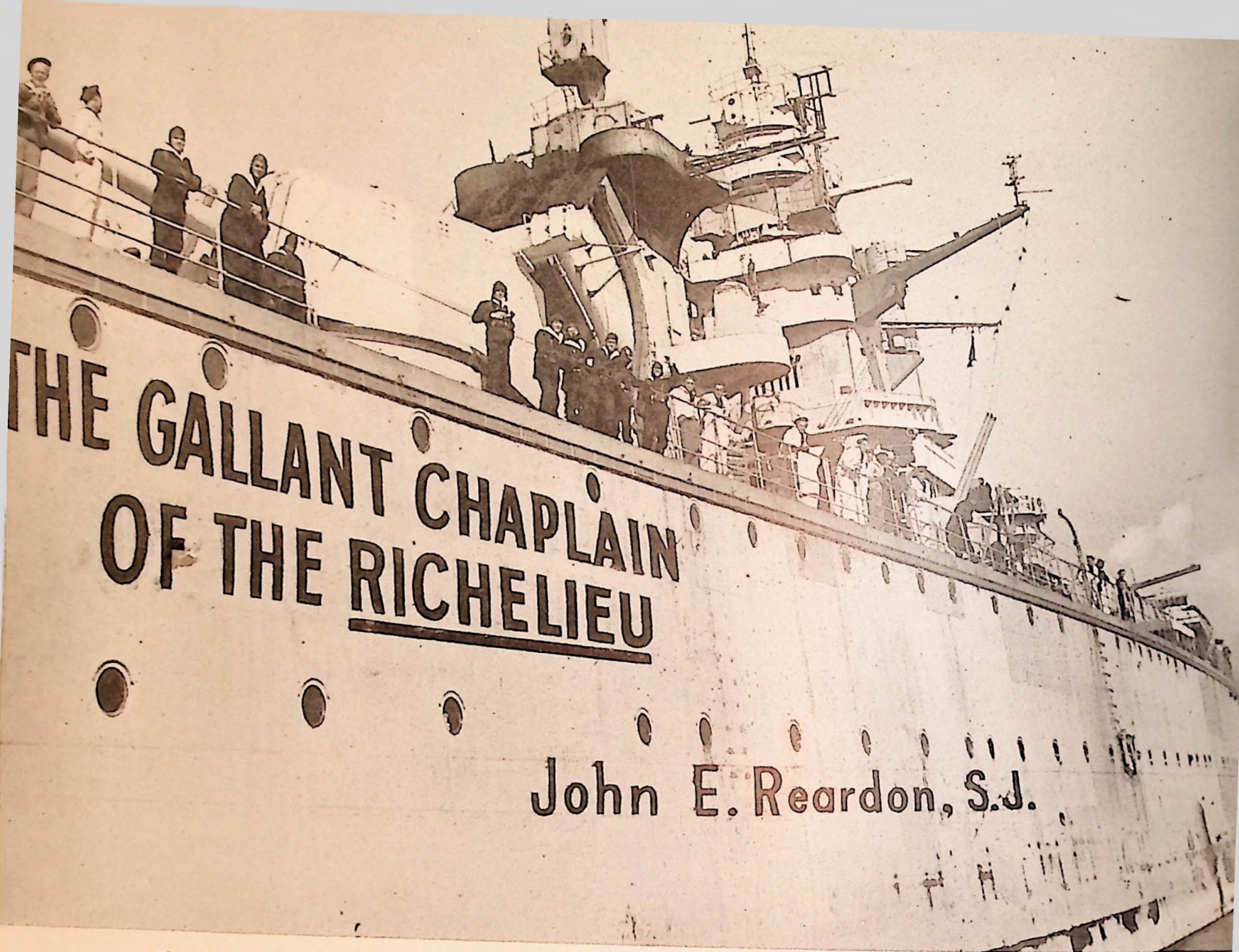
A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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The S.S. Richelieu, twenty-five thousand ton flagship of the French fleet, pulls into New York Harbor.

FATHER JEAN FRANCOIS DE GEUSER, the Jesuit chaplain of the Richelieu was saying in flowing French: "There are two Jesuit colleges at Algiers but we do not consider them mission colleges because Algiers is as continental as France. There is a Jesuit residence at Oran on the north coast of Africa. The missions of French West Africa are in difficult straits in this crisis. Even in ordinary times conversion among the various tribes of Mauretania, Senegal, Niger, Guinea is difficult. The Mauretians, especially, despise Europeans and Americans. But let's talk about New York and let me say how thrilled I was at the Solemn Mass at Saint Patrick's Cathedral here, celebrated for our French officers and crew of the Richelieu, the pride battleship of our French fleet."

Uptown for the day at Jesuit

Missions House in Manhattan from the Richelieu which was at port in New York, Father de Geuser was relaxing with a dozen American Jesuits in the library during the after-luncheon chat prescribed by Jesuit rule. He had found the cheese and green beans and milk as exotic as caviar in a convent.

"Frenchmen have not known these things in the last four years," he commented simply.

THE cosmopolitan note is not rare at meals in Jesuit houses in New York any more than in other world capitals. In the luncheon company with Father de Geuser was a Jesuit mission bishop from Central America whose first mission orientation had been at Baghdad. There were two other American Jesuits from Iraq, one from China, one from Jamaica, and two from the Philippines. Present also

were the national secretaries of Jesuit Education for the United States. In tribute to Father de Geuser the table talk was in French.

In the subdued light of the library I was studying Father de Geuser. He had aged in the twenty years since we were fellow-students in Europe. His hair was full but a brilliant gray; his eyes had seen world history made for thirty years, and showed it; his form was slim and ascetic, almost boyish. As the rich cadences of France rolled over his lips, I realized that there was a poet, a prophet and a symbol of France, a man in whom met her yesterday and tomorrow.

NOW forty-seven, he has been wounded in the first World War, had escaped three times, was twice recaptured, and had been under sentence of death when he made his last escape. His were the



The war has not destroyed the Gallic gaiety of Father de Geuser, S.J., though four boats have been shot from under him. (Right) The men of the missions. Reading from left to right we have Father John O'Farrell, S.J., former China missionary; Father de Geuser, S.J.; Father John Reardon, S.J., and Father Joseph Connell, S.J., of Baghdad College.

great military honors of France, the Legion of Honor, the Military Medal, the "croix de guerre" with palms, the medal "des evades." After four surgeries he had spent years in a cast. Ordained in 1927 he was, successively, a professor of philosophy at Angers, at Brest, and at the famous "Ecole Sainte Genevieve" at Versailles.

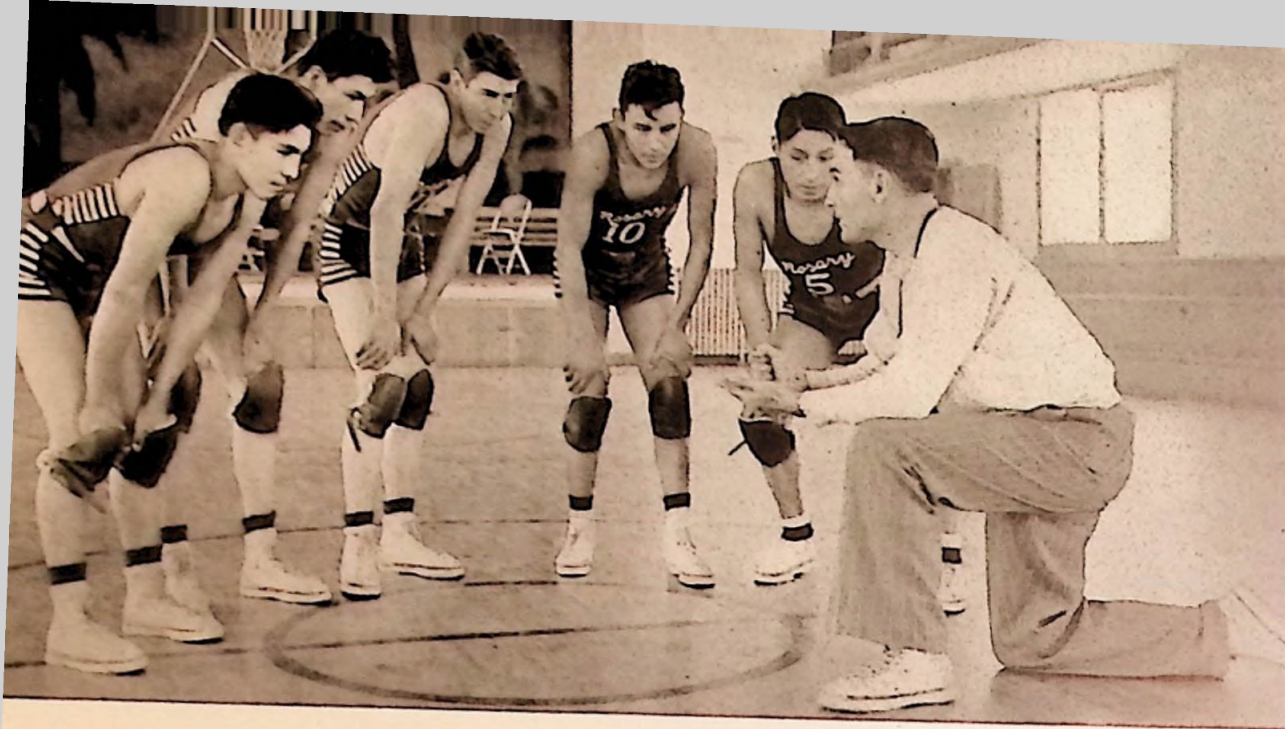
BOTH he and his ship, the *Richelieu*, were patterned to suggest the vigorous France of the seventeenth century which had written such a rich mission epic on the North American continent. In the sweeping challenges of his life Christian France had etched in steel for a new generation the same soul which had made possible a North American martyr. But relief is a technique in great drama, very especially in the great tragedies. I hardly think the French Jesuit martyrs in our own country could have had a great sense of the meaning of martyrdom unless they had had a great sense of the gaieties of the Christian culture. Tragic as their epic is, one can still note the gay relief of an old Catholic people in the red and white streaming from the berets of the *Richelieu* sailors as they walk, arm-locked, in groups of three up the shadowy streets of Manhattan. The same Gallic relief of the Christian gaieties we found at luncheon with Father de Geuser where gales of laughter greeted his stories about the days he and I had spent together as students, two decades ago. I was reminded, rather

inexactly, of Chesterton's line about our guest's Gaelic cousins, the Irish:
 "All their wars are merry
 And all their songs are sad."

IN our newer American order it is the pride of a family to have produced a great man. In the older European order it is the pride of a man to have produced a great family, to be formed for generations in a great tradition. Father de Geuser is one of twelve children, nine boys and three girls. Four boys became priests. One died in the first World War, one lost both his legs. A fifth brother died in his plane for France. A maternal uncle, Admiral Grandmaison, lost his life in 1915. Two other uncles, Fathers Anatole and Louis Grandmaison, are Jesuit scholars whose names are famous throughout the world in the Church of the twentieth century. But, rich as this achievement is, the de Geuser family will probably live longest in the life record of one of the daughters, Marie Antoinette de Geuser, who reputedly died in the odor of sanctity at the age of 30 in 1919. The biography of Father de Geuser's sister has been written by Father Raol Plus, S.J., and is widely read by American Catholics in an English translation. This French family embodies a great tradition living among us here in the concrete of the twentieth century. People who puzzle about the future of France may find prophecy in the story of the chaplain of the *Richelieu* which now rides at anchor in the harbor of New York, licking its wounds.

Christianity's first great cycle of nearly two-thousand years, now coming to a close, followed rather much the world's great waterways. It grew quickly in the peninsulas and islands of the Graeco-Roman West, washed by great bodies of water like the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. The great mission epic of French missionaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in North America had the Great Lakes for its stage. Father de Geuser was born and lived much of his life at Le Havre, a French port on the Atlantic. He now serves his country as a chaplain on the world's waters. I could not but feel, as he talked on there in the library in his sensitive and expressive French, that he had come to us as a symbol of continuity with that great mission tradition of Christ which went back through the French martyrs of North America to the Mediterranean and the Apostles.

AS the afternoon wore on, its magic of shadow threw the outlines of the library into classic relief. Its gracious touch softened the figures of the twelve in black. Together their total life experience touched every corner of the world's cultures. Most of them were men of the missions. They had exchanged with Father de Geuser many recollections of other Jesuit men who had crossed the orbits of their lives through the years,—this American or Canadian or Australian, this man (Turn to page 167)



No longer shooting baskets and winning tournaments, all these Indian boys and their coach, Bob Clifford, are in the armed forces chalking up the score against the enemy from Dutch Harbor to India.

World War=paths for the Fighting Sioux

John M. Scott, S.J.

THE sweat streaked U. S. cavalymen from Fort Phil Kearny, who rode into Red Cloud's trap in the Big Horn, would have toppled from their saddles in sheer surprise had they been told that some eighty years distant the Oglala Sioux Indians would be fighting for, instead of against, the colors.

But such is the fact!

Clem Crazy Thunder is not shooting through space on 1,000 foot parachute jumps just to catch a breath of fresh air. The Marines have other things to do in the Solomons—and Crazy Thunder is there to do them. Only a year ago Crazy Thunder was a fighting unit on the State Catholic Basketball Championship Team that was the pride and joy of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. Today Clem and the other lads of Coach Bob Clifford's flashy Blue and White cagers are scattered around the world doing their part in our global war.

With a bag of magic to work

with, the Wizard of Oz could conjure up no more rapid or varied changes in the calm life of happy young men of the Sioux Nation enjoying the victories of the basketball court than did the gods of war. When the hammer of Mars smashed at Peace, the kaleidoscopic views resulting were shot through with strange anomalies that would make Crazy Horse wrinkle his fierce brow in wonderment. Imagine a young Sioux travelling 10,000 miles to the steaming jungles of India and there meeting a classmate of Mission days and basic training at Hamilton Field! Yet this was the experience of Ted Twiss, veteran gunner in Army Bombers, who shot down twelve Jap planes, was wounded in action, and decorated with the Purple Heart. Ted was looking for a bite to eat somewhere in India. Just then, like a "deus ex machina," Bert Bergin, his former classmate, came chugging up in a jeep. Imagine their mutual surprise! Two Rosary lads meeting on the other side of the world! They had a lot to

talk over since their days at Hamilton Field where they were introduced to life in the First Wing of the GHQ Air Force and acclimated themselves to the thunder of P40 Pursuit Planes roaring high over San Pablo Bay.

IF you told Orville Cuny, Rosary's all state basketball center, that he would be walking the sands of Africa in a year, he would have been inclined to doubt your word. But today he is only one of the boys from Red Cloud Hall camped on the Dark Continent. "Moot" Nelson, the hot drummer for the Sioux Serenaders Orchestra, writes to his former Mission teacher, "Africa is alright, but I will be plenty glad to get back to the U. S. A. We are billeted in a barn. I would have given anything to have attended Midnight Mass at the Mission. The beautiful crib and altar at the Mission were very vividly in my mind Christmas Eve."

Even for the Iron Birds of the Army Air Corps it is quite a hop from the cactus strewn distances of



the Pine Ridge Reservation to the frosty coast of Alaska. But Irving Jumping Eagle did not let the change in scenery interfere with his habits of chalking up a good score, whether on the gym floor or in the air. As a result Jumping Eagle was recently decorated for flying bravely in the Aleutian Islands.

Over a year ago, before he went to Alaska, Irving Jumping Eagle took part in the "Flight of the Eagles" when he and Albert Chief Eagle flew as guides with inspecting officers from St. Louis to the proposed Rapid City Air Base in South Dakota. Chief Eagle, a gunner on an army bomber, has been recently killed.

ANOTHER Rosary lad of the Army Air Corps, Sgt. Vincent Fontenelle Pilcher, recently visited the Mission and gave a brief, interesting talk on his experiences with the Japs. He concluded his



stories and experiences with the men of Nippon by asking the students to pray for him. "I never take off in a plane without saying a prayer, and when I get back, I always say a few prayers of thanks."

When Leonard Brown Eyes was in Georgia he gave a talk to some school children. A grader piped up. "Gee! That isn't the kind of Indian we read about." That grade school tot would be more surprised to know that the Sioux are going down to the seas in ships. Many an old salt-water tar would probably sniff at the idea and tell you to stop kidding. Imagine a pinto riding Sioux from the Great Plains confined to the deck of a water sprayed Battle Wagon! Yet Freddy White Face, who just finished Navy Radio School at Wisconsin U., is now riding the U. S. S. Impulse, and Sylvester Bad Cob is on the new U. S. S. Lexington.

IF you should walk into a U. S. O. center and hear such names as Bill Many Cartridges and Peter Runs Close to Lodge, don't think these are new fangled military terms lurking with secret meanings. They are simply the names of some of the hundred and fifteen former Rosary boys now in the Service. Thanks to the picturesque titles of the lads from Pine Ridge the roll call in the Marines, Navy, and Army now boasts of such names as Bear Nose, Red Elk, Bear Shield, Slow Bear, Black Elk, Gray Grass, William Good Voice Elk, Joseph W. Horn Cloud, Herman L. Little Hawk, Jacob Left Hand, Lee Red Hair, Peter Running Horses, Bernard Standing Elk, Andrew Thunder Hawk, and Clayton Jealous of Him. From Dutch Harbor to India these boys are aiding in the defense of these United States.

You might be inclined to take all this for granted. But Indians in India is more than a physical fact which might prove perplexing to Christopher Columbus and the deck hands of the Santa Maria. The

To the sea goes Ben Tibbitts, twice all-tournament forward at national tournament in Chicago, while his team mate, Ben Graham, took to the air corps to serve flag and country.

presence of Catholic Sioux in the far off corners of the world is another chapter in the history of Catholic Missions. Behind the fighting-men of Uncle Sam recruited from the graduates of Holy Rosary Mission is a story that trails through half a century and wanders from the rocky heights of the Big Horns to the sandy banks of the Niobrara.

OVER fifty years ago Red Cloud, famous Chief of the Oglala Teton Sioux and War Lord of the Powder River, made a request to the Great White Father in Washington. "Send us the blackrobe. Three times now since the days of General Grant, we ask."

And the Blackrobe came. Among the cottonwoods along White Clay Creek they built their first log cabin. From here, as from a hub, they rode forth to preach the Gospel. From Cheyenne River on the eastern spur of the Black Hills to Wanblee, a hundred miles across the prairie, the ministers of the Great Spirit visited the Indian. Through snow and rain they traversed the length and width of the great rectangle of the reservation which occupies the southwest section of South Dakota like a postage stamp stuck in the wrong corner of the envelope. At the Mission a school was built with funds supplied by Miss Catherine Drexel of Philadelphia.

Then like lightning from the West flashed the Messiah Craze as Sitting Bull and the Medicine Men preached the Ghost Dance religion. With the rising crescendo of rattles and the wild throb of the tom-tom, moccasins beat the earth till dust rose like powdered gold to haze the sun.

MEMORIES flamed with the recollection of the blood soaked banks of the Little Big Horn where two hundred and sixty four troopers of the most famous regiment of the United States Army had gone down under the unshod hoofs of painted pintos. The whites grew nervous and streamed into Rushville looking for protection. Army trains headed west. But despite the rumors, the Fathers and Sisters remained at the Mission instructing the (Turn to page 167)



(Left) Father Prosper Bernard, S.J., Canadian Jesuit killed in Fenghsien, China, along with Fathers Dube and Lalonde. (Above) American, European and Chinese candidates for ordination enter the Cathedral at Zi-ka-wei, China, where all Jesuit missionaries have been interned by the Japanese.

Expendables for Christ **John J. O'Farrell, S.J.**

THREE Canadian Jesuit Missionaries, Fathers Alphonse Dubé, Prosper Bernard and Armand Lalonde, were killed at Fenghsien in the northwestern part of Kiangsu Province, China, and all Jesuit missionaries in Shanghai, including 29 Americans, were peacefully interned at Zikawei near Shanghai. Forty Canadian Jesuits (laboring in one of the most spiritually rich mission fields in China) are most likely interned at their general mission headquarters in Hsuchoufu, the important railroad juncture of the Lunghai and Chingpu railroads.

This news by cable from Shanghai via Vatican City represents only a part of the wide-spread move by the Japanese to liquidate the Catholic Missions in Occupied China, for the O. W. I. is reported to have picked up a Vatican Radio broadcast beamed to Ireland stating that six or seven Netherlands and Belgian Catholic Missionary Bishops and all missionaries of the same nationalities in North China have been interned. Since Radio Chungking recently reported that 2,108 British, American, Dutch and Belgian Nationals from North China have been interned at Weihsien and

Chefoo in the northeastern part of the Shantung Province, it may be presumed these Bishops and their missionaries are among them.

The Vatican Broadcast to Ireland also stated all missionaries in Shanghai were interned, which, if unqualified, would mean at least 200 Sisters, over 100 Priests and about 60 Brothers have been interned and their multiple mission activities at a standstill. If allowed to work, the 70 Secular and 40 Jesuit Native Priests (in or near Shanghai) together with a corresponding proportionate number of Native Sisters and Brothers could not possibly staff in a skeleton manner the dozens of missionary institutions much less minister even to the minimum spiritual needs of the 60,000 Catholics in the city of Shanghai and its environs.

INTERNMENT of the American Jesuits means the temporary collapse of their two flourishing high schools in Shanghai and Nanking, a large parish of several thousand Catholics, and the complete isolation of their Haichow and Yangchow mission districts. No specific word has been received as to the whereabouts of Fathers Mark

Falvey and Ignatius Gatz, Jesuit missionaries in the Haichow district, 200 miles north of Shanghai. Since their mission districts are only about 60 miles east of Hsuchoufu, it is quite probable Fathers Gatz and Falvey, if they have been interned by the Japanese, have been included among the interned Canadian Jesuits in Hsuchoufu.

RADIO Chungking also reports that most Americans and other nationals have been interned at Great China University about six miles west of Shanghai. All women and children and married men with families are interned here under tolerable conditions comparable to those existing at Santa Tomas University in Manila. Judging from such previous reports, such as Father LeSage's offer of voluntary incarceration in a Japanese concentration camp for captured Americans of the armed forces, we can readily presume our Jesuit Missionary Priests have tried to be included among these internees. Men of military age are interned in Pootung across the Wangpu river from Shanghai, while a certain number have been sent 160 miles up the Yang-tze river across from Nanking

Three Canadian Jesuits killed by the Japanese; all American Jesuits interned near Shanghai

to a camp in Yangchow, site of the new American Jesuit Mission.

IF Father John Magner, S.J. and Brother James Finnegan, S.J., who last year had persuaded the Japanese to allow them to remain in Nanking when all other "foreigners" were evicted, were not recalled to Shanghai last winter when the general internment of American civilians began, then it is quite possible and providential that they were removed to the internment camp in Yangchow. Here they would be able spiritually to care for the hundreds of American internees.

Among those interned at Zikawei is Very Rev. George Marin, S.J., native of Lowell, Mass., the acting Assistant General of over 800 Jesuit Missionaries, comprising one-fifth of all the missionaries in China. He it was who offered to the Apostolic Delegate to China, His Excellency, Archbishop Mario Zanin, as "Expendables for Christ's Cause" all Jesuit Missionaries after they individually and in groups volunteered to remain at their mission posts no matter how dangerous or temporarily "impractical" such a decision might seem. With their interned leader are many young American Jesuit Missionaries who will take advantage of this lull in mission activity to deepen their knowledge of the Chinese language and to prepare themselves more fully to help in that important cultural exchange between China and America that will be one of the great goods derived from this intense global war, and of which Madame Chiang Kai-shek has spoken so eloquently and sincerely on her recent triumphal tour of America.

From the many letters pouring into the offices of JESUIT MISSIONS we realize the grave concern of our readers over the lives of our Jesuit Missionaries in China, their ap-



Some of the twenty-nine American Jesuits interned at Zi-ka-wei. On the far left is Father Wilfred Le Sage, S.J., who volunteered to become a prisoner of the Japanese in order to take care of the spiritual needs of captured Americans of the armed forces. All volunteered to remain at their posts.

parent isolation from all financial help and the immense task of future rehabilitation of vitally important mission activities. Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin, exiled Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, recently arrived in the United States, brings us some first-hand information in regard to the attitude of the Chinese government towards missionaries. It contrasts very strongly with that of the Japanese.

“THE Chinese Government Officials have a very friendly attitude towards all the missionaries regardless of their nationality,” declared Bishop Yu Pin in a statement to JESUIT MISSIONS. “They deeply admire the courage and devotion of those missionaries who have remained at their posts to help the sorely tried Chinese people.

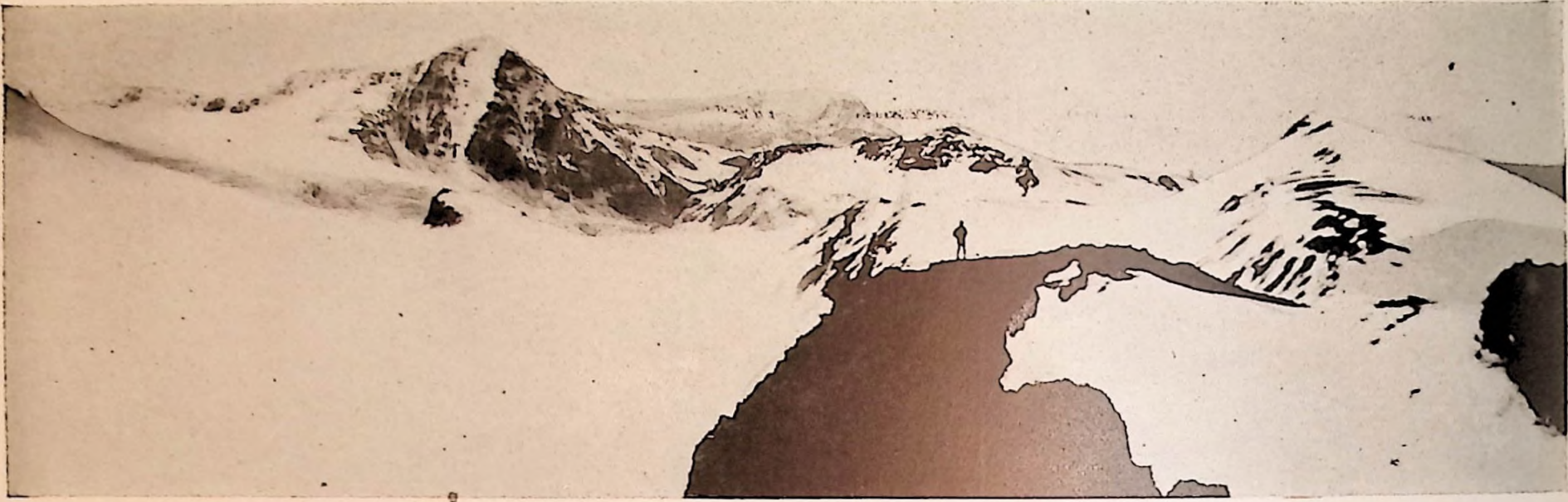
They look on the Missionary as acting in the interests of religion, and not as one acting in the interests of his own nation. For this reason the Chinese Government has put a large sum (\$150,000.00) a year at the disposal of the Church for the needy missions. This sum may be used in either Free or Occupied China and is not limited to missionaries of any specified nationality. It goes to those who are most in need.”

This is very consoling news, for, while it will be difficult for enough of this money to reach interned missionaries, from our knowledge of

Chinese loyalty and ingenuity, we feel that our missionaries will hardly be forced to a starvation level.

EVER since the arrival of the repatriation liner Gripsholm and the return of some missionaries from the Far-East numerous inquiries have been made concerning the possible return of other missionaries. Sifting through the constant stream of rumors concerning repatriation and the significance of the general internment of American missionaries. At present repatriation discussions are as vague as ever.

Though the standard of living has declined sharply in Shanghai and in all Occupied China practically to a basic ration level, and even if the now remotely possible general repatriation becomes an eventuality, we can thrill to the realization that all our Jesuit Missionaries will want to remain in China so as to retain their facility with the Chinese language, forever prove to the Chinese their love for them in their hour of greatest trial, and to be ready immediately to rush forth from internment camps to their spiritually starved Christians once they have been freed from the toils of the Japanese militarists by the sacrifices and prayers of apostolic and freedom-loving people. Pray that these soldiers of Christ may come safely through their ordeal to carry on the spread of His Kingdom in China.



Straight across the mountain peaks between Kotzebue and Shishmaref the Arctic ace flew.

Alaskan Flyers to the Rescue!

The heroic pilots of the Arctic battle impossible weather conditions to help their friend, Father Tom Cunningham, dangerously ill with pneumonia, at Mary's Igloo.

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

WITH shipping space scarce, insurance rates high, government priorities and what not, it is amazing that as much freight came to Alaska last fall, as did actually slip through. Despite the best intentions in the world some ports were missed. Bad weather and poor harbor facilities accounted for this.

Little Diomed Island happened to be one of the ports of the missing, or should I say "missed". This bleak and barren rock—our furthestmost north-western mission—is the home of Father Tom Cunningham, S.J. and his flock. It is situated in the Bering Sea off the Alaska mainland and is only five miles distant from Soviet Russia.

The islanders had come to Nome during the summer to dispose of

their winter's work in ivory. They also, with the King Islanders did yeoman's work in lightering army freight. Three times the tonnage of the initial contract was unloaded and piled on the bank. Up to the very last moment they frantically worked to finish their job. Snow was already falling, the weather freezing when they departed for Wales to make the crossing to their Island home.

A SHIP of the Alaska Steam lay off shore at Wales waiting to unload, and then pick up the Diomeders and transport them and their freight to Little Diomed. As winter set in, the shore-ice froze, wind arose, the sea grew choppy. Ten days were spent—ship, crew, and Eskimos waiting impatiently for

a break in the weather. None came. Instead ice floes began to rock down from the Arctic Ocean. The captain wisely withdrew to save his ship from destruction. He barely stopped until he reached Seattle. With him went the freight of Shishmaref, Wales, and the Diomedes.

THE pastor of Little Diomed stood on the bank and watched the boat depart. It was one of those occasions when a person instinctively swears or prays. What Father Tom did, I know not. I do know, though, what a good old Sourdough would have done.

Father Tom had spent a rather busy summer. He had almost single handed planted the gardens at Pilgrim Springs which were later spoiled by the rain. He had taken



Father Tom Cunningham, S.J., rugged pastor of Little Diomed Island, gave himself unstintingly to soldier and Eskimo in Nome until pneumonia caught up with him.

several aeroplane flights to various sections of Alaska losing unnumbered hours of sleep. He had given himself unstintingly both to soldier and Eskimo alike in and about Nome. A touch of pneumonia put him to bed at a small village called Mary's Igloo. To put it mildly I believe that he was a bit rundown

when he finally joined his flock in Wales for the return to Diomed.

Amid sleet and driving snow he surveyed the problem and at last determined to make the crossing in a small boat. Worried husbands were of the same opinion. Their wives and children were alone on the island. The next day the sea

looked better. Ice floes were packed in-shore for about three miles. Once they maneuvered their boat through that they might make the crossing. Preparations were made. The small skin boats were loaded with such food stuffs as they could pick up—milk for the babies was the main item. If it didn't freeze en route it would be alright.

EVERYTHING was in readiness when the missionary felt a bit of a chill. His temples were burning despite the cold. This was to be a perilous and exposed trip. It might be well to check and see if he had a fever. As luck would have it, there was a nurse at Wales. She took his temperature. It was 103. This good nurse had the authority that went with her calling, plus an eminent degree of common sense. She absolutely forbade Father Tom to step in the boat—rather, ordered him to bed at once.

Usually Father Tom does not take orders—he gives them. This time his protestations were rather feeble on account of a bit of shivering that overpowered him. He finally did as he was told. Before long he passed off in a delirium that caused the nurse and school teachers no little worry and concern. Pneumonia, no respecter of persons, had finally caught up with our rugged missionary.

I was visiting Father McHugh at Nome when the news came that Father Tom had been five days on the flat of his back with a fever that swung like a pendulum between 103 and 104 plus. The news got around. It even got to Fairbanks where several U. S. bomber pilots requisitioned a Flying Fortress to rescue the patient and bring him to Fairbanks. But the weather was bad, very bad. All government planes were grounded.

BILL MUNZ, a crack commercial flyer determined to fly anyway. The ceiling was less than 200 feet, visibility hardly a quarter of a mile—snow driven by the wind! Bill took off and my heart sank as I saw him go. For two solid hours he bucked a head wind. He met a solid wall of fog and snow. Disconsolately, (Turn to page 167)



dian convert died recently at the age of 112 at Polson. Although blind in her late years she retained a keen mind, and often recalled the visit of Father De Smet, S.J., missionary of the Northwest in 1841.

POLISH CHILDREN REFUGEES IN INDIA. On a hill, Balachadi, India, twenty miles from Jannager there is a colony of some 160 Polish children. They are, with the exception of three Jews, all Catholics. These children are supervised by Father Francis Pluta, Chaplain in the Polish Army. Father Pluta is assisted by a Capuchin Lay Brother.

AMERICAN INDIAN ON INCREASE. Late reports from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs indicate that the American Indians are the fastest growing population group and show greater proportionate gains than do either whites or negroes.

FILM ON CATHOLIC CHINA IN MAKING. The Rev. Charles L. Meeus, famous Belgian-born missionary, is making an unusual move film entitled "The Seven Sacraments in China at War." The picture is authentic, shots being made often at the risk of life and limb. When the 112th air raid was made on a Catholic mission in Ping Yao, Father Meeus refused to take shelter and kept his camera turning amid bursting shells and machine-gun fire.

NEW JESUIT SCHOOL IN INDIA. Father Savall, S.J., headmaster of St. Mary's High School, Bombay, has just been placed in charge of a new school opened by the Jesuits in that city.

THE FORMER VICAR GENERAL OF THE JESUITS. Father Maurice Schurmans, S.J., is now a missionary in the Kisantu Mission, Belgian Congo, Africa. Father Schurmans was elected Vicar General of the Society of Jesus on April 11, 1938. With the death of Father Ledochowski, the office automatically ceased. Although only forty-two years of age; Father Schurmans has held very important positions, having been rector of the University of Louvain, Provincial of Northern Belgium, and a member of the famous group of scholars, the Bollandists.

JAPANESE WAR INFORMATION AND THE VATICAN. The Vatican radio station has inaugurated a new transmission to His Excellency the Most Rev. Paul Marella, Apostolic Delegate to Japan, for the Vatican Information Office, thus helping to obtain information on war prisoners.

TWENTY-SIX TONS OF BANDAGES, dressings, medicines, and supplies were sent to the missions during the year which preceded Pearl Harbor, by the Catholic Medical Mission Board, whose president is Father Edward Garesche, S.J. of the Missouri Province.

THE MOST REVEREND SIMON TSU, S.J. has devised a novel way of getting his letters through Japanese lines to his missionaries. He writes as though he were a youth and addresses the missionary as "Respectable elder brother,

MADAME CHIANG ON PRAYER. The following extracts are from a pamphlet by Mei-ling Soong Chiang entitled "I Confess My Faith": . . . "One of my strongest childhood impressions is of Mother going to a room she kept for the purpose on the third floor to pray. She spent hours in prayer, often beginning before dawn. When we asked her advice about anything, she would say, "I must ask God first." . . . I used to pray that God would do this or that. Now I pray only that God will make His will known to me. . . . What I do want to make clear is that whether we get guidance or not, it's there. It's like tuning in on the radio. There's music in the air, whether we tune in or not. By learning to tune in, one can understand. How is it done? As Brother Lawrence told us long ago, "by practicing the presence of God." By daily communion with Him. One cannot expect to be conscious of God's presence when one has only a bowing acquaintance with Him."

THE OBLATES RANK FIRST among religious congregations in the amount of mission territory entrusted to them. They rank fourth in regard to the number of men on foreign missions and at work among infidels.

LEPER STATISTICS. There are approximately 5,000 lepers in Europe. China has from one to two million lepers; the Philippines, 10,000. All the islands of Oceania are infested with leprosy.

CONVERT OF FATHER DE SMET DIES. Believed to be the oldest resident of Montana, Mrs. Louise Finley, an In-

jade Fountain of Wisdom." The Japanese allow such "child's mail" to go through.

BISHOP PAUL YU PIN who is now visiting the United States, has used every possible means to help Honan famine victims. A missionary in China writes that when last heard from the Bishop was preparing to auction his only coat, hoping it might fetch fifty grand, "the price of my head in Nanking."

CATHOLIC DAILY IN WARTORN CHINA. Despite such wartime handicaps as scarcity of paper, ink, and Catholic news, Bishop Yu Pin's Catholic daily, "I—CHe—Peo," is booming. The only foreign Catholic literature available in Chungking is a tattered old copy of the "Denver Register."

VETERAN ALASKA MISSIONARY DEAD. Rev. Aloysius S. Eline, S.J. former Superior of the Alaska Mission died at Fairbanks recently. He was sixty six years of age, and forty years a member of the Society of Jesus.

CASABLANCA CONFIRMATION. Twenty one members of the American Forces in North Africa received Confirmation at Casablanca at the hands of the 75 year old missionary, Bishop Vielle, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Rabat, Morocco. This is believed to be the first Confirmation of American military personnel in North Africa.

IRISH JESUITS HEROES AT HONG KONG. When ambulance drivers were too panicky to go through the shell fire to pick up the front line wounded during the fighting just prior to the fall of Hong Kong to the Japanese, Irish Jesuit missionaries manned the ambulances. One of them, Father Brian Kelly, S.J., brought back seventy severely wounded men.

READING MATTER NEEDED. Reverend Thomas A. Shanahan, S.J., assistant Chief of Chaplains for the U. S. Army Forces in the Pacific Area writes: "Many boys will have long days in hospital beds. They will be thinking long thoughts. So if you can get some of the librarians to clean house, we can dispose of old battered Lives of Saints, devotional books, prayer books, Life of Our Lord, pamphlets, etc. Ship directly to: Father Thomas A. Shanahan, Chaplain, U.S.A., S.O.S., A.P.O. 501, care San Francisco, Calif. It will be recalled that Father Shanahan is the famous chaplain of the "Mactan," who was made a captain by direct order of General MacArthur.

WIFE OF CHINESE DIPLOMAT BAPTIZED. Mrs. T. P. Siu, wife of Dr. Siu, official Delegate of Justice of the Chinese Government was baptized in Chicago. Three and one-half years ago Dr. and Mrs. Siu's two older children were received into the Church. In 1942 three of the younger Siu children were baptized.

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN APPOINTS DELEGATE. The Reverend Joseph Bouniol, a missionary in Algiers, has been appointed by the Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York and Military Vicar, as Vicar Delegate for American Catholic chaplains and troops in Africa.

June Mission Intention

Young Catholic Workmen in Mission Lands.

• "Dead matter leaves the factory ennobled and transformed, where men are corrupted and degraded." With those words Pope Pius XI referred to the moral hazard to which the young are at times exposed in factories and to the shameful housing conditions of workers, injurious to family life. The Pope was not thinking only, nor even primarily, of conditions in mission lands. But there is again the *a fortiori* argument. If in so-called Christian countries we have "grasping men who use human beings as mere instruments for making money," then in a professedly pagan atmosphere conditions are far worse. The exploitation of women and children, the caste system, the sweat shop, the rickshaw coolie—all these things are most abhorrent to the Catholic sense.

• What could be more opposed to the charity of Christ than the caste system which officially sanctions a breach between rich and poor? How hard it is for the Catholic workman to disengage himself from that continued preoccupation with the material that is so peculiar to heathen cultures. Our Lord tells us that it is this material outlook that distinguishes the Christian from the heathen. "After all these things do the heathen seek. . . . Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." We are asked during June that young Catholic workmen surrounded by such a pagan and worldly way of life may be able to "seek first the kingdom of God."

• What will be the result for the missions when our young Catholic workers are given the opportunity they need to orientate themselves along Catholic principles in their social life? Pius XI tells us that the constant endeavor to imbue the minds of workmen with the Christian spirit awakens in them at the same time a sense of their true dignity. "By keeping clearly before their mind the rights and duties of their position, it renders them capable of legitimate genuine progress, and of becoming leaders of their fellows." So it was in the past. Leo XIII tells us that a great number of the early Christians had to live by begging or by labor. "Yet, destitute as they were of wealth and influence, they ended by winning over to their side the favor of the rich and the good will of the powerful. They showed themselves industrious, laborious, and peaceful: men of justice, and, above all, men of brotherly love. In the presence of such a life and such an example, prejudice disappeared, the tongue of malevolence was silenced, and the lying traditions of ancient superstitions yielded little by little to Christian truth."

• So it is today. Before the outbreak of war in the Philippines excellent work was being done by young Catholic workers to break down false notions that had been spread aboard by Philippine Communists—"Sakdalistas." These young Filipinos are an excellent example of what Pius XII terms "massed cohorts of young workers who listen readily to the call of divine grace and strive with splendid zeal to win their fellows to Christ." May there be many more such "massed cohorts of young workers" in our mission countries.



"This is Gregorio"

The anniversary of Bataan and Corregidor's fall brings a voice from battle scarred Manila to further extol Captain Shanahan's heroism.

William F. Masterson, S.J.



"FATHER MASTERSON . . . Father Masterson? This is Gregorio, Gregorio Chua!"

Thus, abruptly, a short while ago an eager voice over the phone whisked me away from bills and correspondence to treasured memories of my early Philippine missionary days ten years ago. To "Greg" and some forty other high-school seniors at the Jesuit University in Manila was I ever to be indebted for the open-hearted welcome which was to beget a healthy respect and enduring affection.

Right then, though, it wasn't only this completely unexpected phone call which set-up persistent reveries of the "Philippine past and pres-

ent." The anniversary of Bataan and Corregidor's fall, the poignant, challenging MacArthur and Quezon statements, the newly arrived Philippine war pictures accompanying this article—all had us constantly reliving old days.

Greg was to add the sound-track to our pictures, a living commentary from out of a scarred Manila.

AFTER completing with high credit his Pre-Medical course at the Ateneo in Manila, the now Lt. Chua, U. S. A. Medical Corps, graduated with honors from the University of the Philippines Medical College. Distinction had come his way in other endeavors earlier still. While at the Ateneo he was

selected with a few other youths to represent the Philippines in an international youth gathering held in the United States.

COMPLETELY set-up for private practice but a few months, the pre-Pearl Harbor war fever of the Orient saw Dr. Chua make the magnanimous choice of volunteer work for the duration. Six weeks before Pearl Harbor he was affiliated with the Red Cross work in Manila and its neighboring provinces. These tense weeks were passed in mobilization and instruction of numerous First Aid centers and staffs.

The first days of the war sent him back to the Ateneo—then con-

verted to a Red Cross Hospital—to care for the wounded and evacuees from the Manila airfield and Port areas.

“The dispatch with which details were attended to as well as the evident sympathetic devotion to our people were both so universal on the part of all the Jesuit Fathers there—so many of them my former professors taking orders from me—that it would be unfair, if not otherwise impossible, to single out any for special mention. Of course, the case of Father Shanahan is different. We were to be so close together, so long on so hazardous a mission.”

AS the masterful retirement to Bataan was planned Dr. Chua in his Red Cross capacity directed the evacuation of large towns in that

lain on such a mission. You have to arrange it with the Red Cross authorities. I'll take care of my Superiors.”

“SO, with the blessing of everybody from the Apostolic Delegate down we pitched in at the job of loading our patients aboard. Believe me, you'll never know what a job that was. We had exactly three hours in which to get our patients aboard. No help but our medical staff and a few of the crew. Have you ever tried carrying an injured person (carefully, remember) from an ambulance, up a steep gang-plank, getting him set on board—and then dashing back for another and another and so on; all the while fearing the next minute would send us all scurrying from bombing raids? We were an open

The officer proceeded to line up a series of jobs for the man, which were expeditiously undertaken. Only later, to his dismay, did he learn the identity of his handy-man when Father Shanahan came out on deck the next morning to say Mass.

“THE voyage was in many ways depressing. I don't like to think what it would have been without Father Shanahan's un-failing good humor. You can be sure all the American boys on board appreciated his presence. It was not long before his reputation was spread through the widely-separated American camps in Australia.”

“To my fellow-Filipino doctors and nurses it was like a constant message from home to have Father Shanahan with us during our tedi-



area. Back in Manila conditions dictated the removal from the Philippines of the patients from the military hospital there. This responsible as well as dangerous task fell to Dr. Chua and several other young Filipino physicians. They were to sail on an inter-island vessel, hardly the most reassuring looking boat for the long journey. The cramped quarters of the ship were far from what ordinarily would have been considered essential for more than 250 patients, besides the nursing and medical staff.

“FATHER SHANAHAN no sooner heard of my going than he said: “Greg, I'm going with you. You must have a Chap-

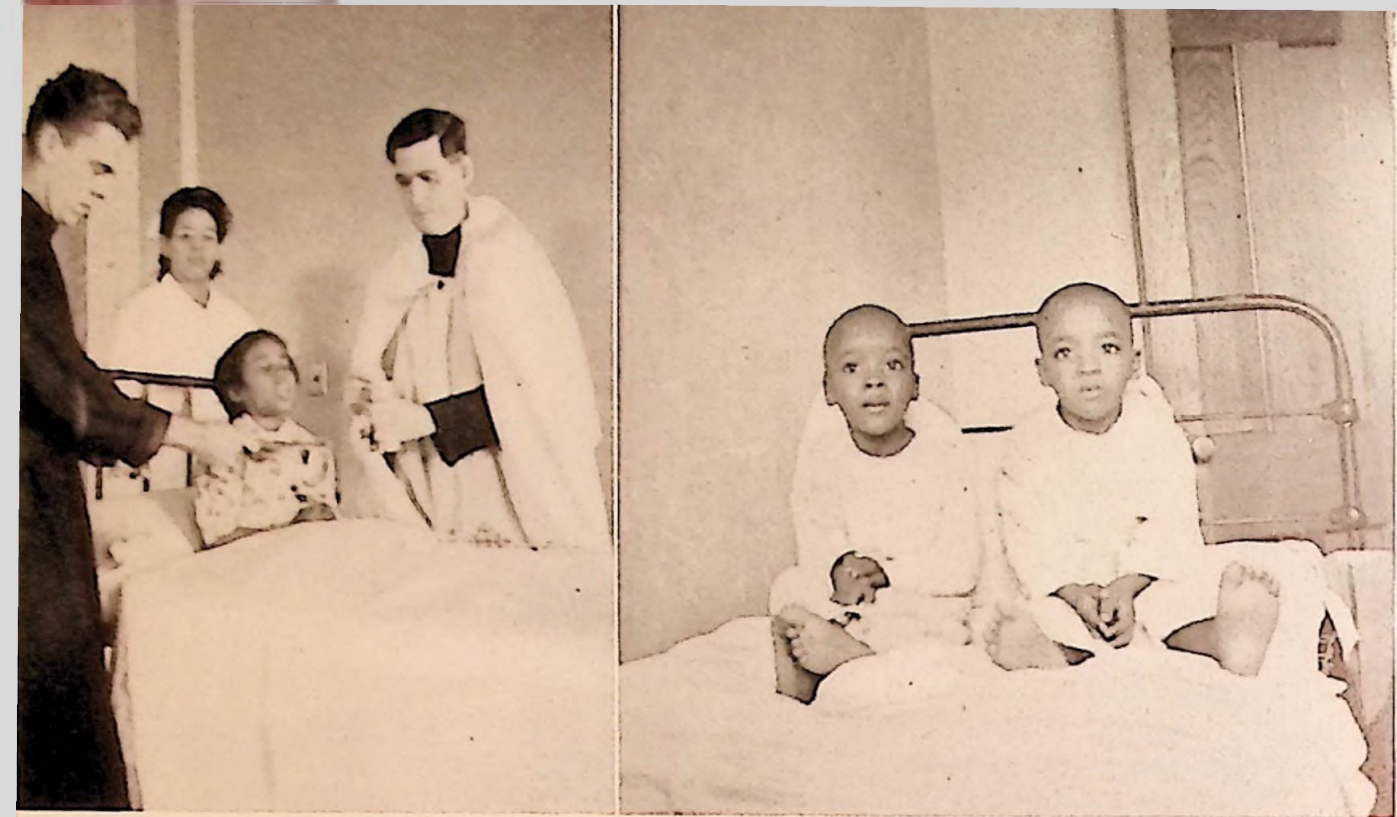
target. And this was January 1st—a few hours before Manila was occupied by the Japs. How we did it we never fathomed. By contrast, on reaching our destination the orderly unloading took ten hours.”

“ONE picture is clear to all of us. It's that of Father Shanahan shouldering more than his share in this grueling task. The man seemed made of iron. Yet, this was to be but the first in series of unforgettable scenes. I remember we weren't far out when the chief medical officer began trying to bring more order into things. In the course of his inspection he came across a man fixing up beds, etc. and making himself generally useful.

ous months of uncertainty in Australia. He kept buoying up our spirits when everything seemed to be thwarting our efforts to serve America as well as our own country in the United States Army.”

NO wonder General MacArthur singled Father Shanahan out for special comment on approving his application for service as a Chaplain with our Army in Australia.

“Now that our Filipino Division is really building up we cannot await the day when we shall start back to liberate our own people and with them our Jesuit Fathers. And, I mustn't forget Father Shanahan promised to be with us on our return trip over those same waters.”



Though these children may never find health of body they have already found Christ and health of soul. (Right) Mrs. Pauline Steyer, night superintendent for the past sixteen years, is a real missionary at Henryton, Maryland.



To Heaven via Henryton

E. J. Farren, S.J. and P. F. Murray, S.J.

PERCHED among the undulating hills of the Maryland countryside is little, unknown Henryton. In 1923 this obscure country spot was selected for a sanatorium for colored tubercular patients of "The Old Line State." Here far from the main highway and the rush of cities, disease racked bodies could find rest and regain their health. Many did not find health but found instead the gateway to Heaven. That's where we came in. We doubt that any other hospital of this type has a record of death-bed Baptisms such as Henryton's.

From the beginning, the institute prospered. Today it is a tubercular hospital of major proportions. Facilities have been expanded to accommodate almost four hundred and fifty patients. An efficient staff of white and colored doctors, a nursing staff of graduate white and colored nurses, provide all possible help for the cure and relief of nearly two hundred men, one hundred and fifty women and about one hundred children. But what do we do? Well our work is chiefly concerned with those who make a one-way trip.

Henryton is only six miles from Woodstock, Maryland. Here many

Jesuits are preparing for the priesthood. Every Thursday five of us take a "busman's holiday" at Henryton. Having studied Theology all week we teach it to these bed-ridden patients, bringing them the spiritual consolation of the Catholic Faith. On Sunday likewise we accompany Father Raymond R. Goggin, S.J. as he says Mass and makes the rounds of the rooms and wards with Jesus, Health of the sick. Rare is the day without a Baptism or an anointing. Many a patient who came here to find health of body found Christ and health of soul through the Sacraments.

JUST recently in one of our Sunday morning visits, we found a man dying. He still had enough life in him to ask for Baptism before the Angel of Death beckoned him. As the sands of this life were running out he received the grace of eternal life with God. He is typical of hundreds snatched out of the devil's hands at the eleventh hour. Another case comes to mind, that of a middle aged woman. The disease had affected her mind. One Thursday morning her mind cleared long enough for us to speak to her of God and Heaven. We marveled

at the visible signs of grace touching her soul. Christ and His love for men appealed strongly to her. She was as a happy child entering a lighted room where before everything was dark. Her mind wandered again but before she stepped into eternity she had a lucid interval and asked to be baptized.

IT is our constant experience that most people near death see the truths of the Faith clearly. These poor, colored patients at Henryton must receive special grace from God as a reward for their simplicity and childlike trust, for He has led us to some of them in most unexpected ways.

Among our more distinguished patients is an elderly man who was a trainer for the racehorse, Man-O-War. He is now a devout Catholic going to Mass and Communion without fail every week. Certainly the great racehorse fared far better in life than his trainer before he came to Henryton.

From the hill country of South Carolina came a woman patient who can neither read nor write, had never seen a priest, nor heard of Christ, nor knew any prayers. The sickness which brought her to us at Henryton was a disguised blessing. We also have a Mohammedan here. He merely (Turn to page 167)

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

Mighty Rome

It is late in the afternoon about 46 A.D. Rome sighs her relief after a sweltering day. Seeking respite from the heat patricians and senators pass through the broad porticoes of Marble Baths. Beggars sitting in the shade hold out their hands to them crying, "In honor of illustrious Caesar sir." Farther along the Capitoline Road stands a magnificent Temple of Jupiter, white and gleaming in the setting sun.

This is Rome, haughty, proud, mighty, pagan Rome, queen of the world. Her armies have conquered the four corners of the Mediterranean. Barbarians broke and fled before her matchless legions in the North. It was her conquering sons who returned from wars laden with the spoils of victory, with captives chained to their chariots. Proudly they marched up the Capitoline to receive the laurel crown from Caesar's hands.

Look You Marius

Two of those famous legionnaires are now descending the Capitoline Hill. Their plumes wave high. Chin and brows are stern, their eyes as hard as the steel of their breastplates. Guard duty finished for the day, they are coming into the city. "Look you, Marius" says one, "a ducat says that fellow coming opposite us is a Jew. Our capitol is getting overrun with them. He looks a bit weather beaten and weary. Ten ducats he's a stranger to Rome from over the sea. See those deep lines in his face. These people make me sick. They are always weeping over something."

The stranger drew nearer to them.

Eternal Standard

"Pardon sirs but could you point out Caesar's palace for me. I just arrived in port this morning and am looking about." The legionnaires ready for some fun respond. "Well Caesar will be glad to see you. Thinking of paying him a social call? That large building with the gold dome on top is his house." The stranger was not annoyed but fixed his eyes on the top of the gold dome. "That's the Roman eagle surmounting the dome isn't it?" "Yes the Roman eagle never defeated in battle and by Jupiter never will be." "Sirs, I came to Rome to take down the standard of your emperor and put the standard of my Master in its place." "Is that so! What is the standard of your Master?" "A Cross." "What a criminal's gibbet will supplant the Roman Eagles! Talk sense man. Come along, Marius. He's just another one of those Jewish fanatics with whom Pilate had so much trouble. Well my good fellow, go right up to the palace and explain your dream to Caesar himself. He needs a little diversions these days. Come, Marius."

Fact vs. Fancy

Fact surpassed fancy as we know from history. Caesar made way for Christ. Pagan Rome crumbled; her legions died. The Roman eagles fell. Today the Cross graces the dome above the Capitoline Hill.

This flight of fancy was told to us by a brother Jesuit, now a missionary in Jamaica. It brings into startling relief the fact that amidst the rise and fall of nations and empires the Church of Christ perdures because it is divine. No human

agency is responsible for this. It is the work of the Holy Ghost, the forgotten God as He is called.

Today armies are on the march again. Proud nations seek to conquer and enslave us. They strive to crush the Church within their own borders and in the lands they invade. Our missions are being destroyed, our missionaries interned or killed. In the Philippines and the Solomons. Now in China. How can the missionaries and the Church survive? This is the time to recall that the missionaries have a supernatural support, a divine force within them, the Indwelling Spirit of God—the Holy Ghost. In peace the missionaries' foes were many. In war they are multiplied.

Come Holy Ghost

It is well to know that this Divine Consoler and Comforter is out there in the foreign lands with them filling their hearts with peace, distilling their fears, helping them to carry out their mission of sanctifying souls. This is His mission as well as theirs. The Holy Spirit is therefore the great missionary; missionaries are merely His human instruments. To the Holy Ghost, these missionaries are the "salt of the earth" and the "light of the world." Even as Christ loved His own Apostles while He was with them in the flesh so too does the Holy Ghost love the missionaries today.

A thousand years will pass away. Another generation will look back upon the year 1943, startled to behold fact still surpassing fancy; that is provided we keep faith with them and the Holy Ghost.

J. P. DEEVY, S.J.

THE scowling visage of the tall totem pole glowered down on the brilliant plumes and painted faces of the assembled warriors. From the gathered war host arose the monotonous throb of a grim battle chant, "Ah, ay, ay, ay, ah, ah, ah." Above the clamor of the others could be heard a strong, harsh voice—the chief demanding the demon's curse on the enemies of his people.

This is a scene of a century ago. The children of these same warriors figured in a different scene recently. It could be described thus: The statute of the Sacred Heart of Jesus reached longing arms out across the altar. Was that a smile gently lighting the wistful sacred face? From the body of the tiny frame church came the steady murmur of voices, deep voices of men, high pitched voices of women and children. Above the chanting of the others could be heard a strong, clear voice—the chief asking his God to bless and protect his people.

The first scene was of the past, the second of the present. To one kneeling on the altar steps during the Corpus Christi Mass on the Spokane Indian reservation, the touching truth of the latter could not but suggest a comparison with other days.

NOW these native children of the Northwest are exemplary Catholics. They came in from all the districts around to spend the Corpus Christi feast at their little white church. Their beloved "black-robe" was with them today, and they made the most of it.

Father Ryan entered his confessional, and the Indians who had come to church fasting prepared for Holy Communion. Two Jesuit scholastics whom Father had brought along as assistants made ready the altar.

When time for Mass came, the tolling of the church bell summoned the people into the church. The Mass was a true testimonial to the universality of the Catholic Church—the prayers of the Holy Sacrifice in Latin, the sermon in English, and the praying and singing of the congregation in their native Indian tongue. After Mass Father Ryan



Indian women, carrying the banner of the Sacred Heart, marched in the place of honor directly behind the priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament.

Tribal Devotion to the Sacred Heart

Patrick T. Hackett, S.J.

and his two assistants repaired to the little cabin, which served as parochial residence, to prepare a brief meal, which was at once breakfast and lunch for the missionary priest. They had as guest at lunch the chief of the neighboring Coeur D'Alene tribe. There would be a procession in the afternoon.

When the time appointed for the procession drew nigh, a call went out for altar boys. Several lads, aged eight or thereabouts, were borrowed from their families and vested in cassocks and surplices more or less accommodated to their various sizes. The youngsters were paired off and marshalled into line. Now the problem: what were they to do, when were they to do it, and how would they know the proper moment for doing it?

Part of the problem found easy

solution. Isaac Camille, one of the Indian elders, was standing by with the processional cross in his hands. Isaac, a veteran crossbearer, was the ideal guide for the rather bewildered recruits. Hence they were instructed to follow the crossbearer as he led the way along the course of last year's procession.

BENEDICTION began; the Indians singing the "O Salutaris Hostia" with tone and volume. Isaac Camille led the procession forth from the little church, out into the field that served as a sort of plaza in the circle of rough, wooden cabins surrounding the church property. The youthful acolytes followed, and then, reposing in the humble monstrance held in the hands of his priest, came the King of kings. And (Turn to page 168)



• Afield WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES

JAPS AT HOOPER BAY

• "You probably heard in the last few days that there had been some fighting with the Japs around Hooper Bay," writes Father John Fox, S.J. of Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Alaska. However, he hastens to add that the Hooper Bay where the fighting occurred is not his Hooper Bay but one in the Aleutians.

• "But the Japs are close enough, in fact too close for comfort. But no direct effects are evident yet, though we are suffering in many ways from their too great proximity. It is affecting our always slow mail which is now ultra-slow. Also it is making it hard to get any supplies in here for the duration. And just the other day an army order arrived requiring a total blackout all along this coast. The penalty attached for non-conformity is expulsion from the territory. Around here we know no further reason for the blackout except that the Japs are in the Aleutians, and there is danger that they might come to explore this coast.

BOMB-PROOF IGLOOS

• "Every igloo is a bomb shelter and fairly safe from anything except a more or less direct hit, especially at this season when it is covered with anything from one to four feet of snow, and big

drifts all around. Our natives that were drafted have been sent back home as they did not know enough English to take an order, and they are to be organized into an Alaska Territorial Guard, and to be taught guerrilla warfare etc. The Governor was here last summer and the natives were promised the necessary equipment before winter. But due to the lack of planes to transport it here nothing arrived. I do not know if now they will make another effort to get it here or not. But I imagine much will depend on how the war goes in the near future. Unless the Japs are gotten out of the Aleutians soon I'm afraid we are not in a very good place.

STEADY SUB-ZERO

• "In spite of all the shooting and blazing fires the world over we are having an unusually steady, cold, and calm winter. We have had sub zero weather practically all winter since the latter part of October. Twenty below has been very common, and often it was colder. During a recent sixteen day mush I had it between 20 below and 35 below all the time. That is not too bad for the interior of Alaska where the air is dry and it rarely storms. But for this coast that is considered very cold. All in all, we prefer this sort of steady cold

weather to the very changeable weather that is customary here. Ten or fifteen degree changes in a day are very common. And I remember one particular trip on which I started with 20 below in the morning and found myself sleeping out on the snow in the evening with rain pattering down on my improvised tent, and the mercury at 34 above.

MUG ON RAMPAGE

• "Though a few families are quarantined with diphtheria that has been creeping about Alaska all winter, there do not seem to be any serious cases so far. Also recently one of our dogs found himself loose and decided to execute summary justice as he saw it. The mischievous kids of the village had been poking sticks at him and throwing things at him as well as the other dogs in the village while they were tied up. And, of course, this does not help their good nature. They get mean. And so when Mug saw his chance he dashed into the first group of children he met and began tearing a ten year old girl to pieces. Her brother, a few years older was right there and began beating off the dog. But she was in bed nursing her wounds for the past two weeks. She is up again and no serious harm was done. But she is a marked young lady and will

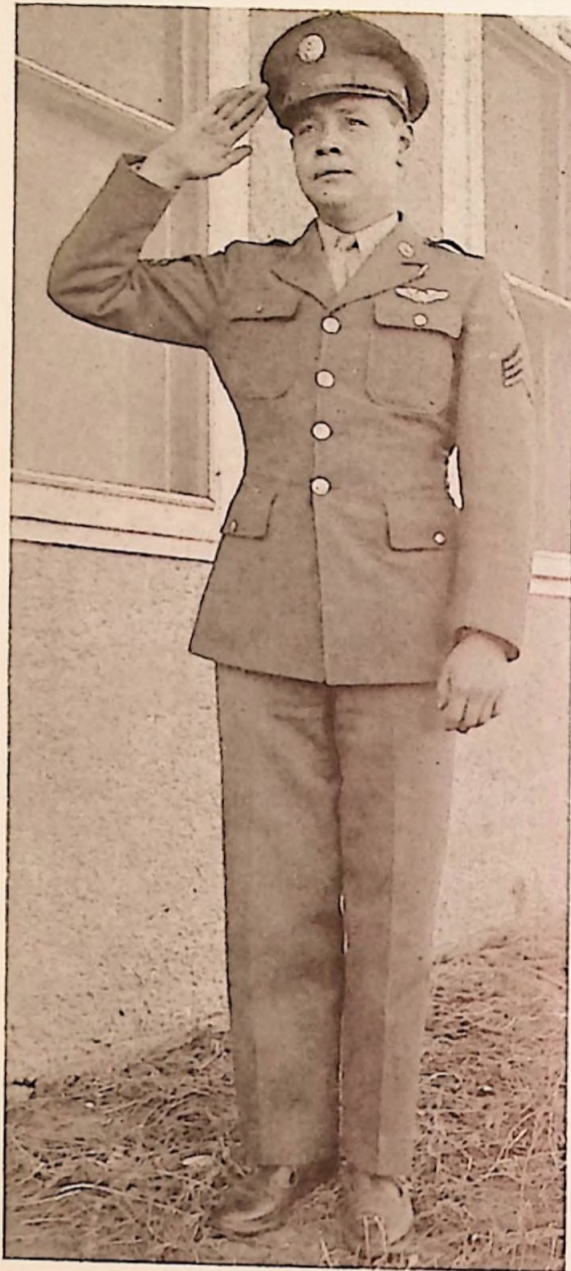
never be able to fool the police about her identity, though the scars are fortunately all under cover. She was not guilty of any teasing and so did penance for her brother and others that did. And I hope somebody learned a useful lesson. Not so long ago another little girl at Akulurak was also attacked by a loose dog. And it was a closer call than ours here. The girl almost died. In fact had it not been for one of the nuns, Mother Scholastica, who jumped into the lake to rescue her from the dog, she would have been killed on the spot. She recovered nicely, but her scars are much worse and some of them are on her face and throat."

HOME RULE FOR INDIA

• What about Home Rule for India? Father Bertram Ernst, S.J. of Godda in a recent letter gives a few of his observations on this important problem.

• "We may sympathize with the people of India in their desire for home rule, but when you get to see things in these small places you wonder what better government they could expect. The Congress Party has got the ears of the world through one or two of its leaders who have a flare for propaganda, but when you get here, you realize that they do not represent the whole of India at all. Most of them want home rule, but a good lot of them do not want the Congress brand of it. In Bihar, Congress has, I would say, the support of the Hindus secretly or openly. The Mohammedans want anything but Congress rule. Some of the Santals and aborigines have been persuaded to it, but the majority of the thinking ones say 'We will be a subject race anyway.' They would like to rule themselves but if it comes to a choice would prefer the present regime to the one proposed by the Congress.

• "The Bengalis in these parts who are in general a little more advanced than the Bihars and as



Holy Rosary Indian Mission is proud of Sgt. Vincent Pilcher of the Army Air Corps and Sgt. Pilcher is proud of the training he received from the Jesuit Fathers. He wrote recently, "I never take off in a plane without saying a prayer and when I get back I always say a few prayers of thanks."

a consequence had held most of the government jobs until Congress came in power, were thrown out of their jobs and treated so badly that while they are for home rule, they are against the Congress in Bihar. The Sikhs despise the Biharis apparently. So you have one grand mix-up.

HINDUISM NOT DEMOCRATIC

• "The men who lead them in most of the smaller places are either young boys half educated or older men who as far as I can see have very little love for their country or fellow countrymen, but are looking for the spoils that might come their way.

• "The average man in the ranks seems to think that home rule will be an era when no one has any taxes to pay and everyone has plenty to eat. Glib leaders confirm them in this opinion. Just what would happen when disillusionment would come with home rule, you can imagine.

• "It is hard to imagine a democratic form of government based on Hindu society. Christians believe that men are created free and equal. Hindus do not if they are orthodox. I think Gandhi realizes this and that is why he slyly professes most of the christian doctrines though nominally a Hindu. In the north Hindustani is the general means of communication though many of the aborigines do not know it. South of Bombay I am told that it is used very little, but the ordinary language is their own tribal language and English.

HOPE IN CHRISTIANITY

• "I haven't heard anyone yet propose any very practical idea of how a home rule government was going to control these masses so divided in race, language and religion. The greatest potential asset that India has for unification and education of the masses and the preparation of Indian society for a democratic form of government would be the acceptance of Christianity. It is a long ways from accepting it yet, and it remains to be seen what will happen if they really try to prepare this for self-government. China with a christian at the head of the state seems in a far better way to put in practice the doctrine of Bellarmine.

• "As far as my experiences go in the present or rather recent difficulties, I met nothing but the kindest treatment. I think the better class of Indians though they want home rule, are a bit fearful of what might happen.

FUNNY SIDE

• "Things have their funny side too. Just now Godda's high

school seems disrupted all over two calves. The soldiers have left Godda but they are said to have killed a couple of calves near the quarters of the boarding students while the soldiers were lodged there. The result: the head master and students refuse to stay there now. It looks as if Godda educational system was going out of business all over a couple of calves."

BEAUTIFUL BENQUE

• The Mission of Benque Viejo, British Honduras, is a favorite spot of the veteran Missionary Father J. J. Halligan, S.J. as can be seen from the following communication from him:

• "Benque Viejo has many attractions: its encircling ancient Maya hills covered with foliage, its well laid out streets, its pleasant-greeting people, its picturesque Mopan River roaring from numerous falls and rapids; but most of all, its novenas humming the livelong day from the church.

• "When it was my duty to come here years ago to allow Padre Arturo to visit his stations, or make his retreat, I liked to hear the strains of novena singing come floating in on the night air from many a Benque home. Padre Arturo,—and recently Father Kuenzel,—led the people gradually to transfer these novenas to the church.

AND WHAT NOVENAS!

• "I am here to allow Father Kuenzel to give his full attention to the problem of reconstructing his church. Malevolence has been abroad in the world destroying churches. May benevolence come rebuilding them! May God inspire benevolent souls to aid Father Kuenzel. From my window I look out on the site of the old church ruins, and the rock of the new building now almost completed; but the living Church was not destroyed—rather strengthened. These novenas are wonderful things! They are made up of the rosary with songs

and prayers and instructions commemorative of Our Blessed Lord, His Holy Mother and the Saints, according to the devotion. Morning, noon and evening these prayers go on in our church below. Now nine are in progress. Groups of people form the individual novenas.

YES, 200 A YEAR

• "Most of the husbands are far away working chicle; a few are at home scratching for a living in their *milpas* (farms) lately devastated by legions of locusts (grasshoppers); but the women keep "the home fires burning," hurrying in neat dress and shawl to make the hour's novena in the church. There they learn their theology, there they sing their hearts' song to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, to His Holy Mother, "Virgen del Carmen," to the *Nino de Atoche*, to San Antonio, to San Jose; and the rain comes and the corn grows!

• "In the yearly account of the fruits of the ministry to be given to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith the number of novenas is asked to be listed. We average 200 a year! Yes, 200!

COCOA WALK

• You might think Cocoa Walk is the colonial edition of the Lambeth Walk. Far from it. It is a new mission being opened up by Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., in Jamaica, B.W.I. He writes: "Last Sunday I made my second trip to my new mission at Cocoa Walk. The people responded as on my previous visit with five Catholics and fifteen non-Catholics present. I ought to get a few converts out of that group. I say Mass in the front room of an old coffee planter's house. It needs paint badly but the site is a fine one. The property has been cut up for a land settlement and the overseer who is also the patron of the mission lives in the great house. Later on we hope to have a recreation center and I shall say Mass there. Land is cheap and I may buy a site for a Church.

• "Every trip now is an adventure. Among other things I have learned to carry tools with me. Want to prime a carburetor? Just ask me! We took the filter off with the point of a machete! Pretty handy weapon. You can also use it to crack a coconut or sever a head. It has been done."



Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., of Godda, India, chats with a little Santal harvester while making a tour of the mission. Rice is the principal crop among the Santals.



Jamaica, B.W.I.
Month of the Sacred Heart

Dear Friends of JESUIT MISSIONS:

When we read in the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS of the fearful havoc war and nature have visited upon our fellow Jesuit missionaries' enterprises in so many parts of the world we are keenly aware of the special providence of God in thus far sparing us such staggering setbacks.

Yet, though our West Indian island rarely makes your daily headlines, this total war has effectively blighted us.

Contact with generous friends back home in America has been seriously curtailed. The chief support of any missionary comes from such warm, personal relations with his collaborators in the States. How we dread the thought you must think we are ungrateful when our letters to you have disappeared with other precious cargo beneath Atlantic or Caribbean waters.

With such tragic interruptions, too soon have we been penalized by diminishing financial support. As a result our Island mission with its twenty main stations and several dozen outlying districts is dotted with such unfinished projects as are pictured with this letter. Churches, chapels, schools, convents, rectories—many plans of long years lay frustrated. If anything is hard for a missionary, it's that.

Not as deadly, as in other parts of the mission world, of course, but surely as effectively has the war stalled our projects for Christ and His Church.

We are forced, then, to make this special appeal to you in the Month of the Sacred Heart. Your gift in reply will enable us to bring the joys of the love of His Heart to those still deprived of them and hungering for they know not what.

Gratefully and prayerfully yours,

Jamaica's 61 Jesuit missionaries.

Send your Jamaica Gift
to
JESUIT MISSIONS
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COMMUNICATIONS

The Editor will welcome your communication on any topic connected with Jesuit Missions and Jesuit Missionaries.

The Pleasure Is Ours

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find Bank Money Order for my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. It gives me great pleasure to renew it and I make others happy by passing it around. All enjoy the magazine and in this time of war it is doubly interesting. Congratulations to the brave Jesuit Missionaries of the war zones. The world needs them to help the sufferers of these countries.

Victoria, B. C.

S. M. R.

Witness to Power of Missionary Prayer

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will find two dollars for an offering of two Masses for my intentions. I have promised five Masses, but will send the remainder later on. I feel so good when I write to the JESUIT MISSIONS as my requests are always granted.

San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. P. W.

Mission Pull

To the Editor:

Herewith is check of \$7.00 which represents a donation of \$6.00 from my son and a renewal of my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. Our son owns an apartment house of five apartments all of which were vacant at the same time and remained so for an unusually long time. Learning from the Mission maga-

zine of the extraordinary vacancy existing in treasury of JESUIT MISSIONS and in the stomachs of many of their flock, we suggested a speedy remedy for the apartments—viz., a donation of one dollar from the rental paid by each new tenant to JESUIT MISSIONS. He assented with alacrity—and Divine Providence moved with equal alacrity.

The next morning our son telephoned us "apartments are all rented."

Ocean Park, Calif.

G. H. S.

God Bless Our Benefactors

To the Editor:

Your magazine is wonderful company. I enjoy every story in it.

God bless and keep our own Jesuits. May God always protect them in the hardships they are going through to win souls for Him.

Enclosed find a dollar for subscription. All I can spare at this time.

Newark, N. J.

L. D. G.

Written Out of Experience

To the Editor:

I think that of all heroes, first place goes to those valiant souls dedicated to the FAITH, the missionaries, for I have encountered many priests and nuns in the Orient and know from experience the greatness of their services to it. What they have contributed to the war effort is thrilling indeed and the wonderful cooperation they have secured in OUR POSSESSIONS offers a contrast to other powers in the far flung places. Had the CHURCH not been frustrated and blocked in its christianizing of Japan, a different chapter would be in the writing today, is my belief and that of many, many others.

Choosing the hard places for service as those missionaries do, is stimulating to us soft people, but who do appreciate and are thrilled by such a dedication. I saw daily when he was here, that saintly and charming to look at, the Bishop Crimont, who said Mass at our Lady's altar at the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, and who made a deep and lasting impression on all who noted him.

Hollywood, Calif.

E. R.

No Wonder We're Blessed

To the Editor:

I am enclosing a Money Order in the amount of \$5 as a small offering for the many benefits I have received in the past from reading your interesting magazine.

I am no longer able to subscribe to your magazine as I am now 93 years old and have been bed-ridden for over a year now, and now my eyesight is failing me. May God bless your work.

Chicago, Ill.

M. S.

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Hilaire's ambition was to use his talents to create a new Christian spirit in the heart of his native Iraq.



An insult on the handball court revealed his splendid character during his first days at Baghdad College. Games reveal a character very quickly.

HILAIRE had always looked to the West for guidance. Jerusalem, Rome, Paris, London, America—these were in the West. Many of his relatives were there, his origins were chiefly there, his heart was there, his future . . . well surely his higher studies would be made there.

As he walked by the river Tigris in the blistering July sunset, he poured out his plans to his uncle, John Croix d'Or. "You know well," he remarked, "how I have always wanted to fight my own way to success by the talents God has given me and not rely on the money I will inherit from you and my father. We can do much for the Catholic Church if we educated Catholics exercise our talents properly and do not hide them in the ground. Iraq needs first-class engineers and this land holds out more promise in industrial chemistry and agriculture than any other land of equal area on the face of the globe, at least so it seems to me. But it needs a new spirit and a Christian resurrection."

THE dying sun darted its flaming prongs of light into the scalding air. Even in its death its glare was horrid, bloody. A fearsome but a vital fact, one of the most evident and most necessary.

Hilaire Faces West

A Baghdad Apostle of the Sacred Heart

Michael Joseph

No wonder some of his ancestors had adored it as Auramazda in the days of Sassanid empire. Water, soil and sun,—the engineer in him longed to harness them. To make money, no; to develop a modern Christian civilization, yes! To emancipate women, to bring Catholicism out of the catacombs, to make Christendom dominant in persons, families and nations alike,—that was his dream, that his ambition.

FACING the West, he poured out anew his heart to his uncle as he had poured it out to him and his confidants hundreds of times before, as he had poured it out in the Sodality debate last spring when he urged the necessity of a Catholic Evidence Guild with such telling arguments, when he showed his keen disappointment because the planned outdoor procession of the Blessed Sacrament could not be car-

ried through, when the Catholic play had to be abandoned and the inter-sodality union postponed because the emancipation of women is still only a Christian dream, overdone in the West and frustrated in the East. They started to continue their walk when a small boy plucked his uncle's sleeve.

"In the name of God," he begged.

"**G**O, God will give to you," remonstrated the uncle and then ignored him. But the boy was persistent and turned to Hilaire.

"Give," he asked.

"Uncle, give him something. If I had my purse with me, I would," was Hilaire's reaction.

"But I have nothing smaller than a quarter," parried the uncle, in self-defense.

"Then give him that," demanded Hilaire and his uncle yielded to the compulsion in the voice. For to give to the poor was an obligation with



Wealth had not spoiled Hilaire; rather it made him more generous. He would fight his own way to victory, both in games and studies. He was hero breed.

Hilaire Messihi. Just turned seventeen, for several years his secret benefactions had been a goodly percentage of the family income. There were no pin-heads in his line of sight.

SOON they had reached their cream-brick house, which etched the river boulevard. They turned into the cool, capacious corridors and the cooler, soothing garden seats. The mass of dripping verdure, leaves of banana, orange, apricot, apple, pear and plum; grape arbors and oleander hedges and the lovely stretching sward; it was nature's mantle of glorious gentle green that salves tired eyes, color of life and mark of the Trinity. Slowly they sipped the orange sherbet which a servant had set before them. It was deliciously refreshing. Then they sat quietly drinking in the chill of the air. "Uncle, the blood seems boiling, bubbling in my veins. I never felt so hot as I have today. Trees, gardens, orchards, industries, this country cries out for them! We must make vegetation drink in the bloody rays of summer as the blotter absorbs a splash of gold. Give us life, life; give us life everywhere. Good God, how I hate the desert and love the breath of life."

His uncle looked toward him, astonished. Never had Hilaire so vehemently urged his cause; his face ruddied like fever. Suddenly

there was a slight twinge of pain in his face.

"Hilaire, you look ill and distraught to me. What is the trouble?"

"Nothing. There's a tiny yellow blotch on my leg. It's inconvenient, nothing more."

But in the evening on the way to bed, he whispered in his mother's ear, "Dear mother, pray for me more than usual."

Surprised, she looked at him searchingly, while she nodded, "Yes."

It was an oppressive, painful night with heat and sandflies in the ascendant. Morning showed not one but several of those itchy yellow boils. It would be well to tell his mother and a doctor. He had had such things before, but not so many or so pesky. However, they are common to Baghdad, so his mother, tender and sympathetic, was not dismayed.

She called her husband. "Look, our boy is sick. It were well to bring a doctor."

"Yes, yes," he agreed, quickly, but he did not mention that he could also boast a similar boil.

THE doctor assured them it was nothing. The thing would heal of itself but if they wished to hurry the process, he would lance the more inconvenient and larger of them. Still there must be no irritation hence movement should be kept at a

minimum. Indeed it would be very much preferable that the young man should lie abed. "Lying in bed never suited me. Lance them today or tomorrow if you can."

"Very well, we'll do the job tomorrow morning. Then all will be well." And on the morrow they were lanced. The family was relieved and all seemed well.

"Tell Father Murray I'm a bit sick. I want to chat with him. Tell him I'm sick and he'll come at once. He always does." So Father Murray came and Hilaire brightened up and talked and all seemed well.

THEY talked of the future and of the past. "So the big men thought that the coelacanth was extinct for 50,000,000 years until in 1938 a live one was discovered off the African coast. Now the Garden of Paradise has been extinct unconscionably long also, but in the near future you will see it discovered in Iraq. Every foot of its soil is latent with potential riches but it is the dearth of bold and resourceful men that has rendered it sterile hitherto. Too many are venal, too many cowards."

"True enough, Hilaire, yet don't forget that Rome was not built in a day nor Coventry rebuilt in a year. Hang on for the duration of the war. Be patient, be studious. When peace comes you will be ready to take up engineering at Notre Dame and M. I. T. and then come back to lay the foundations of a new era. You will have to create a new mentality, new industries and well, almost a new civilization."

ON the table the June issue of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* lay open to Hofmann's picture of the Last Supper. Hilaire pointed to the famous twelfth promise of salvation to all those who receive Holy Communion on the First Fridays of nine consecutive months. "We've got to spread that devotion, Father, and look," he flipped back a few pages to Laton's picture of the Sacred Heart. "We must persuade all the people here in this country to put up a picture of the Sacred Heart in a place of honor in their homes. In the *diwan* and not in a secret (Turn to page 168)



NEW BOOKS



Lad of Lima

Mary Fabyan Windeatt

In the summer of 1941 Miss Windeatt devoted considerable time to research in Peru in preparation for the present work. The story of Blessed Martin de Porres is well told, will be enjoyed by young and old; above all it is a positive contribution to the Catholic solution of the long standing colored problem.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$1.75.

A Latin American Speaks

Luis Quintanilla

This is a suave but sharp criticism of United States intervention and domination in Latin America with over-emphasis on material and economic inequalities. The author ignores the Spanish tradition. He makes a pretense at an analytical and philosophical approach to the question, What is America? But he merely touches the surface of the question, indulges in satire and ridicule, is verbose and rambling, sees a Fascist ghost in Franco, has a definite bias against the Church. Briefly this book is blah, blah, Pan Americanism.

Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

The Larks of Umbria

Alvert Paul Schimberg

This new life of St. Francis of Assisi will quicken love of the little poor man who fulfilled that beatitude put first and required of all followers of Christ: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Mr. Schimberg does not try to open up new vistas. He rather attempts—successfully we think—to recapture for a complex and jaded world the freshness of Franciscan simplicity and love. His book writes large and engagingly the lesson of Francis, who loved men because he loved God, and whose love of God soared in song beautiful and continuous as the song of the larks of Umbria.

Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wis., \$2.75.

Good Neighbors

Hubert Herring

This gives a good and fairly complete picture of Latin America. The author reveals it as a vast land of millions of acres with untapped resources, imbued with the spirit of revolution. It is the logical prey for troublemakers; with a social pattern of embittering inequalities; her land held by few men; her mineral wealth largely pledged to outsiders; a colonial economy still prevailing. It

will listen to Messiahs whether they hail from Moscow or Berlin.

The author concludes that the prevailing Latin-American governments, twenty-one nations of disparate cultures and economies, offer scant comfort for an all-American front against the world.

Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn., \$2.75.

The Human Comedy

William Saroyan

We confirm the author's fear in the prologue of this book. It was written too soon. Much there is to recommend it. His fine portrayal of family life, the sweet influence of a strong mother over her children, his sense of the dramatic, his rich imagination, his keen sympathy; here the author is superb.

Underlying all this however is a philosophy of life that is vague and confusing. Pantheism, Transmigration, an erroneous idea of immortality crop up here and there. The author indulges in a glorified humanism where a drunk is no longer a drunk, a thief no longer a thief and there is little difference between right and wrong. Time and experience may remove these erroneous concepts.

Harcourt Brace and Company, New York, N. Y., \$2.75.

Discourses on the Holy Ghost

Edited by

Rev. Lester M. Dooley, S.V.D.

We understand little of the dynamic faith Christ gave us until we realize, as far as possible, the influence of the invisible presence of the Holy Ghost in us and in the world.

In the person of the Holy Ghost, God invades the human soul and makes it more holy, more splendid than Solomon's Temple in all its glory. Thus God lives in and through and with man. The Holy Ghost is ever deluging this sorry earth with the Divine life of grace.

The idea of calling upon prominent writers each to contribute an essay on the diverse operations of the Holy Ghost in our midst was extremely fortunate. These essays bring us a little better appreciation of this wonderful Person, Who is so near and yet so little known.

John F. Wagner, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

Tokyo Record

Otto D. Tolischus

Here is one book where the publisher's blurb has not overstated the case. Tokyo Record is "a cool, analytical, conscientious study of Japan at war—more damning than any invective." To an American

people newly awakened to the Japanese military menace, the famed New York Times correspondent has contributed what should be an enduring documentary picture of the adroit Shogun statesmanship and fiendish forces of the recent decades which led to Japan's present fantastic march of conquest.

The study shows how impossible it is for us, in our logical way, to figure out the devious Japanese ways. A greater contribution of the author is his earnest attempt to piece the crazy pattern together in detailed study of Japanese lore, codes and religion.

With his intimate knowledge of Nazi Germany, Tolischus sets down a highly interesting comparative study of these Axis partners.

Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, N. Y. \$3.00.

One World

Wendell L. Willkie

"One World" certainly fits into the Willkie legend. As most everything Mr. Willkie has done since his meteoric political rise, it has stirred pointed comment. In this vigorous book he reports, ruminates and resolves on his epochal trip of last fall.

As a reporter Mr. Willkie writes with the verve of a veteran. His impulsive spirit carries through his writing to make each scene more vivid than its predecessor.

Admirable is the candid spirit of frankness throughout. It is refreshing to see his occasional treatment of topics which, until recently, might not openly be discussed so bluntly by persons of political stature.

In probing problems, on the surface at least, there is not an equal high success. In most every case we feel he has not gone far enough. Too often, reliance for a better world rests merely on a material betterment of existing primitive conditions.

Simon and Schuster, New York, N. Y. \$1.00 (Paper cover Ad.); \$2.00 (cloth bound).

The Church's Play

Grace Hurrell

"The Church," says Grace Hurrell, "makes a sort of play of the Life of Our Lord, so that we can join in and act our part in it." One can readily see how this manner of presenting the Mass would appeal to children. To give too much prominence however to the representation idea minimizes the sacrificial aspect of the Mass.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

THE GALLANT CHAPLAIN OF THE RICHELIEU

(Continued from page 145)

of China or India or Russia, this professor at Rome or Paris or Beirut or Baghdad. Like the ancient library at Alexandria in Egypt, the library of Jesuit Missions House here in Manhattan had become a deposit of world memories.

There was drama in this caucus of the "mission international" listening to an heroic sailor-priest whose creed and culture and country were under such serious challenge. There was in it, too, a prophetic symbolism inviting the heavy-hearted peoples of the world to internationalize in Christ after the genius of His far-flung missions.

Father de Geuser rose to go. He seemed in a hurry to go. We urged him to stay on for dinner.

"My dear Fathers, it is impossible, impossible," he replied.

"In the last war they shot away my leg. That was bad. In this war they have shot away my laundry. That is fatal. I must get to the shops before they close."

WORLD WAR-PATHS

(Continued from page 147)

Indian children entrusted to their care.

But the medicine charms of Tatanka Yotanka proved useless against the deep cold of the Bad Lands winter. The shivering, half starved Sioux surrendered near the foot of craggy Porcupine Butte.

That night black treachery stalked. The women, children, and weakened men were herded into a hollow of the hills near Wounded Knee. Cannon pointed at their tepees.

The dawn of December 29, 1890 was shattered with the thunder of artillery fire as Hotchkiss guns cut to pieces the helpless band of Indians. They were left where they fell; food for the grey coyote and prairie hawk.

The former lords of the vast territory stretching from the Minnesota to the Rockies, and from the Yellowstone to the Platte were now a conquered nation.

"Hetchetu aloh"—Yes, indeed, the dream was dead. Wanekia had not lived up to the promise made in the wide valley of Nevada.

From the ashes arose a new dream. Thanks to the untiring efforts of the Blackrobe the faith of the Sioux in Wakan Tanka, the Great Spirit, was not crushed under the iron wheels of prairie schooners that cut the buffalo country in two. Highway men who talked with the boom of a .44, and greedy traders pouring out fire water might cause the children of the plains to question the God of the paleface and lose confidence in their own. But the heroic labor and devotion of the Mission Fathers and Sisters taught them that the Great Spirit, whose mighty hand tumbled the broken spires of the Black Hills and scooped out the weird chasms of the Bad Lands, was also their loving Father.

For over fifty winters the Jesuits and

Sisters of St. Francis have been teaching the Sioux to love and obey God and country. Today the young men and women who have marched forth from the classrooms of Holy Rosary Mission to take their place in American life are proving the worth of the education that has been theirs.

No sooner had word drifted around the Reservation that Uncle Sam was looking for volunteers than a number of Rosary boys made their way to Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming and presented themselves to the recruiting officer. Despite the rough treatment handed the Indians by the whites through a century of dishonor, these boys have taken to heart the words of Cardinal Gibbons, "Next to love of God should be the love of country. Let us glory in the title of American citizens. We owe allegiance to one country, and that country is America."

Today these Sioux lads are doing just that. They are aiding the Great White Father in the defense of our country. They have pledged their allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. Though many sleeps distant from the Mission, they still remember the lessons learned there. Vandal Fast Horse, former Assistant Scoutmaster for Rosary's Troop No. 36 of the Black Hills area, writes home from India. "We go to Mass every Sunday we can. Our chaplain is a swell fellow."

The torch of faith handed by Father DeSmet to the Great Sioux Nation when camped on the banks of the Vermillion has been carried through a hundred years and across continents and oceans until its rays have met and mingled with the beacon lights of Christianity scattered across the globe. With young men such as these, Victory is ours.

ALASKAN FLYERS

TO THE RESCUE

(Continued from page 151)

he turned back—making the return trip with the wind in thirty-five minutes.

Up in Kotzebue, Sig Wein, a real Arctic ace and another personal friend of Father Tom, heard the news. He was flying two people around on a chartered trip. He immediately dumped them off and straight across the swirling ice floes between Kotzebue and Shishmaref he flew. Everybody up here knows the chance he took. Any engine trouble at all meant certain death in the icy waters of the Arctic.

Sig made Shishmaref the first night. Early the second morning in ghastly weather he took off, landed at Wales and taxied right up to the door of the school house. Father Tom bundled in a sleeping bag was loaded on. He hardly knew what was happening—but, he did manage to murmur—"I knew you would come, Sig."

Then off they went in a snow storm to Nome. Over the mountains, wind, fog, and snow were so bad that this careful pilot circled for twenty minutes between two mountain peaks waiting for a clearing to go on. He hoped that Father

Tom was praying—he was! It cleared and off they shot to Nome. Only the guardian angels of Arctic flyers know how it was done.

I slipped around to the hospital to look the patient over. He was so tired and weary that I merely looked—it was enough. Ten days of fever had made an old man of him.

But you can't keep a good man down. In a week he began to pick up. A few more days, Irishman that he is, he was stewing for a fight. Edging near the door to make a quick get-a-way, I casually remarked that the whole thing was a frame-up. Father Tom was afraid of the Japs and did not wish to spend the winter on Little Diomed! I dashed through the door before the furniture started crashing my way. (Incidentally, I sincerely hope that Father Tom does not read this article!)

TO HEAVEN VIA HENRYTON

(Continued from page 156)

wants to get well enough to leave the hospital and go to some large city. There he will rent an expensive room and die in an expensive bed. Just who is going to pay the bills is a question that doesn't disturb his ambition in the least.

By far the most outstanding personality at Henryton is Mrs. Pauline Steyer. This colored superintendent, converted by her roommate some sixteen years ago, has been on night duty all these long years. Zealous, unassuming, she has had an average of at least two baptisms each week.

Out of the four hundred patients the death rate ranges from two to five a week. Those cases have progressed too far, before entrance. Some are actually dying when they enter the hospital door. They receive our special attention. They are beyond medical care, just lingering to be baptized before they die.

In the last twelve months about 230 men, women and children died at Henryton. Two-thirds died as Catholics, many of them right after Baptism. This figure is very large when we realize that out of the number who "stole heaven" last year only ten percent were registered as Catholics when they entered. Those who did not become Catholics we taught to make acts of faith, hope, charity and contrition when they were dying. In other years Henryton has been the Vestibule to Heaven for hundreds of souls.

The war has destroyed many missions in all parts of the world. A curtain of silence has fallen upon other missions abroad. Far from the roar of war and the booming of the guns, Henryton is a tiny oasis of missionary endeavor where God's work is flourishing.

TRIBAL DEVOTION

(Continued from page 158)

in truth He seemed not to notice the roughness of the way nor the humility of his entourage.

Following the Blessed Sacrament came

the Indian women carrying their banner of the Sacred Heart. No one had thought to make a place in the procession for the little flower girls who were to strew flowers in the way of their Lord. The bent backs and thoughtful fingers which had picked the modest floral tributes were unappreciated—unappreciated? Ah, no! He for Whom they were picked saw them there, and their fragrance is stored away in Heaven for His children who collected them thinking of Him.

The procession returned to the church and the congregation began the "Tantum Ergo." Then God in the Blessed Sacrament blessed His people and benediction ended with the singing of "Come Holy Ghost."

So ended the Corpus Christi ceremonies on the Spokane Indian reservation. The whole day was a testimonial to the power of the grace of God even in the face of great natural handicaps. If any people would seem to have reason to be embittered and to look on life as a great fraud it is the American Indian. Robbed of his lands, deprived of natural means of livelihood, driven from the country of his ancestors, caught by a bewildering flux of life that is our modern age, this native of the North American continent has lost much of his interest in life. The unhappy fortunes of his people have practically destroyed his ambition; and with this listless outlook on life he must combat a nature that is at once fierce and pleasure loving.

The apostle who works among them finds his work at times extremely discouraging. The poverty of these people also provides a problem. The Indian parishioners, though devoted and willing, can contribute but little to the support of their pastors and the apostolic work. The advancement of the Church among these people depends on the support of those Catholics more richly blessed with the goods of this life and better protected by God's grace.

HILAIRE FACES WEST

(Continued from page 165)

alcove or cubby hole. For the Sacred Heart of Jesus promises them peace and a special blessing and their names will be written in His Heart never to be blotted out since they will be spreading this devotion in their own families and in the families of all who come to visit them. We have been forever retreating in the past and a people that is always retreating, that has no hardihood and never counter-attacks, will never win any battles."

His enthusiasm had obviously tired him and Father Murray rose to go. Out of his breviary he drew a torn and faded photo. It showed the consecration of a very poor Catholic family to the Sacred Heart with Hilaire reading the Act of Consecration in Arabic since no one in the family could read. "Remember that?" he asked.

"Do I!" and tears stood in Hilaire's eyes. "Oh Father, I was a carefree sec-

ond high boy then, scarcely turned thirteen. What a happy time we used to have together. No burning convictions, no ambitions and hence no worries for in those days I leaned entirely on you and my parents. But now my ambitions are consuming me. I fear, sometimes, I am too self-reliant and don't lean enough on God. God forgive me. Goodbye, Father. Come tomorrow."

As he wended his way to the city bus, Father Murray recalled his earliest pictures of Hilaire . . . that handball game . . . his first confession in English . . . his mighty, little fist clutching the newly arrived *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* . . . the picnic in Baquba when he donned Father Connell's cassock and played the part of the strict schoolmaster to perfection . . . the consecrations of families to the Divine Heart in blistering July . . . the happy days, the care-free ways, the too swift kaleidoscope of youth.

That handball game . . . it was at the small boys' court in the old school and Hilaire, along with his companion who had waited longest, was calmly set to get into the next game. But there were late-comers, dancing around on the sidelines, who were making ready for a blustering entrance and would, as usual, try to talk down and out the legitimate players who were too patient to resist. Chatting with some of the older boys as they leaned over the railing of the upper porch, Father Murray had been looking down with lazy amusement at the rawness of the first high boys. Games brought out the weak points in character so swiftly and so emphatically.

"Game," was the sudden cry arising from the onlookers and Hilaire stepped on to the court.

"My turn," said Mursim who had already catapulted himself into the center and was practicing some shots.

"I believe you are mistaken," was the response of chubby Hilaire.

"Say, do you think because your father's rich you can push me around?" sneered Mursim. "I'm staying right here."

On the instant the Father's blood rose to fever heat at the brutal insult. It nearly boiled over but the Jesuit had schooled himself to wait. Quietly, Hilaire moved off without a trace of resentment or contempt. After the game he and Mursim were chatting as if nothing had happened. Hilaire had won that round. A justly indignant Jesuit storming at a crude young barbarian like Mursim would only have widened the gulf between the boys, whereas the sublime simplicity of Hilaire had bridged it easily. As always among decent Catholic boys, he waxed while Mursim waned. Innocent of its own success, sheer innocence won.

All during second high, Sunday saw the inseparable pair of Father Murray and Hilaire pushing their way into one Catholic house after another, mobbed by the small children who were craving holy pictures and rejoicing to even see one. In each poor home the Sacred Heart was

acknowledged as King and the family consecrated itself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and reparation. But it was at the close of the year in the scorching madness of July and August, that methodically, day by day, they pursued all the lanes and alleys of the poor. Many were dreadfully poor and some few appallingly so.

So the pictures of their past lives together, passed and repassed, shuffled and reshuffled, in the heart of Father Murray. He and Hilaire had shared the same scenes, the same hopes, the same rebuffs so often. It was his ambition that in the wondrous future they would together lay some at least of the foundation of a bright new Mesopotamian world. For a priest is always a dreamer, and never learns to despair, since with Christ, all things are easy. So while he dreamed he prayed until the petition faded into dreamless sleep. But Hilaire's fitful slumbers were

Next morning Hilaire was delirious.

"Oh, I'm so tired but look there is a light in that window in Awaina. An old woman is calling us. Come, I'll show you how to consecrate families to the Sacred Heart. Why don't you hurry? It will soon be dark and the little children are crying because their father didn't come. He's dead, maybe. Listen, mother, my only sweetheart, we'll go into this house now, to consecrate the family. 'O Sacred Heart of Jesus who didst manifest to Saint Margaret Mary the desire of reigning in Christian families, we today wish to proclaim Thy most complete regal dominion over our own. We would live in the future with Thy life . . . with Thy Life. . . Give me that baby there, yes, that one, the Chinese one. Quick, the water! Look at me, Mary, and don't be a cry baby. 'I baptize you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.' Come along Mary. Can't you hear God calling us?"

"'I hear you calling me.' Isn't that gorgeous music, Mother, my sweetheart? It's heavenly, I tell you . . . yes, heavenly. No Father, I made my confession. But when will I receive Holy Communion? Give me that Jesuit habit you have there. Yes, that's right. Now I'm dressed for Communion and for Paradise. I told you we'd bring it back here." He paused. Tears were in every eye, falling silently. Then the mighty stillness was shattered by his mother's sob, irrepressible.

"Mary, you little cry baby, follow me. The way is no longer dark."

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph," cried the priest into his ear, after the anointing.

"Yes, their house. Jesus, Mary and Joseph." He fell back on the pillow quite exhausted. Eagerly the priest strove to arouse another conscious interval. Hilaire's mother poured out her soul into his ear, recalling gently old familiar hymns, but Hilaire no longer heard. His soul was between two worlds. There was a sudden spasm and then a few feeble efforts and death had won a hollow victory. Hilaire had entered the brighter West.

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JESUIT MISSIONS
962 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Dear Father Masterson:

Enclosed find \$.....towards
"the Fr. Rocks Memorial Fund."

(name)

(address)

UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT



For distinguished services rendered in behalf of the National War Savings Program this citation is awarded to

Rev. Wm. F. Masterson, S. J.

Given under my hand and seal on

May 27,

1942

Henry Morgenthau Jr.

Secretary of the Treasury

Friends of Jesuit Missions

- The above citation is yours. All of us know and appreciate that. Your continued gracious response to our sustained appeals for the special Mission charity of "**War Stamps and Bonds for the Missions**" in the past eighteen months has brought high praise as well as renewed hopes for greater mission work after the war.
- Because of you, JESUIT MISSIONS was accorded distinction at the official inaugural of the recent Second War Loan. May we hope that your continued unique charity through the purchasing of "**War Stamps and Bonds for the Missions**" will enable us at home here to aid our country as effectively as so many of our missionaries in the field are in Chaplain and advisory capacities to our Armed Forces.
- For your favorite mission, or for China or the Philippine missions where no funds can be sent these days, send your "**War Stamp and Bond Offering**" to

JESUIT MISSIONS—962 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.