

# JESUIT MISSIONS

April 1944

Ten Cents



The Caribs Cooperate



The Mission of the Missouri Jesuits is still struggling to recover from the destructive hurricane of November, 1942.

Rev. Vincent Erbacher, S.J.

4511 West Pine Boulevard

St. Louis, 8, Mo.

DIRECTORY

MISSION PROCURATORS

PROVINCE	MISSION	PROCURATOR
CALIFORNIA	CHINA	Rev. Pius L. Moore, S.J. 55 West San Fernando St. San Jose 21, California
CANADA (Lower)	CHINA	Rev. Louis J. Lavoie, S.J. Case Postale 611 Quebec, Canada
CANADA (Upper)	CANADIAN INDIANS	Rev. Paul B. Brennan, S.J. 2 Dale Avenue Toronto, Canada
CHICAGO	INDIA	Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J. Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J. 1076 W. Roosevelt Road Chicago 8, Illinois
MARYLAND	PHILIPPINE ISLANDS SOUTHERN HOME MISSIONS	Rev. John C. Baker, S.J. Calvert and Madison Sts. Baltimore 2, Maryland
MISSOURI	BRITISH HONDURAS AMERICAN INDIANS	Rev. Vincent Erbacher, S.J. 4511 West Pine Boulevard St. Louis 8, Missouri
NEW ENGLAND	BAGHDAD JAMAICA	Rev. Thomas F. McDermott, S.J. 300 Newbury Street Boston 15, Massachusetts
NEW ORLEANS	CEYLON SOUTHERN HOME MISSIONS	Rev. Edward T. Cassidy, S.J. 4133 Banks Street New Orleans 19, Louisiana
NEW YORK	PHILIPPINE ISLANDS	Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J. 51 East 83rd Street New York 28, New York
OREGON	ALASKA AMERICAN INDIANS	Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J. 2440 Interlaken Blvd. Seattle 2, Washington

# COMMUNICATIONS

## Gratitude to Xavier

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find \$5 for a favor wanted to me by praying to St. Francis Xavier for a successful operation on my eye. I am happy to say the operation was successful. Thank God so I am sending this offering for some mission work and hope it will help.

I have received JESUIT MISSIONS magazine for a number of years, and have always enjoyed its articles.

Schenectady, N. Y. Mrs. C. R.

The following letter was received from a Chaplain expressing his appreciation for a gift subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS.]

Dear Miss W:  
I was very happy to receive your card informing me that I would receive the JESUIT MISSIONS for the coming year (present) with your compliments.

We are now in North Ireland and waiting for the "big day" to do our bit to bite the bullet. We moved from Camp McCoy in August and have been over now some four months.

It is far better than we had hoped. We are living in barracks or old houses or factories, of which there are plenty old factories in Northern Ireland. They aren't very warm, but better than a tent any day; especially so over here where the weather

is so very damp, and the sun very seldom comes out.

Ireland, what I have seen of it, is very beautiful and I'm told that Southern Ireland is much more so.

The people have certainly given us a marvelous reception—true to traditional Irish hospitality.

Again many thanks for the JESUIT MISSIONS and may God bless and keep you His.

c/o Postmaster, N. Y. Chap. P.B.E.

## Praise of February Issue

To the Editor:

Congratulations on the February issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. The vocational articles are excellent and will do much to acquaint America's Catholic youth with the tremendous need for vocations as well as give them an idea of what life is like in the service of God. Father MacFarlane handled the subject of the brotherhood unusually well in his article, "There's Work to be Done."

As you may know, the Catholic University Conference has taken as its special work, the promotion of vocations. We have established a Vocation Crusade in the Archdioceses of Baltimore and Washington under the direction of Monsignor Vaeth, and in the Archdiocese of Chicago under the direction of Rev. Godfrey Page, C.P. Our aim is to spread vocational information by means of pamphlets, articles in magazines, lectures, vocational rallies and plays, and the establishment of St. John Bosco Clubs and Our Lady of Good Counsel Clubs.

We hope that copies of the February issue of JESUIT MISSIONS will be available in March and April, for we are going to add this to our list of suggested vocational literature.

Washington, D. C. Fra Jude Senieur

## Adopt a Missionary

To the Editor:

The other day I was talking to an elderly lady who has the mission work of the Church very much at heart. Although she is eighty-three years old she conducts two bridge parties among her friends every other week and sends her missionary fifty dollars a month. She herself is very poor but she lamented the fact that Americans were not more mission conscious. She pointed out that America is the only country left able to support the missions with money and vocations after this war. She is Irish and recalled the glorious role Irish missionaries played centuries ago after barbarians had overrun Europe. The same opportunity she insisted will be offered

to America after this war but she's afraid we won't be ready for it.

To create and foster missionary interest I would suggest that small groups be formed which will adopt some missionary and send him something each month. Many such groups get together anyway to play cards, to enjoy good music, or for other social reasons. A slight fee of twenty-five or fifty cents could be the accepted thing at such affairs. Thus no great burden would be placed on any one person and we should have a methodical approach to the support of our missionaries just as we support our parish priests at home.

Some of your readers may be interested in this method. Perhaps they have better ones themselves. If so I should like to hear of them.

Newtonville, Mass.

P. J. C.

To The Editor:

I appreciate your reports from Alaska in the JESUIT MISSIONS. They are being put in my eleven-year-old nephew's scrapbook of Alaska, with the hope that he may gain inspiration and appreciation of your work.

L. A., Calif.

K. McG.

## YOUR WILL . . .

Can help American Jesuit Missionaries in their global efforts to bring an eternal inheritance to pagan souls. The following approved form may be used:

"I hereby bequeath to JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y., for use in its work for the American Jesuit Missionaries, the sum of \$....."



Use Address Cards of plastic permasted fibre that are tough and as durable as metal. Yet an ordinary typewriter will stencil your addresses in them at typewriter speed. Send for booklet, "Story of a Father and Son or Unscrewing the Inscrutable."

THE ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.  
189 Albany Street  
Cambridge, Mass.

## HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS  
1843-1943

Entrance by Certificate  
or by Examination  
Conducted by the Jesuits

A.B. and B.S. COURSES

### DEGREES

BACHELOR OF ARTS  
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE in BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS, BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCES and EDUCATION.

### NAVAL ROTC

New courses especially adapted to the nation's officer training program.

Bulletin of Information on Request  
Address: Dean of Freshmen,  
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

## THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

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

### CONTRIBUTORS

■ Francis Wallace, S.J., gives the credit for his facts on Carib Cooperatives to Brother Pequignot, S.J. Both are now at St. Mary's, Kansas, and both are still thinking of the missions in British Honduras. The flavor of the missions in the article comes from the author's own experience there as a teacher at St. John's College, Belize, for several years up until 1943. The fame of Father Ganey, of whom he writes, has reached us from several other sources as well. One such example can shape mission ideals in a hundred future missionaries.



Francis K. Wallace, S.J.

■ Edmund P. Burke, S.J., is appearing for the first time in JESUIT MISSIONS as an author. He was born in Chicago, grew up in Oak Park, went to school to the Ursulines, then Quigley Prep Seminary, then St. Ignatius High, and thence to the Jesuits. Appointed to India in 1941, he had to wait two years for passage, teaching in the interim in Chicago. Hardest part of his trip, he says, was getting out of the U. S. He is now at St. Xavier's, Patna, India, where his story took place.

■ Arthur Batchelder is not a Jesuit, and until he met our missionaries, was not even a Catholic. Today he is a soldier in the U. S. Army and a mighty happy Catholic. The story of his conversion is an extraordinary one. But what if the missions were to affect all our soldiers as they did him? Worth praying for!

■ Thomas Downing, S. J., of Cincinnati had to wait three years for his passage to India with E. P. Burke, S.J., in 1943. Meanwhile he was kept busy teaching at Detroit, and, when Pearl Harbor delayed him again, at Cleveland. After the excitement of his secret departure, the uneventful trip to India was a let-down. At present he is studying theology at Kurseong, India, but, as you can see, he is keeping in touch with events.



Thomas Downing, S.J.

### THIS MONTH

	Page
FINDING THE CHURCH ON THE MISSIONS	
Arthur Batchelder	88
GARDEN OF EDEN.....	Clement Armitage, S.J. 91
THE CARIBS COOPERATE.....	Francis Wallace, S.J. 92
THE BELLS OF BETTIAH.....	Thomas Downing, S.J. 94
MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS.....	96
AMERICAN MISSIONS PAST AND FUTURE	
Edward Vollmar, S.J.	98
SOLDIER'S MIRACLE.....	Joseph MacFarlane, S.J. 100
MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS.....	John Deavy, S.J. 101
BRAZIL'S MATTO GROSSO.....	Peter Dunne, S.J. 102
LETTER TO THE MOTHER OF AN INTERNED PRIEST	
Missionary Sister	104
G.I. CHRISTMAS .....	Edmund Burke, S.J. 106
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....	107
COMMUNICATIONS .....	110
NEW BOOKS .....	112
GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS .....	113

*Editor:* Calvert Alexander, S.J.

*Associate Editors:* John P. Deavy, S.J., John J. O'Farrell, S.J., Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J., J. Gerard Mears, S.J., Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J., Edward T. Wiatrak, S.J., John E. Reardon, S.J.

*Regional Editors:* Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., Paul Brennan, S.J., Thomas Hallahan, S.J., Henri Bécharde, S.J.

*Business Editor:* Coleman A. Daily, S.J.

*Editorial and Publication Offices:*

962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

**COVER** — Father Marion Ganey, S.J., Apostle of the Sacred Heart in British Honduras, has put new life into Punta Gorda by means of the Cooperative Movement. He has introduced the school "plantation" where he is teaching his boys how to clear the jungle and get the most out of the land. Nearby he has constructed a domestic science school where the perishable produce will be preserved and canned by the girls under the careful tutelage of the Sisters. In the picture he is teaching some boys the best way to plant cassava slips.

## Passiontide:

### God so loved men . . . . .



**I**N the heart of Christendom, St. Peter's, Rome, there is a statue group by Michaelangelo—the Pietà. It represents the supreme sorrow of human history. Looking at it, we see a Jewish mother and her Son. Limp and lifeless in her lap lies the Child of her womb, of Bethlehem, of Nazareth. He has just been given back to her on Calvary, but the life she gave to Him is gone.

That scene belongs to the whole world and forever. It is an hour of supreme sorrow for all men, not because of her immeasurable grief, but because of His most precious death. For His death is the central fact of the Christian faith. Yet while our missionaries are in every corner of the earth preaching Christ Crucified as the Saviour of mankind, here at home in America there are millions of people who do not understand what His death means. Among those Protestants who no longer believe that Christ is God Incarnate, His death is not the source of our salvation, but only a symbol of the sorrow and sacrifice which all must bear at times.

But it is for the Jews above all that the place of the Crucifixion in our Faith is the deepest mystery. They do not understand what Redemption means at all. This year especially many are going to be uneasy when Good Friday comes. They are keenly aware of every sign of ill will towards them, much more so than we are, and they see unmistakable signs of ill will lately. No one can blame them for asking constantly, as they do, "Why are we persecuted?" But it will come as a shock to most Catholics to learn that in answer to that question, many seriously and sincerely and mistakenly believe what a recent letter, sent to influential people with the earnest hope of bettering relations, stated, "I firmly believe that they (Catholics) develop their hatred for the Jews when they are told in the Parochial Schools where the crucifixion of Christ is so dramatically portrayed—and they carry this hatred with them through life, except of course those who have mixed with the Jewish people and have found them to be as good and as bad as any other people." In one way or another, that same suspicion has been expressed by word of mouth and in print rather often.

That is so untrue that the majority will shrug it off as preposterous, but shrugging it off doesn't help us or

them. There is danger that some ill-advised, but well-meaning person, missing the whole point of Redemption, may suggest that we stop teaching our children the story of Christ's death, as it has already been suggested publicly that school books be rewritten on that subject. That would attack the foundation of our Faith.

**B**EFORE the first week in April is over, 300,000,000 Catholics all over the world are going to recall Christ's death. On His death our life depends; our faith is built upon it; our hope is based on it; from it comes the strongest motive in our lives to console, to encourage, to teach, and to confirm. We study His life and death to learn how we should act. And the first lesson Christ teaches us from the Cross is forgiveness, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." And the last lesson which overshadows every other consideration of Christ's death is the truth that it was our sins that put Him to death. We did it. He died because of us, to save us, to redeem us, to blot out our sins. And by our faith, we hold that He died for all men. We recall the Crucifixion of Christ, not as a mere historical struggle between groups 2,000 years ago, but as a theological struggle between the all-embracing Love of God and our sins. We live over the scenes because our sins were there, we had our share in putting Him to death. But we do not go over the details to nurse an old grievance, rubbing it raw to keep a feud alive. We cannot in conscience stand before a crucifix if there is hatred in our hearts for any man.

Our spirit is best shown by the reverence we have for the Pietà group, Mary at the foot of the Cross, holding the whole of her Love dead in her arms. There is no bitterness in her heart, no hatred, only grief beyond all words that all of us, her other children, should have brought such suffering by our sins upon her beloved Son. We have no room for hatred of others when we kneel before our Mother knowing that we caused her sorrow. Our struggle is not to hate ourselves.

# Finding the CHURCH on the MISSIONS

Arthur Batchelder



Something far more fascinating than the mosques, minarets and meccas of the fabled East the author found in the Catholic Church alive and active in a small Iranian village of the Moslem World.

**T**HE day before Christmas, 1941. I left New York for Iraq and Iran to work for a construction company building the supply line for lend lease aid to Russia. Lucky for me that I did for I came back to the United States in 1943 a Catholic. The Church was here all the time in America, but I had to travel over 15,000 miles to discover it for myself. There had been years of infrequent inquiry, but the thing that led me to the truth was the testimony of the lives of missionaries in the Middle East. I discovered the Church in her foreign mission fields.

Wherever I went on that 15,000 mile journey I found the Catholic Church active. We stopped at Cape Town, South Africa. The first

place the Catholics visited was their Church, which surprised me from some of the things I had been told. I went to the Protestant Church; it was a beautiful building but peculiarly empty. The minister was away. Along the way I saw the Catholic Church. The priests were there, ready and anxious to help, but being timid, and afraid they would get me in their clutches, I left quickly. Yet, as the majestic Table Top Mountain faded from view the day we sailed, I felt empty, as though I had left something unfinished.

**W**E stopped at Massaua, Eritrea. Here was a war zone, a city devastated by bombs, filled with barbed wire entanglements, bomb craters, and gutted buildings.



The British had taken it from the Italians but a short time before. In one section of the town stood a Catholic Church and convent. Through all the horror of war, the priests and religious had stayed there serving the people spiritually and materially, regardless of danger. Though still a non-Catholic, still believing in my own religion, that church was the place I visited most frequently during our stay. It was the same as all the other Catholic churches I had been in, same liturgy, same teachings, and most important of all to me, the priests stayed there on the job. I was beginning to "see, as in a glass, darkly" but there was still a long hard road ahead of me.

**W**E moved into the Persian Gulf, up into Iraq. After working day and night to unload our ship, which contained all our food and living equipment for many months to come, we piled on top of our supplies in British army trucks and headed out into the "blue" as the British call the middle of nowhere which is the Iraqi desert. It is impossible to describe the filth, the horrible stench, the ghastly conditions of the Arab cities. Yet I found that here, too, the

Catholic Church was at work. Jesuit missionaries were here, not for a year or so as we were, not with supply ships to support them as we had, but all their life, always foreigners in the midst of distrust and suspicion, filth and disease, among people so different in civilization, race, habits, and religion, and yet they remain cheerful, happy, hopeful and always courageous.

Our camp was in the desert. It had very little water supply, no showers, no kitchen, no conveniences, no recreational equipment, no lights. It was fifty miles from the nearest town, in the middle of the broiling, insect-infested desert, constantly covered by sudden and terrific sandstorms. We were getting exceptionally good money to put up with these discomforts, but we were not long there until the missionaries came several times every week, not for money, not for adventure, not for glory, but for pure, unselfish, unadulterated "love which passeth all understanding." There are no roads to that camp, only ruts. Army cars using four wheel drive consider it speeding to go over ten miles an hour. Even in dry weather it took two to four hours to get to Basra. Afterwards every muscle ached, your mouth, caked with dust, got frightfully dry on the way, yet nothing could keep the missionaries from coming, and fasting, too, so that the boys could have Mass. I'll never forget the first Mass ever said there. Father Shea, S.J., from Boston was the celebrant. Here it was again, in this seemingly Godforsaken land, amid the horror and filth, the same Church active, teaching the same truths, offering the same liturgy.

FOR Easter, I went to my own Protestant Church and talked things over with the minister. When I left, there was no rancor in my heart, but I knew from that day on that there would be no turning back. Shortly afterward I fell ill and for two months was in the tent hospital. The Catholic Chaplain was a frequent visitor. Later, I was again in the hospital. Father Shea came 100 miles in the 150° heat of July.



75 per cent. of the people in Iran are very poor. The imperative and desperate need is food and drink. If they are lucky they get the equivalent of one meal a day. Above are two important people, a butcher and a blind water carrier.

bumping along a terrible road in a cab of a stiff-sprunged truck to visit that hospital. He is a small man, and pale, but I can tell you this, he had more strength than I or any of the huskiest truck drivers. He would travel several hundred miles in all kinds of weather, fasting, so he could offer Mass at any camp where there were Catholics, without ever a complaint. (You should have heard us complain!) This generous hardy spirit was true of all the missionaries from the Jesuit College at Baghdad that I knew. By the time Father Shea came, I knew I wanted to be a Catholic. He was grand with me, and what he started, Fathers Merrick and Sheehan (also from Baghdad) finished. On the feast of the Transfiguration, August 6, 1942, Father Sheehan and I trudged through the broiling hot midday sun (162°) to the little Chaldean Church in Ahwaz where I made my profession of faith, received conditional baptism and, made my first communion. On August 9, I made my first communion. I knelt, beside an Irish altar server, who is in the British army, in a building we Americans had rented from Persians, originally built by Germans.

It was an appropriate setting for my return to the faith of my fathers in the universal Church

Taking care of the soldiers and construction men was just a small part of these Jesuits' work. They were first of all missionaries who had been given a very difficult job to do. The more I have reflected on the way they are doing it the more I am impressed with their wisdom as well as their courage. Here is the situation they face.

THE mentality of the Iraqi-Iranian is one of the most baffling things which Americans encounter. I'm no authority but I came into contact with a great many of them through my work and I lived in the native quarter among them for some time. During my last three months there I helped feed about 1,500 natives. First you notice their mystifying apathy in regard to self-government, self-enlightenment, and self-improvement. For thousands of years all authority has been in the hands of a relatively few people. The ordinary person does not resent this as we would. He accepts it with a shrug of the shoulders, and mentions climate, tradition, barren-



The material progress of the West has not reached the East. The people live on the ruins of past civilizations. Here a sewage canal passes through the main street of a village.

ness of land, and malnutrition as excuses for his plight. Actually the poor people are not in any position to do anything about it.

For their education, they had been assembled to hear the Koran read, and then to memorize it. Some few may learn through devious means to read and write. Lately some start has been made to have a government school system, but it is only a start. There are few teachers, and few pupils who have time enough to give to the luxury of education. Remember, this is a country in which a mere existence is so hard to obtain that even little children of three and four have to labor hard all day for a few cents. Therefore every child who goes to school is regarded as a liability.

Anything in the nature of higher education has been obtained by a few in schools abroad or in the few supported from without in this country.

**I**N religion, they are Mohammedans, and this fact presents special problems completely new to Americans. Violent persecutions of Christians have ceased at present, but to show you what missionaries are up against, there is one priest in Iran who has been there for twenty-five years without making one single convert, and only when we were there did he think it was safe for him to keep the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle of his church. Quite frequently Mohammedans respect sincerely religious people, ex-

cept those who try to preach their religion to Mohammedans. They suspect all things Western, except our money. They suspect all gifts, and find it hard to believe that there is not some catch somewhere. Conversion of a Mohammedan to Christianity can often be dangerous for the convert and for his whole family, so strong is their feeling with regard to their own religion. After much reflection I have begun to realize that the wisest course is that followed by the Jesuits in their educational work in Baghdad. It is one small college in the midst of that alien Mohammedan world but already it has had much influence. Formerly suspicious Arabs now trust them, send their children to be educated by them, and look with pride on the results.

**B**AGHDAD College has made a name for itself in that part of the world. It is regarded as the most difficult in which to stay, and a graduate is held in high esteem by the educated people of those countries. Their problems can't be solved by revolution; the people aren't educated enough to run their own government, much less compete with other governments in today's world. With their strong distrust of anyone but Mohammedans, no outside group can successfully win their sympathy and cooperation for long. They need leaders who can work out their own solutions for their own people. Because of the high ideals and sound educational methods of Baghdad College the Arabs are beginning to have confidence in Americans and Catholic Americans. Some day they will have confidence in their own people to give them what they need. This will be due in great part to the labor of the missionaries of Baghdad College.

The Jesuits there don't convert the Mohammedans, but they educate them, and they have been an example to all who have known them. And one convert they have made of an American Protestant who journeyed 15,000 miles to find in their lives the testimony to the truth in distant Iran.



## The Garden of Eden

Clement Armitage, S.J.

**Y**OU can't fully appreciate just what the original sin of Adam meant until you have seen what it did to Eden. If you remember the fine pictures of the Garden off Eden that you formed in your mind in childhood days, then do not ever go in search of Eden as it is today.

Somewhere in the district around our college in Baghdad lies the site of the Garden of Eden. So say the men who should know. But they can no more put a finger on the actual place than you or I can. Yet it makes little difference whether we point out this place or that within the hundred-mile radius of Baghdad. For it is all the same now. Wherever the Garden of Eden might once have stood, today it is desolate and empty. The desert has crept in to claim all as its own. The good things of earth have passed away and the power that kills and breeds not possesses the land around the City of Peace.

In the dawn of life, where once Eve's joyous song and Adam's laughter filled the rich aisles of Paradise now only the whimper of the jackal from a clump of camel thorn is heard. Eden is no more. Nothing is left to remind us that here the great love story of God and man had its beginning—nothing. One gift of all the many that the lavish hand of the Father once poured out upon His children here, one far echo of the great hymn of creation has been brought back and restored to Eden. It is that one thing that makes the erstwhile land of Eden livable, the gift of laughter.

**B**AGHDAD COLLEGE is only twelve years old. But in that short time its influence has penetrated throughout Iraq and I think it has done more good than all the Lease-Lend will do in the next twelve years. That influence, of course, is due primarily to the men who make up its teaching body. They are not many. For one short year they numbered sixteen but usually there were not more than a dozen at the college itself. Today there are only fourteen in Baghdad—yet those fourteen are probably doing more, in their own way, for America than all the O.W.I. personnel in the Middle East. For they have built their own Garden of Eden and they have filled it with laughter, the clear, carefree laugh-

Jesuits laugh in the desolation of the Garden of Eden, not at what has been but at what will be through their influence at Baghdad College.

ter of men who have trusted in Christ, men born of the Second Adam, men dedicated to the honor of the Second Eve.

“ . . . The men of the East may  
spell the stars,  
And times and triumph mark;  
But the men signed of the cross  
of Christ  
Go gaily in the dark. . . .”

And sometimes it has been dark. There were moments when the school was close to extinction when nationalism and anti-foreign feeling ran high. There were moments of physical danger, too. There were moments when men would give their best—and be misunderstood. But always those men went gaily in the dark. Thousands of miles from home, at times a completely isolated band, still there was nothing that could touch their peace of soul, their deep and lasting trust in God's Providence. And that peace and trust found its outlet in laughter, in the sheer joy of a life lived in and for Christ. Nor could they ever forget that inscription on the school seal—*Maria Spes*—“Mary is our hope.” What more did they need for their Garden of Eden?



# The CARIBS COOPERATE

(Left) Small plantation boat carries its wares to Belize.

(Below) Kekchi Indian mother and her healthy looking children.



—Francis Wallace, S.J.

bus dreamed of a round world. They have Indian features, black curly hair, high cheek bones, and a physique well developed by hard work in the plantations and on the sea as fishermen. Many of them have remarkable natural intelligence and are well fitted for the job of teacher and catechist.

THESE are the men Father Ganey wants to help, and the Lord knows they need it. They need spiritual assistance as well as temporal instruction and help. They need instruction in agriculture. They lack a market for their products. They are hard workers, but their work brings almost no return. The farm products they cannot use themselves rot in the fields.

Father Ganey spoke to Captain "Buster" Hunter, a non-Catholic alumnus of St. John's College, captain and owner of two small coasta mail boats. Captain Hunter agreed to carry their surplus products to Belize for a nominal sum. Another energetic alumnus, Mr. Edgar Gegg cooperated by selling the products in Belize. The work was begun but it was only the beginning.

Money was donated by the students of St. Louis University High School for a domestic science school. Such a donation was essential to the work, but even this generous donation would have been insufficient if it had not been for the hard and generous labor of the Carib lad themselves. They went back into the bush to get building materials. Palmetto poles were driven into

A THOUSAND young men filled the Holy Redeemer Cathedral in Belize, British Honduras. On the breast of each of them, the badge of the Sacred Heart was pinned conspicuously. It was the eve of their departure for the timberlands of Scotland, and on this last night ashore they had gladly come to hear their great friend, Father Marion Ganey, S.J., address them on devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus as their sure pledge of success and salvation.

These were only a few of the many men of British Honduras whom the zeal of this young priest has brought to the feet of the Sacred Heart. The walls before him were too small; thousands more such men were living their lives in the

villages and woodlands of the colony. Those in the bush must be reached as well as those in the town. But how? How can these too be brought to the Sacred Heart?

THE scene shifts to Punta Gorda, main town of the southernmost district of the colony. We find Father Ganey the new pastor of St. Peter Claver Parish with its congregation of Caribs. Caribs are black Indians native to our Western Hemisphere and resembling our American Indians in all but color. Although there has been a good deal of intermarriage with the descendants of the old slaves, they refuse to be called Africans. Their forefathers were in possession of the Caribbean Sea long before Colum-

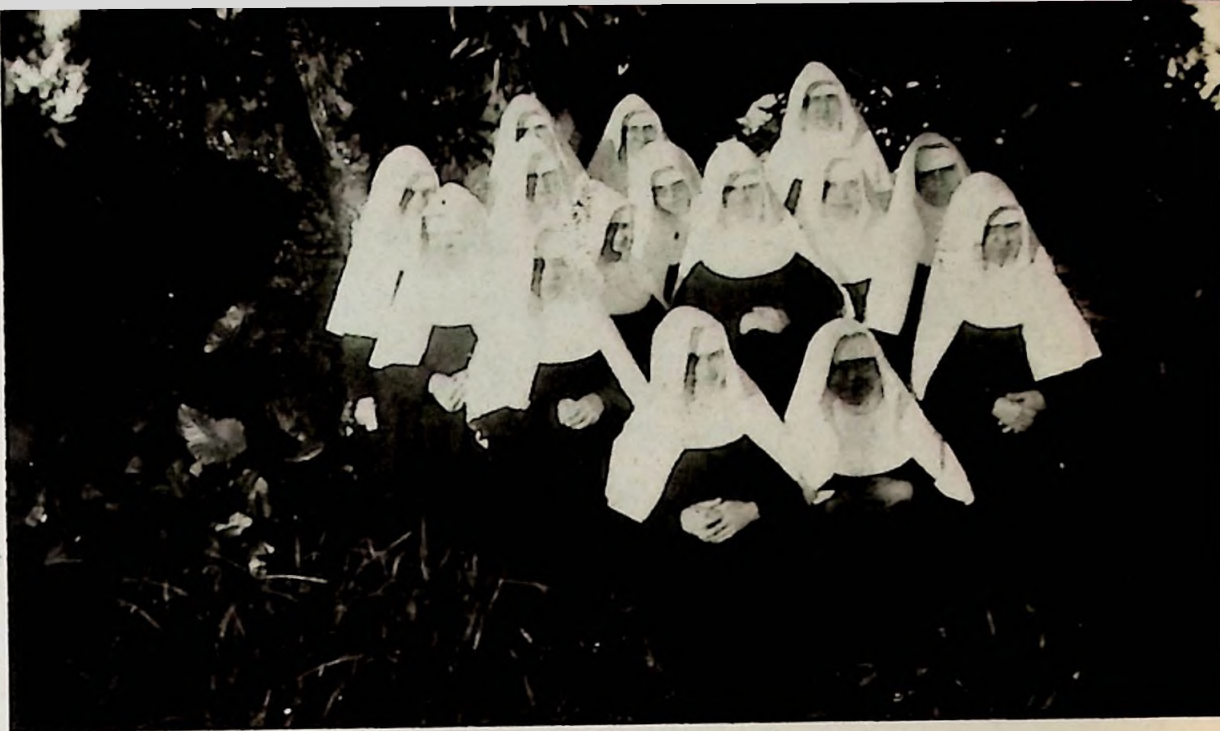
the ground, and beams were tied to these with ti-ti, a rope-like vine. The siding was cabbage bark (bark of the royal palm tree), and the chinks were filled with a limey clay substance called marl. The roof was thatch, and the floor was mud tramped smooth. A rather primitive but effective stove and oven was constructed of clay at one end of the building. The whole structure is about twenty feet long and ten feet wide.

**T**HERE is little beauty or grandeur in the domestic science school, but it is an excellent symbol and a pledge of a new life and hope which is springing up in this small part of Central America where poverty and pessimism have so long burdened the people.

To supply necessary materials for the domestic science school, the boys raise what crops they can in the school plantation. "Plantation" brings to Americans mental images of fine colonial manors, stately trees, great stretches of land. All "Plantation" means in British Honduras is a plot of rather indifferent ground about half the size of a city block cut out of the jungle. On the school plantation, the boys work hard with their crops of rice, beans, corn and cassava—cassava is the starchy base of tapioca. After the day's work, they come back to the school chanting the Vespers in Latin. And they like it!

During the day, while the most of the boys are working in the fields, the girls also of St. Peter Claver Domestic Science School are busy. The Pallotine Sisters, without whose genius and sacrifice this work would be impossible, teach them how to cook and can vegetables and fruits, how to spin and weave the cotton which their brothers have raised in the nearby fields. These are practically new arts in backward Punta Gorda. The old folks stored their corn and cassava for a future day, but the means of preserving perishable foods like fruit and soft vegetables were unknown.

The girls make jellies and preserves of guava, mango, gooseberry, and other tropical fruit and send



The domestic detail of the Cooperative is in the hands of the Sisters. (Right) The Carib boys work hard on the "plantation" which is just a spot cut out of the jungle.

them to Belize with their orange and grapefruit marmalades. There is little or no difficulty in finding a market for these products in the metropolis. Strangely enough, with all its wealth of tropical fruits, British Honduras has limited its canning industry to grapefruit. The Catholic mission has almost no competition for its tiny industry.

Domestic science and agriculture are not the only training the youngsters at Punta Gorda receive. The Pallotine Sisters have constantly amazed the government inspectors of their school by their ability to combine all this work with their wonderful success in instructing their pupils in the mastery of the four R's—readin', 'ritin', 'rithmetic and Religion.

**F**ATHER GANEY has begun a wonderful work, but the job is unfinished. The confidence and love of the Caribs has been won and almost everything that is good in their lives has been linked with the Catholic Church.

For greater efficiency, some recreation centers with equipment must be provided by the parish. Books, cards, musical equipment, boxing gloves, basket balls, and all sorts of equipment are needed for the young men of the parish. And above all, there is need of spiritual equipment pictures of the Sacred Heart, ro-



saries, badges and medals, prayer-books, pamphlets.

In Central America these are large undertakings. But they must grow. There must be more Punta Gordas, more schools like that of St. Peter Claver among the other Indian tribes, the Mayas and the Kekchis. Father Ganey and his fellow missionaries face the same difficulties as other pioneers in every line from the beginning—means.

If the zealous friends of the missions could only see what great forces they set in motion by their prayers and donations! The sound of hammers, the buzzing of saws, the opening of doors by other Father Ganey's to other men lining the roadside eager to hear the words of Christ, to learn His Way.



Before the earthquake.

**T**HE lofty white tower of the parish church of Bettiah was a familiar landmark, and could be seen for miles in all directions. The great clock in the tower was a reliable guide to Catholics, Hindus, Moslems, Nepalis, Tibetans, and the like. But the bells, ah, they were the joy of all, and it seemed to the people of Bettiah in the year 1934 that they had always been there and always would be. They were Bettiah's bells.

Even though the bells were hidden high up in the ancient tower of the parish church, everyone knew they were four. Had not every boy and every boy's father climbed up to the belfry at one time or another in his life to help ring them, and to tremble in delicious excitement as the whole tower vibrated in harmony with the wild confusion of deafening bongs?

At a distance the harmony was beautiful, heavenly; but at close range, especially in the belfry itself; it was terrifying, tremendous, an adventure to be experienced by every boy in Bettiah at least once in his life.

**F**EW remembered the day in 1901 when the huge crates arrived in Bettiah from Switzerland, or the excitement and struggle, the titanic labor, it required to hang the great bells in the church tower. Yet everyone came to recognize the tone of each bell. The high sweet

notes of the soprano, or "baby bell" as it was fondly called, sang out the Angelus; the hour and quarter-hours were sounded by the second or tenor bell; one toll of the alto or third bell lamented the death of some Catholic woman in the parish; two sad-voiced bongs announced that a man had died; three tolls meant that a religious (other than a priest) had passed away; and the doleful chorus of all four bells informed all that a priest somewhere in the Mission had gone to his Maker. Every wife recalled their joyous ringing at her marriage. Every villager, Catholic or otherwise, thrilled to the music of the bells proclaiming the glorious Feasts of the year—Christmas, and the almost continuous ringing from midnight until after the Solemn High Mass; their joyous Easter tidings gladdened the hearts of all.

**T**HEN came the fearful day in January 1934, when the end of the world seemed at hand. The earth heaved and groaned; houses collapsed; huge cracks and crevices suddenly appeared; and amid the dust, confusion, smothered cries and shrieks of pain, sulphurous water gushed forth from the quivering earth like geysers.

Everything seemed lost. First the houses, then the walls, then the

# The Bells of



After the earthquake.

church itself collapsed, leaving the tall tower groaning and wavering as though in agony. Finally in a tremendous crash that drowned out all the other confusion, the great tower gave way, and with the tower, the bells. Within a few minutes—seconds it seemed—the works of years was destroyed, and Bettiah town was a great pile of tangled debris.

**T**HE Blessed Sacrament was rescued; the tabernacle was much damaged but intact; but—what about the bells? The weary men dug into the rubble that was once their beautiful church and cleared away broken bricks, steel girders, shattered glass and heavy wooden beams, until the bells were fully uncovered and dragged clear. In spite of their great weight and the fall from a height of over sixty feet, the bells were whole and safe; only the canons at the top were cracked. Makeshift trusses were roped together, the bells hung, and the Angelus rung—as usual. Nothing could have consoled and encouraged the bereaved people of Bettiah quite so much as the hope-

# Bettiah

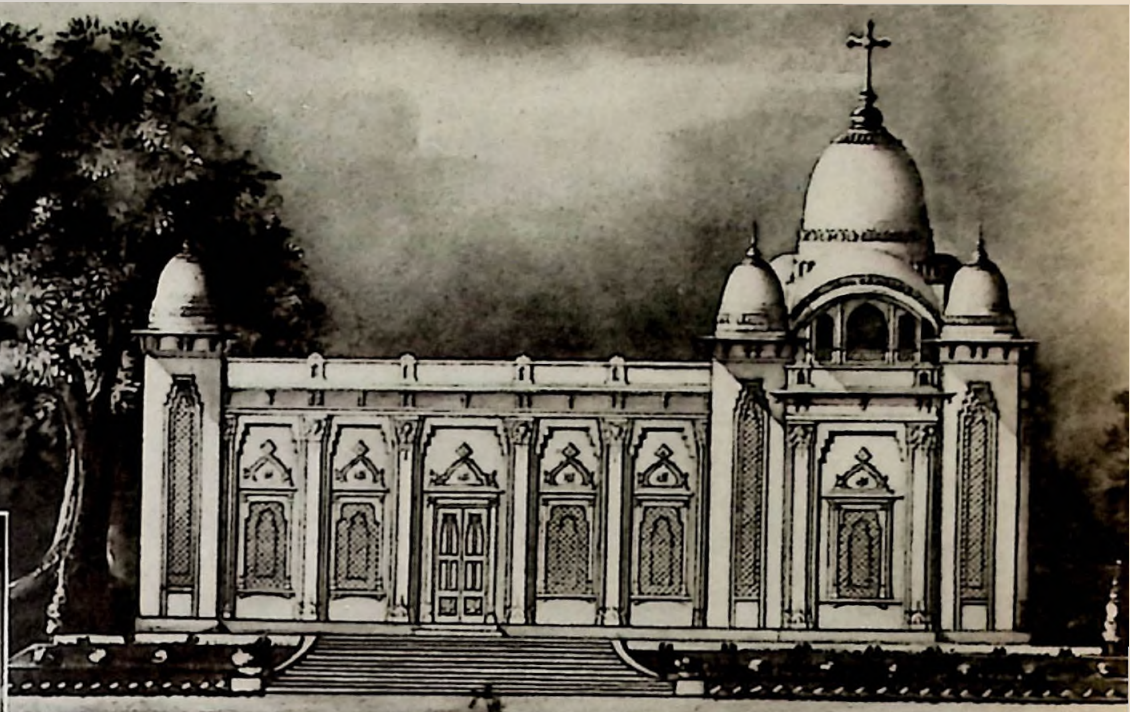
Thomas Downing, S.J.



The author beneath the bells.

ful, cheerful sound of their constant friends, the bells.

Parishioners and old friends throughout India and the world joined together, and within a year a temporary church was erected. Nearby a sturdy platform was built and atop a cradle for the bells. The damaged homes and other town buildings were gradually repaired or entirely rebuilt, but to restore the church and its lofty bell-tower seemed too herculean a task for a people impoverished by the earthquake and its costly aftermath. But hope did not die. The new church was discussed by each and all as though it were to be started on the morrow. Prayers were said; frequent novenas were made by the entire parish. Fancy fairs and theatrical performances were staged. and various and innumerable campaigns to collect money were made by the parish priest and his flock, until, little by little, the fund for the new church grew. But it was still so small, so inadequate to match the vastness of the plans and the grandeur of their dreams. But the cheerful sounds of their bells buoyed them up, kept hope alive, and added zest



The new shrine at Mokameh.

to their prayers for the building of a new church.

Quite unexpectedly, a good and generous man in a far city learned of the longing in the hearts of the Bettiah people, and offered to add what was needed to

complete the church fund and to make the new edifice a reality. At first the news was too good to be true, but soon the parish took on new life; suggestions flowed in; the humble desk of the parish priest was piled high with plans and specifications, drawings and estimates. There would be a new church, and Bettiah was glad.

When the kindly benefactor, Mr. Leslie Martin of Calcutta, came to visit Bettiah, bringing the architect and engineer, to interview contractors and to make final decisions about the location, style and size of the proposed new church, the whole population of Bettiah was on hand to greet him. During the discussions, the Angelus bell rang out, and, in honor of the occasion, the other three bells joined in, until the very earth vibrated with the glorious harmony. The people standing nearby urged the bell-ringers on to greater effort. It was the message of gratitude of a happy people to their generous friend.

IT was decided that construction of the new church should be started as soon as the materials

could be assembled, so that the new church would be ready for the celebration of the Second Centennial of the Bettiah Parish in 1945. With this announcement, and with one voice, they agreed that their most treasured possession—the sweet-tongued soprano bell—must be given to Mr. Martin as a token of their gratitude, and of their devotion to Our Lady. For the bell was offered as a gift to the Shrine of Our Lady, Mother of Divine Grace, at Mokameh. This beautiful Shrine is the gift of Mr. Martin, and is nearing completion. There is no Shrine in India to compare with it. Mokameh is a sister-mission to Bettiah, but much younger and located in one of the most densely populated Hindu areas on the south bank of the Ganges.

The "baby bell" now hangs in the northeast tower of the Shrine at Mokameh, ready and impatient to send its first appealing call to the neighboring millions on the day of the dedication. The Shrine will be consecrated by His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, on March 23, 1944. All Bettiah will be present to share in the joyous occasion. But the three remaining bells, proud to have sent forth their small companion as a missionary in a new field, will be content to remain in the belfry of the new Bettiah church and carry on in the happy tradition of an eventful past.



porary quarters near the church of Bishop Patrick Cleary despite a lack of elementary necessities.

**REDS MAKE PROGRESS IN INDIA.** Issuing a warning that the Communist party in India is "making a bid—a successful bid too—for the leadership of the dispossessed masses of India," the Clergy Magazine, Madras, has advocated the establishment of a Catholic Social Front throughout the nation to combat social evils.

**FIRST EAST AFRICAN PRIEST DIES.** M. Eboue, Governor General of French Equatorial Africa writes: "Father Eugene N'Nakou is dead, dead at the flower of his manhood, cut off from his sacred ministry just when his fiery zeal for souls was accomplishing so much!" Father N'Nakou was the first native of East Africa to be ordained in 1938, the fruit of a century of toil of the Holy Ghost Fathers in that territory.

**LEPERS IN INDIA.** The Most Rev. O. Sevrin, S.J. writes from Ranchi, India: "Do you know that the number of cases of leprosy in India is roughly estimated at 1,000,000 (others put it at 2,000,000)? Allowing that 25 per cent of them are infective, the number of infective patients would be 250,000. The combined accommodation of all leper institutions in India at present (1943) is about 14,000 patients. Catholic missions have many institutions . . . and one is absolutely needed in the diocese of Ranchi.

**FRANCISCAN NUN DIES IN PRISON CAMP.** Mother Bartholomew, Superior General of the Sisters of St. Francis reports that word has been received from the state department that Sister Reginald Hary, who had been on the China Missions since 1928 and who had been imprisoned by the Japanese at the Weiksien Camp in Shantung Province eighteen months ago with nine other American Sisters and thirty-five Chinese Sisters, has died.

**EIRE ASSISTS INDIA.** Dail Eireann, the Parliament of Eire has voted 200,000 pounds (about \$800,000) to enable the Irish Red Cross Society to relieve distress in the Indian famine areas and in Europe.

**INCREASE IN NEGRO AND INDIAN POPULATION.** The report of the Commission for Catholic Missions among the Colored People and Indians in the United States shows the Colored Catholic population to be 313,259 an increase of 6,428 over last year, and the Indian Catholics to number 94,085, an increase of 2,481. The report states that there are eight more churches, ten more schools and twenty-two more priests for the colored than in the previous year.

**SISTERS ON THE JOB.** Sisters of St. Columban in Nanchang the nearest group of nuns to the fighting front are carrying on hospital and educational work in tem-

**HIT PARADE IN BOLIVIA.** The hit song of the Indians in Las Piedras clearing in a Bolivian jungle is "The Kerry Dances." It was taught them by Father Robert Fransen, M.M. He took his clarinet with him on his missionary expedition.

**GOOD SHEPHERD NUNS IN INDIA.** The Good Shepherd Sisters in India conduct more than fifty hospitals with over 3,000 beds and dispensary cases each year go into millions. One of the most notable institutions in India, writes Father Considine, M.M., is the home of refuge maintained by the Good Shepherds at Bangalore. Here 85 Sisters care for 1,500 inmates and conduct a school for 500 children.

**HINDU RULING FAVORS CHURCH.** A Hindu Judge ruled that a managing member of a Hindu family at Changanacherry, South India, in which the property is held in common by all the members has a right to give a portion of the family land to a Christian Mission. The decision, by Justice Iyer of the Madras High Court, states that since such a gift would be valid if made to a Hindu temple or for a civic purpose, it was valid when made for a Christian Mission.

**DUTCH EAST INDIES MISSIONARIES MASSACRED.** The news agency "ANETA" reports that Bishop Joannes Aerts, Apostolic Vicar for Western New Guinea, Brother Van Schaik and seven priests were massacred

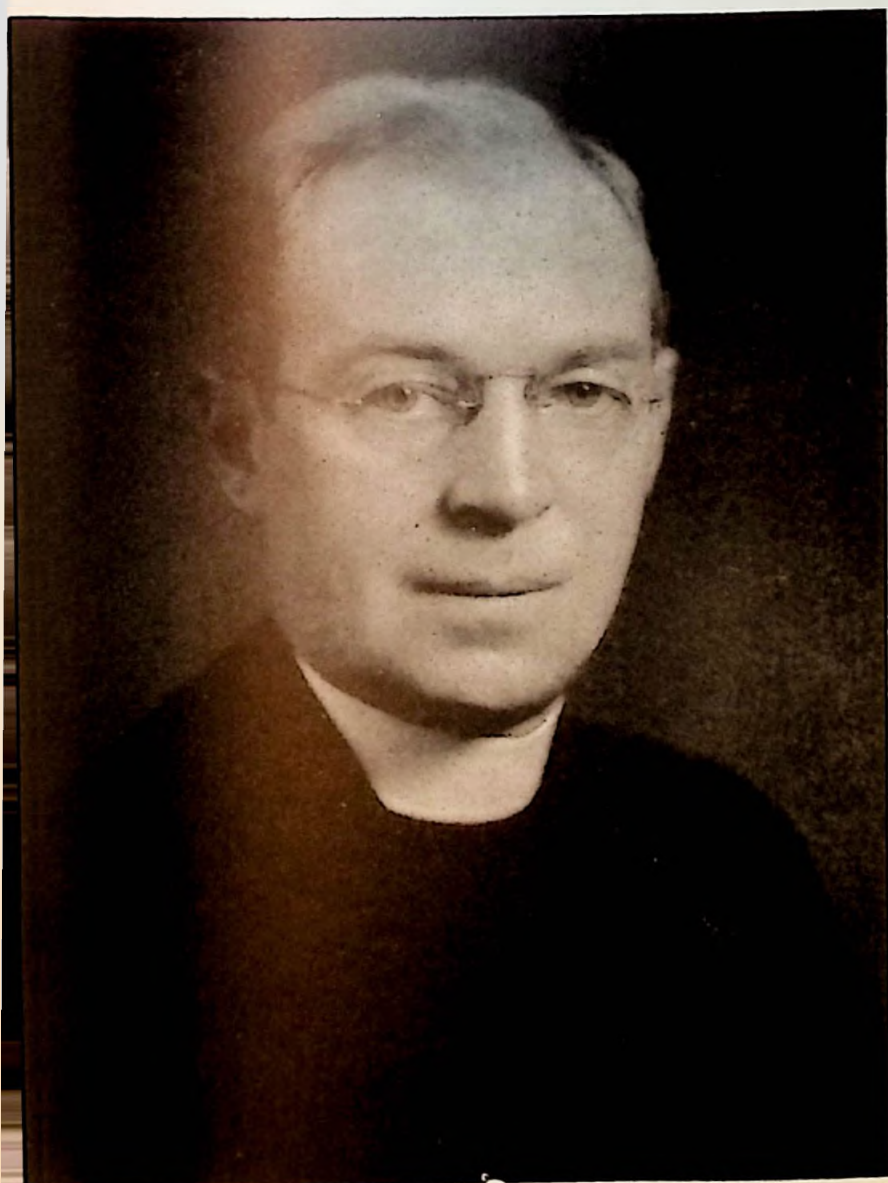
by the Japs on the Kai Islands in July 1942. Another was drowned attempting to reach safety. 11 Priests and 4 brothers are still carrying on.

**MUSHROOM CHAPELS IN NEW GUINEA.** Col. August F. Gaerhard, Senior Chaplain of the Army's Fifth Air Force says that in the jungle wilds, which abound in the New Guinea war zone U. S. troops and South Sea Island natives have built more than 100 chapels in the last two years.

**AMERICAN NAMES ON THE MISSIONS.** Father Reiser, S.J. commenting on the typically American names of No Water, Wounded Knee, Potato Creek, Bad Nation, Dog Ear, Lower Cutmeat, Two Strike, and Jocko, remarks that there is inspiration in knowing that these lesser localities, unlisted even on detailed maps have their Jesuit preacher and confessor.

**GENERATION OF GROWTH.** In 1921 there were approximately 4,000 Catholics in the Patna Mission, India. In 1943 there were 25,896. There are 69 Jesuit priests, 29 scholastics and 4 coadjutor brothers there.

Fifty years ago three American Jesuits, Fathers Collins, Harpes and Mulry arrived in Jamaica to relieve the English Jesuits. Today, sixty American Jesuits are working on that mission under the capable direction of the Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.



## April Mission Intention Continued Spread of the Faith in West Africa

- By West Africa, the territory for which our Holy Father requests our prayers this month, is understood that stretch of coastal Africa along the big western hump of the map. It extends from Rio de Oro to the Cameroons, popularly known as the "Slave Coast."

- European contact with it began when the Portuguese were seeking an all water route to the Indies and Spice Islands in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In their wake came the dauntless missionaries bearing the cross of Christ. Under the protection of King Philip III of Spain and Portugal the Jesuits made beginnings on the Cape Verde Islands at the close of the sixteenth century. They were followed by that glorious army of Capuchins, Franciscans and Dominican missionaries. but relatively little progress for the Faith was made until about a century ago when, in 1841, Pope Gregory XVI established the Vicariate of the Two Guineas. The slave traffic which Pope Leo XIII called a "pernicious pest" tore no less than 25,000,000 natives from their homes to be deported as slaves to the West Indies and America.

- A picture of the growth of the Catholic Faith in these lands, for which our Holy Father asks us to pray for the continued spread, in spite of insalubrious climate and living conditions and cannibalism in the interior even in recent years, can be drawn from the fact that in 1845 Father Liebermann reopened the Mission of Senegal; in 1858 the Mission of Sierra Leone was cut from the Mother Vicariate; in 1863 from Sierra Leone was split the Prefectures of French Guinea and Liberia while from the Vicariate of the Two Guineas was separated Dahomey which was soon afterwards divided into Benin, Togo, Northern Nigeria and Eastern Nigeria. Liberia the only independent state in Africa became a refuge for slaves from the States in 1822 and to it Bishop Hendrick of Philadelphia sent two priests and a catechist in 1842. Nigeria however had the honor of seeing three of its native priests of the Vicariate of Benin ordained in 1929.

- Although the Catholic population a decade ago was only about 2 percent of the whole West Coastal area we can glimpse the rapid growth of the Faith today from such reports as the following from Southern Nigeria. In that district alone during 1942 there were 53 Holy Ghost Fathers, 4 native priests, 35 Sisters and 1,400 catechists. In Baptisms alone their ministerial fruits totalled 14,308 baptisms administered in danger of death and 13,987 in ordinary circumstances of whom 8,608 were adults.

- But consoled by such fruits of apostolic labor we must not close our eyes to the fact that now there is only one native priest for every 41,232 Catholic Nigerians. Surely, there must be an adequate native clergy if the Church is to be rooted in Africa.



**I**N the early days of the West, when the missionary carried his chapel in his saddle bags, a lone horseman rode into a wind-swept Wyoming cow-town. With typical Western frankness and curiosity a member of the informal chamber of commerce looked up from his whittling to inquire, "What outfit are you riding for, stranger?" Looking down with a broad Irish grin the stranger replied, "I am riding for the biggest outfit in the world, the Catholic Church."

Fifty years have passed since this conversation. The biggest outfit in the world is looking to America for

leadership. Westward the course of empire has taken its way. In ancient times world leadership passed out of the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates into the Mediterranean. Then westward it coursed through the Mediterranean, westward to the shores of the Adriatic; again westward across Europe to the Sea.

Out of the East came St. Paul preaching Christ to the Gentiles. Into the West went Boniface, Augustine, and Patrick. When the New World was discovered great spiritual forces were waiting to go to her conversion. Every nation in Europe helped in this task. The

United States was destined to become the immigrants' workshop. The Catholic Church was destined to become the immigrants' Church.

**A**MERICAN Catholicism in its inception was a mission of Europe. It was not an easy mission. In Maryland at a time when the average life of the Jesuit missionary was ten years, the assignment to America included the unique automatic permission to return to England after seven years' service. But few lived to avail themselves of this privilege. Man after man went out to offer his life for the infant Church.

# AMERICAN MISSIONS

## PAST and FUTURE

E. B. VOLLMAR, S.J.

at a time when England, herself, needed every available priest. And more than fifty years were to pass before America yielded her first vocation.

Other missionaries came, too. From France and Ireland they came until it was feared that the American hierarchy would become but a plaything of Old World conspiracy. But France gave us a DuBurg, a Brute, a Lamy; while from Ireland came one of the greatest of them all, John England, first bishop of Charleston. Tiny Belgium, most mission minded of nations, gave us Nerinx, gave us that great publicity agent of the American mission, Pierre Jean De Smet. Spain laid the foundations in the Southwest. And when the Yankee settler reached Santa Fe, from Italy came the great Donato Gasparri to absorb the shock at the meeting of the two frontiers. Every nation gave not only her sons, and her daughters—a Mother Duchesne, a Mother Cabrini—but helped also to finance the new effort. The Society of the Propagation of Faith at Lyons, the Leopoldine Association of Vienna sent thousands of dollars, while the Ludwig Missionverein of Munich, though smallest of them all, in view of the resources of Bavaria was most generous. Without this aid the Church in the United States would have died of starvation.

The ratification of the Constitution saw the appointment of the first bishop for the United States. Less

than seventy years later ecclesiastical organization had spanned the continent with the erection of the Archdiocese of Oregon City. But such progress was not made without great sacrifice, without bold daring. The Russian Prince Gallitzin left fame and fortune in the Old World to become just Mr. Smith in the seminary at Baltimore; to spend the last years of his life jerked about the trails of Kentucky on a makeshift sled, leader of our first Catholic Rural Life Movement. The first bishop of Little Rock arrived in his diocese to find himself in charge of just one priest and seven hundred Catholics scattered through the whole state of Arkansas with no Churches, and, of course, no money.

EVERY American generation has seen bigotry organize to destroy the Church once and for all. The Puritan drove out every one suspected of popery—but what a time Increase Mather would have today trying to chase Catholics out of Boston.

The strength of the Church was also her weakness. The struggle has not all been with forces outside the fold. At one time it was necessary to have two churches in the same block—one for the Irish, and one for the Germans. But Herman Faulhaber married Rosie O'Toole, and Patrick O'Toole married Ann Faulhaber, and little Rosie Faulhaber is as Irish as she is German, and young Herman O'Toole is as

German as he is Irish—and both are all American.

The Church in the United States no longer depends on outside help. But we are not a self-made nation. Our debt to Europe is that of a child to his parents. The child has now reached the full vigor of manhood. His parents are in need.

Cardinal Hlond tells us that in 1939 there were 28,000 students in the major seminaries in Poland. Today there are fewer than seventy students of theology in the whole nation. Two thousand Polish priests have offered their lives for God and Country. True, the Church in Poland has suffered more severely than elsewhere, but she has not escaped unscathed in any nation in Europe. Where can she look for help?

Spain? Her king was once called "His Most Catholic Majesty," today she struggles to rise from the ashes of revolution and is caught in a trap. France? Eldest daughter of the Church, broken on the wheel of secularism, now she grovels under the heel of Nazi oppression. England, mighty England upon whose flag the sun never sets, once called "Mary's Dowry," has given to Caesar the things that are God's, and now lies ailing on the sick-bed of religious indifference.

TO this generation has been given a wonderful work, a glorious task. The missions in pagan lands depend on America, the Church in Europe depends on America. It is a work of zeal, a debt of gratitude.

Men, money, munitions win wars. Men, money, prayers win souls. The sacrifices of the rich and poor of Europe made possible the American Church. Now American money, American prayers, American sons and daughters must carry on. America must become the mother of missions. Through American enterprise we hope to see the end of tyranny and oppression. May it be through American zeal, through American generosity that we shall come to see throughout the world "one Lord, one faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all."

# Soldier's Miracle

Two Chaplains had a reunion recently on active duty, one in the Canadian, and the other in the U. S. army. "The Song of Bernadette" came up in the conversation. Finally the American prevailed upon his Canadian friend to tell the American soldiers the story of his visit to Lourdes during the last World War. This is the true story.—*Editor.*

**I**N 1914 a young man joining the Canadian army, was soon sent across, and into the thick of the fighting. He was in that heart-breaking push back to Paris early in the war when the soldiers had to stand their ground by day taking everything the Germans had to offer. By night they retreated.

In the eerie darkness, the word was passed down the column "Shell hole to the left." The column would swerve slightly to the right. "Shell hole to the right," and back to the left. Night after night, it went on like that, with rain, mud, weariness, and the numbness that comes with retreating . . . left!" One night the young Canadian missed the signal and plunged into a shallow muddy pit, exhausted and unconscious. His arm hung over the edge, in the path of the marching men in the thick black rainy night. How could they tell he was there, or feel through their heavy muddied boots the arm of an unconscious comrade? In the morning he was missed, and a patrol rescued him. But there was no hospital near, no let-up from shelling all day, no time to rest that night or the next. Finally they got him to Paris and a hospital. It was getting late. The doctors found that the arm was smashed in five places, that deadly gangrene was advancing rapidly. In the morning, the young man's arm would have to be taken off.

There was no sleep for him that night, thinking about it, and hurt with pain. The Sister offered him a book; he was not a Catholic; the

book was not Catholic either, but reading was out of the question. Then he caught sight of the book the Sister was reading, "Miracles of Lourdes." "That's it!" he cried. "A Miracle! I'm going to Lourdes." Sister tried to be patient; she even summoned Mother Superior at 2:00 a.m. Nothing could be done without the doctor's consent. That was final.

The next morning, heavy shelling began again, early and furiously. Every available doctor was rushed to the front dressing stations. Under those circumstances the soldier was able to prevail on Mother Superior. He could go to Lourdes, but Sister must accompany him. Next morning he was at Lourdes. The doctors saw him early. The Jewish Doctor on his examining board was kind but most emphatic. "Young man, you were very foolish. I've seen thousands come here. Some are cured, many are not. You've got gangrene and its spreading. Your arm is broken in five places. You should not have taken this risk." The doctor's words had no effect. Shortly the soldier was at Mass in the Basilica, with Sister beside him, deep in silent prayers.

Someone spoke to him. "What will you do if you are cured?" Thinking it was Sister, he turned to her asking what she meant by the question. "Shh!" she answered. "We Catholics do not talk in Church. Sh!" She had not said, or even heard a word. "What will you do if you are cured?" There it was again, clear and unmistakable. Suddenly it struck home to the bewildered soldier. "This is it," he thought, and then answered, "I'll . . . I'll . . . (it was hard to know what to say), I'll give my life." "But how?" came back the same voice. "I'll be a priest" he blurted out. "But what kind?" came the voice, still calm and reassuring. Being a Protestant boy, he wasn't sure of the next answer, but he formed the best answer he could. "The kind that gives everything." There was no more voice, only quiet, and Sister nervous at his side, watching him anxiously, and praying with such intensity she could scarcely breathe. Then came the procession of the

Most Blessed Sacrament. Now the priest was standing before the Canadian soldier with the ugly decaying arm more than twice its normal size. Now the monstrance was raised, and the Sign of the Cross was made over him. Then the priest moved on. The soldier looked down at his hand they wanted to cut off, and tried to move it. *It moved!* The arm moved. Then he swung it high over his head and shouted, "I'm cured." He was, too, completely cured. And when the doctors examined him, the five breaks were perfectly healed, the gangrene gone, the bruised discolored flesh was white and sound.

Without more ado, he went back to his outfit, back to the front, and fought through the whole war, unscathed. Peace came, and then home again in Canada. It wasn't possible to carry out his promise right away, but the memory of it never left him or gave him peace of mind until he could no longer delay in conscience, and one day, went off to the Jesuit Novitiate. The years rolled by, priesthood came, and the hand Our Lady saved for him held her Son, Our Lord.

**T**HEN came the second World War. He was one of the first Chaplains to go, and soon crossed the water again, this time to England. One day, a young R.C.A.F. flier crashed nearby and was rushed to a hospital, dying. The Chaplain was there in no time, and stood beside the boy. He looked down into that young face and recognized his own son. It was a tense, all too brief reunion. This time there was no miracle; there was something instead more wonderful still. The father who had once cooperated with God in giving this boy life now had to assist him in relinquishing it, but now as a priest, cooperating with the same good God, was able to help him enter a new and eternal life.

He had given his wife, his son. There was one thing more—his daughter, and before long it was his privilege to give her, too, this time in marriage. He performed the ceremony, and then went on with his work as chaplain. He is doing it today, on active duty.



## MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS

### He Talked with God

■ A night patrol of the Thunderbird Division was searching out the German positions somewhere in Italy. Suddenly a machine gun opened up shattering the silence. All four American soldiers fell to the ground. Two were dead, a third died the next day. The fourth badly wounded recovered and lived to tell the story. One bullet got him in the chest, another went through his hand. His canteen was pierced and a tracer bullet set his pack on fire. He had three grenades in that pack. With his good hand he loosened the straps and crawled away from it just before it exploded. He took the water dripping from his canteen, made a mud pack, placed it on the wound to stop the bleeding, swallowed some capsules to ward off infection; then he prayed. As he described it later it was the first time in his life he really "talked with God." Four hours later he was picked up and shipped to a hospital in North Africa where he recovered. Now he is back in the States. The religious experience he had in that lonely vigil on the battlefield has deepened his Faith and will remain with him the rest of his life.

### Curse of Routine

■ There are millions of Catholics in America who have yet to talk with God. They are born into the

Faith. Everything is governed by routine and habit. The Mass, the Sacraments, the strength and consolation to be drawn from these, the presence of Christ the Son of God right in our midst, they have accepted on the words and testimony of others but they have no keen realization of what is theirs for the asking. In their grammar school days they learned all the answers of the Catechism by heart. They accept the Faith and in a crisis would, we hope, rise to its defense but there is so much apathy, so much indifference, so much lassitude. Never faced with any great danger or hardship, their religion is superficial. It is not living and breathing. There is no exhilaration, no enthusiasm, no fire. They are Catholics in name only. They are much like the Jamaican who told the missionary "me come reg'lar but me don't jine." Objectively they are members of the Church but they are not aware subjectively of the deep and radical influence it should have in their lives and can have on the lives of others. Briefly they are going through the motions of living as Catholics because their Faith is never challenged, never put to the test. Unlike our soldier friend they have yet to be shaken to the depths of their being by sudden danger and death and thus forced to talk to God.

Elsewhere in these pages you will read of men who laugh in the desolation of what was once the Garden

of Eden. What is the secret of their constant cheerfulness, their courage, their patience, their perseverance. A recent convert marvels that they stand the heat and sweat and dangers of the desert, better than our American soldiers who have been trained and toughened to endure the ordeals of the Middle East. There must be some secret. There is definitely. When the going gets tough "They talk with God." The spiritual switches are thrown wide open and there is a divine contact between them and God. By prayer, by Mass, by the Sacraments by their vocation they are lifted up. The things we consider hard they accept with a smile or at least with half the grumbling and griping we indulge in when faced with a like experience. That's what makes these men different. They lean upon God when they are up against it. Their Faith is often challenged and more frequently vindicated. Their lives in and through and with Christ are transformed. Something like that must happen to the souls of men who have given up everything in His name and for the spread of His Kingdom. He must touch their souls with Divine fire and warm them with His love. All bodily suffering and pain and danger become insignificant in the face of this fact. That seems to be the secret of their strength. There must be something in it.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

**T**HE country of the Upper Paraná is the country of ancient Jesuit land where the Black Robes of old built their thirty missions, whose fame rings through the history of modern missiology. But there is a modern Jesuit Land much farther into the wilderness, hundreds of miles straight north up the Paraguay river, branch of the Paraná. Modern Jesuit Land is now the vast, and still partially unexplored, country of south central Brazil, called Matto Grosso, "Large Forest." It is in the heart of one of the great geographical divides of the world, where the streams flowing north go into the wide Amazon, those flowing south into the long Paraná, which ends in the Río de la Plata. Both these gigantic streams flow into the Atlantic thousands of miles apart, and with wide open mouth discharge their muddy content far into the blue Atlantic.

It is on this divide marked by only a string of low lying hills, the Serra Dos Paradís, that the modern Black Robe works in far isolation from any populous center among the poor whites and out in the bush among the still untamed native Indians.

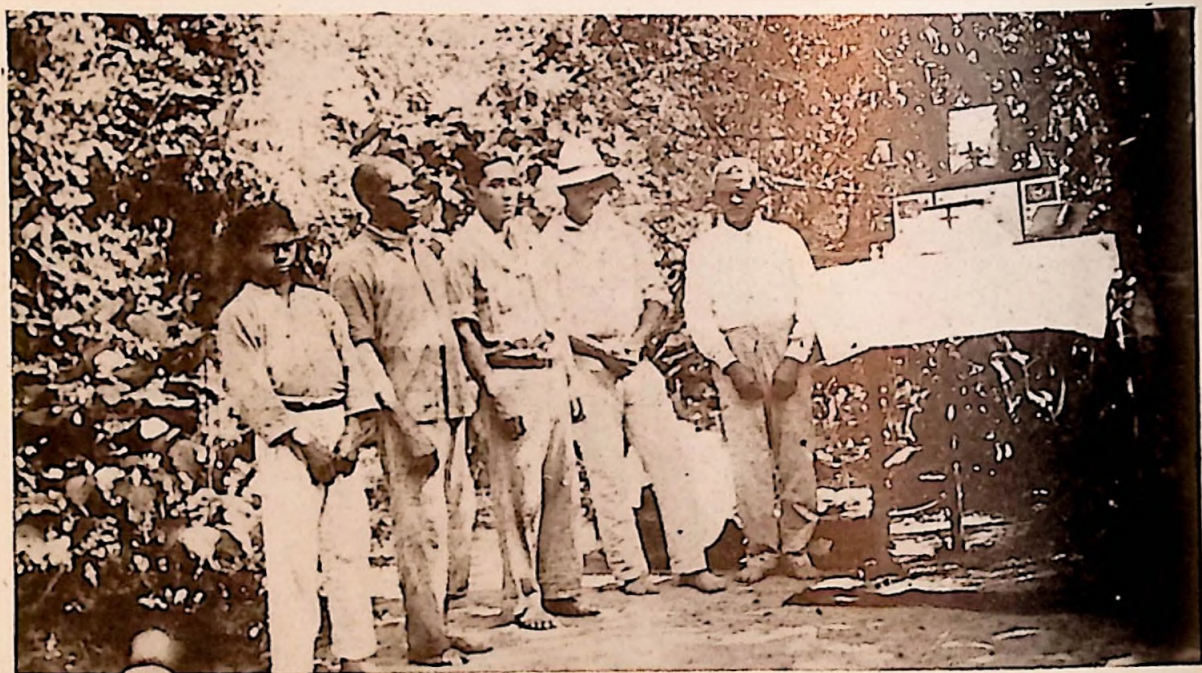
To get into the country you can go up the Paraguay straight north in river boat from Asunción, capital of Paraguay, to Esperanza in Brazil, then to Corumba, then in launch to Cuyabá, capital of the province of Matto Grosso. This means ten or more days of navigation upstream. Another two days in auto over the worst roads in the world gets you into Diamantino. This picturesque little city is on the edge of the modern Jesuit mission near the sources of the Paraguay. Nearby are the sources of the Arinas and many other streams which run into the long Tapajoz, one of the great branches of the Amazon.

The country is beastly hot in summer, with that heavy, muggy heat of the tropics. In winter (or the rainy season) it rains for six months, making all roads impassable. The streams are fringed with jungle. Other great tracks are more open than in the south. Food is

## BRAZIL'S

# MATTO GROSSO

PETER DUNNE, S.J.



Like his brothers centuries ago, the modern Jesuit sets up his altar where he can in the wilderness of Brazil.

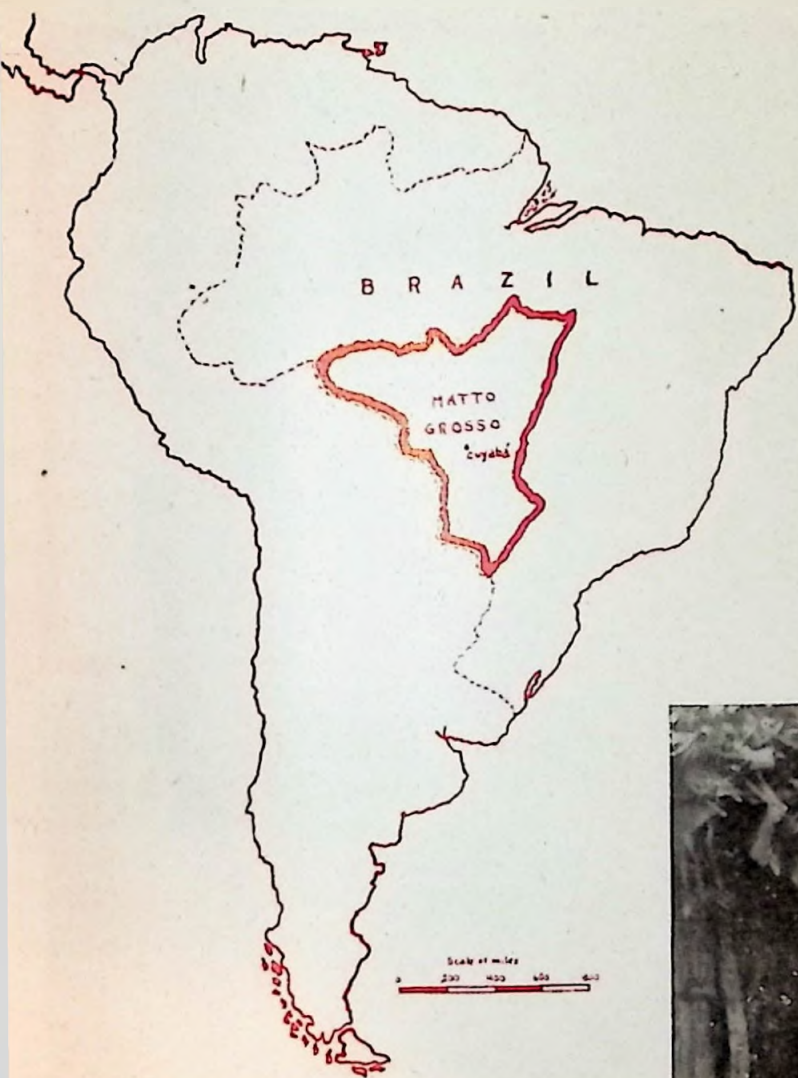
primitive, no meat except what has been strung and dried, abominable to the visitor. A plague of insects swarm out of their eggs in the hot spring and eat you up all during the hot summer. This is the land where the Indian, still untamed and unchristianized, hunts with his long spear and long arrow the spotted jaguar.

**T**HE mission of Matto Grosso is not old but its development reads like a story of 300 years ago. Father Marcelo Renaud, of the Jesuit Vice Province of Central Brazil, founded the mission in 1930, designating Fathers João Batista du Dreneuf, José Materni, and Iramo Osvaldo Dell'Agnolo as first missionaries to the wild, open bush. In April of that year Dreneuf was ap-

pointed by Dr. Bento Aloisi Masella, Apostolic Nuncio, as administrator of the newly erected unit

The seat of the mission was to be the Jesuit residence in Diamantino. For the first three years the Fathers lived in a provisional home, kindly placed at their disposal by the National Deputy, Sr. João de Souza. In 1934 two other missionaries arrived, Father Lamberto Martin and Bernardo van Bergen. That same year five nuns of the Congregation of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception came to help the Fathers.

While the work of the first three years was among the isolated and spiritually neglected whites of the district the Fathers and nuns later and augmented in numbers were able to go into the bush; seek con-



A Jesuit missionary visits some of his people in their primitive home.

tact with the wild and roaming Indian tribes, the Paracis, Cabixis, Nanbicuaras, Iranches, Apiacas and others. In 1935 Father Van Bergen went out to Utiariti, on the Río Sacre, branch of the great Tapajoz; got in touch with the Iranches Indians and with numbers of the Cabixis-Paracis tribe, using as liaison personnel an Indian telegraph operator of Utiariti.

**F**ARTHER into the wild in 1936 went Fathers Melo and Van Bergen. On the banks of the Rio Mangabal they founded the isolated mission house Santa Teresa do Menino Jesús to convert the Nanbicuara Indians, those who kill the jaguar with a long arrow shot with a long bow; whose men go naked except for a bunch of strings hanging from their middle; who live in the most primitive of huts made of palms and straw. Some Indians were willing to help in the building of a poor shack for the Padres with walls of mud and straw. Two Indians who knew Portuguese were the interpreters until the missionaries learned the language.

Curiosity led the wary and suspicious natives to snoop about the settlement. Gradually they came to understand that the Fathers were their friends. An Indian woman was instructed and baptized. Then a chief of the Nanbicuara tribe became friendly and led some of his braves to visit the Fathers and make friends. Later he settled with others near Santa Ter-

Zabala was crossing in his Ford. Both tumbled into the stream and both got off with their lives. Supplies are brought to the mission of Santa Teresa by means of the Ford, oxen, barges on the river, and finally human transport.

**T**HE mission life carried slowly and modestly on. Father Martín wrote in a letter of August 16, 1935, in part thus, after a three weeks' visit into the bush, "I heard 205 confessions, distributed 195 Communion, regularized 13 marriages, married four couples." Be-



esa. Regular instruction and baptism could now begin. The nuns of the Immaculate Conception went from their house in Diamantino to the newly founded mission of Santa Teresa and began to instruct a few friendly Indians in some of the amenities of civilized life as well as in the Faith.

Father Martín, well-known in Rio de Janeiro, was sent back to the capital from time to time to secure financial support for the mission. He received the gift of a yoke of oxen. Father Zabala begged for an old Ford and got it. Other provisions were forthcoming. They could be transported in car from Diamantino to Utiariti, and thence to the bush by oxen. But the bridges over the various rivers are in wretched state. The one spanning Río Sapetal broke when Father

sides, Father Martín baptized 78 persons among whom were an Indian mother and her infant. These two were the first fruits among the pagan Indians in that particular region. But to date not much more than 150 Indians have been baptized. This is a small beginning but it is a courageous undertaking, reminiscent of the hardships former Jesuits endured nearby. The Fathers are hopeful that with the advent of the Sisters and the education of the children progress will be much more rapid.

After a decade, namely in 1940 the Jesuit mission in far-isolated Mato Grosso, consisted of the following foundations: a residence in Diamantino, seat of the Jesuit Apostolic Administrator; the missionary post of Santa Teresa; and in places a community of Sisters.

# Letter to the Mother of an Interned Priest

By a Missionary Sister

**D**EAR Madame Dallaire:  
Your Jesuit son, Jean Paul, asked me to write to you. I was in the internment camp at Wei Hsien, China, where he also has been since March 1943. I left there September fifteenth to be repatriated to the United States on the Gripsholm together with two other sisters of our order.

I know you are most interested in any news of your boy—he was also eager that you have it—so I shall try to give you a true picture of his life in camp. You know that he is not a strong person but he is feeling well and is very happy.

Perhaps you already heard that at the outbreak of the war Father Dallaire and several sisters of his mission were taken for questioning by Japanese officials. They were not mistreated in any way and after a few days retention were sent back to the mission. I believe Father continued to teach philosophy then until March 1943, when all enemy nationals of North China were interned by the Japanese at Wei Hsien.

**T**HE Wei Hsien camp was in peace times an American Presbyterian mission compound of about thirteen acres enclosed by a ten foot gray brick wall. There are several two story buildings including a school, Chinese hospital, nurses home which now are housing the internees. Most of the buildings, however, are built in Chinese fashion—one simple square room with a tiled roof, a door, a window (two by three feet) in the front

wall, a smaller one in the back wall, a wooden floor, and whitewashed walls. The only fixture in the room is an electric light which hangs from the ceiling.

Father Dallaire and his companion, a Belgian Jesuit, share one of these rooms. They each have an iron cot and plenty of bedding. The walls are decorated with pictures and shelves which they themselves built in. You could stop into the room at almost any time and find it neat and clean, due, no doubt, to a Jesuit novitiate training and—in Father Dallaire's case—a mother whom he always said had keen eyes for small particles of dust. If I may interrupt my story here, I want to tell you that your son, like most priests, loves to speak of his mother. Not only does he like to tell of the inspiration of his vocation through you, but he also attributes all his good housekeeping abilities to you.

In the Camp at Wei Hsien we numbered about two thousand internees, among whom were three hundred and fifty priests, one hundred and fifty sisters, and six bishops. The Japanese provide food, light, water, and small coal stoves for heating the rooms. There are three general kitchens. Father Dallaire, very fortunately, has his meals from number III, which having only four hundred people to cook for, has food prepared in a manner superior to that of the two other kitchens.

The internees prepare the food, carry coal, chop wood, make the fires, bake bread, wash clothes, and still have time for prayer, study and

entertainment. Each person is expected to give four hours a day to general camp work. The priest who appoints the fathers to camp duties is very kind and considerate towards those who are not strong and spares them from heavy work. Father Dallaire was not called on every day. You can, however, imagine him carrying water for the sisters who did his washing, hanging up the clothes and even trying to rub them on a Japanese washboard. He helped us with wood and coke for our little Chinese mud stove. Life in Camp is very primitive. People gather all the little pieces of wood and twigs that they can find. They even make coal balls of coal dust and mud. Father Dallaire was very successful at these ventures.

All of the priests had the opportunity of saying Mass each morning. Father Dallaire and his Jesuit companion said their Masses in our room where we had three altars arranged which accommodated nine priests.

**I** REMEMBER the first mornings we were there—when this tall thin Jesuit walked in—I thought him extremely reserved and perhaps even severe. We had heard that he was French Canadian and concluded that he didn't speak English. What was our surprise when he came, one day, with some sugar he had bought from the Chinese "over the wall"—he spoke English and was even rather witty when the sisters tried to inveigle him into shelling a bag of peanuts that we wanted to use for peanut butter.

**In this letter there is something far more interesting than the description of life in a Japanese internment camp. It is the delicate charm and sympathetic understanding of one woman assuring another that her son is safe and well.**

He did take the peanuts and returned them to us a few days later nicely converted into peanut butter. He bought more peanuts over the wall and became a specialist at making peanut butter. It was a precious thing because we had nothing to put on our bread.

**O**N the feast of St. Ignatius, Father Dallaire sang a high Mass in our room celebrating the day with all due solemnity. He even arranged, according to the tradition of the Society, to entertain the bishops of the Camp at a tea party in the little yard near his room.

And so there are many little stories I could tell you but I will turn now to his apostolic labors. There are many Protestant missionaries in the Camp and he often gathered groups of them for discussions. They were English speaking men, and Father did remarkably well explaining Thomistic philosophy in a series of lectures given very informally on Sunday mornings and under the trees. I believe his influence on these people will be far reaching and with God's grace bear abundant fruit.

In August 1943 the Apostolic Delegate obtained from the Japanese the privilege of having all the priests and sisters removed to Peking where they would be still prisoners, but could live in convents and monasteries. Father Dallaire, however, volunteered to remain in the Camp to continue his apostolic work. His companion also stayed as well as eight or ten Belgian and American priests. You may expect him to be returning to Canada if another repatriation takes place. In fact, it was tried to have him come on the last exchange boat, but it was not God's will; arrangements could not be made. In any case, I am sure that you need not worry about his safety, health or happiness. The Japanese have not abused or mistreated the internees and I don't feel that they will.

I just remembered another thing that will interest you. Father plays the violin in the orchestra which the people of the Camp organized. Entertainments are given each Friday and Saturday evenings by musi-

cians and actors among the people.

There are also baseball, volleyball and tennis games.

Father wants also to be remembered in a special way to his youngest sister.

We can pray that if it is God's will you will see him soon. I am happy to have been able to give you this little message from him and tell you of his well-being.

God bless you, my dear, with His love and His peace.



Father Jean Paul Dallaire, S.J.

In the May issue of Jesuit Missions we shall pay a sincere tribute to the work Sisters are doing side by side with American Jesuits around the globe. Besides being a tribute to these heroic souls their story will also be an invitation and a challenge to other American girls to join them in the hard but glorious work of spreading the Kingdom of God. Watch for the May number of Jesuit Missions.

# G. I. Christmas

E. P. Burke, S.J.



ON the 24th of December, 1942 at one o'clock in the afternoon I was peacefully trimming a Christmas tree in the dining room of the Jesuit Community in Chicago. One year later at exactly the same hour I was jolting along a dusty Indian highway along the banks of the Sacred Ganges on a ten-wheeled heavy duty truck of the United States Army with five G.I. boys and a future Indian Maharajah on the way to cut a Christmas tree from the Maharajah's estates.

I was the only Scholastic loose south of the Ganges for hundreds of miles. My eyes had wandered over a miserable and motley collection of tattered remnants and faded ribbons of three former Christmases at St. Xavier's, and I thought to myself, "Even if this is India, we ought to have a tree. We asked the gardener. His answer: "After dark, we'll steal one off somebody's lawn." That was out. Then we saw the young Kumar, a Maharajah's son, who goes to St. Xavier's. "Could we raid his estate." We could. It was time to call in the Army. I had rounded up five lonesome soldiers who were wandering round our municipality and trying to get a ten-wheeled truck across a river which hasn't a

bridge for 500 miles. They were going across on barges the day after Christmas. Meanwhile we held open house for them. "Would they pick up our Christmas Tree." They would—if they could cut it down themselves. So supplied with axe and woodsmen too, we rolled out on our strange expedition. At two o'clock a Staff Sergeant from Ohio, six foot two and 238 pounds heavy, felled two helpless pines on the banks of the Ganges with just two blows. We piled them in our truck and wheeled back along the Ganges in clouds of dust, past pony carts and bullock carts, by dhotied Hindus and skirted Mohammedans who stared at the white cassocked Padre Sahibs and khaki-clad troopers and a Maharajah's son perched on top of a thundering monster that smothered them with dust as it passed.

A sergeant from Louisiana, right at home in the Christmas sun, helped me to wire the trees together, one above the other. And no one yet has detected that our fine "Christmas tree" is "trees."

FATHER Chamberlain then, just back from missions to American troops at the front and from retreats all over India, bought four rolls of red and green crepe paper, all we could afford. The sergeant from Ohio bent his 238 pounds to making Christmas wreaths from scraps of evergreen. "Sarge" was a rough-looking man, but his mother would be proud of him if she could have seen him then, pins in his mouth and "dainty" fingers plaiting a red bow for each of the four wreaths.

The good Sisters sent us over one of their precious rugs from the Convent. Chairs were salvaged from all over the house. Father "stole"

candlesticks to put on the mantle and "borrowed" candles. The holly wreaths with the Sergeant's red bows with their long flaring red tails, went up, the streamers were hanging in graceful swells. The Christmas tree was, in good American, a knockout, tall and tapering and tinselled with strips cut from cigarette tin foil. Our lights were old fashioned candles, but we were afraid to light them. The ornaments were the size of marbles, and that's absolutely no exaggeration, and they were pitifully few in number. But it looked pretty standing there in the corner. We thought so, and everybody said so.

THE soldiers, U. S. A., finished up their day by going to a dance. But before they left, they told us they would be back before midnight for Midnight Mass. My friend, the tiny Sergeant from Ohio, said he would be back if he had to walk the six miles. They were actually going to leave the dance at its merry best and come back to us for Midnight Mass. And this was all their own idea. Nothing had been said to them about their being expected because none of them were Catholics. They got back promptly at 11:20 p.m. and we actually did walk some of them the half-mile to the Pro-Cathedral and proudly escorted our five non-Catholic soldier boys, the "Wild" Americans up the center aisle to the front row. The whole colorful congregation learned there a lesson of soldier devotion. And what did the husky lads themselves think as they knelt there in this distant mission land watching for the first time the matchless pageantry of a Solemn Pontifical Mass? It was the "Happiest Christmas since they left home for the Army three years ago."



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## BRITISH HONDURAS

**REV. JOHN T. NEWELL, S.J.**

**Corozal, British Honduras, C.A.**

When we opened your last letter, Father Corey and I could hardly believe our eyes. A check for \$200.00! Even when I write to all my benefactors, as I always do, there is no way of really letting them realize how much their help means. Incidentally the majority of my contributions have come through JESUIT MISSIONS readers.

The proselytizers from Panama put on their big show recently. It turned out to be a fiasco. They had big funds in back of them for abundant literature. We did our best with mimeographed pages, but one of the first things we'll do now with a large part of that \$200 is buy books and pamphlets which were so badly needed.

Father Corey has just finished a fine stone building at Progreso, and is busy with a similar project at Narciso, strong enough to withstand the hurricanes.

**REV. ANTHONY R. KUENZEL, S.J.**

**Benque Viejo, British Honduras, C.A.**

While on my rounds of mission stations recently, I met a parishioner on the trail. With fine Mayan courtesy, he stepped aside to let me pass. Now I always make it a practice to say at least a few words to anyone I meet along the way. On this occasion, though in a hurry, I pulled up my horse, and chatted with the

Indian. Suddenly, he looked up, startled, and pointed to a branch a few feet away. There hung a very venomous snake waiting for me or him to move its way. I called for his "machete" but he shouted back, "No, no, Padre, very poisonous, dangerous. Make a big noise. He will go way." Sure enough, it did! With the smoothest serpentine coiling, which I shall always remember, this mortal enemy of mankind wound itself backwards and then upwards out of reach, and waited. The Indian warned me not to continue on the trail but to detour for a space. And so home safely. If I hadn't stopped for that friendly chat, you never would have received this letter from me.

**REV. QUIRINUS P. LEONARD, S.J.**

**Belize, British Honduras, C.A.**

Last season we finally got around to fill in the school yard. It took trucks and mule-carts, and back breaking work to level it all off, but we now have a delightful playground for the children. It's wonderful to see them enjoying it. Many a hot afternoon I worked on it for them!

But my health has been very good, even though two things hit me recently, the flu and my silver jubilee. Not much celebrating, but the children entertained me, and the Bishop and Father Superior were special guests. The flu and the jubilee have passed so back to work we go.

## ALASKA

**REV. MARTIN LONNEUX, S.J.**

**St. Michael, Alaska**

These have been busy months. Besides tending to my people, I have been working on the Inuit language catechism. As the Bishop asked for copies for other Fathers, I went over the whole 245 pages very carefully. It is about ready for the stencils.

For some reason the people did not have too much luck catching salmon this year; and only fair luck with seals and whales. I feel so sorry for them when that happens. Their winter food depends on it. The children have been getting bothersome sores all over their bodies of late. That keeps me rushing all the time trying to care for them. But God has been good in blessing me with health and in keeping the work going.

**REV. JAMES C. SPILS, S.J.**

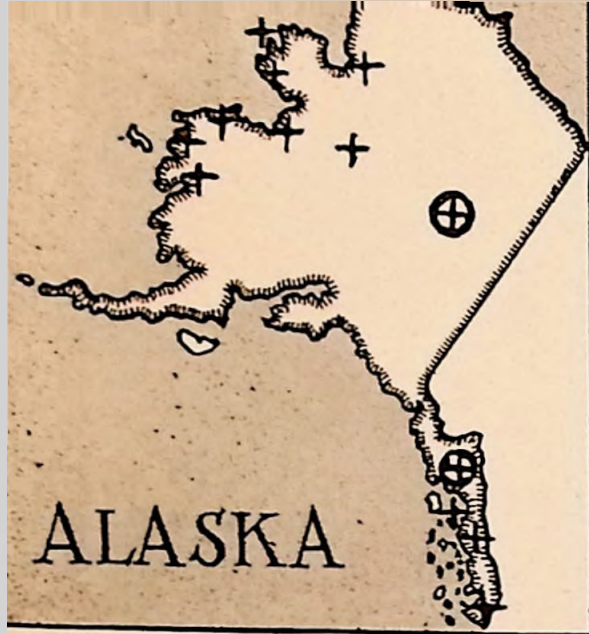
**Holy Cross, Alaska**

Brother Feltes, S.J. had to go to the hospital in Fairbanks. Not to be able to get his hands greasy on machines was a real trial for him. We miss his valuable help very much. Father Carroll is away at Pimute. The mail plane has been late, and infrequent, but there is one coming soon. This is to let you know of my deep gratitude for the Mass intentions.

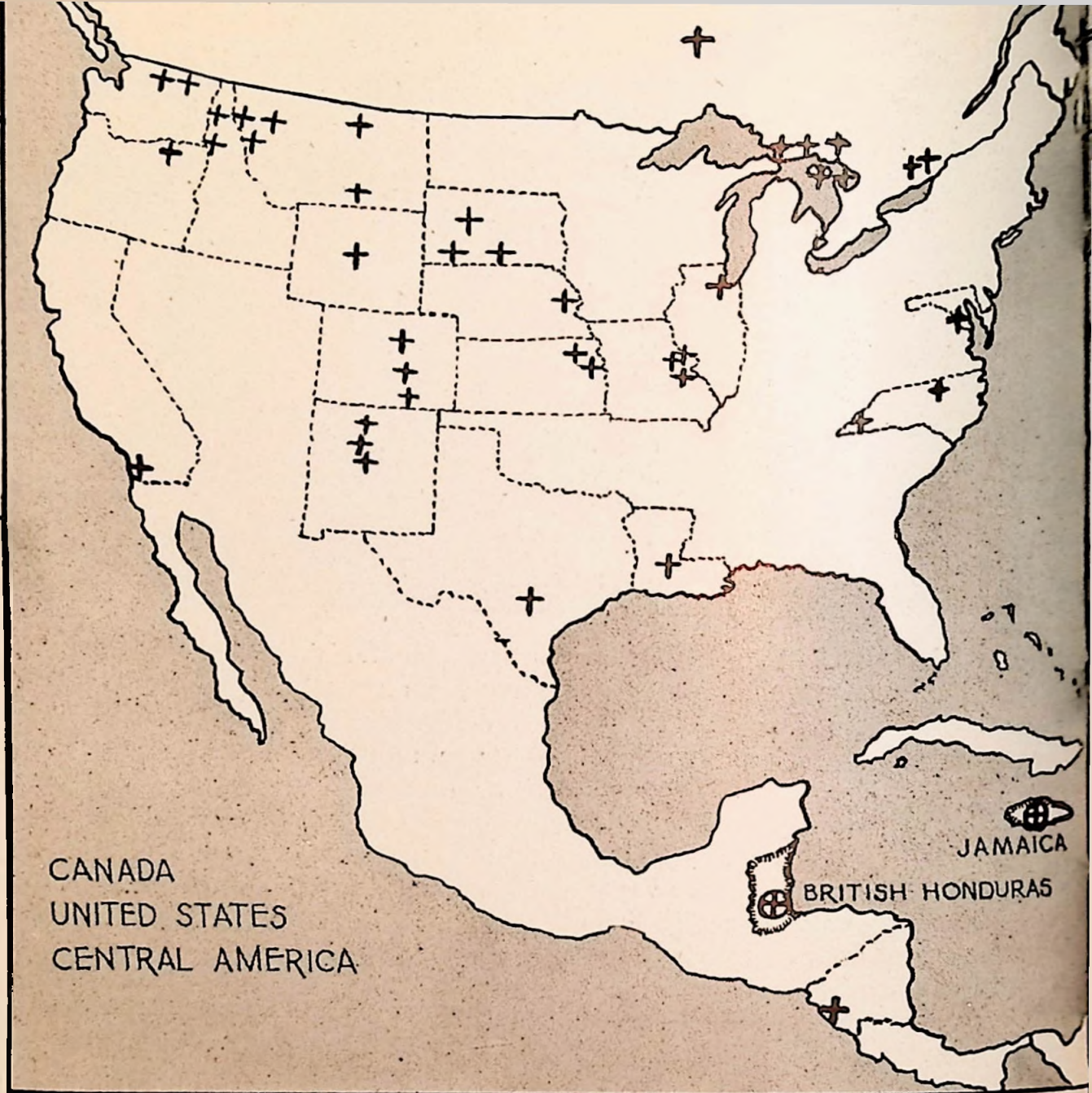
**REV. JOHN P. FOX, S.J.**

**Hooper Bay, Alaska**

Back from the trail came



ALASKA



Mission Stations Of American Jesuits	
Alaska .....	40
Indians (U. S.).....	97
(Canada) .....	62
American Negroes .....	38
Baghdad (schools) .....	3
British Honduras .....	131
Ceylon (schools) .....	2
China (U. S.) .....	14
(Canada) .....	35
India (also schools) ...	214
Jamaica .....	85
Nicaragua (school) .....	1
Philippines .....	over 800

**A FIELD • ALASKA • BAGHDAD • BRITISH HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA**

**MISSION MAPS**

The above maps show the general location of the more than 1522 mission stations of the American Jesuits from United States and Canadian Provinces. It was impossible, on a map this size, to indicate them all with crosses. The central stations only are represented. The shaded areas, Alaska, British Honduras, Jamaica, the Patna Mission in Northern India, Baghdad, and the Northern part of Mindanao in the Philippine Islands are exclusively Jesuit mission territory. The crosses within circles indicate that these places are the episcopal sees of Jesuit Bishops, and the territory of their mission is their diocese, the church institutions of that locality are their responsibility. By "Mission Stations" we mean all those parishes, schools, and villages, where the

missionaries have regular assignments and regular work. We do not include occasional administration of the sacraments or catechetical instructions, or relief work because of the war, or auxiliary chaplain's work, or hospital work. If the war were to stop tomorrow, the American Jesuits now on the missions would still be responsible for these 1522 mission stations across the world. May we ask your prayers for them?

**ALASKA—Continued**

Father Jules Convert recently, with reports of some conversions and real invigorating hard work, and real progress in the language of the people. Children, as always, were his best teachers. They speak so clearly. Rumors have it that there will be a government hospital here some time.

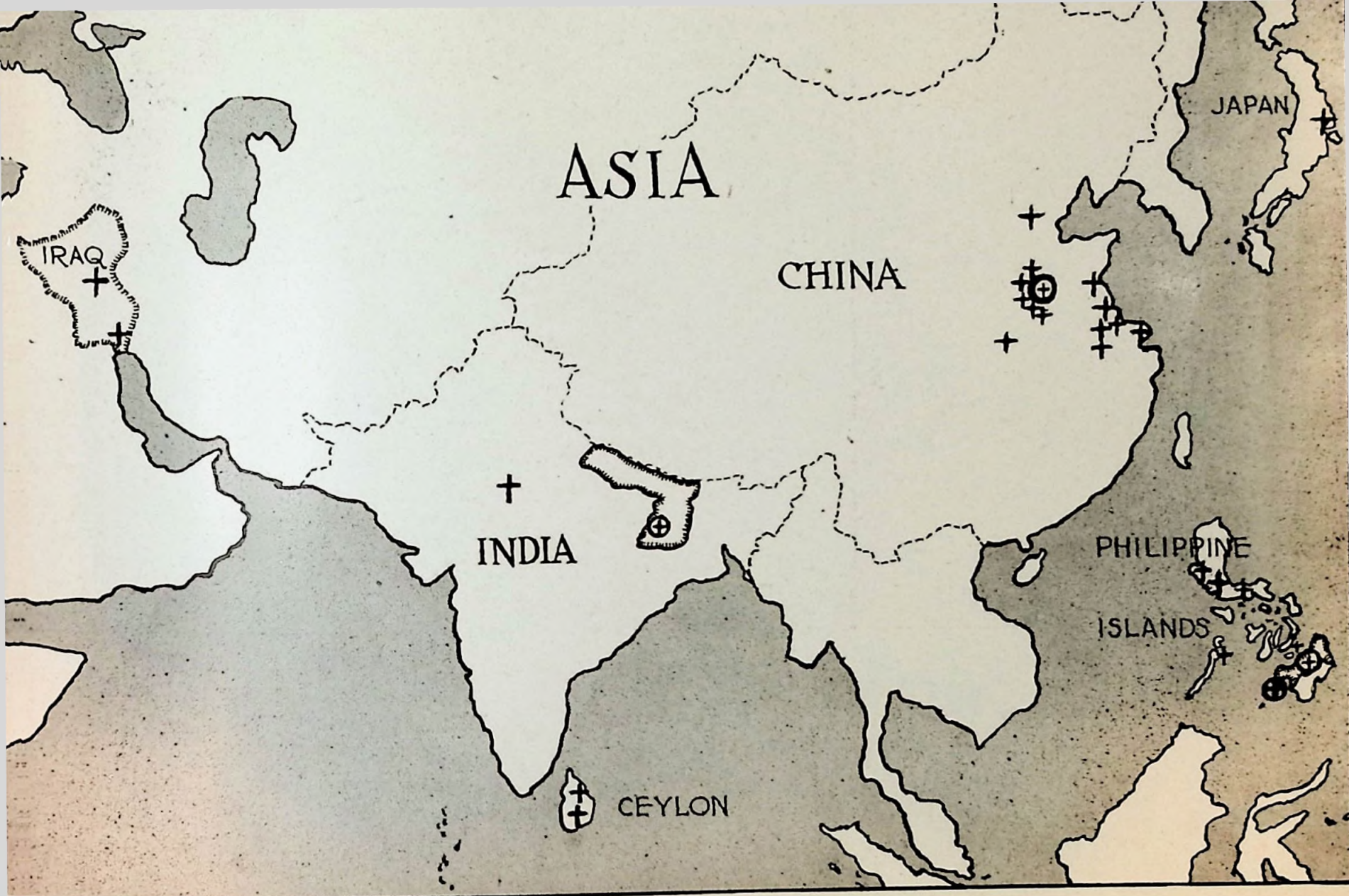
What a blessing that would be for these people!

**REV. SEGUNDO LLORENTE, S.J.  
Akuturak, Alaska**

Our school is crowded, with 88 boarders and 12 day students, and what a lively group they are! I had a chance to talk with a young missionary recently, young in years, but already gone through most of the experiences of the veterans, Father Jules Convert, S.J. And is he learning! After a while he came round to his real reason of his visit: he needed a dog—or two. Well cooperation is our motto, so I had to part with "Dandy," a fine looking dog, too. They went off, the best of friends.

**LETTERS ABOUT SOLDIERS**

"Enclosed is part of a letter received from my cousin in India":



## JESUIT MISSION STATIONS ACROSS THE WORLD

### • INDIA • INDIANS • JAMAICA • NEGRO • THE PHILIPPINES • **A FIELD**

"Remember my visit last July? I asked if the Jesuits had any Chaplains. I've found them over here. Our Chaplain is a Jesuit priest and a very grand man.

I never realized that the Jesuit Order was so active in the missionary field in this half of the world, but since my arrival here I have met some splendid examples of missionary work that they are doing here in India, and they seem to be everywhere.

India is so utterly different from anything I have ever seen or expected to see, with its myriad colors and cults and customs and castes. It would take a long time to study them all."

From E. P. Burke, S.J., an interview with Father Sloan, S.J., Superior of the All-India Mission Band:

"We missionaries travel all over India, North, East, South, and West, and have met army

men of every sort, American and British. It is most edifying to meet so many of them who live up to their faith, young men, still in their teens, who will come miles to the mission services and to morning Mass and Communion. The impression made on the native people, though the soldiers don't realize it, is tremendous. There are not enough chaplains for them all, but the parents of these boys need not worry about them; they are remarkably good.

Many of them have been amazed at, and have become interested in, the foreign mission work. They don't envy the life of the missionaries and wouldn't want to lead their lives, but they certainly admire them, and are determined to do something for them when they get back home. They were surprised and thrilled to find missionaries from Amer-

ica, Ireland. England. Belgium. Germany, France, Switzerland. Italy, etc., all working together here. That made them think. Especially the young fellows are a grand crowd and their parents can be quite at ease about their being a credit to them. Of course they all want to be "Home alive in forty-five."

#### FROM LONDON:

Our neighborhood has become "Little America." The Catholics in the U.S.A. Forces are the backbone of our congregation and keep us in relative prosperity. They give us bumper churches on Sunday and there is a faithful nucleus on other days. All sorts drop in for visits during the day. What impresses us who hear confessions is how well they are instructed; it is a pleasure to hear people who know exactly what to say and how to say it.

# EXPOSED TO HURRICANES



British Honduras is one of the Missions of the Missouri Province of the Society of Jesus. Working among its 54,000 inhabitants are 35 Jesuits. Located on the western shore of the Caribbean this mission is exposed to the destructive attacks of violent hurricanes.

The most recent and most severe hurricane was that of November 1942. Twenty-five complete mission stations were destroyed. The rebuilding plan is to construct one building, namely the school. This must serve as a Church on Sundays.

Only four buildings have been rebuilt. A fifth is in the process of construction. This work has cost less than \$19,000. There are 20 more stations to be rebuilt! Great work is being done—with extraordinary economy. Apart from financial aid, sacred vessels, altar supplies, etc., are needed. Donations may be sent to Rev. Vincent Erbacher, S.J., 4511 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

**JESUIT MISSIONS,**  
962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.  
Dear Father:

Please accept my donation \$..... to assist  
in the reconstruction of Churches and Schools in  
British Honduras.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... Zone..... State.....

The Jesuits in British Honduras conduct 22 "private schools"—Jesuits are entirely responsible for the construction and support of these schools. 60 "public schools" are under the direction of the Jesuits. These schools are run with governmental aids—the teachers' salaries and one quarter of the cost of construction are paid by the government.



**“You are bought with a great price . . .”** 1. Cor. 6:20

**THE MOST CONSOLING** and encouraging truth in all the world is this: God so loved men that He died to save them. No one would set so high a price on himself. It was God who set the price of our redemption, a price so high only God could pay it, and He paid it with His life.

**LOOK ACROSS THE CROWDED CITIES** where the people who are strangers to you live! God paid the same price for them. They, too, “are bought with a great price.” We must think of that these days.

**AND OUT ACROSS THE SEAS**, over one billion pagans live, huddled in the cold of Alaska, sweltering in the heat of the jungle, high in the mountain villages, far out in the barren deserts, crowded in the Asiatic cities. They, too, “are bought with a great price.” Only they haven’t a chance to learn of it unless we teach them. Can you help us do that? Perhaps one new village, perhaps one soul “bought with a great price”?



# NEW BOOKS



**Harvest of My Years:**  
**An Autobiography**  
Channing Pollock

**Connecticut Yankee:**  
**An Autobiography**  
Wilbur L. Cross

**Memoirs of a Superfluous Man**  
Albert Jay Nock

Autobiographies generally accent what the author *thinks* even more than what he *does*. Yet often there is a reversal of emphasis. In the first two of these autobiographies an active life stands out, in the third an inquisitive and discursive mind.

Focussed principally on the theatre, Channing Pollock's *Harvest of My Years* nevertheless brings to full life a many-sided personality—reporter, dramatic critic, press-agent, playwright, producer, director, novelist, editor, and lecturer. Within his chronicle is contained the story of the glamorous epoch from the nineties on. And the story grows more graphic as it unveils lifelike portraits of the author's friends, well-known in the dramatic and cinema world a generation ago. The narrative is crowded with action. A few paragraphs in the concluding chapter sum up Pollock's philosophy of life. Honesty in criticism, a deep sense of justice, enjoyment of friendships, love of writing, and a certain standard of decency are the articles of his belief—a purely natural but withal consistent belief. And so, by and large, his harvest is worth the reaping.

In the *Connecticut Yankee*, Wilbur Cross cuts his life into two clear sections, the academic and the political. In the former role he was a noted teacher, dean of the Yale Graduate School, author of a standard history of the English novel and of biographies of Sterne and Fielding, and for twenty-nine years editor of the rejuvenated *Yale Review* (1911-1940). He served four terms as Governor of Connecticut. Now at 81 he has given a full-dress review of his life at Yale and at Harvard. The characterization of his old friend, Henry Seidel Canby is accurate; Wilbur Cross was the sort of man who took small things in hand (for instance the Yale Graduate School and the governorship of Connecticut) and made them big.

Quite different from Pollock's and Cross' chronicles of their active lives,

Albert Jay Nock writes in his *Memoirs* a history of his ideas. Many of the ideas are significant and the style is so distinguished as to set it apart from much of today's writing. If Nock has not lived actively, he has read widely and thought deeply. His views on education are extremely sound in the main, as one might expect of the author of *The Theory of Education in the United States*, which is still one of the best books on the subject. Chapters five and fourteen of the *Memoirs* may only provoke the main body of educationists, but they *should* cause them to examine their consciences. Unfortunately Nock's views on religion and matters connected with it cannot be given the same commendation. But one feels that even on this head, though there are mistaken viewpoints, there is no stubborn self-satisfaction. The *Memoirs* will challenge dissent, but also agreement. Those concerned with the future status of education and of democracy should read this book and ponder it.

*The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.* \$3.50  
*Yale University Press, New Haven.* \$5.00  
*Harper & Brothers, New York.* \$3.00.

**Aids to Will Training in  
Christian Education**

By Two Sisters of Notre Dame

The most disconcerting feature of this book is the anonymity of the authoresses. They have presented a book that contains the cream of approved Catholic authors on the training of the will and added to it their own keen observations from the classroom. It is a book that not only teachers may use with profit, but which parents and students can read with relish for it is presented in clear, forceful, non-technical language, embodying not only the principles of will training but many practical hints on attitudes and emotions as they affect man on the natural and supernatural plane. The supplementary material for building attitudes adapted to classroom use will open avenues to similar projects for energetic teachers.

*Frederick Pustet Co., New York, N. Y.* \$2.50

**Angel of the Andes**  
Mary Fabyan Windeatt

To write an interesting life of St. Rose of Lima, to adapt it to the juvenile intellect, to present the essential facts of her life and to add a dash of interracial

justice that will move the heart of a child—all in a single biography—is a literary feat in itself, but Mary Fabyan Windeatt has measured up to the standard. She has not only given us St. Rose and the elements that made her a saint—her childhood vow, her unique vocation, her miraculous powers—but she has not neglected those who had contact with the saint—notably her mother, her brother Ferdinand, Dona Maria and Doctor John, who “knew from the first that Rose had some sort of a secret,” and Martin Porres, the Lad of Lima. This book, which should inspire not less than entertain, has been made doubly attractive by the illustrations of Sister M. Jean, O.P.

*St. Anthony Guild, Paterson, N. J.* \$1.50

**Thirty Years with Christ:**  
**An Autobiography**  
By Rosalie Marie Levy

In a book dedicated “to the Patriarchs and Prophets of the Old Law” and “to the . . . Apostles, friends, disciples and martyrs,” Rosalie Marie Levy has written a book that should prove useful to Jews and Christians alike. In her unaffected style she tells the story of her conversion and her thirty years in the one true fold—nor were they empty years! Each chapter forces the reader to exclaim, “A remarkable woman,” for Miss Levy is one who, having the courage of her convictions, proved herself, from the day of her conversion, a member of the Church Militant.

*R. M. Levy, P. O. Box 158, Station O, New York 11, N. Y.* \$2.10 Postpaid

**The Pageant of Canadian History**  
By Anne Merriman Peck

Rightly does Miss Peck call her book a *PAGEANT*, for in compressing the History of Canada into 353 pages, she necessarily had to highlight certain phases at the expense of others. In it she takes the reader by way of a prologue to Canada before the white man came and leads her reader along the paths of the explorers and missionaries to eighteenth century Canada struggling to become a nation. Her chapters on the development of the Northwest are graphic, her praise of the modern advances of a heterogeneous people almost extravagant, but she unfortunately shows little appreciation for the Catholic culture of French-Canada.

*Longmans, Green & Co., New York,* \$3.00.

## Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

### Gifts for the Missions

<i>Alabama:</i>	
E.P.B., Mobile	\$10.00
<i>Arizona:</i>	
J.A.F., Phoenix	5.00
<i>Arkansas:</i>	
Sr. M.G., El Dorado	2.00
A Friend, Little Rock	1.00
<i>California:</i>	
A.H.G., Blythe	40.00
E.T.D., Los Angeles	15.00
Mrs. M.M., Downey	10.00
M.A.D., San Francisco	6.00
M.C.G., Los Angeles	5.00
Mrs. W.M., Santa Cruz	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. W.H.B., Hollywood	5.00
J.M., Los Angeles	5.00
C.A.F., Bakersfield	5.00
Mrs. W.L.D., San Francisco	5.00
J.M.P., Los Altos	5.00
E.S., San Jose	5.00
G.H., San Francisco	4.00
A.D., San Francisco	4.00
C.P., Los Angeles	3.00
C.J.W., Inglewood	3.00
Mr. & Mrs. J.R.McA., Lomita Pk.	3.00
T.B., Alameda	2.50
<i>Colorado:</i>	
B.V.W., Boulder	1.00
<i>Connecticut:</i>	
A.T.S., Bridgeport	25.00
H.E.S., Hartford	5.00
Mrs. D.D., Fairfield	2.00
<i>District of Columbia:</i>	
M.H.S., Washington	10.00
M.S., Washington	5.00
G.A.C., Washington	5.00
Mr. & Mrs. W.I.P., Washington	5.00
Mrs. J.F.B., Washington	1.00
<i>Florida:</i>	
Mrs. H.F.K., Coral Gables	46.00
R.M.W., Miami	10.00
J.C.E., Miami	5.00
K.C.W., Palm Beach	3.00
<i>Georgia:</i>	
R.B.H., Atlanta	60.00
M.M., Augusta	2.00
C.A.H., Knoxville	1.00
<i>Illinois:</i>	
L.J.W., Chicago	100.00
M.C., Chicago	5.00
Mrs. L.K., Jerseyville	1.00
<i>Indiana:</i>	
Mrs. H.S., Indianapolis	80.00
J.&M.M.M., Evansville	50.00
Anonymous, Decatur	10.00
Mr. & Mrs. M.W.S., So. Bend	5.00
G.K., Indianapolis	2.00
M.K., Whiting	1.00
<i>Iowa:</i>	
Mrs. R.K., Boone	15.00
F.W.S., Marshalltown	5.00
<i>Kansas:</i>	
C.B., Pittsburg	3.00
M.S., Topeka	2.00
E.F., Pittsburg	1.00
<i>Kentucky:</i>	
A.E., Ft. Thomas	10.00
Mrs. J.R.M., St. Joseph	10.00
Sr. M.S., Louisville	8.00

### Louisiana:

St.J's Acad., New Orleans	20.00
A.&T.U., New Orleans	5.00
N.C.D., New Orleans	3.00
A.C.&LeR.D., Shreveport	2.50
Mrs. A.H., New Orleans	2.00
F.R., Gretna	2.00
K.M., New Orleans	2.00

### Maryland:

E.A.H., Baltimore	25.00
Mrs. H.W., Baltimore	25.00
J.C., Baltimore	15.00
P.S.L., Baltimore	5.00
C.M., Baltimore	5.00
J.J.I., Baltimore	5.00
E.P.R., Baltimore	4.00
M.S.S., Waldorf	2.00
B.H., Baltimore	2.00
Via U.W., Hughesville	1.00

### Massachusetts:

W.A.R., Dorchester	200.00
M.J.&M.B., Dorchester	30.00
Mrs. I., Dorchester	25.00
Sr. M.J., Framingham	25.00
E.H., Charlestown	20.00
N.B., Chelsea	20.00
Mr.&Mrs. J.D., Fall River	15.00
M.W., Newton Center	11.00
J.J.C., Waltham	10.00
M.A.M., Somerville	10.00
Mrs. C.F.G., W. Roxbury	10.00
E.P.T., Needham	10.00
J.T.D., Wellesley Hills	6.00
T.E.T., Roslindale	5.75
D.F.H., Brighton	5.00
M.O.C., Lenox	5.00
D.M., Waltham	5.00
A.O.K., Chestnut Hill	5.00
M.H.L., Charlestown	5.00
M.M.McM., Wakefield	5.00
G.C., Lee	4.00
Mrs. T.J., Roxbury	3.00

### Michigan:

Mrs. E.T., Detroit	10.00
Mrs. B.H., Detroit	10.00
Mrs. J.G., Grand Rapids	5.00
C.McK., Detroit	2.00
Mrs. D.P., Detroit	1.00
C.I.M., Detroit	1.00

### Minnesota:

W.L.N., St. Paul	5.00
E.M.M., Mankato	1.00
Mrs. G.B., St. Paul	1.00

### Mississippi:

G.C., Biloxi	5.00
--------------	------

### Missouri:

St. Looie	50.00
Via F.J.O'H., St. Louis	50.00
Mrs. W.R.D., St. Louis	35.00
Sr. M.L., Kansas City	25.00
Mrs. W.P.C., St. Louis	10.00
M.B., St. Louis	10.00
C.N.G., St. Louis	5.00
Mrs. J.R.G., St. Louis	4.00
Mrs. C.E.V., St. Louis	4.00
Mrs. H.J.L., St. Louis	3.50
Mrs. K., St. Louis	2.00
Mrs. E.A.L., St. Louis	2.00

### Montana:

P.J.O'L., Butte	10.00
-----------------	-------

### New Jersey:

M.C.C., Bayonne	60.00
J.B., Vineland	25.00
Mrs. W.S.F., Jersey City	20.00
Mrs. W.F.H., E. Orange	9.00
L.K., Oxford	1.00
C.C., Wildwoodcrest	1.00

### New York:

D.J.S., Schenectady	100.00
S.M., New York	75.00
F.X.W., Brooklyn	25.00
R.V.B., Jackson Hts.	25.00
Mrs. M.O'C., Elmira	15.00
M.V.G., Newburgh	12.00
Anonymous, New York	11.25
R.B., New York	10.00
T.F.M., Jr., Brooklyn	10.00
G.H.S., Brooklyn	10.00
K.McM., Buffalo	10.00
F.J.McN., Bronxville	10.00
W.J.S., Buffalo	10.00
J.F.B., Brooklyn	8.00
D.L., Brooklyn	5.00
F.M., New York	5.00
Mrs. L.G., Buffalo	5.00
Sr. M.S., Buffalo	5.00
J.B., New York	5.00
F.McF., New York	5.00
M.C., Brooklyn	4.00
P.J.N., Belle Harbor	4.00
Via B.C., Inc., New York	3.00
Mrs. G.M.B., Gardenville	3.00
Mrs. T.E.R., Brooklyn	2.25

### Ohio:

Anonymous, Louisville	50.00
W.B.McC., Alliance	15.00
M.W., Cleveland	10.00
A.M., Cleveland	6.00
H.G.P., Canton	5.00
J.A.D., Cincinnati	5.00
M.M.H., Shaker Hts.	5.00
Mrs. J.M., Lockland	5.00
W.C.M., E. Cleveland	5.00
Mrs. H.G.I., Delphos	5.00
M.W., Cincinnati	5.00
J.S., Canton	5.00
E.A.M., Cleveland	5.00
J.L., Massillon	4.00
M.D., Cincinnati	3.00
E.J.Z., Piqua	3.00
C.M., Cincinnati	2.00

### Oklahoma:

Anonymous, Oklahoma City	100.00
--------------------------	--------

### Oregon:

E.E.M., Portland	100.00
M.T.M., Clackamas	1.00

### Pennsylvania:

T.C.K., Camp Reynolds	10.00
B.H., Philadelphia	10.00
E.T.T., Philadelphia	10.00
M.C.M., Pittsburgh	5.00
Mrs. E.T.G., Philadelphia	5.00
M.E.R., Philadelphia	5.00

### Texas:

D.A.C., San Antonio	2.00
A.L.F., El Paso	2.00
B.V.R., Houston	1.00
Mrs. F.J.H., Ft. Arthur	1.00

### Vermont:

E.C.M., Rutland	1.00
Mrs. H.N.G., Springfield	1.00

### Virginia:

J.J.C., Ft. Eustis	20.00
J.A.T., Ft. Belvoir	10.00
T.F.C., Richmond	5.00
J.J.L., Camp Lee	1.00

### Washington:

G.E.H., Seattle	50.00
H.McN., Spokane	3.00

### Wisconsin:

Mrs. R.G., Appleton	5.00
Mrs. R.A., Milwaukee	5.00

Gratitude is also expressed for fourteen thousand two hundred and forty-six Mass stipends.

**PEACETIME  
WATERS**

# ON THE SULU SEA MINDANAO, PHILIPPINES



The wartime waters surrounding the Philippines give a very different picture. Military censorship prohibits specific details. The time will come when deeds of extraordinary sanctity and heroism may be told.

**At present there are 250 Jesuits in the Philippines . . . . 38 Jesuit Scholastics as interneers are studying theology at the University of Santo Tomas. Since Pearl Harbor more than 15 Filipinos have entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus.**

JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

Dear Father:

Kindly send JESUIT MISSIONS TO:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

DONOR'S NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Subscription: 1 year \$1.00—3 years \$2.75—6 years \$5.00

*Your friends will be interested in the latest information about the American Jesuits not only in the Far East, but also in the Near East, India, Alaska, Central America . . . American Jesuits with American Troops on every front are reporting for JESUIT MISSIONS.*