

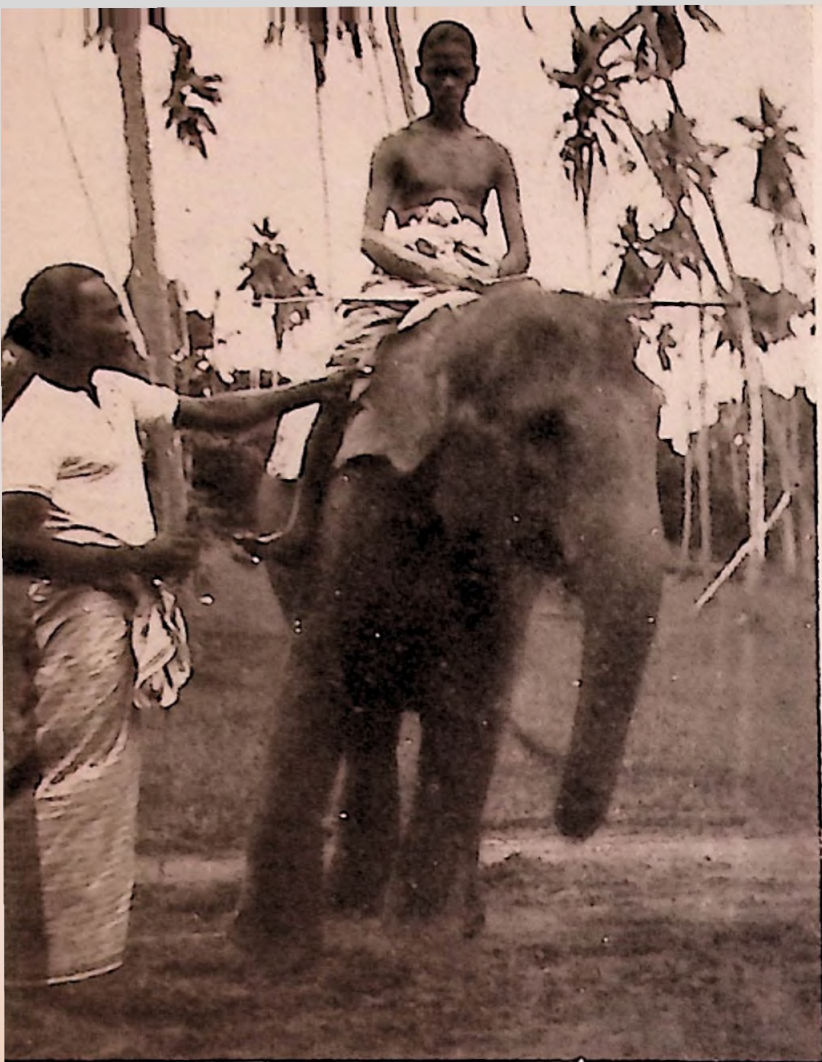
JESUIT MISSIONS

June,

Ten Cents



The Chaplain's Other Work



CEYLON

Mission of the Month

Procurator

Rev. Edward T. Cassidy, S.J.

4133 Banks Street

New Orleans, 19, Louisiana

(Confer page 166)

In Ceylon, elephants, captured while still young, are trained for many useful purposes.

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San Jose 21, California

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FATHER THOMAS J. ROCKS, S.J.

Born . . .
New Castle, Pa.
July 11, 1905

Studied at . . .
Holy Cross
College,
Worcester,
Mass.

Entered . . .
The Society of
Jesus, 1925



Professor at . . .
San Jose
Seminary,
Manila, P. I.,
1933-35

Ordained at . . .
Woodstock, Md.
June, 1939

Killed in . . .
Mindanao, P. I.
June 4, 1942

Few details of the tragic death of Father Rocks have reached us. It is known, however, that he was killed "by outlaws attempting to escape from the Japanese." Two years of his brief missionary career were spent as a Professor at San Jose Seminary. The Father Rocks Memorial Fund was established last year to perpetuate his memory. The resources of this fund will be applied to the training of the native clergy in the Philippines. Prior to the war there was an average of one priest to every 10,000 Catholics in the Philippines.

It may well be presumed that the spiritual welfare of the Philippines will be greatly impaired by the decimation of their man-power and the destruction of their seminaries and schools. Resources will be needed to help the zealous Filipinos to follow Christ the King. We ask your support for this important spiritual contribution to our devoted allies, the Filipinos.

Jesuit Mission Press, 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

Dear Father:

Kindly accept my offering of \$..... for the
FATHER ROCKS MEMORIAL FUND.

Name

Address

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THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

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

CONTRIBUTORS

■ **Father John Morrison, S.J.**, of St. Louis, is among many other things about the best photographer on our missions. Unfortunately for us, film is hard to get these days in India. He is also an able writer, and was a regular contributor to JESUIT MISSIONS. Several years ago (he has been many years in India) he was asked to work among the low caste Santals. Now the immense labors of that fruitful mission have made it almost impossible for him to write. When he does, it is always worth while. His brother, **Bakewell Morrison, S.J.**, is a well known author, lecturer and professor in the United States.

■ **Father Paul O'Connor, S.J.**, "snow-bound for a week", wrote five new articles. **Father Francis Osborne, S.J.** gives others credit for his new school; HE built it. **Lino Banayad, S.J.** speaks frankly as a Filipino. Welcome to **John Furniss, S.J.** of Woodstock, and to **Francis Jansky, S.J.** of St. Mary's, students, authors, apostles!

■ **Chaplain Edw. J. Dunne, S.J.**, of Brooklyn, now a Captain in the U. S. Army; belongs to the Philippine mission, which means that he volunteered and was accepted for that mission for life. He spent three years in Manila from 1934-1937 and was due to return after completing his studies here in 1942. Meanwhile the Philippines fell to the Japanese. Immediately he volunteered for Chaplain service" . . . until the day . . ."

■ **Father James Harney, S.J.**, of Lynn, Mass., has, like Fr. Morrison, an author-brother, **Martin Harney, S.J.** Speaking of brothers in the Jesuits, Lynn was also the home of **Leonard and Thomas Feeney, S.J.** (not the same as the other Jesuit Feeney brothers, **Thomas and William**, now in Jamaica). From Lynn also came **Father Harney's** former assistant, **Thomas J. Hennessey, S.J.** (not one of the other Jesuit Hennessey brothers, **Thomas P.**, now a Chaplain, and **Gerald**, of the Jamaican mission.) Clear? Besides these, there are ten other brother Jesuit combinations of which one or more are in Jamaica. **Fathers Eberle, Deevy, Blatchford, Krim, Toomey, Tobin, Glavin**, each with one brother Jesuit in the U. S.; both **Fathers Judah** are in Jamaica; **Father John Shea** (not **Cornelius**) has two Jesuit brothers in the U. S. (one a Chaplain); and there are four **Sullivan** brothers, two in Jamaica, one interned in the Philippines, and one in Boston.



James M. Harney, S.J.

THIS MONTH

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COVER — Very Rev. Francis N. Loesch, S.J., welcomes a Benedictine, a Chaplain in the American Air Force, now stationed in India, to the Patna Mission. American Jesuits have been working on this mission since 1921. You have to go to some far off place like Patna and there chance upon a fellow American to realize how intensely American you are. The surprise and pleasure is mutual. But between Father Loesch and this Chaplain there is a twofold bond; they are not only fellow Americans but also fellow priests, and this latter fact intensifies a hundredfold the pleasure of this unexpected meeting.

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The Sacred Heart and Peace



Statue of the Sacred Heart in the Jesuit Novitiate, Philippine Islands

A GROUP of over fifteen Filipino young men did an almost incredible thing this year: they entered voluntarily into an internment camp with the Jesuits to become Novices in the Order. This picture above was taken in peace times in the old Novitiate of Novaliches where the young men should have gone. The building is now in the hands of the Japanese, and if the statue of the Sacred Heart at the open door still stands, it is imprisoned or worse. The real, living Christ, however, can never be imprisoned. He is forever free in the world for those who hear His voice, as these young Filipinos did.

Once the war got under way it was practically inevitable that attempts would be made to imprison Christ. Not in Person, of course, but some of His teachings would be silenced; the supremacy He gave to spiritual values would be minimized; the effectiveness of His grace would give way to physical force all in the name of hard headed realism. A decade ago extreme pacifism held that nothing could justify modern war. Today extreme militarism holds that modern war justifies anything. In such a view there is no place for the qualities symbolized by the Sacred Heart of Jesus: compassion, forgiveness, and love.

Such a view is wrong, dead wrong, wrong because Jesus Christ is God, and God is right, always, everywhere, in all circumstances, no matter how hard to obey we may find His will. God knew the cry of bewilderment that rises from the human heart when confronted with aggressive organized evil. He gave an answer to it; came in Person to deliver it, and stated it in words that simply will not die. "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart." When Christ said those words, He knew all the objections against such a stand as He took, knew all the hard headed

realities they speak of today, and still proclaimed, "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart."

Let the Jingoists have their ugly say, "We must beat the enemy at his own game" when his game is evil; "We must hate the enemy if we are to crush him" when that hatred is not Christlike; "We will have our revenge" when God said, "Revenge is Mine." Let them mutter, but have no part with them. Their views are not God's.

THIS is not to say that the war is not necessary but the hatred is unnecessary; brutality is unnecessary; immorality is unnecessary, even in the name of Victory. What is necessary is that one day all the peoples of earth live again in peace. Ruthlessness may win a war but it will never achieve a peace.

God knew the evil that is in men when He sent Christ as our guide and gave us the Sacred Heart as a model. He wants peace among men more than we do. We have a prayer to help us establish peace. It takes a courage that is frightening to mean the words of that prayer and to submit to God when He sets about to answer it. It is the prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, "Make our hearts like unto Thine." A heart like unto Christ's must include the whole world, not just those who are friendly; no crime can be too big for our forgiveness; no human being can ever in this world sink below the reach of our love; no cry for pity or relief can ever go unheard; and no wish of God our Father can ever stand unanswered. Not if our hearts be made like unto Christ's. And if they are, then we can make peace on earth and we shall have the blessing God reserves for the peace-makers. "They shall be called the children of God."



Official U. S. Navy Photo

The Chaplain's Other Work

CAPT. EDW. J. DUNNE, S.J.

OUTSIDE my window the camp was alive with soldiers from all corners of the United States. Officially I was only the Catholic Chaplain, but actually for most of them I was the Catholic Church. It was hard to realize at first, but that is what the Chaplain is. It made me feel like a missionary all over again when I discovered that truth.

Not too long ago when I was a student at Woodstock College, I had listened to the words of Père Charles, the Professor of Missiology at Louvain and the Gregorian Universities. He told us then that it

was the task of the missionary to find the Church in pagan lands. His task was to push on into unchartered places and there find the external organization, the framework, the visible part of the Church. This was the meaning of the command of Our Lord. "Going therefore teach ye all nations." And this was Père Charles' answer to those who wanted to know why the missionary went forth into strange lands, leaving home when there was so much to be done, so to speak, in one's own backyard. The city seated on the mountain was already in existence. It must be planted on the mountain-tops all over the world where it could be seen by all men.

As I looked out the window across this war city, with its multiple barracks, dirt roads, and thousands of rookies marching and maneuvering, it struck me forcibly that here too was an uncharted region as far as the Church is concerned. True we have an Archbishop, two auxiliary bishops and the largest chancery in the world. But the average G.I., Yardbird, Jeep, Gob or whatever you may wish to call him has never heard of the segment of the Church Militant called Military Ordinariate. All chaplains look alike to him. He may call them preacher or minister or deacon or rabbi; some even call him affectionately, Padre or Father. But the chaplain must make the soldier conscious that there is such an organization intended primarily to look after his spiritual needs.

A KNOCK at the door interrupts my train of thought,—someone wanting to know if there would be evening Mass. Yes, there



Official U. S. Coast Guard Photo

would be as usual. This was only one of the many privileges the Holy Father has granted the Armed Forces. Evening Mass, Evening Communion, dispensations from fasting and other spiritual benefits were given to the Armed Forces to enable them to attend Mass and receive the Sacraments as frequently as possible. The Pope must have heard the story of the paratroop chaplain who jumped with his Mass kit in his knapsack and was knocked out cold by the marble altar stone as he "hit the silk." Not long after that incident the Holy Father granted to chaplains with the Airborne troops the privilege of using the Greek corporal or Anti-men-sium.

The organization of the Church in the Armed Forces is an accepted fact. It is the work of the chaplains to make it known wherever he goes. He must bring it to the attention of those who have never heard of it and bring back those who have broken away. Much of what the modern world calls Social Service but what we know as the compelling charity of Christ, is performed by the chaplain among those not of the Church. It is strange what difficulties, what actual crises soldiers bring to one whom they ultimately come to associate with the Church Militant (and Military).

I RECALL one Saturday during confessions when I became the somewhat bewildered custodian of a sixteen months old baby. The soldier could not keep it in his hutment and the mother was on her way to the hospital. I placed the child in a Catholic orphanage, saw to it that the mother was well cared for in a Catholic hospital, and then proceeded to straighten out the soldier's troubles. I gathered the impression that when I said goodbye to this soldier, that, though he might never become a member of the Church, at least he would never parade in a white sheet when the war was over or burn a fiery cross before some convent of helpless nuns.

According to Père Charles' definition then, the Chaplain is doing real missionary work. In the Armed Forces he is bringing to the attention of the outsider the existence of Christ's Church in the world. He sets up his desk in a corner of the neat white chapels that dot Army posts or he says Mass on the front of a jeep or a crate of ammunition. Thus he bridges a gap and brings the Church in contact with those who have never known her. He finds also many "white" pagans who have known the truth of the Church but have given it up for one reason or another. There too he finds a

challenge for his apostolic zeal.

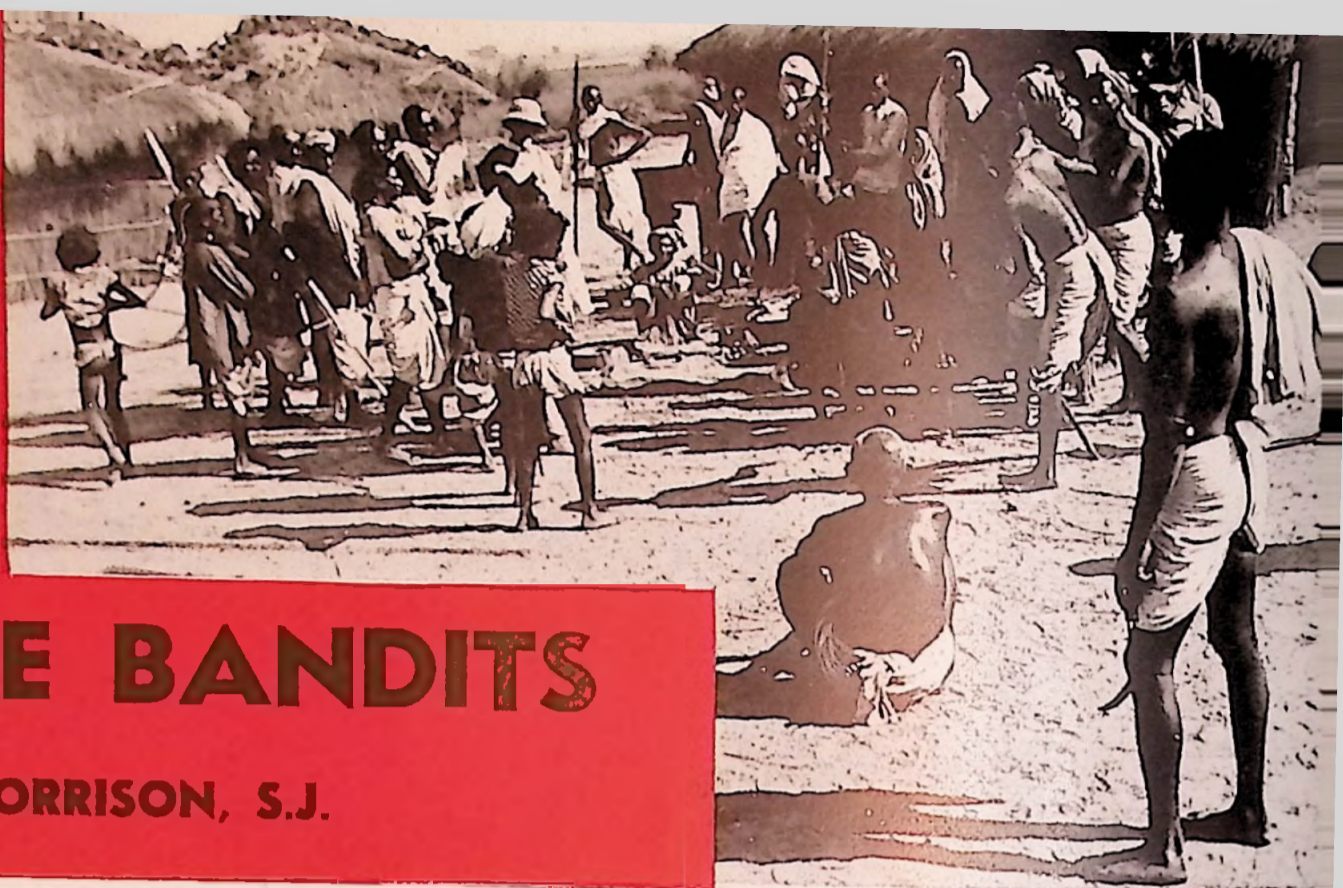
DURING the past year five Jesuits sailed to India, the land in which Xavier labored, but I think if Xavier were alive today it is quite likely he would don the khaki of the soldier, or the blue of the sailor to take his place in the Armed Forces. Certainly he would find there a fruitful field for his zealous soul.

The chaplain accepts the urgent apostolate of the present among the Armed Forces but he also recognizes the greater Apostolate of the world mission front. He has met many priests who now wear khaki but will readily put it aside for the brown or the black or the white of Christ's missionaries when the immediate threat to all civilization is destroyed. Meanwhile he prays for the grace and help to carry on. He may not know it but surely Francis Xavier, the *Captain of Christ* smiles at him from the battlements of Heaven.

An orderly gave me the signal. It was time for evening Mass. Soon I was on my way toward the chapel where the vestments would be laid out for me by the men. Soon I would stand before them as their Chaplain, and somehow, in me, they would see the Catholic Church. It felt good to be a missionary again.

OUR VILLAGE COP AND THE BANDITS

JOHN MORRISON, S.J.



The men gathered to discuss plans against the bandits.

IT must have been about ten o'clock. I was just getting ready to turn down the lantern and crawl under the mosquito net for the night when I heard cautious footsteps outside my window. Whoever it was began to cough, which in India is the substitute for ringing door-bells. As soon as I answered, someone rushed around to the door, and burst into the house, all excited. It was one of the men from the mission, and seldom have I seen a man more terrified.

The Bulltiyars were coming. The people in the next village saw them and spread the alarm. The women and children all were hurried off to my mission station at Poreya, and a delegation of them were waiting outside to see me. Anna was there and Salome and several pagans whom I did not know. Their story was rather incoherent but eventually I learned that 40 Bulltiyars were on their way to the next village and all the men folk had gathered in the fields to map their strategy, but they too, it seems, were filled with fear, and wanted advice from the Father.

There was only one thing to do. I led them over across the way to the police station to see the Daroga as the local chief of police is called. The people are afraid to call in the police, but this Daroga is a friend of mine, and a Brahman, at that. And he is no coward. He fought in the

last war and was wounded in Mesopotamia. A couple of years ago he was almost killed while trying to break up an angry Santal mob, single-handed. As a result he spent weeks in the hospital and months on leave recuperating. But some of the things he does and the way he talks about them would give a Wodehouse material for many books. He was roused at once by my call, and came out.

I wanted the people to explain their claims, but he could not understand Santali, so we had the strange situation of an American in the heart of India acting as interpreter for two Indians.

THE situation called forth all the brave qualities as well as all the histrionic ability of the Daroga. He began by making derogatory remarks about the Santal police, praised his own men, and thus prepared the way for a eulogy of his own prowess, which began, "I am a brave man. Once I fought one thousand men all alone. I have not told you? Once I was . . ."

"Yes, yes," I broke in; it was a long story I knew. "I heard it many times before and I believe it. Let us have action."

And action there was. He began shouting orders at once, placing his men in strategic spots, and asking me to provide room for the night to the refugees from the nearby

town. We went back home.

It was a clear moonlit night. A moving object could easily be spotted a hundred yards away. All at once, there was a loud BANG! The crows in the trees wheeled into the air cawing and squawking; dogs began to bark; people who had retired came rushing outdoors. It turned out that the Daroga was just giving the Bulltiyars an idea of what to expect if they dared approach his village. All the Santal men had been dismissed and sent to me to take care of in the mission compound. Then more shots rang out, each one farther away than in the last. Finally it was quiet.

THE Bulltiyars had come all right, forty strong, but were frightened off by the Daroga and his picked band of men. This was no small feat. Let me tell you about these Bulltiyars. The name is a corruption of "Volunteers", the men who acted up during the Congress trouble. After that died down gangs of men took to banditry as an easy way of making a living and called themselves "Bulltiyars." Occasionally they burned down a government shop or a station to make themselves look like fighters for home rule, but they were more bandits than anything else.

They terrorized people everywhere, holding them up, demanding food and money, and threatening to burn down their houses (an easy matter because the roofs are made of straw) if they did not give what was asked. Stealing clothes off people's back was a favorite trick of theirs.

On one occasion, when returning from a trip to Patna, I stopped at Salaia, one of my sub-stations. My Mass kit was there and I intended going on to Poreya next morning. My helper was supposed to meet me with the pony and gig. Half a mile away, the blackened, roofless walls of a government inspection bungalow and the walls of several outbuildings nearby stood as silent testimony of a raid by a gang of Bulltiyars. My caretaker was home, but his wife and daughter were not.

"Where are Lucy and Monica?" I asked.

"At Rajapokhar (nearby) for tonight."

"What's the matter?"

"Bulltiyars, Father."

"What have the Bulltiyars done now?"

"A few days ago some women were out in the forest gathering fire wood and Bulltiyars stole their clothes, and left them there that way. We are afraid here. What could I do alone? I sent them to village where they will be safe."

My boy failed to show up, and I had no hosts. There was no Mass next morning. When I reached Poreya, Luke was busy with some work but offered no explanation for his non-appearance the night before.

"What happened, Luke?"

"Bulltiyars, Father."

"What happened, now?"

"They held me up near Salaia, left me with just one piece of cloth to come home in, took everything else, and I was afraid to go on to meet you."

Robbery was not the limit of their villainy. They held up a contractor, demanding the payroll for his laborers. When he refused to hand it over, they locked him in a shed and set it on fire. He was lucky to escape with minor burns.



The women fled from their village to the mission compound at Poreya Hat (above), where all found safety and protection.

Village watchmen had their noses and ears cut off and several people were murdered. There were far too many for the local police to handle. Drastic measures had to be taken.

Military police were stationed every fifteen miles. Poreya had a detachment of Gurkhas, the famed soldiers of Nepal. Every village had troops of soldiers who roared out in their trucks at all hours of the day and night. Handsome rewards were put on the heads of the Bulltiyars, but the people were too afraid of them to "squeal."

ON one occasion, an officer led forty Gurkhas out to a hide-away in the hills. Fortunately for the Bulltiyars, the Gurkhas did not find them or they would have lost more than noses and ears, once their Gurkha kukris started swinging. Things got too hot for the Bulltiyars to carry on business

profitably, and gradually conditions returned to normal. The final blow was the capture of the local "John Dillinger" a certain Parsu Ram Singh. The irony of the situation was the fact that an assistant Daroga made the capture and received the five thousand rupee reward. Our head Daroga missed out by the narrowest margin being the hero. For a while he was miserable, until his name came up for honors and rewards too. Now there's no holding him. Every detail of the story is being rehearsed again and again though the assistant gets little mention in the current version. The latest addition brings me into it (whenever I am around to listen). He gave me "honorable mention" in his report, and assures me there'll never be any more disorder while he reigns. Well, you never know. But if there is, I'll surely call on him.



(Left) The first steps in the making of an Eskimo hut, setting the whale bones in place. (Above) An ancient cemetery; bones again served a useful purpose.

A WORD ABOUT ISOLATION

Paul O'Connor, S.J.

ISOLATION is a fearsome thing to some people. It seems to connote all that is lonely and abandoned. A group of soldiers were recently granted a ten day furlough from the Aleutian area. They arose early, packed their duffle bags, walked out to the air port, and were just about to step into the big air transport plane when orders came to hold off for an hour—"fog". One hour went by. They could still be in Anchorage for a moose-steak supper. Other hours dragged by but still there was the hope that the fog would lift. Then days dragged by, until the whole ten days had gone. That was isolation, and you can imagine the reactions of the men.

Fortunately there are different kinds of isolation. And it is one thing to be isolated in your own home and in the place you love, and quite another to be isolated far from home. The isolation of a frontier settlement has a charm all its own. The civilization of crowded cities and mechanical luxuries may be far away, but not the initiative, the hardihood, and hospitality of the pioneer. Living much in the open and matching wits against the forces of nature give life a fullness and contentment which city dwellers nervously seek, but seldom find.

As an example, one morning this winter, a particularly cold one (more than 40 below zero) and dark as usual (the sun appears only two hours a day in winter) I slipped out through the village silently on skis. All around me the huts were buried in snow, ghostly mounds looking like ancient graves. It was hard to believe that each house covered big families, all asleep, quiet and warm. Only one light shone bright and clear at the far end of the village. Everything else was dark and deathly still. The skis made scarcely a sound as they slipped over the hard snow.

I have often noticed that whenever I bear Holy Viaticum with me, the dogs treat me with distinct courtesy. They either stand at attention as I pass or gaze in silence from the seclusion of their quarters. Usually an Eskimo dog does not like the smell of a white man and voices his disapproval in no uncertain terms. This morning, as I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me, I passed two good Siberians which I occasionally borrow to pull me on skis. They are always yapping to go when I approach them, but they too were silent and respectful as monks, though they were

doubly noisy on my return trip.

ON entering the hut where the solitary light had been shining, everything was in readiness. table prepared, candles set, even the confiteor recited quietly by the family—in Latin. Devoutly the aged father received his Lord in Viaticum. Prayers were said in hushed tones, and a few quiet words of gratitude were spoken by the family. Once more I was outside in the solitude. I circled around a bit on the way home, the longer to reflect and to pray, for there is something magnetic about the Arctic darkness, when only the stars seem awake, and they seem so close you feel you could reach up and touch them. Here was isolation, too, but more the beauty of solitude.

But the old Alaskan isolation is gradually being smashed to bits by the plane. And with it, I fear, a healthy independence is also disappearing. The Eskimo used to be the freest of men. His clothing and food came from his own land and was produced by his own ingenuity. There were no such things as "middle men" in their lives. The plane has brought him three things above

These Eskimos who live above the Arctic Circle come from one of the oldest tribes on this continent. For centuries their ancestors lived simple primitive lives in the full freedom of independence. Nature supplied all their simple needs. Their sturdy character was shaped by the hardihood which life required.



forts, luxuries, machines, movies, etc.—these do not mean improvement, especially when they come from the outside, and not as by-products of the people's ingenuity. The Eskimos are fascinated by all the modern inventions which the war and the plane are bringing to their lives but they do not know how to fit them into their lives without upsetting everything. As a result, they learn the defects of modernism and not the real usefulness of practical inventions.

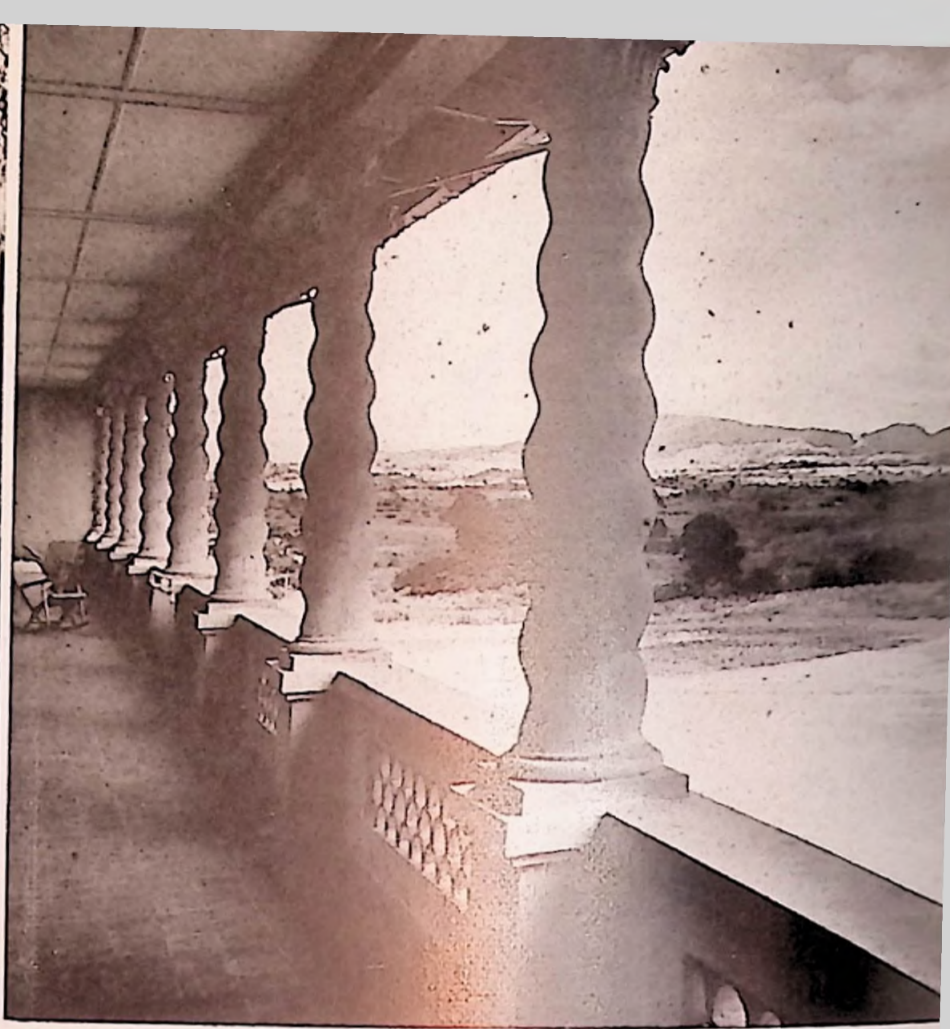
THE plane can be a blessing; perhaps we above all others know that best. It can bring medical supplies, transport people to hospitals in rush cases, bring in needed supplies in almost no time, and in general, triumphs over the vast stretches of difficult territory which made life so hard before. But it can also bring alcohol and germs and a cheap commercialism which will ruin the Eskimos as a people. Lots of Americans would find this hard to understand; they imagine that bringing all the modern things to the Eskimos is the kindest way to treat them. That's because they do not know what primitive people are like, and also, I strongly suspect, because they think that isolation is a fearsome thing. They do not realize that it can at times be beautiful, and more than that, ennobling. It has gone into the making of the Eskimo character as much as anything else. And you can't smash anything so basic in a people's life all of a sudden without disastrous results.

all which are causing a violent change, machines, radio, and movies. They can bring ease and enjoyment into the Alaskan life, but they can also bring a slavery. The Eskimos won't know the difference until it is too late. It takes time for a primitive people to adjust themselves to our modern life. For example, the young men were conscripted for Army life. Eight out of ten men drafted from around Kotzebue had to be sent home, and in their simple way did not realize why they could not be assimilated. They are used to isolation of a certain type and need the independence it gives them. But now everywhere we find the plane rushing things at them to break it down, much too fast.

dence of peoples. It is not that interdependence of the family which is bound together by nature and love. In the family, the individual members may expand and develop a distinct personality. Not so in the modern world. Mass civilization binds people together like the parts of a machine. The wheels and cogs must fall in line or be cast aside. A man no longer functions as an individual person enjoying a measure of personal independence. He comes more and more to depend on others for everything, and eventually he has less and less to say in matters that affect his whole life.

This is not to say that the Eskimos should not have progress or improvements, but dumping the products of a highly mechanical civilization into the lives of a primitive people does not bring progress and improvement. Things,—com-

TO me one of the most terrifying things about "mass civilization" is the almost slavish interdepen-



WE CAN BE RELIGIOUS

LINO BANAYAD, S.J.

FOUR centuries ago, Spanish Augustinians, Franciscans, Dominicans and Jesuits crossed the Pacific to bring the Faith to the Filipinos. Within a few decades after their arrival, they had traversed the length and width of Luzon, settled among the scattered islands of the Visayas and erected mission outposts in Mindanao. Zealously they taught the natives the truths of Christianity and receptive hearts welcomed the Faith. That, simply told, is the story of the Philippines' conversion -- the story of a great missionary achievement.

The Spanish religious, however, were not merely evangelizers. They were also civilizers. With them Catholic culture came to the Philippines. Through the media of schools and colleges, charitable institutions

A Filipino novice before the Japanese took over the Sacred Heart Novitiate (right). This year over fifteen Filipinos went voluntarily into internment with the Jesuits to begin their Novitiate.

and confraternities and monasteries in various parts of the Islands, Spanish missionaries were able to impart a new way of life to the Filipino nation. Thus for more than three centuries these religious men nourished the Faith they had planted and fostered the Catholic culture of the West.

Yet in one important respect, the Spanish religious orders failed in the Philippines. The Faith and the Catholic culture lived on but the Religious Orders did not take root in the Philippine soil. Spanish religious, though they mingled and worked zealously with the natives,

were always a class apart. They stayed in the Philippines but their heart, their principle of growth, was often Spain. True, after a fashion natives were trained for the secular clergy, but native vocations to the religious life were not encouraged. The thinning ranks of the Religious orders working in the Philippines during the Spanish regime, were reinforced by recruits from Spain, Italy, Mexico or from sons of Spanish hidalgos residing in the Philippines, hardly ever by a native, the despised *Indio*.

TODAY, after more than three centuries, one searches almost in vain for a Filipino religious walking the crowded streets of Manila or the dusty roads of the provinces or in the monastic seclusion of the cloisters, or in the professors' chairs

of the great Universities and Colleges of the Philippines. There is one notable exception—the Jesuit Order with its one hundred and thirty Filipinos, yet only seventeen of these joined the Society during the Spanish time. The tremendous increase of native vocations to the Order was largely due to the American Jesuits who took over the management of the Philippine Mission in 1926.

In 1898, Spain surrendered the sovereignty over the Islands to the United States. Within four years nearly 800 Spanish Friars left the Philippines. This general exodus emptied towns and provinces of their resident pastors at a time when native diocesan priests were scarce and native religious fewer still. Thus the Church was rendered practically helpless in safeguarding the Faith of her children against moneyed and influential foes. In the early nineteen hundreds the Philippines was an open field for Protestant proselytism and anti-clerical activities. Thus it was that the schism of the anti-Spanish apostate priest, Gregorio Aglipay, could deceive so many of the people.

Today, however, a still greater danger presents itself to the Church in the Philippines. Some time ago, the War Department released significant reports on the plight of Catholic missionaries in the islands. In substance, the reports stated that the Japanese are forcing foreign missionaries to give up their work and that many of them have been interned. The ominous reality implied in these sad communications may be weighed in the light of these pertinent facts.

There are in the Philippines some 1,400 priests ministering to twelve and a half million Catholics. Six hundred of these are foreigners belonging to religious orders and congregations. Conditions of the Church in the Islands were appalling enough when in normal times 1,400 priests were taking care of twelve and a half million Catholics. It is no wonder then that so many stone churches all over the country had fallen into ruins, and that there



Fathers Monteiro and Ortiz, S.J., chat with Vice-President Osmena of the Philippines. Father Ortiz, a major in the Army, escaped from Corregidor with President Quezon and his staff. Father Monteiro is at Auriesville, N. Y.

are still sections of the country which have no priest at all.

THIS Japanese measure of shelving 600 foreign priests will throw the whole burden of carrying on the work of the Church upon 800 already overworked native priests. Each native priest will have to minister to 15,750 Catholics. The significance of this fact stands out in bold relief when one recalls that here in the States there is a priest to every 700 Catholics.

Furthermore, this Japanese measure will not only paralyze the Church's apostolate in parishes and in mission-fields. Catholic education will be effectively stopped. In 1940, more than 240 up-to-date schools and colleges were enrolled in the Islands' Catholic Educational Association. In Manila alone, there are five leading educational institutions for men; the University of Sto. Tomas and San Juan de Letran College of the Dominicans, San Beda College of the Benedictines, De La Salle College of the Christian Brothers and the Ateneo de Manila of the Jesuits. All of these schools, with the exception of the Ateneo de Manila, are completely under the management of foreign religious. There are ten seminaries in the Islands for the diocesan clergy and all of these except San Jose Seminary

are manned by foreign missionaries. Because of these conditions, for a long time after the war, the Catholic Church in the Philippines will depend upon outside help, if God's work must be properly carried on.

In the work of reconstruction after the war, all available help from generous souls will be needed. Priests, nuns and brothers will have a wide open field for apostolic labor.

IT must be borne in mind what the purpose of the mission is. The aim of the Church in her missionary work is not merely to convert souls, but the foundation and organization of the Church in mission lands. And this foundation and organization of the Church will never be accomplished unless the natives are trained and are given the chance and encouragement to be incorporated in the clergy both secular and religious. In this connection, one cannot but quote the words of Pius XI in his missionary encyclical "Re-rum Ecclesiae":

"First of all we turn your thoughts to the importance of incorporating natives into the clergy. For unless you have accomplished this with all your power, we consider your apostolate not so much as defective but as unduly delaying the foundation and organization of the Church in those regions."



Sodality of St. Peter Claver. At her death in 1922 all the Bishops and Prefects Apostolic of Africa gave testimony of her great work and that of the society she had founded. Today her daughters are in North and South America as well as in Europe carrying on the work she had begun.

CANADIAN JESUITS INTERNED. Word has been received from Shanghai that Bishop Cote, S.J. and the Canadian Jesuit missionaries of the Suchow district, China, have been interned by the Japanese in Shanghai. The work of taking care of the Catholics in the Suchow district has been taken over by priests of other nationalities. A message containing this information came from Father J. Oscar Doyon, who adds that he and Father Armand Proulx, both Canadian Jesuits, are still in unoccupied China.

A GERMAN PENAL COLONY now occupies the building and grounds that was once the location of the Polish Seminary for Foreign Missions conducted by Salesian Fathers at Polulice, Poland.

THE PURPLE HEART decoration has been awarded to Lieutenant John H. Diamond, son of Honorable Anthony J. Diamond, delegate to Congress from Alaska. Lieutenant Diamond was wounded at Bougainville in the Solomon Islands. He is a native of Alaska and a graduate of Catholic University of America.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL FORWARDED MISSIONS. Expressing the sorrow of the missions in the death of Cardinal O'Connell of Boston the Right Rev. Msgr. McDonnell said: "His Eminence was one of the truly Catholic leaders of our times and under his wise guidance the mission cause was brought to the place it rightly deserved in our nation's life. Whether in lonely outposts in the Pacific, in desolated sections of the Far East, into the most inaccessible regions of Africa, within the frozen wastes of the Arctic or the burning heat of the tropics, no peoples were too remote to feel the generous interest of His Eminence and his people. If Boston is the Catholic center it is today, it is because of his wise and fearless leadership. At present its people have the unique distinction of being outstanding in America in their sympathetic interest in the missions. Truly their Cardinal Archbishop lighted the fire of universal brotherhood which ignited a corresponding spark in the hearts of his people. A prince is dead . . . who labored untiringly to bring all people under the benign rule of his King, Jesus Christ."

ST. PETER CLAVER JUBILEE. Founded by Countess Mary Theresa Ledochowska for the relief of African Missions, the Sodality of St. Peter Claver observed its Golden Jubilee on April 29. Fifty years have passed since the day when Countess Ledochowska received the blessing of Pope Leo XIII for the foundation of the

PONTIFICAL REQUIEM MASS was celebrated by Bishop Paul Yu-Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China at the Shrine of the Blessed Sacrament in Washington for T. M. Joseph Liang, official of the Chinese Purchasing Commission and son of the former Prime Minister and Minister of Finance of China, Shih-Yi-Liang. Mr. Liang was 36 years old and a convert to the faith.

THE CHINESE DIPLOMAT, T. P. Siu, was recently baptized in the Catholic faith by Rev. John T. S. Mao in Chicago. Dr. Siu's wife and five children are all Catholics. A member of the Chinese Diplomatic staff in New York, Dr. Siu has held many important positions in the Chinese Government.

COL. CARLOS T. ROMULO, Minister of Information in President Quezon's Philippine War Cabinet, heard recently in San Francisco that his wife and four sons were safe in the Philippines. The information was conveyed to him by a former teacher of his in Manila. Colonel Romulo, noted author and speaker, escaped from Bataan two years ago at which time he was on the staff of General MacArthur.

CHINA'S PLACE AT THE PEACE TABLE must be a prominent one, declared Bishop Paul Yu-Pin recently in a talk at Houston, Texas. "The Chinese people constitute one-fourth of all humanity and you can't settle

the problems of the world without settling the problems of one-fourth of humanity." He went on to say that the old China was satisfied with what it could get from the services of the good earth. The new China, however, he said "wants to develop its great natural resources, to build up its industry and to improve its agriculture. To do these things we must get a lot of machinery besides capable technicians and managers. For these we are looking largely to our friends in America."

MOST REVEREND RICHARD J. CUSHING (right) was recently elected administrator of the Archdiocese of Boston upon the death of His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell. Very few men have ever devoted themselves so completely to the cause of the Missions as Bishop Cushing. For many years as head of the Propagation of the Faith in Boston, he labored impartially and unstintingly for Missions all over the world. **JESUIT MISSIONS** joins his countless friends in offering our congratulations on this new honor.

VERY REVEREND ZACHEUS MAHER, S.J. (left), American Assistant to the General of the Society of Jesus, for the second time in two years had to announce to the Jesuits of America the death of a General of the Jesuits. The latest death was that of the Vicar-General, Very Rev. Alexis Magni, S.J. In his place, Very Rev. Norbert de Boynes, S.J., one time Visitor to the United States, was named as Acting Vicar.



June Mission Intention

More Priests for the Numerous Catholics of East Africa

- The Holy Father's plea for more priests is primarily a plea for more native priests, especially for those who answer the following description: "He is greatly loved by the natives, shows great zeal in visiting the sick, has knowledge of pagan customs and fights them very successfully, is very keen in school work, knows the teachers well and accepts only good teachers, firmly resists any attempt of the chief to trouble the Church, enjoys the full confidence of the people in the confessional, and socially is treated like a European Priest."
- To train such Native Priests as the one described above hundreds, yes, thousands of Foreign Priests, Brothers and Sisters are urgently needed to help the 1,092 Priests, 484 Brothers and 1,164 Sisters now struggling to minister to the following groups of Catholics who comprise East Africa: Kenya and Zanzibar: 163,500; Uganda: 685,000; Tanganyika, 456,000; Nyassaland: 156,000; Northern Rhodesia, 160,000 and Mozambique, 23,000. This is indeed a staggering load of over a million and a half souls, not to mention the 400,000 catechumens under instruction and the average increase of 100,000 each year. Schools and seminaries are urgently needed to train these native priests who "are easier to find than to feed." Are we who have plenty, who willingly allow ourselves to be taxed billions of dollars supposedly to win good will by feeding the post-war world, are we going to allow those hundreds of willing and capable native vocations never to reach ordination because we were callous or indifferent to sacrificing some more of our food, some more of our young sons and daughters, a little bit more of the money we spend in escapism?
- American missionaries working in East Africa are the Benedictine Fathers of Newton, N. J., the Holy Ghost Fathers of Norwalk, Conn., the Sacred Heart Brothers of Metuchen, N. J., the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary of North Providence, R. I., the White Sisters of Metuchen, N. J. and the Daughters of Wisdom of Ozone Park, N. Y. Besides the ubiquitous Jesuits there are many other missionary congregations at work here. Several of them will be asked immediately after this war to send sizeable groups of their members as missionaries to this most fruitful field.
- A splendid custom it is, those service flags in the front windows of your homes and stores, even in your parish churches representing those valiant boys and girls in the service. Another kind of service flag would be even more pleasing to the Divine Missionary, stars representing our sons and daughters on the missions or a native priest whom we had helped to ordination by our sacrifices and prayers.



Rev. Philip Oliger, S.J., of Newark, N. J., in photographs sent home to his mother for his first Mass this June.

ON Bloody Saturday, Sept. 16th, 1937, after 2,000 Chinese lives had been snuffed out by a bomb load, a group of American Scholastics, watching dog fights through the clouds over Gonzaga College, wondered where those six scholastics and a Jesuit priest were. Would these new mission recruits get through?

Gonzaga College needed teachers. Divine Providence knew that better than we did, so a French destroyer "rescued" three of our missionaries stranded in Japan and landed them in shell-scarred Shanghai on Sept. 16, 1937. One of the two characters in this story, Mr. Philip Oliger, S.J. had arrived.

The following year, after we had nearly lost two of our missionaries by bombing and machine gunning, the same group of scholastics wondered if Superiors would risk more recruits for war-torn central China. We worried and prayed; worried less and prayed more. Superiors were true to Jesuit traditions; so the second character of this story, Mr. Louis Dowd, S.J. arrived safely in Shanghai to add joy to the celebration of the Tenth Anniversary of the American Jesuits in China. But we have gotten ahead of ourselves in this story.

PHILIP OLIGER, one of eight children, was born in Newark, N. J., Nov. 5th, 1904. He attended the Blessed Sacrament Grammar School and was graduated from St. Benedict's Prep in 1923. For the next eight years he worked as an assistant to a laboratory chemist and as a clerk. Frequently his beau-

ORDAINED

TWO MEN WHO OFFERED THEIR LIVES FOR CHINA, LABORED IN CHINA, AND SUFFERED WITH CHINA



JOHN O'FARRELL, S.J.

tiful tenor voice was heard over the radio. Wherever he went there was a crowd. He loved boys and girls, especially those only half his age.

The "boy" Dowd, so-called because the four other members of the Dowd family were girls, was born in Rochester on Jan. 25th, 1911. He graduated from High School at the age of 16 characterized as "very active and enthusiastic, extremely likeable, with a great capacity for friendship." Though offered a college career, he preferred to do something among people. Almost immediately he became a super-salesman for four years. He had a natural gift for making people really want things.

REMEMBER, Divine Providence is having a hand in all this apparently strange formation. In 1930, while Father Pius Moore, S.J., was organizing Gonzaga College, Divine Providence was making plans for future teachers of Chinese youth who would attend this school. As one of His instruments He chose Father W. I. Lonergan, S.J., then Associate Editor of the "America" weekly. The means he employed were Laymen's Retreats in Newark and Rochester. The soul-searching question "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world" arrested the attention of our two young

IN PRISON



THEY WILL BRING TO MISSIONARY LIFE THE PRIESTHOOD CONFERRED IN THEIR CAPTIVITY

Americans already apparently well-established in their professions. The appeal of the "Kingdom of Christ" gripped their imagination, fired their loyalty and enthusiasm for Christ and His cause. Briefly, they both decided to become Jesuits, they met in Newark, took the same train to California, and began their Jesuit lives at Los Gatos just about the same time Gonzaga College was started in far-off Shanghai.

Divine Providence never ceases to work. In His own secret time and way He offered to our two young Jesuits a special vocation, that vocation within a vocation, the call to the foreign missions. But what chance did our future "prison ordinandi" have when the vast majority of their brother scholastics had also volunteered? They worried and prayed. The Ignatian spirit of detachment taught them to worry less and to pray more.

Came 1937. Four scholastics out of many volunteers were chosen for China. Mr. Philip Olinger was not among them. But prayers are always answered and Divine Providence always has His way. More teachers were needed for Gonzaga College and Mr. Olinger was one of the two more sent. The two characters of our story were separated.

Divine Providence effected a brief but joyous reunion in Shanghai in Sept. 1938. But soon they were parted. Mr. Olinger remained to

masterful job of training the Chinese boy. They began Theology together, they both turned down the offer of repatriation, they are both being ordained together in a concentration camp. They have abilities in common; their common sacerdotal joy will be one of spiritual plenitude.

They have not seen their loved ones since 1931. It is practically thirteen years since they have seen their beloved parents—those real missionaries who sacrifice their sons to the ends of the earth to spread Christ's Kingdom. Are they inhuman? Have they forgotten?

The pictures illustrating this story should demonstrate how thoughtful and human they really are. Always conscious of the great sacrifice cheerfully made by their loving parents, the sacrifice of being denied the opportunity of witnessing the crowning event of their lives—the Ordination and First Mass of their sons, they secured permission to vest themselves as priests and have pictures taken of various actions of the Mass. These pictures were carefully brought back to America and given as some little human comfort to their dear old prayerful Mothers.

Rather than sympathize with these grand Missionary Mothers let us rejoice with them in that deep abiding joy that nothing can take away from them.

Rev. Louis Dowd, S.J., of Rochester, N. Y., also to be ordained in June in treasured photographs sent home from China.

teach at Gonzaga while Mr. Dowd proceeded to Peiping to study Chinese. Two years later they both exchanged places and each emulated the success of the other—they learned Chinese well and did a



IN A MISSIONARY'S LIFE, THE CHANCE MEETINGS ALONG THE WAY ARE OFTEN THE MOST MEMORABLE. HERE IS ONE.

I WAS long on the road through the bush and hungry. Not far ahead was a little grocery store run by a Chinese couple where I knew I would be welcome. The children had already been received into the Church, their parents were under instruction. Without any formalities, I entered by the family entrance. In their usual hospitable way, they insisted that Father have something to eat before the instruction began. A tin of sardines and some crackers were brought in from the shop for a start.

It would not be polite to leave Father alone during his meal so the children were called in to entertain. The servant girl, at the signal from the mother, began to wind the gramophone. A special record was chosen which would be to the Father's taste. The gramophone was not much; the music was canned, and the singer's voice was rinned, but as the music went round and round, the spirit and voice of the great Cardinal Wiseman spoke forth from that little wooden box and this is what it said:—

“Full in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the Apostle's crowning dome,
From pilgrim's lips that kiss the ground,
Breathes in all tongues one only sound:

‘God bless our Pope, the great, the good.’”

I munched on my crackers and sardines:—

“The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note redouble, till it fills
With echoes sweet the seven hills:



In Jamaica, B.W.I., the industrious Chinese own all the grocery stores. The numerous converts among them make splendid Catholics.

JAMAICA'S CHINESE CATHOLICS

James Harney, S.J.

‘God bless our Pope, the great, the good.’”

Two little Chinese babies were playing on the floor, the spiritual subjects of that Pope, the great, the good.

“Then surging through each hallowed gate,
Where martyrs glory, in peace, await,

It sweeps beyond the solemn plain,
Peals over Alps, across the main:

‘God bless our Pope, the great, the good.’”

At the door of the little room, my companion, a young Jamaican, stood and listened. Beyond him a number of little colored children stopped their play to listen.

“From torrid South to frozen North

That wave harmonious stretches forth,

Yet strikes no chord more true to Rome's

Than rings within our hearts and homes:

‘God bless our Pope, the great, the good.’”

ON the wall of the little room was a picture of a Sister of Mercy from Malta showing the local representative of the British Crown, through the Alpha Orphanage in Kingston. And there I was, a Gael, thrilled to be in their midst. I picked up the penny catechism and began the instruction:

“Who is the Head of the Catholic Church?”

Answer: “The Head of the Catholic Church is Jesus Christ.”

“Has the Church a visible head on earth?”

Answer: “The Church has a visible head on earth, the Bishop of Rome, who is the Vicar of Christ.”

“For like the sparks of unscenfire,

That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to heart,

These words of countless children dart:

‘God bless our Pope, the great, the good.’”



MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS

God Bless America

■ Father James Creane, S.J. relates the following incident in a letter from India. While he was giving some medicine to his people a young boy pushed his way through the crowd of Santals gathered around Father and held out his arm for inspection. Expecting to find a cut or a festering sore the missionary looked at the arm. Then his face broke into a smile. Tattooed in large letters on the boy's arm were the words "God Bless America." To the missionary this was a reminder of home which he had left years ago.

God has blessed America abundantly with His gifts. Three centuries ago colonists came to this country and found it another Promised Land overflowing with natural resources and hidden wealth. To get at them called for courage and the spirit of adventure, but the pioneers rolled up their sleeves and went to work. They were hardy, God-fearing men and they thanked God for His blessings and acknowledged His sovereignty over themselves. They wrote His name boldly in the Constitution of their young nation as it won its independence and expanded with the years.

Renewal of Faith

■ Today America is a great country. Caught up in the conflagration of another World War she has

grown to giant stature among the nations. With her vast resources she is supplying her allies with tons and tons of food and equipment to prosecute the war. Her ships sail the seven seas. Her armies are not only in India but in many other countries. Behind the feverish activity of war production and the ceaseless flow of supplies across the seas it is clear that God has been very good to America. But in the hurry and speed of accomplishment, in the excitement and tension of the present war America has lost sight of the Divine Giver. Perhaps she is too busy to take time out for thought of God. Perhaps she thinks by being generous everything will come all right somehow. She is pushing the whole war effort on a human basis and even drawing up post war plans in which God will have no say. In her march of progress she has jettisoned as cumbersome and outmoded the sturdy trust in God which her ancestors openly professed. Before we can expect God to bless our efforts we must renew our Faith in Him and place His Divine Will above every other consideration.

Two thousand years ago when America was an unknown wilderness a man died on a cross in the city of Jerusalem. That man was the Son of God as a Roman soldier confessed after he had plunged a spear through His Sacred Heart. God the Father sent His Divine

Son into this world to teach men how to serve Him and so win His blessings. He blesses peacemakers, yes, but only if they are just, merciful, clean of heart, generous, and submissive to His Divine Will. If America sincerely wishes God's blessing then she must listen and give heed to the voice of Eternal Truth sent into our midst by God the Father. His words do not apply to one age or one nation but to all men at all times.

From the Heart

■ In America's dream of a new world God's plan has not been consulted. His Will in the matter has received little consideration. But His plan is the only sane, the only safe plan to follow. If we reject it we shall have squandered our vast resources to little purpose. Like Rome and Greece and the other Pagan nations we shall die. We ask God to bless our country. If we really mean it our conversion must come from the heart and not merely be a song on the lips. It must go deeper than the tattooed words on the Santal boy's arm. Only by looking to the Divine Will now and for the future shall we deserve a lasting peace. Thus shall we preserve true freedom. Thus shall we keep faith with our pioneer ancestors. Only thus may we hope for success in the building of a new world.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

By Post with the Apostle

John Furniss, S.J.



Here's the workshop and here are four of the eighty Jesuits who, by means of correspondence courses, are instructing service men in the Faith. The results are most encouraging.

WHATEVER else can be said of them, the Romans were efficient. To facilitate world commerce and preserve world domination, they developed a system of communications unparalleled in ancient times. Their military roads, stretching into every corner of the known world, were models for the broad highways of the machine age; and their imperial post was surpassed only by our modern postal system.

To bring to the world the message of the Gospels, St. Paul made full use of these conveniences. From thriving cities to the remotest hamlets he trod those Roman roads. And when he had set up a Christian community and moved on to a new field, he availed himself of the imperial post to write back further doctrinal instructions and renewed exhortations to the practice of Christian virtue.

Ten years ago in our own country an apostolic professor of theology in St. Louis took his cue from St. Paul and applied our modern means of communication to the work of evangelizing the Missouri outlands. The Vincentian, Father Lester J. Fallon, organized a fleet of Gospel cars to bring the message of the Faith to the remote districts of the Ozarks during the summer

vacation months. And when the fall called him back to his classes, he conducted, with the help of his seminarians at Kenrick, religious instruction by mail, keeping alive the faith and fervor of the communities he had contacted.

Thus came into being the famous Kenrick Correspondence Courses. The plan was simple, but the results extraordinary. Bishop Noll's popular catechism "Father Smith Instructs Jackson" was adopted as the text book, and a series of examinations were published. Each test consisted of one hundred true and false or multiple choice questions, thus making it easy for those who were abashed at the labor involved in writing long answers. A seminarian conducted each correspondent through the Course, correcting the tests as he mailed them in, and personally answering any difficulties he had. Other series of instructions took advanced students through the Mass and the Sacraments, Marriage and Parenthood, Christian Morality.

So successful were the Courses that pastors and missionaries all over the country adopted them. Seminarians throughout the United States undertook the task of guid-

ing prospective converts in this religious university of the mails.

THEN came the war. Chaplains, puzzling how to keep up the instruction of neophytes who were moved to other camps and to the war zones, suddenly remembered the Kenrick Courses. They wrote to St. Louis, and with the financial help of the Daughters of Isabella Father Fallon turned the resources of his organization to helping the servicemen. V-mail meant Victory, too, for Christ. Since the beginning of the war over 15,000 students in the armed forces have taken the Kenrick Correspondence Course, now called the Confraternity Home Study Service.

Woodstock, the Jesuit Theologate in Maryland, is one of the thirty or so seminaries in the country engaged at present in instructing the men and women of the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard in the truths of the Faith. Eighty theologians, under the direction of a faculty adviser, devote their spare time to the teaching of religion by post.

Let's take a serviceman through the course as it is conducted at Woodstock. On January 2nd of this year one of the registration cards in



That day's mail came from a sergeant in the Air Corps at Eglin Field, Florida. His name is the same as that of a famous boxer, but we'll call him "Jones." Sergeant Jones listed "Protestant" as his religion, and "Lieut. Martin J. O'Gara, S.J." as the Catholic Chaplain of his post. Father O'Gara had interested him in the Catholic Church. But the hours of training are long and the time for personal instructions very short in the Army. So the Chaplain gave him the booklet explaining the Correspondence Course and the registration card. Sergeant Jones put his application in the mail, and was a student now, not only of the intricacies of aviation, but also of the Truth that leads men to life.

Three days later, mail call was a field day for the sergeant. A personal letter from the Woodstock director introduced him to the course, and a large manila envelope presented him with his text book, his first two tests, and more than a dozen selected pamphlets as auxiliary reading matter. By the end of January Sergeant Jones had completed his first test, checking true or

John Furniss, S.J., theologian in charge of the Confraternity Home Study Service at Woodstock College, Maryland, learned first hand the soldiers' views on religion. No telling where this was taken.

false to sixty questions, and selecting the correct answer from a choice of four for forty others. In a letter accompanying his test he expressed his sincere gratitude for the assistance Woodstock was giving him, his complete satisfaction with the course, and a doubt that he quite understood what papal infallibility meant.

Back at Woodstock the theologian who was to direct him through the course checked his answers with the key, gave Sergeant Jones 97% as his first grade, explained briefly what infallibility means, pointed out to the sergeant where he had erred in three answers, sent him test three, and encouraged him to keep up his efforts and to pray to God for the gift of Faith.

In three weeks Sergeant Jones had finished test two. Test three

followed shortly, and he had finished the fourth test by the end of March. His diploma from Woodstock testifies that he completed the Course magna cum laude. The Sergeant and his instructor continue to correspond, and before he leaves to bomb enemy objectives overseas another airman will have been fortified by the Sacraments of the Church.

THUS the work goes on. St. Patrick's Day mail brought application cards from a WAVE in Virginia, a wounded soldier in a Pennsylvania Army Hospital, an infantryman in Louisiana, and an Air Corps trainee in Mississippi. In the past year Woodstock has sent out the Course materials to 450 servicemen.

And mention must be made of the charitable organizations, such as the Daughters of Isabella, and the countless grade school children throughout the country whose generosity makes it possible to conduct the religious instruction entirely without charge to either the chaplains or the servicemen. Truly St. Paul could say of them: "The love of Christ impels us."



Frank Lambert, a blind Indian, needed two days to walk five miles to Mass on Sunday.

WE are all familiar with the rush to Mass on Sunday mornings. There isn't time to do much thinking or praying on the way; by hurrying there is just enough time to squeeze into a pew before Mass starts. Now the blind can't do that. Going to Mass requires time and planning; there's lots of time to pray and to appreciate the value of the Sacrifice the way they must travel to Church.

That's the way it was with Frank Lambert. Years ago any Saturday

afternoon he could be seen feeling his way along the road which leads to Our Lady of the Snows Church. You see Frank is an old timer. Two years after President Lincoln's tragic death, Frank was already attending the St. Mary's Indian School in Kansas. During his second year at the school, 1868, he was baptized as a tall, lean lad of eight years. Today at the age of 84 Frank is almost completely blind and is being cared for at the home of Mrs. Mary Shoptese on the Pottawa-

BLIND FAITH

Francis Jansky, S.J.

tomie Reservation in Kansas. For the past two years this man has been so confined, but previous to that time every Saturday afternoon found him journeying Churchward.

It may have been Saturday, but Frank was already on his way to Church. You see this courageous man had to travel slowly. He could not make the entire five miles from the house of Harry Niles to Our Lady of the Snows Church all on Sunday morning and still arrive in time for Mass. So he would poke his way along, feeling with his cane for the turns in the road and the deep ruts in the gumbo path.

About half way along the line he would stop off to spend the night with some hospitable Indian family. His task was not very difficult for the Indians are a very generous people. They have not many of the world's riches or luxuries, but what they have they gladly share with friends and relatives who stop off to visit them.

Sunday morning before the sun rose very high in the sky Frank would be off down the road to be sure that he would be on hand for the start of Mass. He was usually waiting for us at the Church door when we arrived after our drive of some twenty miles from St. Mary's College. His face would light up as he heard our greeting and he would unravel the happenings of the week among his people. For Frank was very popular among the Indians of the district. Very few were the wakes to which he was not invited and extended the place of

honor. Although a staunch Catholic, Frank was even asked to the non-Catholic homes to lead his prayers (Catholic prayers) for the deceased.

CONDITIONS have changed somewhat since those days and Frank finds that he is no longer able to get around without assistance. So it is that now we bring him Holy Communion instead of having him trudge his way along the country roads in search of his Lord.

Dawn was just breaking over the barren hills as we left our car along the side of the road and started walking along the mile and a half stretch of wagon trail to the home of Mary Shoptese. It was quite cold, cold enough to make us want to walk along briskly, and cold enough too, we were thankful, to keep the deep gumbo ruts frozen hard.

The stillness of the morning and the sacredness of our mission made us silent and thoughtful. How the charity of this 74 year old Indian woman must be pleasing to Our Lord! Her life now was a rather lonesome one. John, her youngest son left for the Marines in October; and her grandson Walter, whom she had raised and cared for from infancy, wrote her from San Diego last week that he had earned his coveted Corporal stripes in the Marine Corps.

It was this Mary, Mary Shoptese, who met us at the door of the house. We saw by the two burning candles, the crucifix, and the holy water that she had not forgotten how to prepare a room for the coming of Christ in Holy Communion. As the sun crept through the windows we made out the form of Frank in the rocker, the lone chair of the room. Frank greeted Father Willmering, S.J. and in the same breath told him that he had been waiting for some time and that he was ready to go to Confession.

I STEPPED out on the front porch while the confession was being heard. There I was met by



Gramma Shoptese rarely missed Mass in all her life. She was the one who gave Frank Lambert the home from which he used to make his way to church.

Grandma Shoptese, as she is familiarly called throughout the Reservation. Her chief regret that morning was that she had had to miss Mass the previous Sunday because she had not been feeling well.

"You know, Father," she said, "I can not remember the time when I was sick before. God has been good to me and I try to come to Mass whenever I can."

And there are very few Sundays that she can not be seen coming down the road; a bright-colored shawl thrown over her shoulders, a sturdy cane swinging in her hand. The road to Church from her home is a very roundabout route, but by crossing a stream she can save herself several miles. It is a little risky for a person of her age especially in the winter time.

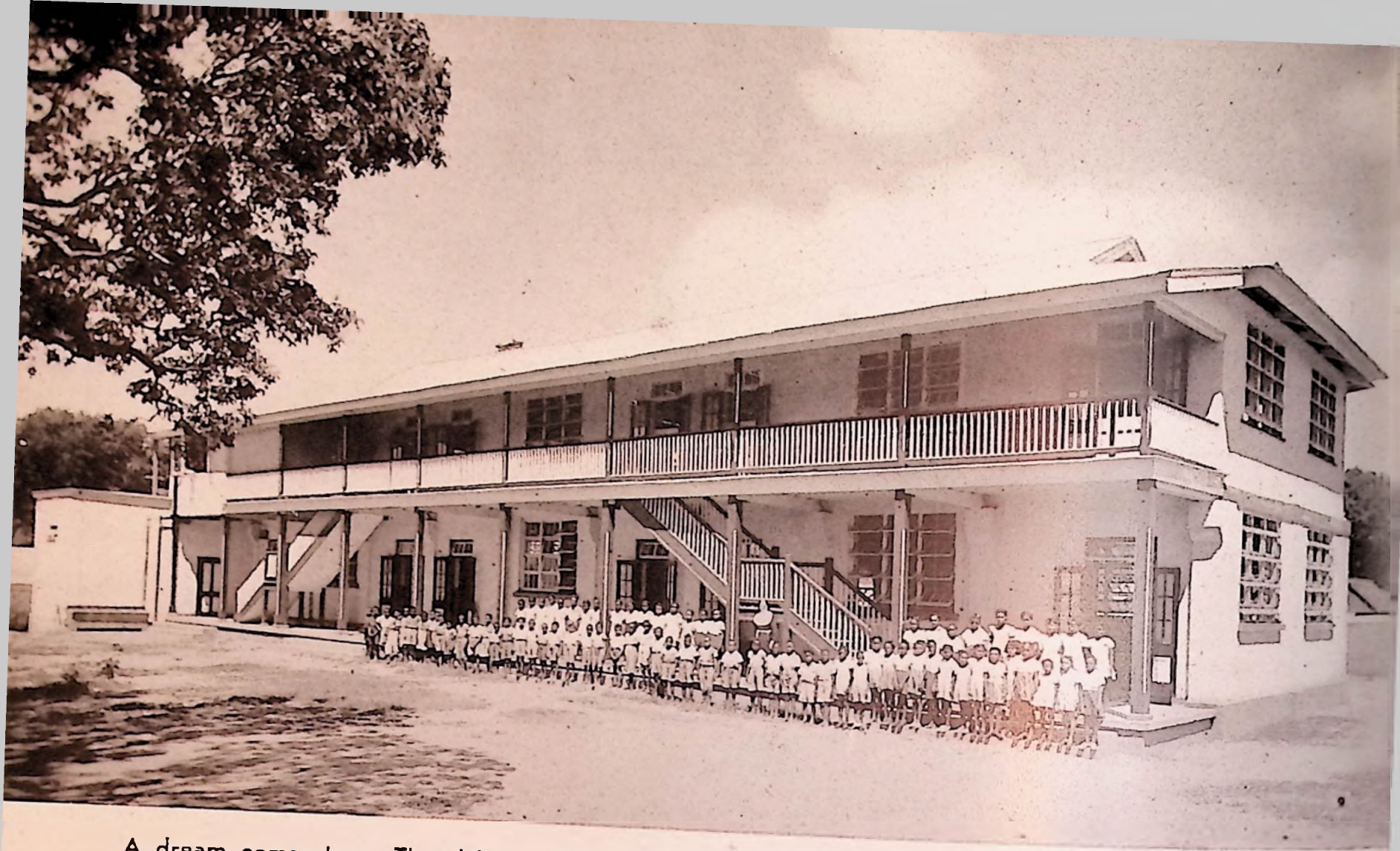
"Some years ago in winter time I had some fun," she smilingly related. "One Sunday in crossing the creek I fell through the thin ice. That would not be so bad; my heavy shoes would have kept my feet dry. But I fell down and got my coat and dress wet. By the time I got to

Church they were covered with ice."

"It was all right, though," she continued, "I just stood by the stove and thawed them out." She promptly added: "The good Lord that time kept me from getting sick because I came to Church and to Mass."

FRANK was praying out loud when we re-entered the room. The words of the Creed and the Our Father came to us audibly as Father was preparing to give him Holy Communion. He bent his head in prayer after he had received Christ in the form of the tiny white wafer.

Hundreds of years ago Christ went down the dirt roads of Judea and gave to the blind the sight of a golden sunset and the joy of seeing again the faces of their loved ones. It is not strange then that this same Christ through His priests should bring to this blind Indian that supernatural vision which comes with His grace and that internal joy which comes with His presence.



A dream comes true. The children of St. Anne's Parish have a school which took fifty years to build.

Fifty Years A-growing

Francis Osborne, S.J.

READING about huge projects these days makes the missionary smile, but the smile is a tired one. When the government starts to put up a housing project, before you know it, thousands of people have new homes. Or a hospital is needed. Presto! a large structure goes up. So with airfields in the jungle, roads to Alaska, ships for the seven seas, planes for the skies above. We have to smile, but as I said before, it is a tired smile.

Here at St. Anne's in Kingston, Jamaica, we have just finished a grammar school, two stories high, with four class-rooms (25 by 30 feet) on each floor. The story would hardly be worth telling except for one fact. It took fifty years to get that building erected.

Just fifty years ago Father Beauclerk, S.J., was sent to open the mission at St. Anne's among the

poorest of the poor. That same year a young man from South Boston, Thomas Emmet entered the Jesuit Order. Meanwhile a long line of pastors at St. Anne's hoped to build a school for one was needed from the start. To mention but a few, Father Lenehan, Father Knight, still active in the Counties of Maryland, and Father Whalen, now in Boston's North End. For all their zeal, the plans could never be carried out. But today, to them and many others we owe a debt of deep gratitude for the present mission.

Now that the school is up, we are proud of it as a modern and model school. It is built for the semi-tropics. In temperate climates, you keep the heat in and the cold out; we must build to keep the heat out and to keep the cold in. This is done by means of porches and plenty of doors and windows, by high ceilings, by the color of the

paint—cream with green trimmings.

AT the dedication of the school on the Golden Jubilee of the mission, the man from Boston who had entered the Jesuits the year the mission started presided as a Bishop of the Church, Most Reverend Thomas Emmet, S.J. No small amount of praise is due to him for the school. It was he who conceived and executed the whole plan.

What it meant to the people of Kingston can be judged from the celebration they gave on the occasion. The Governor of Jamaica and his wife were there; other notables came, too. Girl Guides in parade uniforms and Boy Scouts marched in style. The Jamaica Military Band filled the air with music. The streets were lined with cheering crowds of children and graduates of the old ramshackle shed which had preceded the new school. But in the crowd were silent grey-haired old folks who had waited all these fifty years for this day. There were tears in their eyes, for it is a wondrous thing to see dreams that old come true.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



ALASKA MOST REV. W. J. FITZGERALD, S.J. FAIRBANKS, ALASKA

"Yesterday I returned from a station in Alaska where a Pontifical High Mass was celebrated. Over 1000 men attended the Mass and about 800 received Holy Communion. The post Chaplain, Father Hamel of Fall River, Mass., and his three assistant Chaplains arranged all the details. A splendid choir of the men rendered the music. A regimental band was on hand and a color and sabre guard added to the solemnity of the occasion. It was very edifying to see generals, colonels and other officers kneeling with the GI's at Holy Communion. General Ignico, a splendid Catholic and a New Englander, was host at a dinner to the Chaplains."

JAMAICA REV. JEREMIAH O'KEEFE, S.J. MONTEGO BAY

"Let us say a word of thanks and praise for the recent article on Montego Bay. An interesting incident occurred in connection with it. Some Jamaican in New York proclaimed in a letter to us that he recognized his brother's picture. We got in touch with the blind man who replied that he had no brother by that name. We do wish that we could have brought about the reunion which the man hoped to find through the article in JESUIT MISSIONS."

REV. CHARLES B. TOOMEY, S.J. LINGUANEA P.O.

"I can't help but think of the men

in the Philippines. We are lucky not to be prisoners of war as they are. I have continued to remember them in my Masses. After spending years of building their churches, and schools it must require strong faith and much confidence in God.

Father Krim's new Prep School, Campion Hall, is at present filled to the rafters with boarders. It is right across the way from me. My work takes me out on the road to Gordon Town and up into the mountains to Mavis Bank, Mt. Charles and Hagley Gap. The last part of the journey has to be done with the aid of a mountain climbing beast. We have no churches up here yet although they are badly needed. Some day there will be.

Father Connor, S.J., just finished a mission at the Cathedral. It was practically impossible to get a seat at any one of the services and the people here will be a long time in forgetting his masterful sermons.

Give credit to JESUIT MISSIONS for my being here. I read it often.

REV. CHARLES EBERLE, S.J. HALF-WAY TREE

"The last time I wrote you we were trying to acquire a piece of land in a secluded corner of our parish for a little chapel. We finally have obtained it and I believe it was the prayers of our good friends, the Carmelites and the Poor Clares, that got it for us. After all hope of buying anything had vanished I wrote to them and almost as soon as the letters arrived a gentleman came forth and offered us some land he had for sale. It turned out to

be far better than the site we had in mind originally. Take my word for it if you want something very much call upon them for prayers. Father Cornelius Shea, S.J. is in my opinion one of the best missionaries to come to the Island in recent years. Some men have the spark in them, others have not, an old planter told me years ago and then I didn't believe him. I certainly do now. He is a real go-ahead little fellow and is quite enthusiastic over a set of missions formerly regarded as rather hopeless. He has a rough time of it, long hikes over hill and down dale, through the bush on sick calls and yet I have never heard him complain. More power to him."

REV. JOSEPH M. OTTO, S.J. P. O. MACHEKE, SO. RHODESIA

"Let me thank you and my benefactors sincerely for the Mass stipends. They arrived in time for the feast of St. Joseph who seems to remember his poor client every year during March. Your help is most welcome. Five years ago I began with 58 children. This year we have well over 200. I really do not want to bother you further but if you could spare occasionally some Catholic literature for example, *The Catholic Digest*, I should be most grateful."

INDIA REV. CHARLES J. SEDLACK, S.J. ST. XAVIER'S, PATNA

"Many thanks for your interesting letter and for the generous help. You ask if there was anything you could do to help. Here it is. I am



Rev. Richard A. Drea, S.J., of Medford, Mass., and missionary in Jamaica, B.W.I., took this way of announcing to us his plans for a new mission station and a new church, hoping we would pass the good news along to you.

librarian at St. Xavier's and we should be most grateful for second hand spiritual, historical and literary books. In particular we would be glad to have books advertised in *America's* book log. I read "The Man Who Got Even With God" and I would like to be able to have "The Family that Overtook Christ," "These Two Hands" by Father Edwards, "The World's Great Catholic Literature" by Shuster and "Great Modern Catholic Short Stories" by Mariella. I do not think we have a dozen books printed in the last five years. Even books three and four years old would be brand new to us over here, and a very great help.

**REV. J. C. CREANE, S.J.
GAYA**

"I was delightfully surprised to get your letter and the fat check that came with it. It is especially welcome now as I am trying to get Father Goveas, S.J., a young priest,

EXTRA COPIES

of the May issue on the Sisters? Our largest issue ever is nearly gone. While there is still time to print more, write to **JESUIT MISSIONS.**

started in a new mission place called Jahanabad. There was a matter of buying the site and then putting a residence, chapel, school, getting teachers and catechists' quarters and equipment. This city is already a nucleus of many Christians scattered about in the outlying villages and with a zealous young missionary raring to go it should prove a very good mission. Right now it needs *adoption*.

Here in the Gaya district and throughout the Patna mission generally it is rare that anyone actually starves to death but there are hundreds of thousands who are on the verge and actually in great distress. Prices of ordinary and essential commodities are four or five times what they were in normal times. Wages have not increased correspondingly. Any alms that can be sent would be a God-send to them.

**REV. EDWARD J. O'LEARY, S.J.
PATNA**

Bishop Sullivan, assisted by American and British Chaplains, presided at a field Mass with sermon for the troops at Easter. Two thousand men were present. They included both British and American Army and Navy men.

Sixteen triduums in all were preached by the Patna Fathers for men in the various sections. Father Loesch preached five; Mahoney, two; Sontag, two; Barrett, two; Sloan, one; Welfle, one; and Chamberlain, three. Soldiers are taking part in parish missions in many places, much to their edification, report Fathers Sloan, Welfle, Chamberlain, and Escott.

Fathers Cosgrove, Shiel, Creane, MacLeese, Nolan, and Bennot are doing splendid work as Chaplains. Fathers Shiel and Nolan are commissioned in the British Army; the others are civilian Chaplains.

**BAGHDAD
VERY REV. FRANCIS SARJEANT, S.J.**

"This year we have increased enrollment again making it the biggest yet. There are about 285 boys. We had to refuse at least 25 that we

would like to have taken. There are 900 Chaldeans, 26 Latins, 44 Syrians, and 10 Armenians, a total of 178 Catholics; 31 Orthodox, 6 Protestants, 6 Jews and 64 Moslem boys. What little time has been left recently has been spent trying to purchase 60 bags of wheat and 70 bags of rice. If I could only get it from the supply department I could save in the vicinity of \$1000. To show you what prices are like a few visiting cards, which would have cost about 65 cents in the States two years ago now cost here \$60; shoes are from \$25 to \$40 a pair; \$112 for some suit of clothing; \$16 to \$20 a bag for wheat, which formerly cost \$66; cement which used to cost \$14 a ton now costs \$300 if you can get it, so we are just trying to live like the birds of the air and the lilies off the field. Today 1600 text books landed from America. We are wondering just what is going to happen next year. The school is already bulging. Thirty will graduate and there are 120 applicants for next year. We hate to refuse worthy applicants in a country where there is only one Catholic school.

"At the new primary school at the other end of the city, which was started two years ago by graduates off our school, they had a First Communion last Sunday. Thirty-four youngsters received First Communion. They are the first efforts off some zealous young men (our booyes.)

"Father McCarthy, S.J. is now at St. Thomas' with Father Gogue, a Chaldean priest. He is his own Rector, minister, procurator, sacristan, refectorian, porter, infirmarian and factotum and is doing a fine job. Fortunately he has a good sense of humor that will pull him through. He has 120 boys in the school. Father Merrick's trunk is there and he comes himself occasionally but most of his time is spent in chaplaincy work. He has become a well known figure among the soldiers of the United Nations. The men are very good in preparing meals for him but he still has to be pushed to remember that there



Official U. S. Marine Corps Photo

Minnie Spotted Wolf, at the time of her induction into the women Marines, was the only full-blooded Indian girl in that branch of the service. Her early education was obtained at the Holy Family Mission School in Montana.

are such things as meals. It is the old story again; whenever they see a man who is really unselfish and disinterested, everyone is ready to help him. A short time ago Mr. and Mrs. Van Ess (author of "Meet the Arab") passed through here en route to Basrah. They were very kind to the Baghdadi students in New York and enjoyed to the full a reunion.

"It would be a great help if in some way it were possible of obtaining opportunities for higher education abroad for our brighter boys who graduate. To my mind this is one of the greatest needs of this work over here. They can be such a splendid influence when they return.

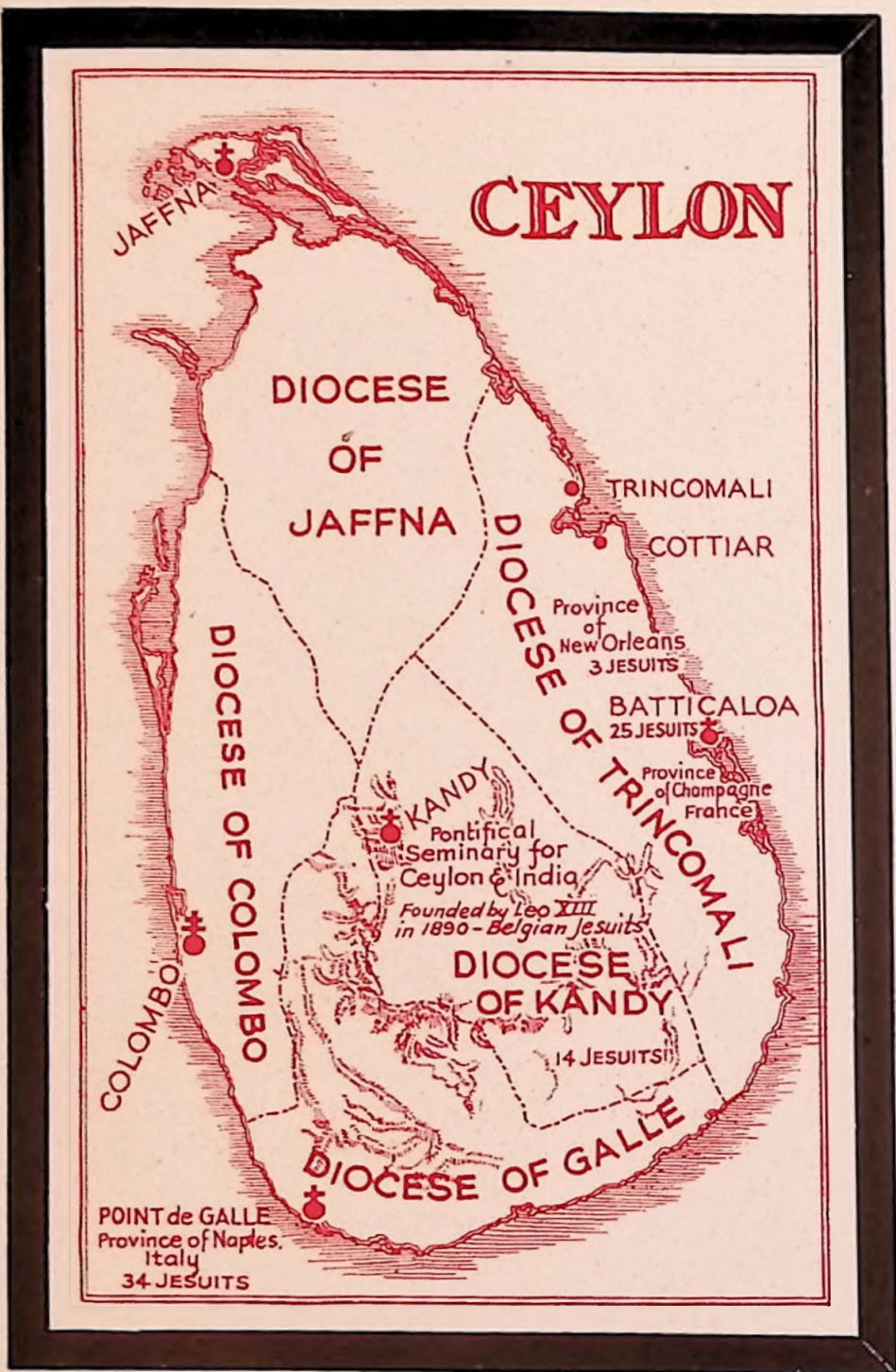
"There being three of the Fathers here who were once in the Philippines we received the latest news of the internment there with sorrow. Almost every man in the community here is offering up two Masses every month, one first intention and one second intention for them and for ours interned else-

where. That means that almost daily we are offering up a Mass for the missionaries around the world."

**REV. JOSEPH P. CONNELL, S.J.
BAGHDAD COLLEGE**

"There was a good deal of excitement here a few Sundays ago. A loaded bus, heavier than a Madison Avenue bus, toppled over our neighbor's bank at the river road. The passengers on the roof and the running boards rolled to safety. A number inside the bus were injured. The bus was top heavy. 100 witnesses had a hundred different stories about. One is that the chauffeur swerved suddenly to avoid a loaded donkey on the street. What made it serious for a time was the fact that it was loaded with pilgrims heading to Kerbela, one of the holy cities of the Mohammedan sect. It was reported that the chauffeur was a Christian and during the celebration at the holy city a special detachment was called to the city to insure the safety of the Christians. There were no outbreaks."

MISSION of Trincomalee, Ceylon



POPULATION

| | |
|--------------|----------------|
| Catholic | 13,519 |
| Non-Catholic | 212,321 |
| Total | 225,840 |

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|
| Total Number of Schools | 58 |
| Colleges | 2 |
| Leper Asylum | 1 |

Jesuits from the Province of Champagne, France, have labored long and zealously in the Mission of Trincomalee. Of late they have been assisted by the American Jesuits of New Orleans. It is now definitely known that the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province will assume full responsibility of the mission. France is famed for its large armies of missionaries laboring the world over. Years of destruction and isolation have prevented French missionaries from coming to the aid of their brothers. The mission of Trincomalee is but one example of how American missionaries will be called upon to continue the work of European missionaries. Your support for this new project of the New Orleans Jesuits is greatly needed and will be deeply appreciated by the entire Society of Jesus.

Kindly send donations to:

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Rev. Edward T. Cassidy, S.J.
4133 Banks Street
New Orleans 19, La.

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COMMUNICATIONS

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate deeply if you would include my following remarks in the Communications of JESUIT MISSIONS. My statements were occasioned by the article of Dr. Boots which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, April 15. Dr. Boots makes numerous and gratuitous slurs upon the Filipino people, their habits of life and religion. My remarks will be justified by reviewing articles published in JESUIT MISSIONS.

(Rev.) William F. Masterson, S.J.

"Dr. Boots insultingly ascribes the Jaaps' failure to win the Filipinos to the fact that they didn't realize that they could have 'bought' Filipino loyalty. That's ridiculous in the face of the story of Bataan and the even now continued large scale guerilla warfare throughout the Islands.

"If the Filipino were venal, as Dr. Boots implies, how explain more than 1000,000 Filipinos fighting on Bataan and other battle scenes. That, too, when they knew they were foredoomed! Yet, ill-equipped, ill-fed, sick, they would carry on for four months to exact a terrible price from the enemy and completely upset the Japanese timetable for the conquest of the entire Southern Pacific. Despite the fact that 55,000 of them were to die on Bataan and on the now famous 'March of Death,' they can be slandered as venal!

"If the Filipino were as inept, lazy, pleasure-loving—as Dr. Boots pictures him—he never could have risen to the heroic heights he has in this war. But then, what more could we have expected of the author? He wasn't quite a year in Manila—and that time was spent considerably as an internee.

"Yet, in view of the fact that he is forced to admit American friends were completely surprised by the loyalty of the Filipinos; despite, too, what he didn't bring out (but which has been spoken of by more distinguished repatriates) that the internees' conditions at Santo Tomas were not a little materially bettered by the food and other items provided gratuitously by the Filipinos at considerable personal risk, the Doctor fails miserably in his diagnosis as to what could have brought about this unwarranted devotion.

"It is pitifully ludicrous to hear the author impugn Catholicism. He categorically states that only one religion will satisfy the Filipino's desires. You'd expect that Catholicism would be the answer, when 80 percent of the 16,000,000 in the Philippines profess it. That for the author must be too obvious a conclusion. So, he fumbles around and comes up with this gem: The religion to answer the Filipino's desires is the kind

the Americans gave him, i.e., 'complete freedom to feed his spiritual hunger in whatever way he desires—Jesuit Catholic, Franciscan Catholic, Dominican Catholic, Methodist, Presbyterian or fetishistic or sun worship. But separate from the state and entirely free of police compulsion and supervision.'

"What a world of ignorance to be able to live in not to know that there is only one Catholicism; that Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, and dozens of other religious groups within the Catholic Church all profess absolutely the same faith. In addition, it is hardly complimentary to have our faith grouped equally with 'fetishistic or sun worship.' It's hard to see how the *Post* could condone such insulting ignorance, in a feature writer. Yet, there it is.

"It would be useless to take Dr. Boots to task for his utterly inadequate concept of religion. Merely indicating it is sufficient. But that an individual could be presented as an authority with so little historical background is a travesty. Philippine history shows very definite advances in the life of the people were directly due to their Catholic faith. It was a Spanish Jesuit missionary in the early seventeenth century who went from the Islands to the Spanish Court to wrest the decree forever abolishing slavery in the Philippines. Because through 300 years their faith had given them a cultural background akin to that which formed the basis of our own American greatness they were ready for the advanced political and economic development American occupation of the Islands fostered.

"It is sad to see such a poor presentation of why the Filipinos alone of all the subject peoples of the Orient stood by the United Nations. Still, it is the more remarkable that the Filipino people never wavered in their profound adherence to America in face of repeated ill-considered caricatures of them in the American press through the past four decades. Still, Dr. Boots would have them to be unprincipled. Surely the unmatched heroism of Bataan must refute his unfounded slurs."

Chaplain's Gratitude

To the Editor:

This note is the premium on a policy that will insure me getting my JESUIT MISSIONS. I have missed a number of issues because of changes of address.

The JESUIT MISSIONS is an inspiration and a great help. I could use a number of subscriptions. My men here run into four figures and are about fifty percent Catholic. c/o Postmaster, San Francisco. H. C. M.

To the Editor:

I gratefully acknowledge your very generous compliance with my request for religious literature for this hospital.

Your copies of JESUIT MISSIONS arrived today and they will be distributed to the patients and personnel of the hospital during my visits and in the Chapel. This publication will certainly prove elevating and inspiring reading matter for our congregation.

Your kindness and thoughtfulness will be appreciated by the patients and the personnel and you will be remembered in our prayers.

Brentwood, N. Y.

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NEW BOOKS



The Missions In War And In Peace

Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, D.D.

Here is a mighty, little book. It comes glowing from the great heart of a Catholic Bishop whose whole life has been dedicated to the Missions. It covers the whole world in an extraordinary way, not as one would study it from maps and statistics, but as one would speak of it who had friends everywhere.

Whole continents, tiny little islands in the Pacific, mighty missionary orders, individual Sisters, Chaplains, and ordinary soldiers all go to make up an unforgettable picture of the mission world. Interesting facts make the book worth reading, but it is the more interesting people in it who make the book memorable, and "must" reading for everyone susceptible to inspiration.

Bishop Cushing did everything possible to conceal his own part in the making of the book. But reading between lines it is easy to see that he was able to gather this information and these experiences because people all over the world know him, turn to him, and are indebted to him. When the soldiers in the Solomons wanted to erect a memorial to their fallen dead, his name came first to mind as the one to call upon for help. Almost every missionary group enters the book, because they have all been on his books for years. He intended it only as a tribute to the missions, but it is also a memorial to his zeal.

Best of all is his vision of the coming age of the Missions. For some, the picture is dark because of the tremendous work which must be done. For him, that makes it the more glorious because it means more opportunity to be generous for the Missions of God's Kingdom.

Published by The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, 49 Franklin St., Boston 10, Mass.

The Risen Soldier

Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop
of New York

In his "Ars Poetica" Horace urges the enthusiastic tyro to bury his manuscript for a decade of years before exposing it to the harsh criticism of the world. The thoughts on Christ's Passion presented by Archbishop Spellman in "The Risen Soldier" have mellowed in his mind for thirty years, having been planted there while a student at the North American College in Rome. The result is a wartime meditation on Christ the Divine Soldier Who died that man might live. This idea gives consolation and hope to mothers whose soldier-sons have died that men, women and children might live in lasting liberty. Looking toward the peace with the Risen Soldier, his Excellency sees the need of the presence of Christ at the peace table if it is to be a table of peace.

The proceeds of The Risen Soldier will be given to the New York Foundling Asylum.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$1.00

The Captain Wears A Cross

Capt. William A. Maguire,
(Ch C) U. S. N.

Chaplain Maguire gives as his reason for writing this sequel to *RIG FOR CHURCH*: "I hoped to add information of value regarding the life of a Navy chaplain, and the nature of his work among officers and men of the service. I thought it might serve as an entertaining guide for young churchmen who some day may be in quest for a missionary life of extraordinary possibilities. The Navy is such a missionary field." This is precisely what Chaplain Maguire does. He shows you the life of a chaplain in war and peace for while telling of those whom he encountered since

Pearl Harbor he does not hesitate as a good story teller, to recount those little incidents that happened in peacetime that make the heroes, whether officers or seamen of the rank and file, the more indelibly imprinted on his memory. He shows you himself and his fellow chaplains of all creeds at work and at leisure if being obliged to attend certain dinner parties and banquets, can be called leisure, and he proves that the Navy is a missionary field, provided that one is willing to accept the word "Mission" in the broad sense of the term for the work of a chaplain partakes of the missionary's lot as much as it partakes of pastors' duties. Like the missionary the chaplain of the Navy finds that his day is a 24 hour day that demands his service at any hour under any circumstances, as long as there are souls to be won for Christ.
The Macmillan Co., N. Y., \$2.00

The Eagle And The Dove

V. Sackville-West

While we can not agree with the unfortunate opening sentence where Miss Sackville-West refers to Protestants as "that non-Catholic branch of Christ's church" we feel that she has given Catholics and non-Catholics alike a pair of sympathetic studies of St. Teresa of Avila, the Eagle, and St. Therese of Lisieux, the Dove. Giving a picturesque historical background for each of these two Carmelites she carries almost breathless through the long active years of the former and the short contemplative years of the latter. Despite the authoress' Anglican belief one cannot help but claim on finishing her studies a mystical sanctity: The Catholic Church must be the only church of Christ to have produced two such different saints in the same mold.
Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y. \$2.50

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

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