

JESUIT MISSIONS

July-August, 1944

Ten Cents



Bless me, Father...

Somewhere in India

Mission of the Month



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(Confer page 194)



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Help came

Too late to save

The Sacred Heart Church

Bushwood, Maryland



For *two* years local mechanical skill labored to construct this Church. It gave *fifty-two* years of service! Sunday morning, April 16, 1944 lightning struck the steeple. In *two* hours the Church was charred ruins.

May help come early to build another beautiful House of God.

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

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

CONTRIBUTORS

■ Charles Fox, S.J., went to India in 1938, started to teach at Krist Rajah High School at once, rapidly became acclimated, and began writing for JESUIT MISSIONS. From teaching, he went to Kurseong, India, to study theology, —and continued writing. The Jesuit Theologians at Kurseong are remarkable for the way they keep up interest in the life of India, the progress of the missions, and agencies back home, such as "JM." It is a sure sign of unselfish zeal; zeal, because the welfare of the whole mission is their interest, and unselfish, because they never beg, and have nothing personal to gain by their efforts.



Charles Fox, S.J.

■ Hubert Schmidt, S.J., is another of the Theologians at Kurseong, at present in first year theology. His account of the Chaplains shows the same broad interest (all but one of the Chaplains are non-Jesuits) and sense of news. But Kurseong has no monopoly on this zeal. Clement Armitage, S.J., is at Weston, one year back from Baghdad; Robert Raszkowski, S.J., is at St. Mary's, Kansas; and John Lange, S.J., just finished his studies in India and has returned to Ceylon.

■ Father Charles Eberle, S.J., is from Somerville, Mass. Formerly a teacher at Holy Cross College, he has been 12 years in Jamaica. He has made his mission at Half-Way Tree one of the model missions of the island. Many a young missionary, now on his own, learned the art from him. They all praise his work; he, in turn, never fails to praise the younger men coming along.

■ Father Joseph LeRoy, S.J., comes from Waterbury, Conn., city of many vocations. He is Port Chaplain in Kingston, Jamaica, and besides, is auxiliary Chaplain at an Army Base, parish priest at the Cathedral, director of convert classes, assistant missionary to at least three mission stations, and confessor at the large Alpha Institute. He was a Scholastic in Jamaica from 1930-1933, and returned to Jamaica as a priest in 1938.



Joseph LeRoy, S.J.

THIS MONTH

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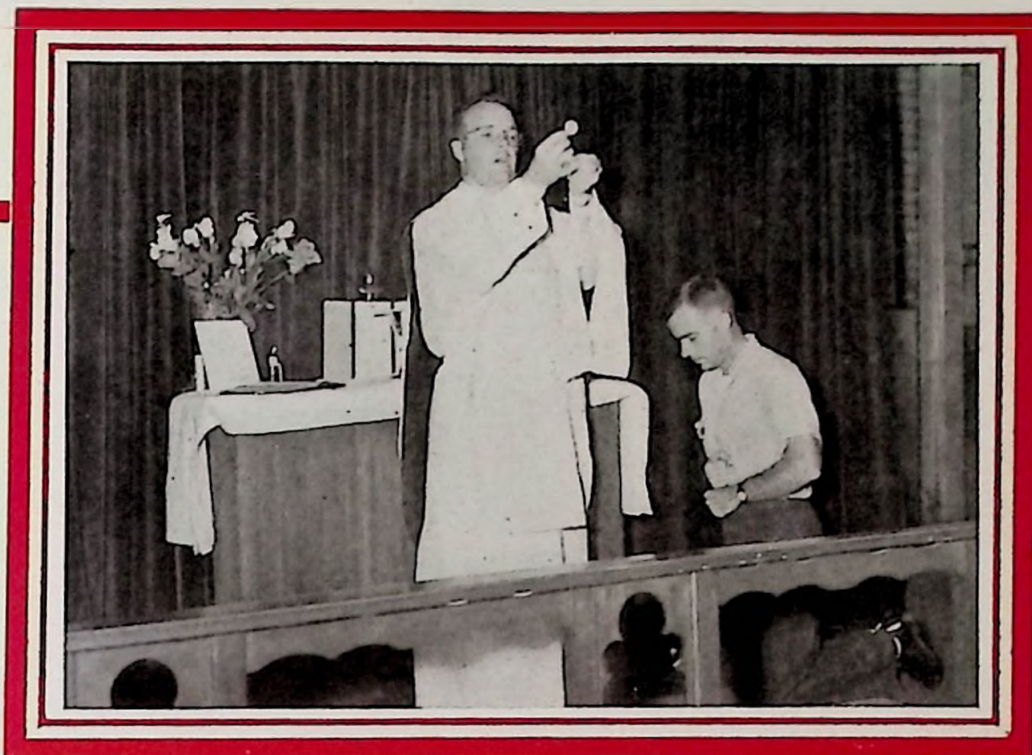
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COVER — A wounded soldier has just been brought to a dressing station in New Britain. It's serious. Notice the busy hands, one pair rolls up the sleeve, one hand holds the needle ready, the doctor's hands grasp his knees tensely, an attendant writes down identification and the report. All point to the center where the Chaplain, Father Forsyth, of Boulder City, Colorado, is kneeling, his head bent low to hear the labored whispers of a confession. A short while before, the soldier was blinded with pain, fighting off dizziness, murmuring, "This is it." Now he hears the welcome words, "I'm the Chaplain," and begins, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. . . ."

U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS

Mass aboard
aircraft carrier.



Off. U. S. Navy Photo

THERE are two hundred and ninety-five Jesuit Chaplains with the Armed Forces of the United States. Two hundred and three are commissioned; twenty more will be shortly; the other seventy-two are auxiliary Chaplains. The two hundred and ninety-five men have been generously given. Boston College, for example, gave the Dean of the Law School, the Dean of the College, the Freshman Dean, the Chairman of the Educational Department, the Assistant Dean of the Business School, and several of the most gifted young professors. All eight American Provinces responded with similar generosity, even though it meant that the nation-wide organization had to be readjusted considerably to absorb the loss of almost three hundred valuable men. And the end is not yet.

Here is the mature judgment of the world's largest Religious Order on the importance of the Chaplain's role today. Service men in the greatest crisis, and for millions, in the most dangerous hours of their lives need a priest with them. The Catholic Chaplain is above all else a priest; his first duty is to his men wherever they are,—in battle, in danger, in trouble, or in training.

Some of the Chaplains in fulfillment of duty have become famed as heroes. Of them we can be justly proud. But the measure of a Chaplain's worth is not the number of his decorations but rather his daily influence on the men in his care. The real Chaplain can be heroic in any post.

What does it mean to be a heroic Chaplain? It means to be on deck every day, at any hour, available for all, even when men expect miracles, or when they will not cooperate, or worse, when higher-ups fail to cooperate; to be without the companionship of priests, among good and bad, bigots and immoral braggards, and never cease to be a priest; to be an officer and with officers and always to be for the men; to carry a hundred problems, each one of which would be enough to absorb a man's whole interest, and still be serene,

sympathetic and patient; another Christ to all men.

THE nature of this war has brought it about that the Chaplains, just by being good priests, are also missionaries. Practically all of the U. S. Armed Forces overseas, except those in England and Ireland, are in mission territories; Africa, the Near East, Asia, the South Pacific, Alaska, and the Caribbean area. This diffusion of the troops has brought something unprecedented to the missions—large bodies of strong, well-trained, practicing Catholics set right down in the middle of ancient pagan or primitive lands. Bad example, of course, does harm, but the abundant good example of our service men at religious exercises gives a ring of sincerity to the missionaries' words which nothing else could, unless the whole native population were to be shipped to Boston for Sunday Mass.

In a larger sense, the Chaplains are missionaries to non-Catholics in the service; not in the sense that they proselytize, but simply that they bring the fact and the life of the Church to countless men who would never have come so close to it in their lives. What the results will be, time alone will tell, but it would not be surprising if, next to the preservation of the Faith in Catholic boys, the most important results for the future of America would come from the contact between Catholic Chaplains and non-Catholics, especially non-Catholic Chaplains. A barrier has existed for a long time between religious groups; a barrier of misunderstanding as well as of faith. The Chaplains' Schools and experiences in the service have brought many of them together for the first time, and in so doing, revealed two interesting things: how much good will is possible, and how widespread is ignorance about the Catholic Faith.

The Faith of your own boy and the attitude of millions of Americans towards the Church is in the Chaplains' hands. For their splendid record, the Chaplains deserve our gratitude. For their continued success, they need our fervent prayers.



U. S. Army Signal Corps Photo

American Army Nurses hear Mass in a jungle chapel in India.

SOMEWHERE IN INDIA

Hubert Schmidt, S.J.

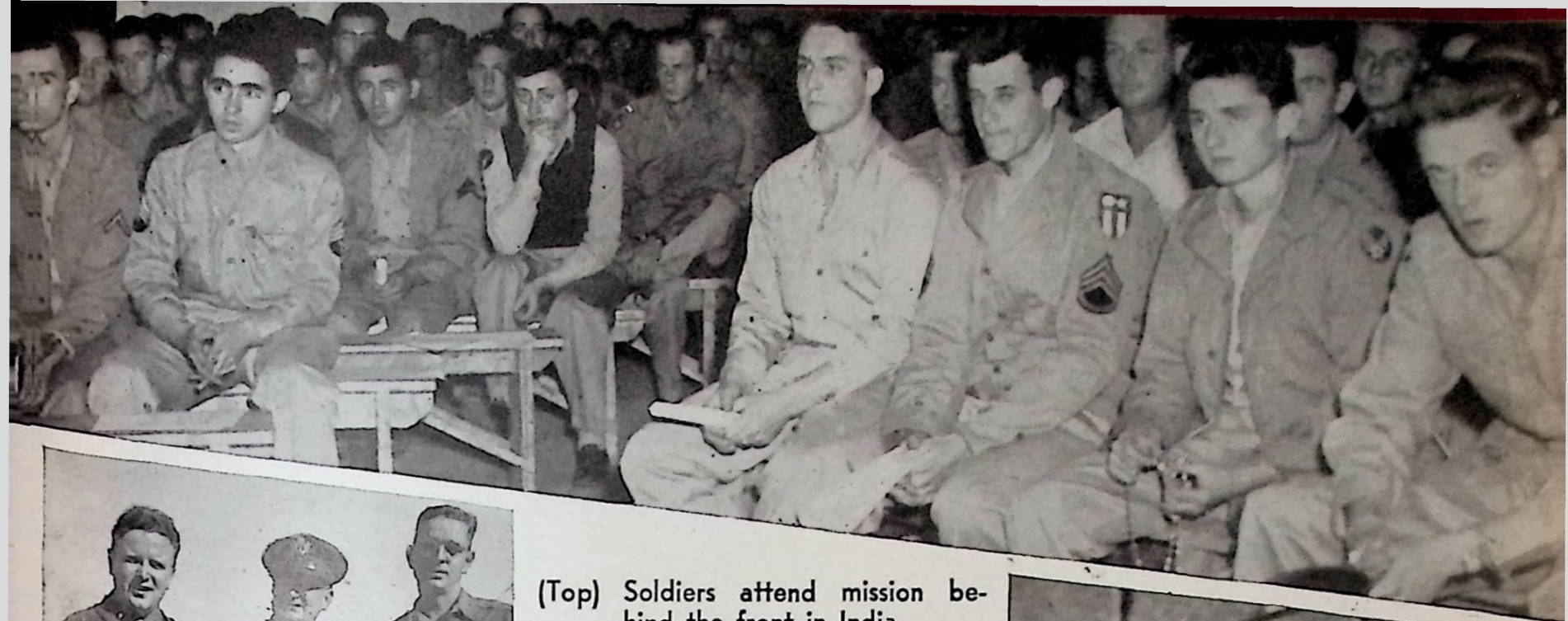
"WHEN my turn comes I hope I'll have his courage," remarked Father Thomas A. Whelan while talking about young Pitts, a Negro casualty of the Jap raid on Calcutta. "He didn't bat an eye while what remained of his right arm was trimmed off at the shoulder. An excellent Catholic, too." Then Chaplain Whelan picked up a letter from his desk saying, "This came in from his mother today. Read it, if you want to know where he got his strong faith."

The letter was postmarked Philadelphia. Among other things, Mrs. Pitts wrote, "Father, thank you for your letter telling me about my son.

I was worried until I heard from you. It gave me great consolation to know that he had a priest with him. No matter how seriously he is wounded he is safe as long as you are with him . . ." Is it any wonder that her son is such a fine Catholic?

Father Thomas Whelan has been here long enough to appreciate Calcutta but Baltimore will always look pretty good to him. Do the men in his unit appreciate Father Whelan? Charlie Huelsman of Covington, Kentucky, thinks "they don't come any better." And Sgt. Ned Foy of Cincinnati wrote to me, "Our Chaplain, a Father Whelan from Baltimore, is a very fine man . . ." Father chuckles at a good one on him-

self. Not long after his arrival in India he had some vestments made by nuns in a convent near his hospital. Sometime later a fellow Chaplain, Father Aubrey Zellner, O.S.B. handed him sixty rupees with the request, "Would you mind paying the nuns for the vestments they made for me?" Without a second thought Father Whelan went over to the nearby convent and gave the money to Sister Superior, "Here is some money from Father Zellner." Sister Superior smiled graciously begging him at the same time please to thank the good Father Zellner. "Why not!" thought Father Whelan. Several months later a letter from Father Zellner asked about those vestments, for he had just received a third bill from the convent requesting payment now long overdue. Then it dawned on Chaplain Whelan that there might be another community of nuns in Calcutta who make vestments. And his second guess was right.



(Top) Soldiers attend mission behind the front in India.

(Left) Chaplains King, Mullaly and Harrington.

(Right) Captain Zellner, O.S.B.



no steadier. He just could not get the match within striking range of the box. Father Zellner spoke up, "Here give me the matches. Let the Chaplain light up the cigarettes!" "And I did," Father told us, "with the tenth match!"

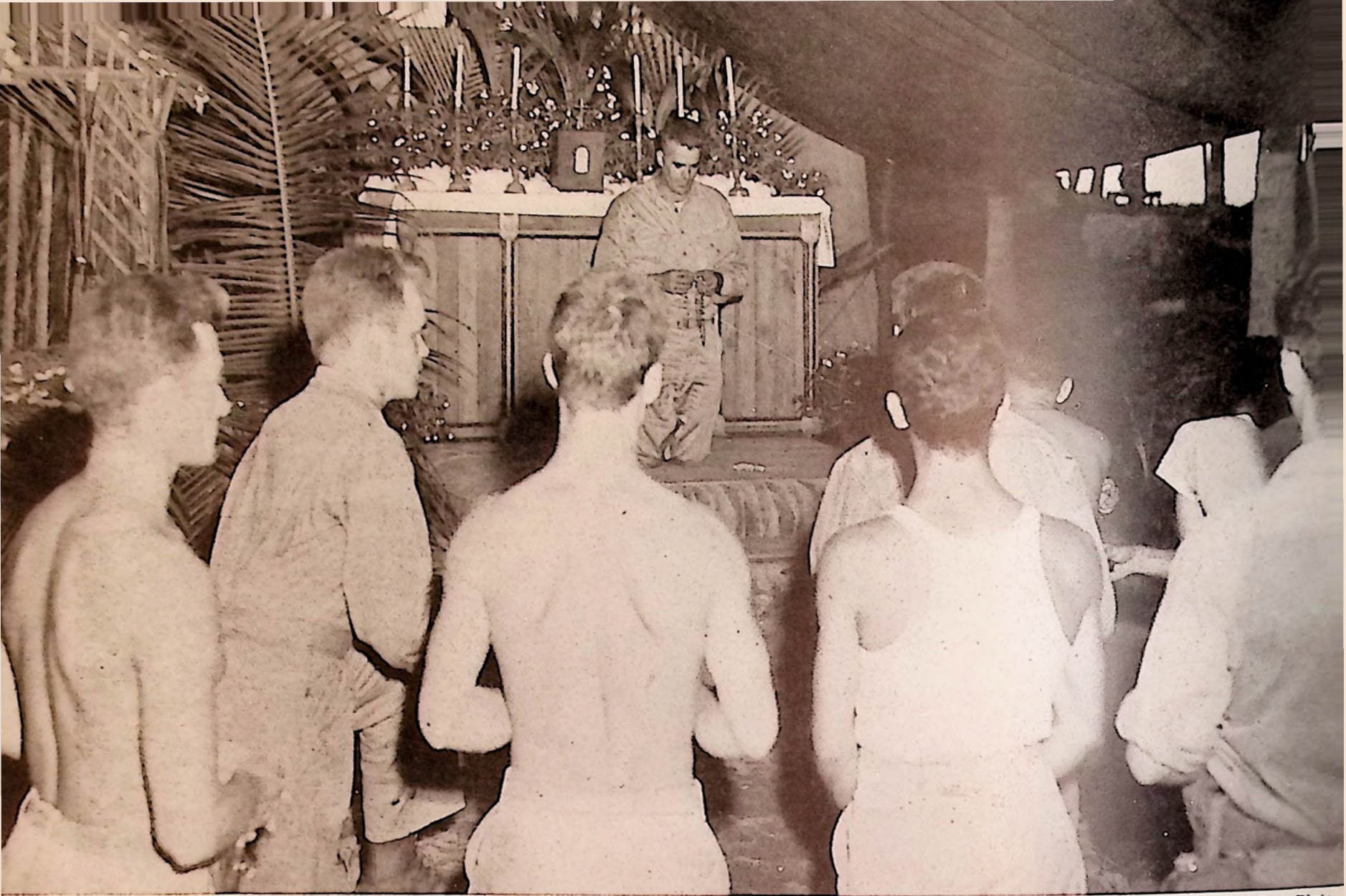
IN a strange village one morning Father was setting up his Mass kit when a Catholic Indian of the village informed him, "Why not say Mass in our Church!" That was the best news Father had heard for a long time. Quickly repacking the Mass kit he followed his self-appointed guide to the church. But there big as life above the door was the fatal sign, "M. E. Church." Now to a man from central Minnesota that means but one denomination, "Methodist Episcopal." But in this area M. E. stood for "Missions Etrangeres," a church of the Parish Foreign mission. So it was alright.

Father had one wedding in India which he will not soon forget. An Indian Catholic employed in the service of the U. S. Army and enjoying the prosperity which accompanies an American wage asked Father to perform the ceremony. It did not take Father long to learn the Hindi for "Will you take this woman," etc. But the bride's answer was not exactly according to the rubrics. When Father turned to her with, "And will you take this

man as your lawful husband?" Instead of the expected, "I do," she exclaimed in Hindi, "Will I take him? Why I'm asking him!" The girl was getting someone with a fortune, an American wage—and she knew it!

WHEN Father Meyer paid us a visit we asked him, "Do you think the war is bringing the men closer to God?" His reply, "Yes, I think that it is doing my men a world of good—but it must not last too long!" He explained, "Out here in the jungle the boys find a different life. The things which they always took for granted, the little luxuries which they thought made up life are not to be had. The rainy season takes toll of their excellent equipment. Their fine leather jackets soon lose their smartness. And so it is with everything out here—save one. And that's the Church. The Church is just the same as it is back in their crowded cities or quiet towns. The

In pre-Pearl Harbor days Father Aubrey Zellner, O.S.B. taught in St. John's University, Collegeville, Minnesota. The men in his squadron rival Charlie Huelsman and Ned Foy in praise of their Chaplain. Father has been mentioned twice in dispatches. After one rather severe Jap raid he jumped onto a jeep with a Captain and a news-reporter. He wanted to get to the wounded as quickly as possible. But one lone Zero still hovering over the field swooped down on them. The three jumped out of the jeep and dived into a welcome ditch! Fortunately the spraying lead did not find them, although it did puncture their jeep. When the Jap plane turned its nose toward Burma the three scrambled from the ditch and the Captain passed around cigarettes. But it was too much for him to light a match. Then the news-reporter who had weathered many such raids, tried his hand. But his hands were



Signal Corps Photo

Rev. Lawrence J. Brock, S.J., Army Captain and Chaplain, who was awarded the Legion of Merit for courageous and distinguished service, says the Rosary with his men "somewhere in the Pacific war zone."

rainy season, leeches, malaria, do not tarnish the Church—in fact, they made it stand out more.

ON the long trip over Lt. Meyer had as companion Father George A. King, S.J. of Boston. India meant more to Chaplain King than it did to most of the men in the convoy. It was a land blessed by his own Jesuit brother, St. Francis Xavier. The convoy made port the final day of the Novena of Grace. Father's unit had entered wholeheartedly in honoring the Apostle of their theatre of war.

We met Father King some months later here at St. Mary's. In our theologate tucked safely away in the Himalayas Father met two fellow "exiles" from his New England Province, Fathers John Williams and Thomas Hussey. Due to the war they had not been able to return to the States for theology. Both were ordained in Northern India last November.

From Father King also we learned that the chaplain's life though happy is not a sinecure. The rest here in the silence of the Himalayas did Father a world of good—if we can judge from the healthy complexion and few extra pounds he took back to his unit. Most of the time he was with us the clouds refused cooperation. They blanketed the Himalayas with their wet, misty arms. Then towards the end of his stay the gray fog bank parted and "The Snows" sparkled in all their glory. We breathed a sigh of relief, "He has seen 'The Snows!'" Father is back in the thick of it celebrating Mass in his bamboo cathedral "somewhere in the jungles of India."

"DO I know Captain Manning? Why he's the finest Padre I've ever met.' The Tommy was eager to launch into the praise of his Chaplain. This was all the more remarkable when the lad in-

formed us, "I'm no R. C. (Roman Catholic) but Padre Manning tops them all." Father Manning, an American secular priest from New York was studying in England back in September, 1939. The British Army needed chaplains so Father volunteered to help fill the gap. He and his men fought it out at Dunkirk, Narvik and Tobruk. Now they are in India. One incident related by the Church of England Tommy will show why Father Manning has such influence on his men. "It was during a hot, tiring march through the desert of North Africa. Captain Manning was right in there with us. When we halted for the night—he was carrying three men's equipment!"

Is it any wonder, then with such men as Chaplains that fathers and mothers need not worry about their sons in Uncle Sam's Service. They can all join with Mrs. Pitts in saying, . . . "my son is safe as long as you are with him."

Gurkhas on the March

CHARLES FOX, S.J.

THE Gurkhas are on the march. It was a common sight to see small groups passing by our gates here in Kurseong, India. On my way out to teach catechism at St. John's school I stopped to talk with them. They had walked six or seven days from their homes in the hills of Nepal in Northern India. Some were on their way to the recruiting office at Darjeeling to become soldiers. Others were still far from their destination. They were taking the Darjeeling-Saliguri road to join the labor battalions building roads in Assam near the Burma frontier. Over these roads supplies and men would be rushed up to meet the Japanese offensive.

On the Burma front the Japanese have come face to face with the Gurkhas. The fame of the Gurkha regiments is a by-word throughout the British Empire. Any English Tommy can tell you what a comfort it is to have them fighting on your side. In the last war many a German soldier experienced the savage ferocity of their attack. Their skill and bravery is beyond question. In night patrol duty they would put a Commando to shame. In close combat there is absolutely nothing to stand up to them. Gurkhas in private life are cheerful and laugh at the slightest provocation; in battle they are ferocious using the vicious kukris, or long curved knife, to decapitate the enemy with a single stroke. The Afrika Korps broke and fled before the onslaught of these sinewy Mongolian

looking soldiers from the snow-capped peaks of Nepal on the southern slope of the Himalayas.

In the present Burma campaign the Japanese soldier has met the Gurkha and has become painfully aware of the fierce fighting ability and the natural killing instinct that make these Gurkha soldiers famous. It is said that they never take out their kukris but to draw blood. If by some mistake the order to attack is countermanded they knick their thumbs and thus preserve their tradition.

BUT this present exodus to Burma and the battle fronts would mean a man-power shortage here in Kurseong. There would be few men left to work on the tea plantations. Many of our workmen at St. Mary's had gone off with the rest. One could hardly blame them. Government and soldiers' wages were good; much better than they could make here at home. That is the main incentive but there is also a military tradition in many families.

To the missionary this departure from Nepal meant the loss of some of his recent converts. Would his work be wasted? Would they forget easily what he had so laboriously taught them? Would they reject the Faith when he was no longer near them to teach and instruct them and influence them to good? Such thoughts make a missionary feel sad. This is a new problem we must face over here due to the war. There is no answer to it. We can only wait and see.



Savage in battle, the Gurkha is a happy, peaceful individual at home.

WHILE we were thinking along these lines a stocky Nepali youth dressed in khaki saluted us. "Hello, Father, Jesu ki barai." He was a Catholic Gurkha. His name was Hyacinth and he lived close to St. Mary's. His father Benjamin is the headmaster here at St. John's school in Kurseong. His brother Eric is studying to be a priest at the Papal Seminary in Ceylon. Hyacinth had just obtained a twelve day furlough from camp. He was stationed at Ranchi but as he put it "He couldn't leave the plains fast enough to get back to his native hills and the clear air of Kurseong." He was glad to be home again and was now on his way to pay a visit to the grotto. I'm sure Our Lady must have been glad to see Hyacinth come back again. But how many, like Hyacinth, would return to their native hills with their Faith as strong and untarnished as their long curved kukris? We have made comparatively few conversions among the Gurkhas. Nepal, their home, has been closed to us by royal edict. Naturally therefore we are anxious to safeguard all we have made.



(Left) Pagan shrine still stands at the top of the hill, but Mayas no longer worship there.

(Above) Father Kuenzel, S.J., stands before his Church, destroyed by fire.

THE *Chicleros* OF

SHUNAN-TUN-ICH, the Queen's Rock, still stands. Around its base, huge monoliths carved into grotesque statues of warrior-gods and inscribed with hieroglyphics stand hidden in the jungle growth as though guarding the kings who sleep there in death.

Mayas no longer offer incense there to the goddess of life. She is dead, dead as the rocks of her temple. A new queen has taken her place in the valley below. Her dwelling stands on a knoll two miles away in the village of Benque Viejo.

That is the new church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

The original church was destroyed seven years ago by a mysterious fire. The people, most of them chicle gatherers, were too poor to rebuild it. It was up to their pastor, Father Anthony Kuenzel, S.J., to secure the necessary money and material.

The men of the village rallied around him to build a new home for their Queen. They went into the jungle and cut down huge Santa Maria trees and sawed them into rafters and beams. Santa Maria wood is harder than mahogany, and (an important consideration!) it burns less easily. They built a kiln which produced their own lime. They gathered stone from the river

bed. As much as possible, only native materials were to be used.

The foundations of the church were laid two years ago. As the walls rose higher, the men built scaffolding of trees leashed together with liana vines, the jungle substitute for rope. Heavy stones were lifted by means of vines, too. It was a precarious business, but the builders, who spend six months of every year climbing trees to tap them for chicle, were perfectly at ease. No one was hurt.

The church is Spanish colonial in design. Its walls are two and a half feet thick. The towers on either side of the front are not complete, but a large cross, cut from a single piece of slate and weighing four hundred pounds, crowns the crest of the facade.

The interior is still incomplete, too. There is no flooring. The windows are as open as the day they were made. The altar is a temporary affair. But the church has been in use for over a year.

The *chicleros* had to overcome countless difficulties in building Mount Carmel. To begin with, there was the slow, difficult work of dragging the wood through the jungle. There was frequent sickness. There was the call to work

on their own plantations and to gather chicle.

THEN there was the strange experience of Reyes Castellanos.

Reyes was an important man in Father Kuenzel's crew. He was the equivalent of a master mason. And so, when he failed to turn up for work one morning, Father Kuenzel was troubled. Later in the day Reyes came, crestfallen, and tears in his eyes. The locusts had attacked his plantation. Everywhere they covered his little crop like a thick, dirty, undulating blanket. His entire food supply for the whole year was being destroyed.

Father Kuenzel thought for a moment. Then he disappeared into his house, only to return with a plaque of the Little Flower. "Pray to her," he told Reyes, "hard, very hard."

Reyes raced back home with a hopeful heart. At the entrance to his plantation, he placed the plaque so that the Little Flower might be able to see well what the locusts were doing. That night Reyes prayed hard.

Early the following morning while it was still dark, he rose and returned to the plantation. The locusts were still there. He looked at



(Above) The preparation of chicle. (Right) Father Kuenzel, rebuilds his Church and the Chicleros helped him.



MOUNT CARMEL

Robert P. Raszkowski, S.J.

the Little Flower, now visible in the first grey light before dawn. There was a lump in his throat. Perhaps he had not prayed hard enough.

The light grew brighter. Then the sun peeked over the horizon. It rose higher, and in the heat and glare Reyes thought he saw the locusts stir. It was true. They were stretching their wings! His heart bounded. In another minute, the whole cloud of locusts rose from his plantation, their wings shimmering in the sunlight. They were gone! It was enough to make him dance.

Reyes did not waste any time on the road to the Father's house.

Half crying, half laughing with excitement, he broke in on Father Kuenzel. "Father, Father . . ." he cried, ". . . it was beautiful!" There was only one thought in Reyes' head. His plantation had been saved. It was beautiful. And so he took up his trowel and went back to work. That day up on the scaffolding, Reyes sang all the songs he knew—all of them bright, happy Spanish melodies. It was good to work for the Queen.

Benque Viejo has many attractions: its encircling Maya hills covered with foliage, its picturesque Mopan River roaring from numerous falls and rapids; but most of all its novenas humming the livelong

day from the Church. The strains of novena singing come floating on the night air from many a Benque home. Father Kuenzel, S.J., gradually led the people to transfer these novenas to the Church.

The old church was destroyed but the living Church was rather strengthened. These novenas are wonderful. They keep the Faith alive. They are made up of the rosary with songs and prayers and instructions commemorative of our Lord, The Blessed Virgin and the saints. Morning, noon and evening these prayers and songs go on. Women leave their housework to make the hour's novena in the Church. There they learn their theology, there they sing to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, to His Holy Mother "Virgen del Carmen," to the *Nino de Atoche*, to San Antonio, to San Jose. In the yearly account of the founts of the ministry to be given to the Society of the Propagation of the Faith, the number of novenas is asked to be listed. They average two hundred a year at Benque Viejo!

THE people of Benque are as proud of their church as they are of their faith. You and I call ourselves Catholic, but with a disarming modesty, they call them-

selves *very* Catholic. You can find them in church, kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament at all hours of the day.

Take Dona Pastora for example. One of her sons is a Jesuit Brother. Another devoted himself to building the new church. And her two little grand-daughters want to be Sisters.

Then there was the time when an Evangelist preacher came to Benque. As a special attraction, he brought an organ, and so a good crowd turned out for the entertainment. But in the course of his talk he made some slighting remarks about Our Lady. That was a mistake.

Now the Catholic Church does not approve of strong-arm methods, and certainly Father Kuenzel does not approve of them either, but the next morning the preacher reported to the local police that a number of young men had attacked him after the meeting and had beaten him severely. The Evangelist campaign ended abruptly.

The faith is alive and strong in Benque. You can almost feel it. And the reason lies in the fact that the people are extremely devoted to their Blessed Mother.

The goddess of Shunan-tun-ich is dead. A new Queen has moved into her domain.

LOOKING AFTER THEIR OWN

Charles Eberle, S.J.

**THE MISSIONS AIM TO
ELIMINATE THEMSELVES
BY TRAINING THE PEOPLE
TO PROVIDE FOR ALL
THEIR OWN NEEDS.**

ABOUT ten years ago, when stationed in the interior of the Island, I had a very faithful group of men at a mission station called Mile Gully, in St. Mary. They were faithful but poor, some few owning small pieces of land. The whole area was depressed and we had many in church in need of clothes, shoes, etc. So I decided to found a St. Vincent de Paul Society. My father had belonged to the Conference at our Parish Church at home for forty years, and my brother always praised the work of the Society to me. So without reading the rules of the organization, or in fact without knowing anything about it save the name and general purpose of helping the poor, I organized—if you could use such a good word to designate what I did!—a St. Vincent de Paul Conference among eight or ten men at Mile Gully. At least I meant well. So did the men, I guess.

I went to one or two Catholic planters in the parish and got a couple of parcels of old clothing

from their wives, took them up to Mile Gully and left them with my newly formed St. Vincent de Paul Society to distribute among the poor of the Mission. The next month I returned for my regular monthly visit to the station and inquired how the Society was progressing from the Catechist of the Mission, who was probably the President of the Society, I do not quite remember. "Oh yes, Father, the clothes that you brought—wish you would try to get some more. Those were just sufficient to do the families of the members."

That ended the St. Vincent de Paul at Mile Gully.

When I came to Holy Cross, which is a city parish, we formed a little group of four men, all of some standing, and we began to study the rules of the St. Vincent de Paul Society. At once I could see why I had failed at Mile Gully. The Society is for men of some little affluence who are able to provide for themselves and then extend a little aid to their less fortunate brethren.



A well organized St. Vincent de Paul Society of native laymen looks after the poor and needy in the parish of Holy Cross, Jamaica, B.W.I.

The men at Mile Gully, although well-meaning, were themselves in need.

THERE is a Canadian gentleman in the Island at present who has come down here to supervise the taking of the census. He is a census expert. But he is also an old Vincentian, and one evening came to the meeting of our Holy Cross Conference. The men were quite pleased. He gave us a little talk after the meeting and told us that it took him back over the years when he was an active member in Canada. It seemed he was back at his own parish Conference Meeting again; the discussion of the case under investigation; fears of members that people were not worthy poor but chiselers looking for a hand-out; the routine of the meeting; the secret collection; the assignment of new cases; the giving out of grocery tickets. He was struck with the sameness of the meetings though one was being held in the West Indies, the other in Toronto. Our



This beautiful Church, built just before the war, is a monument to the labors of its pastor as well as to the generosity of the people. But even in this comparatively well-off community you have many who live "on the other side of the track."

men were pleased to think that they were so faithfully carrying out the routine of the meetings.

Where do we find the money? Various ways, just as you do in New York, Dublin or Sydney, Australia, in all of which places the Society is strong. For instance, there is an Irishman in the army out here at present. He is a Major. He is interested in horse racing and recently his horses have won several races. Of course, the Major receives the purses. A friend of his, another Irishman who is an Inspector of Police, tipped me off to hit up the Major, as he was flush just now. I did, and the Major came through like his horses and gave me twenty-five pounds for the St. Vincent de Paul. Strange to say, it is easier to get the funds to distribute to the poor, than the men to do the distributing. Some few are really fine, reliable fellows. Others—well, not so good. They come for a while, but the routine proves too much for them and they drift off and others come to take their places. At one

time we were so badly off for workers, we said a Hail Mary at each meeting for new members. The new members have come, and some good ones, too.

THE only Conferences in Jamaica are in the city of Kingston. The one at the Cathedral is over forty years old, the one at St. Anne's, a very poor parish, about twenty years, I should say; and ours is seven. Two new Conferences are in the process of formation, one in Father Scollen's parish and the other in Father Drea's newly formed parish of St. Theresa. But these are city parishes also.

About a year ago, the then existing Conferences formed a Particular Council which has been fairly active. As a Special Works the Particular Council is starting a training centre in Kingston for poor girls. A similar institute will be organized for boys.

I suppose there is a humorous side to the St. Vincent de Paul Society everywhere. The poor in all

places are constantly and forever being hounded by collectors of all sorts. Rent collectors, collectors of installments on sewing machines, (often used by poor women to support their children) collectors of this and collectors of that, whom these poor people are continually dodging and constantly fending off. We have one rather dignified (shall I call him?) member who is being repeatedly taken for a collector of some sort, and that is his bugbear.

ON the other hand, there is the deep, solid spiritual background upon which St. Vincent de Paul always insisted, to see Christ in the poor. Sometimes it is difficult to see Christ in a man covered with sores and ulcers, smelly and clothed in rags; probably as hideous of character as of body, lying, deceitful, trying to take advantage of the better instincts of the investigator. Yet our men strive to do their best, remembering Christ's words, "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

language broadcast by the Chungking radio, the Office of War Information reported. The closing of the university, which is administered by the Society of the Divine Word and which in recent years has had an enrollment as high as 1,200 took place on March 26, the report said.

MONTHLY RELIEF FOR CHINESE FAMINE STRICKEN.

Bishop Francis X. Ford, Maryknoll Superior at Kaying, China, has been appointed chairman of the International Relief Committee in Northeastern Kwantung, and has been complimented by the executive committee for the speed with which relief operations were executed. The Relief Committee has made a \$5,000 allotment in American money monthly for emergency feeding. Bishop Ford is feeding about 1,000 people a day in the rice lines.

A rare reunion took place at St. Mary's College, Kansas. Father Pedro Pascua, S.J., met his soldier brother for the first time in twenty years. Neither one knew the address of the other in this country. Lieut. Peter Verceles, S.J., Chaplain in the Filipino Regiment, recognized the name and brought the two brothers together. The soldier had to move out to the Pacific the next day so could not wait to see his brother ordained a priest. They hope to meet again in the Philippines.



July Mission Intention

Native African Laborers and Their Families

• When we speak of the Papal Encyclicals "Rerum Novarum" and "Quadragesimo Anno" Africa may be farthest from our mind, and yet these two encyclicals as well as other social instructions of the Church have an important bearing on social problems the world over. That these social documents have a bearing on mission life is recalled to us when our Holy Father bids us pray for native African laborers and their families. Exploitation by their European masters and government officials has ever been a cause of unrest; and their grievances have been championed more than once in the past quarter of a century by radical groups who hoped to win the oppressed laborers to their aims of world revolution. World War II has in some instances aggravated these evils. Many of the native Africans, by nature nomadic and agricultural, have been forced into industrial works with the whites though socially ostracized and forced to live in segregated areas. This has meant in many cases a breakdown in the tribal authority and peril to the very families of these laborers, expected as they were to fit in with an economic and social betterment program of living. Christian principles of conduct must be applied if the native African laborer and his family are not to be lost to Catholicism.

August Mission Intention

Works of Charity in Africa

• The history of the missions shows that where works of charity abounded there conversions were abundant. This gives us a partial explanation for the numerous conversions gained by the Church in Africa during the past decade. A tabulation in Father Considine's book "Across a World" numbers in Africa 267 Catholic hospitals with 9,470 beds, over a thousand dispensaries offering almost 12,000,000 treatments, 59 leprosaria housing 5,548 patients and 749 asylums for infants and aged, caring for 35,339 charges. These headings list only four of the many works of charity that are being performed on the missions and yet they proclaim eloquently that Charity speaks a universal language—one understood by Moslems, pagans and Christians alike. War conditions have curtailed many of these works of charity. One missionary writes that war conditions have forced him to close 30 of his 32 schools although his mission field is ripe for 300 of them if the faith is to prosper. Works of charity especially in the educational and medical fields must be the object of our prayer during August for charity shown the Africans is love manifested for Christ in His least brethren.



Army and Navy personnel congratulate Most Rev. Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., after his Golden Jubilee Mass. (Below) Fathers Leroy and Daly assist Bishop Emmett in the Confirmation of American soldiers at the Army Base.

YOU can expect surprises in Jamaica. It was just after the noon hour. The usual thing is to follow the native custom of a siesta which is very often broken by a pesky mosquito preparing to dive bomb your anatomy or by the coarse cry of the lizard outside the window. The strong pungent fragrance of tropical flowers makes one drowsy. I had just about reached

Apostolate

Joseph I

a decision that is to say I was weakening rapidly when there was a knock on my door. It was Jimmie, the porter. "There's a sailor downstairs, Fadder. Him don't speak English but him Catholic."

Well at least the lizard would not keep me awake this afternoon. There was my sailor looking a bit forlorn like a lost puppy. He twisted his cap nervously in his hands. I smiled at him. "Mon pere" — then came a broadside of French. The poor fellow couldn't speak a word of English. When I interrupted him with a question or two in his own tongue he was beside himself with joy. What an impossible barrier language can be when you get stranded in an English Colony without a sou in your pocket! He was a Catholic from the island of Haiti. He had shore leave and was seeing Kingston for the first time. Somehow he missed his ship. In his desperation he turned to the one source that was familiar to him, where he

knew he would find help. He came to the Church. His credentials were in order. Through a friend of ours we got him lodging and meals at the Seamen's Institute. I'll wager that sailor will be on deck long before sailing time hereafter.

For many years now the Jesuits have cared for the spiritual needs of the sailors and seamen who have made Jamaica a port of call. On and off the casual observer will see groups of sailors of different nations attending mass either separately at the Cathedral of The Most Holy Trinity or he may see them visiting the Fathers at Winchester Park. Occasionally the American sailors would come up for a game of baseball at the United Fruit Company Tennis club. They can't forget the old American pastime even when they do take to the sea. The only ones who can play baseball in Jamaica are some Cubans who speak Spanish. They are fair baseball players. Some of the Fathers were good in their day but most of them preferred to glory in their past and



of the Sea

y, S.J.

criticize this present exhibition. It is amusing to hear interspersed, with the shrill chatter of the American shortstop taunting the batter or encouraging the pitcher, the "bravo" and "viva" of the volatile Cuban. But baseball is the same in any language. For the English tars we often had a soccer match with the "old boys" of St. George's.

With the advent of war games were a thing of the past. We were more and more in demand as priests and confessors. Many ships of all types pull into port without any Chaplain aboard. That is where we missionaries already stationed in different ports come in handy. Fathers Drea, Fox and myself meet the ships when they arrive in Kingston. And the sailors are glad to see us. The incident is told of one young Captain who gave his men a fight talk when they pulled into port. At twenty-six years of age he was the Captain of a destroyer. He took his responsibility for his men seriously and they idolized him for it. He gathered the Catholic sailors

about him and said "Alright men make your peace with God. Go to confession and the Sacraments. When we leave port only God knows if we shall return." Catholic leaders like that make you want to stand up and cheer.

IT is my afternoon to cover the water front. An American Liberty ship is drawn well out in the Harbor. I wave; a couple of sailors lower a boat and pull into the dock. I receive a smiling and friendly greeting. I swing up a rope ladder onto the deck and shake hands with the Captain and explain my business. I want to meet the Catholics aboard, talk with them, help them in every way I can. Above all I want to hear confessions and if sailing orders permitted, to have the sailors hear Mass at the Cathedral in the morning. A room was soon provided. The Catholics lined up outside. After confessions I go to mess with the sailors and give them a short talk while they sit at table.



Chaplain Daly, C.S.S.R., blesses marriage, Father Leroy assisting. (Below) A Field Mass for American soldiers stationed in Jamaica, B.W.I.

Next morning they come to Mass at the Cathedral. Two of the sailors served it. It was their first opportunity in more than a month to attend the Holy Sacrifice. After Mass they marched down to the dock and boarded ship. That was the last we saw of them. They put to sea straightway. Where are they now? Who knows; probably off the coast of Italy, probably sailing cautiously along the Murmansk route. At least they have seen the priest and God went with them. Some of them were only boys. One of them admitted quite frankly he was afraid. He told of crouching behind his gun and watching fascinated as the German bombers came in for the kill. He had to wait until they were in



(Left) Fathers Leroy and Fox entertain some American sailors at Winchester Park, residence of the Jesuit Fathers in Kingston, Jamaica. (Right) Another group in the company of Father Drea, S.J., visit Holy Trinity Cathedral before returning to their ship. Soon they will be on the high seas and headed for enemy waters.

range and then twisting, turning and weaving, spray them with lead. He had come through but he dreaded the thought of going back for another encounter. With the thought of death that close, ships hang out a welcome mat for any missionary they find in foreign ports.

THE following is a spiritual log of our efforts to help sailors who have arrived in the port of Kingston since the early days of the war. Fortified with official passes obtained from the Security Office we have walked up the gangplank of five hundred ships. We have given out four thousand medals to sailors who requested them, three thousand prayer cards, two hundred and fifty prayer books, five hundred rosaries. It is an inspiring moment when you say Mass on board ship. You can see the men are impressed when you turn around to address them at the Gospel. Ship's officers greatly appreciate the work of a priest. Especially is this true when there is no Catholic Chaplain in their personnel. Mass and the Sacraments are important to these men who go down to the sea. Twenty-five times the Holy Sacrifice has been offered up aboard ship. Three thousand confessions have been heard on deck in a cabin and down below. In all about five thousand men were contacted and brought closer to God before they left port for their hazardous missions. Among other things the

Chaplain is a trouble shooter. Many are the stories and problems which pour into his ears needing a solution or a word of encouragement.

Ships of many nations drop anchor in our midst, English, American, Spanish, French, Dutch, Chilean, Venezuelan among others. They impress upon us who are stationed here in one small port in the Caribbean, the powerful lesson of the universality of the Catholic Church. The Church is truly Catholic and in our day just as militant as ever; fighting for souls and keeping them in the faith and love of God. To have brought Christ down on the makeshift altar on a "Flat-Top," to have boarded a man-of-war of a Catholic nation on which every officer and crew member was a Catholic, to have spent hours on board a destroyer hearing confessions and encouraging brave young sailors soon to traverse dangerous waters whence there may be no return,—these are events to thrill the hearts of men who follow in the footsteps of the original twelve Apostles. They were sailors and Christ chose them to become the first fishers of men. We claim kinship to them and are glad to render services to the Apostolate of the sea.

FROM the upper porch of Winchester Park you have a clear view of the harbor and beyond the Palisades lies the open sea. When the moon is bright you can see a ship fading in the distance. The

smiling fresh faces of the men who talked with you that afternoon rise up before you. Some will not come back. On the law of averages that is bound to be. The torpedo of the enemy will find the vitals of some of those ships. There will be a flash and an explosion. The night will turn red. Human bodies will be scattered like nine pins, broken, battered, some dead, others badly wounded or burned. The Southern Cross shines clearly, high over the Cathedral dome. Ah! yes. God be with them. God keep them safe. So young! Do they have to die? The Passion is renewed in these fine young men. As the ship passes the last Palisade and disappears in the night you send a prayer after them on the wings of the spirit.

From the porch at Winchester Park everything looked so peaceful. The world was all silver. A soft breeze gently stirred the palm trees. The watchman, making his rounds, came along the Cathedral path and walked across the soccer field to inspect the school premises. The city of Kingston was quiet. It seemed hard to believe that on the other side of the world guns boomed and men were dying or that enemy subs lurked off there in the darkness of the Caribbean. With a sigh we snapped out the lights. We had done all that we could do. The rest was up to God. It must be a comfortable feeling to men, who keep a rendezvous with death, to know that God goes with them.



MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS

Japanese Mistake

■ Blood is thicker than water. No one doubts the truth of this axiom. The Japanese banked on it in their Pacific invasion. They felt certain that the Oriental would stand with the Oriental. In Burma, in Java and the other islands of the Pacific Japan was right. Only in the Philippines was she resisted to the death. It took months to subdue that brave people. Even in defeat they are still resisting the enemy. Here is one case where the axiom failed. Racially and geographically the Filipinos are closer to the Japanese than to America. Why did they fight so fiercely against a nation more closely allied to them in every way and remain loyal to us who have so little in common with them?

This question, the humanitarian would answer with a list of the material advantages, the economic opportunities we showered upon the Filipino. But these cannot explain their magnificent spirit. In the crucible of war you need deeper loyalties. The Filipinos remained loyal to us, we believe, mainly because they are a Christian people. There is the only Christian Commonwealth in the East. For almost four centuries before we came upon the scene they were impregnated with the Gospel of Christ. Its principles went right down to the roots of the nation changing its heart and mind and whole being. In the pres-

ent war where blood ties failed, Christianity proved itself to be a stronger force for unity between the Filipinos and ourselves than any other bond. America is not as thoroughly Christian as the Philippines but at least we did not tamper with their Faith and so won and retained their friendship. We can thank the missionaries who were the forerunners of all good will efforts on our part.

They Want Independence

■ In his book, "Mother America," Colonel Romulo states that many nations of the Pacific are fed up with the White man's rule. They, like our own ancestors back in 1775, want independence from foreign domination. Their young men have gone to Europe and America for an education. Their eyes have been opened. They have absorbed the doctrines of free men. After the war and even now, these students are the leaders who will educate their peoples in the principles they learned abroad. Education of the masses in China has steadily advanced despite the war. India is restless, Burma, Java and the other islands are more than dissatisfied. Some adjustment will be necessary after the war. These nations will want immediate or at least a modified independence with the assurance that in good time it will be complete.

Blood of Christ

■ But if independence comes to these peoples then what? Shall each nation go its separate way? No, there must be multiple economic relations. And there must be much good will. What is the bond that will hold these nations, new and old, together. There is one if all are willing to accept it, that is the blood of Christ. In His blood all men are redeemed. In Him we have a common Father, and a gracious Mother Mary. It is not beneath any nation's dignity to become bondsmen in Christ, to acknowledge Him as the Son of God. The truths of the Gospel will beget a spirit of justice. They will enlighten the mind and enlarge the vision. Racism will be destroyed and each nation would solve all problems on the basis of Christian ethics.

■ Such a solution is too much to be hoped for at present. The nations are too selfish, too godless to accept Christ. The leaders of the nations will draw up the peace plan on the basis of expediency and utility. Still that does not disturb the fact that Filipino soldiers fought and died side by side with American soldiers in the hills of Bataan plus the fact that their Christian Faith contributed in no small measure to their loyalty to us. The blood of Christ kept them faithful to us.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



Father Francis Anderson, S.J., ready for the road.

YOU may meet him on the lonely road that goes down from Jerusalem to Jericho; or on the rugged trails that thread the deep gorges of Transjordan; or again he may greet you as you enter the splendid residence of the Apostolic Delegate on the banks of the Nile in Cairo. Ask any Catholic boy or girl in the land beyond the Jordan; ask the priests and nuns of Nazareth and Bethlehem and Amman; ask any chaplain in Egypt, American or English, if he knows Father Frank Anderson, S.J. of Boston and Baghdad and of the kingdom of Christ. No one of them will be content with a simple affirmation. For nobody merely

knows him. They relish him . . . and in the warm smiles that break out at the mention of his name you can read admiration and respect and affection.

Father Anderson has two official titles. One is Director of the Union of Catholic Schools in Transjordan, the other is Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate of the Holy Land and Egypt. Neither title is of enough importance to warrant recognition of 'Who's Who' of the world but in Christ's record of men and women who have labored for Him each of these titles must be crowned with stars. For beneath the official designations that smack of swivel chairs and social receptions lies a story of

MAN BEYOND THE JORDAN

Clement Armitage, S.J.

unstinted toil, loneliness and physical hardship. You will not hear that story from the man himself. You can only piece together the fragments that you chance upon, impressions of your own and others, a story here and there, the things left unsaid in letters. But fragments can never tell the whole story. They can only emphasize the skeleton fact that somewhere in the Near East an American Jesuit is doing a great job for God.

THE land beyond the Jordan is a nightmare. You stand at the edge of the Dead Sea with slime-covered rocks smelling of brimstone piled around you and you gaze up from your valley of death at the savage, sterile mountains of Moab, slashed with gorges and twisted with forlorn crags. Behind that forbidding barrier Father Anderson is carrying on his work.

Director of the Union of Catholic Schools in Transjordan. How little do we learn from official titles! This says nothing of days and nights spent in car, on horse or donkey, or afoot amid the mountains and gorges of that wilderness. It does not tell of journeys to places where no

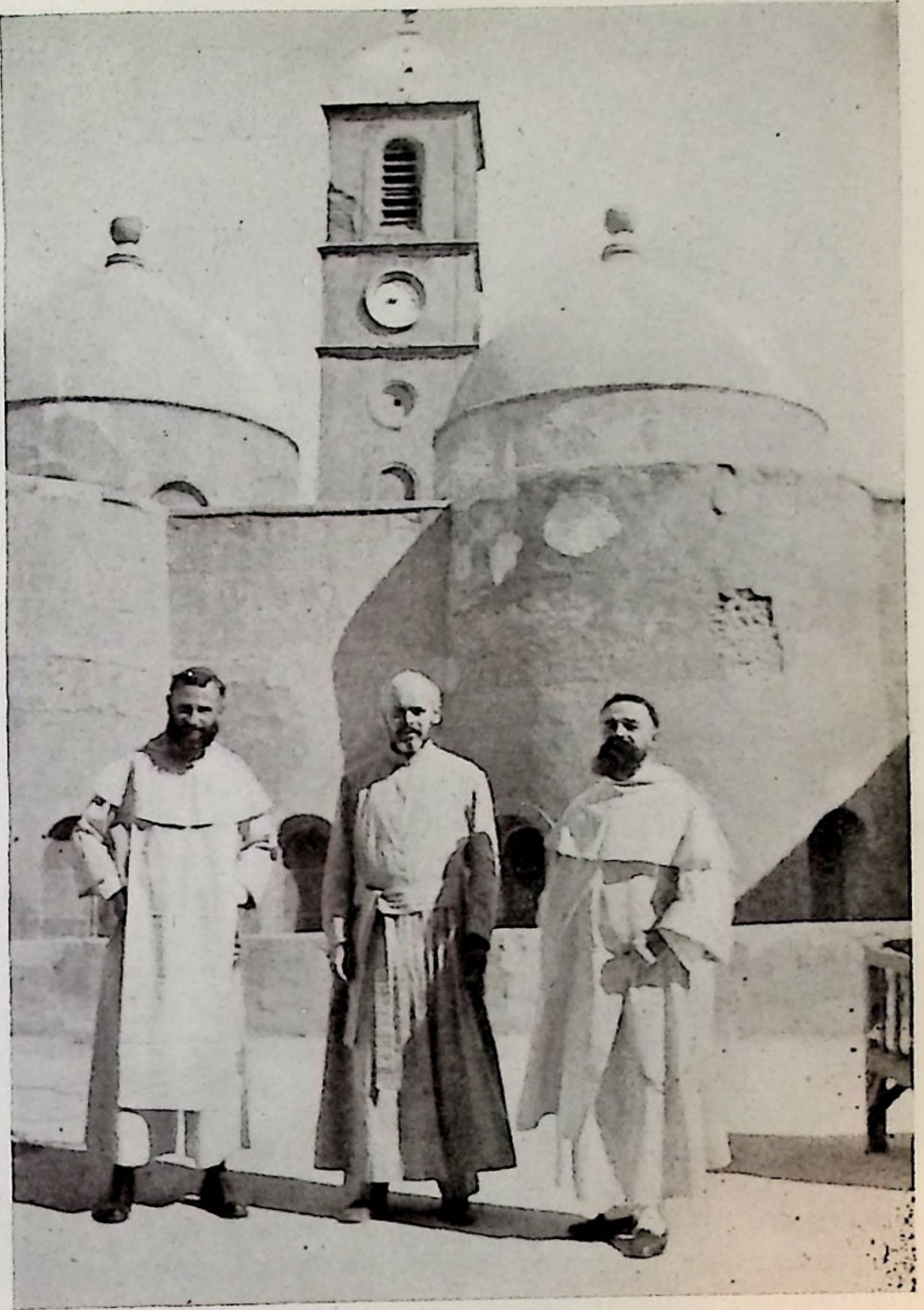


He confers with Very Rev. Francis Sargeant, S.J., Superior of Baghdad College.

American has ever been, in order to make sure that a handful of dark-eyed Christian boys and girls may still find the road to Christ. You cannot glean from the title alone the fact that in a single pair of capable hands rests the actual existence of those Catholic schools. The 'Union' is of the Latin and Greek rites—and one who knows the fierce loyalty in the Near East to one's own rite might wonder if Father Anderson sometimes smiles ruefully when he considers that part of his official designation. Nor does that title of itself conjure up the thousand difficulties that rise from lack of money, the impossibility of finding sufficient teachers in that country, the lack of communications, the trying vexations that go with running Christian schools under a non-Christian government. But when you do realize, to some small extent at least, the tremendous task that the title embraces you are glad that it is a man like Father Anderson who is doing the job.

IT is a full time, twelve-months-a-year job. But the war stepped in. Now Father Anderson must try to put his school system in motion and then leave his headquarters in the mountain capital of Amman to travel the highways of Palestine and Egypt in his role as Secretary

A visit with the Dominican Fathers at Mosul.



to the Apostolic Delegate. Another innocent-looking title. Call him the 'trouble-shooter' for the Holy Land, remembering meanwhile that there is no other place on earth that has more religious problems. Recall what Archbishop Spellman said in his recent book of the "sad situations" prevailing in Egypt and realize that in many cases it is Father Anderson who must wrestle with these situations. Remember that the Pope's representative has also a diplomatic status and that the political free-for-all in the Near East with all its attendant jealousies and suspicions demands men of the highest calibre. Yet even in the midst of his arduous duties on this alternate job Father Anderson still found time to give the monthly day of recollection in Cairo to the American and English chaplains of the desert armies and they caught

from him that spiritual inspiration and flame that holds men close to the world of Christ.

THERE is the secret. Look at his energy and ability and call him an efficient director; couple his keen knowledge of men with his charm and geniality and call him a diplomat; but behind the distinguished beard, the quick smile and laughing eyes there is always the priest of God. The American boy who grew up in the shadow of Bunker Hill Monument is building out of his own life a far greater and more lasting memorial in the Kingdom of God. When he comes down that lonely road to Jericho and lifts his eyes to the lofty crags of Machaerus where John the Baptist laid down his life for Christ, he, too, knows what it means to be dedicated to God's work alone.

REMEMBER US?

We're in Ceylon

JOHN LANGE, S.J.



His Excellency, Most Rev. Gaston Robichez, S.J., Bishop of Trincomalee, in the island of Ceylon.

THERE are five of us Jesuits from the New Orleans Province working in the little mission of Trincomalee, in the island of Ceylon. To our own people in the South, we are known as "Southern Jesuits"; to the people of Ceylon, we are of that rare and unusual species: the American. Ceylon is the southern-most end of this particular part of the earth's surface. From the bottom tip of the little (22,000 sq. miles) island you look out over one of the greatest expanses of sea on the globe. From 4 degrees above the equator, right on down to the South Pole, there's nothing but water. And, hanging out over the whole thing, the Southern Cross. So, though we have left our happy Southland, we are still "Southerners"!

Faithful readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* must have met the five of us at one time or another. But it is only of rather recent date that we all dribbled back into the mission after completing our studies in theology in India and got settled in the field again. Ceylon, as you must realize from the newspapers, is just on the periphery of the Asi-

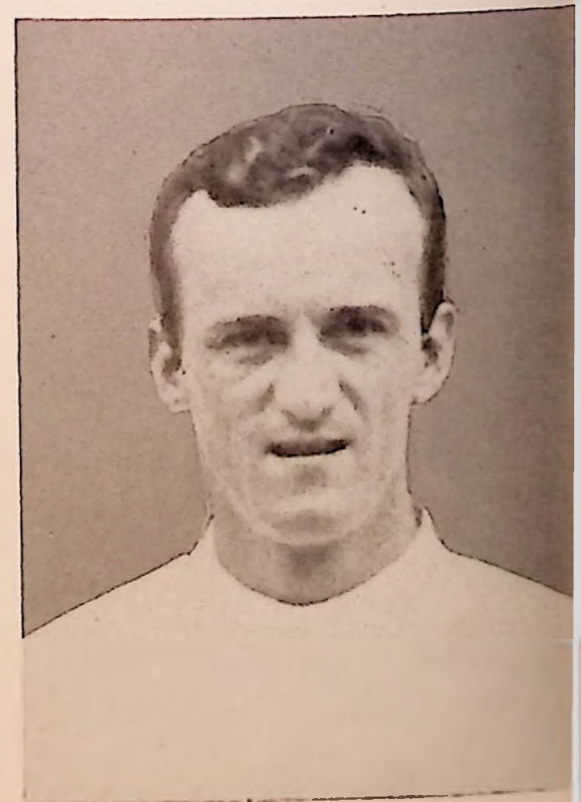
atic war zone. In fact, two years ago, the Japs came over and bombed two places in the Island in strength. They got such a hot reception, that they have not been back since! However, they demonstrated that it could be done; and we've got to keep on our toes all the time. Though we have not suffered from the open horrors of war in any way to compare with other mission fields in the East and Far East, we have got our full share of all the other accompanying evils.

FATHER JOHN T. LINEHAN, the first Southern Jesuit to come to Ceylon (in 1933) is now stationed at the high school at Batticaloa. High schools in Ceylon are called "Colleges." There he holds the following responsible posts: treasurer of the Diocese, bursar of the school, house Minister, spiritual Father to the secular priests. He went through his course in theology in Belgium, 1934-38, and got back to the United States for his tertianship. We were afraid he would not be able to return to Ceylon on account of the war. But he made it. Running the school at Batticaloa, much of the burden of which falls on him, is a pretty tough proposition in this day and age. Add to that the acute financial problems involved in trying to make ends meet in the diocese, and you'll be right in concluding that Father Linehan is a key-man.

I guess I come next on the list. My only claim to any distinction is that I am the longest away from home—ten years. Due to what is no doubt some accident of nature, by



Father John Linehan, S.J.
Father John Lange, S.J.



which I am able to twist my mouth around the languages, I was sent out by the Bishop to start a new mission station shortly after my return from India. It involved tying up with a new language; but I didn't mind that so much. I was getting tired of Tamil, anyhow. The place where I am is a recently started government Agricultural Colony, way out in the middle of the wilds.

FATHER IGNATIUS GLEN-
NIE came out the year after



Leper huts on the road to Batticaloa, Ceylon.



Father Ignatius Glennie, S.J

Father George Hamilton, S.J. (Left)
Father Joseph Fengler, S. J. (Right)



me, after having taught for three years at Jesuit High in New Orleans. They wanted to send him off for his theological studies after he got here; but every house was crowded. Finally, he got into the Papal Seminary at Kandy, Ceylon's beauty spot par excellence, and made his first year with the secular seminarians. The Belgian Jesuits, in charge of the Seminary, were so favorably impressed by Father Glennie's theological acumen, that they managed to book him for the professorial staff. So that's his billet for the time being—helping to educate young Indians and Ceylonese for the Priesthood.

Father George P. Hamilton is on the staff of the school at Batticaloa. He is the diocesan director of the Sodality too. His job has been to get the people together in the parishes, and make them pull together as Sodalists. Their tendency is to stick to their own caste or family and avoid mixing with others outside their narrow circle. Social activities, consequently, and social christianity were practically nil before Father Hamilton started work on them. The girls and women constitute a very highly specialized problem. It has always been repugnant to the oriental conception of woman's place and importance to allow them any degree of freedom. Girls and women spend their life shut up within the walls of the house. Fortunately, however, Ceylon, being a very progressive little chunk of the Orient, has felt modernizing influences.

FATHER JOSEPH FENGLER just finished up his studies last year—that is, his theological studies. Now he's hard at it trying to master the Tamil language. He had several months in an isolated mission station, surrounded by all the props for learning Tamil, but on account of the man-power shortage in the mission, he had to cart his books back to Trincomalee. He is now helping out in the school there (another "College," with a war-time enrollment of less than 100), and serving as assistant in the parish.

Our Bishop, the senior Bishop of Ceylon (there are five others, believe it or not, in this tiny Island!) and one of the eldest in this part of the world, manages to keep things going in spite of poor health and advanced years. There are a number of young secular priests, Tamil mostly, and they are pulling their weight in the parishes. The older French Jesuits, the majority of whom came out to Ceylon at the beginning of this century when the mission was entrusted to the Jesuits of the Champagne Province, are the grand old men of the mission—and of the East. Some of them have had to retire, octogenarians mostly; but four or five are still doing full time, after thirty or forty years in harness.

We five Americans have had to register for military service with Uncle Sam. Last year President Roosevelt issued a special order that Americans residing abroad, between the ages of 18 and 40, must hand in their names. Whatever that shall bring we shall be ready.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

REV. F. J. WELZMILLER, S.J.
PIRU, BIHAR, INDIA

Lately the opposition has been active. Our arch-enemy in one of the villages, an influential landlord, started two false cases against members of a catechist's family and promises to run twenty more. He also called in the *Arya Samaj*, the Indian cousin of the K.K.K. There are some back-sliding troublemakers among the baptised to complicate matters. The bamboo clubs have been out on occasion, though as yet there have been no broken skulls.

In another village one of our best Christians was beaten on the pretext that she was a witch. The consequences are often serious over here for the unfortunate singled out. Only lately in the Southeast sector of my territory a hapless creature accused of black magic was speared to death. With the connivance of two police officers, the cause of death was entered as cholera, but, unfortunately for them, an inquest of the disinterred remains brought the truth to light.

People over here are superstitious in the extreme, so that wizards and witch doctors drive a far better business than any authorized practitioner. That is why so many patients are practically at their last gasp when scientific medicine is called in. For the general belief is that any painful affliction or illness is due, not to natural causes, but to an evil spirit summoned to plague its victim by some enemy or ill-wisher.

When someone dies, the bereaved cast about for a likely person to blame. Naturally, it will always be one with whom the person has been on the outs at one time or another.

The diabolical part of it is the way in which the accuser arrives at his choice of the guilty one. There

ORDAINED IN SYRIA



Rev. James M. Finnegan, S.J., will be ordained in Beirut, Syria, on June 29, 1944. He was a New York boy, from the Bronx, whose student life as a Jesuit was suddenly shifted across the world to the Islamic Institute conducted by the Jesuits in Beirut, in 1938. Into the solitude of his studies of Mohammedanism now comes the crowning glory of the priesthood.
 Ad multos annos!

are in all villages shrines to the Devi or malignant deity. Squatting or prostrate before the idol, the person remains a long time contemplating the goddess and desiring her to take possession. Gradually he or she works into a religious frenzy, and begins to dance and shriek, shaking the head violently back and forth, and round and round, at the same time shouting that he or she is the Devi, then dashes about the village shouting and carrying on in a crazy fashion. The villagers, at least many of them, are much impressed and fearful. The person is regarded as an oracle favored by the habitation of the goddess. Hence when the person begins to moan and mumble that so-and-so killed her son, etc., the cry is often taken up and the unfortunate named may be treated violently, or worse, in the mob scene that ensues.

REV. JOHN FOX, S.J.
HOOPER BAY, ALASKA

Father Convert has been here for some ten days, laid up with an injured wrist. He got too near two of his dogs that were having it out over a fish. A fang got him on one side of the wrist and slashed a pretty deep cut across to the other side. It's a bad place to do much slashing. But I do not think any permanent harm will come from it. The wound is healing nicely and in a few days we hope he'll be on his way to Kaialuvik again.

In the meantime, I mushed over to Kashunak, where I had a full

congregation of 104 for every service of the three days I spent there. After the first morning I decided that we could not continue Mass in the chapel. I had no room to go from side to side at the altar. The kids were crowded up against my heels, and to give Holy Communion I literally waded through the congregation carrying the Bread of Angels in every direction as far as I could; stepping over people huddled on the floor, right down to the end of the chapel and back to the altar. I am sure Jesus must have smiled at the fervor of those good people. Still, I was worried lest I might spill the ciborium. So the next service, and all after it, we held in the *kazga*, a sort of public community igloo on a large scale. It, too, was full, but I managed more easily to get through the crowd at Holy Communion, and had room for the necessary genuflections at Mass.

The experience brought us an idea. Why not build an igloo church at Kashunak as we built some years ago at our mission at Scammon Bay? I went to the *kazga* for a meeting with the men. After about 15 minutes we agreed that, provided our Bishop approved, I was to pay the men \$300 to put up an igloo chapel for me large enough for the congregation we have. They

Father Jules Convert, S.J.



Rev. John Fox, S.J., for seventeen years missionary in Alaska at Akulurak, Kashunak, and now at Hooper Bay, "the most difficult post in Alaska." He was born in Uniontown, Wash., of German parents; worked his way through Gonzaga University, Spokane, made his Jesuit studies in United States and Spain; and has spent all his priestly life in Alaska. He founded a congregation of native Alaskan Sisters. To support his large, destitute mission, he writes extensively, usually in praise of his people and of young missionaries.



are to gather the logs along the Bering beach, tow them to the mission, put up the chapel, and when finished turn it over to the mission. So by next September I expect we will have a new chapel as well as a bill to pay for Kashunak.

Our government school has definitely closed for this school year. The Teacher's wife is in the hospital and he has been transferred to Bethel. Now we have a chance to get one of our own; and to me that is the only sensible thing for this place.

The flu pretty much knocked out our town during the past month or more. Some were quite sick, though luckily no one died of it. And as the worst seems to be over, I guess we will not have the casualties this time. I was lucky. For one day I felt very low and went to bed for two hours. But that seems to be the end of it. I have been praying daily for thirty years

for the "Three S's" mentioned by the St. John Berchmans. I don't think the prayer worked for the Sanctitas and Sapientia. But it sure did work for the Sanitas. Considering the strain I put on it for the past 31 years, I think it has held up wonderfully well, thanks be to God. I don't know how I would have gotten along up here with anything less than I had in the way of health and physical strength. In Spain during my theology I once substituted for a burro who got stuck going up a steep hill; and the theologians got quite a kick out of seeing me put the burro's load on my back and get up the grade with it. Up here the dogs have often got stuck so that I had to make a rope harness for myself and get out in front of the leader with dog-chains on my feet to keep me from slipping back, and thus help pull the load up the steep and icy side of the Tununak Mountains. Perhaps I should have some-



Cesar Maravilla, S.J.



Jose de Manuel, S.J.



Lorenzo Guerrero, S.J.

These six will be ordained at St. Mary's, Kansas, in June, 1944. They form the largest group of native Filipinos ever to be ordained Jesuits in history, and mark the beginning of a new era. Next year, eighteen native Filipinos will be ordained Jesuit priests in internment, in the Islands. Over fifteen Novices entered this year. Five years after American Jesuits were established in the

Philippines, these six entered. Ever since, native vocations have increased and these six have played their part in the growth, as teachers at the Ateneo de Manila or at San Jose, secular seminary near Manila, and as organizers, writers, catechists, and leaders of youth. Lino Banayad, S.J., composed a Tagalog grammar, used extensively in the Philippine schools, wrote extensively in

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how procured enough dogs for my hard travels, instead of playing dog myself. But as all's well that ends well, I have no reason so far to regret the extra exercise I got.

**LT. D. F. X. O'CONNOR,
S.J., C.H.C., U.S.N.R.
c/o FLEET P.O., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

A certain Lieutenant, a submarine officer, a convert of a few years, a zealous and pious young man, married, father of three children, by his example is making a profound impression on his shipmates in the matter of religious attitude and practices. Submariners between war patrols have a rest period of a couple of weeks. His last rest period he spent mostly in the little chapel attached to my office, meditating, praying and reading the Imitation and such similar books as a priest's library on a Pacific base would have. You might be surprised at the number of men and officers like him one meets in the Service who do such things when-

ever they have the opportunity and means—and that, during ordinary non-dangerous moments and not only after 30 days on a raft.

The Lieutenant brought to my office "A Catechism in Pictures," titled "My Catholic Faith," by Reverend Louis La Ravoire Morrow, and published by The Catholic Truth Society, 1195 M. H. Del Pilar, Manila, Philippines. The *Nihil Obstat* was by Anthony L. Gampp, S.J., Rector, San Jose. It had had three editions, 1936, 1937 and 1939. This copy was from the 1939 edition. It is a magnificent book for instructions, containing all questions and answers in ready reference and the illustrations are really classical and beautiful. I wonder if you have seen a copy, and if you know its history and success in the islands, and who Father Morrow is. I wonder if I can get a copy of my own or any number of copies for use. If the plates for the pictures are lost to the Japs the loss would be irreparable, since many

appear to be original, well-conceived drawings by someone named Conti. Who might he be?

You might be interested to know how the Lieutenant got the catechism. On a submarine there is usually a galley and a couple mess-attendant cooks. They patrol for six weeks or so. He found a mess-cook from Guam who made daily use of his catechism in lieu of having a priest aboard for religious service. The Lieutenant also made use of it and soon several others, who also attended Mass daily during their rest period. I was so entranced by the book and wanted to study it and even copy parts that the Guam boy consented to leave it with me "in case I do not come back from this run, it may mean as much to many others as it has meant to me."

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

I met Father John R. Torney on Holy Thursday as he was beginning



Maxim David, S.J.



Pedro Pascua, S.J.



Lino Banayad, S.J.

the native language, helped in the direction of radio productions of the "Catholic Hour," a favorite program in the Islands. Lorenzo Guerrero, S.J., worked through the Sodality at the Ateneo, writing, organizing, catechizing, and promoting Catholic literature. Cesar Maravilla, S.J., also a writer, is more directly concerned with cooperative farming. During his time at the

Ateneo several graduates were beginning this work. Pedro Pascua, S.J., who has a brother a secular priest and another brother a seminarian, Jose de Manuel, S.J., and Maxim David, S.J., all taught at the diocesan seminary of San Jose. Father David, the first Jesuit from his Province of Pampanga, went to San Jose himself; all the others are graduates of the Ateneo.

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

the Holy Hour devotion. Before he became a Chaplain, Father Torney was assigned to St. Agnes Church, Atlantic Highlands, in the diocese of Trenton, New Jersey. He offered me the opportunity to preach a sermon on the Holy Eucharist. The thrill of facing a chapel crowded with our soldiers was the first of many inspiring experiences throughout two weeks of work arranged by Father Merrick. In front of the Blessed Sacrament on exposition, Father Torney and I split the night watch. Not a moment during the long vigil from dusk to dawn but a group of soldiers was kneeling in prayerful adoration

At noon on Good Friday, Father Torney said the Mass of the Pre-sanctified. From 1:00 to 3:00 I preached on the Seven Last Words. What love for Christ many of our boys have when they will remain three hours in prayer in a hot desert chapel! All seats occupied, the aisles were jammed to the altar railing. I told the soldiers about our

Blessed Mother. I told them several things about my own mother in Stoughton. The boys liked my mother, too. Many of them, of course, were permitting their thoughts to roam homewards and to mothers who had taught them to seek our Blessed Mother under the shadow of the Cross.

There were confessions in the camp at all times. On Holy Saturday they went on for hours uninterruptedly. Meantime soldiers were bringing to the chapel bouquets of roses which they had traveled far to procure. They fashioned vases from the sheaths which protect the date blossoms. Many willing sacristans set to work to scrub the altar platform and to decorate the altar. They transformed the sanctuary into a dream oasis.

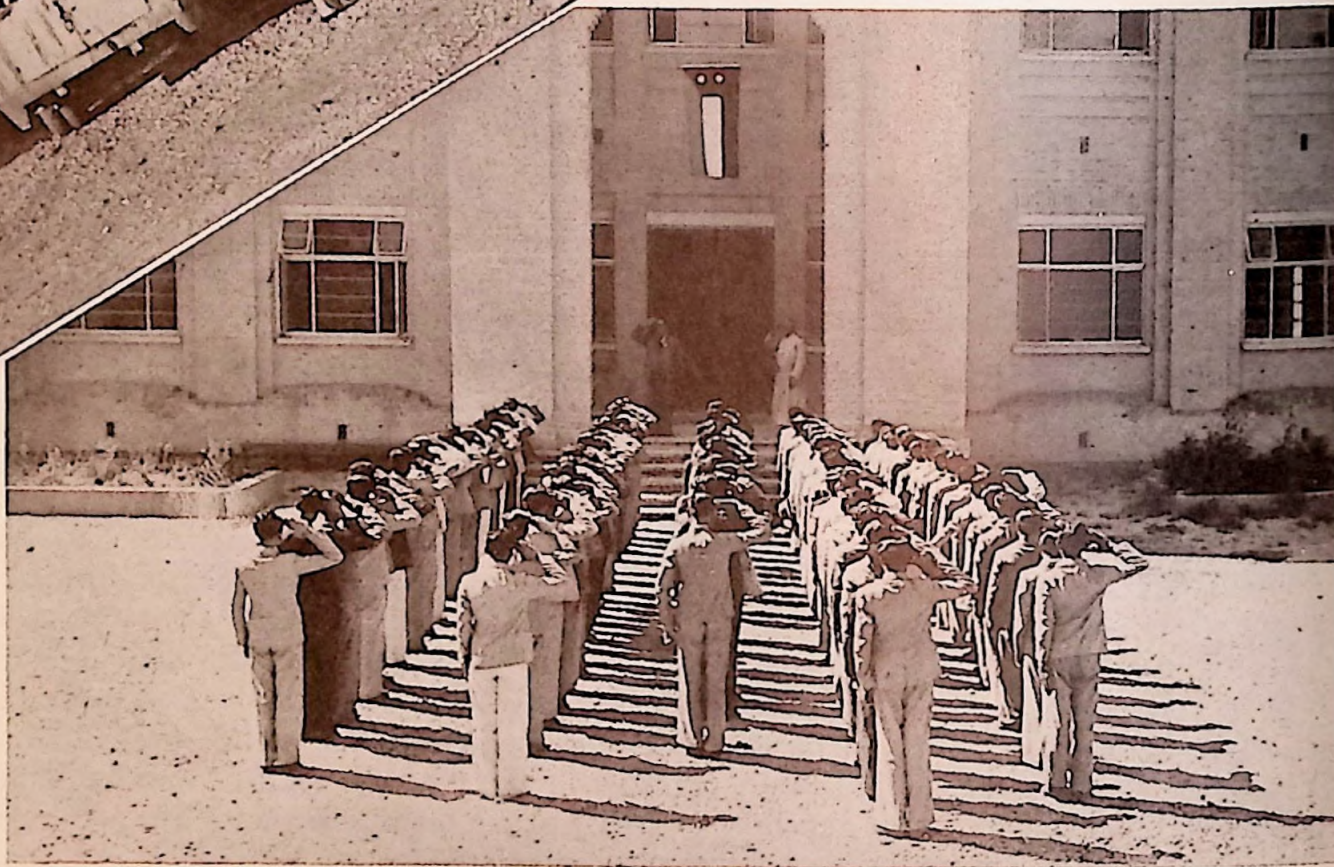
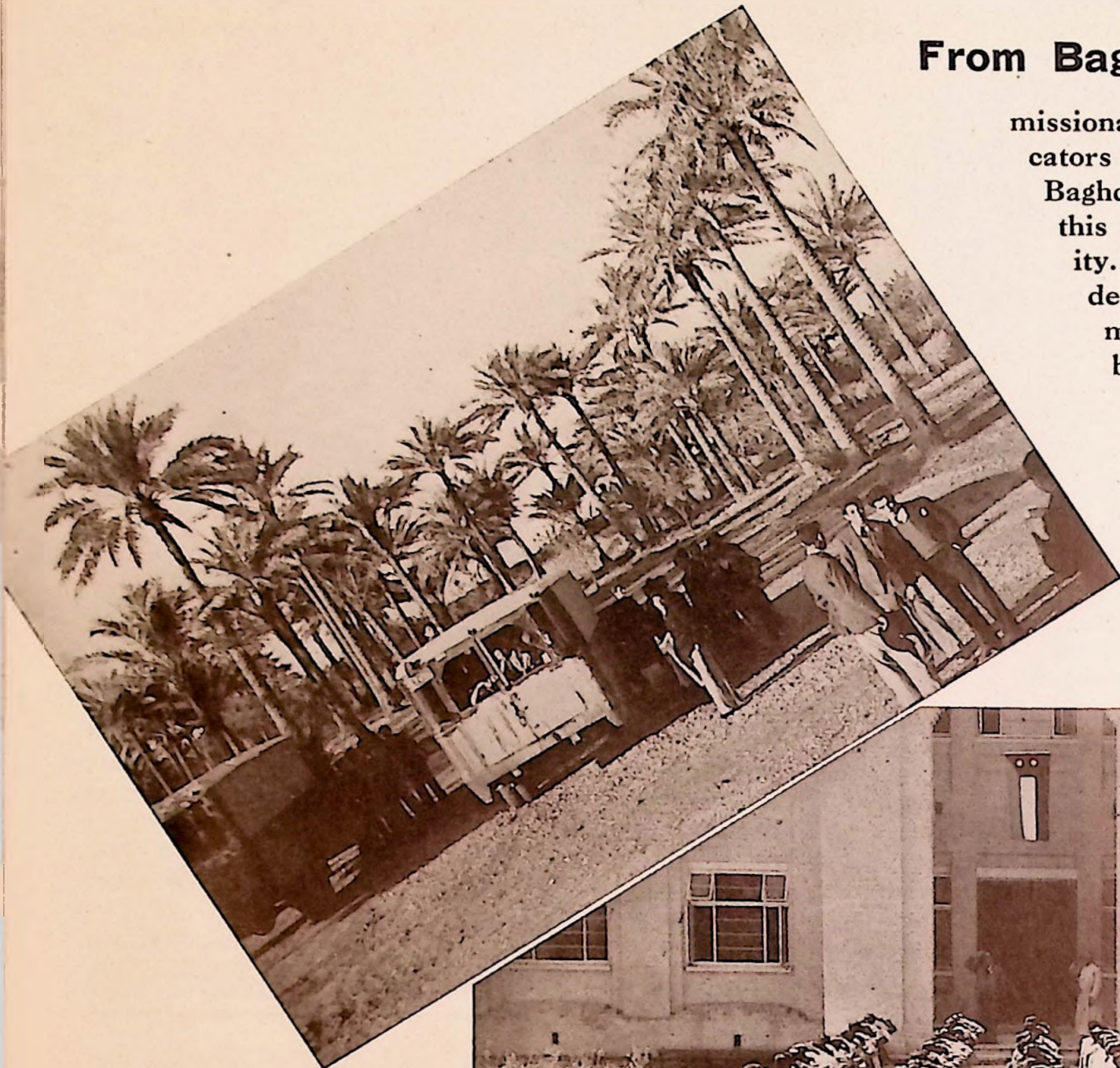
On Easter Sunday morning Father Torney said two Masses. I said a morning Mass and sang the High Mass in the evening. By now I felt that crowded chapels was a rule of the camp. The congregation at

the morning High Mass said that the music was the sweetest to break on the desert air since the song of angel voices was heard over the barren hills of Bethlehem.

After evening Mass on Easter Monday, I addressed the Holy Name Society on our work of education. I knew there was interest in our work. Soldiers on leave had visited our school, played baseball with our students, remained to meet the Fathers at community recreation, then gone back to camp to spread laudable reports about our work. Moreover, Father Merrick has made the khaki cassock I wear a familiar and loved sight in the camp. Still I was unprepared for such a manifestation of interest as was indicated by the attendance and by the understanding questions. One young lad came to the chapel in fatigue attire. Evidently he had hurried from his work. Questions he proposed hit at the very heart of missionary work. These boys will return home mission-minded.

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COMMUNICATIONS

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

Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament

To the Editor:

I suppose it was the number of organizations which had to be mentioned which occasioned your passing over with only two sentences (and no pictures) the work of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People; and not mentioning their foundress, Mother Katherine Drexel, the outstanding personality on the home missions in the past fifty years.

The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament are the largest group laboring on the home missions, with 440 Sisters caring for 15,000 Indians and Negroes in 35 elementary schools, 12 high schools and one university, in 20 states. Mother Drexel, who, before founding her Congregation, had already built a chain of thirty mission schools for Indians from Canada to the Rio Grande, has given away eleven million dollars, inherited from her financier father, for the progress of the Faith among the Indians and Colored.

Louisiana has seen the full flowering of her munificence. Xavier University, which she founded in 1925, is the only Catholic institution of collegiate rank for Negroes in the United States. It is the center of a large system of rural schools, twenty-two of them built by Mother Drexel. In New Orleans a Negro

child may progress from kindergarten to graduate school in the institutions of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament.

A long line of schools for Indians are pushing back the marches of paganism. Mother Katherine is really the Apostle of the Navajos, for they were entirely pagan fifty years ago when this imperial woman brought the Franciscans and later her own Sisters to work among them. Now there are 5000 Catholic Navajos. The same story is repeated in other patterns at Blessed Sacrament Missions from Boston to Santa Fe.

It was perhaps inevitable that you should write a report on missionary nuns in home fields without mentioning her name, which in such an account should be written first. Mother Drexel has always successfully shunned publicity, and living now in retirement at the Motherhouse at Cornwells Heights, Pa., she is little concerned by the fact that few Catholics are aware of the magnitude of her achievements. Yet Archbishop Rummel has called her: "a mother to the Indian and Negro races of America," and Cardinal Dougherty has hailed her "a shining glory of our whole nation." By a life of fabulous generosity and complete personal dedication she has cast the matrix for the Church's work among the Indians and Negroes. It is Katherine Drexel's answer to the challenge Pope Leo XIII offered her nearly sixty years ago: "My child, why do not you, yourself, become a missionary?"

Weston, Mass. Rev. F.S., S.J.

Editor's note: The May issue was not intended to be an exhaustive treatment of the Missionary Sisters. A normal selection had to be made. The above letter was most deeply appreciated. Similar letters will be most welcome.

Tribute to the Blessed Mother's Protection

To the Editor:

While on a recent patrol to the rear of the enemy lines, we ran into a little trouble with the enemy. I can say, without fear of being called a coward, that I was scared and I made the promise to the "Blessed Virgin" that I would make a contribution to some mission, if I got out alive. Needless to say, I got out safe and sound and, upon the recommendation of "Fr. Francis Day, S.J.," our Chaplain, I am sending you this donation of ten dollars.

South Pacific Islands S/Sgt. R. G.

Multiple Reaction to J. M.

To the Editor:

Enclosed find money order for \$18.75. Occasionally I send papers and magazines to my son in the Navy. I happened to find one of your JESUIT MISSIONS, and enclosed it also to him with other reading matter. I was very happy when I received a letter from him a few days ago asking me to buy a bond and send it to you. Not so much for the fact of him wanting to send the bond as I was for knowing he had read your magazine. It pleased me more than I can explain that he found time to read one of our good Catholic magazines. He was only seventeen when he left and I was so worried at times that he might grow indifferent to his faith. However, I feel God is with him and Our Blessed Mother must watch over him. I would appreciate, Father, if you could find time and write to him and acknowledge this money. And if you, some time, can spare a copy of JESUIT MISSIONS please send him one.

Inglewood, Calif.

M. J. D.

Children Aid Chaplains' Fund

To the Editor:

Enclosed is a check for \$3 for three subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS, to be sent to Chaplains of our Armed Forces. When I read of the request for fifty copies by one chaplain, I realized how much good reading is necessary for our boys. They certainly deserve the best we can give them, and I would love to be able to send more to you, but this will be a mite to be added to the larger numbers that are sent in by others. This comes from a little mission fund raised by the children.

The May number was very inspiring, dedicated as it was to the Mission Sisters the world over. Reading JESUIT MISSIONS keeps us close to our boys, for wherever they go, the missionaries are ahead of them.

Elfindale, Mo.

Sr. M. V. L.

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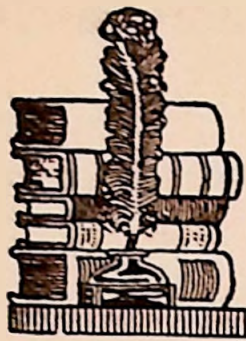
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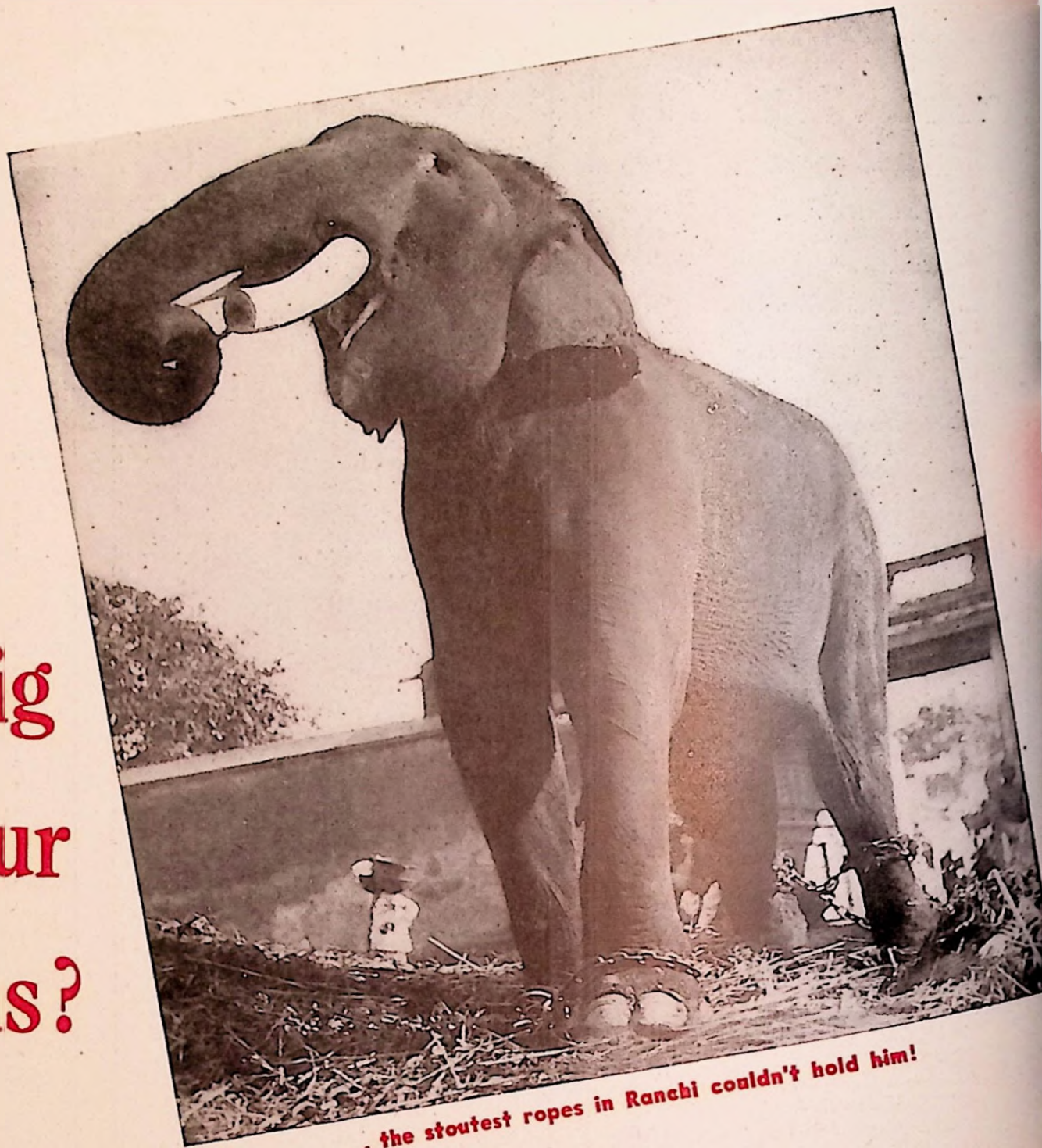
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