

JESUIT MISSIONS

October 1944

Ten Cents



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Mission of the Month

CHINA

■ The story of modern Jesuits in China is still shrouded by the clouds of war. 800 of them chose to remain at their posts. Most of them have been interned.

■ More than one of them has met violent death that may yet prove to be martyrdom.

■ In many ways China is one of the most promising missions of the Church. But the work has really only just begun to show fruit, after many centuries of preparation.

■ American Jesuits have been in China since 1928. At first the work was back-breaking. So few people knew about them. Now the help is beginning to come in. A new mission in Yangchow has been added to their field of activity. Let us make it possible for them to succeed with at least a little help from all of us.

MISSION PROCURATOR:

Rev. Pius L. Moore, S.J.
55 West San Fernando St.
San Jose 21, California



GRASSHOPPERS AND POSTAGE STAMPS



One grasshopper could never stop a powerful transcontinental train. Could a million grasshoppers do it? Well they did!

Some years ago "Grasshopper Johnny" and a million of his relatives were staging one-day stop-overs in the more choicely succulent areas of Kansas. Pickings were good. Just at the height of the crop season, they were sweeping hundreds of square miles clean of vegetation. Finally the swarm under Johnny's guidance reached the rich farm district near St. Mary's, Kansas, along the tracks of the Union Pacific's crack specials to the West. The blazing sun had heated the rails until they called invitingly. The grasshopper millions lined themselves up and down the hot rails for miles.

In due time the daily transcontinental special came speeding westward. The gigantic wheels of the locomotive mashed to a greasy pulp thousands upon thousands of Johnny's relatives and Johnny

among them. Soon the wheels began to spin wildly, to lose their traction, and finally the mighty train came to a halt. It was conquered by one grasshopper and millions of his relatives.

Now one little common used postage stamp could never help the missions very much. But take that stamp, put it with another, and then with very many others. Soon the number mounts rapidly to a considerable total. When others join you, the tons of stamps which are collected help the missions very much.

From the savings of mission-minded stamp-savers last year, the Jesuit Scholasticates throughout the United States have been able to send many thousands of dollars—badly needed dollars—to the missions. Below we show these priests-to-be sorting and packing stamps into money-making sacks to be sold to wholesale dealers. With them are two veteran missionaries who know how much little stamps help the missions.

(See page 241)



CONTRIBUTORS

■ **Father Anthony Schirmann, S.J.**, came to JESUIT MISSIONS a year ago. Life odyssey: Buffalo where he was born, St. Andrew's and Woodstock where he studied, Philadelphia and New York where he taught, and the Counties of Maryland where for four years he was parish priest. Finding facts is his *forte*. Some of the details in his article on Saipan have never been published in America.



Rev. A. G. Schirmann, S.J.

■ **Father Calvert Alexander, S.J.**, author of "Catholic Literary Revival", is editor of JESUIT MISSIONS.

■ **Francis Sweeney, S.J.**, several times contributor to this magazine, comes from Pittsfield, Mass., and is a graduate of Holy Cross College.

■ **Father John Mahoney, S.J.**, clearly exemplifies the long preparation and rich background which Jesuit missionaries bring to foreign lands. Born in Chicago, educated in the parochial schools of that city and later at Quigley Preparatory School, he began his Jesuit studies in 1923. 20 years later he sailed for India. Meanwhile he studied at Florissant, Missouri, the Gregorian University, Rome, St. Mary's, Kansas, and Quebec, Canada; taught at Cleveland, Cincinnati and Chicago, and was student Counsellor at Xavier University, Cincinnati, for two years.



Rev. John Mahoney, S.J.

■ **John Gurr, S.J.**, of the Oregon Province, is studying philosophy at Hillyard, Washington.

■ **George Wong, S.J.**, is a Jesuit Student at St. Michael's, Washington. Seven years ago he was a young Chinese layman, working in the downtown business district of Shanghai when the war broke out in China. The example of the Jesuit Fathers in the war-stricken city helped inspire in him a vocation and the realization that China needs him more as a priest than as a soldier. A fruitful field of labor awaits him on his return to his liberated country.



George Wong, S.J.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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Editor: Calvert Alexander, S.J.

Associate Jesuit Editors: John P. Deevy, Joseph F. MacFarlane, J. Gerard Mears, Richard J. Scannell, Anthony G. Schirmann, Edward T. Wiatrak, John E. Reardon, Andrew W. Vachon.

Regional Editors: Patrick A. Ryan, S.J.; Paul Brennan, S.J.; Thomas Hallahan, S.J.; Henri Béchar, S.J.

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

Editorial and Publication Offices:

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COVER — A Jamaican boy learning the potter's trade at Alpha training school for boys and girls in Jamaica.

THE HOLY FATHER LOOKS AHEAD

THE Holy Father has the sympathy of the whole Catholic world. His people are on both sides of a world conflict. Every word he utters must be weighed carefully against misinterpretation. All about him, the Europe he loves is threatened with ruin and already town after town has been reduced to rubble as the invasion marches on. This means that shrine after shrine lies scarred, blackened, and blasted, altars have crumbled, and houses of God where the Faith of millions for centuries has been nurtured are now gaunt shells, empty and silent along desolate streets, and in the fields where farms and homesteads should flourish, white crosses rise over the graves of the world's youth on whom the Church counts so much. The Holy Father loves justice and truth and will have no part with the triumph of evil, yet he is a man of peace who has striven for it against all opposition with all the energy of his powerful soul. Catholics, knowing this, realize how deeply the war has affected him, but some of them seem to think that he must be discouraged.

Those who think so are wrong. He made a public statement recently which is one of the bravest ever uttered. "Therefore we do not hesitate now, even in this second and more formidable conflict to look to the future with a serene eye." What could give a man in his position such confidence?

The statement was made in an address to the resident members in Rome of the Pontifical societies which work for the propagation of the faith on the subject of the missions of the Church. He has just been speaking of the growth of the missions after the last war which flowered to a point such as "perhaps the Church never before experienced." To him the international character and fraternal labor of the missionaries "make an evident and almost tangible sign of the Catholic Church which is very contrary to that discord which disturbs

and undermines nations,—that is the universality of faith and love above all battle fields and all boundaries of nations, continents, and oceans." To him the missions are crusades of universal love. So much do they mean to him that he made in this address one of the most extraordinary statements of his Pontificate: "We do not hesitate to assert that the Catholic missionary activity in this modern era constitutes of itself alone an admirable proof of the divinity of the Church."

HERE is the reason for his confidence, despite the war. Other things are crumbling, elsewhere there is fraternal strife, but on the missions there is extraordinary growth, universal charity, and the special assistance of God. "Therefore we do not hesitate to look to the future with a serene eye."

That confidence is real, not just courageous hoping. "We are confident," he said in conclusion, "that the present century, even though born proud and presumptuous with its accumulated delusions and ruins, will, in the field of Catholic missions bear a rich harvest."

Though the day may come when the Pope can visit the whole Church, the present Holy Father will probably never set foot in any mission land. For the rich harvest, he must depend on his missionaries just as the missionaries must depend on you. Working together, mission organizations and the faithful of the Church, we can carry out Christ's design and the dream of his Vicar of extending the Kingdom to every corner of the earth. Already he has his own missionary organization in every diocese, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. On October 22 an appeal will be made in your Church for this agency of the Holy Father. His confidence in your support will not be misplaced. To you he imparts his Apostolic Blessing.

Calvert
Alexander,
S. J.



United States

By Sea and Air

ONE OF THE LARGEST GROUPS EVER TO LEAVE IN A SINGLE YEAR SETS SAIL FOR THE MISSIONS

TWENTY American Jesuit Missionaries sailed this summer by ship and airplane to five overseas missions—India, Baghdad, Jamaica, B. W. I., British Honduras and Alaska. In addition to these, thirteen more were sent to the Indian Missions in the West and Northwest and five to the Negro and Mexican missions of the United States making a total of thirty-eight priests, brothers and scholastics in this year's quota of missionaries.

It was one of the largest groups ever sent in a single year to the missions by the American Jesuits.

Because of the war there was no formal departure service for these men, even for those going overseas. They merely left quietly and in small groups as soon as the complicated process of obtaining passports and space on planes and ships

could be arranged.

As was the case last year, when twenty-seven American Jesuits left for overseas missions, the number of men sent to the Middle East and to India was restricted to necessary replacements in existing American personnel. Because of this governmental restriction only four men could be sent to India and Bagh-

ceded this year as compared to twelve last year. The men sent to India were Father Francis B. Murphy, S.S.J. of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Mr. Edwin R. Saxton, S.J. of Berkeley, California. The Baghdad departures were Father L. J. Guay, S.J. of Laconia, N. H. and Father J. P. Larkin, S.J. of Boston, Mass.

THE smaller number of men sent this year does not mean that the way to the Middle East and India is not opened for missionaries. It was opened last year for the first time since the war began, but it was opened with an important restriction imposed by the Government which was that only those missionaries could be sent who were necessary to carry on existing work and to fill vacancies caused by death or illness. These restrictions are still in force. There is some indication however that by next year they will be relaxed considerably, which would permit a much larger number of men to be sent not only for work in missions staffed by Americans but in those staffed by Europeans. Under the present regulations it is impossible to give any assistance in man-power to the many missions operated by European Jesuits who have not received any replacements since the beginning of the European war.

If current predictions about the early end of the war in Europe can be relied upon, American missionary organizations will be able to supply an unlimited number of men for missions in India, Africa and the Middle East. For this reason we feel that 1945 will be a banner year for missionary departures and preparations are being made by the American Jesuits to meet the demands for more men.

While the end of the war in Europe will not immediately effect missionary work in China, the Philippines and other Pacific areas, this event will make the time when missionaries can be sent to these areas considerably closer. No American Jesuit missionaries have been sent either to China or to the Philippines since Pearl Harbor.



Plans, however, are being pushed forward to meet these demands when they come.

JAMAICA, B. W. I. received the largest number of American Jesuit replacements this year. There are no governmental restrictions on the number of men that can be sent to this Caribbean Island. Consequently a contingent of ten was assigned bringing the total number of American Jesuits in Jamaica to sixty-eight men. Those sent to Jamaica were as follows: Fathers H. W. Ball, E. K. Cheney, J. J. Connor, Fred J. Donovan, J. F. Donovan, G. J. Hennessey, J. L. Hurd, J. A. Martus, W. E. Shanahan, and Mr. R. B. Campbell.

A particularly large group of Jesuits was sent this year to staff the Indian missions in the United States. There were thirteen in all,

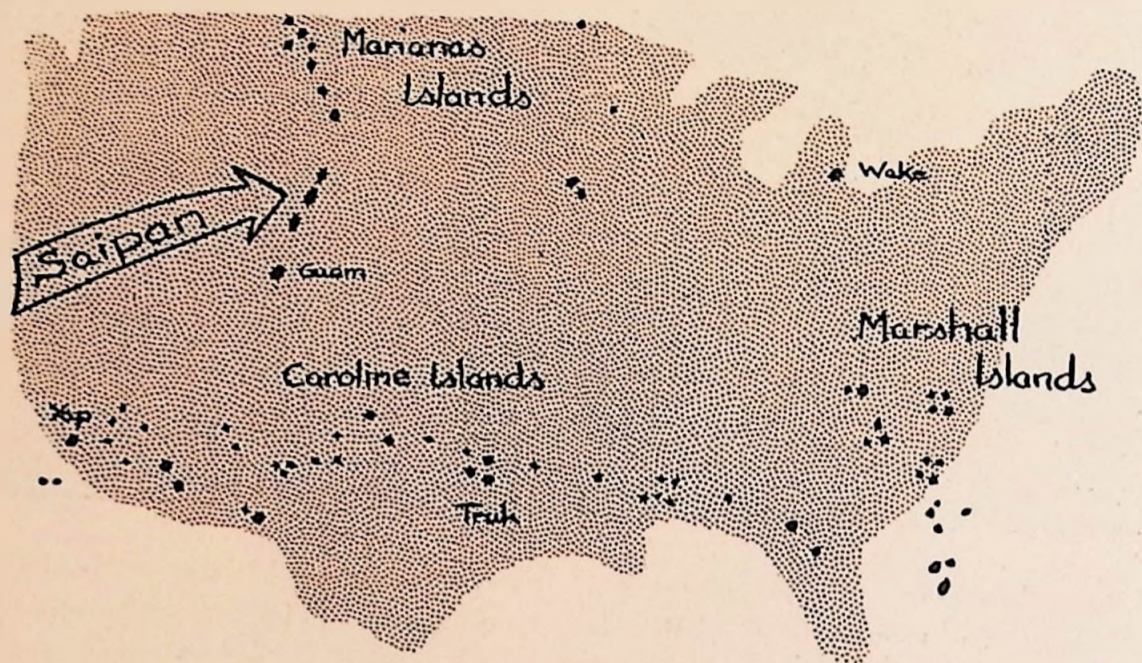
eleven from the Missouri Province, who went to Indian missions in South Dakota and Wyoming and two from the Oregon Province who were assigned to missions in Montana. The Indian missionaries were Fathers Lawrence E. Edwards, Leonard Fencil, L. O'Connor, Francis J. Coffey, J. F. Lyons, Arnold Custer and Anthony Kulwicz and the following scholastics and brothers, Messrs. F. Cull, Edward J. Laskowski, Martin Hagan, Charles L. Kerr and Peter O. Price and Brother John T. Illing.

To Alaska went Father Louis Fink, S.J., and George Boileau, S.J., assigned to Fairbanks and Holy Cross Mission, respectively. Of those assigned to British Honduras only one, Philip E. Pick, S.J., had reached Belize when this issue went to press. The names of the others will be announced later.



WHAT WE SAVED ON SAIPAN

Anthony G.
Schirmann,
S.J.



AMONG the first anxious news reports from the battle for Saipan was a letter from Chaplain Joseph Gallagher, a former Fordham man, and first Chaplain to land with the Marines on the island. In it he wrote, "There is a Spanish Jesuit, Rev. Jose Maria Tardio, held by the Japs, along with five Sisters, one an American. The other day I was over to his demolished home to remove the vestments and Sacred Vessels, two trunksful, some very beautiful, though hit by shrapnel and bullets. I hope we can get him and the Sisters alive, but I have some fears. Since 1941, when America went to war, the Nips forbade him to say Mass, so he said it secretly in the homes of the natives."

That was all! But it recalled to memory a glorious page of mission history. There it was, out in the Pacific, a little island of some 70 square miles, but with a history that dates back to Magellan who discovered the Oceanic group of islands, today known as the Mariana, Caroline and Marshall Islands which from one mission vicariate covering an area, mostly water, that would stretch from Los Angeles to Washington, D. C. and from southern Texas to the Canadian border. In the group there are 1400 islands of volcanic origin, some of them still active; less than half of them

are inhabited. Today almost half of the 50,524 natives are Catholics. Saipan, one of the sixteen Marianas, has 4300 Catholics out of its total of 4700 natives.

Missionaries were promised in 1565 but none ever reached the almost inaccessible islands until 1668 when two churches, one in honor of the Sweet Name of Mary and the other in honor of St. Ignatius Loyola were built. In 1673, St. John's College was opened through aid given by Queen Maria Anna of Austria. On April 6, 1672, the Venerable Father Diego San Vitores suffered martyrdom after converting thirty thousand people in the Marianas to the Faith.

At the request of the natives for priests, the islands were entrusted to the Spanish Jesuits of the Andalusian Province. In 1939 there were thirteen priests and fifteen Brothers on the principal mission stations at Truk, Mortlok, Ponape, Palaos, and Yap in the Carolines, and Rota and Saipan in the Marianas.

The Jesuits are assisted in this work by sixteen Sisters of Mercy of Berriz who conduct a boarding school for 120 girls at Fefen on Truk, and other schools at Ponape and Saipan. On Saipan, with Father Tardio, S.J. and Brother Oroquieta, S.J. there are five of

these Sisters who labor for the Chamorros. Then came the war...

From Sergeant Jack Vincent, a Marine Corps Combat Correspondent, formerly of the Washington Bureau of International News Service.

Saipan, Marianas Islands—(Delayed)

MARINE engineers of the Fighting Fourth Division discovered Father Tardio, Brother Oroquieta, six nuns, and about thirty natives in a large shoreline cave. We were on a ledge road on the side of a sharp hill, blowing up Jap road mines with a grim panorama of war spread below us. From the road, a grassy field studded with coral rocks sloped down to the sea. Marine infantry had formed a skirmish line to move against Jap defenders of the beach strip. A group of infantry investigating caves found the 30 natives huddled together with the priest and his assistant and the nuns trying to calm them.

Suddenly the cry was passed back, "Prisoners coming through." We turned and watched as a strange procession formed and then wended its way up the slope to where we were waiting on the road. They trudged wearily up to us in single file. The natives were in bare feet. Their clothes were in tatters. Their bodies, faces, and hair were encrusted with dirt. The priest, the

brother, and the nuns were equally begrimed. They had suffered the same hardships. The black cassocks of the priest and brother were frayed, almost ragged. The black and white robes of the nuns were torn and dirty. On their feet were cold tennis shoes which had been discarded by Jap soldiers.

But they were cheerful despite their weariness. And they imparted a share of their cheerfulness to war-tired Marines. For the Marines, it was the first time in more than a month that they had seen anyone other than the military or dark-skinned natives. For many of us, who had been taught by sisters and brothers at parochial schools back in the states, it was like seeing friends from home.

One nun spoke a few words of English. As she passed us, she kept smiling, and nodding "Good morning." When they stopped to rest at the road, after their walk up the slope, Marines, to the man, scrambled to offer them their canteens. There was not a Marine who saw them who did not receive a spiritual lift. Here, somehow, was the symbol of what we were fighting for.

LATER, I talked with them at the Chamorro compound in the civilian internment camp. They were free to come and go as they pleased, but they preferred to stay in the compound with their native parishioners.

Up until the outbreak of war, according to Father Tardio, the Japanese were fairly tolerant, although the natives were impressed with the edict that they were allowed to live only to work for the Japs. The natives, Father Tardio said, had no rights.

When war broke out, Father Tardio was refused permission to say Mass. After bargaining with the Jap authorities, he won a concession. He could say a Mass when a native Catholic died. But only four persons were allowed to attend, and a Jap soldier stood guard.

"Always," Father Tardio said, "there was the Japanese policeman present. My work as a churchman stopped. The church and the school

were closed. There was no physical or armed abuse, but the Japanese practiced underhanded intolerance. Natives who came to see us were told to keep away from the church, that it was bad to be seen visiting us."

IN April, when the Japanese took over Garapan, they drove the priest and nuns from their church and their houses, told them to get out, but made no provision for their food or shelter.

Father Tardio and the nuns fled to the hills with the natives. They lived from April to the June invasion day by Marines from what they could gather from the land, rice, bananas, coconuts, an occasional chicken.

As the Japs retreated down the island, from south to north, the cleric and sisters fled before them. Water and food both became scarce.

One nun died from a complication of a natural illness and war shock. Another, suffered a shrapnel wound and treated it with medical supplies abandoned by the Japs and found by the natives.

After they were found by the Marines, Father Tardio, with a Mass kit given to him by an American chaplain, celebrated Mass in the compound on the first Sunday he was there. His voice choked with emotion as he said the first few Latin words. About 3,000 natives were in the audience. Their church was the compound of the prison camp, their background one of barbed wire and other fixtures of war. But they were safe at last.

U. S. Marine Chaplain saying Mass for U. S. troops on Saipan.

(Below) The public Mass of thanksgiving said by Father Tardio, served by Brother Oroquieta, attended by Sisters and Chamorros, after liberation.

U. S. Marine Corps Photo





HOME

The author saying Mass for American troops in India.

With American Troops in India

AMERICAN soldiers made me feel at home again—somewhere in India. I met them from every section of the Union, East and West Coast, Illinois, Kansas, Texas and Alaska. They took me through the sky at two hundred miles an hour; I rode with them in slow trains; pounded the highways in six wheelers; bounced along in jeeps. I heard the accent of Brooklyn and Boston, Chicago and Cincinnati, St. Louis and New Orleans. I saw young America in India, watched them work; I prayed with them; stood in the mess-line with them, and I am filled with admiration for them. They will be remembered in every Mass I say.

This is how I met them. Father John M. Cosgrove, full time civilian chaplain to American Forces in India, made preparations for a series of three-day missions to the young men under his care. Very Rev. Frank M. Loesch, Superior Regular of Patna Missions, conducted two of the missions; Father John J. Barrett came down from the retirement of Tertianship; I was fortunate enough to be available for another

section of the district. White cassocks were packed into the old leather bag—they don't stay white on the road; a Mass kit was prepared, its contents checked. Off we started on our military mission. The first leg of the journey was made by plane. The major who piloted the big twin-engined transport made my first air trip seem like a ride down a smooth boulevard in a limousine. Steady, experienced hands guided the ship along the runway. With no sense of strain or effort we were in the air, climbing easily. Below I saw the changing patchwork of India's terrain. As this is war-time, there is nothing more to say except that we went from one place to another, rode over a storm, and landed as gently as a leaf on the waters.

The trip by train was done leisurely, even the "fast passenger" was not in too great a hurry. Waiting at a railroad station I had my first contact with "home." A husky M. P. in sun helmet surveyed the scene. Some time ago in Southern Illinois he had learned that masterful manner which calmly said, "everything is in full control and in perfect order." "That big fellow used to be a traffic cop," I guessed. It was true. "When I write home," the ex-policeman told me, "I ask my wife to see that the folks who come

to church do something for these poor people." Here was the "copper on the corner," the genial type who has helped many a young transient, hungry and in search of a job.

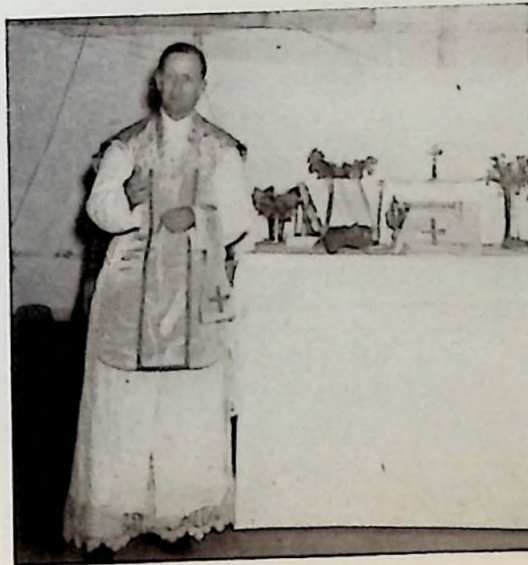
FATHER Cosgrove met us on our arrival, took us to his quarters, introduced us to the friendly Protestant military chaplain, assigned us to camps in the area. The following morning we started on our way. I found myself in the army and on my own, but I was not alone for long. The first officer to greet me was Lt. Gallagher of Chicago, alumnus of DePaul University. All the old athletic rivalry between DePaul Academy, his prep school, and Loyola Academy, the last scene of my American teaching, was happily recalled. "Take my jeep," he said, "the place is yours. Corporal Meegan will take care of you while you are here." And Cpl. Meegan took excellent care of me. He and I attended Visitation Parish School on Chicago's Southside. The big war has created a little world.

This is a tribute to our Catholic men who made the mission. They are working hard; their hours are long and the Indian sun is hot, yet they came to the early morning services; toiled through the burning day, and were present for the

IN INDIA

battles. I called for volunteers to "watch one hour," twenty-two men in all, until the Mass at six-thirty the next morning. The list of adorers was filled at once. Men who had labored under the sun; men who knew they had a hard day's work to follow, willingly broke their sleep to stand guard before the Lord. The knights of old were more picturesque as they kept their vigil before the altar. Modern American chivalry wore fatigue uniforms; their GI shoes resounded on the concrete floor. But they were all clad in the shining armor of God's grace and the recent sacramental presence on Christ within their hearts.

FOR Benediction, we borrowed a



Father John Mahoney, S.J., the author, preaching to the soldiers of America at the mission he conducted "somewhere in India." He is one of over seventy Jesuit Missionaries who give much of their time as Auxiliary Chaplains to our Armed Forces in mission lands.

censer from a missionary chapel and purchased incense from a village bazaar. But the problem of charcoal had to be solved. Jim Ryan, one of the twelve Ryans of South Boston, militant Catholic and mission promoter extraordinary, a mail-carrier in his civilian days, raced to a wood fire some hundred yards away. He delivered the charcoal in perfect condition. It was an odor of sweetness that filled the day-room hut. Precious in the sight of the Lord must have been those young Americans from East and West, from Oregon and Louisiana. That evening we had Stations of the

Cross followed by a brief sermon.

Sunday morning the little chapel was crowded. Men stood outside the door and lined the veranda. At the Offertory the soldiers were startled by the sweet strains of Gounod's Ave Maria played on the violin by Cpl. Joe Pastore of the Bronx. We happened to discover the violin the day before. Joe was a band leader back in New York. He had toured the country as the smiling bull-fiddle man. It was years since he had played the violin. He had no music. He must play from memory. (I can still see Cpl. Joe at eleven Saturday night, as he adjusted the strings and applied a coat of rosin to the bow.) "A factory job," he smiled, "but a good one." He was a bit apprehensive at practice. His fingers were stiff, he said. But at the Mass he played beautifully. I know that Our Lady has blessed his devotion and will take care of him wherever he goes. Practically every man received Holy Communion at the morning Mass. We renewed our baptismal vows; the Papal Blessing was imparted. We sang Holy God We Praise Thy Name. The mission was over.

ON the flight that took us part of the way back to Patna and St. Xavier's I had time to recall the ten busy, much travelled days. For the boys who were eager to receive Holy Communion and assist at Mass I was grateful; for God's grace is with them. They have gone off into a far country. They are not living riotously. They will never be in want. They are the full flower of Catholic education and religious home environment. Those who came back to Christ after many years of carelessness were my greatest consolation. And for those I failed to reach—and regrettably there were some—I shall pray.

When the sun's rays parch the soil and the hot winds blow, I shall think of those young Americans and pray for them all working for the day when peace descends upon the world and they come marching home again, back to Brooklyn and Boston, Chicago and Cleveland, back home from India to America.

John Mahoney, S.J.

Evening Mass and sermon. Those who could not receive Holy Communion because of early morning duty were hosts to the Lord in the evening. Like the first Christians they received the Bread of Life in the dim candle light of army recreation halls.

At one post I used an altar built after work hours by a Baptist from West Texas. I shall never forget what he said when I thanked him for his devoted skill. "I put my heart into this work," he said, "if people had paid more attention to the altar, we should not be digging those slit trenches you see over there."

The first day we had Evening Mass. Here the Paschal Supper was reenacted. All national origins were gathered around that altar, French and German, Irish and Italian, Polish and Russian and Scot. Names come back to me: Mullin and Cullin—they served the Mass—Shoemaker, Smetana, Kelly, Kowalski, Comeau, LaGuarde, Corrallo, DeChino. But they were an all-American team witnessing the commemoration of the Sacrifice that had redeemed men of every race and every army in the long history of

BOSTON JESUIT

Francis Sweeney, S.J.



Father Williams in his last years at Shadowbrook.

On June 18, 1912, the island of Jamaica in the British West Indies was struck by a savage hurricane which smashed in from the sea to the accompaniment of tidal waves and torrential rains. In his book, *Whisperings of the Caribbean*, Father Joseph J. Williams, S.J. has described some of the effects of the storm:

"Through the very heart of the business section . . . the canal, a solid wall of water, higher than a man as it crossed the street, shot as from the nozzle of a gigantic hose at such a velocity that it did not seek a level, but continued unbroken to the sea, sweeping all before it. The gully, too, came down again, with a mighty roar leaping its banks, and without a moment's warning it bore out to the sea row after row of houses . . ."

That was at Montego Bay, on

the north shore of the island, where Father Williams was stationed. Through the maelstrom of angry waters and driving debris the priest came to his terrified people in the night, crawling on his hands and knees or swimming with the torrent. He was everywhere through the stricken town, encouraging, rescuing, absolving.

The *Northern News* of Montego Bay wrote a glorious footnote to that night of horror:

"Naturally this, like other catastrophes, had its heroes and justice demands that we give the place of honor in a long list of performances of genuine heroism to the Reverend Father Williams of the Roman Catholic denomination. Many this day owe their lives to the gallantry of this priest."

Father Williams did not put that in his book.

He had arrived in Jamaica shortly before, and had been assigned to the missions in the western part of the island. His coming to the West Indies was the fulfillment of a dream he had carried since that day twenty years before when he left Boston for the Jesuit novitiate at Frederick, Maryland. Through the years of study and prayer at Frederick and at Woodstock, and the interval of teaching at Xavier and Loyola in

New York, the ideal of apostolic adventure in foreign lands was always before him.

It crystallized during his tertianship, the final year of Jesuit training. He felt he must volunteer for foreign service. Which mission field should it be? His mastery of mathematics would make him useful in the Philippines, where the Jesuits were manning the weather bureau for the American government. Jamaica with its tangle of racial strains would be a happy hunting ground for a scientist who already had won his Ph.D. in ethnology. Alaska had other things to recommend it but it was the hardest of the three. He volunteered for Alaska.

His superiors sent him to Jamaica, instead, to a parish that covered a thousand square miles. Father Williams traversed it on horseback, riding in a circuit from mission to mission through the Jamaican "bush," wild and beautiful but not dangerous. Some of Father Williams' simple apostolic methods recall St. Francis Xavier and his bell. At sundown, when the peasants would be trooping in from the fields, he would sit down on the front steps and begin to play the harmonica. The people would gather readily, drawn by the rollicking mouth-

organ music. Father played all the plantation songs he knew, the songs of sorrow and glory that the Negroes had sung in the field at Frederick in Maryland.

WHEN "Fadder" had exhausted his repertoire he slipped the harmonica into his pocket and began to speak clearly and directly about God and His love for His people. In the morning, Mass would be celebrated and the sacraments administered. Then after instructions for children and grown-ups and visits to the sick the missionary would be in the saddle again.

It was a gay, strenuous, fruitful life Father Joseph Williams led in his Jamaican mission field. He was priest and apostle, and troubadour, almoner and statesman as well. At one of his mission chapels he noticed that if some of the congregation wore shoes, others who were too poor to buy such luxuries would stay away from Mass. His decision was swift and Solomon-like. Everyone must come to Mass barefoot.

In 1918, Father Williams was recalled to the States and assigned as treasurer of New England Province. Later he went to Rome as a delegate to the Congregation of Jesuit Procurators. But financial administration was not to be the great work of his life. His doctoral studies in ethnology at Woodstock, his five years of missionary labor during which he found time for observation and study in the Jamaican melting-pot, these were the basis of a distinguished career as an ethnologist and author.

In 1930, scientific circles in France, Germany and England hailed the colossal scholarship of his *Hebrewisms of West Africa*. With the publication in 1932 of *Whence the Black Irish of Jamaica?* and *Voodooos and Obeahs* Father Williams had established his reputation as a brilliant scholar. In the ethnological library he had assembled at

Boston College the Africana section is rated by the International Institute of African Languages and Cultures as the best in the western hemisphere.

Honors came crowding upon him. Boston College made him Honorary Doctor of Letters in 1929. In 1934 Dr. James J. Walsh, in his book *American Jesuits*, devoted more space to Father Williams than to any other living Jesuit. In that year with two other college professors he represented the American Anthropological Association and the American Council of Learned Societies at the International Congress of Anthropologists in London. He was named fellow of three of the Royal Societies of Great Britain. His Holiness Pope Pius XI sent him his Apostolic Benediction.

ALMOST abruptly it all came to an end. One day at Boston College Father Williams noticed that he was walking with some slight difficulty. As his incapacity increased the ailment was diagnosed as chronic infantile paralysis complicated by a diabetic condition. It was thought that the mild Jamaican air might help him and laboriously he packed his bags for his last trip to the island he loved. He grew worse in Jamaica, and was brought back to

Boston where he asked to be assigned to a house where his infirmity would cause the least inconvenience to others. In the summer of 1939 he was sent to Shadowbrook Novitiate in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. There he took up again the life at Frederick. Novices were his constant companions. Morning and afternoon one of them would bring his wheelchair around to a side door and the priest would hobble out for his ride around the grounds.

When he began to have heart attacks, he still struggled to say Mass each morning, though now he was forced to sit in a chair as he offered the Holy Sacrifice. "Sunshine inside and out," he would say on a sunny morning when he had been able to celebrate Mass. In the fall of 1940, he was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, Pittsfield. As he left Shadowbrook he expressed his resignation in the dialect of the Jamaican peasant, "Well, ef Massa God want!"

In a day or two the valiant old man rallied and asked that his cane be sent to him, but soon he lapsed into a coma from which he never roused. Shortly before midnight of October 28, 1940, he stirred a little in his heavy sleep and then the great heart stood still.



Montego Bay, Jamaica, the scene of Father Williams' heroism during the disaster.

MISSIONS IN THE NEWS

AMERICAN WHITE SISTERS FOR ALGIERS. In response to a plea of Mother Claude Marie, Superior General of the Motherhouse of the White Sisters in Africa for Sisters from America to assist them two will be sent from the Motherhouse in Metuchen, N. J., and nine from their motherhouse in Ottawa.

HIGHER EDUCATION NEEDED IN CHINA. According to the Columban Fathers in China as in practically every country the socially higher classes are the most difficult for the Missionary to reach. . . . Practically the only contact the Church has with the upper classes is through its schools of higher education.

MARIANISTS PLAN NEW FOUNDATION IN PERU. In the spring of 1945 the Society of Mary will probably begin a second foundation at Chuancayo, Peru. It will be in the nature of a normal school, according to Very Rev. Sylvester P. Juergens, S.M. Their secondary school in Lima begun several years ago is quite flourishing.

YANKS AID SOUTH PACIFIC MISSIONARIES. Chaplain Mark A. Farrell whose regiment sent a check of \$1500.00 to the Propagation of the Faith for the education of native clergy writes: "Most of my men . . . attribute a great deal of their success in the combat to the groundwork laid by our Catholic Missionaries. We are just beginning to realize the many sacrifices that were made by these heroic priests. . . . Many an American wounded boy can attribute the saving of his life to the devotion of the native tribes."

CHINESE SCHOOLS STILL FUNCTION. Bishop Francis X. Ford, M.M. Superior of the Maryknoll Kaying Mission in China reports that the Catholic Mission Schools were not affected as severely as the Government schools by the war in China. The primary grades now have 428,000 pupils where before hostilities they had 347,000. He said there are few but adequate schools of higher education for those who can afford the costly training for professional and technical careers.

INDIAN CENTENARY AMONG KALISPELS. This year marks the centenary of the founding of St. Ignatius Catholic Indian Mission among the Kalispels. The Centenary was celebrated by Rev. Louis Taelman, S.J. on July 2, 3 and 4. The site was chosen by Fr. Peter DeSmet but the founding was the work of Fr. Adrian

Hoecken in 1844. The 120 Indians who live on the reservation are the direct descendants of the converts of Frs. DeSmet and Hoecken.

THE S.S. JOSEPH N. DINAND, a new Victory ship named in honor of the late Bishop Dinand, S.J. former Vicar-Apostolic of Jamaica, B. W. I. was launched recently in Portland, Maine. Bishop Dinand had been twice Rector of Holy Cross College, Worcester. As a young priest he had been a missionary in Jamaica, and later returned as Bishop until ill health forced his retirement.

NAGASAKI, JAPAN, RECENTLY BOMBED by U. S. Superfortress, is the site of heroic Christianity, numerous martyrdoms, and bitter persecutions. St. Francis Xavier brought the Faith to Japan in 1549. Within 50 years there were about 300,000 Catholic converts in spite of the frightful persecutions which broke out in 1577. From 1640 until 1865 no missionaries were allowed in Japan. Ten Jesuits who entered by stealth were martyred. Yet after 200 years without priests, missionaries in 1865 discovered almost 50,000 Catholics still loyal to the Faith. With 65,000 Catholics today, Nagasaki is Japan's largest Catholic center.

TWO CHINESE CONVERTS from distinguished families in China were baptized in Washington, D.C. this summer. One is Hsu Yuan-Teh, son of Lt. General Hsu Yong-Chong of the Chinese army; the other, Lee Tzu-liang, son of a well-known Chinese family in South China.



Father Taelman, S.J., celebrates his Golden Jubilee this year. A veteran missionary among Kalispels of Northwest



Hannah Left Hand Bull, a VVAVE from St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

Katy Black Elk, a WAC from Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota.



Mission Intention

for October

Native African Clergy and Lay Leaders

INDIAN SISTERS INCREASING IN CHINA. A new class of postulants has entered the native congregation of Chinese Sisters of the Blessed Virgin, founded by Bishop Edward Galvin in 1939, and now flourishing. Part of their early studies will be practical courses in medical work. Their noviceship is in occupied China near Hanyang, a war-distressed city for a long time.

20 NEWLY ORDAINED PRIESTS of the Society of the Divine Word are ready to depart for their mission in New Guinea where 150 churches, chapels, convents, rectories, dispensaries, infirmaries, and trade-schools were destroyed after they had been used by the Japanese as military headquarters, barracks and arsenals.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE PRESIDENT Manuel Quezon of the Philippines, Sergio Osmena, former Vice-President, was sworn in as the new President of the Islands. Like his predecessor, President Osmena is a Catholic and a graduate of Santo Tomas University, Manila, the Dominican institution of higher learning in the Islands' Capital. Major Pacifico Ortiz, S.J., Chaplain to the former President since Corregidor days, is awaiting further assignment in the Army.

TEN CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS ACCOMPANIED U. S. TROOPS in the battle of Saipan. They were Revs. Sylvester Cannon C.P., Anthony McCabe, O.P., Paul Brunet, Ronald Dinn, O.F.M., Clarence Duhart, C.S.S.R., Lafayette Yarwood, John T. Byrne, Harold Dean, Leo Dufour, Bernard Shumacher. They were able to give invaluable assistance to the persecuted missionary, Father Tardio, S.J. Four of the Chaplains were wounded in battle, Fathers Brunet, Dinn, Duhart and McCabe. The latter two returned to duty at once.

• In his encyclical letter "Rerum Ecclesiae" urging the formation of a native clergy in mission lands Pope Pius XI of blessed memory wrote: "How important it is that you build up a native Clergy! If you do not work with all your might to accomplish this, We maintain that your apostolate will be not only crippled but it will prove to be an obstacle and an impediment for the establishment and organization of the Church in those countries." And to this he added the weighty words of his predecessor, Pope Benedict XV: "It is a matter of sorrow that . . . there are some peoples that have been converted long since and who have emerged from barbarism and have attained such a degree of civilization that they produce men of standing in all the various civil arts and although they have been under the salutary influence of the gospel and of the Church for centuries, have not yet been able to produce a bishop to rule them, nor priests whose teaching should have weight with their fellow citizens."

• Among the reasons which he urged for the establishment of a native clergy were the example of the Apostles who chose native priests for spreading the faith, the purpose of missions, to establish the Church, and hence to form a native clergy, the familiarity of the natives with their own dialects, often an obstacle to foreigners and lastly the dangers surrounding the foreign missionaries from war and politics, which have caused the Church no little harm in the past.

• Today there is a native Clergy in Africa, native African Bishops, too, and God has blessed their labors. But there is need for more priests still. And there will be need of even more laborers after the war. The saying of Christ holds true of Africa today, "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few"—far too few for the number of souls to be gained for Christ.

• If the native Clergy is to be the strong right arm of the African Church, then active lay leaders must form a well developed left to help to bear the burdens of the apostolate. For from the educated laity are to arise the leaders who mold the thought of the nation. They are to be the leaders who rule the mission lands, administer the temporal matters, and conduct the numerous works of charity of the Church.

• That the faith will prosper in post-war Africa our Holy Father urges us to pray this month for Native African Clergy and native African lay leaders.



GEORGE WONG, S. J.

THE China "Incident" (Japan's undeclared war) occurred on the seventh day of the seventh month in 1937. Just as the Chinese Independence Day is called the "Double Tenth," because the struggle for liberty from the imperial yoke began on the tenth of the tenth month in 1911, so, too, the day that marked the resistance to our foreign tyrants July 7, is called the "Double Seventh." Both are red-letter days, as dear to Chinese hearts as the Fourth of July is to Americans.

Seven years of war. These are heavy, sorrow-laden words, freighted with awful memories. I remember that summer's day in Shanghai when the cable wires buzzed with the report of the first shot that was fired close by Marco Polo Bridge in North China, and which ignited

the conflagration of war. A few days later news of initial home victory exulted the population, and Shanghai's streets rang with the staccato of jubilant fire-crackers. But the successes were temporary; for soon after Japan's war machine moved on to the city itself.

I saw first bomb that fell on Shanghai. It was on a grey Saturday morning, about ten o'clock, August 14, 1937, vigil of the Assumption. I was watching by the window on the fifth floor of the office building fronting "The Bund"—a busy street along the west bank of the Whangpoo River. I can still recall the droning of a plane and the furious bark of anti-aircraft fire from the Japanese gunboat that lay anchored down the river; the whine of our first plane to come in sight

as it swooped down low, layed its first explosive egg, not on the Jap gunboat but in the depths of the river—from which a huge column of muddy water shot skyward; the constant anti-aircraft barking, shaking the office windows; the bewildered looks among my fellow office staff, the frantic rush to the telephones, everybody calling his family, "Are you safe at home? . . . How are the children?" Hearts beat faster that day.

THEN followed the exodus of thousands of Chinese families from the war-infested native district called Chapei to the safety of the International Settlement. What a pitiful sight it was! Streams of human life flowing through the artery of the city streets, in search of shelter from relentless steel. Consternation, anxiety and fear were written on every face.

It is with a heavy sigh that I recall the two terrifying disasters that happened downtown, in the midst of the shopping section. Two bombs falling "accidentally" on different occasions, took the toll of about ten hundred lives. The morning papers made sickening reading.

"Business as usual" was placarded on most every store after those fateful calamities, but shop windows were for some time boarded and sand-bagged and side entrances only were used. Remarkable how people continue their "business as usual" despite all odds. Yet there were noticeable differences, and

A solid block of homes gone up in smoke. There was no way to stop the roaring flames.





Bishop Haouissée, S.J., blessing the stricken Shanghai civilians.

The conflagration rapidly moved in toward the heart of the city.

Father McGreal, in one of his Sunday sermons, told us that the war did this very good thing to his parishioners: more and more people frequented the Sacraments.

Of course the war showed its effects on the market exchange. There was a dearth of copper coins and 20-cent pieces. The Japs were smuggling the metal out for munitions. So it became common to use postage stamps, wrapped in tissue foil, to pay for one's car fare, or small purchases, until regular nickel and dime notes were issued.

For three months, however, the Chapei area in Northern Shanghai was made a theater of war. And not infrequently misguided shells and flaks dropped in the neutral zone. Of all the deadly nuisances, anti-aircraft flak is one of the worst. People had to be warned constantly away from windows and roofs and to be kept off the streets when an air raid was going on. At night flares are shot up to discover the whereabouts of the enemy plane. The prize photo in a local war picture contest shows the night sky illuminated as if by holiday fireworks.

And never could I forget the terrific din of night-time bombarding by the Japanese of a concrete factory building where the Chinese "Doomed Battalion" stuck to its guns for over ten days. Also the cannonade duel between the Jap gunboat and the Pootung land artillery. I actually saw the spattering of fire from the mouth of the Jap guns . . . and half a minute later heard the rumbling detonation.

By December 1937 the Japanese

at last got control of the native sections in Shanghai; then they pushed on to Nanking, spreading havoc and death on the way. From Nanking our American Fathers, who had been subjected to at least 200 air raids, were ordered by Superiors to return to Shanghai. En route their train was bombed and shattered to splinters. The passengers darted out and scampered over the rice fields. Fortunately our Fathers got to Shanghai safely.

I need not recount the heroic work done by the Shanghai Fathers for the refugees in the famous Jacquinet Zone. The pages of *JESUIT MISSIONS* then carried those graphic stories. Emergency associations were organized for the refugees in the schoolyards. Bishop Haouissée, S.J., bade the missionaries to open their schools and property to all. Aurora University received more than three thousand. At St. Ignatius College, two thousand crowded into the courtyard and playground. Somehow food was found for all and medical help. I went along with Father Kearney in one of his rounds among the refugee camps. There were farmers driven from their homes, village blacksmiths, carpenters, cobblers, shopkeepers, peddlars, all sorts of artisans with their families. Some were ill, not a few suffered from wounds in their flight. The numerous care-free children were well looked after and it gave me a thrill of joy to see them clustering around

Father Kearney, all over him with their childish chatter.

I REMEMBER too that in a full-page rotogravure the "New York Times" printed the picture of the Zikawei refugee compound in which hundreds of Chinese faces are looking forward expectantly for the rations that the Fathers are distributing. Wrinkled faces and tender-skinned faces, famished faces, with eyes wide and eager, all waiting to be fed.

Such memories linger still . . . but they are of the past . . . seven years ago. And seven years ago China was alone in her gigantic struggle with the invader.

Today China is not alone. She is a member of the family of United Nations in a fight to the end with a common enemy. More than that, she has a community of ideals with the United States and our other allies. And I pray God that her leaders will bring forth a regenerated nation out of so much blood and travail.

May the day of victory and a just peace dawn soon in the East as well as in the West.

**NOTHING CAN MAKE
THE CHINESE FORGET
THESE SEVEN YEARS
OF WAR OR THOSE
WHO HELPED THEM
IN THEIR TROUBLE**



JESUIT MISSIONARIES—JAMAICA-BOUND: Fathers Joseph Martus, Jeremiah Donovan, Joseph Connor, William Shanahan; (second row) Henry Ball, John Hurd, Gerald Hennessey, and Edmund Cheney.

NEW MISSIONARIES FOR 1944

BELIZE-BOUND

Philip E. Pick



INDIA-BOUND

Edwin Saxton



Francis Murphy



BAGHDAD-BOUND

James Larkin



James Meany, S.J.

SAVE THAT STAMP

Philippine missionary, member of the Stamp Exchange at Woodstock, organizer of the Mission Exhibit at the Summer School of Catholic Action (1944), assistant at Jesuit Missions this past summer.

"STAMPS are used to make wallpaper for the huts of poor people in mission-lands." "The glue and dye are removed and then resold." "The paper is used in fine stationery."

These are but a few of the popular notions about the uses to which the Mission Stamp Exchanges put your stamps. All of these answers are wrong! Even the common varieties of United States stamps are sought after because of their value AS STAMPS. Somewhere among the 2,000,000 and more stamp-collectors in this country there is an enthusiast anxious to have that stamp which you have just tossed into the waste-basket. It may not be foreign, or rare, but he is attracted by its unusual perforation, or by a shade of color infinitesimally lighter or darker than that of its more prosaic fellow. "Don't throw that stamp away! Send it to the Mission Stamp Exchange—yes, even that ordinary 1-cent U. S. stamp!" It can be used to bring joy to some stamp-collector, somewhere, sometime—and thus to furnish financial aid to a Jesuit missionary in the Philippine Islands.

Since its formation in 1932, the Mission Stamp Exchange of Woodstock College has earned over \$20,000 for the Philippine Mission. (At present, the money is being invested in War Bonds, for future use.) The common varieties of U. S. stamps have accounted for the greater part of this sum. But, obviously, other stamps have their value, too. There is great demand for foreign stamps, for commemorative issues, precancels, and the rare "freak" stamps. It would be nice



Working "on the Exchange" at Woodstock, during recreation.

to find one of those 24-cent Air Mail stamps of 1918 whose catalogue value of \$2.50 has been raised to \$3500 for those copies in which the air-plane is printed upside down! Or a 1-cent stamp of 1888 which sells for \$100 if it happens to be one of the few which escaped the perforating machine without being punched. Such rare mistakes of the Printing Office make stamp-collecting an exciting hobby. And they add zest to the activities on the Mission Stamp Exchange.

THE files of the Woodstock Exchange show the many interesting preferences of the collectors. Some have placed standing orders for the stamps of one or another foreign country. Others will take only airmails, or precancels,—or stamps on which the postmark appears in the exact center! At the beginning of the war, one customer ordered the stamps of only "occupied countries." And there are those who collect the stamps containing pictures of animals, or of maps, or of locomotives. It would be difficult to conceive of any class of stamps

which is not already the special object of somebody's hobby. The point is this: send all your stamps to the Mission Stamp Exchange. It will do the rest. There is only one exception—the Exchange cannot use those stamps which are *printed on* the post-card or envelope.

Thirty-five men, Theologians and Philosophers, spend one or both of their recreation periods each day in the Stamp Exchange. They sort, wash, catalogue, and mount the stamps on "approval sheets." There is secretarial work to be done; packages must be mailed. Other groups of Scholastics assist in the initial sorting of newly-arrived stamps. To facilitate their work, donors are urged to cut or tear the stamps from the envelope, leaving only about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of *single* paper around the stamp. With less paper, the stamps are easily damaged. More paper delays the workers—an important factor when it is a question of handling millions of stamps each month.

SAVE THAT STAMP! Send it to the nearest Exchange:

Mission Stamp Exchange
Woodstock College
Woodstock, Md.

Mission Stamp Exchange
St. Louis, University
St. Louis, Missouri

Patna Mission Stamp Mart
West Baden College
West Baden, Indiana

The Ceylon Stamp Bureau
4133 Banks Street
New Orleans, Louisiana

Mission Stamp Exchange
Weston College
Weston, Mass.

The Missionary Society
Mt. St. Michael's
Spokane, Washington

Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy
403 Wellington St., West
Toronto, Canada

Mission Stamp Bureau
1855 West. rue Rachel
Montreal, Canada



Exactly one hundred years ago the first mission among the Kalispels was established here by Fathers DeSmet and Hoecken, S.J.



1944 is the centenary of the third oldest Jesuit Mission in the Northwest. The first was among the Flathead Indians in 1841 at St. Mary's, Montana; the second among the Coeur D'Alenes in 1842 at Sacred Heart Mission, Idaho; and then came the mission at St. Ignatius among the Kalispels on the lower Pend Oreille River, Washington.

Tucked away on their mountain bounded reservation in the Northwest part of Washington, close to the Idaho border, the tiny tribe of Kalispels look back now on a century of Christianity first brought to them by Fathers DeSmet and Hoecken and their lay-brother helpers.

Before the Light of the World shone upon these people they were "a poor, miserable, half-starved race, with an insufficiency of food

and nearly naked, living upon fish, camus and other roots . . ." With no idea of a Great Spirit nor of a soul, they "considered themselves to be animals, nearly allied to the beaver, but greater than the beaver" because they could catch the beaver while he could not catch them. Death was the end. Thus it was not uncommon "to bury the very old and very young alive, because, they said, 'these cannot take care of themselves, and we can not take care of them, and they had better die.'"

Half savage interpreters aided the priests in giving religious instruction. The best that one could do on the translation of the word soul to the listening Indians was to explain that they had within them a "gut that never rotted."

Soon after his arrival, Father Desmet could write: "How consoling it is to pour the regenerating water of baptism on the furrowed and scarified brows of these desert warriors,—to behold (them) emerging from that profound ignorance and superstition . . . to see them embrace the faith and all its sacred practices. . . ."

One winter night nine years later a canoe brigade was descending the Pend Oreille enroute from the headwaters in Montana to Vancouver on the lower Columbia. Caught by snow and darkness, their supplies almost exhausted, the party sought shelter at an Indian encampment along the river. They were a day's journey up stream from the mission.

THE leader of the brigade was a U. S. Army Surgeon, Dr. George Suckley who left a most valuable account of his long journey. His official report contained the following remarks about that night's stay with the Kalispels:

"Shortly after our entrance (into the lodge of All-ol-Sturgh, the chief) he rang a little bell; directly the lodge was filled with the inhabitants of the camp. Men, women and children, who immediately got upon their knees and repeated, or rather chanted, a long prayer, in their own language, to the Creator. The repetition of a few pious sentences, an invocation, and a hymn, closed the exercises. In these the squaws took as active a part as the men. The promptness, fervency and earnestness all showed was pleasing to contemplate. These prayers have been taught them by their kind missionary and friend, the much loved Father Hoecken. The participation of the squaws in the exercises, and the apparent footing of equality between them and the men, so much unlike their condition in other savage tribes, appear remarkable."

A few days later the following conversation with the superior of the mission, Father Hoecken, occurred:

"Doctor," said the priest, "you will scarcely believe it; surrounded by water as we are, we often have difficulty in getting fish even for our Friday dinner."

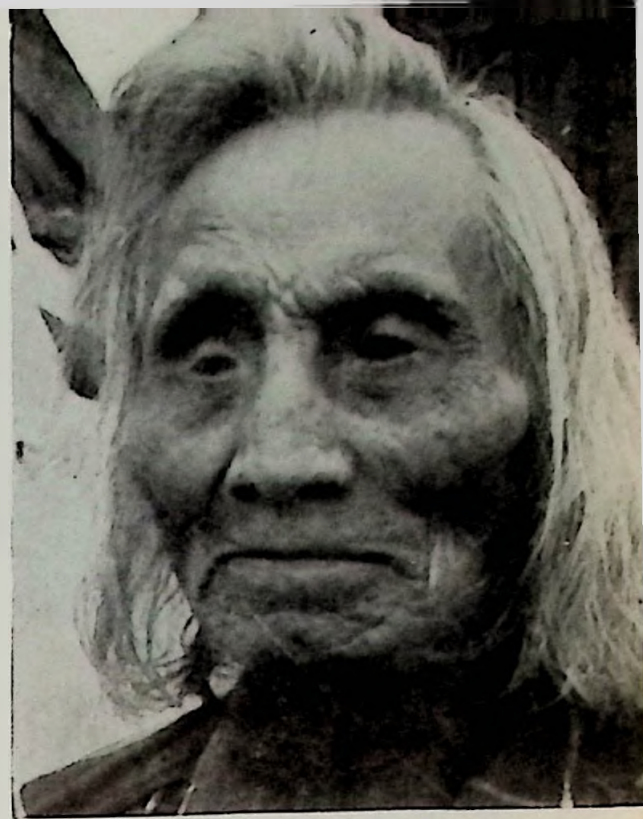
"I suppose, Father," was the joking reply, "that the Indians find no difficulty in observing a fast on Friday."



PEND

OREILLE

CENTENARY



Aged Kalispel Indian

John Gurr, S.J.

The missionary's response made a great impression on the Army Surgeon and he related the whole thing in his journal, "to show you the good sense, benevolence and foresight of the priests."

Answered Father Hoecken: "I never spoke to them about it; it would not do. Poor creatures, they fast too much as it is, and it is not necessary for them to fast more."

EMPTY stomachs, poor land and annual floods were their usual lot. Chiefs and missionaries met to solve their problem. In 1854, the year after Dr. Suckley's visit, the tribe and its mission moved eastward to greener pastures. They settled on the site of the present St. Ignatius Mission in Lake County, Montana and the old camp on the banks of the lower Pend Oreille was abandoned . . .

Not by all, however. A remnant of the tribe felt that the old homestead was good enough. They did not have the heart to leave. So stay they did. And the descendants of these home-bodies are planning with their veteran pastor, Fr. Louis

Taelman, S.J., the centennial celebration this summer of old St. Ignatius Mission on the Pend Oreille.

Without a regular priest from 1854 until Father Edward Griva built them their present church in 1911, the tribe has had a noble record of loyalty to Christ and the Faith. Father Taelman tells of being summoned by the Chief, Massalah, in 1912 to the bedside of a dying girl. The old Chief spoke thus at the funeral: "My people, we are grieved today at the loss of our dear one; but God has his way. This world is a valley of tears. We are now poor and suffering, but if we are true to God, there is a country above where we shall all meet again."

LOYAL to the Faith and true to God they are no less loyal to flag and country. Twelve stalwart sons of those old desert warriors baptized by Desmet are today, a century later, scattered over the world in the armed forces of the United

States. Ten percent is no small percentage of any community. But when the total population is only some 120 souls, the Iron Hand of War rests heavily on the Kalispels.

And Kalispel mothers at home, like all mothers, miss the sons that are gone. Now they understand even better the Patron of their little church, "Our Lady of Sorrows." Tokens of that love make heavy every soldier's mail. Guess what the mail from the Reservation brought one Indian soldier lad! Something you can't buy at the "P.X."—a camus root, beloved by the Kalispels, cleaned and cooked and ready for business. To the anthropologist the camus is merely an item of food among primitive tribes. To that soldier son it was a taste of home from his lonesome Indian mother.

War time economies may lessen somewhat the attendance at the coming celebration on the Pend Oreille. But for thoughtful people war time realities will heighten the meaning of the commemoration.

From the very beginning the missionary the world over has stood between his Indians and the greed and lust of the "White Man." The Indian youth of today, armed and ready to die for the white man's world, is returning that favor. In 100 years the Indian has grown from a savage pagan to a defender of all that Christianity has given to the world.



A little corner of the Mohammedan world in Damascus.

dle East. From their mountain lodging to the north grew the last remaining group of the famed cedars of Lebanon. Below them lay the winding road that runs north and south along the shores of the Mediterranean, once the greatest road in the world. Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Alexander and his Greeks, the Romans had made of it the bridge to link Africa, Asia and Europe, Peter and Paul took it to Antioch; ten centuries later the Crusaders

Clement
Armitage, S.J.

A Yankee in Islam

ON June 29th, feast of Saints Peter and Paul, James Finnegan, S.J. of New York was ordained a priest at Beirut in the Lebanon. It was the high point of a career that so far has been unique among American Jesuits. For Father Finnegan is the last survivor of the war-wrecked "Mohammedan Mission," that far-sighted plan of preparing Arabic speaking missionaries for work among the Moslems. The scheme sprang into being only six years ago when a small group of men from America and Europe gathered in Beirut to begin the study of Arabic. Two Americans, a Canadian, a Hungarian, several Frenchmen—just a handful of men.

This handful of men settled down to the study of Arabic among the mountains of the Lebanon, that last outpost of Christianity in the heart of the Moslem world. They studied under an Egyptian Jesuit who spoke fluently all the languages and the many dialects of the Mid-

marched along it. Stand on these Lebanese mountains, as did that handful of Arabic students, and look to the east. Behind you is the sea; on every other side there is another world, a world that hates you, but still a world that must some day be won for Christ.

This was the inspiring dream that drove that small group of missionaries to the learning of the most difficult language in the world. In wintertime they would sit with their feet in boxes packed with straw while they strove to master the classical language of Arabic literature. In summer with a donkey or two they would wander through the Maronite villages of the mountains, exchanging flour for goat's milk or sugar for the flat native bread, all the time trying to speak the everyday language of the people. They came face to face with all the elements that make Syria and the Lebanon the nervous crossroads of the Middle East; the turbulent

Mohammedan bazaars of Damascus, the Armenian refugee camps of Aleppo on the road to Musa Dagh, the cone-shaped huts of the Alouites of North Syria, the Maronite monasteries of the mountains, and the gay-costumed tribes of the Jebel Druse.

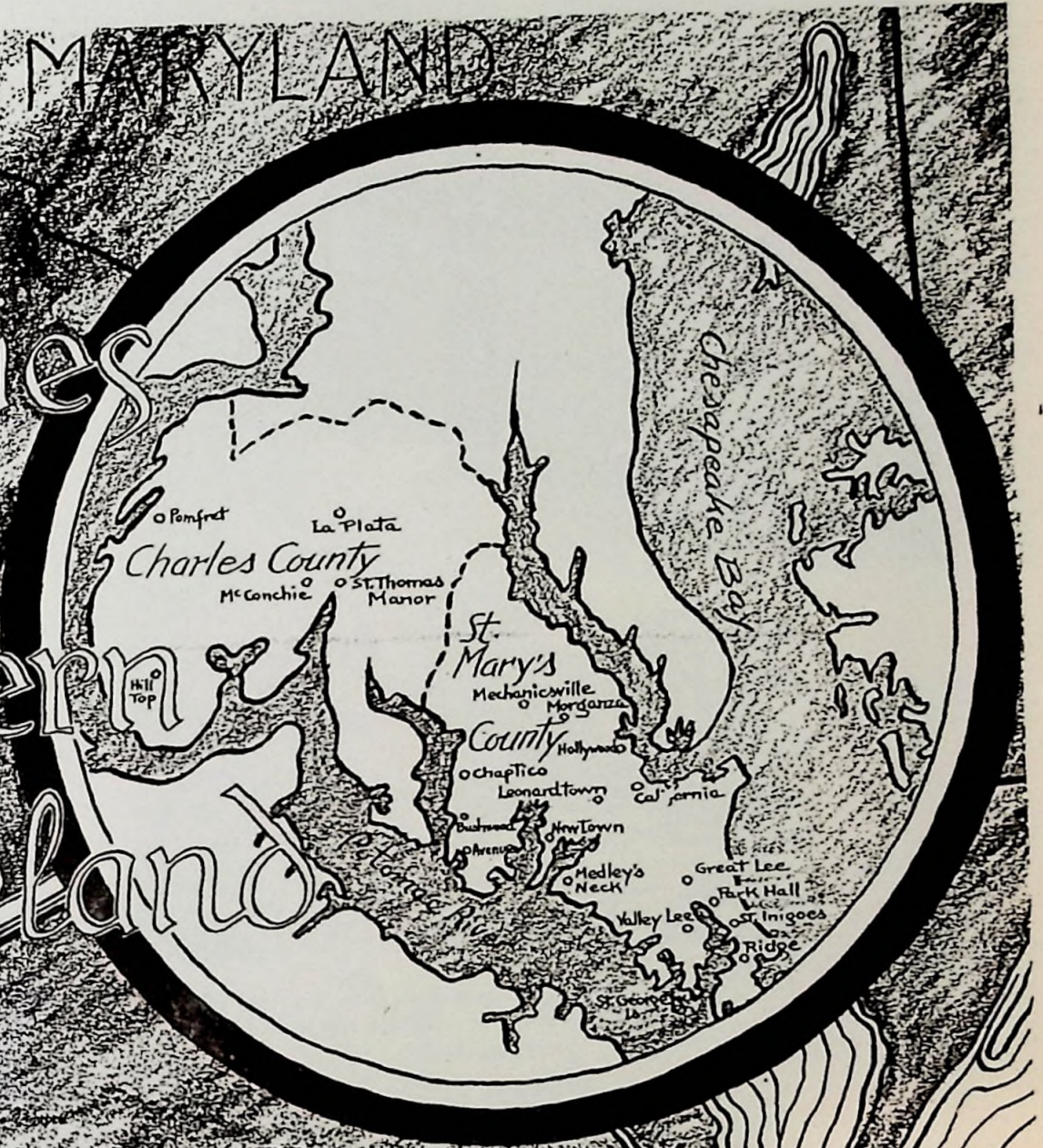
But then the war came and that little band of men was broken up. The Europeans were called up for military service, the need of replacements in other fields sent the Canadian to China, one American to the Philippines. Father Finnegan was the only one left to keep the dream of an Arab Christendom alive. Already he had spent two years at Bikfaya in the mountains. Now he moved to Aleppo for a third year of study. During vacation he would seek out some monastery where the only language spoken was Arabic. He lived, worked and thought in the tongue that the Arabs fondly call the 'language of God'.

Then to Beirut to begin his theology in company with a few Polish scholastics whose thin faces still showed the rigors of Russian prison camps. Three years went by, three years wherein he studied the things of God while over the city constantly swung the balloon barrage as a protection for the things of Caesar.

ON June 29th of this year the golden cross of the priesthood was laid upon his shoulders forever. No words can scale the heights of that tremendous instant but there must have been a moment shortly afterwards when Father Finnegan, palms still moist with the holy oils, stepped out on the balcony that overlooks Beirut. Once again his eye must have followed that road which runs through Tyre and Sidon and north to Antioch. In that hour, on the feast day of Saints Peter and Paul, he was one with those Apostles who long ago had travelled that road with the fire of Christ in their hearts. For he, too, was one set apart, "a vessel of election to carry My name before the Gentiles," one called to win back to Christ those very lands where Peter and Paul had first planted the seeds of eternal life.

MARYLAND

Counties of Southern Maryland

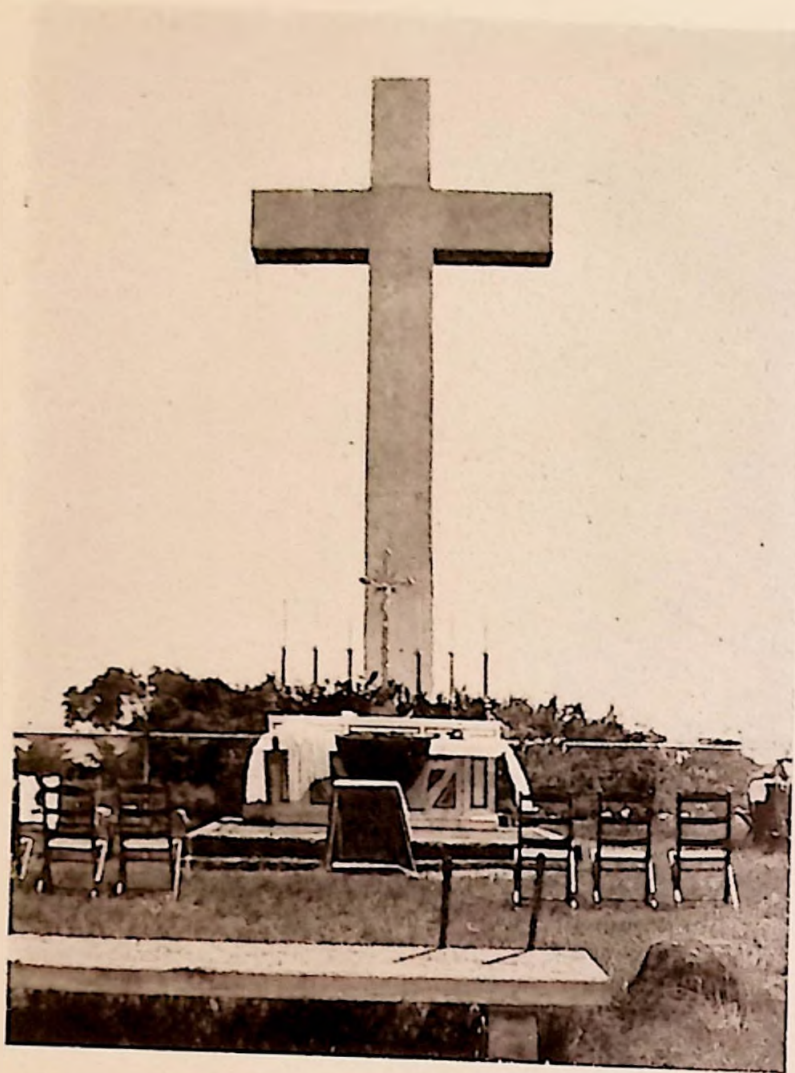


VIRGINIA

MARYLAND was once "the land of sanctuary." Once it was the only place in the whole English realm where Catholics had freedom. It was founded by English Catholics as a refuge for themselves and for all others who sought liberty of conscience, and the others came in ever increasing numbers, while fewer and fewer Catholics were allowed to leave England. Inevitably, therefore, the others attained the majority. Then in the darkest hour of American bigotry, the Protestants turned upon the Catholics, deprived them of their vote, barred them from public office, and socially ostracized them. The capital was moved from St. Mary's in the South to Annapolis in the North. Thus Maryland, the sixth of the original thirteen colonies and the only Catholic one among them, ceased to be a land of sanctuary, and became instead for the most part a Protestant Colony.

In two southern counties, St. Mary's and Charles, the spirit of the old Maryland remained. There the colony was first settled in 1624 on the flame-like tongue of land between the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay. There the first Mass was said in America by an English speaking priest, the Jesuit, Father Andrew White. There the first American Catholic school was built. There the most successful missionary work among the Indians of the colonies was carried on. There, too, even to this day, the best relations between whites and colored have existed anywhere in the United States.

In a way, these counties have been "Jesuit land" from the beginning. The first priest and the majority ever since have been Jesuits. The following pages are dedicated to their work in the two counties of Southern Maryland, Charles and St. Mary's, where Maryland began.



Cross erected on St. Clement's Island on the site of the first Mass said by Father Andrew White.

ST. MARY'S and Charles Counties in Southern Maryland are unique in America. They are a corner of Colonial America kept intact and unspoiled for 300 years through all the changes which have made out of Puritan and Cavalier colonies the mighty industrial giant and world power that this country is today. Perhaps nowhere else have the people remained so much the same in religion, occupation, manners and views. No government decree was necessary to protect them. The Counties were never made national shrines or parks in which all innovations were prohibited. The people themselves continuously preferred to retain their simple manner of life which has brought them so much happiness and peace.

Washington, D. C., probably the most powerful symbol of things to come, is only twenty-five miles north of Charles County and barely fifty miles north of St. Mary's, yet the fury and rush which makes the national Capital the center of industrial planning, political reorganization, military strategy, and international relations have never touched the Counties.

The white people are for the most part descendants of the original colonists. As there has been practically no immigration, a certain amount of intermarriage was inevitable. Their small farms were rich enough to support them but not large enough to attract outsiders. The

many bays, inlets, and rivers which surround them provided the people with sea food for their own use and some extra for sale, but fishing never became a full blown industry. Farming is for the most part in corn, hay, wheat and tobacco. Most of the farmers own their own farms which average 114 acres and only a very small proportion of acres fail to produce in normal years.

Of course there have been several notable changes since colonial days. The original planters were relatively wealthier than most of the landowners today. The once large estates are now divided up into many small farms (about 1400 in St. Mary's County alone). Another thing: the original colonists had slaves and bonded servants, all of which are long since gone. That the slavery was paternal and benevolent as far as slavery could be is powerfully proven by the genial relationship which still exists between the descendants of the former owners and the descendants of the former slaves who now live as neighbors.

Father J. Sheridan Knight, S.J., himself a Marylander and now pastor at La Plata, Charles County, has this to say on the point: "There is probably no other place in the whole of the United States where white and colored get on so well together. Both are conscious of background. The colored can tell you to which white folks their forebears were attached in ante bellum days and the whites are solicitous that in time of sickness and impending death of their colored friends the priest be notified in due time." From others we learn that the colored often borrow the white folks' cars for their funerals—a good indication of friendly relations.

But why should the Jesuits have this territory to administer? Quoting Father Knight again, "The Churches in southern Maryland are called 'Missions.' This term is a misnomer. It arises from the fact that the churches are, for the most part, served by Jesuit priests. Jesuits, in theory, are not permanently attached to parish work unless the parish is an adjunct of a college or other educational institution conducted by Jesuits . . . (or on foreign missions). . . . The missions, when sufficiently organized are turned over to the Ordinary of the diocese to be staffed by secular clergy. This plan seems not to have been carried out in southern Maryland because of the

Total white population.....	20,285
Catholics: St. Mary's.....	75%
Charles	50%
Parochial elementary schools.....	9
High Schools	3
Priests: Jesuits	19
Diocesan	5

isolation of the country and other circumstances. . . . For over three hundred years the successors of Andrew White have served the parishes of this 'Cradle of the Church in the United States.' The term 'missions' may suggest the idea of dire poverty. While not opulent, the parishes of Southern Maryland are in most cases self-supporting in the matter of providing opportunities for worship. It is the building and up-keep of schools to provide Catholic education that makes aid from other Catholic communities necessary. The maintenance of bus transportation to school centers has been and still is an item of tremendous expense."

This is quite understandable when you realize that the Catholic population of 7,000 whites and 1500 colored are scattered throughout St. Mary's County and the 5,000 whites and 3,000 colored in Charles County. The territory falls within the archdiocese of Baltimore-Washington of which Most Rev. Michael J. Curley, D.D. is Archbishop and zealous shepherd guarding the welfare of the people of the Counties.

While St. Mary's County is exclusively staffed by Jesuits, Charles County is also served by five secular priests and by the Xaverian Brothers at Leonard Hall at Leonardtown.

The Counties are not foreign missions; they are not missions at all in one sense, yet there is a genuine missionary character to the life which the Jesuits lead there. The Counties are not Arcadia, but they are unique for their spirit and their preservation of ancient and venerable early American Catholic traditions. They do not

ask us for much yet what they do need we can try our best to grant.

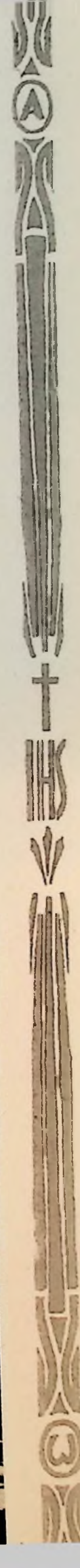
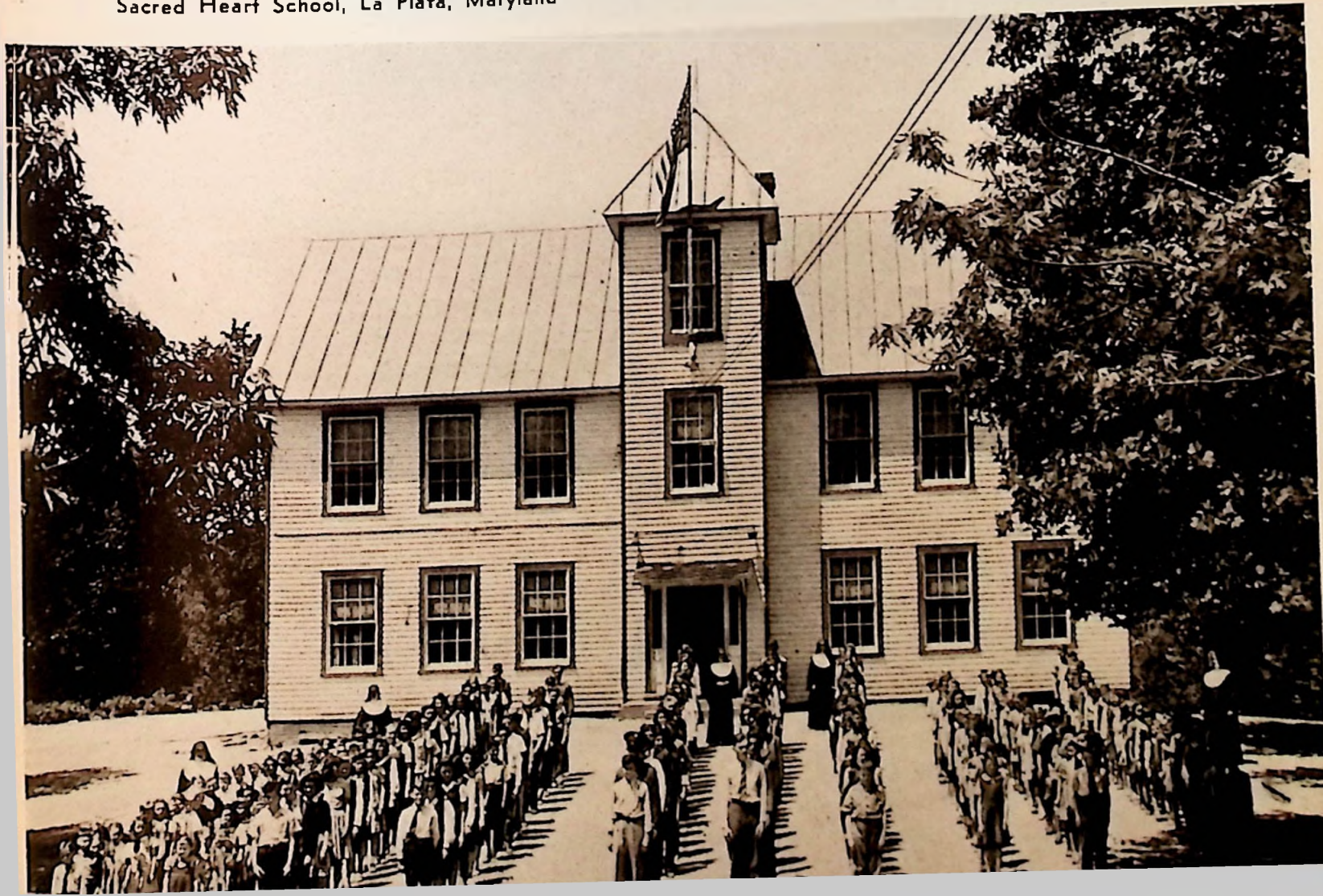
By Rev. Horace B. McKenna, S.J.

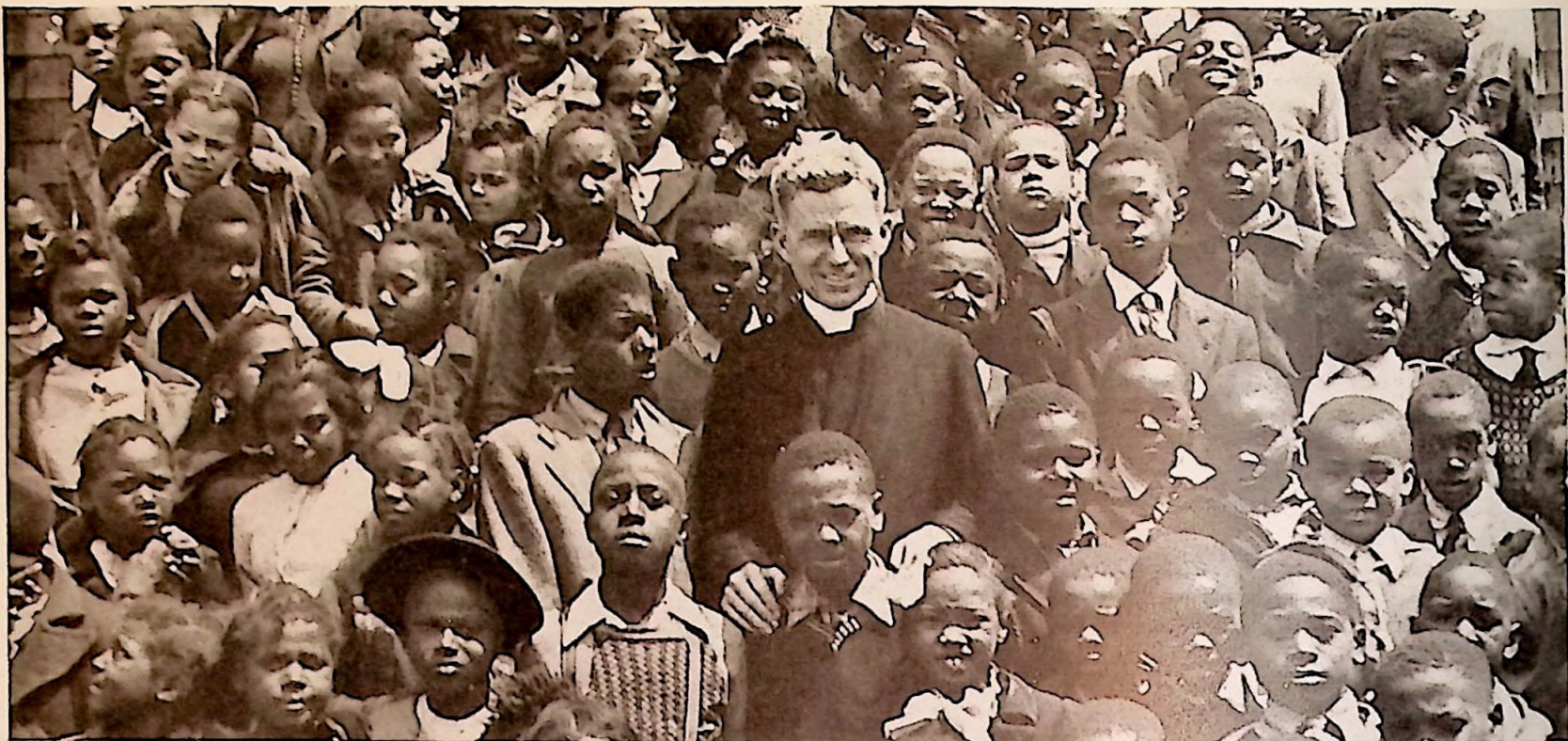
THE Negro people of St. Mary's and Charles Counties have a three century history of progress in religious training, family life and education. Yet, while the white population has increased by 2,000 since 1790, the colored population is smaller by almost 7,000, despite a high birth-rate 25% above the national average. Unsettled ownership of land has forced young people to leave, making the Counties a well-spring pouring forth streams of its well-trained youth into other centers like Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia.

The Josephite Fathers struggling two generations ago to found the Negro parishes of Baltimore, and finding so many trained, exemplary and mannerly Catholic Negroes from St. Mary's County constantly being added to their flock, used to wonder how the parishes "down home" could bear such a steady loss. Supplying this unending stream and yet maintaining two thirds of the Negro people "down home" reveals two important facts: the vitality of the Negro families, and the urgency of social action in the field of home ownership.

The main cause of the family vitality was the protection given to it through the centuries by religion. There was a "Matthias Sousa, Molato" (colored) among the passengers Father Andrew White brought over on the Ark and the Dove. Negroes are mentioned continuously as part of the Fathers' ordinary pastoral care, in fact they seem to have been especially cared for. In the

Sacred Heart School, La Plata, Maryland





The author, Father Horace McKenna, S.J., with St. Mary's children.

Catholic households they were taught the catechism both by the women of the house and by older Negroes on the farm. The father of "Aunt Pigeon Jones," buried at Ridge in 1937, aged 107, used to be called "God-Father" because of the great number of colored children for whom he stood as sponsor in Baptism and whom he instructed. In Church, both the white and colored children were taught the catechism by the same teacher. White and colored children had picnics and Christmas trees at the same time, the priest dividing his time between both groups. The priest would come on a fixed day each month, stay over night, and offer Mass at the "big house." The head of the house would go out and call all the help to Mass, and both white and colored would come in to the main hall. On Sundays, when there was no Mass, "loud prayers" would be said by all the women and children of the family and farm together. The colored men did like the white men; some stayed out and some came in. So although they had been torn from family groups in their native Africa, the Catholic Negroes of Maryland were not left to grope for a moral code in the harsh conditions of service like some "down the river." They were trained in the Faith by priest and land-owner alike. There never was any hesitation about baptizing and instructing Negro people as there was elsewhere. And in regard to marriage, the priest always insisted that when two from different manors were to wed, one owner give up his servant so that man and wife could live together, and often the priest would bring them materials needed for their new home life.

Two generations ago Catholic Beneficial Societies were founded among the colored people to enable them to help the sick and bury the dead

and remember them in Masses. There are about five of these in St. Mary's today and several have savings of two and three thousand dollars. When local Sodalities of the Blessed Virgin were established about forty years ago, they were better received by the group-minded Negroes than by the independent Whites, for they gave a great opportunity to the Negroes for their own special devotions, their singing and social activities as an expression of their religious and cultural life.

Today Negro Catholic family life shows itself in those three great proofs,—frequent reception of the Sacraments, support of church and schools, and religious vocations. In these signs of Catholic life, they also receive splendid example and encouragement from their white brethren in Christ. Among those in religion from the Counties are Father John Bowman, S.V.D. (of Charles County parentage), 5% of the total membership of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, a Negro Sisterhood, from St. Mary's County alone, and Brother Joseph, former student of the Cardinal Gibbons Institute.

It is no wonder that as a result of such a religious family life and pastoral care, the Negroes of St. Mary's County are about seventy-five percent Catholic. The Catholic Negroes of Charles County are about fifty percent of the total Negro group. Thanks to the zeal of the Josephite Fathers, the Archdiocesan clergy of Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia, when the Negro people do leave the Counties, their Faith is not weakened and they are assimilated into the organic life of the city parish and schools.

But while their faith may not be weakened, their health and economic condition seldom improve. The wealth of the South has notably been created

Colored population:	
St. Mary's	4,725
Charles	7,228
Catholics (Same as Whites)	
Priests (Same as Whites)	
Schools:	
Elementary	3
High Schools	1
Churches	35
(All but one are for both whites and colored)	

with the aid of the labor, skill and real learning of the Negro. His labor, once obtained for his keep, used to be a real subsidy and bounty for the land-owner. Now the wealth of land and tide-water, and lately of defense work, has been coming directly into the Negro's hands, and he is trying to put it into his home. Many of the older Negroes performed heroic deeds of labor in tobacco and corn fields, in lumber mills, and in handling storm-whipped oyster schooners or ice-bound trap nets, but the benefits went to others. The younger Negro really needs help to make his labor beneficial to himself. Negro homes are often priced at three or four hundred dollars, too little to make it worthwhile for a lawyer to search and clear a title to it. So the Negro, against the advice of Pope Leo XIII, never owns and never fixes his home.

Tractor farming is really what they need today, but they can only supply themselves with machinery at present by cooperative methods of buying. Beginnings have been made in that direction. Tobacco is the best-paying crop in the United States per acre and per labor hour. The Counties are in the tobacco belt. Chesapeake Bay is the most fertile body of water in the world for sea-food. Opportunities, therefore, abound for stable economy here, but only when the Negro has learned to turn the riches of earth and sea more securely into his home will he improve his forebears' unprofitable tradition of heroic labor.

In education, the Negro of St. Mary's and Charles Counties is improving. The Catholic school system embraces about 1/5 of St. Mary's County school children and about 1/8 of the children in Charles County. In all there are 14 Catholic schools in the two counties, five of them exclusively for Negroes, taught by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, and the Oblate Sisters of Providence.

One notable institution is the Cardinal Gibbons Institute at Ridge, a vocational and

academic High School which is also an extension center for the University of Maryland and the County Health Department. The Institute was started by an original gift of the late Cardinal Gibbons to Fr. La Farge, S.J. With later aid from Archbishop Curley and a group of lay trustees, it opened in 1924. Following the Booker T. Washington program learned at Tuskegee by the Director, Mr. Victor H. Daniel, it operated with notable fruit for ten years until it was smothered by the depression, which suspended everything except the extension work. Reopened for youth classes in 1938 by Archbishop Curley, it has reached out worthily into the adult community through the direction of Mr. Nathan A. Pitts, of Xavier University, New Orleans. The present principal is Fr. Walter G. De Lawder, S.J. who has been borrowed for the duration from the Philippine Mission.

So the Negro in his family life and religion, his economics and education has come a long way since "Matthias Sousa, Molato" landed from the Arc and the Dove under the care of Father White, S.J. The Negro contribution to Catholic rural and urban life is worthy and substantial; he is as strong as ever, and is now advancing in schools which he helps to maintain. His eventual contribution to American Catholic life will, he hopes, become outstanding by spreading the oldest Colonial light of Catholicity from its Maryland cradle throughout the land.

These five little girls are all dressed up for Church at Ridge, Maryland.





1500
to
One

Yangchow

Yangchow, China, has 4,500,000 people within its borders. In the same area there are only 3,000 Catholics. In 1941 this mission territory was entrusted to the American Jesuits of the California Province, who have been interned almost ever since, before they could begin the work.

Above, the small white space in the large black area represents the comparative number of Catholics to pagans in Yangchow. After the war is over, our American Jesuits will be eager to enter this new territory. While they are waiting in their imprisonment, we are saving all we can to give them the best start possible. Any assistance, large or small, will be most gratefully received, and on liberation day, will be forwarded to the missionaries.

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COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor:

I have just read the September issue. Like the May issue on the Sisters this issue was very instructive and interesting. I am an alumnus of a Jesuit College. My business takes me to many cities and states. I experience great joy and feeling of real comradeship when I chance to meet a fellow Jesuit alumnus on the train or in a hotel. My prospects of visiting the Far East are not very imminent. However there is a great joy in knowing that if I did have the opportunity I would find many men who would share my ideals and sentiments towards the marvelous contribution of the Society of Jesus to Catholic education.

Perhaps this is criticism not well founded but it seemed to me that most of your emphasis was on collegiate work. I realize that without the education of the lower classes colleges would be impossible. I think more space could have been given to the elementary schools.

Wishing you continued success in your work of building Catholic education throughout the world, I remain your devoted alumnus.

Washington, D. C. C. E. B.

To the Editor:

During the past year copies of JESUIT MISSIONS arrived quite regularly. However, I did miss two issues. These probably went to the bottom of the sea. I

regret that these did not come as JESUIT MISSIONS is always a very welcome magazine in our community. I should not like to discontinue my subscription.

After reading each issue I always have the thought how much the missionaries have yet to accomplish and also with what little help. Certainly man power is needed. I suppose you realize also the great need of financial help. I do hope that St. Joseph obtains both of these very important blessings for your missions.

At present our Chaplain is a refugee from the Solomons. No doubt you have read of the great damage done to the missions of the Solomons. According to Father it is a question of beginning all over again.

Both he and his companions are of stout heart and most anxious to return to rebuild their missions after thirty-six years of very difficult labor.

New Zealand SISTER M. GERARD

To the Editor:

Just a note to advise you that the JESUIT MISSIONS magazines are reaching us regularly. Every time we reach Port it is good to find them there waiting for us. They make interesting reading for the lads and I find them anxiously looking forward to receiving them. There is no doubt in my mind of the Spiritual good coming from such an excellent work.

Many thanks for your kindness and thoughtfulness in sending same to us. c/o Fleet Post Office Chap. J. J. C. New York

To the Editor:

Mind if I make a suggestion? How about a personality sketch every once in a while,—like that one on Father Anderson? Only more about the man. You have over 600 to pick from, and there must be many interesting personalities among them.

Worcester, Mass. J. B. C.

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Thomas à Kempis

DID NOT WRITE THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST

That world famous book was written by another man named Gerard Groote.

□ □ □

Groote (born 1340) was not a priest, though he founded the Brethren of the Common Life.

He preached, as a deacon, in the diocese of Utrecht. There he fell afoul of some of the clergy, because he denounced their faults. He was forbidden the pulpit.

He retired to a monastery and finished the spiritual diary which he had begun to write as a layman.

□ □ □

About 30 years after his death, his book was given to Thomas à Kempis for editing. A Kempis was an ordained priest and the novice master of the Brethren.

Because Groote was still hated in Utrecht, he was not named as author of the book when it was published. It seems that à Kempis somewhat botched his job of editing. He switched the order of chapters, inserted ideas of his own, changed some parts, censored others, omitted paragraphs.

□ □ □

Here is offered the original version, differing in arrangement and content from the à Kempis book.

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by GERARD GROOTE

translated from the Dutch
by JOSEPH MALAISE, S.J.

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MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS

Brother Alphonsus

■ All of us can admire a saint like Alphonsus Rodriquez. For his was a strong soul that could sustain a series of mounting tragedies, all undeserved, and win through to a peace that further tragedy could not disturb. There was much tragedy in Alphonsus' life. God did not coddle him. He was a successful merchant with a wife and three children. His wife died, his business failed, one by one his children followed their mother home to Heaven.

To many these blows would have been the end but not to Alphonsus. He picked up the shattered pieces of his life and began to build anew at the age of forty. In his early youth he had known the Jesuits in his father's home. Now he applied to become a member of the Society of Jesus.

Brother Alphonsus served for almost forty years as porter in the Jesuit Philosophate at Majorca. One outstanding quality compels our interest at present and, in a sense, crystallizes the spiritual bond between Fathers and Brothers in the Society of Jesus. That was the influence Alphonsus exerted on the young Jesuits who came in contact with him.

Saint Peter Claver

■ Among other students, who came to know and confer with Alphonsus,

was Peter Claver. Every day, for fifteen minutes or more, this young scholastic and elderly brother conversed together. Alphonsus directed Peter wisely and well. From the brother the young scholastic received the urge to volunteer for the South American mission field.

Long before the present war and the necessity of a Good Neighbor policy developed, the Jesuits had written a glorious page of missionary history south of the border. Some five thousand Spanish Jesuits alone had come to these shores during the golden age of missionary enterprise in South America. Of these Peter Claver and his work among the Negro slaves was outstanding.

Here was a life physically and naturally repulsive, abhorred by all. Peter accepted it eagerly, tirelessly. Behind the scenes we catch the sight of his brother Alphonsus running rosaries endlessly through his calloused fingers, thus winning strength and courage for Peter to face each new day of this living death. Peering down into the darkness of the fetid hold of those slave ships even the stout hearted shrunk back in terror and fled at the sight. Though Peter may have felt a cold shudder each time, it did not prevent him from succoring the poor wretches below deck.

Wearied, exhausted, overcome with nausea or trailing his way alone over the mountains Peter

must have called upon his brother Jesuit to supply him with new strength, fresh courage and perseverance in this heroic apostolate. At the end of his life, alone and forgotten, Peter found comfort and consolation in a small biography of this brother who had inspired him with his missionary vocation. From these pages Peter gathered strength for his own final struggles. On his deathbed he held before his eyes a small picture of the brother porter whose advice he had followed years before.

Their Spirit Lives On

■ The spirit of Alphonsus still lives. Recently we visited a Jesuit House of Philosophy here in the States. An elderly brother, the counterpart of Alphonsus in physical appearance was sweeping the long corridors. "Brother," we asked, "Do you say a prayer for us sometimes?" "Oh, yes," he replied, "I pray always for the missions. It is the work of God. And do you know mission interest is strong in our young men. I pray that it may increase here in America." Up and down the corridors this Jesuit Alphonsus of today pushes his broom. If you watch closely you will see his lips moving in endless prayer. You will understand why young Jesuits are still eager to follow in the footsteps of Peter Claver.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

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