

Jan-Feb 1945

# RESUIT MISSIONS



*World Missions in the Air-Age*

## CHINA (Nanking and Shanghai)

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

## CANADIAN INDIANS

Rev. Paul B. Brennan, S.J.  
2 Dale Avenue  
Toronto, Canada

## INDIA

Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.  
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.  
1110 South May Street  
Chicago 7, Illinois

## BRITISH HONDURAS AMERICAN INDIANS

Rev. Vincent Erbacher, S.J.  
4511 West Pine Boulevard  
St. Louis 8, Missouri

## CEYLON

### SOUTHERN HOME MISSIONS

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

## CHINA (Suchow)

Rev. Louis J. Lavoie, S.J.  
Case Postale 611  
Quebec, Canada

## PHILIPPINES

Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J.  
51 East 83rd Street  
New York 28, New York

## PHILIPPINES

### SOUTHERN HOME MISSIONS

Rev. John C. Baker, S.J.  
Calvert and Madison Sts.  
Baltimore 2, Maryland

## BAGHDAD

## JAMAICA

Rev. Thomas F. McDermott, S.J.  
300 Newbury Street  
Boston 15, Massachusetts

## ALASKA

### AMERICAN INDIANS

Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.  
Mt. St. Michael's  
Spokane 14, Wash.

# SUPPLIES AND MORALE



**F**OR every U. S. soldier sent to war today an average of 8 tons of supplies and equipment must also be shipped across the waters. These include costly weapons, precision instruments, food, clothing, and ammunition.

By contrast, the missionary is sent almost empty-handed, even though the missions cover a much wider territory than the present war zones and include literally hundreds of millions more people than our fighting men face as enemies. The army supplies are ordered for the soldier. The missionary must supply the needs of the people he serves. The soldier with his conquering might blasts a path of destruction across the land he invades. The missionary walks a path of peace. The soldier marks his progress by the number of towns captured, bridges demolished, buildings blasted, and enemies killed or wounded. The missionary marks his progress by the number of places where he is welcome, the monuments of religious learning, and charity he has built, and the men whose wounds he has healed and the souls he has brought to life. Admittedly the soldier has a necessary job to perform; yet the work of the missionary is much more necessary and of far greater importance.

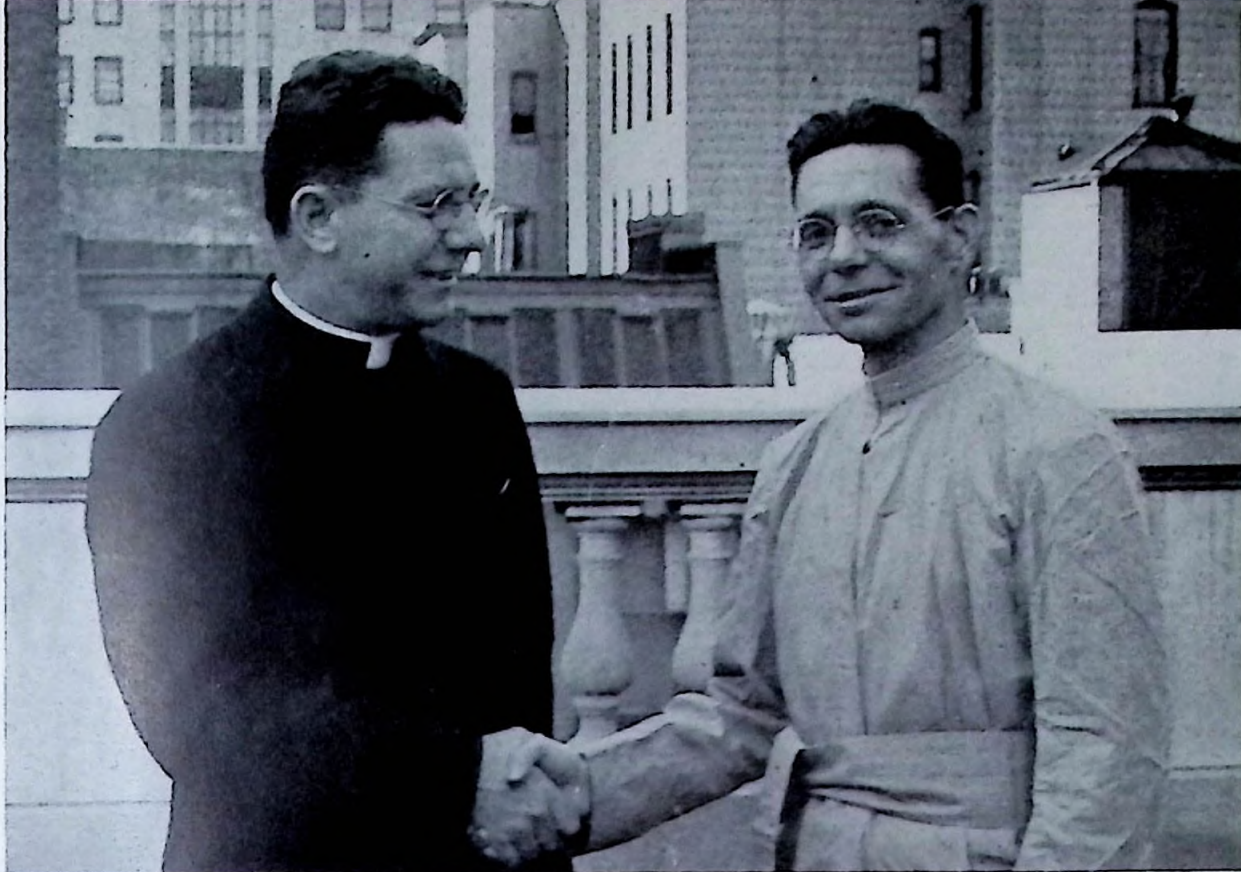
Isn't there something wrong with the ways of men, however, when they send 8 tons of supplies for the man bent on destruction and then let the missionary depart with his handful of luggage? Once gone to war, the soldier doesn't have to take time out to beg for bullets; they keep sending him all the supplies he needs. Yet how many hours of the missionary's life must be spent, not in the limited work among his flock, but in begging for a little help to carry out his most vital work?

Or take the point of morale. How few people ever write to a missionary or send him a box for Christmas? As for prayer, the most important support of all, we have no way of knowing how many prayers are said for the missions, but do you suppose the missionary receives one half the prayers he needs?

To supply the needs of the various American Jesuit missions, see to it that the help, which our friends with marvelous generosity send, reaches the missionaries where and when it is needed, safely and quickly, is the task of the mission procurators in each section of the country. They are listed in the column at the left. Send your contributions to the procurator of the mission which you wish to help or send them to us directly to forward for you:

## JESUIT MISSIONS

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



## Home Again

Father Edward Madaras, S.J., is home again! Thirteen years ago he set out for Baghdad with Father Rice, S.J. (now Bishop of British Honduras), and a few grips, a small sum of money, a Papal command to found a college, and an irrepressible sense of humor. The story is told in his incomparable book, "Al Baghdadi", the first line of which shows how things have changed in the meantime. On the way over to Baghdad, the boat from New York took ten days to reach the Azores. On the way home, the plane brought Father Madaras to New York from the Azores in a little over twelve hours. A lot of other things have changed in the past thirteen years, too, as you will presently see.

You remember 1932, the worst year of our depression! Imagine trying to start a college anywhere that year! Well, Father Madaras had the financing of such a task—thousands of miles from America, on the edge of a desert, where Jesuits were unknown, where the people and the government were suspicious, if not hostile, where he did not know a

word of the language of the country and did not own one shovelful of earth or one stick of wood. By renting, and begging, and borrowing, and talking through interpreters, and writing home his unforgettable letters which became "Al Baghdadi", a start was made. They leased a building, rented a house, attracted some boys to attend, made a few friends, and thus had a school. Nearly everything happened to that school in the first few years, except destruction and foreclosure. Suddenly it took hold.

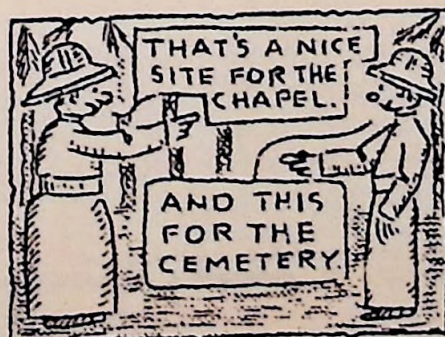
The first year there were 103 boys in the school. Today there are 342, but the number 342 tells only half the story of the College in 1944. There isn't an inch of space for another boy in the school. Many had to be turned away last year, and over one hundred will have to be refused admission next year unless something happens soon! Among the students there are Chaldeans, Moslems, Syrian Catholics, Armenian Orthodox, Latin Catholics, Armenian Catholics, Jews, Jacobites, Nestorians, Protestants, Greek Catholics, Russian Orthodox, Greek

Orthodox and Maronites (in the order of their numbers in the school). To keep such a school, with both boarders and day students, smooth-running and successful is a minor miracle, but they've done it at Baghdad, year in and year out. At first many parents refused violently to allow their children to attend. Now they are begging by the hundreds to be allowed to send their sons (from every rank in society and government) to Baghdad College.

Father Madaras has been sent home temporarily on a most serious mission. They need a new building right away at Baghdad—desperately and without any possibility of utilizing another foot of space in the present buildings.

This is an urgent appeal for an American institution which has won its laurels the hard way and richly deserves our full support. Do what you can to help right away. Send your donation to

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



## CONTRIBUTORS

■ Robert C. Stegman, S.J., has now been a year and a half in India. It is easy to see from his account of St. Xavier's why he likes it. You may not recall how hard he found it to get to India in the first place, but he was delayed two full years before the sea lanes were opened to the East. During the interval he taught at St. Xavier's, Cincinnati, and Univ. of Detroit High, and spent his summers in research in physics. Incidentally he is the oldest of 12 children, eight boys and four girls; was born in Cold Springs, Kentucky, moved to Ft. Thomas, Kentucky, graduated from St. X's, Cincinnati, worked for a while, and then became a Jesuit. Fortunately for us, photography is his chief hobby.



Robert C. Stegman, S.J.

■ Father Calvert Alexander, S.J., besides being editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, is executive director of the American Jesuit Missionary Association, which includes all the Jesuits specially assigned to work for the missions in this country. The war forced drastic changes in nearly all their methods and means of supplying the 669 American missionaries with men, money, and equipment. The reconversion to the post-war world may very well bring about even more drastic changes. Father Alexander's article draws attention to the most startling possibility of all.

■ Father Joseph R. Stack, S.J., is the director of the famous retreat house for men—El Retiro—at Los Altos, California. Fathers MacFarlane and Deevy are associate editors of JESUIT MISSIONS. Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., is the missionary at Akulurak, Alaska. Frederick F. McCaffrey, S.J., is in studies at Spring Hill College, Alabama; Thomas G. V. O'Connell, S.J., at Woodstock, Maryland, and George B. Wong, S.J., at St. Michael's, Washington.

**COVER**—The plane on the cover is a B-29, converted to peace time flying. There are no peaceful B-29's in the air today, so we had our staff artist, Father Vachon, S.J., prophesy in pen and ink what the peace-time plane will look like.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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## " . . . . become Missionaries"

**I**n the splendor of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, on the vigil of the feast of St. Francis Xavier, amid the full glory of the Church's ancient liturgy, two thousand members of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade assisted at the annual Pontifical Mass in honor of St. Francis Xavier.

One could hardly have asked for a more fitting setting in which to speak to young Catholics. The group there gathered represented the cream of the eager, generous Catholic youth of today, trained for years by the Crusade program to pray, to study, and to sacrifice for the missions of the Church. The day was the vigil of the feast of their patron whom they had to come to honor. The solemn Pontifical Mass had just begun. A hush of awe spread through the vast Cathedral as the Archbishop rose to speak.

They knew who he was. Two thousand pairs of eyes were riveted upon him, for they knew that here before them was a man whose zeal for God and the service of the Church had taken him, like Xavier, to many lands. Perhaps they also realized that, waiting to speak to them, was one who had spoken to more people individually and in groups, visited more lands, and been more widely known than had their hero, St. Francis Xavier, in his day. Certainly they were all eagerness to hear what he was about to say to them.

"Two years ago"—he was speaking now—"I followed in the footsteps of Francis Xavier along the coast of East Africa and stopped at places that he visited on his way to his mission in India. In the course of that journey I met

many Americans who had left their homes and country to follow Christ and to bring Christ's message to those who knew Him not.

"To do honor to our American missionaries and also to honor St. Francis Xavier, I asked the privilege of donating a beautiful statue of the saint to the new Cathedral of Mozambique. The Archbishop gladly accepted the gift in memory of American missionaries who had given their lives, and who would give their lives, following in the footsteps of the great Apostle of the Indies. It is the only visible memorial that these men and women, gallant soldiers of Christ, will ever have. For them, no gold stars glisten in windows. But there are shrines burning in hearts and homes, in their own homes that they left, and in the homes of those to whom they brought the starlight of faith in the world's remotest regions.

"And I hope with all the grace and power at your command you will dedicate yourselves to follow in the footsteps of Christ, to become, with all your hearts and souls, missionaries of peace and missionaries of God's Holy Word."

Young hearts went thumping, and far-away stares came into young eyes when it was over. Deep inside his words kept echoing—the words of this man who had seen so much of this world and so many of its people—"dedicate yourselves to follow in the footsteps of Christ . . . become missionaries . . . of peace . . . of God's Holy Word."

It would not be surprising if, out of those two thousand boys and girls from Manhattan, Brooklyn, and the Bronx, one day some of them would find themselves before the statue of St. Francis Xavier in the Cathedral of Mozambique, looking up at their own monument, the memorial their Archbishop raised to them in whose hearts he had kindled the spark of their missionary vocation.



— U. S. Nav

**U**P to the present, most of our planning to meet the needs of the post-war missions has been in terms of how many missionaries we will be able to send abroad when the war ceases and the world's shipping lanes are once more completely open. We have, it has seemed, been generous in these plans for the future in which we envisioned large numbers of our missionaries taking a ship from our Pacific and Atlantic ports. It would be a world of steamship sailing and of missionary opportunities much like that which existed before the war.

It is quite possible, however, that this planning has not been sufficiently large or generous enough because it has ignored great and significant changes that have taken place in world transportation. These changes which airplane travel has already introduced into global inter-communication for war purposes are truly revolutionary in the effects they are having and will con-

*Calvert Alexander, S.J.*

tinue to have on geography, world commerce and politics. Just as revolutionary will be the effects on the world apostolate and the larger opportunity it will afford us to preach the gospel in the whole world. Indeed they may in a short time render all our previous planning for the post-war missions quite petty and inadequate.

What has happened is this: under the stress of war needs in supplying and communicating with our armies in various parts of the world, the development of long range air transport has been so accelerated and perfected that it can now be regarded as a common mode of world travel—as common as the steamship was before the war. The effect that this much speedier method of travel is having on our time-space ideas

regard to the world is truly startling. Our experience of what the airplane did to eliminate distances in the United States does not prepare us to grasp the effect it is having on world distances, for the basis of comparison here was the fast moving modern train. Travel, however, between United States and Europe, Asia and Africa has in the past been measured in terms of the much slower pace of steamships. Moreover, it has been measured through sea lanes which frequently because of continental impediments, follow long and circuitous routes. The airplane is not only a much speedier method of travel than the steamship but since it is not impeded by land or sea barriers it is able to take the shortest air line distance between two points, thus adding shorter routes to its greater speed.

Some of the changes that this new method of travel is having on our idea of the size of the world are summed up under the popular slogan, "*No Spot In The World Is More Than Sixty Hours Flying Time From Our Local Airport.*" Now while this is not literally true as yet of every spot on the earth, it is an under-estimate in regard to some of the more important places in Europe, Asia and Africa. The present flying time, for instance, between New York and Bombay, India, is thirty-nine hours; by steamship it takes three weeks. Singapore can be reached from New York by plane in fifty hours, while Army transports fly from San

**A NEW GEOGRAPHY IS BEING CREATED  
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San Francisco to Brisbane, Australia in forty hours. What this greater speed has done to the size of the earth can be seen from the fact that the thirty-nine hours it takes to fly from New York to Bombay, India, or to Capetown, Africa, is less time than it takes to travel by train from New York to Denver, Colorado. It is estimated that the size of our globe in air-age travel has shrunk to the size of train-age United States.

THESE changes in global time and space are already beginning to condition men's thinking about the world. It is no longer too huge for them to grasp; they are thinking in terms of the globe where before they thought nationally or continentally. Because traditional

sea and arctic region barriers that have separated various parts of the earth are relatively unimportant to the airplane, there is indicated, as air development goes on, a pronounced breakdown of isolation between countries and the multiplication of our contacts with other peoples and cultures. World trade routes are being rearranged to fit the new geography. As a matter of fact, most of the important commercial, social and political implications of this more accessible world which the airplane seems destined to reduce to a relatively small community, have been explored and codified. It would be impossible to mention them all here. They will, however, form the basis of profound changes which will begin to operate in the post-war era.

SINCE air travel has already affected men's thinking and planning about world commerce and politics, it should have the same profound effect on our thinking about the missions, even though many of the changes it presages will not immediately be realized but must await the full development of this mode of travel. Failure to adjust our thinking to the new conditions would be as foolish as it would be for a man in the 16th century to see nothing significant for the world apostolate in the discovery of America by Columbus and the circumnavigation of the globe by Magellan.

Global air travel, it is true, has not discovered any new continents, but it has in effect done something just as important by reducing the size of the globe and bringing millions of people formerly far away from us almost to our doorstep. India's 348,000,000 souls, the 450,000,000 in China and the millions in Burma, the Middle East and Africa will soon be as close to us as California was to a New Yorker before the war. Not only will the continents and the countries which contain these millions be closer but some of the formerly quite inaccessible parts of Asia and Africa will become, because of their position on air line routes, very accessible, and the remote regions of others will be opened.

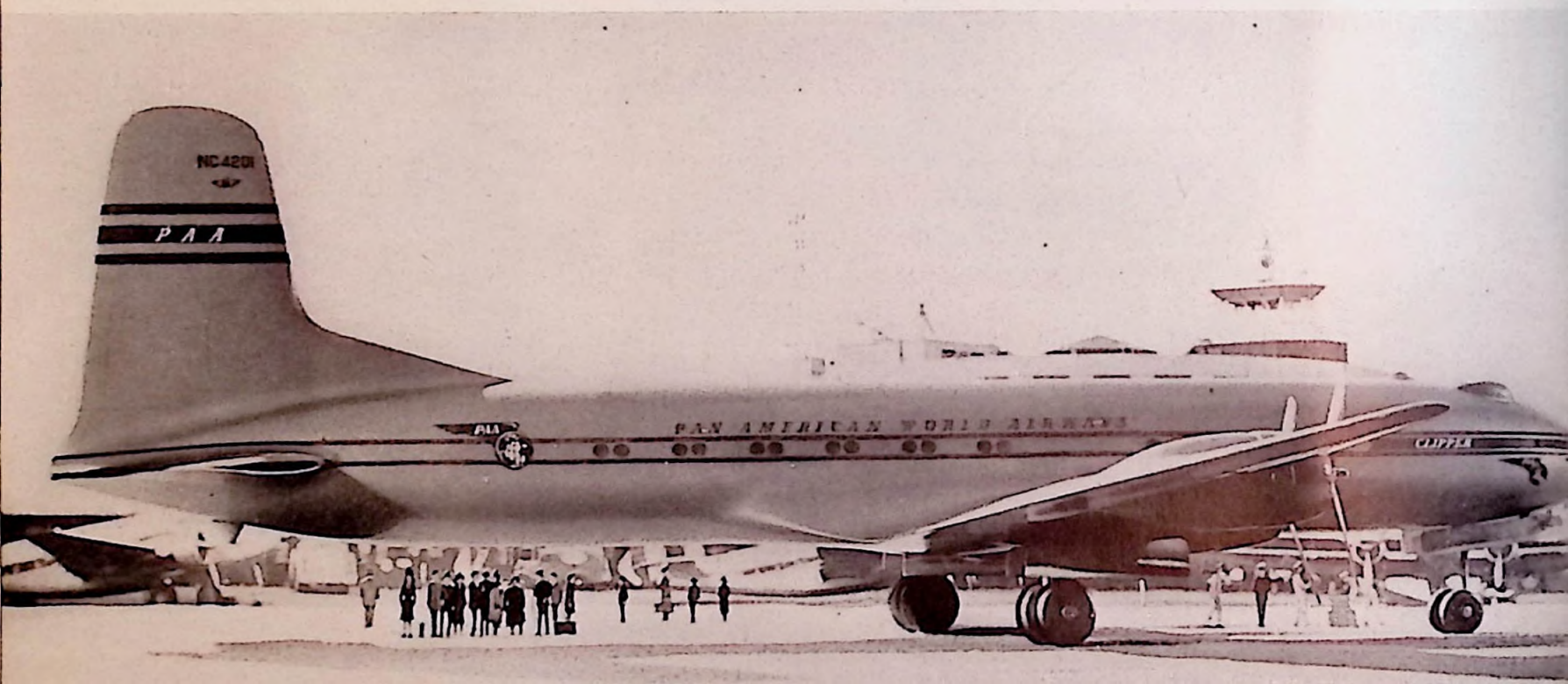
This greater proximity of the millions in the pagan world will, we believe, usher in a new age for the missions, an age in which it will be possible for the first time in the world's history to carry out Christ's injunction to preach the gospel to every creature. The history of the Church's missionary work since the time of the Apostles, has advanced and expanded as world's intercommunication has improved. It was the great system of the Roman roads that was the important natural factor in the rapid spread of the Church throughout Europe in the early centuries. It was the advances in long range sea navigation, induced by the discovery of America by Columbus and the circumnavigation of the globe by Magellan, that opened up the great mission expansion of the 16th and 17th centuries. It was, finally, the common use of the steamship and the increase in world commerce that went with it that stimulated the mission advances in

the 19th century up to the present day. This latter was probably the greatest mission expansion in the Church's history and consequently there is some justification for our disposition to think still in terms of it and to desire to continue it.

But it would be shortsighted to do so. We are today in a new age of travel and consequently, if history is not to be reversed, a new age for the missions. The steamship age is departing and we are entering the air-age in which to paraphrase its commercial slogan, "No Foreign Mission In The World Is More Than Sixty Hours Flying Time From Your Local Airport." If the signs are not totally deceitful, this new era will surpass in the opportunities it offers for world evangelization every previous period in the Church's history.

has wrecked and otherwise to continue the progress of the Church's pre-war missionary work, we have all the task of planning to take advantage of the great opportunities which the new age of air travel will unfold.

America's youth will respond to this call for more missionaries in the air-age if we propose its great apostolic possibilities to them. The same is true of those who support and pray for our missionary work. Our first task, then, is one of planning, of exploring and mapping out the opportunities that the future holds for us. The second important task is one of education. These plans must be presented graphically to the people; they must be taught to think more in terms of the world apostolate, of the many millions



One of Pan American's new DC-7 (Douglas) Clippers. It is designed to carry 108 passengers and a crew of 13 at speeds of more than 300 miles an hour at an altitude of 20,000 feet. In one of them, Rio de Janeiro would be 19 hours away from New York and Honolulu 8 hours from San Francisco. Fares would probably be as low as 3 1/2c. a mile. The new Clippers will be twice as large as the old ones now in use. —Pan American Airways Photo

**W**ILL these opportunities be realized? The answer to the question depends largely on us and our ability to adjust our thinking and planning to the more expanded needs of the mission in the air-age. In the first place we will have to revise upward all our estimates of the number of missionary vocations we must produce in America. Former estimates have been generous and excellent work has been done to encourage them. But we have now to remind ourselves that besides helping to take over and staff the missions that the war

people on the earth who are still ignorant of Christ's liberating doctrine just as they are being taught by newspapers, magazines and radio to expand their thinking to global proportions about commerce and politics.

The Catholics of the great European commercial powers, especially Spain and Portugal, responded generously to the greater missionary implications that were contained in the new world geography that sprung into existence in the 16th century through the discovery of new lands and new sailing routes. It was their vision and apostolic spirit that brought the faith to us of the Americas and opened up the great mission territories of the Orient. The new geography presented a challenge to their apostolic spirit and they met it nobly. We Americans are more responsible for the development of the airplane and consequently of the new geography it has produced than any other people. So is our obligation greater to realize some of the missionary possibilities it has opened.

# RED STAR OVER CHINA

George B. Wong, S.J.

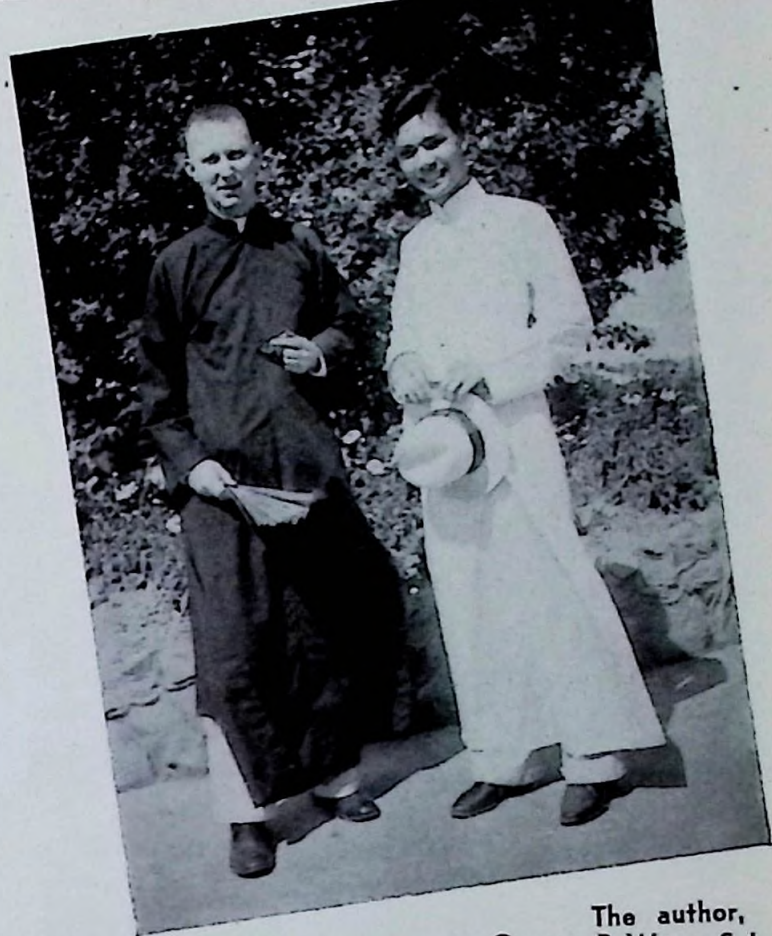
**W**HAT has happened to China? After seven years of valiantly resisting her aggressor neighbor, is she now succumbing to enemies within? The newspapers, for the past several months, have been carrying reports of dissension between the Communist Party in China and the Chungking Government. And some people are voicing a singular fondness for the Party. "*Comrade Chang Hao and his men,*" they state, "*are the real heroes in the fight against the invader.*" Is that statement true? Or have the Red sympathizers been spreading rumors in an effort to conceal and to justify their own designs on China?

If we trace back the history of Communism in China we shall get some idea of what this trouble is all about. The Chinese Communist Party was founded in 1921, under the auspices of the Soviet Government. It purported to be an organization to help establish national unification and independence for China. It was, by a "*gentlemen's agreement,*" not to seek to bring about a proletarian revolution but to help reorganize the Kuomintang and its army.

Despite their pledges, however, the Communists very soon began interfering with the national plans. Their secret activities and ceaseless intrigues made it apparent that they intended to brand the country and the people with the red marks of the hammer and sickle. When ordered to reform, they counter-demanded a new setup of the Nationalist Party and the inauguration of measures that would make Communists supreme.

China's leaders were forced to reject Communist cooperation altogether when it was proven by their actions that they could not be trusted to keep their word. In 1927 Chiang Kai-shek declared that Dr. Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic, had admitted Communists into the party as friendly collaborators, but "*if they wish to dominate, and the Russians desire to ill-treat us, that means the end of their activity.*" Since that time, General Chiang's name has become poison to the Soviet authorities at Moscow.

When the Red political ambitions were thus thwarted, they began to show themselves socially in their true colors. In December 1927, during an attempted *coup d'etat* in Canton, they slaughtered 15,000 people and plundered the city for two or three days, destroying fifty million dollars worth of property. A Red Army was then organized which secured almost

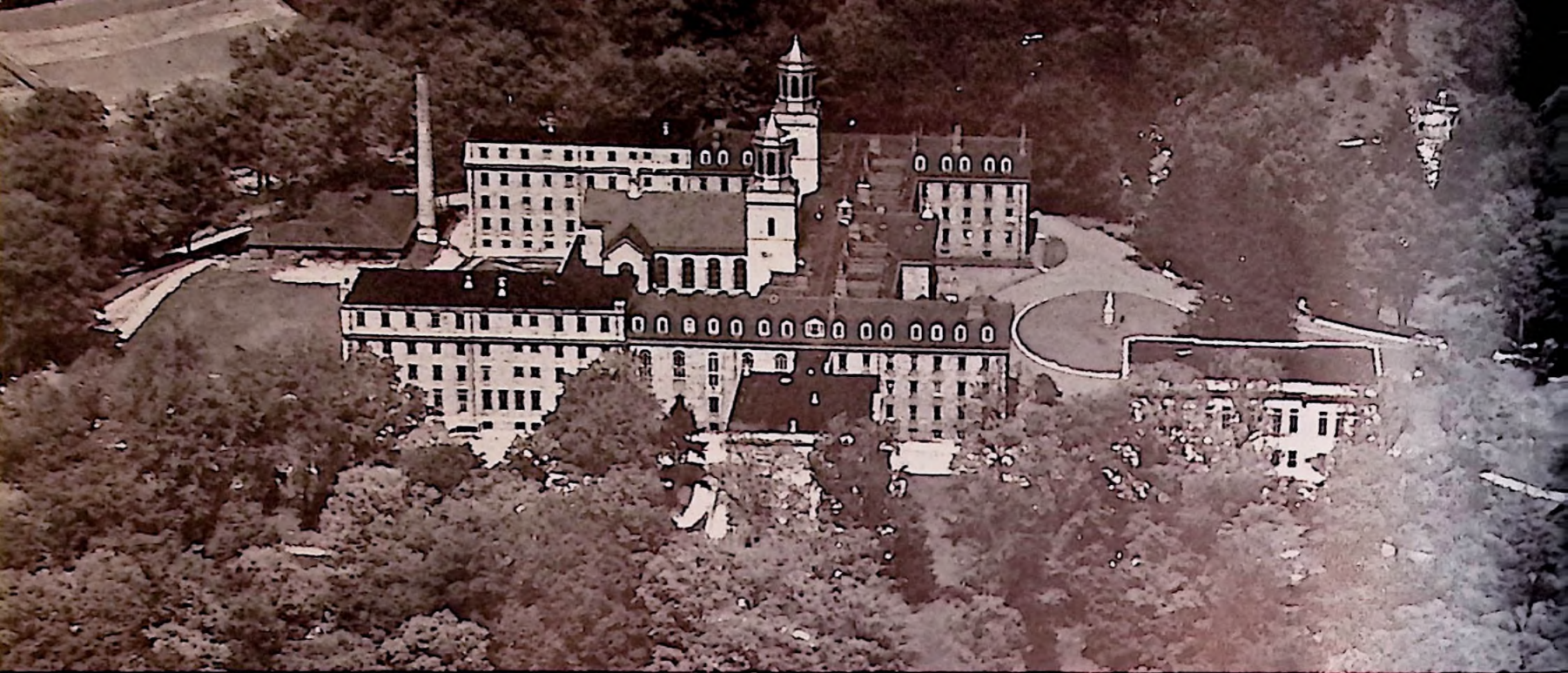


The author,  
George B. Wong, S.J.,  
and Father Rouleau, S.J.,  
now interned in China.

complete control of the large Province of Kiangsi. The Communist program called for a "struggle between capital and labor." In a few years, the population of Kiangsi was cut down from 26 to 20 million people.

But the Communists marched on. By 1930 they were powerfully entrenched in the North Western Provinces. In 1936 they were instrumental in the capture of Chiang Kai-shek, a coup which threatened to plunge China into a new chaos. When finally cornered by troops loyal to the National Government, they offered to join forces with the Government in a united front against Japanese aggression. Today they can claim some brilliant guerrilla raids against the Japanese which have been widely publicized, but the bulk of the regular fighting has been done by the Government troops. They can also claim continued disobedience to their own government.

The Reds have killed scores of missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant. In the Pao-ting district, some sixty priests were threatened, several of them killed. Elsewhere, 45 Chinese Christian Brothers were buried alive before the very eyes of their founder, Father Lebbe, C.M. That happened only four years ago. Father Lebbe was condemned to death but was finally released through the intercession of Bishop Yu-pin and died shortly afterwards from the effects of his imprisonment. All the Christian missions are seriously endangered by the threat of Communist domination in China. Communists are free with their promises and swift to break them. In the light of their record in China, the Communists present a deadly threat to China's political, social, and religious welfare. They are interested only in their own communistic goals, not the welfare of the people of the Chinese Republic.



OVER TEN GENERATIONS OF JESUITS HAVE BEEN EDUCATED AT WOODSTOCK. ONCE ALMOST A MISSION SEMINARY, IT HAS SINCE SENT HUNDREDS OF ITS OWN SONS TO THE MISSIONS

EVERY Jesuit has the heart of a missionary, has been trained according to the missionary ideal and lives the missionary pattern of life. By rule, he must be ready to *"live in any part of the world where there is hope of God's service and the help of souls."* In practice, no one in the whole Order is exempted from this ideal. In fact, one out of every four Jesuit priests is now a missionary. Among them, the former Vicar-General of the whole Society of Jesus is now in the Belgian Congo. In the United States, two out of the eight Provincials are former missionaries and two former Provincials are now missionaries. One of the highest honors which the Jesuit Order confers on its members is the privilege of taking a special vow to go to any mission the Pope may wish to assign. We have, in truth, a missionary pattern of life.

The missionary cannot be made by any influence from without; he must be a missionary first from within. He does not merit the name by his distance from home nor by his sacrifice of material comforts nor even by the souls which he has personally won to Christ. Not his feelings, nor his mileage, nor his head, nor the strength of his back, but his will makes him a missionary,—the union of his will with Christ's in the desire of serving souls. And his success before God is measured by the closeness of that union.

That this Jesuit rather than another be chosen as the channel of grace among the Moros or in a learned Chinese university or in a hut among the African aborigines or Eskimos is in the hands of God. God

# Woodstock

gives the circumstances but the Jesuit is ready to supply the heart and will. Only a different disposition of God's Providence made St. Peter Canisius the Apostle of Germany, St. Peter Claver the Apostle of the Negroes, and St. Francis Xavier the Apostle of the Indies. *"There,"* each Jesuit aspires to say in his heart, *"but for God's other plans for me, strides myself; hands eyes and tongue doing the great deed for the love that I bear and can show now only in little things."*

THAT is the secret of a place like Woodstock, the engenderer of Jesuit hearts and minds in America for seventy-five years.

Like the Mother Church whom she serves, Woodstock has received a great variety of nations, people and classes. Italians, Germans, French, Spaniards, South Americans, Orientals have here spoken our tongue however haltingly. Here also Americans have learned to speak Arabic, Inuit, Visayan, Japanese, Chinese, as well as Europe's many tongues. No primitive language is too humble, no old culture too strange and remote for the mind and heart to struggle with and conquer as a new avenue to souls.

From this international and Christ-united group in a fold of the Maryland hills, God has raised up signs to approve of the toil and trial and good-will at Woodstock which has continuously leavened a share of the world's people since 1869. Universities in the Orient, ships in treacherous Eastern seas, European halls of learning, fanatical Bedouins and Arctic fisher-folk have



# —Cradle of Missionaries

THOMAS G. V. O'CONNELL, S.J.

all experienced through men of Woodstock the light and warmth of the Sacred Heart who is our Patron.

Fathers Barnum and Judge and Bishop Crimont in Alaska; Fathers Mark McNeal and Laures in Japan; Fathers Thompkins and McDonough among the Moros and Ilocanos of the Philippines; Father Mulry and Bishop Rice in Jamaica and Honduras—but any such litany of missionary Jesuits must be inadequate because there have been so many in the past seventy-five years. These are but a handful, of names well known, out of the 1716 priests that Woodstock has helped to form in her life crowned this year by a diamond jubilee. She is proud of all her faithful sons, however humble and routine the course of their lives and labors. Because her charge is maternal, Woodstock, like the numerous other Jesuit houses of studies over the globe, is especially under Our Lady's protection, and something of her universal solicitude for all her children has become part of Woodstock's tradition.

THE work of the missionary is to establish the visible Church in that part of the world to which he may be sent. Many of those among whom he will labor will only know the Catholic Church through him. So the Jesuit willingly devotes years of his life to mastering as faithfully as he can her vast cultural resources and spiritual wealth that he may teach her truth to the full. He spends years of his life training his heart and mind, his character and soul so that he may be an acceptable

representative of the Church he serves. For the people among whom he will work will scrutinize him as closely as they study his teachings.

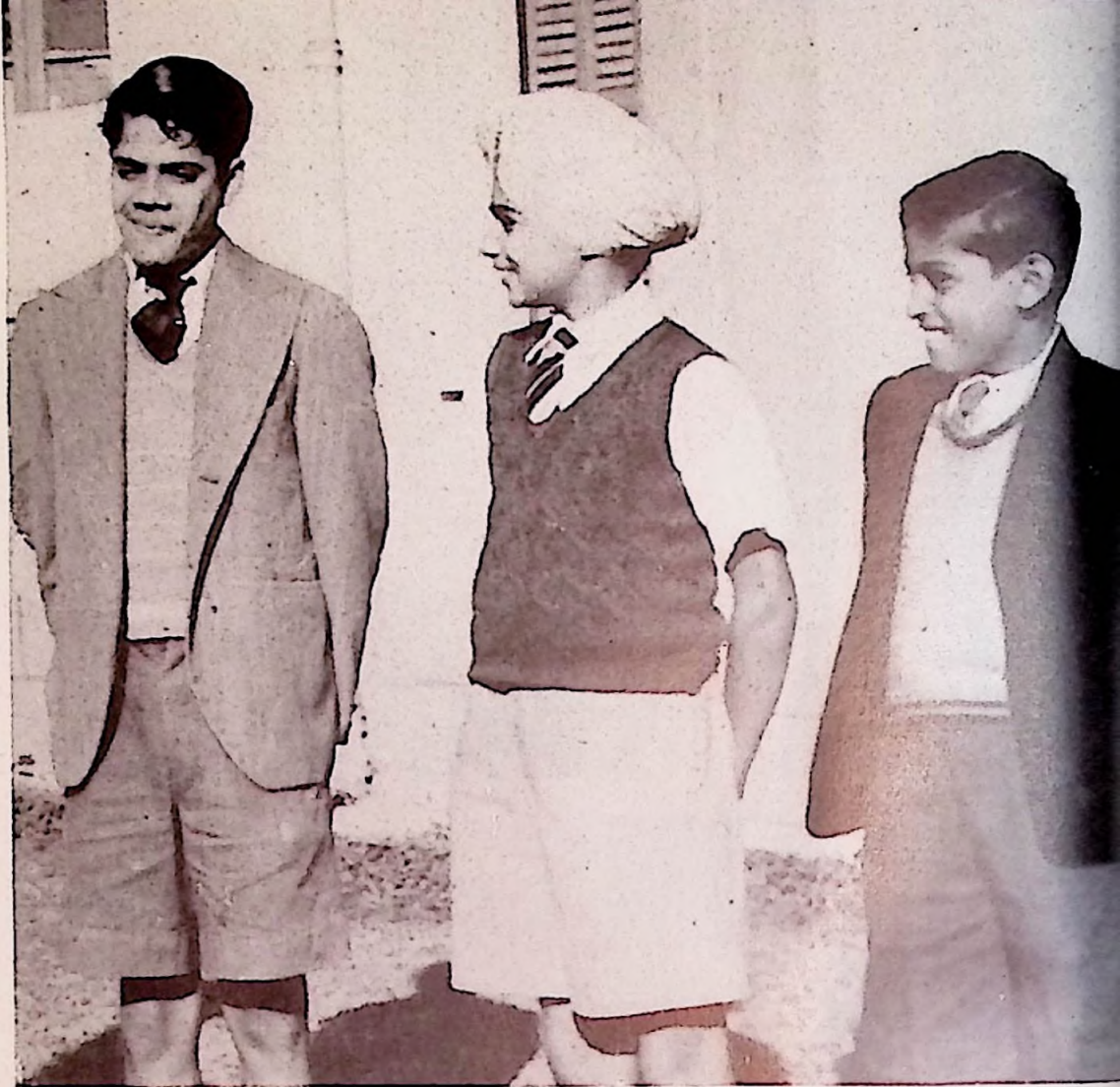
That vision rises beyond every Jesuit student's desk. At Woodstock sometimes the studies may seem long, class irksome, surroundings may pall, but never for long. By his prayer and patience, the future missionary knows he is lifting up and sustaining the missionaries in the field ahead of him and preparing the way for his own work to come. He knows that Our Lord spent thirty years in preparation for the three of His public life; that God was mightily pleased with Our Lady's quiet years at Nazareth. And so his heart is really at peace while he prepares himself for battle later on.

Yet we feel that the Woodstock Jesuits who lived and died martyrs of charity on the foreign missions and in the fruitful fields at home have given a response incomparably more generous than anything we have so far offered to God's appeal for helpers in the conquest of souls. Their lives have already given the answer to the question, "What is the worth of a soul?" We are just beginning, and God may or may not grant us more, as He finds us worthy or as it pleases His Good Will. But in His Will, even now, is our peace.



# Meet Saint Xavier's Boys

Robert C. Stegman, S.J.



It is no ordinary group of boys that crowds the halls of St. Xavier's, Patna. They are Sikhs, Mohammedans, many-casted Hindus, Parsees, Christians. They are sons of Rajas and their advisors, of government men, "Congress" leaders, Zamindars, Doctors, and of the electrician a few blocks from school. They speak Urdu, Bengali, and multihued Hindi: they read and write three entirely different scripts. They wear dhoties, pajamas, flying-tail shirts, no shirts at all. They shave their heads, they wear a thin wasp of hair called a "tique," and they hide waist-long locks under attractive turbans. Their meals are beef-less, pork-less, meat-less. At home they have never known the lack of personal servants. Their manners reflect fine backgrounds, and back-ground as *dehati* as the most isolated hillbilly in the States. Out of this hodge-podge of conflicting elements in caste-bound India a school spirit has grown up at St. Xavier's in a brief four years that has elicited admiring comment from almost everyone visiting the place. In fact, it was this agreeably contagious spirit that induced Sir Merza Ismail, O.B.E., the Prime Minister of Jaipur to request Patna Jesuits to open a school in his State.

At school there is a saving outward uniformity. To begin with, all dress alike—white shirts, tie, blue short pants. All must wear something on their feet—the boarders wear socks and shoes except during games. All must speak English at school. This can be amusing in the little fellows at first, as when they stammer a desperate, "Please may I go excuse!" But progress is rapid. It is a treat to see them angry in polished English, and to hear their occasional belabored attempts

at American slang. Vernacular is limited to Vernacular class, where standards are high, and to home.

MANY school experiences must be painfully alike all over the world. Everywhere you find boys are lazy and industrious, clever and slow, winning and dull, commanding and timid. Some write beautiful compositions; others don't. Some are born orators, debaters, actors. But Indian boys don't want to be bombardiers or fighter-pilots, and they don't spend half their time drawing airplanes. In general they are just a little more serious about their studies, for they are aware that education is still sufficiently rare in India to make a tremendous difference in anyone's life. They are proud that the school has just received a grade A rating from the Senior Cambridge Department, and have never thought of complaining about the five and a half day school week.

They are keen on sports. They begin football (soccer style) early in the monsoon, usually when school reopens in July, and play on till December. They have leagues and win cups. Their version of a victory parade is to drive through the milling throngs of the dirty crowded bazaar standing in open horse carriages waving a cup and shouting 'Hip Hip Hooray!' The boys have taken to baseball well, and have embarrassed more than one unwary American soldier, who stepped up to the plate confidently, smiled obligingly and fanned ignominiously. One such friend managed to get us a good American indoor ball and two properly balanced bats. They were highly prized while they lasted. Most of the boys soon become quite ex-



Unidentified American soldiers (left) pay a visit to our school, at the right, St. Xavier's College, Patna, India, the wonder school of the missions. Only four years old, already it has over four hundred students, top ranking, and wide influence. Recently it was chosen as the model for a new college in Jaipur.



Expert at handball. Indoor sport are almost unknown.

THE boys are interested in America but have no aspirations towards becoming Americanized. When we first arrived a year ago they showered us with questions about that wonderful far-off land. Often on hot evenings when their late dinner is over a group will crowd round you in the twilight and beg for stories of America. Questions at time sound strange, like "Is it true that in America cows don't have humps on their backs?" Some were not pleasant to answer, as when older boys asked about divorce in the States. Some boys have even hoped to go to the States for their higher education, and have tried to ask tactfully whether they would be discriminated against by being mistaken for Negroes. I could have explained that their features and hair were those of any white, but I sincerely wished we Americans were more broad-minded. During the past year they have had the opportunity of meeting many visiting American soldiers. The frank and open democratic ways of most of them are well liked by these intensely curious and inquisitive sons of India. Whether he is a top sergeant or a truck driver, the boys judge him by his smile, and readiness to fraternize with them. They like the Southerner's drawl, and know that few Americans let a lie past their lips because they talk through their noses. The occasional soldier who has seen nothing worth while in the States, and who speaks condescendingly or disparagingly about the "natives," finds them still polite but deeply resentful.

THE boys work towards a 'Senior Cambridge Certificate,' which is obtained by passing an examination submitted and corrected by a Cambridge board in England. It is probably the equivalent of a little more than many of our high-school diplomas, and is obtained at St. Xavier's after ten years. American boys might characterize the daily routine as a little stiff. Classes

run from ten thirty to four thirty, including a short drill period, a half hour lunch period at one thirty and a half hour games period at four. There are seven class periods a day; major subjects are English (a double period) Mathematics and Vernacular. Cambridge exams include questions on the New Testament, and as a consequence these boys become better acquainted with it in their daily Character class than many of our young American Catholics. The boarders spend close to four hours at study daily outside of class. Part of this time goes to English and Vernacular story-book reading. They rise about six thirty, have morning prayers in Chapel at seven, then make their beds and line up for an inspection that includes everything from soapy ears to shining shoes. This is a novel experience for boys that have had servants do everything but chew their food for them. After a short drill they have tea. Tea again at ten after morning study, lunch of rice and curry at one thirty, tea after games at four thirty, and dinner at eight o'clock.

IN summer they begin their games about six when the heat is less intense. In winter they begin a little earlier. They say night prayers and crawl under the nets at about nine thirty. They take great delight in gathering under the stars after dinner to sing and tell stories. The older boys have a room they dress up each week-end as a lounge. They elect their own officers, whose chief function is to work out with their prefect week-end programs. They know many songs that were born in the States. I have been amused more than once to hear some little Brahmin taking his shower singing away with "My Old Kentucky Home." But their favorites are the Hindi, Bengali and Burmese songs that we find so difficult to appreciate. In programs organized on holidays they display excellent teamwork that knows no creed or caste lines.

Over four hundred boys now attend St. Xavier's, over a hundred of whom are boarders. It is easy to learn to like these sons of India. When I go to Theology in January I will look forward to the letters I know they will write. And surely God, who also sees the manifest sincerity of many of them at their prayers, will find ways of leading them to himself in charity and truth.

# MISSIONS MAKE THE NEW



ACCORDING TO INFORMATION received from Belgium, 1300 native pupils are attending the junior, and 326 the senior, seminaries in the Belgian Congo. Catholic organizations are teaching 750,000 in elementary schools, 4500 in high grade schools, 5000 in technical colleges and about 3000 in normal schools. There are 900,000 catechumens under instruction in the Belgian Congo. The Belgian Jesuits conduct one of the large and flourishing missions there.

THE CATHOLIC MISSION PERSONNEL at work throughout the world today is 139,872, a figure which included foreign and native missionaries and native catechists. There are 2,787 foreign missionaries from the United States, less than 2 percent of the total.

A SERIOUS SHORTAGE of both missionary and diocesan clergy in France for the period following the war has been caused by the systematic efforts of the Nazis to empty the seminaries of France. Extreme pressure was brought to bear on all men over 21. Numbers were requisitioned for labor battalions to supply for the drain on the German man-power because of the war.

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR proclaimed his return to the people of the Philippines in the following words, "By the grace of Almighty God our forces stand again on Philippine soil, soil consecrated in the bloods of our two peoples." Leyte, where the fighting in the Philippines has been going on under his direction, is an old mission in the Philippines. It was first established by the Augustinians in 1565, and had been visited previously in 1542 by two Augustinians who met St. Francis Xavier on their way to Mexico by way of Spain. In 1584 and 1596, Augustinians from the Philippines visited Japan and within fifty years more than 700 suffered for the Faith, 11 of these have been already beatified.

"A VITAMIN TABLET DESIGNED especially to combat diseases caused by deficiency in diet has been prepared by the Institutum Divi Thomae, scientific research institute of the Arch-Diocese of Cincinnati," the Most Reverend John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati reveals in a letter to his priests. The Institutum is not a business venture; in this case

it is solely interested in helping the missionaries and it needs, therefore, financial help to make the mission vitamin tablets available for as many missionaries as will need them at the earliest possible moment.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY SISTERS have won recognition for their school for nurses associated with the Patna hospital. In the latest class, there were 2 sisters and 3 lay woman from all over India. The same sisters have recently founded a new native community of Indian medical mission sisters with a Novitiate at Malibar, So. India. Sister M. Pauline Downing, R.N. formerly of Hartford, Connecticut is Novice Mistress assisted by Sister M. Vincent Dugan, R.N. of Dublin, Ireland. An Indian priest, Rev. Sebastian Pinakatt is director of the community. The first four novices have already completed a four years course in nursing and midwifery in the training school of the Holy Family Hospital, conducted by the Medical Mission Sisters at Rawalpindi, India. 12 young women still in training in the hospital will enter the novitiate as soon as the course is finished.

Rev. Ignatius Glennie, S.J., one of the five American Jesuits from the New Orleans Province now in Ceylon, was recently elevated from professor to Rector of the Papal Seminary for Native Clergy. Since Pope Leo XIII established it in 1890, over 400 priests have been trained and ordained at this seminary.

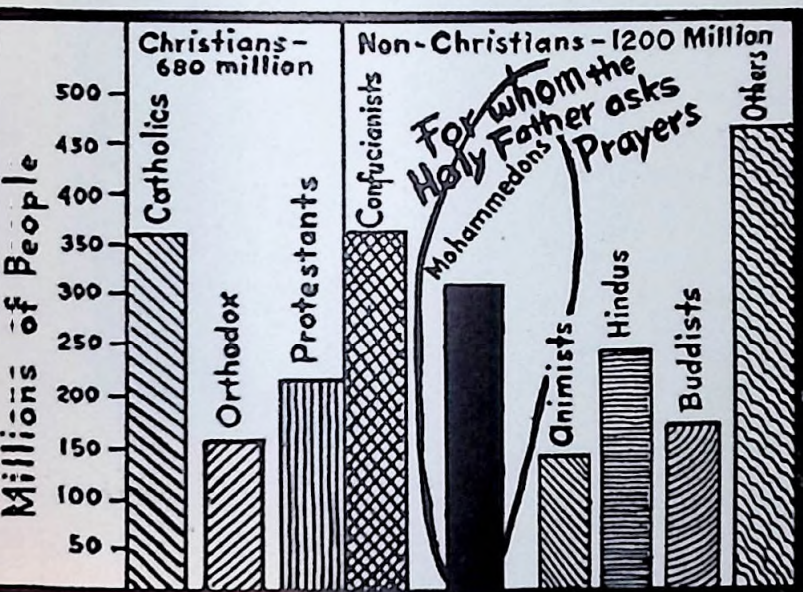


# Apostolate of Prayer

Mission Intention for January-February

## Mutual Good Will Between Christians and Mohammedans

Where a hostile spirit prevails we can not hope to find good will. But once this hostility is broken there



issues a friendly affection and mutual good will. We must be mindful of this when considering the hostile spirit that prevails between Mohammedans and Christians. Nor is the fault all on the part of the Mohammedans. We have the truth but we can not foster hostility to 220,000,000 people and expect to win their good will. On our part the hostile spirit can be broken by seeking in prayer and study to learn their difficulty, by correcting their error, with Christian charity, with the untiring and enlightened patience of St. Raymond Nonnatus and Charles de Foucauld, and with the sole aim of doing good to them like Cardinal Lavignerie. That the hostile spirit may be broken and mutual charity exist between Christians and Mohammedans, the Holy Father the Pope bids us pray during January.

## Conversion of Mohammedans Through Their Faith in One Merciful God

The first tenet of Moslem belief is "There is no other god but Allah." It is clung to tenaciously by the unlettered and the scholar, by the devout and the irreligious. He is called El Rahman - "The Merciful One." Those who cling to the teachings of their religion believe also in the immortality of the soul, a reward for good deeds and punishment for evil ones in the next world. They follow certain moral principles. While they do not believe that Christ is divine, He is held in reverence by them—in such reverence

that His name is not mentioned without adding the words: "Peace be on Him" an equivalent to our own divine praise: "Blessed be the Name of Jesus." As Hilaire Belloc has noted, Mohammedanism, like all heresies, lives by the Catholic truths which it maintains. Through what the Mohammedans believe in common with Catholics we must seek to bring them to the feet of their crucified Redeemer. This the Pope would have us pray for during February.

## Let Us Pray

The purpose of this page is to ask your prayers for special mission intentions. We feel that those prayers will be more fervent if we recommend particular needs of missionaries each month.

First we ask you to remember our Chaplains with the Armed Forces. Over two hundred and fifty Jesuits are serving in the Chaplain Corps which has had the highest mortality and casualty rate of any branch of the service.

Next we recommend their two hundred and sixty Jesuit brethren in the Philippines, almost half of whom are Americans, interned since the fall of Corregidor and Bataan. Three Jesuits are known to have made the supreme sacrifice there. For many blessings we can be grateful to God. The scholastics continue their studies; some will be ordained this year. Eighteen new novices joined the Order in internment.

Across the China Sea there are over one hundred Canadian and American Jesuits interned by the Japanese in China. When there was a chance to return to safety, all chose to remain in their mission. Many are now voluntary chaplains in civilian and military camps.

Baghdad College is thriving, in fact, overcrowded. There is much to be thankful for, health, for example. In twelve years of its existence, there has never been one serious case of sickness among the Fathers. Someone has been praying hard for them. Keep it up. Now they need, very badly, too, a new building. Pray for help.

Europe has borne the burden of the missionary work of the Church up to the present. Most of the missionary priests and sisters come from there, but many of them are now old, much too old to do the vigorous work which is needed in many places. In large sections of Europe, the seminaries have been closed for several years. There will be very few missionaries from Europe in ten years unless there is a flood of vocations soon. So we beg of you most of all to pray these months for abundant vocations for the missions of the world both here in America and in Europe.

# WANTED:

# Volunteers

# For Tomorrow

Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.

OVER ONE BILLION PEOPLE NOW ALIVE HAVE NEVER KNOWN WHAT CHRISTIANITY MEANS. HERE IS THE BIGGEST JOB IN THE WORLD

ONE of the unforgettable occasions in the life of every Jesuit is the day on which he asked to be admitted into the Society of Jesus. For some time previously his vocation had been in his thoughts and prayers, and finally the decision was made in his own mind. Yet presenting himself to someone else and making the simple declaration, "I'd like to become a Jesuit," seemed much the hardest part of the whole matter. At the time it didn't dawn on him that every priest has been through the same experience, understands his feelings perfectly, and is anxious to put him at ease. Once the plunge was made, however, it became ridiculously easy. But to his dying day he never would forget how difficult it seemed beforehand, how easy it actually was, and how completely happy he felt when the interview was ended.

Applying for entrance is really an easy matter; finding out if one has a vocation presents the real difficulties. A vocation is an invitation from God to do something special for God. It is an appeal, not a command. The first signs of this calling are thoughts and sometimes desires of the priestly or religious life. "I wonder if I ought to be a priest (or brother, or missionary)." God's grace makes the prospect attractive for a time. Then doubts begin to arise in the mind. "I wonder if I'm good enough. Could I leave home, give up marriage, study that long, live a holy life, stick it out?" All sorts of objections come to mind. This is often God's way of asking a man if he is really sincere in wanting to do something for Him. Or it may be just human nature objecting. All the while the attraction of this higher life continues, side by side with the doubts.

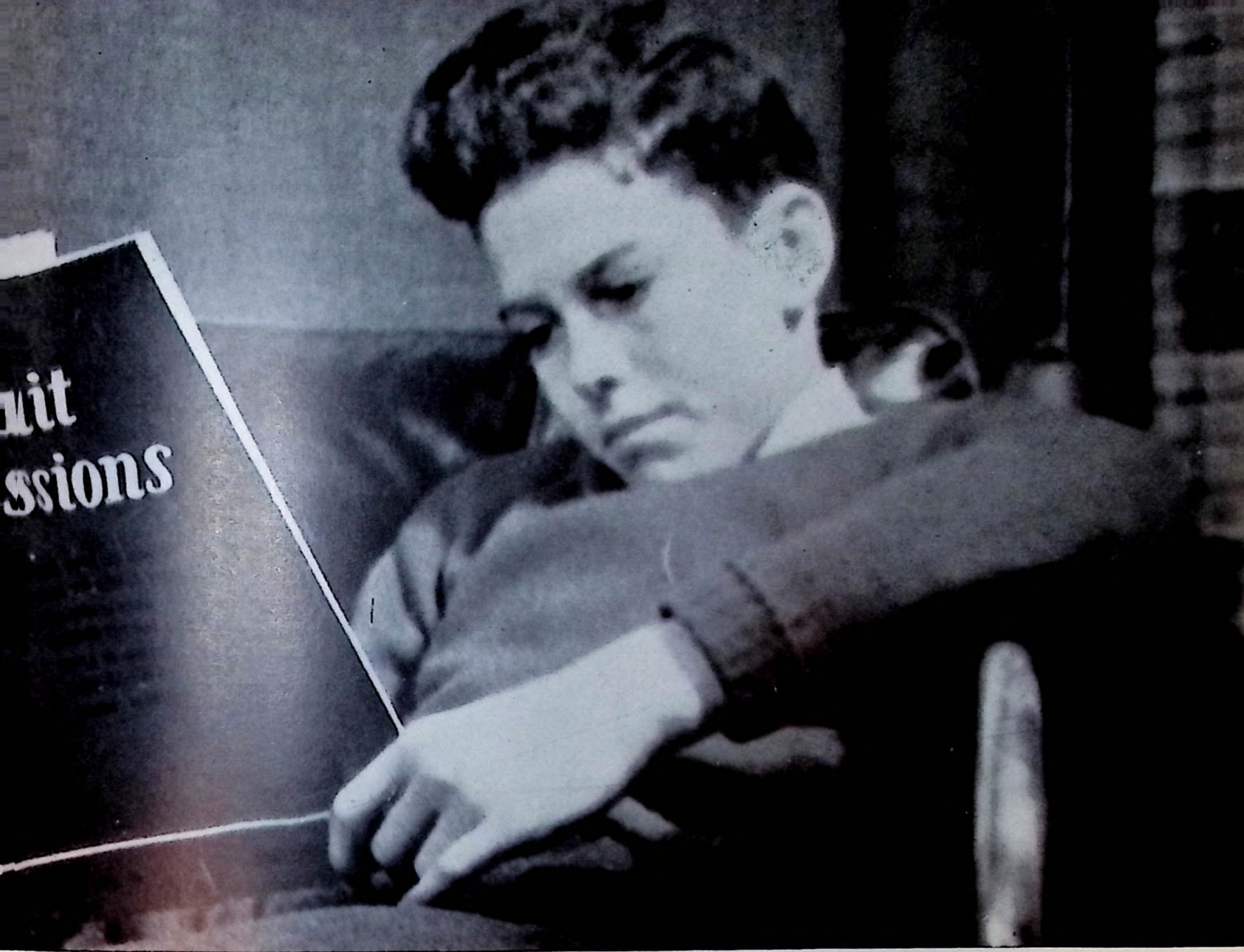
Here is a critical stage in which probably many vocations are lost. Some give up too easily, forgetting that God will give them all the strength they need to

No one can enter the thoughts of a youth when he buries himself in a book. His mind goes off in a world of his own. Often he wonders what he would like to be. Some, like this boy, are beginning to think of the missions. We pray that many more will.



overcome any obstacle if they only trust Him enough. This is the time for prayer, for offering oneself to God to do anything He wants, begging Him to make the desire increase and the fears vanish. When a man is sincere and generous with God in this way, the fears will diminish and the desire of serving God gradually becomes a determination to accept the vocation whatever the cost.

THE second sign of a vocation is aptitude. Here again mistakes are made and vocations are undoubtedly lost. No one expects a candidate before entrance to have the degree of virtue and the amount of learning that he should have later on when his studies and training are completed. The whole seminary training or the years of religious formation are given to develop both the moral character and the intellectual capacity. What is required of the applicant is that he show sufficient promise of moral, spiritual, and intellectual development to fulfill the duties of his state in life as a priest or religious. For this promise, not only good health and normal intelligence are required, but naturally upright character is demanded, and the candidate may be of two types; either the individual has preserved his innocence through youth, or, having lost



by sin, has co-operated sufficiently with God to regain mastery over self through sincere repentance and improvement.

The third sign of a vocation is the acceptance by the Church. So that all doubts may be safely laid aside, the Church undertakes the responsibility for accepting a man as called by God to His special service. These are the words of an official decision, promulgated by Pius X.

*"In order that one may be rightly called by the Bishop, nothing further is required beyond the right intention, together with that suitability which is based on such gifts of nature and grace and which is proved by such probity of life and sufficiency of knowledge as will give a well-founded hope that the candidate will be able to discharge the duties of the priestly state properly and fulfill the obligations of that state in a holy manner."*

WHEN those conditions are fulfilled, therefore, no one need fear to go ahead in his vocation. The story is told of a young man once who grew suddenly panicky during his ordination. The ordaining bishop was just about to give him the power to forgive sins when suddenly the trembling figure stood up and said aloud,

*"I'm not worthy. I'm not worthy."* Almost in one motion, the bishop grasped him by the shoulders, shoved him to his knees, saying as he did so, *"Kneel down! Nobody is. 'Accipe Spiritum Sanctum' (Receive you the Holy Ghost)."* Which was the perfect answer. Nobody is worthy. We just try to be as unworthy as possible. St. Paul assures us on this point when he says, *"No man takes the honor to himself; he takes it who is called by God."*

Now the calling to be a missionary is a special type of vocation, *"a vocation within a vocation,"* which God frequently makes known to young men. Normally an applicant offers himself and simply asks to be accepted. He doesn't lay down conditions, such as: *"I'll become a Jesuit if you promise not to send me away from New York, or Chicago, or California,"* whatever the case may be. Showing an attitude of mind which may hinder his acceptance is the last thing in the world he wants to do. As a result, most candidates are afraid to state any preference. Yet there is one important preference which candidates are allowed to state, and which actually the Jesuit Superiors hope many will state:—*a desire to go to the foreign missions.* And they are not just permitted to state it; they can be sure that it will be granted, provided they have the health



Summer vacations are designed to keep the Jesuit students healthy during their years of study. (Right), The sacred moment in the life of the Jesuit, ordination to the priesthood. Actual ceremony in St. Mary's Cathedral, San Francisco; Most Reverend John J. Mitty, D.D., Archbishop of San Francisco, is the ordaining Prelate.

and ability, when the time comes for their departure.

An excerpt from a statement by the late General of the Jesuits makes that point clear and certain: "*We know how much young men today under the eminent influence of grace, feel themselves urged to embrace the religious life from a desire of going to the missions. . . . It is true that all those who enter the Society with this vocation ought to be willing to do what their superiors wish. But since the missions of the Society are so many and their needs so great, if the candidates are accepted explicitly to go to the missions, superiors ought to be true to their word in sending them at the opportune time, unless some impediment on the score of virtue or health should prevent it.*" (You may judge how important the missions are to the Society of Jesus from the fact that this is the only request of this sort which candidates are allowed to make.)

**I**F there is one quality which marks the missionary vocation off from other types, it is special eagerness to win the unconverted pagan world to Christ. 10,000 die every day without ever knowing of Redemption.



The future missionary wants to do something about that. He is willing to go anywhere in the world where there is hope of saving souls. No matter how much he may love his family, or his home or his own country, he is willing to leave them all if only he can bring the knowledge and love of the true God into the unbelieving world. This is his primary reason for wanting to be a missionary.

**B**UT today as a missionary, there will be many other tasks for him to perform besides preaching, teaching, and administering Christ's sacraments. He will often have to be a working man among his people as Christ Himself was a worker. And the more of practical skills he brings to his missionary work, the more valuable he will be in the years ahead. American young men are especially rich in the gifts which the missions need. There are places today where a man can hardly do a priest's work unless he can handle boats. In other places knowledge of chemistry will be one of his most useful assets. Medical skill will be second only to his sacred powers of the priesthood elsewhere. Knowledge of farming will enable him to meet and influence thousands of people he would otherwise never know in country districts. Almost anywhere, a handiness with machines will be an advantage. Printing can serve God's cause, and social service can be almost indispensable. In Alaska they will surely need pilots some day. Everywhere they need musicians.

If you can bring these gifts along with your spiritual calling to God's service, God can use you for His work all over the missions of the world. Better start thinking about it, for the Lord will surely come calling for volunteers as soon as the war is over—and before. There is a wide open future on the missions where over a billion human beings need men like you.

**APPLY OR WRITE TO ANY JESUIT SCHOOL OR RECTORY, OR IF YOU WISH, TO JESUIT MISSIONS FOR THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE REVEREND FATHER PROVINCIAL OF THE DISTRICT WHERE YOU LIVE.**



U. S. Navy  
Photo

# Cold Cargoes

Paul  
O'Connor,  
S.J.

PLANE service has become quite common up here in the Arctic. Big Loadstars to small commercial Cessnas flit to and fro like birds. Passengers, first class mail, and odd assortments of freight are whisked in a jiffy from distant points. The only disconcerting feature about plane service is the price. Either to travel or to send freight by plane still creates too large a dent in the pocket book.

It is the steamboat, however, that must carry the things that count—fuel, oil, clothing, and foodstuffs. As much as 2,000 tons are unloaded at Kotzebue alone. The cargo for Barrow also runs over a thousand tons. Shipping by steamboat is an adventure. Ice floes linger in the Arctic Ocean until mid-July and so we have only about a month and a half of safe travel. Blizzards unexpectedly sweep over the Arctic. Even the spangled ribbons of Northern Lights appear ghostly and unreal as the ship plies Northward over unknown waters. While I would be completely enthralled by these intertwining flashes of rainbow colors, crew members would come and gaze at them for a few seconds of startled wonder and then rush back to the artificial light and warmth of the cabin. Inside they felt secure, or at least, in company. Out in the shivering Arctic night with these eerie lights darting across the sky they felt dreadfully alone.

The psychological effect was vividly portrayed by a colored mess boy. He had come to attend Mass which I celebrated in the dark early morning. I asked him if he were a Catholic. You should have seen his eyes glitter as he huskily replied, "No Fawther, but dis is some time when Ah thinks Ah need religion!"

But if the coming of the boat to Northern waters is a jittery adventure for crew members, it is an event something on the order of Christmas for both White and Eskimos alike, who live up here. The whole town lines up on the bank to see the ship cast anchor. As the freight is unloaded on the beach, young and old search expectantly among the packages. Should an Eskimo find some small carton with his name on it, no child with a longed for toy at Xmas time is happier than he. He had written to some Mail Order house for this months before. At last it has come!

I NEED not say that everyone knows what the other has received. I for one do not have to look for my parcels. Uncanny Eskimo eyes can see better than mine. My youngsters longshore for me of their own free will. They detect better than a detective. Unlabelled packages, however, are a source of fruitful conjecture. Six trunks that came my way stimulated untold curiosity.

It happened that I was absent from the village this year as my stuff was unloaded. I had a lot of little parcels too, but every single one of them was carefully watched and carried up to my house. The bigger cartons, one a very heavy staute of St. Joseph, were handled with the attention they deserved. Nothing at all was broken or even marred.

When I returned many an Eskimo congratulated me on my supply of goods. I might add, though, that if a certain box contained something he was in doubt about he was not bashful in asking me questions about the contents. I was one of the family and so was he!

# Conquistadores

## OF THE FAITH

Frederick

F. McCaffrey,

S.J.



**T**HERE is a lot of America to see from St. Augustine to Seattle and from Berkeley to Bangor; muddy river waters licking sand-bagged levees and San Francisco with her arms around the Golden Gate; the vast, flat loneliness of prairie farmland and Denver crouching on her rock-ribbed crest; the elm-shaded lanes and clapboards of Hartford and the rolling inland oceans of our own Great Lakes.

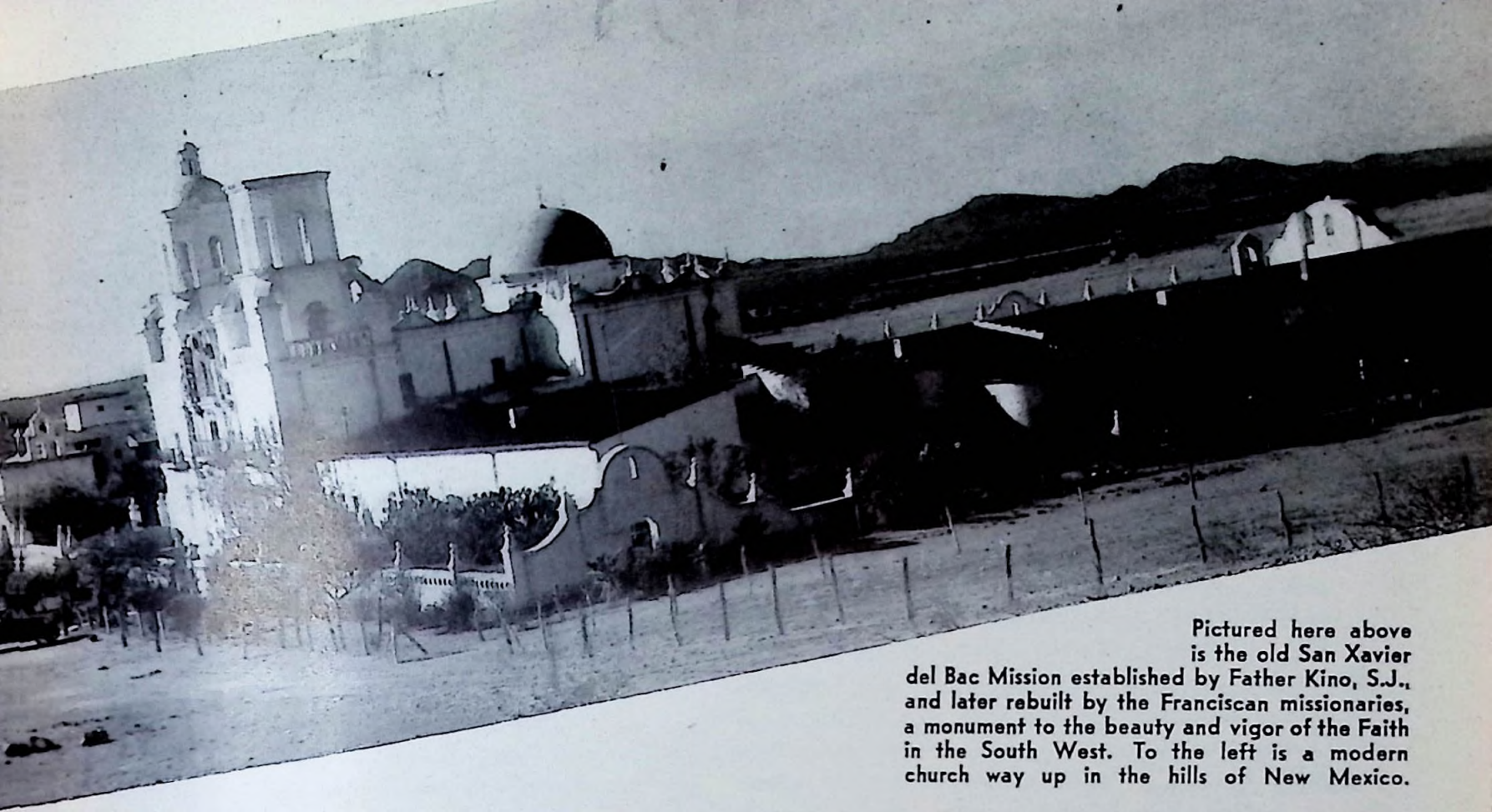
But there are corners of the country which are overlooked—overlooked because they are old, laid away and taken for granted, with none of the flashiness of this morning's newscast.

Down in a corner of the old West, among the sand and the sagebrush, is a grey figure in an old Spanish cloak who has hovered for four centuries over the mesas and mountains of the dry Southwest without ever really being seen. It is the spirit of old Spain in a corner of our land, among the Jesuits' Spanish missions in the Southwest. They say the Spanish spirit is an equal admixture of simplicity and flame. Take San Antonio, Texas, for instance, where many of the 19,000 people in Fr. Carmel Tranchese's Guadalupe parish fight along on a wage only one-third that of the much-discussed average American Negro. Yet here, despite almost impossible standards of living, so low that this year there were fifty deaths from influenza in the parish in a single month, there are an average of 770

baptisms each year. Simple? Yes, the people are simple but they are Catholics and their Catholicism is the flame. The Spanish spirit is a spirit of fire, and even in San Antonio's slums it burns undimmed.

Ask the Spanish people in El Paso, tucked away in their far corner across the state, in a half-Latin, half-Anglo border-town, if they have it easy. There in Fr. Garde's Holy Family parish or around Sacred Heart rectory, home of the *Revista Catolica*, Jesuit-edited Spanish weekly for all of Latin America, they have fought to turn back the tide of Eastern "missionaries" sent out to evangelize the Southwest and "convert" the poor simple *Mejicano* from his belief in the Church of Peter. Yet these *tejanos* continue to be soft-spoken, courteous people almost as Catholic today as they were four centuries ago.

**B**UT if you want a real example of Spanish faith and fire, swing up into the hill-towns of New Mexico where lives what one modern author calls the only existing peasant group in the world today. Here the Spanish spirit, untouched by our materialistic age, is almost as fine as it was when Coronado counted paces across the mesas 67 years before Jamestown. Fr. Alexander Dreane, S.J. eighty years old goes out each Sunday from the 237-year old mother church of San Felipe de Neri to the patriarchal farming villages, clustered among the alfalfa and corn, watered from the veins of the Rio Grande at Los Griegos, Los Candelarios or La



Pictured here above is the old San Xavier del Bac Mission established by Father Kino, S.J., and later rebuilt by the Franciscan missionaries, a monument to the beauty and vigor of the Faith in the South West. To the left is a modern church way up in the hills of New Mexico.

Dr. Duranes and Fr. Gabino Egana, S.J. has in his charge, beside the fully packed parish of San Ignacio in Albuquerque, the litany of mountain villages: San Antonio, Carnuel, Canonicito, San Tomas, San Antonio and El Cedro.

Here the people are genuinely simple with the real Spanish faith and genuinely poor—so poor in fact, that it is not unusual for the Mass-server in one of these hand-built churches to cry from cold as he goes about his duties on the altar. There is literally only the flame of faith to keep them warm.

Here too it is that the priest shares with his flock after Mass a breakfast of cold beans and soggy *tortillas* left over from last night's frugal meal and is not insulted by their offering. It is hard to raise much more than beans and corn on a farm that is sliding down a mountain-side and the *padre* knows that they are giving him the best they have for themselves.

But when it comes to collections, even the most understanding pastor scratches his head. What is he to do when the twenty-five cents the parishioners can afford to give as the total collection from their Sunday Mass will not even buy the gas for a single bumpy round-trip over mountain roads? He can't come in to them *a la* Archbishop Lamy, on a pinto pony, because there are too many parishes to care for; and such flooding transportation would make reaching his people almost impossible. Yet these Sunday Masses are of the greatest importance to the majority of these people who gather on the Sandia hillsides, speaking a dialect of Spanish so accurate it can easily be understood by the most rigorous purist in that Spain from which they are five generations removed. They believe that there is a personal, all-loving God here in their

purple mountains and that His Son is truly present amid fittings on their adobe altars. And they have little but the fire of this belief to keep them fighting.

Yet fight on they do, for this is the kind of spirit that hangs over the Southwest and is breathed in with the thin mountain air. Perhaps Americans have not realized it before; some do not recognize it now. But America cannot deny the fighting claims of New Mexico's 200th which went down in that last bloody sweat on Bataan nor those of the boys who came clomping down out of the mountains on their boot-heels to serve the America they love—boys whose fathers in the last war were thought fit only to peel potatoes and care for disposal plants, but who are now returning with Air Medals, Silver Stars and Purple Hearts swinging from their chests and citations for bravery in their uniform pockets.

Yes, the Spanish have a fighting spirit. The fire that burns in black Spanish eyes is not given them by heritage or environment alone, but because they are what they have always been: *Conquistadores de la Fe*—conquerors of the Faith and for the Faith they love.



John P.  
Deevy, S.J.

# MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZO



## History Reverses Itself

■ The remarkable similarity between the two following incidents caught our eye. One happened in 1644 and the other in 1944. One missionary escaped from Manhattan—the other escaped to Manhattan. Both spent roughly two months on the high seas before they reached home; both had suffered much during their captivity, one at the hands of the Iroquois, the other at the hands of the Japanese. Exhausted, emaciated, in borrowed clothes, they were strangers to their own brethren. In both cases strong men wept at the account of their experiences. Father Jogues was a Jesuit; Father Dillon a Franciscan. In the end Jogues returned to this country and won the martyr's crown in the state of New York. In the heart of Father Dillon, as in the heart of every China missionary we have met, must burn the desire to return one day to that land of his adoption if not for actual martyrdom at least to work out the rest of his days ministering to his people and thus be a living witness to Christ.

In 1644, early in the morning, Jogues knocked at the door of a house of his own Order in France. When the porter opened the door he saw before him a wretched man in shabby and grotesque clothes, his head covered by a sailor's cap. Being informed that this stranger had news for the Rector from America the porter hastened to inform his superior, who at the moment was vesting for Mass. On hearing the word America he was all attention thinking that the stranger might have some news of his brethren there. The Rector left off vesting and hastened to meet him saying to himself, *"Perhaps this poor man is in great need, perhaps he brings some important news from the Jesuits in those savage lands."*

## Do You Know Him?

As the Rector approached, Jogues handed him the commendatory letters from the Dutch Governor in Manhattan through whom he had managed to escape. Without looking at them the Rector asked eagerly about the mission and especially about Father Jogues.

*"Do you know him?"* *"Very well"* replied the stranger. *"We have learned,"* continued the Rector, *"of his capture by the Iroquois, his slavery and sufferings; but we do not know what fate has befallen him. Is he dead or is he still alive?"* *"He is alive, he is free and it is he himself who is addressing you."* The Rector embraced his ragged and emaciated brother in Christ, tears of emotion filling his eyes.

## Home Again

It is now a cold December night in the year 1944. Just before eleven o'clock the door of the darkened vestibule of the Franciscan monastery at Thirty-first Street and Seventh Ave in Manhattan opened. A porter approached the grille. There stood a policeman holding two battered valises in his hands. He let down the bags. *"I've brought someone home for you, Brother,"* he said. He stepped aside and the Brother stared at the stranger, hatless and in tattered cassock.

The little priest gazed at the stained glass window at the semi-dark vestibule, at the shadowed walls. It was all familiar to him. He smiled at the porter *"Thank you, Father Dillon, Brother. I just got in from China."* Brother Lawrence took the bags from the policeman and led Father Dillon into the monastery. *"Nice to have you home again with us, Father,"* the policeman said, as he shook hands and went back to his beat. A few seconds later the little priest was surrounded. His brothers studied his unusual garb. His cassock frayed and worn, was patched in many places. He had on a G.I. shirt, G.I. dungarees, G.I. shoes. Far into the night his brothers listened to his Odyssey of 15,000 miles from China to Manhattan, without funds and without wardrobe. He had held out against the Japanese for four years, protecting his flock. The G.I. garb was a gift from Yank soldiers he met along the way. He had hitch-hiked to Calcutta. For fifty-three days he acted as chaplain for the Merchant Marine sailing different seas before finally they glided into New York harbor.

One could not help but note the likeness between these two homecomings three centuries apart.

## When a Sheik Shakes

*One of the reasons why Baghdad College, conducted by the New England Jesuits in Iraq, is becoming one of the most popular schools in the Middle East is because of the discipline and training given there. One of the men who is responsible for the discipline is Father Charles W. Mahan, S.J. Recently one of the students, who happens to be a powerful Sheik, wanted to ask permission to go out for the evening but was afraid to approach the formidable Father Mahan. He remarked to one of the Fathers, "Do you know that 50,000 Bedouins are afraid of me, and I am afraid of Father Mahan?"*



**Lent  
Feb. 14**

**April 1  
1945**

You are looking at the ruined Temple of Jerusalem from the Garden of Olives.

**ALASKA**

*Rev. John B. Fox, S.J.*

Recently we received a relic of Kateri, "The Lily of the Mohawks" from Father Wynne, V. Postulator of her cause. We are deeply grateful for the gift and immediately called upon her to work for our people. Her picture was the first one to be hung up at our native convent and since its opening in 1938, she has been watching over us ever since. Father Convert has gone to Nome to take out his final citizenship papers. Unfortunately he was expected to have two witnesses from here who would testify for him once a month for two months. Now it costs at least \$300 a person and there was no way we could get the witnesses down to Nome. He had to come back still awaiting some change in regulations or an exception in his case, without his citizenship papers.

*Rev. Jules Convert, S.J.*

I have been grounded at Headquarters. Father Deschout ordered the sale of our "St. Pat" as no longer safe for the rough trip along the wild coast. So far I have been unable to get even a simple rowboat and an out-board engine which would allow me to visit my

Father Segundo Llorente, S.J.



people. Please ask the Lord not to forget me. It was a disappointment to have to come all the way back from Nome without my citizenship papers—so much red tape. But I was able to meet for the first time in a long time several of the grand missionaries down there, Father LaFortune, Father Cunningham, Father Anable and Father Menager.

*Rev. Segundo Llorente, S.J.*

For over two months I have been living a truly wild life away from home. I spent some 6 weeks at the fish camp 40 miles from Akulurak with 2 Sisters, 4 boys and 16 girls. We were living in tents. One year our fisherman Brother Murphy caught 45,000 salmon fish, 30,000 for us and 15,000 for our working men. Those were the days! The average year has been 16,000 fish all told. But this year everything turned against us and we caught but 8,000. Not only is this barely enough for Akulurak proper, but we are in no position to send any fish to Father Fox who was hoping to get 3,000, nor to Father Endal who was expecting 2,000 nor to Holy Cross that expected one ton; nor can we afford to sell any and pay our expenses that way. So the fish situation is quite precarious. Akulurak is the fishing center of our Yukon Missions.

In some occasional trips I had a chance to say Mass here and there where the natives gather to fish and where you can always find babies to be baptized.

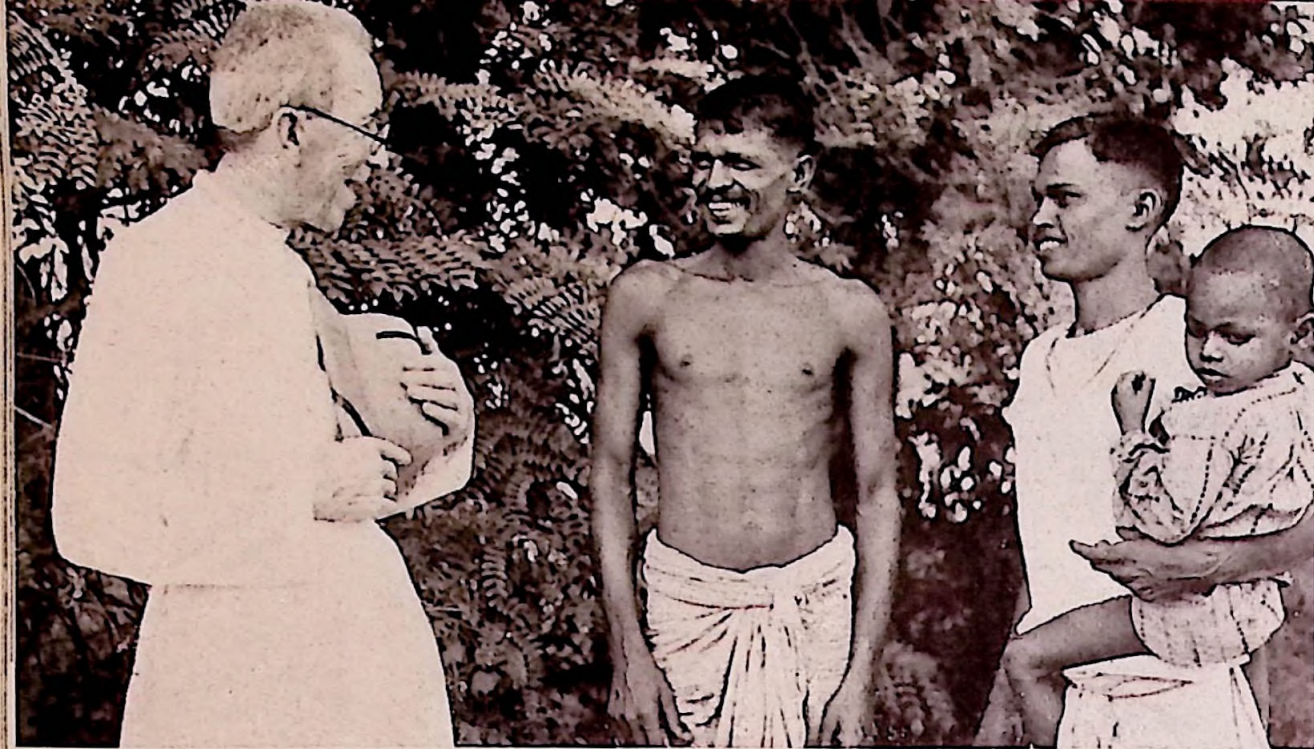
As soon as the fishing season was over I took to the forest with 8 boys to cut willows. We spent two weeks there cutting alders and packing them on the bank of the river. On the feast of St. Ignatius we cut 510 lanky trees. Fortunately for us a small boat passed by with a package for us from Akulurak. In the package we found a cake and a jar of jam, a very fine addition to my customary supper of rice and potatoes. Instead of butter we were splashing lard on our bread.

At home Father Donohue keeps the fires burning helped by able Brother Wilhalm, a veteran in the Alaska Missions.

**BRITISH HONDURAS**

*Rev. John T. Newell, S.J.*

Many, many thanks for the two boxes of holy pictures, rosaries, medals and vestments which arrived in



Father Sontag, S.J., former Superior of the Patna mission and veteran missionary among the poorer classes in India, now divides his time writing textbooks and popular explanations of Christianity and direct mission work among people such as these friends shown here with him, and giving missions and retreats and supervising the social projects inaugurated by him among the leather workers.

good condition recently. You will appreciate how valuable the items sent to me by the St. Joseph's Mission Guild are when you realize that I have a total of 12 schools. The Guild may feel proud of their work. I am certainly truly grateful. For a whole week the Boy Scouts worked to put over the Catholic Press program. There was an elaborate and representative collection of books, periodicals, posters and the like, very much needed among our people, especially if we are to counteract the evil influence of the Adventists who are eternally busy distributing their publications among our Catholic people.

## INDIA

*Rev. Francis Welzmler, S.J.*

Father Westropp has been booming a big press campaign through the Catholic literature center by means of indefatigable industry and correspondence. He has books like "The Moral Universe," "The Cross and the Crisis" roll off the press regularly in editions of 2000 and they go like hot-cakes. If any man ever had the divine unrest in him, it's he. He goes in deep for Hindu publications too.

The war has made it very hard for the people here. You know the clothing of the poor consists of a strip of cloth five yards by forty inches and a shirt for the men and a shirtwaist for the women. They cost about \$1.25. This is so much money to these people that they wear the same rig for about six months and many have not an extra set for a change. It is not hard to picture what happens to their clothing at the end of six months.

Children here fall victims to diseases far more readily than their parents. Exposure to dirt on every side, coupled with insufficient food, leads to high mortality of over 20,000 deaths in one year—7000 of them children. That means thirty-five out of every one hundred. A child here has ten times less a chance to live to adulthood than in the U. S.

*Rev. Charles J. Fox, S.J.*

*St. Mary's, Kurseong, India*

Our thoughts are down on the plains these days where the missionaries are working doubly hard. Besides their ordinary care of their people they are helping out with the troops wherever they find them. Our mission, for example, has given six chaplains, two to the Americans and four to the British and the all-India mission bands with headquarters in Patna spend at least half of their time giving missions to the men in service. The Belgian Jesuits in the mission just south of Patna are beginning a college at their mission center in Ranchi. You will be interested to know that they have borrowed for their principal of the school, Father Saldanha, an Indian Jesuit who studied in the United States and made many friends there, and later was rector of Khrist Raja.

*Rev. Peter Sontag, S.J.*

My spare time is rather completely taken up with writing first the "Course in Moral Law" for High School students (especially for non-Christians) now actually in press and second, "God's Way with Men Vol. I, which is now in the advanced stages of preparation. This latter is a presentation of the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius for lay people to be followed by Volumes II and III of daily meditations for them. I hope to send you a copy of each as a token of my deep appreciation for all you have been and are doing for the cause as well as for your kindness to me personally. JESUIT MISSIONS both under your own and Father Gschwend's direction has meant much for me and for the others in this mission. I also wish to send you the books as a practical demonstration of what missionary life must be. The jungle missionary, cut off from civilization except for the mail and an occasional visit to headquarters or a retreat here and there could easily lose himself in the narrower and more direct interests of his particular mission station and perhaps even be swamped with the material needs of his mission. If he has escaped from falling completely



Father James Harney, S.J. (left), is pastor of the only church dedicated to St. Helen in any of the American Jesuit missions. As a veteran, with years of experience in the needs of Jamaica, where he now is, he has built wisely and well—well, until the hurricane came along and blew his new church thirty-two feet over on another man's property. At the time we were told that all the mission property was covered by insurance. Now we learn that his new church was so new that it had not yet been covered by insurance, and will need to be rebuilt completely. He needs your help, and richly deserves it.



Father J. Austin Devenny, S.J., is a Jesuit from Boston who is stationed at Baghdad College, Iraq. Duties too numerous to mention have kept him from using his incomparable literary talents for the benefit of JESUIT MISSION readers. To give you an idea—school was already to open with over 340 boys expected to fill every cranny in two buildings. Eight teachers then came down with colds, one after another—with the temperature 108 degrees in the shade—and then there were no substitutes.

into such an attitude, it is due very largely to the stimulating reading which our superbly edited Catholic periodicals provide. Some good friend subscribes to "America" for me also the "Sign," the "Shield" and the "Wanderer" of St. Paul, whose editor was one of my pupils at Campion.

My health? The fact that I have already this year given six retreats, scattered from extreme west (Simla) to extreme east, on the border of Burma, with bombs falling 50 miles away, of these, two to Army Chaplains, two to officers and troops, two to our Untouchables—shows you that there is at least a bit of life left in these old bones. I am able to get out on retreat work because I have a good young assistant. I am still "in charge" here at Barh and put in my share of work here at the Station, but do not go out to the villages—practically impossible for me now. And spare moments are used for writing.

Social Works, Co-operatives? Here at Barh, under the direction of Father Thekkel, my assistant, we are experimenting with the actual making of shoes by our own converts, for our own and other mission stations. A genuine cooperative for our leather-workers (nearly all our converts here) has been my objective almost from the start—to tan the leather which we now sell at a pittance raw, and to run our own shoe factory ON A GENUINE COOPERATIVE PLAN, with an apprentice school for our grown-up boys in conjunction. But both of these projects are still waiting to be realized.

## BAGHDAD

*Rev. J. Austin Devenny, S.J.*

Most Oriental items in the ecclesiastical studies back home belong definitely in the class of erudition. Over here they still have vigor. In this class belongs the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. Here it's one of the noisiest and merriest Feasts of the year. The evening of the Feast is full of rejoicing. With the going down of the sun thousands of bonfires begin to grow all across the mountainside. The little towns climbing from the seashore to the ridges are a garland of flames and here and there a little town that just peeps over some distant inland peak, draws the eye from the fire clusters of the shore to its sharp and tiny candle of flame. The sidewalks of Beirut are lit by thousands of torches and the air is rent with the explosion of all the fireworks available at this time.

It was my good fortune to witness the ordination of four young Polish seminarians. They were among the prisoners liberated from Russia. At first they were all in the Polish forces and through the good care of Bishop Gawlina, they were freed from service to complete their interrupted seminary course. They entered the seminary of the French University of Beirut and this summer all the requirements for the ordination of the four were completed. While Warsaw was in the heat of battle for its existence, these four zealous young men quietly and far from the battle ascended the altar and returned prepared to minister to the now crying spiritual needs of their martyred country.



JOSEPH R. STACK, S.J.

**T**HERE are few persons in the Bay Area of San Francisco who have never heard of El Retiro, the Jesuit Retreat House for laymen situated in the foothills of Los Altos. In fact, one could hardly travel the full length of California from Weed in the north to San Diego in the south, without meeting many men who had spent a week end at the Retreat of Saint Ignatius. Most of the 22,000 who have been there have come from some section or other of the Golden State. There is an interesting story behind El Retiro.

On the feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8, 1924, three Jesuit priests came up the hill to inspect the estate of William Wellman, wealthy grocer of San Francisco.

Their coming to this particular spot was apparently accidental, because they were really in search of another piece of property. But we like to think that the Blessed Virgin had something to do with it. Many

The

*Mission Bell*

of El Retiro

prayers had been said to her and to her spouse, Saint Joseph, that the right place might be secured on which to establish the proposed retreat house for men. That very morning the good Sisters of the Holy Names in Oakland had recommended the matter in a special way to the Blessed Virgin at Mass. At any rate the three Jesuit visitors were so pleased with the Wellman estate that negotiations were begun at once for the acquisition of the sixteen acre tract with its fine old Spanish home and other improvements. A few days later title was transferred and a dream of many years was about to become a reality.

While driving about the neighborhood not long afterwards, one was agreeably surprised to come upon roads bearing Spanish names, Purisima and Conception

(Left) El Retiro San Inigo, the retreat house for men at Los Altos, California. The mission bell can be seen in the bell tower. (Right) Father Joseph Stack, S.J., retreat director of El Retiro.

Investigation of the maps of the district revealed the interesting fact that the newly acquired property was part of an old Spanish grant, La Purisima Concepcion. This knowledge tended to confirm us in our belief that the Blessed Virgin, who revealed herself to Saint Bernadette of Lourdes as the Immaculate Conception, (La Purisima Concepcion) was deeply interested in our project.

A few years later we received a handsome donation from a young man who was about to enter the Jesuit order. He wished us to erect a chapel at El Retiro in memory of his father and mother. Accordingly the Rossi Memorial was built. There is a graceful bell tower in the structure. The contractor, himself a devoted retreatant, proposed getting a mission bell, and recalled seeing one in a building of the Jesuit fathers at Santa Barbara. The bell was obtained and properly installed.

I will now quote from a delightful book, "The Mission Bells of California," by Marie T. Walsh. "The earliest dated bell in California I had the fortune of finding on one of our various trips up the coast. This beautiful campana I found one warm October afternoon at El Retiro San Inigo, the northern retreat house of the Jesuit Fathers. Just how a mission bell of Franciscan-Californian days should find its resting place in a Jesuit house I was at a loss to understand, but eager to explore. We had reached this hidden spot on the eve of the weekly retreat at the Retiro and, as yet, the first retreatant had not arrived at this rambling spot atop a hill. So the place was deserted, save for kindly, whitehaired Father Mahoney, who proved so helpful to me. Yes, he knew there was a bell in the tower over the pretty little chapel, but of its history he knew nothing, except that it had been sent from the Santa Barbara house three years previously. However, he would unlock the tower door for me and I could explore as much as I pleased . . . up the ladder I climbed. My first thought was, after having examined this bell, was, 'how like the lost bell of Santa Ysabel this one is.' The bell, long waisted and lovely, antedates that of Santa Ysabel's by many years, as I found when I read the inscription;

La Purisima Concepcion Ora Pro Nobis Ano De 1722.  
(The Immaculate Conception. Pray for us. Year of 1722.)

Further on in her extremely interesting book, Miss Walsh returns to the bell of El Retiro. "At the old retreat house in its ivy shelter, and to the enclosed courtyard a huge wooden standard in the courtyard upon



which hung four bells. A picture in my possession shows these bells in detail—one of them the 1722 bell now at El Retiro. . . . The Santa Barbara presidio, we remember, was founded in 1782, four years before the founding of the mission. At that time bells were scarce in California, and until I have definite proof to the contrary, I am inclined to believe that this lovely bell is one of those brought up in the early days of Padre Serra's labors in California."

If Miss Walsh's surmise be true and there is excellent reason to consider it well founded, then our bell may be traced back to one of the old Jesuit missions of Lower California which passed into the hands of the Franciscans in 1767. One of these missions was La Purisima. We are told that this mission was one of the few that could spare a tower bell for the missions of Alta California. So it is quite possible, if not indeed probable that El Retiro's beautiful bell may have come home to a Jesuit house after many wanderings from its original mission in Lower California, a mission founded by the Jesuits in 1717, just five years before the bell was cast.

At any rate its presence in the tower of our chapel is a constant reminder that the Immaculate Conception is indeed very much interested in El Retiro San Inigo.

# Calling America

How the Message Came: It was nine o'clock in the evening of December 5, 1944. His Excellency, Sergio Osmena, President of the Philippines, came to the microphone at Field Headquarters in the Philippines at the invitation of Mr. William Dunn, War correspondent for the Columbia Broadcasting System in the South Pacific. Over short wave, the President's message crossed the Pacific to San Francisco, where it was picked up by Station KQW and recorded. By auto, the recording was rushed to Mills Airport, where a United Air Lines passenger plane was ready to take it up over the Rockies, eastbound.

Bad weather delayed the plane in Denver, Colorado. The recording was rushed to CBS Station KLZ in that city, and played into a telephone wire to New York, where Columbia made a new recording. A few hours later, this recording was played at the Jesuit Philippine Mission Bureau banquet at the Hotel Commodore, New York, N. Y. on December 6, 1944.

## President Osmena:

*"From our headquarters in the field I send my warmest greetings to the distinguished members of the Jesuit Mission Bureau.*

*"Here, by the grace of God, we are finally established and our forces are well on their way toward the complete liberation of our country. Here we see Filipinos and Americans working together in a new scene and under happier circumstances. For, whereas in Bataan and Corregidor they went down together, now they work and fight together with heads uplifted in victory. Now they have not only the indomitable will and the stern resolution, but they also have the military resources—the planes, the guns, and the ships which they did not have before.*

*"War leaves in its wake not only the destruction of property, but also the loss of life. The suffering and privations which our country has already endured are unfortunately not ended, but will perhaps intensify until the enemy is utterly defeated. We shall need all the help that America can give us by way of relief and rehabilitation. But we need not only physical rehabilitation but also spiritual rehabilitation. My people have been isolated from their Church, and they witness daily scenes of brutality, cruelty and lawlessness. Is it possible that this aggression has made a serious imprint on the moral foundations of our national life.*

*"A spiritual and moral rehabilitation, therefore, has to be attended to, simultaneously with physical rehabilitation. In the rebuilding of our country, the reopening of factories and farms, business establishments, and commercial centers will not be enough. The participation of our schools and churches is also essential. The religious groups, such as the Jesuit Philippines Mission here, will have an important part in the interplay of the moral and spiritual forces. It has been our privilege to have known most of their famous scientists and philosophers as well as missionaries.*

*"I hope that in the critical days ahead we may, again, count on your generous assistance so that we may speedily accomplish the establishment of a free and independent nation, built on the eternal foundations of Christian principle and democratic faith."*

Address donations to  
Philippine Mission Bureau  
Rev. William Matteson, S.J.  
51 East 64th Street  
New York, 28, New York

# COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor:

JESUIT MISSIONS came in tonight's mail and when I came to page 279 and looked and read I felt like the good master in the Gospel when he shielded the cockle amidst the wheat—"An enemy hath done this."

The picture you feature as an example of the hurricane destruction of August 1st is a picture of my new church at Guy's Hill. It was so new that it had not yet been blessed and I am very sorry to say that it was not yet insured.

The rear of the church travelled thirty-two feet and as you will see from the picture it was a hillside that stopped its progress. It now rests partly on another person's property; which person is evidently a very kind man as he has not yet sent me any request for rent and as three months have passed I am inclined to believe that he is also a patient.

Now if you will begin to read the appeal below that picture you will soon come across a sentence which to me is and ever shall be a masterpiece of irony. "All the damage was covered by insurance so that no help is needed from our friends on that score." After that sentence I don't expect to have any friends or at least those who were my friends will hang their heads in shame at my attempt to obtain money under fraudulent purposes and my enemies will exult in the supposed proof that I am a thief.

Please come to my rescue and tell the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS that the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help at Guy's Hill was torn from its foundations by the hurricane that hit Jamaica on August 1st, that it was not insured, and that the builders have decided that it cannot be moved but must be dismantled and reconstructed and this at a cost of two hundred pounds (\$800).

REV. JAMES M. HARNEY, S.J.  
St. Helen's Mission  
Linstead, Jamaica, B.W.I.

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will find a money order for the sum of \$10. Please accept this as an offering to be used for the primary schools on the missions. I read your literature through a Catholic friend of mine and it is a pleasure to read about the great accomplishments of the missionaries. I am a non-Catholic but I hope to soon be a convert in your faith. I really enjoy all the literature the Catholics publish. I am a Negro boy in this hospital. I have been undergoing a trial of fever but at this time I can say I am much better. I also believe in the Catholic faith because they have no differences in race, color or creed. May God bless all of you. I desire your prayers.

Sananton, Texas

J. G. T.

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

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

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## NOTICE

The January and February issues have been combined because of the paper shortage.

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## India in Outline

By Lady Hartog

Although the thesis hidden through most of the chapters of her brief outline of India seems to be the statement of John Stuart Mill, "Few governments, even under more favorable circumstances, have attempted so much for the good of their subjects," still the concluding chapters make one wonder whether Britain has not sinned against her Indian subjects by not allowing them greater voice in Indian matters. The knot of political affairs she sums up as follows: "Congress does not believe that Britain is sincere in her desire to part with power. The British Government does not believe that the Congress leaders could be trusted with the responsibility of conducting the war effort. The Moslem League fears a surrender by Government to Congress demands and the ruling out of Pakistan." To boil down the story of India to less than 100 pages is a task few would have attempted; Lady Hartog has accomplished it in a readable manner presenting the British point of view. To her outline she has added statistics from the 1941 census and a short bibliography of India.

Cambridge, at the University Press  
The Macmillan Co., N. Y. \$2.00

## With the Help of Thy Grace

By John V. Matthews, S.J.

As a teacher of Dogmatic Theology, Father Matthews had the happy faculty of reducing the abstract to the concrete and the theoretical to the practical. In "With the Help of Thy Grace" he manifests this faculty in an eminent degree. Beginning with the nominal definition of grace he arrives at the technical definition and thence proceeds to man's need of actual grace, the sufficiency of grace, grace and man's freedom of will and the results of cooperation or non-cooperation with grace. This

is all done in simple catechetical form amply illustrated by example from the lives of the Saints and our own daily Catholic life. At the close of each chapter Fr. Matthews inserts a section called "Practice" which shows the practical bearing on our daily life of the matter just read. Though from the format of the book it is intended primarily for study clubs and catechetical work we can not but repeat the words of Fr. LeBuffe in the Foreword: "Nor does he leave the reader with just a bit of sterile doctrine." It is a book that all can read with fruit—the laity to be better instructed, religious to lead a holier life, priests to impart this sublime doctrine to the faithful in simple words.

Newman Book Shop, Westminster, Md. \$1.50

## The Man Nearest to Christ

By F. L. Filas, S.J.

To state it mildly publishers and editors are frequently guilty of exaggeration in their praise of a book on the blurb that accompanies its publication. On the contrary Fr. Husslein, S.J., the General Editor of the Religion and Culture Series of which this book is a recent volume must be accused of understatement when he writes: "It is a summary of all available knowledge, of scientifically accredited and popular nature, concerning St. Joseph and the growth of devotion to him. Included in it is a wealth of information never hitherto attainable by English readers." Whether discussing the Gospels or the Apocrypha, problems arising from them or new dignities to be conferred on the foster-father of Jesus, whether outlining the development of devotion to St. Joseph before or after the Council of Trent,

in the East or in the West, in particular devotion or in liturgical cult the author is scholarly, interesting, and inspiring. Of special interest is the Epilogue in which he discusses critically Fr. Mariani's petition to Pope Pius X "On Advancing the Cultus of St. Joseph."

Bruce Publishing Co. Milwaukee, Wis.

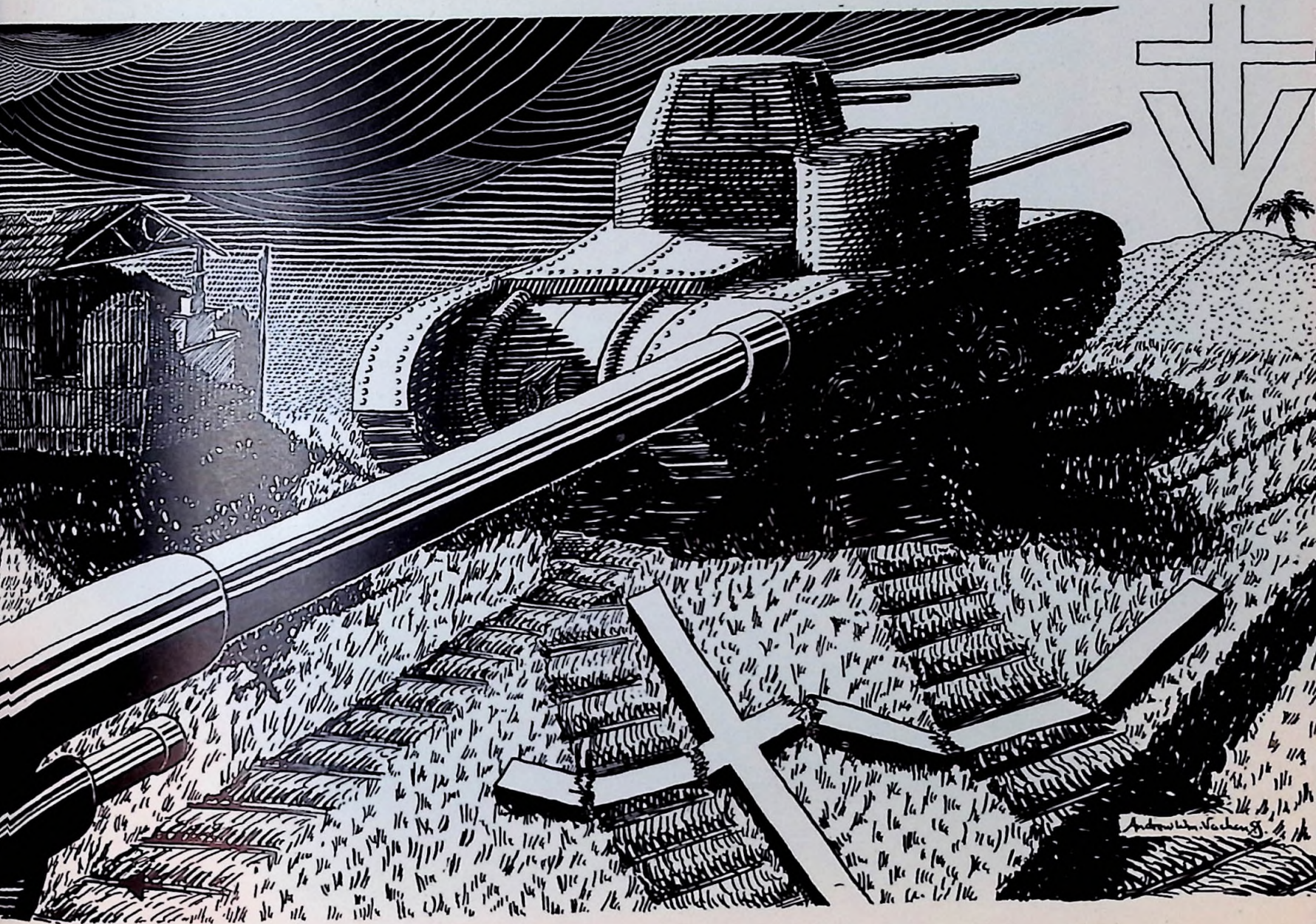
## The General Who Rebuilt the Jesuits

By Robert G. North, S.J.

We can readily forgive Fr. North for a slip of the pen when he substituted Holland for Belgium (page 9) in view of the realistic picture that he has given of the General of the Society of Jesus. He paints Fr. Roothaan as a stubborn, enthusiastic Hollander who entered the Jesuit Order when it was suppressed, except in White Russia. His career ran through one of the most turbulent periods of Jesuit history, but in spite of exile and persecution, the Ignatian spirit of courage for Christ the Lord spurred Fr. John Phillip Roothaan to tremendous achievements. As a student, teacher, preacher, provincial and general, he was a Jesuit to the core. To him is due much of the growth of the Society of Jesus in the Americas, but especially in the United States where his leadership merited for him the title of General of the Missions. His death in 1853 brought to a close a career which Fr. North has sketched in glowing colors, with the blending of shadow and light. A bibliography, especially of secondary sources, and his documentation with painstaking care in assembling the matter for this biography.

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