

Mar. 1945

JESUIT MISSIONS



Jesuit Brothers



RESCUED

Bishop Hayes, S.J., of New York City and Cagayan, P. I., released from internment in Santo Tomas University. Very Rev. John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Jesuits on Luzon, released with Bishop Hayes.



Deliverance at Last

For some the thousand nights of horror are over. For the rest the hour of deliverance is at hand after three long years.

AFTER three years of soul-searing, heart-shattering captivity, deliverance is at hand for more than 100 American Jesuit missionaries in the Philippine Islands. By the first week in February, twenty-nine were accounted for, either as "rescued", "dead", or "safe". There are still eighty-four to be heard from, but every hour brings the deliverance one step nearer.

Waiting for this day has been an agonizing experience for all concerned. Do you know how long those three years have been? It was over 700,000 casualties ago, over a hundred defeats ago, over a hundred victories ago. It was way back when our ships were sunk in the mud of Pearl Harbor, when the names

Bataan and Corregidor, hurt just to think of them. So many other names have been burned into our memories since, from Guadalcanal and Saipan and Stalingrad to Casablanca, Salerno, Normandy and "the Bulge", that three years seems far away.

But time dragged in the prisons of the Philippines and for all those who loved ones there. As one of the freed captives put it, "We have known one thousand days and nights of hell", and in the words of another, "We lived a barbaric, cruel, and utterly bestial existence". Our lives, for all their goodness, were filled with the rush of activity. Their lives were empty of everything save suffering and one little spark of hope which their hearts would not let die.

SUDDENLY the whole scene changed. The American troops came driving, smashing onward toward Manila. The Rangers jumped ahead and rescued the prisoners, but the names of the Jesuit prisoners came in slowly, one by one. The first was that of Major John Dugan, S.J., of Boston, Army chaplain captured at the fall of Bataan. But no word of missionaries. Next day, the name arrived, Father Hugh Kennedy, S.J., of Scarsdale, N. Y., missionary chaplain. All day we waited for more—in vain. Early next morning, the second name came, Father Eugene O'Keefe, S.J., of South Orange, N. J., mission

d chaplain, and then no more. But the
was thick with rumors.

Onward the American troops raced into
the stronghold of Manila. Santo Tomas
University was taken, but many hours
ragged by before the first and most cheer-
ing word of all reached us about its pris-
ners. The central Jesuit figure in the
Philippine Islands, the most powerful, vig-
orous, capable and likeable leader of the
whole mission, Very Rev. John F. Hurley,
J., reported killed for his defence of the
civilians in Manila, was safe! Now every
man in the mission is precious and inval-
uable, but it is no secret and no reflection
on the others to say that our greatest re-
sponding is in the news, so unexpected, of
Father Hurley's safety.

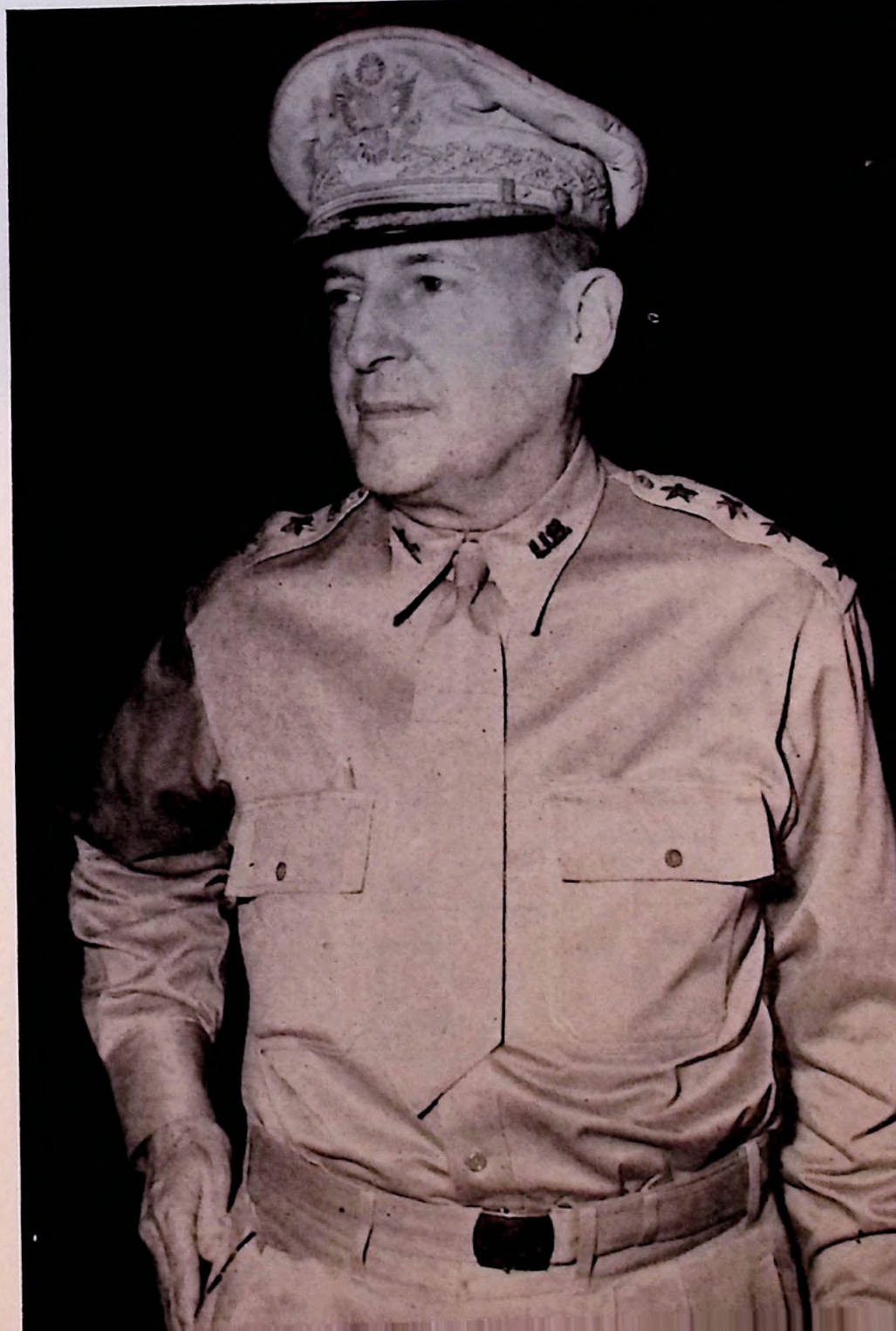
Today six more names came in: Fathers
Bernard Doucette of Melrose, Mass., J.
Franklin Ewing and David Daly of New
York City, Brother John Abrams of Worces-
ter, Mass., Brother Edward Bauerlein of
Buffalo, N. Y., and the name all hold in
highest reverence, Most Rev. James T. G.
Mayes, S.J. of New York City.

THERE are still eighty-four more to be
rescued from, and no ways of knowing where
they are and when they will be set free.
Only one American Jesuit is known for sure
to be dead, Father Thomas Rocks, killed
early in the Japanese attack on the Philip-
pines. Two Filipino Jesuits are reliably re-
portedly dead, Father Juan Gaerlan who died
a victim of the "March of Death" from
Bataan, and Father Augustine Consunji who
was killed for his cooperation with the
Americans. The others are "safe and ac-
counted for somewhere in the Islands."

WITH the victorious invading American
forces are several Jesuit Chaplains. One of
the best known is Major Pacifico Ortiz, for-
mer Chaplain to the late President Quezon.
At least one other Filipino Chaplain is
known to be "heading home", Pedro Ver-
velles, S.J. Four of the Chaplains were for-
mer missionaries in the Islands, Fathers
Thomas Shanahan of Waterbury, Conn.,
Edward Dunne of Brooklyn, N. Y., Ralph
Neil of Philadelphia, Pa., Morgan Downey
Washington, D. C.; the others are
Fathers McVeigh of Philadelphia, Pa.,
Thomas Smith of Hanover, Pa., William
Walter of Buffalo, N. Y. and William Leon-
ard of Boston, Mass.



(Clockwise) Father Eugene O'Keefe, S.J., and
Father Hugh Kennedy, S.J., rescued by the
Ranger raid on Jan. 30. Major Ortiz, S.J.,
Chaplain with the invading U. S. Forces, has
returned to the Islands for the first time since
his dramatic escape from Corregidor three
years ago. His home in Surigao, Mindanao, is
still held by the Japanese. General Douglas
MacArthur, who has more than made good his
promise, "I will return."



CONTRIBUTORS

■ **Father John P. Deevy, S.J.**, first appeared among the editors of JESUIT MISSIONS in the November issue of 1940. Since then he has written 53 signed articles for this magazine, hundreds of book reviews, captions, comments, and write-ups. Only once has a picture of him been published in these pages, when he first arrived in Jamaica as a missionary scholastic in 1933. Reason: this column was his for several years.



John P. Deevy, S.J.

He was born in Waltham, Mass., went to St. Mary's parochial school, and to Boston College High School, entered the Society of Jesus in 1926, studied at Shadowbrook and Weston, taught at St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, and was just settling down to become Assistant Prefect of Discipline at Holy Cross College, when he was appointed to JESUIT MISSIONS.

■ **Charles W. Guinn**, graduate of Marquette High in Yakima, Wash., is Representative of the Alaskan Indian Service on Nelson Island, Alaska.

■ **Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J.**, is the eldest of the Deevy brothers. (The youngest, Joseph, is in the army.) In his early years, Francis preceded John by one year through St. Mary's, B.C., High, into the Society of Jesus, and all the way through. God give them both enviable health, boundless vitality and many gifts, so varied that they have never been rivals. Francis played the violin and directed orchestras at Weston and B. C. High; John played the clarinet and saxophone. Francis played well at two sports; John excelled in all. Francis is now a pioneer missionary in the mountains of Jamaica, and John is an editor in New York City. Their mother and father are living at their home in Waltham. This is Francis' ninth article for us.



Francis G. Deevy, S.J.

COVER—This Jesuit Brother is typical, not because of his age—the majority are younger, but because he reflects the peace of God. Brothers enjoy in doing God's work.

JESUIT MISSIONS

MAR.



1945

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Brother Fox, S.J.

NEXT year will be the four hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Brothers as full members of the Society of Jesus. In the early pages of this issue we have tried to present a general picture showing how much they have meant and mean today to the Society of Jesus in its work for God on the missions.

A Brother is above all else a religious, consecrated to God by the same vows which Jesuit priests assume. He shares in full the spiritual benefits granted to every Jesuit priest and student. He is never just a guest, never a workman, never a servant, but always a member of the Society of Jesus and a true Jesuit.

The Jesuit Order of which he is a member is a religious family which asks of its children that they devote themselves to prayer; it is also an active Order which has been entrusted by the Church with a vast number of activities; but it is above all an apostolic Order which works directly for the salvation of souls. The type of men it needs for its brothers are men who will pray and work.

There is no place available amongst us for men who merely want to get away from the world and its strife. Our brothers want to train themselves so that they can face that world and do something to minimize its strifes and evils. They purify their own hearts and strive to make their own lives holy with God's help so that they may give other men courage and the example to do the same. They keep their hearts close to God so that when they put their heart into their work God blesses

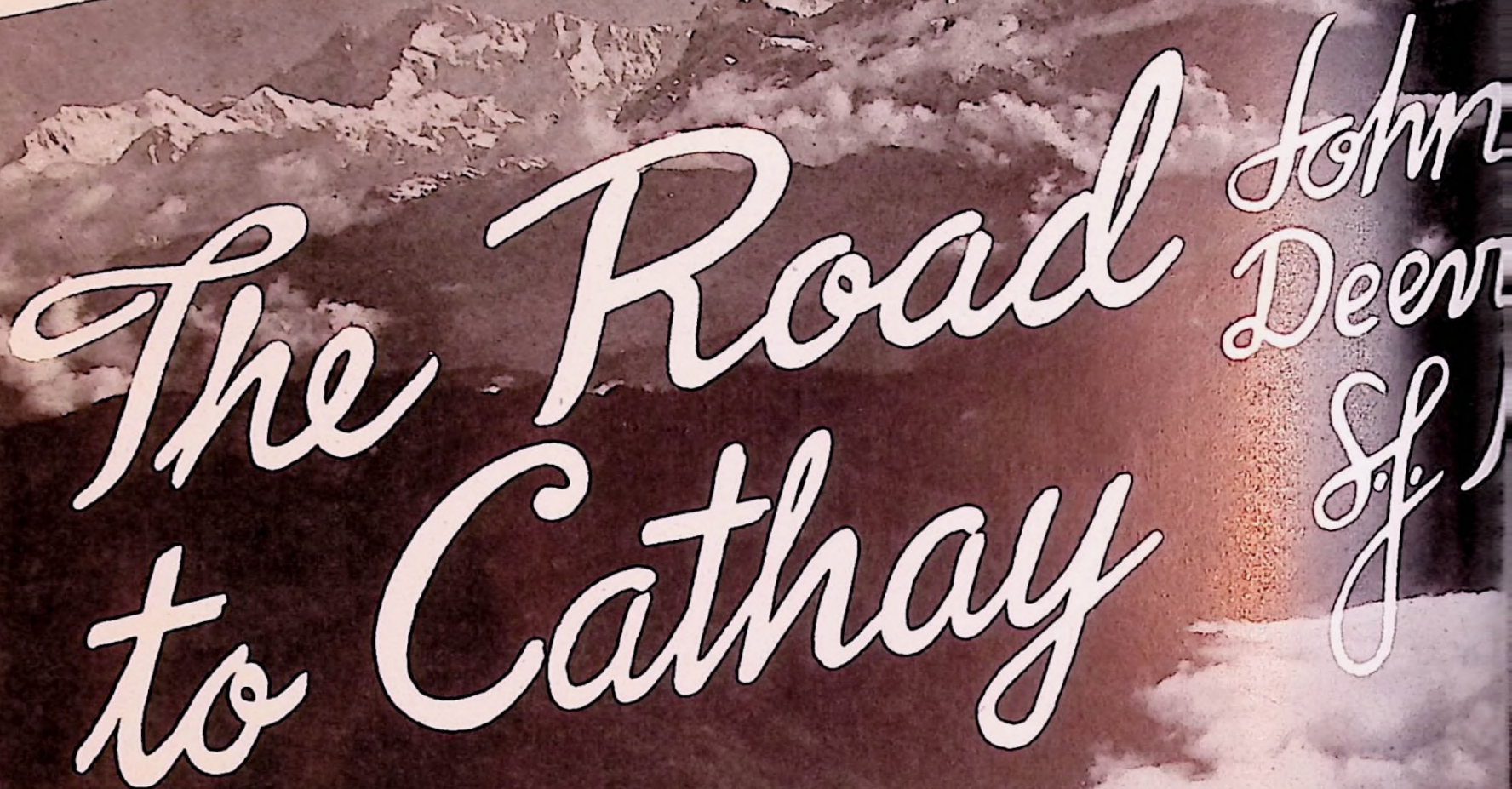
Brothers of Christ

every effort and accepts their labors for the good of souls just as surely as he accepts the preaching of His priests.

SAINTE IGNATIUS LOYOLA, who first asked the Pope in 1546 to grant Brothers full membership in the Society of Jesus, had very clear ideas as to the type of men he needed. He used to say that the men who would make good Jesuits were the men who would succeed in the world. Only they must turn their talents to God's service instead of to their own satisfaction. There will always be a place, therefore, in the Jesuits for men with experience and skills as well as for those with undeveloped talents willing to offer them to God.

The desirable age for candidates is between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. In a five year period (1935-40) in one province, the average age of fifty-six accepted applicants was twenty-four. But older men have also been accepted. We all know of many beloved brothers, beginning with St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, who were married and entered as widowers. One in recent years had two sons Jesuits, another took his final vows the same day and at the same altar as his Jesuit priest-son.

No one will need to tell any of the servicemen who have been overseas, especially to the mission countries of Africa, the Near East, Asia, and the South Pacific how much the poor people of the rest of the earth need the practical skills American men have developed in our country. In fact, it almost looks as though God allowed our young men to be scattered all over the world to let them see the need of their returning to those countries after the war, not as soldiers of the U.S.A., but as Brothers of Christ and missionaries of God.



The Road to Cathay

John Deere S.J.

ARTISTS, SCIENTISTS, PIONEER
TRAIL-BLAZERS, ARCHITECTS,
BUILDERS, MISSIONARIES—THE
JESUIT BROTHERS HAVE WRIT-
TEN A GLORIOUS CHAPTER
IN MISSION HISTORY

AMERICAN pilots with their refreshing disdain for difficult assignments depreciated the Himalayas by nicknaming them the "Hump." Over this toughest mountain range in the world they forged an airline from India to China when the Burma Road was closed. It is a sky road 525 miles long. Mountain peaks reach to 20,000 feet. Below lies desert and jungle and

deep mountain passes. Through dust and heat and strong winds and storm, the Army Transport Command flies day and night, carrying supplies to keep China in the war.

Long before air travel was known, long before our American pilots battled with the strong winds of the "Hump," there was a Jesuit Brother who travelled from India to China overland. He was the first European of modern times to find a land route to China from India, the first to prove that China and Cathay were one and the same place. Without maps, without precursors, without physical instruments, without the experience or companionship of even a single fellow Jesuit, this Brother conquered the "Hump" and reached China. Instead of three hours, it took him three years. Instead of an air road of 525 miles as the plane flies, this Jesuit Brother travelled over twenty-five hundred miles before completing his mission. Our American heroes of the "Hump" would certainly recognize in Brother Benedict de Goes, S.J. a spirit kindred to theirs.

The most widely known Jesuit Brother is St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, S.J., the humble porter of Majorca. He

(upper) Brother Finnegan, S.J., the beloved infirmarian of Nanking, China, who survived the bombing of the city and its horrors, and internment in Shanghai, attending a student.

(lower) Brother Murphy, S.J., in Alaska, teaching Eskimo boys to make a dog-sled.

Life has been taken as the model of all Jesuit Brothers. This gives a wrong impression about our Brothers. They go wherever obedience or necessity requires their service. Many have died for the Faith. Rene Goupil and John Lalande were martyred in North America, the sixteen victims of the Huguenot Pirates were on their way to South America, Ambrose Fernandes, Leonard Kimmura, Gaspar were martyred in Japan, Francis Arranha at Salsette, India, Ralph Ashley and Nicolas Owen were martyred in England.

Many have held positions of influence. On the China mission, Brother Baudino, Brother Rhodes and Brother DeCosta served as physicians to the Emperor over half a century, retaining his good will for the mission and rendering innumerable services to rich and poor, Christian and pagan. Brother Brocard was a mechanical genius. Brother Stadlin pleased the Emperor with his watches and clocks. Brother Castiglione, an artist, had studied at the feet of the Italian masters. During 52 years in China he designed the building, parks and gardens of the Emperor's Summer palace. The life of a Brother is at times far from a hidden life.

But it was the journey of Brother de Goes, S.J. in his conquest of the "Hump" which deserves a story by itself. At the end of the sixteenth century Brother de Goes, S.J., a Portuguese, born in the Azores, was sent to India as a missionary. In the company of Father Jerome Xavier, Francis Xavier's nephew, and Manuel Pinheiro, he had reached the palace of Akbar, the Great Mogul. One day a Mussulman merchant arrived at the palace. Observing the missionaries and their practices the merchant told them there were many Christians like themselves in far off Cathay. Father Xavier sent this news to his superior in Goa, begging permission to go to these people. Such was not to be. Brother de Goes was sent instead to find Cathay.

On that historic trip, Lawrence of Arabia had nothing on this Jesuit Brother. He allowed his beard and hair to grow long to conceal his white features. A native burnoose and turban completed his disguise. Brother de Goes then attached himself to a caravan departing for Yarkand, across the Himalayas. He lost his identity among the other Mussulman merchants and called himself Banda Abdulla, which means "The Servant of God." Like the other merchants he wore his dagger close up under his armpit and carried his quiver of arrows and a bow and had his own camels, and horses and bags of merchandise. In all that caravan there was only one other Christian. Isaac the Armenian traveled with Brother Goes to the end.



For three years these two Christians were beset by every kind of danger, the piercing cold of snow, wind and hail in high Himalayan passes, where a misstep meant a terrible death thousands of feet below, the long, hot miles along the border of the Gobi desert where choking sand storms forced them to hold up for days, and wild bands of nomad robbers in the desert. Ceaseless vigilance was the price of survival. For Brother de Goes there was a still greater hardship and privation. For him there was no Mass, no Communion, no Confession, no consolation and companionship of brother Jesuits. There was nothing to sustain him but the grace of his vocation, the strength of his own spirit and the knowledge that he was obeying the command of his Superiors.

Five of Brother's horses perished in the intense cold of the high plateau of Pamir. The air was so rarefied that men and beasts could hardly breathe. To remedy this they ate garlic and onions and rubbed garlic on the nostrils of the animals, though how much good this treatment did we cannot say. For forty days they plodded on through this cold grey world. Then came

the slow descent into Turkistan. At last after crossing miles of trackless desert they reached Yarkand. Here the caravan disbanded. This was as far as the Mussulman merchants were going. Cathay still lay hundred of miles to the west.

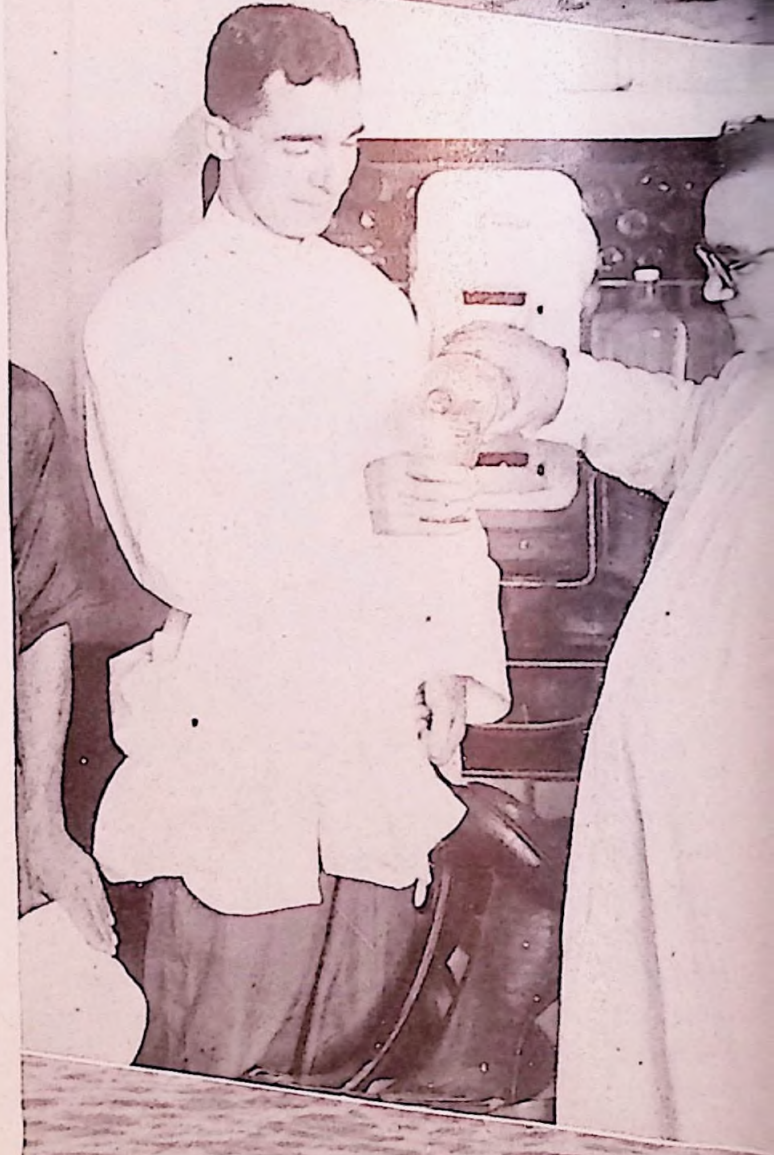
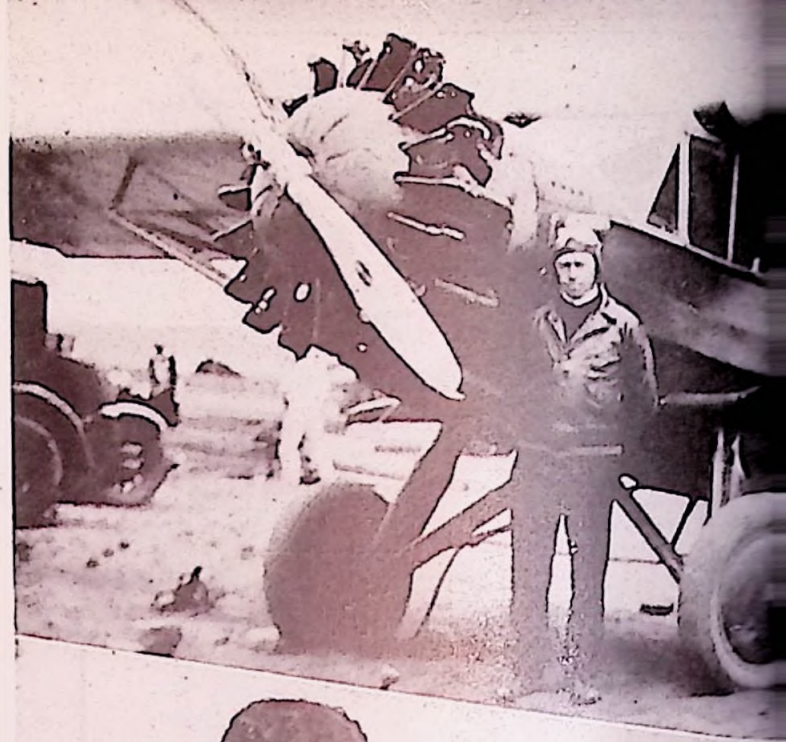
Brother de Goes remained for a while in Yarkand, biding his time until he could attach himself to another caravan bound for Cathay. Isaac the Armenian, who had by this time become a close companion and friend of Brother de Goes pleaded with him to give up the idea of going further and return to India. Brother replied, "If you wish to return to India you may. As for me, I have been sent here by my superiors. I must follow out their orders. I hope that Christ who has protected me from death thus far will watch over me until I get to Cathay." Isaac stayed with Brother de Goes and continued to the end with him.

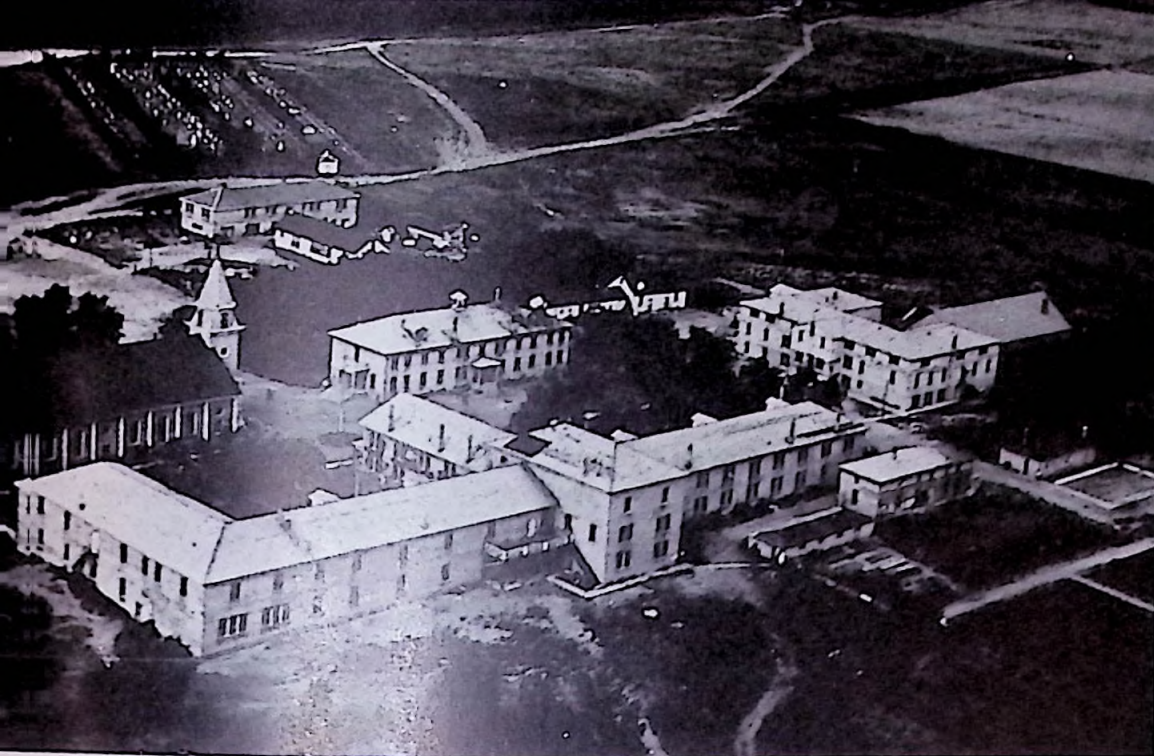
THEY crossed the wide desert of Taklamakan. For sign-posts they had the bleached bones of men and beasts who had dropped out of caravans that had preceded them. It was at Koutcha also that he established his first definite contact with China. He met some travellers from Peking who told him of the Jesuit missionaries working in that city. The missionaries had won the favor of the Emperor by their watches, clocks and other scientific inventions. Brother de Goes' heart bounded. China and Cathay were the same place. From other sources he knew of the success of his brother Jesuits with the Emperor of Peking, the capitol of Cathay. China at last! He questioned everyone coming from Peking. He wrote a letter to the Jesuits stationed there even though he did not know their names in Chinese.

There was some delay. Meanwhile Brother de Goes reached Suchow where he collapsed from food poisoning. When Father Ricci at last received his letter and read of the long perilous journey from Central India to China, he sent a Chinese Brother, John Chong, who spoke Portuguese, to meet Brother de Goes. Letters of encouragement and welcome from Father Ricci brought tears of joy to the eyes of Brother de Goes. But he could go no farther. He was deathly sick when Brother Chong arrived in Suchow. Eleven days later he died, only forty-five years of age and was buried in Suchow near the Great Wall of China.

High over the Himalayas today an American bomber roars. The Air Transport Command is flying the "Hump." They have their orders and mission to fulfill and are doing a splendid job, but it detracts nothing from their glory to state that their assignment, compared with that of Brother de Goes, S.J., is easy.

(top) Brother Feltes, S.J., is a licensed pilot, but has no plane to fly today. (center) Brother Valero, S.J., 30 years a brother in the Philippines. With him is Father Harold Murphy, S.J., interned. (below) Brother Wickard, S.J., at the right, indispensable handy men of Alaska.





St. Francis Mission, So. Dakota, is the work of Brother Hartmann, S.J., master builder (right).

God's

Ground Crew

Joseph Hebert, S.J.
and W. B. Faherty, S.J.

JUST as ground crews share the credit and sometimes the medals for successful bombing missions, so Jesuit Brothers have an essential part in another type of mission, the Church's organized drive to spread God's Kingdom. They build bases from which the priests launch their successful raids. They keep the equipment in repair. "At least one man on the ground for every one in the air," is a ratio often applied to modern air forces. Such has been the numerical relation of brothers to priests in the amazing Jesuit campaign among the Indians of South Dakota.

Father John Jutz entered the lands of the Sioux in the winter of 1885. Matching his stride was another heroic Jesuit, Brother Jerome Nunlist. So it was always to be on the Sioux Mission, a long story of priests and brothers working side by side for God's glory.

Take Brother Hinderhofer, for instance, a little fellow with an easy smile. In the course of years, "Shoemaker," as the Indians called him, repaired over one thousand shoes for his Jesuit brethren and Indian friends, and planted, with the help of Indian boys, over twenty-two thousand trees on the Dakota plains.

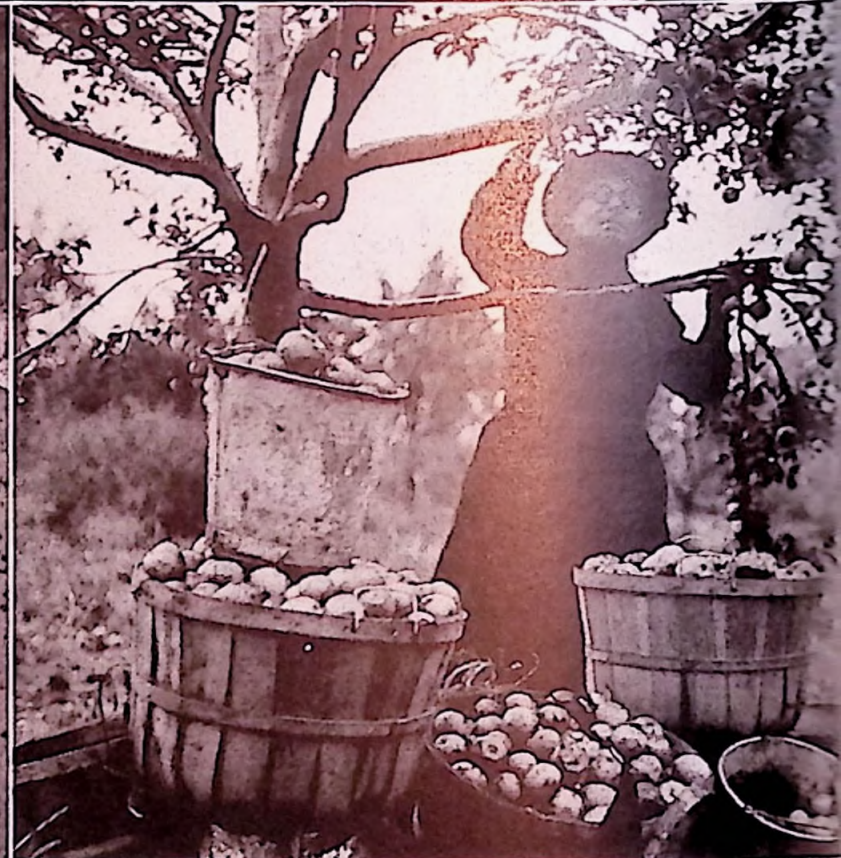
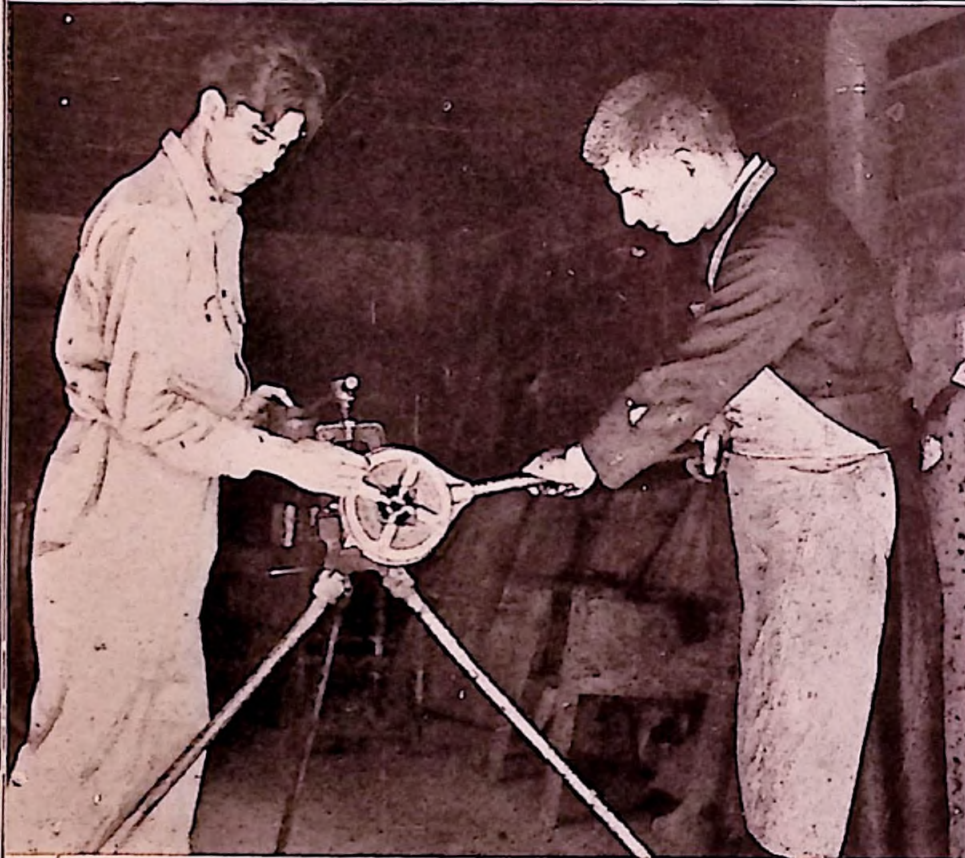
The Henry Kaiser of the Sioux Missions is Brother Andrew Hartmann. He is square and straight, and wears a bright red beard. A soldier in his early days—rumor has it that he still possesses a medal for marksmanship—he entered the Society and volunteered for the Indian Mission.

An excellent carpenter and woodworker, Brother taught his craft to Indian boys. Many of these youngsters had never before seen first-class carpentry. The chapels which dot the reservation are his work. St. Francis Mission Church, one of the largest and most beautiful in Western South Dakota, stands as another monument to his skill. Its handcarved altar is his masterpiece. The old mission was destroyed by fire in 1916.

Though untrained in architecture the resourceful brother laid plans for a new St. Francis. On April 1st with the help of Indian boys who came from all corners of the reservation at his call, the energetic carpenter began the work on a two-story concrete structure in the shape of a large F, 340 feet long with wings eighty feet each. At one time during the construction Brother Hartmann had one hundred Indian teamsters at work hauling gravel. Thanks to the driving energy of the Brother and the loyal work of his Indian helpers, the building was ready for occupancy in September.

OX team, mule team, and now a "Chevy Pick-up!" With these Brother Berendt has hauled supplies to the Missions for many years. Brother Berendt, six feet tall and straight as a general, ran the fifteen thousand acre establishment at Holy Rosary for a quarter of a century.

In all his years as infirmarian Brother Waible is said



(top) Brother William Siehr, S.J., is secretary and invaluable executive of the large Holy Rosary Mission, So. Dakota. (left) Brother Francis Eben, S.J., teaching an Indian boy to thread pipe. (right) Brother Hinderhofer, S.J., the brother who planted 22,000 trees.

never to have lost a pneumonia patient. Eighty-five year old Brother Rupp, plumber and blacksmith at St. Francis, still recalls the days when he drove cattle hundreds of miles across the Dakota plains. Jovial Brother Bauer, who looks like Santa Claus' younger brother and has the unmatched jobs of butcher and florist, is known among the Indians for his great physical strength. Brother Gross has emulated Brother Hartmann's work at Holy Rosary. Despite his seventy-five years Brother Michalowski still fires the steam plant for the Holy Rosary laundry. Brother Parry has many side occupations besides his main work of gardening.

Brother Schlienger, who still recalls longingly his Tyrolese homeland, is vegetable gardener at Holy

Rosary. Mid-winter swimming is one of the favorite sports of this hardy ex-mountaineer.

ALONG with these colorful oldtimers, a new generation is carrying on a grand tradition, Brother Eugene Jennings the infirmarian at St. Francis, William Wilson the baker, William Siehr, former Champion football player, now secretary at Holy Rosary, James Marchant taciturn poultry-keeper, Francis X. Eben who steps from the Holy Rosary blacksmith shop to the organ loft in the chapel, George Kammerer, machinist, Francis Chapman, cook, Theodulus Yanez, shoemaker, John Illing, cook, Joseph Schwart, machinist, Edward Gilbertz, electrician, and Edward Schaefer, trucker.

These are the quiet faithful members of God's Ground Crew, who, unheralded, have contributed greatly for the day when they will hear from their Captain Christ the welcome words: "*Mission Successful!*" There is on earth no higher tribute we can render to them

THEIRS is the silent service,—the Brothers. Oh, they hammer on boards, and run roaring machines, and herd lowing cattle, and laugh the merry laughs of men whose hearts know what true peace is, but for all that, the rumble and throb of their giant labors seldom are felt beyond their own mission stations. Simply because they never advertise their heroism. Something had to be done about that!

DOWN in the southern tip of Maryland at Chapel Point there is a stretch of farmland acquired by the Jesuits in the days of Father Andrew White (1630). The superintendent of those farms today is Brother William Carley, S.J. who entered the Society of Jesus 36 years ago on the feast of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, Jesuit brother and saint. A big recreation centre is also part of his charge and is handled with the same efficiency. He is the only Brother in the whole area, and worth his weight in gold.

THE least publicized person ever to return on the *Gripsholm* was a Jesuit Brother from China, Brother Finnegan, S.J. who returned in 1943 after having survived the bombing and riots of Nanking, months of internment, and most of the Japanese assaults west of Shanghai. He had been infirmarian, a quiet, soft-spoken, lovable friend of the afflicted. When the Fathers were summoned to Shanghai, he was left in charge of the property in Nanking. In the end, he was helpless. The Japanese either took or destroyed everything and Brother was interned. He is now at San Jose, California.

THERE were two Brothers Horwedel, one who died recently after 53 consecutive years at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and his "young brother" who lived over 40 consecutive years in Alaska and was one of the pioneer builders of the mission. And we could mention Brother Sirisio who supplied the Indians of a whole valley with vegetables and food for over 30 years. But perhaps the two most famous veterans were the last of the Italian pioneers of the Turin Province who really started the mission of Alaska, Brother Giordano and Brother Chiaudano. Brother Giordano was the first brother in Alaska, and lived with all the famous pioneers, Archbishop Seghers, Judge, De la Motte, etc. during his 25 years in the far North. Today he is 85 years old and still wants to build a chapel with his own hands, and out of stones along the shore

near Port Townsend, Washington. Brother Chiaudano, who died only a few years ago, was a genius of versatility. He learned Eskimo languages, built churches and rectories, built motor boats, installed electric motors, rigged up salmon traps, played musical instruments, and was always a fascinating conversationalist and story-teller.

JAMAICA has had some famous brothers, too. Brother Quattrocchi, now at Wernersville, Pa., was for years one of the most beloved personages at Winchester Park, and Brother Feith, also back in his own province after years of service in Jamaica, is still remembered with veneration by grateful people whom he served. Brother Lynch has now gone to his reward. Fortunate for him he was never asked to go to Alaska. How he suffered from the cold, even in Massachusetts! He used to put Sloane's Liniment on his feet to give at least the illusion of warmth. And so he was sent to the tropics. His first letter home is still remembered. "*It's not too warm for the tropics,*" was his comment on the weather. Gentle, quiet, and retiring, he had a fund of information and poems of unbelievable length stored away in his memory which on rare occasions were coaxed out of him by the younger men. Brother Weatherhead, as loyal an Irishman as ever was born in Ireland, passed to his reward after very few years on the island. There are only three brothers there now, Brother Ahern, who keeps baffled Jamaicans informed on U. S. baseball scores, and has some of them really anxious to meet this "Ted Williams," all the while doing so many different things you'd wonder how he found time to think of baseball; Brother Le Bel, who has charge of the Cathedral, the chapels, and a score of chores; and finally the wonder of the island, Brother McElroy, builder, fixer, carpenter, plumber, and unsung hero of the mission.

AMONG the Jesuit Brothers in history, there are four canonized saints, Alphonsus Rodriguez, Rene Goupil, John Lalande, and James Kisai (Japanese), and twenty-three who have been beatified by the Church. Among them was Nicholas Owen who died in prison in England in 1606 as a result of the torments inflicted upon him. He was the one who built so many hiding places for the priests during the persecution of the Church under Queen Elizabeth. Even to this day, some of the old mansions in England have secret panels behind which priests once hid from persecutors.

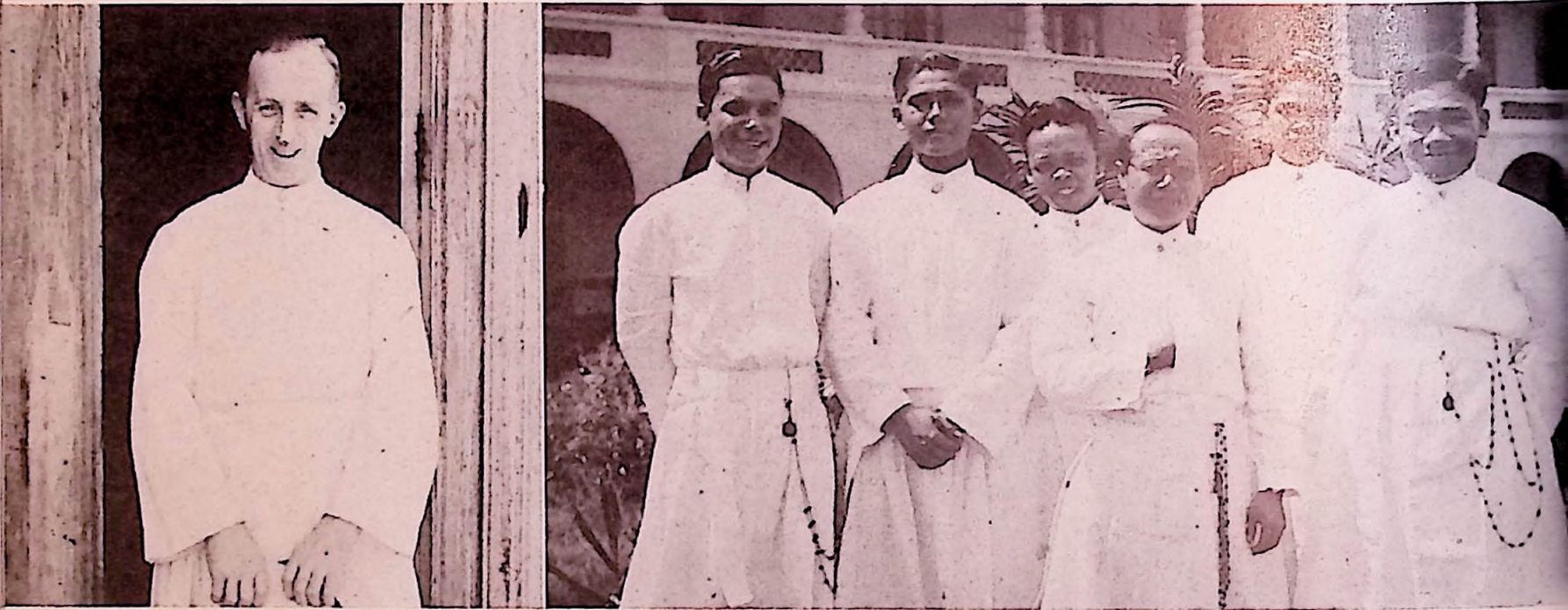


Four Men

Four men had to do it alone when a hundred men were needed

and a Mission

Hugh F. Costigan, S.J.



WHEN John J. Duffy, British Tommy, turned in his army equipment, received his honorable discharge, decided to join another army of the Church Militant, he thought that most of his previous experience would not be of much use in the Society of Jesus. Like many another young man he found the Society could use everything he had ever learned.

In 1923 Brother Duffy arrived in Manila, the most welcome Jesuit since the American Jesuits took over the Ateneo de Manila in 1921. Jesuit Priests can hold their own in classroom and pulpit. But fifteen years of concentration on the intellectual side often leave one very hazy about the workings of a Stilson wrench or the intricacies of a brace and bit, items without which no college or university can flourish. Brother Duffy, for twenty years, kept the lights burning, the water flowing, drove thousands of nails into thousands of boards to keep roof and walls and floors together.

By some strange plan of Divine Providence, easily proveable from back issues of JESUIT MISSIONS, no missionary is really a veteran until all he has built is destroyed by fire, earthquake, typhoon or war. Brother Duffy became a veteran in 1932 when the Ateneo de Manila was burned to the ground. At once a new school had to be built. It was Brother Duffy who supervised

(left) Brother Doyle, S.J., builder in the Philippines. (right) Filipino Brothers at the novitiate of Novaliches. (opposite page) Brother Abrams, S.J., buyer and infirmarian, and Brother Herr, S.J., at Baguio, outside Manila.

most of the construction which made the Ateneo one of the finest schools in Manila.

But a brother is not a workman, nor a foreman. He is a religious, and, in this case, a missionary. To every Jesuit Priest in the Ateneo, Brother Duffy was a quiet, generous, patient revelation that the spirit of St. Joseph still lives. With his Filipino helpers Brother Duffy was always the perfect gentleman, winning their lasting respect and the supreme accolade a Filipino can give a foreigner, 'muy simpatico', very understanding.

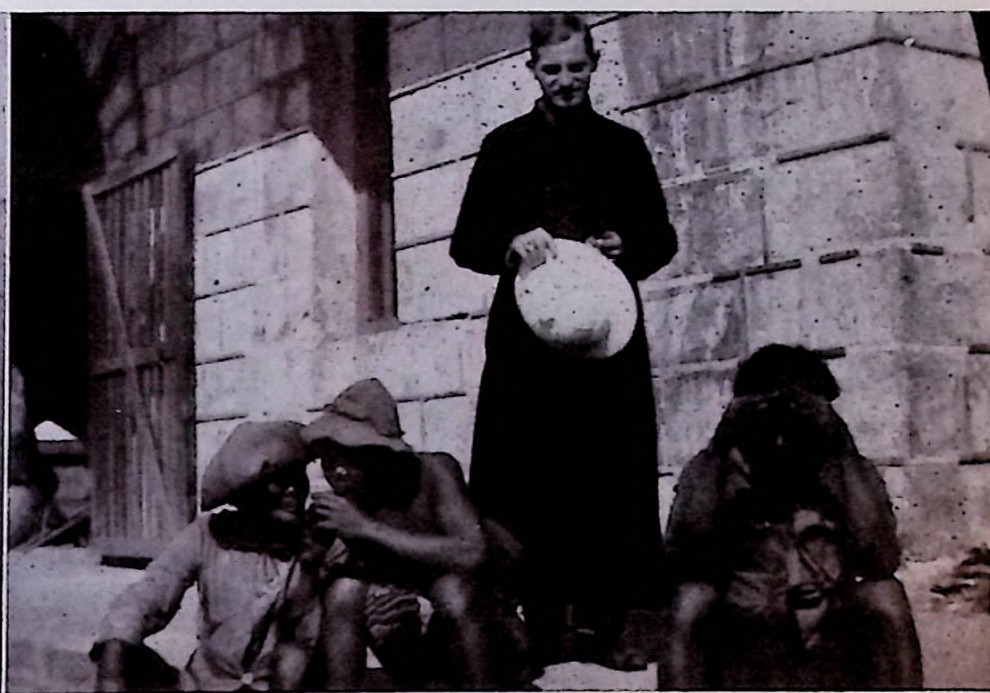
FIRST American Brother assigned to Mindanao was Brother Edward Bauerlein. Every Jesuit pastor struggling to get Church and school built or repaired wanted the help of Brother Bauerlein. Lend-lease was much earlier in Mindanao than in America and he found himself loaned out to various mission centers for special feats of carpentry, farming, even tailoring, his original trade. But Tagaloan was his home.

Tagaloan is a little town with a big church. Like most Spanish churches in the Philippines, its spires

reached high into the sky, but daily threatened to return to earth. Constant repairs on roof, pillars, walls took up a good part of Brother Bauerlein's time. For the rest he kept the parochial school in order, ran a truck garden, cared for the electric plant and water system, acted as doctor and nurse at a little dispensary. When the Pastor was away visiting his barrio stations in the hills, the Catholic Church of Tagaloan rested on the sturdy shoulders of Brother Bauerlein and he even found himself officiating at funerals. As a little side line, he used to bake a batch of pies every Saturday for the other Jesuit Missionaries along the northern shore of Mindanao who did not have a Brother there.

time for the long trips to the mountain barrios where usually a priest can go but once or twice a year. A Brother multiplies a priest two or three times.

IN a religious order, as in an army, there must be a quartermaster's corps to keep the members clothed and fed. In the Society of Jesus the quartermaster is usually a brother who goes under the title of 'buyer'. Buyer for the Ateneo de Manila with its 2,000 students and faculty, supervisor of the kitchens and refectories, was Brother John Abrams. His white suit, black tie, brilliant shock of red hair were a common sight along the main streets and back alleys of Manila gathering sup-



Most amazing in Brother Bauerlein was the speed with which he accomplished these myriad tasks. Powerfully built, his stamina carried him through job after job in whirlwind fashion. Only a major accident could temporarily halt his work in Mindanao. Repairing the church at Sumilao, the balcony railing collapsed and he fell forty feet to the floor. Picking himself up, he limped through his tasks for three days convinced his leg was merely bruised. Superiors sent him to Manila for X-rays and seven days after the accident, Brother Bauerlein walked into the Maryknoll Sisters' hospital in Manila. He did not walk out for six weeks. His hip was broken.

When John Doyle, bricklayer and stonemason laid down his trowel for the last time as a layman, took the train for the Jesuit Novitiate, donned the black habit of St. Ignatius, he, too, began to talk of his building days in the past tense. He wasn't in the Novitiate long before he got the tools out again and he has been using them ever since during his thirteen years in Mindanao.

Stationed with Father Andrew Cervini at Illigan, Mindanao, Brother Doyle's activities covered the multitudinous material details that can fret a missionary's life, reduce his efficiency in the spiritual care of the people. Given a Brother Doyle, the missionary has

plies needed to fill his often repeated motto for the Ateneo: "Eat first, then philosophize". Brother Abrams soon found himself perfecting boarders, directing their athletics, finally teaching classes in the school.

It would be interesting and delightful to go on telling of the fifteen or twenty American Brothers in the Philippines but, unfortunately, there weren't fifteen or twenty other brothers there. Somehow or other, not many young men knew the need or heeded the call for help in distant missions. And so they missed the vocation that made the Brothers' days busy, their nights peaceful, their lives happy in the Philippines. And the Philippines missed them. Brother Abrams,* Bauerlein,* Duffy and Doyle are prisoners of the Japs today and rebuilders of the Mission tomorrow.

*Released.



St. Joseph was God's
choice as the type of man
He wanted in His home.

MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS



The Prototype

■ Saint Joseph was the perfect prototype of a Jesuit Brother. In him we find God's idea of a man in open contradiction with that of the world. In the eyes of man the gauge of greatness is extraordinary *doing*. In the eyes of God the gauge of greatness is extraordinary *being*. Little souls may enjoy one brief hour of glory and win the applause of the world. But only a truly great soul dedicates his whole life to the service of God. Unless we are aware of this distinction we shall miss the secret of Joseph's greatness and we shall fail to appreciate the sublimity of a Jesuit Brother's vocation.

Like his prototype, the Jesuit Brother lives a humble and hidden but far from insignificant life. In large part his very work is that which Joseph performed at Nazareth, the many household tasks which must be attended to in a large community. Many have special talents and these are put to good use wherever possible. But it is not a question of talents or other capabilities. The first requisite a Brother must have is spirituality. Over the course of the years a Brother can and does become a very spiritual man. There are four Brothers among the twenty-three canonized saints of the Society. Twenty-two others have been beatified. This is a large proportion when you reflect that the number of priests is far greater than the number of Brothers. Alphonsus Rodriguez, the Brother porter of Majorca was declared a saint by the Church because he lived the life of a Jesuit Brother in a perfect way.

■ We Americans have received the reputation for being extroverts. We are uneasy unless we are on the move. We measure progress by external achievements. To some extent the charge is true but ultimately we open our eyes to essential worth and appreciate the interior enduring values. This was evidenced clearly in the nation's tribute to Al Smith, the happy warrior. We extolled him not so much for what he did but for what he was. In the real sense Al Smith was a great soul. He put first things first and would not compromise with principle for any man.

Important

No matter whether a man holds a prominent position in public office like the "happy warrior" or is lost in society in which he lives, his first and most important is the service of God. If that is forgotten every accomplishment is empty and vain. Whether we do small or in big things is not so important.

■ The Jesuit Brother realizes this simple truth, appreciates its truth worth. To make doubly sure that he practices it, he simply goes aside from the world, moves to God's sanctuary. There, by a life of obedience, he knows that he is serving God directly and taking care of the most important thing in every man's life, the salvation of his own soul. Even as Saint Joseph served Christ in the flesh, the Jesuit Brother serves Christ in His presence. In return for his sacrifice he enjoys superior spiritual advantages, he attains the interior happiness of a man in this intimate and direct service of God. He has the satisfaction of knowing that no matter what he is doing he is working directly for the glory of God and not for his own glory. The truth is that in the total picture of the Incarnation there must be other Josephs just as there must be other Christs. The Brother by his vocation has the opportunity to reproduce in his own life the qualities and virtues that made Joseph so great in the eyes of God and the Church. And if we prescind from the gift and privilege of the priesthood denied to the Brothers since through lack of opportunity or grace we find that the more nearly imitating the greater portion of Christ's life on earth. Every moment of that life was eternally pleasing to His Heavenly Father because Christ was obedient even unto the death on the Cross. So, the oblation of a life dedicated in, and through, and for Christ to the service of His Heavenly Father, through a life of obedience, is something very pleasing and praiseworthy in His eyes. Every man has a chance to practice the life of a Jesuit Brother as few as intimately, as devotedly and as completely as a Jesuit Brother who vows his whole life to his

Leaders! Leaders! Leaders!

"For good or ill, the Far East will be the scene of great industrial development after the war. Catholics must be prepared to offer social guidance in this industrialization. When the war is over, we should have priests ready—and Brothers and Sisters, too—who can train Catholic workers to be a Catholic influence in the labor groups, and Catholic employers to be truly Catholic in their field. We should be ready to train native Catholics to run credit unions and co-operatives and to watch social legislation with an intelligent eye. It will call for intense and difficult effort to prevent the evils of western industrialization from being reproduced and multiplied over night in the Far East."—Rev. Patrick O'Connor, Missionary of St. Columban, in "The Far East."



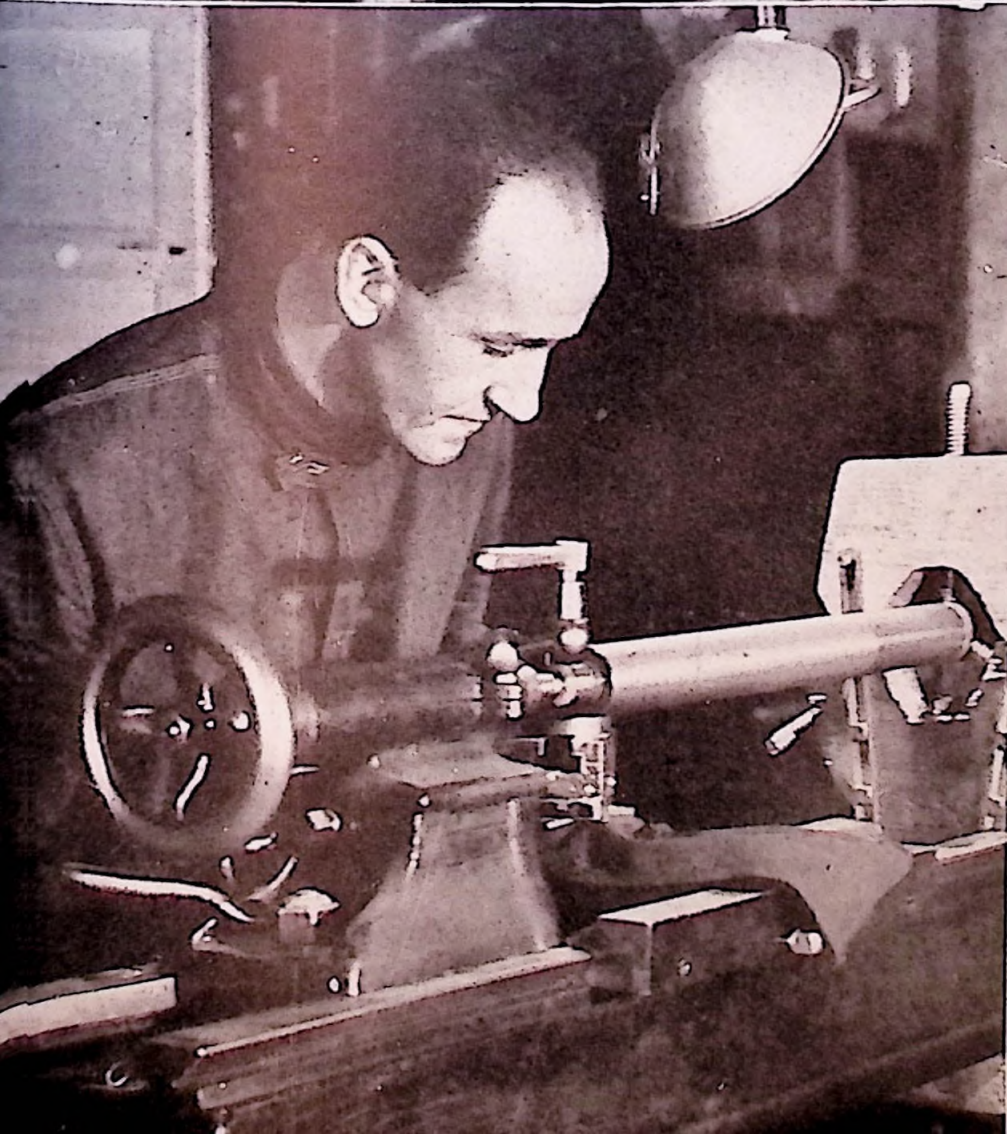
What they do

shouldn't we? It takes so long to teach millions of people to read, and so long to get books into their hands. The same truths could be brought to them so quickly and so simply by means of the radio. Immeasurable good was accomplished in the Philippines through a few borrowed hours on a public station. This isn't exactly an appeal for a corps of radio experts, but rather an example of the type of things which modern science and techniques have made available for our American men and which our Americans can make available for the poor peoples of God's missions. There

Brother Rueppel S.J. is the radio engineer of Station WEW, directed by the Jesuits in connection with St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. No mission has a radio station comparable to this one—yet, but now why



what they do



is hardly a skill which would not be useful somewhere on the missions.

Brothers do for the missions what Christ did at Nazareth for thirty years of His life. They do what St. Joseph did for the Holy Family. They give to those whom they love and whom God loves the labors of their heads and hearts and hands. They are the right hands of the missionaries, their companions and trusted fellow-workers for Christ's little ones.

There haven't been nearly enough, but the record has been magnificent. They have built chapels, altars, schools; they have set up and run machinery for farms and shops; they have trained boys in useful trades so that they could help their own people; they have taught catechism, cared for the sick, gone with the priests on their sick calls. Catechists and infirmarians, farmers and electricians, carpenters and cooks, bookkeepers and managers, builders and explorers, artists and architects, they have been from the beginning companions to the missionaries and missionaries themselves for Christ.

More brothers are desperately needed. Here is the situation: each missionary has thousands of people to care for spiritually, many more than he can ever handle adequately. To reach them effectively, he has to help them materially. They can't help themselves; there's no one to show them how. Then there is the whole of the missionary establishment to build or to keep in repair and to supervise efficiently. If the missionary priest has to do all this himself, at least half of his time is taken from his work as a priest. The brother makes it possible for him to be a full time priest.

Missionaries often say that one brother is worth two priests, for a priest can do twice as much priestly work if he has one brother to help him manage his mission. Look at the mission fields, men! Half of the work yet to be done is yours, as Brothers of Christ.

Scenes from the Brothers' life. Each day starts with Mass. Outdoors on the farm some have their work. The cook prepares fresh vegetables for the boys. The baker takes pride in his rolls fresh from the oven. The machinist makes the mission modern.



Trust

Father Paul Deschout, S.J., is the Superior of the whole Alaskan mission. With him is the famous "Spot", who figures largely in this story.

river and started south across the tundra. The nine dogs were strung out ahead in matched pairs, all tug lines stretched tight, moving ahead at an easy pace that rapidly put mile after mile of tundra behind him. They crossed the flat valley and began the gradual climb up the slope of a low saddle in the hills that separates Kangirluar Bay from the Sea.

UP and up they climbed. The wind picked up still more, whipping at the corners of the canvas sled cover and straining at the seal skin lashings. Spot became a vague shape at the head of the team and then could be seen no more. Suddenly they gathered speed. They were over the crest of the saddle and starting down the other side. Now; the steel runners were singing on the hard-packed snow. The sled lurched and weaved, the brake useless. The dogs broke into a run to keep from being run over.

With his feet braced crosswise on the runners, Father was attempting to keep the sled righted, throwing his weight from side to side as the sled tilted precariously on first one runner and then on the other. His parka hood had been blown back and the wind lashed at his face until it was numb. Finally, coming across a frozen lake bed, he was able to pull the team to a halt.

He had lost all sense of direction in the wild ride down the mountain and now was unable to pick up a familiar landmark. In vain he looked for Nealruk. Ahead of him should be the mouth of Alakuchak Slough. Off to his right should be old Sam's igloo at Nunakauaiak. But now in every direction was only drifting, shifting snows as dusk began closing in around him. Two hours had passed since leaving Tununak.

He started the team, trying to bear to his left in hopes of striking Alakuchak Slough above its mouth and then following that ribbon of ice down to the bay. But he knew the wind was pulling team, sled and himself off the course.

Minutes slipped by. The team was tiring. Suddenly a sharp bark from Spot up ahead and the sled tilted downward. Father threw his entire weight on the steel

Charles W. Guinn

IT was one of those miserable days in late February a day to curl up by the fire with a good book and watch the storm through the window. The wind was from the North, blowing in off the Bering Sea. The sky was overcast and dark and filled with a mass of shifting clouds.

Father Deschout had said Mass at 6:30 in his little frame Church at Tununak and had accepted our invitation to breakfast. We tried to persuade him to wait over another day until the weather cleared before attempting the trip back to Nichtmute. But sick calls, baptisms, classes in catechism all awaited his return. Father decided to attempt the journey.

Around three o'clock a dog team burst through the village, careened over the cut bank and out onto the ice of the river, with Spot, Father's four year old lead dog, and behind him eight more quarter-strain wolf malemutes. At the handle bars of the sled, dressed in his hip length trail boots and parka of reindeer fawn, Father waved a farewell as the dogs crossed the

Malemute to Know

brake but it only clawed through the soft loosely-packed snow of a drift. For a long minute he felt himself falling through space and then the dogs, sled and driver were a sprawling heap on a sheet of flat windswept ice.

In falling, Father had been thrown clear of the sled and was uninjured. The sled was lying on its side, lines were tangled and one dog lay still under the bow. Father crawled forward on his hands and knees and pushed the sled off the inert form. Prunes, his big, black malemute, raised his head and tried to get up but the towline was wrapped around his front legs. Father freed the line and Prunes bounded to his feet, unhurt. Beauty, the three year old, was limping slightly but there was no blood. The damage to the sled was not serious, and the load was still lashed firmly in place.

He glanced up at the thirteen foot cut bank over which they had fallen and judged they were at least a mile or more above the mouth of Alakuchak Slough. Nichtmute was a full eleven miles distant, across the frozen bay and several miles into the tundra beyond.

With growing concern he kept watching the course. Spot was not setting a straight course but was swinging first to the right and then to the left as if not certain of the trail or of his direction. They may have drifted considerably to the eastward, miles off the regular trail. If they missed Nichtmute and continued on into the tundra country and the storm did not let up by morning, the chances were ten to one they would not come through it alive. He knew the tundra, that vast sea of seemingly endless white, stretching for nearly one hundred and fifty miles in three directions with only scattered igloos for shelter which would be impossible to locate in the darkness and storm. Every minute they continued onward made their chance of getting through that much smaller.

To play entirely safe, for both himself and his team, he decided to stop and wait for the storm to die sufficiently for him to establish his position. The team sank down in their tracks and wearily rested their heads on their forepaws. They were nearly exhausted.

With numbed fingers Father turned the sled over on one side and tying the edge of the canvas to the upturned runner, made a partial wind break. The dogs would be safe for at least thirty-six hours. They lay where they had stopped, curled into gray and black balls with their backs to the wind. Snow was beginning to drift around them and Father knew in several hours they would be completely buried. He crawled under the sled cover and pulled the edges in tight around him.

THE long hours that passed from then until dawn can best be described in Father's own words, taken from the note he sent later to Tununak by Eskimo team, "The entire night was like a terrible dream. I shook and shivered from sheer cold; my breath congealed; my face, feet and hands throbbled with pain, then became numb until I thought they were frozen. Hours were like days, interminably long hours in the drifting, blowing, bitter cold, not knowing where I was or how long the storm would continue".

As the first gray light of dawn appeared in the East, Father crawled from under the sled cover, shivering with cold. The wind had abated somewhat. Directly ahead, not twenty minutes travel away, and on the exact course the team had been following stood the twenty sod igloos of Nichtmute. Spot, lead dog that he was, had been right and his uncanny instinct would have brought them in safely.

In fourteen years on the trail along the Bering Coast of Alaska, Father Deschout has had many and varied experiences with the forces of nature, but in recalling the night of the blizzard he smiles and says, "If I'm alive today, I owe it to the prayers of some good soul somewhere." And surely he is right. For surely some Hand more powerful than common canine instinct guided the footsteps of the malemute lead dog and watched over the huddled figure of the missionary in the blizzard to enable him, shortly after eight o'clock that morning, to stand at the altar in Nichtmute and say Mass with an extremely grateful heart.





S/Sgt. Leonard
Kowalski, of Chicago, Ill.,
author of this letter from India.

The following is a letter which Mrs. Kowalski of Chicago, Ill. kindly allowed us to publish from her son, Leonard, now in India.—EDITOR.

Dear Folks:

Last Sunday's Mass was said by a missionary who is from the same order as those in Loyola University in Chicago. In fact, he said that was his headquarters. He told us all about the work they are doing here, although he really didn't have to go into such details about it, cause I can see for myself how much good they have done and are still doing. I was very much surprised to see how many of these natives turned Catholics and who have also become more educated. You see, one of the reasons this country is so backward is because of the lack of education. If they could have been educated like we in America, and made to believe in a religion with a foundation instead of white-cow worshippers, this country could be terrific. As it is, one sect will have nothing to do with any other.

As you know there is no such thing in the U. S. A. Protestant and Catholic will work side by side and not think anything of it. That way everyone benefits, but here all it causes is dissension and hard feelings and in a lot of cases hatred. So this is where the missionaries come in. And in order to do this, it takes dough. I gave a few Ruppees (\$3.00 in fact) this last pay day and when the next one comes along I'll try to do it again. If you can spare any more, it'd be nice if you'd donate, together with the rest of the family.



Every dollar helps and they need plenty. As a rule the army does not let the soldiers donate for the support of the church and, in fact, the money basket is not even allowed to be passed. But so many of us can see how much the missions need the money, and what a worthy cause it's for, that we practically forced the missionary to take the donation. I never could see what you wanted in supporting the missions, but now that I've been here for some time I can see. You had the right idea and I wish you'd keep it up as best you can. If you can, try to get Ed and Stan to donate once in a while too!

You asked me what I wanted you to do with my share of the proceeds of the neighborhood dance, and I said to put it in my account. But, I've changed my mind since then, and instead of putting it in the bank I want you to send it to the Missions in care of Loyola University. I don't know what the full address is, but you'll have to find out from the church or some place. It doesn't matter how much the amount is cause they appreciate everything. If I had enough nerve, I'd tell Ed and Stan, and just about everyone to donate, but they'd probably think I'm getting soft or else thinking of becoming a priest. So you try to get them on the ball; you can do a better job than I.

Things are coming along fine, and I'm feeling swell. The weather is very cool at nite but the days are still pretty warm. How're things at home? How is Grandma feeling these days? You know, she may think that she's too old to do anything for this war effort but I'll bet she's never realized how much work her prayers are doing! She doesn't have to do any physical labor as long as she keeps going to that 8 o'clock Mass every day! That's the only job I like to see her perform cause she's been doing it a long time and she knows how to do it. Give everyone my best regards. Until next time, long!

Yours always,
LEN.

MALARIA HIT ME 22 TIMES

John Lange, S.J.



This is a well established mission station in Ceylon. Father Lange has the same jungle without the buildings.

This is a missionary's letter from Ceylon to a fellow Jesuit in the U.S.A.—EDITOR.

NEVER write letters to the States anymore. Shocking, isn't it? I write postals instead. Experience has taught me that they are more likely to arrive fastest with the mostest. I had to cable reassurances to folks that I am still alive. It was so good to hear from you again. In my past four years as a priest I had plenty of work acting as parish priest, a military chaplain, a chaplain in an insane asylum, hearing confessions in six languages, preaching in three languages, baptizing whole batteries of squalling Tamil babies in South India, saying Mass in all sorts of places including a so-called railway carriage. Now I am in a mission station which means building a Church, a awful job especially in these times.

Ultimately, I had to give it up, on account of the weather. Having succeeded in establishing myself in temporary quarters, here I am for the duration, trying to get things organized. Hingurakgoda is the center of a Government Agricultural Colonization scheme. In recent times, it was part of the kingdom of Ceylon's

greatest Sinhalese monarch, Parakrama Bahu the Great. And in those days it was flourishing farming country. In the course of centuries, it all went back into jungle. About 12 years ago, machinery was set in motion to rebuild the huge irrigation works (dams, channels, and all) built by Parakrama, and get the people from overcrowded areas in other parts of the Island to come here and take up rice cultivation. Things moved slowly. Malaria wrought (and is still "Wroughting," tho to a less extent) havoc. Gradually the colony has taken shape here where I am, with an extra impetus given it by the food production campaign. Now there are about 6000 acres, in small allotments, producing Ceylon's staple rice. Malaria is still a curse; but the health department is constantly fighting it, and with very appreciable success. As for me I have had it about 22 times in about 18 months. Have taken in so much quinine, atabine, and other stuff that I'm sure they'll be able to extract pounds of it from my bones after I die! But it works! On August 15, 1943, I was appointed parochus of the newly (of same date) erected parish of Christ the King, "abbas nullius." No church, for the duration. My parish is the largest in area in Ceylon: about 2000 square miles. But it's 95 percent jungle. There are not more than 250 Catholics in the whole area; and they are mostly a floating population—people who leave their homes elsewhere and come hereabouts to work in the various government works. They are sadly in need of instruction. I have plans for doing a lot of writing and pamphleteering, but first I have to (1) wait for the war to end, (2) master the Sinhalese language. Pity! I had worked so hard on Tamil. Had got a pretty good hold on it, both the written and the spoken languages. But here it's nearly all Sinhalese. I have just started preaching in Sinhalese.

WHEN I first moved into the present quarters (most of the construction work on which I did myself), I was cookless—and kitchenless. I had only a sort of lean-to (with nothing to lean on) made of coconut thatch, with a campfire arrangement. Standby was dried fish, the salubrious odor of which drew the dogs (thousands of them) from miles around.

During the past rainy season, from November to February, I went in for vegetable gardening on a big scale. Local people marvelled that one man—and he a pale-face—could do so much work. The vegetables were a life saver. Now they're nearly finished, and I'm rotating. Tomatoes, okra, egg-plant, spinach, pumpkin, snake gourd, chillies (God save the mark!) and manioc (the raw material for tapioca, which is second best to rice). And I planted about 250 plantain (Banana) trees that will bear by the end of the year. Another project is poultry.

Well, goom bye, regards to all.—J. LANGE, S.J.

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS



Official U. S. Navy Photo

NO COMPLETE SURVEY OF THE EFFECT of the war on the missions throughout the world is yet possible, according to Father Collins, M.M., secretary to his Eminence Pietro Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, former Apostolic delegate to United States and now Prefect of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith. The most serious disaster befell the missionaries of the Society of the Divine Word at New Guinea. In Northern and Central Africa many German and Italian missionaries have been interned or removed. In Ethiopia the Italians were sent back to Italy after the conquest of the country by the British. In South Africa most German missionaries were allowed to remain at their posts and to work freely. In India, about 200 German and Italian missionaries were interned and several other hundred were allowed limited activity. China and the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies have, perhaps, suffered the most severely of all. Many missionaries were re-patriated in exchange of prisoners. Hundreds have been interned, more than a few are reported missing. Reinforcement was slow in starting, is still impossible in some places but is being carried on with remarkable generosity wherever the chance is given. Mission property has suffered serious damage in many regions, especially throughout Burma and China and most probably in the Philippines.

THE CHINESE CATHOLIC DAILY, Yi Shih Pao resumed publication on Christmas Day after an interruption of over two years. The Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin,

(left) Most Rev. James E. Kearney, Bishop of Rochester, N. Y., on January confirmed 300 bluejackets in CH Chapel, at Sampson, N. Y. Assisting Bishop were Fathers Casey, of Roch and McGowan (Chaplain), of Lowell. Four officers acted as sponsors for the Commanders Connors, of Buffalo, and of Philadelphia, and Lt. Commanders Connors, of Sayre, Pa., and Casey, of Lynn,

recently returned to China from Rome, will act as its publisher.

THE YOUNGEST BISHOP in the largest diocese of the world, Most Rev. Marc LaCroix, D.D., O.M.I., of the Hudson Bay Vicariate, Canada, is preparing a flying course for Oblate missionaries for their v

field in the North. The priests will be enrolled at Pacific Air College of East St. Louis, Illinois. At the present time it takes a month to get to some of the stations. By plane the same journey could be made in a few hours.

GRAVE DANGER IS SEEN in the Russian threat to certain areas of Korea, should the intention of incorporating them into the Soviet Union be fulfilled. There are about 150,000 Catholics in Korea. After 159 years of missionary work, 112 foreign missionary priests and 102 native priests on 114 mission stations, 50 foreign nuns and 225 native Korean and several hundred young Korean men, now preparing for the priesthood in the major and three minor seminaries make up the Church's personnel. The Columban and Maryknoll Fathers have flourishing missions there until the attack on Pearl Harbor. The Soviet Government claims that Korea must become Russian. This would be a serious blow to splendid missionary work in that country.

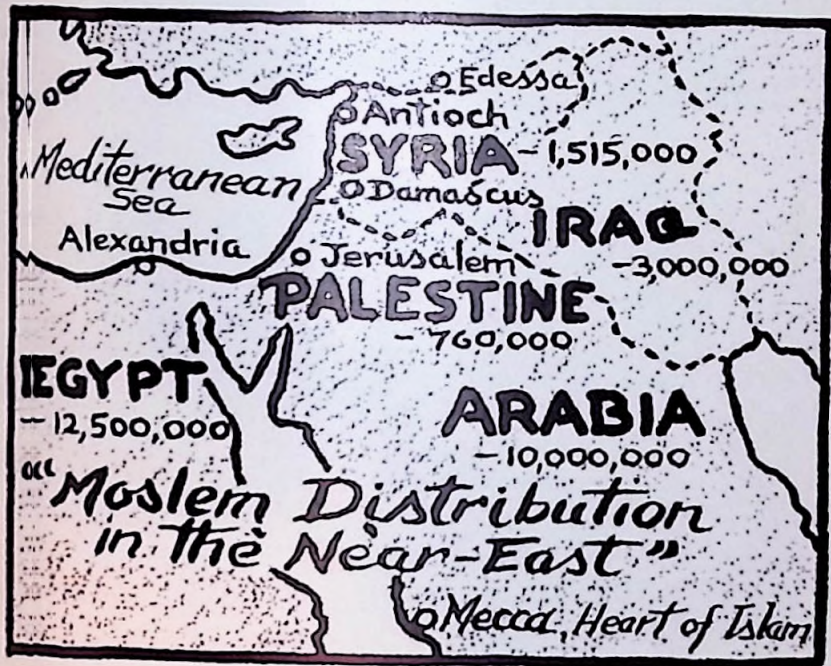
REV. SERAFIN A. OCAMPO will be ordained to the priesthood on February 24, 1945 at Philadelphia, Pa. He is one of the Filipino exiles released from Rosyth on the exchange ship, S. S. Drottningholm, in July 1942. Born in Pampanga, P.I., and educated at St. Jose Seminary conducted by the American Jesuits, and at the Gregorian University in Rome, he was allowed to complete his course at St. Charles Seminary by the Most Rev. Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, of Philadelphia, former Bishop in the Philippines.

Apostolate of Prayer

Mission Intention for March

The Arabic Nations Whence Islam Arose

In his book "Meet the Arab" Dr. Van Ess gives a two-fold criterion for defining the term Arab. It may refer to those people who habitually use the Arabic



tongue. In this sense it embraces the greater part of the Moslem world. From its rise in Arabia the doctrine of Mohammed, utilizing the Arabic language, spread northward to Syria, Palestine and Turkey; westward to Egypt, Lybia, Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco; and eastward to Mesopotamia (Iraq), Iran and the Far East. In its more restricted sense it refers only to those people who besides using the Arabic tongue have a culture that has largely been determined by an Arabian background and whose attitude toward life follows a definite Arabic pattern. In this sense it embraces only Arabia, Syria, Palestine, Iraq and portions of the land of Egypt, places that were the seats of Catholic culture in the early ages of the Church. With St. Peter's pentecostal sermon the apostolic preaching of Christianity began in Jerusalem; St. Paul personally brought the Gospel to Arabia; the Roman persecutions at the close of the first and beginning of the second century drove Christianized Jews into Syria. By the middle of the third century there were Catholic centers of size and influence at Damascus, Antioch, Edessa, Jerusalem, Alexandria in Egypt and Seleucia-Ctesiphon in Mesopotamia. The Nestorian and Eutychian heresies—attacking the dignity of the God-man—weakened the unity of the Church in these lands and made them a ready prey for the doctrines of Mohammed. Islam of the seventh century was essentially missionary in character with

every Moslem becoming a zealot. The language of the Arab was the language of Islam; the culture of the Arab its culture too. In this way Islam found an easy root in the lands that were Arabic by nature. Today there are in Arabia more than 10,000,000 Moslems; in Syria about 1,515,000; in Iraq more than 3,000,000; in Palestine more than 760,000; and in Egypt more than 91 percent of the entire population—about 12,500,000. The rest of the Moslem world looks to Mecca and these lands whence Islam arose for direction in a rapidly changing world. The Pan-Arabic movement and the Zionist movement, while political in origin, can prove a hindrance to the efforts of the Church in these lands unless tempered by Christian influence from the West.

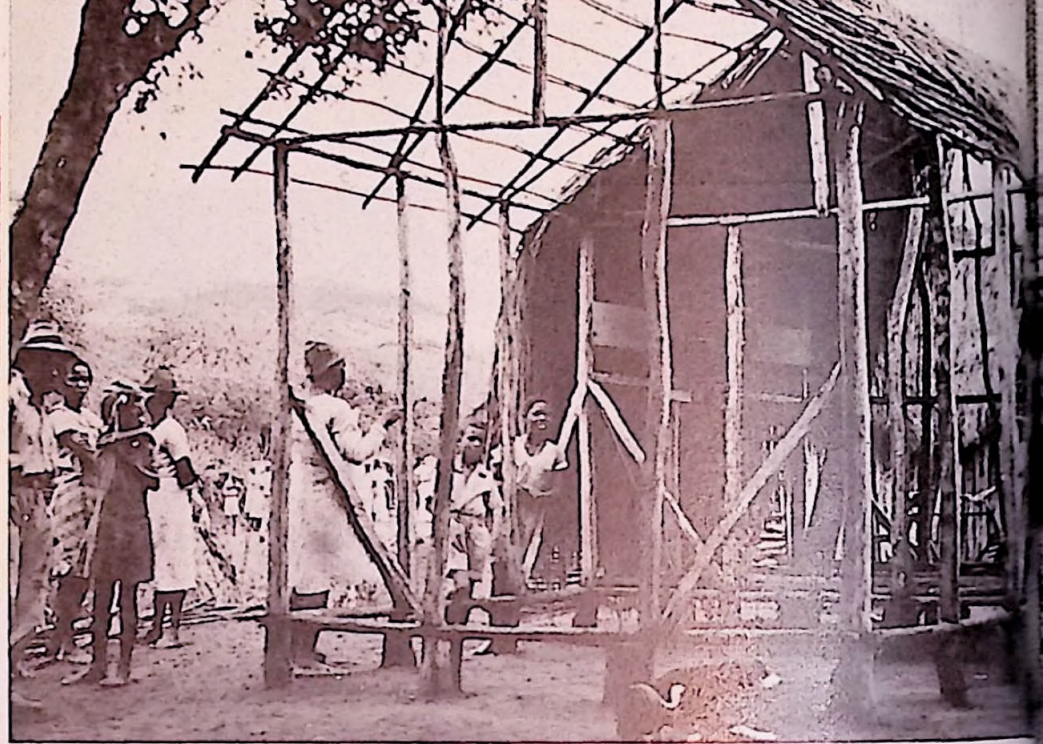
Let Us Pray

Could you find room in your prayers this month for a petition to St. Joseph? We need many more Brothers for our missions than we have. St. Joseph is their patron. Their lives in many ways are like his, devoted to Mary and dedicated to the service of Christ. The vocation to be a Brother is a special gift of God. Ask St. Joseph to obtain the grace from God for a good number of American men. There are surely many among the servicemen who would deeply appreciate the favor if it were offered to them. In this way they can make an invaluable contribution to the peace and reconstruction of the post-war world.

Often in the past years we have asked prayers for the interned missionaries. This month we ask you to remember their families and dear ones here at home. These have been anxious times for them and the messages home have been few and far between. The families of the Sisters especially have been concerned about those interned by the Japanese. Many of the parents of these missionaries also have sons "missing in action," on battlefronts, and captured. They doubly deserve our prayers for the strength that comes from deep trust in God.

While we are on this subject, it is well to remember that thousands of people have not had a priest for several years because of this war. Their marriages have not been blessed because no priest could reach them; their youths have not been confirmed because their bishops were in prison. Their sins could not be confessed, their dying could not be anointed, they have had no sermons, no instructions, no communions. All the graces which ordinarily would have been supplied through their priests can now come to them only in the extraordinary ways of God's mercy. Pray that His mercy will be abundant.

THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH DOES NOT GROW BY MASS CONVERSIONS BUT BY SMALL BEGINNINGS, SUCH AS THIS ONE IN THE HILLS OF JAMAICA



A hill country home under construction in Jamaica.

HOW A MISSION STARTS

Francis G. Deevy, S.J.

THE English conquered the island of Jamaica from the Spaniards in the seventeenth century. Whatever progress the Spanish Franciscans had made in establishing the Church there during the previous 160 years, was wiped out almost at once. The faith was proscribed, its priests were no longer permitted to exercise their functions or even to live in the country; churches and monasteries were destroyed. The ruin of the Church was complete.

It was only at the end of the eighteenth century that freedom of worship was granted again to Catholics in Jamaica. By then Protestant denominations were firmly established. Nevertheless, the Catholic Church took root again. Year by year it has been growing ever since. Yet the growth is almost painfully slow.

Let me tell you the story of the start of a new mission. My own territory around Mandeville has been divided until I was left with only three centres. At one of them, Balaclava we had just inaugurated Sunday Mass once a month. On my monthly schedule there was still one open Sunday. So I was on the lookout for a good location for another centre.

Porus, a populous and very poor district, some twelve miles out from my main station at Mandeville, seemed the logical choice. It was on the main road to Kingston, easily accessible and would nicely fill the twenty-five miles gap between Mandeville and May Pen. There were a few Catholics living there. I looked for a satisfactory place to say Mass but my efforts were in vain. However, I felt that when God was ready the right solution would be found. It came from an altogether different quarter. The following letter turned my attention from Porus to Cocoa Walk:

Dear Father:

I am the overseer of the Cocoa Walk Land Settle-

ment. I was born and grew up in a Protestant family and was a Protestant until 1939. Since that time have not been connected with any Church.

During the past three months, however, I have been having a considerable urge to return to Church but this time to the Catholic Church and no other. I have been discussing the question with a good many of my friends, nearly all of whom have expressed a willingness to participate in my decision.

For the time being, however, our desire must remain a pious hope since transportation to Mandeville on Sundays is unavailable.

In the meanwhile I shall keep my decision fresh in my memory until a solution of our difficulty has been worked out.

I remain, dear Father,

Yours very sincerely,

A. A. BROWN

THIS was the heaven-sent opportunity for which I have been looking. Cocoa Walk is about twelve miles south of Mandeville in an area hitherto untouched by the Catholic Church. Originally a large coffee plantation (in spite of the name) it had recently been purchased by the Government; cut up into small holdings and sold to poorer settlers. The people in the vicinity are on the whole, quite poor, have always lived close to the soil and enjoy an excellent reputation for honesty and decency. This should be a fertile field.

On Sunday after Mass at Mandeville, I set out on my new venture, picking up a car-full of passengers on the way. At the end of the rough journey over rocky roads, I drove beneath a huge arching fig tree



Father Francis Deevy, S.J., has two transportation problems; one is to reach his mission stations, and the other is to get supplies to them. Here is the solution for the supply problem. (below) Two of his parishioners who await his coming regularly.



and on the terrace above saw my prospective chapel. It was the old great-house, shabby and sun scarred but still sturdy. The altar was soon arranged. Then for the first time, Mass was said at Cocoa Walk.

There were just twenty people, of whom five were Catholics, overjoyed that they once again had a chance to hear Mass. Most of the others had never assisted at Mass before, had never had previous contact with a priest. Their only ideas concerning the Catholic Church were warped and erroneous.

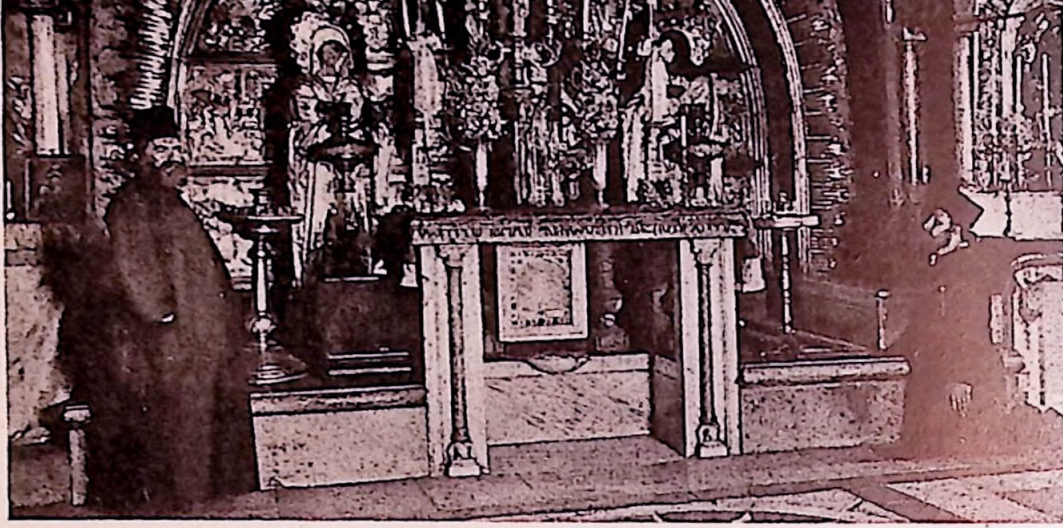
On my second visit to Cocoa Walk there was a larger group awaiting me. Word went about that a Catholic priest was now visiting Cocoa Walk and unsuspected Catholics made their appearance and still continue to do so. One lady comes from Portuguese India near Goa where the body of St. Francis Xavier is entombed.

It wasn't long before they wanted to know how soon they could be received and how they could be better instructed. This last is always a problem. They can have Mass only once a month at a set time and there is no layman competent enough to carry on instructions in the absence of the priest. I did what I could for them. I gave them catechisms, Sunday missals, Catholic periodicals, all so valuable but unobtainable now. Besides the regular sermon at Mass, I followed up with another instruction period after Mass; really two instruction periods for the sermon was an instruction too. In time I was able to add a week day Mass, which helped our progress. The earlier hour permitted the Catholics to receive the Sacraments.

MY next move was to contact the Commissioner of Lands and acquire a piece of land as a site for a future Church. If you wish to share my dream, you can see rising on that site, a church, small but adequate, later a priests' residence and perhaps a school. All this will not take place tomorrow, but sometime.

Within a year of the first letter received, we had received our first group of a dozen converts. There could be no doubt of their faith nor of their eagerness to participate in the fullness of the Church and its Sacramental life. One man and his wife read their missal faithfully every Sunday. You can't hold back converts like these very long. This year, on our second anniversary, another group will be ready.

With each further increase in the number of converts, the incentive grows to build a Church. These people are already planning what they can do for themselves. They haven't much, only the little they can wrest from the sun-parched soil, but they are collecting shillings here and there. They will give labor and materials. Some day the new mission will have a Church.

HOLY
WEEK

This is the altar on the traditional place of Calvary in Jerusalem.

March
25-31

ALASKA

After making a tour of all the military stations in the territory of Alaska, Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J. then had to begin the long trek into the scattered mission stations all over the vast territory, first to Holy Cross then by plane to Marshall, where he was met by Father George Endal, S.J., missionary at Mountain Village and brought to the little villages along the Yukon, Tukchuk, Pilot Station, Chucharlutia, Pitkas Point and Mountain Village. Then on to St. Michael's where Father Lonneux took him by dog team to Stebins, Pitmelalik, Chaneliak, Catlik and Hamilton. At the last station, Father Segundo Llorente, S.J. took him to Akulurak where the first mail in two months awaited him. Christmas was spent at Akulurak. Shortly after Christmas he went by dog team to Hooper Bay where Father John P. Fox, S.J. took him to visit the dozen settlements in that area where an estimated 1000 Eskimos lived in scattered groups.

Included in the itinerary are the following places, Nelson Island where Very Reverend Paul Deschout, S.J., Superior General of the Jesuit missions in Alaska has his headquarters, and the surrounding stations of Tununak, Nightmiut and Tsfarnak. From Nelson Island the Bishop will go by dog team to Bethel, headquarters

for Father Francis M. Menager and then back to Holy Cross for Easter for a large Confirmation class of Eskimo and Indian children and adults. There at Holy Cross he will receive the second mail delivery and will remain until the ice breaks on the Yukon making steamer transportation down the river possible. Before returning to Fairbanks early in June, he will visit Rev. John B. Baud, S.J. at Nulato and conclude this extensive visitation by conferring with Rev. Joseph McElmeel, former superior of the mission and now auxiliary chaplain, and to Galena, Koyukuk, Ruby, Kokrineas, Tanana and Nenana. For those who want to know how a missionary Bishop spends his time, this brief sketch should give an interesting insight into the labors demanded of him.

INDIA

An example of generous Catholicity shown by the American soldiers in India is revealed in the following letter written by one missionary to another.

Reverend Dear Father:

I have a nice case for you which you must by all means take up. An American Catholic soldier by the name of Fred Pfeifer came to me an hour ago with a little Santal boy. He and his Catholic companions have come to take a keen interest in the little lad about 7 years old. The child's parents are nomads, moving from jungle to jungle and had practically abandoned him when the soldiers found him. He was hungry and practically stark naked. They got him some clothes, pants and shirt, and dressed him up and he looks splendid. They named him Hubert. He has a most attractive face for a child of the jungle. They have taught him a bit of reading and he understands and talks a bit of English. They expect to be sent away from here any day and before leaving camp they want to make sure that the boy is put in a Catholic mission school where he will be looked after and given a good Christian education. Naturally I thought of you, you have a school, as I have not, and you are a man with a golden heart and I know you will help these good American soldiers to do this bit of practical Catholic action which they thought up themselves. You need not worry about the financial part of it. The boys



Bishop Walter Fitzgerald, S.J., has probably met in one way or another every military soldier, sailor, Seabee, and nurse in Alaska during the past few years. He is the Military Vicar for the Territory of Alaska besides being Coadjutor Bishop for the same district. His work has been more than doubled as a result. Whenever possible, he confirms the military personnel himself.



Rev. Charles Fox, S.J. (right), being ordained at Kurseong, India, by Archbishop Perrier of Calcutta. None of his immediate family could attend the ceremony, but a cousin was able to assist and later serve his first Mass. The cousin was stationed with the Armed Forces in India.

Edmund P. Burke, S.J. (left), from Oak Park, Ill., is well into his second year in India, and already at home in his work and enthused about his Indian proteges.



...up a collection among themselves which will go a long way to defraying all expenses. Sgt. Pfeifer who is a good young man is ready to give a large part himself. If possible try to keep the boy in touch with his kind benefactors. There is one other question to settle. How to get the boy to you? I would like to take him myself if I could spare the time. The soldiers would see to the train and bus fare but perhaps you could arrange to have someone bring him to your school. I leave that up to you and ask you to answer me as soon as possible.

Mr. E. P. Burke, S.J.
St. Xavier's, Patna

Last Fall I wrote fifteen letters to different Fathers, scholastics and friends asking for boys books for St. Xavier's. Some nuns, Loyola Academy, and my Mother and her friends responded with about forty packages and then the big batch came from St. Ignatius High where Bob Stegman and I taught. Father Grand, Assistant principal, sent a quota of three books per boy and so far we have received safely here 440 packages of books from St. Ignatius alone. How's that for mission spirit? Each package contained four to five books and cost between 40 to 50 cents to mail. Many of the boys contributed anonymously for the postage.

BRITISH HONDURAS—Belize
Bishop Wm. A. Rice, S.J.

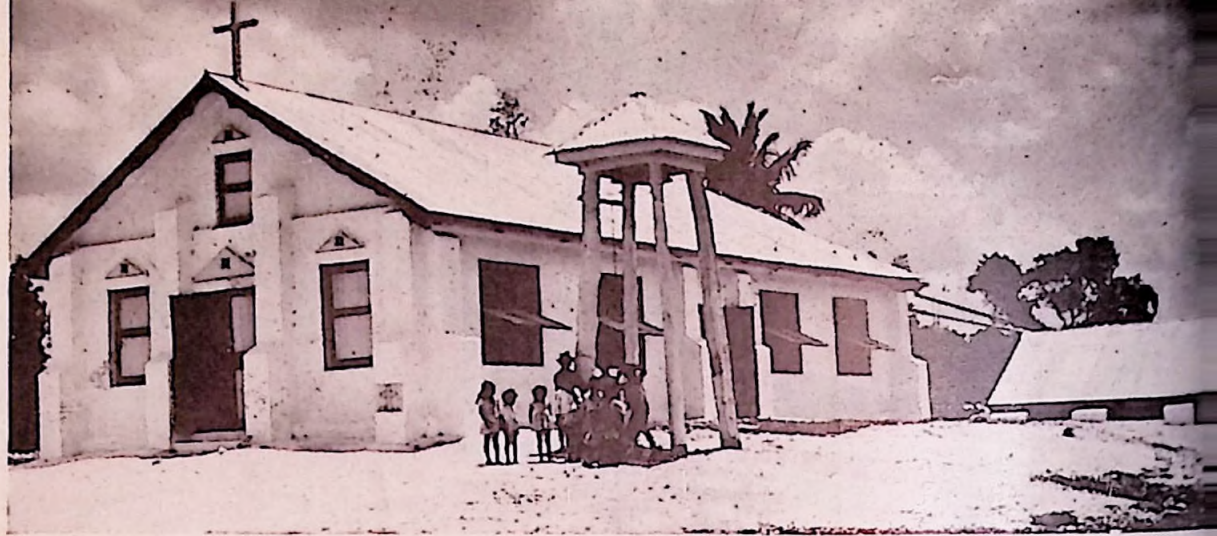
Thanks, and how many! for that splendid check. I have already written to thank his Lordship for the gift

and also to the others who have been so generous. Recent events must make one realize the importance of British Honduras down this way. It is the only place in Central America where you do not have to fear sudden, if not violent, changes in the Government.

Father Ganey arrived on Sunday filled with all that he saw and heard in the States and Canada and I do think that it was a most profitable visit for him. He had arrived at a point where he did not know where to turn next and the occasion to see just how the Credit Unions and Cooperatives are functioning elsewhere was just the thing he needed. I am sure he has big things in store for him in Punta Gorda.

Father Sutti in his quiet, efficient and unobtrusive way has been gathering together regularly a group of young people in a study club which is a laboratory for future social work in Credit Unions. He has also organized a Unionette among the children of the school and you would be surprised to learn that the

(right) As a result of serious damage to mission property from hurricanes in British Honduras, a new style of architecture has been designed for new churches and schools. Father Corey, S.J., supervised the building of this combination school-church at San Narcisio, B.H.



Indians don't dress this way any more except for special occasions yet they love their picturesque costumes and take special care of them. Many of the customs of former days are still remembered and re-acted for outstanding occasions. This aged couple at Holy Rosary Mission were proud to pose for this picture. It was at this mission that the returning soldier and WAC had the celebration.

90 youngsters put aside a few cents every week and have been able to save up a total sum of \$100. It is modeled on the grown-up Credit Union. The youngsters have shares and all that goes with it. Every Saturday they bring their savings and the Treasurer and other officers go to the bank with their savings. There is a district in Father Ganey's section I am most interested in. About 2000 people live there and can only be visited by the missionary once in two or three months. The people are isolated, homogeneous and all of one religion. They are simple and very good. They have many good customs. One is that the boys and girls marry young and remain faithful to each other. If only some practical social worker could be sent to work among them. They have many practical problems, planting and transportation of their surplus products and if only some father could stay among them longer to show them what could be done, he could accomplish in a small scale something like the work done in the early Reductions. This is no idle dream. I feel that it could be done, given a man who is ready to undergo many a disappointment to see the thing through. The people won't understand very quickly but they are well disposed and have great respect and veneration for the priest. Well, after the war, we may be able to do something practical for these good Indians of Toledo District. They would be worth every effort.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Father Joseph A. Zimmerman, S.J., Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, in an interesting letter sent to his friends several weeks ago tells of three extraordinary death bed conversions among the Indian people in his charge. One a 16 year old Sioux girl Lucy Bad Heart Bull, fatally injured by a fall from a runaway wagon, after refusals to see the priest, suddenly sent for him upon hearing the story of the Venerable Kateri Tekakwitha. On another occasion a man who had been for some time away from the Church, just in time, as if by a miracle of grace, met the priest and begged for a chance to make his peace with God. A young man 19 years old, who had never been to a mission school, knew no prayers and was dying asked to be taught how to pray, learned how to say the Rosary and very quietly one night, went home at peace and close to God.

There was a general celebration at the mission for a brother and a sister in the Army who received furloughs together, T/Sgt Henry Black Elk and his sister Cpl. Katie Black Elk. Both were well-trained Catholics. The first part of the celebration was a special Mass at which they assisted, accompanied by their parents and friends. Later there was a lavish feast for the Cache, herd, poultry-yard and purse were recklessly invaded to make the home-coming a memorable one.



**Catechists
in
India
help
Priests
spread
Christ's
Kingdom**

It is almost two thousand years since Christ died, and yet over one billion people are not yet Christian. A great percentage of these are in the Orient. The American Jesuit mission in India alone has 27,000,000 non-Christians. One hundred and three Jesuits along with eighteen other Priests and one hundred and forty-four Sisters labor in this particular section—nearly 102,000 persons for each Priest, Scholastic, Brother or Sister.

The task is impossible. To make it less “impossible,” zealous native Catholics are instructed thoroughly to teach Christian Doctrine (the Catechism—hence the name Catechist). They act as advance agents for the overworked Priests and solidify their gains for Christ once the Priest moves on.

Thus a system is devised to lessen the complaint of the Sacred Heart that the field is ripe for the harvest but the laborers are few. It has also the advantage of a native dealing with a native—making up for the fewness of the native clergy.

To aid us instruct and sustain more and more Catechists going their rounds teaching Christ is to multiply tremendously the good work we yearn to do but cannot. It is being a missionary at home—spreading Christ's Kingdom by making it possible for Catechists to teach His birth, life, death and resurrection to men. More and more men, women and children thus come within the all-embracing desire of Christ to save all men. Five dollars a month supports a Catechist.

MISSION Books Review

The Glorious Ten Commandments

By Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

This book is the fruit of a series of lectures given by the Director of "The Queen's Work" in 1941 to more than 6,000 students on "The Positive Side of the Commandments." In his customary brisk, interesting, non-technical style Father Lord shows that the Mosaic commands are not merely a series of "Don'ts" but dovetail with the two great commandments of Christ—love of God and love of neighbor. Looked at positively they show modern man that the Mosaic ten are in reality ten glorious precepts protecting God's rights, man's authority, the safeguards of human life and of the stewardship of property.

The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. \$2.00

Mission Monuments of New Mexico

By Edgar L. Hewett & Reginald G. Fisher

Although belonging to the Handbooks of Archeological History Series by Dr. Hewett, this book is more than the findings of archeologists. Beginning with an account of St. Francis to give the reader an appreciation of the spirit that gave the great impetus to the Franciscan missionary work in the New World the authors give a detailed account of five ruined missions in New Mexico and one still functioning. Pecos, Abó, Quairái, Tabirá, Jémez and Acoma are all made to live again as the story is reconstructed from their ruins. Chapter VI, Reclamation and Re-dedication, tells the story of what is being done to preserve these historic monuments for future historians. The several appendices listing Franciscans who labored there in the historic past and those engaged in saving souls in New Mexico today along with the halftone repro-

ductions of photographs, murals, paintings and drawings make this volume a credit to Drs. Hewett & Fisher and their painstaking research.

University of New Mexico Press. \$4.00

Warrior in White

By Mary Fabyan Windeatt

This is the third of Mary Fabyan Windeatt's juvenile biographies with a South American background. Her Warrior in white is none other than Blessed John Masias who set out from Spain as a layman and became a Dominican Lay Brother in Peru where he had charge of caring for the poor Indians and Negroes as doorkeeper of the Magdalena. As in her other biographies the author packs her text with those many principles of Catholicism in action that make them a definite contribution to the social betterment of the world.

Sheed & Ward, New York, N. Y. \$1.75

Pioneer Jesuits in Northern Mexico

By Peter Masten Dunne, S.J., Ph.D.

This is the third in a series of volumes, published by the University of California, setting forth the History of the Jesuits in Western North America. In scholarly style with carefully arranged notes and references to his sources Father Dunne takes up the history begun in "Pioneer Black Robes on the West Coast" unfolding the missionary history of that portion of Mexico in and beyond the Sierra Madre Occidental. It is a story of adventure and hardships in the present states of Durango and Coahuila from the close of the sixteen century to the first third of the seventeenth when the Jesuit Missionaries began to evangelize the land of the Tara-

humaras. It is a gripping account of the advance of the Cross among savage tribes that almost ruined Jesuit missions by a bloody revolt in the Tepehuan territory in 1616. It relates the conversion of the Indians from savage tribal superstitions inculcated by their medicine-men to the love of the Cross inspired by Jesuit Missionaries. Line maps interspersed through the books would have made the reading far more agreeable than the detailed map Father Dunne inserted at the close of the volume.

University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal. \$3.00

Eben the Crane

By Alma Savage

What Bernice Fitzgibbon said of Miss Savage's "Smoozie," the Reindeer Faun of Alaska we can repeat truthfully of "Eben the Crane": It is so good that it meets the one request of children's reading—adults honestly enjoy it. It is the story of an orphan crane that was left behind when the days grew short and cold because it could not fly. Adopted by Nuckie, an Eskimo lad, it was given in turn to Otto Geist, who told this story of the crane to Miss Savage, and to Fred Clark. With these friends it stayed during its first winter until a year old when broadened by experience, it joined its own fellow cranes the following fall. Charles Keller's illustrations are worthy of the highest praise. JESUIT MISSIONS is grateful to him for sketching on the front and back flaps of the book a map of Alaska that shows not only the places that figure in the life of Eben but also the sites of many Jesuit missions—Holy Cross, Anchorage, Seward, Nenana, Juneau and Sitka Island.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.50

COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor:

Enclosed find my contribution of \$5 for the lepers. This is a small amount but I hope it will help some poor leper. I hope to help them again very soon. I am an Eskimo and a Catholic, so remember me in your prayers and please acknowledge.

May God help and bless you all in your work.
Pilot Station, Alaska

C. S.

To the Editor:

The murals at each side of the altar pictured on page 300 of the December 1944 issue of JESUIT MISSIONS were done by Pfc. Jerome Giddings, a former classmate of mine.

Would it be possible to acknowledge the work as being done by Pfc. Giddings in another issue? I offer the *Boston Post*—Friday, July 28, 1944 as proof of this fact.

Cambridge, Mass.

Mrs. M. J. C.

To the Editor:

Just a few lines to wish you the best of everything. May Almighty God shower upon you blessings and success in every endeavor.

Father, upon completion of pilot, navigator or bombardier training, when one receives those hard-earned wings, it is traditional to pin them on mother, wife, or sweetheart. At my navigator school, Selman Field, Monroe, La., our good chaplain, Father Finke obtained a small statue of Our Blessed Mother, which was displayed on a handmade wooden stand in front of the Communion rail. Before I forget it, it was also customary for a brand new commissioned 2nd Lieutenant to give a dollar bill to the first person who saluted him. It was most inspiring to see those Catholic officers here, right after graduation exercises, stand before the statue of Blessed Mary, the best Navigator, salute her, pin their hard-earned wings on a piece of velvet cloth, and leave a shining dollar-piece. Before the entire field, they exemplified their gratitude and dependence upon their Guiding Star. As far as I know not one of our boys who offered his wings to sweetheart Mary has been killed in combat; I have completed thirty-five combat missions over Germany, been in some mighty big air battles, my friends were killed, but I haven't ever received a scratch.

Here's a check for a \$25 war bond for Christ the King. My wife and I are ardent admirers of your Society.

Victorville, Calif.

Lt. F. A.

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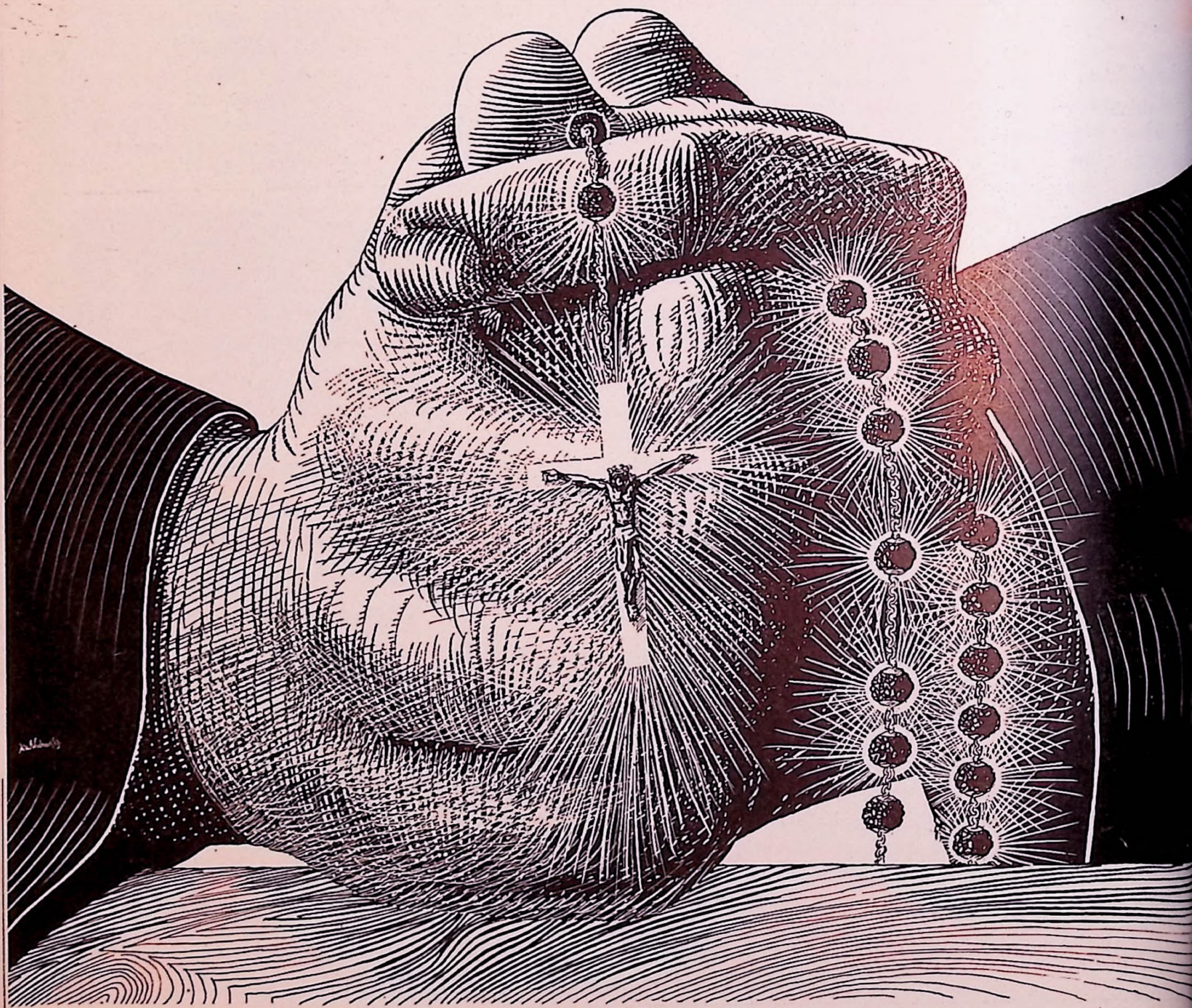
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Hands that work are good. Hands that pray are better. But best and most effective of all are the hands that both work and pray. These are the hands of our Jesuit Brothers to whom this issue is dedicated. These, too, are the hands of our subscribers. With such hands mountains of paganism can be moved. We need many more of them to do the great work God has given us in mission areas all over the world.



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