

*April 1945*

# RESUIT MISSIONS



*Guerrilla Padre*

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962 Madison Avenue  
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Throughout the last few years we have read with astonishment the astronomical number of items used to keep Armies and Navies pouring hot steel on our national enemies. Everything from sixteen-inch guns and super-fortresses to fly-swatters and hairsprings are in the list of the needed. But this is a war where specialists are practically the strategists—specialists on muzzle velocities, tropical diseases, chemical warfare, offense, defense, geographical locations and on every single phase of machines and men warring above the earth, on it, over waters and under it. And so it should be when the scope is so vast and the problems so critical.

In a lesser sort of way on a more important and lasting mission, we have the same experience. The lands where American Jesuits labor for men's souls for Christ are varied in terrain, weather, viewpoint of peoples, social conditions, needs, culture, race. All must be approached differently, according to that dictum of St. Paul: "Be all things to all men."

So the needs of an Alaskan Jesuit Missionary are different from those of one in Jamaica or British Honduras. China varies radically from India or Baghdad. An Alaskan Jesuit doesn't even dress the same as one in Ceylon. Climatic conditions alone make a big difference.

Jesuit Missions acts as a leading supporter and advertiser for these various missions throughout the world. In an understanding way it presents their stories. To the Procurator of each mission falls the task of supplying expertly his own specialized mission field as well as collecting the wherewithal to meet demands.

From Jamaica comes a request for mimeographs, clothes, typewriters and office furniture to establish a native credit union—and this to help the 70,000 peoples there be self-sustaining. British Honduras asks social literature and lumber to rebuild hurricane-shaken Churches. A rare request for buses comes to us from Baghdad. Medicine, church vestments, ciboria and catechists are needed badly in India. Then Alaska sends along its list of needed foods—and cases of beans stand out prominently (they are easy to heat in the can). A few thousand dresses for Filippino women seems another strange item for a Missionary, but the ladies in our Island Missions will need them once their land becomes clear again.

Items reaching our Procurators thus include all sorts of things for people in far-away lands—since in very many cases the Missionary has many dependents—school children, destitute people, people oppressed by war, people victims of local conditions and unjust laws.

Would you care to help any particular Mission Procurator solve his problems of supply? Every little counts. You can find the lists of our Missions and their Procurators in the adjoining column. Or you may send contributions to us to forward to them.

# Mission of the Month

## INDIA



### *Chicago's Honor is India's Distinction*

One of India's distinctions is that it contains the world's largest mission—the Patna district with 27,000,000 souls. The American Jesuits of the Chicago province have the honor of being in charge of this huge area.

How are they doing? Ask any American G.I. from the China-Burma-India area and you will get a story that will thrill you.

Hundreds of these soldiers have visited the many Patna schools, orphanages and mission stations. Some of them have lost baseball games to Indian boys,

trained by the Jesuits of Chicago. All of them have been impressed by the great battle these 100 American Jesuits are fighting to win Patna's 27,000,000 souls.

On page 46 of last issue you can read what one Army sergeant told his mother about the great battle of Patna and how we at home can help win it. It is a matter of prayer and financial contribution. Add to this sergeant's gift to Patna by sending your contribution to Patna Mission Bureau, 1110 South May Street, Chicago 7, Illinois,—or to

**JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.**

**CONTRIBUTORS**

■ Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J. Director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau gave us all the available details on our rescued missionaries as he prepared to fly to the Philippines to aid in reorganization work there.



Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J.

With the present hectic condition of the Philippine Mission — buildings destroyed, personnel dislocated and needing careful attention, replacements immediately necessary — a man of his extraordinary ability to carry out successfully, simultaneously,

and with composure ten important assignments is the only man for that post right now. He knows the Philippines from three years' missionary work there and from constant contact ever since. He was formerly our Business Editor.

■ **Father Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.**, is a little man from Texas and California who is always being given big jobs, and with good reason. He happens to be in this country now, after several years in China, because Superiors sent him back to obtain a Doctorate in Sociology.



Rev. Albert O'Hara, S.J.

He will be needed at the Nanking Institute, a projected centre of far-reaching influence in post-war China. Last year he was called upon to act as a technical director in the filming of "The Keys of the Kingdom". In this issue he tells of his esteem for the cast and technical staff of the film, but he does not mention that they in turn expressed the highest esteem for him as a priest and missionary who knows and loves the real China. The beautiful watch, presented to him at the farewell testimonial celebration by Miss Rosa Stradner, as the spokesman for all, and the wife of Mr. Joseph Mankiewicz, author and producer of the film, bears an inscription which records their gratitude and high regard.

**COVER** — The Guerrilla Padre is Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., who played a leading role in the guerilla operations in Mindanao during the last three years. For reasons of military security his story cannot be released yet.

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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1945

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## THIS MONTH

|  | Page                        |
|--|-----------------------------|
| LIBERATION IN LUZON . . . . .                | Calvert Alexander, S.J. 60  |
| MAKING "THE KEYS" REAL                       | Albert R. O'Hara, S.J. 62   |
| HEAD WORK . . . . .                          | Harry W. Ball, S.J. 65      |
| TEACHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES                  | George R. Riemer, S.J. 66   |
| MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS . . . . .             | 68                          |
| APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER . . . . .               | 69                          |
| FOR SINGLE SERVICE MEN ONLY                  | Timothy P. Reardon, S.J. 70 |
| BOOM AT BAGHDAD COLLEGE                      | Edward F. Madaras, S.J. 72  |
| AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS . . . . .       | 74                          |
| ALASKA—MISSION ON TOP OF THE WORLD . . . . . | 77                          |
| MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS                   | John P. Deevy, S.J. 82      |

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## On This ROCK

**T**HE Catholic Church is under attack today from two directions. All Communists are ranged on one side; a handful of Protestant pressure groups are on the other. Two very different types of attack are being used, and it is most important for us to keep the two clearly distinct in our minds. It is even more important for us to keep calm and sensible. Misguided indignation, however well meant, can do serious harm. Throughout the attacks, thus far, the Catholic press has handled the situation with admirable poise and restraint. At the same time, we ought to know what is going on so that we can understand why one group receives the full might of a steady counter-attack, and the other receives the cold courtesy of silence.

The Communists are out to destroy religion and have so much contempt for it that they will use one religion to devour another. The Catholic Church is one Church they can not buy, bully, corrupt or convert, and they know it, every one of them. So they attempt to isolate it from all the others, and though they may delay, cajole, flatter, offer compromise or armistice, they do so only to gain time. Eventually they intend to crush it out of existence; the means and the time do not matter. At the moment their special assault is reserved for the Vatican itself in its public, world-wide position of moral influence. Every occasion is taken to frighten off governments and their peoples who might be inclined to respect the Vatican's voice. The Communists will grant no place to religion in the making of the post-war world. The Church gives Communism no quarter in return.

**T**HE Protestant attack, however, is not an attempt to destroy religion but only to water it down. It is not a persecution of Catholics but only a protest against the strength, the unity, and the dynamic vitality of Catholic Church. Only a relative handful are voicing the protest; it doesn't surge up from the ordinary Americans who are our neighbors. But the handful are vocal and happen to be in positions of influence. You can't help but feel sorry for them, in a way; they are seeking desperately for a rallying point around which to gather their followers. It is a pity, though, that, with all the need of Christian ideals in the world, they should resort to the old troublemaker of bitter years gone by, "fear of Rome."

**O**CCASIONALLY there is a touch of bitterness in their voices that after all these years of preaching the decay of Rome, every sailing and soldiering son of their flock who roams the world comes full upon the huge dynamic bulk of the Catholic Church, more alive than ever.

These attempts at a Protestant revival at the expense of Rome have little chance of success unless we make the mistake of giving grounds to their fears by an attack against Protestantism. The vast majority of people in this country do not want religious wars, but they could easily be aroused to one if we fell into this trap. Our duty as Catholics is to show America Christian virtues at their best. Our people should be the most truly religious and the best citizens, our children the best educated and the best behaved, our social programs the most sensible and the most courageous, our charity the most universal, our respect for the rights of others the most unyielding. Let this be our forceful answer to attacks of the agitators.



# Liberation in Luzon

Calvert Alexander, S.J.

THE day was February the 26th. It was mid-morning in Manila and the radio at G.H.Q. in the smoking city had just reported that the Los Banos internment camp had been captured in a brilliant air borne operation without the loss of a single American prisoner. "God has been good to us today," remarked General MacArthur. God certainly *had* been good to the American Jesuits that day and for the last one thousand days. After three years of imprisonment—"a thousand days of Hell," one of them called it, ninety-four American Jesuit missionaries were free at last in the Luzon sunlight, breathing the air of a free Philippines. Sixteen had been liberated in the vicinity of Manila and seventy-eight at Los Banos. Of all those on Luzon, only two were dead. It was one of the most amazing exhibitions of Divine protection in the whole four hundred years' history of the Jesuit order.

At present writing, few details of what our men en



lured throughout those thousand days are available. Those we have, we give here in this brief report to those who have prayed so successfully for their liberation. Many priests and nuns, we know, died heroically in the fighting for Manila, or of malnutrition and disease in the prison camps. By human calculations, many Jesuits should have been in this number because we were the largest missionary group in the Philippines. But according to the latest word just received from the Jesuit Superior, Very Reverend John F. Hurley, S.J., most of the freed men are in good physical condition, and as a proof of their "resurrection from the dead" and as a token of gratitude to God, plans are being pushed forward for the ordination soon in Manila of thirty-five young Jesuit scholastics to the priesthood. It will be the largest ordination ever held in the Philippines.

The twenty-nine days from January 29th to February 26th, were the most critical ones not only for our men but for all of the many interned Americans. General MacArthur's army was driving hard down the San Fernando Valley towards Manila where ninety-four of our men were held prisoners at the mercy of the panicky Japanese. Anything could happen. This, briefly, is what did happen:

At dusk on the evening of January 30th Colonel Mucci's Rangers, in a dangerous thrust behind the Japanese lines, broke open the gates of the Cabanatuan camp and liberated a group of American military prisoners. Among them were two of our missionaries, both Chaplains in the U. S. Army, Fathers Hugh Kennedy and Eugene O'Keefe, together with Father John Dugan, also a Chaplain in the Army but not a missionary. They had experienced all the horrors of

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"Father Hurley has many tales to tell—many thrilling—some a bit sad—but when it is all said and done, no one that I know of has done as much for the war effort as he has—and at what a terrific risk to himself. He is truly a hero—one of America's greatest, and it is an honor for me to have known him so well."—*From an American officer in the Philippines.*

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Japanese military internment. There was no hope during those three long years. "I can give the time right down to the last minute when we knew that our cause was not a lost one," declared Father Dugan. "It was 10:30 A.M. on September 21 of last year. We were working in the fields when that hope flew high above us—in the form of at least 150 carrier based American planes. We would have been beaten to death had we shown the least outward signs of happiness but you can imagine what joyous happiness seethed within."

ON the evening of February 3rd, seven hundred picked men of the First Cavalry Division had fought their way through the Japanese lines to the gates of Santo Tomas prison. They were guided by Filipino Capt. Colayco; a famous graduate of the Jesuit University in Manila. On the way to town, they had freed Most Reverend James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan, from the Santiago hospital. Now they stood in the dusk at the gates of Santo Tomas. Capt. Colayco was the first to enter the gates, after the tanks had rammed it open. He was felled by a Jap grenade and died, but not until he had had the consolation of knowing that he had given invaluable aid in rescuing all of the prisoners of Santo Tomas, including his old

(Continued on page 84)

General MacArthur talks to the internees of Santo Tomas.



NO EFFORT, NO TIME, NO EXPENSE WAS SPARED TO MAKE "THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM" IN ITS MISSION DETAILS AS TRUE TO LIFE AS THEY COULD BE



ON Sound Stage No. 10 of the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio I had just started to inspect the beautiful set, the Chinese Imperial Judge's Home, checking over the table, chairs, vases, hangings, etc., to make sure that they were correct, when I spied the watchman of the set watching me. I tried a casual "Hello," but it didn't sound convincing. He kept eyeing me slowly up and down. After a moment he remarked rather coolly, "It's rather hard to tell who's real around here." "It is," I agreed without committing myself. Taking another half-hitch in his courage he blurted out, "Well, are you real?" "Yes, I am," I replied. "I am helping as a technical advisor on "The Keys of the Kingdom." "I mean are you a real priest? What's your name?" he insisted. "I am Father O'Hara," I said, trying to thaw out the atmosphere with a smile. At once he beamed. "You are, now! My name's Connel, used to be O'Connell in the old country. Put it there." We shook hands and became friends. Then I explained why I was there. Father John Devlin of West Hollywood is the official advisor on all matters pertaining to Catholics or the Catholic Church for all studios but since this picture had so much in it on the Catholic missions in China, Archbishop Cantwell and Father Devlin kindly allowed me to help on it. Since I had eight years in China and had both worked on, and visited, many types of missions, the Studio executive and the Archbishop's office thought that I could be of assistance in making the mission scenes true to life.

From the time we started to prepare the sets until the picture was completed, everyone on the Studio lot was most kind and courteous to me. Before any

of the sets were even started, William Darling, the Art Director, brought in a miniature Chinese villa of Pai Tan built on a hill at the edge of the river and another miniature Catholic Mission building on the Hill of the Brilliant Green Jade. Assistant directors, property men and others crowded around eagerly asking all sorts of questions. "What do you think of the mission Father?" "Was yours like this?" and, "How's Bill Darling as a missionary?" When I could get a word in edgewise, I did have to tell them that there should be a wall around the sisters' house and the girls' school since they are usually kept apart from the main mission compound throughout China. "Outside of that, how do you like the mission?" the group asked again. "I would certainly be happy if some Mandarin came along and gave me such an ideal mission set-up, upon my return to China." And I said that with a grin. They all smiled contentedly at the compliment and that was that.

Next, I dropped over to see Mr. Mankiewicz, the writer and producer. He was enthusiastic over the sets and said excitedly, "Think of it Father, we are going to have four churches in the picture and the sets all together will total \$250,000. Seems a shame to have to pull them all down after the picture is made, doesn't it? Say, what could you do with that much money in China?" I reflected a moment before answering. "I could set our whole mission district in good order, run a good number of medical dispensaries for the sick and supply enough rice to keep the people from starving."

MY next visit was with Gregory Peck, the "Father Chisholm" of the picture, to check over the clothes

## Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.

(Photo on opposite page). Left to right, Rosa Stradner as "Mother Marie Veronica", Father O'Hara, S.J., Gregory Peck as "Father Chisholm", and John Stahl, director of the film. (Below). Classroom scene in mission school.



was to wear in the picture. There were cassocks for the seminary scenes, clerical suits for the trip to China, black and white Chinese robes for the scenes in the mission field. Gregory is a very likeable man, genial, interesting and unaffected and we had a good deal of fun over the Chinese pajamas, Chinese cloth slippers and the old-fashioned nightgown for the 1912 scene. The producer and director decided against his wearing the white robe and the white sun helmet, after looking at the screen test. They decided it made him look like a Hollywood musical comedy version of a priest and that would never do. I pointed out that all Chinese missionaries wear white robes and sun helmets in the summer and that I hoped the Chinese didn't think we looked like Hollywood musical comedy priests. I suggested a beard—even a false one, but he came right back with the answer, "I tried one and they thought I looked horrible. Besides the book doesn't mention that Father Chisholm wore a beard."

Then there was the question of the nun's habit. As soon as I arrived at the women's wardrobe, Miss Cashin was ready for me. "If you will sit here Father, we will have someone dressed in a habit in a jiffy for you." The habit had been designed by a nun who had been a dress designer before she entered the convent. She had been asked to design one which would be different from any of those in use at the present time. The doors of an adjacent room opened and out walked an imposing and pious looking "nun." While they were making a screen test, sometime later, of a nun in the habit, proceedings were delayed a few minutes. The stand-in, nervous and I suppose tired from the ordeal, stepped

off the scene and lit a cigarette. Suddenly she was called back on stage, with the cigarette still in her hand. From behind me I heard a familiar voice whisper, "Father, you don't need to tell me that one's not real."

Rose Stradner, a newcomer to the screen took the part of "Mother Marie Veronica." Her natural Austrian accent and her training under the Religious of the Sacred Heart in Vienna helped to fit her for the role she was to play. In real life the haughty Mother Superior is a most pleasant and interesting person who had sacrificed her chance for a movie career for family life. She is the wife of producer, Joseph Mankiewicz.

THE Chinese village of Pai Tan was to be built on the edge of an artificial lake on the Studio lot. To reach it I had to work my way through a stream of dump trucks depositing their loads near the lake where bulldozers were busily building a hill 22 feet high. No half measures would do for this set. It had to be the real thing. So real was it that several weeks later when we started to shoot the arrival scene at the village dock, I walked up the rock-paved, time-worn streets of this little village, with real Chinese extras chattering in their own language with the clearest feeling that I was back in China. The Chinese extras excitedly pointed at the red paper sign Tui Tsu pasted on each side of the shop doors, eyed hungrily the sugar coated water chestnuts and fingered door latches, ornaments and signs, crying out, "Just like the real China." One Chinese extra came up to me and said, *Father, I have worked in many Chinese sets here in Hollywood but this is the closest to the real China.*

The day we were shooting the classroom scene between the priest and the nun, the high-born, haughty Mother Marie Veronica was cutting short all attempts of the village priest, humble Father Chisholm, to enthrone over the future of their mission work. It was quite evident to all that the nun was treating the poor priest rather shabbily. One of the crew walked up to me and asked, "Father, what do you do when a nun gets like that?" Before I could give the real answer a Naval officer standing by suggested, "Father, that's easy. You're a priest and she's a nun. You just pull rank on her."

So many people wanted to ask questions that I was sometimes distracted from my real work on the set. Some wanted to know if I thought it advisable for a girl to try for a career in the movies? Others asked if a priest may smoke? Do Catholics believe that non-Catholics have no chance for Heaven? Why can't Catholics divorce and re-marry? But in all of this, the inquirers were most respectful and sincere.

THE thorough search, painstaking care and seemingly limitless expense that the Studio lavishes on such a picture absolutely amazes the uninitiated. For one scene, the sick-room in the Mandarin's home, a Taoist ceremonial robe was needed. The Research Department located a picture of the proper robe. The Wardrobe Department reported that it would cost \$400. The order was given—"We want the proper robe. Have it made." Chinese furniture, ink stones, sticks of ink, ink brushes, abacuses, Chinese school books and copy books were patiently hunted down and purchased in San Francisco's Chinatown. Preserved ducks, strings of fat sharks' fins, strings of garlic, Chinese cabbage and earthen spice and wine jars were purchased and placed in the market place, shops and kitchens scenes, a 50-foot seaworthy Chinese junk was turned out by the Studio mill, sampans, rickshaws, Chinese wheelbarrows, carrying poles, sedan chairs, bundles, Chinese pipes, etc., were prepared in large numbers. I was asked how many people might appear around the dock on Father Chisholm's arrival. My judgment was that between 200 or 300 people should be on hand. 250 Chinese extras were brought in at a cost of \$10.50 a day each and kept on hand until the scene was completed. And the mass evacuation of the burning Chinese village was so real that it reminded me painfully of the night at Zikawei in China when the Chinese soldiers were forced to retreat and thousands of refugees poured into our mission grounds with their bed rolls and their baggage. The huge Pai Tan village was actually doused with coal oil, set on fire and blown up by

Climax of the film, the missionary in his ruined church.

planted charges of dynamite, while we watched the blazing holocaust from a barge in the lake.

THE Twentieth Century-Fox Studio is certainly to be congratulated on the care and trouble that they expended to eliminate offense to the Catholic Church to the other beliefs involved and to the Chinese people and at the same time for keeping the story as authentic and close to the novel by A. J. Cronin as possible. I understand that Mr. Cronin is well satisfied with the picture. The kindness and consideration with which I was treated by all of the Studio personnel, but especially by the Public Relations Department, was rivaled only by the cooperation and friendship shown me by the cast and crew of "The Keys of the Kingdom." This friendship of the cast and crew was climaxed by a beautiful gift of remembrance from them on my last day at the Studio. As I thanked them for their kindness and friendship I remarked that upon my return to China, God willing, I would walk the streets of China, looking at the gift they gave me and the scene about me, almost expecting to hear the camera man call to the sound man, "Roll it, Gene," and the familiar voice of John Stahl, the director, calling out, "Try it again," and H. T. Chiang, our screen villain's parting words "On to the mission, Father." Every time I think of the China of Hollywood I shall have happy memories.





Everything  
except postage  
stamps goes on the head.

# Headwork

Harry W. Ball, S.J.

**H**AILING from Boston, the reputed hub of the universe, I have always entertained a healthy respect for the uses to which men and women put their heads.

To date I have never seen a Jamaican carrying a postage-stamp on his or her head. If ever you gave one to a native, he would take the precaution of first weighting it down with a stone. But barring the postage-stamp I have seen everything else that is portable, and many articles which by their shape should have been unbalanceable, carried blithely, and "no hands," upon the head. The market basket is worn on the head with all the nonchalance of an old and comfortable hat. When milady makes a new purchase, she reaches up deftly and tucks her new acquisition in among her other packages, and all without upsetting the basket, without shifting it on her head, and more astounding still, without even endangering the delicate equilibrium of the whole, the laws of physics to the contrary notwithstanding.

The other day a woman walked by here with her basket on her head and her hat on her basket. While waiting outside a store two men and a woman made ready to carry home their weekly supplies. One man heaved a great sack of meal into the air, poised it, and let it settle evenly balanced on all sides and drooping a little over each ear, the second fellow in similar wise got himself under a large wooden box of groceries, and the woman piled a box on top of a bag. My eyes opened

a bit wider when she did not fold up in accordion pleats. And another human train headed for the hills.

**T**HE children carrying their books home from school probably hope that the proximity to their brains will facilitate learning. They also tote their slate up there, and that is a funny sight. Once when the road was muddy underfoot a group of children walked home wearing their shoes on their heads to keep out of the mire, working, I presume, on the premise that their feet were more easily washed than the shoes. The endless line of transients carry long boards, tall thin cans of kerosene, bulky bundles of kindling wood, heavy soft bags of feed, diverse parts of engines, hard and knobby, jars of water, tablecloths full of clothes, etc. In the country my three meals are cooked at the foot of the hill, and carried up on the head.

Some volunteer workers, constructing one of our churches were fetching rocks, not soft, or light, or symmetrical, or smooth. They hoisted heavy rocks to their heads and up the hill they climbed with another rock in each hand.

A Jamaican lad will put anything on his head, and then proceed to run and romp as though he were performing no trick of balance at all. He might even mount his bicycle and ride off with more unconcern than I would do with only a cap on my scalp. The variety in sizes shapes and weights defies description. They will navigate serenely under anything from a flat picture or mirror, to a stack of sugar-cane, a pile of books or a hundred pounds of flour, a roll of tar paper or a twenty foot plank.

A violent dispute rages about the physical advantages of this national custom. Does it improve the stance, poise, posture and shapeliness of our Jamaicans, or not? Who can tell? Among the folk who practice such exercise, robust and weak, well-developed and formless humans are to be found, just as they are to be found among any other groups anywhere.

Be the results beneficial or not, the fact remains that about the only objects I have not yet seen upon a Jamaican's head are a piano—and a postage-stamp.



The great cathedral of Mexico City.

# Teaching

## UNDER DIFFICULTIES

George R.  
Riemer,  
S.J.

It looked as though Pancho was alone, so he walked down a side aisle towards the main altar. Pancho was barefooted. The cool stone flooring felt good under his feet; on any other day he would have slapped them against it, but today he was afraid of being heard. Once within the communion rail Pancho seemed less worried. He used a set of movable stairs to climb the altar table. His dry, dirty feet smudged dust over the altar linen while he got into position. Pancho put his mouth to the tabernacle keyhole and said something. Then he sat back, raised his legs, pressed his feet against the tabernacle door, and gave a whistle, "Pst!"

"PANCHO!" A young lady slipped out from the sacristy. "What are you doing up there? Come down this minute and tell me what you were doing." Pancho slid down (more smudges) and stood before the lady. He looked only a little embarrassed. "I need new shoes, and I made sure that He knows it. I let Him see for Himself."

Pancho got his shoes, because it happened that the young lady was a member of a group which gets things done. She told Father Guerra, head of that group, and he saw that Pancho got shoes.

Father Roberto Guerra, S.J. is tall, brown, of medium height, an energetic teacher and lecturer in Spanish, Italian, French, and Portuguese; but English put a strait-jacket on his arms and hands, and confines activity for the most part to his mind and eyes. His name, Guerra, means "War." He likes to tell people that he once roomed with a Jesuit named Paz, "Peace."

In and around Mexico City since 1938 Father Guerra has given himself to the labor of putting into the minds of forty thousand Mexican children the most important thoughts a human being can have, through the aid of the O.C.S.F.X.

THE O.C.S.F.X. is Father Guerra's own organization. It is his means and instrument for getting at the Mexican mind; it is his microphone. O.C.S.F.X. stands for Catechetical Order (or Association) of St. Francis Xavier. It is pointed towards helping rebuild the Church in Mexico. The members of the organization dedicate one day or more each week to giving a basic course in religion to Mexican children.

Members of the O.C.S.F.X. become specialists in the catechism by means of a training program which is

social minded, intellectually awake, and spiritually vigorous. Father Guerra makes use of the library, of reading rooms, personal conferences, and study clubs as supports for his lectures on the teaching of catechism. He teaches very little theory; catechists are shown by real cases how to deal with fallen-away Catholics or belligerent parents. But the catechists get most of their energy and push from the spiritual part of their course, from the rosary, spiritual reading, missions and retreats, from the study of the very book they teach, and from the example of some of the people they teach. Stories like the one about Pancho are not rare.

The O.C.S.F.X. is a war baby, having been born during the persecutions. In 1917 everything that had to do with the Church came under strict government regulation. The State didn't choose to annihilate Christianity all at once, since that would attract foreign interest and would arouse opposition from the interior; its method was to jerk the foundation out from under the Church and let the law of gravity have its way.

THE State drove the Church into cloister, and, after blockading the gates, read off a list of musts and must-nots to those inside. Among other things it said: All priests and nuns must be Mexican by birth. All foreign-born priests and nuns must leave the country. The Church must be represented before the government in session. No priest may vote. No one may take a vow or pledge or promise (no contract may curb any man's "liberty"). Gifts of movable property automatically go to the State. The police will regulate the use of the church bell. All religious art will go to the public museum. Any act of public worship outside the church building is a criminal offence. Priest and nuns must

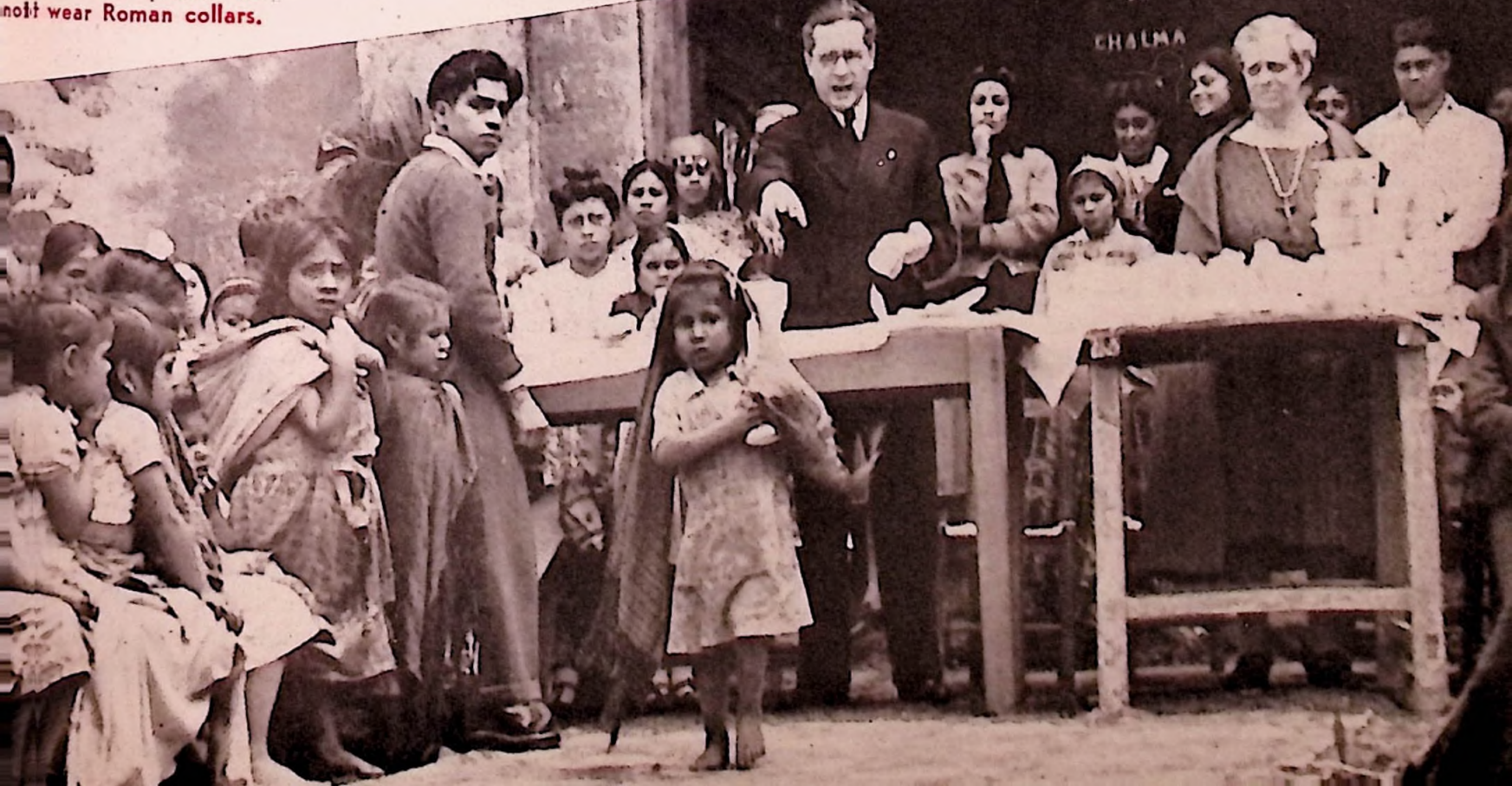
dress like the laity. Socialistic education is obligatory. The Church must *never again be allowed to educate.*

The State followed up its Constitution with action. Twenty-five hundred Spanish priests were deported. Father Pro was martyred. A fire hose was turned on a crowd of three thousand Catholics who locked arms and surrounded Holy Name Church's rectory, refusing to give up their foreign-born pastor. Garrido Canabal, Governor of Tabasco, restricted the number of priests serving his province (population 223,000) to eleven—over twenty thousand people for each priest! Other governors followed his lead. In 1925 Canabal forbade all unmarried priests to officiate in his province and so got rid of the eleven. (This is the Canabal who named two of his sons Lenin and Lucifer.)

A LITTLE time before the Constitution of 1917 was put into full effect Father LeJeune, a Marist priest in Mexico City, came out of hiding, and asked a parishioner to hold a catechism class in her home. She did so gladly, and soon other homes were holding classes. At first these classes were called together only in Mexico City; but as the number of teachers grew, catechism began to be brought to the suburbs, to outlying villages, and into the mountain districts. The teachers were young, lively, and ambitious. They were eager to do something daring for the Church.

In the early 1920's the Jesuit Fathers took over Father LeJeune's foundation and built on it. There were sixteen centers and seventeen thousand children. Father Guerra, director since 1938, has today a hundred and seventy-five centers taking care of forty thousand children. He has fourteen hundred zealous catechists. The O.C.S.F.X. has grown in six years. Viva Christo Rey!

Father Guerra at one of his centres, calling back a little girl who forgot to take her second prize. Notice that priests do not wear Roman collars.



# MISSIONS MAKE THE NEW



Most Rev. Thomas Pothacamury, D.D., native Bishop of Guntur, India, has just established a historical milestone in mission history by his appeal to his own native Indian priests to become missionaries to the rest of India.

fathers are more than 1,150,000 natives, 185,000 native catechumens, with confessions totaling easily 3,000,000 and communions well over 10,000,000 a year. They conduct 152 hospitals and dispensaries, caring for 3,350,000 patients each year; 10 leper asylums, 4,844 schools of all kinds for 200,000 pupils, orphanages for children, homes for the aged, the blind and the crippled. The total group of priests and sisters, including also those Chinese members of the group, numbers 450 priests and 440 sisters.

THE FIRST MAORI PRIEST IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH, the Rev. William Te Awito, has just been ordained with the Marist fathers at the seminary in Green Meadows, New Zealand. After 106 years of missionary effort among the Maoris, this young man was the first to persevere in his vocation for the priesthood.

A GROUP OF FRANCISCANS have been assigned to an extensive mission field in Honduras, Central America. The earliest missionaries in that country were Franciscans in the time of the Spanish Conquistadores. In 1825, after over 300 years the Franciscans were expelled. The return is a historical event. Only a handful of priests have been ministering to the people in the whole country for the past century.

LAY APOSTLES WILL PLAY A MOST IMPORTANT ROLE in the missionary work in China after the war, in the opinion of Francis Yeh, Executive Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society in China, recently from Chungking and now on the staff of the Catholic Student Mission Society Crusade in Cincinnati. Particularly in the field of literature is there need of Catholic lay apostles, writing books on Catholic philosophy, Catholic social teaching, and commentaries on Papal encyclicals. Mr. Yeh is a convert of four years and one of the two Catholic members of the highest legislative body in China.

THE ENTIRE EUROPEAN PERSONNEL of the Scheut fathers, Belgian missionaries, in China, has been interned for the duration. Under the care of these

SISTER IN THE MISSION NEWS. Nine Franciscan missionaries of Mary, two of whom are from New York, the others from Europe, arrived at the Belgian Congo in Africa with instruments and medical supplies donated by the Catholic Medical Mission Board, New York. The mission hospital of Our Lady of Pity, has had no new help of our supplies since the war began. . . . Native sisters in the French Cameroons now have 100 postulants, an increase of 61 in 5 years. . . . Sister Mary Stephen, of the Sisters of St. Ann, has just observed her 100th birthday. She has been 75 years a nun, having taught at Oswego, New York and British Columbia until 1884 and then after a four months' trip to Alaska, founded the mission at Koserefsky and in 1891 the mission at Nulato.

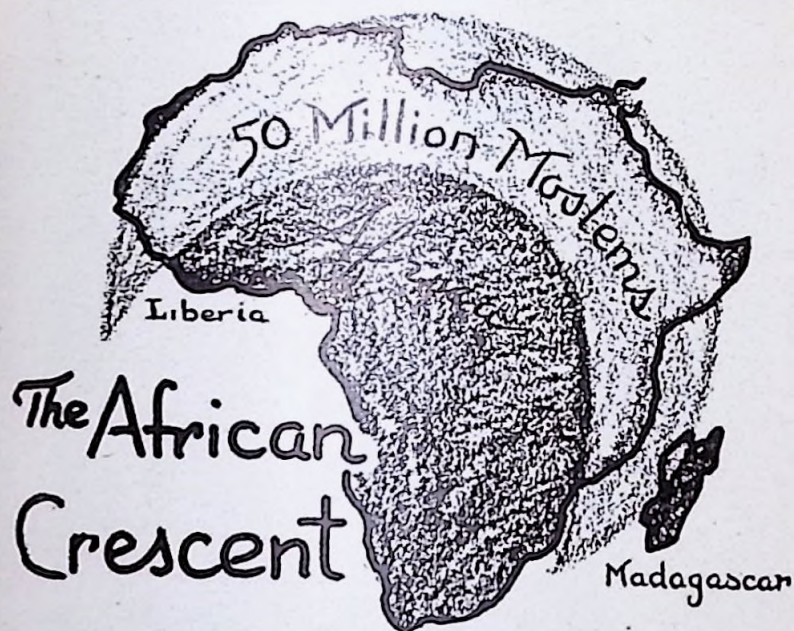
# Apostolate of Prayer

## Mission Intention for April

### Moslems Who Live Among Christians

#### The Pope's Picture

When our Holy Father bids us pray during April for Moslems who live among Christians a two-fold pic-



ture must flash before his mind. On one hand he beholds certain regions of the earth, especially in northern and eastern Africa where Christian peoples have influence and power in Moslem lands; on the other hand he sees Moslem youth venturing beyond their native boundaries seeking their education in European and American colleges and working as craftsmen in Christian lands.

#### Christians Among Moslems

The great crescent of Islam whose horns sought to encircle the whole of Europe was bent back from the Iberian peninsula and cut short by the Christian counter-attack in the Middle East. But Islam did not die. It turned its course to envelope Africa, and today its horns stretch from Nigeria on the west to Mozambique on the eastern coast, where its course was checked by religious missionary endeavor in the nineteenth century. The partition of Africa in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and the subsequent loss of all her colonies by Germany during World War I and by Italy during the African phase of World War II leaves England, France, Belgium, Portugal and Spain—all nominally Christian nations—with the burden of ruling in Africa. What will their influence be on the Moslem masses of those countries of northern and eastern Africa where more than 50,000,000 Moslems dwell? European immigrants to Africa whether they be heads of states, petty officials, tradesmen, social workers or mis-

sionaries will all exert some influence on the Moslem natives. As Christians and, in many cases, Catholics, they have a great responsibility to God for their influence on the Moslems with whom they associate. An influence for good they can be if they rule over their subjects with justice and charity. An influence for evil they will be if they forget their Christian principles and allow themselves to be led by worldly maxims of materialistic greed and atheistic selfishness. From the actions of these Christians Moslems will judge whether Christianity can offer them virtue and godly truth.

#### Moslems Among Christians

The second portion of the papal vision is vastly different from the former. In Christian lands the Moslems are the minority group. Before the war there were an estimated 25,000 Moslems in the United States. In South America there were almost ten times that number. In southeastern Europe there were no less than 3,500,000 Moslems, some acting as tradesmen, others as transients but a considerable number seeking college degrees in London, Paris and Berlin. In France alone there were more than 1,000 Moslem students. All these will come in contact with Christians, both protestant and Catholic. How will they be affected? His Holiness bids us pray that from the exemplary lives of the members of Christ's mystical body they will learn to love the God-Man Jesus Christ.

#### Let Us Pray

• For many centuries the Popes have hoped and prayed for the return of Russia to the Church, but the late Pope Pius XI ranks as the most earnest apostle and supporter of them all. Fifteen years ago, he founded in Rome the Russian College where volunteers from all over the world could prepare themselves for the Russian rite. Slowly, quietly, and heroically for years the men were trained, sifted, tested, ordained in the ancient Byzantine-Slav rite, and sent out to Russian emigre colonies. Many worked in Poland, and the border countries of the U.S.S.R. Others were sent to the emigre centers of the world, New York, Los Angeles, Shanghai, Harbin, Paris, Lille, Namur, etc. It takes fully ten years to train a non-Russian for this special apostolate. They were just beginning to get established when the war broke out. Many have been caught by the Russians, the Nazis and the Japanese. Their work is almost at a standstill. Only nine seminarians are left to study in Rome. This apostolate we recommend to your prayers.

# FOR

# Single Service

Timothy P. Reardon, S.J.

**I**F you are a serviceman and are married, this is not meant for you. You have other obligations. If you are a serviceman and are engaged to be married, this is not for you. You have a promise to be kept. This is meant for servicemen who have no obligations or promises binding them for life. Your mother, father or sister may want to clip this for their next letter to you. In fact they may have made the same suggestion as I am going to make through the printed page.

Many fields for life's work will open to you servicemen. Some private industries are advertising their welcome to you. Through the G I Bill of Rights, the government will provide guidance, educational and vocational opportunities. It is a time for decision. But one possibility for the returning Catholic serviceman has not been mentioned above a whisper. How about being a priest or religious?

This suggestion is not as strange as may appear at first sight. One soldier came limping home from war in the sixteenth century and today we honor the priest, the religious and saint, Ignatius Loyola, who had no notion of being a priest or religious when he went off to war. In the present War several American Catholic priests serving as chaplains, are veterans. In my narrow acquaintance, one such had been a soldier and another, a sailor in 1918. It is not unusual for a serviceman to dedicate his life to God. Servicemen do become priests and religious, indeed Saints.

Do some American servicemen of the present war want to be priests or religious? The Catholic press carried a report from the Trappist Abbot in Kentucky telling of one serviceman's request for admission after his discharge from the service. Maryknoll has had similar requests. The first five men to enroll in a delayed vocation group in Washington, D. C. were men from the Army and Navy posts nearby. The fact seems clear: some American Catholic servicemen of the present war are giving thought to the priesthood and the religious life.

**Y**ou need not be a youth fresh from high school or college to enter the seminary or the novitiate. In peacetime it is not necessary, much less now. A casualty notice for July 1944 tells of the death in action of Father Ternan, Catholic Chaplain who had been in business several years before he entered the Franciscan Order. At the time of his admittance to the noviceship he was thirty-one years old.



# MEN ONLY



HERE IS A POST-WAR CAREER FOR MEN  
NOW FIGHTING FOR A LASTING PEACE  
—THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

Latin and in general educational deficiencies, have been obstacles to belated vocations in the past. But if you have the native intellectual ability, you cannot be much worse off than the veteran Ignatius Loyola who had to start his rudiments with schoolboys when he was thirty years old himself. The educational benefits of the G I Bill of Rights will provide the tuition and living expenses of the education needed before admission to the seminary or the novitiate. Under these benefits you could go to a Catholic College or preparatory seminary. At the same time you would have the spiritual direction of a priest of the faculty which is more important than learning Latin.

To keep the record straight, just what qualifications must you have to be a priest? The best answer to that question is the following passage from Pius XI's encyclical on "The Catholic Priesthood":

*"... a true priestly vocation . . . is not established so much by some inner feeling or devout attraction, which may sometimes be absent or hardly perceptible; but rather by a right intention in the aspirant, together with a combination of physical, intellectual and moral qualities which make him fitted for such a state of life. He must look to the priesthood solely from the noble motive of consecrating himself to the service of God and the salvation of souls; he must likewise have, or at least earnestly strive to acquire, solid piety, perfect purity of life and sufficient knowledge."\**

Read this excerpt from time to time and think about it. Other Catholic reading such as a life of Christ will give more food for thought. Ask God's help in prayer and go to your Chaplain for advice.

One final caution—it may appear that the priesthood (or religious life) is simply one of the many opportunities open to returning Catholic servicemen. No, not exactly; rather your return to civilian life is an opportunity to consider your vocation to the priesthood or the religious life even if you have never given the matter a thought before you went off to war. Unlike the other openings, the priesthood is not a profession, nor a career. Nor is it a job with longer hours on weekends. The priesthood or the religious life is a vocation open to men with the proper qualifications who want to dedicate their lives to the service of God. That is why you must be free of obligations and promises binding you for life. That is why it is for single servicemen only.

\*p. 69, Catholic Mind (Feb., 8'36); English translation of the Pope's encyclical.

# Boom

## AT BAGHDAD COLLEGE

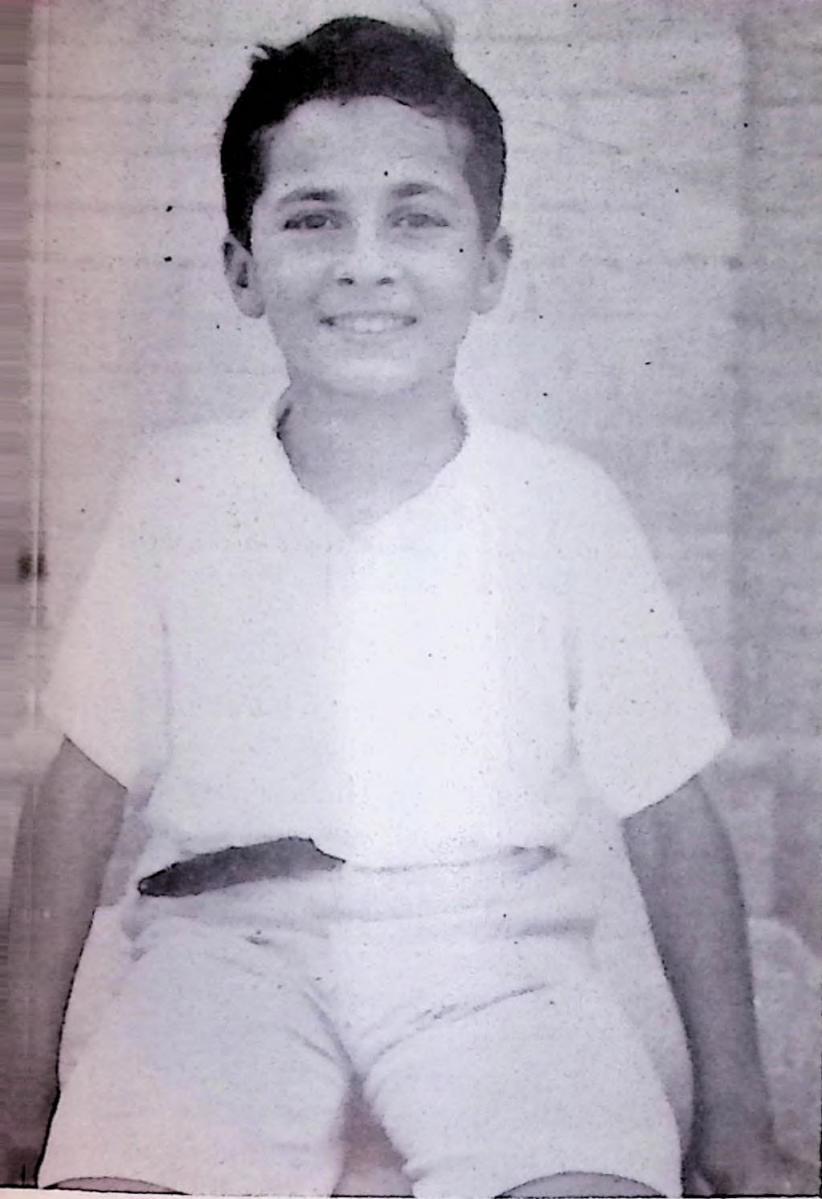
Edward F.  
Madaras, S.J.

BAGHDAD COLLEGE HAS MOVED THE FULL CYCLE WHEN THE SONS OF ITS FIRST OPONENTS ARE NOW ARDENT STUDENTS AT THE SCHOOL. EVERY ONE WANTS TO GO TO "B.C." NOW

THIS is the story of the recent happy sequel to an untoward event which occurred in the early history of Baghdad College. It is concerned with two men whose identity we shall hide under the names of Mahmud Beg Abdul Rahman and Yusuf Effendi Murad.

When in early 1932 news spread through Baghdad that two Jesuits had arrived in the capital for the purpose of opening a high school, some of the inhabitants were not overjoyed. It is an open secret that the East is frequently suspicious of the West. Among the unhappy ones, it would seem, was the above

The famous Baghdad College Buses are the life-line of the school. Some of the students live eight miles away and simply could not attend without this transportation furnished by the College. Father Gookin, S.J., of Boston, beloved by Baghdad boys often plays the piano for them at recreation. The boys know all the latest American songs.



Illraqi boy, bright, alert, and happy at Baghdad College.

mentioned Mahmud Beg, a pious Moslem who feared that the advent of the religious men from the West boded no good for Islam. Mahmud, therefore, sat himself down and wrote a vigorous article inveighing against foreign schools. From the tenor of the article it was evident to anyone who was aware of what was going on in the capital that the article was directed at the projected Jesuit high school.

Yusuf Effendi, a Christian, and the editor of one of the numerous Arabic daily papers in Baghdad, consented to print the article in his paper.

Needless to say, the two Jesuits were not much bothered by the appearance of the article, for they had expected a certain amount of opposition. But the Government of Iraq took a different view of the matter. Having given its permission for the opening of the school, it apparently felt that Mahmud's strictures were an indirect criticism of the Government itself, whatever might be the merits of the question regarding foreign schools. The newspaper of Yusuf Effendi was therefore suspended and the offending editor and author were banished to the northern reaches of the country. There they remained, if memory serves correctly, for the better part of a year, when they were finally permitted to return to Baghdad and resume the normal tenor of their ways writing and editing news.

Meanwhile the Jesuits had opened their high school under the title of Baghdad College, the name College

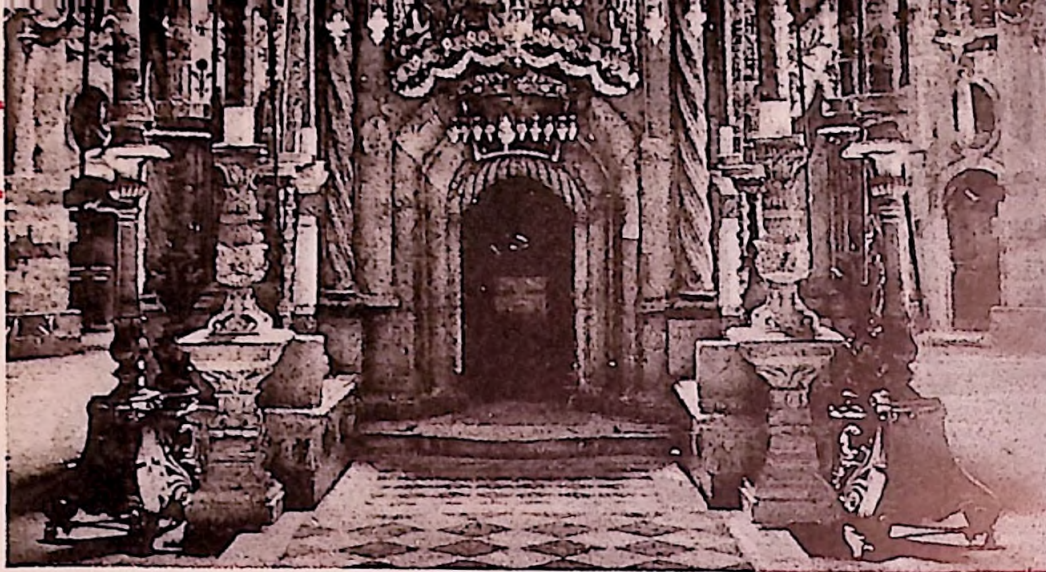
in that part of the world being a bit more flexible than in the West. The name Baghdad was chosen to indicate to the inhabitants that the school wished to identify itself with their best interests, and had no intention or desire to promote foreign influence of any kind. The slogan chosen for the school was "An Iraqi school for Iraqi boys." The student enrollment the first year was 103, consisting of 88 Catholics, six Orthodox Christians, four Moslems, and four Jews. After a series of fluctuations during the first six years, the number of students in 1938 stood at 106, the proportions being roughly the same as those given above.

THEN somehow a change took place. The reputation of Baghdad College seems to have been made. At all events, Yusuf Effendi himself, when faced with the problem of selecting a high school for his two boys, decided to send them to Baghdad College. And in September 1944 a Moslem gentleman appeared at the school with the twelve-year old son of Mahmud Beg and introduced himself as the uncle of the boy. The father, it appears, had died only a short time before, and one of his dying requests was that his son should be enrolled as a student of Baghdad College. Thus the wheel had turned full circle, and those who had been against us in the beginning were now with us.

The story is illustrative of the attitude which prevails today towards Baghdad College. From 106 students in 1938 the school has grown to 342 today, consisting of 216 Catholics, 72 Moslems, 46 Orthodox, five Jews, and three Protestants. Every room in the school is full. Next June, when the graduating class leaves, they will release one class-room. But we shall need four and possibly five rooms to accommodate the new first-high students next September. How to provide the space is a problem that is now racking the brain of Father Sarjeant, the President of Baghdad College. Another problem now weighing on his mind is to find more room for boarders. They now number 70, of whom 45 are Christians and 25 Moslems. Fifty of them are crowded into a building meant to hold thirty. This is not a miracle, for it was accomplished by allowing them to take over some of the Fathers' living quarters. A rented house near by accommodates the other twenty boarders. This crowding creates situations that are sometimes tragic and sometimes comic.

Baghdad College is today doing a magnificent piece of work, not only in making better Christians out of good ones, but also in teaching Iraqi boys, whatever their religious belief may be, to live together in kindness, tolerance, harmony, and friendship. In addition, the Fathers have won their real affection. In this way the school is doing its bit to assure the future peace of the world at a time when excessive nationalism threatens it with new perils. What a shame it would be if a work so auspiciously begun should be crippled for want of support at this most critical stage.

Easter  
Sunday



Scene of the Resurrection, the shrine of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.

April 1  
1945

## INDIA

Rev. Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.  
Godda, Santal Parganas

I FEEL something like an exile. I am the last man left in the old Jesuit mission among the Santals. Father Morrison left me over a month ago to try to take a vacation on the Calcutta side of the Santal Parganas with Father Grech at Torai. I haven't seen the issue of "Jesuit Missions" with the story on the "doroga" but some of our friends showed the article to the doroga himself. He was tickled pink. He even shed tears and wants special copies to show to his superior. He really is a good fellow and it shows how some of them respond to a little decent treatment.

Recently I got three girls off to Patna where they will work for the sisters in the Holy Family Hospital and also learn how to care for their own families properly afterwards. They have all been at the Sister school in Gokhla but it so often happens that after finishing school when they come home to their families their parents will put them almost anywhere to work, carrying coal in coal mines or bricks to build a house in the bazaar. You can hardly imagine the disastrous results in a country like this especially in these times.

### Better Treatment

Last week I spent one day with Fr. Urban in visiting some of our Christians in nearby villages. In one village where last year they beat one Christian woman, the person, who last year led the opposition and was saying that Santal Christians had lost their nationality, came to get medicine for her son and finally brought the young man himself. When I asked her if she was not the one who last year was trying to start all the trouble, she shamefacedly hung her head and acknowledged her mistake. They were certainly very friendly that day. A little better acquaintance with Christians and Christianity removes the antagonism of most of them, but it doesn't mean they are immediately going to become Christians. In the next village we met still better treatment. One Christian woman prepared lunch for us and when we went to the next pagan house nothing would satisfy her but that we try to eat again.

We have had a few converts here for instruction for most of the last two months. Two weeks ago we baptized one family and another young man. I had first met the two men in jail some years ago. One of them broke jail when they opened the jail two years ago, but was captured and got an extra sentence for his escape. He promises to turn over a new leaf. He is a Santal but was unfortunate in associating with a number of young Musselmen of the village who in that particular village have the reputation of being very free in the use of other people's property. The young man was certainly happy, went the following week to make a retreat at Gokhla with the catechists and he and his whole family have been faithful in attending Mass.

### Charity to the Sick

A few weeks ago on my way to the bazaar, I met a bullock cart with a sick boy. The father's brother is a Catholic, and in their hour of trouble they too turned to us. I went with them to the local hospital but the doctor advised a larger hospital, so then I went to Patna for my retreat. James brought along the sick boy. The Sisters lanced the huge ulcer at once and a few weeks later sent word that the boy was ready to come home. One Catholic young man went to bring him and, in company with another of our fine young Christians, now home on furlough from the army, whom they met on the road, they arrived here one Sunday afternoon. The sick boy had become very weak on the road. Those two young men had taken wonderful care of the boy on the long hard road by train and lorry from Patna. I felt proud of them when I saw what they had done. I think they had to wash all the poor boy's clothes. It looked as if after all the Sister's work he would die; so I baptized him, but he rallied and is now walking around and with his mother and younger sister is now taking instructions. His older half-brother I baptized Saturday. He is also a debtor to Christian charity. At the death of his mother some eighteen years ago, he was nursed by James's sister, his aunt by marriage, along with her own infant, Ruth. If we had a few more Catholics like these we would not need catechists except to instruct con-

# AMERICAN JESUITS



(Left) Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., one of the last of the Chicago Province Jesuits working among the Santals of India. Gradually the T.O.R. Fathers are being given care of this territory as the Jesuits concentrate elsewhere. (Above) Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., of Kotzebue, Alaska, lone missionary above Alaska's Arctic Circle.

verrts. In contrast to this is our old Dominic. He has been teacher and catechist for years. Recently to get a piece of land, he had his son, a student up till last year at Gokhla, go through a pagan marriage ceremony with a pagan girl of about ten. He says he knows it is wrong, but he wants the land. It was he who took his daughter to Patna. She is a fine girl and with her sister was very ashamed of the attempted marriage. She is afraid that they will keep her from church and make a pagan marriage arrangement for her; therefore, she wanted to get away from home. I do not think her father knew her real motive. I hope the sight of the hospital, schools and churches will help to bring him to his senses.

Saturday evening another catechist arrived with two Malhe girls and a companion. They come from Jobor-ahna. Within the last few months all the Catholic boys in the village of marriageable age have made arrangements to take pagan girls. Some have gone about it in the right way, that is they are sending the girls for instruction and Baptism. Some of them have taken them on trial and promise to bring them around later to have things fixed up that is if they seem to be satisfactory wives. It may take them years to decide.

## ALASKA

Rev. Paul O'Connor, S.J.  
Kotzebue

After some experience in Alaska, I am convinced that below zero temperature is the greatest enemy of laziness in man. Penetrating cold prods one out of

bed better than anything I know. At 50° below zero your nose can freeze in bed after the fires have gone out and shivering there is no more comfortable than it is anywhere else. Kotzebue has been completely isolated from all the districts south. Diphtheria visited Nome and traveled as far north as Shismerof. Medical authorities then got busy and cut off the Arctic from the rest of the world. (This step in 1918 saved Kotzebue from the Flu.) Plane service as well as dog travel was rigidly prohibited. Even an Army plane was forbidden to land here. All public gatherings were stopped, the Church was hermetically sealed. The pool parlor was closed with a thud, which is a good thing. Movie houses, schools, everything—shut tight. Once a wandering plane happened to land for re-fueling. It was met by the constabulary and hustled on its journey without ceremony. The one mail plane that eventually arrived was thoroughly fumigated.

Rev. Segundo Llorente, S.J.  
Akulurak

When the school at Pilgrim Springs, Alaska, had to be closed in 1941, Akulurak became the heir of all its possessions. By far the most valuable inheritance was Brother Peter Wilhalm, S. J., its factotum. If there is one thing in which he is an expert, it is in keeping vegetables and perishables in war storage. Our root house was no longer serviceable. At once he set to work on a new one—which will outlive all of us. As for its being air-tight, let me tell you that we have been having 35 below zero weather, winds from the North, storms from the West, snowfalls straight from



Father James Becker's Church at Falmouth Mission, Jamaica, after the recent hurricane. It is half in ruins, and the remaining half needs complete repairs.

above . . . yet a tiny kerosene lantern half aglow during the night keeps the igloo above the freezing point, thus saving our potatoes, eggs, canned milk and the like. No stove is needed. That's Brother Wilhalm.

If the roof leaks, if a window pane is broken, if a dog needs new harness, if a stove needs fixing, if a door does not close tight, we just let Brother know and he takes care of the rest. We were bothered by mice running all over the place. Brother Fox claims that if you catch one alive, paint it a bright color, and let it loose, all the mice in the neighborhood will abandon these portals for good. Brother Wilhalm just sank a battery jar into the floor, put some fish in it, and disposed of the trapped mice regularly. Though still skeptical, he is coming around to agree that Brother Fox might have something after all.

## JAMAICA

Rev. James Becker, S.J.  
Montego Bay

I have been intending to write to you ever since the hurricane and the subsequent mix-up. The gift you sent me at that time was most appreciated and very much needed since I get so few of them. To me, anything over 50¢ is big money. There were two exaggerations in regard to my Falmouth mission, the first report that it was a total wreck and the second report, that it was completely covered by insurance. So I am sending you a picture of what's left. The upper floor is gone. I put a roof over the first floor and will now do the best I can with that. Repairs will cost a little over 200 pounds—the mission house was insured for 100 pounds. The Church at Refuge was a total wreck, nothing left standing but a part of the sacristy. Insurance cannot replace it. So, you see there was a little over-statement and a little under-statement, but we will manage.

May Pen

In an excerpt from a letter by a Georgetown University alumnus, is a tribute to the work of Father Philip D. Kiley, S.J. of May Pen, Jamaica:

*"I was very familiar with Father Kiley's prodigious work which he carries out with such unfailing enthusiasm for work. It was only typical of the marvelous*

*work being done in this little island by the fathers of the Jesuit Order who are working so hard against such odds. It does give me pleasure to say that one of the big helps given them in this task was the example and the actual aid of American soldiers stationed on the island. Although we were not many, there was a great strength of Faith and it made itself felt in many ways. For example, at Christmas three score of us tramped down to a forsaken, poverty beset leper colony. We brought some cheer and gifts for the poor inmates. On our off time we were able to do lots of little things, repairs and fixing, painting for Father Kiley and his little parish of May Pen. This would have been out of the question from the meager collections which trickle in every Sunday."*

Rev. Edward J. Welch, S.J.  
Port Antonio

Not much opportunity for rest here. The most urgent problem at the present writing is to help as many of the poor as possible. A storm relief fund gave me a little start which helped set in operation a local branch of the St. Vincent DePaul Society. The needy here live almost entirely on starchy foods, yam (a sort of potato) dumplings, etc. The lack of variety in the diet is very noticeable, especially in the children. Tiny tots with swollen stomachs, an invariable sign of malnutrition, is not an easy sight to look upon day in and day out, especially when you are not able to help them out.

Some forty people found shelter in two freight cars after the hurricane. When things were finally settled a great many of them preferred to remain in the home on wheels where they had to pay no rent. Finally all were evicted but 16 remained on the railroad property camp. Nights are chilly by the sea and the distressed people are a sorry picture huddling together like cattle to keep warm. I am beginning to realize that a priest with the stature of St. Vincent DePaul is needed in this district where there is so much suffering.

## AMERICAN INDIAN

Rev. C. L. Owens, S.J.  
St. Xavier's, Montserrat

Ten years ago five Franciscan sisters came out from Oldenburg, Indiana, to help me on my mission on the Crow reservation. They have carried on courageously without benefit of reinforcements ever since. The largest crowd we have ever sheltered is now with us and more are knocking at our door. We can only do what is humanly possible. God will supply us with the health and the courage and our friends in their generosity help us with supplies.



po Crimont, S.J., of Alaska, 87 years old, and his coadjutor, Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J. Father Anable, S.J. of Nome with his sled dogs.

# Alaska

*Mission on Top  
of the World*

Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.

ALASKANS, conscious of living in a world all their own, one they love and are proud of, speak of the rest of the world as "outside". To "outsiders" there seem to be two Alaskas, one of the whites and one of the Eskimos and Indians. The first they suppose is for adventuresome pioneers, the second for heroic missionaries. But the real Alaska, the one "insiders" love, they hardly know at all. In 1867, right after the Civil War, Secretary of State, William H. Seward, bought Alaska from Russia for \$7,200,000. You may judge what this country brought of the purchase by the name they gave Alaska Seward's "Ice Box". Actually history has proven it to be one of the most valuable investments ever made. That the United States acquired was a piece of territory almost as large as all the States east of the Mississippi—600,000 square miles in all, stretching east and west across three time zones. To give an idea of what that means, Holy Cross mission in Central Alaska is west of the Hawaiian Islands. From north to south it includes a greater range in temperature than is found from Maine to Florida. The Japanese current, off Alaska's southern coast, gives a temperate climate averaging about 32°, roughly the same as Seattle, Washington. Mississippi has known colder winters than Sitka, South Alaska. Farther north winters are severe but Minnesota can be just as cold as Kotzebue, North Alaska. Winter nights are long but so are the summer days. Newspapers can be read in the streets at midnight in

July, and the summer sun works over-time producing giant crops. In the very center of Alaska 50 pound heads of cabbage are raised, and dairy herds supply whole communities with fresh milk. To call Alaska "the land of perpetual snows" is calumny which Alaskans rightfully resent. Father Hubbard, S.J., who has known Alaska for 17 years, claims that 10,000,000 people could live comfortably on dairy farms alone in Alaska and 30,000,000 more could easily thrive on the other industries which the rich natural resources of the country provide. Actually it has only 73,000 inhabitants.

More than half the country is covered by dense forests of valuable wood, out of which, in a single year, 45,000,000 board feet of lumber were cut. Its Yukon river, 2000 miles long, one of the great rivers of the world, pours more water daily into the Bering Sea than the Mississippi pours into the Gulf of Mexico. Its soil holds coal, silver, lead, mercury, copper, plat-

### Personnel in Alaska

|  |    |
|--|----|
| Bishops .....                                | 2  |
| Diocesan priests .....                       | 10 |
| Jesuits (priests) .....                      | 23 |
| scholastics .....                            | 1  |
| brothers .....                               | 8  |
| Sisters of six religious congregations ..... | 47 |

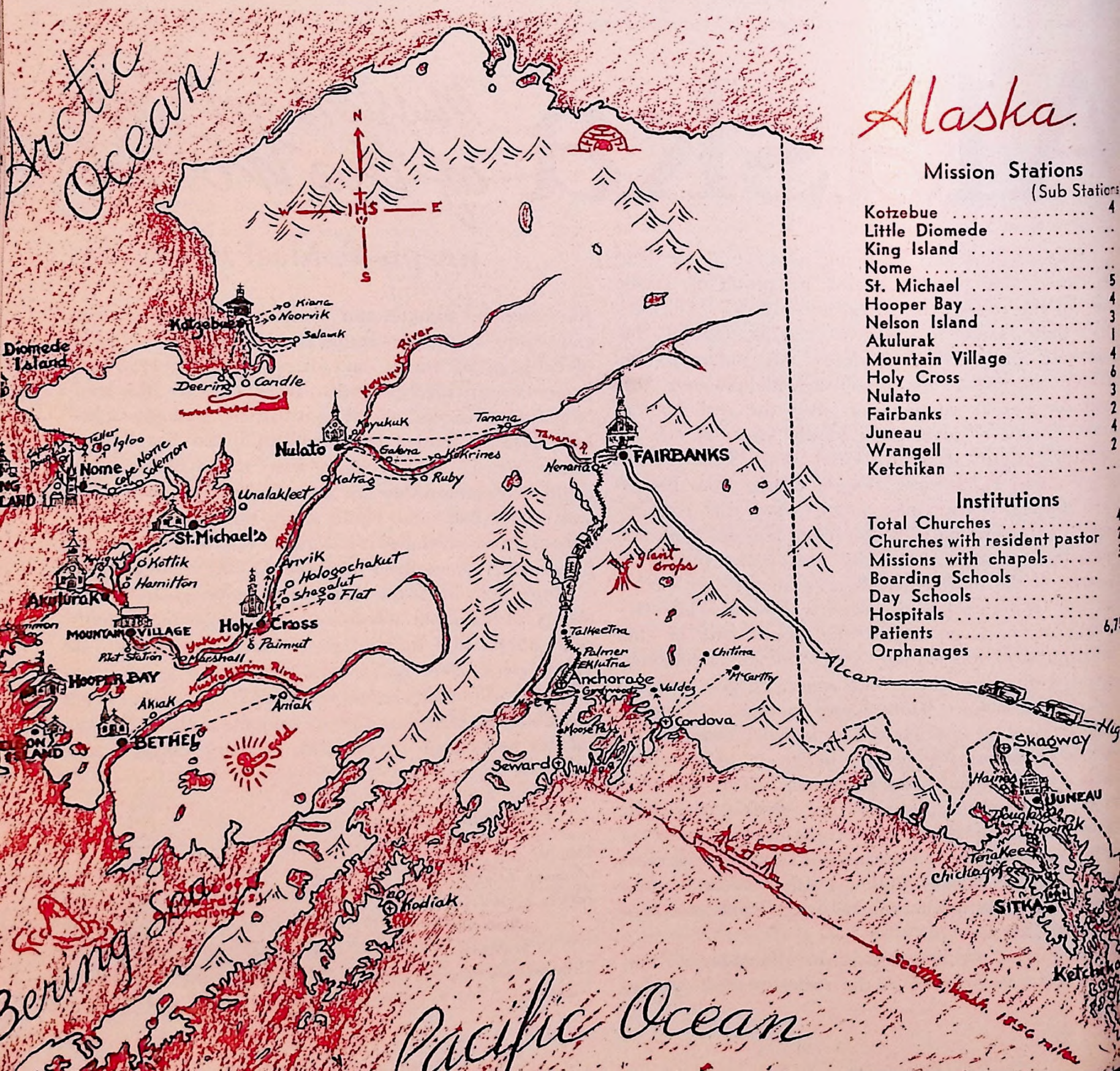


inum and tin. But the three most valuable sources of wealth in Alaska are fish, gold and fur, in that order. From the original \$7,000,000 investment, already, in 35 years \$52,000,000 have been made in seal and walrus, \$500,000,000 worth of gold has been dug from its rivers and mountainsides and over \$1,000,000,000 worth of salmon has been taken from its waters. By any standard Alaska is a wealthy country.

THE strategic position of Alaska as an air center makes it also a very important spot on this continent. Fairbanks, Alaska, is almost equally distant from New York, Honolulu and Tokyo (about 10 hours); almost equally distant from Moscow, Berlin, London and Chungking (13 hours). If Russia is not to have a complete monopoly on all the post-war flying by the short

northern routes to Asia, Alaska will have to be developed as an air center. And, with the coming of the airplane the whole manner of life in Alaska will change. The only serious obstacle at present to enjoyable, prosperous and progressive living is the slowness and difficulty of travelling. Alaska, therefore, is at least a strategic country, if not our next frontier.

Politically, Alaska is practically an orphan. Its residents have no vote in United States affairs, though they do have a vote in their own. Its one able, well-liked representative in Washington, Hon. Anthony J. Dimond has no vote (recently he was appointed Judge in the Territory of Alaska). In 1939 Government expenditures for the whole of Alaska were \$3,000,000 but when the Japanese threatened the country, Congress appropriated \$200,000,000 to defend it.



# Alaska

## Mission Stations (Sub Stations)

|                  |   |
|------------------|---|
| Kotzebue         | 4 |
| Little Diomed    | 1 |
| King Island      | 1 |
| Nome             | 1 |
| St. Michael      | 5 |
| Hooper Bay       | 4 |
| Nelson Island    | 3 |
| Akulurak         | 1 |
| Mountain Village | 4 |
| Holy Cross       | 6 |
| Nulato           | 3 |
| Fairbanks        | 2 |
| Juneau           | 4 |
| Wrangell         | 2 |
| Ketchikan        | 1 |

## Institutions

|                               |       |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| Total Churches                | 4     |
| Churches with resident pastor | 1     |
| Missions with chapels         | 1     |
| Boarding Schools              | 1     |
| Day Schools                   | 1     |
| Hospitals                     | 1     |
| Patients                      | 6,700 |
| Orphanages                    | 1     |



Alaskan Eskimo families at lunch time. All of King Island's people live in this little village, which hangs on the side of a cliff.

Economically it is a victim of absentee ownership. As far as anyone can see, very little of the enormous profits from its industries and natural resources has been turned back into the country to help its development. In the whole of Alaska, exclusive of Alcan Highway, there are only 2,000 miles of highways and 490 miles of railroads. It has only 7 cities with populations of over 1,000. The largest, Juneau, has only 5,748.

For all the wealth of Alaska and for all its vast extent there were only 73,000 people in the whole territory before the war. Of these, about 40,000 were whites mostly from United States and Canada, 20,000 Eskimos, 12,000 Indians and less than 1,000 Japanese, Chinese and Filipinos. The real missionary work is done among the Eskimos and Indians, who differ noticeably from each other in language, culture and temperament. Eskimos live in the North and along the coast and derive their livelihood from walrus, whale and seal hunting and fishing. Indians live in the interior and subsist, for the most part, on reindeer hunting and fishing. Eskimos are proud, simple and have an amazingly effective culture. They are not too easily hurt by contact with the white men. Father Hubbard says of them, "There are individuals of high rating in public life who often speak of the Eskimo as filthy, degenerate, and lacking all semblance of civilization. I wish merely to state that individuals who look for filth and degeneracy and vice can always find it—even in large modern cities. The Eskimos I met all winter were invariably peaceful, clean and with higher standards of religion and morality than I have found anywhere else on earth." Indians, however, though they made splendid Catholics when isolated in their own familiar environment, have the fatal Indian weakness for the wiles of the white men. Eskimos respond more willingly to the appeal of religion, love its ritual and are faithful to the Church. Indians, with some magnificent excep-

tions, are slow to respond and are prone to negligence. It is chiefly among these two groups that the missionary work has been carried on for almost 150 years.

The Russians were the first whites to discover Alaska and the first to bring Christian influence to Eskimos and the Indians. Missionaries of the Russian Orthodox Church sent some zealous and able priests, most famous of all, Ivan Veniaminof who for thirty years labored among the Aleuts along the island chain and all down the coast to the Kuskokwim River. He translated portions of the New Testament, composed a catechism and hymnal in the native language, studied their ancient beliefs and superstitions and established a seminary at Sitka for natives. He was later made Bishop of Kamchatka, the Kuriles and Aleutians and finally received the signal honor of being *Metropolitan of Moscow* until his death in 1879. Gradually the Bishopric of Alaska was transferred to San Francisco and the Russian influence steadily declined in Alaska. Three things hastened the decline. The purchase by the United States with a natural influx of Americans, the haste with which some of the Russian missionaries baptized "converts" without instructions, leaving them pagans in fact and Christians in name only, and the ugly treatment of the people by many of the Russian traders. Today there is practically no Orthodox religious influence in the whole of Alaska.

With the coming of the Americans, missionaries from United States hastened to the scene—Protestant missionaries. Catholics had more than they could handle with the huge influx of immigrants in the East from Europe, the steadily expanding westward growth of the United States, and the Indian tribes of the unconquered West. To the north, Canada, clear up to the North Pole, was one vast under-manned mission field. Four Oblates of Mary Immaculate whose successors have made Northern Canada one of the famous mis-



In winter dogs are as important as food to missionaries. In summer berries are plentiful and are frozen for the winter.

sion fields of the Church, from 1862 to 1873, entered Alaska, the first Catholic priests to preach the Faith there, Fathers Seguin, Petitot and Lecorre and Monsignor Clut. But these were just isolated voyages. Not until Monsignor Seghers (later Archbishop) came in 1877, was there hope for a permanent priest for the territory. He saw it as a full mission field and begged to be sent there for his life's work. There was some delay, during which time, he was made Bishop of Victoria, British Columbia, and later transferred to Oregon City. On his first episcopal visit to the Pope, he obtained from Pope Leo XIII re-appointment to Victoria so that he could care for Alaska which was part of his territory. His first step was to obtain Italian Jesuits from the Turin province whose missionaries were already in the Rocky Mountains working among the American Indians under the famous Father Cataldo, S.J. their superior. Two years later, in 1881, just as his work had begun, the venerable Archbishop was murdered by a half-crazed Indian. But the start had been made and the Church was planted. There were others to carry on the torch. In 1907 French Canadian Jesuits were called in to assist in the expanding mission field of Alaska. In 1912 the California province of the Jesuits was given charge of Alaska and thus it became an American mission. The early pioneers remained at their posts. Finally, it was assigned to the Oregon province when that was separated from California.

But no one province ever exclusively manned the Alaskan mission. Volunteers have offered themselves for that difficult assignment from France, Spain, Italy, Ireland, Canada and all parts of the United States, ever since the Church established its first foothold there. To this day it has a powerful appeal all over the world to people interested in missions. You will see stories on Alaska in mission magazines from every country in Europe; for in spite of, perhaps because of, its great hardships Alaska is one of the most fascinating missions of the Church.

THESE you have the anomaly of the two Alaskas, an extraordinary country of great wealth, beauty and attraction on one side and on the other, one of the most difficult missions of the world. What makes the missionary work so difficult? Two things—the difficulty of traveling to reach the people and the necessity of travel. For the Indians and Eskimos are hunters and nomadic many months of the year. The fish and fur-bearing animals come and go in cycles and if the Indians and Eskimos are to have food, they must keep on the move. Now, the missionaries could sit at home in a rather comfortable house with a fairly attractive Church next door, in a comparatively prosperous town and live a life of relative leisure. But their churches would be empty and the people who need them would be far away like sheep without a shepherd. Their simple mode of life makes it impossible for them to settle in large groups or in cities. They are children of nature and of the wild open spaces. Wherever they go the missionary must go and when they move he moves with them. The missionary in Alaska, therefore, must be a giant of strength, if possible, but in courage and zeal, of necessity. That they have been, practically without exception, men of such calibre is proven by their record of accomplishment. Today after less than 75 years, more than one-sixth of the people of Alaska, 13,000



#### Religious Divisions

|                    |        |
|--------------------|--------|
| Catholics .....    | 13,053 |
| Whites .....       | 6,580  |
| Eskimos—Indians .. | 5,073  |
| Mixed .....        | 1,400  |
| Protestants .....  | 24,000 |
| Schismatics .....  | 7,800  |
| Jews .....         | 1,200  |
| Pagans .....       | 28,000 |



Killing Salmon—Alaska has given over \$1,000,000,000 worth. Far north mission station in dead of winter. People are off hunting.

733,000, are Catholics. Of these, 6,580 are whites, 5,072 are Eskimos and Indians and 1,400 are mixed. To appreciate the magnitude of that task, place the map of Alaska on the map of United States. Attu would fall at Los Angeles, Dutch Harbor at El Paso, Texas, Anchorage near St. Louis, Nome in South Dakota, Alkukurak at the Canadian border, Point Barrow in Canada above Lake Superior, Juneau in North Carolina and Ketchikan just about Charleston, South Carolina. Scatter 73,000 people over a territory that vast and you have some idea of the heroism missionary work in Alaska involves, from the point of view of travel alone. Add to that now the fact that practically all the travel for many months of the year has to be done by dog sled between storms and during storms, and during the rest of the year by boat along the twisting rough rivers, and the simple story of their lives assumes the proportions of an incredible saga. The figures of the present missionary work are found in boxes elsewhere in these pages. There is a steady trickle of converts each year, a small, very small, percentage of leakage. As often happens in the missions, the Protestant missionaries can be worse than annoying to the Catholics with their bitter and open anti-Catholic preaching. But this is only a minor grievance and generally ineffectual. Strangely enough, the Quakers who are so friendly here are particularly violent in Alaska. Years of patience and silence and Christian charity are gradually rubbing off the edges of their bitterness and making their opposition subside.

THE picture of missionary work in Alaska would be only half told if we were to leave out the Jesuit brothers and the sisters. In 1888 three sisters of St. Ann from Montreal were brought to Juneau. The mission was only just begun. The Italian priests and brothers had only just arrived and the welcome given those three hardy pioneer nuns was about as rough as could be imagined.

Yet they stayed and prospered and inspired the long line of brave nuns who have succeeded them. Today there are thirty sisters of St. Ann. Others have come to their assistance. The Ursulines who can be found on so many of the difficult missions of the Church, the sisters of St. Joseph of Newark (N. J.), Sisters of Charity of Providence, the Sisters of Our Lady of the Snows (a native congregation of Eskimo nuns founded by Father John P. Fox, S.J.) and latest to arrive, the Gray Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Forty-seven sisters in all. The story of the Jesuit brothers cannot be told here but this must be said that without them the mission could hardly have succeeded.

From the beginning, the missionaries of Alaska have been motivated entirely by the desire of saving the souls of their scattered people. It is often a lonely work, sometime a discouraging work. Elsewhere there is a hope some day of gathering immense harvests of souls, developing leaders who will shed lustre on the whole history of the universal Church. Nowhere else on earth is so much human labor expended on so few people and with so little visible results. But when the day comes for each Alaskan missionary to leave his station for the last time and return to his Maker, he will wear a badge of glory, "Missionary in Alaska"—who spent his life on the hardest mission in the world for a handful of people just because they were God's children.

#### Total Number of Children in Catholic Institutions

|                        |     |
|------------------------|-----|
| Indian and Eskimo..... | 451 |
| White .....            | 60  |
| Total .....            | 511 |

#### Catholic Population

|               |        |
|---------------|--------|
| Natives ..... | 6,473  |
| White .....   | 6,580  |
| Total .....   | 13,053 |





## Mission Symposium

■ We were attending a world mission symposium at Hunter College, New York City. On the platform were eight Jesuits who had returned from various mission fields all over the world. The whole program was conducted after the fashion of "Information Please" under the direction of Father Joseph Cantillon, S.J. who deserves a special round of applause for conceiving the symposium and bringing these missionaries together from all parts of the country. Each man was limited necessarily as to time. Yet it was amazing how much knowledge of the various mission territories, people, climate, culture, peculiar difficulties and other features they conveyed to the audience that evening. At least everyone left the auditorium with the knowledge that the task was stupendous. The missionaries were fighting against tremendous odds. The progress was painfully slow, converts comparatively few, the over-all picture of the world of the missions momentous. Yet the Church, with the patience of the centuries, was still living, still active in these many lands. The average American Catholic who measures success by visible progress would decide to forget those places where the Church had little opportunity and would concentrate his forces in lands more receptive to the Faith. To offset this sort of reasoning, I would like to repeat a little story told to us that evening during the intermission.

An American Jesuit on his way to the Philippines, stopped off at Bombay, India. There we have a fine University, complete in physical equipment and staffed by a faculty as brilliant as any in Europe. The American Jesuit addressed one of these professors in conversation, "Father, how long have you been in India?" "Twenty-two years," came the response. "In that time, how many converts have you made to the Faith?" "I

could count the converts I have made on one hand. "What a sheer waste of talent!" thought the American Jesuit. "Why do you stay here, why don't you pull up stakes and leave India, go some place where your talents will produce greater results?" Here was a manifestation of typical American impatience. The French Jesuit looked at his brother from over the seas and said, "Father, can you point out to me any place in the Gospel where Christ promises us immediate success? He commanded us to go and preach the Gospel to all nations but nowhere does He say that we will have quick and happy results in our apostolate. Again take the writings of Pope Pius XI. He was known as the Pope of the missions. In season and out of season he urged the cause of foreign missions. I challenge you to find me anywhere in his writings the assurance that we will meet with easy success. You Americans like to see results, you would want mass conversions. But the prime purpose of the missionary is to establish the Church, to give it permanence, to make it visible in whatever corner of the world he is working.

## Our Own Country

"Take your own country for instance. See what has happened there in the brief span of three centuries. French Jesuits went to your country when it was still a wilderness. They lived a terribly hard life among the savages. They could not foresee the marvelous transformation that would one day take place there. So we feel that someday in the fluctuations, and revolutions that sweep the world, India, too, will awaken to the force of the Gospel and receive Christ. Meanwhile we must be patient. We must spend ourselves to keep the Church visible to the Indians here. That will be our contribution to the missionary work of the Church." Here is a lesson for us Americans to learn.

## Mink

*Mink, Father Ruppert's lead-dog, has won a place for herself in the story of Alaska. Her master was frozen to death while trying to get through a blizzard at 30° below zero with Christmas gifts for the children at Pilgrim Springs. The rest of the dogs had broken away and became lost. The missionary pressed on with the bundles for two miles, fell exhausted, and died on the trail. When the searching party found him, days later, Mink was standing guard, snarling, fierce, unwilling to let anyone near the corpse. Her only food had been the lining of her master's cap, but only when they brought the Brother, known to Mink as Father Ruppert's companion, would she relax her self-appointed vigil. All the way home, she trudged close by. Once he was buried, she, too, very soon died.*

# The Ciborium

The ciborium is a sacred vessel in which the Blessed Sacrament is kept inside the tabernacle and from which Holy Communion is distributed to the faithful. The name comes from the Latin word for food, "cibus," and means a place where food is kept. The inside of the cup, where the Hosts rest neatly in white row upon white row, is always gold, shining and spotless. The outside of the ciborium may be gold or silver or other suitable metal. Every Catholic church and chapel in the world needs at least one ciborium. Did you know that in some mission chapels there are none, and in others what they have is old and tarnished?

Except for the priest at the altar and the chalice uses in Mass, there is hardly a creature on earth so closely and constantly associated with God's sacramental presence among men. For those whom God has never blessed with missionary sons and daughters, such a precious gift and sacred memorial would indeed be a beautiful way of participating intimately in the holiest work God has given to man. We can tell you the name of a missionary who needs one, and we will be happy to accept your donation and send the ciborium to the missionary for you.



*The above ciborium now costs \$160 at Black, Starr & Gorman, and is sterling silver gold plated. Others cost \$65 to \$250, depending on the design, size, and amount of precious gems and materials used in its construction.*

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## LIBERATION IN LUZON (Continued from p. 61)

teacher, Father John Hurley, S.J. and Fathers Daly, Ewing, McFadden, Cervini, Doucette, Kenally, Keane, the Jesuit scholastics Thomas E. Brady and Ralph B. Gehring, together with Brother Edward Bauerlein and Brother John Abrams.

"God bless America!", exclaimed Father Hurley on his release. "God bless all Americans, but especially the magnificent First Cavalry Division which made this brilliant and daring dash into Manila." During the past three years Father Hurley had been the "strong man of Manila," defying the Japanese at every turn in their efforts to oppress American citizens. He protests that he is still the same hard-boiled, unemotional man but in a letter home he breaks out into a rapturous tribute to the men of the First Cavalry Division, "No words of any living man could possibly exaggerate the magnificent character of our deliverers," he says. "Of course, they are big muscular, hard as rock, magnificent physical specimens, but that, of course, is taken for granted. The feature that has impressed us all—swept us off our feet and put these men in our hearts forever—is the unbelievable kindness, consideration, thoughtfulness, gentleness, tenderness towards us. God Bless America! How proud and happy we are to be Americans!"

Shortly after Father Hurley wrote these words to Father Masterson, director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau, and with the battle of Manila still raging, he was reading the burial prayers over the body of a Jesuit who had just been freed. A Jap shell had landed in the internment camp. Two internees were killed, one of them a great missionary, Father David Daly, S.J. of New York, who had spent eighteen years in the Philippines. Dead too, in a hospital around which the Japanese were still fighting, was a Jesuit scholastic, Edward B. McGinty.

But the third and final stage of the liberation was still unaccomplished. Thirty miles to the south of Manila was Los Banos where the Japanese still held twenty-one hundred Americans, including seventy-eight Jesuits. The 11th air-borne Division had bypassed it in an effort to strike swiftly at Manila, but they had not forgotten Los Banos. At 7:00 A.M. on February 26th, in a brilliantly executed amphibious and air-borne operation, the Japanese garrison was surprised while at morning calisthenics, wiped out to a man, and all of the prisoners, including the remaining Jesuits, were carried away to safety.

Bit by bit from the internees came scraps of news out of which a skeleton picture of the last three years can be drawn. When the Japanese invasion came on December 8th, 1941, there were ninety-four American Jesuits on Luzon and nineteen in Mindanao. Of

the nineteen on Mindanao, one, Father Thomas Rock S.J., was killed by wild tribesmen early in the war and another, the heroic Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., after protecting his Filipinos in the hills, collapsed from an attack of diabetes. His people and an escapee American Army Major, carried him on a litter 150 miles to the sea where they hoped to place him on an American ship and bring him to an Army hospital. Too weak to make the sea journey and very happy to remain with his people, he died and was buried in Surigao.

Bishop Hayes was among seven other Jesuit priests and scholastics captured by the Japanese in Mindanao. For a time the Japanese forced the Bishop to act as a barber for them. Finally all were taken to Davao and thence to Manila. The remaining Jesuits in Mindanao stayed with their people in the hills. Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J. known as the "guerrilla padre," returned recently to the country and told the unbelievable exploits of these men in the hills. It is an epic story and more of it will be told in the next issue. In Manila meantime, Father Hurley had called ninety-two American Jesuits into the University grounds. From December 1941 to the summer of 1943 they remained there the scholastics pursuing their studies. It was a turbulent period with Father Hurley continually and adroitly maneuvering against the Japanese to prevent them from injuring American citizens, not only his own men but the other religious in the city. On one occasion he defied a Japanese officer and his men who had pursued three young Filipino girls, taking sanctuary in the Ateneo. The Japanese Officer lunged at Father Hurley with his sword but the Superior remained firm and the girls were saved.

In the summer of 1943 the Japanese removed all our men from the Ateneo to other places in Manila and on July of 1944 all were moved to Los Banos prison camp, with the exception of Father Hurley who was what the Japanese called "a bad man" and several others in the same category who were placed in the Santo Tomas prison camp. A mistake was made by our men in the early days of the occupation which has a humorous side to it. The Jesuit University in Manila is a military school. In the basement of the University were a few obsolete rifles and bayonets used for drilling purposes. Fearing that the Japanese would find them they were secretly taken out and buried in the grounds of the Jesuit retreat house. Meantime the Filipino novices were sent to the retreat house to continue their studies. Father Kenally, former editor of JESUIT MISSIONS was their Master of Novices until the Japanese, who always look into the ground for contraband material, discovered the rifles and threw Father Kenally and all the American staff into Santo Tomas prison.

# COMMUNICATIONS

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find an order for a year subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for the library here at Rutland Heights. Perhaps it could have been given to one person but I thought that it would be more to the point to place it in the library so that it would receive the attention of more of us patients.

The other dollar enclosed is for the missionaries. I realize that it is pitifully small, but my income is also—though if I could not spare part of what I have for the missions I would be "poor" indeed! Having served in the U. S. Army through Central America I know how much work is to be done for the Church and its children there, and how much the Jesuits do with so little. No dollar buys as much as this one does.

May the blessings of Christ be upon you all, and upon your work.  
Rutland Heights, Mass. R. A. P.

To the Editor:

We are sending you another offering this year for your poor missions. We have sacrificed our pretzels and chewing gum to help your good priests carry on the work of saving souls. We only ask that you say a prayer for all of us, Sister included.

Dayton, Ohio

CRUSADERS OF GRADE FIVE

To the Editor:

I was delighted to receive your letter a day or so ago. A thousand thanks, too, for the monthly dispatch of five copies of JESUIT MISSIONS, the first of which has already reached me.

The Mission Society consists of about sixty boys—divided into six groups, each group studying a special mission-land. Your publication, fortunately, caters for all tastes and all interests, and the five copies are circulating among the boys already.

You asked me, Father, if you could be of any further assistance to me! Without wishing to impose upon your generosity or to take up too much of your valuable time, there is one request I should like to make—it is a matter of postage stamps. With communications so difficult and transmission of money almost impossible these days, pretty nearly the only means, apart from prayers, the boys have left for helping Jesuits overseas is by sending them stamps. Could you augment our supply somewhat with some American, South American issues? The more common of these can be sold here, too, and sometimes bring in substantial amounts. I should be extremely grateful, if you could do something for me in this respect. In return, if I can be of any assistance at all to you, kindly let me know.

Australia

REV. B. A. H., S.J.

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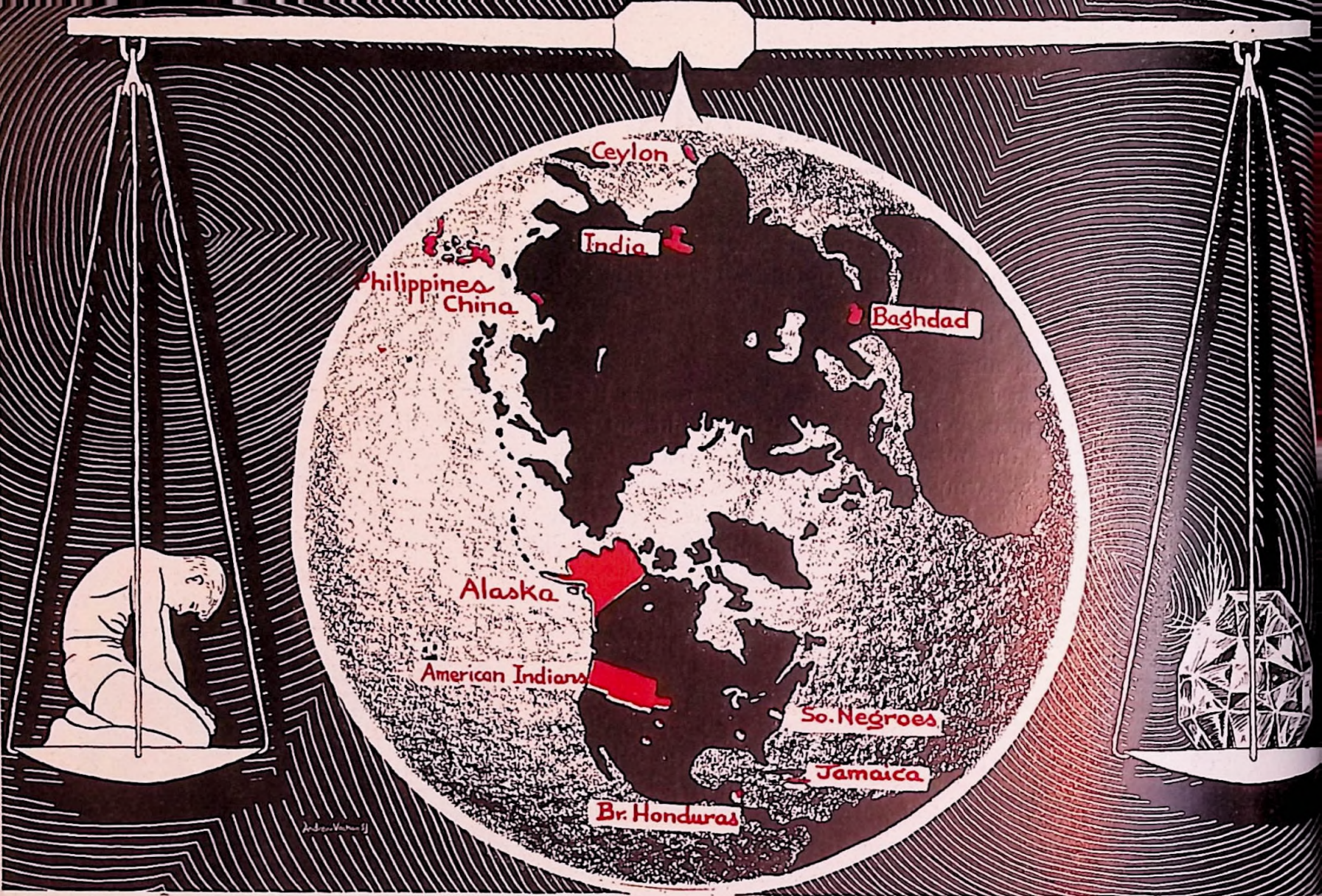
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