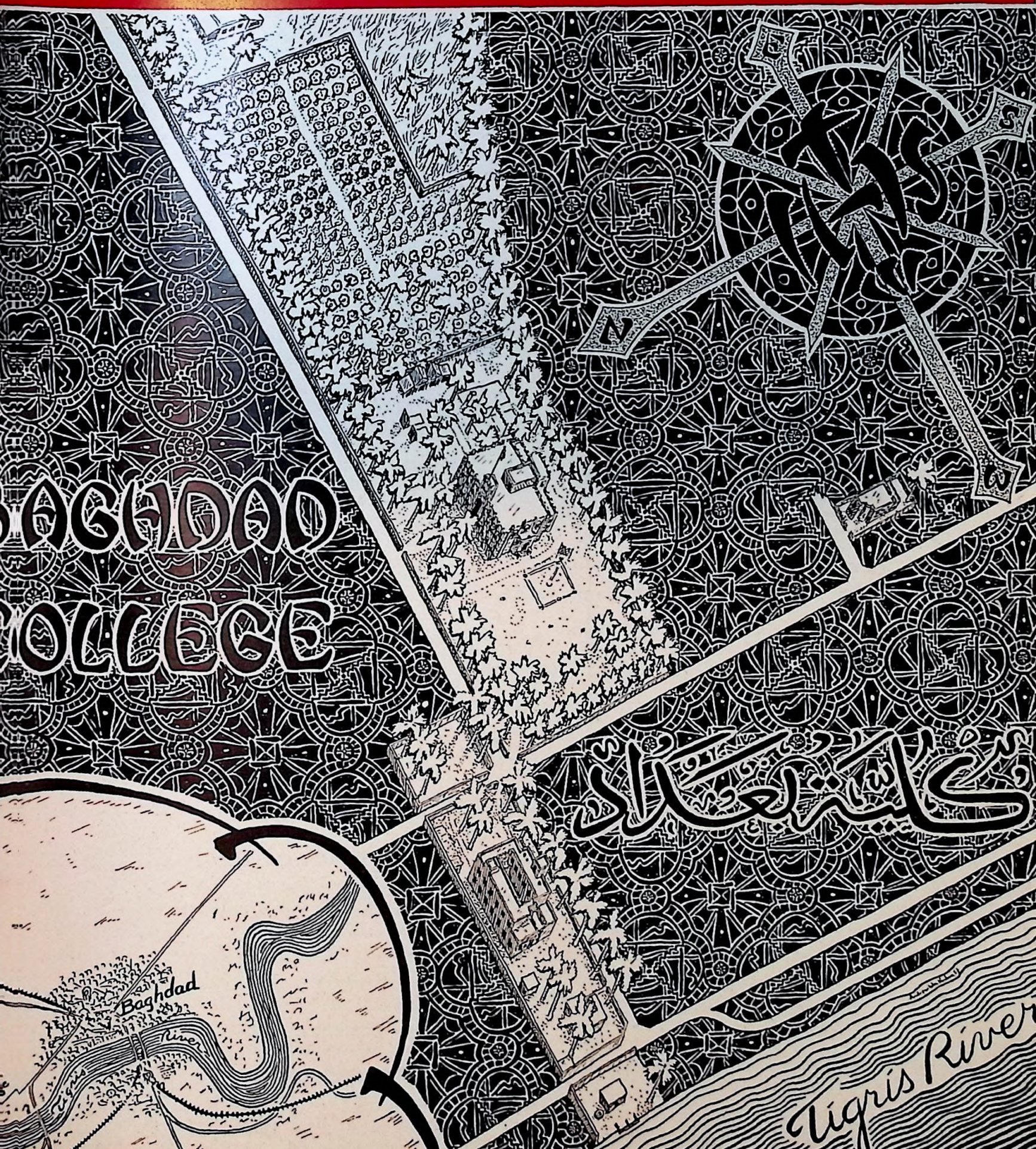


May 1945

RESUIT MISSIONS



BAGHDAD
COLLEGE

كلية بغداد

Tigris River

“THEY HATE TO REFUSE”

The missionaries don't mind work at all. Loneliness and isolation and physical hardship doesn't bother them. Over rough roads and wild trails and deserts and snows they travel with enthusiasm. There is only one thing they hate to do and that is to refuse a request for help. Sometimes they have to; their supplies run out,—medicine gone, clothes all given away, pocketbook empty.

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They depend on their Procurators to keep them supplied. The Procurators depend on you. Can you lighten their burden by a donation—no matter how small? Addresses of each of the mission procurators are given on this page.



JOHAN CHIEF-
STICK is a typi-
cal Indian boy of
today. John lives on
the *Rocky Boy Reser-
vation* in middle
Montana—has an in-
fectious smile bred of
the joy of living—still
wears braids as did his
father and his father's
father—loves horses
and the outdoor life.

Such Indian boys
as JOHN, their fathers
and mothers and all

their relatives—whole tribes—are the joy and life labor
of over a *hundred* Jesuits.

The needs of these Jesuits on the *American and Cana-
dian Indian Missions* are multiple and urgent. To help—
even a little—in this worthy cause is to aid vital missions
right here at home. It is to give John and Indian boys like
him a better chance of knowing his *catechism*—of getting
more chances to receive *God's Grace*. To help is to be a
missionary at heart—*one with Christ*.

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REV. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J., 2 DALE AVENUE, TORONTO, CANADA

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

CONTRIBUTORS

■ Father Raymond J. Fox, S.J., has been a city missionary in Kingston, Jamaica, for five years.



Raymond J. Fox, S.J.

But don't let the city life deceive you. It's nothing like Holyoke, Mass., his home town, and nothing like Holy Cross College in Worcester, Mass., from which he graduated in 1926, or Boston College, where he taught economics and kindred subjects from 1932-34. It's not bush life, of course, but where a man in the bush would have a handful of scattered converts

once a month, the city missionary has a hundred twice a week. Where the bush missionary has three or four stations to visit, the city missionary has several schools, several convents, several hospitals, several refuge homes, a jail or two, a church or two, besides the Cathedral and a full parish to care for. And he is still a long way from home, still among strangers, still a foreign missionary. Father Fox has been especially generous in his zeal to the Franciscan orphans' institution "Alpha", to the Chinese people of Kingston, to the nuns in the city, and to converts.



Joseph F. Cantillon, S.J.

■ Father Joseph F. Cantillon, S.J., from Buffalo, N. Y., is Librarian at Regis High School, New York. He studied library science at Columbia University. Though never a missionary, he has worked for the missions on the home front. Outstanding contribution was his direction and chairmanship of the World Mission Symposium in New York. Through his prodigious and untiring effort (he never refers to that in his article) the Symposium was a magnificent success. Seldom has any mission program received such high praise. Here is the man responsible.

COVER — No one knew exactly what Baghdad College campus looked like from the air. Father Vachon, with the help of Father Madaras, now gives us, in this air view drawing, the first full view of "B.C. on the Tigris".

JESUIT MISSIONS

MAY



1945

Editor: Calvert Alexander, S.J.

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

Regional Editors: Patrick A. Ryan, S.J.; Paul Brennan, S.J., Thomas Hallahan, S.J.; Henry Bechard, S.J.

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

Editorial and Publication Offices:

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They Have No Wine

THERE was once a request made by a mother to her Son, so simple, so quiet, so matter of fact, that unless you listened closely you would hardly know what she meant. The wine had run out at a wedding feast and the hosts were embarrassed. Turning to her Son, the mother remarked "*They have no wine.*" At once the request was granted through the miracle of changing water into the best of wine. Mary was not able to supply the wine herself. All she could do was to bring it to the attention of someone who could. Christ saw to it that the need was met in full.

For many years now, JESUIT MISSIONS has been making similar requests in these pages to our readers, "*They have no chapel,*" "*They have no books,*" "*They have no school,*" "*They have no medicine.*" We have no way of supplying these things ourselves. All we can do is to bring these needs to the attention of others and rely on their Christ-like charity to supply them.

Month after month for years these requests have been answered by our readers, with the result that today almost seven hundred missionaries are able to carry on a mission program so vast that very few appreciate its magnitude. The patient savings and small donations of so many years have made it possible. Every mission station, therefore, is a monument to our benefactors.

THE awful, incredible disaster to the mission churches, convents, schools, and residences in the Philippines brought this truth home to us

with brutal clearness just recently. In many places, everything is gone—everything—new schools, old schools, large churches, and small chapels. Before too long, we may hear the same report from China. We are not the only ones to suffer. The Sisters and the Brothers and all the missionary Priests have faced the same uncalled-for tragedy. But before the damage is totaled and recorded, it is time to acknowledge one most important fact. If the losses are large, it is only because the generosity of our Catholic people has been so magnificent in the past as to allow us to undertake this full-scale mission work.

Off hand, not one single instance comes to mind where a benefactor asked to have his or her name mentioned publicly. There haven't been many large benefactions, but in the notable ones, for example, to Baghdad and India, strict anonymity was enjoined upon us. And thousands of letters come in each year with offerings and a note asking us not to mention the donor's name, or requesting that only the missionary himself be told.

PEOPLE do such nice things. We see really the best of human nature in this mission work, the heroism of the priesthood and brotherhood and sisterhood, the ready generosity of the people here at home and the gratitude of helpless native peoples. Some choose the poorest mission; some adopt a particular missionary; some leave the choice to our judgment as to where it is needed most.

This is how we are able to carry out our mission work. People do such nice things. We must follow Mary's role with our requests, "*They have no chapel,*" etc. It is you who do the Christ-like work of meeting the need in full.

The Guerrilla Padre

Calvert Alexander, S.J.

FROM secret guerrilla headquarters on Mindanao, early this year, went out the following radio message to the U. S. Army on Leyte; "*The Padre is very ill; send plane.*" Leyte's answer was a Catalina flying boat escorted by Navy fighters which landed "somewhere in the Philippines" and picked up Father James Edward Haggerty, S.J. He was the "Padre" of the message, well-known to Army Intelligence by this title throughout the last three years of guerrilla operations on Mindanao. And that is how he returned to the United States, while the Japanese still held Mindanao, to relate the most thrilling and inspiring story of under-ground activities the Pacific war has yet produced.

Mindanao is the second largest island in the Philippines. U. S. Army forces there officially surrendered to the Japanese on May 10th, 1942, three days after General Wainwright had capitulated on Corregidor. Father Haggerty was in the office of Major General William F. Sharp, the commanding general when the surrender was made. "*Father,*" said General Sharp laughingly, "*I turn Mindanao over to you.*" Father Haggerty laughed too. Although he had no intention of surrendering to the Japanese, he had even less intention of participating in any resistance movement against the enemy, nor had any other American then left on Mindanao—Army officers or missionary priests. The Guerrilla, as the resistance movement came to be called, was from the very first a Filipino affair. It was



Father Haggerty, S.J., "the Guerrilla Padre", Rector of the Ateneo de Cagayan, P. I., making his report on the Jesuits in Mindanao at the Philippine Bureau in New York. (Right) Father Haggerty in the borrowed, make-shift uniform in which he returned to the United States.

they who decided to resist the Japanese; it was they who organized themselves into guerrilla bands and began fighting without any help from outside.

Father Haggerty insists on that. His sharp eye sparkle when he talks of the heroism and loyalty of the Catholic Filipinos. A thin, wiry man, bronzed by constant exposure to the tropical sun, he has the carriage of a West Pointer, and talks like a college President, which, in fact, he is. When the Japanese invaded the Philippines on December 8, 1941, he was 39 years old and Rector of the College of Cagayan. The college had an enrollment of slightly less than 1,000 students all of whom entered the Filipino Army. Left alone in the college, the faculty did what it could to aid the war effort. One of their greatest contributions was the manufacture of quinine, under the direction of Father J. Franklin Ewing, S.J., to send to our troops on Bataan.

IT was during this time that an American Colonel who was staying at the college, asked Father Haggerty if he wanted to watch the attempts to move one of Lt. Bulkley's PT boats off a sand bar. Father Haggerty and the Colonel set out from shore in a small boat. It was midnight and as they neared the craft, they were challenged by the sentry. The Colonel identified himself, whereupon the sentry asked who else was there. He replied, "*Only a Catholic Padre.*" An unmistakably Irish voice came from the dark, "*Glory be to God,*



Catholic priest! Father, we have tried cursing, dynamite and tugs to get this thing off the bar. How about giving it a blessing?" Father Haggerty arose from the boat and gave it a blessing. The motors started to churn and the Irish voice called out, "She moved 30 feet; give her another." Father Haggerty did and there was a cheer on the PT boat as it moved free of the sand bar. The Padre turned to the Colonel who happened to be a Mormon and said gleefully, "There you are, Colonel, a miracle." The Colonel retorted that the tide was coming in. "The tide was coming in yesterday and you couldn't move it off with tugs," responded the priest. So they began arguing in a laughing way and in the dark they overturned the small boat and both were thrown into the sea.

There were about 35,000 Filipino troops on Mindanao but not more than 5,000 of this number actually surrendered when General Sharp's capitulation came. The majority took their weapons with them and went to their various homes where they began to discuss plans for the resistance movement. Father Haggerty came in contact with these discussions through his college students, practically all of whom, later became officers in the guerrilla army. He himself took no official part in these discussions nor did any other of the Jesuit fathers on Mindanao. It appeared to them to be an ill-advised procedure because of the strength of the Japanese at the time.

By August of 1942, however, there were so many independent guerrilla bands operating in Mindanao that it became evident to all that something had to be done to bring them under a unified command. Lt. Colonel Wendel Fertig, who gradually emerged as the head of the guerrilla army, asked Father Haggerty to help him unite the disparate bands. In this task the

"THE GUERRILLA PADRE" TRAVELLED OVER 4,000 MILES ON FOOT AND ON HORSEBACK TO MAINTAIN CONTACT BETWEEN THE PRIESTS AND PEOPLE AND THE GUERRILLAS ON MINDANAO

Guerrilla Padre travelled on foot and horseback close to 4,000 miles a year. He contacted all of the 16 Jesuits on the island who had not been captured by the Japanese and found that they, too, were engaged in relief work among the guerrillas. Travelling was dangerous because the Japs were along the roads and in the towns. According to Father Haggerty, more than four-fifths of the 4,000,000 Filipinos never saw a Japanese. As soon as they heard that the enemy was approaching they left their towns and went to the hills, returning only after the Japanese had departed. Father Haggerty's life was saved several times by the heroism of individual Filipinos. On one occasion a woman was captured by a Japanese patrol and asked where the Padre had gone. When she refused to tell they killed her by pouring boiling water down her throat.

AFTER the guerrillas had been unified under the command of Colonel Fertig, the next thing to do was to communicate with General MacArthur in Australia. A short wave radio was built out of parts of a movie machine, but there was no reply to their messages. They learned later that MacArthur thought it was a Japanese trick. Finally, two of the American Army officers volunteered to try to reach Australia in a small boat. They succeeded.

It was not until January 1943, however, that the first American submarine came. The Navy men on board were prepared for jungle fighting; they thought they might have to fight their way through hostile people. Instead, they received a royal welcome from the people on the beach. On the submarine was one of the most famous spies in the Orient, a Navy Commander and a splendid Catholic. He had grown a beard and otherwise disguised himself, but one of the first persons who met him on the beach was an old woman who ran up to him threw her arms around his neck and called him by name. She had been his washerwoman several years before. The arrival of submarines thereafter was a regular affair and they brought in needed arms and medicine.

Meantime, the guerrillas were harassing the Japanese on all occasions. Communication had been established between the bands by messengers and a telegraph system, the wires of which were constructed out of unravelled barbed-wire. They established an interim government, printed their own money and stamps and set up relief organizations, usually in charge of missionaries.

The task of clothing the people became quite a

problem as the months went by. There was simply no clothes to be had. The priests cut up altar linens and gave out cassocks and surplices to the people. Many Filipino women are today wearing red, black and purple altar boy cassocks as their only garments. Whenever a submarine arrived to take to Australia any of the American officers, those selected, as they stood on the beach, would strip themselves of all clothing, give them to the people and board the submarine with only their "shorts" on.

EVERYWHERE the American Jesuits and other missionary priests encouraged the people. Father Haggerty recalls one midnight Mass on Christmas, the first Christmas after the occupation. About 2,000 people were gathered in the hills for the occasion and he spoke to them under the moonlight, words of encouragement. Afterwards in places throughout the island far removed from this particular spot, Filipinos when asked why they were willing to put up with so much in order to resist the Japanese, repeated his own words.

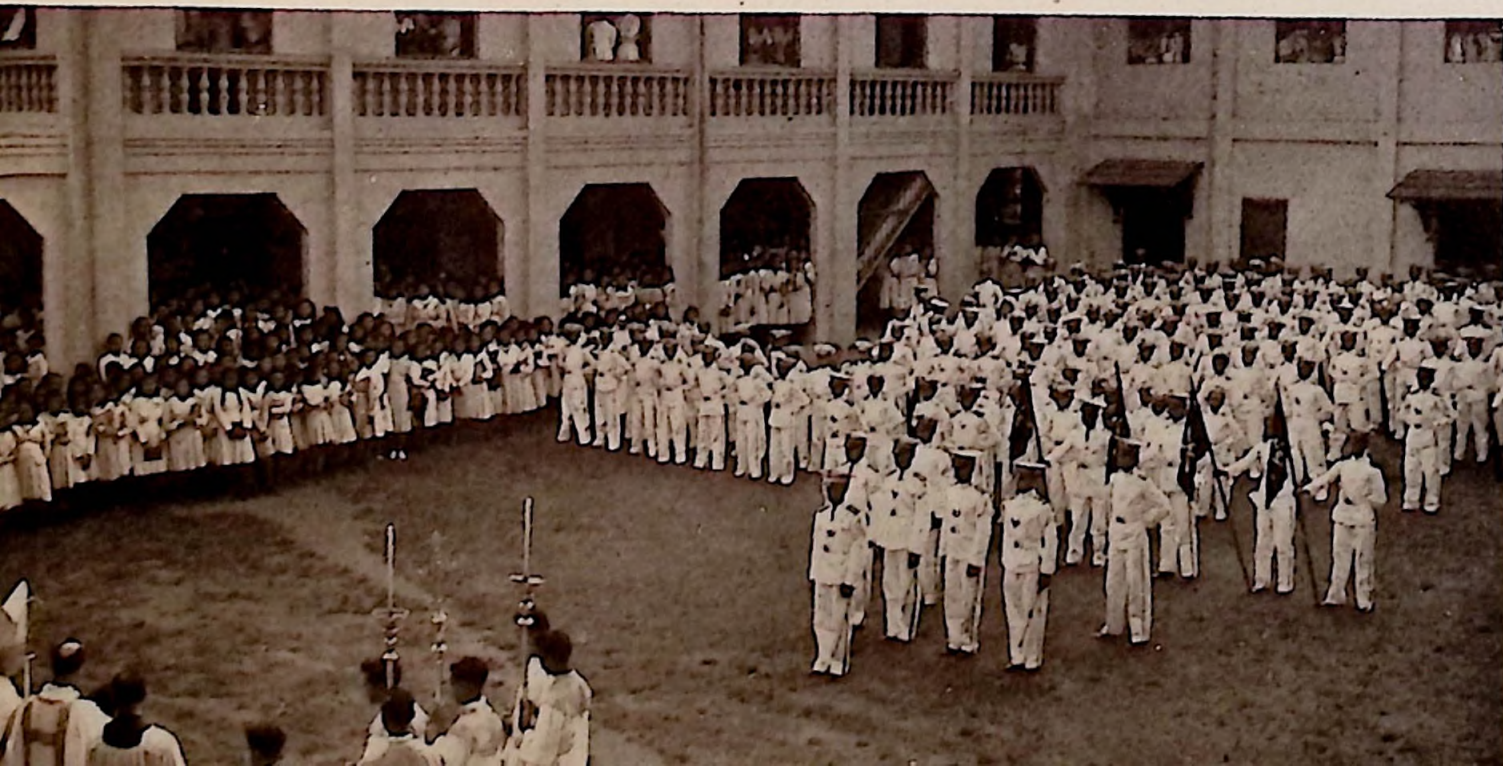
Christmas, 1943 was a memorable occasion for Father Haggerty. One of the submarines brought him in a gift from General MacArthur. It was a bottle of Scotch and attached to it a note thanking the Guerrilla Padre for his work in keeping up the morale of the people.

Still help seemed a long way off. Father Haggerty remembers well the day when they were first aware that the Americans were on the way back. It was September 7th, 1944. His headquarters then were in the hills near Cagayan in a triangle formed by two large Japanese airfields. The American Army officers called it the "fool's paradise"—it was such a dangerous spot and everyone seemed to be so happy. On this particular day, Major Laplap, a young guerrilla officer, said to Father Haggerty, "I think I'll try out my mortar against the planes on the Jap airfield. You watch from the hills and see how I do." He fired one shot—direct hit on a Japanese bomber. Immediately the field

went into action. Artillery was fired into the hills and soon two fighter planes took off to strafe the hills and valleys round about. Next morning Father Haggerty was saying Mass when towards the end of it the air was filled with a roar of many war planes. A guerrilla came running in shouting, "They're bombing the Jap airfield—our planes!" Father Haggerty finished Mass and then ran to the hill. Eighty-two American carrier based planes were dive bombing and strafing the Japanese airfield and the wharf district of Cagayan from every angle with bombs and rockets. It was a magnificent sight!

The planes returned at noon and again at 3 o'clock for more of the same. That night the Guerrilla Padre sat down at his typewriter and wrote out hundreds of notices on little bits of paper which read as follows: "To the Japanese: Yesterday you strafed us with two planes. Today we called in eighty-two of our planes to punish you. Next time it will be worse." They were taken to the nearby town and distributed.

OF course, all of this was sheer bravado because it was perfectly evident to them that MacArthur was still far away. These were carrier based planes from Task Force 58 and it might be months before they returned again. However, it was not long before they heard that MacArthur had landed on Halmahara Island, about 400 miles south of Mindanao. This at least was something and Father Haggerty thought it was time for him to prophesy the day of their liberation. He wrote a note to Colonel Grinstead at Talakag, about 35 miles away, and told of his prediction. A few days later he went to guerrilla headquarters and found the Colonel and Father Edward Wasil, S.J. waiting for him. "You're a swell prophet," they said and then proceeded to show him a message which they had just received from MacArthur, which read: "Intensify guerrilla operations, close all roads and harass movement of Japanese troops. I have returned to the Philippines." Shortly after they learned that the landing had been made on Leyte. Americans had come in force at last!



The Cadets of the Ateneo de Cagayan, most of whom are leaders of the Guerrilla resistance. Father Haggerty, their Rector, stands at the Bishop's right in the lower left hand corner.

“Hello Joe”

Edmund P. Burke, S.J.

IT'S BACK TO SCHOOL FOR THE NEW MISSIONARIES IN INDIA UNTIL THEY LEARN THE NATIVE LANGUAGES

“HELLO JOE”—that was all the Hindi you needed in India according to Colonel Bob. The Colonel was from the deep South. He had built saw mills in Central America with the Spanish equivalent of “Hello Joe.” I have no doubt that he did the same in India in drawling Louisiana style and is on his homeward way, never using more than those words! “ao” meaning “Come,” “lao” meaning “Bring.” “Jao” meaning “go.” Ao-lao-jao. Say it fast, and it is “Hello Joe.”

The Colonel was partly right. Those were three convenient words for me on my first travels in India. I'm in a railroad station, three bags and a trunk piled around my feet. I see a coolie. “Ao.” He comes, or rather they do, twenty of them. I say “Jao” and wave my arms, the other eighteen disappear. To my two I say “Lao,” the luggage goes up on their heads. Another “Ao” and off we go. Simple isn't it?

Those three words will get you around India,—if you are building saw mills and come from Natchez. But “Hello Joe” won't preach the word of God for you. The missionary who comes to India has to study the vernacular. Without a knowledge of the languages there is a barrier between himself and the people and even between himself and an understanding of India. It is extraordinary, this feeling of helplessness and strangeness before even the simplest child. After his long high school, college, and seminary training the missionary finds himself unable to say a single word of greeting. That alone is incentive sufficient to keep the missionary at his books for his first years in India.

Hindi is the language we learn in Patna Mission. There are other useful languages: Urdu for work among the Mohammedans; Bengali for the many people from Bengal who have settled in Bihar; Santali for the aboriginals in the southern part of the Mission. But Hindi will serve for most of us. It is for Americans a hard language; the initial difficulties are the cause of that. English has twenty-six letters, five vowels and twenty-one consonants. Hindi has twelve vowels and thirty-three consonants. All the vowels have two forms, one to be used if the vowel begins a word, another if the vowel comes in the middle. The special

धर्मशास्त्र

अर्थात्

नियम

धर्म

नया

और

पुराना

middle form you just leave out in practice.

A NEWCOMER finds that there are three additional vowels, used only in the classical language. When he has digested these, he can bear to hear that there are four nasals or *n*'s instead of the one *n* in English. The most common one is written as a simple dot. The raw recruit goes at his Hindi like a watchmaker at his fine springs and jewels. He learns that two of the vowels are written over the consonants, two under, four after, and one actually before the consonant with which it is used. More shocks are felt when the missionary finds



wartime. It would take us six weeks to zigzag through the Atlantic and Indian Oceans to India. We would step down the gangplank, old hands at Hindi. But it took me forty days of *Hindi in Thirty Days* to learn the alphabet. The publishers would lay the cause to the "Capetown Roll," that long deep swell that for weeks stood our freighter on its nose every thirty seconds.

After that experience it was no effort to accept good advice and acquire a pundit. A pundit is an Indian tutor. He comes to your room. You sit him in your best chair and he laboriously teaches you how to form the intricate Hindi letters. It is an experience, believe me, like going back to the ABC's in First Grade. Then he will spend many patient days telling you where you put your tongue and your teeth in pronouncing the two *t*'s, two *th*'s, two *d*'s, two *dh*'s; after some weeks you will even be wobbling through the three *r*'s. Afterwards comes a long period of learning to use the nouns, adjectives, adverbs, and verbs. He teaches these through simple Hindi to English and English to Hindi exercises. This is the time of halting, stumbling, fumbling effort to read short sentences. There are times when all the letters look alike.

How would you like to go back to a school like this at almost thirty years of age? Missionaries in India do—to learn the language from the ABC's onward.

out that the letter *jh* has two alternative forms and that letters are doubled by writing one above the other. The head begins to spin when it is learned that some letters have twenty-eight changes of forms. A fuller grammar on inspection gave all the "more common combinations" in a list of 171. But hardest of all for the spoken tongue there are two *t*'s, two *th*'s, two *d*'s, two *dh*'s, and three *r* sounds. Try and twist your tongue around those. Very few English-speaking people ever do. And here is a hint,—if you use lined paper, be sure to write below the line. In Hindi, letters hang from the line.

It all sounds hard, and it certainly is, at first; and sometimes for a good long time, too. But happily many helpful ways of learning the language have been found to work. Most of us started off by picking up a tempting tidbit called *Hindi in Thirty Days*. It has no American publisher. We can afford to be libelous. Simple calculation made that book our pet. It was

FINALLY a stage is reached when confidence to toddle a little on one's own comes. The long-suffering mission children are our first victims. I bravely think up something to say ahead of time, like this: *Nam kya hai?* "What's your name?" Back comes the answer, "Matthias Abraham." Then silence and a shy look which dares me to go on. Desperation heaves up three more words. *Tum kaise ho?* "How are you?" Head down the little lad will say: *Achchha!* "Good!" Then for me comes the moment I dread. The lad thinks to himself, this fellow knows something, so he gets bold and decides to say something and out it comes in a whirl of words. I pretend my hearing is bad and, not knowing how to come out with, "Say that again," I bend over with my hand to my ear and say "Huh." Out comes another whirl. I smile, back up a little bit, smile weakly again, then feebly whisper: *Jesu ki barai*—this is the traditional Christian greeting meaning "Praised be Jesus"—back up some more, wave my hand cheerfully, try to look busy, and get back to my room as soon as I can and call the pundit for some more Hindi. This is the way it goes until phrase by phrase

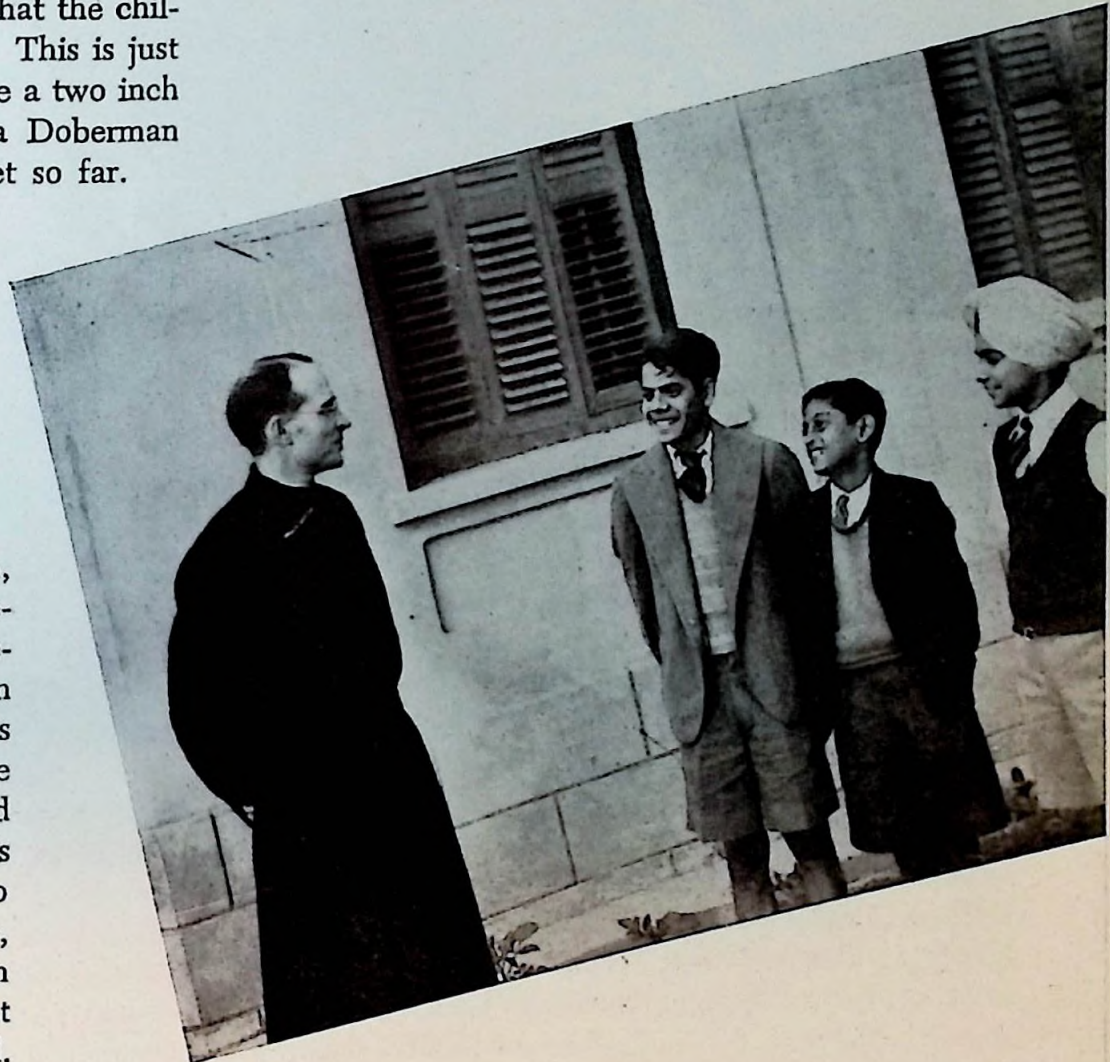
It becomes possible to extend your conversation. Some missionaries have found ways to speed up this process. For many it was a necessity. They were given a mission station. The people knew no English. To preach, to eat, to live the missionary had to speak their language, somehow. Another Father was given an infant Catechism class. He spent hours reading a few questions and memorizing them. Then he asked them in class. The infants lisped the answers. He looked weary, very wise, nodded his head if there were no frivolous objections, and went on to his next memorized question, never knowing for a long time what the children answered. It works, but it is painful. This is just about the time when the language feels like a two inch juicy steak tied two inches in front of a Doberman pinscher's twitching nose. So near and yet so far.

The only way to learn a language is to speak it. Children speak more distinctly than adults, but even with them the beginner feels quite helpless for a while.

THE Grand Old Man of Patna Mission, seventy year old Father Forster, became famous for his languages. He became so good at Hindi that the pagan Hindu pundits used to come to listen to his Sunday sermons, just to hear his style. He went to Ceylon for a time and learned Sinhalese just as easily. Father Forster's method was unusual. He went back to school started right in at the First Grade, mastered what it had to teach him, and then started to work his way up to the highest classes. Many of us have copied his method. It is an experience. Recently I started going to Second Grade again, after twenty-three years off going to school. But it was too much for me. I had to go down to the First Grade. Now if the teacher uses a picture and points out things, I know what she is talking about. The boys are polite, they have not laughed once, not even when the teacher in all seriousness handed me a slate to do my class exercises on. But what a sight it must have been for them to see a gangling, long-legged Father Sahib tangling himself around their rough little benches. But in our desire to learn we lose all shame. It wasn't even embarrassing to be "discovered" by two visiting Indian fathers who were making the rounds of the school and burst in on us shouting, "Ho, just look at that, just like St. Ignatius!" Not quite like St. Ignatius, who went back to the school-boy benches when he was over thirty to learn Latin, but enough like him to know what he felt like. But it is a system that works. I had always

thought that the story about St. Ignatius among the schoolboys was an example of his humility. Now I find it is another sign of his wisdom and practicality.

In a better day, before the war, scholastics coming to India were sent to a language school for a year to make an intensive beginning at the language. Afterwards they would have two years to practice their knowledge while they taught and perfected Hindi-speaking boys in the lower schools. But during the war many, many scholastics have spent much of their valuable time teaching in high schools in the United



States while waiting for passage to India. On arrival in India the calls for their services were so necessary that they have been pressed into work in the higher classes where they can teach in English. Others have had their arrival delayed so long by the war that they have gone off immediately to their arduous theological studies. The Hindi these new missionaries learn has to come in spare moments, while presiding in the study hall for some, using a few words with the workmen about the school, and in the vacation periods. Yet most have been able to get in three or four months of continuous intensive study. And when they go to the Abode of the Snows, at Kurseong in the Himalayas, they go with the resolve to keep fresh what they have learned with a few stolen minutes away from their theology. It would not be easy to come back after four years to start all over again, back in the First Grade. However, "Unless you become as little children. . . ."



The shrine church built by Alaskan men.

St. Theresa's Island

L. G. Connell

JUST when priceless shrines and works of religious art lie desecrated and in shambles in the Old World, in the New World new shrines and sanctuaries are being erected to give spiritual sustenance to the hungry souls of mankind. Such a shrine, a cherished dream, borne to reality under the sponsorship of Bishop Crimont, is to be found twenty-three miles out of Juneau, on St. Theresa Island, a wee richly wooded spot near the shores of Lynn Canal. Father William Levasseur, the most active and enthusiastic leader in this endeavor, claims that the work is far from complete, though much has been accomplished since the project was undertaken in 1932. Securing a ten acre wooded island from the Federal Government was the initial step. Then a four hundred foot causeway was erected to link the island with the mainland. Construction of this span was a gigantic undertaking, made hazardous by high tides and severe winter storms, but of necessity, as the first obstacle, it had to be hurdled. Two trappers camping in the vicinity welcomed employment until the hunting season opened and were engaged to cut timber and prepare for a highway leading to the tract, which may now may be reached conveniently *via* Glacier Highway.

When sufficient clearing enabled trucks to negotiate the winding road multitudinous jobs lay ahead, and the good Father struggled under a double handicap,—lack of funds, as well as a dearth of skilled labor. Some donations were offered, and a good portion of the labor was performed gratis, as the legend of "Murphy" and the "Island Hermit" illustrate.

A pious aged character, "The Hermit" came to the

AT THE SHRINE AND RETREAT HOUSE ON ST. THERESA'S ISLAND ALASKA'S CATHOLIC LEADERS OF TOMORROW WILL ONE DAY BE FORMED

Island when it was a wilderness, and dwelt there until his death. This nondescript old fellow, whose sole possession was an ancient boat, top heavy with assembled junk, blandly informed Father Levasseur that the skiff would serve him as a shelter during the winter. Rugged from outdoor living, certainly he was not robust enough to survive the season's chill blasts on this makeshift boat with only a tarpaulin for a roof, so Father suggested trees be felled and a cabin built. The Hermit evidenced displeasure, considering such procedure a waste of time; however, upon completion of the cabin, he promptly moved in, and during the winter as the logs shrunk, painstakingly calked the cracks to preserve the warmth from his cooking stove. Completely happy, constantly occupied clearing the ground, gardening and watching the buildings take form, he rarely left the Island. In fact he was the sole resident during the early years, save occasions when Father Levasseur or laborers were busy about the place.

SHORTLY before the exit of the Hermit, "George" became an inhabitant of the Island. From the shores of the East Coast, an ex-prize fighter, George Murphy of New York City, stepped from the gangplank and assembled the twenty or thirty parcels from the Juneau dock that constituted his cargo. A strapping giant, his intentions were to remain a year and he had brought adequate provisions for such a period. Observing that he was a stranger, and quite alone, Father Levasseur identified himself, and inquired if he might be of assistance. During depression there were few jobs in



The hauntingly beautiful Island of St. Theresa near Juneau, site of the shrine. Around the grounds are the Stations of the Cross built by the men in this story for the men of Alaska's tomorrow.

nor changed his procedure. With the ex-fighter dishing out intermittent meals, blueprints and architecture furnished gratis by Messrs. Trost and Manly, the men completed the various structures that now grace the Island. Viewing this accomplishment, in which he played a most important role, George rolled down his sleeves, counted his savings, (for he received remuneration at the Shrine) and departed as inconspicuously as he had arrived. Back among his old haunts, he works with the clergy, seeking only sufficient sustenance to maintain daily needs, browsing through tenements, happy to have been associated with a Shrine that will live long after his beloved Irish bones have returned to dust. Truly, synonymous with the Shrine are the Island Hermit and George.

THE Shrine, constructed from stone found on the immediate premises, is a structure of quiet simplicity, lending to the Island a solemn dignity and charm. A wandering visitor might easily assume it had been there for ages so perfectly does it blend with the peaceful atmosphere. The fourteen Stations of the Cross surrounding the Shrine are magnificent works of art. The pilgrimage from Station to Station leads over a mossy green carpet that winds over low knolls and gentle slopes. Strolling over this picturesque path, one knows he is treading upon truly hallowed ground.

The Retreat House induces a tranquillity entirely compatible with the quietude of the Island. The serene silence is pierced only by the call of a bird or whispering of the waves. The Island is appropriately named St. Theresa, for the "Little Flower" is the patroness of Alaska. Eventually the Isle, now consisting of a post office, and numerous other buildings will become a community. A home has been provided for Nuns who will be residents in the near future. Unquestionably, ere long, this spot, a mere wilderness a decade ago, will have a smooth path worn to its sanctum by the ebb and tide of humanity. The world needs sanctuaries, and America can be proud of its sacred Shrine on St. Theresa Island, Alaska.

the city proper, and this brawny Irishman, upon learning of the work at the Shrine, recognized in it precisely the type of place in which he wanted to live. "He felt the need of a retreat, remote from the world so to speak." George gave the Shrine countless man-hours of labor. He was seemingly tireless, his days were ten, twelve, and sometimes, when daylight was abundant during summer months, eighteen hours long.

As the labor shortage grew less acute and skilled men were available, George became chef for the gang. Despite eccentricities, he was beloved by all who knew him. Modern timepieces meant nothing to him. Working by the clock was beneath him. Thus, at the weird hour of two a. m. he often banged the "chow bell" summoning the men to the morning repast! Without doubt, a few belligerent words were bruited about as sleepy eyed men shuffled off to a meal prepared in the middle of the night, but George never took offense—

May we thank you for your patience when *Jesuit Missions* is late. We are doing all that we can to have it reach you on time, but war conditions at present make it most difficult. As soon as possible, the schedule will be restored. Meanwhile we are grateful for your patience. And don't forget to share your copy with someone else.

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEW



The first three American Jesuits to return to America from internment in the Philippines were Army Chaplains, shown here in the military hospital in San Francisco with Lt. Col. Thomas McKenna, regular Army Chaplain, who gave them a royal welcome. They are, left to right, Capt. Hugh F. Kennedy, Capt. Eugene J. O'Keefe, and Major John J. Dugan. Father O'Keefe needed a little rest first, but the other two undertook a strenuous tour of visits and talks before undergoing prescribed check-ups in military hospitals in the East. (Letterman General Photo)

FATHER DAVID DALY, S.J., Chancellor of the Diocese of Cagayan, P. I. was killed by a Japanese shell just two days after his liberation from Santo Tomas University in Manila. In fact, he never was able to leave his place of internment. Because of illness, he was kept in the infirmary when most of the others were released by the victorious entry of the Americans into the Philippine capital. He barely had time to realize that internment was over, just time to write to his brothers and sister in this country, telling them of his freedom, his joy, his thanksgiving to God for it all, when the Japanese began to fire on the university. One shell exploded inside the infirmary, killing Father Daly instantly.

Father Daly gave eighteen years of his life as a missionary in the Philippines. A giant of a man, he was forever genial, kindly and full of common sense. In 1939 he was appointed Chancellor of the diocese as assistant to Bishop Hayes. At his Bishop's side he was captured three years later. During his internment he lost one hundred pounds. His untimely death, just when he had a chance to regain his health, robbed the mission of one of its beloved and most trusted missionaries.

FATHER JOSEPH MULRY, S.J., seventeen years on the faculty of the Ateneo de Manila, did not live through his imprisonment under the Japanese to see the liberation of his beloved Philippines. Death from an illness, aggravated by the privations of internment, took this able leader of countless social programs two months before the Rangers broke into Los Banos to set the captives free. Father Mulry's first claim to dis-

tingtion was his leadership in liberal arts education. But he will probably be remembered longest for his social crusading. Gifted with an extraordinary ability to inspire young men, he set on foot evidence guilds, social justice programs, a revitalized Catholic press, and cooperative and rural life projects which were the hope of the young Filipinos. The war put a stop to the crusades, and now death in internment has taken Father Mulry from his most fruitful apostolate. Father Mulry had four uncles Jesuits, and one brother a Jesuit, another a secular priest of New York, three brothers laymen and one sister. His father was for 20 years president of the National Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

EDWARD B. MCGINTY, S.J. was the only one of the thirty-four American Jesuit scholastics in the Philippines to die during the war. Apparently he was too ill for some time to stand internment and was cared for in Doctor's Hospital in Manila. On January first, when the Americans had already landed in the Philippines and were making their way toward Luzon's capital, Edward McGinty died, separated from his Jesuit brethren, cut off from home by his captors, before even he could bring to fulfillment his many promising talents. God asked of him only the offer of his gifts, only a few months in the peaceful Philippines, and three full years of captivity. He arrived there a few months before Pearl Harbor, and died a few months before liberation. Others will reap the harvest of his generous sacrifice.

FATHER JOHN O'CONNELL, S.J., one of the heroic missionaries on Mindanao who were never captured by the Japanese, worn out by his labors, weakened by illness and the lack of proper medical care, yet faithful to his people to the very end, gave up his devout soul to God last July somewhere along the lonely coast of Surigao, P. I. His story is told in greater detail on page 105.

Apostolate of Prayer

Mission Intention for May

The Edification of Progressive Eastern Nations by European Christians

The change that has come over the Islamic nations off the Near East during the past generation has been



Two progressive Moslem Nations of the Near-East

brought within the focus of the entire world by the war and the recent trend of political affairs. After World War I a Persian poet had written, "Iran is a corpse, but there is not one to bury her." At that time the same might have been written of almost any one of the nations of the Near East. But since that day there have been tremendous changes. Let us cite but two examples—Turkey and Iran (Persia). After years of social isolation both have succumbed to Western influence. In Turkey there has been social legislation of an almost revolutionary nature, ranging from the supplanting of the Arabic script by the Latin alphabet to the discarding of the traditional veil by women and the observance of Sunday instead of the Moslem Friday as the day of rest. There have been the agrarian movement, development of natural resources, construction of highways and a betterment of educational facilities. Iran's change of name from Persia to Iran in 1935 has meant changes in its life too. Primary and secondary education has made progress by leaps and bounds; attempts to have the nomads dwell in villages and towns have not been entirely fruitless; the meeting of the democratic nations at Teheran has spotlighted the rising importance of the nations of the

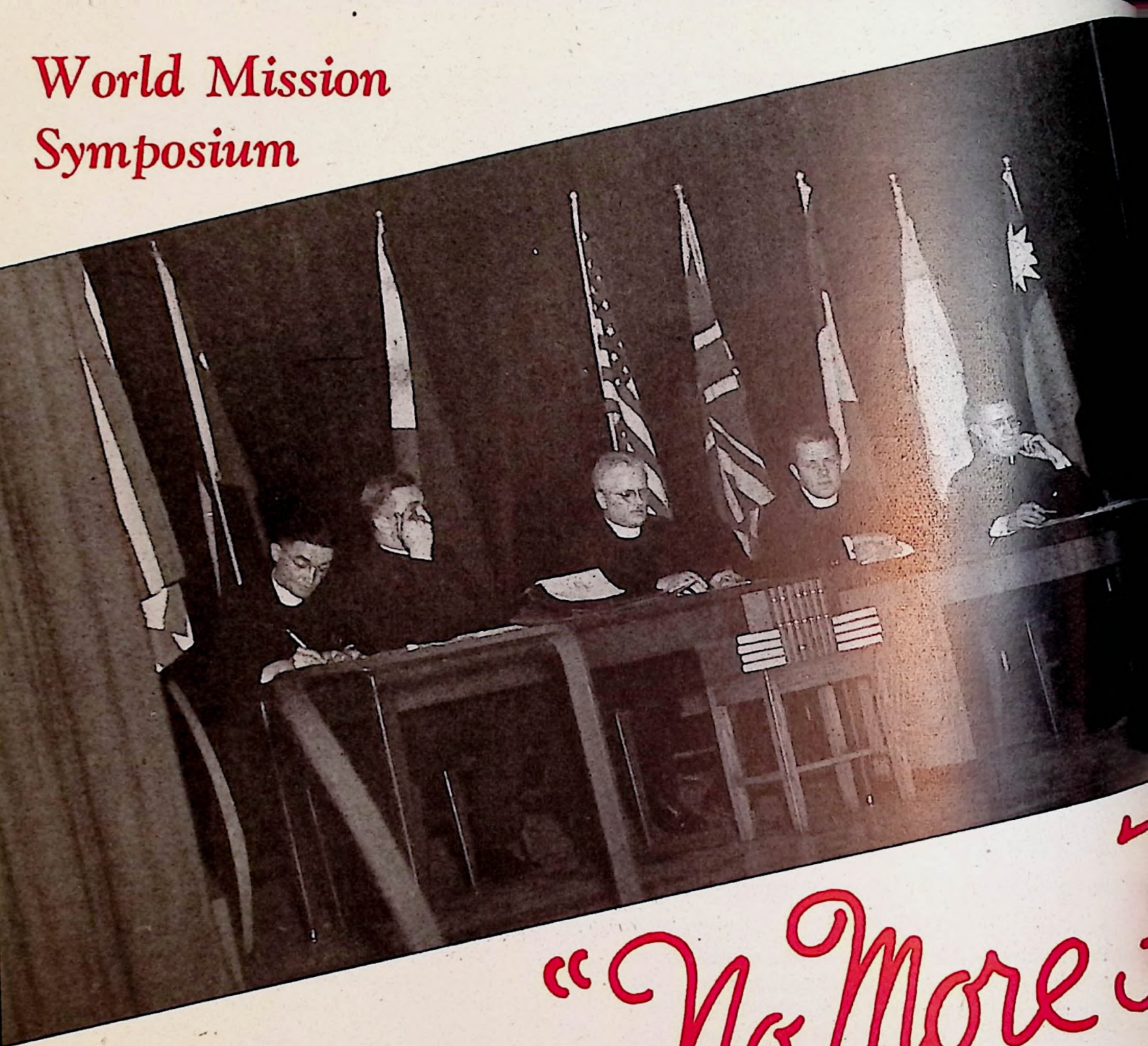
Near East. But nearly all these advances point in one direction only. These progressive Islamic nations have made material advances only forgetful of the fact that true progress is to be measured by Christian standards. There was a day when these Islamic nations stretching from the Adriatic to the Caspian Sea and even beyond were Christian nations, but like Iran with its 15,000,000 people of whom nearly 95 percent are Moslems and Turkey with its 18,000,000 people of whom 98 percent are Moslem, they have fallen into schism and heresy. What a writer in the Protestant "Missionary Herald" said a century ago is almost prophetically true: "The Mohammedan nations cannot be converted to the Christian faith while the Oriental Churches, existing everywhere among them, as the exemplifications of Christianity, continue in their present state." While it is true that Eastern Catholics of the Catholic Church live among these nations of the Near East we must not think that the entire responsibility for their conversion to Catholicism rests on the shoulders of the Eastern Churches. These Islamic nations look to the west for progress. They look to England, France, Spain, Italy, Germany and the other European powers for true progress. These nations claim to be Christian. If the Islamic nations learn from them only a watered down Christianity and even godlessness and the crassest materialism then the material progress which they derive from them will be in vain, having built a superstructure for a progressive state on a regressive philosophy. Let our prayers this May be that of our Holy Father the Pope—that European Christians, Catholics and Protestants alike will be a cause of edification to the progressive Islamic nations of the Near East.

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.

Let Us Pray

As you notice from the mission intention of the month, all the Pope's requests this year have to do with the Mohammedans. Leaders in the apostolate to these people are the famous "White Fathers" who labor mostly in Africa. Theirs is perhaps the most discouraging and, for that reason, the most difficult apostolate of all. Only tremendous graces can make their mission work succeed. Think of them often in your prayers. There have been priests working among Mohammedans who have spent thirty years in the same little village without ever making one single conversion to Christ. If enough of us pray often enough, some day the rich harvest will be gathered. Mohammedans have a great devotion to Our Blessed Mother. Pray to her this month for them.

World Mission Symposium



“No More”

IT all started when the girls of the local unit of the C.S.M.C. went to their moderator one afternoon with a suggestion. *“Hadn’t we better start planning our annual benefit for the missions, Mother Saul? We’ll need at least three weeks to stage a good candy sale here in the school.”* To their astonishment, the courageous little Mother almost glared at them as she said: *“No more fudge sales!!! Go out and bring me back a BIG IDEA—big enough to do justice to the needs of the missions at the end of the war.”*

After a few days a group called on a Jesuit at St. Ignatius Loyola. They were looking for an idea; he had the idea but was looking for a group to present it. The idea was a world-wide symposium on the missions, and in two weeks, the project began, under the auspices of the Academy of the Sacred Heart in New York.

But the actual symposium itself was something quite unusual. To succeed we needed a panel of missionaries

who knew some mission thoroughly and who could express themselves in a forceful and interesting fashion to a first-class audience, intelligent, critical, and yet most willing to cooperate in a worthwhile project. We wanted real missionaries.

IT so happened that there were several in the country at the time. Father Sullivan, co-operative leader in Jamaica, Father Madaras, one of the pioneers of Bagdad, Father Kilian, twice and for long periods in India and his equally able assistant, Father O’Connor, also a veteran of the India mission, Father O’Farrell who had been seven years in China and was now preparing to return, Father Verhosel, for many years in Africa; Congo, Father Masterson, formerly a Philippine m

The speakers at the Mission Symposium: (l. to r.) Fathers John Sullivan (Jamaica, B.W.I.), John O'Farrell (China), John O'Connor (India), Edward Murphy (Missiology), Joseph Cantillon (Chairman), William Masterson and Edward Haggerty (Philippines) and Edward Madaras (Iraq).

disparate pictures; it is much too vast in extent to be satisfied by pity for the missionaries. The slogan of the symposium was "*We need, not pity for the missionaries, but understanding of the missions.*"

We decided to use "Information Please" as something of a model. Instead of set speeches, which could easily become lengthy and possibly heavy, set questions were prepared and so designed as to cut across the whole mission field, showing common problems confronting all missionaries, and at the same time, the wide variety of backgrounds, the amazing complexity of living conditions, the fascinating intelligence of the solutions, and the helpless inadequacy of men and means to carry out the whole program. To that extent the symposium was well rehearsed, but all the members of the panel were free, even urged, to break in with questions and objections to the speaker of the moment. At the end, questions would be solicited from the audience.

CAME Monday the nineteenth. There was to be a dress rehearsal for Religious only at the Academy at three o'clock. A last minute surprise capped the climax. Father Haggerty, who had just arrived by plane from Mindanao in the Philippines, would join the panel with latest information on the unconquered Island of the South. The symposium got under way. It was long, but the audience was breathlessly attentive. It was embarrassing to have such a response on our first attempt but most encouraging. Immediately after dinner, we met again to criticize each other. "*We were too long . . . non-essential details . . . more pointed questions . . . shorter answers . . . more challenges from the others. . .*" We were better satisfied when it was over.

Came the evening performance. The six hundred seats were filled—almost. Every one had been sold. The auditorium was darkened, the stage flooded with light. In back of the speakers was a row of flags representing all the nations for which they were to speak. The time simply flew by, and at the end, over one hundred questions were written out and sent up to the chairman. To climax the evening, Monsignor McDonnell, National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, rose from the audience, and in the name of the audience, expressed the universal satisfaction all seemed to feel for a tremendously exciting evening. Next evening, there was a brilliant improvement on Monday. Over two hundred questions came in, and hundreds remained afterwards to talk with the speakers. We had awakened a certain amount of interest in the missions, but most important of all, we stirred a desire for greater understanding of the Church's program and the Missions' needs. If we did, then the first world symposium of this type about the missions was a success.

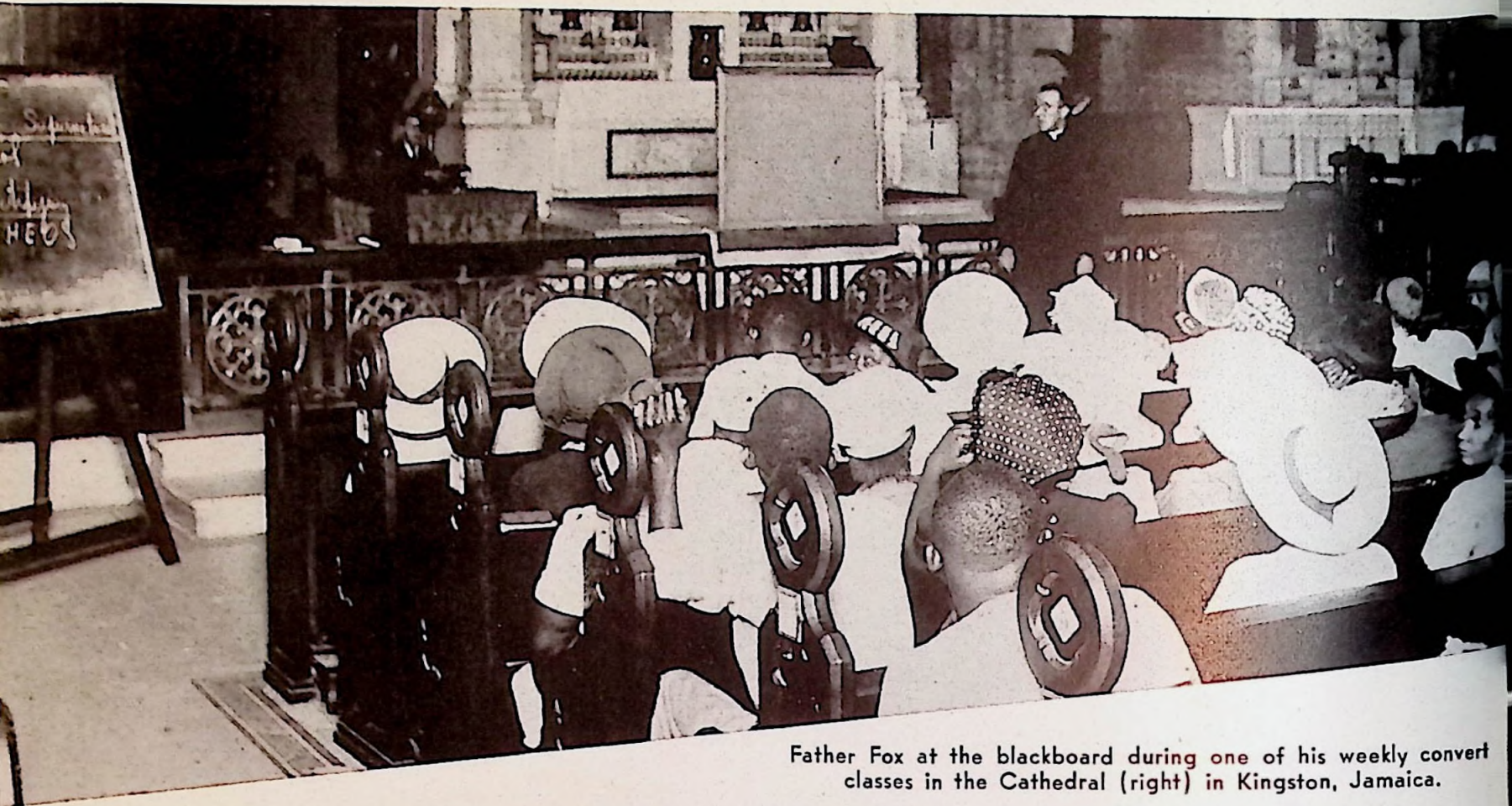


Edge Sales

Joseph F.
Cantillon, S.J.

missionary and now head of the Philippine Mission Bureau, Father Murphy, Doctor of Missiology and former missionary, and Father Alexander, editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, and who perhaps, best of all, knows the whole mission picture. Three could not be present, one was in the hospital, another under doctor's care, and the third overwhelmed with previous engagements. The other seven all converged on New York City the day before the scheduled appearance at the Hunter College Playhouse where the symposium was to be held on two successive nights.

But an interesting gathering of men from the four corners of the world was not of itself enough to guarantee the true evaluation of the whole mission scene and to place the needs of post-war mission work in true perspective. The situation is too serious to be satisfied with amusing anecdotes and interesting reminiscences; it is much too complex to be portrayed in isolated and



Father Fox at the blackboard during one of his weekly convert classes in the Cathedral (right) in Kingston, Jamaica.

They Like It *this* Way

Raymond J. Fox, S.J.

FATHER I enjoyed your instruction class very much. It was both interesting and amusing." This is a sample of the comment given by the converts themselves at the end of their course of instruction at the Cathedral in Kingston, Jamaica. Can you make a convert "group instruction" class interesting and amusing, as well as instructive? I for one, after five years experience here and after finishing classes of 65 for Confirmation twice a year, I am sure that you can. It is not an easy task, especially when time has to be taken out for novenas, tridua, rain and occasional mishaps. Yet, in spite of all the handicaps, it is interesting and amusing work instructing converts.

What makes the class interesting? Visualization, for one thing. I use a blackboard every Tuesday and Thursday evening, which the Brother mounts on a tripod in the Cathedral. It serves as a place to hang charts with a sheet over it to show pictures and to sketch my drawings. The drawing would never win an academy award. In fact, I have been called a "crab-toe" artist, whatever that means. But in one way or another, the piece of chalk I use constantly in class, the pictures I show and the leaflets "Why" which I give away at the end of class, help to keep their interest aroused. Father Heeg's booklets "Chalk Talks on the Catechism" have been an invaluable help.

While visiting a USO during my vacation in the States, I found a little booklet "Your Mass Visible," a very excellent explanation in pictures. From it I found out that there were slides with the explanation given on phonograph records. My experience has been that even Catholics of long standing find in these pictures many things they had wanted to ask a priest but did not know how to go about it. If that is true of Catholics, it is much more so for converts who have but very vague ideas of what is going on at the altar. Just by way of apostolic work, a group of boys take them out into the districts and show them to groups out of touch with the Church, with remarkable results.

ANOTHER reason for the interest is that 90 percent of this group class belong to ordinary workers. Some of them start out at six in the morning and come directly to the class here at seven in the evening. Many of them never finished grammar school. From them I make a point to gather all the information I can by



means of a questionnaire: where they live, their age, occupation, married or single, how many children, place of Baptism of themselves and parents. This in itself would make an interesting story. To take random example: "Mother Anglican, Father Methodist, married Registrant's office, christened a Baptist, confirmed an Anglican, attended the Moravian Church."

To keep the class amusing we use a number of the modern methods in catechetics. Quizzes, question and answer games, prizes, such as holy pictures, medals and badges and the frequent use of catch questions. For example, it is not interesting or amusing to ask how many commandments there are but you will get them thinking if you ask how many commandments do you have to keep? The answers are amusing and informative. Or another example, the Apostle's Creed contains everything you have to know to be a Catholic, doesn't it? From this I can tell whether they have studied their catechism and they soon find out that the Creed contains only the chief truths. Remember, these little devices are really necessary for people who have been working hard all day and do want to learn the truth. Besides many of them can neither read nor write but they have excellent memories.

One thing I find helpful is regularity—meetings promptly and every week, regular prayers phrased and repeated after the priest. Prayers last from 10 to 15 minutes, Catechism about 40 minutes, followed by a question period of about five minutes. Little personal touches such as sickness and death of members of the group help to introduce them to the family spirit which is characteristic of the Church.

For most of these people these classes are the first contacts they have ever had with the fullness of Christian tradition. Such things as the sign of the cross and the lives of the saints are completely unknown to them. For children, I use the "Who Am I?" idea, that is a short story of the saint given in the first person.

ONE learns many surprising things in "group instruction" but to find out that few people who were baptized in infancy had joined another church since, is really an amazing fact. I have run across only about three cases in five years. The same ideas used for the groups can be carried out for individual instruction, especially the pictures. One candidate wanted to be a Catholic but as she ran a shop and couldn't get here until about 7:30 in the evening I tried the catechism question and answer. I finally had to resort to the catechism in pictures to keep her from falling asleep. It paid dividends later on as she told the others who raised the objection of being tired after work. The war has brought out a fast growth of the Church in "Correspondence Course in the Catechism." It is still in its infancy but I have used the "Sunday Visitors," "Father Smith instructs Jackson," both for people in country districts where there is no Church as well as for internees. Believe it or not, I have also used a German and Chinese catechism in this way.

ONE problem we are trying to solve here at the Cathedral is that of advanced instruction, so that they will not get the idea that their understanding of the Faith is finished by the time they have been instructed for Confirmation. Of course, remember that this is on the side, over and above our regular parish work which includes taking care of a large mission district, teaching in a Government school, regular confessions for school children, regular weekly devotions, sodalities and the rest, all with a very small staff. The last Confirmation class had 269 adults and children. The sisters, of course, are an indispensable help with the children. In the past two years, I have prepared personally 134 adults for the Sacraments and most of them have been faithful to their duties ever since, which indicates in a way that the courses have been not only interesting but instructive as well. There is also a humorous side which makes it easier to be patient. One night I had to ask another one of the fathers to take care of my class. As we were beginning the Sacraments, he thought it would be a fine idea to give them something of background on Grace. The following evening I asked, "What did Father tell you in the last instruction class?" This was the first answer, "Father said something about electricity." Later I myself was explaining the Incarnation and thought I had done a good job, as simple and clear as possible. Afterwards I asked if there were any questions. The first question was "Father, do we have to wear veils at Confirmation?" It took me a little while to discover that you can't presuppose anything. For example, how one actually goes about getting in and getting out of the confessional, how to hold the head at communion, how to genuflect and just what is holy water. But all in all "group instruction" can be amusing, interesting and at the same time instructive.

"I am their friend"

Carl F. Kruger, S.J.



The late Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., famous missionary of British Honduras, teaching catechism in a native hut.

REVEREND ALLAN A. STEVENSON, S.J., 69, missionary to the natives of British Honduras for thirty-three years, died Thursday, March 8, at St. Mary's Hospital, St. Louis, after a short illness. In the opinion of his fellow missionaries Father Stevenson was, perhaps, one of the greatest missionaries of this generation. Few missionaries in this century at least have undertaken so many and such diverse mission journeys as this Jesuit who labored among the Maya, Keckchi and Carib Indians of Central America. He was buried, March 10, beside his fellow Jesuit missionaries, Fathers Peter De Smet and William Stanton in the cemetery at St. Stanislaus Seminary, Florissant, Missouri.

Father Stevenson was born March 4, 1876 at Stettin, Germany, of James Stevenson, a Scotchman, and Hedwig Leese, a German. His father was a prominent business man in this busy port city on the North Sea, a coal dealer supplying fuel for the ships docking at that port. His son, Allan, he sent to the Stella Matutina in Feldkirch, Austria, to study under the Jesuits.

September 28, 1895, the young man, then nineteen years of age, entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Blyenbeck, Holland. Two years later, on October 2, a missionary from America came to the novitiate visiting and lecturing on the missions to the Indians of North America. That night Father Stevenson volunteered for America. And on the following day, even before his parents could be notified, he sailed out into the North Sea bound for America.

HE studied at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, St. Louis University, and Valkenburg, Holland, where he was ordained in 1910. The next year he made his tertian-ship at Cleveland, Ohio, leaving immediately for Belize, British Honduras, in the summer of 1912. From that time until a month ago, when he was brought back from Central America in a dying condition, he worked with a zeal, enthusiasm and energy which has rarely been seen, and which can be compared only to that of an apostle like St. Paul.

Ordinary mission journeys by automobile, steamboat or even horseback were rarely his routine. He went

beyond the mission stations that could be reached by these comparatively easy modes of travel. Deep into the bush he would walk for miles where white men rarely penetrated. Such things as laws proscribing Jesuits, as exist on the statute books of Guatemala, never bothered him. Into the remote mahogany camps of northern Guatemala he would come preaching and catechising and roundly berate the tribal chieftains if they interfered in any way with his ministrations. He was fearless, and when asked one day whether or not he was afraid that the native might someday take exception to his denunciations, he replied:

"Of course not, these people know I am their friend."

AND friend he was. When it became clear to him that medical and dental aids were badly needed by these people, he returned to St. Louis, where, at the Medical and Dental School of St. Louis, University, he took short courses in pharmacology and exodontia. On his missionary rounds he dispensed his medicines lavishly, and a part of each day's mission duties included some few moments each morning when the Indians suffering from toothache would line up to have the Padre extract the aching tooth.

Members of archaeological expeditions to the Maya ruins, which lay within his missionary territory, invariably sought his aid and guidance in their studies. He was generally acknowledged by workers in this field as an authority on Maya archaeology and folklore. He wrote widely in the mission journals, being a regular contributor to *Catholic Missions* and *Jesuit Missions*. In 1914 he was a contributing editor for the Jesuit weekly *America*. An edition of *Paradise Lost* which he edited with notes during his university days was used widely in the high schools of a generation ago.

Before he died he told the writer *"he hoped to be in Heaven for his jubilee."* September 28, 1945, he would have been a Jesuit fifty years.

ROLL CALL ON MINDANAO

FOUR MILLION FILIPINOS HAVE KEPT THE SECRET OF THESE PRIESTS' HIDING PLACES FROM 100,000 JAPANESE SOLDIERS FOR OVER THREE YEARS. THIS LOYALTY IS THEIR WAY OF REPAYING THE HEROIC DEVOTION OF THEIR PRIESTS TO THEM DURING THE WHOLE JAPANESE OCCUPATION.

AMERICAN Army officers on Mindanao during the guerrilla period were surprised and flattered because the Filipino people insisted on calling them "Padre." They knew the reason for it, too. So accustomed was the harassed population to receive what help they did from American priests that they thought everyone with a white face was a padre.

This, too, may be taken as a good summation of the heroic work done by those of our American Jesuits who succeeded, during the three years of occupation, in keeping out of the hands of the Japanese. Despite sickness and constant danger and long and arduous travel, they constantly made themselves available to the people for spiritual administration. Besides the regular priestly work, they were all engaged in relief work of various sorts, and in other activities for the Guerrilla government, when capture by the Japanese would have meant execution.



Father Arthur F. Shea, S.J. was stationed at Iniatto when the Japanese came. The district he covered, because of frequent movements of the people and the danger from the enemy, was a vast and difficult one. He worked so hard that he was stricken with a fever which the doctors were unable to diagnose or to cure. Finally, he was given

up for lost, and anointed. Confident that he was on his death bed, Father Shea plucked two of the longest hairs in his beard and put them in a brave and humorous letter which he sent to his father. Alone in the rectory with a Filipino boy, he was told that there were people downstairs who refused to leave. When Father Shea asked what they wanted, the boy replied that they wanted to be married, they had come a long distance, and they would not go back without the Sacrament. "Send them up," said Father Shea, and there, lying on his death bed, he performed the marriage ceremony. The fever, for no apparent reason, left him shortly afterwards, and he continued to go about doing superhuman work.



Father Joseph Lucas, S.J., the acting Superior of the Jesuits on Mindanao, was also quite ill during most of the period of occupation. However, this did not prevent him from getting out. He had grown a long white beard, and with his white cassock and staff, he was an unusual figure as he strode along the road. The people

referred to him as the "prophet." It has been a long story for Father Lucas. He went to Mindanao in the summer of 1926, when there was only a handful of American priests in the Philippines. Since then, every mountain road and every little *barrio* has become familiar to him throughout all northern Mindanao. It was easy for him to find a safe hiding place, but perhaps there is no sadder picture in the whole guerrilla territory than that of the once powerful, wide ranging "eagle of the mountains" still keen of mind, brave of heart as ever, Superior and veteran and responsible for his scattered flock, yet forced to hide in a thicket, panting from the slightest exertion, unable to move far, while others roamed the hills he knew and loved so well.



Father Clement R. Risacher, S.J., of Balingasag, was stricken with a malady which caused his legs to be swollen and ulcerous. Walking was impossible; even standing for Mass was painful; but yet he had himself lifted upon his horse to make his apostolic journey practically every day.

Those who know Father Risacher are not surprised at his heroism. For years as Master of Novices at Poughkeepsie he was an inspiration of high holiness in a generation of young Jesuits. Most of the young priests in the Philippines were his novices, until he offered himself for the Leper Colony at Cebu where he served for years as Chaplain.



← John A. Pollock, S.J.



→ Edward J. Wasil, S.J.



← Merlin A. Thibault, S.J.



→ John J. McKeaney, S.J.

Father John A. Pollock, S.J., lived on Camiguin Island just off the northern shore of Mindanao. Whenever the Japanese would land to make an inspection, the people would warn the priest. Immediately he would start walking up the side of the volcano and hide. As soon as the Japanese would depart, a messenger would tell him to come back, and down the volcano the priest would stride to the great joy and amusement of his people. Time and again it happened, but never once was his presence revealed to the enemy. His convento was burned, but he always found a shelter prepared for him on his return.

Fathers Merlin A. Thibault, S. J., and John J. McKeaney, S.J., worked together out of Boroy during most of the occupation and were probably the busiest priests on the island. Their district was harassed by both Japs and Moros. In order to make it possible for the people to plant crops, guerrilla troops had to be stationed in the fields to protect the workers from the incursions of the Moros. The Moro threat was finally stopped only when the American Colonel Hedges succeeded in getting the Moros into the guerrilla army by appointing some of their leaders as officers.

Father Edward J. Wasil, S. J., was Father Haggerty's first host. He kept right on with his work, organized huge collection campaigns of every scrap of clothes for the suffering people, especially the infants, and never once was seen by the Japanese though they visited his village twice a week for months on inspection. His people kept that secret all that time. His people were utterly destitute; everything they owned was plundered. A bribe was a powerful temptation, yet for three years they hid their padre safely.



Father Frederick W. Henfling, S.J., the veteran missionary at Tago loan, distinguished himself by giving away everything he had, clothing, food and medicine, all of which he needed himself. He had malaria. Quinine would be sent him, but the day it arrived, he would be feeling better and at once would send the precious remedy to someone he knew who was ill. On one occasion he asked for shoes. At great risk a boat crossed the bay at night under the noses of Japanese patrols to bring them to him. In less than a week he had given them away, and next week was asking for more for someone in need.



Father Theodore A. Daigler, S.J., who had been teaching at Cagayan's Ateneo when the Japanese came, moved far into the hills with a group of Filipino people where he began in a small way a "reduction" similar to those of Paraguay. He planted crops, raised cattle, and even had an agricultural school for the people. Though a mild

man, he would ride nothing but the wildest horses, and though he doesn't smoke himself, he raised tobacco for his people who did. After all this terrific work, he was taken later by plane to Morotai, 400 miles away, for a complete check-up. Army doctors found that all he needed was to have one tooth pulled.



Father Edward F. O'Byrne, S.J., was off in a lonely spot all by himself, where contact with other Jesuits was practically impossible. Travel was especially difficult, and the more so for him because his legs and feet became swollen. Yet somehow he managed to keep on the move, away from the Japanese and always with his people.



Father Harold A.

Murphy, S.J.,

stayed closest to the Japanese lines because there were 15 Filipino nuns near Jasaan who needed support and protection. He had a wild country to cover, over rutted, muddy trails and through thick, matted underbrush. Somehow he managed to keep as immaculately neat in purest white, and as calm as

though he were in the center of a leisurely civilization at peace, and as busy as though he felt inspired.



Walter J. Hamilton, S.J.



Bro. John J. Doyle, S.J.

Father Walter H. Hamilton, S.J., and Brother John J. Doyle, S.J.,

worked as a team, Brother at home, Father off on his ranging visits. Besides doing two or three priest's work, Father walked thirty miles to anoint Father Shea during his illness. The first war songs of the Guerrillas were written by this same Father Hamilton.



Father John R.

O'Connell, S.J.,

passed to his eternal reward last July. The news was long in reaching us. There were rumors that he was not well, but no proof. An indefatigable, zealous, holy priest who was and still is the inspiration of every missionary on Mindanao, he managed to escape capture, but with the serious illness

which finally caused his death draining his strength, he did not live to see his people free. How they must have loved him! At the end he was too weak to walk. They carried him, with the aid of a veteran Army officer who claims to be a sort of atheist, *ninety* miles through the jungle and over mountain trails to a doctor. The doctor could do nothing for him. Again they carried him *ninety miles further* to the sea, hoping some American craft might come by, rescue him, and bring him to medical care. It was in vain. There were no ships, there was no doctor, and he was visibly weaker. He begged them to let him remain there, if need be, to die there with his Filipino people. So they carried him to the nearest priest, a Dutch missionary, and bade farewell. As they walked their sad return journey, they knew they had seen their padre for the last time. In less than two months, Father O'Connell was dead, and lies buried, for the duration, in a secretly treasured and guarded spot somewhere along the coast of Surigao in the Philippines. All his personal effects are hidden at his mission station in safe-keeping for those he loved here at home.



Father Andrew F. Cervini was one of the fourteen American Jesuits on Mindanao captured by the Japanese. (The others: Bishop Hayes, Fathers Daly, Kirchgessner, Ewing, McFadden, Doino, O'Keefe, Kennedy, Lutz, Hausmann, Reith, and two Scholastics, Brady and Behr.) Early in the war, Father Cervini, at great risk to his own safety, had befriended Lt. Bulkley and his PT boat crews when they needed food and first-aid treatment. The Japanese never learned of it, by the way. A Japanese trap tricked him into capture later, as it did the American Oblates of Cotobato. He was safe in the hills when a false sick-call came to him. Down from his hiding place he came—only to be met by the Japanese. Every courtesy was shown to him for two hours, and then when he started to go, they simply said, "No, you come with us." From that moment on he was interned.

Three years later came liberation.

Being strong, generous, and extraordinarily zealous, he was soon busy in relief work as stretcher bearer and orderly for the thousands of suffering Filipino casualties in Manila. One day, only one Jap shell fell out of the sky. It burst at his feet, severing one leg just about the ankle, and a toe on the other foot. Characteristically, he minded most, not the injury, but the inability to be of more service. And thus the hero of Iligan, called by fighting heroes, "the finest man of God they ever met," who survived the dangers of internment was finally injured while preparing a talk for the soldiers who liberated him.

*Why do they all
want to return to
their missions?*

MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZON



A Query

■ Why is it that missionaries, when they return home, always want to go back to their missions? This desire is so common as to be almost universal. We have witnessed many expressions of it in the past. The latest instance to come to our attention was in the person of Father Edward Haggerty, S.J. After three years of hard and dangerous living in Mindanao, he returned to America to report to his Superiors. The story he has to tell is a heroic one and will gradually be unfolded elsewhere in these pages. He had a furlough of sixty days to complete his business. By the end of that time he must be back in the Philippines. Though he was evidently glad to be home, one could detect once more that determination, that eagerness to finish his business quickly and get back to his people. This eagerness has no doubt puzzled friends and relatives and baffled strangers. For that reason we are going to analyze it.

How can we explain this yearning which is almost a sickness, which finds no remedy except a return to the scene of their former labors? To appreciate it we must realize that man is happiest and at his best when he has the broadest scope or opportunity of fulfilling his purpose in life and his function in Society. The function of a priest, brother or sister expressed in simple terms is to devote their lives to the service of God. It is true that we can serve God in any place and in many ways, but the farther removed we are from all the natural attractions that clog our steps towards Heaven, the faster we run in the way of perfection.

The mission field offers men and women the fullest scope to test their vocation. As one missionary returning from the Middle East said, "*when you go out there as a missionary your oblation has to be complete.*" He was not speaking of himself but rather in admiration of the men with whom he worked on that mission. That is the secret of the missionary's happiness. His

charity and zeal in the face of disease and death may soften the hearts of these people and open them to the seed of the gospel. Even where there is open hatred of him, there is present the invitation to glory in the sufferings of Christ.

Pure Oblation

■ In many missionary lands the present war offered such an opportunity to the missionaries to prove themselves. They have done so gloriously. Especially was this true in the Philippines. Although military authorities offered to fly the missionaries to Australia and safety just before the fall of the Philippines, not one of the missionaries left. As many as could, escaped the Japanese, fled to the hills with their people. As a result a native Filipino priest said that it was the affection and admiration of his people for their priests that cemented their loyalty to America more than any other single factor. Living in the atmosphere of danger and death, the missionary had every opportunity to offer day by day a pure oblation of his life to God.

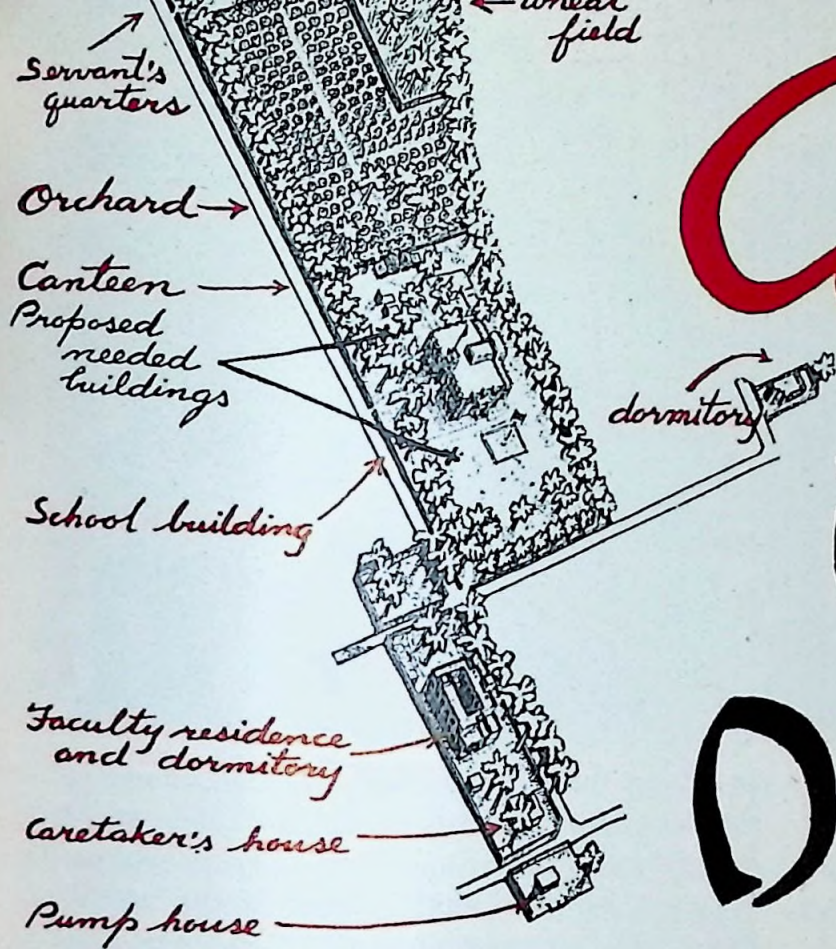
That is why a missionary wants to return to his mission even in the midst of war and destruction. He is glad to come home to visit familiar places to renew old acquaintances, but he soon grows restless. Surrounded once more by all those comforts of civilized society he realizes that he was far happier when compelled of necessity to sacrifice these for the sake of Christ.

Having once climbed the heights of self sacrifice and immolation, he is impatient with anything less than the complete dedication of his entire being to the service of God. His is the high way, the true way to sanctity and the fulfillment of his vocation. Sometimes we pity the missionary for what he gives up, for what he endures. Perhaps we ought to envy him and strive by imitation to acquire the secret of his happiness.

John P. Deevy, S.J.

Shoe Business

Shoes are so scarce in Mindanao that the missionaries often go around barefooted. Father Haggerty once obtained a new pair for Father Pollock. Both made long trips to meet half way. The new shoes were too small; Father Pollock's old ones too big. In came a Dutch missionary with a pair too small for him. He and Father Pollock swapped and each had a perfect fit. Eighty miles away Father Haggerty finally found someone to fit the new shoes, and the whole business was closed. And WE think shoes are hard to get!



College in the DESERT

Edward F. Madaras, S.J.

ANCIENT HISTORY BEGAN IN IRAQ. MODERN HISTORY IS BEING MADE THERE TODAY IN THE FRIENDLY RELATIONS AT BAGHDAD COLLEGE

ON the other side of the world, some 7000 miles from New York as the airplane flies, beyond the Mountains of Lebanon, across the waterless Syrian Desert, on the banks of the Tigris River, lies the ancient city of Baghdad, the capital of the Kingdom of Iraq. Historically, it is one of the most interesting lands in the world. The Tigris and Euphrates still flow through the land as they did in the days of Adam and Eve. There still lie the ruins of ancient Niniveh, where Jonas once preached penance, and whence the old Tobias sent forth his son with the angel Raphael to a distant country. The ruins of once proud Babylon still give mute evidence of Nabuchodonosor, of Daniel in the lions' den, and of the three young men in the fiery furnace. Down in the south of Iraq you may still see the ruins of Ur of the Chaldees, whence Abraham set forth at the behest of God to found a new people. It was in the plains of Iraq that the mighty empires of Assyria and Babylonia had their rise and their fall. There, too, in apostolic times the gospel was preached by Jude and Bartholomew to the fierce inhabitants. And before the Arabs swept up from Arabia in military conquest to spread the new religion of Mohammed in the seventh century, the country was in great part Christian, with no fewer than twenty-four bishoprics.



Old people in the villages of Iraq still preserve their ancient customs in dress, religion and manner of life.



During the centuries that followed upon the Moslem invasion the fortunes of the Christians varied. At the time of Haroun al Rashid, when Baghdad was at

the height of its glory as the metropolis of the East, the Christians are said to have taken a leading part in the affairs of the land. But in later centuries their ranks were thinned by swift and merciless massacres.

By the time of the first World War Iraq had sunk to little more than an isolated and neglected outpost of the decadent Turkish Empire. Completely lacking in railroads, cut off from its neighbors by desert and mountain, it had little contact with the outside world. Few people ventured either into or out of the country, for a desert trip by camel caravan took three or four weeks.

The end of World War I brought a change. Iraq became a British Mandate, and then in 1932 an independent Kingdom under Faisal I. with a Constitution that gave equal rights to Moslems, Jews, and Christians. Modern education took hold, and the Catholic Bishops of Iraq requested the Pope to send English-speaking



Father Joseph Merrick now gives his full time to American troops on the Persian Gulf, where recorded temperatures reach 130° in the shade and 189° in the sun. Father Michael McCarthy is in Basrah, where last summer they had 135° in the shade.

Jesuits to open a high school for boys in Baghdad. Thus it was that in 1931 Father Edmund Walsh, of Georgetown University, made a preliminary visit to Iraq to investigate conditions and to treat with the Iraqi Government for permission to open the desired school. The permission was granted in early 1932, and Father Rice and I set sail on February 9, with Baghdad as our final destination.

It was, indeed, a strange land in which we found ourselves. The city of Baghdad was for the most part a maze of narrow winding streets, its tallest building

not over three stories, its skyline dominated by the slender minarets of the mosques. Men and boys wore long flowing robes, and covered their heads with a turban, fez, or head-cloth. Most of the Moslem women had their faces completely veiled. The common language was Arabic, though one also heard Kurdish, Persian, Turkish, Chaldean, and Armenian. Among the educated classes, of course, a good number spoke English or French. Strange, also, were many of the customs, and one had to be on the alert to do the correct thing.

Of the three million inhabitants of the country, some 95% were Moslems; the Jews, said to be descendants of those that chose to remain in Iraq after the Babylonian captivity, numbered roughly 100,000, the Christians, both Catholic and non-Catholic, perhaps 75,000, divided among the various rites: Chaldeans, Syrians, Armenians, Greeks, and Latins.

Hostility and animosity between Moslem and Christian is traditional. When Mohammed set out from Mecca in 622 at the head of his army to win the world to his new religion, the battle cry was: "There is only one God and Mohammed is His prophet." At that time the inhabitants of Arabia were mainly idolaters or polytheists, and heresy and schism had greatly weakened the adjoining Christian lands. Mohammed and his fierce followers swept everything before them. A century after his death his adherents had conquered all of North Africa, had overrun Spain, and had even penetrated into France, where they were halted by Charles Martel in the battle of Poitiers. So fierce was their devotion to the new religion, so intense their loyalty to their prophet Mohammed, that the law decreed death for any apostate from Islam, as their religion was called. Any remark reflecting on their faith or their founder was hotly resented. The resultant hostility towards Christians was only intensified by the Crusades which were undertaken by the Christian nations of Europe to recover the holy places of Palestine from the power of the Moslems.



But the young people who receive an education can hardly be distinguished from school boys in the United States.

only a few of the better-known names. In the English classes the usual classics are read: Aesop, Defoe, Stevenson, Dickens, Haw-

It is easy to understand, therefore, that with this spirit of hostility prevailing, all attempts on the part of Christian missionaries to preach the gospel among them met with utter failure. The Law of Apostasy made it difficult for the missionary to gain even a private hearing, and the public preaching of the gospel was made next to impossible by the law of the land. The Christians in such countries, as may well be imagined, led an unenviable existence, living in a special quarter of the city, with their houses clustered around the church.

It was to be expected, therefore, that the Jesuits arriving in Baghdad would be met with some coldness, suspicion and even hostility. Of the 103 students in the school the first year there were only three Moslems. There was a certain amount of talk and even of writing against foreign schools, though there was no public mention by name of Baghdad College.

For the first two years the school was quartered in two old and rather dilapidated adjacent houses in the heart of the city. The pioneer staff consisted of Fathers Rice, Coffey, Madaras, and Mifsud, the first of whom was the Rector, and the second the Principal of the school. Classes, of course, were in English, as they are to this day, with the exception of Arabic, history, and geography, which now by law must be taught in Arabic. At first there was some latitude in the curriculum, and among the subjects taught were drawing, hygiene, French, German, Italian, sociology, and economics; but today the program has settled down to the customary English, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, chemistry, biology, physics, and religion, in addition to those mentioned as being taught in Arabic. The religion classes are attended daily by all the Christians, but not by the Moslems or Jews. Prayer is said before and after each class, during which all the students, no matter what their religion, stand at respectful attention. The text books used in the school are nearly all American: Cassilly, McNichols, Donnelly, Schmidt Perkins, Wentworth Smith, to mention

thorne, Coleridge, Shakespeare, Tennyson, and others. Next Fall the Prose & Poetry Series recently adopted in Jesuit high schools in many parts of America is being introduced.

AFTER two years in the heart of the city, the school was moved to a large rented house on the outskirts,



The language of Iraq is Arabic, an old and complicated tongue unlike anything Europeans speak. Arabic speaking people say that is the language of God. Americans find that it takes at least ten years to learn it at all well.

where twenty-five acres of land had been purchased very cheaply. This afforded playing space for the students, a thing which had been lacking in the city proper. Student enrollment grew slowly at first. Indeed, owing to regulations concerning military conscription and the Government school certificate, the numbers in 1936 and 1937 dropped to 86 and 88 boys respectively.

In 1938 the school was moved to a newly erected building, made possible by the generosity of an anonymous New York benefactress, who has since died. That year the enrollment went up to 106, aided in part by the introduction of a boarding department with 23 boys. The following year a new building was erected for the boarders, again made possible by the same kind benefactress.

That was a turning point in the history of the school. The Moslems, who had apparently been watching us with interest, were finally convinced that the Jesuit school was a good one and the proper place for their boys. The Moslem enrollment jumped from three to twelve, and the following year to twenty-nine, with a school enrollment of 179. Not to weary the reader

Part of the famous faculty of Baghdad College. They are so crowded that library and dining room had to be combined.



with statistics, it may be said that today there are 342 boys in the school, of which 216 are Catholics, 72 are Moslems, 49 are non-Catholic Christians, and five are Jews.

THE high favor which the school enjoys is due chiefly to the character of the men who form its staff, most



Thousands of small donations have enabled the Fathers to equip and to maintain the college for thirteen years.

of whom were college professors before they went to Baghdad. Three of them taught in the Philippines. Several studied in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Italy, and Canada. A graduate dentist from Harvard teaches biology and chemistry. Another is a Ph. D. in chemistry from Clark University. A third has a Ph. D. in anthropology, and did field work in Alaska among the Eskimos. Four are specialists in mathematics. Two formerly taught physics at Holy Cross College. All have at least an M. A. degree. All this is set down in no spirit of boasting, but merely to show why it is that Baghdad College enjoys the reputation of being the best high school in Iraq.

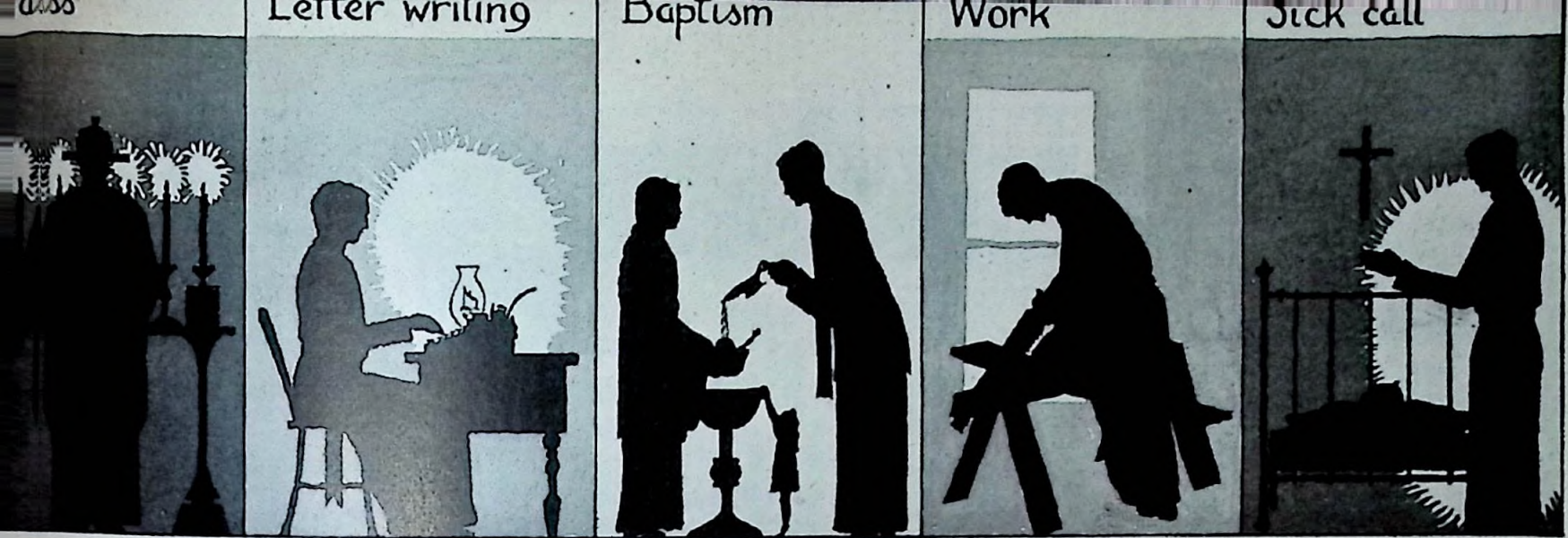
LET us come back to the students. What kind of boys are they? Fundamentally they are pretty much the same as the boys in America. They dress almost the same: in fact, boys in the public schools must wear trousers, and native garb is taboo. Our boys go in strong for baseball, basketball, volley ball, handball, soccer, tennis, cycling, and other sports, including marbles. They like to drive cars. Of late roller skating has become popular. Boxing matches in the boarding school are frequent of a Saturday night. They like to read American comics, see American movies, play American records, listen to the radio. Quite a few have

subscriptions to the Arabic edition of the *Reader's Digest*. They are lively, polite, well-disciplined (under a certain amount of compulsion, of course), and proud of their school. When they go to town in the school buses, 1943 Fords, they like to sing the school song in English, which is set to the tune of "As the Caissons Go Rolling Along."

Best of all, both Christians and non-Christians get along admirably together. They learn to be tolerant and friendly towards those of another faith, and are laying the groundwork for a harmonious citizenry in the days to come. And that means much for a country like Iraq, where hostility has for so long prevailed.

THE graduates take up medicine, law, pharmacy, engineering, teaching, or go into business. Some go to the American University in Beirut or in Stamboul. Two are at M.I.T. in Boston, another at Michigan U. doing graduate work in medicine, a fourth is a radio technician in the U. S. Navy, and a fifth is teaching medicine in Edinburgh. These are only a few examples, and we could cite more to show why we are proud of our boys.

And what of the future? Our immediate problem is to find room for 150 boys next fall, with only one classroom available. That is a problem that is weighing on the mind of the present Rector, Father Sarjeant, and it is one which he cannot solve alone. Baghdad College has grown to the point where it needs several buildings to do its work adequately and well: a classroom building, a science and library building, more dormitory space, to mention only the more important and pressing needs. More, the day may not be far off when we shall need to have a real college department, which would enable our graduates to continue their higher education in a Catholic institution, instead of going off to a Protestant one, as at Beirut or Stamboul. There is not an English-speaking Catholic college in the whole Near East, but there are several American Protestant ones. That is a challenge to our zeal, but the meeting of that challenge does not depend entirely on us.



Letter writing

Baptism

Work

Sick call

HIGHLIGHTS

IN

A

MISSIONARY'S

DAY

1. Each day as dawn creeps westward around the earth, candles two by two are lighted in nipa huts, mud chapels, wooden shelters and brick churches of the mission lands, and before each altar a missionary stands offering to God the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for you.

2. As far as can be every letter a missionary receives is answered, every gift acknowledged personally. Usually letter-writing has to be done the first thing in the morning right after breakfast.

3. Soon children come skipping down the road to school and catechism, and babies will be brought for Baptism. If not, the priest must seek them out.

4. There is a list of things to be repaired, a window in the church, a board in the school floor, the door of the rectory. The missionary must be a handy man to keep a mission functioning.

5. Even if dusk has fallen, the work is not yet done. From somewhere comes a sick-call. A soul must be assisted to meet its God. The last word is spoken, the last blessing is given, the last grace received. Now the day is done.

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MISSION *Book Reviews*



Margaret Brent Adventurer

By Dorothy Freeman Grant

From the musty files of old documents in the many citations throughout the book, the author has resurrected an interesting novel of early colonial Maryland, and more specifically of the life of Margaret Brent. The story begins in England where the Brents, close friends of the Calverts and staunch Catholics, are being gradually taxed out of their estates. Many a priest had found sanctuary in their home when the pursuivants were on their heels.

Margaret Brent had heard the tales from the new colony of Maryland. She decided to leave her ancestral home to travel to this new world where she could build anew and worship God in peace. She received a grant of land from Cecil Calvert, her friend, and set out with her sister and brother on the great adventure. They reached Maryland after a stormy journey. On the way across, superstitious sailors accused their servant maid of witchery and despite the captain's orders, had her hung upon the yardarm and then hurled into the sea.

Here was the beginning of an adventurous life filled with danger and hardship. Life in those days was primitive for a gentlewoman but Margaret Brent was not afraid. She accepted the challenge and played a prominent role in the life of the colony. While her brother was acting-Governor of Kent Island, Margaret ably managed her own and her brother's land and opened a school. Her house was burnt down over her head by Puritans who attacked and looted the colony. She prevented a mutiny of soldiers her brother had organized to win back their homes and estates from the Puritans. She manifested a warm friendliness to the Jesuit missionaries, Fathers White and Copley, and

manifested a deep appreciation for the Mass. She married Governor Leonard Calvert and after his death became executrix of his estates. She defended the property and interests of Lord Baltimore and received for her efforts only the charge of being an injudicious meddler. This last charge hurt so deeply that Margaret Brent decided to leave Maryland and take up residence in Virginia.

Margaret Brent sought peace in Maryland. She did not find it. The reason why fills out the pages of this story. It makes interesting reading. After ten years of turbulent life in Maryland the Brents moved to Virginia. She took up residence on Aquia Creek in Virginia, the scene of the martyrdom of Father Segura and his Jesuit companions. The Brents who had suffered so much for the faith moved to their new home, a stronghold of Protestantism, with the spirit of Apostles. They would bring back Catholicity gradually to this spot already consecrated by the blood of Christian martyrs.

Longmans Green & Co., New York. \$2.50

Church History in the Light of the Saints

By Rev. Joseph A. Dunney

Father Dunney has given us an outline of Church History that is readable and interesting even for those unacquainted with the glorious history of holy Mother Church. He has singled out a great saint from each of the first nineteen centuries showing his place in the history of the Church and his contribution to its progress through the centuries. Many of the saints Father Dunney has singled out are missionary saints such as St. Peter, St. Patrick, St. Ansgar and St. Edward of England. Of special interest to American readers will be the two chapters on Saints and Martyrs of the Americas

in which he traces the growth of the Church in America at the time of St. Rose of Lima and St. Isaac Jogues and his companions. Diagrammatic outlines of the Emperors and Popes, highlights of each century inserted before each chapter and a bibliography at the close of the book should stimulate further readings in the history of the Church Militant.

Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.75

The Bone and the Star

By Dorothy Donnelly

In this book the author has collated and correlated some interesting psychological and anthropological facts about men; how they have behaved through the centuries, religiously, sexually, politically; where in primitive men differ from us. The author attempts to put together these important fragments of truth into a congruous, complete picture of man. Miss Donnelly divides her book into two interesting sections.

In the first part of the book we have a scientific exploration of the world constructed from the many materialistic theories offered us today. Her integration of this mass of data is a scholarly effort to prove that there is no conflict in truth no matter where we find it.

The second part of the book proceeds from Revelation and the Christian approach to the interpretation of the world. The author here follows the biblical account of the origin of the world and of man. The same findings of scientific research are here explained in the light of Revelation.

Both parts of the book are written with entire objectivity and the conclusion is that there is no conflict between truth and truth when arrived at by reason or Revelation.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.25

COMMUNICATIONS

Contact

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Reverend and Dear Father:

Recently I had the great opportunity of spending a few days with the Jesuit Fathers at Patna. It was my purpose to make a Retreat but I, at the same time, took in the scenes of your Fathers' mission work. The magnificent task they are performing was not only a source of edification but a Retreat in itself.

Father Leary mentioned that you are planning a "Global Mass." In fixing your schedule it would be well to know that the same time exists throughout India. We are exactly six and one-half hours ahead of Greenwich time.

All the Fathers are in excellent health and send their regards. I regret sincerely that I was unable to meet Bishop Sullivan, S.J., who was off somewhere in the jungle visiting some section of the Vineyard. The Fathers are working under tremendous handicaps and certainly deserve the aid of all mission-minded Catholics. There is no need of asking your prayers for the missions; I know your whole life is dedicated to that but I do hope you will find opportunity to remember me and my soldiers in your prayers and Masses.

REV. WALTER J. SHERIDAN, Chaplain (Capt.) U.S.A.

To the Editor:

During Lent of this year my class collected for the Missions. You wouldn't come anywhere near guessing the amount—so I'll tell you. I have only thirty-two seventh graders this year, and in six weeks they brought in the amount of one hundred and eight dollars. The money went immediately by registered airmail to Father O'Connor up in Kotzebue, Alaska. Won't he get a thrill! He loves the children and their doings, and will appreciate what they did for him. I know I did. It was a lot for that number to do.

I have a green Gothic set of vestments almost ready to send him, so all in all we haven't done so badly. If by any chance we can do more, we most certainly will.

SR. M: L.

To the Editor:

Enclosed is a small donation which I would like to send you to help carry on your splendid mission work. I've always admired the work done by the missions especially since I've served overseas and seen how nobly the missionaries carry on under great hardships. If one of your members should find time I'd appreciate it if he would remember me in his prayers some day. I was wounded and my leg is not as good as it used to be and I wish he would pray that this trouble will clear up as much as God wishes it to.

CPL. F. C. G., Camp Upton, N. Y.

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