

June 1945

# JESUIT MISSIONS



*Home from Internment*



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Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

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**COVER**—Over a million people witnessed the St. Patrick's Day parade in New York this year, but none of them enjoyed it as much as Captain Hugh Kennedy, S.J. A few weeks before, he was a thin, hungry, injured prisoner in a Japanese internment camp in the Philippines. On St. Patrick's Day, he was the guest of honor of Archbishop Spellman, standing at his side on the steps of St. Patrick's Cathedral to watch the parade pass in review down Fifth Avenue of his native New York. It was a glorious homecoming for a gallant Philippine missionary and chaplain.



Mission of the Society

## Aim High

**T**HE sky is the limit. Every Christian man, woman and child knows that he or she has the duty and privilege of "aiming for the sky". No matter how lowly, poor or weak, every Christian life points Heavenwards.

On the island of Ceylon (22,000 sq. mi.) less than one percent are Christians (500,000 out of 5,780,000). To bring the knowledge of and the help to attain Heaven is the aim of sixty-eight Jesuits in Ceylon who now labor in jungle missions, in 58 schools, two colleges, seven orphanages and one leper asylum. It would be a magnificent charity to pray for these men and to send them a little help.

# Ceylon

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# THE GHOSTS of *Cabanatuan*

John P.  
Deevy,  
S.J.

**W**ITHIN the prison camp emaciated, half-dead figures dragged themselves about their duties, while high overhead the sun wore a magnifying glass, boring its heat into the backs of the slaves below. Flies buzzed fiercely back and forth across the Compound. Out in the rice paddies, weary bodies bent and rose in almost rhythmic sequence, and if they faltered a Jap guard beat them back into activity. At the barbed wire barriers Jap soldiers paced to and fro, almost carelessly under the drowsy tropical sun. Beyond the fence, a carabao passed. Its driver looked innocent enough, a native Filipino on his way to market, perhaps, but his watchful eyes missed nothing. After him came another Filipino carrying a basket of fruit on his head. His carriage was erect, his head

straight ahead, but his keen eyes took in every detail of the stockade of Cabanatuan; where the American prisoners slept, the quarters of the Jap soldiers, the position of the Jap guards, every detail. No one arrested them simply because no one suspected that they were American soldiers in disguise, picked members of the famous "Alamos," scouting for the liberation stroke. It was the dawn of liberation.

That night within the barracks shells of men lay on the bare floor. Father Hugh Kennedy, S.J. making his daily rounds, stopped by the side of a lad whose name was bad. His days were numbered and he knew it. "Father, I'd die happy," he kept saying over and over night after night, "if I could just see one Yank come in full battle dress beyond that barbed wire fence."

(left) Rev. J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., and Capt. Hugh F. Kennedy, S.J., the Rector and the Dean of the Ateneo de Cagayan in the Philippines, met recently in New York for the first time in three years. Father Haggerty escaped capture and later escaped from Mindanao; Father Kennedy was captured and later freed by the American Rangers.

(Right) Whenever the re-atriated internees see this photograph, they shudder. It reminds them of the interminable lines, lines, lines off internment. This is an actual photo of a line-up for checking affidavits in Santo Tomas, Manila.



That night his wish was granted for that night the Rangers came to carry him to safety in the liberation of Cabanatuan which is now history.

WHEN Pearl Harbor was blasted by the Japanese sneak attack Father Hugh Kennedy was a missionary in Mindanao. Almost immediately he received permission from his Superior to become chaplain to a Filipino Division. Then came the fall of Bataan and the surrender of General Wainwright on Corregidor. The American forces under General Sharpe in Mindanao wanted to fight on but as Father Kennedy put it, "they were surrendered." They received a seventy-hour ultimatum from the Japanese. Surrender or else thousands of American soldiers already captured would be slaughtered in the public square of Davao. Rather than allow this holocaust, the American forces laid down their arms. And thus ended the brief career of Father Kennedy in the field. Then followed "one thousand days of hell," his own phrase in a letter to his folks, shortly after his liberation, summing up his life in the prison camps.

The first four months of imprisonment he spent with twenty other Americans in the province of Malaybalay. In October of 1942 they were transferred to the large penal colony at Davao where they began a life of misery. From dawn till dark they worked in the rice paddies beneath the blazing tropical sun. Beyond the barbed wire fence were fruit orchards, bananas, papayas, grape fruit, oranges, but none of these fruits were given to the prisoners to vary their daily portion of rice. No distinction was made between priests, doctors and regular fighting troops. If the priests had Mass, they had to get up long before the others. Mass began at 3:45 and despite the hour not only the Catholics among the prisoners but also very many non-Catholics rose before dawn to be present. The priests received their altar-breads and wine via the

underground but there were four months when they had no wine at all. For almost two years they barely existed at Davao, their hopes wearing almost as thin as themselves with the passing months.

On June 6th, 1944 word spread through the penal colony at Davao that the prisoners were to be moved. They were ordered to turn in everything; knives, cigarette lighters, matches, etc. Lost in the crevice of Father Kennedy's bag was a rusty key to a sardine can. He had not even noticed it but the officer in charge of the shake-down, did and struck him across the face three times for this oversight. The prisoners were marched into the open, their shoes were taken away and they were blindfolded and bound together. Like cattle they were herded into trucks and driven fifty miles to the port of Davao where they were put aboard a small transport, thirteen hundred men crowded below deck, 584 men in one hold 40 by 70 feet. For 96 hours they stood and slept on their feet, packed so tightly they couldn't fall down. By squeezing a little closer together they made room so that six men might sit down at a time. Thus they existed for 21 days.

The transport arrived in Manila Bay finally. Father Kennedy, considerably weakened by dysentery and malnutrition, stayed for a while at Bilibid and was thence removed to Cabanatuan. Because of his condition he found himself "blacking out" in the early morning when he tried to get up. This caused him to lose his balance one morning and he fell to the cement floor severely bruising his knee and shoulder. The knee swelled and he could no longer stand on it. This was a lucky fall. It saved him from being sent to Japan with another batch of prisoners.

THERE was plenty of work to keep a priest busy at Cabanatuan. Eleven hundred of the 5000 prisoners were hospital cases, men who had lost arms and legs

in battle and many others who succumbed to malaria, beri-beri and other diseases. Some of these prisoners died and many were shipped elsewhere.

At 7:45 on the night of January 30th bullets started flying. The prisoners lay flat on the baboo floors as Father Kennedy raised his hand in general absolution. Then he started the "Our Father." Before he finished the Rangers were in their midst. Strong hands hustled the prisoners to their feet. "We're Yanks," they yelled. "We're Americans. Come, get out to the gate fast." The Filipino Guerrillas were magnificent in their cooperation. They supplied food for the Rangers from the small supply in their barrios, through twenty-five miles of infiltration, they blew up bridges and killed all dogs for fifteen miles around lest they bark and warn the Japanese of the Rangers' advance. And the Rangers—Father Kennedy could not praise them enough. Coolly and efficiently they lined up the prisoners and guarded them on either side; those prisoners too weak to walk they carried on their shoulders.

OVER five hundred Americans, declared permanently disabled, made that journey and sixty percent walked twenty miles or more, that night to freedom. Father Kennedy dropped back to the rear of the column to care for the wounded. It is easily understandable that a Ranger working with him, did not recognize him for

**The first group of missionaries who had been interned in the Philippines arrive, after a month of good treatment, well and happy, in San Francisco in the care of the Red Cross. Standing (l. to r.), Father Ewing, S.J.; Brother Bauerlein, S.J.; Father McFadden, S.J.; Father Doherty, M.S. (Kneeling) Brother Abrams, S.J.; Father Doucette, S.J., and Father Baynes, O.M.I.**

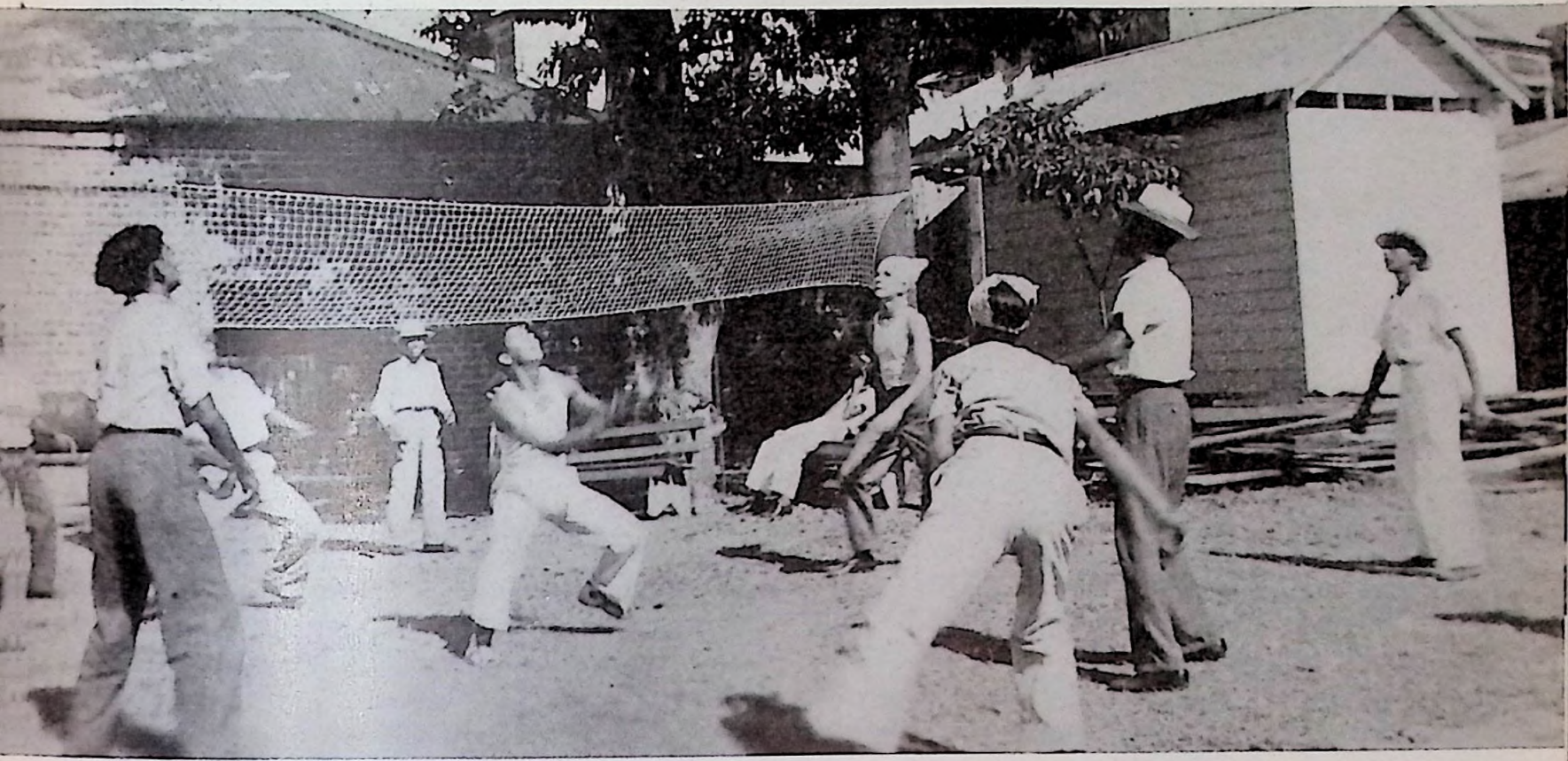
a priest. Like all the others he had lost all his belongings and made his escape with nothing left but a pair of trousers and a miraculous medal. When the Rangers realized he was a priest he said "Gee, Father I want to go to Confession. Haven't been for six weeks." Father Kennedy took care of him and also a few of his buddies in the column who hadn't seen a priest for a long time.

The Japs had lost face terribly and were bound to mad to think that 500 crippled prisoners had slipped from their grasp. Jap patrols roved far and wide to intercept the columns. Six times during that march the prisoners and Rangers broke ranks and hid in the tall grass along the road waiting for the Japanese to pass on. Word had been sent ahead that they were coming. A Filipino guerrilla carried the message to the American lines. At last the ghosts of Cabanatuan were free.

Father Kennedy is back in the States for a rest and a physical check-up. He said he would be willing to endure the "thousands days of hell" all over again only for the consolation of the Catholic prisoners. Also for good will he and the other priests created among thousands of non-Catholic Americans.

When Father Kennedy had concluded his story, a brother Jesuits crowded around to shake his hand. One Jesuit priest almost with tears in his eyes threw his arms around him and embraced him warmly. It was Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J. who himself had escaped from Mindanao only a few weeks before the liberation of Cabanatuan. He was Father Kennedy's Superior in Mindanao at the outbreak of the war and this was their first reunion since they had parted ten years previously in the city of Cagayan.





# Boys on Main Street

*Joseph T.  
McGloin,  
S.J.*

THE city of Belize, British Honduras, is like an accordion. Any day we expect it to expand and to push its extremities out into the blue Caribbean. From the air it looks like the play-box of a giant-child who has crammed his toys away helter-skelter at the end of the day. One cannot point to a house in Belize and say, "That's so-and-so's house," because he would be asked if he meant the one in front or the one in back, the floor above or the floor below. The housing is so poor and inadequate that numbers of families live in one house and most of the homes in the city are merely frame structures. Needless to say, all this crowding provides a frightful environment for the children of Belize.

Where do the children (and they are a legion in Belize) play? The answer: in the street. The children have no yards of their own, there is no public playground of any sort, nor opportunity for games. And since there are no side-walks, their free hours are spent—in the street. Such close contact with the gutter is bound to show itself in their lives. There are over 1,000 children in the Holy Redeemer Catholic school and when the bell rings at 3:30 for the end of the day, we watch them sadly depart, knowing that they have no other place to go.

Ever since 1931 St. John's College has been an old warehouse, on the busiest corner of Belize. To the rear there is a space 20 yards square which, at 3:15, becomes a very inferno of games, volley ball, boxing,

wrestling, even a bit of basket-ball. There is a small sliver of space along the wall that we could use for horse-shoes but that would endanger lives. Even as things are a volley-baller is not quite safe from a wicked upper-cut, nor is a boxer safe from the volley ball. Those who cannot crowd into this little yard can walk in the city streets or lounge on the corner.

THERE is really a battle here for the souls of fine young men against terrific odds with the very poorest material and equipment at our disposal. The boys have no classrooms to be proud of, no building to point to with pride and say, "That's my school, St. John's College." They study in a crowded hall where mosquitoes enjoy a perpetual field-day and lighting is extremely poor. The conversation of every passer-by, amateur politician, teamster and the riff-raff who think it sport to yell at those who are so foolish as to try to develop their minds, floats into the class rooms. When there is a "fun-night," a night of entertainment for the boys, amusement must be sought on an empty floor, for such things as ping-pong tables and the like do not exist for us here.

If we had a decent campus, if we had a place for the boys to gather just to read or to listen to the radio, or to carry on informal discussions, then our work for the souls of these really wonderful boys would take giant strides forward. Until that time comes, we must limp along on what we have, doing the best we can.



# ONE "Swell" G.I.

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

**A**T a military camp somewhere in India, I was preaching a mission in a bamboo hut packed with British soldiers. Suddenly I thought I caught sight of a U. S. uniform towards the back of the chapel. To the best of my knowledge, however, there were absolutely no Americans in the vicinity. So I made a mental note to have my eyes examined at the earliest opportunity, and got on with the service.

During the singing of the hymn I made my way leisurely down the center aisle, casting glances of encouragement hither and thither

and yon, when that disturbing vision swung into view again. "What's wrong with me?" I asked myself. "Is this just a bad case of wishful thinking? Or am I really seeing an honest-to-goodness Yank?" Then, sure enough, there was the shoulder patch of the U. S. Air Force. And that lad's face was a relief map of the U.S.A., or I have never seen one.

Why should I make such a fuss over the mere sight of another American? Well, you just spend fifteen years of exile in India, and see what happens to your heart when you come face to face with someone who links you up with the dear old land that is home.

When the men started the second stanza of the hymn, I maneuvered over behind that lad who was, unconsciously, playing such outlandish tricks with my heart. "Listen," I whispered, "you've got a . . ." He jerked around, and stopped singing, his mouth still full of notes. It was difficult to keep a straight face, but I managed it. "You've got a magnificent voice," I said. "But, if you'll please come around to the sacristy when I've finished preaching, I'll give you a private audition. Then we'll see what can be done about it." He was simply too flabbergasted to say anything. So I smiled and said: "I mean I'm just dying to hear that voice of yours. Because, you see, I'm also a Yank."

**T**HEN things began to happen as though I had turned on the main switch in a power house. His face lit up, his eyes sparkled, a beaming smile broke out all over that map of the U.S.A., and the next thing I recall was trying to get him to pipe down for fear everyone in the church would hear him. "Gee, Father, that

Many reports, nearly all enthusiastically favorable, have come back from the missionaries about American soldiers in India, but none so completely caught the spirit of their attractive ways as this story of Jerome McGillicuddy. In the group to the left "Jer" is; at the extreme left. On this page he is facing the camera, his Air Corps insignia clearly visible.



swell!" he bubbled over right out loud. "Put 'er there! I'm Jerome McGillicuddy from New York. What's yours, Father?"

Wasn't I glad the men were putting all they had into the singing of that hymn! I had to make for the pulpit, because the next item on the program was my mission sermon. And did I ever take it on the chin for the next forty minutes! Every time my eyes caught sight of his million dollar smile, the words of my sermon got all tangled up with "Gee, Father, that's swell! Put 'er there!" And all the time I had to maintain the stern composure of a prophet of old telling his people to make straight the way of the Lord. Honestly those forty minutes were more like forty hours.

I just managed to dribble into the sacristy, flop into a chair and heave a mighty sigh of relief, when I heard: "Gee, Father, this is really swell!" Jerry was coming through the door, and for all practical purposes I was his long lost brother. "I never expected to meet an American priest here in India. How long you been here?"

"Fifteen years, Jerry."

Jerry pursed his lips and gave a low whistle: "Wheeeew! FIFTEEN YEARS! And you've never been back to the States in all that time? Father, that calls for a smoke."

So we stepped outside. Jerry produced a pack of Camels and lit up. "Here, keep this. Here's a pack of gum, too. Gosh, I'll bet you don't know what 'Juicy Fruit' tastes like after fifteen years. Sure you aren't kidding me, Father, about that fifteen years?"

"No, Jerry, no kidding. How long have you been in India?"

"Just landed yesterday, Father. We hardly got off the boat, when we got orders to move on here. We got in here this morning, and I hadn't had a chance to go to Confession since I left the States, so I started looking around to see if these was a Catholic Church

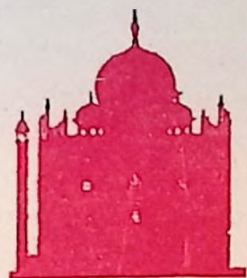
in the place, and darned if I didn't come across a poster announcing the mission. So I came along to see if it was true. Gosh, I never expected to run into a mission in this corner of the world. And by an American priest at that! Gee, Father, this is really swell.

"By the way, Father, I've got a sister a nun. Gee, she's a swell kid. Still a novice. Entered about a year ago. Her name's Margaret, but we call her 'Mar.' By the way, no one calls me 'Jerry' at home. They just call me 'Jer.' Mother pinned those tags on us when we were kids, and we've been just 'Jer' and 'Mar' ever since. Say Father, will you please do something for me? Will you please write home and tell 'em you met me here in India? I'll give you Mar's address, and then she can send your letter on to Dad and Mother. They'll get a kick out of it. Tell you what I'll do, if it's okay. I'll come around again in the morning and bring their pictures along. Okay? Say about ten. Can I bring another guy along

with me in the morning? He's a special friend of mine. A Jew. Good, clean kid, too. Really, Father, they don't come better. He'll get a kick out of it. Well, then I'll see you in the morning, Father. Gee, I'll never forget this evening as long as I live. It's sure been swell."

THE following morning Jer and his Jewish pal came along promptly at nine, and what a "bull session" we had, without a break until noon! But it was all too short. So we got together again in the evening. Towards the end of this second session, Jer said: "Father since you go all over India preaching missions, maybe we'll have a chance to meet again. In any case, I can write to you, can't I, Father?"

"I hope you will, Jer." I gave him my Patna address, and told him his letters would always be forwarded from there, no matter where I might happen to be. Then he had to go. As he gripped my hand, he turned on that million dollar smile, and said for





**Father Richard A. Welfle, of the All-India Mission Band, a veteran of 13 years on the missions. Compare this recent photo with the one inside the cover taken 13 years ago when he first went to India.**

the hundredth time "Well, Father, it's sure been swell."

That same evening a troop train left the camp, and Jer was on it. About two weeks passed before his first letter came along, and, to use Jer's own lingo, it was a whizz-bang. His bouncing personality stuck out all over it. And so everything was "swell."

Months went by—six or seven of them, and although I was once very close to where Jer was posted, still we never actually had a chance to meet. Our letters, however, continued to go back and forth with periodic regularity. Then one day, while on a preaching assignment in Calcutta, a letter from Jer was forwarded to me, in which he said he had some "swell" news. He wasn't allowed to tell me, but he wished he knew where I was at the time. The general tone of the letter was breezy as usual, but towards the end I got alarmed when he mentioned that he had gone into a hospital. I examined the envelope. It had been posted in Calcutta. Jer was in Calcutta at that very moment! The next moment I was on my way out to the hospital.

When I reached his ward, Jer wasn't there. One of the other patients said he had seen him over in the Red Cross. The Red Cross was full of men reading and writing letters. But no Jer. I went into the game room. Still no Jer. I made for the office, where there was a Red Cross girl sitting at a desk. "I'm looking for a lad named McGillicuddy." The young lady stepped out into the reading room, and called out:

"McGillicuddy! Is there anyone here by the name McGillicuddy?"

Then a strange thing happened. There was a swell table over in the corner, and I could have sworn a stack of bibles when I scanned that room just a few minutes before, that no one was near that table. E the first time that girl called out "McGillicuddy," a lanky figure in pajamas materialized in the act of writing a letter at that table, and up popped Jer. V caught sight of each other at the same instant. T he began to hurdle chairs and tables to get to I and—well—it was a scene. We just didn't give t hoots if everyone in the place did take us to be craz

**T**HEN we found a quiet spot to ourselves, and g talking in earnest. "Father, the whole thing's pro dential. You see, as soon as I found out, I wrote once to Patna to locate you, and here I was just ho ing to see you before I leave for home and darn if . . ."

"Home?" "Yeah." "When?"

"Tomorrow morning. Flying back. Isn't that swell? It took me some time to answer that one."

"Well, Jer," I said, "I'm glad for your sake. . . Really it is swell. But, well, how did all this happen?"

"The Doc simply declared me unfit for service in India, and said I'd be going home." Jer let go with a flood of laughter. "Gosh, Father, this is the best ever. You see, a little while back I began losing a bit of weight, so the Doc examined me, and, Father, you know what he discovered? Honestly, I wouldn't believe it myself, if I heard it from someone else, but it's a fact . . . Father, get read to weep . . . I'm allergic to eggs!"

Well, Jer laughed until the tears streamed down his cheeks, and I came in a close second. Then, when we had ourselves under control again, Jer said "Father, will you please do something for me? My mother will be taking the veil or making her profession of something, and I want to get her some Indian lace."

"Jer, I know a mission station where the Sisters turn out lovely lace. I'll have them do a specially nice piece, and send it on."

Then we said goodbye. I still don't know if Jer was just laughing off something serious when he said he was allergic to eggs, but anyway he took off the following morning. I hated to see him go, for Jer had won a place in my heart as one grand lad.

And I know that I express the general opinion of the Fathers of Patna Mission when I say of the Yanks in India that they are—well, "Gee, they're swell!"

# Canadian Jesuits in China



Father Adrian Sansoucy, S.J., of the French-Canadian Province of Canada, has been mission treasurer of the Suchow Mission in China for ten years. He must support 69 men and a war-torn mission when eggs are \$30 each and one pound of sugar costs \$500.

Rt. Rev. Philippe Cote, S.J., is Bishop and Vicar Apostolic for the whole China. He went to China the second time in 1927 and has been there ever since, as Superior of the missions, and since 1938, Bishop of a mission diocese.

## Shanghai's

Leo Paul Bourassa, S.J. & Marc Hardy, S.J.

## Prisoners Speaking

**P**AX CHRISTI. Today is all Saints Day, and I feel I simply can't let it go by without writing. We are all well, and still in the same spot.

Morale is excellent. Everyone is studying Chinese in the best fashion he can manage. For myself, I am taking a fling at Oriental Philosophy, and find it delightful, really. The food is abundant and good, but does lack variety. Potatoes, morning, noon and night, nothing but potatoes. We'll all be turning into potatoes, sure. Sometimes for a change we have macaroni, macaroni and more macaroni. Now, however, it is the season for carrots. I would never have believed a crop could be so good. A mouthful of meat once a week.

A suspicion of sugar in an imitation of coffee once a day. As for tea—an uncertain beverage made from barley browned in the stove. Taste: something midway between straw and oats (though as far as I know I never ate either one or the other). From time to time they give us different sorts of greens very much like spinach. Obviously neither butter nor milk, nor any of their products. And no eggs. A sort of syrup made from sweet potatoes and peanut butter constitutes just about all we have. One eats as much as one can manage morning and noon, but it's no use. At 11 o'clock and at 6 o'clock one is always on the verge of famine. Once a month they give us a real collation.



Front row. Bishop Cote, S.J.; Msgr. Marin, S.J., Apostolic Visitor to all Chinese missions; Archbishop Zanin of Peiping and Apostolic Delegate to China; Father Adelard Dugre, S.J., former Provincial of Lower Canada and now Assistant to the General of the Jesuits for the British Isles, Belgium, Australia and Canada; Father Hsu, Chinese parish priest. Second row. Very Rev. Father Joseph Courchesne, S.J., Superior of the mission; Father Edward Lafleche, S.J., missionary pastor, and a Chinese secular priest.

The Mission seems to prosper—of course there are always some reservations to be made. For instance the eighth (Communist) army is encamped in the country here. They have already occupied Father Boileau's house. The Reds teach school in the Church. The great stone wall which surrounded the property has been torn down. The stones have all been carted several miles away, for fortification purposes. This means that the Mission will be very hard to restore. Yentow, Father Eduard Cote's station some time ago, has been demolished, walls, church, residence, schools, everything. Wanko, where old Father Degeloes used to labor, has been taken and surrendered several times. Right now the district of Wutoin is occupied. The situation in the country is certainly not rosy—it is quite red. And when it is not Communists, it is their Chinese collaborators. Obviously, in these troubled times, one cannot expect better. You can guess the situation of the Fathers of the Divine Word who will take our place. Being Germans, their relations with the authorities are not too bad, but as far as the work of the Mission is concerned, they are less well off. Only 12,000 out of a flock of 87,000 made their Easter duty. The number of baptisms was about the same as last year. It is worthy of note that the number of adult baptisms diminished, while those of infants increased. We are certainly happy that God provided successors for us, at least to some extent. It is these poor Fathers (European and Chinese) who have most to put up with. Whatever progress they make is the result of heroism.

Those of ours who are still interned, are pawing the ground with impatience.

**I**N the city of Suchow, in spite of everything, the work of the apostolate goes on. Our grade school numbers 700 pupils, our college 600. The Salesian Fathers have the care of 125 orphans, and the Italian Ursuline sisters attend to the educational needs of 175 children. At Pat-tze-Kiaie, the vocational training school counts 60 apprentices.

Our sisters, the sisters of the Immaculate Conception of Pont-Viau—you may tell this Mother General with my respects (Father Bourassa), are all well. They are bright, plump and merry. They are busy studying English, Chinese, the different arts; music, painting, etc., all of which will be of great use for them in their future labors. The nuns of the island of Tsung-Ming are still there. It looks as if the Japs had forgotten them. However I have a vague recollection of hearing someone say that they had been forbidden to take in any more children. All the sisters send very special greetings to their Mother, sisters, families and friends.

Did I tell you I had volunteered as a gardener for the Carmelites along with Fathers Lafleche, Lamoureux and Brother Pesant? We are going three or four times a week to see to the weeding, seeding, pruning and general tidying up of their garden.

You see that the rules of our prison boarding house are not too strict. The prefect of the Japanese consular police comes to see us once or twice a week.



**Canadian Jesuits are interned at Tou-se-wei, famous orphan institute in the Shanghai suburbs. The little girls love to take care of the foundlings and soon learn to do so with skill.**

Permissions to leave the premises in order to visit the dentist or the doctor, are accorded without difficulty.

I HAVE just had a visit with Monsignor Philippe Cote. He sends his best regards to Very Rev. Father Dugre, to Rev. Father Provincial, to all his brother Jesuits, priests, scholastics and brothers. He blesses affectionately with all his heart, the families of the missionaries and their friends. He sends a special blessing to the families and friends of our four war casualties, Fathers Bernard, Lalonde, Dube and Brother Gauvin. Don't be afraid to pray to them. There is no doubt but that they died for God and the Church. With regard to the three Fathers shot at Fengshien, the cause is promising. They left for Heaven attired in the most resplendent vestment of St. Stephen.

Monsignor Philippe Cote is well, but chaffing at the bit somewhat at so much inaction. Father Courchesne is still superior. He's just as full of fun as ever. Father Alphonse Boileau is thin as always, and no less cheerful. His stories keep us all in continuous gales of laughter. A stay in the hospital rounded him out a little, but he hasn't yet succeeded in tipping the scales at 144 lbs. Father Louis Beaulieu, the old wag, is sharing his knowledge of Chinese and experience with the young. He has glasses which he takes off for reading, and teeth which he puts in his pocket when he wants to eat. Father Auguste Gagnon is already occupied with the post-war reconstruction plans for the Mission. Father Henri Plamondon, the great architect, spends the whole day poring over his blue-prints. We have had no news of Fathers Proulx and Deyon; they are at liberty somewhere in the west of China. Father Marc Hardy, along with his three companions



expect to complete their own formation within these very walls. Six of us, Fathers Raymond, Saint Denis, Desauters, Robin, Lamarche and Garneau, are preparing to receive the subdiaconate on the first of February. They will be ordained priests on June 7, if nothing unexpected happens. . . . (Then follows personal news of thirty-seven Jesuits for their friends and relatives).

Our procurator, Father Sansoucy, is getting paler every day. You can guess why: the money problem. Of course we're in pretty deep. It is all right to say "why bother about money?" You understand that when eggs are \$30 apiece, and 1 pound of sugar \$500, or 120 pounds of rice \$15,000, our finances will not take us very far. We simply don't dare to think about it much. We count on Providence to help us—it always has up to now.

THE last three or four years, we must confess, have been awful. All this time anything at all has been possible, nothing at all certain. This without any reference to the moral martyrdom of a missionary, who sees his flock scattered, or to the physical hardships, which even when they are not serious, still gradually wear one down. The menu necessarily always the same is enough to blunt sharpest appetites. But the morale is excellent. Just as a matter of course, each one hides his own suffering—kidneys, dysentery, stomach, eyes, nerves, the spirit of charity triumphs over all, with her usual attendants, gaiety and enthusiasm, are always evident.

So don't worry too much about us—only pray. I am a little apprehensive about the finale of this mighty drama. Almighty God takes special care of us, and we have the happiness of knowing that we are doing His will. We live in a weird sort of intimacy with you all. Every day somebody has a dream to tell, and you are always in it. May God look after you, even as He looks after us—and we assure you of our love.



At the military Mass on the grounds of Up Park Camp in Jamaica, Bishop Emmet was the celebrant and guest of honor of the "Brockville Rifles" stationed in Jamaica. Up Park Camp was formerly "Camp Gibraltar," a refugee settlement built for the evacuees of Gibraltar, nearly all of whom were Catholics. Jesuits were their chaplains. Now all the evacuees have been repatriated.

FATHER GEORGE FONG, convert to Catholicism and one of the leading historians of antiquities in China, has just been appointed head of the History Department of the Protestant University of Yenching in China. It was his historical studies of Father Ricci and

his converts which gave him his opportunity to study the Catholic Church.

THE FRENCH-CANADIAN PROVINCE of the Society of Jesus has been entrusted by the Pope with the organization of education in Ethiopia at the special request of Emperor Haile Selassie. Ethiopia was one of the first missions entrusted to the Jesuits in the sixteenth century. A teacher's college is to be opened in Addis Ababa where teachers will be trained first for primary schools. Later high school and professional education is to be organized. The first priests are to leave Montreal soon. The first Jesuits arrived in Ethiopia in 1555. They were persecuted for 50 years but finally the Emperor and thousands of the people were won over to Catholicism. In 1632, all the Jesuits were put to death and the mission ended.

MOST REV. JAMES P. McCLOSKEY, BISHOP OF JARO, in the Philippines died recently in Manila at the age of seventy-six. He was a native of Philadelphia, and was one of the first American priests to go to the Philippines after they were taken over by the United States in 1903. He had been closely associated with Cardinal Dougherty in their years together in the Philippines, as Chancellor and later as his successor in the See of Jaro.

REV. JOHN HENEGHAN, CO-FOUNDER OF THE Society of St. Columban, was one of five Columban Fathers who were killed in the last few weeks of Manila's captivity. The others were Fathers Patrick Kelly, vice-Superior, John D. Lalor, Peter Fallon and Joseph P. Monahan.

THE CO-OPERATIVE MOVEMENT IN THE CARIBBEAN, especially in Jamaica, B.W.I., and in British Honduras, has received special attention and inspiration from the visits of distinguished co-operative leaders from the United States. Bishop Schlarman, Bishop of Peoria, and president of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, Monsignor Ligutti, executive secretary of the NCRLC, and Monsignor Morrison, pastor of Holy Name Cathedral, Chicago, and president of the National Liturgical Conference, made a special stop at Kingston on their way to South America. Later Miss Mavy V. Dooling, able Directress of the Queen's Work Co-operative Department, after an extensive tour of the co-operative centers in both missions brought back a detailed report of growing enthusiasm and sound progress in co-operative methods.

REV. THOMAS CAMPBELL JONES, from Albany, N.Y., just recently ordained to the priesthood by Bishop William A. Griffin of Trenton in St. Mary's Cathedral is the fourth Colored diocesan priest in the United States. The other three are in Buffalo, Los Angeles and Flint, Michigan. Among the religious, the Society of the Divine Word has twenty Colored priests, the White Fathers one, the Trinitarians one, and the Josephites one. There are 13,000,000 Negroes in the United States; only 320,000 of them are Catholics.





# First

HERE IS ONE OF THE MOST HUMAN AND MOVING DOCUMENTS OF THIS IN-HUMAN WAR, EXCERPTS FROM SOME OF THE FIRST LETTERS THE JESUIT MISSIONARIES WROTE HOME AFTER THEIR DELIVERANCE IN THE PHILIPPINES

*Father Joseph Priestner*—Dearest Mother, Bessie and all at home. . . . What a thrill to be able to send this! The first thing you must do is to thank God for our truly wondrous deliverance a few days ago. We haven't a cent and lost practically all of our belongings but don't worry, the United States Army and Red Cross are feeding and caring for us. No gifts ever got to our prison camp from the United States. Keep for me if you can all the latest things you can on airplanes and radios and the things they are doing in physics. I want to get up to date as soon as possible. We are all very proud of our Filipino Jesuits. The city is full of their praise and their bravery in rescuing people from burning buildings.

*Father Richard H. Dowling*—Dearest Mother and family. . . . Yesterday was a wonderful day. I am now safe, enormously happy, splendidly treated and writing home to you! I am joining you in a fervant "Thank God." Your letters took from six months to a year and a half to reach me but each one was a treat. I hope we will soon be allowed to go to the ruined city of Manila to help our Filipino friends. We left Father Joe Mulry in the camp cemetery yesterday. May his fine soul rest in peace! We are in God's good hands. May God bless each of you.

*Father Leo Welch*—Dear Father, Mother and all my loved ones. . . . All thanks to our loving Saviour and our dear soldier boys for our rescue. I am well and happy. The Holy Sacrifice of Mass has been my

**Marksmanship! Bay View Hotel in Manila, left intact amid the ruins of Manila, as seen from window in Santo Tomas.**

**From a wall safe in the ruined church of the Columban Fathers at Malate, Father McFadden, S.S.C., rescues the sacred vessels and the Blessed Sacrament.**

# Mail from Manila



closest comfort and help and daily brought me closer to you all. I hear we will get our first pieces of real bread today. Imagine it, our first piece of bread in about three years. I am anxious to help here as my health is good. Address mail here to your loving son and brother.

*James B. Reuter*—Hello Mother. . . . I have been hungry for three years and three months. I fared a little better than the others because I was on the wood crew,—heavy work, chopping down trees and splitting logs for kindling. We were fed rice three times a day, the rest of the camp only twice. Physically I have been doing stevedore's work since 1941. Mentally I have been studying Theology and defended the Trinity in second year. Spiritually I am happier every year that I am a Jesuit. Received your beautiful letter, Mother, just now. Second since the war began. I love the Filipinos but I am homesick too to see Nance, Rita and Kenny and you and everyone. I lay in bed on Christmas Eve in that bloody internment camp listening to the thud of bombs on the shore and I thought of the Christmas tree at home with the balls gleaming in the dark and I thought of the cold cheeks on the kids and—homesickness is a sweet thing. I am on my way back. Love you!



three years of Japanese domination. No American could have been more loyal. Early in the war, they brought us funds and food, all at great personal risk to themselves. They would tell me, "Father, your own home and family is far away but never mind, this is your home and we are your family." That is why I got back to Manila as soon as I could to help relieve the suffering and distress of these people.

Through the dust and debris of Manila, I met dear friends everywhere and almost all of them have lost members of their family, their homes are destroyed and all possessions gone. We are burying the dead, sheltering the homeless, finding food for the hungry and medicine for the sick.

*John Ruane*—Dear Mother. . . . Next to the joy of reading my first letter from you, nothing gives me more pleasure than writing to you. Have no anxiety about me for thanks to Our Lord and His Blessed Mother, I am very happy and in fine health. I received about ten very welcome letters including the one from you, Mother, in which I learned of Dad's death. The scholastics gave me a spiritual bouquet—100 Masses, 95 Communions, 95 Rosaries, 45 Way of the Cross, 290 visits to the Blessed Sacrament and 600 various good works. On September 27th many priests offered Masses for him, so, dear Mother, in addition to his own holy and generous life and the prayers and Masses of many Jesuit Fathers, Dad was given a big send-off home. He did his work well laboring to give us all a fine Catholic education. The sacrifice was visibly blessed by three vocations to the priesthood. I never forgot that you asked me to pray for a special intention back in 1941 but I didn't realize it was this. May the children of such a wonderful father and mother live worthy of them. The Red Cross is taking good care of us all. Don't worry. I'm starving only for news from home.

*Father Joseph Kerr*—Dear Mama. . . . After one Novena to our Lady of Lourdes and another to St. Joseph and in the midst of another on First Friday, an answer to the prayers came and we are now out of the stress of starvation. God bless America! The succession of novenas might lead you to suspect that things were pretty gloomy. They were. We have been observing a fast—not a voluntary one—which would have put the strictest saint to shame. I have lost much weight, as has everyone, but thanks to the Red Cross, Uncle Sam, Hershey's chocolate, I expect to spring back to normal in short order. We cannot say too often "Thank God for everything." We have been much impressed by the Army boys, big, healthy, strong, clean cut, generous, courteous, heroic without any fanfare. The chaplains here are 100 percent plus.

*Father Henry W. Greer*—Dear Ma and Pa. . . . We found Manila wrecked and ruined. There's only one reason for the brutal behavior of the Japanese here, the loyalty of the Filipinos to America through

*Ralph B. Gebring*—Dear Mother and Dad. . . . God bless you. I am safe, well and happy. It is about sunset, a gentle shower is drifting by, there is still plenty of light yet. Artillery is quiet at the moment and there is subdued talk among the ward patients, subdued noise of the Army trucks and a dynamo somewhere in the distance. I have seen people suffer and I have seen heroic charity and I know I shall be a better priest for it. This morning I realized I had two brothers in the service. Let's pray for a reunion soon.

*Richard McSorley*—Dear Mother and Dad. . . . Greetings from the son you almost lost. Every tick of the clock gives me more pep. I have the sensation of being reborn physically—real food—news—radio—American doughboys—freedom. God is certainly good to us and so is the U. S. A. Frank [his brother, an Oblate, also interned] was down here a few days ago. He came in a jeep and in some salvaged Army clothes. Yesterday at noon Corporal John McSorley interrupted my dinner by assuring me that he was my brother. I would never have recognized him. We had a wonderful time talking and eating together for six hours. John, Frank and I plan to get together soon.

*Gerald W. Healy*—Dear Mother, Father and Family. . . . We will be thanking God and Our Lady till our dying day. Had a share in the Maryknoll celebration of their Silver Jubilee in camp because of my two sisters. What an order! And what wonderful representatives they had in this camp. A thousand blessings! Believe me, I am very happy, only tired and still hungry. I am very grateful. G.I. Joe is being wonderful to us. Thank God and Our Lady with your lucky, happy son and brother.

*Father Vincent Kennally*—Dear Adelaide, Eileen and all the families. . . . Just received two wonderful letters. God bless you all. I was in Culion when the war broke out and when I got back to Manila, almost a year later, I found all my novices and all the Jesuits in Manila interned at the Ateneo. God's providence has been at work. Novices have entered, studies have continued in spite of all. Unbelievable miracles of Grace at work. How much good does God draw from men's wrongs! God bless you.

*Father Charles Deppermann*—Dear Bill. . . . Thank God for his wonderful divine Providence. Rescued yesterday. . . . I am perfectly well, though my weight dropped from 180 to 110 pounds. Don't worry, my only need now is food. I am perfectly healthy otherwise. Everything at Manila has been burned or bombed to pieces, but I am cheerful and will do my best to build a bigger and better Observatory. As soon as I can, I want to get up to date in meteorology, seismology and astronomy and plan for better things in the future and then back here to the islands for my life's work.

*Father Maurice A. Mudd*—Dear Frank. . . . Here we are. The paratroops jumped, the amphibian tanks came in, the Japanese garrison was shot up and we are safe, after starving in camp for eight months. I have lost 140 pounds but don't worry, I feel quite well. The massacre of civilians was horrible. Many a family

of my acquaintance was wiped out. In killing the civilians the Jap soldiers said, "You'll never see the Americans you are so eager to meet."

*Father Vincent de P. O'Beirne*—Dear Steve and all the folks. . . . An estimated 100,000 Filipinos, about 100 priests and sisters and Christian Brothers, Bishops Versosa and Alvear, all non-American, mostly Spanish and Germans, have been slaughtered in the past six weeks. All of our buildings in Manila have been shattered or burned except La Ignaciana. San Jose Seminary was set on fire by the Japanese as they left. I am picking up well here myself, working in the hospital four hours a day as an orderly. The Army medical corps is taking excellent care of all of us and the Red Cross supplements with adequate rations of cigarettes, chocolate, toilet articles and clothing. All credit to the Red Cross for the free Air Mail service for us to our homes.

There were Ateneo boys with the Amphibian tractor landing forces which freed us. In our hurry, we had to leave behind all our books, about 700 were valuable. The speed, efficiency, coordination, courtesy and solicitude of the American boys for the 125 sisters and the 175 priests warmed your heart and made you proud of them. They gave a big hand to the Filipino Guerrillas who teamed up with them.

*Father Bernard F. Doucette*—Dear Everyone. . . . I am feeling fine now but before I was weak and hungry, though far from helpless. My weight in December 1941 was about 190, in eighteen months lost about 30 pounds. Then in a session of 100 days as a guest of the Japanese military police, I went down to 140 pounds, then to camp, up to 160 pounds and in June of 1944 began to lose because of diet and down to 145 pounds. Now I am on the way up and up, feeling stronger. Remembered all of you in all my prayers. The Observatory, the astronomical buildings, everything at 406 P. Faura Street, books, records, etc., have been destroyed. It all happened about ten days ago. We will have to start from the ground up and build again. I was not tortured, though I heard prisoners being tortured, but I have a most vivid realization of what persecution means now.

*Thomas Brady*—Dear Gene. . . . I have seen the hand of Providence so often at work in this mess that there is practically no room for Faith any more. Why the hundreds of bullets that came into my room the first night after liberation didn't pick me off, I don't know. Why a shell killed five men in back of me and passed me by, I don't know. Why I wasn't hit by bombs that burst about me as we carried stretchers, I don't know. Rather, I do know. It was Providence.



**Father Andrew Cervini, S.J. (left), examining the nose of a shell which exploded in Santo Tomas internment camp. Later he was hit by one and lost a foot. (below) Effects of Japanese shelling of Santo Tomas after liberation.**

Shells still whistle overhead as we clean up Manila. So pray that we finish soon.

*Robert Maxcy*—Dear Dad. . . . Freed yesterday in the grand and glorious manner. Paratroops, amphibian tractors! God's goodness brought us all safely through the three years. News of Mom's death reached me last April. It hit hard, Dad, for during all the time under the Japs, my dreams of the future made her the living mother of a priest and those dreams of you both together at my Ordination made the rough parts of the last three years easy to get over. But God's ways are not ours and in a short time the consciousness of her watching over me, all of us in fact, was a grand consolation. Innumerable Masses and Holy Communions and prayers for her were offered by the Jesuits and my boys. "Two mothers in Heaven" has always been my consoling thought. Don't worry Dad, perhaps I will soon be with you to have long, long talks with you. We will let God take care of everything, Dad.

*Father Francis D. Burns*—Dearest Mother and all. . . . Yesterday we were liberated—rescued from starvation and death. In December 1941 the fourth day of the war, we were put in jail at Naga by the Japanese. I was beaten, kicked and twice put in solitary confinement for four days each time. We were in the hands of drunken Japanese civilians. After three months, through the intervention of the Japanese religious section, we were taken to the Ateneo in Manila, then kicked out. Twice the Gestapo raided us, took two of our men and kicked us out a year later. Now it is all over. Love to all.

*Father Anthony Gampp*—Dear Edwin. . . . The rescue came just in time as the Japanese could not or would not feed us any further. As soon as the war broke out Culion (leper colony) was cut off completely from all food supplies. From the beginning the lepers began to leave Culion secretly—they so feared starvation. About 2,000 of them died. Doctor Wade, an American, the head of the Wood Research Laboratory and the acting chief of the leper colony, Dr. Noleorea, and I went to the island of Panay to try to get food for the lepers from the American Army. We did get some and it was a big help. But the greater portion never reached Culion as the Japanese planes discovered the two boats bringing supplies and sank them. One of our joys here is the wonderful charity of the American soldiers towards all of us civilians. I hope soon we can do something for the poor lepers.





Harry Black Elk and  
Laverne Broken Rope

# Sioux

## on the Warpath

Edward J. Laskowski, S.J.



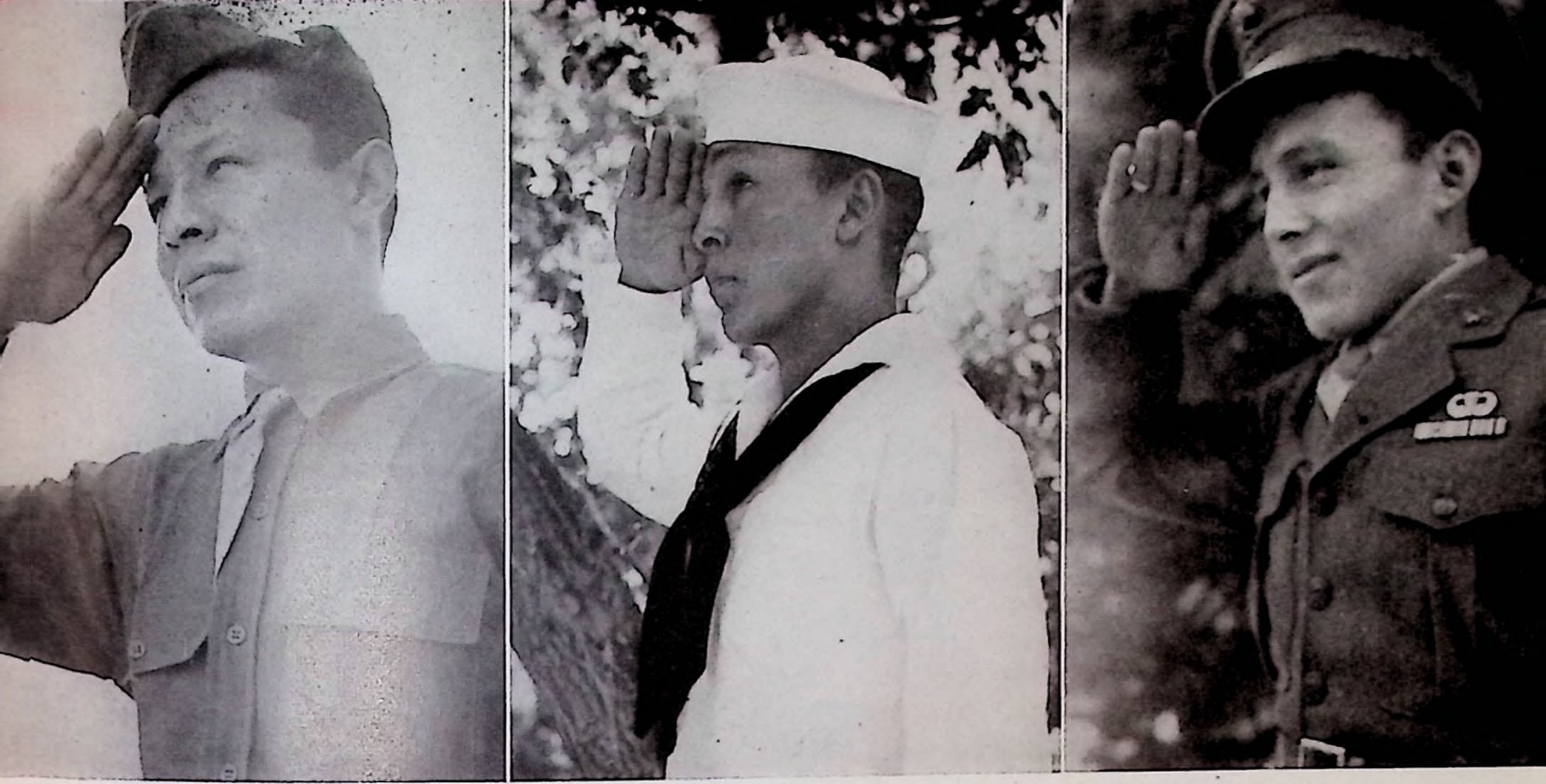
22,000 AMERICAN INDIANS ARE IN THE ARMED FORCES OF THE UNITED STATES. HOLY ROSARY MISSION HAS THE MOST IMPRESSIVE HONOR ROLL OF ALL

THE Omaha-bound train was pulling into the Rushville station. Travelers hurriedly gathered up their belongings, shouted "goodbyes" to their friends and relatives and rushed over to the tracks to await the oncoming train. Amid that mad rushing about, there was one who seemed apart from all the others. Her leisurely manner, her garb and features were all of ancient days. Years, many years had written their story in the deep furrows on her brown face; untold sorrows and sufferings had left their mark too. There was no doubt. She was an old, old Indian squaw.

Her moccasined feet moved slowly as she walked her weary way out of the waiting room. Soon the sunlight of the mid-afternoon shone on her face, and the lines seemed deeper. Now, leaning her body against the wall of the building, she began to chant. Slowly, sorrowfully, monotonously. It was the song of the Sioux squaw singing the ancient chant of the tribe as the Sioux brave prepared to depart for the battlefield . . . the wail of the Sioux for the dead members of the family. Today she was chanting for her grandson, Claude Plenty Wounds, now leaving for unknown territory. Claude remained some distance from his grandmother as she continued her chant, and when the train pulled into the station, he jumped up the steps

and into the coach. There was no emotional demonstration of farewell; no prolonged sobbing; no last minute embrace. The warrior was going off to the wars, and the Sioux squaw remained behind to chant him on his way. Perhaps the tears might come when she returned to her cabin in the hills, but now, in the presence of her boy, no tears would flow. She must send him off with a song of those ancient days when the Sioux were the most feared of Indian warring tribes.

CLAUDE PLENTY WOUNDS is only one of the Sioux graduates of Holy Rosary Mission School whose battlefield has become the lands of the world. There are hundreds of others in the Army, in the Navy or in the Marines. Some of these will never come back to their old stamping grounds at Pine Ridge for they have paid the supreme price. Two were taken prisoners at Corregidor, Donroy Shangereu and Clayton Gibbons, and have died in Japan. Vincent Condelario, a gallant Marine, died at Tarawa. Clem Crazy Thunder was at Bougainville, where in one encounter with the Japanese, he was one of only seventeen out of a large group that got back safely. He volunteered for messenger duty on most dangerous missions and came through unhurt. He was a Marine Paratrooper then. He and an Arapaho Indian friend, Daniel Friday, went through the mill together. Later both were with the 5th Division on Iwo Jima. Dan got powder burns in his eyes and was brought back. He saw Clem on the 7th of March and all was well. On the 12th on Iwo Jima, Clem Crazy Thunder gave up his life for his country. In Holland, Jake Herman, Paratrooper, in a heroic stand against tremendous odds lost his life. Norman Portwood, a Bombardier on a Flying-Fortress, did



**Three Sioux brothers in the service, Nick, Dave and Clem Crazy Thunder—Clem was killed on Iwo Jima.**

not return from a mission over Germany last May. There is no hope that he is left alive. Two, George LaDeaux and Albert Chief Eagle, were killed in an accident in service in this country. Francis Lyn Cow Killer was killed in Germany with the 34th Tank Battalion of the 5th ("Victory") Division.

A large number have been wounded in action, victims of battle in all parts of the world. Moses Broken Leg in Africa (later he was in the Philippine invasion), Eugene Clifford, Paratrooper in the invasion of France (he recuperated, returned to duty and was wounded again), Vincent Brokenrope in Luxembourg, Lenart Brown Eyes, another Paratrooper, in France, Richard Janis, three times wounded in the battle of St. Lo, Alex Patrick Hernandez, three times wounded trying to capture a pillbox on the Siegfried Line (two of his companions were killed in this attempt), Clayton Jealous of Him in the battle for Leyte and Moses Blindman twice wounded by Japanese snipers. The wounded Sioux are many and the list will grow.

**H**OLY ROSARY boys can be found in all parts of the world today and in all branches of the service. Katy Black Elk and Eunice Quick Bear are only two of the many girls that can be located with the WACs; Coleen Hunter presents a charming picture of a sedate young miss in her WAVE uniform. Edgar Pumpkin Seed is in England, his brother, Dallas, Pat Fast Horse, Ted Cuny and Leonard Walking Bull are in Italy. Roy Black Crow is in Burma and Vandal Fast Horse is in India. Norwood Looking Elk is somewhere in the Pacific and Raymond Whirlwind Horse and Everett Brokenrope are in camp in the United States. Emerson Elk Without Horns (he goes by the simple name of

Elk) is a Paratrooper still in the States. In the uniform of the U. S. Navy, ashore and at sea, are Sylvester Bad Cob, Dave Crazy Thunder, Howard Bad Milk, Clifford and Fred White Face, Richard Marrow Bone, John White Eyes and Theophila Ghost Dog.

Truly, we here at Rosary feel that we have reason to be proud of our graduates. They have proved themselves gallant in action, heroic in self-sacrifice, steadfast in trials and difficulties. The training they received from Bob Clifford stood them in good stead in the service of their country.

**A**ND as we pause in our reading of these letters from our soldier alumni, we look out of the window to see our pupils of today going through the same drill sessions. From the ragged line of those lovable primary graders, our eyes quickly rove down the line to the straight, well-nigh perfect lines of the higher grades and high school. There is Walks Under the Ground, Little Bear, Wounded Arrow, Red Elk, Sioux Bob, Elk Boy, Day Boy, Her Many Horses, White Eyes, High Hawk, Crooked Eyes, Little Wolf, Red Wolf, and Cedar Face. Today these young Sioux march under the colors and protection of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary. Tomorrow, many of them will continue their marching in other lands far from home. They will be far from home but not far from the loving protection of their Blessed Mother. They will invoke her aid often, for as one returning warrior told the student body some time ago as he related the incidents of the battle of Saipan, "*When those Jap planes start dropping bombs close to your ship, you are mighty glad you have learned your prayers at school. When the bombs burst, and the bullets fall fast and close, then it is really easy to call on the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary for help. Learn your prayers now, and learn to say them well. You'll never regret it.*"

*"I will go unto  
the altar of God."*

# MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZO



## The Priest and The Mass

■ Of all the trials that missionaries have endured in this war, the forced necessity of giving up Mass must have been the hardest. Disease, hunger, cold, flight, fear, actual physical violence, hard labor, with the dwindling hope of liberation through three years; all this they could have accepted almost cheerfully if they could have stood at the altar of God each morning and renewed that Act of supreme Sacrifice. The rest of their days would not have been so dark if they could only have let the light and grace of Heaven into their souls for that brief half hour at dawn.

The Jesuit missionaries in Mindanao who had never fallen into the hands of the Japanese were fortunate because they at least had the Mass. It is true they had to conserve their supply of wine very closely. A Jesuit chaplain who escaped from Corregidor with General MacArthur managed with great difficulty to have some wine flown back to Mindanao. There was a wine shortage in Australia at the time and the authorities were reluctant to let any wine out of the country; but an American officer, knowing the desperate plight of the missionaries in the Philippines, retorted, "When you are reduced to measuring out wine with an eye-dropper for Mass, as they are, then you can complain and we shall listen to you." Needless to say they got the wine. By using it carefully they were able to say daily Mass for their people.

But some of the missionaries who were captured did not fare so well. One of them told how for four months they were deprived of the privilege of saying Mass, not because the Japanese forbade them but simply because they had no wine. Why did God do this to His chosen ones, those who had voluntarily remained with their people precisely that they might bring God down from Heaven to them? The answer is lost in the mys-

tery of God's Providence but at least we can say was a supreme test of their Faith. We know that nothing is lost in God's eyes and the privations the missionaries endured, especially of the Mass, will be compensated for in other ways.

## One Eternal Sacrifice

■ During the period of internment there were thirty native Filipinos who voluntarily entered prison to start their religious life as Jesuits. These vocations must have been inspired by the heroic example of their imprisoned teachers. One day these young men will stand at the altar of God as His priests. The Masses they will say will run into the thousands, God willing, and the results they will produce among their own people may far exceed the fondest expectations of their precursors, had they been free, during the past three years. In the over-all, full and final picture of that one Eternal Sacrifice offered to God the Father by His Divine Son there is assurance that God will compensate these missionaries for what they have given up in His Name. And the Masses they could not say while in prison, will be made up by a fuller span of years or in some other way hidden in the heart of God.

The month of June is the month of Ordination to the priesthood. In our various houses of study in this country many young men will bow their heads to receive the imposition of hands. As priests they will fill in the ranks in the mission fields and at home. They will continue and renew for us the Sacrifice of Calvary and keep God in our midst. While we pray that they may be worthy, we should also strive to acquire a deeper appreciation of the Mass and thank God that we have never been deprived of its sweet influence and consolation during these trying years of war and destruction.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

## No Ordinary Person

*"One of the most interesting persons I met on the trip was Father Joseph F. McElmeel, S.J., pastor of an Indian village and auxiliary chaplain in Alaska. I shall never forget the warmth of his smile . . . his charming personality. We soon became aware that we were in the presence of no ordinary person. This saintly man of God lives in a room about 12 by 12, makes his own fire, does his own cooking and his only means of transportation is a team of dogs. Yet he could well honor the chair of contemporary literature in any university. Officers and men speak of him with the greatest affection and admiration, and I could not help but feel the tremendous influence that he has on our soldiers." (From the report to the National Conference of Christians and Jews.)*



## TWO GRANDMAS AND A TRADER

*Francis M. Menager, S.J.*

**T**HE parish at Bethel isn't very old, less than three years, in fact, but it is already one that a veteran missionary can be proud of. And it owes its success to three people.

The first is a good Irishman, Mr. Tom Conquest, trader, located in the village of Eek, Alaska. Tom built a cabin which he used a few days each year for his freight in Bethel. The first proposal was that we own it jointly, he to use it the few days he needed it and I the rest of the year when I was home. But Tom was too generous for that and he gave it to me outright. That was the start of the first church property in Bethel. And so I had a place to lay my head, a little cabin with one room (16x12), a table near the window, a few gas boxes for furniture (what would we do in Alaska without the Standard Oil cases?), no bed in it, a few boards for a bunk, cluttered up with all sorts of things, furs and a raincoat and hip boots and kitchen utensils and supplies. It is, you see, a combination kitchen, parlor and bedroom, which makes it a little difficult when a travelling missionary comes for a visit.

Tom wasn't satisfied with that—he bought me a bed with a real spring and mattress, so that my old bones after seventeen years in Alaska, could have a little restful sleep. For a while it was cold but that too has been taken care of, gradually, until now thanks to Tom Conquest, I have a comfortable, if crowded domicile.

The other two who have helped to make the mission at Bethel the good parish that it is, are Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Smeaton, both entirely devoted to the Church, both grandmothers many times over, both expert sewers of all kinds of fur work, both excellent housekeepers, both fluent in English and Eskimo and both possessed of a splendid sense of humor. When I first started to say Mass in my little cabin, no Alaskan bliz-

zard could prevent these two from coming to Mass and Communion. They were the ones who first petitioned the Bishop for a parish here. Grandma Smeaton knows the genealogy of every family, (a puzzle to most of us), who is married, who is not, whose babies are which, and their actual names as well as the other names which are changed frequently and at will. She spent twelve years in our industrial school at Holy Cross and has not forgotten a thing she ever learned there about washing and ironing altar linens and keeping vestments in good order. I tried to make a surplice once myself without a pattern of any kind. When the thing was finished it looked more like a surgeon's operating gown. Grandma Smeaton, with a hearty laugh, when she saw it, offered to take it home and fix it up. Two days later she was back with a beautiful surplice, trimmed with lace,—actually a brand new one and I suspect that somewhere hidden away at home the old one lies concealed, affording her many a chuckle during the long winter months.

**T**HE two grandmas lead the choir, sing in Latin, Eskimo and English, decorate the altar, manufacture Easter lilies out of crepe paper, wire and paste, round up the people for Mass and see to it that the Church is kept in perfect order. Yet for all their delicate artistry, they never hesitate to get down on their hands and knees on the floor to wash it and oil it regularly.

In less than three years, thanks to these good people I have a church of my own, a good congregation, a house and an altar where I can offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with gratitude and pride. The Little Flower who is our special patron must surely have among her favorites these three good helpers who have aided so generously the growth of Bethel.

# The Oblates of Providence



## God Calls the Colored

Raymond R. Goggin, S.J.

**H**IDDEN away at the corner of a dead-end street in Baltimore, there stands an old brick house, two stories high with dormer windows. This is number Five St. Mary's Court. Its steps leading down from the sidewalk are covered by old fashioned wooden doors. Few people ever pass by this house but fewer still know the part it has played in the history of Catholicism in America. Yet its role has been of tremendous importance.

Here, on June 13, 1829, Catholic life was enriched by the establishment of a unique religious community—the first of its kind in the world. For on that historic day, thirty-four years before the emancipation, was founded the first community of Colored Sisters: The Oblate Sisters of Providence.

The founder of this community, Reverend James Hector Joubert, S.S., a Frenchman, had come to the United States from the island of San Domingo. For years he had envisioned a community of Colored Sisters who would care for the education of Baltimore's



neglected Negro children. Now the dream was to be fulfilled. The community had a lowly beginning. There were only three postulants: all of them, like the founder, from San Domingo, Elizabeth Lange, Marie Balas and Marie Boegue. These three women conducted the first boarding school for Colored in Baltimore in which eleven boarders and nine day pupils were registered.

In a short time, the Sisters were forced to move from St. Mary's Court, for the house which they had rented was sold by its owner, without warning to the Sisters. In another little, poor house on Georgetown Street, the Sisters completed their noviceship and pronounced the vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience.

Through the years to follow these valiant women proved their devotion to God by heroic service in the face of heart-breaking difficulties. The inspiring story of their efforts has been told by Grace Sherwood in "The Oblates Hundred and One Years" (Macmillan).

Forty years after the humble beginning in the brick house on St. Mary's Court, the Sisters dedicated their new Motherhouse at East Chase and Brentwood Streets. On November 27, 1870, Archbishop Spaulding of Baltimore officiated at the laying of the cornerstone. A new era was opening for the Oblate Sisters of Providence. They were to spread from Baltimore to Kansas in the West, and to South Carolina and Cuba in the South. The original three were to increase to two hundred and forty-six: two hundred and twenty-one professed, seventeen novices and eight postulants, who conduct three high schools, fourteen grade schools and three orphanages in Baltimore, Washington, Ridge, Md., Alexandria, Va., Charleston, S. C., Orangeburg,

fifty, representing almost every State in the Union as well as Cuba, Puerto Rico, and Jamaica, B.W.I. Some of them have devoted fifty years or more to the service of God and have returned to their Mother House to spend their days in peace and prayer. The younger Sisters, who teach in the high School, have degrees from Rosary College, Ill., Villanova and Catholic University. All the Sisters, young and old, superior and subject, share in the spirit of joy, of simplicity, of spontaneous refinement that permeates the convent.

Of the students of St. Frances Academy, the day scholars are from Baltimore and nearby towns; the boarding students come from all parts of the country and from Cuba. It is soon obvious that they have assimilated the charm and culture of the religious teachers. In the classroom, skilled teachers make intelligent use of up-to-date pedagogical methods and are not surprised by the enthusiasm and confident responses of the pupils. The Home-Economics department is modern, the cafeteria cheerful and inviting.



**Sister Margaretta, one of the Oblates of Providence in Counties of Maryland (opposite page, above and below) the girls' band in Baltimore. How proud they are of their uniforms! But the real pride of the school is the first class concert orchestra (above).**

S. C., Normandy, Md., St. Louis, Chicago, Leavenworth, Kansas, and Cuba.

Let us pay a brief visit to St. Frances Academy in Baltimore. It is a typical Oblate School, cheerful and spotlessly clean. Reverend Mother M. Teresa, superior of all the Oblates, studied as a girl at Rock Castle, Va., and became a Catholic. Now she governs her widely scattered congregation with Christ-like zeal and charity. In this one community there are more than

But what of the other thousands—even millions—untouched by this salutary influence? In all parts of the country, Bishops and Priests need Oblate Sisters and are continually asking for more Sisters and more Oblate schools.

Priests and Sisters working with the Colored can do much for God by fostering vocations to the Oblate Sisters. Girls and young ladies who are interested may obtain information by writing to Reverend Mother Superior, 501 East Chase Street, Baltimore 2, Md.

In the important work of bringing the Colored of our country to God, the Oblate Sisters of Providence are playing a vital part. May their labors be blessed and may their numbers increase!

Ordination  
in  
Internment



Shanghai  
June 7,  
1945



Morgan J.  
Curran of  
Los Angeles  
➔



Ralph M.  
Brown of  
San Francisco  
←



**I**N China, the land Xavier longed for but never reached; in Shanghai, the city that has known nothing but war and suffering for eight years; within the walls of Zi-ka-wei, the most remarkable mission establishment in all the world; while enemy Japanese guards stand watch outside, and the adoring angels of God crowd the skies overhead, the mercy of God will grant to five United States Jesuits and six Canadian Jesuits the priceless gift of ordination on June the seventh this year. May God bless the whole China mission for their generous sacrifice and through their fruitful ministry in the years ahead. May He grant to their parents, relatives and friends, who have so long and so anxiously awaited this day, the full realization of their new glory and the fullest share in their joy.

Reading up: William L. O'Leary, of Portland, Ore., John J. Gordon and Eugene E. Fahey of San Francisco

BRITISH HONDURAS

*Rt. Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., Belize*

Father Ganey's Credit Union has developed a fisherman's Co-op. They borrowed \$150 from the C.U. with which they bought a ton of twine and in their spare time began making a seine (fish net), a big one, 100 yards long by 8 or 9 feet wide, complete with floaters and sinkers. No need to tell you that the whole town is interested and enthused. Only a year ago they were working for a mere pittance for a contractor who supplied them with a seine. He got most of the profits and when, at the end of the season, the first fisherman of the group settled up his accounts, he was more than surprised to find out that instead of receiving some \$40 which he figured was due him, he was \$23 in debt. The contractor was around only a week ago trying to sign up the same fishermen but received the surprise of his life when he found they were now proudly in business for themselves.

*Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J., Orange Walk*

I am seated in a small chair in a canoe 14 feet long in the middle of New River going down stream, between winding banks of dense mangrove bush to visit my people at San Estevan. If I keep up at the present rate for another two months I shall have been out in the remote villages 230 days of the past year. This is pretty steady going. My bed is a hammock—my food anything at all—my work endless. 3,400 people are scattered about in nineteen different settlements; the shortest trip to them is one hour and a half, the longest, seven and a half by horse. My principal interests here are developing the League of the Sacred Heart and refuting the Adventists. They seem to follow me everywhere I go. They're tireless, they have money and endless books, pamphlets and leaflets, with a good supply of bibles to sell or give away. Anyone who accepts a bible is supposed to be converted. The help you sent my way has been a God-send.

JAMAICA

*Father William E. Shanahan, S.J., May Pen*

You will never realize how welcome that gift and letter of yours were to me here in May Pen. I have,

# AMERICAN JESUITS



**Father William Hussey, Dean of the brand new Jesuit school at Jaipur, gets a surprise visit from his brother, Sgt. John Hussey. A third brother, Rev. James Hussey, S.J., has just been appointed Vice-Rector of Loyola University, Chicago.**

**Father William Shanahan, S.J., hale, hearty and happy, was the man Superiors selected last year to take over the poorest mission in Jamaica.**

I think, the poorest mission on the island. A small church, a small congregation of about 100 Catholics, all very poor and about 20 people taking instructions once a week. I have no house to live in but manage to get along in the back of the church which used to be part of the sacristy. Next to the church is a small school for about 70 children, mostly native Jamaicans with an admixture of a few Syrians and about 10 Chinese boys and girls. North of May Pen there is another small church in Chapelton, 20 miles from here, where there are 100 Catholics and about 30 people taking instructions. The church was badly damaged by the hurricane last summer. Some of my Catholics in Chapelton have to walk 8 to 10 miles twice a month in order to attend Mass. Another small mission church to the south is in Lionel Town where there are about 400 Catholics, most of them a good distance from the church. Even at May Pen people have to travel a good distance to get to Mass. Two of my best Catholics, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Watts, have to leave home at 4:30 in the morning and walk over 10 miles. Both receive Holy Communion and both are advanced in years. They have to cross a small river at one place and so they take off their shoes and stockings and wade across the river. So you see they are good people and worth doing everything for.

The soldiers at the nearby base at Ft. Simonds have been a big help to me. Occasionally I help out at the base where many of the officers and soldiers receive Holy Communion every Wednesday. The Methodist minister, who is chaplain has been very kind to me. Two of the sergeants were taught in high school by my brother Henry, one at Brooklyn Prep and the other at Lewiston (Maine) High School.



## INDIA

*Rev. William Hussey, S.J., Jaipur*

The last relative to say goodbye to me in the States thirteen years ago was my brother John, who stood on the dock in New York with Father Gschwend when I left for India. Last Christmas Day the same brother John turned up for a surprise visit at Jaipur. I knew he was in the Army but I had no idea he was overseas, much less in India. We had a grand reunion.

*Rev. A. Goveas, S.J., Jehanabad*

Thank you very much for the handsome gift. I shall be sure to thank the benefactors. We are still renting the house from the Hindu landlord. It accommodates the missionary, the catechists and the school children. One of the rooms serves as a chapel. The Holy Family Hospital here has kindly lent us an old altar and a kind friend has promised a Mass kit. We still need a number of altar supplies and decorations for the chapel in order to make it a worthy place for our Lord and the Blessed Sacrament and some day we hope to have Stations of the Cross. At the boarding school, which is growing day by day, we have to feed, clothe and educate the children free, Christian as well as pagan. Some of the pagan depressed caste children have already started to come, which is a good sign.

## ALASKA

*Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., Akulurak*

Father Donohue, my partner, just came in from two weeks mushing along the flats. He grew a beard in that time and that was some beard. I was much impressed by the story of the rescue of Father Tardio and the Mercedarian nuns at Saipan. I lived with Father Tardio in Granada, Spain, and I will never forget the send-off we gave him the day he departed for Japan and the Mariannas. He was born in Jerez, Seville, where the best Spanish wine is made. Brother Fox has just returned from the hospital after a minor operation which was needed and thanks to your last check, he was able to have it taken care of. He is now much

better. Brother Fox's place as prefect of the boys was taken temporarily by Brother Murphy, who had that job for 25 consecutive years. Brother Peter Wilhelm is on his way to the States where he is supposed to do three things (a) get a change in diet, (b) pay a visit to his 87 year old mother whom he has not seen for exactly thirty years, (c) get a ticket back to Akulurak as fast as he can. He has spent over twenty-five years around here and we can ill afford to be without him.

*Father John P. Fox, S.J., Hooper Bay*

We were unable this year for the first time since my coming, to give presents to the children and adults for Christmas. We just did not have the wherewithal to do it. The weather has been very cold this year. I just picked up the thermometer from the floor in my room—18°. Up near the ceiling it is probably 50°. I would like to be able to do something about the floor but with the inordinate affection the Army seems to have for lumber, we cannot get any boards here. You have been a good friend in need and I want to thank you again for all the help of these past years.

*Father Jules Convert, S.J., Hooper Bay*

The last mail finally brought me good news from my folks in France. All well, in spite of the passage of the fighting 7th Army through my home town. We are still a bit anxious for my younger brother, a prisoner of five years in Stettin, as far as we know. The Jesuits have suffered greatly during the invasion; bombings have caused many victims and several chap-

lains of the Maquis were executed by the Germans with the wounded that they were caring for.

*Rt. Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, S. J.  
From Hooper Bay*

I have visited all the stations up north around Hooper Bay. Father Convert went on ahead to round up the natives for Confirmation. It is a two-day trip to Keyalurik and difficult to find, so he persuaded me to go by plane. I think he believes that the "Bishop can not take it." He sent a letter back by an Eskimo guide informing us that he could not reach the place. He had to sleep over-night on the trail in a hole dug in the snow. Both he and the Eskimo guide had their wrists badly frozen, when they were caught in a severe blizzard. He is a zealous young missionary and travels this district by dog team—which is all right when there is no blizzard.

*Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., St. Michael's*

I couldn't help smiling when I read your remark that my last letter to you was on July 15. But I am not exaggerating in saying that I never did work as hard as I have last summer and fall and this winter. My big work had to be postponed for two years and finally I got down to mimeographing my Innuite catechism so that the other Fathers could get a copy. It was not easy on an old model machine without an automatic counter and I knew that my little portable typewriter would not stand the making of another 250 stencils. Meantime, the Government appropriated all typewriters. But finally it was done and now the catechism in the native language is available at last.

From month to month you meet a lot of interesting people in these pages of **Jesuit Missions**. But be sure your children learn what they are trying to do for God. Some day your children will have to carry on the task of supporting the missions from where you leave off. They can never begin too soon.



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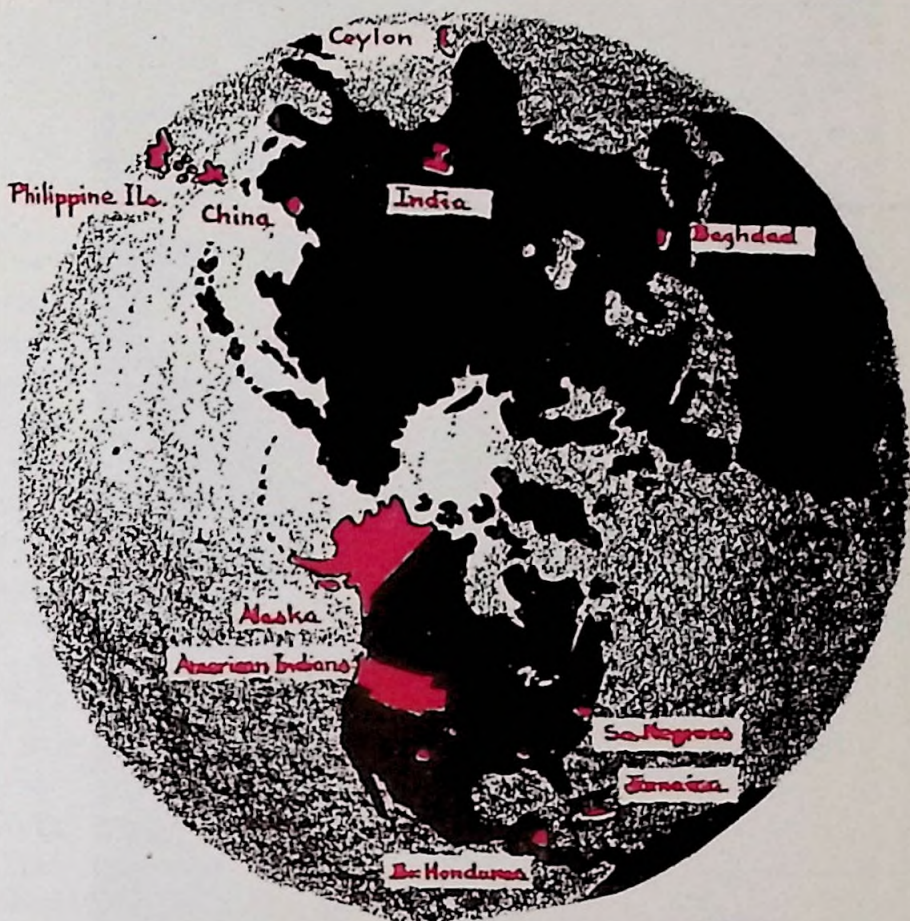
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## In the City of San Francisco

**T**HE San Francisco Conference needs the spirit of St. Francis of Assisi. If ever a man had the true view of this world, St. Francis was the man. When he looked out through his great brown, burning eyes, everything he saw filled him with perpetual delight and wonder because to him everything in the universe was God's. Every human being, every bud and flower, every hill and star; even fire, pain and pleasure not only came originally from the creative hand of God but were still God's own possessions. The Delegates need to understand that fact.

Men do not need to be canonized saints to see it. For seven centuries the members of the Franciscan Orders have carried the spirit of St. Francis to the ends of the earth teaching it to peoples in mission fields of Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas. To perpetuate

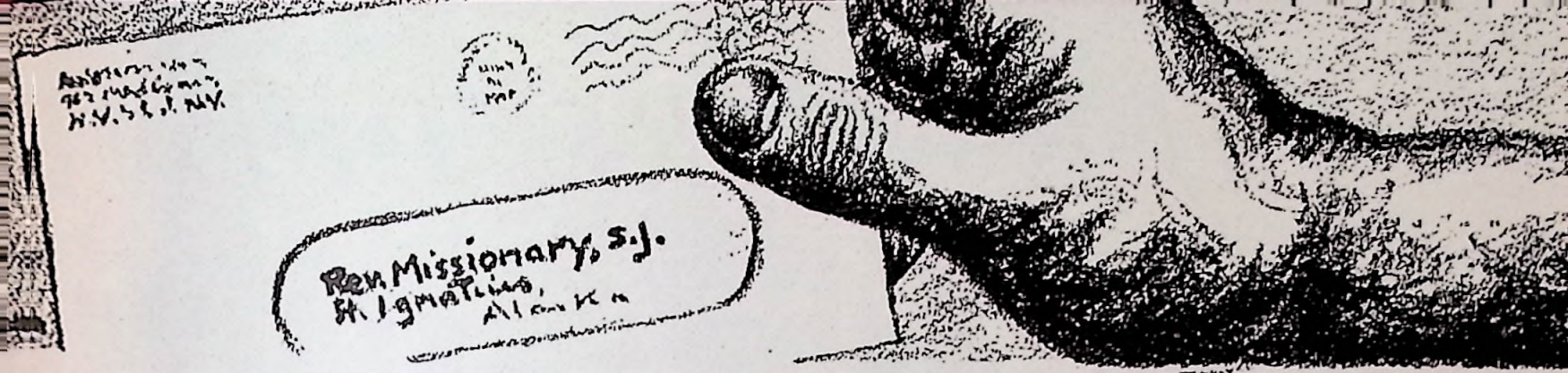
it they gave to cities and hamlets, mountains and valleys, and lakes and rivers and harbors of God's world the names of God and His saints. To one of the most beautiful of all they gave the name of the saint himself—San Francisco.

It is to this city of San Francisco that the representatives of the "peace-loving" nations of the world have come this year to decide upon the principles by which man will be ruled for the next generation or longer. In one way or another, the whole of God's world comes under their discussion—2,000,000,000 of God's people, all the wealth of God's earth, food, fuel, clothing, the sea, air and land. To leave God out of this conference is like leaving parents out of their own home. It is as if the older children of a family, gathered together under their parent's roof, divided up the family estate without the consent of, or consideration for, the parents who own it.

When religious people insist that the official representatives of nations recognize and observe moral and religious principles, it is not to foist a private theory of their own on omnipotent rulers who hold infinite sway; it is to remind public servants that they are not only servants of the people but first of all servants of God, their Lord and Master. God has the first say as to what shall be done to His world and to His people. This is why there are certain inalienable rights, why the human person is inviolable, why small nations and minorities have a right to justice which no might can destroy. God wants it so in His own world. The Delegates at San Francisco must recognize this fact.

**G**OD did not give a set of blue-prints in which every last detail was specified. The main lines He did set down, permanently and immutably, beyond the power of any human agency to change or abrogate. But over and above this area of fundamentals, He left a wide field free for development and progress through human ingenuity. To men He gave the intelligence they need to bring about this progress, but He expects them to use that same intelligence to recognize the boundaries between the domain which is exclusively God's to regulate and the areas in which He leaves men free to experiment. The Delegates at San Francisco need to recognize that, too.

The spirit of the late President Roosevelt has been felt at the Conference, as it should be. But it is far more important that the spirit of St. Francis be felt in the city of San Francisco. For there is an unseen Presence at the Conference tables listening to men decide what they want to do with His world and His people. God the Creator and Lord of the world, on whom the success of the Conference ultimately depends, is surely there. If the Delegates wish to succeed, they had better acknowledge His presence and respect His rights. Or there will be no peace in our time.



## First of the Month

The postman passes your house by some days, but he never neglects you on the first day of the month. That's the day the bills are due. Electric light, gas, milk, doctor, rent; one after another they come, and just running a small household is quite a problem. There isn't much you can do to help others around the first of the month. But there are days each month when the postman does not call. That's the time to help pay God's bills.

### Mission of the Month

The missionary has bills, too, only he has no free days any month. He not only is a house-keeper, but a pastor and a school master and a doctor of free service and a father of the poor and a refuge of the afflicted and the donor of the only good things many of his people ever know. His people give what they can, but most of his bills must go to his Mission Procurator, and unless he receives aid from him, the mission work will have to stop. Some day this month there will be no bills for you. That's the day to help someone else. How? Take one of your own bills last month as a norm. Send that much to one of the Mission Procurators on this page. It will help pay one of his bills.

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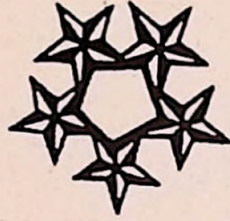
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