

July-Aug. 1945

# JESUIT MISSIONS



*Joseph R. Chinmont, S.J.*



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### CONTRIBUTORS



John Barrett, S.J.

put in charge of the social works program for all Jesuits of India. Father Barrett has been selected to prepare for leadership in this important undertaking.

■ Father Joseph Reith, S.J., one of the first Business Managers of JESUIT MISSIONS, progressive, hard working missionary for years among the Christians and Moros of the mountains of Mindanao, was released from internment at Los Banos in February. He writes: *"This story is true. I got it directly from a participant in the incident, a Filipino woman of intelligence and honesty, the mother of the child in the story. The story of the destruction of my mission has already reached America. The future is most uncertain. When you are swamped with visits from the returned missionaries, keep in mind those still over here, especially the Fathers in Mindanao. They have suffered much and will need replacement. American soldiers gave a happy ending to the story. The sixteen survivors remained nine days in the air raid shelter until our soldiers discovered them. "Filipinos?" one of them asked. "Yes, all Filipinos. Welcome Americans!" came back the reply from the darkness. "Have you any coffee?" "Coffee, but no water," someone answered. Soldiers raced off to get water, and gave them their own rations. Then they led the sixteen to safety.*



Joseph Reith, S.J.

■ Father John Barrett, S.J., missionary and student in India for eight years, and most recently auxiliary chaplain at a B-29 base in the Orient, is now on his way home to the United States for higher studies in Social Order work at the Institute of Social Studies in a special school for missionaries about to open this summer in St. Louis. The American Jesuits of the Patna Mission have been

### This Month

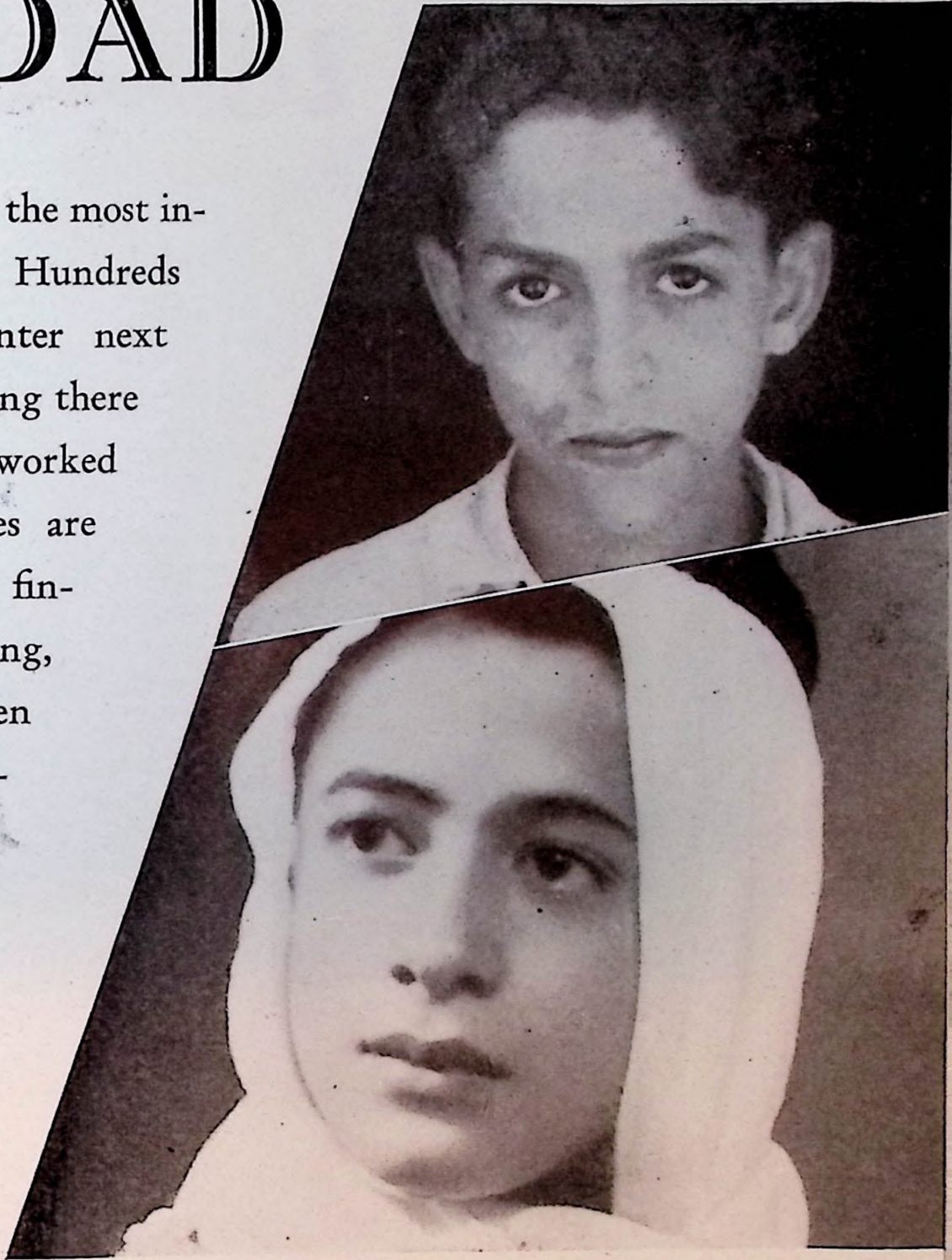
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**COVER** — Most Rev. Joseph Raphael Crimont, S.J. D.D., Vicar-Apostolic and Bishop of Alaska for twenty seven years, as he looked two years ago on his last visit to New York. The photograph reveals something of the charm and tranquillity that was so characteristic of him, and the kindly wisdom that made him such a fatherly Bishop to his priests and people. He was sitting in just such a position at JESUIT MISSIONS one day during community recreation, and for some time was wrapped in silence. Suddenly he turned and said *"I was just thinking of Archbishop Seghers. He died yesterday."* He meant *"62 years ago yesterday,"* but far off events were still clear in his mind although they happened yesterday. Then he proceeded to give minute descriptions of everyday life in modern Alaska. His was a noble soul, in this world, but not of it.

# Mission of the Month

## BAGHDAD

Baghdad College, for its size, is the most influential mission in the world. Hundreds of boys are clamoring to enter next Fall. Eight more Jesuits are going there this year to relieve the overworked Fathers. All of the new ones are young, as Jesuits go, five just finished seven years of Jesuit training, three just completed fourteen years of training. They're starting from scratch. Would you give them a lift, part way to Baghdad? It's 7,000 miles from Boston and every mile costs several cents a man.



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

*Dear Fr. McDermott:*

Enclosed please find \$..... for the eight new Jesuits going to Baghdad.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

*Or send donations to Jesuit Missions.*



# "The Bishop is dead"



"WHAT I HAVE BE-  
GUN IN HIM AND FOR  
HIM, I WILL BRING  
END."

"THE Bishop is dead." Most Reverend Joseph R. Crimont, S.J. D.D., eighty-seven years old, seventy years a Jesuit, fifty-nine years a priest, fifty-two years a missionary in Alaska, twenty-eight years Bishop of Alaska was called home on May 21, 1945 to the God he loved so deeply and served so long and so faithfully. The end came quickly and quietly after only a short spell of weakness. At once the word was flashed over the wires. Everyone who ever knew him loved him, and felt in his passing a personal loss. The incredibly crowded little room in Juneau where he lived and worked is now empty. His few simple possessions will be treasured. His papers, every one written



**Bishop Crimont, S.J., many years ago, when he was "The Dog-Sled Apostle" in Alaska. (Right) Three years ago, still active, on the occasion of his Episcopal Silver Jubilee.**

cutt by hand in his beautiful, clear, steady script, will be put in order. His mantle will fall full upon the capable shoulders of his Vicar, Bishop Fitzgerald, and the work of the missions in Alaska will go forward. But no one will ever forget the small, wiry, kindly and very saintly Bishop Crimont.

On the occasion of his sixtieth year in the Society of Jesus, Alaska turned out in full celebration to do him honor. Praise and tributes of honor echoed across the 590,000 square miles of his diocese. At the banquet in Juneau, the humble, scholarly, gracious Bishop rose to speak. Hee told very briefly the story of his life, part of which follows:

**(Below) The Bishop of Alaska, surrounded by some of the American hierarchy. The Bishops of United States loved Bishop Crimont. Three in this group were students at Gonzaga when he was Rector of the College, Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J. (extreme left), his Vicar and now successor in Alaska; Bishop Condon of Great Falls, Montana (over Bishop Crimont's right shoulder); and Bishop Armstrong of Sacramento (second from the right).**



Among the many accomplishments of Bishop Crimont's long years as Church leader in Alaska, was his support and approval of the founding of a congregation of native nuns from Alaska to work among the Eskimo girls. Father John P. Fox, S.J., the founder, is beside him here surrounded by the young community and some of their benefactors at Hooper Bay mission.



*“You have been long since accustomed to behold me as an old man, bearing on my face and on the top of my head and all my weak frame the ravages of the years. Let me show you a scene in which I figure as a very small little boy.*

*“The place is a modest village near the city of Amiens in the North of France. A thatched little cottage, in front a garden of flowers, in back a vegetable garden, inside eight occupants, Father, Mother and children—one is Joseph Raphael. Meal time—he has before him a saucer in which swims an onion in a little vinegar and oil, in his hands a morsel of black bread.*

*“And on this tiny destitute creature, the eye of God descends: “I will make thee one day a prince of my Church.”*

*“The tot grew up in a few years. His parents move to the city. Soon the Mother dies in the terrible cholera epidemic of 1863. Kind people on many sides take interest in the little boy. By their care he goes through a complete course of education. When only a little altar boy, he says he wants to be a priest, a missionary priest, and then a missionary bishop.*

*“In due time he enters the Society of Jesus. When all who knew him shook their heads sadly and whispered in their hearts: poor young man, he is doomed, he cannot live, God, invoked by St. John Bosco, replies: What I have begun in him and for him I will bring to a perfect beautiful end.*

*“Today you witness the culminating link in the long chain of the doing of Heaven in my behalf. Will you not exclaim that Heaven is democratic, God is democratic, the Church is democratic, the Jesuit Order is democratic—and that is why I am democratic?”*

The occasion of St. John Bosco's prophecy, referred to in the account, he never forgot, and with good reason. His health was so poor, his body so frail, that the superiors in the seminary in France thought he could not undertake the priesthood and were prepared

to send him home. The young Joseph Crimont, after serving St. John Bosco's mass, spoke to him in the sacristy telling him of his intense desire to be a priest and missionary. The Saint assured him and foretold his long years of service. All who feared his frailty then have long since passed to their reward. The weak little boy survived the most rigorous weather and the most strenuous life of missionary activity in Alaska for fifty-two years.

He was always a scholarly man. After his ordination, he served as Rector of Gonzaga College in Spokane, Washington, and also a few years as missionary among the Crow Indians in Montana. He was a deeply spiritual man, reflective, prayerful, and as simple in his personal wants as he was rich in gifts of mind and heart. His special devotion to the Little Flower was one of the charming aspects of his character. She was so real to him, so dear, and so very good. He trusted her intercession completely, and had her made the special patron of his missions. She will be no stranger to him when they meet again in heaven. Bishop Crimont had the rare privilege of knowing the Little Flower personally in life many years ago. In fact he knew the whole family and in later years was able to visit the sisters of the saint. In 1925 he was present at the canonization ceremonies of Saint Therese of Lisieux in Rome. Surely she showered her favors upon the saintly bishop who was so devoted to her and upon his mission of Alaska. It was at her shrine on St. Theresa's Island, scene of the retreat house sponsored by Bishop Crimont himself, that he was finally laid to rest.

Under his guidance the mission grew, solidly and wisely. More priests, brothers, and sisters made the growth possible, and a congregation of native nuns founded under the Bishop's guidance by Father John Fox, S.J. reached into the very heart of the Alaskans. God kept His promise: *“What I have begun in him and for him, I will bring to a perfect, beautiful end.”*

# A Child's Face

Joseph Reith, S.J.

"AN EXPRESSION OF  
PITY PASSED OVER THE  
FACE OF THE OFFICER  
AS HE GAZED AT THE  
LITTLE CHILD'S FACE"

FOR several days and nights the shelling of Manila had been going on. The Filipinos, trapped with the Japanese on the south side of the Pasig River, were having a dreadful time of it between the American bombs and shells, and the pitiless massacre by the bayonets, grenades and guns of the Japanese, berserk in a final orgy of hatred and bestiality. One group of five hundred Filipinos was reduced to sixteen fearful, tearful men, women and children in the insufficient shelter of a hideout. Outside, "twisted together like a mat," lay the corpses of the rest. The survivors had no water—only a jug of vinegar, no rice and scant other food. Intermittently, the shouts and screams of victims of the Japanese butchery penetrated the walls of the shelter, and children cried in terror.

But the turn of these wretched people had also to come and the hideous shadow of a Japanese darkened the entrance to their hole in the ground. He was an officer, a captain, under command to murder; and a grenade was poised in his hand ready for the kill. In a frenzy of fear, a mother clutched to her breast her little child. In terror the child burst out crying. The Jap paused, lowered his arm, advanced to the mother shielding her young one. "Kodamo?" "Baby?" he asked. "Yes, Komedashe, Kodamo." "Yes, friend, a baby." An expression of hesitation, of pity, of remembrance seemed to pass over the countenance of the officer, as he gazed at the child in the arms of its mother. Long he peered, slowly shook his head, and slipped the grenade into his pocket. "Killing no good. Juto nai killing," he said, as he passed his hand over his eyes as if to erase some awful sight or memory.



For a long time he squatted at the door. Outside the Americans were persistently advancing behind heavy barrages of gun fire; the Japanese were retreating behind fire and dynamite; and incessant bands of the enemy roamed about, digging out the hiding civilians, defiling them, bayoneting them, slaughtering them. Slowly the Japanese officer at the door opened the collar of his shirt and drew forth from around his neck a rosary to which was attached a large crucifix. Gazing intently at it, half in Nipango, half in English, he murmured: "I Catholic; Christ my God; Juto nai killing." And he reverently kissed his crucifix and gave it to the Filipinos to be kissed.

All through the next day he remained around the shelter. Two Jap soldiers advanced with pointed automatic guns. He ordered them off. Another group threatened to annihilate the shelter. The voice of the officer commanded them to go away. When the firing and cannonading died down, he crept out and added tin to the roof of the shelter. American soldiers were closing in but at the risk of his life he made one last trip to a concealed lair and brought back canned fish and a canteen of water. "Your friends, Americans, are here. I go." "Christ be with you," they whispered. "Yes," he responded, "Christ with me," and he left for his garrison.

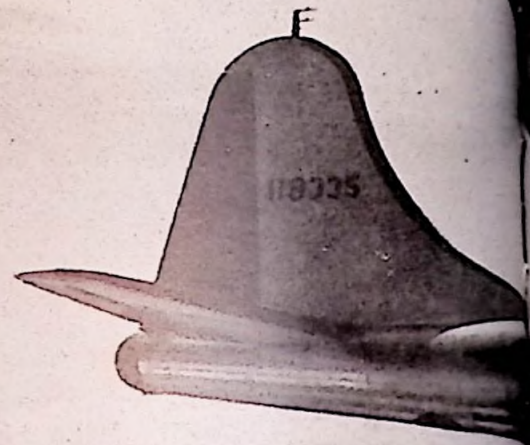
# A

# B-29

## Chaplain

John J. Barrett, S.J.

"I BEGIN A 'HAIL MARY' FOR HER CREW THAT OUR LADY MAY SEE THEM SAFELY INTO THE AIR AND HOME AGAIN TO THIS HAVEN—OR TO HEAVEN"



Washington, Dec. 14.—Superfortresses were again over Japan in a daylight raid today, the War Department announces. Industrial and aircraft plants were the target. Opposition was moderate. Two Superforts are reported missing.

**A**STOUNDING how much can be said in so few lines! That brief communique contains the story of one of the biggest jobs in this global war.

Shortly after midnight on the day that communique was issued I was standing at the end of the runway from which those Superqueens were taking off. Their base is somewhere in India. The young moon had just gone down in the West; the night breeze was gentle, but penetrating, slightly chilling. Stretching from our vantage point off into seeming infinity, like glowworms motionless on the ground, gleamed the marking lights along the broad strip down which the queens would soon race. At the end of the avenue the vast hangars were shafts of glaring light tunneled into the mountainous dark.

Conversation in the group shivering near me was shouted and lost in the earth-shaking roar of the planes warming up on the taxi stands. "305 is heavy tonight. . . . Eddie says it's probably Japan this time. . . . What? . . . 'sall right . . . gimme a cigarette. . . . No, Hank was not briefed for this trip. . . . Here they come. . . ."

At the far end of the field the ships slowly taxi past the daybright hangars where work goes on day and night. The huge planes are phantom silhouettes with red and green eyes vigilantly watching from wingtips and tail. The initial roar has died down again, the night is momentarily quiet. All faces are turned towards that first plane minutely swallowed in the distant darkness. Her lights blink a signal that she is ready for the take-off.

**T**HERE is only a low hum, yet we are aware that she has started down the runway, her lights, two piercing beams sweeping across the broad strip. I begin a "Hail Mary" for her crew, that Our Lady may see them safely into the air at this crucial moment, that they may return again to this haven—or to heaven. Before the "Amen" the first grand lady rushes past at frightening speed. Her nose wheel lifts from the ground. She's off! The landing lights still sweep the earth, roadway, tree tops; she climbs, up and away. I pray that I may not have to raise my hand in absolution tonight. A second queen is on the way, racing towards us, her four engines thundering loud. She flashes by, silvered and shining. Oh, will she never rise! Lift her up, up! Some unseen Hand grants that prayer, and she is away. For each, a Hail Mary, fervent and powerful. And so they sail up and off, one after the other. When the last has gone we peer far into the blackness until her red and green orbs have merged into goodbye.



They'll be back after a few hours,—all of them, we hope. A few hours to carry out a few seconds' work over Japanese targets. But days, and longer, to make possible those few hours! Discounting all the labor expended in building the greatest long-range bomber and all the worry of pilots ferrying those planes across the ocean, it still required months of toil by these "grease monkeys" standing by me to send this group away to an important Japanese target.

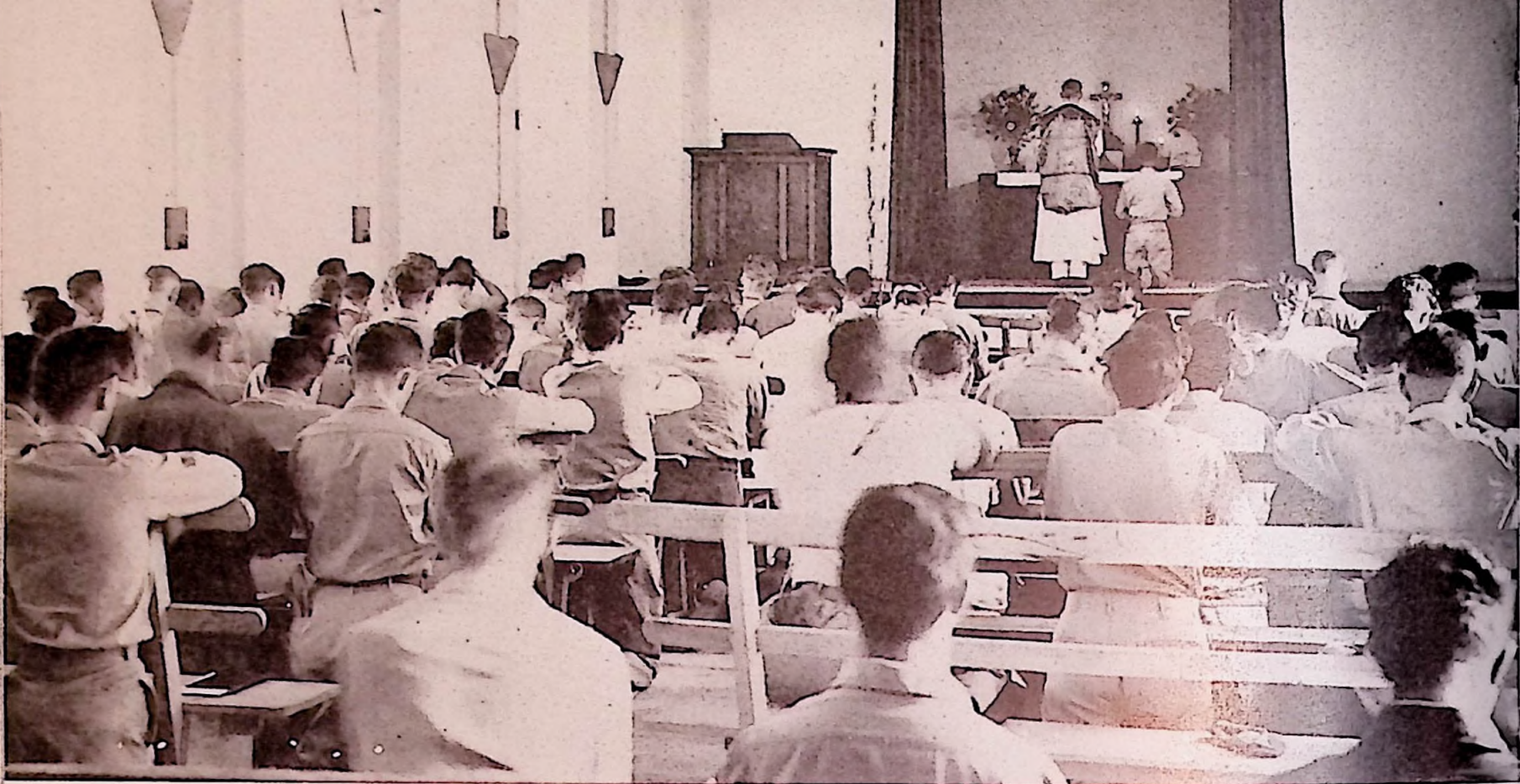
One of these G.I.'s flicks a cigarette end in a spinning arc after the last departing plane, another yawns sleepily, and the whole group turns away from the field to seek rest in the "sack." For days these boys have swarmed over those ships, standing for hours on ladders lifted to the engines; they have crawled through the planes' guts on a thousand jobs of wiring, adjusting, cleaning, replacing; sights and gun parts have been stripped and reassembled, every instrument checked and corrected. The "grease monkeys" can now go to bed until the roar of the returning queens wakes them from dreams of home.

The field will be less active today. A few of the mammoth gas trucks will lumber around to supply the auxiliary ships, but the full fleet will not be barging about frantically as they were yesterday in an apparently futile effort to fill the seemingly unlimited capacity of those bombing beauties, in preparation for the long hop. The camp roads, too, will be deserted by the familiar bomb-carrier trucks which for days past have scooted about hauling those death-dealing, grey-green

"eggs." Only the Service Group will go about its regular schedule of maintaining the base in efficient operation for the next raid and all to follow. The communique does not mention all this; it is the story behind the story.

THE communique does not credit another kind of Service more important in real value than all the material operations on the field,—the work of the Catholic chaplains, Father Bartholomew Adler, C.P. and Father John Cosgrove, S.J. The army uniform and missionary white cassock denote different ranks, yet the invisible insignia worn by both priests is the same: Christ-like personal attention to the men. Each Sunday they celebrate three morning and three evening Masses in four different places to give every soldier an opportunity of offering his sacrifice to God. They conduct novena devotions in honor of Our Lady twice a week. Confessions are heard anywhere, at any time. The beaming smiles of recently arrived airmen notify them first of John Jr.'s arrival into the world and his history; the weary eyes of a sad G.I. tells them his heart-breaking tale of trouble at home. When the fliers have been briefed for the job, they disperse for last minute personal preparations or to write one last letter home. The Catholic men go confidently to the elegant little chapel for a prayer, and to receive their Lord from the ready hands of Father Adler.

Few Catholics go off on these adventurous missions over enemy territory unprepared for death. For the



**Father Barrett saying Mass for the ground crew and air men of the B-29 base "somewhere in India". You notice there are no empty places.**

benefit of those who might have been careless in this matter, I was recently invited to conduct another kind of "mission" at the camp. The ardent Catholics had publicized the event among all ranks some weeks before the mission began. On opening night the chapel was filled to seating capacity; the crowd swelled on successive nights of that six-day Mission; finally those who had not been up to the full strength of Catholic life were on their knees: "Father, it has been so long since I last received the sacraments. . . ."

OVER a hamburger dinner at the Officers' Club one night I was privileged to hear the Army's appreciation of Father Cosgrove and his work. Colonel Perry Hoisington, a splendid Catholic, recounted his first impressions of India: "The prospects were almost disheartening when we first arrived here in this Indian

wilderness. We had an airfield, and apparently nothing else. Drinking water was scarce, the warm weather was increasing, some men lacked tents. Worst of all, we had no Catholic chaplain, no Mass. I'll never forget how that tall young priest in a cool white cassock came up to me with his hearty handshake and said, 'Colonel, I'm Father Cosgrove, an American Jesuit missionary from Patna. My Superior sent me to help you get settled.' We had Mass that day, and everything was suddenly different. Father Cosgrove has been doing a grand job ever since."

Catholic and non-Catholic eyes are opened on discovering the life and work of Catholic missionaries. Life in a strange country is always difficult, and when the boys learn that Father Cosgrove has been ten years in India, that other Patna Jesuits have been at work for twenty-three years, that all these American Fathers hope to end their days in this adopted land, they instinctively salute such zeal. On our part, we missionaries are grateful for the privilege of serving America's sons with the spiritual service and supply of Christ.

## The Nuns Were Wonderful

SOME day the full story of the nuns in internment must be told. The universal comment from the repatriates has been, "The nuns were wonderful." There was one nun, a Superior of a Convent of the Good Shepherd near Batangas below Manila, who kept her convent and her whole community of sisters safe from the Japs all during the occupation by the simple device of using feminine dignity tinged with the fire of feminine indignation. When the Japanese soldiers came to take over the convent, they asked the usual fussy questions to make the transaction appear legal. But they made one mistake. "How old are you?" one of

them asked. "Sir," replied the little Sister, and there was cold fire in her voice, "In America no gentleman would ever ask a lady such a question! I'm ashamed of you." There was immediate confusion in the ranks of the Japanese Imperial Forces, and much bowing and backing away, and someone was mumbling as he fled, "So sorry, please." They never came back to face that ordeal again. Community life went on as before. And when liberation came, how did the little Superior get to Manila? In a jeep, of course, calm as a lady, proud as you please, and as fast as the grinning soldier at the wheel dared drive her over the bombed roads.



*"No  
weather  
reports  
today"*

BRIBES, THREATS, PROMISES AND SPIES WERE TRIED IN VAIN BY THE JAPANESE TO GET SCIENTIFIC INFORMATION FROM THE JESUITS AT THEIR FAMOUS OBSERVATORY IN MANILA

*Chas. Deppermann, S.J.*

**"K**NOCK, knock, knock" It is only an hour or two after midnight on that eventful January 2nd, 1941, when the Japanese Army entered Manila, and already they are banging at the doors of the Observatory. Up the stairs they come, and affix the following notice at the entrance and exit of the Observatory wing on the second floor:

*"By order, the Imperial Japanese Army duly seized these premises or properties, being hostile possessions or suspected hostile ones.*

*"Anyone who touches these shall be severely prosecuted, according to the military laws.*

*"Commander-in-Chief of  
Japanese Army*

Within the next three or four months, several attempts were actually made to take possession of the Observatory for the benefit of the Japanese Army's weather forecasting unit, but each time we met them with the objection: "This is not government property, but 'ecclesiastical property of Rome'." Most probably because of the magic word "Rome," our objection was sustained, and the Japanese weather men settled down instead in the Engineering Building of the University of the Philippines nearby.

If they considered the Observatory

**Father Guzman-Rivas, S.J., Filipino Jesuit, at the famous observatory of the Ateneo de Manila, now destroyed.**

so strategic, why did they not bomb it in the early days of the war, just as they had bombed other buildings? In the first April of the war I received a remarkable letter from a Japanese scientist friend of mine of pre-war days. Among other things he protested that he had plucked up courage, just as the war started, personally to beg one of the chiefs of staff of the Japanese Army not to bomb the Observatory. Did this really save us? Who can tell?

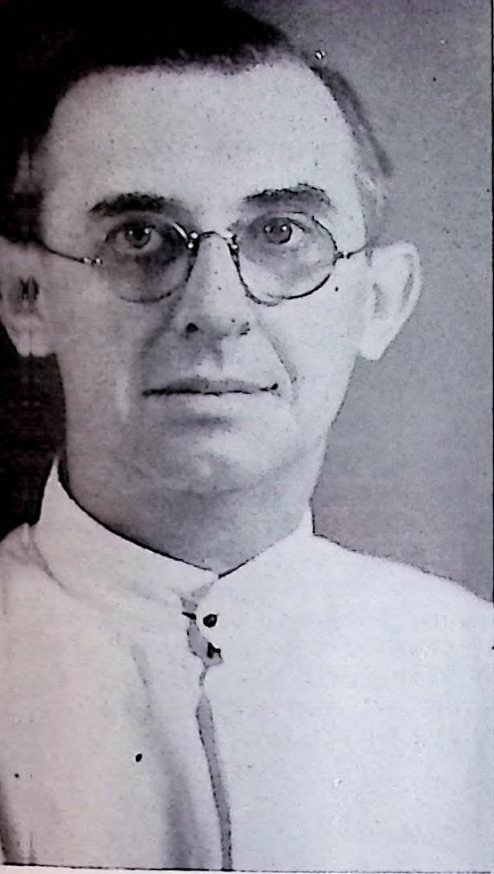
In still at least another way our dear Lord strikingly shielded us, so that for more than two years the whole Ateneo de Manila building, of which the Observatory occupied part of one wing, could flourish as Red Cross Hospital, refugee camp for both laymen and religious, novitiate, scholasticate and seminary. Right after the Japanese had bombed the U. S. Naval base at Cavite, the Navy weather men set up their quarters, received weather messages by radio and drew up their military weather maps right in Father Doucette's office and in the Observatory corridor, while a Navy Lieutenant was made official adviser of the Observatory. The Navy men remained at the Observatory until they fled to Corregidor the night before Manila was made an open city. Now the Japanese always promptly confiscated property used in any way for military purposes. They had heard some whisper of what had happened, but thought it had been the American Army men who had occupied the Observatory. We Observatory Fathers were quizzed by them more than once, and called liars when we stoutly denied any connection with the Army. This was the truth and fortunately it saved us.

WHEN the Vargas Government for the Philippines was formed, the Observatory Fathers had already determined to refuse to participate in it, since it was under Japanese auspices; but Vargas appointed our Father Paul Carasig, S.J., as head of the Philippine Weather Bureau, since he was a native Filipino. The joke was that Vargas did not know that Father Carasig was at the very time a chaplain in the American Army at Bataan. Nearly a month later the mistake was discovered, and another Filipino was appointed, this time a layman, Prof. Lachica, of the Engineering Department of the University of the Philippines, to head the Weather Bureau. He remained head all through both the Vargas and Laurel regimes, with headquarters still at the old place, the Observatory wing of the Ateneo. The Japanese did not let him forecast, so that all he could do was to collect data for climatological purposes from scattered outlying stations for Manila.

Japanese treatment of the Observatory Fathers was at first conciliatory. Because of my meteorological pamphlets I was called "a great benefactor of the Coprosperity Sphere!" Actually I fought a delaying action even in the matter of old statistical data which the military could in any event have found for themselves in our library. By three times changing the place of one important pamphlet I was able to save it from

them. Again, in another case, I succeeded in postponing for one week giving information which could have been furnished in an hour or two. Much sought-for information of forecasting value was already in the Observatory publications, of which many were already translated into Japanese and were being put into second edition for the military. In such cases we would be voluble, turning vague only if something new was demanded. One Sunday a Colonel Yamaoka, Chief Army Meteorologist for the South Seas District, quizzed me for seven hours in a try for new information. He explained the Japanese side of the war, invited me right then to set out with him by plane for Tokyo there to be groomed for charge of South Seas weather forecasting after the war. The questions I evaded, the proposal I regretted I could not accept because plane travel hurt my asthma, moreover heights affected me and so forth. The Colonel said at last: "Mr. Deppermann, I see you still have your prejudices." I smiled and we understood each other. I did not fool him, and he did not fool me.

LATER, a more insidious attempt was made to deceive Father Selga, our Director, and myself. It appeared at first as if Major Muraoka, the head of the Japanese Weather Bureau, only wished to make us some monetary gift for alleged services rendered. We cautiously took nothing. Then a call came from the Major's office: "Why did you not come over and get your salary?" Definitely now we thanked God we had done nothing and continued to do the same. But then an employe came over with papers for us to sign. It appeared that what was wanted was that we two Fathers, together with Prof. Lachica and another Filipino forecaster of our Weather Bureau, were to become "civilian employees of the Japanese Military" at Thirty Pesos per month, and must thumb-print on paper for each day we worked! We made some excuse for not signing to the Major's agent, but we were not to get off so easily. Soon the Major himself and Lieut. Tomenaga as interpreter, came in full regalia to the Observatory and demanded precisely why it was we could not work for them. "You have worked for the Filipino Government; why not for us?" "You must not," continued the Lieutenant, "irritate the Major too much." We replied that we had worked for the Philippine Government only after explicit permission from Rome. Again the magic word "Rome!" Of course we said what was actually true; for we really had had to get permission being religious, from our Father General in Rome to work for salary for a secular government. In spite of veiled threats, we stuck desperately to our guns, and strange to say, the "nasty" Major, as we called him, desisted and we continued unmolested. Not all the Japanese acted thus. During the first two years of their occupation, my Japanese scientific friend came to Manila on official business, and while there tried in many ways, at times successfully, to protect t



Meet Charles E. Deppermann, assistant director of the Manila Observatory. (Right) The Observatory, Father Guzman-Rivas, S.J., in the doorway; Father Welch, S.J., above, reading his office.



Observatory Fathers. Finally, however, it seems that he lost the favor he originally possessed with the military and left the Philippines for good.

WHEN in July 1943 the main building of the Ateneo was taken over by the Japanese as a military hospital, we were unjustly charged with attempting to "sabotage" the Observatory instruments, most of which happened to be our own private property. However, we were able to give the military a satisfactory answer, and Prof. Lachica was made personally responsible for the custody of the Observatory library and instruments; he was permitted to remain at the Ateneo in reduced quarters as head of the Philippine Weather Bureau. The Fathers of the Observatory had to move elsewhere, and live "dormitory" fashion until July 1944 when we Americans were interned.

And the Observatory today? On my way from Montinglupa to "Nazareth" in Manila where Father Superior was staying at the time, I passed by Padre Faaura Street. Can I be reproached if a lump rose in my throat at what I beheld? The Ateneo all burned, with only the adobe walls of the first floor standing stark upright. That meant the utter destruction of the splendid Observatory library and all our historical meteorological and seismological records, together with all our private instruments housed in the main Ateneo building. And the Observatory building proper, with

its nineteen-inch objective telescope, its transit and wireless for time signals, our earthquake instruments!

Father Guzman-Rivas, S.J., had already written to me at the camp: "*The Observatory was one of the first to be blown up by the Japs. They sprayed it with gasoline, left hand grenades inside, and dynamite, and blew it up. Then the Americans shelled the dome and the grounds. The whole place is just debris right now.*"

But is it to be really the end? Is the Manila Observatory doomed to perish? Already Father Heyden and myself are busy here in America collecting material for our new library, and meeting with most generous response from every scientific institution and governmental branch to whom we have appealed. Soon Fathers Doucette, Repetti and Welch will join us, while Father Selga will surely aid us by prayers and otherwise from Manila itself. With the utmost trust in God and in the generosity of the American people, both scientific and lay, for contributions of instruments, scientific books and funds, we confidently look forward to a "bigger and better" Manila Observatory.



MOST REV. WILLIAM R. ARNOLD, until recently Chief of Chaplains of the U. S. Army, has succeeded Bishop O'Hara, C.S.C., as Military Delegate for American Catholic Chaplains, assisting Archbishop Spellman who is the Military Ordinary for Catholics in the Armed Forces. Bishop Arnold has been a priest for thirty-seven years, an Army Chaplain for thirty-two, and a Brigadier General for three. He is the only American, and possibly the only Catholic ever, who has had the right to be called "Father", "Chaplain", "Monsignor", "General", and "Bishop".

THE GROWTH OF MISSION SUPPORT in recent years is shown by the record breaking contributions to the Propagation of the Faith in the country's largest

Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., former Military Delegate of the Armed Forces, and former president of Notre Dame University, now the eighth Bishop of Buffalo, will be missed by the more than 300 American Jesuit Chaplains in the Service. His vast experience in dealing with men at Notre Dame, his wide travels and contacts with people of many nations in South America, and his unflinching zeal made him an understanding and trusted Superior for all the Chaplains.

dioceses. But to show how much more needs to be done, and can be done, contributions which broke a records for twenty years in one of the largest and most generous dioceses to one of the best organized Propagation Offices still average less than one cent per week from each Catholic person.

COOPERATIVE LEADERSHIP OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER University in Antigonish, N. S., has won the fullest support from all sides. Less than 16,000 people in the diocese have pledged \$1,014,559.00 for the new university development campaign.

A RECENT CHINESE CONVERT, Joseph Lian, secretary to the Governor of Yunnan province and liaison officer between American and Chinese armies, has brought about the conversion of his wife-to-be, his sister, who is now a nun, his whole family, many friends, and an Anglican family with whom he stayed when studying at Oxford University in England. Jesuiting questions about his Faith sent him to Catholic books for the answers. From reading he became the most successful apostle.

A REPORT FOR CATHOLIC ARMY CHAPLAIN in the Philippines states that the three years of Japanese occupation of the islands may bring about a new Catholic Church in the Philippines that shall have come of age. If it does, the report continued, a large part of the credit belongs to the women whose faith and sacrifices stiffened their men folk in the face of difficulty and disaster.

PRINCE ABDUL ILAH, Regent of Iraq, was awarded an honorary degree by Georgetown University recently. Father Richard McCarthy, S.J., of Baghdad College, made a speech in Arabic much to the Prince's delight. Georgetown was one of the American universities which sponsored the foundation of Baghdad College in Iraq, in 1932.

# Apostolate of Prayer

## Mission Intention for July

### FREEDOM TO PREACH THE GOSPEL IN THE INTERIOR OF ASIA

**T**URKMEN, Uzbek, Tadzhik, Kirgiz and Kazakh are names little familiar to American ears. They are, however, not mere names but represent a portion of the Soviet Central Asian republics covering an area of more than 1,500,000 square miles (more than half the size of the United States of America) with an estimated population of more than 16,000,000 persons of whom the majority are Moslems. Although the majority of the people living in these countries are non-Russians, little news of them reaches the outside world because of the strict censorship of the Russian government. The point of interest to Catholics is the fact that like other countries dominated by Russia, through alliances and treaties, no Catholic missionary is permitted to enter there and carry on the work of establishing the kingdom of Christ.



Afghanistan, south of Turkmen, Uzbek and Tadzhik, is a country about as large as the state of Texas, with a population estimated at between 7,000,000 and 10,000,000, of whom over 6,000,000 are Moslems. Although no priest is permitted to enter there today, sixteenth-century Jesuits had penetrated the land having heard that the natives were not Moslems but wore a cross painted on their foreheads. Father Antonio Monserrate, S. J., had entered the land of Afghanistan following with Akbar's troops as far as Jalalabad in the campaign against Kabul in 1581. Brother Benedict de

Goes, S.J., by way of Kabul, had found the route to China, where he died in 1607. That this land sanctified by the missionary toils of a Jesuit priest and brother may become a field of Catholic missionary enterprise is the mission intention recommended by His Holiness for July.

## Mission Intention for August

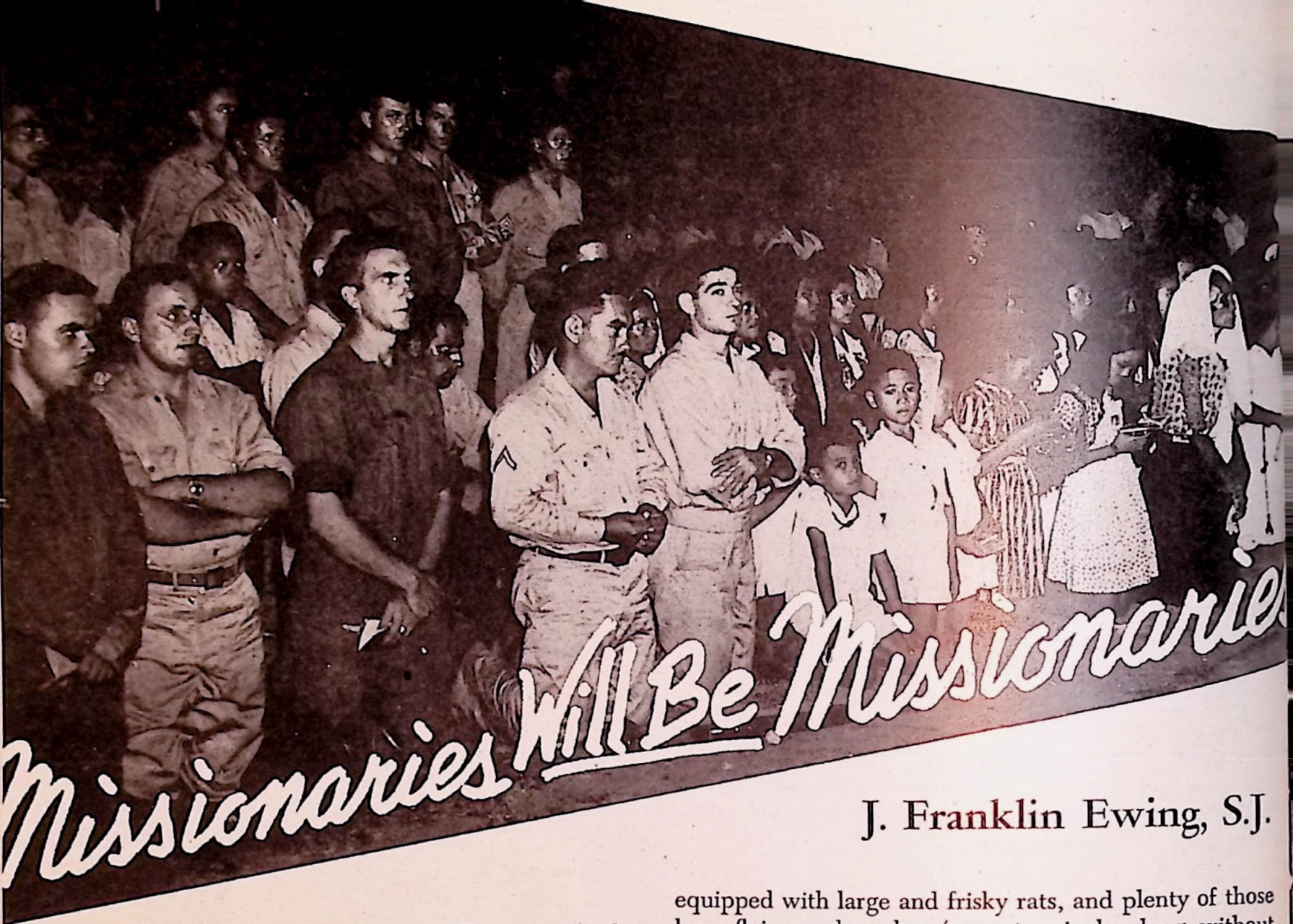
### MISSIONS TO THE MOSLEMS IN NORTH AFRICA, SYRIA AND JAVA

**A**T FIRST glance it may strike readers strange that the Pope should link three such disparate parts of the world in one mission intention. But closer examination will show them that His Holiness is reminding us that if we want to make converts of Moslems we must have missionaries—saintly missionaries—who will devote all their time, not to Christians living in Moslem lands, but to the Moslems themselves. Too few missionaries can be spared yet to devote all their efforts to the conversion of the followers of Mohammed. Some sections of Africa have been entrusted to the White Fathers who, following in the footsteps of their saintly founder, Cardinal Lavigerie, are showing the Moslems the way to Christ through boundless charity and untiring patience—virtues which speak to the Moslem heart more eloquently than words. But it is a silent apostolate with no mass conversions.

The two other fields mentioned by His Holiness remind us that Moslems in Syria and Java are already embracing the faith. The Nusayris who, because of their heterodox views of certain points of Moslem belief, are called by the more orthodox Moslems "Alawi" or "Alawites" have found in the Catholic Faith the fulfilment of their own empty liturgical practices.

In 1859 the Dutch Government permitted two Jesuits to enter Java to administer to the Catholics residing there. At the turn of the century the Javanese showed an interest in Catholicism, Moslems though they were. With the establishment of elementary schools, and in time schools of higher learning, the number of converts increased. Today there are over 35,000 Javanese Catholics, subject to a Javanese Jesuit Bishop assisted by Javanese Priests and Javanese Sisters. That God will increase the number of fervent Catholics in these and the Moslem lands of Africa is the intention recommended to our prayers.

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.



# Missionaries Will Be Missionaries

J. Franklin Ewing, S.J.

**Liberating American Forces join with Filipinos at a Mass of thanksgiving north of Manila.**

Of the many weird scenes from the Philippines that go to make up an album of internment in my memory, let me select a few at random to show how people reacted to the missionaries.

The whole Davao camp had been put aboard a ship on Christmas Eve. It was one time in my life, and in my career as Chairman of the Davao camp, that I was really worried! Here were two hundred and eighty persons crammed into an odorous, dirty hold of a Japanese transport. Had there been no luggage, we should have had approximately two by five feet each of floor space. As it was, we could just about sit up in our places.

That night, as the ship lay motionless in Davao harbor, no noticeable air reached the hold. No lights were allowed. In this unfamiliar hold we were in pitch darkness. There were women with children ranging from babes in arms to teen-agers. There were very old men (one, eighty-one years of age, died on the way up to Manila). In the darkness people stumbled about, crawled over one another. To reach the crude toilet on deck, one had to climb steep ladders, and, in the case of the women, to run the gantlet of the unwelcome attentions of the guards.

In addition to these charms, the ship was plentifully

equipped with large and frisky rats, and plenty of those large flying cockroaches (some two inches long, without feelers) that make life in the Philippines something less than heaven, for me, at least. These healthy and playful representatives of the animal kingdom gamboled about among us and on us, with absolute disregard for our reserved attitude towards them!

The next night, after the ship was under way, I obtained permission to light two small oil lamps. These were not kerosene lamps, but small tin cans into which coconut oil was put with wicks floating on the oil. You can imagine what satisfactory illumination these two ineffectual lamps afforded, among the crowded people. But they were an improvement.

ON Christmas Day, I wondered what we could do to assist the morale of the camp. Not that people weren't standing up well under the strain—they were, and I was proud of them. But there was no objection to helping them along! So, as on numerous other occasions, I turned to the Fathers and asked several of them to "sparkplug" a songfest. In no time everyone was singing. There was the scene . . . if you could make it out, in the fitful glimmers of the overworked lamps. People sat, lay, stood about, amid heaps of baggage, while the frowzy ship lifted and fell on the (fortunately) lazy swells of the Pacific and the Japanese kept a sharp watch for American submarines.

We began with carols, ran through other categories

songs, and ended with a vociferous and wholehearted "God Bless America"! As the crowd spontaneously gave their all to this song, which had become the battle-hymn of the camp, I braced myself against social visitation. Various placatory and diplomatic remarks which might turn away wrath flitted through my mind. But no objections were registered. Absolutely no notice was taken of the song. This was disappointing—in a way!

I remember, too, the young man with whom I was chatting in a corridor of Santo Tomas camp, in Manila. "You know, Father," he said earnestly, "I never met a priest before being interned. And I probably never would have met one, except maybe in a very formal way. But I wouldn't have missed knowing you Fathers in the world!"

This young man was one of a large number sharing a similar experience. He is still a non-Catholic, but I feel sure that in the near future he will come to us. We will owe this grace, under God, to having been interned with missionary priests as his companions.

There were many, like the young man, who were impressed by a completely, an amazingly new idea of priests. It was eye-opening to associate with priests dressed as haphazardly as any other male, in a camp where a pair of shorts was almost the uniform of the masculine internee. You found priests acting as cooks, hospital orderlies, baseball players, entertainers, as well as teaching, lecturing, saying Mass, and just plain conversing ("shooting the breeze").

Many people are under the impression that an internment camp is a place where you sit around all day and wait for release,—*"time out"* with its boring monotony. The truth is, an internment camp is a very busy place, and one's time is well filled. Just mere living takes so much more time: standing on interminable lines for meals and everything else), doing one's own laundry, taking care of the innumerable odd jobs of mending clothes, cleaning out the tiny creatures that take to their abode in one's bedding . . . and the like. In addition, there is the daily stint of work for the camp that was required of everyone.

All this left some time, of course, for play and for just sitting around. It was at work that the missionaries found opportunity of continuing to be missionaries; but let us not neglect the great benefits of being on the job during the *"just sitting around"* periods because there is more to being a missionary than exercising the primary functions of teaching, administering the Sacraments, and crusading.

Most of the Americans in the internment camp had either not known missionaries before, or had only casually met them. A priest adorned with a grimy apron in the camp kitchen, a priest on the carpentering crew, a priest emptying bedpans, a priest who could repair your watch for you, a priest sliding into second on the diamond were facets of priestly ability revealed for the first time to interested observers!

FATHER would borrow a stove (on which to cook an unwary cat for a celebration . . . it tasted better than chicken), and a conversation on the subject of religion would begin. How often I would walk into one of our camp hospitals during the night, and notice a nurse or a patient in deep discussion with a Father, who was night orderly, and who would have to break off the conversation to change the sheets for a hapless patient!

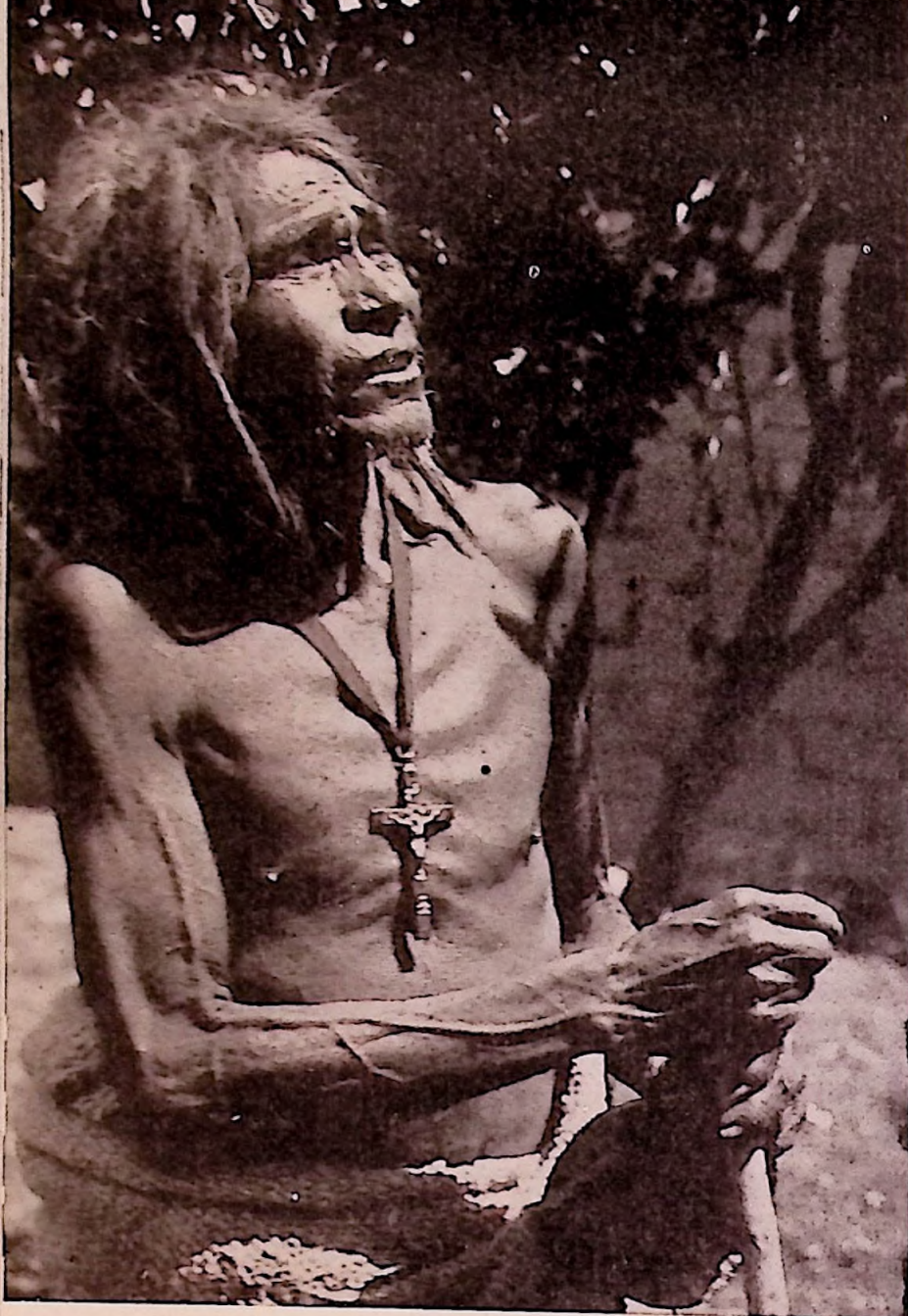
One young man got to know a Father well while they were setting blocks of wood into the ground to furnish a soft ball diamond with bases. I remember breaking into the kitchen one day and smiling as I thought what St. Paul's reaction would have been to the scene: a Father stripped to the waist, pouring with perspiration, eyes watering from the smoke, stirring a potful of greens with a large paddle . . . and deep in a discussion of the constitution of the one true Church.

And so it would go.

This second exile for the missionaries (they had long since given up their American homes) seemed an unadulterated evil when it came. But from this evil came numerous conversions, innumerable beginnings of conversions, the good the Fathers could do during those dark days, and the perfecting of many Catholics. You can't stop them, thank God! Missionaries *will be* missionaries . . . and God blesses their dedication.

**Father J. Franklin Ewing, S.J., paleo-anthropologist, biologist, and many other "ists", including linguist, in one of his "diggings". In Syria, he uncovered a skeleton of a baby over 30,000 years old. In the Philippines, he was studying primitive peoples and their remains when he was captured by the Japanese. Three years later he was released and now is home in the U. S. Shortly before his capture, he had worked out the chemical and mechanical problems for the manufacture of quinine for the Armed Forces. Jap incendiary bombs destroyed equipment and supplies.**





DESPITE THE EFFORTS OF THE MISSIONARIES, TRACES OF ANCIENT SUPERSTITIONS REMAIN IN NATIVE DANCES OF MEXICO'S TARAHUMARAS

*Lucian Blanco, S.J.*

I HAVE never seen another dance so terribly repulsive and monotonous as the "Tutuguri." I remember I saw it at dusk on a ranch not far away from Sisoguich. There was a rough wooden cross at the end of a meadow, just in front of a wretched hut. The sun had hidden behind the mountains and a cold breeze was blowing, pulling out sparks from the bonfire around which some Indians stood.

Six Tarahumaras were dancing in a row, passing again and again before the cross. These were later joined by two women, one of them carrying a child of a couple of months strapped to her back.

Suddenly everybody stopped as they heard a sound like the howl of a coyote. An old Indian, the offerer of the sacrifice, drew near to the cross. He was wrapped in his dark blanket and carried a jugful of meat juice. He bowed slightly to the cross, and cast some of the juice toward each one of the points of the compass. He did the same with a cup of alcoholic drink named "tezguino." The oblation was finished.

# Tarahumara Dancing

(Above) A Tarahumara Indian of Mexico. (Below) One of their dances.



The Indians ate the meat and began to drink. Later I kept hearing the cries and tuneless songs of the pitiful Indians who became completely drunk. The libation, if it was not downright pagan, was at least saturated with superstition.

Another well-known dance, yet not so showy, is the "Matachines." I saw it for the first time a couple of days after my arrival at the Sierra. It was Saint Ignatius' day. The Superior of the Mission gave a fiesta for the Tarahumaras. The Indian children of our boarding school sang the "Mass of the Angels" in the ancient church of Arareko.

WHEN the Mass was over, the "Matachines" began their dances outside the church. It was raining, but that did not matter. This was a great occasion, and the last number of the program could not be omitted. The "Matachines" arranged themselves in two rows facing the church.

Black cloaks hung upon their back from shoulders to feet. They wore garlands of glass and paper flowers with bright-colored ribbons. In the right hand the gourd and in the left the baton covered with Chinese paper stars.

Between the rows stood the leader, more elegant than the others, ready to begin the dance. In front of him there was another Indian, wrapped in his blanket and holding a whip to keep order.

Two violinists, sitting on the steps of the church, began a cheerful tune, and the "Matachines" began to turn around, going back and forth with winding complications and revolutions, identical with those that are to be seen in the dances of any American Indian.

The beginning and end of the dance is accompanied by a strange ceremony. The celebrant is one of the coldest women of the town. I should say that she is a kind of priestess of her tribe. This rank is transmitted from mother to daughter among the principal families of each region. She is called "Moreriame," the offerer of the incense.

I saw the "moreriame" of Arareko. She was a wrinkled little woman with hands dried and withered with age; her gray hair was half covered with a piece of cotton cloth; she wore a long white skirt that just cleared the ground. Her majestic countenance radiated piety.

She carried in one hand a small clay pan holding live coals, and in the other a cup filled with incense. While the dancers in the atrium whirled madly in the last dance, she entered the church to offer the last incense. I could not resist going after her. I wanted to watch her.

The church was nearly empty, wrapped in darkness. Only the central door allowed any light. The candles still burning upon the altar lit the sanctuary. The "moreriame" went through the nave and stopped two steps from the sanctuary. There she hinted at a genuflection and made a profound bow to the altar. She

put some grains of incense in the thurible and incensed the altar. After another bow, she turned to the left, advanced three steps and then repeated the ceremony, incensing that side. She did the same on the opposite side, made another profound bow in front of the altar, and went out noiselessly. Outside the "Matachines" were still dancing.

THE next day the little boys of our boarding school repeated the fiesta for our entertainment. The dances of the preceding day had stirred up their Indian blood. Feeling like "Matachines," they danced in mock imitation.

They dressed themselves in "Matachines" costumes, at least there was a faint resemblance. Rolls of wire took the place of a crown; tin cans with small stones inside were fitted as gourds. Poli, one of the Indian boys, pretended to play the violin with a piece of wood and a stick, while whistling the tunes. Some of the children remembered the words of the songs, for instance, this one which seems to be a couplet of the Spanish Romancero:

*I have just arrived,  
I have just arrived;  
I took only a little drink,  
And my eyes began to blink.*

I really enjoyed those nice youngsters, some of them not yet five years old. I confess that the "Matachines" seem to me rather dull, and I felt bored after one of their dances. But those children . . . I could watch them forever without the slightest weariness.

The "Pascol" is another Tarahumara dance in which the most imperceptible one thirty-second note of the violinist is always accompanied by a little snap of the "pascolero's" feet and the dull clatter of the rattles twisted around his legs.

It is a thanksgiving dance. You do not see it anywhere in the Sierra. You must go to Cerokawi. The "Pascol" is really artistic. We used to shut our eyes joyfully in order to catch better the rhythm and swift clink of the rattles that followed with the greatest accuracy the melodies of the violinist. After each one of the pieces the "pascolero" fell exhausted, so exhausting was the dance.

Considering all the dances and ceremonies used by the Indians you would think they are a very religious breed. Indeed they are. It is a pity that their religion often strays far away from its true object.

The devil still has among those people a stronghold of idolatry and superstition. Yet that stronghold will certainly crumble. The pagan altars are disappearing and in their place rise the temples in which the true God is worshipped. Instead of the false sacrifices, the Victim of Calvary is offered. And the light brought by a new native priesthood is beginning to dispel the darkness of paganism. That is part of our work as Jesuits in Mexico.

Chinese mothers trying to get a few grains of rice from a stalled truck. (Below) Japanese Marines in the streets of Shanghai.



THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS ARE SERIOUSLY HAMPERING THE SOLUTION OF CHINA'S TWO MAJOR PROBLEMS — TRUE DEMOCRACY AND THE WAR

Two movements in China can greatly affect Catholic missions there, Communism for grave harm, and the rise of Democracy for untold good. The present internal struggle, therefore, between them is of vital importance to all those interested in the Church's future in the Far East.

The program for the rise of Democracy in China was outlined by Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the Thomas Jefferson and George Washington of the Chinese Revolution, thirty years ago. The National Government was to evolve through three stages (1) revolution and unification, (2) political tutelage during which time the Kuomintang (the National People's Party) was to be the custodian of the nation's welfare until, (3) the third stage, Constitutional Democracy was to be reached. In this third stage Dr. Sun Yat-sen visualized his country as having the same kind of free self-government that the United States has enjoyed from the beginning. By 1937 President Chiang Kai-shek was ready "to summon a National Assembly for November

the 12th for the inauguration of the Constitutional Government and the termination of the period of political tutelage. On July 7, 1937 Japan made war on us and the plan had to be shelved. However the determination of the Kuomintang to realize Constitutional Government remained as strong as ever." (His own words.)

In 1944 President Chiang proclaimed, "one year after the war the Chinese people will be given Constitutional Democracy." On March 1, 1945 he made the following statements:

"(1) The National Assembly to inaugurate Constitutional Government will be convened on November 12th this year, the 80th birthday anniversary of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, subject to the approval of the Kuomintang Congress which is due to meet in May.

(2) Upon the inauguration of the Constitutional Government all political parties will have legal status and enjoy equality. The Government has offered to give legal recognition to the Communist Party as soon

# China's

## Violent

## Minority

George B. Wong, S.J.

as the latter agrees to incorporate their army and local administration in the National Army and Government. The offer still stands.

(3) The next session of the People's Political Council, with a larger membership as well as more extensive powers, will soon be sitting. The Government will consider with the Council the measures in regard to the convening of the National Assembly and all related matters."

Two major obstacles have stood in the way of full constitutional Government. One has been the war with Japan, 8 years old this July 7th, the other has been the uninterrupted and consistent obstruction, agitation and, finally, treasonable action by the Communists.

The Communist Party in China began as a Red revolutionary movement fostered and aided and, at least, inspired by Russia after World War I. It developed by means of plunder, massacre and all the old Bolshevik revolutionary tactics. Chiang Kai-shek, who had studied in Russia and knew their tactics and methods, watched the spread of the havoc they wrought with deep patriotic concern. Undoubtedly there was confusion in China back in the Twenties. Appeals were made to America and Britain to help organize a government. For one reason or another the appeals were not heeded. An invitation was extended to Russia for guidance and immediately it was snatched up. Embassies were sent, supposedly as organizers, but they very soon proved intent upon taking over the whole country. They were aided and abetted by the Communist Party members of China. It was then Chiang Kai-shek started to move against them. He overthrew them in several battles and drove them North.

It was a costly and time-consuming campaign for he had two other major objectives which demanded serious attention, preparing for the coming war with Japan, and the education of China toward democratic methods.

Once the Japanese war broke out, the Communists agreed to cooperate, accepted the authority of Chiang Kai-shek as head of the government, pledged their support, then promptly broke their pledge and their promise and gave little, if any, cooperation throughout the war. They were much more intent upon the organization of a Communist state in the North. In the early years of the war they carried out guerrilla activities which helped them greatly establish control over the territory they wanted, but in the words of President Chiang, "*Communist propaganda magnifies out of all actual proportion the military strength of the Communists; the Government forces have always, without exception, borne the brunt of the Japanese attack and will continue to do so.*"

THE Communist tactics follow familiar lines; they capture a position illegally; then through formal channels they make legalistic demands. Once granted a concession, they enlarge their demands and refuse the previous agreement. "*It has been our unvarying experience,*" states President Chiang, "*that no sooner is a demand met than fresh ones are raised. The latest demands of the Communists is that the Government should forthwith liquidate the Kuomintang rule and surrender all power to a coalition of various parties. . . . To yield to this demand would not only place the Government in open contravention to the political program of Dr. Sun Yat-sen but also create insurmountable practical difficulties for the country.*" The *Ta Kung Pao*, the most respected daily in Chungking, recently editorialized: "*The National Government is still the center of the entire nation and the Kuomintang is the leading party of the nation. The people want the Kuomintang to conclude its tutelage but we do not want coalition tutelage to succeed the Kuomintang.*" The Communist Party has committed high treason in the most vital crisis in the country's history. It is broadcasting defamatory attacks against the Government: Chiang's generals are not fighting the Japanese, they are using American supplies against the Communists instead, and the Government was conducting negotiations with the Japanese. It no longer demands equal rights in the government; it wants the recognized Government to fall, and in its place a coalition government it can dominate.

The outcome of this struggle may very well determine whether the missions will be allowed to continue in China. If the Communists win, with the aid of propaganda from within and pressure from without—for they cannot win control if left to themselves,—then we would surely see the end of four hundred years progress, heroism, sanctity and mission work in China.



■ Troopships are already arriving in American ports from the European theatre of war. Thousands of American boys are coming home after three hard years on the battlefields of Europe. They have crushed the military might of Nazism and have seen with their own eyes what this evil ideology could do to a Christian culture and civilization. They have seen whole nations reduced to rubble, ghost cities strewn with corpses, and rising from the ruins, as from a tomb, the remnants of a people. The work of centuries has been blasted in the smoke and fury of battle, Cathedrals and libraries and monuments and homes were destroyed, and buried beneath them are the people who once enjoyed them. What had happened? What has caused all this ruin and devastation? What had destroyed the fruit and efforts of centuries of Christian culture? What had produced this madness that required such a holocaust? Ultimately there is only one explanation. These nations and their leaders had turned away from God, had rejected the source and origin of their Christian inspiration and culture. They set themselves up in place of God, became drunk with the sense of their own self-importance and filled with the lust for conquest. Law, order, authority, right and all the bulwarks of society they broke through to achieve their end. It demanded almost the spirit of another crusade to stem this tide of evil. In one sense it was a crusade for many American soldiers.

After a brief furlough at home these veterans must march again. With the memory of one world conflagration burned deep into their hearts they must crush another evil force in the Pacific. Here they will look upon another world, a world primitive, dark, barbaric, confused and disordered. The light of Christian culture has never fully penetrated this darkness. In some places they will come upon a few spiritual oases, a few feeble candle-lights of Christianity in the vast night of Paganism where heroic missionaries have battled for years against poverty and disease and superstition to touch the hearts of these peoples with the

message of the Gospel, striving to make them realize their dignity as children of God redeemed in the precious blood of Jesus Christ. Here they will find a breath of home as they kneel side by side with these good people in some jungle chapel to attend Mass. On the mainland in parts of India, in parts of China, on Pacific Islands and in Japan they will wander through a Pagan night never to be forgotten.

Men die like flies in the summertime, human life is dirt cheap, human dignity is almost non-existent. Women slave in the rice fields, children starve in the streets.

To the thinking soldier, and there is time to think in the foxholes, there will appear a strong contrast and also a strange similarity between these two worlds. One was endowed with all the treasures of Christian culture, all the best means of scientific progress. They rejected their heritage and were reduced to barbarism. In rejecting God they destroyed themselves. The Far East had not received the Christian culture and had remained savage, cruel and ruthless for centuries.

When the enemy is defeated and crushed in the Pacific these veterans of many battles will be coming home for good. We hope that they will realize that there is not much difference between the out-and-out pagan world and a so-called civilized world that has rejected God and its Christian heritage.

As they come down the gangplank their hearts will sing "God Bless America" but they must realize that America is what she is because she is still a Christian nation. She has not rejected her belief in God. Our forefathers wrote that belief clearly in the Constitution of these United States. They made this nation strong and God-fearing. We must rededicate ourselves to that faith and trust in God. These veterans who are returning home for good will certainly appreciate what we have here in the United States. They will be fiercely determined that no enemy or evil force either from within or without will undermine and destroy our nation.

John P. Deevy, S.J.

## Feet on the Ground

*On some missions the favorite excuse for not getting married in the Church is: "No shoes." It makes no difference that shoes may never be worn on any other occasion. Shoes, wedding; no shoes, no wedding. Jaime and Lulu should have been married years before. Finally the missionary bought each of them a pair of shoes himself. Next week, both of them paraded with all their friends to the church. There was joy on every face except Jaime's. Just as the priest asked him, "Jaime G——, do you take . . ." Jaime fell to the floor screaming, "My feet, my feet! My shoes they killing me!" and promptly took them off, stood up, clutched them in his hand so that all could see, and was married—with both feet on the ground.*

# Book Reviews

## Paul of Tarsus

By Joseph Holzner, translated by Rev. Frederic C. Eckhoff

There have been many books written about Saint Paul but few have succeeded in making that Apostle live again. This author has done it very well in Paul of Tarsus. With all the delicacy and detail of an artist the author pieces together the story until we are not following in the footsteps of St. Paul nor are we seeing him across the span of the centuries as a great figure in the early days of the Church but we are actually walking by his side.

We see the pagan city of Tarsus where St. Paul was born. We stand with him and watch Stephen stoned to death. We ride with him to Damascus. We witness his conversion. From a wealth of scholarly background and knowledge the author fills out the story. The Apostle's journey from Jerusalem to Antioch to Cyprus into the far reaches of Asia Minor. These journeys are described with colorful details of the countries through which Paul travelled. We see him as the champion of Christian liberty, a Pharisee of the Pharisees challenging the Jews who would prevent the Gospel from being preached to the Gentiles.

We see the difficulties of the early Church and the almost insurmountable difficulties dogging the footsteps of this first great missionary. We get a deeper appreciation of the true stature of the little tent-maker of Tarsus with the fighting spirit, who would not yield to anyone or anything save the grace of God.

The Apostle of the Gentiles lives on these pages as a hero of flesh and blood. His friendships, his suffering, his fierce loyalties, his journeys to Rome and martyrdom reveal a fighting heart which fulfilled its boast, "For me to live is Christ; and to die is gain."

B. Herder Book Co., 15 & 17 So. Broadway, St. Louis 2, Mo. \$5.00

## Lookin' Eastward

By Captain Thomas H. Clare

There is no attempt at erudition or scholarship in this book. It is a humorous and interesting account of escapades, pranks and experiences of the American soldier in Burma and India. The author, a chaplain, is a good morale officer but hardly a man of God. He condones too much on the part of his charges that is wrong. Still he does give a fine description of the G.I. reaction to India, the hardships and sufferings they endured behind the front. The latter part of the book is well worth reading for a picture of an India that is starving, of the evils of the caste system and for the sublime picture of missionary sisters walking in the midst of death, trying to succor these poor unfortunates and alleviate their misery with the charity of Christ. Though his own beliefs are vague and confused and his appreciation of the Catholic Church still more so, the author is generous in his praise of these angels of mercy and almost wistfully glad that they and their orphans adopted him and commended him to the care of Saint Therese. Perhaps if he had not been killed in an airplane crash shortly after this incident, this story might have had a different ending.

Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50

## Lake Superior

By Grace Lee Nute

Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS will be interested in Lake Superior by Miss Nute, Curator of Manuscripts in the Minnesota State Historical Society. The opening chapters of her history of the lake contain a well balanced appreciation of the work of the missionaries, both Catholic and Protestant, on the lake shores. Jogues, Raymbault, Allouez and Marquette stand out prominently in the early chapters and a grand tribute is paid to the Jesuit cartogra-

phers of the seventeenth century by the inclusion of a reproduction of "one of the earliest maps of Lake Superior" made by the Jesuit missionaries in 1672.

Nor is the rest of the book inferior to her treatment of the missionaries. The reader can read any chapter and find an account, complete in itself, of some phase of the historic life of Lake Superior. This book lives up to the fine standards set by Fred Landon, the author of the first volume of this series on the Great Lakes.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York. \$3.50

## Lake Michigan

By Milo M. Quaife

Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who may expect to learn something of the Catholic missionaries whose lives are interwoven with the early history of Lake Michigan will be disappointed to find that the author paints them as politicians rather than apostles, although a few words of praise are found in reference to their pioneer work. The story of the growth of the lake coast and the progress of travel on the lake is unfolded with interesting anecdotes brightening up what could be mere catalogue.

Bobbs-Merrill Co., New York. \$3.50

## Man of Molokai

By Ann Roos

The best review that can be written of Ann Roos' dramatic biography of Father Damien, the apostle of the lepers, is her own note at the beginning of the book; for she has adhered to the ideals she set before herself and has produced a biography that makes Father Damien live through its pages. She writes: This book does not attempt to be a definitive biography. It is rather the imaginative re-creation of a personality. Still, authentic sources have been faithfully followed.

J. B. Lippincott Co., New York. \$2.00



Father Stoffel, S.J., with some of the children of his grammar school at Ridge, Maryland.

# Never a dull moment

Joseph I. Stoffel, S.J.

“OPERATOR, give me the Fire Department please. Quick!” It was the frightened voice of my handy-man shouting into the phone which awakened me one Saturday afternoon, ten minutes after I had dozed off waiting for confessions, completely exhausted. I was wide awake now. Across the school yard I could see the dilapidated grammar school, across the county road the modern parish High School building and next to it a large, substantially built convent. There above the convent rising and mounting was black, billowing smoke.

The Fire Department was twenty miles away. I had not had time to take my clothes off in 35 straight hours and now something like this had to happen.

Ridge, Maryland is not a village—it is a Post Office station in the open country and the headquarters of St. Michael's parish which covers the southernmost 60 square miles of the Maryland peninsula. There is one priest for the white population of the district, a priest who hasn't time to be lonely and who finds emergency sick calls are usually an adventure.

It was one of them that kept me up for 35 straight hours. Several miles up a country road and two miles off in the woods, I found one of my patients dying. The doctor decreed that the dying man must be removed to a hospital in Baltimore immediately for an operation if he was to be saved. Whereupon, my car became an emergency ambulance. Battling sleep I drove 100 or so miles as fast as I dared with recapped tires, dim lights and a jouncing car. It was 4 A.M. when the patient was admitted. Two hours later I was trying to persuade the housekeeper at a nearby rectory that

I was a priest looking for a place to say Mass. My appearance made her doubt it very much. After 24 hours on your feet you are no longer sleepy, you just walk around in a daze. As soon as I got back to Ridge, exhaustion overtook me and now here was a fire on my property. As a matter of fact the convent itself was not on fire but the woods dangerously close by. What made it dangerous was that the Leonardtown Volunteer Fire Department had no authority to attend wood fires. The local forest warden had no crew and the only recourse was to call Baltimore. Now you never call Baltimore from here if you can help it. You write, hitch-hike, send someone to deliver the message but never telephone. By the time you persuade the 11 other parties on your line to hang up, the operator has gone to lunch. If you do succeed in contacting the operator, after turning the crank for twenty minutes, she will inform you that the line to Baltimore is busy. So the pastor and the handy-man and some small boys battled the forest fire for three hours. There was no time for supper because the people were coming for confession.

In due time a Southern Maryland sun dawned upon a normal beautiful Sunday morning. All nature was at her best as the pastor struggled through two Masses. It was not until noon-day breakfast that he collapsed. There is one thing that can be said for the life of a pastor in the quiet of a peaceful countryside—at least there is never a dull moment.

**St.  
Ignatius  
Loyola, S.J.**



**July  
31,  
1945**

**INDIA**

*Rt. Rev. O. Sevrin, S.J.  
Ranchi*

With me during the three and a half month pastoral visit of part of my vast diocese (3½ times the size of Belgium), you would have enjoyed a good many things, vistas of hills and valleys and forests and rivers, now all aglow in the bright sunshine, now at rest in the cool, incomparable moonlight of India; and traveling; too, by a push-cycle, motor cycle, busses, military truck, car, rick-shaw, train, horse, elephant and, of course, on foot; then on reaching any Catholic village the drumming and dancing and singing and smiling and cheering of hundreds of Catholics. But what would be far more thrilling was the sight of the simple faith of our converts, thronging in by the thousands to Confession, Communion and Confirmation. Their genuine devotion to Our Lady, etc. There are shadows, of course, sometimes dark ones, but even I, after 36 years of missionary life, still feel the thrill of this wonderful working of Grace and so does our veteran pioneer, Father Cordon (86 years old), who has lived

to see the tiny seed of Christianity grow under his very eyes from 1500 Catholics in 1884 to 327,226 in 1944. Do help us with your prayers to extend Christ's kingdom still further in these most promising mission fields.

**BAGHDAD**

*Father Joseph P. Connell, S.J.*

The students' annual retreat ended this morning with Mass and general Communion in the Armenian Catholic Church in the heart of the city. The celebrant of the Mass was Father Narsis, an eighty year old Armenian Catholic priest. Father Merrick led the boys in the recitation of the promises and consecration. He was the Retreat Master for the boys of the upper classes. Father Paul Serkis, who has a brother a Jesuit at Kurseong, was the Retreat Master for the boys in first high. All the Christian boys, Uniate, Orthodox and Protestant, to the number of 259, made the retreat. Do I need to remind you that we have no school chapel and no auditorium? The boys were crowded into ordinary classrooms and the library reading room, and had to be transported every morning in five bus loads to the different Churches in the city. But the retreat was a success and a memorable event.

Of quite a different nature but more likely to make the headlines was the annual Government track meet in Iraq. This corresponds in interest among Iraqis to the Army-Navy football game in the States. I was one of the nine Fathers who went early to the field on the day of the meet. We were too late to get seats in the sections marked on our tickets but as so frequently happens in the case of the Fathers in these days of grace, two Moslem boys of influential families noticed us and expressed their indignation that we didn't have seats of honor. They mentioned the word where it counted and

**Most Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., Coadjutor Vicar Apostolic of Alaska with right of succession, has become the new Bishop of Alaska upon the death of the late Bishop Crimont. Before his consecration, Bishop Fitzgerald was Provincial of the Oregon Province of the Jesuits. All during the war, he has been Military Vicar for the Armed Forces in Alaska.**





## A FIELD WITH

Very Reverend Zacheus J. Maher, S.J., American Assistant to the General of the Jesuits, recently made a thorough visit to Jamaica, B.W.I. and British Honduras, missions of American Jesuits. In British Honduras, where this picture was taken, he travelled the wild trail from mission to mission to learn first-hand the hardships of life in the bush missions of Central America.

### BRITISH HONDURAS

*Father Joseph Rochel, S.J.  
Punta Gorda*

Perhaps I can add a bit more about the BBDA, the Brain and Brawn Dental Association, which Father Stevenson and I used to operate. He supplied the brains and I applied the brawn in extracting teeth. He knew a good deal about it, studied it, had long experience here and the people trusted him. But our partnership never advanced far beyond the theoretical stage as I was not here very long between mission trips. Toward the end he became so weak that he was unable to extract the teeth himself. All he could do was administer the anesthetic and call in a man to help.

Punta Gorda is about 100 miles from Belize where the nearest dentist lives. We have a boat from Belize twice a week but the trip takes fifteen hours and often more. Most of the people live outside Punta Gorda, some over fifty miles away. The trip costs at least \$3.00 one way just for fare. The round trip would take at least six days and nights. That's not much help when a man needs his tooth pulled. As a result hundreds of people whom I have met have had their teeth pulled by Father Stevenson. Practically everybody I meet asks about him. The missionary for this district should have at least four months in a dental school besides all the other things he would need to know to carry on the work where Father Stevenson left off. P. S.—I am very grateful for the help you sent. That's what keeps us going.

### JAMAICA

*A Franciscan Sister*

I am back in the States for hospitalization and a little rest but my thoughts are ever in Jamaica. At present I am teaching grade V with all the excitement of getting Americanized all over again at school. What was my surprise the other day when I saw a face on the magazine cover sticking out of a pile of old copies

in a few minutes we were seated with the honored guests directly beneath the King's box. The King was not present this year. His Royal Highness, the Regent, awarded the prizes.

There were seventeen secondary and intermediate schools represented. They formed in groups at the far end of the field and marched in review past the King's box. Baghdad College's flag, the 15th, waved over a group of thirty boys and they did look distinctive, sporting the track suits which Father Madaras had just sent to us from the States—a maroon stripe on the shorts and a visible maroon "B.C." on the front of the jerseys—and just to show that I wasn't unduly prejudiced, the judges' choice for appearance, of uniforms and order in the march, was "B.C. on-the-Tigris."

Fufu Jurji put us in the lead by winning the 100 meter, by setting a new record in the broad jump, by placing second in the pole vault, and then setting up a substantial lead in the relay which enabled us to win the special cup of the day. Supporting him was Tominna, who won the shot put, missed out in the discus, although he is the best in the country. Before the meet he tore a nail loose on his finger with our old "weapon". We won the meet for the second year in a row.

# AMERICAN JESUITS

The face of the child seemed so familiar to me. It turned out to be a JESUIT MISSIONS with a boy from Alpha molding pottery. It was as good as a letter from Jamaica to go through the pages. There were ten new priests heading that way. What good news that must have been for the Jamaicians! But it made me want to have a glimpse of the island myself.

Funny little incidents keep coming back to mind, like the time it rained at High Gate when Father Ochs had to wait for a lull. The flood was so violent that he had to come over to help us mop up the ground floor. We had a little green-horn colleen Sister fresh from Eire, a sister green to many expressions and Jamaican modes of travel. She watched Father Ochs finally brave the storm and lean against the wind and rain. She knew he was waiting for a lull. "Look, Sister," she said, "Father's walking. I thought there was going to be a lull to pick him up and take him home." Little things, but so many happy memories.

I hope to return this year. Teaching here is much easier once you get settled but Jamaica still has an irresistible attraction. What does the teaching Sister find attractive in Jamaica? A loveable little mob of "thim-head-hard-sister picknies dem," sleepy and skinny and steaming fresh from the playground with the only worry in their heads—the ball game or the marbles or dice, which they manage sometimes in corners away from Sister's eagle eye. For all their mischief I would leave this grand old USA for the little dusky children any time.

*Father Harry W. Ball, S.J.  
St. Helen's, Linstead*

Ewarton has a new church—one they are very proud of, one Father James Harney worked very hard and wisely to erect. His experience of many years in Jamaica guided him to make it strong against the hurricane and earthquakes, yet open for any vagrant



**Father John Laux, S.J., for years missionary among the Crow Indians at Pryor, Montana, with the entire community of Franciscan Sisters of Milwaukee at the mission. Father Laux has been transferred to Tonasket, Washington. In his place, Father Robert Kane, S.J., from Rocky Boy Mission, Montana, will take charge of the mission at Pryor.**

breeze that blows and finally a place of beauty to inspire and console his people. Above the sacristy there are a couple of rooms where a priest may live. A set of stations has arrived, five complete sets of vestments have been promised, the organ is bought but there are still some further needs which some reader may be interested to know. A few things for the priests' room, bed, chair, table, kerosene lamp and for the Church, statues, crucifix, candle sticks, sanctuary lamp, holy water font, monstrance, the censer, altar boys' cassocks and surplices, ciborium, statues, etc.

**"B.C." in Boston means Boston College, but in the Near East, it means Baghdad College, now producing leading students and leading athletes. These boys are the champions of Iraq.**





(Top row) John P. Banks, S.J., John L. Mahoney, S.J., John J. McGrath, S.J., Francis J. O'Neill, S.J., Joseph L. Ryan, S.J. (Bottom row) Fathers Ralph B. Delaney, S.J., Thomas J. Lynch, S.J., and Joseph D. Quinn, S.J.

among the Carib and Maya Indians. The 32 American Jesuits there now have 11 churches, 120 mission stations, 70 elementary and 2 high schools.

### DEPARTURES

Seven young Jesuits will go to British Honduras this month in one of the largest contingents to go to the Central American mission in several years. They are Father William Ulrich, S.J., Father Francis C. Ratermann, S.J., both of St. Louis, Father Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J. of Milwaukee, Fathers William J. Moore, S.J., and Clement Andlauer, S.J., of Kansas City, William J. Brennan, S.J., of Milwaukee and John C. Holbrook, S.J., of Des Moines, Iowa. These missionaries will work

To Baghdad College in Iraq this Summer will also sail eight more Jesuits, five scholastics and three priests, all from the New England province. The three priests are: Father Ralph B. Delaney, S. J., Cambridge, Mass., Father Thomas J. Lynch, S.J., Roslindale, Mass., and Father Joseph D. Quinn, S.J., Dorchester, Mass. The scholastics are: Joseph L. Ryan, S.J., Dorchester, Mass., John J. McGrath, S.J., Medford, Mass., John P. Banks, S.J., Boston, Mass., Francis J. O'Neil, S.J., Melrose, Mass. and John L. Mahoney, S.J., Milton, Mass.

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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# Could They Use Vestments?

**C**OULD they use them? If you only knew how much some of the missionaries need vestments! It has been practically impossible to send replacements or even cloth for repairing old ones for *four years* to the Pacific area where most of the missions are.

Vestments for Mass are so much appreciated. *What kind?* Light weight ones that can be carried up through the mountains to the little villages and across the desert where it is so perpetually hot. And some real nice ones for feasts in the large churches. *Black* ones for Masses for the departed. *Green* ones for Sunday Masses. *Red* ones for martyrs and for Masses in honor of the Holy Ghost. *White* ones for the feasts of Our Lord, Our Blessed Mother, the angels, confessors of the Faith like St. Joseph and St. Francis Xavier, and for virgins like the Little Flower. *Purple* ones for Lent and Advent.

We can obtain a single set of vestments for \$15.00. A complete set of five colors costs \$75.00.





## It's Time to Think

AMERICAN Catholics are wonderfully good-hearted to missionaries. They sympathize with them spontaneously, give to them generously and admire them affectionately. Yet as a group our people are still sentimental about the missions. The "loneliness" of a missionary in a pagan country affects them more than the idolatry of the twenty million people around him. Give them two cases, a poor missionary with a simple scattered flock, and a rector of a native seminary for priests (whose work is ten times more important and who needs ten times as much help) and two, three, four to one, people will prefer to help the "lonely missionary."

There is nothing wrong about sentimentality, but it is so terribly inadequate. It is not big enough for the tremendous task that we should be doing on the missions—and are not. We need an intellectual interest as well as a sympathetic interest in the missions. We need to understand what the mission problems are which are keeping three fourths of the human race outside the Church of Christ. Then we would be stirred by something much more dynamic than sentiment.

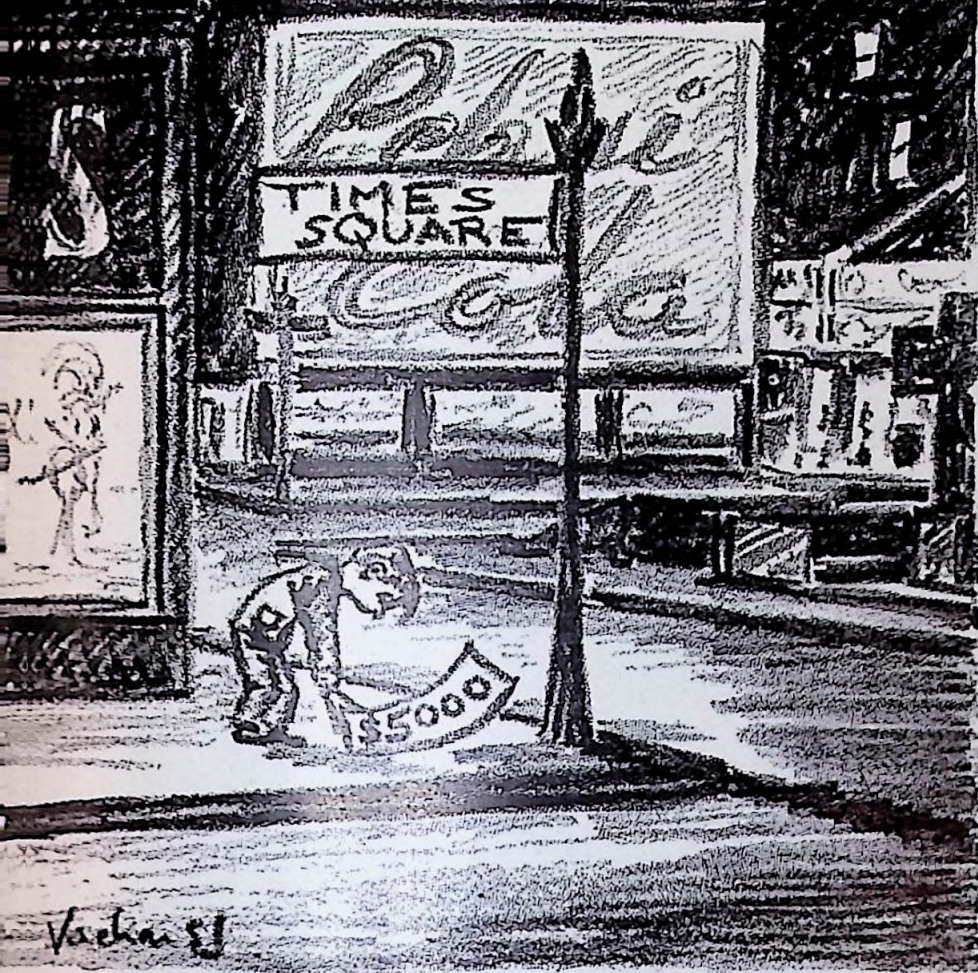
Here we are in the United States today, the largest and freest and potentially the most powerful religious unit in the whole world, able, available, and courageous, at the very point in history when the human race needs

every bit of religious and moral strength it can find, and we are doing relatively so little for the missions! Relatively, that is, to what could be done if everyone cooperated; relatively to what Catholics elsewhere have done; relatively to what needs to be done before mankind returns to Christ.

Understanding of the real mission needs and problems is vitally important for American Catholics today. Our role in the future calls for the strongest, hardest-driving motives there are, for which full understanding and firm convictions are necessary. Yet on a rough estimate, twenty million out of our twenty-five million American Catholics do not read anything regularly about the missions. The results show it. At least seven countries in Europe, each with smaller Catholic populations than ours, have surpassed us in missionary activities. Holland, with one-eighth of our population, does approximately three times as much as we do, and almost all of it within the last few decades.

Within the past few months, in New York, Philadelphia, Newark and Boston, where, if anywhere in the country, people hear and read about all types of missions, a group of eight Jesuit missionaries have been conducting panel discussions on mission problems. Only the essential and vital questions could be discussed in the time allowed. But for two hours and a half audiences have sat spell-bound listening to a presentation of the ordinary problems of missionary work in various countries. Almost universally the reactions were the same: "I never thought of the missions that way before. I knew they were difficult but I never knew before they were that complex or so interesting." What makes this reaction remarkable is the startling fact that the questions discussed were the basic, the first, the most important ones any missionary has to ask himself and to solve,—and the audiences were not strangers to the missions but their most faithful supporters for years.

Much has already been done. Interest has been fostered and is ever increasing, but apparently not fully enough yet to meet the role which the Providence of God seems to have in store for us when the war is done. With three-fourths of the human race still outside the Church of Christ, with Europe prostrate for years to come, the Holy Father will most certainly turn to us more and more for leadership in the work of the missions. There is just the possibility that we might be satisfied with what we are doing at present, that further demands may seem an imposition, unless we understand better the magnitude of the work ahead and the privilege that is ours to have a part in it. The time is coming sooner than we realize, and it's time now to think about it seriously.



Some people are not supposed to read this page. It is only for those who want to do something for the first time.

A missionary's friends get fewer and fewer as the years go by; he's so far away; it's so hard to keep in

## Mission of the Month

touch with everyone. But as his work keeps on increasing, he needs more friends than ever. When someone becomes interested in his people and his work for the first time, it's like getting another missionary to help him.

And the Mission Procurators! It's a wonder they have any friends left at all. Unless they do obtain new friends, the same faithful, loyal supporters must come to the rescue for everything. And they do! Perhaps you have never written to a Mission Procurator. There's a first time for everything. Does any missionary person or work in this issue interest you? One of the Procurators on this page has to support him and his work. Your help will be most welcome, especially if you are a new friend helping his old friends for the first time.

# There's A First Time For Everything

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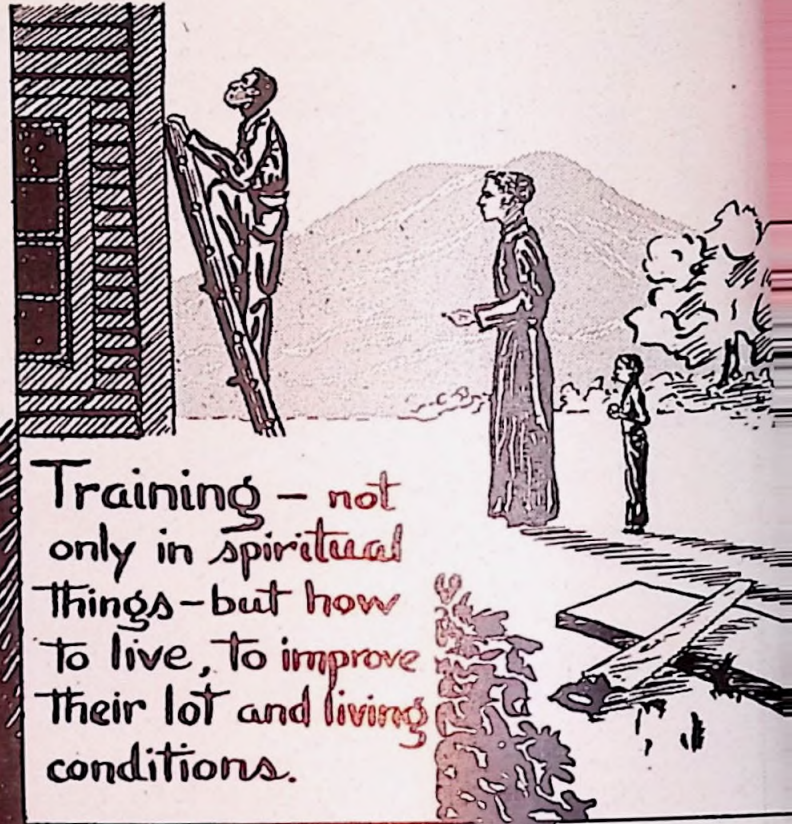
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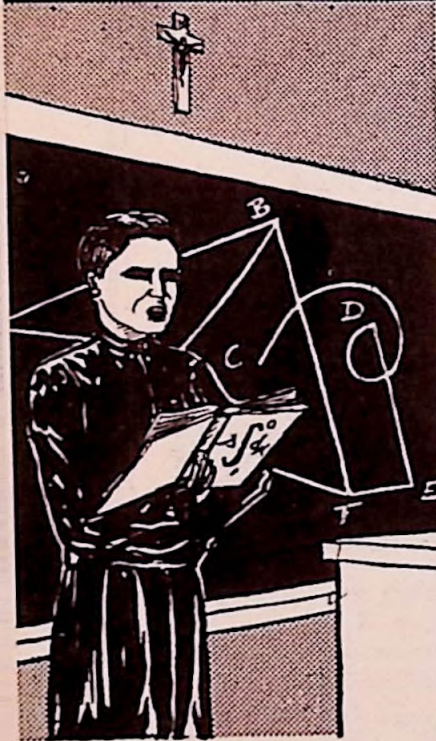
# The Four T's of a Missionary



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