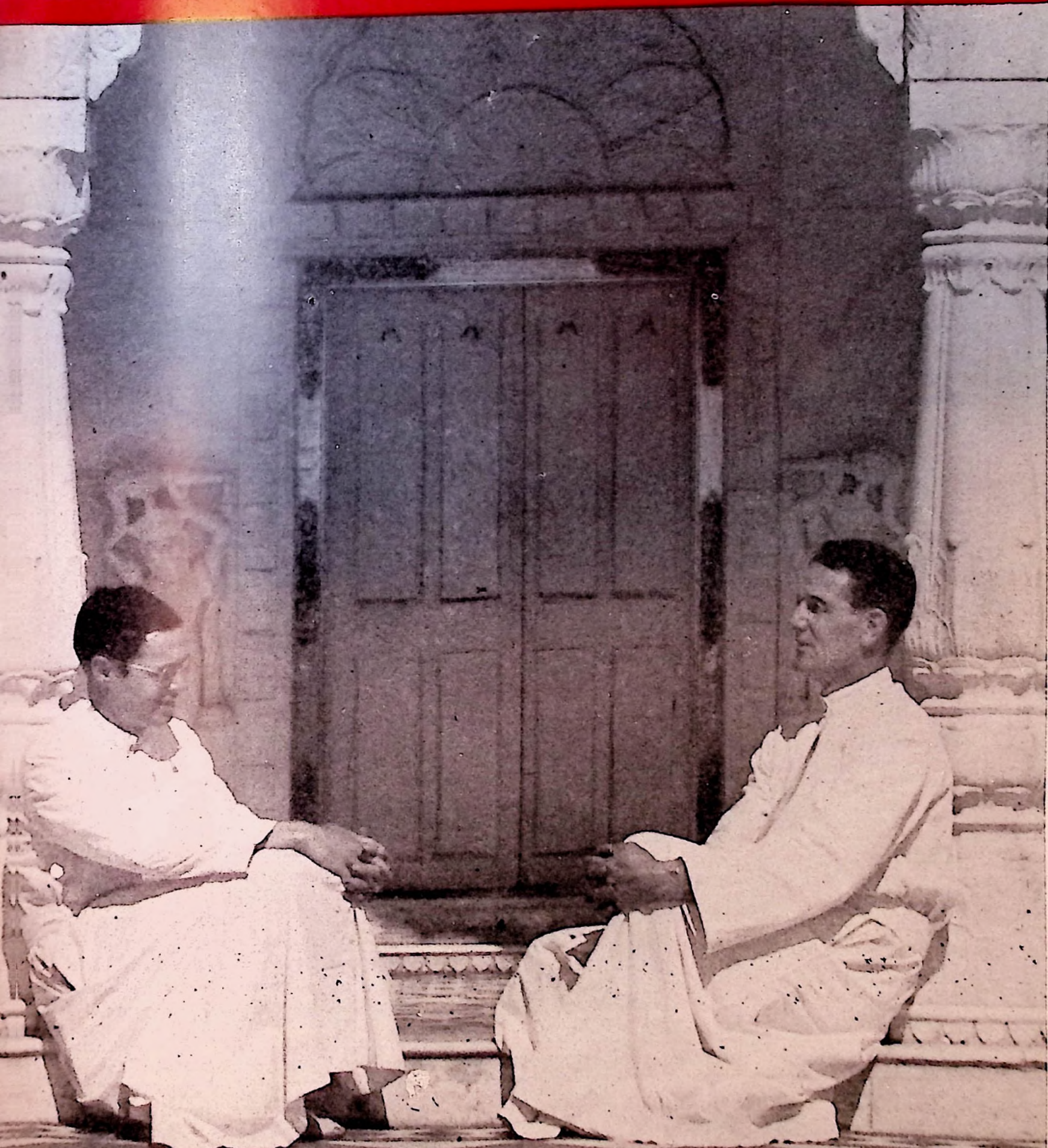


Sept. 1945

JESUIT MISSIONS



Mokameh Junction



Editor: Calvert Alexander; Managing Editor: Joseph MacFarlane; Associate Editors: John P. Deevy, Richard Scannell, Anthony G. Schirrmann, Edward T. Wiatrak, John E. Reardon, Andrew W. Vachon; Regional Editors: Patrick A. Ryan, Thomas Hallahan, Paul Brennan, Henry Béchard; Business Editor: Coleman A. Daily.

Offices: Jesuit Missions, 962 Madison Ave., New York, 21, N. Y.

CONTRIBUTORS



Francis M. Menager, S.J.

■ Father Francis Mary Joseph Ignatius Menager, S.J., was born in Nantes, Brittany (France), the seventh of fourteen children, was baptized that very night by an uncle, a missionary home from Africa, was later confirmed by a missionary bishop from Africa, had an uncle a missionary in Siam, and an aunt a missionary in China, and grew up in Nantes, a city of many missionary vocations, where talks from visiting veterans were frequent events of interest. The Menager family moved to Spokane, Washington, where Francis met the late Bishop Crimont, then Rector of Gonzaga College, and shortly afterwards, as a young Jesuit, studied under Father Ruppert, another Alaskan missionary. Father Menager did mission work among the American Indians, and taught cosmology at Mt. St. Michael's, where he had in class young Jesuits, 40 of whom are now missionaries all over the world, one of them, his Superior in Alaska today, Father Paul Deschout, S.J.

■ Father Philip D. Kiely, S.J., from Lynn, Mass., is of the class of '26 at Boston College and studied at Shadowbrook and Weston, taught at Boston College High School, and for a year, before going to Jamaica as a missionary in 1940, was assistant retreat master at the Jesuit Retreat House in North Andover, Mass. His first assignment in Jamaica was on the Chapel Car, which toured Jamaica's remote villages until the war prices for gasoline put an end to that for a while. Next he organized laymen's retreats, which the war hampered very shortly. Next he was assistant chaplain to American forces in Jamaica, which have now been moved elsewhere. At present he is in charge of a new parish, unable to build because of the war. But out of the war he won hosts of soldier friends like "Crouch."



Philip D. Kiely, S.J.

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COVER—Mokameh Junction is one of the least known and yet one of the most flourishing mission centers of the Patna mission in India. Three American Jesuits, three native Indian secular priests and one Indian Jesuit serve a territory several hundred square miles in area with Mokameh as its center, and Father Marion Batson, S.J. (at right in photo), as the local Superior. The picture is misleading in two respects: Father Batson has no such leisure (see "Afield", p. 192) and this is a pagan temple, not his church. He has not been able to finish his shrine church at Mokameh Junction.

Address all notices and communications to: 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

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Yangchow

*Where the harvest is great
4,540,000 souls,
and the laborers few
12 priests and one brother.*

Along the Grand Canal of China, in the Yangchow mission, the California Jesuits have 4,540,000 souls to save. At present each missionary of the Yangchow mission has an average of 378,333 persons to reach. The pagans outnumber the

Christians 1500 to 1. In United States, no priest has 10,000 souls to care for, but do you know how many priests would be needed to supply just one missionary for every 10,000 Chinese in Yangchow? *Four hundred and fifty!* Or how much would be needed to build one chapel for each 10,000? \$2,250,000. You see, there is a lot to be done.

Perhaps it seems too much. Well, we can't do everything at once. We must do what we can. But we have to make a start. Small savings make big sums, too. And if enough people help, we can do it. The procurator of the Yangchow mission will be grateful for your help. And some day, with your help. Yangchow will be converted.

Rev. PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.
55 West San Fernando St.,
San Jose, 21, California

Dear Father Moore:

Enclosed you will find my contribution of \$.....
for the Jesuit China Mission.

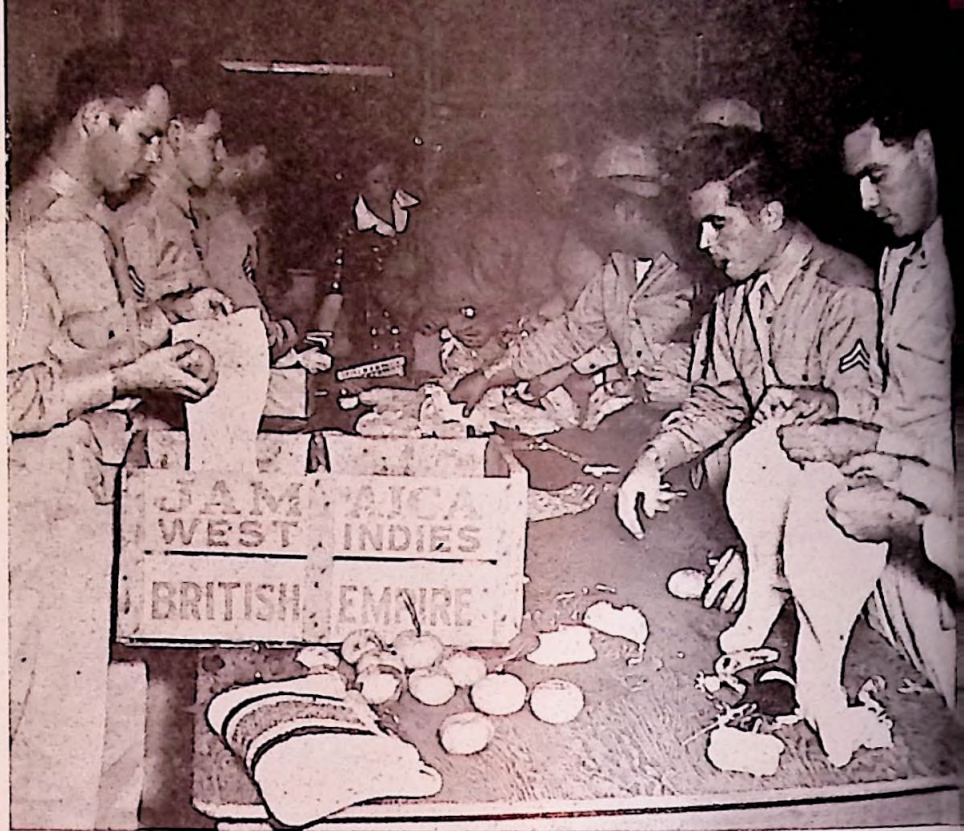
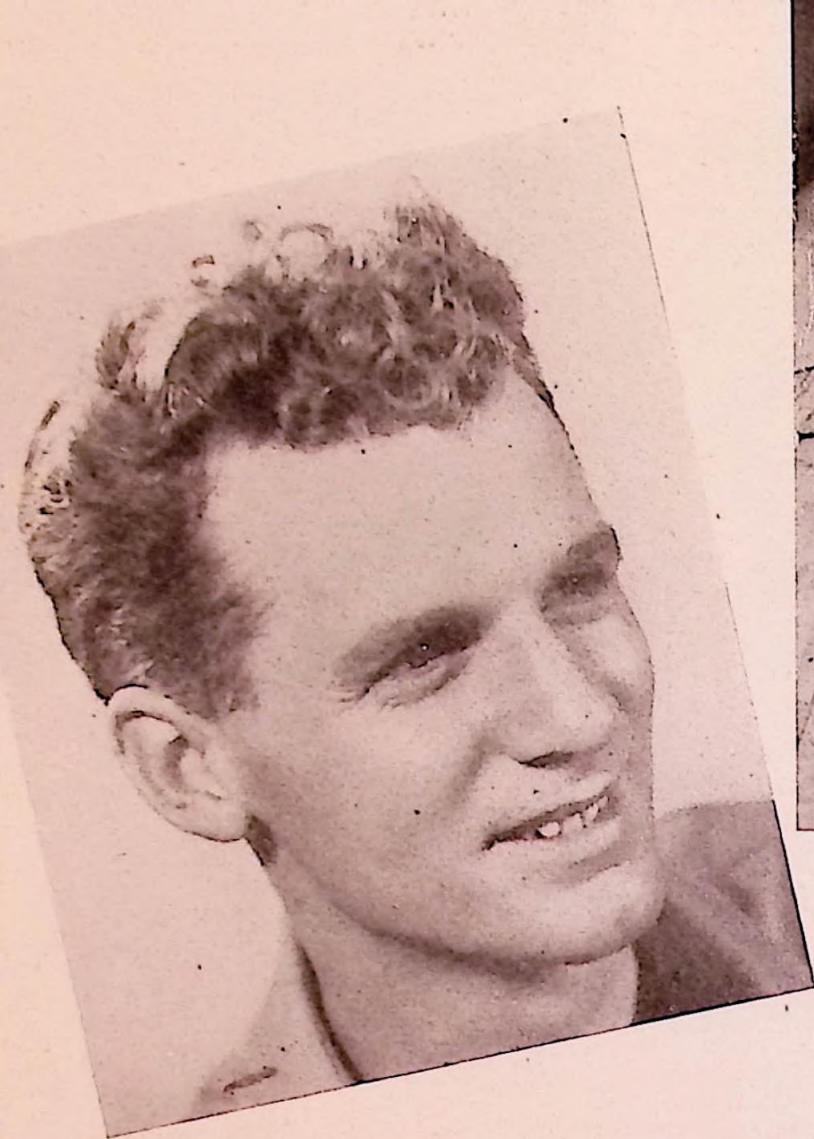
Name
Address
City Zone State

Rev. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
Case Postale 611
Quebec, Canada

Dear Father Lavoie:

Enclosed you will find my contribution of \$.....
for the Jesuit China Mission.

Name
Address
City Zone State



(left) Sergeant Howard Crouch himself, a U. S. soldier in Jamaica, B.W.I., "who had a way with soldiers and sisters and lepers". (right) "& Co.", some of the U. S. soldiers at the U.S.O. headquarters packing packages with goodies for lepers.

Philip D. Kiely, S.J.

Sgt. Crouch & Co.

HELP THE LEPERS

SGT. CROUCH is a real G.I. Joe. He gripes about the Army food, he resents the Army discipline, and his morale rises and falls with the mail from home—and points West. He has some interest out around the Mississippi and it isn't in flood control. Crouch has many facets to his character, but let me try to show you some of them.

He visited me at my little church in May Pen one day. Two weeks later a truck drove up and disgorged thirty-two soldiers, gallons of paint, ladders, cans of beer, ice, hammers, nails, sandwiches and Crouch. In no time the church had its face lifted. During a Mission at the Base I asked a particularly "Big Fish" how he happened to get caught in the net. He started, "Well, Sgt. Crouch—." That was enough.

Then there is the Leper Colony. In case you have forgotten, this Colony is in charge of the heroic Marist Sisters, who came here a few years ago from Bedford, Mass. Crouch, a couple of other boys and myself

visited there one day just as a point of interest. Two weeks after this visit a private subscription was being taken up among the soldiers. Nobody will tell how it originated but it was a fortunate "accident" that it started on pay day. Protestants, Jews and one self-styled atheist kicked in—Catholics, too, of course and not all of them were daily communicants—but with characteristic American generosity they let go the Eagle to help the Missionary Sisters. Every soldier in Camp seemed to know about them: the delicate Sister who pulled twenty-four teeth from 16 lepers in one morning, the musical Sister who taught the man with only two stumps for hands to play the trombone, the Sister barber who shaved the helpless men better than George the Barber from Brookline. These and other stories went through the barracks. And the collection added up to a neat sum.

"*Money can do everything*" is an exaggerated statement, but it can do some things. The boys waved the magic wand of labor over the collected coins and they



The heroic Marist Sisters, from Bedford, Mass., who conduct the leper asylum in Jamaica, surrounded by ardent admirers, a soldier ("Crouch"), a sailor, and U.S.O. hostesses. (below) Sister Michael, the favorite, reading "funnies" to leper boys.

became packages of joy for the lepers. Goodies of all description, eatables, wearing apparel, games, useful gadgets, things unobtainable—like chewing gum, chocolate bars, smokes and for two special old ladies, a "must" for them, two good pipes—all were loaded into Army trucks along with the Base Band and sixty-two other boys. This convoy sailed into the Leper Colony and captured it with only one casualty; a bucket of ice cream took a bad spill getting off the truck.

It is problematic who enjoyed the afternoon most—the lepers, the soldiers or the Sisters. The leper band gave the beat on their home made instruments, the choir sang and the poor little kids put on a number. Then the boys entertained with music and songs and valets. Everybody wanted to see everything. The medicos wanted to see various types and stages of this terrible affliction. The mess boys went through the kitchen and thanked God for the American way of life. The engineers explored the primitive sanitation. Finance men wondered what the Army would do if it had to run on the Sisters' budget system.

THE Protestant boys were more shy of the White Angels than of the Lepers. Then they discovered they talked and walked and laughed. And one boy found a Nun from his home town—Chicago—and all he could say was "Geel!" Then there was the "diamond-in-the-rough" guy who, with the trained eye of the soldier, spotted lovely blue eyes under the spreading headdress and commented with amazement, "What a swell looker that squaw is." The gracious hospitality, the unobtrusive humility, the complete selflessness of the Sisters impressed every single one of them.

As Corporal McCarthy from the village of New York

remarked, "You have to see the Missionary work of the Church to really understand it."

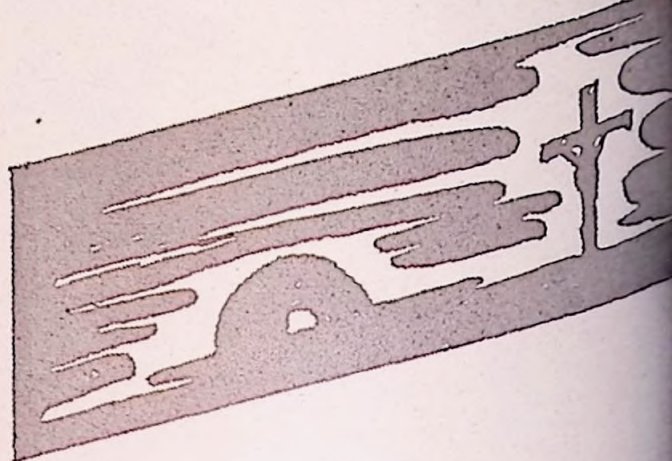
Sgt. Crouch was in on the expedition from start to finish. Then one day he was transferred—away from Jamaica. He hasn't forgotten us. Crouch isn't the type to forget. So he writes in his latest letter:

Just a few lines to say hello. Right now I am head over heels with work as I am trying to organize a society which will aid the Leper Colony in Jamaica especially in post-war times. We have two sections so far, one in St. Louis headed by Mrs. M. Goergen and one in the east headed by yours truly. Of course I will keep my fingers on the midwestern one, too. I hope the new bunch at the Base keep the Lepers in mind.

Devotedly,

CROUCH





The Bishop

Can Take It

Francis M. Menager, S.J.

Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J., new Vicar of Alaska, his face still bruised from the spill suffered when his dog team overturned and hurled him onto the icy trail.

sanctuary in muckluks (fur boots) and who get so excited they forget everything they're supposed to do (although this last isn't peculiar to Eskimo altar boys).

HE had been on the trail since late October and it was now April. He had been to almost every mission on the Yukon and on the flats of the tundra. . . . Holy Cross, Mountain Village, Akulurak, St. Michael's, Hooper Bay, Nelson Island. He had been traveling continually through the winter by plane and dogteam and what have you. And now, at the end of the trek, he was going to do the courtesy (a 150-mile courtesy) of paying a visit to me at Bethel and administering the Sacrament of Confirmation to those of my flock who had not received it from him last summer.

This is Most Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, coadjutor bishop to the late, loved Bishop Crimont and now his successor.

We're always glad to hear that he's coming. For if there be a 'bon compaignon' and a delightful guest in the wastes of the northland, it is our Bishop. And we're proud of him, too, for a patience and good humor that never fails in the face of the toughest physical trials. He can take it!

When he confirms, his episcopal throne is likely to be a 'gas box' standing on one end. For altar boys he has three bright-eyed Eskimos who are bulging out of cassocks three times too small and who pace the

AND there's never any telling just when or how he's going to arrive for a scheduled Confirmation. Going from Aniak on the Kuskokwim River to our next station thirty miles downstream last summer, we had a little trouble with the water pump, which was, in wartime default of proper equipment, an old pump rigged by me and having as power belt my own Sunday-go-to-meeting belt. It was good, tough leather, that belt, but it found the pump harder to hold than me and it broke after one hour. We cut another belt from canvas and it lasted ten minutes; and another one from canvas—also ten minutes; and so on every mile until we ran out of canvas. We were stranded with the wind blowing up and night coming down. Then an Eskimo friend came by in his boat (eleven people in it already) and the Bishop made the twelfth passenger in this 18-foot outboard. He bounced away on the waves, sitting in the middle of them all on a bundle of dried fish. But he got there (and so did I next day) and he never stopped smiling.

When he paid the visit to Bethel this last April, he and Father Paul Deschout, Superior of the Alaska Mission, planned to make the 150-mile run in three days—ordinary mushing time in good weather. They made



The Bishop's life in Alaska is an endless round of journeys. Occasionally he finds 200 people awaiting him at the end of a sixty-mile trip, more often only a handful of people, as here at Father Segundo Llorente's Church. (Father Llorente is at the extreme right, back row.) Part of Bishop Fitzgerald's greatness is the fact that he never disappoints any part of his flock, no matter how small. No wonder his people so admire him and love him! (below) The Bishop's winter "touring car".

Record time on the first leg: a five-hour run in three hours. Then a blizzard 'blizzed' suddenly and they were stuck in a little two-by-four igloo for five days—with a three-day food supply! Their lives were saved, according to the story the Bishop is telling, by the old man of Kuskokwim, me. I had sent them a box of goodies and news magazines by a visiting Tununak Eskimo (from Father Deschout's domain). He was caught by the blizzard at the same village as the others, gave them the box, and they went through the remaining days on G (for goodies) rations.

"Bishopak Akfaltroaka," said an Eskimo to me as I passed the Bethel Hotel about six one evening later. "I brought the Bishop."

It ran up the stairs and in. The first thing I saw was a man all encased in a parka and with the most tremendous 'black-eye' I've ever seen. The right eye was completely shut and that whole side of his face was black and full of congealed blood. It was the Bishop. Out of the other side of his face, "the operating side," he told me what had happened. On the rough river ice a few miles out of Bethel the sled he'd been riding overturned and he was thrown forward on his face. His snow 'specs' broke and cut into the flesh. The blood flowed and, at twenty below, froze all over his face. And thus he arrived for his visit, in the teeth of a fierce wind.

Yet the next day, with a big patch on his right eye, he went through with Mass and preaching and the Confirmation ceremony as if nothing had happened.

This is our Bishop and here's to him. He can take it!

Alaska Had Night Baseball First

In the Arctic time doesn't march on. It saunters, then it runs, then it sits down for a while. That's the way the Eskimo lives. He works, eats, sleeps and plays when he feels like it—and that may as easily be midnight as noon. He doesn't believe in being on time for anything except the local movie. And his games! Well, he plays night baseball and did years before we thought of it—the twenty-hour sun being his floodlighting. But he sees no reason to stop at nine innings just because some old Baseball Annual recommends the practice. The game goes on as long as all parties are interested, which is practically indefinitely. Thus, were you there and on base, you might easily find yourself sliding into a rather mushy third at four a.m. in the tense 43rd inning of a game that started at eight the day before!

—Rev. Paul O'Connor, S.J.



47 AMERICAN JESUITS TO

THE LARGEST GROUP EVER HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE MISSIONS THIS YEAR, FORTY-SEVEN JESUITS TO EIGHT DIFFERENT MISSIONS

1945 IS A record breaking year for Jesuit missions. This summer, the largest number of American Jesuits ever to be named in one year, *forty-seven*, were assigned to foreign missions and to American Indian and Negro missions; two to India, three to Jamaica, nine to the Philippines, seven to British Honduras, nine to American Indian missions, four to Alaska, five to missions among American Negroes, and eight to Baghdad. In 1942, first year of the war, only a handful were permitted to go. The tide has turned since then. In 1943, twenty-seven sailed away in secret through submarine-infested waters; in 1944, thirty-eight departed for three corners of the world; now this year, with the fourth corner, the Far East, opening up, the number has soared to forty-seven. Even at that, none could be appointed for China this year, where a hundred will be needed as soon as it is freed. Only nine were assigned to the Philippines where a hundred more will be called for as soon as Army rulings and invasion programs permit resumption of normal mission work. Yet despite restrictions in these areas, the gathering momentum is unmistakable and is one of the most encouraging events in recent mission history.

Besides the record number, there was another important fact connected with the departures this year. A special school of social studies for missionaries was opened in St. Louis this summer. Many of the new appointees received specialized courses at the school before leaving for their mission posts. Several veteran missionaries returned temporarily from their missions as faculty members or as students and consultants in the school. Never before were so many missionaries with specialized training assigned to mission work.

By the time you read this, the leave-taking from families will all be over; the out-going trains will be far down the rails out of sight; the out-bound ships will be far over the horizon and gone from view. At home families will be anxiously awaiting the first news of arrival in foreign lands. On the missions, veterans will be looking forward to fresh strength to add to theirs in the battle for souls. In heaven there will be rejoicing that new laborers have been sent into the harvest, for so the harvest will increase. Among our readers, we trust there will be fervent prayers for the success of their work in God's Kingdom, and a deep realization, born of these prayers, that this is only the beginning, *only the beginning* of the tremendous work which lies ahead in the years to come.

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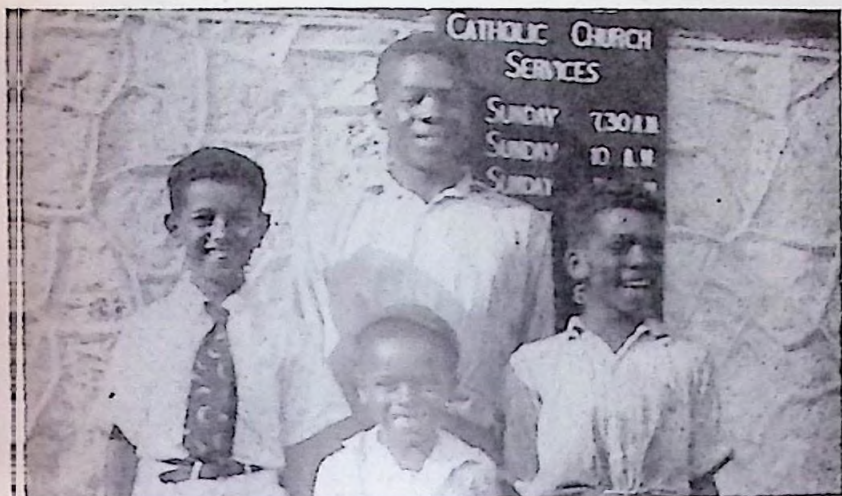


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THE MISSIONS

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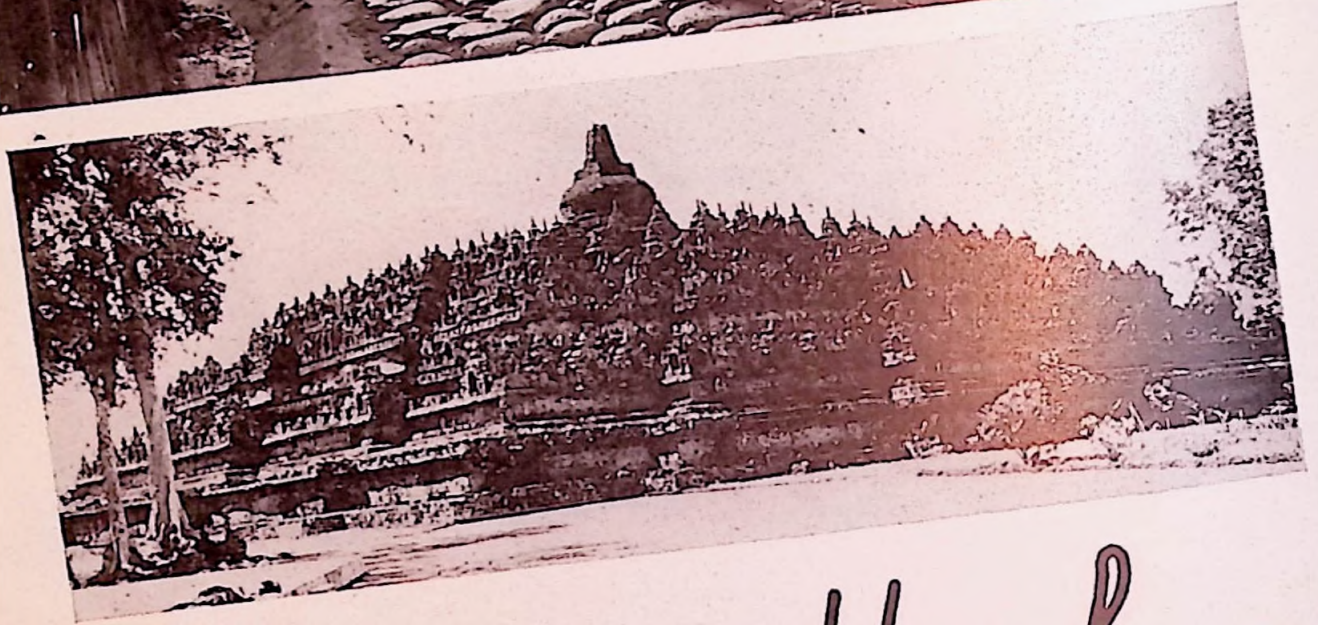


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Spotlight on the Indies

Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.

THE Netherlands East Indies are one of the richest prizes in the world. They form an empire of thousands of islands, comprising 774,000 square miles of land, ranging in size from Borneo (the size of France) and Sumatra (larger than California) to pin-point coral reefs. In these islands can be found some of the world's most valuable raw products, incomparably beautiful scenery, and, among the 70,000,000 inhabitants, some of the most interesting peoples in the human race.

The Indies have had a long history. The oldest human remains on earth were found in Java. Across the islands for centuries before the white man ever knew they existed, waves after waves of migrations passed, Hindus in the fifth century, Mohammedans in the early Middle Ages, and Chinese in succeeding centuries. The first white Europeans to arrive were the Portuguese about 1509. Spain took over Portugal's possessions almost a hundred years later. The Dutch wrested control of the islands during the seventeenth century and held them (except for three years when they were British) until the Japanese captured them in 1940.



(left, top) An early morning village scene in Java, N.E.I., hot, humid. (center) A gigantic pagan temple in the N.E.I., adorned with thousands of doorways, carvings, and little domes. (below) A Jesuit mission church in Java.



An idea of the size of the Netherlands East Indies can be gained from superimposing them on a map of the U. S.

As a result of this complex history and admixture of peoples, the Indies offer one of the most difficult colonial problems in the world but it must be said to the credit of the Dutch that, despite some of their policies in the past, today these colonies, except on one point, are recognized as the best managed in the world. The modern Dutch govern with a liberal long-range colonial program designed for the protection and progress of the native peoples as well as of the Dutch interests. But it was not always so. Dutch merchants first went to the Indies to exploit them. The natives rebelled—fiercely—against this mercantile exploitation. The Government had to step in to keep peace and order so that the flow of wealth to the homeland could be assured.

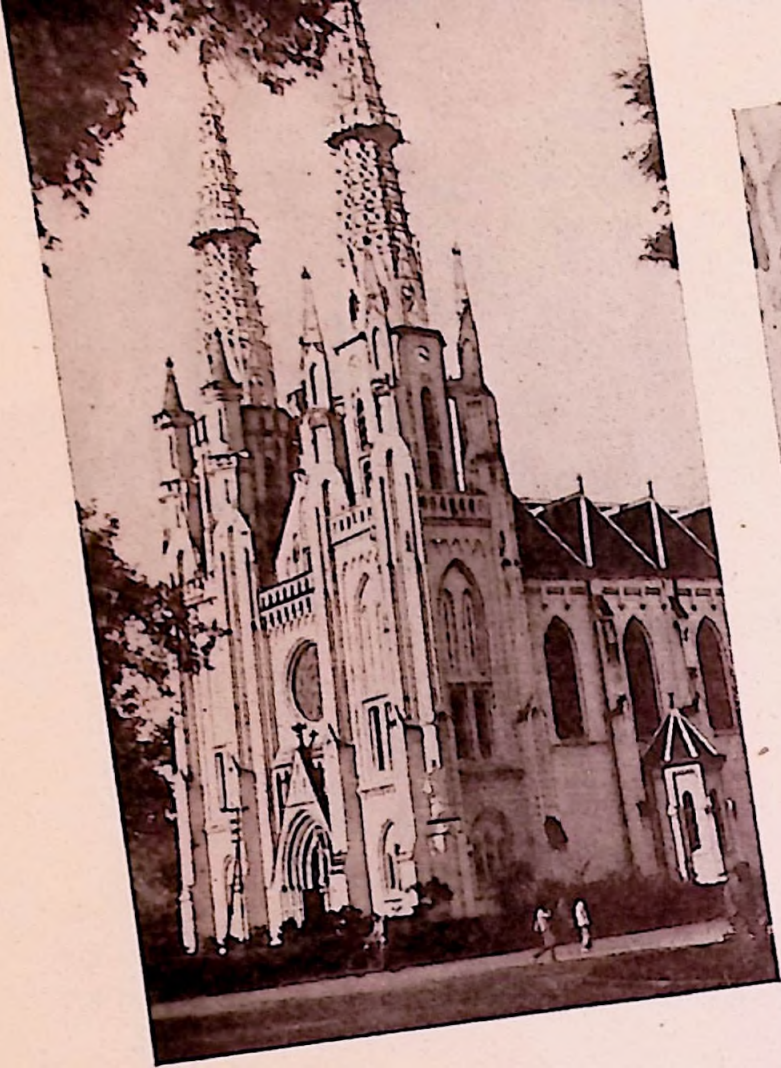
GRADUALLY and from many causes,—the rise of Catholics in the homeland, the spread of liberal doctrines in Europe, better appreciation of the native culture and many others—a coalition Christian Government came to realize that, as continued wealth from the colonies demanded lasting peace, so lasting peace demanded respect for native culture and opportunity for native progress. Out of this realization grew the liberal policy of the twentieth century. It offered the natives widespread education, encouragement and protection of property ownership, and participation in all branches and levels of the Colonial Government.

Yet out of this very concern to protect the natives has come a serious problem for the missions. When the Dutch first arrived in the Indies they found already in existence four cultures which were inseparably bound up with their respective religions: a ritualistic paganism, a powerful Mohammedanism, a strong Hinduism and the fairly recently arrived Roman Catholicism, brought by the Portuguese. Both Portuguese trade and the Catholic religion were speedily driven out. For a while the Dutch tried converting the na-

tives to Protestantism but without any great success. Christianization lagged, and Mohammedanism spread until today the peoples of the Indies are 91 percent Mohammedan.

Dutch Catholics could do nothing about this sad situation. For 200 years they were suppressed at home in the Netherlands. When toleration finally came at the beginning of the nineteenth century, there were only 400 Catholic parishes in the whole of the Netherlands so that no priests could be spared for foreign missions. By the time Catholics were numerous enough to send men abroad, the Government had decided to “protect” the native religious cultures, chiefly pagan and Mohammedan.

YET how could the government protect native cultures inextricably bound up with religion and at the same time recognize the Christian mandate to evangelize the world? The Dutch were shrewd business men but they were also fundamentally Christian. The solution was a compromise. Religious freedom for Christian missionaries was proclaimed and protected by the government, but it was also hedged in with restrictions. Article 177 of the Netherlands East Indies Constitution, applying to Catholic as well as Protestant missionaries, reads as follows: 1) *Christian teachers, priests and missionaries must be provided with a special permit, issued by or on behalf of the Governor General, to enable them to carry on their work in any particular part of the Netherland Indies.* 2) *Whenever the permit is found to be harmful or if its conditions are not observed, it can be withdrawn by the Governor General.* Furthermore, restricted territories were assigned separately to Catholic and Protestant missionaries and each group is forbidden to carry on missionary work anywhere else. The Island of Bali, accordingly, is “preserved” from missionary influence, but movies, newspapers, magazines, tourists and some very dis-



(left) Catholic Cathedral in Batavia, N.E.I., one of the most beautiful buildings in the islands. (right) Native woman doing "Batik", a process of working designs into cloth, perfected by the Javanese. Every design is different and represents the individual's philosophy of life.

reputable exiles from the lower artistic circles of the world can exert their influence there. Only Christian missionaries are excluded. Elsewhere, it is true, the government respects its obligations within the restricted territories assigned, but the compromise is by no means universally successful in practice.

This in general is the background of missionary work in the Netherlands East Indies. Because the interference of the Government in Church matters made negotiations necessary in Church and educational matters (the Government also has something to say about schools), the hierarchy of the N.E.I. set up a central mission bureau at Batavia, capital of Java, and central seat of the Government. It was a wise course, appreciated by the Government and conducive to the ablest direction of the whole mission program.

Because of this able leadership of the hierarchy and the remarkable growth of the Church and missionary interest at home in the Netherlands, the Catholic missions in the islands have made extraordinary progress in the last forty years. In 1902 there were only 32 priests, 16 mission stations and 51,000 Catholics in the whole Indies. In 1940 there were 599 priests, 543 brothers and 1,927 sisters, and a good percentage of each group was native. To date there are 600,000 Catholics. Scattered over more than 200 mission stations there are 60 hospitals, 2 leper asylums, 53 boarding schools for boys and 32 for girls, 87 orphanages, 1 daily Catholic newspaper, several weeklies and many monthlies, among them 34 in the Dutch language, 6 in Malayan, 7 in Javanese and 1 in Batak. There are 1,796 schools with 160,000 pupils, 4,420 teachers.

Most of the missionaries are Dutch. The largest group is the Jesuits with 207 missionaries; next are the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word with 142, the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart with 83, the Capuchins with 75, and the others follow in order, the Fathers of the Holy Family, the Vincentians, the Carmelites, the Franciscans, the Crossier Fathers, the Priests of the Sacred Heart, the Pius Fathers, the Scheut Fathers, the Conventuals and the Montfortan Fathers.

The war put a stop to all missionary work. In May 1940 all the priests, brothers and sisters of Dutch origin were interned by the Japanese. Very few were able to escape and since that unhappy day very little has been heard either of the islands themselves or the missionaries who were captured. For 600,000 Catholics there are now, instead of 599 priests, only 16 native priests, instead of 543 brothers, only 65 native brothers and most of the sisters are not allowed to do any work.

If the Church is able to function there at all, it is because of the native clergy which it has fostered. Many of the native priests were educated in the Netherlands and made impressive records there as students. Most of them, however, were educated in four minor seminaries and two major seminaries in their own countries. Before the war there were 289 students in those six institutions. In view of this tremendous growth in missionary activity, one readily understands the anxiety and eagerness of the greatest missionary country for its size in the world today to return again to its task in the Netherlands East Indies. With the invasion of Borneo this road back is opening now at last.

God's Providence for
American Catholics is
now being revealed.

MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS



The Growth of a Mustard Seed

At the turn of the nineteenth century, there was hardly a Catholic Church in the United States. There were some Catholics scattered far and wide over this continent, but not a visible Church. Most of these Catholics had no church building and no priest; they scarcely knew they were Catholics. Bishop John Carroll, a Jesuit until the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773, was now the shepherd of a diocese covering one million square miles in territory from Florida to Canada, and reaching as far west as the Mississippi. He had only a handful of priests, many of whom were former Jesuits, to help him establish the Catholic Church in the United States.

In the brief period of one century, we see how the mustard seed has grown and flourished into a mighty tree. Today the Catholic Church in America is clearly visible, well established, with its hierarchy, its dioceses and parishes. It detracts nothing from the heroic efforts of those early priests and pioneers who devoted their lives to this work to point out that a major factor in this phenomenal growth was the mass migrations of Catholics from Europe, Irish, French, German, Italian, Polish, they came to the New World bringing their Faith with them. They married, raised families and, from their meager earnings, built their Church. Their sons and daughters entered God's service to become priests, brothers and sisters. So numerous have been these vocations that there was hardly room for them in seminaries and novitiates. We still remember the words of an elderly priest commenting on this fact. "Divine Providence has some reason for this increase in vocations." At the time, more than a decade ago, this priest hinted at persecution and martyrdom, warning us to prepare our souls. He did not sound like an alarmist to us at the time, because we had a first class example in Mexico of what could happen to the Church almost overnight.

Eyes East

During the course of this present war we have begun to see more clearly the designs of Divine Providence with regard to the Catholic Church in America. We can see a reason for these numerous vocations. We are to become the seminary for the missions of the Church. Distant continents are much closer to us. Millions of our boys are being sent perforce to those distant places. After the war many of them will migrate to some of them and settle there for good. One place we have in mind particularly is China. It is possible that what has happened to the Church in the short space of a century in this country may also take place in China. For the Chinese have all the natural virtues upon which the supernatural life of Christ may be engrafted. They are a moral people; they have respect for authority; the family unit is stable and there is mutual regard for the dignity of the individual.

So there is a promise of a golden age for the Church in China and a tremendous challenge is offered to us Americans to bring it to pass. China is a nation larger than all Europe combined, more populous than four continents, containing one quarter of the world's inhabitants. As Bishop Yu-Pin said in his recent book, *Eyes East*, "Christianity confronts the opportunity of centuries. China is in the process of reconstruction. Almost everything is still to be developed, education, social work, medicine, industry, the press. China cannot possibly accomplish the task alone. Its very magnitude demands international cooperation. Whether Christian influence will mould China or whether she will be turned over to paganism or worse, depends not on China but on Christians."

This invitation is given particularly to the Church in the United States. It is our opportunity. The souls of one fourth of the human race are asking us to come to them to show them the way to Christ.

JOHN P. DEEVEY, S.J.

The Common Touch

ONE class of professional workman is the same the world over. I was walking down King Street, the main thoroughfare in Kingston, Jamaica, when a prosperous-looking individual clad in the latest English tweeds accosted me. He beamed all over as he shook my hand vigorously. "Father Semmes," he cried. "No," I said, "Father Semmes is an older man than I." "Of course, of course. How could I be so stupid? Father Leroy!" "No," I answered, "Father Leroy is a larger man than I." "Father," he said, in the most unctuous tones conceivable, "it doesn't matter a whit. I assure you it's immaterial. Can you give me a shilling?" A finer touch to this "touch" perhaps, but otherwise my friend was blood brother to the man who apologized profusely to me in the Boston Station because he got me twice on the same round.

—Rev. James A. Armitage, S.J.



A SOLDIER SEES BETTIAH

Pfc. E. E. Dolan

THIS IS HOW INDIA LOOKS WHEN
A LAYMAN VISITS OUR MISSIONS
AND DESCRIBES THEM TO HIS WIFE

HERE I was on the steps of the American Jesuit mission near Bettiah. Immediately I was surrounded by four of the Fathers. I didn't do a thing except nod for five minutes, they fired questions at me so fast. And when I finally got in that I'd come up to visit Father Ziebert, they all thought I'd met him at Kurseong, India. I came near flooring them when I told them I was from the same parish back in Cleveland.

After I'd met Father Ziebert, we all talked ourselves blue (all the priests of Bettiah were around me by this time), until it was time for dinner.

The Fathers took me up to their study after dinner and what did I do there but get into a four-handed pinochle game, which my partner, Father Schwind, and I lost (but we evened it up the next night).

Next morning, Saturday, I just about stuck my head out the door when one of the Fathers whisked me off to breakfast. We spent the morning looking over

(left) It was to see Father Ziebert, S.J., shown here with boys at the Jesuit school in Bettiah, that Pfc. Emil Dolan made the trip to the mission. (above) Two of the Jesuits who welcomed him are shown with "General" Dolan at Khrist Raja High School. Robert Ludwig and Thomas Downing.

the mission gardens and orchards, and they are really something to see. In the orchard it was banana, 'Kali pappia, mango, coconut, beechnut, and betel-nut trees in the garden, everything, even leaf lettuce and radishes—and both places were plenty well irrigated. Then to the animal department: chicken, ducks, water buffalo (which incidentally furnish the milk and a good part of the meat) and goats—and I also had occasion to eat these a good number of times. There's a Brother running the gardens and orchards and a Father in charge of the animals, each with a pile of helpers.

I HAD a visit with Father Pinto who is the type of person one doesn't forget, jovial and remarkably interesting. After we'd covered everything from Rome to India in our talk (he hails from Portugal, was schooled and ordained in Rome and just came to India), he took me on a tour of the school buildings. We went through the church, the boys' dormitories, the classrooms, power plant and the students' kitchens of which last there are several—for the Hindus, Mohammedans and Christians, each having their own: just a matter of religion, with the Hindus taking the cake for being particular how their food should be prepared. Five buildings in all, and the whole business set amid spacious lawns and flowers, shrubs and trees, and standing off from the town. No homes are visible within a quarter mile. Most of the land and the buildings was gift from the Bihai Rajah for some deed the Father did.

The Fathers showed magnificent timing the new

The Sisters of the Holy Cross conduct the government hospital at Bettiah, where Emil Dolan "spent two of the happiest hours of the whole trip". The Indian Jesuit getting the once-over from the baby looks for all the world like Father Pinto himself.



morning by waking me up so I just made Mass. The church has seats and benches in the rear but the natives all sat and knelt on the floor. Whenever I was attending Mass here and there was enough light for them to see me, I got more eyes on me than the priest and afterward a lot of them would crowd out near the door for another good look as I went by. In my turn I was surprised to find Mass so well attended; and at the communion bell everything but the side altars walked up to receive. The church itself is very nice—an altar carved of teakwood with lots of statues, some of them having come from as far away as Italy and Spain.

I WENT to see the King Edward Hospital here in the afternoon. It's two miles from the mission over pretty rough roads. The hospital is owned by the Indian government and run by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The Sisters all come from Germany and Switzerland and at one time were interned but later turned loose as there was no one else to manage the place. One of the nurses was an elderly plump, jovial German, who blossomed out in smiles when Father told her he had a few cans of beer for her. He warned her she'd have to make some pretzels before she got the beer.

I've been in a few Indian hospitals—and conditions and the treatment there were awful—but walking into this one was like coming out of a dark room into a lighted one. Most of the patients are charity cases but all get the same good care and all are cheerful, including a few Indian soldiers who had been wounded in the war. The wards were as airy and well-lighted as those at home. Best of all are the Sisters themselves

who are proud of their work and have reason to be. I spent two of the happiest hours of the whole trip with them at their hospital, believe it or not!

Monday, after seeing the volley ball games (Churia Mission vs. Bettiah Mission and the students vs. the Fathers—Flash! Bettiah took Churia and the students drubbed the Fathers), I went to the Churia mission—and by bicycle, of all things. All in all I took about five spills. The road is nothing more than cow paths for four of the eight miles. Most of my spills came from getting one wheel in one rut and the other in another . . . which is not so good!

That evening a few natives stopped by the mission and I heard, first-hand, a tiger story. That is, I heard them but it had to be bounced to me because my Hindustani isn't topnotch as yet. Anyway a tiger had come out of the forest to make a few social calls. This one had so far only feasted on a goat and a jackass, but they have no scruples. Some tigers don't stop at just one social call but go as high as thirty on one tour, relishing that many natives.

A FEW further remarks were passed about tigers climbing three-story buildings (the wall around the mission was only one story!) and it was mentioned that I'd better bolt my door. Well, I did but that was because it was a bit drafty in the room. And did I sweat!—probably a slight fever or just the closeness of the air. Open the door? It would have been a lot of bother moving all the furniture away from it.

Khrist Raja School in Bettiah trains boys from all walks of life, Churia's school cares for boys and girls from four to twelve years old. At Khrist Raja most pay, at Churia most do not—can't afford it. I went through both sides at Churia—even into the Principal's office: I've been in them before but always with someone pulling at my ear—and was much impressed by the cleanliness and efficiency and especially by the Sisters, who are all Indians except for the Mother Superior.

But the most interesting thing was the town industry of Qu-oats. The British here have developed the Quaker-Oats-for-breakfast habit but war stopped shipments from abroad. So Father Gibbons set up production of a substitute and the people go for it. The machinery is first-class, though I don't get it all: a fire cooking the food, a flue running into a drier to dry the oats, an apparatus to determine if enough moisture is taken out to prevent souring.

I had a wonderful time. And never in my days did I have so many willing listeners. I was something special. I was the first American soldier in these parts! I told the Fathers I was a private but they wouldn't take me for less than a Sergeant. To the Indian Brothers I was earmarked a Captain and no doubt I was a General in the eyes of the natives. You'd think I was that to everybody—because that's how I was treated for five days by a grand bunch of people.

Before

After



*In the
of M*

Wil



The ATENEO de MANILA



Ruins Manila

Masterson, S.J.

ANY complete record of financial losses to our Houses in Manila is still impossible. However a few figures will show the enormous task facing us in the Philippines if we are to regain our pre-war status. Merely for food and the necessities of life Father Hurley has had to borrow P. 1,000,000 (\$500,000), both during the war and since the American invasion. This debt must now be paid off by the Jesuit Philippine Bureau, although the Bureau has been able to collect only half of that sum since the outbreak of the war in 1941.

The certified, audited loss of the Ateneo de Manila is P. 3,400,000 (\$1,700,000.00). Pictures recently taken indicate that there is practically nothing worth salvaging from the ruins of our University in Manila. No certified reports have as yet been prepared on San Jose Seminary, the Ateneo Grade School, San Ignacio Church, and the Superior's residence, all of which were levelled to the ground. Nor have there been any complete reports on the destruction in Mindanao, but the loss of the Ateneo de Cagayan alone will exceed P. 400,000 (\$200,000.00). A conservative estimate would place our losses and debts in the Philippines at between \$4,000,000.00 and \$5,000,000.00 and there is little hope at present of any Government reimbursement for these losses.

With all our schools in Manila destroyed, educational work, save for the Jesuit Scholastics, is completely at a standstill. Every building suitable for a high school is occupied either by the government or the military authorities. A faint hope has arisen that a building may be obtained for a Jesuit high school in August. If this

You are looking at nearly \$2,000,000 damage. Photos of the Ateneo de Manila and Observatory, taken by Father Eugene Gisel, S.J., from almost the same positions, before and after the destruction of Manila. College building (top) and Observatory (below).





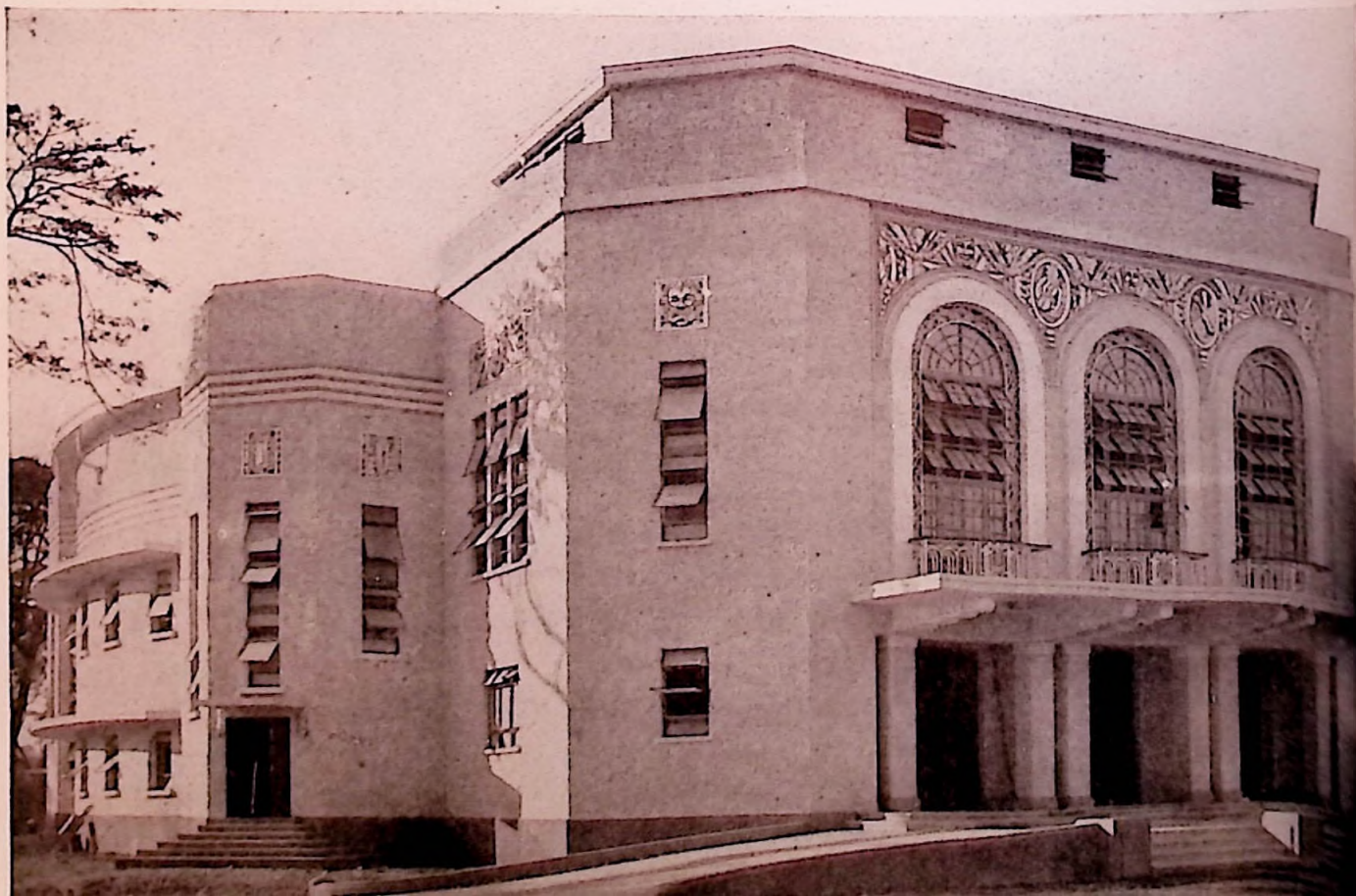
eventualizes, it will have to be outfitted completely from the States since nothing remains of the Ateneo de Manila equipment.

THE American and Filipino Jesuits still in the Manila area are in excellent spirits, laboring under tremendous handicaps to bring all the spiritual and material helps to the people that they possibly can. Ours are housed in three sections of the city. The largest group, 85 in number, mostly Novices, Juniors and Philosophers, lives at La Ignaciana, Jesuit Retreat House in west

Manila, sole Jesuit building still habitable in the city. Another much smaller group is at Nazaret, a Retreat House for Women directed by a Community of Spanish Sisters in the Sampoloc District. The third group lives at Consolacion College, the Augustinian Sisters' School for Girls just up the street from Malacanan Palace. This building also serves as headquarters for the Catholic Welfare Organization, established by the Apostolic Delegate with Father Hurley as Director; it is Philippine Representative for N.C.C.S. and U.S.O.

Catholic Welfare Organization, for all its pretentious

(above) Main entrance of the Ateneo de Manila after damage by bombs. Note marquee behind tree. (top, right) Main entrance before bombing.





title, is crowded into four rooms, two on the ground floor and two on the second floor. The lower rooms are office and store rooms, the upper rooms serve, one as a combination dining room and recreation room for the Jesuit Community of six, the other as a dormitory into which are crowded 13 beds for the Community and visiting chaplains.

THE war has left almost irreparable scars on Manila and the neighboring towns. More than one-third of the homes in Manila are rubble; many others are damaged.

In Lipa, south of Manila, Diocesan See of Bishop Verzosa, there is not a building left standing and this is true of other towns. The Church has suffered ir-

reparably and in the Archdiocese of Manila and the Diocese of Lipa alone, over \$75,000,000 damage has been done to churches, schools, convents, hospitals, orphanages, etc.

Thousands of Filipino families are homeless, living in sheds, store-rooms, tents. With their homes went practically all their possessions, and the principal work of the C.W.O. is to clothe and shelter these people. Many of the wealthiest people in Manila who formerly helped our men now come daily to C.W.O. headquarters for the necessities of life. Most families have been broken up with members missing since the early days of the war. Thus far no means of uniting these families has been found and, considering the appalling losses of Filipino young men on Bataan and in concentration camps, probably no trace of many ever will be found.

LACK of priorities has delayed shipping from the United States of supplies needed for the Catholic Welfare Organization's welfare work, and local conditions, too, impede our relief work. Transportation is almost at a standstill; there are no trolleys, no taxis, no buses. The Army has trucks and jeeps which occasionally can be used but for ordinary travel there are only *calesas*, horse-drawn taxis. These command a price of five pesos for a ride which before the war would cost 25 centavos. There is no electricity save for the government and military offices. Many sections of the city are without running water; at La Ignaciana, two truckloads of water must be delivered each day for the 85 Jesuits living at the Retreat House. Telephones more than anything else are absolutely unobtainable. Food prices are sky-high, ten times pre-war norms.

This is the life we are living now, these are the problems we are facing. This is Manila as the wash of war has left it. This is the city that is to be raised from the dead.



(left) The auditorium of the Ateneo de Manila as it was in its glory as the pride of the University. (right) Same view after it had been deliberately set on fire by the Japanese.



Major General William R. Arnold, Military Delegate of the Armed Forces (succeeding Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., now Bishop of Buffalo), brings a wide experience to his new post. As Chief of Chaplains of the U. S. Army until last spring, then as Assistant Inspector General visiting the European fronts, Bishop-elect Arnold knows many chaplains personally and their problems thoroughly.

FATHER EDWARD HAGGERTY, S.J., whose story as Guerrilla Padre on Mindanao was sketched in the April issue, returned to the Philippines in August as Archbishop Spellman's delegate and vicar general for the armed forces in the northern Pacific area. Father Haggerty's competency includes Borneo, the Philippine Islands, Okinawa, and as far north as our armies reach.

SPEAKING IN LATIN, a Japanese soldier near Wuchang in China stopped Father Floribert Blank, a Franciscan missionary, identified himself as a Trappist monk taken from his theological studies by the army and now looking for a priest to receive the renewal of his temporary vows. Father Blank received the vows at Wuchang Cathedral, while Chinese seminarians chanted hymns. Later the Trappist Abbot wrote from Japan his thanks for the kindness.

JOSEPH ROSENTHAL, AP photographer whose Iwo Jima Flag-raising has taken rank as best-known news shot of the war, will make movies of Vincentian mission work in China after the war. Rosenthal, a convert from Judaism, is a close friend of Father Paul Lloyd, Vincentian Foreign Mission Society director.

NOW IS THE TIME FOR NORWAY, Sigrid Undset thinks. The war has made Norwegians more open to the ideas and culture of English-speaking nations, and a new birth of Catholicism may thus be facilitated in this land where only 3000 of 3,000,000 are Catholic.

THE U. S. FIFTH IN ITALY has pioneered spiritual care of prisoners by searching out German clergymen in the ranks of the captive German troops and after short orientation courses reassigning them as chaplains, one Catholic and one Protestant to each 1000 prisoners. The reclassification revealed that priests and ministers were holding such army jobs as latrine orderly, infantry rifleman, signal wireman, front-line medical man and chaplain's orderly.

SEABEES LANDING ON APAMAMA, Gilbert Islands, literally adopted three Australian nuns, veterans of 20 years service there, and their aged and ailing French chaplain. Canned rations, books, newspapers, candy and the best medical attention flowed in a steady stream to the sisters and the priest. Before they left, the Seabees—they're the ones who take a little time, but not much, to do the impossible—rigged a few items to bring the mission's way of life into the 20th century. They installed a generator and an electric pump to replace candlepower for lighting and the bucket system for water supply, brought in a kerosene refrigerator, and polished off by setting up a radio powerful enough to catch U. S. broadcasts. A Madonna for the chapel gave them pause, but only momentarily. They sent it out from Chicago later on.

Apostolate of Prayer

Mission Intention for September:

WORKS OF CHARITY AND SCHOOLS FOR MOSLEMS

THE MISSIONARY apostolate—seeking souls for Christ and establishing the church in the world—is twofold. There is the direct apostolate which consists in preaching the gospel of Christ and giving catechetical instruction and the indirect apostolate which



includes all other means to convert the unbeliever, namely, by the exercise of charity, by prayer, by the care of the sick and the poor, by education, by example, by removal of prejudice.

The direct apostolate has proved unworkable in the Moslem world. Attempts at mass conversion of Moslem groups would bring such bitter retaliation that the efforts of the missionaries would be hindered rather than helped by attempted mass conversions. How then is the church to be brought to the Moslems? We must have recourse to the indirect apostolate.

Charity speaks a universal language. Every land

has its poor, its ignorant, its unbefriended widows and orphans. Many mission lands, because of their primitive condition, have more than their quota of sick and helpless aged. Apostles like Raymond Lull, Charles de Foucauld and Cardinal Lavigerie have cautioned their followers against undertaking any direct preaching among the Moslems. Their work may be slow and painstaking, it may demand great sacrifices without the consolation of a single convert in a whole lifetime but their work is that of preparing the soil for a fruitful harvest that another must bring into the storehouses of the Lord. To win the good will of people who are naturally suspicious of foreigners is no child's task. To do that without the consolation of fruitful returns requires the heart of a Christ-inspired apostle. While Moslems may find the doctrine of Christ—feed the hungry, clothe the naked, instruct the ignorant and the other corporal works of mercy—a strange doctrine to their unaccustomed ears, they can appreciate the ministrations of the missionary priests and sisters and brothers in the dispensaries, in the hospitals, in the orphanages and in the homes for the destitute and aged.

Moslems are not slow to appreciate the benefits of education among them nor are the Moslem leaders slow to send their children to Christian schools for an education. If this education is truly Christian education backed by solid principles of Catholic philosophy, then great headway may be gained despite centuries of prejudice against all religions save that taught by Mohammed and his followers. Catholic schools—schools that will offer a higher as well as an elementary education of a Catholic nature—are needed in Africa, especially northern Africa, the Near East, India and the isles in the Pacific war area if the Moslems are to be won to Christ by the indirect apostolate.

At the request of their captain, a Mohammedan, Chaplain Daniel A. McGuire, New York priest now with the army in India, said Mass for over 150 Indian troops. Father McGuire and American GIs present were alike impressed when the altar boy sang Indian responses to the Latin prayers and the tough Indian soldiers themselves sang softly and fervently all through the service.

Way out in Wyoming

Francis J. Coffey, S.J.



Father Francis Coffey, S.J., is the first to write about St. Stephen's Mission in central Wyoming for several years. Over the door of the main building is the motto, "For God and Country". The wags pronounce it, "Forgotten Country". It won't be forgotten

long, with Father Coffey there. He comes from Nebraska, worked hard as a scholastic at Holy Rosary Indian Mission, where his efforts were described as "The Taming of the Sioux". St. Stephen's is a lonely, difficult mission ably directed by the prodigious worker, Father George B. Prendergast, S.J., Superior. With Father Coffey assisting Father Prendergast are Fathers Albert Riester, John Lyons, and Joseph Melchior.

THE Arapahoe Indians first came into the Mystical Body of Christ at the Great Council held on the plains near Laramie, Wyoming, in 1851. Father DeSmet, S.J., apostle of the Indians, on that occasion baptized 1,586 members of the Council. Of the new converts, one fifth were Arapahoes.

Where the Arapahoes came from originally no one knows; not even their own traditions shed any light on the point. At one time they lived in what is now Wisconsin and Minnesota, but when the white men began to move westward, the Arapahoes picked up their belongings and moved on ahead of them until they settled permanently on the Wind River Reservation of

Wyoming. For 33 years after the Great Council they had to wait for a Blackrobe to live in their midst.

Finally, in 1884, Father John Jutz, S.J. came to them from Buffalo, N. Y., and St. Stephen's Mission among the Arapahoes began. Father Jutz was one of the many German Jesuits who came to this country from Germany because Bismarck and his "Kulturkampf" had no use for them. Germany's loss was America's gain for they were heroic men and mighty pioneers. As soon as he arrived, Father Jutz pitched his tent and put up an altar for Mass. The Chief, his next-door neighbor, was invited to attend. "With his two wives and two children, he sat on the ground before the open tent to witness for the first time the celebration of the Divine Mysteries."

MEANWHILE another giant figure was riding westward across the plains to join him, Brother Nunlist, S.J. Together they started a permanent mission establishment at St. Stephen's. Logs were cut on the mountain and hauled 25 miles. Bricks were made by hand by the priest and brother. Later another group of buildings were begun by Father Kuppens who succeeded Father Jutz when he moved on to Dakota to open missions among the Sioux. The ruins of these first mission buildings are distinct even to this day. Records for the year 1889-90 reveal that 90 children were enrolled in the school. It was a brave start, and no easy task to keep Indian children, used to out-door life and wild freedom, long hours in school studying they knew not why or what for several years. But the Fathers never gave up despite a thousand difficulties.

The mission has had its ups and down. In 1928 most of the buildings were destroyed by fire. Brother Hartmann came over from the Sioux Rosebud Reservation



to plan and supervise the erection of a new church and boys' building, all done in concrete, a medium in which he is a genius.

In large letters over the front of the boys' building are the words, "For God and Country," stating clearly the purpose of the mission and the objectives which the Fathers wish to attain, namely to save their souls and to make them loyal American citizens. Today 200 are being trained here in the eight primary grades and two years of high school. The Sisters of St. Francis teach the lower grades and the girls in all the upper grades. For many of the little Indian children, the mission is the only home they will ever know. God's Providence has given them the best home on the reservation.

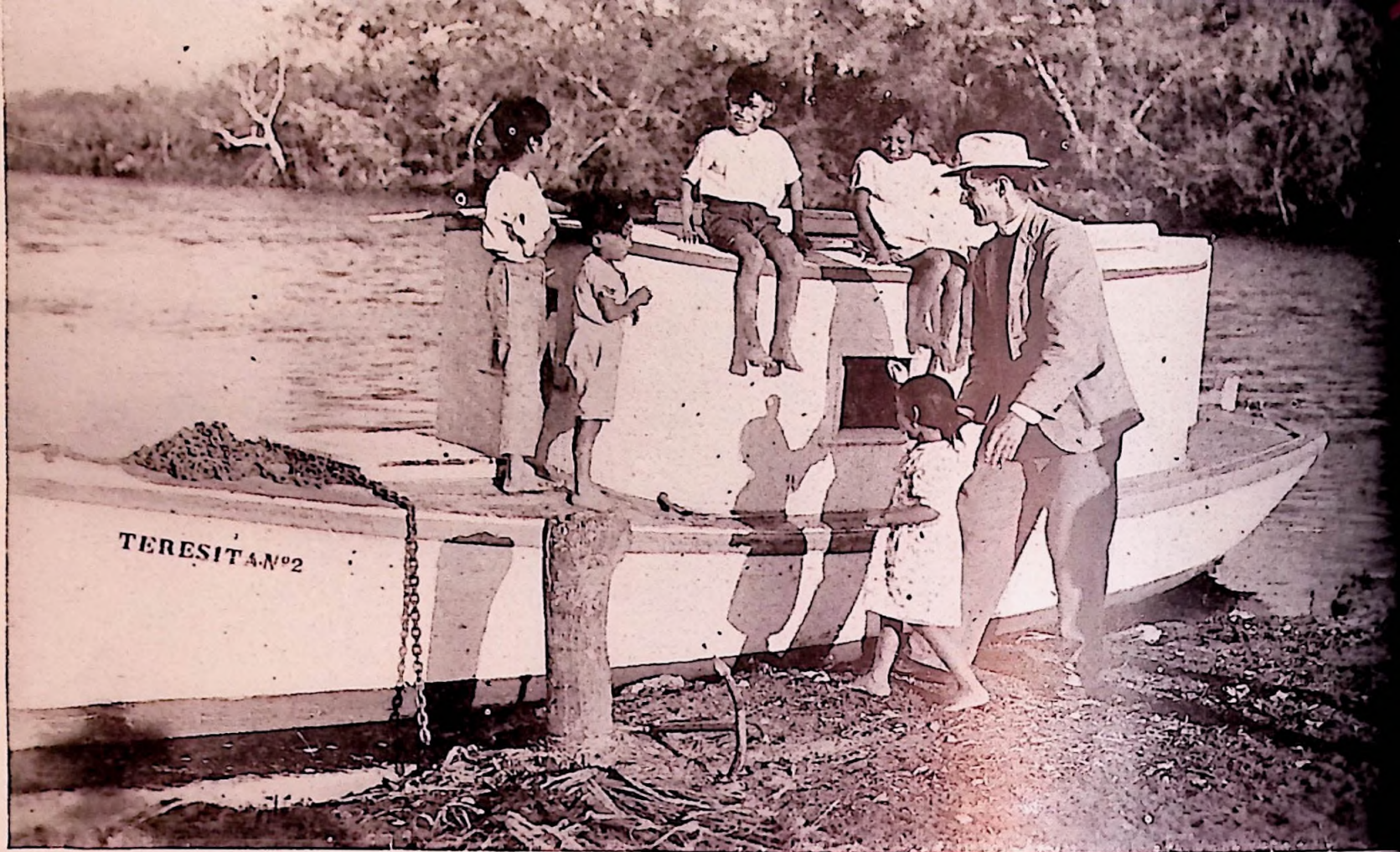
THE war has left its mark on the mission. Numbers have left the reservation to take jobs in war plants in crowded cities. War wages are fabulous for the Indians. City life is ruinous for their health, their morals and their faith. Inevitably they move into the poorest sections of a city and soon succumb to its vices. "Fire-water" is still poison to them. Most likely they will be the first to lose their war jobs, and then be forced to return to the reservation where they were and will be better off.

Over a hundred former mission boys are in all branches of the armed service. Four have given their lives "For God and for Country." Jimmie Washington, a nose gunner on a Flying Fortress, visited the mission recently after 36 missions over Germany. Philip Bear came home to visit, too, to tell about the first wave of invasion on D-Day. To him, repelling a counter-attack was like picking off rabbits in Wyoming. The high point of his career, before shrapnel stopped him, was his capture of six German soldiers. Norman Underwood had an audience with the Holy Father who asked him if he were an American. Norman came through gloriously, "100 percent American," with a proud grin on his Indian countenance.

THE war has broken up the old pattern of life, and the mission must plan for the future. We are going to teach the boys scientific farming and ranching and the girls practical domestic science. The reservation is located in a beautiful valley, protected by the Wind River and Owl Creek Mountain Ranges. An excellent system of irrigation has been installed which assures the soil abundant water. White men have moved in and obtained titles to land in the valley. Their farms and ranches are flourishing. The Indians, unless they are willing to be crowded out, will have to learn how to make the most of their wonderful opportunities here. The Superior of the mission, Father Prendergast, and Pius Moss, full-blooded Arapahoe in charge of the mission farm, are making efforts to interest the boys in modern ways of farming and ranching. The day when the Indians would be satisfied to live in a tent from some mail-order house is rapidly passing. War travel has changed the horizon of the boys and girls and has given them initiative. We must be ready here at the mission when they come back to provide them with the training they will need.

There is no use looking for glamour on an Indian mission; it simply isn't there. The work would test the zeal even of a Xavier. However, hardships and discouragement are only part of the picture; a much larger and more consoling part is the rich harvest of souls,—the baptized infants whose graves throng the cemeteries, the many individuals to whose deathbed God's Providence brings the journeying missionary.

Last fall, when the weather was bad, word came to the mission under the most extraordinary circumstances that a certain Indian girl was sick. Father Prendergast answered the call. The family had lost the Faith, returned to some of its pagan practices and were hostile to the mission. But the child's fervent desire was answered. Her face lit up with inexpressible joy at the sight of the priest and the assurance of the last Sacraments. She was still wearing some medals of the Immaculate Conception he had given her six or eight years before. Looking up at him just before she lapsed into final unconsciousness, she said, "They could never take these away from me."



"To the Road!"

I AM A TRAVELING MISSIONARY—THE ONLY PRIEST FOR 3,000 PEOPLE IN TWENTY SCATTERED VILLAGES OF BRITISH HONDURAS

Joseph D. Wade, S.J.

OVER three thousand people in twenty villages, fanning out from Orange Walk, British Honduras, have no one but myself and occasionally the Bishop to preach the Word of God to them and to teach them Catholic morality. A strong sense of one's importance in the Kingdom of God comes from this realization, and travels like a kindly Angel at one's side along the tiresome miles from village to village through the years. Month after month that thrilling Patrician call, "Come over to teach us," rings in the missionary's ears. One has to hear that call of God, "To the road, to the road, do not rest," to know what it is to be a traveling missionary.

To make the rounds once I must travel 170 miles by horse for thirty-five days living with whatever comforts can be crammed into a saddlebag, and an additional 180 miles by river boat and mahogany train. All this traveling is through wild bush where the tall grass and branches are laden with tiny crawling creatures, where several species of wild pigs slay their food in the forest's shades and occasionally, like sailing phantoms, dash across the trail ahead of the pacing horse. Villagers often urge me to carry a .38 on my trips. Once I almost succumbed to this lack of confidence in my Guardian Angel after staying for a night

at a rancho many hours' travel away from any house, listening to thrilling tales till late into the night of just how the head of this house had shot, personally, 74 tigers on his rancho in nine years.

ABOUT half of the people in these villages live in the so-called bush, and the others in the "pine ridge," the edge of a great pine forest. All are farmers but the pine-ridgers are also small-time cattle raisers. They are poor and have an extremely low standard of living, but are by no means spiritually benighted, having been visited for many years by zealous priests, among them the great missionary, Father Louis Newell S.J., for fourteen years.

Profound interest has been reawakened in the League of the Sacred Heart. In six of the villages I have over 300 members registered in the Third Degree. It is delightful to hear the following: "During the three months you were away, Padre, I missed my morning offering twice because I was sick or traveling, or forgot." "Do you like to say the Morning Offering?" "Oh, me gusta mucho, Padre." ("Oh, it is a great joy to me, Father.") I have been with them one year and



The traveling missionary, Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J., at one of his many mission stations.

two months, after five years in Corozal and seven months at Benque Viejo, and have great satisfaction in seeing them devoted to the Sacred Heart. They fulfill the requirement of the Third Degree by confessing and communicating every visit of the Father. A consoling feature is that the hearts of the men have been touched—they are the most devoted. They are especially particular about wearing their Sacred Heart badges when they go to the bush to “bleed” chicle or cut mahogany. They believe that the Sacred Heart will protect them against the venomous and deadly snakes that infest these tropical forests. It does the heart of their Padre good to see them throwing off their former carelessness, and crowding now to the evening services, Mass, confessional and Communion table. Many a hardened heart has softened, lukewarm ones grow fervent, and the ever obnoxious, superstitious Adventists have been routed by a Hand they never saw or understood.

A VERY timid-faced little Co-op is moving shyly about my villages. The people suffered much because they could not get their produce to the market over these atrocious mud-holes that are hereabouts dignified by the name, “roads.” I made a collection in the village, San Felipe, and bought a two-wheeled, broad-tired cart, capable of traveling rough roads in wet and dry seasons. And this cart business is not finished. God grant it will grow. Let me whisper that I am a Co-op heretic. I had to start a Cooperative without the prevailing Study Club or Credit Union, because I am in many villages only three or four days every three or four

months, and these days are filled with a hundred spiritual duties that leave me little time to fuddle around with this baby bit of destiny. It was easier to buy a cart to be rented at a small price to the members. The Credit Union will be introduced as soon as possible.

IN most of these places the priest's residence is the little bush-roofed school house, the only building in town that is available, a combination bedroom, school and church. In some other villages I do not have even one bush house, but sleep in a private house and have church services there, for example, in Back-Landing the church is a two-room bush house, one room five yards by five yards, the other five by three. After church services in the evening the family, consisting of father, mother, oldest sister, her husband, one child, her four younger sisters, one brother, and a young cousin, all tumble into the 3 x 5, while Padre strings his hammock in the 4 x 5. These mission slum conditions should be corrected at once. Something has been done, for example in San Estevan we have a concrete priest's house, concrete school, and are finishing just now a small concrete church. Such a church costs about \$3,000.00. Some form of concrete construction is advisable as the gluttonous termites gorge themselves ceaselessly on wooden houses.

Traveling, building, teaching, spreading devotion to the Sacred Heart, administering the Sacraments, directing cooperatives—this is the burden of my days. My life is really a journey; yet there is satisfaction and happiness everywhere along this road.

St. Isaac
Jogues, S.J.



Sept. 26,
1945



INDIA

Father Marion Batson, S.J.
Mokameh Junction

It seems like last week that Father Francis Xavier, S.J., fresh from his final studies and ready for mission work, walked in on us here with fire in his eye and inquired: "Where are those millions seeking a shepherd? Where is the Baptismal Water? Where is this place called Behar Sharif?" A few days later, Father John Angus Morrison, S.J., veteran missionary to the Santal people in the hills east of here, appeared on the Mokameh scene and modestly announced that if there was any hard work left to do, he would see to it . . . starting at once. Since then these giants have led us all a merry dance indeed.

Father John Morrison is based here at Mokameh Junction but has charge of the mission work at Bukhtiarpur and at Kherwera, two mission stations thirty miles to the west. The people are happy to have Mass regularly and to have their own priest at hand in time of trouble. Father Morrison has his hands full but seems to like it and I know that the people are de-

As Superior of the New England Province's Jamaica Mission, with its 75 men and 20 houses, Very Rev. Walter J. Ballou, S.J., was named to succeed Father Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., who became the Province Mission Procurator in Boston, Mass. Father Ballou will continue to reside at St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, where he was Headmaster for the past five years.

lighted. The number of leper patients has increased at Bukhtiarpur and the farm there has been a great help during these months of grain scarcity. Before long we expect to have possession of five acres on which the mission buildings stand and then we can begin work on the proposed new church. The number of Catholics is on the increase and the attitude of the people in the surrounding villages has changed much and for the better. Kherwera is four miles south of Bukhtiarpur and is one of our first stations. It has always been a trouble-centre and, for that very reason, promising as a future mission. The people there have suffered much for their Faith and are ready to suffer much more. It is this spirit that heartens any missionary. I predict big things for St. Joseph's Mission, Bukhtiarpur, and for Saint Charles' Mission, Kherwera. Kherwera owes its existence to the generosity of the Mission Club in Canton, Ohio. It would do the members of this club good if they could see the change that has come over these villagers since the first hard days when we first broke ground for the Mission House there. We had but a few friends then and they were terrified of what might happen to them. Now practically the whole village of depressed classes is Catholic and their number has been strengthened by additions from other nearby villages. There are still many hardships and still many troubles, but Father Morrison is a big man with an out-sized heart and vast experience to help him over the highest obstacles. The boys from Kherwera and Bukhtiarpur attend the boarding school here at Mokameh and are among the top-notchers. After a few years they will be the apostles among their own people and a great help to the missionary. Even now when they go home for vacation they are a sensation: They can read; they can write;

AMERICAN JESUITS



(above) One veteran and seven new British Honduras missionaries pose with Rev. Joseph P. Zuercher, Missouri provincial. (from left, standing) Fathers Hornmack (veteran), Ratermann, Holbrook, Brennan, Ulrich; (seated) Fathers Bauer, Zuercher, O'Donnell, Moore. (below, right) Major Pacifico Ortiz, Army chaplain, with Brother Edward Bauerlein, S.J., Manila internee, and his Army brother, reunited in the Philippines after years apart.



Corporal Martin Underwood, Arapahoe Indian and former St. Stephen's Mission basketball star, had the thrill of a talk with the Holy Father during a visit last year. Asked by the Pope if he were American, he replied: "I am 100 percent!"

not only Hindi but ENGLISH! They can add and subtract, sing, and speak pieces, multiply and divide just like the high caste students! But in spite of all this higher education, many of them still aspire to exalted posts of policeman, fireman on the mail train, ticket collectors with brass buttons on their uniforms, and river-boat captains!

Father Gallagher has had his hands full here at Mikameh. The boarding school alone is a two-man job. Managing the farm is a three-man job at least. Looking after the dispensary, advising those in trouble, answering sudden sick-calls at the most unusual times, entertaining visiting priests help to fill in the odd moments of his day and night. On top of this is the military Chaplain work. As both the British and American soldiers are based quite near the Mission, the resident missionary automatically becomes their chaplain. American soldiers passing through are always welcomed and frequently let a few trains pass before continuing their journey. They make themselves at home and are no trouble at all—it is like a visit home to see them and make them comfortable—but, willing as they are to help out, they do not simplify Fr. Gallagher's day very much. Like all good missionaries he seems to thrive on too much work.

Work on the Shrine to our Lady, Mother of Divine





Father Leo Zipfel, S.J., leaves Montreal this summer for Ethiopia. His own father became a priest some thirty years ago, after the death of his wife, and is now pastor of the Cathedral in Pembroke, Ontario. Father Leo Zipfel is a Doctor of Biology.

Grace, will be resumed early in June and, if plans are realized, the consecration of the Shrine will take place in November of this year. The delay has been unavoidable but has served to sharpen the interest of the people for the "Grand Opening." The Pilgrimage to the shrine will be an annual affair, so plans are being carefully made. The Shrine is the main feature of the Mokameh Junction Mission Station and this is as it should be. May it continue to attract many and stimulate their good will to cooperate with Divine Grace.

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father Joseph H. Rochel, S.J.

Punta Gorda

The Bishop was down here and we visited most of the missions for Confirmations. We had a bit of excitement for the trip. I broke a couple of broncos and asked the Indians to have them at the river to meet us. One turned out fine and after I tried it, I allowed the Bishop to ride it as he is less used to riding than I am and also since we have only one Bishop and he has only one neck, I didn't want to risk that. I took the other which appeared much wilder and it really came up to appearances. I had ridden both of them before but this one seems to have been mistreated and really turned vicious. I was thoroughly dumped twice and as it was out in the jungle and there was some danger that I would get caught in a tree, I walked to the village and intended to ride the horse out in the

open. The Bishop stopped that for he wanted me with him for the rest of the trip. He had a moving camera but failed to get any pictures of the rodeo. The few Indians who saw it thought it was one grand show.

Our boat was also 'torpedoed' on the trip. The captain misdirected the pilot and we went into a tree which put a hole in the boat. Even worse, he said the boat was all right but soon we were getting quite a bit of water into it. Fortunately we were on a river and pulled into the bank and got out. The boat got thoroughly filled with water but did not go completely under for it was shallow at the shore. The two running the boat took two days to fix it while the Bishop and I were in the bush for confirmations.

ALASKA

Father John P. Fox, S.J.

Hooper Bay

Whooping cough—so far Hooper Bay has not been hit, and we are beginning a public novena of masses that our children may be spared that plague. Ten babies died at Kashunak in the past two weeks. Some others are in serious danger. Fr. Convert is with his people doing what he can. And Dr. Langsam from Bethel, who paid us a rush visit here recently, also spent a few hours at Kashunak. While here he worked day and night without let up. As he is the only doctor anywhere around this section of Alaska, and has 15 patients over the normal capacity at his Bethel hospital, he is a busy man. We appreciate his great self sacrifice, and hope the good Lord will keep him well under the heavy strain. Our death rate here in the past 12 months was low, only four children and three adults.

Free lunch for the kids—that's an innovation at the government school. Our 103 children of school age get a stew of reindeer meat and rice 3 times a week, and corn meal twice. The vitamins are not very carefully figured out, as there is nothing else available to feed the children, and the Office of Indian Affairs judged that something ought to be given. Most of our children are greatly undernourished, and the extra food will help them. But there is no special emergency. In fact, the kids are not half as hungry as they were. The War Food Administration gives very little. We are trying to arrange for some sort of help from that agency. But prospects seem very poor. Their program is not geared to Alaska. They are willing to pay 9¢ towards a lunch that would cost the host here \$2. The kids haven't a penny; and no one here is rich enough to cooperate with the WFA on that basis. Moreover, the only two boats that came here regularly before the war were "stolen" from us by the Navy; so we are practically left without transportation. The freight rates on the little we can get are simply outrageous. Fortunately, our Eskimos had stuck fairly well to their native diet. And God keeps them pretty well supplied with that in spite of the war.

COMMUNICATIONS

Dear Father:

I have been getting your swell magazine, JESUIT MISSIONS, for almost a year now and I am more than pleased with the swell stories I am getting at such a small cost. I sincerely hope that you will continue to keep up the swell job of reporting the news of the missions as you have in the past.

I have just received your May '45 issue of JESUIT MISSIONS and read it from cover to cover, as I always do, and I think that each issue gets better than the preceding one. Your articles on the Philippines were very interesting to us fellows out here.

We have just closed a week-long mission for Catholic soldiers who are stationed around Manila. One of your Fathers preached the mission. He was Father Dowd, S.J., from Philadelphia, Pa., and he sure did a wonderful job. I will always remember the mission as one of the best I have ever attended. The mission was held in the beautiful church of St. Sebastian here in Manila.

Enclosed you find a money order amounting to \$31.00 for which I would like you to send me the JESUIT MISSIONS for five years, and send me Father Madaras' book "Al Baghdadi." Please give the money that is left to one of your poorest missionaries.

J. W., Manila, Philippine Islands

Dear Father:

I have been receiving your JESUIT MISSIONS for the last few months. There have been exceptionally good articles on the various islands of the Philippines. A few articles mentioned our Commander Parsons whom a small detachment of enlisted men, like myself, work for and are very proud to do so. The article I referred to mentioning our naval commander was that of "The Guerilla Padre" that had to do with Guerillas on Mindanao. I showed the commander the article and he was much interested and would like to subscribe for the JESUIT MISSIONS. I am enclosing a year's subscription for him and also a small donation for the missions. I only wish I could afford more.

I could write page after page telling of your good works amidst the islands over here but you already know of that work from your articles so I will take this opportunity to give thanks and God's most sincere blessings on the magnificent work you are all doing. God will repay you all a hundredfold for all these good deeds. The least we Catholics can do is to do what we can in small donations. I am offering up my prayers for the next week to you Fathers that make the Jesuit Missions possible.

Pfc. S. J. G., Manila, Philippines

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This Is God's World

THE Catholic Church teaches that this is God's world. Every corner of it is His property. Every creature in it belongs to Him. The Church also teaches that God has made known His Will regarding religion and morals in this world, and further, that He sent His own Son to train and to command a personally selected group to make that Will known to the whole human race.

This is the charter of the Catholic foreign mission societies. For us, therefore, there is no "foreign" field anywhere in the world. God and His Church are at home everywhere on earth.

In this world God *d demands* that all men worship Him according to the knowledge they possess of His Will in that regard. He *d demands* that the members of His Church work to have His special Revelation preached to every creature. He does not authorize them to force men's consciences, nor does He force consciences Himself, but He does insist that all men hear His Gospel, and accept it freely, or freely bring the consequences for refusing on themselves.

Within the past ten years, Hitler's persecution of religion has reawakened widespread interest in religion—or at least resentment against oppression of religion. But in the discussions which have developed as a result, attention has been focused on man's right to religious freedom. Almost nothing has been said, outside the Catholic Church, about God's right to religious worship from men. In defending man's conscience from the yoke of other men's tyranny, some spokesmen for freedom of religion practically claim freedom from God. This attitude is spreading; you hear it on the radio; you read it in all sorts of articles. "*Man is free to worship God or not as he (man) pleases.*" "*Each man is free to worship God in his (man's) own way.*" As though every one in the universe were free to think, say, or do what he pleases in the matter of religion—except Almighty God to whom religion is duel!

IF Christ had never "*come from the Father*" "*to do the Will of Him who sent Me*"; if the Son of God had never stood amongst men proclaiming, "*As the Father hath sent Me, so I also send you;*" "*going, therefore, teach all men all things whatsoever I have commanded you*"; if God had never revealed His Will, but had left it up to men to worship Him or not, to devise whatever rules and forms or religion they pleased, then the matter of religious freedom would be quite simple. But if God *has* spoken, and if Christ *has* commanded His followers to preach the Gospel to every creature, then it becomes supremely important for men to learn what God's Will is.

By the same token, it becomes supremely important for us to give all the support we can to the foreign mission societies which undertake to preach God's word, at God's command, to all men. We know God has spoken; we know Christ has commanded; we know God wants this whole world converted to Christ; we know that three-fourths of mankind are still outside the Church of Christ; we know that this is God's world, but the world will not know it unless we preach the Gospel to every creature as God expects His Church to do.

A job for Job



Mission procurators need the patience of Job. Forty-seven American Jesuits are leaving soon for the four corners of the globe.

You can imagine what the procurators' offices are like these days when there are shoes, clothes and supplies to buy, reservations on trains and ships to make, passports and permits to obtain, and lots of baggage to ship. You cannot help them in all that. The bother and red tape they must attend to themselves.

But you can lift one enormous burden from their minds if you will help them pay the travel expenses to India or to Alaska or to the Philippines or to Baghdad or to Jamaica or to the Indian missions or to British Honduras or to the Negro missions of the South—whichever one you prefer. The mission procurators on this page will be most grateful for your help.

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