

*Jan-Feb 1946*

# JESUIT MISSIONS



*Church in Japan*

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Lt. Charles A. Robinson, U.S.N.R.

■ Father Charles A. Robinson, S.J., first went to Japan in 1923 in answer to an appeal for American Jesuits to teach in the new Catholic University in Tokyo. Tokyo was just recovering from a terrible earthquake. For several years he taught English to Japanese students, and in turn studied Japanese. In 1926 he returned to the United States, and subsequently became Professor of Psychology and Japanese at St. Louis University. At the outbreak of World War II he offered his services as Chaplain, and having been accepted by the Navy, was assigned to the Pacific. It was the start along the road back to Japan. After service at Pearl Harbor, he was appointed Chaplain of the U.S.S. MISSOURI until the surrender of Japan in the summer of 1945. Immediately he was detached from the "Big Mo" and ap-

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COVER—Father Kleinsorge, S.J., stationed at Hiroshima, Japan, injured and stunned by the atomic bomb explosion, is helped into a Catholic hospital in Toyko by two of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. Nagasaki was the strongest Catholic center in Japan. Ten thousand of its twelve thousand Catholics were killed by the bombing. (Acme)

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# POSTAGE STAMPS



**Q. What is a Mission Stamp Exchange?**

**A.** It receives stamps and sorts them for sale to stamp companies and collectors. The profits realized are sent to missions. Be it known that a considerable sum of money is sent each year to the missions.

**Q. How does a Mission Stamp Exchange function?**

**A.** A number of friends, schools, organizations save their own stamps and also request others to do so. The stamps are then sent to an address listed below, where the Jesuit Scholastics prepare them for sale.

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Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy  
403 Wellington St., West  
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appointed to Admiral Badger's staff as interpreter. Finally, on August 29, after nineteen years, he set foot again on Japanese soil with the very first unit to land in Tokyo. His particular task was to discover the whereabouts of the prisoners held by the Japanese in three internment camps.

**■ Father Marion R. Batson, S.J.**, has a host of friends and admirers who have never met him. To a whole generation of young Jesuits he is almost a legend. There is something striking and attractive about his appearance, even in photographs, which is unforgettable. More memorable still, perhaps, is the vitality, good humor and vision which seem to grow with the years instead of being dimmed by the wear of life in India.



Marion R. Batson, S.J.

His mission today is almost a diocese in itself. Year by year it is expanding as new missionaries come to aid him. Heavy responsibilities for the priest in charge attend all such expansion.

**■ Gerald W. Healy, S.J.**, is going to spend Christmas this year at Woodstock College in the quiet hills of Maryland forty miles south of Baltimore. There is probably no place in America where the feast of Our Saviour's birth is celebrated with more religious joy and true peace than in the Mother House—it used to be practically just that—of American Jesuits. Many of the traditions now in



Gerald W. Healy, S.J.

practice in Jesuit Communities throughout the U. S. began at Woodstock.

A year ago, two years ago, three years ago—Gerald Healy had to spend his Christmas in far different surroundings. He was then an internee under Japanese guards in the Philippines. The story he tells in this issue is now a memory—but when we thank God for peace, it is well for us to realize what the world has been freed from, and what Christmas day is like when men ignore the Prince of Peace in the pursuit of war. May it never happen again.



*Lt. Charles A. Robinson, U.S.N.R.*

**The ruins of atom-bombed Hiroshima. Skeleton of a ruined Catholic mission church stands in the foreground.**

**A**FTER 19 years absence from Japan, on August 29th I returned in the first boat that went ashore from the U.S.S. *San Juan* to liberate the first prisoners of war from Aomori. Shinagawa, Kawasaki and two other camps were liberated that night and the following day. On August 31st I went from the U.S.S. *Reeves* into Tokyo proper, and in a car borrowed from the Swedish Legation, made a short visit to the Jesuit University to inquire about my former associates.

The University closed for lack of students in November 1944. One of the classroom buildings was completely destroyed by bombs and fire in May 1945. The other buildings including the newest ones were almost intact.

Tokyo itself was in such a chaotic state that I could get no information concerning any of the 47 civilian instructors. Of the 30 Jesuits normally on the staff, only ten were in the city. The bombings were so destructive that the Superior thought it wise to scatter his men so that all might not be killed together.

The condition of the men in the city was that of extreme emaciation. They had some money, but there was very little clothing or food to be had at any price even in the Black Markets. For example, Father Bitter who formerly weighed 165, weighed 118. Fathers Tsuchihashi and Oizumi, both Japanese Jesuit priests,

were mere scarecrows. None of the Jesuits I met on this first day had been interned because they were either German, Swiss, or Japanese.

When I asked what was needed most, the answering request was a little startling: "Could you get us some salt?" After that the order was for sugar, any kind of fats, a little coffee, food of any kind, shoes and, reluctantly, a pipeful of tobacco.

The next day I "borrowed" an American car from a Japanese Colonel and brought the provisions they had asked for, including the tobacco. I took one of the Fathers with me to act as a guide in finding some civilian internment camps. None of the Catholic Sisters wanted to leave, but some Protestant Missionary ladies did. They had been interned in the Catholic Hospital in Tokyo, which had not been touched during the war, although every building on all four sides for several blocks was completely wrecked. With the cessation of hostilities, the fliers started dropping food and clothing by parachute to the camps. Some of the boxes left the harness as soon as the parachute opened. In this way five big holes were made in the roof of the hospital.

None of the religious women had been molested by the Japanese. The Australian Army nurses, captured at Rabaul, whom I had visited at Totsuka the pre-

ceding day, also affirmed that they had not been molested. They had suffered from want of needed medical care. This was especially true in the case of a Catholic nurse, named Callaghan, who was in the last stages of tuberculosis.

The same afternoon I had the great pleasure of freeing many priests and brothers from their internment in the Passionist Monastery at Arawa, about thirty miles North of Tokyo. There were three Belgian Jesuits here, one of whom, a Bollandist, I had worked with years ago.

All who wished to leave, irrespective of nationality or status, were taken to one hospital ship which acted as a clearing house for all, in an attempt to keep the service records, the Japanese Red Cross records, and the International Red Cross records straight. From this ship persons might be transferred to other ships, including hospital ships, or to airports for flight transfer to various places. A U. S. Army hospital ship tied up to the Yokohama dock on August 31st, the same day the Army air-borne troops and the Marines and Navy companies landed for occupation purposes, and, I believe, served a similar clearing house function.

**M**ANY may be curious to know the present condition of the mission stations in Japan. On subsequent visits to Tokyo on September 3rd and especially on September 5th when I took along two other Jesuit Chaplains, Father Paul O'Connor of the Chicago Province, who was to be my successor on the *U.S.S. Missouri*, and Father Sam H. Ray of the New Orleans Province, and a Protestant Chaplain L. L. Lacour, I made further inquiries, especially about the Jesuit missions on the Western half of the main island of Honshu.

I already mentioned the damage at the University. A small High School and Social Centre in another part of Tokyo was burned down as a result of incendiary bombs. Our high school at Kobe suffered the same fate. The Scholasticate and Novitiate near Hiroshima

were practically destroyed by the atomic bomb although one of them was four miles from the spot where the bomb fell. Only two Jesuits were injured, and since neither was burned at all, they are expected to survive. These two communities include only ten theologians, four philosophers, and three novices. In 1939 and 1940, the few novices had to leave for military service. No one could tell me whether they were living or dead.

The Japanese Jesuit Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima was in Sumatra. His Vicariate was in ruins. The efficiency of the incendiary bomb on Japanese cities and towns was rather high. Jesuit missions at all of the following places are completely or almost completely wiped out, Ube and Hagi in Yamaguchi Province; Shimonoseki at the western point; Kurashiki, Fukuda, Kitagawa, Tamano, Nagashima, Matsue, Tamashima and Okayama; Onomichi, Yonago, Tottori on the North, and Tsuwano in Shimane Province. Probably districts or Vicariates assigned to Dominicans, Franciscans, etc. were as badly hit, but I do not know the facts.

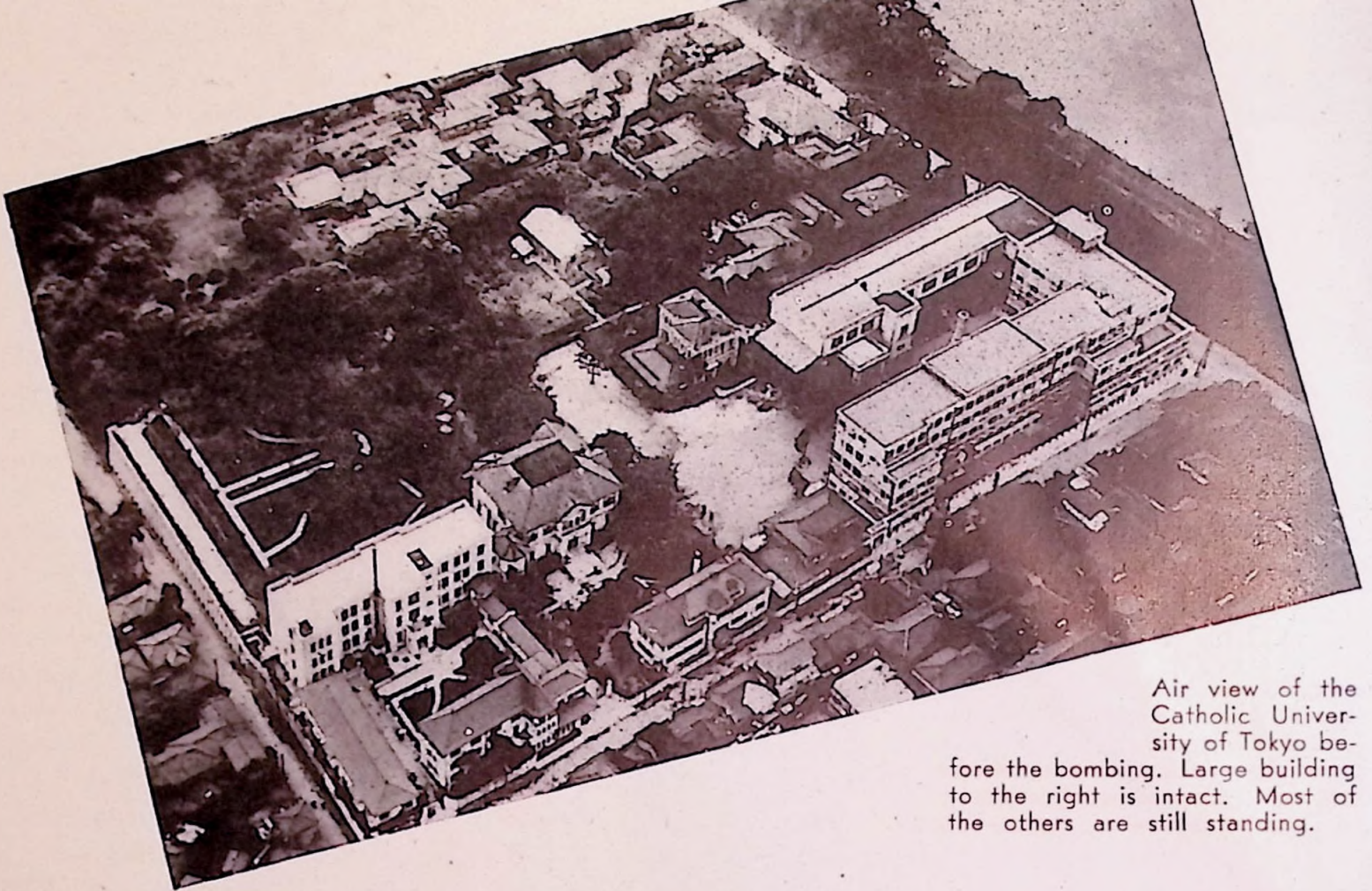
What will the Church do in Japan with her two most Catholic cities, Nagasaki and Hiroshima destroyed by atomic bombs? She will do as she has always done, make known her needs and then trust Divine Providence to inspire Christian charity to heroic sacrifice to supply these needs.

One of the Catholic Sisters, a French woman, told me that she thought that now was "the acceptable time" for the conversion of Japan to Catholicity, because the Japanese felt humbled by their defeat and God had promised to give His grace to the humble. The Japanese Jesuits begged me to stay in Japan or to come back and bring other American Jesuits with me. This should help answer the question I have been asked so often since my return: "How will Americans be received in Japan?" They will be received with open arms especially if they come with solid scientific knowledge and Christian charity.

(Left to right, front) Jesuit Chaplains—Paul L. O'Connor, Charles A. Robinson, Sam H. Ray, Jesuit Fathers Robert Keel, Paul Schiffer (Rear) Fathers Henry Dumoulin, Frank Bosch, Peter Herzog, Paul Tsuchihashi, Theodore Gippert, Francis Oizumi, Adolph Goossens, Joseph Rogendorf, Francis Ueda.

The same day, a few feet away, four of the faculty of the Catholic University in Tokyo leave the ruins of the building erected after the earthquake of 1923. (Left to right) Fathers Peter Herzog (Fordham graduate), Bruno Bitter (well known in America), Aloysius Michel and Joseph Rogendorf.





Air view of the Catholic University of Tokyo before the bombing. Large building to the right is intact. Most of the others are still standing.

## *Catholic University in Tokyo*

Hugo Lassalle, S.J.

This university, like the Church in Japan, simply will not stay crushed.

ABOUT seventy-five years ago Japan was opened to the influence of the Western world. Foreigners were allowed into the country to teach and to set up business, and Japanese students were sent abroad everywhere to study. Driven by a thirst for technical scientific knowledge, within a very few decades Japan became a modern nation. As always happens, the evil influences were among the first to be felt within the nation—materialism, marxism, the roots of fascism, all the false philosophies and the superficialities that accompany pride in technical advance.

Ever since Francis Xavier proposed a university for Japan, the Church had hoped to establish one there. Finally Pope Pius X, in 1906, proposed to the Jesuits gathered at their General Congregation in Rome that they again take up mission work and institute a Catholic university in Japan. By 1913 school buildings were erected in Tokyo, and for the first time in history, Japan had a Catholic University.

Probably no undertaking in mission history has faced

as many successive crushing blows as the famous Sophia University in Tokyo. One year after it opened, World War I broke out and the German Jesuits who were in charge were isolated from all support of men and money from their homeland. No sooner was the war over and the line of supplies re-established than the terrible earthquake of 1923 smashed the buildings so badly that only the basement remained fit for use. Next the government produced a set of regulations demanding that all private universities establish in government banks a basic fund of 500,000 yen for the University, and an additional 100,000 yen for each faculty. Otherwise no degrees would be recognized and no advertising of the school would be permitted. Somehow the funds were raised and the school was recognized. In 1930 a new building was consecrated and inaugurated. Then the world wide depression struck.

Three years later all university students were required to take military training, and on national feast days, under their officer in charge, to take part in the ritualistic ceremonies before the Shinto shrine of Yasukuni. The Catholic students took no part in the bowing before the sanctuary, and the officer in charge reported them to the Minister of War. Newspapers got hold of the incident and blew it up into a "cause célèbre." The University was accused of being "unpatriotic" and "harmful to the Japanese nation." The officer was

withdrawn from the school and military training was stopped. During these troublesome times some students left the University, and entering classes were small, but gradually the difficulty was smoothed out and an officer was returned to take charge of the military training. Until 1937 things were normal and the good name of the school was restored in full. In 1938 the Chinese-Japanese war began. From then on, a rise in prices and the conscription of youth made life at the University almost impossible.

The purpose of the University as visioned by the Pope can be summed up under four headings. First, to show through true scientific work the culture of the Church everywhere; secondly, to profess the Catholic outlook on life in every branch of science; thirdly, to educate students who are outstanding as men, and as far as possible, as Catholics; fourthly, to influence the spiritual attitude of the whole Japanese nation in a Christian and Catholic way.

This was a mighty task for the small Japanese Christian church of less than 110,000 Catholics. As universities go in America, Sophia is small. It started with two faculties, arts and commerce, and two subsidiary institutions. Liberal Arts included English and German Literature, and a full course of Scholastic Philosophy. Commerce included Political Economy. One subsidiary school gave two years of preparatory courses, equal to the last two years of an American college, which were obligatory on all students planning to enter the University. The other was an evening school where a choice of ten languages was offered, short courses in literature, philosophy and allied subjects. A Summer School was conducted for those who could not attend courses during the year. The total enrollment in 1939 was 977 of whom 114 were in the two major faculties, the rest equally divided among the other courses. In 1938 a Middle School corresponding somewhat to our High School was established in Kobe. The first year 700 boys applied for admission, which is as good an indication as any of the reputation the Jesuits had won

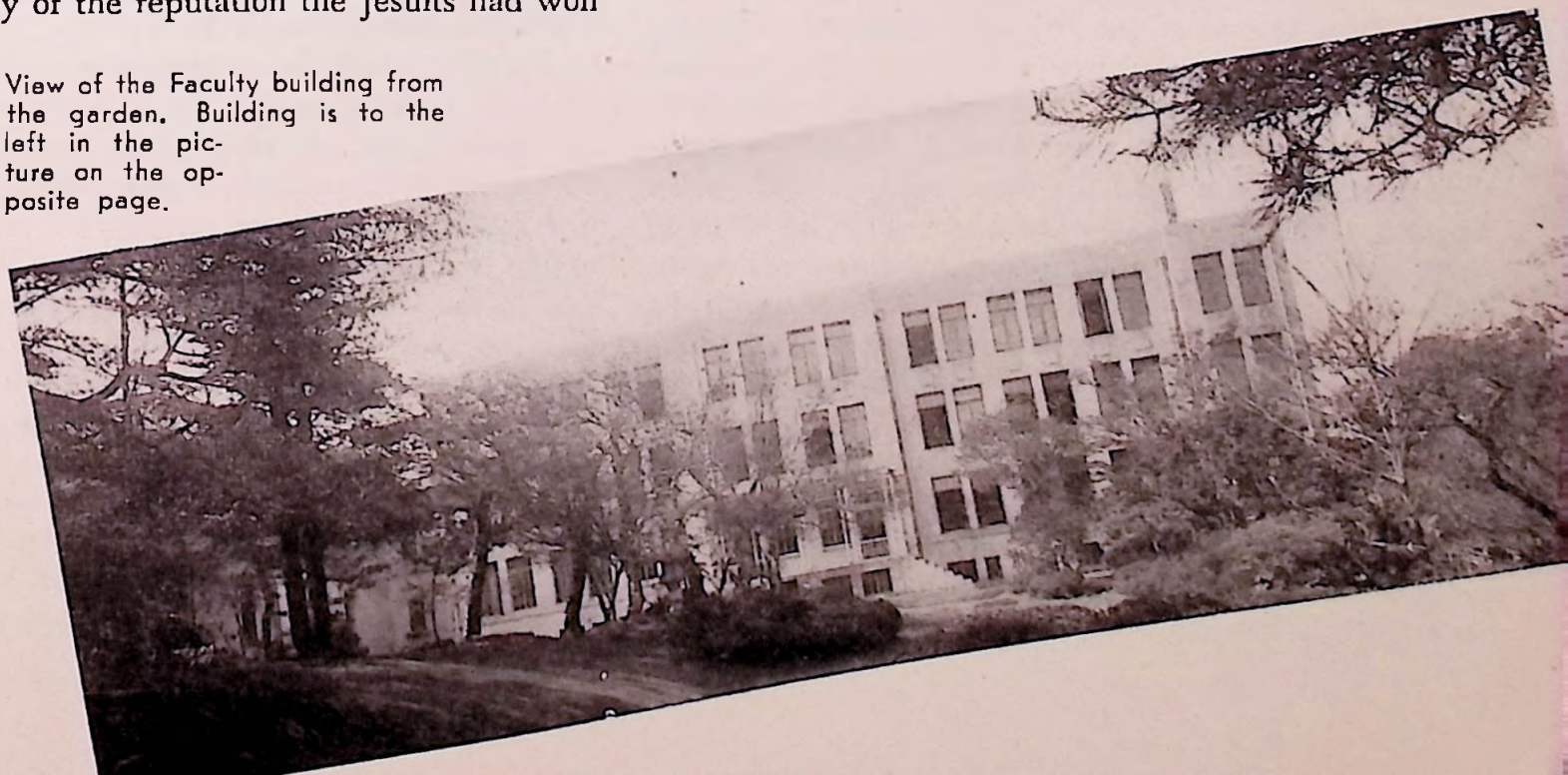
as educators in Japan. Only 150 could be accepted. Here again tragedy struck as soon as the school began. During its first year a devastating flood almost ruined the new building, not yet completed.

Plans were under way for including several other faculties, Medicine, Theology, Law and Technology. Then came World War II, and with it, opposition, harassing regulations, diminishing student body, and finally internment of most of the faculty.

LOOKING back over the thirty-two years of the University's existence, it can be called a sound success. There was no question of competing on equal grounds with the elaborate equipment provided by the government for the state universities, but the training and the teachers of the Catholic University were recognized everywhere as of high quality. Several projects were begun which brought great credit on the scientific work of the Fathers. The widest interest of all was awakened by the undertaking of a Catholic Encyclopaedia for Japanese. Next in importance was the *Monumenta Nipponica*, a semi-annual publication of general scientific articles on cultural life. A Catholic Information Bureau was established in connection with the University which offered a library, reading room, and a museum of Christian history in Japan. A culture center was established where lectures were held twice a month and a popular open forum was conducted, and at which distinguished visitors from all over the world lectured.

This in brief is the history of the Catholic University in Tokyo. Opposition could not crush it. Difficulties could not diminish its glory, and by a kind providence of God, not even the frightful bombing of the city by the American Air Force destroyed it. Some of the buildings are gone, but the heart of the University is still alive, and it will not die.

View of the Faculty building from the garden. Building is to the left in the picture on the opposite page.





# The Church of Martyrs

Robert P. Phalen, S.J.



No people in history  
have given so many  
martyrs to God as the  
Christians of Japan.

(Top) Catholics of Okayama at the graves of the "Confessors of the Faith" of 1868-1873. (Below) Catholic Church and Seminary at Nagasaki in Japan (destroyed by atom bomb).

In the year 1542 a band of Portuguese traders, driven off their course by a tornado, landed on the shores of Japan. This accidental discovery was to lead to one of the brightest eras in the history of Jesuit missions. Returning to India the travelers brought with them a Japanese noble who came back to his native land seven years later in the role of guide to no less a person than St. Francis Xavier. Here the Apostle remained only two years but when he returned to Goa he sent out in his place his finest assistants. Progress at first was slow but by 1559 Jesuits with the permission of the Mikado were preaching in the capital, and five years later this city could boast of seven flourishing churches.

Meantime the political situation was changing. Xavier had found that Japan was not a united nation but rather a collection of small kingdoms ruled by petty princes or "daimyos" as they were called. By the year 1564 Nobunaga, daimyo of Woari, had succeeded

in bringing the other princes under his sway and was in fact, if not in name, the ruler of Japan. Fortunately he proved kindly disposed toward the missionaries and, although he never became a Christian himself, during his reign the Church prospered. In 1579 Japanese Christians numbered 150,000, a figure which soon rose to 200,000. And these neophytes were cared for by only 59 missionaries, but 23 of whom were priests! In the short space of thirty years they had established 250 churches, a school in every mission station, and had opened a novitiate wherein 23 natives were enrolled. Further manifestation of the flourishing condition of the missions was to be seen in the embassy of five Japanese Christian princes and high nobles who in the last year of Nobunaga's reign set out on a long and dangerous journey to pay their respects to the Vicar of Christ in Rome.

Eight years later (1590) they returned to find a changed situation. In their absence Taikosama had usurped the power. During the first years of his reign he had shown himself well disposed toward the mis-

sionaries, even keeping at his court as official interpreter and watchmaker a Jesuit lay-brother—(so did these humble assistants play their part in the work of conversion.) But in 1587 he issued a decree which banished all missionaries and forbade his lieutenants embracing the new creed. A few churches were torn down but the missionaries ignored the command to leave and conversions continued. This edict was not rigidly enforced—in 1596 the Shogun received at court the Bishop of Japan, Pedro Martinez, S.J.—and conditions might have continued in this not entirely unsatisfactory state had it not been for a number of events which occurred in the closing decade of the century.

**I**N 1594 Spanish missionaries, despite the hostile edict of 1587, had arrived in the capital and begun active work in the open. These were the first apostles other than Jesuits to arrive in Japan. Their Spanish affiliations made them less than acceptable in the eyes of the Portuguese merchants already on the scene. Nor did the vain and false boastings of a stranded sea-captain help matters. His tale of the might and power of the king he served only increased the Japanese fear of foreign domination.

The immediate result of this incident was the martyrdom by crucifixion of twenty-six Christians at Nagasaki on February 5, 1597. Among these were three native Jesuits, the scholastics Saints Paul Miki and John de Goto and one lay-brother Saint James Kisai. Thereafter the Jesuits retired again into hiding until the death of the ruler, Taikosama, in the following year.

Despite local persecutions, the number of Christians increased during the reign of the new Shogun, Daifusama. In the year 1600 some 50 churches were built and more than 50,000 natives received into the true fold. The following year the first Japanese Jesuit was ordained and by 1602 Christians numbered nearly three quarters of a million. This number was to grow until it reached more than a million in 1614. During this time Nagasaki, with its five parishes maintained by native priests and several churches of the Jesuits, Franciscans and Dominicans, became the most important center of Christianity. But a new era was soon to dawn and the long period of the great persecution would prove the worth and sincerity of the Japanese Christians.

Some of the lesser daimyos had already apostatized and, in the hope of securing royal favor, had instituted local persecutions. Daifusama himself had long been uneasy and worried by the influx of foreign missionaries and the number of his subjects who apparently had accepted the allegiance of a foreign power. The calum-

nies and false insinuations of the Dutch and English merchants were all that were needed to open the flood-gates of persecution. Less than a year before his death, Daifusama, inspired by their lies, issued an edict which banished all foreign missionaries and influential Japanese Christians. The succeeding ruler, Jjemetsu, proved even more determined to stamp out any possible threat of foreign domination. In his resolve to exterminate Christianity he had thousands put to death—some buried alive, others burned at the stake. Before the bloody persecution ended, the Society of Jesus saw 87 of its members lay down their lives for Christ. They numbered 47 priests of whom ten were Japanese, and forty scholastics and lay brothers, only six of whom were not natives. The combats of the Japanese martyrs were the equal of the torments endured by the early

Christian martyrs. They were laid on beds of burning coals, hung head downwards over sulphurous pits, crucified, tortured in many ways, but comparatively few wavered. Historians tell us more than 200,000 gave testimony in their blood to their Christian faith.

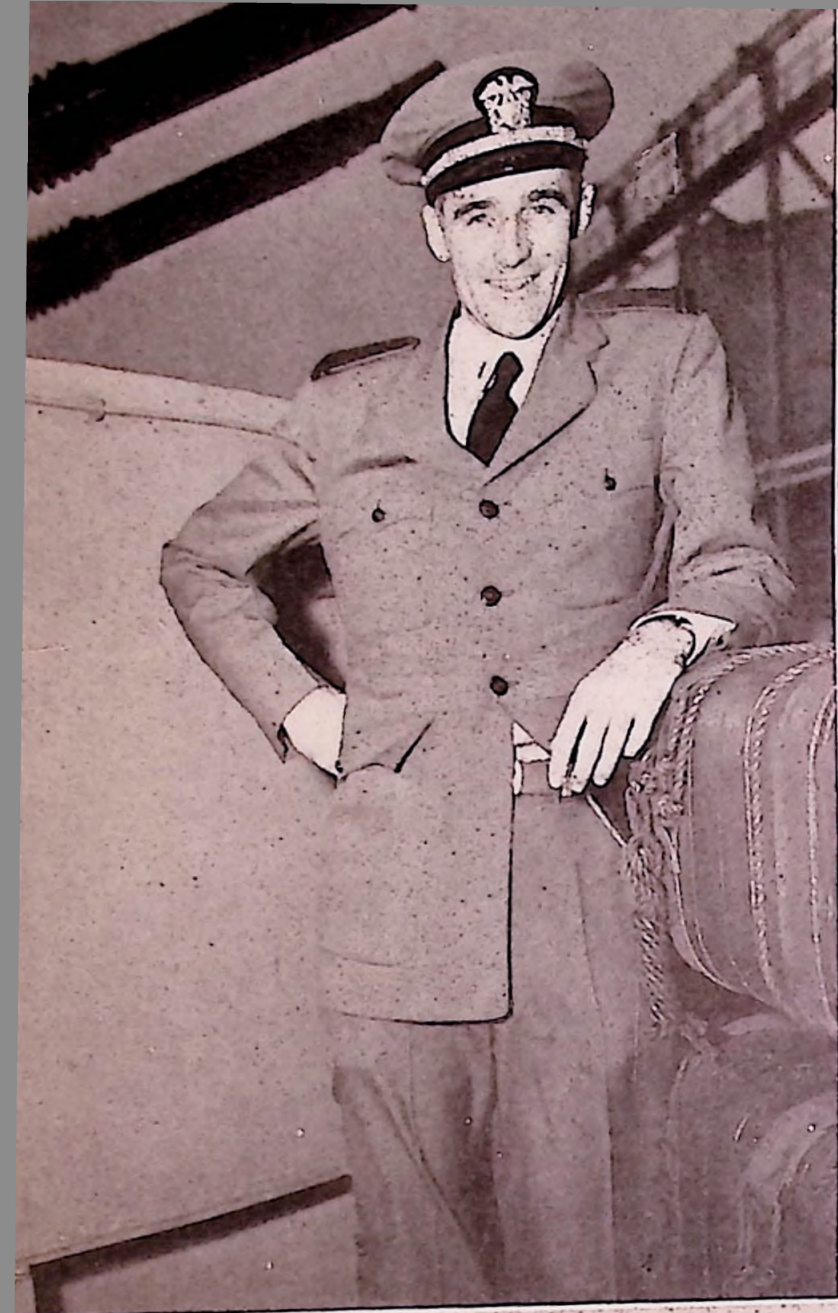
In the midst of this fearful persecution, Jesuits from Europe continued to arrive in Japan in the hope of carrying on their work in secret. Many of these were captured in the very act of landing, to be tortured and slain. But the final hour for the infant Church had come. To make certain that Japan would know no foreign influence, all travel in foreign land was forbidden to the natives and no foreigner was permitted to land in the Islands. The

Jesuits never gave up hope of returning to Japan.

Not until two hundred years later did the Meiji Restoration of 1868 make it possible for foreign missionaries to return. At this time occurred the remarkable incident at Nagasaki. A group approached the new missionary and asked—Do you venerate the Mother of God? Do you observe celibacy? Do you honor and obey the Pope in the city called Rome? When they had heard the proper answers these Japanese Christians professed themselves members of the same Church. With their assistance the missionaries found thousands who had preserved their Catholic faith from one generation to the next despite the fact that they had had no priests!

In 1905 Cardinal O'Connell, then Bishop of Portland, was sent as Papal Delegate to Japan. He was asked by Nagasaki Christians to have Jesuits sent back to Japan as missionaries. He needed only to speak to the Pope and the Jesuits returned once more. There is no greater tribute to the early missionaries and martyrs than this humble request of the descendants of their first converts in Japan.





(Top, left) Father Paul L. O'Connor, S.J., Catholic Chaplain of the *U.S.S. Missouri*, who brought aid to the suffering Fathers of Tokyo. Photo taken by ship photographer aboard ship in New York. (Top, right) The magnificent Cathedral of Urakama, Naga-

saki, now a tottering shell after atomic bombing. (Below) This is the view out of the front door of the Catholic University of Tokyo. In the background the ruins of a convent school where 1,600 girls were being educated by missionary Sisters before the war.

# MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII in a special Mission Sunday letter received by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell, national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, commended and exhorted all who have assisted in the work of this zealous organization. "With the dawning of peace, the Catholic Missions look to the future with hope and determination," our Holy Father wrote. He went on to say that although practically every phase of missionary endeavor had suffered heavy losses, nevertheless the missionaries have stood out more brilliantly than ever before. Thus the Catholic Mission may well expect a greater abundance of aid, both spiritual and material, from a world which has come to see at first hand the heroic life of the missionary. The huge task of reconstruction will challenge the best efforts of the missionaries, the Pontiff pointed out, and will require the constant prayers, unflagging interest and unstinted generosity of those at home.

THE CATHOLIC WELFARE ORGANIZATION of the Philippines, with an impressive amount of relief work to its credit, is now the official organization of the Hierarchy of the Philippines. Since its foundation last February by the Apostolic Delegate, CWO volunteer workers have distributed clothing and food, worth more than a million pesos, to 20,823 persons. Mass wine and flour for hosts have been supplied in various dioceses. Burial details dug graves and gave Christian burial to hundreds. Immediately following liberation the CWO became an information center rendering service to the American Consulate, the Red Cross and the U. S. Army. Activities since liberation include extensive surveys of war damage to Church property, the establishment of entertainment centers for servicemen, transportation of returning missionaries to their parishes and many other works of Christian charity.

WHITE FATHERS in Ruwenzori vicariate, Uganda, Africa are sheltering more than 3,600 Polish refugees at their mission station in Hoima. In three years the settlement has grown to a flourishing town of eight "villages," including a permanent brick church, grade and high schools, and a hospital staffed by Polish nurses and doctors, caring for 120 patients—so reports Brother Charles Garnier of that mission, formerly of Brockton, Massachusetts.

A BILL INTRODUCED BY E. L. BARTLETT, Alaskan delegate in Congress and recently signed by President Truman is now law. The act authorizes the sale of 46½ acres of land to the Vicar Apostolic of Alaska. The land will be used by St. Theresa's Shrine, near



Interview between American and Japanese officers at the liberation of the first American prisoners in Japan at Aomori. In the photo, Commodore Harold Stassen, left; Com. Boone, Father Robinson, S.J.; the American interpreter, Commodore Simpson, Jap Colonel (center), and Japanese interpreter. Others are not identified.

Juneau for a planned building expansion program. Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS may recall our issue of last May which featured an article on St. Theresa's Shrine.

HIS EMINENCE PIETRO CARDINAL FUMASONI-BIONDI, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Medical Mission Sisters sent a message of congratulations and best wishes to the foundress and Superior General, Mother Anna Dengel. The original band of four members has today grown to a community of 100 professed Sisters working in the missions of India and the United States.

FATHER AUGUSTE GAGNON, S.J., on August 18, 1945, was appointed Superior of the Canadian Jesuit mission of Honchoufu. He succeeds Father Courchesne, S.J. who had been Superior for the past ten years. On the same day Father Maurice Belhumeur, S.J. was named Rector of St. Aloysius' College in Honchoufu.

The JESUIT PHILIPPINE BUREAU at its third annual dinner made announcement of the creation of the "Jogues Award—for Exceptional Mission Zeal." First recipients of the award were the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Martin A. Fitzpatrick, pastor of Our Lady of Sorrows Church, Corona, Long Island and Mr. Manuel De Ynchausti, of White Plains, N. Y.

# “Ees Nozzing”

*John J. Gordon, S.J.*

*These were exciting days.*

*Fruit juice instead of bombs.*

*Journeys instead of internment.*

**Back to the missions on bicycles after internment.**

On September 5th, 1945, Shanghai was the centre of great excitement. I don't know how many B-29's were dropping hundreds of parachutes, each laden with 250 pounds of choice morsels: desserts, candy, ham and eggs, to say nothing of smokes and beverage powders from the most wonderful country in the whole world. It was surely a day of clamor and turbulence. I myself was so excited I hardly knew what I was doing.

But as I was rushing through the corridor, Father Rector stopped me. (Good Father Rector! He could not keep from smiling. He understood why I was so excited.) He told me that someone on the phone wanted to speak to an American.

I scurried to the phone but the B-29's were zooming at the theologate from every direction with such roaring and whining that I could hardly hear. Said a voice: "Father Gordon, I am Mr. Davis of the American Commission in Shanghai. Will you please give me what information you can about the packages being dropped at Zikawei Camp?"

I was so excited that I could hardly give a straight story. But I told Mr. Davis that parachutes were landing in our garden; more were landing in the streets all around us; some were crashing through our roof; three bundles had come down without parachutes and demolished the sacristy of the Carmelite convent next door—damage to the extent of 4 million dollars (Shanghai money). Two hundred pound canisters of fruit juice were splashing open on the streets and in the fields. People—foreign, white, Chinese, everyone, were

grabbing anything they could or squatting around the smashed canisters regaling themselves with first class pineapple juice, etc. Never was there such a rain as this, even in Shanghai, the Venice of the East. Wow! Was I excited!

I told Mr. Davis whatever I knew about the packages and said good-bye as soon as I politely could. "Please excuse me, Mr. Davis, if I hurry away now. You see, I've just been told to go out to the country near here and visit the Christians in some of the villages. It's my first time out to the country in four years and my first opportunity since ordination to exercise my priestly powers. Please excuse me if I seem excited. Good-bye Mr. Davis."

So I hung up and raced downstairs to my bicycle. I was afraid the Superior might change his mind and send someone in my place. I was to be a missionary at last—even if for only a few days. Who wouldn't be excited?

Three of us set out together: Father Escanciano, our moral professor, Father Robin, ordained with me, and I. It was a glorious day; not too hot. A cool breeze was laden with the sweet scent of rye and wheat and rice. As far as the eye could see the fields were beautifully green. We followed the canals along dikes and over stone bridges that crossed the intersecting canals. Sometimes there were moon bridges and we had to carry our bicycles over them, but we made good speed.

Just at dusk we reached our first stop, Ssu Ching (Four Springs). The organization of the mission sta-

tions is remarkable. I think no other society except the Catholic Church has such a perfect system. Most of the stations are only occasionally visited by the priest but the schools and other works go on without interruption. When we arrived at Ssu Ching a young Chinese, who is preparing for the priesthood, arranged everything for us. When the priests come, the women tell each villager what to bring: food, bedding, furniture, or whatever is needed. And in no time you are seated before a sumptuous and piping hot supper and a bed has been made up for you. As long as the priest remains at the mission the villagers take care of him.

**N**EXT morning the church bell began to ring at about half past five. Farmers and fishermen came in from the fields and canals, overjoyed at the unexpected opportunity of a Mass. No priest had been there for some time. At my Mass there were about 100 Christians and about 40 received Holy Communion. If Mass were celebrated there every day, many would receive Our Lord daily.

The day the peace treaty was signed at Nanjing, Father Escanciano's Christians had prepared a celebration for us because he told them we were Americans. There were many kinds of food and some little girls danced and sang pious songs for us. Father Escanciano still twits me about the dancing. "You applauded! Ah, you young priests!"

Saturday morning at six we took our places in the canoe and paddled away. Our little canoe was swift but it had one disadvantage—you had to keep paddling all the time. We paddled from 6 a.m. till after 8 p.m. with only an hour's rest and a swim at noon; and a half hour's rest in the evening. Of course we stopped

for a minute or two every hour or so, but we were all too proud to ask for a breathing spell.

About eight o'clock we passed under a moon bridge. A few huts were clustered on the banks on either side of it. We shouted till the farmers came out. One old man climbed up onto the moon bridge and shouted, "Are you priests? You are going to say Mass at Chiang Ch'ui Tai tomorrow? Aiyah! Aiyah! You'll see me there. I'm a Catholic. My sons are Catholics. Everyone in my house is Catholic." He kept shouting after us as we took up our paddles but we had no energy to answer.

At last we arrived at Chiang Ch'ui Tai after more than 14 hours in the canoe. Of course a band of Christians soon gathered and prepared a hot dinner and a sleeping place for us. We had still to read our office, and this we did by the light of a vigil lamp. There were no candles. Then at last, to bed.

**F**ATHER PARDINAS and I said Mass at Chiang Ch'ui Tai. I am glad I did not have to give Benediction. There was no big host—only small hosts. There was no surplice; no cope; no music; no choir; no book of prayers. As Father Pardinas sadly remarked: "Ees nozzing!" But he went through with it because so many of the Christians had begged for Benediction and they rarely had it.

After a good breakfast we set out for home. My lips were chapped and my back was nearly broken. I had blisters on my hands and bunions on my feet. When my sunburn didn't itch my mosquito bites did. I had a cough and my eyes burned from wind and sun. Every muscle in my body ached. I was uncomfortably dirty. But I was intensely happy, for at last I had really been a missionary priest.

"We followed the canals along dikes and over stone bridges. Some were beautiful 'moon' bridges."



# A Credit Union Conquers a Hurricane

William J. Moore, S.J.

**Father Marion Ganey, S.J., director of the cooperative movement at Punta Gorda, British Honduras, scene of a recent hurricane and of a remarkable coop-led recovery.**



**T**HE ability of a credit union to furnish economic aid to persons of small means in time of emergency was tested to the full last fall when a hurricane lashed the southern coast of British Honduras on October 4, 1945 and damaged or destroyed 250 houses in Punta Gorda. The St. Peter Claver Credit Union of Punta Gorda passed the test triumphantly. It was instrumental in providing funds for an extraordinary number of loans to be made in a short time; it increased in membership; and, above all, it grew in public esteem.

St. Peter Claver Credit Union was the first credit union in British Honduras. Inspired and directed by Father Marion M. Ganey, S.J., parishioners began the credit union two years before the hurricane and the movement gradually branched out from cooperative banking into small scale cooperative buying of flour, cooperative bread baking, and cooperative seine fisheries. St. Peter Claver had 187 members, loans outstanding of \$864.10, and \$576.23 cash in the bank on September 30, 1945.

Then, four days later, came the hurricane. For five hours the fierce storm winds and violent driving rains from the Caribbean whipped and tore at the thatch-roof houses in a town which never before had suffered such a disaster. The damage was great in a community where poverty is the rule and concrete home construction had been practically unknown.

The time and ingenuity of Father Ganey and the credit union directors were taxed extraordinarily to prepare immediately a workable plan for providing a large number of loans at one time. Realizing, too,

that this was an opportunity, if ever there was one, for demonstrating the value of united effort, Father Ganey outlined a program for cooperative purchase of building material and for cooperative reconstruction of houses.

The plan adopted and executed was as follows: In order to supply large quantities of the "confra" leaves needed for rethatching roofs, a group of a dozen men was dispatched to the south to the Sarstoon River, on the Guatemala border, to cut the leaves and load them on barges for cooperative transportation and sale in Punta Gorda. Time would be saved if individuals did not have to cut their own leaves and paddle back and forth in small dories. The leaves were sold at market price of 25 cents a dozen, with a promise of patronage refunds on savings effected. Nails were bought cooperatively by the keg at wholesale, rather than by small purchases of a few pounds at retail. The Credit Union prepared to make loans to homeowners for reconstruction of damaged houses, on condition that laborers be paid \$1.00 a day, and with the proviso that laborers must deposit 30 cents of each dollar in the credit union to provide funds for additional loans.

To proceed intelligently on a basis of factual information, a census was taken of the houses damaged. Father Ganey and the author of this article, together

with Mr. James E. Moreira, the credit union assistant-treasurer, went through the streets of the village with pencil and paper, inspecting the houses one by one and marking down notations such as "flat," "badly damaged," or "slightly damaged." Of the 278 houses checked, 148 were flat. People could not live in 161 of the houses. In all, 250 were damaged to some extent, with only 28 untouched.

At a general meeting of the credit union, all carpenters in the audience were called apart and asked to estimate the amount of materials needed to rebuild an ordinary size thatch house, 24 by 16, with 7-foot walls, mud floor, two doors and five windows. The cost determined was \$122.

THE prompt action of the members of St. Peter Claver Credit Union in setting out to solve their own problems, and the initial success of the plan as houses began to be repaired, attracted the attention of officials of the colonial government. Addressing a public meeting in Punta Gorda, Mr. D. G. St. Aubyn, the Social Welfare Officer, declared that he would support the rehabilitation program. The Senior Medical Officer of the colony, Dr. Anderson, prophesied enthusiastically that on the site of the meeting there would be erected in years to come a monument to commemorate the far-sighted action of the members of the first credit union in British Honduras.

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Punta Gorda  
has set a style  
for all British Honduras.

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Governmental approval did not terminate in happy phrases of praise. Dr. Anderson offered a one-year scholarship for medical training in Belize to a young woman to be chosen by the directors of St. Peter Claver Credit Union. Mr. St. Aubyn said he would arrange scholarships for two Caribs selected by the credit union. The man and woman elected would spend a year in Jamaica studying the cooperative movement. On their return to British Honduras, they would give counsel to those interested in forming new credit unions. In Belize, the capital of the colony, the executive council, at the instance of Governor Hunter, decided that the government would make a loan of \$3000 to St. Peter Claver Credit Union in order that this relatively small organization would have more funds for loans.

Father Ganey and the credit union directors made a counter-proposal. Since St. Peter Claver consisted of Catholics, it was decided to form a new organization which could make loans to Protestants as well as to Catholics. St. George Credit Union, as it was called, was approved by the government, and it undertook the one task of handling loans for reconstruction.

St. George Credit Union is not an orthodox credit union. Strictly speaking it is a loan agency created by St. Peter Claver Credit Union. The latter always was and remains today a follower of the Rochdale cooperative principles. St. Peter Claver funds came from the savings of members who had attended study club meetings prior to its founding. St. George, an emergency creation, was built, so to say, from the top down, and is making loans to Catholics and Protestants who had not gone through the normal course of study of credit union principles.

To remain true to the time-tested Rochdale principles, the directors of St. Peter Claver judged it wise to separate the government's funds from its own. Its own orthodoxy and success were the motives which had inspired confidence in government officials; hence the members were eager to retain this prestige and strong position for the colony's Number 1 credit union. Its officers, however, because of their training, are in charge of the new St. George agency.

At Baranco, a Carib town of a few hundred population, south of Punta Gorda, the same plan that has been followed in Punta Gorda is being successfully carried out.

An astonishing fact—one worthy indeed of a separate story—was revealed in the recent financial check-up. Punta Gorda's population is about 1200. And 623 persons in the town, 383 children and 240 adults, are saving. Half the town! How many towns can make the same boast? Some children have saved only a few coppers, but—and this is important—they have learned the lesson of thrift.

The attitude of the Caribs towards loans has been marked by a surprising businesslike caution. Father David Hickey, S.J., Superior of the mission of British Honduras, while on a visit to Punta Gorda, was especially impressed by the common sense of the Caribs with regard to borrowing. Despite the abundance of funds, the people were not rushing to make large loans which they could only with difficulty pay back. Study-clubbing, said Father Hickey, was bearing fruit in Punta Gorda.

THE spirit of service to others in Christ, and the practical application of the doctrine of the Mystical Body to economic affairs, have been exemplified in many unselfish acts of cooperation during the reconstruction in Punta Gorda. For example, the Holy Redeemer Credit Union of Belize was quick to offer to the St. Peter Claver Credit Union a long-term loan of its own hard-earned savings. Racially the members of the Holy Redeemer Credit Union are English, Spanish, and Creoles. The people of Punta Gorda are Caribs, the majority of them Catholics. Christian cooperation, however, speedily leaped over the accident of race and saw only some of Christ's members in distress. A healthier life in every way will result.

# THE CHURCH

## Unity Octave

The movement which began in the Anglican Church for reunion of Protestants with Rome became a crusade for the whole world.

*Matthew J. Ashe, S.J.*

**T**HIRTY-EIGHT years ago the Church Unity Octave was inaugurated by Paul James Francis and his community of Anglican Franciscans at Graymoor, New York. Again this year, from January 18th, the Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome, through January 25th, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, there will be celebrated in many parts of the world this eight-day prayer plan for the reunion of Christendom and the missionary conquest of the world for Christ.

At the time of the founding of the Church Unity Octave, the author himself was an Episcopalian clergyman and his religious community belonged to the Church of England. At least, equally notable is the fact that less than two years (Oct. 1909) after the start of what has since become a vast prayer movement, Paul Francis or Father Paul, as he was even then called, was received into the Catholic Church together with his little group of Anglican Friars and Nuns. From the outset this Protestant community aimed at some fashion of allegiance to the Holy See by the formation of what they hoped would grow into a powerful "Roman" party within the Episcopal Church.

As such, the original project was foredoomed to failure. Providentially, however, Father Paul's efforts for peace and union among Christians did not go unrewarded since shortly after his conversion, the Catholic Church officially sanctioned and ardently encouraged the faithful everywhere to observe the Church Unity Octave. First, Pope Pius X solemnly blessed the Octave in December 1909, at the same time putting his approval on the exact prayers previously used. Then on February 25, 1916, Benedict XV granted a Plenary Indulgence to all those who every year would recite the accepted prayers over the prescribed period of time, and on the last day of the Octave, having received the Holy Eucharist, petition God in a Church or public oratory "for the concord of Christian rulers, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners, and the exaltation of our Holy Mother the Church."

Graymoor, the monastery of the Friars of the Atonement at Garrison, N. Y., founded by Father Paul Francis. Father Paul (left) and Rev. Spencer Jones, at Oxford, England. These two are responsible for the origin of the Octave.



The immediate objective of the Society at Graymoor was the reunion of all Protestants to the Holy See. That such, however, was not the entire scope of the Society of the Atonement—at least once it became Catholic—is shown by the fact that Pius X directed for its principal purposes the dual function of work for Christian unity and the Catholic Mission cause. What is more, the special intention for the last day of the Church Unity Octave itself—fittingly, indeed, for the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul—is the missionary conquest of the world for Christ. The greater part of the Octave is devoted to prayer for the return of the various Protestant sects and the Oriental separatists to the fold of St. Peter, the one supreme Shepherd on earth.

**T**HE Church Unity Octave is, then, a truly mission octave, a widespread crusade of prayer to God that all the other sheep, whatever their creed or lack of creed, will become our fellow members in the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church. The quest for unity and the missions, properly speaking, may differ in their manner of approach, but the end is the same, namely the submission of men everywhere to the teachings of Christ as infallibly interpreted by the Apostolic See at Rome. The Unity Octave seeks first a completely united Christendom and then the conversion of the pagan and non-Christian world. The bulk of missionary activity in the fields afar is concerned with those sections of the globe which do not know Christ or do not believe in His glorious message of salvation.

A third branch of the mission apostolate has to do with the first and more direct purpose of The Church Unity Octave. The attempt here is to re-conquer the



Protestant world to the One, True Church founded by Christ. An instance of this is the missionary effort in the island of Jamaica on the Caribbean, where almost every vestige of Catholicism was destroyed by Oliver Cromwell and his followers in the seventeenth century. Whatever may be said about modern Protestantism being everywhere on the verge of dissolution, the process of recovery to Catholic belief and tradition is generally extremely slow and calls for plodding diligence and persevering prayer.

**I**NDEED, Father Paul James Francis, cast upon the most effective means of assisting the entire Catholic missionary campaign when he devised the now well-known prayer plan called the Church United Octave. The official set of prayers for the Octave, quite intact since first arranged, consists of an antiphon with versicle and response and terminates in the Prayer for Peace from the Canon of the Mass:

Antiphon. That they all may be One, as Thou, Father in me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.

St. John XVII: 12

V. I say unto thee thou art Peter

R. And upon this Rock I will build My church.

Let us Pray

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who saidst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My Peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to thy will, Who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

Since the workings of Divine Grace are mysterious we can never measure the proportion between our



prayers and the conversion of even a single soul. Despite this, we have for our encouragement the knowledge that many have come into the Church after participation in the Church Unity Octave. Among whole groups, we can mention the Anglican Benedictine Monks of Caldey Island in 1912, the Servants of Christ the King of Freshnam, Surrey in 1936, and the Sisters of the Love of Jesus of Vancouver, B.C., in 1937. His Excellency, Mar Ivarnios and the Jacobite Schismatics who joined the Church in 1930 are also known to have observed the Octave for some time at Travancore, South India.

**A**MERICANS should sense a special attraction, perhaps a certain obligation, toward making this truly Mission Octave which began on our own soil and has been so fruitful of good. We should understand how the surest fulcrum to move all men to that peace the world so much desires today is Unity of Faith under the Chair of St. Peter within the one true Church.

# Yanks AT MOKAMEH

Marion R. Batson, S.J.



(Left to right) Cpl. Humphrey of Clinton, Iowa; Father Batson in work uniform, and Pfc. Wm. Bauman of Chicago, sacristan and altar boy respectively, to the author on his treks from one Army camp to another in India.

*When the Yanks landed at Mokameh mission, they made a corner of a foreign field America for awhile.*

**A**n old Mohammedan friend of mine who has a restaurant in the Mokameh Railway Station came to the Mission one afternoon and, from the gleam in his eyes, I knew that he bore "hot news." After the customary ceremonies of making his salaam, getting settled, and lighting a cigarette, Mohammed Rasul calmly announced: "Father, there are American soldiers, a whole train-load of them, at the Station." A funny little chill ran up and down my spine. Of course it couldn't be true. "There are no American soldiers in India, Rasul, these are British soldiers, I'm sure." "Do the British soldiers wear a red, white, and blue patch on their arms?" was Rasul's reply and he smiled as he noted the effect of his question. Again that silly little chill all over me. "Let's go, Rasul, and if they are not Yanks I'll dye your beard green."

The Mission is but a five-minute walk from the railway station. Before I knew it, I was among them, hundreds of them, all Yanks and fresh from home . . . tired, dirty, sloppy in their fatigue suits or cover-alls, all kinds, all sizes, all big and healthy, all-American G.I.'s and absolutely wonderful. The first one I met as I skipped across the tracks was a big Negro about six feet seven inches tall and broad as a red barn. "Are you from the Priests' Farm at Florissant?", he grinned. "I should say I am, and *you?* . . . are you from Kinlock?" "That's right . . . I thought I recognized your face . . . glory be, and do you remember that Christmas at our house?" I remembered Christmas at the Negro mission in Kinlock and taking gifts of clothes and food to the makeshift houses of the Negro families who had settled there after the race riot in East St. Louis. I remembered the mothers and their families of big-eyed youngsters but

I couldn't place this giant at all. He laughed . . . a great laugh that thrilled me through and through and then said: "I was a little kid then but you priests was sure good to us. . . . I'll never forget that day . . . we got a nice church now; it's very big and . . . beautiful." The rest was a great big blur. In the following few minutes I met the whole United States . . . they hailed from everywhere: Chicago, Omaha, Texas, New York, South Carolina, St. Louis, Kansas City, Arizona, and California . . . and what a gang! All I could say was, "Come on over to the house and get a cup of coffee; we'll hold the train that long at least." From the moment they passed that gate, the Yanks took over the Mission and made it America. They were everywhere. "Hey, Jake, look at the peacock!" "Wonder where the showers are." "Jeepers! look at the fantails and pouters!" "Is this the kitchen?" "Is that a new church? It looks like the Taj Mahal." They began taking baths at the well, in the bathroom, out in the yard . . . every place. They invaded the kitchen and before long the aroma of coffee and hot dogs permeated the whole place . . . definitely American. . . . I had not smelled it for sixteen years or more and . . . it was DELICIOUS!

**T**HE sound of their arguments, songs, and chatter was music indeed to my ears. These boys were the age of my gang when I left home for the Seminary in 1924. Their songs were the same except for an occasional "bumm-bumm-bumm—bummmmm" which was new. My Negro friend from Kinlock took over the kitchen as though he were having the time of his life. One lad introduced me to Camels all over again. Another, a Negro from the deep South, wanted to know exactly



The shrine church at Mokameh Junction, center of a thriving mission district, almost a diocese in itself.

who I was and what I was doing in "this God-forsaken land," and why I didn't pick up and go home—once in a while at least. "Is yo folks livin'?" "Do they know you're here? . . . Jeepers! sixteen years away from home! . . . Is, is yo liver PETRIFIED? Ain't you got no FEELIN's at all?!" I tried my best to explain matters but he just could not see how I could remain away from the United States and LIVE. Most of the boys had no idea what a Mission is; they did not expect to find Americans in India . . . and it was the first time that many of them had ever talked to a Catholic priest. One lad made us all laugh when he said, "Gosh, if my dad knew that I ate dinner and slept at a PRIEST'S HOUSE . . . what wouldn't he say!" It was his first offense and he seemed to enjoy it.

The school boys were shy at first before long were playing soft-ball and volley-ball and a watered-down type of football. One red-head from Pittsburgh had a group of ten or eleven boys line up near the pump and was teaching them English and the lesson went like this: "Good morning . . . GOOD MORNING: Good afternoon . . . GOOD AFTERNOON; Good evening . . . GOOD EVENING: CHEERIO! . . . CHEERIO! Yah yah, WHOOOOPEE!"

I asked my people to get some chickens and some eggs and some fruit, if possible. Before long these "rations" appeared at the kitchen door and the big boy from Kinlock let out a war whoop and settled down to real business. Some set up their own kitchens and began toasting weenies and heating cans of various other "American" food. Some made their beds right out under the trees; others on the veranda; others in the school; and others preferred to sit around and talk until it was time to take another bath. They could

not get enough. Only a few remained on the train, working in shifts, watching the equipment and stores that were there. They came and went as they pleased. They cooked and bathed, sang, smoked, talked, laughed, asked questions, or slept; ate and argued . . .

I did not sleep at all . . . how could I? In the early morning I heard confessions and offered Mass for all who could crowd into our little chapel. I went along with them on the train and signed autographs and photographs, looked at pictures of mothers, wives, sweethearts, and babies for the next thirty miles. Then I said good-bye and hopped a freight train back to Mokameh.

What a ride! As I sat in the caboose and watched their train fade out in the distance, the most desolate feeling gripped my heart and squeezed until I had to cry out: "Lord, Lord! PLEASE! Send those kids back to their homes . . . WHOLE!" I have never heard from any of them since but I have not ceased to hope and pray that they would reach home safe . . . all of them.

THIS was the first of many landings and Yank invasions of the Mission here in Mokameh. Later, an American Camp was established nearby and the Commanding officer, Captain Joe Bajuk of Alameda, California, lived with me at the Mission for almost a year. After him Major Grant-Jones, "the boy from Texas," took over; later on, Lt. Vic Weber from Fort Wayne, Indiana, and last of all, Lt. Dick Brennan from Chicago. These men I came to know well and am still in touch with them. Their presence here made this happy exile home for a while and I'll never forget them—ever.

## Albert C. Zabolio, S.J.

With wide-eyed wonder Indian children at Holy Rosary gaze at the familiar figures in the crib before the midnight Mass.

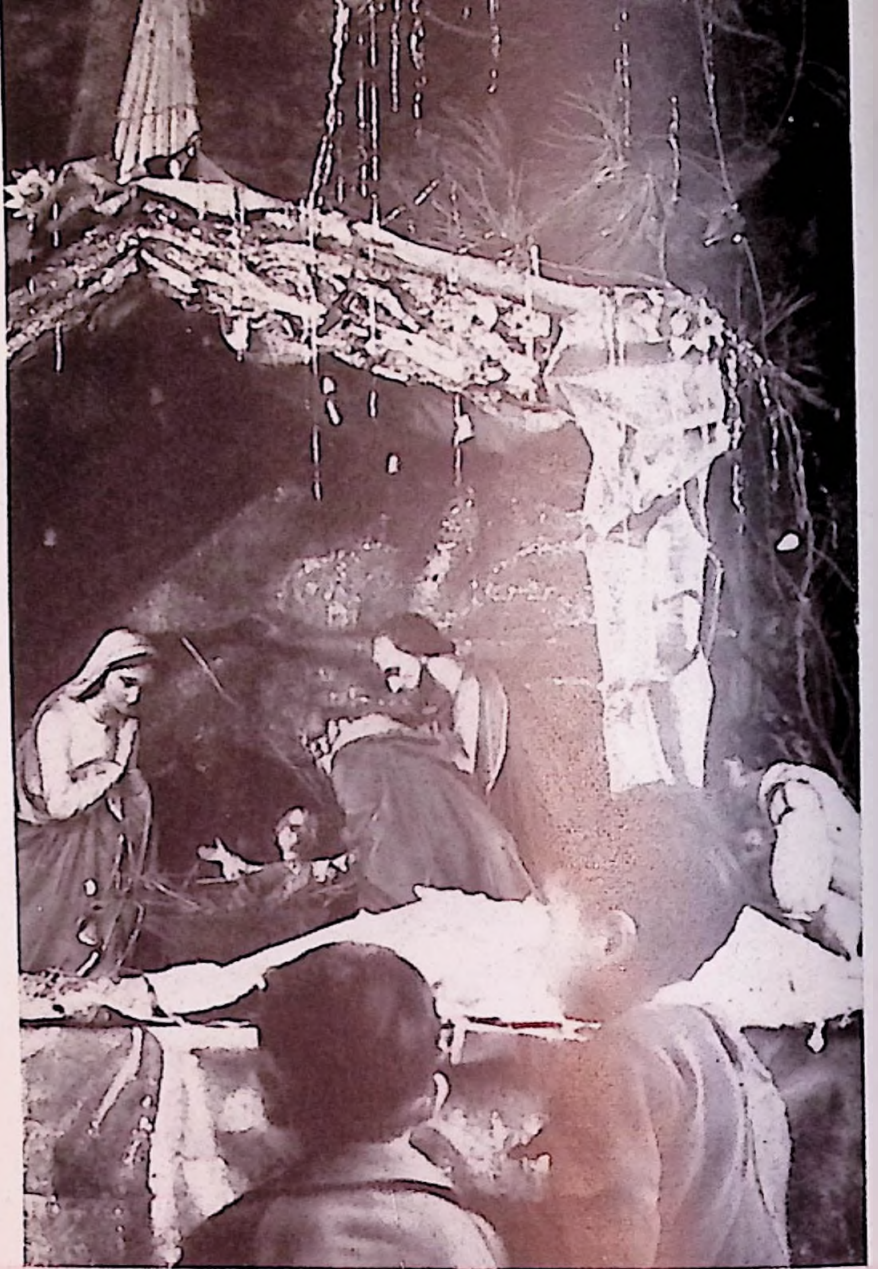
**C**HRISTMAS is the biggest day of the year at Holy Rosary mission. You have no idea how the little kiddies look forward to that great event. For days ahead they ask you every time they meet you if they are going to have Mass again at night on Christmas. And the day before Christmas! They see Brother Schlienger bringing in jack-pines, and the Sisters and scholastics making preparations for decorating the chapel and buildings, and their excitement mounts hour by hour. A hundred times a day they repeat to themselves, "Mass at night tonight, Mass at mid-night!"

All the Indian children except a few of the older boys are sent to bed right after supper. In less than ten minutes you begin to hear heavy breathing all down the rows and rows of beds. A few of the youngsters who may be away from home for the first time may sob quietly for a little while out of lonesomeness, but the sobbing soon stops and the lonesome little child drops off into dreams of Midnight Mass and carols and angels and the Child of Bethlehem.

When the bell rings for the children to get up for Mass, there is a terrific commotion. Haste is their main concern and so you have to help some untangle their shoe-strings, and see that others comb their hair.

The lovely music of the Christmas season floats down the corridor to meet us as we draw near. Sister Helenita is playing the organ. Mr. Clifford, our Indian basketball coach and prefect, is playing the violin. A number of the older people, parents and friends of the children, and Indians who live on the mission are already in church. The priests have been hearing confessions for over an hour.

It is a delightful sight to watch every pair of eyes straining to see every detail of the beautiful Crib in



front of St. Joseph's altar whose meaning they know as well as any little Catholic child in the land, for Sister has told them all about the coming of the Christ Child. They stretch and stretch to see if they can identify everyone in that holy group.

The altar is beautifully decorated. The Sisters have taken care of that. The church is crowded, a familiar hymn is coming to an end, and just then the clock strikes twelve. Father Collins, the Superior of the mission, enters the sanctuary preceded by Sioux acolytes. At once three hundred Indian boys and girls break out singing the Kyrie of the *Missa de Angelis*. Everyone in the church joins in, and many of the older people remember this beautiful Mass from their own school days at the mission.

Two priests are needed to distribute Holy Communion. Almost everyone receives at Christmas. The children leave at the end of the first Mass, but many of the adults remain for the Mass of Thanksgiving which follows immediately. The Indian children attend another Mass at eight o'clock. After that the day is free for games, radio, Santa Claus, and all sorts of fun. If friends have been unusually generous, Santa will have a good supply of gifts. And when day is done, all the Indian children at the mission kneel down to say the prayers of grateful children for their benefactors.

# Apostolate of Prayer

Mission Intention for January, 1946

## PEACE IN THE ORIENT

**T**HE vigil of the Assumption 1945 ushered in V-J Day. It meant the cessation of hostilities between Japan and the allied powers. But that does not mean that the nations are at peace—true peace with their fellowmen. There are still many internal strifes that must be smoothed out before true peace will come to the war-ravaged Orient. However V-J Day was a hopeful light flickering on a horizon darkened with despair. As our Holy Father so well phrased it in his Mission Sunday message: "After six and, in some missionary lands, eight years of warfare, in the course of which so many missionaries and so many missionary institutions fell as innocent victims of the war, our missionaries welcome the day when they are free again to carry out the divine injunction: 'Going therefore, teach ye all nations.'"

But while they look with hopeful eyes to the future the missionaries must contend with the ruin both material and moral of the present. Archbishop Leone Giovanni Battista Negris, Secretary General of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith has partially summed up the destruction in these words: "7 Bishops, 188 missionaries, 113 nuns and a large number of

catechists and faithful have lost their lives. Many others have been wounded. . . . Material damage has reached fantastic figures. In the Philippines 47 priests, and 36 Brothers died. . . . In Manila the Cathedral, the seminary and a Catholic University, renowned all over the world, were destroyed. Numerous schools and practically all the churches have suffered damages that total more than \$150,000,000.00."

But besides the war-scarred theatres other regions removed from the direct path of bombs and the other hazards of war were not left unscathed. India, for example, suffered a loss of man power to reap the harvest of souls because missionaries—priests, sisters and brothers—and financial aid could not be sent from the homeland. Aged veterans were left standing in the field with no prospects of new recruits coming to their aid.

If the missions are to look to a golden harvest in the future there must prevail true christian peace—a peace based on Catholic principles. Here those who are dictating the peace have a most serious obligation to their fellowmen and to God who gave the victory. That true peace may prevail in the Orient so that the souls may be saved the Holy Father would have us pray.

Mission Intention for February, 1946:

## CHRISTIAN ZEAL TOWARD INFIDELS

**W**ITH the daily advance in science the world has seemed to grow smaller and smaller. In reality we are daily coming into contact with places and people we scarcely knew existed a generation ago. The swiftest ships and speediest railroads that have girt the earth are dwarfed by the progress in air travel. If direct routes were flown from New York we could be in the heart of the Sahara in less than 20 hours, at Cape Town or Calcutta in 27 hours, at Tokyo in 27 hours, at Manila in 30 hours.

Under favorable atmospheric conditions we can be in touch with the most remote islands of the Pacific, the wooded vales of the Transvaal, the hidden fastnesses of the interior of China, by radio. Highways created by war have made remote places accessible under normal conditions of travel. But these means of communication with the outside world impose a new obligation upon us as Catholics. The Command of Christ: "Go and make disciples of all nations" has a new ring. We must use the latest inventions of science to bring the benefits of redemption to those "who sit in the darkness of idolatry and Islamism." Nor is there

time for delay. We can not go on crying "Manāna, Manāna!" If we who have the truth fail to use the super highways, the aeroplane, the radio and television to bring this truth to our brethren in mission lands, then the apostles of hatred, the sowers of discord and the blind leaders of the blind will spread false doctrines which will make the winning of converts to the Christian truth even more difficult. Let us not lose time. World War II has brought a halt to many noble missionary enterprises. Without our help, spiritual and material, the missionaries can make no progress. What Pope Pius XI said after the World War I is not less true today and deserves our serious consideration in a more practical way: "The fact that even one missionary can not make progress in his work precisely because he needs those means which we could offer him is a serious matter, and perhaps in our lives we have not given sufficient thought to the account that we must render." That this reckoning may become less fearful, our Holy Father begs us pray during February that Christians will become conscious of their urgent duty toward unbelievers. ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN, S.J.

# First Christmas after Pearl Harbor

Gerald W. Healy, S.J.

How could you ever forget  
a Christmas like this one—  
scattered, bombed, hungry,  
and capture just hours away?

THE only light visible that clear cool December night was the tropical moon falling softly along the sheet metal roof of Novaliches. From Aparri to Jolo the order was "total blackout." In the corner of the Novaliches study hall twenty-six American and Filipino scholastics sat listening to the latest USAFFE communique. It was December 23, 1941. Every ear was strained to catch words, tones and undertones. We wanted to hear of planes by the hundreds, of great victories on sea and land. Instead we heard, "Our lines are being shortened in the south. The Japanese have made some more advances."

But tomorrow was Christmas Eve. We couldn't let the war interfere with our Christmas plans, at least no more than it had already done. We had to go ahead, if not for our own sake and our own morale, then for the novices who were spending their first Christmas in the Society, and for the sixty some seminarians, refugees from the "blitz" of Manila.

So the decorations went through. The Magi were coming in regal red and gold celophane. The Holy Family was already at its place in the cave. White lights in the background gave the color, face and form to these holy silhouettes. A few sheep and their shepherds were still not accounted for; they would have to be in before blackout.

AT supper word was passed around that the Vice-Rector, Father Carol Fasy, would speak to the philosophers in the study hall immediately after supper. There was something ominous about that simple message. Father Fasy spoke quietly, earnestly. For the work on the farm, for the decorations, for the spirit of the past three weeks he thanked us, congratulated us. That was the preface. We waited, the more anxiously. Then it came. "Tomorrow morning we will each take a mosquito net and blanket and whatever else we think we can carry, and start walking to Manila. We will leave about 6.00 a.m. We may have to walk the full 14 miles. Nearly all transportation has been commandeered. Yes, our southern

line is withdrawing to join the northern. There is only a delayed action defense now south of Manila. The Japs may break through at any hour. Manila is being made an 'open city.' These orders have come from Rev. Father Hurley in Manila."

Throughout the ensuing three years of war we were to receive many dispatches, accounts and orders, but none could match the dramatic effect of that Christmas Eve message in the blacked-out study hall at Novaliches.

Father Fasy continued. "Christmas Mass will be at midnight as scheduled but it will be a low Mass. Candles are rationed and lights are forbidden. The seminarians will start for their homes at dawn. The youngest ones will go with the Novices to Manila. That is all. Merry Christmas!"

Twenty-six "Merry Christmases" filled the air, echoed through the corridors. Maybe it was the twinkle in Father Fasy's eye, maybe it was the reaction to all our poor human efforts being suddenly canceled out. Whatever it was, something relieved taut nerves and eased the tension, and we laughed as we hadn't done since the first flash from Pearl Harbor came simmering over the air waves.

MIDNIGHT Mass. The chapel dark, crowded. Two candles throwing high bewitching shadows on the statue of the Sacred Heart over the altar. A tenor solo, "O Holy Night." "Peace on earth to men of good will." It was Christmas, and the hearts of the Maryland-New York scholastics leapt out of the war zone, across the Pacific and the Rockies to a crib in the Bronx, to an altar in Brooklyn, to a choir loft in New Jersey. "May it be a holy and happy Christmas for all at home." The only word from the States had been a cablegram to Charles Wolf. His brother had been killed on the Arizona at Pearl Harbor. "Dona nobis pacem." . . . In a few moments we would be going to Communion. Such was our Christmas eve.

As the first faint streaks of dawn appeared on the foothills east of Novaliches we were all ready. About 6:30 the seminarians began their exodus. Father Cullum gave his blessing with a last warning. "Keep out of sight! Keep Christ in your hearts and Our Lady's rosary in your hands!" Soon they were out of sight around the bend in the road.

FIVE hours later all the philosophers, juniors, and some of the fathers answered the roll call in the old Walled City of Manila, some three hundred yards from the port area, now "military objective No. 1" for Jap bombers. The first thing we were shown on



**First Christmas after liberation. Cpl. Margaret Brown of the WAC's is Santa Claus to Filipino children on Leyte.**

that Christmas Day was the air-raid shelter. The low arched space behind the great paneled front doors was the safest place in the building.

At noon we were having a canteen Christmas dinner of buns, beans and coffee. Suddenly out of nowhere came a thundering explosion that shook the building. The Jap bombers were after the shipping near the piers. We heard them roaring down their line of flight, then the scream of the bombs as they crossed the release line. There was a split second of endless waiting, then the explosion, then another and another and another. The building shook; the huge doors rattled. The bombers circled back and came in again, closer this time. Again the scream of the bombs, the waiting and the deafening series of explosions, with only the "putt putt" of a machine gun from the 31st Infantry to oppose them. An hour later we went back to our now cold buns, beans and coffee. It was our Christmas dinner.

A newspaper was brought in with the screaming headlines: Manila Open City. There, at last, it was official! In a few moments the Jap planes were overhead again. This time we didn't stir. It was different now; we were living in an "open city." The screaming

of a stick of bombs snapped us out of our reverie. We made for those arches at top speed.

That raid lasted for an hour. At the "all clear" some were asked to go on a truck for a hurried trip to the beach opposite Nichols field to fill up sand bags for re-enforcing windows and doors in the "wide open city."

ONE more raid saw us through the afternoon. Then to supper and total inky blackout for the night. We groped our way to bed at 9:30 mindful of the fact that the Japs had not bombed at night since the night of the 8th. We were tired and soon found sleep.

Two hours later the siren brought us back to reality and war. With a blanket against the cold we were at the air-raid shelter in a flash, by now associating that archway with Christmas. As the siren died down, we waited for the drone of planes. The siren usually went off a few minutes after the first bomb had hit. We waited and waited. No sound was heard.

One hour later sixty shivering, weary Jesuits dragged themselves from the cold concrete floor back to bed. It was Christmas night, a Christmas we shall never forget, one we never want to see again.

A black and white photograph of a tropical beach. In the foreground, there is a sandy beach with some driftwood and a small boat. In the background, there are several palm trees and a line of vegetation. The sky is clear.

## *The Jewels of the Pauper*

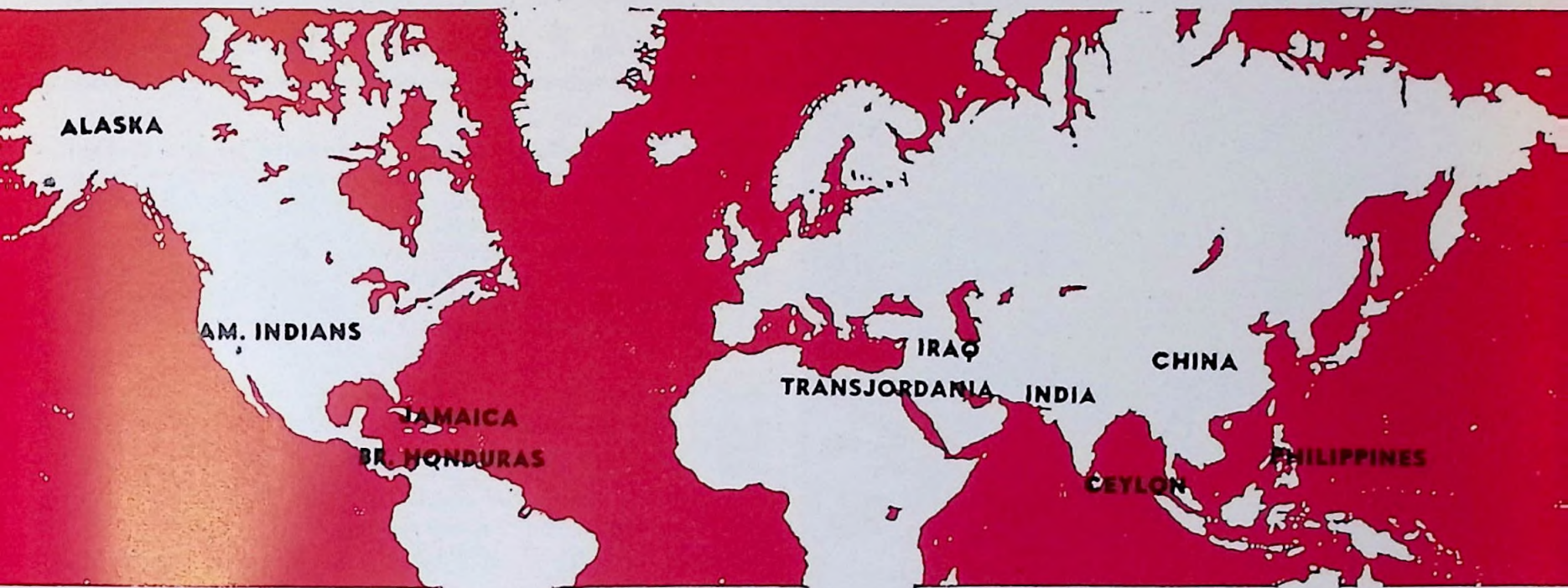
"This is the thought that thrills me sitting by my window in the cool of the evening, listening to the strumming of the guitars as I gaze off to where the shadows deepen on the low, long hills,—hills of my native land. . . .

"We Filipinos are a remarkably poor people,—poor not only in material possessions, but even in the things of the spirit. We do not have, like other nations, any substantial body of literature; no Shakespeare, no Cervantes has been vouchsafed us to distil and concentrate in imperishable imagery what is most vital, most original, most ourselves in our landscape, our customs and in our history.

"We claim two treasures only: this pauper among the peoples of the earth hides two jewels in its rags. One of them is our music. It is our common expression. We have forty-seven dialects and we understand each other only when we sing. The Kundimans of Bulacan awaken an answering echo in Capis; somewhere in the rugged north a peasant woman hushes her baby with a lullaby, and the Visayan listening remembers the cane fields of her childhood and her own mother singing the self-same song.

"We are again one people when we pray. This is our other treasure—our Faith. They interpenetrate—our religion and our music. All the basic rites of human life—the harvest, the seed-time, the wedding, birth and death—are among us drenched with the fragrance of increase and of music.

"These be the bonds that bind us together; these be the things that make us one. And as long as there remains in these Islands one mother to sing Nena's lullaby, one boat to put out to sea with the immemorial rowing song, one priest to stand at the altar of God and offer God to God, this nation may be conquered, trampled upon, enslaved, but it cannot perish. It will rise again to sing and to pray."



# FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## JAPAN

*Father Paul O'Connor, S.J. (Chaplain, U.S.N.R.)*

On Wednesday, September 5th three Jesuits, Father S. H. Ray, now attached to the *USS Hamlin*, Father Charles Robinson, whom I relieved on board the *USS Missouri* so that he could serve as interpreter for Admiral Badger's staff, and myself got hold of a jeep from the Yokasuka Naval Base and made our way into Tokyo to visit our men at the University there.

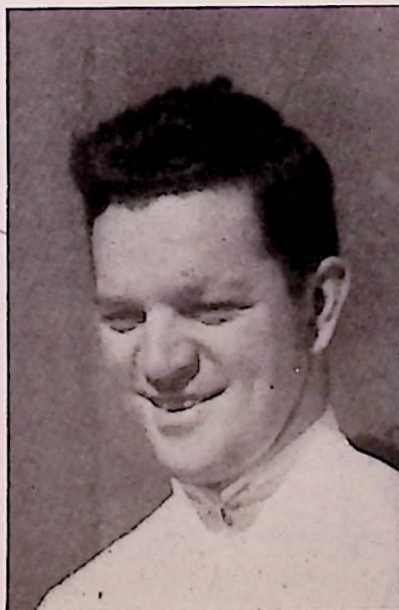
And very welcome we were, too. None of the Jesuits had starved to death or had been killed, but all of them were suffering from malnutrition.

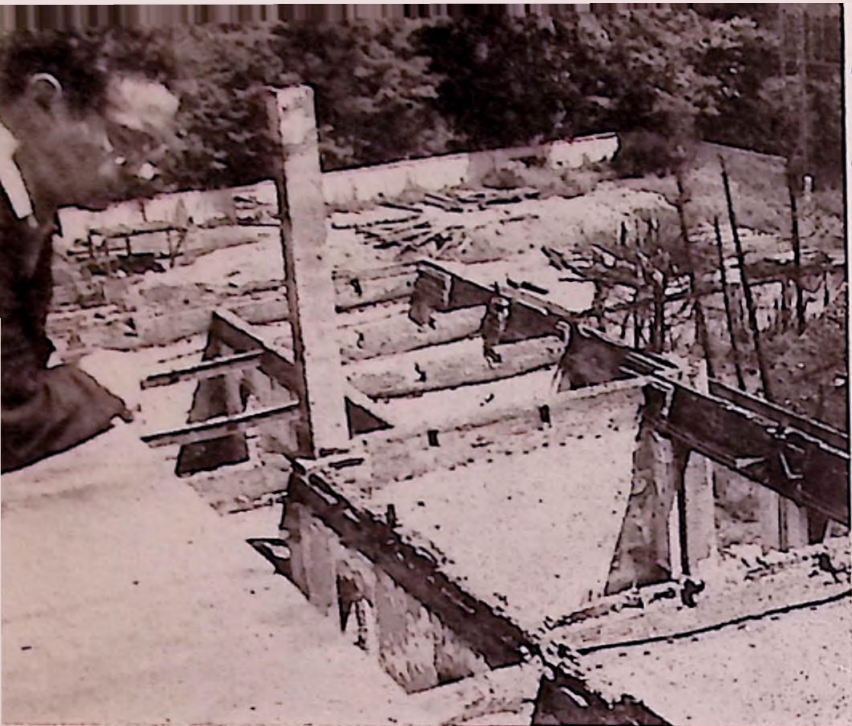
Personal injuries from the bombings were slight. Father Lasalle, superior at Magatsila, and the superior of the entire mission, received cuts and bruises from the atomic bomb at Hiroshima only 8 kilometres from

the Novitiate at Nagatsuka. Father Schiffer, ordained last year, and at the time of the bombing stationed at Nagatsuka where the phosphates and theologates have been located for the sake of safety, was cut by glass splinters. He was present in Tokyo when we arrived and described the effect of the atomic bomb as first a blinding flash, as of magnesium fire, then a terrific and awesome pressure from above that blew out all windows and scattered furniture as in a doll's house shaken by hand, then silence absolute and complete for about 8 seconds, and finally the rumble and roar of houses collapsing in the city. He says that as far as he can figure out the bomb itself made absolutely no noise, but admits that the noise may have been lost in the roar of buildings toppling. Our buildings were not greatly damaged by it, aside from windows and furniture and a weakening of some walls. The

## DEPARTURES

(Left to right) James Cox, S.J., and Daniel Rice, S.J., now on the high seas, non-stop, to India as missionaries. They were delayed almost four weeks before the ship finally set sail from New York, and are eagerly awaited at the mission schools of Patna, flourishing today as never before. Three Jesuits leave for Iraq: Father Thomas F. McDermott, former mission procurator of New England; Edward F. Madaras, newly appointed rector of Baghdad College and superior of the Iraq mission, and Father Thomas Kelly, probably destined for Transjordan as assistant to Father Francis W. Anderson, Superintendent of Catholic schools there for several years.





Father Frank Bosch, S.J., of the faculty of the Catholic University of Tokyo, looks down on the ruins of the building razed by incendiary bombs dropped by B-29's. This building was erected largely by American funds in 1924-25. Its destruction saved the new building when later fires leveled everything else around. The Fathers didn't mind other bombers much, but all they could say of the B-29's was: "Ach! Those B-29s, those B-29's!"

neither knew nor accepted Christianity, not only admired him but saw in him everything that Christianity had stood for down through the ages. He was an exemplar of his great Captain and King, Christ Jesus. May he intercede for us before the throne of God. I think he had it all over the Irish Father Doyle of World War I.

Fathers there made their way into town and gave what help they could. The entire city was wiped out. Many casualties were treated at the novitiate.

In the University of Tokyo, the old building was completely destroyed by an incendiary bomb, but luckily the Fathers were able to stop the fire from doing much damage to the main building adjacent to it, though two classrooms are fire blackened and a corner of the roof slightly burned. No students for a year and a half, but they are hoping to open school again within a month or two. Their spirit is something to marvel at, believe me.

The situation right now of the Jesuits in Tokyo is not an enviable one. (And they report that the Jesuits in the country districts have suffered more from lack of food than they have.) The food we gave them will last them for about a week. We have notified the Red Cross but I doubt if that organization can do much for them,—so many people in Tokyo have not even a roof over their heads.

## PHILIPPINES

*Lt. Col. John E. Duffy (Chaplain)*

Enclosed find the stole and rosary of Father Carl W. J. Hausmann, S.J., 1st Lt. Chaplain U. S. Army, who died January 20th, 1945 aboard a Japanese P.O.W. ship en route from Tacao Bay, Formosa to Maji, Kyushu, Japan, of starvation and exposure to the elements at the hands of his captors. He was buried in the Japanese Sea six days out of Tacao, Formosa. It was the privilege of the undersigned to administer the last rites and bury this modern Jesuit saint.

Father Hausmann was a saint. He lived what he preached. He had learned complete detachment and conquest of self. He was a tremendous influence for good. His utter abandonment of self during the long years of servitude and incarceration brought the gift of faith to many who sat in darkness. Pagans, who

*Father Leo A. Cullum, S.J.*

*Newly appointed Superior of the Philippine Mission and formerly Rector of San Jose Seminary*

On June 1 San Jose Seminary reopened its doors to its major seminarians. San Jose Seminary is the oldest educational institution under the American flag, having been founded in 1601.

It is a thoroughly "missionary" work, educating seminarians for the peculiarly "missionary" areas of the Philippines. When the war broke out San Jose Seminary was receiving seminarians from the two Jesuit-ruled dioceses of Zamboanga and Cagayan, from the Belgian fathers' diocese of Tuguegarao and Prefecture of the Mountain Province, from the Divine Word's Prefecture of Mindoro. In addition all the seminarians from Guam came to San Jose Seminary.

The Bishop of Naga, Msgr. Santos; the present Ecclesiastical Administrator of the Archdiocese of Manila, Msgr. Jovellanos; the Vicar-General of Lipa, Msgr. Librea, are from San Jose, not to mention a score of other prominent members of the secular clergy throughout the Philippines. Father Oscar ("The guy is a saint") Calvo of Guam is a San Jose product. Father Duenas of the same island, beheaded by the Japs for refusing to reveal the whereabouts of George Tweed; Father Pacifico Ortiz, S.J., well known in the States as the chaplain of the late President Quezon; Father Emilio Gutierrez, assassinated by Jap sympathizers, who was right hand man to Father Ronan, C.P. in the organization of the chaplain corps of the P.A., are all sons of this seminary.

This institution, which has survived so many disasters in the Philippines, is again performing its silent apostolate. I do not think that any picture of this scene is complete without mention of that fact. Those "two truckloads of water" that Father Masterton speaks of as servicing the 85 Jesuits at the retreat house

# AMERICAN JESUITS



(Left) Father Francis Rouleau S.J., missionary in China since 1929 and author of some of the best articles on China ever to appear in *Jesuit Missions*, is now back in the United States resting after his internment in Shanghai. Before long he will be busy at special studies for China.

(Right) Father John J. Gordon, S.J., ordained in internment in Shanghai, distributing communion at his first Mass nearby. Serving him is John Brennan, S.J., of California, who was also interned.



(thank God, they are no longer necessary!) also provided for the group of young seminarians reconvened there after their *diaspora*, who side by side with the young Filipino Jesuits were giving a manifestation of loyalty to their vocation and a readiness to undergo hardships in the following of it, that merit full praise.

## CHINA

*Father Eugene E. Fahy, S.J.*

I was sorry that I was not able to have a camera with me last weekend when I accompanied a pilgrimage of the Christians of Tze-king to the Basilica at Zose where a solemn High Mass was celebrated in thanksgiving for the peace. Three of us on Saturday afternoon set out on bicycles for Tze-king, pedaling along well-beaten and bumpy paths that wound through rice paddies and cotton fields, in and out of villages where hand-powered cotton gins and rice-husking machines hummed busily, and along the canals where the heavily laden junks were being towed along by the husband tramping the path at the end of the tow-line and the wife sitting complacently at the rudder. Sometimes the places were reversed! The children and chickens frolicked around the deck, for the boats are also their homes. There is a perfect spider-web of canals in this part and I never jumped on and off a bike so many times in my life. Up one side of a knoll, then down the other.

On arrival we were first greeted by some of our Zikawei orphans, one of the many groups that had to be sent out to the country parishes during the war because of the high cost of living and scarcity of food in Shanghai.

We were again greeted by the orphans the first thing in the morning at a time when we least wanted it. We had turned in early hoping that the alarm clock would open our weary eyes in time for our 4 30 Masses. The orphans took care of that. They began

stirring at 2:30 a.m. full of excitement about the pilgrimage and there was no sleeping for us after that. A Chinese can sleep through any noise, but not we foreigners.

Many of the Christians went to Communion at the 4:30 Mass so that they could get a bite of breakfast before setting out on the trip to Zose! Then they crowded into their decorated boats and paddled off singing and chanting prayers. We were envious that we could not accompany them in the boats but we needed our bicycles to return to Shanghai in the afternoon. After our breakfast we set out for Zose, waving to the Christians as we crossed the bridges over the canals in return to their "Man, man, Sen Fu," a term of greeting that the people of this section use towards superiors. Many boats were already docked at the bottom of Zose's hill when we arrived, and the sentries of the Chinese troops that now occupy some of our buildings saluted us pleasantly. Along the road we had passed some of the Jap soldiers—now disarmed—who had been recently ousted from this outpost of theirs that they had taken over last May "because of military necessity." They had been fair enough, promising not to profane the Basilica which we had locked up, but after they had dug the hill full of holes and tunnels for hidden cannons, we knew that there would be little hope for the integrity of the church when B-29 bombsights would be trained on these targets. However the unexpected capitulation of the Japs saved all.

The some 2,000 Christians made the Way of the Cross up the hill, then entered the Basilica with a blare of Chinese music. There was a sermon preached by their Chinese parish priest, then the Solemn High Mass celebrated by our Moral Professor with two newly-ordained assisting, followed by Solemn Benediction and the *Te Deum*.

# COMMUNICATIONS

TO COMPLETE YOUR SET

VOLUME 19

(1945)

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## NOTICE

The January and February issues have been combined because of the paper shortage.

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Dear Father:

With this letter I am enclosing an offering to renew my subscription for another year. Would you please pray for me and my little daughter who is two and a half years old? She lost her daddy, who was killed in Germany.

I sure would appreciate it if you would remember us in your prayers. I shall pray hard for the success of the missions.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. M. S.

Dear Father:

In reading a recent issue of JESUIT MISSIONS I found your invitation to help a priest by supplying him with some of his parish needs.

My young lady and I would like to assist a priest in buying a Ciborium, as pictured in JESUIT MISSIONS. God has been very good to both of us and we want to thank Him for His favors. We would like you to send us the priest's name and also his address so that we can write to him and become his friends.

Enclosed is \$250 for the Ciborium. In the invitation it says they cost from \$65 to \$250. God's servants deserve the best we can afford.

Thank you for letting us do something for the Faith.

MISS M. A. AND J. C. O.

Dear Father:

I am sending this \$20 money order as an act of thanksgiving to God for bringing the war to an end. I'll send \$100 altogether by Christmas time. You won't mind, I hope, praying for some of my very special intentions. My intentions are as follows:

- 1—So my brother returns to the Catholic Church and so his wife and family come into the Church with him.
  - 2—So I will meet a good Catholic girl when I get back home. So we can raise a good Catholic family and some day die a happy death.
  - 3—So my ears will heal and not bother me when I get home.
  - 4—So God will help my mother and the rest of the family get along in life and so they will raise good Catholic families and die a happy death.
  - 5—So I'll be able to get a good steady job when I return home.
  - 6—So I will have strong faith and do whatever God may see fit.
- Well, Father, I warned you I had a lot of intentions to pray for. I'll send the rest of the money just as soon as I can.

In case you are interested, I am a Marine out in the Pacific. Thanks a lot, Father, and do pray hard for my intentions, especially for my brother and the poor souls.

Yours in thanks,

Pfc. C. F.,  
2nd Marine Div.,  
c/o F.P.O. San Francisco



# A Mission on the Move



*"Tropical disturbance off Cape Gracias, Honduras"—first radio report;  
"Headed Northwest"—second radio report;  
"Headed straight for Punta Gorda"—final, fatal flash.*

ON October 4th at 9 A.M. a hurricane, with its typical tropical tyranny, struck the mission of Punta Gorda. It literally tore trees from the ground; ripped off roofs of homes, schools, and churches; tossed small craft out to sea; and left general destruction throughout the mission.

For four and a half hours the hurricane terrorized the townfolk of Punta Gorda. Most of the townfolk gathered in the school, spending the time begging God's protection. Their prayers were answered.

Hurricanes almost annually have visited the missions of British Honduras. Their visits have been extremely costly and anything but friendly. Immediate help must be sent to the mission at Punta Gorda. The Pastor is depending upon your aid. The few spare coins among the natives are needed to recover their own personal losses. Will you please send something to the hurricane fund for British Honduras?



JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

Dear Father:

Kindly accept my donation, \$ . . . . ., NAME . . . . .  
for the hurricane fund of British Hon- ADDRESS . . . . .  
duras. CITY . . . . .ZONE . . . . .STATE . . . . .



## Editorial

### A New Year for Catholics

**A**MERICAN Catholics have every reason to regard the coming year of 1946 as one of opportunity and challenge. It is but 37 years since our country ceased to be classified as mission territory, but within that short space of time we find ourselves advanced to the post of leadership in the propagation of our Faith and Church. In Europe Catholic institutions and peoples have suffered greatly, and today American Catholics are in a unique position to act as the material and spiritual saviors of the world.

At the present time it is evident that the rest of the world is looking to America for the necessary aid for material reconstruction and rehabilitation. Together with our fellow citizens of whatever faith or lack of faith we must supply the means necessary to put other nations back on their feet. Alone of all the major countries of this earth we have escaped the devastation and ruin of the worst war in history, with but little change in our accustomed lives. Now our former enemies as well as our allies turn to us for the help necessary in the work of reconstruction.

It is also evident that such assistance is not the final answer to the world's needs. Such help is good and necessary, but the hunger of the world goes beyond material things—"Not by bread alone does man live." If the world is to know peace and permanent reconstruction, then our contributions must also include the things of the spirit.

It is just at this point that we Catholics must realize the magnitude of the contribution we can make. Our greatest help, the best gift that we can give to a bruised and broken world, is our Catholic Faith.

The opportunities that face American Catholics at the present time are nowhere better exemplified than in the missions of the Orient. Here with open arms the natives of the various islands are welcoming back the priests, brothers and nuns who were driven from them by the war. In China priests who had volunteered and were interned with civilians are now back with their people who have not forgotten the self-sacrifice of these Californians. Chinese bankers, as a gesture of gratitude, gave to each internee a half a million (Chinese) dollars. In the Philippines the Catholic Welfare Organization is taking care of thousands daily. Even in Japan, where missionaries did heroic work in caring for the victims of many bombings, reports indicate that the natives are more than ever turning to the priests and nuns for guidance and direction. Our schools in Tokyo have opened and are over-crowded. Since the surrender, natives of the Pacific Isles are more than ever turning to the missionaries in their confusion and uncertainty. Where these missionaries are also Americans, natives count themselves doubly blessed. With reason has Pope Pius XII written, "Catholic missions may well look to the future with firm hope and confidence."

**T**HAT hope and confidence will know fulfillment only if we American Catholics respond generously to the challenge. The fate of the Church in mission fields is in the balance. If Catholic missions are to take full advantage of the present opportunities, it can be only through our support. The challenge is ours, the opportunity is now. We dare not fail.

# Next Month

There is more than a little irony in the situation which faces us next month. February is Catholic Press Month, and here we are, a Catholic magazine, faced with the serious difficulty of obtaining enough paper to publish our regular issue. We need not remind you, however, of the gratitude we feel for the support you have given us through the years, but may we suggest that you renew your resolve during the month of February to give the fullest support possible to the Catholic press. The better you support it, the better it will be.

+

On one of our missions they publish a Catholic paper every week against almost insuperable odds. The staff is incredibly small, facilities excessively limited, and the circulation pitifully restricted, yet it is the pride and joy of the Catholics in the colony. Each week after it appears, the editor comes back to his room, and with a smile on his face exclaims, "The weekly miracle has been performed again. It's out! We don't know how, but it's out again!"

+

March is Vocation month. Last year we published a whole section of the magazine on our Jesuit Brothers in the missions. That section was reprinted in a special pamphlet. We still have some of those available for any who may wish to read them or to offer them to others who might be interested. Do not hesitate to write if you wish them.

+

The March issue will be something special this year, with the first full-size story of Jesuit missions in China. China is still the great mission country of the world. Do not miss the "Story of China" in the March issue.

+

Alaska, the Philippines, British Honduras, India, American Negroes, Jamaica, and a special section on China—all in the March issue.

## WAYS and MEANS

There are many ways in which the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS may assist the missionaries. The way in which you personally can help will depend upon your means. The following list is offered as a suggestion to all who desire to become members of the missionaries Ways and Means Committee.

### AGENDA for WAYS and MEANS COMMITTEE

- 1) \$500.00—to construct a combination school and church at a new Alaskan mission station called Alaranak.
- 2) \$50.00—to operate a leper clinic at Mokameh Junction, Patna, India.
- 3) \$15.00—to support catechists, teachers.
- 4) \$5.00—to ransom a pagan baby.
- 5) \$1.00—to purchase supplies for catechetical classes.

Please send donations directly to JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

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