

March 1946

# JESUIT MISSIONS



*..the bravest..!*



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Change must reach us at least five weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Send old address with your new, enclosing if possible your address label. Duplicate copies cannot be sent. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage.

COVER — Commander Joseph T. O'Callahan, Jesuit Chaplain of the "F.D.R.," newest aircraft carrier, receiving from President Truman the Medal of Honor, highest decoration the United States confers on its heroes. The first chaplain in the history of the U. S. to win this award earned the glory of this moment, the undying admiration of his officers and shipmates, and the homage of his fellow Americans for his heroism on the flaming U.S.S. Franklin off Kobe, Japan, last March (Acme).

CONTRIBUTORS



Rev. Eugene A. Gisel, S.J. when he returned as a priest, he started the College of Industrial Technology at the Ateneo de Manila. Until the war interrupted his work, he made giant contributions in the scientific field to the economic independence of the Philippines. JESUIT MISSIONS is especially indebted to him and his professional ability as a photographer.

Rev. Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., is no stranger to the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS. Since August of 1932, when first he arrived in Jamaica, his name has repeatedly appeared in the "Afield" section, and as the author of various articles concerning his many activities as a missionary. Much of his boundless energy has been spent in building anew, or in repairing or reconstructing the churches or residence at Brown's Town and the six mission stations entrusted to his care. One of his fellow missionaries has said, "Jamaica, and future Jesuits there, will owe much to Father Sullivan as a careful and wise builder."

Father Raymond is the second oldest of four brothers that have made the name Sullivan synonymous with "missions." The oldest, Father Dan, spent many years in the

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

JESUIT MISSIONS, March, 1946. Vol. 20, No. 2. Published monthly. September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated. Editorial Offices, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Publishing Office, 116 Main Street, Norwalk, Conn.: in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, \$1.00; six years, \$5.00; Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter, at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412. Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

Philippines, and is now the superior of Campion Retreat House at Andover, Massachusetts. Father Russell returned last year from the Philippines when he was released from internment. Previously he had been stationed in Jamaica. Father Harold, the youngest of this mission family, is at present in Boston after six years in Jamaica.



Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J.

■ Father John B. Siemes is a Jesuit of the German Province who was stationed in the quietest place in the whole Japanese empire—at the Noviceship outside Hiroshima—when the atom bomb fell on Aug. 6, 1945. From that minute on, his life was filled with heroism and tragedy the likes of which few men have ever known. When things quieted down again, he gathered together the fragments of the story and sent them to us. It caused a sensation at once. Nothing as graphic, or as complete, has appeared in any U. S. publication. Perhaps most amazing part of it all is the absence of any personal revelation of the author's own feelings. It is difficult to imagine a more objective account of a more shattering experience.



William Brennan, S.J.



John Bryde, S.J.

■ Mr. John F. Bryde, S.J., and Mr. William J. Brennan, S.J., have been together for the past seven years—in Florissant, Missouri, for their Novitiate and classical studies, and at St. Louis where they have just completed three years of Philosophy. Regency, that period in a Scholastic's life when he is first sent forth to teach, finds the two separated. Their letters from different mission fields of the Missouri Province reveal some of their first impressions, and indicate a spontaneous enthusiasm which gives promise that we shall hear more from them in these pages.



January 10, 1946

Dear Father:

A few weeks ago I returned to Alaska after my trip to Washington to attend the Bishops' meeting. A cherished memory of my recent trip to the States was the few days spent with the Fathers at JESUIT MISSIONS. You may recall your promise to help me in any way you possibly could. At that time I did not realize I would be forced to send this urgent appeal.

During my absence, the entire mission at Skagway was burned to the ground. It meant a tremendous financial loss of \$60,000 to the Alaskan mission. As you know, we can never evaluate the very serious spiritual loss caused by the destruction of the Church and school.

I know that you will do whatever you can to help rebuild the mission at Skagway. You know that we must depend upon help from the "outside." I can promise our "co-builders" the prayers of the Eskimos, Sisters, and Priests on the mission.

With cordial greetings to all the Editors and the office staff, and with my personal prayers for all the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS, I am

Yours sincerely in Christ,

† WALTER J. FITZGERALD S.J.



# Report from Hiroshima

John  
B.  
Siemes  
S.J.

*This is the first  
complete eye-witness report  
of the atom-bombing of Hiroshima.*

**F**OR a long time the people of Hiroshima wondered why they alone were not being pounded by American bombs. Almost daily observation planes flew overhead. Occasionally bombs fell, but they did little damage,—nothing in comparison with what was happening in other Japanese cities. Fantastic rumors circulated wildly that America had something special in store for us, but no one dreamed of the reality that was to come.

August the 6th dawned bright and clear. About seven o'clock there was an air-raid alarm. A few planes appeared over the city, but no one paid any attention. About eight o'clock, the "all clear" signal was sounded. I was sitting in my room at the Jesuit Novitiate in Nagatsuka, about 2½ miles from the center of Hiroshima, half way up the side of a mountain, overlooking the bright valley which stretches down to the sea. Suddenly the time was approximately 8:14—the whole valley was filled with a garish light, like a magnesium flash by a giant photographer. All at once I became conscious of a wave of heat, but could see only a brilliant yellow light. As I made for the door, perhaps ten seconds after the first flash of light, I heard a moderately loud explosion which seemed to come from directly over our house. Instantly all the windows in the house were broken. Fragments of glass were sprayed all over me. In no time I was bleeding from cuts about the hands and head. Everything around me was confusion,—all the windows broken, all the doors forced in, and book shelves tumbled down. Most of the other Jesuits were injured by fragments of glass. A few were bleeding, but none seriously so.

Down in the valley a half mile away, several peasant

homes caught fire. Over the city clouds of smoke were rising, and I heard a few indistinct explosions. Perhaps a half an hour later, a long file of desperate people began to stream up the valley from the city. Some came to our house, their steps heavy and dragging, their faces blackened, all of them bleeding or suffering from burns, some with horrible wounds of the extremities and back. We brought them into the Chapel, put them to rest on the straw mats, and gave them all the aid we could, but our small supply of grease was soon used up. Father Arupe, our rector, had studied medicine before becoming a Jesuit, and was everywhere among the injured as long as the bandages and drugs lasted, but at length we had to be content merely to cleanse the wounds, as more and more of the injured came pouring in to us.

**B**y noon our large Chapel and library were filled, but the procession of refugees from the city continued. Among them was Father Kopp, bleeding about the head and neck, and with a large burn on his right palm. He was standing in front of the Convent of the Helpers of the Holy Souls at the outskirts of the city, ready to go home when all of a sudden he became aware of a light, felt the wave of heat and a large blister forming on the palm of his hand. He thought the bomb had fallen in his immediate vicinity. Fire broke out at once all around him so that there was time to rescue only a few things from the Convent before the whole district was swept by flames. He and the Sisters had to fight their way back to us along the shore of the river and through the burning streets.

Soon news came that the entire city had been destroyed, that the whole city was on fire. Outside, the roads were jammed with burned, bleeding, frightened people. Among them there were many who were uninjured. Dismayed by the magnitude of the disaster, they rushed by without a thought of organizing help for the others. It became clear to us later that the

Japanese displayed little initiative, preparedness and organizational skill in meeting this catastrophe. They despaired of any rescue work when something could have been saved by cooperative effort, and fatalistically they let the catastrophe take its course. When we urged them to take part in the rescue work, they did everything we told them willingly, but on their own they did very little.

Down in the center of the city we knew that Father Lasalle, our Superior, and three of the Fathers were trapped. About four o'clock in the afternoon, we learned that the church, the parish house, and the adjoining buildings had all burned down, and that Father Lasalle and Father Schiffer had been seriously injured and were unable to walk. Six of us hurried with Father Rector down to the city. The closer we got to the city, the greater the destruction, and the more difficult it became to make our way. Twice we were forced down into the river itself to escape the flames.

**A** LARGE number of the people had taken refuge in the park, though all the paths and bridges were blocked by fallen trees. Fires still flared up in the distance giving out an eerie light, but finally at the far corner off the park on the river bank itself, we came upon our colleagues. Father Schiffer was lying on the ground, deathly pale. He had lost so much blood from a deep cut behind his ear that we feared for his life. Father Superior had a deep wound on his leg. Father Cieslik and Father Kleinsorge had minor injuries but were completely exhausted.

Bit by bit they told us of their experiences. At a quarter after eight, they saw the intense light, and immediately heard the sound of breaking windows, walls and furniture. They were showered with glass splinters and fragments of wreckage. Father Schiffer was buried beneath a portion of wall, and suffered a severe head injury. Father Superior was sprayed with splinters in his back and legs which made him bleed copiously. They, too, had the impression that the bomb burst in *their* immediate vicinity. All the buildings around them collapsed at once, and from every pile of ruins there arose piteous cries for help. Father Lasalle and Father Schiffer, despite their wounds, aided as many as they could, and lost a great deal of blood in the process, but when fires swept closer and closer, they had to flee for their lives.

Mr. Fukai, secretary of the mission, went almost off his mind, and would not leave the scene until Father Kleinsorge dragged him out of the house on his back and forcibly carried him away. Beneath the wreckage of houses all along the streets many were trapped and screamed to be rescued. They were beyond hope for the flames would be upon them before anyone could dig them out of the ruins. Mr. Fukai refused to go further, and has not been heard from since.

We were fortunate to have a rescuing angel who



**Father William Kleinsorge, S.J., was in the heart of Hiroshima when the atom bomb exploded. He is here being treated by a Japanese doctor for cuts from flying glass.**

saved us—a Japanese Protestant Pastor came by in a boat and insisted on taking our wounded upstream to safety. Father Schiffer who was more seriously wounded was taken first. Several children were rescued from the river on the way, but soon died. They had been severely burned. Father Cieslik offered to go home by foot to make room for others in the boat.

**B**y midnight we were still working, caring for the wounded and trying to carry our own back to Nagatsuka. Wires, beams, ruins and rubble blocked every street, and every passage. In the dark it was impossible to see. Again and again we fell, carrying the stretchers with us to the ground. Father Schiffer became unconscious. Father Lasalle joked each time he fell, though it must have been very painful because his back was full of fragments of glass. The expedition had taken almost twelve hours. Normally we could have gone into the city and back in two hours. Early in the morning I had two hours sleep, then said Mass in thanksgiving, for it was the 7th of August, the anniversary of the restoration of the Society of Jesus.

The next day was spent rescuing victims along the roads. There were no rescue parties in evidence anywhere in the city. People we had helped to safety the day before were sitting and lying in the same places we had put them. More than thirty hours passed before the first official rescue party arrived.

By the time we got back to Nagatsuka it was dark again. We had with us fifty refugees, most of whom were wounded, many of them dangerously burned, all

of them, even those with less serious burns, very weak and helpless. Our relief work was a greater boost for Christianity in the eyes of the people than all our work in the preceding long years. Few of those whom we cared for died. In the official aid station a good third or a half of those who had been brought in died. They lay about almost without care,—everything was lacking, doctors, assistants, dressings, drugs, etc.

**T**HE magnitude of the disaster that befell Hiroshima on August 6th was only slowly pieced together in my mind. What happened, now that I have a chance to see the whole picture, is this: As a result of the explosion of the bomb at 8:15 almost the entire city was destroyed at a single blow. Only small outlying districts in the southern and eastern part of the town escaped complete destruction. The bomb exploded over the center of the city. As a result of the blast, small Japanese houses which made up 99 percent of the buildings in the city collapsed at once, or were blown away. Those who were in the houses were buried in the ruins. Those who were in the open sustained burns, resulting from contact with a substance or rays emitted by the bomb. When the substance struck in quantity, fire sprang up and spread rapidly. The heat which arose from the ground was so intense as to create a minor whirlwind sweeping the fire across the whole city. Those who had been caught beneath the ruins could not be freed in time to escape. Up to three miles from the center of the explosion, all houses were damaged, and many collapsed and caught fire. Even seven miles away windows were broken.

How many people fell victims of this one bomb? Hiroshima had a population of 400,000. Official statistics up to September 1st place the number of dead at

70,000, 130,000 wounded, among them 43,500 seriously so, and many thousands missing.

Thousands of wounded who died later could have been saved if they had received proper treatment, but there was no adequate rescue work during that catastrophe. Many of the wounded died because they had been weakened by undernourishment. Those who had normal strength and who had received good care slowly recovered from the burns occasioned by the Atomic bomb. There were also cases of wounded people, however, who started to recover and then died suddenly. Some who had only small external burns died within a week after an inflammation of the pharynx and mouth. Several cases are known to me personally where individuals, who did not have any external burns, later died. Fathers Kleinsorge and Cieslik who were near the center of the explosion were badly cut, but did not suffer any burns. Fourteen days after the explosion their simple cuts had healed normally, but the ones which were still unhealed became worse, and in October were still incompletely healed. There cannot be any doubt but that the rays, whatever they were, had some effect on the blood. I am of the opinion, however, that the general undernourished and weakened condition of so many people was apparently responsible for the large number of deaths. It was rumored that the ruined city would emit deadly rays for some time. I doubt that, because I myself and many others who worked in the ruined area for several hours after the explosion suffered no ill effects whatsoever.

It was an incredible catastrophe, and yet almost strangest of all, the Japanese people here showed no bitterness toward America. Great good can yet be brought out of all this tragedy, and of all the nations on earth today, America is in the best position to help us lead these people to the knowledge, love and service of the one true God.

"Hiroshima, August 6, 1945. Atom bomb today."



# Buck Private in Alaska

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

When it came to clothing for the Arctic the Eskimos could teach our G.I.'s something.



It was cold, only ten below as the thermometer reads, but windy. Aloft, from balloon observations, I knew a 100 mile gale was raging. With a good parky, hooded with a nice ruff of wolf and wolverine, I felt fairly comfortable. The long guard hairs played across my face shielding it from the biting wind. I stepped briskly along the beach—but beyond the reach of the icy spray. Winter had come to Alaska and had come to stay.

A Quonset hut half buried in snow showed up like an igloo in the distance. Nearby a lonely soldier paraded up and down in long unmilitary strides. As I approached I took a look at his clothes. He had a sheep-lined zipper overcoat with a sort of monk's hood but with no wolf fringe. This latter is the most important feature of the hood. It keeps the face and nose from freezing. The soldier's boots were also lined with sheep-skin, but they had not the lightness and warmth of my Eskimo mukluks. Uncle Sam has spent a lot of money on good clothing for his soldier boys, but they still get cold.

The soldier smiled bravely and said it was colder back in Minnesota where he came from. However, I secretly wished he had my parky hood. It is impossible to beat the Eskimos for Arctic clothing.

I entered the Quonset hut. It was as confined and dark as an igloo. An oil stove tried unsuccessfully to heat it. There was no protecting shed to cut the wind, and only single windows. Single windows frost immediately in sub zero weather and keep on adding frost and ice until they are worse than no windows at all. This rude shelter had not even the comforts of temporary military quarters. Still the soldiers lounged around in heavy sweaters making the best of a bad job with the usual Yankee grin.

There were six here just above the 20 age mark. Not one was a Catholic, probably had never spoken to a priest before. They were anxious for a dog team ride. How fast could they travel? I invited them up to my station, far away, up above the rim of the Arctic. "Yeah, just try and get away!" Then they launched a barrage of questions about native wear. These poor fellows were so green that they did not know that mukluks should be interchanged each day.

Finally, my turn came to ask a question. What did they think of Alaska? The answer to my question was, "Let us see it!" How anxious they are to move around and see Alaska but they cannot. An insatiable curiosity to see more and more of this country is the one consuming desire of all. How many have told me that they do not intend to leave Alaska before looking the place over. And if they are like those army officers who are lucky and swing far and wide, they will think, as they travel, and make up their minds to come back later to LIVE in a man's country.

The

# Ashes

## on Faura Street

*Eugene A. Gisel, S.J.*

*The story of a University  
lies buried in the ashes  
on Faura Street, Mani'a.*



I TURNED off Taft Avenue into Padre Faura, the street that honors the memory of the Spanish Jesuit who started the Ateneo de Manila Observatory. On my right, the half dozen reinforced concrete buildings of the University of the Philippines look like huge chunks of Swiss cheese. On my left, only parts of the Philippine General Hospital are still standing, now being readied for the admission of patients again.

And then I came to the Ateneo de Manila. The Observatory dome is still there; of iron, it did not burn when the Japs set fire to the building. The little park in front is chewed up by the treads of tanks and shell holes. I looked through the ruins; not a sign of an instrument, a telescope, the machine shop, or the entire second floor of the building. Then to the main building of the Ateneo. Once three stories high, now only the first story walls still stand, gouged and scarred by bullet and shell holes. On the second floor was the Observatory library, and the instruments of the main office of the Philippines Weather Bureau. Now nothing remains above the first floor except the elevator shaft. The portcochere is flattened over the main entrance, the palm trees are war scarred stumps, the fence is broken down in places where American tanks plowed through in their advance.

I turned the corner to go down Dakota Street, one of the main streets that pass through the Ermita and Malate districts, once the finest residential section of Manila. Now this whole area is a desolate ruin; nothing but shattered stone walls, a few grim skeletons of con-

**All that remains of the world famous observatory conducted by the Jesuits of the Ateneo de Manila.**

crete houses or hotels, and rusted remnants of galvanized iron. No more homes—no people in sight.

Through the Dakota Street gate I entered the Ateneo grounds. At the right is the Auditorium, shelled and burned, only its blackened and tottering walls still upright. Built in 1936 and one of the finest theaters in Manila, it once rang with the applause of thousands of spectators. During the entire occupation an altar was built on the stage and here daily the Holy Sacrifice was offered before a congregation of Filipinos from various parts of Manila. The former dressing rooms were occupied by Jesuits living two and three and four in a single room. In the last five months when the Japanese had taken over all the rest of the Ateneo buildings, the beautiful lobby was used as a dining room, and here that fine, promising young scholastic, Ricardo Pimentel, was killed by shrapnel. Francisco Lopez, scholastic, who helped bury him in an unmarked grave, was himself killed by a sniper's bullet as he left his shelter to rescue a wounded Filipino.

ENTERING the Auditorium, I waded through two feet of ashes that cover the floor, twisted girders that once supported the roof, galvanized iron, and chunks of masonry. On the former stage are a few metal cans for motion picture films. I opened one, and the charred remains of "THE MASS" fell to dust in my hands. Here



**That's Manila burning. When the smoke died down there were only ashes left on Faura Street.**

must have been my trunk of 16 mm. films of European scenes and cities, and Philippine pictures; only the cans and the metal straps of the trunk still lie there. And so with the trunks and personal possessions of the other Jesuits, a heap of ashes.

Behind the Auditorium is the South Parade ground, which once felt the tread of the R.O.T.C. cadet corps of the Ateneo, the West Point of the Philippines. Hundreds of these fine young boys fought and were killed on Bataan, and other scores died in the infamous prison camp at Capas, Tarlac. American officers were outspoken in their praise of the Ateneo boys, their conspicuous courage, their discipline, their camaraderie and cheerfulness. So many of them were in Fort Santiago under investigation for anti-Jap activities that the Japs asked, "What is this Ateneo?"

Of the four one story wooden laboratory buildings, nothing remains but the crumbled galvanized iron roofing. The two Technology buildings along the Hospital wall still stand, with shell holes through the roof, windows all gone, bullet holes peppering the walls. Outside the Industrial Chemistry lab building there is a mass of useless rubbish. The four walls of the building still stand, nothing else. The students' library is a splintered shell. Of the 18,000 books that once were housed here, scarcely one remains. The Ateneo gymnasium was used by the Japanese as an assembly hall. Beneath the stage, made from tables from the Chemis-

try lab, is the skeleton of a Jap soldier. In the floor of the Gym two big holes had burned through, and three or four shell holes let daylight through the roof.

I climbed over the debris of roofing, masonry, and gutted kitchen equipment through the passage that leads to the patio in the center of the main building. There stood the bronze statue of good St. Joseph, with a few bullet holes in his left arm, still keeping his watch over the destinies of the school, no longer with the perpetual light burning on his pedestal. The students' chapel is now open to the sky, its steel girders hanging like wash over the naked walls. On every side is desolation, ruin, hanging pipes, twisted girders. I counted seven dead Japs, their guns still in their skeleton hands, in some cases clutching a handful of Jap invasion money, or a few pictures of their families.

**A**ND this is all that is left of the famous Ateneo de Manila, which once housed 1500 students in High School or in the colleges of Law, Commerce, Liberal Arts, and Technology, the largest American-conducted school in the Philippines, the finest school in the Islands. It will take a long time to clear away the debris, and another long time to build again for future generations of Filipinos. But faculty and students and alumni are determined that arise again it shall, and continue to perform its function of higher education for the Filipino people.

# One Hundred

A courageous undertaking to provide decent homes for Christian families in Jamaica.

**A**FTER fourteen years, I seem almost to be looking on the Promised Land. And my Promised Land is the Holy Name Homestead. For a long time it has existed only in the land of my dreams and hopes. Now it may begin to exist in the land of Bamboo, not far from Brown's Town, Jamaica. I can give you but a thumbnail sketch of what I think will turn out to be one of the greatest contributions to the social and religious uplift of the people of Jamaica.

It almost started by accident, this Holy Name Homestead. The War brought a very effective blockade of the Island of Jamaica in the British West Indies. Bananas were threatened. They are an important part of the poor people's diet and a chief export commodity. Lime dust for spraying the trees could not be obtained. That meant that the dreaded leaf spot would ravage the crops and destroy them. My brother and co-missionary, Father Harold Sullivan, had been experimenting with lime. From a small kiln and primitive tools he saw a real modern lime industry develop. He had persuaded a non-Catholic gentleman to invest \$70,000 in the enterprise. It meant lime for the Island. It meant wages, real wages, for the poor people of the region. The enterprise was a success.

In two years the Lime Industry has paid out in wages over 9,000 pounds, \$45,000 at par, more money than

(Above) The lime kiln at Brown's Town makes the Homestead project feasible. (Below) This model home, with an acre of land, if the plan succeeds, should cost \$1,000.



# Model Homes

Raymond R.  
Sullivan, S.J.

has been paid in this region to people of this type in the last quarter of a century. Unskilled laborers are receiving today a living wage which actually lets them save something. It is no exaggeration to say that the establishment of the Lime Industry has been the greatest step forward in elevating the social conditions of the central missions of Jamaica. That Lime Industry is also the foundation of the Holy Name Homestead.

**T**HE gentleman who owns the Industry is a truly social-minded man. He is paying out 75% of the Industry income in wages. He is willing to let me have 100 acres of rolling country, comparatively level land in the eyes of these mountain folk of mine, for \$75.00 an acre in order that these poor people may have a home and an acre of land for their own cultivation. He is willing to let me have materials cheaply so that homes can be built at the lowest possible prices. These poor people can own their own home and an acre of land for \$1,000. The Lime Industry will provide the wages which will make it possible for these people actually to own their homes.

Homes are the problem in Jamaica. They are the problem everywhere, more especially so in Jamaica. Without moral homes you cannot have a moral people. You cannot call a single-room, or even a two-room home a moral home. In such circumstances the precocious development of the children must be expected, while the resulting moral and health conditions cannot surprise those who honestly face the stark realities of life. Certain diseases are rife in certain sections of the island. I want to put the axe to the root of the growing social disability of the poor people of the Island.

Contrast these Jamaican homes with the model home opposite and you'll see why the Homestead project must succeed.

I want to build moral homes for the poor. I want to introduce them to a Christian design for living.

And now I can do so. The Lime Industry is providing wages out of which money can be saved for home ownership. Building equipment can be bought today here in the United States at prices which were never dreamed of in the past. That means that homes can be built in Jamaica at prices which many think impossible. And these homes will be moral homes like the model home in the picture which I am enclosing. It comprises a combination living and dining room, one sleeping room for the parents, one for the babies, one for the boys and one for the girls of the family. A small built-in porch in front and a small kitchen and out-house to the rear complete the unit. The arrangement and occupation of the rooms as described is a condition of ownership. The people will be able to own their home for a deposit of 15 pounds, \$75.00 at par, and an annual payment of 14 pounds, \$70.00 at par, until the home is paid for. There will be no interest charges for the first three years, 1%, 2%, 3%, 4% for the next four years, 5% for the next three years, and 6% for the next five years. That is to encourage the people to pay for their homes as soon as possible so that other homes may be started for other poor people.

**I** NEED real first-class building equipment; generators, a saw mill, electrically driven saws, a large concrete mixer, trucks, a welding unit, chain hoists, pumps, plumbing tools, in fact, numerous tools. Today I can with the help of God and those He inspires to help me, obtain such equipment at startlingly low prices. The opportunity is at hand. I hope to seize it. Soon I hope that after fourteen years of hard spade work, the Promised Land will be in view—when the Holy Name Homestead is a reality.



# Apostolate of Prayer

Mission Intention for March, 1946

## MISSIONS WHICH HAVE SUFFERED MOST FROM THE WAR



**T**HE facts which we all feared during the silent years that followed Pearl Harbor's tragedy are being made known to us both by the letters arriving from our Catholic missionaries and from the tales that our returning heroes of the war relate. Though the details of the picture differ in each case the various accounts agree in one important feature—the war caused wholesale destruction to the missions of the Catholic Church. Whether you hear from China or the Philippines, from Japan or the Netherlands East Indies the story is the same. Churches have been destroyed; hospitals and dispensaries are lying in ruins; schools for the young and colleges for the formation of an intelligent Catholic laity in mission lands are no more. We call it the calamity of war, but in the concrete it means that besides the destruction to property of the Church the

war has scattered Catholic communities and separate them from the shepherd of their souls. Foreign born missionaries from both sides of the conflict were snatched from the field of their apostolic endeavor and interned during the long years of the war. And what did they find when the day of their deliverance finally dawned? Only the smouldering ruins of missions that it had taken not only years but centuries to build.

**W**HILE the story might be repeated of any religious group in any of the war stricken countries we cite the Jesuit losses in the Philippines and Japan as typical. As Chaplain Robinson mentioned in the last issue of **JESUIT MISSIONS** our Jesuit high school and novitiate near atomic bombed Hiroshima were practically destroyed; the Jesuit high school at Kobe, a building of the university in Tokyo together with a Jesuit high school and social centre were greatly damaged by incendiary bombs. Our German, Swiss and Japanese Jesuits while not interned during the war were scattered so that not all the Jesuits in Japan would be wiped out by a single bomb. Damage amounting to \$5,000,000.00 has already been recorded by Jesuits on Luzon and Mindanao where buildings were destroyed and looted. Damage totalling a loss of \$2,000,000.00 were suffered by the Ateneo de Manila and the Manila observatory. The church rich in hand carvings, the San Jose seminary and the Baguio rest house were totally destroyed. The Jesuit scholasticate at Novaliches and the Ateneo de Naga were damaged and looted both the Ateneo de Cagayan and the Ateneo de Zamboanga were totally destroyed while mission churches in these dioceses suffered losses totalling a million

**T**HE full story of losses suffered in China has not yet reached us but our Spanish, Austrian, Hungarian, Portuguese, French, Italian and Irish Jesuits will have tales to tell as well as our American brethren in Shanghai and our Canadian Jesuits in Suchow. Nothing gives these missionaries courage to begin the work of restoration so much as the realization that in this their hour of trial they have friends across the Pacific who are interested in their struggle to rebuild what was destroyed by war. That we may offer for them our prayers and, if we are able, financial assistance, too, our Holy Father bids us pray this month for the missions that have suffered most from the war.

# "Ana Yahudiyah"

Clement J. Armitage, S.J.

**H**ER name was Rachel and when she shyly spoke it she gave it in its Hebrew form, 'Rakeel'. I asked her what it meant and she laughed as she said, "A mother sheep." She spoke English hesitatingly but fairly correctly and we talked for a while about her cousin who was a student at our college in Baghdad. Yes, she herself had been to Baghdad once. No, she did not like it. When I asked her why, she frowned as she tried to find words to express it. Finally she said simply, "In Baghdad I have fear." Like a fool I smiled at that remark, wondering what silly story had made an impression on her young and imaginative mind. Then for the first time her dark eyes looked squarely into mine and she flared out, in Arabic, "Ana yahudiyah!"

"Ana yahudiyah! I am a Jew!" All my life I will regret the patronizing smile that called forth the confession that was at once a challenge and a cry of despair. She was only a youngster in high school (in America we would call her a bobby-soxer) but when she spoke those two words, I knew she was a woman in wisdom, the kind of wisdom that robs one of youth, that deadens life like a dagger over one's head.

I have been thinking of Rachel recently. . . . Rachel "the mother sheep"—with her dark eyes half-pleading; half-fearful. For Rachel is afraid tonight—and much more so than when she made her single trip to Baghdad. All over the Near East lonely, fearful groups of people are waiting . . . waiting for something that may or may not come.

When I was on my way back to America I happened to be in a city when a Jewish massacre took place. It went on for hour after hour. There was no one or nothing to stop it. Almost everyone in the city was against the Jew. That was the hopelessness of it all.

The lost sheep of Israel. Time and again the missionary meets them in his travels, a people apart, disliked, mistrusted . . . an alien people who have had no home for nineteen hundred years. The missionary longs to reach out a hand to them but he cannot bridge the



Acme

gap that centuries have deepened. In the meantime he is keenly aware of St. Paul's declaration in his Epistle to the Romans that the blindness of Israel towards Christ is only a temporary one. Some day they will come back to their Father's House. But the road is a long and lonely one.

The Jews in Baghdad are said to be the descendants of those Hebrews who remained in the land after the Babylonian captivity. But those who dwell there today have not even the small consolation that exiles find in their memories. "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept, when we remembered Sion." They have known only one home, and that in a land where they are not wanted.

As the Palestine volcano swells to its bursting point, I am mindful of Rachel and her cousin; of those Jewish boys at our college in Baghdad; of the young lad who would steal away from the study hall while the Christian boys were at Mass and I would find him facing the bare east wall of the recreation room, his small prayer shawl across his shoulders, as he prayed to the God of Israel. And there are thousands of other boys and girls, men and women, in the nervous cities of the East who wait . . . and fear.

The missionary who has encountered them knows what their lot is. In his heart are those words of the prayer of the Feast of Christ the King. "Turn Thine eyes of mercy toward the children of that race, once Thy chosen people. Of old they called down on themselves the blood of the Saviour; may it now descend upon them a laver of redemption and of life."



(Top left) Father Peter Arupe, S.J., once a medical student in Spain, later a theology student in U. S., and now Rector of the Novitiate at Hiroshima, standing at the cross raised by the Japanese people to honor the landing and first Mass of St. Francis Xavier at Yamaguchi, Japan. U. S. soldiers donated a new medallion and tablet. (Top right) Mission Sunday

in Rome. Outside St. Peter's two American Negro soldiers "peel off" a generous contribution. (Below) First picture of a group of American Jesuits in China since their release from internment. (Standing, l. to r.) William O'Leary, John Gordon, Morgan Curran, Joseph Donohue, John Brennan, Eugene Fahy. (Seated) Philip Olinger, Francis Rouleau, Charles McCarthy.

# MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

MOST REV. EDWARD MOONEY, ARCHBISHOP of Detroit and Cardinal-designate is no stranger to the missions. Credited with being the first American priest to be given a permanent appointment in the Vatican diplomatic service, the Cardinal-designate acted as Apostolic Delegate to India from 1926 until 1931. For the next two years he held the same post in Japan.

MOST REV. SAMUEL A. STRITCH, CARDINAL-designate from Chicago, presided over the fortieth annual meeting of the Catholic Church Extension Society which reported that more than a million dollars had been paid out in support of the home missions of the United States and its dependencies during the past year.

A STRIKING DEMONSTRATION OF THE Unity of the Catholic Faith was exhibited recently in the mission church at Niigata, Japan. Father Tomiot Kakisaki, a native priest said Mass for a group of American soldiers and some Japanese Catholics in the presence of several German missionary priests. In his sermon Father Kakisaki told the American G.I.'s, "If you continue as you have been doing, if you show through your kindness and goodness, your just sternness and impartiality, and especially through your impeccable moral life what a Christian and a Catholic really is, you do more than we priests can do in a hundred sermons."

NATIONALISTIC AGITATION IN INDIA HAS resulted in a wave of reaction to Catholicism and Catholic schools, stated Archbishop Jose da Costa Nunes of Goa, Patriarch of India, in a recent interview. Catholics have opposed proposals before the Travancore Legislature to nationalize all schools in the state. This measure would affect more than 1500 schools under Catholic auspices. Free concessions to Christians in schools have already been withdrawn and are restored only if a Christian boy or girl reverts to Hinduism.

REPORTS OF THE AMERICAN G.I.'S GENEROSITY toward the missionaries they have met continue to receive notice. In Hiroshima U. S. engineer units in their spare time erected from salvaged materials a convent for the bombed-out Helpers of the Holy Souls. Members of the 301st Air Depot Group at Kunming, China, have presented Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J. with

a "million dollar" boat to visit his flock. When they heard of his need they drew a model boat with 200 planks on its side. For five dollars a man could sign a plank. The \$1,000 thus collected converted into Chinese money realized one million dollars. The same men built for their acting chaplain a chapel made of salvage plane and truck parts.

REV. EDWARD F. GARESCHE, S.J., PRESIDENT and Director of the Catholic Medical Mission Board, stated in his annual report that this organization extended aid to 36 different religious communities in more than 15 nations in addition to the help given to more than a score of missionary groups in this country during the past year.

ALASKA'S PIUS X MISSION AT SKAGWAY WAS burned in the midst of the winter's first severe snow-storm, leaving 63 Indian children homeless. Gov. Ernest Gruening requested the Army to fly blankets and other supplies from Anchorage, and asked that abandoned Army buildings in Skagway be made available to shelter the children. The school was founded by Fr. G. Edward Gallant in 1931, and was conducted by the Sisters of St. Ann.

SKETCHES FOR GUAM'S NEW CATHEDRAL drawn by a naval officer, an architect in civilian life, have met the approval of military authorities on Guam. The building of a new Cathedral to replace the venerable Cathedral of the Most Sweet Name of Jesus at Agana was one of the principal projects of Bishop Apolinaris Baumgartner, O.F.M. Cap., Vicar Apostolic of Guam. The other is establishing a native clergy. Father Calvo, the only Guamanian priest of the vicariate has been chosen as the Bishop's secretary.

A LETTER FROM FR. VAN BAAL, S.J., Superior of the Java Mission, brought the first information since the war of the 200 Jesuits laboring in the Java field. In addition to the 8 Jesuit missionaries killed early in November by Indonesian insurgents, 19 others died during the war from torture and imprisonment at the hands of the Japanese. Most of the Dutch Fathers were interned. The Japanese were afraid, however, to intern Bishop Peter Willekens, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Batavia, the one man in Batavia who was counsellor and helper for everyone—Catholic, Protestant, Mason, pagan, from the lowest to the highest.

## H. Lassalle, S.J.

**E**VERY Saturday night, there used to be a record concert at the Mission Station of Hiroshima. It was a specialty of the Catholic Mission here, and we were able to continue even during the last period of the war when all the other concerts and entertainments were stopped on account of the frequent air alarms. On Saturday, August 4, we had our concert according to schedule. It turned out to be our last one. But there was one, early in the morning of Monday, August 6, which was not scheduled at all. It was not performed by our "late" Victrola, but by the atomic bomb. It came off like this:

### ALLEGRO MAESTOSO

A tremendous flash like a lightning, immediately followed by the deafening noise of crashing roofs, ceilings, floors and walls. Windows and doors were flung off the hinges and thrown all over the place. Within a moment, the room looked like a hotch-potch. Desks and chairs, cupboards and bookshelves were turned over, trunks and parcels—carefully prepared for emergency—were hurled across the room. A shower of glass splinters hit my face, neck and back. A piece of wood pierced an artery of my left leg. The blood shot out as from a fountain, until I was literally bathed in my own blood. I thought, the next moment the whole house would fall on me. But the house did not fall, and so I jumped down the stairs over the debris. In the meantime the complete darkness, caused by the dust of the crumbling houses, gave way to the gorgeous sunlight of this morning. It was just 8:15 on August 6, the Feast of the Transfiguration of Our Lord.

What a transfiguration, I thought, after the lucky escape through the back door. The chapel, the house of the cook and that of the catechist lay flat on the ground. So were all the houses in our neighborhood and—as I learned afterwards—in the whole city of about 400,000 people, except for the outskirts.

I felt greatly relieved when I found out that the three Fathers and the other people living on the premises of the Church, were still alive, although we had to dig out four of them who had been buried under their house. Fortunately we finished just in time to escape the fire which destroyed whatever valuable pieces the concussion had left of our Mission Station.

### ADAGIO

For weeks and months after the catastrophe, I could not help feeling that, being the Pastor, I had better share the lot of the dead of my flock. Somehow or other, I felt like a stranger among the living.

In one family, father, mother, and two daughters were killed. The only ones saved were not at home when the bomb fell. Of another family the mother had been buried alive under her house. Husband and



## The Last Concert

children were trying their utmost to get her out. In vain. The house caught fire. They could not stay any longer. A last prayer together with their unfortunate mother, and they had to leave her a victim to the flames. Of a third family the father, badly injured, told his wife and children to save their own lives. With greatest efforts they managed to carry him to a safe place, but there he died the following day. About the same time, the poor mother heard of the death of her eldest daughter. She herself and her smallest child were suffering from severe burns.

These instances may suffice as an illustration of conditions in our parish. In the city, there was hardly





## *of Hiroshima*

any family without somebody killed. However, they died knowing the consoling truths of our Holy Faith and therefore their death did not fail to make a deep impression upon the pagans. There was a young lady teacher, recently converted, who died together with 300 girls, entrusted to her care. Though covered with burns all over, she insisted on staying with the children. During the few hours she still had to live, she gave all she had to the girls, solemnly declared that she was glad to die as a Catholic, and in her last will she explicitly demanded a Catholic funeral. All this deeply impressed the pagan bystanders. It is hard, indeed, to be separated from people like these.



### SCHERZO

There was not much of a Scherzo in this concert. But there was at least one incident that made me laugh.

Just about the time when we, too, had to leave the Church because of the approaching fire, we discovered a lady in the neighborhood who had been covered by the ruins of her house and was crying for help. We rushed over to dig her out. But when she realized that we were foreigners, she only asked: "Is there no Japanese around here?" All covered with blood and mud, we were not exactly a sight fit for inspiring confidence. But fortunately, the lady did not insist upon her point and so we could rescue her.

Adding a personal experience on this line, I might mention my landing in a ditch. On the way home, two of my stretcher-bearers slipped off the road and fell into a ditch, about three yards deep. I rolled from the stretcher and followed them. But fortunately the water in the ditch was not very high and the mud was so soft that I did not even get any additional bruises. Everybody was rather upset, but I could not help laughing. A sense of humor undoubtedly is a grace of God, too.

### FINALE PRESTO

God's Providence has protected us miraculously. Being only 600 yards from the centre of the atomic bomb, 70% of the people in our neighborhood were killed, whereas all our men were saved. A clear sign that God calls us for further work. But in order to continue this work, we need your support. Help us praying and help us building.

Help us praying that God may bless our efforts. That He may enlighten the hearts of these poor people who, after having lost everything here on earth, run now equal danger of losing everything in eternity without this Grace.

We need some temporary accommodations which will cost about \$4,000.00. And since it was Hiroshima that paid the heaviest toll for ending this war, wouldn't this be a fitting place for a worthy Memorial Chapel?

The United States is about to establish a new order in Japan. The Catholic Church will have to play an important role in this work. Never before has She had such an opportunity of making the whole country Catholic. We are trying our best, but the success depends very much upon your spiritual and material support.

It is the Catholics of the United States who can create a new harmony in Hiroshima.

(Above) All that remains of the Jesuit mission center in Hiroshima. (Below) A group of Japanese Catholics and Jesuit missionaries of Hiroshima. In the center, right to left, Father Lassalle, S.J., author, and Superior of the whole mission; Father Goossens, S.J., who had charge of the concerts and is now in U. S. studying music, and Father Cieslik.

# Saint Joseph's Eve

Marion R. Batson, S.J.

"The chorus echoes  
round the world, beyond the moon,  
right in among the stars,  
and throughout God's Heaven—  
unceasingly."

NIGHT comes quickly in India and sleep soon follows with weary tread after a day of harvesting under the merciless sun. My people have been harvesting. After an enormous supper of boiled rice and vegetable curry, they topple over and, one by one, go to sleep. Every room, every square foot of floor space, is covered by sleeping humanity. The hard brick floor seems soft to tired bodies. The night is too hot to worry about blankets. Let the mosquitoes sting; let the jackals wail; let the dogs bark; it is night; supper is over; it is time to sleep. A feeling of special affection for these good people fills my heart. Some are "old" Christians (baptised by Father Sontag over seven years ago); some are new recruits; and some are neophytes who have yet to make the big step. But all are precious, very very precious to me and this is the reason why:

Saint Joseph's Mission is the seventh (according to seniority) mission-station in the Mokameh Mission area. Located on the south bank of the Ganges river and in the midst of a very densely populated territory, it had hard beginnings—as Father Sontag can testify. His first shelter was a dilapidated shed a few yards from the big bazaar. It was the only available place at the time and certainly most unsuitable . . . we would not use it for cattle at home. Persecution soon made it untenable and persecution discouraged the first converts . . . but for a time only. Most of them are here tonight, come to celebrate the feast of Saint Joseph for the first time in our new permanent quarters. Before securing this new place, I had rented an ancient and small house in the bazaar from a Mohammedan tailor. He had to "eat much trouble" for renting his house to me and persecution of the new converts began again. It still persists but this is a good sign, a sign that the "old boy" is worried. Every missionary becomes accustomed to persecution in the mission field in India.

Life in the bazaar was trying but it gave everyone a chance to become well acquainted with us—a chance to sit by the hour, day and night, and watch every move we made; a chance to listen to everything that

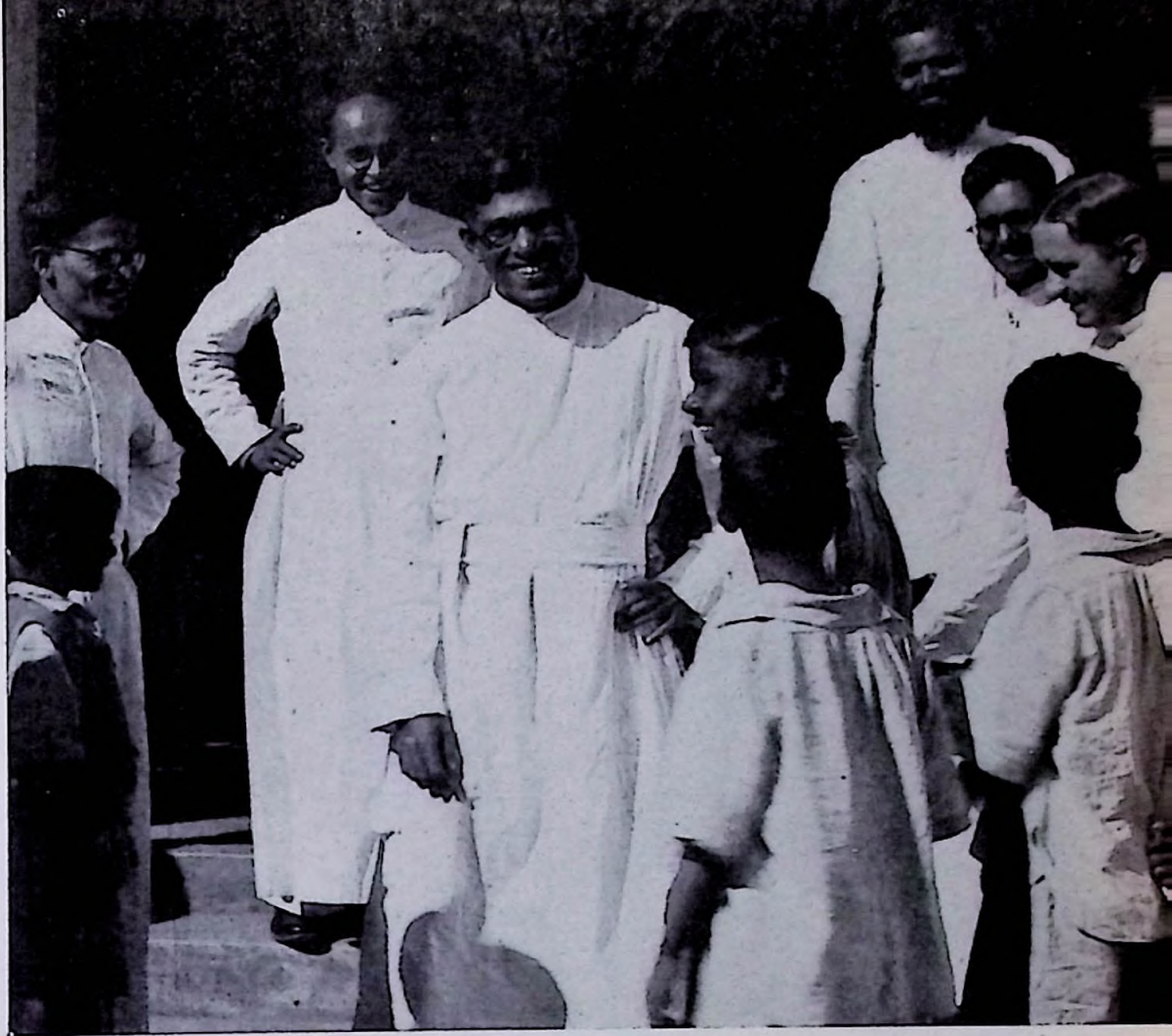
was said. While we were becoming acquainted, I chanced to find this new place for a permanent settlement. Privately, I used to call it "The Valley of Vile Vapors" because it looked so desolate and abandoned. It had been a brickfield for about forty years and then left for the climate to beautify. The jungle claimed it. It was a marvelous collection of pits, ditches, mounds, and old kilns with brick bats strewn all over the acres of thorn trees and cactus. It took a lot of work to clear it and to make "fields" and it will take a lot of work to make it equal our dreams but, rough as it is, it seems grand . . . after those months in the bazaar.

To get materials for the mission buildings we used the old bricks lying about and the good earth for mortar. Sand from the Ganges, lime from the bazaar, palm trees and thatch grass from the local wilderness. Tiles were made by hand on the premises and bamboos and four bags of cement only were "imported." Everyone helped and the "Valley" was the scene of feverish activity. Scrub trees and thorn bushes were cut and burned. A dyke to keep back the flood water was heaped up in necessary places. Mounds were levelled and depressions filled; grain, vegetables, flowers, and fruit trees responded to kind treatment and, before we realized it, the dreamed-of Mission, with its red-and-white tiled roof glorious in the sun, was completed. . . .

Of course we moved in before it was ready; of course we had to do battle with rats, snakes, scorpions, white ants, and the neighbors' bullocks and water buffaloes for possession. Many visitors came to see what was being done. Stories spread that a High School was abuilding; then a hospital; then an air-port; and, finally, in hushed tones, the truth was circulated: a Catholic Mission with a church in it was already established with an Englishman resident. Later it was proved that the Englishman was only an American and a Jesuit at that—the kind that talks Hindi and wears a long white gown with trousers underneath. Little by little and, at times, from great distances, the Catholic Indians began to come to church again . . . and returned to their homes unmolested. Then more came, bringing their relatives and friends with them. Eventually life became almost normal and now our new Mission, in comparison with the old one in the bazaar, is blooming.

TRUE, the church is small but it is very beautiful and the people stand and gaze at the main altar that reaches almost to the rafters! The walls are neatly whitewashed and there is a "grand arch" before the sanctuary. There is a lovely green satin (I mean silk—imitation silk) drape in back of the large crucifix and a roomy niche

for the statue of Saint Joseph. It is almost ready, the statue, and will be in place before long. From a distance the mission buildings look very imposing but, at closer range, anyone can tell that it is a poor man's house. I can testify that it is a happy one . . . with heaps of high hopes for the future. There is so much to be grateful for that it seems a bit greedy to want more . . . until that "greed" is understood to be a yearning for more souls for Christ; a yearning that this whole vast valley be brought into the Kingdom of the King of Kings. Dust from the rafters lies heavy on my lids and there are but two minutes left of Saint Joseph's Eve. It is now the FEAST of Saint Joseph, the first time we are to celebrate it in this new Mission that bears his name. Through his help, much has been accomplished already and, through his help, we hope to accomplish much more. But the note to be sounded this time is one of gratitude for favors received. I know that your



When the missionaries, American and Indian, gather at Mokameh Junction, they are usually surrounded by children. (Left to right) Fathers Elias, Gregory, Joseph, Matthew, Xavier, Murphy and Batson (Superior). St. Joseph's is the seventh new Mokameh Mission.

voices will help swell the chorus until it echoes around the world, right in among the stars, beyond the moon, and throughout God's Heaven, unceasingly.

## Japanese Catholicism

IN August 1943, 17 of us were still cooped up in the tiny rectory in Davao. Military police, secret police and spies were keeping a special eye on us. One hot Sunday afternoon I was looking out through the shutters, seeing and yet unseen, at the activity going on in the street. The same prim little Jap soldier passed down the street twice and attracted my notice. He came back again looking to right and to left and searchingly at the rectory and church. After taking a look at the place from another angle over at the corner of the park he came down the street and passing my window bolted into the church. At other times I should have thought he was a snooper but this time it just occurred to me that there were 100,000 chances out of 100,000,000 that he was a Catholic.

We had with us a Canadian priest who spoke a little Japanese he had learned in Manchuria where he had been a missionary for several years. I told Father about the little Jap in the church.

He was a Catholic from Nagasaki (that little bit of Ireland in pagan Japan). He had a sister a nun and one brother studying for the priesthood. He tried to come to Mass on Sunday mornings but his officers made it too difficult for him. On this Sunday morning he began working on a dock at five in the morning and worked until noon. He was a carpenter private in an engineering corps of the Japanese army. He had taken a bath, put on his best and now presented himself for Communion. He had watched carefully that no one should see him coming near the white priests and hoped that his visit would not get us into any trouble. He was sure that the Father would give him Communion for *he had not yet broken his fast*. A few questions clearly showed Father that he knew his catechism. The soldier received Communion—*without having to go to confession*. If you knew the immoral air he breathes among his pagan fellow-soldiers, you too would say with me that it was a miracle of grace.

THOMAS E. BRADY, S.J.



Central American boys in Belize, British Honduras.

*Two Jesuit friends are separated by their mission assignments. John Bryde writes first from the Indian country to his friend in British Honduras.*

**W**ELL, "Who'd a thunk it?", as Andy would say. Just about three months ago, we were both back in St. Louis pounding the books for that final stretch in philosophy. Now, here I am freezing it out, in South Dakota, and there you are, sweating it out down there in Central America. At best you are the second happiest man in the world, because I am surely the happiest.

I thought the summer would never end, but finally on August the sixteenth off I went. Riding west all night and half the next day, brought me to Rushville, Nebraska, about thirty miles from the Mission. Rushville is perfectly flat. About fifteen miles beyond, the hills, lightly covered with pines, began to rise, so that when we finally came to the Mission, there it stood deep in the middle of hills, one of the prettiest spots in South Dakota. I liked it immediately.

The big thing about the life here is the young Indians. They're wonderful. There were big ones, little ones, dark ones, light ones,—Bear Shields, Red Wolves, Spotted Bears, Blue Horses and Lone Dogs. The first

# "Each

# *to the Way Appointed"*

thing about them that amazed me was the way they can handle two languages. The full bloods speak nothing but Lakota to one another. They can rattle along ninety miles an hour in Indian, and, then, just as fast, they can jump into English.

As for class work, some of them are really bright! They can handle the Latin declensions and conjugations as easily as they do English. Of course, there are others who respond just a little better than a fence post; but every teacher has this kind.

I've seen a boy saying his rosary during his play time, another give a boy (not his brother) money to buy candy with, others buy candy and immediately give half of it away. They have something good on which to build greater qualities of character. This is our work. I would challenge anyone to show me a more wonderful job than bringing these boys closer to Our Lord. It consoles me to know that every time I do any little thing for them, I am doing it to Our Lord. Didn't He say so? Every time I correct them, I do it to make them better and more like Him.

After I was here about a week, just getting settled, Father Zimmerman, one of the best missionaries in the West, took Mr. Laskowski and myself over to a big blowout (pow-wow, to you) the Indians were having at Oglala, about fourteen miles from here. What a day! The Sioux were having a big victory celebration. There were tents in rows for a quarter of a mile around, a big circle for dancing. Everything was picture-book Indian: tom-toms beating, dancing, Indian chant, no English, only Lakota being spoken. It was my first view of a real Indian dance with all its color. The women stand on the outer edge of the circle of dancers and sing a chant-like song while the men do the dancing. Everyone was in it, from the old men who would just shake their ankles a little to a little boy about six years old, war feathers and all, who stole the show.

Then came the rodeo. These boys will ride anything that bucks. We saw so much bronc-busting, steer-riding, calf-roping, and racing that it began to look easy. Finally we went home tired, but happy.

Before I close, I'll end with a little admonition: you must chip in and pray for our mission, and we will pray for yours. This work is one big battle. This is our territory to take and Central America is yours.

*William Brennan, S.J., over a thousand miles away, and in another world, almost, replies to his friend's first letter.*

**W**HEN you described your train trip across the prairies, past Rushville, and on to Pine Ridge, S. D., I couldn't help contrasting your arrival at the mission with mine. My approach to Belize, British Honduras, was over rolling, white cumulus clouds, 6,000 feet in the air. The Caribbean, wearing its usual coat of blue, lay far beneath my plane window. The airfield was a tiny clearing amid marsh land. The airport, a solitary building, glared white in the fierce, tropical sun. Next day I was in the classroom, teaching many hours in many subjects.

On my first Friday evening in Belize, there was a party in the parish hall, at once a farewell party for Mr. Hoyer, who was returning to the States, and a welcome for the new scholastics. Swift, hilarious games played intensely by the boys were the core of the entertainment. After refreshments a sudden silence which fell over the hall. Presently, a young lad, Billy Esquville by name, walked to the center of the gym floor to give a speech of greeting, which made home seem a far away outpost.

I was touched by the little talk, and by way of thanks I told them that story about the Catholic tribal chieftain in the South Pacific who, after meeting an American Catholic marine, said, "Our Church is certainly universal; it extends even to America."

**I**HAD one chance to visit a mission station—San Pedro, a fishing community, on a little island (caye) thirty miles north of Belize. On Sunday morning I helped Father Hodapp, who has been here for several years. We had to reconvert one end of a school house into a sanctuary. At Mass I knelt in back on the rough floor, looking over the heads of the simple fisherfolk to the altar where the priest was celebrating Mass.

I couldn't help thinking of the day, so long ago to me, when I sat in my parish church, sandwiched between my father and mother, as a Maryknoll missionary was preaching. He was speaking of the mission in China where he had labored for many years. My eyes never left his face. I hung on every word he said,—about the Chinese George Washington, and about the way they celebrate the Chinese Fourth of July. And I remember, too, how later all the family were solemnly informed that their son was going to be a missionary.

You know, as I knelt in that simple church for the first time, among the fisherfolk, I said to myself, "This is it. This is what I have wanted all these years, ever since I was a little guy." And now I never will be content until I return and say Mass for such people. I wandered about through the fishing village after Mass. All was the desolation of death, all, except a



North American Indian boy in Western United States.

statue of our Lady which was the only thing left right side up after the last hurricane.

**W**HEN your thoughts dwell on the mission here in Central America, *hurricane* has to be among them. About two months ago I rode out to the old college grounds. There is precious little left there now, as you know. What the hurricane didn't destroy in 1931, is covered by heavy undergrowth. A few stone pillars mark the foundation. In front of the fallen steps I stood this particular evening. Only the regular washing of the sea disturbed the silence. Beneath these very steps it was that Mr. Koch, S.J., died during the terrible hurricane of 1931. These very steps had pinioned his arm, until the tidal wave brought a blessed relief. A few feet away, a Father died; beyond, a Brother breathed his last. On this sidewalk where I stood the survivors prayed in unison with the trapped Jesuits until the water dispersed them all, each to the way appointed.

I think that hardships, trials, disasters are the commonplace experiences of the missionary. And out of these come his characteristic virtues,—self-sacrifice, patience, undying effort. Whether he is in the Dakotas or among the Mayas, these qualities are necessary. May you and I come close to attaining these qualities, and thus we will be able to say, as an old missionary said here recently, "We're doing all we can for Heaven."

# Book Reviews

## The Wool Merchant of Segovia

By Mabel Farnum

Not since Father Goldie's biography appeared in 1889 has the life of St. Alonso Rodriguez been presented in popular style to English speaking readers. The same wealth of picturesque imagery that made "A Carrack Sailed Away" and "Street of The Half-Moon" living biographies of Xavier and Claver respectively has made Segovia, Valencia and Palma on the isle of Majorca more than names where a saint lived. Through her happy choice of details Miss Farnum has made it possible for readers to live again the scenes that Alonso knew as a young man, a husband, widower and finally as a saintly brother of the Society of Jesus, acting as a helpmate to his fellow Jesuits and a director of souls through his mystical gifts. As Father Alexander has remarked in the preface to Miss Farnum's book she has given us what we badly need "his inspiration and vision."

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.00

## Mary Theresa

Countess Ledochowska

By Valeria Bielak

This is the edifying account of one who never set foot on African soil yet merited the title of "Mother of the Africans." That so frail a body could have accomplished such great good for the African missions is a tribute to the stay-at-home missionaries who back up the missionaries in the field by prayer, work and suffering for the advancement of the kingdom of Christ.

Sodality of St. Peter Claver, St. Louis 8, Mo. \$1.50

## World Christianity

By John J. Considine, M. M.

The theses of apologetics and dogmatic theology are presented by Fr. Considine of Maryknoll as vistas of

a world-wide apostolate opening themselves to the apostolic zeal not only of priests and religious but of each and every Catholic. Meditation on these theses as presented by a missionary should stimulate deeper and more active interest in the missions.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$1.00

## Pillars of the Church

By Theodore Maynard

Those who expect to find a dozen pious biographies in "Pillars of the Church" will be disappointed for the most part—but that is not a demerit of the book. Theodore Maynard has used his twelve outstanding exponents (not all of them saints) of Catholicism merely as pegs on which to hang his historical essays. Thus St. Benedict typifies monasticism, Teresa of Avila mysticism, Xavier, missionary enterprise, Louis the Crusader and Vincent de Paul organized charity. Many will object to Coventry Patmore being a "Pillar" but after reading Maynard's appreciative essay will agree with his sage remark that he is at least a gargoyle on top of a pillar. These historical essays are the second series of the Heywood Broun Memorial Lectures. They are scholarly, yet popular in style and give us one more view of saintly and sainted heroes of a former day.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$3.00

## The Holy Sacrifice

By Rev. Peter Wachter, O.S.B.

Father Wachter has given to the laity that appreciation of the Mass which he has been instilling in his Benedictine novices for thirty years. Analysing the prayers of the different parts of the Mass to sound their depth, and enriching them with parallels and anecdotes from the Old and New Testaments along with illustrations from the lives of saints and his own experiences as a mis-

sionary, he has presented a book that should stimulate more profound meditation on the prayers that priest and people pray during the Mass.

Pustet, N. Y. \$2.50

## Seek and You Shall Find

By Henry Brenner, O.S.B.

This book contains brief meditative chapters on the general subject of Prayer. Particular attention is paid to the manner in which it is helped and hindered by both the exterior life and the interior preparation. The last half of the volume considers the different kinds of prayer, especially liturgical prayer.

The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana. \$1.00

## Speaking of How to Pray

By Mary Perkins

Combining clarity of thought with popularity of expression Mary Perkins has added another book to the growing shelf on the liturgy. She has the happy faculty of digging theological doctrine from big tomes and presenting it in language that the average layman can appreciate. After a few introductory chapters on God and His relation to the world the author unfolds the beauty and richness of the liturgy presented by the Catholic Church through its sacramental system, particularly the Mass and the divine office. Catholic lives will be made more Catholic through even a hurried perusal of this book.

Sheed & Ward, New York. \$2.75

## The Four Gospels

By Dom John Chapman, O.S.B.

Four illuminating conferences of Dom Chapman on the four Gospels and their authors with an Appendix containing recent responses of the Biblical Commission are popularly written without sacrificing scholarly presentation.

Sheed & Ward, New York, N. Y. \$1.25



## Free Again in China

### NANKING.

What a wonderful time to be in Nanking! My first day here, Lt. Slavingi from New York City and two other officers from San Francisco came to the house. We could not have learned more from a dozen issues of the *Times*. For an hour we talked on and on, and again in the afternoon they were back to talk and take pictures, this time with two more officers, Capt. Christianson in command. Lt. Lowe of the Signal Corps came to take the pictures.

The way those men treated us was a shame,—three cartons of cigarettes, candied fruit and money, and that was not all. On leaving, Lt. Slavingi told us we were expected for supper at Headquarters, the International Club in Nanking. Of course we refused, not being military men. Well,—the supper was delicious, and we met more Colonels and Captains than you would see at a West Point ball. At once they took us to their own, we who had not sensed that feeling of *home sweet home* for many a long year.

Nor was that all. After supper, news agency men from most of the big countries were brought in to interview us. I had seen these interviews in the movies, but this was the first time that I had ever sat in the big chair. After those drab years of anonymity in interment, to be spotlighted and photographed by the press representatives of all the big papers and news agencies of the world for a glorious evening, it was almost a blessed relief to slip back again to the quiet equality of a Jesuit community.

And that's not all. When we were leaving, they loaded us down with food. "10 for 1's" I think they are called, which means three complete meals for one man for ten days, or for ten men for one day. The package weighs over fifty pounds, and it was better even than the Red Cross kits. Just thinking about it was enough to make us delirious after a two year famine. Cereal with milk and sugar, ham and egg, coffee, crackers, sausages, sliced ham, candied sweet potatoes, pineapple pudding,—it was all incredible, but it will give me something to remember as long as my memory lasts.

Louis J. Dowd, S.J.

### LUNGTAI

That romantic trip on a Chinese Junk I was looking forward to was pretty well dashed on the rocks when I arrived at the dock. There are some splendid and well kept Junks on the canals in these parts, but they are reserved for heavier merchandise. The boat awaiting me was an overgrown skiff, 40 feet long, and no more

than six feet wide. Forty passengers, babies and baggage were crowded aboard. I remember reading about St. Isaac Jogues being in an Indian canoe and not able to move a toe for hours. I could move my toes, but only when someone else moved his foot could I stir an inch. We were that crowded.

We had with us a character who wanted to be the life of the party, a story teller and a songster who could ramble on interminably for days, it seemed. Occasionally he stopped jabbering and chanting and rattling clappers long enough to pass the hat.

As we pulled and battled and sailed along the canals, we had to stop from time to time to lower the sails and lift out the masts to pass under a bridge. Sometimes the bridge was still too low for our low boat. Then three or four men would jump ashore, run ahead, pick up one end of the bridge (actually!) so that we could pass through. Sometimes when the wind was not right three men would jump ashore and pull us along with a rhythmical running jump-step I could no more describe in words than I could tell you how to untie a knot.

On arriving at my destination I was treated with the kindest hospitality, the most gracious of manners, and the best in the house was offered to me. Actually, my bed was a nice flat door of soft pine on top of a clothes press lying on its side. My host, the missionary, slept on a grass mat on the floor. His idea is that he would get along much better if he has nothing to tempt robbers in his home. There is much in what he says, for most of the doors, windows, and flooring of other buildings in the neighborhood have been pilfered.

For weeks I felt as though I have been living in a fish bowl. When it is not burglars at night, or some official, or pseudo official, requisitioners or troops occupying our place from time to time, it is crowds of curious people who have seldom seen an American. They crowd around for a look at my big nose (almost all occidentals have big noses to the Chinese). That is not too bad, but they keep asking questions, "how old, what nation, how long here, have you eaten, can you eat Chinese food?" from morning till night. Three or four hundred people crowd into the little mission compound, and three or four hundred times ask the same questions. I have stayed in the midst of a group for a full hour answering the same questions over and over as each new comer shows up and begins again. The group already there seems never to tire of listening. I can now say "thirty-nine—American—seven years—no, I have not eaten—yes, I eat Chinese food" without tiring my head at all.

WILLIAM J. KLEMENT, S. J.





# WORLD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## INDIA

### *Mokameh Junction*

*Father John A. Morrison, S.J.*

I'm afraid that a lot of water has flowed down the Ganges since my last letter written over a year ago from Poreya Hat in the Santal Parganas. One of the reasons is that I was laid up for a time taking an enforced rest. Our work in the Santal Parganas has been turned over to the Franciscans. Now I am in a different part of Patna Mission, and starting again in new work.

Where are we? This mission is a place called Mokameh Junction, a small town on the Ganges, the sacred river of the Hindus. Across the Ganges, about a hundred miles to the north are the Himalayas, the highest mountains in the world. The area of Mokameh Mission is about five thousand square miles. Most of

Father McKearnan (left), a Maryknoll refugee from China, with Father Batson, looking on the ruins of Nalanda University, famous center of Buddhist culture in 500 A.D.



the territory of this mission is flat, very flat. In some places the villages are built on mounds that become islands in the rainy season when large parts of the country are flooded. To the south and along part of the eastern boundary are some low hills about the size of our Missouri Ozarks. Here in Mokameh we are on the opposite side of the world from the United States, so that when it is midday in America, it is midnight over here.

Alexander heard of it: this Mokameh Mission is rich in history. Patna District, in which it is partly situated, was formerly the capital of a mighty Indian empire. Alexander the Great knew of it, and he wanted to push on this far from the Punjab, which he conquered, but his soldiers refused to follow him, and he had to turn back.

Buddha lived here: Buddha worked and prayed in this Mokameh Mission, and at Rajgir, a famous place of pilgrimage where there are still warm springs that were known in Buddha's time, he meditated and taught for some twelve years. At Nalanda, seven miles from Rajgir are the ruins of a famous Buddhist university that flourished centuries before Christ and finally came to an end about the time of Charlemagne. Recently I visited the place and had a drink out of a well twenty-five hundred years old. Even now Nalanda and Rajgir are visited by Buddhist pilgrims from China, Burma and other distant places.

Important now: Although its ancient glory has faded this part of the country now is important from a missionary point of view. Several millions of Hindus and Mohammedans live in the hundreds and hundreds of towns and villages scattered over its length and breadth. Many of these are Untouchables. If a caste Hindu were to accept a drink of water, or food, from

an Untouchable, he would have to wash away the defilement by taking a bath in the Ganges and undergoing other purifying ceremonies. These Untouchables have been downtrodden and pushed under for so many centuries that their lot is pitiable. Christianity, with its doctrine of the brotherhood of man has a great attraction for them, and several thousands of them have come into the Church in the last few years, in spite of opposition at times on the part of caste Hindus.

What are we doing? We are trying to reach the people of this sector by means of schools, medicine, catechists, personal contact and by helping our poor people out of the various difficulties they get into. Mokameh here is headquarters for the whole mission sector, at two other places are mission stations with resident priests, and there are several other stations with resident catechists where Mass is said from time to time. There are few places more than fifteen miles or so from some one of our stations and we have converts from other castes as well as from Untouchables. We are trying to reach all.

Lepers too: At one of our stations there is a Scotch lady who is devoting her life to lepers, and twice a week she treats about a hundred patients, giving them injections and binding up their sores. It is only a drop in the bucket as we have thousands of lepers, but at least it is a beginning.

Don't forget to pray for us. We need torrents of God's grace for our work.

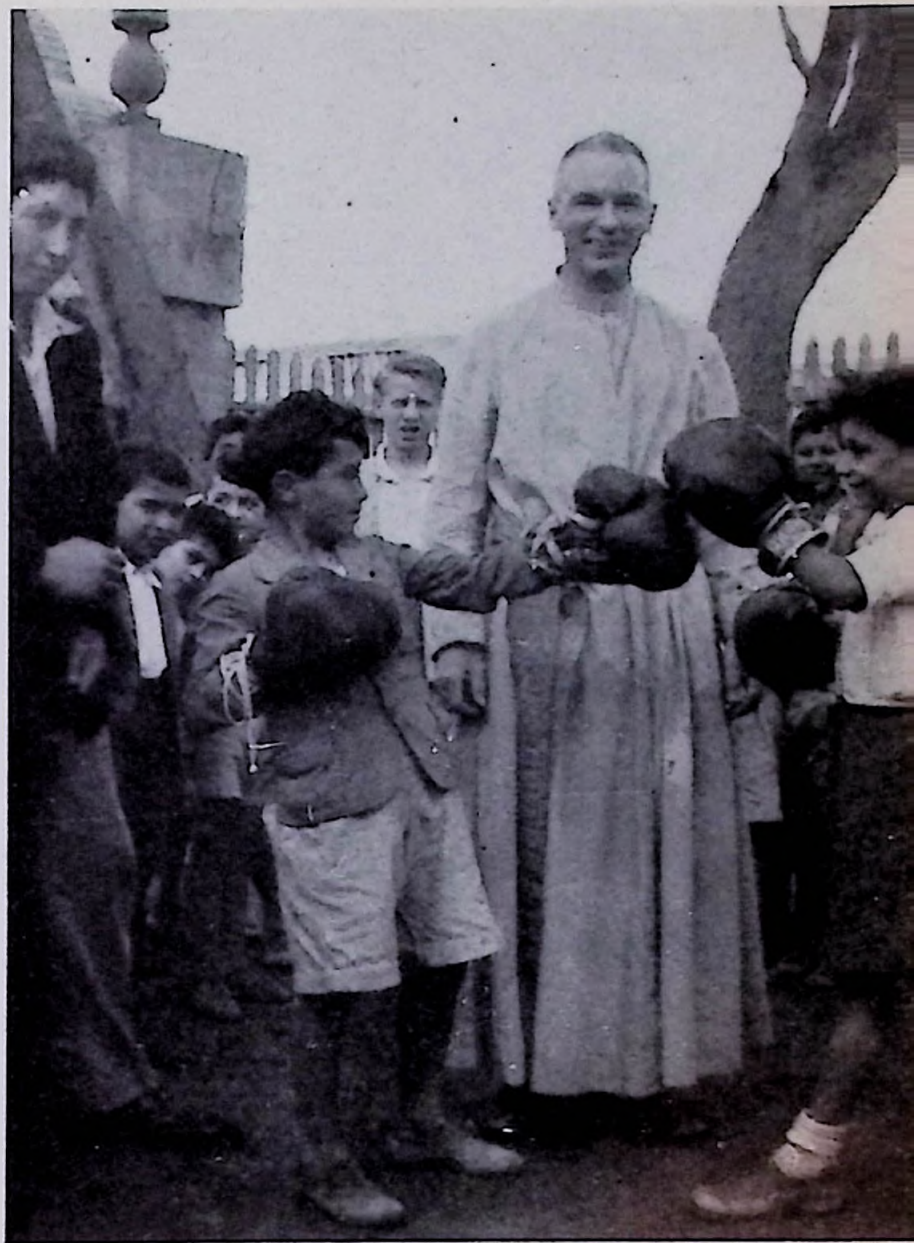
## BAGHDAD

*John L. Mahoney, S.J.*

Greetings and salutations from B.C. on the Tigris. For a while it did not seem possible that the fathers of Baghdad College could assemble from the four corners of the earth in time to open school. But we made it, by ways and means too numerous and varied to tell.

The first to set sail from America, Fathers Banks, Lynch, and Mahoney, had the longest journey of all, over 8,700 miles by ship, and the last 30 miles by lifeboat. The docks at Abadan were crowded with cargo vessels, and we had to anchor far out in the river formed by the confluence of the Tigris and the Euphrates. The ship's captain, in desperation, after waiting seven days (120 in the shade) lowered the lifeboat manned by some of his officers and crew to take us to the shore six hours away.

The next day we arrived by train at Baghdad, tried our hesitant Arabic on a taxi driver, and appeared at the college door completely unannounced. The place looked deserted. Into a darkened corridor I felt my way, knocked at one door, then another, until finally someone heard us, and spoke the language which was music to our ears. It was Father Mahan from Boston. No one knew when we would come, or where we were,



Father Michael McCarthy, S.J., of Boston, Mass., head of a mission school in Basrah, Iraq. The gloves came from U. S. A.

because of the delays. In no time at all the fathers were around us to welcome the new missionaries to their new home.

The second group, Fathers O'Neil and Delaney, had the shortest trip of all. They came on the Gripsholm to Kaifa, and by bus to Beyrouth, and on to Baghdad. The third group, Fathers Quinn, McGrath and Ryan landed at Port Said, went by train to Cairo where they met Father Anderson, who saw them through customs and into a plane to Beyrouth. From Beyrouth they tripped by trans-desert bus to Baghdad. The fourth group to arrive, Fathers Kelly and McDermott, needed the assistance of the United States Navy to get out of Italy where their ship broke down, but finally, among refugees, by ship, by rail, and by bus, they made their way to the welcome doors of our common home in the Near East. Last of all came our new superior, Father Edward Madaras, straight from Rome.

Let me tell you why it was important that all these men arrived before school opened. This year we have 419 students at Baghdad College,—151 in first, High, 107 in second, 87 in third, 61 in fourth, and 13 in fifth, an increase of 67 over last year, and an all time



Father Jules Convert, S.J., Alaskan missionary.

high. Every available inch of space is taken up, even in the new rented building for the extra large first year. To us as newcomers, and to anyone who has any realization of the conflicting national and racial feelings that have been stirred up all over this world, the student body of Baghdad College is a miracle of harmony in human relations. Just look at our enrollment. We have 251 Catholics divided among the Chaldeans (150); Syrians (52), Latins (26), Armenians (19), Greeks (3), and Maronite (1); of the other Christians there are Armenian Orthodox (58), Jacobites (6), Protestants (5), Nestorians (3), Greeks (2), Russian (1).

Of the non-Christians, we have Moslems (88), Jews (4), and Druse (1). Sixty-eight of these boys are boarders, among whom 30 are Catholics, 24 Moslems, 12 Orthodox, and 2 Quakers. Imagine that! We are a happy family, and, if we do say so, on the testimony of our graduates and of applicants, a grand school.

The first break in the school year came at Christmas time. Fathers Delaney and Banks went to Basrah to allow Father McCarthy to return to the community for the holidays. Father Delaney went to fulfill the last chaplain duties in this section. The day after Christmas all the American Expeditionary Forces in Iran were on their way out, and within a week Father Merrick, their chaplain all through the war, returned to us. Father Larkin was asked by the Latin Bishop to undertake an apostolic journey for some oil workers from India. He returned a much more experienced man in the ways of the East, but he will have to tell you that story himself.

During all this time the only period of loneliness and home-sickness any of the new fathers experienced was on Christmas morning, walking down through the city toward the Latin church. There was not a sign of Christmas anywhere about until we got inside the church, and then we felt at home.

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Out of the chaos that is Manila, a new Jesuit Mission is rising. Rebuilding out of ruins is so much more difficult than was the first building. And when men who have just watched a world and a life work crumble about them now face physical handicaps of no transportation, no running water, no electricity, no telephone, no suitable dwelling places, rebuilding calls for a determination and a courage quite beyond the ordinary.

Jesuit education in Manila will not reach its pre-war peak for years, but it has made a start. Only a High School has thus far been resurrected. After a long weary search for a building the Ateneo de Manila High School will reopen this month in a dilapidated wooden structure which before the war might have served nicely as a warehouse. Today in Manila's acres of rubble it has taken on the proportions, if not the conveniences, of a palace.

The Jesuit House of Studies at Novaliches, sole important Jesuit building still standing in the Manila area, may soon house young Jesuit seminarians again. Abandoned at the outbreak of the war, it has served both as Jap barracks and American barracks. The roof is shell pitted, the walls scarred, all its furnishings, down to the plumbing and piping, have been looted. At present Fathers Arthur Weiss and Kyran Egan are living there trying to whip the place into shape before the new school year.

At present the Filipino Jesuit Scholastics are crowding in with the Seminarians of San Jose Seminary for Diocesan Clergy. Their building was completely destroyed. For a year or two at least they will be housed in temporary quarters, trying as best they can to keep the work of the Seminary alive.

High on the list of Jesuit works in Manila today is their part in the Catholic Welfare Organization relief program. Half a dozen Fathers, led by Rev. John F. Hurley, S.J., Secretary General of the Catholic Welfare Organization, are aiding in the distribution of the tons of food, clothing and medicines sent to Manila by our American Bishops.

Work for servicemen rates high today in Manila, especially through Fr. George Willmann's Servicemen's Clubs. At his Regina Building center in downtown Manila some 8000 G.I.'s seek recreation, refreshments, relaxation each day. Only limitation of space keeps the number that low.

Outside Manila, hopes are bright for the reopening of the Jesuit High School at Naga. Father Francis Burns, S.J., Rector before the war, is on his way back to pick up where the Japs interrupted, to repair and furnish the damaged building before the new school year in June.

To Mindanao and the ruined parishes, schools and dispensaries of that once flourishing mission have gone

Roxbury, Mass.—Shown with two priest-sons and two daughters who are nuns, Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Ballou were honored by Archbishop Richard T. Cushing of Boston who celebrated a Mass of thanksgiving in honor of their 50th wedding anniversary. The sons are (left) the Rev. Walter J. Ballou, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Missions at Jamaica, British West Indies; and (right) the Rev. Benedict Ballou, O.F.M., master of clerics at Holy Name College, Washington, D. C. The daughters are (left) Sister Loretta Mary, O.S.F., Tampa, Fla.; and (right) Sister Evelyn Marie, O.S.F. The family includes four other children.

(*Religious News Service*)



new arrivals, Frs. Rodolfo Cabonce, Gordon Koller, Ed. O'Byrne, Rafael de Ocampo, James Cawley, Fenton Fitzpatrick. Theirs will be the long tedious task of rearing the material structure of a whole Catholic culture and the more difficult task of filling the shoes of such great missionaries as Fathers John O'Connell, Augustin Consunji, Thomas Rocks, Juan Gaerlan, David Daly, Carl Hausmann, far greater war losses to the Jesuit Mission of Mindanao than any material structure.

Back to Culion and his job as Chaplain of the largest leper colony in the world has gone Father Anthony Gampp, S.J. The war was not kind to lepers, nor were the Japs. Less than one thousand of the normal five thousand lepers at Culion are still alive on the island, and in the general destruction and suffering of the Philippines, their plight has been almost forgotten, their need grown desperate.

This, at a glance, is the Jesuit Philippine Mission today—a world to be rebuilt, a handful of men to do it, and practically everything with which to do it missing, but God's grace.

## CHINA

*Father John J. Gordon, S.J.*

I have made some notes of what was in the papers here during the war: "The American Navy has found that our outer defenses in the Pacific are impregnable—so they are attacking our inner defenses. This shows their desperation."

In one column they say we have no ships; all sunk. In the next column they say we have not enough seamen for our ships. This appeared in the same issue—both these items the same day.

A Jap submarine dive-bombed a U.S. warship and sank it.

Out of 27 U.S. planes, 24 were definitely shot down and 6 probables.

110% of the U.S. Navy in the Pacific was sunk in 6 months.

The Americans had some small success at the Carolinas. Why? Because the Carolinas are near Hawaii. But the Philippines are not near Hawaii. Therefore the U. S. can not have success in the Philippines.

A Jap plane shot down 6 B-29's. But the Jap plane crash-dived it, knocked it down and then landed safely itself without wings. (This was in the Shanghai Times, May 21, 1944.)

May 27: Editorial: General X: How to Fly Successfully: Just try to shoot down enemy plane with the first shot. If you fail, try again and if you fail the second time, try a third time. The strategy is to keep trying till you finally shoot down the U.S. plane. In this way you will become a successful Japanese pilot.

There was a long explanation one day telling how a plane sank a submarine (U.S. sub) and a Jap cruiser sank another. The conclusion of the article was: This shows that the U.S. sub menace is ended.

Wake was bombed by the U.S. But this was NOT a surprise attack. We (Japs) have been expecting Wake to be bombed for the past year.

The prices in Shanghai are still rising. We can not understand this because we control the prices.

A beautiful painting of a peacock, the Siamese national emblem, was yesterday placed in the garden of the Siamese legation house in Tokyo. "We are going to put a *real* peacock there sometime—our friendship is so great." And there was more of the same.

# COMMUNICATIONS

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Dear Father:

Sometime ago I read about Sgt. Crouch and his very inspiring work for the lepers. I wish I could do more, but I can only spare a dollar at present. It would be nice if all the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS would contribute to a "Sgt. Crouch Fund for Lepers," so that his unselfish and praiseworthy acts might be the beginning of a national Catholic Leper Fund.

Sincerely,

Reader of JESUIT MISSIONS

Dear Father:

Due to an illness, I can work only four hours daily and I presume that will be maximum for all time. I thought my best plan would be to send you \$1.00 each month for a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS to go to some friend who, financially and spiritually, might be able to do much more than I could for you. If we ask the Blessed Trinity to bless the plan, who knows?

Thank you indeed, and may God bless JESUIT MISSIONS always.

Sincerely yours,

I. W.

Dear Father:

Realizing the urgent needs of the Jesuit missionaries both my husband and I decided that instead of giving each other a gift this Christmas we would make this donation as an act of thanksgiving for all the blessings of God upon our family.

Please pray for our intentions, and may God bless you in the work you are doing.

MR. & MRS. J. K., New York

Dear Father:

Please accept me as a monthly contributor for the help of saving souls of pagan children.

I am 16 years old and have been confined to my bed and the iron lung since August 11th with infantile paralysis. Since Christmas Eve I have been showing a marked improvement. I can never thank Our Saviour and my Mother Mary enough for all they are doing for me. Please pray for my total recovery.

Respectfully,

B. W. BELMONT, Mass.

Dear Father Editor:

If you know anyone who has old copies of JESUIT MISSIONS or who would like to send on their copy after reading it, they would find many appreciative readers in India. Through our Catholic Press service we have a large mailing list here and send out Catholic magazines to many people in India who otherwise would never have a chance to come in contact with anything Catholic. You will be interested in hearing that we receive fewer old copies of JESUIT MISSIONS than any other Catholic popular magazine, although it is one of the most desired by our clients. Please tell your readers to send them to me at St. Mary's College, Kuresong, India.

(Signed) (REV.) THOMAS DOWNING, S. J.

# Ring the Bell—America!



Reports from the missionaries testify that "*now is the acceptable time*" for the conversion of Japan to Catholicism.

This glorious opportunity for the triumph of the Catholic Church in Japan may be lost, however, unless spiritual and material aid is received from Catholics of the United States. Since the majority of missionaries in Japan are from the stricken countries of Europe, it is impos-

sible for them to receive immediate help from their native countries.

We at JESUIT MISSIONS are unable to fulfill the urgent appeals received for the hundred Japanese, Belgian, German, and Spanish Jesuits in Japan. As in every distress, we turn to our readers for assistance. Donations and Mass intentions sent to this office will be forwarded immediately to Japan.

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Dear Father:

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## Editorial

### No Universality Without Unity

**L**AST December, on the eve of Christmas, Our Holy Father announced the names of thirty-two prelates to be consecrated Cardinals on February 18. Since that day the eyes of the world have more than ever been centered on the Vatican. The unprecedented number was a surprise but it was the wide variety of nations represented in the men chosen which prompted most of the articles and editorials in the secular and religious press. In itself the significance of the many nations to be honored in their Cardinal-sons was abundantly clear, but that the world might have no chance to miss the meaning of his action, Pope Pius XII took pains to explain the wide variety of his choice on the very next day. Speaking to the Faithful and to all men, in his Christmas Allocution, the Pontiff said, "We have been anxious that the greatest possible number of races and peoples would be represented, so that this creation may portray in a living manner the universality of the Church."

That the Church is universal is no new idea to Catholics. But our Holy Father's action and his care to explain that action has a much fuller significance in the light of the present world situation. Today men of all nations are anxiously awaiting the peace which is to follow this "post war" period. Fundamental to that peace is unity and harmony among nations. In the College of Cardinals, now for the first time in more than a century brought to its full complement, the world is given a perfect example of men from different nations and races united with brotherly harmony in a common cause.

POPE PIUS XII in his Christmas address, also calls attention to the tragic failure of men's latest efforts to unite without the Church. The result of this "musty liberalism," as he points out, was "Human liberty buried . . . in a world which . . . for its tragic disunity and insecurity has never known an equal." And if secular efforts have failed, and the unity imposed from above by a totalitarian state results only in disaster, no less have man-made efforts in the spiritual field ended in confusion. The division in Christendom consequent upon the revolt of Luther, Calvin, Melancthon and others in the 16th Century has been a scandal to non-Christians for generations. The scandal is only increased by the repeated unsuccessful attempts of the various Protestant sects to unite.

**I**N stark contrast with these failures stands the unity of the Catholic Church, epitomized in its College of Cardinals. The unity of these men from all over the world is possible only because of the supra-nationalism of their common Faith which is stranger to no race or country. As our supreme Pontiff has indicated, mankind will experience the unity necessary for peace only when men have returned to God and to the order established by Him.

No greater opportunity of helping to restore mankind to the order established by God is given to us Catholics than the chance to assist in the work of our foreign missions. Our prayers and our donations must serve as our contribution to the Universality of the Church. Our part in the work of the foreign mission cannot but insure to future generations even greater manifestation of the universality and supra-nationalism of our Catholic Faith, nor can we do more to hasten the day of unity and peace for mankind.

ROBERT P. PHALEN, S.J.

# Next Month

In a little Indian village forty miles west of Albany, N. Y., St. Isaac Jogues and St. John Lalande were martyred by Iroquois Indians. Together with St. Rene Goupil, who was martyred four years earlier on the same spot, now known as Auriesville, they are the only canonized Saints in Heaven who lived and died within the boundaries of the United States. Auriesville should be a sacred place for all Americans. This year is the three hundredth anniversary of their martyrdom. Throughout the nation celebrations in their honor will be held this year. The first public account of the significance of this event will appear in these pages next month when we publish the article on the Tercentenary by the gifted writer, speaker, organizer, and director of the Shrine of the North American Martyrs at Auriesville, Father Thomas J. Coffey, S.J.

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A special feature of the next issue will be "The Story of India," by Father John J. Barrett, S.J., missionary from India, director of the Social Order Program for 1400 Jesuits in India, writer, lecturer, licensed air pilot, and student extraordinary of Indian life. Twenty-five years ago American Jesuits undertook, at the Pope's request, the Patna mission in northeast India. Today, in this American mission, one hundred and fifteen Jesuits and a score of Jesuit trained Indian secular priests are engaged in missionary work among over 30,000,000 people—almost one-tenth of all the Jesuits in India, and almost one-tenth of all the 350,000,000 inhabitants of the world's second most populous country.

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Bassein is not a familiar name today. Once it was a name of majesty and power and wealth—and for a while—Faith. Francis Xavier preached the Faith there. Portuguese colonial rulers presided over its destiny until something happened beyond the expectations of all those who trusted in its power and lived not by Faith. Father John J. Barrett tells the story of Bassein, once a Christian citadel.

## A WORD to our READERS

The necessity of combining the January and February issues of JESUIT MISSIONS was due to a serious paper shortage. For two months prior to the date of publication, I tried everywhere to buy the desired paper stock. The paper merchants were most sympathetic but there was the universal reply "the shortage is now more acute than during the war." The Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS sincerely regretted the omission of an issue. We knew that from current economic conditions you would appreciate our predicament.

Each issue of JESUIT MISSIONS depends on four principal industries; paper, printing, transportation, and engraving. If there are labor difficulties in any of these industries our schedule is delayed. For the duration may I ask you to accept patiently any delay caused in the delivery of JESUIT MISSIONS. It is our plan to have the copy at your home by the first week of the month of publication.

At Christmas time the Business Office of JESUIT MISSIONS received literally hundreds of letters from our subscribers. In the name of the missionaries I wish to thank you most sincerely. Each day at Mass I pause to recommend your intentions to Almighty God and, on the first Wednesday of each month I offer Mass, first intention, that God may bountifully reward all of you who are co-missionaries of the American Jesuits.—*Coleman A. Daily, S.J.*

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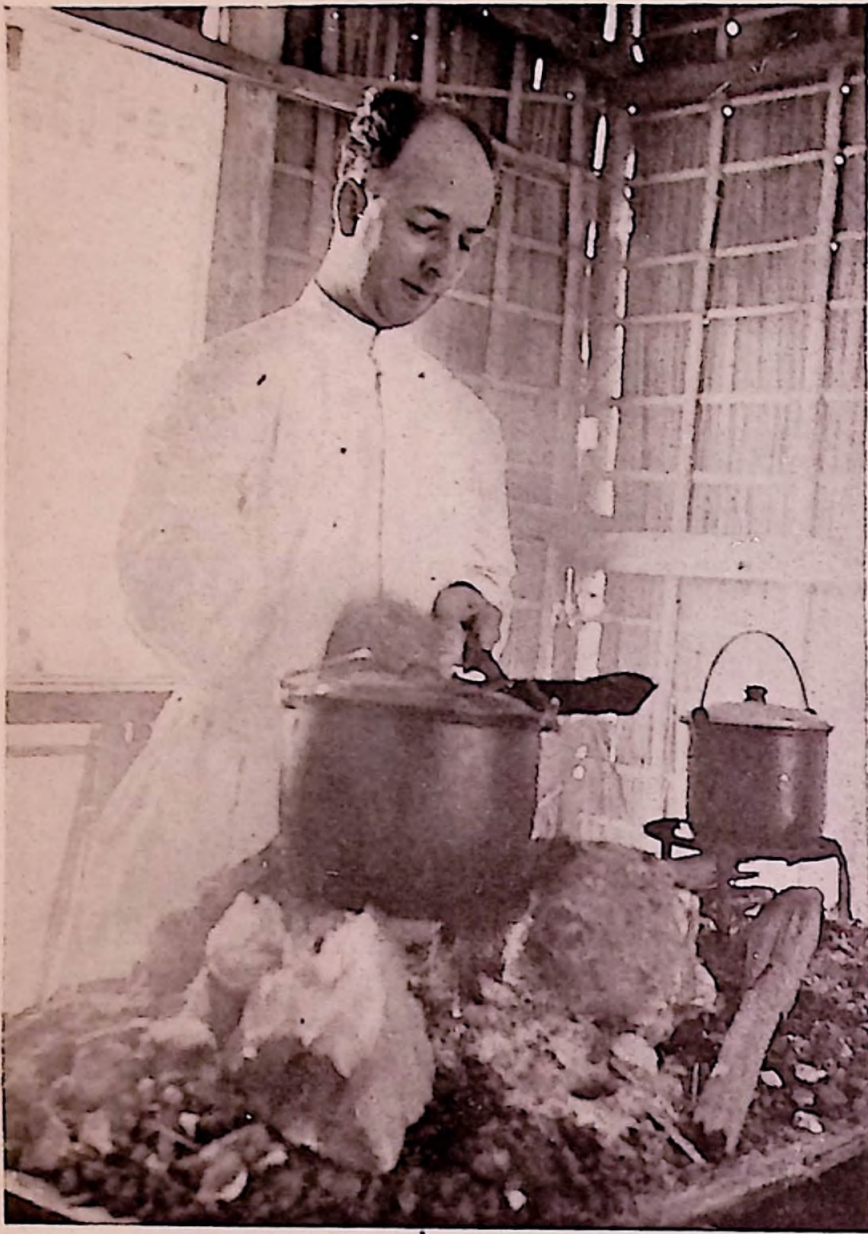
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