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JESUIT MISSIONS





Editor: Calvert Alexander; Managing Editor: Joseph MacFarlane; Associate Editors: Thomas J. McGurty; Robert P. Phalen, Richard J. Scannell, Anthony G. Schirmann, Edward T. Wiatrak, John E. Reardon, Andrew V. Vachon; Regional Editors: Patrick A. Ryan, Thomas Hallahan, Paul Brennan, Henry Bécharde; Business Editor: Coleman A. Daily, S.J.

ALASKA • AM. INDIANS • BR. HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA • INDIA • IRAQ • JAMAICA • PHILIPPINES

This Month

FROM AURIESVILLE TO THE ENDS OF THE WORLD	Page 198
<i>Calvert Alexander, S.J.</i>	
NANKING REVIVAL	<i>Eugene E. Faby, S.J.</i> 200
JOHN DE BRITTO, NEW MISSIONER SAINT	202
<i>Robert P. Phalen, S.J.</i>	
BAGHDAD COLLEGE WINS ITS LETTER	205
<i>Joseph P. Connell, S.J.</i>	
NEW OPERATION CROSSROADS	206
<i>Clement J. Armitage, S.J.</i>	
MISSION MESSAGE FROM FATIMA	210
<i>Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.</i>	
CHIVALRY AT LOS BANOS	<i>A "Nun in Prison"</i> 212
WE BOMBED A LEPER COLONY	<i>Martin J. O'Gara, S.J.</i> 214
IT'S 5TH SUNDAY AGAIN	<i>Charles B. Toomey, S.J.</i> 217
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS	218

CONTRIBUTORS



Martin J. O'Gara, S.J.

□ Father Martin J. O'Gara, S.J., met his death on June 1, 1946. The Army Transport plane, homeward bound, that plunged into the sea near Naples, Italy, ended Father "Marty's" career as a chaplain and as a Jesuit educator—and a promising career the latter was!

He was tall and lean, far beyond the average in both respects. He towered among his fellow Jesuits; he dwarfed the lads who sat before him during his regency at St. Joseph's Prep in Philadelphia. The deep foundations that he laid during his philosophical and theological studies at Woodstock College, where he was ordained to the priesthood in 1938, gave him ease and confidence in presenting his religion lectures at Georgetown University from 1940 until 1943. After he had become an Army chaplain in 1943 his sweet sad smile and laughing eyes were missed from the corridors not less than his almost boisterous laughter during "off hours" on the campus.

His military career took him to the Orient, from which he sent us the mission vignette that Jesuit Missions prides itself on publishing posthumously. Between the lines one can feel the missionary's heart pulsating—a heart that made Father "Marty" abandon the lecture hall in favor of a military career for the duration. As a chaplain we know that he sanctified the boys who fell under his influence. May his generous soldier's soul rest in peace.

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COVER—New Orleans comes into its own. The Trincomalie mission in Ceylon has just been assigned to the New Orleans Province. These two Jesuits, marching into church in front of their Provincial, Father Crane, S.J., are the first of six to go this year to Ceylon. They are part of 108 who have left for all our missions this summer. Left to right they are Father Godfrey Cook, S.J., native of Germany, and Father Claude R. Daly, S.J., of Shreveport, La.

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■ **Father Charles B. Toomey, S.J.**, is the pastor at Mandeville in Jamaica and includes among his mission stations Balaclava, which name must remind him of the days he taught history at Boston College. He spent his youth in the pleasant neighborhood of Norwood and Dedham, Mass., before entering the Jesuits 17 years ago. He has been in Jamaica for three years, having been stationed at Sts. Peter and Paul Mission in Liguanea before he received his present appointment. This is the first time that he has written for *Jesuit Missions*, but when you read his article on "Fifth Sunday" you will understand that life in Mandeville doesn't provide many opportunities for writing. However, we intend to keep on hoping for more from him.



Charles B. Toomey, S.J.

■ **Father Eugene Fahy, S.J.** looked like this when he left San Francisco in 1941. That was before internment. In the only photo of him during internment which was sent to us we failed to recognize him. New pictures haven't yet begun to arrive from China but stories and letters have come in abundance. Special credit and thanks are due to Father Fahy for keeping us informed. He ranks at "JM" as one of



Eugene E. Fahy, S.J.

our very best correspondents anywhere. All his experiences in China are of the country at war. Nanking, of which he writes, the capital of China is the scene of a special American Jesuit apostolate which we recommend to your good prayers.

■ **Father Clement J. Armitage, S.J.** who writes of Father Kennally's "atom bomb" mission in the Pacific was, for the summer, Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*.

■ The "Nun in Prison" who wrote about the priests in the internment camp of the Philippines asked to be left unnamed. Hers is the retort gracious and graceful to a chivalrous compliment.



SAINTS DID IT

—once in a while

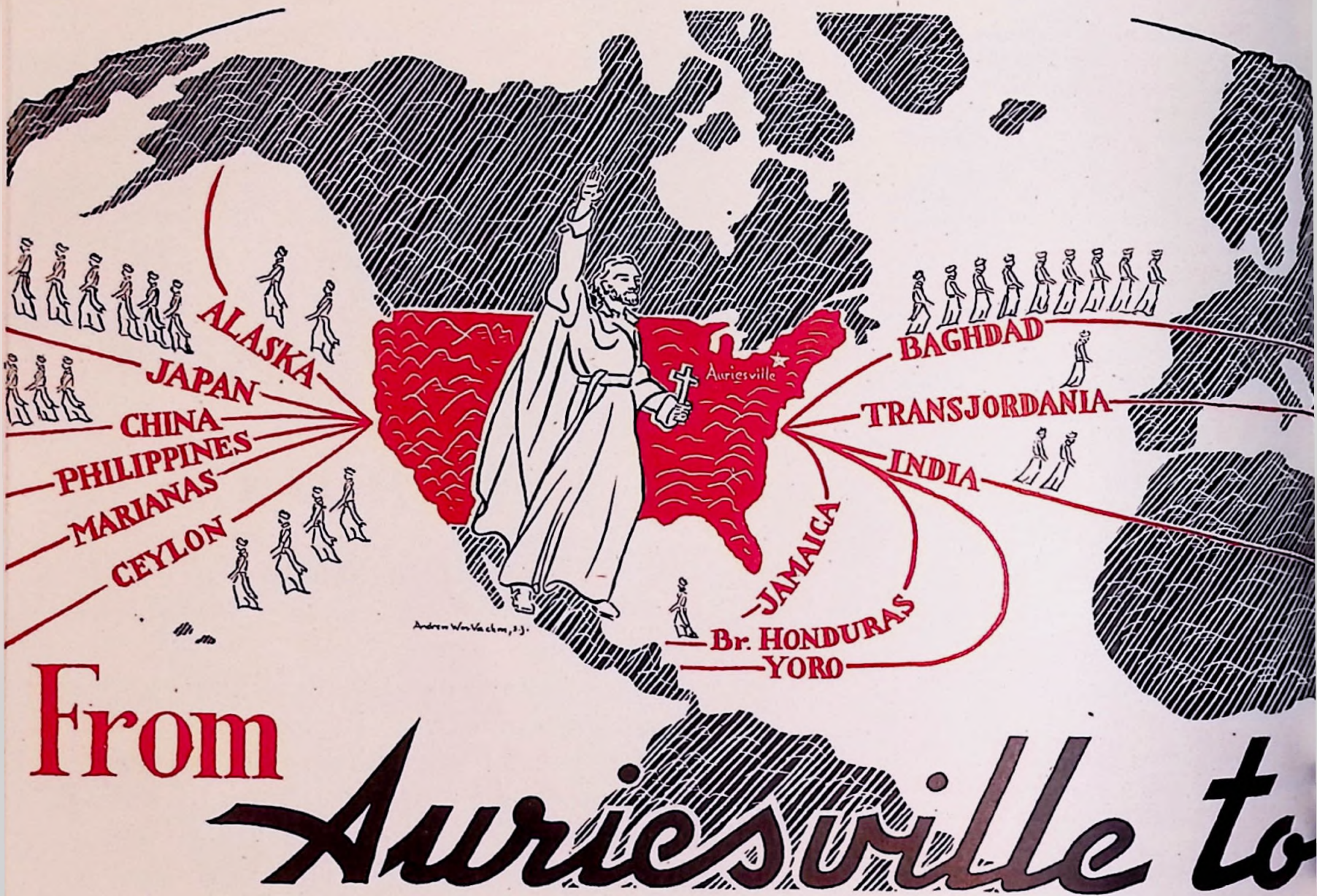
A few saints have had the miraculous gift of **bilocation**—appearing in two different places at the exact same time. St. Francis Xavier was one who had it. None of our missionaries today, as far as we know, has the gift—but they have the next best thing when they have **CATECHISTS**.

Catechists prepare the way for the priest, teaching, instructing, baptizing in case of necessity, and acting as representatives and interpreter of the priest. The greatest need is for well instructed, good living catechists who can be **full time** catechists. The mission must support them. It costs about **one dollar (\$1.00)** a day.

You can support a catechist for \$30.00 a month in India or China or the Philippines or British Honduras.

Send your gift to:

Rev. Coleman A. Daily, S.J., 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.



A record number of American Jesuits, 107, depart for the missions on the Tercentenary of the Mohawk Martyrs

AMERICAN Jesuits to the number of 107 departed for mission posts all over the world during the summer and fall of this year. It was not only a record-breaking number, but a very appropriate tribute to the three Jesuit Martyrs whose 300th anniversary is being celebrated this year.

St. Isaac Jogues and his two companions who died at Auriesville, New York, were missionaries. They came from France to establish the Faith in America. That they also planted at Auriesville the same apostolic spirit that drew them to our shores is demonstrated by the fact that 90 of these American Jesuits, their successors of today, have left their native land to bring the Faith to other people in eleven foreign countries—Jamaica, Baghdad, Ceylon, India, China, the Philippines, Alaska, British Honduras, Yoro, Japan, and the Caroline and Marshall Islands.

It is fitting, too, that 17 of the 107 departures should go to the Indian missions in our Northern and Western states to continue a work which the Martyrs began, namely, the conversion of the Indians.

To the Philippines went the largest number of American Jesuit missionaries—43 in all. This figure includes only those who sailed from June to October of this year. During the twelve month period from October, 1945 to October, 1946 a total of 60 Jesuits left for the Philippines. They came from the New York and Maryland Provinces, and they face the huge task of trying to rebuild this great mission devastated by war.

Two new mission territories were added this year to the seven foreign missions traditionally staffed by American Jesuits. The Fathers of the Missouri Province were given the Department of Yoro in Spanish Honduras in Central America,—with a population of 78,000 souls. The Marshall and Caroline Islands in the Pacific received an American Superior and Apostolic Administrator in the person of Very Rev. Vincent I. Kennally, S.J. He will have as his assistant in the task of helping the Spanish Jesuits on these islands Father Edwin McManus, S.J., ex-Philippine missionary, and more recently a Chaplain in the U. S. Army.

One of them, Father Charles Robinson, S.J. was the

To JAMAICA: B. W. I.: Fathers Robert I. Burke, Joseph J. Crowley, James J. Dolan, William F. Dwyer, Charles A. Mac Mullan, Thomas O'Connor, and John J. Sullivan. To JAPAN: Father Charles Robinson. To the PHILIPPINE ISLANDS: Fathers Lino F. Banayad, James G. Blewett, Thomas B. Cannon, Maximo David, Bernard F. Doucette, Gaston L. Duchesneau, Raymond V. Gough, Lorenzo Guerrero, Ernest P. Hartnett, William L. Hayes, George B. Hoch, Walter B. Hogan, Paul B. Hugendobler, George A. Kirchgessner, Jose de Manuel, Cesar Maravilla, John V. McFadden, Maurice A. Mudd, Pedro Pascua, Thomas H. Reilly, Leo W. Welch, J. Edward Wasil, Joseph H. Bittner, Theodore Daigler, Walter J. Hamilton, Walter F. Hyland, Joseph F. Kerr, Bernard M. Lochboehler, Vincent de P. O'Beirne, Philip H. O'Neill, and Martin L. Zillig; Messrs. William J. Ahern, James J. Finley, Herbert T. Kane, Francis X. Lynch, Paul E. Sheehan, John J. Carroll, Joseph P. Del Tufo, Daniel A. Grosso, Robert J. Fitzpatrick, Frederic J. Kelly, Bartholomew P. Lahiff, and Justus R. Wieman. To ALASKA: Fathers James U. Conwell, Donald G. McDonald, Robert L. Wheelan, Mr. Joseph B. Danel, and Brother Robert Benish. To BAGHDAD, IRAQ: Fathers Sidney MacNeil,

Thomas B. Mulvehill and John J. Williams; Messrs. William J. Larkin, and Paul Nash. To BRITISH HONDURAS, and SPANISH HONDURAS: Fathers John C. Murphy, James O'Neil, Aloysius M. Smith, Omar Sullivan, and Gorge R. Toruño, Mr. Francis Bakewell, and Brother Walter Winkler. To CEYLON: Fathers Godfrey Cook, Claude R. Daly, John W. Lange, and Joseph V. Sommers, Messrs. Peter C. Beach, Alfonso del Marmol, and Brother Everard J. Booth. To SHANGHAI, CHINA: Father William Ryan, Messrs. John W. Clifford, G. V. Donohoe, F. J. Foley, George Wong, and Brother J. E. Finnegan. To the CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS: Very Rev. Vincent I. Kennally, and Father Edwin G. McManus. To INDIA: Fathers John Barrett and Francis L. Martinsek, Messrs. William G. Goudreau, Francis M. Moore, G. E. Murphy, Eugene L. Watrin, and Francis J. Wieman. To the INDIANS in the UNITED STATES: Fathers Thomas W. Cummings, Leo A. Doyle, Harold A. Fuller, Robert M. Demeyer, Burton J. Fraser, Philip Froehes, Godfrey J. Heger, Joseph C. Lawless, Harold Buckley, Francis Duffy, William Benn, Arnold Custer, John Balfe, and Karl Kertz. Messrs. Frederick E. Schuller, Bernard Fagan, and Brother Henry J. Guenther.

The

Ends of the World

Calvert Alexander, S.J.

first Chaplain to enter Japan with our occupation forces. A former professor in the Catholic University of Tokyo, he was, because of his knowledge of Japanese, detached from the Battleship *Missouri* to act as interpreter in the first force that went ashore to liberate Allied prisoners of war. Returning to America, he had hardly finished his terminal leave before he was on his way back to Japan as a missionary.

Another, Father Thomas B. Cannon, S.J., became a Chaplain during the war and always hoped that he would be sent to his beloved Philippines. The Army, however, had other ideas, and shipped him to Italy where he served with the famous Tenth Mountain Division, winning the Bronze Star for gallantry. But he is in the Philippines today, the Dean of the Jesuit University, Ateneo de Manila. Quonset huts temporarily replace its beautiful buildings destroyed by the war, and Father Cannon has been given the task of rebuilding the institution to its former glory.

To most of the departing missionaries, however, the business of leaving their native land for India, or China, or Iraq, or Alaska, or Ceylon was a new and awesome experience. To break ties that bind one to home and family, to sail away to a strange shore, there to live among unfamiliar people, and meet unknown

elements of hardship and danger—this is not an easy thing. But it is an experience common to all missionaries. Isaac Jogues, Goupil and Lalande felt it when they sailed from France to the wilderness of America more than 300 years ago no less than their brother American Jesuits of today.

This year, the 300th anniversary of the martyrdom of Isaac Jogues and his companions at Auriesville gave to the 107 departing missionaries a special element of inspiration. It is impossible to look back over the three centuries that separate us from the days of their early labors here without being impressed by the remarkable fruitfulness of the missionary vocation which the progress of the Faith in our land presents. As the first canonized saints who labored in the United States, they symbolize not only the pioneer apostles to America but all those heroic missionary priests, brothers and sisters who followed them and built up in our nation what is today the most powerful and influential body of the faithful in Christ's Kingdom.

What has been accomplished in America by missionaries from Europe can be accomplished with God's help by missionaries from America to other lands throughout the world. This is America's high destiny as envisioned by the departing missionaries today.

Nanking Revival

Eugene E. Fahy, S.J.



In a dilapidated, bomb-shaken house, a Ruler who remained to console his subjects during their suffering welcomes back those who were forced to flee.

It is Sunday morning, May 5th. Nanking is officially celebrating the return of the Central Government after its war-time exile in Chungking. The capital has been a beehive of activity, day and night, preparing for this celebration. Colorful P'ai Lou's, reminiscent of picturesque Peiping and the glories of the ancient Chinese dynasties, have appeared as if by magic. Crowds are now thronging along Government Road beneath these arches and pouring into the parade ground beside the modern, stately National Assembly Hall: military and police units in orderly ranks, crowding civilians jostling for a favorite place. And this goes on for hours. At the appointed time the diplomats are ushered onto the gayly decorated platform. And Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek amid a roar of applause stands before the microphone to address his people.

At the same time on the opposite side of Government Road another Ruler is being heralded, but One whose Kingdom is not of this world. A dilapidated bomb-shaken house, reminiscent of the stable at Bethlehem, shelters Him. A tinkling bell announces His presence, for Mass is being celebrated. From His monstrance throne He speaks to the hearts of His people, but He speaks not of a return from exile. No puppet government drove Him from His tabernacle. The armies attacked, shells burst, the skies rained bombs. But He remained. He remained to console

His subjects during their suffering; He remained to welcome back those who had been forced to flee.

It is regrettable that He cannot have a more suitable chapel in which to receive His own, but, with a great shortage of houses and scarcity of materials, building costs are prohibitive. And our war-torn compound is in sad need of rebuilding. Bombs aimed at the Kuomintang Hall opposite leveled the Fathers' house to the ground. The material loss we thus suffered was not small but the destruction of this house especially grieved us. It was this building which was hallowed by the martyrdom of two French priests shot on its steps a few years previously. A stone beside it commemorated the residence of Father Ricci, S.J., in Nanking over 300 years ago.

THE Fathers now occupy a sorry residence, but sorer still is the fact that its front room must serve as a chapel for the King of Hosts. Hardly a representative Catholic Church for the capital of China. Sundays find its four Masses, three for the Chinese and one for the American servicemen, overcrowded. Father O'Brien, the Mission Superior, is at his wit's end searching for a way to better this condition, especially with the tropical heat of summer fast approaching. But despite its poverty the faithful do not complain. They appreciate the Truth with or without adornment. Nor did the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop

(Left) In Nanking the Ricci College Scouts hold a smart review on the college field. (Right) Bishop Cote, Archbishop Zanin, the Apostolic Delegate, and Bishop Yu Pin (l. to r.) gave high praise to the Scouts on their visitation to war damaged Ricci.

Zanin, on his visitation of Ricci College find fault, understanding well the tremendous difficulties that the French Jesuits overcame to keep the Middle School operating during the war, and appreciating too the splendid work of the Chinese secular clergy in establishing a grammar school to occupy the buildings.

No, the faithful did not complain, nor did the Apostolic Delegate. But the Nanking officials did. Their duties forced them to view our tumbling compound from other than the spiritual aspect. The National Assembly Hall was tastefully decorated. So should be its neighbor, Ricci College. Mayor Ma paid an official visit. Father Murphy tried unsuccessfully to limit his tour of inspection to the more unsightly parts of the enclosure. Better not to advertise glassless windows, fallen walls, dormitories with young tenants but without beds. Someone was hastily dispatched to make sure the parlor floor was not littered with ceiling plaster before the honored guest should enter. But the Mayor's was an all-seeing eye. The interview was short and to the point.

"Of course these buildings will be repaired," politely presumed His Honor, waving a careless hand toward the plasterless laths standing out like a skeleton's ribs. More of Fr. Murphy's hairs turned gray at the vision of the millions of dollars of the local currency that these improvements would entail.

"Of course you will replace the fallen wall at the back of the property," continued the Mayor with a significant look. Estimates had already been received for that when heavy rains undermined and toppled over a section of the mud and brick wall. We had haggled the contractor down to \$2,900,000! Even at the exchange of 2000 to 1, it was no small sum in U. S. gold and money was sorely needed for a chapel. Meanwhile the neighbors' laundry was encroaching on the boys' playing field. A local carpenter set up shop on the grounds. Prowlers, human and otherwise, paid us nocturnal visits.

"And we should like to remove part of the front wall to make a circular driveway for the National Assembly Hall," concluded the Mayor. This meant removing two small buildings necessary for the school. "Granted," answered Fr. Murphy adroitly, "upon the condition that you move the buildings to the rear of the property,"—thus killing two birds with one stone by blocking out the space where the wall had fallen.

The proposition was agreed upon but it never materialized. The time element entered in, it being too close to the day of the celebration to complete the work. Instead, a temporary frame some forty feet



high was erected, successfully screening some of our eyesores from public view. And the wall was fixed. Eventually we were forced to stand the expense ourselves and let the other crying needs go on crying.

As for the bomb-shaken Fathers' house it matters little. Under prevailing conditions, it is no great hardship to live in a tumbled down shack. The Fathers' house is of little importance. The house of God is of far greater concern. It hurts to receive Him in such poor and inadequate surroundings. He will not refuse to come, He Who first wrapped Himself in the poverty of Bethlehem. The faithful will not refuse to enter, regretting that the ravages of war prevent them from bettering the condition. But is it giving Almighty God His just due to receive Him in such poor surroundings? St. Joseph shall give the answer. It has been placed in his hands.

Next Month

Father Lassalle, the first victim of the Hiroshima atom bomb to visit the United States has been our guest at *Jesuit Missions*. He is a tall man and so thin he almost looks fragile; so jolly and affable he seems never to have known a worry. Actually he is Superior of the 100 Jesuits in Japan, an important mission in this most critical hour of the far eastern Church. Father Lassalle's own story will appear next month.

+

Francis W. Sweeney, S.J. was once a lyric poet at Holy Cross College. That was before he became a Jesuit. Hagiography is his forte now. He was the first to offer to write about the newly canonized-to-be Saint Bernardino Realino, S.J. Bernardino was to be declared a saint along with John de Britto, S.J. and St. Francesca Cabrini. Canonization was postponed until next year.

+

Walt Disney's men have gone up to Alaska looking for background material. Father John Fox, S.J. was able to dig up some quaint items for them. And in the course of his "research" he uncovered a real good account of marriage customs among earlier Eskimos.

+

Father Coffey of St. Stephen's, Wyoming, writes of Indian lore.

Father Kearney of China breaks a long, long silence (internment and the aftermath) to write our first account of American soldiers in that troubled land.

+

Deep in the forests of Honduras (Spanish Honduras, as we call it to distinguish it from British Honduras to the north) is the large province of Yoro. Yoro is an interesting country, and particularly so for a small band of American Jesuits who have just been asked by the Holy See to enter the territory and carry on there the grand work of British Honduras. The Missouri Province now has the new mission of Yoro. The first account will appear next month.

John de Britto

by **ROBERT P. PHALEN, S.J.**

“**T**HEN we must strike!” It was the year 1685 and the Christian Panchamas were considering the advice of their priest. Violent persecution had resulted from the imprudent zeal of the newly-baptized catechumens. Angered by broken idols the Brahmins had obtained from the chief minister permission to seize and imprison all Christians. Bribing minor officials they had succeeded in shutting off any access to the Raja who would surely have given his Christian subjects a favorable hearing. The strike was a last resort. The animal tenders refused to feed the elephants and horses. The resulting confusion came to the attention of the Raja and he ordered an investigation which resulted in vindication and freedom for the Christians.



New Missioner Saint

THE PRIEST WHO BECAME A BRAHMIN FOR CHRIST

The advice to strike was characteristic of Father John de Britto. In his eighteen years of service on the Madura mission, he showed himself a resourceful successor of St. Francis Xavier.

John was born on the first of March, 1647, the last of four children. When he was nine years of age he and his two brothers were sent as pages to the royal court. While here it is most likely that he attended the Jesuit college of St. Anthony. He showed himself a diligent student in spite of his poor health. John was but fourteen years of age when he made known to the Provincial his desire to become a Jesuit. A year later, having obtained the approval and permission of his mother and the royal court, he entered the novitiate. During the years of study that followed he had frequently to interrupt his work or move to another city because of his poor health.

He was teaching at St. Anthony's in Lisbon when he met Father da Costa, procurator of the Madura mission who was in Europe to report on the mission and secure supplies, financial assistance and more laborers for the fields of Southern India. John was among the first to volunteer.

On July 30th, 1674, he arrived at Kollai his first assignment on the Madura Mission. At this time the mission was in its prime. It was more than sixty years since Father Robert de Nobili, S.J., had introduced the method of evangelization which meant the difference between success and failure. De Nobili had arrived in Madura in 1606. He had been assigned to assist Father Fernandez, S.J., who, after eleven years of mission work, had yet to baptize his first convert. Both priests agreed that there was no hope of making any headway unless something could be done to overcome the great stumbling block of caste. This caste system roughly divided the eight million people into four groups: Brahmins, the priests or teachers; Kshatriya, the warriors; Vaisyas, the merchants; and the Sudra, the trade or agricultural caste. But the real evil of this system is to be realized only when one appreciates the lot of those poor wretches who could not claim membership in any caste. These Panchamas were despised, ill-treated, without the law, in short, their status was less than that of animals. They could not live within the village limits or have any dealings with a member of any caste.

Because they employed these people as servants and otherwise dealt with them, the Portuguese also were

considered by the Indians as loathsome, casteless individuals. "Feringhi," they termed all foreigners. In a letter to Europe Father de Britto summarized the difficulties with which the missionaries had to contend. He wrote, "To be a pupil of a Feringhi is held here to be a greater disgrace than to be whipped or branded with red-hot iron in punishment for a crime. To have received baptism from the hands of a Feringhi means disgrace indelible . . . only those who are on an equal footing with the Brahmin in nobility of birth, can learn and teach the law of God and any other knowledge."

Father de Nobili was the first to take the drastic action necessary if the Church was to win out in India. He moved to another locality and presented himself as a Sannyassi—a member of a Brahmin caste whose penitential life placed them in the highest esteem of all the people. He conformed himself, as far as possible in keeping with Catholic doctrine, to their manner of life. He adapted their garband, adhered to their diet—one meal a day, consisting of a small quantity of rice and some herbs or fruit. Finally he confined his public activity to the higher castes though in secret he continued to serve the Panchamas.

IN the course of time modifications were made in this revolutionary method and when Father de Britto began his apostolate he appeared as a Pandaram-Swami, an ascetic of a lower caste. Members of this caste could deal even with outcasts without losing prestige. In diet and apparel their lives however were almost as rigorous as the Sannyassi they cleverly imitated.

After two years during which he perfected his knowledge of the native language and experienced again and again the deep-seated hatred of the Brahmins for this foreign religion, Father de Britto was placed in charge of the southern section of the mission. There followed years of intense activity in the midst of a country suffering constantly from wars, famine, pestilence and floods. His life was always in danger, yet he was indefatigable, devoting his nights to the Christians and his days to the heathen. In one year he baptized one thousand and three catechumens. In the year 1685 he was appointed Superior of the whole mission. The office added not only responsibility but also further travels and hardships to the missioner. A year later he entered the State

of Marava which had been closed to any apostolic endeavor. In the two months that elapsed before he was seized, de Britto succeeded in baptizing two thousand and seventy catechumens—in the interval catechists had not been idle.

Once captured the missionary had to endure many trials—being severely beaten and subjected to the water torture. Once after being flogged until he bled, Father de Britto was rolled to and fro on a jagged rock which was a veritable furnace from the burning rays of the sun to which it was exposed all day. For continued refusal to call upon Shiva he was condemned to be hacked to pieces and impaled. The peremptory summons of his executioners to the de-

St. John de Britto, Jesuit missionary of India, martyred in 1693

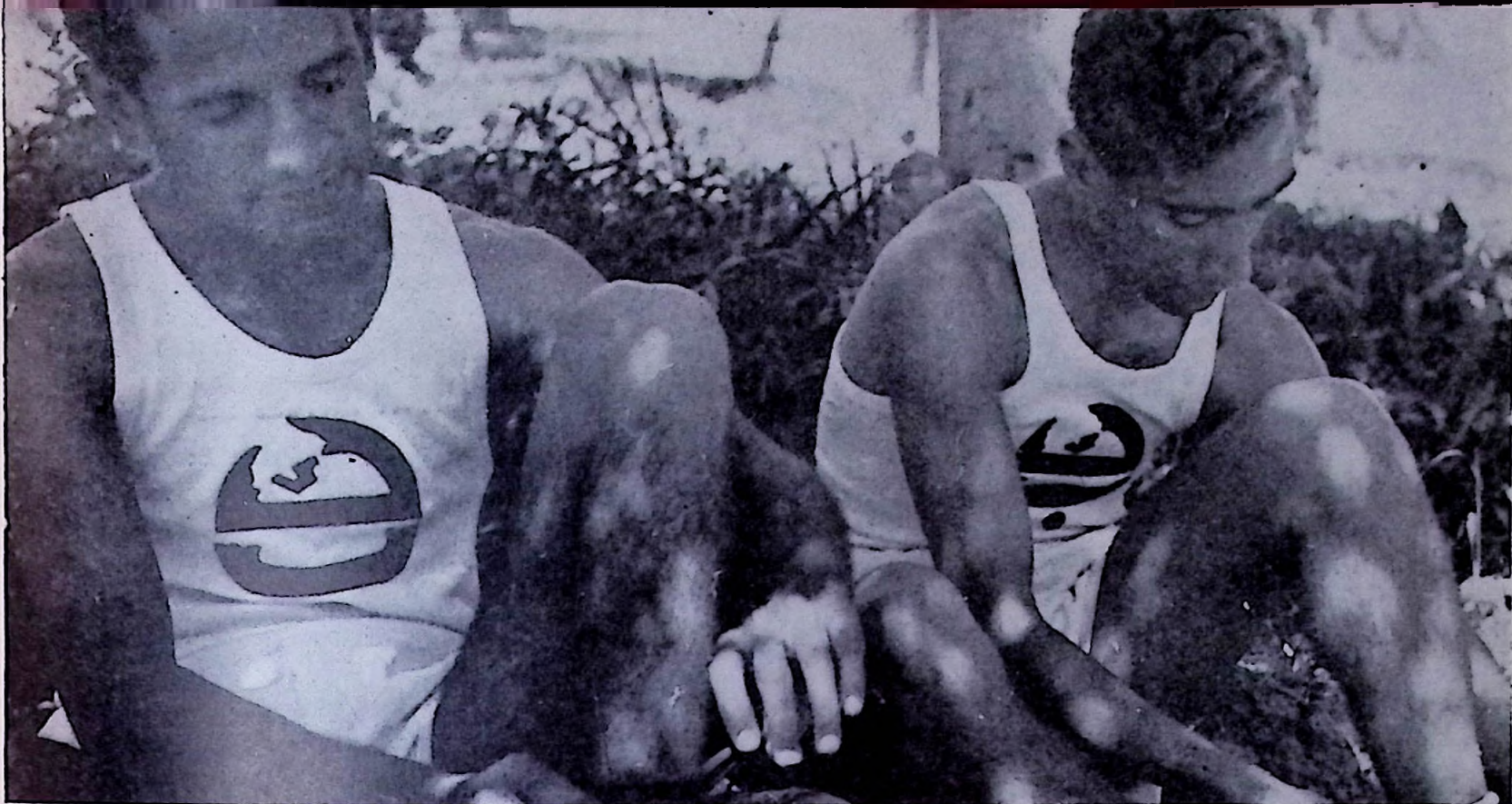


fense of their Raja was all that saved him. When the danger had passed and the Raja could sit in judgment he set the prisoner free with the warning that a religion which did not permit polygamy, robbery or idolatry was not for his people and should the prisoner again attempt to preach the Catholic Faith he would be put to death. Under orders from his Provincial, de Britto retired to another village.

Shortly after this he was appointed Procurator, an office which required a trip to Europe in the interest of the Mission. Late in 1686 he set sail and arrived in Lisbon in September of the following year. News of his imprisonment and torture had preceded him, and everywhere he was hailed as a brave confessor. The king, his former playmate and companion, sought by every means to prevent his return to Madura—he wanted his advice and counsel in Portugal. But de Britto was determined to go back to the Mission and after a delay of two years and eight months, he was told to make ready for the journey.

It was March, 1691, when de Britto finally returned to his mission. Three months later he was appointed Visitor. The duties of this office completed, he prepared to return to the Province of Marava. In the fifteen months that remained to him before his death, he baptized more than four thousand. By keeping on the move and meeting his catechumens in the dense forests, he was able to elude the police. His life was constantly in danger, yet conversions increased. Among these was a prince of the royal family who dismissed four of his wives before his baptism. One of the wives sent away was the niece of the Raja. Upon her complaint the Uncle immediately dispatched soldiers to apprehend Father de Britto. Urged on by the Brahmins, he was determined to make an example of the priest and frighten the natives into apostasy. On the eighth of January, 1693, the missionary was seized. At the hands of his captors he suffered cruelly. At court the Brahmins clamored loudly for his death, accusing him of sorcery and stating that because of him the idols were no longer worshipped. He would have been put to death immediately but for the intervention of the recently converted prince who pleaded for de Britto and the Catholic Faith. Fearing an uprising among the people if he openly defied the prince, the Raja sent de Britto as a captive to the governor of a neighboring village. To him word was secretly sent to execute the missionary.

On the fourth of February, 1693, these instructions were carried out. Led to the place of execution, Father de Britto was permitted a minute of prayer. Then the executioner stepped forward, and with a swift stroke ended the earthly career of the apostle. Hands and feet were hacked off, and head and trunk were impaled upon a stake where the martyr had said his last prayer. So died a valiant apostle, one of the most successful of the seventeenth century.



Baghdad College Wins Its

Joseph P. Connell, S.J.

Letter

IF we want something in real earnest, we pray. In addition, we sometimes inaugurate a contest, which has a way of arousing a competitive spirit out of which ideas are born. This year we wanted a school letter in Arabic. Prayerfully, we announced a contest to find a lettered insignia, which would be attached to athletic uniforms and represent *Kulliat Baghdad*, the Arabic equivalent of *Baghdad College*. The school letter, so much a part of American life, has yet to make its appearance in the Arabic world of organized sport. Thus our students lack previous experience of athletic insignia. So it was inevitable that the first few entrants should submit intricate designs cast against backgrounds of palms, sunsets and riverboats.

We stressed simplicity of design. Our insignia must be legible to the point that a spectator can pick out the letter unerringly from the jersey as our athlete speeds past the stands in the 100-meter dash. Our insignia must be plain and avoid practical difficulties for the craftsmen who cut and attach the design to the uniforms. It must be so representative of Arab culture that it will in no way offend the taste of Arabs, who for centuries have cultivated calligraphy as a fine and intricate art. We insisted that all our efforts would be in vain, if the design were not attractive enough to excite admiration and imitation.

Once the features of the contest were grasped, the results were most gratifying. Students with an artistic bent devoted hours to their pens and colored inks. Less

talented students sought professional aid, and we had the satisfaction of knowing that the best artists in Baghdad were enlisted for the contest. Entries poured in daily.

One hundred and fifteen entries were accepted. Five judges made a preliminary selection of the insignia which combined all the required elements. Then another five judges made a further selection. When their choice had narrowed to three designs, these models were given to a professional artist to be touched up and drawn in proportion.

The judges' decision was finally made in favor of the initial letters of the Arabic equivalent of Baghdad College. The two letters are *Kaf* for *Kulliat*, and *Ba* for *Baghdad*. Four pieces are needed to preserve the integrity of these two letters. Immediately the eye discerns *Kaf* resting above *Ba*.

The contest rewarded our search for athletic insignia. But we may not relax our prayer, for there remains the unenviable task of the craftsman in attaching the insignia. Local tailors refuse the job, due to the precision work involved and due to our reputation for accepting no shoddy results. We pleaded a long time before our own talented Baghdad tailor agreed to sew the insignia on two jerseys by way of models, shown above. We have entrusted the task to U. S. sporting-goods factories, which have at their disposal all the facilities of modern machinery and processing. If they are able to meet the challenge, we shall see one more of our pioneering attempts realized.

New OPERATION

With 1477 scattered islands for a vicariate, this is not a desk job.

Crossroads

Clement J. Armitage, S.J.

FATHER VINCENT KENNALLY, S.J., the new Superior of the Caroline and Marshall Islands and Administrator Apostolic, is a man very much at home in the islands of the Pacific. Since 1932 he has been a missionary in the Philippines, first at Misamis, then at Cagayan in Mindanao. He was Master of Novices at Novaliches for some years and held that position when the war came. Released from internment at San Tomas, he returned to Novaliches where he received word of his latest appointment. Recently we had the opportunity of interviewing him.

"If I had been in charge of 'Operation Crossroads,' " he smiled, "I would have insisted that as many islands as possible be included in the test. After all, there are 577 islands in the Carolines, while the Marshalls are really 32 groups, made up of almost 900 coral reefs. I'm sure a few of these could be spared."

"For the one thing that impressed me most," he continued, "in the inspection trip I made some months ago, was the number of islands and the distance from one to the other. For instance, Kwajelin in the Marshalls is pretty much in the center of the group. Yet to Eniwetok or to Kusaie (which are not the farthest away in the group) I must travel over 400 miles. It is over a thousand miles from Kwajelein to Truk in the Carolines—and the Marianas are even farther away.

On Saipan a captain, nuns and Chamorros kneel during mass.



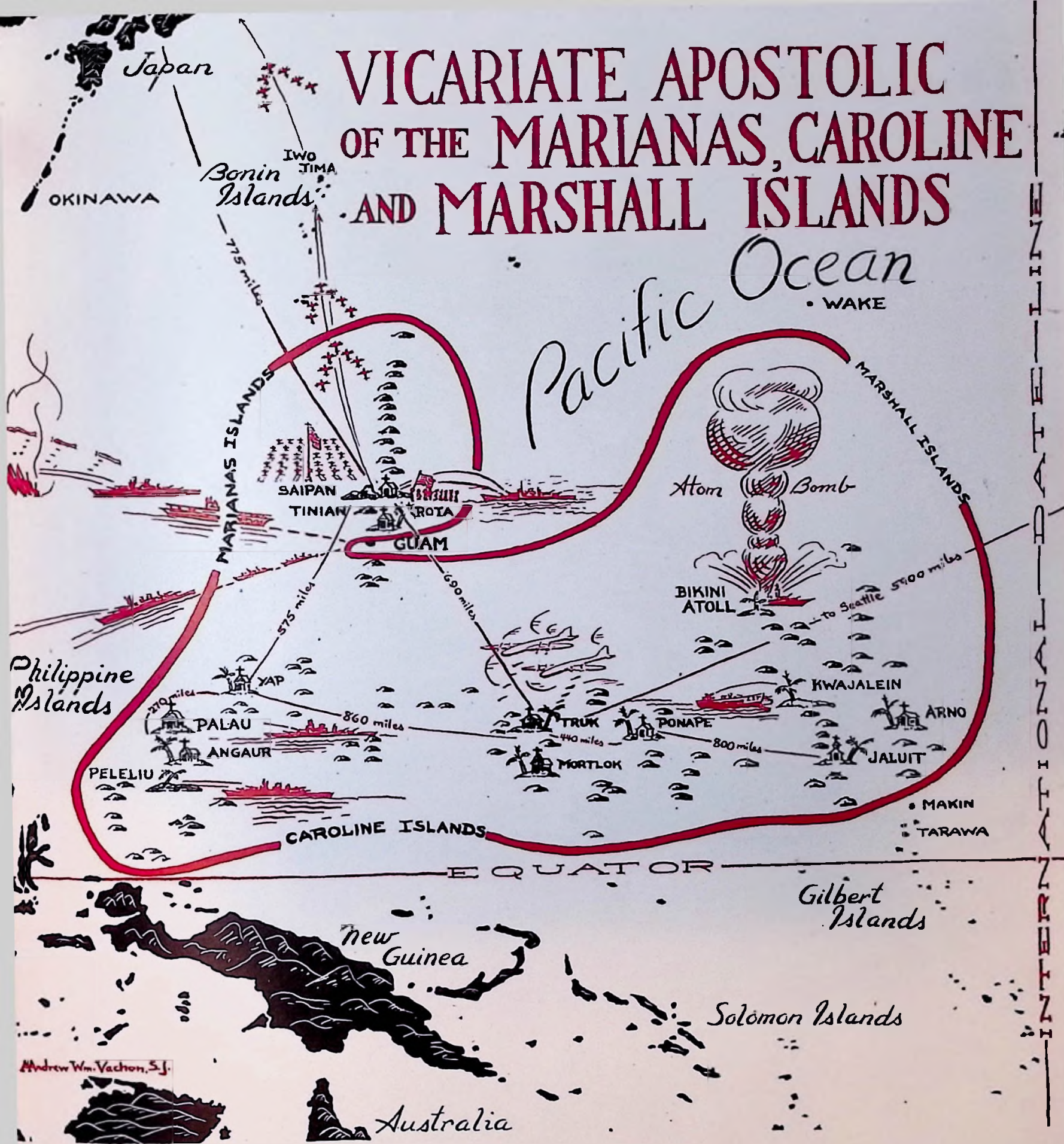
Why, on my trip I travelled over 4200 miles by plane and also took an LST for 400 miles from Truk to Ponape and yet I saw only six mission stations! So you can understand that this is not exactly a desk job that I have."

"Neither the Caroline nor the Marshall Islands are as far advanced from our viewpoint as the Marianas, farther north. For three centuries missionary work has been going on at Saipan and Tinian and for the last 200 years practically all the natives have been Catholic; so the Marianas have a Christian foundation that only needs building upon. In the Carolines the first Catholic missionary work began only about 60 years ago and was restricted to the main islands of Yap, Palau and Ponape. Then there were difficulties owing to the change of sovereignty, the Spanish missionaries being replaced by Germans who in turn were expelled by the Japanese. Finally in 1920 the Spanish Jesuits took over the three groups of islands. But working under the Japanese mandate couldn't have been very pleasant for those fathers. The Japanese didn't want them to have anything to do with the education of youth and you can't make any progress in a pagan country unless the children are reared in a Christian atmosphere. It soon became clear that the policy of the Japanese was to place so many obstacles in the way that the missionaries would leave the islands. I have the greatest respect for those men who in the face of tremendous difficulties refused to abandon the people entrusted to them."

When he said that I couldn't help remembering how this slim, keen-eyed missionary had himself scorned possible escape and quietly returned through the Japanese lines to Manila and the internment camp.

"We know now what happened during the war," Fr. Kennally went on. "Almost all of our churches and houses were occupied by the military. No missionary activity was allowed and even religious worship was suppressed. Towards the end of the war seven of our missionaries were put to death. This meant that the Marshall Islands and Yap and Palaus in the Carolines were completely destitute of priests. Many of the men left are broken in health after the privations and sufferings which they went through before the war and during it. The mission on Jaluit in the Marshalls has had no priest for six years and the entire plant, church, house and school, were destroyed in the American invasion. The same situation holds true at all the other

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF THE MARIANAS, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS



missions. The Japanese tore down all the churches and schools in order to use the materials for their own construction."

"So you can see what we must do. We must start from the ground up. Most of our mission possessions—furniture, books, vestments, sacred vessels—have been stolen or destroyed. The greatest need of the moment is the presence of new missionaries to take the place of those who have fallen and to help those who have survived before they too succumb. We are looking to the Provinces of the United States to supply these.

Then we have the task of reorganizing the Christian settlements, of restoring or inaugurating Christian life. Finally, it is necessary to undertake the rebuilding of churches and houses. I'm afraid this last will have to go slowly because of the great expense entailed and the present financial condition.

"So I guess," concluded Fr. Kennally with his quick smile, "that when you speak of 'Operation Crossroads' you can put the emphasis on the 'Cross.' But we're going to rely on our favorite source of energy, the grace of God which has never yet failed us."



(Top left) A tribute from one guerrilla to another as Jaime Neri S.J., former Colonel in the Filipino Army, hails the Concord Minute Man with a captured Samurai sword presented to him by loyal followers. Theology at Weston College now is not so exciting. (Top right) In Nanking, China, Fathers Murphy, Pope, LeSage, Fahy and O'Hara stand on the roof of Ricci

College with the Kuomintang Hall for a background. In this issue of Jesuit Missions Fr. Fahy tells of recent developments at Ricci in "Nanking Revival". (Bottom) Father Joseph Reith, S.J., former business manager of Jesuit Missions and now assigned to the mission of Talisayan, Oriental Misamis, Philippine Islands, prepares for another "jip trip," as the boys call it.

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

THE FIRST INDIAN BISHOP OF BOMBAY has been appointed by the Holy See. His Excellency, Most Rev. Valerian Gracias, former Rector of the pro-cathedral of the Holy Name, has been named Auxiliary Bishop of Bombay, to assist Archbishop Roberts, S.J. who expressed his appreciation at the news. "In south India where," the Most Rev. Archbishop states, "the Holy See has been able, by reason of the large number of Catholics and of other favorable conditions, to put into full effect its policy of Indianization, there are now 18 Indian Bishops. Only now has the north received one of its own sons."

FATHER HENRY A. COFFEY, S.J., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus, August 15th. The twelfth of July also marked the completion of Fr. Coffey's twenty-fifth year in the Philippine Mission. He was born May 13th, 1876 in Ashbrook, County Roscommon, Ireland. He entered the Society at Frederick, Maryland in August, 1896. He was ordained at Woodstock by Cardinal Gibbons on July 30, 1911, and taught Hebrew there for seven years. In July 1921 he arrived in the Philippines. He taught theology at Vigan for four years and at Manila for nine years. From 1933 to 1936 he was Superior of the Mission. Fr. Coffey is now on the faculty at Novaliches. Ad multos annos!

FOR THE FIRST TIME in modern history the Holy See has sent a message to Japan's Catholic hierarchy. The apostolic letter from Pope Pius XII is believed to be the first since the closing years of the sixteenth century, when the famous mission from Nagasaki to Rome brought back a message for Japanese Catholics. The message was delivered during the Mass held in Hibiya public hall, Tokyo, signaling the arrival in that city of Bishop John F. O'Hara and Bishop Michael J. Ready, who surveyed for the hierarchy of America religious conditions in Japan. On their return to this country the two prelates voiced an enthusiastic hope for the Church all over the Orient. But they pointed out that "it lies with American Catholicism to see to it that we do not have another case of 'too little, too late'" in the efforts to realize the opportunities for the Church.

THE FIRST THREE NATIVE PRIESTS for the Vicariate of Leopoldville in the Belgian Congo were ordained last June. Although they are the first in this mission land a strong and well-trained native clergy is being fostered. There are 1300 native pupils attending the junior seminary and 326 in the senior

seminary. The Belgian Congo now has 2,700,000 Catholics with 900,000 catechumens under instruction.

BISHOP ALONSO E. ESCALANTE, M.M., Vicar Apostolic of Pando in northeast Bolivia, returned to this country during the summer. The Bishop reported that since he took over the vicariate four years ago parishes have been increased from 2 to 14 and 15 chapels have been built. He has under him a staff of 16 priests, one brother, and ten sisters. Of the 50,000 people there nearly all are Catholics. The chief problem to be met in the jungle vicariate, the bishop said, is the same as that in all South America—the formation of a native clergy. Just before he left his headquarters at Riberalta, Bishop Escalante purchased a 200-acre tract for an agricultural experiment farm in order to encourage greater interest in scientific farming among the people.

THE RIOTS IN AHMEDABAD, one of the most important cotton mill centers, emphasize the increasing unrest that is tearing India asunder today. In Ahmedabad is located one of the strongholds of Catholicism. Since the last decade of the nineteenth century the Jesuits of the Province of Aragon have labored there so successfully that today there are well over one hundred schools and some 47 mission centers in Ahmedabad. All these are endangered by the recent developments in India, which include anti-missionary movements and the enacting of measures prejudicial to Catholic schools.

ARCHBISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING of Boston formally introduced into his archdiocese the Society of African Missions. During the summer he blessed the society's new Queen of the Apostles Seminary in Dedham, Mass. The site was acquired by the Fathers a year ago and will serve as a junior seminary and novitiate for aspirants to the priesthood for the Society's missions in Africa.

PERSECUTION OF THE CLERGY AND FAITHFUL at the hands of Communists and other extremists enrolled under the flag of nationalism in Indo-China is reflected in reports received. Three Annamite priests have been slain in the Vicariate Apostolic of Vink-Long in Cochin and in the same region churches and villages were burnt by the radicals. Communists threatened to destroy the Cistercian Monastery where Bishop Tu, the new Annamite Ordinary of Phat-Diem, had sought refuge. At Tan-Qui in Cochin a mob of several hundred people massacred the Christians.

Mission

Anthony G.
Schirmann, S.J.

Message from Fatima

IT was the end of spring, 1916. Three little shepherd children, Lucy dos Santos, a girl of nine, and her cousins, Jacinta Marto, a girl of six, and her brother Francis, only eight, had taken refuge in a cave to escape a sudden shower. While there they prayed their rosary, little dreaming that they would one day bring a missionary message to the world from Our Lady of Fatima. Scarcely had they left the cave after reciting the rosary when they were approached by a dazzling white figure proclaiming to be the Angel of Peace and telling them not to be afraid. Then he knelt and, bowing low with all reverence until his forehead touched the ground, he uttered the following prayer thrice: "My God, I believe, I adore, I hope, I love You! I ask pardon for those who do not believe nor adore, nor hope, nor love You!" Then rising he said: "Pray thus. The holy Hearts of Jesus and Mary will allow themselves to be touched by your supplications."

That same summer the Angel of Peace appeared to the three little children again as they were saying the prayer he had taught them. This time he appeared holding aloft the Sacred Chalice surmounted by a Host from which Blood trickled into the Chalice. Leaving the Host and Chalice suspended in mid-air, he knelt beside the children and prayed thrice, as follows: "Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, I adore You profoundly! I offer, You the most precious Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ, present in all the tabernacles of the world, in reparation for all the outrages committed against It; and, by the infinite merits of His Sacred Heart, through the intercession of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I pray for the conversion of sinners!"

A year later, on July 13, 1917, Our Lady of the Rosary of Fatima, for whose message the Angel of Peace was only a precursor, appeared to the little shepherds. For an instant she showed them hell being filled with souls, then she enjoined the children to sacrifice themselves for sinners and in reparation for the offences committed against her Immaculate Heart. Then it was that she taught them this prayer which was to be said after each decade of the Rosary: "Oh Jesus, forgive us our sins, save us from the fire of hell, and lead all souls to heaven, especially those who most need Your mercy."



- At first glance the two triple prayers of the Angel of Peace and the rosary prayer of Our Lady of Fatima are beautiful but ordinary. After prayerful consideration they offer a wealth of missionary thought entrusted to the children of Fatima to spread through the world.

"My God, I believe, I adore, I hope, I love You! I ask pardon for those who do not believe, nor adore, nor hope, nor love You!" What a picture these few lines contain. The world stretches before us. How many there are who do not believe in God, nor adore Him, nor hope in His boundless mercy, nor love His Sacred Heart! It is a picture that embraces not only our neighbors who shrug their shoulders at the thought

of God, who lie in bed on Sunday morning when their knees should be bent in adoration of their Eucharistic King offered at Mass. Nor is the picture complete if we add to it conquered people driven to despair or their godless conquerors lifted aloft with presumption. Nor is the picture complete if we add to it those who have turned against their God to whom they must one day render their souls and give an account of the talents they have wasted, of the hatred they have held against their neighbors. No, the picture must be crowded with millions of people more. Africa, Asia, the Oceanic Isles with all their people who never heard of God must be included before the picture is complete. The godless tracts of Russia, the forbidden kingdom of Nepal, the lands of Islam where the Gospel may not be preached, where the missionary may not set his foot, must be added, and against them all one frail little voice is raised: "My God, I believe, I adore, I hope, I love You! I ask pardon for all those, who do not believe, nor adore, nor hope nor love You." And the frail little voice which the Angel of Peace assured Lucy of Fatima would touch the Hearts of Jesus and Mary must be mine!

THE prayer of the Angel of Peace to the Eucharistic Lord is likewise missionary in character as all prayers should be. "Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Spirit I profoundly adore You!" Yes, it was in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit that the Apostles were sent forth to the whole world to bring them the saving waters of baptism. It is in their name that pagans held in the thralldom of Satan for centuries have been added to the docile flocks of the Good Shepherd enjoying the lush pasturage of the word of truth. "I offer You the most precious Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Our Lord Jesus Christ, present in all the tabernacles of the world." Christ's Blood shed for all mankind is still offered daily on the altar. The sun is always shining on the Mass. From the rising of the sun to the going down the clean oblation is offered. From dawn till noon in the Eastern United States, Mass is being offered somewhere in the Americas. In the early afternoon priests are beginning the Holy Sacrifice in Alaska. Mid-afternoon finds churches echoing with the Gospel sung at Mass in the Pacific Isles. Supper hour for us finds the Chalice and Host held aloft in the Philippines, Japan and China, the late evening hours finds Christians in India and Iraq and the land of Mohammed kneeling to receive Communion at the hands of their missionary pastor. And while we close our eyes in sleep other eyes are opening to adore the Eucharistic Christ in the Dark Continent. This Eucharistic Christ present in all the tabernacles of the world we are to offer at the bidding of the Angel of Peace "in reparation for all the outrages committed against It and for the conversion of sinners."



Not unlike the prayer of the Angel is the prayer to be said after each decade of the Rosary which was taught to the children of Fatima and is practiced by so many clients of Our Lady today. "O Jesus, forgive us our sins, save us from the fire of hell, and lead all souls to heaven, especially those who most need Your mercy." This prayer is missionary in character too. "Lead all souls to heaven, especially those who most need Your mercy." What souls are more deserving of the mercy of God than those who worship in their ignorance false gods? What souls are more deserving of the mercy of Christ than those for whom He shed His Sacred Blood whose souls have not yet been cleansed by the baptismal waters? What souls are more deserving of the mercy of our compassionate Saviour than those who sit in the darkness of superstition and idolatry awaiting the light of the truth to be brought to their blind eyes that they too may see the goodness and mercy of their Saviour.

Lucy of Fatima has retired behind cloister walls as Sister Mary Lucy of Sorrows. The prayers which she learned at Fatima in the cova da Iria she still prays with a missionary's zeal. But we must not forget that she has left us a message—a prayer as wide in scope as the breadth of the world—a prayer that will speed the coming of the kingdom of Christ because it is a mission minded prayer.



Chivalry at LOS BANOS

by A "Nun in Prison"

Some months ago, Father James Reuter, S. J. wrote about the "Nuns in Prison" in the Philippines. One of those nuns replies with her tribute to the Priests

A chivalrous "Priest in Prison"

A VERY eulogistic article "Nuns in Prison" by James B. Reuter, S.J. has attracted wide attention and received much favorable comment. The internee nuns, however, feel that there are two sides to the picture but have not seen anything in praise of the priests who were interned at Los Banos.

The situation was rather unique. In no other Internment Camp throughout the Far East were there so many religious of both sexes. This was due to the fact that at first the Japanese in the P.I. permitted all missionaries—regardless of creed—to be interned in their own compounds. At the end, when the tides of war were running so strongly against them, the edict went forth that all must now be interned in the Camps. On July 8th, 1944, about 500 missionaries were "dumped" at Los Banos and given the hastily built barracks, prepared outside the already established Camp which housed about 1500. The new arrivals were not allowed any contact with the "old residents."

Father Reuter has amusingly told how the nuns managed to contrive many little conveniences, but their ingenuity would have been rather fruitless without the assistance given by the priests, brothers, and scholastics. Our barracks were poorly made—dirty—leaky. We had arrived just in time for the rainy season; the barracks had no doors. Who improvised them and kept the sweeping typhoons from our beds? One night, it is true, the torrent was so strong that it surged right down the middle aisle of one barracks, carrying along all the poor possessions of the nuns who lived there. But who came to the rescue? After the storm had subsided, who did some splendid engineering work, changing the slope of the road to divert future floods and

prevent similar accidents? The article casually states: "We built a box to store the water"—ah, what a blessed box that was and what a help!—but it doesn't mention the labor and skill required to construct a water tank out of materials that had to be salvaged from all kinds of possible—and impossible—places.

The segregation of the missionaries had one great advantage in permitting the non-Catholics to become acquainted—in many instances for the first time in their lives—with Catholic priests and nuns. One lady confided to us over the rice-picking that she always had thought Jesuits were such horrible people, but after knowing that splendid young Jesuit she realized what false ideas she had harbored. Sister inquired who this "remover of prejudice" was, only to hear in dulcet tones the name of one of the Maryknoll priests! The joke was too good to keep and quickly became a barracks classic.

We had very enjoyable "Community Sings," gatherings held in the evenings at which all joined in the chorus of popular songs while more talented internes furnished the program. Here the Jesuit Scholastics outdid themselves with their Glee Club and the Dutch Fathers gave us real treats of perfect choral art. A very talented young Benedictine proved to be a veritable "Pied Piper"—one never saw him without a crowd of children. He was an accomplished ventriloquist and most generous in doing "Charlie McCarthy."

From July 8th to October 7th we lived this happy, busy community life. "Zion City" or "Vatican City," as the old internes jestingly dubbed our quarters, had been transformed from an overgrown, roadless "dump" into a neat, well-kept little town with several well-

made roads. All this was the result of the hard, fatiguing labor of the missionaries. Then our amiable jailers decided the segregation could cease; the fence was torn down, and there was a grand re-arrangement of everything! We no longer had our own kitchen; now all cooking was done at the central kitchen—a long way from our section, and the food was sent to the individual barracks by men named for the purpose. The priests generously brought our food up. Not only did they bring it, but they served it—an arduous task despite the fact that the quantity was daily decreasing. As the quantity varied—but the number of diners did not—the amount to be given to each person had to be gauged. When this was left to the eye the result was that the first comers got a good portion but the end of the line got slim rations, or none at all. Thanks to the care of the priests such a thing never happened to us. They devised a measuring stick—so many portions to an inch—and this prevented shortages. It also provided much opportunity for merriment and jokes; we wish some of the clever sketches given during those first couple of months would be published.

FATHER REUTER praises the cheerfulness of the nuns but the above will give a slight idea of how much they had to thank the priests and brothers for. The biggest boon, naturally, was spiritual and how describe the solace our barracks chapel was? The first one had been wonderfully transformed. Through the efforts of a young La Salette priest who was a finished carpenter, it even had a complete floor. Our second chapel—the dirtiest, most dilapidated barracks on the place—was never able to be much improved, but what hours of happiness it afforded us! The many many Masses each morning, Benediction and Rosary every afternoon, to say nothing of weekly Holy Hours and splendid Sunday sermons, with a question box every Friday evening. A stirring mission was given for the seculars; many lapsed Catholics returned to their duties; marriages were rectified; and a number of splendid conversions took place.

In spite of Father Reuter's praise of the nuns, the splendid morale of the entire Camp was sustained by the priests and brothers. From our Bishops—we had two, both Dutch—to the last aspirant for the priesthood they gave us constant edification. We could recount many incidents showing the generosity of our splendid priests and brothers but this article must end. It grieved us to the heart to see them literally—for most of them had scant covering—wasting away to actual skeletons, yet their spirit never changed. If the pessimists who are so fond of saying, "The days of chivalry are over" could have been interned at Los Banos, they would be forced to admit that no knight of old was ever braver, more thoughtful for woman's comfort, nor more self-sacrificing than the splendid missionaries interned at Los Banos.

APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

Mission Intention for October, 1946

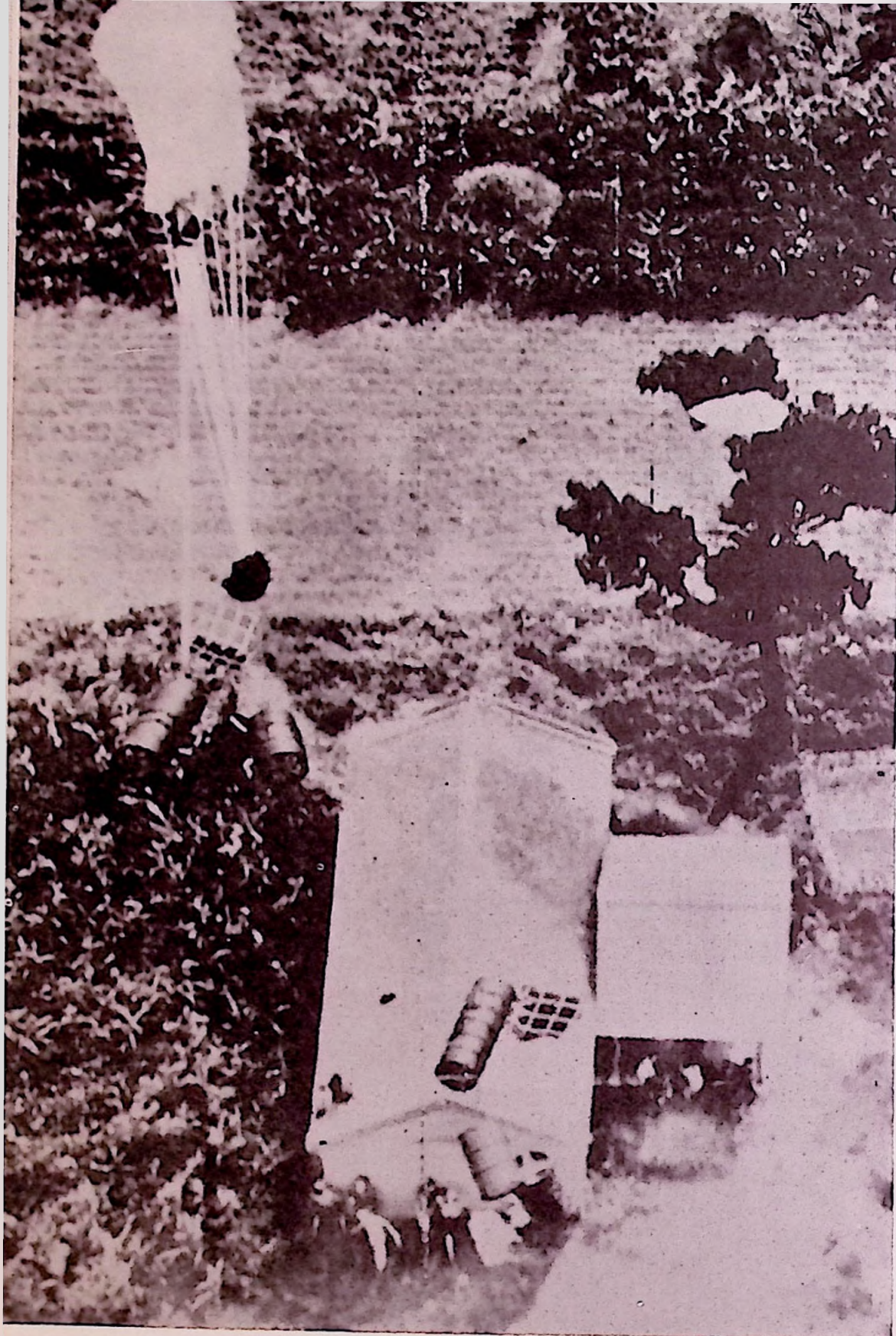
GENEROUS FINANCIAL SUPPORT OF THE MISSIONS

What Pope Benedict XV of blessed memory wrote at the close of World War I is not less true after World War II: "Support, and that not slight, is needed to save the missions, especially since the need of this support has increased enormously as a result of the war." But there is one vast difference between these words as they fell from Benedict's lips and as they fall from the lips of Pope Pius XII. Benedict XV could look to Belgium, France, Germany and Italy, Pius XII must limit his gaze to the Americas. Europe, the builder of missions and nurse of missionaries, lies prostrate and with hope and confidence His Holiness looks to us in America reiterating those words that he uttered on the eve of Mission Sunday in 1940: "The money that you give for the support of needy missions is in a sort of way a loan made with God!"

As we glance over the months that have elapsed since V-E Day we find many demands that have been made upon our charity. Clothing and foodstuffs we have sent to Europe; India and China have stretched out their empty rice bowls and we have tried to fill them; Japan and the Philippines beckoned for aid and we could not refuse. October comes with its appeal for the missions:—"Give to the Missions! Give generously for the love of God!" Should we be so weary of hearing the oft repeated "Give!" we must spur ourselves on to renewed zeal for the missions by recalling the words of Pius XI, "None are so poor, none so naked, none so weak, so hungry or so thirsty as those who are without the knowledge and the grace of God."

Harkening to the mission intention for October: "Generous support of the missions" we can not but think of October 20th, Mission Sunday. On that day there will be laid before the eyes of the Catholic world as never before the needs of the missions today in a post-war world. We will hear again of the Pontifical Societies endorsed by our Holy Father to fill these needs—the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, for the support of missions abroad and at home; the Holy Childhood Society, for the baptism of infidels; the Society of St. Peter, the Apostle, for the education of indigenous clergy. That these works and the works of other missionary organizations may prosper we pray during October.

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.



Acme

We Bombed a

Leper

Colony

Martin J. O'Gara, S.J.

(Left) A B-29 bomber drops sorely needed supplies by parachutes on an outlying station. To Sisters of St. John's Leper Asylum in Mandalay, Burma, they appeared as most welcome "Heaven-sent supplies." (Right) The ship is readied and the load securely tied down—precious food, clothing and candles.

THE CBI theatre was planning another mission. Our briefing was over; our objective clear—St. John's Leper Asylum, Mandalay, Burma. The ship had been readied and the cargo securely tied down—clothing, food, vestments, soap, candles and a dozen other things which the Franciscan nuns of the Convent of Our Lady of Providence had spent weeks in begging and preparing.

On the morning of January 22nd, I finished Mass at 7:45 a.m. and by 8:00 a.m. the engines of the plane were running, and we were off. They were not to stop again (we, hoped) until we had gone to Mandalay and back, with our mission accomplished. The Commander of the Field (a Colonel—next in rank to a General) was at the controls; standing in back of him was yours truly; beside me were two co-pilots; behind me was a navigator (just in case we lost our course over the Bay of Bengal or over the mountains of Burma); behind him was an aerial engineer, who would keep his eye on the engines; and behind all of us was the heap of parcels, which were securely tied to the floor of the ship the night before.

Not too long after the take-off we climbed to an altitude of ten thousand feet, in order to be sure to be above the highest peak Burma could offer. (Mt. Victoria is ten thousand, five hundred feet high, but we skirted it by many miles.) Once we attained our altitude, it was clear and easy sailing until Mandalay showed its flat head. When the Irrawaddy River began to show itself some thirty miles in front of us, everybody went to work. We had been letting down from ten thousand feet for



Acme

over a half hour, and by the time we approached the city we were close to three thousand feet high. I began to feel stupidly important because my part of the work was to begin. I had been warned for a whole week before the trip, that the Colonel would find Mandalay, but I must find St. John's. With my confidence in God and a rough map which a British engineer had drawn for me, I assured them I would. But as we came lower and lower, down over the southeast corner of the city, it didn't look anything like the rough map. As we banked to the left (and going about one hundred and fifty miles per hour) the Colonel asked, "Do you see it?" and like a sick little pup I had to say, "No Sir." Later I was to hear from one of the Sisters of the Asylum her story of that morning.

"We had just left the chapel after Mass, when a telephone call informed us that 'according to signals received, a plane will fly over the asylum on Tuesday afternoon, the 22nd, and drop provisions. Please mark the area desired with a large "T".' Two of the Sisters are entrusted with the charge of the 'T,' a favorable spot is chosen in the centre of a large field and at 10 a.m. they sally forth with some white cloth."

"Two dangers now present themselves; that of hav-

ing the cloth stolen by any outsiders coming into the grounds or of having it eaten by a flock of goats which roam in the vicinity. A crowd of willing helpers is found, however, in the small leper girls who guarantee to protect the very important "T" from man and beast. When the Sister explains to them the reason of it, their excitement knows no bounds, and in less than no time they take up their positions under the nearest trees."

We headed for the big Fort, turned around, and began following the main street. Now we could detect the Agricultural College; now the cross street and the canal; and vaguely, two patches of buildings which must be the Asylums. We swooped lower still as we turned, and could distinguish a tiny cross atop a red building. I almost broke the Colonel's ear-drum as I shouted, "That is it." We looked again and saw the white "T" dutifully prepared, but much too close to the buildings. We were all very happy and anxious. While the Colonel was making another half circle, and heading straight for the front door, the rest of the crew were busy taking off the door of the plane, putting the chutes on the parcels, tying heavy rope around themselves so as not to be sucked out of the ship, and waiting for the signals from the cockpit. On

the drive in to the front of the house, the boys in the back of the ship had three signals, each time given by the Colonel. A green light flashed for "Get ready"; a red light flashed for "Get set"; and a bell rang for "Let it go." When the bell stopped ringing, they stopped letting it go. I was in the nose of the ship as we approached the house each time, and could easily see some of the sisters and others waving away. As soon as we passed over the house, I would dash to the back of the ship to watch the target. We never saw the first chute which we dropped; but all the others we saw, but not for long, because they were certainly speedily gathered up.

The Sister tells me, "Mid-day has barely struck when the drone of a plane is heard. Instantly from every corner the patients come running. Many of the community had not yet heard the news and as the plane circled lower and lower, one of the Sisters appears very agitated, and half afraid that the war has broken out afresh. The excitement is at its pitch when a bright yellow parachute starts to descend, it lands on the roof of one of the wards—all hurry in that direction—the case has burst open and reveals—candles! The varying expressions of disappointment are a study, except that on the face of the Sister Sacristan, who looks very satisfied. By this time the target is covered by the runners whom it is impossible to keep under cover, and evidently the 'bombers' are afraid of causing some damage, for they immediately make off and drop some more parachutes a little distance away—right outside our grounds. A group of hopefuls immediately set off at full speed, for here in Mandalay this type of bomb would be treated as the others, and considered public property. All attention is now directed to the opposite direction, groups of patients make for the boundaries, the air is filled with 'oh's' and 'ah's—cars, bullock carts and pedestrians in the roads outside stop and watch this wonderful event. A group of our patients commandeer a bullock cart and return in triumph with parachute, soap, cigars, flour, etc., all in one glorious mess. In the midst of another field are two or three sisters surrounded by a pile of potatoes, onions, tins of sardines and corned beef! Never was such a sight seen in Mandalay, all the spectators are open-mouthed. In one of the villages where we had seen a parachute drop, a man informed us that just a few strands of cord had fallen from the plane,—a few pressing enquiries brought forth the parachute and after some time the packet arrived from another direction. Eventually everything arrives at the convent, all who have helped to retrieve the precious packets receive a handful of sweets and the promise of a piece of soap (a great treasure these days). Now begins the work

of opening. Rev. Mother Provincial and Reverend Mother Superior arm themselves with a large pair of scissors, others with hammer, etc., and we go to it! How grateful we all feel to our dear friends, for in addition to the original packets are parcels of food from our American friends—powdered milk, cocoa, sugar, tinned meats, etc., etc. It is really very touching and our gratitude will take the form of our own and our dear lepers' prayers for all those who have contributed. Then again the same kind souls, we feel sure, have sent shoes and articles of clothing for the priests. They are certainly very much needed.

FROM our Sisters in Ceylon, India, and even far away England come church vestments and linen, wearing apparel and cloth for the Sisters. How grateful we feel to God for our dear religious family."

As we approached the house for the last time, there seemed to be a huge crowd in the center of the field we were using, and although the parcels were relatively light, they would badly injure a person when dropped from our height. To avoid an accident we swerved over to the adjoining field and let go. As we finally flew back and away, I could see some Father gathering things; a nun with an arm-full of chutes, walking back toward the house; and in front of the house, a nun who had been waving in the open apparently got the idea that something more might drop and quickly ran under a tree—but kept waving.



LEPERS

We were all just as happy as the Sisters about the accomplishment of a real mission, as we started upstairs again to ten thousand feet. Our half hour of low, slow flying was a trifle hard on the petrol supply and on the nerves of the pilot, so on the way home everybody was delighted to sit back and relax, like contented cows.

About three hours after we left Mandalay, we should have been close to fifteen minutes from home, but one never knows without the aid of recognizable landmarks. The Colonel called me up front to show me the fuel gauges; we had fifteen gallons left in each tank—enough for about ten minutes of flying. Although we had parachutes aboard, we hoped we were near home. He ordered everybody out of the cockpit, and as I too started to leave, he insisted I stay. (He must have known that I always carry the Holy Oils in my pocket). To say the least, it was comforting to see our Home Base open up at us, and out of nowhere. Instead of flying the usual pattern over the Field, we radioed in for a straight approach, in order to conserve both time and fuel. We finally hit the runway, taxied to the end of it, and as we turned off the runway to park the ship, our left engine sputtered and died. It had drunk its last drop.

5th Sunday Again

Charles B. Toomey, S.J.

FOUR times a year the familiar cry rings out amid the hills of Jamaica and from the bleak rocks of the Blue Mountains the echo returns to blow about on the high upland plains or meander in and out along the meadows by the sea. Echo and sound have the same note of hilarity and joy whether they come from the Great Houses of the large estates or the tiny, box-like homes of the poor. Fifth Sunday means Mass again,—and Confession again—and Holy Communion again. Fifth Sunday means food, spiritual food for hungry souls.

But it also means anxiety and care for the missionary. Nature loves to keep a balance—the storm precedes the calm—and the supernatural seems to follow the same plan. Our spiritual joy, for example, follows from and is based on the sufferings and Passion of Christ. There is a balance there. There is a balance also on Fifth Sundays. The joy on the mountains and along the country paths is balanced by the groans and headaches in the heart and mind of the missionary.

It's an old story, of course, and after a time it becomes routine yet like all routine it has its moments. In the first place Fifth Sunday means carrying the Church with you, complete from Crucifix to bell, from hymn book to collection plate. Packing the Mass kit keeps the memory on edge for a forgotten item might mean no Mass as happens when one mislays the box of altar breads or the wine cruet. No systems for aiding the memory are infallible, for any one may crack under the emergencies that arise. The tires have a way of expiring, the oil pump may develop an enlargement of the heart or the lights signal a departure from this life.

So much for the headaches. What of the groans? The groans rise up from a spirit in despair. Not a despair in God's promises but in man's. Looking forward to the Fifth Sunday, the priest knows that he is not going to see the sparkling picture of a thriving Church of which he dreams. Experience has taught him that he must not expect the harvest before the seed has died in the ground. After his first Mass, the long fast and the mule, he may ride into the village at ten-thirty or thereabouts (depending on the whims of the animal) to find his blessed congregation embroiled in an unblest feud. Amid direful threats of forsaking the faith of their fathers, he must forget his own weariness and restore peace. After Mass and instructions, choir practice and baptisms, marriages and maybe some coffee, he climbs on the mule again (if the mule will let him), and looks down on the smiling faces of his flock made happy again by the grace of God. Transferred from fool-mule to Ford he coasts down the winding mountain roads and his mind coasts too.

One Fifth Sunday gone but many more to come. Not all for him but for the men who will take his place. The men now in the seminaries and Houses of Study, the young Jamaican boys here on the island whom God in His quiet way is inviting to the priesthood. Schools must be built and churches and convents to house these future workers. Scholarships must be provided. Houses of Studies and Colleges must be supported to give the required training. All this will mean toil and sacrifice. But inevitably will follow His joy and peace.



IN THE JAMAICA HILLS



AMFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA

Amiak

Father Francis M. Menager, S.J.

Though I shall be back in Bethel in a little more than a week I'll take advantage of this opportunity to write from Amiak. I feel that I have gone through the past month in a sort of nightmare. For the first time since I came to Alaska I was flooded out of my home. The break-up at Bethel was very late and the river was so full of ice that large jams formed below the town. As a result the whole country hereabout was flooded. There were three feet of water in the main street and ten feet all around my house and Church. Thank God, the Church was spared—only two inches of water on the floor—but my poor little house played host to more than two feet of oily water. My supply of wood was caught up by the current and has disappeared, four cords of it. The water attacked my sidewalk and took that away together with the steps of the Church. My motor-boat which I had just prepared for a trip up the river was caught in the ice and badly battered.

I finally managed to get started on this trip up the river but I am a little too late as my people have already scattered here and there to do their fishing. However I have baptized six babies thus far and that is something in a country where one has to travel so far to find them.

Mountain Village

Father John P. Fox, S.J.

You will note my new address. After fifteen years at Hooper Bay a three-way switch finds me moving on. Father Endal, whose place I'll take at Mountain

Village will go to Akulurak and Father Paul O'Connor is to replace me at my old station. He is no stranger there for he visited Hooper Bay several times while he was stationed at Akulurak. With our many young folks there Father will be in his element.

I am using the new address for although I have yet to move I shall be there by the time you receive this letter. It will come to you by way of Bethel, our new mail route. Finally this long expected change in our mail service has materialized. Mail is to be flown in from Bethel every two weeks. And as most of our planes here come from there anyhow and return there also we should have many chances to send and receive mail outside of the regular trips. Pilots never refuse a handful of letters to or from us.

Recently twenty-nine of our men flew to various canneries in the Bristol Bay section. That leaves us badly crippled to handle the unusual run of salmon on here this year. Only half of our men and a good many boys are here to fish. But they are getting plenty. We hope their daddies will return as budding millionaires but without bringing back to us a lot of things that are too often the sad by-products of this process of hauling our Eskimos down to morally rotten surroundings. Father George Endal has gone with the men to inspect conditions and also give what help he can to our people from this coast.

Recently a sick call brought me to the Kashunak sealing and fishing camp. Some of the men came to get me in a little flat bottom rowboat propelled by a small outboard motor. Though it was quite windy, we managed to sneak along the beach and so got across the bay to the Kashunak side. Although we arrived at ten o'clock at night everyone wanted to go to confession so as to receive Holy Communion the next morn-

(Right) Father Edward Wasil's chapel car made to his own specifications for the hills of Mindanao is on its way there now—Father Wasil was one of the seventeen American Jesuits who managed to escape the Japanese all during the war. The car has an altar, a folding desk and two folding bunks for long hauls over rough country.



(Below) Father John J. Wynne, S.J., noted author ("The Jesuit Martyrs of North America") and editor ("The Catholic Encyclopedia," "America" and "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.") returned this summer on the occasion of his own jubilee (sixty years a priest; 70 years a Jesuit) to Auriesville, Shrine of the North American Martyrs and scene of their martyrdom, for the three hundredth anniversary.

ing. I stayed there for about a week, living in a tent that I had brought along. As I was afraid of getting my sleeping bag soaked while crossing the bay I left it at home. For my bed I took only a reindeer skin and a sled cover. I forgot a pillow so I emptied out the bread from a flour sack and gave it to some of the children to fill with grass. In no time they had a pillow for me—there is plenty of dry grass all around on the little high spots. My first night was not a very restful one but the next day I managed to find a softer spot in my tent. We had a good crowd at Mass every

morning, and several times as many as sixty received Holy Communion. There were about half a dozen old or sick folk who could not come to my tent for Mass and to them I brought Holy Communion several times. The rest of my days I spent saying my prayers, visiting the sick and enjoying some extra fresh air and sunshine while I had the opportunity.

I know very little about my new district although I have seen all of it a number of times. It has five permanent stations and to visit them regularly will be one of my jobs. In point of numbers none of them has as many Catholics as Hooper Bay and the total population is considerably less than it is here. There are many whites at Marshall, the largest town of the district, and four of the stations lie on the banks of the lower Yukon.

BRITISH HONDURAS

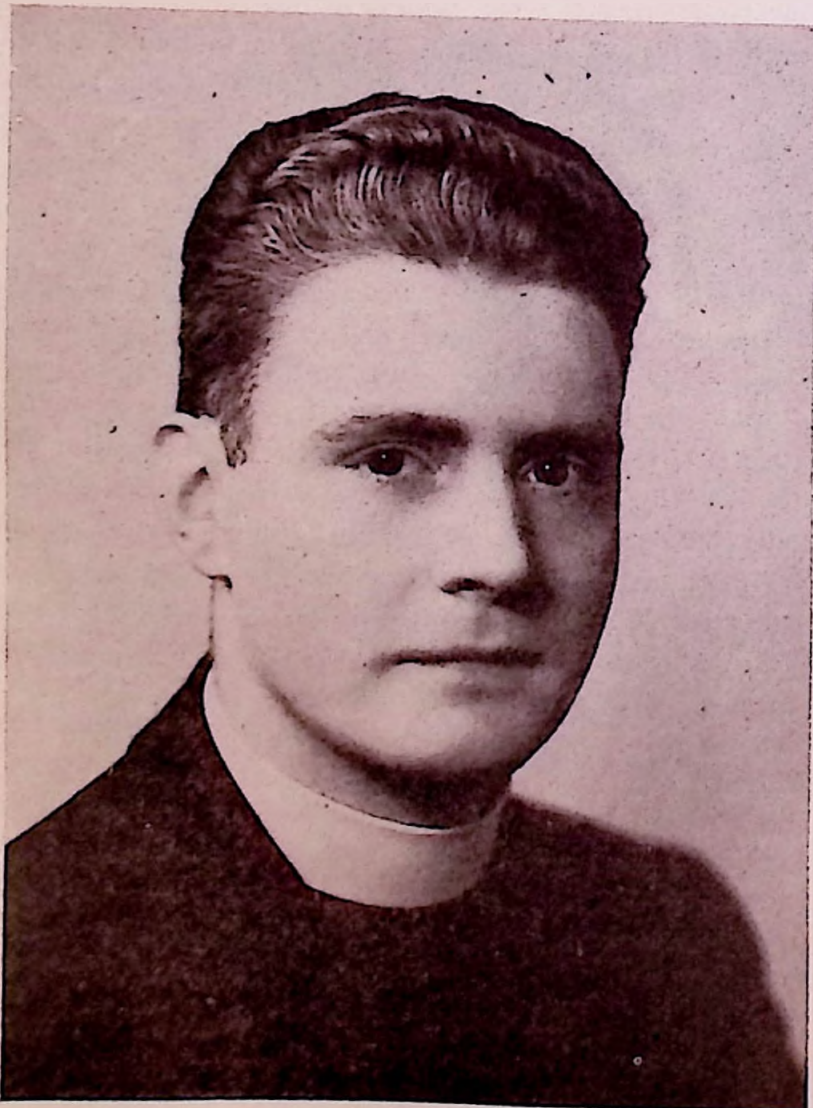
San Antonio

Father John Knopp, S.J.

You might be interested in the manner in which I retrieved your last letter after much anxiety. We have no post-office here so Father Ganey sends up my mail. Most of the time it arrives depending upon the reliability and sobriety of the carrier. Your last was sent but failed to reach me. Searching Punta Gorda I found my mail and my shoes on the shelf of a store.

I read the article of Father Moore in the May issue with interest. I am making a nuisance of my own self clamoring for Sisters who can nurse as well as teach. The practical difficulties are very real, I know, yet the principle is clear. His Church must do the work of the Good Samaritan. It is not the sole or exclusive work of the Church but it is certainly comprehended in the Great Commandment and in the corporal works of mercy. This is a ninety-five year old mission and without a Catholic Hospital. Father Stevenson did pull teeth; many Fathers dispensed simple medicines distressed that they could not do more. Pallotine Sisters have had a dispensary at Benque Viejo so there is little





need for discussion of the appropriateness of medical mission work. In view of the widespread sickness and high mortality among San Antonio Mayas there is no question of the need for such mission work here. Please assist us by your prayers and the prayers of those you reach that the difficulties may be ironed out and His Mayas be cared for in body and soul.

El Cayo

Father Joseph Rochel, S.J.

Your last letter mentioned that Bishop Rice's death was quite a surprise. Did you know that he nearly died out in the bush when he was in the Punta Gorda district last year. On April the 12th we took a truck from Punta Gorda, went ten miles up the road where horses were waiting for us, then rode five miles into the bush on horse to Laguna. After Rosary, Confessions and instruction we retired to our hammocks in the little house the people had made for the priest. During the night, shortly after we went to bed—I don't know if I was still awake or if he woke me—I heard the Bishop struggle to get his breath. He began to pray, saying, "My Jesus, Mercy," and other prayers over and over again. I had no medicine but quinine and wanted to help him but I feared that if I got up and went to the other room where he was, I might frighten him and make matters worse. I was prepared if he became worse to administer Extreme Unction. Later he recovered and the rest of the night passed quite well but he certainly gave me a scare. The next morning he gave the people a talk that touched me. He said he could see how poor they were and he hoped when he died he would be just as poor as they. Other than that he never made any reference to his attack. Later, when we visited other villages, he was twice thrown from a horse and really had another narrow escape. On the thirteenth we returned to Punta Gorda and when we entered town we found all the flags out at half mast. The President had died. I have often thought death might have struck closer that same day. The Bishop is missed by all and many can't believe even now he is dead.

The May issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* arrived recently. The mistake regarding the Bishop's death created quite a bit of talk. In the same issue there is a statement on page 102 which might give rise to a false impression. I hope your readers will realize that the doctors down here are doing all that they possibly can for the people. I know practically all the doctors personally and I have

(Top) Cardinal Tien, first Cardinal in Asia, and member of the Society of the Divine Word, greeted by the people at the Shrine of Our Lady of Zose in China.

(Below) Father Thomas J. McGurty, S.J., of New York City was welcomed to Jesuit Missions this summer as a new Associate Editor after a year at Auriesville.

(Right) Father Edward T. Wiatrak, S.J., of Chicago, Illinois, Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, leading pilgrimage services at the Martyrs Shrine at Auriesville.

seen that while they do very good work they haven't a chance. The people will not come to the hospital until they are at death's door and when they do come they insist on leaving too soon. Every trip I made in the bush in the Punta Gorda district, I could have obtained medicine and often did. But what a time I had to get the people to take it. When they are very sick they will take a dose, but as soon as they are a little better they refuse it.

CHINA

Father Eugene Fahy, S.J.

A few lines while I have some spare time as I don't expect to have much of it when I reach the States. When I wrote to you about Nanking a few weeks ago, I intended also to look up some data about Zose to write about Cardinal Tien's Mass there. But it was impossible. The California Jesuits are leaving Gonzaga College in Shanghai and it is being turned over to the direction of Secular priests. Besides it will house a native congregation of teaching Brothers that the Bishop started a year or so ago. So that necessitated the packing of lab equipment, library, etc. to be sent to our school in Nanking and we were kept plenty busy during the days that we had to wait for a ship out of Shanghai.

There are four of us here on board the S.S. *General Meigs*: Frs. Gordon, Curran and myself, slated for Tertianship, and Fr. McCarthy who, according to plans, is to take a course in journalism at Marquette preparatory to teaching at Nanking. Rather a sizable exodus

of the too few Californians in China but present unsettled conditions in China seem to warrant it. With us there are 10 Canadian Jesuit priests returning for Tertianship, or fourth year theology. A Chinese Coadjutor from the Shanghai Mission is also going to Canada for studies in science. Besides there are 2 sick Spanish Jesuits en route to Cuba, 3 French going back for degrees, an Italian Paulinist going to Brazil, an American SVD, 2 Canadian OFM's and 2 Chinese Good Shepherd Sisters going to Los Angeles. Quite a religious community. Because of the crowded emergency conditions of this ship and the large number of priests, we rise at 3:30 a.m. to begin Masses. Since some of the more elite passengers, for instance the merchant seamen with their poker games, haven't gone to bed yet by that time, you can imagine what a "regular" life we are living. Among the 2,000 aboard, there are G.I.'s and officers, Jewish refugees, 200 French passing through the States to get to France, and a few of every other nationality and class of society, including many Chinese students. What a mixture. I hope that Fr. Gordon will write you about it. He could adequately describe the weird conditions.

The position of the foreigner in China right now is not bright. The business men on board are disgusted. Impossible to do any importing or exporting now. Protestant missionaries traveling with us are quite pessimistic. It seems some of them are pulling out for good. But our Missions go on preparing for a peaceful future just the same, thank God, and let's hope that the civil strife will be settled soon so that our efforts will have maximum effect.



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COMMUNICATIONS

Dear Father:

Enclosed are a few random notes gathered together after a visit to your college at Kurseong, India.

Sincerely in Christ,
MAURICE M. HASSETT,
Chaplain (Capt.) U.S.A.

decided on a visit. Carefully coached by Fr. Batson (what a man he is), we came loaded with gifts. Peanuts, chocolates, Toddy (all vacuum sealed to protect them from India's devouring heat) were our precious cargo.

Too bad it's not possible to describe the happiness of those few days. Peanut filled mouths talked excitedly about baseball, and movies, and football and home. These lads seem just as ordinary as you and I. But what a difference. It's hard to imagine the misery of India. It's almost impossible to understand how any American would choose to live there. That is, anyone short of a saint. And these ten are nothing short of good-natured, happy-go-lucky, wise-cracking, gum-chewing saints. God bless them.

The time came to say good-bye. They took us down to the station. Darned if a lump didn't rise in my throat. I was returning home after ten months overseas. The youngest of them was already three years in India. Loneliness was the horror of every G.I. in India. But these men would take this loneliness for life. And don't think they get over it. Fr. Stoy has been there for twenty odd years and is still itching for one more look at home.

And like it or not, they're taking our burden on their shoulders. When Christ said "Go, teach all nations" He wasn't just talking to them. He was talking to you and me as well. They've taken the hard part. We've taken the easy one. The least we can do is to help. First get down on your knees and put your two hands together and say a prayer that God will soften the hearts of those hard-to-win Indians. And then take one of those hands and reach into your pocket for your billfold or checkbook. They're doing their part; you do yours.

They were really a nice bunch of boys. And they were boys despite their average age of thirty.

The boys were the American Jesuit students completing their priestly training in St. Mary's College in India. Probably, you haven't heard of St. Mary's. But as the tiny train puffing from its exertions in climbing the steep mountainside swings around the curve at the 5000 feet level, there in the hills is the College. It's the Himalayas, of course, and scenically beautiful.

But more interesting, if less beautiful, than the surrounding scenery are the students. The Belgians predominate, but nearly every country in the world is represented. Students from France, Germany, Holland, Brazil, Poland (at least it was a country when they left), Italy and India study side by side in the classroom, eat side by side in the refectory, and pray side by side in the Chapel. Here the true internationalism of Christian Charity makes the Communist dream of equal rights look shoddy. They don't fight for interracial justice here: they live it.

And here, too, were our Americans. A minority of ten, they, like the others, had left their homes to serve the Indian Missions. They were literally giving their lives for Christ. No point system would bring them home. They were here for life.

They really made a fuss over us. Fr. Owens and myself, two Army chaplains with nothing more important to do than to wait for a boat for home, had

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BISHOP JAMES T. G. HAYES of New York City, the Jesuit missionary bishop of Cagayan, in the Philippines, was a war prisoner of the Japs. His people were scattered, his priests were taken prisoners or on the run in the hills; his cathedral and residence were ruined.

Now he is starting on his first tour of confirmation since 1941. 50,000 young people are waiting to be confirmed in the *barrios* and hills of northern Mindanao.

Every child of the 50,000 needs a catechism. For \$10.00 we can supply one hundred children with catechisms. Let us send your gift to Bishop Hayes, the heroic missionary bishop in the Philippines.

Bishop Hayes and Father William F. Masterson, S.J., Mission Procurator for the Jesuit Philippine Mission, who visited the Philippines on relief work after the war.



J E S U I T M I S S I O N S
962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, New York



Editorial

REBUILDING THE WORLD

by *Monsignor McDonnell*

Rt. Rev. Monsignor
Thomas J.
McDonnell,
National Director,
Propagation of the
Faith

WHEN the golden glow of the atomic bomb mushroomed above the doomed city of Hiroshima on August 6th, 1945, it was but a foretaste of the most complete instantaneous desolation the world had ever known. One hundred thousand persons were to lose their lives as a result of that single missile of death, while "nearly every living creature, nearly every man-made structure, on three of the seven tongues of land which marked this city of 343,000 people, was to vanish." America had led the world in the most stupendous single act of annihilation ever known in the history of mankind.

Now, fourteen months after that terrifying spectacle of destruction, our country is confronted with the problem of harnessing the mighty force of atomic energy and transforming its devastating potentialities into life-giving elements which will revivify and restore the world.

There is another problem, however, which confronts the Catholics of the United States at the present time. They, who constitute more than one-sixth the total population of this country, have a responsibility which is world embracing in its scope. An aroused Catholic America must become willing once more to assume the responsibilities of leadership in the great task of rebuilding the world upon the principles of Christian charity. It is a stupendous undertaking, it is true, but was not the preparation for the successful war effort of equal magnitude? Did we hesitate when we were called upon to give every effort to the winning of the war? Shall our effort to restore Christ to the world now be allowed to fail?

However, the method of our campaign must be a complete reversal of the atomic attack. No one projectile must be launched against a single or specified objective. Our procedure must constitute a concentrated effort on the part of each and every one of the twenty-four million Catholics in the United States to win the peoples of the world to Christ. Priest and layman, rich man and beggar must be united in a twofold endeavor on Mission Sunday, October 20th, to overthrow the forces of evil, uproot heresy, crush idolatry and restore the reign of the Prince of Peace.

This is not an impossible task when we consider the weapons at our disposal. We may pierce with our prayers the very portals of heaven unloosing the divine gift of faith for those denied this precious heritage. We may contribute from our meagre earnings the "widow's mite" already blessed by the fullness of a generous heart. We may pour forth from the abundance of our riches the largess which will make possible the expansion of the mission apostolate in every part of the world.

If one would need a more complete understanding of what is required and what is possible let us turn back three hundred years the pages of our country's history. There we see recorded the details of an endeavor apparently doomed to failure from its very inception. The tortured and mutilated Jesuit priest, Father Isaac Jogues, and his two lay companions, Rene Goupil and John Lalonde, dared to pit their feeble strength against the ferocity of the mighty Indian tribes. Priest and layman went down in defeat but their blood is the seed of America's greatness. Today our nation, through the zeal of her missionaries, through the prayers of her people and through their generosity to The Society for the Propagation of the Faith on Mission Sunday, October 20th, will now lead the world to the feet of Christ, the King.

Wanted

This is the traffic tower. It is a special corner for the most generous people we know—for those who, without waiting to be urged, are always looking for some way to help the missions. Among them are those who have gifts for the missions but who do not know which particular mission needs them; and those who want to help a particular mission but who do not know what type of things that mission needs.

+

This month the suggestions are all for Jamaica because we have just received a long list of the things they need. Port Antonio needs a new church badly, but the immediate needs are books for young people, especially for girls, and a copy of a play which is now out of print. They want it for Christmas. The title is "Unto Us a Son is Given" by Monsignor Gonno, published by Sheed and Ward. Has anyone a copy?

+

From Highgate mission comes a request for a projector to illustrate the catechism; Catholic books for children; candlesticks for a chapel; a baptismal font for another church; new altars in several old churches. They have excellent native wood in Jamaica, hard, beautifully grained, and safe from termites. Jamaican wood-workers can make the altars but the wood is expensive to buy.

+

Three different missions have asked for tools for a workshop. Three of the missions have shops now where the boys are taught handicraft, and where the numerous repairs can be done. Carpenter's tools of all kinds are much needed.

+

One mission needs altar linen for all its churches, and candles for several. Another needs ordinary tableware, knives, forks and spoons for the rectory. Two have asked for statues of the Sacred Heart and Our Blessed Mother.

+

Anyone interested in supplying these mission needs can obtain further information by writing to *Jesuit Missions*, 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

SPIRITUAL BOOKS

The missionaries need things for themselves. Usually they beg only for their people. We've asked them what they want and a large number replied, "Books! Especially spiritual books."

You can easily realize how much these educated priests, so many of them living among simple people on far off missions, would appreciate good books.

If you have books at home, or if you see books advertised, which you think the missionaries would enjoy reading, send the books along to their MISSION PROCURATORS. Under present conditions *Jesuit Missions* in New York cannot store or forward the books. Send them to the MISSION PROCURATORS. They are all listed here below:

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