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JESUIT MISSIONS



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

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Forbes J. Monaghan, S.J.

□ Father Forbes J. Monaghan, S.J., has seldom appeared in these pages except as a member of a "group going to the Philippines." This past summer he made his third trip to the Islands. (His first was as a scholastic; his second as a priest; his third was unscheduled,

but after internment he was repatriated for a while and now has gone back.) If you ask his friends about him, they resort to superlatives at once. Fellow Jesuits remember his recitations in class, discussions with professors, lectures he gave, sermons, etc.; and they speak of him with the admiration reserved only for the very few who are very great. But it has all been "in the family." In the Philippines, most of his work was teaching seminarians. When the war came, Providence gave him the opportunity to remain for a while in Manila, the heart of resistance to the Japanese on Luzon, and the center of a glorious band, an army almost, of Ateneo alumni and friends of the Jesuits.

Father Monaghan was born in New York City where he was graduated from Our Lady of Mercy school in the Bronx, and Xavier High School on Manhattan. In 1925 he had two scholarships offered him to Fordham University, but his vocation was clear and he entered the Society of Jesus at once. In 1932 he first sailed for the Philippines, where he became a professor at the ancient Ateneo de Manila.

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

COVER. In the 16th century the Spanish missionaries, by prodigious energy and with incredible success, brought the light of Faith to the Indians of Central America. But the background remained dark. In many places it still is. A few far travelling missionaries can just about keep the Faith alive; to keep it growing, more priests, more sisters, more schools, more churches, an all-out program is needed, and is now under way.

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



Edmund P. Burke, S.J.

■ Edmund P. Burke, S.J., has "the Patna gift," a combination of the sense of a good story, the eagerness to tell it, the ability to do it with distinction and the good judgment to send photographs with every story. This time the story is about the highest mountains in the

world—at dawn. To appreciate what those mountains mean to Patna men, remember that beyond them lies Nepal—our mission, and closed tight against all foreigners. Edmund Burke is from Quigley Preparatory in Chicago.



James F. Kearney, S.J.

■ Father James F. Kearney, S.J., is another of the modern "greats" who has slipped from view these past few years. He was one of the pioneers of the California mission in China. Able, fearless, zealous, he has been in the thick of nearly every undertaking on his mission.

His two best remembered works will probably be his fight for the Nanking project when he managed to hold off a Japanese regiment from taking over entirely the Institute grounds, and his editorship of the monthly magazine and weekly radio program in Shanghai practically through the war.



John P. Sullivan, S.J.

■ Father John P. Sullivan, S.J., is better known in co-operative circles in the United States and the Caribbean area than any other Jesuit in North or South America. His fame is the result of hard work, part of it educational and part organizational. But here's a

secret. He has had to do it on a shoe string. Here's a man who deserves support for his very important work.



ENOUGH

—to warm an Alaskan heart

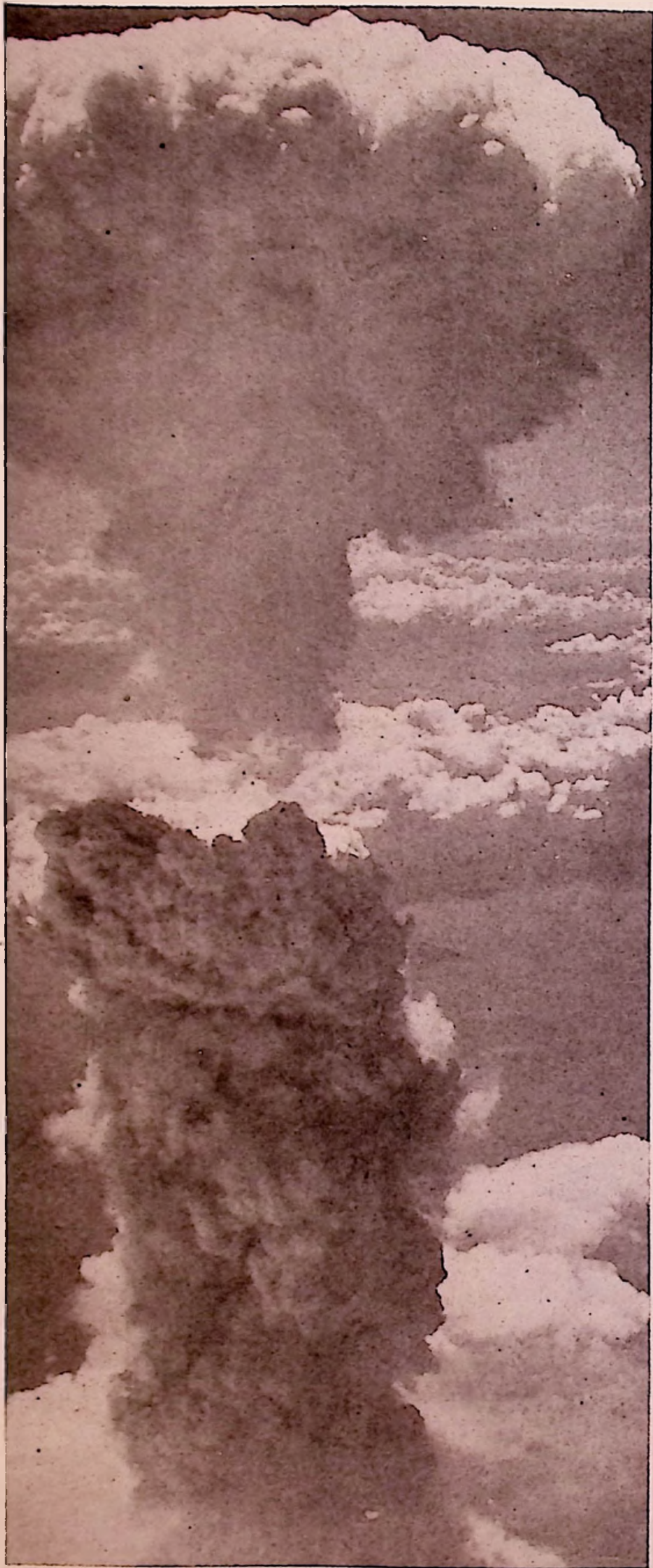
A lady came into the sacristy after Mass one Sunday. One of our editors had just preached. "Father," she said, "can you give me the names and addresses of three far-off missionaries who are forgotten? I mean three who have been there a long time, their friends lost track of, their family dead. They probably haven't received a Thanksgiving basket in years. I'd like to send one to each of them this year." One went to Alaska to warm an Alaskan heart.

+ + +

There are 33 Jesuits and 10 diocesan priests in Alaska to care for 13,053 Catholics scattered over 600,000 square miles. They have lots of needs, some of them small items like food, books, toys and presents for the children at Christmas. Give enough to warm someone's heart in Alaska this Christmas. Send your gift for Alaska to:

Quennan A. Saily, S.J.

962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.



AP/WIDE

THE BLAST OF THE ATOM BOMB OVER JAPAN

Father Lassalle, S.J.:

Hiroshima Survivor

Joseph F. MacFarlane S. J.

THE first victim of the atom bomb to come to the United States has been Father Hugo Lassalle, German Jesuit and Superior of the Jesuits in Japan.

The bomb missed Father Lassalle—by six hundred yards. As far as he knows his most serious injuries were severe lacerations from flying glass. He had no one to blame but himself for being at Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. As superior of one hundred Jesuits in Japan, he had assigned himself to that mission because it was difficult—and important. It also gave him the opportunity of being master of novices (for the young Japanese Jesuits just beginning religious life), instructor of tertians (for Jesuits in their final year of training), vicar general for the newly appointed Japanese Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima who needed his assistance, parish priest in the downtown mission parish of the Assumption, director of the famed concerts of Hiroshima and of course, superior of one hundred scattered Jesuits, some interned, some free, some Japanese, some European. He managed somehow to lecture frequently in the city and at the concerts, a work he found easier since his earlier experience at the social settlement which he founded in Tokyo's slums. But let us begin at the beginning.

Hugo Lassalle was born on a farm near the little Germantown of Nieheim, Westphalia, 48 years ago, of an old Huguenot emigré family, converted to Catholicism in Germany. While the father studied law,

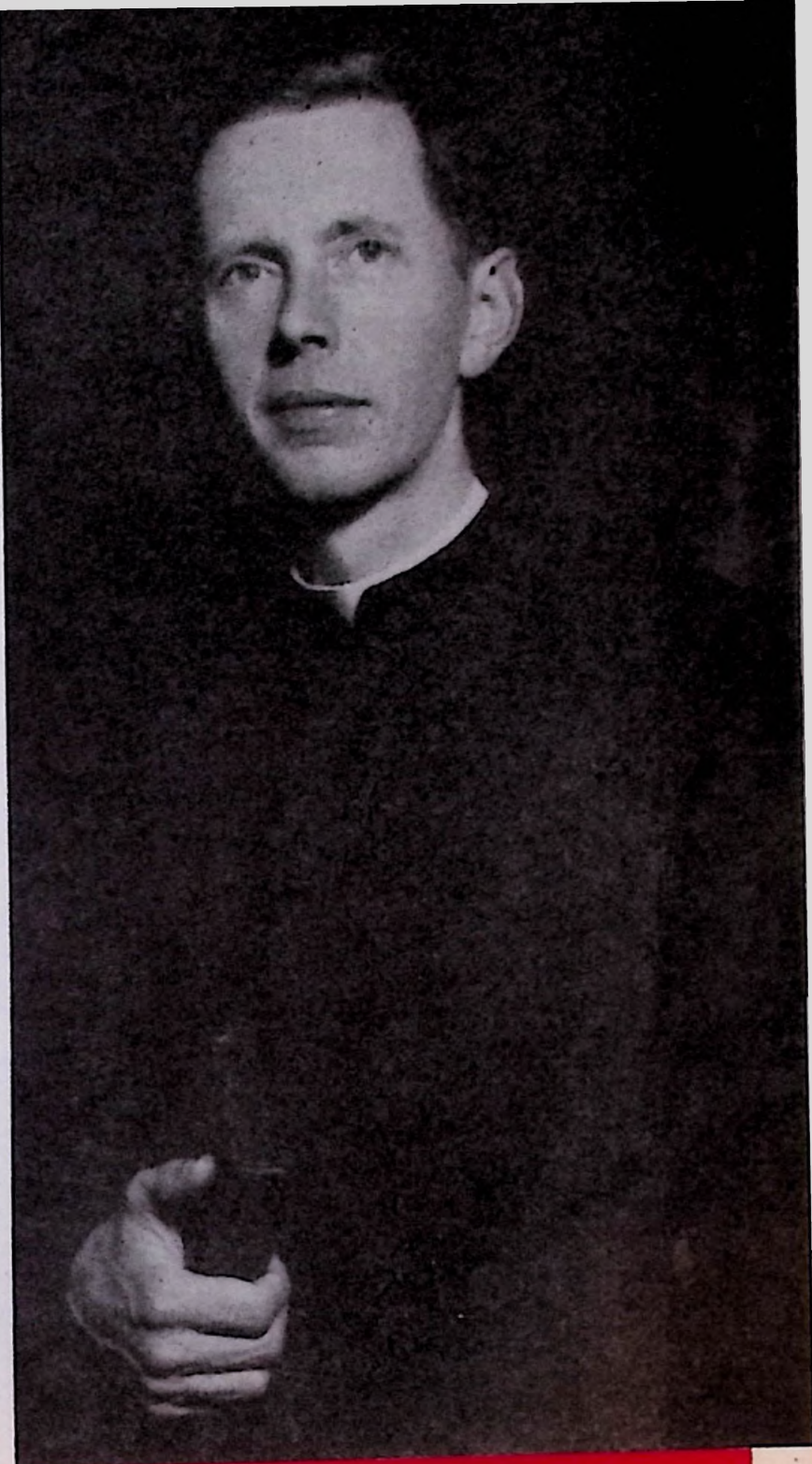
the family lived with him at Göttingen; when he practiced law at Hildersheim, they moved with him and there started Hugo off to school; when he moved back to Westphalia, they settled there with him until World War I. Hugo was called to the army in time, served on the French front, was wounded, and in 1918 returned to civilian life.

Next year, he entered the Society of Jesus and passed his noviceship and first two years of philosophy in Holland. It was at the end of his second year of philosophy that he learned he could go to Japan. As a preparation he started studying Japanese at once and the following year was sent to Stonyhurst, England, to learn English. Theology was divided between Valkenburg, Holland, and Heythrop, England, not far from Oxford. His last year, he met every week with a Japanese student at Oxford to practice the Japanese language. After tertianship at Amiens, France, he set sail for Tokyo in the fall of 1929.

Though the youngest in the community, he was appointed at once "Father Minister," assistant to the rector and general supervisor of the material needs of the university. There was no time to study Japanese. Soon he was interpreter for the builders, and teaching German in the school, and within a year, prefect of boarders.

ABOUT this time, he began an important project dear to his heart—the settlement house in the slums of Tokyo. Social teachings were for all practical purposes banned in the schools, but the direct application of Christian social teachings were most acceptable and very much needed. Boys at the Catholic University became interested at once. Father Lassalle went around to see how all the other settlement projects worked, and then asked the government explicitly for the worst slums in the city as his territory. He started with two students and a cook. After two months his boys had interested enough people to have Mass for them at the settlement. Much time had to be spent collecting money to support the project, though the foreign embassies were most generous in supporting the converts. Mrs. Grew was particularly helpful. In a few years they were able to buy a larger place and to expand their program from soup kitchens to schools and lectures and courses in philosophy and religion. These students, remember, did all this in their free time, because they sacrificed all the time the others spent on amusements. Immediately after school they used to rush to the settlement. One of them became a Jesuit. Several of them were non-Catholics. The purpose of the settlement was "relief for any who needed it" and "social training for the students of the Catholic University."

But "destiny" began to reach out after Father Lassalle with a vengeance. He was named Superior of our mission in Japan in 1935, and Rector of the Cath-



FATHER HUGO LASSALLE, S.J., SURVIVOR

olic University of Tokyo. In 1938 he had to go to the general congregation of the Jesuits in Rome. But all the rest of the time up until 1940, his residence was the settlement house in the Tokyo slums. Then in 1940, as the war cut off more and more food and light, and took more and more young men for the army, it became almost impossible to do more for the poor or for the students. And Hiroshima was calling. To Hiroshima he went in 1940, to become parish priest, novice master, tertian master, vicar-general of the diocese, lecturer, superior and apostle. (There were more conversions during this time in Hiroshima than in all the other stations combined.) More men were needed; only a few could be spared: Fathers Kleinsorge, Schiffer, Goossens, and Cieslik.

At Hiroshima the work kept expanding beyond bounds. There was a kindergarten, strangely enough,

but parents who would not dare approach a priest directly about religion, would bring their children and find a ready excuse for a discussion on the subject of Christianity. There were courses in foreign languages for 180 people, many of whom wanted languages only as their point of approach to the priest about religion.

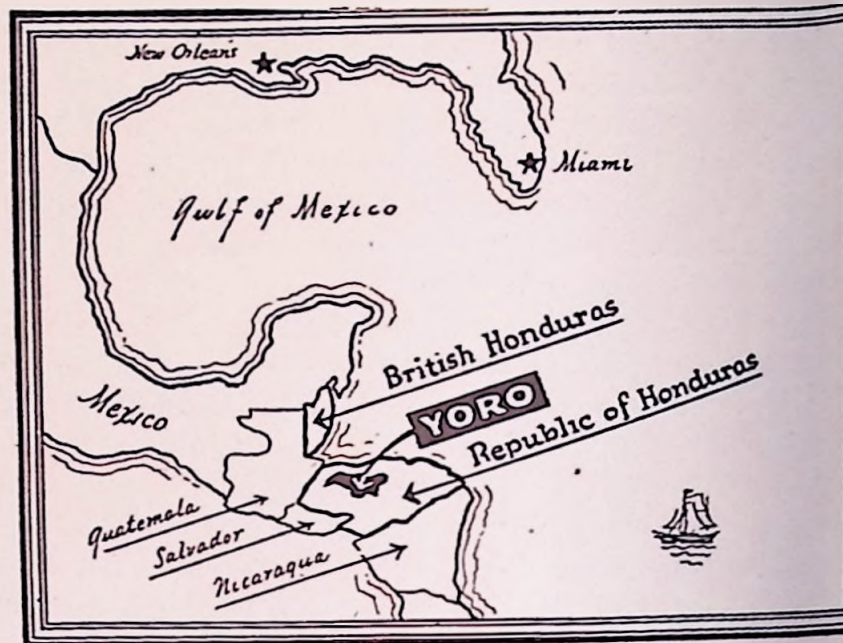
And there were finally the concerts, an orchestra, glee clubs, and a victrola with a set of 700 recordings. Accompanying each concert were carefully prepared lectures on Christian art and culture and the view of life on which these are based. The last concert took place on August 4, 1945.

Two days later came "the rush of heat, the blinding silent flash, and the collapse of the city of Hiroshima." Father Lassalle was in church when it struck, 600 yards away from the very heart of the destruction. "God saved him," he says, "for more work." He turned from the flash in time to save his face, but "a shower of glass splinters hit my face, neck and back. A piece of wood pierced an artery in my left leg. The blood shot out as from a fountain, until I was literally bathed in my own blood."

THE horror of the next few days has been told in *Jesuit Missions* (March 1946) and in the secular press (*Time* and *New Yorker*). Father Kleinsorge is not recovering rapidly from his wounds. The rest of the fathers are "well and busier than ever." To meet Father Lassalle you would never know that he had survived a close-up of the Hiroshima atom bomb, any more than you would suspect him of having one of the most extraordinary careers in the modern world of important people who never make the head-lines.

As he talks, quietly, frequently casting an almost mischievous side glance at you, lit up by a charming, disarming smile, he gives the impression that here and there, and now and then, he tried his hand at a few things, "... and some of them worked—fairly well—most of the time—thanks to God's grace,—and a few lucky breaks—and to the fact that I just happened to be at the right place at the right time." He talks of the atom bomb as casually as he talks of his own stupendous record on the most difficult mission in all Asia. He is one of the giants of the modern mission world, and one of the most charming, attractive men it has ever been my pleasure and honor to meet.

Next time a bombardier leans to his sights to drop an atom bomb on a city, I wish he could have before him the face and voice and features, the stature and nobility, the labors and hopes and heroism of Father Lassalle. There may be another missionary down there like him. And this world can't spare men like that. We almost lost him at Hiroshima, only he "just happened to be in the right place at the right time"—he was in church. That church now lies in ruins. It must rise again. And it will. Father Lassalle will do it somehow. But he could use some help.



Yoro
has
a **Jeep**

WE have a new mission where the trade winds blow—in the Republic of Honduras, third largest country in Central America. The Republic of Honduras—not to be confused with British Honduras—is an independent state comprising seventeen departments. To the Jesuits will fall the spiritual care of 78,359 Hondureans living within the confines of the Department of Yoro, a land-locked area covering 15,000 square miles in the north central part of the country. Three priests this summer will establish their mission headquarters at Minas de Oro, a town on the edge of the Department of Yoro, and from there work out to the surrounding pueblos. Very Reverend David F. Hickey, S.J., superior of the British Honduras Mission, will supervise activities in the new territory.

At St. Francis Xavier Church, St. Louis, the pastor took his place in the pulpit during devotions one evening and announced that he was going to relinquish his post as pastor. A new assignment was waiting for him—in the Department of Yoro, Republic of Honduras, Central America. He would leave soon to take



The modern Pioneers (Fathers O'Neill, Hickey and Smith), and their Jeep for the jungle.

in its Jungle

Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J.

up his duties, asked prayers for the success of his missionary venture, and wished his parishioners God's blessings. The man who spoke was Reverend James R. O'Neill S.J., pastor of St. Francis Xavier Church for the past eleven years.

To his work Father O'Neill will bring almost two decades of experience as parish priest and pastor. His missionary years in the Philippines early in the century, as well as his experience in British Honduras, Central America, during the days of the 1931 hurricane in that country, have admirably fitted him for his new post. Father Aloysius Smith S.J., his companion, was an army chaplain during World War II. They will be joined by the veteran of British Honduras, Father John T. Newell S.J. of Corozal, B.H.

According to word received from Bishop Narro, of Santa Rosa de Copan and Tegucigalpa, the mission in which the American missionaries will labor is poor. "There will be many hardships," he writes, "in matters of climate, food, shelter, and clothing." Archbishop Lunardi, Apostolic Nuncio of Honduras, speaks enthusiastically of the new hope to Catholics long de-

prived of the ministrations of priests. Bishop Turcios, Coadjutor to Bishop Narro, welcomes the assistance of the Jesuit missionaries. Up to the present, three diocesan priests have toiled to keep the faith alive in the Department of Yoro.

To pave the way for Father O'Neill and his fellow-missionaries, Very Reverend Father Hickey took to mule-back early in June, visiting the pueblos and rural areas of the mission. It was rough going through mountainous country interspersed with plateaus and valleys. Donkey trails led to Yorito, San Antonio, Sulaco, Minas de Oro, and Esquias. Mestizos talked with the Father Superior as he stopped in their pueblos. In the hills Jicaque Indians heard by grapevine of his visit. Somewhat the worse for the ravages of time, large, imposing churches stand where the Spaniards placed them in the days of colonization. All this Father Hickey saw. When the trip was over, he had a better idea of what the missionaries will be up against and a keener insight into the labors of the early explorers who carved out of this wilderness a civilization and a culture centuries ago.

Churches stand in almost every pueblo. But priests are few and many of the churches have long been neglected. American Jesuits will work in these places to bring back the Catholic life that has not died there but has been sleeping these many years. They will labor for the re-birth of Catholicism in a Catholic country. And, please God, the Faith will burn bright again as it did in the long ago.

Sunset Promenade

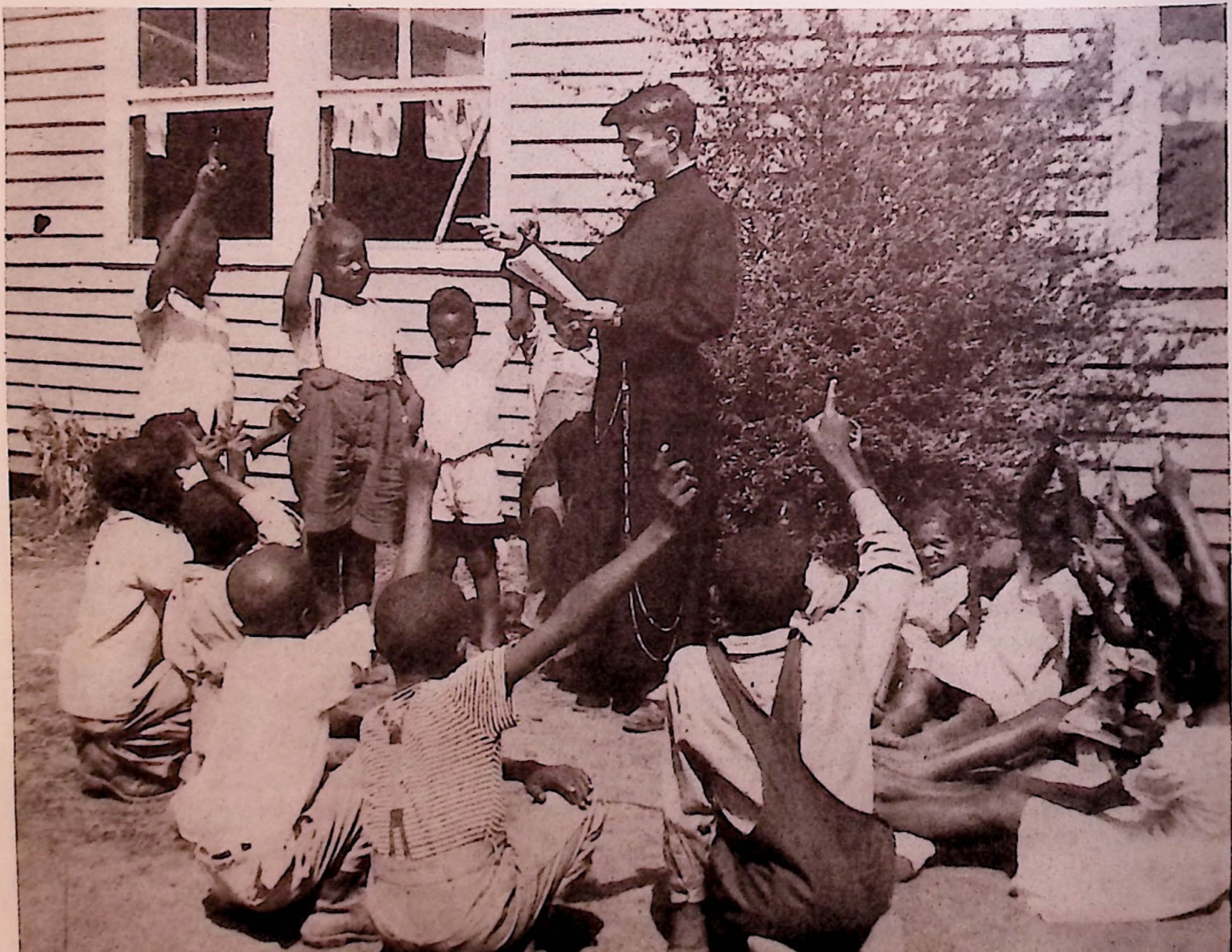
T. H. HAY S.J.

"Suffer the little children. . . ."

I COULDN'T believe it. But there it was: "Mr. Hay, catechist, Sunset Public School for Negroes." I just stood there dazed. A few "Congratulations, Mister" came my way and I smiled my thanks.

But why me . . . a deep Southerner? There were many who were more interested in Negro work. Some even entertained a desire to devote their whole life to it, but the appointment stood. I never questioned it. And I came to love my class.

As we walked the first time from Grand Coteau to Sunset, Louisiana, I tried to remember the hints I had garnered from my predecessor. He had had the first-Communion class. That meant I would have a school-room full of little tots anywhere from six to ten. The day was a Tuesday afternoon, our weekly holiday. Five Novices, in cassocks, demurely paraded through the little village and out beyond its further side. The school lay "across the tracks."



Along the way the public school for white children loomed over the village, a modern, three-story, fire-proof brick. Only the municipal water tower dared raise its swollen head above Sunset Public School for White children.

We trudged down a badly rutted mud road, climbed a slight incline to the railroad crossing, straining for a first glimpse of the schoolhouse. We reached the crossing, took one look and there it was! Two buildings. One of four rooms made from weather-beaten boards, the other with that "general store" appearance, one plate glass window in the front. The store might have been painted once upon a time, but the building and the campus and the mud-rutted parkway were all of a piece.

The first-Communion class had to be split up. Girls giggled in the baby class-room with its miniature chairs and tables. I took the masculine material and marched off with my bashful boys to the over-sized sixth-grade seats.

LESSON number one began its session. "Who knows what class this is?" An array of hands sprang towards the ceiling. "I, Father!" "I, Father!" I noted with pleasure their use of the correct pronoun. In all my years of schooling in fire-proof buildings I think we were allowed to use the incorrect "me." All the young men—the oldest eleven, the youngest five—know exactly what they were there for.

It was the Novice-missioner's office to be sure they knew their prayers correctly, to teach them the formula of confession and its meaning, and the significance of Holy Communion. The prayers offered the greatest difficulty.

There was not a boy in my class that did not know his prayers. The labor came, however, in eliminating incorrect versions. "Hail-ly Mary, full of grace," they would begin. Two or three instances would go further astray, "Hail-ly Mary, full of grapes, the Lord is a tree." But four months of slow, precise work and our prayers were fully mastered and sounded as beautiful as common prayers at the Novitiate.

The girls' troubles came in the Apostles' Creed, "He descended into Hell sitting on the right hand of God," and, "God is a poor Spirit."

Towards the end of the year, three weeks with only four in class caused me concern. I had not counted on the sweet potato planting season. In this potato country everyone plants potatoes. Yes, even Novices. However, missionaries enjoyed the privilege of leaving the potato fields on Tuesday afternoon to enter the vineyard.

By coercion of many words, begs and pleas, I sent my lone four as apostles into the four corners of the potato fields to preach the doctrine of coming to catechism class. Another week with no results except the faithful four. Again I sent my disciples, "Take ye



(Left) Theodore H. Hay, S.J., who writes of himself "as a deep Southerner," catechizing his group across the tracks. (Above) Two young and too old.

neither scrip, nor staff," . . . nor shoes. And three weeks before the dead line—results!

During those last few hours of class we worked together as one person. They knew their lessons. They knew their doctrine. They knew their prayers. Down one row and up the next I received perfect answers. "In Holy Communion we receive the Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity of Our Lord." . . . "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee," . . . "Bless me Father, this is my first confession. . . ." And on that last Tuesday we shared a mutual triumph. Their Pastor had accepted them all.

Five catechists spent the two miles home reminiscing. The year had been successful. The children were cooperative. And grateful. We had made, begged or borrowed to furnish the Communion class with rosaries and their thanks still rang in our ears.

From the graduating class the year before two Religious vocations to the Sisterhood were God's graduation gift, one to the Carmelites, one to the Franciscans.

The flock waits at the gate. But the gate must be opened. Shepherds are needed to lead them in, to bless and teach, and forgive and sanctify. These people are ready for Christ, and are anxious to be His. I wonder if we do not sometimes hesitate and stumble on Christ's words, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

Editor's note: Many vocations are needed for missions among the Negroes and Indians of the United States. We recommend this need to your prayers.

APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

Mission Intention for November, 1946

MORE NUMEROUS MISSIONARY VOCATIONS

EVER since that day in Samaria when our Savior with outstretched hand pointing to the whitening harvest said, "Lift up your eyes, and see the countries, for they are white already to harvest!" there has been a constant need of missionaries. In the apostolic times Peter and Paul felt the need; in the middle ages new vistas of conquest for souls were constantly being opened. St. Francis Xavier's letters to St. Ignatius stress the ever increasing need of more numerous missionary vocations.

Our twentieth century too has felt this same need. After World War I, in 1919 in his memorable "Maximum Illud" Pope Benedict XV of blessed memory wrote: "We must remedy the scarcity of missionaries. Great as it was it has become appalling during the war, so much so that many portions of the Lord's vineyard have lost their laborers." These words are not less true a quarter of a century later when World War II has again decimated the mission fields of the Orient.

In February 1926 in his not less memorable encyclical "Rerum Ecclesiae" to the Venerable Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops and other local Ordinaries Pope Pius XI who truly merited the title "Pope of the Missions" wrote, "It seems to us two special ends ought to be aimed at, both of which are not only opportune, but even necessary and intimately connected with each other; namely that a much larger number of missionaries well trained in the various departments of knowledge be sent forth into the boundless regions that are still deprived of the Christian religion, and that the faithful may understand with what zeal, and with what constancy in prayer, and finally with what generosity they are to cooperate in a work so holy and so fruitful." His words to the Ordinaries on that occasion were most solemn. Going into detail the Supreme Pontiff wrote: "If you are convinced that the most salutary resolution (of ecclesiastical students to labor on the missions) springs from . . . Divine inspiration, neither scarcity of clergy, nor any need of the diocese ought to discourage you or keep you from giving your consent." In 1942 Pius XII speaking to the world in his message to the pilgrims of Fatima stressed the need of prayers for obtaining vocations. This month then let us join our prayers with those of the rest of the Catholic world in praying for more numerous missionary vocations.

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.

Eskimo Background for WALT DISNEY

JOHN P. FOX, S.J.

I AM digging a little deeper just at present into old customs in Alaska. Walt Disney sent up some movie photographers looking for background shots. Hooper Bay and Kashunak and parts of the district are being filmed for educational purposes. If at times I do not know enough myself to give them a good idea of what they want to know, I always go to the old grandmas. They remember every detail they have ever heard or observed. In the course of this research work for Walt Disney's men, I came across this story:

The description might have been taken from the Society Page of some Hooper Bay morning paper of January 6, 1906. It tells how Uyureukarmati got himself a wife. He did it, of course, just like the rest of our young Eskimos of the time. And the technique is interesting, at least.

Chiftulthgak (that's Uyureukarmati's proper name) got his eye on Paugoyuk. He liked the girl but was afraid to tell her so. Proposing is not customary here. So he told his mother his secret, begging her earnestly not to give away his secret. But she needed no urging on that score. For most likely Paugoyuk had other suitors.

Paugoyuk's parents were interviewed. But she was kept in the dark for the present. What suits papa and mama must suit their daughter too in this affair. And as Chiftulthgak was considered a very good hunter, the match was easily agreed upon and the date set for the dancing season in mid-winter. The lucky boy started to hunt harder than ever. Did he not now



Grannies love to inspect the furs, but the celebration reaches its peak when the dancing begins.

have to get some skins so that his mother could make a parka for his girl? And she needed some boots and gloves too. Mother would make them. But it was up to Chiftulthgak to furnish the material.

He soon had the fur and his mother began her work. No special measure need be taken. Eskimo girls are not so particular about a close fit. And anyway, she would need room for expansion soon, and the hood would have to be big enough to carry the baby. And all babies are very nearly alike here. So she began to sew immediately and had the bundle of clothes all made up in plenty of time. She even stored it away for a few weeks as the rehearsing for the dances was still going on and things were not quite ready.

But soon things began to happen. Teams came in from all over, all loaded to capacity with Eskimos coming to the dance, and the contributions each was requested to make to the pool that would be divided when the dancing was over. Chiftulthgak gets busy. He brings his wife the parka, boots and gloves, and perhaps a few little trinkets if he can get them. And, of course, she now knows what's in the cards. She puts on her new outfit and is put on as one of the dancers.

But in case that would not be possible for any reason, she would flash her new outfit in the kaziga by bringing five wooden kantaks of food to five of the young men in the kaziga. That will do by way of breaking to them the news that she is no longer a free lance.

And so after her dance is over, or else after this little banquet for her friends, Chiftulthgak moves in on the family. He is given his part of the platform that serves for sleeping space in an igloo as well as for table and many other purposes. And family life begins. Of course, as far as supporting a family is concerned, he begins "ex abrupto," and probably has some 7 or 8 to feed and clothe, (at least to help a lot to do so), right from the first day of his marriage. The father of the house will pretty much take over his bag of fur if he has any, or when he gets some.

Not all like the winter to start in on such a job. And so marriages are often set for the spring hunting season when seal, laftak and mukluk are abundant. The boy holds his gifts for the girl till he gets his first mukluk. Then he presents the clothes, and the girl's mother cuts up the mukluk into small squares, leaving the blubber on the skins. These are put into a large kantak and brought by the girl to the kaziga where the men divide the pieces. In the meantime the girl goes home and divides the rest of the mukluk at her home among all comers. She is attired, of course, in her new outfit that she just got from her boy.

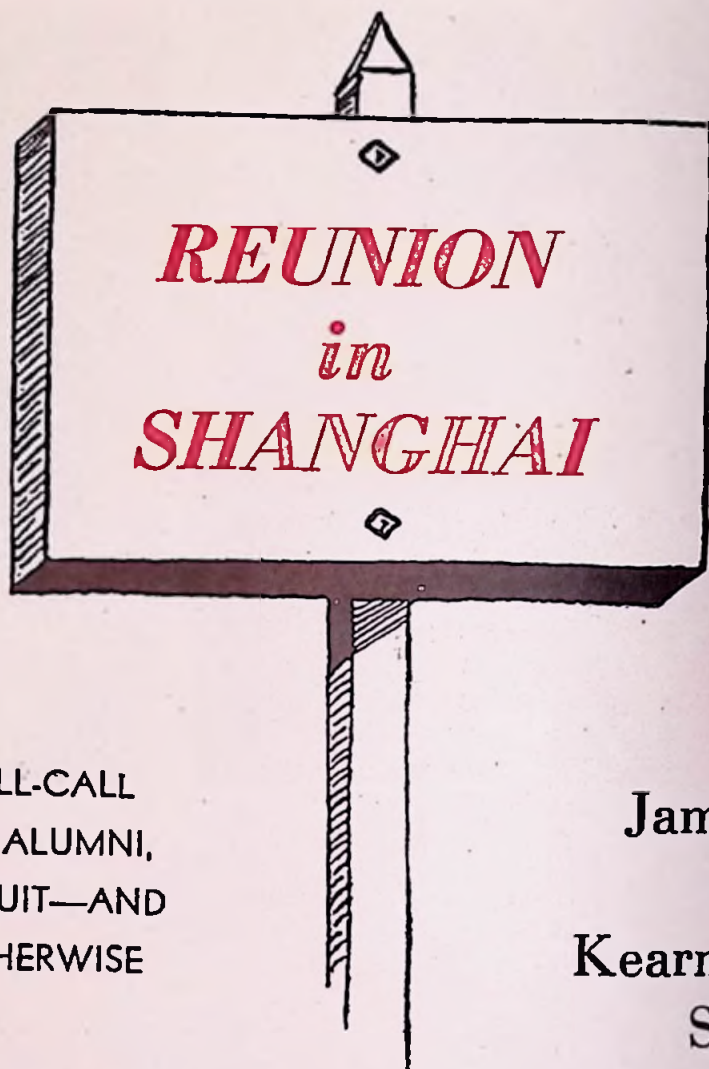
Akutak, the native kind of ice-cream, is always a customary dish at such celebrations, and so is given out with fresh blubber to the men in the kaziga, and added to dinner at home too. There is always something for a good hunter to get, and so there can be a wedding at any season. And the fundamental ceremony is always just about the same. A society reporter of the day would have said, I suppose, "The bride wore fur, seal trimmed with wolf." The groom also wore fur (with a little wolf, too). In fact everybody wore fur or dreamed of new furs next year.



REV. JAMES F. KEARNEY, S.J., AT NANKING

“**H**ERE is a little gift for Father McGreal,” said Colonel White, of Gonzaga High (Spokane) and West Point, as he presented a Samurai sword that had belonged to a Japanese General. A member of one of the most severely tested of General Marshall’s “truce teams” in Shantung, North China, Colonel White had some thrilling experiences which culminated in his capture in the “no man’s land” of a sanguinary battle between Reds and Nationalists. His supposedly neutral headquarters, a thick-walled Protestant mission hospital, were deliberately shelled for four days by heavy Japanese mortars in the possession of the Communists. That he got out alive he attributes strictly to prayer and Providence.

We are proud of the Jesuit boys we have seen out here, representatives from nearly every one of our institutions back home. Some of these alumni are pretty high up, too. For example, at a party in honor of Gen-



ROLL-CALL
OF ALUMNI,
JESUIT—AND
OTHERWISE

James
F.
Kearney
S.J.

eral Wedemeyer, when Fr. McGreal was presented to him, the General asked, “To what order do you belong?” When the Father answered, “I am a Jesuit,” the General answered warmly, “I’m an old Jesuit boy myself—from Creighton!”

FATHER Mark Tennien, of Maryknoll, trained at Holy Cross, gave us an impromptu talk about his excellent “Chungking Listening Post,” an authentic book about China by one who understands the realities of the Orient. Then there’s Colonel Clasby, of St. Ignatius, San Francisco, chaplain of the 8th Air Force at Okinawa, who has called on us several times.

“Doc” Hennessey of Boston College came in one evening with Lt. O’Sullivan of Gonzaga. The Doctor became locally famous when the ship on which he was going home hurried to the rescue of a refugee-jammed Japanese craft that hit a mine outside the Yangtse. In a masterly operation everyone on board was rescued, and as the U.S. vessel put back to port “Doc” Hennessey handled a maternity case for a Japanese mother. This launched a discussion which raged for several days in local papers as to whether the babe, born on an American cruiser in Chinese waters, was an American citizen, a Chinese, or a Japlet.

Capt. John F. Carroll, of St. Peter’s College, N. J., and formerly of the editorial staff of “Collier’s,” called just before returning home to his old job, and left us an excellent article for publication in our “Catholic Review.” St. Louis U. is still ably represented by Robert



Nothing has come out of this war quite as exultant and laudatory as the letters of the Missionaries describing their meetings with American servicemen. Left to right are Fathers John Gordon Brennan and Fahy with Ed Nogat in China.

Cooney, Special Representative for the American Red Cross, China Relief.

Some of our earliest visitors here were Bernie Gallagher, of the C.I.D., a Gonzaga law grad and Washington State politician; Lieutenant Ziegler of Milwaukee and Gonzaga, who had flown the notorious "Hump" in cargo planes umpteen times, carrying everything from mules to corpses, before returning to the States. Also, Major Marty Sullivan of Fordham and G2, who helped Father Brown, S.J. organize the famous outdoor Military Mass at the Race Course. Even Shanghai pagans still talk about it with wonder. Lieutenant Commander Heintskill of Marquette has been a daily communicant here for months, while Loyola (L.A.) was represented each Sunday by Bill Rafael, who had travelled about most of the known world setting up different Armed Forces Radio Posts.

RECENTLY Joe Rosenthal, U. of San Francisco convert, famed for his Mt. Suribachi picture, dropped in for an hour, to take a few snaps of some of the fathers. The Judge Advocate's office which handled the local Japanese War Criminal trials, is pretty much monopolized by Georgetown alumni, such as Colonels O'Connor, Driscoll, etc. Georgetown civilians include Messrs. Cuff of the U. S. Embassy in Nanking and Brennan, T. V. Soong's legal adviser, who accompanied T. V. to Moscow last summer and personally witnessed the high-pressure methods used by the Soviets to secure favorable terms from China.

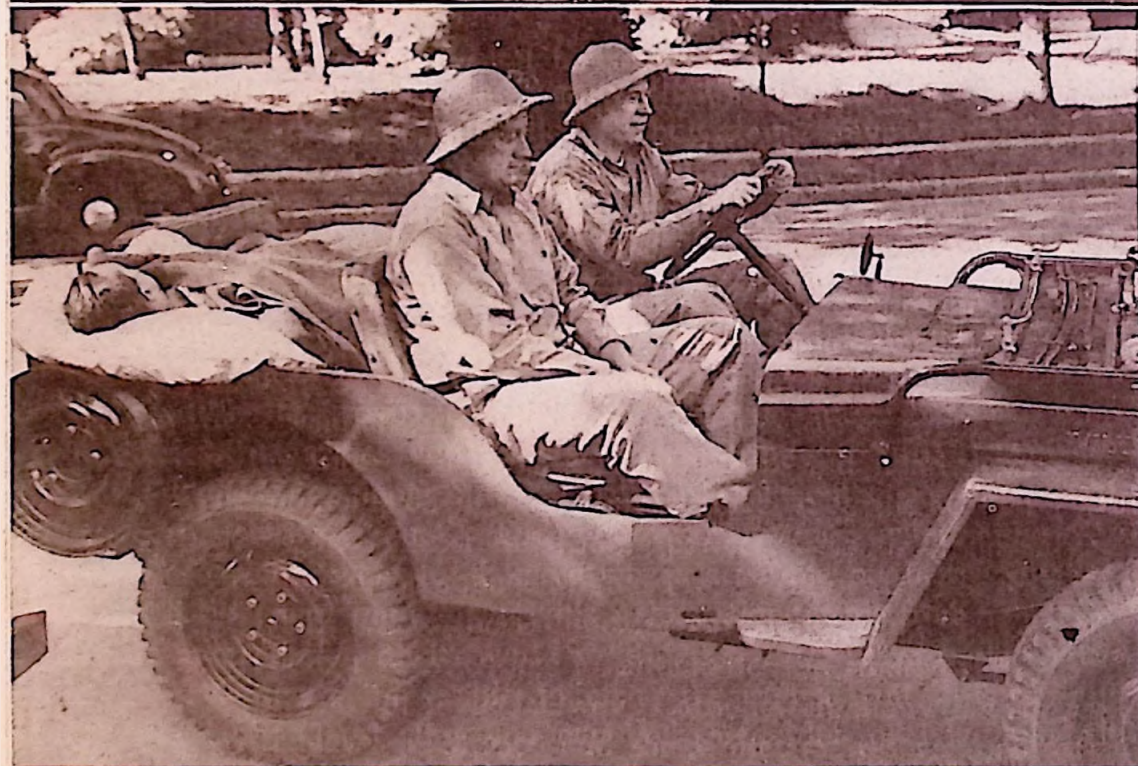
Lest it seem that the Pacific War was won entirely by the Jesuits and their alumni, it may be well to mention a few of the other Catholic participants. Two of the earliest friends we made last fall were Captain McAuliffe, M.D. of Brooklyn, and Lieutenant O'Neill

of Detroit. The most interesting character of all was Lieutenant Commander Ed Martin of SACO, San Diego, and Villanova, where he was a star halfback, who, with two other SACO boys (Catholics), formed the smallest task force in U. S. naval history to capture a fleet of six big junks filled with over 100 heavily-armed Jap soldiers trying to escape from Shanghai. Lieut. Martin boarded the leading boat alone, and, with Jap pistols levelled at him and Jap bayonets pressed against him coolly conducted an investigation of the junks, then ordered the Jap commander to put back to Shanghai with all six junks, herded by the tiny three-man task force. A single sign of fear or weakness on Ed Martin's part would have meant a violent and early departure from this vale of tears. He said that what frightened him most was a letter that came from his wife in California afterwards reading something like this: "You have been telling me of the quiet office-life you have been leading in Shanghai. Oh yeah? Then, how do you explain the enclosed news account of your dare-devil activities?" Ed Martin's adventures behind the Jap lines would make a thrilling book of memoirs, though he has won only four medals for bravery, I believe. He is an outspoken advocate of the Augustinians, the Act of Perfect Contrition, and above all the Hail Mary in tight spots. We used to tell him there was only one thing lacking—some Jesuit influence in his training!

LAST of all I would like to say something about a man who isn't a G.I. at all, and whose only claim to Jesuit educational influence is the course of instructions he took this spring before becoming a Catholic. Mr. Augustine Chu Chiping, a sincere, modest young Chinese, saw a lot of action with the U. S. Navy during the last six months of the Pacific hostilities as a war correspondent for the big daily, "Ta Kung Pao." The first part of his college work was done at the well-known Protestant Yenching University, Peiping, as a medical student. Later he switched over to journalism, and when the war broke out became a front-line correspondent. He had some thrills during the famous Japanese advance southward towards Kunming. Later he was assigned to the Third Fleet, was with it at Okinawa and when it cruised up and down the coast of Japan bombarding the mainland at will, and was on board the "Missouri" to cover the surrender in Tokyo Bay.

Shortly after his baptism here, Mr. Chu was married to a local graduate of the Madames of the Sacred Heart, and the young couple have left for New York where the husband has been assigned as foreign correspondent of the "Ta Kung Pao."

And so our visitors come and go. It may be that we see only the best ones, but we are certainly proud of our Catholic boys out here—with a pronounced weakness for those from Jesuit colleges. They are a good ad for their teachers back home.



(Top) The Mayor of New York City, Hon. William O'Dwyer, received from Rev. Calvert Alexander, S.J., editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, and Rev. John J. Hooper, S.J., directors of the tercentenary celebration in honor of the Mohawk Martyrs, a copy of St. Isaac Jogues' description of his visit to New York City in 1643. St. Isaac Jogues was enabled to escape from the Indians through the kindness of the Dutch of Albany to New

York, where he was honored and most courteously welcomed by Governor Kiefft. (Lower left) British Honduras, a "roadless mission" in Central America, gets a jeep, too. Two new missionaries try it out before sailing—Fathers John C. Murphy, S.J., and Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J. (Lower right) Lt. Col. James J. Dolan, S.J., chaplain for five years in the U. S. Army, returns to Jamaica, B.W.I., as a missionary once again.

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

THE TRICENTENARY OF THE MARTYRDOM of Saints Isaac Jogues, Rene Goupil and John Lalonde has been commemorated during the summer months by repeated religious and civic observances. Each week-end throngs have assembled in pilgrimages at the Shrine of the North American Martyrs at Auriesville, New York, in the midst of the Mohawk country where Jogues labored. Early in August more than 1,500 persons attended a Solemn Mass at Bolton Landing to mark the 300th anniversary of the discovery of the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament. This is the name given to this body of water by St. Isaac Jogues. To-day it is known as Lake George. Through legislative enactment of the State of New York, St. Isaac Jogues is recognized as the discoverer of Lake George and is now officially honored by a statue in the military park commanding an impressive view of the lake from the south. Celebrations will continue well into the fall and will include pilgrimages, radio broadcasts, church and school festivities and Pontifical Masses to be said at Boston, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, Washington, D. C. and in other cathedral cities.

COMMUNIST-LED PERSECUTION of the Church in widely separated sections of the world finds repeated mention in religious and secular papers. An Associated Press report cites a *New York Times* correspondent who reveals that twelve priests are included in the 3,000 persons either missing or killed in Moscow-dominated Albania from the end of 1944 to last June. Included in this number are a Provincial and a Rector of the Jesuit Order. The Apostolic Delegate was expelled in 1945 and no successor has been appointed. Many Catholic Churches have been requisitioned by the government and converted into seats of governmental agencies. In Cochin, Indo-China, three priests were slain and radicals burned the churches and part of the village of Ben-Tre. Communists demanded that Bishop Tu be surrendered to them and threatened the Cistercian monastery at Chan-Son if they were refused. Bishop Dominic Ho Ngoc Can also is in flight to protect his life. At Tan-Qui in Cochin a mob burned the church and massacred a number of the faithful. Ten were put to death because they sang at church services. From Guatemala City, the weekly *Verbum* reports that Communist leaders are trying to weaken the Catholic Church by arousing nationalistic prejudices against the foreign clergy. The newspaper quotes from a statement of Elias Lafferte before the Mexican Communist Party

Congress in 1944. In part this Chilean communist Senator said, "When our declaration of principles speaks of doing away with the vestiges of semi-feudalism . . . we refer especially to the spiritual and political power of the Catholic Church." In Shanghai the Rev. Frederick A. McGuire, head of the Franciscan mission, charged in a recent interview that all the members of his order had been expelled from communist-held areas of Shansi province and mission property worth \$125,000 had been seized. Priests have been held for ransom and a year ago the Bishop of Tienping was seized and held until he promised to surrender all arms and ammunition which the mission kept as a precaution against bandit attacks.

A FORMER DIRECTOR OF THE OBSERVATORY AT ZI-KA-WEI, mission center of the French Jesuits at Shanghai, has been elected to membership in the French Academy of Sciences. Father Lejay, recipient of the honor, has just returned to his native country. He has won world renown through his research on air pressure. As director of scientific research at the Centre National Francaise, Father Lejay took a leading part in perfecting the use of radar.

TWO RECENTLY REPORTED DEATHS must be a source of regret to all interested in our Catholic missions. The Very Rev. Lambert J. Welbers, S.S.J., sole survivor of the founders of the Josephites in the United States, died on August the nineteenth. Ordained in 1888, Father Welbers came to this country in 1893 with a group of five priests, members of St. Joseph's Foreign Mission Society of Mill Hill, England. At the request of Pope Pius IX they established a society for work among the Negroes. The untiring labors of the Josephite Fathers is to-day a fitting tribute to the success of their efforts. The second report announced that Father Robert Cairns of Maryknoll was officially declared dead. A graduate of Holy Cross College, Father Cairns first went to China in 1920. His last assignment placed him in charge of the mission on Sanchian Island, a small island just off the coast of China proper, made famous as the death place of St. Francis Xavier. Father Cairns was last seen a few days after Pearl Harbor when the Japanese removed him from his mission. Most reliable information indicates that he was shot just after the boat left shore and his body thrown into the China Sea. The deaths of both these priests represents a real loss to the mission cause.



"Across one awful chasm and only forty miles away was visible the majestic mass of Kinchinjunga."

Dawn Over Kinchinjunga

EDMUND P. BURKE, S.J.

IT was a misty morning in May the first time I made the ascent of Tiger Hill. There were seven in our party. They were missionary priests and scholastics from the three Jesuit Missions in North-East India, an adventuresome group of Indians, Belgians, and Americans. All of us had been sent up to the cool, green-clad ridges of the Lower Himalayas to gain relief from the blazing May heat of the plains. The mountains were new to us, and we were in the mood for adventure.

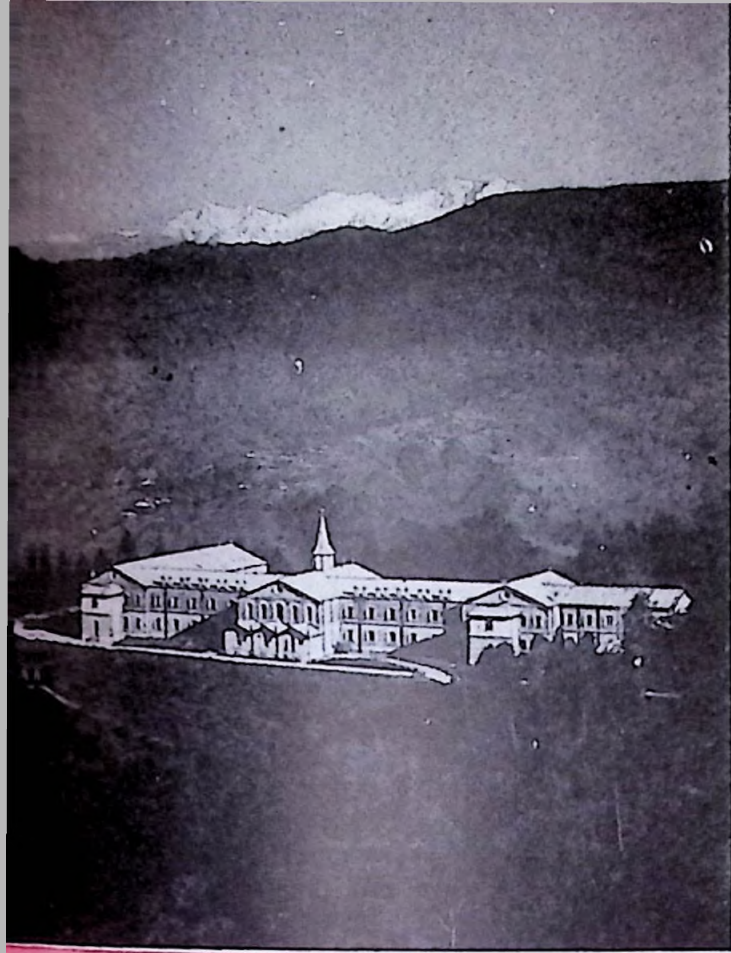
—And a little foolishness, I thought, as we sleepily rolled out of chilly beds on that misty morning in May. A look outside left no doubt about that, absolutely none. Only the extent of our presumption remained unknown. Here we were, getting up at 2:30 a.m. to see the glories of—a sunrise! As we stomped out of the house and into the unknown, our lanterns revealed nothing but a white curtain. I won't say we couldn't see our hands before our face, but there were times when we had trouble making out our feet. This latter was an important consideration on mountain paths that dropped off suddenly into a shuddering blackness.

No doubt we were men of faith. All of our way was new to us, and all our directions were second-hand.

One remembered that someone had spoken of a marking post; another thought he'd heard that we were always to keep to the right after turning left once. But that mist! At the 6,500 foot elevation from which we started it completely engulfed us, and every step up to our goal of 8,600 feet only made the cloud cling closer. Every little footpath, whether to the right or left, looked more inviting than our own broad trail. As long as we knew we were climbing—the strain on our legs and our companions puffing at our sides told us that, even when we saw no ascent—confidence remained. After climbing about 1,500 feet, we came to a level stretch.

Then the road seemed to stand itself on end, in a hurry to finish its length, up its last 500 feet at roller-coaster steepness, and left us in a state of collapse as we weaved to the top of Tiger Hill to see,—nothing but mist!

DIMLY swirling through it we saw the stone shelter reserved for collapsing tourists like ourselves. We sealed ourselves inside, for by this time the unaccustomed cold of the place had begun to eat into our bones. The effect of the strenuous climbing was passing quickly. Our thin blood used to the 105 degree heat of the Gangetic



Kinchinjunga, the high peak over Kurseong.

Plain was being chilled at some 50 degrees. At this point the custodian of that barren knob, a wiry Nepalese, appeared like a wrath out of the mist and brought us a brazier of charcoal. We crouched above the friendly coals and glumly opened a can of beans. The dawn we had climbed to see was forgotten, and so were the glories that might have been ours on a luckier day.

ALL would have been lost, but Father Goreux, a professor of astronomy on his working days, led by I know not what inspiration, got up and took down one of the boards which covered the rude windows of the shelter. He shouted. We gasped. For there before us to the East and North and West lay all the glory of a Himalayan dawn, in all its freshness, wiped clean of cloud, and in all its grandeur. To the North and East the sun was just beginning to color with a vivid red a horizon silhouetted with mighty snow-clad peaks. Out there it seemed to me, the thought came suddenly, lay the end of the earth, lost out there in that golden land of mystery created by the rising sun, far out among the high passes to Tibet and Central Asia. It was a rare chance, the way the sun lighted those peaks far off on the Top of the World, in a land foreigners, even missionaries, never penetrate,—Mysterious Tibet. Surely it was the end of the earth, the frontier of the missionary world.

For now out across one awful chasm and only forty miles away was visible the majestic mass of Kinchinjunga, the third highest mountain in the world. The name is Tibetan and means "the five treasure-houses of



"There before us lay all the glory of a Himalayan dawn."

the great snows" because it is lit, as it was that day, with a golden glow by the rising sun. The sight was magnificent beyond comparison. That vast granite hulk all gleaming gold from the line of perpetual snow at 17,000 feet to its twinkling tip at 28,146 feet filled for the moment the whole horizon. I thrilled at the view, for I knew that this mountain, called "the most magnificent mountain in the world," lay on the frontier between Sikkim and Nepal. *Nepal!* Off there to the West then, from Golden Kinchinjunga to the plains lost in a purple haze toward the South below, among those forested ranges somewhere, was the border of Nepal, the Forbidden Country. Down those ridges two hundred years ago the heroic Capuchin Fathers sadly made their way, and since that day no missionary has gone to Nepal.

WE heard the stocky Nepalese guardian of Tiger Hill shouting, and we followed his pointing finger with our eyes. Far out to the West a heavy bank of clouds had split, and for a brief moment we could see, 120 miles away, far into Nepal and on the border of Tibet, the sight that has brought people from all over the world to that wind-swept knob above Darjeeling. That golden speck on the far horizon was Mt. Everest, 29,002 feet, the highest known mountain in the world.

Asking no more of a morning that had begun so badly, we started down the hill once more, to let the mist claim back its own, after that vision of the end of Christ's world, that look into unknown lands of mystery where nineteen centuries of the Missionary Church have failed to establish His Standard and His Reign.

NOVEMBER

in

MEXICO

Matthew J. Ashe, S.J.

MORE than once in the history of the Church, a man has had to be a missionary to his own country. Witness Blessed Edmund Campion and Blessed Robert Southwell, Jesuits of English birth who under Queen Elizabeth returned to England to meet martyrdom at the hands of their own countrymen.

Within very recent times, Father Miguel Augustin Pro Juarez, Mexican priest of the Society of Jesus, has played a kindred role in Mexico. Born January 13, 1891, at Conception de Oro, in the state of Zacatecas,

Father Pro at the moment of execution.



Miguel entered the Jesuit Order in August, 1911. He studied far and wide, as an exile, in many lands,—the United States, Costa Rica, Spain and Belgium. His superiors sent him to a kind of underground apostolate, back home among his fellow Mexicans. Coming into the country of his birth in disguise, at the time when penal laws against priests had gone into effect, Father Pro began to exercise his ministry in the capital city.

Mexico City was no place at all just then for a Catholic priest to function with any manner of ease. General Plutarco Calles, head of the Government, and his vast corps of police and detectives were exerting every effort at their command to hunt down and capture any of the clergy who would dare to carry on an active campaign for Christ in Mexico. Yet it is amazing what work Father Pro accomplished under such circumstances. On some occasions as a truck driver, on others as a mechanic or as an actor on the stage, he succeeded in distributing at what he termed "Eucharistic Stations" an average of three hundred Communions a day, and about fifteen hundred on First Fridays.

What finally occasioned the excuse for an extremely intense and wide-spread search for Father Pro was the attempted assassination of General Obregon, former president of Mexico. Father Pro and his chief lay-helpers in the League for the Defense of Religious Liberty were accused of plotting the crime.

Strangely enough, after our hero's phenomenal ability to evade or side-track his pursuers,—in one instance he managed to place a searching policeman on guard outside the door of a house while he said Mass and dispensed the Sacraments within,—an innocent child unwittingly made known his whereabouts to the agents. With his brothers Umberto and Roberto he was surprised and taken prisoner early in the morning of November 17, 1927.

On November 23, the morning papers throughout Mexico announced that the four prisoners would be brought to trial. At 11 o'clock, however, of that same day, Father Pro was executed. His arms extended in the form of a cross, a Rosary in his left hand, having pronounced in a low but distinct voice the words: "Long live Christ the King!" pierced with the bullets from the firing squad, Miguel Pro, priest of the Society of Jesus, fell to the ground for Christ the King.

Though it is wrong to anticipate the mind of the Church in any official way, Catholics in many lands, particularly in Mexico and the United States venerate him privately and ask his heavenly assistance before the throne of God. His comparatively short life of thirty-six years was given nobly to the cause of the Church he loved and to his fellow-countrymen. For Father Pro was, indeed, a missionary, in this case an Apostle to his own people who strove in a day of stress and open hostility to keep alive their Faith and to enable them to renew their Sacramental life.

We Beg To Differ

THOMAS J. KELLY, S.J.



The Faculty of Baghdad College. (Front row) Frs. William Sheehan, Vincent Gookin, Leo Shea, Edward F. Madaras (Rector), Jos. Connell, Chas. Mahan, Austin Devenny. (Middle row) Frs. Chas. Loeffler, Thos. Lynch,

Robt. Sullivan, Jas. Larkin, Jos. Quinn, Thos. Kelly, Michael McCarthy, Ralph Delaney. (Top row) Frs. Leo Guay, Mr. John Banks, Mr. John Mahonay, Mr. John McGrath, Mr. Joseph Ryan, Fr. Thomas McDermott

THESE men form the faculty and the teaching staff of Baghdad College. They are all American Jesuits, most of them from Boston and its environs. It has been said that all Jesuits are alike. We beg to differ.

Before this faculty donned the blackrobes of the Jesuits, they had considerable experience in the manly art of earning a living. Some sold such varied commodities as: soap, ice, suits, shoes, fruit, grain, batteries, magazines and papers. You may have heard a raucous voice boom out at a ball park: "Peanuts, popcorn, chewing gum." Did you ever wonder where those voices went to: I know where a couple of them are this very minute, and it's a long, long way from Fenway Park with its world series.

It is really impossible to chart the course run by the Holy Ghost. But you can get some idea of His activity when you realize what He had to go through to get this little crowd assembled. He had to approach a stable-boy and a dentist, a soldier and a teacher, a sports-writer and a mailman, a page-boy at the Statler, and a violinist from Martha's Vineyard. He even issued a summons to a telephone operator and a painter, an usher in a theatre and a freight-handler. Nor did He deign to overlook the owner of a roadside stand.

And they all willingly answered the call because they knew that they were not the choosers, "I have chosen you, you have not chosen Me."

One of these missionaries enthusiastically recalled that once he was a bobbin-boy in a mill; another, a printer of some repute who can still pick out a "wrong font" just as easily as you and I can read. I would love to be able to say that one was a glass-blower, but he insists he merely worked in a glass factory and later became a checker at the Hood Rubber Co. One spent his summers taking snapshots of people at the beach, while the rest of his free-time was consumed in driving a 5-ton truck for a construction company. The F.B.I. (still in business, I hear) considered it no great risk to have one of these future Baghdadis as a member of its secretarial corps. Another gained quite a name for himself as a boxer.

Looking them over and realizing, their background, one gets a certain sense of security . . . especially "way-out-here" where anything is liable to happen—and usually does.

Where will others come from to replace these in the future? From the same variety of backgrounds. So, whenever you see a Jesuit smiling broadly at the remark that we are all alike, this may tell you why.

THEY MADE THE DESERT

BLOOM

ST. STEPHENS Indian Mission took its origin deep in the shadows of persecution of the Church in Germany. Bismarck, in his lust for power, chose to persecute the Church and outlaw religious orders because they stood in his way. The Society of Jesus was one of them. In his "new order," the Iron Chancellor had no use for the Jesuits, but Christ did in his "eternal order" and that was to bring the light of His Gospel and the spread of His Kingdom to the scattered Indian tribes of North America. The German Jesuits came to this country as exiles from their fatherland and chose Buffalo, N. Y., as their missionary headquarters.

It so happened that at that time, Bishop James O'Connor of Omaha was anxious to start missionary work among the Indian tribes of his vast Vicariate of which the state of Wyoming was a part. One of these tribes was the Shoshones who had recently settled on a Reservation in central Wyoming. In response to a plea from Bishop O'Connor, the Superior of the Buffalo Mission sent Fr. Jutz to Wyoming in the spring of 1884. After doing missionary work for more than a year, Fr. Jutz returned to Buffalo to consult with his Superiors. He then went to Omaha to lay the reasons pro and con for establishing a permanent mission in Wyoming before Bishop O'Connor. The obstacles were financial and otherwise almost insurmountable. Bishop O'Connor would not give up his desire to have a resident missionary priest in Wyoming. He reminded Fr. Jutz that the Jesuit missionaries among the Indians had always been of heroic mold and asked Fr. Jutz if he and his companions were not their worthy successors. Fr. Jutz insisted that they were worthy and returned to Wyoming.

AFTER the priests, came the Sisters. They made the desert bloom. The duties and responsibilities of the Sister Infirmarian in an isolated mission like St. Stephens are limited only by the abilities of the one in charge. About ten Sisters of St. Francis are now stationed at the Mission. Twenty-five years ago Sister Fermina was taken from her work as a hospital Sister and assigned by her Superiors to the office of Infirmarian at St. Stephens. During this time, the infirmary frequently took on all the work of a hospital and Sister has taken care of hundreds of patients, young and old, Catholic and non-Catholic, red and white. In November, 1927 three Indians who had been hauling coal suddenly took sick and one of them soon died. As usual, the corpse was laid out in the vestibule of the Church just before burial in the Catholic Cemetery nearby. As was the Indian custom, the friends and relatives came to view the remains and, as final respect, to kiss the corpse. Rumor had it that he died of alcoholic poisoning, but his wife said he never touched a drop. Soon other cases of this strange sickness were reported and there was much cause for worry. These sick people were brought to the Mission's Infirmary as there was no other place available. The

Francis J. Coffey, S.J.

Out into the wild desert lands of the West to the nomadic Indians of yesterday, the missionary priests and sisters brought the Church (as at St. Stephens, left), cultivation and irrigation (St. Stephens' farm (top right). Even now (below right) the roads are rough, the land still wild.



Mission was then quarantined till the doctors could diagnose the disease. Those who were brought soon enough recovered, but seven died. One of the infants who was brought to the Mission and did recover was Chester Arthur who has since given his life for his country in the Battle of the Bulge.

This was only the beginning of troubles. An epidemic of smallpox hit the Reservation which further isolated the Reservation from the Mission and kept the doctors busy. To make bad things worse, a severe Wyoming winter started early. Sister said they had twenty below for over six weeks. The worse was yet to come. In January a fire of unknown origin started in the boys' building. It spread to the Church adjoining and there was nothing to do but to watch these frame buildings burn to the ground on the Wyoming prairie. Over half of the Mission buildings were destroyed by fire. Fortunately the sick were in another building.

The sixty years the Fathers have been working among the Arapahoe Indians, the Mission has been the hub of Catholic activity, religious, social and economic, on the Reservation. The Indian children are offered a free parochial education at the Mission school. The school program has been simple, to train and educate the children to become useful citizens in a democracy, and to make them members of the Kingdom of Christ on earth. It is interesting to note that of the last one hundred marriages performed at the Mission, all but five proved happy and successful. The Fathers have done more than their share, but the Sisters have made the desert bloom.



Next Month

This bright warm September day in New York is a long time ahead to be thinking of Christmas. Yet the next issue is our Christmas number.

Our best Christmas number was the last one before the war—1941. That year we had a round-the-world account of Christmas on each American Jesuit mission. Things are too unsettled in the Orient yet to enable us to do it this year again. It is interesting to note that every single one of the eleven contributing authors to the 1941 Christmas issue is now in some place other than his post then. One is dead, two are home temporarily, one has returned to the mission, and the others have been transferred to new stations.

The most interesting feature of the 1946 Christmas number will be a letter from "Billy," the leper girl. Most of you don't know "Billy" yet. But you will when Father Monaghan's book, "Under the Red Sun," becomes known. "Billy" was one of the greatest heroines of the Philippine underground. In the book, we see her last, entering a leprosarium. Her letter is the first glimpse of her new life from within, a heroine behind bars—the barrier of a leper asylum. In it, she says:

"Father says I must tell you everything. But the inside story of the life of the leper in a poor and sadly abandoned leper colony is too full of heartaches, misery and want. I always argued and thought that to dump our many troubles and vicissitudes on the laps of other people was inconsiderate and unfair; and many are the times when I feel that it is truly an imposition to ask even my own friends to venture out here into this no-man's-land of a leper colony, but my little girl heart always wins out by the thought that this is what my friends are for; that I may turn to them in times of stress, that I may unburden to them the weight of the cross that lies heavy at times on my heart."

"See You in Calcutta"

SPECIALISTS MEET
AND SCATTER

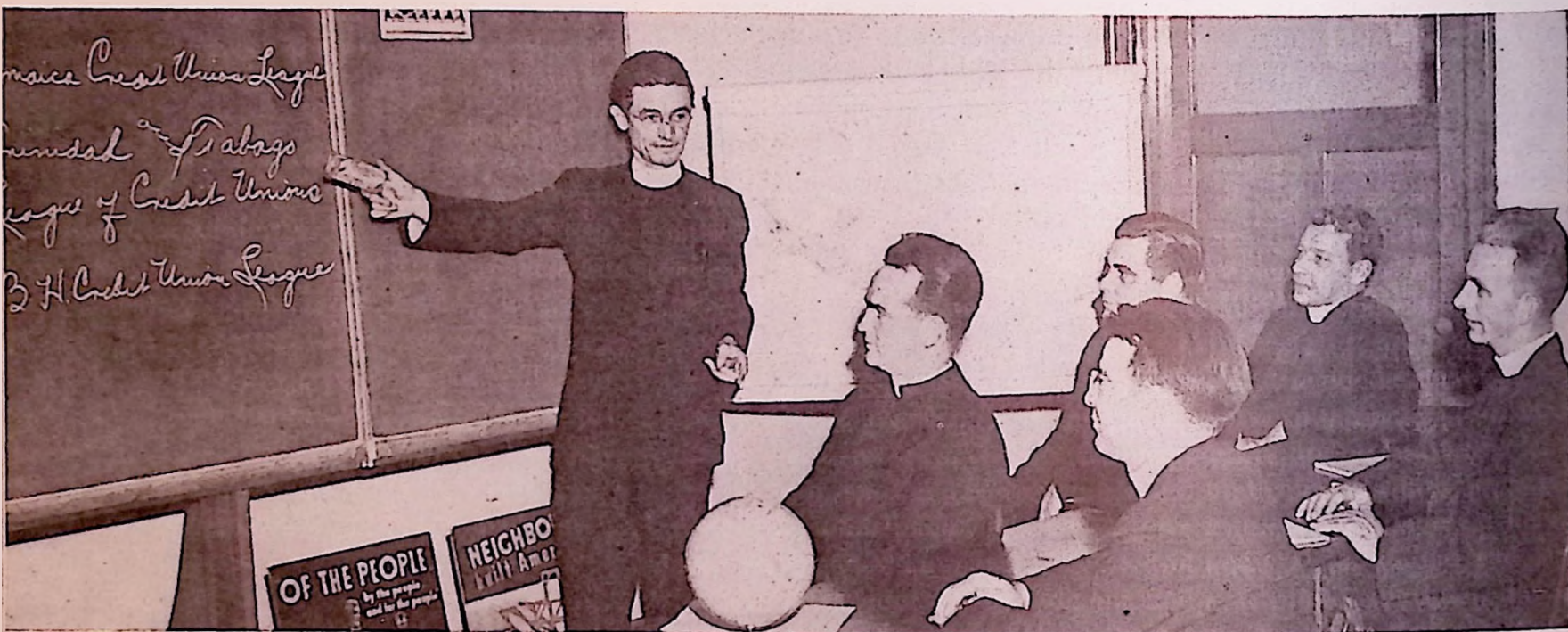
JOHN P. SULLIVAN, S.J.

THE whole world was represented there, it seemed! China, India, Ceylon, Alaska, Guatemala, British Honduras, Honduras, Jamaica, Ecuador, Peru, and the Sioux Indian reservations of the Dakotas. Twenty-two missionaries from, and for, all these corners of the world converged on St. Louis this summer to attend the Institute for Social Work on the Missions. There were Maryknollers and Jesuits, brothers, scholastics, and priests. Some were clearly young. They could not conceal it. Others were—well, "getting on." Some had never set foot on a foreign shore; others, were vet-

heutenango, Guatemala, and John McLaughlin, Wuchow, Kwangsi.

Yet for all the variety of assignments, all had common mission problems on whose solution depended the success of their work as missionaries. The faculty was gathered from the U. S. east, middle and west, to help.

So many mission territories are rural where the people, scattered, impoverished, and uneducated, struggle for a meager existence from exhausted soil. Many are under colonial government and subject to restrictions missionaries would not meet at home. Cooperatives and



Part of the Jamaica contingent at the Institute. Fathers John P. Sullivan, instructor, Dwyer, O'Connor, Burke, Crowley, J. J. Sullivan.

erans of Alaska snows or tropical heat or Japanese internment camps and the exhausting mission toil.

There was such a universal character to the Institute this year, so many different countries, different languages, different cultures, different customs, different problems represented, and yet all these diversities melted and were fused into a shining unity of a single glorious purpose: the extension of the Mystical Body of Christ, visible, indigenous, self-sustaining, hierarchic, sanctifying, to lands beyond the American horizon. There were names such as Blank, Burke, Demeyer, Dwyer, Finnegan, Fournier, McDonald, Martinsek, Sullivan, Turuno, Utterdorfer, Watrin, Wieman and Wolott. They have addresses such as G. E. Murphy, Patna, India; William D. Ryan, Kuo Fu Lu, Nanking; Peter Beach, Batticaloa, Ceylon; Felix Fournier, Heu-

credit unions can help a great deal, but they take time and patience and the know-how of training. Economics, education, government information, bureaus and services which affect mission work, financing a mission,—these and many others were the problems. To study them with men of experience at the summer school was the purpose of the Institute. It brought Chaplains from the war, internees from China's war, physicians and providers for thousands of refugees, a director of a News Service, and a whole contingent of men on whom the missions of tomorrow must depend.

At the end of the course, one China-bound Maryknoll veteran waved down the street to an India-bound Jesuit with the farewell remark, "So long! See you in Calcutta." And very likely they met there! The Institute alumni are now all over the world.

UNDER THE RED SUN

by Forbes Monaghan, S.J.

FATHER MONAGHAN'S book will be published next month. There are passages in it which will make your eyes brim, and you'll not be ashamed. There's glee in the story and magnificent illustrations of what we mean by "justifiable pride," and depth—oh! such depth as you seldom see in print, for the author has gone deep into the hearts of the Filipino people. When you have finished you will want to talk with a Filipino just to say "thank you," and perhaps to apologize for not having known—before. The Filipinos said of Father Monaghan, "This priest understands us and our ways as few Americans do." The following passages are taken from the book, "Under the Red Sun."

BATAAN

In the last week of March the assault on our lines commenced. In the sacramental stillness of the early morning, when the low sun was thrusting its first soft lances through the mangoes and the rubber trees, when the scacias with their fresh leaves strewn with pink crowns were swimming in hazy light, I used to walk musing along the dark paths of the college grounds. Even the early morning noises—the piping of birds overhead, the distant crowing of cocks, a wheel barrow bouncing on the stony path—gave an assuaging sense of peace. But soon I would be aware of a humming far away, faint at first, then stronger and stronger, then would come the roar as bomber after bomber flew over at rooftop height, each with a load of death to be dropped on my countrymen and the boys I loved in Bataan.

All day long the thunder of the battle rolled across the bay; people gathered in the afternoons on Dewey Boulevard to listen to it. The gun flashes at night showed that our men were falling back. Balanga was taken; the middle peak had fallen; but Mariveles, the highest peak of all still stood, and looked as if it could stand for weeks yet.

Never were the sunsets over Mariveles more marvelous, more startling and unearthly in their splendor. One evening it would be an explosion of multicolored lights over the whole sky. Another time I saw a Babylonian frieze of gigantic bronze horsemen who seemed to move in procession across the horizon towards Bataan. And one evening was all blood and gold spilt upon the clouds that hung like thunder over Mariveles. The bay flashed lightnings, the sky above us was dabbled with green and violet; it was an evening browed with stars. Softly the sun went down, drawing a drowsy veil on eyes of men and boys over there who were dear to me. To some, sleep would bring a short

respite from the toil and heat and pain. But some were now beyond the reach of war.

Easter came. On the night of Thursday, April 9th, we gathered once more about the radio. "The Star Spangled Banner" was played amid much static. The Voice began, but it was hard to catch the words. "Bataan has fallen." Oh, good God! what was that? "Bataan has fallen." The ramparts had fallen; the solid mountains had fallen. Something within our souls had fallen and was broken utterly. The boys, the Islands, were all lost. A Filipino Scholastic was weeping. The rest of us were too heartbroken to speak.

GLEE

Quietly we had secured refuge in the Paulist seminary, and in our own houses at Santa Ana and in the Walled City. Pushcarts were hired for the next morning; we meant to get out as much equipment as possible before the Japanese guards arrived. Ateneans brought trucks; the Belgian nuns came with a hundred of their girl students; friends streamed in to help from all quarters of the city; Arsenio Lacson came with his football team and a truck. The house began to empty rapidly.

The guards came; at first twenty of them, then sixty, finally a whole company. It made no difference; they were lost in the throng and roamed about bewildered. They chalked zeros on all the good furniture and on all the electrical equipment; this meant it was their property and was not to be moved. Cheap things received a different mark and could be taken. As these guards went along, our Scholastics followed close behind, rubbing out the zeros and substituting the other mark. Before the guards returned, the good furniture had been carried off. Tom Poole, a master electrician, came over from Santo Tomas, with permission to help move the electric equipment. The Japanese soon recognized him as a dangerous man and set a guard to watch him. Once Poole had some valuable fixture—the master clock or a water heater—ready to move, Father Hurley would step up to the guard and lead him away to inspect some article around a corner. When he returned, the fixture was gone. Soon the Japanese put two men to watch Poole with orders never to leave him. Thereafter Tom loosened the fixtures and went on, with the guards dogging him. The Scholastics came after him and carried the loosened equipment away. At nightfall the great building remained a vast empty barn. In each room a single ten-watt bulb was left, whose dim light merely increased the forlornness of the scene.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

INDIA

Bihar

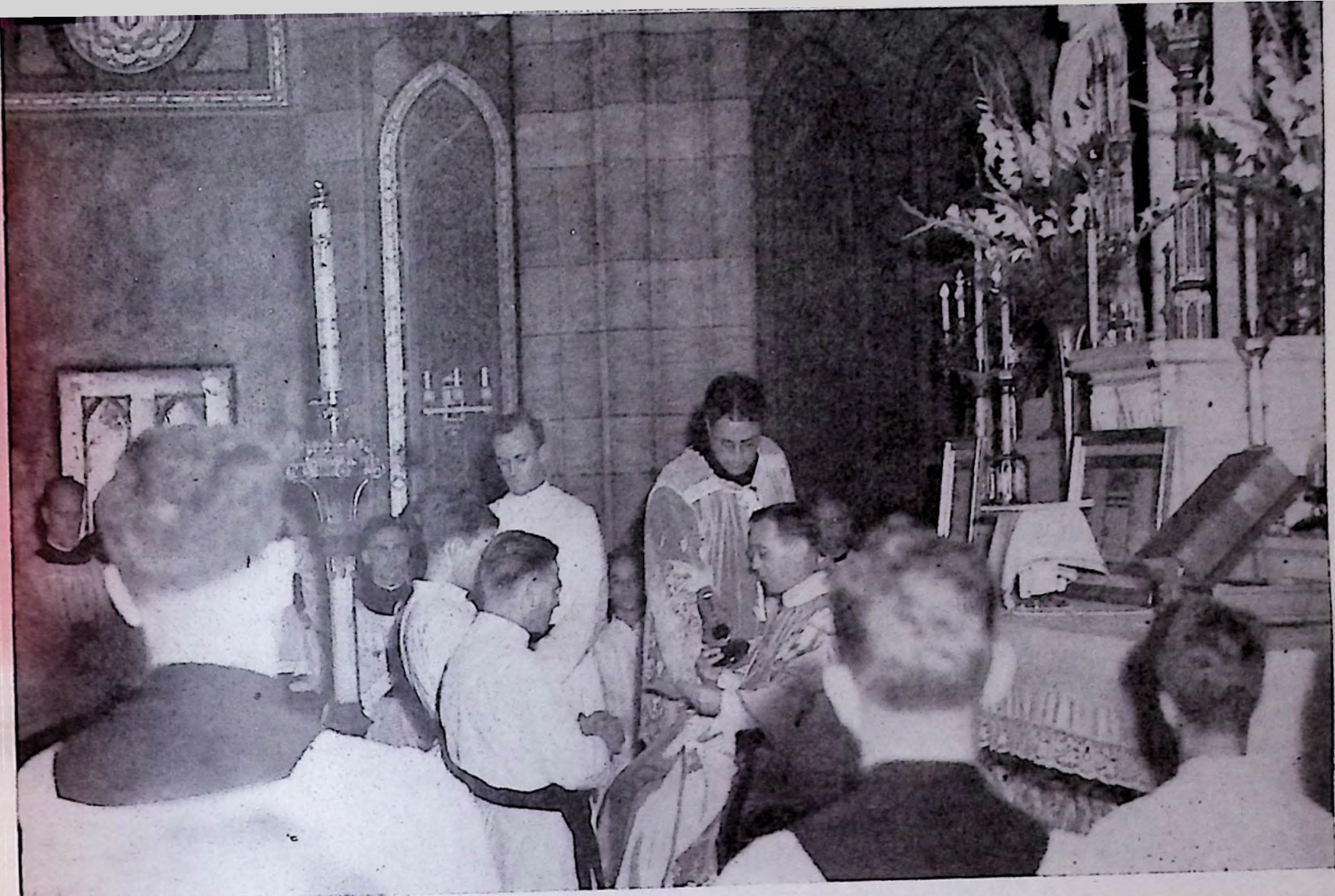
Father Bertram Ernst, S.J.

As you will see from the heading, I am at a new station, Piru, with Father Welzmler. He is at Darjeeling at present but will be back in about three weeks. In the meantime I have been getting acquainted with the mission. I had just come in from a five day trip when your letter arrived Saturday. I struck some pretty hot weather on the way and am resting up a bit before going out again.

Travel is a little different here than it was in the Parganas. I left here Tuesday morning by train, for we have a miniature railway right at our door. It is a picturesque affair. The trains go chugging by, winding their way along the roadside under the high mango and sisu trees for sixty miles from Arrah to Sasaram. They make the sixty miles in five hours when everything is going well though to hear them coming you would think that they were doing ninety miles an hour at the very least. And passengers: the doors are usually bulging and even several open flat cars hardly hold the overflow. I managed to climb into first class and rode up to Bikramganj, some twelve miles from Piru. There we made lorry connections for Semi. By that time it was about nine o'clock and after two hours of walking I was as wet as I would have been had I fallen into the canal which we waded across. The people of Anwarhi gave us a great welcome and I never had been fanned so much before in my life. It was just about closing time for John Baptist, ex-sadhu's, school; so it closed unceremoniously as some wielded fans and others went to bring water and refreshments.

The village is a credit to the thoroughgoing work of Fr. Welzmler. Not all the Chamar quarter are baptized, but it seemed that there was about a hundred percent attendance at all the religious services. I could hardly tell who was Christian and who was not. In the evening we had night prayers out under the stars in the moonlight and I heard confessions sitting on the edge of a bunk while John Baptist led the rosary and other prayers. There were about 35 Holy Communions the next morning at Mass. A good share of the congregation were women and children as most of the men work in Calcutta. I had intended to stay only one night, but they urged me to stay another day, and I finally agreed for I didn't know how much of a walk I would be in for before we struck the next halting place and the weather was certainly hot. Thirty received Holy Communion the next morning though we started Mass before it was really light. After breakfast we were escorted out in the early morning through the Hindu quarter by most of the Christian children and not a few grown-ups on our way to Nawanganar. We were delayed a little just at starting for most of them wanted their houses blessed. Their zeal for their new religion was very impressive.

We reached Nawanganar before it became too hot. There are no Christians at this place, but you would not realize it from the welcome they gave us. The Fathers here have a different system from what we had in the Parganas where we carried everything including our food, or most of it at least. Here they depend on the people and they did not let us down, but they are better off than the Santals are. To see their quarters and clothes you might not think so at first. The Santals, however poor, usually look fairly clean.



Neither might the sight of the Chamars sharpen your appetite, and I was a bit doubtful at first about this scheme of depending on them for everything. But the poor people do not spare anything to make one comfortable and the food looked clean and was really nicely prepared though I fear it meant some sacrifice to some of them to provide the things they did. If there were insects to disturb my sleep, I did not notice them. I had feared I might be eaten up bodily.

Nawanagar set the best food they could find in the village before me and wanted me to spend at least one night while they called a big meeting of the Chamars to decide about becoming Christians at once. We had another schedule and I didn't encourage them to hurry things. Fr. Welzmilller knows them better than I do; so I told them to wait until he got home. At Rampur, our next halt, which we reached from Wawanagar partly by lorry and partly by tramping, we found evidence that things can go too fast. There is a crowd of Christians there, but not all of them seemed to be working very hard at the business of living as Christians.

We tried to catch the lorry next morning after walking two miles to the main road but we missed the first one and the other was filled up. This is the marriage season and all kinds of conveyance are at a premium; lorries and trains are crowded, ekkas (pony carts) all taken, and one meets party after party of sweating coolies carrying clumsy sedan chairs within which usually sits a little urchin clad in a red or pink shirt with a fancy cap, enjoying the time of his life, his wedding-day, when he should be starting school.

(Above) In the famed Holy Name Church in New Orleans, departure ceremonies were held for the first time this year to signalize the departure of seven southern Province Jesuits for Ceylon. Standing erect in white cassock as Father Crane, Provincial, reads the commission to the new missionaries is Father John Lange, S.J., a veteran of the mission soon to return.

(Below) Our Jesuit hero of Nanking, Brother James Finnegan, beloved, soft-spoken favorite of all, returning to China after recuperating in U. S. for a year. Here's the pity of it! He is the only brother on our China mission. China needs more.



Michael finally managed to get a pony cart in Atak bazaar by giving a good generous hire and we jogged off toward Jogni some nine miles away, I won't say in comfort. We reached there about 11 A.M. and while there are no Christians there, or were not when we arrived, the Chamar quarter was all out to welcome us. Quite a few others came to look us over. I baptized one man who was dying, and he was more than happy. Others wanted it but they will have to wait until they are better instructed. Representatives of other villages came in the course of the afternoon to ask us to visit their villages too, but it was not the most auspicious time for a visit and even our hosts had to come and explain that the male members would have to go to a neighboring village that night to help celebrate a relative's wedding. They could not well avoid it without giving offense, but promised to come back at daybreak for Mass. The women and children and two or three old men remained at home. All came to rosary and the instruction afterward like old Christians.

The men were back in time for early Mass the next morning and a little afterward one of our visitors of the preceding day from another village came in. He had gone to the wedding too, but during his absence thieves had come to his house, torn the jewelry from his wife and daughter after overpowering and beating two men left to guard outside. They had pried the door open and beaten his wife badly after stabbing her twice. He wanted me to come. I finally went. Though I do not think the poor woman will die, she was pretty badly shaken with a stab wound in her jaw and another in the breast. But here is the interesting thing which may give you some light on Indian affairs. They seemed as afraid of the police as they were of the robbers, and would not report. They seemed to think that I could somehow get redress. The girl had recognized one of the thieves when he turned a flashlight on her wrist to get the silver bracelet she was wearing, but they feared if they reported, the robbers would only bribe the police and later take revenge because they had reported. I feel quite sure the police would have taken the proper action if I had complained, but as the people were afraid, I didn't want to insist. Poor people, the only ones they seem to trust are the sahibs and they are trying to get them out. It is hard to understand sometimes.

Some might think we are in danger over here, but really the Indians we meet in these parts are all friendly unless some one stirs them up. The above incident is quite typical. I really think some of them are getting afraid of home rule. One very strong Hindu laid out the Congress to me a few days ago on the train. He says the people don't want swaraj. It is only a few who think they are going to profit by it that are doing all the agitation. I do not think it



is true that the people do not want swaraj, but it is the first time that I ever heard a Hindu come out so openly and complain about the new order.

PHILIPPINES

Manila

On the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, August 15, Father Henry A. Coffey, S.J. celebrated his golden jubilee in the Society of Jesus and observed the completion of twenty-five years of service in the Philippine Islands. Father Coffey spent his first thirteen years on this mission as Professor of Theology. For four of these years he also served as Dean of Studies. In 1933 he was appointed Superior of the Mission. He returned to his teacher's desk in 1938. From the following year until 1941 the Jubilarian was Spiritual Father and Professor of Greek at Novaliches. For the next two years, until his internment at Los Banos, he was vice-Rector of St. Robert Bellarmine in Manila. Since his release Father Coffey has served as Spiritual Father at La Ignatiana and Novaliches. At the celebration in his honor which was held at Novaliches, Monsignor Piani, the Apostolic Delegate, was present. Many messages of congratulations from Very Reverend Father Vicar General, Father Provincial, Father Superior and others were read. Father Coffey received a letter from Rome which said in part, "In the providence of God you are the only one who has remained continuously in the Islands during all these years. For this and for all you have done, the Province and the Society are indeed your debtors and gladly do I extend to you the thankfulness of all." It was signed by Very Reverend Norbert de Boynes, Vicar General of the Society of Jesus.

Talisayan, Oriental Misamis Father Joseph Reith, S.J.

Back in the saddle again! Had a busy day yesterday, perhaps you would be interested in my schedule. Up before five, I 'tackled' the Visayan for a while, then gathered together the makings of a breakfast and sent them over to the Sisters for the First Communicants. Next to the sacristy to arrange vestments and the other necessities for a Solemn Mass. After hearing confessions I sang the High Mass and during the course of it preached a special sermon. I preached while walking up and down the aisle—a practice which only your eccentric or "great" preachers would attempt—but it is my practice to get closer to the people. If they cannot understand my words they might take something from my face and gestures—in any case they stay awake! The First Communicants were the third group this year at Talisayan. After Mass I had to jump in my jeep and drive fifteen kilometers over rocky roads and dangerous ledges to Kinoguitan. There I followed the same procedure with the added privilege of hearing the First Communicant's confessions and officiating at an unexpected and unannounced wedding at the Mass. After Mass, Baptisms followed by a sick call. At this point I paused long enough to take a cup of coffee. The breakfast celebration followed, where, to keep things lively, I had to give out more than I took in. At two o'clock I was back at Talisayan to find a large group of people waiting for me—some for a funeral, some for High School applications, some for Mass cards. At three o'clock the St. Cecilia's Choir section of the Sodality practiced and at four we had rosary and Benediction. What a day! And there will be many more like it.

(Top, left) Two American boys, playing cowboy and Indian, suddenly realizing "school begins tomorrow." Their parents are real Indians of the Northwest. (Below, left) In Kurseong, India, near Darjeeling in the Himalayan mountains, the Indians are a hardy, fearless people. This boy, with a most attractive face, appears frightened at that mechanical mystery, the camera. (Right) Unconsciously we think of Eskimos when we think of Alaska. Actually there are over 40,000 whites there, 20,000 Eskimos and 10,000 Indians. The variety appears in this group.



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Elliot

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Would you please print this letter in your publication? India is facing stark famine. Experts say that 10 to twenty million persons face certain death from starvation before the year is out.

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Indicate that your donation is in response to this appeal and is to be used for Indian Relief.

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FOR EMERGENCY FOOD RELIEF
TO INDIA.

Dear Father:

The article of Fr. Maurice Meyers in the July-August issue was most welcome. Here is a bit of additional information from Father Meyers from a letter written shortly after the article. Two paragraphs are especially significant—1. "Keeping the Russian boys in a wholesome environment" through our school; 2. The effect of the Stalin directed "Orthodox Church" on the Russians in Shanghai.

Father Meyers writes: "The boys (Russian boys in their Shanghai school) are splendid and we feel we are doing wonderful work in keeping them out of the dangers of the ultra wicked

city of Shanghai. . . . Certainly most of them come from broken up homes and families. It is encouraging to see they can be so good when put in a good environment. Only about one in ten is Catholic, but we have broken down prejudice completely and in due time we can expect conversions and, even more important than this, understanding and sympathy in the Orthodox community that may help towards a rapprochement and reunion. . . .

"We haven't made many conversions this year, but there is a good feeling between us and the Orthodox. Some of the priests come to visit us. Now the poor Orthodox are in a sad plight. They are split and on the way to a formal schism over the question of recognizing the new puppet patriarch of Moscow. The bishop of Shanghai resolutely refuses to do so and his superior from Peking is here to try to force the issue. The bishop has been suspended, forbidden to say Mass, and ordered to evacuate his quarters in the bishop's house. But he pays no attention to this and goes on celebrating with the approval of a large part of the faithful. They are taking the question to the Chinese civil authority to decide who has the legal right to the premises. The Bolshies here are spreading propaganda at full blast and having some effect on the young. The Emigrants (Russians) are still officially organized but so far they have no paper in which to answer the lies from Moscow."

I am enclosing a review of Victor Kravchenko's I CHOSE FREEDOM. It seems almost indispensable reading for those interested in the Conversion of Russia.

Sincerely in the Heart of Christ,

THOMAS A. HALLEY, S.J.

Father Denis Lynch, S.J.,
at the main altar in the
Church of St. Ignatius on
Park Avenue, New York.
Father Lynch is now a mis-
sioner in the Philippines.

NOVEMBER

The month of the Holy Souls, a time of remembrance by the living of their loved ones who are dead.

During the month of November be sure to have the Souls in Purgatory remembered at the altar—in your parish church, or through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith—or through Jesuit Missions. We have 4,000 Missioners throughout the world and many native diocesan priests on our missions. For our American Jesuits alone, we need over 120,000 Mass intentions a year. We can distribute all you can send.

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





Editorial

At a solemn congregation in Rome in early September all the provincials, major mission Superiors and delegates from fifty-one provinces of the Society of Jesus elected a new General, the Very Reverend Father John B. Janssens, S.J., 26th successor to St. Ignatius Loyola.

Into his hands for life has been given the charge of over 27,500 Jesuits. It is an extraordinary position. No ecclesiastical honors go with it. Relatively few outside the Society of Jesus will ever know him. From now on his life in personal obscurity is dedicated to this vast family, to the work it is engaged in across the world, and to the wishes of the Holy Father.

All but the novices among this twenty-seven and a half thousand men are bound by a vow of obedience to their General. He has but to speak and there is no corner of the earth so remote, no task so arduous, no assignment so dangerous, no project so hopeless that his followers to a man will not undertake it with promptness and alacrity and see it through to the best of their ability.

Over him is the Pope of Rome, Vicar of Christ, and supreme head of our order. The whole Jesuit

order is the Pope's to command. Alaska? To Alaska we go. To Baghdad? A college is opened in Baghdad. Three astronomers for the Vatican Observatory? The best in the Society are taken from their work and sent at once. Social Justice? They take up pens, conduct labor schools, workmen's retreats, credit unions, panel discussions and an apostolate of prayer. Education? In United States alone, they conduct 38 high schools and 26 colleges and universities. Foreign missions? There are four thousand on the missions of the church today.

This is the extraordinary position of the General of the Jesuits. He has twenty-seven and a half thousand men of every type of talent and temperament to offer to the Holy Father at a moment's notice for the work of the Church. As the Holy Father looks out upon the troubled world today, we would like to think that it may bring some joy to his heart to receive through our newly elected General from his more than six thousand American Jesuits the most sincere pledge of our minds, our hearts, our strength, our very lives, for God's work in this world.

Wanted

This is the traffic tower. It is my duty to watch the incoming mail from missionaries all over the world for the needs and wants and wishes that slip into their letters, and to propose some of them to your charity. It is a personal column through which our missionaries can ask for things in a quiet voice, off in a corner, from people who like to do things in a quiet way.

+

It is Yoro, this time, the Yoro mission of Honduras, Central America, just assigned to the American Jesuits—in fact to the Missouri province which extends from Denver, Colorado, to St. Louis, Missouri, to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and which already has extensive Indian reservations in the West, and the colony of British Honduras as missions.

What Yoro needs right now is a number of people to adopt the mission as their particular charity. We have no traditions there, no contacts, no knowledge of the place and its people. All that would be required is that Honduras become your favorite mission. Start praying for Honduras now. When you see Honduras needs something, try to help. Or if you read of some missionary who appeals to you, "adopt" him—pray for him, perhaps write to him—a Christmas card, let's say, and when you can, remember to send him some help.

+

The three who have already been assigned will have temporary quarters for some time at Minas de Oro. Father Erbacher, S.J., their Mission Procurator, has to supply them with everything at the start.

+

Interesting place, Yoro. Large, old churches standing desolate in almost every town for lack of priests. 78,359 people in 15,000 square miles. But the sad fact is—there are only three priests for 78,359 people, practically all of whom are supposed to be Catholics. Yoro will be interesting.

If you'd like to help, the address of the procurator is:

Rev. Vincent Erbacher, S.J.
4511 W. Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Mo.



Castle in Spain?

This is a real castle in Spain, one of Spain's most famous. It was the Xavier home. Yet it was made famous through the centuries, not because Xavier lived in it for a while, but because he left it forever and lived and labored in the foreign missions.

We all have to leave our possessions sooner or later, whether we own a castle in Spain or not, and it is up to us to decide the best use they should be put to after we have gone. Poor people dispense their charity if and when they have it. People of means usually budget their charity during life, reserving the bulk of it for bequests in their wills.

One of the greatest works of charity in the Church, and one which deserves more frequent remembrance in wills, is the foreign missions. Seminaries, schools, sisters, Bishops, individual priests all need substantial assistance. A correct legal form for any bequest for any American Jesuit mission is the following:

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“Lord, that I may see!”



"There is a light I have not seen as yet. I am walking in the darkness of paganism. I have looked on famine and suffering and death, but I have not looked on Life. Beyond my darkness there is a light, but I shall not see it until the light is brought to me. Will you help me to see?"

There are 700 American Jesuit missionaries who have dedicated their lives to bring the light of Faith to "the people that sit in darkness."

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