December 1946

JESUIT MISSIONS

December JESUIT MISSIONS 194

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COVER. The cover for the Christmas issue of Jesuit Missions again this year is the work of Father Andrew W. Vachon, S.J., our staff artist and art editor. The Christ Child in the manger is the center of all the world and all the world's people. Three fourth of the human race still do not know Him or His Peace. Christmas is a special feast for the missions and its spirit is caught superbly well, we think, in this striking cover.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send change of address or other communications to

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■ Father Joseph F. Merrick, S. J., formerly of Arlington, Mass., and of Boston College High School, where he was a classmate of Archbishop Cushing of Boston, of the Philippine Islands, where he was a scholastic missioner, and of Holy Cross College, where he was professor of mathematics and physics, is now, and has been for more than ten years, a missioner in Baghdad and Basrah, Iraq. During the war when British and American troops were stationed in the Middle East, Father Merrick was at their service. Eventually he was appointed Military Vicar-delegate for the entire area, a position he still holds. It gave him the opportunity of meeting every ship that dropped anchor in the waters of the Persian Gulf, and of meeting many branches of the armed forces. He is particularly well known and loved by merchant seamen and the members of the air corps, though to single out any one group would be unfair.

Some day a fuller story will be written. All who have ever known him can contribute a glowing chapter to the enviable record he has written across the world.

■ By mistake, it was reported in this column last month that **Father Forbes J. Monaghan, S.J.**, author of "Under the Red Sun" (The Declan X. McMullen Co.), had been repatriated after internment. For the record, Father Monaghan remained in the Philippines.

■ **Father Clement Andlauer, S.J.**, can claim Kansas as his home state for he went to Holy Name School in Topeka and later to St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas. But his home is listed as Kansas City—in Missouri. Last year, he was one of the large group which left the U. S. for British Honduras. A year later he writes of

one of his missions:

Clement Andlauer, S.J.

At Dolores, deep in the jungle, my house is a hodge-podge of everything. Old shutters, pieces of zinc, boards, and a thatch roof somehow hold together to form a dwelling. During my days at Dolores I slept in a hammock with a patented net which encloses it. The net is my protection against mosquitoes. It also serves as moat and drawbridge against the attacks of scorpions, snakes, and tarantulas, to say nothing of the legion of insects bent on sharing my sleeping compartment for the night. When slung correctly, a hammock provides a satisfactory jungle bed. But it needs a lot of sleeping in before you get used to it.

■ **William F. Masterson, S.J.,** from Brooklyn, former business manager of *Jesuit Missions,* was himself a missioner in the Philippines from 1933 to 1936. As director now of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau, the New York Province mission headquarters, his is the responsibility of seeing to the support of the largest Jesuit mission of all.

Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J.

In normal peace time, this was no easy task, for there were about 250 Jesuits to be supported. The war did approximately $5,000,000 damage to the mission. Today, Father Masterson has 330 cases of supplies, 36 tons of food, medicine, books, clothing, etc., tied up here in this country by the shipping strike, 200 tons of supplies have already gone. 70 tons are yet to be crated. Hundreds of tons more are still needed.

■ "Billy" tells as much of her own story in her letter on p. 256 as is needed to introduce her. The name is only a pen name, given to her first by Father Monaghan in his story of Filipino heroism "Under the Red Sun," which first appeared, quite appropriately, on Mission Sunday. Billy enters its pages near the end of the book. The chapter on this young lady is the climax of the story.

Sending Christmas cards to your friends will be real Christian thoughtfulness this year — if your cards are Christian. Jesuit Missions now offers you a collection of eighteen beautiful Christmas cards in full color. *Christ* and *His Blessed Mother* are on each one, masterpieces of Christian Art by such painters as *Raphael, Murillo, Perugino, Botticelli, Fra Lippo Lippi, Luini, Corregio, Knaus* and others. They are truly beautiful cards for your friends.

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Order from

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

Rev. Francis X. Reardon, S.J., rector of the Ateneo de Manila, now reopened, with an old friend and distinguished visitor, Commander Joseph T. O'Callahan, Jesuit Chaplain.

Progress but definitely!

William F. Masterson, S.J.

"You'd never think there'd been a war" was the recent rapturous comment of a person of more than fifteen years experience in the Philippines as he skipped through a chronicle of current Jesuit activities in that new republic. I found myself spontaneously echoing his sentiment, even though it was but little more than a year since I was appraising, on the scene, the depressing devastation everywhere encumbering the Archipelago. Let's try to piece together this remarkable picture of rehabilitation.

In October 1945 the number of Jesuits (American, Filipino and Spanish) in the Philippines had fallen to 168 from the average 250 in the years immediately preceding the war. Seventeen had died, eighty had returned temporarily to America to recuperate from the rigors of the internment camps or to conclude their theological studies. In the last twelve months 68 Jesuits have left America for the Philippines, bringing our complement there to 230, just twenty below our pre-war average. Our native vocations continue encouraging, especially in view of the almost complete closing of Catholic schools through the war years. Fifteen Novices have been received during the last 12 months.

The Novaliches community of ninety returned to its own building about 15 miles outside Manila in the spring of this year. For fifteen months they had shared terribly congested quarters with other refugee Seminarians in Manila. Fortunately, their regular home came through the war substantially intact. However, practically everything removable had been lost because of repeated looting.

San Jose for the Diocesan Clergy, with its home (built in 1936) completely destroyed, is now housed in the former Layman's Retreat House and two adjoining private residences. Classes were actually resumed there in the summer of 1945. Eight ordained in the last fifteen months! The largest first year class in the minor seminary history, about 45! Over 1000 children being instructed in catechetical classes! Renewed publication of the alert clerical magazine, INSTA! All add up to a vigorous rebirth.

Ateneo de Manila, of University status in pre-war days, established in 1859, has reopened on its old campus in the midst of the ruins. Courses offered range from grade school through High School to College with a total enrollment of 1200. Classes are held in 13 Quonset Huts divided into two classrooms each. A larger hut accommodating 400 serves as a chapel. The Jesuit faculty of twenty-seven resides in two of the renovated one story former Technology laboratories. These makeshift arrangements alone cost over $150,000! To their regular schedules the faculty members have added lectures on Apologetics and Scholastic Philosophy in State and Private Universities; other teachers assist in the solution of juvenile delinquency problems. 120 students teach catechism in eight centers.

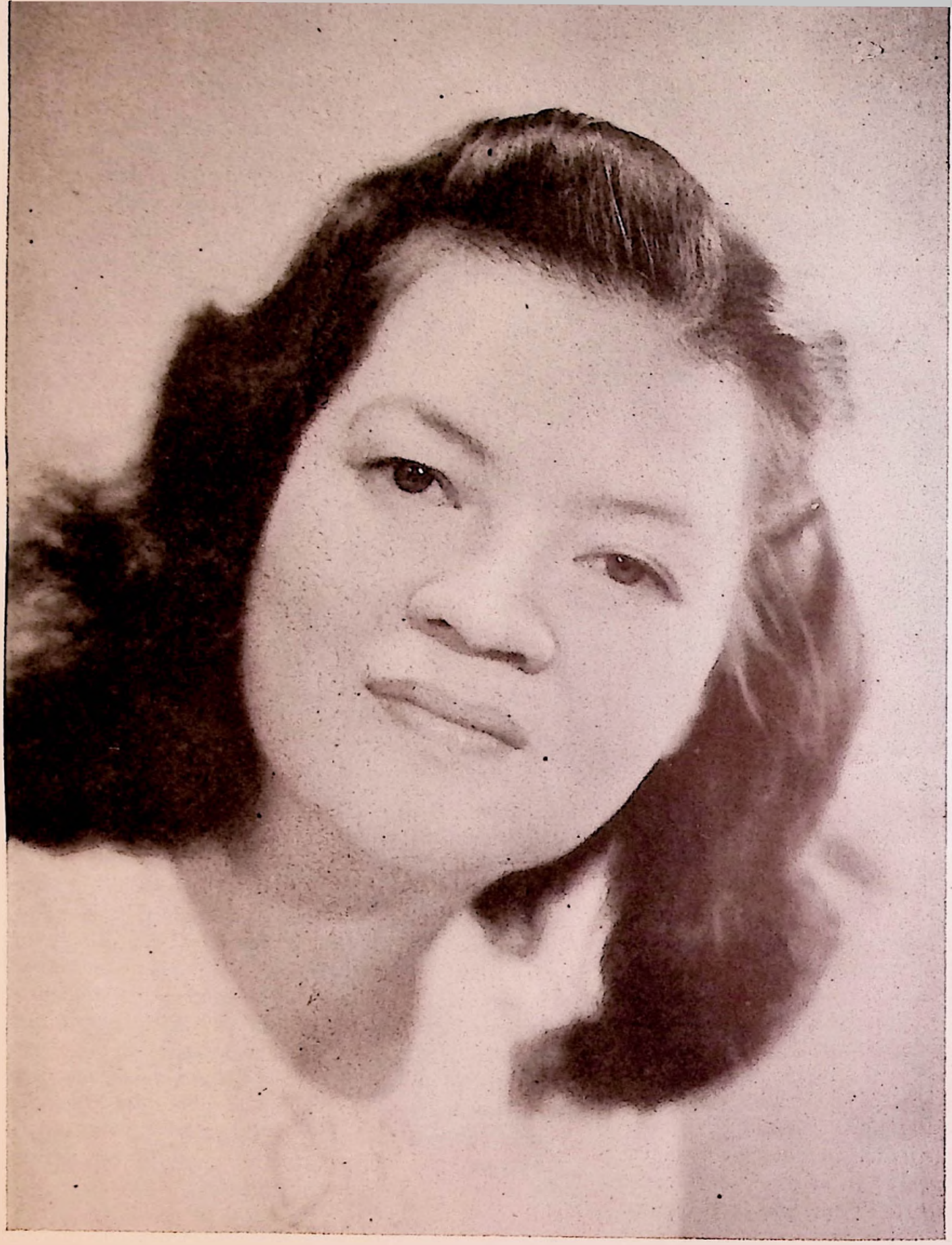
A year ago this ruined seminary for diocesan Filipino priests, San Jose, was a symbol of the Church's property in the Philippines. Everywhere gaunt, ruined, empty shells. Today they are no longer empty; even amid ruins there is Catholic life.

Ateneo de Cagayan, only eight years old when the war started, functions anew in the primitively patched up ruins of its former extensive building—partial repairs have cost more than $30,000! The Jesuit faculty of ten lives dormitory fashion, with straw matting serving as walls. Meals are taken out in the open. Classes conducted are for the lower grades, high school and college with an enrollment of some 500. Faculty members lecture in religion in the provincial High School; and conduct special series of sermons for students at the Cathedral each week. Catechetical work engages 29 students who instruct 470 children in 8 centers.

Ateneo de Zamboanga, founded in 1930, its old building utterly demolished, carries on in a large temporary nipa (dried palm leaf) structure. Over 300 students attend the upper grades and high school. *Ateneo de Naga,* started in 1940, not materially damaged in the war, has the largest enrollment of any Jesuit High School in the Orient, just short of 900. *Cagayan Valley Athenaeum,* a Diocesan High School in Northern Luzon, came under the direction of the Jesuits in the Spring of 1946. The pre-war building had been thoroughly razed. A temporary nipa structure was demolished by a severe typhoon a few weeks after its erection, evidencing another angle to the high cost involved in temporary reconstruction. Somehow or other two Fathers manage to provide classroom facilities for 150 students. A change in emphasis in the Cagayan Diocese educational program, stressing the High School, has led to the establishment of six Parochial High Schools in key sectors among the parishes in Mindanao. These schools began operating this past summer.

Forty-five Jesuits (about twenty less than before the war) are engaged in the parochial ministry in the two dioceses of Cagayan and Zamboanga in Mindanao. They care for thirty parishes, over 160 missions, and above 350 stations. A year ago fourteen of these parishes were without a priest. Today, eight remain in that lamentable state. The spirit of these missionaries stands out in their leader, Bishop Hayes, who carries on his personal ministry from a lean-to thrown against the sacristy wall of his shattered Cathedral.

In all, about seven Fathers are engaged in various social activities. Five of them minister to the Lepers, two at Culion with over 2000 patients; two at the Central Luzon Colony with over 600 patients; another at the Zamboanga Colony. Father Willmann, as Archdiocesan Director of the Catholic Youth Organization in Manila had established five youth centers by August of this year. Weekly CYO broadcasts were begun in the same month. Another phase of Father Willmann's work consists in directing the publication of the first Catholic weekly to appear since the war. Father Walter Hogan devotes his boundless energy to the labor problems in several sectors of the Islands. Only your help could make all this possible. For it, our deepest thanks.



"Billy"

Sometimes heavy on my heart

This is "Billy" (as she is called in "Under the Red Sun"), heroine of the Philippine underground, young wife and mother, resourceful, courageous and witty, before she became a leper. "Billy" is the author of this letter to an American girl who is now working in the U.S. to help the lepers in the Philippines.

ONE lovely afternoon last week, a Jesuit army chaplain came to an isolated part of the world with four young Jesuit scholastics. They came to visit a very good friend in a place about twenty-eight kilometers away from the city of Manila. Because they came in an army jeep and although the roads were all ruts and holes and rough travel, they got there in a very short time. This out-of-the-way and almost forgotten and forsaken place is a leprosarium and the young woman they came to visit is the person who takes the liberty of writing to you. I am twenty-eight years old and I'm called "Billy," "Billy" to all my friends. It is my hope that in time you might be one amongst them and that I shall be "Billy" to you also.

And now that I have properly introduced myself, may I say that Father has spoken so highly of you and thinks you are a very wonderful person. He said I may write and so I have. I do hope you will not think this an intrusion, nay, an imposition on the goodness and greatness of your heart. However, I took courage to do so for he spoke of your great interest and devotion to the needs and fate of the leper. Some day I hope you may come to the Philippines and perhaps pay us a visit, but in the meantime, I'd like to tell you all about us. May I?

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 very 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.

° ° ° °

First of all I want you to know that I am happy to suffer in God's love . . . for what joy can be greater? It would not be human if I were to tell you that I am never otherwise for that would not be true. There are moments of unspeakable loneliness, of unexplained longings and yearnings and too many contretemps in which one's heart is tried to the core. But I feel that our Lord desires this strange hidden life for me for reasons I shall never know until He calls me Home. So I have made my oblation and only ask that He give me grace and strength enough to follow His Will. I look forward to Heaven and the thought keeps me forever joyous and young in heart.

But my companions are not so easily led like children as I am and are, I am afraid, grown bitter or despairing, futile or helpless, depraved or hateful. The rest are simply apathetic or cynically indifferent. The moral, physical and spiritual degradation will bring a sob to your throat. I desire so much to be able to alleviate all this human misery and wish, at least, to be able to instill once more the feeling of hope and to make their lives once more wholesome and brighter, but I am only one of them and segregated and isolated. Of myself, I can really do nothing. I need your help. Perhaps you will be our fairy godmother and with your magic wand help to make the leper's life less despairing, less miserable, and ease the sense of futility in his heart. How wonderful that would be for us lepers! God bless you and love you for your kind understanding and sympathy.

° ° ° °

There used to be over six hundred lepers here but during the Japanese regime, several hundred died of starvation or malnutrition. There are only ninety of us here right now. However, two hundred and fifty some are arriving sometime at the end of the month. The place will be overcrowded. As it is there are only ten run-down cottages, all leaks and broken shutters and one great longish building divided into two which serves as infirmaries for the very sick and bed-ridden. All the roofs need repairs, for more often than not, the rains come and the rotting wooden flooring is flooded and the poor, helpless patients get all huddled up and bundled in one corner to escape getting drenched. There isn't a single decent bed, all of them are dirty, rusty and sagging in all places, rickety and there isn't one that is not run down. The whole place is a disgrace. Malaria abounds in this region and mosquito nets are truly a necessity. However, the patients are so poor, most of them have neither a decent mosquito netting, pillow, bed linen . . . in fact most of them are in rags. Food is terribly insufficient, but I guess as things get to normal, this can be remedied, or will it?

Medicine? Even that is not adequate. We have no laboratories here, we have not sufficient medical help, we have no complete medical instruments . . . in short, this is not a hospital . . . it is a prison and the patients classed no better than the common criminal. Why does science, medical science do everything for other diseases . . . other hospitals have practically every necessity for their patients, but the leper, as usual, gets so little . . . all the others must have this, must have that, but the leper can wait. Usually he waits in vain. They say the government is poor, yet it has funds for everything else otherwise. Why? Is it because the world has conspired against the leper? Because once a leper,

always a leper? But I am being furious for nothing perhaps. I suppose the lot of the leper is like this. Or is it? Or should it be? Then, I want to do something about it. The administration thinks the leper is cursed, he is a hopeless element. Is the leper utterly to be blamed if he has learned to take the law in his hands, has become rebellious, covetous, nay, almost repulsive in his sense of values? Living here, I have learned that perhaps the blame does not lie wholly on the leper himself; the world should stop by for a few moments from its fast and turbulent pace and give the leper a passing glance. But the world has gone its way and the leper has become as-a-grain-of-sand-in-a-mighty-ocean in insignificance . . . no one remembers that he exists. Yet he is as human as anybody's next door neighbor and he is starved for solicitude and affection. Most of us here are completely abandoned and forsaken by our families . . . the rest of us have no one.

We have no lights, no water, nothing to amuse us by way of recreation. I have tried to get us all together every Sunday afternoon to sing and tell stories . . . I have been begging from friends for a guitar, a ukelele, a mandolin and a banjo, so we can make some music. . . . We have nothing as yet. I'd like really to have a radio with phonograph and records (popular and classical music) . . . I have been begging for game sets like chess, ping pong, badminton, volley ball, basket ball, backgammon, checkersets . . . books to read, comics, papers . . . oh, if you could see how hungry my lepers are for these things . . . poor ones, all they have is an old out-of-tune harmonica. . . . Please wave your magic wand and send us at least a guitar and a set of dominoes to play with and if your magic wand can work wonders and produce most of these things, all we can do is say "thank you" from the bottom of our hearts. We shall never be able to repay you in this world . . . we can only keep you in our poor prayers. I shall always keep you in mine.

° ° ° °

I am afraid I have tired you with this dull monologue of our petty troubles and wants, but we are in need of a true friend. . . . I was assured that you would be, and if I have imposed on your charity, I beg that you understand and forgive my audacity. I am like a little girl at heart. . . . If I say what I want and feel, please excuse me.

Some day soon I hope you will come to our lovely country, no longer very lovely because of the ravages of war, but the country-side is still verdant and green after the rains . . . some of it is still very lovely anyway. We look forward to better times. My own home with everything in it is gone up in smoke and the few pieces of clothes I have are generous gifts from friends. I have lost the little I have, but no matter . . . some of us in this crazy world are asked to offer some sacrifice. But our good God sustains us in all our troubles and vicissitudes and He makes us suffer according to our ability to bear it without losing patience or faith. He knows the destiny of our souls.

And now really I mustn't go on tiring you this way. Please write, won't you, and tell me all about your work and yourself. I hope my narrative hasn't made your heart heavy . . . I have not meant to be inconsiderate.

Goodbye then and our Lord bless you and keep you.

BILLY

The leper asylum at Novaliches after Billy was there for a while. Outsiders became interested and helped to clean it up.

Father Henry Westropp, S.J., once doomed by illness to an early death, has been a Jesuit for fifty-three years, and a missioner in India for thirty consecutive years.

Missioner in two worlds

TWENTY-ONE and doomed to die in a few years of consumption! That was the fate of the Jesuit scholastic, Henry Westropp, according to the doctor. But God's grace, Superiors' wise care, and the patient's own great faith and courage worked a cure so complete that only three years ago (October, 1943), Father Henry Westropp celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his entrance into the Society of Jesus.

But far more amazing than his mere survival is the fact that Fr. Westropp during these fifty years did pioneer missionary work in two continents separated by over 10,000 miles of ocean. He began his missionary work among the Sioux of South Dakota. On horseback, or on an old buckboard, or later in an ancient Ford, for eleven years he visited the far-flung Indian villages. He opened new stations and built chapels.

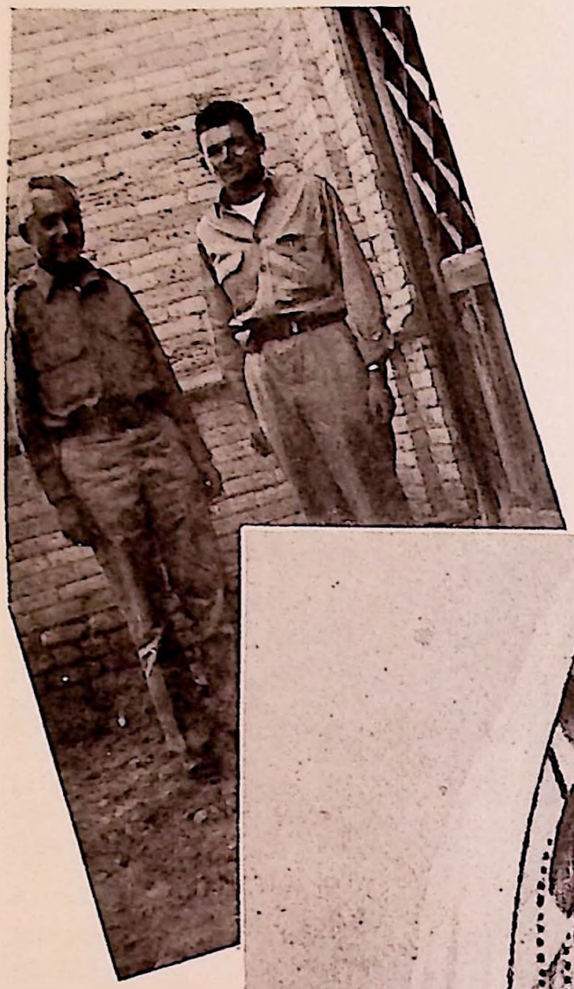
Came the first Great War of 1914. The German missionaries in India were interned or sent back to Germany. Fr. Westropp volunteered to take up their work. In 1916 he arrived in Bombay. Here, besides other work, he started his first mission for the depressed Hindu castes. To raise funds, he advertised his mission throughout the Catholic world. He also began a Stamp Bureau that has operated now for about three decades.

In 1919, Fr. Westropp began the Apostolate for the Spread of Catholic Literature. Again he depended on his friends all over the world. They sent him Catholic literature by the ton—old books, magazines, pamphlets, papers. These he remailed to schools, hospitals, and isolated Catholic communities in India. The great work still goes on and is growing.

In 1922, Fr. Westropp left Bombay for Patna, the mission permanently committed by the Holy Father to American Jesuits. In his first mission, Chuhari, he found a poor community of farmers, many already Catholic. Resourcefully, he opened up a weaving establishment and a new Stamp Bureau. Work was provided for those in need in the community. The weaving establishment did not keep Father from his main objective at Chuhari. Soon his little chapel was filled with converts made among the Doms and the Dussads, depressed castes.

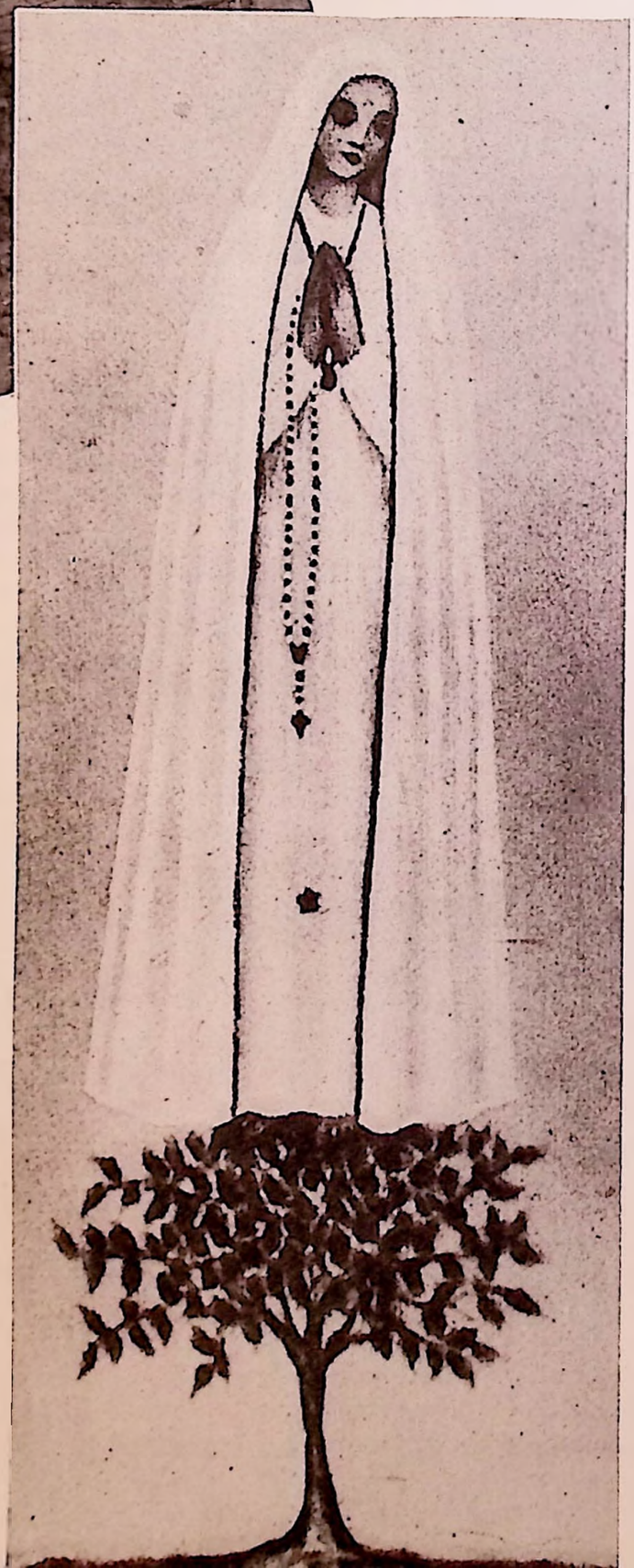
Fr. Westropp's next assignment was Jamalpur (1927). Among the hills along the railway he found a neglected group, the Santals. He made the first converts among them and began the mass movement of that people to the Church. Today many thousands of the Santals are devout Catholics. In 1936, Fr. Westropp turned his attention to the Chamars, a Hindu depressed class.

Now in his seventy-first year, Father Westropp has reluctantly given over his mission stations to younger hands. But in his great heart still flames the old zeal. From his residence at St. Xavier's, Patna City, he still directs his Stamp Bureau, his Catholic Book Crusade, still gives retreats, still ministers to his people.



Our Lady's *Mission* to Russia

Joseph F. Merrick, S.J.



FATIMA is the name of an American cigarette. There is a delicate aroma of the Orient and Arabia Felix in the Semitic noun. In Arabic Fátima means "her child has been weaned," or as a proper name, "Perfected Motherhood," whence it came that Mohammed bestowed it on his favorite daughter, who alone of his children survived to carry on his Hashimite blood. From her every Sayyid claims descent quasi-imperial, and her life was a shield and a pattern for every Moslem girl. Wherever Islam triumphed, there was an abundance of Fátimas, from the Tagus to Zamboanga, from Casablanca to Kansu.

In the Shiah lands of Iraq-Iran, Fátima is in unique honor, for from her and Ali have sprung all the later Imams, blood-royal of the Founder of Islam, her father Mohammad. Ali, her husband and cousin, was the first Imam-Caliph. The seventh was the famous Riza. His sister, another Fátima, became so famous for holiness that Qum, about one hundred miles south of Teheran, is a city-shrine with a magnificent mosque over her tomb, wherein many Sophys, Shahs of Persia, are also buried.

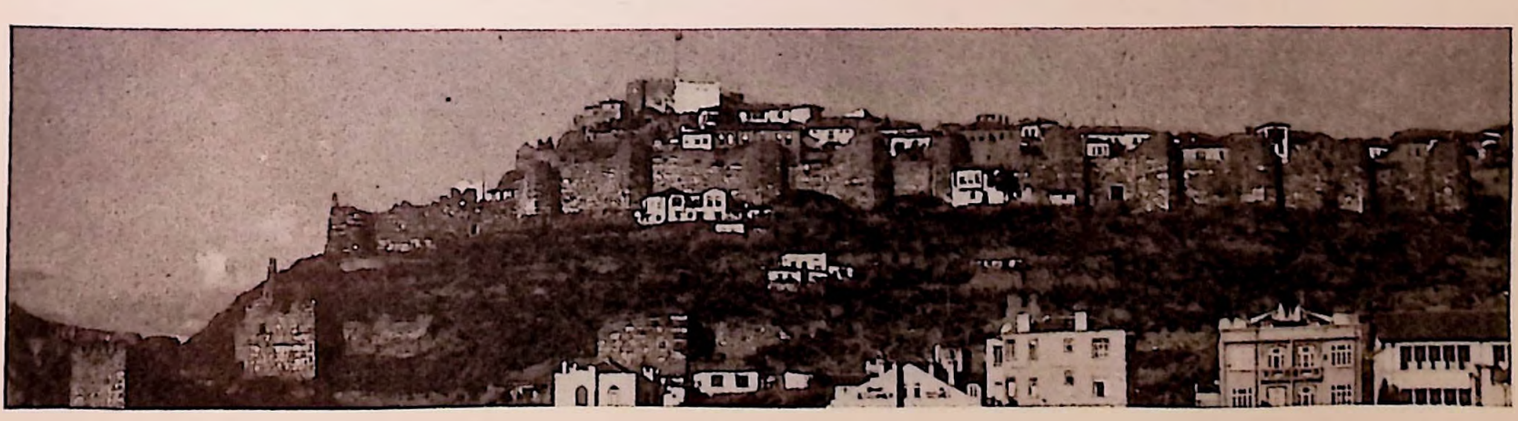
(Top left) Father Joseph Merrick, (left) once a missioner in the Philippines and now for over ten years in Iraq, with (right) Lt. James Baxter. (Left) Painting of Our Lady of Fatima, as she appeared above a holm-oak tree to the three children. (Right) Old fortified town, part of Ankara, capitol of Turkey.

Named for these famous Moslem ladies, daughter and grand-grand-grand-grand-grand-grand of that Meccan chieftain who fashioned Islamism, is a tiny village in Portugal. Moslem then, it is Catholic today. Then the villagers believed Mary to be the Virgin Mother of Christ but not the Mother of God. Now these many centuries they have acknowledged that this Virgin-Mother's Son, is not only human but divine. Hence in 1917 when three children were saying the Rosary to God's Mother and shepherding their grazing sheep, She appeared to them and revealed to them her wish that the whole world be consecrated to her Immaculate Heart. Miracles graced and confirmed her revelation that World War I would soon cease but another more horrible disaster would be let loose upon the world unless men would do penance, consecrate themselves to her Immaculate Heart and the Sacred Heart of her Son by word and by deed. Eventually despite much perversity men would come back to God through her pure heart, *Russia would finally be converted*, and there would come an era of holiness and peace. To conclude these apparitions, on October 13, 1917, before 70,000 people, a cosmic miracle of the first order was granted, calculated to remove their slightest doubt. At once Our Lady of Fátima became a title to be set beside Lourdes and Loretto. Our Lady's shrine in this village has become one of the most frequented in Christendom, and the Consecration of the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary was solemnized on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception 1942 by Pius XII. This consecration was repeated enthusiastically in many dioceses and nations and especially in Portugal.

By one of the strangest quirks of history, there were more than 30,000 Americans in the Near East from Teheran through Qum to Basrah and Bahrain, in the spring of 1944. There had never been so many fearless and fervent Catholics in Islamic lands for centuries. Now was the time to concretize and particularize this consecration of Pius XII.

It was agreed by all the Catholic chaplains (Fathers Forney, Murphy, Egert, Gregoire, Kearns, McGraw, Daunis, McDonnell, Hensgen, Neary, Talsky, Sullivan and Merrick) that we would consecrate all the American bases and posts to Our Lady of Fátima and likewise as far as we could all the country-side and peoples of Iraq-Iran and even the fringes of Russia bordering upon our North. T/Sgt. Bob McFarland, God rest him, took care of all the paper work as usual. It seems both harsh and yet appropriate that his grave should be just outside Cairo, Egypt's capital, the largest Moslem city. Jack Deardurff and Stas Radochonski served that Pentecost Mass in Abadan May 28, 1944. Bill Fidler served in Khurramabad, Jack Sheppard in Kazvin, Leander Doiron in Hamadan, John Daneunnis in Khorramshahr. Frank Wiencek and Louis Olsen in the choir that day (historic in Catholic annals of Our Lady's clients) are now in Pittsburgh and Detroit, but Sgt. John LeDonne who sang with them, who lies buried in Teheran, consecrates with his mortal remains the Iranian capital. Sweltering in our little office afterwards, Bob Lyons remarked: "The only sure way to prevent our having to return to this blistering Islamic world, is to convert it and Red Russia to Catholicism. This is at least an auspicious beginning. Surely Our Lady of Fátima won't close her eyes to our poor efforts." Bob McFarland reminisced. "Such a day as today is beyond my wildest dream. It just doesn't seem real. Here I am, an American soldier, playing the part of apostle to Islam and Communism, trying to do my little bit in consecrating this corner of the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the Sacred Heart of Jesus, trying to bring Iran and Russia back to Christianity. It has cost each of us a lot to come out here. I hope to God the peace we get will be worth the price. I pray to Our Lady that this consecration may take." To this Augustine Happ and Paul Fitzgerald added solemn amens.

From America we received the gift, long awaited, of a picture of Our Lady of Fátima, so at the Abadan Air Base every Thursday and Saturday we put up this ikon of the Immaculate Heart and said the Novena prayers in her honor, American sailors and soldiers and Polish refugees trying to consecrate themselves and the Middle East, to the Immaculate Heart of Our Lady of Fátima and through her to consecrate Fátimas and Ferídas, Farúqs and Flatúns, Fédorovs and Filoménas, to her Divine Son.



"An airplane, Santa's sled in disguise, held its glistening wings ready for the next hop down the river." Mary Jane, the favorite little lame girl of Alaska.

Mary Jane's Christmas

George Boileau, S.J.

The Little Lame Girl Stole Her Way Into Every Heart

THE busy little ticker of an alarm clock measured off the silence of three o'clock in the morning as a tired prefect took one last look out of the frost covered window. Steel blue rays of the wintry moon bathed the Yukon in magic. No lights—only the stars twinkled. Deep snows blanketed the broad river stretching away for two miles to distant willows.

Just below the nearby river bank, an airplane, Santa's sled in disguise, held its glistening yellow wings ready for the next hop down the river as soon as light would come in the morning. For long weeks no mail had come in from the "outside." Only yesterday, little Dickie, an Eskimo lad, had mournfully chirped, "'Twas the day before Christmas and all through the month, not an airplane was heard, not even a wunth." Unexpectedly, it had arrived just before dusk, swinging in noisily over the mountain to the shout of the children, bringing many a letter and package for child and missionary.

Sleep would not come easily this night. Arctic chill has a penetrating way about it at thirty below. Anyway, in two hours he had to get up and rebuild the fires. It had been a very busy time for everyone since mid-November when the boys had cut and hauled home Christmas trees and branches, their brittle needles popping in the deep cold. Busy days followed in which boys carried toys, and Sister directed the girls in sewing clothes and footgear for all the children. The Sisters themselves had completed a whole new set of clothes for the boys. Letters to Santa Claus, Christmas programs in school, plays prepared for vacation—all these had been sandwiched in between daily duties of cooking, sewing, laundry, baking and wood-cutting.

Next came the hours of decoration, with carols setting the tempo for dextrous fingers, ending just as dusk began to weave an early afternoon curtain. Beautiful wreaths and streamers now hung in the chapels and recreation halls. Trees and cribs blossomed in their proper places. Brother Feltes had repaired the electric

train; Brother Hess, the tree lights. Through all this bustle ran the cool efficiency of Sisters Eulalia and Sidonia, almost flawless after more than twenty-five years experience at Holy Cross.

But, at last it was done. Out of the mad confusion came peace and order. A final choir rehearsal, confessions and early supper followed swiftly one another. Then the children crept excitedly into bed. Only Fathers, Sisters and the prefect remained up to place presents about the trees. Ten o'clock. Silence and a silvery moon rising over the white Yukon valley.

Promptly at eleven-thirty, a picked group of older boys wended their way among the buildings, singing carols and ringing bells.

Bright faces and new clothes enveloped the smiles of the children. Eager eyes flirted at the lighted crib. Last minute questions were whispered by nervous Mass-servers. Then all quietly walked to the church past teams of dogs which had brought far away visitors.

Deeper silence filled expectant hearts. Soft chimes began to ring out through the building as Brother Hess, with thirty years practice at this honored office, sounded the midnite hour on an old crowbar in the sacristy. At the last stroke of the "chimes," priest and altar boys proceeded to the sanctuary. They stood without movement as Sister Asa began to play the organ. A fresh spirit of repressed gladness moved over the congregation and tingled one's spine, as these simple people, in perfect unison, sang those most touching of words of the Roman Martyrology. "In the five thousand, one hundred and ninety-ninth year of the creation of the world. . . ."

The Mass continued, the entire congregation singing the Latin words taught them by the early missionaries. Now, all had received Holy Communion—that is, all but one. As Father Spils turned for the last time, he paused and looked down the aisle. Little Mary Jane was coming, hobbling painfully, but coming, all by herself. Her eyes were bright. A smile played on her lips as she looked steadily up at the Host which Father held over the ciborium. Silence, oh, the silence as all watched her, bracing her withered legs with her hands, courageously climbing the two steps and kneeling, her chin barely showing above the rail, receiving the Christ who so loved children, slowly arising, and slowing returning with bowed head to her place among the other children. Oh, the silence of that scene.

After a Mass of thanksgiving, more hymns, a warm lunch, a peek at the crib, then once more into bed.

Down in the dog corrals, malemutes set up their mournful howl to the winter moon. But the lonely sounds all faded away for the night until. . . .

Quarter to seven. Quietly the door into the boys' dormitory opens. The boys' radio is turned on. Out comes the familiar voice of their friend, "Bing" Crosby, singing familiar carols from faraway San Francisco. One by one, heads pop up in surprise. Grinning, yet warned to silence, boys sit up or lie in bed to enjoy the music, a unique experience in their lives. Oh it *is*, it *is* a merry Christmas!

Next Month

Editors are rather peculiar people—sometimes difficult to understand. For example—as we take up our pencil and try to marshall our thoughts to advise you of what is coming, we suddenly realized that "Next Month" this time really means "Next Year." The ordinary mortal might at this point begin to list the resolutions he intends to make for the new year. Instead we are tempted to reminisce and consider the outstanding events of the past year. It has been a busy one, with some worries and disappointments, but containing many more smiles and pleasant moments. We are grateful to God for the many graces and opportunities to help our brother missioners He has sent us during the past months.

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Outstanding has been our coverage of the Tercentenary of the Mohawk Martyrs. We trust our readers have been no less inspired and pleased by their contacts with Saints Isaac Jogues, Rene Goupil, and John Lalande.

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We were able, through the cooperation of our German brother-Jesuits, to edit the first eye-witness account of the atom-bomb explosion at Hiroshima. With the publication of other articles concerning missionary activity in Japan, we hope we have given you some idea of the position of the Catholic Church in that land of Martyrs.

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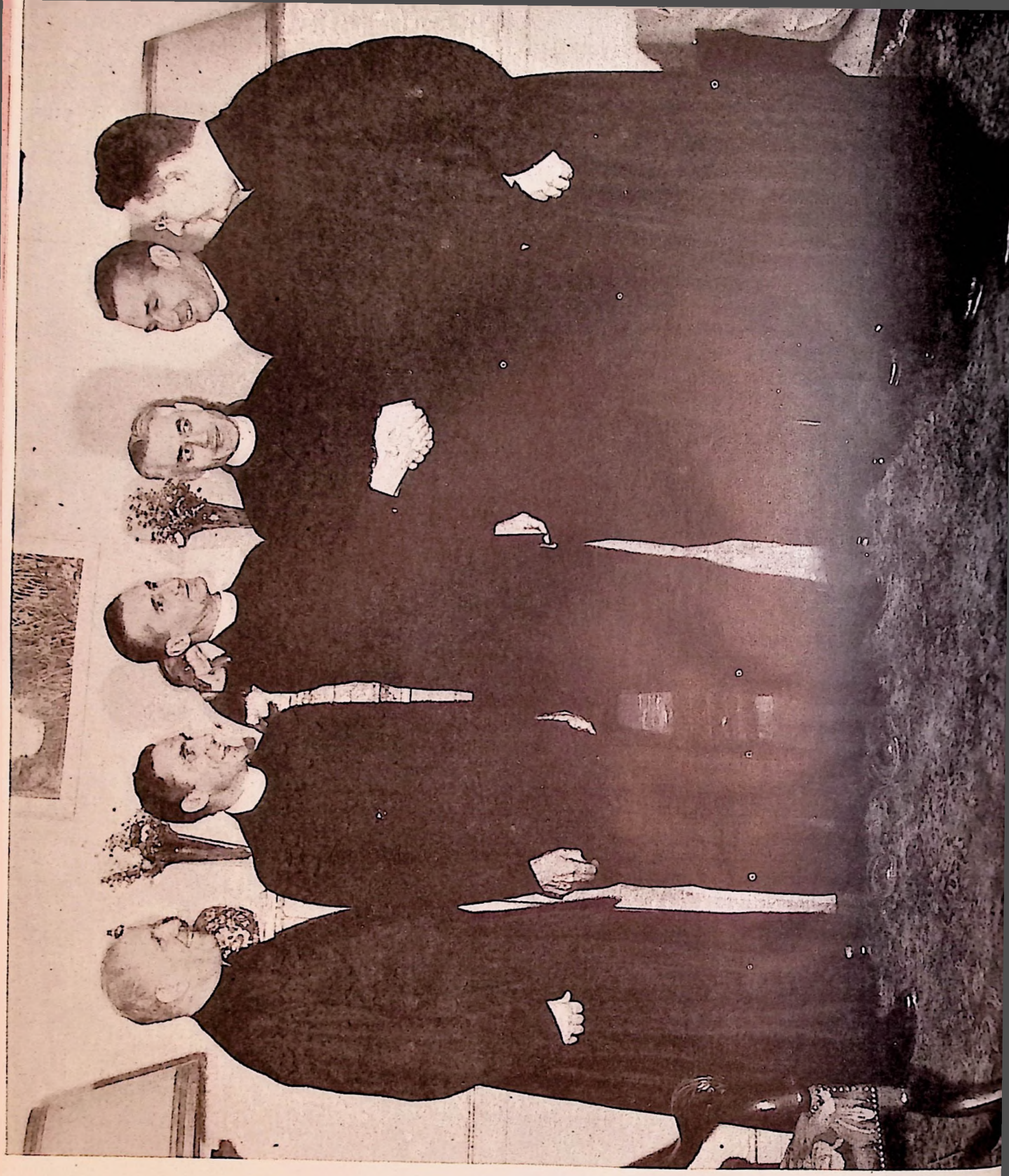
The progress of the work of reconstruction in the Philippines: the record number of American Jesuits sent to the various mission fields during the past twelve months: the story of the latest mission territory to be assigned to American Jesuits: the bird's-eye views of our missions in China and India:—to recall all these articles and realize that they have been reaching an ever-increasing audience as our subscribers multiply is at once a source of satisfaction to us and a cause for gratitude to Almighty God whose grace has made all this possible.



Jesuit Missioners from many corners of the world meet at the editorial office of the magazine which tells the story of their work. (l. to r.) Fathers Francis J. Kempel, cooperative leader in Seaford town, Jamaica; Merlin Thibault, from the mountain missions of Mindanao; Very Rev. Vincent J. Kennally, new Superior of the Marshall and Caroline Islands of the Pacific; Rev. Joseph Merrick, Baghdad Mission and military vicar-delegate in the Persian Gulf area; Rev. John O'Farrell, already seven years in China, now working to finish his doctorate studies in education and to return to China; Rev. Calvert Alexander, editor of Jesuit Missions and host. These men will never meet again on earth.

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

23 ARCHBISHOPS AND BISHOPS from various dioceses of the United States attended the Mass which opened the sixth national convention of diocesan directors of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith held in New York City during the last week of September. Cardinal Spellman, who presided at the Mass celebrated by the Most Rev. Joseph Rummel, Archbishop of New Orleans, welcomed the directors reading to them a message from His Excellency Archbishop Amleto Giovanni Cicognani. The Apostolic Delegate to the United States, transmitting the Apostolic Benediction of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII, wrote in part, "the work which awaits the missionary field of the Catholic world today is unparalleled." Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, in his sermon summarized the incalculable damage wrought by war on the missions of the Church and called upon American Catholics to take the lead in the restoration and support of the missions. Recalling the great contributions of various nations and nationalities in the work of spreading the Faith, Archbishop Cushing added, "But the times have changed; . . . the future demands fresh inspirations, new ways; another people must meet the call of destiny in propagating the Faith. If I understand aright the stirring words of the Holy Father about America and her destiny . . . then we are that people." Among other speakers to address the diocesan directors were Most Rev. J. Francis McIntyre, Coadjutor Archbishop of New York, Most Rev. John R. O'Hara, C.S.C., Bishop of Buffalo, Most Rev. William D. O'Brien, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago, president of the Church Extension Society and secretary of the American Board of Catholic Missions, and Monsignor Thomas J. McDonnell, national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

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MOST REV. RAYMOND A. LANE, recently elected Superior General of Maryknoll presided at the ceremony which was held at Ossining, N. Y., for the departure of the largest group of Maryknoll Sisters ever assigned at one time to foreign missions. Sixty-two Sisters received their missioner's crucifix from the hands of Bishop Lane. Rev. John S. Randall, director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith gave the address before the various mission assignments were read out. Maryknoll Sisters, an American foundation for foreign missions, have Sisters laboring in China, Japan, Manchuria, Korea, the Philippines, Hawaiian Islands, Canal Zone, Central and South America and here in the United States.

700 FOREIGN PRIESTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS have hailed the resumption of parcel post deliveries to Japan. This latest development may well mean the saving of more than one missioner's life during the coming winter. Eleven pound packages of non-perishable food, clothing, and medicine can now be sent from any country except Germany. The missioners themselves are from many different countries and include Austrians, French, Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Poles, Spaniards, Australians, Irish, Canadians and United States citizens. While many of them can hope for no relief from home they look with confidence for aid from their fellow-Catholics here.

New England Jesuits of the Baghdad Mission at the famous ruins of Baalbek in the desert of Syria. (l. to r.) Fathers Quinn, Sullivan, Lynch, Devenny, (front) Mahoney, O'Neill, and Ryan.

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OUTREMER they called it. Have you ever heard the name? Perhaps not. But for two hundred years the peoples of Europe talked of it exultingly, prayerfully, and finally heartbrokenly. Outremer—the land Beyond the Sea—the land where Christ our Lord had lived and died. To win that land the chivalrous of Europe had gone forth time and again for two centuries. They won . . . and lost; won again . . . and lost forever. They were not beaten back. Rather they died in the shadow of Kourn Hattin, in the streets of Mansura, on the heights of Tripoli and behind the battered walls of Acre. They left to us nothing, except a memory and a name, the name of Crusader. Outremer was lost and today in the doorway of the Holy Sepulchre for which the Crusaders fought there sits a Mohammedan to remind all who come that it is only by sufferance that Christians are permitted to visit Calvary and the Tomb of Christ. . . .

"And under the Horns of Hattin, the hope of the world went down."

Follow today the road that winds around Musa Dagh and southward by Antioch, Tripoli, Tyre, Acre and down to Ascalon. At every town, on every ridge, you will see the fallen fortresses and crumbled castles over which a cross-crowned banner once waved. Turn inland to Mont Real and the great Kerak, "the Flame of the Franks," then follow the Jordan river north again, past the dark gorge where "The Star of the Winds" lifted its lofty turrets until Saladin had come, to Syria and the once-mighty Krak des Chevaliers, crowning the bare hills on the edge of the Assassin country. You pass Tiberias on the Lake of Galilee, with its view of those twin hills which the Arabs call Kourun Hattin, the "Horns of Hattin" where an army of warriors who believed in Christ fought and failed and died.

Roads of failure, sharp with memories. A lost kingdom . . . and the forgotten men who followed a star and died in a strange land for a dream. When you have walked those roads there is still one scene left. Come down to Damascus, the oldest city in the world. It was already old when Theodosius built his Christian Basilica there in the fourth century. Today, as for the last thousand years, the great Mosque of Damascus still stands on the ruins of the House of God. Yet, in a corner (tourists pass it by unheedingly and the rulers of the mosque, I hope, have forgotten it) there remains an inscription worn with time.

"Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth unto all generations."

The first thought that strikes you when you read that is, "At some time someone failed." Yes, but who was that someone? Those ruined fortresses of Outre-

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mt J. Armitage, S.J.

mer . . . who were the ones who failed there? Those isolated bands of Crusaders who went down one by one before Saladin, Baibars the Panther, and Kalawun —they were not the ones who failed. Does God hold as a failure a man who leaves all things and dies on a far shore "for My Name's sake"? Many a historian has placed the failure of the Crusades on the doorstep of those who stayed at home in Europe and who in the selfish round of their everyday lives gradually lost the spirit that had built the Kingdom of Jerusalem and that crude paradise around the Sepulchre of Christ. They left the chivalry of Outremer to die on the lonesome heights of the country which God had made Holy Land.

It has been said, "And this spirit of the crusades was not in the world before they came, and it has not appeared again, after their passing." No, not as a movement that grips nations and peoples. But that spirit is still very much alive today, for it is rooted in the one love that cannot fail. Men and women still go forth to Outremer, to the lands beyond the seas, to win and build anew the Kingdom of Christ. They wear, for all the world to see, the garb of the cross-bearers, the Crusaders. On some foreign shore they win a beachhead. They do not exactly look back. But they do expect some backing. The saddest letter I ever read was from an Alaskan missionary who had asked for a pittance, twenty or thirty dollars a month, so that he could stay with his people. The pittance never came and now he wrote to say that he must leave and there was something in that letter that you could not escape—the deep silence of the North settling down upon a frightened flock that once belonged to Christ. For you cannot separate one member from the other in that Mystical Body and expect the member to live. You look to your priests and nuns—and they look back to you. It takes both to work a mission field. There was a nun in Egypt who laughed as she served us butter with our tea and then confessed, "I got ten dollars from America today." In Baghdad I have seen a neighbor, white with indignation, stamp into our parlor (you know the grapevine system among hired help) and cry in broken English, "You no pay servants. Why you no come to me? I have money." And how can you tell him that you have been to him too often in your need?

But no matter what the difficulties are there are still men and women who will go forth as of old to face the unknown, to build not a temporal kingdom that the power of this world may conquer but a kingdom unto everlasting life.

"For Thy kingdom, O Christ, *is* an everlasting kingdom and Thy dominion endureth. . . ."

"And thou Bethlehem of the land of Juda art not least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come forth a leader who shall rule my people Israel."

APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

Mission Intention for December 1946

FREQUENT PUBLIC PRAYERS FOR THE MISSIONS

THE need of prayers for the missions is not new to mission-minded Catholics. Such a need was confessed by St. Paul in apostolic times when he wrote: "I have planted, Apollo watered; but God gave the increase." Speaking of persevering and humble prayer Pope Benedict XV of blessed memory wrote in his encyclical, "Maximum illud," "If ever such prayers remain unanswered it cannot be so in this cause (the missionary cause) for there is none more sublime, none more agreeable to God." The offering of prayers for the missions is an alms which even the poorest of the poor can contribute to the missionary cause of the Church. Should these prayers be offered publicly more and more of the faithful will be encouraged to make this oblation for the spread of the Church, especially in pagan lands.

The need of such prayers was stressed by Pope Pius XI twenty years ago when in his exhortation to the prelates of the world he wrote: "First of all . . . strive to have introduced and gradually extend the pious custom of asking 'the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest' and imploring for the heathen the light of Divine grace. . . . You will do a thing conformable to Our desire . . . if you order . . . some special prayer for the missions and the conversion of the heathen . . . to be added to the rosary of the Blessed Virgin . . . customarily recited in parish churches. Let children and particularly religious orders of women be invited and encouraged to this end. We desire that in all institutions and orphan asylums, in parochial schools, in colleges and in religious houses of women, there should ascend to Heaven, every day, a prayer that the Divine Mercy may descend upon so many unhappy beings and upon such populous pagan nations."

This need of public prayer for the missions was emphasized even more strongly by Pope Pius XI in his message to Portugal a few years ago when he wrote: "It seems altogether necessary that special days be set aside on which, before the most august Sacrament of the Altar and with appropriate sermons, there be launched a sacred campaign against the enemy: and this we desire to be held annually in parishes, colleges and seminaries of the religious, and on those days the young especially should approach the Eucharistic Table."

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.

TEN years ago a French Jesuit in Tsing Chiang Pou, the farthest post up the Grand Canal on the Yangchow Mission, felt almost overwhelmed at the gigantic task before him. He arrived in a district where the people were completely pagan. In the whole district from Yangchow to Tsing Chiang Pou, there were more than four million pagans compared with less than a thousand Catholics in the whole of this prefecture!

What means can be employed to open up this territory? Father Bondon (who died last year at the age of 80 years, 48 of which had been spent in China) and others with him, bought some land. This first step was made difficult because the pagans often refuse to sell land to the Catholic Church. Some have come to investigate our religion, but too few alas! And then? The missioner has long awaited the chance to gather the harvest and he finds it even greater than he had anticipated, but oh, how difficult to gather in! Shall he then just sit back and fold his arms!

The Protestants have set themselves up in the large towns, founded schools and built hospitals. Their influence is great, especially among the intellectual class, their conversions have been numerous, but not very solid. Regarding the pagans, in this region along the Grand Canal, they are the most difficult to conquer. The rich wouldn't bother to think about forsaking their pleasures, and the poor haven't time to think of anything else but to earn their daily bread. Both classes are more superstitious than we'd think possible. Superstitions! To mention only facts which I have verified myself and which are quite recent, I have counted at Tai Chow more than 150 pagodas, but I have not seen 150 Catholics in the whole town and its environs!

Four hundred thousand to one

Morgan Curran, S,J.

(left) The women especially distinguish themselves by the fervor of their prostrations before the buddhas. (above) The poor, along the canal, haven't time to think of anything else except to earn their daily bread.

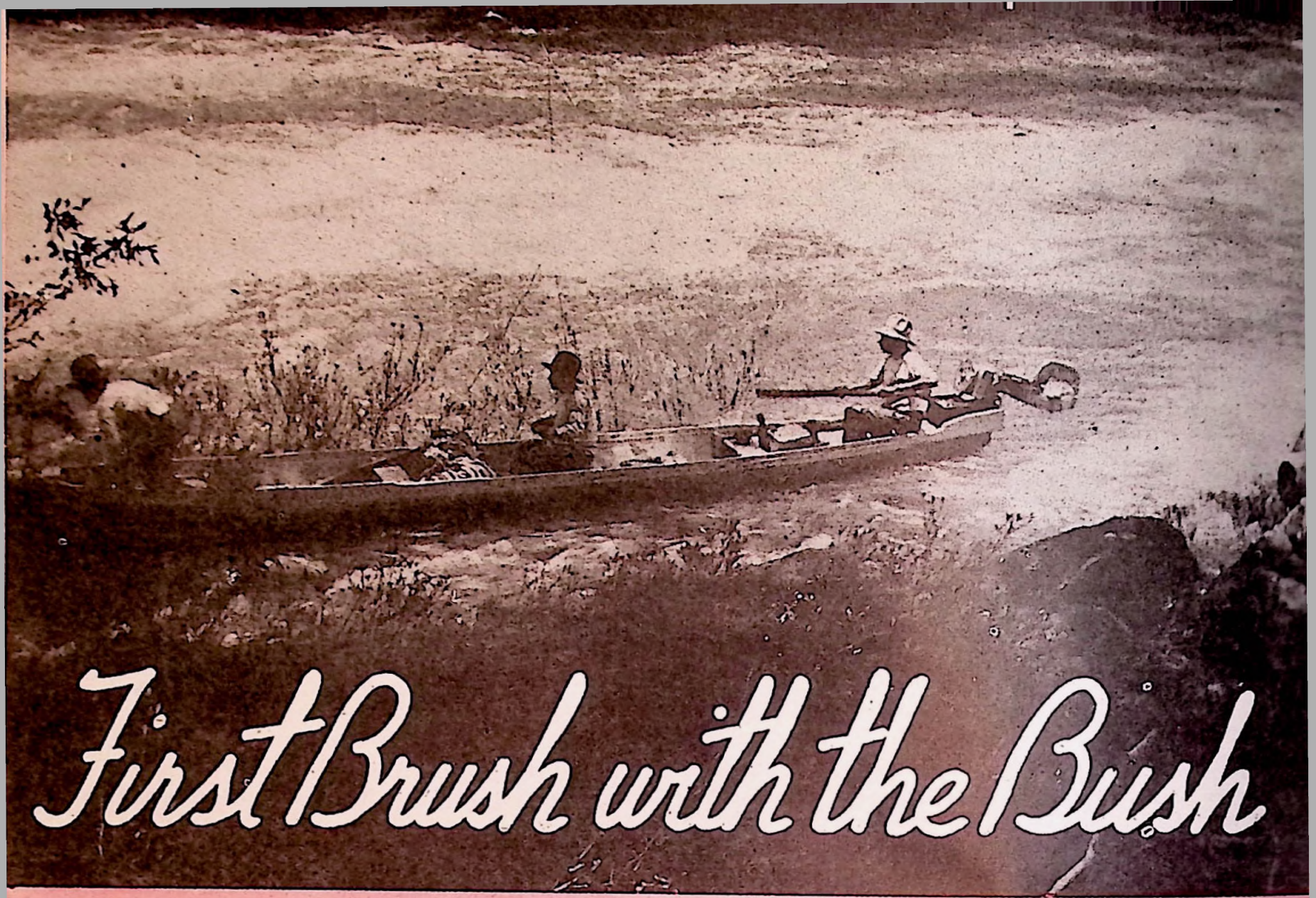
In Yangchow, where I am at present, it is the birthday festival of Kuan Yin (a celebrated female Buddha). On the streets you see nothing but pilgrims carrying in their hands a red lotus flower and a green leaf as large as an umbrella. All the buses and the small steam-boats are packed with people. The mountain on which is situated the famous pagoda, and to which the pilgrims are all going, is smoking like a small volcano. Beggars line the roads, displaying their sores and mangled members. This display is to move the pilgrims to pity; these sick and crippled ones are not hoping to be cured by their beneficent Kuan Yin. And every pilgrim feels himself obliged to give at least a cent to each of the innumerable beggars along the canal who even hold out baskets on long poles to those passing in boats.

The women especially distinguish themselves by their fervor in making prostrations before the buddhas. Incense burns everywhere. For the feast of Kuan Yin, a special, huge cauldron has been placed in the middle of the temple, into which old and young cast handfuls of incense along with red and yellow papers with the worshippers' petitions to Kuan Yin.

The ordinary farmer, with his wife, sons and daughters, works in the fields from dawn to sunset—and all this not to get rich, but to live. Aloof from all this misery are the rich. They live in their mansions surrounded by high walls. Within this enclosure, well protected against thieves, they have gathered all their riches, and their gardens contain everything they like to see.

In this environment, how difficult are the conversions which are made and how liable to lapse back into paganism! However, the missioner's work is to make them, and for that he has to do something. In Tsing Chiang Pou we have a school, and in spite of opposition, it is open and even increasing its enrollment. The little pagans come, they learn everything. They go tell their parents that they want to enter the Church. But that doesn't come to pass without difficulty! The children, especially the older ones, are very eager to get an education. This desire of education is not the only factor in our favor, but the devotion also, which is manifested in their superstitions, impels them towards religion, and the tendency toward good is not effaced from their souls. With divine grace, their very nature carries them on towards the truth, as to something beautiful. Some conversions are made.

But how many years will it not take to convert these four million pagans at this rate? This was also the objection of a pagan who didn't consider a religion good which took so long to attract souls. Is it not surprising that the light should be hidden so long beneath the bushel? It isn't so everywhere, but in our little corner we are progressing very slowly. It is very probable that if we had here a good-sized group of young missioners, this district would open up at once, as has already been done elsewhere. Alas! the young men are lacking! 'Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send labourers into his harvest.'"



First Brush with the Bush

Clement Andlauer, S.J.

WHERE I live there is little talk of atom bombs. Bikini is never spoken of. "Operation Crossroads" are words you never hear. In fact, this would be a good place to hide out in when the bombs start dropping. Just jot down the address for future reference: Toledo District, British Honduras, Central America.

I came here a year ago. Punta Gorda, a sleepy little tropical port, is the "front door" to my mission. It is also the last link I have with civilization. When I go through that door, I step out of the 20th Century. I go back to primitive times among a people almost unaffected by modern progress.

My first visitation of the Toledo missions was an experience I shall never forget. Ordinarily I would have set out in the mission-owned boat, but a hurricane had knocked it out of commission and I had to resort to thumbing my way. Even this proved so unsatisfactory that I finally hired a motor boat to take me as close as possible to Crique Sarco, my first stop. At Camp K the one cylinder motor was choking and sputtering so badly that I gave up nursing it any longer, and wound my way in a native dory the remaining miles up the Temasch River in this cranky hollowed-out log. Along the course white herons, toucans, and pelicans put in their appearance. Lizards, three or four feet long, crawled along the branches of trees lining the shore, sunning themselves. There was not a breeze stirring. The dip of the paddles in the crystal clear water was as noiseless as the silent Indians that manned them.

An hour's steady paddling brought us to Crique Sarco, a Keckchi Indian village. You reach it by following a straight path that rises gently from the river bank and loses itself among the native houses grouped in a clearing. As I approached, the Indians began to ring the bells announcing my arrival. First to greet me were the children. They escorted me to the church, a simple structure built of palmetto poles and thatch, and then to my house. Here I came to learn that the missionary is never alone in the jungle. Like the poor, his Indians are always with him. They come to him for medicine, for advice, for comfort. And all three he must give to his red-skinned sons and daughters of the forest. He must minister, of course, to their spiritual needs. This he does every morning with Mass and Holy Communion and every

evening with rosary, instruction, benediction and confession. But he must also care for their bodies, for most of them suffer from fever, coughs, chest ailments, sores, headaches, bad teeth, and terrible anemia. You wouldn't believe their condition unless you saw it.

For the most part I managed quite well by means of Keckchi words and phrases and by sign language to determine what was wrong with those who came to me for relief. Occasionally, though, I ran into some difficulty; not in making myself understood, but in drawing out an answer to my questions. The women especially were at times anything but cooperative. They would giggle so much that they couldn't answer. It all seemed so amusing to them that in desperation I asked, "What's the joke?" They replied, "It's so funny to hear you speaking our language."

"Where does it hurt?" I asked a little fellow who complained to me of some pain. He just looked at me without saying a word. I pointed to his head and asked, "Does it hurt?"

"Yes, it hurts," he replied.

Then I pointed to his hands and his feet and asked the same questions. I got the same answer, "Yes, it hurts."

Actually, as I found out later, he had no pain at all in his hands or feet. Eventually I hope to be able to ask the right questions—or at least to locate the area of pain before putting my question.

ONE of the rules of the jungle is always to look before reaching. Scorpions hide away in the most unexpected places. Whenever I found one, as I did a few times at Crique Sarco and elsewhere, I reminded myself to "stop, look, and listen"—and never to reach in the dark. My first brush with a tarantula made me more wary at night. In the mornings, too, I tried to remember always to examine my clothes before putting them on. But familiarity with these house guests has a way of making one careless. Now I am wondering how long it will be before I am stung by one. Tarantulas cause great pain and prostration, but are not fatal in ordinary cases.

Vitamin deficiency is another threat to life in the jungle. The food consists of tortillas, which are nothing more than ground corn and water baked on a gridiron, and usually an egg. Once I had iguana (lizard) and chicken on occasion. The Indian method of cooking meat is to boil it with pepper leaves. The result is not what you would expect to be served in an American restaurant. I have seen Indians take the feathers off a parrot by the simple process of burning them off over a fire. This is the Indians' regular diet.

Go out and visit the Keckchi Indians in their houses, in church; you will soon grow to like them and to acquire some of their serene confidence in God.

It is no wonder they are anemic, for aside from coffee, which they drink good and strong without milk or sugar, and a brown cake made from sugar cane, they eat nothing else.

Ottashaw was my next stop. You hear at times that the Indian is very wooden-faced and silent. You see pictures that may confirm this suspicion. But four days at Ottashaw convinced me that this is only a superficial impression. The Keckchi Indian, as I got to know him better, proved to be as human as any person I've known. Behind the granite dignity of his dour and enigmatic exterior lies a personality understandable only to one who is patient enough to study him—the world he moves in, the thoughts he thinks. He is the quietest human alive until you have come to know him among his own people in his own village, where a lift of the eyebrow, a shrug of the shoulder, a furtive glance convey thoughts and emotions which only words seem capable of doing for us. You may leave him the first time bewildered at his stony silence, long periods of speechlessness, and monosyllabic grunts. But stay with him a while. Go out and visit him in his house. Kneel next to him in church. You will soon grow to like him and sympathize with him, and even take away with you something of the serene confidence in God that is his.

(Above) Bernardino Realino, the lawyer and public official of Milan who became a Jesuit at Naples, and a saint. (right) The magistrates of Lecce choose St. Bernardino the patron of their city.

The Vocation of *Bernardino*

Francis Sweeney, S.J.

THERE was many an aristocratic eyebrow lifted in well-bred surprise when a brilliant young Italian lawyer became a Jesuit at Naples in 1564. It was the perennial astonishment of those who cannot understand why anyone who could conceivably make his mark in any other field should devote his life to the service of God. Now nearly four centuries later the Church is about to place its seal of infallible approval on the young Italian's life, in a solemn decree of canonization which is the triumphant epilogue to the life of Bernardine Realino.

At thirty-four, Bernardine saw clearly what manner of life he was embracing and the formidable appeal of the prospects he was giving up. He was born at Carpi in northern Italy, the son of Don Francesco Realino, who was master of horse to one of the Gonzaga princes. As the son of a magnifico he had a carefree, sheltered boyhood. In clothes of broadcloth and silk and beautifully dyed leather, he went daily to the best school in Carpi. And when he was sixteen his father sent him off to Modena and later to the University of Bologna to make a scholar of him.

When Saint Bernardine received his doctorate in canon and civil law at Bologna at the age of 26, his father was commandant of cavalry for Christopher Cardinal Madrucci, governor of Milan. The prelate gave the young lawyer a hearty welcome, accorded him Milanese citizenship, and promised to appoint him to a position worthy of his training.

During the two months that elapsed before the Cardinal was able to carry out his promise, Bernardine was a guest in the houses of various noble families of Milan, notably that of Prince Sigismund d'Este. And he became a close friend of Prince Nicholas Sfondrati, later to ascend the papal throne as Gregory XIV.

In December of 1556 Cardinal Madrucci appointed Realino Mayor of Felizzano, a tiny city on the border of the Duchy of Milan. At the end of a highly successful year, Bernardine's hopes for advancement were dashed when Madrucci was removed from the governorship by Philip II of Spain. But Realino secured an appointment as tax collector of Alessandria in Piedmont, and then became mayor of Cassine, near Milan. He was now well-known as a competent administrator and a just and courageous magistrate. In 1562 the Marquis of Pescara sent him with full powers to Castelleone, a city subject to him between Crema and Cremona; a commune that had been sorely harried by feuds and brigandage.

Delighted with the achievements of Bernardine at Castelleone, the Marquis of Pescara resolved to make him administrator of his lands in the Kingdom of Naples.

Just at this time two events occurred which served to turn Bernardine's mind from the employ of earthy princes to the total service of Christ the King. One was the death of a lady he had known at Bologna, who had been a powerful influence on his life. On her advice he had made his university studies in law instead of medicine, which had been his first intention. And he corresponded with her during his political career. History has preserved only her Christian name, which was Cloris.

The second event was a siege of fever, which delayed Bernardine's coming to Naples. As he lay helpless, while the fever rose and ebbed, he had a chance to measure worldly success against the standards of eternity.

Arrived at Naples, he made a retreat of eight days in which the kingdoms of the world and all their glory made final assault upon his heart. It was a gorgeous world he would have to give up, for he had known the fabulous splendor of the Renaissance courts—the great palace boats plying the rivers and turquoise lakes of Lombardy, the sumptuous banquets, the rich uniforms, the adulation of the literary academies, the favor of princes which had given him the governance of cities. Yet courageously he crossed his Rubicon of renunciation. He entered the Jesuit novitiate at Naples in October, 1564.

Bernardine had wanted to be a lay brother, and to go to the Indies as a missionary. Instead his superiors commanded him to prepare for priesthood, and he remained ten years in Naples before being assigned to Lecce at the opposite side of the Italian peninsula.

Though his heart was with the hundreds of Jesuits who were sailing for pagan kingdom in the great India fleets of Spain and Portugal, yet he soon discovered that he could be a missionary even on the mainland of Italy. In prisons and hospitals, in the pulpit of the Cathedral and the lecture halls of the new Jesuit college he began that magnificent ministry which for forty-two years made him the Apostle of Lecce.

It was an apostolate of kindness and an incredibly charming affability which won over everyone Bernardine met. Before long the Lecceans were according him the veneration due to a saint—which did not prevent their making extravagant demands on his charity. He was asked to give advice on all varities of problems, and here his experience as a lawyer and magistrate was invaluable. He was called in to settle disputes in families, to instruct children in catechism, and to attend the dying. He was intensely devoted to the welfare of the Mahometan slaves who had been captured from Turkish galleys; he had the great happiness of baptizing them in considerable numbers.

And always the first charge upon his generosity was his work in the confessional. As he grew older and the fame of his sanctity increased, penitents came from distant places to make their confession to the Saint of Lecce.

Various supernatural manifestations confirmed the popular estimation of Bernardine's holiness. He could predict the future; he was aware of events happening at a distance; miraculous cures were effected in answer to his prayers. And one Christmas Day, when he was at prayer, the Infant Jesus appeared to him and remained for half an hour clasped in the arms of the holy old priest.

As he grew older, Saint Bernardine's prodigious activities were curtailed. Yet he still hobbled out to his confessional in the Jesuit church, or allowed himself to be carried. At length he approached his eigthy-sixth year, and his extreme weakness forced him to remain in his room. Here the Mayor and the city council came to read him a solemn address asking him to be protector and patron of Lecce. He gasped out his assent. Not even death was to release him from his loving dedication to the city which had long since hailed him as its father.

On July 2, 1616, the bells of Lecce tolled for his death. And in the little Apulian towns nearby the people gathered to march into the city to give Father Bernardine a funeral such as only Italy can give a Saint. Next year he will become "St. Bernardine."

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

CAROLINES

Truk

Father Edwin G. McManus, S.J.

Since my last letter, 6 Spanish nuns have come to Truk. They were here before the war, but the Japs, for some inscrutable reason, moved them to Ponape, about 400 miles away. They are finally back where they belong, but the only suitable house for them is on a small island some distance away from the center of things. (And don't you scoffers think that Truk hasn't a center of activity!) Building materials are very scarce here, but the government has finally given us permission to use some houses now occupied by Jap prisoners. When they go back to Japan, we'll tear down the houses, move the material to the main island of Moen, and build a house and school for the nuns.

The poor nuns are really having a tough time! The government has made many promises, but the 6 nuns still have only 2 chairs in their house. (And the chairs are by no means big enough and strong enough to hold three nuns apiece at mealtimes.) Their daily 20 minute walk to the Church for Mass and Communion wouldn't be too bad if it didn't rain here every day, and occasionally all day; the nuns have no umbrellas or raincoats, and for shoes they wear sneakers.

And yet they are happy—and I don't mean resigned! Their attitude is not the resignation of self-pity. They really are happy and enthusiastic in their work. The answer, of course, is the supernatural assistance of a God Who promised "My grace is sufficient for you." If they had been called on to endure Trukese conditions in their native Spain, I venture to say that they couldn't have done it, or at least not without a self-pity that would have destroyed their religious life and ruined their daily work for Him. But here, their humor and their enthusiasm drive out all self-pity. They have no material comforts, but in their necessity, the Good Lord has given them a perfect substitute—the ability to live cheerfully without material comforts. Maybe that is what the Lord meant when He promised a hundred-fold reward to those who leave father and mother, etc.

Naturally I am waiting for letters and for the 1001 things I've asked for. If any of you have empty crevices in the Parcel Post packages you are sending, rosaries and medals are good fillers and will be greatly appreciated by the natives. While on the subject of mail, I hope you noticed the new P.O. number; airmail letters come for 6 cents. My new address is:

Catholic Mission
Truk, Carolines
Military Government Unit 3410
c/o P.M., San Francisco, Calif.

JAMAICA

Holy Rosary

Father J. Leander Hurld, S.J.

You may put it down as bias but after two years here at Holy Rosary, I am convinced we have one of the busiest stations on the Island of Jamaica. For the constantly growing Catholic activity and the success of our efforts I can take little or no credit. This is rather due to the tireless and ceaseless drive of Fr. Branon who has directed the parish for the last six years. He has made of our grounds a centre—social and religious—it has brought the people together and kept them near to the church. This kind of activity means a tremendous amount of work and often times the response seems far below the expenditure of energy, but

China-bound. From California province, Jesuits bound for China. (l. to r.) John Clifford, George B. Wong (of Shanghai), George Donohue, Rev. Pius L. Moore S.J., mission procurator, William Ryan and Frederick Foley S.J., (of New York). A strike delayed their sailing for weeks.

there can be no doubt about the fact that it has advanced the church. Casual visitors might see but the surface and perhaps take away the impression that we are well founded and as independent financially as any similar parish in the States. Coming to look the situation over, one will see a rather neat little brick church, a rectory, two school buildings, a convent and grounds that are fairly well kept. One cannot know the major part of the people cannot contribute to the support of the priest. He cannot understand that the church holds but 240 and must be extended to the cost of 5,000 pounds—as the best estimate we can get.

Prayers are said regularly throughout Jamaica for benefactors. Here at Holy Rosary an average of one thousand Hail Marys is said every Sunday of the year. At each Mass, after the announcements and before the prayers for the souls departed, we lead the congregation in an Ave "for our Benefactors." Again, just before Christmas, we say a Novena of Masses for our Benefactors. So that I think you may rest assured that those who help us are well remembered.

IRAQ

Baghdad College
Father Joseph Connell, S.J.

Usam al-Din Juma, a long-time mayor of Baghdad until a new one was appointed some six months back, paid a visit to the school this morning. He had registered his son early in the summer. He was amazed and completely won over when I showed him the school and the new buildings, and explained that the new constructions are being built by the Fathers. When I pointed out the figure of Fr. Larkin towering over the workmen, our visitor simply had to meet him and shake his hand. Then he questioned the native workmen in Arabic to learn from them if Fr. Larkin knew his job. The answer was a resounding yes. The former mayor continued his questions: Does he know the job better than you? Many a scholar has been trapped by a similar question but not these masons. They pointed out to the former mayor that Fr. Larkin was the engineer and knew that job better than they. However, they were the masons and it was not to be expected that Fr. Larkin knew their job better than they themselves; enough that he knew what to expect of them.

Our tour took us into the new building, begun by Fr. Madaras early in the summer, and now very nearly ready for class. (We have three more days). All available Fathers had answered a call for volunteers to paint. The mayor saw them all: Fr. McDermott atop a ledge, Frs. Mulvehill, Nash, O'Neil on staging, Fr. Ryan bent low by a baseboard. He missed only two, for the sole reason that I was unaware that Frs. Gookin and Guay were painting the inside of a closed door.

Missioners at 962

Coleman A. Daily, S.J.

The name, Jesuit Missions, suggests three groups: the 686 Jesuits of the American Provinces now actually on the missions, our subscribers, and our office staff. You know the names and deeds of many of these missionaries from the accounts in our magazine. In an article of a year ago, I explained the real bond that does exist between our missionaries and you, their co-missionaries. When three groups are united so intimately in one cause, I think they should know one another and, thus, this article is written that you may have an appreciation of the third group, the office staff of Jesuit Missions.

In offering this tribute there is the inevitable temptation to mention names and years of service If I should yield, I know that my only escape at the date of publication would be to dash to LaGuardia Field and be on my way to the Island of Yap. In this last sentence there is more truth than jest. I am positive that such would be their reaction which, in itself, might be cited as an added proof of their sterling qualities. This article is written with sincerity by one who knows the depths of their charity and the loyalty of their efficient service.

In the course of twenty years, the names of at least 49 Associate Editors have appeared on the masthead of JESUIT MISSIONS. Each of these priests has realized, within a few days, that the marvelous cooperation of their co-workers here at the office could not be evaluated in dollars. Some of these editors are now missionaries and others are at colleges and universities. They all cherish an inestimable gratitude towards their former associates.

QUITE obviously, there are hundreds of readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who may live in Bangor, Maine; Hawthorne, Nevada; or Mankato, Minnesota, and unless some fairy godmother bequeathes them a considerable fortune, they may never see St. Patrick's Cathedral, Times Square, and I dare add, 962 Madison Avenue. Be that as it may, all of the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS want you to feel that you will be cordially welcomed at JESUIT MISSIONS as we would want you to meet those who have formed the link between you and our missionaries.

Coleman A. Daily, S.J.

No one arrives at the office quite as early as the mailman and the contents of his bag regulate our day and offer a departmentalization of the office—subscription, bookkeeping, promotion, and secretarial. The new subscriptions and renewals find their way to the stencil machine where they are transposed on to a fibre stencil. The same stencil is checked before it is placed in a tray with 300 others recording the names of subscribers in the same city, state and section of U. S.

Not all of subscribers use typewriters or practice the Palmer Method. At times, a's look like o's and h's like k's. You would then see the girls consulting a 3 x 5 index, phone books, and comparing the formation of letters in one word with another. Accuracy is important that you may receive your copies promptly. However, diligence towards all of our subscribers is prompted principally by realization on the part of the subscription department that they are dealing with a personal friend of our missionaries.

Eleven times your stencil hops through our mailing machine. As the date of expiration approaches, the girls have the rather tedious task of going through tray after tray removing the proper stencils. A notice is sent requesting that your name remain on our file as a co-missionary. An immediate response to this request does save considerable time. We appreciate that delays may arise, of course, and, hence, additional letters are sent with the hope that your stencil may go back in its original tray. When no response is received then it is with genuine reluctance that the stencil is destroyed. Office space is precious in New York and we can't hold the name on file.

In the stockroom we have a wonderful man from Missouri. In his defense, I want it known that he held this position before Mr. Truman came East. Within the past three years, five of the young men who have worked with him have gone to the Seminary. Three are now in the Jesuit Novitiate, one is with the Salesian Fathers, and another is in a secular Seminary. No fact could be cited as a greater testimony of his marvelous influence.

There are few Jesuits in the United States who know the names and addresses of our foreign missionaries as well as those in our bookkeeping department. They perform 101 details each day. However, a part of their time is spent recording the Mass intentions and gifts for our missionaries. In submitting their financial statement at the end of the day they do feel a consolation in reporting a profitable day for our missionaries. At the end of the month, they tabulate the gifts and the names of the donors since these resources are to be sent on their way to all parts of the world.

Like all publishing concerns, crises do arise at JESUIT MISSIONS; machines break, strikes cause the late delivery of material, sickness takes its toll. It is at such times that we Editors appreciate the spontaneous cooperation of the office staff. They will remain at nights, come in on Saturdays, and do everything within their means to expedite the publication of the magazine.

The routine of the office is interrupted on occasions to welcome the missionaries. During the war, it was a very rare occasion when the Jesuits from the missions would visit the office, but now many do come to pay their tribute to their co-workers. They stay for lunch and entertain the staff by their experiences. There are the usual laughs and bantering but when they say *adieu* they leave behind a deeper admiration in the hearts of all of us for the work they are doing.

As in any group, there are occasions when a staff member leaves to be married or to enter the convent. The fact that they do return or write and ask about JM, the circulation, help towards the missions all proves that their days at the office meant more than a mere "punching of the clock" and receiving an envelope on Friday.

All at the business office would like the subscribers to realize that your name is here on file. It represents not merely a stencil but, to us a friend of our missionaries and one whose friendship we hope will last for years. Obviously, without you there would be no JESUIT MISSIONS. With you we are able to aid our missionaries and to form a link between you and them so that together, the three of us can work as one for the missions and glory of God.

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COMMUNICATIONS

Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find one hundred dollars towards the education of a native priest in China. I have been saving this money to buy a good fur neckpiece but, after reading in JESUIT MISSIONS of the great importance of native priests, I wish to help as much as I can in bringing a knowledge of God and His Commandments to some poor souls that someday they may reach their heavenly home and give glory to God through all eternity.

I am making this sacrifice to show the Sacred Heart that He is more essential to my happiness than anyone or anything else in this world. May God bless the Society of Jesus until the end of time.

Sincerely yours,

S.

Dear Father:

Would you please ask the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to send us any unwanted wooden beaded bags to salvage the beads for making rosaries for the missions.

Over a period of time our group has sent over two thousand pairs of such rosaries to missionaries to be distributed among their people. Our rosaries made from beaded bags have been sent to Iraq, India, Alaska, British Honduras, Jamaica, and the Indian missions within our boundaries.

Unless readers of JESUIT MISSIONS respond to this appeal many children in mission lands will be deprived of owning a rosary.

I trust that the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS will answer this appeal by sending their beaded bags to:

Miss Ruth F. Larkin,
126 Hylan Boulevard,
Staten Island 5, N. Y.

Thanking you for the space given to this mission cause, I am,

Gratefully yours,

RUTH LARKIN.

Dear Father:

For the past three years you have seen many an address at the head of my letter. I think my first letter came to you from Fort Riley in Kansas. The next was somewhere in Europe and finally, after V-E Day I wrote to you from Manila. I often wondered how your Subscription Department ever kept up with me. I know that I missed a few of the magazines—and I really mean "missed."

It was really great to get your letters and, believe me, I appreciated your prayers. I think you will be happy to know that I made my final arrangements to enter the Seminary. Before I go I want to thank you and all the Fathers at JESUIT MISSIONS for your wonderful help given to me. I am leaving tomorrow night for the Franciscan Seminary.

Please tell the Fathers in Patna that my final gift is sent with a great deal of joy and a certain regret. I am counting on their prayers that I may be successful in the Seminary.

Sincerely in Christ,

B.

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LEPERS are literally in a class by themselves. Not by choice but by law they are isolationists. Once a leprous scar is discovered, the victims must forego all that you, and they, too, cherish as precious in this life—home, friends, travel.

In many leper colonies of the world the lepers have the consolation of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. He is there because of the heroic sacrifice of a priest. In the early hours of the morning the colony's chaplain carries a golden ciborium to many a bedside. Again, Jesus of Nazareth walks among the lepers. When He comes for the last time, saintly sisters kneel at the bedside. Their comforting prayers and gentle attention will become an eternal memory. After many years of experience a chaplain declared that he had never seen a leper die unhappily or without the sacraments.

Six Leper colonies in three lands have American Jesuit Chaplains:

CEYLON
Mantivu

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
Novaliches
Dapitan
Culion
Zamboanga

JAMAICA
Spanishtown

EACH Christmas JESUIT MISSIONS has appealed for the lepers. Your response has always been magnificent. This year will be no exception. Kindly forward your donation to JESUIT MISSIONS.

JESUIT MISSIONS

962 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

JM

Editorial

And on Earth .....*Peace*

Two words have haunted the minds of men; two words have sounded on the ether waves; two words have appeared on the printed page repeatedly during the past year. (One is an adjective, the other a noun.) And the two are often found together in the fearful thought—"We must have *peace* in our *atomic* age."

Peace, how the hearts of men yearn for it! How the prayers of men plead for it! And how all nations look forward eagerly to the dawn of peace! "It will soon be here, it must come soon," we read. One would think that the angels who sang long ago to the shepherds were wrong, that peace is a thing of the future and not a blessing, present to any man who is of good will. Or was it a jest of Our Father, and did he mean His messengers to sing, "Peace *will* be to men. . . ."

As the bells ring out with peals of joy this Christmas, as families gather about their lighted trees, as the surprised, happy shouts of children fill the air—a man will kneel alone in a small prison cell somewhere in Yugoslavia, a Prince of the Church, now a prisoner; another priest will join his hands over the Host and pray for his many children, a priest and by God's grace, the Father of Christendom; somewhere amid the noise of pagan India an American girl will pray for her loved ones and ask the Babe's special blessing for her sister-nuns who have also left Father, Mother and all else for His name's sake. Can it be that Pope, Archbishop and missionary Sister will not know peace? Or will theirs be a deeper and fuller realization of the peace which is already theirs because they are of good will? Have no doubt about it. In simple truth they can say in Christ's own words, "My will is to do the will of Him who sent me." They will know peace, nay rather, they do know peace.

But what of the atomic threat to the world? Yes, what of it? For He who has already given peace to the world, to any and all who will but fulfill the requirement and be of good will, He has also given to the atom all that makes it a thing of dread. "Atomic," the world may whisper with fear and trembling at the thought of the power and might contained in such a little thing. But, in reverence and awe will the man of good will whisper, "Atomic," as he kneels at the crib and remembers the power and strength, the love and the mercy of the little Babe who is represented there in the straw. And bowing his head in good will he will pray that God will hasten the day when all men may kneel at His feet and know in their hearts the joy of His atomic peace.

To the readers and friends of JESUIT MISSIONS *and all their loved ones everywhere, the Editors extend most cordial and prayerful wishes for every blessing the Child of Bethlehem can give.*

Wanted

This is the Christmas corner for the missioners. Wouldn't it be something wonderful if every Catholic in the country put "Missions" on their Christmas lists?

Perhaps the loneliest American Jesuit this Christmas will be Father Edwin G. McManus, S.J., spending his first Christmas on the litttle island of Truk in the middle of the vast Pacific. (See p. 274)

✚

The American Jesuit with the biggest job on his hands this Christmas is undoubtedly Father Thomas B. Cannon, S.J., charged with rebuilding the ruined Ateneo de Manila.

✚

The American Jesuit least likely to have any Christmas atmosphere: anyone of the Jesuits in Yangchow, China, a strong pagan center.

✚

Coldest will be Father George Carroll, S.J., successor to Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., at Kotzebue, Alaska.

✚

Mission most in need of a rectory and church: May Pen, Jamaica, the mission of Father William E. Shanahan, S.J.

✚

Happiest celebration will be: the Patna Mission, India. This is the 25th Christmas for American Jesuits in India.

✚

Missioner who will most probably travel farthest and fast longest this Christmas: Father Joseph H. Rochel, S.J., British Honduras.

✚

Latest missioner to be assigned to a brand new mission: Father John T. Newell, S.J., in Yoro, Honduras.

✚

Former missioner most happy to return to his mission: Ex-chaplain Charles A. Robinson, Tokyo, Japan.

✚

Mission superior from the smallest province, with the fewest missioners, most meager equipment: Very Rev. John T. Linehan, S.J., of Ceylon.

✚

There are many others, but these richly deserve and would deeply appreciate your help this Christmas.

Buying Books

at JESUIT MISSION Press is an easy and rather profitable means of aiding the missions. We can obtain a publisher's discount and the profit realized in the sale of books is applied to furthering the missionary endeavors of the American Jesuits.

The following list offers an ideal selection for Christmas gifts. You and your friends will want at least one of these books, if not all. In ordering books, please remember JESUIT MISSIONS.

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4. The Darkness Is Passed
Rev. Thomas H. Moore, S.J.
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5. Most Worthy of All Praise
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