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JESUIT MISSIONS

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This Month

		Page
RADIO BROADCAST OF POPE PIUS XII		2
MAKING MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS		4
THE BETHLEHEM ROAD	*Thomas J. Hussey, S.J.*	6
THE PRAYER CRUSADE	*Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.*	8
PHILIPPINE CHRISTMAS	*Andrew F. Cervini, S.J.*	10
THE HOLY NAME	*Walter J. Martin, S.J.*	14
TAMIL TYPEWRITER	*Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.*	16
THE MISSIONS LOSE A FRIEND		17
THEN AND NOW	*James M. Harney, S.J.*	18
THOSE INDIAN RAILROADS	*Daniel T. Rice, S.J.*	20
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS		22

COVER. Twice this past year, the tercentenary of the martyrdom of the Mohawk Martyrs, Pope Pius XII in radio broadcasts to America has reminded Americans of the missionary zeal and heroism of those extraordinary men. Father Vachon portrays the Holy Father at the microphone in the Vatican.

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CONTRIBUTORS

John G. Lange, S.J.

■ **Father John G. Lange, S.J.,** is a missionary who has had a dream come true — at least in part. For 12 years he was all but lost in India and in Ceylon. In Ceylon he was one of only a scattered handful of Americans. No new missioners could be spared by his own province for years. It wasn't even their own mission; they were working with and under French Jesuits who so long have served in Ceylon. Twenty-two times Father Lange came down with malaria. Home and health and help seemed sometimes mighty far away. Then something wonderful happened—the Trincomalee mission was given to the New Orleans Province. New men were assigned, all young, strong, eager; scholastics were accepted from among the volunteers; a brother of many talents was chosen to go, too, and Father Lange himself was to come home to America for several months—to buy supplies. That he put on weight and rebuilt his health was only incidental. His stay was filled with all the things he had wanted to do for the mission for years. At the end, while he waited here for the strike to end so that he could sail, it was almost an orgy of buying. Waxpaper, electric light bulbs, needles and thread (for the sisters); medicines, soap, razor blades, writing materials, catalogues, cloth, oh a thousand little things which made you realize how much help in little things the missions need. It was a dream come true—in part. He ran out of money and finally departed for Ceylon again. And you never saw a happier man.

■ **Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J.,** has been in the right place all his life except on two occasions he will never be able to for-

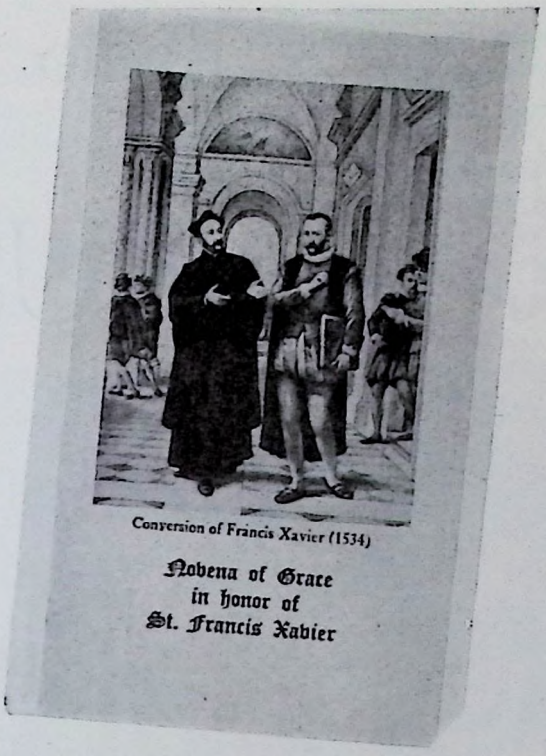
get. For ten years he roamed the barrios and helped build the strong missions of northern Mindanao. He was on the spot to feed and care for the wounded crew of Lt. Bulkley's P-T-boat in March of 1942 at Iligan and was proclaimed then and since "one of the finest men of God I ever met." Then came two mishaps. As a chaplain he had for some time escaped the Japanese, but one day, they captured him and put him in internment. He survived, considerably slimmer, but as zealous as ever, and was liberated at Los Banos. Then came his second mishap. Three days or so after liberation, he was walking in a street of Manila when a bomb fell at his feet, blowing off one foot and injuring the other. Hospitalization, of course, was needed for a long time till an artificial leg could be fitted and worn. He continued to serve as a chaplain over here in the U. S. Army at hospitals, and is now readying to return to the Philippines.

Andrew F. Cervini, S.J.

■ **Daniel T. Rice, S.J.**, and the other Chicago Province Jesuit who went with him to India last year, **James W. Cox, S.J.**, are a pair. Likeable the first time you meet them, they are also the type you remember long afterward. They are quite unlike in temperament, but seem inseparable and so were promptly named "Rice and Curry" a most popular Indian dish, solid and spicey. They have both been studying Hindi intensively and will begin teaching next semester.

Daniel T. Rice, S.J.

■ Other authors: **Father Thomas Hussey** is a Baghdadi, in Iraq at the outbreak of the war went to St. Mary's, Kurseong, for theology and is now assistant Dean at Baghdad College. Father **James Harney** is resting in the United States after illness incurred by overwork in Jamaica. **Walter J. Martin** is a student at Weston College, Weston, Mass.



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versality, that is to say, to its taking root and flourishing everywhere on earth. Hence our martyrs' hearts were restless with the thought that millions knew not Christ. O Blessed three! Their bones rest together treasured in nature's own reliquary, the verdant hill that slopes up from the quiet, easy-flowing river of the Mohawks.

But these martyrs are not the possession of New York State alone. They belong to the whole nation. They were not the only missionaries martyred for the faith in the new world; but they are the first raised to the altar, given by the Church under God to be patrons of the land made fertile by their blood, to be an inspiration for those who have been made stronger by their death. Their message of missionary zeal, fired by the love of God and God's love for souls, is louder and more insistent at this hour, when war and war's aftermath have decimated so many ranks of missionaries and clogged so many sources of mission help. That message rings across your blessed country, so providentially spared the horrors and destruction of other lands; from coast to coast, from the Gulf to the northern frontier and beyond, it is heard. Let men pause and harken to its appeal. It is the hour of America. The missions await the response.

St. Isaac, St. John, St. Rene, look down with heaven-born love on the faithful who fill the land you longed to conquer for Christ. Through your powerful intercession before the throne of God obtain for them the grace to share something of the spirit that was yours on earth. May the clergy and religious intensify their life of prayer and self abnegation, for in such soil missionary zeal springs up and grows quickly; may the youth, that American youth always so ready and eager to throw themselves whole-heartedly into every worthy and noble venture, for whom obstacles are but a challenge to their courage, may they seize the torch of faith, lighted by you in the wildernesses, and carry it full-flaming to the ends of the earth, until all men may see and know Jesus Christ, the divine Master who has loved them with an eternal love, whom you, of blessed martyrs, now contemplate with ineffable joy.

That this Our most earnest prayer may find generous response in the souls of all the faithful of America so dear to Us on many counts, We invoke upon them with the deepest affection of Our paternal heart the Apostolic Benediction.

Making *modern* Jesuit Relations

IRAQ, CEYLON, INDIA

Editor and photographer will circle the globe filming American missions

THE first "*Jesuit Relations*" were the famous reports and letters written by Jesuit missionaries in North America to their Superiors in France. By flickering candle-light and the dim glow of camp-fires, on old scraps of paper and with stubs of pens in scarred and tortured fingers, these scholars from Europe recorded for all time the thrilling pages in history of the planting of the Faith among the Indians in United States and Canada.

Three hundred years later, on the anniversary of the martyrdom of three of those missionaries whose death in the United States is part of the history in the "Relations," two American Jesuits, Rev. Calvert Alexander, S.J., Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, and Rev. Bernard Hubbard, S.J., explorer, lecturer and photographer, are starting out on the most extraordinary assignment in the history of modern missions. Their work

will take them completely round the world reporting, recording, and filming the missions of American Jesuits and others in Iraq and the Near East, India and Ceylon, China, Japan, the Philippines and Islands of the mid-Pacific.

It so happens that two men with such talent, experience and equipment have never before been able to undertake together such a project for the missions. Father Alexander, a former newspaper man, an author and distinguished editor and mission executive, has been in direct and almost constant contact for over eight years with missioners, superiors and bishops in all these lands he is to visit. Father Hubbard is not only a renowned explorer, author, lecturer and authority on our mission in Alaska, but a top-ranking outdoor photographer with still and movie cameras.

Twenty-five years ago the first foreign mission was formally assigned to American Jesuits in India. The same year missioners began to go to the Philippines. But they never dreamed then how the numbers would grow in the next quarter century. They never dreamed of the scope of this visit of Fathers Alexander and Hubbard to six hundred and eighty-six American Jesuits on missions of the Church around the world. They never dreamed that one day the Holy Father in Rome would broadcast over a nation-wide hook-up and say to American youth, "This is the hour of America. The missions await their response."

The modern "Jesuit Relations" will be recorded by every modern means. By air, land and sea the two Jesuits will encircle the globe. With stream-lined pen, typewriter, telegraph, air mail, cable and radio they will tell their story of the modern mission world. In JESUIT MISSIONS and in the Catholic Press and news services their progress will be reported. On thousands of feet of film the panorama of world missions will be ready for you on their return. Little did the martyrs dream of such a future three hundred years ago; great must be their joy today in this project dedicated to their honor and entrusted to their saintly protection.

PHILIPPINES, CHINA

JAPAN, SAIPAN, TRUK

The donkey picks his way down the hillside until they reach the plain of Esdraelon. The animal's eyes study the dusty path; his head nods humbly as though he were aware this is the first Corpus Christi procession, the most hidden but the most glorious of them all, for Mary is the monstrance and Joseph the acolyte. Unnoticed the mystery passes over that plain, for centuries the highway of nations and the battlefield of empires.

The pilgrim's bus coasts down the gently graded road and picks up speed for its dash across the plain. The fields in June are green and lush but the plain remains the battleground of nations. The Jewish farms have towers whose slit windows betray their warlike purpose and British tanks patrol the roads. The Jews still seek their kingdom unmindful that their King nineteen hundred years ago passed that way.

The long journey reaches its end. Up to the last hill to Bethlehem plods Joseph puzzling over the problem of where to lodge Mary. The streams of travellers hurrying past give little promise of a room with the necessary privacy. Then comes the search and, at the end, nothing but a stable for the Son of God, a stable in which little could have been clean save the straw that Joseph spread. Thus did Caesar's decree serve God's purpose.

The pilgrim descends at the Church of the Nativity. In former days the door was made low as a protection against marauders. One must bend low if he is to go into the Cave. But before descending to the grotto itself the pilgrim passes through a great church built by the first of the Christian Caesars, Constantine. Stiff and formal, almost temple-like, it is ancient Rome's gesture of repentence to the God that it humbled.

Ordinations in India

On the feast of Our Lady's Presentation, November 21, 1946, two American Jesuits, Thomas M. Downing and Alfred E. Schwind, knelt at the feet of their ordaining prelate at St. Mary's College in the foothills of the Himalayas presenting themselves to be anointed priests of God.

It seems only yesterday that these two missioners passed through New York while secret arrangements were being completed for them to sail for India aboard a troop transport from Philadelphia's navy yards. That was August of 1943 when the world was at war.

In an era of peace may the Prince of Peace render fruitful to India the labors of these newly ordained Ambassadors of eternal peace.

The *Prayer* Crusade

THIS article makes a very serious charge: *the majority of American Catholics show little realization of the need for religious unity in the world.* Lack of *realization* is the fault rather than any deliberate refusal to undertake a work clearly recognized. There are exceptions, of course, but the vision of one family, one Body of Christ, one bond of charity, one law of God operative in every corner of the earth is not a dream, a daily hope, a soul-possessing ideal of the average Catholic. If even half the Catholics of America realized the desire in the Heart of Christ for the unity of mankind, or the appalling supernatural emptiness in the world around them, there would be a surge of zeal, a flood of prayers, a campaign for conversions the likes of which this world has never seen. Do you see any widespread signs among our Catholics of such a movement?

But let us be fair. The pagan character of vast sections of the world is not our doing; it has been that way a long time; in our day the Church has made remarkable progress; besides, the grace of conversion is a gift of God; and all the good will and enthusiasm in the world of a hard working father of a family in the Middle West is not going to help very much of itself to convert 450,000,000 pagans in China or Joseph Stalin of Moscow or even Bishop C. Bromley Oxnam of Massachusetts. Still there is a very definite lack of an active apostolic spirit in American Catholics and a very definite need of that spirit in this age.

It would help if we tried harder to understand the position of those "outside the Faith." Nowhere is the situation so strange as in the case of those who are closest to us—the Oriental Separatists, one with us in almost all of their teaching, one with us in a real priesthood, with valid Masses, the Real Presence of Christ in the Holy Eucharist, valid absolution in confession, yet divided and sub-divided among themselves, and still separated from us after almost a thousand years.

Particularly deserving of understanding among all the various branches of the Anglican Church are the Anglo-Catholics—devout, God-fearing, Christ-loving people who have made a valiant struggle to resist the drag of collapsing Protestantism, so near to us and yet still outside the gate, still hoping that somehow there will be "reunion."

Next to the Anglo-Catholics, the strongest and nearest among the Protestants are the Lutherans. They are usually genuinely religious people, devout and faithful to their church, but without a priesthood, and deprived of Mass and confession and the Real Presence, yet strong in their religious convictions and consequently difficult to convert, but marvelous as Cath-

olics once they enter the Church. The other Protestants of Europe, the Calvinists, Methodists, Baptists, and countless others, all of them are descendants of people who in varying degrees broke away from the Faith as it was handed down through the centuries from Christ and the Apostles. They need much help. So many of them, even with their earnest misguided enthusiasms, are such good living, honest Christians.

Especially close to the heart and understanding of American Catholics should be all the non-Catholics in America. Ancestors of a few of them harried and hated early Catholic settlers in America but the hunters and the hunted are all dead. United States is one of the very few nations in the world that has never martyred a Roman Catholic. Fifty million of these Americans have stopped going to church—mostly to Protestant churches. So many of the other 50,000,000 Americans in 250 sects no longer believe most of the truths which were once the foundation of the Reformation. They need help.

Nor should we forget the Catholics who have fallen away from the Faith, whatever the reason for their leaving; they are our people gone astray, for whom the Good Shepherd goes seeking; we are children of the same family.

Of all peoples on earth Jews should be able to find the deepest sympathy and understanding from Catholics. We have inherited the promise once given to them, "for to us also it has been declared just as to them"; we are a wild branch grafted into the rich stem of Israel. "And they also, if they do not continue in unbelief, will be grafted in; for God is able to graft them back . . . much more shall these, the natural branches, be grafted into their own tree."

And the others of the world—three fourths of the human race, the Moslems and those who have never known Christ, in spiritual darkness so many of them, supernaturally dead most of them,—one billion, one hundred million human beings—these too must be included in our thinking, praying, hoping for the peace of the world in Christ.

This is what the Church Unity Octave expects Catholics to know. It counts on them to realize the tremendous need for religious unity in the world. It takes it for granted they understand that the work of unity and reunion is a work of grace, a *supernatural* work, that therefore we must pray, calling on God for the supernatural aid. What would happen if all the Catholics of America really prayed this year for religious unity from January 18-25, day by day all during the Church Unity Octave for this religious unity? Let's see!

Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.

Philippine Christmas

Andrew F. Cervini, S.J.

↥ Father Cervini (left) in concentration camp, before he was wounded; ↧ in his mission church in the Philippines.

PEACE has settled in the Philippines. Will the good people, after five Christmas seasons of anything but peace, take up once again the age old joyful manner of celebrating the birthday of the Lord? I, for one, hope that they do. For ten years in the Philippines I have enjoyed celebrating the memory of the event that was to change the face of the earth and the hearts of men.

It is December 24th. The hour after Mass finds the sacristan, Matias, and his two boys arriving from the mountains with bundles of specially prepared bamboo and the choicest branches of sawali on their backs. In the church Matias' good wife and three daughters are awaiting the men. They have already swept and cleaned immaculately the alcove in which the altar of the Sacred Heart stands. They have also hung the curtain that depicts a tropical sky at night, with the Southern Cross very much in evidence. The three bags of cogon grass cut two weeks ago and dried in the December sun rest by the first pew.

Natividad, the youngest daughter, her quick ear catching the clap, clap of her father's sandaled feet on the macadam that parallels the church, exclaims: "Ania Na" (Here they are). Matias and Mundo and Luis are in the church, the mother stands watching Amparo and Lourdes lower the precious bundles.

No time is wasted. The boys dry with the common towel their hot faces and naked backs. All seven set to work quickly: the women start untying the bundles, Matias and Luis setting the bamboo poles in place, Mundo and Amparo fastening together the joining parts with the pliable rattan. The midget native hut with its sawali sides and nipa roof is up before the bells in the tower peal out the noon Angelus. This Belen (Bethlehem), as the scene is called here, stands ten feet high and twelve feet long. Matias and Mundo stretch a wire from the keystone above the Belen direct to the choir loft in the rear of the church. Here a paper box star containing a hidden two-cell flashlight is hung.

↕ Very Reverend Father John Baptist Janssens, S.J., the newly elected General of the Society of Jesus, and V. Rev. Vincent A. McCormick, S.J., elected by the delegates from the United States to the General Congregation as the Assistant to the General. V.R. Father Janssens, the 27th General in the 406-year history of the Jesuits, was formerly Rector of St. John Berchman's College, Louvain, and Provincial of the Upper Belgian Province (there are two). Father McCormick was for years professor of theology at Woodstock College, Maryland, later its Rector, and then the Rector of the Pontifical Gregorian University in Rome, a post he held with distinction during all the war years of the Thirties. In his community and also among the 5,000 students of the great University were men from both sides of every European conflict.

Father John Lange, S.J., at his Tamil typewriter.

The Tamil Typewriter

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.

"YOU haven't tackled anything until you have tried to master Tamil." The words were uttered by Fr. John Lange as he pounded away at a typewriter that was producing the strangest block-like characters that ever jumped from keys.

"What is it, a dialect—something from the Sanskrit?" I was observing the characters more in detail as the block letters kept popping from the keys.

"No, it's not a dialect. It's a language that's spoken by some 30,000,000 people of South India and Ceylon. Our people speak it in Trincomalee. I first studied it as a scholastic in Ceylon. Mr. Beach and Mr. del Marmol will be studying it too when they join our Fathers over in Trincomalee. It's one of the two root languages spoken in India. Most of the other languages of India are derived from the Sanskrit, an Aryan root. This is a Dravidian language, Tamil. It's the mother tongue of four sister languages over there—Malayalam, Telugu, Kanarese and Tulu."

"Well, what makes it so difficult, the alphabet?"

"Not exactly! The Tamil alphabet is made up of twelve vowels and eighteen consonants, with a few additional characters borrowed from Sanskrit for use in the sacred writings of the Hindu religion. As you see, we have fitted the whole Tamil alphabet on the 84 spaces of the standard 42 key English typewriter. Each consonant combines with each of the vowels forming in all more than 215 characters. With the simple expedient of a few 'dead' keys, a very satisfactory typewriter has been produced."

"Is that an American machine? It looks like my Royal."

"No, this is a German product. I tried to invent an American machine while I was over in Ceylon. In forming these strange characters I had suffered so much from writer's cramp that I longed for the day when a machine would be invented. I had plotted out the whole keyboard—'dead' keys and all. I had even sent the plans to one of our leading American typewriter manufacturers. Their engineers said it was workable, but they feared there was no market. I guess they didn't know that two German companies were selling them in India as fast as they could be manufactured. This one was given to our college in Ceylon by a good benefactress, and what a godsend it is!"

"But if the alphabet is not the cause of the difficulty, why is Tamil so difficult?"

"The difficulty? Tamil is not one language; it is really three languages—the spoken Tamil, the written Tamil and the 'high' or classical Tamil. Tamil prose is scarcely more than 150 years old; hence modern Tamil is still in the process of development. But the classical Tamil. . . . Ah, Father, you have to be a scholar like "Pundit" Beschi to master that!

"There was a great missioner! Father Constantino Beschi came from Italy to India in the early eighteenth century. He mastered the Tamil language as no other European or American has done since. His own grammar of classical Tamil written in Tamil with his own Latin translation has never been improved upon. His dictionary of classical Tamil is in daily use. Father Beschi is responsible too for certain improvements in the Tamil alphabet; but his epic poem on Saint Joseph in classical Tamil really merited for him the title 'Pundit' or 'Learned Brahmin.' For literary style his epic which he called 'Tembavani' ranks with 'Chintamani' the classic epic of Tamil literature."

When I asked Father Lange how long it would be before we could address him as "Pundit," he had only one reply: "I haven't yet mastered the 50,000 Tamil words that are spoken by every one of our high school students in Trincomalee!"

A chapel built by American G.I.'s for Father Meyer, Jesuit missioner in Japan

The *Missions* Lose a Friend

"THERE is a man here, Timothy Reardon by name, an army captain, an amazing bulk of a man, whose heart is bigger than his body. Since his arrival he has left in his wake a trail of charitable deeds to these missions that will take many books to record."

This was the first report from a missionary of the missionary apostolate of Captain (later Major) Edward J. "Tim" Reardon, of a well-known family in Cincinnati, Ohio, and of the 436th Signal Battalion in Japan. In his own letters home Tim wrote of other people's mission work, ". . . of native priests of culture, learning and ability . . . of native Japanese Catholics, sincere and pious for whom religion was an important part of their life . . . of the great progress that the missionaries make with so few resources. Those who have seen the great things that they accomplish will never again be neutral or indifferent when it comes to the missions." But not a word about his own mission campaign.

Reports came flooding in from others, however, about this amazing bulk of a man: "His ruling passion is to adopt congregations, institutions and individual missionaries in serious difficulties. After he discovers them, the difficulties begin to disappear. He does not seem to be able to get tired of doing these things."

Monsignor Furuya, pastor of St. Francis Xavier's Church in Kyoto, Japan, where Tim was stationed, wrote: "Many American soldiers came to Japan after the war, among them a Capt. Reardon who helped us in every way, . . . myself, other priests, destitute religious and the poor little orphan children. . . ."

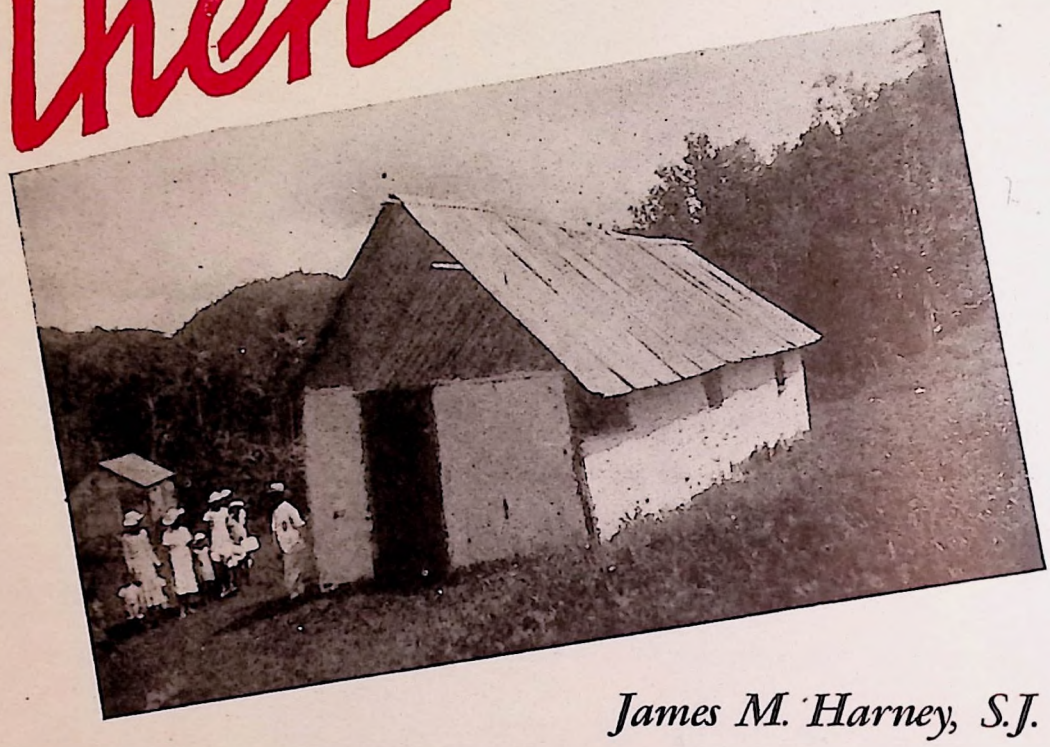
The Irish Sisters wrote: "We lost four convents in the bombings and were interned two years. Capt. Reardon solved many of our difficulties. It is hard to express even in a small way his wonderful charity to us and to so many others."

A Japanese Visitation nun wrote: "Captain Reardon is a tireless helper in our distress. When we asked him why, he replied, 'It is to show our Catholic Faith that we help you.' This will henceforth be our motto."

Tim, you see, was an exceptionally grand example of the servicemen who aided the missions all over the world. Tim would stand out in any crowd, but in Japan he became famous, because he went looking for opportunities to help. Eventually he returned to America and to civilian life, determined to continue his mission work. One night, while he was standing by his car along the Lincoln Highway, an onrushing auto roared round a curve and crashed into him. In a tragic instant, the "amazing bulk of a man" was lifeless, the giant heart lay still, the record of generosity at last came to an end. Tim Reardon's work was done.

But missioners never forget. . . . To the prayers of missionary priests, sisters and people of Japan for you, Tim Reardon, we add gratefully and sincerely our own. May your heaven be a mighty place of magnificent proportions. And may God be good to you. You were always good to His little ones.

then



James M. Harney, S.J.

It is hard to forget my first visit to Concord. It was a few weeks after my arrival in Jamaica fourteen years ago. Father Ford, whose place I was taking for a while, had shown me all the mission stations of Linstead except Concord. I had to find Concord for myself. For several days I had been on the road, visiting missions, and one night stayed at a large plantation house. Next morning, bright and early, I started out on the twenty-five mile journey over the wild mountain road to my destination. Low clouds made every turn in the road up the mountain-side a hazard, (except once when we had climbed above the clouds), and all the way down the four miles on the other side till we came to a long low stonewall. That told me my "cathedral" was near.

Then I saw it, a little hut, with sides of bamboo wattles and a roof of thatched cocoanut boughs, slumped on the side of a barren hill. The only bright thing about the scene was the group of people at the door, all smiles for "de new fadder."

The mission was only a year old, but already it showed the signs of promise. The chapel was crowded for Mass. There were children there with their parents, even though mothers had to carry them. The people knew the hymns. The catechist was a venerable man of eighty, a leader in the district and a convert who was the moving spirit behind everything in the mission.

And so the little mission grew, much too large

before long for the tiny chapel. The chapel was enlarged with lime mortar walls and a zinc roof, but the congregation kept growing until it became necessary for the priest to stay there for days at a time to advise and instruct and to listen to all the people who came to tell "de fadder."

Finally we just had to build a permanent church with priest's rooms attached on the hillside at Concord. The material and labor all came from the district—stones from the hills, lime from neighbors' kilns, lumber from the forests all around and so little by little the Church of the Sacred Heart began to rise around the lovely sanctuary with its triple Gothic arch, its altar rail of yacca supported by columns of mahogany and lignum-vitae, its almost life-size crucifix and the altar made of many precious woods from the nearby forests. It stands today a memorial to the faith of Father Ford who began the mission fifteen years ago with just two Catholics for his congregation.

Ewarton, another mission of Linstead, is quite a different type of settlement. Ewarton is a village that lives and slumbers at the foot of Mt. Diabolo, properly so called. It has a "railway terminal" of sorts, a dozen little shops, a post office and a relic of old decency, the village pub, once a famous hostelry but now decrepit unto collapse. Here man and beast rested before undertaking the last lap of their journey to Kingston or before climbing the mountain honoring the name of his satanic majesty.

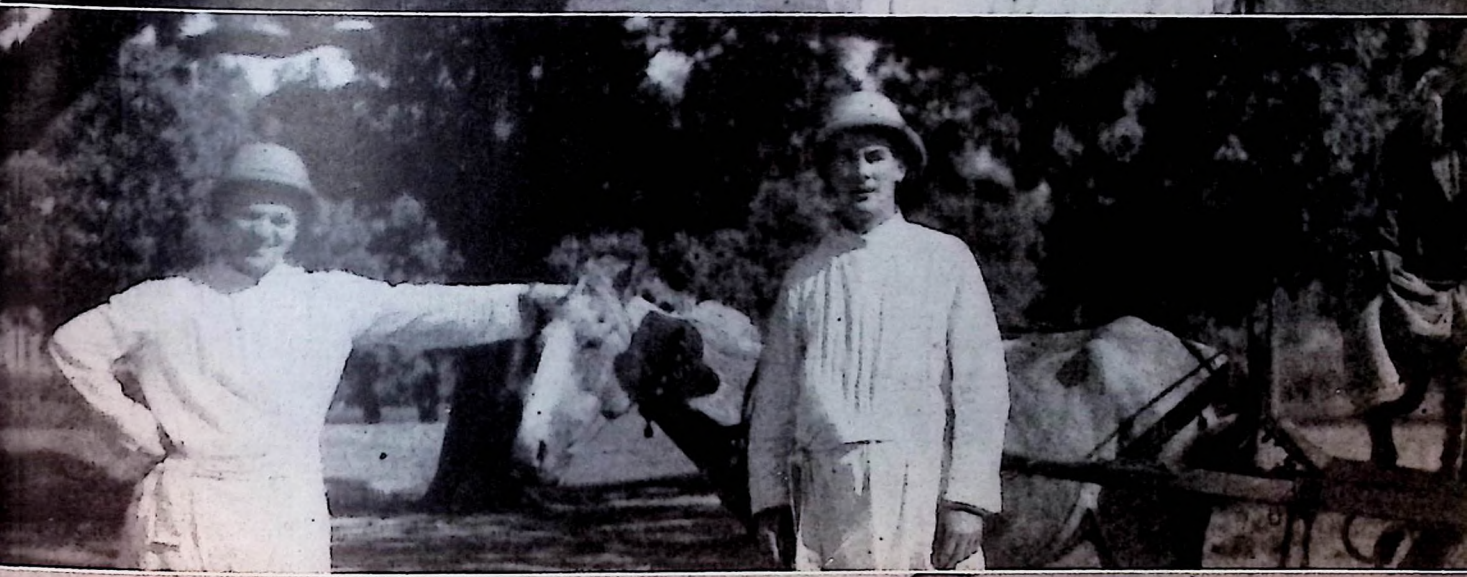
In Ewarton, when we began the mission in 1938, we had no crude, clean little cabin on an open hillside for a chapel. Thirty of us gathered in the delapidated lounge of the old tavern for Mass on the feast of Corpus Christi. After a few months, when the government decided to reconstruct the building, we had to move, this time to an abandoned garage. It was Bethlehem all over again and for several years.

Once more we had to build. A lime kiln was built, two hundred barrels of lime were burnt, stones were gathered from far and near, and the church of St. Catherine began to take form. (St. Catherine's Guild of Boston helped us to finance the project.) Native materials, Spanish wall construction, lumber from local forests, prepared at St. Joseph's workshop at Linstead, went into the church. The altar was designed and constructed by Mr. Linden Myers of native beautifully grained yacca with columns of the deep contrasting veins of lignum-vitae and decorated with carvings in mastic and satinwood. Over the altar hung a cedar cross supporting the corpus of the crucified Christ carved by Father Haraza, a Mill Hill missionary then in Jamaica. It is the heart of the whole building of the Church of St. Catherine.

So now God has two lovely homes where His people come to receive Him. May they come in ever increasing numbers.

←⋘ The old Concord Chapel. ↕ Father Harney outside the new church at Concord. ←⋘ Mr. Hugh Mazeley, Fathers Harney, John P. Sullivan, His Excellency, Most Rev. Finbar Ryan, O.P., the dynamic Irish Archbishop of Trinidad; Rev. Father Ballou, Superior of Jamaica, and Father Ball, assistant to Father Harney.

now



These two young Jesuits during their first few weeks in India had a chance to see the exquisite beauty of Indian architecture. In the top picture is the author, Daniel Rice S. J. (left), and his fellow travelling Jesuit of the perpetual smile, James Cox S.J. Two more likeable people it would be hard to find; missioners both of them, and may the Lord send more like them. The scenes are all near Patna. Sight-seeing will never bother Daniel Rice. When he was in New York waiting for passage to India with Father Murphy and James Cox, he walked the streets of the city from one end to the other saying his rosary all the while. The two travellers are now buried in the study of Hindi, preparing for examinations and for teaching next year.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

Excursion in Guatemala
Farewell to St. Stephen's
Papal Medal for Mission Helper
"The Truk Times"
A Library in Spanish

Leper children in the Philippines.

British Honduras — TOLEDO DISTRICT

Clement A. Andlauer S.J.

The new Commandante at Livingston, Guatemala, had been most gracious to me. He extended my former liberties about entering his territory to visit the neglected Indians.

After ascending the Rio Dulce and Blue Creek we reached the Indian village at about 6:00 P.M. This so called village, about five miles in diameter, has houses so far apart that you never see more than one at a time. In the village center these 350 Indians had built a chapel for the Padre and a dance hall for performing their native dances.

As soon as we had arrived, runners were sent out in all directions and soon the people began to troop in. Until after midnight you could see the torches winding through the jungle on all sides. Some of these people actually came a distance of 20 miles to have their children baptized. The god-parents deem it an honor to trudge such a distance to be sponsors.

The hungry babies woke us up about 3:30 A.M., murdering sleep for the rest of the night; but the nuptial Mass for which I had been summoned did not begin until almost 8:00. It was a High Mass at which my interpreter served as a choir of one. I offered it in the Bush Chapel which had a very decent altar flanked with hand carved wooden statues and a beautiful carved crucifix about 3 feet high. I heard the confessions only of the two couples who were to be married. Most of the people here have not been married by a priest. (I am only the second priest to have visited this section in 10 years.) Unfortunately, because of such priestless marriages, these people believe that they can not receive the Sacraments; and so during a short visit you can persuade them neither to confess their sins nor to have their marriages blessed.

After the nuptials we had the mass Baptisms. What confusion there was lining up the talkative god-parents and the restless infants. Two men helped me to get the data for the baptismal reg-

Communications

Dear Father:

I begin with a very original introduction: "I met a man on a train." [The fact remains that I did meet a man in the dining car.] Noticing his Service button I asked him in what areas he had been. He mentioned having been in the Persian Gulf. That gave us a common topic as I had been there myself. It finally developed that he, like myself, had been up to Baghdad and met the American Jesuits. He certainly went all out for the Jesuits in Baghdad. I might add that I tried to match my praise with similar superlatives.

I told him about your November issue with a picture of the faculty at Baghdad. I think I did a good sales job and you should hear from him within a day or two with an enclosure at least for a one year subscription.

Please be good enough to send me the full address of Baghdad College as I would like to write to some of the Fathers.

M. K., Covington, Ky.

Dear Father:

I hope that none of your subscribers from Boston will read this letter. The enclosed is a part of a pay-off on the results of the World Series.

A. M., St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Father:

We, the 4A's, are sending this gift to make your missionaries a little happier. We saved this money for the missions. It is not much. We divided our pennies, half for you and the other half for our Halloween party. It is going to be on Tuesday night.

Hoping that many others will help the missionaries.

Sincerely yours,
THE 4A's,
Mount St. Francis,
Peekskill, New York

Dear Father:

Kindly thank your readers for the number of wooden beaded bags that were sent to me in response to my appeal in the December issue. We have already used some of the beads for rosaries which we sent to the missions.

R. L., Staten Island.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

Alaska

JUNEAU
Most Rev. Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald S.J.

I am leaving for Omaha to be present by request of His Excellency, Archbishop Ryan, at the bestowal of a Papal medal, "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice," on one of his flock, Miss Mary O. Holbrook. She has been very active with her Little Flower Circle there in behalf of Alaska. Because of this zealous work His Holiness has deigned to confer this honor upon her. She has been a particular friend of my predecessor, the late Bishop Crimont, S.J. It has been very kind of His Excellency, the Archbishop, to request my presence for the reception of the medal.

You will be pleased to know that on September 3rd we had the opening of a new parochial school in Fairbanks. On the same day a new parochial school was opened in Ketchikan, Alaska. With the school that we always had at Juneau we now have three parochial schools in the Territory.

AKULURAK
Father Segundo Llorente S.J.

I was putting on too much weight, but it did not take me long to get rid of some of it. With me I took eight boys and we spent two weeks of "hard labor" on the banks of a lonely slough of the Alaskan flats where there were some good looking alders simply "white for the harvest."

Every lad had to cut 75 alders per day and place them in big piles on the bank. I was chaplain, cook, adviser and a few other things as taking turns at chopping and carrying the willows to

Father Joseph Merrick S.J. sails back to Iraq.

the bank just as the rest of the crew. This was our schedule for the fortnight:

9:00 A.M.—Rise, wash in the river, build a smudge for mosquitoes, build fires for cooking, get breakfast ingredients ready.
10:00 A.M.—Mass, breakfast, dishwashing, rest in tent.
11:15 A.M.—Work (25 alders to be cut and carried to the bank, the sooner the better).
1:30 P.M.—Swim and rest.
3:30 P.M.—Lunch, dish washing, rest.
4:00 P.M.—"Hard Labor" (50 willows to be cut and carried to the bank).
7:00 P.M.—Supper, dish washing, rowing, races, stories in tent.
10:00 P.M.—Retire, lights out!

I returned 13 pounds lighter but in fine condition.

Pacific Islands

TRUK
Father Edwin J. McManus S.J.

Although the people on Truk can not support the church, we have to replace the churches, schools and rectories destroyed during the war. Fortunately the government gives us a good deal of "scrap lumber." However, the salaries of the workers are eating up whatever funds we have. Postal money orders on Truk, Carolines, can be cashed here. (May the good Lord reward those who help to build His House!)

At present I can class myself as a "Travelling" missionary. All the people want to see the American Padre. I've seen all the islands of the Truk Atoll, visited Ponape, now I'll be off to Yap and Palau Islands. Keep us in your prayers.

After the fire in the Tarahumara Mission in Mexico.

Wanted

Gaya Catholic Mission in India is just a name to most Catholics but to Father James A. Creane, S.J. it is at present numerically the largest Catholic mission district in the world—2,000,000 souls!

This new mission needs buildings, schools, chapels, teachers, catechists, medicines, Catholic literature and church goods. You don't have to be a multi-millionaire to share in what Pius XI called "the greatest and holiest of all Catholic activities —the work of the missions." Many small gifts will eliminate one of the above items from Father Creane's list of needs.

+

The *standard* daily wage in the Caroline Islands is 40¢. How many laborers will you hire at standard wages to assist Father Edwin McManus, S.J. to rebuild his war ruined churches on the various islands of the Truk Atoll? Postal money orders on Truk, Carolines, can be cashed at his Catholic Mission on Truk.

+

Who said that you could not be a "good Samaritan"? Sister Mary Laetitia of Holy Family Hospital, Patna City, India, is looking for funds and medical supplies for the first Catholic Medical College of India located in our own Patna Mission. Your offering can help to equip a native Indian doctor or nurse with thoroughly sound ethical training in India's Catholic Medical College.

+

On the maps Ceylon looks like a big teardrop that dripped from the face of India. Far more than teardrops is needed to equip St. Michael's Workshop and Mission Industrial School, Batticoloa, with tools and machinery. Readers interested in sending saws, hammers, planes, wood chisels, vises, squares, wrenches, pliers or pipe cutting equipment to St. Michael's should get in touch with Ceylon Mission Procurator, 4133 Banks Street, New Orleans 19, La.

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American Indians

ST. STEPHEN'S MISSION
Father George P. Prendergast S.J.

Father Albert C. Zuercher, S.J. who succeeds me after a six year absence will find St. Stephen's Mission pretty much the way he left it. The same old daily struggle for existence, the ups and downs of mission life, the joy that comes with sinners converted and good souls advancing in virtue, the sorrow that crushes a pastor's heart when he sees his sheep and his lambs fall by the wayside—these elements of mission life everywhere are not lacking here. At times the work is very consoling; at others very trying. One needs courage and perseverance; one needs the grace of God and the support of his brethren in the Faith to carry on through joy and sorrow, through success and failure, to the accomplishment of the goal set before him—the salvation and sanctification of souls in this humble section of the vineyard. St. Stephen's Mission depends not only for its well-being, *but for its very existence* upon the charity of the Faithful. Generous souls have enabled it to carry on for nearly 63 years. We firmly believe that God Himself will see to it that generosity never fails us.

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Editorial

Twenty years a-growing

Twenty years ago this month the first copy of Jesuit Missions appeared. The announcement of its arrival had been made the month before in *The Pilgrim* which until then had been the magazine both of the Martyrs' Shrine at Auriesville and of the missions. But the realization that a new era was opening for American missioners led to the decision that the missions needed a separate publication. Jesuit Missions was the result.

We began under the protection of the North American Martyrs. Twenty years later, on the occasion of the Martyrs' three hundredth anniversary, we were able to show our gratitude by using the full facilities of our staff and publications to help make known the tercentenary at the Shrine of the Martyrs. The purpose of referring to our own little anniversary now is to take this occasion to express publicly the deepest and sincerest thanks to the Martyrs who have watched over us and to the hierarchy, priests and people of America who have cooperated so generously with us. From the very beginning it has been our great joy to observe and record the magnificent growth of American participation in the missions of the Church during the past twenty years.

The Pilgrim editorial which announced our arrival also contained a prophecy. In a humble, almost timid way, it expressed a hope: "Who knows but that through the instrumentality of this little magazine our Catholic youth will be stimulated in greater numbers than ever to follow in the footsteps of the Jesuit American Martyrs?" When Father Ignatius W. Cox, S.J., the first editor, wrote that, he could hardly have foreseen what was to happen in the next twenty years. Whether our instrumentality has been large or small we have no way of knowing. Of this, however, we are sure: since that time God's grace has sent "Catholic youth in ever greater numbers" to the missions. To His Name give the glory.

In January 1927 there were just about 200 Jesuit priests and brothers from United States and Canada in mission work at home and abroad. Today there are 790 on the missions; 686 from United States, 104 from Canada.

1927 was the turning point. In January of that year the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI appointed the second last Sunday in October as Mission Sunday to be celebrated throughout the world as a day of prayer and preaching on the missions. On Easter Sunday that year the Philippine mission of the Spanish Jesuits was transferred to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York-New England Province, since divided into three separate provinces. (At the time there were only forty-five American Catholic missioners in the Philippines; forty of them were Jesuits. Today there are several hundred Americans from several different orders and congregations; three hundred and ten are Jesuits.) In June of that year, American Sisters, the Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross (from Merrill, Wisc.) accepted the invitation to go to Patna, India, as missioners. All summer missioners were departing. By August the number of American Jesuit missioners in the Philippines, Alaska, Jamaica, India, British Honduras and the American Indian missions had risen to 286; by December it was 300.

1927 was the turning point. Iraq was soon added to the list; then China and Ceylon, and Yoro in Honduras. The growth since 1927 has been remarkable. It has been our privilege to report it for an ever growing host of loyal friends.

1947 may well be another turning point. As we look back over our twenty years a-growing, we see so much to be thankful for. We look ahead, and we see so much to be done that we know this is only the beginning. Who knows what the next twenty years will bring? It depends in great part on the generosity of America. Are there any doubts about that generosity? None. Already one thousand and sixteen veterans of World War II are known to be preparing for the priesthood, both religious and diocesan, for the missions and at home. One hundred and forty-six are preparing to become brothers. No reports have reached us yet with regard to the nuns. But the future is filled with hope. May God bless the work.

UNDER the RED SUN

Forbes J. Monaghan, S.J.

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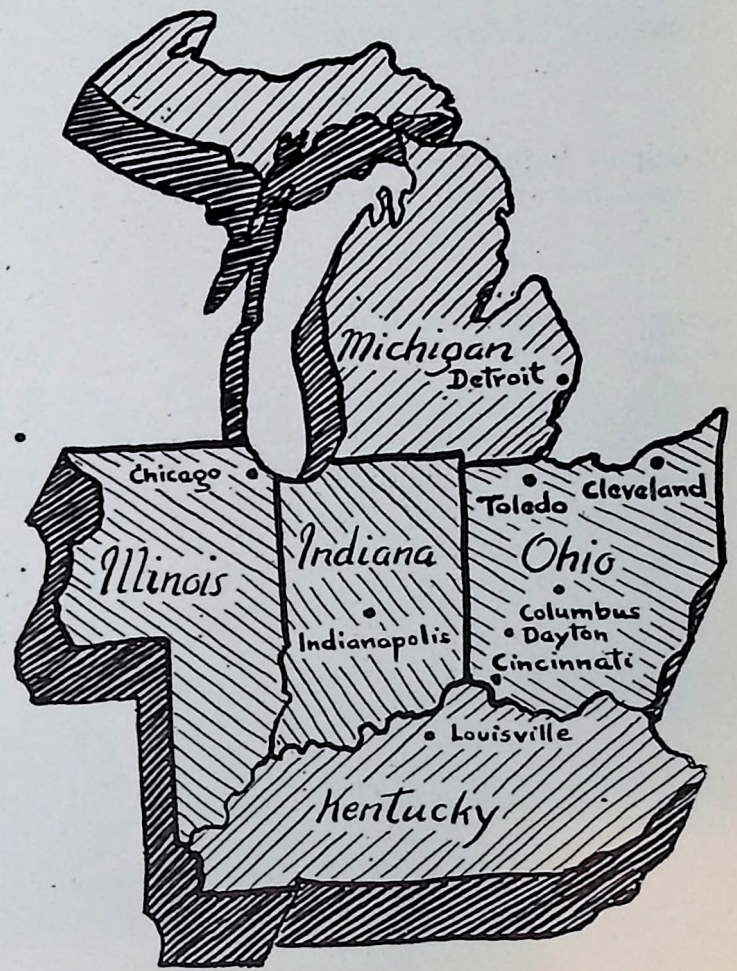

Do you live here? This is the *"Chicago Province"* of the Society of Jesus. From the great cities, Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Cincinnati, and the smaller cities and towns of these five North Central States almost a hundred Jesuits have gone to India in the past 25 years. In Patna mission, one diocese with over 27,000,000 people, and Jaipur in Rajputana, India, over a hundred and ten Jesuits today begin the second quarter of a century of American mission leadership among India's 370,000,000 people.

Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J., 1110 S. May St., Chicago 7, Ill.

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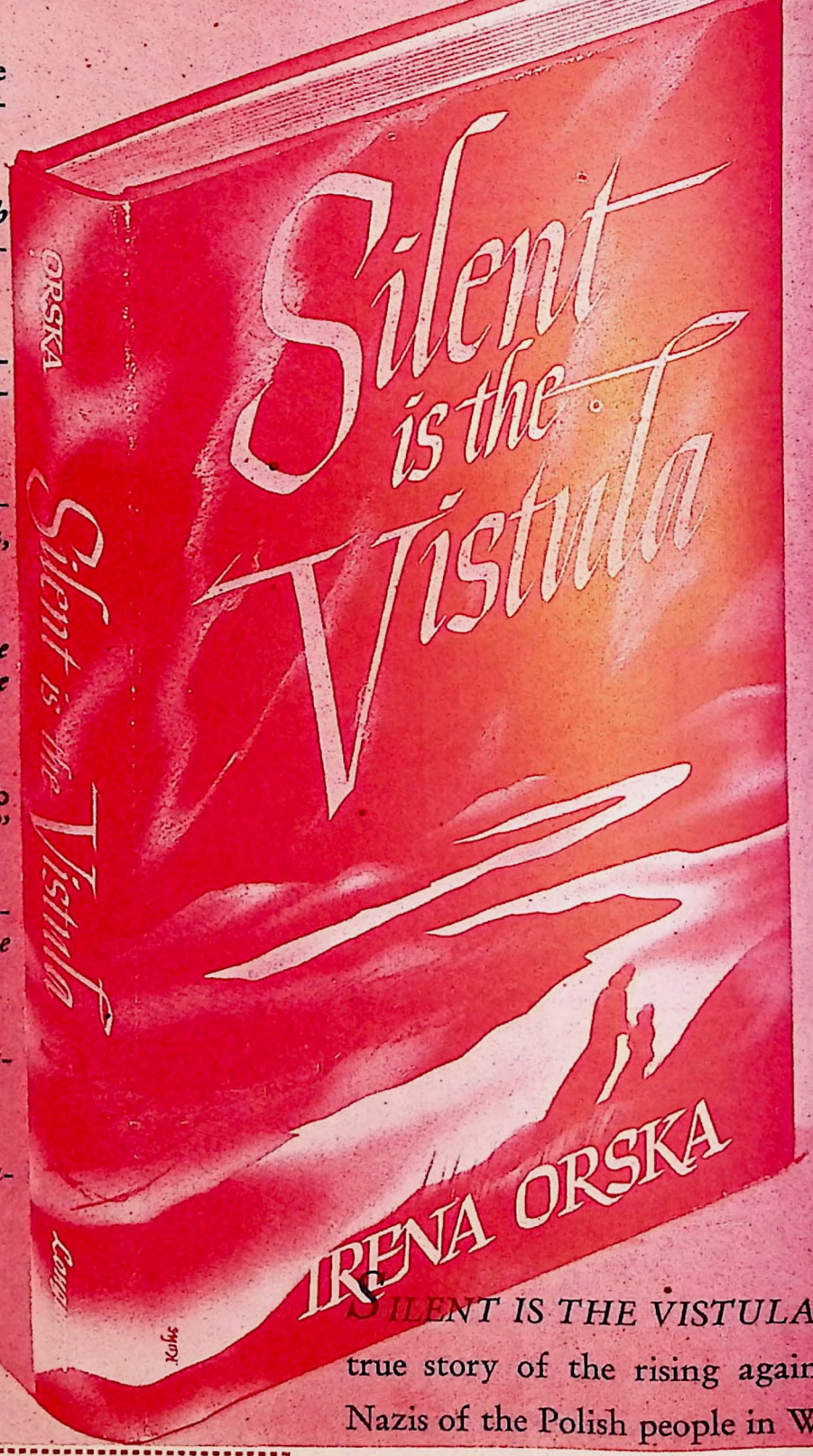

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