

Feb.-Mar., 1947

JESUIT MISSIONS



Feb-Mar

1947

JESUIT MISSIONS

Editor: Calvert Alexander

Managing Editor: Joseph F. MacFarlane

Associate Editors: Thomas J. McGurty, Robert P. Phalet, Richard J. Scannell, Anthony G. Schirmann, Edward T. Wiater, John E. Reardon, Andrew W. Vachon

Regional Editors: Patrick A. Ryan, Thomas J. Hallahan, Paul Brennan, Henry Béchard

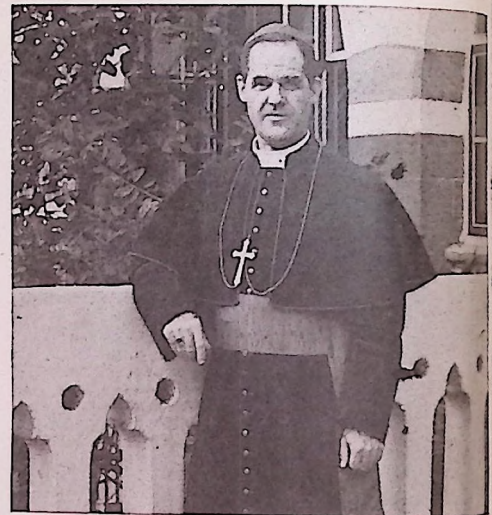
Business Editor: Coleman A. Daily

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

This Month

CONTRIBUTORS

	Page
POOR FELLAHS IN EGYPT . . . Calvert Alexander, S.J.	30
WELCOME IN BOSTON	33
FILIPINO PHOTO FINISH . . . J. Samboerhna Neri, S.J.	34
THE TRUK TIMES Edwin G. McManus, S.J.	35
NATIVE CLERGY Most Rev. Thomas D. Roberts, S.J., D.D.	38
MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS	41
ST. JOSEPH, UNIVERSAL PATRON Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.	42
JIMMY CHAMAR John A. Morrison, S.J.	44
A "VET" MISSIONER Neil Donobue, S.J.	46
CARIBBEAN SOCIAL FERMENT . John P. Sullivan, S.J.	48
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS	50



■ Most Rev. Thomas D. Roberts, S.J., D.D., Archbishop of Bombay, was born in France, but belongs to the England province of the Society of Jesus, which he joined in 1909. As a Jesuit his main work was teaching, until he became Rector of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool (college with parish), in 1935. Two years later he read one morning in the newspaper that he had been appointed Archbishop of Bombay. The appointment was later made known through ordinary channels.

During the war, because of the strategic position of Bombay, he also became delegate for the armed forces in India, southeast Asia. In that capacity he traveled chiefly by air all over Ceylon, India and Burma up to the border of China. One of these tours included a week spent with the U. S. 10th Air Force, when General Davidson gave him the use of his own "Magic Carpet." One of his two air crashes was in an American plane.

He received on behalf of the U. S. Bishops Relief Committee of the N.C.W.C., a million and a quarter pounds of food to be distributed for relief in India, and was also able to assist in the same way the relief of Polish refugees in India, including

COVER. Father Calvert Alexander, S.J., and Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., aboard the S.S. Vulcania, leaving New York for their journey to the Missions of the American Jesuits around the world.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send change of address or other communications to JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

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

JESUIT MISSIONS, February-March, 1947. Vol. 21, No. 2. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn.; in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, \$1.00; six years, \$5.00; Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter, at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412. Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

the erection of a hospital for them in Bombay.

Last June he consecrated the first Indian Bishop in the person of Most Reverend Valerian Gracias, who, at present, governs the Arch-diocese as Auxiliary. Archbishop Roberts looks forward to completing this work of Indianization in the near future. To do this a larger seminary for Indian priests must be developed at Bombay. He hopes either to take back with him, or to send back to India for this new seminary, American contributions for the first seminary in the world to be dedicated to *Christ the Priest*.

■ **Rev. Edwin G. McManus S.J.** is a Jesuit from Brooklyn, Brooklyn Preparatory School, and from Holy Cross College — three institutions famous for their undying loyalty. For three years, until 1937, he was a missionary in the Philippines. During the war he was a chaplain in the U. S.



Rev. E. G. McManus, S.J.

Army. Today he is pretty much of a lone missionary in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. Truk is his base, but there are other islands dotting the vast expanse around him—some of them hundreds of miles away where the people ask for a priest. Father McManus has not been able to solve that problem of reaching them regularly. He has more than his hands full there getting the Church established in Truk after years of suppression under the Japanese. Very little has ever been known in the U. S. about Truk, and this article by Father McManus is the first ever to appear in JESUIT MISSIONS.

NOTICE

Instead of dropping an issue entirely, as the paper situation might have forced us to do, we are spreading two issues over three months so that you will not have to wait too long for your copies. You are now receiving February-March.

JM



Dear Readers:

It has long been a custom in the Society of Jesus to sing the Te Deum on New Year's eve in thanksgiving for God's blessings upon us. Thus, on the night of December thirty-first the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS, united with their brother Jesuits throughout the world, sang the traditional Te Deum.

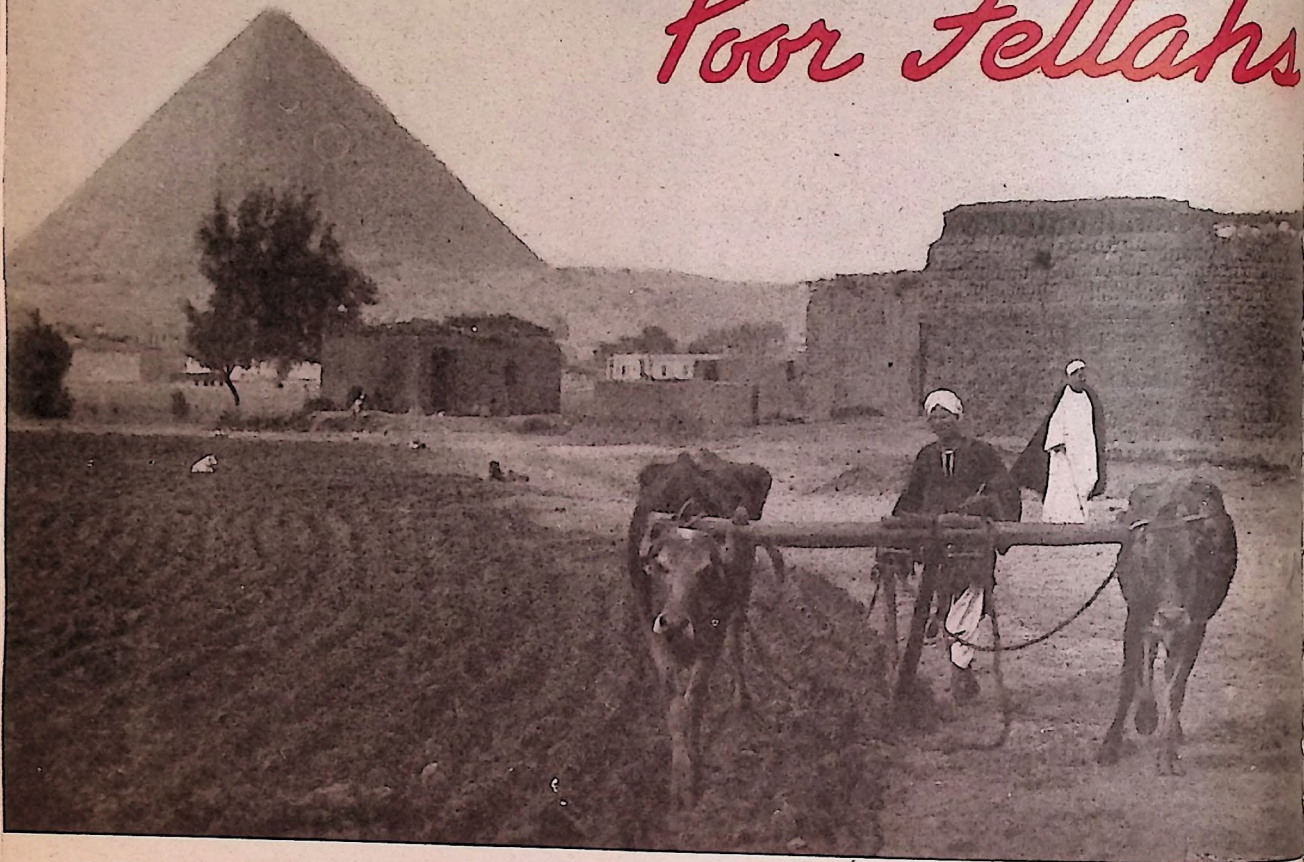
We at JESUIT MISSIONS were particularly blessed during the year 1946. It was a year in which we were able to help, as never before, our missionaries. We were all very conscious that night that we were merely the instruments in forwarding this help to our missionaries and that without the sacrifice on the part of you, our co-missionaries, we could never have accomplished so much. My Mass was offered for you on New Year's day that the Sacred Heart would accept your sacrifices of the past year as a prayer for the year 1947.

As Business Editor it is my part to attend to such items as drawing up contracts with the printer, purchasing paper, and in general, taking care of the financial aspects of the organization. With the rise in prices it is no small problem to publish this magazine without increasing our subscription rate. During the coming year you will assist us in a very practical manner in solving the above problem by renewing your subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS and also by securing new subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS.

Sincerely in Our Lord,

Edwin G. Saily, S.J.

Poor Fellahs



OUTSIDE HIS DINGY VILLAGES THE POOR FELLAH HAS TILLED RICH FIELDS SINCE THE DAYS OF THE PHARAOHS.
Father Alexander with his Bolex movie camera in Egypt.



CAIRO, EGYPT. . . . One of the most significant and progressive projects of the Church is this land, honored over 1900 years ago by the presence of the Holy Family, is its interest in the poor *fellah*—the Egyptian farmer. Mary, Joseph and the Infant Savior must have shared the hospitality of these ancient people in the flat and fertile valley of the Nile, for they too were poor people.

The *fellah* is still poor. Outside his crowded villages of dingy sun-baked brick stretch the richly verdant fields he has tilled since the days of the Pharaohs; but inside, the rural worker lives amid squalid tenement conditions worse than those of the industrial workers in the large Egyptian cities. The *fellah* is not only poor, he is sick and ignorant.

The Catholic Church in Egypt is trying to improve his condition by the establishment of free schools for the children and free medical clinics. The chief benefactors of this project are the Catholics and Orthodox Copts who number more than 1,200,000, but the Moslems also take advantage of the clinics.

in Egypt

The interest in the *fellah* is not new, having been begun by the Franciscans and Jesuits more than a half century ago. It is interesting to note, however, that it was during the War years that the movement made its greatest strides. In the five years from 1940 to 1945 the number of free schools in Upper Egypt was increased from 50 to 100 and the medical centers from 10 to 65. Most significant of all, the financial outlay for this work, which is considerable, was during the war and still is today collected from the Catholics of Egypt. Cut off from European aid by the hostilities, an association was formed with Father Henri Ayrout, S.J., as director, which not only takes care of the financial end but also supplies the volunteer doctors and nurses who assist the paid personnel.

His Excellency Bishop Arthur Hughes, S.M.A., Apostolic Delegate to Egypt, is justly proud of the work for the Coptic *fellah*. It is the only project of the Catholic Church here which has the enthusiastic support of all the many Catholic Rites—Armenians, Chaldeans, Greek Melchites, Latins, Maronites and Syrians. Moreover, as it is pointed out, it is unquestionably the most basically important work the Egyptian church could undertake. The 1,200,000 Orthodox Copts, most of whom are *fellahs*, are the most ancient and native of all Egyptian people. To build the modern church on them is to build in a manner that is as solid and as native as the pyramids.

Catholic Copts today number 63,000 but this total is being added to at the rate of 2,000 yearly because of the social and educational work for the *fellah*. Father Ayrout gave Father Hubbard and myself a concrete example of the influx by taking us to the village of Aussim, not far from the pyramids, where 300 Orthodox Copts had asked to see him. Deserted by their schismatic pastor they yet held on to their Faith amid the 18,000 Moslems of the village. Our progress through the streets choked with camels, donkeys and crowds of people waving palm branches was a biblical ovation. Arriving at the schoolhouse we saw written on the blackboard in large characters "CATHOLIC COPTIC CHURCH" which meant very simply that all 300 of these separated Christians had decided to become Catholics.

Similar but even more impressive scenes are more common in the villages of the Upper Nile where all the chief centers of the work for the *fellah* are situated. The *fellah*, too, is assisted in the large cities to which he has immigrated because of bad agrarian conditions. In Cairo we saw a dis-

trict called Charabeya, the poorest slums in the city of 2,000,000 souls, a model clinic and school recently constructed for the 7,000 Copts there. The school rooms were clean and packed to capacity and the modern up-to-date clinic was in full swing with a volunteer doctor in charge and two white-clad Sisters of Our Lady of the Apostles working continually on the long line of patients.

Father Ayrout, the director of the really impressive work for the *fellah*, is himself a Greek-Melchite priest, being the first Jesuit to be ordained in the Rite. He is a native of Cairo and a real Egyptian.

But Egypt is far from being a Christian country. It is distinctly Moslem—93% of its 15,670,000 inhabitants are followers of "the Prophet." Catholics today number only 227,100 but with the Orthodox Copts and other schismatic Christians they constitute about 10% of the total population. Yet in the large cities like Cairo and Alexandria one is surprised by the large number of imposing Christian churches. It is particularly gratifying to see the Catholic men emerging from these edifices wearing the red fez, the national headgear. Egyptian Catholics are proud of their nationality and are particularly pleased when you refer to them as Arabs. Arabic is their native language and they feel a solidarity with all the people of the Arab world.

To me, one of the most interesting churches in Cairo was not the beautiful fifth century Coptic edifices in old Cairo but the shining new Shrine to St. Terese—rue Schubra. It is run by the Carmelites for the Latin Catholics but the Moslems have more or less adopted it as their own. While services are going on large crowds of Moslems wait patiently at the gates until they are admitted after the Christians have left. Then they rush in to pay their respects to the Little Flower.

The origin of the Moslem devotion to the Patroness of the Missions is obscure but none the less real as we had occasion to observe. It is said that it began when the wife of a prominent Moslem was cured through her intercession. When the Carmelite Fathers several years ago wanted to build the new Shrine they found it was impossible to do so because the Government had reserved the property for barracks. They took their case to the Prime Minister, who immediately granted permission when he heard the Shrine was in honor of the Little Flower. He had carried her medal since his school days at the Christian Brothers.

Curious things happen at the Shrine. One day, about two months ago, the Brother Sacristan discovered a Moslem in the act of sacrificing a goat before the Little Flower statue in the crypt of the Church.

He said his son had been cured by the Saint and he had made a vow to sacrifice a goat before

Calvert Alexander S.J.

her statue. The Brother, with visions of the mess this would make, asked the Moslem if he would accept the authority of the representative of the Pope, and then immediately telephoned to Monsignor Hughes. The delegate's solution to the problem was immediate and Solomon-like. "Isn't there a statue of the Saint in the garden?" he inquired. There was, and there the sacrifice took place—for the Little Flower, in a garden.

Relations between the Moslems and Christians are quite cordial and not restricted to the non-religious level. There is, for instance, a highly significant organization called the Brothers of Verity composed of educated Christian and Moslem savants from the famous Mohammedan University El-Azhar. They meet frequently to discuss religious questions and to explore the common tenets of both faiths. Egypt is the intellectual center of the whole Moslem world so these conferences may have far reaching echoes.

Catholicism in Egypt is small numerically but remarkably intelligent and progressive. One gets the impression that it is definitely on the march to produce a strong Egyptian Church. There is no thought of living on the glory of the past centuries when Egypt was entirely Catholic. Its face it turned toward the future under the confident protection of the Holy Family who once dwelt in the valley of the Nile as strangers and exiles, but now in the many churches, colleges, hospitals and religious institutions as native Egyptians.

(Top) Father Henri Ayrout S.J. and Father Calvert Alexander S.J. (Father Hubbard was the photographer for these three pictures). Father Ayrout is an Egyptian, a Melkite priest in the Jesuit order, who is chiefly responsible for the mission work at Charaboy among the poor. Father Alexander is conferring with Jesuit mission leaders around the world. (center) Surrounded by curious crowds wherever they go, Fathers Hubbard and Alexander are both armed with cameras. (below) One of the truly great figures of the Catholic Church in the Middle East, Bishop Arthur Hughes S.M.A., an English convert. He brought his two brothers, two sisters and his mother and father into the Church and was the first Englishman to join the White Fathers. Later he was a missionary in Uganda for 12 years, and since then has held several strategic Vatican posts—fearlessly—in Equatorial Nile, Egypt and Palestine. He is an eloquent preacher in four languages. He is father and counsellor to peasants, aristocrats and royalty. The whole Near East holds him in the highest esteem. To his left is Monsignor Enrici, his secretary and assistant at Cairo.



Welcome in Boston

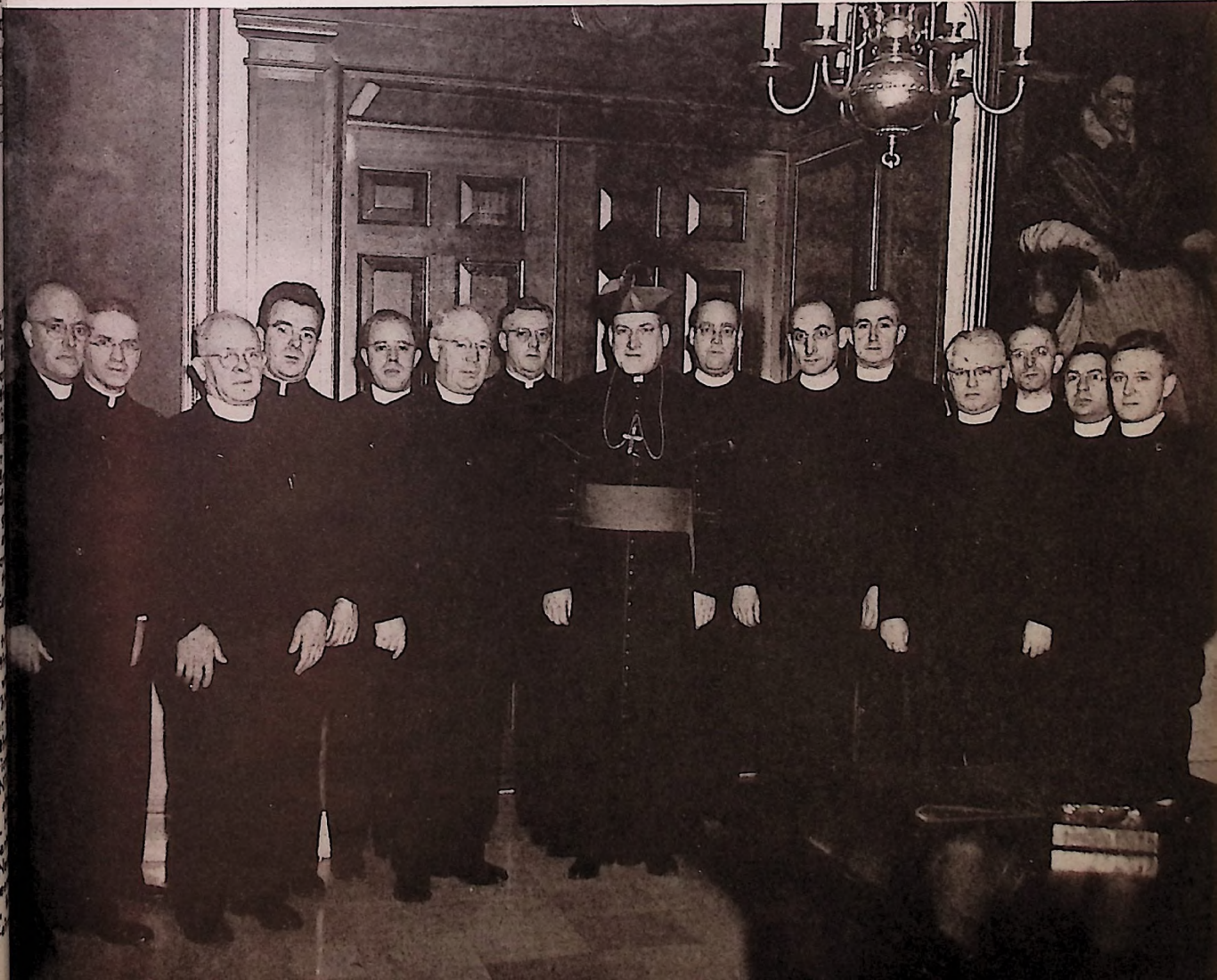
THERE was a Jesuit mission convention in Boston in January. During it, we were granted the favor of a visit with His Excellency, Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing D.D., Archbishop of Boston. It was for us a memorable meeting and the climax of a most important week of work.

The convention was the annual meeting of the American Jesuit Missionary Association, made up of the Editor and Business Editor of this magazine and the Jesuit Mission Directors of the ten American Provinces (United States and Canada). These are the men who work behind the scenes, upon whom the continuance of a large part of the mission work of the largest missionary organization in the world depends. Each director has one or more missions which must be supported and each has a section of United

States or Canada called a *province* within which he must try to find that support.

These men represent twenty-four different missions, nine hundred and fifty-three missionaries, laboring among one million Catholics, in the midst of a non-Catholic population of sixty million, scattered over one million square miles of the earth. Needless to say, they had serious problems to discuss at their convention. The visit with Archbishop Cushing, however, was the climax of the week. In the first five minutes of his talk with us, he spoke of the three major problems we had tried to thrash out that very morning by ourselves. It was his vision and wisdom and courage that gave us our greatest hope and the biggest thrill of a week of warm welcome in Boston. Before us lies the most challenging year in our history.

(Left to right) Fathers Ray (New Orleans), Daily (JESUIT MISSIONS), Kane (Oregon), MacFarlane (JESUIT MISSIONS), Kunkel (Washington), Feeney (New England), Erbacher (Missouri); Archbishop Cushing, Fathers Masterson (New York), Garavaglia (Boston), O'Farrell (China), O'Connor (Chicago), Brennan (Canada), Baker (Maryland), Bouchard (Canada).



Filipino Photo Finish



J. Sampoerhna Neri S.J

BACK in 1937, on the feast of St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, the patron and model of our Co-adjutor Brothers, we scholastics at Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, P.I. staged a skit I had written in Bisayan called "Mamumuhat" or "The pagan Bukidnon priest."

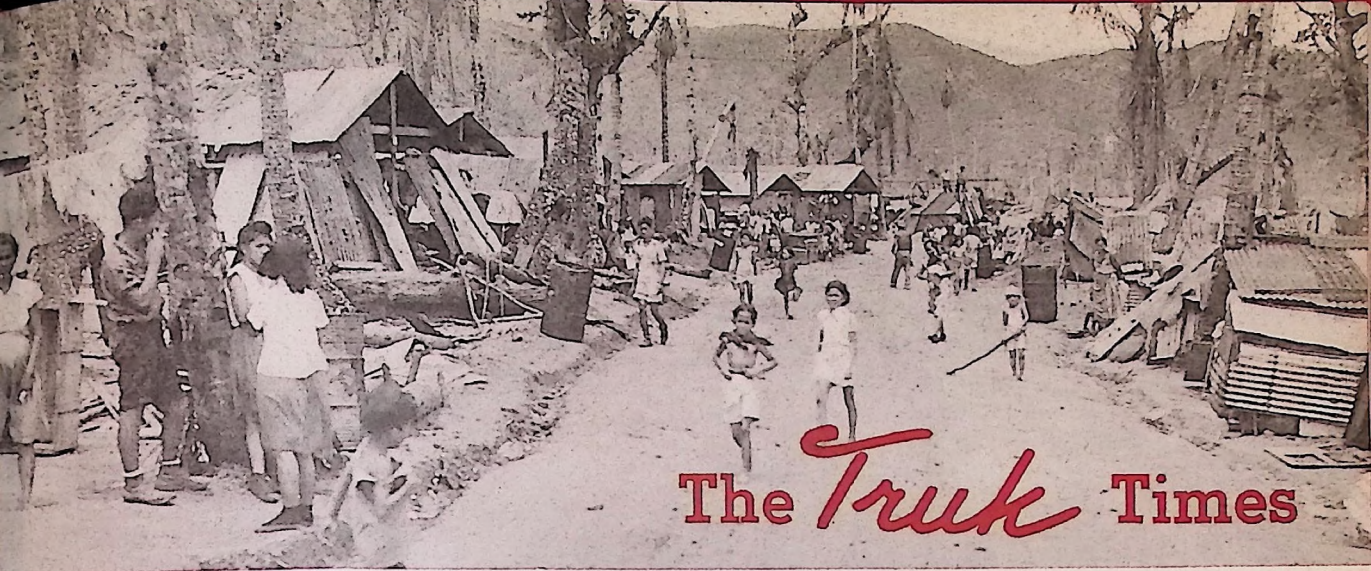
Father Albert Grau, then a fellow scholastic at Novaliches, took our picture. This is the only copy ever made that I know of. That was back in 1937. We never dreamed then that a photo of our "spectacle," more devout than dramatic, would reach the shores of New England wrapped in all the trappings of a "Terry and the Pirates" episode. Moros and missionaries, chalices and Jap lootings are involved in it. Here at Weston in the U. S. A. we Filipino students of theology sit back and smile over the chain of events which brought our picture back to us.

I had brought the picture with me to Mindanao. During our evacuation I had it with my other articles and those of Bishop James T. G. Hayes S.J. of Cagayan. We had to leave the photograph along with the Bishop's articles in the foothills of the Kitanglad Mountains of Central Mindanao.

In May 1942 (and we won't forget that day in a hurry), the Japs had penetrated our rear line and advanced to the Bishop's evacuation place in Alanio, Bukidnon. They looted everything, even our picture.

In 1945 American soldiers recaptured Malaybalay. One G. I. from Boston, who had fought every inch of the way up the Bukidnon plateau, discovered the loot left behind by the Japs in their haste to escape. There was a chalice with Father Vincent Kennally's name inscribed on it. And there was our picture. He wrote on the back "a non-Christian race here in the Philippines."

In all pride the G. I. gave the snapshot to his mother with an account of the chalice and the picture. She had the good fortune to contact Father Vincent Kennally S.J. of Boston, now Administrator Apostolic of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, when he was in the States. He recognized Mr. Thomas Brady S.J., now completing his theology with me here at Weston, who gave it to me. I lost it to a Jap in Mindanao and it is returned to me by a G. I. in America . . . and three years later!!! Shall we call it a Filipino Photo Finish?



The Truk Times

Edwin G. McManus S.J.,

Missioner on Truk Atoll

THESE Caroline Islands where I am stationed have had a varied history—chiefly remarkable for having been a sort of a football for more civilized nations. Spain discovered and laid claim to the islands, but did practically nothing in the way of colonization and administration. Germany then established a claim of sorts, and that started friction between the two nations that was not settled until both appealed to Pope Leo XIII as arbitrator.

Leo XIII decided the case in favor of Spain, but added that the Spaniards must take some steps to civilize the natives. Spain however decided to sell the islands to Germany so, about the turn of the century, the Germans started their experiment in governing Kanakas.

It wasn't until 1911 that the first priests arrived here in Truk, where they found many pagans and some Protestants who were the results of an American missionary who came here in the 1880's. The German Capuchins who pioneered here were evidently fine missionaries, for the results of their work are still evident, even though they were expelled as enemy aliens when the Japs took over these islands during the World War I. The Japanese occupation was confirmed by the League of Nations, and they were given a Mandate over all Pacific islands north of the equator, except Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines.

It was rather difficult to get the Japanese government to agree to let any priests in these islands, but finally, in 1921, the Spanish Jesuits were permitted to take up work in the neglected mission, and the whole Japanese Mandate was entrusted to them. They did marvelous work—by Pearl Harbor day there were more than 5,000 Catholics in Truk, or slightly more than half the population—but during the recent war

their activities were severely curtailed. Many Spanish priests and brothers were murdered; others escaped with prison sentences.

And now American Jesuits are coming, not to replace the Spaniards, but to work with them in the gigantic task. This mission of the Caroline and Marshall Islands comprises some 1400 islands and extends for more than 2500 miles. Eight Spanish Jesuits, the Very Rev. Vincent I. Kennally S.J. of Boston, who is the Apostolic Administrator, and myself are attempting to cover the vast field. Of course, 98 percent of the area is water, and while that lessens our responsibilities for the number of souls in our care, the vast distances and lack of transportation make our task practically impossible. There are any number of islands with Catholic inhabitants who have not seen a priest for years.

In Truk, where I have my headquarters, the history of the Catholic Church is only 35 years old, and for only about 25 years were the priests unhampered in their work. There are a few here who can be called solid Catholics, but even among the "practicing Catholics" there still remain pagan superstitions; and their ideas of morality, particularly sexual morality, leave much to be desired.

That is a discouraging picture, isn't it? But there is a good side too, for the natives are making progress. In their pagan days, virginity was looked down on, and almost abhorred; nowadays, the people esteem it.

Furthermore, they are devoted to the Blessed Mother, and that is an absolute guarantee that they will eventually accept and follow Christian ideals of purity and chastity. Since I've been here, I've received a few rosaries to distribute to the natives, and ever since I gave them out, I have been deluged with requests for more. The daily recitation of the rosary

is a well-established custom, even where there is no resident priest, and so we can safely depend on the Most Pure Queen of Heaven to establish her purity in Truk.

The prospect is not, and should not be discouraging. We must remember that grace builds on nature, and that the nature of these people is at the most one generation removed from paganism. When we recall how much of our own Faith we owe to our parents, and realize that only the young here can boast of having had Christian parents, we can see that the state of Christianity, instead of being discouraging, is bright with achievement, and brighter still with promise.

The natives are also plagued with another "white man's" disease, tuberculosis. But the American government is building a large sanitarium and taking other sanitary precautions, so there is every hope that the disease will be stamped out.

Even during their pagan days, the Trukese never went about naked, so Truk is one place where the scoffers cannot say the aim of the missionaries is to distribute "Mother Hubbards". For the most part, the men wear cast-off clothing and odds and ends; the women have European style dresses, imported from Japan or America, or handsewn here. They also wear a loincloth which is frequently a bathtowel wrapped around. It is rather common to see younger children dispensing entirely with clothes.

Outside of our church we have a water-trough so the natives can wash the mud off their feet before entering. That does leave a lot of wet footprints on the floor, but I'm not going to start worrying about

that until we have marble floors in Truk churches!

The Truk atoll is one of the largest in the Pacific, for it is roughly 40 miles in diameter, and has some 250 islands within the coral reef. About 9,000 people live on the 15 inhabited islands. Probably all the ships in the world could anchor here. Truk is the dream of the defense strategist, for there are only three navigable passes through the reef, and a few big guns "zeroed in" on those passes could keep invaders off indefinitely.

It is a bit difficult for us to get around to the various islands of the atoll. Lacking a boat we must depend on the irregular government boats, or use the hazardous native canoes. Truk storms within the atoll are sudden and frequent. With the present scarcity of priests, it seems very imprudent to risk their lives for the sake of a monthly Mass on an island with some 400 nominal Catholics—and yet they'll never be more than nominal Catholics unless they receive some instruction.

The Trukese are pathetically eager to learn English, and my services are quite in demand. Occasionally I help out in the school run by Fr. Hernandez although, as was necessary, a good deal of my time so far has been spent in studying Trukese. I made a rather faithful translation of the Trukese catechism into English, and now the natives can learn catechism and English simultaneously by comparing the two texts.

One of our biggest difficulties here on Truk is the lack of building materials. There are no hardwood trees on the atoll, and the hordes of insects make short work of any other type of wood. Roofs can be made of coconut fronds, but they don't last a year, so sheets of tin are the only practical material. That means all our materials must be imported—and the only transportation is an occasional Navy supply ship that seldom has space for civilian needs.

All of our churches and schools disappeared during the war. Some of their material can still be salvaged, but we need some 15 more churches to take care of the various Catholic communities, and there isn't that much material available. On the larger islands, some of the natives have to walk two hours or more, through rain and mud, to get to Mass—so it's rather hard to blame them if they don't come.

The experiment of American government is going to be very interesting to watch here, for democracy is foreign to the Trukese. Their pagan chiefs wielded despotic power over the people, and were able to condemn anyone to death

Father Tardio and U. S. soldiers at Mass on Saipan after liberation.



without a trial. And now the Americans come, talking of democracy, liberty, justice—and the people haven't the vaguest idea of what it's all about. They still consult the chiefs on matters of little or no importance, such as whether or not to go fishing today; and they even ask the chief's permission to accept a job with the American government. The system definitely isn't right, but it is difficult to know how to correct it immediately. To select other chiefs wouldn't do a bit of good, for the system would be perpetuated; to depose all chiefs would result in chaos.

The natives' habit of utter submission to the chief is a tradition of centuries, and it will be a long time before the individual learns his rights.

THIS dependence on the chiefs frequently has repercussions in religion, for some of the chiefs are not above using their civil authority to help their religion. My presence here, as an American, has been invaluable in preventing forced labor for the building of Protestant churches. I have had to explain patiently that Catholics want to live in peace and harmony with non-Catholics, but that their cooperation must be restricted to non-religious matters. (Of course, I get the old, familiar "We all worship the same God," for people here can't seem to understand that "one God" has the inevitable corollary of "one religion.")

The Trukese language is, I suppose, no more difficult than any other Pacific tongue, but the written language is a mass of chaos and confusion. The Trukese had no written language at all, and up to the present, the only printed matter is religious. There have been German and Spanish Catholic missionaries, while the Protestants came from America, Germany and Japan (Yes, that's what I said!) Each nationality constructed an alphabet based on the home language and now, to read a book, one must know the religion and the nationality of the author.

Even the name of the atoll has suffered at the hands of the nationalistic linguists. The natives pronounce it (to an American ear) somewhat like TSHOOK, or, to be simpler, CHOOK. The first missionaries decided to express that initial sound by TR, and so TRUK was born; but TRUK doesn't even approximate the natives' pronunciation.

At my suggestion, the government is about to establish an Academy of Trukese by calling a group of the



The Trukese are simple, lovable people, peaceable and generous to a fault.

more intelligent natives together and keeping them together until they agree on a standard alphabet. Any norm, even a poor one, is preferable to the present chaos. As soon as the alphabet is settled, we will have to have catechisms, prayerbooks, Bibles, etc. printed, for our stocks of these books are very low.

As I review the few months I have spent on Truk, I can't help but reflect that I spent many years preparing for the purely spiritual side of a priest's life, and out here I am called on to be, at various times, navigator and linguist, carpenter and diplomat, cook and doctor, and most of all—beggar. My friends have been deluged with requests innumerable, and I know that if my requests had been personal, I would by now have worn out their patience, and become a man without friends. But the requests have been for the Lord and the growth of His Body in the Carolines, and my friends' generosity has been as bounteous as the Grace that inspired it.

Native Clergy

Most Rev. Thomas
D. Roberts S.J., D.D.



IF any of your friends of Jesuit Missions were to get a phone call from a newspaper office giving him the first news of an appointment to a bishopric thousands of miles away, that Father would share my own experience at St. Francis Xavier, Liverpool, as a result of which I became Archbishop of Bombay nine years ago.

Such an appointment is, to a Jesuit, the more surprising as he makes a promise never to be a bishop! He is sometimes commanded by the Chief Bishop to take over a *missionary See*. That is because the Society of Jesus is a missionary order. Jesuits going as pioneers to far-away lands not only plant the seed of the Christian message, but establish their assigned

field as a regular part of our Lord's inheritance, the Catholic Church. He Himself appointed the Apostles to govern the various churches and bishops to be successors of those Apostles. There comes a stage when these Jesuit missions are sufficiently established to have a bishop of their own. Usually the Holy See insists that an Order in full charge of a diocese should also provide the bishop. Hence, Jesuit bishops (two archbishops also at Calcutta and Bombay) in mission lands.

The Society has always been in the forefront of the "native clergy" campaign. Let me state Bombay's case as typical.

About 70 years ago, the Holy See set up in India a

Archbishop Roberts addressing Indian bishops, clergy and people at Bombay. (below) These are native sisters at Bombay.

regular hierarchy of archbishops and bishops. Bombay became the only See in the world (as far as I know) that was ever the center of an entirely Jesuit province of bishops, under an archbishop of their own Order. Though the mission was organized by the German Jesuit Province, it was thought well to have one English archbishop in this vast British territory—Archbishop Porter who survived only two and one-half years; no other Englishman was appointed to the hierarchy of India till after the first World War when Archbishop Goodier—famous by his spiritual writings—was appointed to Bombay. He had been preceded by two Germans, and was succeeded by a Portuguese. Add that the Bombay Jesuit Mission passed from German to American, thence to Spanish hands, and you have in miniature the Church Universal. In fact, nearly all nations are represented among the bishops and missionaries of India. No less than eight of them remained, even during the war, in the hands of Italians.

Common, however, to all of these is the Catholic ideal of not merely planting but establishing the Church of Christ, so that countries once missionary in character and personnel become completely independent, the Catholic people served in their own way by their own priests, under their own bishops.

That process must, of course, be gradual except where Christianity goes back to the Apostolic times and has been "native" as long as in any parts of Europe. Such is the case in South India where there are 19 Indian bishops governing predominantly Indian dioceses. In North and South India, however, Indianization has to keep in step with local conditions, ranging from a handful of new converts, without any priests of their own, to a diocese like Bombay with about 160 Indian secular priests, nearly as many Indian Jesuits, and a smaller but considerable number of Europeans. Here it is not the lack of Indian priests that is the difficulty in turning over to a wholly Indian administration, but a political obstacle. Portugal owned Bombay, and when the city (then a group of small islands) passed into English hands about three centuries ago, the Portuguese were allowed by the Holy See to retain their ancient privileges. At a time when persecution in Portugal prevented the fulfillment abroad of the obligations that went with the privileges, the Holy See sent through the congregation of "Propaganda" other non-Portuguese bishops. Thus, in Bombay, there were for many years two "jurisdictions" for Catholics, leading to the most unhappy divisions. When, in 1928, this "double jurisdiction" was abolished, Portugal received as a "compensation" the right to have a Portuguese subject appointed on every alternate vacancy in the

archbishopric. The result now is the very anomalous situation of Indian Christians sharing all the aspirations of their countrymen for freedom, and yet debarred from the Indian leadership in the spiritual sphere which they have obtained in the political.

We reached the furthest point practicable at the moment when I consecrated the first Indian bishop for Bombay in the person of Dr. Valerian Gracias, rector of my Cathedral. That he is what he is and where he is, that we can look forward to a flourishing Indian diocese under an Indian archbishop (a matter of prime importance to India, seeing what Bombay stands for), that there is a flourishing seminary with about 80 students enjoying the highest reputation—all that is ascribed by our Indian priests and people chiefly, under God, to the Society of Jesus. It is a matter of the utmost gratification to be able to state that fact in a magazine that is a forum for the Society's friends. It is one more proof, if any were needed, that the reader of *JESUIT MISSIONS* is supporting the Catholic work par excellence, the establishment of native clergies everywhere that will give to our Lord priests and people after His own Heart to make up in the East so many defections in the West.

My own brethren of Jesuit Missions, now giving me generous hospitality of their house in New York, add the further benefit of expressing my thanks to American Catholics for their immense generosity in sending me one million and a quarter pounds of food for the starving (thereby helping the Christian minority which is the channel of such gifts), money for the relief of Polish refugees, much edification and material help given by American soldiers and sailors in the Eastern theatre of war.

Please, then, a big thank you to God for all He has done for India through the Society of Jesus even from the time of her Apostle, St. Francis Xavier; also, please, a prayer that the young Indians now being trained in seminaries and novitiates by or for the Society of Jesus may emulate, even if possible surpass the selflessness that has marked the sacrifices of many Europeans and Americans in the past.





This statue of Our Lady is now on the high seas, on its way to Father Marion Batson's shrine church at Mokameh Junction, Patna Mission, India. It was carved out of mahogany in New York by the celebrated American sculptor of Russian birth, Gleb

Derujinsky. It was bleached ivory-cream by the Rambusch studios in New York. The exact specifications were given by Father Batson, even to the glass eyes which make the faces so alive. Mr. Derujinsky discovered a way to insert them from the back.

The figure of the child is set into the hands of the Mother so that it can be lifted out easily, yet it rests in the hands so securely that it does not move. When the statue finally arrives (March 18) there will be pilgrimages to the shrine of our Lady of Mokameh.

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

NO MASS CONVERSIONS are reported from Japan but the following statistics emphasize the need of more Catholic missionaries in Japan. Despite the destruction of churches and schools 2,600 persons are reported to be under instruction in the Archdiocese of Tokyo, compared with 497 in the last prewar year. The Diocese of Osaka has 1,023 persons taking instruction compared with 346 in 1941. Atom-bombed Nagasaki, where only 99 persons were preparing for Baptism five years ago, now has 2,564, and Hiroshima has 470 against 250 in 1941.

IN LEBANON AND SYRIA the Greek-Melkite Rite Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, first formed a decade ago, have increased from 7 to 42. They conduct 3 schools; they have been known to ride horseback to outlying villages to visit the sick, teach catechism and perform other charitable works.

YOUTH DEVELOPMENT IN IRAQ is not being neglected by the Church according to statistics released by the Information Service of the Oriental Church on educational institutions conducted under Catholic auspices during the war years 1943 to 1945. Besides Baghdad College conducted by the American Jesuits for Christians and non-Christians, the Carmelite Fathers operate 2 primary schools with an enrollment of 371 pupils, the secular priests another and Catholic laymen a fourth. Baghdad boasts of 8 Catholic schools for girls, two of which are high schools. Throughout the whole of Iraq there are 35 Catholic primary schools for boys and 44 for girls with a total enrollment of 13,500 students.

RED PERSECUTION OF THE CHURCH IN IRAN in a systematic manner comes from Azerbaijan Province of northern Iran where leaders imported from Russia set up a Communist government. "Religious worship is restricted," the report states. "Religious schools have been closed and no religion may be taught in the Communist-controlled schools. The property of Christians and Moslems has been confiscated, and the people are permitted to starve if they do not accept the Communist ideology. Those who have protested have suffered a sad fate."

BELGIAN CONGO HAS 3,000,000 CATHOLICS and 850,000 catechumens under instruction, declared Archbishop Dellepaine, Apostolic Delegate to Ruanda and Urindi. There are 905 churches and chapels and enrollments in elementary and higher grade schools total 19,400 and 10,089 respectively. Meanwhile

plans are being formulated to establish Catholic university education. In his territory are 570 hospitals, 40 leprosaria, and 127 maternity centers.

FATHER CHARLES DE FOUCAULD'S DEATH was commemorated on its 30th anniversary by a Mass offered near his tomb in El Golea in Algerian Africa by the Right Reverend George Mercier, Prefect Apostolic of Chardaia in the Sahara. Father de Foucauld lived as a hermit to win the Moslems to Christ.

CATHOLIC MISSION SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER deserve our congratulations and prayers on their reception of habits from His Eminence Cardinal Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit. The new community of which Sr. Helen Xavier is the Superior was founded "to assist priests in foreign missions, especially in the villages and country places of India and to cooperate with them in apostolic labors by giving religious, social, and medical aid to native women and girls."

Very Rev. Auguste Gagnon S.J., Superior of the French-Canadian Mission in Suchow, China; (below, left) Rosaire Gagnon, Paul Deslierres, André Golinis; (above) Pierre Demers, Louis Sanschagrin, Jacques Bruyere, and Brother Fontaine; Canadian Jesuits who sailed on the *Hai Lee* for China. Father Gagnon and Brother Fontaine are veterans returning to Suchow; the others are eagerly awaited new recruits for the China Mission.



St. Joseph, Universal Patron

“THE Holy Ghost will never cease to act on the heart of the faithful until the universal Church honors with transports the Blessed Joseph with a new veneration, founds monasteries, builds churches, erects altars in his name, multiplies his feast, and celebrates them more solemnly.” These words were not recently penned; they are the utterances of Father Isolano, a sixteenth century Dominican. But as one thumbs the pages of a recent catalogue of American Jesuit Missionaries one can not help but feel that these words of the Dominican preacher are seeing their fulfillment in our own day.

To cite but a few instances from the catalogue of American Missionaries, the most northerly church erected in honor of St. Joseph by American Jesuit missionaries is in Nome, Alaska; his most southerly shrine St. Joseph's College, Trincomalee, Ceylon. In the Patna Mission in India the seventh of the Mokameh missions is dedicated to St. Joseph at Nawadah. Jamaica in the British West Indies honors St. Joseph in its churches at Spanishtown and Savanna-la-Mar. Stann Creek in British Honduras has St. Joseph's School in one of its many outlying missions; the ecclesiastical seminary in Manila in the Philippines bears the name “San Jose”. The home-missions too know St. Joseph as their patron for there are St. Joseph's Mission for Chicago's colored, St. Joseph's Church, School and Convent in Morganza, Maryland for the colored and white; and in our northwestern states St. Joseph has his mission chapels for the Indians in Stevens County, Washington, in Culatesac, Idaho and on the Umatilla reservation in Oregon. By a strange coincidence, or should we say a providential disposition the procurator for the American missions in China has his headquarters at St. Joseph's Rectory, San Jose, California.

It is only befitting that St. Joseph should be thus venerated in mission lands for on September 10, 1847—one hundred years ago—at the beginning of his pontificate Pope Pius IX of blessed memory wishing to honor St. Joseph, the spouse of the Queen of Angels and of men, decreed that the feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph should be celebrated by the faithful of the universal Church.

For a century now St. Joseph has been officially declared the patron of the universal Church and hence of her far flung missions but even before this official proclamation St. Joseph had a special place in the hearts of the Church's missions. Many a missionary had reflected again and again on St. Joseph, the one who introduced Christ to the land of the gentiles. The passage of the New Testament though brief is compelling: “As soon as they (the Magi) had gone, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream and said: Rise up, take the Child and His mother, and flee to Egypt; there remain until I give thee word. . . . And he rose up therefore, while it was still night, and took the Child and His mother with him, and





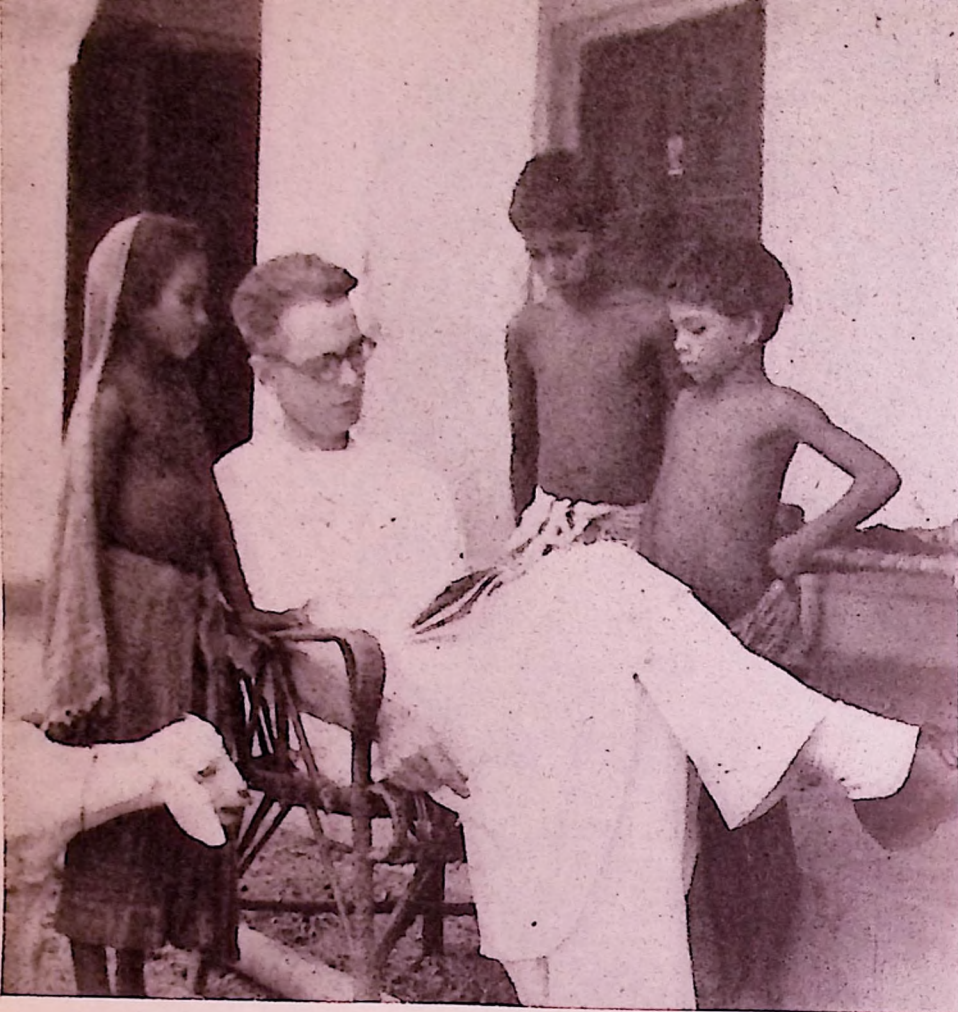
withdrew into Egypt, where he remained until the death of Herod." Scripture does not tell us how long Joseph remained in Egypt sanctifying that land with the presence of his foster-Child. Whether it was a brief visit of a few months or was a prolonged sojourn of two or three years matters little. The important facts remain:—to Joseph the angel gave the message; to Joseph the Child was entrusted; to Joseph was granted the privilege of introducing the Light of lights to those who sat in the darkness of idolatry.

It should not be surprising to us then to learn that our own continent bears the hallmark of St. Joseph in its earliest records. Father Filas, S.J. in his precious volume "*The Man Nearest to Christ*" reminds us that as early as 1555 the first Provincial Synod of Mexico declared St. Joseph the special patron of all the land of Mexico. Canada and our own United States are particularly indebted to St. Joseph. In 1633 St. John de Brebeuf founded the first mission among the Hurons and dedicated it to St. Joseph. It was while fleeing to St. Joseph's Island in Georgian Bay whither obedience had called him that St. Noel Chabanel, another of the North American Martyrs, won his martyr's crown. To the care of St. Joseph was likewise entrusted the first mission of the Algonquins. Just as St. Isaac Jogues called Lake George the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament because it was discovered by him on the feast of Corpus Christi, so did Father Allouez, S.J. name Lake Michigan Lake of St. Joseph. This recognition of St. Joseph as patron of missions was not confined to our own continent. Furlong's map of the Paraguay reductions shows several *doctrinas* or reductions along the Paraná that bore his name. His protective arm stretched to India, Xavier's land, and to the missions in China. In 1678 Pope Innocent XI in an apostolic brief confirmed the selection of St. Joseph as patron and protector of the missions of China. Thanks to the protective hand of St. Joseph the Church in China has reached her maturity and been accorded her due place in the hierarchy of the Church. But vaster fields still await the benign influence of Our Lady's spouse.

Russia which has strayed too long from her Father's house and has wandered from the state of schism to that of atheistic communism must be restored to the bosom of Holy Mother Church. A decade ago Pope Pius XI of blessed memory seeing the onslaughts of atheistic communism against the Church on the very feast of St. Joseph placed "the vast campaign of the Church against world Communism under the standard of St. Joseph, her mighty protector."

Another field still in the darkness of unbelief that needs St. Joseph's help to see the Light that is Christ is the Moslem world. Three hundred and fifteen million souls, followers of the doctrine preached by Mohammed, still close their eyes to the Light that of old St. Joseph carried to the cities and towns of Egypt. When they have received through the invocation of St. Joseph, the missionary, the blessings of his foster-Son then will St. Joseph be in fact what he truly is, the patron of the Universal Church.

Anthony G. Schirmann S. J.



Jimmy Chamar

John A. Morrison S.J.

JIMMY CHAMAR first saw the light of day in a village of mud-walled, tile-roofed huts on the broad spreading Ganges plains of the Patna Mission, India. In the beginning his name wasn't Jimmy, it was Bale. He was what his higher caste Hindu brethren call an "Untouchable," that is, his mere touch was sufficient to defile a higher caste Hindu to such an extent that he would have to take a bath and undergo other purifying ceremonies. Jimmy grew up very much as the other boys and girls of his village. He was dirtier and more ragged than those of higher caste. He was yelled at a good deal and he was not infrequently hungry, but it was the only life he knew and Bale was a happy-go-lucky youngster. He was fortunate, too, that he reached nine summers, because two out of five of the children on the Indian plains never reach their third year.

His caste people were leather workers and had been for countless generations. This occupation of handling dead animals and curing their hides was considered

unclean by higher castes, so that the Chamars had to live apart on the edge of the village. Bale's father was the "jan" or serf of the local landlord. He was sometimes called to work in his landlord's fields, for as much or as little as his landlord cared to give him. If he did not work, he might be beaten; if he complained,—there were law courts, of course, but it took brains and money to win law cases. Bale's mother raised her family as best she could in dirt and squalor. She also worked in the fields on occasion and was one of the village mid-wives, the profession of women of her caste.

One day something occurred that was to change Bale's life. His father had a small field of his own that he intended to plough. It had rained that morning, and next day the soil would be of just the right softness for the plough. That afternoon he strolled over to the village toddy shop for a drink. A friend came in, and they had two or three more drinks together. Tomorrow, by Krishna, he would plough that field, and this year, with a little luck, he would raise a bumper crop on it. And then, as luck would have

it, on the way back to the village he met the landlord.

"Hello there, Mahadeo, it has rained," said the landlord. "Tomorrow you will plough my fields."

"But tomorrow I shall plough my field," replied Bale's father.

"Tomorrow you do not plough your own field," answered the landlord. "You plough *my* fields. Who is master here?" The drinks that Bale's father had downed shortly before had just enough bracing effect to enable him to blurt out a defiant, "I won't!" The landlord never went abroad without his stout "lathi" or staff, and the only benefit that Bale's father derived from his drunken defiance was a good beating.

Bale's father had endured beatings before, but this time it was going to be different. He knew of a mission that had been started recently in a village not far away, and he took his troubles to the Padre Sahib. There were witnesses, and after he had done a little investigating of his own, it seemed to the Padre Sahib that the case was sound. He agreed to help. The

judge of the case was honest and the witnesses refused to be bought off. Bale's father, with the Padre Sahib to back him, was not to be cowed by the landlord's blustering threats and in the end he won.

During the suit the Padre Sahib had become acquainted with Bale's family and with several other Chamar families in the village. He and his catechists saw to it that the Chamars learned about the Catholic religion. Soon Bale's family and several other Chamar families in the village entered the Catholic church. A new life began for Bale, now baptized James. For the first time in his life he went to school, and a boarding school at that, at the Padre Sahib's own mission.

When he arrived at the mission, Jimmy had on a dirty "chotie" or waist cloth and a torn shirt. He had no books; no change of clothes. The Padre Sahib supplied them. The first day a good bath at the well washed most of the dirt off Jimmy. That night he had a substantial meal, all the rice and dal he wanted, taken squatting on the ground with the other boys and eaten with the fingers from a tin plate. That night he slept soundly on a palm leaf mat on the mission verandah.

Next morning Jimmy was up early and went to Mass with the other boys. He heard Mass daily and learned to pray for and thank God for the generous benefactors who made all this possible for him. Classes were held out on the verandahs, or under the trees. Jimmy and the other boys sat on the ground, and learned their catechism along with their A B C's. School benches, chairs, desks and books for the boys were unknown at the Padre Sahib's mission. He carried on with essentials and made a little go a long way. In the afternoon when school was over, Jimmy played *kabadi* and the other games that all Indian boys know. Work too was

on the program and Jimmy helped in the general upkeep of house and grounds and garden. He was on his way to becoming a self-respecting, well instructed, practicing Catholic.

A few nights later while Jimmy and the others were sleeping the deep sleep of tired and healthy boys, the Padre Sahib in his bungalow, by the yellow light of an oil lamp, was writing a letter to one of the self-sacrificing benefactors who made his work possible. "I only wish," he wrote, "that you could see for yourself the results that our school is accomplishing. Our boarding school is doing probably the most solid work in the Mission. It is hard to instruct pagans out in their villages and very difficult to draw older people from their pagan ideas and practices when they have been brought up and grown old in them. If we succeed in giving the older people enough to save their souls,—I suppose we must be satisfied with that. But here in our boarding school (and this is true of the schools at Arrah, Bar Bigha, Jehanabad, Mokameh and Nawadah) where we have our boys with us all day, we can really train and teach them. With daily Mass and classes we can instruct them properly so that they will grow up to be the fathers of Catholic families and the backbone of the Mission. Our boarding schools are the hope of the Mission."

(P. 44) Father John A. Morrison S.J., author and cameraman de luxe for JESUIT MISSIONS has the great honor of having devoted all his life as a priest to India's poor. His first mission was among the Santals south of Patna, where the Franciscans (T.O.R.) are now in charge. He is now hard at work in a new mission in the Bhagalpur District east of Patna. But wherever he goes, children will gather round him. (Below) One of these boys could be Jimmy Chamar. These are leather workers who, because they were born of leather-worker parents, must become and remain leather-workers themselves for life. American Jesuits have made remarkable progress among these low caste people.





Father Neil Donohue S.J. by the Chapel car donated by Archbishop Cushing to Jamaica.

A

"Vet"

Missioner

Neil Donohue S.J.

His name was Joe Richards and he lived in Riley, a town so small that it is only a 'Flag Stop' on the Maine Central Railroad, about thirty-five miles north of Lewiston on the way to the famous Rangeley Lakes. There are no stores and only one mill in this town of about thirty houses. The houses are small and the people poor.

Joe's mother came around to the church after Mass to invite me to have breakfast at her home. It was here that I met Joe for the first time. Joe shuffled into the room. Shuffled is the word, for Joe was shell shocked in World War I and as a result is almost a helpless paralytic. He receives what the 'experts' call "Total Compensation," ninety-five dollars a month.

The first words Joe spoke were something like this. "Goodmorning, goodmorning, goodmorning."

These words were said so fast that they all ran together so that I could not make out what Joe was saying. So I turned to Mrs. Richards and asked: "What did Joe say?" She smiled and answered: "Joe says: Good morning, Father."

I returned Joe's greeting and tried to get him to talk again. Try as he would the words just would not come. So after making a few more embarrassed attempts I turned back to my breakfast. Mrs. Richards told me that the eggs I was eating had just been gathered that very morning. I was just about to remark on how good they were when Joe, who was seated across the table, mumbled something else. I could not understand and looked across at Mrs. Richards to see if she had understood. She smiled again and said: "Joe wants to know if you would like to take some eggs back to the rectory with you, Father."

"Why, yes, thank you," I said to Joe, never thinking that he would go to get them. In a few minutes Joe's sister came in and asked: "Where is Joe?" Mrs. Richards jumped up from table exclaiming: "I hope he has not tried to go down to the cellar." She hurried across the kitchen to a door which led to the cellar. As she started down the stairs I followed, thinking that Joe had fallen. But no, there at the bottom of the stairs stood Joe standing over an egg crate. In his left hand he held one of those little paper boxes which are used to hold a dozen eggs. His hand was shaking, as the Gospel says: "as one with the palsy." In his right hand Joe clutched a big brown egg. His delight at being able to do the Father a favor had made him so nervous that his hands refused to do what a generous heart commanded them. There he stood, the container shaking in his hand like a leaf and his other hand unable to let go of the egg.

Mrs. Richards went over to Joe and gently took the box out of his hand, and prying the egg loose from his fingers, she filled up the box in a few seconds and handed the box to me saying, "I hope Joe did not frighten you, Father."

Then we went out on the porch and I learned all about the daily routine of Joe and his mother. Each day about seven in the morning Joe wakes up and calls his mother. He is so helpless that he cannot get out of bed without help. Mrs. Richards helps Joe to rise and wash. Then, dressing him like a little child she helps him down the stairs. After breakfast Joe sits by the radio and listens to all the programs of the day. Then after an early supper Joe goes to the movies with some neighborhood youngster acting as chauffeur. This is his only recreation. He cannot read as his trembling hands cannot hold a book.

With restrictions and handicaps such as these we would expect Joe to complain, at times. In all the years I knew him I never saw him without a smile. He loves to hear a joke and at times he himself provokes a good laugh. There was the night when the family were all kneeling down together to say the rosary, a custom observed each night in his home. Mrs. Richards had added a few extra prayers to those usually said when Joe was heard to mumble,

"Hurryup, hurryup, hurryup. Are we going to stay here all night? I'll miss the early show."

All the above was told to me by Joe's mother as we sat there on the porch that morning. As I rose to leave she motioned me to stay a minute longer. Joe had just asked her to help him up from his seat by the radio. She whispered: "Watch him now, Father." I saw Joe make his way to the end of the porch where there was a glider swing. There on the swing was an American flag, neatly folded. Laying it on his arm he walked to the end of the porch where there were three small steps leading down onto the lawn before the house. There I saw a large flagpole. Joe walked over to it and his fumbling fingers sought out the halyard. Shaking like a reed in the wind he grasped the ropes in his trembling fingers. Then, using those shaking fingers, and with some assistance from his teeth, he was at last able to fasten the flag to the rope. Slowly and with great care, he pulled the flag up into place. Tying the rope to the lower hooks he stepped back three paces and drawing himself up as erect as he could, he raised his right hand in a salute to the emblem of his country he had loved and served so well.

I told this story later, when I was in Jamaica, B.W.I., to illustrate the reverence that Joe had for the flag of his country. But I did not tell the whole story. For often when I did not know where my next shilling was coming from, I would get a letter from Riley, Maine, and in it would be a donation from Joe Richards. Joe who had given his life for his country was giving a donation towards spreading God's Kingdom. Joe Richards, soldier, veteran and missionary, was helping Jamaicans to become better Catholics. And I salute him—to this day.

APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

MISSION INTENTION FOR MARCH, 1947

MARCH: Christian Treatment of Workers in Mission Lands.

I come to You again, dear Lord of the Missions, to talk over with You our Holy Father's Mission Intention for the month. It's about the treatment of the workers in mission lands. I don't mean so much the missionaries as the day laborers, the tillers of the soil, the fishermen, the miners, the factory hands and their employers, too. I've been thinking more about it since I read a book entitled "Social Wellsprings". It contained the social encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII. There was a friend of workingmen! I was thrilled, dear Lord, as I read page after page of the norms which that great Father of Christendom penned for the world to ponder and reduce to practice.

But I was saddened too, Lord, after reading these masterpieces of social justice to recall the present chaos in the world, especially in Your mission lands. In portions of Africa where the Church has had little foothold isn't the condition of the people most pitiable? There is little difference between their sad lot and that of slaves in the early Roman days. In India where the caste system severs class from class the lot of the masses was always miserable, but the war has augmented their misery, hasn't it?

All around us we hear the cry: "Give the laborer his rights!" We hear it at home; it comes to us from abroad; it is the voice of great nations and the inarticulate cry of half forgotten isles. That whole vast area that we call mission lands is in a period of change. The oppressed worker chafes under his unjust yoke. As he raises his eyes from his toil two paths spread out before him,—one of violence and class hatred, the other of peaceable agreement and harmony between landlord and laborer based on the Christian norms of morality and justice. How disastrous the former road is we can see in China, India, Iran, Indonesia. The other path of social change is slower, dear Lord, but to what lasting prosperity and happiness it will lead. Given a fair trial it will "renew the face of the earth" because it is dictated by the Holy Spirit of truth. Anyone can see that peaceable agreement between landlord and tiller, between factory employer and his employees will redound not only to the individual and his family but to the employer himself and to the whole of society. Help our missionaries, Lord, to impress on those entrusted to them the importance of establishing norms of social betterment in mission lands through truly Christian principles. A. G. S. S.J.

understaffed and overworked. One priest has been here since 1885, another since 1893. Iron men I call them!

A little bit of Holland in the tropical Caribbean is Curaçao, smaller in size than St. Lucia but larger in population. Here there is no unemployment problem. In fact about 9,000 Portuguese, Venezuelan, St. Lucian, Trinidadians and Barbadian workers are imported every year for its major industry—oil. Although there is no compulsory education law in Curaçao, illiteracy is only 3%. Its ample school facilities for all can be attributed to the Dutch government which builds, equips and repairs schools, pays the teachers' salaries and leaves the entire management and control of schools in the hands of the Catholic Church, for they form 80% of the entire population. Recently the Church here built 122 new homes for the poorer people. These homes are all cement or stone structures since the wooden ones are legally forbidden. I have called this Holland in the Caribbean advisedly for as in Holland there is a Catholic trade union and a Catholic political party so here there is the same. Working with Dutch doggedness the Vicariate produces a Catholic Daily in the Papiamentoe Patois from its own printing press, two Catholic weeklies and all kinds of literature. Here too, is an Allied Seamen's Home with a full time port Chaplain, Father J. B. Van der Meer, O.P., affording sailors an opportunity to receive the sacraments while in a port famous for its luxurious hospitality. Curaçao has its Boys' Town in the country. It is run by husky Hollanders, Brothers known as the Crusaders of St. John. The most striking feature to the casual visitor are

the smooth asphalt roads leading to all points; the absence of mosquitoes and termites, the bane of the tropics, making it possible to sleep without a mosquito net. Needless to say the prime movers behind this whole project have been and still are the Dutch Dominican missionaries!

We shall bypass British Honduras, where Father Marion Ganey, S.J. and his fellow Jesuits under Very Reverend Father Hickey, S.J. are showing what Co-ops can do, for you have carried their stories before, and we'll get off to Ciudad Trujillo in the Dominican Republic up in the Greater Antilles. The Dominican Republic with its population approaching 2,000,000 is practically all Catholic. His Excellency, Msgr. Ricardo Pittini, the amazingly able Archbishop of Santo Domingo, makes it clear that the cooperative apostolate is needed among the proletarians. The start is to be made by the Scarboro Foreign Missionaries under Father Alphonsus Chafe S.F.M.

Let me recap the over all picture. Looking only at the self-help program I discover the co-ops on the march all over the Spanish Main. Perhaps the most pronounced advance is being made on the British Islands. The hierarchy is definitely interested. His Grace, Msgr. Finbar Ryan, O.P., the Archbishop of Port of Spain, His Lordship, Bishop Thomas A. Emmett, S.J. of Jamaica, and His Excellency, Msgr. Ricardo Pittini, Archbishop of Santo Domingo are behind the movement. But the down-to-earth participation in the social apostolate and its co-ops especially manifested by the priest missionaries with voluntary lay leaders working in an altruistic manner makes me say: "Caribbean countries, arise!"

"THE DOWN TO EARTH PARTICIPATION IN THE SOCIAL APOSTOLATE . . . A PRIEST AND VOLUNTARY LAY WORKERS."





A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT

SIOUX'S PADRE PASSES
 SYLVAN MISSIONS
 "THE SINGING FISH"
 "LET'S GO, GAYA!"
 23 YEARS IN ALASKA
 YANG CHOW AUDIENCE

American Indians

ST. FRANCIS MISSION
 Father Robert M. Demeyer S.J.



For several days I have put off sending you this brief obituary of Father Louis J. Goll S.J. with the hope of preparing a full length article for **JESUIT MISSIONS**. This will be impossible since most of our 375 Indian students will be back from their Christmas holidays this afternoon and I will be weighed down with ten extra hours of Father Goll's religion classes.

Father Sydney Judah, S.J. (see p. 53), Jamaican Jesuit.



At 4:35 A.M. on December 20th Father Louis J. Goll S.J. breathed his last at St. Francis Mission fortified by the sacraments. Daily for over forty years Father Goll, a voluntary exile from his native Germany, had earned for himself the title of "Father" among the Sioux Indians of the Rosebud and Pine Ridge Reservations. Born in the little village of Marbuch, Germany, in the foothills of the Alps on January 19, 1877, Father Goll decided to become a priest. To complete his training he traveled to Austria, Holland, England (for he desired to be sent to the missions in India) and the United States. In 1903, as a scholastic he began to devote himself to educating and befriending the Sioux Indians of Holy Rosary Mission, S.D. In 1911 he was ordained by the Bishop of Belleville and returned to his Indians after his studies were completed. His first years of priestly life were spent at St. Francis Mission where he closed his life. In 1920 he was appointed Superior of Holy Rosary Mission. During his tenure of office he erected the boys' building, Red Cloud Hall, capable of housing completely 200 boys. On the day he left his office as Superior he returned to St. Francis. What a familiar figure he was as he traveled from mission to mission, first by horse and buggy and then by his Model T.

Father Goll was appreciated by all who knew him, despite his gruff exterior at times. He now lies buried in the Mission Cemetery beside his collaborators who had spent their lives among the Sioux. A huge gathering of Indians were present at his funeral.

Today I am leaving to bury an Odjibwe who died in the missions. She had the assistance of the priest although she could not receive Holy Communion for the last few days. From there I go to a lumber camp 25 miles back of the highway where a few Indian families are living. Tomorrow evening I will rectify two marriages and bless their union, hold evening services and stay for Mass in the morning. I will have to use my sleeping bag for the night. I'll make another stop to visit a group of Indians and whites near a saw mill. There I will say Mass in a school; and the week-end will bring me to St. Catherine's which was recently constructed. I hope that one day it will be St. Catherine Tekakwitha Church. I chose Catherine's name since the mission is known as Iroquois Mission because of a bloody fight which took place near there between Iroquois and Odjibwes.

Ceylon

BATTICALOA

Father Godfrey Cook S.J.



The position of the Catholic Church here on the eastern coast of Ceylon is really unique. There is no influence as powerful and as culturally efficacious as it. The French Jesuit Fathers have done a grand work, and St. Michael's College is the outstanding institute of learning on the whole coast. I only hope we can raise the standard even higher. Tonight the Trincomalee Diocesan Union brought a lecturer over from Colombo, a Lawyer Cyril Perera, who spoke on the danger of Communism. It hasn't taken any dangerous shape in Ceylon so far, but we want to prevent it at any cost. The Communists tried to worm into a political party at Colombo but had to quit or were ejected.

At present I am head over heels in work editing the school monthly, "THE SINGING FISH" and reviving Fr. George Hamilton's "OUR LADY'S HERALD" which he had published during the war. These are the only two Catholic publications in the entire diocese. The Very Reverend John T. Linehan S.J., our Superior and the Vicar-Capitular, wants me to print 1,000 copies for free distribution, just to disseminate some kind of Catholic literature among the Ceylonese.

India

GAYA CATHOLIC MISSION

Father J. A. Creane S.J.

Here at Gaya I have fallen heir to a Jeep. It is a big help for getting around to the villages but in some ways not too practical. We have rather ambitious post-war plans for Gaya District. Our hope is ultimately to checker the whole territory of some 4,000 square miles with mission stations some twenty or thirty miles apart. That of course will call for a big increase in personnel and financial outlay. I wouldn't even venture to guess what the total cost would be. But I have faith enough to believe that if God wants the work done, He will provide the means. About twenty years ago when I first began mission work in India among the Santals and other aboriginal tribes, I wrote to my Father Superior for help. He replied by sending me fifty rupees and

Next Month

Reports are coming regularly from Father Alexander, our Editor. First it was Egypt, then Lebanon and Syria. Then it was Iraq, its old ruins, and its modern school. India is next on the schedule. Our next issue will carry in full his fascinating account of personalities and problems in the Near East.

+

There's word at last from Father John P. Delaney, S.J., author and editorial writer (*America*) and lecturer and missionary now back in the Philippines several months. Of course it's good news. There has been illness but that's over. There is progress, and that is only just begun: Cana conferences, school retreats, dialogue Mass, social action, lots of it. The Apostolate is under way over there in full swing.

+

In Jamaica there is a project known as the Holy Name Homestead. It is called, too, "The Promised Land," for it does bring to reality a dream of many years. Homes for Jamaicans are now being built. Father Raymond Sullivan, S.J., has news for people who are interested in Jamaica.

+

Father Schirmann, of our staff, has been reading and writing about Moslems for several years. Last year he noticed in news accounts fulfillment of warning uttered by Pope Pius XII through the special monthly mission intentions of the Apostleship of Prayer. Prayers for the conversion of the Moslem world are becoming more and more frequent in the Catholic Church as you will see.

+

"Billy" is easily the most attractive person ever to appear in Jesuit Missions, judging by the letters you have written and the gifts you have sent to her. What happened after that letter of hers which was published in the December issue? The answer to that question will make your heart glad and it gives one answer to the most bothersome problem in human life.

Communication

Dear Father Daily,
P.C.

The \$50 gift without strings was most welcome and promptly put to use. Its true that with prices here what they are the \$50 will not go very far, but it's the largest I have received in many moons. Poor Jamaica! It's true it's not too far from home in these days of winged travel and there isn't much appeal to these people who have never had very much, but the work must go on. We have to keep our schools going, we still have to travel ten miles to say Mass and bring Communion to the sick throughout these hills, we still have to find a shroud for the dead or a ring for the bride. Just at present I'm trying to build a church here at Stony Hill.

I have completed a census of one section known as King Weston where we have a very fine school with 3 excellent teachers. Four hundred and thirty-seven names in all were gathered; about a hundred of whom get to church in the school room. They are disgustingly poor, many sick, and when it rains it's just impossible for them to get over the goat trails to Mass because they *must* be dressed in their best. Another section, Devon Pen, a school and a mission from back in 1925 reveals 120 children on the school roll. Of these, 13 are Catholic!

If you're interested in the inflation we have here:—gas, a most common and necessary item is about 45¢ per gal.; tires are \$30.00 apiece; the smallest part for my disintegrating Ford is \$1.00. In fact it costs you 50¢ at the garage just to say hello! If you are thinking of building, cement which cannot be had now, is seven dollars per barrel. Lumber of any kind is \$20 per 100 ft.

Well, as I say, I'm sorry I couldn't turn up a nice story for you. But, I wish you would believe that I'd like to help you out in appreciation of your gift and the good work Jesuit Missions is doing. In closing, thanks a million!

Constant Spring
Rev. F. J. Owens, S.J.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

adding: "If God wants the work done, He will provide the means." Well, He did want the work done. Missionaries somehow were found, stations were started, schools were opened, chapels were erected, funds were not wanting and converts began pouring in at the rate of about one thousand a year.

So let's go at Gayal Ours to make the effort. God will give the increase. With a new and free India in the offing, I believe the gateway to conversion is swinging open.

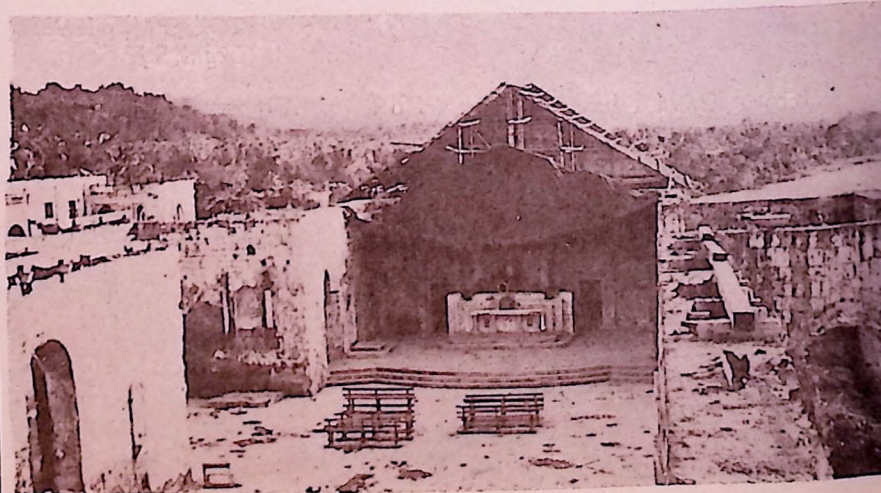
China



YANGCHOW
Father Louis Dowd S.J.

Yang Chow was putting on a big celebration in the town square and all the schools were asked to participate. Father Sen and I joined the 30,000, most of them school boys and girls. The mayor, the prefect and some other upper bracket officials spoke words of congratulation on the victory over the Japs and words of encouragement to oppose the Reds. Only those in the front rows, like ourselves, were able to hear; but 30,000 stood there in the sun for three hours without a whimper (an American audience would have cleared out in less than five minutes.) I felt like the only American in that vast throng. We weren't there more than 15 minutes when Father Sen told me our conversation was being taken in attentively by several bystanders. I glared as a Chinese dressed in ordinary clothes addressed me in most remarkably clear king's English: "May I ask of what nationality you are?" He was evidently hoping I'd say American, but looked scared to death lest I should say Russian. After my reply we were pals for life. The gentleman even informed me that he was head of the plain-clothes detective bureau—one of some 25 looking for any queer "isms". This social function cost me a visit to Father Falvey's mission six miles out of Yang Chow but I was amply repaid by the number of boys in our school who remarked that they had observed me at the celebration.

The Cathedral of a Bishop from New York City, Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes S.J., D.D., at Cagayan, Philippine Islands, bombed while he was interned.



Alaska



CHANELIAK
Father Martin Lonneux S.J.

After twenty-three years in Alaska I am personally convinced that our missionary work here would be far ahead, more consoling too, if these Eskimos had been kept in their real life as to the temporal. In these last few years especially too many undertakings have been started to improve their conditions. True, many of these improvements were needed but unfortunately some were introduced too fast, others by the wrong method or by incompetent persons, not to mention persons seeking their own selfish interests. Seeking spiritual results is as difficult work as it was in the early years.

Your letter reached me by boat from St. Michael, on October 22nd. We had just had the biggest flood in 30 years to be followed three days later by a still higher one . . . and now the climax has come—my devoted catechist and interpreter has had an acute attack of appendicitis. We are expecting the plane any minute to take her to the hospital.

MOUNTAIN VILLAGE

Father John P. Fox S.J.

Mountain Village District has five stations. Marshall has a beautiful little chapel which Father Endal finished shortly before leaving here. Six miles down the Yukon is Takchak. It was under five feet of water during the last break-up. The storm shed was torn off, a part of the living quarters was ripped away, practically all the lower halves of the windows were knocked out and the frames chewed to pieces by the ice. The organ was completely swamped and covered with silt; the church furnishings mostly ruined and the inside of the living quarters a pile of wreckage. The cook stove was filled with silt and had one inch of the same mud on top. The bed and tables were broken, and pots, pans and dishes lay on the floor half buried in the silt.

Pilot Station has a new chapel coming up next summer. The old one is no longer safe for a crowd but it will be repaired and

Rev. Father McEleney, Jesuit Provincial from Boston, visits ruins of Ancient Nineveh near Baghdad with Fathers Madaras (mission superior) and O'Neil.



Wanted

Dear Father,
P.C.

To be asked what I want always bothers me. One thing after another comes to mind till I see clearly that nothing but "the world, and everything that's in it" will do. I want so many things.

A biretta? I am not joking. I haven't had one for years. You laddies who get your five years on, three months off, can collect such things when you go home, but not a poor little whisp of a Cinderella like me—! Size?—Why bring that up? I never know my sizes. I have just put in some wrestling with a tape measure round my head and the thing seems to register twenty-two inches, whatever that may mean. I expected it to say six and something, as I am pretty sure my size head is six and something.

By the same sign, I should like a new cincture and material for a cassock. But I guess you'll think I am joking. I tell you I need them and I can't get them down here. Oh, and Roman collars, please. They don't stock my size—17—and local dressmakers find that there is more in a collar than meets the eye. (Cathedral A, (Arrow), 17 x 1½ double-ply.)

Perhaps what I have been saying so far is the kind of thing that makes people think me an idealist. Well, are these more practical? They are for Revival, my mission:

Storage tanks, (two) for water \$500
Small pneumatic rock-drilling outfit.

Second hand one depreciated; it'll have to do hard work.

Very small concrete mixer.

Tree-stump Puller, hand worked, to remove up to medium-sized trees in rock.

Complete outfit for a chapel for Mass and Benediction, Altar.

Thanks for your interest and God prosper you in all your ways.

REV. SYDNEY J. JUDAH S.J.
Savanna-la-mar
Jamaica

FOR YOUR LIBRARY
VOLUME XX
of
JESUIT MISSIONS

Attractively bound in heavy red cloth, lettered in gold.

\$3.00 per Volume

Order at once from

Jesuit Mission Press

962 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21, N. Y.



The late Father Louis Goll S.J., forty years a missionary to the American Indians.

used mainly for retreats for our men. I have not yet visited Chokartulik. Carpenters will be busy here at Mountain Village where our headquarters are. We have plenty of space but the building is also in very poor repair. The foundation sills are rotten, and the stars are visible through the old shingle roof.

Iraq

BAGHDAD COLLEGE

Father Joseph Connell S.J.

Tomorrow (Nov. 4) is the first day of the big Moslem feast which marks the tenth and last day of the Meccan celebrations in the Moslem month of the Hajj. The feast will last four days, each day being a national holiday. On Tuesday we shall begin our three day retreat for the students. First year boys will come to the school and have their exercises in Arabic. The boys of Fourth, Third and Second Years will have theirs in the Chaldean Church, where I am elected as retreat master. What about Friday the ninth? Retreat closes on that day, and due to the inconvenience we suffer for lack of a Students' Chapel, we shall declare a holiday after the General Communion on the last day of retreat. Let me assure you that all this was planned. In the summer I made a lucky guess that Monday would be the Moslem feast. This feast falls on the tenth of the Hajj month and there is a ten day leaway. We finally learned by phoning the Qadhi (judge) whose work is officially to declare the holidays. We knew on Wednesday to the relief of Father Quinn, who wanted to make our retreat schedules.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Entrance by Certificate
or by Examination
Conducted by the Jesuits

A.B. and B.S. COURSES
BACHELOR OF ARTS
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE in BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS, BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCES and EDUCATION.

Bulletin of Information on Request

Address: Dean of Freshmen,
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Elliott
ADDRESSING MACHINES

Use Address Cards of plastic permeated fibre that are tough and as durable as metal. Yet an ordinary typewriter will stencil your addresses in them at typewriting speed. Send for booklet, "Story of a Father and Son or Unraveling the Inscrutable."

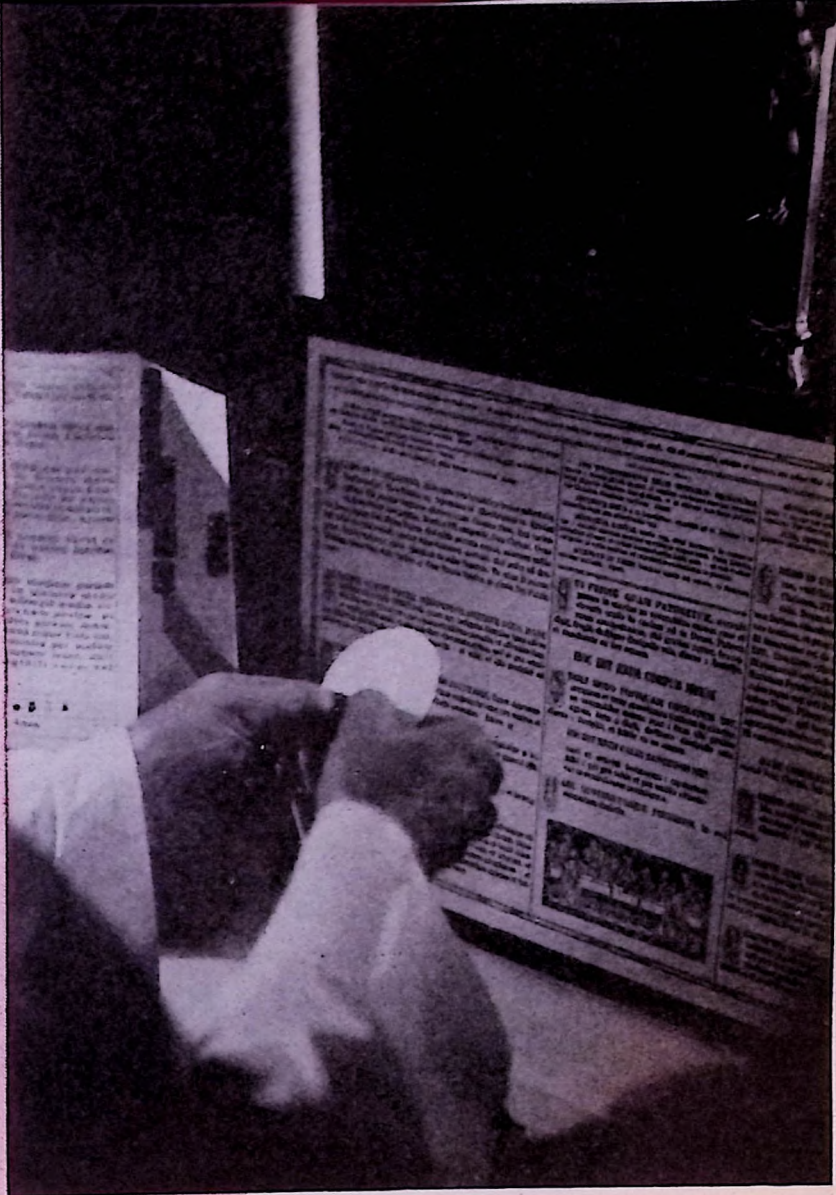
THE ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
168 Albany Street Cambridge, Mass.

Keep on being a Mission helper!

YOUR WILL . . . Can help American Jesuit Missionaries in their efforts to bring an eternal inheritance to pagan souls. The following approved form may be used:

"I hereby bequeath to JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y., for use in its work for the American Jesuit Missionaries, the sum of \$....."

Altar Cards



Priests will tell you that there are altar cards and altar cards. A firm has designed for us a set of cards that is extremely practical and also attractive. A few of our missionaries have already obtained a set; others have seen the cards and are most anxious to have a set for their Churches and also for their mission Chapels. Will you help us to fulfill these requests?

The price of the set is \$13.00. If you can purchase a complete set or if you can give an offering towards a set you will have a more intimate part in the Masses offered by our missionaries.



JESUIT MISSION PRESS
962 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.
Father Daily:

Kindly accept my donation to purchase
set(s) of Altar Cards. Please request the Jesuit
missionaries to recommend my intentions in their
Masses.

Name

Address

City Zone State

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

Missioners at the General Congregation

ON September 17, the newly elected General of the Society of Jesus, Very Reverend John Baptist Janssens, presented to His Holiness his 166 electors. They had come from all parts of the globe by every conceivable means of transportation. They represented all the countries of Europe and America. Among their number were 18 delegates from mission lands so that in all truth the group represented the catholicity of the Church itself. Each of the 18 delegates from the missions brought with him his experiences of the war.

The delegates give a most enlightening and most up-to-date picture of the entire mission apostolate. From them we learn that in the Belgian Congo a college has opened to prepare the Negro for university studies. Twenty-two native colored priests are laboring there with 40 Jesuit Fathers and the number of students in the seminary assure for the immediate future 3 newly ordained priests a year. In Rhodesia the coming of English and German Jesuits has brought peace to tribes who for fifty years were in a continuous state of war.

Crossing over to the Asiatic continent, we come to India, a country one and one-third times as large as the United States. In Bombay, an Indian priest has been consecrated Auxiliary Bishop. Across India in the Patna Mission twelve thousand "untouchables" have received the saving waters of baptism and in ten years the number of Christians has doubled. Belgian Jesuits working in Calcutta with their Sicilian, Yugoslavian, Maltese and Canadian confreres, have recently founded an Oriental Institute for a direct apostolate among the Hindus and Moslems. The Madura Mission in the southern tip of India celebrated its centenary last year. During this time the college of St. Joseph in Trichinopoly has given

916 vocations to the secular clergy and to religious institutes. During the coming year Blessed John de Britto, one of the founders of this mission, will be canonized by Pope Pius.

The ravages of war and Japanese occupation in China have destroyed the work of centuries by transforming mission lands into battlefields. Nine Jesuit priests, one scholastic, and ten seminarians were killed; 29 churches, chapels and residences were destroyed in the mission of Shanghai. After the Japanese destruction the territory of Sienhsien is now occupied by communists. To avoid death by starvation the scholastics in the middle of winter had to slip through the communist zone and take refuge in Peking. The end of the war did not bring peace to Java. In the tragedy of Magelang 7 Jesuits were shot by the extremists. Dutch Jesuits are still interned or evacuated and their activity remains paralyzed.

THE battle of Manila was most costly to the Philippine Mission. 1100 students of the Ateneo are attending classes in seventeen military barracks. San Jose's 100 seminarians are lodged in three private homes. Only a small residence in Manila and the novitiate at Novaliches remain intact. Fr. Cullum epitomizes the spiritual courage of his 300 missionaries with the phrase—"Watch us rise from the ashes". In Japan besides the loss of Hiroshima, the houses of philosophy and theology and the center of the Social Work were destroyed by fire. The Japanese mission needs 70 priests immediately.

The delegates represented 48 missions and 4109 Jesuit missionaries. The large number of native Jesuits on the missions, a third of the total, give foundation for the hope that the day is not far off when mission territories will have their own priests in complete charge and that each church will have its own priest to bring down our Lord to the altar of His people. Then will be verified the command of the Divine Missionary—"Go teach ye all nations". Just as the war has made us conscious of our nearness to countries hitherto regarded only as pin-points on a map, so too the presence of these representatives at the General Congregation makes a Catholic realize that the problems of the Missions deserve his interested support. They are part of the one fold that belongs to the Divine Shepherd.

Thomas J. McGurty S.J.

Catholic Book Club Selection

UNDER THE RED SUN

by

Forbes J. Monaghan, S.J.

The DECLAN X. McMULLEN CO.

All about real people you'd like to know. "Billy" is in it, her real story.

\$2.75

Order your copy from

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

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
613 E. Mission Avenue
Spokane 13, Wash.

Ceylon and Home Missions
Rev. Theodore A. Ray, S.J.
4133 Banks Street
New Orleans 19, La.

India and Canadian Indians
Rev. Paul Brennan, S.J.
2 Dale Avenue
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

British Honduras, Yoro, U. S. Indians
Rev. Vincent F. Erbacher, S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Missouri

China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)
Rev. Pius L. Moore, S.J.
55 West San Fernando Street
San Jose 21, Calif.

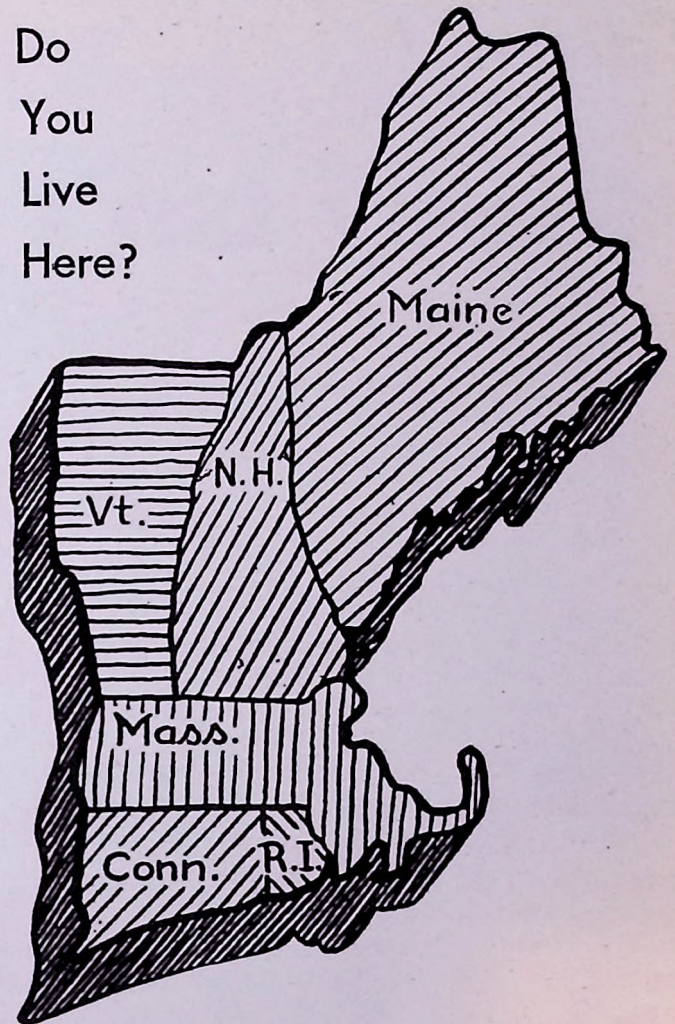
China (Suchow)
Rev. Louis Bouchard, S.J.
Case Postale 611
Quebec, Canada

India
Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1110 South May Street
Chicago 7, Illinois

Home Missions
Rev. John C. Baker, S.J.
Calvert and Madison Streets
Baltimore 2, Maryland

Philippines
Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J.
51 East 83rd Street
New York 28, N. Y.

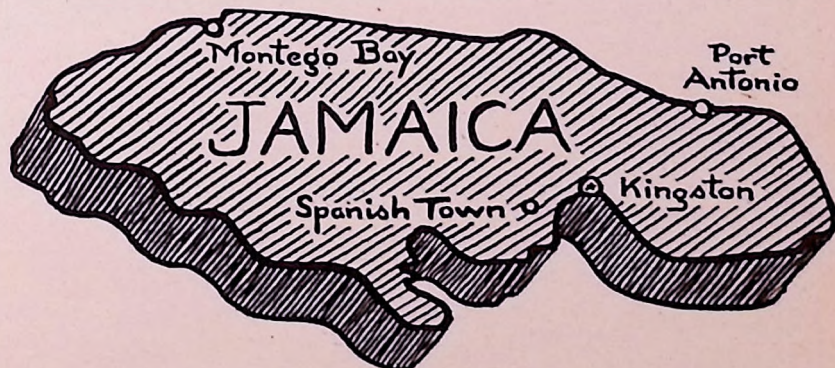
Do
You
Live
Here?



Is your home in New England? This is the area of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus with its 884 members, fourth largest in the country. 72 New England Jesuits are in Jamaica, B.W.I., where there are 70,000 Catholics in a population of over 1,200,000.

St. George's College and Campion Prep need help. Twenty-eight priests, each with many mission stations, depend on America, especially New England, their home, for help. Why not write a short note to their mission director asking how you may help? He is—

REV. THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J., 137 Newbury St., Boston 16, Mass.





Money isn't everything

There's someone near you waiting for your stamps

MILLIONS of stamps are thrown away every day.

They could be used to help our missions. Large offices, business firms of all kinds, shipping agencies, and individuals in nearly every walk of life receive mail daily. The stamps can save souls if you can have them sent to the Stamp Exchanges listed below where Jesuits, during their years of preparation, clean, sort, and distribute your stamps to dealers and collectors and in return receive money which they send to the missions.

Each of these exchanges could

send a thousand or more dollars a year if you will help by sending your stamps. All and any stamps can be used except ones printed on the envelope directly. If the stamp is the kind that is placed on the envelope by the sender, it can be saved, and sent and sold to help save souls. All and any stamps, therefore; don't tear them; don't cut or tear too close. Leave a half inch of envelope all around the stamp to protect it and to facilitate handling at the Stamp Exchanges. Be a regular mission helper. Send your stamps to the nearest Jesuit Stamp Exchange.

Mission Stamp Exchange, Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland

Mission Stamp Exchange, St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri

Patna Mission Stamp Mart, West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana

The Ceylon Stamp Bureau, 4133 Banks Street, New Orleans, Louisiana

Mission Stamp Exchange, Weston College, Weston, Massachusetts

The Missionary Society, Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington

Jesuit Seminary of Philosophy, 403 Wellington St., West, Toronto, Canada

Mission Stamp Bureau, 1855 West, rue Rachel, Montreal, Canada