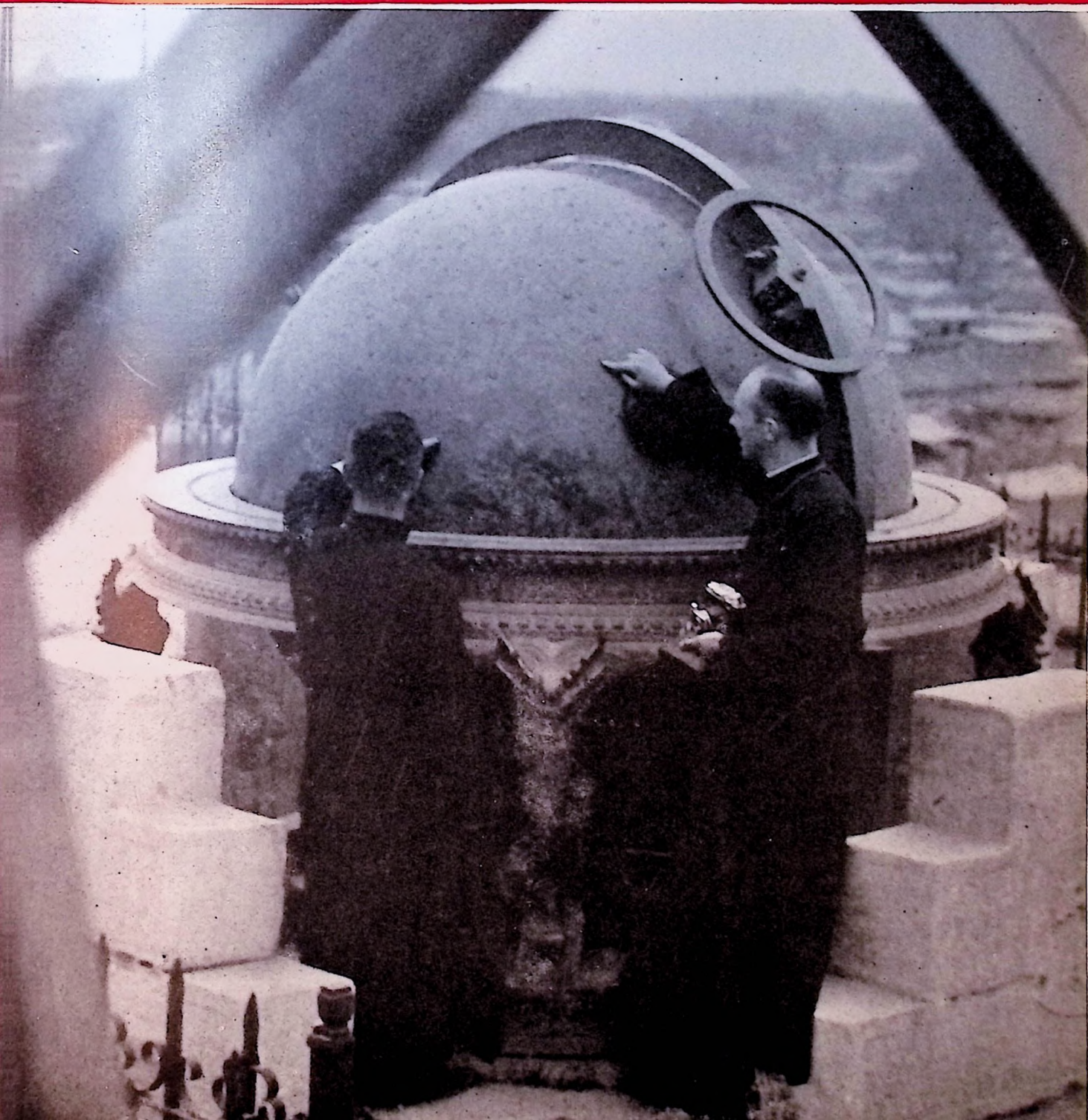


September 1947

JESUIT MISSIONS



September, 1947

JESUIT MISSIONS

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COVER. The history of the Church in China is interwoven with the scientific achievements of the Jesuit missionaries there. To the Emperor's court Father Matthew Ricci S.J. brought the science of Europe and gained a foothold for the missionaries. Here is one of the famous Ricci instruments being admired by two Jesuit missionaries recently arrived in China.

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

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JESUIT MISSIONS, September, 1947. Vol. 21, No. 7. 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.

CONTRIBUTORS

☒ Father Calvert Alexander S.J., Editor of *Jesuit Missions*, is back at his desk in New York after seven months of traveling by every conceivable mode of transportation around the world. The zig-zag course from mission to mission covered 35,000 miles, ten thousand miles longer than a straight line course around the equator. With Father Hubbard he took over 5,000 photographs and over ten miles of colored movies of the missions. He spent Christmas eve at Bethlehem, Easter in the mountains of the Philippines, and Corpus Christi on Guam.

In his accounts of what he saw on the missions, lots of people and places figure prominently: Baghdad College, and Father Batson and Patna and Ceylon, and perhaps more than any others, General MacArthur and "Billy." Above every other need, Father Alexander insists that the missions want American missionaries and need hundreds of missionaries. "More, more, more American missionaries."

☒ Father Leo A. Doyle S.J. is a veteran of both World Wars, as an enlisted man in World War I, and as a chaplain in World War II. He is now the newly appointed Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, one of the Indian missions within the diocese of Rapid City to which Bishop McCarty was recently appointed Coadjutor Bishop (see p. 176). Father Doyle is a native of Sheridan,



Rev. Leo A. Doyle S.J.

Wyoming, and can claim for his alma mater both Regis College in Denver and St. Louis University. Before serving as an Army Chaplain for three and a half years (almost two years in Europe), he was a missionary among the Sioux Indians in Dakota and the Arapa-

hoes and Shoshones in Wyoming. On June 20, 1947, during his annual retreat, he was informed that he was to be Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

■ **Father John F. Hurley, S.J.**, is "Father Hurley of Manila," the hero of resistance, the leader in internment and the Superior of the Jesuit Philippine mission for a number of years. There was one account of his life in the files of the Japanese officers who controlled Manila. The internees could tell a very different story of his life. The Jesuits who worked under him with such magnificent courage before and during



internment could tell a fuller story. The underground Filipinos could add many an incredible page to the account. The hospital staff of St. Vincent's in New York could add a page, too. When he was sent there for a check-up for various ailments due to malnutrition from the internment diet, he brought in papers and books and did a full day's work between interruption by doctors and nurses and illustrious visitors.

Father Hurley has many gifts, among them vision, courage, energy and shrewd, practical sense, but one quality of his deserves the highest honorable mention: he is the rare type of leader who can inspire in those under him and around him an enthusiastic sense of responsibility.

He is now the Secretary-General, under the hierarchy of the Philippines, of the Catholic Welfare Organization, the N.C.W.C. of the Philippines, which is directing the relief work and the social apostolate for the Archbishops and Bishops of the Islands.

Rev. Calvert
Alexander S.J.

35,000 MILES
AND TEN
MILES OF
MOVIES.



JM



Dear Friends:

Each one of our 700 missionaries of the American Provinces would like to receive a copy of JESUIT MISSIONS. Actually, hundreds do not. If we had only a few missionaries we could easily take care of the expense ourselves, but when it is a question of hundreds, it does involve a sizeable sum, with overseas mailing and all.

The missionaries want JESUIT MISSIONS. It keeps them in touch with their Brother Jesuit missionaries. One province alone now has missionaries in Jamaica, Baghdad, the Carolines, Marshalls and Japan. For years, schoolmates, now they are separated by thousands of miles. JESUIT MISSIONS means a lot to them.

Apart from our own Jesuits, we have received requests from a large number of other missionaries. It would be ideal if we could reply immediately to each request: "We are sending JESUIT MISSIONS to you through the kindness of our readers." This can be done through your help. The Editors and the missionaries will be most appreciative.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

Calvert A. Alexander, S.J.

Behind China's Red Curtain

Calvert Alexander S.J.



THE biggest story in China today is the catastrophe that has overtaken the once flourishing missions in North China. Briefly, the Catholic Church there faces complete annihilation at the hands of the Chinese Communists. That is the unanimous opinion of individual bishops and priests who have been expelled from Red-controlled areas, and it is the only conclusion that can be drawn from their descriptions of the situation in the region which contains some of the oldest and extensive missions in China.

You can't be in this country long without hearing eye-witness accounts of Communist depredations in individual missions. Some of these have been published in the United States and they may look like isolated instances. It is only when you piece all these accounts together and apply them to the districts in question that you get the true picture of the wholesale persecution and systematic destruction that is going on.

Here, for instance, is an accurate but necessarily incomplete summary of what the Communists have done in the past year and a half in 31 dioceses and vicariates in North China; 305 priests and religious have been jailed, 20 priests have been murdered, 327 churches and mission stations have been looted, and more than 1600 Catholic schools have been closed or converted to Communist use.

In all areas entirely under the control of the Chinese Reds (and this would include the major part of the northern half of China) nearly all the missionary personnel has either been expelled or placed under arrest. The few priests who are permitted to remain are so hog-tied by restrictions that they can do little or nothing for their Christians. "If Communist domination continues for some years



more," declared one bishop, "the missions will be utterly destroyed and religion will become extinct."

The destruction of mission property has been considerable, but the more usual policy followed by the Communists constitutes an even greater menace to the future of Christianity. After looting the mission buildings of moveable articles they convert them to Communist uses. Once flourishing Catholic schools are now Communist schools, indoctrination centers or training barracks for the Red Army. Churches have been turned into military headquarters, People's Courts or movie theatres. An American Army officer acting as referee on a Peace Team openly expressed his disgust when the Communists received him in a church which had been converted into a barracks and stable. The Red general's answer was: "The Church is a capitalist institution and must be done away with."

The fact is, one of the chief reasons for the current Red persecution of the Church is that it was the Chinese Christian communities which were outstanding as centers of the democratic spirit in their staunch refusal to cooperate with the Communists in their totalitarian organization of society. The Catholic village of Likiatang near Tsingling in the Shantung Province, to take a typical example, alone among hundreds of small villages refused to join the Communist-sponsored Farmers Union. When months of persecution, jail sentences and other pressure tactics failed to break the democratic spirit of those Christians, the presiding officer of the party decreed that since the Catholics chose to stand out

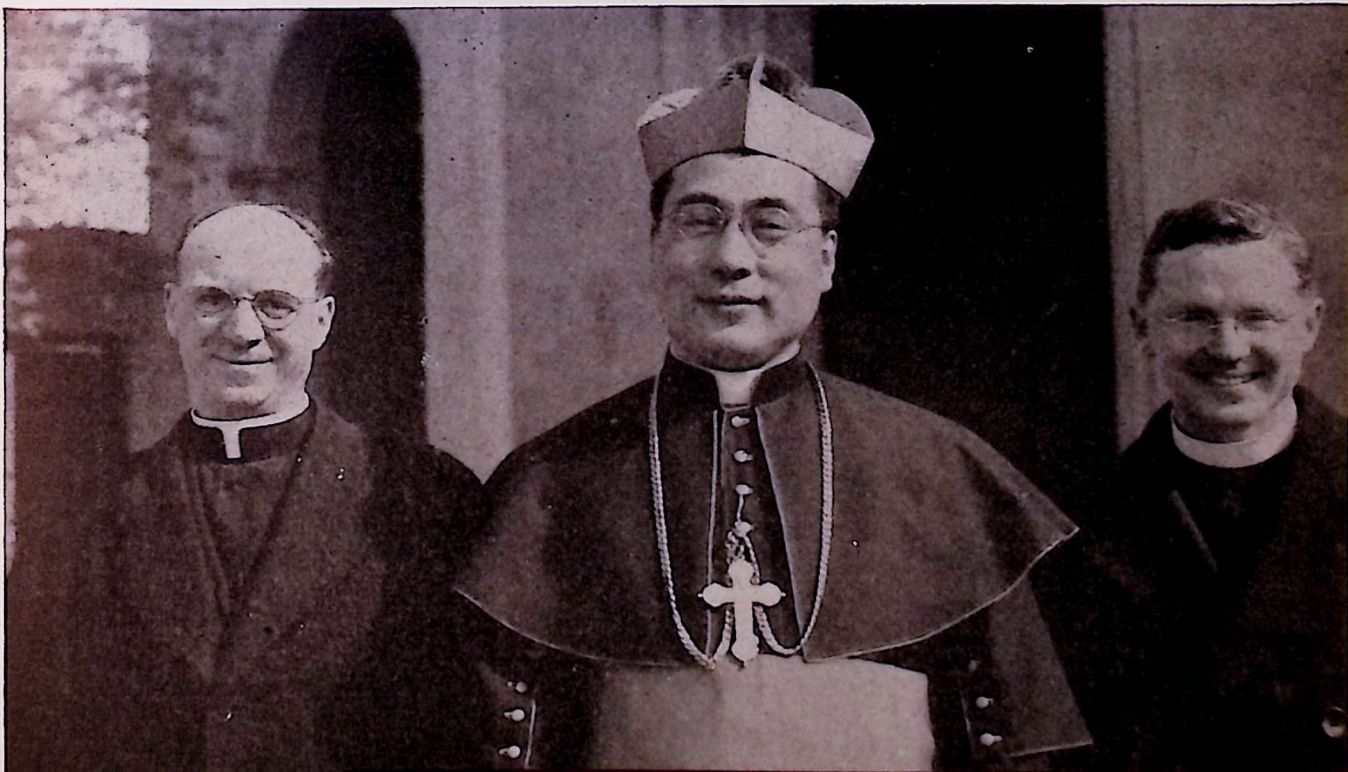
against the spread of Communism, the practice of Christian worship should be uprooted throughout that whole section of the Shantung Province.

If there are people in the United States who still think that Chinese Communism is a harmless agrarian reform movement with no resemblance to Russian Communism they should talk with refugees from Shantung, Hopei, Shansi and other provinces of North China who know the Chinese language and the people and who have been with the Communists from the beginning. It is perfectly evident that what the Chinese Communists are doing in North China is precisely what other Communists have done in Yugoslavia, Hungary and Poland. They are out to destroy religion and so far have made remarkable progress. In less than two years very much ground, painfully gained by missionary effort in the past decades, has apparently been lost to the Church.

One of the most effective means used by the Chinese Communists to crush the Church in North China is the so-called People's Court. Normally when the Reds take over an area from one third to two thirds of the people flee. These are usually the wealthy, the intellectuals and others who have means of travel. Those who remain are the lower middle class and the poor, among which would be the majority of Christians and the clergy. Out of the most irresponsible elements in this group the Communists form a People's Front and from this there soon emerges the now famous People's Court.

Anyone who has a charge against a person or a group of persons has only to file it with this body.

Very Rev. Joseph J. King S.J., Provincial of California; Most Rev. Paul Yu-Pin, Bishop of Nanking; Very Rev. Paul W. O'Brien S.J., Superior of the American Jesuits in China.



The complaint may be about things that happened ten to twenty years ago, or it may be a complete fabrication. In the presence of the Communist party leaders, the Court deliberates on the charge secretly. When the verdict is agreed upon the Communist leader trains the members of the Court in how they are to act at the public trial, what they are to shout, what penalty they are to demand.

This done, all the people of the village are called together. Priests and nuns must attend even when they are not involved in the complaint. The defendant, without counsel, is brought out, the accusation is read and all the assembled people are asked to give their verdict. The crowd that has been trained in the secret session immediately shouts out the verdict previously agreed upon and the rest of the people have the choice of joining in the chorus or being branded as reactionaries.

In some missions a great variety of tortures are used at these public trials to extract confessions. To the typical time-honored Chinese devices, the Reds have added a few new ones. There is the "Dragon Lantern," for instance, in which the victim's back is slashed open, gasoline-soaked cotton inserted and ignited. Another is the "Urination Corps" which has been described by a witness as follows: "Boys of the Communist schools are required to appear in serried ranks at practically every session of the Peoples Court. Their contribution to the cause consists in the thoroughness with which they befool the person of the defendant undergoing trial. The Reds have found this form of torture very effective since in the estimation of the Chinese the moral

disgrace of being defiled in this manner can never be lived down."

The use of the Peoples Court against the clergy and Chinese Catholics makes it possible for the Communists to say that it is not they but the Chinese people who are doing away with Catholicism.

It is the same monotonous pattern that Moscow has followed in the European territory it has taken over. There is nothing spontaneous about it. As a matter of fact the Chinese Communists have had a long time to work out its details. All during the war while the Nationalists were fighting the Japanese, the Red Army restricted its activities to token skirmishes against the common enemy while behind the lines they not only trained their troops but built up a corps of well-instructed civil rulers. The end of the war found Chiang Kai Shek's Army far to the South. Before he could move his troops to the North, the well-prepared Reds had moved in and taken it over.

Some idea of the seriousness of the present situation for the Church can be obtained from the following figures: of the 3,313,398 Catholics in China, approximately 1,382,000 are in Communist dominated territory. This is a rather large proportion of the total Catholic population. Moreover, many of the missions involved are the oldest and best-established in China. Already great damage has been done. Red occupation, continued for several years more, may mean complete ruin.

The Church in China today is at the crossroads in those districts. It may be that the battle for world domination will find its cockpit in China.



Father Mark Falvey S.J., with Chinese of three generations at his mission in northern Yangchow. His mission is near Communist dominated territory where from day to day the missionaries do not know what to expect. The Communists of China openly proclaim the destruction of Christianity as one of their goals. By their petty and bullying persecution, they make it very difficult for Christian Chinese to continue to practice their religion.



THE LATE BISHOP FITZGERALD OF ALASKA

Goodbye, Bishop

CLEMENT J.
ARMITAGE S.J.

"Good-bye, Bishop!" had become a familiar phrase to him but never a welcome one. Before the last bend in the trail he would turn and wave again to the little group watching him and the numbness in the air would find an echo in his heart.

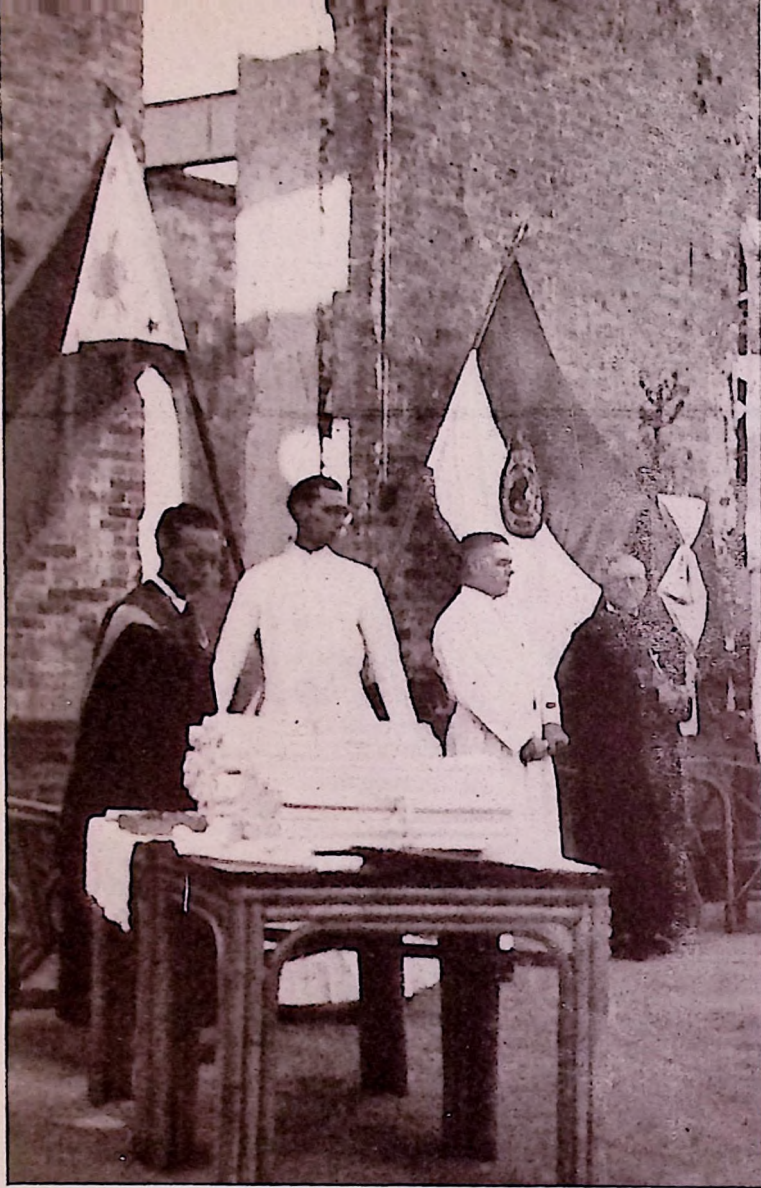
The Eskimos called him Agaiyulertapok, "the Big Priest." To others he was His Excellency, Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska. He had known the missions along the Yukon and on the flats of the tundra. He had made the weary rounds in the heart of winter by dogsled and plane. He had known the physical hardships of the most difficult mission field in the world. He possessed a patience and good humor that never failed, and he was a real shepherd of his flock. But the trails of Alaska exact a heavy toll of the men who follow them. Worn out and ill, the Bishop returned to the States some months ago. On July 19th in Seattle death came to 'Agaiyulertapok.'

Bishop Fitzgerald was born at Peola, Washington in 1883. He attended Gonzaga High School in Spokane and after graduation in 1902 he entered the Society of Jesus at Los Gatos Novitiate in California. After the usual course of studies he was ordained in 1918. With the completion of his studies he began that career of leadership which characterized the last twenty-nine years of his life. He was appointed President of Gonzaga University in Spokane. He served six years at Gonzaga and then in turn was rector of the Jesuit Seminary at Port Townsend, Oregon and at Seattle College. He was named Vice-Provincial of the Rocky Mountain region of the California province and when the

province of Oregon was established he became its first Provincial.

During all these years the lovable Bishop Crimont of Alaska was building, solidly and wisely, the far-flung Alaskan Kingdom of Christ. But he was growing old now, and he asked that a Coadjutor Bishop be named to assist him in his far-spread territory. The choice fell upon Father Fitzgerald and early in 1939 he was consecrated Bishop in the church of St. Aloysius, Spokane. Bishop Crimont himself was the Consecrator and there were tears of joy in the old man's eyes as he placed the symbol of the Shepherd in the hand of his successor.

So the man who wore the purple of a Prince of the Church went north to a land where his episcopal throne would frequently be a 'gas box,' standing on one end. Not for him were the Cathedrals and the long aisles to the sanctuary. Here was a country where he would reel in at night to a mission station with one eye closed and his face black with congealed blood after his sled had overturned on the rough river ice outside of Bethel. This was the country where he would be trapped by a blizzard in a two by four igloo for five days with a two-days supply of food. For him the ceremonial processions that belong to a successor of the Apostles would be the flying snow and the plunging malemutes along the hard-packed trail, and his episcopal robes the rough parka and sealskin mukluks. He congregations might be only a handful but he never disappointed them and he wore himself out for them. The Shepherd of the Snows laid down his life for his flock. Resquiescat in pace.



The spirit of a school that will not die is shown in this scene of a graduation amid the ruins of the Ateneo de Manila. Diplomas on a bamboo table, no roof, gaping walls, but the school keeps going forward. (l. to r.) A Lay professor, Rev. John Delaney (Dean), Rev. Francis Reardon (Rector) and Archbishop O'Doherty

The Work Ahead in the Philippines

John F. Hurley S.J.

THE present situation in the Philippines might be better understood, I think, if we realize at the very beginning that the atrocities reported there were not just propaganda. Their actuality could not be exaggerated. It was not only destruction but devastation. Although many do not realize it, the destruction in Manila was worse than that in Coventry. Cardinal Spellman and General

Eisenhower both stated that they saw only one city more devastated than Manila and that was Warsaw in Poland.

The Church, of course, suffered terrifically. Many think the Philippines will need 15 to 20 or 25 years to rehabilitate, and this goes for the Church, too. Investigators for the "War Damage Corporation" estimated the damage to the Church as over 125 million dollars, pre-war value. Ten of the eighteen Catholic churches were completely destroyed. Churches, colleges, schools, clinics, convents and everything built up during 3 centuries of the Catholic faith were literally smashed to the ground. The Bishops now face a serious problem and as difficult a one as any equal group of 17 Bishops and Prefects Apostolics have ever faced in history.

First of all, there is the *relief* problem. After three years cut off from the world, we had practically nothing. No clothes, no shoes, no electric bulbs, no electricity. Nothing. Many of the Bishops still do not have the decent clothing of their rank, although in about a month or six weeks cassocks, cloaks, birettas, etc., will be on their way.

Through the Catholic Welfare Organization—the Bishops' own organization—there has been distributed over 5,000,000 pounds of relief supplies to over 1,000,000 persons. These goods have been valued at almost \$3,000,000. These supplies came from the United States Army and from the Bishops' War Relief Services (N.C.W.C.). Many of the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS contributed to this help.

In addition, the Catholic Church Extension Society, I have been told, sent to the Apostolic Delegate in Manila a quarter of a million dollars. This, I understand, has been distributed to the individual

Bishops. But the relief problem is still far from being settled. More people are dying today in the Philippines than during the occupation. Malaria and beri-beri find easy victims in bodies weakened by three years of starvation. War Relief Services is still helping us. So far this year they have sent us more than \$60,000 in medicines.

Although relief must necessarily be the fundamental and primary problem attacked yet the Bishops have made a valiant start on the rehabilitation task. That the Church in the Philippines is doing everything in its power to help itself is evident from the magnificent efforts put forth by the Catholic Educational Association in the Philippines. Just imagine, if you can, eighteen dioceses here in the United States with the Catholic teachers of the schools, colleges and universities put on a starvation diet for three years. Then imagine most of their buildings destroyed by artillery, fire and looting. This, of course, leaves scarcely a desk or chair or blackboard and no pencils, pens or texts. Then try to picture these teachers who had lost 60 or 70 pounds in weight being suddenly called upon to rehabilitate Catholic education in those dioceses. I am not overstating the case one iota. I know many instances where there was only one text book to ten children. If the children had a chair to sit on it was only because they brought it themselves. Too frequently they could not bring a chair from home because they had no chairs at home and, very often, because their homes had been bombed or burned to ashes. Many times the bomb cases were used for seats, in schools and in churches, too.

I was an eye-witness to the astounding feat of Catholic priests, Brothers, Sisters and loyal lay teachers struggling through three years of starvation, fear and terror in an enemy-occupied country and then, with the advent of the forces of liberty, quietly shaking off, as it were, the effects of the nightmare and gathering the children, young men and young women in the ashes of the ruins in a grand effort to rehabilitate education in the Philippines.

General MacArthur was thrilled with this valiant work of the Church and he said, "I am glad to see you gather the children together, even in the ashes of the school. Where the teacher is, there is education."

More astounding still, in June 1946 these courageous men and women of God called a National Conference of the Catholic Educational Association of the Philippines. Seven hundred delegates came from all parts of the Islands, by land, sea and air. With the fine sense of realism, their purpose was "a clear restatement of the place of Catholic Education in this republic." This is only one instance to prove that the Church in the Philippines is doing everything to help itself.

There is one question that I have been often asked. What is my opinion on the independence of the Philippines and do I think that independence will work out for the best interests of the Church? It is my opinion that many people do not realize that before the war we had in the Philippines practically an autonomous government set-up. The government was in the hands of Filipinos with the exception of diplomatic relations with other governments and the final approval of their budget by the American authorities. In regard to the Church, it works well under any form of government which does not interfere with its God-given command to teach the people the way to Heaven. Today the Church in the Philippines is actually just as free as under the American government. In fact, it is my own personal opinion and that of many priests who have spent long years in the Islands that the Church will exercise a wider and deeper influence under the new republic.

The reason for my last statement can be clarified perhaps by a question. As American Catholics, would you prefer the Church in the United States functioning under a foreign government, or under our own government and with the majority of the Bishops native-born Americans? Naturally, you would prefer the latter. The same holds true for the Philippines. Nor is there any question of the Church now beginning to appoint native Filipino Bishops. For long before political independence, long before Admiral Dewey captured Manila Bay in 1898 the Church had been consecrating native Bishops in the Philippines. Today thirteen of the seventeen Bishops in the Islands are native-born Filipinos.

In regard to the progress of the schools, let us take Mindanao as an example. In the diocese of Cagayan last year the secular priests, Columbans and Jesuits working under Bishop Hayes (a native New Yorker) opened about thirteen or fourteen high schools. This year they are opening an additional six or seven. On the other side of Mindanao the American Oblates of Mary Immaculate have opened several high schools and set up a printing press. Mind you, these indomitable spirits began from zero but, encouraged and helped by the Church, they are succeeding gloriously.

Ateneo de Cagayan, under Father Haggerty, and Ateneo de Naga, under Father Burns, have opened normal schools to prepare the teachers.

The high schools now being established at such sacrifice will produce the Catholic Actionists of the next generation. These schools have been made possible by the spirit of the native Filipinos, Bishops, priests and Sisters, aided and assisted by the sacrifices of the priests, Brothers and Sisters of America and Europe who are toiling by their sides.



BISHOP McCARTY, CARDINAL SPELLMAN, FATHER CULLEN AND INDIAN CHIEFS AT THE INSTALLATION IN RAPID CITY.

Indians Get a New Bishop

Leo A. Doyle S.J.

HOLY Rosary Mission is proud of its war record. Hundreds of its Sioux Indian boys and girls were in the service of their country in the last war. But their justifiable pride reached its peak when the Holy Father appointed as their Bishop for the diocese of Rapid City, the Most Rev. William T. McCarty C.S.S.R., D.D., former Military Delegate under Cardinal Spellman for U. S. Catholic Chaplains and service men all over the world. And to climax the event, Bishop Arnold, former Chief of Chaplains who assisted and now succeeds Bishop McCarty at the Military Ordinariate, came to the mission to visit the Indians on the occasion of his predecessor's installation.

Naturally there was great celebration. All kinds of it. Two of the first students of Holy Rosary mission school received Bishop Arnold into the Oglala Sioux tribe. The men and women were dressed in their finest Indian costumes. Jim Iron Cloud and John Whiteman-Stands-in-Sight welcomed the distinguished bishop and 40 priests and laymen from New York. There were ancient dances, and throbbing tom toms, and the whole nation of the Sioux was honored and proud as Chief Sam Stabber spoke his solemn oratory in the ancient Sioux tongue. John Whiteman-Stands-in-Sight was the interpreter.

"Most Reverend and Honorable Bishop. The Sioux Nation greets you. It is my honor to speak for them. You have been a brave soldier and a good priest. You cared for our Indian soldier boys who were fighting for their country. Some of them died for their country. But they did not die alone or neglected. You as the Big Chief of Chaplains saw that our Indian boys were cared for. We thank you and we are grateful. The United States Army has honored you. They made you a Major General with two stars on your shoulder. We too honor you today and we make you an honorary member of the Sioux Nation and a Chief in our Oglala Tribe. We name you 'Wicahpi Nunpa,' Chief Two Stars."

The next day ten Indian chiefs and ten Indian women went to Rapid City to be present at the installation of Bishop McCarty, presided over by Cardinal Spellman himself, and witnessed by the former Coadjutor Bishop, now in Fargo, North Dakota, Bishop Dworshak. The Sioux orators had a becoming speech for each one.

To Cardinal Spellman, Chief Sam Stabber said in Sioux:

"I am happy to be here with my Indian people to meet one of the great Chiefs appointed by the Holy Father from across the ocean, to watch over and fight the battles of our Holy Church in America. We believe it is the true religion for it has come from there. It takes courage to be the Chief of the Catholic Church in United States. In the name of the Sioux People from South Dakota, I present

you with this war bonnet and we name you a Chief of our Sioux Nation and in Lakota we name you 'Wanbli Ohitika,' Chief Brave Eagle."

To Bishop McCarty, Chief Jim Iron Cloud spoke as follows:

"You are now the new shepherd of the flock in the Black Hills and surrounding country. Your job will take you on many long journeys, among many races now living in this wide and rough country, over rough trails to watch your flock. You can follow the trails better with these moccasins, which would not be necessary in the subway in Brooklyn. Because of the watchfulness you must take of your flock we name you 'Wanbli Wakita,' Chief Watching Eagle."

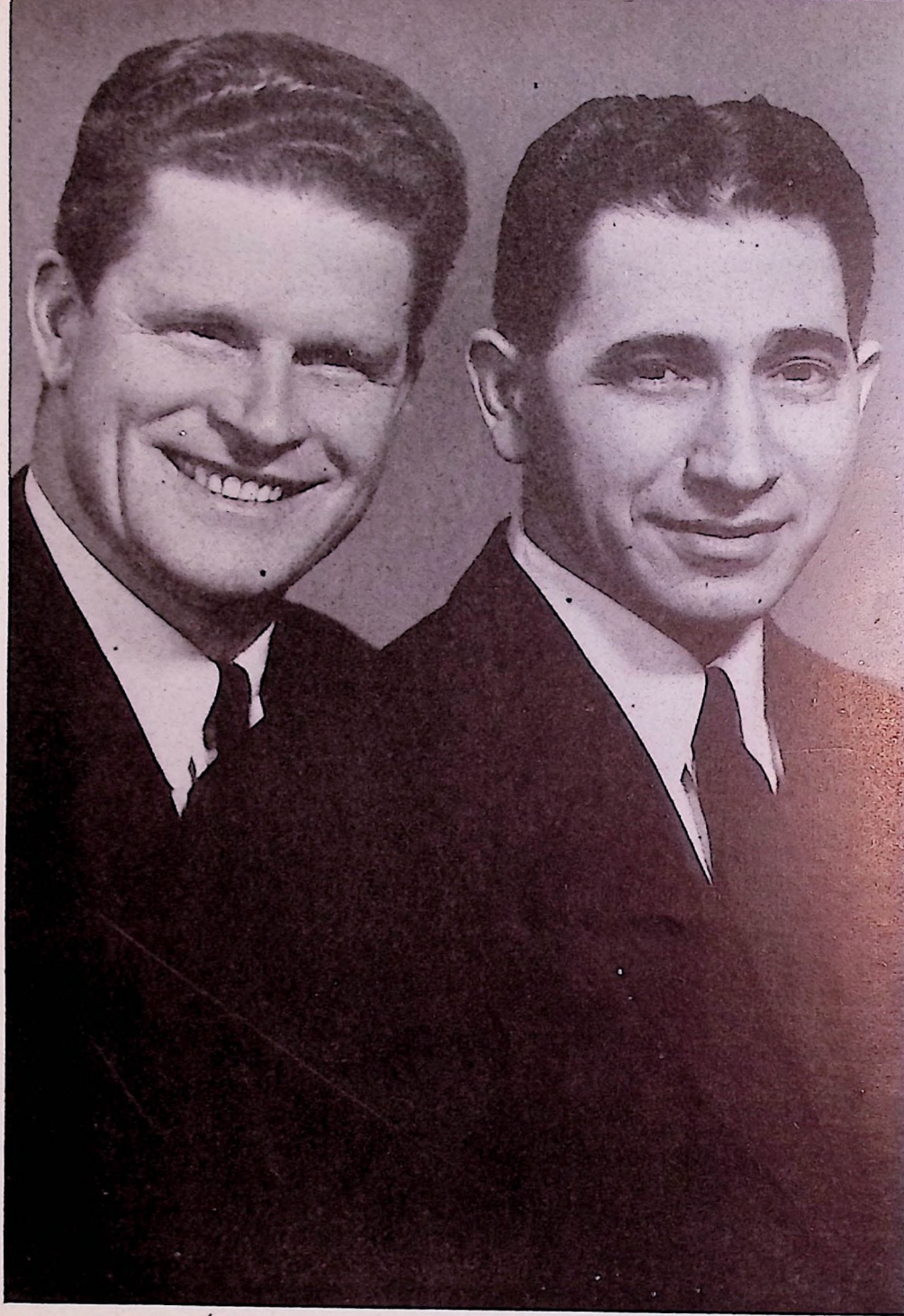
Chief Hollow Horn Bear addressed Bishop Dworshak:

"Although you have been with us only a short time, we feel that you are one of us. You have made a visit to the Lakota Reservation while here and you have comforted us. Now you are leaving for the North, back to the Hunkpapas and the Mandans (Indian Tribes of North Dakota) and others. You have been to us like a big white cloud on a sunny summer day, when it is very hot and we longed for cool shade and rain. Wherever you go you cast a shadow of relief and comfort. But like the white cloud you pass on and only stay with us a short time. For your journey to the northern Sioux and others across the line we provide you with a pair of moccasins as a token of good friendship and gratitude of the Sioux. We name you Chief 'Mahpiya Ska,' Chief White Cloud."

Not to forget the orator of the installation Mass, John Whiteman-Stands-in-Sight presented Bishop Kearney with a pair of beautifully beaded moccasins, with this comment: "Because of the smooth flow of speech-making which you spoke to us in the Holy Sacrifice, we name you Chief Iyeksapa, Chief 'Smooth Talker.'" This bit of seriousness and humor brought a great round of applause and bantering to Bishop Kearney. John told me afterwards that "Ksapa" really meant "wise" but the exact translation did not come to him at the moment.

In closing, Cardinal Spellman addressed the Indians as "Fellow Chiefs," thanked them for their gifts, and added:

"The Bishops received moccasins so that they would not get sore feet. I have received a head-dress so that I won't get a sore head. Now I have two hats—Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, gave me one too." He assured the Indians that they were getting a zealous Pastor in the Most Reverend Bishop McCarty, who would take good care of them because of his zealous and prayerful interest in the missions of the Church all through the busy years when he was Provincial of the Redemptorists.



Brother John Francis Connolly (left) was born in Ireland, entered the Jesuits from Boston, and is now about to depart for Jamaica as a missionary brother. There is work for twenty more like him in Jamaica today.

Brother Italo Cincinnatus Archimedes Parnoff (right) comes from Bridgeport, Connecticut. His ancestors centuries ago came from Russia, through Spain to Italy. An artist, an electrician, a genius as "Mr. Fix-it," Brother Parnoff will be more welcome than Santa Claus in Iraq. He will be the only Brother in Baghdad where a dozen more are needed.

Clement
J.
Armitage
S.J.

BROTHERS

The men who make good Brothers are men who would have succeeded in the world but who prefer to use their talents for serving God.

THIS is not the story but rather the introduction to two men. I think you will hear much more of them later. They are two men who have gone forth to strange lands because they love God. They are not men who are cut to the same pattern, save for that single master-thread that holds them close to Christ. You can tell the difference in their very names, a difference that is reflected, in a shining way, in their characters. Both are Jesuit coadjutor brothers; both volunteered for the mission field—and both are as different as God evidently does want.

It is hardly necessary to stress the need of brothers on the missions. Anyone who is acquainted with a Jesuit community in this country realizes the important part the brothers play in the round of everyday life. Yet the trust and reliance placed upon them here is doubled in the mission field. For no mission is ever overstaffed and a score of duties which at home could be divided fall often on the shoulders of a single missionary. But it is not the sharing of the work alone that makes a brother so welcome on the missions. For there is something in him that makes a priest feel humble, the kind of feeling you have when you see nuns walking the dusty roads of India or the streets of a place like Port Said. The priest wonders if his own surrender has been so complete. That is one reason I want you to know these two Jesuit laybrothers.

BROTHER Italo Cincinnatus Archimedes Parnoff is all the things that come to mind with the name. Do you remember the sense of loyalty that turned Cincinnatus from his plow and the sense of duty that brought him back to the tilling of God's earth? The skillful Archimedes knew that if he could but stand on the correct spot he could move the earth. Years ago Maria Ferreri Parnoff bequeathed to her son that instinctive taste for beauty which would color his whole life and finally, under God's grace, deepen into the whiteness of the present. Brother Parnoff is a man who is by nature an artist. I can remember watching him with envious admiration in the novitiate as he painted out of nothingness a beautiful backdrop for a woodland scene in a play. Now he is in Baghdad and the artist in him will miss the lake and woodland blendings of New England. Iraq is no country for an artist. The blazing sun and the desert, empty save for dusty camelthorn, are too stark and drab. True, there will be those few fleeting moments when the sun goes down behind the river and the desert and the purple haze softens the date palms but these are beyond the catch of canvas.

However, I know the harshness and strangeness of the country will not affect Brother Parnoff to any

great degree. That slow smile on his face is characteristic of his quiet calmness and geniality. Many an excited and voluble Arab will probably be disconcerted when his ordinary method of attack fails to shake that smile. He will not understand that behind that smile are thirteen years of faithful service to God, years wherein a native appreciation of beauty flowered into the strong, calm realization that there is no beauty comparable to giving one's life for God on the mission field.

BROTHER John Francis Connolly was born in Ireland some 37 merry years ago. Now look at his picture. Don't you think that it is hardly necessary to say anything more about him? You know him already for you have seen him a hundred times before. But there is a tiny difference. He is not only Ireland but Ireland at her best. All the laughter, all the courage, all the deep love of which the Irish are capable have found their home in his heart. As a boy in Boston he worked in the daytime but insisted on attending evening school until he received his high school diploma. Later he took special courses in a Civil Service school for there was something in him that would not allow him to rest content with his ordinary job. When he was 24 years old the first whisperings of what was to be reached his soul. Years later he would say that the greatest influence on his vocation had been the example of the laybrothers and priests of Boston College where he attended Mass. He became a Jesuit brother in 1938. Now, after nine years, that divine restlessness which drives men to the heights of sanctity and sacrifice has sent him to the mission field of Jamaica in the British West Indies.

Brother Connolly and Jamaica will get along very well together. He is among a people to whom laughter comes easily and who appreciate a broad smile more readily than the kindest gesture. He will be at home among the "Black Irish" and can tell these dark-hued Fitzgeralds and Sullivans the great tales of men who first bore those shining names. Brother Connolly will undoubtedly be a credit to Ireland, to America, and most of all, to God.

Two men of far different characters, walking far different paths, but lifted up by that bright holiness which sends men to the ends of the earth, heedless of the cost, for the sake of Christ. Ask them if they are doubtful of the future. Brother Parnoff will answer simply, "I have two sisters who are nuns. They will take care of me." Brother Connolly will laugh and say, "Sure, and isn't Michael at home with my mother in Ireland?" These men will do. But as I said before, this is only an introduction to them. You will hear much more of them later.



His Eminence, Cardinal Spellman, who has done so much to aid the Philippines and Philippine Relief work in this country, receives from the newly appointed Rector of the famous Ateneo de Manila the distinction of being made an honorary member "in perpetuum" of the alumni of the Ateneo, an honor the Cardinal has richly deserved for his unceasing efforts in behalf of all the Missions in the Philippines. "The new Rector" is our own Father Masterson, a former business editor and friend "in perpetuum" of JESUIT MISSIONS, the able director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau all through the war, and now for the third time, in the Philippines. To the right is Mr. Arthur Hull Hayes, General Manager of WCBS in New York, whose work through the press and the radio to make known the glory and the tragedy of the Philippines, has won for him, too, full honorary membership in the Ateneo alumni.

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

HIS EMINENCE PIETRO CARDINAL FUMASONI-BIONDI during his fourteen years as Prefect of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith has established forty-eight native missions, a record exceeding that of any of his predecessors. This was noted by Archbishop Celso Costantini, Secretary of the Congregation, in an edition of the Congregation magazine dedicated to the Golden jubilee celebration of the Cardinal's ordination.

A JOINT PASTORAL of the Bishops of South Africa issued by Archbishop Martin Lucas after the Plenary Conference at Marianhill states that they are "confident that the youth of the country is no less generous than the youth of other lands" and the

Bishops are taking steps to found a major and minor seminary so that future generations of South Africans may be ministered to spiritually by priests born, bred and educated in their own country.

TWELVE NATIVES of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan are in training to become members of the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. The Brothers of the Sacred Heart opened their first mission in Uganda in 1931. The second mission at Nyapea was begun in 1941, and this year they are opening a third mission at Okaru.

BISHOP HENRY ALTHOFF of Belleville, Ill., has given an American-built Piper Cub to the White

Fathers of the Ghardaia Prefecture, Algeria. The plane will be flown by Father Leo Harmel, W. F., who has 2,000 flying hours to his credit. He will fly to two oases 65 and 80 miles distant from his headquarters at Ghardaia. When Cardinal Lavigerie sent his first White Father missionaries to the Sahara seventy-five years ago, he counseled them: "Don't expect a conversion before a hundred years!" Today with forty-three White Fathers and one hundred and twenty-five White Sisters working in the Ghardaia Prefecture there are 10,000 Christians.

ANNUAIRE DES MISSIONS EN CHINE for 1947 estimates the number of Catholics in China at 3,250,000. Statistics from only 61 of China's 138 ecclesiastical divisions were available but incomplete reports from all provinces afforded a fairly reliable estimate. The number of native priests in those divisions which had furnished information has increased by over 100 with no decrease in the number in major seminaries. The Shanghai Diocese reports more than 1,000 adult converts. The Catholic University at Peiping, Hautes Etudes at Tientsin and Aurora University at Shanghai report more than 7,900 students as compared with 3,800 before Pearl Harbor.

MISS GISELLA MAXIA, a young doctor of science and a former teacher of science in the Lyceum of Cagliari, Sardinia, has left Rome for Karachi, India, to devote her life to the service of the sick in India. Miss Maxia will join another woman doctor of medicine in a small hospital directed by the Jesuit Fathers of Venice, about eight miles from Calcutta.

CATHOLICS OF INDIA were assured by Prof. J. B. Kripalani, President of the Indian National Congress, that their rights will be safeguarded and protected by any future constitutional change. The occasion was a reception in honor of Professor Kripalani by prominent Indian Catholics of St. Anthony's Church, Cochin, India. The Church was founded more than 300 years ago by St. Francis Xavier. Rev. Mario Gomez, the pastor, pointed out that although India's 5,000,000 Catholics are a minority they are second to none in their patriotism.

THE CATHOLIC POPULATION of India has more than tripled since Pope Leo XIII established a native hierarchy sixty years ago. From fewer than 2,000,000 the number of Catholics has

risen to 6,000,000. In 1886 Pope Leo created eighteen dioceses. There are now fifty-nine. Native priests now number 3,850 against 1,050 from other countries. Sixty years ago there were 1,450 native priests and 650 foreign. In 1886 there were no native Bishops; today there are seventeen.

IN THE SUB-PREFECTURE OF BAN PLAI NA in the province of Juthria, Siam, 3,000 Catholics were lined up in an endeavor to force them to embrace Buddhism, the state religion. Four recalcitrant Catholics were placed at the head of the line when the inspector urged them not to adore a European Christ. The first recalcitrant when urged to abjure Christ replied: "I am not an intellectual, but I learned at school that Christ was born in Palestine and that Palestine is in Asia. Christ is therefore an Asiatic . . . and Asiatics are not following a European religion."

THE MISSION OF FLORES, Little Sunda Isles, now numbers 400,000 Catholics in its population. Although most of the Dutch Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word were forced into concentration camps during the war, its Major and Minor Seminaries are functioning. In the Major Seminary there are fifty-three seminarians, ten already ordained.

Bishop McGuiness, of Raleigh, N. C., and the newly consecrated Bishop of Wichita, Kansas, Bishop Carroll, were honored at the four day celebration commemorating the founding by the Jesuits 100 years ago of the Osage Mission, now St. Paul, Kansas. Since 1894 the Passionists have been in charge of the parish of the old mission.






Katmandu

NEPAL

Amlekhganj



This is the Patna mission of the Chicago Province Jesuits. To the South are Franciscans (T.O.R.) To the east and west, Belgian Jesuits. To the north are the Himalayas and Nepal, a kingdom closed to almost every foreigner and to all missionaries.

The Patna mission has more people (28,000,000) than there are Catholics in the United States. One hundred and sixteen Jesuits are there now as missionaries among the 30,000 Catholics. Two colleges, one at Patna, and the other at Bettiah, are important institutions for the future of Patna.

Mt. Everest
29,002 feet

Patna
● Bhatgaon

FORBIDDEN
KINGDOM

Chakri
Rampur

Champatia
Chaurart

Bettiah

Morpa

Itanah

Muzaffapur

Samastipur

Arrah

Buxar

Piru

Patna

Barhi

Makameh

Jamalpur

Gokhla

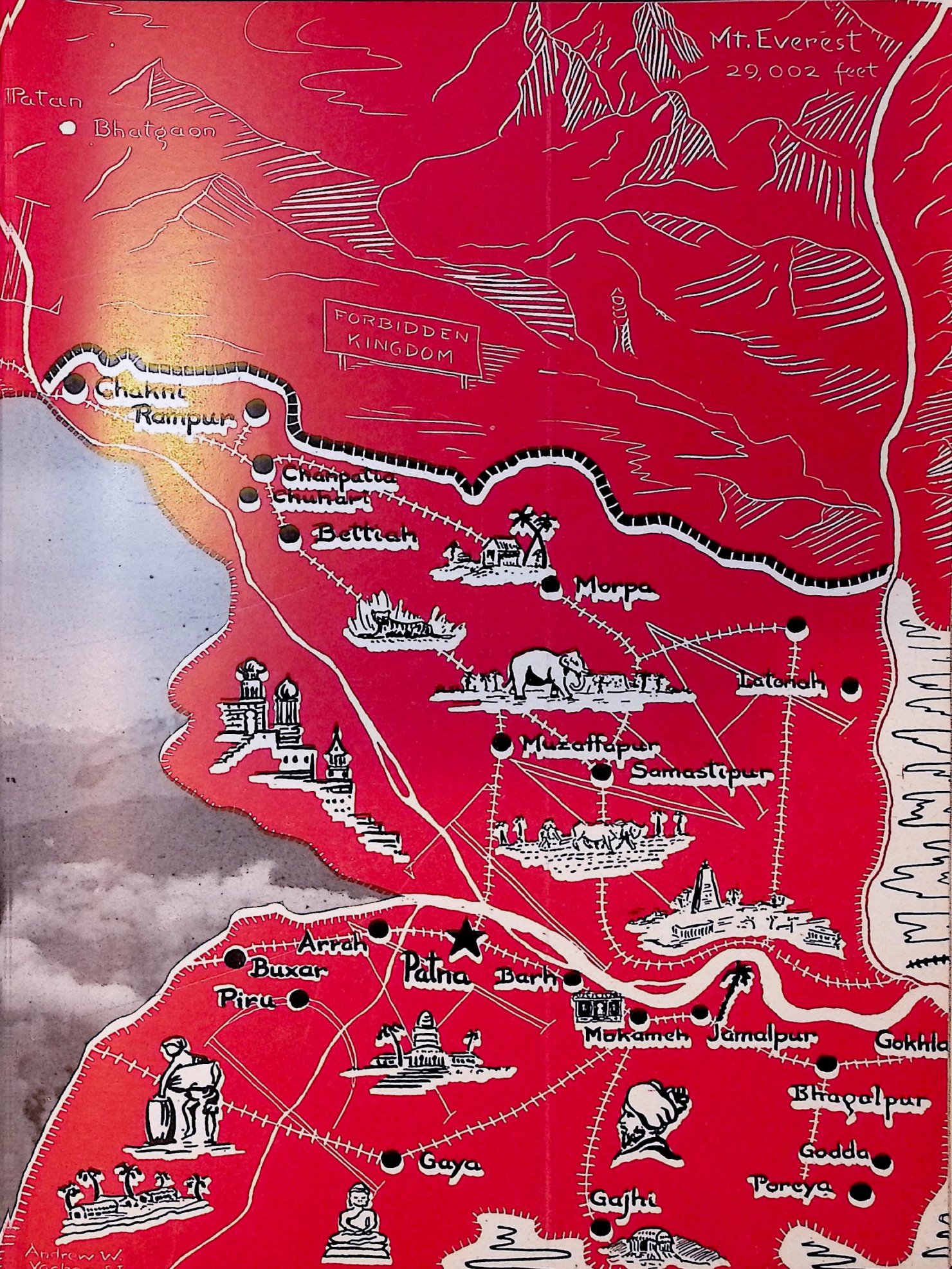
Bhagalpur

Godda

Poreya

Gaya

Gashti



This is Peewee, made an orphan by American bombs over Burma, adopted by Airmen of the 10th U. S. Air Force and sent to school in India when they left.

Eugene L.
Watrin S.J.

A LITTLE group of terrified Burmese huddled silently together as the bombers roared overhead and bombs screamed as they hurtled earthward. Then boom—it hit. The silent group was lifted from the ground with flying debris, and fell back broken and silent. Only a few groans came from those who had been on the outskirts of the circle. The others were forever silent. Among the dead were the parents of a fair-skinned, bright-eyed Burmese lad of ten who was left to shift for himself.

Not long after this tragedy the 10th Air Corps moved into the area to establish a camp and landing strip. Serving as radio operator with this group was the unsung hero of our story. We shall call him Sergeant Donald, for I am afraid he would blush in his Pittsburgh home if we identified him more fully. But the "Sarge" and his friend, Frank, soon noticed a little brown boy who spent all his time around the camp. They were won by his brown hair, and ivory teeth that glistened through his ever-smiling lips.

"Hey, Son, where do you live?" they asked one day.

"No home," was the broken reply. "Mom, Pop killed boom."

"Well, Peewee, we will see what we can do about that, won't we, Frank?" Donald said.

And from then on Peewee, as he was named, was no longer an orphan but had the whole 10th Air Corps for a mother and father. He had stayed with his married sister for a time, but she was too poor to take care of him. Soon Peewee was wearing a miniature Khaki Air Corps uniform, and sharing the mess of the men. He was always ready to run errands, shine shoes, and perform the little services the men required. He not only won his keep, but the hearts of the G. I.s as well.

For a Burmese orphan, life in an Army camp was a little bit of Heaven. There was always enough to eat, and the soldiers showered gifts and kindness on him. But unlike Heaven this could not last forever, and Donald realized that the rough life of an Army camp is not the best environment for a ten year old. But what to do with Peewee? How could they take care of his training?

When the American Army moved through India on its way to Burma, many of the G. I.s became acquainted, for the first time, with the work of the American missionaries in the north of India. While

PEEWEE

deciding on Peewee's future, Frank and Donald recalled that the American Jesuits had several Middle schools for boys in the state of Bihar. They decided to find out if one of them would take care of Peewee. So they promptly loaded him in a C 47 and hopped from Burma to Calcutta, and then on to Patna. It was there that Donald heard of the Mission School at Chuhari which has been taking care of orphan boys for over twenty years.

About fifty boys live at Chuhari and attend the Middle English School. A few of the boys come from homes that can afford to pay the board of the boys, but most of them have to be supported by the Mission. That is why there are not more boys. When Donald heard of Chuhari he made arrangements with Father John Meyer to sponsor Peewee through school. So Peewee came to Chuhari. After a period of training and the proper instructions in the Faith he was baptized, and his name changed to John Peewee. He is now in the fourth standard.

By following the old saying of early to bed and early to rise the boys at Chuhari become healthy and wise. They rise with the morning Angelus at five o'clock. Quickly washing and dressing, they are ready for Mass at five-thirty. The Chapel, which also serves as the Mission church, is on the first floor of the large brick building, and the boys' dormitory and study hall is on the second. Study, play, class, prayer, and meals make up the rest of the boys' day.

Football (American Soccer) is the favorite and year-round sport. John Peewee is on the first team this year. Last year the Chuhari Middle English School won the district championship. Since many of the boys are orphans they miss the affections of a mother and father. Never are John Peewee's white teeth more in evidence through his smiling lips than when he receives a letter from "his friend," as he terms Donald.

More regularly than most parents, Donald writes to Peewee and sends him shirts, pants, shoes, cap pistols, and many other items that are dear to the heart of a boy. John is always eager to answer these letters and comes to one of the Fathers for help in composing his replies. He loves to tell "his friend" how he is getting along in school, how much he appreciated his last box of gifts, what the score of the last football game was, and the little stories of success that a boy usually tells his father.

There are not many young men who have been



Father Eugene L. Watrin S.J., author and missionary, and Peewee's teacher.

thoughtful enough of others to help them as much as Donald has helped Peewee, but one of those letters must be enough to repay the care and sacrifices this help has cost. To see a poor, homeless orphan growing into an intelligent young man through this help must give him that feeling of pride which a father feels for a son who has overcome some great handicap to succeed.

Perhaps Peewee has never told Donald, as he told me, that he prays for "his friend" every day. I am sure that if Donald could see him at Mass, or hear him saying his Rosary with the other boys, and realize that a part of Peewee's prayer is ascending to God for him, he would feel amply repaid.

Two other boys at Chuhari, David Lewis and Raphael Argen are sponsored by ex-Servicemen. At first it seemed strange to me that ex-servicemen should have a monopoly on this great work of charity. But then I realized that they were the only ones who had been over here to see the plight of an orphan in a non-Christian land. Either he leads a life of poverty and begging, or falls into crime and is sent to jail. What a chance for life these boys at Chuhari have been given by their generous sponsors! All for five dollars a month!

BABE in the woods

AS I walk from one Keckchi Indian village to another here in the jungles of British Honduras the strangest thoughts sometimes pop into my mind. For example, one day not so long ago I was oozing through the jungle. (I use the word "oozing" because the rains had made deep porridge-like mud of all the trails.) Suddenly I became aware that I was mentally humming a sentimental little ditty about two babes who were lost in the woods. Of all the queer things, to have that tear-jerker of thirty years ago suddenly in my mind!

If you recall the song, you will remember that on a certain day when all of God's creatures found it so good to be alive, some mean and black-hearted villain lured two little babes into a huge forest. Upon reaching some remote spot, the scoundrel, probably stroking his mustache in the approved fashion and chuckling to himself, slipped quietly away leaving the babes to themselves. Of course, the two little tots wandered around, and they sighed and they cried and lay down and died. And then to make the treachery of the villain more apparent, the robins came, sang a requiem and spread strawberry leaves over the dead children.

Just a coincidence, thought I, but here I was miles and miles back in a woods where two little babes, if taken off the path, would hardly have been able to wander more than thirty or forty feet. What was more, just a few days before I had seen a little babe's breast covered, not with strawberry leaves, but with lumps of clay and rock. The child had not been abandoned and left to die, but just the same, in a few months its very grave would be forgotten and would grow back into jungle. Still, it wasn't such a sad affair. The little one had been baptized,

and without a doubt was enjoying the Beatific Vision at this very moment.

Baptism! Beatific Vision! The next thought; I wonder how many babes are back in these immense stretches of jungle? How many babes are literally lost in these woods and die without the Sacrament that gives them God's own life in their souls? There was the case of Warri Creek on the Guatemala side of the Sarstoon river. In three days that I was there I baptized eighty-nine of these little ones. It meant a day or two days' journey for the parents and god-parents. And yet, for all that it was a goodly number of baptisms, there were many who were too far away to make the trip in the time I was there. Some, too, did not hear of my arrival until too late as Guatemala is not my regular territory, and this was something of a surprise visit. How many babes are still back in those woods?

And there was Blue Creek. I arrived there about six in the evening and had to leave the next morning. But on my arrival runners were sent out in all directions to tell the people that a Father had come. Within a short time people began to come, the babes riding in little cloth cradles slung from their mothers' heads. That night as I sat on top of the nine hundred foot hill, whose crest had been cleared to make way for the little bush church, I looked out over the jungle that completely filled the valleys, and on the surrounding hills I could catch occasional glimmers of torches. Each torch meant more people bringing one or more of these little babes who would not be lost in the woods. Until midnight they came, and in the morning thirty-five more little ones were given supernatural life. But how many more did not get the chance because of such short notice?

After miles of jungle you come suddenly on a village where a handful of people are genuinely glad to see you.



Clement A. Andlauer S.J.

There was San Felipe which had been a repetition of Blue Creek. There was the constant stream of children from Chiacte, Chacalte, Pusilha, San Luis and other villages in Guatemala whenever I appeared in a village near the border. How many other little ones are back in the bush?

I felt a little downhearted when I reflected on how many babes might be lost because circumstances would not permit me to visit them or give them more time. But it was cheering to remember that not all were lost and that I was the one who had given them their start on the road to Heaven. Then I remembered, too, that while I did the baptizing, still the credit was not all mine. I probably would not have even this hurried opportunity for such a great work of charity if it were not for the spiritual and temporal help of the good Catholics back home who assist my missions so unselfishly.

"Say," the thought came, "I'll bet they would like to know about these babes in the woods whom they help to save. Now how can I tell them about these little tots in the best way? Well, I might start by telling them what a Keckchi Indian baby looks like; how its little hands reach for the Father's stole. I might try to picture for them how even in this tiny little mite all the patience and long-suffering of the Indian seems to be already fully developed as it silently endures discomforts of all kinds. . . . Oh! OH!

My foot had slipped on a tree root hidden under the water and mud, and now I found myself lying on my side in a nice soft spot of jungle goo. No more reflections on babes in the woods during the rest of that trip! But it gives you some idea of the strange thoughts that frequently come into my mind as I walk from one village to another.

Mayan Indians are attractive people. Their eyes especially you can always recognize.



APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

MISSION INTENTION FOR SEPTEMBER 1947

More Missionary Vocations in Latin America

Dear Lord of the Missions, I'm going to ask You to fix Your eyes on Latin America. You know better than I that with very few exceptions all the Catholic countries of Europe will feel the effects of the recent war for some years to come. Nearly all of them are groaning under grave economic burdens. In Europe Your Catholics have a gigantic task before them if they wish merely to restore their own ruined churches, their gutted seminaries.

The only Catholic portion of the whole world that has not suffered the ravages of World War II is Latin America. That is why I ask You to fix Your gaze there. In many instances recently Catholic life there has shown itself to be a living thing. There, too, many of Your Catholics are not without financial means. Do I seem rash then if I venture to say that Mexico, Central America, and South America have under Your divine Providence been called at this time to help in a special manner the missionary undertakings of Your Church?

I'm fully conscious, dear Lord, that Your Church in Latin America herself needs priests—needs them sorely. One of Your missionaries has estimated that if Latin America is to serve her Catholic children adequately she will need 40,000 priests. One priest can not hope to serve 25,000 souls single handed. The problem increases if his parishioners are scattered over vast regions, if he must convert large numbers of native sons who have never embraced Christianity, if he is to refute false doctrines that are undermining the very foundations of Your own social doctrines.

Latin America needs her native priests, but let her not become a selfish daughter of Your universal Church. That would be a grave error! Rather let her imbue herself with the meaning of the immortal words of Your Vicars of blessed memory, Benedict XV and Pius XI. Addressing Your Ordinaries the former said: "We must remedy the scarcity of missionaries. . . . Do not be misled by appearances or moved by earthly reasons, as though the gift to the foreign missions were a loss to your diocese. Instead of one priest you might send abroad God will raise several priests to do useful work at home." Similar words were uttered by Pius XI: "If you deprive yourself of a co-laborer . . . the Divine Founder will surely supply the deficiency by . . . awakening new vocations to the sacred ministry." We beseech You, dear Lord, hear our prayers for this need.



MARY D

in Jamaica

Joseph F. MacFarlane S.J.

THERE was a time when Mary Dooling was only known from one end of the United States and Canada to the other. But that was because she had never been anywhere else. By now it is no secret that she has twice visited the Caribbean and that from British Honduras to Jamaica she is the "Queen of the Caribbean."

Her first visit to the Caribbean in 1945 was a succession of triumphs. She arrived, relatively unknown, as "some American lady interested in the betterment of the poorer classes through cooperatives." The first thing anyone knew, she was as much at home with the hierarchy and government leaders as she was with fishermen and poultrymen. Jamaicans were surprised to find her so attractive, and when they saw her, they never expected her to be as brilliant and experienced and informed on credit unions and cooperatives as she proved herself to be. When she showed she "belonged" among the leaders, they never expected her to be "at home" among the very poorest everywhere. Mary D. could have been Queen of Jamaica and British Honduras by the time that summer of 1945 was over.

What the people of the Caribbean did not realize was the wide experience Mary D. brought with her to Jamaica. She had been the national director of the Sodality cooperative movement in the United States for several years; she had lectured before thousands upon thousands of people all across United States and Canada; she was chosen to teach on the faculty of a Jesuit University Mission Institute where she taught a number of missionary priests from several mission organizations, Jesuits, Maryknollers, Columbans, Divine Word Fathers.

In March of 1947, when she returned to Jamaica, she was not too well. Her doctor forbade her to travel out into the "bush" of Jamaica. As a result she had to confine her formal talks to the following institutions: Alpha High School, Immaculate Conception High School, St. George's College, St. Joseph's Teachers Training College, Sodality Credit Union, Ltd., Northwestern Chapter of Credit Unions, Joint Meeting of Jamaica Poultry and Farmers Marketing Cooperative and Seaford Town Credit Unionette, Port Royal Credit Union, Ltd., Jamaica Credit Union League, Special Meeting of Franciscan and Mercy Sisters Directors of Credit Unionettes in grade schools throughout the Island. Special conferences with individuals were limited to His Lordship, Bishop Emmet, Very Rev. Walter Ballou, S.J., Superior, Fathers John P. Sullivan, Francis Kempel, Raymond Sullivan, Charles Judah, Sodality leaders, Directors of the Government agency, *Jamaica Welfare Ltd.*, and English Colonial officials.

Her particular interest was to study the progress of the Jesuit mission credit union and cooperatives she had visited two years before; Father John Sulli-



Miss Mary Dooling's class at the Mission Institute in St. Louis. These missionaries are now in China, India, British Honduras, Jamaica and the Philippines. Mary D. spent most of her time this year in Jamaica with cooperative groups actively engaged in credit unions and consumer coops. The two groups below are: The consumer coop conducted by the girls of the Immaculate Conception High School and the Sodality group of leaders who form, under the direction of Father John P. Sullivan S.J. (lower left) the spearhead of Catholic cooperatives in Jamaica.

van's 230 credit union groups; Father Kempel's amazing poultry coop at Seafordtown; Father Judah's projects at Port Royal and the shop on Duke Street, Kingston; the development of consumer cooperative stores; and especially the development of credit unionettes by the Sisters among the children of Jamaica. (At the close of 1946, they had \$3,000 total savings in a country where the average weekly wage of adults is \$4.00.)

It meant more to Jamaicans to have Mary D. return this year than anyone up here can realize. It meant invaluable experience for Mary D. herself to revisit Jamaica's fast growing cooperative movement. But the whole project was an apostolic journey on her part. It gave her a chance to do something with her professional skill and knowledge for the missions. No one paid her to go. She is a busy lady and could well have used the time at home.

There's a special reason, you see, for talking about Mary D. I wonder if other professionally trained people in the United States might not be able to offer some help to the missions. Instead of skiing in the Rockies or golfing at Pinehurst or hunting in Maine, why couldn't a Catholic doctor or lawyer or speaker or writer or musician or businessman or contractor spend a few weeks of his vacation once every few years on a Catholic mission within reach of the American continent? Mary D. did it.





A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

Arctic Retreats
 Planting the Faith
 Patna's Clinical Mecca
 City of the King
 Dead -End Mission

Behind this beard is Father Edwin McManus S.J.
 of Brooklyn and Truk, Caroline Islands.



Alaska

MOUNTAIN VILLAGE
 Father John P. Fox S.J.

For the first time in many years the missionaries of this section of Alaska met for a sort of convention. The Akulurak community suddenly jumped from three priests to eight. From Holy Cross mission came Father James Spils; from Bethel Father Francis Menager; from Hooper Bay Father Paul O'Connor, and from Nelson Island the Superior of the Mission, Father Paul Deschout. With the three Coadjutor Brothers attached to the Mission our community counted eleven.

Three years ago Father George Endal launched the idea of men's retreats in this district. Pilot Station, the geographical center and not more than forty miles from any of the other four stations was chosen for the first two retreats. The first year about a dozen men, all chiefs and members of the village councils, responded to the invitation. The next year these same men returned and with them a few new retreatants. We now have sufficient interested in retreats to give three day retreats at all the stations in this district. Thus far we have given one retreat to twelve men at Mountain Village and to six men and four women at Marshall. The final retreat will be at Pilot Station where a convention will be held on August 15th. Men and women from every part of the district will attend.

The retreatants keep perfect silence for the three days of the retreat and follow the usual exercises of the first week of St. Ignatius' Spiritual Exercises. They live in cabins near the Church and bring their own food and dishes. Some of the retreats are in English, others in Innuit. The results are quite satisfactory. Daily attendance at Mass is improving. More men receive Holy Communion on Sundays and feast days and almost all who make the retreat conclude it with a confession of their whole lives. There are fewer disorders in the villages, and the men know more about their Church and the Commandments.



Iraq

BAGHDAD COLLEGE
Father Joseph L. Ryan S.J.

Fathers Larkin, O'Neill, Devenny, Nash and myself took twelve of the Baghdad students to Mosul via Kirkuk. Our journey began at 8:00 P.M. and we slept well. About 2:00 A.M. we were awakened by much shouting and noise. The train was traveling at snail's pace. What was up? We were in Kurd territory. Could it be bandits? No, only locusts had settled on the tracks making them very slippery and delaying our arrival at Kirkuk by several hours. Here we were met by one of our Baghdad students with an automobile. We took a look at some of the oil wells, the perpetual flame of natural gas that issues from one of them, and the remains of the old city of Kirkuk, now only a series of dusty battlements crowning a dusty hill.

Then off to Mosul in what we would call a beachwagon of ancient vintage at the remarkable speed of twenty-three miles per hour. Smiling green fields stretched for miles around until they met the low foothills behind which rise the snowcapped mountains of Iran. The nearer we approached Mosul the more in prominence were sheep pastures and bright red poppies. At Erbil we encountered many Kurds with bright sashes sheathing short daggers.

As we crossed the Zab we saw huge bulky stork nests all about us; some on the tops of houses, others in the branches of trees and one even in the crutch of an abandoned steel crane.

After visiting the Dominican Fathers, Jonas' tomb at Nineveh, and a few other historic sites, we headed for the Chaldean Monastery at Al Qosh where we were to spend the night. We did not fail to take in the all-Christian village of Tell Kef. It is the Ireland of the Near East for the faith of its people. The next morning our schedule forced us to leave the Chaldean Chapel while the liturgy was at its height with fuming incense and resounding cymbals.

Micronesia

KWAJELEIN, MARSHALL ISLANDS
Very Reverend Father Vincent Kennally S.J.

Kwajelein is an atoll in the Marshalls well known to our forces of the United States. It is from here I write today.

During the past journey we stopped at three Islands or groups of Islands—Mokil, Pingelap and Kusaie. All together they have 2,748 inhabitants and of that number exactly seventeen are Catholic. All the rest are Protestants, and by that I mean believers in the "Bible and nothing but the Bible." The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, the Sacraments, the richness of the treasure of graces that flow from the Sacred Heart—these are all things unknown. . . . But do not imagine that the Church is completely "blacked out." The rays of God's grace that strike through shine all the brighter. On Pingelap I found one native Catholic who had instructed his wife, so I baptized her, blessed the marriage, baptized the child, and then, with a few of the crew of the LSM 460 that brought me from Ponape, offered the first Mass in this island in twelve years. The mustard seed is planted and nurtured with the Precious Blood. It *must* grow!

On Kusaie there was a still brighter spot. A German adventurer arrived there many years ago, married a native who became

Wanted

Dear Readers of *Jesuit Missions*:

It is said that when St. Francis Xavier sailed for the Indies the only luggage he took with him was a small set of breviaries. Father Vincent Kennally and I have just compiled a list of items any of the new American Jesuits coming to the Caroline and Marshall Island Missions should bring with him and sans breviaries we have listed 104 items.

How do we justify the "extras"? Quite a few of the items are religious supplies a missionary needs for a mission that will have not even a church when he arrives. They will bring everything from the crucifix for the altar to the machine for baking hosts and the pure wheat flour for mixing the batter.

Throughout these islands there are some hundred chapels or excuses for chapels. Not one of them has a complete Way of the Cross. To ship heavy stations here by freight would be most impractical. Freight service is almost non-existent. But by Parcel Post to the address given below readers of *Jesuit Missions* can send pictures for a complete Way of the Cross mounted on heavy paper or cardboard. When these arrive we can make rustic bamboo frames for them and the little wooden cross for each station.

What were some of the other 103 items? Unlined Mass vestments of all the liturgical colors; altar linens ranging from the top altar cloth to the tiny finger towel, alb and amice; beeswax candles, incense, charcoal and Mass wine.

Then there are the aids to the spiritual life: books of theology, sermon outlines, pamphlets and popular lives of the saints, histories of the Church.

Xavier might call these luxuries: table cloths, dishes, silverware, bed-sheets and mosquito netting.

Will the Patron of the Missions smile as he reads this? Didn't he don his best finery to impress the Emperor of Japan?

In the Sacred Heart,

Edwin G. McManus S.J.
Catholic Mission

Truk, Carolines, Mil. Govt. 3410
FPO, San Francisco

Communications

Dear Father:

At college we used to read *JESUIT MISSIONS* from cover to cover. We did the same at our Scholasticate. Since I left for the mission field I miss it very much. For the Fathers of this station, including myself, and for the hundred boys of my school may I ask you to send the magazine to my address.

Your magazine has always been enlightening for me and I feel it does a mission good to read what is done in other parts of the world.

Gratefully yours in Christ,

REVEREND A. D. LEBEL, W.F.
Bolgatanga P. O.
Gold Coast N. T. S.
B. W. Africa.

Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find a check to take care of a year's subscription to *JESUIT MISSIONS*. When I came home from overseas I found that my wife was getting your magazine. For me, personally, it has a particular interest as I visited your mission at the Culion Leper Colony in the Philippines. At that time, Father Gampp was in charge.

I was in charge of a relief supply ship. We were then distributing supplies to the small outposts of Filipino soldiers. We added Culion to our stops and spent an all too short twenty-four hours there.

Father Gampp won't remember me for our acquaintance was merely an introduction on the road at mid-day. What impressed me most about the missionaries is their ability to carry on what they are doing so isolated. For instance, the island of Culion has about one trip a month, if conditions are good.

A personal visit to any mission, particularly a leper colony, makes one realize the desperate needs of the missionaries. The lepers have little to look forward to in this life, yet there is a remarkable cheerful-

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

a Catholic despite the violent opposition of the ruling "elders." Now his descendant with their nine children make up a truly Catholic cell. Before Mass, by means of a Ponapean-English questionnaire, I heard confessions of all the family down to the twelve year old boy. We had four First Confessions and a First Communion Mass at which the family choir sang in the native dialect. After Mass I baptized and confirmed two grandchildren. Again, the seed is growing.

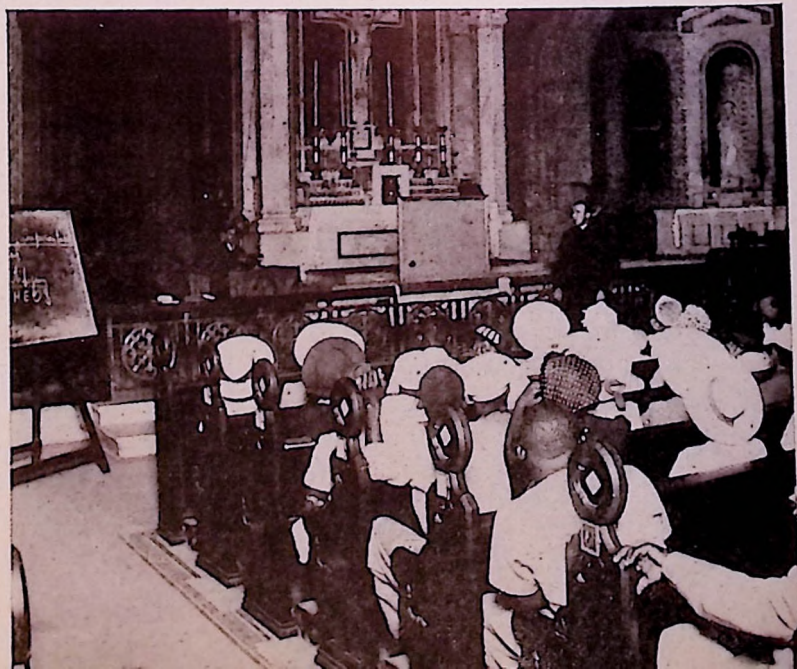


India ST. XAVIER'S HIGH SCHOOL, PATNA
Father Peter J. Sontag S.J.

What the Medical Missionary Sisters have meant for Patna and the Church in India only a Patna missionary can appreciate. They are an auxiliary to the fieldwork of the Fathers. They are a model and inspiration to all of adaptation to circumstances which many another would have rejected. They are shining exemplars of devotedness and indefatigable work, work, work. In a Province such as Patna, where existing hospitals are such that the thought of hospitalization is a nightmare, these Angels of Mercy are a God-send that no volume will adequately portray. I am convinced that their new Holy Family Hospital will be a Mecca for all northern India. Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi will have nothing to compare with it.

Shortly after these lines reach you India will have entered upon a new era. The Fathers at Patna are facing the future hopefully and calmly although the disturbances of last year gave us full cause for apprehension. But why worry? We are in the hands of Him Who is infinite Power, Wisdom and Love.

Father Raymond Fox S.J. of Holyoke, Mass., used to conduct lectures in Holy Trinity Cathedral, Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I. He has just been appointed Rector of the Cathedral.



Communications

CATHOLIC MISSION, SHAHPUR, *Father Nicholas J. Pollard S.J.*

I have moved some twenty miles west of Arrah and have taken up my residence here at Shahpur, "The City of the King." As yet our Eucharistic King has a very humble home, a small mud chapel with a room attached which serves as my headquarters and base of operations.

Father Westropp had pioneered in this area and for the last six years I have been following up the work. Now we have some 700 converts within an area of about 125 square miles. Prospects for the future look good and with God's abundant grace, lots of hard work, and some good organization, we not only hope to consolidate what we have gained but also to bring in large numbers who are waiting for the invitation.

At present we are confining our efforts to the Chamars, or leather-working caste. They are quite numerous and make up about one-tenth of the total population of this area. Getting around to them is a problem since they are dispersed in small groups in the thousands of tiny villages that dot the territory. We have seven village schools operating in the area. These also serve as focal points for gathering the adults for instruction and the administration of the sacraments. Tomorrow morning I am to bless my first marriage in the area but there will be no rice-throwing. Every grain is needed for the table these days. There will, however, be the usual village fanfare.

I have purchased a small piece of property near here for my central station, and I am busy collecting nickels to pay for the new project. If all goes well, we shall begin transition from the mud to the brick era in November. But don't think for a moment that my troubles will be over then.

Father Denis Tobin S.J. of former Rector of Holy Trinity Cathedral, has been named Rector of Winchester Park, the heart and center of the mission of Jamaica. Both Father Tobin and Father Fox (see page 192) are graduates of Holy Cross College.



ness about the place. As far as they are able, they work on farms, run their own Police and Fire Departments and have their own Administration.

I could go on with more details but you have probably received many reports from other Army and Navy men who visited your missions.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

S. M.

Dear Father:

P. C.

Some time ago I wrote and told you about our parish school for boys. In that letter, I told you that our pupils were bringing their parents in for instructions.

Last May, 48 catechumens received Baptism. Of these, 41 were members of families whose children are studying in our school. One mother received Baptism with her seven sons. I baptized the children with their parents. The baptism of children, especially girls, is very dangerous if the parents have not been baptized.

We now have the ground and material for construction of our new school for boys. We hope that through the generosity of the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* we will be able to raise \$2,000 which is needed for the construction. The students pray each day for the benefactors of their Masses.

China today has plenty of problems and the cure for most of them lies in education. That is why the new school is so important to us. I hope my next letter will tell you of its success.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

THOMAS ENRIQUEZ, S.J.
Our Lady of Peace
Hwei Min Lu 694
Shanghai (19) China

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Philippines GINGOOG, ORIENTAL MISAMIS

Father J. Edward Wasil S.J.

Gingoog, as you know is at the end of the line, the last parish of the diocese of Cagayan. It was so remote that the "Glacier Priest" and Father Alexander failed to reach it when touring the Jesuit Missions of the world. Had they managed to come here, they might have found me absent for I spent the month of May visiting the various barrio chapels and holding fiestas in honor of our Lady. It was a tough month on human nature traveling on foot, horseback or cramped in a native sail boat. But it did have its consolations. I was able to conduct fourteen fiestas, to administer three hundred and twenty-four baptisms and to bless eighteen marriages. Confessions approximated a thousand and funerals never exceeded seven a day.

Among other things I have a dispensary functioning since the first of December. Thus far we have handled nine hundred and sixty-one cases. It is somewhat expensive but has more than paid dividends in good will. Gingoog has been notorious for malaria. The situation was not improved by the food and shelter shortages of the war years. Evidences of malnutrition are still too numerous.

British Honduras

TOLEDO DISTRICT

Father Clement A. Andlauer S.J.



After visiting Father John Knopp at San Antonio, I traveled by way of Pueblo Viejo to San Pedro, Colombia. The people here are a mixture of Maya and Kechchi Indians and a sprinkling of Spanish, East Indians and negroes.

The priest's house at San Pedro needed a house cleaning before I could move in. When I had finally established my quarters, there was no end of visitors. The church unfortunately is too small for the village and it was filled each night, mostly by women. In this respect it is different from the other places where men are usually in the majority. I stayed here five days and for the first time tried some intensive catechising of the people in their prayers, conduct in church and manner of attending Mass. They took it very well, but reverence in church is a hard lesson to impress upon them. Every evening after rosary and devotions, I would make an examination of conscience with them and then recite the act of Contrition in both the Mayan and Kechchi languages. I am happy to say that there was a good record of confessions on this trip.

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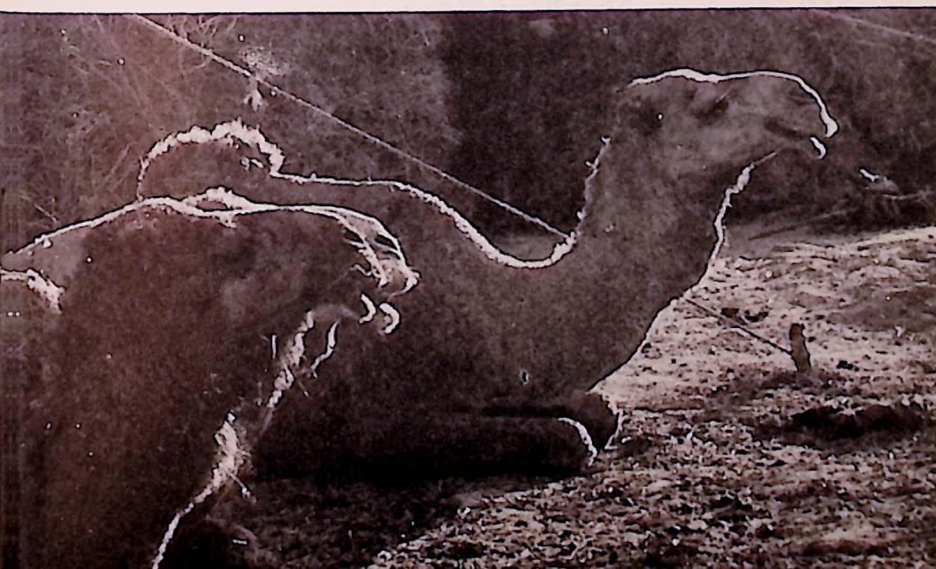
A Jeep

There is a wonderful Brother going to Baghdad this year. He'll be the only one there, and he'll have a million things to do. Brother Parnoff should have a Jeep.

He is almost a genius with tools — the kind of American tools you cannot buy in Baghdad. You know how much such a Brother will appreciate your help to buy tools for his work at Baghdad College.



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Dear Father Daily:

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for tools
to help Brother Parnoff at Baghdad.

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ANOTHER September and the classrooms fill again. Outside those walls men talk of war in terms that rival the Book of the Apocalypse or the words of Our Lord as He looked down upon the city He had loved. The deadly virus of hate spreads slowly through the world body and the politician, the commentator, the diplomat, the economist, are powerless to provide an antidote. The disease is too deeply rooted for mere words and bread to cure. Hate is a kind of heart trouble for which science knows no remedy but can only wait and prepare for its bursting.

The school is the most powerful weapon the missionary has in breaking down the barriers that separate the peoples among whom he works. He builds schools not only for his own but also for those whom he prays will someday be Christ's. Into the same pattern of training he fits the various races, religions and sects of his district. The differences that hitherto caused so deep a cleavage are lessened, softened, or even made to disappear. The students are welded into new loyalties that overshadow and erase the old feelings and hatreds of their fathers. Never again will it be possible for the ancient bitterness to poison their lives. Their hereditary enemies are now their friends and the most formative years of their youth have been spent in close association. And always the overtones are Christ's.

The American Jesuit missionaries conduct 25 colleges and high schools in the fields entrusted to them. Some of those fields are predominantly Catholic, such as the Philippines, and naturally the great majority of students are Catholics. But in other lands it is interesting to note how heterogeneous is the makeup of the student body. So in China the school at Yangchow is situated in a district where there is only one Christian to every 1,500 souls. Ricci College, too, in Nanking has a non-Christian attendance out of all proportion to the ordinary concept of a Catholic school. In India the American Jesuits have 3 schools and a glance at their enrollments reveals that their fundamental purpose is to lay a right moral foundation upon which the waves of prejudice will shatter and the Faith may rise in future generations. In the school at Jaipur City there are only a handful of Catholics while at the College in Patna there are 13 Catholics out of 600 students. Half of the student body at Christ the King High School in Bettiah is either Hindu or Moslem but is it likely that a boy who has wholeheartedly lifted his voice in the school cry "Krist Raja!" should ever know again the fierce hatred that his people have felt for the things of Christ? The schools of Ceylon follow the same pattern as India. In Baghdad one third of the students are Moslems or Jews while a good 10% of the Christians are not Catholics but they are all one in their loyalty and school pride.

"Go forth and teach all nations!" Divine Wisdom laid down the plan whereby the thousand hatreds that darken the souls of men could be dissipated in the light of the strong love of His disciples. It is a plan which every missionary strives to put into practice. It may mean a tremendous burden to him but he knows it is the one sure way of reaching hearts which hate and prejudice have ruled so long. When a boy has gone to school with Christ he will never forget the joy and happiness of those years. Christ may not have been in him but He was all around him and as a man he will remember.

AFTER BLACK COFFEE

Robert I. Gannon S.J.

People in New York and from miles around begged and bribed and pleaded for tickets to hear Father Gannon give these talks and addresses. Here is your chance to read them at the new price. The book is chock full of wit and wisdom.

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It Is With Sincere Regret

We Hesitate To Mention

You Will Pardon Us For Suggesting .

We Are Reluctant To Do This, But .

Such statements are generally known as "sad approaches." Every once in a while magazine editors have to employ them, usually as a prelude to a change in policy or a rise in subscription rates.

For twenty years the editors of JESUIT MISSIONS have tried to avoid such terms. At the moment, however, we are looking for the most gentle manner of saying that—regretfully—we must announce a slight change in our subscription rates.

JESUIT MISSIONS will still come to you at \$1.00 a year. That rate will remain fixed as long as possible.

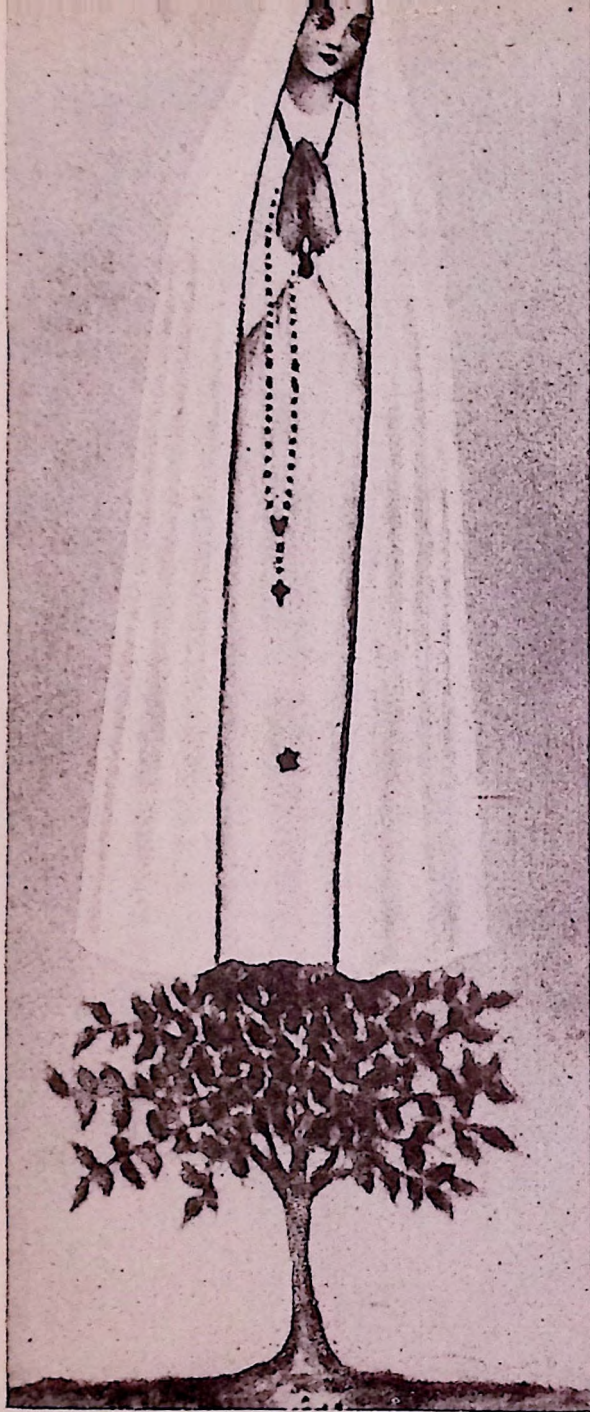
But the bargain rates are no more. The long-standing arrangement of \$5.00 for six years and of \$2.75 for three years is herewith discontinued. The change is effective at once, but affects only *new* subscriptions beginning July 1, 1947.

To be sure, this is not much of a change. It is merely an indication that production costs have been creeping up on us. JESUIT MISSIONS has been forced to concede a little ground.

We might mention that you may still subscribe at the rate of \$5.00 for *five* years. Such a move on your part would save work in the renewal department and assure you of fifty issues of good missionary reading. We are sure that you understand. May God bless you.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

The Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS.



Our Lady of Fatima

by William Thomas Walsh

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