October 1947

JESUIT MISSIONS

October 1947

JESUIT MISSIONS

Editor: Calvert Alexander
Managing Editor: Joseph F. MacFarlane
Associate Editors: Clement J. Armitage, Stephen B. Earley, Vincent S. Kearney, John H. McCummiskey, Robert P. Phalen, Anthony G. Schirmann, Andrew W. Vachon, Edward T. Wiatrak
Regional Editors: Patrick A. Ryan, Thomas J. Hallahan, Paul Brennan, Henri Bechard
Business Editor: Coleman A. Daily

Alaska • Am. Indians • Br. Honduras • Ceylon • China • Honduras • Iraq • Jamaica • Jamshedpur • Patna • Philippines

This Month

		Page
1947 DEPARTURE . . .	*Clement J. Armitage S.J.*	198
BISHOP OF THE MISSIONS	*Vincent S. Kearney S.J.*	201
OVER EIGHTY FAMOUS BROTHERS	*Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.*	202
ROSARY IN THE RESISTANCE .	*Raul Manglapus*	204
BEWARE OF THE DACOIT	*Richard A. Welfle S.J.*	206
THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN	*Charles J. McCarthy S.J.*	210
LAURA	*Claude P. Boudreaux S.J.*	212
BRITISH JUNGLE MISSION . .	*Douglas Newton*	214
SWING IN A HAMMOCK	*Quirinus P. Leonard S.J.*	216
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS		218

COVER. Father Edwin G. McManus S.J. and a Caroline Island chieftain on the Island of Truk. Father McManus was the first American Jesuit to come to the assistance of the Very Reverend Vincent I. Kennally S.J., Apostolic Administrator of the Caroline and Marshall Islands. Theirs is a mission that comprises 1400 islands and extends for more than 2500 miles. Father McManus is assigned to Truk, an atoll 40 miles in diameter with some 250 islands within the coral reef.

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, October, 1947. Vol. 21, No. 8. 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; five 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 Charles J. McCarthy S.J. is one of a group of California missionaries who have just recently left for China. He has this advantage—he is not seeing China for the first time, being a veteran of some years standing. During his first sojourn in China he spent several years in an effort to master the difficulties of Chinese in the language school at Peiping. He has been a Professor of Theology in the Jesuit Scholasticate at Zikawei, Shanghai. Then came Pearl Harbor and internment in a Japanese concentration camp. After liberation he returned to the United States. With an eye to his future work in the Far East, he received an M.A. degree in Journalism at Marquette University, and now he will be attached to the publicity department of the Chinese Bishop's Welfare Committee.

Fr. Chas. J. McCarthy S.J.

Father McCarthy will also assume duties at the Institute of Higher Learning at Nanking, which had been interrupted because of the war. It was fortunate that the training of its personnel was able to be continued, since the Institute is most important to the future of the Church in China. According to plans the students are to be post-graduate men, guided in the tutorial method by the best trained Jesuits that can be sent to China.

Father Quirinus P. Leonard S.J. is another who is no newcomer to mission fields. His mission is British Honduras, where he has been for many years both as scholastic and as priest. Page through the back issues of *Jesuit Missions* and you will find that Father has been a most generous contributor in the past. His name has long been familiar to readers of the magazine. He has made other names as commonplace as

the name of old home town. His long, frequent and wearying journeys through the bush of British Honduras, for his is the life of the typical missionary, have brought to life such places as Punta Gorda, the banks of the Sarstoon River, San Jose, Sierra de Agua and Cayo. The black Caribs, descendants of the fierce cannibalistic Incas of the Matto Grosso section of South America, Kekchis, who spring from the ancient Mayas, all know him well, for he has been their priest, and that covers a lot in missionary lands. He has been everything from Father Confessor to mediator between his people and the mahogany company that wanted to move a whole town bag and baggage.

Fr. O. P. Leonard S.J.

■ **Father Vincent S. Kearney S.J.** is a recent and most welcome addition to the staff of *Jesuit Missions.* Born in New York, he attended Regis High School and Fordham. He entered the Jesuits in 1932 at St. Andrew's on the Hudson. In 1939 he set off for the Near East. The first day of World War II found him wandering among the ruins of Pompeii. A few weeks later he settled down in Cairo, Egypt, to unravel the mysteries of the ancient Coptic language. He spent two years there in the turbulent Faggalah quarter as the desert armies battled for the strategic Suez Canal. When victory for Rommel seemed imminent superiors ordered him home for safety's sake. He dutifully embarked at Suez. That night the German bombers came in. He abandoned the ship, his Coptic notes and a watch which he couldn't find in the darkness (he has never said whether or not he looked for the notes) as the ship went to the bottom. Home again, he was ordained two years ago at Woodstock. Today, as Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions,* he lapses into Coptic only in the more trying moments of getting the magazine to the printer.

Fr. V. S. Kearney S.J.

JM

Dear Readers:

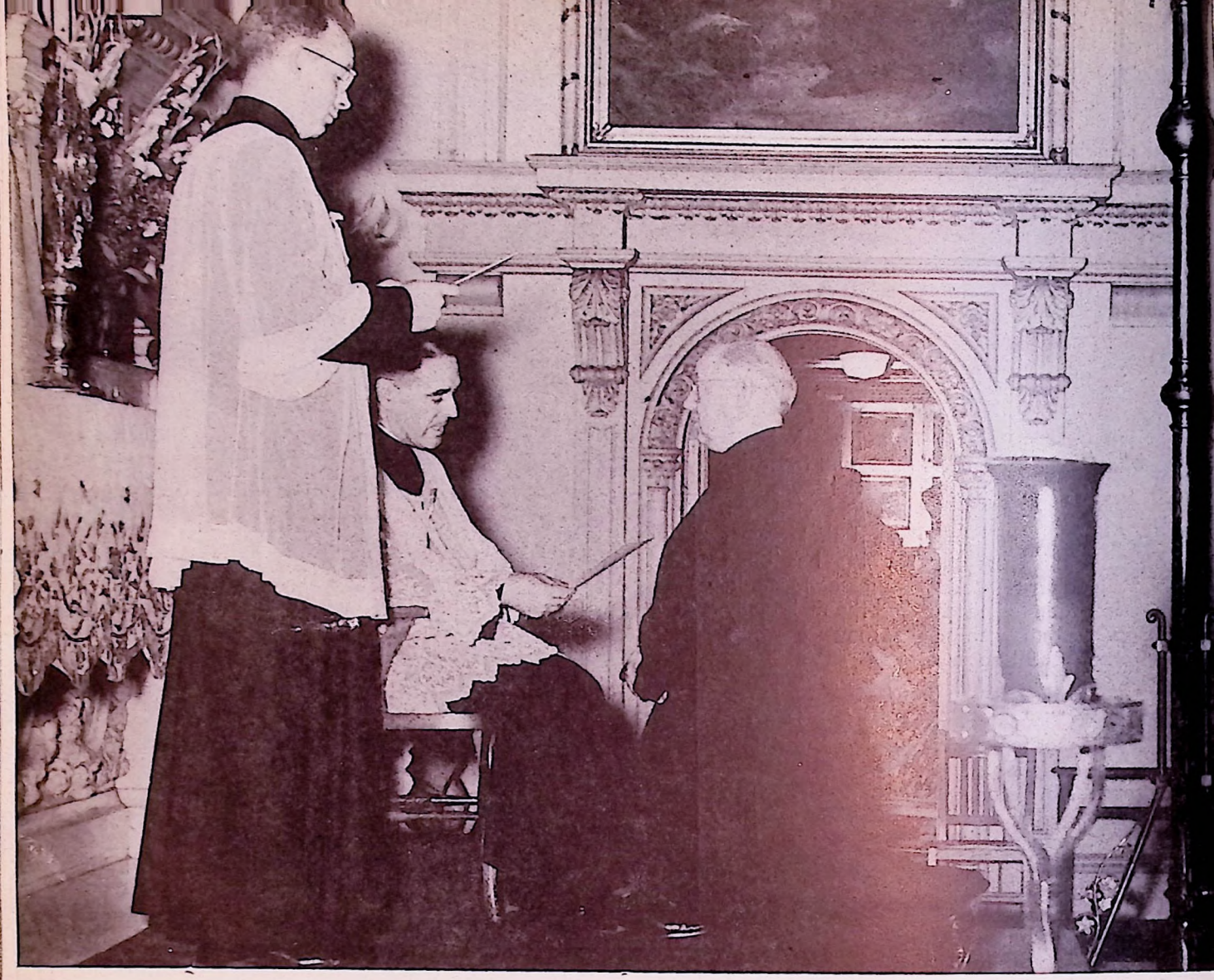
Hardly had the first copies of the July-August issue been mailed when we noticed a very definite increase in our own morning mail. Never did you respond so generously as you did to the appeal for the Diasone Leper Fund.

At the office, it was almost like a Christmas rush. Apart from the individual acknowledgments we all felt that there should also be a formal note of appreciation in the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS. In curing the ten lepers, Our Lord reminded us to express formally our gratitude for gifts received. In office routine, omissions can occur. If, perchance, you did not hear from us, I am sure you did not classify us as being among the other nine and that you will accept this letter as an expression of our gratitude and of our prayers.

We can now purchase 115,000 tablets. Large though it is, this supply will be consumed in about eight days because there are approximately 5,000 lepers at Culion and each leper needs three tablets a day. For an effective cure, diasone must be taken daily for a couple of months. An occasional gift for the medicine will revive, spiritually and physically, the lives of the lepers.

Gratefully yours in Our Lord,

Clement A. Daily, S.J.

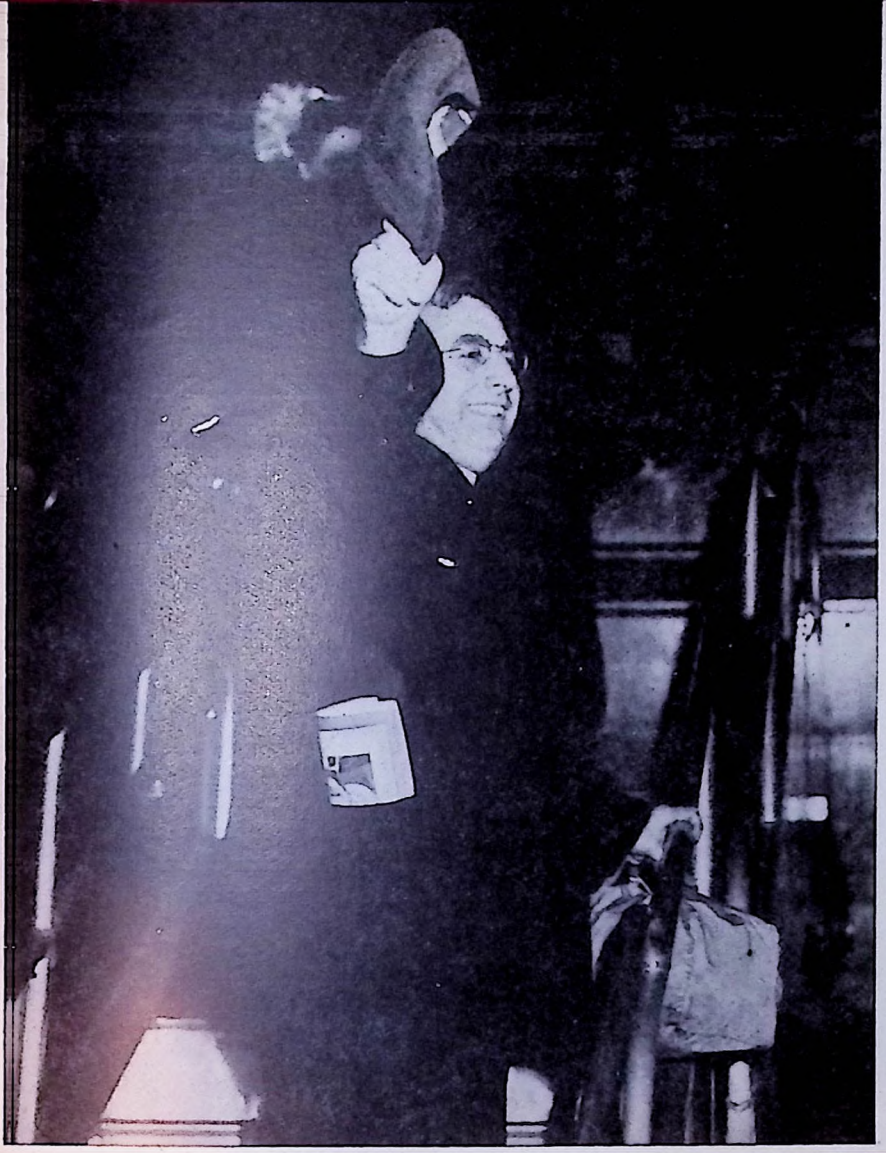


1947 DEPARTURE

Clement J. Armitage S.J.

The "Flying Column of the Church" moves forward again

IT is time now to speak of those small groups of men, some of whom stood by the rails of ships and lifted their arms in farewells never to be forgotten. The roar of air transports blanketed the last words of others. For some the final moments of goodbye were blurred in the confusion of train departures. But all of them knew a thumping of the heart which engines and whistles could not drown out. Pain was there, yes; but there were other things, too, the things that all men dream, and some few men live. Resolution, sacrifice, courage, love without qualification, blended into the shining aura of men who have given all for Christ. Weeks before, these men had knelt on the altar steps and received from their Provincials the solemn mandatum, "I send you to the mission of. . . . Go in peace, in the Name of Our Lord!" For these are the American Jesuit missioners of 1947.



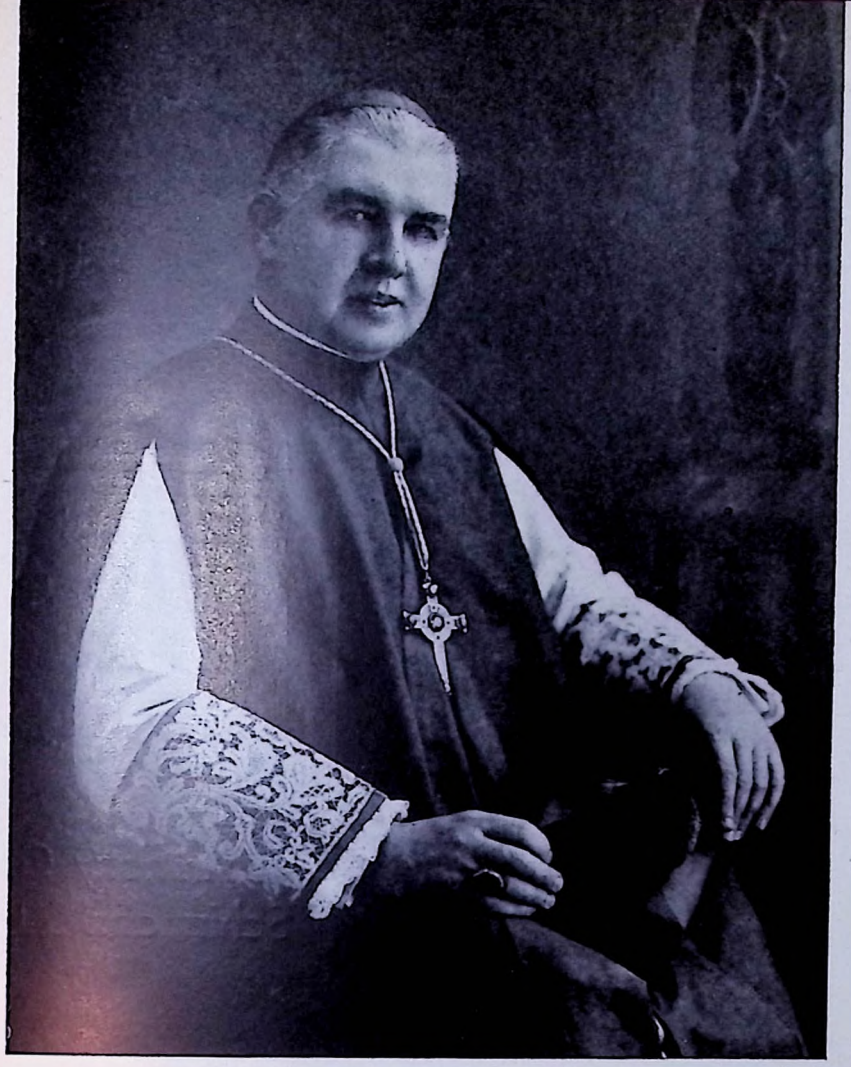
The year 1947 may be a memorable year not only in mission history, but in the history of the world. It has marked the open and definite division of mankind into two camps, those who build their lives around God and those who rule God out of their daily existence. Between them there lies a still unconquered field of millions of pagans who will be drawn into one camp or the other.

That is why the missionary is so important today. There is a new enemy in the field, the greatest battle of all time is on, and the regiment of American Jesuits which left for the mission fields is sorely needed.

Who are these men and where are they going? They number a hundred strong and there is not space enough to record even their names. But they are the same names you can read on the War Memorials of your city or town. The majority of them are Irish names but there are liberal sprinklings of names like Simoneau, Budzinski, Schmidle and Calderone. Like the boys whose names are set on the town square, these men were your neighbors, brought up in the American way, trained to battle in the army of Christ. These men are your own; do not forget them as they walk the path of the exile for His Name's sake.

Some of these missioners are veterans who are returning to the field after recovering from the rigors of the internment camps. Others have completed their studies and this time as they set out they carry with them the power of the priest. But most of these hundred men are going forth for the first time to reinforce the lines that wavered during the war but never broke. All of them realize the significance of the tremendous tasks before them. But each one is proud to be of that line for which Xavier, Spinola, de Britto and the rest won the name of "the Flying Column of the Church."

These men will follow different paths. The largest group, 30 in number, has gone to the Philippines to take up the job of rebuilding the war-ravaged mission which was the largest and most advanced of the American Jesuit fields. Over five million dollars' worth of damage is their heritage. The famous Ateneo de Manila is a heap of ruins in the city more devastated than any other save Warsaw in Poland.



Mueller

Bishop of The Missions

Vincent S. Kearney S.J.

In the upper right-hand corner of the coat of arms of New York's newest Bishop-elect is the mapped globe of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. Nothing could have been more appropriate for a man whose interests have been so long world-wide and whose work has had such far-flung influence.

The Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell has been connected with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith since September, 1923 when, but four years after his ordination to the priesthood, he was appointed by Cardinal Hayes as diocesan director of the Society. During the thirteen years that he held the post the diocese contributed $450,000 annually to the support of both the home and foreign missions. Not content to help them from afar, his intense interest in the missions brought him actually to their scene. While he was director he visited the South Seas, the Dutch East Indies, the Philippines, China, Manchuria, Korea and Japan as well as the home missions in the southern and western parts of the United States.

In 1936 Monsignor McDonnell became the national director for the society in the United States. It was in that same year that His Holiness Pope Pius XI conferred on him the title of Right Reverend Monsignor, the investing taking place in a special ceremony at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

If America can today be called the hope of the foreign missionary activity of the Church, and it appears that it is, much of it is due to the success with which Monsignor McDonnell has guided the efforts in the country of this oldest and largest mission-aid organization in the Catholic Church. Its organization, in 104 dioceses at the time Monsignor McDonnell took over the directorship, has been extended to every diocese in the United States, to Alaska and Hawaii. In the words of the Cardinal prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, it is the "right arm of the missions."

In felicitating Monsignor McDonnell on his elevation to the episcopacy at this time, it is significant to note that the year also marks the anniversary of two other events closely associated with his work. It is the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Society to which he has given so much of his time and labor and it is also its golden jubilee in the United States.

(Left) Brother John Doyle S.J., once bricklayer and stonemason, has been using the tools of his trade for 13 years in Mindanao. Associated with Father Andrew Cervini S.J., both helped Lieut. Com. Bulkeley in the early days of the war. (Right) Brother James Finnegan S.J. lived through the orgy of destruction that will go down in history as "the rape of Nanking."

Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.

Though he is a religious in the fullest sense of the term, being bound to the service of Christ by the same vows of poverty, chastity and obedience as his priestly companion, little comes to our ears of the Jesuit Brother. Where the priest strives to mirror the public life of Christ, the Brother mirrors his hidden life at Nazareth, and this very hidden service makes him precious in the eyes of his Saviour.

Despite the obscurity of their lives more than eighty Brothers have merited to have their names recalled in the "Fasti Breviores," a diary of the more remarkable events of persons in the Society of Jesus. Of these, twenty sanctified themselves in mission lands, some of them winning martyrs' crowns.

The Patron and Model of all Jesuit Brothers is St. Alphonsus Rodriguez. His was never the privilege to be a missionary Brother but his edifying conversation sped St. Peter Claver to the shores of Cartagena in South America where he became the apostle of the slaves. Two martyr Brothers were St. Rene Goupil and St. John de la Lande. The former, who shared the hardships of captivity with him in a Mohawk village, St. Isaac Jogues called an angel in the flesh; the latter who dedicated his life to the service of Jesuit missionaries in our own land was invaluable in directing the missionaries along unfrequented trails.

Of the same metal was Brother Francis Lopez who in the seventeenth century resigned the exalted position of Visitor General to the Kingdom of Peru to become a humble Brother on the Peruvian mission. With pride the "Fasti Breviores" recalls Brother Thomas Pounde, a man of distinguished birth who endured with the English martyrs thirty years of imprisonment for the Faith. He it was who first introduced the Jesuit missionaries to England, in his youth converted Blessed Thomas Cottam, was present in London Tower at the disputations in defense of the Faith of Blessed Edmund Campion.

Perhaps the most colorful of the martyrs of the Tyburn was Brother Nicholas Owen, popularly known as "little John," a companion of the poet-martyr Blessed Robert Southwell. With a carpenter's skill he devised the most ingenious places for concealing priests in private dwellings during the seventeenth century persecutions of Catholics in England.

Much has been written of St. Francis Xavier, but too little of his companion, a Spanish Coadjutor

Eighty Famous Brothers

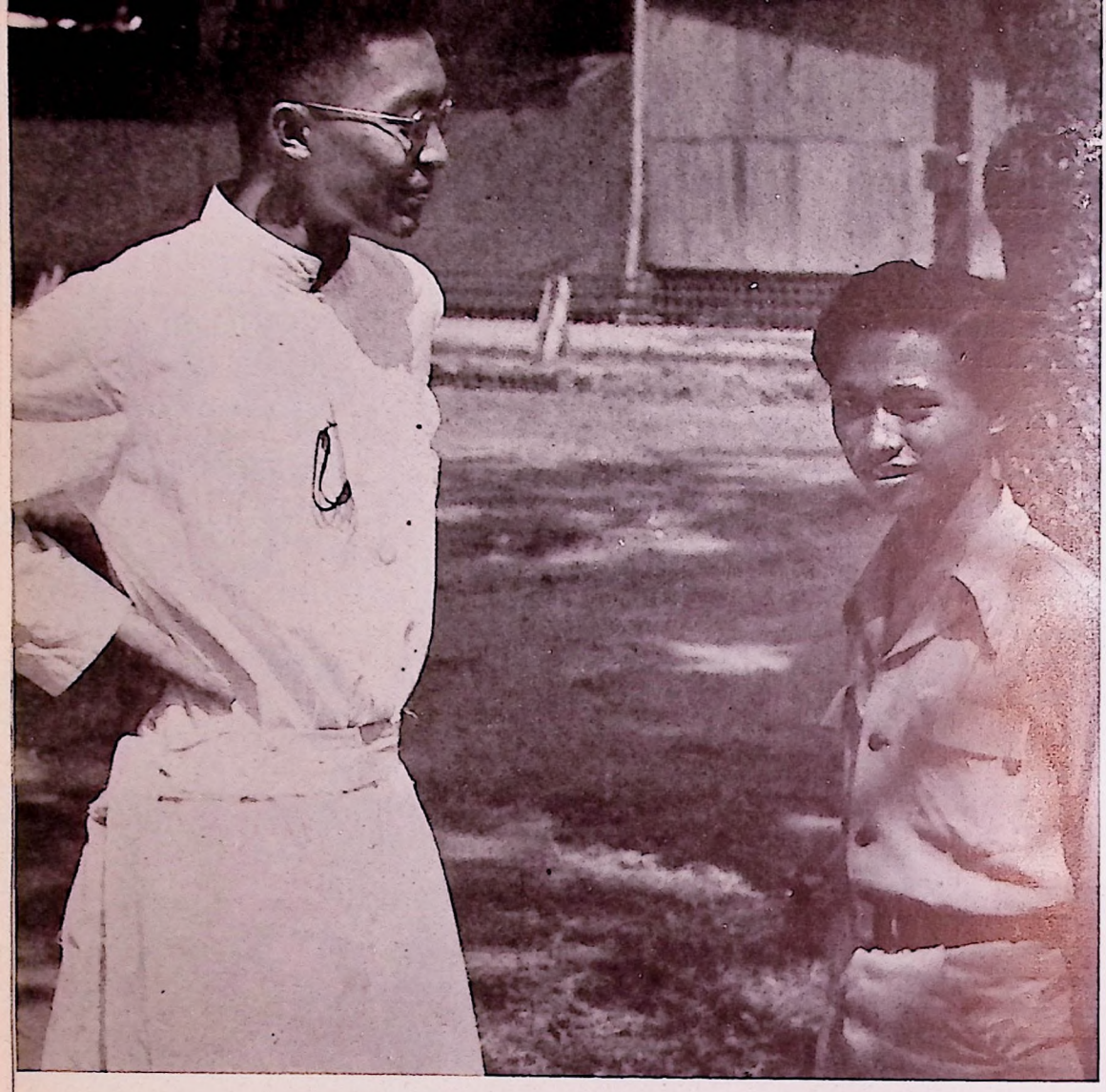
They are the backbone of the missions

Brother, John Fernandez, who was greatly esteemed by the saint. In 1587 he died in Firando in Japan after thirty-five years of devoted service as a missionary Brother.

Japan has given more martyr Brothers to the ranks of the Jesuit Blesseds than any other country. Jerome Vaz, a Portuguese Brother perished from hardship and exposure during the persecution of Taicosama in 1578. In 1615 a Japanese Brother, Andrew Saito, died as an exile en route to Manila. We cannot help but utter a prayer that God will raise up an army of Brothers in Japan where so many of them shed their blood for the Faith. Atom-bombed Nagasaki in her early missionary years gave the palm of martyrdom to Brothers James Kisai, John San of Goto, Damien Fucaye, Thomas Nicafori and Leonard Kimura. The prison of Omura recalls the martyrdom of Brother Ambrose Fernandez; Shimabarra saw the death of John Kidera, a Japanese Coadjutor Brother who endured the torture of the pit until he expired. At Cecyra were burned to death by slow fires Brothers Thomas Riocan, Louis Cafucu and Dennis Yamamoto. It is inspiring to read in the office of their feasts how these martyr-brothers sang the praises of God in the midst of the flames and invoked none but the sweet names of Jesus and Mary when bidden to invoke the false deities of their pagan executors.

There are those remembered for service beyond the call of ordinary duty. In defiance of the unjust Penal Laws of England Brother John Prescott annually sent more than a hundred Catholic boys to St. Omers for Catholic education and arranged every detail personally, even to that of seeing them safely on board ship. Brother Attiret was the favorite artist of the eighteenth century Emperor of Pekin. Brother Louis Bazin was so skilled in the use of medicines that the king of Persia attached him to his personal service. The companion and interpreter of Father Matthew Ricci S.J. was Brother Sebastian Fernandez whose contemporaries bear witness that he spoke Chinese perfectly and was an excellent catechist. His life was crowned with imprisonment and exile for the Faith. Perhaps no Brother has lived a more adventurous life than Brother Benedict de Goes. His journey from the court of Akbar to Suchow, China, in an endeavor to reach Peking, whither he was sent by his superiors, is a chronicle of Himalayan adventure and heroic sanctity that knows few parallels in Jesuit annals.

These are but a few of the illustrious Brothers of yesteryear. Not one brother of the last two centuries has been mentioned, but their achievements during the last two hundred years are not less renowned. The missions still call for Brothers. Catholic young men must answer the call for more and ever more Jesuit Brothers.



Raul Manglapus

The number of students and graduates of the Ateneo de Manila who fled to the hills to serve with the guerrilla forces was very large. Here Brother Emmanuel Pascua S.J. talks with one who has returned to resume studies interrupted by the war. Quonset huts, like the one in the background, provide today's classrooms.

Father Thomas B. Cannon, S.J., formerly the Director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau in New York, surveys the ruins of the Ateneo, which he is to rebuild. With him is Capt. Villaneuva, formerly of the guerrillas, now Instructor of Military Science at the school.

It had been one of those rare occasions when through the "magnanimity and benevolence of the Imperial Japanese Army" we were removed from the stench and filth of the Military Prison at Old Bilibid and allowed to bask a bit in the sun. Now in the dull twilight after our afternoon respite, we began to pray again.

Each of us had our own prayers, but whenever the guard would allow it and we could pray together, there was no question of what it was going to be. Woven from yarn pulled out from the blue and white Philippine Army towels issued to us, there lay hidden in most trouser pockets a rosary, a real one with a crucifix made by skilled prisoners' hands out of the same yarn and little splinters. These we fished out at prayer time and, directing our minds to the Mother of God, began to pray for strength, for victory and for peace.

Back in Fort Santiago it had been the same. It was less quiet there, the loud wailing from the torture rooms piercing the night air and the daylight calm alike. But the prisoners there fought against torture and despair with the same weapon with which we fought the hunger and mental agony in Old Bilibid—prayer. Through all the cells the urge was spontaneous to kneel on one's knees, even if they still pained from last night's kneeling on broken glass, and to pray. And, what was more eloquently spontaneous, we would turn to the prayer which to us seemed most universal—the rosary. In cell fourteen, "Ju Yong Go," where I languished with fourteen others at a time, Guillermo Victoria, the counterfeiter, Jose Lubao, the looter, Alfred Filart, the army lieutenant from the Baguio Academy, Nelson Vance Sinclair, the non-Catholic American who was contact man and supplier of guerillas, prayed together to the Mother of God. Those ignorant of the Our Father and the Hail Mary received instructions from those who knew through furtive whispers—for the guards would allow us to pray at times, but never to talk to each other. The almond-eyed *kempeis,* peering through the tiny window into our cell, smiled quizzically at fifteen enemies of Japan kneeling together, muttering "Kuristiang" prayers,

ROSARY *in the Resistance*

and counting on their fingers! He probably thought the finger-counting was our Christian parallel to the ceremonial clap before the Buddhist shrine.

We dreamed, if ever we were released, of taking home with us as souvenirs these rosaries fashioned out of towel yarn. But one day the fat prison warden had us lined up in the yard and, expressing regrets at depriving us of our mementoes of "Kuristo," had them all burned. One of the guards explained to us later that the warden feared we might use them to commit suicide or to strangle the *kempeis*. Whatever the reason, the loss of the rosaries merely served to intensify our devotion to the garland offered to Mary. Whenever someone was to be executed we prayed the rosary for his soul; whenever someone was released, we prayed the rosary for his success in continuing the resistance.

In the broader, cleaner cells of Montinglupa, the rosary took on an added meaning. Here was hope for release, or even better—escape. Preparing for freedom, Jaime Neri, a Jesuit scholastic imprisoned for anti-Japanese propaganda, organized rosary groups in the brigade, in the chapel and especially in the hospital wards, where both military and civil government prisoners were dying at the rate of five daily from malnutrition, infected ulcers and tuberculosis. There we received real beads from our families and there were no Jap *kempeis* to burn them.

Escape, after two years! Out the rear gate, bag in hand, joy in the heart, rosary in the trousers pocket. Up the hills with Hunter's guerillas and into Marking's camp to join the intelligence with the 6th Army as an observer. On the cold slopes of Mt. Karakatmon, after the day's transmission of reports by radio to General MacArthur's headquarters, the rosary again, bringing together the members of the three rival guerilla units under the same nipa roof —Carlos Romulo Jr., a first lieutenant of Marking's, Sgts. Manansala and Briones of Anderson's and myself from the ROTC.

The liberation came, and Mary and her Son are firmly entrenched on our altars and in our hearts, thanks to our hours of kneeling in prayer in the dismal cells of Old Bilibid.

FATHERS RICHARD A. WELFLE S.J., ALOYSIUS S. PETTIT S.J., AND ROBERT E. LUDWIG S.J. OF PATNA

Beware of the Dacoit

Richard A. Welfle S.J.

In case you have never met a "dacoit," I can offer no better advice than to carry right on in that same strain. In English a "dacoit" would be called anything from a thief to just a plain unadulterated thug, with criminal inclinations that often express themselves in murder. A mere handful of them is enough to terrorize the countryside. And that's precisely what they were doing in the neighborhood of the mission school.

Then one night we ourselves were favored with a visit from one of the "dacoits." On checking up in the morning we discovered that two Fathers had parted with their watches and other sundries, a large steel trunk had been removed right from under Father Rector's bed, and the keys of the safe had disappeared from beneath his very pillow.

We were now definitely decided to employ a "chokeedar", a night watchman. Father Rector gave explicit instructions to the Brother to be sure to get a *good* one. When I saw who it was, I had to gasp. He was an old brigand, named Barnabas, from the neighboring Christian village. No one in the village could recall the last time Barnabas had put in a full day's work. Brother only clinched his conviction by saying: "Just wait and see."

In the dead of night I was blasted out of a deep and peaceful slumber by the most ghastly cry: "Chor! Chor! Chor!" The word means "thief" and sounds much more terrifying when emanating from a screaming voice in the dead of night. By the time I had grabbed my .22 and felt my way to the door, the whole world seemed to be ringing with that menacing word, "CHOR!"

There was a slight lull, followed by the sound of running feet out towards the mango grove beyond the school.

At this juncture Father Rector emerged from his room carrying a lantern. We encountered a large chunk of plaster lying on the floor and smaller pieces scattered about. Then Father Rector gasped: "Look! Blood!" As we descended the stairs there was blood on almost every step.

We heard the patter of bare feet coming along the verandah. It was Barnabas, unhurt but bathed in sweat and puffing violently.

By this time our community of five were gathered around our hero and he proceeded to relate how he had covered himself with glory. He said he was on guard at the top of the stairs and as he looked over the railing he saw a man, stripped to a mere loin cloth, beginning to make his way cautiously up the stairs. Barnabas leveled his spear. Whereupon the "dacoit" raised his "lathi" and in the struggle pieces of plaster fell to the floor. Barnabas succeeded in

driving home his spear, piercing the "dacoit" right between the shoulder blades. He dashed down the stairs with Barnabas on his heels but, as Barnabas said, the devil got away.

Barnabas might still be a hero today, had not one of the Indian Brothers from a neighboring mission station paid a visit to the school early the next morning. We told him what a terrifying night we had had, and when we had finished, he only smiled.

"Well, Father," he said, with a slow exasperating drawl, "I find it hard to believe."

"Find *what* hard to believe?"

"The whole thing! Do you think that a man as badly wounded as that dacoit was supposed to have been could have run away?"

"Well, Brother," I said, "I think I see what you mean but how would you account for all that blood?"

"Goats have blood," he said simply. "In fact Barnabas is the fishiest part of the whole story. I know that rascal inside out. I'll see Barnabas, and, believe me, I'll get the truth out of him and if he fails to show up any more as your 'chokeedar,' don't be in the least surprised."

Brother eventually found Barnabas in the village "toddy" shop. "Toddy" is the fermented juice of the palm tree and Barnabas was known to be fond of it. As he related to his admiring pals how he had covered himself with glory the night before, Brother appeared and beckoned him outside.

Unfortunately what happened from then on is known only to Brother and Barnabas. It still remains their secret. I only know that it was the undoing of Barnabas, and the termination of his brief but brilliant career as our "chokeedar."

This man is policeman, catechist, and what is most rare, a Moslem convert.

APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

MISSION INTENTION FOR OCTOBER

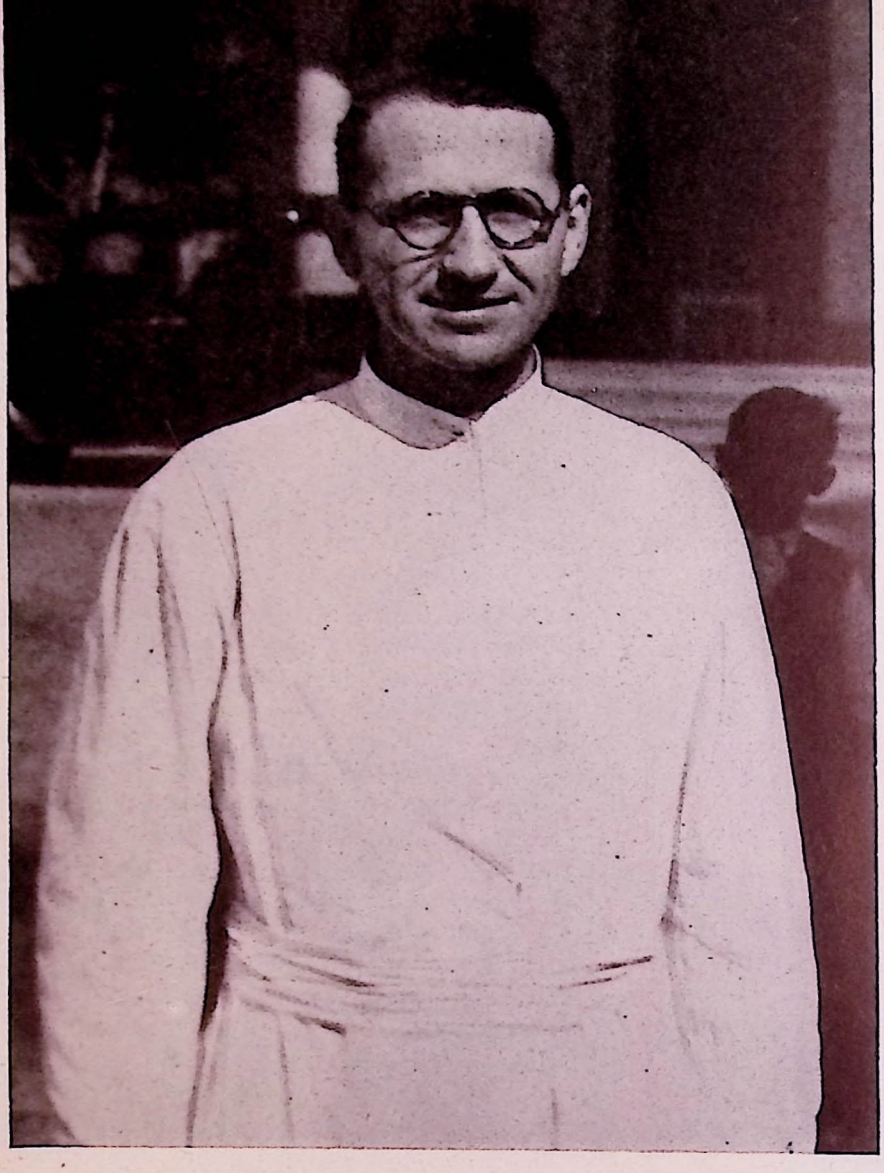
Zeal for the Missions Among Educated Catholics

It is only fitting, dear Lord of the Missions, during this month of October, dedicated in a special way to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, that our Holy Father should beg us, his children, to pray for more intense and more universal missionary zeal of all Catholics. This zeal for saving souls is emphasized by two facts—the many problems that beset the missions today and the exceeding great hope for further conquests for the Faith despite the increasing difficulties.

To Catholics the world over, but especially in America, a missionary challenge has been hurled. To put it to the test, to achieve victory in the combat learned groups of Catholics must pool their every power. Inspire then, dear Lord, those who have attained degrees in the arts and sciences, rouse writers, craftsmen and artisans, enlist college professors and university lecturers to lend their support to Your far-flung missions. If such learned Catholics were made to know the problems that confront Your missionaries, if they were fired with a zeal for spreading the true Faith—with such a zeal as made Xavier yearn to make the rounds of the European universities of his day seeking help from the learned for the missions—then would their support, made known through and recognized in their books and their lectures, their popular articles and scholarly treatises, be of tremendous weight in stimulating all other Catholics with a genuine zeal for Your missions.

Another thought comes to my mind that I want to present to You in prayerful musing, dear Lord. College and university students of today will be tomorrow's leaders in the arts and the sciences. How urgent then their need for excelling not only in knowledge but also in an active interest in the missions of Your Church! To the students of Your Catholic colleges and universities, to the graduates of Your Catholic high schools and academies the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the Superiors of mission institutes and societies for men and women look for future missionaries. Through missionary study groups in their formative years sow into their hearts seeds of future missionary vocations. The fields are white unto the harvest. Send, dear Lord of the Missions, *learned* laborers into Your far flung fields.

Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.



The Most Reverend Augustine F. Wildermuth S.J. has been named Bishop of Patna, India. Bishop-elect Wildermuth has been in India for eighteen years. During the past three he has been Superior of the Mission, which is entrusted to the Jesuits of the Chicago Province. Added to the normal difficulties which confront the missionary Bishop, his new diocese has the distinction of being the most densely populated in the world. There are 28,000,000 people in the district given over to his care.

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

THE ONCE GLORIOUS CHURCH OF GREECE has dwindled to 50,000 faithful out of a population of 7,000,000. The archdiocese of Athens embracing all continental Greece except Epirus and the Vicariate of Salonika has only 12 diocesan priests, 78 religious priests and brothers and 86 nuns. In some dioceses there are fewer than 200 faithful. Among the new appointments in the ecclesiastical hierarchy is Rev. Giorgio Xenopoulos S.J., a native of Syra, who has been appointed its new Bishop.

•

CEYLON HAS BEEN PROMISED FULL DOMINION status after the inauguration of the new Parliament next February. All Christians look forward to the prospective Prime Minister, Mr. D. S. Senanayake to protect their interests. By the constitution granted to Ceylon in 1931, Ceylonese obtained the power to manage all internal affairs of the country. At the State Council packed with Buddhists and Hindus several legislative acts were passed which were calculated to injure Christian interests in the field of education. Until now the Governor has had the power to veto legislation detrimental to religious or racial minorities. This power will cease with the full dominion status. Hence the need of upright men like Mr. Senanayake.

•

FIVE LAY AUXILIARIES OF THE MISSIONS, members of a society founded in Brussels ten years ago by Father Andre Boland, have arrived in China to work under the direction of Archbishop Paul Yu-pin in Nanking. These laywomen will engage in social ser-

vice and will train Chinese girls for Catholic Action. Two groups of the society are already at work in the Belgian Congo. As members of the Lay Auxiliaries of the Missions they take an oath to serve the missions for five years and a promise not to marry. This oath can be renewed every five years. No distinctive garb is worn by the members.

•

"THE INDEPENDENCE OF INDIA will bring great good to the Church. It will remove the prejudice that was inevitable, that Catholicism is an alien thing imported by dominating foreigners. It will clear the way for an Indian Catholicism fusing in the Church Universal." This was the statement of Msgr. Joseph Attipetty, the first native Archbishop of Verapoly in Malabar, one of the oldest ecclesiastical jurisdictions in India, and the Archdiocese having the most Catholics in India. He added, "Our mission must concentrate on education, charity and social justice. India can never become great unless her masses are uplifted."

•

KING GEORGE VI OF ENGLAND HAS HONORED Sister M. Laetitia Flieger of the Medical Mission Sisters with the Kaiser-I-Hind Silver Medal for her pioneering hospital work in India and efforts in the training of native nurses. Sister Laetitia has returned to America to attend the General Chapter of the Medical Mission Sisters here.

•

"REGINA POLARIS" (QUEEN OF THE POLE) is the name of a new missionary vessel of the Oblate Fathers in Hudson Bay. On its maiden voyage with a crew of 12 and a cargo of lumber to build missions, coal, food, letters and parcels from home, clothing, tools, rifles, spare parts for engines, radios, canoes, etc., it will visit the thirty Oblate Missionaries serving 5,000 Eskimos in territory that stretches from Hudson Bay to the North Pole.

•

MANUEL QUEZON, JR., SON OF THE LATE PRESIDENT of the Philippine Commonwealth, has entered the Santo Tomas Central Seminary and has begun his course of studies for the priesthood. The 21 year old seminarian had determined upon a priestly vocation when he was 17 and was attending Georgetown University Preparatory School near Washington, D.C.

PRINCE SAIF AL-ISLAM ABDULLAH, MOSLEM RULER of Yemen, ancient Arabian Kingdom on the Red Sea, studied educational facilities and methods at the University of Notre Dame last summer.

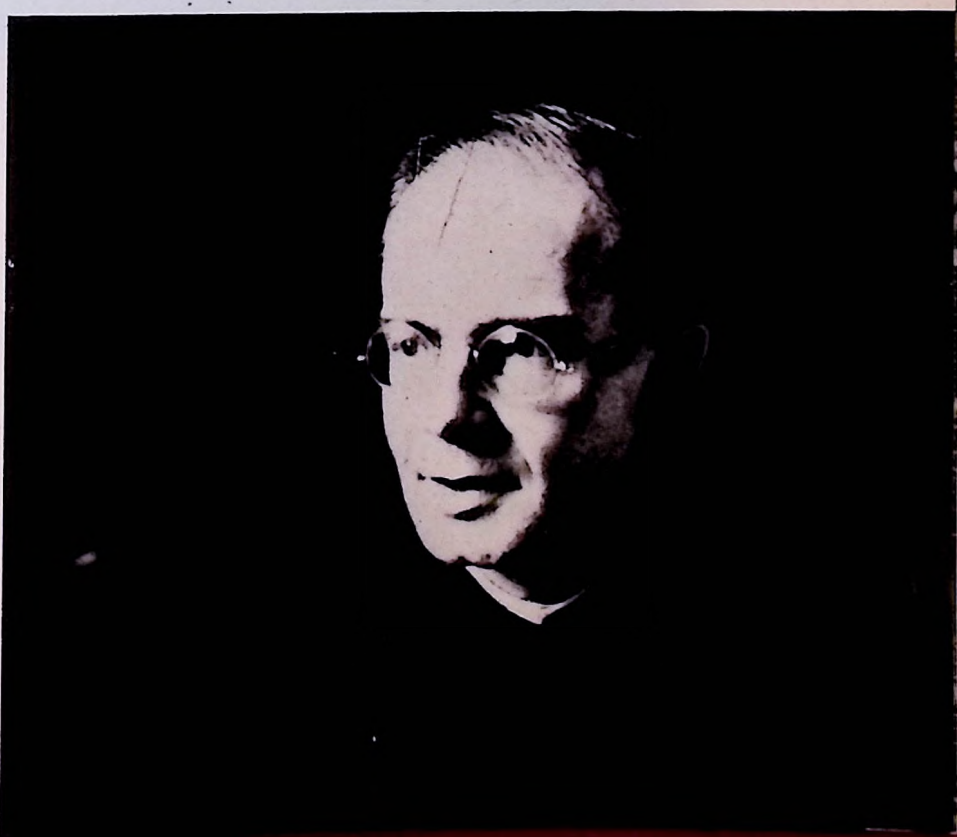
•

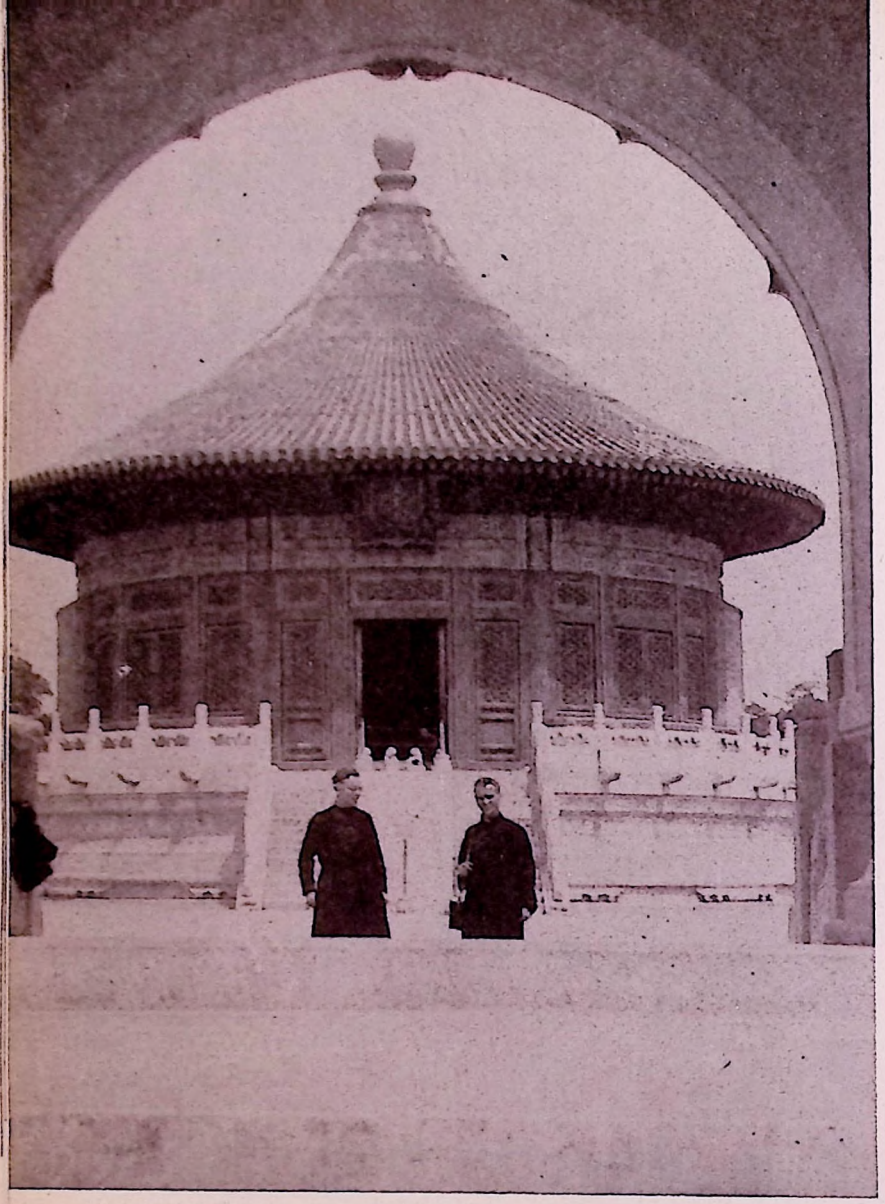
WHEN FATHER JULIUS VAN OVERMEEREN S.J. asked the Pope to bless not only the Cathclics of Japan but all the Japanese people, His Holiness replied: "I do it with a great heart, because all of them belong to the Church by right of destination." The Japanese newspaper "Yomiuri" indicates that the number of Christians in Japan increased from 250,000 before the war to 600,000 since the surrender. Of these 109,000 are Catholics. Working among them are 398 Catholic priests. That Catholics will not have a small share of the converts which "Yomiuri" predicts will soon reach 2,000,000 is evidenced by the fact that over 2,600 are receiving convert instruction.

•

THE WORK OF CATHOLIC EDUCATORS IN EGYPT was praised by Bishop Arthur Hughes, Regent of the Cairo Nunciature, at the annual meeting of the Association of Catholic Schools in Egypt. He said the association now has 116 schools, mostly in the backward villages of Upper Egypt, where thousands of peasant children are trained in moral and hygienic principles. The Bishop expressed gratification on the naming of Taber el Emiry Bey as the first Minister to the Holy See.

The Diocese of Trincomalee, Ceylon, has a new Bishop in the person of the Most Reverend Ignatius T. Glennie S.J. of the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus. He came to Ceylon as a scholastic ready for theology and priesthood. After ordination he was Professor of theology in the Pontifical Seminary at Kandy, Ceylon, and in 1944 was appointed Rector. His diocese is at the same time smallest and largest of the six on the island. It is smallest from the point of view of population and largest in extent. Bishop Glennie was consecrated on September 21st at Batticaloa.





The Temp

JESUIT missioners are introduced to China in a city of parks, temples and palaces. For ten centuries the Emperors of China lived in Peiping, under the tawny turrets of its Forbidden City. To keep the memory of their reign alive through future years, the Emperors one after another built monuments of beauty in or near the capital. These monuments make up one of the loveliest history books in the world.

New missioners in China are eager to learn not only the language of the people, but their traditions, customs and cultural tastes as well. So, when we can spare time from classes at Chabanel Hall, the language school, we cycle out through the city's hutungs to visit one or another of the shrines that hold the history of China captive.

No spot is visited more often, or with greater pleasure, than the *T'ien T'an,* the Temple and Altar of Heaven. It is a group of altars and shrines that rests, three miles south of the imperial palaces, like a number of well-set gems in a park seven hundred acres in extent.

The western court of the Temple, taking up about a third of the whole area, has rather a penitential tone to it. A tall, ornate gate leads into it, and broad avenues bordered with cypress pass through it. The only sizeable building in this court is the *Chai Kung,* or Hall of Abstinence. There, in front of a great bronze statue of Silence, the Emperor used to spend the night before he officiated at the sacrifices for his people.

The austerity of the court and hall were designed to purify his heart, and silence was supposed to recollect his spirit so that he might more worthily address the God of Heaven the next day. This broad court, standing between the turbulent outer world and the sacred altars, seems to express in architecture and landscaping the same sentiments that the Confiteor expresses in our liturgy, and that Advent and Lent express in our Catholic calendar.

The eastern, inner court is entered by ascending to a causeway paved with great blocks of white stone. A quarter of a mile long, twenty-five yards wide, and a good ten feet above the ground level, this causeway is itself an extraordinary piece of work. But it is dwarfed to its proper significance by the proportions of the monuments to which it leads.

It is terminated on the south by the *Ch'eng Chen Men,* the Gate of Perfect Virtue. Beyond that, in the center of a square court, open to the sky whose colors are normally so gentle and clear in Peiping, stands the great altar to the Sovereign on High, to Heaven Supreme. Four flights of steps, exactly at the four points of the compass, mount to three shining terraces. Marble balustrades, skilfully carved in a cloud design, surround each terrace.

Something takes a young missioner's breath away at the foot of those steps. He feels that the setting would be completed if he could only utter there the first words of the Mass: Introibo ad altare Dei!

Twice a year the Emperor, and he alone, used to ascend this third terrace to offer his own and his people's homage to Heaven. The right to perform this sacrifice was jealously guarded as a sign of true authority.

# of HEAVEN

Charles J. McCarthy S.J.

All through the centuries, however, the tradition persisted that the Emperor ruled by mandate from Heaven, and that he was probably the people's intermediary with Heaven. It was therefore to the Emperor's interest to maintain and perform the semi-annual sacrifice to Heaven religiously. In the ceremony he was primarily giving an account of his stewardship, reporting on the major decisions that he had made during the year just past. He was recognizing authority previously granted.

So the conquering founders of new dynasties were prompt to "pontificate" at this altar as a celestial credential of their right to command obedience.

The sacrifices to Heaven came to an abrupt end when the Emperor was dethroned in 1911. Curiously, however, when the Kuomintang party came into power, it established some substitute for the old state worship in ceremonies honoring Sun Yat-sen. His elaborate tomb lies just south of Nanking, the new capital, and twice a year, on his birth and death days, solemn ceremonies at the tomb honor this patron saint of modern China.

As often as I visited the Temple of Heaven, I have seen painters trying to transfer its beauty to canvas. It is a symphony for the eye, of graceful proportions, with simple chaste lines and deep living colors. Again there is a triple terrace of marble, above which the temple soars ninety-nine feet into the air. Its massive three-tiered roof is covered with blue enamelled tiles that seem to drink in every bit of color from the clear skies above them. A large ball, heavily gilded with fine gold leaf, crowns the edifice. But it is still a temple with a void.

A Catholic missioner, returning from a visit to T'ien T'an, cannot help wondering. This beautiful temple was built in earnest quest of the God of Heaven. The Chinese nation needs Him. But He can be found dwelling, far more intimately than in this temple, in the sanctuary of a poor mission chapel in some obscure village. God rests so tenderly, and is so much at home, within the hearts of the most lowly among us during the sacred moments of Holy Communion! He still seems to prefer Bethlehem and Nazareth to splendid Jerusalem!

(Left) By way of introduction to the city of temples and palaces, two scholastics, Chinese language students, pay a visit to the Temple of Heaven in Peiping. They are George V. Donohoe S.J. and John W. Clifford S.J. (Right) The same augmented by Frederick J. Foley S.J. and George B. Wong S.J. before the Dragon Screen in Peiping. Likewise scholastics and likewise Chinese language students, Mr. Foley hails from Yonkers, N. Y., and Mr. Wong from Shanghai. The latter is studying Mandarin, different from his native Cantonese. (L. to r.) Messrs. Foley, Clifford, Wong and Donohoe.

Enjoying a respite from the exacting studies of the Juniorate, two scholastics, Norman Rogge S.J. and Pat Koch S.J., pay a visit to Laura, the heroine of our story. The Juniors are from Grand Coteau, La., getting a foretaste of the apostolic works of the Society by teaching catechism. As the story points out, the foretaste is very slight, since right now the greats of literature, Latin, Greek and English are very demanding of their attention. The story tells us all about Laura and her wide apostolate.

LAURA

Claude P. Boudreaux S.J.

There is a gallant Southern lady
who knows how to turn her troubles
into treasures that shall never perish

which they excel. Sometimes a fierce coastal hurricane will blow down their school, sometimes poisonous snakes interrupt prayers or lessons, children are attacked by crocodiles as they come to school, as they must, by boat. There is always a danger from jaguars.

Missions in the far interior, like that of Takutu, founded in 1909 by Father Cuthbert Cary-Elwes demand incessant travel by horseback or river and the constant learning of new languages in order to win isolated tribes. The record of Father Cuthbert's 15 years of work is one of the great stories of pioneering in the Faith. He travelled alone, often bareheaded and barefooted, he won children everywhere by his simple kindliness and by teaching them to sing such carols as "Adeste Fidelis," and "Silent Night" by ear. He so instilled the value of education that an old Indian travelled many miles to say to him "I come for A.B.C." He was everywhere loved, and the children and people spent nights of mourning for him when he was forced to leave through ill-health. But he had established and stabilized the mission which to-day not only flourishes but has 15 out stations.

These British Jesuits are but following in the footsteps of many of their race who cooperated with Spanish and Portuguese priests in evangelizing the vast Latin American field. History is full of such men, notably that wonderful pair, Fathers John Yate and Thomas Filde, who worked with unexampled courage and devotion in Brazil in 1575. Fr. Filde, indeed has the glory of sharing all the adventures and sufferings of the great Jose de Anchieta during 10 years of his wanderings, and was also one of the pioneers who founded the famous Reductions of Paraguay; a proud record that links Britain and South America.

(Left) Snatching a few moments from play British Guiana children kneel at a wayside shrine. (Above) American Mercy Nuns and their chaplain, Fr. Marrion S.J., before the leper hospital in British Guiana. (Below) The Vicar Apostolic of British Guiana, Bishop George Weld, S.J., at present faced with serious financial difficulties. Since 1920 government help to denominations has been steadily reduced. The people of his diocese come from the poorer classes.

SWING *in a Hammock*

QUIRINUS P. LEONARD S.J.

In these days of acute housing shortage there is a hint of help for the full utilization of our housing space in the example of the missioner in the tropics. He carries his bed in his saddlebags, strings it up at night and packs it away again in the morning.

For his spiritual work the traveling missioner, like the chaplain, needs his Mass kit. Whether it be encased in a superb cedar-chest with folding altar and fancy candlesticks, or whether it be a few well-wrapped packages slipped in saddlebags or pataki, it constitutes the immediate physical surroundings of the Eucharistic Christ. A few personal items, the articles required for the administration of the sacraments, some pills and medicine and he is ready for the road.

But to live in the tropics the traveling missioner absolutely must have a hammock and net. The better established stations may boast a roughly-hewn wooden frame, which when mattressed with fresh cahune leaves is dignified by the name of bed, but in many villages where he finds only the bare rafters of a bush church, convento or private house, he must "take up his bed" with him. Although it is far from being a Beauty Rest Mattress, no more convenient portable apparatus for sleeping accommodations has as yet been devised than a hammock. It can be rolled up into the size of a football and tucked into a corner of the saddlebags. For the night's sleep it can readily be strung up in church, sacristy, private house—or between two trees under the stars. During the day it can easily be taken down entirely, or raised out of the way overhead by tying a knot in the center. Presto! The bed is made!

When one sees the small thatched huts of the natives contrasted with their yardfuls of children, one is inclined to ask: Where do they all sleep? The answer is: The Hammock. Father and mother may have their crude bed, but the children can literally "pile" into a hammock. A cord hammock with a wide mesh will expand several yards laterally, allowing four or more children to sleep snugly in its ample folds.

However, in the tropics a hammock is next to use-

IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH OF A SCHOOL, BUT IT IS ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE BUSH CAN AFFORD

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PACIFIC RETURN
DESERT DERELICTS
PRAYERS IN PATNA
FILIPINO FAITH
HONDURAS HOPES

Very Reverend Vincent I. Kennally S.J., Vicar Apostolic of the Caroline and Marshall Islands.

Micronesia

KWAJELEIN, MARSHALL ISLANDS
Very Rev. Fr. Vincent Kennally

Yesterday I left Yap. I was there only two days but that was enough to fall in love with the place and the people. Yaptown, the principal settlement on the largest of the four islands, climbs the low hills near the anchorage within the reef—a collection of houses of German and Japanese construction, now blasted and ruined by American shells. Near the top of one of the hills is a two-storied concrete structure which has been repaired for use as a school. It was the former dwelling of the Spanish priests and Brother who labored here from 1921 until the beginning of the war when the Japanese took them from Yap to Palau and there put them to death. The church has been entirely obliterated. But above the priests' house is a partially destroyed building, formerly the residence of a Japanese official. This now serves as a church. I said Mass there the two days I was on the island and witnessed the fruit of the labors of the Fathers now gone to their reward.

We docked late in the evening so there was not much time for notice, yet by five-thirty in the morning people were waiting for confession. I was able to take fairly good care of the Chamorros who form a small part of the population. But for the Yap natives I had to rely on a questionnaire system. It was a new experience. The Chamorros, Catholics for generations, came dressed in conventional American clothes. The Yap natives came in their native garb; the men clothed in breech clout; the women in grass skirts which fell from a "bustle" effect at the hips down to their feet with nothing at all above the waist. To complete the variety were American sailors from the Navy base. There was singing during the Mass and prayers in common. When it came time for Holy Communion and I turned with the Sacred Host to say the words "Domine, non sum dignus" I saw the Catholicity of the Church in truth as this assortment of races, different in language and customs

Father Joseph Mulry S.J., who died on the operating table at Los Banos internment camp, and Father David Daly S.J., who was hit by a Jap shell at Santo Tomas, are reburied in the Jesuit Cemetery at the novitiate at Novaliches, P. I. Father Leo Cullum S.J. reads the prayers for the dead.

Father Harry B. Furay S.J., former Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, and now the lone white man on Palau in the Carolines. (Below) High Mass in a mission chapel on Truk.

and dress, knelt to receive the same Lord with the same Faith at the one altar. A scene like that surely warms your heart.

Iraq

BAGHDAD COLLEGE
Fr. Joseph P. Connell S.J.

Our friends have been greeting us recently with a dubious HAMDA LILLAH ALA SALAMTIK. That greeting means, "Thank God you got back safe," and it refers to our unhappy return from our summer trip to Bethlehem, begun one afternoon at three and rudely interrupted at ten in the evening when the tail end of a tile-laden truck brushed our front mudguard and left us with a twisted steering gear, a bent fan and a punctured radiator in the middle of the desert. No one was hurt, thanks be to God, but Fr. Michael McCarthy who was in charge of the expedition had to think and pray of a way to get thirteen Fathers and a Baghdad College school bus out of the heart of the Syrian desert.

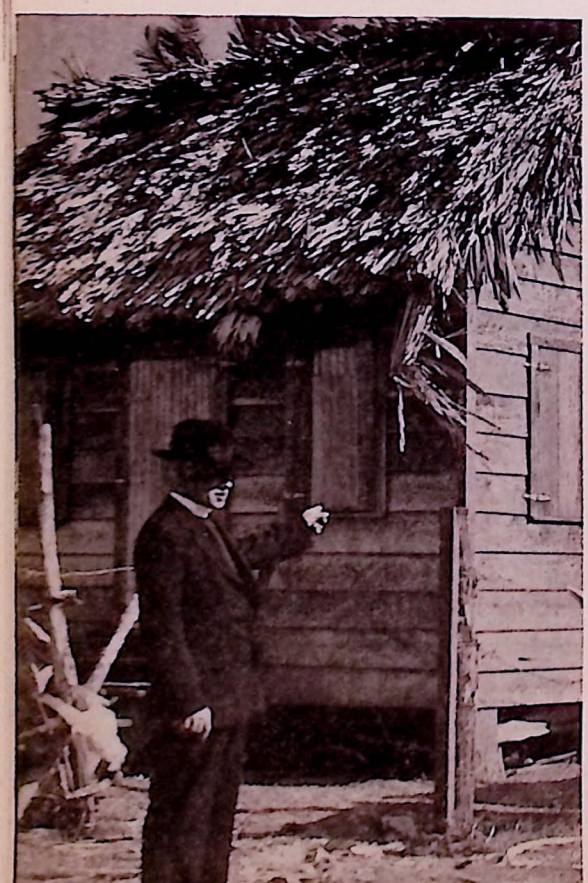
We were more than two hundred miles out of Baghdad and about 150 miles from the nearest town, Ramadi. The nearest spot was Rutba, the desert fort, about 50 miles. It is about half way in time between Damascus and Baghdad and has telephone connections with both cities. I was elected to try and get the Nairn bus to the fort and report the accident to Baghdad, then continue on to Syria. Now if I start to tell you in detail just how the thirteen Fathers wended their various ways you'll probably go out of your mind. So to make it as brief as possible Frs. Loeffler, Mahoney and Nash climbed atop a load of tiles and rode off on an alleged Baghdad-bound truck. Early in the morning at Ramadi they changed to a bus and rode to Baghdad in a more comfortable fashion. Back at the scene of the accident the Nairn bus stopped but was unable to take any of us on. What was the surprise of the driver when he reached Rutba and found that Fr. Mulvehill hadn't believed him and had shared a seat with a passenger who

A new arrival in Belize, British Honduras, Father Marion G. Budzinski S.J. (Below) Father David F. Hickey S.J., Superior of the Mission, points to one of his typical schools.

was one of our graduates. Frs. Lynch, Delaney and myself had tagged along in a Buick which had been trailing the Nairn bus across the desert. At Rutba we all had to unload and start working back toward our stranded bus. The four of us caught two trucks going in that direction and at 4 a.m. we came upon the scene of disaster to find Fr. McCarthy and Fr. Sullivan peacefully sleeping. They yawningly informed us that the two Frs. Larkin had flagged a transport bus for Damascus while Frs. McGrath and Ryan had picked out a Baghdad bound truck two hours before.

We had two cool hours to stretch out on the desert and sleep before we set out for Baghdad in our two trucks, leaving a couple of policemen from Rutba on guard over our bus. We weren't too confident of our guard for a few hours before we had observed that neither of them was much of a marksman. We had been travelling quietly back from Rutba when our truck driver spotted a gazelle in his headlights. Immediately we were off over the desert in full hue and cry, the trucks careening from side to side, and the whole affair looking like the Rodeo at the Gardens, save for the fact that we all expected to get our first glimpse of Saudi Arabia at any moment. The policemen were busy pumping shots at the gazelle but although our chase stirred up a herd of them there was no blood on the desert. As the sun was going down the next afternoon we arrived in Baghdad.

Tomorrow some of us are off again for Bethlehem and you can guess who our driver is. That same Sambo that went singing and shouting off into the desert with his truck in pursuit of a gazelle a couple of nights ago!



India

MOKAMEH JUNCTION, PATNA
Father Marion R. Batson S.J.

How am I going to thank you all who have gone to so much trouble in getting the statue for my Shrine and sending it to India? All the people who have seen the statue in place like it and like it immensely. It is original and has character. I think the head of the Infant is perfect. There was an elderly Mohammedan gentleman who visited the Shrine this morning and, even though Moslems do not like the idea of statues and pictures, he put his hand on my arm and said, "Yes, Miriam and the Prophet Jesus must have looked like that. He stood there looking for a long time and then we went out on the portico and I explained to him what we believe about the "Prophet Jesus." He asked if he might not come to the Shrine from time to time. "It is so peaceful here . . . so easy to pray." He's a fine man and I suspect that he got more than he knew from that little visit. After all, the Shrine is in honor of Our Lady, Mother of Divine Grace. Mr. Martin insisted on that title because, as he said, ". . . without grace nothing is possible; with grace, everything." The Shrine is going to work wonders in the souls of all who visit it. The statue is the main attraction for all the pilgrims and it is already very popular. Each one who has had anything to do with having the statue on the Shrine altar shares in the good that will be accomplished by it.

This has been the hottest summer I have ever put in . . . even counting Kansas and Nebraska! It has been 112 and 110 in Patna for days on end and, in Gaya, Father Creane has had 118 for several days and nothing under 106 for I don't know how long. Of course, it cools down a bit at night but the east breeze is moist and that makes it seem twice as hot. It has to rain soon but if it doesn't hurry up I'll explode. I'm up here in my cabin in the sky, keeping an eye on the workmen who are adding another room on the north end of this building to balance the room I'm in, and trying to keep my thoughts together amid the noise and shouting among the coolies. It's hot up here but if there is the least stir of a breeze I hope to get it.

PIRU, BIHAR *Father Bertram E. Ernst S.J.*

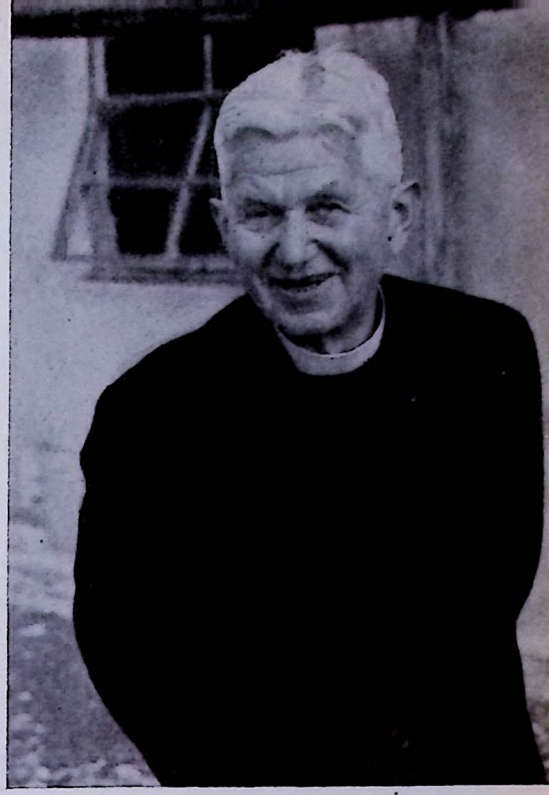
I was amused a couple of days ago. I went to a certain village to look up some Dosad converts. Some Brahmins and others got curious as usual. They are quite hostile to our work. A religious discussion started and a Brahmin wanted to know why we came to teach them a religion since they already had a good religion of their own. They are a proud bunch and are not ready to learn. It is this attitude that is holding India back today. He said their children were taught religion so I began to question some of them. They didn't make much of a showing. Then I turned to the boy who accompanies me and asked him for the Ten Commandments. He rattled them off without a break. The poor Brahmin lamely said, "You taught him." Since the Brahmins are religious teachers I asked him why he didn't teach his people. Then I asked him for the principal commandments of his law. None of the people there knew them. They didn't give a very good exhibition of themselves and of course what annoys them most is to have some of the low caste converts tie them up.

Philippines

ATENEO DE MANILA
Fr. Paul B. Hugendobler

Fr. Leo Welch who is in charge of the Catechetical work again this year expects to have about 3500 to 4000 children in the city under instruction. There are 175 volunteers among the students of the High School and College for this taxing work which goes on day in and day out. Fr. Welch will cover four public schools and six other centers in town besides working in ten parishes. There are very few parish schools, so most children go to the public schools. Some of these hold classes under private houses, one grade under one house, the next grade two blocks away under another house, etc. About 3000 youngsters can't go to school at all because of lack of space.

Here at the Ateneo we have about 175 youngsters for instruction each week. All except about 25 made their First Communion last year. They learn to go to church, confession, to say their prayers and to be good. According to his father, one little fellow goes out each night before going to bed and gets his playmates into the house for night prayers. Another little girl is the only one in the house who prays, but she will not omit her graces before and after meals. This kind of apostolate indirectly exerts much good influence on parents, older sisters and brothers.



Father Robert P. Keel S.J., who has spent long years in Japan. (Below) Major E. J. Lambert, Chaplain, U. S. A., and Bishop Doi of Tokio amid the ruins of the episcopal house.

A few months ago Father Felix L. Clarkson S.J. left by air for Ceylon. (Below) Father John T. Linehan S.J., Superior of the Mission, and boys of St. Michael's College, Batticaloa.

ILIGAN, LANAO — *Fr. James Koller*

Within the last month I have had the extraordinary privilege of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation. I enjoy this privilege because of the vast extent of territory we must cover. We are at present taking care of two parishes, and this parish of Iligan alone extends about 35 to 40 kilometers along the coast. Then there are the barrios back in the mountains and fields that border the coast road. This municipality alone has about 30,000 Catholics. We also take care of the adjoining parish which has 4 missions and 7 smaller barrios. So it gives you an idea of our work.

Honduras

MINAS DE ORO
Fr. John T. Newell

The idea current among North Americans that these people are semi-barbarians must be discarded. Look at the churches, the style of living, their schools and ambition! I was very much surprised by it all. They could all move into Main Street up north and fit in perfectly well. If there is a little of the wild-west existence here it is because of the lack of good communications. The West had its wild days but look how civilized it is now! We can confidently hope that the same improvement will happen here as there are the same people with the same ambition and high aspirations of the best gringos up North.

Here the people would all love to learn English. The admiration for the old U.S.A. is very strong and real. It is the same esteem and good will that the power and selflessness of Uncle Sam has won among good people everywhere. Honduras would like nothing better than to be like her big brother to the north.

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.

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 $....."

Money To Burn

Fr. Louis J. Dowd visits the Electric Plant at Yangchow, China. For two months the discarded money of the Jap Puppet government was fed into the great boilers of the National Generating Plant.

MISSION ACTIVITIES BURN UP THEIR INCOME AS FAST AS HUNGRY FLAMES. BUT THEIR ASHES MEAN AN EVERLASTING PROFIT IN SOULS. The California Jesuits at Yangchow, China, must build chapels, schools, orphanages, homes for the aged. They are reaching out for 4½ million souls! This is a building investment in which you can't go wrong! God is the bookkeeper for those who build His Kingdom. Will YOU invest?

Send donations to—

Jesuit Mission Press, Inc.
962 Madison Avenue,
New York 21, N. Y.

Dear Father:

Enclosed you will find my contribution of $..... for the Jesuit China Mission.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone....State.....

Rev. PIUS L. MOORE S.J.
35 West San Fernando St.,
San Jose 21, California

Dear Father Moore:

Enclosed you will find my contribution of $..... for the Jesuit China Mission.

Name .....

Address .....

City .....Zone....State.....

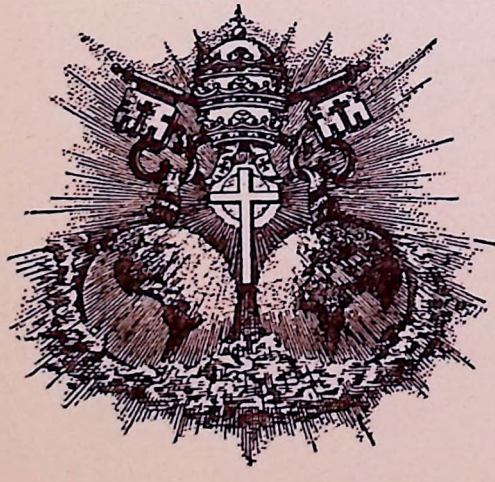
A DEBT TO BE PAID

The early history of the Catholic Church in America was a long story of physical hardship, martyrdom and heartache. Yet when you look at the stature of the Church in the United States today, it is hard to believe that our land was once a missionary country, as missionary as China, India or the Congo. It is very easy to forget that the Church once cried out to Europe for financial support and for missionaries for the American Mission.

If it had not been for the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, founded in France one hundred and twenty-five years ago, the Church would never have attained the development it has reached in this country. American Catholicism has attained that development because European Catholics were once called upon to make sacrifices. They made them willingly; the small ones, such as Americans are called upon to make as they listen to the preacher at Sunday Mass plead for the Propagation of the Faith; the great ones, as witnessed by the men we choose to call our own North American Martyrs, or by Fathers Marquette and de Smet and the host of other heroes, all of whom bear foreign names like Serra, Kino, Allouez, Steinmeyer, le Moyne, Hoecken and Joliet. These names have become bywords in the annals of American Missionary history.

The Church in America has a debt to be paid. In 1922, long after the country could still be called a mission, it was estimated that America had received from the Propagation of the Faith $7,020,974.27 toward the establishing of the Church in this country.

How can the debt be paid? This year marks the golden Jubilee of the founding of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the United States. It is superfluous to say that American Catholics should support it. Europe is prostrate. The eyes of the Church have turned to America. Three out of every four human beings do not as yet know Christ. The heart of the Mohammedan, from the west coast of Africa as far east as the Philippines, is still hardened against Him. Missionaries write from Japan that the land of the Rising Sun is now ripe for the harvest. Of China's teeming millions only a relative handful are Catholic. The same is true of India. The only Catholic country in the Orient, the Philippines, is badly in need of assistance if the Church is to remain strong. There is an entire field of labor among the schismatics of the Near East. Right at our own back door, Alaska is perhaps the most difficult mission of all from the point of view of physical hardship. There are missions among the Indians of Central and South America that cry out for assistance. In Central and South Africa much progress is being made but it can always be stifled should generosity fail.



A responsibility is being thrust on American Catholics and as they become more and more conscious of the responsibility, they become more and more familiar with the workings of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, to which they owe so much. If the Church in America is to keep her rightful place in the missionary activity of the Church, that familiarity must not grow cold.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
732 18th Avenue No.
Seattle, Washington

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

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 (Patna) and American Indians
Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1110 South May Street
Chicago 7, Illinois

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

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

Iraq and Jamaica
Rev. John H. Collins, S.J.
137 Newbury St.
Boston 16, Mass.

Philippines
Rev. John G. Furniss, S.J.
51 East 83rd Street
New York 28, N. Y.

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 Unscrewing the Inscrutable."

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

1947 Christmas Cards are ready!

Order now—

A de luxe box containing an assortment of 18 distinctive cards with matching envelopes. Each card is illustrated with a favorite Old Master in full color. Only $1.00 *per box.*

Send your order directly *to any one of the following offices:*

Jamshedpur Mission Bureau
Calvert and Madison Streets
Baltimore 2, Md.

Jesuit Missions of New England
137 Newbury Street
Boston 16, Mass.

Jesuit Philippine Bureau
165 East 72nd Street
New York 21, N. Y.

Rev. Vincent Erbacher S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Missouri

(N.B.—Please do NOT send your order to Jesuit Mission Press)

. . . *Yankee Humorist*

Walter Dwight, S.J.

The Saving Sense

The delightful essays of a great New England humorist, now for the first time in book form. Fr. Dwight's quick-witted satires on John Hancock's britches, sad-faced nuns, Puritan Sunday, the Pope's mule, and many others, charmed AMERICA readers from 1913 to 1923. Edited by Fr. W. Coleman Nevils S.J.

THE SAVING SENSE **is a wonderful gift for priests, nuns, and everyone else who is disgusted with the brittle, sophisticated, and often low humor of our own day.**

Price: $2.75

Send subscription to

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....

Send book to

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State.....

with ONE SUBSCRIPTION (or renewal) to Jesuit Missions
$3.00 ($3.75 value)