

November 1947

JESUIT MISSIONS



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1947

JESUIT MISSIONS

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COVER. Independent India building for the future on the playing fields of St. Xavier's, Palamcottah, India! This month's cover gives us news of India and it is not news of rioting and bloodshed. The country's future depends on the unity of her people and the youth of the land learn it at St. Xavier's. Moslem and Hindu play together in perfect harmony. Father Kevin N. Cleary, S.J., onetime member of the All-India Cricket team, hammers down the wicket for a match.

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CONTRIBUTORS

■ Should you be interested in the present address of **Father Ralph E. Lynch S.J.**, it answers to the musical notes of Malaybalay, Bukidnon, Philippine Islands. Father Lynch



Father R. E. Lynch S.J.

is a Jerseyite in origin, being a native of Elizabeth and East Orange, where he spent most of his boyhood. High School days meant the daily trek to Manhattan and Xavier, where he graduated in 1928. It was then that Father entered the Society of Jesus at St. Andrew-on-Hudson. He spent his regency in the Philippines teaching for three years at the Ateneo de Manila, the Jesuit college in the Philippine capital. He came back to the States to prepare for the priesthood and was ordained at Woodstock in 1940. He returned to the Philippines on Armistice Day, 1945, and to a quonset hut in Ateneo. Quonset huts are the best that can be provided today for the numerous aspiring Filipino students home from the wars and the guerilla fighting in the hills. Father Lynch taught physics for a while, but ill health caused by asthma forced him to give it up. And so we find Father Lynch at Malaybalay.

■ **Father Francis A. Rouleau S.J.** is professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Jesuit Scholasticate at Zikawei, Shanghai. True to his chosen field, in this issue he gives us a most interesting bit from the annals of Church History in China—the story of the first automo-



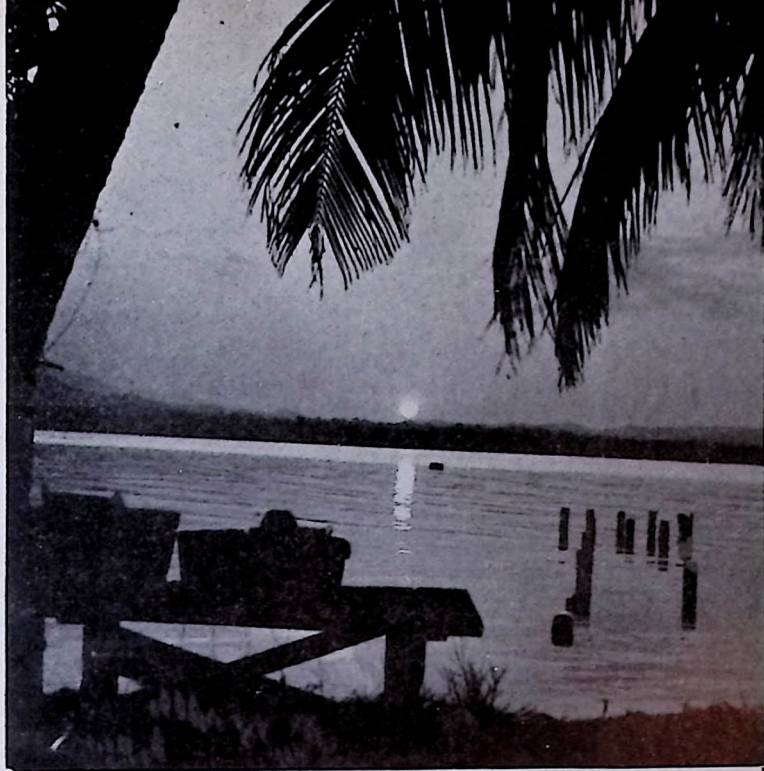
Father F. A. Rouleau S.J.

boile. If Father Rouleau's life were to be written, parts of it would read like a few pages out of the life of St. Ignatius Loyola. He once had an appointment to West Point, but was stricken with rheumatism of the spine. Father always has been a voracious reader, and the long confinement to a sick bed plus the reading determined his entrance into the Society of Jesus. He came to the Novitiate of the California Province in 1923, and after seven years, and the completion of his philosophical studies, he set sail for China. With his knowledge of Chinese history Father Rouleau can still be optimistic for the future of China and the Church in China. He is on his way back now from Rome, where he has spent the last year doing research work to better equip him for his courses in the Seminary at Zikawei.

Father Stephen B. Earley S.J. makes the second Jerseyite who appears in this issue of *Jesuit Missions*. Father Earley is a recent addition to our community. Though his home is in Madison, New Jersey, Father went west to enter the Society in 1931 at the Novitiate of the California Province in Los Gatos. He later received his A.B. degree from Santa Clara University and then his M.A. from Gonzaga University.



Writing is no new field to Father Earley. He has a prolific pen and has already established himself as a magazine contributor. Articles of his have appeared in the Catholic Journalist, America, The Catholic Digest, The Tidings, Catholic Youth and the Women's Home Companion. During the war he edited a Chaplain's Digest, "Victory," a joint effort of the scholastics at Alma College, the theologate of the California Province. It reached a circulation of about 450,000 among the men of the armed forces. The immense good it accomplished was attested to by many a chaplain. His article this month is timely, since November is the twentieth anniversary of the death of Fr. Pro S.J. Father Earley has also set the keynote for this issue with an editorial which you will not forget once you have read it. We expect that you will be eager to meet again in future issues our new Associate Editor.



S-O-S

There's an empty dock in British Honduras!

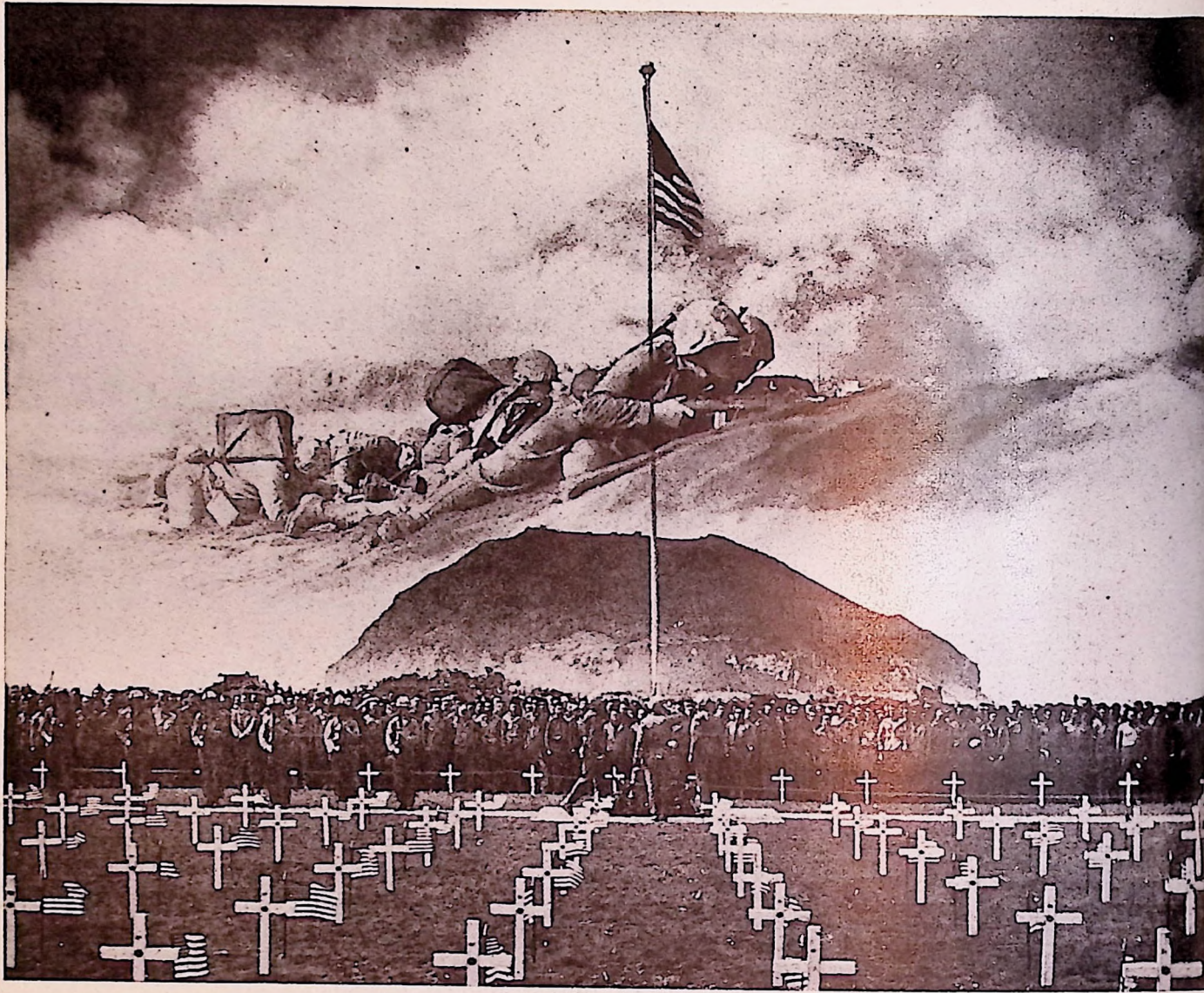
Father J. C. Ruoff, S.J., who works the river mission out of Belize, reports:

"When I came off my last river trip my boat was leaking badly. I had been out for a whole month. It's a wonder I am not sitting down on the bottom of the river someplace, boat and all. When I tore a couple of planks off either side, the timbers were a sight to behold. They weren't even good fuel for the stove. But I've got to have a boat. A new one will mean about \$500. Can you give me some help?"

Will you help to keep God's navy afloat?

Queenan A. Ailey, P.J.

962 Madison Avenue, New York 24, N. Y.



*Armistice is not always
a synonym for peace*

Vincent S.
Kearney
S.J.

THERE is a field on Guadalcanal with row upon row of crosses and at the end of the field is a make-shift altar. An Army Chaplain, garbed in black vestments and surrounded by those who with him have borne the burden of the assault, intones the preface of the Requiem Mass. These are men who will never forget. Neither will the little Dutch girl, snapped as she placed her token of devotion on the last resting place of the American soldier in far off Holland. The memory of war is far too vivid for her fertile imagination. Shall we forget, even though we pass by the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Washington on November 11th, or stand at attention as the flag whips in the breeze

and a color guard marches proudly down the avenue during the Armistice Day parade?

Armistice Day is something of much deeper significance than a ceremony and parade. True devotion to our dead of two wars will be something above sheer emotionalism and sentimentality. It will proceed from the conviction that scenes like the above, of closely packed rows of crosses, of European children tending graves in their gratitude to the American soldier, must not happen again. If the cycle of history repeats itself, then we shall have forgotten.

The grass had hardly taken root over the graves of our American war dead before the words "iro

LEST WE FORGET

curtain," "veto," "sphere of influence" entered the dictionaries of the English language with new connotations. They are connotations of horror, fear and despair, for totalitarianism is still on the march.

The events of the last few years make it only too evident that fire and sword are helpless to bring peace to a war torn world. The war actually continues and the scale is world wide. The flame may not have burst through the tinder but it smoulders and is gathering intensity.

One third of China's vast millions is under control of the same type of despotism as the despotism Americans tried to blot out of Europe. The north of China is one of those countries about which missionaries back home in the United States hesitate to become specific because of the fear of reprisals. The lives and the life work of their fellow missionaries and their converts are at stake. There never has been a period when Japan was more receptive to the teachings of Christ, yet at the same time Communism is lurking in the background and ready to spring. Ceylon, too, has felt the tentacles of the Kremlin. Lebanon, the most profoundly Christian country of the Near East, is avidly sought as a propaganda center for the newest world threat of Hitlerism, this time with a Russian background. In the midst of the fratricidal rioting in India the hand of Communism might be seen. At least the rioting and turmoil is something on which the protagonists of Communism might fatten. They have left a fair mark in the budding industry and the undeveloped resources of the country.

Tonight one half the world rests peacefully. For the other half the nightmare goes on. They tell us that the days of isolationism are over. You cannot sleep in the same surroundings as the victim without fearing some of the effects, frightening as they may be, of his bad dream.

Though these be uncertain days for the human race, all mankind looks toward a new horizon. Men look for unity and peace and concord. It was for that the Americans we honor on Armistice Day died. We cannot afford to let them down. How can we achieve what they died to procure? How can we achieve that vision of man walking arm in arm with his fellow man? It is the one vision on the horizon of the world today that can brighten skies too long overshadowed with the pall of death.

The missionary can. For two thousand years since Christ first prayed that all might be one, since St. Paul taught that all were one in Christ Jesus, it has been the avowed purpose of the missionary to bring

all men into the unity that Our Divine Lord came to give. Wherever he be today, whether it be in China of the Reds or China of the Nationalists, in India or Ceylon, in the Near East or in Alaska, in the dark continent of Africa or in the Europe controlled by the despot, his mission is the same. He can bring about the justice and charity that Americans died for in two wars. It is the only justice and charity that can bring peace to a world because it is the justice and charity of Christ.

In the spring of 1944 with the advent of so many American soldiers to the desert sands of Islam, there had never been so many fervent Catholics in the land of the Prophet. There were American bases all through Iraq and Iran up to the very edge of Russia. A chaplain and a group of American soldiers consecrated the bases and the countries of Iraq and Iran to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Afterwards a young American soldier remarked, "The only sure way to prevent our having to return to this blistering Islamic world is to convert it and Russia to Catholicism." And another, "Such a day as today is beyond my wildest dream. It just doesn't seem real. Here I am, an American soldier, playing the part of an apostle to Islam and Communism, trying to do my part in consecrating this corner of the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and the Sacred Heart of Jesus, trying to bring Iran and Russia back to Christianity. It has cost each of us a lot to come out here. I hope to God the peace we get will be worth the price." If the peace is worth the price then we shall not have forgotten. We shall not have forgotten our dead of two wars, nor the sacrifices of those who returned.

So when we honor our dead this month let us remember that there can be no true peace on earth unless it be the peace of Jesus Christ. Pray, then, for the missionaries who are fighting the greatest battle of all time.





The faithful gather outside the chapel before the Mass of the *kalags* begins.

The Mass of the Ghosts

Ralph
E.
Lynch
S.J.

November in the Philippines
means busy mornings

OUR here in Bukidnon a ghost is a *kalag*, and a *kalag* is a soul; the Filipino doesn't waste words calling it a soul one minute and a ghost the next. All disembodied spirits, the prankish ones who play in graveyards and belfries, or the ones we all cherish with Christian piety are simply *mga kalag*. I just spent a month with the ghosts of Bukidnon, and I must confess it almost made a *kalag* out of me, too.

November is *kalag*-month, and even the smallest little town and barrio wants its own *misa sa*

mga kalag. Thirty days has November, thirty Masses, and thirty different towns; I have a bit of asthma . . . but that's the story.

Day after day in our trusty old jeep which knows every rock and rut of the Bukidnon byways, with Francisco at the wheel, and Leoncio perched in the rear with our assorted luggage, I traveled the National Road to towns and little towns and places which were no towns at all.

Francisco is a little fellow who looks a bit like Lincoln on a new penny; a genius handling jeep or truck, he is also parish secretary and jots down all necessary information for our baptisms and marriages. Some years ago he learned to sing the responses of the Requiem Mass; but neither he nor Leoncio whom he personally trained in Gregorian chant will ever have a radio program of his own, but definitely.

Night after night, on salvaged army cots or cool bamboo beds, we slept in strange houses that were sometimes thick with smoke, or noisy with the capers of scurrying rats. One night we even did battle with a large poisonous snake, and fortunately for us, won a signal victory.

The morning was the busy part of the day, even if it was not the most tiring part. It is the jeep riding that wears you down. Morning is busy for all Filipinos; they are up before the sun, washing, cooking, eating, even farming.

Long before sun-up, I'd find a little lad, hand



The chapels in the barrios are large and airy but often barren and run down.

him a monkey wrench and tell him to hammer out his favorite tune on the chapel bell, which was often enough merely an empty bomb case.

"And make it good and loud!" I'd say.

When the population had assembled in what appeared to be saturation strength, I'd turn to them. "Duna bay mokumpisal?" "Are there any confessions?" I ask. Generally there were very few, for they generally finished their breakfast before the Mass started; they could see no reason for Confession if they were not going to Holy Communion; and to the missionary's despair they almost never go to Communion.

Just before the Mass, the people came to place their *kalag* envelopes on the altar with the list of their dead; with it would be an offering, truly the widow's mite, for while it was always big to them, it seldom paid traveling expenses.

The Mass was not without its perils. Filipinos are emphatically candle-minded, particularly in the smaller barrios where they have to improvise their own Sunday services. They stick their votive wicks in every likely spot, all along the back edge of the altar, on the corners of the altar platform, on the steps of the altar, or the corners of the altar platform, every place. Eternal vigilance is the price you must pay to keep from a good burn. Most of the chapels were as inflammable as tissue paper, and often enough while Francisco intoned the *Dies Irae* I looked around to select a handy exit in case of fire.

After Mass we always had the Responso, the beautiful final blessing the Church bestows on the dead. To do this with proper solemnity, the local carpenter built a catafalque before the altar; and part of our baggage was a large black cloth to cover it. Sometimes the great black covering was draped over a kitchen table, sometimes folded neatly around an empty K-ration box, and once it covered my suitcase. But it did provide an element of dignity.

Breakfast was always a surprise; but Francisco, a born diplomat, managed to keep our good hosts from frying the eggs before Mass most of the time, and even managed to have the coffee hot.

After breakfast, Father went to the *campo santo* to bless the dead. It wasn't always easy. Many of the cemeteries were overgrown with weeds and thorny bushes; and often we hiked through fields of tall cogon grass and pollen-laden weeds. It was hot, and the black cope was heavy, and my old asthma would return. Once there was even a dark swamp under the trees to wade through.

When the *kalags* had been sufficiently blessed, the three of us got off quickly to a new town where we could drum up trade for the following morning. Invariably we found great kindness and wonderful hospitality. In the evening, after supper, we talked of crops, and politics, and of course of the local scandals; about nine o'clock someone would remark on the lateness of the hour, and all departed to bed. Then morning, and again the Mass of the Ghosts.

Paul C.
O'Connor
S.J.



Snow and ice can
start a gay parade

AN ARMISTICE DAY

in Alaska

WE had eighteen days of bad weather. I pitied one poor aviator who had to dig his plane out of the snow time and again—during this blizzardly session. There was no fresh meat in the village—Spam, of course, at the stores! Some had caught a few ptarmigans, but I was not one of the lucky ones. Fish frozen or dry was the community diet.

High tide and slush *under the ice* had either frozen the nets to the ice above or swept them away completely. I began to find out that there were more tricks to netting fish under the ice near the sea than up river. Anyway our fishermen were having difficulties. Expert net makers were working overtime.

November 12th shone bright and clear. I had not noticed anything unusual except that I unconsciously thought what a great day it would be in the hills. My ruminations came to an abrupt halt as my door was banged open, and in pattered many mukluks. It was a delayed Armistice day—and the school had proclaimed a holiday! My whole Catechism class stood before me expectantly.

I had immediately determined to take the whole gang for an outing. Openly, in a dispirited monotone, I said, "Well, there isn't anything to do!"

"Anything to do?" shouted one enthusiastic youngster. "Why there is everything to do! There is no school!"

"Well," I said, trying my best to preserve a disinterested but hypocritical attitude, "I don't suppose that any of you youngsters would want to take a run on the skis to the hills?"

"Father, that is just what we came here for. And if you don't have any Catechism, we could spend the whole afternoon in the hills." All this from a little snow-queen who is tops on the skis, but has a rather prim and precise manner of speaking.

"Forego Catechism, my goodness," and the way I said it a look of consternation came into all these young faces, but quickly changed as I added, "Of course we couldn't possibly have school on a legal holiday."

"Well, what are we waiting for?" said I sternly.

"For you"—piped up a little girl bundled in beautiful furs who possesses a look of innocence that would melt a harder heart than mine. So off we went.

It is difficult skiing at this time of the year. Bushes have not been covered and sharp ridges are found everywhere. In other words the wrinkled top-

ography of both hill and tundra have not been smoothed out by the drifts. These little niceties that troubled me, were not even thought of by my youngsters. They were out for a good time and had it. While they were taking the tumbles I climbed higher and got a good view of the country. I noticed many people hooking above the village. Surely they were not fishing Tom-cod there? Later I found that shee were running this close to the village. This was something new. I became immediately interested. Shee is a game fish!

When the sun went down it became distinctly chilly. The youngsters noticed it and it gave me a good opportunity to shoo them off to their homes. I drifted down to where several Eskimos were silently hooking thru the ice. Shee is a delicious white fish and found only in the Arctic. They run all the way from 2 or 3 pounds to upwards of 30 and 40. The meat of any fish in extremely cold water is so much better because it is so solid.

It wasn't long before I was standing over a hole trying my luck. I brought two to the surface and lost them while trying too quickly to haul them thru the narrow opening. These holes thru the ice are only a foot in diameter. Two sticks are used with great dexterity by the Eskimo in hooking his fish. The sticks are so manipulated that the fisher never touches either the fish or the line with his gloved hand. An Eskimo can fish for hours without any ice-water touching him. The fish are pulled straight up—a trick that I failed to do. I was rapidly getting chilled all over. I was lightly clothed from working on skis and decided that I had better leave at once before becoming an icicle. It was only 10 or 15 below, but with that slight evening breeze—it penetrated my very bones. Off I went on long strides to the warmth of my igloo. The fact that I had lost two good five pound shee did not exactly assuage the pangs of hunger.

The very thought of anything on my stove except a fresh glistening shee was at the moment distasteful to me. Yes, that "Spam" at the stores which one tires of so quickly. If I had only used my head and pulled up that line like a game-fisherman should! Horsing around like a mere amateur! Yes, the day had ended not too brilliantly. There was a tap at the door. It was my aviator friend who had been stuck here for 18 days. He had made a quick run down to Nome and changed his wheels for skis. He was



It doesn't look like much of a catch but the author describes the skill it takes.

now en route for Point Hope. He dropped a husky package on my table. "Just a little remembrance, Father, for those two pamphlets you gave me," and he was gone. I examined the package—it was a nice roast cut by the butcher at Nome. Now the pamphlets had been—"God and the Professors" and "Are you interested?" And here I had thought that those 18 cold blizzardly days were absolutely good for nobody—especially aviators!

So don't think that the Land of the Midnight Sun provides only one monotonous day after the other. The Arctic has its surprises and some are nice ones.

Youngsters in Alaska are the same as the world over. Often their elders react in the same way.



A SONG TO REMEMBER

Joseph P. Merrick S.J.

A moving reminder

of the sufferings

of a Christian people

IF you go to a Catholic wake in Iraq the male relatives stand up as you enter. After you have chosen an empty place you stand there and say a prayer silently with them for the deceased, beginning and ending with the sign of the cross. Then all standing sit down. There is no coffin, for the dead person has already been buried (unless you arrive within a few hours of his decease). There is no conversation—nothing but silent meditation and extreme gravity of countenance. Cigarettes are served; after a while black demitasse coffee, unsweetened. For forty days strict Catholics will not use sweetened coffee or serve it. Now since ordinarily Iraqis use twice the sugar an American would use this is a real penance, a simple, noble tribute to their dead. Meantime others come in and the same ritual is observed. When the parlor becomes too crowded or after about fifteen minutes,

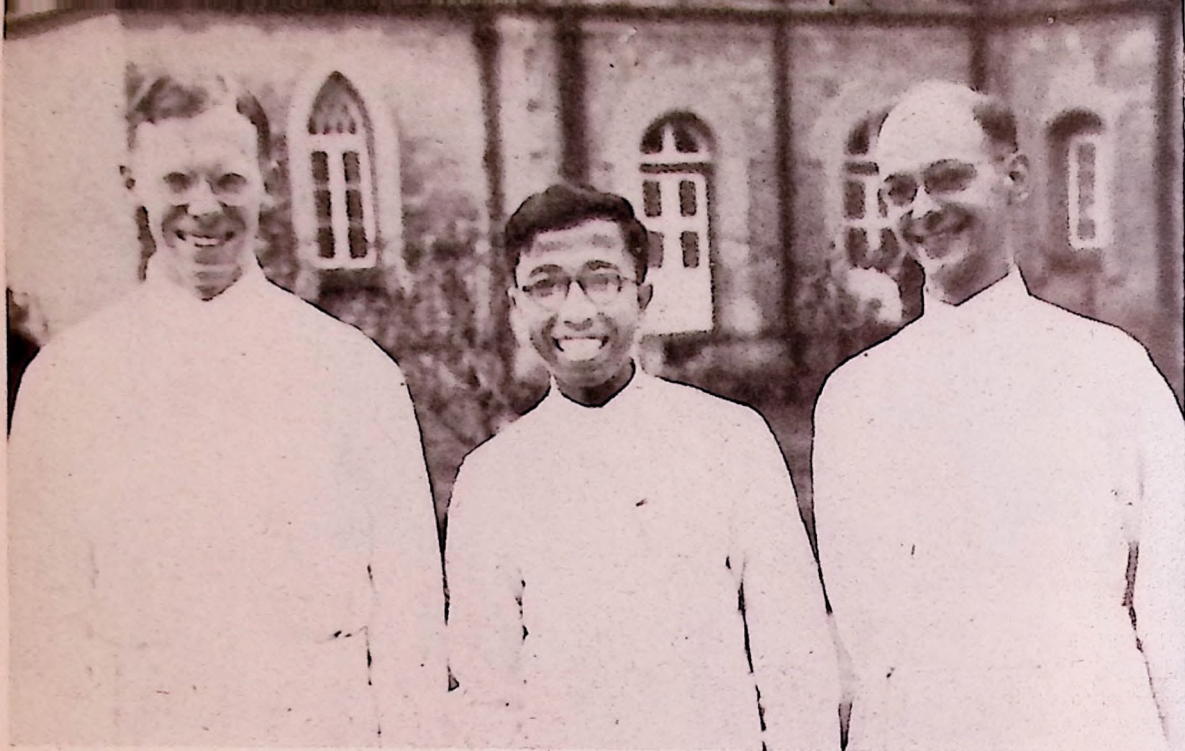
it is permitted to leave. The procedure is to stand up when some newcomers enter, say the prayers with them and then depart, taking very quiet leave of the chief mourners. Stark and bitter silence, prayerful silence, are the marks of the Catholic wake in the Near East. For solemnity and sincerity they much surpass the West.

However, this cannot be said of the women who go into tantrums of tears and wailing to prove their sorrow. It is a relic of a pagan past which the women themselves will kick into the limbo of oblivion when enough of them receive a first class Catholic education. But the women are all in the rear rooms so we are only remotely harassed by their periodic fits of shrieking.

Yet if the wake is bitter, the funeral Mass on the contrary is a drama of relief. Its music is tinged with that sad sweetness which reveals a minority bruised



His Eminence Gregory XV Agagianian, Patriarch of the Armenian Catholics, is one of the Church's two Cardinals of the Oriental Rite. His flock has been decimated and scattered by massacres and deportations. With him are Fr. John J. Williams S.J., of Baghdad College and Fr. Calvert Alexander S.J., Editor of *Jesuit Missions*.



(Left) Edmund Burke S.J. of Oak Park, Illinois, Simon Arulappah S.J. of Trincomalee, Ceylon and Robert Stegman S.J. of Fort Thomas, Kentucky. On November 21st they will be ordained. (Right) An ordination ceremony at 'Santa Mary,' Kurseong.

ST. MARY'S *Comes of Age*

HIGH up in the Himalayas, 4860 feet above the sea, in the shadow of Kinchinjunga, stands a college that the natives call "Santa Mary". Nepalis, Lepchas, Bhutias and jolly Lamas from far off Tibet, live around its gray stone walls. There is a little Christian village around "Santa Mary" and its fervor is reminiscent of that of the Reductions of Paraguay. But whether the people be Christian or Buddhist or Hindu, they still speak kindly and affectionately of "Santa Mary".

"Santa Mary" is a beautiful place. Just below it the summer resort town of Kurseong nestles in the hills. There is wealth in the land—a vast green wealth. Tea estates dot the emerald, terraced paradise and from under the red, tin roof of "Santa Mary" future Jesuit missionaries of India peer down the valley—at the wealth of souls. There are 350,000,000 of them in all India and they await the scholastics of "Santa Mary".

"Santa Mary" or St. Mary's, Kurseong, India, the more familiar mailing address for us here in the United States, is a Jesuit Scholasticate where Jesuits of many nationalities study their theology in preparation for the priesthood. Spaniards from the mission at Ahmedabad and Bombay, Italians from Calicut, Germans from the Poona mission, Portuguese from Goa, the land that Xavier loved, Belgians from Calcutta and Ranchi, Frenchmen from

Madura and Americans from Patna, all have passed through the corridors of St. Mary's. The Church speaks a universal language in India.

This is a year to be noted in the history of St. Mary's. It is an anniversary of sorts. In one respect, St. Mary's reaches her majority—she comes of age as far as the American Jesuits who have studied within her walls are concerned. It has been twenty-one years since the first American Jesuit arrived in Kurseong. He was Father James Gibbons S.J., of Medina, Mo., now a veteran of the Patna Mission. He has left his mark behind him. He once demolished a hill to fill in a valley, (a small hill of course and just as small a valley) because St. Mary's needed a playing field. Seventeen years later Amer-



*High in the Himalayas there is a special
celebration to mark the new India's birth*



ican GIs came to Kurseong and to the field carved out of a mountain and broke even in a double header with the American Jesuits studying there.

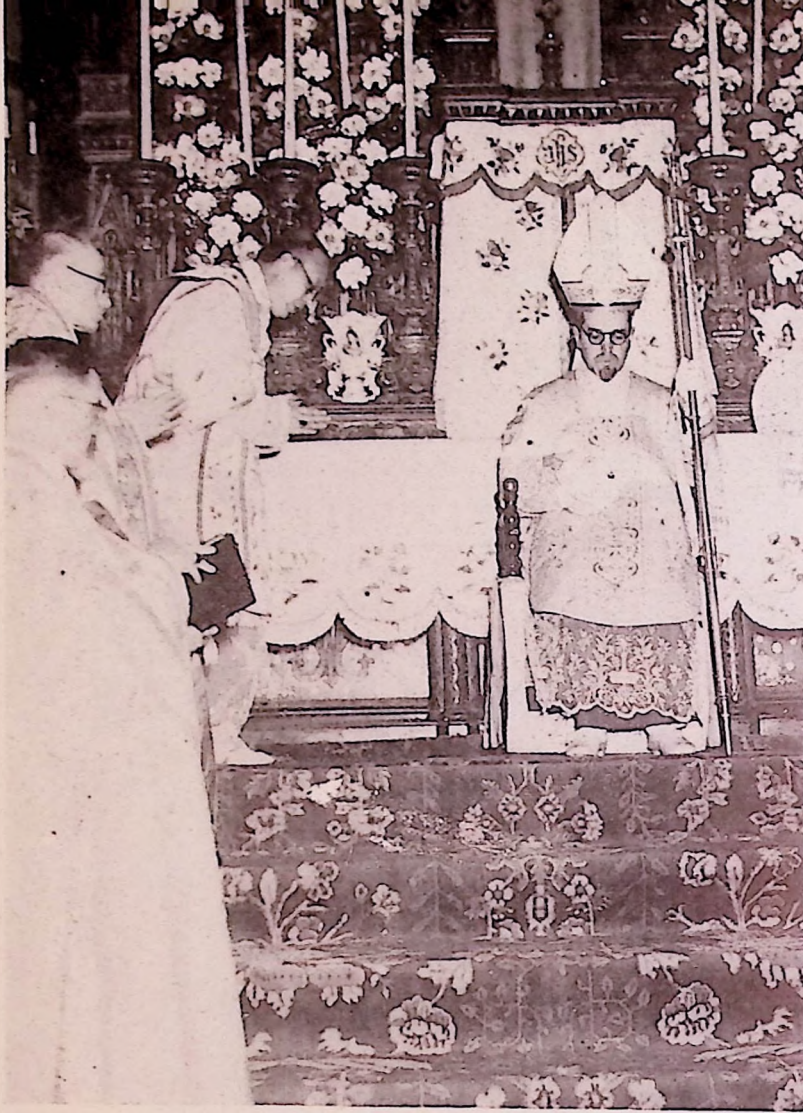
Father Gibbons started something when he began his excavations. But his mere presence at Kurseong started something else. In the twenty-one years that have followed his arrival, there have been fifty-six American Jesuits of the Patna mission who have climbed the hill to St. Mary's after him. Fifty-two of them have ascended the altar at Kurseong for the first time, and this year St. Mary's will celebrate her coming of age by watching two more American Jesuits kneel at the feet of Archbishop Perier, S.J., of Calcutta to share in the priesthood of Christ the first Missioner. They are Father Edmund Burke, S.J., of Oak Park, Illinois and Father Robert Stegman, S.J., of Fort Thomas, Kentucky. The day will be the twenty-first of this month.

With the two mid-westerners will be another, not an American, for Kurseong Jesuits have their share of native aspirants to the priesthood, but one destined to be with Americans for the rest of his life. Father Simon Arulappah, S.J., will be the first

priest ordained for the mission of Trincomalee, Ceylon, since the mission was entrusted to the care of the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province.

Sunny Trincomalee it is called but it has not always brightened the hearts of the missionaries who have labored there. November 21st and the ordination of Father Arulappah no doubt will. There was a time when the little band of five American Jesuits sent to help the French on the island of Ceylon despaired at the deterioration of the mission through lack of man power and financial support. One priest was forced to return home because of ill health and Mr. John J. O'Connor, S.J., a young scholastic from Georgia, died of pneumonia at Kurseong just before his ordination. No one came to replace them.

Ordination day, however, falls this month and one more priest will soon be returning to Trincomalee by the sea. The number grows. There will be more from the United States, now that Southern Jesuits have the mission—as their own. There will be more Ceylonese to follow Father Arulappah up the steps of the main altar of St. Mary's for the imposition of hands and the sharing of the priesthood of Christ.



In Peiping, China, Bishop Leopold Brellinger S.J. at the close of his consecration ceremony. The new prelate is a member of the Austrian Province. He studied theology at Woodstock College, Maryland and was ordained there. There are over forty members of the Austrian Province on the China mission. Their field of operations is Kingsien in the Hopeh Province, now Communist-dominated. The Communists gave permission to Father Brellinger to leave his post for two weeks in order to be consecrated bishop at Peiping.



MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

LIEUTENANT GENERAL ALBERT C. WEDEMEYER and former U. S. ambassador to France and Moscow, William Bullit, were among the recent visitors to the American Jesuit College in Nanking, China. General Wedemeyer, a former Creighton University student, remarked that the Nanking Jesuits were just like those in Omaha. He is the President's special envoy to China with the rank of Ambassador.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH ON GUAM will soon receive \$525,000 from the U. S. Navy in compensation for damages incurred in the bitter fighting that swept that Pacific outpost in World War II. The money will go toward the reconstruction of 38 church properties on the island—churches, chapels, convents, rectories, schools and cemeteries. Among

these are the Spanish masonry-type Cathedral of Dulce Nombre de Maria (Sweet Name of Mary) and the well-known Gothic church of Santa Cruz in Agana. Both of these were completely demolished.

MOST REVEREND JAMES E. MCMANUS C.S.S.R. recently took possession of the See of Ponce in the Cathedral of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Bishop James P. Davis of San Juan, Puerto Rico, officiated at the ceremony. Bishop McManus is the third Bishop of Ponce, Puerto Rico.

ARCHBISHOP GEORGE DE JONGHE D'ARDOYE has left to serve as the first Apostolic Delegate to Indonesia. Archbishop de Jonghe, who is Titular of Mistia and a member of the Foreign Mission Society of Paris,

was stationed in Baghdad as Apostolic Delegate to Iraq and is a warm friend of the New England Jesuits who conduct Baghdad College.

OBLATES OF MARY IMMACULATE who took over their field in Haiti five years ago now have charge of 10 parishes and two chapels and conduct five medical clinics, each of which treats approximately 1000 patients every week. The Rev. Gaston le Houllier, O.M.I., Vicar Provincial of Haiti, recently revealed that the number of Oblate priests there has increased to 27, including Bishop Louis Collignon, O.M.I., of Les Cayes. Of these, 20 are from the United States, 6 from Canada and 1 from Haiti.

AT TADOUSAC IN QUEBEC Bishop Napoleon Labrie of the Gulf of St. Lawrence took part in ceremonies observing the 200th anniversary of the Indian chapel, the oldest wooden chapel in North America. It was built by the Rev. Claude Godefert, Jesuit missionary, for the Montagnais Indians.

THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTION, HAUTES ETUDES, of Tientsin, China, conducted by French and Chinese Jesuits, has received formal recognition from the Chinese Government as a university. It will be known as Tsinku University. Famed especially for its faculties of engineering and commerce, the university has about 700 students, and long before the technicalities of governmental recognition were completed, has had university prestige. With Fu-Jen, the Catholic University of Peiping, conducted by the Society of the Divine Word Fathers from Illinois, and Aurora (French Jesuits) in Shanghai, this makes three recognized Catholic universities in China. Apart from seminaries there is no Catholic institution of higher education in the central or southern parts of China.

THE FIRST SINGHALESE ARCHBISHOP and the first native bishop of Ceylon, Mgr. Thomas Benjamin Cooray, O.M.I., said in a recent interview, "Catholics in Ceylon welcome Dominion status for their country; but they are worried about its possible effect on their own position. The spread of Communism on the island is like a nightmare to us. We have had trouble in our schools. The future is uncertain."

A MARIST MISSIONARY, Father Albert Lebel, has returned to this country after 16 years of labor in the North Solomon islands. He reports that more than one half of the people in the Vicariate are

Catholics despite the fact that the Gospel was first preached there by the Marist missionaries only fifty years ago.

FIFTY-THREE U. S. CATHOLIC COLLEGES and universities have agreed to help train leaders for China, according to the Rev. Dr. John T. Mao, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Nanking, who is directing the work. The plan of Church authorities in China is to have 500 students educated in U. S. Catholic colleges in the next decade.

THE BRITISH CATHOLIC MISSION GROUP, St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society—commonly known as the Mill Hill Fathers—has flourished in the eighty years of its existence. Today it has 800 priests and 100 lay-brother members. The Society staffs nine mission territories in Africa, India, New Zealand and the East Indies.

THE LATE PATRIARCH OF BABYLON and the Chaldeans, His Beatitude, Joseph Emmanuel Thomas, in his 47 years as head of the Chaldean Rite accomplished much on behalf of his people. He built more than 50 churches and 70 schools, in addition to enlarging the Patriarchal Seminary. During the first World War he saved 200,000 Christians from massacre and even stripped the churches in Mosul of all precious articles to obtain funds for his suffering people and the Armenian refugees.

Father Albert R. O'Hara S.J., and a group of Chinese religion students



Twenty Years

Stephen B. Earley S.J.



THE date was November 23, 1927. Father Miguel Pro, his brother Humberto, and Louis Segura sat in the Calles prison-dungeon and ate a breakfast of Mexican eggs fried with green and red peppers, and plenty of strong black coffee. Father Pro had been slightly ill, and was sipping a glass of mineral water when the silence of their cell was shattered.

"It is my duty to inform you," the Captain of the prison guards stood outside their cell and spoke in a hesitant voice, "that you have been condemned to death. You will prepare for death immediately."

The shock was terrible, but not entirely unexpected. Humberto first, then Louis, then Juan Tirado who died with them, knelt, made their confession, and received Father Pro's last blessing. He put on a sweater underneath his coat, and stepped out of his cell.

"Good-bye, my brother, good-bye, my sons," he said and walked out into the biting cold.

As he turned his back to the wall and faced the soldiers with their rifles ready, he reached into the trousers pocket of an old wrinkled brown suit, drew forth a rosary and crucifix, knelt in the courtyard, raised his clasped hands to heaven and prayed. Then he rose, kissed the crucifix and extended his arms in the form of a cross.

"May God have mercy on you all," he cried to the firing squad whose rifles pointed at his breast.

Then he closed his eyes another minute to offer his life for the suffering Church in Mexico. Almost immediately he heard the voice of Police General Robert Cruz, "Ready, aim, fire!" Opening his eyes he shouted with all his might.

"Long live Christ the King!"

The words were punctured by the rifle-fire, and the frail form in shabby civilian dress slumped to the ground. Blood gushed out of his chest and stained the stones of the courtyard; he struggled convulsively a minute and then went off to heaven. In death his hand still clutched his rosary. In a few minutes three other bodies lay alongside of him.

Some hours later Father Pro's aged father, his features set and grim, came to claim the bodies of his sons. Taking out a handkerchief he gently wiped away a drop of blood from his son's face, wrapped it carefully and put it in his pocket as if the handkerchief was the most wonderful treasure in the world. Father Pro's sister started to sob.

"Not a tear, daughter," he said sternly, "your brothers, my sons, are Christ's martyrs. Thanks be to God."

That night the bodies of Father Pro and his brother rested at their father's home: the Blessed Sacrament was placed on Father Pro's breast, and all night long the people came to pray. A fellow Jesuit, openly vested in cassock and surplice led prayers throughout the night.

The following night 20,000 people went in procession to the grave, singing hymns, carrying flowers, saying in unison the rosary so dear to Fr. Pro's heart.

Another Jesuit stood at the open grave and before the final blessing told simply "the death of Mexico's heroic priest. As his body was lowered into his grave 20,000 voices raised in the vibrant shout: *"Long live Christ the King!"*

That was 20 years ago. Each year, each month, each day, every minute, Father Pro's dying cry grows stronger. And not in Mexico alone but throughout the world, for such is the story of martyrs. The blood of martyrs is still the seed of the Church.

CHINA

Had the First Auto

A scientist-priest of today, Father Bernard Hubbard S.J., with his modern equipment, pauses before one of the scientific instruments of Father F. Verbiest S.J.



Francis
A.
Rouleau
S.J.

The little-known story of a great scientist and missionary

DOWN from the hot Manchurian steppes, where the annual summer manœuvres were held, K'ang Hsi gallops one autumn evening into imperial Peking, clopping through clouds of yellow dust and followed by the eight Banners of his Tartar hosts. Not far outside the walls, the long colorful cavalcade reins up to an abrupt halt. At the roadside three gentlemen from the Great West Country (Europe), venerable in their beards and dressed in the ceremonial robes and bonnet of the scholar caste, fall on their knees and nine times touch their heads to the ground before the proud Son of Heaven. One of them wears brocaded on his silk vest the golden dragon of a high Mandarin

of the Empire. Spokesman for the others, it is he who, still kneeling, addresses the Manchu monarch.

"Your Majesty, your servants have come eagerly to enquire after the imperial health and to wish you joyous welcome back to the Capital."

Profound kotows as before. K'ang Hsi briskly and in staccato questions, asks the latest news of their observation, map-making, buildings in the royal gardens. He orders tea to be served them from his own tea-tray—extraordinary condescension reserved on occasion to only the most intimate in the imperial graces. When they have done, he waves them a farewell:

"Come to the Palace tomorrow."



The astronomical instruments of Father Verbiest are studied with interest by Mr. John Clifford S.J. and Mr. Fred Foley S.J.

with all over Europe and the Far East. Born in Belgium in 1632, admitted into the Society of Jesus in 1641, trained in the best scholarship of the age, this gifted young Flemish religious turned his back on the promising academic honors of his homeland and volunteered for the arduous, far-distant China Mission field. He arrived at Macao in 1659, and after a brief apprenticeship in one of the provinces, soon found his place at the Imperial Court among that small group of scientists whose magnificent vision it was to win recognition for the Chinese Church through the ascendancy of their learning and skill in the circles of the mighty. Not long after, he succeeded another celebrated Jesuit scholar and favorite of the Emperor, John Adam Schall, as President of the Imperial Board of Astronomy; and from that time until his death in 1688, his many personal achievements and the high Mandarinate honors conferred on him in consequence, form one of the most romantic chapters in all Chinese Mission history. The Church there advanced far and wide under the shad-

Nine times again the Missionaries bend their foreheads to the earth, while the clanging retinue drives off into the city.

Next day, in the awesome precincts of the Palace, the Emperor and his officials watch with childish wonder and excitement the strange contraption brought for their inspection. Over the smooth polished pavement a small wooden car glides swiftly around for over an hour on its own power, while its inventor, the Missionary Mandarin with the gold-stitched dragon on his breast, explains to his amazed audience the mysterious driving force of steam.

Such was the first Automobile Exposition.

For the record's sake, the year was approximately 1677-1678; and the creator of this steam automobile, first in history, was Ferdinand Verbiest, of the Society of Jesus.

Verbiest's was in those days a name to conjure

ow of this towering figure at Court.

In the matter of automobile ancestry, Verbiest's own straightforward description is of such capital importance as an historical document—and to the auto-minded in general should prove of such interest—that it seems worthwhile giving the whole little chapter just as it is, rendered from the Latin in which it was written at his modest workshop adjacent to the Palace. The following is a free version rather than a translation. For clearness' sake I have thrown in a word here and there parenthetical to the text. Notice that this pioneer explorer in "Pneumatics," when recording the mechanics of his turbine, uses the term "wind" where we in our omniscient machine age say "steam." "Three years ago, while testing the force produced by an aeli-pile (boiler), I had a four-wheel car made of light wood, two feet long and extremely mobile. In the

SINCERELY YOURS

Hillard L.
Brozowski
S.J.



Here is a grand way
for personal contact
with the missions

This scene in Belize, British Honduras,
is a familiar one to American boys.

“CRICKET is like your American baseball, only different;” “Belize is built right on the ocean, and so tidal-waves are very dangerous;” “We begin school at 7:45 A.M. and end with a study-period at 8:00 P.M.” These statements are typical of the letters some thirty Central American boys in Belize wrote to some thirty boys in Omaha, U. S. A. These letters were part of a Mission project the author organized as a teaching scholastic.

Most of us who contribute to the Missions wonder what kind of people benefit by our gifts to the Missions, what our gifts are used for, what the actual needs of the Missions are. We learn much of this by reading the letters and articles written by the missionaries. This knowledge at times may be quite impersonal. Real first-hand personal information about the Missions we can acquire by contact with the people themselves. Belize, the Philippines, India, China are a bit too far afield to enable us to inspect conditions for ourselves. The next best thing to do is to contact the people by mail. Our missionaries appreciate letters, of course; but they can't

always find time to answer them. I found from experience that the people are thrilled at receiving letters and invariably answer them.

The lads in Omaha, too, found writing letters to people they'd never met intensely intriguing, especially after the first exchange of letters. Here is what we did: I contacted Mr. Bernard Hoyer, S.J. who was then teaching in Belize, and now, by a queer twist of fate, is teaching in Omaha—and asked him to send me the names of the boys in his class. I might mention in passing that it takes regular mail (5c) a month each way; air mail (20c) requires almost two weeks each way. Next my class wrote letters to their new friends-to-be. In the beginning I suggested a few ideas for writing: give full name, address, a brief description of self, hobbies, sports at school, Sodality. The letters are written, put in envelopes, sealed and shipped off in a bundle (saves postage) to Mr. Hoyer in Belize. He acts as mail-man. In four days or a week he has the answers from his boys and he sends them to me. This time I act as mail-man. We did this twice and then left the correspondence to the boys who by this time

had each other's addresses and mutual interests. As far as I know, some are still corresponding. Some of the better letters we read aloud in class or at a Sodality meeting so that all could share in our first-hand knowledge.

The results of this correspondence were very gratifying. The Omaha lads acquired much information about Belize, information which is absolutely essential if they are to remain loyal backers of the Missions. They learned how boys their own age live in Belize, the social life they engage in, the sports they participate in, the studies they pursue; they discovered for themselves the people of Belize geographically and socially.

A result just as important for the boys and girls in Belize was this: we discovered that practically the whole city of Belize uses the library at St. John's College and uses it heavily. Books for boys and girls were in great demand, too great in fact. The demand, especially for books for girls, could not be met. We got to work in Omaha. In the course of a year we mailed approximately one hundred and fifty books to St. John's. We used mail-service because it was faster and surer than shipping. Books that were perfectly good but not read by the boys and their sisters because they had outgrown them were put to use in Central America. Postage requirements demanded that packages be less than four and a half pounds in weight. We learned practically the difficulties of the missions.

You might wonder why we singled out Belize. The answer is contained in the JESUIT MISSIONS for October, 1945. The Social Movement is "On Trial" in Belize. It has caught on. Housewives, fishermen, small-trades people now know the meaning of the

value of helping themselves through group action in Credit Unions. "British Honduras has grown in a few generations from a mission with two priests and a handful of Catholics to a diocese of 34,500 Catholics, one bishop, 23 priests, three communities of sisters who teach thousands of Carib, Mayan, Spanish, Indian children in Catholic schools. It now has a most promising social program, inaugurated and promoted by a far-sighted bishop, a specially trained superior and staff of priests." The continued help of each one of us is essential if this Social Movement is to enjoy its complete success.

Let no one think that this program of letter-writing need be restricted to pupils and their teachers. It is true enough that the names I'm listing below are those of scholastics who are teaching high school boys. Consequently the opportunity for teachers is excellent. If those teaching boys or girls want to have their pupils acquire more knowledge about British Honduras, let them try out this program of letter-writing. I'm sure the men whose names are given below will co-operate fully.

By means of this correspondence and the mutual esteem that will be engendered by it, our love and knowledge of the Missions will grow. We shall realize that the fields are white with the harvest and shall pray the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into the fields for His greater glory.

The scholastics teaching in British Honduras are:

William J. Brennan S.J.
Francis F. Bakewell S.J.
Robert E. Hoene S.J.
Henry B. Winkels S.J.

... but there are other scenes which would be strange to them.





AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

- ISOLATIONIST IN IRAQ
- MANILA MARAUDERS
- OLANCHITO'S PASTOR
- TRUK DILEMMA
- ALASKAN SAMARITAN

Rev. Edward H. Dineen S.J. of Philadelphia, one of the Jamshedpur, India missionaries.



Iraq

BAGHDAD COLLEGE
Father Michael J. McCarthy S.J.



Travel here is full of snares which are always new but have the same result. We always think at least twice before deciding to leave the house, and if the second thought is a good one we stay home. I got back to Baghdad yesterday after a fine vacation in Bethlehem. I was delayed a week by

events arising from a bubonic plague scare in Palestine where a few cases were discovered some time ago.

Iraq had heard of the plague and set up a quarantine of ten days for anyone entering the country from Palestine. I ran smack into the quarantine at Ramadi, the only town between Baghdad and Damascus. Over my vociferous objections I was politely installed in a large tent furnished with a bed. Sitting on the edge of a bed is not unpleasant while you rub the sleep out of your eyes in the morning but it puts a crick in the back when persisted in all day. The quarantine rules called for no food for twenty four hours and the water available still contained a good deal of Euphrates mud so that I was more afraid of typhoid than of the bubonic plague.

The next day I was joined by an English doctor who had spent twenty-four years as Health Officer in Bombay and was now coming to Iraq for the first time to take up the position of Health Officer in the Iraq State Railways. He was accompanied by his wife and all the discomforts of the quarantine struck them with full force because they were completely unexpected. He and his wife were elderly and unused to the blazing desert heat of Iraq. They had been used to sanitary conveniences all their lives and were not a little perturbed at the lack of hygiene that surrounded them. Besides, they had had years of experience with bubonic plague and knew with absolute certainty what I had vaguely suspected, namely, that the quarantine was utterly useless. As time passed the doctor excogitated more and more reasons to prove that we

Communications

Dear Father:

Father Zamar, veteran of the Hungarian mission of Taming, China, had had great success as a missionary but was forced by ill health to leave his mission some time ago. As you know, the Taming mission suffered severe persecution by the Communists last year and their mission property was seriously damaged by Nationalist bombings. Father Zamar was staying at the Sienhsien mission when the Communists confiscated the residence and drove the community into exile in Peiping.

Father has been ill for some time and is not expected to live very long. For some years he had been working on an exhaustive treatise on the ascetical and mystical life. He has been assisted by a Chinese Seminarian in translating the work into Chinese. Almost nothing has been printed in China in this field and the book will fill a real need for Chinese parish priests and religious communities.

The three volumes are now ready to be published but the Taming mission is almost completely on the rocks and no aid is forthcoming from Hungary. Father Zamar is very anxious to have these books, the work of a lifetime, published while he is yet able to direct their publication. With \$65.00 he could start the first volume and once that is finished, the rest will take care of itself.

Perhaps some friend of JESUIT MISSIONS could help to have the first volume brought to the press within the next few months.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Rev. George Donohoe S.J.
Peiping, China.

Dear Father:

P.C.

The Catholic Book Crusade in India has had a very effective apostolate. We could do even more if we had more books for distribution. I have noticed that in several of your recent issues you have been advertising books. Perhaps some of your readers would be good enough to buy two copies, one for their own personal use and designate the other for the Catholic Book Crusade in India. Further, we would be glad to receive

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



Yoro

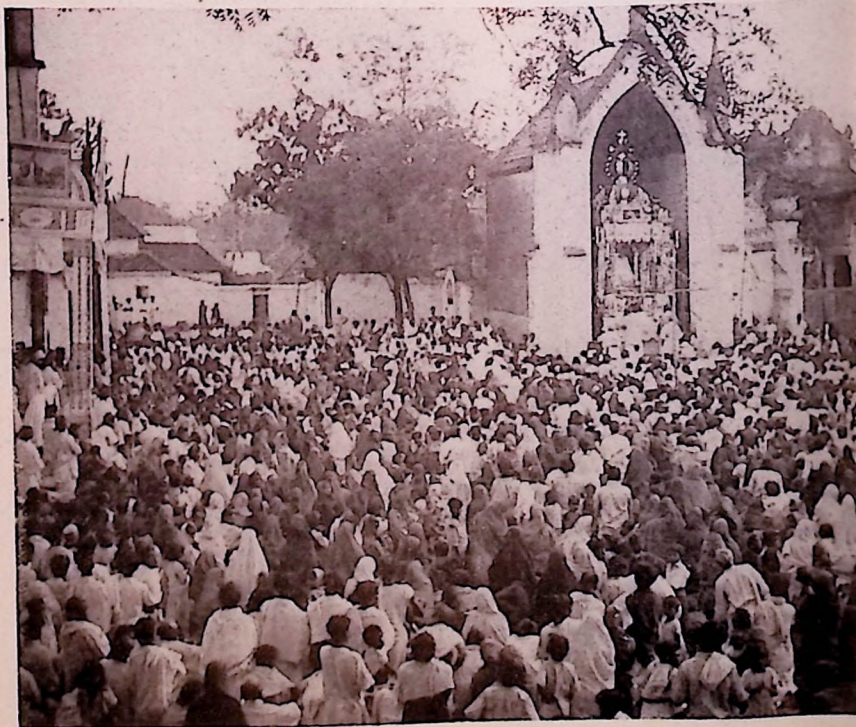
YORO, HONDURAS
Father James R. O'Neill S.J.

Father William J. Moore stayed with me here at Progresso for some time in order to become familiar with the conduct of a parish in this part of the world. After all, there are a few little different quirks in running a parish down here that you would not find at home in the States. He also went over to help Father Smith at a "Function" in El Negrito. Then Father Hickey suggested that both of us go over to Olanchito where Father Moore will be in charge.

Olanchito is 90 miles from La Ceiba. There are two trains, a rapido and a local. They run on different days but I am not sure of the exact schedule. However, I know that Father Moore can fly to La Ceiba on a Monday, for example, and return by train on Tuesday. Any day he gets to La Ceiba he can always find a plane for any place.

The climate at Olanchito is not bad. It is a drab looking town but it has its compensations. The officials of the Fruit Company treated us very nicely and phoned ahead to some of their men who—with their Catholic wives—will be a godsend. The church is in good condition. As a matter of fact it is much better than ours and, thanks to a pious volunteer majordomo, it is clean, as is the sacristy. Father Moore has a good altar there but he needs albs, vestments and furnishings generally. His house is small and needs one major and several minor repairs. He can get sanitary plumbing reasonably and no doubt will.

It is the patron feast day of this Christian village in Palamcottah, India. The crowds are so great on an occasion like this that the altar is set up in the street in front of the procession car. The Church is seen at the left.



Best of all, at his second Mass on Sunday, with no announcement, he had ten communions. I think it is going to be our best parish. On the feast of Carmel there were 100 communions. So it looks good for Father Moore.



Pacific Isles

TRUK, CAROLINE ISLANDS
Father Edwin G. McManus S.J.

Some time ago there arrived in Truk a group of natives who had traveled about 200 miles in a 25-foot sailing canoe. They had two purposes in making the trip; they wanted to ask me for a resident priest for their island, and they wanted to get some cigarettes. (I don't know which request had priority but they were sincere in both.) Almost all Carolinians have a passion for American cigarettes, in fact for tobacco in any form. The Protestant missionaries at one time forbade tobacco to their people, and there are still some who observe that rule, but for the majority the craving for tobacco outweighs "zeal for the law." Personally, I'd much prefer to see the poor people spend what money they have on other things, but I don't see it as a pressing problem in morals.

But their other problem is an all too familiar one out here. What's to be done now? Shall we send one of the impossible-to-be-spared priests from Truk, or shall we ignore the desire that inspired such a dangerous trip on the open ocean?

That is the age-old problem of every missionary; a problem that has yet to find a satisfactory solution. Should the missionary stay

The Ateneo de San Pablo is one of the newest educational ventures in the Philippine Islands. It has been undertaken in spite of the difficulties in a war torn mission. Father John W. McCarron S.J. with San Pablo boys.



Communications

any books especially treating Apologetic and Church History. I would like to mention that we have no need for strictly text books.

The books could be marked for the CATHOLIC BOOK CRUSADE and sent direct to me. The address is given at the bottom of the letter.

Your readers will have a very special place in my Masses that God will bless their efforts to help the Catholic Press in India.

Gratefully yours in Christ,

Rev. Henry Westropp S.J.
St. Xavier's
Patna, E. I. Ry., India

+

Dear Father:

Our diocese has been running on the Masses which it used to receive from France. Since the beginning of this year we haven't received a single stipend and we have been told that France is not in a position to send us anything for a good many months. Will you try to find some stipends for this diocese?

Rev. Albert Muthumalai S.J.
Diocesan Director of Catholic Action
Bishop's House
Tallakulam P.O.
India

+

Dear Father:

In the short time that I have been here at Malaybalay, Bukidnon Province, I have visited several barrios to say Mass. In each barrio I have seen a rather attractive Protestant church, newly built. To prevent our barrio people from being won over by the newcomers I would like to get into their homes and with surplice, stole and formal ceremony consecrate their families to the Sacred Heart. To do this we shall need a few hundred pictures of the Sacred Heart. May I ask your readers to mail to me all the pictures possible? They should not be too small and with or without frames.

Most gratefully,
Rev. Thomas H. Reilly S.J.
Catholic Convento
Malaybalay, Bukidnon Prov.
Philippines.

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

in one place and form solid Catholics as a nucleus for future expansion, or should he keep continually on the move and try to reach as many people as possible? I suppose that the answer is a judicious combination of both systems—but just what is the judicious combination? We're getting 6 new American priests this year, but they won't solve the problem for each one will have the same difficulty in the area allotted to him. Forty new men would solve the problem, but now I'm dreaming—so I better say my prayers and crawl into bed.



Alaska

HOLY CROSS MISSION
Father James C. Spils S.J.

I want to tell you about a man who came to Holy Cross Mission last summer and whom we will remember often in the long winter nights, not only for the wonderful work he so generously did but also for the kindness of his personality. His name is Doctor Milo H. Fritz and his office is on Park Avenue, New York. The missions of Alaska do not see his like very often.

The way Dr. Fritz got to Holy Cross seems to bear out the old saying, "Tis a rare wind that brings no good." We were sending out two Sisters who needed rest and medical treatment after years on the mission. Then, just as they were ready to leave, over the radio came word from Dr. Langsam that Sister Superior was to report to the hospital at Anchorage. She went reluctantly for she realized how shorthanded we were and she did not care either for the expense the trip involved. But the expense was more than compensated for by what she brought back.

Her physician at Anchorage asked permission to call in a specialist who just happened to be in town. The specialist was Dr. Fritz. He had a scholarship and was doing research on corneal transplantations. From his experiences during Army days and otherwise he knew that there are many people up here with opaque corneas. So he was spending his vacation working with the Territorial Health Department in making a survey to determine the extent of the affliction and how to check it. He also wished to see if some corneal transplantations could be made to restore sight to a few. Of course Sister Superior did not find all this out at first. But here was a Doctor making a tour of the Territory. Would he be willing to stop off at Holy Cross? The Doctor readily agreed.

Dr. Fritz arrived at noon on the next day. Right after dinner he started checking the eyes, ears and throats of the children. He had only two days to complete his work. The following day his sympathy was so aroused that he radioed the Government Hospital at Bethel for a Suction Pressure outfit. At midnight a plane buzzed us and we had the machine. Next morning Dr. Fritz started on tonsils and spent two days removing the 15 worst cases of tonsils and adenoids. The Sisters urged him to check me, too. As a result the Doctor and I went off to Bethel, the right tools were flown in from Fairbanks and two days later I returned with a more wonderful nose. So even though I haven't been farther east than the Mississippi I have still had my nose fixed by a Park Avenue specialist. Dr. Fritz has meant a lot to us. Holy Cross Mission will not forget him. Besides the work he did, he proved himself a wonderful person.



REQUIEM MISSAL

in memory of

your relatives and friends

Have you noticed that whenever a priest wears black vestments he reads the prayers of the Mass in a black Missal? It is a thin Missal, as it contains only the text of the various requiem Masses and special orations. Priests find the Missal extremely convenient. Our missionaries are no exception. Yet, many either do not have a black Missal or they are using an old one in the service of the Mass.

Should you desire to give such a Missal in memory of your relatives and friends, send your donation and their names to JESUIT MISSIONS. The price of the Missal is \$10.00 or \$15.00, depending upon the quality of the binding.

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Name
Address
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Kindly request your missionary priest to
remember the following persons at Holy
Mass:

.....
.....
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.....

ARMISTICE AND THE MISSIONARY

HIS NAME WAS Father Mercier and he was a Frenchman. He's never been to this country, but a little Belgian missionary back from Japan told us about him: it all happened back in 1945.

A fourteen-year-old Japanese lad came to Father Mercier and asked him for instructions in the Faith, and of course Father was happy to give them. They went along for five or six weeks quietly, earnestly; and then one day the lad didn't appear. He missed the next lesson, too. The following day the Japanese secret police arrested Father and accused him of being a spy. The lad, in their pay, swore out the complaint. Of course Fr. Mercier denied the charges.

The secret police took him to the jail, and in an effort to get a confession stripped him naked, tied him to the floor, and four of the police with their captain tramped up and down on his body and face for three days. Their heavy boots bruised his body almost beyond recognition but brought no confessions; so they hung him from the ceiling by his feet, and beat his body for two days with two-by-fours. Bloody, battered, almost dead he still could not say he was a spy; only his body was worn out. So they cut him down, threw him in a cell and left him without medical care of any kind.

A few days later American soldiers arrived and found him still alive. They rushed him a field hospital where the miracle drugs of the war saved his life; in a few weeks he was almost ready to sit up; the Military Police came to interview him.

"Father," they said, "justice must be done. They must be taught that barbarity of this kind can't go unpunished. You must give us the names of the police and their captain."

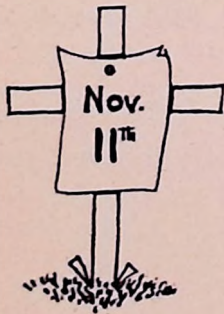
Fr. Mercier lay silent on his bed for quite a time; his battered face showed signs of the struggle that was going on within him. Finally he opened his eyes and looked up at them.

"No," he said simply, "I can't tell you their names. I came here as a missionary to help these poor people. I could not tell you anything that would cause them suffering."

An interesting thing was the reaction of the Americans: they cried openly and unashamedly. They sent him back to France in an American plane to try to regain some of his health again; the French government paid his hospitalization. Back on the missions, he's not called Fr. Mercier any more; they call him Father Mercy.

The missionaries bring the peace of Christ to the whole world. Ten Americans are leaving this fall for missionary work in Japan; they will work with German missionaries for the conversion of the Japanese people. While they studied to prepare themselves for the mission field, their brothers fought Japanese and Germans. They are Americans—Americans to the core, but Catholics through to their very souls, lovers of peace, lovers of Christ and of Christ's great Kingdom.

Armistice Day and the Missions? We all can learn the missionary idea of Armistice Day. Pray that God will grant the heroes of the peace every single grace they need to make their work gloriously successful for the spread of His great Missionary Kingdom on Earth.



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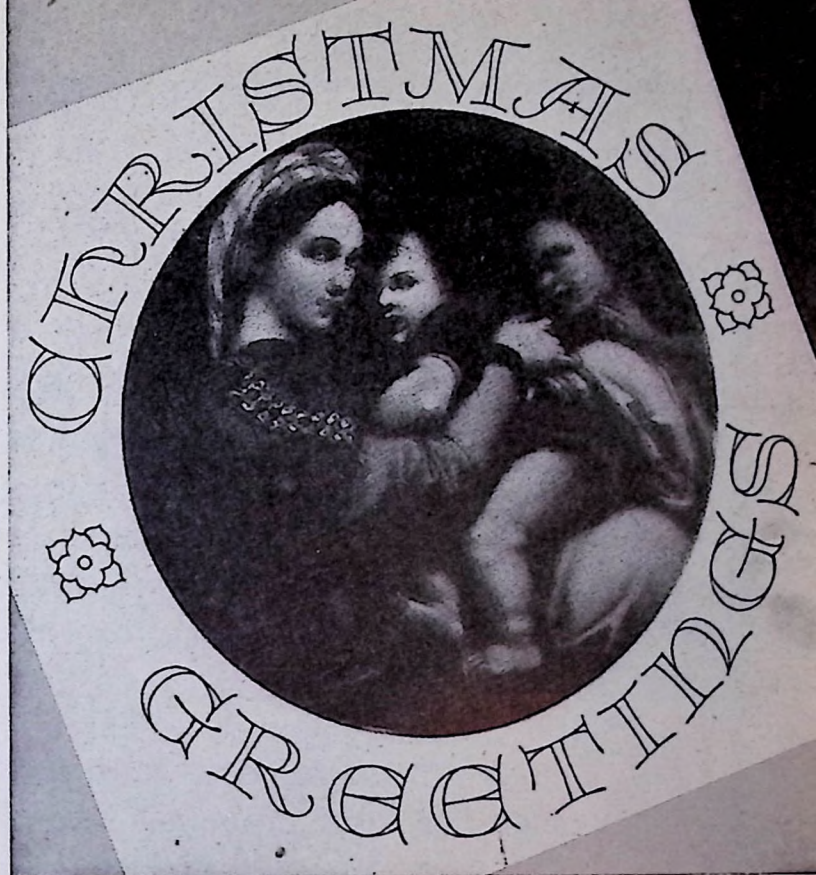
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November

During this month, the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS and our missionaries around the world will pause each day at Mass to beg the merciful grace of God for the souls of your deceased relatives and friends. Actually, they do share in our Masses each day, but the remembrance this month will be in a special manner.

The most efficacious manner in which you can remember your relatives and friends is to request Masses for their souls. If you send the intentions to JESUIT MISSIONS, we will forward them immediately to our missionaries.

Our need for Mass intentions is great not only during November but also for each month of the year. Tabulated below are the number of Masses desired each month by the Procurators of several of our missions:

China	10,000
India	3,000
Japan	500
Jamaica	300

Will you help us to fulfill the above requests by sending your Mass intentions to

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