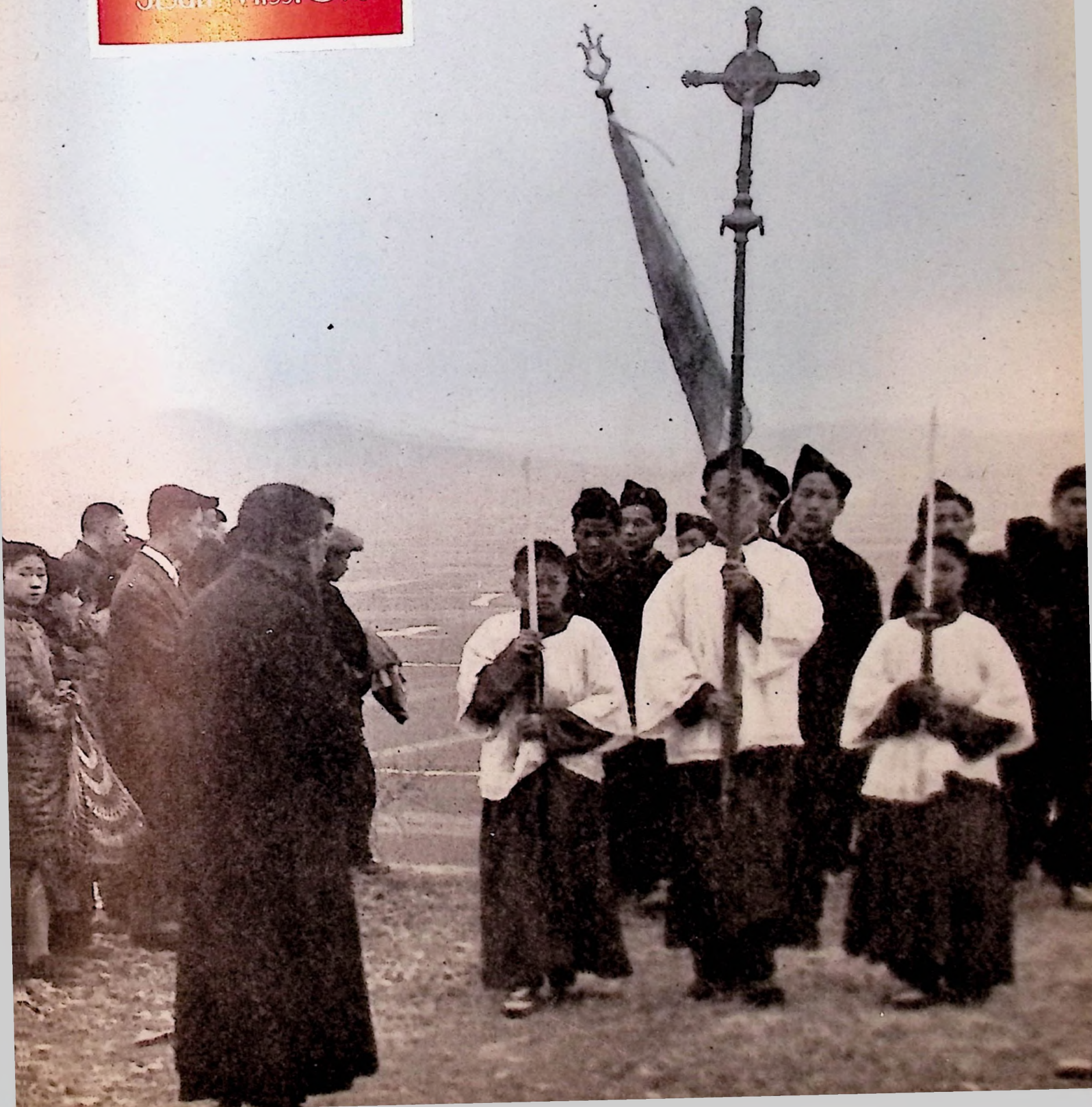


March 1948



March, 1948

JESUIT MISSIONS

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COVER. High above the plain of the Yangtze Delta in the province of Kiangsu, China, wends the procession in honor of Our Lady, Help of Christians. Here at the famous shrine of Zose thousands of devoted Chinese Catholics met last May for the Coronation of the statue of Our Lady and to beseech Her to again avert, as She had before, the persecution sweeping down from the north. *Jesuit Missions* will soon tell the Zose story.

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 four new, enclosing if possible your address label. Duplicate copies cannot be sent. The Post Office will not for ward copies unless you provide extra postage.

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CONTRIBUTORS

Nothing in the world is as precious as youth nor is there any job more important than the training of the young in the ways of Christ. Every Catholic mother and father



Father E. F. Madaras S.J.

is keenly aware of the responsibility and the glory that God has bestowed on them. The broken homes that disfigure the American scene today are sharp reminders of what failure means. Yet every parent also knows that there comes a time in which it is more difficult to touch the

heart of a boy, to pierce the defenses he has built around his own little world. This issue of *Jesuit Missions* has such a boy in mind.

Father Edward F. Madaras S.J., Superior of the Baghdad Mission, portrays for us the unfolding and development of a boy's character through his school days at Baghdad College. It crystallizes in one spot what the "Molders of Men" are doing all over the world. Hillard L. Brozowski S.J., for the present at St. Mary's, Kansas, reveals that sympathetic understanding of the Mayan Indians of British Honduras that is essential to men who shape the lives of others. In the Philippines there were boys and girls who were very close to the deep end—and the pit of Hell. Father George Willmann S.J. was painfully aware of that threatening disaster and he broke into swift action. For the first time he tells us of the Catholic Youth Organization in Manila and that passionate drive to save the souls of Filipino youth. And let us not think that it is one of those stories that "can't happen here."

■ Out in the now quiet hills of South Dakota a too seldom remembered people still take pride in their sons. From the pen of **Edward J. Laskowski S.J.** we learn how



Roy B. Campbell S.J.

the Sioux youth grow into manhood, cleanly, determinedly, gaily. **Roy B. Campbell S.J.**, now at Weston College, tells in his quiet, dignified way what it has meant to his native Jamaica, and how especially important it is for the immediate future, to have known, for almost one hundred

years, the molders of men.

Molders of men—where did they come from? Who are they? Take a look first at the names in our table of contents for this month. There are not many names from the Mayflower there nor has any one nation a monopoly on the grace of God which sends men and women to the far corners of the earth in search of souls.

■ Then **Father Charles J. McCarthy S.J.** of the California Province and the China mission will give you the answer in a story you will not forget for a long time. An Alaskan missionary,

George T. Boileau S.J., now at Alma, California, and counting the days to his ordination and return to the Land of the Midnight Sun, reveals what is in the hearts of missionaries of all lands. Finally, **Fred F. McCaffrey S.J.**, of the New Orleans Province, puts into living words the things that these men remember from afar.



George T. Boileau S.J.

Brother Italo A. Parnoff S.J. of Baghdad reminds us that these men are not all priests. He does not say it but a brother can sometimes reach the heart of a lad when a priest would be helpless. To prove the point, **Leonard J. Kaufer S.J.** of Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, tells us of the first Eskimo Jesuit who was molded by the missionary brothers of Alaska.

JM



Dear Friend:

It is difficult to know what to give a priest. This is especially true in the case of missionaries. Time and again, letters come asking for gift suggestions. We all feel a consolation in giving a definite gift to a particular missionary. Of course, they all need rosaries and various other religious articles. Money is always acceptable. It is rather impractical to send food as the majority of the missionaries are thousands of miles away. Due to the custom regulations, to receive certain articles the missionary might be required to pay more than the original price.

As an answer to these inquiries a "Wanted" column is printed each month in JESUIT MISSIONS. The requests listed are normally very reasonable in price. If you send the money to JESUIT MISSIONS the articles will be purchased and forwarded to the missionaries. I trust that the following will be acceptable: if sufficient money is received to purchase the gift then the balance will be used to secure something else for the missionary.

During the Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xaxier your intentions will be remembered in the Masses of the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

Orman A. Saily, SJ

MOLDERS OF MEN

Edward F.
Madaras
S.J.

*The hope of nations
lies in their youth*

WHEN Yusuf came to Baghdad College in the autumn

of 1942, he was only a little lad of eleven. Wearing bobby socks and very short pants, he seemed almost too small to qualify for the high school. I first met him in the corridor of the boarders' building. He was standing there alone, his hair tousled, and a look of something akin to bewilderment in his big, dark, serious eyes. Only the day before he had had his first train ride, from Mosul to Baghdad. That same evening he had said good-bye to father and mother, and they had gone off and left him in his new home and strange environment. Now he was alone.

I spoke to him in English, slowly and distinctly, as I had learned to do during many years of teaching the beginners. I told him that soon he would be kept busy at the many things he would have to study. He replied shyly but politely in his halting English, agreeing with what I said with more hope than conviction. No doubt he was terribly homesick, but he let no word of the fact escape him.

A week later I met him again, standing alone in the yard. Most of the other boarders had gone off to the city for a holiday afternoon.

"What is this, Yusuf?" I asked. "How is it you have not gone to Baghdad with the other boys?"

"Father Mahan thought it would be better for me to stay here," he replied in a matter of fact way.

"But do you think it is fair for Father Mahan to let the other boys go and to make you stay at home?" I continued.

"Well," he said with quite obvious sincerity, "I suppose he has his reasons."

I did not tell him so, but I said to him within myself, "You are a little man." Father Mahan's reasons, as I later learned from the good Father himself, were that Yusuf's father thought the lad too young to be going into the city unaccompanied.

Today Yusuf is finishing school and he has made a deal of progress since

that day when I first met him in the corridor, alone and bewildered. Perhaps when he reads this, as he surely will, for he is a regular reader of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, he will deny that he was bewildered. But he will not deny that he has come a long way since that day when we first met. He surely did not suspect that in his second year he would be sufficiently well along to be chosen captain of one of the Boarders' League baseball teams. Nor did he dream that he would be one of the founders of the "Scientific Society" writing and publishing articles in English. True, his articles appeared behind the thin disguise of his initials, and the publishing was a matter of multiplying copies by hand, and the English afforded the Fathers, in the privacy of their rooms, many a hearty chuckle. Nor did the articles themselves attract the attention of the scientific or literary world. But the launching of the project by Yusuf and his associates betrayed an initiative and a determination that had been unsuspected at the outset.

Happily, Yusuf is but one of many such lads who come to us year by year. Knowing but little English, and coming, as they do for the most part, from an environment that allowed them small scope for initiative or activity or expansion, they are shy and timorous at first in the presence of these strange American Jesuits. But they soon discover that the Fathers have a real affection for them and that they are anxious to help them over the rough spots in mastering the intricacies of English, in learning the many new games, and in getting to know their new acquaintances.

Studies, they find, come first, and they throw themselves with earnestness, though with perhaps a bit of natural reluctance, into the religion, English, algebra, history, and other studies. And as nearly all of the subjects are taught in English (geography and history being taught in Arabic) the boys, particularly the boarders, soon make rapid progress in that language. Even the technical terms of baseball, basketball, volley ball, and several other games, are quickly picked up, along with the games themselves. And they are ardent baseball fans.





Yusuf

As day follows day the Fathers can see these young lads develop almost before their very eyes. In the classroom and on the playing field shyness and timidity give way to confidence and courage. The immature mind little by little blossoms forth and the power of reasoning shows itself, relegating mere memory, the bane of the old education, to the background. The Fathers' efforts to inculcate manliness,

uprightness, industry, and piety begin to bear fruit, and they remember with satisfaction that "the hope of the nation is in the youth" and the words of St. John Chrysostom: "He who molds the minds and hearts of the young is a greater artist than any painter or sculptor." But their greatest satisfaction is in the words of Our Lord: "He who receiveth one of these little ones in My name, receiveth Me."

GYPSEY TRAILS

From Spring Hill

to the Orient

Frederick F.
McCaffrey S.J.

WE Jesuits are a gypsy lot, made so by nature and by grace. First of all we have to uproot ourselves in one way or another to enter the Society of Jesus, and then when we have done it we find that we are not only bound in theory never to set our heart on settling down again but are even quite likely never to do it in practice. As a consequence most of us seldom send down deep roots anywhere but go on moving from point to point, wherever there is a job to be done, leaving little bits of our heart in a great number of places. The story I have to tell is a case in point.

For ingredients take Cambridge, Massachusetts, that formidable array of ordinary homes occupied by extraordinarily literate people, cast down haphazardly around the sacrosanct precincts of Harvard Square—which, of course, is not a square at all—and located on the banks not of the Cam but of the Charles.

Next, skip down for a short stop in Buffalo, New York, preferably when it is blooming violently during the few short months of its warm season as a sort of compensation for the shivering it will do under the late breezes of the rest of the year, and listen to it hooting with commerce by land and by sea, as it busily plunges along no one knows exactly where.

Then sweep across the country to New Mexico, to a bustling little town called Albuquerque, sandy and windblown, half-*gringo* and half-*Hispano*, whose main glory is a blanket of well-nigh perfect climate and a chain of purple mountains which the Lord has thrown over and around it.

Take from each of these places a young man; whirl them around in the varied gyrations they must go through while making up their minds to don a cassock; cast them into the kettle of the Society of Jesus, and you will see them after the shifts from place to place required to prepare them for the study of philosophy, come out, by the grace of God and for no reason apparent to anyone but Him, all in a single spot—and that in a different part of the country altogether.

That was, up until the end of the scholastic year of 1946-47, the story of Thomas M. Curran of Cambridge, Francis E. Reilly of Buffalo, and John J. Heaney of Albuquerque. But from here on the story gets much better.

By May of this year each of them had been assigned by his superiors to foreign mission fields, which are, as you might suspect, in totally different parts of the world—one in Japan, one in the Philippine Islands, and the third in Ceylon.

All that they have in common in their lives, besides the great and hidden things each Jesuit has in common with every other member of that large and good fraternity, is one stop, one pause, one moment as it were, out of their long course of studies: the happy years, the good years, they spent in the study of philosophy at Spring Hill, Alabama.

Spring Hill College, that last permanent stop for them before they left for mission lands, and therefore the place which they will likely think of as in a special way their home, is a quiet place for lay students and for Jesuits alike, but a much loved one. For almost a hundred years it had done a competent but unspectacular job of preparing laymen to live solid Catholic lives when the New Orleans Province, tired of spreading its men across the country for their studies, decided in the late nineteen-thirties to add its own Philosophate staff to the already existing faculty there to train its men and the men of other Provinces in the sciences.

The Philosophate too is a quiet place, its "long black line" of Jesuits outside the chapel or on their way to meals quite small in comparison with that in other Scholasticates in the country, but it has long prided itself, as much of the South has, on the warm humanity of its living. Here there is, perhaps because the place is small, a family spirit among the Philosophate community which would do credit to any of our houses anywhere in the world. It is likely to be this family spirit that these three men will remember more than any other thing.

They were all much a part of the Spring Hill spirit while they were there—Tom Curran busily dashing off articles for the *Sacred Heart Messenger* with one hand while he worked out intramural baseball schedules with the other (both disciplines evidently handy for a man destined for the newest Jesuit college in Japan); big "Red" Reilly lending his basso profundo voice to any musical gathering or bringing down the house with his famous train-signal imitation when the boys in the recreation room needed cheering (ask him about that down there

in the Islands; you'll laugh as much as we did); Jack Heaney disdaining praise of his work at the organ, which he always claimed he could not play, or writhing at the forlorn cry he heard so often as he delivered the daily letters, "Any mail for me?" (Now we are writing him—in Ceylon.)

These are the little things of their lives there. There were great ones too, from the earliest to the last days of Jack's and Frank's three years at the Hill, and Tom Curran's two. Possibly those great things had much to do with their generosity in going where they are today.

At any rate, there they are, Spring Hill's contribution to the missions for the current year, spread across the Orient in towns called, not simple names now, like Spring Hill, but Yokosuka, San Pablo, and Batticaloa.

Somehow they represent a great number of things: the large and generous spirit of giving that is on the move in America today, the world-consciousness of America's young. But the one warm thing they mean to us as we look at their new homes on our globes is the Jesuit spirit, shaped in a special way by the spirit of Spring Hill, to work and pray, to push and pull souls into the Heaven of the Saviour of souls. That makes them something to be proud of as they follow the gypsy trails which wind across the world yet lead to the Kingdom of God.



APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

MISSION INTENTION FOR MARCH 1948

Christian Treatment of Workers in Japan

By its very nature Japan is destined to be an industrial nation. Even before the war two thirds of her men and one third of her women earned their livelihood in Japan's many industries. The most recent statistics (Dec. 1947) reveal that Japan's population is approximately 78,600,000. This increase of 4,600,000 over the previous census of 1946 is due chiefly to the repatriation of Japanese nationals. This means that 78,600,000 people are inhabiting islands about 147,573 square miles in area—an average of 539 persons for every square mile of territory. This overpopulated condition is further aggravated by the fact that only 17% of this land can be cultivated. Hence if some of the Japanese seek their livelihood from the soil, the greater proportion must of necessity be absorbed by industry. But if the post-war industries of Japan are to be developed she needs first of all the essential materials. Experience has shown that wars undertaken for the purpose of expansion have not solved the problem of the working classes; rather they have augmented them. Hence, in this post-war era of Allied occupation the first Christian law that must be followed is that by which Japan will be granted the acquisition of those essential raw materials by which her industries will be helped. Thus her industries will help her to help herself on the road to self-subsistence. However, in promoting the various industries we must avoid the abuses and errors of the past. The Japanese worker must not be regarded as a mere machine; he must not be forced to give his maximum effort for a minimum wage; the young, mere boys and girls, must not be forced into the factory without the safeguards of Christian ethics. Rightly did the Japanese Hierarchy in its pastoral of August 22, 1947 observe: "Social justice cries for a Christian solution, especially in the field of labor relations. In this field much harm has been done in the past and it was only the innate goodness of many of our people along with the strength of family ties that protected the lot of the working man from the worst exploitation. . . . The Church has recognized the right of the working man to organize, to bargain collectively, and even to resort to strikes where his rights were not attainable by other means." Social uplift must be the handmaid of labor with dignity as befits man. Only the true Christian spirit, contained in the great Papal Encyclicals and taught in its fullness by the Catholic Church, can prevent organized industry in post-war Japan from enslaving the masses.

We

Must

Save

Them

George J.

Willmann S.J.

JUANITO was just another waif, thrown up by the war in the Philippines. A kind-hearted G.I. (a Protestant from the Bronx) dropped in and told me about him; said the little fellow had no home; asked where the nearest orphanage was.

Manila, although its million people are mostly Catholic, has few child-caring institutions. No Catholic orphanages for boys, and only three—greatly over-crowded—for girls. One of these does make room for about twenty extremely young boys,—but Juanito was already eleven—too old.

Where to place him? We hesitated. Our club certainly had no facilities. Food was scarce. Prudence warned "Don't do it!" But just as in such emergencies, Catholic charitable shelters in our large U. S. dioceses accept children first and ask questions later, we decided to trust in God.

"Send him here; we'll do our best for him!"

The story of Juanito is a harrowing one. Up in the country district of Pampanga, his entire family had been wiped out—father, mother, brother and sisters bloodily massacred. By whom, I never could learn with certainty. Perhaps by the retreating Japanese, perhaps by one of the lawless bands that prowled the "bukid" after the war.

To console Juanito in his great loneliness, we enrolled him in the Boy Scouts. Usually we considered Scouting a luxury beyond our purse. But this case seemed unusual; we invested in a uniform for



Juanito has been saved but how about the 50,000 other Juanitos?

him, and insignia, kerchief, etc. For the time, it made him supremely happy.

But our problem was that there were 50,000 Juanitos—many homeless, and countless others with no recreational or spiritual direction. I was busy with other apostolic “chores.” But some immediate measure seemed imperative. As with Juanito, we must care for these boys first, and ask questions later.

Working in 1940 with the Knights of Columbus, of which I was the Manila chaplain, we started a few vacation basketball leagues, much resembling the Catholic Youth Organization in the United States. Observing the results, His Grace, Archbishop O’Doherty strongly urged us to continue, writing as follows:

My dear Members of the Knights of Columbus:

May I take this occasion to congratulate you upon your recent basketball leagues and to urge you if possible to continue this work for the poor during the coming year. . . . If perhaps you could help any of our parish priests to conduct permanent clubs for their poor boys, it would be a splen-

did achievement. And if perhaps two or three large playgrounds could be established in the city, I would be deeply happy.

I believe that Messrs. Millar, Arrastia, Albert and Father Willmann were largely responsible for the success of the summer league. If perhaps they . . . could get in touch with me in the near future, we might be able to discuss ways and means to put these objectives into effect.

Yours devotedly in Christ,

M. J. O’DOHERTY,
Archbishop of Manila

Inspired by His Grace, we planned our campaign of “battling the Devil with a basketball.” First a basketball on some kind of a poor court. The boys would come in small numbers. . . . Soon a league would be organized. . . . This would attract larger numbers of boys. The league would flourish. . . . Constantly increasing numbers of boys.

Then the religious instruction would begin. To those attending, special sports privileges would be given. Swimming excursions were very popular. If possible a reading room would be arranged with

books and pamphlets. Perhaps also an indoor games room. Our boxing and other sports would become known in the neighborhood, and usually some financial aid was received from generous older people.

Attendance at Sunday Mass was of course insisted upon. Reception of Sacraments, while strongly urged, was not compulsory, to prevent any possibly sacrilegious participation in the holy rites.

In this way we were able to bring thousands of Manila's spiritually-destitute youth under the influence of Christ's Church. Most desperately they needed its influence. Of the 50,000 Juanitos, many were entirely without religious instruction. In one group gathered for instruction, we found only twenty percent had made their First Communion, and only four percent their Easter duty. . . . And this among those willing enough to approach us!

With the outbreak of the war, practically all these works were stopped. However, it was soon apparent

that the need was greater than ever. With no schools functioning, thousands of boys were roaming the streets; the idle mind, always the devil's workshop, was driving them into sin and lawlessness. I decided to reopen our clubs. By mid-1942, six months after Pearl Harbor, we had more than 2,000 boys under our supervision in the enemy-occupied city. This solved only a small part of the entire problem—and even this had to stop as MacArthur's troops neared Manila. In mid-1944 I was imprisoned in Los Banos.

Early in 1946 the time seemed ripe to take up again the work for the boys. With the approval of Monsignor Jovellanos, Administrator of the diocese during the absence of the Archbishop, the Catholic Youth Organization was again begun.

Its need is even greater than before. As in most other countries of the world, the moral aftermath of the war has left us broken homes, disordered lives, lawlessness and neglected adolescence.

In our planning we must be guided by practical limitations. In pesos and centavos we can hope for very little! In the United States a single child-caring institution often counts on a budget of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. Our attitude is that if we could obtain even a small percentage of such a sum, if we had, say, fifty thousand dollars annually for youth work, we would use it, not for a single Boystown, which might accommodate several hundred boys, but for ten or twenty parish or district clubs, which would influence many thousands of boys.

To date we have reached only a small part of our 50,000 Juanitos. But the growth is encouraging. We have organized 7 post-war centres in Manila. From various other places in the Philippines have come requests for assistance in organizing Catholic youth groups. The Bishop of Tagbilaran has shown great interest. The Bishop of Lingayen is endeavoring to start a C.Y.O.

The good seed seems to be taking root. Pray that it may continue to grow.

Two tiny bootblacks of the streets of Manila.



SEEKERS from San Antonio

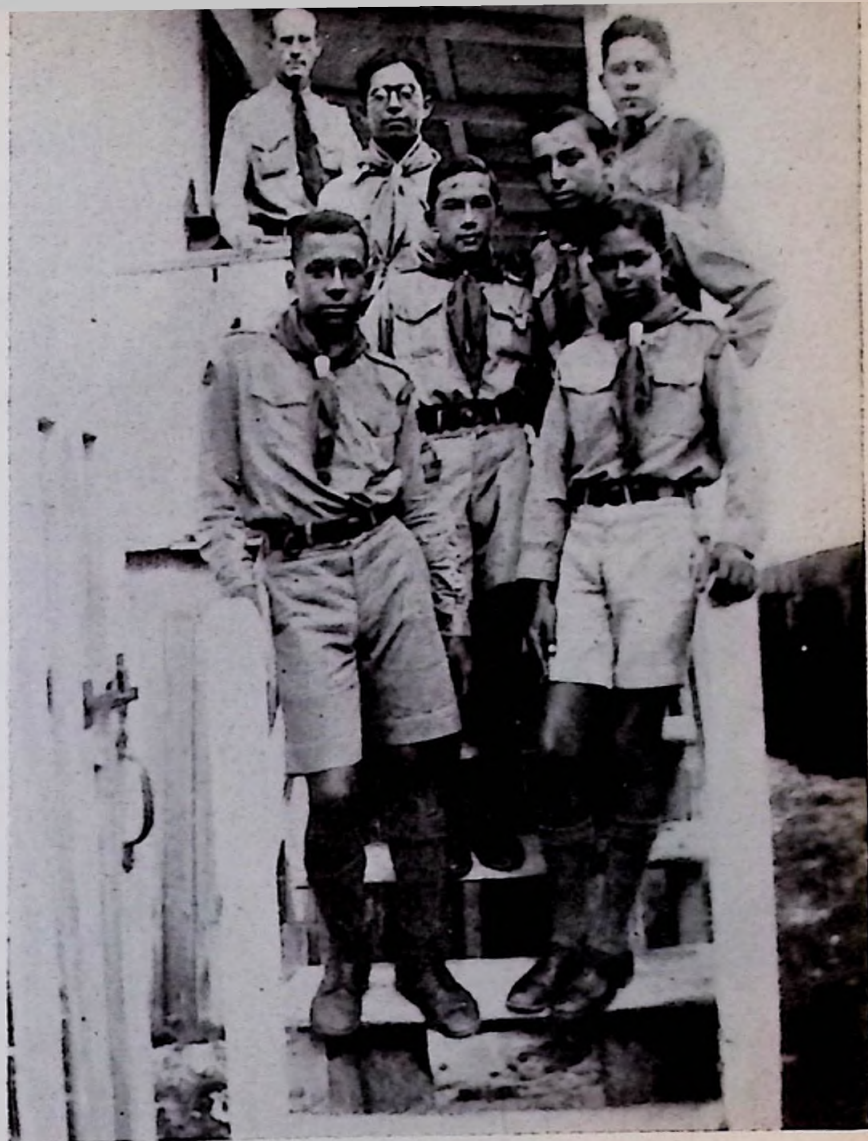
Hillard L. Brozowski S.J.

THE first time I saw them, they were sleeping, curled up in little coats they had carried with them from home. It had been a long trip up the coast by slow boat from Punta Gorda, in nasty weather. They had arrived in Belize at four o'clock—too early in the morning for youngsters of thirteen to be abroad. But the boat usually docks at that hour, and there was nothing for them to do but to make their way to the Presbytery and wait there until someone could take care of them.

So it was that I found them slumbering quietly in the reception room of the Presbytery on my way to Mass one December morning. Later I learned that they were to enter St. John's College at the opening of the new term. They had come a long way for this, these two Maya Indian boys—all the way from the hill country of Toledo in British Honduras.

Louis and Rufino are now studying Latin and algebra and English and history. They have important business to attend to—much more important, they think, than watching the play of green and brown and gold the sun makes on their hills back home. Even more important than business with the fer-le-lance and the lizard and the macaw they used to meet on the way to their parents' plantations. They will tell you that the private world of theirs at San Antonio taught them much about God's beautiful world and God's beautiful creatures: the orchids blooming in the tall trees, the graceful white heron on the wing, the cohune trees whispering softly in the night. They might discuss these things with you as naturally as they do the syntax of a Latin noun. And you respect them for it.

Louis and Rufino are descendants of the mighty Mayas who flourished in Central America a thousand years ago. They like to talk about their dis-

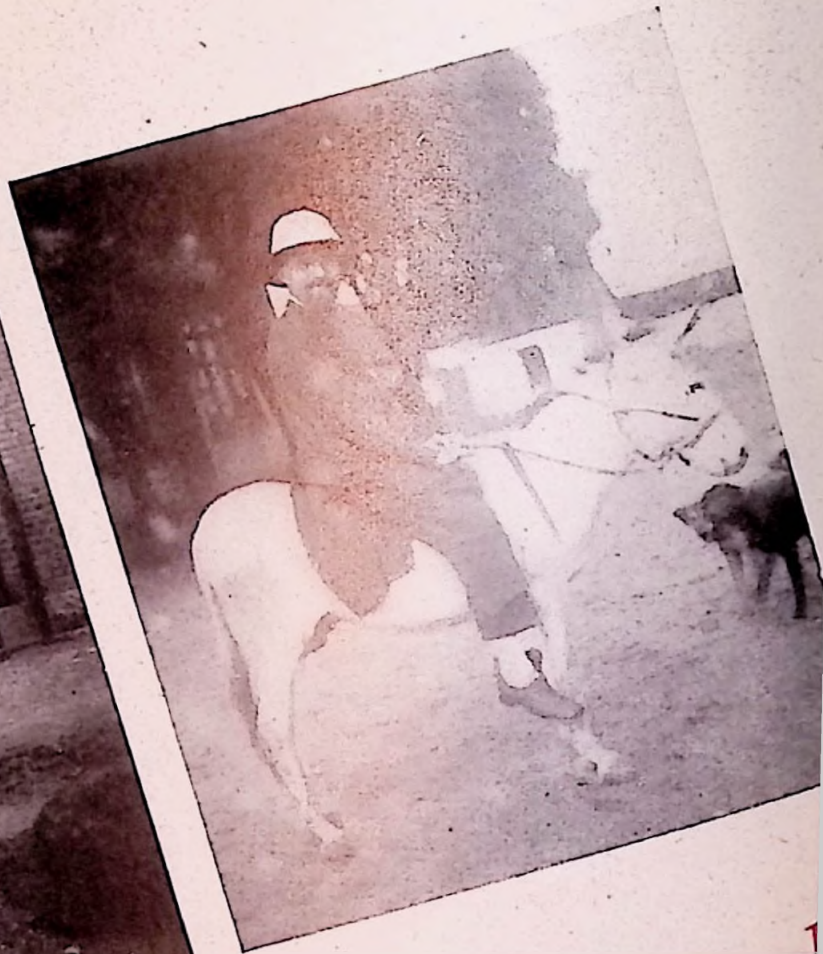


Scout Master Brother John M. Jacoby S.J., and a few of his faithful troop at Ambergris Caye, British Honduras.

coveries of Maya relics near home, and about the days when Maya culture was in flower. They have never been to Copan to examine the ruins of an ancient sun dial more than four miles across with great pillars at either side. Their travels have never brought them as far as Tikal, Palenque, and Quirigua to visit sites made famous by the beautiful temples and intricately inscribed stones of ancient Maya origin. But they know their ancestors must have been great artists and great builders to have achieved all that without draft animals, wheeled vehicles of any sort, or metal tools. They have first-hand evidence, gathered on their walks among the hills behind their village, to prove that Maya sculpture was at one time the greatest in the world.

But these two tiny Maya gentlemen from San Antonio do not stay to lament the passing of a once glorious day. A new chapter is opening in their young lives. A strong voice is calling to them—the voice of their people. They have a mission to fulfill. When their studies are over, they will return home to teach their people. They will become co-apostles with the Padre of their village in spreading the Kingdom of God in the hearts of their countrymen. For that work they need special skill and training, in a Catholic atmosphere and under Catholic auspices. That is why Louis and Rufino are studying at St. John's College today.

Charles J. McCarthy S.J.



The Messenger Boy and the Office Clerk

(Left) The mission chapel at Shuyang. (Right) Father Simons shortly before he was killed.

The Kingdom

is built only

by men like these

DURING the Pacific War eastern China was an island, cut off from the rest of the world by a wall of steel and by a curtain of smoke acrid with gun powder. At times, behind the wall and the curtain, men climbed to high peaks of heroism. It is only fair that men be made to see the simple places from which God recruits people to holiness nowadays, and the ordinary folks who answer His call. This is the story of two of the neighbors' youngsters who took Christ at His word and

laid down their lives gloriously for their friends. Thirty years ago Father Charles Simons S.J. wore the olive green uniform and leggings of a Western Union boy out in San Jose, California. Short for his seventeen years, the pedalling was harder work for him than for his fellows. But he got his messages to the right address and swiftly. Charlie Simons had been reared in Utah, the son of a prospector for gold. He was born a Mormon but there was no opposition from his widowed mother when

Charlie, enrolled at the Christian Brothers' School, asked for the baptism which made him a Catholic.

Out in San Jose the idea grew on the Western Union boy that there was only one message worth while, the Evangelium, the good tidings. In 1919 he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Los Gatos. Study was hard for a young man whose education betrayed the rough edges of mining camps in Utah and Death Valley. But his message was taking deeper root and in 1928, as a scholastic, he carried it to China. After two years of learning to translate the message into Chinese, he studied theology and, in 1933, he was ordained a priest. The scourge of war broke heavily on his China Mission field and Father Simons worked to deliver the message that alone could raise up the prostrate people for long.

In August 1930, the "Office Clerk" came to the mission post that bordered Father Simons'. He was Father Joseph Goncalvez. When Charlie Simons was wearing the olive green of Western Union in California, Joe was a student in the commercial school, St. Francis Xavier's, that the Marist Brothers conduct in Shanghai.

When Joe Goncalvez was graduated from St. Francis Xavier's he found a job in the office of a British importer. From the class room he had a facile command of English; at home he spoke Portuguese with ease; he was fluent in the staccato, spluttering dialect of Shanghai. Joe was a good book-keeper. He entered the figures accurately and neatly. But his heart soared higher than barrels of tung oil, than bales of silk and tobacco, and the pounds, shillings, and pence that measured them. He looked at the teeming millions around him. He thought of the accounting each one would have to render one day to God. Joe Goncalvez wondered how he could help them wind up with success the one important business of their lives. Toiling to keep a British tai-pan out of the red seemed to be trivial; laboring to keep souls worth the Blood of Christ out of hell . . . that was a life work he could aspire to.

The Office Clerk worked at his books for seven years, helping to provide for three brothers and three sisters younger than himself. But in 1927 he was free to enter the Jesuit novitiate in Laval, France. In 1934 the young student returned to his homeland with a heart full of zeal. He came back to Shanghai for theology, and the great grace of the priesthood,—and for his rendezvous with the Messenger Boy.

On New Year's Eve, 1940, Father Goncalvez came from his mission station at Machang to visit Father Simons, whose post was at Shuyang in the northern part of the province of Kiangsu. Machang was 40 Chinese li, about 15 miles from Shuyang. The missionaries try to visit each other about every three weeks . . . for confession, companionship, an ex-



Out of this Shanghai turmoil came the "Office Boy."

change of news. This New Year's Eve Father Simons had plenty to tell. Since the last visit, a guerilla band had raided the little villages outside of Shuyang. From a mission school they carried off about sixteen youngsters, some girls among them. They wanted ransom. The older villagers had rushed to Shuyang. They pleaded with the Japanese garrison, who had exacted so much of their crops for "protecting and pacifying" the countryside. The small Japanese group regarded a foray too risky, and refused to help. The men turned to Father Simons and asked for his assistance.

Father Simons managed a cross-country trek to the guerilla headquarters. His eloquent pleading in the dialect of the region began to move the chief. "The Chinese are your own people. Are you going to imitate the Japs? Are you going to fail the people you should help, and who count on you?" The chief had to prove he could follow reason and control his men. Otherwise he would lose face. He ordered the captives released, without ransom, and sent them with Father Simons to the gates of Shuyang.

Some of the soldiers eyed the Father with hatred as he left the camp. This foreigner was growing too influential with the people. A few weeks before, realizing how bitterly hostile some of the brigands were, Father Simons had written, "If some of us find a lazy way to heaven, don't be surprised. Things are looking bad."

Well after dark that New Year's Eve, while Fathers Simons and Goncalvez talked after supper

they heard heavy footsteps outside. A door was forced open by two unkempt brigands, each armed with a Mauser. They demanded access to the house. Searching hastily, they took two watches, some shoes, a little currency, a few odds and ends. When the search was over, one bandit, turning to Father Simons, grunted, "You, come out with us." Father Simons walked out between them. The door closed. Three shots rang out. Half a minute passed. Father Goncalvez went out and found his companion's body prostrate at the doorstep. One hand was pressed against a gaping wound beneath his right eye; blood spurted from the wound and from his mouth. Tenderly Father Goncalvez stooped and gave conditional absolution.

Thus when America and Japan came to war, Father Goncalvez had to do double duty, going from Machang to the Shuyang chapel on some Sundays and feast days. The Machang residence was a good brick building, impressive in the impoverished town. It was built to take care of the large classes of catechumens who came for several weeks at a time for instruction. The guerillas wanted no such edifice to stand as a watch tower for the town's Japanese garrison. The Japs did not want it either, because the guerillas nested there (so they claimed) when a counterattack began after withdrawal.

From both sides Father Goncalvez got repeated orders to tear down his building. He cajoled and bluffed and argued. The fighting in the area slowly paralyzed his apostolate. Any trip to the countryside incurred suspicion of traffic with the guerillas. Visits from his Christians excited suspicion. In January 1943 he was held captive by the guerillas for 11 days and roughly treated.

On September 4, 1943 a letter came from Machang to Father Yves Henry S.J., Superior of the mission. A very human, generous soul shone through the words. "You know, my Father, that I will stay here as long as you insist. I am ready; I am not afraid to die. But the only thing I do is hold the property. The strain grows from day to day. You have a right to know what is in my heart. As the Americans would say: Je suis 'Fed up'."

Two days later the end came in almost the same way that Father Simons met death 33 months before. Father Goncalvez was murdered by a bullet fired in cold blood from a guerilla's revolver. Father Rene Hamon S.J. came from more than 40 miles away to bury his comrade.

Now the Messenger Boy has carried his message for Christ all the way, as his Master directed; and the Office Clerk's books are balanced. The martyr of charity and the martyr of obedience, men of the nineteen forties, remind us that God's grace is powerful still, and that Christ's love can sanctify ordinary, commonplace men as in ages past.



The First to Vow

Leonard J. Kaufer S.J.

IN a simple ceremony on the morning of March 12, 1946 Brother Ignatius Jakes pronounced the three vows of a Temporal Coadjutor of the Society of Jesus. We, who had been his fellow novices, knelt behind him and silently witnessed this triumph of Alaska missionary hopes and labors, the vow ceremonial of the first Eskimo Jesuit Coadjutor Brother. That morning in the beautiful Novitiate chapel of the Oregon Province we could sense the presence of another group of witnesses, Alaska missionaries of the past and present standing there in spirit to behold this event which crowned their years of sacrifice.

Though not the first Eskimo to enter the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, Brother Jakes is the first one who has been able to complete the years of novitiate training and pronounce his vows. But how would you like to meet Brother Jakes for yourself? It may take a little while for us to find him for he's a jack-of-all-trades and helps on many a job around our novitiate farm. If you don't mind, we can walk down the hill to the barn and probably meet him there or in the machine shed. As we go along I can tell you about him.

By the way, this little place which we are pass-

ing on our left is our shoe shop. Brother Jakes helps in there, too; that's a trade Brother Wickart taught him in the mission school at Pilgrim Springs. Before he entered the novitiate, Brother Ignatius had attended in all, three of the Jesuit missions schools in Alaska. He was born in Shelton, a little village about seventy-five miles north of Nome. The mission school at Pilgrim Springs was only twelve miles away, so when he was seven years old Ignatius was sent there. He stayed on until the mission was forced to close eight years later, when he, along with many of the other children, went down to the mission at Akulurak. One of the things he enjoyed most at Akulurak was the engineer's job with Brother Murphy on the sixty-five foot mission boat. After a year there, Ignatius moved to Holy Cross where with the older boys he studied marine engines and general mechanics under the direction of Brother Feltes. Ten months after his arrival at Holy Cross Ignatius again set out, this time for the United States and the novitiate at Sheridan, Oregon.

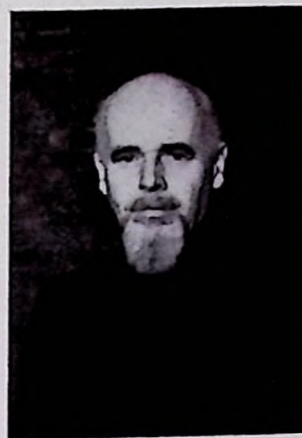
I'll never forget the day he arrived; the impression he gave then is still vivid, and still true of him. Quick and energetic in his movements, he presented a perfect representation of what we picture a full-blooded Eskimo. He was of medium height, had a husky build, and straight, jet-black hair. His fingers were short and powerful, and looked as though they had been accustomed to hard work. Since his arrival at the novitiate, he has proved his ability in picking up several new accomplishments, and has become a respectable typist. Next to woodcarving his favorite hobby is fixing old watches. His genuine sense of humor and the unaffected smile which wreathes his round, dark-complexioned face have won a permanent place among us for this first Eskimo Jesuit brother.

But there is the machine shed just ahead; we'll probably find Brother Jakes inside. Sure enough, there he is, working on one of the tractors. Come right over and meet him, and you'll see what I mean.

(Top) Brother Jakes pronounces his vows. (Below) The first Eskimo Jesuit brother



Come, follow me



WHENEVER I think of Holy Week in Jerusalem, a simple incident flashes to my memory as a sign of the power of faith to strengthen and console. It was Good Friday morning in 1941. Palestine, as all the Middle East, was an Allied Camp alerted against attack. But in a

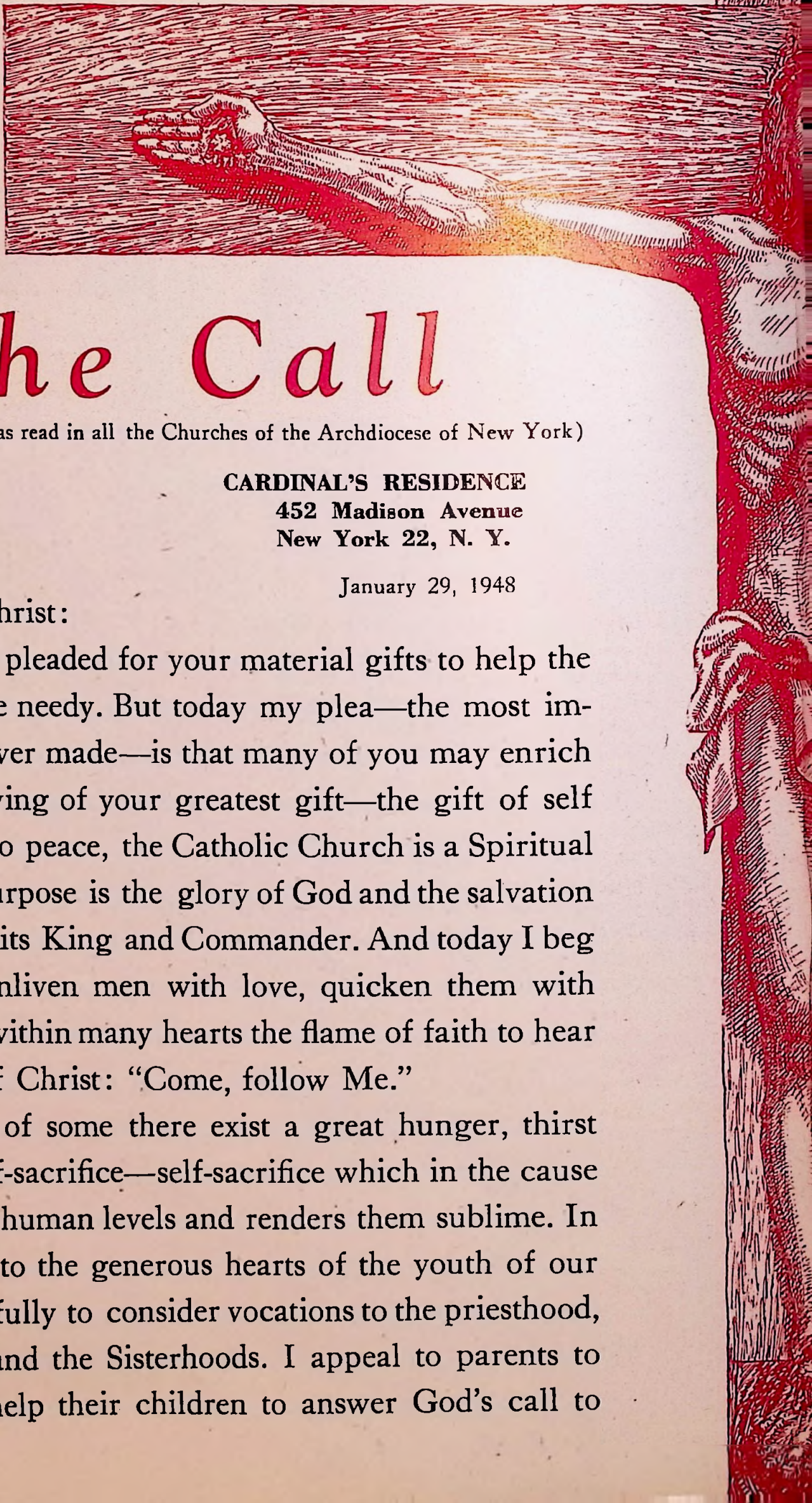
sense, the war had brought peace to Jerusalem. For the Arab and Jew were maintaining a cautious truce in face of the wider conflict. So, devout pilgrims could again follow the renewal of the Sacred Mysteries in Mount Sion's Cenacle, in Gethsemane, along the Via Dolorosa, on Calvary and at the Sacred Tomb.

We were about twelve persons in the confined area of the ten foot square ante-chamber to the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. We were waiting in silent and thrilled expectancy to move forward, each in turn, and crouch through the low narrow archway that led to the marble vaulted tomb of our Savior. The stone on which they had laid Him on that first Good Friday afternoon now was serving as the Repository for the Sacred Host. Here was our Life reposing on the very place where Death was overcome and where a Risen Christ gave hope and salvation to the world. We were early worshippers who had come to adore the sacramental presence before the Sacred Host should be borne in solemn procession to the altar of Calvary itself for the Mass of the Presanctified.

The silence of intense devotion was strangely broken by a whispered exclamation, "Quelle benediction!" In those two words was all the faith of France. They had burst from a middle aged gentlewoman, cut off by the war from her dear and prostrate country. But the griefs and anxieties of the exile were worth this moment that had brought her to the Holy Sepulchre. In her whisper was the happiness with which God's presence can overlay the sorrows of an aching heart. She knew profoundly, in her faith, "what a heaven sent blessing" this was, to stand so intimately close to her Redeemer. In her words was grateful appreciation for this blessing and love for its Author even in the griefs of her exile.

I shall see her always, standing in the dim lit antechamber, speaking for all believers and proclaiming the infinite richness of the divine blessing whereby Christ so loved us all as to deliver Himself to death for our salvation.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



The Call

(On February 1st this letter was read in all the Churches of the Archdiocese of New York)

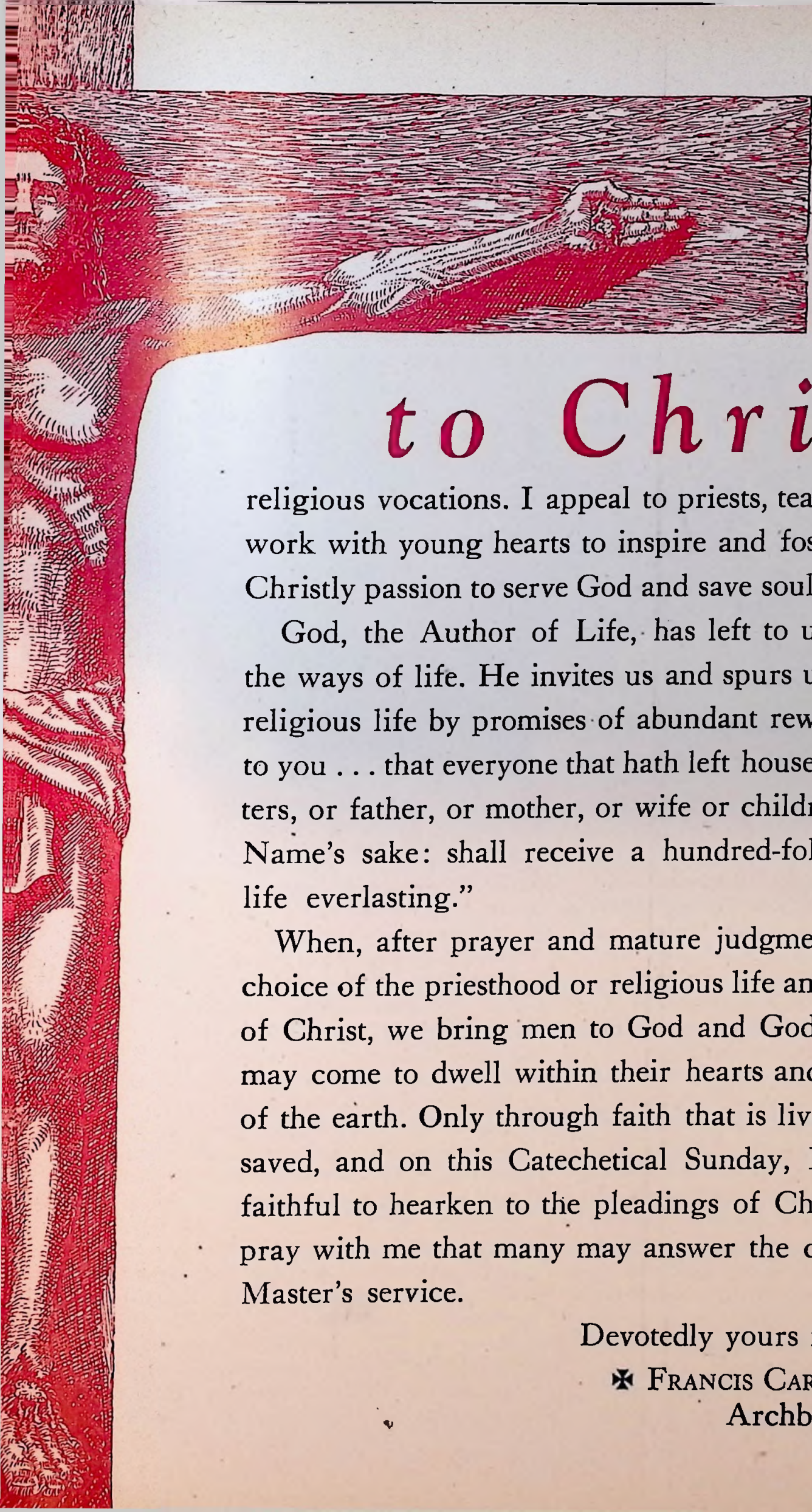
CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE
452 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.

January 29, 1948

Dearly beloved in Christ:

Many times have I pleaded for your material gifts to help the poor, the sick and the needy. But today my plea—the most important that I have ever made—is that many of you may enrich yourselves by the giving of your greatest gift—the gift of self to God! Dedicated to peace, the Catholic Church is a Spiritual Army whose sole purpose is the glory of God and the salvation of souls with Christ its King and Commander. And today I beg Almighty God to enliven men with love, quicken them with grace and enkindle within many hearts the flame of faith to hear and heed the call of Christ: “Come, follow Me.”

Within the souls of some there exist a great hunger, thirst and capacity for self-sacrifice—self-sacrifice which in the cause of Christ lifts above human levels and renders them sublime. In this spirit I appeal to the generous hearts of the youth of our archdiocese, prayerfully to consider vocations to the priesthood, the Brotherhoods, and the Sisterhoods. I appeal to parents to encourage and to help their children to answer God's call to



to Christ

religious vocations. I appeal to priests, teachers and to all who work with young hearts to inspire and foster within them the Christly passion to serve God and save souls.

God, the Author of Life, has left to us the free choice of the ways of life. He invites us and spurs us on to embrace the religious life by promises of abundant rewards: "Amen, I say to you . . . that everyone that hath left house or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife or children or lands for My Name's sake: shall receive a hundred-fold and shall possess life everlasting."

When, after prayer and mature judgment, we make a free choice of the priesthood or religious life and enlist in the Army of Christ, we bring men to God and God to men that peace may come to dwell within their hearts and shine o'er the face of the earth. Only through faith that is lived can the world be saved, and on this Catechetical Sunday, I appeal to all the faithful to hearken to the pleadings of Christ and ask you to pray with me that many may answer the call to Our Beloved Master's service.

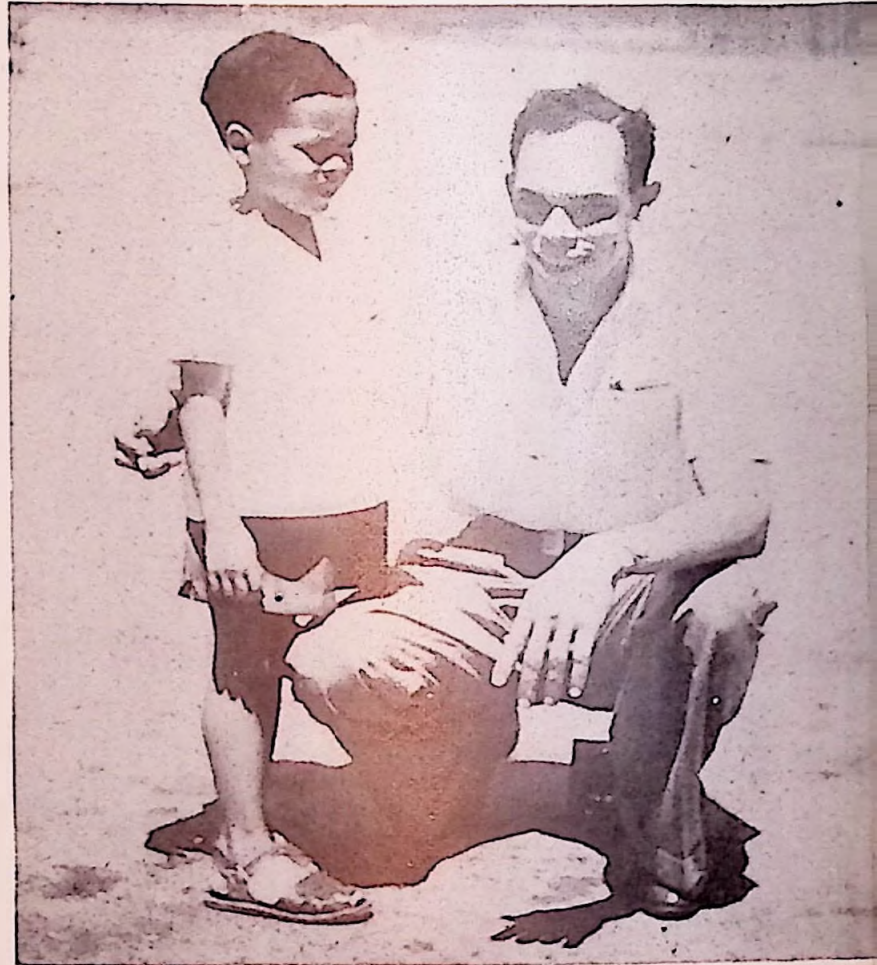
Devotedly yours in Christ,

✠ FRANCIS CARDINAL SPELLMAN,
Archbishop of New York.

JESUITS *in Jamaica*

For almost a century
they have built
strongly and well

Roy B.
Campbell
S.J.



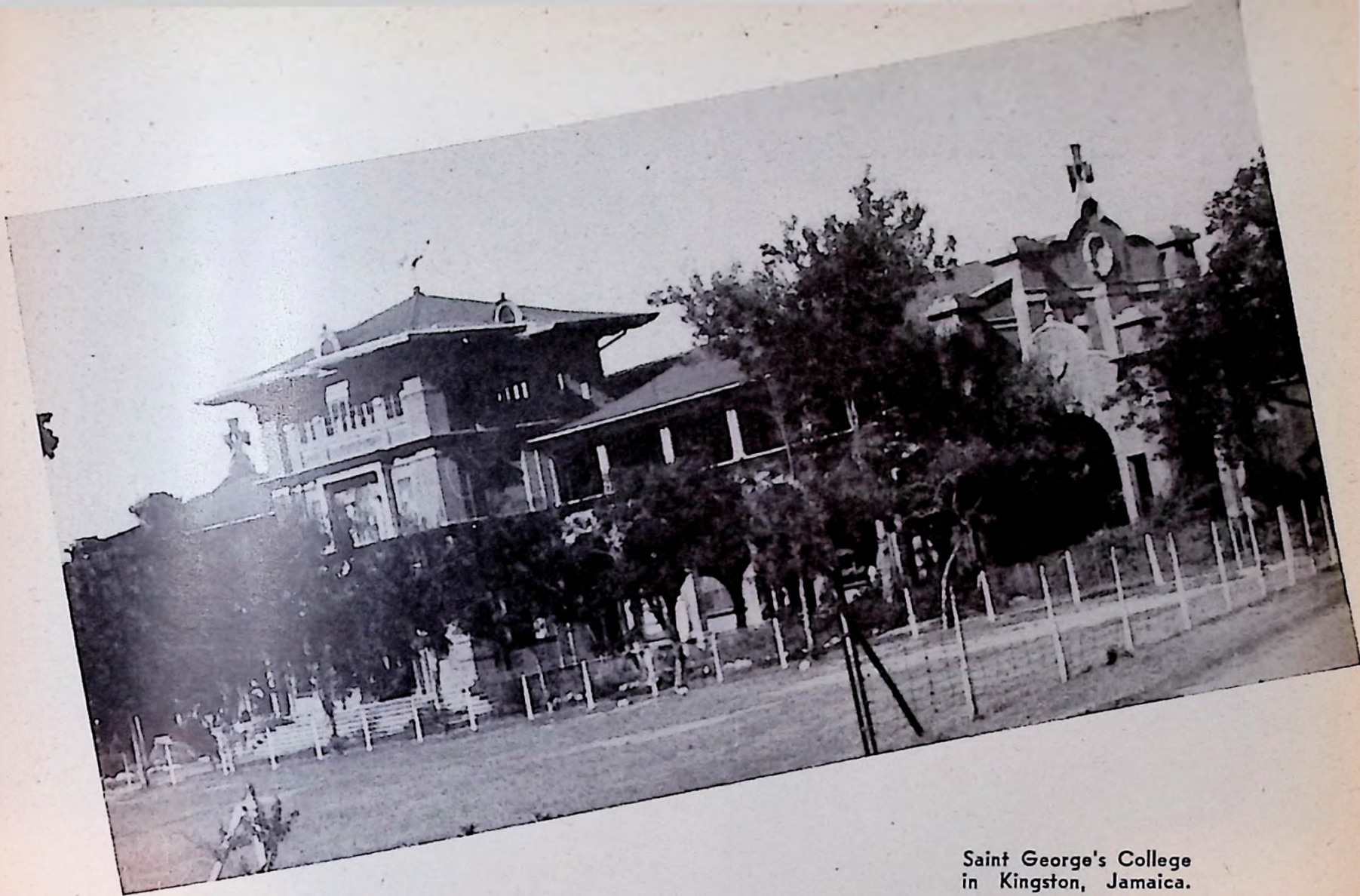
ST. GEORGE'S College, Jesuit High School in Jamaica, approaches its hundredth anniversary in 1950 with a sense of a fine record that is totally in keeping with the high standards of Jesuit education. Started in 1850 under the direction of Spanish Jesuits who were in exile, from humble and unpretentious beginnings, through varying fortunes and vicissitudes, to its place of pre-eminence in Catholic education on the island today, it has blazed a trail that not only has dissipated the darkness of ignorance but also has shed light upon the complexities of the island's intellectual and moral welfare.

Not content with sending forth its graduates of finely wrought steel into the battle of insular life, the school has given birth to two new foundations. These were inspired by the desire to provide a solid basis for young Jamaicans who would wish eventually to enter St. George's and also to furnish higher education for them after graduation.

Campion Hall is a boarding and day school for boys of grammar school age. It aims in three years so to prepare its students in the three R's that their progress at St. George's will be greatly facilitated. Its enrollment is close to two hundred, the majority of whom will go on to the college.

The Extension School at St. George's is an outgrowth of the college itself being taught by practically the same faculty. Classes are held in the evening. The scope of the school is wider than a mere embrace of the college graduates for it caters to all who seek some form of higher education. As a matter of fact its applicants are in the majority graduates of other schools. In this sense it is a pioneer in its field and it has served to vitalize the intellectual life of the island. Courses are offered in biology, chemistry, physics, engineering, philosophy, economics, sociology, co-operatives and the modern and ancient languages. Many students now pursuing further studies in medical, dental and engineering schools in the United States and England, first tasted of their particular fields at the intellectual wells of the Extension School.

But what of the college itself? Here yeoman service is being rendered the youth of the island. The British system of education differs somewhat from the American. The curriculum of British schools is graded on the syllabus issued by Cambridge University as a basis for the exams which are a "must" throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire. The certificates offered as a mark of suc-



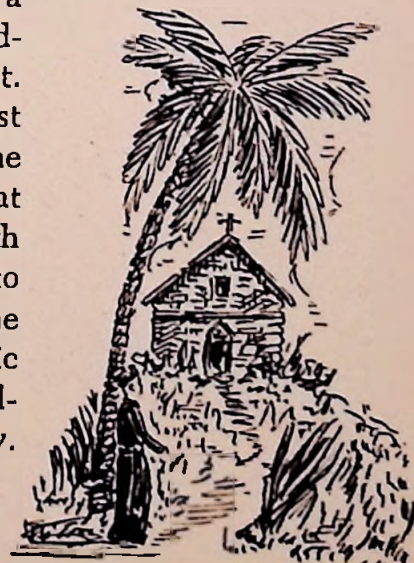
Saint George's College
in Kingston, Jamaica.

cessfully passing these exams are passports into the civil service and the economic life of all British colonies. Whatever virtues might be inherent to the exam system, it labours under the dangerous threat that information will be crammed into a pupil's head to the utter exclusion of character formation. And this is not merely a theoretical pitfall. It has won its crop of victims. But St. George's College has always been conscious of that peril and has never sacrificed the integration of Jesuit education to the dubious glory of an overwhelming number of successes in exams. Its record nevertheless has been excellent.

Yet it prides itself much more on the success of a Doctor Gladstone Orlando Wilson, present Chancellor to Bishop Emmet, Vicar Apostolic of the island—whose intellectual prowess has left its mark in Rome. It cherishes much more its three ordained Jesuit sons and the eight more who are in training. The encomium from the merchants of Kingston that they prize most highly the moral fiber of its graduates for the efficient running of their business is a badge of distinction. And in the words of one of its own graduates speaking at a commencement exercise in 1946, "a school has certainly come into its

own when it has so mastered the head of a boy that that boy becomes its headmaster." For the Reverend Dennis J. B. Cruchley S.J., a native Jamaican, and an alumnus of St. George's College, now guides the destiny of his alma mater.

And now, while St. George's stands stalwart, like a strong oak, with head and shoulders high, amid the educational institutions of the island, it is apprehensive of a terrible task that lies ahead. For Jamaica is in the throes of a political birth and wise-heads feel convinced that there is lacking a solid basis of education that is essential to the success of a true democracy. To keep faith with its chosen mission, to be worthy of a heritage that is a God-given endowment, St. George's College must continue to educate the youth of Jamaica, so that they may walk in the path of virtue and manifest to their countrymen the ideals of the Catholic faith which is the groundwork of all real democracy.



What is a Jesuit Brother?

A Coadjutor Brother

speaks on behalf of

a grand group of men

Bro. Italo A. Parnoff S.J.

Brother Finnegan S.J., infirmarian at Nanking, China, and (bottom) Brother Murphy S.J., teaching Eskimo boys the art of sledmaking in the land of the Midnight Sun.

SOME people know what we are—what our status in the Society of Jesus is, our work, and what we effect. Others know only that there are such beings as Jesuit Brothers. Still others, probably the majority of our would-be friends, don't even know we exist!

But what is a Jesuit Brother? The answer will probably be an enlightenment for even some of those who know us. Firstly, may I say that, contrary to one opinion, he is not a mere workman in the Jesuit community, but he is, like the Jesuit priest, a true religious and Jesuit. One devotes his life to the sacred ministry and education, the other to the material concerns of the house in which he lives, or to mechanical or clerical work.

The Jesuit Brother endeavors to continue in himself Christ's life at Nazareth by helping the Priests in their work either as secretaries or assistants, or indirectly, by working at or having charge of the various departments which are part of the Jesuit house—such as the church, the kitchen, the boiler room and maintenance, the medical dispensary, etc. Nor is he so engrossed in the duties of Martha that he is prevented from applying himself to the spiritual activity of Mary. Although most of the day is spent in the active life, the Society of Jesus, combining as it does the active and the contemplative life, begins the day with the contemplative and resumes it with formal prayer at regular intervals during the day. Prayer and union with Christ, however, is the integral part of the Brother's life and it permeates all his work and actions. For it is through this union that the Jesuit Brother seeks to effect not only his own salvation and sanctification but that of others also. In it he finds his solace and strength for his arduous labors.

True, the Brother can never aspire to the dignity of the priesthood, nor will he hold sway in the classroom, for he does not go through the period of training which those do who are destined for the priesthood. He will never influence a great number of souls directly as do priests, to their great consolation, for the Brother's work is hidden for the most part behind the walls of the house in which he lives. Yet, despite his seclusion and appar-

ently ineffective service for the salvation of souls, his influence is felt in its own right. Taking as his model Jesus hidden as a carpenter at Nazareth—to which life He preferred to devote thirty years, as compared to the three years of His public life, to show that in the gigantic work of changing men's hearts the effective power is had through the graces won by the works of the interior life—the Jesuit Brother plies his trade with the assurance that his efforts, remote as they may seem, find their fruitfulness for the salvation of souls.

And this quest for souls brings us to Jesuit Brothers in the mission fields. Here especially does his labor find a fruitful outlet. Having given up all for the service of God when he became a Brother, he anxiously gives up all and more again in living and working in inhospitable climates, surroundings and conditions so as to offer his treasure of the knowledge and love of God to those who have never heard of Him. But what a tremendous amount of activity that entails! And how few there are—Priests and Brothers—who can be spared to man this enormous project! And here I am in Baghdad—the only Brother and the first in ten years! Am I lonesome? No!—But I am alone and overwhelmed by the disheartening thought that the progress and expansion of the mission must suffer restraint because there are not enough young men who will listen to Christ's urgent appeal for co-workers! And His appeal for help and support, all too often falls on deaf ears.

Upon my assignment to Baghdad, I acquired many new friends among readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* whom unfortunately I shall not have the pleasure of meeting, but to all of whom, as well as to all my other friends, I extend my sincerest thanks and appreciation for their generosity and their willing response to Father Daily's appeal in the September issue for offerings of a Jeep and tools to be used in my work in Baghdad. Your donations large and small will be used to advantage and in them I see your missionary desires—for all Christians must be missionaries each in his own particular way; and since everyone cannot be out on "location," then those who are there are the representatives of those who stay at home and "back" them by prayers and other means.

All of us missionaries would like to make many more such friends and we invite others to join us in our labors so that through the joint effort of all of us Christ may speedily bestow upon misguided peoples the graces and blessings which He has so lavishly showered upon us, so that in the not-too-far-distant future there may be but "one fold and one shepherd."

Anyone interested in the life of a Jesuit Brother may obtain information at the nearest Jesuit church or school.



From Chuhari to the Yukon

Missionaries the world over

share the same feelings

Dear Father George:

“ . . . Go down along the Arabian coast of India. Some one hundred miles above Cape Comorin, you will find the town of Alleppey. Here, in Travancore, in 1919, I first saw the light of day.”

As I read the letter, my mind traveled down through the past four hundred years. I could see the lean figure of Francis Xavier hasten across the yellow sands of that same distant coast of Travancore and disappear into the groves of tea and pepper, intent on garnering another thousand souls for the Master.

It isn't every day that an Alaskan missionary is introduced to a spiritual descendant of the Apostle of the Indies. But, here I was, squatting on the banks of the Yukon, reading a first message from a fellow Jesuit in

India. And this was that Jesuit's first trip around the world on a postage stamp. Besides being a native of India named Wargiss (which is fine by me, because the name means “George” . . .), his ancestors must have been enrolled in the great universal Church by Xavier or one of his fellow Jesuits, through the saving waters of baptism. And now, years later, we two were meeting for the first time.

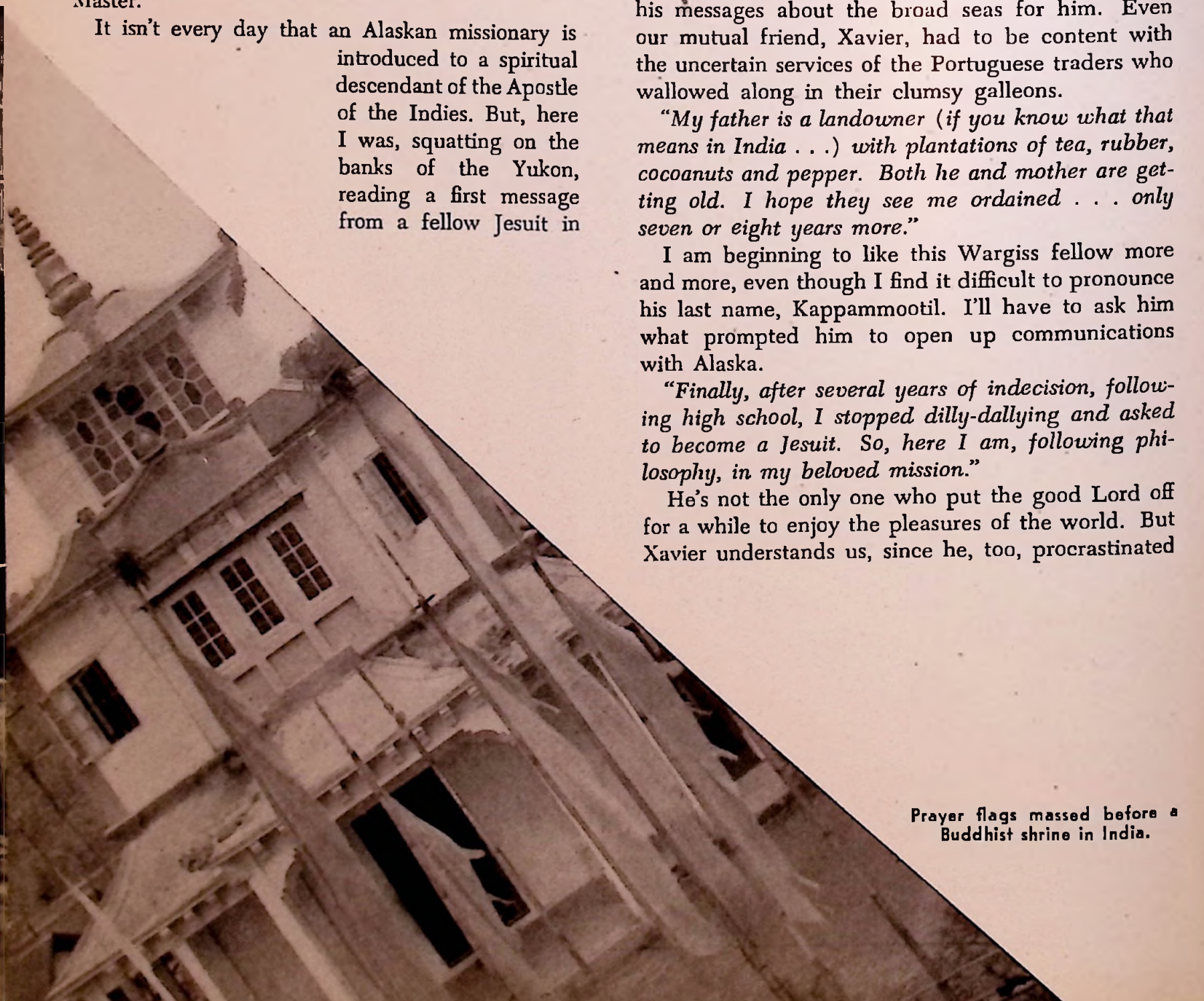
Sinbad never roamed so much in all his exciting life as this letter of Wargiss' had. But that legendary voyager had no Uncle Sam or John Bull to trundle his messages about the broad seas for him. Even our mutual friend, Xavier, had to be content with the uncertain services of the Portuguese traders who wallowed along in their clumsy galleons.

“My father is a landowner (if you know what that means in India . . .) with plantations of tea, rubber, coconuts and pepper. Both he and mother are getting old. I hope they see me ordained . . . only seven or eight years more.”

I am beginning to like this Wargiss fellow more and more, even though I find it difficult to pronounce his last name, Kappammootil. I'll have to ask him what prompted him to open up communications with Alaska.

“Finally, after several years of indecision, following high school, I stopped dilly-dallying and asked to become a Jesuit. So, here I am, following philosophy, in my beloved mission.”

He's not the only one who put the good Lord off for a while to enjoy the pleasures of the world. But Xavier understands us, since he, too, procrastinated



Prayer flags massed before a
Buddhist shrine in India.

George T. Boileau S.J.

until the light hit him under the insistent badgering of Ignatius.

"Chuhari, in the Patna district, is a thoroughly Catholic area, composed of small villages of farming people. Right here we have a boarding school, and I am prefect of forty-three boys, two of whom are Mohammedans, now taking instructions. All the boys are very poor, so I have to support and educate them. Many are orphans. Recently, twenty of them made their first Holy Communion. I had not even a holy card to give them. In such poverty I am. I don't mind it, myself, but the boys cannot understand it. They hope to get something from me, especially on a day like this. . . ."

I know, Wargiss, Old Fellow. Guess we missionaries are all alike. Must be that the good Lord meant it when he said to go without scrip and heavy baggage. He soothed the yearning hearts of those who don't have it to give anyway. Maybe that's how He gives the rest of the world a chance to do their share. Never heard of a person who was not happier for giving.—Not much here, but we'll see what we can do.

"Many of the boys are really promising. If only we can push them, they will do great things. I want to teach them some handicrafts, many of which I know already, such as carpentry, painting, cycle repairing, watch repairing, fretwork. But there is not even a pair of scissors with me. So, what to do?"

Yes, old man, I know what you mean. Got forty-two eager-beavers myself, under my care. Must admit, though, you do need a little lend-lease. Sorry, too, about the fire and cholera that ravaged your people lately. But remember, the fire never raged more fiercely than it did in the breast of Xavier, the flames of the love for God and for souls. He was sick at times, likewise, but sick with sorrow at the sight of souls crying out for the strength of God. Remember that, Wargiss. . . .

"Enough about myself. I should like to hear about you and your children of the north. I must get out now and collect some snakes for the mission school. Later I shall work on my stamp collection. It's pretty thin right now. Do you know of some addict of philately who would send or trade



a few stamps? I have no pictures, not even one of me. I am really a poor man, and like to be one, keeping only things to give to my boys. But I do send my prayers and ask for yours. Write soon. . . . Wargiss."

Right spirit, old man. Keep it up. I am sure a few of my friends would be glad to trade stamps or shunt some parcel post your way. Be seeing you. Thanks for writing.

Present address of
Mr. Wargiss Kappammootel S.J.
La Providence
Kodaikanal P. O.
Madura District
India

Your stamps are also most welcome at your nearest Jesuit Mission Stamp Bureau.



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

The mission world of all the Jesuits. Missions staffed by American Jesuits are printed in capitals.

Reverend Father Leo D. Sullivan S.J., Provincial of the Chicago Province, and Father Marshall M. Moran S.J., Superior of St. Xavier's College, Patna, India.



Inflation in India

WHEN the letters start coming in from all over, you get to realize what a small town the world really is. Over in Bettiah, India, Father John Mahoney of Chicago went shopping a couple of weeks ago. And the prices!

"Compare this with your local A & P," he writes, "butter \$1.00 a pound! Swift's luncheon meat 44¢ a tin! Bacon \$1.02 a pound! A can of tomato soup 25¢."

"Golly," said one of the girls in the office, "they must have the same A & P's over there we have on our own block."

Actually the missionaries feel the pinch of inflation now more than ever. The American dollar has lost its prewar value because of the terrific inflation of their own local currency.

Arabian Tales

THE Arab world in general is in a state of foment over the Palestine question, and Baghdad in Iraq has had frequent Arab demonstrations. Recently traffic on Baghdad's "Broadway," Rashid Street, was suspended for hours, while groups of Arabs paraded up and down yelling "Palestine for the Arabs!" and "Down with the Americans!"

Father Joseph Connell of Baghdad was unfortunate enough to get caught in the general melee, and had to listen to the shouts of "Down with the Americans!" Right in the middle of the most violent shouting, some of the rioters spotted the Boston priest.

"Hiya, Father!" they called to him, and went right on with their shouting.

The Truk Times

IF you haven't been getting Fr. McManus *Truk Times* you've been missing the best letter writer since Cicero. Some time ago he begged rubbers for the Spanish Sisters who teach on the island of Truk in the Carolines. I know you'll be happy to learn that if anyone wants to borrow some rubbers, any size, Father McManus has them. He just finished a convent and school for his Spanish Sisters; it's not painted yet, but it is right next door to the Church. He visited them recently.

"The convent is a beehive of activity," he wrote, "if you could visit it you'd see the girls, prim and sedate in columns of twos; suddenly, and to a mere man inexplicably, a wave of giggles ripples down the line just like convent schools the world over."

"In still another room is a women's sewing class where a diminutive nun sandwiches a little catechism in between *"knit two, purl three."* And everyday you're certain to find some of the alumnae back to see their old teachers to ask them if the little brown bundle in their arms isn't the cutest baby the world has ever seen—and sometimes they're not too far wrong."

"Somehow or other the nuns find time to care for the altar and for the priest. They do his laundry and prepare his meals. As they say, the two best fed critters in the world are the pastor's dog and the nun's Chaplain. Pretty soon I'll be fighting the Battle of the Bulge, and then I'll have to call on the nuns to let out the waistband of my trousers."

Call Him Murphy!

FROM Father Thomas Feeney of Boston, newly arrived missionary in the Marshall Islands comes the story of Murphy, the first little brown baby he baptized on Likiep Isle.

Vested in surplice and stole, and surrounded by godparents and relatives the Father went to work. "What is the baby's name," he asked.

"Murphy," said the godfather instantly.

"Yes, I know," Father said, "but what's his first name?"

The Likiep Island godfather looked at the Boston Father with eyes that mirrored pity. "M-U-R-P-H-Y, Murphy!" he said.

"I know a lot of fine people named Murphy," Father said patiently, "in fact I've met several in Boston. And some of them are indeed holy. But look, old man, the Church definitely demands a saint's name for the baby!"

The little old godfather rising on his toes, flailed his right hand in the air for emphasis. "Him have only one name—Murphy!"

Father Feeney proceeded with the baptism, and if the youngster follows in the footsteps of his famous patron there'll never be any snakes in the Marshalls. For the little brown wiggling bit of humanity has a glorious name inscribed on the baptism register. "Baptized, November 16," it reads, "Patrick Murphy!"

She Eloped With God

FATHER ARTHUR SHEA in Mambajao of the Philippines was called to the door the other day; a man and woman informed him that their mother wanted to go to Communion immediately, though she had just taken a bit of water.



(Above) Father John C. Murphy S.J. of Corozal, British Honduras, admiral of "God's Navy," which visits the sea missions around Corozal.

(Below) Father Leo J. Guay S.J., former head of the Deaf Mute Center in Worcester, Mass., converses with a deaf mute bootblack in Baghdad.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

He looked at the little old dear, wrinkled face, sunken cheeks, and fever brightened eyes. You didn't need to hear her racking cough to know that she was in the last stages of consumption. And so Father heard her confession, gave her Holy Communion and the Last Sacrament. She knelt on the Communion rail for all of it.

That morning she had traveled 24 miles on the wooden seat of a bus over one of the worst roads in the world; she had not been able to receive in two years and was determined to do so before she died.

"But why," he scolded the son and daughter, "why didn't you send for me? Why did you let your mother come out in a condition like this?"

It was the little old Filipino woman who answered the question. "I did my gusto," is the literal translation of what she said. It is something of a common expression and means, "I ran away and got married against my parent's choice. I eloped."

"I did my gusto," she said proudly. And with tears streaming down her face she stood straight and spoke to the Padre. "Against the wishes of everyone," she said, "I ran off to my lover, Christ!"

How To Grow Old Gracefully

"FATHER CONTIN at 70," writes Fr. Andrew Cervini of Zamboanga, in the Philippines, "is raising a new church out of the ruins of the old. I went to visit 78 year old Fr. Ferrer in Alaya and found him just returning from a sick call after a 3 hour ride in a cart drawn by an Australian cow. I thought that was tops until I went to get Father Vila, 88 years old; he too had just returned from a sick call—on a *panagat*, a Filipino sled drawn by a carabao. Father had crossed two rivers to get to a 90 year old friend of his."

Archbishop Joseph E. Ritter at the blessing of the first outdoor shrine to Our Lady of Fatima in the St. Louis archdiocese. The shrine was erected by Father James Preuss S.J. at St. Peter Claver's Negro mission in Robertson, Missouri.



WANTED

"Progress of the Jesuits":—

Father Thomas Kalam S.J. of Vailar-Shertallai P. O., Travancore, India desires a copy of PROGRESS OF THE JESUITS. The price of the book is \$3.75. Father Kalam is just one among thousands of European Jesuits laboring under very trying circumstances. Apart from the small desire expressed above, Father needs assistance for the completion of his Chapel. We will be glad to forward any donations.

• • •

My Changeless Friend:—

Father Francisco Aguila of Tingloy, Bauan, Batangas, Philippines, is very anxious to have a set of MY CHANGELESS FRIEND. These are small books containing articles written by Father LeBuffe of "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart." We can purchase one copy for 30¢. A complete set will cost \$4.25.

• • •

"Question Box":—

Father Thomas Feeney S.J., missionary at Kwajelein in the Marshall Islands has sent an urgent request for copies of THE QUESTION BOX. We can secure the paper edition for 75¢. The cloth edition sells for \$1.50. Father Feeney is known to many of our readers as he was formerly an Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, then superior of Jamaica, B.W.I. and, more recently, Mission Procurator of the New England province. Donations for copies of THE QUESTION BOX should be sent to JESUIT MISSIONS.

• • •

Jesus and I:—

This is the title of a picture chart prepared by Father Heeg at the "Queen's Work". It is an exceptionally practical asset for any catechists. The immediate request was received from Father Gampp for the catechetical centers under the direction of the seminarians at San Jose in the Philippines. The price of one chart is \$3.60.

SIoux on The March



Blaine White Eyes on his favorite "bronc," William Hawk Wing.

Edward J. Laskowski S.J.

“PLEASE, Mr. Cull, may I have the basketball?” pleads Pat Elk Boy immediately after dinner.

“Please, Mr. Burger, may I have the basketball?” Such is the plea of Mark Little Wolf after school.

“Please, Father Edwards, the basketball?” petitions Tiny Tim Wounded Foot right after supper.

Morning, noon, or night,—it matters little to these Holy Rosary Sioux—basketball remains their favorite pastime. The time of the day matters little and the season of the year matters less. Basketball is traditional and the tradition is a glorious one. Everyone—even the tiny tots of the lower grades, it seems,—remembers the National Catholic Tournament at Chicago where an underrated Rosary team surprised a powerful Marquette (Milwaukee) squad in the first game and then went on to an easy victory in

the second game, only to lose in the third game of the tournament by a very close score to the team that had won the championship for two consecutive years before. Rosary did not win that tournament, nor did Rosary reach the finals, but Rosary did come home with the Sportsmanship Award.

It is not only the team members who have such an avid interest in basketball. The spirit is contagious and it has spread throughout the school. Intra-mural leagues involve all boys from the second grade up if they can throw a basketball up to the hoop. And the other





If you will go away for a moment Buster Walks Under the Ground will do something about recapturing his bun from Donald Lee.

day, the tiniest of our youngsters were not to be denied either. They engaged in a hilarious game. Buster Walks Under the Ground, age four, imitated his elders in the fine points of the game for about a quarter. He tried his best to lift his chubby little body high into the air in an effort to stop passes, and he waved his hands frantically in front of the opposing player. Finally, however, he discovered he could stop the other fellow more effectively if he simply put his arms around the body of the dribbler or passer. The game ended with the score 4-0.

Boxing and wrestling are two other indoor sports that are met with wild acclaim. There is an annual boxing tournament held at the end of the basketball season, and it seems that everyone in the school participates. There are still other organized sports that have their moments, but perhaps the most appreciated of activities and the most indulged in other than basketball are those activities of the Sioux boys' own invention. Two elements enter into the final production of this home-made program of play. First, the Sioux Indian lad is a great imitator of anything he sees; and, second, the Sioux lad lives in the hills with his horses and cattle. So minute and accurate is his imitation of things that a group of these lads surprised even Father Edwards, our principal, one day. He had come down to the playgrounds one fine afternoon and was talking to me. Suddenly, he whirled around and then asked perplexedly, "Did you hear a horse whinny?"

I laughed and pointed to a group of Indian lads running around the grounds. "There's a whole herd of wild horses over there. Just watch them for a moment. You'll see what I mean."

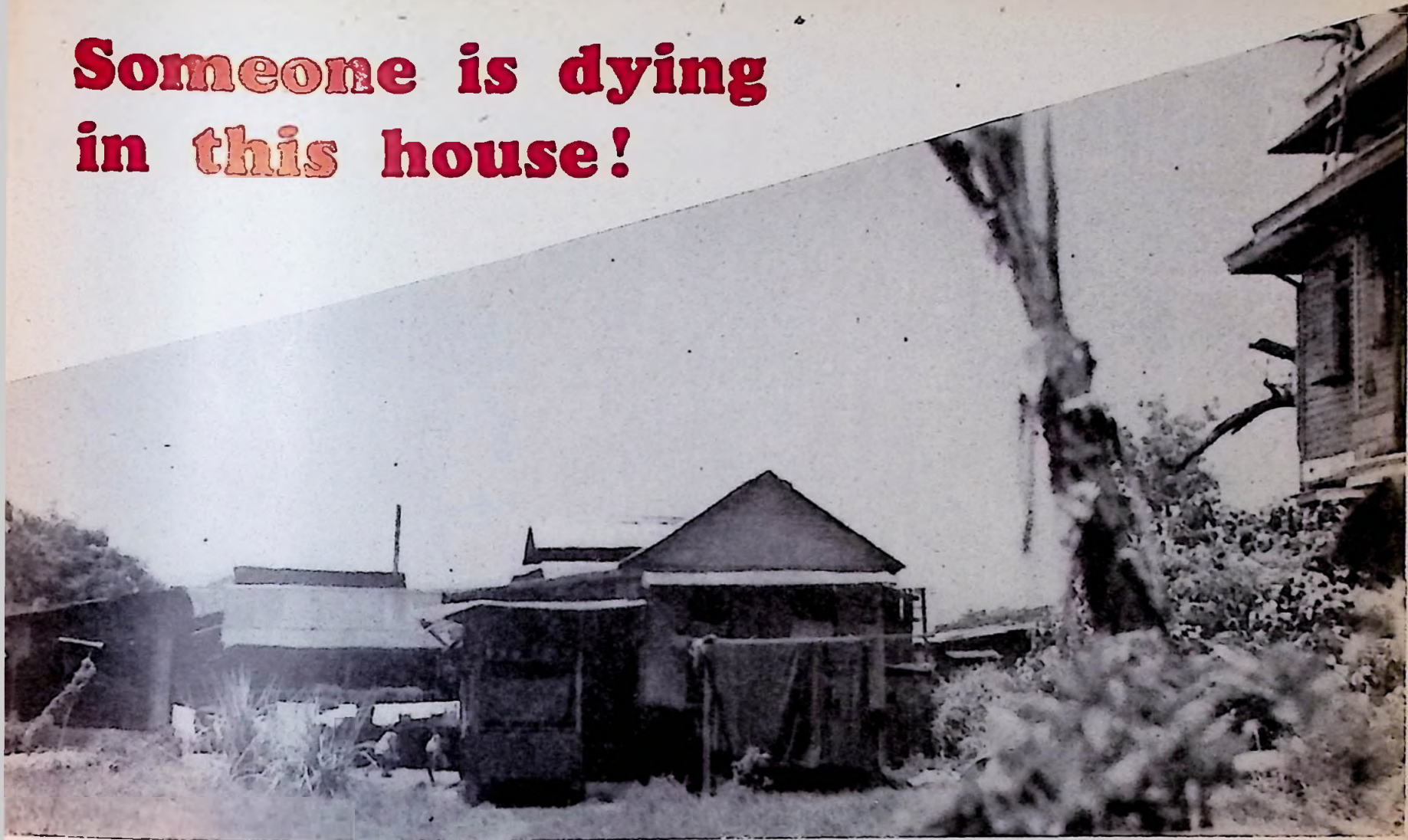
Father watched. He saw these boys galloping like horses and following a leader. He saw the leader pull up to a halt; throw his head forward and backward and sideways in the approved manner of horses; prance up and down in joy. He then heard this lead horse let out a call similar to one that had attracted Father's notice a moment before. The other horses imitated the leader, and Father smiled.

The rodeo is one of the chief amusements for the Sioux in the summer time, and also it is a very pleasant way for him to earn a little money. These boys enjoy a rodeo as much, or perhaps more, as any American boy, but they do more than enjoy it. When it is all over, they will imitate their elders in the various events that had been witnessed. Their favorite rodeo activity is that of the bronco riding scene. If you come to Rosary Mission at any time of the year, you can always witness some of our lads riding their " Broncos." No episode of the bronco-bustin' show is left out. The rider gets on his "bronc" in the same manner as the rider of the rodeo got on his. The horse must leap out of a barrier and beyond a rope just as at the real rodeo. Then the bronc must "bronc," and the rider is allowed the use of only one hand for the holding of the reins. He, too, waves his hat in mid air with the other hand. The only thing that is not real in this affair is the "bronc." He is just one of the boys.

If these lads witness a movie on a Sunday evening, it is easy to predict what they will be playing on Monday. For example, when they saw the movie "Buffalo Bill," they immediately found themselves feathers and sticks and made Sioux and Cheyenne warriors of themselves. Some of the less fortunate became horses and some of the still less fortunate became white men.

All of this play has had its effect upon the health and general well-being of the Sioux. The health record of this past year has excelled all records of past years. Flu and cough epidemics have hit the surrounding countryside, but here at Rosary, God has preserved our boys from any of these more serious ailments. The illness of winter time, for example, was at a minimum. When one considers the health situation among the Sioux tribe of the Pine Ridge Reservation in general; when one sees the suffering of the Sioux in his home and hears the wheezing cough of his afflicted children; when one sees the emaciated physical condition of the many tuberculosis victims and hears the agonizing groans of the ill; when one witnesses these things and then compares them with what is the fact at Holy Rosary, one is really inclined to say: "It is a miracle!"

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Dear Father:

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I think she will be happy to think the mission Fathers are remembering her in their prayers.

Thanks in advance and I wish all of you a blessed and holy Christmas.

Sincerely yours,

Dear Father:

Last September I read an article in JESUIT MISSIONS about the GI who gave \$5.00 a month to support an orphan boy. I believe the boy's name was Pee Wee. I work in ———, Boston and our customers remember us at Christmas. It is the only time that I have a little extra money. As I am single and have no great responsibilities I am sending you \$60.00. I hope that I will be able to do so next year. Will you please forward the money to Father Eugene Watrin. The additional \$2.00 you can send to the leper colony.

With every best wish for a happy new year, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Dear Father:

P.C.

I received the Mass intentions which you sent to me and they proved very helpful. As you know, it is very hard for European priests to receive help from home.

I have had a series of reverses. While I was absent the safe in my house was broken. On top of that, my cycle was also stolen. It was taken from my room while I was saying Mass. Since then I have had to use the cycle of my head catechist. Two days ago I had to push the wretched thing back eight miles.

Last Saturday evening I lit my lamp and took it to the refectory. A few moments later I was attracted by a crackling noise in my room. A fire had reached the

roof. Fortunately, some of the people who were going to confession ran into the house and saved my things. The fire destroyed the canvas that I had put under the tile to protect myself from the rain, heat and cold. Thanks be to God, the fire was put out shortly and the damage was not too great. But, my protection against the cold is gone.

Thanking you and your readers for your help given to me, I am,

Gratefully in Christ,

FATHER J. STAQUET S.J.,
Catholic Church
Gumla P. O.,
Ranchi District, India

Dear Father:

As you know, the Wuhu mission in China is entrusted to the Castile province. We have several secular priests in the mission with us. Our great need is Mass stipends as we do not have any. I know you send Mass intentions to the missions. If it is in accord with your policy, will you remember the Spanish Fathers of the Wuhu mission? You know what it means to have \$60.00 more for your daily support and better, what it means to be without the money. Here it would mean that our priests would have some meat with their daily rice meals. This would give them strength against malaria which is rampant. Most of our Fathers suffer with malaria. The cause of it is years of malnutrition. Strong health is the best preventive against such disease. We also have among us several Hungarian missionaries. They were driven out of their mission by the communists and came to us with not even the proper clothing. With the help of a few friends we were able to make some clothes for them.

With real fraternal appreciation for your help and cooperation and promising prayers to all who help us, I am,

Sincerely in Christ,

JUSTUS PEREZ S.J.,
Catholic Mission
Wuhu, An. China

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