

JESUIT MISSIONS

MARCH 1949



QUIET BEFORE THE STORM

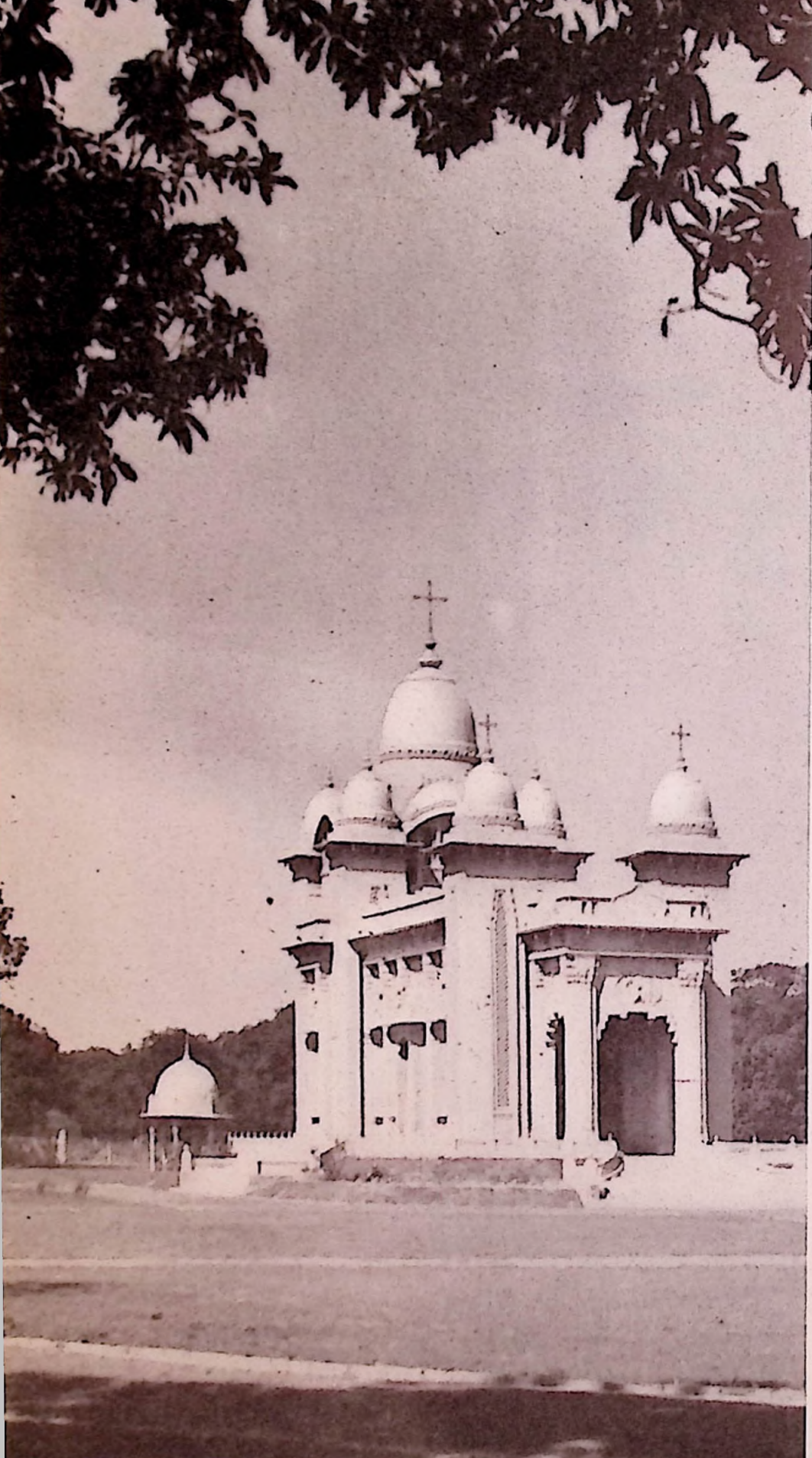
AUTHORS



Father John K. Lipman S.J., a China missionary from San Francisco, is now assistant mission director for California Jesuit Missions in China. Of his 12 years at Anking, Nanking and Shanghai (interned 2 years at Zikawei), China has been at war eleven.



Father John A. Morrison S.J., of St. Louis has been on the Patna Mission, India, for 19 years. This snapshot doesn't flatter him. He is tall and good looking and graceful, but it does show him in action for us. He knew Father Creane well.



This beautiful edifice at Mokameh Junction, near Patna, India, is no ordinary mission chapel. It is a Shrine to Our Lady designed, constructed and completely equipped in India. The exquisite beauty of Indian architecture is here gracefully adapted to the spirit of the Catholic Church. The truth taught here is the same, word for word, that Father Marion Batson S.J., who built the Shrine, now preaches, during his first visit home in 19 years, to his home townsmen of Benington, Nebraska.

STAFF

EDITOR

Calvert Alexander

MANAGING EDITOR

Joseph F. MacFarlane

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Stephen B. Earley

John H. McCummiskey

Robert P. Phalen

Anthony G. Schirmann

Edward T. Wiatrak

Anthony S. Woods

REGIONAL EDITORS

Thomas J. Hallahan

Patrick A. Ryan

Paul Brennan

Henri Bechard

BUSINESS EDITOR

Coleman A. Daily

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, January-February and July-August, by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn., in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00; Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second-class mailing matter, at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Do not send communications to the Norwalk address. Our printing and mailing only are done there. The address of the Business Office of Jesuit Missions is 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Editorial Offices are at 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y. You can be more sure of prompt attention to your letters if they are directed to the proper addresses.

SUBSCRIBERS. Be sure we have your correct name and address. The Post Office will not forward copies to a new address unless you provide extra postage. In case of change of address, please notify us as soon as possible. Send both your old and new address to Subscription Department, Jesuit Missions, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Notice of the change must be sent in at least five weeks before the month of issue.

JESUIT MISSIONS

MARCH, 1949

Vol. 23, No. 2

JM

THE QUIET BEFORE.....	John K. Lipman S.J.	4
THE SANTAL TRAMP GOES HOME.....	John A. Morrison S.J.	6
PRIESTS NOBODY WANTS.....	Joseph F. MacFarlane S.J.	9
SOUNDS OF AN ARABIAN NIGHT.....	Joseph P. O'Kane S.J.	12
A TRIBUTE TO FATHER WALSH.....	Edward J. Dunne S.J.	14
COME, FOLLOW ME.....	Francis W. Anderson S.J.	15
AMERICAN JESUITS IN JAIPUR.....		16
SO YOU'RE GOING TO ALASKA!	Paul C. O'Connor S.J.	18
ATENEO DE DAVAO.....	Theodore E. Daigler S.J.	20
FLORIDA'S MODERN MISSIONARY.....	Theodore A. Ray S.J.	22
THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION....	Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.	24
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....		26
H. Q.	Segundo Llorente S.J.	28

COVER. Father Eugene Fahy S.J., American Jesuit at Yangchow, China, has just baptized this little Chinese infant. Every one counts. There are 1500 pagans for every one Christian in this mission now threatened by the Communist march in China. The baby is in the arms of his older sister. The godmother (left) is a Catholic student at Aurora College for women. Baby's name: Stanislaus Chen.

WHAT'S YOUR INTEREST? Alaskan tundras, Indian reserves, Caribbean towns or Mayan swamps? Tales from the Tigris, Ganges, Damodar or Yangtze Rivers? The jungles of Ceylon, the barrios of Mindanao, the atolls of Truk, or reefs of Kwajalein? JESUIT MISSIONS brings to your favorite arm-chair monthly reports from Jesuit missionaries of the first planting, the slow culture and the golden harvesting for the Faith in the Church's farthest outposts. And your own Faith will be deeper because of your interest in the support of JESUIT MISSIONS.

The Quiet *before...*



Rising slowly from the destruction of World War II our youngest mission awaits the Red invasion.

JOHN K. LIPMAN S.J.

ANY REPORT ON THE CHURCH in China today must be clearly regarded as "SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE." Six months ago our mission in Yangchow, Nanking and Shanghai was so quiet and so promising. Momentous changes have taken place since last October.

Early last fall the various works of the California Jesuits in Nanking, Yangchow and Shanghai gave rich promise of rapid and fruitful development. In the capital city the high school opened with a record enrollment, with many boys refused admittance due to lack of accommodations. Several of the Fathers were kept occupied by classes in the government universities; a club for Catholic young men and women was flourishing; a good number of pagans were under instruction for reception into the church, and a very sizable congregation was present at the numerous Masses each Sunday morning. It seemed as if the apparent jinx that formerly seemed to hang over our work in Nanking was ended.

Over in Yangchow the situation was much the same. The high school there had all the boys it could comfortably care for, and several new Fathers and a Scholastic had been added to the staff. A dispensary was opened in care of an American order of nursing Sisters, and preparations were being made to bring over a foundation of Carmelite Sisters from the Santa Clara convent in California. Two Fathers were stationed at Siennumiao, and it looked as if the newly established Yangchow Mission was off to a flying start.

The five Fathers at the Church of Christ the King in Shanghai were no less busily engaged in thriving parish activities, in publishing the monthly magazine, the *Catholic Review*, in extensive radio work and in conducting the club for Shanghai's English-speaking Catholics.

But by mid-October Communism roared like a flood across central China. The language students were removed from Pieping and sent to Theology at Zikawei. The registration at our schools in Nanking and Yangchow began to drop off, and when the Communists overran the Suchow Mission of the Canadian Jesuits and pushed south in the direction of Nanking, our two schools closed entirely. The Theologians were preparing to go to Alma College, California, and, if necessary, the Fathers were to go to Manila, but before any move could be made, Superiors decided that all of our men should remain where they are, at least for the time being. And as this is being written, in early January, that is the present picture: the eight California Scholastics are in the theologate at Zikawei, Shanghai; the California Fathers are, with a few exceptions, at their posts in Nanking, Yangchow and Shanghai, conducting a few classes for those who wish to keep coming to school, taking care of their parishioners, helping out in relief work, and waiting.

What will the future bring? There is absolutely no way of knowing. From present indications it appears but a matter of time before the Communists will take over the area which includes our Yangchow Mission, and many are of the opinion that they will ultimately gain control of the Nanking and Shanghai areas. Our work may cease immediately. The Communists are using their old tactics of saying that they do not want to interfere with schools and hospitals, and that the missionaries should remain and continue their work. But unfortunately the Communist promises are worth nothing.

It might be that the Catholic Missionaries who remained in the recently captured cities of northern China for a time would be allowed to carry on their work as usual, or can keep busy in their school and in their other occupations. So far, we have no word and no way of finding out what is going on behind the "curtain." Perhaps the Communists might find it more expedient politically to allow the Missionaries to continue their missionary work, at least for the time being. It is on this supposition that the Catholic Missionaries are remaining at their places. All we can do is to pray that God's Will is to protect the workers in His Vineyard and enable them to carry on safely and reap an ever-increasing harvest of souls.



The Santal Tramp Goes Home

FATHER JIM CREANE is dead and India is not the same without him. Romantic, leather skinned, strong featured, great priest and Jesuit, the hero of a hundred mission tales, the Santal Tramp has gone home.

When Father Jim Creane was named pastor of the little Anglo-Indian community of Bhagalpur in 1927, neither Superiors nor he had any idea of what the appointment portended. The few Catholics were not sufficient to take all of his time, the Hindus and Moslems in the vicinity were not responsive to his missionary efforts—and he soon set out for greener pastures. Forty miles south of the town of Bhagalpur he found what he was looking for.

From the first it was clear that the Santal aborigines were different from their Bihari neighbors. They actually talked of becoming Catholics at Father Creane's invitation; their hospitality warmed him to them; their simplicity made him love them.

Santals are cheerful, honest aboriginal people living in clean sunbaked mud and thatch villages amid hilly and rolling country not unlike the Ozarks of southern Missouri.

Father Jim quickly learned their language

Father Creane travelled the Santal country on foot, by bicycle, and Ford bus; he lived with the Santals

and identified himself with his newly found people. Traveling through the Santal country on foot, by bicycle, and Ford bus, he lived with the Santals in their own villages; their simple fare was his; he daily offered the Holy Sacrifice on some improvised altar on an upturned bed or a clay ledge in a courtyard or stable. Soon he had the Santal field organized into three main sectors; he was given the northern sector with headquarters at the village of Bacha.

Four in the morning was his normal rising time; and he usually had his office as well as meditation finished before Mass; that way he could devote his whole day to his work.

Father Jim Creane was born in the small town of New Douglas, Ill., on June 14th, 1889; farming son of farmers his chores as a youngster served him in good stead with the simple Santal farmer folk.

He entered the Society from old St. Mary's, Kansas in 1910; mission minded always he spent his scholastic teaching days in Belize, British Honduras. Ordained by Archbishop Glennon in 1924, he volunteered for Patna, India. 1926 brought him to Ranchi, for his Tertianship, and in 1927 he began his work among the Santals.

in their own villages; their simple fare was his; their language was his; in their homes he offered Mass.



In spite of his preoccupation with aboriginal work, Father Creane never forgot Patna's major problem, making Christ known to her millions and millions of Hindus and Moslems. Patna's aborigines are numbered in tens of thousands; her Hindus and Moslems are numbered in tens of millions; and Father Jim always kept an eye open for any

faith. He brought the catechists together quite often for a week of solid instruction in their religion.

Mission activities change from time to time; and a year after his return the Santal mission field moved from the hands of the Jesuits to those of the T.O.R. Franciscans, newly arrived in India. Father Creane, though not a young man, offered himself to start afresh in the new Untouchable field that was rapidly developing in parts of the Patna Mission. He was transferred from Poreya Hat and posted to the town of Gaya, the center of a large Hindu and Moslem population. At last Father Jim had his opportunity to work, literally, for the missions. But it was far different from his Santal work.



Father Creane (in oval) back in 1928 at the end of one year of missionary life in India, wide-eyed and un-wrinkled; (right) 20 years later, eyes drawn in against the sun, deep furrows and gray hair show the toll of the years. Two of "the millions" with him.



opportunity that might present itself to him.

"Yours for the millions," was the way he often ended his letters.

1927 to 1937 he worked uninterruptedly with his Santals; only sickness and a major operation stopped his work. That year he went to the Eucharistic Congress at Madras, and toured the missions of Southern India. But in early 1939 the Santal Tramp was again back in the work he had started, this time in the Poreya Hat sector of the Santal Parganas.

The Poreya Hat section of the mission now had a permanent home for the missionaries; and Father Creane began a system of catechumenates that was to prove fruitful in strengthening his Catholics in their new

Gaya is a stronghold of Hinduism. It is also the place where Sakya Muni, the Buddha, received his "enlightenment"; from Gaya, Buddha's religion began its spread over the East. Buddhist pilgrims make the long journey from Tibet, China and Japan to visit their shrines in Gaya; often enough the town is thronged with thousands of Hindus, come to pay their vows at Gaya's many Hindu temples, and to bathe in the waters of the Phalgu river.

Tough Santal Jim began his new work with his accustomed energy and spirit, he soon found he was ploughing the barren rocks of caste Hinduism in paganism's very stronghold. The fields were not the fertile ones of aboriginal India.



One of the last photos taken of Father Creane.

Friendly, companionable, with his whole life marked by midwest approachability, he met for the first time hard stares and chill aloofness. India was shaking off foreign domination; it regarded all foreigners with suspicion. Somehow, the Untouchables did not respond to the methods he used to get them interested in Catholicism.

He started a small boarding school and found it almost impossible to gather boys. When parents were willing to entrust their children to him, pagan neighbors intimidated them. On one occasion while he was trying to bring a few boys to school from a village outside of Gaya, he was stoned by the pagan villagers.

During the war he served as Chaplain to the Americans, English, and some of his own Indian converts stationed at the Gaya airport; and as soon as the war ended Father once more turned his attention to the millions awaiting in the Gaya district. Drawing on all his years of experience, he formulated new plans, centering his attention on one caste, the self-supporting and respectable in Hindu society.

It was hard work, teeming with difficulties; but he never feared hard work, nor shirked difficulties. Some results were just beginning to appear when death struck him down after twenty-three years in India.

On November 28th of last year he was having breakfast at the home of Major and Mrs. Bill McKean at the Regiment Camp.

"Caroline cried so much this morning, Father," said Mrs. McKean of her eight months old daughter, "that I suppose you want to spank her."

"No, indeed," Father Jim said with a smile, "I won't spank her, but I'll bless her."

And he did. At four o'clock in the afternoon he carried her blessing straight to heaven.

LAST JOURNEY

Soon after blessing the daughter of Major Bill McKean, Father Creane jerked his jeep to a dead stop near the mission veranda. Mumbling something to us about feeling dizzy, he went straight to his room. It was nine o'clock; by 4:10 he was dead of a cerebral hemorrhage.

Doctor Tobias came quickly with Doctor A. Khair; they discovered Father's blood pressure was over 260.

Under the direction of the doctors, Fathers Nolan, Fox, Sharma and I took turns nursing him; he never spoke coherently.

Father Nolan administered Extreme Unction, and soon afterwards Father Creane's restlessness disappeared and he was quiet till he peacefully passed away a little after four.

Bishop Wildermuth, his dear friend of many years, Very Rev. Father Welfle, Fathers Bohn, and Brennan arrived next morning; during the Bishop's Mass, Father Goveas came in from Jehanabad.

Residents of Gaya filled the Mission chapel to overflowing at three o'clock for the funeral; and slowly the cortege wended its way the mile and a half to the Gaya Christian cemetery. The Catholic lads from the Bihar Regiment stood at attention, and after the final prayers fired a thirty-six round volley.

Bishop Augustine Wildermuth said the prayers at the grave, and the great Santal Tramp, Father James Creane was lowered into his grave alongside the American soldiers who died at Gaya.

Hubert Schmidt S.J.



PRIESTS

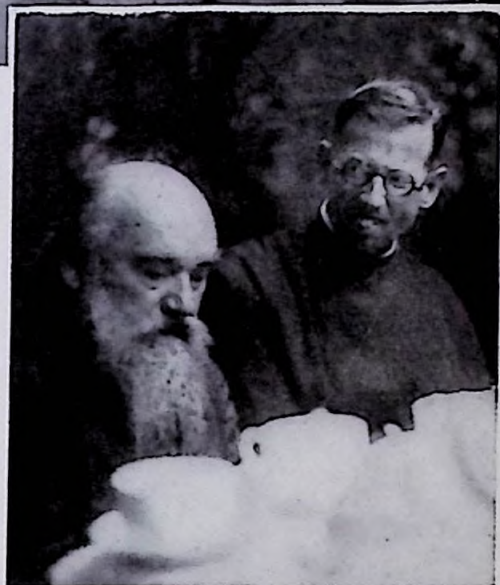
Nobody WANTS

Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.

THERE IS IN THE WORLD TODAY a small band of men that nobody seems to want. Yet it is doubtful if ever men were sent on a more important mission or were more badly needed on earth. They are the priests who have gone over heart and soul to the Oriental Rite within the Catholic Church to labor for the conversion of Russia.

Before the war there were several hundred priests, diocesan and religious, Jesuits, Dominicans, Benedictines, Passionists, Basilians and others in the Byzantine-Slav rite and of course in full union with Rome. Their field of labor was primarily the countries bordering on Russia—Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria and China, and secondarily the larger Russian emigre colonies in Europe and America. One by one, every one of the primary fields of labor have been taken over by the Communists.

No one knows how many of these priests are still alive. Of the many who have been swallowed up behind the Iron Curtain, no word has come for years. A few have been reported definitely put to death. Others are scattered around the globe in China, North and South America, Belgium and France.



Of these, two are reported killed by Soviets, two are "missing," one is now in danger. The others are all safe.

Theirs is a unique mission; no return is permitted, no visible success is likely for years to come. There are few to speak for them, few to support and encourage them and, it could be, only a few to pray for them in their exile, their long night of waiting. They live, study, pray and labor as Oriental priests with the rich glory of the ancient rite of St. Basil and St. John Chrysostom to inspire them and to unite their hearts with God. They know Russians and love them with a love only a priest who has dedicated his life in the face of danger and forever can know.

But humanly speaking, these men are alone, a scattered handful. The spreading tide of Communism is such a black mountainous wave of disappointment and frustration that they need special prayers today. Their work should be known and prayers for the success of their mission should ascend daily to God.

These are safe in America



Rev. Andrew Rogosh (left) and Rev. Nichols Bonetsky (photo taken when he was still a deacon). The Sacred Species of Bread are being put into the Precious Blood in the Chalice in preparation for the communion of the laity under both species. These two magnificent priests, one a native of Boston, the other from Germany, now assistant Director of the Catholic Near East Welfare in New York, need prayers and encouragement, for their work is important.

If the Russian people only knew these men, how they would love them! They are an interesting group. Let me tell you about a few. I must be careful about names so that no harm will come to them from the Communists who surround some of them as I write.

There was Father Walter (let's call him that). Here was an American boy from the coal mine towns of Pennsylvania, thoroughly American; as a catcher in baseball, alert, aggressive, deadly accurate; about the house so quiet you would never know he was studying Latin, or French, or Russian, or German, or Italian, all of which he spoke fluently. Everybody trusted him. Everybody loved him.

After he was ordained, he was sent to a little town in Poland near the Russian border, there to take charge of a parish and an orphanage. By that time I was a priest back home here in America. The Rector of the house where I lived at the time allowed me to send half of my Christmas gifts to Father Walter. With this money he had been able to buy milk for the children and some meat for the Sisters, the first they had in many, many months. After that no more letters came. Before very long the Russians moved in and he was swallowed up. Rumors circulated that he was in Moscow, or working on a farm, in hiding with other priests, working in disguise, and the like, but nothing from him directly.

Years later refugees began to escape from the horror. One of them brought an account of the burial of a priest in an open pit along with about a hundred other refugees who had died along the hopeless march on foot close to the Ural Mountains. The evidence seemed to point to Father Walter as the priest who died with his flock. That was all. An American citizen, an American priest, a lovable, kindly, completely innocent priest and his unfortunate companions were allowed to starve to death, and to lie under an open sky unknown, unwanted, dishonored. Then finally the notice came to us that he was to be presumed dead; we were to say Masses for the repose of his soul. So many times I've prayed for him, thought of him. He was in his early thirties when he died.

There was Father Harry: English, quiet, witty, hard-working, humble and close to God beyond the suspicions of almost all who knew him. He was sent in a hurry to Estonia. During the peace pact between the Nazis and the Soviets the English Jesuit was considered an enemy alien. When the Russians took over Estonia they frisked him off to Russia, and put him out of the country at Odessa, in the far south. Somehow he managed to beg his way to Jerusalem; volunteered as chaplain for the RAF, was turned down, and then learned by cablegram from the Papal Secretary of State that he was to go to Wuhu, China. By bus

and tramp steamer he finally made port in China, where the Japs arrested him.

By this time the Soviets and Nazis had fallen out, and England was a "friendly nation" according to the party line. It was too late. Father Harry was now an enemy alien to the Japs. He volunteered for the civilian internment camp as a chaplain and endured World War II as a prisoner of the Japs. After release, there was a fury of work trying to make up for lost time. Today the Japs are friendly, but the Reds are moving in on him once more. No telling what will happen except that he will be ready.



Twice captured, still being pursued.

There is Father George. Rooftops and tunnels in Rome were his favorite haunts. A muscular demi-god from the mountains of Central Europe, he was a match for any type of opposition, just as he was ready for any type of work—or fun. And how keen his mind was! I've often wished Mr. Vishinsky could have met Father George. Yet he was so kind. For his first Mass, when he could have chosen any church in Rome, St. Peter's, St. Paul's, the Catacombs, St. Ignatius, etc., he chose to say his first Mass in a huge prison for the inmates. I treasure a letter he wrote to me at the time in which he said:

"I'll say my first Mass in the Prison of the Queen of Heaven. There are 2,000 inmates there. I hope that by this Mass God will give them not only a little change in their miserable monotony but, above all, grace. If everything goes well, I'll be able to give each one of them a little holy card with personal greetings. Don't forget me. Addio. George."

How could you forget someone like that?

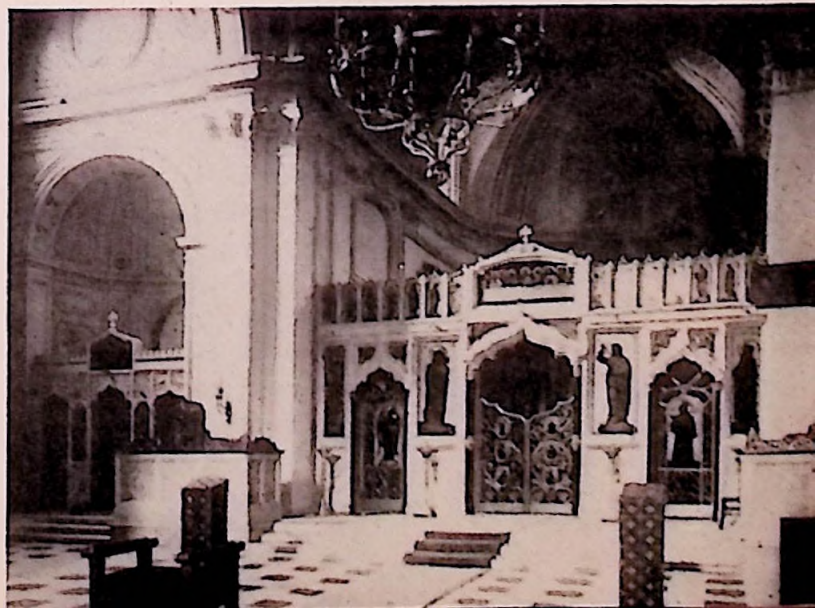
If the Soviets have put Father George in prison, I hope and have prayed that the Lord gives him a little change in the miserable monotony and, above all, grace. By now he must be dead. We would have heard from him, somehow. He could have become such a hero to thousands of young Russians, too, leading them through the gifts God gave him to God himself.

There are many others, each one a story in himself. Father Feodor, irresistible arguing over prices with shopkeepers in Rome, or lecturing to groups in London, or talking his Japanese captors in Shanghai into letting him out of internment "to take care of certain matters" (his Russians), or in his interest in every Russian, man, woman and child he meets, but charming and genuine and gracious always.

Bishop Romzha is a story in himself. One of the finest men I have ever known in my life, he was murdered by Soviet soldiers on a road in his native Carpatho-Russian land last summer. He was powerful physically and so gentle in disposition, learned and disarmingly simple with people, humble and so completely courageous. He was a Bishop for only a few years when Stalin's men put him to death at the age of thirty-six.

There are so many others, Andrei, Sacha, Mario, Pavel, Mavricki, some praying for their friends from Heaven, some still active, some lost, perhaps in hiding, possibly in labor camps of Siberia. God alone knows where all his wonderful generous band of volunteers are today. Need I ask you to remember them, to pray for them, and for the conversion of the people of Russia?

The Church of St. Anthony, Rome, given by Pope Pius XI to the Russian College is the center of the training of secular priests and many Jesuits for the Byzantine-Slav rite.





SOUNDS OF AN *Arabian Night*

IF I LIVE through a thousand of them, I'll never forget my first night in fabulous, exotic Baghdad.

"How romantic," thought I as I climbed the steps leading to the moonlit roof, "to sleep under the stars of an Arabian Night!"

After barking my shins on several other beds, I at last found my own. It was the work of seconds to kick off my sandals and insinuate myself neatly under the mosquito netting rigged up like a tent over my bed. A few squirts of my DDT bomb for such sandflies as had smuggled themselves in with me, one or two preparatory yawns, and I stretched out for a long sound sleep under the stars of Baghdad, city of peace.

"Peace, peace," I cried, but there was no peace that night in Baghdad—not for me. Hardly had I swatted the last sandfly (the DDT didn't work) when all hell broke loose. First of all up struck a band from somewhere behind the College, and the starry dome of heaven began to resound with the music of some Arabian song hit, bawling and blaring its weird rhythms through the palm trees far out into the empty desert.

Then came the shriek of a banshee dying amid a thousand agonies; as it rose siren-like through the resonant night it was joined by about two thousand other banshees, all wailing and shrieking in sympathetic unison. Then the banshee's soprano lament was swelled by a long agonizing groan from some neighbor's yard, as though the whole family were suffering a joint attack of acute ap-



pendicitis. The pain seemed to grow in intensity as the evening wore on. It was then I heard the rhythm section for this purgatorial orchestra: punctuating and beating time came a persistent chug-chug-chug from the direction of the Tigris down the road. Should I say I didn't sleep?

I didn't sleep.

But now the sounds that kept me awake that first night have ceased to be disturbing, have become familiar—even friendly. They are like so many voices speaking of the life around us; in the very heart of that life Baghdad College is planted. It is here that we Jesuits from New England make our home.

When I first heard the Arab music, my imagination pictured dark-bearded sheikhs crouching by their camels around the camp fire, and strumming their viols and piping their flutes while whirling dervishes performed on the moonlit desert sand. It was deflating to discover that the real source of the music was a juke-box in the local coffee shop. This open-air equivalent of the corner saloon does a rushing business in the cool hours of the evening; at the little tables inside sit the men of the village, sipping their little cups, and smoking their big water-cooled pipes. Some gossip, others listen gravely while someone reads the evening paper aloud; others merely sit, say nothing, and stare out into the street.



Daylight views of Baghdad: (left) "others merely sit, say nothing and stare out into the street." (center) "To the Arab, the pump house speaks of tall graceful palm trees laden with luscious sun-cooked clusters of dates." (right) "Others listen gravely while someone reads the paper aloud."

Outside a swarm of kids surround Jesuits out for a stroll in the cool of early evening, clamoring for dates, pencils, pictures, anything these fabulously wealthy *Abunas* (Fathers) may chance to be carrying. One of the kids may be my cowboy friend Muhamed, who holds me up every morning in hopes I'll snap him and his lone cow.

The banshee chorus that so startled me that first night has turned out to be nothing more ghostly than a few dozen dogs or jackals—wowiees we call them—out on a nocturnal bone-hunt, wailing to each other to keep up their spirits. Well they need such encouragement; for the most part, the human species around the College are too hard pressed to spare anything for the canine species; so man's best friend lives a real dog's life. Walking to Mass in the early morning light I sometimes spot a wowie—a gaunt, ferocious looking animal, but so man-shy that he spots me a block away and is slinking back to safety.

Of animal origin also were the horrible groans that raised my hair that first night on the roof. They were emitted not by our neighbor on a bed of pain but by his donkey who was merely letting off steam after a day's work, he richly deserves the relief of a good soul-satisfying hee-haw. All day long he trots patiently along the hot dusty streets and alleys, carrying on his back now a heavy load of bricks, now a prickly bundle of

camel's thorn; or most often—his husky Arab master. Yet heat and heft alike he bears with meek-eyed resignation, bearing no resemblance to the fictitious donkey who refused to stand near the fire lest he make an ash of himself.

What of the chug-chug-chug that beats time for the wowie-donkey chorus? That's a sound I make sure to listen for every night. It's the pump-house down by the Tigris laboriously sucking up the sluggish river water, and pushing it down the irrigation ditches that criss-cross the land in a complicated maze. From the days of Abraham and before, the Tigris and her muddy sister Euphrates have been the very bloodstream of Iraqi life. The throbbing of the pump house is a reassuring voice in the night.

To the Arab it speaks of tall graceful palm trees laden with luscious sun-cooked clusters of dates; it speaks of sparse but nourishing pasturage for his lean brown cows. To us Baghdad Jesuits the pump house speaks of our own little enclosed garden. Here under Father Loeffler's magical direction the desert blooms with date trees, orange trees, apricot trees, even banana trees, all forming a ring of shade around the cool green grass in the middle.

Nor is the Tigris' usefulness confined to irrigation. As drinking water, we witness that the Tigris has no peer in the world. We hasten to add that we do not drink the Tigris in the raw, but only after Baghdad's modern water-works has purged her of her mud content and any possible contagious diseases.

Many of our neighbors consider this over-cautious, and show their faith in Mother Tigris by drinking her right out of the ditch after having bathed themselves and their horses in the self-same ditch. At the junction of the two canals near the College the boys have their Baghdad version of the ole swimming hole.

After the wowiees have gone back to hiding, and the donkeys have hit the hay, and the coffee-shop manager has turned off the juke box, the pump house speaks on. And its voice is as intimate and reassuring to the Baghdadi as the beating of his own heart against the pillow.





Rev. William Walsh, Archdiocese of St. Paul

THE FIRST TIME I met Father William Walsh I was a young scholastic at the Ateneo de Manila; it was more than fourteen years ago. Chaplain William Walsh, handsome and young, in his U. S. Army uniform, was an impressive priest.

A diocesan priest, only a few years out of the seminary at St. Paul, Minnesota, he was on foreign duty already, doing a magnificent job for the troops at Fort McKinley and for the Philippine Scouts stationed there. In quick and bewildering succession he started a Sodality, missions for the troops, benefits for the Scouts' new barrio chapel, visits to the Post Hospital and the stockade, and hosts of other activities in a land where the white man soon adopts the philosophy of *mañana*. And here in the early days of his apostolate he showed the zeal for the missions which was a vital part of his life.

The mountain provinces, cared for by the Belgian Fathers are a forbidding land to most strangers; but in the days before the ubiquitous jeep he spent his leave covering them all on horse-back or on foot. When he heard there was no Catholic on the Commission appointed for the Leper Colony at

A Tribute TO FATHER WALSH

EDWARD J. DUNNE S.J.

Culion, he arranged for another leave and spent it with the lepers.

He was recalled to the States in early 1937, and for a while was stationed at the large post in San Antonio, Texas; and then at Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C., for more than three years, ministering to the sick of body and soul. It was here that I met him again, and saw first hand the wonderful organization and zeal he introduced into the hospital. He brought seminarians in to teach catechism to the children of the Army Medical Center. He broadcast the Mass and sermons in the wards to those who were unable to move to chapel.

In the midst of a busy life, he always found the time for quiet prayerful contemplation; the fruit of his prayer was evident in his preaching.

Then came World War II, and Captain Walsh was moved out of Washington. He couldn't tell anyone where he was going. A few weeks later the newspapers carried the story of our troops landing on Greenland; a wirephoto showed pictures of the first Mass since the Reformation said in that barren land. Father Walsh was celebrant.

Veterans of this occupation swear that the Greenland assignment was one of the loneliest and most difficult of the war. Yet he remained in Greenland for over a year, and during the six months long night brought spiritual comfort and the Bread of Life to his men.

It was his example that sent me into the Army; and it seemed like an arrangement of Providence that when I was on my way to my first assignment I was able to see him

again at his mother's place in Washington. My own first bewildered, blundering efforts as Chaplain had at least the benediction of his kindly advice and shining example.

I didn't see him again throughout the war; I heard of him though. Once a fellow chaplain came into my quarters.

"Say, a chaplain just set up a big restaurant in North Africa for the men to relax when they are off duty," he exclaimed.

"Great stuff," I said heartily.

"And he's running missions at the big church of the African White Fathers!—Walsh, his name is!"

"Sure, I know," I said. "Bill Walsh."

"What do you mean, *you know!*" he demanded.

"Well, I know he's in Africa; and if anyone is doing that kind of work, I know who it is."

It was sometime later that I learned that overwork forced him, hospitalized, back to the States; but, constrained by Christ's love as he was, he soon was in San Francisco awaiting transportation to the Pacific. The end of the war kept him from sailing.

After the war his great zeal, first with the men at Bolling, then at Andrews Field near Washington made him outstanding: there were missions for the men, horse shows for charity, the Nurses Memorial Campaign, the Pan-American league. He went to New York to speak during the half at the Army-Notre Dame football game when he was stricken again.

When he won his battle over ill-health he retired from active service. His Archbishop, Most Rev. John Gregory Murray, D.D., assigned him to the post of director of the Propagation of the Faith in the Archdiocese. And he began another campaign of activity to bring aid and comfort to the war-torn mission countries he had seen first hand.

It was his last campaign for the Master, and he was to become a casualty in it. His great soul and great heart had driven his body too far. He was visiting relatives in Pelham, N. Y. when his heart which had pulsed in union with the Heart of Christ for 42 years ceased its beating. He died Sunday Morning, November 7th.

A saintly priest died, a fine soldier, a sincere and tremendous friend of the Foreign Missions. And if we are poorer here on earth, heaven is richer for the soul of Father William Walsh. May he rest in peace!

Come, follow me

Christ's ordeal of fasting and temptation in the desert is the inspiration of our lenten observance. He endured this dark episode to teach us that it is by prayer and fasting we surmount temptation and steel our souls against infirmity. "It is not," St. Paul writes, "as if our High Priest was incapable of feeling for us in our humiliations; He has been through every trial, fashioned as we are, only sinless."

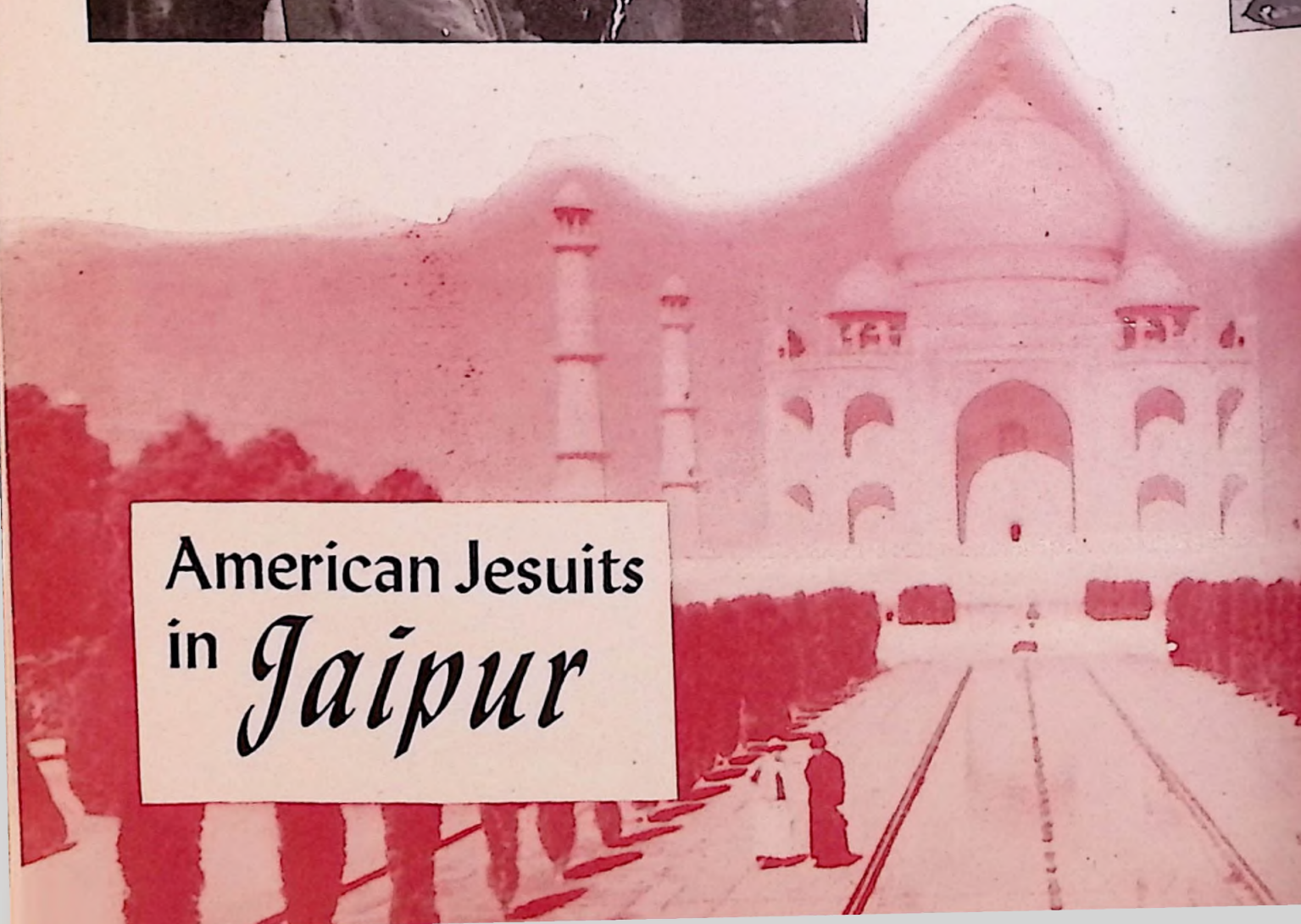
I have often wondered at the strange reluctance of artists to put this subject on canvas. It is the one significant episode of Christ's life that none of the masters has successfully depicted. Did thought of the sinless Master confronted by Satan repel them? Or the composite elements of fasting, temptation and the forbidding wilderness, where "He lodged with the beasts" shock their aesthetic sense?

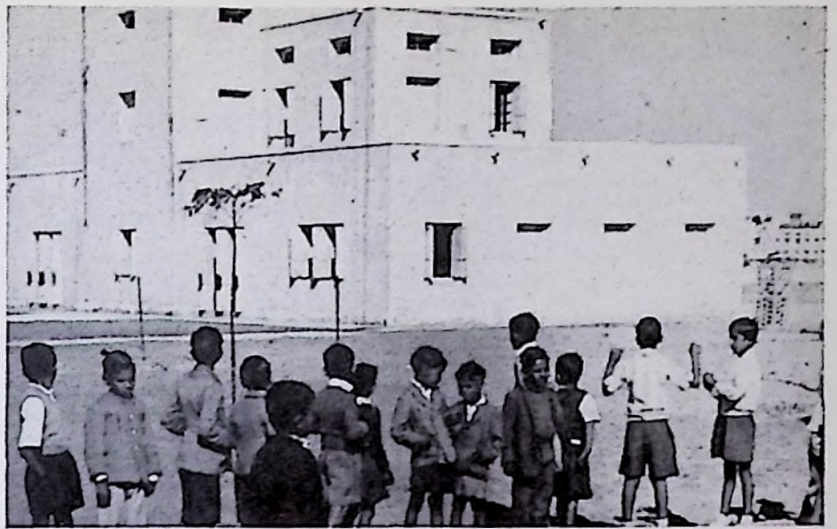
It is not the artist alone who has shown this strange reserve. Age-old tradition still points to the place where Jesus spent this fast. Even the Moslems know it as "Jebel Qarantal," the "mount of the forty days." It is a desolate peak among bare scarred hills, disturbing at first sight, then growing in fascination as the hard Judean sun sharpens each grassless crag and deepens each wind-worn gully. I have never seen a concourse of pilgrims in that wilderness. Alone of the sacred mountains it has no shrine to crown it. The Mount of the Beatitudes, Thabor, Calvary, Olivet, all are richly adorned with shrines that lure the pilgrim. Is the salutary message of Lent so hard a saying that we run from it?

Francis W. Anderson S.J.

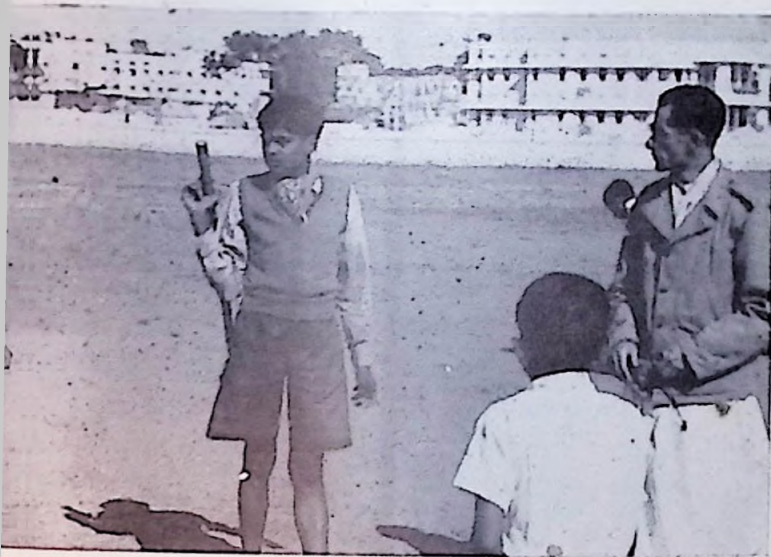


American Jesuits
in *Jaipur*





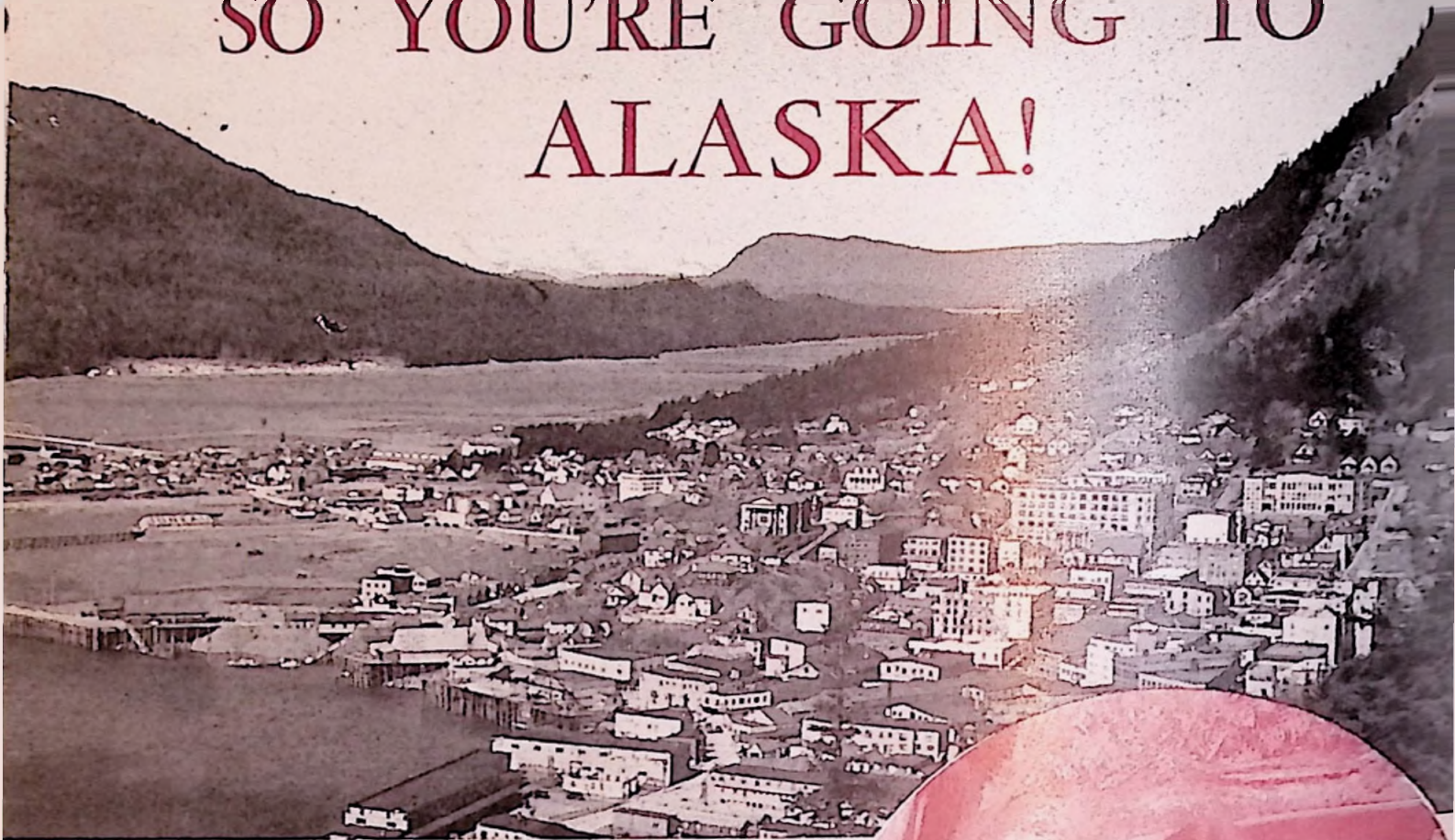
(Left to right)—1. Boys of many types at Jesuit staffed St. Xavier's, Jaipur. 2. Main Street, Jaipur. 3. St. Xavier's modern school building in the background. (lower left) A princely parade passes unnoticed. (Insert) The first Dean examines carefully a letter from home. (right) What? Rhubarb in cricket, too? (Below) The Rector of St. Mary's, Rev. Raymond H. Mullin S.J. The Taj Mahal is not far from Jaipur.



The Jesuits were once expelled from Jaipur. After 300 years they were invited back to open a school. After four years it is bulging with boys. Seven Chicago Province Jesuits, from the same Province which has the Patna Mission, teach here. Very few of the students are Christians; few ask to become Christians, but the initial obstacle of prejudice is vanishing. Students range from Junior High to freshmen college age.



SO YOU'RE GOING TO ALASKA!



Juneau, the Capital of Alaska, in southern Alaska, is predominantly white. Eskimos are mostly to the north.

AS CHAIRMAN of the Alaska Housing Commission I have met my share of Americans migrating to this last American frontier. Today Army workers are on the increase; some twenty to thirty cars, loaded to the brim with settlers, are crossing over the Alcan Highway daily; we have always had more than 100 names on our waiting list for the Juneau, Anchorage and Fairbanks housing projects.

Presumably an Alaskan Eskimo would be out of place in the bridal suite of the Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue; but no more out of place than the majority of settlers who have come to Alaska for their "fresh start."

Of course, conditions are very difficult; the Northern Alaska winter is not a question of a few cold days, but of months; fuel, light, and plumbing facilities are expensive; almost everything is 20% to 33% higher than in the States.

To have running water and flush toilet facilities the whole year round is possible; but eliminating freezing hazards that come from above and below costs money. Freight is exorbitantly high; a monopoly in this mat-



ter does not help things at all, and explaining the high cost of living to a Cheechako requires a bit of patience.

There is a wonderful future in the Territory for many thousands of families; but it is a future, and requires hard work to attain. Too many are loath to believe they can't have all at once the home comforts they enjoyed in the States.

The old timers up here do have many comforts; but the old timers didn't have a comfortable time getting them. Things don't come of themselves in this country—even nuggets are found only after a lot of hard work.

Because many of the settlers would know how to move around in the Waldorf-Astoria, they have a high disdain of the poor Eskimo. And it's too bad, for the poor Eskimo could teach them, for one thing, the pride of being able to do things for themselves without dependence on others.

Of course Eskimo standards are not those of the Waldorf, but the people seem to live; the women raise a family of six or eight children and have no grey hairs nor stomach ulcers; a dentist would have a hard job making a living; and I've yet to see a bald headed Eskimo.

My own village of Hooper Bay consists of two small humps that rise above the tundra out of reach of high tide. Each is about the size of a square city block; about 350 people live here.

Their igloos are not exactly a standard American home: they average about twelve by fifteen feet, have no dining rooms or parlors, no kitchens or bedrooms. With calm efficiency that respects the wood supply all is cut down to one room. There are no bathtubs, overstuffed chairs, nor battery of floor lamps: a reindeer skin and blanket, a chest for precious things like bullets, a sealskin bag for extra clothing, a wash basin that supplies the whole family—and there you have it.

The complexity of modern life, which demands an infinity of middle men, plumbers, painters, builders, electricians, is cut off at a stroke. An Eskimo builds his own home, gas-boat, and kayak; he hunts and fishes and eats his own product. With furs he barter for the few other essentials he needs.

Nobody said it was easy; most Eskimos and ordinary whites such as missionaries have to carry every drop of water from a nearby stream, or laboriously cut ice and transport it home by dogsled.

The women have it hard; an Eskimo family lives off the sea—seals, sealions and

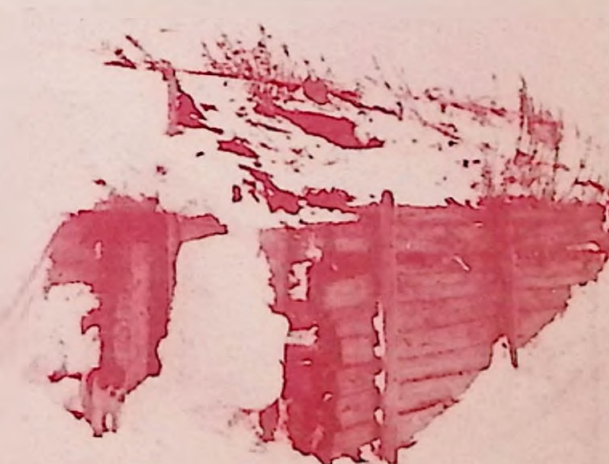
white whales, dried salmon, tom-cod, and smelt; and all of them are greasy. They are butchered in the igloo and make a mess that literally baffles description. When eaten, they are dipped into seal oil; and when a large household of hungry Eskimo children forages in the family larder, the oil gets splattered generously around.

Most soap will not even touch seal oil; when I feed it to my dogs I use a long-handled dipper and a special pair of gloves; but I have to wash immediately and thoroughly or all my clothes will smell of the pungent stuff. The woman must work hard to have her youngsters clean and respectable for school. And when she washes her clothes the Eskimo mother must first melt her water over a tiny stove; then fight with a freezing wind to get the clothes dry before they break apart.

Hard? Of course it is hard: but the life is a full and happy one. And the reason? The Eskimo is dependent on no one; he is sufficient to himself. He likes his outboard motor, but he can always use his kayak; at times he likes a quick ride over the frozen tundra in a plane; but he can get there just the same and often quicker with his dog team. He takes his tea, flour, and tobacco like all good Eskimos; but he knows that his fish and his seal-meat really give the vitamins. He likes a flashy suit for Sundays; but he knows it's the fur parker with the wolf ruff that keeps out the cold.

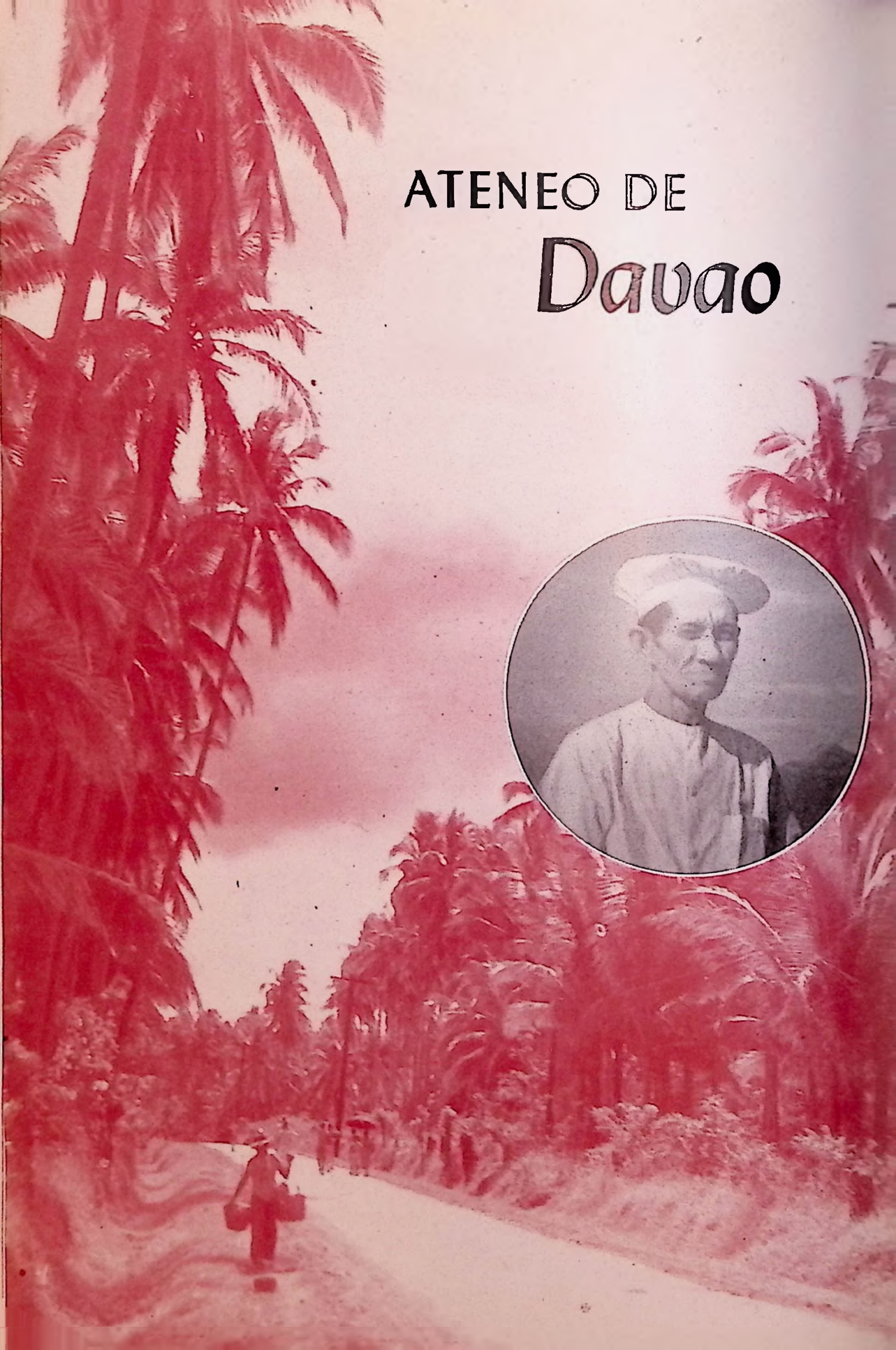
Most of all, the Eskimo likes his freedom; and he doesn't fight to get it. He works.

It is a lesson prospective Cheechakos would do well to meditate on.



The Author has coffee on the trail. An abandoned hut at the mercy of fierce Arctic winter storms.

ATENEO DE
Davao



Philippine Davao, site of our newest school in the Philippine Mission, is a strange and romantic place, a perfect setting for a mysterious movie about the Far East. The 60,000 inhabitants of the city, a port on Davao Bay, are continually busy with their exports of copra and abaca fibre, and their imports of canned foods and machinery. Within sight of the port is the venerable limestone Mount Apo, highest mountain of the Philippines.

And just outside the city, naturalists from the States have found a paradise of research with the big-eyed, sharp-clawed little tarsier, or the flying lemur, or the monkey eating eagle, or the giant python snakes. Just recently two Canadian Fathers made our hair stand on end when they told of snakes in their houses and of a man who was strangled to death by a python.

A hundred years ago, Davao was an unnamed place in Mindanao far to the south of Manila. A certain Don Jose Oyanguren organized an expedition against the Moros who at that time were making slaves of peaceful tribes and playing pirates to Spanish ships on their way to and from Manila.

Don Jose speedily conquered the Moros, then taught civilized life to the more peaceful tribes. The tiny settlement of Davao was dedicated to St. Peter and the missionaries began their labors under his patronage. Last year, Bishop del Rosario offered a Pontifical Mass in the city park to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of Davao's founding.

The Spanish Jesuits were the missionaries in Davao until 1937 when the Canadians of the Foreign Missions came to take charge. From the first they asked the Philippine Jesuit Superior for a school, but it was more than ten years before we had the men to make starting a school possible.

A year ago Father Merlin Thibault came to Davao to start building on 15 acres of land which Bishop del Rosario helped us buy. I came in the beginning of May, and in July we opened the last two years of grade school and three years of high school.

In the beginning, we were all cooks, but on July fourth we got Quirino, thin, wrathful, a frightful waster of kerosene and fats, who serves us hot water when we ask for

Davao (left) in southern Mindanao is semi-tropical; the famous Ateneo cook (insert) looks piratical but is merely tyrannical; the making of rope (above) is most economical, and (right) the comical cow is really a most valuable carabao.



a second cup of coffee; but a man who bakes a cake that is out of this world. Unfortunately we all like cake, so choleric Quirino is still our cook.

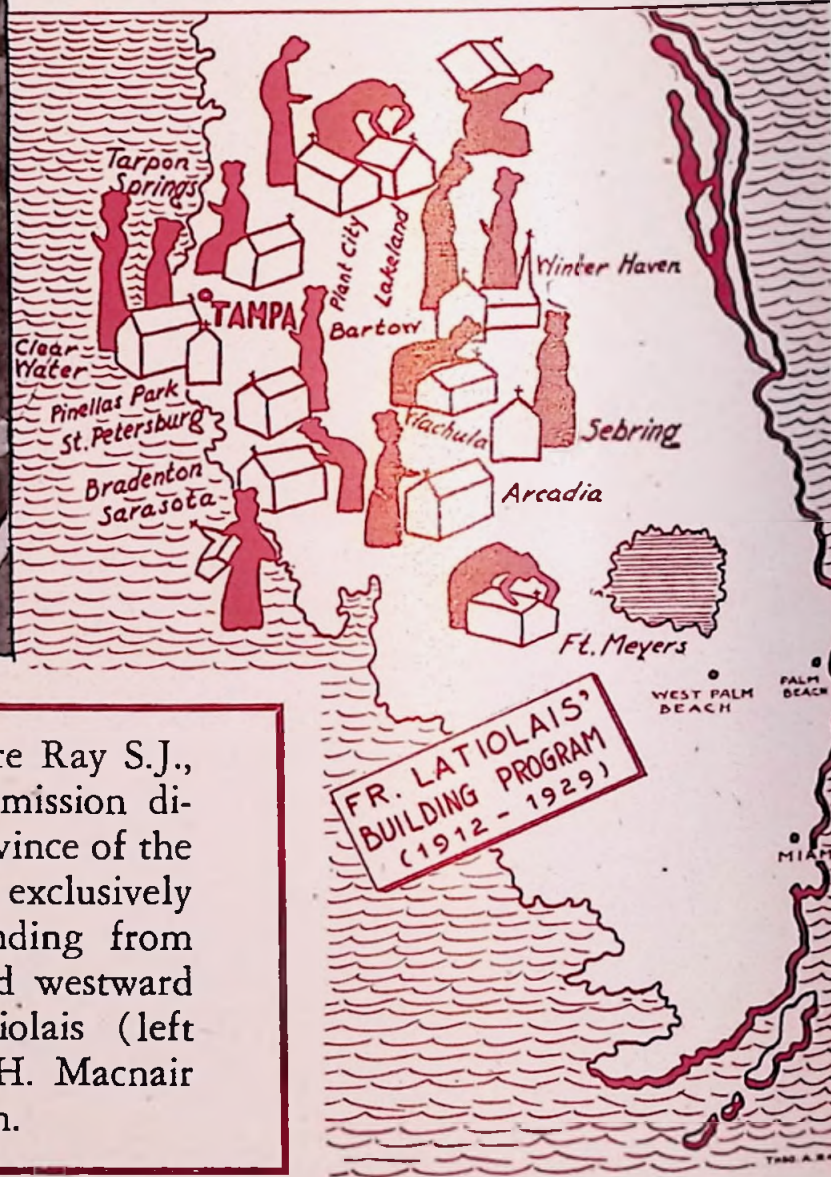
Our school buildings at our Ateneo de Davao aren't painted, and we don't have enough insurance; our debts are huge but don't have to be paid all at once; and we are in absolute dire need of a band. In the Philippines any self-respecting school has a band. We dream nights of angels wafting tubas down from heaven, and St. Gabriel sending his second best trumpet. If you know anybody who used to own a band—or any part of one . . .

We are actually making good progress: we've got our Parent-Teacher Association formed, and officers duly elected. We took first prize for bugling at the Mindanao jamburee: the Scouts are determined to practice bugling till either they take first prize or drive us out of our mind.

And we have basketball, but of course! We have a court with 300 reserved seats and 1,200 bleacher seats. And there are books, and laboratory equipment, and we are painting the college spring green and ivory. Maybe the Ateneo de Davao is no Fordham; but it's ours. We planting the seed and praying God to give it growth.



Florida's



The author, Father Theodore Ray S.J., was once both treasurer and mission director of the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus. He is now exclusively treasurer of a territory extending from South Carolina to Florida and westward to New Mexico. Father Latiolais (left above) with Rev. Whitmel H. Macnair S.J., new missionary to Ceylon.

THEODORE A. RAY S.J.

SEVENTEEN YEARS at the same job is worthy of comment anywhere; seventeen years, from nineteen twelve to twenty-nine in the Florida wilds is worthy of a big crown in heaven. The crown goes to Father Alfred Latiolais, veteran missionary and builder of fourteen chapels and churches in as many Florida towns; all were built without a cent of debt, all have resident pastors today.

In 1922 travel in the country sections of Florida was very difficult; fortunately Father Latiolais' hardy Arcadian ancestors bequeathed him a vigorous and healthy body. Hours and days he was in the saddle moving through the whole West Coast of the State. In addition to the fourteen

places where he built churches, he had thirty other mission stations where he said his Mass in the private Catholic homes of small groups scattered many miles apart.

During the seventeen years of his apostolate, he made his headquarters at the Jesuit residence in Tampa, but he would be gone for three and four weeks at a time. In those days they used to call such men "*missionarius excurrens*"; literally translated it means "missionary-on-the-go."

Until the last few years, he never knew what it was to travel by automobile; if he didn't travel horseback, he went by train and was met by one of the settlers at whose home he was to say Mass. They traveled from the station by wagon over trails, for

MODERN MISSIONARY

in many of his missions there were no roads. The Tamiami Trail, now a superb highway, could tell stories of this missionary just as El Camino Real could of Junipero Serra.

The coast cities of St. Petersburg, Sarasota, and Bradenton were also among his mission stations: for these he usually traveled in a small fishing boat: these people were his friends, and Father Latiolais rode free. But it took a half day to go from Tampa to St. Petersburg, or from St. Petersburg to Sarasota. Now you can travel by car over the long bridge span, and reach St. Petersburg from Tampa in about thirty minutes.

I took three plane rides from Tampa to Miami for Father Latiolais to get a bird's-eye view of the mission area he traveled so often by land. He had his first plane trip in 1943, but it was at night and he could see nothing; the second, though by day, brought no beautiful scenery to his vision.

He had looked forward to the trip; the time came when he boarded the plane, and he sat near a window where he would be able to get a good view of everything. While pilots made last minute adjustments for the trip, he thought he would recite a small part of his Breviary. He did. And the next thing he heard was the announcement of the plane stewardess that it was time to disembark at Miami.

"But I finally saw what I wanted to see on the return trip," he said with a characteristic twinkle, "and it was beautiful."

Since 1939 Father Latiolais has been at the Sacred Heart Church in Tampa. It is his delight, whenever he can—he's now 78 and not as spry as he used to be—to travel to his former mission stations and see the progress made since those pioneering days of thirty-five years ago.

"In a missionary's life," he once said, "you never know what may happen, nor when, nor where, nor how. I remember one incident, typical of a thousand others. I was on my way to Fort Meyers, and our train was halted by a collapsed bridge over the Caloosahatchee River.

"We were all forced to leave the train and get into a small boat to cross the

river; on the other side another train waited to carry us the three remaining miles to Fort Meyers. We crossed the river in stride with all baggage intact; but as the boat docked at the temporary wharf on the other side, I took one false step in the lantern light. And the one false step sent me, baggage and all, for an unexpected and undesired swim in the Caloosahatchee.

"A wet three miles it was to Fort Meyers, and a busy night drying and sorting. By ten next morning, though, all was dry. But as I sat down to breakfast in town after Mass, I discovered I had made news in the town chronicle. And on Sunday morning I faced a congregation of smiling countenances. The *fall* of the Florida missionary was an interesting and delightful subject of conversation for some time."

PILGRIMAGE TO JAPAN

Plans are under way for an international pilgrimage to Japan to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity to Japan by St. Francis Xavier. The formal opening of the pilgrimage will take place on May 29, 1949.

The Holy Father, General MacArthur, the government of Japan and civic groups have all extended full support to the historic event. The pilgrimage will include visits to all the places in which St. Francis Xavier labored as a missionary in Japan during his three years there, including Hiroshima, Nagasaki, Kyoto, Osaka, etc.

The American President Lines plans a provisional estimate of costs for the 49-day trip, including visits to Honolulu, Guam, Iloilo, Manila, Hongkong and Shanghai, at \$1,050 (first class), and \$700 (third class), plus taxes. Shore expenses are estimated at an additional \$105.

Most Rev. Thomas J. McDonnell D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of New York and National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, has been asked to take charge of the pilgrimage arrangements.

THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

*MARCH: The Christians of Manchuria
and Korea.*



That we as members of Christ's Mystical Body must storm heaven with prayers for the Christians of Manchuria and Korea no one who has attempted to keep abreast of the Communist advance in Asia dares deny. All Manchuria, an area of 508,143 square miles, and half of Korea, a country of 85,225 square miles, is Soviet controlled. In Manchuria 1 Archdiocese, 5 Dioceses and 5 Prefectures Apostolic lie in Red territory; in Korea everything north of the 38th parallel lies behind the Iron Curtain. On January 2, 1949 the *New York Times* stated that approximately 9,000,000 Koreans dwelt in the Soviet Zone, and 17,000,000 in the American Occupation Area. An estimated 2,000 men per week, many of them refugees from Manchuria, slip under the Iron Curtain to escape Red slavery. Although current news from Korea north of the 38th parallel is almost non-existent, this flight of Korean refugees has been confirmed by one Catholic missionary who estimated that his mission parish had dwindled from 700 souls to 300, most of whom are women. Fortunately most of the 200,000 Catholic Koreans live in South Korea where they enjoy religious freedom. Recent events such as the election of Dr. Syngman Rhee, as president of the Korean Republic, despite Soviet protest of the election, the recognition of the Korean Republic by the United Nations and the much mooted withdrawal of the occupation forces, far from strengthening Korea may increase her alarms because of the Communist threat from the north. South Korean Catholics fear that North Korea's blood-bath of today may be theirs tomorrow. Faith strong as that of the 79 beatified Korean Martyrs Korean Catholics need today.

The story of the Red persecution of the

Church in Manchuria is a far more open book than that of North Korea. Since 1929, when the "Young Men of China" came under Muscovite influence, the Reds have been casting lustful eyes at Northern China as stepping stones to the sovietization of Asia. After the defeat of Japan they seized as the booty of war the industrialized regions of Manchuria and Jehol which formed the independent state of Manchukuo. Seven months later Mao Tze-tung, with Soviet trained troops, occupied the area with a twofold purpose—to prevent its union with the Nationalist Chinese Republic and to establish a Communist "democracy" in Manchuria.

During the last three years unemployment, starvation and suppression of liberty, especially of religion, have become the earmarks of Communist "democracy." In the eleven ecclesiastical provinces of Manchuria 140,000 Catholics are almost without missionaries. Their schools and churches have been destroyed, desecrated and put to profane uses. Over 200 foreign missionaries have been expelled, imprisoned or slain. Chinese priests and Sisters share the same fate. Of the 89 authenticated deaths of missionary personnel in China from January 1946 to June 1948 (and the list is constantly growing), 28 priests, religious and laymen were martyred in Manchuria.

In brief, Christianity in Manchuria and North Korea has had to return to the catacombs, and faces extinction unless conditions change. Less than half a century has passed since the Boxer Rebellion in China yielded martyrs, already beatified, to the Faith. The Catholics of Manchuria and Korea in their present persecution must seek steadfastness in the Faith from their Blessed Martyrs.

ALBS *for Priests in China*

At this Chinese priest's ordination in Shanghai a beautiful half-lace alb is supplied. In the missions priests wear sturdier linen ones, at bottom right.



You can make a gift for an alb do double duty. The Jesuit priests on the China Mission need badly a supply of albs. For \$15 the children at the Zikawei Orphanage will make a fine, serviceable alb. Your donation through JESUIT MISSIONS will help the nuns support the orphans whose fine work you see below, and it will vest the Chinese and American Jesuit priests, ordained (as in left picture) to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the people of their mission. Many small gifts will insure a large and needed supply.

HELP PRIEST AND ORPHAN BY YOUR GIFT



YOUR GIFT FOR STRUGGLING CHINA
WILL BE FORWARDED BY

JESUIT MISSIONS

JM

962 Madison Avenue

New York 21, N. Y.

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



Father Augustine Bello S.J., of Naga

I wish you could meet the most colorful member of our faculty at the Ateneo da Naga in the Philippines. He's Father Bello. In his spare time he runs the drum and bugle corps, and also the harmonica band. He loves to teach first high because the kids are noisy, and when they are not noisy enough, Father Bello makes them stand up and sing; sometimes when they are too tired to sing any more, he practices cheers.

Father Bello does something else in his spare time. He shoots dogs by moonlight with a rifle. The town dump attracts many wandering dogs who come around each night to see what new food was delivered today; but they reckon without Father Bello who waits in the dark with a regular army carbine. In the still of the night you hear the sharp spit of his rifle. "Pael"

"Aaaaooooo! aaaaaaooooooo!" in a high whine follows almost immediately; and in the morning Max, our strongest houseboy, buries the dog. Max doesn't think so much of this because since they began to fill in the swamp with the town refuse he has buried 58 dogs. Vinnie Towers says that some day a man will come here with a big bolo, look up at all of us, and say, "Where is the one that shot my dog?" and then Max will have to dig one last big hole.

Father Bello also coaches a midget team in basketball; my own midgets haven't won a game yet; but Father Bello's boys get out there and give their all for the "Panthers," because if they don't get out there and give their all for the dear old "Panthers," Father Bello is sitting on the bench with his rifle across his knees, and they don't know what might happen.

James Reuter S.J.

Lent

The Mohammedans celebrate Lent during the month of July. During July Mohammed is said to have received his inspiration for writing the sacred book of the Koran. But the rigor of Mohammedan Lent should make us Catholics look to our own observance.

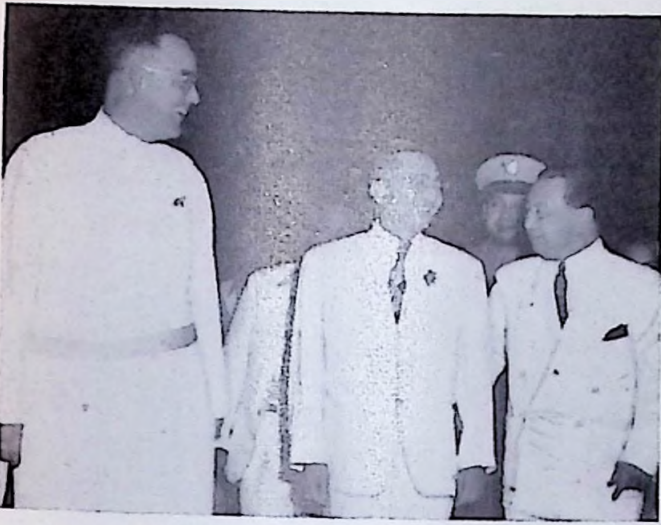
They have no food or drink from morning to night. When the morning is light enough to tell a black thread from a white, the fast begins. And when in the evening gloom you can no longer distinguish the threads, the fast is over. Since the government of Iraq is Mohammedan, we must observe some general rules.

1. No eating in public.
2. All restaurants must be closed all day.
3. No phonograph music during the day-time; and the radio must be confined to the Baghdad Radio's reading of the Koran and news reports.
4. Public resorts must be closed in the

daytime, and nothing is open on the 19th, 21st, and 27th Ramadan.

It all makes you wonder if we do as much for the true disciple of peace, the Sacred Heart.

Thomas Hussey S.J.



Rev. Father Masterson S.J., Rector of the Ateneo de Manila, Sr. Eugenio Lopez, and S.E. Senor Elpidio Quirino, President of the Philippine Republic.

Ateneo De Manila

"Our scholarship fund is sadly depleted," writes Father Masterson from Manila, "and I held an alumni meeting to tell the men I had no idea of making the Ateneo a school only for those blessed with this world's goods. Our president, a direct individual, started the ball rolling by writing a check for one thousand pesos; and from another hundred letters I built the fund to about forty-five hundred. Of course that is not very much."

So Mr. Lopez, the president, hit on the idea of having a far-eastern movie premiere for the movie "Life with Father." It was a success from the very beginning.

The President came and enjoyed himself very much. The papers gave it a good play, and the most powerful radio station in the Philippines interviewed our guests for a half hour before the movie started. We got the very nice sum of eight thousand pesos from the premiere. As someone of the community said, "We ought to have one a week."

William Masterson S.J.

Honduras

Here I am in Progreso (Honduras, C.A.) taking the place of Father O'Neill. Since he departed, Progreso is beset with thieves. They broke into the garage one night and stole the battery, the spare tire, and all the

tools of our jeep. They also raided a saloon in town, stole all the whiskey; and even carted off the saloon's phonograph.

But the poor Evangelist minister had worse luck than we did. They jacked up his jeep one night and removed all four tires. He bought a new set. Back they came, jacked up the jeep, and stole all four new ones. So the crooks are harder on Evangelists and saloons than on Jesuits.

We have a four-legged crook, too. A beautiful tame deer wanders about "seeking what he may devour." Very somberly he enters the church, marches up the main aisle, and eats all the flowers off the altar. Then he quietly walks out again with nary a qualm of conscience. He's done it about a half dozen times so far—and one of these days we're going to have a venison dinner.

Japan

Some time ago the novices at Shadowbrook started to correspond with our Japanese novices here in Japan.

Various strange combinations are to be found: I was reading the letter from one of the novices at Shadowbrook who was in Naval Intelligence during the war: he is now corresponding with a former Battery Commander of the Imperial Japanese Artillery. A former Army Air Corps man in China is writing to the former commander of a Japanese five-man submarine. If the United Nations are really interested in a pattern for true peace, they might inquire more deeply into the foundations of this common unity.

This is why a jolly Boston Jesuit, Father John R. Hughes, can be 12,000 miles from home and still smile. Only a year in Japan and see how the boys are right at home with him.



H.Q.

Father Llorente writes from H.Q., his headquarters at Bethel, Alaska, "I have enough to eat, a place to sleep, work to do, and always close by me so I can almost hear His Heartbeats, my Jesus Christ. For what more could a man ask?"

The author, Father Segundo Llorente S.J., now at Bethel, Alaska, is one of the most irrepresible, enthusiastic missionaries of the Far North. Born near Leon, Spain, he studied at Salamanca and Granada where he began to long for Alaska. In 1930 he was accepted, after a special transfer from his province, for the Alaskan mission. His last years of training were spent in Spokane, Wash., and St. Mary's, Kansas. In 1931, he began to write for *El Siglo de las Misiones*. (He still writes.) For twelve years he has been a missionary in Alaska.



MY FRIENDS all seem to doubt it, but I am very much alive, nine months ago I swapped jobs with Father Menager, and here I am on the Kuskokwim River with a parish 500 miles long. Texas could be sunk in Alaska without making much of a hole, and up here 500 miles is not too much.

My headquarters are at Bethel, the metropolis of the southwest of Alaska with some 500 souls. On these barren swamps 500 souls are considered something very serious. To serve them in Bethel we have seven stores, two restaurants, two movie houses, two ice-cream parlors, three pool rooms, three flying concerns, one road-house, one hospital, a telegraph office, two air fields, one jail and two churches. We just opened a new graveyard, so we now have three of those. We have everything.

The Catholic Church has a substantial representation: 120 strong and comprising all colors from red-haired Irish to thoroughbred Indian and Eskimos. The church building could not possibly accommodate them all at one session: yet there is no need of another session because they are delicate enough to allow elbow room to the more pious brethren—some 60 of them—who off and on do show up and sit comfortably.

The church has just been painted by an expert who made a dandy job of it. Without exaggeration it is the finest looking building in town—inside. When the outside gets painted, our church will be a gem no matter how you look at it.

The rectory was too small for the growing business of the parish, so I acquired a quonset hut which we carried across the

A SPANISH JESUIT HAS HIS HEADQUARTERS IN ALASKA

river and placed next to the church; it has two rooms plus the kitchen and office. The extra room is for passing priests and Bishops. Actually the extra room is a godsend, for the roadhouse costs \$8 a day, and my extra room costs nothing; besides, it enables me to exchange greetings and ideas with my fellow missionaries.

Father Menager left me a scooter. He loved to use it for his visits to the hospital a long mile from the rectory. But I am so useless and helpless with anything that has a gadget that I sent it to Father Endal who has long roads at Dillingham and knows how to drive it. I walk to the hospital. If the weather is good, it is a pleasure to walk. If it is bad, I expect to cancel off some of my purgatory by facing the blizzard with a grin. After all, "unless you do penance you will all likewise perish," so I am all for penance.

Daily Communions in Alaska

Eighty miles above Bethel is the village of Kalskag with 112 Catholics, a church, and a 12 by 14 rectory with one bed, one chair, one table, and one lamp. These are the most fervent Catholics on the Kuskokwim. They average 28 Communions daily, and some 60 on Sundays.

The flame is kept by Michael Pitka, my catechist, a finished product of Holy Cross school where he spent 14 years at the end of the last century, when the late Bishop Crimont was a youngster. Mike teaches catechism to the children after school, and to the adults in the evenings. He leads the prayers, plays the organ, and sings the solos. Without Mike we'd have rough sledging; with him all goes smooth and at good speed.

No place for "hard-boiled eggs"

I wish all the JESUIT MISSIONS readers could come to Kalskag; if the music does not bring tears to your eyes, then you are a hard-boiled egg with no heart. Though Mike is 65, he is glad to do his job for two reasons: he wants to please God, and I help him pay his bills at the local store: so instead of going around setting traps to catch the elusive mink, he stays around the church keeping the fires going.

In Kalskag's rectory I spend my hap-

piest days. People walk in at all times to talk about everything, and to ask all sorts of questions, from war with Russia to Spain's orange groves. Mrs. Nook is the best conversationalist: she explains to me all the wonders of holy water. She has seven children. When they fight, she sprinkles holy water on them and they stop. When they are sound asleep, she sprinkles them liberally, and next day they behave much better. When one is sick, she rubs the sore spot with holy water and the sickness goes away. When her little Theresa was six, she suffered very severe burns; so severe that the doctor who was notified by radio became alarmed. But Mrs. Nook rubbed the burned skin with holy water, and the skin healed quickly. With women like Mrs. Nook around, life is certainly worth living.

Bethel boasts of being the first town in Alaska to send a boy with native blood to the novitiate of the Society for the priesthood, and we of Bethel are proud of him. We hope to be able to send others, for we have some very fine timber among the Sunday school children, and the Holy Ghost draws no color line.

Many things I need in this life of mine in Bethel, but many things too I have. I am the Father of so many Catholics, and they are my children.

I have enough to eat, a place to sleep, work to do, and always close by me so I can almost hear His Heartbeats, my Jesus Christ. For what more could a man ask?

Father Llorente feeding his dog team of Huskies. During the winter, missionaries in northern Alaska depend almost completely on dog teams for travel. Without them they could not reach their scattered flock.





The Business of Missions

Dear Friend:

Inspired by the Passion and Death of Our Lord we all strive to make extra sacrifices during Lent, such as small privations of comfort, added efforts to attend Mass and evening devotions.

The words of Our Lord's Passion on the Cross, "I thirst," have been traditionally interpreted as revealing the yearnings of the Sacred Heart for souls. Ever since, Priests, Brothers, Sisters, and particularly missionaries, have striven to slake this thirst by bringing as many souls as possible to Our Lord. Missionaries particularly cannot do it without a very decided dependence upon others. Their very journey to the missions, their daily support, the erection of their churches and schools are made possible only with the help of many at home.

At the hour of death the mercy of the Sacred Heart must be great and His graces numerous to those who by help to the missions have made missionary work possible and Heaven open to souls.

Have you ever considered including in your Last Will and Testament the missions? Your bequest could be specified for a particular mission, for Masses or for the general support of the missions. Such a provision will undoubtedly merit a rich reward for you, both in time and eternity.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians

Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
900 Broadway, Seattle 22, Wash.

Ceylon and Home Missions

Rev. James C. Babb, S.J.
4133 Banks Street, New Orleans 19, La.

British Honduras, Yoro, U. S. Indians

Rev. James T. Meehan, S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis 8, Mo.

China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)

Rev. John K. Lipman, S.J.
2130 Fulton Street, San Francisco, Calif.
Rev. Pius L. Moore, S.J.
55 West San Fernando Street, San Jose 21, Cal.

China (Suchow)

Rev. Louis Bouchard, S.J.
762 Sherbrooke Street, West, Montreal 2, Canada

India (Patna)

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

India (Darjeeling) and Canadian Indians

Rev. Paul Brennan, S.J.
2 Dale Avenue, Toronto, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and Home Missions

Rev. John C. Baker, S.J.
Calvert and Madison Streets, Baltimore 2, Md.

Iraq and Jamaica

Rev. John H. Collins, S.J.
137 Newbury Street, Boston 16, Mass.

Philippines, Caroline and Marshall Islands

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

WANTED

Mass Intentions:

For the first time in the 23 years of his priesthood Father John P. Fox of St. Lawrence's Mission, Mountain Village, Alaska, wrote that he was without Mass intentions. He had received no mail for over a month but he did have hopes that soon a letter might bring him a few Mass intentions. In his own words, "For the present, there is no danger of burdening me with Mass intentions so send on whatever you can."

Mass intentions sent to JESUIT MISSIONS will be forwarded by Air Mail to Father Fox.

. . .

Libraries:

One would think that years of toil and, at times, indifference on the part of the people would dampen the ardor of the missionaries. It is not true, especially in the case of Father John T. Newell of the Republic of Honduras. He has established in several of his outlying villages free libraries. Actually, there are only a few books on the shelves. He has plans for immediate improvements but, of course, this involves money. For practical purposes, it would be better not to send books to Father Newell but rather donations in care of JESUIT MISSIONS. The books must be in Spanish

. . .

Japanese Translator:

This year, Catholics of Japan celebrate the fourth centenary of the arrival of Francis Xavier. Inspired with his enthusiasm for the conversion of Japan his brother Jesuits are literally working night and day using every available means for the triumph of the Church. An important factor in the conversion of Japan is literature. There is a great need of books dealing with apologetic and dogmatic doctrines of the Church. They must be written in the popular style and yet preserve the purity of doctrine. One Jesuit is spending his entire time translating books into Japanese. For successful translation, one must have a mastery of Japanese. The expense is too great and they cannot afford it, yet, they regret seeing such a marvelous opportunity pass. Will you send to JESUIT MISSIONS a donation to support this special project of the Japanese mission?

You can build a

PATNA MISSION SCHOOL

FOR \$150

Father Nicholas Pollard S. J., veteran missionary in India, says, "The Church of the immediate future in Patna Mission depends on the kind of Catholics we have in the villages. Adult converts, however sincere and faithful, are limited in full appreciation of the Faith by their previous ideas, habits and social customs, and by the difficulty of learning new truths. Give us the children and we will give you Catholic men and women of whom the Church can be proud. The first step in the process is right here in these inconspicuous little mud school houses."

Help the Patna Jesuits by your contributions.

OTHER WAYS YOU MAY HELP



Daily Support
of a Missioner

\$1.00



Monthly Wage
of a Catechist

\$5.00



Monthly Wage
of a Teacher

\$5.00

Send Donations To

PATNA MISSION SERVICE

1110 South May Street

Chicago 7, Ill.

FOR YOUR

Novena of Grace



Conversion of Francis Xavier (1534)

Novena of Grace
in honor of
St. Francis Xavier



PAMPHLETS, MEDALS AND LEAFLETS

XAVIER MEDALS. Lightweight metal medals with the image of Xavier on one side, and that of St. Ignatius Loyola on the other.

NOVENA LEAFLETS. Four-page, easy-to-read leaflets containing prayers of the Novena and hymns for Benediction.

SAINTE FRANCIS XAVIER, the Missionary Wonder-Worker, made the extraordinary promise that "All who would earnestly ask his intercession with God for nine days in honor of his canonization would infallibly experience the effects of his great power in heaven and would receive whatever they asked that would contribute to their salvation." He proved his power by the instantaneous cure of Father Marcello Mastrilli, an Italian Jesuit at the point of death. Yearly now, from March 4th to March 12th, this great Novena attracts throngs of petitioners and they are answered faithfully by numberless favors.

NOVENA PAMPHLETS. JESUIT MISSIONS has published a twenty-four page pamphlet, illustrated with colored pictures of St. Francis Xavier's life, and containing the prayers and hymns of the Novena, special prayers for each day, and Benediction prayers. It makes a complete and handy booklet for congregational participation, and a treasured memento for private use.

PRICE LIST

Novena Pamphlets	
Per thousand	\$60.00
Per hundred	7.50
Single copy	0.10
Novena Leaflets	
Per thousand	8.00
Per hundred	1.50
Medals	
Per hundred	9.00
Each	0.10
Postage additional.	

JESUIT MISSIONS 962 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.