

Jesuit & Missions

A MISSIONARY MOTHER

A NEPALI SADHU

AMERICANS IN DAMASCUS

WAR OVER SHANGHAI

MARQUETTE AT LUDINGTON

SOCIAL SECURITY SCHEME

SEA, SAILS AND SUNSHINE

Ten Cents

THIS MONTH

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The American Jesuits in the foreign missions wish you one and all a holy and happy Christmas

They offer a twofold prayer to the Infant Savior. The one is that God may shower upon all their benefactors a superabundance of His graces and blessings. They desire that those who have given them financial and prayerful support be rewarded at Christmas with some of the joy and happiness which they have been enabled to spread in the missions, amongst the poorest of Christ's poor.

The missionaries offer a second prayer to Christ on His birthday. They plead with Him that new benefactors may be found, that old benefactors will be generous again.

Will you help the Infant Savior to give answer to their second plea? Your gift can't be too large or too small. Any gift, every gift, large or small, for the American Jesuit missionaries will be gratefully acknowledged. Please send it marked "an answer to prayer" to Jesuit Missions, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to one of the Mission Procurators listed below.

Patna is the foreign mission in Northern India administered by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province, which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.
1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

Missions among the Indians of Alaska; and American Indian Missions in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.
Holy Cross, Alaska

Jamaica, B. W. I., an island in the Caribbean lying south of Cuba, is the field of foreign missionary labors of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. Educational work at Baghdad College in the capital of the Kingdom of Iraq, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces, but this work is administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.
45 East Newton St., Boston, Mass.

The Philippine Islands, a foreign-home mission comprising a large portion of the Island of Mindanao in the dioceses of Zamboanga and Cagayan, the leper colony of Culion, and educational work in Manila; and Missions in Southern Maryland for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.
51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

The Southern States Missions are home missions in the rural districts of these States. The Jesuits of the New Orleans Province, which embraces the Southern States, are tilling these fields. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.
6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.

Canadian Indian Missions along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay; north of Lake Superior; and along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

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REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada

The Chinese Missions of the Jesuits of the California Province, which comprises the States of California, Nevada, Utah and Arizona, are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.
55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.

American Indian Missions in Wyoming and South Dakota; and British Honduras, a foreign mission in Central America amongst the Caribs and Maya Indians, are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States that comprise the Missouri Province. This Province also cares for four Negro Missions: three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.
221 N. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.



"And they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant . . . And seeing, they understood of the word that had been spoken to them concerning the child." (Luke ii; 16, 17.)

EDITORIALS

Your Missionaries the world over, united with their Catholic flock, join the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS in wishing you a holy and a happy Christmas, filled with blessings from the Newborn Babe, Christ Jesus, our King. May the peace of the Divine Child be with you!

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

WHILE you and I, good Reader, are making our own preparation for Christmas—a preparation that will not suffer too much on its spiritual side, we trust, by an overemphasis on the commercially-agitated material side—what will Christ's Nativity mean in the distant missions? What will Christmas be like in those sectors where the vanguard of Christ's Army has been helped by your prayers and material offerings during the months that are gone?

Unforgettable would be the picture before you if you could share with the missionary the sight before him on Christmas morning. Up in the icy isolation of winter in Alaska, Eskimos will harness their dogs many hours if not days before the great feast, and will hasten over the frozen tundra to the villages where Mass will be celebrated and where Christmas joy will center around the reception of Holy Communion and where they will hear once again the old yet ever new message of God's love for them.

Out in the country of the Northwest, in missions scattered along the Indian trails from South Dakota to Idaho and Washington, and up through Ontario, the Red Men and their families will roll over hill and prairie, facing biting winds and blinding snow, if necessary, traveling many miles to the Catholic chapel. There, purified in sacramental confession, they will await the midnight hour and holy Mass and the climax, the coming of the Christ Child in *Yutapi Wakan*, the Holy Food.

Down in the Caribbean Sea countries, in Jamaica and British Honduras, Blacks and Whites, Caribs and Maya Indians, unaccustomed to any snow or cold that we usually like to associate with Christmas, will find no difficulty in entering fully into the joy of Christ's coming as they crowd into mountain chapel or village church to hear again the Angel's message and to welcome into warm pure hearts the Savior of the world.

And what will the birthday of the King mean in those vast missions of the Orient where your missionaries have been helped during the past twelve months by your prayers and alms? Starting from the Near East and going eastward we come first to the little band in Bagh-

dad of old Arabian fame. There in the city of mosques, Christmas morning will find Christians of the Latin, Chaldean and other rites, gathered to honor, in true oriental fashion, the Newborn King Whom their forefathers, the Wise Men, had sought out in Jerusalem. On the banks of the Tigris, where Mohammed counts so many followers, Christ in Holy Communion will find a welcome in the hearts of His children.

Further east and south, then, we come to India's pagan millions who grovel before their idols of brass and gold and silver and wood and stone. But there, too, your missionaries will find their Christians, social outcasts, many of them, and aboriginal tribesmen of Patna Mission, gathered in village church and thatched-roofed mission chapel to honor the Child, Khrist Raja, on His birthday. Miles of dusty road will they travel over India's plains in order to be present at Mass and to receive in Holy Communion the God of Love, Who was unknown to them last year or the year before when they still worshipped *bongas*—devils—or bowed low at shrines of Brahma, Vishnu or Siva.

Still going eastward we come to that other vast mission land with its population near the half billion mark: the ancient Celestial Empire of China. Will its war-torn cities be freed from shelling and bombing air-raids long enough at Christmas to give tribute to the King of Peace? We know not, but we hope and pray that peace will come soon to China and that her multi-millions will soon kneel to worship and receive in Holy Communion the Child Whom three million Catholic Chinese already know and love.

And farthest east we come to the land of the greatest Catholic population in the Orient: the Philippines. Ah, there will Christmas be a day of spiritual joy, as rich and poor adore and receive the Christ Child! "*Felices Pascuas!*"—"Happy Christmas!"—will resound over hill and valley; confessions will tax the physical endurance of missionaries; churches will be packed; Communion rails crowded as millions pay tribute to the Saviour of the world on Christmas Eve, *Noche Buena*, when they come to the *Misa del Gallo*, as the midnight Mass is called.

And so there will be much of spiritual joy at Christmas throughout the mission world you have been helping. But there will be more than a touch of sadness, because for every million adorers there will be ten million and more pagans who know not Christ. And for them we ask you to pray ardently that soon a Little Child may lead them to know and love the one true God.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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A Missionary Mother

John R.
O'Connell, S.J.

MY mother's visit during the International Eucharistic Congress at Manila, was a real blessing for me and for my Mission of Tangub, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, in many ways. Because of this fact I am taking the liberty of recommending a general visitation of the missions by the mothers of our missionaries, sadly conscious, however, that as I make this recommendation, very few Jesuits on the missions still have the happiness of receiving letters from both parents, or, in some cases even from one. Indeed, even on their ordination day many of our missionaries were denied the consolation normally brought to the newly ordained by the presence of those who gave them birth. If I recommend the blessing of a mother's visit to a missionary, therefore, do not be afraid to publish the fact. The exodus from America will not prove in any way inconvenient because of numbers.

Mindanao, second largest island in the Philippine Archipelago and the mission land of the writer, was, of course, the goal of my mother and even, if it had been possible, of my father, ever since I set foot on these Islands six long years ago. That the visit had been so long delayed was partially due to a desire of my mother to be present at the Eucharistic Congress held in Manila during the month of February, 1937. Both my mother and myself attended the Congress, my mother with the ladies, while I was with the priests, as the official Congress Movie shows in several fortunate shots which I did not solicit. In the opinion of my mother, the Manila Congress, handicapped as it was by death gasps of Masonic hate and impeded at times in its smoothly running machinery by other anti-Catholic monkey wrenches, could not measure up to the glory of the Eucharistic Congress held in Dublin, Ireland, which she had also had the good fortune to attend. Perhaps the difference was due to the fact that the Philip-

pires, even though a Catholic country, have not yet acquired that virility and strength of Faith which enabled the Irish legislators to place in the Constitution itself an explicit clause making the Catholic religion the principal religion of Ireland. On the other hand, a certain timidity on the part of the Filipino in the presence of the many-headed hydra of Protestantism makes the Islands resemble somewhat a listless giant, sprawled out over thousands of square miles and lacking in great part that virile resistance to the enemies of the Faith which one might logically expect in the only Catholic nation in the entire Orient.

I HAD the pleasure of meeting Father James Gillis, C.S.P., Editor of *The Catholic World*, and of renewing acquaintance with Archbishop Rummel, formerly of Harlem, N. Y., as well as of Monsignor Hawks at whose church in Philadelphia I preached the Novena of Grace during my Tertianship. Similarly I had the pleasure of meeting again Father Fealy of Woodlawn near Catonsville, Maryland. Monsignor Hawks gave me an autographed copy of his lectures on "A Pedigree of Protestantism." After reading his book I am ready to scrap my notes of years on Protestant sects.

The work of our Jesuits in Manila during the hectic period of preparation inseparable from the staging of the Eucharistic Congress was admirable. The chores they undertook, the speeches they wrote for others, their admirable patience under fire, were recorded by the Angels and in many ways are being repaid even at the present writing.

Leaving Manila, my mother and myself sailed south to Mindanao where we disembarked at Misamis and proceeded to the *convento* of Father Thomas J. Gallagher, S.J., and afterwards on to the residence of Father James J. Daly, S.J., who is Superior of Occidental Misamis. But, on arrival of word that we were expected in Tangub for a formal welcome program, we set out for my mission station. An arch had been erected over our gateway and the school children and flower girls, together with many of the grown-ups of the parish, were present to greet us. The returning Pastor had to speak in the language of the country and my mother, according to an old Filipino



Parish church at St. Michael's Mission, Tangub, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., open to all the Catholic Faithful, as well as to all the winds that blow.

custom, was likewise called upon to say her few words, which she did after climbing through several sentences which were interpreted by a lady school teacher.

THUS began two months of homelike bliss for me and for the little mother who had made so many sacrifices for me throughout my early life. Yea, and who had even endured a trip over half the world to be reunited with me. Using a mother's prerogative, she pointed out needed improvements and what is more, actually carried them through, or promised to secure the money to do so. My house boys were taught how to prepare American dishes and at least I was able to obtain a few common American desserts even in Tangub. I feared that I might get too soft under this improved regime, but I finally capitulated in the month of May after a fiesta had kept me many days in the hills where I was forced to live on chicken soup and often with smoked water for coffee. I have not yet reached that stage when I must bring canned goods and a cook on my mission journeys.

Meanwhile, my mother followed her practice of daily Communion. She had just come from so-called Protestant America. I was happy that my parishioners could see a lay representative of the Catholics of America. From time to time various prominent people of the Province, including the Governor and his family, called to see my mother. School teachers from public schools far and near had their conversations with her, and she told them facts which a priest might not dare to tell them: of our sacrifices at home and the bond of friendship, all for the salvation of the souls of the Filipinos; of the friendship to be given to us and to assist us and of the obligation for all of them to fight back Protestantism. The time of the year could hardly have been chosen more happily. We attended the graduation of several of our Catholic schools, three birthday festivities, a St. Patrick's Day dinner which had been arranged in honor of the visiting Irish Redemptorists who were giving missions in the Province, and also two banquets at the home of the Senator of the Province whose family have done very much for the Church in his district. Moreover, besides daily Mass and Sunday Mass and sermons, my mother saw me through the heavy days of Holy Week when I had no priest to help me. Once, alas, I brought my mother to a fiesta in a town to which, before the opening of the road and the arrival of my gift car, I used to travel for an hour and a half on horseback and where I had been forced to stay overnight. Though crowds always gathered to get a glimpse of the American lady, embarrassment on her part was finally set aside. This particular fiesta proved not to be too laborious. We had two marriages and about sixty Baptisms, but a small dust storm kept blowing through the doorless nipa

chapel and this, together, with the perversity of unmanageable and disappearing sponsors increased the normal inconvenience of this native ceremony.

HAD my mother visited me when I was stationed at Talisayan she might have had the experience of a sea trip with all the hectic risks of the same. I remember distinctly, one of my own first experiences of this kind. Two men paddled myself and a boy down the coast from village to village. They put me in the bow. The white helmet and white cassock easily shed the sun. A handkerchief, draped over the back of the neck, completed my protection against the torrid blaze. Thus posted, my thoughts went back to the journeys of Marquette and my other Jesuit predecessors in the mission field. As the woven-bamboo craft cut through still waters or rocked from pontoon to pontoon, in a swell or a choppy sea, I was inclined to believe that no Jesuit



Left to right: His Honor, Judge Tuason, who played host for a day to the visiting Americana, Mrs. O'Connell, Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., Pastor of St. Michael's Mission, Tangub, and Mrs. Tuason.

ever stood up in the bow of a canoe, to present a pipe of peace, as artists have pictured them. The romance of the scene grew upon me. There, a lone American, on a tropical sea, among a strange people, forced to use a strange language in speaking to my very boatmen(!), I said my beads as we went along. Occasional spray, and the possibility of being surprised by flying fish or leaping fish, two feet long, that bounced over the surface for sixty feet or more—these dissuaded me from opening my breviary. Finally, we touched the sandy shore of our destination and soon had the boat far in on the sand. Bringing Mass kit and handbag, we picked our way over a bridge of two boards, in width, and, after several hundred feet, arrived at the cluster of nipa huts.

Now with my mother, two dream months passed away. and before May and fiesta time drew near, she decided to return to the States. Through the kindness of my Superiors I was enabled to see her off from Manila. Since that day in nearly every letter my mother continues to recall pleasant memories, memories that will never fade, memories that will never die.

Chevrolet Confessions

William J. Moore, S.J.

GOING to confession while seated in the front seat of a Chevrolet would be an unusual experience for ninety-nine out of a hundred Catholics. So used to kneeling in the privacy of the familiar "box" in the parish church are Mr. Jones and Mrs. Smith, that they would almost suspect the validity of a confession made in such a strange place and manner.

But for many Catholic Sioux Indians on the Rosebud Reservation of South Dakota, confession in church would be novel. When Father Albert B. Grueter, S.J., of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, drives to Grass Mountain, a station which he reaches every second Sunday, the people line up outside the log cabin of Mr. and Mrs. Goes Among, an elderly full-blood couple, in whose one-room home Mass will be celebrated. There they stand in the misty morning air and wait their turn to go to the four-wheeled confessional which Father Grueter has parked at a convenient distance from the cabin. Between



Mr. and Mrs. Dave Bone Shirt are two of the faithful Sioux who come every second Sunday to hear Mass at Grass Mountain. The good lady is enjoying a morning smoke.



him and the penitent the missionary has set up on the front seat a small screen, and there he sits at the steering wheel and awaits the dark-skinned Sioux.

One by one they approach the little mud-bespattered car, twist the rusty handle, and sit down beside Christ's minister. Here is the tribunal of God. There are no dark curtains or kneeling benches; there is no raising or lowering of a shutter. The appointments of this confessional are an oil gage, a mileage recorder and a heater for winter use. Over the Father's head is a medal of St. Christopher. The patron saint of travelers has protected Father Grueter on many a morning when the snow was deep and the one way road through Slaughterhouse Canyon was slippery and treacherous.

I ACCOMPANIED Father Grueter on one of his trips to Grass Mountain, and watched the Sioux as they went to confession. The children went without embarrassment. They knew the proper procedure, for the Franciscan Nuns at the Mission have patiently taught them their prayers and catechism. They speak fair English, and wear old clothes which more fortunate English-speaking youngsters in St. Louis and Chicago and elsewhere have discarded.

There were games in the Canyon after Mass. These two Sioux Indian youngsters received paper whistles as prizes. The log cabin of Goes Among is in the rear.

Old men and squaws approached the front-seat court of divine mercy. There was Mr. Dave Bone Shirt, a middle-aged Sioux, carrying his broad-brimmed hat adorned with bright beads. His wife wore soft moc- (Turn to page 307)

A Nepali Sadhu

Nicholas J.
Pollard, S.J.

THE Kingdom of Nepal, lying in the northern part of Patna Mission, with its five million souls still remains the closed, the mysterious, the forbidden land. Its present ruling race, the Gurkhas, have fought hard for their freedom and they intend to maintain it at any cost, even if that cost means the exclusion of all Westerners. For they fear that if the Westerner comes, he will soon deprive them of their precious freedom. This fear they have crystallized into their well known proverb:

"With the merchant comes the musket;
With the Bible comes the bayonet."

But while the Westerner may not enter Nepal, he has an excellent opportunity to observe the Nepalis up here in the hills of Northern Bengal. For these warlike and aggressive hill people have overflowed into this neighboring territory until they have practically made it their own. Along with their initiative they have brought those winning traits of sociability and fidelity that have so endeared them to the British troops throughout all India. But their religion, a curious mixture of Hinduism and Buddhism, holds them in closer bondage than any political power ever could.

ONE morning another Father and I stopped in at the Darjeeling bazaar to see the strange collection of folks who gather there. As we were watching the motley crowd we caught sight of one of the queerest religious freaks I have seen here in India. He was a Buddhist *sadhu*, decked out in a costume that would draw first prize at any mask ball. On his head he wore a dome-shaped purple cap, trimmed in gold braid, so that it slightly resembled a crown. His chief garment was a long, loose cloak, made up of odd pieces in crazy-quilt design, with purple as the predominant color. This cloak was gathered in at the waist with a dark red sash. On his breast was fastened a plate with some curious devices painted on it that might have been his family coat of arms. A full bag of provisions was slung across his back, and two other bags hung down from his left shoulder. In his right hand he shook a leather rattle that gave out a dull, thumping sound. To complete his hideous make-up he had a short-handled trident tucked in his waistband, and his face was heavily smeared with ashes. I watched him closely to see what he would do.

The market place was crowded this morning with rural folks who had come in from all the surrounding countryside to sell their produce. They sat along in regular rows, with their shelled corn, rice, tomatoes, spices, oranges and whatever else these fertile hills produce piled up beside them.

WHEN we first caught sight of this "holy man" he was making his way up and down these rows, exacting his tribute as he went along. He would stop before each vendor, shake his rattle, and hold open his bag. The simple country man would draw a pained expression, such as the victim of any racketeer might assume, slowly reach for a handful of produce, and deposit it in the bag. Here and there some hardy individual

would pay no attention to the rattle. This was a case for sterner measures. The *sadhu* would then put down his rattle, take up the trident and brandish it menacingly over the recalcitrant. This threat never failed to produce the desired result.

After watching for some time this process of "painful extraction without gas," for the *sadhu* never uttered a word as he went about, I at length asked a man what would happen if someone refused to give even under the threat of the trident. The answer was simple: "He would curse us!" And these simple people with their deeply ingrained religious traditions fear a *sadhu's* curse more than death itself.

I had my pocket camera along, so I decided to get a snap of this interesting character. But evidently he felt that publicity could not help him any in his business. For as soon as he saw the camera he gave a snarl, and quickly turned about. In fact, in his hurry to escape he even passed up a number of his prospective customers,—much to their joy, of course.

No one can say how long Nepal will remain a forbidden land, nor when the Nepali will learn to dissociate the missionary and his religion from Western acquisitiveness. But let us hope and pray that the day is not far distant when real priests will be able to make capital of this religious fear, not to exploit these people, but to lead them on in the practice of good and the avoidance of evil. Nepal is really part of Patna Diocese where the American Jesuits are at work, but thus far no missionary has been able to establish himself there.

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

(To St. Francis Xavier whose feast is on December 3)

THOMAS L. O'BRIEN, S.J.

Pulsing stars on the breast of night
Gleam; while shadows of moonlight
Flicker and are gone. Swift clouds sail
Through the sea of night; and the wild winds wail
O'er the waves. Charging madly, the breakers crash
Over the dark rocks; and savagely they lash
Their confining shores. A voice joins the rolls
Of sea-born thunder,—"Give me souls, O Lord, souls!"

In a shattered cabin, on the Comorin shore,
With only the angels gathered to adore,
He raises aloft the Spotless One
Unto the Father; begging, through His Son,
That He might pierce this Oriental night
With the keen shafts of His eternal light;
And touch these souls, who are smothered in the cloud
That veils the pagan Orient like death's dark shroud.

In another shattered cabin, near China's sands
Another sacrifice, from the same loving hands,
Is held on high. Now it is his life,
Unchained at last, purified by strife.
The priest and victim, for his are both the roles,
Looks heavenward and murmurs, "Give me souls!"

Missionary Scholastics in Damascus

Edmund K. Cheney, S.J.

FOR American Scholastics our status is a rather unique one. We are missionaries, Sidney M. MacNeil, S.J., and the writer, in a mission country, and yet our own Baghdad Mission lies five hundred miles over the desert sands to the east of us. Jesuit Regents are generally teachers, yet we find ourselves not in the professor's chair but, students still, listening to lectures, reciting, spending long hours at our desks struggling with complex verb systems and intricate grammar rules. Study in a modern up-to-date university would not be extraordinary but it is certainly unusual in a tiny house, a mission residence, in the oldest quarter of the most ancient and oriental city of the world. Neither teachers, students nor missionaries, paradoxically we are all of these. We have come to Mohammedan Damascus to study the eastern people, to learn their difficult language, to prepare ourselves for the great apostolic work in Baghdad College which lies before us.

To a stranger, Damascus is probably, as Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., called it in his *Al Baghdadi*, "as homely as a mud fence." Yet, even Father Madaras will not deny that he found the city interesting for, to quote his own words written on the occasion of his first visit to Damascus: "We would not have you think that our visit to Damascus was not an enjoyable one: even mud and dirt can be picturesque, for strange scenes make interesting pictures. Next morning we visited the fa-

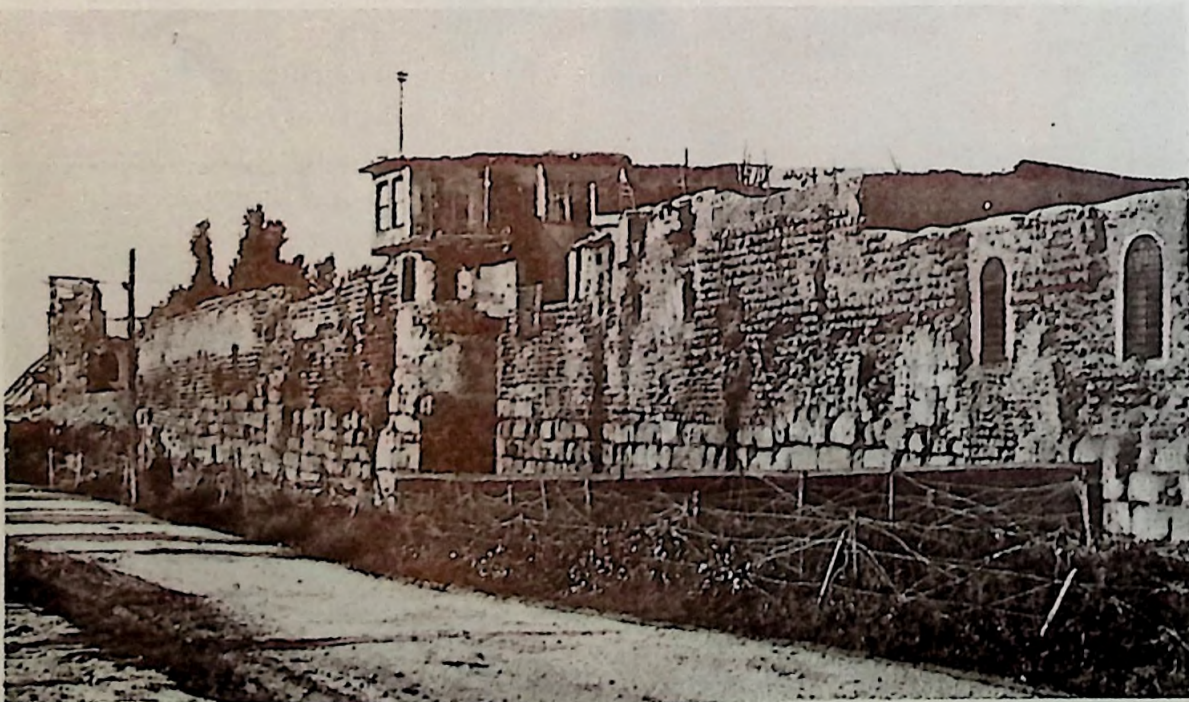


A study in heads that may be seen daily in the oldest city of the world.

mous bazaars of Damascus, some of them roofed-over, narrow streets, lined with all kinds of tiny shops, in many of which the merchandise is manufactured on the premises. Here we found that the Dutch are not the only ones to wear wooden shoes: though, to be exact, we should add that it is sandals that the Damascenes fashion from their wood. Damask, by the way, is derived from Damascus. We watched the tinsmiths, blacksmiths, coppersmiths, and all the other smiths and artisans doing things the same way they were done two thousand years ago, even to the employment of their feet as hands. Of course, we have no end of these bazaars here at Baghdad, and some day when we have more leisure, we'll take you out for a walk and describe some of the strange things one sees, and some of the heart-rending things, too. We visited one of the famous Damascus mosques, too, even though we had to take off our shoes to do it and walk about on the stone floor in our stocking feet. Of course, we could have rented slippers at the entrance of the mosque: tourists slip them right on over their shoes."

ALTHOUGH our house is a small one, it simply towers above the little mud dwellings which crowd about it. From its roof (a delightful place to recreate once the hot eastern sun has set) we enjoy a complete, unobstructed panorama of the city. Countless mosques with their inevitable minarets first catch the eye. Looking in one direction I once counted twenty-seven of these Mohammedan monuments. We are

The ancient wall in Damascus down which Paul the Saint and greatest of Missionaries was lowered, a fugitive escaping death.



accustomed to them now, but I shall never forget the impression the first view of these made upon me. The sun had just sunk beneath the Anti-Lebanons and the numerous, slender towers stood out in stark relief against the gray sky. The important ones were lighted for it was time for the Mohammedan's call to prayer. The clear dry atmosphere was pierced by the shrill cries of the Mohammedan priests. It was a picture more vivid than any words I had ever read. It brought to me the tremendous realization of the true character of the peoples among whom I had come to live. A nation entirely foreign to everything I had known, a people to whom Christ as God was unknown, who for centuries had spurned that Church and Culture which was so near to our hearts. I was in the midst of three hundred thousands of men who with the exception of a small group looked upon Christians such as I as "dogs." It was a lonely sensation, let me assure you, one which missionaries must often experience, and yet of its very nature brought with it a tremendous desire. What a wonderful accomplishment, what an incomparable life-work to lift these men from the darkness in which they are slumbering to the true light of the Faith which is ours!

LOOKING west over the mud roofs and the narrow twisting streets, looking above the great mosque of Omeyaides which dominates the city, and over the high Anti-Lebanons which seem to cut us off from the rest of civilization, the eye recognizes in the distance the majestic snow-covered crown of Mount Hermon. It is a welcome sight for it is our connecting link with the Holy Land. Lofty Hermon overlooks us here in this stronghold of the infidel, but on the other side commands the land made sacred by the Life and Death of God Himself. To the east, beyond the well watered orange and olive groves, the great Arabian Desert stretches out as far as the eye can reach. We confess that we look that way often, for the uninviting sands speak to us of Baghdad—more mud houses and mosques and minarets to be sure, but, at the same time, they tell us of our apostolic college and of the opportunity that is soon to be ours of doing something real for these eastern people.

We are in the midst of the Christian Quarter and the little houses of Christ's flock seem to cluster about us. This section of the city is rather poor materially, for both politically and financially our Christians are hopelessly outnumbered. Yet it is tremendously rich spiritually. We note numerous small churches, fifteen almost within a stone's throw, testimonies of the vigorous faith of a mere handful of souls. Not far away is the road

which Paul traversed on his way to persecute the Damascus Christians, a little further on the spot of his miraculous conversion, then the street called Straight, the house of Ananias and the wall of the city from which Paul, the saint and greatest of missionaries was lowered, a fugitive escaping death. It is an inspiring picture for it tells us what was once accomplished by the unbelievable faith and energy of that small group of Christ's first followers. It assures us that these first saints of God are with us as we labor to bring the self-same message to the self-same spot in which they labored two thousand years ago.

OUR missionary spirit is quickened by constant contact with the missionaries with whom we are privileged to live. After each of their long journeys, whether to the wandering Bedouin tribes of the desert,



Mohammedan mosques lord it over the ancient city of Damascus and its "Christian dogs."

the Druze villages in the mountains, or the sparsely inhabited hamlets of Transjordan, they never fail to join our evening recreation and delight us younger members of the Community with their tales and experiences. Now it is a secret conversion, now a little group of Catholic children organized after great difficulty to form a little school, now a sermon in the dialect, or mission or retreat given to some wandering band which sees a priest but few times a year. They are simply the ordinary missionaries' experiences, the sort of account you have read in these pages innumerable times, but to us a great incentive to work and study. Much is being done, much more remains for us to accomplish. Our zeal is quickened, our study takes on new life. We realize how worthwhile our preparation truly is.

So students we really are, preparing ourselves for a great apostolate. Our teaching awaits us just a few months away. And finally—thank God for it—we are His missionaries, chosen to bring His message to the Land of the Infidel. In His Providence He has sent us in preparation for our great work, to the very stronghold of Mohammedanism—Damascus.

War over

Shanghai

John K.
Lipman, S.J.



What follows is part of a personal letter from the Author to the Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS* and describes happenings in Shanghai during the month of August.—*Editor*.

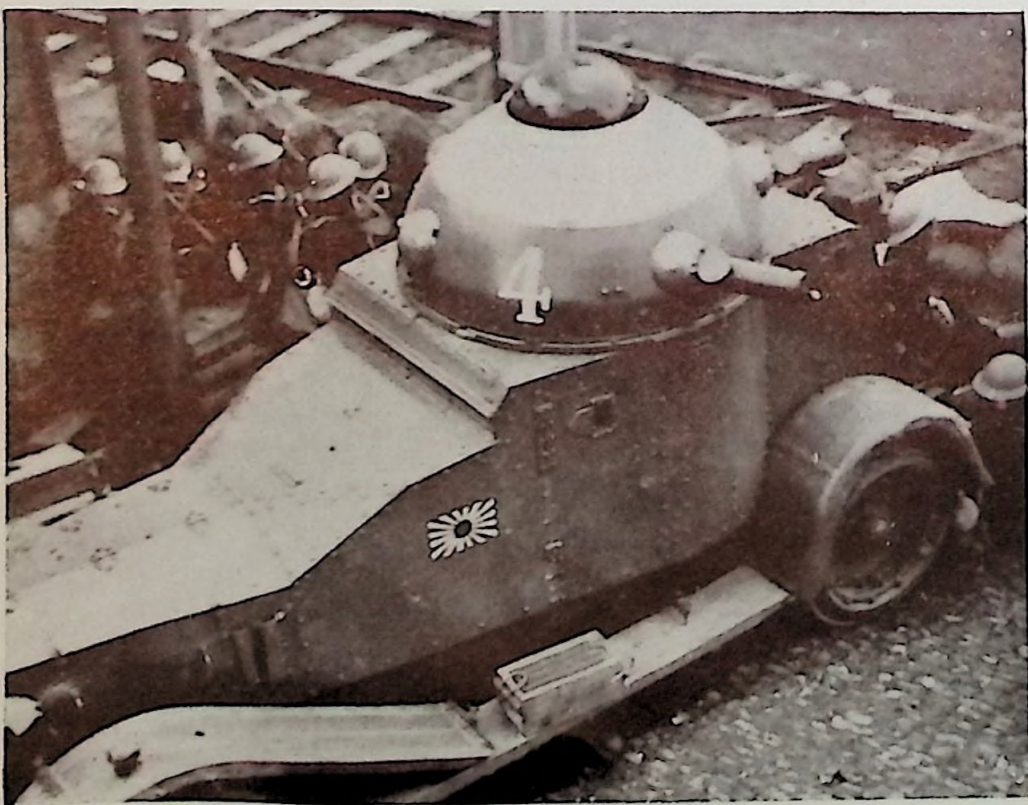
YOU might be interested in these few lines telling of the happenings here in Shanghai during the past two or three weeks.

Things have been rather exciting, to put it mildly, and while at the present writing everything is relatively quiet, there is no telling when the lid will be blown off again.

While all kinds and degrees of fighting were going on up north all during the month of July and the beginning of August, here in Shanghai there was no particular cause for concern until the night of July ninth, when two Japanese soldiers were shot and killed while riding in a machine near the Hungjao airdrome, a military air field on the outskirts of the city. Naturally, there were two different versions of the incident,—the Chinese claiming the men tried to force their way into the airport, and the Japanese officials saying that the men were merely riding past. The truth will probably never be known, at least publicly, but that was the match that set off the powder, and after three days of fruitless talking, the first shots of the present "incident" were fired on Friday the thirteenth, while I was at Zi-ka-wei making a triduum in preparation for my final vows on the fifteenth.

All Friday night there was heavy firing in the Hongkew and Yangtsepoo section of the Settlement, and on Saturday morning the Chinese planes tried bombing the

Japanese ships that were anchored in the Whangpoo, especially the flagship that was tied up at the wharf in front of the Japanese consulate. There was a young typhoon blowing up at the time, and the day was quite cloudy; the result was that we could hear lots of planes and the explosions of the bombs, along with the popping of the Japanese anti-aircraft guns, but there was little we could see. On Saturday afternoon occurred the now famous bombings of Nanking Road and Avenue Edward VII. Three bombs, apparently, fell at the corner of Nanking Road and the Bund; probably they were aimed at the Japanese flagship which was less than half a mile away, but one of them went through the roof of the Palace Hotel, and the others bounced off the Sassoon House and exploded in Nanking Road. The casualties there were about one hundred and twenty killed and several hundred wounded. The other bomb landed at the intersection of Avenue Edward VII and what was formerly Tibet Road, now called Yu Ya Ching. There were hundreds of Chinese around the intersection and the number of dead was reported to be over one thousand, with many hundred wounded. The Chinese pilot of the plane that dropped the bomb said that the bomb dropped accidentally. In any event, the results were horrible. Brother James E. Finnegan, S.J., passed by Nanking Road just after the bombs had dropped there and saw the street filled with the dead and wounded. The Rector of the Theologate had just started downtown at the time the bomb landed on Avenue Edward VII, and when he reached near the place, the blocked traffic and the sight of the truckloads of mutilated bodies caused him to turn around and go back to Zi-ka-wei.



ON the morning of Sunday, the fifteenth, I pronounced my vows in St. Ignatius Church, Zi-ka-wei, to the accompaniment of the howling wind and rain of the young typhoon, and the zooming of planes, the crashing of bombs and artillery, and the pop-pop and rat-tat-tat of anti-aircraft and machine guns,—all clearly audible from far across the city. Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., and Father John A.

Lennon, S.J., were unable to return to Shanghai for the occasion, having gone out of the city a few days previous,—and as a matter of fact could not return till the twenty-fifth, due to the interruption of all communications, and forms of transportation.

Sunday afternoon I returned to Gonzaga College where all the Americans were staying, and where, for the rest of the month of August, we were listening to the sounds of the undeclared war that was raging within three or four miles of us. On Monday a detachment of British sailors occupied the Japanese school a block down Kiaochow Road from us, and they proceeded to erect a breastwork of sandbags in the middle of the intersection in front of Gonzaga, and string barbed wire through the field across the road from us which is the boundary of the Settlement at this point. Luckily so far there has been no need for the use of these defenses.

ON Tuesday Brother Finnegan joined us, after evacuating Hongkew several days after the fighting began. Father Francis X. Farmer, S.J., was staying at St. Joseph's, and they had been forced to leave the church without being able to take many of their belongings. Also on Tuesday the evacuation of foreign women and children began; this continued on during the rest of the week until about eight thousand of various countries had left for Hong Kong and Manila, and ten thousand Japanese to Japan. The refugees who went to Hong Kong ran into a small epidemic of cholera, while those who went to Manila had no sooner landed than they were treated to the worst earthquake that city has felt for about forty years.

Meanwhile, here in Shanghai, the hostilities continued unabated. During the daytime the Japanese planes cruised around without any opposition and dropped many bombs on the various Chinese positions. The Chinese have no planes here in Shanghai, keeping them in Nanking, Hangchow, Hsuechow and other inland cities. Neither had they many anti-aircraft guns here at first, though now there are a few. The result was that the Japanese planes could dive very low and drop their bombs without any fear of danger, except from machine guns. From our place here at Gonzaga we could see them bombing the North Station, which is just a little over a mile east of us, and it must be admitted that the Japanese aviators seem to be well trained, though their marksmanship with the bombs leaves much to be desired. Whenever Chinese planes would come near the city they would be greeted with heavy anti-aircraft fire, and we would watch the performance interestedly, until bullets and pieces of shrapnel began landing in our compound and on the roof of the school; then we kept out of sight, for to do otherwise would have been foolhardy.

The number of Chinese refugees in the Settlement and Concession is very great. Shortly after hostilities began, the City School Board asked us to take some here, and the buildings of the primary school at the southern end of the compound were put at their disposal. At present there are about three hundred crowded in the limited quarters, and the patience and forbearance of these poor people is quite admirable. In the large lot across the street, next to Kiaochow Park, there are three large camps for refugees, and at the far end they have been burying the bodies of those killed in the explosions of the bombs. Big trucks filled with unidentifiable loads of dead bodies came in and deposited the remains in large trenches. This number was increased on Monday, the twenty-third, when another bomb landed in Nanking Road, this time hitting the corner of Sincere's and killing several hundred, including three foreigners. One of these was a young Swiss whom Father Pius L. Moore, S.J., had just married three months previously. At the same time another bomb landed in a storehouse in back

of the Hamilton House but failed to explode. It fell through three floors and fractured on the concrete floor of the basement. When the pieces were assembled, it was found to be five feet long and eighteen inches in diameter. The origin of these has not been decided, but one of the American Marines said he was watching three Japanese planes that were flying high over the Settlement at the time, and through a telescope he saw the bombs leave the machines. Of course, the Japanese claim the bombs are Chinese, and vice versa.

This same day, the twenty-third, Brother Finnegan and three of the Scholastics went into Hongkew in a truck under police protection and removed all the personal belongings from the residence, as well as many of the furnishings. They found the place little damaged except for a hole in the church roof and numerous broken windows, but the wall of the Brothers' school across the street was partly demolished by a bomb. Only a block away from the church there were many buildings destroyed by fire and by the shelling and bombing. Whole blocks of the Yangtsepoo area along Broadway have been gutted by fire, and along Boone Road in some places both sides have been demolished by shells.

ON the twenty-first, a detachment of American Marines had moved into our school building, some sixty of them, and when the twelve hundred arrive from San Diego in September, four hundred will be billeted in our place. So if need should arise, we shall be well protected. They are occupying the second floor of the school and several of the former British army huts, leaving the first floor free for (Turn to page 307)

JOURNEY TO BETHLEHEM

LAVERNE WILHELM, S.J.

When I set out for Bethlehem
Let there be snow.
Snow upon the ground,
That nothing of the earth may cling to me
As I go.
The night be clear, and let me suffer
From the cold
That I may feel His love warm all my body
When I hold
The Infant in my arms.
And I will go alone,
Communing all the way—
For I must think, when holding Him
What I will say.

Marquette at Ludington

Vincent T. Sibila, S. J.



Scene from the Pere Marquette Memorial Pageant at Ludington, Michigan.

THE history of a vocation is a sacred thing. The warm hearts of boys and girls, from which dreams and ambitions of self-sacrifice in the cloister or the classroom or the mission fields rise up spontaneously from their deep love of Christ—these are not a spectacle for public gaze; they are too delicate.

But the city of Ludington, Michigan, has demonstrated that the tender development of a vocation to the missionary life and the story of the years of suffering and heroism that the fulfillment of those youthful dreams entailed, can engage and move the people. Close to

Ludington, a city of some ten thousand, situated on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, is the site of Father Marquette's death, and for the last three years this city has shown herself especially appreciative of this privilege by conducting a pageant in honor of the missionary and explorer.

This year the third annual Pere Marquette Memorial Pageant, the narrative of which was prepared and delivered by Rt. Rev. Robert Nelson Spencer, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, was presented from August fifth to eighth. It had received the blessing of

Pope Pius XI. Since 1937 is the tercentenary of Marquette's birth, the pageant depicted especially the boyhood days during which God's grace was working in his heart, and preparing him for his North American missionary career. The fact that the pageant text was written and delivered by a Protestant Bishop, the cast made up of members of many religious denominations, and the celebration sponsored so

(Turn to page 307)



Voyageurs lifting dying Marquette from a canoe at Ludington, Michigan. Scene from the Marquette Pageant.

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

On Sunday evening, October 3, at 10:00 P.M., William S. Gschwend, esteemed father of the Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, Father Joseph Gschwend, S.J., died at his home in Alton, Illinois, consoled to the last by the presence and affection of his devoted family.

DEATH OF

WM. S. GSCHWEND,
R. I. P.

Born in Alstatten, Canton of St. Gall, Switzerland, December 24, 1853, this missionary father, after a happy and a blessed marriage, early in life sailed overseas to America's land of promise, and pioneered for a time as a homesteader in Pocahontas, Arkansas, later successfully establishing himself in a business career at both St. Louis and Alton. His leadership in business and civic affairs was second only to his life-long active interest in the St. Vincent de Paul Society and The County Federation of Catholic Societies. It is not without confidence that we request prayers from our Readers as well as from the many personal friends of our Editor for the repose and eternal rest of the soul of William S. Gschwend, R. I. P.

Under the challenging caption "For World Conquest" the Faculty of Missiology in the Jesuit College of San Miguel, Buenos Aires, Argentines, sponsored a Mission Exhibit during the month of October. Its high pressure propaganda was calculated to gather prayers, sympathy and alms for the pagans who know not Jesus Christ, for new Christians who are still weak, for native catechists and teachers, for the missionaries themselves that they may keep aloft the torch of Faith and dispense the life-giving sacraments.

WORLD CONQUEST

for Religious consecrated to the service of youth, of women, of the sick, and of the aged, for Brothers, dedicated to teaching and the manual labor of the mission apostolate, for the co-operative laity as well as for all those who even now upon the mission front are suffering and dying for the extension of the Kingdom of Christ on earth.

It is now sixteen years since the writer, as one of twenty American Jesuits, started west from New York en route for mission work in the Philippine Islands. The trip across country to Vancouver was punctuated with dashes to popular points of historical interest and by visits whose memory still persist.

FATHER ARNOLD JANSSEN, S.V.D., 1837-1937

One such was to the Mission House of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word at Techny, Illinois. The recollection of the practical efficiency and individual self-sufficiency with which these Fathers and Brothers prepared themselves for their missionary apostolate has remained with the writer through the years. It was only later that, when called upon to review the life of their saintly Founder, he happened upon the personality which was responsible for this organization as well as for the redemptive spirit that inspires it. Still later, in the College of the Immaculate Conception, Vigan, Province of Ilocos Sur in the great island of Northern Luzon, Philippine Archipelago, he had the honor of a return visit from Father Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D., who was on a visit to the missionaries of his Society in the Province of Abra, Philippines. Three years of intermittent contact with these same Fathers followed so that today on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of their father and founder, Arnold Janssen, the writer feels that with reason he may add a personal tribute, convinced that God has not only honored the father in his sons, but in his daughters as well, for Father Janssen was both father and founder not merely of the Society of the Divine Word but of the Missionary Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost and The Sisters, Servants of the Holy Ghost of Perpetual Adoration. The stupendous growth of these Societies throughout the world, a facsimile of the growth of the Catholic Church itself, as well as the preservation of the pristine spirit of their father in Christ, is incontestable proof that the finger of God is here. Like Father Arnold Janssen himself, may his Societies be ever dedicated to the motto: "May the Heart of Jesus live in the hearts of men."

Interest in appointments to the missions differs from the personal selfishness of political patronage seekers in public life. News notices of appointments for positions in the hierarchy of the Church are, of course, justified at all times if for no other

reason than because of the high dignity which is indicative of the nature of the hierarchy of the Church. However, when an appointee has already distinguished himself as a priest of promise, one whose every action has been actuated as it were by that missionary objective, which is inseparably intertwined with the nature of Catholicity itself, notice thereof is all the more in order. It is with real joy and hope, therefore, for a distinct advance of the Faith in India that we record the appointment of the Very Reverend Thomas Roberts, S.J., former Rector of St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool, as Archbishop of Bombay. Born at Le Havre of English parentage, the new Archbishop entered the Society of Jesus in 1909, and was ordained priest in 1925. If we wish him *Ad multos annos*, we do so not merely for the blessings that the years may bear to him, but for the mission work which with God's grace he bids so fair to accomplish.

NEW JESUIT ARCHBISHOP OF BOMBAY

On Thursday, October 6, *JESUIT MISSIONS* played host to a contingent of missionary reserves from the Chicago Province headed by Father Leon A. Foster, S.J., en route for Patna Mission, Northern India. The Scholastics, non-priests in the party, were the following: John J. Barrett, S.J., Carmen De Christopher, S.J., Edward F. Mann, S.J., Hubert F. Schmidt, S.J., and Vincent T. Sibila, S.J. If we call the group a "contingent" and a "party," it is not without provocation, for due to the irrepressible energy of youth, these latest volunteers would make a party of any gathering, while due to the same reason, they forced upon their good guide and counselor, Father Foster, the contingent alternatives, inseparable from one in charge of a traveling troupe, of either peace of conscience or peace of mind, but never both together. Incidentally, talking about Father Foster, a vague rumor has it that a passenger of the same name stepped off the train at Altoona, Pa., presumably to stretch his legs and in the final check-up at the Penn Station, New York, was found wanting. To date it is encouraging to note, no reports have been received that any of the passengers has stepped off the decks of the *Ile de France*. We wish now to emphasize particularly the very practical and self-sacrificing generosity of the father and mother of Mr. Raymond V. Gough, S.J., who is now a Philosopher at West Baden College, West Baden Springs, Indiana. For three days, at the height of a sudden rush of activity due to the dedication of a new Post Office of which Mr. Gough is in charge, these exemplary Catholics gave themselves to the apostolate of transportation, helping our outgoing missionaries over many a traffic hurdle. It was likewise due to the thoughtfulness of Mr. Gough that an excellent photograph of the group was obtained on the deck of the *Ile de France* which will make photo history when published.

EN ROUTE TO PATNA

A note of new vitality is being sounded in the choir of reports on Catholic activities around the world as they reach *JESUIT MISSIONS* through the daily press. The most recent was a report printed in the *New York Times* for October 22, of a five-point program for Catholic missionaries by Archbishop Celso Costantini, Secretary of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, given in the Gregorian University on October 21 before a large audience of Cardinals, Prelates and Missionaries. The five-point program emphasized by the Archbishop is as follows: "(1) Revival of the *Sensus Christi* (the Mind of Christ) in private and public life; (2) Preaching; (3) Dynamic vigor of missionary action; (4) Native clergy; (5) Social assistance." Apropos of Bolshevism in mission lands, the Archbishop stated: "The tremendous crisis which besets noble and generous Spain teaches us that pompous processions and gorgeous ceremonies are not sufficient to combat Bolshevism. To meet the Bolshevik peril one must go deeper, impressing and radiating in souls the living Christ, that is to say, a cognizant ardor of faith and charity which renders the spirit invincible in the face of death and in the face of torments more horrible than death." We cannot help but feel that points one, two and five are necessary likewise and perhaps more so in non-mission countries.

A FIVE-POINT MISSIONARY PROGRAM

929

"Social Security"



Pascal George, a Spokane Indian, but at present residing on the Coeur d'Alene Indian Reservation, is the most influential man about Desmet and is a staunch friend of the Mission.

MARRIED by no murders, scarred with no stabbings either plain or fancy, this year's "Social Security" Scheme of Sacred Heart Mission, among the Coeur d'Alene Indians at Desmet, Idaho, was acclaimed a superlative success.

Lawlessness headlined the news of the Coeur d'Alene tribe between the years 1934-36. News wires carried accounts of the murders, stabbings, suicides, fatal brawls, and assaults with blunt instruments. Twenty-four Indians perished in that two-year reign of terror. Elders of the tribe began to worry about the future—to say nothing of the present and the thinning chances of realizing for themselves and their posterity the blessings of life, liberty and happiness.

At that time especially, the Indians, who thrive on a struggle and starvation schedule, had money, too much money. In addition to the rental returns from their fine farm lands, a road project furnished the young and able with ready cash. Tekoa, Washington, twelve miles distant, with its State liquor store and bums galore to buy liquor for the Indians, supplied all the ingredients for a long period of tumult and shouting and dying. Law enforcement at this time was up to par, which means far below standard. The Indians being Government wards, should be policed by Government officers, but officers were always elsewhere. This Government law-enforcement, together with a frank, hands-off attitude of the county, augmented affairs to serious proportions.

UNDoubtedly, something was necessary to ameliorate the social life of the Indians. Father Cornelius E. Byrne, S.J., Superior of Sacred Heart Mission, and a fighter from 'way back, met the difficulty squarely and wisely. Good, sober Indians were welcome at the Mission. His time was their time. Problems were discussed, and probable solutions outlined to the top-men of the tribe: to "Bareback" Dan Cherapkin, the Party and Dance Man of the Mission; to Pascal George, the best, clearest thinker; to Ignace Gerry, the best talker and Indian Sheriff of the Coeur d'Alenes.

Indians, whether they be five or fifty, are children, and in their sober moments are really fine people. They subscribed to the Social Program. Parties, dances, amateur hours, pageants, movies, pinochle, sports, picnics and stock-judging contests comprised the stupendous effort to keep the Indians busy, and this year's results justify the labor entailed to propel the program.

A low rumble like a wagon on a wooden bridge preceded the three sharp slams that brought Indian warriors leaping to the floor in the first of the two war-dance praties held at the Mission during the year. Brandishing fans of eagle feathers, dangling their hands at their hips, bouncing on their toes and dropping hard on their heels, vieing with each other in stepping off plain and fancy assignments, lowered heads wagging from side to side as sleigh-

belled ankle crossed beaded moccasin, the painted warriors in elk-hide and feathers, now bunched, now cavorting singly as the war-spirit moved them, wheeled and whirled and whooped until the building shook with their bobbing weight and echoed with their wild war-cries.

Wall-flowering were elderly ladies, their eyes agleam with a light of the long ago. These war dances not only furnished an outlet for excess energy, but revived memories of the past, the grim culture and picturesque lore of these early Americans.

"Bareback" Dan didn't change horses in mid-stream but hobbies in mid-air. One hot afternoon at Cheney, Washington, this champion



Indian pageant performers at Sacred Heart Mission, Desmet, Idaho. They are girls of St. Mary's Convent School, conducted by the Sisters of Charity of Providence.

Scheme

Edgar
Dowd, S.J.

lbareback buckeroo rider of the Inland Empire parted company, swan-dived to the ground, landed on his head, and decided that he was too old to ride horses, but just the proper age to promote parties for the boys and girls attending the Mission school.

Dan generally calls the square dances and purchases the ice cream for the affairs. He is generous, asks for no recompense except for the last seven scoops in the bottom of the freezer. Dan probably likes ice cream.

GONG-BUSTERS, we termed the Indian guys and gals who performed on Father William J. Ryan's Amateur Hour. The Desmet All-American Amateur Hours, however, was different. The gong sounded, and often clanged repeatedly, not to stop the boys but to start them; to urge them to leave their hiding places in the rear of the hall and to march up to the stage for the performance. While the programs were intended to discover hidden musical and vocal talent among the younger set, Father Ryan never dreamed that the talent would be so hidden. Crooner of the Coeur d'Alenes, Adolph Alexis, will always be fondly remembered as the first brave, brave enough to vocalize before the rabble. As many of the Indians are musically inclined, talent was not scarce and quality seldom absent. Pascal George won first prize for monologue, and Lawrence Nichodemus, the best educated Indian of the tribe, won enthusiastic applause with his impersonation of the Great Stone Face—maybe it was Buster Keaton.

Destined to become the Oberammergau Play of America, the Vision of Tomorrow, a pageant depicting the longings of the Indians for Truth and Beauty in pre-missionary times, was presented twice during the school year. The boys and girls profited by the sustained training in dramatics and the audience learned more of the culture of the Indians and the lore of the early Redmen.

Once a week selected movies shown in the school gymnasium gathered the Indians and kept them away from nearby towns where they would probably get into trouble.

DESPITE covert attempts on the part of St. Maries' Chamber of Commerce, the Benewah County Fair is still regularly held at the Mission. Displays of art, needlecraft, gardenware by the boys and girls of the Mission school rated favorably with White contestants. The larger boys of the school are members of the 4-H Club, and attend all meetings to learn about farming, gardening and stock-raising. Cash prizes for the best steer or a heavyweight pumpkin explain the many small, individual gardens about the grounds at Desmet.

Men of the camp and boys of the

Desmet Mission's Amateur Hour Padre with some of his Indian stars. Left to right: Magnus Ford, Father William Ryan, S.J., Henry Aripa and Herman Zachery.



Baptise Finley, a fine type of good Flathead Indian. He belongs to St. Ignatius Mission, Montana.

school united to form basketball, soccer and baseball aggregations. As Indians like to play but dislike to practise—they want a game every day—the teams were only fairly successful. Upon all occasions, however, they acquitted themselves creditably.

This ambitious plan for the social renaissance of the Coeur d'Alene Indians was destined to experience many difficulties. The nature itself of the (Turn to page 308)



Gabriel's Marriage

William R.
Hussey, S.J.

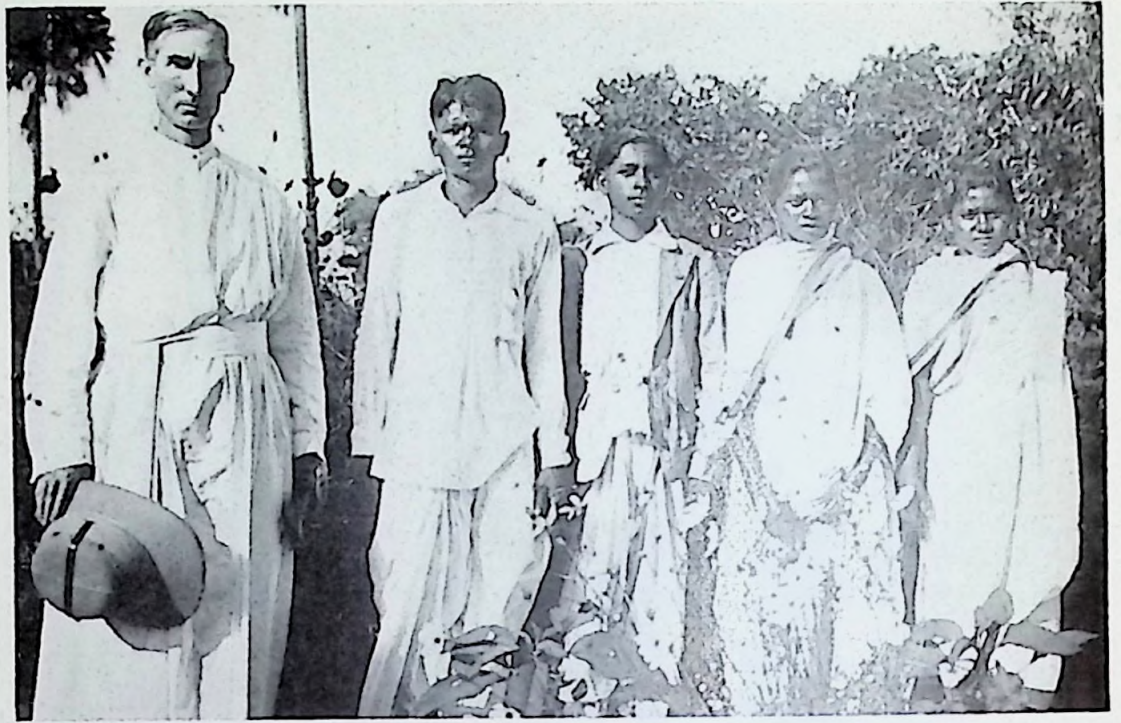
YESTERDAY morning we had a wedding celebration at St. Mary's Mission, Gokhla, Patna Mission, India. Before Mass, all the school boys escorted the bridegroom to the church, to the accompaniment of clashing cymbals and the rumbling of drums. At the same time all the Santal girls from St. Michael's School, preceded by drummers, arrived with the timorous bride in their midst. Both groups met in front of the church and followed Sylvina, the bride, and Gabriel, the groom, to the altar. Father James A. Creane, S.J., celebrated the nuptial Mass during which the boys and girls sang joyous wedding songs which explain the meaning and dignity of Catholic marriage.

The marriage was quiet and happy, beautiful with the beauty of Christ's sacrament. It was quite a contrast to the pagan marriage it might have been, where the village

is given over to riotous feasting and drunken revelry, after the pagan ceremonies are performed. After Mass and Benediction, every one went to a grassy field near the church to watch the dancing, always a part of a Santal wedding. The school girls, in long rows, hand locked in hand, with laughter and song, danced the quiet Santal dance to the music of cymbals and drums. They also surprised the happy crowd of spectators with their lively, dexterous, Ouraon dances, which are quite a novelty for the Santal. Though I was an interested member of the admiring audience, I must admit that my mind was continually returning to the thought of the pastor of St. Mary's Mission. I'll tell you why.

BACK in 1927, Father Creane, in spite of all his work, had time to dream. They were not just day dreams, but the big dreams of a Captain in Christ's Army. Yesterday's wedding saw the fulfillment of more than one of those dreams. A Catholic priest was a rare sight in these parts when His Excellency, Bishop B. J. Sullivan, S.J., D.D., first visited Father Creane's new station among the Santals. Later, His Excellency came to select a suitable site for a permanent station in this section. When the deal was finally closed, Father Creane knew that his dreams of years before would soon be realized. In an incredibly short time, St. Stanislaus School for boys and St. Michael's School for girls were crowded with smiling Santal children. Father Creane, tramping hundreds of miles on foot, bringing the light of the true Faith to scattered Santal villages, was aptly called the "Santal Tramp."

But he was also the pastor of St. Mary's Mission, and he worked quietly and patiently to make St. Mary's the active center of a parish, extending over four hundred square miles. His dream of schools for Santal boys and girls, where these children would be thoroughly instructed in the Catholic religion, was a reality. Already



Father James A. Creane, S.J., with the bridal party. Gabriel, the groom, and Sylvina, his bride, are in the center of the group.

the children were instrumental in the conversion of their parents and relatives, besides assuring the solid foundation of future Catholic generations. Each month Father Creane's catechists assembled at St. Mary's for First Friday. Father took this opportunity to instruct them and to improve their methods of conversion work. St. Mary's was and still is the haven of those in distress. Hardly a day passes, without someone coming for help or advice in his hour of trial. Again, there was a dispensary where the poor people brought their sick, to receive medicine and expert treatment from the Sisters, free of charge. All these were dreams of the "Santal Tramp" in the pioneer days of the Santal work.

ANOTHER dream came true with yesterday's wedding. Though not the first, it was the kind Father Creane had planned years before. Gabriel formerly studied in our school, and was, of course, a Catholic. Sylvina, his bride-to-be, wasn't, and so she came to the Sisters' convent, where, away from all pagan influence, she was taught the truths of the Catholic Faith. After being thoroughly instructed she was baptized and then prepared for a Catholic marriage. Yesterday, after the marriage, while the crowd made merry and the happy couple received the congratulations of friends, Father Creane, the genial pastor, moved about in the crowd, his face lit up with a big smile. St. Mary's had again proved its worth. It offered a place where Santals could come to be united in the strong bonds of Catholic Matrimony, and receive the blessing of Mother Church. The house of God was always open to them. They could come on Sundays and feast days to participate in the celebrations of the Church and to be reinvigorated from the perennial springs of Faith and devotion.

A proof of this was given on the recent feast of Christ the King, when many of Father Creane's Santal parishioners flocked to St. Mary's (Turn to page 308)

The Light of Japan

The Mission Intention for December

AT present writing the Catholic Press of America has evinced a justifiable excitement over the publication from Vatican City of a canard by the Associated Press, stating that the Vatican had thrown in its lot with Japan against China and had instructed its missionaries in China itself to cooperate with Japan against Communism. A day later, the Associated Press, the United Press, and the International News Service, issued complete official denials. In addition to a further denial, made by the Apostolic Delegate of the United States, Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, the Vatican semi-official news service published this statement:

"News has been distributed in America and published under sensational headlines that the Vatican seeks to abet the fight against Communism in Japanese favor.

"Instructions to this effect are said to have been issued to representatives of the Holy See in the Far East. Both pieces of news are absolutely false and have been officially denied by Archbishop Giuseppe Pizzardo (Under-Secretary for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs), Monsignor Tardini (Under-Secretary of State), and Archbishop Celso Costantini (Secretary of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith)."

The political absurdities inherent in this story of themselves should have forced the Associated Press to check and suspect its authenticity. That this was not done is a proof either of a deliberate attempt to deceive the American people in regard to the Vatican policy of strict neutrality in the present Sino-Japanese conflict or of the penchant peculiar to so many non-Catholic lay minds, for completely confusing the religious purposes of the Church of Christ with purely political manoeuverings.

At this time, therefore, it might be instructive for the Associated Press to learn the real and complete objective of the Catholic Church in regard to Japan. This is stated in the Mission Intention for December. This is that the citizens of the Empire of the Rising Sun may catch the glow of the true Light eternal and acknowledge both the true God and Jesus Christ Whom He has sent.

To date, sad to say, Japan has the unenviable distinction of being the one country in the world where the Catholic Faith has progressed most slowly. Out of a total 68,000,000 inhabitants in the Japanese Empire, little more than 105,000 are Catholics. In the light of the acknowledged growth and success of the Japanese missions in the past, and in the face of continued and strenuous missionary activity, since the proclamation of religious liberty in modern times, the state of the Japanese Church is a disheartening paradox. However, perhaps this very lack of success will enable us at least to appreciate the difficulties with which our missionaries must contend. These may be reduced to the following: the prescriptive rights enjoyed by Shintoism, politically, socially and religiously; freedom of worship which is only too frequently neutralized or even destroyed by

popular, civic and nationalistic prejudices; the state monopoly over primary schools as provided for in the Constitution; the enmity of Protestant sects and the ubiquitous anti-Christian propaganda. Is it any wonder that progress has been slow?

Unlike other countries, mass conversions in Japan are an unknown phenomenon. Here converts are made one by one. In 1934-35, Catholicity increased from 103,271 to 105,660, an increase of 2,389, in contradistinction to an increase of 2,778 for the preceding year. Of these converts, 457 were from the Diocese of Tokio, 220 from Osaka, and 215 from Sapporo. We make no mention of the Diocese of Nagasaki where, as is well known, there reside about 55,000 Faithful, all, or nearly all, descendants of the converts of the seventeenth century, whose ancestors remained loyal to the Faith during three centuries of persecution. The balance of Catholics in Japan represent the Church's growth in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. However, though few in numbers, the Japanese converts form a most representative intellectual elite. Drawn by a desire for a more spiritual life, many have come over even from Protestantism. Indeed the high character of the Japanese Catholics has today, in the estimation of Monsignor Castanier, Most Reverend Bishop of Osaka, everywhere impressed itself upon the pagan Japanese mind.

Perhaps the most hopeful augury for an increase in numbers in the near future has been the recent decision from Rome settling once and for all the disturbing question of state ritual. Whereas before this decision Catholic missionaries were wont to forbid pupils to bow to the statue of the Emperor on the presumption that such obeisance was idolatry, and as a result drew upon our Catholic schools the charge that they were anti-nationalistic, pupils may now freely pay respect in this manner, since in the judgment of the Holy See, they are merely pledging civic loyalty or political homage.

Often at sundown, His Excellency, the Right Reverend John A. Ross, S.J., Bishop of Hiroshima, strolls in and out and up and around one of the ancient burial grounds of old Japan. In this atmosphere, alone with memories of the pagan past, the difficulties which we have already enumerated seem to bear down His Excellency and to force on his already overburdened consciousness the superhuman difficulties of his task. Among these silent tombstones, "eloquent witnesses to the fact that the soul of Japan has been for a millennium Buddhistic in the innermost depths of its being, who am I," he says, "and who are we Catholic missionaries to cross swords with this mighty spirit of the past and to snatch from its grip the coming generations of a great nation?" Assuredly, there is need for a modern David to cope with this ancient Goliath of Buddhism, and, yet, in the Providence of God each single Catholic missionary in Japan can be just that, another David, and can conquer as did David of old in the name of the Lord of Hosts. So be it.

Afield with American Jesuits

AMERICAN INDIANS

On September 8, the Oregon Province of the Society of Jesus, lost one of its zealous young missionaries in the person of **Father Charles L. O'Brien, S.J.** He was only forty years old at the time of his death which came after a sharp attack of appendicitis at Sacred Heart Hospital, Havre, Montana. Father O'Brien had been stationed at the Church of St. Jude in Havre since October, 1936, and from there he attended the Indian missions at Fort Belknap and Rocky Boy, and also the missions of Big Sandy and Box Elder. He also paid a weekly mission visit to the C.C.C. Camp on Beaver Creek. In all of these places he did splendid spiritual work in a zealous but quiet way and endeared himself to all by his kindness and cheerfulness.

Father Charles O'Brien was born in Lowell, Mass., on July 14, 1897. His father, who resides in Missoula, is the Hon. Patrick J. O'Brien of the Legal Department of the Forestry Service. Charles O'Brien attended Loyola High School in Missoula. On July 17, 1914, he entered the Society of Jesus at the Novitiate in Los Gatos, California, and pronounced his first vows of the Religious life two years later. After the usual course of classical and scientific studies, three years philosophy, three years teaching in college and three years theology, he was ordained to the priesthood. After two years of further training, he exercised the ministry in Lewiston, Idaho, in Missoula, Montana, in Pendleton, Oregon, coming to Havre last October.

* * *

Dodging boulders and badger holes, **Father Robert J. Kane, S.J.**, makes his regular trips from Family, Montana (headquarters of Holy Family Mission), to Reevis where he instructs a small band of Blackfeet Indian children. Introducing Father Kane:

"Among the baptismal records of Holy Family Mission are found several proving that Father De Smet had baptized a number of the Blackfeet during his short stay among the Indians. Later on came Father Prando, Father Damiani and other zealous men confirming the labors of Father De Smet and bringing others into the Church. Now the great work which these noble men performed was nothing less than teaching the catechism to the Blackfeet nation. This same work goes on today in the Mission school and also in the rural schools of which there are about twenty-five on the Blackfeet Reservation. Thanks to the kindness of the Government officials of this Reservation the greatest liberty is granted to visit these schools and teach catechism to the Indian children.

"One of these rural schools, called the Reevis, after an Indian by that name, is situated on the Two Medicine River about fifteen miles from Holy Family Mission.

"About 11:00 A.M., I leave the Mission for the Reevis school, generally accompanied by two mission boys who are members of the Altar Sodality. A trip like this is a reward for their faithfulness in studying the Mass prayers. After spinning along the highway with the greatest of ease, I turn off the smooth concrete road to travel over the rough bumpy prairies where boulders abound and badger holes must be avoided—else the machine will be jarred and jolted unmercifully. There are the deep coulees filled with drifted snow into which a car could sink out of sight and remain there until the spring thaw.

"On one of my trips to this school during the month of February, 1936, I was caught in a terrible blizzard and was marooned for two days in a cabin on the prairies where I had taken refuge for the night. Had I not been able to find this house this article would never have been written. So such a trip has its thrills and its chills as well as its dangers. After an hour's ride, that is, when the going is clear, and an hour and a half or all day when the traveling is difficult, I come in view of the school at the bottom of the hill near the Two Medicine River.



"On September 8, the Oregon Province of the Society of Jesus lost one of its zealous young missionaries in the person of **Father Charles L. O'Brien, S.J.**"

Here is where I put the car in on low, for a coast down such a hill would be at the cost of a machine and perhaps a life. I step into the school house, while the youngsters greet me with their usual, 'Hello Father!' The lesson opens with the Our Father and then I proceed to ask a few questions about the old lesson. After asking several questions or more to see if the children understood the previous lesson, I proceed with the explanation of the next Commandment. The time I take for one instruction generally lasts about forty-five minutes. At the end of the class I have all the children again recite the Our Father and Hail Mary together, and this ends the instruction.

"Some may say: 'Why all this trouble and expense for twelve children?'

"It is an expense and difficulties of travel are not wanting, but if the missionary were to measure his efforts according to the number of souls under his charge, he would do little for the Kingdom of Heaven. However, whether the souls are few or many, God is pleased if His great command: 'Go teach all nations,' is carried out."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Bishop's House, Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Philippines, **Most Reverend James T. G. Hayes, S.J.**, writes:

"Thanks very much for that stringless gift. It is doubly welcome at this time—vacation in the States—when few are the letters and gifts that come our way. In June we began another year and all our schools are in full swing, more flourishing than ever, thank God. The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary are now permanently stationed in Jimenez and Oroquieta and are living in the old *convento* which houses the schools on the first floor and quarters for the Sisters on the upper floor. We had to build two new *conventos*, small but convenient, for the Father in each place. **Father George Willmann's** sister is one of the Sisters in Oroquieta, and is doing very wonderful work with the Catechism Centers. All the Fathers report a big increase in the number of pupils in the parochial schools. Our diocesan high schools are growing almost too fast for our resources. Both places are already too small! God is blessing our work and we must trust Him to help us for the future.

"I shall offer holy Mass for those mentioned in your letter. May the Lord reward them!"

* * *

Father Augustine Consunji, S.J., writes from his new Mission at Plaridel, Plaridel, Occidental Misamis:

"As my little band of musicians, who enliven attendance at Mass and

farflung municipalities, and myself were coming back home one noontime we saw many people gathered at a house called by the Visayans *Federacion*. Many wild stories had been told about these people, including the fact that they worship a certain individual named Moncado as God, because, as they assert, he knows them without ever having seen them personally. Likewise, they are accused of talking to their dead and it has even been asserted that the dead answer them back. Their practices are not devoid of the suspicion of much immorality. These people seem to be increasing in numbers in my district, and when I inquired the cause of their popularity, I was informed that it was due to the fact that their religion teaches them to be patient and to avoid above all things discussions about religion. Their leaders specialize in the Visayan dialect. One particular effect on myself has been to make me prepare my own Visayan talks more carefully.

"Yesterday, we had the burial of one of the Principals of the Public High School. All the Principals of the district and all the teachers likewise were present. I gave them two talks in Visayan, one in the church and the other in the cemetery. They requested me to give a third talk in English because they stated English was the official language of their profession. I did so and yesterday and today gave them three more talks. It is my only way of keeping in contact with them and of alienating them from the *Federacion*. One good encouraging bit of news is the fact that the chief of the orchestra of the Aglipayans has come back to the old Catholic Church, and this afternoon while I am scribbling these lines I can hear him practicing my little orchestra. The band master of the Aglipayans is due to return one of these days to the Catholic Church but has not done so as yet."

* * *

Scattered notes from the Mindanao missions inform us that **Father Andrew Cervini, S.J.**, does not wax enthusiastic over horseback riding, especially after dark. **Father Austin Dowd, S.J.**, has gone from Malaybalay for a visit to Manila for medical consultation. At Mambajao, under the instruction of **Father John Pollock, S.J.**, the people have put a beautiful facade on the church.

Bishop Hayes has completed his pastoral visitation of Camiguin islands during which, in three weeks, he visited four large towns and four *barrios*. These parishes are managed by Father Pollock and three secular priests. The people are all Catholic and a fine spirit exists between the priest and the people. According to reports from Manila nearly nine thousand were confirmed, mainly babes in arms, but also many adults. The Bishop opened his visit in each parish with a procession, Mass

and sermon and then distributed one thousand Communions. In one town there were one thousand, one hundred confirmed in one day. This is done usually in four shifts a day with about two hundred in each shift. The Bishop gives an instruction before each sermon, not an easy task when one realizes that babies are yelling and people are talking. Here each baby or child or adult is accompanied by his parents and one or two sponsors, so that if two hundred children are to be confirmed you have about eight hundred persons in the church or chapel. The Bishop begins the ceremony by calling at the top of his voice: '*lingkud ang tanan*' which means 'all sit down.' When the bedlam ceases, the Bishop gives an instruction in Visayan for ten minutes. Then begin the prayers and the continuation of the Confirmation



A home missionary in North Carolina. Father Andrew Vernon Graves, S.J., of the Province of Maryland-New York, who may be reached at the following address: Church of the Little Flower, Box 183—Route No. 3, Marshall, North Carolina.

ceremony. After each has been confirmed he or she returns to the benches if there are any and waits until the last child has been anointed. There are more prayers in Latin and then the Bishop announces in Visayan: '*Tapus and.*' 'It is finished.' Soaked through and through with perspiration, His Excellency then rushes to some secluded spot, if he can find one, for a change of vestments, after which he is ready for the next round. While very consoling, the work is hard. To answer even a tiniest fraction of all the petitions made to the Bishop in his different parishes, His Excellency would have to be at least a millionaire."

BRITISH HONDURAS

In a letter dated October 12, His Excellency, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., now in his eightieth year, writes from Belize, British Honduras:

"Freakish as my heart is with odd

tricks every day, I was able to give Confirmation on the tenth in the Cathedral here to over one hundred boys. The preaching was done by Father Superior, Very Reverend **Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J.**; I was seated during the whole ceremony, the only trouble being the occasional lifting of my hand to the foreheads of the larger boys; and there was no weakness or bad after-result, thank God. We are all, excepting myself, of course, very well and very busy, and all including myself are very happy with all God's blessings upon us. All that we need is a little money, but in that we have company all over the world."

CHINA

Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., of the California Province, has for some time been the only American Jesuit stationed at Catholic Mission, Shuyang, Ku., China. Under date of August 22, he sends us the following interesting letter:

"Many thanks for your very welcome letter of July 7 with check enclosed. It safely ran the blockade of water that has quite effectively cut communications of Shuyang with the outside world for most of the past three weeks.

"Here in Shuyang we hardly know just how the war is progressing. The latest news we have from Shanghai, a Shanghai paper dated August 10, is almost two weeks old. A local bi-weekly sheet, one page, in Chinese, purports to give radio excerpts of what is going on, but they are so jejune and so frequently proved exaggerated, if not false, that one must wait from three days to a week to check up on them and form one's own judgment. I hardly believe that the war will affect Shuyang directly, apart from conscripting her sons. We are too far without the march of things important. Neither railway stations nor decent bus lines, nor airdromes, nor political or economic or military importance have we to attract the Japanese to shower us with their expensive bombs. And yet the poor people have already had two bomb panics. Wild rumors, together with the encircling of the city by two Chinese planes mistaken for Japanese ones, caused the poor people not yet driven from their homes by the flood, to join the long line of these latter in their diaspora.

"Yes, a flood we have with us, as I indicated above. The worst local one, for such it seems to be, the gray-beards can remember. The river, which flanks the shoe-string city of Shuyang rose so high that the water climbed several feet up the city walls, necessitating the sandbagging of the gates. Its waters had hardly subsided, after flooding many parts of the countryside where the dikes broke through, when another flood came up across the fields from the south. These waters



Father Paul C. Joehl, S.J., American Jesuit of Patna Mission, was ordained to the holy priesthood at Kurseong, India, November, 1937.

were so high and of such volume that, besides covering the fields with from three to six feet of water, as they entered the Shuyang River they caused the current to flow backwards with the speed of high tide coming in at its best.

"Your kind wish that I have a companion is now happily realized. Father Mark Falvey, S.J., has generously left his work of four years standing in Shanghai to begin life anew at forty and devote it to the less glamorous pathways of the bushes. His sacrifice may be better realized if we consider that Father Falvey, teaching English branches in Shanghai, has had no opportunity, as we Scholastics have had, to learn Chinese; he must begin this study from its elements. It is my hope that when he can get along well enough to hold a post, that Superiors will permit us to divide our inheritance. We may then more intensively cultivate this too big little corner of Christ's Yellow Vineyard.

"This year forebodes to be a momentous one in Chinese history. Certainly the Chinese Nationalist Government has faced no such crisis since it came to power almost ten years ago. How it can weather well the war even under the able leadership of Chiang-Kai-shek is a difficult question. No matter what happens, China is too big and of too great vitality, it seems to me, to be downed and not rise again. But, however sure may be the reassertion of China in the years to come, we appear to be on the brink of a disaster that may knock us around quite seriously. Our Bishop, Monsignor Haouisee, S.J., has ordered the Collects of the Sacred Heart to be said by the priests in all their Masses, and the Litanies of the Sacred Heart to be recited at Mass by the Faithful until the crisis is passed. May the friends of Chinese Missions join us in these prayers that the work of the missions may not again receive the setback it did during the revolution in 1911, and the Nationalist rising in 1927."

PATNA, INDIA

During the latter part of November, three members of the Chicago Province of the Society of Jesus were ordained at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India, and thus Patna Mission has an increase of three priests. We are sure that our readers join us in offering the newly ordained priests heartiest congratulations and best wishes for a long missionary career in India. The newly ordained are Fathers Paul C. Joehl, S.J., Vincent McGlinchy, S.J., and Patrick Smith, S.J.

Father Paul C. Joehl, S.J., was born January 6, 1905, and received his early education in Alton, Illinois, and entered the Society of Jesus on September 2, 1925. He made his early studies at Florissant, Missouri, and at St. Louis University, and went to Patna



Father Vincent McGlinchy, S.J., an American Jesuit, one of Patna Mission's newly ordained priests. Elevated to the holy priesthood at Kurseong, India, November, 1937.

Mission in October, 1930. For a time he was stationed at Khrist Raja High School in Bettiah where he carried on the work of teaching and also that of superintendent in the Hostel. Later, he was Head Master of the Middle English School at Chuhari, in which work he was most successful. Father Joehl was also the author of a Hindi translation and adaptation of a work entitled, "Jesus and I," which was written by Father Aloysius Heeg, S.J. Father Joehl is a most devoted and able worker and the future holds much promise for him in Patna Mission.

Father Vincent McGlinchy, S.J., was born on July 8, 1903, and entered the Society of Jesus on March 12, 1926. He went to India as a missionary in October, 1932, and from that time until he began his theological studies he was stationed at the Middle English School in Bettiah where he was extraordinarily successful. Father McGlinchy radiates geniality and he should prove to be a very wonderful missionary in Patna in the years to come.

Father Patrick Smith, S.J., was born on March 17, 1906, in India. He entered the Society of Jesus on December 22, 1924. His novitiate and his philosophical studies were made at Shembaganur in the Madura District. His teaching years were spent at Khrist Raja High School in Patna Mission. The fact that Father Smith knows India well, together with his cheerful disposition and his generous zeal, promise a fine career for him as a missionary in the years to come.

* * *

A *Fides Service* report from Rome, dated September 18, notes the increase of mission activity in Patna Diocese, India:

"The 1937 statistics for the diocese of Patna, India, of which the American Jesuits are in charge, give the figures of the present Catholic population at 19,051. This represents an increase of 2,668 over the number given in the report made in August, 1936. The Mission now has a personnel of 25 Jesuit priests (two less than last year), 10 Jesuit Scholastics and 5 Jesuit Brothers. Six diocesan priests are working in the Mission and 13 diocesan seminarists (two more than last year) are preparing for work in the Mission. There are 119 catechists and 181 teachers on the Mission staff.

"The 1937 report shows that there is an increase in educational activities. The number of schools has increased from 83 to 126, with a total of 3,718 pupils. The Mission has two industrial schools and one normal training school. There are 648 orphans in the 14 orphanages of the Mission and 124 inmates in the 16 homes for the aged. The Mission's medical dispensaries treated 42,901 cases in the course of the year."



Father Patrick Smith, S.J., entered the Society of Jesus in India, as a member of Patna Mission in 1924. He was ordained to the holy priesthood at Kurseong, November, 1937.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Encouraging reports from Jamaica come in the form of an account given in *The Catholic Opinion* for October of the First Communion ceremony held for the children of Port Royal Garrison. It describes work being done among the more fortunate children.

"Sunday morning, September 5, found the sleepy hamlet of Port Royal by the sea, astir at an early hour. Alarm clocks had been set for around 5:30 and soon after this hour a dozen or more youthful faces were being put through the painful process of an extra special scrubbing. Brand new suits and frocks were being donned; all was bustle and preparation; even daddy struggling into an immaculate stiff collar and tie forgot in his excitement to grumble at the absence of his drop o' gunfire tea. Shortly before seven a giant bus rolled past Harmony Corner into the square, and was soon on its journey over the long sea road into Kingston, bearing with it the dozen or so boys and girls, fresh as new pins, with their mummies and daddies and others of the Port Royal Garrison.

"The great occasion was the Garrison children's First Holy Communion and they were on their way to eight o'clock Mass at Holy Trinity Cathedral. The party was met at North Street by **Father Joseph Countie, S.J.**, and Sisters from Duke Street Convent, and ushered to reserved seats in front of the high altar.

"The little ones had manifestly been well and truly prepared for the great sacrament, for their attentiveness and devout bearing throughout were most creditable. Their faces shone with suppressed excitement mingled with childish awe at the splendor of the vast Cathedral and the high altar and the singing of the great Cathedral choir. Father Countie delivered a special address after the Gospel which was primarily directed to the children whose great day it was, but equally touching for every adult in the congregation. He told them how pleased God must be that they should have come such a long way and so early in the morning to receive Him for the first time, but see how God Himself had likewise come a long way to them right down from Heaven to do good for everybody and particularly the children for whom He had a special affection.

"The children filed up to the altar rails under the guidance of the Sisters. Watching from the body of the Cathedral, one felt that many a prayer was being breathed on all sides that, in the years to come, so fraught with perils and temptations, these little chaps with bowed heads and serious faces, and their little sisters so demure and dainty in their snowy veils, would cherish before all things a great love for their Heavenly Father Whom they were receiving into their innocent hearts that day."

IRAQ

What others think of *Al Baghdadi* may be gathered in part from the following tribute printed in the Boston diocesan paper, *The Pilot*, for October 23, 1937. We commend it to our readers:

"Out from the land of the storied East arrives the fall issue of that stimulating and cleverly arranged journal, *Al Baghdadi*, issued by the American Jesuits of Baghdad College in distant Iraq. To those of our readers who are acquainted with this most appealing and highly interesting mission letter, words are indeed useless. However, if there has been anyone unfortunate enough to have been outside the mailing list of *Al Baghdadi*, we hasten to assure you that you have been sorely neglected. Certainly you should obtain a copy of this journal which gives an inside picture of the happenings in and around Baghdad College. This institution has been entrusted by the Holy Father to the care of the American Jesuits and especially to the men within the New England Province.

"Bearing all the tang and mystical allure of the desert, the land of Babylon with its fascination and romantic color, comes this interesting paper. It takes us behind the lines, as it were, to live side by side and see the daily happenings and adventures that occur to those who have pitched their tents by the banks of the Tigris. Not the least enjoyable part of this paper are the cleverly drawn pen sketches that fill its pages. They enliven the already thrilling tales of that strange, weird land whose very name bespeaks enchantment.

"The trials, hardships, and even discouragements are lightly passed over with a genuine and hearty sense of good humor. Under the title, 'Midsummer Madness'—we see the many difficulties that accompany the prepa-

ration of the copy as it wends its way to the States. We smile as we read of the interest and enthusiasm of the Fathers as they endeavor to introduce an orderly system into the writing of *Baghdadi*. One is reminded that at the penning of this paper, it is summer in Iraq. Enough—for all know the usual temperature prevailing in that sun-scorched land. By way of example, Father reports 'that the heat was so intense that the natives had to lay down their tools. One man keeled right over—this being the first case of sunstroke ever heard of in Iraq. Ordinarily the people can keep on working in the sun when the temperature is one hundred and sixty degrees, as long as the humidity is normal.' No comment is necessary!

"After expressing their usual grateful appreciation to all their friends and benefactors they return to what the early Church describes as the *locum refrigerii, lucis et pacis*."

ALASKA

The September issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* featured an article entitled, "Father Tom's Kingdom." It was the story of **Father Tom Cunningham, S.J.**, whose work with the Eskimos isolates him on Diomed Island from early fall of one year to early summer of the year following. From July to September, Father manages to get to the mainland. Here is a letter he sent from Nome, Alaska, under date of September 23:

"This is in answer to your two letters of this summer. The Masses will be taken care of and I sincerely thank you for the help you so generously send me from time to time. The boxes of altar material and woolen goods also arrived in first-class condition and for these also please accept my thanks. The delay in answering your first letter was caused by the fact that I



These Indian cattle of Jamaica, B.W.I., have a penchant for palms. This is not so intense, however, as the penchant our missionaries of Jamaica have for Indian cattle.

have been in Nome very little this summer. I was late coming over from the island and I have been away since then until about three weeks ago.

"I am going back to Diomedé in three days but will return to Nome before the freeze-up. I will be out of circulation, so to speak, from October 12 till next July. I have now my own boat, so I am independent of the odd freighter or government boat that does service to my island. I will be glad to get back to Diomedé for another winter, though, knowing what it's like, the proposition has me scared a trifle."

* * *

Father Augustine J. Coudeyre, S.J., accompanied His Excellency, Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, on a recent visit to Rome. He was acting as the Bishop's secretary. At first there seemed no probability that he would be able to obtain an audience, but he was advised to accompany the Bishop to the Holy Father's summer home. The Bishop would then request the Holy Father to grant his secretary an audience. All that the latter had to do was to be in readiness close by the audience room. Father Coudeyre describes what happened:

"We arrived at about 10:30 A.M. The audience was scheduled for eleven o'clock. As we entered the antechamber, we were met by the chamberlain in full reception attire. The Bishop presented his letter, summoning him to a private audience with His Holiness. I carried with me a small valise containing rosaries, medals, etc., to be blessed. It was taken from me and I was told to stay in the antechamber while the Bishop was hurried past several audience chambers to the room of the Holy Father. I noticed that a Monsignor had emptied my grip of all the articles and was collecting them on a large silver plate, evidently to get the blessing of the Holy Father.

"The Bishop had already been in

private audience for fully ten minutes when there was a commotion amongst the guards of the antechamber and I was signalled to hurry up. I was to receive the blessing of the Holy Father, but more than that, I was to be privileged to be with him and the Bishop for a longer visit.

"The Monsignor opened the door of the Holy Father's room. I made with him the customary bows and genuflections when I found myself at the feet of the Holy Father, kissed his ring, and waited while the Bishop introduced me.

"It's forty-three years ago, Your Holiness, that I took Father Coudeyre to the western missions of Alaska, and this is the first time that he returns to France."

"I congratulate you," replied the Holy Father, turning to me as I stood close by him as he was seated at his desk, "for your fidelity and constancy in your mission work."

"I surmised that the Holy Father understood that I had been in Alaska all those years.

"I have read a great deal on the missions of Alaska," said the Holy Father. "The country was not unknown to me, for the guide I had on my excursions to the Alps was the same that had served as a guide to the Duke of Abruzzi when the latter explored Alaska."

"He referred also to the flight of General Nobili to Alaska and to his landing at Nome, and he wanted to know whether any one of us had met him.

"Hard country," he continued, "the distances for the missionary to cover, the snow, the ice, the cold to overcome. I am very much interested in Alaska and its missions."

"He presented the Bishop with a package of pictures blessed by himself, but before handing the package to him, he took out one picture and presented it to me, saying, 'I want to

give you this personally.' I then asked the Holy Father to bless all my sisters and brothers in France, and he was very much interested to hear that I had a sister in Paris who was four years old when I left home and has three children.

"I bless them all," he replied, "all I can bestow on them, yes, my blessing to them and to all their intentions."

"He returned to the subject of Alaska and was much pleased to hear of the work done by the missionaries.

"Father Coudeyre looks like a young man," said Bishop Crimont, "and you will not guess his age."

"How old are you?" interrupted His Holiness turning to me.

"I am sixty-two years old, Your Holiness."

"Well, you look healthy," and, turning to the Bishop, he inquired from him his age.

"I am about your age," replied the Bishop. It was then that the two of them looked at each other with pleased recollection, talking about the past, and His Holiness remarked: "Well, Bishop, you look so well yourself."

"We told the Holy Father that we intended to visit some of the Apostolic Schools when we returned to France. He approved our plan heartily.

"Yes, speak to those boys about the missions and the need of more missionaries. I bless you. Keep up the good work of those Alaskan missions."

"We kissed his ring and departed. I can never forget that morning of September 28, 1937."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., writes to tell us that quite a few persons sent him literature after his letter appeared in the September issue of *Jesuit Missions*. At that time Father was stationed at Holy Cross Mission, Wikwemikong, Ontario. He has since that time been transferred to St. Andrew's Rectory, Port Arthur, and he tells us that he needs literature there even more than in his former Mission. That his present Mission is quite strenuous is evident from the following lines taken from his letter:

"This is my first time 'all on my own.' I take the Indian missions in four different directions from Port Arthur. My Indians number about one thousand, and I will have twenty-three missions to attend to. Six of these I visit every five weeks and the rest at intervals. Some places have only a few families and will not get the priest more than once or twice a year. To add all the railways in one line, I would have six hundred and fifty-one miles of it, and that, of course, does not include the return trip, nor the side excursions by boat and bush which would add a bit. That is a big job for a young and inexperienced man, but I hope by the aid of my friends' prayers to do the work."



Blackfeet Indian children of Reeves, Montana, who receive their catechetical instruction from Father Robert J. Kane, S.J., of Holy Family Mission, which is fifteen miles distant from Reeves.



Jesuit Missions

Editorial & Business Offices
257 FOURTH AVE.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Reader and Subscriber:

Last Winter, as I was leaving Manila, the Superior of the American Jesuit missionaries in the Philippine Islands, asked that I plead with their friends, our subscribers, especially for prayers. He assured me that the missionaries' success depended very largely on prayer, and that much of the success they have had has been due to prayer.

As Christmas draws near it is my privilege to tell our readers and subscribers how much their cooperation, in prayer and financial help, has been appreciated by the missionaries, and by the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS. Were it not for your friendship and support the missions would have suffered dreadfully, and JESUIT MISSIONS would probably cease to be.

Happy then am I to give proof of the appreciation that is felt. That proof will be a Novena of Masses, to end on Christmas day, for all readers and subscribers, all our friends and benefactors. As I stand at the Altar each day of the Novena, and especially at midnight on Christmas, I shall plead with the Infant Savior that yours may be a truly holy and happy Christmas, and that He shower upon you His choicest graces and blessings.

May I make just one request? Please read my letter of December first sent to every subscriber. I am confident you will answer it to the best of your ability. Again - a holy and happy Christmas to you and yours.

Faithfully in our Lord,

(Rev.) E. PAUL AMY, S.J.
Business Editor.

Read JESUIT MISSIONS, *the illustrated mission magazine.*

Sea, Sails and Sunshine

Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J.

THIS is an article for people who are interested in boys, in God's great outdoors, and in every phase of missionary activity. It is about Catholic Scouting and how it is done in the American tropics.

A howitzer-like barrage of questions beat a steady tattoo on the ear drums of Scout Master Brother John M. Jacoby, S.J., who every now and then smiled benign assent to his Scouts' enthusiastic conjectures about the two weeks Scouting expedition to San Pedro, a colorful little sea town on Ambergris Caye, five hours out of Belize. His smile broadened as he chatted on with his quizzical charges. Yes, he thought the weather would continue fair for the next fortnight. Did he think it would be necessary to bring rubber boots along? No, he did not think so. And would there be an interesting and varied program of outdoor games for their entertainment? Yes, he supposed that there would. Well, then, had he seriously considered trolling the blue waters of the Caribbean for barracuda and kingfish? No, he really could not say that he had. In fact, he would say nothing final about the routine of camp life until it actually got under way.

They were all so unsatisfying, these vague replies to their well-intentioned queries, that the youngsters concluded their leader was trying to keep something from them. On two points, however, they did detect a note of definiteness in his marks: He pleaded with them always to be true to their pledged word. He insisted that it was their bounden duty to live these two weeks as loyal Catholic Scouts—by keeping physically fit, mentally alert, and morally straight. For the rest, he was lenient, encouraging, quite ready to make exceptions, to deal sympathetically with difficulties, and to answer questions, though in his accustomed non-committal way.

IF Scout Master Jacoby's evasiveness was disconcerting, it at least had the advantage of being practical as well as tactful. For he knew that the less revealing his observations were, the more elastic could be his plans. Besides, if the youngsters were ignorant of what lay ahead, there would be more of what every normal boy longs for—adventure. Fourteen days of the sun and the sea, and fourteen nights of white sails in the moonlight would satisfy every youthful yearning for outdoor life in the tropics, where bush and waterway combine to make the lowlands an adventurer's paradise.

Adventure was in the very dawn that broke grey and drizzly over the squally Caribbean as twenty-five Boy Scouts in uniform knelt at Mass in Holy Redeemer



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

Cathedral on the morning of their departure from Belize, May 17. After Mass many a glance was cast heavenward in search of a silver lining, and many a prayer was sent in the same direction before the khaki-clad lads shouldered their luggage and provisions, and made their way between the raindrops to the river landing, where the sea-going *Apollo* was awaiting them. All hopped aboard to be rocked thirty miles over troubled waters to their destination.

SAN PEDRO, in a bravery of resplendent sunshine, was shimmering against its thousands of coconut trees when they arrived. Despite the blinding noonday glare the task of unloading was begun in real earnest. In real earnest, too, was everything put in order at the Father's residence, where a substantial table came speedily into being during the afternoon, and at the schoolhouse, where by evening an improvised dormitory had been made ready for immediate use. But before the sandman could claim the laborers' weary limbs, enough cocoa and fried Spanish mackerel was consumed to appease their insatiable hunger, at least until morning. Under the burning Southern Cross all slept the sleep of the just, trailing clouds of star dust to their dreams.

Not everything a city dandy could want is to be had at San Pedro: no electric refrigeration, high-powered motorcars, nor even a current movie thriller to speed the interminable hours of a dull evening. But there is quite enough to make glad the heart of a genuine

Boy Scout. There is, for instance, the sea—dazzling blue far out in the deep, and purple and lilac and jade the nearer you approach to shore. There are the rows of thatched-roof houses, huddling in the mellow light of a full moon and a companionate star. There are the curved coconut trees, the omnipresent bougain-villaea, and the delightful trade winds that sweep constantly over the caye. Yes, there is much beauty at San Pedro; there is much that speaks to the Scout of God.

OWING, however, to the rather cramped quarters of the residence at San Pedro, only twenty-five Scouts could be accommodated this spring, though many more would like to have availed themselves of the splendid opportunities for Catholic Action in God's great outdoors under the watchful eye of a Jesuit priest, a Jesuit Brother, and two Jesuit Scholastics, all deeply interested in their welfare. The wholesome influence of a Catholic camp was denied many because of financial difficulties, while a few were prevented from joining in the fun by full-time jobs. During the early part of the coming year Brother Jacoby intends to present a Scout play in hopes that the proceeds thereof will pave the way for an enlargement program at the camp. Other wrinkles, too, remain to be ironed out, but they will have to be attended to as time and opportunity will permit.

So minutely worked out was the Scouting schedule this year, and so well conducted were its various phases, that every moment of the time spent between leaving and arriving back home was occupied by some Scouting activity calculated to benefit each boy in a way that left much room for enjoyment. Every morning reveille was sounded, after which Holy Mass was attended by all. Breakfast followed, at which plans for the forenoon were discussed, and then a busy half hour before the morning game. Out of the suggestions offered at the midday meal developed an amazing number of possibilities for the afternoon recreation. Treasure hunts were executed with all the atmosphere of a pirate quest—doubloons, pieces of eight, wild deeds upon the Spanish Main, and all. There were trips to cocals, coral beds, and places of interest along Ambergris littoral. All were eager to enter the woodcraft, signaling, and life-saving contests, many even sacrificing their play time to compete in the essay contest held every day in an effort to

stimulate their powers of observation. In short, activities which combined work and play, and which called for alertness, determination, and resourcefulness, were painstakingly planned and ingeniously carried through.

ONE unmistakable benefit of this arrangement was the solid training it gave the boys for the future along the lines of self-reliance and cheerful performance of duties demanded of them as social beings, Scouting's two great ideals. The community life of a Scout Camp, they learned, was an excellent testing ground to prepare themselves well for the struggles that lay ahead in an adult world. To many a boy, Scouting has given a practical education, and to not a few it has afforded a vocation. They might recall, for example, how Fred



"San Pedro, in a bravery of resplendent sunshine, was shimmering against its thousands of coconut trees when they arrived."

Waring, the popular orchestra leader, got his first yen for music when called upon by his Scout Master to blast away on the troop's bugle. And what was the weapon they could use even now to ensure success later on? Their daily Good Turn, done not for any praise from their comrades and Scout Master, but for Him who reads the innermost secrets of all hearts. No great strain on the intellect is required to comprehend the heroism that must have prompted an ambitious twelve-year-old to remain after his assigned work was finished to polish plates and saucers in the dim light of a lantern, in order that his group might gain extra merit for thorough work. Yet, this is but one example of the many that could be cited to illustrate the type of Good Turn performed by the Catholic Scouts at San Pedro, and to explain why it was that such a fine spirit of brotherhood prevailed on Ambergris Caye last Maytide.

Another factor that contributed mightily to the splendid esprit de corps was the per- (Turn to page 308)

NEW BOOKS

Central Catholic Library Catalogue

It will be both a consolation and an inspiration for directors of Catholic book clubs and circulating libraries of the United States to read of the success attending the Central Catholic Library in Melbourne, Australia. To this Library, begun only a few years ago and now in possession of sixteen thousand volumes with a circulation by mail of more than one thousand books a week, is due in no small measure in the words of His Excellency, Most Reverend Dr. Mannix, Bishop of Melbourne, the active, alert and chivalrous interest in and defense of things Catholic which is today distinctive of Australian Catholics. In the words of Father William P. Hackett, S.J., Director of the Library, "We have not included fiction because it has less permanent value." Over sixty thousand books are circulated yearly. The Catalogue is arranged according to the sections into which the Library is divided. Methods of obtaining financial security have so far been mostly haphazard, but Founders and Life Members have helped greatly. To the self-sacrifice of Miss Carter and her able assistants alone is due the excellent Catalogue.

Central Catholic Library, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, one shilling.

I Also Send You

Thomas H. Moore, S.J.

The merit of this volume is manifold. Two titles to praise are first, the stability with which the Author shores up, as it were the foundations of our Christian Faith in the existence of a personal God, the historicity of the Gospels, the Messianic character and Divine Nature of Jesus of Nazareth, the establishment by Christ of one Church for all mankind, and the identification of the Catholic Church with this one Church of Christ. The second title to merit is one that is at the same time a tribute to the Author's pedagogical sense of timeliness, for he not only establishes the reasonableness of the Catholic position but by refutation uncovers the fallacious underpinnings of modern liberals whose number is nearing legion and whose influence is nothing less than baneful. While he is to be commended for vindicating once again the existence of God, he is much more to be commended for his exposition of the theses on the Church of Christ. It is inconceivable that material on this subject, material that is readable and in English, is so provokingly sparse. Given a major engagement in a war between nations, given likewise adequate reserves of ammunition, it would be inexcusable for a general not to rush these reserves to the sector that stood most in need of them and might even be frantically calling for them. And yet today the nations of the world are engaged in a major battle for the preservation of civilization. The time

for skirmishing about subsidiary and minor issues is over. Along the entire front of the fight, in every department of life, the opposing forces are linked in mortal combat and the issue is this—Christianity versus non-Christianity, or even versus anti-Christianity. As Christianity is the religion of Christ and as the religion of Christ is the religion of the One, True, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Church of Christ, then it does seem logical to expect that all the reserves of argument from reason and Revelation which are necessary to defend and to hold the Catholic teaching in regard to the Divine institution of the Catholic Church should be made available to our Catholic college men as well as to their less fortunate non-collegiate brothers and sisters. Because the Author has chosen to fill this breach that most needs filling today, we congratulate him sincerely.

Fordham University Press, New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

Think and Live

Bakewell Morrison, S.J., A.M., S.T.D., and Stephen J. Rueve, S.J., A.M., Ph.D.

The Reverend Authors of "Think and Live" in their Preface extend to the readers a gracious invitation to sit in at what they describe as "a feast of reason." Then, worried, perhaps, unduly over the effect which such a prospect may have upon Americans who refuse to think, they hasten to assure us that the menu is both varied and, while solidly substantial, is still appetizingly palatable. As the reader will find out for himself, it most assuredly offers course after course of logical vitamins. Highest praise is merited by the authors' presentation of their facts. This was their most difficult, as it was their most important problem. It was a challenge for brave minds and has been bravely met. The text is developed so as to provide the non-Catholic student in a Catholic college with instruction in the essentials of thinking and living, apart from the dogmatic tenets of the Catholic Faith. The basis for discussion is taken from parts of scholastic philosophy. There has been no appeal to faith and none at all to emotion. They have been careful to avoid anything that refers exclusively to the Church or to any of the sects. Subjects for discussion include Thinking, Certainty, Causality, Man, Evolution and God. By the method of informal exposition, the Authors seek to achieve what Dom Proface attempted and achieved in his volume, "College Men," published over a year ago. The book could well be part of an orientation course for freshmen, not only of Catholic colleges but in any college of the country. While it does not draw directly upon Revelation for support of its reasonable conclusions, it by no means avoids stressing moral applications. In fact, the approach to moral exhortations at times is very close. Witness the conclusion of the book: "Man's

dignity is above that of all the other creatures on earth, he is their lord and master. He shares with God in the possession of intelligence and will. But he is not a god. Rather he is midway between God and the lower creation. Why, then, should he demean himself, by pretending that he is a beast? By fixing his whole gaze and all his ambition on the possession of things that are beneath him? By making himself their slave? While religion is a duty, it is also a privilege—the crowning perfection of human life. Man enhances his own dignity by the adoration of his Lord and Master."

The Bruce Publishing Company, New York, N. Y., \$1.70.

The Happy Christmas Wind and Other Poems

Sister M. Madeleva

A lightsome ballad with Christmas thoughts in verse. The Author's acknowledged gift for the musical wedding of fresh viewpoints with rhythm and rhyme is exemplified not only in "The Happy Christmas Wind" itself previously published, but also, especially in "Christmas in Provence" and "A Nun Speaks to Mary." There does not seem to be one tiny fragile thought that Sister Madeleva is not capable of vocalizing with her unique gift of poetic expression. Her words are echoes of the Word Whose Nativity in the flesh she is so eager to announce to the world and even to those worldlings in whom there still lingers a semblance of good will. The Author has written her own encomium in the introductory poem itself,

"I am a happy Christmas wind;
I am courteous; I am kind.

... Of angel music, heavenly things!
I caught the song and gave it wings;

I ran across the midnight blue;
I ran across the ages, too;
I have it, have it here for you.

A Child is born for you again;
A Son is given, is given to men!
I am a singing wind. Amen."

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., fifty cents.

Communism in Spain, 1931-1936

G. M. Godden

Factual background for the joint letter of the Spanish Bishops.

America Press, New York, N. Y., five cents.

They Found Success

Daniel A. Lord, S.J.

A parable for Americans.

The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo., ten cents.

The Mass and the Liturgical Year

With questions for discussion.

Catechetical Guild, St. Paul, Minn., twenty-five cents.

CHEVROLET CONFESSIONS

(Continued from page 286)

casins, and her hair was braided in the old tribal manner. Many of the older people made their confession in Lakota, the dear language of their childhood. Lakota is a dialect like no other in the world, according to Father Eugene Buechel, S.J., of St. Francis Mission, who is an authority on Lakota. The zealous priest must spend years of patient study if he wishes to master Lakota.

When the last penitent had slipped off the front seat and had rattled the door shut, Father Grueter removed his stole and reached into the back seat of the car for his Mass kit. In the cabin of old Goes Among we spread an army blanket on the floor, and over this placed a table. Old Goes Among himself did not help us today. He sat on his cot only a few feet away from the altar. Goes Among knows only a few words of English, and these he did not wish to use this morning, for he had a bad toothache. He never dreamt of making a long trip to see a dentist, for he had no money even for food. So this morning he sat there in painful silence, holding a thin brown hand to his wrinkled cheek, staring at us as we set up the altar stone on the table.

So cramped for space are the faithful Sioux at Grass Mountain that when the priest bends over to kiss the altar in the home of Goes Among, his chasuble brushes the sooty stove in the middle of the room. But this is the largest place available. Mass is held inside, and confessions are outside in the car where the penitent can speak freely without fear of being overheard by others around the cabin.

There is no thick rug around the temporary altar at Grass Mountain. The server kneels on the floor beside the stove at his elbow. He watches the little warning bell which he will use at the *Sanctus*, and guards it lest a toddling Indian infant make off with it, or ring it at the wrong time. Luckily none did so this Sunday morning. One might have done so with impunity, for Indian mothers never punish their children, much to the dismay, sometimes, of the missionary.

After reading the Gospel, Father Grueter gave a short sermon. Tom White Hat, an interpreter, translated into Lakota what the Father said in English. It was the message which Christ meant for all peoples, Red and White. And the short, guttural sentences of Tom White Hat seemed to comfort poor Goes Among, who sat suffering on his cot in the same room where our Lord soon would be.

At the Consecration there was a blessed silence. Soon Communion was distributed, and Indian mothers received Him Who was the Babe of Bethlehem, while holding at their bosoms their own dark-haired infants.

Our Lord Who was present in the cabin of Goes Among might well receive that name Himself, according to the Sioux custom of giving names by reason of some characteristic trait or action.

His delight is to be with the children of men, to move among them, to be one of them. And He must have rejoiced when these good Sioux came to His seat of mercy in the weatherbeaten Chevrolet of Father Grueter, and received Him in Communion in the cabin of old Goes Among.

WAR OVER SHANGHAI

(Continued from page 291)

classes, which it is hoped will begin on or about September fourteenth.

For the most part, during the past week things have been fairly quiet here in the immediate vicinity of Shanghai. The Japanese have been landing troops near Woosung and at several points along the Yangtse River, and most of the fighting has been going on in those regions, some twenty miles from the city. The Japanese planes, however, continue to fly around over the city, every day dropping many bombs on the Chinese positions.

Here at Gonzaga we are having a very easy time of it compared with Father James F. Kearney, S.J., and Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., up in Nanking. In a letter from Father Kearney, received several days ago, we read that they have had over twenty air raids by the Japanese in the last two weeks, and there have been several more since the letter was written. On one day the two of them spent more than ten hours in the cellar, waiting for the "all-clear" siren. One bomb landed at the intersection in front of our place there, and several pieces dropped in the compound where the new building is going up. When that happened all the workmen silently vanished, and further operations in the line of building have been suspended. The latest reports have it that it might be necessary for all foreigners to leave Nanking, as the Japanese apparently intend to concentrate on the place. All my books, notes, trunk, etc., are still up there, and I'm getting ready to bid them a fond farewell if that happens,—which are about all the main points up to the present. There could be written many and various details, some harrowing, others amusing, but I'll leave those for future writing. These few lines will give you an idea of conditions here, and unless general hostilities begin, involving the other powers, I believe that we are safe enough here in Shanghai. Of course, there is always the possibility that a stray shell or bomb might pay a visit, but God's Providence will take care of that. Meanwhile, we are carrying on, trusting in Him and doing our best.

There is one other little thing I might add; since the fireworks started here in Shanghai, Very Reverend John Hurley, S.J., Superior of the American Jesuits in Manila, sent a cable inviting us all to come down there till the trouble blew over. So far it has not been necessary to accept his kind offer but peace hasn't been declared yet! It was very good of him to think of us. For the present, I'll sign off. Don't forget us in your Masses.

MARQUETTE AT LUDINGTON

(Continued from page 292)

enthusiastically by the whole city, proves convincingly that Father Marquette is a hero in all religions.

The story of Marquette, beginning at Laon, was concluded at Ludington, and Ludington paid tribute to her international heritage by presenting a sweeping, historically accurate outdoor panorama of the life of its most famous citizen. Oriole Field, Ludington's fine recreational center, was the site of this spectacle. Here, before the eyes of the city dwellers and of the thousands of visitors, the several hundred actors moved in their turn in front of the beautiful scenery built for the pageant, expressing in action the text which was being read by Bishop Spencer. The first five of the fourteen scenes were laid in France, treating of the early life of Jacques and sketching the gradual formation of his missionary vocation. Scene one is by way of a prologue. It symbolizes, in a tableau of the famous Marquette ancestors, the glorious lineage of little Jacques. Scene two was the christening of the child, while especially in evidence was the mixture of influences with which young Marquette was to be surrounded during his early life. The third, fourth and fifth scenes showed the generous devotion and noble ambition of the little French lad being gradually directed into the channel of his missionary-explorer vocation. At a garden party at the Marquette home in Laon, young Jacques, aged five, met the great Cardinal Richelieu and was encouraged in the desire to give himself heroically to God; but the child afterwards moved from group to group among the guests, feeling the religious influence of some, the military influence of certain others, and the political and social influence of still others. In scene four the future missionary was shown reading in his parents' home. Figures, dimly seen in the shadowy background, represented the varied and conflicting thoughts in the boy's mind as he tried to decide which of the several possible careers open to him he will follow—the figures being of a high Church official, an important political leader, a military commander, and finally a blackrobed Jesuit. The final scene of this group showed Marquette, as a Jesuit Novice at Nancy, thrilled and inspired at hearing read to him the letters from the missionaries in New France, and expressing his desire to imitate those heroic saints. Nine other scenes followed, showing Father Marquette beginning his work at Three Rivers, continuing at Sault Ste. Marie and La Pointe, exploring the Mississippi, and at last finishing his early labors in a little hut at the mouth of the Marquette River near Ludington, Michigan. The pageant lasted about two hours, and was followed each evening by a flare illumination of the Pere Marquette death site across the lake from the city.

As a significant part of the closing day's program, announcement was made of the acquisition of the Marquette death

site, under the terms of which it will permanently become public property on which a suitable monument can be erected. The gift of about five and a half acres came as a donation to the community by a prominent Ludington resident, Mrs. M. F. Butters. The property includes the large knoll whereon Marquette died, four hundred feet of frontage on Marquette lake, and sufficient territory around the knoll for parkway and road purposes. It can only be gratifying to Catholics as a whole, and especially to mission enthusiasts to know of Ludington's devotion to the hero who is hers and ours.

"SOCIAL SECURITY" SCHEME

(Continued from page 295)

Indian obstructed the progress. An Indian loves to be a spectator; but his natural lethargy and timidity militate against participation in events that make for the common good. The vast majority of Coeur d'Alene Indians are selfish, more intent upon their individual well-being than contributing a pittance towards the universal welfare of the tribe. That a value, perhaps deferred, but a value none the less, may be attached to his efforts fails to impress the Indian or urge him to action and sustained endeavor. Why sing a song, if only the audience is pleased? The discipline and memory necessary to stage a good show considerably taxed the good will and mentality of the boys and girls. Inconstancy, a repugnance for perfection that comes only from directed and determined effort, is one of the abiding defects of nearly all Indians.

Then, too, degenerate Whites squatted on the fringe of the Indian encampment and sought every opportunity to supply the Indians with the one sure formula for failure: intoxicating drink. Bootleggers, we still call them, and only constant vigilance enabled the year to go along peacefully, at least, generally speaking, peacefully. Once again, we see that the Indian's one friend is the Black-robe; his mortal enemy, the White man.

All this lawlessness, of course, would not have taken place had the Government and county enforced the law. In the days when the Indians were talked about as exemplary Catholics and citizens there were twenty Indian police in camp. They arrested the law-breakers, and the Chief administered the horsewhip. Today, when law enforcement is more necessary because of the influence of degenerate Whites, we have no cops, except one living at a distance. It would appear that the behavior of the Indians is contingent upon whether or not they have access to liquor. Unfortunately, that is precisely the case. The sober Indian is good, pleasant and a jolly fellow well met. The intoxicated or semi-intoxicated brave is troublesome and brainless, stopping at no excess.

But despite these difficulties, Desmet had a very entertaining and instructive year. A better spirit prevailed in the

camp and the school, and public opinion loomed frowningly upon drunkenness and other forms of lawlessness.

GABRIEL'S MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 296)

to adore their King in the Blessed Sacrament. They came from villages nearby and from villages at least twenty miles away. They ignored the hardships of walking in the hot sun and of camping out under the stars, on a chilly October night. The joy of being at St. Mary's and of seeing their pastor-missionary compensated for all their trouble.

In 1933, Gokhla was the common grazing field of cows and buffaloes. Today it is a militant center of Catholic Action. It is alive with the life that comes from the Light, because the "Santal Tramp" in all his wanderings from village to village, had the courage to dream the dreams of India's heroic Apostle, St. Francis Xavier.

For some months now, Father Creane, the "Santal Tramp," has been away from his beloved mission at Gokhla. He had a very serious operation which was performed in one of the hospitals at Calcutta and then he went up to Darjeeling in the Himalaya Mountains in order to build up his strength once more. He writes that he hopes it will not be long until he is back again among his new Christians and is able once more to go from village to village making new converts among the Santals of his district.

SEA, SAILS AND SUNSHINE

(Continued from page 305)

sonnel of the staff: Brother John Jacoby, S.J., Scout Master; Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., chaplain; Mr. Robert L. Hodapp, S.J., chief of the culinary department; and the humble scribbler of these lines, who joined the party as the unofficial correspondent of JESUIT MISSIONS. From them the lads learned much about swimming, sailing, fishing, singing,—yes, and even baseball, though this is not the national pastime of British Honduras. But, perhaps, the most important lesson they learned from their elders was a cheerful, chivalric outlook on life. Striking instances of self-sacrifice must have cut a deep impression in the souls of these hero-worshippers, who were sharp-sighted enough to remark the peace that radiates from one who has united his heart to the Heart of the Greatest Scout the world has ever seen.

Fittingly was the curtain rung down on the 1937 camp outing by a Corpus Christi procession that wound its way through sand-strewn San Pedro streets on Sunday, May 30. The Scouts, of course, were on hand to lend a touch of pomp and military precision to this simple, open-air tribute to the Savior. Next day anchors were aweigh on the good ship *San Pedro*, parting cheers were raised, and canvas billowed to a stiff breeze as the holiday makers, keeping time with their rollicking songs to the melody of wind and wave, sailed merrily

home, midway between reef and shore.

In the cool of the late afternoon the *San Pedro* slipped through the Bogue, and stood in full view of the red and white rooftops of Belize. Then, as the ship placidly nosed its way into the harbor, the Scouts, bronzed and smiling, broke into a tumultuous cheer that would have made the rousing "hip-hip-hurras" of His Majesty's sailor boys seem weak by comparison. What sentiments lay behind those lusty yells must remain beyond description, but we cannot be far wrong when we say that they were from hearts full of gratitude to their generous leader, to their indulgent parents, and to kind benefactors for a never-to-be-forgotten experience as Catholic Scouts in the American tropics.

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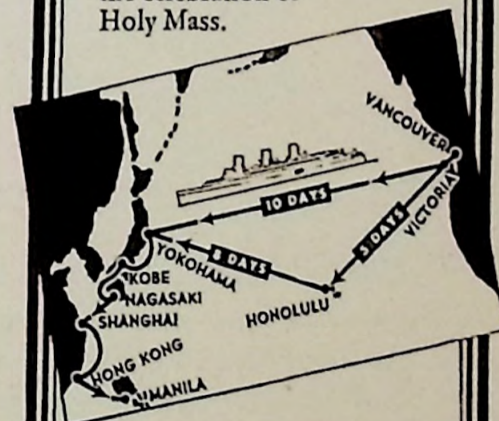
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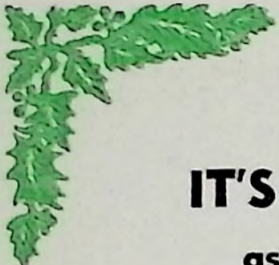
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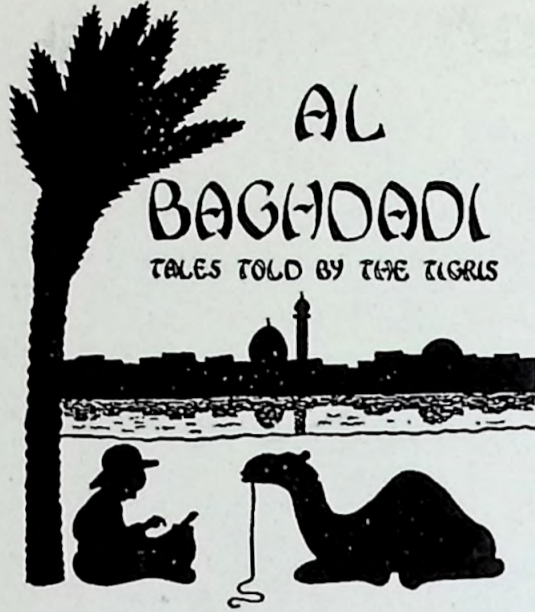
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