

Jesuit & Missions

SEVEN THOUSAND LEPERS

PALM FOR CHINA'S HEROES

DISASTER IN KOBE

HOOPER BAY HAS A PAPER

LITTLE IRMENCARD

BUSH ROADS IN JAMAICA

MUSIC, MAESTRO!

Ten Cents

THIS MONTH

	Page		Page
Frontispiece A modern Tekakwitha.	226	The Month at JESUIT MISSIONS	
Editorials' A Palm for China's Soldiers	227	Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.	237
Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.	228	Seven Thousand Lepers Not to be found in "An American Doctor's Odyssey."	238
Snatching human brands from the fire—rescue work in war-time China.		Music, Maestro! Music on the range.	240
Bush Roads of Jamaica The apostolate of transportation in the black hills of Jamaica.	230	The Press, Radio, Theater and Cinema—Mission Aids The Mission Intention for October.	241
John P. Deevy, S.J.		Afield with American Jesuits	242
Disaster in Kobe In the wake of a Japanese landslide.	232	Communications	247
Bruno Bitter, S.J.		Little Irmengard: Her Story Plucked from a cholera grave.	248
Hooper Bay Has a Newspaper! An Alaskan Home Journal takes a bow.	234	New Books	250
Meet the Black Caribs The Author knows his Caribs, Red, Black and Yellow.	236	Grateful Acknowledgments	252

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UNSUNG HEROES

Such are those in any army who stay in the background to maintain communications with and to send ammunition and provisions up to the front line fighters. Such too, in the Church's missionary army, are those who, with few if any of the opportunities that the foreign missionaries have for saving souls, spend themselves in working for the means and money necessary to carry on the work of winning souls to God in the mission fields.

Begging is a hard task at any time. But when the needs are so great and begging even for Christ often brings only meager results, then does begging become doubly hard. Such is the trying job of the Mission Procurators who each year have to raise thousands of dollars for the American Jesuit missionaries, who depend almost entirely on these Mission Procurators for their own personal support and the support of their missionary labors.

We take great pleasure then in introducing, or should we say reintroducing to you, these **Unsung Heroes**, the Procurators of the Missions attached to the American and Canadian Provinces of the Society of Jesus.

- | | |
|---|---|
| REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada | Procurator for Süchow Mission, China, and Indian Missions near Montreal, entrusted to the Jesuits of Lower Canada. |
| REV. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.
Mt. St. Michael's, Spokane, Wash. | Procurator for the Missions in Alaska, and Indian Missions in the Northwest entrusted to the Jesuits of the Oregon Province. |
| REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.
300 Newbury St., Boston, Mass. | Procurator for the Missions in Jamaica, B.W.I., and Baghdad College in Iraq entrusted to the Jesuits of the New England Province. |
| REV. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.
51 East 83rd St., New York, N. Y. | Procurator for the Missions in the Philippines, and Colored Missions in Maryland entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province. |
| REV. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.
221 N. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo. | Procurator for the Missions in British Honduras, and Indian Missions in Wyoming and So. Dakota entrusted to the Jesuits of the Missouri Province. |
| REV. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada | Procurator for the Indian Missions of Lake Huron, Georgian Bay, the Albany River and north of Lake Superior entrusted to the Jesuits of Upper Canada. |
| REV. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.
1076 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill. | Procurator for the Missions among the Santals and Hindus in Patna, India, entrusted to the Jesuits of the Chicago Province. |
| REV. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.
6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La. | Procurator for the Southern States Missions in the rural South entrusted to the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province. |
| REV. PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.
55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif. | Procurator for the Missions in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China entrusted to the Jesuits of the California Province. |

As we plead for the missionaries themselves, we plead also for the **Unsung Heroes** who work in the background to send money and supplies up to the front line fighters in Christ's army. Please, even if you can afford but a dollar, won't you send it to one of these Procurators to lighten his burden as he tries to lighten the missionaries' burdens? Or if you prefer, send your gift for the missionaries and their Procurators to **JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Just mark your gift—**FOR UNSUNG HEROES.**



This Sioux Indian maiden of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S. D., took the part of Kateri Tekakwitha in the play, "Princess of the Mohawks", given recently by the Indians of the Mission. The latest reports from Rome on the progress of Kateri's cause for Beatification have been joyfully received not only by the Indians but by all Americans.

EDITORIALS

A BATTLE FOR YOUTH

THE battle for youth is not confined to Fascist countries. Even in Mission lands with ancient Catholic traditions the issue is ever present and is fraught with dire possibilities for the Church. The debate now being conducted in the Philippines on President Quezon's veto of the bill for religious instruction is an instance in point. We submit the facts in the case.

According to Article 928 of the Administrative Code of the Islands, "It will be lawful for any priest or minister of any religious sect in a town where there is a public school, to teach religion for half an hour, three times a week, in the school building, either in person, or through a religious instructor, to those students of the public school whose parents or guardians so desire and express that desire in a written document presented to the superintendent of the Division, who shall send the petition to the Superintendent of Schools, who will thereupon fix the hours and place for the giving of said instruction."

To date this teaching has been relegated to after school hours and at all times is left at the mercy of the humor or personal inclinations of the superintendent of schools to whom the petition for instruction must be directed.

Encouraged by repeated assertions on the part of President Quezon that religion should be an integral part of the educational curriculum of the public schools and eager for an effective carrying out of the constitutional provision already cited, a Bill to that effect was presented before the last session of the National Assembly, winning an overwhelming majority of votes. To the amazement of the hierarchy, clergy and laity the bill was vetoed by President Quezon as "unconstitutional."

Whereupon the Metropolitan Archbishop and the Suffragan Bishops of the ecclesiastical province of Cebu issued a Pastoral Letter on Religious Instruction. From it we quote: "With all due respect for the President. . . . We beg to disagree with the veto. While it has been imposed by the President in his official capacity, it does not cease to be but an official opinion, faithfully translating the President's sincere beliefs in regard to the bill he has declined to sanction with his signature. Unfortunately it does not put an end to the question of the constitutionality or unconstitutionality of the bill, a question upon which only the Supreme Court can pass a final and decisive verdict."

As a further retort to the accusation that the hierarchy coerced Assemblymen to vote for the passage of the bill the Pastoral continued: "We believe that in a de-

mocracy any citizen, be he a public official, a bishop, or a poor laborer, has a right to voice his opinion, to discuss and show an interest in any bill affecting the common good. No one can deny that right to bishops and priests. There is ample proof to show that we bishops and priests do not wish to be behind any other citizen in our respect for the law of the country; but neither do we wish to be behind any other in the enjoyment and exercise of our rights of citizenship."

Presuming always a statesman-like vision and prudence such decisive representation is the only adequate way to protect the Church's legal rights under the constitution. Not to dispute the veto of President Quezon would be to open the door to that intolerance and suppression which is the lot of the Church today in the Fascist countries of Europe.

MISSION SUNDAY

IN calling all Catholics to the observance of Mission Sunday, October 23, His Holiness Pope Pius XI, Pope of the Missions, reminds us that "the Church has no other reason for existence than by enlarging the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world, to make all men participate in His salutary redemption." As a corollary the Vicar of Christ comments that "no charity equals charity towards the Missions." Indeed, in these days of bitter strife between Church and State, it is the material and spiritual aid contributed for Catholic Missions around the world that is the chief consolation of the Holy Father.

For the benefit of those clergy and laity whose un-Catholic minds restrict support to home missions only, it is well to recall the fact that "were it not for the charity of European laity, as well as clergy, and their generosity to this Society for the Propagation of the Faith during the past century the Church in America would not have been so formally or so widely established in this country."

In 1937 there were 7,911,370 Catholics in Asia, an increase of 212,143 over the previous year. In Africa there were 6,794,951 showing an increase of 439,954. In Oceania there were 2,557,803 denoting an increase of 50,945. Yet, granting 400,000,000 as the highest total of Catholics in the world today, they still constitute only one out of every five or six in the world's population. It is the specific objective of Mission Sunday to stimulate membership in the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and in all Mission aid organizations, in order that those still outside may be gathered within the one true fold of Christ.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

Associate Editors: THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.; JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; WALTER BURKE-GAFFNEY, S.J.; HENRI BÉCHARD, S.J.

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A Palm for China's Soldiers

Albert R.

O'Hara, S.J.

AFTER a three months' gallant stand at Shanghai in the face of overwhelming odds, the Chinese Army was finally forced to retreat. Their retreat, however, left a tidal wave of wounded soldiers that flooded the emergency hospitals of Shanghai. As the shrieking of bombs and shells died out so too did the popular memory of those who had sacrificed self for the cause fade. No

longer did the admiring crowds throng the wards and babble their effusive eulogies of the national heroes.

From this point on, the wounded really commenced to appreciate the tireless devotion of the Sisters and the regular visits of the Fathers. Their appreciation gradually shaded into admiration, and I found in speaking with them that, after a few moments of chatting about the progress of the war, they began to ask, "Why do the Fathers and the Sisters treat us so well?" What were the principles of our religion that generated such self-sacrifice and devotion to complete strangers? Wouldn't the Father please explain the little book of doctrine that the Sister had given to them?

INDIVIDUAL instruction was slow but produced an understanding faith and an unshakable conviction. The ice was finally broken and the first group baptized. Gradually, this group numbered twenty and it was thought well to prepare them for Confirmation before they would leave our hospital. At this time I was called from my instructing of individuals to help prepare this band for Confirmation. Their beds had all been moved to one section of the hospital to facilitate learning prayers, receiving instructions and the like. I usually arrived about 2:30 in the afternoon and found many of the men sleeping. However, as soon as I was sighted by one of the group, there was a shout, "The Father has come! Come listen to his sermon!" They started to wake up those who were sleeping and when I protested, they replied: "We can sleep any time but we can only listen to the Father three times a week."

In this group there was a blind man called Barnabas and as soon as he heard my voice he would call for some one to lead him over to where I would give them the instruction. Usually the one who responded was Wang



"As soon as I was sighted . . . there was a shout, 'The Father has come! Come listen to his sermon!'"

Hsieh Ching whose arm had been riddled by three machine-gun bullets. His charity seemed to rival that of the early Christians of Rome and he was admirably spoken of by Christians and pagans alike. There was also a young fellow named C'hiao, who had once been a Communist, was smart and alert enough to make a good quarterback on a football team, and who asked me questions that made me glad that I hadn't neglected my theology books. One day at the end of the instruction he asked:

"Father, supposing that we are in Russia and that the Government refuses to let us work or give us food so long as we believe in God, what must we do?"

"You must stand firm in your belief in God," I answered.

"But if it comes to the time when they refuse to give us any food unless we disclaim our belief in God?" he continued.

"Then you must say that you believe in God," I replied.

"And then we shall die of hunger," he objected, as if looking for a loophole in this difficult doctrine.

"Yes, but you will die for God Who will reward your sacrifice for all eternity," I parried and added quickly, "But don't worry, for God won't put you in such a situation unless He also gives you the necessary grace to die for Him. Moreover, the sacrament that you are just now preparing to receive will bring you special graces to strengthen you for such trials, even to die for God, if He sees fit."

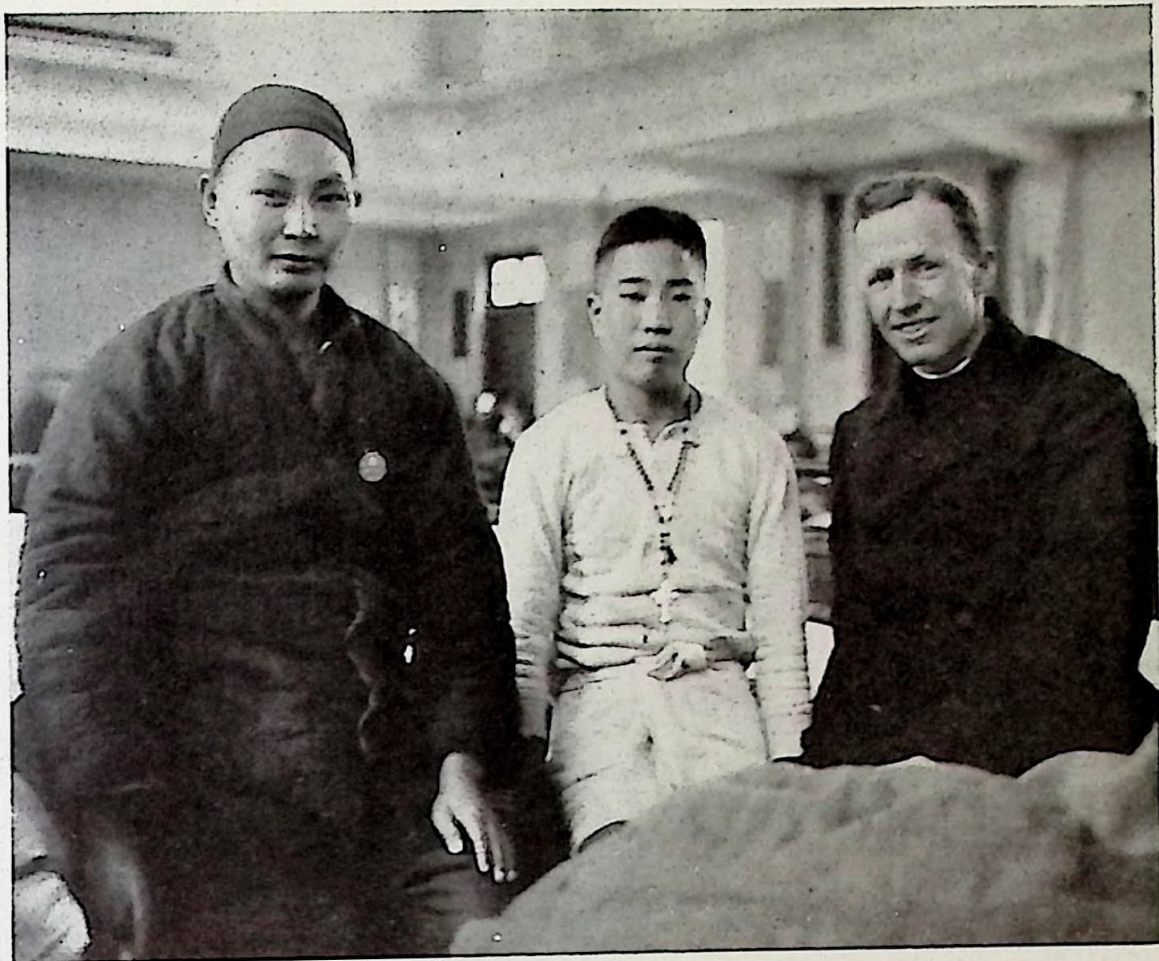
AT this rejoinder, all breathed easier and more questions were in order.

But how will these converts act after they leave the hospital? What will they do when they return to their

country districts? These were the questions that not a few of my friends, priests as well as seculars, had asked me after I had finished a glowing eulogy of our converts. To tell the truth these same questions had often bubbled up to the surface from the subconsciousness of my own reflections, until one day they commenced to be answered very concretely. A letter came from the port of disembarkation for those convalescing soldiers who were sent away from Shanghai. The letter ran as follows: "A few days ago four wounded soldiers, new Christians, discharged from your hospital, called here to pay me their respects. They seem to be fine manly fellows and spoke in glowing terms of the work of the Fathers and the Sisters in your hospital. They have attended Mass frequently while here and asked me to notify you of their safe arrival. They have moved on to the central hospital."

Next came a letter from the soldiers themselves. The following is a free translation: "Since our parting at Shanghai until our arrival here at the central hospital, each of us new Christians has escaped danger and has enjoyed good health. Father, please do not worry about our safety. Our hospital is situated near to the church and so we attend Mass frequently. We ask God to bless you and hope that you will not forget us. (Signed) Anthony, Albert and John. We bow to you."

My own letter in Chinese brought the following reply of which I only quote parts: "Today we received your letter of April 17 and learned that you still go frequently



The author and two of his soldier-converts. C'hiao (center), a former Communist, "was smart and alert enough to make a good quarterback."

to instruct our comrades in the hospital at Shanghai. Twenty-nine new Christians are now gathered here in this hospital. Judging from these converts and from your explanation of the intercommunication of the good works of the members of the Body of Christ, I think that you Fathers must have received a large share of merit. . . . After your considerate and comradely care of us in the hospital, your memory has been deeply engraved in our minds. We shall never forget you and pray daily for you. Each day we take out your letter and re-read it and each time it brings us great pleasure. Please send us your address so that we may write directly to you."

AND then from another hospital came news of my Confirmation group. The letter was written by the local missionary: "Somewhere in China, June 2, 1938. About four hundred and fifty soldiers have been sent to the local hospital and among them are men from your hospital in Shanghai. There were sixteen Christians and two others who were partially prepared by you and whom Father Chang baptized this morning. As the church is not far from the hospital, these Christians come frequently and ask me to write to you that you may know that they are not unmindful of the benefits that you have bestowed on them. There is a blind man, Barnabas Hsieh, who comes to church frequently. He is very pious and is usually accompanied by his devoted comrade, Wang Hsieh Ching, whose arm has three bullet holes in it. Your servant, J. D. Meijer." This letter was addressed to Father Bonnichon, S.J., under whom I worked in the hospital.

And if these testimonials were not sufficient, certainly the heroic constancy in the face of opposition not only of our new Christians but of those also who had merely (Turn to page 251)

"Wang Hsieh Ching, whose arm had been riddled by three machine gun bullets."



Bush Roads of Jamaica

John P.
Deevy, S.J.

KING WESTON is a spot just beyond the end of nowhere, far up in the foothills of Jamaica. A sick call is a sick call no matter where it is, so Father Donovan had to rush up there one afternoon. With a certain amount of zeal for God's work plus, no doubt, a little selfish curiosity to get a view of the other side of Jamaica, I gladly went along.

The first three miles were splendid; roads narrow enough but smooth, with brilliant sunshine, a cool breeze and tropical growth bordering the road. Natives walked along the side varying in color from shining sable to rich bronze. Those wealthy enough strove to rival the colors of the rainbow in dress; others were content to wear borrowed raiment, doing without that which they couldn't borrow. One old granddad felt quite the cock of the walk, at least he wasn't a bit self-conscious in a faded green Prince Albert, a black bowler hat, a pair of khaki trousers and no shoes. Not a good description of what the well-dressed gentleman should wear. The very poor of Jamaica never get as far as the style page in the daily *Gleaner*. Perhaps they haven't a two-pence and most of them can't read anyway. They use cravats for belts, never need coal and live on the fruit of the land when they can, otherwise they beg.

Beggars of Broadway would do well to take a few points in technique from our native mendicants. Some are boorish enough to abuse you if you do not reach for your pocket at their request, but for my part I always feel as if the beggar is conferring a favor upon my ignoble self. "Sir, I thank you for a cigarette" with broad A and all. Not being prone to give by nature I stare at my depleted cigarette pack, hand the beggar a match, hear his "thank you, sir" and go off feeling not at all like a generous giver.

WELL, the three miles of color, noise, peasants, and fruit-vendors are past and Father Donovan turns his cranky Ford towards the foot-hills. Bumpity, bump, bumb, and my plump self feels all the sensations of a merry-go-round on a storm-tossed ship at sea. "Don't watch the roads, look at the scenery," were Father

Donovan's last words. Being a man of parts and one who has received a thrill or two on a few roller-coasters, I followed his advice now and then.

The scenery defies description, but I am going to offer a few helps to your imagination. Get a large piece of heavy wrapping paper and squeeze it tightly in your fists. Then place it on a table and await the natural reaction. They say Columbus hit upon this rather ingenious method of describing Jamaica for Queen Isabella. Now color this island of hills, ravines and valleys with every shade of green you can think of and let the sun play upon it. Of course, you cannot see the stately palms or the lofty coconut or the broad-leafed banana tree. Neither can you see the varied shades of color in the sea as its white-caps leap and frolic along the shoreline. Still they are all there, making Jamaica the isle of sunshine.



Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., of Above Rocks Mission, Jamaica, B. W. I., a smash-up victim, waiting for a tow.

ONLY a carefree scholastic who had finished his work for the day could look out and enjoy the scenery. To Father Donovan it was just plain hard work and his eyes were glued to the ruts. Still he kept up a running fire of cheerful comment and was solicitous for my well-being.

Between grunts and gasps, I managed to reply intelligibly.

After an hour's drive we came to a tavern and the end of the line as far as the car was concerned. There was still a mile to go up into the bush country. An old mule was at hand and Father insisted that I ride. Now, I am proud of my equestrian ability, I used to drive peaceful old dray-horses for my father. I did not hesitate to mount. Of course, I started to put my foot in the right-hand stirrup of the flimsy saddle, much to the humor of Father and the bystanders. Then we set off, though I did not feel very secure. A hundred yards up the road a friend of Father had a fine horse. This was straightway saddled and ready for him. With his bag in one hand and the reins in the other Father swept by me and up the hill.

IHAD to be content to lag behind on the old mule. Ten yards on that spirited horse and I'm afraid you would find me in a cactus bush along the roadside. Now

and then it was not even a road. In one place I remember jagged rocks jutting out and I had to hug the beast with my knees to protect them from a good scratching. The surface of the road was like a dry river's bed full of boulders and stones. We maneuvered that uneven spot, Rockinante and I, and then we came to a stretch more open than a cow path. I began to feel the glamour of it all and tried to whip my mount into something more than a leisurely walk. Whacking on the hindquarters had no effect at all. Then inadvertently I raised my switch hand and the critter almost jolted me out of the saddle by breaking into a trot. After that I left the unimpressive mulehide alone and merely waved my magic wand before its eyes.

THE best I could get out of the brute was the worst pace between a trot and a gallop, just at that point where you feel every stride and lose all the rhythm of the gallop. I teetered and wobbled and tottered but hung on grimly from the knees up. This I once learned was the way the Indians used to ride. They must have had thews of iron for mine groaned and ached after two minutes. Then I wrapped my toes around the beast's belly and hung onto the pommel. Finally glamour gave way to pain and I walked in, a very late second. There was Father talking to the folks in the yard in true Jamaican style. He was trying to cheer up a serious-faced young fellow whom I learned afterward was the husband of the "sick." Then we entered the house.

The house consisted of three rooms all made of rough boards, without wallpaper, rugs or furniture, except a table, two homemade chairs and a box. Yet this was home for two families. While Father was inside with the "sick" I stayed in the outer room doing my best to offer a few consoling words to the mother and father of the sick woman, a "being from another world," if one could judge from the curious stares of the three little picknies standing about. The husband of the sick woman remained out in the yard, a gloomy picture of despondency. I could hear Father's voice, coming in a soothing murmur through the thin partition, just like a mother's soothing a sick child. The older people were quite undisturbed and three neighbors were gawking at the door of the sick room. The old man even wanted me to bless his house because he was convinced there was a *duppy* upon it. He told me a long story of the woes which had befallen him. He was a garrulous old fellow mak-

ing loud professions of faith and blessing himself at every third word. With all due sympathy I felt more pity for the young fellow in the yard whose silence spoke his sorrow.

FINALLY Father came out of the sick room and in his arms was a mite of a pickney. He was only a tiny tot, dusky pink in color. This was the first Baptism I was ever present at, outside of my own. Standing there in the open doorway Father prepared that little soul for heaven. After a few encouraging words to the sad faced husband, Father left the sick house and went further on to visit his mission school.

It was after four o'clock, but teacher was still there, training her pupils to sing a High Mass. She had commanded three native musicians, one with a fife made out of a bamboo stem, another with a broken down guitar minus one or two strings and the third with a badly battered violin. These sons of song, *sans* tuxedos and bow ties and starched fronts, with bare feet tucked under the bench and battered hats on their heads were doing their best under teacher's coaxing. After introductions Father teased them into playing for me the famous bush dance music, "From me bawn me never heard the like." With a squeak and a scrape and a strum they threw their souls into it. The result was not music as we know it. Nevertheless, they love it and complained to Father once when he hired a first class orchestra for them. Music is in their souls or rather, I should say, love for hymns. On one mission a young Baptist lady plays the organ for Father just for pleasure. They sing all day and in all tones from the broken wail of the old lady to the clear sweet voice of the child. They are not embarrassed and will sing either with the organ or *a capella*. Denominations do not exist where singing is concerned. Any night you may stroll down the main street of a large city and see the Salvation Army surrounded by crowds of swaying, (Turn to page 251)



Not only the natives but our missionaries soon realize that Jamaica's rocky ravines and wooded mountainsides are no aid to traffic.

Disaster in Kobe

Bruno Bitter, S.J.

FOR many years it had been the cherished dream of the Fathers at the Sophia (Jochi) University, Tokyo, to establish a high school that would guarantee a steady enrollment of university students, but above all, enable them to gain a more effective influence on the education and formation of the young Japanese. Time and time again their efforts were frustrated, but in the beginning of 1937 plans began to take more concrete shape. Friends in America helped to find the necessary funds, and finally a site was chosen on the slope of Mt. Rokko near Kobe.

A more ideal spot for a boys' school would, indeed, be hard to find. It was within easy reach of the city, yet away from the lure and enticement of the big port. Add to this the charming mountain scenery with its grand view of the neighboring sea, its healthy invigorating air, its steep ascent providing excellent exercise to youthful limbs before the morning's work begins, and you will understand the enthusiasm with which the citizens of Kobe greeted the new prospect of having a school to which they could safely entrust their children.

BEFORE thinking of erecting a building on the purchased spot, however, mountains had to be brought low, valleys filled up until a spacious ground was leveled upon which the new school could be erected. At first only one wing was built, sufficient for the next two years; the center and another wing were to follow later on. With not a little anxiety we watched the slow progress of the work. In January, 1938, things looked not too encouraging. April was rapidly approaching and with it the opening of the classes. Would we be able



Front entrance of the new school after the landslide. Debris is piled up over the first story.

to finish the work in time? Something little short of a miracle seemed needed to have everything ready. The Government's permission had been obtained on condition that lessons would begin with the Easter term 1938.

IN February, the last rocky mountain that blocked the way yielded to the power of the dynamite and the building rose quickly higher and higher. With a sigh of relief the last finishing touches were hastily put on, and on April 9 the opening ceremony took place. Since we cannot boast as yet of an assembly hall, parents and guests were seated in the open in front of the school entrance, under the canopy of the blue sky and against the picturesque background of ascending hills, green with the first shoots of the early spring. After greeting the assembly, the new Director, Father Takemiya, expounded in his usual eloquent manner the aim and purpose of the school. It was our desire to give the boys an education as well as instruction, he pointed out, and his words found an echo in the speech of the representative of all the high school directors of the district. He was highly pleased, he said in effect, that this beautiful school, situated in one of the most charming spots of the country, had been established to impart to Japanese children an education based on thorough religious principles. Moreover, he added, the director and teachers of this school are Japanese, a fact which will safeguard the cultivation of the genuine national spirit.

AS a matter of fact we had been very fortunate in providing an excellent staff of Japanese teachers, nearly all of whom are very good and trustworthy Catholics. We had anticipated a fairly large number of applicants for the first year, yet our highest expectations were left far behind. The Government's permission allows a yearly enrollment of one hundred and fifty boys, but not less than seven hundred had sent in their application. This gave us an opportunity of picking the best one hundred and fifty, every care being taken to examine not only their previous school records, but also their bodily fitness (nearly fifty per cent of high school boys leave in the course of five years on account of ill

health) and reliability of character.

The first month of school life proved that we had made an ex-



Stones and boulders choked the corridors.

cellent start; everybody, teachers and pupils, were highly satisfied; everything went smoothly on Mt. Rokko.

THEN suddenly one morning there came the great trial by which Almighty God is wont to test the durability of our work. Since Tuesday afternoon, July 55, one of the worst typhoon rains in history had been descending uninterruptedly on Kobe and its neighboring mountains. The debris washed down from the hills soon blocked the city's drainage system and towards evening large sections of the city were ten and more feet under water. But the worst was yet to come. The incessant rains had loosened the foundation of the wooded hills, and tremendous landslides occurred sweeping away everything that stood in the way of the collapsing mountains. Houses, trees, boulders of gigantic size buried in muddy streams came thundering down on the unfortunate town spelling ruin and death wherever they turned.

In the morning of July 6, a fierce torrent had formed itself just above our new school. In less than ten minutes it had reached the leveled plateau, crashed through the wall on the north side and deposited its contents of stones, boulders, sand and earth in the corridors and classrooms. In fact, the whole building up to the first story was buried under the muddy flood, which after encountering this obstacle was fortunately diverted from its deadly course. Happily, that morning Father Takemiya had met the boys at the station and prudently sent them home, for he had had unpleasant forebodings. By this cautious act all lives were saved. A girls' school, not far from ours, was completely swept away and one hundred and twenty-five children perished in the floods.

THE whole district which suffered from the flood is situated between a mountain range and the sea. The school itself is built on the slope of a mountain and, of course, was a natural target for the on-coming avalanche of water and rocks and trees. Fortunately, the building itself proved solid enough to withstand, to a certain extent at least, the full force of the impact. But the torrent, which was about two hundred yards in width, after bouncing against the north wall of the building fanned out to the right and left of the school and in its fury played havoc with the extensive school grounds. The greatest part of the leveled ground was carried away and the whole place looked like a mountain landscape of the

Alps, cut all over with large crevices and ravines. The baseball grounds and the other playing fields which had been put in shape at the cost of much labor were, of course, destroyed. More serious than this was the damage done to the roads. The main one leading to the school disappeared entirely and in its place there appeared a yawning ravine in which a roaring torrent still rushes down.

UNDER these circumstances regular school life came to a sudden standstill. However, our boys have volunteered to help in the clearing and reconstruction work. Although the road leading to the school has vanished, they manage every morning to find their way up, balancing over ridges two or three feet wide, crossing



The north wall which received the full force of the flood. Huge boulders crashed through, filling classrooms and corridors.

planks hastily thrown over abysses fifty and more feet deep, in short, shunning no effort to show their determination to work for their beloved school.

The first thing to do, of course, was to clear away the debris around the building and to get the four feet of rubbish out. It was deemed advisable to begin at once in order that classes might be reopened on a restricted schedule. It was important that the authorities be given to understand that plans for the school would not be abandoned because of the disaster. Fortunately, the second floor of the school building remained intact. The chief difficulty was to build a footway reasonably safe for the boys.

We hope to resume classes after the summer, but at present we are again in great need to raise the money for the necessary repairs. Laborers are scarce and, therefore, expensive. The total damage amounts to about 80,000 Yen (\$27,000). Faced with the task of continuing the building to provide room for the complete five years' course, this extra burden presses very hard on us, indeed. However, the Lord will provide in time of distress.

Hooper Bay Has a Newspaper

Although not the most northern Mission in Alaska, Hooper Bay is one of the most inaccessible. Cut off for most of the year from the outside world, news comes from Hooper Bay only at rare intervals but it is always important. For Father John P. Fox, S.J., who is the only priest in this district for three hundred miles along the Bering Sea has, by heroic effort, made Hooper Bay famous. In a recent number we recorded the progress of the Community of Eskimo Nuns, founded by him. His latest accomplishment is a newspaper, *The Hooper Bay Gossip*. The present article is composed of news items taken from two issues of the *Gossip* which have just arrived.—*Editor*.

WE feel with our *Gossip* something like the man that was all dressed up with no place to go. May and October are vacation months for mail carriers throughout Alaska. Because of the fact that there is generally too much ice in most places to use a boat and not enough to use a dog team, the Post Office has simply outlawed those two months all over Alaska. The entire country is cut up by rivers and lakes, and when these can no longer be safely crossed, all travel is bound to cease. Even planes cannot land in many places during the greater part of these months. And anyhow, planes have not yet been universally adopted by the Government as carriers, though they probably will soon be.

For the past three years we have been scheming to replace the hull of "St. Patrick" our mission schooner. But as the size hull we wished was to cost us two thousand six hundred dollars, the deal, after hanging fire for three years, finally fell through. We bought a new hull that will carry about two tons more than our former one did. And, whereas that is not just the size we wished, at the price of one thousand dollars that we paid for it, the boat is a real bargain. It will get its Irish green coat and will be duly christened as soon as it arrives after the break-up. Thanks be to God for another worry now behind us.

Important visitors are coming to Hooper Bay. How

many of those that announced themselves will come remains to be seen. We have seen such announcements fail many times, due to the difficulty of getting here. But we hope that this time we will not be disappointed. Father Superior of the Missions of Alaska, Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., is expected right after the break-up of the ice. It will be Father McElmeel's first visit to this part of the country. Soon after, Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., will come. Considering that he has just returned from Rome and so far has not yet written us anything, we believe that he has a lot of good news up his sleeve for us. A third visitor announced for the month of June is Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., well known to friends of Alaska for his explorations and lectures. Ours is the only Mission he did not yet visit, and so he plans to come here from King Island by *omiak*. The Chief of King Island and a few of his Eskimos are to accompany him. Though school ended April 29, the children are very anxious to prepare a little program for our distinguished visitors. We don't say this to announce to them what to expect on their arrival, for they will most likely have been here and gone before this *Gossip* even gets into the mail, for reasons stated above. But we are trying to tell you how we manage to keep occupied on these long days of about eighteen hours daylight (twenty-two hours very soon).

WE hope it wasn't vanity and that the punishment of David will not be visited upon us. But as a necessary condition to be able to fill the many questionnaires that have been coming, we got busy and counted our folks. And so we find that we have eighteen villages in this Hooper Bay District and that between them they contain five hundred and ninety-nine souls. A very small portion are still pagans, about one hundred are Protestants, and the rest are practicing Catholics. It is hard to distinguish here between pagans and Protestants.

For we have hardly any of either of these, taking the names in the right sense. For almost all of these people were baptized at some time or other by one of the missionaries on his annual trip through here. But as there was no permanent Mission in these parts till very recent years, most of the older folks grew up as practical pagans, baptized pagans, if there is such a thing. Some eight

Father Fox, S.J., is obliged to abandon his boat and take to the mud. Travel in Hooper Bay is very difficult, even in the summer.



years ago the Lutherans started a mission here and at Scammon Bay. Between the two they have about one hundred persons who occasionally go to their preaching and singing. Most of them are of the "baptized pagan" type mentioned and outside of the fact that they are not practicing Catholics, it is hard to classify them. The proportion of children is great. Here at Hooper Bay about forty per cent are school children and about sixty per cent are between one and sixteen years of age. We have, according to the latest data available, the third largest enrollment of school children (Eskimos) in Alaska. A new Government school is to be built this summer.

EXCLUDING such years of epidemic as 1900 and 1918, we broke our death record this year. Ten died here at Hooper Bay, and four in the rest of the district. There may be no natural connection whatever, but the fact is that the Mission had to discontinue the medical care of the village this past year because of the lack of medical supplies. The Medical Mission Board, which had helped us very generously, practically cut off our supply. And as times are so hard that we can hardly manage to keep going, we feel unable to make any out-lay for medicines intended for the people. As everybody knows they are expensive and do not go far. The Government school has taken over the care of this village. But their medical supply is very inadequate, too, and they do not and cannot even attempt to supply the district. Here in the village the teachers care for those who come and also visit the village when called for. But we have found it hard to make the sick go to the school for the help they need. The fact that the school is much farther away for most of the people and that naturally the teachers do not know the InnuIt language, which is all the older folks here know, may partially account for the difficulty. We would gladly continue our labor of charity for the sick, but at present we simply cannot. We ourselves have to go to the Government school for our dose of salts when we need a purge.

The spiritual muscles of our Community were recently put through the regular annual "Exercises of St. Ignatius." Spiritual work at our various stations except Hooper Bay, usually boils down to very little or nothing towards the middle of April. The people mostly move away to their sealing camps, and the Sisters or catechists return to Hooper Bay for the summer. That gives us a good chance to make our retreat and for the



Hooper Bay looks like this in the winter. These Eskimos are proud of their newspaper, even though they don't read it.

Sisters serves as a much needed reunion and return to regular Community life after a winter spent at some busy station working mainly for the advancement of others. Counting Roman fashion, our Sisters make eight days of retreat. More exact Americans would call it six. The program they follow is the one laid out by St. Ignatius, as it is usually followed in religious communities in the States.

FOR four years we are assured of our monthly mail. The contract has just been awarded to Charlie Peterson from Mountain Village. He will deliver by dog team during the winter months and during the summer will arrange for boat or plane to make this trip. The arrangement for us is very satisfactory. Thanks be to God for the blessing!

Everything is very early this year. Our garden is already cropping up so that the rows of radishes are distinctly visible from a distance. We are praying that the weather may not suffer a relapse which at times happens here lest in one night all our hopes for a good garden be nipped in the bud. We have so far about a thousand square feet of garden.

Though a new Chief here at Hooper Bay will cause no ripple in the world of politics, still, it interests us to an extent. The election was carried out in thoroughly democratic fashion. Three candidates were nominated and from these one was chosen as Chief by a secret ballot. As "a new broom sweeps clean" the new Chief started the following day to do several little jobs in the village that were waiting for some time to be done.

"Ask and you shall receive." So we prayed for the past few years for a new home for our Sisters. And just recently we heard that the materials for our new Convent were shipped on June 1 on the "Columbia" that runs between Seattle and St. Michael. The Company was unwilling to put in here (all seem afraid of our coast), and so the "Meteor" has undertaken to relay our materials from St. Michael (Turn to page 251)

Meet the Black Caribs

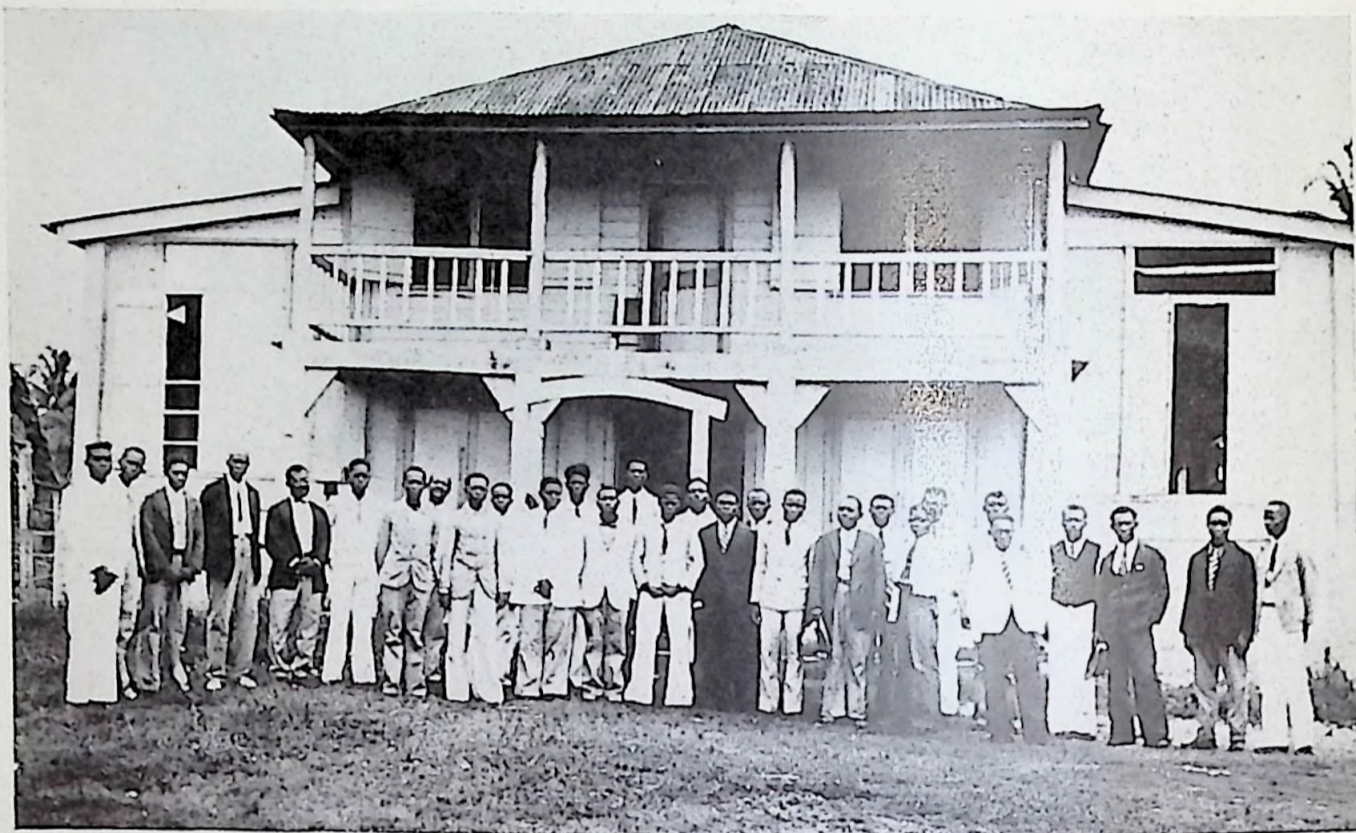
Quirinus P.
Leonard, S.J.

IF you were to take a United Fruit Company steamer, a "banana-boat" of the Great White Fleet, from New Orleans, you could come to Caribland by one of two routes. If your steamer were the monthly "big boat" you could disembark at Belize, the capital of British Honduras, after spending about three days crossing the Gulf of Mexico; then you would board a smaller coastal vessel going south and arrive in Caribland the following day. If your steamer were one of the smaller weekly ones, you would land further south at Puerto Barrios, Guatemala, and could then catch the weekly British Honduras mail boat, and cross northwest to Punta Gorda, one of the centers of Caribland, in a few hours.

There you would find a town of about a thousand Caribs, a mixed race of Indian and Negro descent. The original Yellow or Red Caribs, after whom the Caribbean Sea is named, were a fierce, cannibalistic tribe sprung from the Incas in the Matto Grasso section of South America, who with the passing of the centuries pressed northward and occupied many of the islands of the Lesser Antilles. The early Spanish explorers found them as far north as Haiti, though Porto Rico was the real limit of their advance.

IN 1675, a slave ship was wrecked off the Island of Bequia, one of the Grenadines, and a boat load of African slaves were literally cast upon its shores. These Negro slaves escaped into the woods, where they were protected by the Caribs and intermarried with them. From this combination there arose a half-breed race, possessing some Carib and some Negro characteristics, to which the name Black Caribs has been given, although even today you will find some quite fair-complexioned Black Caribs. They increased rapidly, made war upon their Yellow ancestors and practically exterminated them. As a result, there are no pure Caribs in the West Indies today, though many of their descendants still inhabit parts of the South American continent.

The Black Caribs in turn were conquered by the Europeans, chiefly the French and English, who, coming late upon the West Indian scene, found the larger islands already occupied by the Spaniards, and thus turned their attention to the smaller islands, where they came in contact with the Black Caribs. After prolonged fighting the superior weapons of the Europeans told, and the



Carib teachers (catechists) standing in front of the school building and parish hall at Punta Gorda, British Honduras, at the conclusion of a closed retreat.

Black Caribs were enslaved. When they rebelled, they were sent by boat loads to the uninhabited islands of Ruatan and Bonacca in the Bay of Honduras. These exiled rebels again increased, and gradually drifted up the mainland of (Spanish) Honduras and Guatemala, and along the southern coast of British Honduras, where you will find them today.

JUST when, how and by whom the Black Caribs of these shores were evangelized is not certain, but the fact of the matter is that they are practically all professedly Catholic. They themselves have no literature or written tradition of any kind, and their oral traditions are very meager on this point. In general, it seems that they derived their Catholicity from the early Spanish padres who worked in Guatemala and (Spanish) Honduras, and after they had migrated northwards along the coast continued to receive missionary visits from these zealous priests. The earliest date that I have found recorded at which a Catholic priest visited Punta Gorda was 1841, and the account definitely states that the Carib inhabitants (there were no others) were at that time all Catholics—a fact that speaks eloquently for the missionary efforts of the Spaniards. The Caribs of today still retain many of the old Spanish customs, and some of them can recite their prayers only in the language of Castile.

About 1859, the Caribs began to receive intermittent missionary visits from the Jesuits of the English Province stationed in Belize (from 1853), under the jurisdiction of the Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica. Names of men like Fathers J. H. Genon, Salvador di Pietro (later to be made first Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras in 1893), Aloysius Pozzi and Alphons (*Turn to page 251*)

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who are pamphlet minded, and who are willing to make our Jesuit Mission Press pamphlet series known to others will receive attractive printed circulars and order blanks upon request and in any quantity desired. Even those who cannot buy pamphlets or become members of a Pamphlet Promoter's Unit, in which they would receive ten 5c pamphlets monthly

Advertising Jesuit Mission Press Pamphlets

for fifty cents monthly dues, may help, nevertheless, in the distribution of our advertising matter. In accordance with the idea practiced so successfully by the author of the Ten Efficiency Hints, printed in our September number, these attractive circulars listing all JESUIT MISSIONS pamphlets may be slipped into a package to be wrapped, a greeting to a shut-in, the bridge prize, boy and girl scout equipment, the bon voyage remembrance, picnic lunches, and in short, in parcels of all descriptions. The circulars themselves will give surprise interest as well as bulk (without extra postage) if used as a wrapping for personal letters or even if mailed without any other explanation in unsealed envelopes. Our readers may write for these pamphlet advertising circulars to Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

"The pamphlet is the most effective instrument of propaganda in the modern world. The reason is evident. The pamphlet is written for the man in the street. It tells him what he needs to know. Those who would never read a book will read a pamphlet. The pamphlet reader wants others to know about the subject in which he is interested. Therefore, he gets behind the movement and spreads the message which he has read." This tribute to the power of the pamphlet is taken from the introduction to "The Index of American Catholic Pamphlets," arranged by Eugene P. Willging. The Index lists and annotates every Catholic pamphlet published up to 1938, totaling in all 1,700. Information about specific pamphlets will be gladly offered by us upon request.

The Pamphlet as an Instrument of Propaganda

The pamphlets sent to our Promoters are written with two main objectives. First, to bring the mission world and its problems to the knowledge of our American Catholics. Secondly, to advertise the Catholic Church upon the mission field itself. In the first category are our pamphlet stories of life upon the mission field together with brief biographies of famous missionaries, many of them martyrs for the Faith. In the second category are a vast number of titles on doctrinal, controversial, liturgical, moral, and economic issues of the day, common both to our own America as well as to life upon the mission fields themselves.

Through the charity and zeal of two Pittsburgh Catholic business men, as explained on page 241 of this issue, an English edition of 25,000 copies of "Advertising the Catholic Church" and a Spanish edition of 11,000 was sent to the Philippines for distribution among the public school generation of the Islands. If space permitted, extracts from numerous letters would give an interesting and edifying account of the odyssey of this little booklet around the archipelago. We cite merely one: "I want to thank you very sincerely for the 3,000 copies of the pamphlet entitled 'Advertising the Catholic Church,' which you have sent to Father Dimbla (Cathedral, Manila); Father Finnemann, S.V.D. (St. Rita's Hall); Miss O'Malley (St. Mary's Hall), and Mr. Reyes (The Philippine Welfare League). Just at that time Father Dimbla was going about with me from parish to parish, making the pastoral visitations and I may tell you that the pamphlet made a very deep impression upon the teachers and pupils of the public schools, who were always delighted to get it. May God bless and reward the two generous gentlemen from America, who have performed a veritable act of charity and religion in contributing to fortify the faith of the rising generations in the Philippine Islands. Michael J. O'Doherty, Archbishop of Manila."

Advertising the Catholic Church

The above contribution took place almost thirteen years ago. Today a similar campaign would be extremely timely. It would

both excite and sustain interest in the fight being waged to have Manuel Quezon rescind his veto of the bill for religious instruction in the public schools of the Philippines. Pamphlet Promoters or readers of JESUIT MISSIONS interested in pushing such a campaign may do so by forwarding money for a quantity of these pamphlets at five cents apiece, \$4 a hundred, \$35 a thousand. We would ship the pamphlets from our Jesuit Mission Press office to any missionary in the Philippine Islands designated by the donor of the pamphlets. Order blanks will be mailed upon request.

Pamphlets for the Philippines

The pamphlet itself is composed of about one hundred short paragraphs, each explaining briefly some doctrine or practice of the Catholic Church. Here are a few samples: "The Blessed Virgin—'Woman above all women glorified, Our tainted nature's solitary boast.'—Wordsworth. 'This is indeed the blessed Mary's land, Virgin and Mother of our Dear Redeemer.'—Longfellow. Catholics honor—they do not Adore or Worship—Mary, the Mother of God, Queen of All Saints, Conceived without sin. With one exception, every child of Adam, born into this world is stained with the guilt of original sin. That exception is the Mother of Christ, Mary Immaculate, who from the first moment of her existence, was absolutely sinless. This doctrine is called 'The Immaculate Conception,' which we celebrate today, when 400,000,000 Catholics throughout the world are obliged to hear Mass. It was not fitting that she who gave Christ the Precious Blood He shed for us on the Cross should have that blood tainted by sin. Mary's Preservation from sin is due to Christ."

Extracts from "Advertising the Catholic Church"

"Existence of Catholic Church Today a Miracle.—The Catholic Church has changed the face of the earth. It found The Roman Empire Pagan, and it made it Christian—by means which, humanly considered, were utterly inadequate. Its members were poor, its rulers often martyrs, and the religion they preached opposed to all that flatters human nature, since they inculcated the sternest virtue, the loftiest morality, and the greatest self-sacrifice. That the Catholic Church exists today at all is a miracle. Despite constant persecution, its hold on the hearts of men is ever increasing."

The case for the missions is explained perfectly by the following extract from *The Month* of London: "Week by week, and month by month, our Catholic newspapers and periodicals produce in an aggregate a vast amount of useful apologetic and expository material, clearing away false views of the Church and explaining her doctrines, sometimes of set purpose in sermons or tractates, sometimes incidentally. However, much of this helpful matter, having done its immediate work, is lost or remains sterile, whereas its capacity for continuing its apostolate on the Foreign Missions is almost unlimited. At St. Mary's College, Kurseong (D. H. Ry., India), for instance, a large Jesuit theologate near Darjeeling, a 'Catholic Press Service' for the free distribution of Catholic literature all over India—to non-Catholic Universities, Colleges, public libraries and newspaper editors—has been carried on since 1931 with excellent results."

A unique opportunity for the distribution of Catholic news in India is presented by the Bombay Press Service, a non-Christian, Anti-Communist service to Indian papers. In addition to a news bulletin, an informative weekly digest of news of Soviet Russia, the Bombay Press Service also prints and syndicates leaflets and pamphlets on topics such as "Failure of Communism in Russia," "Red Fury in Spain," "Mysteries of the Workers' Paradise," "Glimpses of Life in Soviet Russia," "Life of Workers in Soviet Russia." The editor of this non-Christian, anti-Communist News Service is Mr. R. Krisnamachari, a Hindu, with address at Hamam House, Hamam Street Fort, Bombay. Readers willing to forward pamphlet material to this editor, may either forward the pamphlets themselves or money for the same to Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Case for the Missions

The Bombay Press Service

The Bombay Press Service

237

Seven Thousand



The withering legs of a leper.

MY old Novice Master was the chaplain of the Leprosarium at Cebu, which lies between Mindanao and Manila, so while in Cebu I grasped the opportunity of visiting him. Father Clement Risacher, S.J., when Master of Novices in the novitiate at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., had first fired me with ambition to become a missionary in the Philippines; and now he was himself a missionary!

The leprosarium, which lies about an hour's drive from the city of Cebu, is somewhat different from the leprosarium at Culion. The one at Cebu was founded more recently, it is smaller than the Culion colony, and the plan of administration is different. The atmosphere at Cebu is that of a large hospital colony with many buildings scattered over a very pleasant landscape. Culion, however, is a small island by itself, on which there are several towns, a mountain ridge, and some open farm land. The atmosphere is not so much that of a hospital institution as of a normal section of Philippine countryside which is



A leper dresses his sores.

peculiar in the tragic fact that the inhabitants happen to be lepers.

Shortly after our visit to Cebu, Father Risacher was transferred to Mindanao to fill a vacant pastorate and the chaplaincy of the Cebu Leprosarium is now held by an Irish Redemptorist from the monastery in the city of Cebu.

The visit to Culion was necessarily more prolonged than the visit to Cebu. The boat which carried us proceeded to other ports of call and picked us up on the return trip five days later. There was nothing to do but stay on the island until the boat arrived. However, there were many things to see during the interval. I shall record them, not in their logical order, but in the order in which I saw them, taking the details as they were written in my diary, day by day.

FIRST day: Mr. Edwin McManus, S.J., and the writer procured permits from the Board of Health in Manila to visit the Culion Leprosarium, and, twenty-four hours after weighing anchor in Manila, we arrived at Culion at high noon.

The official chaplains of Culion Leper Colony were Father Francisco X. Rello, S.J., and Father Hugh McNulty, S.J., assisted by Brother Busque, S.J. (Father McNulty and Brother Busque have since been transferred, Brother Busque to Manila and Father McNulty to the sick list. Their places were taken by Father Carl Hausmann, S.J., and Brother Miralles, S.J.)

At the time of our visit there was also visiting with the chaplains of Culion Monsignor Victoriano Roman, an Augustinian Recoleta, who at that time was Prefect Apostolic of Palawan, within which jurisdiction Culion lies. The Monsignor spoke no English, so Mr. McManus used to converse with him in halting Spanish. My Spanish had not yet reached the speaking stage, but I could listen very fluently in Spanish; so I listened in my best Castilian style.

In the afternoon Brother Busque took us for a ride in the mission truck around part of the island to "Villagonzaga," Father Rello's farm in the country which he used as a picnic place for leper boys, and where he had started a fruit orchard.

SECOND day: We took a walk around the principal village of the Leper Colony, which is separated from the district where the healthy live. There is just one tiny village on the island for non-lepers and no leper may enter this compound, though, of course, the non-lepers may go wherever they please. In this non-leper district live the chaplains, Sisters, doctors, some mechanics and store-keepers, *et al.* The chaplains' house is at the boundary line so that the lepers can come right up to the door to call the priest whenever he is needed.

In the colony we met Father Agkouili, a Filipino secular priest who is a leper, and we had the pleasure of his company on our walk. We found him a very pleasant man, dignified but jovial and apparently quite happy despite his dreadful affliction. He lives alone and has an altar for himself in the big church of the main village where he celebrates Mass. A wonderful resignation to Divine Providence! He was pastor of a town in his native province when he became leprosy.

We visited the various public places, among them the playground where leper boys were playing baseball amid shouts of familiar baseball terms and American slang. Some Sisters were supervising a soft ball game among the girls. The Sisters (Sisters of Charity; two of them are French, the others Filipinas) work in the hospitals and conduct a home in the healthy village for non-

infected babies of leper parents

Third day: I arose at 4:00 A.M. to attend an early Mass and t

and Lepers

Joseph I.
Stoffel, S.J.

In time to accompany Father Rello on his daily tour bringing Holy Communion to the lepers in the hospitals. He gave Holy Communion to 275 persons on that morning, which is about normal. At Mass in the big church in the colony there were 139 Communion and an attendance of 301, which also is about normal for daily Mass.

Later in the morning Father Rello conducted Mr. McManus and the writer on a more leisurely tour of the hospitals and the church. We took some photographs of some of the more gruesome cases. Ordinarily this is very difficult as the lepers are very sensitive and will not allow anyone to photograph them, but Father Rello is very much beloved by all and his presence appeased them.

This tour of the hospitals was an experience of a lifetime for me. In the hospitals are those who are so deformed that they cannot help themselves or are ill with other diseases as well as leprosy. Many are covered with foul ulcers filling the air with a fetid stench, and most have fingers, toes, some even hands, and feet, rotted away. Incidentally, the members do not drop off, as is commonly supposed, but are absorbed by the system as they decompose.

In the afternoon we visited the hospital for the healthy village and Brother Busque took the Prefect Apostolic, Father Rello, Mr. McManus and the writer for a ride in the mission truck around part of the island where we saw the cemetery of the healthy *barrio* and the leper cemetery. Judging from the monuments in the latter, some at least of the lepers must be somewhat wealthy, though there is certainly no other sign of wealth in the colony. For the most part, the economic status of the colonists appeared to be very poor and there was evidence nearly everywhere of dire poverty.

In a public gymnasium on the main street of the village the lepers were voting for the constitutional plebiscite. There we met some leper politicians who gave us a very glib line of talk in English. There we also had the unusual experience of seeing a Mohammedan take off his fez to us. Obtaining the right to vote was an accomplishment for the leper politicians because lepers residing on the government reservation are deprived of the usual political rights of citizens.

Culion does not enjoy the status of a civil municipality, but is a government reservation entirely under the legislative and judicial management of the Colony Director, a doctor on the staff of the Board of Health. The medical management, however, is distinct, and is in the hands of another doctor, the Chief Physician. This office was held by Doctor Lara, a Filipino and a world-famed authority on leprosy,—and, incidentally, an alumnus of the Ateneo de Manila, as were also several of the members of his staff.

In Culion there are about 7,000 lepers, which makes it the largest leper colony in the world. The total population of the island is about 8,000, the non-lepers living in the one *barrio* for the healthy. There is a general kitchen in which rations of food are given out every day, and the government also gives out a money dole of a few centavos a month per capita. The government also supplies the electricity and water, and maintains the sewage system, roads, and other public works. Not all the lepers take the rations, because many have private means of subsistence, such as it is. In fact, for the most part, the lepers live in pretty much the same manner as people of the same economic status in any of the towns and *barrios* throughout the Philippines. They live in private *nipa* grass huts, government tenement houses, or dormitories built by our Fathers or the Protestants.

And when one walks along the streets things look almost the same as in any Philippine town. There is even the usual town plaza with its statue of Jose Rizal, the national hero. A few of the houses are rather respectable in appearance. I heard a piano playing in one, and a radio

*Ready for a change
of dressing.*



Clasping the remaining stumps of his fingers, this leper awaits his Eucharistic Lord.

in another. The lepers engage in their various trades and professions. There is a dentist, a photographer, barbers, carpenters, tailors, fishermen, farmers; there are pool rooms, bakeries, sweets shops, *sari-sari* (general notions) stores, and even a *cine* (movie house). Many of the lepers work as unskilled laborers. The superintendent of the combination power-house and ice-plant of the colony is an American (non-leper), but all leper labor is employed. The average wage for unskilled labor throughout the colony is about 50 centavos (25 cents) a day.

When a new leper is brought to the Culion Leper Colony, if he has money he will build himself a house or his relatives or friends at home will have one built for him. If he has friends (Turn to page 252)



Music, Maestro!

James V. Fallon, S.J.



The "Maestro" of the Indian Mission Band is the little tot in the first row. The harmonica which he carefully hides under his cape is a wooden one, so the "music" is furnished by the real harmonicas of the other Band members. The Author, Father Fallon, S.J., and Sister Casimir stand by the banner.

THESE youngsters form our St. Francis Parochial School Harmonica Band, of St. Francis, South Dakota, on the Sioux Reservation. This is a rather big name for such small tots. Small or not, they make a lot of noise, and they not only make music go round and round, but they exert quite an influence by way of drumming up school attendance. Here where the persistence of the prairie wind has blown all care from the Westerner's mind it is a real task to persuade either children or parents that school work will progress better by regular attendance than by occasional visits on the part of the pupil.

But now the band is heard where the school bell's clang sounded like a far distant foghorn and made as little impression. The ingenious Sisters (Sisters Casimir and Carmina) who inaugurated this band placed a position in it upon the merit basis. The fear of being ousted is held as a sanction against many misdemeanors. In fact, it is used as a deterrent from practically everything from catching cold to allowing grandpa to miss Sunday Mass. Hence you can see that hitting notes and hurdling bars is only a small portion of the responsibility accepted by the members of this musically ambitious bunch.

THE band members and their forbears are not the only ones who are concerned. Each of these members has an average of three or four brothers or sisters attending school. They are equally interested in seeing little brother or sister pushing the harmonica.

Hearing this outfit is a very small part of the fun.

Yes, "a look is as good as a thousand hearings." The real fun is seeing it going into action. The particularly amusing moment is when the director, Sister Casimir, raises the pointer to the music. All sit silent in round-eyed seriousness, their harmonicas poised an inch or so in front of their mouths. The signal is given. Then for some reason unknown to me (I am not a musician) all lips rush out in great baby pouts to welcome the instrument, instead of moving their hands to the mouth. It makes no difference; they're off.

THE youngsters can really play. In this one short year of the Day School's existence, they have mastered about six fine tunes. The ability of each varies. There is no trouble about serious application. The majority of these tots have so recently laid aside the teething ring that they welcome anything coming mouthward with a surge of joy. This perhaps offers some relief to their teacher's patience.

The small lad in front we call "Chief Jim," after an interested fire-chief in Buffalo whose charity has made our musical minims possible. As you will notice, "they're all out of step but Jim." When playing, the little fellow is never out of step because the director has wisely given him a silent decoy harmonica that will never give him away. But soon "Chief Jim" will have a real harmonica. The decoy is only a temporary device until he learns how to play. And he really wants to learn. Not only he but many other little Indian boys and girls in the mission school have the same ambition.

The Press, Radio, Theatre and Cinema—Mission Aids

The Mission Intention for October

IN pleading for press, radio, theatre and cinema propaganda as an aid to the missions, the Sovereign Pontiff of the Catholic Church proves once again, his practical rather than merely speculative interest in the Propagation of the Faith. In his plea, his Holiness is but adapting the arts and sciences in their latest form of development to the ultimate purpose divorced from which all arts and sciences are meaningless, namely the salvation and perfection of the souls of men.

To date, the most potent of the four helps enumerated by his Holiness is the press. "In vain will you build churches, preach missions, found schools. All your good works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you cannot, at the same time, wield the defensive and offensive weapons of a press that is Catholic, loyal and sincere." Let the hierarchy of a mission land, the Philippines, speak for the value of the press. A few years ago two native Pittsburgh Catholic business men, who believed in their religion, composed and printed a special Philippine edition of 25,000 little booklets "Advertising the Catholic Church." The subject matter, in the form of brief expository paragraphs, set forth our principal Catholic doctrines and corrected popular misconceptions concerning the same. The expense of these was slightly more than \$1,000, more than half of which was defrayed by the authors, while the balance was covered by students in the following Jesuit colleges: Boston, Holy Cross, St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, Canisius College and High School, Buffalo, St. Ignatius Loyola and St. Francis Xavier, New York City. The booklets were shipped to Father John J. Monahan, S.J., who has since gone to his eternal reward, and, due to his exceptional ability as a contact man, the entire stock was distributed where most sadly needed among the present public high school generation of the Islands. We quote from a letter of the Apostolic Delegate, William Piani:

"I am in receipt of your kind letter of 12th inst., with the enclosed pamphlet 'Advertising the Catholic Church,' edited by those two zealous and practical Catholic business men of Pittsburgh. I sympathize with your work of propaganda especially in distributing those unique pamphlets. May God help you to put one of them in every corner of the Philippines. Heartily blessing you and your work of propaganda, I am, Sincerely yours in Christ, William Piani, Apostolic Delegate."

To-day, even on the mission field itself, a Catholic press is functioning, both as an offensive and a defensive weapon. An instance in point is the *Commonweal* of Manila which is, at present writing, battling bravely to correct misconceptions and to expose the correct Catholic attitude toward the Bill for Religion Instruction in the schools of the archipelago. Let us hope that the editors will be able to convince the President of the Philippines, Hon. Manuel Quezon, that his recent veto of the bill was most ill-considered. Catholic editors in the United States are using, not only all available Catholic News Services, particularly the *Fides* and *Lumen* Service, the National Catholic Welfare

Council and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith releases, but are availing themselves of secular magazines with a large circulation as channels for the distribution of mission news both in text and photographs. Outstanding on the mission field itself is the contribution of the Bombay Press Service, a non-Christian anti-Communist service which syndicates to the non-Christian press of India, Catholic news, views and articles, contributed by the American Jesuits studying at Kurseong in the Himalayas. Encouraging, likewise, is the fact that our editors are playing with the idea of a new tabloid type of mission magazine. Based on the principle that a picture is worth a thousand words, the national organ for the Propagation of the Faith is experimenting with all pictures and short captions in the interest of quicker mission news presentation.

In 1896 the Catholic Italian, Signor Marconi, invented his wireless and radio soon succeeded the Atlantic cable of Cyrus Field and the telephone of Alexander Bell. Thanks to the radio, the missionary priest now isolated from the world of civilized men and of civilized affairs can span the hitherto forbidding distances with a turn of the dial. Some missionaries already have their own Catholic hour. Last year, in the United States, the dramatized life of Pauline Jaricot, foundress of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, was broadcast during the "Ave Maria Hour." "The Catholic Hour" devoted three programs to the same Society which has likewise used "The Church of the Air." On October 16th, a member of the Society's staff will talk for an hour over the National Broadcasting System and on October 22nd the same network has agreed to arrange for a re-broadcast from Rome of the Mission Sunday message of his Holiness to be given by Archbishop Costantini.

Allied with the press and radio we have the theatre and movies. Catholic mission history is rich with themes around which a clever dramatist might be able to produce a play which would certainly be successful. Take, for example, the lives of the pioneer missionaries to China at the Imperial Court of Peking; the heroism of clergy and laity during the persecutions in Japan, Indo-China, Korea and other lands; the martyrs of the South Seas Islands; the martyrs of Uganda; the lives of early missionaries and their folks in South America, Mexico, and North America, the story of Catherine Tekakwitha. The Catholic Student Mission Crusade has prepared a long list of plays suitable for presentation in schools, colleges and seminaries. Even the movies are being utilized to carry our mission message.

It is the hope of his Holiness that by means of these agencies of communication, the press, radio, theatre and cinema, the problems of our Catholic missionaries may be better known and realized and a solution offered for the same. These mission aids should be particularly used immediately preceding Mission Sunday, October 23. As if to set us an example, His Holiness is utilizing the N.B.C. System for the broadcast of his mission message.

Afield with American Jesuits

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Pastor of Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Mindanao, P. I., described an interesting incident in his missionary life:

"A meteorological event of more than usual interest occurred here this morning. It happened at about 8:50 a.m., while I was nearing the end of my second Mass on Corpus Christi day, so I cannot precisely give an 'eyewitness' account.

"The weather was clear, the sun shining, with high white clouds scattered through the sky, here and there darker groups predicting early rain of which we have been having more than enough daily. Suddenly could be heard in the distance a low, deep rumbling, like the approach of many big airplanes. The sound grew in intensity steadily, somewhat like thunder, but more regular and less explosive in sound, and slower of approach. Constantly for about a minute it increased in volume until it was quite intense and seemed to be directly overhead. My first impression was that it was an approaching earthquake, and I was minded to tell the people to leave the church; but there was no vibration of the earth, and not to cause commotion, I kept quietly at the Mass.

"The heavy deep roaring continued overhead for some half minute or so, punctured now and then by sharper explosions and then gradually seemed to diminish and subside. The noise was not like the heavy rumbling of reverberating thunder; while quite loud, there was no heavy vibrations of the air, and the sound was more of the nature of a roar. The whole lasted somewhat less than three minutes and all during the time and until the end of the Mass I could think of nothing to which I could ascribe the sound. The papers have been carrying accounts of the eruption of the 'Mayon,' and naturally it occurred that it might be some phenomenon due to the eruption of the volcano.

"The above are personal observations. I immediately divested and went out into the street where I found all the people gathered in evident confusion. They were all looking up into the sky and indicating direction, but everything was normal with the sun shining and the white cloud formations throughout the sky. Nothing was unusual. But the story of witnesses was that a great mass of fire and especially smoke came across the sky and settled overhead. There seemed to have been a central mass, but it was obscured in the great masses of smoke, heavy smoke that kept moving 'like the smoke from an oil or gasoline fire.' The smoke was of various colors, 'pink and blue and bright and dark' and very pretty; and occasionally

streamers would shoot out like the bursting of bombs. It did not move fast and finally seemed to come to rest and then slowly diminished and the smoke finally disappeared among the clouds.

"The best human sidelight on the affair was the reaction of a group of little tots from our first grade. After the Mass they were talking and talking with great excitement and many gestures. The smallest of them all was telling all about it. I watched for a while, and finally said, 'Filipe, how do you know all about it; you did not see it, you were in the church.' "Father, he said, 'I saw it in the cine.'"

ALASKA

The Feast of the Sacred Heart, found Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., of Akulurak, on the edge of his Mission near the Bering Sea. The following brief account of his day there written in his tent towards its close is a little masterpiece of terse and vivid prose:

"Today is the Feast of the Sacred Heart and you might be interested in knowing where I am spending it. I said Mass this morning in a little tent crowded with about thirty Eskimo fishermen and women. It was very devotional, despite the flapping of the tent and the sound of the waves beating on this barren beach. The people sang a few Sacred Heart songs in Eskimo and a little Mission trained Eskimo lad served my Mass in faultless Latin. While my moon-faced pilot was getting my breakfast, I took Viati-



Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., of British Honduras, who on August 26 celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. Bishop Murphy is eighty years old.

cum up two miles on this desolate beach to a lone Eskimo woman who is wasting away with tuberculosis. The wind was blowing a good gale as I marched carrying the Lord of all. I felt supremely happy as His custodian on this great Feast of the Sacred Heart. Thecla, the sick lady, received me with a smile. She appreciated my kindness. I knew that before long she would be taken from these bleak shores to the harbor of heavenly warmth and rest.

"As I returned from giving Viaticum, I was greeted by a school of white whales who were certainly having recess. They tossed up and down in the waves with great glee. They must have had a very satisfying breakfast of King Salmon. The Kings were running and as I passed by the tents of the Eskimo in the lower village—Nilithlurh—I saw some of the men bringing Kings weighing as high as sixty pounds. The women were already sharpening their knives. The knives have a circular blade and can rip through a salmon like a razor.

"I have my little launch sheltered in a little slough off the big river. Yesterday the Yukon was very rough. It is very wide here as we are only five miles away from the sea. I came in with the tide and must wait until the tide comes before I can pull out. Incidentally, this gave me an opportunity to write you this letter of thanks for your nice little shipment of statues, rosaries, pictures, medals, etc. I have disposed of several already during this trip. I tell you one of these little statues fills to overflowing the hearts of this simple people. Their little tents are bare of ornament, but there is no ornament so revered as a statue of Our Blessed Mother.

"The tide is coming up now and I must hike on to a little fishing camp called Kwimlichun. Watching a motor and trying to miss sand-bars will be the order of the day from now on."

* * *

August 5, Feast of Our Lady of the Snow, was a day of multiple celebrations at Hooper Bay. Most of the festivities centered around the Community of Eskimo Sisters called Sisters of Our Lady of the Snow, founded by the resourceful Superior at Hooper Bay, Father John P. Fox, S.J. In the following plans for the day's celebration, as outlined by Father Fox, we may get an idea of the tremendous work accomplished by this Community in the desolate country on the Bering Sea:

"We were supposed to have Father Joseph McElmeel, S.J., down here recently. I brought him as far as Akulurak, but from there he had to turn back on urgent business with Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J. But he



Father Segundo Llorente, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who has returned to Alaska to take the place of Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., at Kotzebue, thirty miles above the Arctic Circle. Father Llorente completed his Tertianship at Port Townsend, Washington, last year.

promised to return down this way. We are hoping that he might be here for August 5, which this year will be a full day. On that day we hope to bless our new convent, admit two postulants to the Community, receive the vows of two finishing their novitiate, celebrate the fifth birthday of the Sisters, and my own twenty-fifth anniversary in the Society of Jesus. It would be nice if both Father McElmeel and Bishop Crimont could make it here to help gladden the day. But in Alaska, we can't plan or expect too much. It is a land of waiting as we have often found out.

"I hope you are getting our *Hooper Bay Gossip* and so I will not repeat what you read there, especially as I have about fifty unanswered letters here on my desk staring me in the face. And every missionary knows well the severe penalty of neglecting his correspondence. Up here not to write means clearly not to eat, as we live from our mail. The Lord knows that many times one gives very grudgingly precious time to letter-writing that is badly needed for other work.

"We are having a few somewhat unusual visitors in our Bay this year. A few days ago one of the boys shot a walrus just out here in front of the Mission. It took just about all of the men of the village to drag the big fellow out of the water at high tide. I guess he weighed around two ton and was about fourteen feet long. Two days ago another one shot a sea lion, too, just close in here. And, of course, whales are always shot here during fish season as they come in to feed on the salmon. Though there are generally walrus farther out from the beach and sea lions too, they have not been coming in so close as this year.

Both are dangerous customers when one begins to bother them. Of course, I had my share of both at table as I always do. So far I have not met anything yet that this country provides to eat which I found un stomachable, though I know things I like better."

CHINA

Father John K. Lipman, S.J., has returned from Shanghai to Nanking where he and Father James F. Kearney, S.J., are engaged in the work of cleaning up and repairing their residence and preparing for a series of radio broadcasts. He writes:

"Well, at long last we're back in Nanking! As a matter of fact, Father Kearney has been back just a month yesterday, and I left Shanghai on board the American Admiral Yarnell's yacht on June 23 and landed

course, things change so rapidly these days that it is impossible to say what will be the condition of affairs a month or two from now, so there is nothing definite either way. The foundations and the piles of bricks are almost hidden by the weeds right now, for it's been eleven months since work stopped on the project. The way the time flies is nobody's business.

"At present, Father Kearney and I are staying at the Bishop's residence, for the electricity has not yet been turned on in our house, but we're hoping for this in another week or so, though I wouldn't be surprised if it would take nearer a month. In the meanwhile, we are cleaning, repairing and refurnishing the house, so that when we do get the lights, the place will be ready for occupancy. Our surroundings now present none too cheerful a prospect, however, for across the street and on one side of us, practically all the buildings were gutted by fire. One good feature is that the bank which was just half a block away is now the main post office, so that makes it quite handy; and there is regular service between here and Shanghai now,—thirty-six hour service and one delivery a day, which isn't bad under the circumstances. The mail arrives at ten in the morning and has to be in the office by five p.m. to go out the next morning.

"With Father Kearney there came a Chinese secular priest who belongs to this Mission; and the Vicar General, Father Chang, who spent the last six months in Hankow, is now in Shanghai waiting for a pass to return here. There are over two hundred Catholics at Mass on Sundays now, including the children; and Father Liang has a prayer school for the small children run-



Gregory L. Landon, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who arrived last month in Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, for missionary work. He studied last year at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington.

here the next afternoon, bag and baggage, of which there was plenty! We found conditions here in Nanking rather quiet and peaceful, with lots of Chinese returning each day and many little stores opening up again, though most of the larger ones had been burned or destroyed. It is estimated that there are now over four hundred thousand in the city, which is about one-third of what it was a year ago this time. However, there will be no middle schools or universities opening up this fall,—at least none under foreign supervision, and from the looks of things this holds for all the occupied sections of China, with the exception of the foreign-controlled areas in Peiping, Tientsin and Shanghai. So that will most likely mean that there will be little use in going ahead with our hostel here until it is certain that we'll have universities here again. Of



William T. McIntyre, S.J., of the Oregon Province, who arrived recently at Holy Cross Mission, Alaska. Last year he was at St. Ignatius Mission among the Flat-head Indians in Montana.



Father Francis D. Burns, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, who after completing his Tertianship at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, sailed recently for missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

ning in good order, numbering about seventy boys and girls. Just what Father Kearney and I are going to do is a bit indefinite at present, though we can always prepare a set of radio talks for next year. We hope to resume the Catholic Hour broadcasts in September, and I think that by then we should be able to get down to Shanghai easily enough.

"I had a very interesting experience on the occasion of the final broadcast on June 12. Father McGoldrick, one of the Columban Fathers, was giving the talk, and we arrived at the studio about twenty minutes past seven, for the seven-thirty program. We were waiting in the studio, which is on the ground floor and opens right on to the street, when all of a sudden through the window I saw a great flash accompanied by a terrific bang. It didn't take long to figure out that a bomb had gone off outside, which was just what happened, being one of five that were set off in different parts of the settlement that same evening. The radio station had been quite outspoken in its criticisms of the powers that be, and this was the manner in which resentment was shown. Fortunately, no damage was done, but I never want to come any closer to one of those hand-grenades!"

BRITISH HONDURAS

A letter full of sentiments of gratitude to those who rallied to his support after the disastrous fire which destroyed his church at Benque Viejo last January has been received from Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J.:

"The Lord is surely very good! To be sure, He took what He Himself had given to old Benque, our loved

church with its *Santos* where Heaven had heard and granted our prayers over a period of twenty-four years. In our case as with holy old Job He left us at least our lives, for not one of our people perished in the mysterious fire which, after a sudden attack, completely devoured the material fruits of missionary toil and sacrifice of many years. Yet, thanks be to God, fire cannot touch the spiritual advantages achieved by the inspired zeal of my predecessors in this Mission at Benque Viejo, and by their high-minded mission friends at home who made it possible for those missionaries ever to hold aloft the Banner of Christ, the King. In many practical ways the fire has served to purify us. It has brought us closer together physically and spiritually in our present cramped



Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who sailed recently for missionary work in British Honduras, after completing his Tertianship at Cleveland, Ohio.

quarters which must serve as our church now. The constant crowding and the resulting heat clearly indicate that the present conditions should not continue for long. Our Indians and their *Padre* on the one hand pray tearfully, 'Father, let this chalice of desolation pass from us,' while on the other hand, both people and their *Padre* rejoice together as they feel the hand of their loving Father in Heaven wiping away their tears ever now and again as he sends them, through the generous sacrifices of our friends in other lands, tangible proofs of genuine Christ-like charity in the form of equipment for our new church, beautiful statues, fine priestly vestments and

even certain financial assistance so much needed to erect a new, and, let us hope, a more spacious, more permanent house for our Eucharistic Lord. Our greatest assistance has thus far, undoubtedly, come through the JESUIT MISSIONS and the friends to whom you communicated your own inspired zeal for souls."

* * *

From El Cayo, Father John T. Newell, S.J., reports that his campaign to spread Catholic literature is progressing but that he is in need of more books and pamphlets:

"At present a special activity which I am accounting as especially necessary is the distributing of Catholic literature. With this, I see that the people are beginning to appreciate the superiority of Catholic literature over that of the two American women Evangelist missionaries here.

"Literature is a very helpful means to combat the Evangelists, since they distribute a lot of it. I have started one reading library with some of the periodicals I receive, and I look for a lot of good from it with the school children and with the older people, who are invited in to see and read the latest in Catholic literature. I am also anxious to get children's books and literature adapted to their age, such as certain periodicals that are used in the Catholic schools."

JAMAICA

Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., writes from Mandeville, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"My sincere thanks for your latest example of continued interest in our work in Jamaica. Needless to say, it was welcome, and a use for it was right at hand.

"In the midst of the most hectic month in my twenty-two years here, I succeeded in having two fairs and



Father William H. Feeney, S.J., of the Province of New England, who sailed for Rio de Janeiro on August 6, to act as Chaplain for the English-speaking residents of that city. Father Feeney has already spent five years in Bogota, Colombia, and two years in Jamaica, B. W. I.



Charles J. Fox, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who will sail in October for Patna, India. He studied last year at West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana.

one concert, all three netting over fifty pounds. This mainly went in clearing my desk of debts, the largest being the one against my Vere church, which is now clear. It is dedicated to St. Madeleine Sophie, who has been very helpful in getting us funds.

"Just now, I am bracing myself for my fourteenth church, at Chapelton, now half finished, with my funds at a low position on account of my cleaning the slate. As usual, my hopes are high, and I have been the recipient of so many providential helps that I have acquired a keen sense of a kind Providence watching over me and my efforts. Looking back, I see that I would have left all of my material efforts not attempted had I waited for money to be had before starting.

"The situation is far from perfect just now, and anything may come to set us away back. As it was, the rioters demonstrated in front of my premises, throwing large stones into the road, and necessitating the police and soldiers to be summoned. Nothing happened but later the same crowd, considerably increased, invaded the grounds of the two larger hotels and had to be dispersed by police and soldiers."

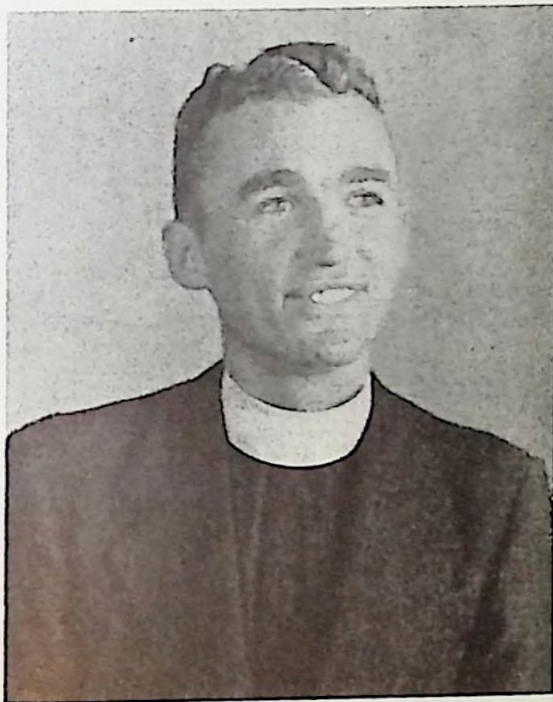
* * *

Father James Becker, S.J., writes from Montego Bay, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"We had a big flood in Montego Bay last November. Our school is in a hollow and there must have been at least eight feet of water in the school yard. There was a depth of four feet of water in the school which destroyed our fine piano which we had received as a gift and all the good Sisters' school equipment, excepting the furniture. The floor of the stage came up in waves and had to be repaired at once. Little by little I have been trying to restore all the damage. So far I have been able to put but one coat

of paint on the woodwork outside, which restores the looks of the place to a degree, but this is not enough to withstand the strong tropical sun. The good Sisters have been doing their share to renew books, sewing materials, drawing materials, etc., etc. A good friend sent us a piano to replace the one destroyed. That was a very big help.

"The sad part of our school is that we are obliged to make a small charge of about two pennies a day to make ends meet. As small as this charge is, it keeps many of our Catholic children away. Their parents prefer the public school where there is no charge at all, and certainly some cannot afford the small charge made. We have quite a few who pay nothing. The



Joseph P. Martin, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who will sail in October for Patna, India. He studied last year at West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana.

numbers of these of course must be limited, since we can only afford to have two sisters. What we need is to have some good friend endow the school with a few thousand dollars. That would make it possible to get all the Catholic children into the school, thereby making good Catholics of them."

* * *

Father Henry B. Muollo, S.J., writes from St. Joseph's Rectory, Sav-la-Mar:

"The request you made regarding pictures and words accompanying still remains on the fleshy tablets of the memory. The photographic work that one is obliged to pay for in this one-street-town is poor at best. Hence, with the help of my brother who is vacationing here I expect to do some boondoggling in the preparation of a photographic dark room. Already my brother has completed a printing box equipped with a red and white electric bulb, and fixed up a closet beneath the staircase at the Rectory here to serve as a dark room, with wiring and

running water. The chemicals and other photographic material I expect to pick up, borrow or 'tief' at Winchester Park."

IRAQ

Father Vincent Gookin, S.J., lets the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS in on a little shop talk. Father Gookin teaches chemistry and biology, among other things, at Baghdad College.

"As I perhaps told you I have two small German microscopes which were bought before my arrival and they were almost doomed to gather dust on the shelf until I discovered that my Bausch and Lomb objectives fit them exactly. So these two new objectives really mean two new microscopes to me. I must add also that my microscope fund increased after your letter had been sent and is now up to about \$40. Some Boston school teachers are doing it. If I can pick up small frames and put Bausch and Lomb objectives on them I will solve my problem more easily. But as it is I have seven good microscopes now and since Biology is an elective course that is enough or nearly so. If ever we are told to make it obligatory for all there will be the old stagger system to fall back on.

"I spent a week at our outdoor villa up in the mountains north of Mosul. Father John A. Mifsud and I returned with Father Francis B. Sarjeant. Father Edward F. Madaras is here and Father Joseph P. Merrick is at present in Basra. He will return and go to the villa and give the scholastics' retreat. The villa is close to the Turkish border and, in fact, from some places you can see the snow capped mountains over the border. Below the villa is a Christian village; some of the people are Nestorians, most of them Catholics (Chaldean). In the next town is the Chaldean Bishop and over



Joseph A. O'Brien, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who will sail in October for Patna, India. He studied last year at West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana.



Father Leo J. Shea, S.J., of the New England Province, who is on his way to join the American Jesuits teaching at Baghdad College, Iraq.

there the orphans from the Delegation orphanage have a summer camp. Also the Armenian Sisters from Baghdad."

PATNA, INDIA

Father James A. Creane, S.J., now at Bhagalpur, reports that he is completely restored to health:

"I rather think I could take to the road again in the good old Santal tramp style and rough it just as before. The fact of the matter is, I am beginning to nourish the thought that I am about the only able bodied man in the Mission. I have put on no less than fifty pounds since my low level at the time of my operation last July. Even with all that extra luggage I can hot foot it around about as well as ever.

"Here in Bhagalpur, the third largest city in the Mission, with a population of some eighty-three thousand, we have achieved very little since taking over the Mission. The fact is our efforts have never been concentrated here. True, Bhagalpur has always been a sort of headquarters for our Santal missionaries, and at one time was the station where our boarding schools for Santal boys and girls were located, but here in the town itself little has been done to convert or even influence the Hindu and Moslem population. We have had some converts in the town but comparatively few. The Protestants have made little headway in actual conversions in Bhagalpur, but they are far ahead of us in institutions. They have a very good high school for boys, also a high school for girls, several grade schools, two churches and a leper asylum.

"Since coming here I have opened a girls' school, or rather I should say, a sort of cosmopolitan co-educational school. For we have boys and girls attending. Among them are three Catholics, the rest being Hindus and Mohammedans. The teacher, Maria Teresa, is one of my first converts from Hinduism."

* * *

Father Francis J. Welzmler, S.J.,

in a recent letter gives a brief but interesting account of his work in Buxar-Shahabad District, India:

"Things go merrily out our way. The weather and prickly heat disincite one from too much dashing about. The temperature stays around ninety degrees day and night, but humidity is high and there is water, water everywhere. I may have to get a horse to get around.

"To date my Baptisms have reached about two hundred and fifty. During the monsoon I shall confine myself chiefly to making new contacts and making a more complete census of the villages. Devil worship and pagan marriages will remain a problem for some time.

"Father Joseph Mann, S.J., had a lark of a time burning up the roads of Buxar Division during his Tertian-ship experiment here. I hope he will be with me next fall. Father Marion Batson, S.J., is chin deep in building and caring for lawsuits. Father Henry Westropp, S.J., is making Arrah boom and dotting the neighborhood with vil-lage schools."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., Superior of St. Andrew's Mission among the Umatilla Indians at Pendleton, Oregon, in a recent letter outlined his plans for the school year:

"Father J. B. Tenny, head of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions at Washington, D. C., was here for a visit July 3 and 4. We decided upon plans that will simplify our operations here and lower the expenses.

"Next year's school beginning the coming September 6, will have no Indian children boarders. All will be day pupils and will ride the bus. The Sisters' and Girls' building will be closed. The Sisters who teach will reside at Pendleton and will be brought back and forth each school day. The Indian children will bring their own lunch. The bus line will be shortened and all Indian children must find a way to get on it. There is no certain substitute for the Mother Katherine subsidy which we lost last summer, hence I am in severe financial troubles.

"We expect about thirty Indian children the coming school year. Many of our Indian children last year, being sick or ailing in some way, were obliged to cease school. The sanatoriums were so crowded that some of the children could not get in but had to stay home. We hope that this condition is only temporary and expect at least sixty children in our school a few years from now.

"Almost a hundred years ago the first Indian of the Cayuse tribe was baptized. The work of Catholicizing the Indians of this region thus happily begun should be completed by us later missionaries. We should finish what was started and I very much fear that

the Indian Missions are forgotten too much, at America's very elbow and in our midst."

* * *

Father Matthew A. Connell, S.J., Superior of St. Francis Mission, St. Francis P. O., South Dakota, tells of the program of his Indian school in a recent letter:

"This morning we received your box containing altar linens, statues, and other devotional articles including many very interesting and useful pamphlets. Please accept my sincerest thanks for all these things which you so generously and thoughtfully prepared for us. Everything is very nice and the statues are especially welcome. The missionaries are always glad to get such things. Many of the families to whom they minister have very little in the line of devotional articles and good reading material. Hence the missionaries always have a great demand for these items and your box fills a timely need.

"I am sending you a few pictures of our Mission. During the school year we have over four hundred and fifty Indian children who are enrolled in eight grades and high school. Each year the list of students who desire to come here grows longer. Last September we opened an extra school in St. Francis, a small Indian village adjacent to the Mission buildings. This new parochial school, which two Sisters taught, was opened for the town children who could easily go home each evening. One of the pictures enclosed is a picture of a harmonica band one of the energetic Sisters sponsored in this new school. It was very successful and serves as a drawing card to attract new pupils to our new parochial school."



Richard J. McCarthy, S.J., of the Province of New England, who after completing his philosophy, sailed for educational work in Baghdad, Iraq.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Editor will welcome your communication on any topic connected with JESUIT MISSIONS and Jesuit Missionaries.

War Clouds

To the Editor:

Re the error on page 144, June number of JESUIT MISSIONS, detected by Rev. George L. Klaus, S.J., of St. Mary's, Kansas, (September Communications):

Far be it from me to deny Irontail, Two Moons, and a third unnamed Indian the honor of enhancing the heads-side of our buffalo nickels. Had I been elsewhere when writing WILD AND WOOLLY, say, back East somewhere, probably I would not have erred. But, at that time, I was on the Montana prairies, among the Blackfeet Indians, and surrounded by Little Bull-Kills-In-The-Brush, Nancy Found-A-Gun, Isabella Morning-Gun, Jeanette Rattler, Tom Stabs-By-Mistake, Louise Good-Stabbing, Justus Sharp, and other patriotic guys and gals who gladiatorially defend the tradition that our familiar nickels bear the likenesses of Chief Two Guns Whitecalf and an unnamed buffalo.

Facing "blessing and cursing, life and death," I followed Deuteronomy (xxx. 19), and choose life, preferring error to extinction and tradition to tomahawks.

A Blackfoot "Redwing," Julia Wades-In-The-Water of Browning, Montana, states: "The Indian on the nickel is Two Guns. It was taken at some kind of a political meeting at St. Marys (Glacier Park)—Didn't remember the year. It was first thought it would be used on a stamp, but Louis Hill at this meeting decided it should be used on the nickel. Two Guns was invited to the mint and the first handful of nickels run were given to him. Just before he died (March 12, 1934) he had a letter from the Washington office, suggesting that the profile be used on a fifty-cent piece, but he died before this letter was answered."

Julia says she will give proof for this statement, as she was there at the time.

A good friend of mine is Mrs. Phoebe La Breshe, who corroborates Julia's statement—but, Phoebe is the daughter of Two Guns' wife by her first marriage. And, Julia is a widow, and happens to be Mrs. Two Guns Whitecalf. . . . However, let Rev. George L. Klaus of St. Mary's, Kansas, beware, as Julia regularly wins first prize at the Glacier County Fair for making the best war bonnet.

Alma, Calif.

Edgar Dowd, S.J.

"May His Tribe Increase"

To the Editor:

Please find enclosed herewith a personal check for one dollar to renew my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS.

The September, No. 8 issue, Vol. XII, is at hand, with the green colored form enclosed, advising the expiration of current subscription. As I am completely sold on JESUIT MISSIONS, one thing is requisite to get the subscription renewed *instanter* and by so doing, I will avoid the dangers of procrastination, and what is no small matter, assist you greatly in keeping things running smoothly and lighten some of your burdens.

JESUIT MISSIONS is full of action and I find it very absorbing from cover to cover and, incidentally, I absorb much good from these episodes of real life in the missionaries' daily activities to spread the Kingdom of Christ in many lands. May the increment spoken of by St. Paul be ever granted them, in their labors, from on High.

San Francisco, California.

Francis J. Thompson.

A Busy Missionary Writes

To the Editor:

Some time ago I received the enclosed letter from Father Pollock in the Philippines. I have found it so interesting, and those to whom I have shown it have been so inspired and enlightened by it, that I have thought it but fair to Father Pollock and to your readers to let every one see it. I wish that I could do more for Father Pollock and your other missionaries.

Academy of Our Lady
Mambajao, Or. Misamis, P. I.

Dear Mrs. _____

Yesterday afternoon I received your most beautiful gift, five complete sets of vestments, made of Chinese silk. My house-

hold, on seeing the small package could not believe my words that that tiny package contained five sets of vestments. They are so delightfully light, so much lighter than some of the light vestments that were sent me once before, that I marvel at them. They are ideal for this climate, for I must admit, that though I like the climate very, very much, the ceremonies of Mother Church have a big drawback for us, with all the vestments imposed on the perspiring Padre.

With us in our missions, it is not a case of an occasional ceremony, but day after day, for we are alone, and one Father does it all. For instance, last Thursday two families wanted a Requiem High Mass during the octave of Pentecost. Well, I cannot say two Masses on a weekday, and I cannot sing a Requiem Mass during the octave of Pentecost. But they insisted. So I had to arrange it like this.

One would get the Mass on Wednesday and one on Thursday. And it would be a "Requiem" Mass of the Holy Ghost, that is, a Mass in red vestments, and after the Mass the catafalque would be lighted up, and I would change to black for the Libera, the blessing over the catafalque. That satisfied them. But it so happened that Wednesday was also marriage day, but that kind of Requiem Mass would not interfere with the marriage Mass. So we all agreed, and everyone was happy.

But this made Wednesday a very big day. Some devout souls departing on an early boat came for Communion at 4:30, and than at 5:15, a zealous Promoter brought in a buggyload of old women, who could not walk nor get about. I had wanted to go to their houses to take them Holy Communion, but they were ashamed, so came this way to the Church. It was quite a job to get through so many deaf confessions in the church, as the people began to gather for Mass and the marriages. Then Communion at once, for they could not stand the delay for High Mass. By six o'clock, I was ready to start the marriages, four pairs being on hand, so I donned the white stole and cope, as we do in the P. I., and married them in the middle of the Church, and then led them to just before the altar, and knelt them down. Then change to red vestments, and the "Requiem" High Mass of the Holy Ghost began, during which the nuptial blessing was given. There were plenty of Communion. After the last part of the nuptial blessing and the Last Gospel, change to black stole and cope, go down a side aisle (making an end run, as it were, around the newly-weds and all their stir in getting out), and at the back of the Church, complete the Requiem part of the Mass with the sung blessing at the catafalque.

Meanwhile another pair had arrived for marriage late, for they had come from away up in the hills. It was fortunate they were late, and separated from the rest, for the man had been baptized Aglipayan, and so must now be re-baptized. So change again, to a purple stole this time, and baptize him, then confess the girl, then marry them, give them Communion and the nuptial blessing outside the Mass. It was now 7:35, and I had exhausted two sacristans, and changed altar boys three times, and kept two clerks busy on the marriage papers, and was I wringing wet? What do you think? Is that an unusual morning? Not exactly. The combination is a bit unusual, but the amount of work, and time, energy and sweat by no means unusual. So you see I shall appreciate very light Chinese silk vestments.

From all this you can see that our life as priests is a bit different from that of our confreres in the States. For an American parish that is large enough to have so much happen on one day has several assistants, and the work is divided up. But here each Padre does it all, day after day. Personally I love it so, to be kept so busy, but it is very hard on those who are not blessed with such great endurance. Please pray a few more harvesters into these white fields.

This letter has run along at great length, and it is high time it came to an end. As I am not accustomed to using English for such a long stretch, my vocabulary is running low. Pardon me if my idioms, spelling and grammar are not up to snuff. Frequently I find myself thinking in our dialect, and translating into English.

May God bless you always, and reward as only He can your great generosity to a missionary. Keep me in your prayers.

(Signed) John A. Pollock, S.J.

I hope we may be able "to pray a few more harvesters into these white fields."
New York.

Name withheld

Little Irmengard: Her Story

James A. Creane, S.J.

AMONG the hundred and twenty boarders at St. Michael's School for Santal girls, the most popular is little Irmengard of Kusumba. Though only a tiny tot about four years old, she has won the hearts of all. When any one visits the Convent, the Sisters are sure to trot her out and have her greet him with a profound bow in Santal fashion by placing both hands flat on the ground before him. How she got into the school involves a bit of history. You may be interested in its recital. So listen.

A couple of years ago a cholera epidemic was raging in the Santal Parganas. Hundreds were dying in villages all around our Mission headquarters at Gokhla and whole families were being wiped out. More than a score of our newly converted Christians fell victims of it. I recall visiting one sad home where five children had been attacked one after another and carried off by the fatal disease. The parents alone survived. At the time of my visit the mother was suffering from it and in serious danger of death.

THE epidemic spreading from village to village finally broke out in Kusumba. Four people were attacked by it. Of these, two died. The villagers became panicky. Several of them fled to other villages; some even went across the Ganges. I met one man who had run away and was living all alone like a hermit in an old deserted bazaar shed for about a week.

One couple noticing the first symptoms of cholera in their only child brought it to St. Mary's Mission at Gokhla. There they were directed to the Sisters' dispensary for medicine. As the child was in a critical condition, the Sisters baptized it at once, giving it the name "Irmengard." Fearing to return to their village the family spent the night at the Mission. The next morning, realizing the danger to themselves in nursing their cholera-stricken child, the parents asked for Baptism. Father Rudolph Bohn, S.J., hurriedly instructed and baptized them. Then instead of returning to their home in Kusumba, they decided to stay with their relatives in Kendua.

But the news of the outbreak of cholera in Kusumba preceded them to Kendua. Hence on arrival there they were refused admittance by the villagers. Even their own relatives would not take them in. What were they to do? Not far away was an empty mission chapel.



Little Irmengard (second from left) the most popular girl at St. Michael's Orphanage, Gokhla, stands facing the world in a belligerent attitude. She has had to fight for existence.

There they decided to stay. It was arranged that food should be sent over to them by their relatives.

The child, little Irmengard, cured by the Sisters' medicine, began to recover and regain strength. But in the meantime the mother was attacked by the awful epidemic which soon sapped her strength and vitality. In sheer fright, instead of staying to take care of her, her husband fled to our Mission at Gokhla. On the way he, too, got an attack of cholera. He managed, however, to struggle into the Mission late at night. The servants sleeping on the veranda of the boys' school were aroused by this nocturnal visitor. Concealing his identity and the real purpose of his coming, he pretended to be looking for work. But as he complained of severe pain in the stomach and diarrhea, the servants suspected it might be cholera and awoke the Prefect, Father Kevin Angelo, S.J., who spent the rest of the night treating him.

THE next morning he was recognized as the man baptized by Father Bohn and the father of the cholera-stricken child. These facts, together with the symptoms, left no doubt about his having cholera. He was accordingly put on a native cot and carried off and quarantined in a small straw roofed shack at the far end of the Compound, where under the kindly care of Father Charles Bonnot, S.J., he was finally restored to health.

Fool that he was, he said nothing about his wife being sick. Had he done so, we might have hastened to her assistance and saved her also. Meantime, a letter was brought to me from the village school teacher of Kusumba telling me of the epidemic there and asking me to come at once with medical supplies. Though there

was only one Catholic family there, I determined to go. My cook and box carrier hurriedly got the necessary provisions together and we started off in the rain. As the monsoon had broken, we knew that the rivers would be high and difficult to cross. But what of it when human lives were at stake and there were immortal souls to be saved.

WE had not gone far, however, when we were overtaken by old Benjamin my Pahariya catechist. He brought the news that he and a couple of other catechists had found a woman with a little child lying and apparently dying on the veranda of the mission chapel near Kendua. Who she was or where she came from they did not know. They suspected she might have cholera and that is why they kept a safe distance from her and brought word to me.

There could be little doubt that she was the mother of little Irmengard and the wife of the man who had struggled into the Mission the previous night. So I felt that she, being a Catholic in danger of death, had the first claim on my charity. Hence I directed my carrier to turn back and follow the catechist in the opposite direction along the slippery paths through the rice fields towards the mission chapel.

Old Benjamin and I reached the chapel just as the sun was setting in the west. And what a sight confronted us! Lying on the veranda, face down, was the body of the woman stiff and cold in death. Beside the corpse keeping a lone vigil was the emaciated form of a little child about a year and a half old. Less than half a mile away in Kendua were the uncles and aunts of that child who evidently knew of its sad plight. But not one of them ventured to rescue it. Though die it surely would, they dared not touch it.

Unlike most children in the presence of a stranger, this little child showed no sign of fear, but lisped one of the only two words it knew "dak" (water). Fortunately, we had a bit of fresh water with us and could give "drink to the thirsty"—a cup of cold water in God's name. The child drank so much that it was evident that it had been fasting for a day or more.

SINCE nothing could be done for the mother except pray for the repose of her soul, and since it was too late to dig a grave and bury her, we turned all our attention to the child. We first removed what few ornaments and clothing she had and then gave her a disinfectant bath from head to foot to kill any cholera germs that might be clinging to the body. By that time it had

become quite dark. Old Benjamin lit the lantern which we had brought with us, and led the way along the winding ridges of the rice fields to a nearby village called Asanbona. I followed carrying the child.

When we finally got there I put the child in the village chapel, clothed her with one of my old shirts and tried to get a little milk for her. But at that late hour none could be found. Some of the villagers came to look at the child but none would fondle or touch her.

THAT night little Irmengard and I had the chapel to ourselves. I put her on the floor in one corner and then stretched out on a native cot in the opposite corner to get some much needed rest, for I was very tired. I thought that if Irmengard were in distress or suffering she would surely cry and wake me up. But she reasoned otherwise.

When during the night she again got very thirsty she began to slide herself along the floor, as she was too young to walk and too weak to crawl. How many times she slid around that room in the dark before getting hold of the leg of my native cot, God only knows. But when she did so, she stood herself up and felt along the bed till she found my feet sticking over the foot-end of it. Her gentle touch awoke me and I flashed my light to see what was pulling at my toes. Seeing that she was discovered, she once more uttered her cry of "Dak! Dak!" Again I gave her a drink and put her back in her corner.

In the morning I called the dead woman's relatives and asked if they would bury her. But they were afraid to go anywhere near the corpse. As an excuse they said that they had been told by the villagers that they would not be allowed to return to the village if they did so. Then I asked about the child; would they take her? But again they re-

refused saying that I had better look after her.

AS the pagans were unwilling to bury their dead relative, I called for volunteers among my teachers and catechist. But they, too, were very much afraid and suddenly developed various ailments which made it impossible for them to go. It was only when I assured them that they would not have to touch the corpse that they finally consented to dig and fill the grave. This gives one an idea of what a terrible fear these people have of cholera.

After the funeral I again called for a volunteer to carry the child to the Mission at Gokhla. But there was no response. It was only after giving her another disinfecting bath that I prevailed on (Turn to page 252)



The little heroine of this story can be soft and clinging, too, as she is here in the arms of her teacher.

NEW BOOKS

Answer Wisely Martin J. Scott, S.J.

In "Answer Wisely" the student of Catholic truth, who is about to fare forth and do battle with the non-Catholic world, has a knapsack filled with all that may be needed to sustain him in the fight. With a keen knowledge of the enemies that our students will meet, rationalists, naturalists, agnostics, pagans, and materialists, and being fully conversant with the argumentative front to which they shall be exposed, the author offers in this volume a straightforward apology for the divinity of Christ and the claims of His Church, for the nature of the soul and the purpose of life, as well as a platform for Catholic Action, and a resume of the chief unorthodox beliefs of our day. Each chapter is followed by points for discussion, whose answers, though contained within the chapter itself, must be phrased for debate convincingly and persuasively by the ingenuity of the student himself. The book is a text for lecturers on religion. But while it summarizes most adequately our Catholic high school curriculum in religion, it can also serve admirably as an orientation course for the students of Freshman college. There is a directness about the author's style as well as a rich fund of wise counsel and of moral canons that is obviously the fruit of a lifetime of observation, and of the conviction that experience alone can give. "Answer Wisely" is destined to play a most important part in the development of an educated Catholic laity that is both infallibly necessary and infallibly sufficient to vindicate historically and doctrinally before the non-Catholic world the Catholic position on life here and hereafter. The Teachers' Manual for "Answer Wisely" is available for the use of professors.

Loyola University Press, Chicago, Illinois.
\$1.35.

The Catholic Book Club Tenth Anniversary

The month of October, 1938, marks the Tenth Anniversary of the Catholic Book Club. Organized as a constructive agency to publicize and disseminate good Catholic books, the Club has sold during its ten years of operation over 225,000 Catholic books to members in all parts of the world. Of this list 126 books have been honored by their selection as the "Catholic Book of the Month." Of the 105 Catholic Book Club authors, 28 are women. Included in the list there is one cardinal, one bishop, sixteen priests, one nun, nine non-Catholic laymen, one Protestant minister, two Jewish laymen, seventy-four Catholic lay people. Thirteen nationalities are represented. The Club's selection by the Editors is an endorsement of lit-

erary merit. The Editors are: the Rt. Rev. John L. Belford, author and critic; the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., editor of the *Catholic World*; the Rev. Wilfrid Parsons, S.J., former editor of *America*; James J. Walsh, M.D., author and lecturer; and Michael Williams, former editor of *The Commonweal*.

The value of the Catholic Book Club must be apparent when one realizes that it is the only constructive Book of the Month Club counteracting Leftist literature in America today. Yet its membership, as well as its circulation, will have to be immediately and effectually increased to act as an efficient breakwater against the flood of Communist propaganda which is sweeping over the world. In the four years, from 1933 to 1936, the State presses at Moscow and their affiliated presses have printed over two billion volumes written in one hundred and five different languages. According to *Publishers' Weekly* of July 9, 1938, "The Left Book Club, developed by Victor Gollancz, now announces a total active membership of 52,500, according to the *London Bookseller* of June 18th. The Catholic Book Club of London, which had been under the direct sponsorship of Sheed and Ward, has been discontinued." This Leftist Book Club recently announced intention to open offices in America and to start a drive for 50,000 American readers.

There is a challenge for Catholics! It is possible to fight the press only with the press; a pamphlet with a pamphlet; a book with a book; a drive for Leftist subscribers with a drive for members in the Catholic Book Club. The Club's business and editorial offices are located at 140 East 45th Street, New York City, and there are available the latest books from all publishers in the United States as well as an excellent selection of English, French, Austrian, Spanish, and Italian books and pamphlets. The Club has, likewise, for sale the leading Catholic magazines and periodicals from the United States, England, Ireland, Italy, Vatican City, France and many other countries. It maintains a modern Catholic library where books of interest to Catholics, so hard to obtain at very reasonable rates, may be obtained.

A Missionary Index of Catholic Americans

This index has been compiled by the National Center and the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade in response to many requests from Crusade Units whose members wish to have the names of individual missionaries for spiritual adoption and for correspondence with a view of obtaining first hand information about

mission work in various parts of the home and foreign fields. Though this first edition is necessarily incomplete the idea is valuable and worthy of faithful cooperation on the part of mission procurators who are requested to supply the statistics in regard to their prospective congregations.

Central Catholic Library The Very Reverend William P. Hackett, S.J.

In the report of the Central Catholic Library of Melbourne, Australia, for 1936-1937 we note that this effective agency which was publicized in *JESUIT MISSIONS* at its inception, has become by force of circumstances an essential implement of Catholic thinking in Australia.

Pius XI, Apostle of Peace Lillian Browne-Olf

With a background gleaned from histories of Italy and of various lives of Pope Pius XI, and Mussolini, and with the official text of the Lateran Treaty between the Holy See and Italy, as well as Papal documents, addresses and encyclicals at her command, Miss Browne-Olf presents us with a vivid realistic life sketch of His Holiness that is timely in the extreme. The author's outstanding achievement is her ability to get behind the scenes, the splendor of the Vatican and the impressiveness of Papal audiences, and to expose before the Catholic and non-Catholic world the human personality that is perhaps the most important single figure in modern Christendom. The book is divided into two parts, the first describing Achille Ratti's origin, his years as a student, his mountaineering days and his life as a diplomat. In Part Two, we see his Holiness as Pope initiating a new regime as builder of the Vatican City-State, and in his career as a prince of peace. The following too little known passage written by His Holiness is a master key to his versatile character:

"I thank God that He made me live in the present day, in the midst of a crisis so universal, so profound and unique in the history of the Church. A man may justly be proud to be a witness, and up to a certain point, an active witness of this sublime drama in which good and evil are joined in one gigantic struggle. No one, at this present hour, has a right to take refuge in mediocrity, and I am certain that from this formidable upheaval, the Church will arise more resplendent and better adapted to the necessities of the actual hour."

The volume has a special message for the many peace mongering radicals of today who use the slogan of peace as a cover for Communism: "The Peace of Christ can only function within the reign of Christ."

The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

A PALM FOR CHINA'S SOLDIERS

(Continued from page 229)

received some instructions would be sufficient to settle the doubts about the genuineness of the new converts. A number of our wounded soldiers had to be transferred to Protestant hospitals where they were continually urged to become Protestants. They not only withstood the arguments brought against their new Faith but put up with the difficulties that were the lot of those who chose to remain Catholic in this hospital. When we went to visit them we were met with such shouts of joy and such open acclaim that the Protestants were amazed. Many asked for further instruction and Baptism. Who said Rice Christians?

BUSH ROADS OF JAMAICA

(Continued from page 231)

singing people.

We arrived home in time and without further mishap. Only one thing I lost, my confidence as a horse-man. But I gained far more, an insight into the daily difficulties of missionary life. Rain or shine the priest goes over these roads and there is plenty of rain in these districts. The word "Father" took on a new meaning for me in that little bush house in Jamaica. I saw consolation and strength that God has placed in his anointed hands. Romance and heroism stared me in the face. Thank God I could appreciate them even in their ragged, commonplace, setting.

Father Donovan lives from hand to mouth, just like the other missionaries. Nine mission stations with their school and teachers' salaries, a rattletrap car, thirty-five cents in the monthly collection, plus general repair work, are items that would stagger the patience of a saint. I can almost see Father Donovan laughing at me and telling me to stop my dreaming. Well, that ride was no dream, his gas tank was minus a few gallons; his car had a few added rattles. He was tired out and my suit was soiled. But like a beacon light shining above this humdrum life was a clean oblation of a little soul to God.

HOOPER BAY HAS A NEWSPAPER

(Continued from page 235)

as soon as they arrive there. We are sorry for the extra expense which this will involve; but there seems no other way out of the difficulty. We hope to have the Convent built by the end of September.

We built a new road running from the beach to the site of the new Convent. The Feast of Our Lady of the Wayside, May 24, was selected for the opening of the new road. It happened to be the second of the Rogation Days and the first use made of the road was the passing by that way of the usual procession held the world over on those days.

(One month later.) The high winds kept blowing too long and so the "Me-

teor" after unloading a part of Father Paul C. Deschout's supplies at Tununak pulled off to St. Michael with the rest of his freight and all of mine. And there our freight still lies and will be there for some weeks more. All our Convent materials are lying in the same place while we are pulling our hair here on account of the fact that our short summer season is passing fast and we are unable to do a thing about building our Convent. "Patience hath a perfect work." But there's no use getting excited. One learns to wait in Alaska; in fact, that is very often our main occupation.

Now we eat. It's too bad one cannot fatten up as long as there is plenty to eat, and then live on the fat when the starvation period sets in. Some folks have a way of getting around the problem by canning, salting, or otherwise laying aside the overflow for future use. But these poor Eskimos very often lack not only the foresight to do so, but what is worse, the facilities needed to take advantage of unusual run of fish that we sometimes have as, for instance, this summer. Whereas a fisherman does well to get some fifty salmon a day, this year the *kyaks* have come in at times after a day's fishing with one hundred and sixty and more. The women dry all they can handle. But there is a limit to what one woman can do in a day in the way of preparing fish for drying. We at the Mission salt our king salmon. But the people have neither salt nor barrels necessary; and so all they can do is dry their fish. But we are grateful to God for the abundance He has sent us, and if we cannot take advantage of it all due to lack of facilities, we will do the best we can. Father Fox is buying a great amount of the overflow for the dogs, and his little store house is resting much lighter on its foundations after paying for the fish from his meager provisions. But the dogs have to eat too.

We had our first fresh radishes from the garden yesterday. Things were very dry till a few days ago when we had a fine rain. Just what we needed. In a few days we will be eating some of our lettuce and throwing a bit of turnip greens into the soup.

The good salmon run this year has brought about a greater concentration of our people at the mouth of our big rivers, thus facilitating our apostolic work. A typical example of summer work is the following: Father had to go across the Bay anyhow for other reasons and so instead of waiting till after Sunday he decided to pull out Saturday evening at six o'clock. The preceeding day was the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and since most of the people had gone to confession, Saturday evening confessions were no obstacle to his leaving. The Sisters had been working hard cutting fish and needed a little rest; and anyhow the next day was Father's patronal feast, transferred to Sunday, as we were all too busy to celebrate it during the week. So he invited the whole community for a boat ride across the Bay. We got across safe-

ly though not without losing an hour fumbling around on a sand-bar that we hit, and to crawl off from which, we had some difficulty. The people at Keolovik, the camp to which we were going, were just getting ready to turn in for the night when our boat appeared. All was bustle and joy for a while. Father anchored his boat in the middle of the river after putting all the Sisters ashore, attended to a little business with one of the men, and then sat down in a little tent to hear confessions. Meanwhile, the Sisters visited the tents, enjoying the company of old friends, saying a good word here and there and filling their lungs with the bracing evening breeze. At eleven-thirty, Father finished hearing confessions. There was plenty of light so he got together the four babies that were born since his last visit and baptized those. By that time it was a little after midnight, a bit too early yet for Mass. So he busied himself with the people for another hour. Then, with the help of some of the boys, he turned up a skin boat under which to say Mass, as there was no tent large enough to hold the congregation. It had begun to rain a bit so that it was not practical to say the Mass entirely in the open. The little altar having been arranged, Father began Holy Mass and the usual prayers and hymns were said and sung. At Communion, forty-two approached the rude altar to strengthen themselves with the Bread of Life. As soon as Holy Mass and thanksgiving was over, Father and the Sisters returned to the boat. The Sisters then had a little lunch. This over, we pulled up anchor and arrived at Hooper Bay in time for a second Mass. Almost all the people went to Holy Communion. Though both Father and the Sisters had fairly heavy eyes all day after the night's cruise, all agreed that they had a pleasant time.

MEET THE BLACK CARIBS

(Continued from page 236)

Parisi fill up many pages of the Punta Gorda baptismal registers. Besides caring for the Caribs along the sea coast, they also made extensive trips to the interior to minister to the Indians in their scattered villages, as is still done today.

The first permanent residence in Punta Gorda was begun by Father J. H. Genon, S.J., in 1862. This esteemed Belgian Father planned to unite the widely scattered Carib population of the coasts of (Spanish) Honduras, Guatemala and British Honduras into one separate Mission, which should have its headquarters in Punta Gorda. To forward this work he made a trip to Belgium, put the matter before his countrymen, and returned with a small group of missionaries—three priests, a school master and gardener. Because of internal difficulties experienced by the missionaries, and the complexities involved in uniting three distinct political territories under a single ecclesiastical jurisdiction, this attempt proved abortive. After a few months in Punta Gorda, one of the Fathers died,

two returned to Belize and the gardener returned to Belgium. Thus ended the special Mission for the Caribs; and when Father Joseph Woollett, S.J., Administrator of Jamaica, came to visit the Mission in 1871, the Residence of Punta Gorda was ordered closed on account of the extreme poverty of the congregation.

Several years later, Father John Pittar, S.J., first English Superior of the Belize Mission, reopened the Residence in Punta Gorda, and built a more commodious church, with Father Genon again in charge. It has remained a permanent Residence ever since.

Sunday, September 9, 1888, was a gala day in Punta Gorda. On that day, after a preliminary celebration of two days, the statue of St. Peter Claver, then recently canonized and declared celestial patron of all Negroes, was set up on the main altar of the church, and the parish, together with the whole Carib race, placed under the saint's protection. Father Joseph Piemonte, pastor for many years, directed the solemn procession that wound its way along the primitive streets of the town with the statue of the "Slave of the Negroes," while the Superior of the Mission, Salvador di Pietro, S.J., was present to act as celebrant at the Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at its close. It was a day that the "old heads" still remember.

SEVEN THOUSAND LEPERS

(Continued from page 239)

or relatives in the colony, he may go to live with them. If he is destitute, room might be found for him in a government tenement house or in one of the dormitories built by our Fathers or the Protestants. He is free to marry, and the children (who are always non-lepers) are taken from their mothers as soon as possible and sent to relatives or friends, or, if there are none, to the Home in the healthy *barrio* run by the Sisters.

When a leper becomes ill or so deformed from loss of fingers or toes or from ulcers that he cannot help himself, he is taken into a hospital. Sometimes members are amputated because leprosy occasionally produces insensibility in the affected parts, and lepers often injure themselves severely without realizing it.

The orderlies and dressers (men and women) in the hospitals are all lepers. In fact, all the lesser government workers in the colony are lepers. There is a leper police force of 40 men (one traffic cop), and a fire department of the same size. There is a public school for leper children, staffed by good teachers, who are also lepers.

The hospitals are not the creations of immaculate white enamel and disinfectant smells that we usually associate with the word. They are small houses with walls of *sewali* (bamboo wattle) and corrugated iron roofs. They are overcrowded and look and smell as though it would be impossible to make or keep them clean. This is the kind of atmosphere in which the Sisters and nurses work. They do their

best to keep things clean by constant scrubbing. In some places attempts were even made to wax the floors. But with all their efforts, the hospitals still appear hopelessly unsanitary, doubtless not through any fault of the staff, but because of the magnitude of their task.

All of these conditions are wonderful for the spread of tuberculosis, syphilis, tetanus and other diseases which are very common and far more dangerous, as far as contagion is concerned, than the leprosy itself. Most of the lepers die, not of leprosy, but of tuberculosis. Many doctors do not consider leprosy contagious under the more common circumstances of disease contagion, though they take every sane precaution. Since the beginning of the colony in 1906, not one healthy person working among the lepers has contracted the disease.

Within its limitations, the colony is doing wonderful work and would doubtless more closely approach the ideal if it were possible for the government to grant more appropriations in these troublesome times. My observations do not necessarily lead me to think critically of the management of the colony. It is evident that the government has spent millions of dollars on these unfortunate people, and if the sanitary, economic and moral conditions are far from satisfactory it is probably because there is so much to do and not because much has not been done already.

The chaplains of the colony and the Sisters do their best to supplement the government in this wonderful work for these wretched people, but of course they are poor. The greatest work of the Fathers is the administration of the Sacraments, and they do accomplish wonders despite all that they cannot do. Father Rello (a very saintly man, if ever there was one) has a way of spreading happiness wherever he goes. He speaks fifty or more languages and dialects and is familiar with all the lepers, good, bad and indifferent. He says it would take a hundred years to accomplish all that is desirable, but he is willing to live and work that long if God permits. The fact

that there are so many daily Communion under such conditions is an indication of the success and a tribute to the work of these two Fathers.

LITTLE IRMENGARD:

HER STORY

(Continued from page 249)

faithful old Benjamin to carry the infant. Five miles tramping cross country brought us to the Mission where we delivered the little treasure to the Sisters. And that is how the Convent's most popular girl got there.

The Convent has many other little orphans like Irmengard and yours is the privilege of sharing in the charity of the Sisters by helping to support them.

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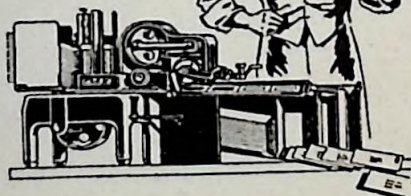
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