

HELP!!

It is a call of hope not a cry of despair and it is uttered by all the American Jesuit missionaries and their Procurators. If perhaps one might be louder in his call for help than another we would suggest that this month he is the Procurator for the Missions of Alaska. Recently he wrote—

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"I am simply submerged in work trying to pull the Alaska Missions out of a financial fire. By December 23 at the latest I must have \$28,000 for payment for the 1937 supplies. And by April 1 next, I must have another \$30,000 to settle for the 1938 supplies. By May 1, I must again be in the market for the 1939 shipment, and where in the world can credit be had for these enormous amounts when the merchants know that we depend on charity for our support."

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Can you help Father Prange? Will you help him and the other Procurators who year after year must raise thousands of dollars to further your work of saving souls in the foreign missions? Please send what help you can to one of the Procurators here listed or to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Just mark your gift—**HELP!** We'll know it is your answer, not another call.

Rev. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.

2440 Interlaken Boulevard, Seattle, Wash.

is Procurator for the missions among the Indians of Alaska and for American Indian Missions in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Montana. These missions are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is coextensive with these States.

Rev. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.

51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Rev. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.

Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada

is Procurator for the missions in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada, which are Süchow Mission in China and Canadian Indian Missions at Caughnawaga, near Montreal.

Rev. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.

300 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

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

Rev. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.

6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.

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

Rev. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.

221 N. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

is Procurator for the missions which are cared for by the Jesuits of the Midwestern States that comprise the Missouri Province. These missions are American Indian Missions in Wyoming and South Dakota, and British Honduras, a foreign mission in Central America, amongst the Caribs and Maya Indians, as well as four Negro Missions (three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska).

Rev. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.

1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

is Procurator for the foreign missions of Patna in Northern India in charge of the Jesuits of the Chicago Province which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio.

Rev. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.

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is Procurator for the Canadian Indian missions along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, north of Lake Superior, and along the Albany River which are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada.

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55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.

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

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Belize's gallant drum major is the most impressive figure in this picture. Most important is that of Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., who from the background (left) gazes fondly on his Cathedral Boys' Drum Corps and his famous Boy Scout Troop. Because of age and ill health, Bishop Murphy has resigned as Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras

EDITORIALS

MOST EXTRAORDINARY

MOST unusual mission story of the past year, in our opinion, was Father Robert McCormack's account of an ordination that took place at Woodstock College, Maryland, fifty years ago. About the ordination there was nothing very significant. It was the sequel that made the headlines. For exactly half a century later, out of the nineteen members of the original ordination class, only two were living and both of these were Bishops! Not only were they Bishops but Missionary Bishops—one in tropical British Honduras, Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., and the other in frozen Alaska, Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J.

And now another chapter has been added to this story by the announcement from Rome that the Holy Father has appointed a successor to Bishop Murphy in the person of Father William A. Rice, S.J., of Iraq, and has given to Bishop Crimont, a Coadjutor with right of succession—Father Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J.

Both members of this famous team are, like Pius XI, over eighty years old. On a recent visit of Bishop Crimont to the Eternal City the question of ages came up and the ancient Bishop of Rome looked at the equally ancient Bishop of Alaska and remarked, "The ice has preserved you." But the "Pope of the Missions" understands that it is one thing actively to rule the Universal Church at the age of eighty and quite another to govern a mission diocese at that age. Both require extraordinary intellectual energy, but in addition to this, a Missionary Bishop must have the physical stamina that belongs to much younger years.

Bishop Crimont, for instance, governs a territory in Alaska covering an area approximately one-fifth the size of the United States. From Ketchikan on the south to Kotzebue above the Arctic Circle, is an air line distance of fifteen hundred miles, but to cover this territory the Bishop must travel at least three times that distance. And the reason is that in Alaska there are no streamlined trains or luxury air liners. Most of the journey must be made on dog-sled and river boat with only an occasional "hop" in a mail plane. That the aged Bishop has been able to do this since 1904 when he was made Prefect Apostolic may indeed, as His Holiness has declared, be a remarkable tribute to the preserving qualities of ice.

Making the rounds of his Vicariate in sultry British Honduras, on horseback through jungle trails, up tor-

tuous rivers under a tropical sun, Bishop Murphy has probably often envied his classmate in the nice cool ice fields of Alaska. But he has carried on. Recently by way of demonstrating his brotherhood with his indomitable leader in Rome he appeared before his people who had been praying for his recovery from an illness and confirmed a class of almost two hundred. And there's no ice in British Honduras.

Well, whether it is ice or something else that has been responsible for the preservation of these two great Bishops over the many years of labor in pushing back the frontiers of Christ's Kingdom, we thank God for it. And our prayer is that He preserve them for many more fruitful years.

MOST GRATIFYING

THE announcement that the American Jesuits would get two new Missionary Bishops was easily, from our viewpoint, the new year's most gratifying news. To Father Rice and Father Fitzgerald we extend our heartiest congratulations.

Both Bishops-elect have been happily chosen. Father Rice, who will succeed Bishop Murphy as Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, comes to his new post with a brilliant record of things achieved as Superior of the American Jesuits in Iraq. He is no stranger to our readers. While we cannot but be disappointed over Baghdad's loss at Father Rice's departure, we are consoled by the thought that another Jesuit mission will be able to use his really remarkable talents.

Father Fitzgerald, who will be Coadjutor to Bishop Crimont of Alaska, is not as well known to our readers as he deserves to be. His eight years as Provincial of the Oregon Province were marked by a deep apostolic interest in the Alaskan and Indian Missions under his jurisdiction, and much of the progress of these Missions during this period must be attributed directly to him. To the Editors of *JESUIT MISSIONS* his appointment is particularly pleasing because he has been for many years a consistent and loyal friend of the magazine and his sound counsel and advice on all problems pertaining to the missions has been invaluable.

In the capable hands of the new leaders, the future of British Honduras and Alaska is not only safe but distinctly rosy. Both are difficult Missions but very promising ones. May the Lord of the harvest give to the new leaders the grace of realizing the promise to the full.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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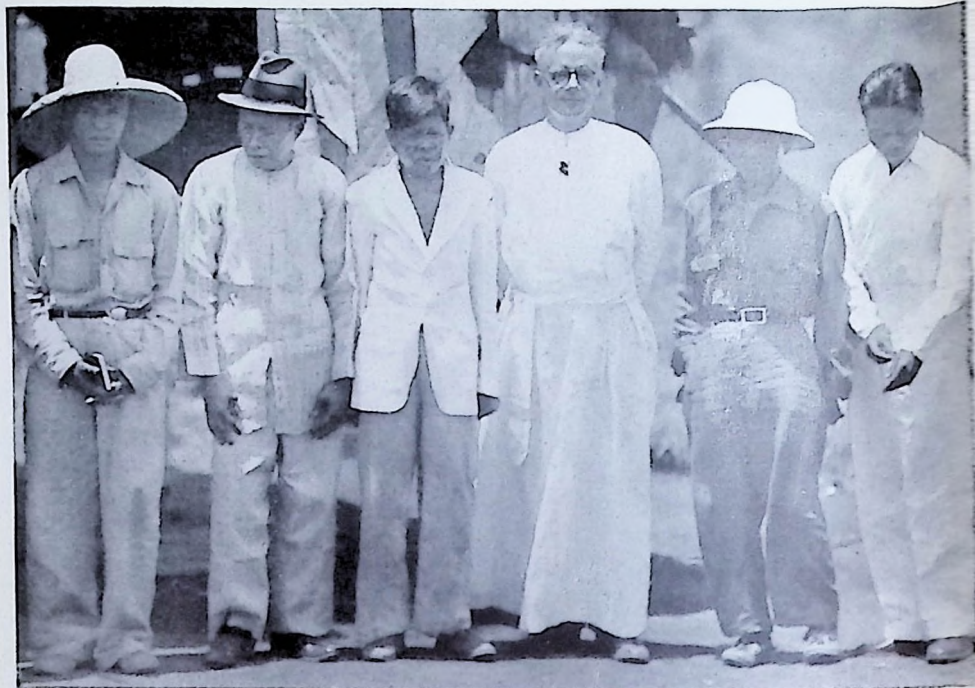
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I Met Death Living . . .

Lepers, thousands of them, for the Jesuits of the Philippines. Japan donated a boatload and then . . .

Thomas B. Cannon, S.J.
Director, Jesuit Philippine
Bureau.



Father Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J., Pastor of Malaybalay, Bukidnon Province, with some of the lepers at the nearby colony.

THE misery of lepers has a strong appeal to the human heart. Yet it seems that the foundation of each new small leper colony for the alleviation of this dread disease and the publicity consequent upon the new foundation tends to make people forget those other havens of mercy, in which year after year missionary Priests and Sisters have long been doing a work that is more than human.

Even the friends of the Jesuit missionaries in the Philippines will most likely be surprised to know that these heroes of the missions are caring for not one but a *number* of leper colonies in the Philippines, one of which is the world's largest.

The fact that Culion is known as the largest leper colony in the world, very often obscures the fact that there are other leper colonies in the Philippine Islands. Culion, it is true, is a huge colony; but there is also the leper colony of Dansalan, the leper colony at Malaybalay, the leper colony now being founded at Novaliches; all of these are under the care of Jesuit missionaries. The leper colony of Cebu until very recently was ministered to by a full-time Jesuit missionary chaplain. Long ago San Lazaro was the scene of Jesuit missionaries' labors among the lepers. There is one small leper colony at Santa Barbara, in Iloilo, which is not attended by Jesuit missionaries. A few simple facts will bear eloquent witness to the devotion which Jesuit missionaries have always had for labor among the lepers.

THREE hundred years ago Jesuit missionaries in the Philippines began their labors among the lepers. The story of the origin of leprosy in the Philippine Islands reads like a fairy tale. It reminds us of the

Trojan horse. We are told that in 1633, as a climax to the Japanese persecutions and as a protest against the interest of the Filipino Catholics in the troubles of the Japanese Church, the Shogun of Japan sent a ship carrying one hundred and fifty lepers as a "gift" to the Philippines, saying that he had heard of the special care which Christian priests and people were accustomed to bestow upon the diseased and the maimed!

At first, on hearing of this, the Spaniards of Manila were ready to go to war with the Japanese, but Christian charity finally won the day and the lepers were received in a solemn procession and lodged in a suburb of Paoay where a hospital was built for them. Such was the origin of San Lazaro Hospital, so long the object of the tender care of Jesuit priests. The hospital was endowed by the King of Spain in 1678. The zeal enkindled in the Society in those days for the work among the lepers has never waned.

LEPROSY is the great scourge of the Orient. It is still the most terrifying disease known, the most ruthless in its effects, the most hopeless of cure. Lepers always have been outcasts since the days even in the time of Our Lord, when they were compelled to stand apart from the multitude, crying out, "Unclean! Unclean!" And these outcasts lead a life that even now with all that modern science has been able to do for them yet remains a living death. The face gradually goes to pieces, the eyes swell, the sight fades, the feet become ulcerated, lame and painful. Few lepers have the physical energy to do much manual labor. They are an exiled race living unknown to most of the world. Thousands of them live without hope and die without regret.

One can understand then what a life it is that is led by missionaries who devote their entire careers to the service of the lepers—a life animated by the purest love of God. No less a love could possibly hold up under the strain of work devoid of all human consolation.

TWELVE degrees above the Equator, in the center of the Philippine Archipelago, lies the rock island of Culion, thirty hours out to sea, southeast of Manila. Culion means "Hard to get to." Ironically enough, it is one of the most beautiful of all the seven thousand eighty three islands of the Philippines. It is in very truth an "Isle of Sorrow"; incredibly blue waters beat softly on the shores where death stalks about, and though the skies are ever clear the star of hope is hidden from fast dimming eyes.

Almost seven thousand lepers with horrible faces and hideous hands live in this city of the living dead, the largest group of lepers gathered in one spot on the face of the earth.

Stern mercy has segregated these lepers from their friends and relatives. In 1906, the Philippine Government thought it best to set aside this one Island to take care of the almost innumerable lepers throughout the Philippines. The Government asked for Jesuit missionaries to undertake the spiritual care of these poor hideous creatures. Jesuits have been at Culion, then, since Father Manuel Valles, S.J., went there in 1906 to be shortly joined by Father Thomas A. Becker, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province. The Society built two private hospitals at Culion, with the help of alms. The Government gave medical help; but material conditions, housing, and so forth, have long depended to a great extent on the kindness and charity of the missionaries.

YOU may see at Culion actual records kept since 1906, showing that of all of the poor outcasts who have died there in that time, ninety per cent died *Con todos los sacramentos*, (with all the sacraments). Knowing what a comparatively small percentage of average Christians die with the grace of the sacraments, this is one of the most amazing records in the history of the Church! Even considering the Moros and pagans who have been lepers at Culion, records show that fifty per cent of them have been baptized before death. But we shall have more to say about Culion later. Let us turn to

some of the other leper colonies where Jesuits labor.

On the shores of Lake Lanao almost in the center of the Island of Mindanao, is a small leper colony for Moros. This Dansalan Leprosarium lies outside the town limits just over the hill from the graveyard! Unlike other leper colonies in the Philippines, the Dansalan Leprosarium is not an isolation camp. It is for the Moros, the half-wild Mohammedans of the southernmost Islands of the Philippines. It would frighten them too much to be told they had to remain in a leper colony. Instead they are told to come for treatment and to stay while they are being treated.



Father Joseph Reith, S.J., with two Moro lepers of Dansalan, Lanao, Philippine Islands.

Medical care, kindness and charity endeavor to make up for the impossibility of absolute segregation. The Chaplain of this Moro leper colony is Father Joseph Reith, S.J. Before he came to Mindanao all of this work was done by Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., who was then the only priest in the entire Moro province of Lanao. Father Reith still hopes for conversions among these followers of Mohammed. So many elements enter into the struggle that it can't help but be very complicated. Drugs, and oils, iodine and bandages,—the battle with a living death, the crescent and the cross!

NEAR Malaybalay in the province of Bukidnon is another leper colony for the lepers of the mountains, most of whom belong to the still pagan tribe of Bukidnons. If Culion is a repulsive place on account of the loathsome faces that one sees there among the untouchable thousands, the Malaybalay leper colony is a far sadder place. There are not the thousands there that Culion shelters; there are only a few hundred; but there are no modern conveniences, no hospitals, very little medical care. Often the only care that can be given to them is the care which is given by the missionary. Their hospitals are squalid huts of grass.

It is a more than human work that is done among them by the missionary who has not only this work to care for, but a mighty expanse of peoples and of territory to cover as well. Father Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J., who is the missionary of Malaybalay, has two thousand square miles of mountains to cover in which he finds four pagan tribes; a fine climate, enchanting scenery, wretched travel and impossible transportation. The conditions of the greater number of these poor outcasts is absolute poverty. Many (Turn to page 55)

Baghdad to Belize

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

BY decree of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, dated November 19, 1938, Father William A. Rice, S.J., Rector and Founder of Baghdad College, Baghdad, Iraq, was appointed Vicar Apostolic of Belize, British Honduras, Central America.

This sudden shift from Baghdad to Belize is only one indication of the rapid manoeuvres so essential at times in the tactics of an organization that has been aptly styled the Pope's Light Cavalry. It likewise reveals more clearly than a homily, the type and quality of the obedience demanded of a Jesuit, be he an officer or a private in the rank and file. For that a Jesuit be ready to go from place to place when obedience requires it, is a principle of action drilled into him from his novitiate days.

Wherefore, from Baghdad to Belize, is but a symbol. It could just as well have been from Zamboanga to Bombay, from Hongkong to Trincomali, from Ranchi to the Yukon, or from Wuhu to the Belgian Congo.

BORN in Framingham, Massachusetts, 1891, His Excellency, the Most Reverend William A. Rice, S.J., entered the Society of Jesus in 1911 and in 1925 was ordained to the priesthood in Valkenburg, Holland. His career to date has been kaleidoscopic. Novitiate days at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., were followed by philosophy at Woodstock, Maryland, teaching in New York City, theology and ordination in Valkenburg, Holland, and then back to America as Rector of the New England Novitiate and Juniorate at Shadow-



Father William A. Rice, S.J., as Rector of Baghdad College, visiting a Bishop of the north country, Iraq.

brook, Lenox, Mass., from which, in 1932, at the request of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, he entered Baghdad, Iraq, at the head of a group of pioneering American Jesuits and founded Baghdad College.

Four years and a half later on July 31, 1936, upon the departure for Indo-China of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Francis Drapier, former Apostolic Delegate of Iraq, Father Rice was appointed Acting Apostolic Delegate to Mesopotamia, Kurdistan, Lower Armenia as well as Apostolic Administrator of the Archdiocese of Babylon of the Latin rite.

IRAQ is distinctly an Arab Kingdom, both in its customs and in the number of inhabitants, of whom 2,700,000 are Mohammedans drawn from Arab, Assyrian and Kurdish strains. About 80,000 Jews, a like number of Christians and about 40,000 adherents of other religions such as Sabaeans, Yezidis (devil worshippers) compose the remainder of the population.

Among the Christians there are the venerable Uniate communities, Chaldean, Syrian Catholic, Armenian, Maronite, Coptic and Greek Catholic, all still bravely trying to sustain or to renew the life of their ancient churches. There, too, is the powerful Orthodox Church of the East, still obdurate in her intention to follow on in the way of schism. All are confined within a territory comprising some 143,000 square miles of desert plain and mountain, equal in area to the combined states of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Ohio.

INTO this doubtful and often hostile soil, Baghdad College was dropped like a seed. Yet, watered by God's grace, warmed by the interest of His Holiness, and nurtured by American generosity, it has grown until today its roots are securely embedded in the life and activity of Baghdad. In years to come, it shall be an ever increasing source of strength to the Uniates of the East and in the Providence of God, a link, binding the Orthodox and the Mussulman to Rome. Baghdad College was Father Rice's gift to the land he is leaving.

Noon on the Tigris.



Kotzebue--top of the world

Segundo

Llorente, S.J.

THE village of Kotzebue is located some thirty-five miles above the Arctic Circle. Consequently there are no ten cent stores here, no cafeterias to feed you up for thirty cents, no altar societies, no telephones to order a cabbage head for dinner. There are no orchards here, nor trees of any denomination, nor streets nor even a weekly sheet to inform

us of Hitler's unexpected moves. Kotzebue spreads out its houses, igloos, huts and dugouts along the beach with a swampy flat as background and a glorious bay in front. It often occurs to me that we are exactly between the devil and the deep sea.

But even Kotzebue has its assets. Thus, for instance, our glorious bay is teeming with white whales, sea lions, seals, trout, salmon and some twenty-five varieties of tasty fish. Way back beyond those misty hills the reindeer browses freely and increases and multiplies for the benefit of our health.

IT is quite a sight to watch the hunters drag a whale and place it safe and sound on the pebbles of the beach; and to watch, then, a couple of Eskimo ladies skin it and quarter it in less than one hour, though the whale was well over two thousand pounds. I have arrived at the conclusion that no man can possibly starve here as long as he is able to carry a gun or to paddle a canoe.

Now at the end of October the bay freezes so hard that the dog-teams shoot across like arrows. But the fishing goes on just the same. We make a hole in the ice with a crow-bar and there we wait patiently for a fish to bite and get caught. I know that you won't believe it, but let me tell you that right under the ice we put nets that catch a good many fifty-pounders. I have one of these little monsters in my back-shed, stiff like steel, and every other day I slice off enough for a good dinner.

I am the only priest here, so the whole house is for me. Three times a week, however, my house is full of Eskimos. At every session I explain and expound for them one lesson of catechism. That alone covers over sixty minutes, then the rosary, then a few songs. All this is at night. My afternoons are all taken by the



Eskimo kids of Kotzebue slide right into catechism class off a snow bank that towers high about the church.

children who come here after school for catechism. With the children we do things a little differently. They sit down and I explain something; then we have a few gymnastical exercises; then I explain a little more and they repeat it; then we run up and down the hall till we perspire; then they sit down again and listen to the terrific stories I tell them.

By that time it is quite dark. I put off the light and the story begins. "Once upon a time there was a man as big as this house with thirteen legs and a mouth bigger than that stove. He could eat seven reindeer in half an hour . . ." These kids cluster on their seats and grab each other in perfect panic waiting for the outcome of the story. The last story is always told with the lights on, and is very amusing, so that they may be able to walk home in good humor.

Oh, the beauty of living alone! I can go to bed when I am sleepy or tired; I get up after a reasonable rest. I can cook when, how and what I want, and eat it slowly, and help my digestion with the accordion and a few Castilian songs, for, believe it or not, I am a Spaniard and, of course, very, very fond of Don Quixote. Yes, I hope I stay here in Kotzebue some thirty years and a few months.

ON Sundays every baptized Eskimo comes to Mass. I am training them not to miss Mass on Sundays unless they are in the hospital with a broken leg. Before Mass they chat in the hall which is well swept and kept warm. At 10:00 sharp I open the door and smile at them with all my teeth and they come in with quite a regimentation, boys first, then girls, then the ladies and finally, the good old men with greasy and heavy parkas on them. The church is about two-thirds full and they sing a good Mass. I have to (Turn to page 55)

Slum Mission Work is Tough



This is typical of the 2,600 shacks in Guadalupe slums. It's some problem to keep clean say these Mexican children.

Carmelo Tranchese, S.J.

THE slums are still here, the people as poor as ever, sickness is rampant, problems become more and more complicated every day—all this at Guadalupe, the slum-mission among the Mexicans of San Antonio. Let me tell you how we met and almost solved two of these problems.

According to a recent investigation there are two thousand six hundred slums, or shacks in our Mission. They are divided in sub-standard dwellings and unfit dwellings. The standard houses are very few and far between. Besides, we do not reckon these homes as "ours" because those people who are a little better off do not come to our church.

When we came here, in a hot day of July of 1932, the thermometer registering one hundred and eleven degrees Fahrenheit—I was startled at the misery of the people and at the immense number of the slums. These slums are not "built," but simply "strewn" all over the one square mile area of our Mission. Think of one square mile area accommodating twelve thousand people . . . two thousand six hundred shacks, with no sanitary commodities, miserable paths instead of streets, impassable in bad weather. The slum district is an ideal place for criminals. No policeman can go through it, especially if he wishes to use his police car.

These slums hang heavily on my mind. They were my nightmare, my worry, my "bad luck." From a super-

ficial survey one could see at once that the slums were a focus of infection, besides being a harbor of crime. I could see no other remedy but the complete eradication of the slums and building of sanitary houses instead. But . . . how could that be done?

CONCENTRATION and faith in the cause started the work. I was asked from the Bureau of Statistics in Washington to send a complete list of the deaths of the Mission for the year 1931—it was a "lean year" there were only three hundred and fifty-four. The number has gone up since. I accompanied the list with a letter, calling the attention of the statistician to the high number of deaths, and stating that the main cause thereof was the poor way these poor people were housed. That started the ball rolling. It has been rolling for six long years, has cost lots of work, but it has done some good.

It was Dr. Murphy of San Antonio who suggested that a slum-clearance campaign was necessary. But at that time the Housing Program was in its infancy. They did not know how to go about it. Regardless of that, it went on, exposing to the better class of San Antonio the conditions under which the poor Mexicans of the West Side lived and died. Many of them did not know anything about the West Side, except that it was a dangerous spot to go to, especially at night time. Meanwhile Mr. Maury Maverick was elected to the Federal Congress, as a representative. Maury pledged his support and fulfilled his promise to the letter. He had a special man to make a complete survey of the slums; he used to direct me in my campaign.

IN 1935, there was an appropriation for San Antonio of \$4,800,000 for slum-clearance. The thing was too good to be true. It was true, but it did not crystallize. Something went wrong with the Administration and we never got those millions. The slums remained and "prospered." I say "prospered" with a purpose. The slum is a good business. You buy a bit of "refuse" of land; get some box-car-wood, put it together with some second-hand nails, put some tin can covering on it and for this you will get a rent of one dollar per week. If the windows, or window has no glass, then it may be seventy-five cents per week. Now if you have ten or fifteen of these shacks, you get that much extra money. Taxes are very low, naturally, no repairs to be made, no bothering with sanitation.

"Knock and it will be opened to you." . . . How many times did I remember this advice. Mr. Ickes wrote us a very nice letter, telling the Housing Advisory Board that the project was delayed. I was not satisfied. I wrote to several people, telling them that the Court or no Court, the slum conditions of San Antonio had to be corrected. I even wrote to the President, and asked the Editor of the JESUIT MISSIONS to send him some copies of the magazine, and have his secretary put them on his desk. The President was very kind. Several officials came down from Washington to inspect the slums. They all made a blood-curdling report to Washington. The slums simply had to go. Then came on the scene a young architect who had been appointed Chairman of the slum-clearance Committee by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. By that time I had become known as the "Father of the Slums." We started another very intensive campaign, to stir up public opinion on the matter.

ON September 1, 1937, the Wagner-Steagall law was passed. By it the President was authorized to make loans to cities for slum-clearance and low-rent-housing. San Antonio, of course, was first in line and got \$4,000,000. Well, 1,370 slums will be destroyed and as many houses will be built in their stead. We hope, by God's help, that in a few months the slums will disappear and decent houses will take their places.

This, however, does not mean that Guadalupe problems are all solved. The Government does not help in the least to put up a new school. The city authorities have done this much for us: they have condemned our old rickety school as unsafe. This has added to our worries. We need a new school, and we have no money. There are plenty of Protestant agencies which are working on the Mexican children. Lately even the Communists have taken a hand in the work of proselytizing these people. They are an easy prey on account of their poverty. We need a school for at least five hundred children, and to build the school we need money. Where shall we get it from? That is the question. I have no idea, but I do know that God is immensely rich.

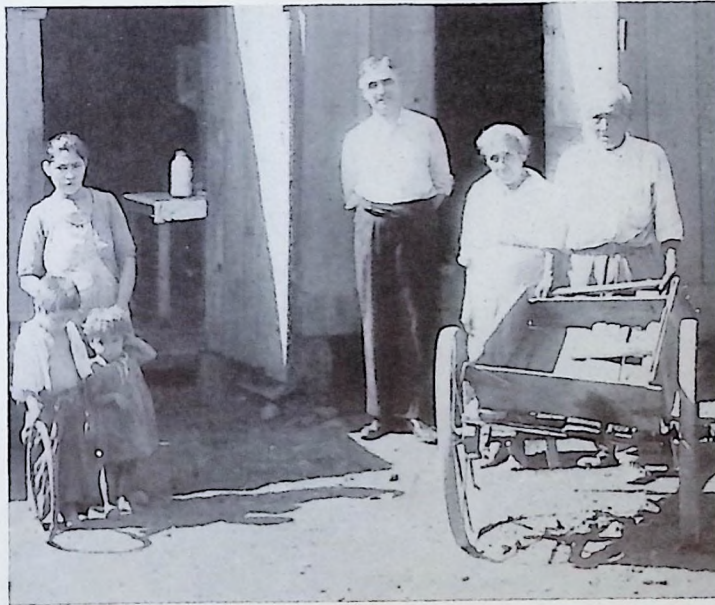
THE second great problem we had to face arose out of the new Federal Wage and Hour law which went into effect in October. This law affected some ten thousand pecan shellers in San Antonio. You know all about this law. It requires a minimum wage of twenty-five cents per hour. My people were getting some two, three and four dollars per week, for eight or ten hour day's

work. This was too little, but it helped. After the promulgation of the new law, the local pecan King declared that he could not pay such an exorbitant price as twenty-five cents per hour.

There was no alternative: either pay or close down. He chose the second part of the dilemma. He did close down, and with that ten thousand poorly-fed Mexicans went in the starvation status. Think of it! . . . Ten thousand workers out of jobs with nothing to take home to their wives and children. . . . And in this time of the year, when winter had set in with its usual "eccentricity."

THIS was a very critical situation. The C.I.O. immediately opened a soup kitchen. They gathered what they could from the stores, got some huge pots and began cooking. Some people went there for their soup. Some amongst them expressed their disgust at the situation. The poor were trodden down, and so forth . . . the symptoms of trouble. Mexicans, as a rule, are very patient, and long suffering. But there is always one or two out of a hundred who are not so resigned. And these can stir up lots of troubles. And, of course, that soup was shared with some who did not see things in the right light.

Father Murphy, a Josephite Father, Rector of the St. Peter



Father Tranchese, center, makes himself at home with some of his slum dwellers.

Claver Church for Colored people, is a very active priest. He takes great interest in the social questions of the times, and has bright ideas. He reasoned this way: "These Mexicans are mostly Catholic. They belong to Holy Mother Church. Can, then, Holy Mother Church stand the sight of so many of her children on the verge of starvation, without doing anything for them?" . . . And passing from the "possibility to the act" he called on our Very Reverend Father P. Geehan, Vicar General of the Archdiocese, and suggested a plan—a huge association of Catholics to take care of the hungry ones.

THAT same day Father Murphy, Very Reverend Father Geehan, and some other priests and lay people assembled in Father Murphy's Rectory, and the plans were laid. By Monday, the first provisions were given out. It was bread, only bread for the first day, but it was something. The Chief of Police, O. Kilday, had detailed a truck and two officers to gather the bread. It was a huge pile of loaves, but they lasted for only a short time.

The Catholic Relief Association is composed of priests and lay people. Several committees have been appointed to collect food, clothing, money (Turn to page 55)

Oregon's No. 1 Missionary

Edgar Dowd, S. J.

THIS New Year's Day Father John A. Post, S.J., veteran missionary to the Coeur d'Alene Indians at Sacred Heart Mission, DeSmet, Idaho, broke into the clear as No. 1 Missionary of the Oregon Province.

Short, thin, wiry, his brow wrinkled and his eyes blue and deep with wisdom and sympathy, this aged missionary, quite indeliberately, has set a few records that even the Indians cannot touch. January first marked the eighty-fourth anniversary of his birth, his fiftieth year on the Indian Missions, and his thirty-fourth of uninterrupted residence at De Smet, Idaho. Except for a week-end among the Flathead Indians of Montana, in 1919, Father Post, since 1905, has never left the Coeur d'Alene Reservation.

The oldest active priest, and oldest Jesuit in the Oregon Province, Father Post is one of the few remaining "old-guard" apostles, one of those zealous Europeans who fifty years ago set out bravely for an uttermost part of the earth and arrived in the Rocky Mountain Missions of the Northwest. Fifty of his fifty-seven years in the Jesuit Order were spent on the Indian Missions of Idaho, Montana and Alaska, in teaching, studying and performing the ministry.

To have lived fifty years on the Indian Missions is, indeed, an accomplishment; but to have lived those fifty years as Father Post lived them, is an amazing achievement. When this patriarchal missionary first arrived at DeSmet in 1891, he resolved to follow the design of mission routine that dated back to 1846, when Father Joseph Joset, S.J., first came to the Coeur d'Alenes. Far from seeking diversions and changes of routine, Father Post today regulates mission life to the stride of yesteryears. He is a living document, the pontifex of immemorial Indian religious customs.

FATHER POST is a hardy man and a zealous priest. When he entered the Society of Jesus at Florissant, Missouri, in 1882, he pointed his life to the spiritual welfare of the Indians, and since then, has marshalled, perseveringly and intelligently, the forces of his soul and body, to realize that great work. If the Indians thrive best spiritually—and they do—by following the customs and traditions of the long ago, Father Post will, at all costs, despite great personal inconveniences, afford them

opportunities to tread the ancestral pathways. Moreover, this condition is necessary for the old-timers especially, who are prone to identify accidental rites with the essential, unchanging and unchangeable elements of religion.

The symbol of this theory is the large mission bell that sounds the Angelus, the De Profundis, the signal for Mass, Benediction, Saturday's Holy Hour and confessions. The bell regulates the religious life of the Indians and Father Post regulates the bell, tolling it at exactly the appointed time and in precisely the same manner. To the usual 3-3-3-9 Angelus formula, I once added an extra stroke to make the *finale* an even 10. Father Post emerged quickly from his room (and some say his hearing is faulty!) to frown upon my non-conformist attitude. If the bell does not ring continuously from 11:00 p.m. to 11:15 p.m., on Christmas Eve for Midnight Mass, the Indians would be scandalized and probably exclaim: "What, no Christmas?"

This great apostle to the Coeur d'Alenes is difficult to interview. Like many other aged missionaries, he smiles, nods, "doesn't remember"—but gives one the impression that another Hand has written his story.



"—the frayed cassock, the peeling biretta, his patience, his poverty and the kind light in his eyes"—Father Post's Indians like this picture of him.

DURING an interview covering ten months, Father Post made one statement for the press: "I am an old man." But despite his eighty-four years, he is active and alert, healthy and happy. When his friends, especially the old-timers, saw the picture, printed here, of the aged missionary, they would have no other. "We want to remember him the way we've seen him all these years—the frayed cassock, the peeling biretta, his patience, his poverty and the kind light in his eyes."

With special permission he arises at 4:00 a.m. He retires at 10:00 p.m. During his eighteen-hour day he reads, studies, writes, ministers to the Indians and *prays*. He maintains exactly an order of the day, a time being assigned for mental prayer, Mass, rosary, stations of the cross and spiritual reading. He keeps abreast of noteworthy current events, carefully peruses well-known Catholic periodicals and afterwards files them orderly. The Indians admit he knows their language (the Selish tongue) perfectly, and Father Post has written a valuable grammar of it. He promptly replies to all letters, even advertisements. A grand old missionary.

Why Gee

Albert R. O'Hara, S.J.

“AND this is Why Gee,” went on Father Simons, S.J., as he introduced me to the personnel of his mission staff. And in an English aside, he added, “He’s my hope of Shuyang’s, and for that matter, of Haichow’s first vocation.” Haichow is the “bush” mission district of the California Jesuits in China, and Shuyang is the hub of the “bush” mission district where Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., and Father Mark Falvey, S.J., have staked our initial claim to a promising vein of pay dirt in human souls.

But to get back to Why Gee, he was an engaging youngster of about fourteen summers who was staying on at the mission during the vacation with Father Falvey and me while Father Simons made a trip to Shanghai. He daily served Father Falvey’s Mass and took care of most of the sacristan’s work, not to mention his willing if not always helpful assistance to our seventeen year old cook.

He had all the winning qualities of Tom Playfair coupled with a good sized portion of the devilment of Tom Sawyer. In the little mission chapel he is devout as a nun. He did all of a sacristan’s work with never a sacristan’s knee bow. After serving Mass he always came down into the church to make his thanksgiving privately, for the others had already recited their prayers aloud in common while he was serving Mass. Outside of the chapel he was full of fun and had a catching giggle that welled up on the slightest provocation. His giggles changed into peals of laughter when the cook returned to the kitchen to relate to him the reactions of the Fathers to his latest culinary concoctions of sunflowers and sundry other country bushes.

I SHALL never forget the day he prepared to go home for a three-day visit. Out from under his pillow he brought his best Chinese robe, rough blue, worn white in many places from frequent washing and with a large patch in the seat. Then there were handkerchiefs, socks and cloth shoes washed in well-water and stiffened in the sun, while his thatch of black hair that gleamed with recent wetting was topped by a stiff brown straw hat of the early 1900 vintage. He very formally presented himself to Father Falvey and me and solemnly announced, “I am going. I am going.” “All right,” conceded Father Falvey, “but don’t forget to come back!”

After several days, back came Why Gee and with him his father to explain that there was plenty of work at home and that he had kept his son an extra day or two and then had come back with him to see if the Fathers really needed him during the vacation. This was more to prove that the boy belonged to him and not to the Church. The father lacked much of the fervor and devotion of the boy. In any case we were glad to have Why Gee back as he livened things up considerably.



Little Why Gee (with the kettle to his mouth) is the spark plug of the mission staff at Shuyang. He wants to be a priest.

About this time we received as a peace offering from a vegetable vender who liked to park outside our gate, but who wasn’t sure if we liked him to park there, a small black and white lady dog. Now lady dogs, just like lady babies, are not a bit welcome in a Chinese household, but Why Gee took a real liking to this one and so she tumbled and sprawled and yelped about our doorstep. Why Gee’s giggles got beyond all control when he heard Father Falvey call the little dog, “Puppy, Puppy,” for to him it sounded all the world like the Chinese word, “*Paope, Paope,*” which means “precious” and is generally applied to one’s children.

But things were going on too smoothly to suit the Devil and so he bethought himself how best he could block the vocation of Why Gee. An elder brother of the little sacristan failed to appear at the summons of the village magistrate and so Why Gee’s father was seized and thrown into jail until he should procure the return of his son. At first Why Gee made frequent visits to his incarcerated parent and tried to locate his brother, but the brother insisted that there must be another way of getting his father out of jail than going to jail himself. There was no reason why the Fathers at the church couldn’t go guarantee for the father while he went in search of his wayward son.

FATHER FALVEY was invited to visit his imprisoned parishioner and the plan was politely proposed. Father Falvey wisely sparred for time and promised to send an answer through Why Gee the next day. Consultation, experience and intuition all prompted the same answer, “No!” but not quite so baldly couched. When Why Gee conveyed this bad news to his father, the explosion must have been so bad that he was afraid to tell us just what his father said but insisted that we ought to go over and see him.

Sure enough, we found a very disgusted and a not very polite prisoner. He seemed (Turn to page 55)

Such a Hectic Week

Peter Nash, S. J.

THE Jesuit Seminary in Toronto, Canada, had never seen such a hectic week. Hundreds of bright-eyed youngsters stormed the auditorium which had been transformed as by a magic touch into a panorama of the missions. They came in droves, their teachers came and their parents came. They were delighted, were loud in their praise of the exhibits, and, what is really important, went away determined to do their little bit by prayer and generosity in helping spread Christ's Kingdom.

It all started on Mission Sunday when His Excellency, Archbishop McGuigan so kindly opened our Fifth Annual Mission Exhibit. Five years ago there had been but a handful of curios and a couple of posters: now the many colorful displays and records of heroic labors ranged the four walls of the auditorium. Although, of course, only a tiny cross-section of the entire mission field could be presented, still visitors would often say: "I never knew there were so many missionary orders."

IT startled them to realize how truly catholic the Church is. Jesuits from Alaska next door to Franciscan Nuns of India; Africa's Holy Ghost Fathers feeling quite at home with native Filipino seminarians; White Sisters from the edge of the Sahara gazing across the way at the Grey Nuns from Pembroke, Ontario, whose mission in Lishui, China, has known the horror of a rain of bombs; Loretto Nuns doing noble work in the Chinese Mission; Sisters of Service and St. Joseph Sisters representing the field at home; Canadian missionaries and St. John Bosco's *Filles de Marie* working together to fortify the precious souls of their Ojibway and Iroquois charges—wouldn't it give anyone a thrill of pride to know that there are such great-hearted workers in the harvest field.

And great-hearted and heroic they are, no matter what they may in all sincerity say about "the same old routine" and "getting nowhere." But what places to "get nowhere" in! The Mission Exhibit did its best to point out the severe conditions under which the missionary cheerfully carries on. "No, the Sisters don't wear those sun helmets just for fun, nor the Alaskan Jesuits those sealskin parkas to be collegiate." Then there's the language difficulty on top of the weather. "Just fancy the optical somersaults the seven men who have just left Toronto for Süchow will have to turn reading Chinese." As a high school girl sympathetically remarked on being shown a Hindustani grammar, "it looks as bad as Algebra." But it is all part of the "same old routine" which for the missionary is no joke, even on this stream-lined continent.

Father Hines, S.J., drove this point home in his ser-



"Indian Baptism"—one of the several statue groups made by students for the Mission Exhibit at Toronto.

mon before the Archbishop. "Everyone of the missionaries I have met," he said, referring to those working for the Ojibways in Ontario, Canada, "has at least once been within an ace of death." Why, the sleigh-dogs—whose photos were to be seen in the "Huronian" booth—are half wolf ready to tear a man apart at the slightest provocation. And Father Joseph Couture, S.J., is by no means free from danger for having changed from dogs to plane; one winter's day just on the take-off he struck an ice-hummock and snapped off a ski, which made landing a little hazardous, to say the least! The crowds surged round the booths and were glad to get such explanations from the seminarian "guides."

SHOWING the vast labors of the missionaries and the inadequacy of their means is not sufficient if a Mission Exhibit is to fulfill its purpose. You must present practical and attractive ways of helping out. So there just had to be a "Stamp Mill" with stamp "logs" rolling in, being "sawn up," and converted into lumber for mission schools and chapels. Another appealing work represented was the Pontifical Association of the Holy Childhood: the catholicity of its aims were set forth in a picture of a Chinese-featured Christ on His Cross surrounded by Africans, Malaysians, Japanese, etc. The Sodality, of course, with the vast potentialities of its mission committees was not forgotten. The Madonna, dominating the Sodality booth, was painted for the occasion by a missionary-to-be, a young Jesuit from Germany, F. Buck, S.J.

The Moderators of any organization, or even any mission-minded teachers inevitably face the problem of sustaining interest in the missions. The perfect answer to their prayer was blazoned forth in the rainbow display of a magazine which gives all the color, the life and the human interest needed, JESUIT MISSIONS.

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

The author of the Ten Efficiency Hints printed in our September number reports another scalp hanging from her hunting belt: "Perhaps you will get as much of a kick out of this as I did. You remember my efforts and ultimate success in getting the news stand in my office building to stock the Catholic Digest. The man in

Humph! Never Heard of That

charge depends on me for his first customer each month when it comes, and has to admit (but how reluctantly) that it is selling. Well, this noon I had the latest copy in my hand when a very well known Catholic lawyer entered the elevator. We are not acquainted at all, but he said something about the sudden downpour and its effects on the State Fair, now in progress here. Then he glanced at my book, squinted and I nonchalantly showed him the title. "Humph! Never heard of that. Didn't know there was such a thing." (And he prides himself on knowing all there is to know.) Without too much enthusiasm, I trust, I informed him that it is very good and available at our news stand. The last I noticed, he was headed that way, while I chuckled to myself. These little incidents add many a sparkle through my prosaic days."

This incident occurred somewhere in the U. S. A. We quote from a Promoter: "Mr. X., a war veteran, of Swedish extraction, one-time member of the Methodist Church, has a lovely wife and two fine children. When we first became acquainted he was an energetic, hardworking young man, but in recent years he had become addicted to the use of alcohol to the extent that his business was practically non-existent, his reputation for sobriety was gone, and saddest of all his family bore a terrible burden as the result of his excesses. One evening he called on me.

It's All in The Epilogue

"Well, Mr. X.," I began, 'I have a lot of work to attend to and—'

"How about a little drink?' he interrupted.

"No business,' I countered, 'and while we are on the subject I would consider it a favor—' Here I was interrupted by the telephone, a call from God I am certain, and when I returned to the table my rising indignation was somewhat cooled. How to get rid of this fellow was a problem. I fumbled in my pockets for papers that might indicate work to be done and perhaps he would take the hint and go. Very carefully I spread the papers before me fuming inwardly at my inability to speak my mind.

"What is that first booklet you have there?' queried my visitor who had been watching the operation through sleepy eyes.

"That is a pamphlet on retreats,' I replied somewhat irritably. 'In about a month I am going with a few other fellows for our annual retreat. You can take the pamphlet home with you now', I suggested, wishing secretly that he would go.

"How about taking me along?' asked Mr. X. 'Will they let a fellow like me in a place like that?'

"Yes,' I replied, 'you may come along, but I warn you it is not a rest cure, nor a week-end holiday, nor a place where you can get a drink. That is absolutely taboo'. Then I explained in detail what a retreat was and of the benefits I had derived.

"Well, you can count me in on your party,' said Mr. X., and to my relief he took his departure.

Epilogue

"It all seems so unbelievable now that sometimes I ask forgiveness for my little faith. My neighbor, Mr. X., did actually join us for our annual retreat. I remember it was during the Feast of the Annunciation. He was baptized and received Communion.

"Only yesterday he told me laughingly of a remark passed by his young son. 'Say, Pop,' 'we have pretty good times since you turned into a Catholic. And Pop, do you know I think that little by little, Mother, and Sister, and I are turning into Catholics, too.'"

Distribution of pamphlets at times presents doubts, if not difficulties as to methods of procedure. For instance, should a

white girl Promoter enter the homes of the colored? Let a

The Problem of Approach

Philadelphia Pamphleteer state the case. "There is just one matter about which I wanted opportunity to talk with you—the work of the Catechetical Guilds newly formed here in a colored parish, St. Ignatius in West Philadelphia. Several of us from the Circle are catechists, or just starting rather, and you appear to feel as we, that the conduct of small classes in private homes has several disturbing elements. Again, the Sisters mentioned that they had found this teaching in the pupils' own homes the answer to an attempt to 'get into' these homes at all. Of course they are mostly Protestants, 'Holiness' members (if you have such a sect in Harlem or elsewhere) and while I do not know a great deal of the background, I gather that the quiet entrance of one of our teachers, introduced by one of these Sisters of the Society of Christ our King, who have come on from North Carolina in a little body of four, attracts not alone the child but the parents and other relatives. Further, as you know, there are many castes and antipathies among this class which by experience the nuns hope to overcome by 'home' work."

Pamphlet Promoters are advised in this matter to follow the custom of the diocese in which they reside. If they choose to accompany religious catechists belonging to a religious congregation into the homes of the colored it is to be assumed that such a procedure is approved by the Bishop of the Diocese.

So many requests have reached us in regard to conducting a pamphlet meeting that we print the minutes of a Jersey band for December. "The third meeting of the Jersey unit was held Saturday, December 10th, at the home

Minutes of a Jersey Unit

of Mrs. Ruth Martin, Camden, N. J. The Minutes of the last meeting were read and approved and the pamphlets were discussed. We are pleased to have another new member join our group and are adding her name to our list of members: Miss Catherine K. Gross, 622 Benson St., Camden, N. J. An interesting discussion was held on the various pamphlets read by each member during the past month. Plans were completed for the Bridge and Tea to be given for the benefit of Dr. Rose's Clinic, held on January 21st, 1939 at 2:00 P.M. at the home of Celestine and May Foster, 1361 Kenwood Avenue, Camden, N. J. It was decided to allow each member to select a pamphlet at the following meetings. Dues in the amount of \$2.75 were collected and a check for \$2.20 sent to Father Feeney for the following pamphlets: four "Hints to Happiness" at 10 cents each, four "The Church is out of Date" at 10 cents each, four "What is the Matter with Europe" at 10 cents each, four "Radio Talks" at 10 cents each, four "Has Life Any Meaning" at 10 cents each and four "I saw the Soviet" at 5 cents each. Non-active member who will purchase pamphlets from us each month: Miss Stella D. Dynakowski, 1236 Everett Street, Camden, N. J."

Through the kindness of our Jesuit rectors and pastors in the United States and Canada our appeal for a special edition of "Advertising the Catholic Church" for distribution on the mission fields has been more than realized.

Pamphlet Packs for the Missions

Among the first to respond was the Rev. Benedict J. Rodman, S.J., Gesu Church, University Heights, Cleveland, Ohio. More recent contributions were received from Rev. Nicholas Mann, S.J., St. Ignatius' High School, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. John D. Foulks, S.J., Rector, Jesuit High School, New Orleans, La.; Rev. William Wortkoetter, S.J., St. Mary's Church, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. Kenneth L. Graham, S.J., Sacred Heart Church, La Plata, Maryland; Rev. Edward C. Menager, S.J., University of San Francisco, San Francisco, California; Rev. Francis X. Bellavance, S.J.; Jesuit College, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada; Rev. Francis J. McVeigh, S.J., former business editor of JESUIT MISSIONS now at Loyola High School, Baltimore, Maryland; and others.

"Mauled" by a Wild Ekka--the au

Richard A. Welfle, S. J.

AT the present sitting, I am most uncomfortably enthroned on a soft cushion, and I wish to insist at the very start that the cushion is absolutely no luxury. I am nursing a badly bruised body, and a grievance.

But let me contain myself long enough to tell you first that I am writing this at Morpa. And, in case you don't know it, I hasten to inform you that Morpa is away out in the *deehat*, which is Hindi for "the sticks." That is to say, Morpa is removed from civilization five miles back from a railway station somewhere in northern India near the border of the forbidden

Well, as I was saying, this place is five,—perhaps fifty back in the interior from the narrow-gauge railway that the border of Nepal, with the foothills of the Himalaya across the way. When I got down from the train, I learned from the coolie who grabbed my box and bedding that there are no street cars running out to Morpa. Only bullocks and *ekkas*. Now, from early childhood, I have cherished a profound respect for the value of time, so in the present instance I knew exactly what to do. I elected to go to Morpa by *ekka*. I shall regret that choice as long as I live for something seems to tell me that it will take at least a week for me to recover from that ride.

The road to Morpa is not paved. It was paved, not even in the boom days of the indigo factory and the baker who turned the whole wheat bread. Today,—at least yesterday, when I tried it out, there were stretches where even the *ekka* pony had difficulty in distinguishing the road from broken rice fields through which it winds rough and rugged way.

But, to get to the heart of the matter, what is an *ekka*? Ah, now we're getting somewhere. That's the real question: what is an *ekka*? Well, let us begin by imagining upon the old gray matter that an *ekka* is a would-be conveyance without springs and cushions. Please let that sink in: absolutely no springs, positively no cushions. With that as a starting point, we go on to define an *ekka* as a small square platform of bare boards and splinters, with two wheels that slightly resemble wheels, and a pony attached. It should already be abundantly clear that only the devil or the next in command could have devised this contraption.

The pony attached in the present case was of the wrong species, but the driver insisted on calling him "Bahin," which is Hindi for "sister." Why or how this misnomer came about is at present engaging the best brains in the research department. If he had called the onery little cuss "Jezebel" it would have made complete sense. This contention shall be proven conclusively as we go on.

Well anyway, the coolie tossed my box and bedding on the *ekka*, I with misgivings and apprehensions struggled next to the driver and in a soothing, wheedling tone of voice he said: "Come on Bahin. Get going." And, believe me, Bahin did. He slammed everything in reverse, and we immediately found ourselves backing right up on the station platform.

IT may not be out of place to mention here that the good point about an *ekka* that diligent research has brought to light thus far is the fact that it has no doors to bother with in case you have to bail out. Seeing that this was precisely my next move, I hastily contacted my Guardian Angel, and then took to the air. On the way down, my parachute, which was still nice and white, bellied out beautifully, and I made a perfect one-point landing on the fleshy part of my thigh.

All this struck a rude eye-witness as being so funny that he let go with a vulgar full-throated hee-haw. This in



Father Welfle (left) assists Father Pettit at a Confirmation. Little did he know then what awaited him at Morpa. He looks a bit suspicious though.

Kingdom of Nepal. The nearest place where one can buy razor blades and bread is fifty miles to the West. And I'm fond of bread.

But Morpa is, however, a neat little mission station. If you doubt it, just ask Father John, the Indian Father who runs the place. There is a chapel that accommodates two hundred in squatting formation; a Father's bungalow which at present accommodates one, enthroned on a cushion; another bungalow for four Indian Nuns—none of them bake bread; a mud school house; and a huddle of seventy-five mud and straw huts. This is the Morpa that impinges upon the eye today.

NOW, how in the world did I happen to choose to come to a place like this, fifty miles from bread? Answer: I didn't. It's purely and simply another case of the superiority of mind over matter. Had the matter been left to my own choice, I would most certainly have thrown all my tonnage in the direction of bread. But, in the dead of night, a voice that spoke with authority whispered thus: "Arise, take your little box, and bedding and go to Morpa." So, like St. Joseph of old, I arose, took my little box, etc., etc., etc. You see, Father John suddenly took it into his head to fall ill, and had to be taken to the hospital in Bettiah, which is the place fifty miles to the West where one can buy bread. His going left no Father here at Morpa. But there should be a Father at Morpa. Ergo . . .

“Blood on the Mountain” gets a thrill

struck me from where I was reclining as being such bad taste and out of place, that for once during my eight years off struggling with this foreign tongue, I believe I really made myself perfectly clear in Hindi. The point that I pride myself in putting across to that worm was the personal conviction that my position called for pure unadulterated compassion and commiseration, not vulgar hilarity.

ANYWAY, pulling myself together, I deigned to cast a final menacing glance at the worm, and then climbed up from the *ekka* again, just as though nothing—well, as though not very much had happened. For, I remembered at this juncture the heartening words that Grandpa used to din into my ears as a boy. He used to say: “Lad, a spill will come even to the best of us at times. But, let it never be said of an offspring of mine that he failed to rise after a fall.”

So, as I say, with blood like that coursing through my veins, I climbed right back up on the *ekka*, and I now noticed a cudgel two inches thick and three feet long, lying beside my box. The driver lost no time in bringing this to bear on Bahin’s boney back with a lusty blow that gave me no little satisfaction and Bahin a beautiful welt. But apparently this was the language that Bahin understood best, for he immediately laid his ears down flat, and with infinite scorn, said: “All right, smart Aleck, it’s your funeral. I’m only dragging the hearse.”

I might mention here just in passing that Bahin was inclined to be a rather smallish animal for his age; quite small. But somehow or other I feel that I shall always think of Bahin in the same brackets with Man o’ War. The way he now took things into his own hands, so to speak, must have been good to see—from a distance. I myself could see very little. Perhaps I was distracted at the time with thoughts of life beyond the grave. Or perhaps I was concentrating my attention on moulding on. Again, I may have been too close to things as they happened,—something like a big splash in history. It is only after the dust has cleared that you really get things straight, authorities say.

ANYWAY, in the present instance I recall that there was much dust. A whole cloud of dust. And it was constantly being punctured by Bahin’s well-shod hooves coming up dangerously close to my sun helmet. Frightful as this was at the time, still, looking back now that the dust has cleared,



I can bravely say that I was not in the least afraid. I was, however, somewhat chagrined; perhaps even a little nonplussed.

And I think I now know the function of a buckboard. I remember once as a lad riding with Grandpa behind “Birdie,” who was inclined to be temperamental and given to tantrums. And on this occasion he (Birdie, not Grandpa) acted very much like Bahin.

So, after the tantrum, which had given Grandpa considerable trouble, I asked him what the buckboard was for. Breathing heavily from his recent exertion, Grandpa replied somewhat testily: “Oh, to keep Birdie’s tail out of your eyes.” Well now, I wouldn’t like to cast any suspicion on Grandpa’s veracity, but in the light of recent experiences I think he was pulling my leg. For, yesterday Bahin’s hooves kept coming up over the top with such disconcerting persistence, that I could not help feeling the need of a buckboard or a board fence.

BUT soon I wasn’t able to feel at all. Before unconsciousness mercifully set in, however, I recall that just as Bahin was taking a short cut across a newly plowed rice field and heading straight for a tall stately palm tree, I had a sensation of dislocation in the neck. I knew at once what had happened. All this jerking and jolting and bouncing about had set my goiter adrift from its moorings. I was just in the act of reaching up to snap it back into its socket again, when all of a sudden one of Bahin’s hooves, more likely both of them, succeeded in coming up all the way over the absent buckboard. There was a dull sickening thud as when a mule kicks a soggy sack of rags, followed by a distinct sensation of triple hernia in the pit of the stomach, and from then on only Bahin can have any clear recollection of what happened on the way.

I regret this, because the folks here claim that the scenery along the Morpa road at this time of the year is positively enchanting. When I return to civilization, I shall walk back to the station and check up on this idle rumor.

Anyway, when I came to someone was gently lifting me down from the *ekka* in front of the mission bungalow. And another sterling soul with infinite understanding whispered: “A spot of tea might pull him through.” May that man’s children prosper to the third and fourth generation, and may I get various kinds of warts on the back of my neck, if I ever forget his kindness. Moreover, in case I recover and my goiter doesn’t get in the way, I propose to spend the rest of my days singing the praises of tea. Just two good swigs, and I was able to talk coherently again. So, I immediately arranged my goiter and went out to square off with Bahin. But he was gone . . .

The author sits by a stream in the foothills of the Himalayas.



Father Welfe was able to sit down comfortably when this picture was taken. It was not so easy later on . . .

Funeral in Jamaica

William F.
McHale, S.J.

ONE night I got word that a sick woman wished to see me near Port Morant. Guided by the messenger, I stopped the car near the end of the Port Morant harbor and proceeded through the bushes to a fisherman's hut where the sick person was resting on a narrow cot.

She was a Catholic from Kingston and was living with a fisherman whom we will call Gordon. She was sick, it is true, but as much in soul as in body. I spoke to her partner, Mr. Gordon, and asked him if he had any intention of marriage.

"O yes," he replied "but not at present."

That was the same old answer which I was tired of hearing. After praying for the woman I left and did not see the couple for some months. Then one afternoon I received word that Mr. Gordon was very sick. With the Catechist of that district I went to the hut and found the fisherman in great pain and distress.

He had undergone an operation but the incision had not healed and he suffered spells of real torture. His general condition was very serious. He manifested the greater faith, penitence and fervor.

"I want to join the Catholic Church and get married," he exclaimed. This is what I had been waiting to hear.

After a short instruction which he accepted without argument, he was baptized, absolved and anointed. The marriage was to be performed later. However, Mr. Gordon did not live to be married, but succumbed to his ailment in about two weeks.

TO dig the grave is the easiest thing to arrange in the country parts of Jamaica as there is always a voluntary burial group who gather in force and ask no more than a little rum for their services. The carrying of the body to the church yard is likewise gladly performed by the sturdy sons of Jamaica. As the deceased Gordon had become very thin during his illness, it required only two men to carry him in his coffin on their heads from his home a mile and a half to the Church.

As we granted the fisherman a free grave the only expense was the coffin made up of rough boards and stained brown. A large body of mourners mostly non-Catholics, attended the funeral service and Gordon was buried below a clump of bamboos on the hillside behind the Church. It was our first funeral at Port Morant. We sang Catholic hymns as the grave was being filled despite a call for an old favorite that the Protestants

use for burials. Sometimes we have to compromise on "Nearer My God to Thee" and "O Paradise."

So Gordon rests in peace, we trust, in spite of reports that his ghost is seen under the ackee tree or down by the bamboos. I put these stories down to pure fabrication and don't even concede that they are the results of imagination. I was glad to be on hand to administer the Sacraments to this poor fellow when he was in the proper disposition. There are not a few like him especially in the Alms House who gladly accept the Catholic faith and Sacraments when they are nearing the portals of eternity.

The result of four years residence in this district is that a definite penetration has been effected. Throughout a large district where a Catholic priest was never seen before, he is now frequently seen and well known. Where he was formerly called "Parson" or "Reverend" he is now called "Father." They know his car and even the way he blows its horn. The Catholic bell is the first to break the stillness of the Sunday morning. Not only do people say "Father" as the priest passes but the tone has become more friendly, and the greeting of the children is warmer than

that of the adults—all of which is very consoling.

Prejudice is being broken down, converts come trickling in, children are singing Catholic hymns all about and the eternal "Hail Mary" is prominent enough to produce the usual Satanic irritation; fervor is observable in some quarters and in general the Church is strengthening her position. The word of God is being preached, Catholic literature is distributed and Church schools are in operation.

AS an experiment street preaching has been undertaken with satisfactory results. Many catechetical centers have been opened and of these some continue and some have ceased to function. Suitable catechists are very rare, and discord and jealousy make deep inroads on infant enterprises. Perhaps the most forward looking measure taken in many years to speed up conversions in Jamaica was the sending of Father Gladstone O. Wilson, a native of this island, to study Social Service at Fordham University, New York City. It is hoped on his return that he may be able to organize the same work here and in that way relieve extreme want.

Truly the harvest is great but its reaping is a task calling for much grace.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE*

John M. Cosgrove, S.J.

Dear Mother mine, 'twas yours to give and die
And not of Sacrament sublime to dine,
At thy son's hands blest with power Divine
So soon to make Him live at altar high.
Ah, sacrifice of loving soul! No sigh,
No heartache could His call make you decline;
You gave me back to Him without repine,
And then He gave you life with Him so nigh.

Not you the sacrifice the least did mar
But stood aside and let thy son depart;
Tho' ne'er, perhaps, to see the Host upraised
At altar by thy son in field afar;
Too soon God felt thy love as tho' apart
And swift so great a love Himself appraised.

**The recent death of Mr. Cosgrove's mother deprived her of the happiness of seeing her son ordained this year in Patna, India.*

Missions in War-Torn China

The Mission Intention for February

IN the history of Catholic missions persecution has always acted as a sort of winnowing fan separating the wheat from the chaff. It is like a gold plated mirror that reveals unmercifully all religious defects of character. Again, it may be likened to a powerful specific which weak souls cannot stomach. In any case, even though suffered for justice sake, it is, at all times, a supreme test of faith.

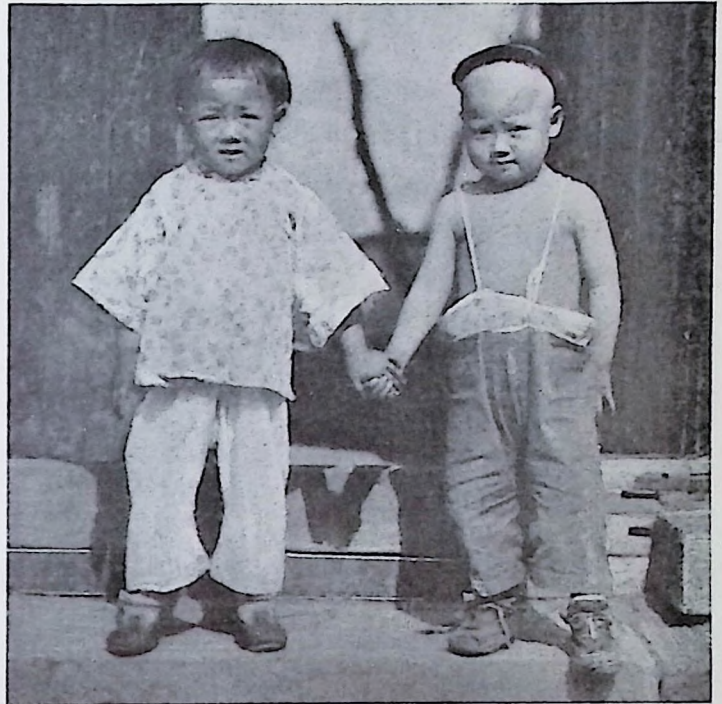
Since 1931 Catholic missionaries in China have been subjected unremittingly to this test of faith and apparently at present writing, due to the subvention of airplanes to China by the United States, the end is not yet. Although the war in China is not directed formally against the Catholic Church, yet the losses suffered by Catholics in lives, destruction of churches, schools, dwelling places, orphanages, clinics and hospitals, as well as of stable and staple sources of income, such as crops and agricultural preserves, has pyramided to a stunning total. Shanghai, Nanking, Wuhu, Anking, Pengpu are only a few of the centers in which progress in mission work either has been frustrated or totally disorganized.

The tragedy is all the more severe since it is occurring at the most flourishing period of Catholic missionary work in the history of China. The "Annuaire des Missions Catholiques de Chine for 1938" published by the *Bureau Sinologique de Zi-ka-wei* and giving a statistical report of the year extending from July 1936 to June 1937, lists the magnificent total of 3,018,338 Catholics, an increase of 500,000 Catholics in the last six years. The provinces most favorably disposed for adult converts, together with their respective totals are as follows:—Hopeh, 14,328; Honan, 8,788; Hupeh, 7,681; Kwantung, 6,148; Shansi, 4,969; and Shensi, 4,211.

The dynamic type of convert was once defined as one who is attracted to the Catholic Church because it has a religion that works. This is verified in China where authorities have been particularly zealous to maintain hospitals and clinics of which there are four in Peking, three in Tientsin, thirteen in Shanghai, four in Chengtu, six in Chungking, seven in Hankow, five in Nanchang, fourteen in Ningpo and fifteen in Hongkong.

Altogether there are in China today one Catholic for every 154 inhabitants; 4,675 priests or one for every 99,679 inhabitants, or one for every 645 Catholics; 1,898 Chinese priests or one for every 1,590 Catholics; 5,993 religious nuns of whom 3,769 are Chinese or one for every 800 Catholics.

This magnificent organization is now bearing the brunt of persecution in the form of war and want. While all of our readers will instinctively offer the solace of prayer, many will be inclined to dissent from any program that aims to provide money for material reconstruction or for the expenditures that are an essential condition of future progress. "We have no assurance," they say, "that new edifices, immediately upon completion, will not be razed by new wars. Reconstruction in such circumstances seems, at the least, imprudent. The answer



Victims of war in China ready to face the world together.

to this objection is manifold. We submit the following. First, reconstruction is not to be undertaken imprudently but may safely be left to the prudence of ecclesiastical superiors, who, in the face of similar circumstances of war, persecution, robbery, confiscation, kidnapping and murder have brought the Church in China to the high estate indicated by the statistics already given.

Secondly, as infallibly as time itself the Church marches on, doubly quick in fact under the challenge of persecution. Such has been her history, such will be her future for not even the so-called four horsemen of the Apocalypse, riding forth from the gates of Hell itself, can ever prevail against her. Thirdly, Christ has never promised the missionaries immunity from persecution but He has enjoined them to preach the gospel to every creature and to all nations, nor has He made exception in the case of persecution actual or possible. Fourthly, and this is the specific which weak souls cannot stomach, persecution is the most potent source of new converts to Catholicism as it was the means selected by Christ Himself for the Redemption of the world.

Persecution has quickened the zeal of our missionaries, and at the same time has conditioned the souls of prospective converts to appreciate at its real value the charity of these same missionaries, a charity that has remained steadfast, while bombing planes rained death from the skies as well as during the daily nerve racking and tedious ministrations to hundreds of thousands of starving refugees. Persecution has harrowed up the soil in the mission fields of China for a crop of converts that may amply compensate for the labor of the sowers. It is aid for the Catholics of China, old and prospective, that His Holiness begs from the readers of **JESUIT MISSIONS**.

Afield with American Jesuits

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J., newly arrived at Corozal, British Honduras, gives a few of his first impressions of the missions:

"Yes, Providence has sent me here to Corozal, and I have the 'bushiest' of the bush life. From the States to Belize is one 'bush'; from Belize to Corozal is another 'bush' a degree lower; from Corozal to three of my outside missions is another 'bush'; and the other seven missions entrusted to my care are on another rung of the ladder. The villages of this lowest rung, this bushiest bush, are in the swamp land along the river and the shallow lagoons.

"There are three of us here, one Father is Pastor of the town of Corozal, Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J. and Father Bernard Zimmerman, S.J., who has all of the inland missions, reached by a car in some cases and a horse in others, and myself, who have all of the water missions, reached by boat—by a boat that does not yet exist. Since my boat does not exist as yet, I have become the Padre hitch-hiking along the lagoons. From my window here at Corozal I can see the hill of the sea sloping gradually up to the horizon in the distance; whenever I see a sail peeping over the far-off waves, or see the smoke from an approaching small vessel, I meet her at dock with 'Puede Usted llevarme.' That's the same as raising your thumb and saying 'Gimme a lift, please sir.' You should see some of the funny looking things I have gone out into the bay in.

"Father Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., in Belize, the Superior of the whole Mission, wants me to build a boat within a few months. But, that means two expenses: the first, the price of the boat, estimated at about four or five hundred dollars; the second, a small expense each month, but one that must continue as long as a Father continues to use this boat to visit these people, namely, the price of the gasoline for the trips. You might think that the up-keep would hardly be worth mentioning but our money on hand is usually not great.

"What I would like very much right now is that Our Lord would inspire some zealous person or group to send me a little each month for the gasoline and up-keep of the boat. I have seventy miles of water front to visit each month. The Adventists are causing quite a good deal of trouble in our

district, and the only way we can offset their diabolical influence (their effect on these people is just that) is to visit them often.

"You should have been along the other day when Father Zimmerman and I went to one of my larger stations, preached every night for five nights against the activities of the leader of the Adventists of this district, calling him 'the devil' deceiver, liar, robber, fore-runner of the reign of the Godless. Apologetics does not work here as these people are not well

push the expenses beyond the limits of well-laid plans and reasoned estimates. We fervently hope that the good Lord has accepted the sacrifices of our Petenero and Maya Indians who with all good will crowded our present limited church under the Padre's residence for a full year and will permit us somehow to build a worthy dwelling for our Eucharistic Lord during the next year."

* * *

At the Novitiate of the Pallotine Sisters outside the little town of



Father Walter Fitzgerald, S.J., (right), newly appointed Coadjutor Bishop of Alaska is no stranger in the mission field. He is shown here with Father Balfe, S.J., and Father Feusi, inspecting the ruins of the church at St. Paul's Indian Mission, Montana.

enough educated to grasp the significance of our proofs. I don't mean we rant, but in a dignified way we call a spade a spade.

"Believe me, it is exciting to stride into a Maya village, take the devil by the beard and shake hard, without knowing just how many of the Indians may have turned Adventist since your last visit. And this time two of us went up as we had gotten exaggerated stories of the number of apostacies that had taken place."

* * *

Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., of Benque Viejo, expresses his joy and gratitude over the arrival of material for his church:

"In this pleasant surprise and the wonderful gifts we recognize the loving Hand of our Heavenly Father, Who has wiped away so many of our tears already during this first year after our disastrous fire. We haven't felt or judged it prudent to begin the actual rebuilding of our church because the times are very hard and so often some unforeseen circumstances

Punta Gorda, there was held a reception of Postulants and Candidates. At this time, two American girls who recently had joined the Order received their Habits as Novices in the Congregation of the pious Sisters. At the same time, four other girls were received as Postulants in the same Congregation. Most of these girls come from Toledo, Ohio. They will train themselves to do the work that these Sisters are now doing in the schools of the Colony. As the Motherhouse of this Congregation is in Germany, it may be that soon the Sisters will look to America for many more girls to help them carry on the vital work of education in British Honduras.

ALASKA

Miss Mary Fanning, lay missionary at Hooper Bay, Alaska, gives a description of Father John P. Fox, S.J., the Superior:

"I can say in all truth that he is doing more than four men's work. He is the Spiritual Father of four mission stations besides many small vil-

lages in between. Then he is called on to act as judge in deciding many questions that arise here in the village and elsewhere. Besides that he is about the only one anyone here in the village can call upon when they are sick to diagnose their illness.

"About the Mission, Father does all the work that a man has to do. He is gardener in the summer time, runs his own boat, and this year has to be carpenter as well for the Eskimo Sisters' convent. In the winter he mushes his dogs and hauls his own wood from the seashore which we use to save on our coal. Then Father is Post Master of Hooper Bay, and gives out the marriage licenses.

"All things considered, he is truly what we call a missionary. And mind you, Father has made a hundred year contract with the Lord which we all hope he will keep. He feels very much encouraged in this from a recent conversation that our good Bishop Joseph Crimont, S.J., had with His Holiness, Pope Pius XI. The story you already know, how when the Holy Father saw the youthful face of our Bishop he asked him how old he was. 'As old as Your Holiness,' was the Bishop's reply. 'The ice has preserved you', returned the Holy Father. So we are hoping that the ice will preserve our beloved Father Fox."

* * *

The same frozen mail bag from Alaska also contained a letter from Father Fox himself. He said:

"I just had a letter from the Secretary-Treasurer from Crusade Castle telling me that they are getting out a new source book on Alaska for the use of study circles. I hope that our dear Mission will become better known; for many times Alaska is, contrary to good philosophy, much loved but little known (at least, known as it is). It is anything but the land of perpetual ice and snow that some people think. Speaking for ourselves, we have a fine garden, and the tundra around us offers a variety of different foods for any one not too lazy to go out and get them.

"Unfortunately, our poor Eskimos, as you will notice from the last *Hooper Bay Gossip*, have the difficulty of where to put anything that they are not able to deposit right away behind their belt. But as far as myself and the Sisters are concerned, we do not let God our dear Lord work for nothing in Nature around us. We fill our barrels with berries and greens from the tundra, salt ducks and geese for the winter pot, sweat at a big garden, and catch as many fish as we can when they are in season. We know that the Lord helps those who help themselves.

"But perhaps this is not doing the work of the Lord, but vegetating. Well, that's right, too. But after getting our vegetation well under way, and tending to our animal needs, we can do other things, too. In fact, I

think they say that a good kitchen is a big help for good discipline, and that contented stomachs are generally in better condition to listen to what is being said.

"We have our spiritual bums here as you have there, but on the whole, our people are fine. Daily Mass and Holy Communion are common, and we have all but general Communion every Sunday and feast. I think the people are beginning to appreciate their Faith more, and are becoming more solid in its practice. And when it comes to numbers, though we can't compare with anything in the States, compared to anything in Alaska we can't be sneezed at.

"We have in our Sisters' school (a day school) the third largest enroll-



"Smilin' thru" in Jasaan, Oriental Misamis, P. I. Father Andrew F. Cervini, S.J., and the parish mascot take time out to pose for friends at home.

ment of any native school on this Bering coast. We were to have a new twenty-five thousand dollars Government school this year, but it was put off again for another year. And as far as I am concerned, the present arrangement is fine. I teach daily catechism in school for three quarters of an hour and have most of my people in church twice a day, for Mass in the morning and for evening service of some sort besides evening prayers after supper."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father Austin V. P. Dowd, S.J., Pastor of Malaybalay, Bukidnon, P. I., gives us a snapshot of his daily life on the missions:

"A man dashes up the steps of the parish house and calls aloud: 'Hurry, Father, the baby is dying!' The child lives in a nipa hut not far from the rectory. In a corner of the room the mother is holding the baby who is already touched with the icy fingers of death. He has not been baptized, though he must be a year old. I quickly supply the needed sacrament, breath a sigh of relief, and then ask: 'Did you get the Doctor?' 'No,' they

reply, 'we will try *Pamuat*. If that does not work, we'll get the doctor.' Now, *Pamuat* consists of devil worship, or at least, spirit worship. A chicken is killed and his blood is sprinkled around, after which the chicken is eaten. The poor people believe that sickness is caused by a spirit who has gotten into the child. As he wants the child's death, the chicken is offered as a propitiating gift and a substitute for the death of the child. They are afraid to send their children to the hospital; for them, hospitals are an unknown quantity. They know people have died there; though they also know that people die after *Pamuat*, nevertheless, they still try it. The spirit who is propitiated by the death of the chicken is not their Supreme God and, therefore, their action is a participation in false worship and a violation of the First Commandment of God. The sad fact is that many of these people who use these false religious rites are Catholics, have been for at least three generations. They have been to school, talk and write English well, are employed in minor but responsible positions in the government of the province. Yet, in regard to their Catholic Faith, they are ignorant, indifferent and a heart-sore to their Pastor. Evidently, the Church has not been able to keep pace with the schools."

* * *

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., of St. Augustine's Cathedral, Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

"During these past few weeks we have been 'enjoying' much rain and floods. All the bridges between Tagoloan and Gingoog were washed out completely. The road itself was also badly damaged with slides in the hills. It will be months before things are in shape again. Father Harold Murphy, S.J., took over the parish of Jasaan in place of Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., three weeks ago, and has not been able to get into Cagayan since—he certainly will be able to get along on his own after this experience.

Father Alfred Kienle, S.J., went to Iligan to say *adios* to Father Andrew Hofmann, S.J., and Father Thomas Gallagher, S.J., got caught by the storm in Cagayan and spent the week getting to Talisayan by way of busses, hiking, *borotos*, one of which tipped over and landed him in the Jasaan River. I suppose we won't see him for months. All stations are cut off from Cagayan except Tagol and Tagnipa and even these were isolated for a few days. Bukidnon is not so bad as the bridges are so high above the streams, but there was a very bad slide in the Kilauman Canyon that stopped traffic for a few days.

The Bishop is now making his first Confirmation trip to Sumilao and its stations. I am afraid he will find the



Four horsemen of British Honduras ready to start out from Cayo to Benque Viejo. Left to right: Father John Newell, S.J., Robert L. Hodapp, S.J., Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J., and Thomas J. Kelly, S.J.

going tough as it is raining again today—hard. Father Walter Hamilton, S.J., is in Sumilao also, giving the Brothers' retreat—and I am in Tago-loan filling in—that is why I have time to write letters. Maybe I'll be all caught up in another day or so."

* * *

Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., Pastor of the Immaculate Conception Church, Jasaan, Balingasag, Misamis Oriental, Mindanao, P. I., lets the reader in on a few details of parish life unknown to parish life in America:

"I was up to one of my own little hilltops last Friday. Thursday we had confessions all day at Jasaan in preparation of the 19th which is called St. Joseph's Day. It is like a first Friday. Friday we were up at 4:00 and men were waiting for me in the church to hear their confessions. At 5:45 I had to go back to the *convento* for the Mass wine when one of the boys told me our horses had escaped. Well, that was a good one. We were preparing them for this mountain trip during the past two weeks and now the night before they got out of the coral somehow.

But I had too many confessions waiting for me to be troubled at the moment, so I finished my work in the church, and got through at about 7:45. Then up for breakfast. Then came a sick call. By ten o'clock the horses had not returned and the boys could not find them. We usually start on our trip to the hills immediately after breakfast. I had all kinds of people out trying to get me horses. Finally I went out myself, got two. And by 12:30 we were off.

It was the hottest part of the day. We reached Kiagawan, a mountain town that lies at the foot of a canyon, seventeen kilometers from Jasaan. I had two marriages that night. In this

town we use the fifteen kilometers privilege. That is, if the persons live that far from the municipality and there is no provincial road they can be married without a license. The next morning we had procession and Mass with twenty-seven Holy Communions; not bad for an out of the way town. That shows that our little school here is doing its work. After Mass there were nineteen babies waiting for the saving waters of Baptism. I am not telling you what I ate on this trip. Bananas and water for breakfast. Well, I fasted many a morning since I have come to Mindanao and so what is another one? We were back in Jasaan at 12:30 almost to the dot."

CHINA

This winter will be a difficult one for the poor of Nanking according to Father James F. Kearney, S.J. He writes:

"We are busily making plans for the winter relief program in Nanking. Of our present 400,000 population, we estimate at least 100,000 will be destitute during the winter months, beginning in December. The worst problem is fuel, and everything like a tree has already been cut down. The prices are so high that the poor can't begin to get either wood or coal. They are counting on reeds and dry grass. Without heat, the clothing problem becomes most acute. If they aren't properly clothed, sickness results.

Fortunately, up to now, rice has been cheap, but that condition may not last. Our five Fathers and eight Franciscan Sisters hope to form a powerful unit in this city-wide relief program for the 100,000 destitute. The Sisters handled 5,000 poor in their two dispensaries last month, and expect to double or treble the number during the winter. I came to Shanghai a few

days ago to give a radio talk for our newly formed Catholic Radio League. The short wave station is soon going in and you may be able to hear us in the United States."

* * *

Father John K. Lipman, S.J., of Nanking reports that he has recovered from his recent appendix operation and is back at work.

"I know you will already have seen in the *China Letter* that I had a rather sudden operation for appendicitis toward the end of August. In fact, I was just a week after I wrote to Father Gschwend but I was lucky in having the 'cut' when I did, and in two weeks I was back home minus a few pounds but otherwise feeling fine, and by now I'm better than I ever was. It was also very fortunate that the head surgeon at the Protestant Hospital here is A-1 and he did a good job as one could get any place.

"Conditions here in Nanking are getting back to as much resembling normal as could be expected under the present circumstances. There is fairly good train service to Shanghai, a fair number of small shops open again—though naturally most of the stuff sold is Japanese,—the postal service functioning quite well for first and second class mail, though packages are still very slow in arriving. The main thing that is missing is a bank but we hope one will be started in another month or so. And, of course, in order to leave the city or go any place, one has to get a pass from military authorities, which is sometimes annoying. Down in Shanghai, Father John F. Magner, S.J., has been waiting for five weeks to get his pass to come here to join me and Father Kearney. We hope he'll arrive this week."

"Two weeks ago our bi-weekly Catholic Hour broadcasts were resumed in Shanghai and I'll be going down to give my first talk on October 30. Father Kearney has planned a regular series of talks explaining the fundamentals of Catholic belief and I think they'll be well received. Here in Nanking Father Kearney has been busy taking care of mission property. The two dispensaries of the Sisters are getting along fine and it is hoped one of them can be turned into a small hospital, which could gradually expand. There are quite a few grammar schools in the city, but so far nothing in the line of high schools or colleges, and probably won't be for a long time. What the future of our Nanking Institute will be is hard to say. We hope for the best."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Edward Whalen, S.J., of St. Anne's Rectory, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., reports:

"I begin my story. It is all about St. Anne's School. Four years ago the then Governor of Jamaica having

heard much about congestion and slum conditions existing in some schools, asked the Department of Education to point out to him a few of the horrible examples. As a result, St. Anne's School received the doubtful compliment of a Governor's visit. It was a very business-like visit too. He was shocked to find nine hundred children in an old building and sheds that could scarcely accommodate three hundred. He wondered how such a school, where not even play space had been provided for children, could be allowed to continue. He asked me what I intended to do.

"At the time nothing could be done. To build we were not able, since we are situated in a crowded area, and to obtain space for a school would involve purchasing land from about twenty different parties.

"The situation was very bad. If the Government decided to condemn the school, it would mean not only the loss of our Catholic children, but also of our Government support.

Now Government support means this: Until about fifteen years ago the Government used to take over the running of some denominational schools as a part of their system to build up the educational facilities of the Island. This 'taking over' of schools meant putting them under their educational code and supervising them, yet at the same time allowing the religious instructions to continue as before. In return, they pay the salaries of the teachers, even the Sisters, and also give small grants for school appliances. For St. Anne's School this means about six hundred dollars per month.

"During the past fifteen years no new denominational school has been taken over. Only strictly Government schools have been erected. No new grants have been given and grants once lost cannot be regained.

"Now an opportunity is at hand, and this is the reason for my letter. We have acquired an old cemetery across the street from the present school. Our obtaining it is unmistakably a direct answer to prayer. On this site there will be plenty of space to build, and ample space for the children to play. We need help personally to build this school.

"The school will cost about twenty-five thousand dollars. A very large amount, it is true, but it will provide for the nine hundred and as I have pointed out, the initial cost of the school will be the only cost, since the Government will take care of the running expenses."

IRAQ

The domestic difficulties of life in Baghdad were cautiously revealed to the public by **Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J.**, in his December number of the *Al Baghdadi* from which we quote:

"In our last issue we told you how we had maliciously goaded our architect into swearing that our new school would be ready for occupancy not later than July 15. When the end of June rolled around and nothing had been done as yet about the question of doors, glazing, and a multitude of minor details, we suggested that it would be well for him to give us the specifications for the doors so that we might see about having some made.

It may surprise you to hear that the door specifications were not included in the original plans, but let that go. Or you may wonder why it should be necessary for the architect to bother with the doors at all. Well, not to bother you with a multitude of details, we shall only say that there are doors that open in and doors that open out, there are right-hand doors and left-hand doors. Nor are all doors of the same thickness. This information is necessary not only for the carpenter who makes the doors, but also for the man who furnishes the locks. And since the carpenter told us it would take him two months to make the doors and since, too, the locks could not be purchased in Baghdad but would have to be ordered from back home, you will understand our seeming impatience.

Not to bore you with details, we will only say that classes have been going on now for four weeks, but all the doors are not on yet. **Fathers Leo J. Shea, S.J.**, and **Richard McCarthy, S.J.**, (of whom more anon) brought the hinges along with them on the good ship *Roma* when they came from America. The door knobs and locks are aboard the good ship *Falkenfels* which left New York on October 4 and at this present writing ought to be somewhere down in the Persian Gulf. It may amuse you to learn that when the architect finally handed in his page of door specifications, we noticed that there were hardly two doors in the whole school the same size.

Father Remy Andrew (right) and Father Bernard D'Cruze who were ordained to the priesthood by Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., at Patna City in September and December. They are the first products of the Apostolic School and the first native priests to be developed by the American Jesuits in Patna.



The making of the door frames had not been properly supervised by the architect. We assure you it was no joke to us.

"We could go on and fill pages with similar amusing stories to illustrate the difficulties one encounters in trying to get a building finished here. Our efforts to get electric light in the building, for example, have not yet been successful, and **Father Francis Anderson, S.J.**, must use a lantern when he wishes to do any work after dark. If from all this you conclude that our new school is not the finest thing of its kind in Iraq, you are mistaken. Everybody admits, and we among the first, that it is the best building in the country, both for looks and for quality of work."

AMERICAN INDIANS

A description of the new mission church being built at Fort Washakie is given by **Father George P. Prendergast, S.J.** He writes:

"**Father Albert Riester, S.J.**, and I were very happy to get the call on those beautiful vestments. They are just the thing for our new church at Fort Washakie and shall add greatly to the dignity of Divine Services there. May God bless each one of you for every stitch and every minute of your time that went into their making.

"The church at Fort Washakie exceeds our fondest expectations. The men who are putting it up are like the old medieval craftsmen who really love their work and find a joy in doing things well. Strange to say, they are all Lutherans but the idea of building a Catholic church was anything but repugnant to them. They are all Swedish lumbermen who seem to take to this kind of work naturally.

"The Indians who think they know something about log work are in admiration at the work of these Swedes. The logs are the finest that the great forests in the nearby Rockies had to

offer, well seasoned, almost white in color, and straight as match sticks. The lower log fits into a groove cut into the upper and hence there is no ugly daubing which spoils the appearance of most log structures. The corners are cut off smooth and with a flowing line that gives the impression of a buttress. With its high log tower, something unique in log work, surmounted by a gold cross, it should be a thing of beauty and inspiration.

"We hope that God will use it to attract many of our religionless Shoshonis to the true Faith. You might remember that intention in your prayers. And also the good Swedes who are building it. What a fine thing it would be if it would set them thinking along Catholic lines and bring them back to the faith of their forefathers."

* * *

Father Martin A. Schiltz, S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, writes to express his thanks for a gift from benefactors:

"I assure you of our appreciation and gratitude. It is beyond me to understand how you can make such beautiful vestments. I will keep the cope and the veil for the use of our church here at the Mission. Here we have four hundred and twenty children and some forty-five Religious for our Benedictions. In the other Mission chapels there are only some thirty or at the most seventy people for the Benediction on special occasions. I know and feel that you would rather have the cope and veil at the Mission.

"As you work for the missions, you have some knowledge of this place, too, I am sure. This year we opened the tenth grade for the boys and girls. Both groups would like to continue with us next year. For this I need the permission of the Government. May I ask you to pray that the Government officials may be enlightened on the needs of Catholic training in the Mission school for Catholics? Some of the officials realize and tell us that all the children ought to be in Catholic mission schools. But these do not have the final say in the matter."

PATNA, INDIA

Some interesting sidelights on his article, "Ram Chunder, Untouchable" which appeared in the January number are given by Father Charles P. Miller, S.J.:

"I have waited nine years before telling this story. I did not think it safe to do so sooner, and even now I have not given his real name. He produced a profound impression on those who knew him. And yet there was nothing striking about him, neither in physique nor in mental equipment, nothing to distinguish him prominently from his fellows, except,

—well, there I stop. I do not know what it was, unless it was grace.

"To give you an idea of the depth of his influence I might state two instances. Eight years after his death, and about seven years after I left the vicinity of Kurmi, I was on the railway platform waiting for my train when a stalwart porter salaamed me and said: 'You do not remember me, do you Father?' I searched his face for a long minute. Then he prompted: 'I used to sit next to Ram Chunder in class.' 'You are Kadarnath Sah,' I said. He took it for granted that I would recall anything, however insignificant, connected with Ram Chunder. A year later I chanced to visit the village of Kurmi and took advantage of the opportunity to see Ram's parents. Unfortunately, many changes had been made and I could no longer identify the house. Unthinkingly I asked several young men who were talking on the road: 'Where is Ram Chunder's house?' I should have said: 'Ram Jiwan, the Dussad's house.' One of the young men took a good look at me and cried out: '*Jesu ki b'rai*, (Praised be Jesus) Father, where have you been all this time? Come, I shall take you to Ram Chunder's house'. He, too, had been one of the 'old boys' from Ram Chunder's class.

"The moral of my story, if it has one, is that the benefactors who make possible these village schools will no doubt have a big surprise waiting for them when they get to heaven. For there must be many Ram Chunders who came to know and love Christ only because self-sacrificing Catholics across the seas and elsewhere have enabled us to start these village schools.

"The number of my catechumens among the Bula and Mussahar tribes is increasing. I have not baptized many because it takes time to instruct them and I have not had enough catechists for the work. These catechumens are not masters of their own time. They are at the beck and call of their landlords or employers. Sometimes they are not at home for a week or more. . . . This makes it difficult to instruct them.

"In spite of the early rains I am trying to finish three school houses for them, school houses that will also serve as chapels for the time being. The distances I have to travel are considerable and require no little expenditure of time and energy."

* * *

Heavy rains have done great damage to the Mission Church of St. Mary, Santal Parganas, according to Alphonse Goevas, S.J.:

"In the universal deluge, Noah's ark did not spring even a leak. But our church out here, the temple of the living God, has sprung fountains in its very foundation. The building is beginning to tumble down. The base of

the church which has nothing but mud in it, has absorbed water to saturation with the result that the ground has already sunk in the nave of the church and is beginning to go down in other parts.

The sanctuary has hitherto held out owing to its raised platform, but now it is gradually sinking down. The walls are still standing, propped up as they are by the cross-wise iron bars. But the bottoms are crumbling to pieces. Three outside pillars have fallen down, one by one, and have shaken the walls by their very fall. The bases of the other pillars are in critical condition ready to give way at any time.

"With the rains still continuing, and the damp increasing yet more, we are faced with the problem of providing proper sleeping accommodation for the school children. By sleeping on damp grounds many have caught cold and are suffering from fever. Now as a last resort they huddle together and sleep at night on desks and benches which are used for studies during the day. The Fathers, too, feel the need of a house that is free at least from leaks and underground springs.

"But above all, we want to house again our exiled Lord in the place where He might be worshipped by all the Santal boys and girls and converts. Our Lord was once used to a stable but that was a sturdy building, but now we do not want to expose Him to the danger of being buried under a roof that does not seem to hold out hopes of stability. Meanwhile as we attend Mass in the open verandah, and kneel on the damp floors, we pray Our Lord to extend this blessing to you all, His friends and sympathizers."

* * *

There are many Moslems in the area covered by Patna Mission. Several conversions have been made by the American Jesuits but only as an indirect result of their work among the Hindus. Very Reverend Frank N. Loesch, S.J., Superior of the Patna Mission, however, in a recent letter mentions that special consideration is being given to the whole problem of the conversion of the Moslems. He writes:

"Father James Creane, S.J., has made extensive studies during the past year on Moslem questions. Very Reverend Father General gave a new impetus to this apostolate a year ago. Recently a Father from Bombay was sent to headquarters in Rome to develop an intelligent interest in the promotion of this apostolate. Patna has had some success in this line. Father Leo J. Belanger will land on the thirteenth to join Patna's Novices at the Noviate in Hazaribaugh. He comes from the Helan Diocese. Made his studies in the Gregorian University in Rome where he obtained a doctorate in theology. Now he wants to become a front-line missionary in the Society."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Missionary Subscriptions

To the Editor:

I thank you heartily for your kindness in publishing in your magazine my appeal for a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. I will read with much interest what your wonderful Fathers are doing in the field of the Lord. If missionary magazines are interesting to all peoples, so much more are they to the missionaries themselves. We have always something to be taught from others.

I will send surely a note of thanks to the kind benefactress who subscribed for me. In the meanwhile I am presenting you with my best Christmas wishes, with the promise of a particular memento at the feet of the Heavenly Child.

Marague P. O., Africa. (Rev.) John Devalle.

To the Editor:

I am not sure just when my subscription to your very interesting magazine is due so I am renewing it now.

I am very interested in the American Indians and would like to have your magazine sent to the Holy Rosary Mission in South Dakota. As I do not know anybody assigned out there, I have chosen a name appearing in the JESUIT MISSIONS to whom you may send it—Reverend John M. Scott, S.J., Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota. It said that this was out among the Sioux Indians. I hope that they will find it as enjoyable as I have.

Quincy, Mass. Mary Falvey.

To the Editor:

May I take opportunity from the letters of Father Devalle and Mary Falvey, to express my sincere gratitude to our many subscribers who have provided subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS for the missionaries. So many were the responses received in answer to Father Devalle's first appeal that he would have to live to be a very old man that he might profit by all the subscriptions sent in his name. I feel certain that he will have no regrets that many of the donors of these subscriptions have permitted me to enter the names of other foreign missionaries on our lists. Thus has he proven himself in turn a benefactor of his fellow laborers in the Lord's vineyard who likewise are lonely and alone, and would like to unite themselves, in thought at least, with their co-laborers.

Not the least heartening is the provision made for Father Scott's subscription. It betokens a real thoughtfulness of the home missionaries who too often are discounted or forgotten. Because they are nearby, perhaps only a thousand miles away from home, too many of us think that they have all the comforts of home. This notion would soon be dispelled were we to see the conditions under which they live. Then would we stress the missionary part of their title and not the home prefix.

As thoughtful as our friends have been in providing subscriptions for our home and foreign missionaries, I should like to make this observation. There are 650 Jesuits working in the home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. But 650 missionaries are not receiving JESUIT MISSIONS. Surely not more than 200 are on our list of subscribers. May I hope then that many more of our good friends will provide subscriptions for our home and foreign missionaries? If one has a "pet," subscribe in his name. If one has no favorite I shall be glad to provide the name of one. I would suggest that those who will answer this letter use the subscription blank on the back cover of this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS.

257 Fourth Ave., (Rev.) E. Paul Amy, S.J.,
New York, N. Y. Business Editor.

A Temptation (?)

To the Editor:

A few months ago I inquired about a picture of one of your missionaries in the July-August JESUIT MISSIONS. Following your suggestion, I have obtained the desired original picture from his brother. I now have another request. Where might I get a copy of *Mission Review* (about July number) containing pictures of homes of Filipinos, Jesuit Fathers' homes, a rather nice map of the Philippines? I am particularly interested in the map illustrating many towns in Mindanao.

Please do me another favor. Enclosed is a check for \$25.00

to help George B. Wong—young Chinese lad—to follow his true vocation, sent in Father Rouleau's name. I had at first intended sending it directly to him, but have been advised to have it sent through the Procurator or JESUIT MISSIONS. If the check can not be transmitted as is, return it please and I will have it done over, in the name of JESUIT MISSIONS, if necessary. Please send it on for me—all for His honor and glory.

It is a privilege and a joy to be able to send the check for George B. Wong, this splendid Chinese boy, a future Jesuit, to Rev. Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China. I read of Mr. Wong's vocation, and did not resist the temptation to send some for that purpose. Sorry I couldn't reply sooner, but my hours of work prevented my getting to the bank before Saturday morning. Please forward the amount of the enclosed check to Father Rouleau for me, won't you? I shall write to him some time within the week.

Buffalo, N. Y.

E. T. S.

My Maryland!

To the Editor:

Enclosed is my check for \$6.00, one dollar for a year's subscription to your magazine, to commence with the January issue, and the remaining five dollars to be transmitted to the Procurator for the Colored Missions in Maryland, which I notice did not fare very well in the special donations acknowledged in your December issue.

Without deprecating any missionary activity, it seems to me that the Negro missions well might be considered the primary mission duty and opportunity of the American Church. Moreover, partly because of the injustices to which they still are subject, our Negro people in increasing numbers are falling victims to communism. A really great increase in our work among them would be truly a patriotic as well as apostolic endeavor. Though many other Orders, with very inadequate support, are laboring in this field, none of course can carry on the task of interesting the Catholic laity and enlisting their support as effectively as the Society of Jesus.

New York, N. Y.

D. W. C.

No Graft . . .

To the Editor:

The enclosed one dollar check is for renewal subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for 1939. After perusal, I put your well gotten up and interesting magazine in the Public Library. Let the City see who are working for God's Kingdom . . . amid suffering and privations. No graft there . . .

May the Sacred Heart bless and keep you all in His service and make the hearts of men respond to your efforts, is my daily Communion prayer, it is all I can do to help along. "Scrip and Staff I have not."

Youngstown, Ohio.

Sister M. Francis.

For Imitation

To the Editor:

Reading your latest publication of JESUIT MISSIONS I nearly jumped with joy and breathed a prayer of thanks for the electric "ice-boxes" which, through your efforts, were sent to several places in Mindanao.

I am putting forth every effort, in particular for our two Jesuit friends, one at Tangub and one at Jasaan. We (my husband, eleven-year-old boy and myself) collect stamps, all kinds, cancelled and mint, including sheets and half sheets of new issues (mint), from friends who work in offices, from all our friends, both Catholic and those outside the Church, especially now, when the Christmas mail brings in quantities; we also sort the stamps before sending to Woodstock; every penny (copper) I have in my purse each day, goes into a large glass jar. This month it amounted to exactly \$2.08. This eventually will be sent to the Philippines. We have also collected from friends hundreds of Christmas greeting cards which the Philippine children will treasure. Then, too, it is not an extremely difficult task to collect from friends and relatives all sorts of usable material for our missionaries and their people. Besides, it's grand fun, even if my time is already nearly filled to capacity with home duties, and a steady position which takes me away from home five days every week. Thank God for the work; my husband has been unemployed for a long, long time—years of it.

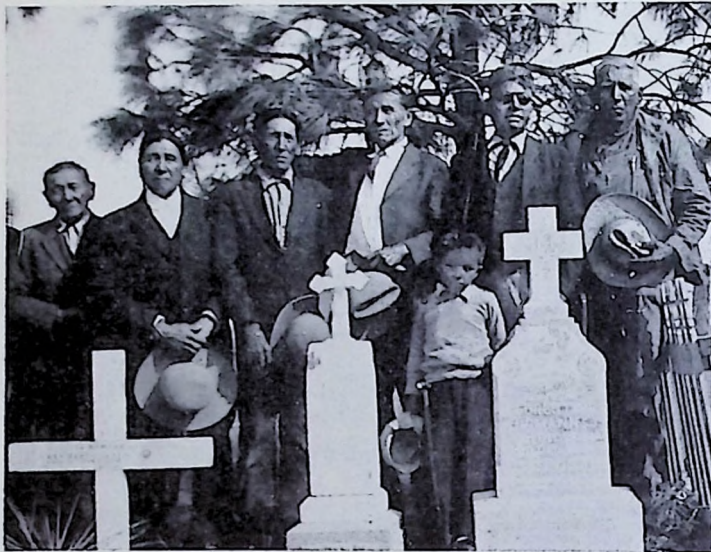
I have also found that when persons become acquainted with some of the difficulties our priests encounter they even offer their services, and a dollar.

Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. J. S.

Sioux Graveyard Fears

William J.
Moore, S.J.



No graveyard fears for these Catholic Sioux.

THE "graveyard grip" is a hard hold to break. Jesuit missionaries among the Sioux of South Dakota have to wrestle strenuously with the powers of darkness to free the Indians from the clutch of this strong superstition. From St. Francis Mission, Rosebud Reservation, and Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge Reservation, the saving waters of Baptism have flowed for fifty years over the haunts of former paganism. Yet, like smoke from an extinguished fire, vague suspicions and fears rise from the warm ashes of the pagan past, and troublesome superstitions grapple the imaginations of many Indians even today.

What is this "graveyard grip"? From talks with experienced missionaries like Fathers Eugene Buechel, S.J., and Louis Goll, S.J., who have spent thirty years among the Sioux, I learned something of its nature.

BURIAL places have always been of great importance to the Sioux. The old Indians thought the souls of the deceased went down the spirit road in the sky till they met an old woman. This aged female custodian examined the traveler to see if he was marked with blue. If he had the blue mark, he could continue down the spirit road to the abode of the blessed; if not, he was summarily shoved off the road and into the void. So much was believed of a future life.

Catholic priests pressed the evident analogy when they explained the necessity of Baptism's indelible mark on the soul as a requirement for entrance into Heaven. Nevertheless, the future remained shrouded, unseen, not subject to ceremonies; whereas, the swathed body of the deceased, raised

*A view of the
cemetery at
St. Francis Mission.*



aloft on a scaffold of poles was visible, tangible. Death and burial, as might be expected, were ready subjects of peculiar beliefs and rites.

FATHER FLORENTINE DIGMANN, S.J., of St. Francis Mission, has left in his diary a wealth of stories to illustrate death and burial superstitions. A young Indian, twenty-three years old, Otapela Kills Plenty, often came to the mission church. His long dark hair fell over his shoulders way down his back, his features were noble, his eyes were glittering black: altogether, he was a splendid specimen of the Sioux race. Consumption, however, took hold of him. At the visits of the missionary he would listen with interest to the instructions and prayers, but refused to be baptized. Finally, he was at the point of death.

"Why won't you be baptized?" asked Father Digmann as he bent down in the tent of the dying man.

"I don't want to be buried like White people under ground," was the answer.

"All right, you can have an Indian burial. If you are baptized, your soul will go to the house of the Great Spirit."

Kills Plenty remained stubborn. "Gla yo, gla yo," ("Go home") he whispered time and again. There was a fearful struggle in his soul, the black eyes deep sunk and an expression of fear and anguish on his otherwise beautiful countenance.

"I did not go," said Father Digmann, "but sat down by his couch and began to say the rosary. I had not finished two decades when suddenly he raised himself up, saying, "Hurry up, baptize me. I want to see the Great Spirit."

That was in 1891. The White man's fashions were already being adopted. Protestant cemeteries had sprung up and were in use before Catholic priests were even

permitted to enter Rosebud or Pine Ridge Reservations. President Grant's so-called peace policy allowed the ministers of only one religion to go upon a definite Reservation. Father DeSmet first met the Dakota people in 1839, and from this time, until his death in 1873, frequently visited the bands along the Missouri, instructing them and baptizing thousands of their children besides many adults. But whenever a Catholic missionary would trespass the boundaries of Rosebud Reservation to look after the Catholics baptized by Father DeSmet, he would be sent promptly away. With no Blackrobes in their midst, many Sioux became Protestants, and were laid to rest beside Protestant meeting houses.

NOW the graveyard superstitions clutched again—this time gripping the hearts of potential converts to Catholicism, the first Christianity their nation had known. Reunion of family members after death seemed mysteriously dependent upon close proximity of graves. To be buried in the same cemetery near one's relatives was much to be desired. Hence, one member of a family gained to a sect and buried in its cemetery was a magnet drawing others of the family to that communion.

"The Little Elks were Protestants," said Father Buechel. "I instructed one of the family and he accepted every article of faith. But he would not take the final step. His family was buried in the Protestant cemetery and he feared that if he became a Catholic he would be buried apart from the dead of his family. Nothing could induce him to take the final step of conversion."

Sectarian missionary activity in one instance amounted to body snatching, so powerful was the "graveyard grip" known to be.

"Do you know what one non-Catholic Indian catechist did?" cried Father Buechel in indignation. "A little girl died before any priest could get to her. The family was favorable to Catholicism, but had not yet been received into the Church. Do you know what the catechist did? He *'baptized'* the dead body. Yes, *'baptized'* the dead body, claimed it for his sect and its graveyard, and so with this hold on the heartstrings and superstitious fears of the family tried to win the rest to his church."

OCCASIONALLY the "graveyard grip" may work to the missionary's advantage, if it has been overcome. There was a case in June of this year. Violet Slow Bull lay dying of tuberculosis. The catechist of her sect refused to visit her because she had borne an illegitimate child. With her soul crying for spiritual aid and her body wasting away, the poor girl called for Father Buechel, though none of her family was Catholic. I drove to her mother's tent with Father Buechel. She was instructed, lingered a few days after her conditional Baptism, and died. Her family insisted that she be buried alone in the Catholic cemetery, "where she belongs." God's grace, the kindness of the Catholic priest, and the Catholic burial may mean more converts from the Slow Bull family.

Graves of the old chiefs suggest much history. Red Cloud, the Oglala warrior and statesman, lies buried in the cemetery which looks down upon Holy Rosary Mis-



Near the Cross at St. Francis, rests the body of the famous Chief Hollow Horn Bear.

sion and its Red Cloud Hall, built by Father Goll. Three times he went to Washington to demand Blackrobes. He slumbers now by their school and the great grandchildren of his braves. Chief Spotted Tail, of the Rosebud Brule Sioux, had gone to Washington, too, but the Blackrobes were long prohibited from his land, and he lies in a non-Catholic cemetery. Hollow Horn Bear, another Rosebud chief, died in Washington while on an embassy for his people, but his body was returned to rest near the cross in St. Francis cemetery. High above a precipitous canyon, far from any town, sleeps another chief, Iron Shell. His solitary grave has been marked with a brass tablet by a Des Moines physician who is preserving historical sites in the West.

INTELLECTUAL vision of the Blessed Trinity and spiritual enjoyments are difficult of understanding to the purely natural-minded person. The body, its accoutrement and utensils, these are predominant in his imagination of Heaven's delights. So with the Indians. In the coffin they used to put pipes, wearing apparel and beads for the deceased to take to the hereafter.

Father Digmann visited a sick child in the early days of the Mission. Along the wall of the log house four conjurers were crouching, their faces painted red and yellow, their striped arms beating a drum and shaking gourd rattles. The missionary braved their hatred to administer Baptism. When the pagan parents wished to put clothing, trinkets and toys in the coffin, Father Digmann would not allow it; but the mother stealthily slipped a bag of marbles in beside the lifeless little form.

Piercing is the sorrow of separation of little child from agonizing mother: priests know this. But they are quick to console the Sioux with a Christian view of early deaths.

NEW BOOKS

A Carrack Sailed Away

Mabel Farnum

In "A Carrack Sailed Away" mission literature takes a long step forward. Selecting as a subject the most captivating example of missionary romance since the days of St. Paul, and with a clear-cut conception of life in old Europe as well as in the more ancient yet newer East of the Indies and Japan, Miss Farnum has succeeded admirably in breaking down into modern prose the quaintly formal as well as oft forbidding annals of less competent biographers.

The volume pulses alike with the warm personality of Xavier and the irresistible momentum of his activity. In it are blended with pleasing artistry the colorful life of the Orient and the authentic facts of the Saint's career, often colored with hues not of this world. For years the English speaking reader has been looking for a life of St. Francis Xavier which is neither a scientific treatise or a dowdy note book of disparate common places. Few writers have been able to imprison in words the glow of that spiritual romance which the world associates with the name of Francis Xavier. "A Carrack Sailed Away" is Miss Farnum's happiest achievement.

In the *Analecta* issued by the Bollandist Fathers critical data on the life of the Saint is still being published but it will probably be fifteen or twenty years more before the Bollandists will have completed their historically critical masterpiece of the Saint's life. Only then shall we know the final ultimatum in regard to the resurrection miracles mentioned by the author. In the meantime, however, we have a life that is inspirational rather than statistical, literary rather than scientific and in which feminine intuition has succeeded in exposing to the world the secret and power of Master Francis Xavier.

We congratulate the Boston Office of the Propagation of the Faith for sponsoring this publication. May it be a harbinger of a Second Spring in missionary biography.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith, Boston, Mass. \$2.00.

Mint by Night

Alfred Barrett, S.J.

The pungency of "Mint by Night" is in these poems of Father Alfred Barrett, S.J. each of which is redolent of divine communings. "Mint by Night is like the Holy Ghost, making its nearness known when needed most." Most of these poems, while executed with the poetic inspiration that is the author's own, owe their conception, we feel, to that higher inspiration of the Holy Ghost which seems to brood and hover over them warming dead words into pregnant life. *Auricles, Birches and The Bird of God, a*

tribute to the memory of Father Philip Delon, S.J., and Father William F. Walsh, killed in the crash of the mission plane Marquette, are models of mission poetry, a field that is forever beckoning for the muse to enter. The volume is dedicated to "My Mother" and we are introduced to her particularly in *Mon Repos*, his mother's girlhood home, in *Her Sewing Room* and *Her Looking Glass*, each of which is alive with the elusiveness of an embodied memory that ever lives and never dies.

In his singing Father Barrett plucks at all the strings in the lyre of noble emotions. Overtones of other worldliness mingle with soft obligatos of immortal longings and at all times of priestly reverence for all God's creatures.

America Press, New York City. \$1.50.

Liberty, Equality and Fraternity

Fulton J. Sheen

If there is one principle of action more than any other that is an occasion for the rise of radicalism and Communism in America it is the principle of liberty of speech. If a distinction between liberty and license exists at all in our law books it also seems to remain there. By refusing to apply this distinction to the press, radio, and public assembly, authorities, federal, state, city and town, by the very fact of their silence encourage radical agitation and are laying a mine of class and racial hatred that may logically be expected to explode into internecine strife.

The present volume is crackling with clear-cut distinctions on what is right and wrong in the economic programs of Liberalism and Communism. As a third alternative the Christian platform is offered. Under Liberty is considered the origin, principle doctrines of Liberalism and the Church's attitude toward the same. Under Equality, the author analyzes Communism's suggested reforms as well as its protests. Under Fraternity a much needed emphasis is placed on duty or functions rather than on the rights of either capital or labor. "We construct society not on selfish 'rights' but on the basis of *function* for 'men must be bound together not according to the position they occupy in the labor market' (i.e. not by their income) "but according to the diverse functions which they exercise in society."

In crisp and cogent terms Monsignor Sheen points to justice as the need of capitalism and to charity as the need of Communism. Both justice and charity are foundation stones of the Catholic Reconstruction Program. In the final chapter on "Two Revolutions," the reformation of man's institutions or of man himself, we have the religious solution to the problem presented with all the dramatic, rhetorical appeal that distin-

guishes the author's pulpit utterances. To a generation that needs clear thinking the volume is a boon of great value.

The Macmillan Company, New York City \$2.00.

The Secret of the Cure D'Ars

Henri Gheon

Under the chapter titles of *Youth, Conversion of a Village, The Saint Becomes Known, The Rumour of Faith, The Price of Success, The Devil Comes in Person, The Better Part, and Death*, the secret power of the Cure D'Ars is explained with a captivating and arresting detail which, coupled with the author's penetrating intuition, makes this little volume the success it has proved to be. This fifty cent paper bound reprint is Sheed & Ward's answer to requests for low-priced books. It is an effort on the part of these publishers, which deserves cooperation from the book buying public.

Prayer as preached and lived by the Nineteenth Century Cure D'Ars, St. John Vianny, is like a gift from Heaven to a world tossed by alternate waves of fear and uncontrolled ambition. Unwittingly, perhaps, M. Gheon has pointed to the way out. The challenge of the Cure D'Ars is essentially a military one. "There is nothing apologetic about his apologetics. He is not only propagandist but provocative." The good Cure has an insistent and irritating character. He complies completely with Mr. Belloc's summary of his country-men, "The French do not fight with reluctance."

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I MET DEATH LIVING

(Continued from page 33)

of them would prefer prison to leprosy, for, as some have said, criminals can be pardoned or serve their term, but even though the leper should be accounted as cured, none of his friends will ever receive him again. He is literally an out-cast.

Near the Sacred Heart Novitiate at Novaliches, Caloocan, Rizal, a leper colony is now being built, the spiritual welfare of which is to be entrusted to the care of Jesuit missionaries. Father Raymond R. Goggin, S.J., Rector and Master of Novices of the Novaliches Novitiate, has already been approached with regard to the spiritual care of this latest leper colony of the Philippines.

The "Leprosy Map" of the Philippines shows the Islands of Cebu and Mactan in black, to signify that these two Islands contain the largest quota of lepers in the Philippines. On account of the prevalence of leprosy in the Island of Cebu, it was necessary long ago to provide medical care for them. As soon as construction was begun on a new leprosarium in 1930 the Society was asked to provide a Jesuit missionary as Chaplain. Father Clement R. Risacher, S.J., formerly Master of Novices at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, was appointed. It was he who built the amazingly beautiful church of the leper colony. This was made possible through Father Risacher's appeals to friends in the United States. In this Leprosarium there are three to four hundred lepers. Greater numbers are sent to Culion. The initial spiritual life of the colony was thus made possible by Father Risacher who brought Sisters and instructed the people in catechism. A year or two ago Father Risacher was transferred to the Mission of Balingasag in Mindanao, and the Cebu Leper Colony ceased to have a permanent resident Chaplain. It is attended by the Redemptorist Fathers from their monastery in the city of Cebu.

The work of Jesuit missionaries among lepers in the Philippines outside of Culion is little known. The missionaries must supply their needs for the lepers out of their mission funds which are meager enough, and this year especially are very discouraging. And yet the lepers come in for a very large share of the labors and the resources of Jesuit missionaries. The heart of the missionary is moved with pity at the sight of these outcasts of the Orient, and he gives for the alleviation of their misery the little that he has obtained for the building of his Mission. In these cities of horrible faces, he sees decay setting in before death and he does what he can to relieve the suffering of these poor wretches and to sweeten their last moments. Such is the Charity of Christ.

KOTZEBUE—TOP OF THE WORLD

(Continued from page 35)

give credit for their good music to my predecessor, Father Francis M. Menager,

S.J., who drilled and drilled with a Job-like patience until the people learned how to sing rather decently a Sunday Mass.

There is no use preaching against getting drunk. They will get drunk if they have a chance, no matter what may happen. So, since our dear God has patience with them and waits and wants to save them, my logical attitude should be a similar one. The blame is not theirs; the blame rests on the Whites who give them whiskey or rather sell it to them at an exorbitant price. But the world is not better off outside of Kotzebue. What are men but bricks of the same lump of clay when it comes to acting?

Finally, it is most consoling to have a tabernacle here over the Arctic Circle with a lamp by its side as witness to the presence of Christ in our midst. And, if Christ is with us, whom shall we fear?

SLUM MISSION WORK IS TOUGH

(Continued from page 37)

and fire wood. These Committees are chosen from volunteers belonging to all the churches of the city. And they have worked very hard and with a good deal of success. At the time this is being written, we are going through the *fourth week* of relief. Over fifteen hundred families are helped daily. When you take into consideration that the average number of persons for a family is six, you can understand the number of persons who were helped during this terrible crisis.

It was conservatively estimated that the amount needed to support these people is from seven hundred to nine hundred dollars per week. Yet it seems that the miracle of the multiplication of the bread is repeated here. Where all the help has been coming from, how we get it, all seems a mystery. For nearly four weeks, these people have been receiving bread, *masa* (a corn meal dough with which they make tortillas—the staple food for the Mexican people) sugar, coffee, beans, fire wood and lard. Besides, two very charitable ladies have volunteered to teach girls and women how to take care of a house. Then these same ladies look for jobs and they see that the workers get to their respective appointments. All this work, that is, the work of collection, distribution and employment is carried on free of charge. We have no

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Needless to say, that since the C. R. A. started, the C. I. O. soup kitchen, or kitchens went out of business. And out of business went also that danger of a hunger riot which was lurking around. The best way of combating subversive principles: *charity*.

WHY GEE

(Continued from page 39)

to have forgotten whatever religion he had had, for first he explained very clearly and in no very uncertain terms that the Catholic religion wasn't much help when it couldn't get him out of jail. Then he brought up the subject of Why Gee. Up to the present he had allowed him to stay with the Fathers, although he needed him badly at home, and then the Fathers wanted to make a priest out of him; but he could find a very profitable marriage for him.

The next few days poor Why Gee prayed very frequently and said little. He said that his father continued to request the Fathers to procure his release but there seemed to be something that the little fellow hesitated to say. Finally it came out. A letter came from the father threatening to turn over Why Gee to a pagan relative for adoption which, of course, would spell disaster to all his hopes for being a priest. Poor little Why Gee! No longer did he giggle or think up tricks but could only think with shame and sorrow of his father's actions. As the day named in the threatening document drew near, Father Simons called Why Gee in to ask him what he would do if the relative mentioned should come with the legal document to take him away. Why Gee said that he would refuse delivery and so we all agreed to do all that we could to help him.

But God had His own solution to apply at the proper moment. Why Gee's mother walked the four miles from their home to Shuyang and took her son's part. She refused to agree to having her son signed away to a pagan and urged that he be allowed to stay at the church. Her word prevailed and later another means was found to release the impatient prisoner. Why Gee's giggle once more bubbled up and gurgled cheerfully through the mission compound but there were still moments of sad reflection when he would think again of how his father had acted and what might have happened.

At present writing Why Gee is still at the mission with Father Simons and Father Falvey, who have been unable to get to Shanghai since the war started. A letter from Why Gee says that their village received only two bombs with but little damage. Why Gee continues to study at the mission. The one sad note of his letter was the giving away of the little lady dog by Father Simons to a passing peddler.

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