

PEARLS BEYOND PRICE

Not without justice have souls been likened to pearls. But these precious pearls of the spirit, though often more elusive, are ever so much more numerous than material jewels for which men at times pay fortunes. Because they are so numerous, because they are so much more precious, they have lured men to their quest through all the ages. Today the "Pearl Fishers," the Catholic missionaries, still give their all to garner pearls beyond price. But their all is vastly insufficient. As the Procurator for the California Jesuits in China has put it, "Their harvest of these priceless pearls depends upon the price that friends back home will pay for them." He writes:—

"Where are these priceless pearls to be found in greatest abundance? Sometimes where labor and peril are greatest, as for instance, in China today where vast fields are yet untouched by Christ's Pearl Fishers. In the Hai-chow Mission of the California Jesuits claims are staked off giving 340,000 precious souls to every missionary. But how can one lone missionary possibly gather so many pearls into the bosom of the Church? Alone and unaided he is all but helpless. He must rely on native Christian helpers, and through them gather his treasure into schools, chapels, shelters for the orphan and aged poor. But he must support his catechists and teachers and consequently must ask his friends back home for the price necessary to pay his native Pearl Fishers for their labors."

We know that you know the priceless-ness of these pearls. We ask you to become a Pearl Fisher with the American Jesuit missionaries. Will you help them? Please send your money gift, the price of pearls beyond price, to one of the Procurators here listed or to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Just mark your gift—FOR PEARLS BEYOND PRICE.

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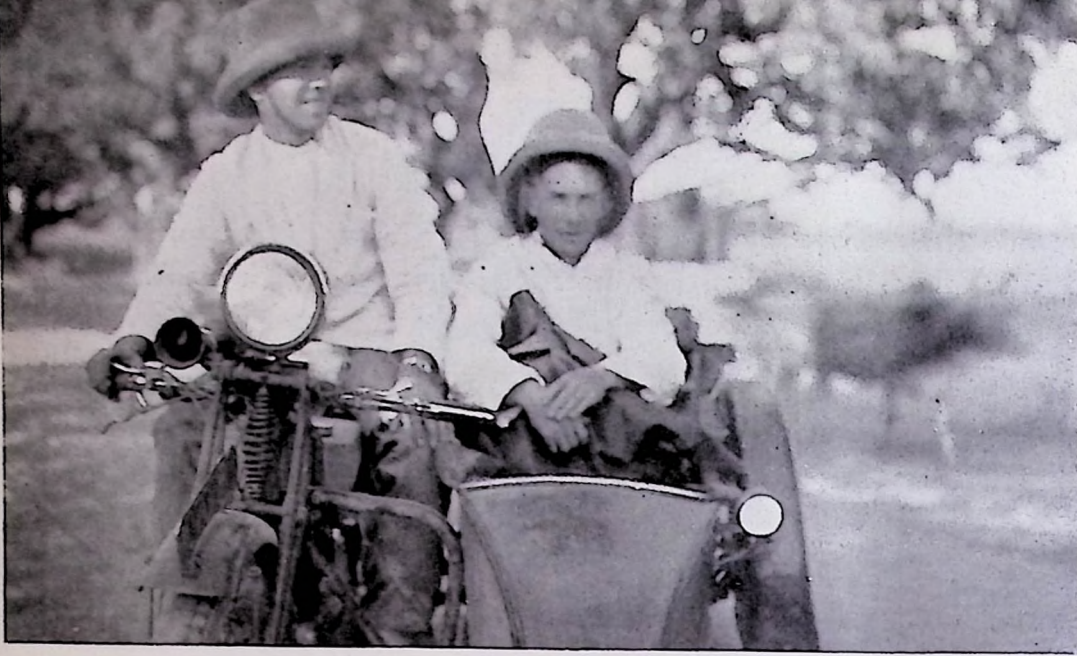
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is Procurator for the missions in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada, which are Suchow Mission in China and Canadian Indian Missions at Caughnawaga, near Montreal.

The All-Weather American Jesuit. Neither Arctic Ice nor Blistering Tropics Can Halt His Progress in Extending the Frontiers of the Kingdom of Christ.



It's one thing to ride a motorcycle down Michigan Boulevard, but quite another to push the old bike over the sandy, sun-scorched roads of Patna, India. The two Chicago Province Jesuits above, Father Charles P. Miller, S.J. (left), and Father Leon A. Foster, S.J. (right), have found this out but they keep smiling. Smiling also is Father John P. Fox, S.J., of the Oregon Province, as he prepares to hit the trail with his dog-team in the sub-zero weather of Hooper Bay, Alaska.



EDITORIALS

DEPARTURE TIME

THIS is "Departure Time"—the season when new Jesuit missionaries every year leave their native land to take up posts in the far-flung empire of Christ in the Arctic and in the Orient. The liturgy of the Church is ringing with those words of Our Lord, "*Going, therefore, teach all nations,*"—the charter of all missionary expeditions—as the long line of departures begin.

At St. Francis Xavier's Church in Manhattan, nineteen priests and scholastics of the Maryland-New York Province heard the words of their Provincial, Very Reverend Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., "Go, in the name of the Lord," and began the long journey to the Philippine Islands. Two weeks later, fifteen members of the New England Province heard the same command and left for Baghdad and Jamaica. Out in San Francisco, missionaries of the California Province were ready to sail for China; in Oregon, trunks were being packed for Alaska, while in St. Louis and Chicago other Jesuits were receiving their appointments to British Honduras, Patna, India, and the Indian Missions. Before the end of August, more than fifty American Jesuits will have waved their last good-bye to friends and relatives at home, some never to return.

Many of those who witnessed the departure ceremonies of the Philippine missionaries—watched these nineteen young men file up to the altar and receive their commission from their Provincial—may have wondered at this prodigal expenditure of man-power.

The principal speaker of the occasion, Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., late of Baghdad, and now the new Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, answered this thought. The Society of Jesus was, he said, a missionary society, missionary in its beginning, missionary in its history, yesterday and today. The fact that the modern world knows the Jesuits chiefly as educators does not alter this fact. Catholics in America have always before them the magnificent achievements of the educational work of the Society here. But the work of those other Jesuits, the missionaries, no less great, is done in far-off lands and in comparative obscurity. History, however, tells the missionaries' inspiring story and reveals their work as one of the greatest glories of the Society and the Church.

BUT IS IT WORTH WHILE?

WE stood last week in the stately quadrangle of Georgetown University, in the nation's capital, and witnessed the University's impressive Sesquicentennial Convocation. We saw the long and colorful pro-

cession of prelates, government officials and hundreds of representatives of universities and learned societies who came from all over the United States and from foreign countries to take part in Georgetown's celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. It was a magnificent scene and one packed with inspiration for those who believe in and have worked for Jesuit education in the United States.

It contained also besides this, convincing proof of the fruitfulness of Jesuit missionary endeavor and an eloquent answer to those who wonder why the Society in the United States with all its educational work is willing to send every year more and more men away to foreign countries. For Georgetown's beginnings were typically missionary and its greatness and influence today is a standing tribute to the value of missionary work.

The Hon. Joseph Scott began the Sesquicentennial oration by telling how as he flew from Los Angeles he passed over the Painted Desert where the great Jesuit missionary, Kino, had labored. And when he arrived at Georgetown, he continued, he witnessed another triumph of the Jesuit missionaries. He recalled how in 1634, when the first Jesuit missionaries with Leonard Calvert came to anchor at Heron Island off the coast of Maryland, they had dreamed of founding a school in America. He told how this dream began to be realized in a meager way in 1651, and how in the succeeding years it was forced by poverty and persecution from place to place until in the year 1789, Bishop John Carroll, finally established it in its present site on the banks of the Potomac.

The origin of the modern Georgetown was simultaneous with the adoption of the United States Constitution. But its antecedents are one hundred and fifty years older than that. Nor was this missionary origin neglected in the recent Sesquicentennial. As the citation read every year on March 25th says of these early Founders—"The memory of them shall not depart away and their name shall be in request from generation to generation."

As we witnessed the pomp and color of the Sesquicentennial Convocation, comparing all this magnificence with the humble beginnings three hundred years ago, our thoughts turned to other schools which American Jesuits, brothers of Georgetown's founders, are striving to promote in Baghdad, in Patna, in Nanking, in the Philippines, and we were full of hope for the future. It was a sight to uplift the heart and to thank God that American Jesuits had not forgotten either the spirit of the Society or the example of the missionaries who first came here.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Father of 100 Children

He was their "mother" too, and they were all boys! It was a great family. The experience gave him a huge sympathy for parents and their problems.

George A. Ziebert, S.J.



The "Father of 100 Children" watches some of his charges trying to figure out a lotto game sent them by a benefactor.

HAS any father or mother among my readers one hundred small children to take care of? Probably not. I am neither father nor mother but for two years I have had to father and to mother one hundred little ones—and all boys at that.

From this experience, I can sincerely sympathize with the parents of large families. And they, too, perhaps can get some consolation from my plight.

But where are all these children? About six miles distant from Bettiah, India, in a mission station, Chunari, known better by all the missionaries as "The Heart of the Mission," where six to seven hundred Christians are closely huddled together in one-story mud and straw bungalows. In the center of the village is the school where the orphans fill the benches with the Mohammedans and the Hindus. Near the boys' school is the girls' school and orphanage in charge of the Holy Cross Sisters.

IN the Mission Compound itself is the so-called mission building where the mission boys or orphans have their dormitories and study hall. They should have a playroom also during those never-ending monsoon rains but that was taken away after the earthquake when the parish church fell into ruins. Hastily the playroom was improvised into a church where all the Christians of the village, the orphan boys and the orphan girls, though seated in squatting formation and packed in sardine fashion, cannot be accommodated. Often people, crowded on the verandah of the mission building in an endeavor to hear Mass, fail to know at the end what color vestment the priest has worn at Mass.

As long as I was on the Mission Compound those boys were mine, and I was theirs twenty-four hours a day unless I had to take the family car or the cycle, to

get some rest or some school supplies. But the burning word that lighted up the twenty-four hour schedule was the remembrance that these boys were orphans, otherwise my lights would have burnt out. Some had neither father nor mother; others had a father or a mother, who could not be traced; and some parents were too poor to feed seven or eight mouths by themselves. No matter what might turn up during the day, be it an accident, a fight, a punctured football, or fifteen "gimmies" in unison, one thought was always uppermost: these boys had no father or mother.

AT eleven at night a gentle tap (the first one) is heard on Father's door. The voice from under the mosquito net answers:

"What do you want?"

"Father, I can't sleep. It's too cold. I want another blanket."

"There are no more. Come, we'll make other arrangements." Beside the little boy's bed is his brother sleeping soundly. Gently tucking the cold little fellow into his own blanket and giving him some of his brother's blanket, satisfies him for the night.

The next night there is another pound on the door. Thinking I must have missed his first knocks, I call out and said:

"Just a minute."

There at the door stands the smallest boy on the Mission. He had been sick with fever through the day.

"Father, I want some water."

A little glassful from the handy water jug satisfies him until three in the morning when he called for another. Night visits keep up the twenty-four hour sched-

rule and a tired-eyed Father the next morning.

During the day, however, the cares vary as any Mother and Dad know. In the morning when all are supposed to be busily engaged in the study hall, thus giving Father an hour's peace to untangle the Hindi that he must use during the day in the classroom, there's a frightened boy at the door, knowing for certain that Father will reddens his hands. He had dropped his pen and ruined his nib and he had to finish his home-task or receive a punishment from his teacher. Merciful the first time, Father supplies him with a second while the boy rubs his hands gleefully and runs down to the study hall. Another follows him sheepishly.

"Father, I need another copy book for my notes. The teacher told me if I didn't get another, he would use the cane."

After refusing the boy, but assuring him that I would refer the case to the teacher in question, he shuffles away to his place. A glance once more at the Hindi is stopped by the sound of the school bell.

After school a little recreation brings on more tales.

"Father, James hit me."

"All right, call Jimmy."

Half jubilant and half hoping that Jimmy would get a good dose of his own medicine, Anthony fetches James.

"Why did you hit Anthony?"

"Father he hit me first."

THAT was about the end for Anthony, as Father sides with Jimmy. Hardly have the two disappeared when a loud cry is heard in the vicinity. A tear-streamed face marches to Father. A couple of bloody toes suggest that first-aid has to be applied immediately. I have never had a nurse's training nor a lesson in first-aid nor a degree in medicine. All I know is that for various cases that came to me I had to give doctor's and nurse's treatment to the satisfaction of my customers. Bandaged and limping a little, but tear-dried he sees a bunch of boys on their way to the complaint office. Forgetful of his sore toes he runs back into my room and shouts:

"Father, the football is broken. They need another football."

In the meantime, the boys come and give the football to me.

"The football is punctured, Father."

"Well, I'll repair it immediately. The other ball is still un-repaired so you will have to wait patiently."

Quickly the crowd vanishes to play some marbles while a curious few stay behind to see how Father fixes the puncture.

"Father, what's this?" cries a voice from behind as he takes the thermometer from the table.

"Put that down and leave your hands off anything on that table." To change the subject, the boy asks for a picture or a rosary. A moment's digging up of former memories made me think of my mother's big sigh when

I rushed into the kitchen for the solution of about the fifth "gimmy." There on the table was the answer. The cake had burnt. Still, she smilingly gave me the jammed bread and packed me out of the house.

AFTER fifteen minutes the ball is repaired and ready for play. Now, however, they don't want to play because their enthusiasm had been too long interrupted. Then the crash of a window is heard, the marbles are forgotten, and a general gathering of all the boys to the spot. The culprit calmly awaits his fate until the arrival of Father.

So each day comes and goes without the added worries of trying mother's tricks at mending clothes or taking care of the roast or salting the potatoes. The rest of the day is interspersed with teaching, correcting exercises, occasional interrupted letter-writing or the filling



A call in the night . . . little Jimmy is sick. The author has a good bedside manner—and he needs it.

in of the school records for the Inspector. I say "interspersed" because most of the day was checkered with family life.

BUT what of Father's worries? One of them was the book problem, an enormous bill for all the orphans. Only after a plea with the manager of the Press in behalf of the boys was a generous deduction given. But the rest of the bill had to be paid. The same story was repeated when tablets and copy books were ordered. But those we had to make ourselves once the lined paper was delivered to us. Thus by skimping on the books and the paper, we were able to plan a new set of clothes for the little First Communicants.

Later on, these orphans are ready to leave the orphanage, having finished their studies. The problem again presents itself to Father as it used to present itself to Dad. What will we do with Johnny, Thomas, etc.? To the high school? To another home? To work? To learn a trade? To the farm? So, the father of a hundred children requests some prayers for his little flock who later are to become fathers, we hope, of children true to their Faith. One thing my experience as a Father has taught me is the important part that prayer and sacrifice play in building up good Catholic families.

Shuyang's Walls Are Down!



Gun fire is heard to the south of the city! Is it bandits or Japanese? These little citizens are interested. For Shuyang's walls are down!

“But God is our city wall”, say the two heroic Jesuit priests who remain in the shelled and looted city, awaiting the next attack.

Mark A. Falvey, S.J.

IN the evening as I treated the diseased leg of a little boy from the street, he whispered: “The Japanese are only forty *li* (twelve miles) southwest. Give me some salve to take with me; I am going to the country.”

Such rumors were often in the air and I paid little heed to this one. The next night we heard that people were beginning to leave the city because an army of some sort was forty *li* south. On the morning of the 27th, Father Charles Simons, S.J., who had been here all week—two weeks, in fact—went by bicycle to Machang, saying he’d be back in the evening. People were leaving the city in great numbers by this time and while the same exodus had occurred at least five times before since my arrival here, I began to feel that this time things might be serious. I wrote a hurried note to Father Leo McGreal, S.J., told him communications might be cut off for a time, and if so to decide that Shuyang had been occupied by the Japanese.

BEFORE I set out to the Post Office to mail the letter and ask the Postmaster what the “fuss” was about (he is the only one on whom I can depend for news, and talks good English, and also the only one to do that here!), loud, sharp reports of firing sounded to the southwest of the city. It was so near that everyone stopped dead in his tracks and turned pale. Next a wail went up from old women and children as they gathered up their bundles to set out on their flight.

I reached the Post Office to find the staff tying up bags and making ready for a hurried departure. The Postmaster told me: “I don’t think they are Japanese. I am quite sure they are bandits. If so, they will not be able to enter the city before nightfall, if at all.” Then he advised me to send away all the women at once and told me my life would be in danger, that these bandits would respect no one, especially the Father at the Mission.

I returned amidst scenes of bedlam and consterna-

tion. Two long lines of prisoners were marched hurriedly past me, heavily guarded. I had been approached by the mother, the wife and the child of one of them, begging me to ask for his freedom. He is a “lifer,” and in such times as these his life might become a burden to his keepers. I could do nothing.

IORDERED the Presentandines (native Nuns) just arrived two weeks ago from Shanghai and similar scenes, to prepare for flight to the country, that is, to Wan-pi. They said they’d rather stay. I told them they could if I were sure Japanese were coming, but that it was almost certain that these attackers were bandits coming to pillage the city. (The walls of the city had recently been destroyed as a military measure. This destruction left the city open to bandit attack; so the people readily believed the “bandit” rumor.)

At three o’clock (firing, remember, from 10:00 A.M.), nasty, sharp reports, machine guns, tanks, etc. The Presentandines hadn’t gone yet. I had been busy moving grain from the granary to the residence and preparing for my own flight should it prove necessary. I ordered them on their way. Big shells had begun to explode in the city to the east of us. They had been blasting all morning, but now they began to swing close. We could hear them whistle and see them strike! Finally, all cleared out but two men (members of the Mission Staff), four old women, the wife of the life-prisoner and her son. These latter two wouldn’t leave with the Presentandines and the group of women and girls. They said they’d stay with me.

By 3:30, the bombardment was heavy and awfully close. Shells fell within one hundred and fifty yards of the Mission. Incendiary shells dropped, starting fires close to us. I had the safety of about seven people and the guardianship of the Mission property on my hands. I had the mean task of deciding whether or not I should

choose to seem to desert my post and leave, or stay on. They wanted to go, but would not unless I led them. The young woman's case I feared the most. I ordered her to leave, telling her I could not protect her. Even after we began to feel sure the attackers were Japanese, she wouldn't go. She said: "I am entrusting my son to you, Father, and I am staying with him." Neither are baptized.

I really thought at 5:00 that we were ready for our bombardment. I made my preparation for death. The smoke of the nearby fires didn't help to calm our agitation. We began to fear we'd be surrounded by fire. I had been telling the group: "When Father Simons gets in from Machang one of us will go out with you." He didn't come. I felt that should I stay longer, even if not struck by the shells, I wouldn't be able to get out in the morning to see to the Presentandines' safety, as I had promised. In fact, they went only when I told them I'd follow later.

About one half hour before dark I made my decision. With four women, two men and a boy, I climbed over the high dirt mound,—all that is left of the north wall of the city—and made for the nearest Christian cottage a mile and a half away. Two old women remained, though we offered to carry them donkey-back. One was too frightened to talk or walk. The other didn't care if she died or not. She said: "I have no relatives to live for. If God wants me He can take me." There was hardly a living thing in the city but dogs left behind when we left. The highway we had to cross was crowded with thousands of fleeing soldiers.

JUST as darkness began to fall, firing ceased. I wanted to return. I had the ciborium with me, filled with consecrated Hosts. One of the domestics hesitatingly offered to return with me. Then he suggested the oncoming darkness as an obstacle, and the danger from the retreating soldiers. These were rob-



Shuyang's east gate showing part of the City Wall before the bombardment.



A typical street in Shuyang. Many of these houses were destroyed by fire and shells.

bing refugees in the way of their flight. Had I returned then, I would have reached the Mission about the same time Father Simons got in from Machang. I might, too, have been robbed just as he was when he waited at the Compound's (Mission) gate to get in. About the last two Chinese soldiers to pass through the city along this street relieved Father Simons of his money and went their way. I had the sacred vessels which also would have been taken. I slept two miles out, in a Christian's cottage. In the morning I went by bicycle to Wan-pi to say Mass and bring consolation to the terrified Presentandines and children.

AFTER Mass I headed for Shuyang to see if I could get in. I learned on the way that old men and evident non-soldiers were being admitted; that the attackers had really been Japanese, and only Japanese. Some had said the previous day that a small group of Japanese were using bandits to capture the city and offering them the pillage as reward. This was not true. The bandit army known to be south of us is still there,—and intact.

I came into the city to find that Father Simons had arrived in Shuyang just before dark, just after firing had ceased, and before the Japanese entered the city. They came in at the west gate, the one near the Mission. All the fighting and firing had been just southwest of the city. I was out on the river-dike in the morning and saw the battle in progress. When big shells began to whistle (that's the word) over my head I decided that watching battles was among the more dangerous sports and not to be indulged in by clerics. The Chinese soldiers were in easy view. The Japanese guns set up white smoke from among the trees about two miles away.

On arrival, the Japanese opened every door on the street, looking for soldiers. They found only a few old men and old women, in all probability not ten men under fifty. They broke a panel in the Mission gate before Father Simons opened for them. (Turn to page 196)

Fish on Sunday

Walter J. Hamilton, S.J.

FISH is popular in Tagoloan. Only this morning I hiked down to Baluarte, our populous sea shore village, about a mile and a quarter from my rectory. Some half dozen fisher folk had met with good luck during the night and their two hundred dollar nets had netted many hundreds of pesos worth of fish. These fish are called nipon and are about the size of the small American sardine. The nets are launched out on a *banca* (a Philippine dug-out) while the ends are held in shore. The nets themselves are made of hemp with borders of rope and sinkers. The pockets of the nets can hold as many nipon as will fill sixty petroleum cans. Some nets have many pockets.

On my return to the rectory I had virtually about one hundred pesos in my pocket with which to complete the wall of the church, to put in a floor and all in all to convert it from a barn. The people were enthused at the sight of the *Padre Americano* so interested in their unfinished church and their dear patron, San Rafael, that he came to beg from them.

OUR Tagoloan River is fed by most of the rivers of Bukidnon and when the rain is steady there for several days our river becomes noisily swollen. The bridge was carried away last October and as the water subsided after sweeping off houses, tree trunks and other furniture, we found that we now had two rivers instead of one as formerly. When the second river finally floated away, it left in its wake on our newly developed cocoa and truck garden a precious deposit of soil.

Only the other day Brother Emmanuel Pascua, S.J., felt anxious for this land which is just beginning to yield us vegetables. A *baguio* had hit Surigao and for days and nights nothing but sheets of rain descended upon us. I suggested that we all say the Magnificat. Later in the afternoon the wind changed and our gardens were saved. It is in these gardens that we raise green vegetables with which to supply our three Sisters and the teachers of our Catholic and Public Schools who board with them. They use these *vianda*, as they call



The Filipinos are very practical about their fishing. This one uses a long knife. But it seems to work.

them, as side dishes in opposition to the staple which is corn or rice.

But to get back to our title, "Fish on Sunday." It must be said that the people like fish on Sunday as well as they do on week-days. It is true that they eat fish with relish any day, not that they do not get meat also. Fish is the ordinary food for most of the natives on the coast when they can obtain it. Meat is rather a rare dish. Their liking for fish is so great that some will even take a chance and eat fish that is poisonous. Recently a strong man took this chance and died piously in great pain.

Now the big nipon season is on, for the biggest catches of the year are in February and July. These fishlets are high up in the mountain sections and come down in millions, especially after the town fiesta. On February 3rd,

St. Blase Day, we had the blessing of the sea during what is known as *sakay-sakay* or "Ride, Ride," for the people sail around in their boats, duck into the water and have a pleasant happy-go-lucky morning. San Rafael is the Patron of Baluarte, the sea coast *barrio*, where most of the fish in these parts is sought. His statue as well as a statue of our town Patroness is placed upon a *banca* and sailed about the coast to the sweet accompaniment of *Ave Maris Stella*.

THOSE rich enough to provide themselves with big nets can reap a rich profit. In the mountains where they rarely get fresh fish, people must be content with canned salmon and sardines. If they have no cash, they will barter, borrow, charge and offer the unborn fruits of one of their trees for the fish which is to them their choicest delicacy.

The readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* will understand that my interest in the fishing success of my people has a very practical purpose, for upon the returns from this industry I am dependent not only for the one thousand dollars needed to finish our big church here in Tagoloan, but also for the support of seventeen catechism centers and, likewise, for the three hundred and fifty dollars necessary for the maintenance of our mountain catechist.

Occam's Razor in Baghdad

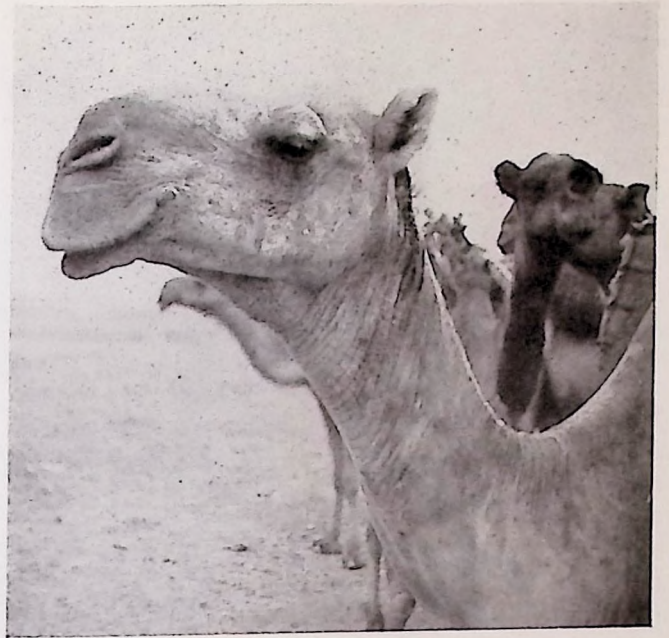
Joseph Merrick, S.J.

“**A**BDUL MESSIH TALIA you are a good Baghdadi. Now why is it that Baghdad which was once a great center of philosophy is simply of no account today? Don't you think it a pity?”

“Yes, it is, Father. I am afraid most of the greatness of Baghdad is in its past. If only we could do something to remedy it. But how? Maybe you can give us some lectures in philosophy. Let us go around and get all the old boys to come,—those who are now studying law and medicine or pharmacy or who are in the military school and those who are engaged in business.”

“Good. I will give a series of lectures every Friday evening at the Latin School. Ethics is the most useful and important so we will start off with that. It will be hard to follow, but it will be more interesting and practical than any other branch. Besides, the other parts of philosophy can be given later.”

SO it was that Occam came and Aristotle returned to Baghdad. When the only and original Alexander's ragtime band of Greek soldiers smashed the Medes and the Persians at the battle of Arbela, it carried in its baggage train the rich lore that Aristotle had imparted to the young prince and to world civilization. Amid the crash of Seleucid and Sassanid, and of the Western and Eastern Roman Empires, Greek culture and Greek philosophy remained. Now Greek philosophy was Socrates, Plato and *par excellence* Aristotle.



Looking like he has just stepped out of a barber chair, this supercilious Baghdad camel is not interested in Occam's razor. Is it one of those electric things?

While Goths, Franks, Vandals and Lombards were wreaking havoc in the West and ushering in the blight of war and ignorance, the whole of the East, schismatic and Catholic, and especially the great Catholic Holy Roman Empire of Constantinople worshipped at the shrine of the great Peripatetic. His works were their philosophic and scientific bible and they translated them into Syriac and Iranian.

BUT the keenness of Aquinas and the lustre of Suarez and the flashing razor of the Englishman William Occam, a scholastic philosopher of the middle fourteenth century noted for the keenness of his mind, had up to the present scarcely penetrated into what was a cultural and educational desert. Right reason, however, finds a ready response in the hearts of men of good-will and so now at the Friday lectures at the Latin School, Moslem, Jew and Christian find common bonds and mutual harmony on the fundamental truths of nature.

How especially do we glory in the lightning flash of Occam's razor which slices off so much stupidity and jargon! “The existence of a being must not be postulated without necessity.” The modern world makes it a cardinal principle to throw this razor out the window. It cuts too hardly against, for instance, reincarnation, many souls in the same body, and stream of conscience theories. Those who try to postulate intelligence in animals when instinct and sentient knowledge will suf- (Turn to page 196)



Iraqi shepherds on the banks of the Tigris. Once philosophy was cultivated there.

“We Hear On All Sides . . .”

Albert C. Zabolio, S.J.

“**W**E hear on all sides that our civilization is slipping. If it must slip, let us like real soldiers of Christ sign as many souls as we can with the Sign of the Cross. For as many as we do not sign, will infallibly be signed with the sign of the beast—the sickle and the hammer! For our part, if we go down before the storm we prefer to go up before the throne of God holding a topsy in each arm and leading like a good shepherd a flock of little black sheep, all signed with the sign of salvation.”

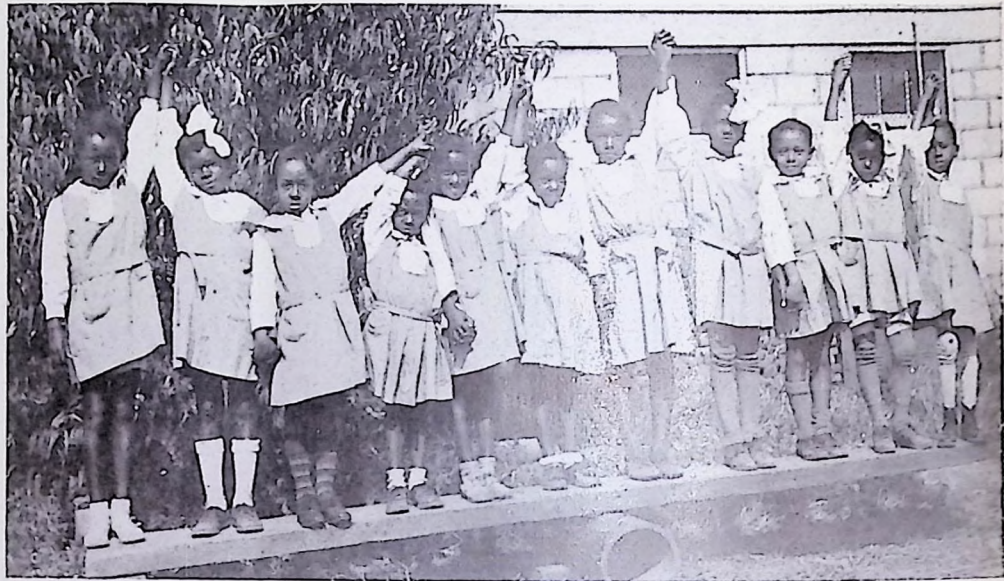
These are the words of Father Otto J. Moorman, S.J., energetic missionary among the Negroes of South Kinloch, Missouri, and they express in a remarkable way the spirit of the other Jesuit missionaries of the Missouri Province who are working among the Negroes of the city and the county of several districts in the Middle West.

HOLY Angels Mission at South Kinloch Park, Missouri, is in the midst of a settlement of over ten thousand Negroes. Father Moorman is Pastor. He is assisted by Father Martin G. Walasin, S.J., who also has charge of St. Peter Claver's, a smaller Negro parish in the nearby town of Robertson.

Holy Angels School has prospered extraordinarily well since its humble beginning in 1930 with only twenty children. Today there are one hundred and seventy-five pupils at Holy Angels. It is really miraculous the way such an increase in numbers has been cared for. The only possible explanation is Father Moorman's child-like trust in St. Joseph, whom he often refers to as his “Procurator.” For whenever the money problem gets desperate, Father hands over his difficulties to St. Joseph and the right amount often turns up just in time. Frequently it comes from former friends but occasionally from total strangers. The Sisters of Notre Dame have charge of the school but do not reside in the parish. About half of the children are non-Catholics.

Father Moorman's newest project is a Free Baby Clinic. In the present situation a baby clinic seems to be one of the best ways to endear oneself to the colored, as it is a real need in such a poverty stricken settlement. The monthly clinic conducted in the basement of the school by the County Health Department for the past year has shown this to be the case.

On a recent visit to Kinloch, Father Walasin told us a very touching story about one of his little colored charges. The incident occurred during Christmas week



Father Moorman's school at South Kinloch has grown rapidly since 1930. Here are some of the girls who attend.

of this past year. Father dropped into the church one afternoon to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament when he noticed a little fellow sobbing and crying in one of the back pews. Father Walasin questioned him about the reason for his tears and got this reply: “Some of the kids wuz takin cotton away from the crib and now li'l Jesus is freezin.” Apparently, this poor little chap was not familiar with the age-old ruse of using cotton around the crib to represent snow. Such stirring but somewhat humorous little incidents occur frequently at Holy Angels.

IN Omaha, Nebraska, Father James M. Preuss, S.J., has been in charge of St. Benedict's Colored Mission on Twenty-fourth and Grant since 1935. Work among the neglected Negroes of Omaha was begun in 1918 by the well-known author of spiritual books, Father Francis B. Cassilly, S.J. The rapid development of his little congregation has been phenomenal. Since 1923, a parochial school has been conducted under the supervision of two Sisters of Mercy. During the past year, this school has been transferred to four Pallottine Missionary Sisters who have established a convent in conjunction with the parish. The coming of two Dominican Nuns from Sinsinawa during the past year for the purpose of conducting a two-year High School course will ever be a memorable date in the history of St. Benedict's Mission.

Almost in the very heart of St. Louis, Missouri, at 2721 Pine, Fathers William M. Markoe, S.J., John M. Lyons, S.J., and Carroll J. Boland, S.J., conduct the only Catholic parish for Negroes in a city of nearly a million population of which over one hundred thousand are colored.

These champions of Christ endeavor to minister to the entire colored population while they have as their headquarters, not a great Gothic Church, no, not even

a small ordinary church, but instead, the best substitute they have been able to supply—the second floor of a fair-sized addition to the old Walsh mansion. This time-worn mansion serves as rectory and as headquarters for Father Boland's Boy Scouts, Mr. Adrian Johnson's excellent choir, the Altar Boys' Club, and various other parish organizations.

Externally and materially, I do not think there is any Catholic group in all the United States as large as St. Elizabeth's that is as poor, *as a parish*. Recently the people of St. Elizabeth's began a perpetual novena to Blessed Martin de Porres. They are asking their Patron to help them obtain a new church. If these people ever acquire a real church in a somewhat more habitable section of the city, a church big enough to accommodate them, and a church they will be able to be proud of, they will manifest to all St. Louis a Christian spirit and a true Catholic spirit. For though humble externally, St. Elizabeth's is exceedingly rich in higher things, in things of the spirit and of the soul.

THE most flourishing organization at St. Elizabeth's and, indeed, the one Father Markoe has the right to be most proud of, is his Men's Retreat League. This

loyal group comes together every year over the weekend of Labor Day for three days of recollection and prayer. To make a retreat on just an ordinary weekend demands a great deal of self-sacrifice, but to make one in the week which includes that much-coveted day off, Labor Day, should merit a special commendation for our colored brethren. Forty-seven made it this year.

IN 1935, St. Elizabeth's suffered a severe setback. Due to extreme lack of funds, the parochial school in which the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament had been teaching for a number of years, had to be closed. Since that time, however, the Sisters and Father Lyons have done a considerable amount of good work for Negro children by establishing "R" schools in certain homes and in hospitals. Their purpose, of course, is to supplement the teaching of the other "Three R's" with that of the essential R, religion. A number of Sisters and lay catechists do the teaching. During this past year, Father Lyons has been concentrating his efforts on work in the new Homer Phillips City Hospital for the colored. He is assisted by several Jesuit Scholastics from St. Louis University: Messrs. Thomas W. Curry, John P. Cull, Robert D. Huber, Charles P. Cahill and John W. Lily.

The most flourishing organization at St. Elizabeth's is the Men's Retreat League. A characteristic group of retreatants.



Lourdes in Ashes

Vincent I. Kennally, S.J.



"Lourdes Academy was a mass of smouldering ruins . . . Everything was lost."

ON Monday, May 1st, Lourdes Academy here in Cagayan, Mindanao, Philippine Islands, our high school and college for girls, was a busy place. The new classroom building just completed last June was in process of being painted, an extension was being built for a larger chapel and a library, new books for the opening school years in June were being checked and put in place, beds and dormitory equipment were being put up and everything looked promising for the coming year which would see the school completely organized with the opening of the second year of Normal College and other courses.

By three o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, May 2nd, Lourdes Academy was a mass of smouldering ruins. Buildings, books, chapel, library, laboratory, personal belongings of teachers and Sisters—everything was lost! The material results of ten years' labor on the part of Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., the Jesuit Fathers and the Sisters was wiped out in two hours.

THE fire started either in a moving picture house on the next block or in a Chinese bakery, leaped to the school buildings, spread through the hall to the dormitory where teachers attending the Vacation Normal School were sleeping; then on to the house of the Sisters. There was time to arouse the Sisters and teachers and get them out safely, thank God, while by hard fighting and by what seemed almost a miracle, we were able to save St. Augustine's School. The Sisters are now living in the Home Economics section of this school and the teachers here for the Vatican Normal course at the Ateneo are living in the class-rooms. We have been collecting what we can from the town people for the equipment and support of the Sisters as they lost absolutely everything.

It is impossible to calculate the injury done to our missionary work itself. The school under the direction of Bishop Hayes, and the Congregation of Filipina Sisters, had a fine reputation and was educating girls who as teachers in our Catholic schools and public schools and in their home towns were beginning to make its influence felt throughout our Mission of Northern Mindanao. Together with the Ateneo de Cagayan, our college and high school for boys, it was putting a check on the influence of the Protestant Silliman Institute. We simply cannot let the school die. On the other hand, the thought of the amount necessary for building and equipment and for books simply staggers one.

Without doubt the Mission needs this school for girls and it is important to have it reopened as

quickly as possible in order to keep its continuance. The Bishop has great faith despite this terrible blow to his hopes. As in the case of the Ateneo de Manila fire this, no doubt, will mean a blessing for the Mission and the school, but as someone remarked, looking at the heap of ashes that marked the place where Lourdes Academy once stood, "The blessing is almost too well disguised."

The hardest pang is the fact that this year marked the real completion of the school. From now on it could have gone along, taking care of itself and paying its own running expenses as well as assuming repairs and replacements. However, God is good and He has a purpose in it and so we have to dig in and start all over again. Our building up process goes all the way from A to Z. Particularly is this true in regard to our need for library books, since the requirements for a Normal School and College Library are exacting.

THE future is tough. We must build from the ground up and in *concrete*. Some are in favor of the same site; others say no. It has been suggested that we try to get a larger campus on the outskirts of the town but it will take well over \$50,000 to get a site and building, and then to equip it for four years of high school and two years of college work. Can it be done in a year?

The following extract from a letter of Bishop Hayes summarizes our present plight: "In the recent fire we lost everything, buildings, equipment, etc., to an amount of more than *Pesos* 130,000, and it is simply impossible for the Diocese to do anything at the present time. This year we shall open *only the fourth year high school Normal* in Lourdes Academy. *We cannot open the other classes* of high school or college *this year*. For the future we place all our trust in the Sacred Heart. We hope to resume the Lourdes classes in June, 1940, but at the present time we can make no promises, due to the lack of funds and the great amount of money needed for such a vast undertaking. We ask your prayers."

Without faith in the supernatural aid of prayer, we might well wonder how we were to build again for the future. Yet, though we build as fast as we can, there is still danger that our Catholic girls without a Catholic High School to house them may be subjected to the dangers of secular education. A new and bigger Lourdes Academy is the only and immediate answer to this threat.

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J.

American Missionaries

A letter received recently from Mother Mary St. Luke, Holy Child Convent, 10 Via Boncompagni, Rome, Italy, posed an interesting question to the writer: "Why do Americans make good missionaries?" As is clear, the question presumes that they do and reveals curiosity as to the reason. We believe it lies in the democratic traditions of America, springing from her political philosophy of government and conditioning all Americans to understand sympathetically the democratic salvific will of the Son of God for the salvation of all men.

Equality

Five principles laid down in the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence are the base for this American democratic spirit. The first is the admission that "all men are created equal." Interpreted in the light of the Christian beliefs of the founding fathers, this principle is at the same time a recognition of the unity of the human race, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of all men. Although American missionaries may number among their people members of every family and branch enumerated in the ethnological table of the human race with differentiations of skin, hair, eyes, face, nose, stature, the most varied, still, they are ever conscious that before God all are equal in their origin, in their supernatural destiny, equal in their need for redemption and for the necessary means of salvation. Guided by such a democratic principle which automatically renounces Racism and all its works and pomps, is it any wonder that our great *American Missionary International* has endeared itself to the poor, the humble and the depressed in the mission fields of the world?

Life

The second democratic principle is the inalienable right of all men to life. As defined by the American Constitution this refers primarily to a citizen's legal right to physical

life. However, in the spiritual order the same principle holds, for presuming the facts of the Incarnation and Redemption, of Baptism and the fulfillment of God's law, all men have likewise an inalienable right to the supernatural life of grace on earth and glory in heaven.

Liberty

But perhaps it is in protecting their flocks' inalienable right to liberty in working out their eternal salvation that the American missionary is most clearly distinguished from those of other nations. For American missionaries eschew dictatorship and Fascism in all its forms. They are an enemy of unnatural restrictions in discipline and in administration. That their people may enjoy the more abundant life of the spirit they supply them with the more abundant accomplishments of American genius in science and the industries, together with the best modern resources for education. When the liberties of their neophytes are in danger, the American missionary in person becomes their advocate before the bar of civil justice. No effort is spared to release them from the clutches of the money-lenders and, as intermediaries, they assist them with letters of recommendation, while any influence they may possess with police officials and civil authorities is ever at the beck and call of the injured and oppressed. It is no small commentary on their own love of liberty that they have never been accused of a desire to make their neophytes Americans. Their conversions are religious, not political.

Pursuit of Happiness

The fourth democratic principle is the inalienable right of all men to the pursuit of happiness. Knowing that true happiness consists only in the knowledge, love and imitation of God from whom we come and to whom we are one day destined to return, American missionaries labor zealously to provide their flocks with a knowledge of the Faith so that in proportion to their own good-will and the measure of God's

grace allotted, each may glimpse at least a passing vision of the Kingdom of God within the souls of men.

For the People

The fifth democratic principle outlined in the Preamble to the Declaration of Independence states that magistrates and officials are the servants and not the masters of the people. In like manner missionaries like the sacraments exist for the people. They are intercessors for man with God. This is but a corollary of the Missionary Charter of the Catholic Church: "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Democracy in Action

Of all ages and from all classes, they mingled in the large salon of the *convento*, ebbing and flowing as fancy led, from rack to table, unconventional, unperturbed, delicately unobtrusive, with the ancient Christ-like courtesy of an ancient eastern folk, Christian now for many generations: *taos* from the rice-paddies, their plows neglected behind the waiting *carabaos*; ancients, who as if for a fiesta, had deserted their sentry boxes by the open windows in their nipa *casas*; mothers with their babes in arms, ignorant of English but resourceful in interpreters and indefatigable in debate; daughters with their fragile pottery jars upon their heads, en route for water at the *barrio* well; tradesmen from the *chino* shops on the *Escolta*; *senoritas* home from Manila and entirely appreciative of the best in Catholic apologetics; and in the majority by far, the sophisticated *quidnuncs* from the public schools, who, for the nonce, had condescended to adjourn their everlasting meetings beneath the spreading mango trees within the village plaza. This scene set in the circulating library of a *Padre Americano* in the Philippines exactly one-half way around the world is an arresting commentary on the democratic appeal of American missionaries.

In Alaska It's Work or Starve to



Work or starve. So these little Eskimo girls help to gather in the enormous rutabagas that Holy Cross produces.

WRECKING day dreams of Northland devotees and of others suffering delusions of Arctic grandeur, Brother George Feltes, S.J., one of the ten Jesuit Brothers assigned to the Alaskan apostolate, revealed to me high-lights of Mission school education along the Yukon—an interesting aspect of missionary endeavor perhaps unfamiliar to us of sunnier climes.

"I don't want you to talk about me. Make it about the Brothers in Alaska and our Industrial School at Holy Cross." The mechanical preciseness of Brother's opening sentence was ominous. I had come to discuss Northern Lights and dog-teams trotting along moonlit trails, but I remained for two hours and acquired a new vocabulary and detailed information on King salmon, fish-traps, saw-mills, storm signals, motor boats, and Diesel engines.

Brother's room at Alma College, Alma, California, where he is "thawing out" after six years at Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, is a machinist's haven. Wrenches, hammers, miniature engines, electric motors, whole and in parts, haunt the floor, the desk, the bed and window-sills. Magazines are everywhere, magazines devoted to some phase of scientific advancement. He was at his desk designing a radio transmitter or its equivalent in wires, condensers, tubes, etc. He was affable enough but terribly exact in his statements.

"Is it true," I asked, "that the sweetest music you know is the gasp of a dying motor?"

Brother's habitual frown deepened. His sharp blue eyes focused on a six-prong radio tube lying on his desk. He thought I had been falsely informed. "Let's talk about the Mission," he suggested.

I regret that Brother vetoed a personal interview. He is an interesting copy, a veritable machine sage. During his high school days at Santa Rosa, he played hookey from poetry class to work in the manual training shop. Entering the Novitiate in 1916, his work from the first savored of the mechanical.

In 1930, when flying was believed feasible on the Alaskan missions, Brother Feltes was the man selected to pilot the plane. He is the first Jesuit in the world to receive a transport pilot's license complete with courses in aerial acrobatics, night-flying and blind flying. When flying was discontinued in 1932, Brother remained at Holy Cross Mission. Last September he returned to the States for medical attention.

"HOLY CROSS," Brother explained, "is one of the three Catholic boarding school Missions in Alaska. It is the largest and second oldest, established in 1888. The Sisters of St. Ann have charge of the sixty-five mission girls, the kindergarten and teach both boys and girls in school. The Brothers and Scholastics manage about the same number of boys outside of school hours. It is obvious the set-up at Holy Cross requires the services of the Sisters.

"And pace-setters from the first in the evangelization of Alaska were the Brothers and Sisters. In 1887, the year following the murder of Archbishop Charles John Seghers, the first apostle and martyr of Alaska, Father Pascal Tosi, S.J., returned from the States with Father Aloysius Robaut, S.J., and little Brother Carmelo Giordano, S.J., and this plucky Italian Brother, dressed in a pair of overalls and blue jumper, managed a canvass skiff for a thousand miles down the Yukon. The Sisters of St. Ann arrived a year later, 1888.

"Truck gardens, a saw-mill and lumber yards are on the banks of the Yukon. The church, schools, residences, and native village set back from the water. Beyond the Mission looms a mountain surmounted by a cross."

BROTHER FELTES reared back in his chair, pointed to several miniature engines and swirled into his subject. "The engines aren't toys. Let me tell you something of Alaska . . ."

"Alaska is the poker-face portion of mother earth. It is rich, grim, unmerciful and stingy to the lazy or the stupid. It will shelter, food and warmth—but only to the daring, the energetic, the provident. Its hillsides bristle with spruce and its rivers teem with salmon, but you've got to wrest its bounty and else it will stand unconcerned to watch you freeze and starve.

"Like individuals, the Mission fights for life. A careless, inactive, indifferent attitude means the end of everything. Alaska won't cheat; but you've got to rake in the chips fast. There's only one delivery a week for flour, tea, coffee, sugar and dried fruits. Fish garden produce, supplying three-fourths of the mission's livelihood, have a seasonal lull. The salmon run from the first of July to the end of August. The fighting, twisting King salmon, averaging thirty pounds, often weighing as much as

Eskimo boys at Holy Cross convert one thousand pounds of wheat weekly into bread.



Death

Edgar
Dowd, S.J.

the staple food. Seven tons are
smoked and dried. An additional thirty
barrels (three hundred and forty pounds
each barrel) are salted."

The Mission's sixty-five foot boat
carries the salmon from river points to
the Mission. Nets, fish-traps and fish-
hooks are plunged into Yukon waters.
The larger boys fish. One pilots the
boat, and, in big-time fashion, rings
bells to his pal, the engineer, another
native lad. The other six boys, work-
ing on the boat, realize they are neither
pilots nor engineers, but mere steve-
nors.

At home, during the fishing season,
the Sisters, girls and stubby-sized boys
prepare the catch for winter food. Drying, salting, and canning
fish achieves the status of a fine art up there at the Mission. Be-
sides, the Sisters teach the girls to can vegetables, reindeer meat
and berries. Brother John Hess, S.J., fifty-six, at this important
time, has his steam-pressure canning outfit in top condition.

The natives, ordinarily residing in the village adjacent to the
Mission, also have to provide for winter months, and when the
salmon run, they head for the river. A thirty-six-foot motor launch
carries the missionary to his flock scattered in fish camps up and
down the river for one hundred and fifty miles. Weather permit-
ting, Mass is celebrated outside; otherwise, the boat becomes a
floating chapel, accommodating forty worshippers.

"What do fish-haters do in Alaska?" This question put Brother
in approximate danger of smiling.

"If they don't like salmon we can give them a change of fish-
net in the winter. We cut a four by twelve foot hole in the river,
sink traps, and get a big supply of white fish and pike. The ice is
from four to six feet through, and sinking those nets is a job. But
often the catch reaches a thousand fish a night."

WOODWORK and machines were the next two points
Brother emphasized . . .

In May, and again after the fishing season, the twang of the
large saw in Brother Aloysius B. Laird's mill echoes across the
river and to the hummocks beyond. The mill cuts about ninety
thousand board feet of lumber annually, most of which is used
by the Mission or shipped to other Missions, or used by the natives
for better cabins. A shingle mill and planer manufacture flooring,
siding, shingles and furniture wood. The Eskimo boys, under
Brother's supervision, operate the mill. One tends the engine,
another the carriage, another the wood selector.

Building and repairing cabins, sheds and chapels, is the course
in carpentry at Holy Cross. The smaller boys
make cabinets, furniture and attend thrice-weekly
classes in manual training. Also, a part of the
lumber is used repairing fishing equipment, but
this requires the services of an expert, and the
expert in the art of constructing instruments in-
genious enough to lure a wily salmon to its doom,
is Mr. Ivan Demienteiff, for the past thirty-five
years a master in craft. Ivan
is about sixty-seven years of
age, of Russian-Indian par-
centage, a patriarch of the dis-
trict, a staunch friend of the



When the salmon run, the natives head for the river where fishing camps like this with salmon drying on racks are common.

Mission, and one of the highly respected men on the Yukon.

If a lad does not like woodwork, he has mechanics. When
Brother Feltes returns to Holy Cross this April, he will
conduct his usual classes in varied mechanics. Some prac-
tical training can be given in radio work, as Holy Cross
has a transmitter with which to contact other missions and
submit twice-daily weather reports to the Signal Corps at
Flat. Building and tearing down motors and engines, the
handling of tractors, bull-dozers and other mining equip-
ment comprises the course.

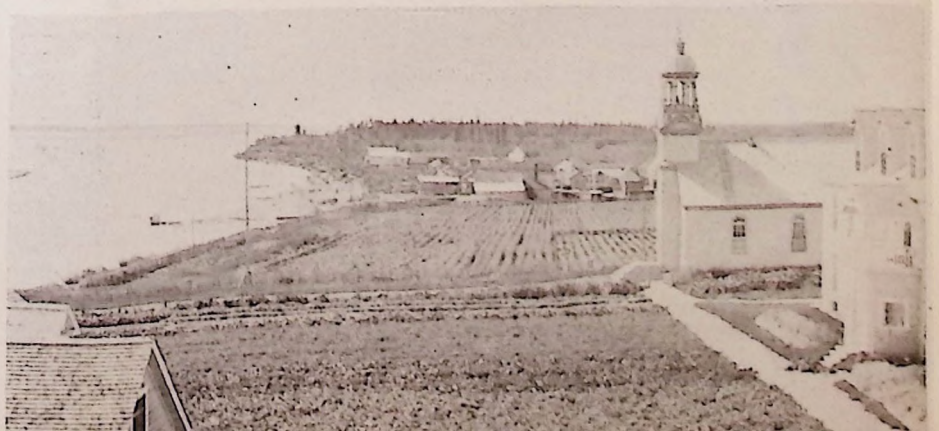
Once upon a time a native could fish, hunt and live
comfortably beneath Northern stars without worry of the
morrow. Game was abundant, road houses offered the
native a market for his fish. Dog sleds packing the mail
kept trails open thereby enabling the Eskimo access to dis-
tant hunting grounds.

But times have changed. Palefaces have invaded Alaska.
Airplanes carry the mail. Game is scarce. Unless an
Eskimo boy can earn his living in a mining camp or on a
river boat the lad faces starvation. The boys and girls are
orphans and for the most part destitute children and when
they leave school they meet a speeded-up white man's
world.

But the Mission-trained youngsters are prepared to grap-
ple with the problems of earning a living. Their technical
training covers fishing, engines, steam and gas, carpentry
and, as the boys convert one thousand pounds of flour
weekly into bread, a few may become bakers.

Holy Cross Mission will carry on. The Jesuit Brothers—
weather beaten, steady-eyed men, though many are ad-
vanced in years and in failing health—will not fail, because
they are doing God's work and not their own.

A view of some
of the vegetable
gardens at Holy
Cross.



Come Down to Rio

William H.
Feeney, S.J.

I AM here in Rio de Janeiro almost six months now and as yet I have not got my bearings. The little Chapel of Our Lady of Mercy is a gem. The walls are two hundred years old and it belonged to the Marques de Abrantes. The seating capacity is about one hundred. A group of well-to-do English speaking Catholics got together about twenty years ago and prompted by a dislike for the way the Latin race hears Mass and by a desire to hear a sermon in the English language, they arranged for a Sunday Mass for the English-speaking Catholics in one of the churches in the heart of the city. After a few years they finally got the present chapel and entirely overhauled it.

For the first few years all went well. Then the records show that interest died down. Time after time the secretary's book says, "No meeting held—couldn't get a quorum." This refers to the regular monthly meeting and a quorum is seven men. And every year there was great difficulty in getting men to serve as officers, that is, president, secretary, treasurer. Quite a few times the records state that the total attendance at the ten o'clock Mass on Sundays is under ten (English-speaking people).

THE reasons for this condition are several. Perhaps the first reason is that the Chaplain had little or no voice and couldn't be heard even in the small chapel. Secondly, the people were moving out of the city proper to the residential section and since they could hear Mass "right around the corner," they did so. The next reason is the hour of the Mass. The people of Rio flock to the beaches on Sunday morning and those of my flock who indulge in this pastime find the Mass at ten to'clock too late. The older folks, however, insist that it is not too late. Another reason for lack of interest is in the fact that the old-timers little by little "go native." They get used to Portuguese as a language, they get many Portuguese friends and then the native churches attract them. Those are just a few of the difficulties I have to work against.

The above does not mean, however, that the chapel is empty on Sunday. The Brazilians in the vicinity find it a very handy place in which to hear Mass. On weekdays I say Mass in the chapel at 7:00 A.M. About fifteen persons receive Holy Communion at this Mass: one is an English-speaking man.

Besides the problem of mixed marriages, I have the school problem with which to contend. I was introduced to it the day I landed as I was riding from the boat to the rectory. Upon investigation I found that the president of our little society was working strenuously for the foundation of an American grade school which would embrace high school. He had the laws of the



Father William H. Feeney, S.J., of the New England Province who is doing missionary work in Rio de Janeiro.

American Chamber of Commerce of Rio so modified that as a result they could support such a school.

This meant that they were introducing into Rio the American Public School system with complete absence of religion. And they were going to throw it open to Brazilians also, using English as the attraction. Most of those who leave these schools are anti-clericals. I had a couple of talks with my president on the subject and told him to desist as an active worker.

The problem is solved for the present by a new law which forbids any school wherein Portuguese is not the official recognized language. This law was directed principally against the very large number of German schools in the south of Brazil where everything was taught in German. But the American Grade School comes under the prohibition. The condition at present is as follows: the American Grade School with about one hundred and thirty pupils is functioning in an improvised school building. A director and staff of teachers have been brought down from the States. A *Sociedade Anonima* has been formed which has raised funds for the new building. They have bought the land but the present law (above mentioned) has forced them to delay, at least, if not give up their plan.

THE college here has eight hundred students and this year they are opening a pre-university course. They expect about one hundred boys. I must say that I have been inclined to accept classes and carry on the chapel work principally on Saturdays and Sundays. The college is completely undermanned: eight Jesuits for eight hundred boys, and half the Jesuits are only half-time professors. Lay men do practically all. However, I am going to decline the offer of classes for another six months or a year.

The Mission Intentions for July and August

Conversion of Mohammedans

MOHAMMED, "The Praised One" Prophet of Islam and founder of Mohammedanism, was born at Mecca in Arabia August 20 (?), 570 A.D. After an early life as shepherd and attendant of caravans, he married when twenty-five a rich widow, Khadeejah by name, fifteen years his senior, who bore him six children, of whom Fatima alone, his chosen daughter, survived. A reputed call from the Angel Gabriel during his fortieth year started him on his career as Prophet of Allah and Apostle of his native land.

Judged by the standards of the Old and New Testaments both of which he acknowledged as Divine Revelation, by the pagan immorality of his compatriots, and lastly by the new rule of which he pretended to be "the divinely appointed medium and custodian," it is the view of modern authorities that on evidence which "comes all from the lips and the ears of his own devoted adherents, the verdict of history goes against him."

His dogmatic teachings are summed up in the belief that "there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is his Prophet." Implicit in this doctrine is belief in the unity of God, the Angels, in the Gospels and Prophets, the Resurrection and the Day of Judgment, and in God's absolute and irrevocable decree predetermining both good and evil. Mohammedan morals and dogma prescribe prayer, ablutions, purifications, alms-giving, fastings and a pilgrimage to Mecca.

His doctrine of predetermination, of course, is unadulterated fatalism. Whatever happens or shall be in this world, whether good or bad, proceeds entirely from the Divine Will, according to Mohammed and is irrevocably fixed and recorded from all eternity. This renders futile both the faculty of free will and its exercise. While logically therefore, there should be no imputability of guilt or moral responsibility for the individual, Mohammed nevertheless, elaborates with a magnificent sense of illogicality a hell with crass torments and a heaven fantastically sensual in its licentious appeal.

Mohammedans in the world today number about 248,000,000. At all times they have been vigorous fighters for a false faith which in the first centuries was wont to be promulgated by fire and sword and in these modern days is no less industriously spread by means of the press, the apostolate of private conversation and the personal example of their lives. Today though dispersed in scattered territories they have endeavored to secure a unity through Pan-Islamism in order that the strength which unity gives may be devoted to the preaching of their cult. At all times they have been open enemies of Christianity with which they have been constantly at war.

However, it is now time in the providence of God that Christians once again make a special effort by charity in word and in example to show themselves brothers, since both Christians and Mohammedans have at least this fact in common that they adore the same Eternal Father—"This is Eternal Life, that they may know Thee, the One, True God and Him whom Thou hast sent, Jesus Christ."

A World Peace Through Charity

THE National Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in his release of the Mission Intention for the month of August, 1939, "that the cause of peace and harmony among peoples may be promoted through the agency of Christian charity," holds that "to pray then for the establishment of a universal peace is to serve directly the interests of the missions." This peace, however, has to be achieved only through charity, a highly significant reminder in a day when social justice alone is being preached as a panacea for the discomfitures of an ailing and a suffering world.

Justice alone will neither beget peace nor guarantee its preservation. This fact was driven home as a prop for the tottering peace plans of the League of Nations in the Easter 1939 allocution of our present Pontiff, Pope Pius XII. His Holiness writes:

"If charity is not united in fraternal harmony to strict and cold justice, the eye too easily becomes blind for seeing the rights of others, the ear becomes deaf to the voice of that equity from whose wise and voluntary application the reasonable and vital solution may be found, even in the most heated controversies. And when we say charity we mean the genuine and fruitful charity of Christ."

This charitable solution to the intermittent problems of world unrest has been the Catholic answer from the beginning. Its program is a sort of humanitarianism spiritualized. Before the charity of the Apostles and the early Christian converts, the pagan *Pax Romana* was converted into the Peace of Christ. No respecter of persons, charity cannot be confined by barriers of clime or country or by the natural but often artificially exaggerated distinctions of race, of nationality and of social condition.

Charity alone can rid us of the enemies of peace. Charity alone can purge our press and the channels of communication from all racial propaganda, foreign or domestic, that truth and understanding may illumine the minds and hearts of men and that mutual confidence, a keystone to all true tolerance may be restored and strengthened. Charity can frustrate the designs of wilful manipulators who would compromise our peoples by entangling foreign alliances and war. Charity can unite in peace not only capital and labor but all racial dissidents within the ranks of labor and capital respectively. Charity alone can aid us to preserve inviolate for ourselves and for posterity the moral and religious foundations of that Christian racial democracy which is the heritage and the glory of Catholicism.

Through the charity of their prayers our readers may win for the leaders of nations a share in God's wisdom; for our judiciaries a share in His justice; and for our executives a share in the power of His immutable sanctions. But above all and with the sole purpose of extending the frontiers of Christ's Kingdom on earth they may win for all men a capital of charity which united with justice is both infallibly necessary and infallibly sufficient to restore peace and harmony throughout the world.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA

Friend of Father Pro

The mail recently brought Father Edward C. Cunningham, S.J., of Pilgrim Springs, a surprise. He writes:

"The welcome mail plane came to us on its monthly visit this morning, depositing several sacks of letters as well as a Government nurse, to look after and inspect the health of the community. I might make the visit of the Government a topic for the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine.

"In the mail I found a box from Miss Riley containing a number of boxes of Jig-Saw Puzzles, that game which swept the country like wild fire a few years ago but is now relegated to the 'attic' of Uncle Sam's domains. The children get quite a kick out of these games, especially during stormy days and during the winter days and we have an abundance of both. Miss Riley deserves thanks for the many hours of pleasure and recreation she has bestowed upon the children, both big and little, of the Mission of Our Lady of Lourdes.

"You also enclosed a list of Masses with stipends which I surely was most pleased to receive. Now there were two stipends I wish to draw your attention to, and it is remarkable that these stipends were directed to me. One stipend Mass was for a Thanksgiving—for the canonization of Father Pro; the other was for the canonization of Father Pro for obtaining a temporal favor.

"Well, Father, I wish to inform you that these are the first Masses I ever was asked to say for the canonization of Father Pro, but my benefactor who gave me the Masses to say, would be greatly surprised, I am sure, to know that I lived with Father Pro, welcomed him when he was driven out of Mexico as a Scholastic, and later saw him depart for theology and priesthood, which was to end eventually in his glorious martyrdom."

CHINA

Hongkew "Shut-Ins"

The war has worked many changes in the Hongkew District, according to Father John A. Lennon, S.J., of Sacred Heart parish there:

"Our Hongkew parish is gradually working its way back to normal conditions, but as we still



After a short stay in the United States, Father Raymond R. Goggin, S.J., Rector and Master of Novices at the Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, is returning to the Philippines.

think of it in terms of what it was before the beginning of hostilities in August, 1937, it has a long way to go. The district is becoming more and more a center for Japanese commercial and residential quarters. Among the Japanese residents we have counted about seventy-five Catholic families, many of them recent arrivals from Japan.

"The Chinese population has increased, but only twenty-five Catholic families are actually living here. The third group made up of all other foreign nationals, mostly Portuguese, brings the total of our Sunday congregations to about four hundred.

The whole district is still practically under the control of the Japanese authorities, though nominally a part of the Interna-

tional Settlement. Japanese naval patrols still guard the three bridges over the Soochow Creek that connect Hongkew 'north of the creek' with the rest of the Settlement. In fact, we are getting so used to being 'shut-ins' that we are getting in the habit of speaking of 'going over to the Settlement'; one of our former parishioners said to me the other day: 'Father, when you come to town again . . .' as if Hongkew was not once one of the busiest and most densely populated sections of Shanghai!

"We foreigners may come and go at will, except between 11:00 P.M. and 5:00 A.M., but the Chinese must show their passes, remove their hats and bow humbly to the guards. They cannot come into or leave Hongkew even for ordinary business or work without having first obtained a pass from the Japanese authorities. This requirement, as you may well imagine has deterred the better class of Chinese from returning here, and has also retarded the work of rebuilding spiritually on the old foundations of the past.

Beyond the Barricades

"Beyond the barbed-wire barricades that fence us in on the west, in a section known as West Hongkew, Father Chang, S.J., has opened up a primary school with about three hundred pupils. In a large room he has erected an altar, and on Sundays and feast days says Mass there. Part of the buildings also house two hundred refugees. After the Chinese New Year holidays, February 19th, we plan to reopen the boys' school here alongside our residence. The Helpers of the Holy Souls returned on December 21, 1938, to their convent in Quinsan Road, and now have about one hundred girls in their primary school. Before the hostilities they had over one thousand children.

"Father Francis X. Farmer, S.J., finds many occasions to make good use of his knowledge of



JOHN V. McFADDEN, S.J.



FR. ERNEST P. HARTNETT, S.J.



FR. THOMAS A. SHANAHAN, S.J.



FR. MATTHEW P. REILLY, S.J.



FR. AMBROSE J. McMANUS, S.J.



HENRY F. FOX, S.J.



FR. EUGENE J. O'KEEFE, S.J.



FR. LEO G. WELCH, S.J.



FR. HUGH F. KENNEDY, S.J.



FR. JOHN P. McNICHOLAS, S.J.

Ten of the Nineteen Priests and Scholastics of the Maryland-New York Province Who Have Been Assigned to the Philippine Mission.

Japanese, and now preaches twice a month in that language at 8:00 A.M. Mass. Perhaps it is natural that we do not like to look forward to Hongkew becoming a Japanese parish, but at present as a group they outnumber all others. We have a very good helper in a young layman, Mr. Joseph Hamada, a former pupil of St. Francis Xavier's College across the street from us.

"We commend ourselves and habilitation of the parish to your prayers and Holy Sacrifices. We place all our confidence in our Divine Lord, knowing that as in the past and especially during these months of trial and distress, He has safeguarded this church, dedicated to His Sacred Heart, so in the future under His benign influence all things may work together unto good to make Him better known and loved and served."

IRAQ

When a Swamp Is a Bargain

Father Frank Sarjeant, S.J., Vice-Rector of Baghdad College, compares Baghdad with the new mission field of Bishop Rice:

"Naturally, Bishop Rice is missed here—the Church in Iraq cannot afford to lose many good men. We are wondering what is going to happen to it—there has been practically no vocation from Baghdad for many years. The few that have sprouted in our school seem to have been smothered in the homes. The atmosphere in which the boys live is fatal to such aspirations and I am of the opinion of the former Armenian Bishop that only an Apostolic School to which they will go rather young will solve the problem. That is only one of many that the Delegate has on his hands—and I assure you that when Father Rice exchanged the flies and gnats and snakes and crocodiles and swamps of the Honduras for them, the Lord was giving him a bargain.

How Would You Feel?

"Father John F. Shea, S.J., was in Basrah during Holy Week where he gave a series of sermons



John J. Gordon, S.J., of San Francisco, who will soon join the California Jesuits in China.

in English—one of the few places where that language is of much use in Iraq. Father Charles Mahan, S.J., had already been there the previous month to give the second annual closed retreat—this year to nine. It was organized by Philip Abdulhad who began this apostolic work last year. Father Joseph Merrick, S.J., was not so successful in his. He walked and talked for weeks in Baghdad to get across this new idea to such Catholic laymen as understood English. He planned to give them a closed retreat at the school while the boarders were off on their Easter holidays. He felt certain of at least five—and his hopes went as high as twelve. But *not one* showed up! Nor did any telephone or send excuses! It may have been due to the uneasiness that hovered over the place at the time of the King's death. Whatever it was, it did not discourage him—for he is more determined than ever to go out into the highways and byways and gather them in."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Final Vows

Sunday morning, March 19th, at 7.00 A.M., the beautiful ceremony of profession and investiture of the holy habit took place in the Novitiate of the Franciscan

Missionaries of Mary in Lipa, Batangas. The ceremony of religious profession is one of the most impressive in the Church, and one which is not often seen in the Philippine Islands.

The celebrant for the ceremony was Rev. George J. Willmann, S.J., whose younger sister, Mother Mary Godfrey, F.M.M., pronounced her final vows. Mother Godfrey entered the Institute of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in their American Novitiate in Providence, Rhode Island. As a novice she was sent to the International Novitiate of the Institute in Grottaferrata, near Rome, Italy, to complete her novitiate. Shortly after making her triennial vows, she came to the Philippines. Since her arrival in the Islands, she has been teaching in Our Lady of the Rosary School, Oroquieta, Mindanao. The elder sister of Father Willmann, Mother Mary Ruth of the Blessed Sacrament, F.M.M., is Sub-Mistress of Novices in the American Novitiate of the Institute. Another sister, Miss Dorothy Willmann, is co-worker with Father Daniel Lord, S.J., in the Catholic Action work of the Sodality.

Plaridel Revisited

Father Eugenio Salvador, S.J., describes his mission of Plaridel, situated in Misamis Occidental, Mindanao, P. I., as the central depot for the municipalities of Plaridel, Baliangao, and Lopez Jaena:

"Each of these municipalities has its own barrios and there are thirty-four in all, separated from each other, some three to five miles distant and some seven to nine miles distant. Many, of course, can be reached only by hiking or on horseback. The farthest barrio is twenty-six miles away from the parish rectory. A barrio, incidentally, is a place where a community of men live together governed by a municipal mayor.

"About 45,000 people, mostly poor, constitute the population of Plaridel. These are ministered to by only one priest. For over twenty years, since the expulsion

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

of the Spanish Fathers, the mission was almost utterly neglected and without benefit of clergy. Since 1932 they have had a permanent priest.

"There are in the vicinity 30,000 Aglipayans, 8,000 Catholics, 5,000 pagans, and 2,000 Protestants of different denominations. It must be evident, therefore, that the principal work of a Catholic priest of Plaridel is to win back gradually the Aglipayans and non-Catholics who have been persuaded to embrace false religions by pseudo priests in the years gone by."

PATNA, INDIA

Monkey Meets Motorcycle

Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., of Godda, Santal Parganas, writes of an unusual motorcycle accident:

"One early morning not long ago I was driving my motorcycle to Mohanpur for early Mass with my cook and *factotem* Sam sitting on the pillion seat. Slowly and carefully I manoeuvred over the perilous paths between Baromasia and Patharagama. There I found a fairly smooth stretch of road, twisted the throttle and slipped into high. Just then from somewhere out of the infernal regions a monkey leaped lightly on the road in front. There was a

crash and when I got up to take an inventory I couldn't find the huge monkey, but I did find my boy Sam getting up out of the road in front of the motorcycle some feet away with the headlight broken, the safety guard twisted, a fender bent, a pair of broken spectacles in my pocket, and a badly bent pair on my face, torn pants, a pair of barked knees and various other sundry cuts and bruises. However, I picked up the motorcycle, kicked it, and was rewarded with the usual roar. So we continued on to Mass. It was only about a week later that I discovered that I had a fractured rib."

"Today I was out to Kalhajhor for Mass among the Santal and Paharia Christians of the village. On the way I took Holy Communion to one of the boys who was working for me a few weeks ago. He is dying of tuberculosis. To see this boy only a few years ago a pagan receive Holy Communion and see the spirit in which he bears his sufferings, is one of the consolations of our work. His only worry seemed to be about a few cents which he was not able to pay to a Marwari tradesman. That straightened out, he seemed perfectly happy. Surely God has a place waiting in Heaven for Sylvester, a simple honest Santal, whom you could safely trust with your last dollar. For only one man like him our work in the Santal Mission would be worth while."

AMERICAN INDIANS

First Grapefruit

"Life still holds many adventures for a young Sioux, even though the excitement of a buffalo chase is gone forever," writes William J. Moore, S.J., of St. Francis Mission, St. Francis, South Dakota. "He was a bold man, they say, who first ate an oyster. Bravery of the same high order was exhibited by many of our students not long ago when they ate fresh grapefruit for the first time. More than half of the boys and girls probably had never tasted grapefruit until they were served in the school dining-



Ralph M. Brown, S.J., of San Francisco, who has been assigned to the Mission of the California Province in China.

room. Sister Ludgera, who has observed the table tastes of Indians for forty years, knowing their distrust of unknown edibles, gave her class a talk on grapefruit and the way to eat it.

"George Brushbreaker, a full-blood Sioux who speaks nothing but Lakota at home, knew of no Indian word for grapefruit. Something had to be done. *Taspan* is apple; an orange is *taspan gi*, or orange colored apple. On this analogy he coined a word for grapefruit: *taspan pa*, or bitter apple.

"Fifty boys and girls, high school sodalists, have taken a pledge to abstain for one year from intoxicating liquor. The pledge is the same as that used successfully at St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming, where the Tekakwitha Temperance League has done much good in combating drunkenness.

"Shoemaker's Care"

"For the fortieth consecutive year, Brother Bernard Hinderhofer, S.J., lighted the new fire early on Holy Saturday. His record is one which few missionaries can equal. Brother Hinderhofer was seventy-nine years old on the following Saturday, April 15, but his age has only slowed down his activity, not halted it. He still is busy mending shoes



Morgan J. Curran, S.J., of Los Angeles, who will sail soon for China with two other Scholastics of the California Province.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS



George R. Toruno, S.J., who has sailed for Belize, British Honduras. A native of Guatemala the new missionary has just completed his philosophical course at St. Louis University.

for the Sioux, burying the dead and feeding Indians who come seeking a meal. So identified with St. Francis Mission is Brother Hinderhofer in the Indians' eyes that they sometimes speak of the Mission as 'Shoemaker's Camp'."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

A Marl and Lime Pastor

Conditions in Father James M. Harney's sector of Jamaica will have to improve tremendously before Labor Unions will be able to organize the workers.

"My mission work is flourishing. We have begun the work for the Donnington School and Teachers' Cottage and I hope to have both buildings completed this year. The buildings will be made of Spanish Wall, a composition of stone, marl and lime. We have already burnt two hundred and fifty barrels of lime and expect to burn about two hundred and fifty more. Then I have two men sawing native timber. All this is being done at the property I purchased at Ewarton, but the materials will be transported to Donnington. By making use of the native materials and the native way of building I am hoping to save a good amount and at the same time put up substantial structures.

Twenty-Eight Cents

"At Concord I have a group working today getting out native lumber. They already prepared fifty barrels of lime and in a month's time they will have completed a two-room Spanish Wall house for myself and the young man who assists me. This will give me an opportunity to stay over at Concord and develop the Mission. Financially, it is dreadfully poor. Yesterday we had fifty-one present at Mass but the collection was only twenty-eight cents. The gasoline to make the trip and return cost almost a dollar and a half. The people are not mean, but they have very little to give in the line of money. What they have to give, labor and materials, they give willingly."

Follies

The third production in a series of entertaining drama successes written by Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., was staged in the Ward Theater during the second week after Easter. The play is entitled, "The Social Order Follies." Thousands of our Catholic theater-goers will recall the inspiring appeal made by Father Lord on the occasion of the first pageant ever attempted in Jamaica. The universal judgment of the nearly eighteen thousand people who witnessed "Jamaica Triumphant" was one of unstinted praise both for the producers and the cast. After this, came the very successful staging of "A Fantasy of the Passion," a play entirely different from the pageant yet equally entertaining and soul-satisfying and likewise a glorious triumph.

BRITISH HONDURAS

Elizabeth's Birthday

Even Punta Gorda celebrated the Princess' birthday, according to Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J.

"Schools closed with one grand rush for me last week. The Jeanes Supervisor arranged a series of Parents' Days in our District. The Director of Education

and the District Commissioner accompanied us. On Monday we went down to the Carib village of Barranco, the next day I drove them out to Fairview; Wednesday we went to Monkey River, about fifty miles up the coast (started at 4:00 A.M., and back at 9:30 P.M.).

"In Barranco a good crowd of parents showed up for the program and addresses, but in the two latter places the affair was not so successful, as the parents for various reasons could not come. The busy week was wound up with a big interscholastic Field Meet at our Aviation Field. Five schools participated, but ours, St. Peter Claver, quite easily won the silver cup, scoring 68 points; the next highest was the local Methodist school with 42 points. It was the first event of its kind ever staged here, and proved a great success. It was a legal holiday, Princess Elizabeth's birthday, so the whole town turned out. After a generous shower in the morning, the field was in perfect condition, no dust and no mud."



A message from Patna, India, reports the death from sunstroke of Vincent T. Sibila, S.J., of the Chicago Province. He has been in India only a year.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Enough Said

To the Editor:

May I take the liberty of offering my congratulations on the new JESUIT MISSIONS? Its new get-up is certainly very striking and modern. Frankly, my first impression was not as enthusiastic as my present opinion. It struck me as being too worldly, too much like the impudent news-magazine *Time*. But I soon saw that it was only the format that had gone native while the tone and substance remain with their old charm and power. The old quiet appeal, the modest heroism of these men whose doings and sufferings are depicted in its written-on-the-spot articles, truly touch the heart. I have found inspiration in the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS. What more can a man say? Poona, India. J. Lange, S.J.

Inside Stuff

To the Editor:

I consider JESUIT MISSIONS "tops" among mission magazines. I especially enjoyed your "inside" articles on the Sino-Japanese war. I believe they forcefully brought home to us the terror and chaos that is modern mass-slaughter. God grant that through the efforts of Pius XII the world may be led from the darkness, the injustice and the blind hate which clouds it into the Light of Peace.

Walter J. Werdes, Jr.

St. Louis, Mo.

Globe Trotting

To the Editor:

I received a letter from Father Rouleau and George Wong April 10th. It added so much to my Easter joy. I had forgotten about the check I sent for both, when the letter arrived. It never occurred to me that you sent my address on to him. My tiny gift came as a surprise to him and I'm so happy because it made him happy too and my joy is due to your sending my address. I read in JESUIT MISSIONS one kind friend sent \$25 for George Wong and I sent a lonesome one dollar for him. And what is Father Rouleau going to do with the dollar? He's in need of a new pair of glasses and, with the high exchange, an American dollar will almost buy them. I smiled when I read that. Then he needed a handbag, Eversharp, etc.

Reverend Father, a week later I sent him \$2.00, the remainder for the glasses and Eversharp. I told him now he can go on another shopping tour. It's fine and worth while for our missionaries to make their needs known. I also sent \$1.00 for George. Father Rouleau goes on to tell he's staking everything on him, so I'll assist him when I can. He asked me to write to him, so I also sent a letter for him. Just think, George sent me a snap

and that pleased me immensely. I must inform you that I am not renewing my subscription for JESUIT MISSIONS until I can give a permanent address. I shall miss it more than I can tell, and how I'll get along without it I do not know. Yes, I have been going around the world with JESUIT MISSIONS.

Chicago, Ill.

Frances Stadler

Disgusting!

To the Editor:

With reference to your appeals to renew my subscription towards the JESUIT MISSIONS dated March 6 and April 8, 1939, I have to inform you that I have been away from the country for the last four months in connection with the treatment of my son's eyes abroad. Hence the delay in my reply.

Consequently upon my trip to Europe in connection with my son's eyes treatment, I have been rendered unto a very bad financial difficulty and as much as I would have liked to renew my subscription, I regret that I am unable to do so in my present state. I hope to renew my subscription within a period of three or four months when I expect I shall clear all the debts that I have been subjected to in connection with my trip to Europe for the purpose stated above.

As regards the "Weeping Oriental" I regret to state that it has been misplaced somewhere in the house and being unable to find it, it is requested that it may set against any future issues when I shall have received my subscription. It is really disgusting to remain without the JESUIT MISSIONS for the time being, for they have been a real pleasure for me to read.

Many thanks, however, for your special memento of me in your Mass.

Alex Beshouri

Margil Basrah, Iraq.

Real Gratitude

To the Editor:

Conditions haven't improved any for us during the year past and I regret very much that I am unable to pay you for your kindness in sending me JESUIT MISSIONS during the year, or to renew the subscription.

I have tried to interest some people in taking subscriptions but haven't been successful. It seems so hard to impress some of our Catholic people with the great sacrifice the missionaries and their people are making daily. I thank God that He gave me the means of helping a little, for a few years, the heroic work of the Jesuits in bringing souls to God.

The only way I have of expressing my gratitude for your great generosity to my Mother and myself, is a remembrance in my prayers daily and Communion always.

W. Phila., Pa.

M. T. H.

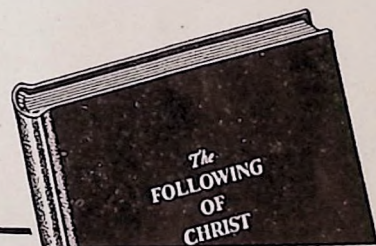
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A Decade Has Passed

Ten years ago a band of Jesuits of the Southern Province set out to evangelize long forgotten districts of the South and Southwest. Great things have been accomplished.

Michael F. Kennelly, S.J.



Many mountaineers of North Carolina have come in contact with the Catholic Church during the past ten years.

A JESUIT missionary working out of Rockhill, South Carolina, received a call from a dying Irishman, eighty years old. When the priest opened the door of the sickroom, the old man raised his hands and said: "Father, God bless you. I have been in the Carolinas since 1893 and for years I had no priest within thirty miles of me, but I never failed to kneel down on Sundays and read the Mass prayers and to ask God to send me a priest when my last hour should come. Now my prayers have been answered."

This incident happened ten years ago and it is symbolic of the remarkable work accomplished by a band of Jesuit missionaries of the Southern Province who since 1928 have been evangelizing the districts of the South and Southwest. A decade has passed since this band of Jesuit missionaries set out to evangelize the long forgotten districts of North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Georgia and Florida. A brief report on their activities may be interesting to our readers.

Great things have been accomplished both among Whites and among Colored. Prejudice has been broken down to a large extent; ignorance of God and the Catholic doctrine has been overcome; and finally, contact has been made with

those in the rural sections with many gratifying results. The people indeed are better acquainted with the Church and the teachings of Jesus Christ and have found that the man with the "black clothes" was not the terrible Popish gentleman or devil in disguise that the Klu-Klux painted him.

IN North Carolina, Father Laurence Toups, S.J., assumed missionary labors among the people of the Hot Springs section. He, together with those sent to help him, preached in the open air, talked and mixed with the mountaineers and ranged the Tennessee border line until young and old alike had become acquainted with the priest and the message he came to preach to them. It was arduous and trying work that required patience, zeal and extraordinary sacrifice. The harvest indeed was ripe and the laborers though few, reaped abundantly. Everywhere the missionaries endeared themselves to the people and these saw in the "Blackrobe" a kind friend and sympathizer and one worthy of all their esteem and confidence.

Wonders had been accomplished in North Carolina during the administration of Bishop Hafey whose aim was to bring the Church to all the rural districts of the diocese.

This diocese in which Bishop Hafey so zealously and fruitfully labored for the past decade is now in charge of Bishop McGuinness, until his consecration an executive of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Chicago. Hence, he brings to this missionary territory a thorough acquaintance of the missions and the missions' needs. It was the neglect of these country people that forfeited them a few generations ago to the different Protestant denominations. Father Toups had his headquarters until recently at the beautiful Chapel of the Little Flower at Revere, North Carolina, built by Bishop Hafey in 1932. This location, in the heart of the Big Smokey Mountains, some nineteen miles from Hot Springs, North Carolina, was chosen for the site of the church because it was central to other mission stations where Mass was said monthly or bi-monthly. Father Andrew V. Graves, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, is in charge of this Mission now, and is continuing the work begun by Father Toups.

IN South Carolina at Rockhill, Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., had his headquarters until 1933 when the Jesuits relinquished that Mission. The labors of Father Farrell and Father Ryan in this field were amply rewarded by the return of

many ex-Catholics and the conversion of many non-Catholics. A great influence was exerted by the missionaries among the people of the city and in particular at Winthrop College. It must be remembered that Winthrop is a large college exclusively for girls, partly maintained by State appropriations and drawing its students from every quarter of South Carolina. A course of lectures on the Catholic Church led to many conversions and the return of some stray sheep.

When Father first arrived at Rockhill he was universally accosted as Mister Ryan and considered to be one of the most peculiar men in town. Everywhere keen eyes stared at the Roman collar and the black clothes. But this ceased and very soon a most friendly attitude was evidenced by all, some of whom had such names as McCarthy, O'Brien, O'Flynn and O'Connor whose ancestors had professed the Catholic Faith and had lost it because for long decades there was neither church nor priest to care for them. The Rockhill missions are now cared for by the Oratorian Fathers who have established their Novitiate at Rockhill.

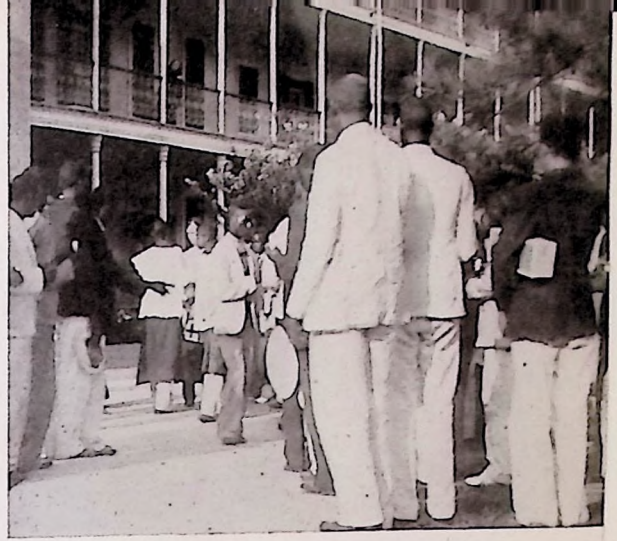
IN Alabama, Father Hanhauser and Father McLaughlin, S.J., cared for the Spring Hill missions which cover an area of nearly five hundred square miles, reaching from the suburbs of Mobile, Alabama, as far as the Mississippi State line.

The Mission had five little churches in which Mass was celebrated once or twice a month. They told these people about the beautiful truths of our holy Faith, spent days and weeks together instructing and catechizing them. They obtained promises for attendance at Mass on Sundays but often those who promised preferred to attend the Holy Rollers meeting a short distance from the rustic Catholic Church. Discouragement, however, is unknown to a true missionary. The Fathers continued to make contacts with the people, until in 1935 when Father McLaughlin left them for mission work in Macon, Georgia, he had four flourishing mission churches—the fruit of seven years of labor.

FATHER Michael J. Cronin, S.J., who succeeded him continued this great work for God and Church and in addition established a Grammar School at St. Mary's. The Sisters of Mercy and others gave him their wholehearted cooperation in the new venture. Five girls, all graduates of the Convent of Mercy in Mobile, volunteered their services as teachers, thus solving the problem of staffing the school. Father Andrew Fox, S.J., and another Father from Spring Hill College are zealously laboring in this field today. Without their help and the help of the Sisters and girls the poor children of St. Mary's Mission would be deprived of any education, much less Catholic. But here, too, the missionary is seriously handicapped by the dire poverty of the people and the little support he receives from them to carry on the work.

The same missionary work has been accomplished among the French Acadian descendants in Louisiana. Father Samuel Ray,

Intensive work has been done among the Colored populations of the south and southwest.



Part of the crowd at one of Father Thensted's popular retreats for Colored at Grand Coteau.

S.J., with his headquarters at Grand Coteau, traveled about from place to place preaching, teaching and giving retreats. Over the young in particular he exercised a lasting influence so that on his return this summer to the same work, after a five-year absence, his name is still a household word in every section in which he worked. At Grand Coteau, a concerted drive was staged by the Pastors of both the White and the Colored churches to bring the Christian doctrine to the homes of those who live far away. Several Scholastics of St. Charles College teach children gathered at different stations on Sundays. Every Thursday four Scholastics help the Pastor of Sacred Heart Church to teach catechism at Sunset High School, and three others help the Pastor of St. Peter Claver's in the same work at the Colored school near Sunset.

THE retreats given by Father Cornelius Thensted, S.J., a few summers ago to groups of men and women in the Acadia district paved the way for great accomplishments. Two retreats were held at Sacred Heart Convent and two more at the Red Top School house—six miles from the nearest parish church. At both places hundreds of Colored people gathered to hear the word of God. It was a real inspiration to watch these poor and humble people devote themselves in silence to the consideration of eternal truths during the three days of retreat.

The district in which the Red Top School House is located has a population of almost twelve hundred Colored. (Turn to page 196)



NEW BOOKS

The Bishop Jots It Down

Francis Clement Kelley

Autobiography helps us to unriddle the mystery of others' lives. If these have been lived in personal contact with the great ones of earth, if the autobiographer in his day has played many parts on the ecclesiastical and political stage and is, moreover, both by nature and accomplishment able in his retrospect to winnow the chaff from the wheat and hoard away within the covers of a keepsake volume the gold of ripe experience, then we have the ideal book which it is not only a pleasure but a privilege to peruse.

"The Bishop Jots It Down" is such. It is a summary of the life of Bishop Francis Clement Kelley, founder of the American Home Mission Society which in its housing program has erected tabernacles for the Lord throughout the great American West and South. It is difficult to tell whether the factual record of this missionary enterprise or the intensely human relations existing between the hierarchies of America, France and Rome in attendance at its birth are more captivating.

The late Patrick Cardinal Hayes of New York is glorified as "the perfect model of sympathetic understanding" in a passage every priest should read. Then there are interviews with President Wilson and William Jennings Bryan on Mexico, vivid shots from Spanish American war days and the battle of Manila Bay, diplomatic exchanges between Cardinal Mercier, Cardinal Gasparri and Mussolini on the Roman question. "Roman Memories" has all the charm of Mrs. Winthrop Chanler's "Roman Spring." Pungent with the wit of the liberal scholar it bristles with truths which only age can point.

The pithy apothem, the crystallized wisdom of a full life, a great man's last will and testament of truth abounds by the hundreds. Thus, "Virtue can make fortresses out of seemingly defenseless

souls," "Christ leaves souls only when they desert virtue," "The clean people is a safe people," "Religion was driven from public education by the trick of covering a rotten philosophy with the green moss of patriotism."

Over the whole, quietly breathes the unobtrusive atmosphere of a dream come true, the glorious dream of a dreamer who could thus phrase with conviction his life's resolution and ambition. "There is something substantial behind every dream no matter how fantasy may distort it. Dreams are the play of the subconscious memory. The substantial behind mine was the Catholicity of the Church. So deep rooted became my desire to help the rural places that I felt no discouragement would prevent me from planting a seed in soil I hoped would be fertile enough to give it strength and growth."

Harper & Brothers, New York and London. \$3.00.

New Worlds to Live

A Catalog of Books for Catholic Boys and Girls, compiled by Mary Kiely.

"The story is the font of inspiration and there is no sounder insurance against adolescent collapse than the love of good books." This encomium of the Chairman of the Editorial Board of the Pro Parvulis Book Club, Reverend F. X. Downey, S.J., is at the same time an apology and a tribute for "New Worlds to Live." Selected, annotated and illustrated for the pre-school child, for those under ten

years, for boys and girls from ten to twelve, from twelve to fifteen, and from fifteen through high school, with an anthology of Christmas stories and poems together with plays to read and act, and a selected but as yet incomplete list of professional magazines and of magazines for juniors and high school students, the present volume fulfills at long last one of the most poignant needs of Catholic education in our country. The fascination of a World's Fair can never compare with the inspiration waiting for the youth of America whose literary days are passed adventuring and conquering these new worlds of storyland.

The Pro Parvulis Book Club, Empire State Building, New York City, fifty cents per copy.

I Pray

Sister M. Alphonsus, O.S.U.

A new and complete prayer book for boys and girls now preparing for First Communion.

Benziger Brothers, New York City. 191-1001B net per hundred, \$13.50.

Gate of Heaven Leper Asylum

Joseph Sweeney, M.M., and Francis Connors, M.M.

Christ in Japan

Everett Briggs, M.M.

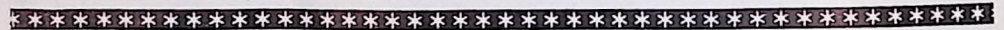
Thieves of Paradise in China

Robert E. Sheridan, M.M.

Lo Pa Hong—"Coolie of Saint Joseph"

Paul Roberts

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, New York. Price, Five Cents.



July Selection of THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB

THE Delusson Family

A novel by JACQUES DUCHARME

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Dept. 1991, 354 Fourth Avenue, N.Y.

TO read this book is to share the happiness of courageous, steadfast Jean Baptiste Delusson and his family. They came from Canada to New England to strive for a new and satisfying life in a new and changing world—and they won. Just published, \$2.50, at all book stores or from the publishers.



The Bishop Jots It Down

By Francis Clement Kelley

Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa



"A sumptuous feast."
—N. Y. Sun

"Unfailing gusto . . . extremely charming . . . sly humor . . . pungent philosophy."
—Baltimore Sun

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If your Book Store does not have it order direct from

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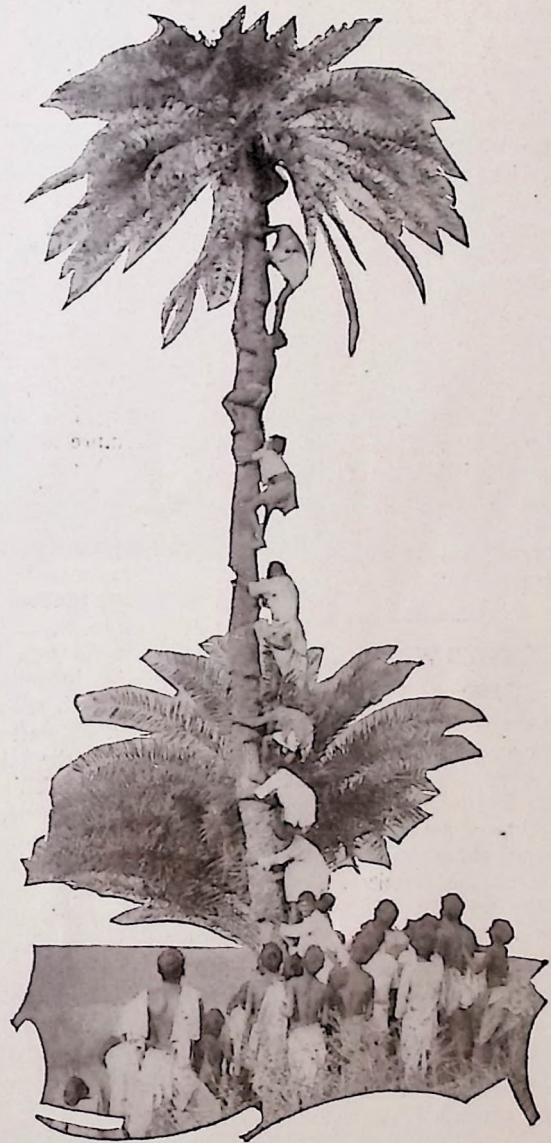
Higher still, and higher!

That is our ambition, and happily we can say it has been an accomplishment of the past year.

Making comparison between the present and the corresponding period of a year ago we find that our circulation has increased by thirteen per cent.

But more encouraging is another comparison which shows the interest of our readers. At this time last year we could boast of only slightly more than forty per cent renewals of subscriptions that had expired during the first half of 1938. Our renewals of subscriptions during the first half of 1939 are better than fifty per cent of expirations.

To say that we are grateful to our readers and subscribers is to express but mildly our sentiment. Their cooperation encourages us to aspire to still greater heights, and so we ask that those whose subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS may now be due subscribe anew without delay. And if you who read are not a subscriber won't you subscribe? Lastly, will you help us with the next step by subscribing for a friend who is not but would like to be a subscriber?



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Dear Father:

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Name

Address

OCCAM' RAZOR IN BAGHDAD

(Continued from page 177)

fice, run away from it; but most of all the totalitarians who load the state with powers it does not need and hence to which it has no right, and so make it life's be-all and end-all.

We discuss, we object, we argue, we settle. There is the thrill of combat and the greater thrill of truth attained and wills enlightened. It is long since Baghdad saw the halcyon days of Al-Kindi and Abulfaraj and the Ikhwan as-Safa'i (Brethren of Purity). It is, however, no longer true that Baghdad has no interest in philosophy.

Let those who will, drink the shallow draughts of Kant and Royce and Dewey and the whole Columbian cocktail of pseudo-history and half-baked empiricism. It doesn't take long to drain that glass. The magnificent scholastic system is fluid again and we can offer a purer liquid. Aristotle and Augustine, Aquinas and Mercier, and the deep, crystal stream of systematized truth all well up to bring life to the Iraqi desert. It is a heavenly nectar, a Pierian spring. Boldly we drink and we drink deeply and we drink long.

In the words of Abdul Messih Talia, "Philosophy is like the Tigris,—it waters dry and dusty souls. No wonder it appeals to the cultured Arab." True philosophy will always appeal to the sincere and true.

SHUYANG'S WALLS ARE DOWN!

(Continued from page 175)

When they saw him they were surprised,—knew at once this was a Catholic Mission, asked to search, but only looked around the residence a little when Father Simons assured them there were only two old women, his catechist and himself on the premises.

In the morning the head officer gave Father Simons signs to put up to protect the Mission from molestation; gave me a card that would give unmolested entry to the city for the Presentandines and Christians who wanted to come with me. The rest of the day was spent in burying the dead (two bodies, one natural death, one violent); in storing up grain and fuel preparatory to a possible siege of the city. Next day in putting out two big fires that would have burned a large portion of the west end of the city and possibly the Mission. These fires may have been started by Chinese enemies of the owners of the houses burned. The Japanese left the city during the night and early morning of the second day after their occupation. The city was pilfered by Japanese soldiers, but later absolutely pillaged by Chinese looters. People who owned homes feared to return, and when a few began to come they found food and furniture even stolen.

The Mission has been about the only occupied dwelling in town, save where a few old men and women held forth. People have heard of our fire-fighting, and

know, too, that the Japanese treated with courtesy the armbands with the "cross and the Mission seal" stamped on them; so many are looking for *Shen-fu* (Father) to bring order and peace out of chaos. Some are coming to live at the Mission. Two courts adjoining the girls' school have attached themselves to the Mission and given the use of adjoining buildings for refugees. They look for the protection of the Church until the troubled times are over. We hope to teach the refugees a little doctrine and, incidentally, increase our protection by numbers. You see, with the Japanese gone and the city walls no longer existing, we are exposed to raids that have been repelled for several hundred years by the walls.

True, there is nothing left in the city to take. But do the bandits know that? And do they think there is booty in the Mission? There are three Japanese quartered in the city to distribute propaganda and possibly to see if they can organize a new Government in the city. They have told Father Simons he can form an armed guard for the Mission if he wants to. Thus far, the necessity doesn't seem pressing. We don't know what the near future will bring.

A peculiar incident, perhaps the judgment of God, was the death of one of the bandits who last July entered the Presentandines' quarters and throttled them. He was the leader of the gang. Shortly before the attack on the city, Father Simons, at the request of some officials in the neighborhood, pleaded leniency in the judgment of the robber; said the Church wished him no harm. When the attack started, the Magistrate freed him with the other two who had been captured. This fellow was out of jail only a few hours when Japanese entered his home and inflicted wounds from which he bled to death.

Many bandits have been beheaded for less crimes than his. His home leans against the walls of the Presentandines' compound. Perhaps this was a sign of God's protection. The fellow's family (wife and two young boys) are living in the church now and studying the catechism.

I will close now and send this off with a prayer that it reaches you. I know you and others will want to know details. I hope to write again soon. Conditions here will determine how soon. In the meantime, continue your good prayers for and good-will towards us. If you worry about us less than I do, you'll worry very little. God's Providence is our "City Wall."

A DECADE HAS PASSED

(Continued from page 193)

Catholic people, and until the arrival of Father Thensted and Father Godfrey Cook, S.J., were without a church. Through the efforts of these two enthusiastic priests a church was built in the summer of 1937. During 1936 and 1937, Father Cook made frequent contact with them and celebrated the Holy

Sacrifice of the Mass for them frequently. Father Thensted, returned after a year's absence and since has been carrying on the extensive missionary work so successfully launched by him four years ago. Young, enthusiastic and sympathetic, Father is keeping the true Faith aflame in the hearts of these poor Negroes.

The splendid work of Father Carmelo Tranchese, S.J., in San Antonio is well known through his articles in *JESUIT MISSIONS*. For six years now Father Tranchese has labored in this field and through his and the efforts of those associated with him wonders have been accomplished in keeping the Faith alive among the poverty stricken and homeless exiles. The condition of the Mexican exiles in the cities on the border resembles what is told already of the Mexicans in San Antonio. Hence the same kind of work is carried on by the Jesuits in El Paso for the Catholic Mexicans who cannot practice their God-given Faith in the land of their birth.

In and around Albuquerque the Jesuits have long identified themselves with missionary work. The Jesuits first came to this field in 1869. They now have over twelve mission stations and several parishes, and approximately nineteen thousand souls under their spiritual care.

Georgia and Florida, too, have mission fields equally promising. With characteristic zeal, Father McLaughlin is endeavoring to bring a true knowledge of Jesus and Mary and the One, True Church to the many non-Catholics around Macon, Georgia. Macon has a population of about sixty-five thousand people but it is sad to think that less than a thousand Catholics can be found among that large number. It can be seen that a great missionary opportunity is present here. Father Toups, veteran missionary among the people of Revere, North Carolina, recently assumed missionary duties at Dublin, Georgia. With headquarters here, Father travels about from place to place, through the length and breadth of eleven large counties.

The November issue of *The Southern Jesuit* (1936) had an article about the arrival of the Jesuits in Florida under Father Martinez. In days gone by the Jesuits had practically the entire south of Florida east and west coasts and interior as a mission field. With Tampa and Key West as a base the Fathers cared for all the missions for miles around. The number of Catholics in Florida today testify to the wonderful work done by all the missionaries in that peninsula.

Today, Father Alphonsus Maureau, S.J., is carrying on the work of his predecessors in Key West. He is a veteran missionary in the Southern Province, and despite his age he still goes about his work with the energy and enthusiasm of a youth. Father Cronin is doing splendid work among the Negroes of Miami. Through his efforts the new Church of St. Francis Xavier was built; one of the most "longed" for wishes of the Colored people of Miami.

DOWN with POVERTY and IGNORANCE

AS ALL of us know, poverty and ignorance stalk through our land. But perhaps no one has a better knowledge of the real dearth of mental and material prosperity in this the most prosperous nation of the world than the missionary in the rural South and Southwest.



Where poverty and ignorance reign in Texas

Happy are we that amongst the "fathers of the poor" and the "teachers of the ignorant" are American Jesuits. Their work in the home missions of the South and Southwest is often as discouraging as that of any foreign missionary. They are as much out of sight as if an ocean separated them from their friends, and so they are very often much out of mind. But they are so near to home that it cannot be said of them that distance lends enchantment to their work, in the eyes of prospective benefactors.

To you as an American, to you as a Catholic we appeal in behalf of our home missionaries, the Jesuits in the rural districts of Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and New Mexico. Help them make better Catholics, better Americans of the poor and ignorant for whom and amongst whom they work. Back them with your gift of money and see how they will back you in the rich rewards their work will win for you from Heaven.

Your gift can't be too small—nor too large either. Just mark it—DOWN WITH POVERTY AND IGNORANCE! Please send it to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y. or to

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

Procurator for the home missions of the rural districts of the South cared for by the Southern Jesuits.

Your Mass stipends and gifts for the American Jesuit missionaries may be sent either to JESUIT MISSIONS, or to one of the Mission Procurators listed on the other page.