



A Moro vinta sails the Sulu Sea off Jolo in the Philippine Islands. On gala occasions special sails of multi-colored silk adorn these little sailboats. The war boats of the Moros were larger. They frequently made trips of many weeks from Jolo as far north as the upper part of Luzon, about eight hundred miles.

EDITORIALS

"MARK MY GRAVE WITH A CROSS"

A LONG line of chalk bluffs emerging from the haze tells the modern Lake Michigan voyager from Milwaukee to Ludington that he is nearing his destination. The white lake-steamer, which all afternoon has been ploughing through the incredibly blue waters of this great inland sea, soon slips into a land-locked harbor. Passengers stand on the decks and point to a hill on which a cross has been planted.

The first white man ever to enter that harbor had seen the same Michigan bluffs. He had seen the hill but there was no cross on it then. That was on the morning of May 18, 1675, and Pere Marquette, famous Jesuit missionary and explorer, was returning home after the great voyage of exploration that had taken him down the broad bosom of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas River.

He was dying. He had hoped to reach St. Ignace before the end came. But his strength had failed so rapidly during the hard journey along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan from Chicago that when he saw what is now the harbor of Ludington and the little hill nearby, he had asked his companions to let him die there. They objected, desiring to press on. But the weather, which had been fair, suddenly changed. They put in to shore and Pere Marquette died that night on the spot he had chosen to die.

The citizens of Ludington, Catholic and non-Catholic, are very proud of the fact that Marquette chose their shores as the place for his death. Every year they celebrate the event with a week of city-wide festival, the center of which is a magnificent pageant of Marquette's life written by the Right Reverend Robert Nelson Spencer, Episcopal Bishop of western Missouri. The hill where Marquette was buried, now a State Park, is lighted at night and is surmounted by an illuminated cross.

"Let my grave be marked by a cross." Pere Marquette had asked this and the citizens have not forgotten it. But it is their desire now to build a suitable shrine on the hill where Mass can be celebrated—the shrine, of course, to be topped by a larger and more beautiful cross which can be seen for miles over Lake Michigan and the surrounding country.

A large stainless steel cross has been donated by Marquette University, and the Pere Marquette Memorial Association in its efforts to raise sufficient funds to

build the chapel is enlarging its membership and inviting all those who want to donate to this "tribute to the memory of a brave missionary and a brave explorer" to communicate with the headquarters of the Association in Ludington, Michigan.

PERE CHARLES DEPARTS

AMONG the handful of passengers on the Holland-American liner *Pennland* now speeding across the Atlantic, there are many who will go to bed every night with their life-preservers on. Others will dream of periscopes and it is safe to say that all will talk in hushed tones about the submarine peril. All but one. That is Pere Charles, S.J., noted mission expert, whom the *Pennland* is bringing back to Belgium after a four months' visit in America. And yet he fears the war perhaps more than any of the passengers aboard.

He told us of these fears as we said good-bye to him on the pier at Hoboken. It was not of submarines that he spoke but of a greater fear—the war's disastrous effect on the missions of the Church. No money or men coming from Germany, Poland, England, Italy, and very little from France; the neutrality of Belgium and Holland threatened; the men in the field being cut off from European sources of supply.

Can the Catholics of America, whom he has seen and admired, be relied upon in this crisis to save the missions of the Church? That is his hope—and ours, too.

NEW EDITORS

TWO new Associate Editors were added to the staff of *JESUIT MISSIONS* last month, replacing two others who had been with us for some time. Father John E. Reardon, S.J., succeeds Father John A. Kilian, S.J., as representative of the Chicago Province. Father Reardon has contributed to various magazines and was the first Editor of *The Modern Schoolman*.

In the Upper Canadian Province, Father James McGivern, S.J., takes the place of Father Walter Burke-Gaffney, S.J. Father McGivern, who has just returned from Europe, is an authority on early Canadian mission history. Readers will remember his articles in *JESUIT MISSIONS*. Both Father Reardon and Father McGivern spent some time in our New York offices this Fall.

We salute the new Associate Editors and at the same time express our gratitude for the loyal service rendered to us by Father Kilian and Father Burke-Gaffney.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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War Rolls into Machang

MARK A. FALVEY, S.J.



INVADING tanks and trucks of the Japanese army in China had sideswiped Machang during the day but didn't enter. I received the word that night, eight miles northwest of Shuyang, during a rain that would have taken but four days and four nights to have flooded the world. A slippery hike into Shuyang in the morning consumed three hours. I couldn't add another fifteen-mile walk to the eight I had maneuvered in the morning, so at noon I hopped on a donkey for the second time since I used to take nickel-a-ride trips in "The Park" and was off to Machang and the comfort of the refugees.

A mile-long smile lit up the single street that is Machang as I entered its western portal at dusk and made my way donkey-back to the extreme eastern end of the town. But a third of the inhabitants remained of this normally crowded little country center. Their number, coupled with the evident pleasure at seeing the *Shen-fu* (priest) come to stay, was sufficient to make realistic for me the Palm Sunday journey of long ago as I jogged along on my donkey that route of smiles.

NEXT day at about one o'clock, I looked out the glass of the single door to the mud quarters that Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., had made his home for the past eight months. There was commotion at the Mission gate. Refugees were pushing and tumbling into the Mission Compound loaded with bundles and children. That could mean only two things—"they" were coming or "they" were merely reported to be coming.

Today the possibility of a real fight was slight. The *Hsien* (or county) officials who had fled to Machang when Shuyang was stormed, had removed in turn from Machang under pressure of the previous Friday's scare and with them, of course, had gone the bulk of the local militia.

The bark of tank-guns sounded just as I reached the Mission gate. It was answered by machine-gun fire. The shooting was at the South Gate about five hundred yards distant. The terrified people of Machang, accustomed from frequent air-raid alarms to mass-flights into the open country and safety, made for the North, East and West exits from the city. So close, however, did the firing follow upon the warning given of the invaders'

approach, that many found themselves caught inside the walls. These dashed down the short lane leading to our Mission gate, rushed through, heads bent low in instinctive motion at the frightening sound of bullets whizzing in air, and mingled themselves among the huddled refugees who filled the little huts of our infant foundation.

THERE were about one hundred and forty refugees in four huts. Sixty-five or so were kneeling low in the chapel, some perhaps in prayer, there were but six Christians among them—but all to offer as little of themselves as possible to stray bullets. Twenty or more women and girls were crouched on low beds or on the floor of a cramped little mud room. They were limp, bedraggled. The light from the one aperture of the dingy room reflected dully from their fear-filled eyes.

I tried to ease their tension from time to time with an encouraging word, but whenever I approached their door a renewal of the sporadic gun-fire on the street increased their wretchedness. Another group, all men, was over in the straw-walled kitchen—dead silence! Not a motion! My word of cheer here sounded like the thud of a prayer book dropped during the Consecration. There was no response. An eye or two moved slightly in a slant upwards from stone figures squatting against the straw wall. That was all. I didn't return to this group. In the fourth room was a mixed-up pile of luggage and humanity. Bundles, women, children and men. Women reclined on hampers of clothes, nursing babies; children clung flat and close to bedding; then the men. The men I pitied most. It was they who could fear most and they knew it. Along the ground, against the shadowed portions of the wall and in the dark corners they huddled close together in silence; their knees high, hiding their drawn fear-numbered faces.

AT the gate I felt fairly safe. There seemed sufficient protection in the brick walls and the bullets that "zipped" overhead were quite high and still on their way up. A chilling breeze blew steadily through the opening and I shivered. I was there at first to ensure the *bona fide* nature of the refugees who should come into the Mission. This stand was necessary for the safety of

all. Later, I was at the gate in hopes that I might stop any firing that might be directed toward the church by holding out the "church" sign in view of tanks or passing soldiers.

As I stood there with that sign, five local soldiers ran by on the opposite side of the narrow lagoon in front of the Mission gateway. They were a machine-gun group. The sixth member we found a few days later lying dead at his post. These five were running in even stride, fast, but not over hasty, along the slim path that skirted the bank of the lagoon. There was fear in their faces, but not a cowardly fear. They had just engaged in an uneven battle with armored tanks, had given blow for blow, and were now making good their escape. They sawing down the main street along the Mission wall to the East Gate and were hardly out of the gate when two tanks sped by in their direction. The loud crack of tank-gun fire split the air, and then to my surprise the answer of machine-gun brought the fight to our rear wall.

WITH the firing over, perhaps in less than an hour, the subsequent awful lull settled over the town; the silence that might be pierced with the cry of a bayoneted soldier or the shriek of one who might have been a soldier. The village was being combed by soldiers for soldiers. We were on the far eastern end and were to be the last place inspected. There was nothing to do but wait.

After a tense hour of expectancy, an officer appeared headed down our alley. He had but one armed guard and an interpreter with him. I had with me at the gate the Machang Major Domo and because he was shaking with fear I had asked Father Simons' catechist to stay with me. I gave a "high" sign for them to stand by as some one was coming. I wanted an interpreter too. When I turned to see where my stalwarts were, I saw air. It was an embarrassing position to be in when the officer framed his figure in the gate-way. There were one hundred and forty people in the Mission's meager quarters, but not a sign nor hair of a single one now. I bowed my oiliest smile at the new arrival. He courteously bowed, and by a gesture indicated



Crew of a Japanese tank of the type that rolled into Machang, rests by the roadside.

his desire to enter. I beckoned him in. He was between fifty and sixty years of age, had a mustache and a slight beard, both of which were dripping with chilled moisture.

BY word and example I demonstrated my halting Chinese speech. In response, he began to scratch Chinese characters on the brick wall. I knew I would need help. I called to encourage some one to come and my Major Domo appeared from behind a door at my elbow. Again, I was embarrassed. We made little headway beyond our mutual introduction, the officer and I, until he called for writing paper and carefully wrote out: "Can you speak English?" My heart rose like a hydraulic elevator right past my ankles, my knees and back into its original bodying place. From then on the officer was the embarrassed one. He had challenged me to English and I had accepted the challenge with a smile.

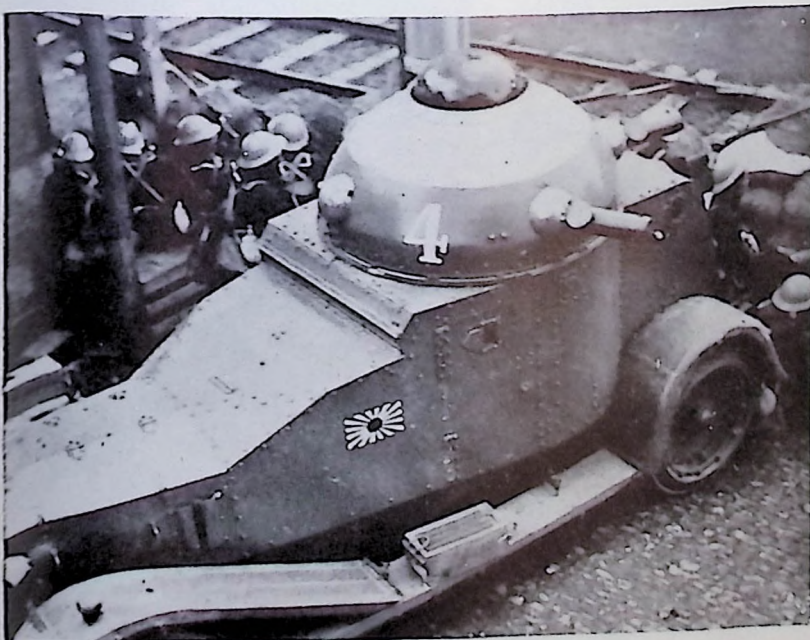
He "used" to know English. I could see that by the way he paused thoughtfully trying to recall the word that wouldn't come. He was a genteel, mild little fellow and spent some effort putting me at my ease with assurances that he meant no harm. I rather hoped he would find the words he was trying to remember. I tried to help him. In the end he seemed to preen himself on the fact, satisfied that he had carried on the major portion of the interview in English.

I thought when he left that we could sigh our relief. I hurried to fear-stricken refugees to impart to them some of my joy, but I was too optimistic.

THE systematic search through town was still in progress when another officer, his interpreter and three guards with fixed bayonets appeared at the Mission gate. Those three bayonets looked like a forest. My heart went down again to

An armored car supporting an attack of Japanese Marines.

(Turn to page 279)



... So We Borrowed the Rajah's Best Elephant



It's like borrowing your rich neighbor's limousine but much easier, if the Rajah is a good sport, and more thrilling

Robert E. Ludwig, S.J.

Off for a cross-country spin on Tami Bahadur.

WE are having a football (soccer) tournament in October for the Middle English Schools of Champaran District, India, and it is necessary to beg for the money to support this large undertaking. The tournament corresponds somewhat to the Loyola Basketball Tournament in Chicago. We must approach the neighboring Rajah and other important men in the District in order to solicit their help.

Last Wednesday, Feast of St. Ignatius, Carmen De Christopher, S.J., and I took advantage of the holiday to visit the Rajah of Ramnagar in order to enlist his support. It was certainly one day of excitement and thrills.

We got down from the train in a pouring rain and walked in the direction of the Rajah's palace. Arrived at the palace, we were hospitably welcomed and seated by a servant who announced our presence. After a short wait His Highness came and at first sight I said to myself, "I have seen him some place." However, I could not associate anyone I had ever known with a Rajah, so I thought that I must have been mistaken. Not even when I learned that he was the eldest son of the Rajah and that he was conducting the Kingdom in his father's absence, did I associate him with any acquaintance of mine.

The conversation went from one

topic to another and chanced to hit upon St. Xavier's in Calcutta. He made a remark about the College and I asked him if he had ever gone there. He answered, "Yes, I was in *your* class." It all came back then; I could see him sitting in the rear of the 2nd Year I.A. (Intermediate Arts) class on the left hand side. I silently prayed that I had never said anything in any of my classes that might be construed against a Rajah. He acted very favorably and said that he would consult with his advisers about contributing to the tournament.

After talking some while longer, we told him that we had to make a trip of about eight miles to a Zemindar's place, where we hoped to get a donation of rice, and we asked him if it would be possible to use one of his elephants to make the journey. He readily consented and gave instructions that the *hati* (elephant) be prepared. This was soon done and when the elephant came into the yard he raised his trunk in salute and bowed down to the Rajah. The mahout, a mere boy of eleven or

twelve years, turned the elephant round and made him sit while we scrambled up using a rear leg and tail, which was looped by a helper, as a ladder. A signal was given and we held on for dear life as the elephant went up like the Madison Street bridge. We were off on a never-to-be-forgotten elephant ride.

THE first obstacle on this cross-country elephant steeple-chase was a narrow but swift river. True, there was a bridge, but the Mahout explained that it was not strong enough to hold the fifteen tons of this big fellow. Instead of crossing the bridge, therefore, we went to one side and Tami Bahadur (the elephant's name) began to pick his



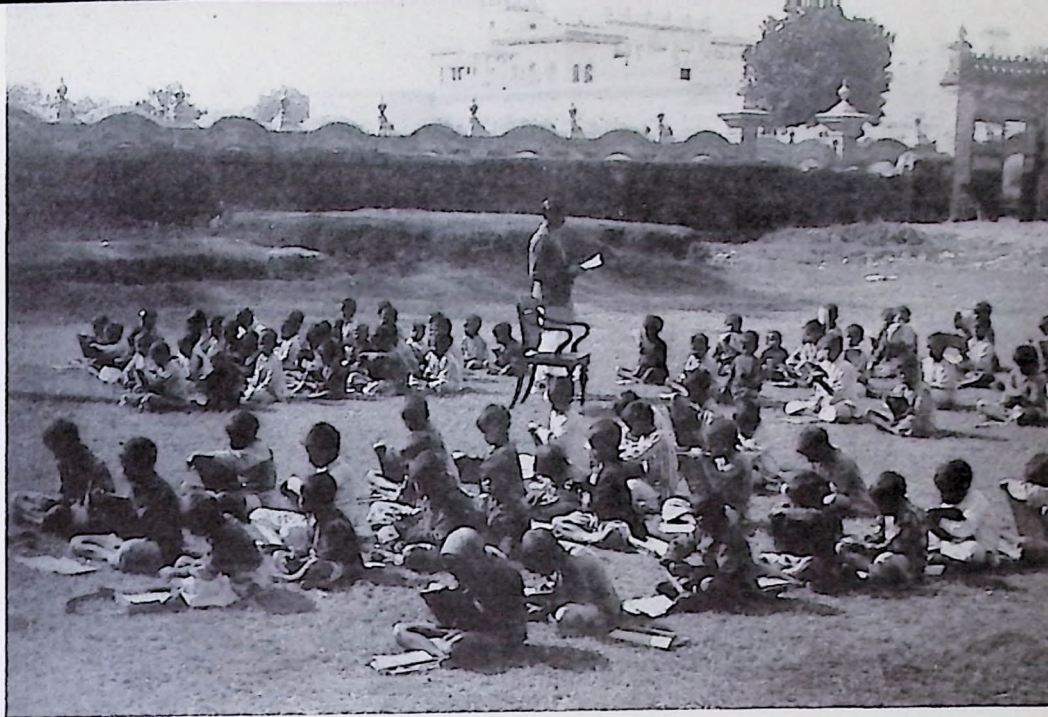
The Sisters of Patna always like to ride the Rajah's elephant.

way across. Very cautiously you may imagine, for being so heavy he could not afford to make a false step. Down, down, he went until we thought he must surely be swimming. The water rose almost up to our tucked-up feet and then slowly receded as Tami began to scramble up on the other bank. *Bahadur* means "Hero" in Hindi, and we agreed that he had been well named.

We soon crossed the railroad tracks and there ahead of us was another elephant. Signs were quickly signaled to the Mahout on the other beast to get him out of the way so as to avoid a quarrel. But Tami had spied the other fellow; he balked and his head swayed from side to side in rhythmical fashion. As cool as you please, the boy stood up on the elephant's neck and, 'Bang, sock,' twice he brought the flat side of the iron axe-like instrument down upon the elephant's cranium.

I THOUGHT that Tami would surely become enraged and toss us all for a goal. Luckily, however, the lad knew what he was doing for Tami quieted down and only on one other occasion did he have recourse to such drastic measures. The other time, instead of hitting him with the flat side of the axe, he dug a big slice into his neck just behind Tami's right ear and the blood soon began to run freely. Evidently Tami was used to this treatment for his neck showed signs of many previous prods.

It was truly marvelous to see the dainty manner in which this huge animal went along the slippery road, and the obedient manner in which he obeyed every little word of the boy mahout. We went from one side of the road to the other with the accuracy of a motor car as the boy kicked Tami behind the ears and steered him away from overhanging branches which, if they had hit us, would have soaked us with water or perhaps have knocked us off. Our wonder at Tami's ability to manipulate the slippery road soon turned to positive admiration when we left the main road and began a long hike across country, during which part of the trip Rami walked on the narrow bunds which



In the shadow of the Rajah's palace Bettiah's Middle English School holds an open-air session.

divide one rice field from another.

The sailing was smooth for some time, when another obstacle presented itself in the form of a gap in the bund. What would Tami do? Could he step over this breach? He slowed down and the driver whispered softly, "*Degleme*," which in his language meant, "A nice long step now, boy." And sure enough, Tami put forth one front leg, reached the other side, brought the other over and then easily followed suit with the rear legs. At one juncture, as we were wending our way through the narrow road of a village, there was a huge branch that would have hit us if Tami had gone forward. At a word from the boy, Tami reached up with his powerful trunk, twisted it around the obstructing branch, and pulled it down and broke it with the ease that you might break a tooth pick.

AT last in front of us could be seen the broad expanse of the river. Now people began to follow us in order to see the crossing. I began to wish that I could get down and also be a simple spectator instead of one of the silent actors in the drama that was about to take place.

It was every bit as bad as those along the way had said that it was. We stopped on the edge of a little branching tributary of the main stream in order to make a few last

inquiries and to tie loose umbrellas, clothes and bundles to the ropes which held our straw matting *howdah* to the elephant's back. With cassocks tucked up and shoes ready to be kicked off if we had to jump and swim, we told the Mahout to go ahead. This river, raging mad with the recent rains from the Himalayas, seemed more than we had bargained for. Should we attempt it after all? Was it worth while? Our mahout, not to allow his charge to be humiliated by another, said that he would risk it.

WE edged into the water. Slowly, slower, and then Tami began to do a nose dive. Luckily, his trunk came up in telescope fashion to give him air. His front feet had gone way down. Could he pull them out? The boy shouted "*piche*" (back!) and Tami went into reverse with great difficulty. Little by little he managed to turn and ascend the bank again. Recourse to some other procedure was necessary. We decided to get off and rest while making plans. The elephant was glad of this rest and immediately began to tear up large bunches of sugar cane from a neighboring field.

While the spectators were excitedly talking among themselves, a seemingly important fellow came up and said that the Zemindar's elephant
(*Turn to page 279*)

Baghdad's Jews Are Different

Joseph P. Merrick, S.J

BAGHDAD is about one-third Jewish, and the Jews of Baghdad are a very interesting marvel, quite unknown to most of the world. The hooked nose is supposed to be the most distinguishing mark of the Jew, yet the Baghdad Jews who have as pure a strain of Jewish blood as any, have not got this distinguishing mark to any great extent. Certainly the native Christians and Moslems have noses very little different from the Jews, and many Iraqi Christians look much more Jewish to American eyes than Iraqi Jews.

Yet I can usually tell a Jew on the street, especially if it is eventide. For the Baghdad Jews have two chief marks, they are nearly always good-looking and very often beautiful, men and women and children alike, and they are clean and neat and they generally walk the streets as a family group. Both of these qualities are admirable, you will allow, and so to the casual observer the Jews are easily the most attractive group in the city, because they are so quietly occidental in appearance.

THE loyalty of the members of Jewish families to each other has always been proverbial, so this trait is not very remarkable for Jews but it shines like a star in this country where women and the family count for nothing among the vast majority of the inhabitants. This virtue is much more pronounced among the Jews than among the Christians who have succumbed to their environment a great deal too much in this regard. It is all too rare a sight to see the whole Christian family walking along the river bank enjoying the evening air just after sunset.

In their relative freedom from skin diseases and scars, the Jews are far superior to those round about them. Rarely pudgy or ungainly, but usually of more than medium height with their clear skin and quiet demeanor, one wonders how so apparently intelligent and alert a people, lovers of beauty, could successfully resist the supreme beauty of the Catholic Church.

Yet resist it they surely do, for conversion is practically unheard of among them and they are less open to a study of the Church's claims than are the Jews of the United States. I do not think there is much fanaticism among them but there is a tenacity of purpose and tradition that is invulnerable against all Messianic appeal or persuasion. They have a definitely anti-Catholic cast of mind, crusted with the prejudices of centuries. Above all, they have an inordinate love of money. The Christians say (as I believe falsely) that they are urged to make money the chief object of their life on earth, but whether it be true or not many of them put the principle into practice. For them, wealth is not a means



Veiled Jewish women are still seen occasionally on the streets of Baghdad.

but the end. It is the visible substance of perfection.

The result of this is seen in the hardening of the features which sometimes takes place in the men. This thirst for gold gives to the countenance a crueler cast than unbridled lust. One might find excuses for other faults in the Jew but for this evil trait there is none. No wonder St. Paul said that the love of money is the root of all evil. Not that they are ostentatious in their wealth; very often the richer they are, the poorer they dress. One of the richest Iraqis wears a cheap khaki suit and no tie and they say there is nothing in his office but ledgers. Nearly all the Jews keep their ledgers in Hebrew and even in conversation with mixed groups of Jews, Moslems and Christians they will interlard their speech with Hebrewisms which are intelligible to their Jewish confreres but only a jumble to the others.

CREEPING in among the younger Jewish people, especially among the girls, is the aping of the fashions and manners of the Hollywood stars they see on the silver screen (there are almost a dozen movie houses in Baghdad, most of them owned by Jews and quite the best buildings in the city) and it may end in the vulgarization of the Baghdad Jews as it has of the American and Tel Aviv Jews.

However, in the main, the Jews here are very religious. It is astonishing and yet delightful to see the vast throngs of families crowding the roads along the river and crossing the bridges on Friday evenings, telling the whole world that tomorrow is the Sabbath.

A blood-red sun is sinking in the west and this race is trooping towards it. Some day, sure as prophecy and St. Paul, this providential race will reach it and then the Sabbath will be Sunday. We beseech You, O Christ, advance that day.

Flagellantes on Parade

Augustine J.
Consunji, S.J.

ONE of the Professors of the Ateneo de Manila came to a small Philippine Island town along the Bay of Manila where I was staying for the time. I acted for him as an interpreter of the scene which we witnessed at his arrival. I still have a very vivid recollection of it all although it happened several years ago. Almost blinding tropical sun overhead on a dirty sandy road!

First a distant, low monotonous chanting was wafted up in the air traveling in our direction. Then a group of four men with only a loin cloth for covering, blinded with broad multicolored handkerchiefs, met our eyes. They were the flagellantes of the town and nearby *barrio* people. It was—*Mahal Na Araw*—Holy Week—and those well-meaning Christians were practicing penance either for their sins or because they had vowed, while taken ill, to perform such work of bodily torture. Town folk peeped out of their windows or stood by in complete awe as the group passed on, of course, with the inevitable company of curious children following in their wake. A leader dressed in *barong tagalog* prompted every first word of the verses of the *Miserere*.

THE leader is almost invariably the Sexton or as we call him here—Sacristan Mayor. And lo and behold! the group stops and the lashing also halts. The leader carries a wooden pad, ten inches long and four inches wide and now he actually goes behind one of the flagellantes and stamps it on the fleshy back of each of the penitents, and blood trickles down. We examined the pad and it was all studded with broken razor-edged pieces of bottle-glass, fastened to the wooden



The author with the Mayor of Gingoog, Oriental Misamis, P. I., and friends.

affair. The ankles of the flagellantes are heavily loaded with chain and the flagellum is made of a thick abaca rope tied at the end with large knots. The chain besides being symbolic of penance serves also to keep the pace and the low moaning tune of the music synchronized.

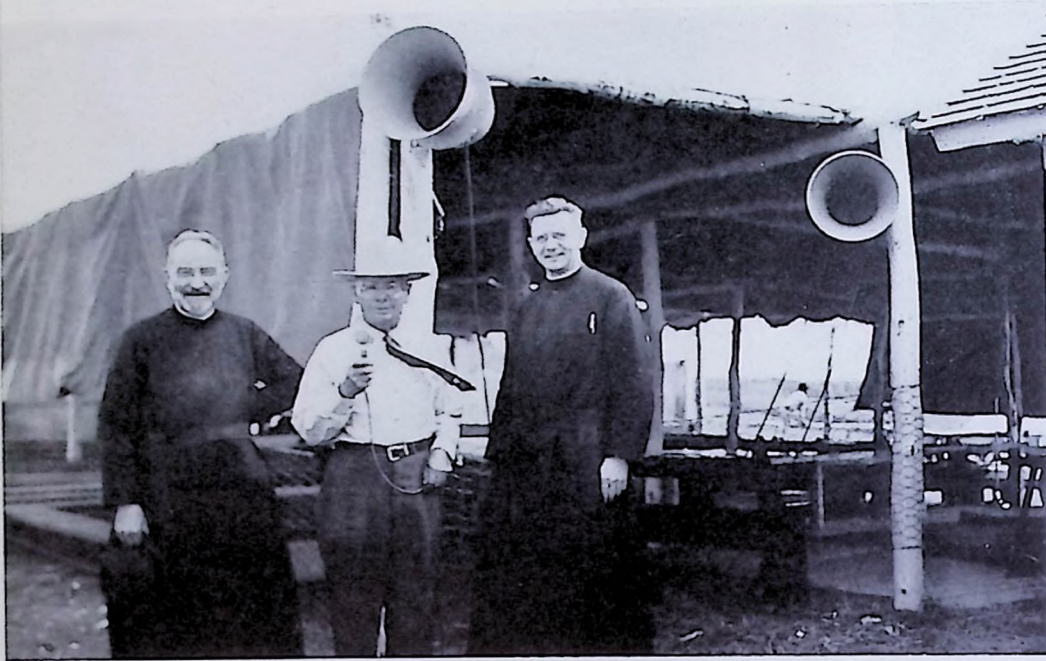
Thank God! there was no prong, silver or otherwise, thrust pointed through the flagellantes' cheeks, piercing them from side to side, like the Hindu's on his penitential way to Kataragama. Once the stamping is over, they move on and when they reach the town's bridge as their bodies were smeared with sweat and blood, a word from the leader telling them to take off the blinds, sends them rolling on hot, sizzling dust of the road, topping it all with a dip in the half boiling water of the sea below the bridge.

HOW do the flagellantes fare after this bodily torture? There has never been any report, so the story goes, that the wounds ever festered or poisoning settled in. The theory of Dr. C. G. Seligman, Professor of the University of London, explaining the fact that a *kavadi* carrier suffers little from the after-results of his self-torture, may or may not be applicable to this case in the Philippines. He attributes it all to auto-suggestion. "Suggestion can not only initiate," he says, "and direct the course of tissue changes, but can also modify the reaction to an injury." The hot sea-water bath in the Philippines case may have also not a little to do with the non-injurious effects of self-torture on the flagellantes.



Father Consunji entertains after school at Gingoog.

Black Eagle on Sioux Syntax



The language of a great people has been preserved for future generations by the important scientific work of Father Buechel, S.J., whom Indians call Black Eagle.

William J. Moore, S.J

The town crier of Devil's Lake Reservation tells the assembled Sioux that Father Buechel (left) will address them in their native tongue. Father Damian Preske, O.S.B., at right.

THIRTY-FIVE years of persistent work had their fruition this summer on the plains of South Dakota when "A Grammar of Lakota—The Language of the Teton Sioux Indians" was published by Father Eugene Buechel, S.J., of St. Francis Mission, Rosebud Reservation.

Love is fruitful, and it was a warm Christ-inspired love of his Sioux people that finally brought to completion the 374-page grammar on which Father Buechel had labored unremittingly ever since he came among the Indians as a Scholastic early in the century.

There was no Teton Sioux grammar at that time. Eager to aid his fellow missionaries and to preserve for the Sioux schoolboys the beautiful language of their forefathers, Father Buechel set to work to master Lakota and to formulate rules for its use. So wrapped up in his pastoral and scientific pursuits did he become, that only twice in all the years of his priesthood did he leave the missions (under obedience) to go East.

THE language of Red Cloud, Rain-in-the-Face, Chief Gall, and Crazy Horse, whose names are known to all schoolboys, is now perpetuated grammatically between the red covers of the Lakota Grammar. The Teton, or western Sioux, who speak Lakota, are the most important division of the Sioux nation. They live on Rosebud, Pine Ridge, Lower Brule, Cheyenne, and Standing Rock Reservations in South Dakota, numbering over half of the whole Sioux group.

How Father Buechel gathered his copious store of material is a story full of interest. His introduction to Lakota came when the Scholastic Prefect who preceded him at St. Francis gave him a list of useful Lakota sentences. He learned how to tell the little brown-

skinned Indians to wash their hands (and behind the ears!), to button their shirts, to keep quiet in the dormitories, to march in straight ranks to classrooms and to Mass.

Father Buechel was enthusiastic to learn more. His notebook was always in his hand. During recreation periods he would talk with his boys and mark down the Lakota words for birds, animals, household utensils and food. The old grandfathers with braided hair down their backs who came to visit the school wrote down or dictated many of the ancient legends and myths of the Sioux which they had learned by camp-fires in the days of the buffalo hunt and freedom.

BACK in South Dakota as a priest, after his theological studies, Father Buechel began, heart and soul, his life's work. Never for a minute allowing his grammatical study to interfere with the essential ministerial duties of baptizing, hearing confessions, and making sick-calls, the young missionary found time to accumulate a vast store of knowledge. Old Indians poured a steady stream of guttural stories of the "good old days" into the priest's receptive ears. Ring Bull, an octogenarian, said late in life, while making a wide circling gesture with his gnarled hands, that he had talked "a bucket-full" to *Wanbli Sapa* (Black Eagle), Father Buechel's Indian name.

Two tests of mastering a new language are the abilities to swear and to tell jokes in the foreign tongue. Father Buechel could do both, but he sticks to jokes. And, as C. R. Whitlock, Superintendent of Rosebud Indian Agency, says in the Introductory to the grammar, Father Buechel "is one of the very few white men today who can converse fluently in the Lakota tongue."

THE conditions under which the grammar was written were trying to patience. Much of it was composed in tiny rooms behind the altars of mission chapels, in little cubicles so narrow that in one at least one can reach from wall to wall without fully extending the arms. In these rooms behind the altars, Father Buechel spent thousands of quiet hours alone on the prairie, writing the first Lakota grammar in the soft glow of an oil lamp. Whether coyotes howled in the stillness of a breathless hot July night, or a three-day blizzard sent snow drifts whistling around the frame chapel in February, it was all the same to the Black-robe writer. So long as he had water in summer and fuel in winter, brain and hand could work.

"A Grammar of Lakota" will be of value to three classes of readers. To the missionaries it will be a sure guide to accurate knowledge of the language of the people among whom they work. Lakota is still spoken extensively. Many Indians know nothing else. For the Indians themselves, the book will preserve their language for future generations, and will help the present generation to speak Lakota correctly now that the tongue has lost the vitality of a free people.

TO anthropologists, ethnologists and students of linguistics the grammar is a treasure. Reverend Albert Munsch, S.J., Professor of Social Anthropology at St. Louis University, in the Foreword to the grammar, calls attention to the fact that American anthropologists are realizing more and more the need of texts in the native languages of our Indian tribes for a better understanding of their culture. The editing of native texts, however, presupposes a thorough knowledge of the grammatical structure of the aboriginal language, a knowledge, he says, which is often lacking.

Since Father Buechel had to formulate the rules of the Lakota grammar without the aid of any book, he marshalled together hundreds of examples of similar constructions which he carefully collated before writing down authoritative rules. The finished grammar is profuse with selections from these examples. The Lakota expression is followed by literal English and idiomatic English translations. Just from reading over these interesting, often amusing, phrases and sentences, one can gain great insight into the thoughts and habits of the Sioux.



Sioux braves in solemn pow-wow assembled admire Father Buechel's classical Lakota.

One learns, for instance, that the Tetons were born travelers, following the migrating buffalo, for their daily food. Lakota, accordingly, is rich in verbs referring to travel and transportation. It has eight verbs to express different shades of meaning for our "go" and "come."

LAKOTA is even more rich in the expression of relationship. Men and women often use entirely different words for the same degree of kinship, words which cannot be interchanged. Moreover, there are distinctive words for a male cousin on the father's side, and for a male cousin on the mother's side; for nephews and nieces on the brother's side, and for nephews and nieces on the sister's side; for uncles and aunts on both sides; for older brothers and younger brothers, older sisters and younger sisters;—even a word for the two fathers of a married couple.

Relationships are closer among the Tetons than among white people. Children apply the word "father" (*ate*) both to their real father and to all his brothers, and are called "children" by them. In like manner, they address as "mother" (*ina*) both their real mother and all her sisters. Only the sisters of one's father are "aunts"; only the brothers of one's mother are "uncles."

Wakan, 'mysterious,' 'awe-inspiring,' is a favorite Sioux word, one which enters into many compounds. God is *Wakantanka*, the Great Mysterious (or Powerful) One. A Sister, a member of a Religious Congregation, is *Winyan Wakan*, a mysterious or sacred woman. The devil is *Wakansica*, the mysterious evil one; a gun is *maza wakan*, mysterious iron.

The culture of a primitive people is largely expressed and preserved in its language. The policy of the present Indian Administration is to save and foster Indian languages. Officials in (Turn to page 279)



A group of Father Buechel's Sioux parishioners gather around the bell that summons them to Mass and Father Buechel's great sermons in Lakota.

It's Better This Way

Louis P.
Dowd, S.J.

HERE we are in China! Now for the job of jobs—the speaking proposition. There are two ways to learn Chinese. The old way was to get it by hook or crook on the mission field itself. The new way is to attend school at Maison Chabanel in Peiping where are gathered together Jesuits of fifteen different nationalities. This latter method proceeds as follows.

On the fifteenth of August last year, I arrived at this newly established school to begin my two year course. How nice it was to see a representative of each nationality at the gate to welcome me. This was the first touch of that unparalleled kindness that I was to experience during my language period.

The place is quite astonishing to an American. A big ten-acre square surrounded by a brick and mud wall. On entering, one misses the ordinary western school building structure. Instead, a maze of squat, white-washed buildings dot the property at close intervals. Brick paths lead here and there and everywhere and plastered walls with “Moon gates” and gargoyle decorations cut in and out the property without mercy.

IN the center stand four comparatively large buildings, the common meeting places for prayer and refreshment and learning and recreation. Then stretching out in various directions are single-roomed houses, one lying against the other. These, come to find out, were our sleeping quarters. Each man has his own little plaster booth, sizable enough, with brick floor, and comfortably furnished. Running water. That is to say, if you run and get it. Steam heat. Also, if you run and get it.

Well, there I was, sitting at my little desk, waiting for things to begin. A knock came at the door.

“Come in.”

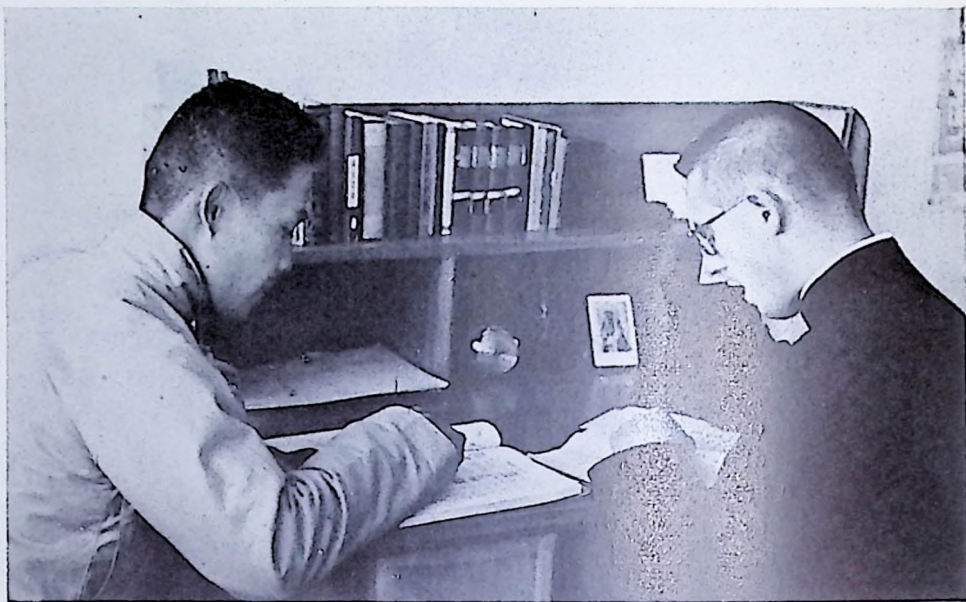
A young Chinese gentleman, well-groomed and with a gay, friendly mien entered and closed the door behind him.

“*Ni tsen mo yang?*”

There must be some mistake. “I’m a new man,” I stammered back, “I don’t understand a word of the language.”

“*Pu yao chin. Ch’ing tso, ch’ing tso.*”

With this he pulled up a spare chair and motioned me to be seated. Well sir, school was on. He opened up his book, this yellow man so brave and assured, and with gesticulations and clever little acts, together with a word or two in the vernacular, pointed out in the text book, he made clear to me many fundamental ideas of how to meet and greet and talk in the street. After



Language school at Peiping is taking the place of former catch-as-catch-can learning of Chinese.

forty-five minutes he went away. Three times a day this private class is held, together with two in common.

FOR three months, the one hundred students from nearly every notable nation on the globe struggle along together, stuttering out a few words now and again, studying and studying nothing but Chinese. Recreation must be carried on in the Latin language. Latin is our great communicating vehicle, and one learns to speak right along at the Maison.

Finally, one day Father Rector calls a meeting: “Gentlemen, you are free to leave our property here at various times during the week, and to go forth into the local Chinese world, and make it your own,” etc., etc.

Here the fun begins. All the mysteries of the Chinese heart and mind; all the strange and curious customs of daily life; all the palaces and temples and Buddhas and turtles that tantalize western curiosity; all these things and a thousand more are at long last to have an explanation. Some little light will gleam upon this new world, if one has the bridge of communication, the language. Out into the streets we go, into the parks and other frequented places.

Here comes a friendly Chinese lad, walking lackadaisically past our park bench. He is curious to know who we are, we with the “*ta pi tzu,*” (the big noses). And we’re just as curious to know who he is. Out we blurt those first words spoken to us by our Chinese teacher: “*Ni tsen mo yang?*” We wait breathlessly. Will he, or will he not understand? The answer comes back, clear and ringing true. “Hurrah!” Things are begun, and a happy time is had by all. These little meetings are the bright side of those long, dry, sorrowful hours put in on cold memory work.

The bridge building is progressing satisfactorily. One day it will be used to bring “Good Tidings of Great Joy to all the people.”



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Baghdad on the Hudson

There is nothing to match the amazing panorama of Manhattan's skyline. It is a wonder of the world to end all wonders of the world.

At the editorial office of JESUIT MISSIONS—eighteen stories above the street,—a newcomer finds it difficult to keep away from the exciting spectacle which the window affords. One looks down a dizzy distance on the hurrying thousands and constant river of traffic in the streets far below;—down on the lesser buildings; across to neighbors in the sky and up to the dazzling summits of the major peaks in this man-made mountain range of stone and steel.

Aside from its physical marvels, one also feels that here, in our age, is indeed the center of the world. The tremendous concourse of millions of peoples of all nationalities make it seem that all the world's commerce and art and learning meets in New York and that lines of influence from and to the whole world center in this great city.

It is hard to realize, when looking out on this enormous, bustling metropolis, that when other great cities were in their glory, New York was undreamed of—and that perhaps all this greatness will one day be a memory.

Lost in the Crowd

In the midst of the rush and turmoil of lower Manhattan, a mission office seems a very small and insignificant cell in a huge organism. And in the tons and tons of mail flooding into New York by air, rail and steamship the letters coming to us from the missionaries

are a very small fraction. But the mail that comes in on strange paper, bearing the stamps of distant lands, telling about the struggles and victories of Americans, spreading the Gospel, may well outlast the "big news" of the day.

"If Thou Hadst Known"

Christ, unknown and unnoticed, once looked out over Jerusalem and wept that all the beauty and activity of that city was being wasted and would be forgotten because it had not known the things that were for its peace. Now it is only remembered because it sent forth the first missionaries.

If we look back on the great cities of the Christian era, what one of their glories is greater than what they did to spread the Faith? Rome, Ireland, Portugal, Spain, France, Germany, England: the history of their missionary work traces the dawn of Christian civilization over both hemispheres.

Each one of us, who has the Faith today, owes it to some fearless and zealous missionaries who left their homes and familiar ways to depart for some strange distant shores to bring the tidings of great joy to our ancestors.

And their departures were probably as unnoticed in the rush of business in the great ports of their countries as the leave-takings of American missionaries today, when they sail by the Statue of Liberty or out through the Golden Gate.

And That in This Our Day

The Old World did not fail in its missionary work. In galleys and galleons, on foot and on horseback, in canoe and caravan they traveled

far and suffered much and laid down their lives to bring the light and love of Christ to all men.

Now it is the New World's turn. Now more than ever, when Europe is torn by war, is the ancient command addressed to us: "Go and teach all nations."

Not Only to Caesar

New York is a great monument to material achievement. Its towers were raised by commerce and beneath its stately pleasure domes lives are dedicated to passing delights. And yet, obeying the changeless Will of God, on the great ships that steam majestically out of New York Harbor, men and women from all parts of America, are going out to spread the fire of Divine truth and light.

Our Part

These generous apostles are doing their part certainly. We must not forget them when they have gone and we must not forget it is a privilege to have a share in the most immortal and important American activity of today. Wouldn't it have been thrilling to have sent help personally to Patrick in Ireland, Xavier in India, Jogues in Canada? Perhaps a Patrick or a Xavier or a Jogues passed Sandy Hook today looking back yearningly to the skyline of Manhattan.

And perhaps some day, when we are gone and New York's skyscrapers are no more, in the pulpit of a great cathedral in China or India or Japan, the preacher will recall the old missionaries that came to them from America and the good American Catholics whose support enabled them to succeed.

J. GERARD MEARS, S.J.

Happy Ending

After many crises, the six-year struggle of a Jesuit Missionary to obtain decent housing conditions for his Mexican charges seems about to succeed. Mrs. Roosevelt helped solve the crisis.

Carmelo Tranchese, S.J.



Guadalupe Mission today is a squalid collection of dirty and dilapidated shacks. A typical street scene.

WHEN at school they taught me that a drama dealt with a subject which had several sad situations, but which sometimes ended happily. While the situation of the slums here in San Antonio, Texas, is still sad, yet it is on the way to a happy ending. I write about "The Drama of Slum Clearance" with the aim of encouraging so many other missionaries, who may find themselves in circumstances similar to ours. Our experience may encourage them to keep up the good work.

JESUIT MISSION readers are well acquainted with the slums of Guadalupe Mission where 12,000 Mexicans live under sub-human conditions. They know about our efforts to have them eradicated. It was a six-year job, fraught with fight, work and disappointment. Finally, after a very long expectation, a telegram a year ago last Fall brought the glad news that our slum clearance project had been approved by the Federal Housing Authority and four million dollars had been laid aside for it.

A few days later another wire announced that six millions more had been added for clearing the slums of this district. The telephone wires were kept busy for several hours; the news spread all over the city and the neighborhood for miles around. The Secretary of the Housing Authority published the map showing the site where the New Colony would be located.

THIS was the beginning of a storm. Clouds began to gather. For six years those who profited financially by the slums had paid no attention to what had been published periodically in the local papers. They thought that the slum clearance dream would never come true. But now they woke up to the fact that the Housing Authority and the President meant business.

I at once became this group's chief object of attack. They had spread a rumor amongst the people to the effect that Father Tranchese was buying the property with the object of ejecting the Mexicans from their long-cherished homes to put up an Italian or American colony. Others said that just as the Mexican Government had confiscated the American oil lands in Mexico, so the American Government now was going to confiscate the Mexican property in San Antonio, and Father Tranchese, was the agent, or the instrument of this plan. Others were told that the Government intended to get rid of the Mexicans of the Westside and Father Tranchese was paid \$28.50 for every house which was sold at a confiscatory price. All these rumors excited the vivid imagina-

tion of the Westside dwellers and, of course, they were worked up to a frenzy.

AS something had to be done with Father Tranchese who was the whole and only cause of this disturbance, at several of the nocturnal meetings the word was spread it would be best to do away with him either by violence or by petition. Thus, several times, five at least, special friendly messengers came to tell me not to go out at night, even on sick calls, not to come down into the yard after dark. Of course, I did not heed these warnings.

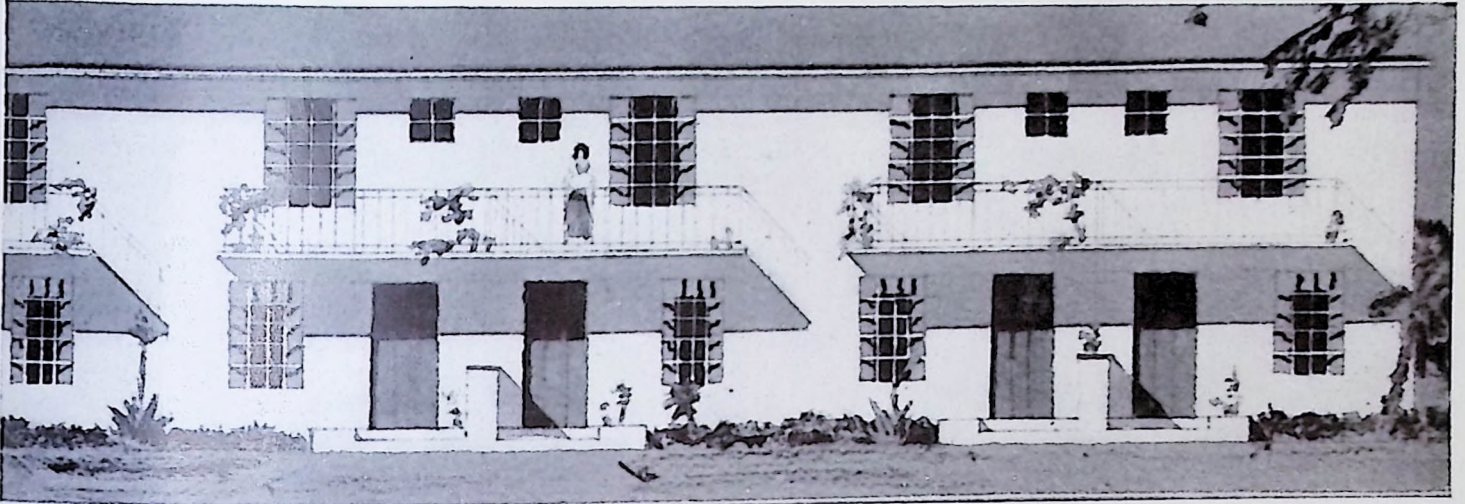
One morning at about six o'clock I went on a sick call. On my coming home I was followed by a timid friend, who told me that it was very dangerous for me to go out at that hour of the morning, because some people might recognize me and they might carry out their threats. Seeing that this method did not work very fast, they circulated a petition to the Archbishop in which "the immediate recall of Father Carmelo Tranchese was asked on account of mismanagement of church affairs, which had brought disgrace upon them."

When they thought they had enough names they took a bundle of papers to the Chancery Office and delivered them in the hands of the Chancellor. Later, the Vicar-General showed that petition to me; it numbered exactly 128 names. Most of the signers had never seen the inside of a Catholic church.

THEN there was another method used—blackmail. I received several anonymous letters, threatening my character, and the character of the priests in general. Strange enough, Heywood Broun, the columnist, came to see me exactly on the day I had received one of these missives: he read it and quoted it in one of his columns. Generally, I used to throw these letters away until I was told by some Government officer to keep them and send them to his office.

Yet, some people at least knew that the only aim I had in view was to provide work for the half-starved people and to provide for them a decent home to live in! For all my six years of work not only did I not receive a single penny, but I had to shoulder an enor-

The Drama of Slum Clearance



Soon houses of this type will be erected for 950 poor Mexican families. The transformation will be the happy ending of Father Tranchese's six-year struggle.

amous amount of labor and some considerable expense. To all these troubles we must add the last one, which I consider as the climax. In order to offset the bad impression created in the minds of the land owners, the price of the properties was raised considerably. When the total was sent to Washington for approval, the local Housing Authority waited for a long time for an answer. Finally the answer came in the person of the Honorable Nathan Straus, who at the meeting of the Housing Authority, declared the prices exorbitant, and, therefore, he gave us to understand that the project would be rejected.

I WAS present at this meeting. The other members of the Housing Authority were thunder-struck; but the look of bewilderment on my face must have attracted the attention of Mr. Straus, who, on leaving, shook hands with me and said that he was sorry for having to take this stand and that he hoped in the near future to be able to do something else for me.

A traveler, who happens to be ship-wrecked in view of the home port, could not be more desperate than I felt upon this occasion. While the members of the Housing Authority were meditating on the past history, I wrote to Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt who also had been one of our guests, asking her to do all she could so that our project could finally proceed. A few days later we received a "go-on" order from Mr. Nathan Straus. May God bless the first lady of the land, and, of course, Mr. Straus!

So the purchase of the land is now progressing. Four hundred and thirty-one parcels must be acquired before the building of the new homes will start. Plans are ready for the new construction. And contracts have been awarded to a wrecking company for demolishing the slums and to a construction company for the building of dwellings for 950 families. Previous to the eradication of the slums there will be an intense campaign against the rats and other mischievous pests. The Boy Scout troops of the Westside have been listed in the campaign and four tons of bait have been prepared for the distribution in the slum area.

As the drama of the slums has been so complicated, I live almost in continuous fear that something may turn up at the last minute and change the situation. I am afraid that what happened to David will happen to me. He had longed so many years to see the house of the Lord, but he died without seeing it. Well, provided that the slums are destroyed and decent homes are built I would not mind if I do not see them.

HOWEVER, the houses are not the ultimate aim of our activities. What we have in mind is an industrial site where Mexican people can work at their arts and crafts, for which they have a special ability. In the present project this industrial site, which, in our mind, was the hub of our work, has been cut out. But we are working on this idea now, and if we are successful it will be the key to the solution of the Mexican labor problem in the United States and of similar problems.

As soon as the checks began to be distributed amongst the land owners, whose titles were approved, public sentiment began to change. New homes were built or bought, the construction companies had more activity, and business began to pick up, and a little more money began to circulate. The famous protesting committee lost its hold on the people and died a natural death. Upon its grave arose my name as a hero; letters and demonstrations began to pour in on every side.

JUST about a week ago a huge banquet was tendered to me by the Italian American Colony in appreciation of the civic work which had been carried out. Of course, I look upon all this simply as a friendly gesture, and I am not much concerned. What I am concerned about, just now, is the fact that, owing to so much publicity our revenues have considerably decreased. Our friends and benefactors think that with so many millions at hand and visits of so many illustrious personages, we are riding on top of the world.

That is not the case. We (Guadalupe Mission) are in a deeper hole than we have ever been before. Our school has been condemned for the third time, our debt of \$16,000 is staring us wildly in the face, thousands of our people are out of work and, naturally, in dire need, and hope is the only virtue which is supporting us. Even when the work starts and the millions begin to circulate we will have no share therein. But we will still go on trusting in the Lord to come to our rescue in the final solution of the *drama of the slums*.

"Yawa-Yawa!"

Jaime
Neri, S.J.

MASS is over. The bells are tolling their fiesta chimes. The Faithful are pouring out of the thatched church of a village in Mindanao, P. I., into the green plaza.

"Yawa-yawa, yawa-yawa," a cry is heard. "Yawa-yawa, yawa-yawa," the little children take it up. It is the summons to the village play. There is a rush. All feet are directed towards the circular enclosure on the plaza. In a moment all available space around the enclosure is filled up with the rural congregation.

A hush—a hermit comes out of the white tent. His beard is shaggy, his cheeks sunken. He wears a white tunic with a rope around the waist. With his head bent low, with measured steps, he walks through the space before him to the other side of the enclosure. There he turns around and falls on his knees in prayer. A guardian angel, with wings outstretched, is beside him. The angel unsheaths his sword and stands in readiness to defend his charge.

MUSIC. The "Dance of Hell" begins. Out of the white tent emerges Lucifer, clothed in bright red. Wearing a grotesque mask surmounted with two wicked horns, he zig-zags his way, dancing and leaping to the tune of the village orchestra. Lucifer sees the hermit. He advances to the attack, brandishing a naked sword which quivers in the morning sun. With genuine acrobatic skill, he leaps forward and engages the guardian angel in a hand-to-hand combat. Lucifer leaps back—he attacks again, now from the side, now from the front, seeking to find a vulnerable spot to drive home his savage strokes. Once, twice, a third time he retires and attacks, but to no avail. The attending angel drives him off with well-aimed strokes of the sword. Satan skulkingly retires shaking his sword in vengeance. Soon he comes back. This time with a dozen other devils. The poor hermit prays for help, raising his arms in supplication for divine assistance. Lo! another angel stands at his side.

Ferociously, with fanatical zeal, the devils attack their victim. They wield their swords, striking right and left with great gusto. The angels parry—now warding off blows, now striking back at the enemy. The devils are routed and scamper away, crawling back to their tent in disorder, pursued by the angels. All is quiet, but the fight is not over.



Satan quails before the flaming carving knife.

AT last Satan succeeds in getting the hermit to take a glance at the delicious fruits. His mouth waters. He takes a golden mango; examines it; tastes it, it is good; it disappears into his mouth. Despite the beseeching admonition of the guardian angels, the hermit eats one fruit after another. He has broken his promise to God not to partake of any delicacy, innocent though it be. Lucifer has got his man. With a wild cry of triumph he dashes towards the tent.

And now death and the next world. The shaggy beard and sunken cheeks of the hermit are hidden behind a white-washed mask resembling a skull. In place of his white tunic, he wears a black soutane. The "soul" of the hermit now stands in trepidation, while the two angels droopingly step back with sheathed swords.

Inside the tent Lucifer intones the song of triumph. The other devils pick it up. One by one the attending angels retire. Lucifer advances and gloatingly fastens a heavy chain to the wrist of the "soul." The devils surround the damned hermit in triple row. Singing their song of victory, they dance joyfully, dragging the damned "soul" of the hermit to hell.

THUS ends the *Yawa-yawa*—The Dance of Hell. It is one of the Morality Plays which graces the celebration of a town or village fiesta. The missionaries of old used this means of instruction to inculcate into the simple minds of the inhabitants of Mindanao the abstract truths of Christian teaching. There are other Morality and Miracle Plays. Not many of these are written. In most cases they are handed down orally from one generation to another. As a consequence, many of them have been lost for good.

The Missions in the Island of Ceylon

The Mission Intention for November

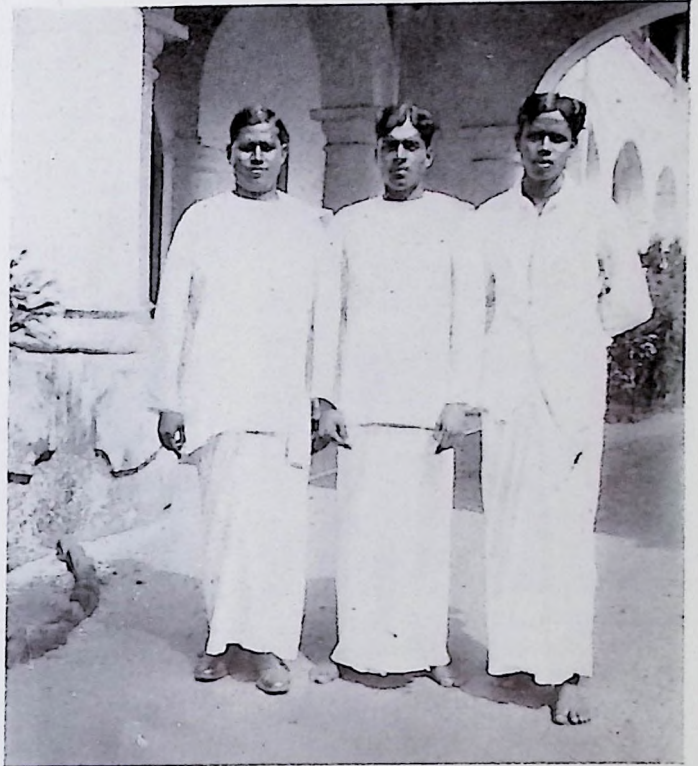
THIS month the Holy Father directs our prayers to the island of Ceylon, off the southern tip of India,—a country with a glorious past and a great future in the Faith. This will be of special interest to readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, as the Province of New Orleans is establishing a mission at Trincomalee in northern Ceylon.

The history of Ceylon, "the pearl of the Indies" goes back to a misty ancient time when King Solomon is thought to have obtained his "ivory, apes and peacocks from Taprobane," as the island was later known by the Greeks and Romans. About 500 B.C., the Singhalese conquered Ceylon and accepted Buddhism, the religion of the island. Later, the Tamils, from India, disputing their conquest introduced Hinduism and today after more than two thousand years, these two religions are followed by close to five millions of Ceylon's inhabitants, while the Catholics, at present, number about four hundred and fifty thousand.

TRADITION tells us that St. Thomas the Apostle first introduced Catholicity into India,—and from there the Faith was carried over to Ceylon only to be overshadowed by the crescent sword of the Prophet and to have its ranks decimated by Nestorianism. But at the beginning of the XVIth century the Portuguese took over the island and the Faith was reborn on the island. This tiny spark of the Faith was ignited to a mighty flame by the firebrand of the Indies, St. Francis Xavier. Rulers and Kings embraced Catholicism, although violent persecutions were waged by Buddhists, Hindus and Mohammedans. Franciscans, Augustinians, Dominicans and Jesuit missionaries were active during the century and a half of Portuguese domination and the Church increased and prospered.

With the advent of the Dutch, however, the Church was violently persecuted by the Calvinists from Holland and in 1658 an edict was passed making it a crime, punishable by death, to harbor a Catholic priest. St. Francis Xavier had once made a prophecy: "Unhappy island, how many dead bodies will cover your shores and with how much blood will you be inundated." In this persecution his words were fulfilled and the streets of Colombo, of Jaffna, of Galle, ran red with the blood of those who refused to renounce their religion.

FROM then on Catholics had to practice their religion in secret and its very existence seemed doomed. The hero of this dark era was a native Indian priest, Father Joseph Vaz, the fearless and zealous Superior of the Congregation of Oratorians at Goa. He entered the island disguised as a slave and rallied the scattered Catholics and administered to them. Imprisonment and even martyrdom came to those who were discovered attending Mass, but at the death of this Apostle of the XVIIth century, it is estimated that Catholics in the island numbered about seventy thousand. His work was continued by his own and other priests and the substitution of British for Dutch rule in Ceylon and the toleration act of 1829 brought new freedom and growth to the



These three converts from Hinduism now teach at the Jesuit College at Batticaloa, Ceylon.

Catholic Church. Today, after a hundred years of progress, Ceylon is standing on the threshold of a new era of achievement.

ACCORDING to Father John T. Linehan, S.J., who is returning to the New Orleans mission in Ceylon, the people of Ceylon, once converted, "would be like the early Christians in their zeal and perseverance." They are intelligent and docile and naturally religious even with the pitifully inadequate religions they have now.

The difficulties, however, are many. The caste system holds in Ceylon as in India and this is perhaps the chief obstacle to the conversion of the island. If the idea of the dignity and worth of human labor could be brought to the people, it would be a death blow to the caste system.

THE greatest need at present, according to the missionaries in Ceylon, is a Catholic University. Native professional men, especially doctors, are badly needed for the improvement of living conditions. Higher education, too, would increase vocations to the native clergy.

Father Charles, S.J., in a recent lecture on the missions, spoke of a Buddhist monk of Ceylon, who told him he had gone into a Catholic chapel one day. "I saw your God," (a statue of the Sacred Heart), he said, "holding out His arms in a beautiful gesture. He seemed to me to be asking for something invaluable, and to be offering something invaluable!"

Our prayer this month to the Sacred Heart is that the Singhalese and Tamils of Ceylon will offer to Him their invaluable immortal souls and receive from Him the pearl without price,—the Kingdom of Heaven.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PATNA, INDIA

Unclean! Unclean!

The care of the many lepers of Gokhla Mission is a great problem to Father John J. Brennan, S.J. He writes:

"You will remember what I told you about Surji abandoning her helpless leper husband, Surja. Well, Surja could not get on without his wife. Scarcely two weeks passed when a good angel carried off his precious soul, while his body lay in the thick of the jungle, a prey to bird and beast and a million magots. Lepers, according to the custom of the hillmen, must not be buried.

"For some years the Mission sent daily meals to a dear, old deserted grandma leper who dwelt beneath a great, old hospitable tree about a mile away from us. Grandma was a Catholic, of course. She was in her dotage and insisted on calling the Sisters 'titters' and myself 'Jesus be praised.' 'O, Jesus be praised, it's long since I've seen you. Sure, where have you been all these days? Now, Jesus be praised, you know I have no teeth, but I can eat fish, if it be a big one. One doesn't need teeth for 'em when they're big. A big one costs three cents, Jesus be praised.' And when I was going—'Come and visit me, Jesus be praised, I can't get about so easily any more with these feet,' Grandma had stubs for feet.

"Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., managed to get her a little plot and built her a little hut on it just next to the tree that had been so long her only home. Palm leaves tilted against the tree had been her only shelter from the rains for years.

"Some six or eight months ago the boy who brought her daily ration from our house noticed that she did not respond to his greeting. Grandma lay dead on her cot within. None would bury her (not even her own daughter, who for years would not turn a

hand to help her) save us, and we did.

Another Grandma Leper

"Shortly after this I met another old leper on the road. We spoke of this and that, and then I said, 'And you, Grandma, when are you going to become a Chris-

"I have had the idea of starting with a humble leper house that would not cost more than a hundred and fifty dollars on three acres of land that I'll be able to acquire for two hundred dollars. With your prayers and the grace with which God and His Will look upon our plans, I doubt not



At Holy Cross Mission, Alaska, Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald, S. J., has his picture taken with some of the members of the St. Peter Claver Catechist Club. The Catechist Club is a new organization of mission boys and girls who assist Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., Superior, in the work of giving religious instruction.

tian?' 'And you, Father,' she came back at me, 'when are you going to make me one? Wasn't it you of the Mission that gave the old dame off yonder a home when she hadn't one and a decent burial when none else would? And ye'd do the same for miserable me, I know ye would.'

"I told one of the Sisters, Sister Alypia, to prepare her as best she could for Baptism. They were already acquainted, I found.

"For some months on my tramps I forgot about my newly found Grandma. Then about two months ago I asked the Sister I entrusted her instruction to if she were ready for the 'water.' 'Ah, Father, she died a few days ago.' 'What!' said I, 'By George, I've lost her! I should not have delayed so long with her Baptism.' 'Don't be sad, Father,' Sister rejoined, 'I baptized her before she died.'

but we shall be able to make this a go."

Too Many Converts

"Godda Mission has many converts but not sufficient facilities to take care of them," writes Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J. "As for converts. The spirit of the pagans seems good and I have probably about forty who would like to receive Baptism now. The great difficulty just now is instructing those we have. To keep our Santal work going we need schools the worst way. I know people at home find that hard to understand. They do not realize that the only way of teaching these people Christianity is to get the children in a boarding school. The parents may have the best will in the world, but they are too old to learn, and they cannot give their children what they do not possess.

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

BRITISH HONDURAS Stronger Than Chains—

Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., describes a Confirmation tour made to the north of the Mission near the Mexican border:

"When we got to Patchakan at 5:30 in the morning, there was a goodly sized crowd waiting for us. As we stopped our wheezy automobile a group of youngsters came forward with colored ropes, tied them to the front fender and pulled us up to the church.

"One of the most interesting lessons I learned on this Confirmation trip was that the Faith is stronger than chains, dungeons, and the firing squad. Of course, I knew that long ago, but it is so interesting to have actual experience of it. For the past two decades the Dictators of Mexico and their Communistic crew have tried all possible means to rob the Mexican people of their religion. They have confiscated Church properties, closed or turned churches into dance halls, and have driven out of the country priests, Brothers and Sisters. They have forbidden the mention of God in the class room. Yet we have been assured from time to time in the daily press that there was no persecution in Mexico. But we have never heard that the churches were returned to their rightful owners or that the priests had been allowed to return to their Faithful.

Some Mexicans Came

"One would think that, with all this persecution, the Faith should have vanished entirely. But, of course, one would be wrong, as I had the occasion to learn recently. On my first visit to a little pueblo on the Rio Hondo, the river which separates Mexico from British Honduras, I was to administer Confirmation on a Sunday afternoon. News of the Confirmation by the Bishop spread, even to the other side of the river, and at one o'clock Sunday afternoon, five

travel-stained wayfarers stopped at the priest's house; a man, his wife and a year old child in her arms, and two young boys, eight and ten years old respectively.

"They had come to make arrangements for the Confirmation of the two boys and for the First Communion of the younger. Yes, they had come from afar. Indeed, they had been walking all through the night and all morning. They had just arrived from their home town, some twenty-six miles away. They had walked through forests, over streams and brooks and along eight miles of highway over which there were no lifts at that time of the morning. During the night the mother had stumbled and fallen. The poor little child had received an ugly bruise over the right eye. But this was tended to immediately by a nearby doctor. They all showed signs of weariness, but there was a light of joy and triumph in their eyes as they told of their difficulties, and made light of them because they were sure that their children would receive the Sacrament of the Strong and their Eucharistic Lord.

"Their town had been without a priest for the past seven years. There had been one then, but he disappeared. Yet the two boys knew their prayers, were well prepared for Confirmation and were only too happy to show their learning. As I anointed these two young confessors and gave them the slight blow on the cheek, I realized that in their first test as 'perfect Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ' these youngsters had made a perfect score. When they returned to the godless schools of their country and were told to march and keep step to the tune of '*No hay Diós, no hay Diós,*' I was quite sure that they would have the courage to say with their young companions, '*Si, hay Diós, Si, hay Diós.*'

Faith on the Other Side

"But this is only one incident. A few weeks ago a group brought six children by boat and over-



The new Superior of Jamaica "on location." Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., center, supported by Father Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., left, and Father Raymond J. Fox, S.J., right.

land, forty-five miles to be baptized. And I had the privilege of confirming over forty youngsters who had come from the 'other side' to a little bush house where I was saying Mass. The good people moved out of their one-room home, allowed us to use it for three or four days, while the people from Mexico came over in groups to receive the consolation of religion.

"We are now trying to get the gift of a piece of land where we can erect a hut that will serve as church and catechetical center. A nice big bell would be heard on the other side of the river and would no doubt let them know that the unending sacrifice is being offered up not far from their homes, in fact, less than half an hour away.

"I am getting to know the people better now and feel I shall like them as much as I did my own Orientals. We have plenty of variety to be sure. The Spaniards, Mexicans and Maya Indians up in the north are quite different from the Caribs and the other Indians of the south. But they are all interesting, thank the Lord, and I shall not find life at

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



Father Francis J. Coffey, S.J., Benjamin V. Dela Hunt, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who have been assigned to Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, and Brother Eugene Jennings, S.J., who has been assigned to St. Francis Mission.

all monotonous, you may be sure."

ALASKA

Hooper Bay Grows

Hooper Bay's new Government school will soon be complete, according to Father John P. Fox, S.J.:

"Our new school is going up in fine shape; I mean our Government school. For this winter we will still conduct our little Mission School as the new building will not be ready for use till March. But next year there will be plenty of room in the Government school for all our children. With our new convent up and the new school going up, Hooper Bay looks considerably enlarged.

It pays to shout; we should have had years ago what we now have. But it took about five years of keeping our antenna hot to get the Government to turn its benign look this way. Uncle just figured that this was one of those 'places in Alaska in which you have a white man and a handful of natives,' and for such a place the Government is not justified in going to any expense. Well, I finally succeeded in convincing our Uncle Sam that his ideas about us were not all correct and so he is repairing his past neglect. And I hope that we will be able to turn his laudable activity here to the glory of God and the good of souls. I know that does not always follow in the wake of material improve-

ments; but we are here to try to see that it does. Please pray that God may bless our efforts.

Preacher's Bed for Bishop

"Many thanks for the Mass Stipends you sent me. This has been for me a real life-saver as alms are getting scarcer, it seems, as times goes on. We are just barely managing here, though I'm trying to save every penny I can. I came pretty near having to make our Bishop sleep on the floor when he came as I had loaned the only two spring beds in the house to the carpenters that are putting up the new school here; and I did not like to ask them back for the occasion. Finally, I managed to borrow a bed for the Bishop from the new teacher. As the teacher is an ex-preacher with a family of nine kids the loan had its interesting angle. Eventually we hope to have a few beds and get off of the floor."

CHINA

New Appointments

Father Albert O'Hara, S.J., writes of the new assignments given to the California Missionaries. He just returned from dispensary work in Nanking:

"Toward the end of my Nanking work I took a trip to Peiping. I stopped at Hsuchowfu and had a visit with the three seminarians from Shuyang. They are Haichow's first contribution toward a native clergy. Near to

Tientsin I saw the start of what is now proving a disastrous flood. My train seemed to be traveling through the center of a huge lake whose shores were too distant to be seen by the naked eye. Visits to the Catholic University in Peiping and the Hautes Etudes in Tientsin impressed me with huge influx of students that the war has brought to these two Catholic Universities.

"In Shanghai there is a bit of news in the new appointments of our men. Father John A. Lennon, S.J., has become the new Rector of Gonzaga College. Father Leo F. McGreal, S.J., has charge of Christ the King Church with Father John K. Lipman, S.J., coming from Nanking to assist him and to carry on the Catholic Hour broadcasts this year over Station XMHA of Shanghai. Father Joseph I. Gatz, S.J., has gone to Kaolin in the Haichow District where he will be with Father Hamon, S.J., until he knows the language well enough to take over a mission of his own. Father Mark Falvey, S.J., is moved to Chutun while Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., remains at Shuyang. Brother James E. Finnegan, S.J., is going to Nanking to assist Fathers James F. Kearney, S.J., and John F. Magner, S.J. Father John J. O'Farrell, S.J., has left for Wuhu for Tertianship. Messrs Thomas D. Carroll, S.J., and James E. Thornton, S.J., are entering First Year Theology at Zi-ka-wei. Edward J. Murphy, S.J., will teach and prefect at Gonzaga College while Robert H. Dailey, S.J., is teaching and prefecting at Aurora University."

Chutun Is "Tops"

Enthusiasm over Chutun, the Mission to which he has been assigned is expressed by Father Mark Falvey, S.J.

"Chutun is 'tops,' both geographically and, from all I have heard of her, spiritually: geographically because the town is situated in far north-western cor-

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

ner of the Haichow section, just under the Shantung Province border; spiritually, because she harbors within her walls the largest number of resident Christians of any 'mission town' in the section, and their reputation as a group for seeking, in their affiliation with the Church 'first the Kingdom of God' is extraordinary.

"In a war-time maneuver I switched my residence from Shuyang to Machang, fifteen miles east where Father Charles D. Simons' baby installation is gleefully holding the strings which formerly bound the many nearby thriving Christianities to Mother Shuyang's apron. My sojourn there commenced a few hours before the brisk little affray which resulted in the seizure of the town and ended seven weeks later with the sudden shift of mission personnel occasioned by the death of Father Hermand, S.J., and the disappearance of Father LeBayon, S.J., at the hands of bandits.

Beware of Bandits!

"Since May 7th, I've been at Chengtow, central spot in the Haichow group of missions, a comparatively old and well established place of which Chutun, ten miles northwest is an offshoot. Because of the ever-increasing danger from bandits and the acuteness of wartime tension, Father Gauchet, S.J., leaving for Haichow to fill the post of Minister of the section left vacant at Father Hermand's death, cautioned me when I arrived against visiting the Christians in the outlying country or incurring any unnecessary risks and adding, as he put it, 'new sorrows to those already burdening the whole Mission.'

"His injunction, Reverend Father Henry, S.J., Superior of the Shanghai Mission, reiterated when he arrived in Chengtow from Haichow two days later after having spent a couple of hours en route under cross-ex-

amination before a bandit chief and about two hundred of the chief's henchmen. My stay here hasn't been without incidents of interest, some of extremely unpleasant nature, the narration of which diplomacy cautions silence.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Thwarting the Termites

From Holy Cross, Half-way Tree, Jamaica, B. W. I., Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., reports progress on a new church:

"The new church is moving fast. Soon the roof trusses will be in place. They are of native lumber, bullet wood, and as tough as iron and will withstand the ravages of termites. How providential! The native lumber, cedar, bullet wood, mahogany, etc., are immune to termites. But your nice pine boards from Canada and the States, how the little brutes love it!

Raganaut

"Raganaut, an East Indian boy, has worked for me for seven years. First in the country and now at Holy Cross. I should be lost without him. He works from six in the morning until ten at night, with nods and naps during the day, but still he is always around if I need him. He is slow and speaks bad English, but nevertheless is reliable. Yesterday was the Fourth of July. Father

Oliver Skelly, S.J., said to him: 'Today is the Fourth of July, and in America they have music, and laughter and celebrations. All we have in Jamaica is heat, heat, heat.' 'Yes,' replied Raganaut, 'heat, sleep and drink.' Father Skelly says the only way in which to impress the temperature on Raganaut is to tell him: 'It hottie, hottie, hottie today for true.'

"It has been very warm the last few days; warm even for Jamaica. I never before realized the meaning of the expression 'blistering heat,' a nice phrase that authors use in books. I was on my way to Whitehall, a little Mission situated in a sandy plain. In the rainy season the country round about is like a garden, fresh and green, but when the sun pours down on that sandy soil—then the heat is blistering. The road was hot, the car was hot, the air was hot. The countryside was like an oven.

"Why Jamaicans do not follow the example of Latin-America and work from seven in the morning until two in the afternoon is beyond me. In Kingston the offices and stores open at eight and close at four. From two o'clock until three-thirty practically no work is done, yet those hours are sustained.

"However, there are compensations. Though it has been hot here, one of the advantages is that one can always escape to the hills where the temperature



Father Thomas J. Hallahan, S.J., Brother John Schwendermann, S.J., and Brother Theodulus Yanez, S.J., of the Missouri Province, who have been assigned to St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

all summer has not been over sixty-five. Of course, the contrast in climate is even more pronounced after one's return to the plains, and I have found it better to stay in the heat, and become immune to it—if possible.

A Noble Action

"My little Mission at Whitehall has a history. It was built by Lady Caroline, then a wealthy woman, who later died in poverty in the hovel of one of her servants. She now lies buried in the little cemetery next to the Chapel school which she built.

"The place is in need of repair. An addition of wood was put on some years ago which has now been destroyed by termites. Lady Caroline's portion is of stone, and as strong now as on the day it was built. I have determined to replace the wooden walls with stone and so set the men to work in a nearby property where there is a quarry and where we could obtain the stone free. Gave them a dinner and some rum. How they worked after that! One chap had a load of stone in his own place which he donated. 'How did you get them?' I asked him. 'I dug them up with my hands. I really want to do something for my church and my God while my life is spared,' he replied.

"Now can you imagine what a task that must have been, to gather up and pile a five-ton truck-load of stone? I admire and love the country folk here and am always happy to be amongst them. They are loyal and true."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Courage in Adversity

His Excellency, James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, P. I., writes of hope rising from ashes:

"Just a line to assure you that I am not discouraged despite the recent Lourdes Academy fire. I am resigned to God's Holy Will as He knows what is best. The

same good Lord gave us Lourdes and though He has taken it away we are sure He will give again if we but place our trust in Him. What we need now, most of all, is prayers that the Lord may sustain us and direct us what is best to do for the future of Lourdes Academy. •

"As classes were to open in June we could do little after the fire for this year. We rented a small house and are trying to continue the college normal classes and the fourth year high school so that these young ladies would not be forced to go to the public schools. We hope to be able to continue until the end of the school year. The future of the high school is in God's Hands and we place all our confidence in His Sacred Heart that with the help of our dear friends we can at least make another beginning next year.

Divide and Conquer

"To console me in my trouble the Lord sent me a great blessing. On the feast of the Sacred Heart I received word from the Vatican that the Diocese of Cagayan was to be divided. For the past two years I have been praying and working for this as for a long time I have realized that I could not do justice to such a large territory. Now I am relieved of the responsibility of the provinces of Surigao and Agusan and can look forward to better organization of the four remaining provinces and to the beginning of work among the Mohammedans and the pagans in Bukidnon."

Holiday at Tagoloan

Father Edward F. O'Byrne, S.J., tells how elaborately they celebrate the feast of St. Ignatius in Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, P. I.:

"For nine days before the feast, *bersos* or small cannons, six of them, were set off daily to call the attention of all the people who could hear them for a few

miles around the town to the fact of the coming fiesta celebration. These cannons were set off during the Mass in the morning and at Angelus time, six, in the evening.

"The school children, over four hundred, in our parochial school, practiced daily during the whole month of July for their part in the celebration. They paraded through the town on Sunday afternoon, the eve of the feast. They looked very pretty in their new uniforms, which they hastened to have their mothers complete in time for their parade.

"Feasts here in the Philippine Islands are preceded by Vespers in the church on the eve. So on Sunday, about six o'clock in the evening we had Vespers. Now the people saw the church all prepared for the feast. The good Brother had gotten our electric light system, that we so happily inherited from Father Daniel Sullivan's time, in running condition. The electric lights brought out the festive decorations very well. Flowers are improvised, made out of colored paper, when the natural ones cannot be obtained. Some natural ones were on hand, but we used quite a number of made ones.

"Well, to make a long story short, the fiesta day was a very busy one and a very happy one for all of us. Father Walter Hamilton, S.J., acted as deacon at the solemn Mass, Father Harold Murphy, S.J., from Jasaan, as sub-deacon, and I was given the honor of saying the Mass. Father Hamilton said the early Mass and then preached at the High Mass. I thought he actually broke his own leg when he demonstrated how Ignatius met with the accident that changed his life from the camp to the cloister.

"Sports were in order all day long for the children. Indoor baseball for the girls, who play the game better than boys over here, and basketball for the boys, were the main sports that day."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Cancel Subscription!

To the Editor:

I regret to say that I broke with Rom! So I would not support from now on any Roman's Society. Respectfully yours,
Brooklyn, N. Y. Subscriber

Who Will?

To the Editor:

Do please excuse me if I come abegging to you, but I know full well that it is the only way I have a chance to get my wish. I am an admirer of Father Miguel Augustin Pro, and not having the means to buy the book ask if you could find someone who would be good enough to procure me his life written by Father Dragon, S.J.

Catholic Mission,

Vavau, Tongan Group,

Oceania Sister Mary Gemma

Novice from China

To the Editor:

Does it not surprise you to get this letter from me? I am on my way to Los Gatos, Calif., to make my novitiate.

It happened on August 6, when Father Rouleau received the letter from the Reverend Father Provincial calling me to the Los Gatos Novitiate in early September. Hence there was not a moment to lose. Immediately I packed for departure, and it was a job to get an American visa, running up and downtown every day. It was a week's rush and, thank God, I made it.

On August 14 morning I sailed on the "Asama Maru" via Japan and Honolulu. I did not land in Japan because I had no Japanese papers; but after two weeks sailing we got to Honolulu on August 26—5 P.M. I went ashore then, called on the Fathers of the Catholic Mission Church, and located a friend of mine.

Had a wonderful time Sunday, August 27, a three hour auto tour around the island; beautiful scenery, so many fruit plantations, and sea beaches. I also visited St. Louis College there, conducted by the Marian Brothers,—the best Catholic school in Hawaii.

We left Honolulu Sunday night, and now we are two days from San Francisco, to arrive there September 2, A.M.

A pleasant voyage so far, there are half a dozen Russian boys with me in third class, students from Tientsin and Harbin. Only one day of rough sea just off Yokohama. The pity of it is however, there is no priest on board, except on the Shanghai-Kobe trip when an Augustinian Father said Mass on Our Lady's Assumption.

And so I am to begin my religious life this Fall—September 8, Nativity of Our Lady. Kindly pray for me, dear Father, that I may become a truly good Jesuit.

As for my family, they have been advised beforehand as to the probability of my going to America; so they took it very nicely. And I am very glad to tell you, dear Father, that my mother was baptized by Father Rouleau on

August 10, her baptismal name is Mary. Te Deum laudamus.

Father I have long ago wanted to write to you. In fact, I started, during my Summer vacation at Aurora University, a lengthy letter to you telling you about my aged father's deathbed conversion. For it was Father Rouleau too who baptized him, named him Francis. It is a pity that on this boat I cannot finish that letter of mine to you. I have almost three typewritten pages ready; in the near future I hope to finish it.

One of the conditions for my entrance into the Los Gatos Novitiate is that I have to pay my own way there. It would therefore be impossible for me to make this trip had I not received the donations from your "missionary-hearted" readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. Hence it is due to your kind help, dear Father, that I can enter the Novitiate this Fall. Also I am much indebted to Father Rouleau who has so well arranged everything for me. May Christ and His Blessed Mother bless you abundantly for all you have done for me.

George B. Wong, N.S.J.

Los Gatos, Calif.

Our readers will remember that in JESUIT MISSIONS for December 1938 we carried an appeal from Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., in Shanghai in behalf of George B. Wong. Those who answered that appeal will be consoled by the above letter and happy in the knowledge that now he is George B. Wong, N.S.J.—
Editor.

P. O. Box J. M.

To the Editor:

This is to acknowledge, with thanks, the letter of Rev. Fr. J. A. Creane, S.J., which reached me through the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS.

I expect to be in Chicago the early part of next month, and will attend Father Kilian's illustrated lecture on Patna, India—the mission so dear to me.

Pittsburgh now has a direct link connecting it with Patna. Next month nine T.O.R.'s from Loretto, Pa. (Altoona Diocese) leave for work among the Santals in Patna—two of them are from the Pittsburgh Diocese. One, Brother Robert Herzer, is from Pittsburgh. Brother Robert, who will be ordained in India, is a great friend of mine, and I'm delighted that he will work with our Jesuits, in Patna.

Will the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS please remember the Patna Franciscans in their prayers?

The Pittsburgh Patnaite.

Goal to Go!

To the Editor:

Just a response to your splendid appeal in the September issue of JESUIT MISSIONS—I refer to "Down with Poverty and Ignorance." And here's hoping you'll make it a touchdown for Church and State.

Boston, Mass.

J. A. Gookin

The Brothers of Mercy of St. John of God, who care for and nurse male patients, both in hospitals and in private homes, are seeking candidates.
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A New Mount Alvernia

Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J.

SEVEN years ago the author had occasion to visit Montego Bay, the now famous bathing resort of Jamaica, and to call on the Franciscan Sisters who conduct an academy and poor school in the town.

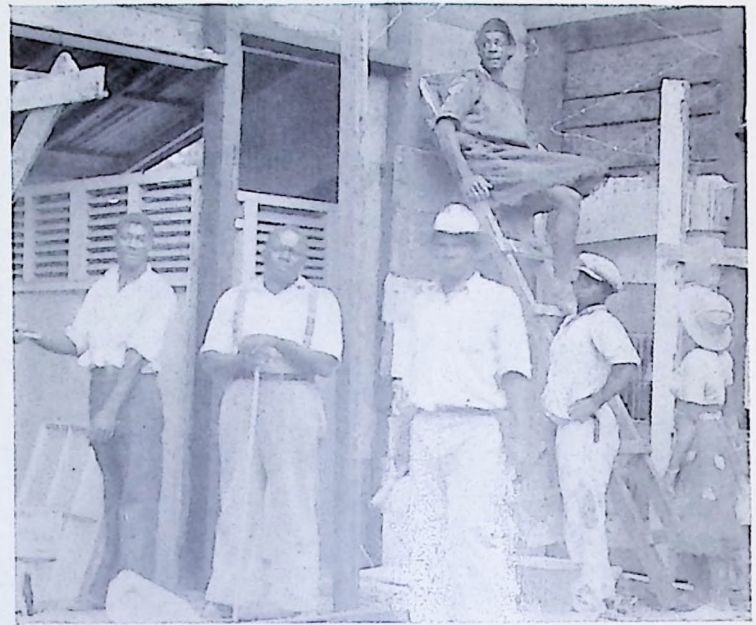
The convent and school building dates back to the days of Nelson, who had danced, they say, on the ancient flagstones of the porch. The fact that Nelson was killed at Trafalgar in 1805 made the newcomer look twice at this monument of modern antiquity. And certainly the building looked as if it had seen its best days not too long after Nelson graced it with his illustrious presence. It was too old, too weak, too battered to give even the faintest idea of what we would expect of an academy run by some of the most efficient nuns in the world. Sisters can work wonders but they cannot resuscitate what is dead and should be buried, and that struck their guest as the pressing problem that faced them.

In fact, he wondered how the academy had any boarders at all and was not surprised to learn that they numbered but five. No parents who really loved a child would have cared to risk placing their offspring under such a roof and within such walls in a country where hurricanes blow and they have earthquakes now and again.

AND yet in such a setting these heroic Sisters could laugh as they spoke of themselves trying to collect six cents a week in the poor school below, what a blessing the meager salary of \$3.75 a week for each Sister was in the running of the house, the absolute necessity of maintaining the academy, and, finally, with the modesty that only the heroines of Christ are capable of displaying, what the training, given the children, had already meant to the Church in Montego Bay with its peculiar difficulties that bred an appalling indifference to any but material concerns.

Last January the Bishop decided that something must be done to rebuild the place when the ceiling had fallen in the forward portion of the academy where Sisters and children alike slept. He appreciated that there was no question of Mt. Alvernia getting anywhere as long as the Sisters had a house that dated back to Nelson's day, with an interior that resembled a huge ants' nest, wall paper that was shabby beyond description, old plaster ceiling, and walls that suggested some of the saddest scenes in Dickens' novels. Such, without any exaggeration, was Mt. Alvernia Convent and Academy of Montego Bay.

The Bishop graciously agreed to give the Sisters a porch, eighty feet long, running along the sunny side of their dwelling during the day,—the cool side at night and the weather side day and night when wind and rain



The pause that refreshes amid the labor of rebuilding the old porch where Nelson danced.

howled and beat upon the building. A porch in the tropics is your living room. This was more. It sheltered the bedrooms of the Sisters and allowed each room to have a door and window on the porch as well as a door leading into the main hall of the building where the classrooms are now situated.

CHRIST had promised His friends who gave up all for His sake a hundredfold on this earth as well as heaven hereafter. For the Sisters, their hundredfold is found in the chapel in prayerful conversation with their Divine Spouse. The chapel is the power house of their truly wonderful lives of devoted service.

A beautiful white altar was donated by that world-wide benefactor of the missions, Father Joseph Kellar of Boston, who sent all the altar fittings also. It is a gem that fairly glistens on the green and white tile flooring of native manufacture. A beautiful mahogany altar-rail with a neat little gate separates the sanctuary from the body of the chapel which boasts heavy mahogany pews and stands for statues of the same material, all in the natural mahogany shade to match the altar-rails that are finished with a rose polish that the native workers are so adept at applying.

The Sisters made heroic efforts to raise the money for the chapel furnishings which they provided themselves. With the little that they were able to raise in the town which they serve so well and donations from kind friends at home, such as Bishop Richard J. Cushing, they have given their Lord and Master a house of God worthy of their King of Kings.

A new Mt. Alvernia Convent School now stands where before a make-shift building tried to serve.

Present and future are cared for by the men and women whose foresight, courage and constancy brought them so far from home with the knowledge that they are not forgotten by friends at home who share their work and their merit in providing the means without which they could not fight the good fight to keep and spread the Faith in the hearts of those dear Jamaicans for whom He died in far-off Palestine.

Alaska's Largest

Francis M.
Menager, S.J.

HOLY CROSS, our largest Mission in Alaska, is built on the banks of the Yukon River some three hundred miles up stream from St. Michael, the port of entry on the Bering Sea, and seven hundred miles down stream from Nenana the rail head of the Alaska Railroad. At Nenana connections are made with the Government steamers which transport passengers up and down the river.

Holy Cross is the dividing line for the Indian and Eskimo people, from Holy Cross upwards the population consists of the Innuvit Indian, while below and on down to the coast we have the Eskimo. At our school we have at present one hundred and forty children, boys and girls, Eskimo and Indian; they range from kindergarten to eighteen years of age, and like youngsters the world over, they are full of fun and mischief also. The Mission staff consists of two Fathers, two Scholastics, four Lay Brothers and a Community of nine Sisters of St. Ann.

THE school is conducted by the Sisters and finishes at the eighth grade, the children are quite bright, and at the annual competitions sponsored by the Territorial Government for all the native schools, our children generally get away with most of the prizes. Outside of school hours the girls under the instruction of the Sisters are taught everything necessary to enable them to become capable housekeepers so that when the time comes for them to have a home of their own they will be able to take care of it. The boys have two days every week devoted to manual training; under the instruction of the Brothers they are taught carpentering, shoemaking, machine-shop work, saw-mill work, building and repairing, fishing, and all the necessary requirements to enable a young man to be self-reliant when the time comes for him to leave the Mission.

At the Mission we have a well equipped machine shop with all the necessary lathes and machinery for general repair work; we have also a saw-mill which furnishes us all the lumber we need for building and repair work.

Holy Cross has several other missions and stations to supply, both on the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers. In the early part of December I made a two-week visit by dog-sled to the Kuskokwim River country; this river is the second largest in Alaska and has quite a number of villages and small towns located along its waterways. The village of Kalskag was my first stop on reaching

the Kuskokwim. At this village the people have a nice little church and on Sundays they assemble there for prayers and singing, trying to make up in their own way for the lack of a Pastor. From Kalskag I went to

the village of Aniak which consists of about thirty families, all good Catholics. There, as in other villages, I was kept busy baptizing babies, blessing marriages, validating others and giving instructions. This is the general line of work to be done in all these villages. The people of Aniak would like very much to have a church of their own and promised me if I could get them sufficient lumber to floor and roof the building, they would get out the necessary logs and start building. It would require about five thousand feet of lumber for this purpose. On account of the high freight rates the cost would be about five hundred dollars. Perhaps some good reader would like to come to their aid.



*Reverend Francis M. Menager,
S.J., Superior of Holy Cross,
Alaska's largest Mission.*

I VISITED some other villages also and everywhere was received with open arms. I had started out with what I thought would be plenty of altar breads for my trip but the reception of the Sacraments far exceeded my expectations, with the result that I was kept fairly busy baking my own altar breads. Everywhere I was greeted with the same plaint: "Too bad, Father, you couldn't stay on the river with us, so that we might get a chance to go to the Sacraments more frequently."

On the Yukon itself, we have several small missions to take care of. My assistant, Father James Spils, S.J., a newcomer to the country, has charge of these stations and has already experienced some of the joys and sorrows of mushing behind a dog-sled in sub-zero weather. Despite the fact that airplanes are quite plentiful in Alaska, the missionary still finds the dog-sled the most reliable means of transportation when he has occasion to visit the outlying missions.

One of the drawbacks in our missions is the lack of a qualified physician, one capable of performing the work of a general practitioner. Our nearest doctor is stationed at Mountain Village about three hundred miles from Holy Cross. The expense of an airplane for such a trip makes us think twice before using such a means for travel. I have often wondered whether, if it were brought to the attention of some of our young medical students in our Catholic universities, there might be found a young man willing to devote his services to the missions for a year or two. He would certainly get lots of experience, if not much of anything else.

NEW BOOKS

Apostle of Charity—The Life of St. Vincent de Paul

Theodore Maynard

If you don't like to read lives of Saints—read this one. To many readers of old-fashioned lives of saints it is hard to understand how so many people loved the saints in life when their lives make such grim and repellent reading. Here the charming sanctity and loveliness of Vincent de Paul and his amazing powers of organization shine forth clearly in the delightful prose of Theodore Maynard. All apocryphal incidents and synthetic "edification" is stripped away from the graphic portrayal of another Christ who was definitely in the fashionable world of XVII Century Paris and just as definitely not of it. To read the plain story of a simple priest who laid the foundations and showed the way for all modern charitable organizations; who moved in the very highest, even royal circles, and yet lived only for the most desperately poor and abandoned, is an inspiration that needs no adorning.

Vincent de Paul was one who walked in complete dependence on the guidance of God,—but who displayed superhuman energy and ability when God pointed the way. Everything about his life seemed to happen by chance and yet it was only because he never acted according to his own interests but with the submissiveness of an instrument in the hand of the Holy Spirit. When the pattern of his life and work was completed, that Divine guidance was clearly seen in the wisdom, permanence and effectiveness of the institutions he founded.

Another feature that will strike the reader is the modernity of St. Vincent de Paul. He could live today in Paris or New York and lead the same life and be the same saint and do the same work, except for the fact that because he lived before, conditions are far better.

There are many lives of St. Vincent de Paul, but because of the freshness of its style, its accuracy and vivid presentation of the Saint and its background, this one will find a welcome reception.

The Dial Press, New York, N. Y., \$3.00.

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phony. The Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius are very much like the primary colors and the notes of the scale. They are the concentrated fundamentals which can be expanded into a complete spiritual philosophy of life; one can read them in an hour and develop them for a lifetime.

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In forceful and intensely effective language, this Trappist priest renews the influence of a retreat or creates that influence for one who has never made a retreat.

Make no mistake,—this is not just another pious pamphlet. Its sincerity, directness and masterful presentation of the powerful truths which give the Exercises their extraordinary efficacy in recalling souls to God or inspiring them to greater love and service of God, make it a retreat in miniature.

It does not present the Exercises of a retreat, as such, but under the form of leading questions it summarizes and drives home the great answers to the riddle of life, the destiny of man and the glory of a life led in union with God.

Although this little book comes from the remote Trappist cloister, its language and examples are crisp and up-to-date.

It will be an inspiring and invigorating help for retreat directors and retreatants and in fact to anyone in all walks of life who gives any thought to the essential business of saving his soul.

Abbey of Gethsemani Press, Trappist P.O., Nelson Co., Ky. Fifteen cents.

The Pope's Plan for Social Reconstruction

Charles Bruehl, Ph.D.

From Plato to H. G. Wells, schemes for a new Utopia wherein equity, peace, sanity and the good life will be had for all, have come from the pens of philoso-

phers and dreamers. They are a very interesting contribution to the literature of their times and are by no means to be sneered at, since every improvement in civilized life has come from the dreams or drafting-board of a seeker after Utopia.

The fatal error, the missing element in all these formulae has been the tremendous misconception that human nature is good in itself and that human society can function without God. The error of the early Romantics after Shaftesbury, that man has no need of grace or of God but only a chance to be himself, has been present in and has rendered totally unworkable all the classic blue-prints for a reconstructed society.

And yet to think that society is incapable of improvement, that abuses cannot be abolished is a defeatism which reason and history refute. Modern scholarship point to the Middle Ages as coming very close to the most perfect social organization of religious, civic and domestic society. It was a period when secular and religious life went hand in hand and God was in His proper place as First in all the affairs of His creatures.

The encyclicals of Pius XI embodying a plan for a social reorganization based on this view of the world is not visionary or culled from a dead past. It

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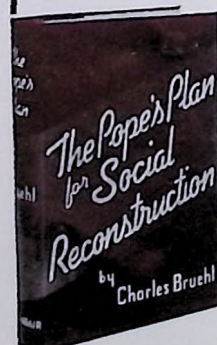
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Devin-Adair, New York, N. Y., \$3.00.

WAR ROLLS INTO MACHANG

(Continued from page 257)

my shoes like an express elevator. The officer bowed his bow—I mine. I told him we had been agreeably visited by the head officer. He responded in rather clear English: "I am obliged to enter." The only thing for me to do was to be "obliged to admit him."

He was most gracious. I conducted him to the various hide-outs of the refugees. He had the guards look in as a formality, it seemed. At the first huts he hardly hesitated. When he approached the chapel group, however, he paused. I began to wonder if I had been too effusive in my assurances of the simon-pure *bona fide* nature of my refugees. I had time during his brief inspection to look over the group. Their eyes were cast down or across or up—not at—. When the three bayonets appeared in the doorway one old fellow, lifting up his folded hands above his head, uttered a groan that might have been induced by a bayonet thrust. One woman with something like a "forbidden" *kon-ming-tang* bob had her hair done up in a cloth. A little girl carrying the same risk, whether in real or play-fear had done her hair up likewise.

Into the fourth ward, and last, the three bayonet-bearing guards stalked as though they wanted to leave a memorial of their visit. They took up positions in a triangle and eyed the motley group of terrified villagers. I began to think that things had been running too smoothly to suit the inspecting group, and that they were determined to find trouble. I reflected on incidents that I had heard of having occurred at other missions, of the necessity some priests found themselves obliged to throw themselves in front of the bayonet to protect an innocent man. The presence of bayonets amid these present circumstances made easy the process of imagination. I began to swallow hard. I eyed the nearest bayonet. It

looked as if it were painted—the same olive khaki-shade as the soldier's uniform. I wondered why it should be so painted—I looked at the nearest possible victim.

Suddenly it was finished. The officer bowed himself out and the Machang battle was over. I turned to give a reassuring smile to the clustered, nervous sufferers. Their breathing was still checked and their eyes still fixed to a spot—all save one youngster of twelve years who smiled up from the floor where he had curled to look as small as possible. It was the only sign of relaxation or recognition I had met during the whole tense process of inspection.

I returned to this group a few minutes later to find them all laughing and looking in the direction of a pile of lumber in a far corner of the room. There to my horror I beheld standing neck-deep in the hole made by the triangularly stacked planks a sheepishly grinning refugee. He had in his simplicity and fear crept into the lumber to hide, and unwittingly endangered the peace and safety of everyone in the Mission. My strength left me momentarily as I conjured up the terrible consequences had been discovered. What explanation could I have given for his stupidity? I wanted to say something, but words failed me! But it was good to see them all laughing now. I joined their laugh as well as I could and in my heart thanked God once again that day for His Blessed Providence.

SO WE BORROWED THE RAJAH'S BEST ELEPHANT

(Continued from page 259)

always crossed the river further downstream where it was broader and less deep. He said that we also could cross there. When we neared the spot we saw another elephant approaching toward the river from the other side. It was the Zemindar's animal. We watched him cross safely over.

We had intended exchanging our *howdah* onto the second elephant and then going over on him, but as soon as the two elephants saw one another they began to make unfriendly grimaces that presaged a real fight if brought close together. The boy said that he could go across now that he knew Tami would not sink. We had gone about thirty yards out and the other elephant in front was about eighty, when suddenly it turned around in war-like manner with trunk raised high, ears starched out, and from

its throat came a deep thundering bellow. Fear gripped us.

We saw the Mohammedan mahout kick the elephant behind the ears and try to make him turn about, but with no success. And all the while our beast was advancing. We shouted, to be heard above the noise of the rushing water, at our boy driver to turn Tami around. At first he refused, but when a clash seemed imminent and we had visions of ourselves being tossed into the rushing water, he took the advice and around we came. The first animal stood for some time, and then triumphantly turned back. We waited a bit longer this time and then once more started across.

Every now and then Tami would dig his trunk deep into the water and bring it up again with a blast of air and water shooting out. I'm glad he did not take it into his head to send a shower of water back over his passengers as he well might have. We were now in the deepest and swiftest part. Splash, wash, swish, went the water and it seemed as though we were moving upstream when we looked only at the water. We breathed more freely when we felt the speed of the water lessen and knew that we were on firmer ground, but once more the fierce first fellow turned in militant manner and seemed to dare us to come out. We motioned the mahout to go to the left while we steered to the right. Once, twice, thrice the elephant tried to turn in but each time he sunk into soft mud. At last he found a solid path and went in onto the bank, where we gave three lusty cheers for our "Hero." The remaining mile to the Zemindar's house was quickly traversed and we dismounted happy and thrilled at our adventure.

BLACK EAGLE ON SIOUX SYNTAX

(Continued from page 263)

the Indian Service eagerly awaited publication of Father Buechel's book and have asked him to conduct classes in Lakota for Government school teachers.

One of the author's prime purposes in putting in permanent form his findings during thirty-five years apostleship was to promote the glory of the Catholic Church's missionary organization and to pay tribute to his predecessors and co-laborers among the Sioux.

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Christmas Dolls

China dolls for Christmas! Even grown up children can enjoy such Christmas presents. But the China dolls here pictured in the orphanage at Zikawei, Shanghai, China, might be a burdensome gift to our readers. They are too much alive.



And so our missionaries, all of them, content themselves with sending you, instead of live baby dolls, their sincere and heartfelt thanks for all you have done for them in their missionary labors. Their earnest prayer is that the Infant Savior may bless you abundantly on His birthday. To the readers and subscribers of JESUIT MISSIONS

**A Holy and Happy Christmas
from
The American Jesuit Missionaries**

May we Editors make a suggestion? China dolls, Indian dolls, Eskimo dolls, Filipino dolls, Jamaica dolls are all too fragile to be sent away from their native homes. Sometimes, even, they are too fragile to live at home. Won't you, dear reader, help to support a Christmas doll in its own home since you can't receive it into your home?

Please send us a Christmas gift for the American Jesuit missionaries. Just mark it—FOR A CHRISTMAS DOLL! and send it to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N.Y.

A HARD PULL—



One boy-power taxi in China

IT'S FUN, isn't it, when youngsters play the game of being grown-ups? So we might judge from the smile of the boy who is pulling his playmates. But when he's a grown-up and has to pull for a living for himself and his family he won't have much of a smile. It will be a hard pull without much fun.

So it is with the Mission Procurator for the Jesuits of Lower Canada laboring in China. He has to raise funds to provide for their living. He finds it a hard pull with very little fun in it, though he does manage to keep his smile. The generosity of friends eases the pull for a while, and broadens his smile, but the needs of the missions in China today never lighten the load to be pulled. More friends, with more frequent generous gifts, are needed to help in the hard pull.

Will you help Father Lavoie in the grown-ups' game of pulling for a living? Even a small sum of money will help—Just mark your gift—**FOR A HARD PULL!**

Please send your gift to **JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.,** or to

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Procurator for Suchow Mission, China, cared for by the Jesuits of Lower Canada.

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