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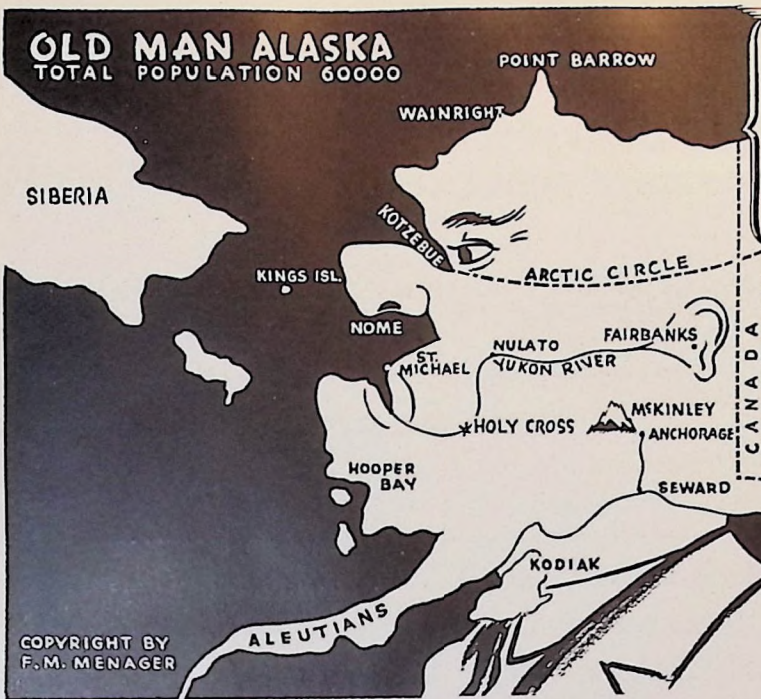
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 55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.

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U.S. ALASKA
 Area ~ 580000 square miles
 Coast line ~ 26000 miles
 Discovered by Russia ~ 1741
 Bought by U.S. ~ 1867
 Yukon River ~ 2000 miles
 Mt. McKinley ~ 21000 feet

YUKON TERRITORY
 First Catholic Missionary - 1878
 Catholic Bishop, J. Crimont D.D.
 Episcopal City ~ Juneau
 Catholic Missions ~ 44
 Catholic Schools ~ 8
 Children in Cath. Schools - 400
 Catholic Hospitals ~ 3
 Catholic Eskimo-Indians - 5000
 Catholic Whites ~ 5000
 Priests ~ 24
 Brothers ~ 10
 Sisters ~ 60

Old
 Man
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Since the above map was drawn, Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J., has been consecrated Coadjutor Vicar Apostolic of Alaska. Furthermore, at the present time there are only nine Brothers in Alaska.

It's a hungry mouth that Old Man Alaska opens towards Siberia. Can we see hope in his eye as he looks on Godless Russia? His hope really is rooted in the U.S.A., not in the U.S.S.R.

If truth be told, the hope of the American Jesuit Missionaries in Alaska is almost a forlorn hope. Unpaid bills for last year and two years ago find the missions of Alaska in debt to the extent of \$43,000. Who can blame the merchants when they will extend no more credit till some of these past due bills are paid?

Here, even the poorest of us can find God in His church at any time. There financial need threatens to close God's church. Here even the poorest of us can find a crust to eat and some corner for shelter. There, Jesuit missionaries, Americans like ourselves, and their flocks, are threatened with dire hunger and utter homelessness.

Will you let Old Man Alaska starve your missionaries and kill their dependents? Their hope is based on your charity. Your charity can revive their hope. A widow's mite from the poor, a generous check from the more fortunate will each be an evidence of your great charity.

Please give something to Alaska's need. Just mark your gift—FOR OLD MAN ALASKA! and send it to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to

REV. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.
 2440 Interlaken Blvd., Seattle, Wash.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

JANUARY

1940

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • AMERICAN INDIANS • JAMAICA • CHINA • BAGHDAD • INDIA

CONTRIBUTORS

How they are married and given in marriage in India is told in *Baustamente, the Bridegroom*, by



James M. Harney, S.J.

FATHER JAMES E. HAGGERTY, S.J. (*Pari, Pari, Stay With Us!*), is Director and Dean of Studies of the High School at Cagayan, Oriental Misamis.

Above Rocks, Jamaica, will soon, we feel, be called Donovan Town, after its handsome and talented Pastor, **FATHER FREDERICK J. DONOVAN, S.J.** (*A Breeze, No Hurricane*).

In *Peyote Is A Problem*, **WILLIAM J. MOORE, S.J.**, contributes another of his interesting and scholarly stories of Indian life.

Baghdad is no longer the romantic city of the *Arabian Nights*, but **FATHER JOSEPH P. MERRICK, S.J.**, who knows his Baghdad, admits it's interesting.

Our last article from **FATHER JAMES M. HARNEY, S.J.**, was called *Donnington in the Bush*. Since then great things have happened at this Jamaica Mission, as you can see from *The Donnington Experiment Is A Success*.

FATHER FAUSTO GNAVI, S.J., describes what the war has done to a Chinese Mission in *Crisis in Nansuchow*.

FRANCIS C. RODRIGUEZ, S.J., who is now studying at Hazaribah, Bihar, India. He is a Scholastic of the Chicago Province.

Some of our most colorful stories on the war in China have come from the pen of **FATHER MARK A. FALVEY, S.J.**, of the California Province, (*Funeral Under the Guns*). He doesn't use a type-writer because it sounds too much like a machine gun.

FATHER JAMES E. HAGGERTY, S.J. (*Pari, Pari, Stay With Us!*), is Director and Dean of Studies of the High School at Cagayan, Oriental Misamis.



J. Edward Haggerty, S.J.

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COVER—This profile of a Jamaica girl of the bush districts was sent to us by the Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Jamaica's new Superior and former Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. Father Feeney calls it a typical face and we are inclined to take his word for it, because in the short time he has been in British West Indies there are very few Catholic faces he hasn't seen. There are two Jamaicas, he says, the one the tourists see and the one familiar to the missionary. Both are picturesque and the new Superior has become an enthusiastic Jamaican.

EDITORIALS

FOUR CENTURIES YOUNG

THE Society of Jesus this year celebrates its four hundredth anniversary. Born in a turbulent era, its four centuries of existence have been filled with the noise of many battles; and as a sign that there is still no peace in sight for the soldier-sons of St. Ignatius, the four hundredth birthday of the Order is marked by international armed conflict in Europe and Asia that spells a new crisis for the Church.

Both the war and the crisis may also be taken as a sign that the Society is still young and vigorous despite its four hundred years and that it will remain young as long as the Church has battles to be fought. Four hundred years may seem a long time but it was not long enough to make the Jesuits one of the really ancient Orders of the Church. Compared with the venerable and glorious records of some of the other Orders, the Society is a mere youngster and has no right on its birthday to demand that it should have the satisfaction of sitting in the sunlight, counting up the record of its achievements.

So this month as we go into our four hundredth year, there will not be much time to linger over the glorious deeds of the past. There will be a hurried glance only at the long line of saints, martyrs, scholars and heroes and that not a complacent glance, but one that draws courage to carry on in the new crisis of the Church.

THE Society of Jesus during its four centuries of existence has engaged in many activities. Some of them were contemporary, demanded only by the exigencies of the times, and have been forgotten. Others have remained. But there is one work that the Jesuits have never ceased to do and have always been pre-eminent in, the work of spreading the Kingdom of God in foreign lands. The year 1940 marks not only the four hundredth anniversary of the approval of the Society by the Holy See but also the four hundredth anniversary of the sending of St. Francis Xavier to the Indies. "Go set all aflame," were the words spoken by St. Ignatius to this first Jesuit missionary. It was he and those who followed him who gave the first impetus to the great missionary expansion of the Church that followed the discovery of new lands. Since that day the Society of Jesus has never ceased to be a Missionary Order. The missions have been the great continuous work of the Jesuits. Today, after four hundred years, and despite

numerous other activities, it has more men in the mission fields than any other Order of the Church.

OUR own country may be taken as a good example of the remarkable continuity of mission work in the Society. The first Jesuits to come to America, of course, were missionary. In many cases they were the first European eyes to see those hills and rivers and mountains that have become so familiar to us. These Jesuits—Marquette, Jogues, de Brebeuf, Andrew White, Kino—belong to the early history of our country and every school boy knows that in those days and even up to the time of DeSmet in the nineteenth century the Society of Jesus in America was a Missionary Order. These missionaries did what Jesuit missionaries have been doing for four hundred years. They built schools, little schools at first, hardly more than log cabins for the Indians. The years slipped by and suddenly they were thriving universities and colleges, and today if you ask the average person what the American Jesuits do they will say: they run schools, they are educators.

What then has become of the famous "Blackrobe" who discovered and evangelized large sections of our land and began all this educational work? Has he disappeared like the buffalo? Yes, he has disappeared, but not like the buffalo. He has changed his Black Robe to a white one and has departed for other mission lands, China, India, Ceylon, the Philippine Islands, Alaska, Jamaica, British Honduras. The American Jesuits, sons of Jogues and de Brebeuf, have not forgotten their missionary traditions. They operate a string of missions that encircles the entire globe.

THE present is always unfriendly to the missionary. But history is his good friend. What he does in the present is always small and sometimes not particularly heroic but when we look at this smallness after centuries have past, what accomplishments we see, what heroism! Take for instance the last four hundred years of the Society and its missionary work. Rather, let us not take it. It is safe, secure and glorious. Let us focus our attention on the present—the vivid present in which seven hundred American Jesuit missionaries (a valiant section of the 3,787 missionaries of the Order) dedicate themselves anew on this four hundredth year to the work of teaching all nations. They wish you a Happy New Year.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Baustament

Francis C. Rodriguez, S.J.

*"The qualities of the bride and her aptitude to live with this young man is a question that seldom arises . . ."
But Rosemary was a gem.*



SIMON the village carpenter of Chuhari, India, was quite a popular figure and was well known for his honesty and simplicity of life. He lived a happy life with his industrious wife, his twelve year old son, Tom, the terror of every washerman's donkey in the neighborhood, and the ever-shy Rosemary. She it was who had just completed her sixteenth year and was causing anxiety to Simon and his loving spouse—for it was time to find her a bridegroom.

One day Jamelli, the local match-maker par excellence, paid Simon a casual visit. But perhaps the visit was not so casual after all.

"Good morning," said Simon.

"Good morning," replied Jamelli.

There was a silence, both men waiting for the other to open the negotiations. Finally, the shrewd Jamelli spoke:

"How is your little Rosemary?"

"She's not little. After all she has completed her sixteenth year. And as you know, a girl must be married before she is eighteen. Besides, her mother is worried."

JAMELLI looked for a moment nowhere and then pulling out his note book scanned its contents in quite a professional style and then just casually whispered, "I have it."

The lucky young man was no other than the village postmaster, Baustamente, an amiable young man of high repute. He was not a wealthy man but he had a government job and came from a respectable family. Simon did not mind having Baustamente for his son-in-law and so wishing Jamelli every success in his delicate mission he took his leave.

Late that evening Jamelli called on the postmaster's father, the only man on earth empowered to discuss all matters concerning his son's future, though that son was sufficiently grown up to look after his business himself especially in the choice of a partner for life. But that is how things have been done and so they must be done now. What has been, must be.

Jamelli soon acquainted his host with the nature of the business which had brought him there that night and both kept on talking about various points for quite a while.

"How much is Simon willing to pay as dowry?" put in Baustamente's father quite suddenly, "no use speaking further until this point is settled." This really was a serious matter and the match-maker knew by experience the abrupt ending of many a match on the question of dowry. The qualities of the bride, her aptitude to live with this young man is a question that seldom rises. "How much?" that's the question. There was a great deal of wrangling during which Jamelli kept on emphasizing on the one hand the great qualities of mind and heart of Rosemary and on the other the relative unimportance of the village postmaster. The upshot of all this was that Simon had either to pay Rupees 500 or look elsewhere for a bridegroom.

THAT night Baustamente was duly informed by his father how in his paternal solicitude he had chosen a bride for him in every way a gem and he, Baustamente, would be delighted with the choice. The son, however, kept these words, pondering in his heart.

Simon was warmly congratulated by Jamelli on his good fortune in having such a magnificent young man for his son-in-law and, of course, claiming all the glory for himself. Rosemary's parents were indeed pleased but the five hundred rupees was a problem they had to face.

Tom, having overheard a part of the conversation had rightly guessed the nature of the business and had duly informed his sister with his own additions. Rosemary herself was simply informed by her mother that the following Sunday she would have to entertain some guests.

That Sunday the visiting party arrived towards evening. There was Baustamente's father, the bride-groom-to-be and Jamelli the go-between. They were received with very simple ceremonial by Simon and his spouse.

the Bridegroom

Catholics in India have their own ancient customs in match making and marriage — even to the bride's "I do."

While all were busy chatting Rosemary appeared with a tray bearing all that was needed for a simple tea. She placed it on a table close by, turned round and walked away, just as quickly as she had come in. All this while, however, two pair of eyes had been doing fast work—and they were satisfied.

It did not take long to settle minor points such as the day of the wedding, the time for the payment of the dowry and so forth.

THE fortnight preceding the wedding was a busy one in both the houses for they had to attend to a host of details. In inviting close relatives the parents of the bride and bridegroom have to go personally even if they can ill afford to waste their time on such trifles.

The elaborate ceremonies connected with a wedding in these parts begin on the eve with a curious ritual at sunset. All day, friends and relatives arrive bearing their gifts for the wedding feast—near relatives bring food-stuffs and others give money. As each person or party arrived, Simon—at times some close relative—received them at the door in true oriental style by offering a pot

of water to wash hands and feet and a tray of *pansupari*. (*Pansupari* takes the place of chewing gum and is made of wild bettle leaf, bits of arec-nut and slaked lime.) Then the guests offered their gifts and Simon carefully noted each for he had to return the equivalent of every one when there happened to be a wedding in his guests' houses.

Towards sun-set a few seats were arranged in the center of the canopied courtyard which were occupied a few minutes later by Rosemary and a dozen of her companions. All the women present—girls over twelve as well as widows are not allowed in a wedding—gathered round the bride, and the mother with solemn ritual anointed Rosemary with cocoanut oil, singing meanwhile pious couplets in honor of the Holy Trinity and various saints. The ceremony ended with a generous rubbing of cocoanut juice on the head and face of the bride and her companions. After this a simple supper was served and then all retired to rest.

EARLY next morning the bride was decked in white garments and led to the church by about a dozen friends and relatives. A few minutes after they had reached the church, Baustamente appeared with a dozen companions and a brass band making a great noise.

The good pastor stood before the couple in surplice and stole and began the beautiful nuptial service of the Catholic Church. He asked the usual question of Baustamente and readily came the answer, "Yes." But it was not so when the pastor asked the same question of Rosemary, for, according to custom she was supposed to show her modesty by not replying at all twice and the third time to whisper a very faint "Yes." After Solemn Mass they all repaired to Simon's house.

At about ten o'clock a party headed by Baustamente's parents arrived carrying the wedding *saree*—a rather costly affair—and the necklace. They were received at the door by all present at Simon's house with many a song, pious and otherwise and generous quantities of water and *pansupari*. When all had rested a while the bride was again led out into the canopy and the women

folk put on her the married woman's dress. All the chief functions were begun by the mother-in-law whose duty it is by right of tradition. When all was ready Rosemary was taken to a raised platform where she stood near her bridegroom. Then the village headman bestowed on them a solemn blessing in barbarous Latin and
(Turn to page 28)



The village band swings into action during a marriage among the Santals.

Funeral Under the Guns in Machang

Mark A. Falvey, S.J.

Chinese children must grow used to terror and be stoics from the cradle.

A LAMP cast its mellow light on the wan features of the Chinese girl as she lay decked out in brightly embroidered clothes awaiting fast approaching death. Grouped around her cot and moving about like shadows in the darkness above her, a dozen men and women were torn between their desire to leave what their superstitions told them were the dangers of the death scene and their neighborly loyalty to the grieving mother, urging them to remain.

"Father, I don't want to die, please ask God not to let me die."

The fourteen year old refugee girl addressed me hoarsely from the cot where she lay, her words uttered between gasps that portended the end.

TWO days before, amid the terror precipitated by the approach of invading tanks preceding the seizure of the town of Machang, I had seen her long hair hanging dishevelled from the cumbersome bundle in which she was being carried to the Mission. "A cripple," I had thought, as bundle and carrier fell heavily in their stumbling haste. With that I had lost sight of her until this third night of the occupation of the town and the presence in the Mission's diminutive Compound of an uncomfortable number of refugees. "Dead," was my reflection, when I had beheld

her a half hour previously while her mother was rapidly pulling on her the embroidered garments in which the child would be laid out and buried. Fearful of death and the presence of death, the woman wished to perform this duty to her daughter before the end should come.

She divined my thought, "She is still breathing," the mother whispered.

Fifteen or eighteen women huddled in the dark of that mud hut where the Mission grain is ground, were scowling as darkly as the shadows in which they squatted, as darkly as the superstitions which induced them to protest against permitting the girl to die in their midst. They would have the wasted little body pushed out into the chilled air of that March night. The motor of a disabled Japanese army tank in process of being repaired, roared on the street without, to remind us, if we should forget, the reason of our cramped living conditions. The reminder made no change in the women's attitude. To allow death under the same roof with them was an indiscretion permitting of no excusing circumstances.

One war at a time was enough, I thought. To settle the intra-refu-

gee strife I had the dying child carried to the room of an adjoining building. The building had formerly been used as a display room on market days when bandit heads were hung from the rafters for the edification of the market crowds from the surrounding countryside. One more contact with death would do the place no harm.

"I am not going to ask God to cure you. I am going to ask Him to take you to Heaven. Wouldn't you like to go to Heaven tonight and be free from suffering and be happy with God forever?" I pleaded,



A Haichow lassie looks out on life with sadly questioning eyes.

for there was no time to waste; I wanted to instruct her for Baptism.

The girl lay back quietly a moment, then said simply, "Father, I want to go to Heaven. Please help me."

To my surprise she repeated with easy familiarity the Holy Name of Jesus and I discovered that she had attended the Protestant mission formerly, and was acquainted with much of the doctrine essential for Baptism. She seemed to catch at once the fullest significance of the name of the Blessed Mother when it was suggested to her and through the hour of life that remained to her, joined the names of "Jesus" and "Mary" in prayerful utterance.

DURING the hour of watch following the administration of the sacraments and rites of the Church for the dying, she lay absorbed in the contemplation of the crucifix, uttering touching ejaculations. In the midst of those uncomprehending shadows which stood over her, her soul was flooded with a light of which the low-turned lamp on the table was merely a dim symbol. Once when she thought I was leaving, her hand went out in a gesture, bidding me remain, as if she wanted the comfort of one who could be in the light with her and understand what was going on in her serene soul.

As the soft glow of the lamp diffused its light over the nuptial-robed, emaciated form of this child of light, the shadowy figures seeing the end drawing near, moved noiselessly toward the door and

were lost in the blackness of the night. The girl, placid and no longer fearing death, interrupted her contemplation, turned on me eyes filled with joy and inexpressible gratitude to whisper, with choking breath: "Thank you, Father."

Faith had shown her the vision of heaven, and hope had sped her there before death had given wings to her soul, and now charity had bid her utter a word of gratitude to the one whom God had used as the final instrument of her salvation before that Divine Flame would envelope her in eternal ecstasy.

Thus, with one hand tightly holding the lighted candle, symbol of the Christ Who had shone on her through the darkness of the surrounding paganism, and with the other clutching the crucifix, sign of the death which had brought her everlasting life, she quietly closed her eyes and her soul answered the knock of the Bridegroom.

The following day she was buried with a Requiem Mass, *corpore presente*, an unusual event in this mission field, because of Chinese custom of burial and because of prohibitive distances. The body was wrapped in straw matting and with the bier was draped in the black catafalque cloth with its great bright white cross and thus it was carried on the



Fearful of death and the presence of death mothers clothe their children for burial before death comes.

shoulders of pall-bearers to the only available burial grounds, the Buddhist temple, north of the town.

THE funeral cortege wended its way past a row of tanks and army trucks, up the road filled with cavalry horses, through the North Gate where it passed the yet unburied body of a Chinese soldier.

While the grave was dug and religious ceremonies performed, sentinels in the high watch tower of the town, looked on with field-glasses. The pall-bearers piled a mound of dirt over the grave, and I bound together two twigs in the form of a cross and pushed it into the peak of the mound where generally there is a clod of dirt. And while the idols of the temple looked on and thought what they would about it and the mourners stood in the shadow of the temple and pitied the child confined to the darkness of the earth, the morning sun sent its shafts of light across the grave surmounted by a cross.

The Mission is a haven when the tanks come.



"Pari, Pari," Stay With Us!

James Edward Haggerty, S.J.

OF all the mission stations attached to Cagayan, Philippine Islands, the little town of Talakag is my favorite:—perhaps because it was the first one I sallied out "to conquer." Once a month, on the fourth Sunday, the five thousand Catholics that live in the municipality of Talakag have a priest.

Talakag is about twenty-two miles away. The road climbs and climbs, each turn taking your breath away with its dizziness. The little barrios along the route have already wakened, loaded carabaos are coming down the trails to the Sunday market. Children are pushing home long hollow bamboo poles on wheels taking home river-water for the day. Men with their favorite roosters on their arms and a few *centavos* in their pockets, are jogging ten or twelve miles to the Sunday cockpit. A barber clad only in his underwear is cutting the hair of a friend clad only in short trousers, getting him ready for some gala occasion. Dogs wake up lazily in our path as we sound the horn and we dodge crazily, trying to miss hens scratching for their families in the middle of the road.

IT is now full daylight and the fields of corn stretch over the mountain plateau, very green in the fresh dew. Palm trees line the sides of the road, bunches of bananas hang head down among their giant leaves, and a few huge oranges weigh down their frail-looking branches. How prosperous it all looks, but there is fear in the heart of the farmer as he looks out over his work. As our car bounces along, it runs into dense masses of hopping insects—the hoppers that will soon be the devastating locusts. For five years now, they have destroyed nearly every blade of the harvest, but they seem to be growing less numerous.

The children along the road come out to wave and shout, "*Pari, Pari,*" ("Father, Father"), but their shout brings little joy to my heart. That one word is about all they know of our religion. Once a year, at fiesta time, there will be one Mass in these twenty-two miles between Cagayan and Talakag, and parents will bring their babies to be baptized. Then God drops out of their lives, and the only glimpse they have of religion is once a month when the priest goes hurrying by in the old Ford.

Talakag is still half asleep when we roll in about seven o'clock. We park at the little tin chapel, and one old man is there praying beside the candle he has lighted on the floor in honor of the patron, St. Joseph. He looks up shyly from his prayers and begins to pull vigorously on the bell to tell the people that the priest has come.

It is the feast of St. Mark the Evangelist, and I read the Rogation Day Prayer for aid,—thinking of those



Four charming little reasons why Talakag should have a priest all the time instead of once a month.

green fields and of the threatening hordes of locusts. "Help them, dear Lord," I think, "they want to build a little wooden rectory here for the priest—and if the locusts come, they cannot." Every time I come it is the same old question, "Can we not have a resident priest?" Out in the plaza I hear the shouts of men and women bartering in the market during Mass; as I preach, I can see through the open door, Bukidnons (mountaineers) coming in from great distances to the "liveliness" of Sunday in town. Poor people, they are baptized, but that is all they know of their faith. "They ask for Bread, and there is no one to break It unto them." For years Talakag did not have Mass even once a month.

Last year I said Mass in Talakag, and people dressed in mourning surrounded me after the Mass: "Father, will you bless our cemetery? For years our dear dead have lain in unholy ground. When they were dying there was no priest to lift his hand above them in absolution. In death, there was no priest to give them final absolution. We buried them like pagans, without chant, or book or bell." And so I went to the cemetery—and the dead of years sleep at last in hallowed ground. And the people with tears in their eyes, pressed gifts into my hands—oranges and coffee and aligator pears, and strange tropical fruits.

EVERY Father in Mindanao has a dozen Talakags, different only in setting. But wherever a priest comes to stay, attendance at Mass doubles and triples in a few months. Little churches of tin and bamboo become, with help from America, more worthy Houses of God. Little schools arise, catechism classes spring up in surrounding villages, and the new place becomes in turn a center for other Talakags. And one by one out of the centers come the seminarians who in time will again make the religious Filipinos become—sheep *with* shepherds.

A Breeze-No Hurricane!

Frederick J.
Donovan, S.J.

TUESDAY
morn: Father Superior, upon expert advice (my own) decides to postpone his visit to my missions at Above Rocks, Jamaica, today, for it is raining heavily and I expect bad roads due to mud and landslides. In the afternoon I decide to go through, if possible, for tomorrow is All Saints Day and the people will expect me. It's still raining and the trip was a perilous one to a novice, an exciting one for a veteran, for a "breeze is rising."



Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., with a group of his school children at Above Rocks, Jamaica.
"Picknies, pull in your belt,—hunger a comin' . . ."

Wednesday: All Saints Day. Heavy rain and only four people at Mass. counting the altar boy. A peep of the sun, at noon, and then RAIN—and I mean rain in capital letters. Dark skies, sluicing waters and a real breeze on its way. At seven o'clock lock tight all windows for the rain is driving through the least crack. Midnight,—a crash; only a big mango tree down behind my house. Two A.M., another crash; school windows rip open, so grab a hammer and nails, and make sure those *jalousies* (windows) stay closed. Five o'clock and whirrrr! only the zinc sheets ripping off the garage roof.

THURSDAY: All Souls Day—and only the poor Souls and God's Angels—are at the Mass. Now it is really raining and blowing. A ceaseless snapping and cracking and I gaze out my window at destruction. There go all my banana trees and a nine months' wait for new stems from baby plants. There goes my star apple tree and fruit for the school children. But woe is me. Now the bread fruit trees are breaking up. It's going to be a hard winter for my poor because the fallen fruit is ruined, and the rest water-soaked. "Picknies, pull in your belt, hunger a comin'." And while I so dream, the wind blows in two water-drenched people. "Fadder, Fadder! Aunt Tess' house, a' mash up. P'raps she, a' died"—for Aunt Tess is a crippled lady, living with her daughter who, incidentally, is my little girl sacristan. Stopping to fill a thermos with hot chocolate, cut some bread, a side-pocket for First Aid Kit if needed, my already wet suit, shoes, helmet, raincoat, and I'm off.

Yes! Aunt Tess' house is flat, but thank God, she's

in a neighbor's house. But every hut in this district is already overcrowded, so she'll come up to my yard—a spare room and cot reserved for my servant (but I don't have any) will do for the present. Another kind neighbor and myself crawl under the wreckage and retrieve a trunk of dry clothes, and is it raining! Buckets of rain, and a forty-mile breeze. Now Poverty, a stern mistress, is asking: "Who will rebuild and with what?"

NOW comes more bad news: "Fadder, Fadder, Mas' H's house bruck up." "Wall mashed a' Miss A's and Miss B's—and Miss Everyone. Whe' fe' do?" My own house is shaking as with age, but "come one, come all, use the schoolroom." And still the rain and wind rages. I empty my house of spare bedding—dry clothes—food. A gasoline lamp, a little warmth, but chiefly it brings cheer. I prepare a hot toddy against pneumonia, and God help them. They lay down on the hard benches, broken-hearted men, women, children. "Masse God is vexed."

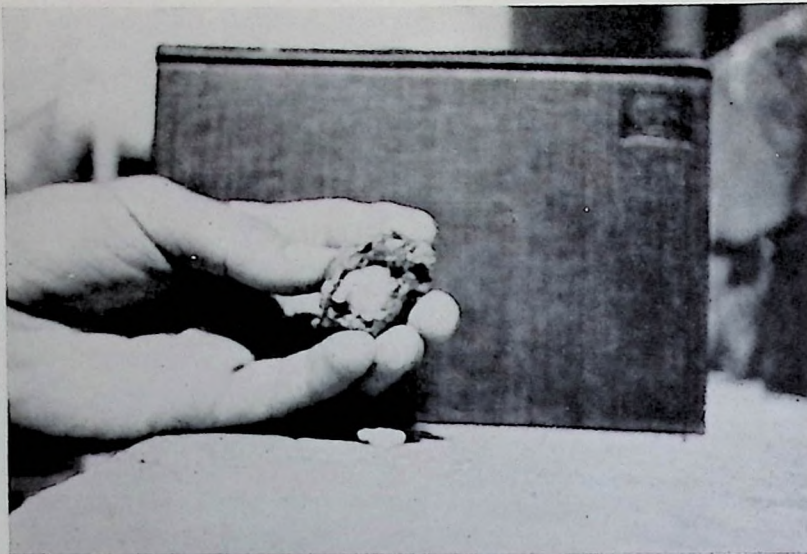
Friday, First Friday. Refugees of the storm at Mass. Rain is only in squalls now, but, all roads are blocked. Almost every banana tree in the district is down; most bread fruit trees broken; thousands of cocoanuts on the ground; many huts of the poor ruined; gloom, discouragement on all sides—no communication with the city, twenty miles away, except on foot, and two volunteers set out to bring back to me some foodstuffs for the poor people. This "breeze" ruined about seventy-five per cent of the bananas of the Island.

Well, this is just a quick picture of a breeze in Jamaica. Thank God it wasn't a hurricane.

Peyote is a Problem

William J.
Moore, S.J.

PEYOTE has been called many things. It has been denounced as the "devil's root"; it has been venerated as "God-flesh." For some it is a pernicious drug; for others it is a holy sacrament; worshipped on the one hand as the holy "Comforter" sent by Jesus, on the other hand, its use has been condemned as a pagan superstition and a cult of death.



A close up of the peyote button, a narcotic which enables the Indians to see visions of everything from heaven to snakes.

What is peyote? Peyote is a species of cactus grown in Mexico, south of El Paso, Texas. The top, about one and one-half inches in diameter, is very soft and green and fuzzy. Because of the fuzzy-haired top the Aztecs called it "peyotl" or caterpillar, the most innocuous of its names. Botanists know it as *lophophora williamsii*. When the flat peyote top or button is cut from the plant and dried, before shipment to the United States, it becomes hard and brittle, red-brown in color, and resembles in appearance a very dried apricot. Soaked in water, it expands and swells with moisture.

PEYOTE is a matter of peculiar concern to Indian missionaries—and has been for four hundred years. Little known to white people, this insignificant looking cactus product has been a thorn in the side of mission priests since it first vexed the Spanish Padres in old Mexico in 1529. Peyote interests the Jesuits at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, as the nucleus of a false religion which about thirty years ago invaded Rosebud Reservation, where it is active to this day as a festering sore in the body Christian.

Peyote is almost entirely an Indian problem. The voluminous literature on the subject rarely comes to the notice of white people. But to employees in the Indian service, to missionaries and the Indians themselves the use of peyote is a topic of animated debate to which ethnologists and doctors of pharmacy contribute a vast store of arguments pro and con.

The heart of the problem as far as the missionaries are concerned is the use of peyote as the central element in an Indian religion. For, among many groups, peyote is considered an Indian sacrament, God-given, and its devotees are they who speak of it with veneration as the Holy Spirit, the "Comforter" that Jesus sent. They say that peyote is the Way, the Truth, and the Life of every Indian who eats it. They say that peyote causes men to see their sins and teaches how to be saved.

Peyote even forgives sins.

Peyote, in such a character, is a false god and the peyote religion is a superstition which, among the northern Indians, unites pagan errors with extracts from Christianity to form a weird hybrid which is preached as a native American type of Christianity especially designed by God for Indians. Hence, it has an appeal to racial pride.

Peyote has a very interesting history. Padre Bernardino de Sahagun was the first to describe it. Writing in 1529 of the Chichimeca Indians of northern Mexico, he says:

"The first thing eaten at the party was certain black mushrooms, which intoxicate and cause visions to be seen and even provoke sensuousness. . . . Some had visions that they were dying and shed tears; others imagined that some wild beast was devouring them; others that they were capturing prisoners in warfare. . . ."

The mushrooms of which Padre de Sahagun spoke were peyote buttons.

IN 1754, Padre Jose Ortega wrote of a peyote meeting and called the drug "*raiz diabolica*" or devil's root. Near the musicians, he says, was placed "a tray filled with peyote, which is a diabolical root, that is ground up and drunk by them." The dance lasted from five o'clock in the evening until seven the next morning—much as peyote meetings of our own time prolong the night.

Peyote is old. W. E. Safford, in an article entitled, "An Aztec Narcotic," published in the *Journal of Heredity*, July, 1915, says that there can remain no doubt that the mushroom-like peyote used by our own Indians in the United States is the same drug which was called "*teonanacatl*," or "sacred mushrooms," by the Aztecs. And Dr. John P. Harrington, ethnologist, Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institute, Washington, says:

"It (peyote) is none other than the plant mentioned as *teo-nacatl*, God-flesh, in the fragmentary writings of the ancient Aztecs, among whom it was used since time immemorial both as medicine and in connection with ceremony."

Spanish missionaries found that the peyote cult interfered with conversions to Christianity. Fray Bartholome Garcia in 1760 wrote a religious manual for the

clergy. The following question was asked in the confessional: "Has comido peyote?"

This peyote, translated from old Mexico, that devil's root which bothered the Indian missionaries of four hundred years ago, the same it is that grows today as religious cockle in the spiritual wheat fields of the Sioux of South Dakota.

OKLAHOMA is the center of the peyote cult in the United States. There the peyote eaters are incorporated and have a charter as the Native American Church. A government chart shows that from seventy-five to one hundred per cent of the Kiowas, Apaches, southern Arapaho and Tonkawa Indians of Oklahoma are affected by peyote. It was from Oklahoma that the use of peyote spread north and west to Indians who, in most cases, knew nothing of peyote before 1900. Not until 1910 was peyote introduced among the Sioux of Rosebud Reservation.

Like nearly everything else connected with peyote, the number of Indians affected by it is in dispute. A writer in the *Kansas City Star* for April 18, 1938, said that according to competent estimates, at least 100,000 Indians "and perhaps as many as 150,000 Indians of the United States belong to it," that is, the peyote church. The government estimated that in 1919 there were 13,345 members of the cult; and in 1937, it was reported to the Committee on Indian Affairs that "the number of adherents of the Peyote Church at the present time probably would not exceed the number in 1919." Such is the disparity in printed figures.

The attitude of the Federal Government towards peyote has varied. Beginning about the year 1915, the Bureau of Indian Affairs exerted itself to procure the suppression of peyote. Under Commissioner Burke, in 1922, a pamphlet was published as a "convenient source of information for the employees of the Indian Service and for supplying those who are interested in securing regulative legislation against the sale, shipment, and use of peyote with the kind of data most frequently requested." The present Bureau of Indian Affairs has adopted toward peyote a hands-off policy, declaring that freedom of worship is guaranteed under the Constitution; that if peyote is an Indian religion, it must be safeguarded like any white man's religion.

In the West, where the Indians live, ten States have passed legislation against the use of peyote. Anti-peyote laws, however, had little influence on the use of peyote

by Indians who live on Reservations under federal jurisdiction. Furthermore, until just recently, peyote did not fall under the Food and Drugs Act. Recently, however, there has been a change in this regard.

UNDER the new Federal Food, Drug and Cosmetic Act, any drug product containing peyote, if shipped in interstate commerce, is subject to the jurisdiction of the Federal law. The act, effective June 25, 1939, groups peyote with cocaine, heroin, marihuana, morphine and opium; and it requires that the name, quantity and percentage of peyote be stated upon the label, and in juxtaposition therewith the brief but explicit statement, "Warning—May be habit forming."

Certain ethnologists have defended peyote as a bridge from paganism to Christianity. This argument has little weight among the Sioux of South Dakota, most of whom were Christians in 1910 when peyote was introduced from the southeast. A bridge can lead in either of two directions, depending upon one's primary position: for the Christian Sioux, peyote is a bridge leading back to paganism.

Whether peyote is a habit-forming drug is in dispute, as is nearly everything bearing on peyote. The new Drug Act, as we have said above, requires that peyote shipments bear a label on which must be the statement, "Warning—May be habit forming." News-worthy names have defended both sides of the question raised by "may be." A strong opponent of peyote, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, longtime chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, after a scientific indictment of peyote before the Senate Committee on Indian

Affairs some years ago, concluded with this reference to the use of peyote in Indian religious exercises:

"So far as building up a peyote church is concerned, if that is established, we will have an alcohol church and a cocaine church and a tobacco church, and any person who wants to use a drug and escape legal penalties for doing so can call it a religious rite. It is drug addiction, pure and simple."

WHAT goes on at a peyote meeting among the Sioux? Meetings begin on Saturday evening and last all night. Twenty or more peyote eaters gather in a tent or small log cabin where they sit on the floor in a circle. Nearly all are fullbloods. Thick tobacco smoke eddies over their coal black hair, dark brown faces and slant eyes.

(Turn to page 28)



Father Louis Goll, S.J., of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota. His peyote-eater saw God.

The City of Haroun-al-Raschid

Joseph P.
Merrick, S.J.



Baghdad, the ancient city of the Arabs is not as grand as in the days of its glory but is still alive and vivid with the varied sights and sounds of the Eastern world.

IT is said that at one time Baghdad had two million inhabitants and the many ruined mosques bear witness to its former splendor in the days when it was the capital of the caliphate of Haroun-al-Raschid of the *Arabian Nights*. Now its population is about 250,000 and its splendor has waned but there is much that is picturesque and stirring in the ancient city. So take a walk with me and I will show you some of the sights.

Rahim, our boy, puts down my shoes which he has just shined to go to the door to have his own shined by a passing boot-black. A Jew comes in and begs the favor of letting himself and the lady with him go upstairs to inspect the whole house with a view to rental. *Cloister?* What's that? Unused to my sales resistance, he kisses my left shoulder and proceeds to bring the damsel up anyway, whereupon I call a halt. As I usher them out, behold an Arab spitting full tilt and with malice aforethought into a smaller Arab's face, right in front of the statue of Sa'dun the Suicide. Now I proceed down the street and listen to an almost justified bus driver cursing a jay-walker in perfervid Arabic and finally in a crescendo of non-tutorial English, worthy of good Queen Bess herself.

THE whole phantasmagoria of Baghdad is now let loose for we have reached the heart of the city. A Kurd passes us carrying a thousand-pound safe on his back; Father Sada, the refugee Assyrian priest, passes us with his little grandson, and gives us a wave of his hand in salute. There is a youth peeling the image of his lady love off of an orange while a minor shaikh, carrying a white flag on a stick, is leading forty or more bedouins to the Shiah shrine of Kadhimian, a shrine which no Christian dares to enter. A woman is making *khubuz* in the mud oven just outside her mud hut. Her formula is flour and water kneaded into a super-

pancake and stuck on the inside of the oven dome, then cooked by a slow fire made from donkey dung. It is bread, strong and healthy. The Sa'udi legation car shoots past. Ibn Sa'ud, Wahhabi, (puritanical Moslem) a royal exile with all the zest and bravery of a youth of twenty, scaled the walls of his ancestral city with ten companions, broke into the Governor's house at night, slew him and captured the city and the kingdom. In the last forty years he has built up the greatest Arabian Empire since the days of Mohammed.

We are now at the Christian quarter and the bus driver cries out, "*Agda*

Nasara." The old Christian quarter which is not far from our 1939 college was called the "*Dar el-Rum.*" (The house or quarter of the Romans.) Hear the tinkle of the bells and close your eyes to the heat and the mud and the smell, to dream of "*Silent Night, Holy Night,*" open them and see no more than a stream of belled and beaten donkeys in the narrowest and curviest of curved alleys. Peek into the churches and see the men wearing hats as well as the women, hear the older people chanting the whole Mass in an undertone with the priest, or peek into the school hall and see Edmond Jurgy striking with a stick the "*Judas*" of a Passion Play as he appears on the silver screen. But here comes Pèrè Anastase, the Carmelite, the only representative of Iraq in the ultra-select Egyptian Arabic Academy, chosen by King Faisel himself, and there is Wassil, our student, who knows Turkish, Greek, Arabic, English and French and here is another student of ours, Jonas Solomon Michael, who is an Assyrian Catholic from Urmia and skilled in Chaldean, Arabic, Kurdish, Turkish, English, French and some Iranian.

PASSES a big Jewish Rabbi and from his chin up he is a perfect Moslem and from his chin down a perfect London merchant prince. Pass ladies, veiled and unveiled and semi-veiled but with the knowledge that the veil is passing fast. There is a Moslem picture shop (there shouldn't be any such by Moslem law) with St. Joseph and Our Lady and, with blasphemous nearness, a Cleopatra or Zubeida which the police ought to have confiscated long ago. And there is the Moslem servant in the house of Edmond Shukr who claims he was thanked by Our Lady Herself for never letting the light before her picture go out.

We wind through prison streets by worse than prison-looking houses into interiors that (Turn to page 28)

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Oui, Nous Continuons . . .

There is no passage in all the mission literature that has come to us during the past month which surpasses the following in realism and determination. It was printed on the inside cover of the October issue of *Jesuites Missionnaires*, published at Lyons, France,—an illustrated mission magazine which is considered one of the best in the world:

Yes, We Continue . . .

"No one believed it . . . the memory of the other was still too poignant, with its sufferings, its misery, its ruin and the long painful convalescence which was not yet completed.

"And suddenly, the whole life of the country was upset; in a few hours one had to leave everything and turn toward a future which no one contemplates without anguish if he does not know that it belongs to God.

"*Why do you fear, oh ye of little faith? And suddenly there was a great calm. . . .*"

"We, too, have questioned ourselves . . . Director and Editor have left for the Army, subscribers dispersed, colleges partly evacuated. . . . What were we going to do? . . . Was it not more reasonable to discontinue publication of our *Revue*? Yes, doubtless that would have been more 'reasonable' from our point of view,—we French of France. . . .

"But a picture came to us which we were not able to chase away,—a haunting picture,—that of the distant missionary, lost at his post and hearing the news of our entry into the War. We read in his eyes an-

guish and almost despair. Were we going to abandon him, without support, without help, without resources? . . . Perhaps he feared this . . . even while excusing this 'reasonableness' of one who thinks first of all of his nearest neighbor. . . . And we read again events dating from 1914,—the deep misery of our missions at that time.

"Meditation . . . before Christ present in our tabernacles as in those of China or Madagascar. . . .

"*We would continue.* The chain would not be broken. With the means at our disposal,—so be it. In adapting our publication to the budget of our subscribers,—so be it. No matter. Our magazine is not a 'business'; it is a tie between the missionaries and us; it makes us missionaries with them. We have great difficulties. Let us realize that even greater ones will be their lot. And nothing is accomplished if one does not suffer with and for those one loves. . . .

"Yes, dear Missionary, carry on without fear . . . *we will continue . . .*"

JESUITES MISSIONNAIRES

What grander sermon could be preached on support of the missions in these troubled times than this declaration of gallant loyalty to the missionaries that comes to us from behind the guns of the Maginot Line?

Bishop Fitzgerald

JESUIT MISSIONS office was honored and delighted during the month by a visit from His Excellency, Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., the new Coadjutor Bishop of Alaska. Many and interesting were the stories he told about his recent

five-thousand mile trip which was his initial visitation of his diocese.

One usually pictures a Bishop as traveling with the dignity becoming to his station, but the way Bishop Fitzgerald traveled made dignity and ceremony quite impossible. They had to be left behind as excess baggage.

Once, when passing a remote colony of Catholic Eskimos, he stopped off to say Mass for them and preached through an interpreter. After Mass the Bishop requested the interpreter to tell the people that if they kissed his ring it would be a sign of their loyalty to the Church. First the elders and then the children came up and eagerly *rubbed their noses* on the episcopal ring.

The interpreter explained later that the Eskimos in that remote region do not kiss and have no word for it, and that was as close as he could come to it.

Happy New Year!

New Years . . . for old. The new, clean page, the tearing up of last year's mortgage, the new loan of three hundred and sixty-five days to invest for eternal profit,—that is what it means to be alive at the beginning of 1940. And from the turns that history is taking at this time, eternal profits and security seem to be by far the best investment.

Anyone who plans to do more for Christ in the next year of life naturally will want to do what he particularly wants. He has expressed His closest desires clearly: "*Go and teach all nations.*" "*I am come to cast fire on the earth; and what will I but that it be kindled?*"

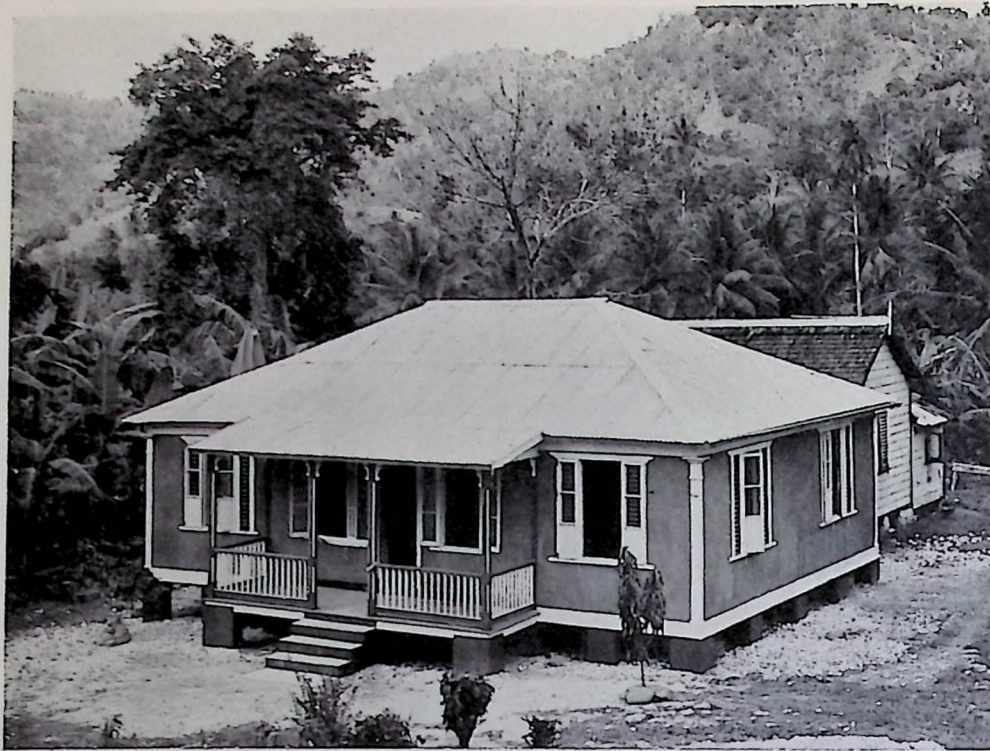
J. GERARD MEARS, S.J.

The Don

The builder of
Donnington in Jamaic
ern building. Emplo
ment of native buildin

James

The new Teachers' House at Donnington. Picture of a dream come true.



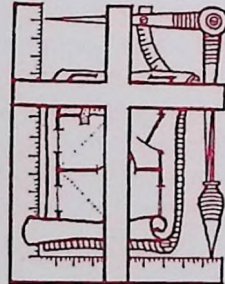
LADIES and gentlemen, my eloquence is exhausted, but before I conclude I'll say this, May Venus, the Goddess of Love, by the application of ultra violet radiation and in conjunction with judicious alimentation grant you perpetual rejuvenation."

Gentle reader, the writer of this little article is not trying to mesmerize you into buying the latest in patent medicines,—he is simply quoting the peroration of Albert Harvey's speech at the opening of the new Teachers' Cottage, at Donnington, in Jamaica. Albert has a great store of common sense. He knew what the three or four hundred people who stood before him would like for a speech and so he gave it to them and then retired amidst the plaudits of the assembled throng. Yes, Albert has a lot of common sense, not only the kind that helps an orator to size up his audience but also the kind that helps the foreman of a building crew to manage his work efficiently from the placing of the first stone in the foundation of a building to the driving of the last nail in the roof. And this common sense coupled with plenty of practical experience proved a wonderful help to the present writer as he supervised the erection of the Cottage for his teachers.

As readers of JESUIT MISSIONS will know about a year and a half ago our school had so leaped in attendance that our church, which served as the schoolroom, was wholly inadequate; some of the little "picknies" were sitting on the floor and the others were jammed into church benches like the proverbial sardine. We needed a new school but more than a new school we needed more teachers and here arose a problem—where were we going to put them? There was only one solution—a new Teachers' Cottage, as the old one was only a little three-room bungalow.

And so we started to plan. The old buildings had been built of wood and were splendid examples of how such buildings deteriorate in the tropics. They had served

their purpose and served it well, but now was the time to replace them with more substantial buildings. We investigated the native methods of building and decided that if we blended the ancient with the modern, we could erect a structure that would last for years and would defy rain, wind and Jamaica Twister, as the hurricane is commonly called.



The part of our plan which was ancient, is known as stone knog which required stone, lime and marle (a crumbly deposit, chiefly clay and calcium carbonate,) for the walls of our building. This is a native method of building and a very good one. The part that was modern consisted in making cement foundations, rendering the outer walls in cement to make them waterproof, and building a roof of zinc sheets which would serve

to catch the rain and provide a ready supply of water for the teacher.

THE modern part of our plan was to be provided for the most part by friends at home who have the interests of the missions at heart. It was for native



Donnington's children and elders in a procession by Holy Cross Church.

Donnington Experiment Is a Success

new Teachers' Cottage at
ancient methods for mod-
ern economy and encourage-
the results.

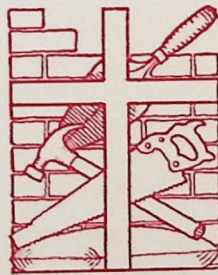
Harney, S.J.

Fathers Harney, Feeney and Ford,
with friends at the "house warm-
ing."



Jamaicans and for native industry to provide the ancient part.

Let us dwell on the ancient part. I called upon the people and the school children to collect and break stone and they did so nobly that the stone for the cottage and a great deal more, which is to be used in the school, was gathered and broken by the people and children of the district. Now we had to get our lime. The Government was selling land at very reasonable rates and so I bought a good section of limestone land and under the directions of Albert Harvey over two hundred barrels of lime were burnt. About five miles away from Donnington, there was a good deposit of marle so we purchased marle at ten cents a barrel and had it transported to Donnington. About five hundred feet of native lumber was cut on the land I purchased from the Government. The materials for the ancient or native part of my plan were ready.



AS regards the modern part, we purchased lumber, cement and zinc in Kingston and had them transported by truck to the scene of our operations.

Then the carpenters and the masons began to work under the direction of my good friend, Harvey. I came from time to time to inspect and criticize and on Sunday, October 22nd, Father Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission, journeyed the forty-five miles out from Kingston to bless and open the new Cottage. Father Joseph Ford, S.J., former Pastor at Donnington, realized what his presence would mean to the people and to their Pastor, and so he travelled seventy-five miles from Mandeville to be present at one of the big days in the history of the Donnington Mission. The people of the surrounding districts, both Catholic and non-Catholic, turned out in force and there was no end of speeches, especially by the non-Catholics who were high in their praise of what the Catholic Church was doing for the people of Jamaica.

When one builds a Cottage at home in the States, he will go to live in it as a matter of course and will

ask a few chosen friends to come and visit him in his new home; when one builds a Cottage in Jamaica, he will commit an egregious social blunder if he does not invite the whole countryside to come and be present at the opening. It is a social custom and needless to say we observed that social custom. Some of the people opened doors, others windows, others blinds or *jalousies* and gave a donation to help along the cause. Even poor little picknies put their cent or two cents in a collection envelope that they might do their part.

It was a great day for the Donnington Mission, and our vanity knew no bounds when the two daily newspapers of the Island ran special articles on the Donnington Experiment, suggesting it to others as a way of building that would keep money in the Island and provide work for native laborers.

The Jamaica *Daily Gleaner* reported: "A further contribution to the solution of the problem confronting the poor man or the man of very modest means in Jamaica at the present time in so far as building operations are concerned may well be found in the beauty and durability of the newly-built teachers' cottage at Donnington. Father Harney is of the opinion that many of the thrifty and energetic peasants of Jamaica could contribute a good deal of useful information, based on practical experience. It is with a knowledge born of experience of the kind that the building of the Donnington teachers' cottage was embarked on, and today it stands a living witness to the beautiful work that can be done with all-native material, and incidentally the contribution by the Roman Catholic priests on the mission to the progress of Jamaica."

JUST one year ago, in an article called, *Donnington in the Bush* in JESUIT MISSIONS, the author wrote: "My first problem is a new teachers' cottage to lodge the staff; then a new and spacious school so that many of the children will no longer have to stand or sit on the floor. . . . How shall I accomplish this? How am I going to get the money? I don't know. I haven't got it now but I have confidence that with God's help it will come."

Now just one year later you see the picture of a dream come true,—or rather one-third of a dream. With God's help and your help this has been accomplished. Perhaps next January, with the same powerful assistance, we will be able to tell you about how we built the new school.

Crisis at Nansuchow

Fausto
Gnavi, S.J.

YOU will find Nansuchow on the map of China a little south of the encroachment of Pekin-Shanghai with E-W Central China Railway. Evangelization began in 1902 with one hundred and twenty-eight Baptisms. Christians now number five thousand. All of them, however, are country people. The city people are streaming to the Protestant Mission which has a splendid church and well equipped schools.

Who will then notice and care for such a poor Compound as the Catholic Mission? For instance, to make the visitors realize that they have entered my chapel, I must tell them what that ugly room is intended for! Some years ago alms had been collected and church building work was to be started, but a disastrous flood turned over all the money to relief work.

In May of last year things took quite another turn. My Compound was packed with refugees when alas! the chapel, the boys' school, the gate rooms were struck and scattered asunder by Japanese bombs, followed immediately by fire spreading furiously all over the Compound. When the smoke cleared, what a distressing sight! All refugee shelters had disappeared and several of the mission buildings, too. Eight dead and twelve wounded were extricated from the ruins. The walls of my room were stained with blood, the blood of my catechist-in-chief.

What about those little children who had rushed to the chapel? Out of the bricks they emerged by themselves; some with blood on their foreheads and some with teeth broken; that was all they had suffered.

The Sacred Heart statue alone stood unshaken on its throne, whilst the three wooden altars were badly smashed.

WHEN the invaders captured the town, the only inmates to be found, were some eighty people—the priest clinging to his Mission and those in the Mission clinging to the priest. Nine hundred refugees had poured into the American Presbyterian Mission in the south suburb. The American Mission buildings inside the city walls had to be abandoned, having suffered too much damage from bombing and fire. The south suburb on the contrary was quite intact, though quite deserted.

The American Presbyterian Mission and the Catholic Mission joined hands, for lending protection to all our refugees. We succeeded in calling back many peasants to the surrounding villages where ripe wheat was bending on the ground and incendiarism and robbery were ravaging what was still saved from the army's thorough destruction. Since then, both Missions kept very closely with each other, working hand in hand for people's relief.

Charity work is over for the time being; the poor have gone down to the country to glean after the crop reapers. As to the country Christians who are the bulk of my flock, it is still very hard to get in touch with them. So many formalities have to be complied with get a pass through the city gates, that everyone



A group of refugee children of the type that Father Gnavi is trying to educate in the Christian faith at Nansuchow.

gets tired, not to say frightened beforehand and gives up.

What do I do then? How am I spending my time? Circumstances offered me an opportunity which it would have been a great sin not to grasp at once and to manage to take the utmost advantage of. I mean the school work amongst the pagans. First I enrolled the children of my refugees, the old ones and about two hundred new-comers. These pupils, by and by, prevailed upon their little friends and the latter ones brought others. So forty boys and sixty girls came in.

BUT soon other schools were reopened; these were revived or completely re-erected from the ground, quite in a modern style, and are conducted with all the up-to-date methods and furniture. No fee of any kind: staff men are rewarded three and four times the wages my poor teachers can get. Scores of my pupils left, teachers are looking askance . . .

If I do not pull ahead, modernizing my school somehow to their standard, in a great hurry, I will lose all.

Can I think that Divine Providence will fall short of its promises, this time, as not to help me out of my impasse? Can there be any deadlock, when dealing with Divine Providence? As a matter of fact, I have just called for the masons, and gave them a commission for rebuilding a wide classroom, a little nicer than that burnt to ashes. It was of old a comfortable classroom for country pupils but if I were to rebuild it in that fashion, it would cause these city pupils who are hoping for betterment to fly where they will not come back forever! A carpenter was also commissioned for suitable mould benches.

Who is going to pay for these new and necessary improvements? As I said before, I have great trust in Providence and I know that the God Who can do all things, will send me someone who will make it possible for me to continue in this necessary work.

For Christians in the Missions Who Are Separated From The True Church

The Mission Intention for January

IT would be a very harsh and false thing to impugn the sincerity and good will of the majority of Protestant missionaries throughout the world. But error is error and the good that is done cannot make us lose sight of the tragedy of all these activities and resources being used to spread disunion and heresy among converts to Christianity. Nothing brings home more vividly the sad effects of the various schisms and the Reformation than the fact that the revelation and gospel of Christ should be taught to pagans in such a babel of discordant accents. How confusing it must be to the converts to find the Rock of Peter has become, with some who call themselves Christians, like the pebbles on the shore. And what must they think of the prayer of Christ for "one Flock and One Shepherd."

A reflection on the zeal and munificence of heretics to spread heresy should be a most vigorous incentive to Catholics to pray earnestly and make more sacrifices to spread that Church of which Christ said "Lo, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

What can be done by prayer to repair the damages done to the unity of the Church by schism is shown by a recent account of the return of the Jacobites of Malabar to the Catholic Church, related in the Propagation of the Faith News Notes:

"It may be recalled that St. Thomas, the Apostle, is credited with introducing Christianity into Malabar, and until the middle of the 17th century 'the Church of Malabar was an undivided whole.'

"For approximately fifty years after the advent of the Portuguese at the close of the 16th century the Church in Malabar was ruled by Portuguese prelates. At this period, however, many Christians, accepting the spiritual supremacy of the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch (a schismatic), renounced their fealty to Rome and apostatized. Later in the 19th century the Jacobites in Malabar came under the influence of English Protestant missionaries, and, as a principle of error is to breed error, we find that these unfortunate people were led still further astray by their contact with and absorption of Protestant

beliefs and practices. They seemed hopelessly lost.

"In 1930, came the second spring for the Church in Malabar. Their Excellencies, Mar Ivanios and Mar Theophilus petitioned the Holy See that they and their followers might be permitted to reunite with the Catholic Church. Their request was granted and in 1932 the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, gave, with his own hands, the Sacred Pallium to Mar Ivanios. Thus a breach of centuries was healed for at least a portion of India.

To understand the great need for prayer for this month's intention it is only necessary to recall the tremendous extent of Protestant missionary activity in the modern world. When Spain and Portugal waned as world powers, their world-wide territorial possessions were taken over by countries who had been lost to the Faith by the Reformation: England, Germany, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. Naturally, the spread of Protestantism followed and this was greatly augmented by the wealthy and numerous Protestant churches of this country.

The statistics of a recent "Survey of the World Missions of the Christian Church" show that there has been an increase of approximately 490% in Protestant conversions in missionary districts since 1903.

In every phase of mission activity included under their program,—schools, colleges, hospitals, catechetical training centers and dispensaries, Mr. Kenneth Scott Satourette states: "Roman

Catholics have numerically been much behind Protestant missions," but admits that "Roman Catholic missions are beginning to lessen the gap between the two wings of the Christian movement."

These facts are a real challenge to zealous Catholics not to be outdone in their efforts to spread the true Faith throughout the world and to realize that greater than material resources is the power of prayer "for the return of Christians in the missions who are separated from the True Church."

"Other sheep I have that are not of this Fold: them also I must bring, and there shall be One Fold and One Shepherd."

John 10:16.



His Excellency, Mar Ivanios, who led his followers to reunion with the Holy See.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

CHINA

Victim of War

Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS will recall that in our December issue we ran a notice of the serious wounding of Brother Edgar Gauvin, S.J., by a Japanese sentry at Yaolou near Süchow, China, on October 28th. Since then we have learned that Brother Gauvin, as a result of those wounds, has passed to his eternal reward. Brother Gauvin and two other Canadian Jesuit missionaries, Father L. Bourassa, S.J. and Brother L. Fontaine, S.J., allegedly failed to stop when challenged by a Japanese sentry as they were riding bicycles on a tour of their district. Brother Gauvin, a member of the Upper Canadian Province, was only thirty years of age, and had been attached to the Süchow Jesuit Mission for two years. He was formerly stationed at St. Mary's College in Montreal. May his soul rest in peace!

War and the Missions

Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., sends an enlightening report from Shanghai on the reaction the European war is having on the Chinese missions:

"It is hard to tell definitely what effect the European war is having or is likely to have on the missions in China.

"Evidently, if the new contingents destined for the China Mission are kept at home and mobilized, the result will be a sizeable hole in the personnel, for the raw recruits are needed to fill up the places of the old-timers and to man the excess projects which every mission has on its hands. But, under this aspect, the case looks much more encouraging than it did during the last war. The Paris Province group was held back, it is true; but Father Lefevre believes that it will probably be only a matter of time before the Government permits our missionaries to come out to their posts. Let us pray God that it does; for the

French Missionaries (Lazarists, Missions Étrangères, Jesuits) have extensive territories in the country and their aggregate of new men yearly amounts to an impressive figure. The Canadian Jesuits arrived the other day and a band of Italian Scholastics is due shortly. No difficulty is expected from these nations.



The death in Milwaukee of Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., retired Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, deprived the Missions of one of its most colorful figures. This picture was taken in 1931, just before the destruction by hurricane of the famous St. John's College in Belize. With him is Father James R. O'Neill, S.J., then Mission Procurator, now Pastor of St. Francis Xavier's Church, St. Louis.

"Neither of the two Spanish Provinces who have missions in China is sending a single man this year—a noteworthy cut, for the Spanish contingents have always been large ones. It seems, however, that this is not due to the war but to internal financial conditions in the Provinces themselves and to the formidable needs of reconstruction at home.

"I have just spoken with the German Procurator in Shanghai (Society of the Divine Word). The Procurator has received no recent notice from Germany, so cannot say whether or not men

will be able to come out from there or not.

Call to Barracks

"A second point regards the personnel already on the Mission. On this score, the reports are also encouraging. It looked for a while as though the French missions might be struck hard: French subjects were mobilized, and some of our Fathers and Scholastics here were called to the local barracks. But after some time, the order was rescinded and the missionaries allowed to go on with their work and their studies. One is safe in making this judgment: for the time being at least, French missionary activity in China will not be disturbed by the war, as far as the mission personnel is concerned. Everything, indeed, is going on as before.

No Politics

"A practical question, but one which is less easy of solution: the status of our missionaries if Japan or China actively line up with one of the opposing European combinations. Judging by the past, there should be no change whatever. Our Catholic missionaries have left political alliances severely alone and have devoted themselves to the tremendous problem of relief and spiritual uplift. Hitherto, both the Chinese and the Japanese in China have (with some minor exceptions) looked on our missionaries as *neutrals*, as people who have a hands-off policy with regard to international politics . . . and whose only concern is evangelization. It is felt here that this attitude will continue, whatever the line up may be later on. Why shouldn't it?"

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Joshua Duhany

Father George M. Kilcoyne, S.J., in his first months at Holy Cross, Halfway Tree, Jamaica, finds an interesting character in the hermit of Shortwood Road:

"I first met Joshua Duhany

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA



Father Denis T. Tobin, S.J., of Port Antonio, Jamaica. His parish is bigger than most dioceses.

while making sick calls in the Shortwood Road section of St. Andrew. A very narrow and winding path through a luxuriant growth of bushes brought me to a little shack about eight feet square and eight feet high. Opening the door I found an old man of about seventy seated in one corner. His hands covered his face and eyes, as the light admitted by my entrance was too strong for his weak and almost totally blind eyes. One leg was cut off a little below the knee while the other was wrapped in a bandage once white but now more like the color of the soiled and torn clothing which he wore. His only company was a hen and about a dozen baby chicks nestled in another corner.

"On hearing who I was he called down the blessing of God and all the saints upon me for having come to see him. When I asked him if he would like to receive Holy Communion his answer was, 'Of course, I always do, Father,—please bring me Jesus as often as you can—this is the only happiness I have until He calls me to Himself.'

"I left convinced that I had found a saint, but likewise convinced that even saints while in this world need food and drink and medical care for their bodily ills.

Catechist and Benefactor

"But I had not yet heard the whole story about Joshua Duhany. Imagine my surprise when

Father Charles Eberle, S.J., told me that he had tried in vain to persuade Joshua to leave his shack and come to live in a little hut behind the rectory where he might be supplied with food, medical attention, and the care he so badly needed.

"His only answer was that 'his mind told him that it would not be right for a miserable old cripple like himself to live so near a church.'

"I learned further from Father Eberle that Joshua had for many years been one of the best catechists on the Island and had rendered invaluable service to many of the earlier Fathers. Neither is his poverty as complete as I thought it was, judging from the dire poverty in which he lives. Joshua owns a fairly large piece of property which he has recently willed to the Bishop and where he hopes one day another Catholic church may be erected.

"I see Joshua quite often now and always his parting words are: 'Please bring me Jesus soon again.'"

Weather Worries

As with so many of the new missionaries in Jamaica, Father Denis T. Tobin, S.J., was welcomed by tropical storms at Port Antonio:

"Gradually I am getting to know my parish which extends from Port Antonio which is at the east end of the Island, about sixty miles from Kingston by the crookedest roads it ever entered into the mind of man to make. The parish includes four other missions within a radius of thirty-five miles. There are five churches, three schools, three teachers' cottages and a rectory.

"Right now we are in the midst of rains and strong winds and so far I have suffered the loss of one cottage and much damage to a school. But the cottage was a poor one and I had already made some plans for a new one.

"The people here take damage and loss very philosophically. They seem to feel that no structure can be expected to stand long and that one must expect

to lose a crop occasionally."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Rising from the Ashes

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., tells of returning life in fire-stricken Cagayan:

"Certainly it was a good Providence that directed the Carroll Club to send those checks just at that time when the bills for repairs and changes occasioned by



College towers and campus. The dormitory of St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.

the Lourdes fire were coming in in bunches. But it has become such a matter of course to have the 'unexpected' happen that it no longer surprises—in fact, we expect the unexpected!

"We have just finished celebrating our town fiesta of St. Augustine and after fiesta comes a lull. The fiesta was 'lively' as we say in our dialect, with band and thousands of people in from the *barrios* as the dry weather made travel easy. Spiritually also it was a success as confessions were heavy all afternoon and the night before and the Masses were crowded with well over a thousand receiving Holy Communion. During the procession in the afternoon, thanks to

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

the management of Father Isaias X. Edralin, S.J., the trainees from the camp just outside the town came in force and together with the Ateneo cadets gave it a very military tone.

"There have been a few changes of which you are probably aware. Father David Daly, S.J., has his residence here at the *convento* and is 'Chancellor' of the Diocese and Spiritual Father of the Community. Father Edward O'Byrne, S.J., has been transferred from Assistant at Tagoloan to Assistant at Balingasag. Father Alfred Kienle, S.J., has been in Manila a few weeks giving some retreats to the diocesan clergy there. Father John McFadden, S.J., a new arrival, is Prefect of Studies at the Ateneo de Cagayan, though Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., is still Director.

"Cagayan is building up again slowly after the fire, but no movement of Lourdes Academy yet. There is no fund for building so it looks as if it would have to get along in makeshift quarters for another year. We are sorry over this, of course, but there is no choice in the matter, at least for the present."

Slips of the Tongue

Father Harold A. Murphy, S.J., now that the bats are gone, finds new problems with a new language:

"The bat difficulty may be solved but the language obstacle is still in the way. Just now I had to stop the boys from ringing the 'De Profundis' for a Requiem High Mass, because the Mass was not to be sung until the day after next, and not tomorrow. The lad misunderstood my directions. The worst difficulty that I got into was one time when I entered the name of a baby, its parents, day of birth, god-parents and all in the baptismal book; and when we got over to the baptismal font I found they only wanted a statue blessed. Here they use the word, 'baptize' for blessing things! I had to do some 'hum-hawing' to get out of that predicament."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Wan-apa-mani

Father Joseph A. Zimmerman, S.J., tells how a good Catholic Sioux Indian dies:

"*Wan-apa-mani* (Arrow Wound), Oglala Sioux veteran and scout, is dead. I had given him the last sacraments some time ago. Then one day I was seized with a

Indian without guile.

"Mama Wants Grease"

"Several Government projects to offset drought conditions have brought new mission needs and routine. Dam-building camps have occasional week-day Mass in tents. One of my lonely chapels now has a large camp near it. Indians have left their log homes



New war clouds looming up from across the seas add further threats to the Catholic missions in China.

strong presentiment that I must go to him. Some of you were praying for me that day. I found him dying. He had neither eaten nor drunk for three days and his breath was failing. Holy Communion seemed impossible, but as soon as I began the Church prayers for the dying, I could see he was pleased. Then I said the rosary in Sioux, Catholics and non-Catholics kneeling reverently down. When I saw his happy expression I asked if he thought he could receive *Yutapi Wakan* (the Holy Food). He nodded. He was evidently waiting for this. He consumed the Sacred Species and a few minutes later met his Lord face to face.

"His favorite book was a Bible History, translated into Sioux by Father Eugene Buechel, S.J., from which he taught his non-Catholic relatives much of the Old and New Testaments. Though trained by his father, Chief Red Dog, for the fight and chase, he was a man of peace—an

and come sometimes a hundred miles for the chance to earn the dollar and a half a day. With them came grandfathers, grandmothers, a family or two, to share the pay check and the ten by twelve tents. Primitive Indian hospitality continues and I find in the tents a grandfather sitting on an empty box, an aged woman huddled on a pallet, and poorly clothed children on the ground beside a wood stove only a few inches high on which food is cooking in tin cans.

"Before pay day, begging often becomes necessary. Joe Between Lodges takes a tomato can to a neighboring tent and says: '*Petijanjanye Wigli*' (kerosene)—and gets it. Mrs. Living Outside shares flour with Mrs. Walks-Under-the-Ground, but Bobbie Broken Rope puzzles his white neighbor when, having neither dish nor bottle, he says, 'Mama wants grease' (he means lard). Such charity as is practiced! Indians beg freely and often, yet

JAMAICA — CHINA — CEYLON

take refusal and the hardships of life and the approach of death more quietly than do white people.

Happy Ending

"Just the other morning Henry Black Tail Deer left his tent, walked into Father Superior's office and said, 'Where is Father Zimmerman? I want to receive the last sacraments. I am going to the hospital now.' Up to then he had worked hard earning the daily food for his wife and three little children. An hour later I found him at the Government hospital looking so well that I asked, 'Do you really want the holy oils?' He replied, 'Yes, Father, I want everything.' Four days later, after Holy Communion and breakfast, he was seized with hemorrhage and in two minutes was dead. It is almost unheard of that an Indian dies without the last sacraments."

PATNA, INDIA

Peace and War

In Poreya Hat, Santal Parganas, India, the war is only a distant threat and mission activity goes ahead according to the latest news from **Father John A. Morrison, S.J.**

"Peace! And what with bombs dropping over Europe it seems that the poor old world needs a good dose of it. Out here in this rustic spot though, things are quiet enough. A couple of months ago they made all foreigners register, but that didn't amount to anything. When the war started they put certain restrictions on the Sisters as they are Bavarians. They were quite considerate of them though. The head policeman came here from Godda, the nearest police station of any size, and made me sign a written guarantee that the Sisters wouldn't throw bombs and what not for the duration of the war and they are not allowed to go farther than five miles from headquarters without a special permit, but outside of that they have few restrictions.

Pride of the Village

"Wish you could have been

along on a little trip to some of my villages out on the edge a week or two ago. We had the opening of a new church that was built through the generosity of a friend. It is fifty-five feet long and eighteen wide, inside measurement, and a wide verandah



Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., with some of his treasures in Cagayan.

goes down one entire side. The walls are mud and the roof is tin, good and watertight. I'd probably turn a crisp brown if I tried living under bare tin in May and April when the thermometer goes up to 110, but it is not too bad now and in December at rice harvest time I'll get straw when it is cheap and put on thatch over the tin and it will be cool enough.

A number of families were converted in that village, Dumaria, over ten years ago and are they proud of their church now that they have it! They hung around all morning and now it is the village club house and the finest building in the village. The roads out that side are no roads now that the monsoon rains have had their lick at them and part of the way we just cut across open fields and steer by the stars. Me proud beauty, Oscar, took me most of the way, and the faithful bullocks did the rest.

"Now that **Father James A. Creane, S.J.**, is out here at Poreya Hat, things are looking up. He is not only rarin' to go but is

actually going and it is a pleasure to work with that man.

It's Raining Mud

"A financial crisis in the Mission made us retrench a couple of months ago and now the war may make things even more difficult. Things are looking bright in some places in our district too and it is too bad we can't make the most of them. Right now some of our buildings need repair as the monsoon always crumbles mud buildings. Part of our porch roof has caved in and the church roof leaks like a sieve.

They made that church roof by laying mud over bamboo wattles and tile on top of the mud. The tiles were not much good and when the water comes through it rains mud! When the rains are heavy, we clean out the church every morning before Mass and there is a bit of canopy over the altar so that is safe.

Saint Joseph must get a headache listening to all the requests for help that he gets. But here we are about one hundred per cent better off than they must be in China, with the Japs and Chinese at each others' throats all over the country."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Remains of a College

Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., pictures vividly the sad condition of St. John's College at Belize, and tells more of his episcopal travels which are far from *de luxe*:

"I'd like to send you a snap of the College, but it is so hard to get one. It merely exists in two or three of the buildings belonging to the Cathedral Parish and has no imposing front, in fact, it has no façade at all, as you can see from the photo of the dormitory . . . something like a big barn, which indeed, I thought it was when I first saw it. Rough boards make up the exterior and the roof is of ordinary corrugated zinc. It contains one classroom and study hall. Another class is held in the church sacristy while the others are in what used to be the parish hall. The hurricane of

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

eight years ago made a thoroughly clean sweep of everything, leaving absolutely nothing with which to make a new start.

"A few weeks ago I visited the site of the former College. Huge beams were lying about, almost entirely eaten by wood-lice. There were concrete steps leading to nowhere, and a concrete foundation on which once rested the gymnasium. The huge college bell was lying there where it fell, eight years ago, missing one of the Fathers by inches. The sea-wall is still intact, though the grounds are rapidly being claimed by the encroaching jungle. The Boy Scouts use the grounds for their sports and weekly excursions, but it takes more than weekly excursions to resist the encroachments of the jungle. Some day, *Deo volente*, we shall be able to reclaim the site and begin a new and greater St. John's College. But it will take many years to recover from the disaster of September 10, 1931.

Romanism and Rum

Father John T. Newell, S.J., describes the activities of a sect called the Evangelists in El Cayo:

"The procedure of the Evangelists on their trip to a village is first to go to the individual houses. In these personal visits they try by every means to ingratiate themselves with the people, learning about and showing charitable interest in their affairs. But during the visit, the devil always shows his tail when they slyly assail Catholic doctrines, representing the worship of the Saints, for instance, as idolatry. They do not leave without pressing the people cordially to come and hear the fuller instruction in the evening, as well as the organ and the singing. Those drawn by curiosity will have this scene presented to them in the evening. On knees and even with tears, the preacher will implore the people to throw the statues of the Saints out of their houses and embrace the Evangelist teaching. The preacher informs them that to be Evangelists they must give up drinking,



Father Joseph Zimmerman, S.J., with some of his Indian parishioners at St. Bernard's Chapel, Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota.

smoking and dancing. A bitter loss for the people here, since their joys are few!

A Sad Story

A story told by an apostate from Guatemala at one of their meetings is typical. He explained to the crowd first how he has been getting into trouble on account of his excess in drink. Repeatedly he had been jailed and fined on that account. So he decided to make a novena for a cure at the shrine of the *Señor de Esquipulas*. On the last day he was especially fervent in his appeal to the *Santo*, but, lo and behold, within a couple of days after he got drunk and was jailed again. Thus he lost all his confidence in the power of statues, and was now happy to be one of the enlightened Evangelists.

After their day of activity, the Evangelists have succeeded in puzzling some of the more ignorant perhaps, but they have not offered them any attractive inducements to become Evangelists themselves. This sect hardly knows human nature, and especially these people, if it considers that it is any inducement to tell the people that they must irrevocably give up drinking, smoking and dancing.

Hold That Tiger

"With the little progress we

have made here, it must not be imagined that we have succeeded in pushing back the bush frontiers completely and are as advanced as the States. Such an erroneous notion would be jarred out of your system if on a sudden you had the un-American experience of running into a tiger. Not long ago, I was traveling the ordinary road along the river when a tiger came out of the bamboo within eight feet in front of my horse and proceeded unhurriedly ahead of me for twenty-five feet when he obligingly reentered the bamboo.

Nor again is it the ordinary American experience to be lost for three days in the tropical jungles. This was the experience recently of the police Corporal who lives down the river. He had left Orange Walk to go down the river to Beaver Dam (my last station)—a trip of several miles. He got off the overgrown track, left his horse finally and tried to find his way out of the bush. He slept in the trees for three nights for fear of tigers until he finally found the river bank and was able to hail a passing river boat. It was a harrowing experience, and he is still feeling the effects after several weeks.

This, of course, does not represent an every-day experience but it only goes to show that "it can happen here."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Meet Father Feeney

To the Editor:

May I appeal to the many friends of the Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S. J., until lately Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS and now Superior of the New England Jesuits in the Mission of Jamaica, B. W. I., to attend a card party and reception for the benefit of a chapel which will be built for him in the B. W. I.

The party will be held on Friday evening, January 26, at the Astor Hotel. Tickets are only one dollar and for those who cannot attend the dance or who do not enjoy cards there are other ways of helping.

1—Become a patron. \$1.00 will list you in the Journal.

2—Take a chance book. Ten chances for \$1.00.

3—Advertise your business or some form of Catholic Action, or send your good wishes in the form of an ad.

4—Get an ad for the Journal: \$20.00—whole page; \$10.00—half page; \$5.00—quarter page; \$2.50—eighth page.

And lastly come—just to say hello, for—God willing—Father Feeney will be present to greet you and tell of his work in his new mission field.

Information, tickets and literature in reference to the party, January 26, may be had by writing me in care of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Mary V. Lyons, Chairman.
Room 1806, 257 4th Ave., New York, N.Y.

Who'll Say No!

To the Editor:

May I appeal directly to you or through the columns of your Journal for Catholic literature of any sort from your kind readers especially the JESUIT MISSIONS. Second-hand literature can be remailed to us after perusal.

We have a very poor Reading Room for the members of the Galle Catholic Association, very ill supplied with Catholic publications. A study club, too, has been started among our young men, and papers, pamphlets and books are circulated. The financial position of the Association cannot even dream of subscribing to these various foreign publications even in the near future.

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WINES AND LIQUORS

Your readers will be doing us a world of kindness if second-hand literature can be remailed to us. Dear Editor, let one subscriber at least send us JESUIT MISSIONS.

Basil Corera, S.J.
St. Aloysius College, Galle, Ceylon.

A Native Clergy

To the Editor:

I am enclosing this check (\$200.00) for George Wong to help defray his expenses through the Novitiate which, as I see in last month's issue of JESUIT MISSIONS, he has entered. I read about him in the December issue of 1938 and thought I would like to help him out.

I have promised this offering in thanksgiving for a favor received and I don't know of any more worthy cause than to help educate a native priest.

Will you kindly forward it for me?
Massachusetts M. G. R.

That our readers may know who George Wong is, we are happy to mention again that he is a native Chinese, whose vocation to be a Jesuit has been nurtured by Rev. Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., missionary in China, and fostered by generous friends such as M. G. R., here in America. George Wong is now a Jesuit Novice at Los Gatos, California.
Editor.

"Kiver to Kiver"

To the Editor:

Please find check for \$3.00 for three subscriptions. We wish you to look through your files and send JESUIT MISSIONS for one year to three Jesuit priests in foreign missions who are not receiving this paper. We do not specify as some whom we would select may already be receiving same, and we are anxious that all these dear soldiers of Christ get and enjoy this magazine as much as we do. We assure you it is read from "kiver to kiver" in our home each month.

Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Hazlif.
Glen Allen, Miss.

Smile, Please!

To the Editor:

Enclosed find a \$5.00 check for the missions. I send it in honor of Our Blessed Mother whose Immaculate Conception we are celebrating today. It is also an answer to your appeal for a "Christmas Doll" in this month's magazine.

I just read in the same number the letter "Clan Delany" and I wish to tell you, Father, that it is what I have been thinking about the missionaries since I read the JESUIT MISSIONS. Just to look at those serene, smiling faces does me good. It is like a message of peace from God Himself and it is not strange since they live in close union with Him.
Houston, Texas. Mrs. M. Williams.

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Skulls Still Tell Tales

Charles J.
MacGregor, S.J.

IT all began one August Sunday afternoon with a banging, bouncing ride in the big red truck of St. Andrew's Mission among the Cayuse and other Indians of the Umatilla Reservation in eastern Oregon. Our journey led us to the Reserve's southernmost boundary, down the winding road of Schumack Canyon into the more fertile but nevertheless wild watercourse in the hills that is known as McKay Creek (called by everyone McKi).

A perfect setting that, for a real, *bona fide* movie "western"—dry, dust-laden old hills, barren of anything save a summer-scorched grass, and a jutting strata or so of aged, crumbling, purplish-black basalt; and at their base, following the course of the nearly dried up rocky creek bottom, a winding fringe of vagrant chapparal or larger trees. A few small shacks or farms up and down its length, but for the most part a landscape exuding the spirit of isolation.

Here a short distance from our destination we saw a skull, and, further along, several more of them. A full half century and half a score of years besides, they have lain there, for they are relics of the Painte-Bannock war of 1878.

The Paintes were hostile southern neighbors of the Cayuses, inhabiting the dry, little peopled part of the State beyond the Blue Mountains in that direction, over which they were accustomed oft-times to come on marauding expeditions. Chagrined by the lack of attention given them for their part in aiding the Government in the unjust war against Chief Joseph just finished, and suddenly realizing that in doing so, they had weakened their own general cause and laid themselves open for similar destruction, they had allied themselves with the neighboring Bannocks of southern Idaho—termed the most treacherous and warlike of the tribes west of the Mississippi,—with the intention of wiping out all Whites in the Northwest and of forming a great wide Indian confederation. They were to proceed northward and to strengthen themselves by the addition of tribes of the localities they were to attack.

WELL conceived, their plan might very easily have succeeded had they a leader of Chief Joseph's stamp at their head. Instead, through carelessness, they threw away their best opportunities, opportunities that were quickly converted by the defenders, from what seemed likely defeat into sweeping victory. Gray Buffalo, the ablest of the two chiefs, a Bannock, rashly exposed himself and was precipitately shot down, leaving

the leadership solely to the mediocre ability of the Painte chieftain, Eagan.

At how high a pitch excitement in Pendleton must have been at that moment! The lives of its citizens was the enemies' avowed intention, and this intention was being actually carried forward—in flaming muskets and falling men—practically at their very door. All Pendleton was armed and its volunteers

fighting courageously, but a good share of the victory's credit must go to the Cayuse warriors. At peace and content, with no desire to take part in the designs of their traditional enemies, they took sides against them. They it was who marched triumphantly—though perhaps not appropriately—into the Government agency office with Eagan's scalp, thus marking the decisive point of the warfare. Disorganized, the enemy was routed and pursued into the heart of southern Oregon, and, though uncaught, the war had come to a close.

The restless Paintes have finally settled at Burns, and though, under Christian influence, particularly in these last few years through Father Vincent Egan's magnetic virile personality, their warlike spirit has been chastened and softened, nevertheless, it still smoulders a bit and flares forth fitfully as occasion stirs the embers, while in the summer teepee of an honored elder Cayuse, still hangs a

treasured shrivelled trophy.

NOT this once only have the Cayuses figured in Oregon history. Thirty years before, they themselves were the object of pursuit by provisional Government men in a campaign called after their own name—the Cayuse War. The unfortunate Whiteman massacre, brought on by that missionary himself and his associates, was the work of a small group of them. Misrepresentation by the captives after their release, stirred the young Oregon settlement in the Willamette valley to passionate resentment, and a small army of a few hundred was quickly organized and sent on their way up the Columbia into the Umatilla-Walla Walla homeland of the Cayuse, to deal judgment to the offenders. At that, the Government campaign had failed after two years of practically fruitless effort had not the perpetrators given themselves up into its hands, "to save our people as you tell us Christ died to save His." Driven into the mountains, deprived of all ammunition, exiles from their homes, and in privation and hardship, there was little other course to follow.



An artist's conception of the famous Father Joseph Cataldo, S.J., as a young missionary among his Indians.

Once again the Government's justice—the White man's—exemplified so repeatedly in its dealings with the Indians, was exacted—capital punishment for the offenders, forfeiture of Cayuse lands (in direct violation of its repeated promise that punishment was to be for the individuals alone), no indemnification (a later promise) and above all, the breaking of the Cayuse spirit.

The Cayuses, but a small remnant of their former strength, now share the Umatilla Reservation with the Umatilla and Walla Walla Indians, but they alone, though least in numbers, are native to it. Cayuse posterity is sadly weakened by paganism and indifference, but Catholicity owes its presence there to the sincere, earnest invitation of a Cayuse—Chief Tanitowe—and a faithful group still show appreciation of the gift received.

PROTESTANTISM, under the Presbyterian standard of Whitman, had first established its mission among them at Waillatpu, but the strong, bright light of the one, true Faith shone too clearly for Tanitowe who had been baptized a few years before (1838) by Fathers Blanchet and Demers on their way through to the coast, and he petitioned for a true Blackrobe to come and spread the treasure that was his. Father Brouillet accepted and a mission of the "faith of Tanitowe" was begun at the site of that chief's dwelling, on the banks of the Youma-til-la. May it be said to the credit of the adherents of Tanitowe's religion that not one of them took the slightest part in the disaster that later befell Waillatpu.

It is just a hundred years since the Baptism of Chief Tanitowe. The secular priests, who accepted his invitation shortly after, labored zealously and fruitfully for close on to half a century. In 1888, the Archbishop, through shortage of men, earnestly besought the Society of Jesus to take over the work, if only temporarily. Father Urban Grassi, S.J., was summoned from his post among the Yakimas, and St. Andrew's has been cared for by the Jesuits ever since—an even fifty years.

Grassi, Cataldo, Chianale, outstanding figures every one of them; and in more recent years,



Father Thomas A. Steele, S.J., present Superior of St. Andrew's Mission—with Sophie Charley,—mother of a fine Catholic family.

Father Boll, beloved Father Neate, Father Lajoie, with the heart and appearance of DeSmet, all have spent themselves in years of devoted service to the Indian; lastly, Father Thomas A. Steele, upon whose small shoulders in his few years at St. Andrew's, have rested the financial responsibilities, and worries of a decade of decline—the Mission's "lean years" of shortage and transition and shifting circumstance. Although the future of the school looks none too bright this year, St. Andrew's will continue giving its all spiritually for its Cayuses, Umatillas, Walla Wallas, scattered Nez Percés and Yakimas, as long as a spar of its ship remains afloat.

When we look back into the history of these Indians and of our treatment of them we uncover a chapter in our history that we wish could be re-written.

In these days when the world is horrified at "absorption" and "protectorates" of nations,—we cannot afford to be too scandalized, as a nation whose record was immaculate.

BUT we Catholics can certainly make no better reparation to the remnants of the Indian races than by keeping up the Catholic schools which educate the Indian children in the Faith. If the history of St. Andrew's must come to a close, the children will drift into the public schools and much of the labor of former missionaries will have been in vain.

The outlook for the spiritual betterment of the Indians is especially promising right now, but the work so happily begun by the early missionaries and further advanced by zealous men of God who came after them is only partly done. To help the Indians is to win God's aid and a special blessing for ourselves and go a long way to make up for some of our past debts to the first Americans.

Certainly our own American Indians are in great need of missionaries and Catholic schools and it would be a sad ending to the glorious campaign of Jogues and his companions if the remnants of the race they strove to win for Christ were lost to the Church by the closing of our schools and missions.



St. Andrew's is still giving its all to its Cayuses, Umatillas and Walla-Wallas.

NEW BOOKS

Masters of Their Own Destiny M. M. Coady

This book, although it does not even mention missions or missionaries, might be of tremendous value to many a missionary. It tells the story of the extraordinary experiment in economic cooperation and adult education now going on in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, sponsored by St. Francis Xavier University. It tells how, through mass meetings and explanatory talks, an impoverished people are able to create new opportunities for themselves — how through credit unions, cooperative stores and cooperative marketing of local products they are laying the economic foundation for fuller and happier lives.

The aim of a Catholic missionary is to establish a self-supporting Church in the field of his labors. In many cases what makes his work so discouraging is the hopeless poverty of his flock.

Desperate economic conditions makes it seem utterly impossible not only for the people to build up a self-supporting Church, but even to attain to a state of advancement in which there might be hope of a native clergy.

Of course, the economic methods recounted here might not be applicable to other countries and other peoples,—but the fundamental ideas may well serve to point the way to possible action which would produce benefits as amazing as those in Antigonish.

This book might well be an inspiration and guide to missionaries everywhere to

improve the conditions under which their people live. Thus would their missionary labors have much more hope of permanent effect and the dream of a self-supporting Church come closer to reality.

Harper & Brothers, New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

Grey Dawns and Red Marie Fischer

This is a biography of Blessed Theophane Venard, who was beheaded for the Faith in Tongking, in 1861. It is written by a Maryknoll nun,—her first book—and was intended for children of the post-fairy-story and pre-grown-up book stage, but so fine a story need not be limited to any age.

American Catholic boys and girls, no matter how good, are instantly repelled by anything that savours of mawkish piety. They are not edified by specimens of "edification" which they do not understand or relish. That is the fact. And this author of "Grey Dawns and Red" has written the story of Theophane the Martyr in such a fascinating and vigorous way that the most "hard boiled" American boy must be thrilled by it and realize that true and heroic sanctity has little to do with lilies and sanctimonious speeches.

He will find it hard to find in his G-man books and "Westerns" a heroism that matches the remark of Theophane Venard to his executioner who said to him: "If I kill you quickly, without torture, what will you give me?" The martyr, kneeling in chains, answered, "The longer it lasts, the better it will be."

This thrilling biography of the great nineteenth century missionary and martyr, with its fine illustrations, should be read by a host of boys and girls and their elders.

Sheed & Ward, New York and London. Orders filled at Maryknoll, N. Y., \$1.25.

Which Way Democracy? Wilfred Parsons, S.J.

Twenty years ago democracy was in its prime,—or at least that apparently popular form of government which is commonly and loosely referred to as democracy. After the World War it seemed that absolutism had been crushed and that government by and for the people was definitely and permanently established throughout the world.

What a different picture contemporary history shows! The very word "democracy" has become so meaningless that it is applied equally to our own government and to the communistic tyranny of the Soviets and their defeated offspring in Spain.

In the days of our youth, in the public schools, American Democracy was a thing more sacred than religion. Now it is openly questioned and assailed.

This book performs a great service for Catholics by analyzing democracy, in theory and fact, bringing to bear on the whole question of civic society the light

of Catholic philosophy, tradition and summarizing the forward-looking social theories of the Popes.

In a book of ordinary size, Father Parsons diagnoses the ills of the modern world; lays down the principles that must animate democracy, applies those principles to our own American problems.

Only a man of Father Parsons' deep academic learning and wide practical experience and constant contact with world affairs could cover so much ground adequately and convincingly.

If you know Father Parsons' work as an author there is no need to tell you that no matter how formidable the above summary may sound,—he has made it pleasant and fascinating reading.

The Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

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beralds for these front line soldiers

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missionaries at heart and in spirit

All the joys of a holy and happy New Year

BAUSTAMENTE THE BRIDEGROOM

(Continued from page 5)

called upon all friends and relatives to offer gifts to the bride only. Rosemary received various gifts of practical utility such as an umbrella, plates, prayer books, rosary and so forth.

The next item on the program was the wedding dinner which took quite a long time since some three hundred people had to satisfy their hunger. The dinner, though given by quite a poor man, had to be a grand one with several courses—the poorest man will seldom refuse a dinner though. That would ruin him for the rest of his days.

After dinner the bride and bridegroom set out to the latter's place to complete the wedding ceremony. Here gifts were offered to the bridegroom only by his relatives and friends. The great day ended with a touching little ceremony which seldom fails to draw tears from all those who witness it. Before the bride's parents take leave of their daughter the bride is made to stand at the door of her new house and with her stand her father-in-law and mother-in-law. Then the headman taking the place of the parents recites the following formula: "These last twelve years we have loved this our girl and bestowed on her all the care a mother is capable of. Now we entrust her to your care hoping that she will find in you a true mother and father in the place of those she has left behind." As Simon heard these words, warm tears rolled down his cheeks. He kissed his child and retired in silence—his Rosemary was married!

PEYOTE IS A PROBLEM

(Continued from page 11)

In the middle of the circle a blanket is spread. A three-legged kettle on the blanket represents the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. A drum half filled with water symbolizes land and sea supported by the Trinity.

A gourd rattle passes from hand to hand. A drum is beaten monotonously. Peyote buttons are passed around in a communion service. Sometimes juice from peyote buttons is drunk to ape the rest of the Catholic consecration. A Bible is present as a further Christian contribution, incongruous alongside the old pagan medicine man's paraphernalia of eagle feathers and gourd rattle. Confused and confounded in one impossible hybrid are elements of Christianity and paganism, all combined to make a weird, sad mixture of modern superstition.

Mimicry of Christianity extends to the sacrament of Penance. Confession has its disgusting counterpart in the "vomiting of sins." This occurs when the peyote eater has swallowed more buttons and juice than his outraged stomach can endure. There is also a baptismal service.

Peyote has remarkable physical effects. The peyote eater over-estimates time. Minutes seem hours. The effect upon the hearing is to make each note sounded

a center of melody surround by a halo of color pulsating to the rhythm of the music. Visual disturbances are extraordinary. A crack in the wall will appear many times its true size. A wonderful, swirling mass of colors swims before the eyes. So pleasing is the kaleidoscopic scene that ignorant Indians think that they have seen heaven. Some penetrate the most profound celestial mysteries.

"I saw the Three Persons in God right at the tip of my fingers," an Indian said in all seriousness to Father Louis Goll, S.J., of St. Francis Mission. More often the peyote eater sees snakes crawling up alongside him.

Capacity for consuming peyote buttons is one test for eligibility for high office in some districts. One who can eat forty buttons is a good candidate for the priesthood; one who can keep swallowing toward the eighty mark is ripe for a bishopric.

A peyote "bishop" visited Father Thomas J. Hallahan, S.J., last summer at Holy Rosary Mission. The "bishop" wanted to get a crucifix for his meeting house. Father Hallahan refused to give one. Arguing that his cult was the true church, the peyote leader knelt down and prayed for Father Hallahan.

The same peyote "bishop" on Palm Sunday last year rode into an Indian village in imitation of Our Lord's entry into Jerusalem. Seated on a mule and draped in a white sheet, the "bishop" advanced majestically. But the multitudinous Indian dogs did not understand this peyote pageantry and harried the "bishop's" animal with wild yelps. The enshrouded "bishop" was ungracefully thrown from the mule among the amused people of "Jerusalem."

To the Jesuit missionaries among the Sioux of South Dakota it is saddening to see even a small percentage of the people turning back toward semi-pagan practices, practices which were foreign to the Sioux before 1910, and unknown to Red Cloud and other great Sioux chiefs. The missionaries pray that love for Christ in Christ's Church may triumph in all Sioux hearts.

THE CITY OF HAROUN-AL-RASCHID

(Continued from page 12)

are truly lavish in oriental beauty. There is not an old Arab who is not stately, yet in the bright lexicon of Arab youth, there seems to be no such word as clean. No wonder trachoma runs through the city like an evil deed. A poor cripple stretches out his beggar's hand. I yield to my better nature and give him several pennies. A few minutes later one of our students comes to tell me that when a policeman came and started to belabor him, he was able to jump right up and to run for dear life. I'm afraid I will never learn and I am not so sure that I want to learn.

Of all the population of Baghdad, the Catholics are one-fifteenth,—the poorest, the most timorous, most trusting, most moral, and among the brainiest. On Holy

Saturday a great sight is the Chaldean Mass at four o'clock in the afternoon,—the Easter Mass. It is a man's Mass with never a woman in the choir and all the servers and chanters full grown men. The majestic beauty and dignity of the eighty-seven year old Patriarch, the blazing altars, the crush of two thousand people dangling from every beam and cornice and the unbloody Sacrifice of the Cross! Once again to the world of men returns the Resurrection and the Life. Is it wonderful that a boy in the Lyman School, near Boston, on hearing these stories read to him by his teacher from "Al Baghdadi," ran away to see this Baghdad and India, and was picked up by watchful police not very far from the heart of the Commonwealth?

Selim plucks my sleeve as I turn homewards, "Albert's mother is dead." "Show me the way to the house." Although the corpse is buried a few hours after death, the waking lasts for three days and again on the seventh and fortieth day. At a Christian wake the men go into the parlor and bless themselves, saying a short prayer. Then all sit in silence. Cigarettes are offered and a tiny cup of very bitter coffee. One may leave when a newcomer enters and says the short prayer. Then those who wish to leave stand up and also pray. The simplicity and dignity of this sign of respect and veneration is most striking. The wailing of the women, however, in another room often seems artificial, though fortunately, this wailing takes place only at appointed times and is not too prolonged.

It is evening. On the outskirts of the city the jackals, (the *wowwies*, in Arabic) are lifting their piercing lament. The stars in their blue field are white for the harvest but not the Baghdad men. The city streets are white and glittering but not the souls that walk them. Yet times change and the world with them, and the harvest comes when God is ready.

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like a successful business, must be articulate. It must have some means, other than oral, through which it can speak to all of its members.

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