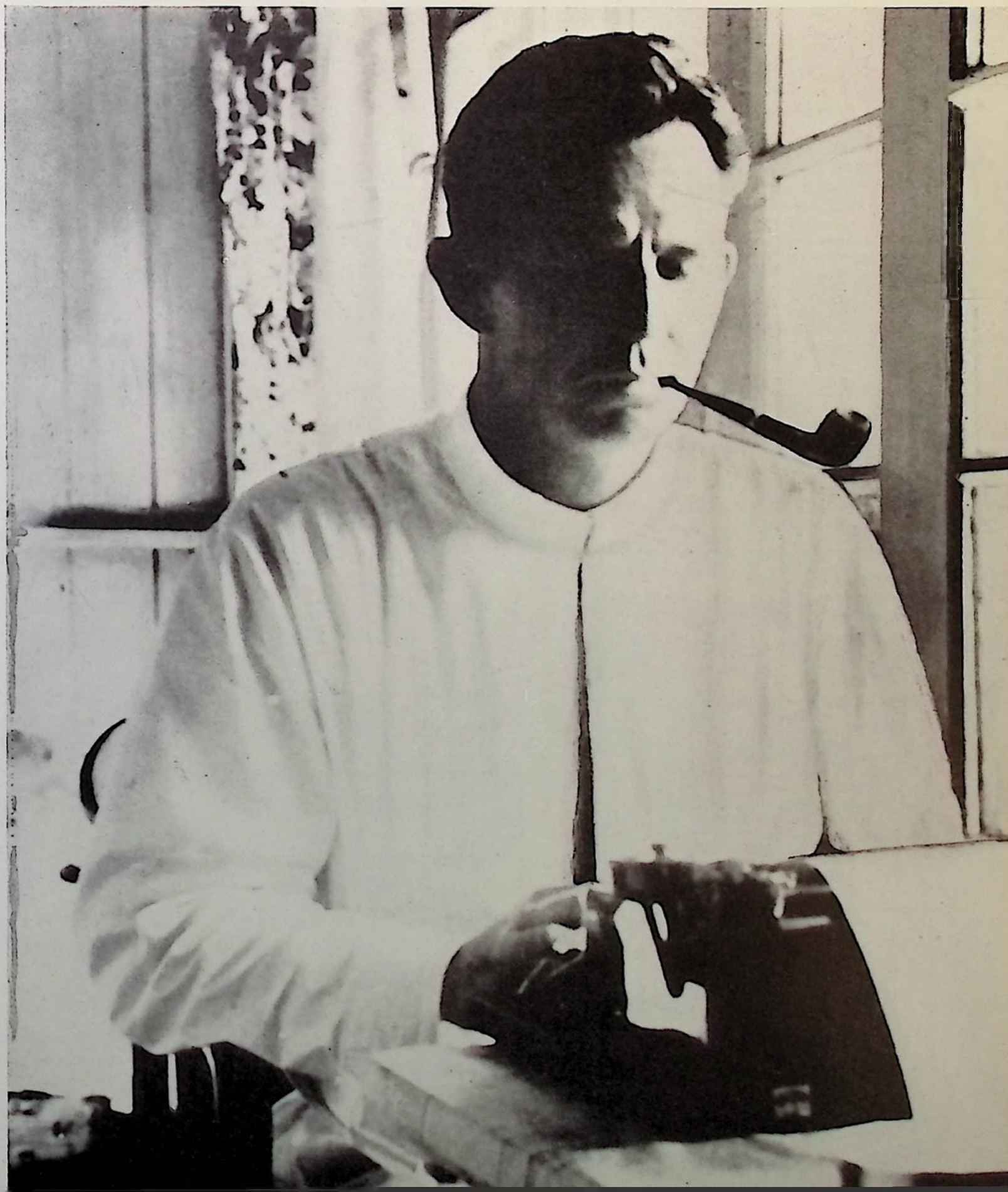


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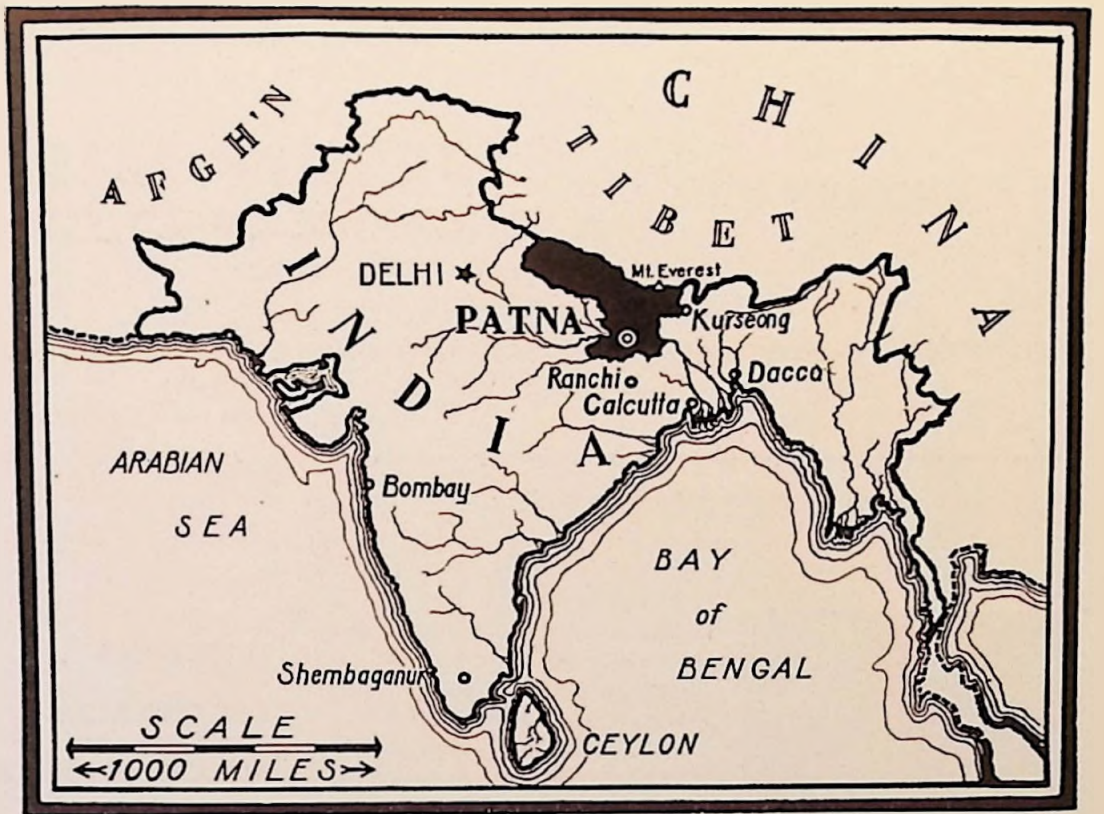
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And he added—“The Bishop has enough to keep going until February first at the present rate. After that—more reductions,” and we might add—perhaps disaster just at a time when there are “lots of opportunities for conversions showing up.”

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Raymond J. Fox, S.J.

One of the most tragic events of modern times is the wiping out and dispersal of the Russian aristocracy and upper middle classes, with the rise of Bolshevism. *The "Homesick Million" in Shanghai* by FATHER FRANCIS A. ROULEAU, S.J., is a fascinating revelation of a second growth of Russian nobility in cosmopolitan Shanghai and the hopeful indications of their turning to the Catholic Church.

Two Scholastics of the New Orleans Province, J. LOUIS WEBER, S.J., and HAROLD L. COOPER, S.J., turned a vacation into a mission. This story, *We Are Made Fishers of Men*, shows how missions and missionaries are born.

Before you write a letter to *The Times* complaining about the service on your local railroad, read *"All Aboard" in China*, by WILLIAM J. KLEMENT, S.J. Your road may be bad but probably guns and bayonets don't add to your discomfort.

Playing the Devil by FATHER FRANCIS J. WELZMILLER, S.J., and *Jan Gurus and the Witches*, by FATHER BERTRAM E. ERNST, S.J., are two grim tales which reveal the very real horrors resulting from superstition and devil worship in India.

Friends of the Jamaica missions will enjoy this story of what has been accomplished for the charming and capable picknies who are cared for by the Sisters of Mercy. *They "Swing It" at Alpha*, by FATHER RAYMOND J. FOX, S.J., reveals a thriving institution.

ALBERT F. GRAU, S.J., a Scholastic who is studying philosophy at Baguio, in the Philippines, shows the many advantages of missionaries preparing for the priesthood at the scene of their future labors in *Catechism in B-Flat*.

Chinese New Years by LOUIS J. DOWD, S.J., gives you a glimpse into a Chinese household.

A sad chapter in Indian history is recalled in *Lone Eagle Remembers*, by JOHN MARTIN SCOTT, S.J., who teaches the descendants of the Sioux at Pine Ridge, South Dakota.



ALBERT F. GRAU, S.J.

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COVER — February is Catholic Press Month and it should remind us, among other things, of the fact that in her missionaries the Catholic Church has the world's largest foreign news-gathering agency. John Barrett, S.J., missionary of the Chicago Province in Patna, India, is one of the 700 American Jesuits who cover the world for JESUIT MISSIONS. Not only in India but in Ceylon, the Philippine Islands, China, Alaska, British Honduras and Jamaica, these American Jesuits, with typewriter and camera, record the significant story of the Church's progress.

EDITORIALS

"I COVER THE WORLD"

IF you were asked to make a list of America's largest foreign news-gathering agencies, it is probable that you would mention the Associated Press, the United Press, and the International News Service. It is almost certain that you would not list JESUIT MISSIONS. But we think you should, and Catholic Press Month is as good a time as any for telling you why.

Let us begin with the observation that the first and consuming business of every missionary is news. The chief reason why he is sent to foreign countries is to announce to the people there that good news first proclaimed by the Angels, "the good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people." Moreover, since the days of St. Paul and the Apostles, this chief duty has carried with it another news job—that of reporting to the Faithful at home the progress of the Gospel in the strange and interesting places of the world where the missionary happens to be.

It is as foreign correspondents in this second sense that Catholic missionaries in the past became famous long before the advent of the globe-trotting reporter. The letters of St. Francis Xavier and the celebrated *Jesuit Relations*, to give two instances, were read by thousands in their day, influenced the course of events in Europe, and are still read in our own times. The modern missionary has followed this tradition, and to his aid have come the camera, the typewriter and the vastly improved means of trans-oceanic communications to enable him to do a much better job of reporting than his brothers of former times.

With this in mind, one can see what a large foreign news-gathering agency JESUIT MISSIONS is when we remind you that it is the organ of 700 American Jesuit missionaries, stationed in a belt of missions that encircle the entire globe. To the editorial desk in New York comes the copy from these men, punched out on stiff typewriters in the sub-zero weather of Alaska and Canada, or on warm typewriters in the tropical heat of Baghdad, India, Ceylon, the Philippine Islands, China, British Honduras and Jamaica. With camera, slung over their shoulders, these correspondents set out on their missionary journeys with eyes as fresh and ears as alert as a cub reporter on his first assignment. With as much truth as the veteran correspondents of the great newspapers, the American Jesuit missionary can say: "I cover the world."

There are two reasons why JESUIT MISSIONS, despite its vast and far-flung news-gathering machinery, is not listed among the large foreign news-gathering agencies. The first is that people don't look on missionaries as just reporters; theirs is a higher dignity which comes first. This is a good reason and we would not have it changed. But the second reason we would like to see altered, because it is resoundingly invalid.

It is based on the assumption that the foreign correspondence of the missionaries is not news because, unlike that of the secular correspondents, it gives a very inferior place to politics, war, crime and choice bits of international scandal. There is involved here a question of news values. Which is more important: an Arab raid on a British pipe line in Syria, or the construction of the new Catholic college in Baghdad? The Associated Press men will cover the British pipe line break, while the Jesuit missionary will send on the college story. Who has the better nose for news, which judgment will be found to be more accurate in the light of history? The solution of this journalistic problem may be found in the fact that history has given a wholehearted approval to the news judgment of those Jesuit missionaries whose foreign correspondence comprised the *Jesuit Relations*, while it has not been so kind to many other correspondents of that day.

CORRESPONDENTS REPORT

A SHORT time ago we asked our correspondents in various key position throughout the Orient and the Caribbean countries to give us a report on the effect the war was having on the missions. These reports are not as gloomy as we thought that they would be.

From Shanghai, for instance, comes the welcome news that the French will not call home her missionaries of military age for the present at least. This was totally unexpected, and will permit a vast amount of missionary work to go on which otherwise would have been stopped or severely curtailed. England and Germany, however, have already begun the recalling of their foreign missionaries. Moreover, from India, comes the report that the German missionaries there are being interned for the duration of the war. For other reports see the Afield section.

We ask our Readers to continue to pray that God may make the damage done to the missions by the European war as little as possible.

JESUIT MISSIONS

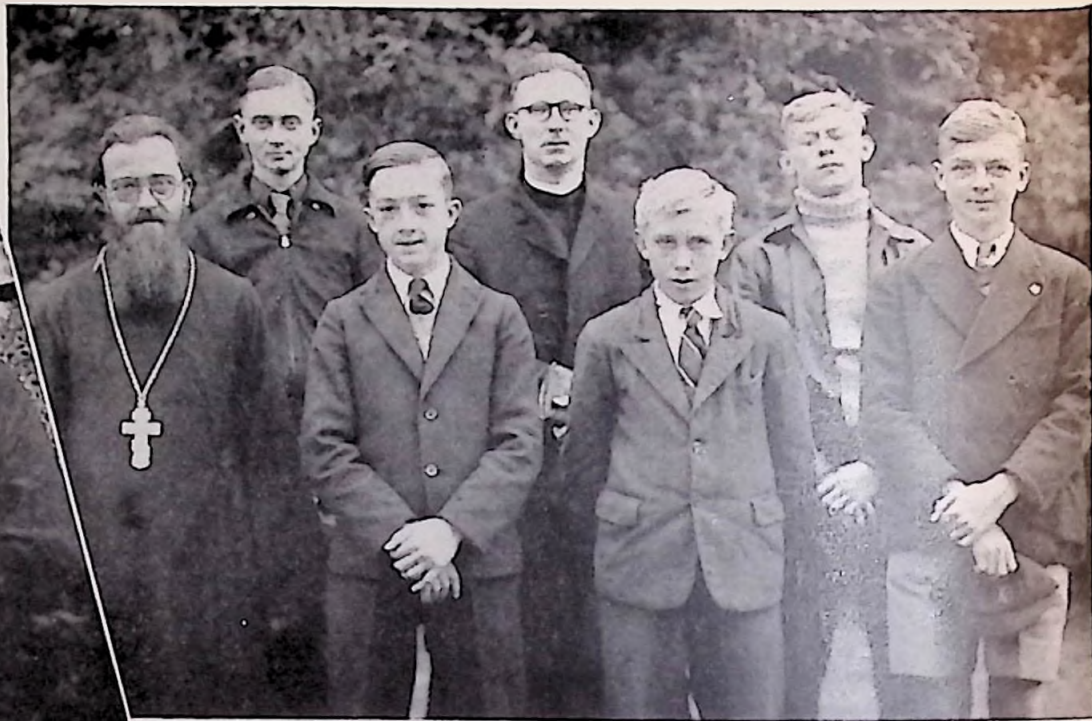
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Father Wilcock, English Jesuit of the Oriental Rite, with some Catholic Russian lads. Father Rouleau, S.J., the author, is the other priest. Left, Father Javarka, S.J., and the Archimandrite Nicholas. Right, Shanghai street scene.

The "Homesick Million"

SMARTLY-CUT and fair and straight as a birch sapling, a Russian lad of the old ruling caste, for sure. For an hour or more he has been sitting down there under my nose, briskly writing his entrance exams to Université l'Aurore in Shanghai. Near the end, a long pause; tapping his teeth lightly with the penholder, he gazes out the window in what looks like sad, brooding wistfulness. Then a quick, grim flourish of the pen; he scratches off a final sentence, hands the paper up to me with a graceful bow and carries himself out like a page at court.

"God save the Motherland and our martyred Tsar!" That is the ending, dramatic enough and scrawled on the exam paper swiftly before the tears could splash over the undried ink. Why not? Wasn't his father, that grand old *seigneur*, one of the noblest of the realm and high up in the councils of the Imperial Dynasty—a Marshal or something of the sort? Dead long ago, of course, broken miserably by the hardships of that fearful trek out of Russia when the White counter-revolution fizzled out and the unleashed communist mobs plundered their Volga estates . . . and almost

snuffed out their lives, for that matter. Wrapped up in a green-checkered shawl, the mother sells flowers down here on one of Shanghai's street-corners . . . a gentle-faced old lady, furrowed with unspeakable suffering, but still a blueblood to the fingertips as she toils to keep body and soul together in her children, the impoverished offspring of aristocrats.

POLYGLOT Shanghai! Haven of the émigré thousands cast up by revolution and political strife! A million homeless Chinese huddled together behind the barb-wire frontiers of the foreign settlements. Refugee Jews, penniless and unnerved by persecution, dumped off on the wharves by every liner steaming in from European marts. And to go back a few years earlier, that pathetic exodus of White Russians fleeing desperately eastward over the northern plains before the scourge of the Soviet agents, and, at last, coddling shabby remnants of their former glory, making their way down the China coast until the granite battlements of Shanghai close about them like a citadel of reborn hope and protection.

Fifty thousand of them now, if you count in round numbers. The old landed gentry, every inch the lord in their "cheap-sale" clothes; the proud military class, white-haired but stepping as lively as cadets on parade; the intellectuals of all professions—one of the most cultured groups in the world, now reduced in great part to beggary but battling fiercely for a living in this strange, topsy-turvy *brouhaha* of many races and breeds. "Little Moscow," people call their noisy quarter in the French Concession. A colorful patch of vodka shops and bazaars and theaters. Outside Paris, it is perhaps the largest colony of what William Chapin Huntington, formerly commercial attache of the American Embassy in Petrograd, aptly terms the "Homesick Million"—the tragic émigré Russia-out-of-Russia.

AND the Church, though already overburdened with her vast relief and missionary projects in China, is now mothering this distinguished but outcast nation, just as she mothers unfortunate humankind the world over. A scant decade only; and, through her Oriental



in Shanghai

Francis A.
Rouleau, S.J.

Not only Chinese war-refugees but thousands of White Russians, victims of Soviet oppression, have found a temporary haven in polyglot Shanghai where missionaries are bringing them into the Church of their Fathers.

Rite, the Shanghai Mission has already driven roots deep into the great Russian community. Especially among the serious young folks for whom the woes of the parent generation remain an unforgettable tradition, seared raw into the family spirit. Ten short years! And the Shanghai emigration today possesses the largest single Russian Catholic body in the world, if it be true that the parishes in Poland have now been smitten and scattered by the Godless invaders.

This is the story, then, of the Catholic fragment of the "Homesick Million" in exile on the banks of the Whangpoo—an apostolate that may well have far-reaching significance in the Holy See's splendid dream to conquer the Russian soul back to its ancient Faith.

It all began with a somewhat spectacular event in Russian émigré

history. An Archimandrite (Vice-Abbot, he may be called by us) of the Orthodox Church, Nicholas Alexeef, made his submission to Rome before the Apostolic Delegate to China, Archbishop Constantini, in Peking, 1928. A lovable saint of the old school, the Archimandrite had long been one of the most revered and successful among the Russian missionaries in Korea; and, on returning to the motherland because of failing health, was raised to his abbatial position in a great monastery of a thousand monks. Obviously, his "defection" created considerable stir.

ARMED with a commission from Rome to found a mission among the Russian exiles in China, the zealous new convert chose Shanghai as the scene of his apostolate and immediately set about

organizing a Catholic nucleus here. As always, the beginnings were humble and beset with difficulties. Staunchly Orthodox, the mass of the Russians turned a cold shoulder to the spiritual efforts of their former pastor and missionary. A small room was fitted out, however, in a private home where the Byzantine Rite could be celebrated for the few disciples. Unflagging persistence. Persecution and set-backs. The patient gentleness so typical of all Russian saints. Watered by these, the mustard seed took root and grew. The Faith had definitely come to the "Homesick Million."

KEEPING an expectant eye on the experiment, Rome instantly grasped the potentialities and in 1935 sent out one of its top-notch Oriental apostles, Father Wendelin Pavorka, Czecho-Slovaki Jesuit of the Byzantine Slav Rite and Rector of the Pontifical Russian College of Rome, to collaborate with the hard-working Archimandrite Nicholas. From then on, expansion became necessary. Out of an indoor tennis court turned over to them, Russian craftsmen improvised an iconostase worthy of the best homeland art—an exquisite chapel that has become the center of a rich, thriving émigré worship and that in numbers has already reached the half-thousand mark.

And all this fecundity right in the shadow of two lofty Orthodox churches whose graceful blue-tiled cupolas shoot up grandiosely amid the drab business blocks of the Concession. It was American and English funds, by the way, that paid for these handsome edifices of the Orthodox cult.

When Father Javorka was recalled to Rome early this year, another Jesuit of the Byzantine Slav Rite came out to Shanghai to replace him: Father Frederick Wilcock, a young wide-awake Englishman of thirty-three, fresh from a year's special work at the Russian College, Namur, Belgium, followed later by an extended trip of inspection among Russian missions in Poland. Just previous to this, Father Wilcock had rounded out his long theological studies at the Oriental

(Turn to page 55)

We are Made Fishers of Men



J. Louis Weber, S.J.

and

Harold L. Cooper, S.J.

Two of the "Fishers of Men" with their first catch. Left to right: Harold L. Cooper, S.J., Joe, Louisiana, "Lil" Joseph, and J. Louis Weber, S.J.

WHEN we are told that our vacation was to be spent on a lake, we naturally dreamed of endless stretches of water and fishing trips galore. And both fully met our expectations. However, the fates would have it that we, like the Apostles, were failures at the art of angling. Yet, unlike the Apostles, we were not consoled with the assurance—at least by any audible voice—that we “henceforth would catch men.” We were not *told*; we were simply *made* “fishers of men.” It all came about like this:

The Junior Scholastics of the Southern Province were granted a short vacation at Second Lake, Louisiana, a little spot, God-forsaken in another sense besides being a “thousand miles” from everywhere. It lies four miles by a bayou southwest of a town known as Melville. A milk-train puffs through every morning some time between three and five o’clock, just when the playful mosquitoes have gone to roost. There is only one place of habitation—an ancient fishermen’s lodge that overlooks the meeting of two large bayous forming Second Lake. Here it was we took up residence for two weeks.

THE keeper was a big Negro who insisted that his name was “Bud.” Such determined emphasis was necessary since we insisted on calling him “Buzz,” so busy a fellow was he, basking and dosing in the bright Louisiana sun. Bud was father to Joe, who shared in Bud’s task of sitting.

Young Joe’s heart was as big as himself. No favor was beyond his pale of generosity. He would row our boats if we were paddle-weary; he would string a yarn that not even a simpleton would believe if we nodded assent. Often Joe obliged the Scholastic buyer by accompanying him to Melville for supplies. Joe was an expert in handling an out-board motor.

“Ah sho wud like tah make mah fust Communion” was one of Joe’s comments on the very first visit to town. On his being questioned by the Scholastic, Joe

was found almost totally ignorant of the fundamentals of religion; instead he had been endowed with super-abundant good-will. After his return to the villa the buyer mentioned this high-light of his trip to one of the Community, adding the obvious remark that it were shameful that these poor fisherfolk had been so woefully neglected. His apprised friend agreed, keeping “all these things in his heart.”

NEXT day Joe was alone, *busy sitting*. He was approached by the Scholastic with the precious secret which had been shared and was engaged in conversation. The outcome of it all was that Joe would start in that very night learning his catechism. Boy! was he happy. At last someone had taken an interest in Joe. He scarcely knew what to say, so he kept stammering that “he sho did wanta lurn.” Best of all, Bud assured him, “It’s sho gonna do you sum’ good, boy.”

This interest in Joe was highly priced. It meant toil; still, toil for Christ meant joy. Toil alone, however, would hardly suffice; there must be something stronger, more reliable, something beyond human power to produce. The young Scholastic turned to Him “Who has the words of eternal life.” In the little make-shift chapel he knelt all alone while the lengthening shadows of twilight danced on the white-washed walls with the elusive fluttering light of the sanctuary lamp. “Lord, give me Joe, so I can give him back to You.” The prayer rang with sincerity.

The classroom was the porch of a Negro’s shanty. “*Hail Mary full of grace*,” the teacher began. He repeated, then told his pupil to repeat each word after him. After some little while Joe could say the whole phrase. . . . The second phrase of the prayer was mastered only to find that Joe could not connect the two in sequence. Two days passed and the first half of the “*Hail Mary*” was thoroughly grasped, a few fundamental beliefs pounded in, and yet we had not begun.

Thus began the second half of the prayer: "Holy Mary oh mudder o' Gawd . . ." Two more days and that was finished; finished as best as could be expected. Then came another pupil.

JOSEPH was a brother of Joe's brother-in-law, a bright little fellow of mixed Indian and Negro blood. Only fifteen years of age, Joseph picked up in two days what Joe had not *mastered* in four. Not long was it before another addition was made to the peripetetic school (for by now we were wandering from place to place, the kitchen, the wharf, and everywhere.) Came "Louisiana," Joe's sister who only numbered sixteen years of life but had a child of two years. Louisiana was the prize pupil. Strange though it was, she mastered everything she was taught except some slight phrases in prayers and the Sixth Commandment which she asked to be repeated to her over and over again no matter where she might chance upon her teacher.

With so uneven a class it was deemed suitable to have another catechist. It was with a heart abounding in that joy and consolation which only the Divine Missionary Leader can give that a second Scholastic accepted the offer to teach "Little Joseph." Why I call him "little" I don't know, for Joseph was neither *small* in Negro mental abilities nor very much so in body. Littleness as exemplified in Soeur Thérèse of Liseux always brings to one's mind innocence and simplicity, and this little youngster possessed these two virtues in a marked degree. Often simplicity and innocence go hand in hand with ignorance, and this was the case with Joseph. "What is a sin, Joseph?" "It's a sin to cuss." This was the only evil in the world, so Joseph thought. His innocence flowed from his ignorance.

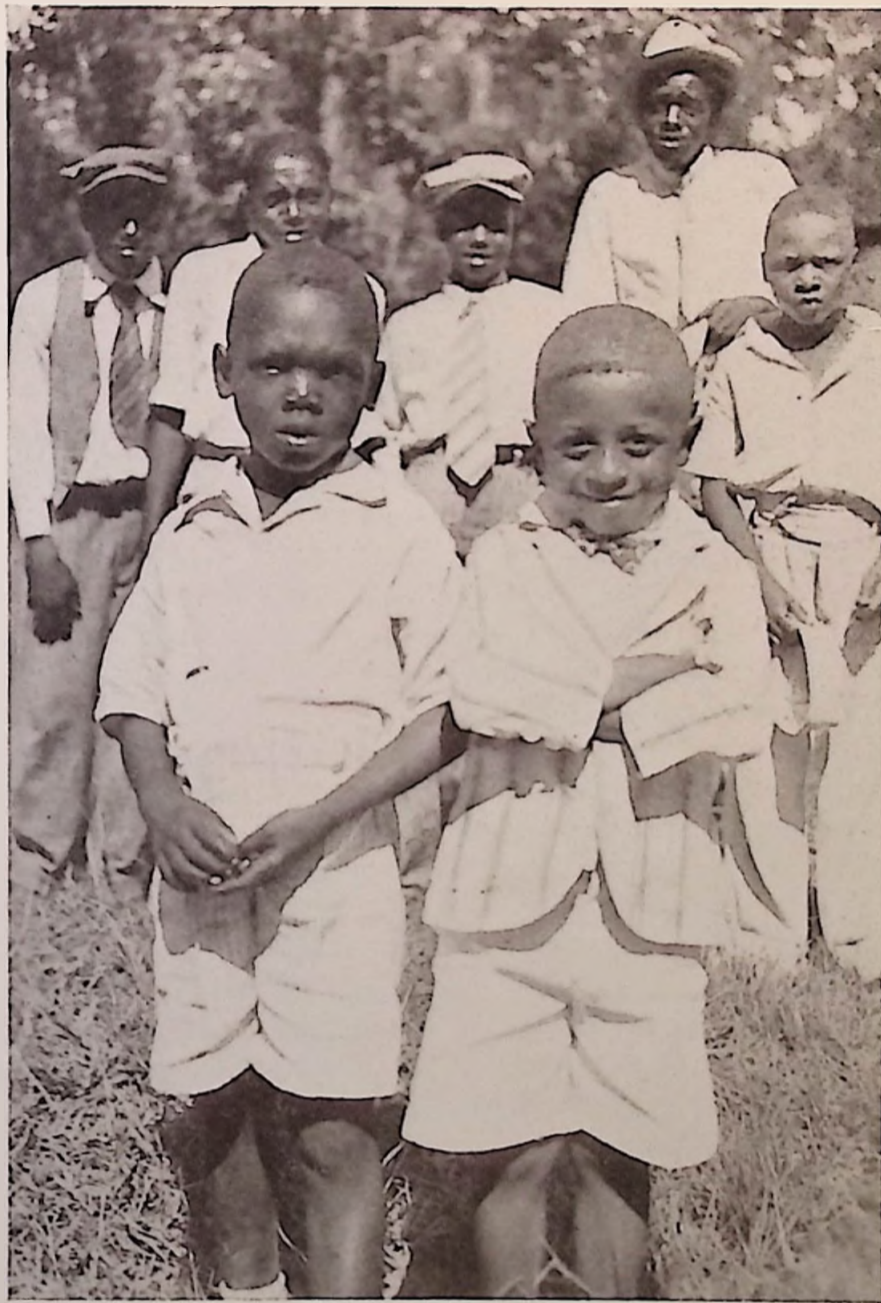
THOSE daily classes in the little tumbled down chapel at Second Lake! What a joy they brought to the young Scholastic! How was he to explain to this "little one" of Christ, Who it is that dwells in the solitude of the lonely tabernacle? How was he to drive home

the hatred of the Divine Master for sin, and His tremendous love for little boys? How was he to impart a hatred for sin which would cause this little soul to plunge itself headlong into the very depth of any pain rather than commit a mortal sin? There were two teachers in that chapel. The Scholastic talked to Joseph, and Jesus talked to Joseph's heart.

Of all the classes that brought consolation to the catechist, one in particular lingers in his memory. The three were in the chapel; the one listening, the other teaching, the Third silently inspiring both. The chapel was in darkness save for the flickering of the sanctuary lamp. To Joseph was being explained the heinousness and malice of mortal sin and in particular of those sins to which youth are most inclined. Upon hearing how horrible and how detestable these sins were his little heart burst forth with such a generous resolution to avoid them that the eyes of the Scholastic began to brim with tears right there before his protégé and the silent Host. All the young catechist could stammer forth was, "Joseph, you make my heart glad." . . . This was the generosity of Joseph: he was told what was right and he hopped to it.

The big day dawned at last. Louisiana had a veil torn from mosquito netting, Joe his newly purchased wash-pants of light bluish-gray, little Joseph his khaki breeches. The Mass began. Father Samuel Ray, S.J., was celebrating, four generous Scholastics were harmonizing favorite Communion hymns. The catechists were all aglow with smiles and as busy pushing things about as two Nuns. "Jesus, Jesus come to me," the choir was singing true to form. Then from the altar came those words of humble faith, deep contrition, and strong desire: "O Lord, I am not worthy . . ." Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, went the little bell. Up to the altar came our "children" and to them, though black, ignorant and long-forsaken were spoken the words, "May the Body of Our Lord Jesus Christ keep your soul unto life everlasting"—our work was done.

Done? Missionary work is *never* done! We began that same day to look for more souls to increase this mission.



There are many Negro children in Louisiana, and adults, too, who are waiting to have the Word of God preached to them. These two in the foreground are typical products of the work of the Jesuits in the Southern Province.

"All Aboard" in China

William
Klement, S.J.

"**T**HURSDAY: Final oral exams" marks the closing page of my diary for the first year of language study at Peiping. The next morning, Friday, we boarded the train for Shanghai.

Train travel, in the summer time, without air-cooling, is not a particularly pleasant experience anywhere; and China is no exception. However, the long day passed quickly enough. Traveling third-class, sans berths, we were just comfortably snuggling ourselves in for the night at about ten o'clock, when we pulled into a station where several per cent of China's 450,000,000 were waiting to board.

Since we were already settled, this would not have been so bad; but we were (though unaware of it) in a car which the Japanese reserve for themselves.

Now, we certainly cannot complain against an act of reason. And these establishers of a "new order in East Asia" are certainly acting reasonably when they do not wish to be mixed too thinly among "conquered" neighbors on a railway train at night.

But when a circumstance touches one's convenience, occasionally a momentary gust of resentment may blow a cloak over reason's head. At least, it did over ours when the Chinese station-master came into our car (quite naturally, our friendly invaders like to accomplish as much of this kind of business as possible, through the instrumentality of a Chinese).

"You will have to move into another car," he said. We began to argue.

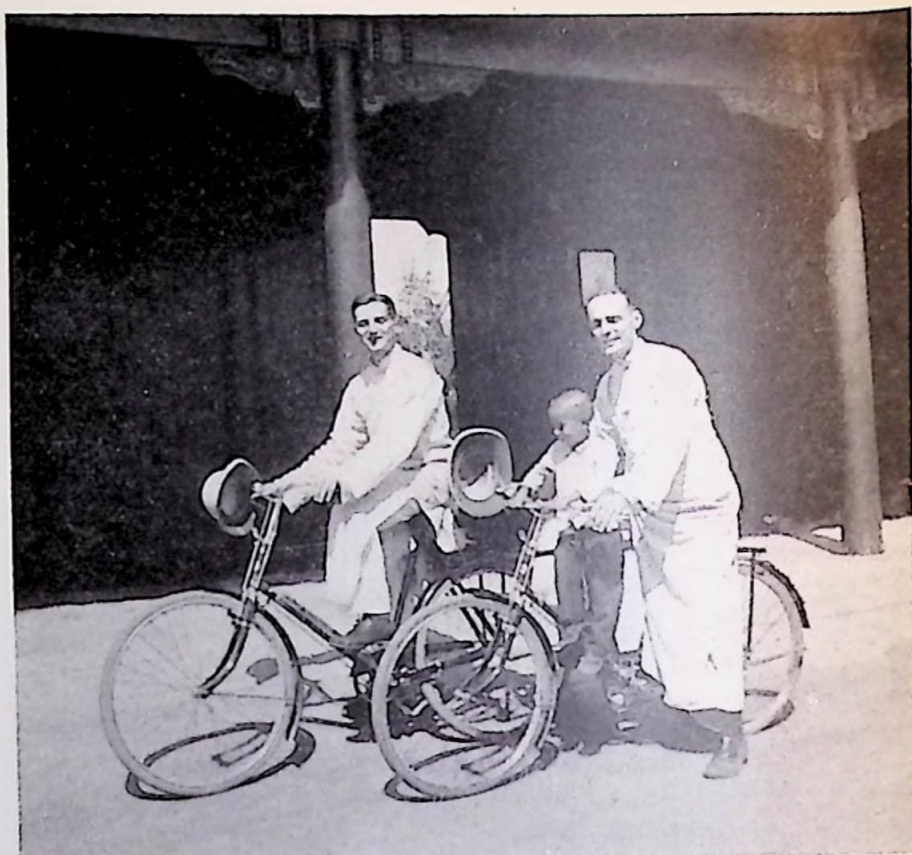
"Don't waste any time about doing it," cut in a Nippon soldier, trailing our Chinese bouncer, emphasizing the force of his words by urging my companion, Mr. L. J. Dowd, S.J., with the butt end of his rifle.

Several Chinese occupants of the car were holding their ground, waiting to see what we would do. But at the soldier's command, "Git," they scurried off like hares at the sound of a shot.

I WAS settled a couple of seats further down the car, and not having felt the hickory hardness of that gun-butt, was sitting tight, unheeding of the poor Chinese train-master's plea: "I am sorry," he said, "but it is the military's orders. Life, in better times," he continued, "is sweet, and I must endure present bitterness, to taste its sweetness in the hoped for better days."

Swarms had already boarded the other cars. But we acquiesced: "We will move on condition (what a sham, laying down conditions at such a time) that you shift our baggage and find us places in another car."

Coming to the next car we found it packed to the gills, so that we could not even enter the vestibule. It was evident that if he got us a seat, it would be at the cost of piling women and children on the roof, so we



The author, left, and Louis J. Dowd, S.J., about to take a bicycle trip through the streets of Peiping.

said that we had better "go up higher" to second-class.

Much relieved he took us to second-class, only to find that it, too, was filled. But at least the aisles and platforms were empty, so we parked our bags in the vestibule and sat on them to make the best of the night. Twice, two soldiers came out and tapped me on the shoulder. I feigned sleep, and they were courteous enough not to be more urgent; but stood there right at my side, leaning against the door.

They have to be pretty wary, I guess, especially in such circumstances, with hundreds of soldiers, dead-tired, sleeping all over the aisles. . . . For when there came the sound of foot-steps ahead, and approaching our car, these two stiffened to alert attention. As the footfalls neared the turn in the doorway, the soldier standing right at my side, whipped out his bayonet and held it at his hip, point towards the door, the gripped handle just alongside my head, so that I could look right down its shining blade into the expectant darkness.

The grip on the handle tightened with a nervous tension; and out of the darkness, into the frame of the shadowed doorway emerged,—the conductor. So we missed a bit of excitement.

SEVERAL hours later the soldiers piled off, and we found places at a table in the dining car where with heads nestled in folded arms and crouched over the table, we got our first few dozes of the night. But the cramped position, and the motion of the train multiplied the number of slumbers, rather than promoted its unity.

About 3:30 A.M., several others of our party who had berths, because of delicate health (one, only three weeks off an operating table for appendicitis) came to offer us their beds. Gladly we exchanged places and piled in. When we were awakened about 6:30, just before arriving, Mr. Dowd piled out, and only then realized, that he had gotten into bed, just as he was, shoes on and all. A train ride in China these days is an adventure.

Playing the Devil

Frank J.
Welzmilller, S.J.

IT was twilight. In the sacred grove the tom-toms were beating weirdly. More weirdly still came the crescendo and diminuendo of the howling votaries. The shadowy forms, mostly of women, were swaying crazily as they sat mumbling or shrieking their *mantras* or magic phrases. As the idiom of this part of India has it they were "playing the devil," that is, propitiating or warding him off by worship. To witness their outlandish and frenzied antics makes one realize what the Church means by "the devil and all his works and pomps." It would be quite amusing were it not so pitiable and tragic a situation for these poor people caught in the grasp of the enemy of mankind.



Chatting in India's sunshine with a group of his Catholics is Father Frank J. Welzmilller, S.J.

Take old Sisessan, for instance. One would imagine that Old Nick were his best friend. All but a very few in his village have received the Faith. Even those of his own family have become Catholics. Not so Sisessan.

Superstition has taken such a hold not only on Sisessan, but on a great number of India's poor, that it has become a part of them. Their fear of evil spirits pervades all their actions and the events of their lives. As the commonest example, as soon as sickness is prolonged or serious, all sorts of witchcraft and magic come into use to drive out the devil.

Sisessan's case is the more pitiable because he is old and feeble, partly deaf, and, to cap it all, a leper. For two years the catechist has been trying to convince him that he will find eternal rest after his sufferings here if he will only believe.

"What good do you get from worshipping the devil? You know he is evil. If you serve him you will receive only evil."

"I've made offerings to him all my life and I won't stop now. Please go away."

"But he can't harm you if you serve God and trust in Him. He harms only those whom he deceives into becoming his slaves."

Sisessan's only answer was a torrent of abuse. The catechist gave it up for the time. He ventured to try again on numerous occasions, but always the same story. The Father, too, tried his hand. It looked as if Satan had really taken hold of him.

THE other day the catechist heard that Sisessan was quite low. As a matter of fact, he had been steadily growing weaker and weaker. The ravages of the disease that had permeated his system were becoming more ap-

parent. Shortly before this attack of weakness, his nose fell from his face.

As the catechist entered the hut, he learned that he seemed to have lost his power of speech and hearing. All efforts to rouse him were of no avail. The catechist knelt down and led the others in a few prayers. Finally, he decided to speak to Sisessan.

"Sisessan." No answer. "Do you hear me, Sisessan?" slightly shaking him. Not a stir. It looked like the end, and the catechist wanted, if possible, to baptize him.

"Sisessan, will you become a Catholic now?"

Like magic, black magic, if you will, the inert man came to his senses.

"Get out of here. I'll never be a Catholic. As I have lived so I shall die."

SISESSAN didn't know he was quoting Scripture, and the writer doesn't know whether its words were fulfilled, in his case. It's a month since news came from Sisessan's village.

If he gives up the devil and the certainty of being with him forever in Hell, it will be some one's prayers or sacrifices that helped save him. If he dies, as he lived, it may be through the want of some one's prayers and sacrifices. All cannot or do not sacrifice time and money to carry on the work of saving our many Sisessans. All can and, I hope, do pray that we may snatch many helpless souls from the jaws of hell.

Our Lord must have been speaking of cases like this when He told the Apostles that prayer and penance alone could cure such souls. And how much prayer and how much penance it takes! Those of the missionaries in the field are not enough. The missionaries at home must help—those who are not actually in the field, but who can by prayer and penance be at the missionary's side as his indispensable assistant.



They "Swing it" at Alpha in Jamaica

Raymond J. Fox, S.J.

Some of the students of Alpha "swinging" the new school building.

"JUST swung it, Fadder," was the answer to my question of how a building was erected here at Alpha Industrial School in Jamaica. "And is this the band stand?" (For the Alpha Band is known all over the Island.) "No, Fadder, this was the school bild'en, we moved to put up that bild'en." Air-conditioned à la-Jamaica, the band stand, (pardon, the school building) has given way to a modern one-story concrete structure, housing no less than five classrooms and capable of being an auditorium in less than five minutes. Folding doors is the answer.

Still skeptical that such a building could be built by these youngsters, out came the album of Sister Marie Therese and from a background of brown, broken only by smiling faces and pearly white teeth, the story of "All Hands" came to light.

"YOU see, Father, we have nearly 400 boys here, 395 to be exact, and if you pray hard enough God will send the extra five," put in Sister Alphonsa the Major-Domo of the cows and chickens and sleight-of-hand artist at discipline. "Everything was done by the boys under the direction of Masters. That is where their training comes in. The boys come to us as infants, for the most part, and stay with us until they are sixteen,—the age limit set by the Government for these charges. In the mean-

time we train them in the technique of farming, printing, shoe-making and wood-carving," and to demonstrate that this was no idle boast, Sister Alphonsa proudly produced a marvelous box, made of native woods, which was presented to her by her boys on her feast day.

"Here I am, Father, that's me bending down in the trench. Gettin' my start in life, Fadder." "Sister Maries Therese let me roll back the rocks," said another picknie I hardly thought could walk. "And there I am making the forms," and so on the story went until the bucket brigade brought on the cement. It was really a bucket brigade, for the cement passed from hand to hand from the nearest rock and sand pile up the ladder and down the forms so that in less than six months a building, the proud possession of the Sisters of Mercy, who started with just a cottage, stands as a striking tribute to the progress these kindly Sisters have made in their nearly sixty years on the Island.

ALPHA, if you remember your Greek, begins the Greek alphabet. Haven't you seen a capital A and what looks like an O but suddenly appears to have wings, on the back of the priest's chasuble or on the face of an altar? This combination of Alpha and Omega, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, is a symbol, meaning the Lord is the Beginning and End of all persons, places and things. Well,

Alpha is the beginning and end for many of these boys and girls. Orphaned at an early age by circumstances familiar to all social workers, the Government upon a priest's recommendation, assigns them to Alpha Industrial School where many of them know no father or mother save the motherly care of the Sisters. You see this is "Pius" a little Chinese baby, the pride of Sister Alphonsa. Just beginning to talk "Pius" follows her around like the Maltese cat and words will "soon come, Father."

Alpha is not, as one might suppose, merely a training school for boys. It also has a training school for girls with nearly as many girls as there are boys; an elementary school, the equivalent of our grammar school; an Academy that draws its students not only from Jamaica and the surrounding waters, but as far down as Panama and the South American countries. Probably the most picturesque of all the schools is the Infant School that one sees first on entering the grounds. If you are fortunate enough to be there when classes open you will see a most angelic picture of clasped hands and closed eyes—as their prayers go up to Heaven; and to borrow Father Frederick Donovan's expression, one feels very vividly that it is "too bad they have to grow up."

FOLLOWING along to the Industrial School for Girls, you

see clusters of girls beneath the trees. You wonder just what is going on until little Barbara, about two years old, puts you at ease by saying, "Good Morn'n, Fadder, we are recitn' catechism," and as an added feature, not mentioned in the Explanatory Catechism, is the rendition of the "Mango Walk" with all the native dialect that such a child can muster.

Back at the Elementary School, a flight of stairs leads to the upper elementary division in charge of Sister Fidelis,—a Bostonian, far from Beacon Hill. With her back to the door, the serene quietude,—the calm before a hurricane, breaks into a thunderous burst of "Good Morn'n, Fadder,—come for instruction, Fadder!" A little Chinese girl playing the part of teacher breaks out, "I said my morn'n prayers this morn'n, Fadder," and she spoke for the whole class, even though some are not Catholics.

Downstairs is the Lower Division, made up of children from six to eleven years old. I racked my brain to see what they didn't know about the catechism, so out came a picture of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII (lately clipped from a magazine). "Who is this?" I asked. Sure enough boys and girls, Catholics, Protestants and Jews gave the correct answer. They knew he was Christ's Vicar on Earth but when I asked how many would like to be Pope I was deluged with hands both male and female.

Slightly non-plussed I had to inform the girls they could not at-

tain such an exalted honor as it was reserved for the boys alone. They could choose to be single, married or even become Sisters. The "why not" didn't enter their little heads and a few minutes of thought brought this answer from a girl brave enough to risk her reputation, "a girl cannot become Pope because to be Pope you must wear pants." Needless to say, instructions ended there for the day, with Father taking the count.

I WAS somewhat revived by the tropical air and the meeting of Vivian on the road to the Academy and after the usual salutations I was informed pointedly that today was his birthday. Two half-pennies were produced to impress it upon me. Thinking he was on his way to buy a fugicle, I was rudely shocked to learn that it was enough to buy his dinner, "a bun at the Chinashop," and if he had another half-penny he could buy a piece of cheese. My emotions were checked, as I dug down into my pocket, knowing I had only a penny and the cheese was, I suppose, topped off with a desert of some candy. One thing that strikes a missionary here in Jamaica is how far a penny can go, but a priest has to have plenty of pennies to make them go the rounds.

As it was now high noon, with



One of the Sisters of Mercy takes her Alpha charges for a day at the beach.

the hot sun beating down, Father was invited to lunch before finishing his rounds of the Academy. The aroma of "saltfish and akee," (the native dish) is very alluring and also the fragrance of the Sisters' coffee, superbly brewed by the skilled hands of the Sister Portress who has spent twenty-five years at the various schools at Alpha.

AFTER lunch we visited the Academy. Proudly emblazoned at the entrance is the monogram of Alpha Academy, beautifully embroidered in gold on a blue background. "Alpha Blue" is the school color and proud is the girl who wears it. As the boys in the Industrial School acquire the skills of building and the other trades which will be so valuable to them in later life, the girls at Alpha Academy who will later take their places in Jamaica society, get a good foundation in general education and also acquire the more cultural arts of painting, music, needlework, etc., with, of course, a thorough training in religion.



Jan Gurus and Witches

Bertram E.
Ernst, S.J.

“FATHER, those families at Sindri want you to visit them,” said my Santal catechist Bernard. He referred to several pagan families who had asked for Baptism and were being prepared. The village was distant and off the main road but having a free afternoon we set out on foot through flooded rice fields.

We had chosen an inopportune day. When we entered the first house, they told us the head of the family was absent.

Finally, we found that not only the head of that family, but the heads of all the families of the village were absent. Rather shame-facedly, the wives of the prospective converts confessed that their spouses had only accompanied the others to a rather distant village on a very important business. A young girl of the village had been ill for some time. The leaders of the village, after sitting in council had decided to consult the *jan guru*. The most famous one, and, therefore, the biggest rascal, was at Kat karia.

So it was there that they had gone. Our prospective converts, as their wives assured us, had only accompanied the others who had gone to find out the witch who was “devouring” the sick girl. Well, the witches and the *jan gurus* had spoiled that afternoon’s work; so there was not much left to do but go home.

“THOSE men are certainly bright fellows,” I remarked to Remy. “In this day and age and at this busy season, these silly fellows leave their work in the fields for a day to go on a foolish mission like that.”

“A day!” replied Remy. “They may be gone a week, maybe two, before the *guru* has consulted all his spirits and can give them an answer. Besides, that fellow is an awful rascal and there will likely be a terrible disturbance and fights in the village when the men return. A number of women will be accused of being witches and of making the girl sick. The police ought to get that fellow. These men are stupid but their fathers and grand-fathers and great-grandfathers have been doing that way for ages.”

Every word of it is true. The *jan guru* is a very tricky fellow. He tells them the name of the witch who is devouring the sick person. He is purposely not too clear, as he might get into trouble if he directly gave names. The villagers return and proceed to punish the suspected witch. Woe to the unfortunate old woman who may be suspected or even a younger woman or



Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., prepares to cover some of his district on his trusty motor cycle.

child. Only this year in a nearby village they speared a young woman to death because she was accused of being a witch, and it is very hard to get evidence to punish the culprits. No villager will give testimony against the murderers.

So it was the *jan guru's* and the witches' day, and had I been a Santal, I might have concluded that the *jan guru* and the witches had taken over the control of the weather, for the rain started in torrents on our return

journey. Not only that but today, several weeks later, they tell me that the *jan guru* or the witches or both, have turned the minds of the prospective converts from following Christ.

No wonder that it is scarcely five hundred years ago that two learned Fathers collaborated to write a work the “Witches’ Hammer,” and a Pope saw fit to publish a proclamation on witches. It was not an *ex-cathedra* proclamation but it was bad enough. And the Pilgrim Fathers’ pastime of burning witches is well known. So the Santals of India are four hundred years behind the times, and *jan gurus* and witches undo the work of missionaries.

AT the death bed of a young mother at Morkhon, I found a group of hags crowding around the poor sufferer in a stifling hot room. “Who is eating you?” they asked. In her delirium, her incoherent speech was not clearly audible. One hag would hear one name, the other another. You may be quite certain it was not the name of a friend, for the witch who was supposed to be devouring the patient was pretty sure to suffer at the hands of the villagers—perhaps even death.

In cases like this, when the mother dies, the husband is faced with no easy task. No pagan will remain in his home to help him care for his children. Even the mother of the dead woman will fly, abandoning her grandchildren. The pagans fear the spirits of the dead, but particularly do they fear the spirit of a woman who has died giving birth to a child. Some aborigine tribes break all the bones in the corpse of such a woman before burying her in order to keep her spirit from returning to haunt the home she has left.

There must be many such spirits, for these people of the ignorant classes, in keeping with their superstitious view of sickness and health, obtain the filthiest class of women to assist on such occasions with the natural result of infection and an appalling number of deaths.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Missions and Men

There is one thing in the merely human side of missionary affairs that dignifies it and lifts it above the level of other "movements" and "activities" and "causes." That thing, aside from its divine foundation and sponsorship, is the astounding heroism and the thoroughly Christ-like lives of the missionaries themselves. Take any person who is indifferent or even hostile toward Catholic missions,—show him the lives that are being led by men and women in distant, lonely, discouraging posts and, in spite of himself, you will surprise him into respect and admiration. Any degree of goodwill cannot remain grudging and cold when faced with genuine courage, complete unselfishness and unswerving loyalty to a great and worthy cause unto death.

Such a man was Bishop Murphy of the Society of Jesus who died on November 25, 1939, and to perpetuate the memory of this great servant of Christ in these pages we take some excerpts of a tribute from the pen of Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., of the British Honduras Mission:—

✠ *Joseph Aloysius Murphy, S.J., D.D.*

"It is not surprising that one who loved the Society as intimately as Bishop Murphy did should have lived a life in full accord with his devotion. Readers of this magazine have seen his picture many times in these pages, have read accounts referring to the activity of this erect octogenarian, and have read his own poetic lines of praise for his fellow-missioners of British Honduras.

But those who lived in the intimacy of his congenial presence will know how delightfully he lived the life of a Jesuit.

"In his dealings with others, Bishop Murphy was ever a congenial, gracious scholar, at home with all—the great and small. He had an easy manner which made it possible for him to meet prince or pauper without obsequiousness or condescension. No situation was too difficult for him to meet and master. He would soon make himself and those about him quite at home even in the face of what to others might have been an unnatural or even disquieting set of circumstances.

Life Begins at 67

"When one has spent 35 years in active service as a university professor and administrator, one may think that on the threshold of his 70th year he can look forward to a pension of rest and quiet from active labors. But no! Not this for Father Murphy. After long years of classroom service at St. Louis University, St. Mary's College, Detroit University, and Marquette University, he was called by the Holy Father to accept the Vicariate of British Honduras. He was to begin an active life at the age of 67 that would almost put into the shadow the activity of his years before this.

"He had to travel frequently in the small native dories or hollowed out logs, or on mule back, or even on foot. This man of culture found little or no privacy in the bush villages where he lived for days and weeks at a time. He shared with his priest-missioners the inconveniences of bush life, the annoyance of pests and insects and ver-

min and the ravages of debilitating fevers. He suffered the crushing blow of the hurricane in 1931 which killed eleven of his Jesuit companions, devastated his college and thousands of dollars worth of property.

Nunc Dimittis

"In the fall of 1936 he accepted the invitation of Bishop Emmet of Jamaica to help celebrate the centenary of the neighboring mission. On his return he suffered a fall on the boat that brought him back to Belize. That fall was the beginning of a weakness that remained with him intermittently until death brought him release from life. Suffering from heart attacks that confined him to the house, Bishop Murphy was magnanimous enough to resign his see in the interest of his people.

He remained at his post long enough to welcome his successor, the Most Reverend William A. Rice, S.J., D.D., who since June 18th has been Bishop of Belize. Bishop Murphy longed to remain in British Honduras among his people, "at home" as he said. However, in obedience to what appeared the wiser advice of his doctor he went in July of this year back to the United States, and took up residence at Marquette University where he had taught and been Vice President for nine years.

His death was very calm, very ordinary. Feeling more than ordinarily weak, he went to the hospital to rest a few days before the end came. Death came to him while he slept. Calmly the soldier of Christ had gone home."

J. GERARD MEARS, S.J.

Catechism

Albert F. Grau, S.J.

The porch of the Jesuit Novitiate at Novaliches looks out upon the Philippine country—the scene of the young missionary's labors.

THE singing was all right, but some of the grown-ups, the men especially, had more regard for volume than quality, and were in need of a bit of musical accompaniment. But where could we get a portable musical instrument that could be carried five kilometers every Sunday to our Catechism center? For a while, the prospect looked dark for the musical part of our catechetical program. Then an ingenious Jesuit Scholastic conceived an idea: there was such a portable musical instrument! He presented his idea to Reverend Father Rector and the upshot was that on the following Sunday the catechism class was accompanied in their singing by a harmonica! They like the music, because "Father" Maceda is a master musician with the harmonica. And the attendance is increasing! (Shades of the Jesuit missionaries of Paraguay who won the natives by their music!)

BUT this is putting the cart before the horse, or rather,—before the carabao. Where is the scene of this "Catechism in B-Flat" Symphony?—It is in the vicinity of the Sacred Heart Novitiate in the Philippine Islands. There are no Catholic elementary schools in that region, so the Scholastics go out on Sundays to teach catechism to the youngsters of the neighborhood.

Last year we had two centers; this year, God willing, we intend to have more. We had been instructing the youngsters at La Mesa for some time, when we noticed that not a few of the grown-ups were regular "eavesdroppers." They seemed to enjoy listening to the catechism lessons and the Bible stories. So, without appearing to give any special invitation, we began to introduce hymn-singing before and after the instructions. *That*, if anything, would draw them: the Filipinos are lovers of music. The music did draw them.

After a while, the adults came from the background; some of them even took seats on the bamboo log with the kiddies. This was a sign that they accepted our unspoken invitation. We divided the class: one section for the small youngsters; the other for the not-so-small youngsters among whom were included the grown-ups. For this latter group, a special sermon was added.

IF someone showed you a list of statistics concerning the catechetical work in the Philippines, you would probably be surprised at the fewness of the catechists as compared to the abundance of uninstructed Catholics. It is not surprising that Scholastics should begin, in a small way, their ministry even while in their studies. All our studies are directed proximately to

prepare us for the ministry, to be able to bring God's words to hungry hearts; and teaching catechism is a very practical preparation for our future work in the Missions, especially when the teaching is done in one of the native dialects.

It is in opportunities like teaching catechism, when we meet the people and speak—even if not fluently—their language, that we can find the answer to the question: "Why send young Religious to a foreign land *before* ordination?"

WHEN a young Scholastic arrives in the Philippines to begin his philosophical studies or his regency, he is received with wide open arms into a family of white cassocks. The larger percentage of this family is Filipino. Immediately, as the young Scholastic begins his new life, he cannot help but notice certain Filipino traits. He observes the smiling disposition of the Filipinos, their beautiful simplicity, their kindness, and the generous desire to make him feel "at home," the complete absence of sophistication. And as times goes on, because he is living a Community life, which is almost a family life, he will learn many, many things about his new "family" that would have taken a much longer time later on when his relations with Filipinos would be less intimate.

in B-Flat

Jesuit Scholastics of the Philippine Mission get their training in the field—learning the language and mission methods before Ordination.

Then, too, as the days pass, although Latin and English are the ordinary conversational languages, he begins to learn something about the dialects. On picnics, during recreation or games, the new Scholastic will learn many phrases: he will hear cries of "*Sapac!*" or "*Mabuting mabuti!*" (equivalent to our "Excellent!" "Beautiful!") as someone makes a neat basket-ball shot; or "*Bigyan mo kami nang tinapay,*" ("Pass the bread to us, please") at a picnic. Soon, to the pride and satisfaction of his Filipino brothers, he will be able to converse with them in their tongue.

AND thus, in the early days of his missionary career, the young Scholastic solves perhaps the most distressing problem that faces the pioneer missionary,—the problem of learning a new language. When the new missionary priest walks into his field of labor for the first time, he is faced with the unromantic necessity of turning student to learn a new language. In many parts of the Islands, English is little spoken except by the fortunate few who have been to school, and so if the priest is going to tell the people about God, he must be prepared to do it in their tongue. The Jesuit Fathers in Mindanao have established a tradition of good Visayan oratory, but only through much work and study. The young

missionary priest arriving in a foreign land for the first time, must submit his zeal to a chafing restraint: he burns to go out and save souls, and yet he must spend several months in learning new and strange idioms!

AND so we come back to the beginning of our story. Not only does the Scholastic learn early to speak a dialect he can use later as a priest, but he finds an immediate opportunity to use it in teaching catechism.

What is the actual catechism class like? Do we hold classes in a chapel with a plaster-of-paris ceiling over us, and angels standing at edifying attention? Do the kiddies come wearing Buster Brown collars and patent leather shoes? And do we have chalk-talks? And do the youngsters play hookey as so many youngsters do?

To these questions we answer: yes, and no. That is to say, "Yes" to some, and "No" to others. To begin with the first: our overhead for housing equipment is amazingly low. To date, it is exactly \$0.00. Our classrooms usually have the opaque blue sky for a ceiling, mother earth for a floor, and a bamboo log or some wooden boxes for seats. Once in a while, when it rains, we use the nipa hut of one of the grown-ups.

THE youngsters range in age anywhere from four to fourteen. They come barefooted, and wearing only trousers and a shirt, and sometimes, trousers only. Don't be shocked!—we know you would not be if you saw them. It seems perfectly natural to see a Filipino kiddie unencumbered by too much clothing. After all, it is a hot country in which he is living!

And here are the young missionaries in action. Mr. Lucas, S.J., (top), teaches standing up; Mr. Marcy, S.J., (middle), squats like a football coach; while Mr. Maceda, S.J., and Mr. Enriquez, S.J., pose with their class for a picture.

When it looks as if all are there, we line the pupils along the bamboo log, sing a hymn,—anything from "*Halina Kristisnos*" (Adeste Fideles) to "*Tantum Ergo*,"—say a prayer, and then begin. "*Sino ba ang Lumikha nang lahat nang bagay?*" ("Who is the Creator of all things?") the 'Padre' will ask, and little Juanito, with big brown eyes will stare and answer: "*Ang Dios ang Lumikha nang lahat nang bagay,*" ("God is the Creator of all things") and so, the class goes on for an hour or so, when we close the instructions with another hymn. We have no chalk-talks, but these

(Turn to page 55)



Chinese New Year's

Louis J.
Dowd, S.J.

THERE are many days of celebration in China, as in the West and every other part of the world. Still, the day of days—something as Christmas is to us—New Year's, stands forth, an olden, sacred feast of three thousand years standing.

What a happy season for the poor, hard-working Chinese! From the oldest lady, down to the youngest tot, all forego their entire night's sleep on the night before New Year's. At midnight the new spirit comes from heaven to take possession of the home for the new year. How the house is decked out! Red lanterns—strips of paper and so forth, to keep the devil at long range. Altars—at least three—are laden with every description of Chinese delectables. The center altar, the most celebrated, is provided with a niche, where the picture of the spirit shall be placed at twelve o'clock. The family is all waiting expectantly and in prayerful mien. The father alone is missing from the group.

CRASH!! Bang!! Zip!! Phizz!! The fire-crackers start to roar. All fall on their knees and raise their arms to receive the spirit. It is exactly midnight, and the door swings open. Serenely and with measured step the father enters bearing 'neath a silken cloak the *Shiang* of the *Chia shen*. (The image of the house god). With deep reverence and devotion, it is placed on the altar so generously prepared. The crackers are still rending the midnight air, for this, too, keeps the evil spirits afar off at this momentous hour.

Speaking of spirits, it seems that the good spirit is a very sensitive chap. On the least provocation, he is liable to leave for the year. For eight days no woman can enter another house, nor can she even enter a store. She is considered unclean, and the spirit will leave if she enters another dwelling. (It is very strange to see a pigeon-hole in each store window, and the lady reaching in for her purchase.) Also, the new spirit will brook no cooking or using of knives and other offensive utensils. Hence, eight days' food must be prepared in advance, and much of it, of course, is placed upon the altars.

The father, the priest of the family, proceeds at this juncture, to bespeak fitting prayers to the newly arrived god. He pledges fidelity to every natural virtue,

and begs the god to keep the family from harm. After particular and lengthy petitions, the father takes his seat of honor which is placed for him before the high altar. Then the wife comes before him and kow-tows.

Following her in order of seniority come the other members of the family. The cycle complete, mother takes her place, and all but Papa bow down in humble submission. Then the eldest boy ascends and so on and so on. Lord save the baby girl in all her bowings! Weep not for her, my friends, for no one kow-tows in China—"bai bai ti," that is to say, in vain. A reward must be given, or the person honored miserably loses face. Blessed indeed is our little lady, and for once in her life she can get her all-day sucker. This latter kow-towing ceremony is practiced by Catholics to this day. The former, about the spirits, etc., is, of course, in abeyance. One may wonder about such carryings on; but long before Christ came on earth, such was the practice.

It might be mentioned that eight days before New Year's, the spirit of the old year is reverently and ceremoniously ushered off to heaven. Sticky candy is to be seen in every

shop window and home at this time. This sweet, sticky, molasses-like candy is placed in abundance on the altar. The purpose is very urgent. If the house spirit, in talking over the doings of the family with the god of heaven (one and supreme) . . . if he begins to speak of the ill-doings, this candy is supposed to seal his lips, so to speak. Then there's the other side. Anybody with sweet candy stuck to his lips will certainly be inclined to speak sweet words. Hard to see? Well, what grandma and great-grandma tell you is not to be questioned.

HERE we have the story of but a few of the countless superstitions in the life of the Chinese. It is clear that they are awake to the supernatural forces, the reality of the spiritual world. If they only knew the Spirit of the true God that broods over the world: their world as well as ours. It is a conceded fact, that the Chinese heart is ready for conversion. Now it but remains for us who know, to pray the Lord of the Vineyard to send laborers into His fields, to do whatever we can that the Kingdom of God may come on this Eastern earth



The Chinese conception of the announcement of Christ's birth to the shepherds by the Angels.

For the Nations Which Do Not Acknowledge Christ

The Redeemer

The Mission Intention for February

THE thought which is embodied in the Mission Intention for February is what has called the missions into existence. It sent the Apostles out through all the roadways of the world; it inspired the Crusades; it has founded Religious Orders of men and women and caused the laity to pour forth money to carry on a world wide missionary campaign on which the sun never sets.

The adherents of other religions can contemplate their divinities, placate them by sacrifices, build them rich temples,—but they are not moved to a burning zeal to bring others to their worship.

How different it is with those who have come to know and to acknowledge the divine beauty of the Son of Man! They know the yearning of the Good Shepherd for the sheep who are not in His fold and they are inspired with a tremendous zeal to bring all mankind to the knowledge and worship of the true God.

No Christian can remain indifferent and complacent at the spectacle of the millions of God's creatures all over the world not knowing and acknowledging their Maker. And it is tragic to realize that so many nations, so many good men, are dependent on inadequate and hollow religions, compounded of error, superstition, idolatry and ancestor worship,—when they could be nourishing their souls at the fountain of Truth and warmed and comforted by the Light of the World.

Their religions compare with Christianity as medicine-man nostrums and incantations and charms compare with advanced modern medicine and surgery. And our prayers and labors for the conversion of these nations are as sincere as the charity of one who would rescue a sick man from the hands of a witch-doctor and get him to a hospital.

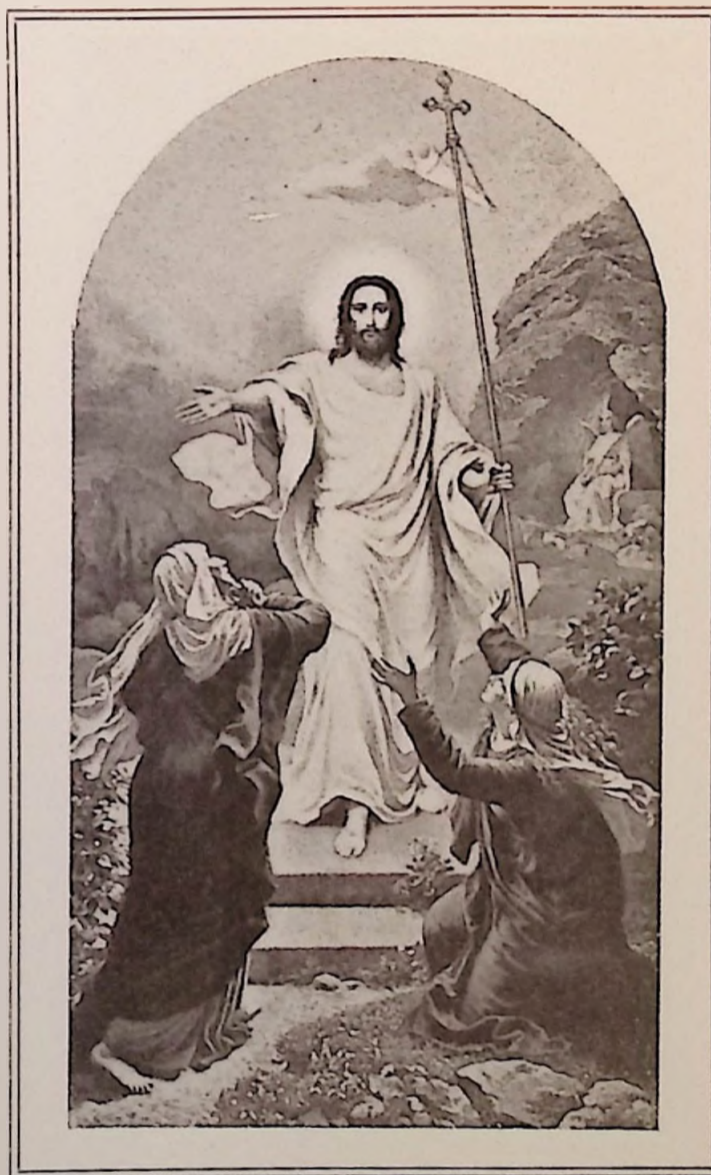
And yet, in spite of God's revelation, the Incarnation, Life and Passion of God made Man and the continuous preaching and zeal of Christian missionaries, two thirds of the world is pagan! "*He came unto His own and His own received Him not . . .*" In the New Testament as in the Old, that portion of mankind which acknowledges the One True God is in the minority. A great portion of the globe is still in darkness. Although one person in seven is a Catholic and Catholic missions

dot the world from Alaska to Zanzibar, it needs the extraordinary grace of God called down by our prayers, to push back these barriers of darkness and bring these vast millions to the light.

Asia with its 16,427,987 square miles and its millions of population is in the bondage of Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism. The one hundred million people of the Empire of Japan have Shintoism which is compound of nature and ancestor worship. Hinduism, whose fountainhead is in India, has two hundred million followers. This vague and formless religion keeps in hopeless misery the hundreds of thousands of India's Depressed Classes and Untouchables. Between Western Catholicism and the East lies the Moslem world with its 248,000,000 followers of the prophet in the Mohammedan nations: Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, Persia, Turkestan, Afghanistan and Northern Hindustan. Add to these the countries who have written atheism into their national constitutions, and the numerous forms of devil-worship, voodoo and barbaric cults, and you have an overwhelmingly dark picture of how the human race has fled from the loving heart of the Redeemer.

It is awful to envision this majority of our fellow men dwelling in the arctic night and frozen in the arctic ice of religious error and superstition. And between them and deliverance is a century-old barrier of prejudice, hostility, habit and ignorance. Human means cannot pierce this impregnable wall. Prayers can urge God to move this mountain and empower His soldiers to make a breach in this solid wall.

In this, our day, the so-called Christian nations are presenting a sad spectacle to the pagan world. "By this shall all men know that you are my disciples," said our Lord, "that you love one another!" What an ironic answer could the pagans make to the missionaries who come to them in the Name of the Prince of Peace, while their countrymen at home are at each others' throats. Could they not cling to their superstitions and say: "We do not want to become as these Christians who love each other so!" Our prayers must overcome the example of Christians who do not follow Christ.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Non-liturgical Chickens

The new impressions of a new missionary come from Father Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., recently appointed pastor of the Highgate Missions:

"I wonder how many priests in the States have experienced saying Mass with chickens running around the room at the same time? I had this experience at Oracabessa when I said my first Mass there in the house. Talk about a job trying to concentrate on the Mass, yet, I feel sure Our Lord will forgive me this once. At Oracabessa I say Mass for about fifteen, and twelve are of the one family. It seems that at one time Father Charles Eberle, S.J., said Mass in the Market Place and had quite a congregation. They did away with the Market Place and now Mass is said in the house I just mentioned. After Mass I noticed a little tot with a string tied to his pants. I asked his sister why the string, and she replied, 'So that he won't run around during Mass.' Swell idea, I thought, and if they would only tie up the chickens the same way, everything would be fine. Yes, such incidents only prove that the life of a missionary is not always work but that there is plenty of fun too!

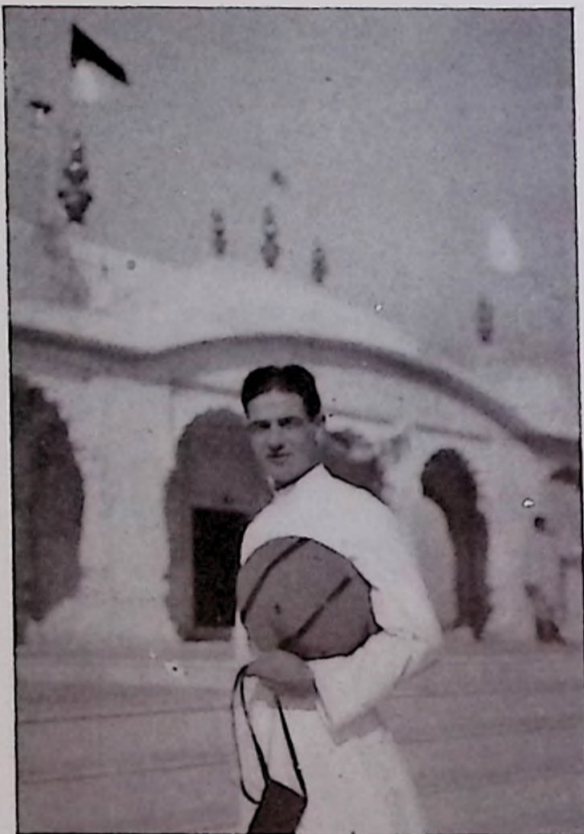
Remarkable Recovery

"Today when I returned from one of my mission stations I was told that I was wanted in Port Maria. A boy, three years old, was very low with typhoid and the doctor held very little hope for his life. I reached Port Maria, traveling there in a heavy rain and immediately baptized the boy using the short formula as he was so low.

"A week later I dropped off at the house to inquire for him. He was sitting up in bed and much better. His nurse, a non-Catholic, introduced herself to me and made the following remark: 'I am not a Catholic, Father, but I want to tell you that a remark-

able change came over the boy after you baptized him and he began to improve until you find him as he is today.' The last time I visited Port Maria the boy was well on the road to recovery.

"Talk about a picture for *Life Magazine*! I visited the school at Highgate this morning and it was after a heavy rain. Out of a class of ninety, about twenty were present. About six of the



Father Marion R. Batson, S.J., the skipper of the busy Mission at Mokameh Junction, India, goes out to look for pictures to illustrate his next article in *JESUIT MISSIONS*.

youngsters were dressed in cassocks and surplices. It seems that they had been drenched on the way to school and Sister with nothing more at hand than these cassocks and surplices, had put them on the children to protect them from cold and fevers. Surprised? Then don't be, as this is Jamaica, and we are in the rainy season which means rain from October to December."

Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., who is building the largest church in Jamaica next to the Cathedral says it has been raining work and water at the Holy Cross, Half-Way Tree, Jamaica, B. W. I.:

"Even though Father George

M. Kilcoyne, S.J., is with me now and we divide the work, yet in truth, what seems to have happened is that the work has just multiplied since his coming. Certainly we have been able to tackle many problems which would have remained unattempted were one man here alone. We have begun a visitation of our colossal parish. I say colossal because, in fact, it is, both in extent and in the number of people who dwell therein. The number of Catholics is very great indeed. I am beginning to think that if we rated the number at three thousand instead of two thousand we should be nearer the truth. Then we have the Mission at Whitehall, a poor little place, badly in need of repairs, but materials have soared so high in price lately that I am afraid poor Whitehall will have to wait.

"When the church will be finished and ready for opening remains a question mark. During the month of November so far we have had twenty-five inches of rain; the record for the month being thirty. When one considers that that means over two feet of water spread all over the Island, one can begin to grasp what a terrific amount of water has really come down from the skies. It fell in most part within five or six days. Today is beautiful and clear and I only hope it remains so. The burning heat is gone and at present there is a fresh breeze which is really invigorating."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Veterans Transferred

Father Eusebio G. Salvador, S.J., pays tribute to the hidden and heroic work of the veteran Spanish Jesuits who have labored long years in the Philippines:

"Jolo, Davao and Cotabato are no longer our Mission. That means Zamboanga has a score of Spanish Jesuit missionaries. Zamboanga has been considered, and it is an ideal place for our Spanish missionaries, because of the language, climate and other

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

surroundings. Humanly speaking, they will never again see Spain. Indeed, they have given the best of their lives to God and to country. You can imagine how happy I must feel for the opportunity given to me to look after them and care for them, and thus repay in some human way the immense good they have accomplished for God and Religion and for the Philippines. It only pains me that the means I have seldom match my good intentions. In this connection, I must say Very Reverend Father John Hurley, S.J., has been, and is, a good provider, so generous and so thoughtful for our old priests. As you know, one is completely blind, four have already celebrated their Golden Jubilee in the Society and one will be fifty years a priest next year."

Optimism in Cagayan

From Father J. Edward Hag-

We have kept students from going to the Protestant Silliman School, and we have been developing vocations. We have also started to put Catholic teachers into the Public Schools, and the Summer School is getting hold of teachers and bringing them into a Catholic atmosphere—many for the first time. Our students are also teaching hundreds of children their catechism. Soon we hope that the professional men of the district will be Ateneo de Cagayan products instead of Silliman ones. Then the whole atmosphere will be changed.

"Father Joseph Reith's addition to his church was blessed by Very Rev. Father Hurley, S.J., on November 30th. As many of the Fathers as could get away (the next day was First Friday) went to show their appreciation of the wonderful work which Father Reith has done in changing his old rice mill into a neat little church like a pretty, small

what effect the war in Europe is going to have on the missions in India. It has already had this effect, that all the German Fathers were immediately interned, thereby crippling some of the work, especially the Mission of the S.V.D. Fathers, eighteen of whom have been interned. A more serious threat perhaps is the political unrest out here in India itself. Last week the Premiers of the India National Congress resigned their offices in protest over Britain's refusal to give them any definite promises of complete autonomy.

"What the developments will be, I don't suppose even those behind the scenes can tell. But this much is certain that Communism has reared its ugly head out here. Recently while preaching a Mission in Cawnpore a demonstration took place, and the cry was: "Down with the Christians! We want only Hindus and Mohammedans in India.' But as yet, at least, I don't think that this indicates a general trend. The prime movers are more immediately concerned with getting the reins of Government in their own hands, and no doubt hope to take advantage of happenings outside India to make headway in this direction. This is about all I can surmise, and I doubt if anyone can give you anything more definite."

White Harvest But No Funds

"I returned from a few weeks at Darjeeling last Sunday," writes Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., of Catholic Mission, Godda P.O., Santal Parganas, "to find the rains over and the weather beautiful. The next few months will be the fine season in India and should be a good time for missionary work, but unfortunately, it is the holiday season and the country is full of *melas* or fairs to which the people are fond of going.

"Nevertheless, there are many people who are ready to sacrifice their holiday for the sake of learning their religion. My catechists have had several families from the immediate neighborhood here for instructions for the



Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J. (left), who covers the water-front at Corozal, puts his mission boat into a little cove and admires the palms and the blue waters of the Caribbean with two other British Honduras missionaries.

gerty, S.J., come encouraging reports of progress and accomplishment:

"But the results of the work are really fine. We have been able to make this place very Catholic-Action minded. We have won the respect of the public, and the Government schools are not looked up to as such paragons of standard as they were.

city church in the United States.

PATNA, INDIA

German Missionaries Interned

Writing from Patna City, Father Richard A. Welfle, S.J., tells something of the effect the war is having on the missions in India:

"You ask me to let you know

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

last few days and there are a number of others who are only kept away by necessary work. There are scores ready to receive Baptism were they prepared in the knowledge of the Faith. There seems to be another movement under way from all over the territory after a year or two of comparative quiet. I baptized one young C.M.S. woman conditionally yesterday; most of those, or at least the better ones, are looking toward the Catholic Church. The nice thing about this new interest in Christianity among all classes is the fact that it is not just in one neighborhood, but all over the Mission.

"However, we are in difficulties just now for lack of funds. It has been bad enough up until now but at present it is worse. We are having to close schools and dismiss catechists for lack of funds. We never have had any buildings except the half a house we erected here last year. We need about fifteen hundred dollars to complete that before the part already up is damaged. We need several thousand more for schools. There are hundreds of children already baptized and many more who are not, who sorely need a year or so in school to be made Christians. So far we cannot put them there.

"It is interesting, too, that many of the Santal leaders are now looking toward the Catholic Church. They begin to realize that there are changes of government coming in and that there are forces at work to make Hindus of them which they do not want. The wiser ones realize the uselessness and stupidity of their own crude devil worship and they are looking for a religion which will satisfy their needs without destroying their racial integrity or put them in a questionable position as regards being good citizens of their country."

BRITISH HONDURAS

Maddening Motors

Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., tells us something more of his travels through British Honduras:

"During my last trip up the Belize River I got the chance to paddle a *cayuka*, a dug-out canoe. Father John J. Halligan, S.J., and I set out for a little village along the river San Estevan, in a boat driven by an outboard motor, and belonging to the local Police Sergeant. There were three al-



Father Joseph Reith, S.J., of Dansalan, P.I., standing in front of his new Mission Mission.

tar boys from Orange Walk and a pilot with us. Everything went smoothly for about a half an hour when for no accountable reason the motor sputtered, coughed and decided to go no further! Our pilot tinkered with the machine with no results. He took it apart and put it together again. He pulled the crank rope again and again. A little cough greeted his efforts, the sort of a cough that reminds you that your efforts are useless until the machine decides to get over its temper. In the meantime the boat was drifting with the current, so out the paddles came and we paddled gently, keeping it in midstream, and kept on paddling for about an hour until the machine coughed a little louder than before and began the welcome put-putting. By this time it was getting dark and we

could hardly make out the river. We had only a small flash-light which lit up the way and kept us from running into the banks or being swept out of the boat by the overhanging branches. San Estevan was lighted up by two or three lanterns and we carefully made our way to the little dock.

"Here the whole town was waiting for us. They escorted us to the church, where there were night prayers, the rosary, a sermon and confessions. In the morning almost every one in the town received Holy Communion and was present for the Confirmation.

Help, Police!

"When we were ready to return to Orange Walk, the District Commissioner called up our friend, the Police Sergeant, and asked him to send his motor boat to bring the Bishop and the Father back. The Sergeant promised he would send it immediately. It would take an hour or two for it to reach San Estevan. But I thought it would be more prudent if we started right away and met the motor perhaps half way.

"Twenty minutes after we started the heavens clouded and we were in for a real tropical rain storm. It came down in big drops which beat against one's back like a whip. It did not last long, perhaps ten minutes. But only a few minutes of that kind of a rain is enough to wet one through and through! The sun came out brightly, warmed us and dried our clothes. We kept on paddling for nearly four hours. Our friend, the Police Sergeant, really intended to keep his promise, but as we learned afterwards, the motor refused to function, so he tied it up at the dock."

CHINA

Supply Line Cut

A note from Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., of Shanghai, informs us that two-thirds of the members of the Paris Province (the supply house for the Shanghai Mission) have been mobilized:

"Think of it! Two hundred and forty mobilized from the Champagne Province (Mission of Sienhsien, Hopeh). If the war lasts a long time, where will our recruits come from? And I imagine the same proportion of those mobilized holds good for all the other French Congregations working in the Orient. Men of other nationalities seem to be getting through, however, at least for the present. Two Austrian and three Hungarian Scholastics arrived here the other day."

Radio Flooded

Installed at the Church of Christ the King in Shanghai, Father John K. Lipman, S.J., continues his radio talks:

"Yesterday we had a young cloudburst here, and this, along with the extra high tides right now, have caused serious floods in many parts of Shanghai. Our radio station was among those hit, with the result that there will be no programs today, so that Father James Kearney's talk on Birth Control will be held over one week. Well, he will just have an extra week in Shanghai! Here at the church the street for two blocks on all sides are under from one to two feet of water, and the rickshaws are doing a land-office business. An ordinary five cent ride costs you at least thirty cents, and there's nothing to be done about it! It's put a crimp in the plans I had for selling the radio talks after the Masses today, but it just means that will be held over another week.

"I find parish work quite different from what I had last year in Nanking. Actually this present job has very little contact with the Chinese, but next year when I go to Haichow, I shall have all of that I want.

"The war has made very little difference to us here, at least so far. Our work both here, and to a great extent elsewhere, continues as usual, and perhaps even better than usual, for more interest is being taken in religion. What the Japs intend to do, of course, is still a big question

mark, but personally I feel that they won't take any drastic action, especially where the Americans are concerned. At any rate, we are not worrying."

IRAQ

Bouts With Arabic

At last a letter from Francis X. Cronin, S.J., has run the blockade and brought long-awaited news from Baghdad:

"Greetings from the JESUIT MISSIONS correspondent in Baghdad. I'll try to be as faithful in my monthly report of the tremendous trifles as was Father Sidney M. MacNeil, S.J., who has left us to read his theology at Louvain.



Father Eusebio G. Salvador, S.J., Superior of Zamboanga, P.I., and Vicar General of the Diocese.

"The Community here now numbers seventeen, ten Fathers and seven Scholastics. Of the newcomers, Father John J. A. Devenny, S.J., has taken over the Principal's office, Messrs. Clement J. Armitage, S.J., and Joseph G. Fennell, S.J., have their classes, while George F. Hoyt, S.J., and Francis X. Cronin, S.J., have been put into the ring with the Arabic language. The latter two have the company of two of

the veterans, Fathers Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., and Francis W. Anderson, S.J. One would have to meet the Arabic language to appreciate the virtue of the last-named. They are walking into a school boy's task (learning very difficult paradigms and most complex grammar), minus the school boy's equipment—fresh memory, etc. Of course, the motive is the ultimate independence of a middleman in our secular and apostolic business over here. But since that consummation is a long way off, it is a jolting lesson in faith to see those priests saddling themselves with that very prosaic yoke. They see something that can only be seen with faith—that Arabic grammar can be bracketted with sprinkling holy water in the work of the Kingdom.

On the Campus

"The new residence and boarding school is open and running. Very modern and good-looking, it should prove the honey to draw more flies than the score or so we have at present. The youngsters are a fine group, evidently thriving on the regular life and giving us a glow to see them at Mass and Benediction. And in the natural order, twenty or more normal boys are keeping us oldsters young in spirit.

"The dark clouds that had us worried last Summer turned out to be rain clouds that sent us around sixty new boys, some from the higher brackets of the country. Quite a number are Moslems and Jews who will now, at long last, learn that we Jesuits are not ogres but men interested solely in their soul's good. The war has had at least this good effect, that it has forced boys, who would normally go to Europe or Egypt for their schooling, to come to us. It looks as though a chink in the wall of prejudice has at least been made."

ALASKA

Boom at Hooper Bay

"Just now we are threatened by whooping cough from the south and measles from the north," writes Father John P.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

Fox, S.J., of the Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay. "Spontaneously, the thought comes: Wasn't David and his people terribly punished by God because the king had the vanity to count his subjects? But Superiors asked for statistics from us and so we were moved by obedience to put together a lot of data that we feel sure will also interest our friends. And we hope that God will not afflict us with the mentioned epidemics in punishment for our vanity.

"In the Fall of 1931, Hooper Bay was made the headquarters for the entire coast mission from the Kuskokwim to Scammon Bay. It was put in charge of myself. But the district was simply too much for one missionary, and so in the Summer of 1934, Father Paul Deschout, S.J., was sent to take charge of Nelson Island, leaving Hooper Bay and its dependent missions to me. We have not at our disposal complete figures for the Nelson Island district and, therefore, confine ourselves to that of Hooper Bay, which we know. Since January, 1934, our baptismal register shows 190 Baptisms, mostly infants. During the same period we had 39 deaths, and witnessed 45 marriages. We exclude a few marriages that took place native fashion (natural marriages, due to distance from Mission) in the district.

Our Lady of the Snows

"Two dependent missions have been added during this period, one at Chevak, the other at Keyaluvik, and in each a nice chapel was built. The chapel at Scammon Bay also was rebuilt in a better place. At Hooper Bay itself a new convent for the native Sisters, founded here in 1932 (Sisters of Our Lady of the Snows), was built in the Summer of 1938. It is a two-story building, 30 x 60, with a full basement, and its erection has about tripled our floor space. In August, 1934, considerable room had been added to the general Mission building by an addition to the north and east sides of the original building.

"The new Government school started here last July will be ready for use in January. It is about six times the size of the old school house, and costs about twenty thousand dollars. Since school attendance rose from about twenty-five to eighty-three in the last five years, a new school was absolutely imperative, quite aside from the fact that the old one was just about ready to fall over. Naturally, the



It was not on Saturday night but just an extra warm week-day when Father John A. Morrison, S.J., caught this Santal boy cooling off.

teachers, too, had to be augmented, and living space provided for them in the new building. We have at present three teachers and a nurse, in fact, four teachers, counting the teacher's mother-in-law who, though already on a pension, still teaches one hour daily. Nor do I count in here our teacher at the Mission who has a group of children for five and a half hours every day.

Population Doubled

"From the sharp rise in school attendance, one naturally concludes that the village population must have increased considerably. Though this rise is partly

due to more conscientious teachers, the population did also augment a lot. In fact, it almost doubled since 1934. This is partly due to newcomers from other villages; but a greater factor is our natural increase. Our mothers, are, as a rule, very prolific, and large families are nothing unusual.

"Igloos and cabins in the village have been quadrupled in the past five years. From one little cluster on the tiny hill near the slough, they have been strung out all the way from the beach to the school, with only two little strips left vacant. These two spots are very low and so are easily flooded in very high water. Moreover, they fill with water during soft spells and in Spring and are unsuitable for building space.

"It should go without saying that as our people increased, our church, too, needed alteration, and got it several times."

Largest Eskimo Mission

"Folks will smile at our simplicity. We speak of booming and are at present the most numerous Eskimo Mission in Alaska. In fact, perhaps the most numerous of any kind, white or native, though we have something less than three hundred souls. And our entire Hooper Bay district has only about 756 Catholics, about half as much, I imagine, as any ordinary parish in the States. Well, we are offering no apology for our tinniness. Numbers are relative things. They can be properly understood only when compared with many other circumstances.

"A tiny short wave radio set with an output of about three watts, and a post office with a regular monthly delivery of mail by dog-team have helped very much to bring us out of the isolation that very much hampered our material progress up to 1934. About the same time we also succeeded in having a boat bring our freight regularly in here directly from Seattle, instead of having to haul it ourselves from Holy Cross or Akulurak as we used to do."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

In Thanksgiving!

To the Editor:

Please accept the enclosed offering of \$3.00 in thanksgiving for the many wonderful blessings I have received through the intercession of St. Francis Xavier.

I am a young girl of twenty-one and have been handicapped with chronic sinus trouble since I was about five years old.

About three years ago I made a public Novena at my church and have prayed daily to St. Francis ever since. I am amazed at the reaction. It is quite unbelievable, the great change I have felt. If it were not for the daily use of medicine and all, I would consider myself practically cured. At present I am under a specialist's care who has informed me that I may be cured but it may take a long while. I am continuing my prayers to St. Francis and am looking forward with great hope that some day soon I will be really cured.

Providence, R. I. A Friend.

Spiritual Returns

To the Editor:

New T. O. R.'s (Third Order Regular of St. Francis),—eight of them—left here on December 18, sailing from Los Angeles on the 29, with our Jesuits. Pennsylvania will yet do big things in Patna Diocese, where we soon (February 18, I believe) will have twelve T. O. R.'s—Jesu ki barai!

The enclosed five dollars is to cover renewals for the following Jesuits in India—Rev. H. I. Westropp, Rev. M. R. Batson, Rev. Edward Niesen, Rev. F. X. Rocca.

I did not receive my December number of JESUIT MISSIONS so dropped a card to that effect. I live near a large Catholic hospital, and our mail comes by truck to the hospital and is picked up there for delivery by the letter-carrier. It is just possible that JESUIT MISSIONS remained in the hospital—if so, I hope it does some good for God's missions.

Thank you for your card. I smiled to myself at your thinking *I helped* the American Jesuits! It is they, Father, who help me. Long hours before my day starts here, American Jesuits in India have remembered me in their Masses and prayers; and, I'm convinced that

for every dollar I send to Patna I get one thousand dollars' worth of spiritual returns—which explains why I have tried to talk "Patna" in JESUIT MISSIONS.

Thank you for your promise to remember me in your Mass—I'll remember your needs at the Holy Hour.

The Pittsburgh Patnaite.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Organ Grinders

To the Editor:

A portable organ can be an instrument of Satan leading tens of thousands to destruction. You will want to know how I know this as I have never been in British Honduras. Some thirty years ago, hurrying over Grand Avenue to my Church to pray I had a man thrust a circular at me. As I raised my eyes I saw the man was my butcher. Thinking of a sale in meat I took it. As I reached Washington Avenue there was a woman playing one of those organs, quite a crowd around her—Catholics among them—singing "Throw out the life line"—a Sam Jones song. Sam Jones was an evangelist at that time and drew thousands to his meetings.

The butcher had some money. He married a woman who had made a nice piece of money with a curtain cleaning place. They hired an old store room, got some chairs and benches, a huge common stove, kept the place clean and warm. Got what my father always called a "ranter." He must have had a very nice bedside manner for young and old thronged the place. There was a panic here just then. Many people were cold and hungry. I was a rather new Catholic then and used to plead with Catholics not to go to his meetings, but it did no good. I was told that they were made welcome. It was warm. They liked to listen to the singing. They were never asked to pay for their seats and some times when the night was very cold and stormy, they brought in great pots of good hot coffee and buns. Cold and hunger are two dreadful things!

A new religion was started. To-day they have a vast auditorium—a big plant really. They even have an undertaker's place connected with it. They broadcast over one of the big networks. They have now a trained choir and splendid organ. All sorts of people tune in to hear what they call sermons and the music. They raise huge sums of money for their work.

You will say what kind of morons are people who will give up their faith for such "huey." Well they do every day because their hearts are breaking for a little kindness. Of course, I have never been near them. Pride would keep me away even if I did not love my faith much more than life. But this is why I am sending the dollar for the priest

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in British Honduras who wants an organ.

On New Year's day I am making myself a present of a year's subscription. I always buy the magazine at the Church but as my going to the Church may be over any day I shall need JESUIT MISSIONS more than ever. I can't express in words what the paper has meant to me from its beginning, and after that valiant Father Fox of Hooper Bay told us how he went to Our Lady for simple, little things my whole life has been different. This past summer was a hideous nightmare. Without the help Father Fox gave me I should never have pulled through with my Faith whole. If gratitude could be turned into dollars he would never need.

And that fascinating Mr. Moore who writes about the "Scarlet Warriors," "Little Philip Black Elk," etc.! had I known Philip was to make his First Communion I would have sent him a basketball. Perhaps I will on New Year's. Mr. Moore is running a close second to Jack Alexander and Carlton Beals. Of course I only know Father Fox through JESUIT MISSIONS. I wish he had the chance to see and know things as they do. He'd run more than second.
St. Louis, Mo. Clara Mary Leaver

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WINES AND LIQUORS

Lone Eagle Remembers

John Martin
Scott, S.J.

JOHN LONE EAGLE listened to the swirling snows climbing higher and higher against the plank door of his log cabin. Slowly he opened the cast-iron door of the pot-bellied stove and tossed a knotted pine log on the smouldering embers, which sent a sudden shower of sparks leaping up the chimney. This done he sat down in the glow of the ruddy light winking through the open draft. Patiently, quietly, almost mechanically he reached into his pocket, brought out a pack of wrinkled cigarette papers, and a limp sack of Bull Durham. With stiff, chill fingers he rolled the paper around the tobacco, moistened the work

of art, and glided it to his cracked lips as his other hand drew a flame tipped straw from the stove.

Yes, this was South Dakota weather such as Red Cloud used to advantage to stop "Cap" Gordon's famous mule freighter on the high divide which separates the sources of the Running Water from those of the Cheyenne. It was drifts such as these piling up on the north side of the cabin and sifting in through the chinks in the mud mortar between the logs that had once held Holy Rosary Mission snowbound so long that an old barn had to be torn down for fuel.

For forty-eight hours Pine Ridge shivered in the grip of the Ice King. For two snow-blinded days and nights the Chicago and North Western tracks thirty miles down across the border were lost in drifts packing hard and heavy over the prairie. In Chadron the Iron Horse stood idle under the snow-heavy roof of the round house.

THE red tongues of flame sank lower and lower into the glowing crater of embers. The one-room log cabin began to chill under the rising wind. Lone Eagle still sat motionless, hunched up on the edge of the straw tick bunk, his moccasined feet resting on the hard dirt floor. As though in a trance he unconsciously exhaled thin blue ribbons of smoke which floated frigidly upwards towards the dark, timbered ceiling. The moaning of the winds sweeping in from White Clay Creek were heavy with echoes of another day—a day followed by such a night as this. A day so horrible that fifty long winters had not erased its acid burnings from his memory. Never will he forget the frightful afternoon he goaded a shivering pinto through the twenty below gale to the desolate battlefield of Wounded Knee.

It was almost the end of the Moon of Popping Trees



An old tintype showing the dead and the burned Indian tepees after the Battle of Wounded Knee.

when the battle took place. Months previous the Sioux had been agitated by Sitting Bull and his medicine men preaching the Ghost Dance religion and promising a Messiah who was to restore to the Red children the freedom of their ancestors. Once more the buffalo would thunder forth from the caves of the south and spread northward over the rolling prairie. Once more young hunters would joyfully shout "Tatanka, Tatanka," as they galloped down on the monarch of the plains for their supply of robes and meat.

Ever since Kicking Bear had held the first Ghost Dance at the head of Cheyenne Creek, the dance craze had grown on the Sioux. Though there was no talk of violence, the White settlers surrounding the Reservation grew nervous, polished their Winchesters, blued the metal, and smoked the sights. In the Moon of Black Cherries (August) Indians dancing at No Water's Camp were told to stop. They refused. Squaw men trailing to Rushville for protection set memories aflame with the recollection of the Battle of the Little Big Horn and the half-naked Sioux shooting from under their horses' necks as the whirling circle of death tightened in on Long Hair. A defeat so crushing that the only survivors from Custer's gallant division were Curley, the Crow scout who escaped by letting down his hair and wrapping himself in a blanket, thus disguising himself as a Sioux, and Comanche, the famous horse of General Custer's relative, Captain Keogh.

A FLUSTERED agent cracking a wicked whip over the flanks of his foam-flecked team careened into Rushville, the nearest railroad town some thirty miles from Pine Ridge. A hurried wire was sent for troops to protect the *Wasichu*, White men. Panhandle tenderfeet sought safety behind barricaded windows, Win-

chesters gleaming in their hands as they grimly waited.

One day passed, two days passed, and still no war whoops split the frontier air. Weeks passed, the excitement boiled away. Not an Indian had been seen or heard. Still the curly-headed buffalo soldiers—as the Sioux called the Negro troopers—swarmed into Rushville, swaggered through the streets, and crowded the bars as they set the air vibrating with rich, deep plantation melodies.

With growing alarm and wonder on their part, the Sioux anxiously watched the troopers ride into Pine Ridge and camp on the heights of Hospital Hill. What could it mean? The presence of all these soldiers. . . . About this time news came down from the North that policemen from Standing Rock led by Lieutenant Bull Head had gone to arrest Sitting Bull, while two troops of cavalry under Captain Fetchet and a body of infantry under Colonel Drum followed behind. A fight ensued, and Sitting Bull was killed. The ghost dancers retreated to the grim recesses of barren peaks and twisted canyons that is the Bad Lands, once the home of the *brontotherium*, or sabre-toothed tiger, and the thunder beast, the *oreodon*.

FATHER JUTZ, S.J., Superior of the new Holy Rosary Mission, established but two years before by himself and Brother Henry Billing, S.J., tried to arrange a peace conference between Indians and army officers. Under his guarantee of "No Treachery" three chiefs rode back to the Mission and curled up for sleep that night under the Mission roof. Two Strikes, Big Turkey, and Short Bull, the last named one of the group which had traveled on the Messiah expedition to the wide valley of Nevada to see Wanekia, son of the Great Spirit.

The next day was wasted in long talks. No agreement could be reached. In the meantime, Big Foot and his band of four hundred people came down out of the weird formations of the inhospitable Bad Lands. Among the shivering, half-starved Indians were only about one hundred warriors, the rest were women and children. The Chief himself was so sick that he had to come on a pony drag. Near the foot of craggy Porcupine Butte, the soldiers came up, and Big Foot and his band surrendered. That night they camped with the soldiers at the Wounded Knee Creek. That same afternoon more soldiers marched northeast out of Pine Ridge.

Then dawned that never-to-be-forgotten day. As the cold, steel grey light crept out of the East, a strange sound rumbled over the hills. From the direction of Wounded Knee there came the thunder of wagon guns (can-

non). Big Foot's band: men, women and children were being cut to pieces by Hotchkiss guns. They were left where they fell—food for the coyotes and the grey wolves.

The wind came up, bloody mud froze to iron, snow drifted deep in the gulch and spread its mantle of white over the twisted forms, the camp goods, and the cold black embers of the camp fires. Never will Lone Eagle forget the sick feeling which came over him as he sat on his Indian pony and gazed upon the dark heaps of dead, the wind trailing long frozen scarfs of dry snow behind them.

Slowly he turned his horse with the storm and headed back for Pine Ridge, hoping to find his people. But they were gone. The tepees standing cold and silent. There had been a fight, and the people had to scatter so fast they had left the tepees pitched against the sky. That night the homeless Sioux camped on White Clay Creek, huddled around small fires. None but the smallest papooses slept. It was such a night as this. The wind moaned a dirge in the pines, and drifted the snow deep in the ravines. Old men sang the death song, and mothers wept for children they would see no more.

THE next day the Lakotas scampered up the steep cliffs and shot the soldiers approaching down the creek. The fighting drew closer to the Mission where the Indians had left their children in charge of the Black Robes. Stray bullets, whining through naked cottonwoods, pinged themselves into the timbers of the Mission attic. But the courageous priests, Brothers and Sisters went about the field of battle caring for the sick and wounded. The school became a hospital for Red Skins and soldiers.

The Moon of Frost In The Tepee (January), saw much fighting. The Holy Rosary Mission staff went calmly about their duties; nurses to the wounded, teachers to the young Indian children entrusted to their care. Of that brave group who refused to leave their post of duty, Brother Billing, S.J., is the last survivor. His hair gleams white as the December snows, but his merry eyes are keen as the eagle's.

The deep cold of the Moon of (Turn to page 55)



This looks like an Indian attack on Holy Rosary Mission but it is in reality a Eucharistic Procession at the Mission.

NEW BOOKS

You'd Better Come Quietly

Leonard Feeney, S.J.

It is rather late to add our word to the chorus of praise that has greeted this latest book by Father Feeney, but we want to be among those to register our delight at this packet of essays which is so decidedly Catholic and so definitely literature.

It is fortunate for us that writers like Father Feeney and Sister Madaleva and Monsignor Sheen are so completely Catholic, but it is unfortunate that the spirit of contemporary life and letters is so apathetic and cold to religious themes that writers such as they are robbed of their proper place in national literature. If they turned their talent to searchings of psychopathic abnormality and slums, or praises of adultery or schizophrenia, or merely dealt exclusively with pleasant secularities they would rank unquestionably with the nationally known top flight writers of our day.

Father Feeney defies comparison. He is unique among literary personalities as champagne is unique among wines. He is not for the prosaic whose boast is having their heavy feet solidly on the ground. He is a poet and has profound respect for the simplicities and delights of childhood.

But that is far from saying that he is the type of poet or poetical essayist who is "unfettered by thought." When you finish his book in the pleasant glow of his humor and felicity of expression you will find yourself much richer intellectually. You know more theology and more human nature and more about the richness of life and the world than when you began. The pleasant anodyne of laughing-gas has not made the operation less effective.

There are those who would prefer a treatise on the Blessed Sacrament or the Trinity out of a text book with its *primo, secundo, tertio*, but most people will find that Father Feeney's "Outlines" in this book capture a more soaring beauty and intimate reality in these august subjects than any text book could convey.

But do not think that this charming book of essays and sketches is merely a poet's rewrite of the theses of theologians. It is, rather, a delightful collection of Father Feeney's thoughts and experiences on many things, colored and transformed by his own way of seeing and writing.

If you enjoyed *Fish on Friday*, here, as they say in less polite circles, is your dish.

Sheed & Ward, New York and London, \$2.00.

Heroines of Christ

Edited by Joseph Husslein, S.J.
Science and Culture Series

Happy was the concept that brought

this volume into being and most happy the manner of its accomplishment. There has come upon the modern world such an upheaval and transformation in the ideals of womanhood that there is great danger of women losing their true prerogatives and place of honor without gaining any lasting laurels in alien spheres. The heroines of the modern world who attract the most attention, it seems, are the women aviators, politicians, athletes, beauty queens and movie stars. This may be all very well, but somehow one feels that fame in most of these fields is not the proper glory of women. The notoriety of the brawny girl in catcher's mask and pads seems somewhat akin to the triumph of the male who wins a knitting or a pie-baking contest.

The heroines of this book do not support the mid-Victorian concept of timid, swooning ladies, nor do they give support to the theory that woman's place is in the home and nowhere else, but they bring out in flaming characters the true superiority, the real glory of womanhood at its best.

It is a splendid antidote to the unfortunate modern misconception that a woman's crowning glory is running a hundred yards in only a few seconds behind the men's record or in sticking their pretty chins out for political buffeting on even terms with men.

The book is made up of fifteen short biographies of Catholic heroines of many ages and many countries written in collaboration by eleven Jesuit Scholastics. The subjects are Agnes, Maria de la Luz Comacho, Cecilia, Gemma Galgani, Joan of Arc, Bernadette, Catherine of Sienna, Eulalia, Margaret Mary Alacoque, Flora, Catherine Labouré, Lucy, Catherine of Alexandria, Kateri Tekakwitha, Thérèse of the Child Jesus. Each is revealed as a real flesh and blood person and not as a pious abstraction or a plaster model.

To anyone who has an ineluctable aversion to pietistic literature, we, along with the publishers, can assure them that "these fifteen vigorous sketches . . . are miles removed from the accounts provided by the old pietistic school of hagiography."

The style is modern and crisp but the beauty and the heroism of the lives unfolded go back to Nazareth and Bethlehem and Calvary.

The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc., \$2.00.

The National Catholic Almanac for 1940

The thirty-fourth edition of the National Catholic Almanac (formerly the Franciscan Almanac) is a most comprehensive and useful book of Catholic data at a very attractive price. It is com-

plied by the Franciscan Clerics of Holy Name College in Washington. In 750 compact pages there is a wealth of information on doctrine, history, social trends, devotions, education, liturgy, catechetics, encyclicals, general information, literature, art, biography, government and sports.

Browsing through this book one can pick up most valuable and interesting facts, religious and secular, ranging from the heights of theology and apologetics to the number of Catholics in the big leagues and how to remove ink stains.

This Almanac is a triumph of inclusiveness and interest and is highly recommended.

St. Anthony's Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., 75 cents.

Letters to Jack

Most Reverend Francis C. Kelley, D.D.

All too frequently letters such as these, frankly advisory, admonitory, are totally incapable of moving or impressing the young for whom they were intended. They are too often written from the limited viewpoint and over-seriousness of maturity and completely miss contact with the turbulent and cocksure attitude of youth. It is too bad that this is so; it is too bad that the hard-won experience and wisdom won through bitter lessons cannot be handed down to give youth a headstart,—a short cut,—an escape from the avoidable wounds of life. *Si jeunesse savait et si vieillesse pouvait!*

This series of letters by Bishop Kelley, republished by St. Anthony's Guild Press "because we believe it to be the best of its kind,"—comes pretty close to surmounting that barrier between age and youth. They are not patronizing, nor do they try to "talk the boys' language," nor win him by a spurious good humour like the odious and oily *camaraderie* of a radio "uncle." They depend on an intrinsic common sense and the appeal of reason and decency. Any experienced educator knows that you can't "kid" young men or cajole them into a mature attitude but sometimes you can convince them. If the case of virtue and good taste is presented in a forthright, reasonable and readable way there is a great chance of impressing youthful readers.

Bishop Kelley's letters are not pious moralizings; they are sensible and attractive comments on all aspects of life from the viewpoint of a Catholic gentleman. The book is not written for altar boys or "pious young men" as such,—but for normal young fellows facing life with an open mind.

This is a religious book which you can put into the hands of any boy of high school or college age without fear or apology.

St. Anthony's Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.00.

THE "HOMESICK MILLION" IN SHANGHAI

(Continued from page 33)

Institute, Rome, in preparation for the Russian apostolate.

A dynamo of zeal, the new English missionary has his heart set on youth leadership. That's his *métier*—and it's working miracles. Take his Russian boys' club, as a typical case. Not such an elaborate affair, of course, as the downtown Y. M. C. A. (finances are mighty slim in this war-torn locality). But it has all the earmarks of a huge success. A house equipped in comfortable style with reading rooms and parlors and a sizeable playground nearby. Just the thing to keep his lads off the baneful Shanghai streets and to furnish them with a wholesome "home atmosphere." Almost fifty Catholic boys, augmented by a like number of their Orthodox companions, take daily advantage of this beehive recreation and cultural center.

What is needed more than a club, however, is a Catholic school exclusively for émigré boys where they can be trained in their own native standards of culture. That's the problem just now. Father Wilcock is humming day and night with plans for such an important venture and could pack a large school building within twenty-four hours were it not for an utter lack of funds. Meanwhile, the old-established Catholic institutions of mixed nationalities are attracting a privileged Russian élite to their halls. The Marist Brothers are educating an impressive group in their two English-speaking high schools for foreigners; all the convents report substantial enrollments of Russian girls and young ladies; and the French Jesuit Aurora University, though primarily a school for Chinese, graciously opened its professional courses several years ago to Russian applicants, and is now turning out some finished doctors and lawyers.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the Catholic émigré apostolate in Shanghai is the fact that most of the conversions are taking place precisely among these high-class students, both young men and women. It is easy to see whence such a movement may lead; and it assuredly warrants the high hopes our Fathers entertain of forging a spiritually virile, educated, articulate youth group that will make its influence felt among the "Homesick Million" in the Orient—and eventually, please God, in the new Russia of the future.

Russian girls have a head start over the boys in the matter of their own school. Seven Irish Sisters of St. Columban, consecrated to Russian feminine education, are already on the spot with a school that is nothing less than a marvel. Though it opened only in January, 1939, by the Fall of the year the Sisters found themselves swamped with close to two hundred intelligent, neatly-uniformed young women and are now casting around for more spacious quarters. Dyed-in-the-wool missionaries, these seasoned

teaching Nuns. Not only are they learning Russian themselves, but they are going over, baggage and all, to the Russian way of worship . . . all of which endears them to their intensely patriotic charges.

When you group all this buoyant youth together in the little "tennis court" church during the long, beautiful Byzantine Mass on Sundays—all these sturdy young scions of Russia's best blood—you have a sight not easily forgotten. Young Alexandrovitch particularly impressed me the other day as he stood up there before the iconostase at Communion time: a slim, handsome chap of about sixteen, whose duty it was to hold up the little tots so that the priest, with the gold Communion spoon could scoop into their mouths the Sacred *Chasteeci*, the Host in the shape of sugar-cubes, as the Oriental Rite uses it. Lastly, Alexandrovitch himself receives, swerves round and walks back to his place, head high and shoulders erect—the perfect picture of his gallant military father when commanding the Royal Regiment in the good old days. Keep your eye on that fellow: he'll be a priest here some day.

"Nowhere else in the world at the present time"—it is long-bearded but spritely young Father Wilcock himself speaking—"nowhere else is there such a glorious opportunity of working for the spiritual regeneration of poor enslaved Russia. Here in Shanghai we are rearing a generation of Russian boys and girls, all of them to the manner born; teaching them, indeed, the love of God and thus in some way making up for the millions in Russia who are taught to hate Him. Here, too, we can prepare the young ardent apostles who, in God's plan and that of the Church, may one day win back the great Motherland to the Faith.

"Funds—that's the sore spot! Now that the money exchange here is fabulously high because of the war, what miracles a few solid American dollars could work towards the attainment of this incomparable ideal!"

CATECHISM IN B-FLAT

(Continued from page 43)

find a good substitute in the talents of some one of the Scholastics.

Last year, for example, Mr. Joseph Maxcy, S.J. drew pictures of Guardian Angels plucking children from the edges of cliffs, or from underneath automobile wheels; the pictures were simply drawings on ordinary typing paper and were colored by crayons. Of course, the limitations imposed by primary-color wax crayons are a bit chafing to one's artistic nature. For example, the youngster leaning over the cliff has on green trousers and purple shirt. ("—what mother would send her boy to Sunday School with green pants and a purple shirt?" Mr. Maxcy himself asked exasperatedly.) However, despite these limited resources, he executed some surprisingly impressive and illustrative pic-

tures, and the Filipino laddies liked them; the crayons served a noble purpose!

Attendance is quite regular both for the youngsters and the grown-ups. The youngsters do not play hookey, probably because it is the easiest thing in the world to do! We keep no attendance lists, and if a lad misses a class, he gets no scolding,—at least, not from us. This Sunday afternoon instruction is for many of the adults, like an oasis in a desert. It is the one opportunity in the week that they have of hearing of Jesus and Our Blessed Mother and Heaven, and most of them come to the classes with wide-open hearts, thirsty for the Lord's words. Many of the grown-ups, with surprising simplicity, bring the "Padres" their tales of doubt and difficulty, their family worries, their perplexities, and even their marriage troubles. Now and then, the good Scholastic must ask for a week's grace before he can answer the questions—some of them need the advice of the Fathers.

God has been pleased to bless this humble work with tangible fruit: a number of First Holy Communions have been prepared. Last year, one laddie was to have a real Christmas: Our Lord was to come to him for the first time at Midnight Mass. The over-eager youngster was at the Novitiate at eight o'clock and sleeping quarters were somewhat limited. Nothing daunted, the lad slept in the parlor crouched up in a wide-armed chair until Mass time. After Midnight Mass, he went back to his impromptu bed room until morning. Through the efforts of the young "Padres," several parents "married" before the Justice of Peace have promised to be really married by the priest. Others have been encouraged to a more frequent reception of the Sacraments. An informal Catholic Literature Guild is also kept alive by the catechists. After Mass at the Novitiate and during the catechism classes at the various centers, Catholic periodicals and pamphlets are distributed. These, when digested by one family, are passed on to the neighbors.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," reads an ancient proverb, and a modern cigarette advertisement. The future missionaries thus get a slight taste,—a kind of appetizing taste,—of their future work. In sunshine or rain, they fare forth each Sunday to teach. One of the Gospel sayings has its verification at Novaliches in humorous fashion. Two of the catechists had walked to the center at the dam, and were returning with their feet heavy with mud. As they neared home, the Spiritual Father of the Novitiate met them, and seeing their bemuddled feet, imparted the perfect Scriptural comment to the scene: "How beautiful are the feet of those who go to preach the Gospel!"

The words, intended only as a bit of humor, contain a consoling moral, and the answer to our question: "Why send young Religious to a foreign land before ordination?" For even while studying

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W. D. Mensenzehl, Mgr.

the Scholastic tastes of the joy and experience of his future vocation,—a missionary in Christ's Foreign Legion!

LONE EAGLE REMEMBERS

(Continued from page 53)

Frost In The Tepee and the lack of papa saka—dried meat—was telling on the warring Indians. Red Cloud, realizing the futility of further combat, addressed the war party: "Brothers, this is a very hard winter. The women and children are starving and freezing. If this were Summer, I would say to keep on fighting to the end. But we cannot do this. We must think of the women and children, and that it is very bad for them. So we must make peace, and I will see that nobody is hurt by the soldiers."

The next day the broken Sioux surrendered their rifles and gave themselves up to the Government. The sad end had come. The most dreaded cavalry of the northern plains were no longer lords of the vast country from Minnesota to the Rockies, from the Yellowstone to the Platte. The most powerful nation of the plains was scattered. The wagon guns of Wounded Knee killed forever the dream of the people. A dream which had been tormented by many troubles.

First the Iron Road (railroad) pushed its way across the prairie, cutting the bison country in two. Then the *Waischu* stumbled across the yellow metal that drove the palefaces mad. The streets of Custer choked with the dust of stampeding, frenzied gold seekers. The Black Hills echoed with Colts and Winchesters. The golden gully of Deadwood mushroomed crazy miner shacks. Wild Bill Hickok, Poker Alice, Calamity Jane, Deadwood Dick and Preacher Smith were names on every tongue. Masked highway men and road agents lurked on the old Gold Trail, lying in wait for the lurching Deadwood Stage with its cargo of glittering metal.

No longer would the old men of the tribe aid the squaws in hanging the red buffalo meat up on the trees and racks to dry. The great herd of shaggy buffalo that covered the plains dwindled down to the few, half tame bison grazing within the woven wire fence of Custer State Park just north of the "*mini-pashuta*"—healing waters, of Hot Springs. Where once the lordly elk stalked through isles of pines and nibbled sweet mountain grass, modern highways wind skywards twisting over pigtail bridges and burrowing through tunnels which frame Gutzon Borglum's famous stone faces looking out from Rushmore.

Slowly the tepees were folded up as the factory-made canvas tents of the palefaces were pitched in their places. Never again would the Sioux gather around the "*wakan*" or holy tree and dance the sacred Sun Dance as they had danced in the days of their great medicine man, Sitting Bull, who let Rain In The Face hang for two long days and nights by a rawhide rope passed through deep slits cut in his back. A supreme test of en-

durance and courage which the young brave endured without a whimper.

"*Hetchetu aloh*"—Yes, indeed, the dream was dead. The nation's hoop was broken.

But from the ashes arose a new dream. The Messiah of Wovoka did not come. Instead, the Great Spirit sent the true Messiah. The Messiah whom the "*sina sapa*" (Blackrobes) teach is "The Way, The Truth, and The Life." In the beautiful Paradise Valley of White Clay Creek, Holy Rosary Mission grew with the years. Today, it is the center of all Catholic activities. Its twenty-nine mission chapels are strung through the four thousand five hundred square miles of the Reservation, a territory extending from the gaunt, towering flanks of the Bad Lands to the yucca-studded sandhills of the Nebraska border, from the summit of Cedar Butte near the Rosebud Reservation, across the valley, and through the pine-studded buttes which roll away in the distance towards the West until they wash up at the hazy, blue ramparts of the Black Hills.

Sunday after Sunday the eight Fathers journey forth to minister to the three thousand five hundred Catholic Sioux—about half of the total number on the Pine Ridge Reservation. Neither the mud of July, nor the blasts of January can keep the Blackrobes at home. Many times in the dead of Winter in the days when a modern heated car was a thing unknown, Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., had to be taken from his horse as he struggled into the Mission yard, half unconscious from the cold.

The work of the Blackrobe has not been in vain. Sioux who once scouted the hills, a percussion rifle resting on the pommel of the saddle, now kneel in adoration as the tinkling bells of the Elevation announce the coming of *Wakan Tanka* (The Great Spirit). Where reports of Winchesters rang through canyons and draws, the mellow tones of the Angelus thrice daily echo in lingering invitation for the children of the prairie to bow in prayer.

Wakan Tanka has fulfilled a dream. A dream nobler than that ever dreamed in the tepees of Sitting Bull. The dream of Man's brotherhood with Christ, the great and only Messiah.

And as Lone Eagle thinks of this, he is happy. Next Sunday he will walk up White Clay Creek and receive Holy Communion in the little Mission Chapel on the hill.

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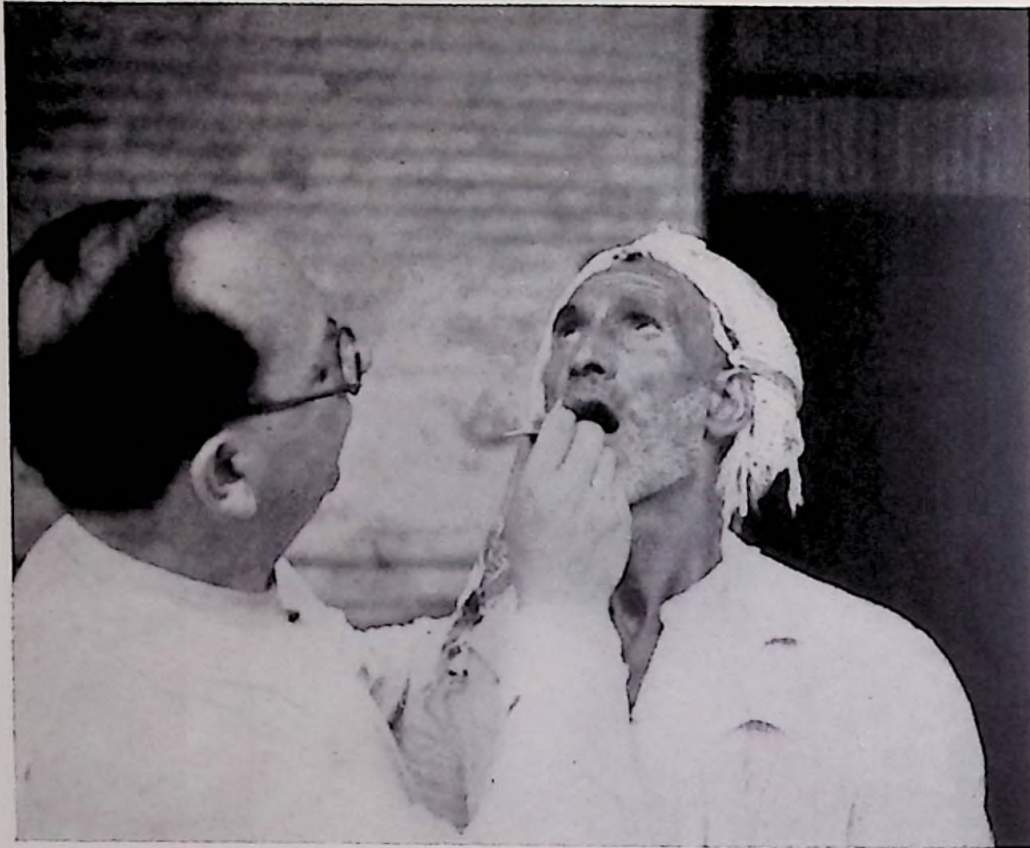
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