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CONTRIBUTORS

I Saw a Juramentado is a fine piece of reporting by FATHER AUGUSTINE M. BELLO, S.J. His was the ghastly experience of witnessing the progress of a pair of Moro killers running amuk in the streets of Zamboanga.



Scholastics Carroll (left) and Thornton

Jungle Odyssey by EDWARD J. O'DONNELL, S.J., takes you into the dense and dangerous jungle of British Honduras. Pushing into the jungle with this party will show you that missionary work in this quarter is rugged business.

For vivid impressions of new lands, the pens of missionaries just out from the States,—still filled with American ink,—are particularly effective. Long Jack of Damascus was the character which most impressed FATHER J. AUSTIN DEVENNY, S.J., as he approached the minarets of Baghdad. Meet him in *It's Miles and Miles of H. V. Morton*.

Shopping in America has become a dull and spiritless thing. You take it or leave it, with no words wasted. In the Orient things are different. Eloquence, histrionics, passion, vituperation and a battle of wits make buying a high adventure, stimulating and satisfying on both sides of the counter. Read *The Markets of Shanghai* by THOMAS D. CARROLL, S.J.

Measles on the Tundra are a different matter from measles on Main Street. FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., tells the havoc it wrought in Alaska.

The Paharia Tramp from Cleveland is written by ALPHONSUS GOVEAS, S.J., a Jesuit Scholastic, who is a native of India. He gets a preview of his future work and we get an insight into the life of an American missionary who is to his people "their father, their mother, their everything."

After all, fire-crackers come from China, which fact bears out the thesis of JOHN J. GORDON, S.J., in *The Latest Noise from China*, that noise is the principal product of Peiping.

Fiesta at Juan Tomas by EDWARD R. VOLLMAR, S.J., paints in the vivid colors of the sun-drenched Southwest a picture of a fiesta in a pocket of the Monzano Range.



Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

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COVER — One of the many interesting exhibits at the Vatican Exposition of the Christian Art of Mission Countries to be held in 1942, will be this ivory statuette of the Blessed Virgin and Child. It is the work of a Catholic artist of Travancore, India, and was made under the direction of the Jesuit Father Heras of Bombay, who is at work collecting Christian art objects for the Exposition. The Blessed Mother, it will be observed, is a typical Indian maiden. In Chinese art she appears as a Chinese maiden, in Alaskan art as an Eskimo, and so throughout all the countries of the world. She is the Mother of all men and the universal patron of Christian art.

EDITORIALS

MARQUETTE LEAGUE BIRTHDAY

IN 1905, Father Henry Ganss, an Indian Missionary, spoke to a group of New York men on the importance of helping the Indian Missions in the United States. Out of that talk was born the famous Marquette League which this year is celebrating its thirty-fifth birthday. To Father Bernard A. Cullen, the energetic Director General, and to the 9,000 members of the Marquette League, we wish to extend our warmest congratulations. The thirty-five years of the League's existence have been filled with distinguished service for the Indians. May God continue to bless this really great apostolic work.

OUR LADY AND THE SIMPLE THINGS

“AFTER Father Fox of Hooper Bay, Alaska, told how he went to Our Lady for simple little things, my whole life has been different,” wrote one of our subscribers in St. Louis several months ago.

The incident referred to was indeed a simple thing—a little aid given by Our Lady to a missionary in the frozen North. All day long Father Fox had been working desperately to repair a motor at his Mission. The early arctic darkness was closing in when, in his haste, he turned an important set-screw too hard and sheared it off at the head. It was a costly mistake, and we can picture the disappointment clouding his weather-beaten face as he sat back in snow and surveyed the damage. He had no tools to get at the broken screw and he had no screw to put in its place even if by some chance he could get the broken one out. He was alone, all about him the vast sweep of Alaskan tundra, silent and impersonal.

Why not give up? Is not life full of these little tragedies which seem so large to us, but which, after all, are only trifles in a tremendous world. But he didn't give up. He remembered there was some one who was interested in the small things that happen to her children. Would not she who noticed that the wine at Cana was running low, also notice the plight of this lone and baffled missionary? He knelt down and said a prayer to Our Lady—it was the *Memorare*. Rising, he put a chisel to the broken screw and lifted it out without difficulty. He reached into the tool box, pulled out a screw at random and found that it fit perfectly. Before nightfall the

engine which a few minutes before seemed hopelessly disabled was purring like a contented cat.

This incident may seem childish, wrote Father Fox; but he asks us who live in large cities and are surrounded by many people and friends and countless commercial services to remember that there are none of those conveniences available to those who live alone and friendless on the frozen tundra.

But is it not true that we who live in large cities know also what loneliness means, know what it is to be up against difficulties which with all the helps we have about cannot be solved? If we who know this could only grasp the large and luminous truth behind this simple and perhaps childish incident, our lives, like that of the St. Louis subscriber, might be different. Let us try to keep in mind during the month of May the fact that Mary is interested in our smallest difficulties.

KATHERINE TEKAKWITHA

THERE is in our opinion no holier spot in the United States than that little wooded area on a ridge above the Mohawk River in New York State which the Indians called Ossernenon and which we know as Auriesville. On this spot was shed the blood of our country's first canonized saints—Saints Isaac Jogues, John Lalande and Rene Goupil; there, too, was born one who may soon become the first native American to be raised to the honors of the altar—Katherine Tekakwitha.

How soon Auriesville, which is known in the United States as the Shrine of the American Martyrs, may also be called the birthplace of the first American Saint, it is impossible at this moment to tell with any degree of accuracy. However, her cause for Beatification is very far advanced. Of interest to our readers in this connection will be the recent announcement by Fordham University Press of the publication in English of the report of the historical section of the Sacred Congregation of Rites which last year completed its examination into her life. Published originally in Latin by the Vatican Polyglot Press, Fordham University Press is now making the researches of the Church's historians available in English. A prospectus of the book indicates that it will not only be an accurate and interesting life of Katherine Tekakwitha but also a thoroughly artistic volume.

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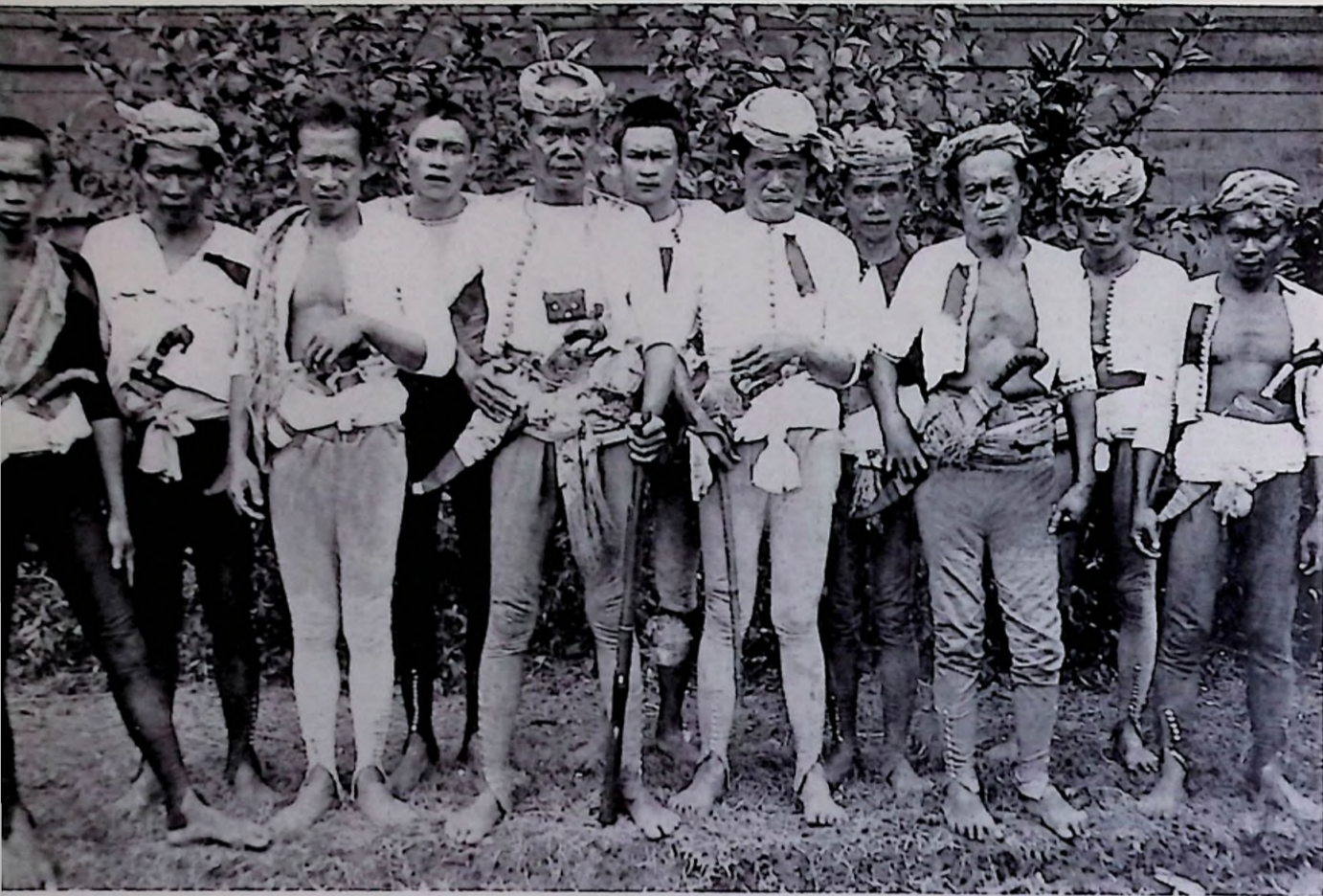
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I Saw a

Augustine M. Bello, S.J.



A group of Moro rulers. The juramentado oath is usually taken before them. Note the bolos hanging from the belts.

FROM far and near, thousands of Filipinos had come to take part in Zamboanga's most colorful fiesta. It was a glorious day, filled with enthusiasm and devotion to the Mother of God, the Patroness of this city. Our Lady of Pilar is the inspiration of this manifestation of Faith—a reputedly miraculous image carved over one of the gates of a fort called Pilar, built hundreds of years ago by the Spaniards as a refuge from the piratical incursions of fanatical Moros who infested the southern seas of the Philippines. The stirring music of a band, ushering in the morning, had put the people in a festive mood. The Cathedral was crowded for several Masses, closing with a Pontifical High Mass.

In the afternoon a long procession to Fort Pilar brought milling crowds to the famous Image, where the Bishop gave an inspiring address and the procession returned to the Cathedral. In the evening a circus attracted hundreds while a free movie in the patio of the Cathedral had some seven hundred people laughing to their heart's content at the antics of Charlie Chaplin. It was about seven o'clock in the evening.

IT had been a glorious day and there was no thought, in the midst of all the happiness and gaiety, that death hung menacingly over the joyous multitudes that thronged the streets.

Then the nightmare. "*Juramentado! Juramentado!*" (a Moro gone amuck) was the cry that silenced the laughter and put panic in the hearts of all. It froze the blood in my veins and held me rooted at the street corner where I was observing the happy throngs. With lightning speed, terror gripped the town. People rushed madly in all directions and doors slammed loudly on those fortunate enough to gain refuge. Ladies snatched off their high-heeled shoes in order to run faster. Small, bewildered children were left helplessly alone in the streets. There is a murderous association in that frightening cry that strikes terror in the bravest heart and

awakens an unreasoning instinct for self-preservation. For "*Juramentado*" means that one can be hacked to death anywhere.

A *juramentado* is a Mohammedan Moro who takes an oath before a *Datu*, a kind of local potentate. Once the oath is made, he prepares himself with prayers according to the Moro ritual; then he chooses a day, usually at sunrise or at sunset. The Moro must die in the act of killing and as a reward he goes to heaven on a big white horse. Some say that this is just one form of suicide among the Moros since direct self-killing is forbidden by the Koran, their sacred book.

BUT where was the *juramentado*? Sometimes in trying to flee from it, one is running right into it. For a minute or so I had a clear view of two blocks. I saw the fanatic Moro stab his last victim and then fall himself with five bullets in him. At the door of the Rectory, when I returned, I saw one of our Lay Brothers armed with a big shot gun and I wondered if he could hit the bull's eye five feet away! In the Rectory there was an indescribable confusion and babel. The cloister had completely lost its wonted calm. Sobs and hysterical screams greeted my entrance. Some two hundred persons, mostly women and children, had sought refuge in every available space. Mothers were frantic about their children, girls were being revived. I went to my room and what do you think I found on my bed? Two trembling old women saying their beads. One of them was bemoaning the loss of one of her slippers. I comforted her by saying that she would find it in the back pocket of the Moro *juramentado*.

TAXIS were at a premium and it was a problem to get the children home. In spite of my own fears, I accompanied home a dozen of these children. Then I went to the General Hospital, attracted by the sight of an ambulance. Practically all the doctors of the city

Juramentado!

Zamboanga's fiesta ends in panic and bloodshed as two fanatic Moros with flashing bolos slash their way through the crowded streets. It's an old Moro custom.

were pressed to help in the emergency. Blood was flowing freely along the tile floor of the operating room. All tables had victims on them and some of these victims had as many as twenty wounds. Groans of pain and cries of despair from relatives filled the air. In the meantime, five bodies, alive only a short while ago, were in the morgue. I gave my priestly ministrations as the doctors were fighting to save lives that were fast ebbing away. Seven died and five recovered.

THERE were two *juramentados* that night and the two were brothers. It was providential that they had landed minutes after the procession had dispersed. I shudder when I think of the possible number of victims had they begun their murderous venture during the procession. These two fanatical Moros landed from a *vinta* near a bridge downtown and worked their way slowly to the heart of the city, killing as they went. Upon landing, one of them entered a Chinese store and hacked the owner to death; the other waited outside and stabbed a lady. This lady was the first to give the cry "*Juramentado*" and the city was in a

turmoil in no time. Armed with razor-sharp heavy *barongs* they kept looking for more victims.

OUR own tailor heard the alarm but did not know where to go, so he decided to ask the nearest person where the *juramentado* was. Unsuspecting, he approached one of the *juramentados* who was waiting outside while the other was attacking a store; needless to say he got the surprise of his life when he saw the up-raised *barong* ready to sever his head; he made an about face, but not quick enough; he got a souvenir of his curiosity but he lived to tell the tale after many days in the hospital.

Their next victim was the cashier of a grocery store. He got three wounds, one of them almost severing the head from the body. The owner of the grocery had a good aim and with one shot killed the killer. In his revenge he imprudently emptied all his bullets in the dead body of the aggressor not suspecting that the Moro had a companion outside. Upon hearing the shots the other *juramentado* entered the store and dispatched the helpless owner in no time. Then picking up the *barong* of his dead brother, he slashed to death an old lame man near the door.

It was at this point that a bullet caught the Moro in the side, but he kept on going, wounding many more. The policemen could not shoot effectively because of the people running in all directions. A woman had already entered a store safely, with the doors closed, but in her excitement, left one of her little children outside. She went out and at that same instant she was stabbed in the stomach and fell shielding her little baby in her arms. The woman was the last victim and seconds later the Moro was riddled with five bullets.

The *juramentado* shows that there is still fanatical paganism beyond the pale of Mindinao's Christian civilization. Soon, we hope, the spread of the Faith and the influence of the Prince of Peace will end these horrors forever.



The Shrine of Our Lady of Pilar on the gates of the Fort at Zamboanga.

Jungle Odyssey

Behind the chicle in your chewing gum is the saga of brave chicleros and of the equally heroic missionaries who every year risk their lives in the wilderness.

Edward J. O'Donnell, S.J.

A chiclero bleeding a giant sapodilla tree.

FOR a long time I held the honest belief that a bush trip must be fun. Then one day Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., traveling missionary in the Orange Walk district of British Honduras, invited Mr. Robert Hodapp and me, Jesuit Scholastics from Belize, to take one with him to August Pine Ridge.

"I'm setting off tomorrow," he said, "and I'd enjoy your company for a few days." He added that the trip would be a new experience for us and just the relaxation we needed after a hard year of teaching. We started out without further coaxing.

Now the fact is that no one ever takes a bush trip in the Central American tropics for sheer fun. If you are a mahogany contractor you will gird your loins as soon as the rains cease, wave a rather reluctant farewell to civilization, and fare forth on what promises to be a tedious, if lucrative, six months in the heart of a primitive wilderness. It may be that you are a *chiclero*, bent on bleeding the jungle giants—the sapodilla trees—for chicle, which forms the base of chewing

gum. If so you will have to run the gamut of malaria-dealing mosquitoes day and night while your contract lasts, but will suffer all resignedly for the dividends your labor pays. Whatever attractions the bush may have for the hunter, the roadmender, or the scientist, certain it is that no motive of fun prompts him to turn his back on his fellows and set his course jungle-wards, far from the pavement's end and the voice of the crowd in the busy streets.

Had I known all this, perhaps I would not have been so ready to undertake the journey. It never oc-

curred to me, for instance, that a missionary often packs his saddlebags with a week's provisions for what may prove to be an arduous three weeks' trip. From hard-won experience he knows, as I did not know at the time, what hazards the jungle trails, almost obliterated by the rains and dense overgrowth, hold in store for him. What I had mistaken for fun was in reality hardship.

When, about a mile from the Orange Walk Mission House, we ran into a storm, the truer, clearer picture of the missionary began

Somewhere in the bush, Father Stevenson prepares two little boys for First Communion.



gradually to take form. Before the day was out it was so indelibly impressed on my mind that even now it remains in my memory with sharp-edged vividness: the picture of a missionary, fully conscious of the difficulties of jungle travel, yet realizing that if his stations are not visited. . . . Write your own conclusion to the story of a lost, frightened people, deprived of the ministrations of a Catholic priest for many long months.

SO, whatever the inconveniences, the missionary makes his bush trips with amazing regularity. The one we made with Father Stevenson was but one of the many he had made during the month. We sensed that, on observing how gingerly his horse responded to the spur despite the fact that his animal was ankle-deep in the rutted jungle trail that became more and more treacherous as we progressed. Our animals, less amenable to the goad, were for turning back to the green pastures whence we had come.

For a while there was a brief interlude in the storm, followed by a torrential downpour that sent us scurrying to shelter under the protecting foliage of an ample cohune tree. It was to no avail. A suggestion was made that we might, under the circumstances, just as well push on; and Father Stevenson, long used to the foibles of tropical weather, gave sanction to the suggestion, hinting that soon the sun would be out. I shared his hope but not his enthusiasm.

When we arrived at San Lazaro shortly before noon, an unofficial deputation of the village was out to greet us, drenched to the skin and hungry after a trying morning in the saddle. A young man of Father Stevenson's acquaintance stepped forward and offered us the hospitality of his thatched home. There we regaled ourselves sparingly with everything from the *sopa* to the *dulces*, with odds and ends of native cookery thrown in to balance an otherwise American menu.

By one o'clock we took leave of

our Indian host and nosed our mounts south, a burning sun in our faces and the prospect of a hot ride ahead. About three o'clock we jogged into Trinidad, sprawling on the side of a hill, but we had no time to dismount and chat with the natives, who evidently expected the padre to stop over in their village for the night. We couldn't, of course.



Near Stann Creek one of Father Stevenson's parishioners and a more or less friendly snake.

"We're going directly to August Pine Ridge," Father Stevenson explained to them in Spanish "I'll be back on Monday."

From there on our road, overhung with great fan-like palms, wound through jungle once more, masses of rich, green foliage, ferns, and hanging creepers hedging us in on both sides of the trail. Though we had been told to be on the watch for egrets, herons, green parrots, and gaily-tinted macaws, which haunt the silent interior of these forests, we saw not a sign of bird-

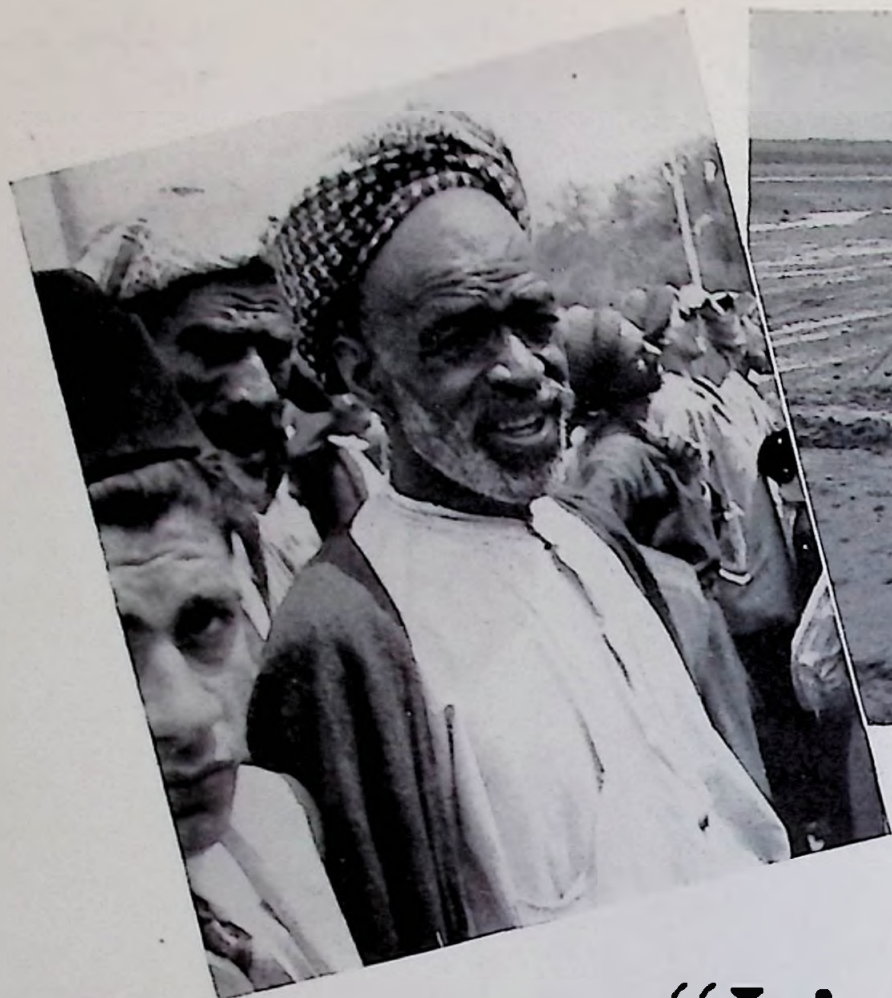
life. Nature reigned in silent and unchallenged sovereignty. Emerging then from the still depths of the bush, we threaded our way for a short distance through dwarf-like thickets, which gave way in turn to an extensive pine ridge. We were coming at last to August Pine Ridge, the end of our journey.

Just at sunset we reached our destination. Pulling up our horses before the small village church, we dismounted, saluted the lumbermen conversing in knots on the opposite side of the road, and went in search of lodging. The village jail, we were told, was unoccupied at the time and we could be sure of shelter and security in the constable's quarters. It was our chance to discover how one felt spending the night in jail and waking in the cold hour before dawn next morning to find oneself behind tall, grilled windows that opened on piney woods—and freedom. There we lodged.

While Father Stevenson was rounding up the native children for confession that same evening, I made a brief tour of the village with my Scholastic friend. For all the discomforts of the day, twilight gave us something in return. What impressed us most, however, was not the short-lived beauty of the sun's yellow radiance spending itself on the thatched houses of the village. Rather, it was the unexpected signs of modern modes of living against a background of traditional Indian life, at once perishing and tenacious, that caught our attention. Be-

hind a modern motor-tractor trundling across their path emerged shawled Indian women returning from their *milpas* just as their Mayan ancestors did centuries before the White man had penetrated their forests that swelter under a tropical sun.

In the morning after Mass, Father Stevenson pointed out that since the Mexican border was but a short distance away, it might be worth our while to ride the nine intervening miles to see the superb spectacle of a brown river (Turn to page 139)



A break-down on the long desert road from Damascus to Baghdad. (Left), Iraqi men take an interest in the travelers. (Right), A camel train coming out of Bagdad meets the missionaries' car.

“It's Miles and Miles

I SUPPOSE the pithiest summary I could give of my new home and the surrounding country of Iraq would be to paraphrase a much-quoted British soldier's explosion into “It's miles and miles of H. V. Morton.” It hits off the spirit of the thing precisely. Before sailing almost the last book I clasped was H. V. Morton's “Through Lands of the Bible” and after debarking at Beirut almost the first person Father James Armitage, S.J., and I ran into was H. V. Morton's “Long Jack.” Long Jack, as you will recall, ran the Nairn Transport that took Morton from Palmyra to Baghdad.

We met Long Jack, however, in Damascus. Many an office worker in the U. S. A. has brooded on the problem of city noises and thought himself in misery. Happy the man who lives in a land where the auto horn is an occasional warning to the unwary, not a steady cheering-section to the engine. As we sat at breakfast in the Jesuit residence in the Christian quarter of Damascus it cost no effort to mark the progress of our Buick across town, down the narrow *sugh*, right up to our gate. Was it thus that Roland felt as he

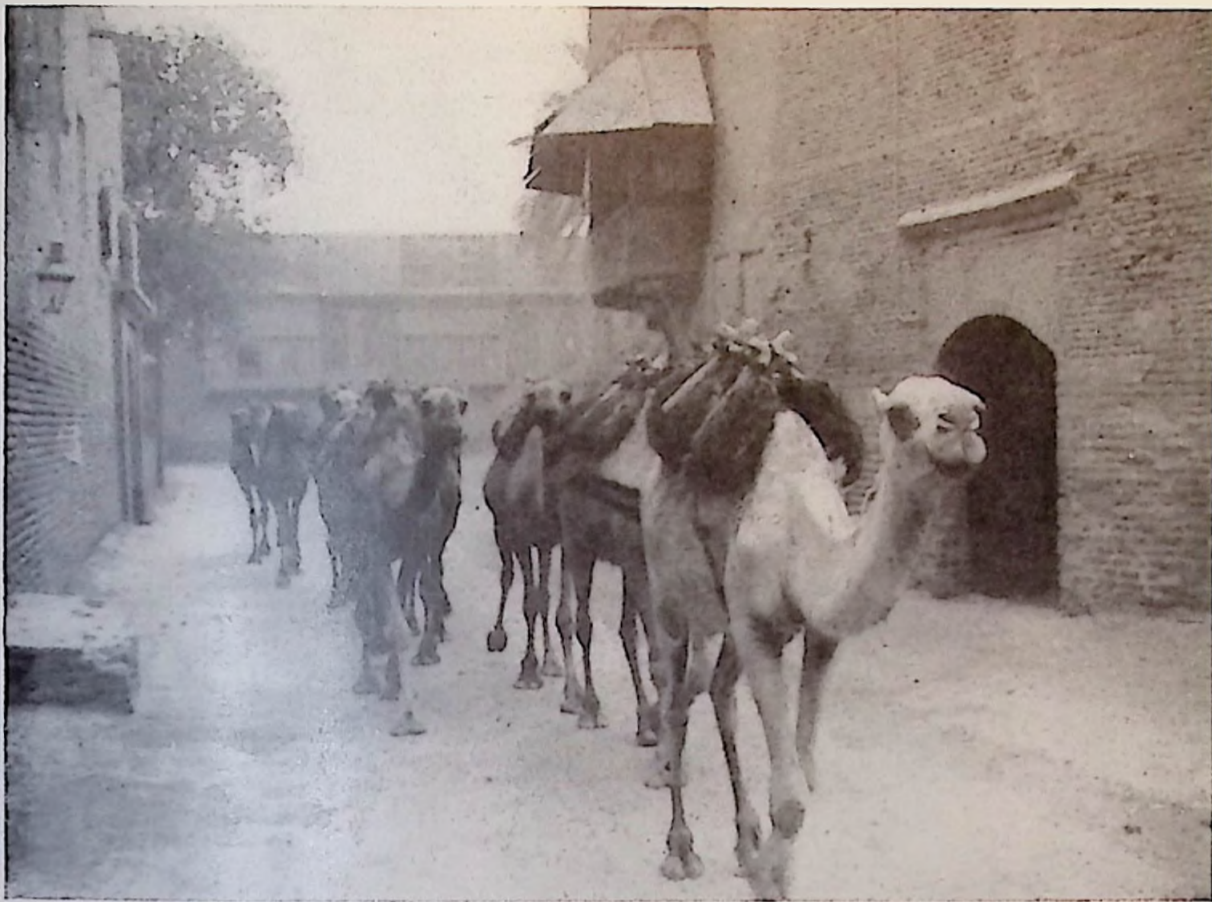
listened to the horns of Charlemagne rushing up to Roncevalles?

The driver was quite tall, boyish, mustached, with a figure slightly bulgy in the mid-section—one of those figures that suggest to me a long-necked, and I suppose I ought to add, long-legged decanter. His French to our hosts was ready and his English to us was unhesitating and a little crisper than we knew it at home. We were prepared to learn that he was one of Nairn's New Zealanders but we were hardly prepared for “I'm Jack, Long Jack. You know H. V. Morton. He's got me in his book. Did you ever read ‘We Married an Englishman’? I'm in that, too.” And this was to be all ours from Damascus to Baghdad. Research is the order of the day and I am not loath to contribute to the world's knowledge of Long Jack. We enjoyed him.

WHAT did he do? He drove for twenty-four hours with just one hour's sleep at Ramadi. He displayed such a grasp of the desert that if he were blind-folded, I would ride with him without a qualm. He furnished us with a commentary on the route, the passersby and their

family history, the Nairns, the Near East, 1939 Buicks. . . . He saw us and our car, in Arabic, through two Customs offices, though he left us to the mercy of the third. We heard him doing well in English, French and Arabic and we have absolutely no reason to disbelieve his intimation that he is as ready in Turkish, Persian and Armenian. In Rutba he saved a little baby, who had fallen, from strangulation at the hands of a distracted mother and he made and won a bet on our religion from two young ladies of Iraq whom he had in to ride with us earlier—in the driver's seat of our car. He was jubilantly welcomed by every one everywhere we stopped—and though we ourselves were mute perforce in the mingling of strange tongues, we had our part in the reception accorded to our herald.

But while he showed himself a whirlwind of effective kindness, there was not about him the least whisper of self-satisfaction. On the contrary, at the very start he insisted that one of us would have to sit and talk to him and during the day we took turns at this with pleasure. As the darkness settled down over the desert on the Bagh-



of H.V. Morton” J. Austin Devenny, S.J.

The Famous Long Jack of Damascus did all the driving and most of the talking on the desert ride to Baghdad

dad side of Rutba it was something of a little boy who appealed, “One of you will have to stay up and talk to me. I have to have someone to talk to during the night.” He took a genuine delight all night in catching the lights of passing cars and guessing their identity and destination. And I think his chief joy in that dark ride was that he never long lost the lights of one car that was following us.

This car was crippled by a series of blow-outs and a sick chauffeur and Jack with three hundred dark miles ahead of him sang out the order, “Keep on my left rear and I’ll see you through.” Three or four times he stopped during the night and either helped with the tires or the chauffeur. Now it just so happened that this car carried the two young ladies previously mentioned—accompanied by their father, brother, and the chauffeur. It is sober truth to add that if at any time we sent a dull Jack out

into the night from our driver’s seat, we always got a sparkling Jack back. Who would have said fifty years ago that New Zealand and the Near East would nourish such a flower of chivalry?

I HAVE already mentioned certain features of his boyishness. As we moved out of Damascus he was feeling most expertly the points of our car and he launched in no time into the sweetest-natured but most complete condemnation of the whole idea of driving a thing like that to Baghdad. The weight, the tires, the springs, the size of the gasoline and water tanks, the storage space, the accommodations within for the circulation of air and the exclusion of sand . . . the whole thing was ridiculous. The best thing for us would seem to be to run the car off the track anywhere, abandon it, and take the next Nairn bus. There was no telling in what state of exhaustion or disease and much

less, at what date we would crawl into Baghdad if we clung like miserably missionaries to this 1939 Buick. This was one day’s elegantly varied theme.

We left Damascus in the train of Nairn’s Friday bus. We were in to Rutba two hours ahead of it. As the next day’s sun was streaking the desert between Ramadi and Baghdad, Long Jack was roaring along at eighty miles an hour. “The way this thing responds. You’d never know it had gone five hundred miles of desert. Just clean it out in Baghdad and it will be good as new. We’ll make time. We’ll make time . . .” All this without a blush, without a hint that there was anything that connected the Long Jack who praised with the Long Jack who condemned.

AND so we reached Baghdad. What of Baghdad? I must limit myself to first impressions. Baghdad catches the eye with its vertical lines. The impression grows as picture after picture accumulates, first the fingers of an oasis of date palms over a desert slope, then the humps and necks of camels, then the minarets, then the gait of the pedestrians—evidently designed for the safety of burdens carried on the head, then the long drooping head-dress and the loose flowing robes. The vertical verges into the exotic when one turns to the purple doves and white-breasted crows homing amid oranges, dates, apricots, cactus, and roses; the tawny Tigris, the blue noon sky.

AND finally, Baghdad College? Others say they know they have left the West when they dock at Alexandria. If I did not know it then, I learned it in the Baghdad College yard.

The yard is a daily babble of Armenian, Persian; Christian, Moslem, Jewish Arabic; and English as it is spoken in New England, India and the British Isles. The Christian communities represented:—Chaldeans, Syrian, Latin, Uniate and Orthodox Armenian, Greek and Assyrian—suggest the dustier corner of some well-stocked ecclesiastical library. The hint that was rejected at Alexandria has grown into a significant shout.

The Markets of Shanghai

A "must" story for all shoppers

Thomas D. Carroll, S.J.

THE world must eat. But how many of us ever stop to think just how the rest of the world fulfills that obligation? Here in China the Catholic missionary from the Western Hemisphere gets plenty of opportunity for turning that question over in his mind. A mere casual walk through the streets here in Shanghai, for instance, is an aptly illustrated answer to it.

Just outside the gate of our Theologate at Zi-ka-wei (a suburb of Shanghai, which in language as well as manners is almost a distinct community), we have one of those raucous street-markets for which China is so famous. There, in a block-long stretch of cobble-stoned roadway, you can buy almost anything edible. Dried, salted poultry—complete with head and feet—which have been shipped north for the satisfaction of Cantonese appetites. Fish, live and twitching or dried and salted; live shrimps and dead ones; eels, which are sold by the yard: every type of sea food, imaginable or unimaginable. Grain, oil, wines: everything finds its way into this little market area.

BUT it is in vegetables that it really excels and abounds. One does not see here the classic vegetables of the Occident—potatoes, squash, beans, peas and the like; but their Oriental substitutes are equally numerous, equally appealing to the most exquisite of tastes. Here one finds cabbages galore; round cabbages, long cabbages, thin cabbages, squat cabbages—every possible variety, in fact, save that of the West. Celery, too, has its local equivalent, and lettuce. But here we must draw the line, for JESUIT MISSIONS has not

A market street in Shanghai is more than a mere place of purchase.



V. F. Meislin

space enough to run a complete catalogue of the local produce.

For three hours in the morning the vegetables come in from the countryside; and the modes of their transportation are as various as their species. Heavy, tuberous types generally come most of the way by canal boat. Rickshaws, shoulder poles, wicker baskets, armfuls and apronfuls account for most of the rest.

They pass by my window in continuous file from three o'clock in the morning until nearly six. And all this time the early arrivals have been setting out their wares and beginning the morning sales. By six, the area is so crowded with hucksters and ballyhoo-experts that one wonders how the milling throng of purchasers manages to squirm in and out among the stalls. Added to this, there are vendors of hot morsels, fated to whet but not to satisfy

the early morning hunger of the crowd.

UNLIKE American markets, the stalls here seem to have no set prices; or rather it might be more exact to say that the prices for any commodity fluctuate considerably between certain very ill-defined limits. In this manner the settling of the final price for a given item becomes a serious and personal transaction between consumer and producer, involving a certain amount of conscious subterfuge and a high degree of diplomatic courtesy.

As is only just, the vendor is always the first to set a value upon his goods; but, in accordance with time-honored Chinese traditions, this initial quotation is invariably double or triple the amount actually expected by the salesman. The customer, also knowing this to be the case, suffers no embarrassment

whatever in wrangling until a final and mutually satisfactory price is reached.

BUT let us take a concrete example: Mr. Chang, a merchant of fowls, is approached by a clever housewife asking the price of "this little, malformed duckling."

"I will sell you that excellent, well-fattened goose at the extremely sacrificial price of one dollar and sixty cents."

"*Ai-ya!* How terrible are the times! I can offer you but seventy cents for this bundle of bones and fat."

"Indeed, the heavens must be angry with poor old me this morning. Though I have expended more in the raising of this honorable fowl,

considering the benignity of your age-wrinkled face and the festivities of the season, I shall lower my totally insignificant price to one dollar and twenty cents; but less I cannot accept."

"Ah, now you are getting reasonable: I, too, shall not be without sense. I offer you an even dollar for the miserable carcass."

"Alas! how we have fallen upon evil times! Good, I shall sell you my best goose at your unmentionable price, though I shall be losing tremendously in the transaction."

And, the price being at last settled, the purchase is completed; and, while the thrifty housewife goes her way, boasting to her companions of the excellent two-dollar bird she has just purchased for a dollar, the

salesman vaunts his business acumen to his fellow stall-keepers, telling them how he has just disposed of a despicable fifty-cent fledgling for double its value.

Thus, each is fully satisfied, for each believes himself to have driven a good bargain; and none is the loser, for a one-dollar fowl has been bought and sold for a dollar. Who, then, is to say that the American system which would originally quote the bird at its real value, thus depriving both buyer and seller of the mental treat of bargaining for a price and of the ultimate satisfaction of a personal victory, is either more just or more desirable? A market street in China is more than a mere place of purchase, it is a field of joust and of high adventure.

Measles Hit the Tundra

Paul C.
O'Connor, S.J.

PERIODICALLY in Alaska germs are deposited at some village along the Bering Sea Coast and an epidemic is touched off. Like a prairie fire it sweeps over the tundra gathering force as it goes. A long list of victims is left in its wake.

By some means or other, this year measles were discharged by some careless freighter at Kotzebue. Contact was immediately made with the neighboring village and the epidemic was on. No village was too small to escape. Dusky Eskimo faces were transformed into a blushing red. Since doctors could prescribe no cure, the old-time medicine man was again called to the fore, but even his strongest medicine was of no avail. The ubiquitous bug swept on, missing only the aged. New-born babies were the hardest hit. Every village numbered its dead—and the toll rose steadily.

HERE at Akulurak we deluded ourselves into thinking that being off the well-beaten trail of the Yukon we would be safe. No such luck! A St. Michael's boat whose crew were forced to winter here, introduced the bug to the villagers. They went down *en masse*. Quarant-



One of Father O'Connor's Eskimo families at Akulurak. The measles epidemic was particularly hard on families like this.

tine barriers were as nothing. The bug scaled every barrier and down went the mission children—ninety strong. First the mission boys went to bed, leaving the girls to do the chores. Finally, the entire Mission was under the covers. Through some good fortune, the Fathers and Sisters were spared. For a few days

while the fever was at its height, those that were up, stayed up night and day.

The measles, though quite painful and disagreeable to its victims, did not last long. The disturbing factors were the debilitating effects it had on the children afterwards. Tubercular cases were aggravated

by a hacking cough that apparently had no remedy. Some of these poor Eskimos coughed until sheer exhaustion robbed them completely of their voice and general vitality. Various tubercular complications set in that will take years to overcome. In my mission field proper, forty passed away in less than three months. I now have the appalling situation of many men and few women. This does not augur well for future generations.

A FREQUENT but distressing picture was for me to come on some lonely igloos on the trail with

floor, *mukluks* and winter ware scattered every place. Impossible for a family to get well under such conditions. My companion hunters set to work, getting wood. I prepared and anointed three people in succession. Gloom was the prevailing note when we arrived, but before we left a few sparks of life began to reassert themselves.

FROM that village I went to another and almost got lost in the fog as I cut across the tundra. The fog came up so quickly from the sea that I was completely caught. I took compass directions from the

I reached the river just as darkness and fog completely wrapped us up in an impenetrable blanket. I hugged the bank of that river for dear life. I could reach the village some time just by doing this. The trail going directly was simply out of the question. Two hours of fog and darkness finally brought me to the village. Only two were up—a little boy and his elder sister—both under fifteen years of age. They had been heroically taking care of two families alone. A marriage was here set aright, a baby baptized. Much sadness was dispelled, too, and on the morrow after Mass we left them

much cheered and better able to take care of their sickness.

The day was cold and crystal clear. I made short cuts that were impossible the day before. How different was the village I came to next. Filled to the brim with laughter, well-fed, well-clothed children. A complete contrast to the past five villages. It feels like coming home—several, both men and women, were old Mission children. The homes are lowly but well kept and clean. Innuit Christmas songs were sung with gusto and a lengthy

catechetical instruction given with the aid of pictures. Due to the general sickness this was the first time that I heard any singing. As luck would have it, several hunters dropped in to spend the night and I was able to contact a few men I seldom see. Incidentally, these hunters are always on the go and do extremely well in trapping.

THE following day was a long one. After Mass made jubilant by Christmas songs, I was off over two long lakes resembling inland seas. Not a bush or a willow disturbed the horizon as far as the eye could see. It was well I had a good leader who knew the country perfectly and was (Turn to page 139)



Father O'Connor's huskies pause for a rest in their dash across the tundra to help measles-stricken families.

the entire family in bed and no wood in the house. Recently I was making my missionary rounds far out in the tundra. On the wide open spaces I met two hunters on their trapping lines. The three teams lined up and as a storm was coming we raced to the nearest village.

What was our surprise when we came near to see no smoke rising from the chimneys of the half-buried igloos. "Yuitok" (Nobody home), shouted the Eskimo nearest to my sled. We rushed up with a flourish and found some half-starved dogs tied to their stakes. I entered one cabin and found the whole family in bed, and no fuel in the house. The place was in complete disarray. Dirty dishes, unswept

sun which was just about to set. I urged the dogs on to some tangled willows that I knew skirted the Black River. Breaking brush for a half a mile with a long string of eleven malamutes is a patient and hazardous task. The dogs will invariably wrap their tow-line around a willow and come face to face with an unliked companion. The conclusion is immediately reached that the dog opposite is the cause of the fouling line and then the fun begins. But the fun it is only in retrospect.

Fog, darkness, willows, deep snow, tangled harness—all massed together make any musher of dogs resort to language highly volcanic. I need not tell you whether I am an exception to the rule. Anyway,



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Incident in China

The International News Service recently carried a stirring item from China which,—the more one thinks of it,—has all the elements of a thriller, except the arrival of the marines,—and that may come later. Under a slam-bang headline: PRIESTS DEFY WANG, the report goes:

SHANGHAI, March 25 (By International News Service).—"Nailing the American flag to the staff atop their Nanking mission building, three United States priests today defied the new puppet government of Wang Ching Wei.

"The Japanese-backed government of Wang sought to take possession of the building for its ministry of industries office, but the Rev. James F. Kearney, S.J., and two other priests of the Jesuit Order, continued to operate the medical dispensary.

"The trouble began when the Japanese military authorities turned the building over to the Wang government. The Jesuits protested they held legal title to the mission."

There you have it. The embattled Jesuits, one of them the esteemed writer of many an interesting story in JESUIT MISSIONS, holding their ground at the mission building at 267 Chung Shan Road, Nanking; Old Glory unfolding its stars and bars against the sky and Wang Ching Wei and the "Japanese military authorities" biting their fingernails while the Ministry of Industries shuffle their feet and shift their portfolios.

Certainly in their hearts, these three must have felt some of that legitimate pride which one can detect in St. Paul when the fact that he was a Roman citizen made persecutors in a distant land go cautiously in their treatment of him.

And if these three Jesuits were much given to going to movies in their boyhood it must have amused them to find themselves in such a familiar melodramatic rôle.

Long May It Wave

The mere sight of the Stars and Stripes must be heartwarming to American missionaries in exile. But to see it flying beside the Cross and to realize that it is protecting God's house so far from American shores must have thrilled these American Jesuits.

We hope that it's true. We hope that's the end of it. We hope that the account when it comes from the Fathers themselves will not be so serious as to make our light tone out of place. And we hope they won't tone it down from the fine pulse-quickenning thing that journalism made it.



Another Problem

Perhaps the following story doesn't belong here, but after all it is about the missions and probably brings in an angle you had never thought about.

Washing the feet of the poor is usually looked upon as symbol of charity and a ritual of humiliation but it also has its practical side. A Scholastic of the Chicago Province, while stationed on one of the Indian Missions had as one of his assignments the task of washing the feet of the Indian boys on Saturday night.

This particular Scholastic (whose name by the way was once a famous one on Western gridirons), didn't think much about the humility of the task, although he may have thought about another Who once girded on a towel to wash the feet of His companions. What bothered the Scholastic was that he wasn't doing a very good job.

Young Indians scampering around the dusty plains in moccasins all

week were of the earth earthy by Saturday night and ordinary soap and water, even when applied vigorously by a former tackle, wasn't very effective. The Indians were satisfied but the Scholastic was a perfectionist. Whether you taught a class or washed feet there should be definite and obvious improvement—or you were a failure.

Finally, he read of Oxydol and its confident claims of super-cleansing power. Here, he thought, is where Oxydol gets its acid test! Here is either a solution of my problem or the collapse of this cleanser's extraordinary claims!

Lovely Appear . . .

The next Saturday the test was made and lo! the poor Indians' feet came out of the bath as white and immaculate as the feet of a statue by Praxiteles. The Indian boys were astonished and delighted with the result and inordinately proud of their snowy extremities.

This story is very generous advertising on our part, but it primarily is a testimonial to a missionary who couldn't be satisfied with anything but perfection in any part of God's work.



Under the Guns

In spite of the darkness of the war clouds and the mutterings of the impending storm, the letters that come in from the missions seem as hopeful and optimistic as though the world was serenely peaceful. Prices are higher here, new dangers impend there, but the work of building up new churches and establishing the reign of Christ in new regions goes on with increasing vigor and success. J. GERARD MEARS, S.J.

SOME called him "Chota Father Creane" (*chota* means small) because they were reminded of the great Santa missionary, Father James Creane, S.J. Others, with a touch of humor, called him Father Banner, or Banner Sahib because they could not for the life of them pronounce the name of Father John J. Brennan, S.J. While I, thinking that I would do justice to the greatness of the missionary, used to hail him as the "Paharia Tramp" or the missionary of the hill-tribes.

Readers of JESUIT MISSIONS are familiar with Father John Brennan of Cleveland, Ohio, the missionary who is evangelizing the tribes of a part of the Rajmahal hills which run across the Santal Parganas India.

THESE hills whose thick, dank jungles breed malarial mosquitoes and shelter tigers, panthers and a fierce type of bears, is also the home of a sturdy kind of people called the "Paharias" or the hill-tribes. Living on the tops of the hills which range from two thousand feet to three thousand feet in height, usually in scattered villages, these hillmen eke out their livelihood with great difficulty and often live a hand-to-mouth existence. As they seldom own land in the plains, their main occupation is either to sell wood in the neighboring markets or to provide the townspeople with grass which grows aplenty on the hills. Some of the more progressive own land on the slopes and grow Indian corn and rye.

Since they frequent the plains only on business, or on marauding expeditions, for which they were once famous, they live a very simple wild life quite content with themselves and with their poverty. In former times their sheer poverty forced them to loot the neighboring villages in the plains, and for years their name was held in fear and awe till the government devised means to keep them under control. Such, to be brief, were the Paharias to whom Father Creane started to preach the name of Christ for the first time. Father John Brennan, who is creditably called the *Chota* Father Creane by the converts, has stepped into his shoes and imbibed



Father John J. Brennan, S.J., (center) India's Rajmahal hills, attending to the... And he does it with a smile. We see on the faces of two of his pe...

The Paharia Tramp

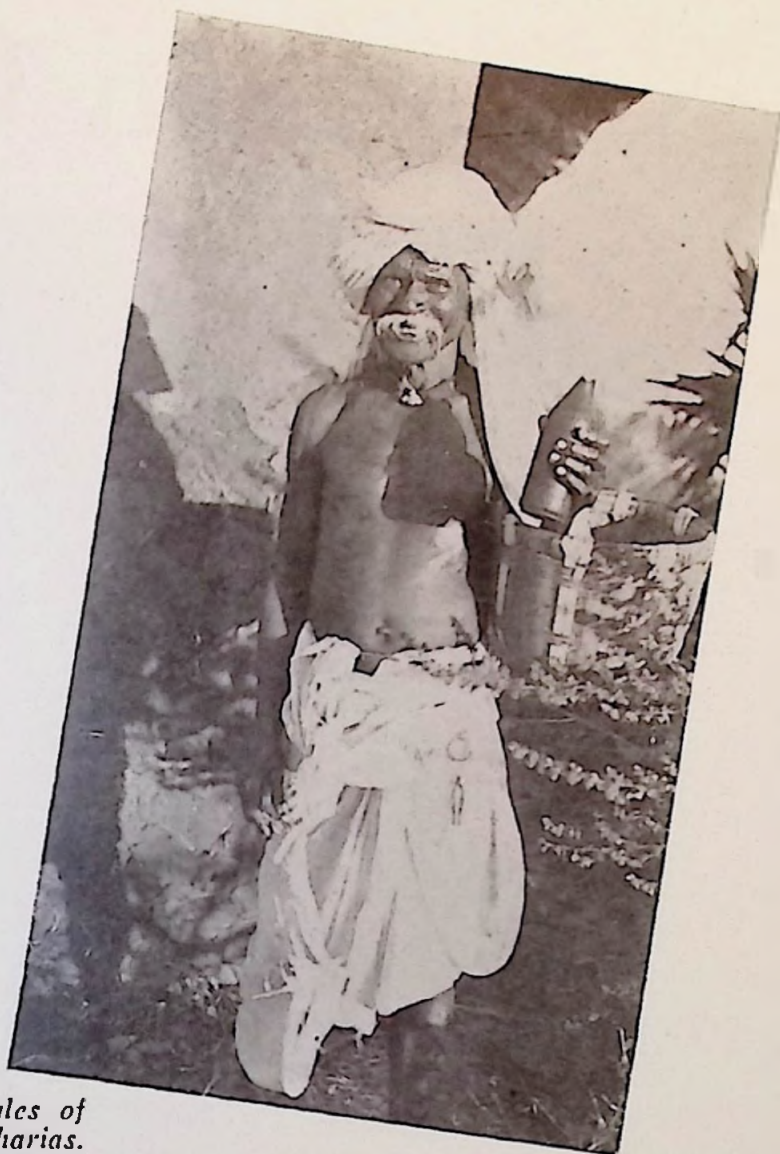
his spirit, while Father Creane has established himself at Poreya Hat, another mission station in the Parganas.

I WAS very anxious to visit the hill stations of Father Brennan and to get first-hand experience of the mission work on the hills. I often expressed my desire to him when I was living with him at Gokhla in the Santal Parganas, being in charge of the convert boys as a Prefect. He was very happy to take me along with him on one of his hunts for souls, and though I lived with him for nearly a week, what I set forth here is only the romantic experience of a day.

Accompanied by the chief catechist and the coolies who carried the necessaries for Mass and food to last for about two or three weeks, we rode out on cycles to Dombassa, a station at the foot of the Raja-

mahal hills. There is Alphonsus a small thatch-hut here, which is used as a chapel, the sleeping room, the kitchen and supply room. This is one of the places where the missionary camps for a few weeks and, daily or often during the week, ascends the hills on foot either to evangelize or to administer the sacraments.

On the following day, a Sunday, we had arranged to have Mass at Donda in the hills and had sent word to the converts to be present for their monthly or fortnightly Mass. We set out, therefore, long before daybreak in order to be in time at Donda for the poor people to make their spiritual duties before they went out to get their daily food, although it was Sunday. There is a miniature chapel at Donda without any solid walls, but surrounded by a sort of grass-fenc-



Through the dark, tiger-infested jungles of the hills, we saw the real and physical ills of the Paharias. In the foreground, a little girl and an old man, for which he is famous, reflected the life of the hills.

From Cleveland

Mass, S. J.

ing woven in bamboo frames. The altar is made of bamboos, arranged horizontally on vertical poles as to give an impression of a cot. There was no other furniture in the hut, except a few logs which the people brought in for seats. The simple folk assisted at Mass in a simple way, reciting the prayers after the catechist and, though unused to it, they heroically persevered in a kneeling posture throughout the Mass.

THE spiritual duties of the morning being over, the missionary went to attend to their temporal needs. Donda is one of the centers of a malignant kind of malaria. The people do not seem to enjoy the best of health and the mortality among them is great. They attribute it to the water of the low hills, which they drink and

which is supposed to cause a very unhealthy swelling of the system. In one hut we found five children, all encumbered with disproportionately swollen stomachs caused by the swelling of the spleen.

Father Brennan invariably distributes among the sick antedotes against malaria and other minor maladies, while at the same time he baptizes people who seem to be on the verge of death. There is no hospital in the vicinity and they depend mainly upon some chance drugs or the medicine of the missionary. Father Brennan has promised to sink a nice well of clear water for them if he succeeds in getting some help for his dear Paharias.

Having visited and instructed those who were still at home, we resolved to proceed to some other stations further on, when word was brought to us that the lepers of

Badkundi were anxiously waiting to see us, and that one of the Pahari catechists was seriously ill of malaria. So, providing ourselves with a few country biscuits and a jug of clear water from the plains, we wended our way up, climbing over cliffs to further objectives.

AN hour's climb brought us to the leper colony. This colony of the most miserable and forlorn members of Christ, is most beloved by Father Brennan and his deep sympathy for them is the cause of his taking such interest in them. Whenever he journeys to that quarter of his mission he does not miss an occasion of visiting them and seeing to their spiritual and temporal needs. For the time being, his mind is full of plans for building a decent location for his lepers, a sort of leper colony, as he calls it, where he can accommodate all the lepers of his district. If his friends and well-wishers catch his spirit and wish to do something for the glory of God, Father Brennan will be able to materialize his plans in the very near future.

The lepers received us as their own, so intense was their joy at seeing their Father, their mother, their everything, as they expressed themselves. Having seen to their needs, we proceeded to Garapani, one of the distant stations on the top of a second range of hills. It took us more than three hours of steady descent and ascent to reach the climax of the day's work.

To give this romantic march a touch of fright, we came across a wild bear and a tiger, not alive to be sure, but dead and with their skins nicely dried and stuffed. They were lately trapped and killed by the Paharias, and their skins were exposed to public view. The pagans think that these fierce creatures are inhabited by spirits, hence in order to propitiate them they had smeared the stuffed animals with a kind of red powder which they got from their pagan priest.

Shedding all fear of encountering any wild beasts at midday, we gaily marched on until we reached Badkandi. Here we had some sad tales to listen to and wrongs to right. A Catholic convert, without the knowledge of the (*Turn to page 139*)

The Latest Noise from China

John J. Gordon, S.J.

IT is Spring and I can't resist sending you the latest from Peiping. Most missionaries hear very little of what is going on in the world but we in Peiping hear everything.

There are the day noises and the night noises. I will tell you first of the day noises because I know more about them. Our day here begins at 3:30 A.M. At that time the *bonzes* of the neighboring monastery wake us with their chanting. They march around their compound and cry out to Buddha and if Buddha is anywhere he certainly must hear them. I should give them a few words on the excellence of the contemplative state.

Next we have the stove noises. All of the seventy Jesuits here have a stove and various gadgets designed to excite its fervor. Due to an old Chinese custom of mixing rocks with the coal it is necessary to shake your stove about a bit. But you cannot start a fire by beating on your stove with the poker. Not all seem to know this.

ABOUT 5:00 A.M. we hear the milk noise. At every door a Chinese merchant leading a mare blows lustily on a tuba. If the sound doesn't kill them before they can get out of bed, the residents come out with their cup and get some milk for breakfast. I am convinced that unless the mare is deaf the milk is certainly curdled.

The water noise is not as loud as the milk noise but more persistent; like a toothache. The water wagon is a wheelbarrow with a tank on both sides of the wheel. The merchant slops a little water on his axle now and then so that it squeaks loud enough to let everyone know the water wagon is passing by. The value of the wagon is measured by the vehemence and persistence of its squeak. Some wagons are worth thousands of dollars.

But all these noises are mere preludes, the musing of the organist before he sets seriously to work. The blowing horn increases according to the square of the growing morn. The narrow streets teem with hawkers. Each type advertises his wares with his own peculiar noise. This necessitates the use of so many reeds and pipes that I no longer wonder at the absence of plumbing in China. Too, there are many men who roam the streets beating with a rod on a little wooden drum. It sounds like an Indian dance orchestra. Over their shoulders are baskets slung on poles. The baskets are always empty so I have been unable to discover their business. But they expend such energy beating their drums that perhaps they have no strength left to carry on any business.

The remaining four hundred million, perhaps as a gesture against the machine age, disdain to use artificial methods. They must scream. I owe much to them. Often they completely drown out everyone. That is,



V. F. Meisling

Amid the noise and confusion of the street a Chinese vendor reads the latest news.

every one but the children. Nothing could drown them out. And they have vacation all day every day to yell their heads off. I realize now why some governments go in for compulsory education. It is a matter of self-preservation.

Some sounds continue day and night. The bells on bicycles, the horns of cars, and the celestial (oriental) music that accompanies funerals and weddings. Bicycle bells are futile. They cannot be heard. Automobile horns are scarcely better. The taxis here never cease tooting their horns. That is why they only flash their headlights on when they come to intersections;—the battery isn't juicy enough for both headlights and horn.

AND the funerals:—the Chinese really spare no effort to "wake" their dead. A new law limits wakes to one week but a great deal of drumming and tooting can be done in a week. I have tried in vain to convince the local authorities that a single day of such tooting makes one weak. The purpose of the noise is to let the spirit know where the body is. This enables the spirit to return to its body. I can imagine more persuasive inducements. Too, the music is supposed to scare away the demons. There may be something in this.

I think the noise of weddings is carried on by confederates of the funeral musicians. Perhaps they do not work together but at all events the wedding noises do not help to longevity.

But in spite of their noise, the people are a lovable, generous race. And though they do not yet know of the true Faith they live accord- (Turn to page 140)

For Catechumens and Neophytes

The Mission Intention for May

IT is not often we hear these ancient terms "catechumens" and "neophyte" in modern times, but they are heirlooms from the earliest apostolic times and still have their counterparts in the Church today, especially in mission countries. In those lands, too, the circumstances are somewhat similar to the days when the Church was in its infancy and these two classes were definitely distinguished from the body of "the faithful."

A catechumen is one who is preparing for Baptism by being catechized or instructed in the truths of the Faith. In the beginning they were allowed to assist in a body at the first part of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass,—which is still called the "Mass of the Catechumens"—and they were dismissed after the sermon.

The word neophyte comes from a Greek word, meaning "newly planted" and refers to those who have been recently baptized and "newly planted" in the garden of God. St. Paul, in his first epistle to Timothy, advises against making a neophyte a bishop: "Not a neophyte: lest being puffed up with pride he fall into the judgment of the devil." (I Tim. 3; 6)

Since infant Baptism was not as general in the first days of the Church as it is now, adult neophytes were numerous. To us today neophytes are simply "recent converts."

There is something peculiarly apt in the agricultural metaphor suggested by the word "neophyte" and applicable to both these classes. The catechumens, or those in whose minds and hearts the word of God is being sown, are the ground spoken of in Our Lord's parable about the sower who went out to sow his seed. "And whilst he soweth some fell by the wayside, and the birds of the air came and ate them up. And other some fell upon stony ground, where they had not much earth: and they sprung up immediately, because they had no deepness of earth. And when the sun was up they were scorched: and because they had not root, they withered away. And others fell among thorns: and the thorns grew up and choked them. And others fell on good ground: and they brought forth fruit, some a hundred-fold: some sixty fold and some thirty-fold." (St. Matthew XIII; 4-8)

Unsurpassed, naturally, is this description, together with the explanation that follows it, which Our Lord gives of the varied dispositions with which men hear His words. And every foreign missionary who has gone out as a sower to sow the seeds of the same divine truths finds these words as true today as when Christ uttered them.

We who support the missionaries by our prayers must plead with God to enrich and water this ground, so that the catechumens in all lands "should see with their eyes and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart and be converted . . ."

In order to understand how urgent is the need of prayers we must remember what obstacles must be surmounted by a catechumen in a pagan land. Theirs is

not a background of Christianity in which Christian ideas are at least familiar. Their prejudices, their traditions, their associations, their national heritage,—are all interwoven with paganism and a culture completely alien to the Faith. That is a barrier far higher than that between Protestantism and Catholicism. It makes every conversion almost a moral miracle. And yet with the grace of God triumphing over all, these men of India and China and Africa and other non-Christian lands find their home and their Father in a strange Faith brought to them by strangers.

But even after this, when they have been baptized, they are still "new plants" tender and frail, needing nurture and growth. Perhaps then, most of all, these neophytes need our prayers. The novelty has worn off, the new responsibilities must be faced and the warm sun and the kindly rain of grace is needed for perseverance unto "the hundredfold." The birds of the air,—(the wicked one), the stony ground (tribulation and persecution), the thorns (the care of this world), are ever present to cause these seedlings of the missionaries to wither away instead of growing strong and hardy.

When one thinks of the difficulties of this sowing and planting and caring for the new growth of followers of Christ in mission lands, one can readily understand not only the supernatural need of prayer but also the natural need of schools and catechists to bring to full growth and permanence the fruits of the seeds which the sowers of our day have gone out to sow.

Without these helps it is obviously impossible, naturally speaking, for the missionary to have sufficient contact with the catechumens and neophytes to ground them thoroughly in Catholic doctrine or encourage them and instruct them in their difficulties and adjustments.

BISHOP DONAGHY, of Maryknoll, recently explained that the best possible results were obtained in China when the catechumens could come and live at the mission for the few months between harvests, preceding their Baptism. Such an advantage, although it is thoroughly in accord with the mind of the Church for the edification and preparation of catechumens, is too much to hope for in most cases. Consequently, we are urged to make up by our prayers for the limitations and difficulties missionaries have in tending those who are their hope and joy and the foundation of the Church in mission lands.

If we doubt the need or efficacy of our prayers bringing help to such as the catechumens and neophytes of the missions we need only recall Our Lord's urging to "pray the Lord of the harvest that He send laborers into His harvest." Here is a fine opportunity for carrying out in practice the beautiful doctrine of the Communion of Saints. By our prayers in this country our brothers and sisters in Our Lord will be preserved in grace in lands far over the seas by the wonderful wireless of prayer to the Father and the Good Shepherd of all mankind.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

BRITISH HONDURAS *On the Trail Again*

"Just as I am packing up for a two to three weeks' tour in the interior, for confirmation, your note, together with enclosure, arrived," writes Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., of British Honduras. "This time I'm off for the Orange Walk section where Father Lalin and Father John J. Halligan, S.J., are working. Father Lalin is a secular priest who was driven out of Mexico twenty years ago. He is a very zealous priest and has done wonderful work. One of his great advantages is his knowledge of medicinal herbs, plants, trees and all that. He is very much in demand for snakebites, fevers, sicknesses of all kinds. He never refuses, of course, to help all he can and more than once, he told me, he was able to save the life of some poor Indian in the bush who would certainly have died of fever or snakebite. For there is not a doctor within miles and miles. By the time the nearest doctor would be called, the patient would have been dead. He has about eight little villages to take care of and I am going to visit them all and give confirmation in them. When I return, I'll try to sit down long enough to give you an account of the journey.

JAMAICA, B. W. I. *Information, Please*

A valuable work of convert instruction is carried on by Father Joseph L. LeRoy, S.J., at Kingston, Jamaica:

"I want to thank you sincerely for the three bundles of catechisms which arrived today. They will be very useful for a convert class which I instruct regularly.

I am receiving five next week. One of them is the daughter of an Anglican Minister who died some years ago. Another is a Jewess—and a third the daughter of a Presbyterian minister who is in the States.

"This group brings the number up to twenty-five—small, in-



Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., of Patna, who officiated at the formal opening of the new St. Xavier Memorial Residence and High School in Patna City.

deed, but the group is of more than ordinary intelligence.

"The Young Ladies Sodality which I direct, has formed the CIC (we like alphabet soup, too)—the Catholic Information Committee, which keeps a reference library of Catholic controversial books and pamphlets, ferrets out

names of lax Catholics and non-Catholics who are interested in the Church and sends them Catholic pamphlets. We have been using 'The Truth About the Catholic Church' and 'Advertising the Catholic Church' but our supply is low.

"Last week the CIC began publishing a 'Digest of Catholic Doctrine.' The Committee does the mimeographing and binding and mails the pamphlet out to interested people.

"We have been anxious to start the 'Catholic Correspondence Course' but find it is a bit too ambitious just at present. Later, we intend to initiate our own Course on a small scale."

PATNA, INDIA *School and Residence Opened*

The four hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Society of Jesus and the sending of St. Francis Xavier to the Indies was celebrated in Patna by the formal opening of the new St. Xavier's Memorial Residence and High School.

Very Reverend Frank N. Loesch, S.J., Superior of the Mission, describes the ceremony:

"On the morning of the 17th, the ceremony got underway with a Solemn High Mass at which His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., pontificated. The sermon was given by

Father Cecil H. Chamberlain, S.J. At 10:30 A.M., Bishop Sullivan blessed our new Residence and at 3:00 P.M., at a Garden Party, His Excellency, Sir Thomas Stewart, Governor of Bihar, performed the formal opening ceremony. In his address, he expressed a keen in-

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA



Wilfred J. LeSage, S.J., of the California Province, who will be ordained to the priesthood at St. Ignatius Cathedral, Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China, on May 30th. He has been in China seven years.

terest and warm appreciation of the work done by our Fathers all over India. About three hundred and fifty persons were present, including practically all the Government officials, professors of the various departments of Patna University and in general, very nearly all the principal people of Patna City. Say a prayer that the Fourth Centenary Memorial which we have erected in honor of St. Francis Xavier may continue to bear much fruit in India."

The Bishop Speaks

Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., has some interesting remarks to make on the significance of the school and the arrival of the Medical Missionaries of Philadelphia:

"This new school in Patna assures us of the future care of our higher education in the Mission. In July, the Apostolic Carmel Sisters, Mangalore, will open a full degree College for Women in Patna. They are a large Congregation of Indian women, numbering over four hundred, and they have a goodly number of Sisters with their first class M.A. degrees, and they will be welcome

in Patna, for there is no proper college for women in the entire Province of Bihar with its 32,000,000. They will take care of our girls and Sisters who go in for degrees, and will have a large Indian (non-Catholic) following.

Medical Missionaries

"On the 2nd of February, the Medical Missionaries of Philadelphia opened their new hospital and dispensary in Patna, and when able, will have a general hospital. This means that our medical work is secure for many years to come, for these Sisters will not only have a first-class hospital, but they will be able to train our girls and Indian Sisters in nursing and mid-wifery, etc. On February 1st, the Holy Cross Sisters, who have been doing hospital work in Bihar for half a century, took charge of the Government Hospital in Darbhanga, a city of about 65,000. So we're progressing.

"In fact, I have not known the Mission to be in such smooth circumstances as it is now, with our work going ahead on all fronts. Generally, there is a 'slump' some place or other, but just now progress is all about. It is God's wonderful way, for just now we are finding it unusually hard to make ends meet financially. But when we recall that God got us through the 1929 depression and the 1934 earthquake, we are encouraged to trust Him all the more."

IRAQ

Old Man River

In spite of the confusion of building and moving, Mr. Francis X. Cronin, S.J., faithfully records the activities at Baghdad College:

"Old Man River is the important lad over here at present. The rains and melting snow of the North Country have made the Tigris a swift torrent that is scaring the Public Works Department a bit, for it is getting

pretty close to the level of the road that comes out to us from the city. Gangs of coolies are working along the banks, piling up impediments to the flood; working feverishly, too, for the other day when I passed down by the river, the water was over the makeshift levees. At present, we are still ahead of the water and I guess our house is safe from a mud bath for a while. The floods are early this year.

"Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., put a harness on the river last Sunday. At long last he got his pump going. I was taking a stroll down by the river last Sunday and stood by the stream a little distance from the pump. There seemed to be quite a few people standing on the wall in front of the pump but I didn't think anything of it. All of a sudden I heard them yelling and jumping around. My first thought was that some youngster must have fallen into the water (about a twenty-foot drop from the top of the wall.) I hopped over to see. All the yelling was excitement and mutual congratulation on the pump's first drawing of Tigris water. The scene and hubbub was not unlike what must take



Gerald J. Pope, S.J., another California Jesuit, who will also be ordained in Shanghai on May 30th. He has been in China for six years.

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

place when someone strikes oil in Texas.

Delvers of the Desert

"Our scientific brothers, Fathers Joseph Doherty, S.J., and J. F. Ewing, S.J., pulled up stakes and hied themselves home yesterday. They should be back in their shack (*not juste*) in the Lebanon by now, if their bus isn't wallowing in mud somewhere in the desert or being held up by snow storms in the mountains between Damascus and Beirut. It was like cutting the old cords of Adam to see them go, for in their stay with us they became a part of the family. They got around to all the points of interest here, did some reading in the archeological line in Iraq and now they are back in the Lebanon—Father Ewing, to his skulls, and Father Doherty, most probably, to packing his bag for a return to the U. S. A.

Arabic Hopeful

"Our Arabic hopeful, Richard McCarthy, S.J., steps into big fields next month with two lectures on Communism in Arabic. Theoretical and practical, no less, with descriptive definitions and philosophic definitions and corollaries and the whole works. The

lectures are for our graduates down at the Carmelite School in the city. It all means that someday the impossible is going to happen: Jesuits will be able to preach Christ in Arabic. You can hardly imagine what Mr. McCarthy's lectures mean to us infant Arabic students. It gives us hopes that in our own humble way, we may come into shouting distance of his facility and break the barrier of language. Sometime when you are out begging, get some spiritual alms from the people's prayers for us lads who are studying language—have them pray to Our Lady to send us help for our memory, apprehension and patience."

CHINA

Hellish Joy in Burning

"Peace in China seems to be a long way off," writes Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., of Shuyang:

"Burning and pillaging of villages is almost a daily occurrence, by one or the other side in the guerilla warfare. The Providential arrival of my assistant just saved one of my chapel schools from being burned to the ground, though the place had been ransacked. A band of brigands had swooped down on the place just

after the Japanese had driven out the guerillas; unguarded, it was at their mercy. There must be some hellish joy that those fellows get out of burning the miserable huts of the poor people who have no other home. About one third of the town, Wan-pi, was burned to ashes. In themselves, the huts are of little value, but their burning is a tragedy to the poor people.

"Here at Shuyang, in my dispensary hospital, I have another victim of their malice: one of my pupils of a country school, kidnapped by them and held bound and gagged for nine days until his family paid a heavy ransom. The weather was cold and the lad's feet were so badly frozen that all his toes have rotted away and fallen off. He is still suffering much, but under the care of the young Chinese doctor seems on the road to recovery, though he will ever after have difficulty in walking."

Shanghai Festivities

"We finished our first semester at the end of January with our enrollment at 317," writes Father John A. Lennon, S.J., Rector of Gonzaga College in Shanghai. "The winter vacations followed. The major event that occurred during this time was the Chinese New Year celebrations. One would never imagine that there was a war going on—and hard times and high prices close by—for they take it all with a smile, and wish one another abundance of wealth in the New Year of the Dragon. This is another proof of the resiliency of the Chinese character; a bigger problem for the Japanese to solve than the material conquest of the country."

ALASKA

The Little Flower in Alaska

A leaflet from Father William G. Levasseur, S.J., Shrine of St. Terese, Saint Terese, Alaska, tells of a Shower of Roses in the



Father José M. Reyes, S.J., pastor of the newly erected parish at Pagadian, Zamboanga, P.I., who rolls up his sleeves and works with his parishioners to build their new Church of the Holy Child.

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

"world's most difficult mission":

"The continuation of our Alaskan Missions, where shelter, food, clothing and a Christian education are provided for six hundred Eskimo and Indian children of deceased or destitute parents, in an environment conducive to the highest American citizenship, was seriously threatened in 1932 because of great financial stress.

"The need of a Shrine and retreat house in Alaska was keenly felt by His Excellency, Most Reverend Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., D.D., who has been forty-six years in Alaska, and by the Missionary Fathers and Sisters in the field. Increased devotion to Saint Teresa (The Little Flower), Patroness of Alaska, by Alaskans and benefactors of the missions, was deemed imperative. The Shrine and retreat house to our Patroness was the answer.

"Fortunately, we were able to secure without cost from the Federal Government, a beautifully wooded ten-acre tract on the shores of scenic Lynn Canal, twenty-three miles from Juneau, and easily accessible by the Glacier Highway.

Retreat House

"The first logs for the retreat house, a necessary unit, were cut and towed to the site in 1932. The ground was broken that same year, and construction started, but owing to a lack of skilled workmen and funds the work on the Shrine itself on Shrine Island, four hundred feet from the mainland, was not fully under way until the Summer of 1935. The causeway joining the island with the mainland had to be built first, and it proved to be quite an engineering feat owing to the high tides and severe winter storms. This has been completely overcome, and now a chapel, sixty-three by twenty-eight with a ten by ten Notre Dame tower twenty-eight feet high, graces the Island to honor our little Saint. With the generous help of our friends, both in

Alaska and in the States, we hope to have it ready for services in the Summer of 1940. The group of buildings comprises the Shrine chapel, built of stone taken from the Shrine property, a retreat house, thirty-two by forty-two feet, built entirely of logs, a retreat master's cabin and post office.

"We are very grateful for the co-operation received, both in and out of Alaska. The young men of Alaska have generously given of their labor free of charge to further the work."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Mrs. Shot-with-Arrows

"Now for the news," writes Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota. "Recently I had a sick-call out to Potato Creek for old crippled Mrs. Shot-with-Arrows. The name is true. That old lady had been shot when a little girl and she is now all bent down, very much like the woman in the Gospel whom Our Lord cured with a word.

"I started out on Tuesday morning, but after about ten miles I had to stop. The drifts were too great. I got badly stuck. Next morning I tried again. I got farther through the first snows. But again I met very bad roads and detoured. Then my car broke down. I had stripped the gears—sixty-five miles out from Holy Rosary Mission. Somehow, with the help of a cattleman, I attended to that sick-call.

"As luck had it—or rather Divine Providence—along the lonely road was a public emergency phone. I called up Holy Rosary and immediately the Rev. Father Superior with the garage man came out to rescue me. He found my broken-down car in the snows and continued the drive until he was convinced that the road was safe. We got home late that night with some difficulty—for him a round trip of one hundred and



"The old man must stand back to let the young shine," is Father Placidus F. Sialm's comment on this picture. From the background, he watches Bernard Red Cloud of St. Francis Mission, show that he can be as tall as John E. Casey, S.J.

thirty miles in bad roads on a lone prairie.

"Next week we have First Holy Communion for about forty little children at Holy Rosary Mission. It is my privilege to instruct these little ones. I love that work and I am thankful that Pius X allowed little children—even 'Injuns' to go early to Holy Communion. These little children soon know the essentials and are most anxious to go to Christ and receive the *Yutapi Wakan*. If some English words are hard—the Sioux words make it easy and plain for them and pictures make it quite clear. But Faith surpasses it all. I am fond of the old Communion Formula: 'Corpus Christi!—Amen.' The word, 'Amen' in Sioux sounds very much like the French: *Ho! Lece-tuelo!* Yes, so it is!"

Editor's Note. *As we go to press, word has been received in the office of the death of Father Sialm, at Holy Rosary Mission. R. I. P.*

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Journey to Taas

Father Edward F. O'Byrne, S.J., stationed at Balingasag,

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

Oriental Misamis, P. I., relates an interesting excursion:

"Today at noon a devoted daughter of a man living up in a place called 'Taas' (High) came in to get the priest to attend her father in his last agony. The girl must have taken about three hours to get down to us from the little mountain nipa hut where she and her family live. The man has had tuberculosis for some time and now he couldn't last very long—so said his daughter.

Heavy Going

"At three o'clock, taking the Blessed Sacrament with us, we left here in our station wagon, our handy Ford. This part of our journey was uneventful. But once we got on the horses, then we had something to speak about. For about an hour and a quarter we rode through rough territory. Once we sank in mud up to the horse's body.

Several smaller streams were waded through—and then the climb started, up to 'Taas' where the sick man's house was situated. The journey was over rocky paths, up steep grades with occasional necessity for the priest to descend and pull the horse up. Looking back we could see the sea far below us at intervals. I suppose we climbed in all about a thousand feet.

"When we arrived at Taas, there were no other houses in sight. The house was, of course, a nipa hut. We climbed on a boulder about three feet high and stepped from that on to the 'porch' and then into the house. As usual here, the man lay on the floor—beds are had only by the middle class or rich people here. Our Lord, I am sure, received a hearty welcome from this poor out-of-the-way mountaineer of Mindanao. It is worth knowing that I found a nice picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help set up as the center of the household shrine in that far-off place, on the lonely mountain above the sea."

An Unholy Sacrifice

Father Harold A. Murphy, S.J., writes of strange goings-on in Bueno, Or. Misamis:

"A couple of weeks ago I went up to the mountains for First Communion. I decided to visit a Public School. I visited the catechism class and as I was leaving the Principal stopped me and said confidentially, 'Father, they are having some kind of *diwata* there on the plaza. The *consejal* called all the people because many are dying on account of some sickness.' The word *diwata* always brings a rush of blood to the missionary's head over here, because it is a remnant of old pagan practices, of killing a white chicken or pig, spreading the blood around, and eating the raw flesh.

"I stopped only long enough to say 'Thanks' to the Principal, and hurried down the road with what I hope was a determined looking attitude, with elbows pumping sideways and white habit waving gloriously behind.

Suspicious Innocence

"A hundred yards from the plaza I recognized our *consejal*. He was waving his arms in the air to some people on the plaza whom I could not see, apparently telling them to take something away quickly because the Padre was coming. When I got up to him he was standing indifferently before his store, so I said innocently, '*Unsay nohitabo?*' (What happened?) 'O, nothing, Father, nothing happened.' 'That's good, I think I will take a look at the church now.'

"With that I walked over to the plaza. In front of the chapel was a big round table with a lace cover, and above was a four-cornered arch about six feet high, made of palms. 'What is this?' I asked. 'O, only an arch, Father.' 'Well, what is this fire doing in the church?' I said, pointing to a small pile of burning leaves. 'The people are only burning some rubbish; Father, we will need

some nails to finish our church. The people have wood, and want to. . . .' 'Yes,' I said, 'But what is this fire doing here?' (with determination). 'What is this blood on the ground near the table? What is this blood on the corners of the arch? Are you people offering up the blood of chickens and goats instead of the Blood of Our Saviour in the Holy Sacrifice?'

"With this I marched off. When I returned to the church the fire was out, and the cover taken from the table. The crest-fallen *consejal* was back in his store.

"If I only had a church here there would be far less danger of this slipping back into pagan superstitions."

Parish at Pagadian

From Zamboanga City, Father Alfredo I. Pagua, S.J., writes about the new parish and church of Father José M. Reyes, S.J., at Pagadian:

"On February 11th, Bishop del Rosario erected canonically the Parish of Pagadian. The ceremonies took place in the poor nipa church. The decrees were read in Latin, English and Visayan. After the reading, Father Reyes made the profession of Faith and the oath against Modernism, and gave a short sermon to his flock.

"After the Mass, the Municipal Secretary, the President of the 'Centro Católico' and another layman delivered short speeches in Visayan expressing their gratitude and their joy at the erection of the Parish.

"The erection of this new Parish was very much needed. The population of the Municipality is 47,235. There are Aglipayanos, Protestants, Moros and pagans. Father Reyes is now very busy trying to build a new church. His *pahina* system is giving good results. People from different *barrios* come to work *gratis et amore*. Still financial aid from outside is badly needed. The temporary *convento* is almost complete. As soon as cement will arrive from Cebu the posts of the church will be raised."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

"Old Man Alaska"

To the Editor:

The January issue of JESUIT MISSIONS carried a full page appeal in behalf of "Old Man Alaska," who is harder pressed this year than ever before.

For this service to him, I am deeply grateful. In particular, though, I wish to express my appreciation to those readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who heeded that appeal and came to his aid. They responded to the amount of \$144.00 and from all parts of the country.

Some of these wished to remain unknown, signing themselves merely, "A Friend." Hence, I could not reply to them personally. I do so now, through your columns.

Of those who did enclose a few words with their donation, there were some who deserve special mention. One in particular was very striking, and it started a long train of thoughts, which could go on and on. It came from a seventy-year-old lady, poor and alone in the world. She said that someone had given her a dollar to spend on herself for Christmas. But because she had so very much to be grateful for in life, particularly at this time, when the charity of others to her made it possible to have the few necessities of life, she did not think it was right to abuse that charity by spending that dollar on herself foolishly. She would invest it in something useful and permanent. It was at this time that she read that page in JESUIT MISSIONS. And she sent me that dollar for the Alaska Missions. I was tempted to take another dollar bill and send the two of them to her. I hesitated only because I did not want to disappoint the faith, and the hope and the charity of the good soul.

There are other letters, too, that deserve to be mentioned. One was from a working girl, a maid in a family. Her pay, over and above her board and lodging, is very little. So little, that it takes several months of close figuring to save up a dollar. She had just saved up her dollar by close figuring, as a Christmas gift to some one more needy than herself. She gave it to "Old Man Alaska." Thank

you, Young Lady, and be assured that the "Old Man Alaska" meaning his missions, will not forget you.

A more leisurely perusal of these and the rest of the letters, is both inspiring and discouraging. I need not elaborate that here, however. My purpose is to give public recognition to those who, in spite of their own needs and hardships, still find it possible to lend such sorely needed help in propagating the Faith amongst less fortunate peoples.

Rev. F. B. Prange, S.J.

for Alaska Missions

2440 Interlaken Blvd., Seattle, Wash.

Eyes to the Future

To the Editor:

Through our brother who is to be ordained at Santa Clara in June, we became interested in JESUIT MISSIONS. We now find it a part of our reading program. With a boy and girl to rear we feel we must put everything to encourage vocations into the hands of those children.

Eugene, Ore.

Mrs. A. M. W.

Catholic Digest Scores

To the Editor:

In a recent issue of *The Catholic Digest* I came across an article written by Rev. William J. Moore, S.J., entitled "Peyote Is a Problem" taken from your JESUIT MISSIONS magazine. It was such a fine article that I immediately realized that if one article was so interesting, surely your magazine must also be extremely interesting!

Being a Catholic and greatly interested in the work of our missionary priests, I would greatly appreciate it if you would send me a sample copy of JESUIT MISSIONS, together with subscription price.

Mattapan, Mass. Vincent G. Mason.

Ransoming Crusaders

To the Editor:

I am sending in to the Director of the Los Angeles branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and Holy Childhood a five-dollar check from my Crusaders—to ransom an Eskimo baby in one of the Jesuit missions in Alaska. I don't know whether or not Eskimo babies have to be ransomed, but I'm sure the Jesuit Father can make use of the money.

I might add that my Crusaders are especially interested in Alaska—perhaps because it's a cold country and it's so hot here. Anyway, since the beginning of Lent they have offered about eighty Masses and Holy Communions, nearly two hundred visits, seventy-five Rosaries and about twelve thousand Ejaculations for the conversion of Alaska.

Sister Miriam Dolores

Honolulu, T. H.

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WINES AND LIQUORS

Fiesta at Juan Tomas

Edward R. Vollmar, S.J.

FIESTA! The smell of frijoles, the clack of castanets, couples gracefully dancing the fandango—fiesta is all this, and more. The real fiesta begins with the celebration of the religious feast of the day.

While in Albuquerque, New Mexico, gathering material for the history of the New Mexico-Colorado Mission, I had the good fortune of witnessing a real fiesta intended solely for the celebration of the feast, not a commercial venture to rob tourists. It was the fiesta of St. John Nepomocene, and the dedication of the new chapel, just recently constructed by the people, at Juan Tomas, New Mexico.

Juan Tomas is a village of only five adobe houses and a corral nestled in a pocket of the Monzano Range, 6,061 feet above sea level, and about thirty miles east of Albuquerque. To find Juan Tomas is no small feat in itself. The road is just passable in the best of weather. To reach the village, most of the time, it is necessary, as Father Robert Libertini, S.J., says, "to forget the beauty of the highway, the elegance of your car and the goodness of your clothes—you have to take your overalls and boots and go on foot, or break your bones on a wagon."

ON this particular morning in June, Fathers Thomas Atherton, S.J., D. A. Curren, S.J., G. Egana, S.J., and myself, started from Albuquerque in search of Juan Tomas. Luckily, Father Atherton's car was not one of the latest underslung models, for before we reached our destination we had reason to thank General Motors for making that model Chevrolet high enough to straddle some good-sized stumps, rocks, and deep ruts.

All went well as we followed the highway up past Alameda and turned up into the Tijeras Canyon. Alameda is the residence of Father Libertini, who has charge of the eight villages scattered through the surrounding twenty square miles. Juan Tomas is one of his eight villages. The parishioners are native so-called Spanish-Americans, who speak Spanish and will tackle English when necessity calls for it. Father Libertini is capable of preaching fluently in Spanish, Italian, or English, as the occasion demands.

As we hurried up the dry Tijeras we searched for the marker which was to indicate the road to Juan Tomas. Father Libertini had assured us that we could not miss it, but we did. After proceeding several miles



Father Libertini's church at Juan Tomas, New Mexico, constructed by the Pastor and his people.

beyond the site of the expected marker, we made inquiry at a lonely filling station. After much explanation and local consultation, in Spanish and English, the attendants stated that we could reach Juan Tomas via a nearby road, which they ominously characterized as "not a very good road."

SINCE it was getting late we decided to try it anyway. After the first mile, the road—nothing but two tracks—began to fade out. We bumped along until we noticed a farmer cultivating corn near the "road." To our inquiry whether we could get through to Juan Tomas he replied indifferently that he guessed we could. After slipping down rocky hillsides and crawling up through the brush on the opposite slopes we were confronted by the proverbial fork in the road. Right or left? Left, we agreed. But before we had gone a hundred yards we ran into a single strand of heavy barbed wire, stretched tightly, chest high. Father Atherton snaked the car back to the fork and we found an opening in the fence across the right branch. All went until we came to a deep ditch. In fording it the exhaust pipe was caught on the far bank and pulled off. With the help of a rusty hammer, an old pair of pliers and a Mexican passerby we succeeded in making sufficient temporary repairs to get us to our destination. Over the next hill, around another, and there was Juan Tomas. The regular road is just passable in good weather—and we had come in through the back way!

On the hill of Juan Tomas, about fifty feet higher than the village, stood the new chapel. The building is about forty feet long and twenty feet wide. The walls are of grey rock, which was quarried several miles away and carried to the building site by the villagers. The rock was held together by adobe mortar, faced with

cement. The chapel was then roofed with corrugated iron. Since the dedication, Father Libertini had added a porch and belfry, but that day the bell was hung in a scaffolding near the right front corner of the building. All the work, from carpentry to stone masonry, was done by the parishioners and their Pastor. The building was begun by Father Troy, and, after his untimely death, was completed by Father Libertini.

BECAUSE of our tardy arrival and unconventional entrance we had missed the first part of the fiesta. At about 8:30, twelve ranchers, dressed in their most brilliant finery and mounted on their best horses, constituted a squad of cavalymen and with flags flying, escorted Archbishop Gerken of Santa Fe from the highway to the outskirts of the village. Over three hundred excited people and a brass band met the Archbishop and his escort. The procession wended its way through the village and climbed the hill to the new chapel.

As soon as Mass was over, every one came rushing to march in the procession—the women and children from the church, the men from the cars parked nearby. The procession was headed by a rancher mounted on a beautiful brown cow-pony and carrying a large American flag. Then came the band, the big drum booming, and a lonely saxophone carrying the brunt of the melody of the march. Next came the statue of Saint John Nepomecene wreathed with flowers and pine boughs and carried by four of the village belles who were dressed in fluffy organdy floor-length gowns, two in blue and two in pink. The statue was followed by the women, then the men and finally the *Penitentes* singing their mournful, haunting dirge. The present day *Penitentes* of New Mexico are under strict observance of the Church and no longer exercise the political power of former years but they are still a definite organization.

One of the men dashed over to ring the bell—a coveted honor. The bell ringer showed far more enthusiasm than skill but as he failed to respond to our instructions, we decided to let him pull away to his heart's content.

THE procession wended its way down the hill, and marched around the village. During all this time the band and the *Penitentes* were competing for the musical honors. At the far end of the "Main Street" the procession turned around and hurried back through the dust and heat to the chapel for Confirmation ceremonies.

Upon the return to the chapel all the confirmation class of one hundred and thirty—men, women and chil-

dren, including babes in arms, were shut in the chapel, and the door was not to be opened until all had been confirmed. I stayed outside,—one hundred and thirty people in that small chapel, with a hot New Mexican sun beating down on a corrugated iron roof, convinced me that the best place to see the ceremonies would be through a window. The people were sweating and the babies were screaming, but the Archbishop and Father Libertini were unruffled by the congregation. Everything was going off orderly and quickly, when suddenly a woman with a baby in her arms decided to go out through one of the windows. But she did not escape

Father Libertini's eagle-eye. Like a flash he was after her in hot pursuit. He led her back into the chapel and this time she stayed there until the baby had been confirmed.

After Confirmation had been administered to all, the fifteen clergy present—Archbishop Gerken, Diocesan priests, Franciscans and Jesuits were invited to the house of Don Justo Martinez. How Don Justo found room for all in his small parlor I have never been able to understand, but somehow we were all seated. As we sat down one of the "old-timers" quietly cautioned me not to drink any water because of danger of typhoid. Our host served bottle beer, goat meat, a piece of the steer barbecued for the occasion, corn, frijoles, and best of all, sweet chili. The last named dish is served at all big feasts and when prepared properly, as Don Justo prepared it, is certainly a real delicacy. The dinner was served by the veterans of the World War, who, as they

said, were only good enough to peel potatoes in the barrack kitchens and take care of the disposal plant. But these veterans, though poor people, are proud of their record and American citizenship. They, moreover, are leading good Catholic lives as heads of flourishing families.

AFTER dinner we stayed for a while to watch the beginning of the dancing. The ball room was a huge tent with the sides rolled up. The floor was the leveled hard-packed earth. The dance steps varied from the old-fashioned waltz to the tango and all were danced with the greatest enthusiasm. Unfortunately, we had to return to Albuquerque before the evening celebration was fairly under way. This time we followed the regular road from Juan Tomas, dodging in and out among the pines down to the highway. The check-up when we arrived back in Albuquerque showed no broken bones, a few minor bruises, some small areas of paint removed from Father Atherton's car, and a slightly bent exhaust pipe. But this sort of trip is a regular experience for the Jesuit who serves this Mission of the Southwest.



Father Robert Libertini, S.J.



NEW BOOKS



The Sublime Shepherdess. The Life of Saint Bernadette of Lourdes

Frances Parkinson Keyes

This new life of Bernadette Soubirous, —a sort of companion volume to Frances Parkinson Keyes' *Written in Heaven—The Life on Earth of the Little Flower of Lisieux*, is a well-timed book for the days we are passing through.

To trace the dramatic and world-influencing life of this little daughter of France who was selected by the Queen of Heaven to start the great fountain of grace and healing which is Lourdes, makes a most interesting and absorbing narrative,—no mere idyllic pastoral. And yet there is a simplicity and sunny sweetness about the story which contrasts with our turbulent days as sharply as turning from Forty-Second Street into a sunny meadow by a quiet brook. Confusion is man-made. Those who walk with God move ever in serenity and a gladsome peace which is the envy of those who dwell in the bewildering and disturbing noise of those human spheres where other gods are worshipped.

How silly and useless and shallow do our modern controversies and ideologies and sophisticated posturings and pother seem beside the life of this little saint who solved life so simply and adequately by living for God alone and doing His Will, humbly, patiently and intelligently.

With little learning she expounds in her life a wisdom which makes many of our modern philosophers seem like louts and dunces.

By all means read this charming book for its literary charm and delightful story,—but most of all for the undidactic lessons taught by a little shepherdess who talked with the Mother of God. Then look again at the "leading thinkers" of our time and realize more vividly than ever what fools wise men can become when they turn away from God! This little girl's clear-eyed faith and patient perseverance in following God's Will breaks through the "realism" and "practicality" and opinionated pride of our times as it did through their prototypes in her own village.

The author has added another important and pleasant book to her lengthening list of contributions to Catholic literature.

Julian Messner, New York, \$2.00.

Know Yourself

Joseph Malaise, S.J.

Here is a little book by the same Father Malaise, who translated "The

Following of Christ" from the original Netherlandish text of Gerard Groot. The form of the Imitation, with its brief, thought-packed paragraphs is followed in this book but the style and content are quite different. The author himself takes no credit for originality but merely claims to have put in compact form the old truths of Scripture, the Fathers, theologians and spiritual writers throughout the ages.

It is a remarkable book. It is a pocket mirror of disturbing clarity, with which we can see ourselves without any "make-up" of self-love or self-excusing.

The main plan is an exposition of the Seven Capital Sins, and the numerous sins and tendencies flowing from this seven-fold fountain head, together with the opposite virtues. The reader finds himself making an examination of conscience that is really exciting in its discoveries. However, the whole tone of the illuminating chapters is so sane and so moderate that the effect is not disturbing but merely revealing and awakening.

Modern psychoanalysis is notorious for giving new names to old truths and passing them on to a gullible clientele—at exorbitant fees. In this handbook of Christian self-analysis you will discover that many of the "maladjustments" of modern psychological parlance are merely the old story of our enemies, the seven evil tendencies in a thousand disguises, against which good Christians must wage a never-ending warfare.

In his development, the author shows, too, how all of the smaller faults which cause most of life's "minor collisions" and keep us from thorough goodness are offspring of the same seven-headed hydra.

In this small book there is ample material for the obtaining of self knowledge, the eradication of vices and acquiring of virtues. Open it anywhere and you'll find every page was obviously written for you.

University of San Francisco Press, San Francisco, California, \$1.00.

Ethics of Christianity

Reverend C. M. Winters, Chaplain of the Newman Club, Michigan State College

Prepared for Newman Clubs and Adult Discussion Groups, this outline of Catholic Ethics will be a real boon for directors of study clubs, convert classes, advanced classes in Christian Doctrine and in fact, for any adult Catholic who wants to be informed on the Church's viewpoint on moral and social questions. It covers, simply but adequately, the Ten

Commandments and, of course, the great number of current moral questions whose solution, for a Christian, rests not on human views or opinions or passions, but on the natural and divine laws set for all time for creatures by their Creator.

Too many Catholics are found wanting in discussions with those outside the Faith when it comes to explaining the Catholic view on moral questions and the reasons for it. They know the truth is there but they have never made that truth their own and consequently can never pass it on to those who are searching for it. The talents are buried and cannot be doubled.

Study clubs, which are springing up everywhere, are for most adults the answer to this problem. An enlightened Catholic is a most effective apostle and study clubs are increasing their number. But anyone who has organized and directed study clubs knows how hard it is to find a subject and a book which will be suitable. Father Winters has supplied a subject and a text book which are the answer to the study club director's prayer. The Ethics of Christianity or the reasons for a Catholic's stand on moral questions such as suicide, sterilization, birth control, capital punishment, private property, social justice, human rights and obligations, etc., is certainly a most valuable program of instruction and discussion.

The book itself is admirable; not too technical, simple, clear and concise. As it was written for use in study clubs it is far better than an ordinary text book and is well supplied with recapitulations and discussion programs. A bibliography for those who would wish to read further or obtain more complete treatment of certain points is an unfortunate omission. However, the book as it stands will prove very useful.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, New Jersey. Thirty cents, plus postage.

RECENT PAMPHLETS

The following pamphlets have been received, all published in 1940 and all recommended:

Death Isn't Terrible. By Rev. Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Queen's Work, 3742 W. Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Ten Cents.

Are the Gospels True? By Richard Ginder. The Queen's Work, 3742 W. Pine Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo. Ten Cents.

Who Are Catholics? By Very Rev. Monsignor James H. Murphy. St. Anthony's Guild Press, Franciscan Monastery, Paterson, N. J. Five Cents.

JUNGLE ODYSSEY

(Continued from page 119)

jammed with thousands of red logs that would soon be racing down river to the sea. He would remain at the village, he said, to visit the people, administer Baptism to the children born since his last visit, and prepare two couples for marriage the next day.

Off we went and by noon were looking across the Rio Hondo into Mexico and its hills that rose fresh and green to eyes grown too accustomed to the flat terrain of British Honduras. Farther down the river we caught sight of a mahogany camp, abandoned at the time except for a few men who were "mopping up." One of them—a dark fellow—offered to pilot us across the river in his dory. Downstream we glided, our pilot expertly manoeuvring out of range of runaway logs that somehow had broken away from the mass chained up along the bank.

After a hurried inspection of the town and the forests that yielded fabulous wealth as late as a quarter of a century ago, we exchanged greetings with the *Commandante*, summoned our ferryman, and cast a fleeting glance back on Agua Blanca crawling up into the Mexican hills. Three hours later, at dusk, we were back in August Pine Ridge.

Next morning—it was Sunday—the populace turned out for Mass. The two couples, whom Father Stevenson had prepared for matrimony the day before, were happily married, but we did not stay to enjoy the fiesta that lasted all day. Instead, having breakfasted on cocoa and bread, we headed for Orange Walk, having profited hugely by our experiences and much the wiser for a taste of the life the American missionary leads in a remote section of British Honduras.

MEASLES HIT THE TUNDRA

(Continued from page 124)

going home. My own team I would pick up in the middle of the day. I had left it behind a few days before to get a much needed rest. How happy the dogs were to see me return! The trader whose team I was using said that my leader had howled during the whole of our absence.

With fresh dogs we literally ate up the miles and reached a village close to the Bering Sea. The measles had preceded us and a good deal of the above misery was seen duplicated. I was saddened to learn that one little baby had died suddenly without Baptism. This does not often happen.

I need not repeat incidents of other afflicted villages. The truth was vividly brought home to me that the Eskimo are not afraid to die. They have a child's susceptibility to sickness, together with a child's ineptitude in handling an epidemic, but these weaknesses are counter-balanced by a man's patience and courage in time of suffering.

THE PAHARIA TRAMP FROM CLEVELAND

(Continued from page 127)

missionary, had married a pagan girl according to the pagan rites. The difficulty that confronted the missionary meanwhile was not to attempt to separate them, but to try to bring about a lawful settlement. Providentially, as the best way out of the difficulty, the woman consented to be instructed and to embrace the Faith of her husband. She was duly baptized and they were now joined in wedlock according to the Catholic rite.

IT was already midday and time to retrace our steps in order to reach Dombassa before sunset, when we were informed about the sad death of a leper who was baptized a few weeks before. Being a leper, no one dared to assist him at his last moments, and after his death they exposed him in one of the cemeteries out in the jungle. We were given to understand that the Paharias do not bury the corpse of a leper, but expose it according to their custom in an open place to be the food of either the wild animals or birds of prey, or to a slow process of corruption. So off we went with a spade to do this act of Charity for the glory of God. But horrors! the body had been rotting for days and no creature had touched it. We saw that it would be sheer foolhardiness to attempt burying the body, and so to our great disappointment, we had to return with the hope of burying at least the bones after a few weeks.

Saying a few prayers for the departed soul, we wended our way down the hill, sliding at times on all fours, owing to the steep descent. On the way we had only one last halt at the house of a poor boy who was bed-ridden for months owing to malaria. We found the patient simply deserted during the day, because the rest of the inmates had gone to the forest to earn their daily bread. Since the case did not seem to be serious, Father Brennan heard his confession, taught him a few little prayers, and made him happy with a tempting supply of candy balls.

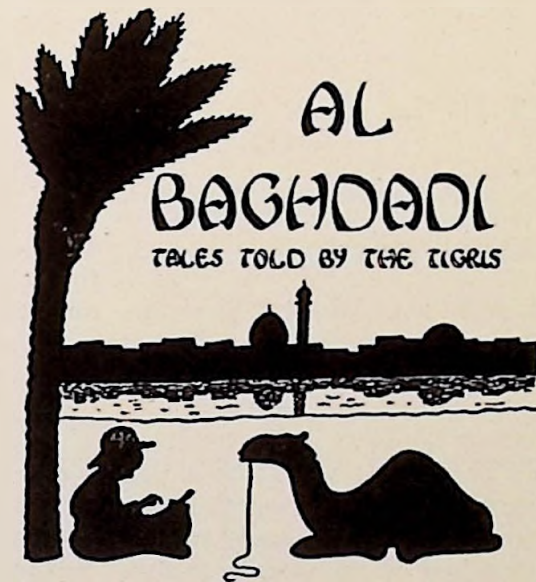
It was getting late and we had to make sure to be out of the hills before dusk if we did not wish to be some wild animal's supper, so on we trudged briskly and merrily, thanking God for all the favors of the day. We reached Dombassa a little after sunset and in good time for supper and night prayers.

As I closed my eyes after the fatigues of the day, I dreamed about the Paharia Tramp, inviting me again to another part of the hill stations with a promise of



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EDWARD F. MADARAS, S.J.

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more romances. I have made a resolution that if time permits, I would experience again the thrills of the wild life of the Rajamahal hills in company with that Paharia Tramp who is never weary of searching for souls. Meantime, I am going to do all I can to let people know what a splendid missionary Father Brennan is and how much he needs their help in his work among the Paharias.

THE LATEST NOISE FROM CHINA

(Continued from page 128)

ing to the lights they have. Abundant proof could be offered to show that the Chinese are lovable, generous and religious-minded, but I will narrate just one event where all three virtues appear.

One afternoon I heard a trumpet whose strident notes excited attention even here in Peiping. It would be a unique sensation to be able to see this man and not hear him but this would be possible only if one had his picture. I resolved to photograph this offender.

As I rushed into the street toward the clarion call a little boy caught my cassock and begged a holy picture. He held a half-eaten potato in one dirty little hand so I asked him for a bite. He offered it to me but I refused; (not solely because I was in a hurry.)

After a length of time during which one could easily have recited, "The Pied Piper," six or seven times, I overtook my horn-blower. He would not let me take his picture; not even for money. He feared that I would take his soul away in my camera. This is a common superstition and I have learned to respect those who are true to their false beliefs.

When I returned home my little friend of the dirty hands and potato was waiting at the gate for me. Because of my evident distaste for potatoes he had run home and got some sunflower seeds for me to eat. God bless his generous little heart! Sunflower seeds are quite a delicacy these days in China and if you knew how scarce food is in flooded, war-torn China, if you could see the daily line of four thousand people, some of whom trudged weary miles, waiting at the gates of our house at Siensien and elsewhere for a bowl of rice, you would echo my blessing.

As I end this I hear loud and constant cries from street-venders and the shouts of playing children. I hear, too, the whirr which I used to think was from a saw-mill or factory in the near neighborhood. Now I know it is only from one of the various flocks of pigeons which fly over the Maison Chabanel. Because the Chinese like noise they saddle their pigeons with whistles and when the pigeons fly through the air the result satisfies even the most deaf Chinese.

But the day is a'wasting and I must study Chinese. You know, there is only one way to learn this language: you must repeat the words over and over . . . aloud.

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