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WE'RE not boycotting the purveyors of chewing gum in the U. S. A. In fact, were their sales to drop, it would be a sad day in British Honduras. May the sales of chewing sweets multiply—to those who know not the missions, as you heed our plea to chew less for the sake of the missions.

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"Father's on the Trail again!"—that's what the Eskimos of Hooper Bay, Alaska, say when the weather suddenly gets bad. For FATHER JOHN P. FOX, S.J., is a bad weather "musher." But he always manages to get through, thanks to his Guardian Angel and his faithful dogs.



John P. Fox, S.J.

JOHN BARRETT, S.J., of the Chicago Province, has been in India for a number of years. He has not forgotten State Street and Broadway, however. So in *Let's Go to a Show in Bettiah*, he compares the drama in Patna with that in the U. S.

Old Jane of Spanish Town, makes us want to meet this remarkable old character and also the equally remarkable young missionary of Spanish Town, FATHER FREDERICK J. OWENS, S.J.

The Japanese have already shot three Süchow Jesuits. In *Bandits in Uniform*, FATHER LEO P. BOURASSA, S.J., tells how the Chinese tried to shoot four others.

On a *Rainy Afternoon in Dansalan*, FATHER JOSEPH REITH, S.J., our former Business Editor, began an article on his Moro Mission and finished it sometime later.

Since his consecration last year, BISHOP WALTER J. FITZGERALD, S.J., has done plenty of mushing in Alaska. He tells of some of it in "*Agaiyuler-tapok*" (*the Bishop to you*) *is Always Welcome*.

GEORGE F. HOYT, S.J., of Baghdad, (*At the "Diggings" in Syria of American Jesuit Archeologists*) looks over the important scientific work of two fellow Jesuits.

When Sioux Indians become Boy Scouts—that's a story. JOHN MARTIN SCOTT, S.J., Dakota missionary, tells it in *The Modern Sioux Scouts*.

Afield with American Jesuits brings us so far afield that we are able to roam at ease through the Eastern and Western hemispheres, as we remain in a comfortable arm chair in a cozy nook at home.

FATHER ALBERT R. O'HARA, S.J., relates in *Rising from Ruins* how China's war-torn churches are being restored around Shanghai.



John Barrett, S.J.

THIS MONTH

	Page
EDITORIALS	143
"FATHER'S ON THE TRAIL AGAIN!".....John P. Fox, S.J.	144
LET'S GO TO A SHOW IN BETTIAH.....John Barrett, S.J.	146
OLD JANE OF SPANISH TOWN.....Frederick J. Owens, S.J.	148
BANDITS IN UNIFORM.....Leo P. Bourassa, S.J.	149
RAINY AFTERNOON IN DANSALAN.....Joseph Reith, S.J.	150
"AGAIYULERTAPOK" (the Bishop to you) IS ALWAYS WELCOME Rt. Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J.	152
THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS.....Calvert Alexander, S.J.	153
AT THE "DIGGINGS" IN SYRIA OF AMERICAN JESUIT ARCHEOLOGISTS	154
THE MODERN SIOUX SCOUT.....John Martin Scott, S.J.	156
THE WORKS OF EDUCATION IN THE MISSIONS..... (June Mission Intention)	157
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....	158
COMMUNICATIONS	163
RISING FROM RUINS.....Albert O'Hara, S.J.	164
NEW BOOKS	166
GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	168

JESUIT MISSIONS is indexed in the Catholic Periodical Index published by the Catholic Library Association.

COVER—A smile lights the face of Reverend Walter J. Hamilton, S.J., as he relaxes for a moment on the plaza adjoining the church of St. Mary, Tagoloan, Oriental Misamis, P. I., where he is the energetic pastor. Even such an interesting animal as somebody else's goat, with its youthful rider, could not give him and his parishioners the annoyance that bats, hundreds of them, had given before he was able finally to drive them forth from and keep them out of the church which they had desecrated for years by their filthy dwelling therein. Wire screenings which closed gaping walls constituted the "No admittance" sign, and now keep the bats at bay.

EDITORIALS

THE CHURCH AND THE WAR IN CHINA

WHAT effect is the Sino-Japanese war having on the Catholic Church in China? This question is one frequently asked by those who have followed the terribly destructive course of this conflict since its inception in 1937 and who are anxious to know how the Church has stood up under these years of bombing, of battling armies, of starvation, disease and huge displacements of population. They know that the loss to the Church in the way of school buildings and churches has been great. But what of the Church itself, its priests and its people?

Through a recently completed report of the Apostolic Delegation in Peking, for the year 1938-39, released by the *Fides Service*, we are able to throw some definite light on this subject. In the first place the report shows that the number of conversions during this twelve-month period was 99,944 as compared with 76,903 in the previous year. This advance in conversions was partly due to the increased contact of the missionaries with the people in war refugee work. Many of the converts were of the educated class, some former agnostics. What they saw of the Church during the crisis completely altered their opinion of Christianity.

But despite the 99,944 conversions and an increase of 7,221, due to natural growth, the report points out that the actual net advance was only 82,358, i.e., the Catholic population rose from 2,909,116 to 2,991,474. This would mean that a loss of 24,807 must be accounted for in great part by causes incident to the war, including emigration and the disappearance and death of large numbers of individuals.

However, the net increase of 82,358 is certainly a good sign that the Church in China is progressing despite the war. It should be remembered, too, that the figures do not include Manchukuo where there are 193,000 Catholics and that no reports were available on five minor ecclesiastical dioceses of China proper.

Even more encouraging than this are the figures on the clergy. Despite the troubled state of the country the attendance in the seminaries decreased by only 42, while the number of Chinese and foreign priests in active work showed an increase of 51. So God has seen to it that His work goes on even in the midst of one of the most devastating wars of our time. Our prayer should be that this Divine Protection continues. The Church in

China is passing through a great ordeal. So far it has given manifest proof of the depth and solidarity of the Faith—a real tribute not only to the people and their heroic priests but to the constancy of the friends of China in this country and elsewhere who have not ceased to give their prayerful support to this suffering member of the Mystical Body.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

IT has been frequently stated that the remarkable success of Catholic missionaries throughout the world in the last half century must be attributed in a large measure to the increased consciousness on the part of Catholics at home that the prayers and sacrifices they offer for the missions are an indispensable part of effective mission work. Such a statement is of its nature not susceptible of proof. But we believe it and so do millions of Catholics. It is our fervent wish that many more may, during this month of June, come also to believe it.

But why during the month of June? Simply because June is the month especially devoted to the Sacred Heart, and devotion to the Sacred Heart, through its Apostleship of Prayer, has been the force chiefly responsible for convincing Catholics that their prayers for the missions are needed and are effective.

"More than once," observed Benedict XV in his Encyclical, *Maximum Illud*, "it has been brought home to Us that unless aided by God's grace, work on the missions is sterile. There is only one means to obtain God's blessing on an undertaking and that is by constant, humble and fervent prayer. The Apostleship of Prayer was founded with precisely this purpose in view. For this reason We warmly recommend it to all good Christians." These sentiments were re-echoed by Pius XI when in his Encyclical, *Rerum Ecclesiae*, he insisted on the need of carefully extending the practice of beseeching "the Lord of the Harvest that He send laborers into His harvest," and praying that the light of divine grace might reach those outside the Christian fold.

Every month during the year the Holy Father through the Apostleship of Prayer recommends a special Mission Intention to the prayers of the Faithful. It is his desire that prayer for the missions should be an integral part of devotion to the Sacred Heart. What place does it hold in your devotion?

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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"Father's on the trail again!"

John P. Fox, S.J.



I JUST returned from a two weeks trip to some of my stations. The main reason for capitulating and returning home to Hooper Bay was that my hosts and Mass wine were about gone, my grub box about empty, and my dog-feed about all devoured. My dogs were so tired that two of them refused to go any further when I was about two hours from home. One of them I threw into the sled, the other I half dragged the rest of the way. That sounds cruel and it was; but life is hard in Alaska.

One of the dogs, unfortunately my leader, was partly frozen and had to be taken off the job and a young dog put into his place. Though this last had not learned to Gee and Haw (viz. turn right or left as directed by the driver's voice) to my surprise he hit straight for home as the most experienced leader would have done.

The poor dogs always lead a dog's life, of course; but doubly so when I take them on the trail. The weather man has it in for me, and it is proverbial around here when the weather gets bad: "Father is on the trail." All I have to do is come back home and we get ideal weather. Bad weather bothers the dogs as much as it bothers me. After a hard cold day's work they get cold feed and sleep on the snow in the cold wind. At home they get hot feed at least occasionally, and have some shelter, too, for the night.

I left Hooper Bay with clear calm weather, 18 below zero. By the time I arrived at Kashunak about four hours later, it was blowing considerably already. By the next morning it was impossible to travel on; so I laid over at Kashunak where I have a chapel. After two days of storm I decided to go to Chevak, another of my stations about three hours by dog team from Kashunak. The temperature was still 16 below zero and we had the wind straight in the face. But as the run was short I figured no harm would be done.

At Chevak all had a chance to go to the sacraments,

and the next morning early I started out for Kaialuvik. It was still 8 below zero with the same wind. But as my course from Chevak on turned to the east I had the wind to one side, and going was pretty good till about 11 o'clock when it suddenly began to snow. The wind too picked up till a real storm was in progress. I could see nothing but snow in every direction, but keeping my eye on the compass I managed fine.

AROUND 2:30 in the afternoon I ran into an Eskimo and his team coming from a fishing hole on the river I was crossing, and on his way to Kaialuvik. I said a little prayer in thanksgiving to my good angel for helping me hit my mark so squarely and stuck my compass down under the sled cover, as I could now follow the Eskimo team right into the village about one hour distant.

In spite of seven hours of constant and hard travel, my dogs were still pretty lively. When they saw the native team ahead they made a dash for it with fire in their eyes. I managed to hold them a little with the brake. However, we were going up a river and all was glare ice ahead of us. My brake was a bit dull, but I stood on it with both feet bringing my full 172 pounds to bear. It dug down into the ice as we dashed along, but we continued gaining on the team ahead till finally we were abreast of them and our dogs were all piled up in a fight, 16 of them, and both the Eskimo and myself were swinging our chain trying to part them.

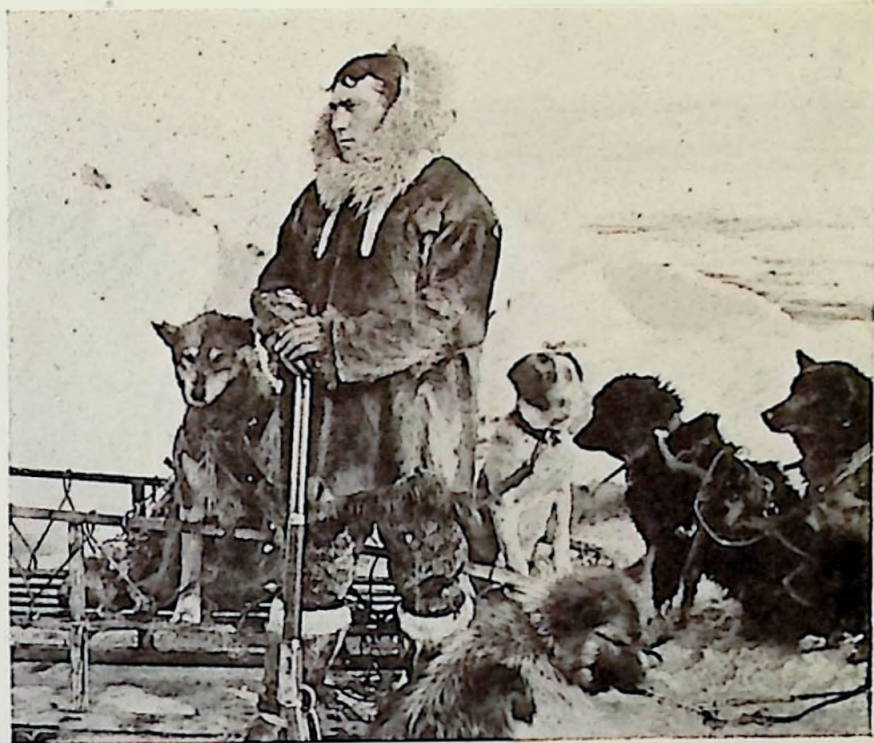
To avoid another fight I gave my friend a pretty good head start and we then drove along for a while without much difficulty. Up one slough and down another, then across a bit of tundra and back on a slough. The weather was getting worse and darkness was beginning to close in. I pulled up closer to my guide and could just make out his form in the storm as we went along. We came to the last river to cross. Big cakes

of ice were fringing both banks. For as the tide went out it left the edges of the shore-ice sticking up into the air; and in the storm they looked like veritable mountains.

As we were negotiating our way to the bank across this, the faint form of my guide vanished among the projecting ice, so that I no longer knew what was ice and what was my Eskimo. I sped up my dogs to get closer but it was too late. In less time than one can tell it, I had lost him. As he had not travelled compass course and as I had not been following my compass since I met him, I was hopelessly lost. From the meandering course we had followed on the sloughs I had lost track completely of the direction in which the village lay.

I GROPED around for a while, driving first one way then another trying to pick up some trail that the dog could follow. But the surface of the snow was about like ice everywhere so that an ordinary sled left no track of any kind that one could follow even in bright daylight, much less in stormy weather and night setting in. I soon decided that I was losing time, and should look for a good place to dig down into the snow for the night. The next morning I would easily find the village. As I could find no place where it was possible to dig down more than one foot, and the storm kept filling in with snow about as fast as I could dig it out, I finally weighted down my sled cover with the boxes and bags that made up my load, shoved by sleeping bag under it, fed my dogs after unhitching them, and then like a bad boy went supperless to bed. I did not feel hungry enough to warrant the trouble of getting my hands cold in trying to dig up something to eat. I had taken breakfast at seven o'clock and that would do me till the next day.

By this time the temperature had risen from 8 degrees below to about 20 degrees above. It was snowing hard and drifting heavily. In an hour or so after I crawled under the cover and lay on my sleeping bag with all my clothes on, I was perfectly weighted down with slushy snow. (I was afraid to undress lest my clothes would freeze too stiff to put back on the next morning,



The Pastor of Hooper Bay and his dogs take a rest by the Bering Sea.

sweated up as they always are after mushing all day.)

This cover of snow that the Lord laid on me helped to keep things warmer so I did not begin to kick it off for several hours. However, it was getting very heavy and I was afraid of being nailed down permanently. I began to twist and squirm till I had enough elbow room to exert some upward pressure with my knees and arms. When I finished kicking I had a trench above me just the size of my body, and wind was slapping the sled cover over me up and down like a flag. There was a gentle pattering on the cover. I waited for the snow to fill in again as the trench was about a foot deep from my cover to the surface of the surrounding snow. But there was no filling in, and I soon discovered that the gentle pattering was from the rain that was falling, and not the drifting snow as I had thought.

WELL, even a long night has its morning following. When I finally managed to dig out through the snow from under the cover I found my things nice and wet. Before doing anything else I had to undress and exchange all my sub-zero clothes for a rainy day outfit. That is one of the marvels of our Bering coast here. I have seen a jump of 52 degrees (from 20 below zero up) in 24 hours. Our Lord's advice to His Apostles as to what they should not take along when going on their apostolic journey does not seem to apply to apostles in Alaska.

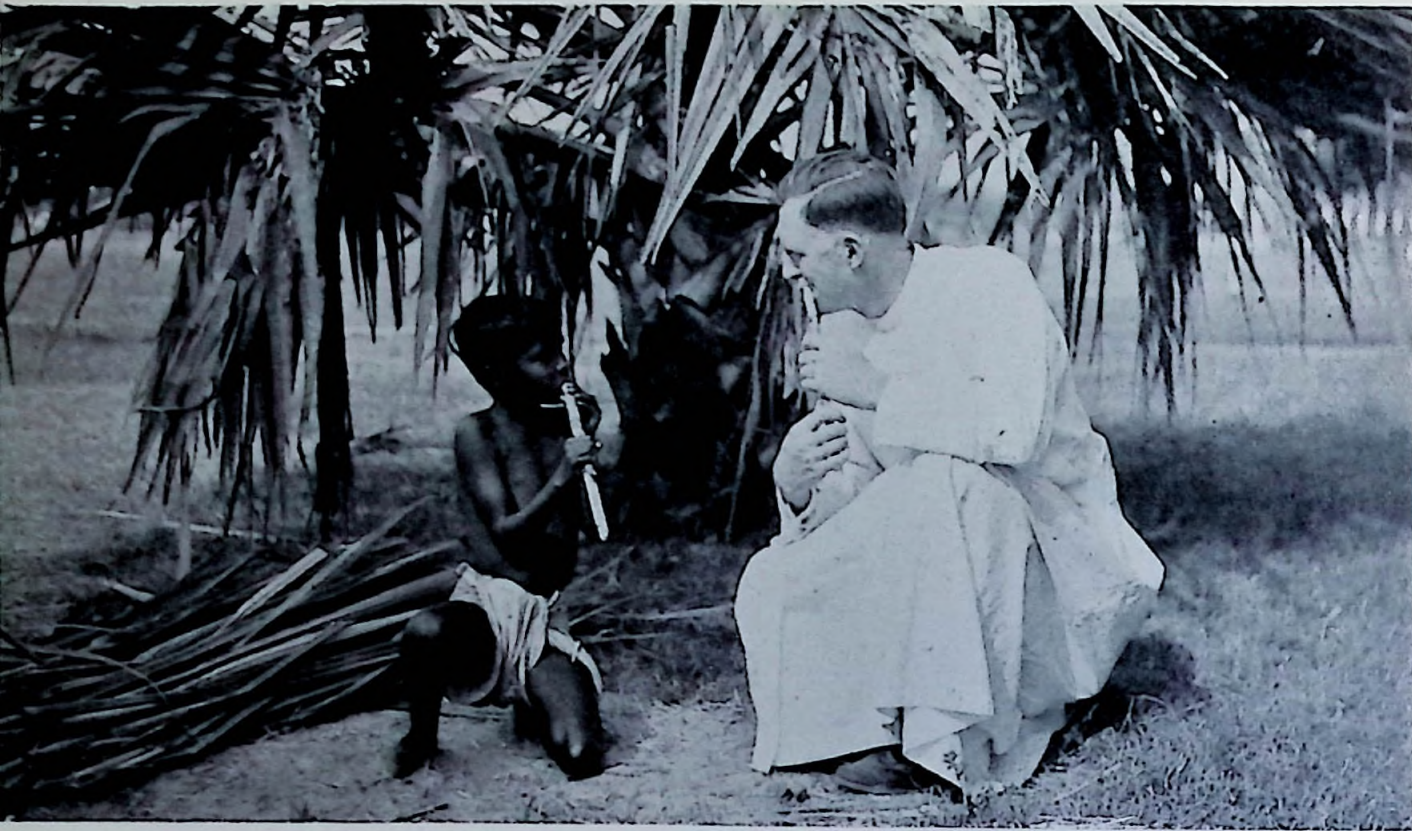
Now that I was all rigged up to suit the soft weather I reloaded (Turn to page 167)



"The poor dogs always lead a dog's life but doubly so when I take them on the trail."

Let's go

John Barrett, S.J.



Dramatic Critic John Barrett chews on sugar cane with a friend and discusses the local theatrical situation.

ALL the world's a stage on which people playing make-believe enthrall a willing audience. A Chinese stage in Hong Kong, or a steamboat at a Mississippi River wharf, are worlds apart only in distance. The New Yorker shelling out six-sixty for a seat at a Broadway opening, and the Bettiah, India, farmers digging down for a penny to cover squatting space at the parish amateur, are sons of the same Adam escaping their own realities till the curtain rings down at eleven fifteen.

Ballyhoo is a part of universal showmanship. Six times in one morning an erratic drum and an uncertain bugle blared down our street on a *tum-tum*, that is, a two wheeled gig which added a considerable share of jingling to the disharmony. The racket attracted me to the doorway at least once, and I read the passing sign, "Tonight at Seven, a stupendous spectacle of spontaneity and sport showing the pathos of life. The drama *Shreemungeree*. Come and see."

My resistance buckled under that appeal. The sign went on to say that the Catholic Dramatic Society would present the spontaneity and sport at the parish that very night. So off we went.

THE theatre was out of doors in the church yard, a mammoth tent loaned by a local rajah. A hundred small boys hung about the two entrances awaiting the psychological moment to slip under the canvas. Inside at one end of the tent the Montana wilderness of forests, lakes, and mountains, greeted us familiarly from the front drop-curtain of the fifteen foot stage, all aglow with



Actor John Barrett calls this picture of himself, "Prophet without Portfolio." The beard is real; the prophet stuff definitely bogus.

brilliant light from the kerosene lamp footlights.

Neither Buck Jones nor Richard Dix ever played to a greater number of juvenile worshippers east of Suez. They sat on the carpeted ground huddled together in the "orchestra" like flies on a lunch room counter. Behind the boys squatted the men, mostly brawny blacksmiths and cart wheel makers of the parish. In evidence, too, were neighborhood Moslems and Hindus, the peanut and candy vendors. As guests of the management we sat in the "balcony," chairs from the Father's house which elevated us above the heads of the one-anna customers in the "orchestra." International exchange rates the anna at the fabulous sum of two cents. Some students home from Patna, men about town, and the select hoi-polloi occupied benches behind us. Strictly for men only; the women would attend the next evening.

SIMON LEGREE or his double shoots a pistol off-stage. Not quite automatically the curtain goes up, and the show is on. An old man in a night cap, supported by his son and daughter, is dying and making much ado about it. The girl is our heroine named "Shreemungeree." Keep an eye on her!

Comes the creditor for his pound of flesh. He receives a promise and leaves a threat to return again for the ninety-ninth time. The son, clever boy, borrows the necessary money from a friend, who demands as security that the daughter, Shreemungeree, work for

o a Show in Bettiah

Artist John Barrett's sketch of the high point in the drama when the heroine, Shreemungeree, confounds the money lending villain.



his wife for one year, a disgrace at which the old man wails and yields. Sounds of sobs in the audience as this scene mercifully closes.

THE second act opens with a bang, in fact, several bangs. For in less than ten lines after the curtain three stick-up men overpower Shreemungeree, now a serving girl, and stab her mistress. Our heroine neatly "bumps off" the gang with their own "gat." Nice going! Things quiet down for several acts, or until the son can get money from a second friend to pay the first and redeem his sister. At the moment he does so, the police blame him for the murder of his own father, and we weep silently to see this innocent young man languishing in jail during one whole act.

At the trial, a Portia in the person of Shreemungeree confuses the complainant, none other than her villainous employer, (aha), and proves him the real murderer. However, the murdered old man returns hale and hearty before the court adjourns to let us know that all ends well if the versatile playwright can resurrect his dead.

The female characters sighed demurely, poised hands on hips like fashion plates, kept eyes discreetly averted, and talked in their boots as men must do who shout all day above the din of their printing presses at the Mission Press. The villain was truly uncomfortable in his unethical business, for he walked like the Thin Man, sat like Charlie McCarthy, and had trouble keeping his whiskers tied on. The best dressed man was the counsel for defense, modishly garbed in black swallow tails and white trousers, *sans* collar and tie, unnecessary accessories to a virtuous lawyer.

THE Bettiah main street, as depicted by the scenery, recalled old days when State Street, Chicago, used to appear on each vaudeville back-drop at the Old Majestic Theatre. The courtroom scene was staged in a palace hall that dwindled into infinity, while the most applauded backdrop featured a corner of the heavenly Jerusalem where even angels would fear to tread. All of the property, heavenly and otherwise, is the commendable product of a local sign painter.

Drama at Bettiah is not a mere histrionic display. No play would be palatable without a mixture of hand drums and a small hand organ called a Bahja. These dances are executed by boys in girls' costumes, and are replete with symbolic gestures expressed by the hands. In the songs sung with the dance, each line is twice repeated to the same melody, strange and plaintive to untaught western ears.



Some of the occupants of the one-anna seats registering various emotions.

Old Jane of Spanish Town

Frederick J. Owens, S.J.

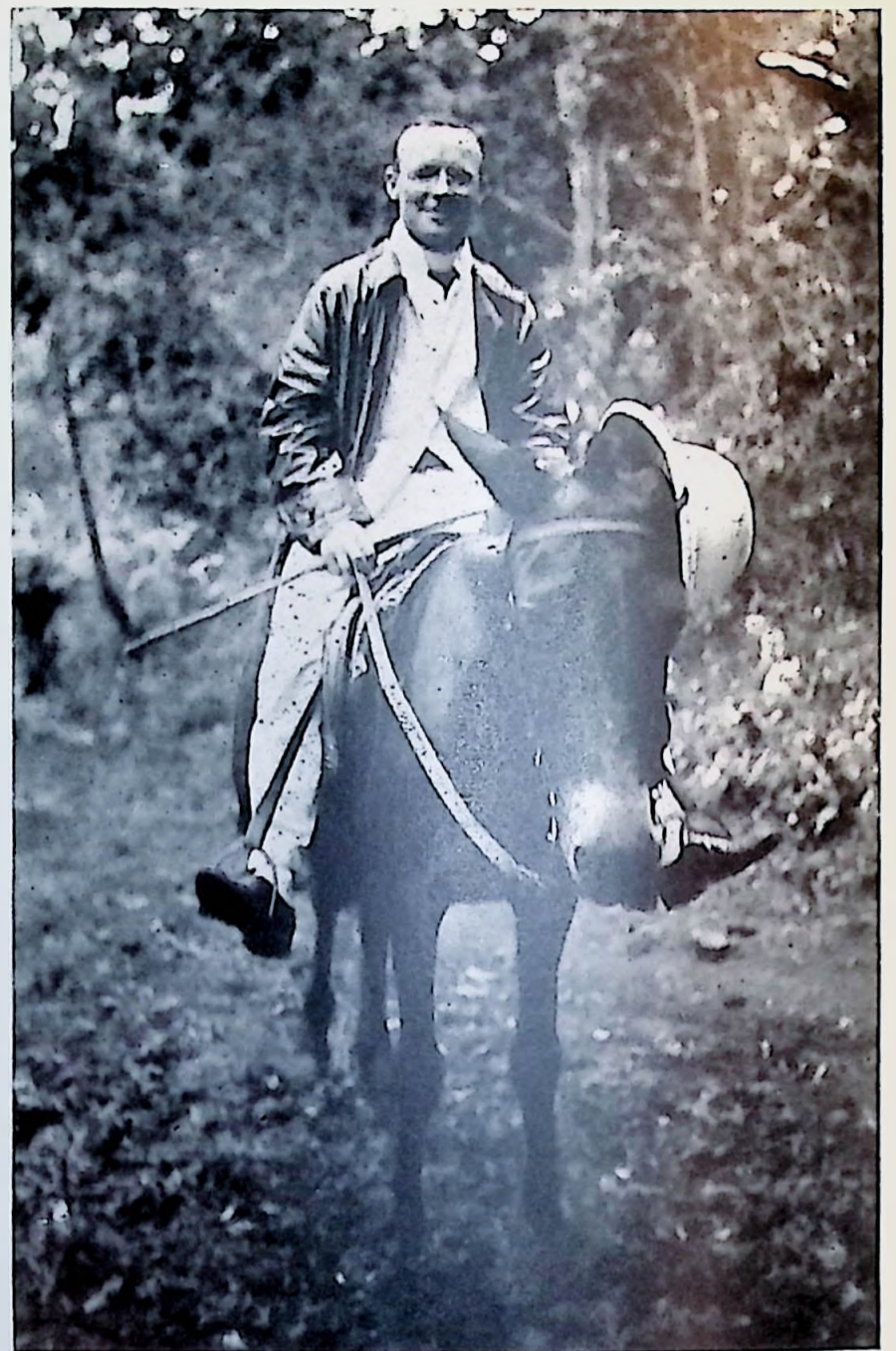
YOU don't know Jane Terrelonge, do you? I thought not. There are very, very few men left who would know Jane at this late date. So, don't mind if I tell you a few things about this lovable character. She isn't the only one, of course. She is a type of a few whom I know around here. Old Catholics, poor financially but mighty wealthy when it comes to things above. Many encounters have I had with Jane,—all of them interesting. Like a man I know who can ask plenty of questions, gradually and painlessly drawing out your entire history, I like to wait and talk with Jane because I like her voice. I like the history she tells. I like the way she tells it. I don't remember it all because it never struck me as important.

The first time I met Jane? Yes, I remember that all right. I remember it because I was thrown into this maelstrom known as Spanish Town two and a half years ago. The first of September it was, the first week of the month. Consequently, the busiest for the Pastor here. Something almost every night. Something every day, and I alone with one hundred and twenty-five pounds of rippling muscle to carry my own burdens and solve my own difficulties. If you don't think that hard on a young fellow—well, it would be worth while praying for that experience. It's all past long since. The campaigner seems old on the job, doesn't mind it quite so much. He's only sorry now that he lacks the physical and spiritual strength to do much more.

THE day was First Friday of September. The sun was getting hotter. So was I. The car was entirely warmed up by this time. So was I. The nerves of the chauffeur were a bit taut by this time. So were mine. I had been in and out of that car twelve times already distributing Holy Communion. But now the last Host alone remained and the last house. The car is now three miles out of Spanish Town on the dusty St. John's road. The boy has driven by the house, it's that hard to find in the bush. It didn't make much difference to me. He could have driven on and on and on. I wouldn't have minded at all. You got a breeze while riding, but none in the houses or while walking under that sun. We reversed the car and finally reached the house.

The wooden rails forming a gate present yet another problem. They refuse to budge, so over goes the left leg, followed by the right, sick call kit in one hand and my cassock trailing. Not for long, as I am brought up with a jerk. The cassock has found a nail.

If my heart had ever that morning hit my boots, it



Father Frederick J. Owens, S.J., of Spanish Town, Jamaica, friend and biographer of "Old Jane."

certainly did so now. No one in sight. But I finally find the door. It faces back into the bush instead of out towards the road. Do I have to climb those few things there for steps? I'd never attempt to give a full description of that house. I'm only intent on getting inside. So up you go, old boy, but with catlike tread. The three steps are maneuvered but we are not home yet. That half hanging door may fall as I squeeze by it. But. . . There at last is Jane.

SHE strikes you as very tall and there is something aristocratic about Jane. She is old, very old. She is ninety-seven now and seems destined to reach the century mark and go over the top. Her hair is gray and a bright bandanna covers most of those—yes, curls. A long stick is in her hand for balance. She is seated but rises as I enter. The sick call kit is perched on the corner of a well filled table. I open it, take out the candle stick, look around for a space, move a few cups and put it there. Then the candle.

No house is within fifty yards of us. That much I noticed. She seems to be deaf so I can talk as loudly as a dry throat will permit me. Here, not knowing anything at all about Jane, being a young lad on the job, and scrupulous about the Blessed (Turn to page 167)

Bandits in Uniform

Leo P.
Bourassa, S.J.

THERE seems to be no end to the series of attacks made on the Canadian missionaries of the Süchow Mission, China. The most recent one took place when several of us were returning from Tushan.

About 10 *lis* from Tushan we heard some shots. We prudently stopped our bicycles and had no sooner touched the ground when a rain of bullets passed over our heads: "Down" we shouted. Father LaFlèche and I threw ourselves down flat on the right side of the road while the others went to the left side. For twenty minutes the bullets whistled over our heads and with our noses in the dust we were trying as best we could to protect ourselves in a ditch that was but a few inches deep. One bullet struck a bicycle, others struck the earth and raised dust all around us.

There was a lull when a farmer passed on the road with a pair of oxen. He had no sooner gone by than the shooting began anew. We raised our hats, shouted, all our "titles"; but to no avail. Psit . . . here! psit . . . there! Clods of dirt rose up again. You may believe that this little game was becoming rather enervating.

AT last the assailants began approaching but they did not cease firing, although they could readily see that we were without arms and that we were also foreigners. We noticed that they wore the "Wei-tche-hui" uniform, i.e. the uniform of a Chinese organization which is supposed to maintain order in those parts of the country occupied by the Japanese.

They are now less than fifty feet away and are still firing. Fathers LaFlèche and Bernard stand up but the bullets whistle near their heads and Father LaFlèche takes his former position while Father Bernard raises his hands in the air. They are now upon us! "You are spies for the communist army" they yell at us and immediately begin to snatch our watches, money and baggage. "But we are Fathers." . . . "We don't care" they answered.

We show them the papal flags which we always carry by request of the Japanese authorities; they break them up. Father LaFlèche wants to help the thief who is having difficulty unclasping his wrist watch, and for that he receives a blow on the face while two other bandits with revolvers shoot near his head. After having taken everything that they could, they leave us, carrying off with them our bicycles.

It was 4 p.m. and the only thing left for us to do was



A few hours before the bullets began to fly these Jesuits of the Süchow Mission and their catechists posed for a picture. The priests are, left to right, Fathers Prosper Bernard, Edward LaFlèche, Joseph Courchesne, Superior, and Leo P. Bourassa.

to return to Tushan. We thanked God for having escaped with our lives. In Tushan we immediately betook ourselves to the chief of the "Wei-tche-hui" whom Father Bernard knew very well. He promised to take us the next morning to the "big" chief of the "Wei-tche-hui" who resides at Pa-I-Tsi.

The following morning we all went to Pa-I-Tsi where we found a chief who was not too obliging. At four in the afternoon, Father Courchesne, after a

long and useless discussion which left him a little impatient said:

"Tell me, are you the big chief or not." The answer he received was rather evasive.

"Very well then," said Father Courchesne, "we wanted to arrange this affair among ourselves but you evidently show a definite lack of good will! Therefore nothing can be done here, we shall go to the Japanese authorities. Good night."

WE immediately headed for Nienchwang, the place where the Japanese garrison resides, and made a complete report of the whole affair to the head officer. He was slow to believe that the hold-up was made by members of the "Wei-tche-hui" but finally admits that it was probable. He invited us to sit down and have tea and cookies served to us, while he telephoned to the headquarters of the "Wei-tche-hui."

Since it was rather late and having no residence of our own in that section of the country, we boarded the train for Tasukia with the intention of coming back the following morning.

The next morning, at the station of Tasukia we were told that it was useless for us to go back to Nienchwang. The investigation had been begun and they would call for us at the opportune moment. The officer had received orders from Süchow to push the inquiry to the very limits. Everything was to be returned to the Fathers. In the meantime, the Fathers were to return to their own respective districts and when everything had been found, the residing Father at Tasukia would be notified.

After five days of waiting, the officer at the station of Tasukia arrived at the residence, with two bicycles: "Come to the station, the rest is there." As a matter of fact, everything was there, all but a few items which we had not considered worth while writing down in our report. It was good to recover our belongings, and we hope we may not be robbed again in such fashion.



Rainy Afternoon in Dansalan

Joseph Reith, S.J.

and get some ink."—"What! Back already? That's fine. In fact, it's miraculous. But where is the ink?"

Father Reith chats with a Moro. He thinks Medical Missionary work is the key to their conversion.

"No, I distinctly said *ink*; not a drink."

Well, then, we begin. *Matampay cannot truthfully be called a*

metropolis. . . . What's that? "You say our house boy Charlie has been missing all morning and did not sleep in the *convento* last night? What's the matter with him?"—"Oh! he sneaked out to the movie last night and is afraid now that I will spank him."—"Well, bring him here and let's spank him and get it over with."

Again. (But it is the next day.) *Matampay cannot truthfully.* . . . "Did you say that *two* teachers are asking to be excused because of sickness. It must be an epidemic. All right, I will go to the school at once." And as there is only one relief teacher, I must conduct the class for the morning, and *Matampay* again awaits its Homer. Maybe it is because it is *not* raining in the afternoon that I get a summons

by phone to come to Momungan for a funeral. The rustic at the other end of the line had never used the phone before and all he would say was "*Namatyan; namatyan,*" but who, where, what and how the "dead person" was, his telephone experience did not permit him to say. And it took me all the afternoon to find out.

UNDAUNTED, the next morning I faced my task. *Matampay cannot.* . . . "What? Someone needs me in the hospital? Get the sick-call bag." What is designated a "call" turns out to be nearly a week-end visit, for I remained at the hospital for the greater part of the day. This is the provincial public hospital and many are waiting for operations. For a week or more, the supply of gauze has been exhausted. The doctors came to me, but my supply had already been used up in a similar emergency.

I gave special attention to a soldier who had engaged in a private war of his own and came through with what was evidently a broken rib pressing on his lung. Lack of an X-ray, added to the gauze, pre-

IT is a rainy afternoon. In fact, most afternoons in Dansalan are rainy; and consequently it should be easy to concentrate—or comparatively easy. The good Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS have been rightfully requesting that I give them further accounts of this Moroland Mission in the Philippines. Kind readers of the magazine have also expressed their desire to see more in print about Dansalan. I am only too glad to accede to their requests; and since the construction of our new church is about completed, I sit down at my ingloriously cluttered desk to write.

Now, what will be the subject of the article. I could write an interesting story about the church construction but it would lead to a matter of expenses and appeals. I could write about the Moros; but there has been a movie ("The Greater Glory") produced and distributed recently that graphically showed the Moros at their best and worst, and should be good propaganda for my Mission. I had better write, therefore, about *Matampay*. So we begin. But, wait—the ink is exhausted and there is not a drop in the house. "Romualdo! *Romualdo!* ROMUALDO! Go to the store

Of the several means of travel in Dansalan this is by no means the most comfortable.



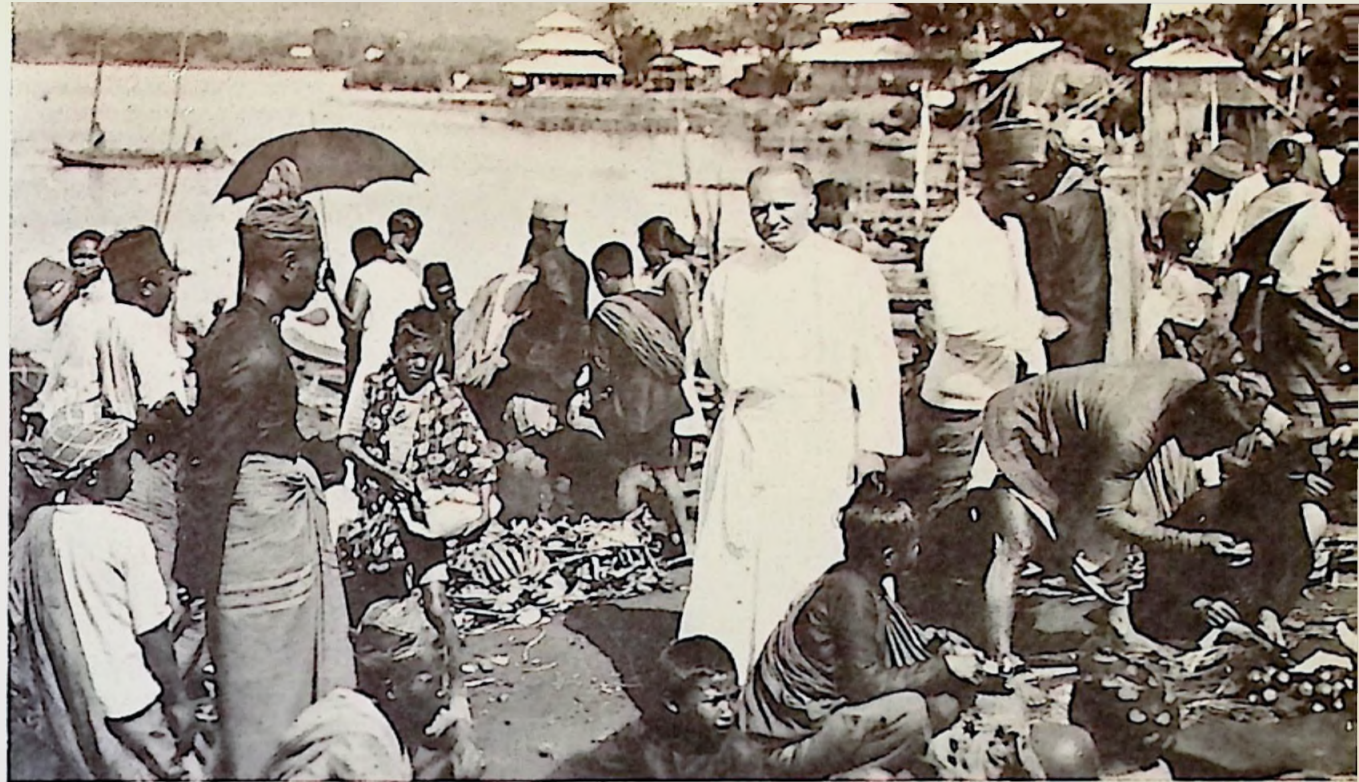
vented his operation. I confessed him, anointed him, married him and gave him a long instruction to prepare for Holy Communion. He was somewhat distracted by the pyx which he thought was a watch and he "really wanted a watch," but I persuaded him that he really needed the Lord, and gave him Viaticum.

BUT while we are on the subject of hospitals let's continue with it and put the Matampay subject off to another rainy day.

Twice a day I have been visiting the Lanao Public Hospital. All the cases of the usual sicknesses are multiplied; and the rains bring also those rarer maladies, one of which, with his fingers crossed, the doctor says is gastro-enteritis with an awful fear that it might be cholera. There were two victims yesterday; and the day before was the sad case of a five year old boy brought in with lockjaw at three o'clock and dead at seven. Nature gives me a comparison for the swiftness of this death, for just as I wrote this, directly outside my door, an eagle swooped down on a brood of chicks and flew off with one in its talons.

Almost as swift has been the spread of an epidemic of malaria throughout coastal Lanao. Sweeping into my missions, the doctors say it is a new variety: "one day the patient is sick; the next he is worse; and the third he is dead." The epidemic is so violent that field hospitals have had to be erected.

I ALMOST missed out in one of the hospital cases. I got the call over a neighbor's telephone, and responded at once. But my tire went flat just as I got the car out of the garage, and I had to walk. Half way to the hospital, a friendly American resident of Dansalan gave me a lift. When I reached the hospital the patient was near the end of his agony. I gave him conditional absolution and Extreme Unction, and closed his eyes in death. A puzzled municipal guard had been standing over the sick man with loaded gun. I told him he could go, for, despite his vigilance and gun, his prisoner had escaped. But he was no criminal prisoner; he had been confined to the jail be-



To the Moros of Dansalan Father Reith is a familiar figure. Here he is with them in the market place.

cause he was violently insane. Afterwards, I told the American gentleman that his charity had probably sent the soul of the dead man into Heaven. The idea pleased him greatly, for he is the good son of a pious minister.

This article is easy to compose for its development is actually taking place as I write it. A Moro just came to the kitchen door asking *tambal*—medicine. My house boy was frightened: "I think he is a leper, Father." But he is no leper. His hand is badly infected and he is asking the leaves of a cactus plant that grows in my garden to put upon the wound. "Why not go to the doctor in the hospital, *pagaree*?" "Cactus leaves better than doctor." Precisely this is the field for the Medical Missionary Sisters whom I am hopeful of receiving for my mission. The Moros are only now awakening to the wonders of medicine, and the one who dispenses it is a messenger of God.

THIS morning I said my Mass in the Dansalan leprosarium. Even the weather was leprous, and because of the cold rain I delayed my visit until after seven o'clock. No one was astir; but it is not difficult to be patient with lepers. One by one they dragged their scaly limbs from the scattered huts that house them. The make-shift chapel was soaking wet and the lepers shivered as the damp wind blew through the open window—the only

source of light and wholesome air.

Originally, this was a Moro leprosarium, but now the Christians outnumber the Moros. Twelve went to Holy Communion. I maintain a leprous woman as catechist and school teacher for the others, and she accomplishes much despite her affliction. After the Mass the usual committee attended me to present the general needs which they "trust the Father will supply." It is always different; this time the demand was for reading matter—subscriptions to magazines and newspapers.

THE leprosarium of Dansalan differs from the usual leper colony. The patients are not confined to the place, but are free to come and go; but the very freedom induces them to remain. The Government provides sparingly for them, so that they are always eager for a handout. And I am not taxed to find reasons for giving to them, even though not over-sympathetic to leprosy. Tuberculosis is a worse disease, to my mind, and gets less charitable attention.

As I was trudging through the mud out of the leprosarium, a Moro leper accosted me: "*Pari*, what have you for me?" "How would you like me to give you a bit of the true religion?" "Don't want true religion: want smokes." And because a Manila cigar manufacturer used it for his radio signature, the words came to my mind, "And you, too, will say, Well! Well! Well!"

“Agaiyulertapok” (the Bishop to you) is Always Welcome

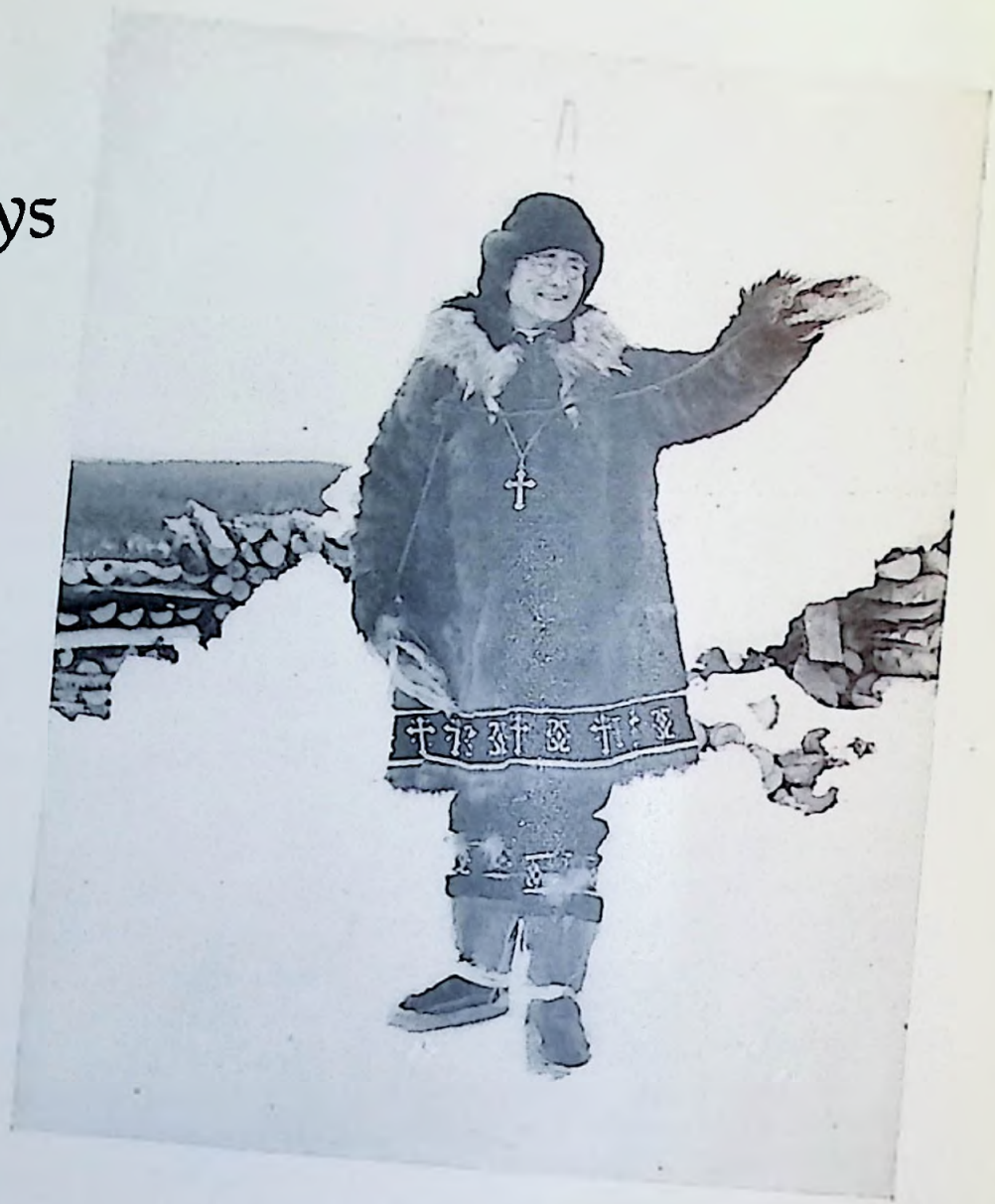
Right Rev. Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J.

LAST Summer when I made a visit to all the Alaska Missions, I promised Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., veteran missionary of the Lower Yukon district, to return for Confirmation. So on Easter Monday I boarded the down river mail plane from Fairbanks, passed through Nulato and arrived safely at St. Michael, where I was met by Father Lonneux. The following day Confirmation was given at this place and the same day we went on to Stebbins, fifteen miles south of St. Michael, by dog team. Here Confirmation was held in the evening, and next morning (Sunday) the entire Eskimo village assisted at Holy Mass at 5:00 a.m., as we had to get an early start to make the main Mission at Chaneliak.

We left Stebbins at 7:00 a.m. I had an experienced “musher,” John Aluska, who with his eleven dog team started us off with the plaudits (I suppose) of the villagers. Father Lonneux followed with another Eskimo driver and a team of twelve dogs. We made the half way cabin at Point Romanoff on Bering Sea just at noon and stopped for a light lunch of sardines, hard tack and tea. After an hour and twenty minutes we were off again.

THE last thirty-five miles of our trip was not so “hot”; in fact, the wind was howling off Bering Sea and we found ourselves in a blizzard. But providentially, the wind was to our backs and it even helped our dogs to make good time. We were skirting the shores of Bering Sea running about a quarter of a mile from land on the snow covered ice of the Sea.

Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J., all dressed up for the trail.



For four hours they kept it up and then we sighted the mouth of the Yukon. We went up the river a mile to the site of the Mission at Chaneliak, arriving at 5:20 p.m. We had been just ten hours and twenty minutes on the trail, and the dogs had made the exceptional run of seventy-two miles in nine hours running time. It is no wonder that the missionaries and the natives love their faithful dogs. Father Lonneux arrived at almost the same time in his sled, and after a warm supper he heard confessions until midnight. Besides the Eskimos of Chaneliak, natives from several other villages (Kotlik, Hamilton, Pitmetallic, etc.) had come to meet the “*agaiyulertapok*” which means in the Innuite tongue, the “big priest” or Bishop.

NEXT day the little chapel of St. Margaret which holds three hundred and fifty people, was packed to the doors. After Mass, Confirmation was held; then, the missionary said Mass during which the Eskimos prayed the Mass in their own tongue. Father Lonneux had translated the Mass prayers

into Innuite (the Eskimo language) and these prayers were taught to the natives by the Eskimo catechists. The beautiful prayers of the Holy Sacrifice ascended to God's throne in the humble Eskimo tongue.

An edifying occurrence took place before I departed. Seals had been sighted off the mouth of the Yukon on Bering Sea and a sealing party was organized for the following Saturday. Friday evening I announced through the interpreter that I would offer the Holy Sacrifice for the success of their hunt. Saturday morning every hunter was present and went to Holy Communion.

Say a little prayer for the valiant Missionaries who are in “the front line trenches.” In my tour of all the Alaska Missions last Summer, what struck me most of all, was the cheerful manner with which they put up with what we call in our own little way hardships,—isolation, extreme cold, etc. If you were to tell them that they are making many huge sacrifices, they would not believe you; and the happy countenances and cheerful attitude would strengthen their argument.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

International Dynamite

"The soldiers are on one side of the gate, we on the other . . . the American flag is flying above . . . a ticklish situation that may be charged with international dynamite."

This is the state of affairs in Nanking, China, where three California Jesuits are holding their mission property against the soldiers of the Japanese puppet government. Our first information on this Nanking incident last month came from the International News Service. It told in a rather lurid way how Father James F. Kearney, S.J., and two other California Jesuits had "defied" the Wang government by nailing an American flag to the mission property and refusing to budge when the soldiers arrived to seize the property for use of the Ministry of Industries.

But the International News Service apparently missed the feature of the story. For the latest information just received from Father Kearney indicates that the three California Jesuits did not merely just nail the American flag to the mission property and hold on to it, but what is more startling they actually "captured" the mission property from the Wang soldiers. But let's hear Father Kearney describe the *coup* in his own very matter of fact way:

"With the winter relief program having only a few more weeks to go our main work is the rather un-missionary task of standing guard over a piece of mission property very necessary for next year, recently evacuated by the Japanese soldiers and despite our protests turned over by them to the new government, who sent four soldiers in

to guard it. After using all the proper diplomatic methods and making no yardage, we three Californians walked in, put up our flag to the surprise of everybody, and now have to guard the place. The soldiers are on one side of the gate, we on the other. We are on very good terms, and they did not interfere when we opened up a dispensary for the Sisters in the place. But as long as they are kept there, it is a ticklish situation that may be charged with international dynamite. Here possession is eleven tenths of the law. We have all the right, documents, etc., on our side, and intend to back them up with possession."

The Flag Still Flies

So today the American flag still flies over the mission property in Nanking, while three Jesuits of the California Province stand guard beneath it, determined that the medical dispensary they have established for the relief of the Chinese people will continue despite the military forces of the Wang government.

The California Jesuits were sent to Nanking in 1928 for the very exalted and necessary purpose of establishing an educational institute. Today, three of them are fighting for the privilege of running a dispensary in the same city, while many others in Shanghai and scattered through the Haichow district are feeding and binding up the wounds of refugees and defending themselves and their people from Japanese soldiers and Chinese guerillas.

This is what the war has done to the well thought out plan for the intellectual conquest of the Chinese capital. Leaving the shores of their

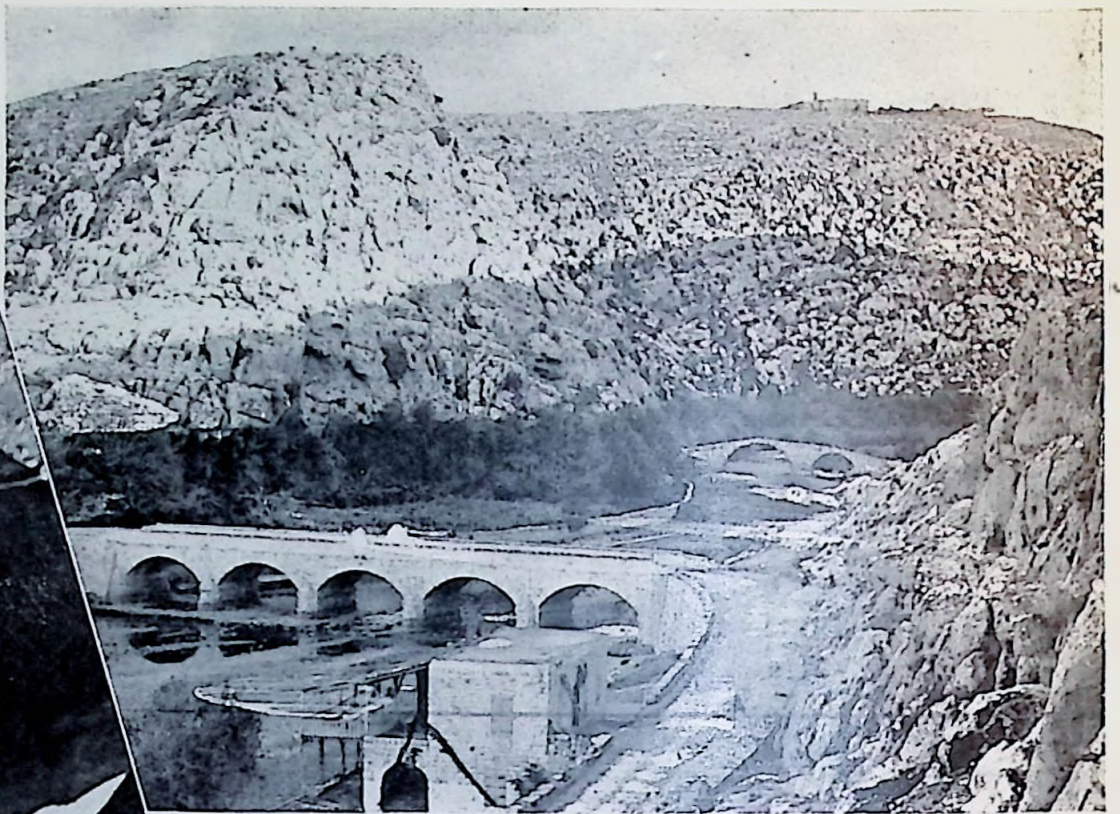
native California on a mission that was to be cultural, the greatest tribute we can pay to these especially trained men is that they accepted the blasting of their educational plans without a whimper and have plunged into the dangerous and bloody business of war relief with high enthusiasm.

And if they have not, except in Shanghai, accomplished wonders in education, they have endeared themselves to the suffering Chinese people and as they minister to them they still remember the bare foundations of their cultural institute in Nanking. They will, please God, return to it in a happier day.

Sher Singh, the Sikh

The Sikhs are a warrior tribe in northwestern India who glory in their military prowess. A riot was caused in Patna City last year when one of them and his wife decided to enter the Church. Patna City was a very unhealthy place for a Sikh to select for his conversion to Christianity because it is one of the holy places of these stalwart people. So for hours an angry mob of Sikhs stormed the Cathedral rectory, threatening Sher Singh with all kinds of dire things, but Sher Singh lived up to the reputation his race has for bravery under fire. "You can cut our throats, if you will, but you will not deter us from following Christ," he told the mob. Finally, the police arrived and took Sher Singh and his wife under protective custody. Father Sontag, who made the conversion, shook his head as he saw them go, fearing that not even a Sikh could withstand such pressure. But happily both of them have persevered in their faith.

CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.



The rocky hills outside Beirut where the Jesuit scientists, Fathers Ewing and Doherty, are working. (Left), An old man of the hills.

At the “Digging’s”

A FEW days ago some one asked me “What in my opinion was the most enjoyable spot I had visited in that long trek between New York and Baghdad?” Without the slightest hesitation I replied, “Antelias.” “And where, please God, is Antelias?” countered my interviewer. It was a fair question since this village will only appear on a map whose scale is an inch for every ten miles. Well, Antelias is a little village outside Beirut in Syria, huddled right up next to a generous curve of the Mediterranean which bears the name of St. George.

Here in Beirut, St. George is supposed to have slain his dragon and politely washed his hands after the heroic deed in a local well.

At the center of the town (where the telephone sign hangs) we take a sharp right and start to climb. We pass beyond the cluster of one-storied mud houses and find ourselves on a narrow dirt road. To misjudge a foot on either side would spell disaster. A foot to the left and we would butt into a cliff; a foot to the right and we catapult into a boulder-strewn gully, “deep-down” below. Ah, one needs the state of grace and a good eye in Lebanon.

A few hair-pin curves which bring the heart on an express trip to the mouth—and we are at the end of the road. All out! and we change for a goat path, upwards, of course.

AT last we come into a clearing. A one-storied shack, a tethered donkey, piles of dirt from the “digging’s” and this is the headquarters of two American Jesuit archeologists, Fathers Ewing and Doherty. These two Jesuits have made some magnificent “finds” here in the last several years. It would take a book to describe adequately their work but that is their task. And right here at “headquarters” I put an X to mark the most enjoyable spot between the Statue of Liberty and the Bay of St. George.

One night, Father Ewing, by means of an intricate system of pulleys was teasing the gas lamp into a central position. Over his shoulder he announced that he would be going up into the Lebanon hills on the morrow in search of skull specimens, and would two men of reasonable size like to join the party? He promised to include the Cedars of Lebanon for good measure. Well,

a skull hunt hardly seemed like a party but the Cedars of Lebanon—that was something now.

THE early morning found us at the foot of the goat path waiting for our driver Tanus. Tanus, like Samson, was distinguished for his tresses of hair. It was long and kinky, shooting out from his head like an Oriental halo or the first stages of a permanent wave. But the essential thing was he knew the curves and the width of the road and that means everything in Lebanon.

Our road is the ancient one that curves along the Mediterranean. Long before us on this same road have passed the armies of Phoenicia, Rome, Egypt, Greece and the hosts of the Crusaders. Aside from the historians we can see for ourselves by the inscriptions chiselled on the cliff-side by victorious armies, in Egyptian, Assyrian, Greek, Latin and modern French and English. In rapid succession we pass the remains of Roman bridges and roads, Crusader castles and numberless caves whose age God alone knows. And all the while, the Mediterra-



Fathers Shea and Sheehan of Baghdad on a visit to the "diggings" at Antelias.

Syria of American Jesuit Archeologists

George F. Hoyt, S.J.

nean follows along at our right, now deep blue, now bright green as it sweeps in over the shallow rocks. And one feels as if he is riding through the pages of a history book, suddenly restored to life.

A little while after passing the mysterious promontory called by the Greeks "The Face of God," we descend into the town of Tripoli. In true Oriental fashion the town has a name which means "Three Towns" though in reality the town is made up of two separate towns. The East simply refuses to be cramped into a syllogism or an equation. The Arabic coffee and peanuts are the only memories left to me of this town.

LEAVING Tripoli, we start nosing into the mountains in earnest. The dirt roads are hardly wide enough for a car and a donkey to pass. Like narrow shelves they wind

around the mountain sides until the summit is reached which is only the starting point for another winding climb to the next summit. Finally, we can see below us numberless peaks, brown, reddish and white in the sunlight. We make out on a summit of its own the palace of the Maronite Patriarch. We see the mountain sides checkered with toy-like steppes and terraces by which these hardy mountain-folks eke out an existence from the mountains themselves. Aside from these terraces we might easily imagine we were in our own picturesque Grand Canyon, and it is not hard to see why many claim this to be the most beautiful spot on earth.

All the while the mountain sides are becoming more barren and shrubless. There is a decided nip in the thin air, that makes you long for the snugness of an American overcoat. Indeed, if you go beyond

the Cedars into the further hills, you would find real winter weather and the air so thin that you would begin to gasp and flounder like a fish out of water. Still, such a trip has its rewards, according to two young Jesuit Scholastics, who found at the end of the trail some generous snow-drifts and what could be better than a snow fight in the middle of July?

CONVERSATION and cold limbs are soon both forgotten when we see ahead of us on the right the tip-top branches of the Cedars of Lebanon. They come on you in the midst of this mountain barrenness as suddenly as a Near East sunset. In no time at all you are at the feet of these grand old trees which were the joy of the builder, Solomon, and the theme of the songs of the Prophets. After paying a small fee which seems something like a pew rent, we leisurely wander in the hallowed atmosphere of the Cedars. Unconsciously, we begin to share the attitude of the peasants who regard it as a sin to cut any wood from these trees. Our Lord, we reflect, though most likely never here, knew these Cedars well and often read about them in the Holy Books. And so we walk along the narrow paths, keeping company with our own thoughts. We pick out the tallest of them and try to realize that they have easily passed their thousandth birthday. Near the most ancient of them on a little knoll stands a small Maronite chapel.

A few yards to the right is the giant cedar that bears the signature of Lamartine and his daughter. And here is a little scandal: Lamartine neither saw the Cedars nor wrote this inscription, for he arrived on a bitterly cold day and preferred to stay beside the warm fireside while he sent a villager to inscribe his name on the biggest cedar he could find. So a Maronite priest who lives nearby told me with an air of secrecy and disgust.

BEFORE we know it our time is up and we must leave these wonderful trees to their solitude and ancient memories. All the time I had been *(Turn to page 170)*

The Modern Sioux Scout

John Martin
Scott, S.J.



Modern descendants of the fierce Sioux Scouts of old have become Boy Scouts of America. Alois H. Sommer, S.J., is shown with a group of Scouts at Holy Rosary Mission.

SWARTHY warriors smothering signal fires with Indian robes; keen eyed braves searching the cactus-strewn stretches of the American Desert for red and blue Conestoga wagons creeping westward; feathered horsemen etched in black against the sunset;—such are the pictures that spring to mind when we think of Indian Scouts in the days when the Sioux were the most dreaded cavalry of the northern plains, and the thunder of their war drums echoed in the night.

But Dakota warriors no longer swoop down from the Black Hills shrieking shrill war cries, nor do experienced Sioux Scouts gather in solemn circle around the council fire and sing the scout song before leaving to locate the herds of shaggy buffalo in preparation for the chase. But the spirit of scouting still lives. For, believe-it-or-not, the modern descendants of these fierce Sioux warriors have become Boy Scouts of America!

LAST Summer, Alois H. Sommer, S.J., one of the new Scholastics of the Staff of Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, announced his plan for establishing a Scout Troop. It was the first time in the history of the Mission that such an attempt was set on foot. The idea caught fire. But enthusiasm was not enough. In the days of Sitting Bull young braves had to prove their mettle in the ordeal of the Sun Dance. Raw-hide ropes were inserted through slits cut in their breasts, and the candidates were suspended in the air until the flesh tore loose and they fell to the ground. Rain-In-The-Face thus hung from the *wakan* or holy tree for two days without uttering the slightest cry of pain. At last the Medicine Man ordered buffalo skulls tied to his feet, and with this additional weight he was able to break free.

Though the excruciating tests of Tatanka Yotanka

vanished with the tepee of Sitting Bull, some test was necessary to determine the calibre of those wishing to join the Boy Scouts. Thus the candidates for Scout Troop No. 36 underwent a moral examination, with the result that thirty-two were selected to prepare for the Tenderfoot Test.

No Oglala brave entering the sweat lodge in preparation for the test of his manhood ever undertook the task with more enthusiasm than these young Sioux went about conquering the Tenderfoot Requirements. Howard Bad Milk and Buster White Eyes might be seen almost any afternoon after dinner as they sat in the smoking room and interspersed fragrant clouds of Bull Durham with snatches of native Dakota and English, reviewing Scout Laws and giving the history of "Old Glory." Just before the nine o'clock class in the morning you might walk into the seventh and eighth grade classroom and find Harry Black Feather at work on Requirement No. 3 of the Tenderfoot Test. With the radiator serving as an anchor for his rope, he industriously wove the free end into sheepshanks, stevedores and bowlines, while behind him Robert White Cow Killer threw timber and half hitches around the stout steam pipe.

With the radiator serving as an anchor for his rope, he industriously wove the free end into sheepshanks, stevedores and bowlines, while behind him Robert White Cow Killer threw timber and half hitches around the stout steam pipe.

THOUGH official recognition came on October 15, the great day for which the Sioux were preparing was not until January 25, the date of the Official Installation. Despite the spine-chilling winds of one of the coldest winters ever to roar down from the fluted, granite prisms of *Mato Tipi*, Mr. Munger, Scout Executive of the Black Hills Area, autoed from Rapid City to Pine Ridge—a hundred miles of snow whipped highways and trailing reservation roads lost in the early night of winter. Since the Mission boys lacked the wherewithal to purchase uniforms, they did the next best thing and put on the best clothes they had which meant slipping into their best pair of overalls.

Standing at attention before the flickering light cast by the candles glowing in the huge plaque of the Scout Badge, the young Sioux thrilled as Mr. Munger briefly unrolled the list of possibilities Scouting held for them. The Tenderfoot Requirements passed, the Sioux stepped forth one by one and took the Scout Oath to keep themselves physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight. They were now Tenderfoot Scouts, the first Scouts of Holy Rosary Mission.

During National Boy Scout Week the Rosary Scouts celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of Scouting in fitting manner. Every morning they attended Mass and went to Holy Communion in a unit. As a mark of distinction, they wore the neckerchiefs which the Sister in charge of the clothesroom had made for (Turn to page 168)

The Works of Education in the Missions

The Mission Intention for June

IN the catalogue for the school year 1940-1941 of the Ateneo de Cagayan, a Catholic high school and college in the Philippine Islands, we read of the system of education there in vogue. This system, we are told, aims to develop the complete man—his intellectual, moral and physical powers. "This system selects such studies as equip a student to reach his full development; to lay a solid foundation for future careers in life. Special emphasis is placed on character and training for citizenship. In this training Religion plays an important role."

This is Catholic education, which seeks not to make mere pietists out of youth, but seeks rather to develop a youth which, while pious, will be none the less practical; a youth who will have a love for God and for country; a youth who as he becomes a worthy citizen of his fatherland, thereby will prepare himself to become a still more worthy citizen of Heaven itself. A citizen without a true belief in God, without a due respect for his fellow man and his rights, a citizen without a proper respect for himself as a subject of duly constituted government in the land which he calls his own is as anomalous as a citizen without a country.

In our own land we have seen the havoc to morals, to respect for law and order, to regard for property rights, to the permanency of the marriage state, to the stability of family life which has been wrought by driving and excluding God from our halls of learning. Those who hate God, and deny His very existence know full well, if their doctrines are to endure, that these doctrines must be inculcated in the minds and hearts of the young. If God is to be dethroned from the very world which He made all mention of Him must first be excluded from the class rooms where quite naturally knowledge of Him and His love would grow as does the tender plant in the nurturing warmth of the hot house. Little wonder then that God's enemies praise most highly the systems

of education which do not develop the *complete* man, which do not lay special stress on character training.

Here in America we have seen the challenge to God and our Faith and have met it in our parochial schools, high schools and colleges. But we must remember that our forefathers, though they had as strong a faith as we, had not the means to accomplish for Catholic education what we in a fairer day have accomplished. Our success may be traced to foundations laid on the sacrifices of friends in other countries and to the endless prayers that have been and are being offered that today's success might be what it is. As we bask in the sunshine of deeds accomplished, we can't forget that in other lands today there are pagan people, with forces at work amongst them to keep them pagan, and more, to make them bitterly anti-God and bitter in their hatred of God.

It is true that schools have been established in mission lands. Prayer schools, elementary, high and normal schools, as well as colleges and universities are struggling to develop complete men, who were formerly pagans or the children of pagans. But there are millions of souls yet to be won to a knowledge and love of God, and for them hundreds of other schools and colleges will have to be established and thereafter maintained. The missionaries themselves will be unable to provide for and to maintain such educational development, still less may they look to their neophytes for the necessary means. So we are asked to help by alms and prayer the works of education in mission countries as in days of yore our fathers' fathers and mothers' mothers were helped in their need, that in days to come mothers' sons and fathers' daughters may enjoy the fulness and freedom of Faith as do we today in these United States. This mission intention is especially appropriate for June, the month of the Sacred Heart, to Whom the hearts of the young the world over are ever so dear.

High school cadets from the Ateneo de Cagayan where the system of education aims to develop the complete man. Works of education throughout the mission world all have the same aim.



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

JAMAICA, B. W. I. *An Old Jamaican Custom*

Father Sydney J. Judah, S.J., tells of a traditional double Thanksgiving Day which is held at Savanna-la-Mar in Jamaica:

"Yesterday I had the second of my two annual 'Harvest Festivals.' The name and the main lines of the event are Protestant, Harvest Festival being a big day in the non-Catholic churches. However, as the idea is sound, and the Church has many beautiful blessings in the Ritual for every form of earthly fruit, I had no great difficulty in silencing a scruple against following in the footsteps of my predecessors.

"It is a rather beautiful ceremony. The remote preparation, which the poorest insist on, is the distribution, some weeks before, of collection envelopes. On the day itself, we find the church decorated with the fruit of the harvest,—canes reaching up to the roof, great lumpy roots of yam and casava hanging from the rafters, a large heap of everything, in a corner of the church or near the altar, to take care of what was brought but could not be used in the decorating. After Mass the priest blesses the gifts, which are sold in ordinary market fashion, the next day, outside the church. That is the ideal. Actually the ceremony brings 'strangers from afar,' Catholic and non-Catholic, and these often see something that catches their fancy, which they wish to buy on the spot. The priest has, therefore, more than once, to

make the welkin ring with pious exhortation and brusque command, to save the dignity of God's house. He has nothing to do with arrangements, and in my experience, at least, the honesty of the receivers is remarkable. There is, of course, plenty of buying on tick; so whilst most of the money comes in early, every now and then, during the course of the year, a dollar or so is handed to me 'for Harvest Festival, Father'; usually there is the assurance that more is to follow.

"Far from discouraging Harvest Festival, I think we could well make much more of it, for the Church is behind us with a host of ceremonies and blessings for such an occasion."

PATNA, INDIA *Treatise on Mud*

Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., writes a little dissertation on the noble usages of mud among the Santals in India:

"Mud is hardly connected with beauty, at least to our modern eyes, but there is dirty, muddy mud and nice, clean mud . . . the kind we used to make mud-pies out of when we were children. But look at the floor of our church. There used to be a sign

at the church door in our home parish saying: 'Scrape your shoes. Don't bring mud into the House of God!' That was quite a proper warning. But when people don't wear shoes and the floor itself is made of fine, hard clay, such signs are out of place. . . . Other signs in our parish church warned us against resting our heads against the newly painted or white-washed walls. But again there is no need of such a warning here for the walls themselves are nicely smoothed mud.

"We young servers used to find carpet-slippers in the sacristy to put on during Mass. And good Father Burke (Lord rest his soul!) was always warning us against scratching or damaging the marble (imitation) altar and steps. But here in Santaland a spot of moist earth judiciously pressed and smoothed over renews any temporary damage done to the altar. For it is an altar of mud.

Out of the Mud Age

"We would be the last persons in the world to imitate Judas and complain about 'expensive' churches and church fixtures. Nothing is too good for God.



Saying Mass in India on a mud altar like the one described by Father Edward Scott, S.J.

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

Here, we need no pews or Communion rail. Expensive carpets would be out of place on our mud floors. Heavy candelabra and crystal vases would be hardly in keeping with our altars of mud. But our plea is this: We are happy and so is Christ with the earth man was fashioned out of . . . but we would so like to be able to give Our Lord a bit better resting place. The Sacrificial Lamb of the Old Law was laid on a stone altar. Carved wood altars have had their day, which was beautiful. Can you help us pull ourselves out of the Mud Age? A nice portable Mass-kit with its altar-stone would do it."

Expansion at Shahabad

In a recent letter from Piru, Father Frank J. Welzmler, S.J., gives prospects for 1940:

"This year finds the work in Shahabad expanding, especially in the line of education. New central schools have opened at Arrah and Piru. There is a demand for more schools in the villages which hard times make impossible to meet. You see, we can't take collections from our poor people getting less than ten cents a day. Mission friends at home who realize the value of souls saved for Christ are our only refuge.

"The cool days make work pleasant. Not so the warm receptions which the missionary sometimes gets from irate landlords who don't want their high-handed doings interfered with.

"Father Bernard just gave a successful retreat to our twenty teachers and catechists. Their silence and earnestness bid fair for renewed zeal. These laymen deserve great credit for bearing the brunt of the opposition and the difficulties necessarily connected with the task of bringing the knowledge and spirit of Christ to the backward and down-trodden in the hard conditions of village life, which are pretty much alike in each village of Patna Mission."

IRAQ

Heterogeewhizz!

"I have just been making out a set of statistics on the present registration," writes Father J. Austin Devenny, S.J., Principal of Baghdad College, "to answer the questions of the Fathers who want them to write home. Thanks to the heroic labors of our predecessors, the school has gained a splendid reputation in the city and for that matter throughout the country, and our registration jumped this year. The statistics:

"Boarders, 23; Day Students, 119; Total: 142.

"Religious grouping: Chaldeans, 36; Syrians, 29; Latins, 19; Armenian Orthodox, 15; Moslem, 14; Jews, 13; Armenian Catholics, 6; Assyrians, 3; Protestants, 3; Greek Catholics, 2; Greek Orthodox, 2.

"There are, therefore, 115 Christians,—92 of whom are Catholics and 23 non-Catholics; and 27 non-Christians, i.e., Moslems and Jews."

ALASKA

My Day in Alaska

Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., gives a brief idea of his work at St. Michael's, Alaska:

"I remember well that I wrote you last from Chaneliak at the time of the epidemic. Since then I have been continually in a rush. All the private works I had expected to do during this winter have yet to be started. As conditions are now, I am afraid that I will not be able to touch them before Fall.

"Although I try hard to be in one of my houses for big feasts, I started the year on the trail. I could not make St. Michael on time. As our days are very short in January and it is hard for the people of St. Michael to come to church in the dark since many have to come from a good distance, I always make a point to spend that month in Stebbins where the people are living



Father Lalin, secular priest of British Honduras Mission, whose colorful career is related by Bishop Rice.

around the church. On my return from the South, I remained here only two days and went to Stebbins to start my winter work.

"Besides my daily instructions I had also this year to prepare my people for Confirmation and quite a few for First Communion. With the private instructions and matters to settle I was kept quite busy from morning till night. Some days I had a hard time to attend to my housework.

"It was Ash Wednesday when I came back here. St. Michael is not an easy place. The fact that I have no catechist to keep the people a little more together makes my work harder. No sooner had I attended to the most urgent cases than I started my instructions.

"Each morning for nearly two hours I was teaching and training two women to become catechists. Some days other women would come also, just to learn more. At 2:00 p.m., I would instruct the big people; at 4:00 the school children would have their catechetical instruction; at 7:00 p.m., those who cannot come dur-

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



Two Alaskan "mushers" on the trail. "Musher" Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J., and "Musher" John Aluska.

ing the day, men mostly, have their instruction.

"With such a program daily, besides all the other matters, my time is not by own."

Cramped Igloo

"We are still having pretty chilly weather up here on the tundra," writes Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., of St. Mary's Mission, Akulurak. "There is a bitter wind howling outside my window as I type these lines. It is only ten below zero, but with this wind it is almost impossible to keep the house warm.

"I was called out a few days ago to baptize a little baby living some forty miles from the Mission. I hurried out as these youngsters pass away pretty quickly—I have lost about fifteen of the little tots I baptized last Summer already. I said Mass at 5:30 and was on the trail at seven o'clock. A fog had rolled in from the sea and visibility was zero-zero. However, the dogs picked out the trail which I could not see and I arrived at my lone igloo at one o'clock. It was so narrow that I had to crawl in on all fours. The height of the place was only five feet in the center and three

feet on the sides. Space is at a premium up here on the tundra with wood hard to get. Some have to travel twelve and fifteen miles for green, scrubby willow branches."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Father Sialm's Death

John Martin Scott, S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, S.D., tells of the recent death of Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J.:

"A week ago yesterday, Father Sialm had First Holy Communion services at his Mission Chapel in Kyle, some sixty miles northeast of Holy Rosary. On his way to Rosary on Wednesday, his car got stuck in the mud. With characteristic energy, Father worked himself into a sweat trying to pull and dig the car out of the hole. That night he went to bed with a fever. Sunday morning at 7:30 he passed away. Yesterday, just one week from the time he had First Communion for his young Sioux, he was buried. His thirty-nine years on Rosary Mission fields had come to an end. A large crowd of Indians, Government Officials, and Whites, attended the final services. In the words of an old Sioux, 'Father Sialm, he bucked

many hard winters.' And so the veteran missionary of three states: Wyoming, Montana and South Dakota was laid to rest among the Oglalas for whom he had ridden forth into the face of many a blizzard."

Crisis at Xavier

Father C. L. Owens, S.J., of St. Xavier Crow Indian Mission, Montana, tells of the crisis at the Mission.

"We are housing 125 little Indian orphans here at St. Xavier Mission School, furnishing food, clothing, fuel and equipment for their comfort.

"A courageous little band of five Sisters of St. Francis from Oldenburg, Indiana, came to my rescue just five years ago. They have worked with their hearts and their hands to make a home for these poor, unfortunate Indians. What they have accomplished in this short time is beyond description. Every year there is an increase in Baptisms and Holy Communions, and a greater manifestation of faith.

"However, we cannot carry on without help. It would be a terrible disaster to abandon this work just as we are about to reap a harvest for the Lord. I must have help to support these little Redskins or turn them out on the Reservation, where they will fall into the hands of unscrupulous creatures who will rob them of their virtue and their faith."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Survey of Progress

Very Reverend John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Philippine Missions, makes a tour of inspection and has high praise for his lieutenants, past and present:

"I spent eight weeks visiting our Fathers in northern Mindanao. The whole visitation, according to all, was a grand success. The spirit of the men is magnificent and all are very contented and doing superb work. It is really unbelievable how

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

much the American Jesuit Missionaries have accomplished in the short space of thirteen years!

"As a Scholastic, I traveled along the entire coast of northern Mindanao before the advent of any of the American Fathers. At that time, the Spanish Fathers were carrying on a valiant fight to preserve the Faith under the most difficult and harrying conditions. They had little or no material resources. The spirit of cold indifference to Religion was most depressing. The Church, as it were, was in the catacombs. All the American Fathers have the highest respect and admiration for the splendid manner in which the Spanish Jesuits held the lines until more help arrived. The accomplishments of some of these old Spanish Jesuits are really astounding. Father Clement Risacher, S.J., for one, is always praising his Spanish predecessors in Balingasag.

"The conditions of travel today are about five thousand per cent better than the conditions under which the Spanish Jesuits worked. Today we can go from Cagayan to Gingoog in two days. When I passed along this coast as a Scholastic, it took us more than a week of very difficult traveling. But once there, the problem of return was a question of patient waiting,—sometimes for several days. Now we have parochial schools in practically every one of the towns where the American Jesuits have established themselves.

No Coasting at Eighty

"You will be interested in the following little incidents: Father Ramon Villa, S.J., eighty years of age, with long years of missionary work in Mindanao, I sent to Zamboanga to coast along and enjoy a little leisure. While recently passing through Zamboanga, the old man came to me and said that he must have more work; that a man cannot remain healthy and well unless he has

plenty of work to do and so I sent him to the Island of Basilan to help take care of two large towns which were without a priest. To help him I sent a younger man. 'Younger,' I say, because Father John Rebull, S.J., is *only* seventy-six years of age.

"Father Thomas Puig, S.J., in Mindanao more than a quarter of a century, was relieved from Davao when the Canadian missionaries came in to help us take care of this quickly growing town in Mindanao. At Zamboanga, Father Puig came in from his station to see me and plead for more work. Many a man of his age might be justified in complaining about the amount of work which he was actually doing; I have sent him to open a new section at Kabasalan. He has no house and the church is a miserable bit of a barn. Father Puig has gone there and will begin the erection of a little *convento* for himself and do something for the church. Father Puig is *only* sixty-nine. The amount of work he can do is really remarkable. Some young men cannot keep up the pace with him. He can make missionary trips away from his center of from twenty-five to thirty days, traveling in small launches, sleeping on *jute* and eating whatever and whenever it comes along.

Another Young Veteran

"Father James Valles, S.J., who is starting from absolute zero on a new section of Margosatubig, is sixty-five years old but his many years' work as Minister in Mindanao seem to have made him quite rugged, and now at sixty-five when most men are considering themselves old and entitled to talk about the great accomplishments of their youth, this man is now pioneering again in a new and uncultivated section."

BRITISH HONDURAS *South of the Border*

Returning from a trip into the

interior of British Honduras, Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., sends a few notes on his journey:

"The visit of the villages on the Mexican border was made in company with Father William Bennett, S.J., and Father Lalin. Father Bennett, as you know, is seventy-five years young, has spent forty-two years on the missions; all of them, with the exception of eight years as chaplain and pastor in Bombay, India, during the World War, have been spent in British Honduras. He is as vigorous today as the youngest of us, can (and does) ride a horse with the ease and grace of one born in the saddle. He will



Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J., whose death at Holy Rosary Mission, after thirty-nine strenuous and devoted years among the Indians, is described by John Martin Scott, S.J.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

be celebrating, this July, his Golden Jubilee in the Society.

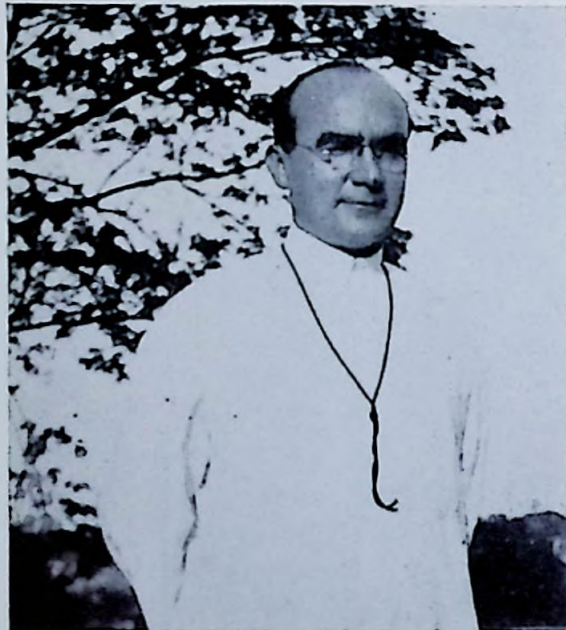
"Father Lalin, is one of the two secular priests the Colony is proud of. Twenty-five years ago this good priest crossed over from Yucatan and has been hovering on the Mexican frontier ever since. In 1910, when the Madero revolution broke out, Father Lalin was in Merida. The Maderista coup failed and many of the leading citizens of the city found themselves in prison. Many of these were innocent, and these Father Lalin determined to save. Knowing full well the danger he was running into, he braved the whole army and guards and made his way to the office of the Commandant and asked for an interview. The surprised General granted it to him, and the priest so impressed him by his pleading that the lives of the innocent victims were spared. But the three or four leaders were condemned to death. Father Lalin also obtained permission to visit these, which he did often and finally brought them all back to the Church, reconciled them and did not leave them till the last *coup de grace* was administered by members of the firing squad. Though Father considered this only part of the day's work, the papers of the day (I saw the clippings) were loud in their praise of the bravery and charity of the Padre who had risked his life to bring the consolation of religion to the revolutionists.

That was Gratitude!

"Four years later, times had changed. A law was introduced expelling all foreign priests from the country, and Father Lalin, a Spaniard, was forced to take the road to exile. He came to British Honduras where Bishop Hopkins received him kindly and assigned to him the northern district, as his field of labor. By a strange coincidence, the Minister who signed the decree of banishment was the same man who, shortly

before being named Minister, was fleeing from an enraged mob thirsting for his blood. For eight days, Father Lalin hid him in his house, and saved his life!

"Now Father has four or five villages along the River Hondo, which separates British Honduras from Mexico. His residence at San Roman is a very



Very Reverend John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the largest Jesuit Mission—the Philippines, who recently completed a visitation of the Mission and reports great progress.

simple frame structure and the church was built thirty-three years ago by Father Louis Newell, S.J., (who three years ago celebrated his Golden Jubilee in the Society). Father is not accustomed to receiving many guests and his store of silverware and tableware was not quite adequate to stand the strain of the three of us. But the neighbors kindly came to the rescue and we managed to get along very well with what we had. I won't say a word about the solid mahogany beds, the rope springs and the straw mattresses, nor of Father's hammock. Though the days were warm, the nights were very cool, and I was fortunate indeed that I had brought along a blanket. I could not discover that Father owned two blankets. Father Bennett used his heavy *poncho*.

Snake Doctor

"One of the things that endears Father Lalin to the people is his knowledge of the local medicinal herbs. In these he is an expert. Knowing the Maya language thoroughly he has been able to acquire in the course of the years a wealth of very valuable information which now stands him in good stead. The ancient Mayas had a remedy for almost every ill, some fantastic no doubt, but many of them very practical, and Father, who studied medicine before becoming a priest, has used them to excellent advantage. Besides healing the ordinary ills, Father is known all over as a snake-doctor. What particular herbs he uses for this I cannot remember. He gave me some Maya word which I have forgotten, but he says it is something that has been handed down from generation to generation.

"We have quite a variety of snakes here, a good number of which are particularly venomous. The boa-constrictor (though not venomous) is still found in unsettled regions, but the most dreaded of all is the tommy-goff. His bite is sure death. And he is very impudent about it too! For he won't stir from the trail if he sees (or hears) you coming. Most snakes will seem glad enough to slide away if you shake a stick at them. But the tommy-goff is not one of them. He just waits and the only way to pass is to shoot him or beat him to death. I met a land-agent the other morning out in the bush who told me he had just shot two of them. His horse suddenly snorted and stopped. There in front was the tommy-goff waiting. The only way to get by was to shoot, and the six-shooter, which the agent always carries, came in very handy.

"I haven't said a word about August Pine Ridge, or San Felipe and San Lazaro, Guinea Grass and Douglas, but I hope that I shall find time soon to give you a few words about my Mayas."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Mushing Wins!

To the Editor:

Your letter stating that you were publishing mine in JESUIT MISSIONS for the consolation of the missionaries quite took me by surprise.

However, if you are publishing the same, I'm sure it would warm the hearts of the Alaskan missionaries to know that the dog sled won first place in our competition of prayer to see which method of transportation would get us into the country fastest, and enable us to plant the cross there. The total number of prayers for Alaska was as follows: Masses—214; Holy Communions—143; Visits—3,149; Rosaries—217; Ejaculations—109,700.

Sister Miriam Dolores.

Honolulu, T. H.

Hail! St. Francis Xavier

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find a Money Order for five dollars for the JESUIT MISSIONS for favors received.

My grandson, nineteen years of age, a student at St. Francis Xavier's School, lost his mind on January 1st, 1939. His mother, brothers and myself made the Novena of Grace in St. Francis Xavier Church. I asked to have a Mass said for my grandson that God would restore his reason if it was His Holy Will. Thanks be to God, Our Blessed Lady and St. Francis Xavier, the boy got better. The change came on the third day of the Novena and on March 12th he was entirely well.

What a miracle! The doctors were puzzled. It is almost a year ago and the boy is home and in the best of health.
Name Withheld.

To the Editor:

Does it pay to help God's missions? First of all let me tell you that for the past eleven years I have been under the doctor's care for a heart condition, during which time I took medicine daily.

Although I have been deeply interested in the work that our American Jesuits have been doing in Patna, India, and have helped all during the years they have been there, I had never prayed to India's great saint, St. Francis Xavier.

In 1936 Jesuits invaded our smoke to conduct, for the first time, the Novena of Grace. I derived so much spiritual happiness from the Novena that I promised St. Francis Xavier that I would make this Novena every year.

During 1936 I had fewer heart attacks. Each year after making the Novena my heart seemed stronger. On March 4th of this year when I started the Novena I was convinced that St. Francis Xavier was going to cure me. For the first time in eleven years I stopped (without my doctor's knowledge) taking the medicine.

The eighth day of the Novena a condition arose which took me to the doctor, who informed me I would have to be operated upon immediately. The following day—the ninth day—this was confirmed by a surgeon who told me I would have to enter the hospital the following day. I then told the surgeon of the Novena I was making to cure my heart, when, to my utter amazement, he said: "This operation will cure your heart; I do not think you will ever have another attack." My operation was a very serious one and kept me in the hospital over four weeks.

My own doctor was not of the opinion that the operation would cure my heart, and ordered me to take the heart medicine after my operation. After trying unsuccessfully to take the medicine my surgeon stopped it.

I said my family doctor did not feel as the others did about my operation, but he evidently had a change of mind, for he stopped in the hospital on April 10th, and said "From now on I do not want you to take any heart medicine." He knew I had not been taking it in the hospital, or during my Novena. I was going home the following day, and he was stopping the medicine completely. It is now April 21st and I haven't had any medicine since March 3rd (the first time in eleven years) and I know St. Francis Xavier has cured me!

Perhaps in Heaven he saw how I tried to help his Jesuits to convert pagan India, by sending them alms and praying for them. The reward is much bigger than anything I have ever done for Patna, the mission so dear to my heart.

I couldn't write this letter and not tell the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS that the day following my operation a Patna Jesuit, now in the U. S., started a Novena for my complete recovery.

CAMP DE SMET A Western Camp for Catholic Boys

On the Sioux Reservations of South Dakota Offers your boy a summer of thrilling adventure in the Old West. A Horse for Every Boy. 1000 miles of camping trips. Eight weeks—\$225. JESUIT STAFF. For catalogue address: Director. De Smet, Carroll Hall, St. Mary's, Kansas.

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The Pittsburgh Patnaite,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Rising From Ruins

Albert O'Hara, S.J.

THERE are many more advantages in being sent to a place than in just "going places." For this reason I was well pleased that ordination brought me the potentiality of being sent. Since the war at Shanghai, there were many places that I would like to have visited to see how much our Missions suffered and to what extent they were reviving. However, I had no intention of risking my life or at least my American dignity to satisfy my curiosity when the long-awaited and prepared-for ordination to the priesthood was just around the corner of the next few months.

Then came ordination and with it the possibility of being sent to say Mass and administer the sacraments in these little mission centers and I did not need to worry about either my life or my dignity for Superiors and my Guardian Angel would do all the worrying.

In the afternoon of the eve of the Feast of the Assumption, I returned to Zi-ka-wei from a Summer spent in territory occupied by the Japanese. As I entered the International Concession, I heaved a big sigh of relief at the last inspection of baggage, pass, and cholera certificate and felt like joyfully heaving pass, cholera certificate, and the rest of the red tape into the Whangpoo, when I found that I was to be sent that same afternoon back into the occupied territory of Yangtsepoo. The good Pastor of Our Lady of Peace Church out there had been praying and phoning and phoning and praying that the Superior could find him a priest to send that evening to aid with extra Christians on the morrow's feast. Right in the midst of all this phoning and praying, I walked unsuspectingly into the Superior's room to announce my return. Then and there I was sent.

THE church had been in the war zone, but Our Lady of Peace must have decided that she could not let people say that the church had been misnamed, for when the local war rolled over and on up toward Nanking, the church had only a few broken bricks and shattered windows to complain about. Even the surrounding buildings and houses seemed to have been hidden under the protecting mantle of Our Lady of Peace, for after my bus ride through the burned and blasted debris of Honkew, I was surprised to alight in an almost unharmed Chinese business district. The usual small business of the street was bustling about unafraid and the big business was tentatively sniffing the air from half open doorways to scent the approach of danger.

Next morning, a week-day morning, much to my surprise, some five hundred or more Christians attended Mass while many confessed and received Holy Communion. Certainly this mission center was almost back to its pre-war conditions if not to its pre-war freedom of development.

I was just peacefully settling down at Zi-ka-wei when I was sent once more. This time I was to go to Ts'i Pao, a mission center to the southwest of Shanghai and in a section that bore the brunt of the second stage of the



"I boarded one of the innumerable small boats that bob precariously up and down on the Whangpoo river's edge."

war and is still constantly in danger of guerrilla warfare. Good Father Loiseau, S.J., had worked hard and built well there. I remembered with pleasure the nice church in which our theologians' choir had sung for the Feast of the Little Flower about two years before the war.

WHEN the war came, the faithful Pastor stayed with his flock; when a bomb came through the roof, he was kneeling in prayer with some of his Christians before the Blessed Sacrament and they were physically unharmed; when death came a few weeks later it was due to the shock and worries that followed the destruction of his church. He followed closely in the footsteps of the Good Shepherd. Priests who visited the village while it was occupied by the Japanese could find but a handful of people to attend Mass. The moment the Japanese left the village, eight hundred Christians hurried in for Mass and the consolation of the sacraments in their troubles and dangers.

My winding ricksha ride followed boat-studded canals and led me through a guerrilla infested land but the guerrilla bands seemed to know that I was sent and bothered me not in the least. Father Tsiang, S.J., the Chinese Pastor of Ts'i Pao, gave me a rousing welcome for he was glad to have a helper for his Sunday crowd.

Yes, Sunday crowd is right, for we both heard confessions for the greater part of the morning and when I was about to start my Mass, the women's side of the church had scarcely any standing room left and the men's side was at least three quarters filled.

I could not help remarking how bright and glorious the statue of the Immaculate Conception stood out over the altar. And later on I had time to examine how the new roof had been woven into the remnants of the old and could see where new brick and plaster joined up with what had been left after the bombing. Truly, Father Loiseau must smile down from Heaven as he sees his mission center springing up from its ruins into a flourishing Christianity.

Next came the Feasts of All Saints and All Souls and once more I was sent. In many Christian districts several churches are cared for by one missionary but on important feast days all available priests are sent from Shanghai to try and supply Masses for all these extra churches. All Saints, and especially All Souls Day, (for the dead are especially dear to the hearts of Chinese Christians) are numbered among the above mentioned feast days.

THIS time I went East to Pootung. I boarded one of the innumerable small boats that bob so precariously up and down on the Whangpoo river's edge and along with some workmen ferried across. Our humble passage aided us to avoid much of the red tape entanglements that one meets with from sentries and the like. A fifteen-minute ricksha ride took us through a war-scarred countryside to the central church of Tsangkalou.



What the war did to the church of Tsangkalou. Father O'Hara reports that it is now almost completely restored.

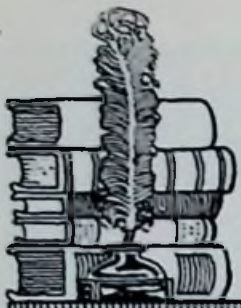
Here a once thriving mission center was striving to throw off its wartime jitters and piece together the jigsaw puzzle that bombs had made of church and mission buildings. Judging from pictures of its wartime ruins, the church now looked as one risen from the dead. The body of the church had been restored but it wore its steeple at a jaunty angle. The steeple itself was a patchwork of boarding and metal. Inside, huge sections of unplastered lathing in the ceiling gave testimony of what had happened there. However, the elementary boys' and girls' school were humming away with the chant of children memorizing their lessons aloud. The Chinese Pastor told me that he expected a church full of Christians for the next two feast days.

MY destination was Fu Ka, one of the nicest churches in the Shanghai Mission. It could well be used as a model for a painting of "The Little Church Around the Corner." Closer inspection showed that repairs had already been made, for a shell had been centered quite accurately through the tower to make sure that no signaller was hidden away there. Another shell had carried away a good bit of the roof but that, too, had been carefully repaired by the devoted Christians. I was kept busy with some four to five hundred Christians the next two days for confessions, Mass and Communions.

The good people thought that the American priest might find their country fare a little too rough for him and so a trip of one of the villagers to the big city produced bread and butter and of all things a real Sunkist orange. I felt like a real tenderfoot. However, I was greatly pleased with the devotedness and number of my Christians, especially since I knew that Mass was being said at another church just ten minutes walk distant and yet they had a good attendance, too. Surely, I thought, the war has not dampened these people's Faith.

Nearly every section through which the war has passed experienced a great increase in the number of catechumens, in interest and friendliness toward the Catholic Church, and what is espe- (Turn to page 168)

Father O'Hara with two Chinese friends.



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FATHER'S ON THE TRAIL AGAIN

(Continued from page 145)

my sled, dug out some of the boxes that had drifted over, and hooked up my team. The next thing: where is the village? The weather was still not clear enough to see very far, though it was better. As the direction of the village had to be a guess, I made my guess and started northeast, strictly following my compass as the day before. Thanks be to God, I guessed well, and in about an hour another little experience was behind me. The folks knew I was near because the man I had followed got in late the preceding evening and spread the report that I was coming. When I did not show up they hung out lights and walked around the village with them so as to give me a beacon to make for. But with the weather as it was I could not have seen a light over about 100 yards. Nothing but a good leader could have brought me in for the night, and just at present I can't call my leader a really good one. But all's well that ends well. I had the bell rung and in no time the church was full, as it was for every service I held at Kaialuvik during the five days I remained there.

Due to circumstances the chapel had not been used for about one year. (It is a fine new building about 18 x 30 feet). The people gathered for their prayers in the kazga. In the meantime the frost had gathered in the stove pipes of the chapel, and during milder spells the frost turned into water and ran down the pipes to the floor or the top of the stove, with the result that before we could use the stoves we had to do away with a two inch coat of ice that covered the tops of the stoves, and the floor around them. The ash can too was full of solid ice and the cook stove was just about a lump of ice. But I had lots of willing helpers and before long we had cracked up and removed all the ice and had a roaring fire going.

I might add here that Kaialuvik has a real fuel problem. One cannot get within several miles of the village with anything larger than a small row boat; so it is hard to bring in fuel from elsewhere. And there is no driftwood on that part of the coast. The natives drive back towards the mountains to get brush or small willows for their stoves. But it is an all-day job to get a sled load of wood that will last an average family about two or three days. After thawing out my stoves in the chapel I made fire in them only on two occasions for about two hours in the five days I spent there.

The day after my arrival at Kaialuvik was Saturday, and the whole village enjoyed the luxury of going to confession. Those who had not yet learned enough to go soon knew how, so that Sunday morning practically the entire village except the very small children, were able to appear at the Holy Table. The rest received more instruction, and by the time I was ready to leave the village all

had at least made their first confession, and most of the people received Holy Communion at my last Mass before returning home.

Before admitting some of the old uncles to the Sacraments I asked whether they had broken with their old superstitions. They were almost offended by the question. "Yageyunrertukut, we don't do superstitious things any longer. The last medicine-man was edged out of the village several years ago."

Before Mass on Sunday morning I blessed about three gallons of holy water in a five gallon coal oil can. All had brought their bottles to be filled after Mass. When it came to the Asperges I was stuck. No sprinkler, no decent container. For lack of anything better I picked up the five gallon can and with all the dignity possible walked down the center of the chapel splashing holy water on the good folks with my hand which I dipped into the can as required. Some that were nearer were blessed thoroughly.

OLD JANE OF SPANISH TOWN

(Continued from page 148)

Sacrament, I made my first mistake. How was I to know that Jane knew enough about the Sacrament she was receiving? I asked a few question as any one in my position would. I was reassured and left her making a devout thanksgiving.

The second time I went there was a bit more interesting impression, still. I was much more at ease after thirty days. Jane made the mistake of calling me "Parson" or "Canon." I don't rightly remember which. But that is nearly always a bad sign. Who christened Jane? She'll tell you Father Dupont. "Where were you christened, Jane?" "At the French church." (Father Dupont, there is a statue to you at the Parade in Kingston. It tells all generations to come of the great work you performed for God, the Church and souls. It tells of the high esteem in which men of all creeds honored you. But, Father Dupont, that statue doesn't mean half as much to me as to hear old Jane in her high nasal tone mention your hallowed name.)

The third time stopped my doubts once and for all. Jane might have been baptized at the French church. Certainly she was a Catholic. But she was nearing the century now and might have forgotten all she knew about the Blessed Sacrament. She might have had a full meal of whatever it was she used to eat. She might have forgotten entirely about the law of fasting. It was late, too, very late. First Friday devotions had been long at Spanish Town and the car was late. Will she be fasting? "Jane, were you waiting for me?" "Why wouldn't I be, Fader, since you bring the Lord to me." No more questions after that. Jane may receive any time she chooses.

It would be my pride and glory if about sixty years from now some other

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missionary should come along, ask who had baptized a person and hear the answer, "Our little Father at St. Joseph's in 1940."

AT THE "DIGGINGS" IN SYRIA (Continued from page 155)

there, that familiar Introit of the Missal seemed to hum in my head like a new melody sometimes does: "The just shall flourish like the palm tree: he shall grow up like the Cedar of Libanus." And now as I turned away from them I began to see the reason why God picks these cedars from all the beauties of earth to represent His Saints. Did not Our Lord

compare the evil man to the grass, green today, withered tomorrow? But look at the majestic height, the full branches, the gnarled old trunks of these Cedars; they have resisted the ravages of ambitious emperors from Solomon to Napoleon. What could better illustrate the sublimity, the generosity, the perseverance of God's Saints than the Cedars of Lebanon?

There is no time to tell of our stop in Kforsghob (best pronounced by a quick clearing of the throat followed by a shallow gargle) where the whole village turned out to welcome and entertain us—nor of creeping down the mountains by the dim light of blue headlights (black-out laws)—nor of the flat tire which almost pitched us into the Mediterranean—nor of feeling our way by matchlight over the goat path to headquarters. The day's adventure at last was over but never to be forgotten.

THE MODERN SIOUX SCOUT (Continued from page 156)

them. In the morning before class was held a special outdoor manifestation of loyalty to the Flag. Lined up before the mast the Scouts stood at attention and saluted while the blue and crimson and white unfolded on the morning breeze.

The Great White Father in Washington, the "Honorary President" of Scouting, would have smiled in appreciation could he have heard the Pledge of Allegiance, heart-warming and sincere, rising as from one throat. Here, within the shadows of the walls of Red Cloud Hall, the first and original Americans spoke forth their loyalty to the Stars and Stripes. Joining in spirit their fellow Scouts throughout the length and breadth of the land, the children of the prairie could sing with patriotic literalness the words from Irving Berlin's popular song hit, "—From the mountains to the prairie, to the oceans white with foam, God bless America, my home, sweet home."

RISING FROM RUINS (Continued from page 165)

cially welcome, a movement among the educated and city class of people toward the Church.

It is interesting to note in Shuyang where Fathers Charles Simons, S.J., and Mark Falvey, S.J., have been working, that there are about two thousand catechumens preparing for Baptism which is more than the number of Christians in any single mission center in the Haichow district. The Church that cared for its flock in time of trouble and threw open its doors to all in danger, is beginning to reap the reward. It may be hoped that the infant Church of China that has toddled successfully through the really difficult paths of this present war, may start to stride forward with swift sure steps towards a buoyant youth.

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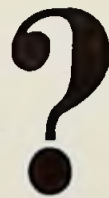
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