

Lesuit Missions

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I CANADIAN D I A N S



Palisaded log house, Martyrs' Shrine, near Midland, Ontario, a relic of the days when Indians were savages.

Even in this modern twentieth century the mention of Indians conjures up thoughts of scalplings and wholesale massacres. Too few of us realize that the days of savagery have passed and that our American Indians today are a civilized people thanks to the christianizing influence of the missionaries.

But the task of converting the Indians is by no means done, and the Jesuit missionaries working among the Indians of Canada stand in need of all the help we can give them. Indian children must be housed, clothed and fed. Their parents must be instructed for conversion, or that they may persevere in the practice of their faith.

All of this calls for money. And when the missionary must add his own meagre needs to the needs of his flock, a flat pocketbook isn't of much help. In his need he turns to the Procurator for the Indian missions of the Jesuits of Upper Canada. His purse strings have been pulled too, and so he issues his plea to friends who *are* friends,—to our subscribers.

Your gift for the Jesuit missionaries of Upper Canada will be deeply appreciated whatever it be. Please send it to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to

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Just mark your gift—FOR CANADIAN INDIANS!

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS J. DOWD, S.J. in *Our Neighbors are Buddhist Monks* explores some of the mysteries of pagan monasticism. Mr. Dowd is a Scholastic of the California Province's China Mission.



Charles J. Fox, S.J.

South of the Rio Grande in the Tarahumara Mountains the Mexican Jesuits have a very difficult Indian Mission. A. M. ZARRAGAU, S.J., (*Tohuisados for the Cliff-Dwellers*) describes the progress they are making.

A *Potlatch at Akulurak* could have no more competent narrator than Akulurak's Pastor, FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., from whose pen have come many deft descriptions of Eskimo life.

THEODORE E. DAIGLER, S.J. (*History Was Made at Gingoog*) is on the Faculty of the Ateneo de Cagayan, Philippine Islands.

In *Elephant Grandstand*, CHARLES J. FOX, S.J., Scholastic of the Patna Mission, gives us another of his not-too-serious descriptions of missionary adventures in India.

The Mission of British Honduras celebrated this year the Golden Jubilee of two of its veteran missionaries. GEORGE R. TORUNO, S.J., tells something about each of these *Belize Jubilarians*.

Well known to our readers is FATHER J. EDWARD HAGGERTY, S.J., newly appointed Rector of the Ateneo de Cagayan. In "*Little Father on the Mountain*" he tells of the great missionary labors of Father Frederick J. Henfling, S.J.



Theodore Daigler, S.J.

A tornado which did considerable damage at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota, inspired ROBERT M. DEMEYER, S.J., to make some interesting observations on the South Dakota weather in *Wind Over St. Francis*. Mr. Demeyer recently used the "Schaefer method" to revive a boy of the Mission who had been under the water for several minutes.

Port Henderson in Jamaica where FATHER FREDERICK J. OWENS, S.J., was formerly stationed, was once a rendezvous for the bloody pirates of the Spanish Main. But today its *Pirates' Roost No More* according to Father Owens.

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COVER—War hideously scarred the background of this picture, but somehow or other the decidedly first-class richsha that one of China's million marathon runners pulled into focus, has come through unscathed. Much more important, however, are the contents of this 1940 air-conditioned, oriental, shiftless "buggy." Look at the cover again. Shrewd, Steady and Sage are these three Shanghai scholars—future greats of new China, the pride of Gonzaga College in Shanghai, and the hope of the California Jesuits who are training them to be shrewd of mind and will, steady in Christian character and sage with the wisdom of Christ and His saints.

EDITORIALS

FOR THE DEFENSE

A RECENT editorial in *The Saturday Evening Post* urging defense of our nation and way of life, contains this statement: "Congress has voted . . . in a few weeks extraordinary appropriations rising to ten billions of dollars. We are not interested in the sums. We shall have to spend a great deal more than ten billions to create a power of defense equal to the power of aggression. . . . Then we may be sure that the principle of free institutions as a basis of modern civilization shall have . . . a time yet to live in this world."

This editorial expressed eloquently the conviction of average Americans that democracy, a temporal form of government, is so grand a thing that billions of dollars *extra*, for its defense, are billions well spent.

Most of us living in this safe and free country, endorse this conviction. We have an enthusiasm for democracy that makes sacrifice a privilege. We once went to war and spent thousands of young lives and billions of dollars to bring democracy "to all nations."

But while Catholics yield to no one in their patriotism and in their willingness to sacrifice themselves for their country, they know that governments and ways of life are temporal, and that there is a higher "way of life" and a grander Kingdom than any of the nations of this world: the Kingdom of Christ.

This Kingdom is divine and supernatural but its institutions and works here on earth need material support far below the billions we are taxed for the defense and propagation of a human ideal.

Recent figures released by the Finance Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce should give Catholics occasion for reflection.

Protestant remittances to foreign religious and benevolent effort totaled more than \$600,000,000 from 1919 to 1939. Gifts of Jewish groups were \$149,000,000, while during the same period Catholic contributions aggregated only \$90,000,000. Recently, the Catholic population of this country increased by more than a million and a quarter to a total of 19,914,937, and their contribution to the foreign missions was placed at \$2,400,000 for the year 1939. Thus, according to the calculations of this Bureau, approximately one Catholic in ten contributed a dollar a year to the foreign missions.

There is no doubt whatever about the constant and munificent generosity of American Catholics to their Church. Across the vast expanse of this country they

have erected and maintain cathedrals, churches, universities, colleges, parish schools, hospitals, orphanages and religious institutions of all kinds to the greater glory of God and the benefit of the Faithful. Towers bearing the Cross rise wherever Catholics dwell, from coast to coast.

But the time has come in the cycle of the Church's history when we American Catholics must take over the principal burden of the foreign missions which has been borne so long by the older nations of Europe.

If these figures prove anything they indicate only that the generosity of American Catholics has not been awakened to their new responsibility. The foreign mission idea is comparatively new to us. Until recently all our efforts were needed to establish the Church in our own country. That task has now been accomplished and God is calling on us to take up the task of carrying His ideas and ideals to other lands, for there is no one else who can do it.

When we are fully aware of this new call on our generosity for the defense of Christ's way of life throughout the world, future statistics will tell a different story.

THE POPE AND THE NATIONS

THESE days of war and hatred and seething national passions make the position of the Vicar of Christ a crucifixion. He is the Father of all the Faithful, under whatever flag they live. He cannot favor one side or the other for he is responsible for the welfare of the Church everywhere.

The Church has seen empires and kingdoms and democracies and dictatorships come and go and she will outlast them all. But in the meantime, as nation stands against nation and Catholics of different races nurture hatred against each other, what a lonely, heartrending task it must be to represent the Prince of Peace in a mad world where there is no peace.

Catholics are caught up in the heat and panic of contemporary political upheavals but the timeless Church and the one who sits in the Chair of Peter can have no politics. He must stand alone, speaking the words of Christ to all but deaf ears, protesting, pleading, praying; misunderstood and misinterpreted, even as Christ was by Jew and Samaritan in conflicts now long dead.

Whatever our political sympathies let us be sure to support with our prayers him whose symbol is neither swastika, lion or lilies, but the Cross of Christ.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Our Neighbors Are Buddhist Monks

Louis J. Dowd, S.J.

The Abbot of the Monastery greeted us with formal Chinese courtesy.

IN the city of Peiping towards the northern wall, is a small lake called "Hou Hai." On either side, not far inland, two monasteries are situated,—monasteries of quite different nature and belief. In the one on the eastern bank dwell Buddhist monks, while on the western, dwell Jesuits,—to wit, our school of Chinese studies.

In the quiet early dawn, while we are making our morning meditation, one can hear the monks singing their wailing songs to Buddha. What a strange and sort of bewildering feeling comes to one's soul, as he kneels and prays to the God he knows, the one God, who will not have strange gods before Him. Here is this chorus of voices, two hundred and more, praying it would seem, with all the fervor of their souls, surely with all the vigor of their throats, to the fat plaster statue of elderly mien. Surely we must pray with greater fervor than they, and one wonders as he kneels, why his heart takes so for granted the unfathomable blessing of the True Light.

Paganism brings to the heart of the Catholic missionary a sick and saddened feeling, at the sight of millions in such utter darkness; and the question comes, why was I born in the Faith, and one might say, unable to avoid the Light; while here are millions, who will live and

die in utter ignorance of Its reality. "I give to whom I will give," says the God of Hosts. There is no other answer.

But my purpose today is not a sermon, but a visit to the other side of the lake to see what is going on in this large Buddhist community.

THE gate man brought us to the central courtyard, one of the many courts in this extensive maze of ancient temple buildings. Muffled drumming and rhythmical prayers could be faintly heard from a distant corner. Incense filled the air, and a mysterious sort of fear of the unknown came over my fellow Jesuits and myself.

Our wait was not long, and soon the Abbot of the monastery approached in measured step, and greeted us with formal Chinese courtesy. He was a picture indeed in his black draped gown of many folds, and sleeves that seemed likely to reach the ground. We explained in our own simple way our desire to see the temples and something of the Buddhist life, and to our joy, he said: "We will show you all, beginning with our living quarters."

There are many Buddhist idols in the monastery, some of them of great antiquity.

We entered a large hall, where one huge brick bed stretched itself along three sides of the room. Side by side hereon sleep eighty monks, each with scarcely enough space to roll over. There was a thin cloth mattress that would be rolled down at night, and each had his blanket and sawdust pillow. This was a picture, indeed, of the old monks of the desert, and a feeling of shame came into our hearts as we thought of our more or less comfortable beds at home. In China, though, this is the ordinary way of putting up for the night, and from my experience with this tranquil people, they are to be envied rather than compassionated during these dark hours of repose.

Next to the refectory. Old



Mother Hubbard's cupboard if ever we saw one. Thin boards for tables, and thin benches to sit on. On the table were thin chopsticks and a thin sort of mush-bowl at every place. We were told that a coarse brown bread and beancurd formed the substance of the average meal, with a change from time to time to cornmeal mush. Fifteen minutes was the limited time allotted to this lowly necessity of man, and Buddhist passages were read during the meal. This seemed to us like a stiff reducing diet; but from the looks of the monks, things were not so bad as they might first appear to the spoilt American.

AFTER showing us many small and rather unimpressive prayer rooms, we finally came to the vestibule of the grand central building of the monastery, the Temple of Evening Prayer. The monks were praying to the beating of the drum, and at various intervals, a great gong was struck. We were wondering whether we could be admitted at this solemn hour. To our joy, we were led within.

One could scarcely breathe for the incense; and dim, oil lamps were the only light afforded. Here was a sight, indeed. Monks, monks, two hundred strong, were praying aloud in unison, and with such speed, that one marveled at their glibness of tongue. There we stood in awe, and I felt that I was actually trembling before Buddha and his faithful followers. Then the great gong was struck, and all fell prostrate on the ground, kotowing before their great master. We alone were left standing, and it is hard to give the impression felt at this moment. The Abbot accompanying us also bowed low, and then the moaning prayers ceased, and all was dead silence, save for the sounds of a flickering lamp, and the distant noise of vehicles in the street. A mighty tyrant indeed is this Buddha, and his slaves, prostrate before him, are myriad.

AT this juncture the Abbot called us into the vestibule again, and explained in a soft voice the meaning of some of these doings. He told us of the "Shou chieh" that

was to take place on the next day. Three hundred novices from all the many monasteries in and about Peiping (there are said to be ten thousand monks and two thousand monasteries in Peiping alone) are to gather together here to receive a three-fold brand on the shoulder, that will distinguish them forever as servants of Buddha. Many are mere children, some not more than fourteen or fifteen, and they must not utter a sound as the burning square of incense eats its way, with terrible persistence and agonizing slowness, deep into their flesh. Many silent tears are shed, and the body twitches in torment; but a faithful follower of Buddha, must not cry out.

The Abbot then showed us his three scars on the top of his head, and they looked like angry burns to this very day. The old custom of burning the head was changed, and now, as we said, the brand is had on the shoulders or on the arm. The monastery we learned, was only six hundred years old, and all but a few of the smaller statues were original.

At this point my curiosity got the best of me, and I braved the question: "Reverend Abbot, where do you get all these numerous vocations to Buddhism?" His answer was surprisingly humble and straightforward, and to this day I don't know whether he realized how detrimental to himself it was.

THEY come from three causes he began. The first and by far the most frequent cause is "sickness." A boy is seriously sick, offers his life to Buddha if he will cure him. Also many parents vow away their children to Buddha if he will cure some sickness or other, either of themselves or of their babies. The second cause is, "Trouble in the world." A man is wanted for some serious offense of the law. He comes to the monastery and by this fact is freed from his civil obligation. It seems the State figures: All right, you watch him. Reason number three (turn to page 251)

(Bottom) Tin foil money and paper prayers are burned in urns like this placed in front of the idols. (Top) Not a statue of a well-known dictator but a Buddhist idol.



Tohuisados for

A. M. Zarragau, S.J.



Two little Indian boys from the mountains, asking for admission into one of the Tohuisados.

SLOWLY the years go by, marking achievements for Christ in the Tarahumara Mountains in Mexico, three hundred miles south of the Rio Grande. The work there among the Indians is entrusted to a handful of Mexican Jesuits who are making the best of an all but impossible situation. No lark this mountain campaigning for Christ. Deep snow in Winter, hot days in Summer, and the fact that one lives far away from contact with civilized people make this sort of life hard and thorny.

Poverty, sometimes even misery, beset the missionary in his struggle for the necessities of life. Frequently he has to travel on horseback or afoot, sometimes for weeks, through rugged mountains and near dangerous precipices, for the rude and primitive Indians are still unwilling to live in towns. These troglodytes still think caves the best dwelling places. The time spent in trying to get any reasonable promise from them is just so much time lost. They forget such obligations from one day to the next. Then, too, they hold to the notion that they are the columns of the sky, and if they should be baptized, the world would fall asunder.

IN such circumstances what could best be done? Catholic missionaries can hardly be content if their whole activity is limited to bringing spiritual assistance to those who ask for it in their last illness. Therefore, the missionaries of Tarahumara developed this idea of the "Tohuisados." "Tohui" means boy in the Indian language, *Tohuisado* means school for boys, *Tchuccado* means school for girls. In these schools for boys run by the Jesuits, and for girls run by the Nuns, a new generation one hun-

dred per cent Christian should, we believe, be formed.

With not a little labor it was possible for the Padres to secure children for these centers and to give them shelter and substantial meals. Actual care of such youngsters proved to the Indians that children would be well taken care of under the Padre's *adobe*. For their part the missionaries knew that children who live in an atmosphere of Christian love and are trained from the beginning to piety and industry grow up to be the equals of civilized children. Years of missionary experience clearly demonstrate this.

The grown-up Indians were not forgotten by the missionary Fathers; care is still taken of them—such is the practice of missionaries the world round—but special attention is given to the children and youths. The Padres hope that the mere example of their Christian lives will leaven the mass of the tribe.



THE children when they are brought in by the missionaries are rude, shy and mistrustful. They have on nothing but their traditional "zapeta" (small cotton cloth worn in place of shorts). Their long hair, gathered in a white kerchief, is infested with vermin from the jungle. Their faces, void of expression, reveal misery and degradation of spirit. Their weak shoulders seem to carry a hereditary burden of vice and pain. Little wonder that one does not succeed in stealing from them a word, a smile or even a look.

Wait for twelve or fifteen years. Constant efforts and patient solicitude, bordering at times on heroism, will be bestowed on them. At first it is hard to keep them, for occasionally they

A Tarahumara Indian brave and his son, both Catholics.

the Cliff-dwellers

And when you learn what "Tohuisados" are, you will agree that they are the only solution to the big problem of the Jesuits among the Tarahumaras.

try to run away to their savage life in the forest; but this homing instinct does not last forever. They will become educated as others have been. And then would you recognize them? Dressed like the average young man, able to read and write, they engage in a trade: carpentry, shoemaking, tanning, farming and are able to make their way in life anywhere. They aspire to better their condition as well as that of their brethren. In fact, they are new men, definitely won for Christ, apostles among their tribesmen.

The Tarahumara Indian speaks only his native language, but those young men also speak correct Spanish and know the Latin used in serving Mass. Sometimes I have seen them, pencil in hand, making their plans for the future. In spite of the natural apathy of their race, industry becomes a habit with them, so much so that they will turn out at an early hour to get to their work. Some of them cause us to smile when they flounder a bit in the use of elegant idioms.

Under the good influence of a similar slow and careful education, little girls are trained by the Sisters until the time of their marriage. Thus provision is made for new homes where Christ may rule in all hearts and whence a new and promising generation of Christians may arise.

HAPPILY what has been told here is not mere theory. Back in 1926, by dint of enormous sacrifices, fifty "Tohuises" (little Indian boys) were gathered. Carefully watched over they were growing up in the love of Our Lord and in devotion to the sweet Virgin of Tepeyac Hill, Our Lady of Guadalupe. Their native rusticity was giving way to courtesy and good manners. But just at this crucial juncture the hurricane of religious persecution swooped down on them and they were scattered to the four winds. A small number were saved, however, and finishing their training, were able to marry and establish homes of their own. Little by little they came together and now form a small, model Christian colony in one of the principal stations of the Mission.

To come to present conditions. The two *Tohuisado*



The Indians of the Tarahumara Mountains have a proud and somewhat noble bearing.

buildings were confiscated by the government, which now uses them along with two more, in a belated and misguided attempt to provide for the Tarahumaras. Two hundred boys are housed in the four buildings—fifty in each—and educated in Communism, without regard for the sinister results that are sure to follow. As a result, the work of missionaries who aim to save this poor people from that disaster must be concealed.

LET the difficulty of poverty be added and it becomes clear why only two *Tohuisados* with a dozen boys in each can be run. One of those was opened recently, hardly six months ago, while a third is in mind. Tourists may see a dilapidated little house among the pine trees not very far from the small town of Creel, Chihuahua. It is the "*Tohuisado* of the Sacred Heart of Jesus." There is need of almost everything. If you step in you will not find fine furniture, rugs, electric lights, or running water. A hard bed, a table, and two benches in ill repair form all the furniture. Nevertheless, there is happiness, for in a small poor room, the least dilapidated of all, there is a small white tabernacle over a white altar and there abides Jesus, the (Turn to page 251)

"Potlatch" at Akulurak

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

THIS is a lean year in Alaska. Few foxes have been caught. Mink were quite plentiful before Christmas, but at that time most of the people were in bed with the measles, physically unable to visit their traps. Since that time it has been too cold for the mink to wander forth from their holes. With food scarce and no prospect of fur, one would wonder why a *potlatch* would be in order. For a *potlatch* means not only a giving but also a receiving. A mutual benefit takes place. At all events the psychological reaction on the minds of the people who had been long ailing would have a happy result. Be this as it may, one of the Akulurak villagers wished to celebrate the prowess of his eldest son during the muskrat season. A *potlatch* there must be.

PERHAPS it might be well to give a correct understanding of a *potlatch*—*Ka-ze-ek*. In the old days before the traders had settled in Alaska a *potlatch* was a time when two different tribes or villages came together in the style of a good old-fashioned country fair. Bartering as such was strictly forbidden. The atmosphere was that of a feast day—giving and receiving presents. There was no medium of exchange. The coastal Eskimos brought their catch of seal, *laftak*, *muk-luk*, with containers of seal and whale oil. The natives of the interior reciprocated with moose, bear, beaver, wolf and wolverine skins.

It was a very happy and useful exchange. All these articles are essential for both peoples in this cold country. Whites sometimes are inclined to think that a *potlatch* simply means a promiscuous giving and feasting with consequent impoverishment. This may sometimes happen but it is a degeneration from the old-time *potlatch* and shows a lack of proper management in the respective chiefs.

Let us now examine more in detail the method of procedure, for every *potlatch* has a time-honored ritual which must be strictly adhered to. First of all, messengers must be sent to the village in question, inviting them to the feast. An intimation also is given at this time of the presents that would be acceptable. The interchange of presents is always made in the name of the children or the community. The little daughter or son of the giver of the *potlatch* would be very happy to receive faun skins for his or her parka, wolverine for the hood, etc. The *kazim* is badly in need of a bear skin for the entrance or a gas light. The Eskimo worship their children and if one is to win their affections, it is through the bambino—*mikkilinek*.

After the messengers have made the announcement of



Father O'Connor takes some of Akulurak's tots for a spin in his dog sled.

a *potlatch*, the long rehearsal of song and dance takes place. Almost every night at sundown, the people repair to the *kazim* to repeat various songs until every note harmonizes rhythmically with the beat of drum and the movement of the dance. During the rehearsal, old men sit by, carving out fantastic masks. The chief of the village and the master of the feast sit at the ends of a semi-circle facing each other. The singers are arranged in between. The women and children are scattered here and there on the raised tier on the sides of the *kazim*.

The dance itself always takes place at full moon. As the time draws near the excitement increases. Women hurry to finish little presents of needlework. The men give double duty to their nets under the ice so that plenty of fish will be on hand. Young men gather plenty of wood. The guests must be treated hospitably to avoid the dreaded reproach of stinginess.

FINALLY, the eve of the *potlatch* arrived. Fresh messengers were again sent to tell the people of Alaranak that all was in readiness. From Alaranak, seventeen teams departed in solemn procession. Half way they met more messengers—small presents like tobacco were interchanged. Just before reaching Akulurak, but yet in sight of the village more messengers ran out to welcome them. The burden of these foot messengers was that Akulurak had no bread or fish (meaning that they had plenty) but to come anyway—they were most welcome to their humble village. Finally, all the visiting teams raced into the village and were met at the nearest house by all the men and led into the different houses for a sip of tea.

Then began a time of feasting, small gossip and good cheer. This lasted until sundown. The home villagers betook themselves *en masse* to the *kazim*. The visitors afterwards entered the *kazim* singly or in twos—each bearing presents which were deposited in the center of the *kazim*. Each present was the signal for a resounding song of gratitude. When all the presents had been piled high in the *kazim* and all com- (Turn to page 251)

History Was Made in Tangub

Theodore E. Daigler, S.J.

ONE of the outstanding events in the Philippine Mission annals of this year has been the visit of His Excellency, Right Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan, to the mountain *barrios* around Tangub. For years, no Bishop had been able to visit those inaccessible villages, but at the first opportunity, Bishop Hayes set out on an unknown adventure. All unsuspecting, he approached Tangub. Word of his coming had preceded him. From village to village the news flew; back along the mountain roads and forest trails, long lines of villagers hurried until, at his arrival, the church was filled to overflowing for Mass and the sermon in their native tongue, Visayan, preached by the Bishop.

Later that same morning His Excellency preached again in Visayan to explain the importance of the Sacrament of Confirmation and then he began to confirm the children and the infants. It is an old custom in the Philippines, approved by Rome, and introduced by the Spanish missionaries, to confirm children at the time of Baptism or shortly thereafter. You may imagine the jostling and cramming as hundreds of babies and parents and sponsors waiting for their turn crowd into the church. The doors are closed behind them to prevent exit until the final blessing is given to all. Here then they must stand or sit or squat for hours in the stifling church, for the season called *cuaresima* is very hot there; and wait they do, with a patience that is almost miraculous. That first Sunday morning there were eight hundred Confirmations. The next day nine hundred came to greet the Bishop and to keep him occupied.

THIS impressive number of Confirmations, seventeen hundred in one parish church, was enough to gladden the heart of Bishop Hayes and he was inclined to think that after that there would be few babes unconfirmed in the surrounding *barrios*, but he did not realize how far away many of them lived and how their poverty prevented them from coming to see him at Tangub.

On Tuesday His Excellency left Tangub in search of his scattered flock. In the very first *barrio* of Baga, eight hundred and fifty tiny faces felt the touch of the Bishop's hand as he gently struck them to signify that they were to be stalwart Christians and soldiers of Jesus Christ. From 9:30 in the morning until 1:30 in the afternoon, the babies cried and the sacred words of the Bishop resounded in the church of God.



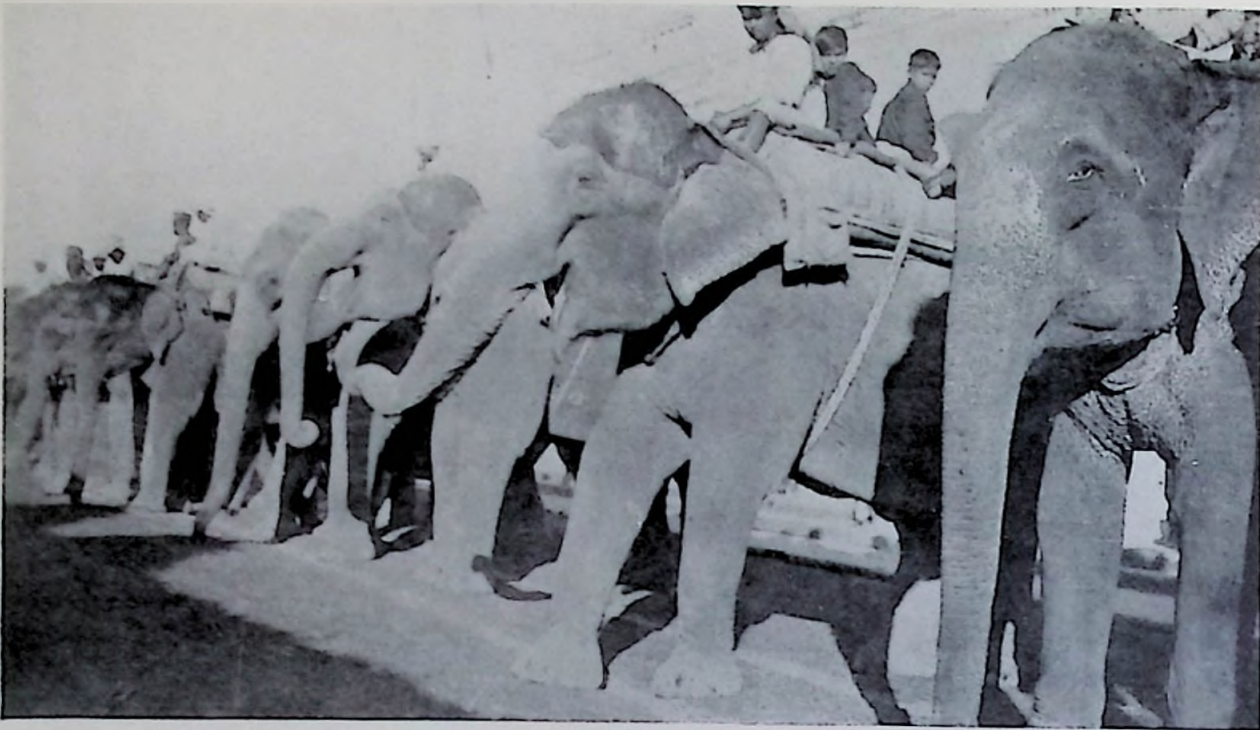
Large crowds turned out everywhere to greet Bishop Hayes. He is shown here being welcomed at one of the *barrios*.

After dinner and a little rest, His Excellency continued to Pangabuan. There a scene awaited him such as few bishops have been privileged to witness. Great crowds of men, women and children had congregated. Old-timers said that never in the history of the place had so many people gathered together nor had they ever seen so much joy in the hearts of the people. They blocked the highway and filled the lanes; and as His Excellency worked his way through the mass of humanity up the long wide way to the church under the arches erected to honor him, hundreds came forward to kiss his ring and receive his blessing.

MOST of these people had come from afar off, and had been waiting since the morning. Now it was nearing five o'clock in the afternoon. How they squeezed and jammed into that small church! The eight priests, who had accompanied the Bishop, preserved order, standing at the exits and entrances. The policemen of the town were afraid to exercise their authority over that wearied-with-waiting, unruly crowd.

Bishop Hayes preached and began to confirm—1, 2, 3, 100, 200, 500, 1,000, 1,300. His hands were so tired he could hardly lift them. The priests thought of St. Francis Xavier baptizing so many that his hand had to be supported to pour the water. The hour was late. Finally, a little before ten o'clock that night the Bishop had confirmed all and given the last blessing. At eleven o'clock, His Excellency ate supper. His children had worn him out, but he was happy. (Turn to page 251)

Elephant



In Bettiah you can just park your elephant on the side lines and watch the game from a box seat on top.

“HELLO! CHELLO!” said our mahaut driver from his seat astride the “narrow” neck of our hired elephant.

“Giddi-yap, Giddi-yap,” we gasped from our precarious seats on either side the back of the same.

“Come on, Hathin, don’t be rambunctious and play with us like this. This business of having your front legs up and your hind ones down may be a nice posture for you elephant young ladies, but, my dear, I don’t relish hanging half in the air like this on your back.” (This from Father Edward Scott, S.J.)

“I don’t like it so much myself,” moaned Mr. Joseph Martin, S.J., while making sure he did not lose his hold on Hathin’s burlap saddle blanket.

“Say, mahaut,” I put in, “can’t you do something about this? What if she turns a back flip and lands on top of us?”

“Come on, mahaut,” added Mr. Joseph O’Brien, S.J., “get moving. We haven’t got much time.”

“Mahaut,” suggested Mr. Francis Xavier, S.J., “perhaps we had better proceed.”

To all these instructions from the back seat—a back seat, which, if I recall correctly, was terrifically sloping, mahaut answered with a constant dumb shake of his head, “*Acha, achha, chalenge. Acha, achha, hm chalenge.*” (“O.K., O.K., we shall go.”) Finally, his leg wriggling and wiggling together with a few not quite gentle pokes on the back of Hathin’s head with his spiked iron “giddi-yap” bar caused the prima donna of the Bettiah Estate elephant herd to bestir herself. Nonchalantly, she straightened out her rear legs, one by one, and, *Deo Gratias*, we were again level with the ground.

THUS began our elephant ride to the Bettiah *Mela*. A *mela* in India, you see, is something like the American county or state fair. People come from the entire countryside from miles around to swap bullocks and water-buffaloes, to buy seed, to show off new clothing and have a good time. In Bettiah, the *mela* is a post-monsoon one. After the rains are over, and when the people can come out of their straw and mud houses, without getting soaked, they naturally tend to get together with their neighbors. They discuss how many

big leaks they had in the roof, how many of the family had malaria again, what difficulty they had in planting the rice and what are the prospects for a good harvest. In thanksgiving for the rains and in supplication for a good crop, they do *puja* to their gods.

Bright merchants know that this time offers a good opportunity to sell their wares. Consequently, large groups of them crowd into Bettiah and its environs where the people gather, and more people gather where the merchants set up their shops. Cattle dealers also bring in their ponies and horses, cows, bullocks and buffaloes, and goats, etc., and trade with the farmers.

A GREAT holiday spirit prevails. Amusement areas open up and trick bicycle riders and “intelligent” monkeys perform for the crowds. Traveling companies put on plays and two-tailed buffaloes and five-legged goats and other freak animals are put on display. Really, it is just like the World’s Fair!

But the most interesting thing of all is the crowd itself. The people themselves provide a most worthwhile study. The different types and castes provide an almost unending picture—the men with their white turbans and red fezzes and white “Congress” caps, with their *dhoties* and pajamas and *lungis*. Outstanding though are the brilliantly hued *saris* of the women. They are of many colors and are all the more attractive by reason of the fact that for the most of the year their ordinary garb is of plain white, which actually soon turns into dark gray under the dust of country and town.

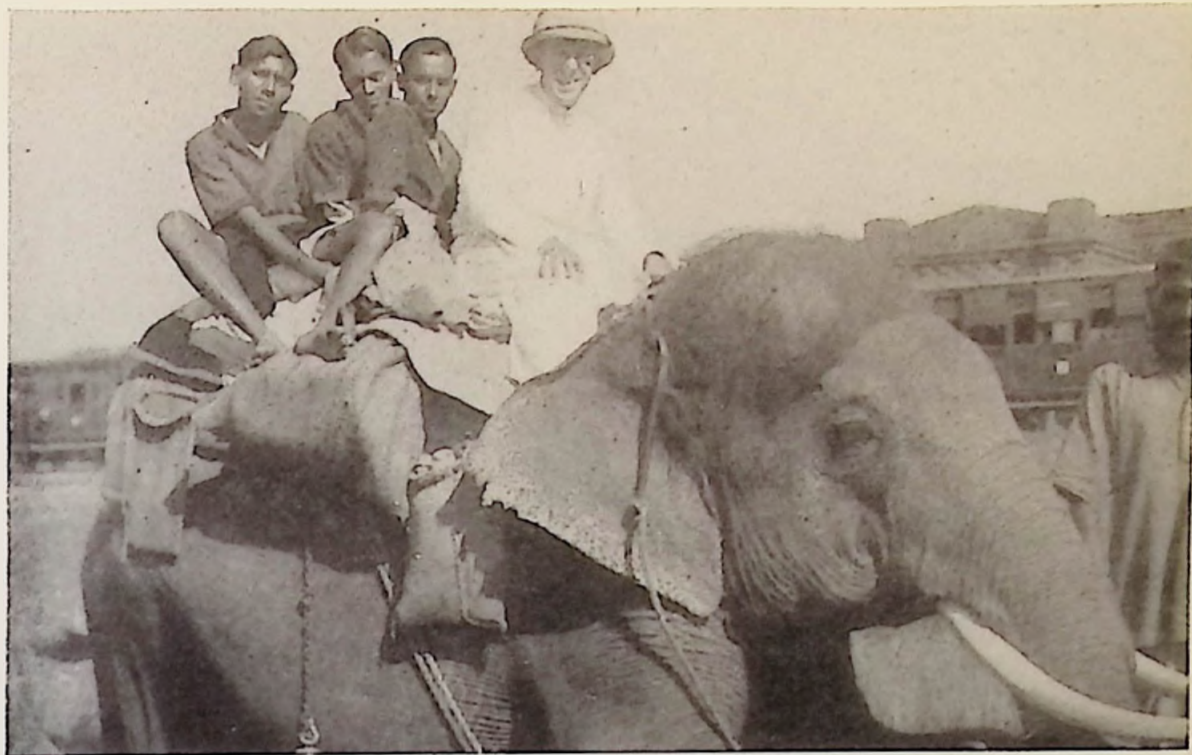
Now this Bettiah *Mela* began while we were making our retreat at Khrist Raja. We could hear the drums beating and the noise of the crowds even at the High School. I tell you we were really quite curious about the whole affair. So, as soon as we ended our retreat, Mr. Martin rushed into see the different shops and stands and animals and besides—most important for this story—arranged with the Bettiah Raj Office for an elephant on which we might tour the *mela*. Sure enough, one bright Thursday afternoon, accompanied by two attendants, Hathin marched up the Khrist Raja driveway.

After some little delay Mr. Martin got his party to-

Grandstand

Charles J. Fox, S.J.

Father Edward H. Niesen, S.J., takes some Khrist Raja High School boys for a tour of the town on an elephant rubber-neck wagon.



gether and we prepared to mount. We were Father Edward Scott, S.J., Messrs. Martin, O'Brien, Francis Xavier and myself. Hathin was not a very big elephant as elephants go, but to mount her, even though she got down on her belly, we had to use an eight-foot ladder. When all of us had climbed aboard, we settled ourselves on the burlap saddle blanket, wrapped one arm round the long wooden plank running the length of the elephant's back, and waited for the take-off. Hathin's motor took a long time in getting warmed up evidently, for we did not take off immediately.

AFTER some minutes of teasing—and maybe a promise of some candy and peanuts,—the mahaut managed to get her to uncurl her front knees and rise on her front legs. As we felt the movement of her big bones beneath us, one of the group said, "Fine, the train is going to move now. Hold on tight."

Instinctively, we clutched the wooden beam behind us and whatever else we could lay our hands on. And it was a mighty good thing we did too, for the next second we were in a semi-perpendicular state.

So we were off. Down Khrist Raja's front road we thumped-thumped-thumped. Through a cane field, across big gutters, along the best streets of outer Bettiah; then cross country through an open field to an *amba gichha*, or mango orchard, where *bile*, an oxen, with big and little humps and big and little horns, and horses, from the smallest little Indian pony, a little bigger than a calf, to Arabian steeds, and goats and fowls and so on and so forth, were being bought and sold.

From our elevated positions we viewed everything very clearly. Indeed it was interesting to see the reaction of the various cattle when they caught the scent of the elephant. Most of them became very alarmed and pulled with great excitement at their tethers, while others, sometimes the very smallest ones, looked up very calmly at Hathin and at us as if we were the show and not they. They seemed to be right. At least most of the Indians seemed to be of their mind too. Five "white-robes" seated upon an elephant, riding through a *mela*—what a curiosity we must have been! Imagine what a riot would ensue should the like appear on Park Ave-

nue or State Street and you have the correct picture.

AS we swung into the main "drag" of the town, the crowd became thicker and thicker and for a time we wondered whether or not we would have to turn back. But we managed to pick our way through, rather, you might say, we managed to "barge" our way through. Slowly we went forward, feasting our eyes on the *mitai* or Indian candy, displayed in front of the shops. I think that more than once Lady Hathin felt quite tempted to sweep down her trunk and scoop up the contents of a pan or two. No doubt, the mahaut, too, feared she might misbehave in front of so much company, and he had his sharp crow bar ready all the time. Happily, however, without any accidents we got to the *maidan*, or public park, still another center of the *mela*. There all the shops of your World's Fair were duplicated—at least they provided the same source of attraction to Indians as the World's Fair of New York provided for Americans. We moved between the tents here and there and everywhere. More than once we surprised individuals and out of some fellows we nearly scared the "daylights" when we came upon them unawares and they suddenly caught sight of the elephant bearing down upon them. From their point of view, of course, the situation was certainly far from comical, but we could hardly contain our amusement, as one can imagine just how funny the situations were.

At length, late in the afternoon, feeling rather tired and dirty, we instructed the mahaut to turn towards home. All during our ride the air was full of dust, stirred up by the bare feet of thousands of people. Bettiah's streets, much less the country roads, are not paved. So, when we arrived again at Khrist Raja, one can be sure we were quite ready for some soap and water.

We did not wait for any ladder by which to descend, but one by one, we slid down Hathin's tail. Not by accident Mr. Martin was the last down. Then, after he landed and was blinking his eyes, wondering whether the whole adventure was all really and truly over, we scooted into the house.

"Let Mr. Martin pay the taxi bill," we said. "After all, it was his party, was it not?"

Belize Jubilarians

George R. Toruno, S.J.

THE Missouri and Chicago Provinces of the Society of Jesus commemorated this year an event that was almost unique in their histories. Fifty years ago in 1890, sixteen young men came to the Novitiate at Florissant to start their Jesuit careers, and of those sixteen men, fourteen celebrated this year their Golden Jubilee. The other two have already gone to their reward.

The Belize Mission feels happy and proud to be able to partake in this general rejoicing of the two Provinces, since two of the fourteen jubilarians are here in our midst. Both of them are men who, with St. Paul, "have fought a good fight, and have kept the faith." And this last deed, to have kept the faith, constitutes the greatest glory of a man, as one of the jubilarians told me some time ago.

FATHER Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J., has spent in British Honduras all his priestly life, and his life's work has been devoted for the most part to one of the "big" towns in British Honduras, Corozal. There he labored incessantly for his flock either as a resident pastor of the Spanish people in the town itself or as a traveling missionary, visiting the stations of the Corozal District. From the long years spent in this part of the Colony he has developed a real love for the place and its people, and, according to him, there is no place in the whole of British Honduras that can come up to Corozal.

Though his labors at Corozal were important, arduous, and lengthy, yet his very best efforts were put forward in behalf of the old St. John's College and the entire Mission of British Honduras during his



Father William Bennett, S.J.

term of office as President of the College and Superior of the Mission.

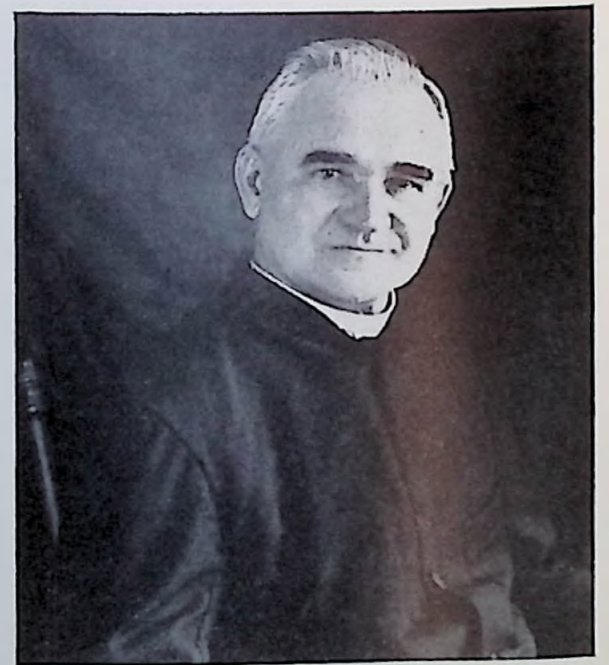
WHILE President of the College, he worked not only for the increase of the student body, both boarders and day scholars, but also for the fine spirit of cheerfulness and happiness which animated the old St. John's. It was during his term that he had to face the tremendous difficulties brought to the Colony and College by the Yellow Fever in 1921, a catastrophe second in the amount of suffering it caused only to the hurricane and tidal wave of 1931. In his opinion that was the most hazardous circumstance of his whole life, and we can fully appreciate it when we recall that the student body of those days was made up of students from Belize and from every Central American Republic—the latter boarding at the College. At the end of the pestilence, the self-sacrificing efforts of the President and his Jesuit Community were well rewarded: no student perished, although many suffered from that awful disease.

During his term as Superior the

tragic death of the saintly Bishop Hopkins took place, and it was left to Father Kammerer to take charge of the Vicariate for about one year and to introduce the late Bishop Joseph A. Murphy, S.J., to his newly appointed tasks as Vicar Apostolic.

The busy and active days of President and Superior were followed by more quiet ones as pastor of the church in Benque Viejo until he was transferred once again in 1931 to his beloved Corozal. For the past two years he has had the tedious work of Procurator of the Vicariate and College as well as manager of all the schools of the Colony.

FATHER William Bennett, S.J., has dedicated his entire career as a Jesuit, outside of the years spent in his priestly training, to the cause of the missions. This dedication took an active form when back in 1898, he came to Belize as one of



Father Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J.

the pioneering Scholastics to teach at the College. He had the good fortune of being a fellow-teacher of Father William A. Stanton, S.J., who at the time was also a teaching Scholastic. Like Father Stanton, Father Bennett also went to Spain for his Tertianship and returned to the Colony when that year was completed.

In 1905, we find him back again in British Honduras, and for the next ten years his labors were performed in the Cayo District. There he spent a life, common to most missionaries, "hid- (Turn to page 252)

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

Life Lines

The chief problem of a mission headquarters is to keep communication lines intact. There must be no break in the lines between the missions around the world and the New York editorial office and through this office to our subscribers. In normal times there is not much difficulty in managing the two-way service between the office and the missions. The mail always comes through. Ships head out of port bearing men, supplies and correspondence.

But in troublesome times you notice a difference at once. Mail is late in arriving; visitors fewer. And yet, through these past troublesome months, resourcefulness has enabled us to carry on.

Crossroads

Missionaries going to and coming from mission posts have continued to keep us informed. There was Father Edward J. Wasil, S.J., a Staff member who called here to say a cheery Good-bye, and by now is in the Philippines; Father Valdes, S.J., on his way back to Spain from Peru; Father Perez, S.J., Spanish missionary on his way back to China; Father Gladstone Wilson, who has returned to Jamaica; Mr. Francis X. Clark, S.J., straight from Zamboanga, P.I., returning to Woodstock College for Theology; Father Joseph Ford, S.J., back from twenty-four years as a pioneer of the Jamaican Missions; Father Timothy Bouscaren, S.J., a distinguished refugee from Rome at war; Mr. Edward Wiatrak, S.J., a former missionary among the Indians in Wyoming; and last, but most

welcome of all, a new member of the Staff family, Father John J. O'Farrell, S.J., of the California Province, who came 9,600 miles to us straight from China where he has lived these past seven years.

Baghdad Blockade

The only hitch occurred in connection with Baghdad College. Two men were unable to come home and three new men unable to leave the United States for Baghdad. One of the three, Father James P. Shea, S.J., has been preparing to go to Baghdad ever since 1930. This Summer at last he was assigned to go, only to have a war break out delaying his departure for still another year.

At times, extraordinary resourcefulness was demanded and no sooner needed than provided. United States ships had to be re-routed around the tip of Africa to India. Spain played an extraordinary role throughout. Because of her neutrality, thousands of refugees, including many of our Fathers, were able to escape war-torn Europe. Spain was their only outlet. Amateur radio services were pressed into service and relayed our messages from the Philippines.

Please! No Boats . . .

One amusing cablegram arrived not long ago. Instead of reading: "Will send by boat . . ." it simply stated: "Will buy boat." Merely a cablegraphic error, not the first step to JESUIT MISSIONS bankruptcy.

In Twenty Years

Although figures recently released

would indicate that Protestants have given far more generously than Catholics to the foreign missions, during the last twenty years, the discrepancy is due in large measure to great individual benefactions.

Our way is so much harder—the small donations must be multiplied so many times, distributed so carefully and spent so sparingly. How much good these small donations have done, we shall never know in this life. Go back through the past issues of JESUIT MISSIONS and see the chapels, hospitals, schools, vestments, given and maintained by the cooperative donations of our good people.

To You, a Bow . . .

In its own way JESUIT MISSIONS is the product of many little things, of letters and visits, of Staff discussions, of friendly cooperation between the members of the Office Staff, of work done by them here even after the day is over, of the generosity of diocesan priests, who allow us to preach in their churches for the magazine, of the assistance given by Jesuits who preach for us in other parts of the country and, perhaps as much as all of these, your friendliness, your donations, your constantly renewed subscriptions. Last month I wrote of the inspiration given me by my fellow Jesuits who labor on the missions. This month, my last, my farewell to these familiar pages, I give my final bow of admiration and sincere appreciation to you, friends, co-workers, subscribers, who make possible not only JESUIT MISSIONS but the ever growing missions of the Jesuits throughout the Kingdom of Christ.

JOSEPH F. McFARLANE, S.J.



Father Frederick J. Henfling, S.J., the "Little Father on the Mountain" is shown here in three of the many ways he covers his vast n

"Little Father on the Moun

BUKIDNON, that vast central plateau in the very heart of Mindanao, in the Philippines, is the ancient home of the pagan Bukidnons, Manobos, Bagobos. Spanish Jesuit missionaries long ago settled in strategic spots and baptized many of the former pagans. But Mindanao is a growing place, and the influx of Christian Filipinos to this "Land of Promise" has given the scattered American Jesuit missionaries more than enough work. To visit the isolated villages back in the mountains became more and more impossible.

One notable exception has been Father Frederick Henfling, S.J., "Little Father on the Mountain" for thirteen years missionary at Sumilao, a Catholic oasis of Bukidnon. But even he could not visit all of his vast district. Occasional forays to the more accessible and the more populous settlements kept him going the year round—a yearly visit here, and a semi-yearly visit there, monthly visits to one *barrio*, semi-monthly visits to others. Two priests alone for 8,019 square kilometers of steep mountains, unexplored forests, roadless plains! For thirteen years, Father Henfling has waited with impatient zeal for a chance to visit all the isolated sheep of his scattered flock.

But with the new year, Bukidnon (and, in fact, many other parts of Northern Mindanao) has been experiencing a new crusade for souls.

The Irish Columban Fathers have relieved the Jesuits of Occidental Misamis—the Oblates have taken over Cotabato and Jolo, the Canadian Foreign Missionaries have come to Davao. The Jesuits have left many of their long-established parishes, rectories, schools and moved further on to more pagan districts, to priestless towns, to places without churches, without rectories. And so two more priests came to Bukidnon from their former well-organized parishes.

THIS was the opportunity which Father Henfling had long awaited. He, too, left his parish in Sumilao, poor though it was, and became Pastor of a new frontier, without a parish church, without a *convento*. But he has faced these difficulties before. They mean little to him when he knows that now at last he can visit the difficult mountain missions. So, staff in hand—but without the biblical scrip—he has set out.

In three months he has baptized over six hundred people in far-off, almost inaccessible villages. He has married about seventy-five couples—many of whom have waited years for the priest to bless their unions. Traveling on foot, on horseback, on the back of carabaos, on dangerous rafts, Father Henfling has spent six and eight hours a day in the rain and the mud. Four of his trips were outstanding—Dumalaguing,

Malitbog (with seven *barrios* visited in eight days), Silae, where a priest had not been in sixteen years, Santiago, where a priest has not been since the American Occupation of the Philippines!

LET us go with Father Henfling on one of his trips. His old second-hand car carries him along the main road, until it is time to cut across country to Santiago—six or seven hours away. His Bukidnon guide meets him. Little baggage can be taken—the trail is too difficult. Strapped to the broad back of a carabao are his Mass kit, sick-call set, the sacramentals for Baptism, a change of clothing. There seems no place for a trail here—mountains in front, deep canyons on all sides, rushing mountain streams.

The rain begins to fall—not softly, but in thundering drops. The mud gets oozy and even the carabao who loves mud more than a duck does water, finds the going difficult. The baggage slides off into the mud. The stream which has to be crossed and recrossed many times, becomes swollen with the rain. At a particularly wide spot a water-logged raft of bamboo is moored, and the priest and guide climb aboard. The guide attaches a rope to the far side of the stream, grasps it in his strong teeth and pulls with his hands. The missionary uses another long bamboo

A folk dance swing at many Bukidnon barrios visited Henfling



territory in Bukidnon. More missionaries have now arrived to assist him in his work.

in” J. Edward Haggerty, S.J.

pole to keep the raft from being dashed on the dangerous rocks. The approach of dusk finds Father Henfling on the top of a mountain ridge with Santiago, his destination, far below him in the valley. It is hardly visible, as it has been hewed out of the forest. For a few minutes the sun comes out from behind the clouds and the whole vast horizon is aglow with glory. Father Henfling is once more the Little Father on the Mountain, with all this vast district as far as the eye can see, peopled with his far-flung children in the valleys—the valleys of ignorance and paganism and spiritual neglect. But the mountain tops and valleys, afire-like now with splendor, are no more glorious than the hopes in the missionary’s breast that Christ, now that more priests have come, will shed His own glory over the bowed, baptized heads of

all these beloved Bukidnon people.

THE *barrio* village is settled in twilight when the priest arrives. But the whole village with blazing torches turn out to meet their priest—for at least forty years no priest has set foot here. Tomorrow will be a great fiesta of rejoicing. There is no rectory here for the priest, but a little bamboo house has been set aside for the *pari*. Such food as the poor people have is set before him—corn and rice, *camotes* and *casava*. His kind host—a Christian from the coast—discovers in consternation that there is no sugar among the six hundred natives of the village. Without the Father’s knowledge he sends a messenger back over those twelve dreadful hours of trail to buy a pound of sugar!

THE next morning holiday reigns in the village—many of these people have never seen a white man—many more have never seen a priest. They put on their best

clothes—hand-woven garments dyed with natural juices. Their eyes gleam with anticipation under the matted, bushy hair. The Father brings out from his baggage the little eighteen-inch statue of St. Vincent Ferrer and places it on the rough hand-hewn altar. San Vicente is now the patron of the town—and his statue is its pride.

For three days, morning and afternoon, the priest continues his explanation of the Christian Faith—many of the people have previously been baptized in other villages; a faithful catechist has taught them their Visayan prayers. For others, the great moment of Baptism is still to come. Old warriors with their grey beards, with shield and spears in their hands come forward for Baptism, or bring up their children and grandchildren for the Baptism of the padre. The visit ends with much rejoicing and the best food they have is brought forward—pitiful roots from the forests, tender shoots from the bamboo, an egg, a chicken, long-saved for this occasion—perhaps a wild hog shot in the canyon—or even fresh venison killed with the spear. But there are many mouths to feed and the banquet does not go far.

When the Father counts up the three days’ record he finds that he has baptized one hundred and sixty-one people, that twenty-three couples have had their marriage blessed—and the harvest still by no means reaped. He will return again. In his absence he leaves a good Christian family from the coast to carry on his work.

Back on the main road again Fathers sets (Turn to page 251)



Wind Over St. Francis

Robert M.
Demeyer, S.J.

NOT in vain has South Dakota been nicknamed "The Cyclone State." During three seasons of the year, strong daily winds frolic over the rolling prairies, and in the hot months they are content, for the most part, with blowing zephyrs, gentle and hot. Still, occasionally they blow with such shrieking fury that one cannot help but feel that Aeolus is making up for lost time.

In Winter, after a snowfall, the land is not covered evenly as with a blanket; rather, it has a mottled appearance, large bare spots with huge snow drifts five or more feet high. In Summer, the gentle winds sear through the land, drying up the plants and leaving the earth parched. In scattered localities, where flow small streams or creeks, irrigation farming is being experimented with. Corn, here at St. Francis Mission, at the time of writing, stands only two and a half feet high, as all the water to be had, has to be pumped by windmills, and there is no surplus for irrigation. Yet, in this same region, under similar conditions, but where irrigation is possible, corn stands six or more feet high.

Due to lack of rain, vegetation all over the Rosebud Indian Reservation is scarce. It is with much truth that the great Indian missionary, Father DeSmet, S.J., in his travels over this part of the State in 1850, writes about "The Great American Desert." For miles nothing can be seen but burnt buffalo grass, cactus, and yucca plants together with an occasional stunted pine struggling for existence in the intense dry heat. And although this section of the country is no longer called "The Great American Desert" modern writers, with complete truth, refer to it as "The Dust Bowl." Dust drifts, several feet in depth, are plentiful.

BIG, fluffy clouds over the prairies are rarities; if they are seen, it is almost always on the horizon. However, thunderheads do appear occasionally after long intervals of clear blue skies and intense burning sun. Their arrival is noted with both pleasure and apprehension; pleasure, because it means a rainfall, perhaps a downpour and a brief welcomed relief from the heat; apprehension, because of the fury with which these thunderheads attack.

First come the heavy fierce winds descending with blasting fury, laying down a smoke screen of dust twenty to thirty feet high. Rapidly the screen moves in, sur-



The fierce Dakota wind struck St. Francis Mission at an awkward time—just before school opened. Here is what was left of the boys' dormitory building after the wind passed through.

rounding and enveloping everything while trees sway dizzily and buildings creak. Then comes the barrage of hail, landing like grapeshot and shrapnel. After the barrage has been laid down, and everyone has run for cover, the wind descends again with even greater fury, lashing the driving rain. The wind lets up after a few minutes, while the rain continues for a short time. Even during a comparatively brief period, a quarter to half an inch of rain may be dropped. The skies clear almost as if by magic; the storm has passed but the damage is yet to be reckoned. Crops are usually torn by the pelting hail and ripped by the tearing wind. Frequently trees, often of six or eight inches in diameter, are snapped in two. Branches are strewn all over the area. Brick chimneys on the Mission buildings are frequently blown down.

The great heat of the prairies causes these storms of tropical character. Several days preceding July 8th, were days of widespread heat, with torrid temperatures, causing a terrific wind storm. The storm, lasting only an hour, went through

the usual stages, but with a greater intensity than any of recent years. It is the opinion of many that the storm manifested cyclonic tendencies.

FIRST came the wind and the dust screen, followed by heavy hail for some ten or fifteen minutes. Then came the big wind. It struck from the north and east, striking the large, two-story concrete dormitory building with such violence that it raised half the roof off the building, lifted it up into the air, carried it over the one-story infirmary building, across the swimming pool, and deposited it on the truck garden storehouse, half a block away, so heavily that it crashed in the roof of that building. Bricks and pieces of lumber capered through the air. Electrical power lines were snapped and trees blown down. Rain soaked through the exposed ceiling and flooded the floor below. The roof of the dormitory building had been well built of strong beams and covered with sheet metal.

To St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians this destruction of the roofs of two buildings was quite a loss. The roof of the dormitory building had to be rebuilt before the school opened September 1st, because even Indian boys, hardened as they are to outdoor life, object to sleeping in a building without a roof.

"For the Catholic Laity in the Missions"

The Mission Intention for October

FOR the past several generations Catholics have unconsciously considered their religion as a purely private affair. That is to say, Catholics, and naturally, too, non-Catholics who judge the Church by the observable conduct of Catholics, came to consider religion as a Sunday morning affair,—a re-checking of losses rather than a computation of gain. "Just like the rest of us during the week, and then Catholics on Sunday morning," was the neat summary of the outsider.

Now let us honestly ask ourselves: What is the greatest, single external factor responsible for the indifferentism towards Catholicism both in our modern world and in the mission fields today? The answer is as blunt as it is genuinely simple. Catholics are not Catholics twenty-four hours of every day because they have not yet grasped the universal significance and penetrating social implications of the unity of all persons in the Mystical Body of Christ.

What was the greatest single external factor responsible for the rapid growth of Catholicism during the early centuries of the Church? Converts to Catholicism were multiplied because Catholics were Catholics twenty-four hours of every day, and they were *intelligent* Catholics, in that their every action was firmly rooted in a vivid conception of the social implications of the Mystical Body of Christ. "Behold how they love one another," said the egotistic pagan. "If these young men and women can live that Christian life, why cannot I," was the reflection that galvanized the will of Augustine into action.

SCHISMS, heresy, the Renaissance, the Protestant Revolt and the growing tendency to depend too much upon the material rather than the spiritual, forced the Authorities of the Church to concentrate upon theology, canon law, sacred scripture, and the hierarchical administration of an ever expanding Church. As a consequence, the social aspects of Catholicism and the importance of the cooperation of the laity in the Church was, to say the least, de-emphasized.

With the answers to the above two questions, we have an introduction to and a quite probable reason for the Mission Intention for October: "For the Catholic Laity in the Missions." Of course, to pray intelligently and perseveringly for this Intention, we, as members in the Mystical Body of Christ, must examine our own conduct to see if we ourselves are living really Catholic lives twenty-four hours of each day. What better way can we sincerely do our part to pray for this Mission Intention than by resolving to live just one day at a time purely for Christ and His Cause, and to offer up those consequent little smarts to our human respect and those little sacrifices so necessary for success in our efforts.

"If others can—why not I?" Not only did the great Augustine do what others did and more, but also many of the laity in home and foreign lands have by their example drawn many to the Church.

To mention but a few in the mission fields: no matter where you go in China, everybody knows of Mr. Loh

Pa-hong—"China's Apostle of Charity," the Ozanam of Shanghai, "Another Vincent de Paul," the Don Bosco of Nantao—all these descriptive titles have been applied to him, and not without very good foundation.

BY 1911, Mr. Loh had become so enamoured of charitable work that he formed a Catholic Action Society which had for its aim: "To suffer and to obey." This severe rule, approved by His Excellency, Bishop Prosper Paris, S.J., calls for three years of novitiate. The members daily make a meditation, examination of conscience and spiritual reading. Every week their apostolic work is examined by the president of the Society. Every six months the members are required to assemble for a day of recollection, and every year they make a retreat of five days. At present, there are over 100 men and nearly half that many women who follow this strict regime. A promising leaven, indeed, in the mass of three million Catholic and four hundred and fifty million pagan Chinese. "If others can, why not I?"

Then there is Angelo Da Fonseca of Goa, the noted Catholic Indian painter; and that promising young group of men and women in the Philippines, who are succeeding in dramatizing Catholic principles on the radio. Space does not allow us to cite, much less to explain, the many outstanding and varied examples of Catholic lay action in Jamaica, British Honduras, Iraq and other mission fields.

If others can, why not all? The answer to that question is simple, and fundamentally the same in the mission fields as obtains here in this country. Human respect, fear of that deadly smirking smile of shopworn cynics, fear of what our so-called "friends" will say, hold us back. What we need, and what the "Catholic Laity in the Missions" need is another "Pentecost" to revive in use and them the almost forgotten powers hidden in the Sacrament of Confirmation.

MOST of us, most of the Catholic Laity in the missions are like the Apostles, trembling and undecided even after the repeated apparitions of the Risen Lord. If we only knew Christ better, if we only had just a little more courage, if the things we want to do and know we ought to do would not arouse fresh assaults by the tireless enemies of Christ!

The Apostles, however, perseveringly prayed in common with the Blessed Virgin for the coming of the Holy Ghost. He came; and with His wisdom and strength and love and power, the Apostles broke the shackles of human respect, threw open the doors that hid their former temerity and weakness, went forth and set the world afire with the love of God.

That is what Holy Mother the Church wants us to do when she asks us to pray for the Mission Intention for October—that the "Catholic Laity in the Missions" may have another Pentecost, may realize the latent powers conferred upon them by Confirmation, the Sacrament of Catholic Action.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Back to School

From His Excellency, Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan, about whose accomplishments we read elsewhere in this issue, this welcome letter was received: "You will be very happy to learn that I have been able to open all the classes of Lourdes Academy in a rented building. The enrollment is 436, so you can see the need of such a school and also how much the good people appreciate what we are trying to do for their children. I am very sincerely grateful to you and all my good friends and benefactors.

"The Ateneo de Cagayan has also increased this year with an enrollment of 454 in all classes. Very Rev. Father General has accepted my offer of this school and now it becomes the first college of the Society in Mindanao with Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., as its first Rector. Father has done fine work and deserves great credit for building up the school in the past few years. Two new buildings have been added this year because of a loan that was arranged with a Manila Bank."

Slaves of the Moros

From Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, P.I., we hear:

"For a month now two Mothers and a Moro nurse have been going around Dansalan initiating our Medical Service. The Sisters are members of the group of seven Franciscan Missionaries of Mary who came to our Mission last month. In the short time that they have been conducting the medical service they have done wonders and have unfolded numerous difficulties and problems. Here are a few of them:

"The Sister has discovered that

there are many Christian girls enslaved to the Moros. They are brought here as working girls; a Moro pays transportation fee and because the servant cannot pay back the money advanced by the Moro, she becomes his slave. Some seem quite contented and take up the Moro dress and the Moro custom of chewing the



Father Daniel F. Dwyer, S.J., who has just arrived in Jamaica and will succeed Father Edward J. Whalen, S.J., as Pastor of St. Anne's Church, Kingston.

betel. They say they cannot escape and the only thing to do is to make the best of it.

Medical Supplies Needed

"With wages such as they are amongst the laboring class, the people simply cannot pay the terrific prices asked by the drug stores. And if we are to be of any charitable assistance we will have to find some way of distributing medicines. That means, of course, that we must obtain many medicines and medical supplies from the States. Already, the charity of the Sisters and the nurse has produced a tremendous effect upon the Moros. A great deal more can be done if the supplies come in to us. Please help

us all you can to build up an efficient dispensary and medical service."

Hard Times

Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., of Church of Mt. Carmel, Talisayan, Or. Misamis, P.I., writes:

"I am encouraged by your generosity on previous occasions to beg your aid for the bare necessities of the newly created parish to which I have been assigned, in Kinoguitan, fourteen kilometers from here, towards Cagayan, and which boasts only an old tumble down church and a bare pillbox of a *convento*. There are more than nine thousand Catholics living within that parish, coconut farmers, all desperately struggling to keep soul and body together on account of the low and lower price of their only crop—coconuts.

"The roof and walls are already provided; I can sleep like a top, but not on the floor; I do like a cup of hot coffee in the morning but, of course, that presupposes a cup and a stove, neither of which I own at present, but which I can obtain for money in Manila, if only I had the money. The same is true of the other necessary household equipment. If you could only have seen the town's ten-piece brass band surrounding me and playing everything they could think of from 'When Johnnie Comes Marching Home Again' to 'Way Down Upon the Suwannee River,' you would understand just how anxious they are to have their Pastor live among them. Surely the good Lord will bless a parish that has such generous souls living in it."

Murder on the High Seas

From Iligan, (St. Michael's Rectory), Father Andrew Cervini, S.J., writes:

"Very Rev. John F. Hurley, S.J., was through here last Sun-

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

day. It is usually either midnight or dawn when he arrives at Iligan. A very unusual thing happened on his way down. A young Filipino ran amuk (this means they lose their head, go around killing anyone they meet and then kill themselves). But this is the first time I ever heard of one running amuk on a boat. There were four soldiers on the boat at the time. Suddenly this young fellow who had been sitting on a cot with his face cupped in his hands, was caught by the 'amuk bug' grabbed his bolo and slashed one of the soldiers across the back of the neck. Father Hurley said you could put your hand between the lips of the wound, and he went over to another person and smashed his shoulder blade with the bolo, and before anyone could stop him from further damage, he sliced himself across the chest and jumped overboard. They put out a boat to get him . . . but not much use. He was gone. Fortunately, there happened to be a nurse on board. With Father Hurley's assistance and suggestions, she was able to sterilize the wounds of both men and sew them up. She and Father took turns during the day in keeping watch over the patients. It was

Father Hurley who directed the moving of these men from the boat to the ambulance. Both of the men were most grateful to Father, for in parting, though they could not say much, they gave him a very warm and tight handclasp."

Pillars of the Church

The Pastor of the Church of the Holy Child, Father Joseph M. Reyes, S.J., writes from Pagadian, Zamboanga: "My enthusiastic workers have put up sixteen pillars out of the forty that are to support our new church. Every Monday and Saturday we have gatherings for this purpose. With this enthusiasm, we hope to finish in two or three months. The work, as you know, is done free of charge by my parishioners.

"A Protestant high school has just opened its doors to the Catholic population of this town and with tears in my eyes I have to look at the Catholic youth flocking down to that building. With just five thousand dollars I could prevent all the harm that that school can do to the Faith by supplying a Catholic institution for them.

I also have a Catholic library of a sort where they gather twice a week, for reading, games and

instruction. Anything in the line of library books, musical instruments, etc., would be greatly appreciated."

BRITISH HONDURAS

St. Joseph Did It!

St. Joseph has been kind to Benque Viejo and Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., tells about it in a recent letter:

"Heaven has been particularly good to my poor people this season, and that in our humble conviction, is due principally to the great Patron in whatever need, St. Joseph. Why do we affirm this so categorically? Because when, as in other years, the *verano* or hot dry spell was dragging out with great intensity, threatening us with another lean year, I told my people, 'Let's make a novena to St. Joseph for rain!' I wanted to start because our water supply was running low. They replied: 'Padre, wait a bit longer because our milpas are not all ready and burnt as yet!' With reluctance, I consented, but told them that after another week we would start the novena to St. Joseph in church, inviting them to join in. Well, on the fifth and sixth days quite suddenly it rained and rained and then some more, exactly what



Four of the nine new missionaries of the New England Province who have taken up their new posts in Jamaica, British West Indies. (Left to right) Father Francis J. Gilday, S.J., new Pastor of Spanish Town, Father Francis B. Dutram, S.J., who will teach physics and higher mathematics at St. George College, Kingston, Father Thomas L. Burke, S.J., assigned to High Gate, and Brother Maurice P. Ahern, S.J., assigned to Winchester Park.

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

was needed and as suddenly stopped.

"Our people happily set to work planting their corn as they hadn't done for several years. About three weeks of dry and tropical sun again began to threaten our growing corn crops with disaster. Another novena to St. Joseph was announced one evening during our May Devotions to commence with the next morning. That same night St. Joseph rewarded our Faith and came through with another very plentiful rain. How the corn did leap from the ground to the great joy of us all. Another spell of sunshine boosted the corn and all looked fine, but they again began to entertain fears that with too much sun the ears of corn might not fill if rain didn't fall soon, so once more I appealed to the people with the words: 'St. Joseph has come through twice! Let's see if he will not help us a third time in our need!' To be sure! We started another novena and on the ninth day came the answer to that third appeal to St. Joseph. Since then sunshine and rains have favored us and for this season at least our corn which is our principal food problem has been solved for our people. New corn is already coming in and the drooping spirits of our people have visibly revived. This was much in evidence during our Solemn Novena, July 7-16, in honor of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which was celebrated this year to the joy of all in true Petenero fashion as I had not experienced during my six years here at Benque Viejo."

IRAQ

Father Abraham

Francis X. Cronin, S.J., regular JESUIT MISSIONS correspondent at Baghdad College in a recent letter writes:

"The school, of course, is humming along, but that's what a school is supposed to do, so that's

not news. The night recreations on the roof are polemical, uproarious, *ex-corona de rebus omnibus*, but that's what they have always been, so that's not news. Anent recreations, I wonder if I ever told you about Father Paul Abraham, the young Maronite priest, who lives with us and teaches Arabic at the school. When he arrived he knew not a



Father Charles L. Judah, S.J. (left), and Father Dennis J. Cruchley, S.J., both residents of Jamaica, who have returned from America to continue work in their native land. Father Judah will teach history at St. George College and Father Cruchley will also teach in St. George College.

word of English; but now he can hold his own in conversation. He recreates with us Scholastics and adds salt to the chatter by a periodically well-placed 'Says you' or 'smatter Pop' or 'where do you get that stuff?' We would have cause to beat our collective scholastic breast if that were all we taught him, but we refrain when we recall his remark to one of our members the other night: 'You are talking profoundly of nothing.' He is a splendid priest,

fits in perfectly with us, and solves the problem of sermons to the youngsters and the families of our domestics on Sunday, plus catechetics to the help."

NEGRO MISSIONS

Flood Damage

Heavy rains and floods in the South did great damage in a territory covered by Christ the King Mission at Grand Coteau, Louisiana, according to Father Cornelius Thensted, S.J.:

"Everything around here is in turmoil since the rains of more than three weeks ago. The bayous already had their share of water, so when the storm and rains came they brought destruction.

"Fortunately, in our section, no lives were lost. The Priests, Brothers and Scholastics helped in rescuing and feeding the people. We have two camps on the novitiate grounds—one White and the other Colored. In our Prairie Bosse section, the entire crop will probably be lost besides the loss of pigs, hogs, chickens, etc.

"In Bellview, the water only entered a few homes, but it destroyed the crops.

"With the past Winter so severe and no harvest this year, conditions will be hard. The Red Cross has been efficient and generous. We expect that the State and Federal Governments will help the victims with commodities to carry them through the Winter.

Our work among the Colored must continue and we should try to do even more now that they are in distress. The school, especially, must be kept running. Our people were able to do a little towards its support in the past but they are unable now and will be for some time."

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Rent from the Rock

Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of the Jamaican Missions, in a recent letter informs us:

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

"Father William Feeney, S.J., my brother, just arrived here from New York. He is to be placed in charge of the 4,000 refugees from Gibraltar who are now residing in Jamaica. With them are several Spanish priests and brothers. They are all British subjects and were transferred to Morocco first, then back to Gibraltar and then to Jamaica. The British Government has erected splendid barracks and practically an entire town for them. As they speak only Spanish, my brother will be of valuable assistance to them. He has just finished two years of mission work in Brazil."

Charming Mandeville

Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., writes from Winchester Park, Kingston:

"I have just been appointed to the Mandeville Mission. The word came to me at Brown's Town where I was making my retreat. Mandeville is a charming town in the mountains, almost in the exact center of the Island. There is a convent of three Nuns there who run a private school. There is also a priests' house and a 1936 Ford. These, I know, are my assets. The Mission stretches fifty miles from one end to the other. There are four churches, one at Mandeville, another at Christiana, about ten miles up the mountain, the third at May Pen, which is about twenty-five miles away, and the last at Chapelton, forty miles by road on the other side of the mountains. Besides these churches there are several other stops where Mass is said once a month. So you see, I have problems facing me from the very beginning.

New Recruits

"We have great hopes of increasing the work here. The addition of new and enthusiastic missionaries makes us stronger than we have ever been.



Very Rev. William G. Elliott, S.J., Provincial of the Oregon Province, receives from Eskimo school children the "key" of Alaska's Holy Cross Mission on the occasion of his visit there.

"Father Francis Kilday, S.J., and Father Richard Drea, S.J., are assigned together to the Spanish Town Mission. It is a big job for them. Besides the leper asylum they will have about five stations to cover. Spanish Town is the oldest capital of the Island. It has a fairly large population, most of whom are poor.

"Father Daniel Dwyer, S.J., is taking Father Edward Whalen's place at St. Ann's. Father Thomas Burke, S.J., is with Father Andrew Ochs, S.J., at High Gate, twenty-five miles to the north of Kingston in the mountains and relatively cool. Father Burke will take over some of Father Denis Tobin's mountain missions."

Lovely Lucea

In an interesting letter from Father Sydney Judah, S.J., of Savanna-la-Mar, we hear:

"Your question on the names of my stations intrigued me. I had not before noticed the redundancy of Top Hill and the mysteriousness of Lucea. The latter has always suggested rare

beauty to me. Need I say that it is pronounced 'Lu-sea.' It has a lovely bay and for the longest while I wanted to hum, 'In the beautiful bay of Lucea,' not being quite able to say where the line came from—('In the beautiful vale of Tralee' of course). About Revival—the name intrigues everyone. The founder of the settlement was an Englishman who came here seeking surcease and refreshment from his business cares. The ruins of his retreat are still to be seen. He called the place, 'Revival' for there his spirits were revived. I have some very interesting matter on this Mission which I heard recently from the oldest inhabitant and I intend it for JESUIT MISSIONS as soon as I find the opportunity to write."

ALASKA

The Provincial Arrives

Biggest story in Alaska this Summer was the arrival of Very Rev. William G. Elliott, S.J., Provincial of the Oregon Province, for an official visitation of the vast mission field. All the letters of the missionaries are

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

taken up with the event. Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., Superior of Holy Cross Mission, writes:

"May 26, 1940, was a great day for Holy Cross Mission and a great day for Alaska . . . just think, for the first time in the history of the Missions, we were actually visited by an American Provincial . . . can you imagine how thrilled we all were? . . .

"Father Elliott landed at Holy Cross from Fairbanks on a plane piloted by Mr. Lee of the Jim Dodson Airways; the ride was very long as there were many stops and the skies were as bumpy as the Gulf of Alaska if you know what I mean; but withal, our dear Father Provincial greeted all the village people and the communities of Jesuits and Sisters and all the children with a great big smile; of course, he got his reward; the children offered him the Key of Holy Cross on a silver platter . . . well, not exactly, but on some sort of a platter and the key was only cardboard, well painted with gold dust.

"Father Provincial gave a holiday to the children and they had a big picnic with plenty to eat and a fine ride in our river boat, and when Father Elliott left us we felt we had lost a real Father and a most delightful friend, but we could not be selfish and we asked God to speed him on his way to other Missions where he will bring cheer and joy and blessings to all our missionaries and their charges."

Meeting on the Yukon

Here is Father Martin Lon-neux's account of his meeting with Father Elliott:

"On the 17th of June, I was at one of my camps on the Yukon River and was hearing confession just before Mass, when I heard the noise of an approaching boat. I did not think of anything when suddenly I heard a strong voice coming from the river. 'Is Father

there?' I told my penitent to wait a minute and rushed out of my tent to tell a man to go and get Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., for it was plainly his voice.

"No sooner had Father McElmeel come ashore than he told me of his great rush and of the necessity for him to reach Akulurak in order to catch Father Provincial before his departure for Hooper Bay. The more I heard, the more I was astonished. I did not know that Father Provincial was in the Delta region and not far from me.

"Promptly after breakfast, I took Father with my dory to the Akulurak camp where we met Brother Alfred T. Murphy, S.J., Brother told us that Father Provincial had already left several days before for his visit of Hooper Bay and Nelson Island and would not be back for many days. The rush for Father McElmeel was over, but mine started. That same evening I came back to my camp. The next day I started for St. Michael.

"It was important for me to be there before Father Provincial in order to attend to my people whom I had not seen for nearly three months. His stay in St. Michael would be short and most of my time would have then been taken in hearing confessions, visiting the sick persons and attending other matters. Yes, it was best for Father McElmeel to come here with Father Provincial and for me to have my work done before.

Rough Crossing

"Father Provincial arrived with Father McElmeel this last Monday after a rough crossing of the Bering Sea. Fortunately, for them, they arrived in our famous port before noon and could say Mass as soon as they had landed.

"I remember well that in June, 1924, when I left for Alaska, it was Father Elliott who took me to the boat. He was the last one

to bid me farewell just as he had been the first one to bid me welcome when I arrived at the Novitiate of Los Gatos in 1912. You can guess if I was happy to see Father after sixteen years.

"The visit was sweet and short. On Wednesday morning—yesterday—Father Provincial and Father McElmeel took the boat for Nome."

—While at Hooper Bay

"We had a very nice visit from Father Provincial, the first one of the kind in the history of our Alaska Missions," writes Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay: "And he is making a good job of it, too. I hauled him to Nelson Island to see Father Paul Deschout, S.J., and his people, and from there back to Akulurak, where I got him. As I returned to Akulurak with him, I found Father Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., our Superior, there waiting for us. As I had also brought Father Deschout with me to Akulurak, we were seven priests and two Brothers, the largest gathering of Ours on these flats that we know of. And there was nothing planned about it as far as I know.

No Coal: No Mission

"Our annual supplies arrived about a week ago on the *Meteor*. Rather I should say, a part of them arrived. For by some mistake at Seattle, about half of my supplies remained behind, among the rest all my oil and fuel. That could be fatal and mean the closing of our Mission for this year unless some remedy can be found to mend the error. We have enough coal to cook for a few weeks, but then the question will boil down to dispersing and living *à la* native in the district for a winter, or finding some way to get in our missing freight. We have some hopes of the latter as the season is still early. But no definite plan has developed so far to solve this very important difficulty before winter comes."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

Invoking St. Michael!

To the Editor:

If I remember correctly it was the next to the last edition of JESUIT MISSIONS that had an editorial asking us to pray for the success of England's cause. I felt great indignation on reading it. I am sure it was the product of an Englishman's pen. I am old enough to remember at the time of the first world war how the missionaries in the German colonies were treated. They drove out the German nuns and priests and even all missionaries bearing an Irish name. For centuries England has been persecuting the Church. She is at it even today in the portion of Ireland she still has her robber grasp upon. The present population of England is so largely of Irish Catholic blood she doesn't dare be the persecutor she was. It doesn't suit her present interests.

Today she is refusing to let food through to the needy people of Europe. There is an excellent article in today's "Brooklyn Tablet" of how in the last war she withheld food from European countries that paid for it to Uncle Sam, written by O'Brien.

She is the champion liar nation of the world and I do not believe the half she tells of Hitler. If he is all the devil England paints him, no doubt he is an instrument in the hands of God to rid the world of English domination. I am not lauding Hitler. It was England that made him and drove him to take the course he is now pursuing.

So I am not praying that any of the European countries, least of all England, nor the warmongering people of United States succeed in their ungodly war, that our missions may succeed.

The Holy Ghost is still in his Church. Let us look to Him to help our missions, and let us pray to St. Michael to defeat the devil whose reign just now is severely felt in all the world.

It would please me to see no more such articles in JESUIT MISSIONS.

Philadelphia, Pa. J. M. O'N.

In Thanksgiving

To the Editor:

I am positive Catherine Tekakwitha was instrumental in helping my husband quit drinking. Everyone speaks of his cure as a miracle of God's grace. For three years now he has been fine.

The wife of the doctor who was taking care of my husband gave me a prayer to Catherine. I started saying the prayer. It took some time but always I prayed to know the cause of his unhappiness. That grace was given, and now for over three years he has been a good and kind husband and father.

Dallas, Texas Name withheld

Woolgathering

To the Editor:

It has occurred to me to address this letter to you, not to win praise for ourselves, but rather to do a little woolgathering. "We" are The Catholic Missionary Knitting Society, established and operating under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. We were founded in 1921 and taken under the personal patronage of the late Bishop Dunn, Auxiliary Bishop of New York.

Our Society has for its purpose to provide knitted garments for missionaries in the North of the United States, in China, Alaska and similar cold countries. We are happy to say that today we have an output of about a thousand garments a year including sweaters, shawls, socks, stockings, gloves and wristlets. Each garment sent to the missions bears a tag with the name and address of the maker with a request that acknowledgment be sent to her direct.

During this past year we have made shipments of our goods to ten Jesuit missionaries and two Ursuline missionaries in Alaska; and to missionaries amongst the American Indians, not excluding American Jesuit missionaries, we have sent out another twenty shipments. For all these we have needed wool, and to continue our work we will need more wool. So you see we really are woolgathering. If any one may be interested in helping us we would be grateful if communications could be addressed to the undersigned secretary of the Catholic Missionary Knitting Society.

MISS ANN ADELAIDE JONES, Sec.
The Catholic Missionary Knitting Society
123 East 53rd St., New York, N. Y.

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Frederick J.
Owens, S.J.

THERE was a time, before my arrival in Jamaica, when all I knew of this island could be written on the wing of a malarial mosquito. That seems a long time ago. It is so different now—those far hazy hills, the bay out there, these roads, and all these good people—I've grown to know them in all their moods, in all weather. You don't know anything about them, do you? I think you'd like them.

Do you see Kingston Harbor before us? It's a large shoe, two miles across the top and seven miles from toe to heel. Healthshire Hills, Port Henderson and Hunt's Bay—they're the back of the shoe and the high heel. Kingston, that's the instep. Over there, now, along the lacinings, that's the Palisades. Tie the knot at Port Royal and there you have it.

THE reception I received from the Quarantine officer, "many, many years ago" was one bright spot in an otherwise dismal day. "Hearty welcome to Jamaica, Father." And I was wondering whether or not he would pass me! Now if you are standing there, wondering somewhat the same thing, just to distract yourself from a useless thought, turn your cogitation downward. Yes, I mean literally down. You remember Captain Kidd and Captain Blood? Remember Rodney and the Spanish Main, ye followers of R. Sabbatini! You remember the Buccaneers of old and Port Royal that infamous city of days gone by? Do you know where most of it is now? Right down under your feet in a straight line, through the keel to the muddy bottom of the channel. Yes, Port Royal is down under the sea, and all that's left of it you can see over to the east. If the boat has not swung on its anchor chains, then about face and you gaze at Port Henderson, Fort Augusta, Apostles Battery and Passage Fort. The Lazaretto is there on this side of the Healthshire Hills. My church is there and so am I.

I was very much interested in this spot, and have been ever since my first visit there a few years ago. I was interested because the place seemed to have such possibilities. A fine view of the harbor. The blue mountain range far off in the distance. Its possibilities as a fishing center, a shipping center, a swimming resort in some of the warmer, drier days, attracted me. I'm interested because the people are some of the finest—simple and honest and industrious.

Most of them, at least, are baptized Catholics. Most of them fishermen, yes, even on Sunday. They are away



Captain Kidd and the rest of the fierce and fabulous pirates of the Spanish Main once roamed this beach at Port Henderson. One of Father Owens' catechists stands there now.

in the hollowed-out tree trunk boats to their pots and whatever else they use, five miles beyond Port Royal. For them that is an easy jaunt even though they be far out of the protection of the Harbor, even though they may never return. A sudden storm could so easily capsize those boats. Neither are sharks respecters of persons. There are no odds in this game either, and the men may lose even though it be only an arm or leg. But such tragedies are few and far between, thank God, and so very few are laid to rest in a few feet of hot sand in the little makeshift cemetery on the shore twenty feet from the waters of the blue Caribbean where Father J. V. Kelley, S.J. (now deceased), desired to spend his last days and sleep in peace. The few wooden crosses there mark the spots of retired fishermen and a few soldiers from the fort of long ago.

THE shore those fishermen leave behind them each morning is a long stretch of sand—not the best in the world—but with a fine slope into a sea, at times very dirty and always—to a northerner—very warm. Now and again I must walk that two miles of sand with Our Lord under my coat, my eyes down from the sun, and on my head my helmet. On the return trip my footprints are there in the sand and I am looking for others, others like mine on the same errand long, long ago, footprints much bigger, made by men like Fathers Mulry, S.J., Murphy, S.J., Gregory, S.J., Arnold, S.J., and Kelley, S.J., one and all still remembered. All certainly loved.

A half mile back from the beach on the return trip toward Spanish Town to your left, is the church and school fifty feet up the hill. Built by Father Mulry, it is evident he must have been a big man because the altar is entirely too high for me. (You know I am not a big man.) It is entirely of wood, of course, and without

any beauty. The ants are rapidly bringing to a close its useful existence.

NOW Port Henderson can be a delightful spot. Some think so, at any rate. For example, those who have the time to don a bathing suit, or half a one, and float around in its tepid waters. Others may think otherwise. Mr. Gordon, our schoolmaster, for one, because when the sun is hottest there isn't any "breeze through the trees." A boiling sun has rays that try their best to sneak in through those cracked and worn shingles. The unfortunate part is that they *do* get through the roof and other cracks and crannies as well. The windows? Some of their panes are gone, too, whether that is due to the poor class of putty or the workmanship I put into it one perspiring day, I know not. But gone many of them are.

Mr. Gordon thinks even less of the place when it rains. Rain! I really did not know what it was until I experienced it here. Rip-snorting rain, driving across the harbor like those mad mustangs Diamond Dick used to tell us about. Rain that shows up that old roof for what it really is. Put a hurricane behind those raindrops, as hard and large as (happy memories) those hailstones we miss so much. The storm rises gently, of course. It increases like the fiddles of a philharmonic. No timing is better. The wind parts those already parted shingles and the rain rattles their rotten shells.

WHEN that rain caught Mr. Gordon and the children in the school, a scene something like the following took place from all reports. "Move that desk here, move that one there." "Children, children" from Mr. Gordon above a clap of thunder, "shame on you, running away from a little rain." He races into his own room (we can't afford a decent teacher's cottage so he lives in one of the sacristies). There things are about the same, if not worse because of the bed, already very wet. "Move it here, move it there." Too bad he can't hang it up or fold it under itself. No use, though. It's all the same.

As he emerges from his room back into the school-room there seems to be a smile on his otherwise most serious face. I know. He is picturing that black tropical worsted I got just before I left Boston so long ago. He had seen it after the holes those moths and insects put into it were well patched. He knew the pockets had been riddled. And as he looks at the roof he knows that those flat pockets are to be riddled once more. So he smiles at my future headache, because he had to tell me about it all with a terse note "No school until conditions improve." I can't blame him for smiling even as I did.

For the last few moons not a drop of rain had fallen.

So, methinks, as we get the news of conditions at the school that we will drag out the chariot and as so often before, contemplate in futile wise the havoc. The road must be passable at least. There will be no necessity now of swallowing half the dust of St. Jago's plains at every breath. Passable! If I had only taken advice. There *isn't* any road. It's off somewhere at sea. I pity a sailor adrift on the main on a day or night like this, but that road out there gets no pity from me. It's in a place it has absolutely no right to be. The topsoil all gone. Boulders all over the road. Holes innumerable. So, what can we expect but to be bogged down. And the car isn't going to fail us again either. It plants itself firmly in one of the holes, and, mongrel-like, seems to curl up in the nice warm sand. However, after much pulling and hauling, grunting and groaning, we and the car reach the church a hundred yards away.

Working on the idea, "It's an ill wind that doesn't blow some good," I feel heartened. At least my water tank should be filled. It has been dry now since the days



Port Henderson's very unreliable water tank and some of Father Owens' school boys seeing how empty it is.

of Father Arnold who built it. Cement here, cement there. Zinc now and then and presto, a tank. I have never, never seen that tank with more than two inches of water within those four walls. At last I'm going to have that thrill and I'm going to feast my eyes on it just as I do on the bay down below that has crept up to the foot of the hill like the parishoners coming to church. Slowly we climb the few slippery feet to the tank. The rusty bolt slowly and laboriously yields. I poke my head into the opening. Then, and not until then, are the eyes opened to get full benefit of the thrill. Full? There is just about as much water in that tank as there is in my eye.

NOW it can't be that there is anything wrong with that tank. Even if it did leak it couldn't possibly have shed so much water in such a short time without showing some signs of seepage. There isn't a sign of running water. "Mr. Gordon, did (Turn to page 252)



NEW BOOKS



These Three Hearts Margaret Yeo

God must have a special predilection for small towns; He wrought so many of His wondrous works in them. The list is long: Bethlehem, Nazareth, Assisi, Manresa, Ars, Lourdes and Lisieux. Among the most favored is surely Paray-le-Monial, the quiet little village where God chose to proclaim the public devotion to the Sacred Heart to an unknown nun in an obscure convent. The devotion was to be made public through Claude de la Columbiere, a relatively famous Jesuit whose dramatic life had only one dull spot in it. He had been a renowned preacher in southern France, tutor at Court to the children of Colbert (Louis XIV's able Minister), emissary extraordinary of the King of France, to the King of England, private chaplain to the Duchess of York, suspect as a Jesuit spy, prisoner in London during the frenzy of the Titus Oates plot. The one dull spot in this life was a sudden, unexplained appointment to Paray-le-Monial. There God chose to use him as His own preacher, chaplain and ambassador. There his life's work was put before him; he was to make known the devotion to the Sacred Heart, as revealed to St. Margaret Mary.

What an opportunity this would have been for a vainglorious man! With his dramatic background, his royal associations, his oratorical powers and fame, and now this magnificent message, this divine charge! But God had chosen a servant who would do His work well. The devotion has been made known, Margaret Mary's revelations were recorded and her soul guided by the confessor God sent to her, Blessed Claude de la Columbiere. Yet, he never received a revelation himself, nor ever expected one. He never sought fame or recognition, and except for the passing reputation of his preaching, never received it, not even today. He is so little known, in spite of the widespread devotion, in spite of his title of blessedness!

We are all once more in Margaret Yeo's debt for a supremely well written biography. It is horrible to think what this life might have become in less skilled hands. But with the singularly competent Margaret Yeo, there is neither melodrama nor sentimentality; but there is in this excellent biography, a colorful, dramatic, and thoroughly human story of a heroic man, far too long unknown, Blessed Claude de la Columbiere, S. J., the herald of the great devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$2.50.

God the Holy Ghost Rev. James F. Carroll, C.S.Sp.

So important is the role of the Comforter sent us by God the Father and God the Son, so many are the gifts and fruits of His mission, so much do we need the Spirit of God in our lives, and yet so few are the works on the Holy Ghost written in our own language, that we should be grateful to Father Carroll for this book. He has made available for all a clear explanation of the place in our daily lives which the Holy Ghost plays. This is not the last word on the subject, obviously; it is not intended to be such. But for those who find in this book their introduction to Catholic beliefs concerning the Holy Ghost, it should prove a revelation, stimulating and encouraging.

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Meditations for Religious Raoul Plus, S.J. Translated by Sr. Mary Bertille, Sr. Mary St. Thomas

This should be a book long awaited by Religious women. The author, well known for his spiritually inspiring writings, is well qualified to present these practical reflections on Religious life. They are brief enough to allow personal development but striking enough to provoke it. It is a pleasure to recommend highly this valuable aid to progress in Religious life.

Frederick Pustet, New York, N. Y., \$2.75.

So Falls the Elm Tree Rev. John L. Bonn, S.J.

"So Falls The Elm Tree" is an extraordinary book. First of all, it is beautifully written. The author, a poet, reveals in his writings the poet's uncommon sensitiveness and power of suggestion; a dramatist and a most successful dramatic director, he gives only significant dialogue and a united, intellectually satisfying construction. It is written from the inside:

it progresses from incident to incident until it becomes at the end an organic unit. More than that, the book reads like fiction, like the highest type of fiction in which the characters live, not merely speaking from a static stage, but drawing you imperceptibly by sympathy and interest to enter into their daily lives with them, until at the end the satisfaction of a deserved peace and a sense of enduring accomplishment steals over you as if you had really taken part in the stirring events and had at length triumphed.

All this, the skillful blending of poetry, of drama and of fiction, makes the book exceptional, but what makes it extraordinary, is the fact that this book is a biography. It is a story of an actual woman, a holy woman, known by people still living, a Nun, in fact, who built a hospital which is filled with people today in the city of Hartford, Connecticut. If it had been written in dull fashion—a chronicle of virtuous dates, of virtuous persons, virtuous places and just virtues; it would be called "A Life of an Uncanonized Saint" with due submission to ecclesiastical pronouncements, commanding hesitant credence and lifeless homage from the Faithful.

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tuous life we don't need all the virtuous actions labeled any more than we need an interesting story marked, "Interesting." In keeping with that assumption, I recommend this "novel-biography" with a safe prophecy that you will say, as I did: "This is how the saints must have appeared to those who knew them. This is how the lives of the saints could well be written."

Macmillan Co., New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

OUR NEIGHBORS ARE BUDDHIST MONKS

(Continued from page 229)

is the one that we are accustomed to hear: "The desire to serve and work for Buddha in a special way."

Again we passed through the temple, and the monks were standing once more. I took a careful look at the faces as I passed through their midst, and to be sure, the Abbot had told the truth. There were monks who had clear marks of physical liabilities from childhood. There were some others whom I passed by quickly, for fear that I would be the object of their second sin against the State. Finally, there were sprinklings of real pious faces, men inclined to think and dream of happy days to come.

Now we were out in God's sunshine again, and its warm rays and bright light were a contrast indeed to the darkness and coldness of the temple interior. An uncomfortable sort of realization came in upon our souls. We had left our Chinese monks, the object of our prayers and dreams and sacrifices, in darkness and cold; darkness of the blackest kind, darkness of intellect; coldness of the Arctic North, coldness of heart. If we could only have led them out into the sunshine and warmth of God's grace.

TOHUISADOS FOR THE CLIFF-DWELLERS

(Continued from page 231)

Lord of the Harvest, the Father and only consolation of missionaries and of children. With most benign eyes He watches over these little ones, who soon begin to appreciate His love and try to correspond.

Some time ago, in Mexico City and in Puebla, the children established a league called the "Little Apostles" to help in the care of the Tarahumara children. These tiny apostles deprived themselves of candy and collected donations from their parents and friends, and in this way sustained a little Indian boy in our boarding school.

One can imagine the sentiments of Our Lord towards His little apostles, the love of His adorable Heart, and the looks of tenderness His divine eyes give them. Who will ever comprehend His love for those who help to save these miserable little souls for whom He gave His life?

"POTLATCH" AT AKULURAK

(Continued from page 232)

fortably seated, songs and dances began in earnest and lasted until midnight. The next evening the procedure was reversed

with the visitors being at the receiving end.

The songs are introduced by an expert singer who intones the air in a sort of monotone giving the general theme. At a signal from the feathered baton of the master of the dance the dancer takes her place and then with the crash of three big drums the singers commence. The tempo increases as the song progresses. The dancer sways her body gracefully portraying as vividly as possible some incident in native life. The singers themselves sway back and forth to the time of the drums and giving appearance of action all over the *kazim*. From the smallest to the oldest, there is wholehearted participation in the dance. It is not merely a spectacle; a *potlatch*, therefore, can be summed up as serious trading, masked under good, rollicking fun.

HISTORY WAS MADE AT TANGUB

(Continued from page 233)

The very next morning he gave proof of his apostolic zeal by walking more than an hour from the main road in the heat of the sun up the hills to a distant *barrio*. There occurred one of the most beautiful scenes of all. The Bishop stood in the window of a small *nipa* (grass-roofed) house so all could hear him. Outside around and below him, thousands of men,

women and children knelt on the ground to recite the Act of Contrition and to receive the Bishop's blessing.

"I was reminded of the days in Dublin during the Eucharistic Congress," said one of the Irish Fathers who accompanied the Bishop. "Never since then have I seen such devotion or have I ever seen such an inspiring manifestation of devotion from the people of the East for the Faith and for their Bishop."

That day, His Excellency confirmed eight hundred and seventy. In two other *barrios*, he confirmed thirteen hundred more, and after that he started home to Cagayan.

The good priests who accompanied the Bishop are convinced that this expedition of Bishop Hayes not only established a record in the Orient, but that it may be compared with the greatest missionary visits of Apostolic times. They also spoke of the Bishop's zeal, his infinite patience, his courtesy to all, and his good humor under the most trying circumstances.

As His Excellency, the Bishop, looks back, two scenes come to his mind's eye. There was that triumphal entry up the palm-tree lane at Pangabuan, when the people rushed toward him and coming near knelt to kiss his ring. There was also that little mother, who had waited three years for this blessed time, and when at last her baby had been anointed by the Bishop, she clasped it in her arms,



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kissing it fervently, while she cried aloud in joy: "Gracias a Dios," ("Thanks be to God.")

BELIZE JUBILARIANS

(Continued from page 236)

den in Christ." People little realize how much is contained in such a life, and it is probably better to let it go at that instead of making it public before the world. The monotony of those years, however, was broken up by an altogether unsuspected event—a call to go to India!

By 1915, the conditions of the World War made it necessary for the German Fathers of the Society to return to their native land, and American Fathers were appointed to help in the mission field of India. One of those who went was Father Bennett, and it is not difficult to conceive the hardships of that change: new lands, different people and customs, untiring labor in Bombay. For nine years he carried on in India, and in 1924 he received word that he should go back to British Honduras. After his return he went first to Corozal and then to Cayo once more, and there he remained until some years ago when he was moved to Belize as Spiritual Father of the Community. Besides assisting in parochial work at the Holy Redeemer Cathedral, the energy and interest for the outside districts of the Colony of this septuagenarian priest are still evidenced monthly when he makes his visits to San Pedro and Cay Caulker.

Belize, of course, was the center of festivities for the two priests—on July 11th, Father Kammerer's day, and on July 30th, Father Bennett's. Since the two priests have done so much for the College, the Alumni Association is endeavoring to found a perpetual memorial of gratitude by establishing the "Bennett-Kammerer Perpetual Scholarship."

The bells at the Cathedral are certainly melodious and impressive. Daily they summon the Faithful to the august Sacrifice; their more jubilant tones are heard when His Lordship enters the temple for pontifical ceremonies, or when a couple has just been united in holy matrimony. But of all the bells we hear, those that call for a Golden Jubilee celebration are by far the merriest and richest: they ring infrequently—only after fifty years of service spent in love and sacrifice.

"LITTLE FATHER ON THE MOUNTAIN"

(Continued from page 239)

sets off for Sante Fe which he soon hopes to make the center for his missionary activity. Sunday Mass is celebrated in the little church with its grass roof. Gift of luscious Hawaiian pineapples are pressed upon him. But having here yet no *contento*—even the foxes have holes, but the Little Father on the Mountain, no house to call his own—Father Henfling, must set out for the rectory of a neighboring Jesuit some forty kilometers away, where he enjoys temporary hospitality.

Quietly he came into Cagayan last evening at dusk. His first visit was here to the school. Out of his old car came gifts of pineapples—for poor though he is, Father Henfling always brings some little gift from the mountains to his Jesuit brothers. He told me in a matter-of-fact way of the places he has visited in the last three months, of the Baptisms, marriages, of the friendly spirit of the people, of their docility and eagerness for the Faith. His shoes were muddy and the bottom of his white soutana soiled—little I heard from him of the heat of the tropical sun, the downpour of the tropical rain, the scantiness, strangeness, poor quality of the food:—but much of the souls newly brought to Christ.

"Why don't you write back to the States about this?" I asked him. But Father has been through such trips so often before, he probably does not think that they are interesting. "But, my dear Father Henfling," I argued, "unless you let your friends and the mission-minded know of the work you are doing, of your poverty, of the funds necessary to travel, to build your little churches, to help you with your little rectory, I'm afraid you'll starve to death. You can't eat pineapples all the time, and I never heard of *camotes* running old Fords, or of rectories roofed with bamboo shoots,"—So I am writing this little article to tell you about the work of the "Little Father on the Mountain" who himself finds his work so interesting, but thinks no one else would care to read of it.

PIRATES' ROOST NO MORE

(Continued from page 249)

any water go into the tank?" "Yes, Father, it was filled *three* times yesterday." So, even though that old gutter does show wear and tear; even though it does sag now and again along the roof's edge, yet it has carried water, fresh water, precious water into that tank. Water, more precious than pennies from heaven. That sleek-looking concrete block, supposed to hold fifteen hundred gallons is merely a face, a leering, sneering, jeering face, that mocks me every time I go a climbing those rickety stairs to this old church. I'll beat it yet. I will. I hate to admit defeat and that to an inanimate block of concrete. Hollow block at that!

Would that someone cared enough for my pride to save me the humiliation of being beaten by a block of cement. What about making Port Henderson that delightful place it really can be? Would that someone could at least give me an idea on how I can get water. Water for the school, for the teacher, for seventy-five poor bare-footed children who travel in sun and rain to school. Don't tell me to walk the hundred yards down to the sea. I know that's there. But it is salt water. Don't tell me to walk back towards Spanish Town, a half mile to the canal. I know that's there, too, because I almost drove into it one day. That's dirty water. Oh well, there is only one way I suppose. I should have

gotten to the bottom of the tank long ago and ripped it out. I have the roof off now. Next week perhaps I'll be at the bottom. If I can beg, borrow or steal to get some cement in this Island, I hope shortly to get that thrill of a full tank for Port Henderson and happy days ahead before I leave Spanish Town and its four mission stations with all its history tucked away under my cap for future reference.

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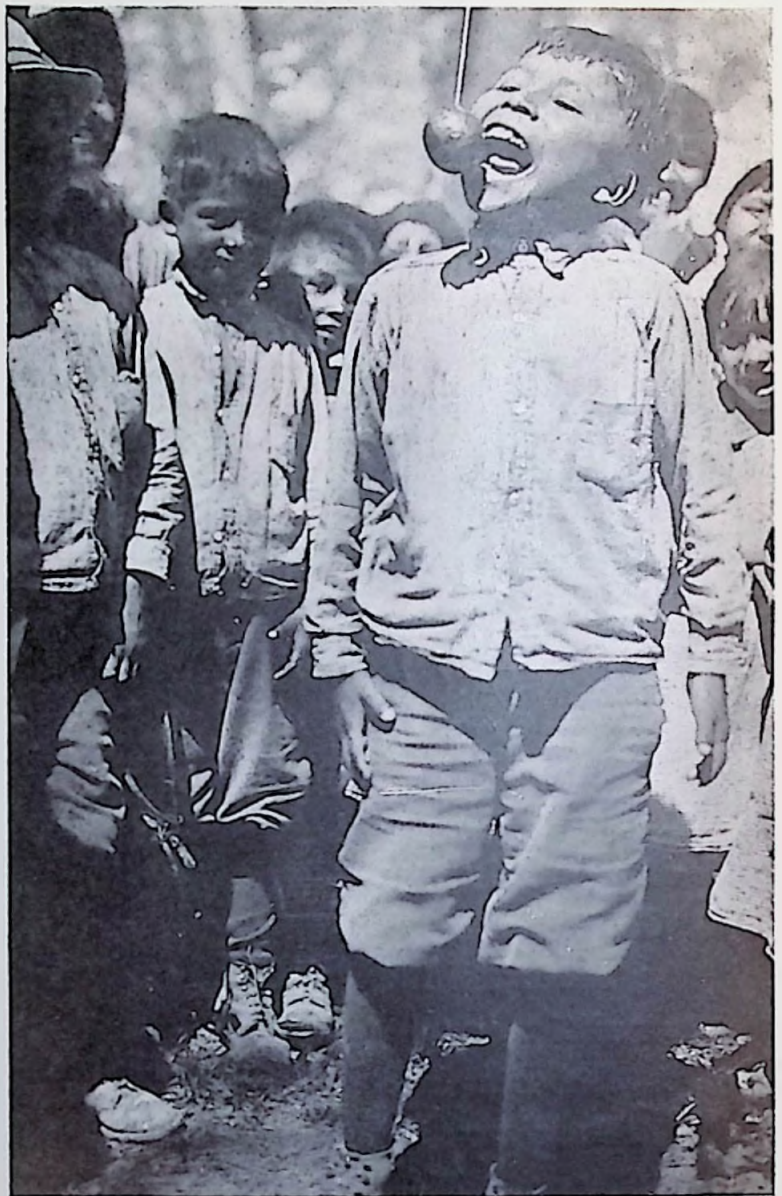
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Hallowe'en à la Indian

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