

Jesuit & Missions

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Old and New!

We introduce 1941, a new year in a new decade in a new century of the history of the Society of Jesus. We introduce a new Procurator for the missions in Alaska and among the Indians of our four northwestern States.



King Island, part of the Alaskan Mission. It has nearly 200 inhabitants (try to find their village) all Catholics. Their home land can't help pay the missionaries' debts.

We introduce, but reluctantly and with sympathy for Father Francis J. Kane, S.J., the new Procurator, an old debt of \$44,000. Our sympathy is based on the hope that our readers will help him. Our reluctance springs from the fact that we hate to burden our readers with some one else's worries.

Were \$44,000 an income, or a reserve, we would be glad to know the individual who has it. But when it is a debt, with an 8% interest charge, should we not be sympathetic? This debt comes from old bills that the Alaskan missionaries have been unable to pay, and one can hardly blame their creditors for pressing the Mission Procurator for payment.

We would like to congratulate Father Kane on his appointment, if it would not be ironical. You, dear reader, could lighten his burden and make our congratulations mean something. Please give financial help, be it great or small, to the missions of Alaska and their Procurator. You may send your gift to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y., or to

Rev. FRANCIS J. KANE, S.J.
2440 Interlaken Boulevard
Seattle, Wash.

Just mark your gift—FOR OLD AND NEW!

CONTRIBUTORS

FATHER LEO W. WELCH, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province (*Jubilee of a Famous Mission Observatory*) joined his fellow Jesuit scientists at Manila after finishing his meteorological studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1939.



John Barrett, S.J.

Off to Baghdad on Magic Wings by GEORGE F. HOYT, S.J., joins a few scenes together to give us a fine impression of a day spent in Baghdad.

Jesuit missionaries in China are striving to bring a different New Year to the Chinese people than the one described

in *Chinese New Year* by JOHN J. GORDON, S.J.

FATHER ANDREW B. OCHS, S.J., mentions a few hardships a missionary must face in the Jamaican hills. That he takes them with a smile we learn from the title *Can You Take it?*

The story *Blackrobe Sourdough* was written on a sickbed. FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., pays this tribute to a real missionary.

Squatters Without Land by THOMAS D. CARROLL, S.J., tells the story of people who live on the river and their boats are their homes. But what homes! Even the poorest tenement in New York is a palace compared to them. Even to these vagabonds of the river, Christ would come.

Here in America we may practise our faith with perfect freedom. For that we should be grateful. In *Ten Chamar Villages Just Waiting* by FATHER JOHN J. BARRETT, S.J., we learn of a people who want to serve and worship the one true God, yet cannot because they are afraid of their medicine men.

God takes a long view of events. Both in time and space His grace flows quietly and mysteriously in out of the way places, perhaps due to your prayers.

You often hear people, weak and discouraged, say "I wonder if God hears my prayers." The answer might be contained in the story, *A Sower Went Forth . . .* by JOSEPH MESSNER, S.J.

The ordinary privations missionaries have to endure would tax the patience of Job himself. When you have a fire thrown in for good measure as in *Fire Enroute to Dolores* by ALLAN A. STEVENSON, S.J., you certainly have complications that upset even a veteran.



Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

THIS MONTH

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COVER—This happy Chamar boy owes his smile to some Jesuit missionary of the Chicago Province and to some home missionary who together brought him into the Catholic Church and educated him in the Faith. The Chamars belong to the shoemaker caste, one of the so-called Untouchable castes of India. The Chicago Province Jesuits have made many converts among them despite great opposition. John Barrett, S.J., indicates some of the difficulties of their work in his article in this issue entitled, "Ten Chamar Villages Just Waiting!" The Chamars are anxious to enter the Catholic Church, but have to be of a really heroic mold in order to withstand the violent physical and moral oppositoin of the Hindu religionists. (Photograph by Father John A. Morrison, S.J.)

EDITORIALS

HAPPY 1941

THE New Year's greeting which the 625 American Jesuit Missionaries have instructed us to send you is that your happiness in 1941 be as great as theirs. To those who know what difficulties and hardships Christ's soldiers face in foreign lands during this second year of World War and universal upheaval, this may sound more like a comprehensive curse than a New Year's greeting. Translated, it would seem to say, "May your troubles be as heavy as ours."

We have just returned from a visit to one of our missions, a mission which is at war in a grim, determined sort of way. It has not yet felt the shock of bombs, but it has experienced everything else, including a maze of war regulations, concentration camps, high prices and the fear of things to come. We have seen the American Jesuits there carrying on with doubled energy to meet mission conditions that are doubly hard. And the one salient impression we took from this visit was the happiness of these men.

The year 1941 will most likely see an increase in the difficulties under which they will have to work. They know this but they are still happy. What is true of the American Jesuit missionaries we visited in Jamaica, is true of those in India, China, Alaska, Baghdad, British Honduras, the Philippines and elsewhere—a circumstance that leads us to the conclusion that there must be something definitely bogus about the world's formula for happiness which holds that there is no joy in hardships.

The missionaries of Christ's Church are the world's wisest and most realistic men. Too honest to wish you the impossible thing of a year devoid of difficulties, their prayer is that 1941 bring you an increase in that apostolic spirit by which we endure all things happily for the love of Christ.

WE FOUND HIM

ONE of our reasons for going to Jamaica was to track down the very elusive and Very Reverend Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of the Mission of Jamaica. Numerous friends of his who had not heard from him for some time, told us to go out on the high seas and not to come back without him. Well, we found him and just where we suspected we should. In the days when Father Feeney was Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS* we sometimes had to go out looking for him.

Usually, on these occasions, he would be found bringing the relic of St. Francis Xavier to a sick person or busily engaged in some of the numerous ways he had of bringing help and consolation to people in all walks of life.

In Jamaica, just outside of Kingston, there is a place called Gibraltar. Nestling against the seaward side of a large mountain, it looks something like the famous "Rock" but it is called Gibraltar for another reason. It is the new "home" of 2,000 women, children and old men whom German bombs have driven from the famous fortress at the entrance to the Mediterranean. It was there we found Father Feeney, buzzing around under the hot tropical sun, trying his best to make these homeless people feel at home. All but a small percentage of the evacuees are Catholic and that is why the Governor of the island has placed upon the shoulders of the Jesuit Superior a large part of the burden of taking care of them. Many were sick; all were in need of material and spiritual care, and 4,000 more were expected any day!

It was not the huge mountain towering above us but the magnitude of the job imposed on Father Feeney, in addition to his work as Superior of the Mission, that made all our complaints about not hearing from him seem so small.

BABY BRIDES

WHAT we have to say here is intended for the tender ears of young brides only. So if you have never been a bride or have no intention of becoming one or have never been a bridesmaid, you'd better not read any further. Suppose at the age of eleven or twelve your parents, staunch Catholics to be sure, but anxious to have you married, had brought you to the marriage market and had offered you, according to the custom of the country, to the higher bidder. Then do you think the Catholic boy of your dreams would have had you or the sleek Mohammedan butcher with the fat pocket-book?

This sort of thing doesn't happen in Brooklyn but it is actually going on today in the mission of Father Edward Scott, S.J., in India. He has a plan by which he hopes to save his Catholic girls from the misfortune of marrying pagan husbands. He tells about it in our *Afield* section, in a way that will interest brides, and the non-brides, too, who have persevered with us up to this point.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Father Welch, S.J. (the author), observing the craters of the moon. (Left) Father Rivas, S.J., Father Welch's co-worker in the astronomy department.

Jubilee of a Famous

THIS year the Manila Observatory, founded and operated by Jesuit missionaries of the Philippines, celebrates its Diamond Jubilee. In 1865, a Jesuit Scholastic, Francisco Colina, installed some meteorological instruments in an abandoned pigeon house on the roof of the Ateneo Municipal, a Jesuit school in Manila. He had a thermometer, a hygrometer and an oil barometer. For lack of a better anemometer, he used a piece of cloth hung by a string from the top of a pole to indicate the wind direction. On June 16th, he began regular observations. Such was the humble beginning of the Manila Observatory, one of the most famous scientific listening-posts in the world.

Regular observations have been made without interruption during the seventy-five years that have intervened since the beginning. Gradually, more and better instruments were acquired and better rooms to house them. The data obtained from the observations were classified and studied carefully, until, in 1879, Father Faura, who had been in charge of the work most of the time, felt prepared to issue typhoon warnings. On November 18th of

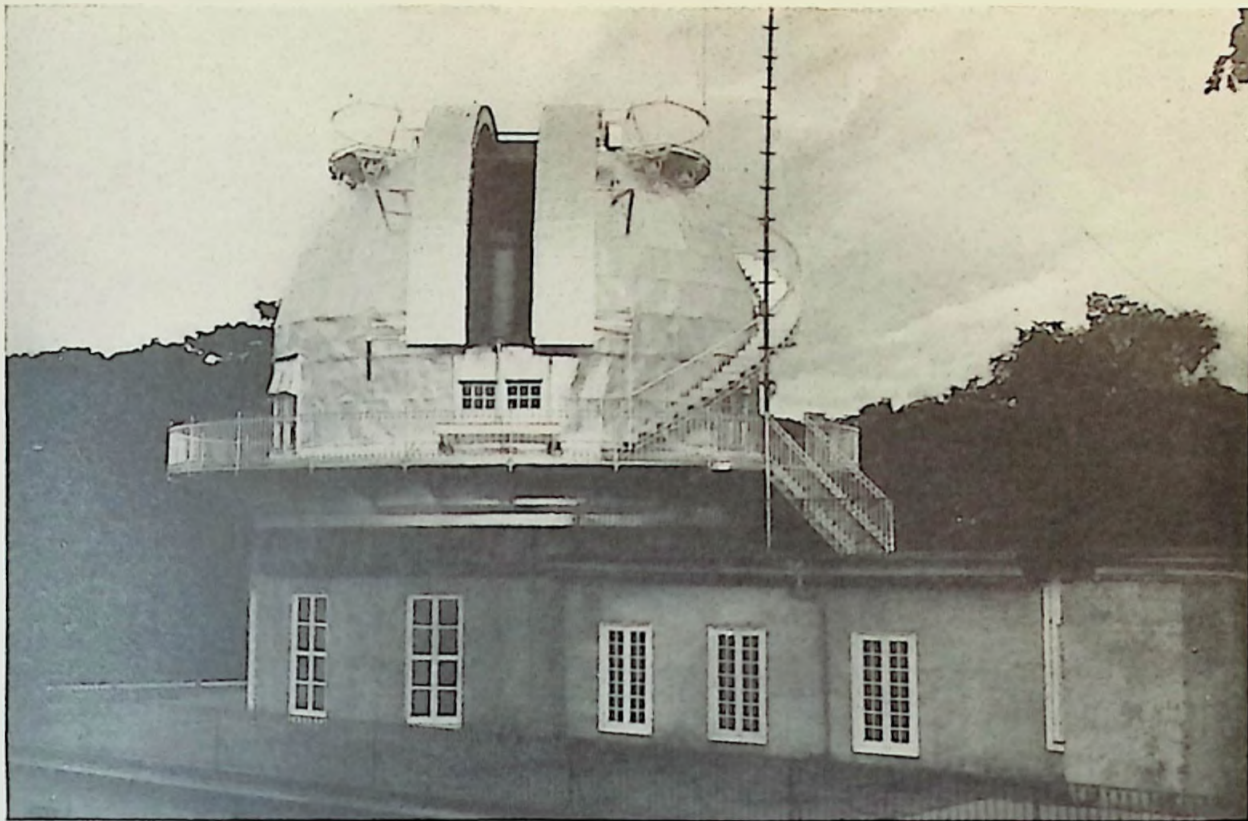
that year, he made public a forecast which stated that a strong typhoon would be felt in Manila within a few days. The typhoon came on the 20th. Because of the precautions which had been taken after the warning, the losses incurred were much smaller than in any previous storm of the same size. From that day to this, typhoon warnings have been a routine work of the Observatory, saving untold lives.

IN 1886, the Observatory was transferred to its present site in Ermita which was then a suburban village. Soon after the death of Father Faura in 1897, the street on which the Observatory stands was named *Calle Padre Faura*, as a mark of honor to that pioneering scientist for the distinguished service he rendered by his typhoon warnings.

In 1880, there were only seven telegraph offices in Luzon. Each of these was equipped with some meteorological instruments and sent daily telegraphic reports of observations to the Observatory. These seven reports formed the basis on which typhoon warnings were issued. Today, reports of observations are received twice daily from

some forty stations in the Philippine Archipelago, also from the Islands of Guam and Yap, from many stations in Japan, China, Indo-China, Siam, the Dutch East Indies and from ships at sea. All these observations are plotted in symbols on a weather map, which is then analyzed and used in making out the forecast. Typhoon warnings are issued twice daily and more often when necessary, two hundred and forty-five having been sent out during the typhoon season of 1939. They are transmitted by our own radio station, KOB, by the United States Naval radio station, NPO, and by the local branches of the Radio Corporation of America and of the Globe Wireless, Incorporated. They are also wired to all parts of the Islands that may be in danger.

WHEN a typhoon signal is raised in any city or town, the Mayors and Chiefs of Police see to it that the news of the storm is spread throughout the district. Emergency units of the police, fire and hospital departments and of the public utility companies are mobilized for trouble. Ships scurry to sheltered bays. Nipa houses are



The dome of the Manila astronomical building houses one of the largest telescopes in the Orient, a nineteen inch refractor.

Mission Observatory

The missionary who founded the Manila Observatory 75 years ago used a piece of cloth as an anemometer. Today it is one of the best equipped scientific posts in the Orient.

Leo W. Welch, S.J.

braced with bamboo props and everything movable is tied down. By means of these precautions, the storm toll of lives lost is reduced to a minimum, although serious damage to crops in the fields cannot be averted despite the greatest care.

Many of the instruments used in the early years of the Observatory have become obsolete. One of these is Father Secchi's universal meteorograph which by a combination of gears, pulleys and relays, was designed to make a record of rainfall, wind direction, wind velocity, air temperature, pressure and humidity. In contrast to the rag by which the direction of the wind was observed in 1865, now there are six self-recording anemometers on the roof of the Observatory. One of these,

rising thirty feet above the roof, measures the direction and velocity of every changing gust of wind. Moreover, twice a day pilot balloons are released from the roof and followed by theodolite to obtain the direction and velocity of the air currents from the lower regions all the way up to the stratosphere.

IN the seismic museum of the observatory, there are about a dozen old instruments which were used at one time or another to record earthquakes. One of these was a simple pendulum with a pointer at the bottom which, when agitated, left its mark in a basin of sand. Others were so complicated as to remind one of Professor Rube Goldberg's notorious contraptions. The

purchase and operation of the best seismographs has always been the policy of the Observatory. At present a complete set of Galitzin-Wilit seismographs, a one thousand kilogram Weichert inverted pendulum and two horizontal pendulums are in daily operation for measurements of the earth's motion.

Soon after coming to Ermita the Fathers made plans and started collecting funds for an astronomical building. This building with its dome was completed in 1899. It houses one of the largest telescopes in the Orient, a nineteen-inch refractor. Apart from the scientific work which has been done with this telescope, it has proved to be a boon to the residents of Manila and to the many visitors to this capital city. Scientists and servants, students and octogenarians, may often be seen trekking in on a clear evening to take a look at the craters of the moon, Saturn's rings or the Great Nebula in Orion.

These visitors have a thousand and one questions to ask, many of which show that the comic strips are the main source of popular concepts of astronomy. "How long would it take to go to Mars in a space ship?" "Can you show us the planet Krypton?" the youngsters ask. When they learn that apart from obvious impossibilities in navigation, it would take thirty years to reach Mars, traveling at the rate of 600 m.p.h., they figure out how old they would be when they got back and their enthusiasm for the trip dies down. During the first three months of this year, over five hundred visitors took their turn at the telescope, and it was edifying to hear pagan Chinese as well as fervent Catholics commenting on the wondrous power and majesty of the Hand which made the stars.

THE two men whose names have been most closely associated with the past history of the Observatory, were Fathers Faura and Algue. Their scientific researches and their timely warnings of typhoon dangers gave the Manila Observatory its enviable reputation in meteorological circles. The first American Jesuit (*Turn to page 27*)



Off to Baghdad on Magic Wings

George F. Hoyt, S.J.

*A shepherd of the
East who has not
yet heard of the
Good Shepherd.*

HOW would you like to spend a day in the hottest city in the world? That's a queer invitation you will probably say, and then dismiss the idea with a good blunt negative. And it will not help to say that the city is at least six thousand miles distant. Well, since the mountain won't come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. We will provide you with a magic steed, none other than JESUIT MISSIONS, which will whisk you away to the City of Peace on the banks of the Tigris. What are six thousand miles, two seas and a desert to this modern Bucephalus? In a twinkling of an eye, you are riding high over the domes and minarets of Baghdad.

Now's the time to shout "Na-a-sil" which is good Arabic for "Let me off here." So you will alight on the roof of Baghdad College just as my faithful Baby Ben begins its morning setting-up exercises. There is time only for a hurried handshake and how are you for I must go down and fetch the handbell. Here we are back again, armed with the bell and there are two minutes to go. Two minutes to five, of course. The world is steeped in that sombre color peculiar to the time between dawn and daylight. And the moon as the Arabs say is still swimming in the western skies, so low that it seems

to be literally swimming in the muddy waters of the Tigris. A faint breeze stirs the tops of the palm trees, and brings to us the sound of cantering horses and the pad-pad of naked feet.

LOOK between those two tallest palms and you can see the white road, about a block away. This road winds along the Tigris bank and carries each morning all the village traffic to the *sugs*. Closer to us, we hear the raucous chatter of black-robed women—no, not noisy nuns—but Moslem women hurrying to the *sug* with their sour milk buckets. Watching them, we are forced to admire their serene sense of balance when we see four or five buckets riding high and easy on the tops of their heads.

Coming down the dirt road in the opposite direction is young Abraheem, proud possessor of seven summers, and his five fat-tailed sheep trailing behind him. "Yes-yem . . . yes-yem" he bellows in a voice with the volume of a *muezzin*. Abraheem is a very talented tot by the way. Besides being the master of the shepherd language with its endless clucks and trills, he can mimic all the Fathers and sing a good imitation of the *Tantum Ergo*.

But our two minutes of grace are over and we must perform the sad duty of waking the Community

sleeping so peacefully here on the roof. No sooner has the tocsin clanged, than a score of Fathers and servants jump up with more or less alacrity from the beds ranged around all four sides of the central courtyard. It gives one the sensation of a Gabriel awaking the dead. Wonderful is the power of obedience but we must not delay with moralizing, lest we be caught in the crush for the staircase.

HOLY Mass comes next on our program and we enter the small chapel where a statue (our only) of Our Lady stands over the altar, holding her Child out for our admiration. What the oasis is for the Bedouin, who regard it as a little patch of heaven on earth, that the Blessed Sacrament is for us. And so refreshed at the "fountains of the Saviour" we are ready for the heat and toil of the day.

Then a welcome breakfast of porridge and golden dates picked only yesterday by Hosein from our own trees. No sooner have we finished when we hear the impatient honk of the Buick. Where to now? We're bound for Karada, the new Christian quarter of the town and more particularly for Father Merrick's Boys Club which the facetious Scholastics have dubbed the Merrick A. C.

What is this? "*Shinu hadha?*"—

the most used words in Baghdad. Our car has come to a sudden stop, sudden by virtue of the donkey two inches away. There on our left is a bronzed Bedouin wrapped in his *abba*, and a modern effendi in Western clothes. See that Moslem woman approaching, veiled all but for one fixing eye. We are off with a jolt and keep on jolting down Rasheed Street (Baghdad's Main Street). Traffic gets thicker and thicker and almost reaches the point of saturation. We weave in and out of a maze of *arabanas* (coach and twos) bicycles, donkeys and men. Not to mention the women who, unlike Lot's wife, look neither to left or right, but make heroic dashes, leaving all to kismet. What a splendid training ground for New York taxi-drivers!

At last we arrive at Bab Shargi, one of the gates of the old walled city. Then we *nazil* and hail another bus. Keep an eye out for an open space followed by a coffee shop. Here we are and we have only to walk a bit up the narrow dirt street lined with brick houses, lawnless and treeless, until we come to a group of boys waiting impatiently for us. Like Pied Pipers, we lead into the courtyard and with a massive key about six inches long, give the lock a double turn. A Hail Mary and then a rush to the ping-pong table and checkers and the morning is started. We must not forget to keep one eye peeled for rogues who try to relieve bicycle tires of their burden. Also the big clay *tunga* in the corner where the boys have splashing contests.

SOON the room is humming with Arabic and the frequent loud shouts so dear to the Arabic heart. This place is a godsend for the boys who otherwise would be loitering about the streets. More power to Father Merrick! And this is only one of the fingers he has in the Baghdad pie. No wonder the boys call him "the human dynamo!"

By ten-thirty the world is really hot, as the Arabs say, and we make a quick dash for home and shelter. The wind from the East whips up into our faces like the blast of a furnace. It brings home the truth of the Arab saying, "The west wind

is *jenna* (heaven) but the east, *gehenna* (which means what it says)." By eleven-thirty, the Baghdad business day is practically over. Only the Kurdish coolies, the *fellaheen* and the shepherds toil on. Those who have them burrow underground in their *sirdabs* (cellars). The throaty coo-ing of the doves seems to be the only sign of life and even their song is far from lively. We, too, will repair to our cots for it is the hallowed hour of siesta.

NOT until five-thirty does the Old Man of the skies relent the

journalists love to roll out the phrase "*sur la mer, l'air, et la terre.*"

It is only two minutes to Father Madaras' pump-house from where we embark. Soon Fathers and food are stowed away, and the boat under way with a mere lad of about twelve years at the helm. We chug down the swift muddy waters, gliding by the crumbling banks which are reinforced with high dykes of mud interwoven with branches, or cement or even tin. As we get nearer the city, the houses greedy for space squat on the very banks themselves and jut their mysterious bay win-



These men sitting down are scribes at work on courtships and petitions. The dark figure in the foreground is a Moslem woman.

heat of his anger and then he becomes almost civil and respectable. No doubt, your siesta was visited by a welcoming committee of sand flies, those invisible drillers of human ore. But cheer up! we are in luck for tonight the Fathers, in an attempt to wheedle some sort of diversion out of Baghdad summer, will take "launch and lunch" on the Tigris. Having seen Baghdad by air astride your good steed Bucephalus, and by land on our bouncing Buick, naught remains but a view by water. How the French

drows over the water. We pass many groups of men and horses taking their daily bath together and boys paddling about in small kyaks made from the tin of petrol cans.

On the other side of the river you may catch a glimpse through the palm trees of the horse tramway that carries the pilgrims to the shrine of Khadhimaih, with its golden domes and minarets. Duck your head! "*Dir balck, die balck!*" For we are passing under the old wooden pontoon bridge. And so we chug along. (Turn to page 27)

Blackrobe

Sourdough

Father John B. Sifton, S.J., a real "sour-dough" and one of the last of the pioneer Alaskan missionaries, who died recently at Hooper Bay.



Paul C.
O'Connor, S.J.

HOOPER BAY is a desolate missionary outpost on the Bering Sea. It is bleak and barren possessing no natural charm, the home of seal hunting and seal-smelling Eskimos. Because he spoke their language and was interested in their eternal salvation, Father John B. Sifton, S.J., here topped off the last two years of a long hard missionary life in Alaska. It was only a few weeks ago that the angel of death surprised this aged priest. Father Sifton is almost the last of the pioneer band of the grand ol' Alaskan missionaries, and it is with mingled feelings of pride and humility that we younger missionaries gingerly shoulder the burdens that they so long and bravely bore.

We are proud to be the sons of such a noble band, but deep in our hearts we cannot help confessing that our labors of the present lack the heroism of their great struggles of the past. Alaska is still a pioneer country—some say our last frontier, but today is not what it was twenty and thirty years ago. Early hardships both on the trail and at the mission post itself are little by little being replaced by less difficult and more comfortable ways.

Father Sifton was a real honest-to-God missionary—no softness in him! Comfort was a word unknown in his spiritual vocabulary. From the time he was a Scholastic on the Indian Missions of Montana with ill-fitting shoes and no socks, to the day of his death at a lonely mission post in Alaska—he lived and chose a hard life. To our modern standards he lived not merely poorly, but wretchedly. He literally had nothing that amounted to anything. I happened to be his Superior for four years at Akulurak. During that entire period he never asked me for a single thing. He was so detached that he would not even make known his needs in clothes. I had to surreptitiously steal and burn his old clothes to be sure that he

would not give the new article away to some Eskimo grand-daddy and hang on faithfully to his own tattered garments. I used to chide him for using ordinary soap for shaving.

DETACHMENT was to my notion the predominant note in his spiritual make-up. I honestly believe that I have never met a Religious his equal in this great virtue. He was ready and willing to give away anything he possessed to the poor, or in fact, to anybody. Even his parka and mukluks would be lent out to some careless but needy Eskimo with almost a certainty of being returned in a battered condition. In other words, everybody knew, and sometimes took advantage of the fact, that what Father Sifton possessed, belonged to the world at large. Every Religious has a few little articles that gradually assume the privilege of being termed personal necessities. Some have many, others few, but this kindly priest had none.

He was a missionary greatly beloved both by his Eskimos as well as by numerous Whites. This naturally resulted in his being the recipient of many and valuable gifts. These presents never stayed long with him—they slipped through his fingers like water—no favorites, first come first served. He was so detached that one would



A first Communion group in Alaska. Father Sifton, S.J., (left) was the Superior of the missions in northern Alaska.

almost judge that he did not realize the value of many of these precious things, yet none was so sharp as he in making a deal for the Mission at large.

IT was easy for him to get ready for a trip—he had nothing to carry. On the trail he traveled like a native. He was accustomed to native foods and lived off the country. He drove his own dogs, mushed alone, did his own cooking and thought nothing of it. Most old sourdoughs love to recall their early hardships of the trail. Father Sifton barely touched on his icy duckings, his frozen feet, and nights out in murderous sub zero weather.

He maintained that the most important asset for an Alaskan missionary was a sense of humor. This charming trait he himself possessed in an eminent degree. It was this especially that endeared him to all. He never lost this happy faculty—the very last letter he wrote was bubbling with fun. He possessed a sharp and penetrating mind. He was not merely a punster who facetiously plays with kindred words. He was a real humorist and could create an amusing situation almost out of a tragedy. He dearly loved to bolster up the drooping spirits of his fellow missionaries. He would belittle difficulties and with unconscious ease broaden and gladden our spiritual vision.

The fine quality of his humor can be appreciated from the fact that towards the end of his life he turned it all against himself. Some ten years ago this hard working priest fell a victim to bloody dysentery. He went down hill visibly—racked with pain day and night, and worst of all his memory was so enfeebled that he could not remember the day of the week. From then on he unceasingly made fun of his lack of brains and mental disability. For a man who was so intellectually alert that he became adept in three Indian languages as well as the Eskimo guttural tongue, who was such a capable administrator that he was Superior of the whole Alaskan missions for three quarters of his missionary life, this mental handicap in his old age must have been keenly felt and deeply humiliating. Yet, he made a joke of it all and graciously kept up this attitude until the end. I cannot help but recalling him writing to send on C.O.D. his brains that he had left behind with numerous other articles.

SOME six years ago I left Akulurak to visit Father Sifton who was then living all alone in a little village on the Yukon. He was then sixty-three years old with a fast dimming vision and a failing memory. I swept into the village with my long string of mission malemutes about eight o'clock at night with the temperature about eighteen below. Father Sifton welcomed me with a beaming smile and charming manner that so easily became him. He told me that he had just finished an excellent supper. I looked around and found

that there was no meat in the house. His supper had been a dish of plain macaroni. The stove was smoking and it was impossible to heat the house properly. This was February and things had been going on like this since early winter.

WELL to make a long story short I shivered and my eyes watered. I determined to have that pipe and stove fixed, immediately on the morrow. The morrow though was a long time in coming. That night it dropped down to twenty-five below. Early in the morning Father Sifton said his Mass—I wrapped in my furs served him. To this day I wonder how he said that Mass so leisurely and devoutly not noticing the cold. During the early part of my Mass which immediately followed, I constantly rubbed my fingers to keep the blood in circulation. Once the Canon began this naturally was impossible. I thought my hands would freeze.

The final absolution over, I disregarded all rubrics



The winter scene in the Mission at Hooper Bay where Father Sifton spent the last two years of his strenuous missionary career.

and loudly clapped my hands together; they were within a fraction of being frost-bitten. I need not say that before many hours passed I had both the pipe and stove fixed and a normal atmosphere of warmth again cheered the little cabin. What extremities of cold Father Sifton must have suffered during those earlier winter months the Angels alone know.

This Blackrobe sourdough spent not one but twenty-eight sub-zero winters in Alaska and nine among the Indians of Wyoming, bringing his total mission years to thirty-seven. He is credited with the origin of the epigram that "in Alaska there are only two seasons—the break-up and the freeze-up." The Eskimos called him, "the man who speaks" as a tribute to his command over their dialects. Father Sifton was twice Superior of the whole Alaskan Mission, and, a missionary to the end, he died on his knees beside his bed at Hooper Bay.

Do you wonder then that we younger missionaries look upon the passing of these fine old veterans with a deep sense of humility tinged with a bit of envy. God bless them all!

Squatters Without Land

Thomas J.
Carroll, S.J.



A half million Chinese dwell in these overgrown rowboats called sampans. A family of seven or nine will live the whole year in these floating hovels.

“JUST an overgrown rowboat with a beavertail paddle, but it is *home* to me.” China’s half million sampan dwellers would instantly subscribe to that statement, if they only knew English. (Unfortunately for a handful of American Jesuits over here in China, they don’t.)

Not even a picture—much less a pen-picture—can shed very much light on the hominess and homeliness of a Chinese sampan. A half hour’s ride in one of them along the sluggish waters of the local creek would be better than a thousand pages of description: so just hop in, along with me, and we shall see and hear and smell and feel and all but taste.

These squatters without land (there seems to be no phrase more apt to describe them) jam their little craft into unbelievably small crannies of the Zi-ka-wei creek and—pagans, most of them—live out their lives in the shadow of the big church spires.

A dark shadow that, when the sun begins to set, as shadows are always dark. But on this particular stretch of water-lane a shadow trebly dark: dark because shadows are by nature so; darker still, for it falls on the black surface of waters that are buoyant and yet flow not, the still, stagnant, smelly waters of Zi-ka-wei creek; dark beyond measure it is, for the poor pagan folk who live in the shadow but cannot see and do not understand, the Cross and the steeples that cast it.

WHAT do these poor people know about life? No need to ask that question when we see them crouched down so low in their poor floating hovels, or beaver-paddling along in the greying dusk—just paddling along, paddling and hoping to slide their flat-bottomed homesteads into a few free feet of the riverside mud before the less sable night distorts and devours the shadows that play on the creek’s black surface.

What do they know about life? Oh, they know a

little about it!—the heat of summer reflecting unbearably from the dazzling water; the cold of winter, frozen into their sampan homes; the gnawing of hunger at times and the strain of muscles that follows a day of pushing and pulling and poling and paddling their craft along the winding canals of the Yangtse delta. They know the smell of the turbid water, and of sweat, and of the eye-blinding smoke that spirals up from their little cook stove as they boil their handful of summer rice or try to thaw the pain out of their gnarled old hands in winter. They know what it is to be crowded: when a family of seven or nine must live the whole year along in a little boat just

twelve feet long and five feet wide . . . the taste of tears and the sound of sighs as birth and death pursue and catch up with them on the dark winding river. Ah yes! they know the sorrows and discomforts of life!

BUT life, even for the sampan dweller, is more than a series of sorrows, more than discomfort. They know a few of its pleasures, too, these landless squatters. Their homes are their own. ’Tis a joy indeed, though all their possessions be just this humble, this frail, thin bark. They have their families, too, and sometimes fed and sometimes warm in the winter’s depth. And they have their work on that black liquid highway—the carting of produce from the distant farms to the far, crowded city. And, coming and going, they have their friends, men of their own labors who joke with them in the idling traffic or wave them a courteous palm as they beaver-paddle by in the course of their commerce.

And, of course, they have the *Sengvus* and *Mumus* (the priests and the Sisters.) It is the *Mumu* who comes with her comforting smile and her long black robes to aid them in sickness or to soothe their tired weeping eyes as death takes its toll in the dark of the river. And they know the *Sengvu*, who has so often helped them along with oddments of clothes and with rice and tools when the harsh ways of the river have left them unprepared for quick-coming winter. They know them well, these poor pagan squatters, and they know that as death and sickness and birth track them down, the *Sengvus* and *Mumus* will seek them out and will find them to aid them along in their first or last passage and to snatch them betimes from the jaws of death to another and surer and less arduous life . . . to the life that is there on the sunny side of the shadows.

Much they know of the life that is now, the life in the shadows; little—ah, much too little—of the life symbolized by the shadows of the cathedral spires.

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

A Child Is Selfish

Mothers could tell you about the "gimme" disease. It's just as common as measles or mumps. Rare is the child who escapes it in his early years. Everything a baby sees, it wants for itself. Psychologists trace this urge back to the primitive instinct we all have of self preservation. When the reason is dormant and the will untrained, this animal instinct is very noticeable. Just as the dog will growl if you take away its bone, so the child will howl for a shiny brooch or some other dangerous trinket. In other words, the child is instinctively selfish. Where parents pamper and give in to these whims, you have the spoiled child, a little tyrant who imperiously rules his little world from a high chair.

Selfishness of Business

The child is father to the man. In the normal course of events, this selfish instinct is subdued, tempered and moderated, by social contacts, courtesies and conventions. Still, it is there in grown up men and given the incentive will express itself. Nowhere do we find it more pronounced than in "Big" business. They call it by other names, such as the pressure of competition, the spirit of rivalry, but big business is crushingly selfish. We see it in the ruthless liquidation of small independent concerns by large corporations.

Here in New York every morning you will find subways disgorging large streams of humanity and monster skyscrapers just as quickly swallowing them up again. All at the clamor of big business. In the midst of all this rush and ac-

tivity, you would hardly expect to see Christ walking through the offices of tall buildings or on the streets jammed with men and women hustling to get to their desks before the nine o'clock deadline. Yet Christ and His charity are here.

Charity in New York

The charity of New York has some things in common with big business. First of all, it is on a large scale, it is nonchalant, matter of fact, as regular almost as the nine o'clock bell. These people don't make any fuss about the effort required, the demands on their time or the expense involved. They just go ahead and do it. All over New York you will find societies and organizations and guilds running whists and parties and dances and donating the proceeds to charity. If actions speak louder than words and they certainly do, then the spirit of Christ is very strong in the heart of Catholic New York.

Mission Guilds

The activity of these many societies varies according to their purpose. Some are for parish interests, some for far wider interests, such as "foreign missions." Naturally we are more familiar with these last. Like ourselves, they are working for the missions. Usually such a guild is composed of a group of women who come each week of their own accord to devote a few hours of their time to helping missionaries. All this comes after a trying day spent in the selfish interests of some "Big" concern, either as clerk, stenographer or operator. Housekeepers of course are also members.

An Evening With a Guild

Last week one of our Fathers who was sailing for Jamaica the next day had a free evening. Since he was soon to be on the missions, I took him to see a mission guild at work. There they were, about fifteen or twenty in number, two working on a chausuble at the sewing machine, others stringing rosary beads, some painting small statues of Our Lady, another fixing a rabbi (you know, one of those big, black ties priests wear). A group seated at a side table were framing holy cards for children.

The reaction of my friend was the same as my first impression. "Say, this is grand," he said. "The men on the missions should know about this."

The men on the missions do know about these guilds. Many of them have been the recipients of mission bundles from these guilds. As for the others, well, we're telling all our missionaries now.

Christian Generosity

In the whole life of Christ, you will not find one place where He was mindful of self. These girls, though their whole day is spent in the selfish atmosphere of the business world, have learned this lesson from the Divine Teacher. They supply the materials out of their own means and give of their time and labor cheerfully. The bond that keeps them together is the ardent desire to do something for those who have given up all to follow Christ. Here is an antidote which will thwart and confound self-seeking right in its own stronghold.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



theer Nicholas J. Pollard, S.J., of the Chicago Province, astride his motorcycle and ready for the roads of India.



A group of Indian mothers and their babies. *people nearer to Christ. (Right) Father Mil Palna*

Ten Chamar Villages Just Wait

THE missionary pushed the goggles up off his eyes after the hundred-mile motor cycle ride from the farthest corner of his territory. He looked as pleased as a vacuum sweeper salesman who has delivered a machine to every woman in the block, with cash in hand.

"Almost too good to be true," he exclaimed in a high tenor. "Ten villages, all Chamars, just waiting to be instructed. Just waiting!"

The anxiety I had felt for days dissolved in a surge of tingling joy.

"No-o-o-o?" I quiered. "Well, I thought sure that Chamar was a fake. We never expected this, Father!"

The slight man rocked his motor cycle back on its stand and we went in to dinner, our heads reeling with figures of prospective conversions running up into the thousands. The good days of Xavier were returning to this part of Patna, India!

One week before, a man had trudged the dusty road out to our bungalow to tell us an incredible story. His dark brown skin rolled streams of shining sweat from a shaven head onto his earth-colored shirt. The bamboo staff he carried supported him as he wiped those heat-burned eyes with the hanging end of a long worn loin cloth.

"I come from G——, Father,

and I have a message for you. . . ."

The missionary didn't let him say any more, not until this traveler had been sent to take a bath under the pump, and had squatted over as much rice as would fill ten Chinamen.

THE hot March winds blasted against the windows shuttered to keep out the deadening sunlight. Lazy locusts sawed with deafening crescendos in the dry trees shading the house. The gritty dust from the road lay like a mantle over the little furniture in the room. Behind his desk sat the missionary bolt upright. "Now," said the thin, kindly voice, "tell me your story."

"I'm a Chamar, Father, from over that way." The priest nodded. "Before the last Durga Puja some people of our caste came from a place farther north to visit us and take back some of our girls for their boys. They were Catholics. They said that we were foolish to be worshipping our village idols. We didn't like that, and so we held a meeting of the ten villages to make these visitors become Hindus again. Our twenty chief men began to argue with these Catholics one night. But it didn't do any good. One of them began to talk about their God, Jesus Christ, and our chiefs kept quiet. When the visitors went home, I

went with them. We wanted their priests to come and visit us. But he said that our villages did not belong to him. And he sent me to see you." Sitting on the floor cross-legged the Chamar kept his eyes steadily on the priest.

"They do belong to me, that is, they are in my territory although I have never been able to get that far." The thick eyelids of the tired priest drooped, then opened wide. "I will go to your villages tomorrow morning!"

Three catechists were called in from another district and sent to instruct the ten villages. They lived hidden in the houses for fear of the *Samaj*, a secret organization com-





Results are heroically striving to bring this old Father Foster, S.J., two veterans of the India.



ng!

John J.
Barrett, S.J.

pared to which the hooded Klan are angels of mercy. Two thousand years have not made it less necessary to preach the Faith under cover of darkness in Indian villages as in the catacombs. The Kingdom of God is not set up by a turn of the hand. One after another the families were prepared for Baptism, and possibly by Easter all might enter the Kingdom.

“LISTEN, Jack, I can't sit still any longer. I must go over there and get things arranged for Easter.” And the missionary rubbed his nervous hands impatiently. “I'll leave on the motorcycle before day-break tomorrow, and you follow on the bus which will get you there at dark.”

That bus was a specimen for which the Smithsonian would pay a fancy price. Black magic held it together. At noon it wheezed to a stop at a half-way village and disgorged the load of exhausted passengers. I got a good rice dinner at a cavern-like Muslim shop; refused an alms to a wholly naked fakir who had sat four months continuously in the same spot beside the open road; and we were on our way once more.

A temporary halt at a country

John J. Barrett, S.J., examining a torture instrument on which the Hindu holy men sit for penance.

clinic where a kindly Indian doctor helped a worried husband place his sick wife on the floor of the bus between the passengers' feet. She lay motionless, eyes closed. In his arms the man held a tiny baby, on his lap a wide-eyed little girl. After that the sympathetic driver moved slowly. Just at twilight the old bus coasted to a stop near a village hidden in a bamboo grove. Some willing hands gently lifted the unconscious woman out of the bus and placed her on a grassy slope. Then the night broke with the rise of startled voices and a piercing wail from the stricken husband, “She's dead!” It was heart-breaking to move off again into the gloom, the sobs of a little girl and man trailing after us in the still night. Death had wrinkled all his plans.

“I THOUGHT you'd never get here,” said the missionary, surrounded by several of his boys with lanterns, waiting for me by the roadside.

“Same here. Ought to be a government pension for all Lizzies after twenty years' service.”

“I haven't had a thing to eat all day. Hmm, you see. . . . I lost my lunch on the road this morning.”

“Too bad. Well, I've brought enough grub for three days. Tinned beans, a dozen eggs, can of prunes; what will you have, Father?”

We ate half a loaf of bread each, walking across the ploughed fields to the village, because the twenty chiefs were already met for a conclave and there was no time to cook a meal.

Under the rising full moon the

men sat huddled in shawls grouped in a semi-circle on the ground within a courtyard. Village dogs and small children wandered about and women peeked over the low mud walls. When the priest sat down on a low wooden platform in the circle the hub-bub of voices quieted and the missionary spoke. He questioned the men searchingly on points of faith, and they passed all tests. A plan for Easter was broached. All the young men were eager for Baptism, but old heads were mute. Finally, the head chief revealed the situation: “We are afraid, Father. The *Samaj* know now that we are leaving Hinduism, the religion of our fathers. They have sent us warning messages. Maybe they will come for us on Easter. We are afraid.”

FEAR fell like lightning across the priest's face and he was calm again. Not a man moved, all watching him hopefully. At last the non-plussed missionary looked up. “My friends, do not fear. Our Lord will protect you all. Wednesday morning before sunrise a motor bus will be here to bring you twenty men to my headquarters, and there I will keep you and baptize you on Easter. Then you will teach your villages the religion of Jesus and we will baptize them later.” Sitting beside him I caught the breathed words of a fervent Hail Mary!

Against the white-washed wall of one mud house I focused a magic lantern I had brought with me. A Hyde Park barker would be envious of the mass of villagers that gathered and (Turn to page 27)

A Sower Went Forth...

Joseph
Messner, S.J.



bouquet of Japanese azalea blossoms. May they one day bloom forever in the Kingdom of Heaven.

A YEAR ago last spring, an official of the Municipal Relief Office in Tokyo asked the Catholic Mission Station if we would be willing to care for an old man at the hospital not far from the Mission Church. He was a street-worker who three or four weeks ago was brought in ill with cancer of the stomach. Since he had no relatives, nobody came to see him.

It was just the time when the azalea, the Japanese Alpine rose, was in full bloom. So before calling on him, I went to a flower shop. The old man, I thought, will surely enjoy flowers, which moreover might help to overcome the embarrassment of our first meeting. But having met him, it did not take me long to realize that the simple old man understood nothing of my "bookish" Japanese. I later sent my catechist, but unfortunately, he fared no better. Yet, it would have been so easy to provide the poor old man with "a safe passport into the other world," if only he could have been induced to nod his head in approval.

Before going home, I looked at the bed next to him. On the chart I read the name, "Mr. Forest." A short time ago, Mr. Forest had read a Catholic book, "The Origin of the Truth" which another sick man had lent him. We became good friends. Every week I dropped in to see him once or twice and he soon realized that he had no reason to envy his merry friends, that on the contrary, there would be a day when they would envy him, and that he would become richer by his sickness than by winning the sweepstakes.

After the old man's death, Mr. Forest asked for another bed. His bed was then occupied by another young man who had not long to live, a messenger boy of a department store. Only two years ago he had finished

school and now he looked more like a corpse than a living being—nothing but skin and bones. I wondered whether before it was too late it would be possible for me to make this candidate for death a candidate for Eternal Life. It was easy enough to win the boy for Baptism, but it was just in time, for he died the same day.

When I returned the following day, I met another patient there, a farmer boy. When I asked him how he was, he answered: "Excellent." He was sure to go home within two weeks. He was still under the influence of the first injection which, of course, did not last very long. His parents who had come to nurse him were zealous followers of the Tenrikyō Sect, the most flourishing Shinto sect in Japan. It is very hard to give these sectarians any instruction. I tried to win over the parents like the grandmother of the other boy, but, as I had suspected, without any success. A few days later, when I came back, the name of the farmer boy had disappeared from the door of the sickroom. Some pamphlets of the Tenrikyō Sect were still lying on his bed. Mr. Forest complained: "If I only had not changed beds. Already within one week two have died in my former bed."

NEXT came a cattle dealer from a village quite a distance from Totteri. He was a father of five children. I told him that I, too, had been a farmer boy, but my father had had much trouble with me, because I, though being the oldest, was not at all interested in the cows and sheep in our stable. If he had asked me how many candles there were on the altar in the Capuchins' Church, I could have told him, but I did not know how many cows we had in the stable.

When I showed Mr. Forest and his neighbor some pictures of the Bible it often happened that a nurse from the next room came into listen. One day she told me: "Upstairs there is another picture of your *Kamisama* (God)." So I went to the second floor to look for my *Kamisama* and since during the hot season all the doors and windows were left open, it was not hard to discover it. Above the bed of a sick woman, a picture of the Sacred Heart hung in a beautiful frame. I knew the picture very well, it was the famous picture of the Sacred Heart by Oer. I had given this picture as a wedding gift to a watch-maker. Now this sick woman was his wife. I had heard about her sickness, but I doubted whether my visit would have been agreeable. But after discovering that my *Kamisama* was so highly esteemed in the young family that they even took it to the hospital, I was sure that my visit would not be considered importune. To my happy surprise I soon realized that the husband had instructed his wife much better than was required for Baptism in case of necessity.

Visiting another family one Sunday night I learned that the watch-maker's wife had (*Turn to page 27*)

Mission Activity Throughout the World

The Mission Intention for January

IF Catholic Action is the organized cooperation of the laity and priests in the common work of the Church, then missionary action or "Mission Activity" is the cooperation of those special missionaries in the field and of those missionaries at home in the Propagation of the Faith.

From personal experience we can say that missions and missionaries in the field fully realize that the efficacy of their work is directly proportional to the spiritual and temporal aid given them by the "home" missionaries. And, dear readers, you are, by very reason of your Baptism, missionaries in the full sense of the word. To each and every one of us, from the Father of Christendom to the humblest of unskilled laborers—yes, even to the little child in the lower elementary school, are addressed those words of Christ: "Go forth and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The last few Popes have insisted upon the above points with such clarity and force and in such detail that this particular "Mission Activity" is in no way a novelty. Time and again the Sovereign Pontiffs have emphasized the necessity of this activity, and have insisted that such cooperation is obligatory on all. In an Encyclical of Benedict XV we read: "It is necessary that all the faithful realize the sacred obligation incumbent on them to support the missions among the pagans."

DOZENS of like quotations might be cited from the official pronouncements of the late Pius XI, "the Pope of the Missions" to prove more abundantly our obligations towards the missions, but we select a passage from the appeal made by our present Holy Father, Pius XII, on October 19th in his appeal to the generosity of all Americans: "Gaze on the world and on the harvest of souls everywhere so fair to see. Over it sweeps in thundering waves the tempest of battles, of destructions, of suffering and of countless human sorrows. Behold how many messengers of the Gospel, how many men and women—heroes of Christ, workers in His vineyard—are living and toiling and struggling and suffering amid dangers and obstacles, amid deprivations and destitution that chill the ardor of their zeal and put stumbling blocks in the path of their holy and charitable ambition."

That mission activity may flourish throughout the earth, some popular misconceptions or obstacles to that activity must be removed.

Firstly, the ultimate reason for all this mission activity abroad and at home is not simply to save souls. If that were true, then the Catholic Church might still be confined to the shores of the Mediterranean, or we should not send missionaries abroad until we have saved all the souls right here in America. No, the ultimate purpose of all mission activity is harmoniously to develop that body of which Christ is the head and we the members. The means to that harmonious development is the saving of souls; hence, souls must be saved not

simply at home to develop one part of that body, but all over the world harmoniously to develop the whole body. Christ did not say: concentrate at home and spread gradually but: "Go forth and teach all nations."

SECONDLY, mission activity means continued vital activity with a bit of imagination, initiative and distributed cooperation welded into the process. It is estimated that only about one-third of most any Catholic group really engages in mission activity. That means that the majority hang back and wait to give a comparatively small donation (if they do give it) on Mission Sunday to the Propagation of the Faith or to the occasional representative of some missionary group who makes a personal appeal either from the pulpit or through the medium of missionary magazines or letter campaigns.

How many individuals have their own personal method of constantly giving expression to this mission activity that the Holy See tells us we are obliged to give? How many of those, who are not wage earners or who are not in a financial condition to make monetary contributions, ever think of some other way to fulfill their obligation of mission activity? Oh we pray for the missions! Well and good—prayer is the most important help you can give—especially if you really pray and pray often. A little group of fifth grade girls prayed for the missions, but by using a little imagination, initiative and distributed cooperation, they found out that by cleaning gloves and washing desks they were able after a few months to send ten dollars to the missions. If these little children can do this, why not all the grown ups? People only sacrifice for what they love; and they can't love what they don't know. Hence the importance of getting others to read *JESUIT MISSIONS*—a good mission activity.

WE Americans collectively and individually are the richest nation in the world. We have imagination, organizing ability and generous sympathetic natures. The real source of our mission activity has not even been tapped as yet. If Communists, with that imagination, initiative, and distributed cooperation mentioned above, can raise a million dollars in one week in one of our large cities—why can't we?

Arise America; arise American Catholics; heed the admonition that Pope Pius XII addresses to the Faithful throughout the world: "The raising of prayer before the sacred tabernacles . . . will not fail to be accompanied by the gift of your hand. You will offer it in this sad and distressing hour to help the Spouse of Christ in the propagation of the Faith. You will help her to push on the good work begun, to rebuild what has been damaged or destroyed, to reassure the faint-hearted and discouraged, to multiply the scant resources, to sustain, to increase and advance the whole missionary movement," so that ultimately "missionary activity may flourish throughout the earth."

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Brats

Kids can be a nuisance at times, we learn from Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., who writes the following from St. Luke's Rectory, Mandeville:

"I went to Munro Wednesday afternoon and said Mass there Thursday morning. The Headmaster who gives us the hospitality of his house was away and I was given a room right next the boys' dormitory. Nobody seemed to have been asked to take care of me and so I had finally to find my way down to a rather good dinner with the Masters. After a little chat with the Catholic boys and confessions, I retired to my room and early to bed after a bit of reading. Since the walls separating my room from the dormitory did not run all the way to the ceiling, I thought my light might disturb the youngsters. They, however, disturbed me. Tramping of feet, creaking of beds and what not. These are some of the experiences that St. Francis Xavier did not have.

Poor Kid!

On the way to Kingston I had my first real accident. I killed a kid (young goat to you). I was driving along when a nanny goat jumped out of a high grassy bank right in front of the car. I stepped on the brake, then released as the goat passed out of my way. Unfortunately, the kid unseen up to that time in the long grass, chose that moment to follow the mother. There's the whole sad story. It's an old one. I hope it won't happen too often to me. You know how the dizzy creatures meander the roads of Jamaica. I have been cautioned not to hit a pig because they can tip the car over."

Refugees

Father William H. Feeney, S.J., sends in some first-hand news of the war-refugee settlement in Kingston, Jamaica:

"The first contingent of evacuees from Gibraltar arrived on

October 25th. On Sunday, October 27th, we had Mass in the dining room. The evacuees turned out in great numbers. On the following days we had Mass in the same dining room. Last Sunday, however, we used an unfinished building for Mass. It was partially roofed and as long as



Have you ever seen a mongoose? Here's one, eating out of a dish with a cat, while an airdale and Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., of Chuhari, India, look on. With these three pets, Father Gibbons is certain that there will be no snakes in the house.

the weather was good it was all right. But it rained in the afternoon and as the place filled up with water, we had to call off Benediction.

"The Camp here has two levels: upper and lower. The upper level has fifty-four uniform buildings, each with accommodations for sixty persons. We have three dining rooms: each has a capacity of six hundred persons.

"We need a whole set of vestments for the building which we shall use as a church. And any kind of church furnishings would

be welcome. We borrowed candlesticks for Benediction and had to return them."

ALASKA

Thirty-seven Years in Alaska

Some interesting facts on his Mission at King Island, Alaska, are given by Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., in a letter to his friend, Father W.A. Beaudette in Somerset, Wisconsin:

"Your letter dated January 20, came three days ago on a Coast Guard Cutter. It is music to my ears to hear you say that you are interested in Alaska. After thirty-seven consecutive years passed around this part of it, I still find Alaska interesting. Every man who has passed a few years in Alaska wants to stay or to come back to it. The reason, perhaps, is the perfect freedom that everybody enjoys here. An old miner, in his shack, alongside the creeks, is perfectly contented if he has anything at all to eat. He is his own boss. His stack belongs to him exclusively, and he has not one cent of tax to pay for it. The creek gives him all the water he wants, and the tundra his berries, his birds, his rabbits. The little gold he finds gives him his bacon and beans and bread. That is all that he wants. Freedom is what man wants and Alaska gives it.

"Now in answer to your questions. The population of King Island fluctuates between 180 and 200. Every new sickness that the Whites bring is sure to make lots of victims for one year. Then the crowd gets inured to it. When the flu came it killed sixty per cent of the natives, now it has hardly any effect. Last Summer the measles came and walked away with twelve babies and three adults. That was a bad setback. What devilish kind of sickness is going to come after that war, God alone knows. But I am apprehensive for the natives.

"Is there much inbreeding? There is only one case. The children are bright enough, but, with the exception of the eldest, the children are weak. But the par-

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

ents also are weak and sickly.

"I was offered a radio, and I don't want it. The static is awful here. We hear a few words and then a crash as if a whole railroad train was coming on the wires. It is just aggravating and time-wasting. I don't care for the phonograph. My chapel is pretty well equipped. I have lots of books that were given by the officers of a Cutter. They are profane; some are classics, others were bad and I burned them. I have my own spiritual books, not many, but the cream.

"Conveniences? I have none and I don't care for any. I have not one comfortable chair; boards and reindeer skins for my bed. I never make a fire at night. In winter everything freezes hard in the house, even my Mass wine. And I don't regret it. It is part of the game."

CHINA

Interesting but Dangerous

"The recent trend of affairs in the Far East has made the local situation rather interesting," writes Father John K. Lipman, S.J., from Shanghai. "The Consulate is speaking of making plans for evacuation of Americans,—though I think we'll stick here, come hell or high water,—and no one knows just what to expect. A Japanese officer in Nanking told Father James Kearney, S.J., who just came down yesterday for a talk, that if the Americans made use of Singapore, the Japs would declare war at once. It may be just his idea, but one never knows. Up in the Haichow district, things are going from bad to worse. I had a letter from Father Charles Simons, S.J., last week in which he said the countryside was terribly unsettled, and two days ago Father Verdier had a letter with the Latin postscript saying that the local government in Shuyang had been kicked out and that a Communist government had been set up in Machang.

Father Wilfred LeSage, S.J., reported, on his return to Shanghai, that the Communists were pouring into the district by the

hundreds and thousands, so the prospect is none too encouraging. No word from Father Mark Falvey, S.J., yet, except that he arrived back in Chutun without any trouble and that he enjoyed his vacation immensely.

Flood in Shanghai

"Speaking of hell and high water, we have plenty of the latter at the moment. Monday afternoon it began to rain and kept up all night, all day Tuesday, and most of Tuesday night,—over twelve inches of it. The result was the worst flood in history; we are entirely surrounded, and the billiard room, bar and Father Wilcock's church were under several inches of water. There is a regular Whangpoo sampan running up and down Rue Bourgeat, so you can imagine what it's like! XMHA has been off the air for two days, which is a break for Carol Alcott. The paper said the corner out in front here was the deepest place in Shanghai,—I believe it. It's a great life. Can't complain about no variety.

"I gave my radio talk and the Question Box these last two Sundays. The first series of five talks treats of the Mass, and there has been some correspondence in the paper already."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

What Price Sawmill?

Father Joseph Reyes, S.J., writing from Pagadian, Zamboanga, P. I., reveals much more than the actual cost of a sawmill:

"I decided to order a small sawmill to quicken and reduce the construction expenses of the Church of the Holy Child. Here in Pagadian, I can get plenty of timbers at very low cost; but I have no means to turn them into serviceable forms unless I get a sawmill. I had a short talk with a lumber man, and, according to him, the cheapest price at which I could bring finished lumber to Pagadian from the nearest sawmill, would be at six centavos per board-foot. For the church construction I need at least 100,000 board-feet. I then showed him a



Father Joseph Reyes, S.J., seems to delight in building. Here he is supervising the work of Brother Martinez, S.J. They are putting an addition on the Cagayan convento. Father Reyes, wants his sawmill for his new station at Pagadian, Zamboanga, P. I.

catalogue from Montgomery Ward asking for a small sawmill just \$110.10. 'Oh, then,' he said, 'in spite of the transportation expenses from the States, you must be able to get all the finished and dressed lumber you need at less than pesos 3,000! At these words the heavens were opened to my eyes, and I searched cases, stopped milk and meat at my dining table and many other expenses and after five months I just needed \$10 more to complete the full value of the small sawmill. And that \$10 was brought to me by your charitable letter.'

Soul and Body

Father Joseph Reith, S.J., is working hard on his new dispensary at Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I. Listen to his experiences along medical lines:

"To show how much of a novice I am at ordering medical things, I'll tell you about the case of iodoform I ordered. I ordered what I thought was a fair amount of the powder;—but Mother has been treating and curing a Moro who came in with what I thought was nothing less

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



Father Bernard Zimmerman, S.J., (left) and Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J., (right) both of Corozal, examine a British Honduras parrot.

than a tumor on the sternum. The supply of iodoform was almost entirely used up on his daily applications. But he is almost cured. The work has been slow because the money has come in slowly and I used only a few workmen. But it is first-class and is going to give excellent service. Under pressure, Lauboch is letting it be known that he will have a doctor connected with his dispensary. I will not feel safe without a real nurse, for our Moro nurse is irregular.

"The mother of the lockjaw boy was around the other day saying that the boy's jaws were closing again. She had a note from the doctor for an injection of anti-tetanus serum. The next day she came, asking a big injection. I thought I would see the doctor first. He said the whole thing was fear and imagination on the part of the boy. He had developed a little stiffness of the neck, but felt sure his old sickness was coming back. The doctor ordered the small injection as a prophylactic and to settle the boy's worries. The mother was the one who prescribed the second, bigger injection. She has so much confidence in us that she wants *always* to be taking our remedies.

One for the Mission Band

"Here's a good story. I ran across an old Chino in the hospital. He spoke English quite

well and I grew friendly with him and got a promise from him that he would become a Christian. He had lived with Moros, Christians and all other kinds of people. I forgot about the old fellow and thought he had gotten better. But last week I got a call, and the word was that the Chino wanted to see me. When I came in he was very glad—and told me at once that he had only two hours to live—he lived about five. I prepared him a bit and finally got him to repeat the Act of Contrition. He went through it very well, 'Oh, my God! Oh, my God! I am heartily sorry,' etc., etc., but when I whispered to him the second reason for his sorrow—'because I have offended You—and I love You'—'Thank you,' said the Chino—taking the last as applied by me to him."

"Nice" Inroads

The same old story repeats itself in Malaybalay. Father John Gaerlan, S.J., tells us how Protestants win converts from his fold by material conveniences:

"Malaybalay parish, as you know, had been divided into two parishes since last April, 1940, namely, Malaybalay and Maragam-Mailag proper and four neighboring *barrios*. It has around some twelve thousand souls under its jurisdiction. There are no Aglipayans here as in Plaridel, my former post. But there are quite a number of Protestants. To convert these is quite a problem and it is not an easy job. In this little mission of mine there are two Protestant American ministers with their respective wives, plus one American lady nurse. They are very active; going continually around in their shiny cars, paving their way into the hearts of the ignorant natives with their medicines, periodicals and what not. They boast of nice chapels out in the *barrios*, and quite a few people are being attracted to their fold.

"Here in Malaybalay I cannot think as yet of any effective method by which I may be able to bring back from the Protes-

tant grasp these Filipino brethren who once were Catholics and now . . .

"And now I can surmise the reason why the Bishop had given me only four *barrios* to attend to. He wants me to try to bring back the lost sheep, who once belonged to the true fold of Christ, and also to prevent the further devastation within the same fold. *What I need most is prayer.*"

IRAQ

Time Element

"Due to the war the mail from far off Baghdad reaches us with great difficulty. Mr. Francis Cronin, S.J., is a month or three behind with his news of Baghdad.

"We are now tidying up the school and boarding department for the youngsters who will be in on us September 25th. The two buildings got their interiors painted within the past month.

My, My!

"Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., describes the scheme as



Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., veteran "skipper" of King Island, Alaska, who is now in his thirty-eighth consecutive winter on the Alaskan Mission.

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

ivory ceiling, cream walls, with the lower half Burgundy red. Whatever it is, it's goodlooking and should have some psychological effect on the students and teachers.

Retreats

"Father Charles W. Mahan, S.J., is at last on his feet. He had a long siege of fever right in the worst time of the summer. But he's back now, thank God, and sent Father John A. Mifsud, S.J., who has been his faithful nurse, up to Mosul to make his retreat.

"Fathers William Sheehan, S.J. and Austin Devenny, S.J., got back today from Mosul where they made their retreat at the house of the French Dominicans.

"We Scholastics would possibly have gone up north somewhere for our retreat if there were some place to handle the five of us and our retreat master, Father Leo Shea, S.J. However, there isn't any place, so we will make it right here in Sulaikh, starting tomorrow night, Labor Day. The retreat over, Father Shea released us and then he took a day's rest, and then made his own retreat along with Fathers Mahan and Joseph Merrick. That leaves but Fathers Francis Sargeant and Madaras. They will make theirs when the fever of the beginning of another school year dies down.

A Full House

"We opened school on the 25th and to date have 143 students. Out of these 37 are boarders and thereby hangs a tale. Thirty-seven boarders means that the walls are bulging. First, the big dormitory was filled. Still the doorbell rang with new applicants; so we shuffled Fathers out of the rooms near the dormitory and converted those rooms into small dorms. Still the doorbell rang, so we looked around for more space. The upshot was more shuffling of Fathers and the conversion of our house library and auxiliary chapel into a dormitory. We have reached our capacity now. Among the boarders are four Moslems, three Jews, two Armenians, Orthodox, the



Father Edward Scott, S.J., one of the four Jesuit Scott brothers, three of whom are in India. Father Scott has an interesting plan for the ransoming of baby brides.

rest from the different rites. Undoubtedly, we could have more boys if we but had accommodations.

"Father Richard McCarthy, S.J., will take a couple of courses in the school along with teaching Father George Hoyt, S.J., and myself some Arabic. Father Joseph Fennell, S.J., is busy pumping up volley balls and lining tennis courts, etc. Father Clement Armitage, S.J., has charge of the boarders besides fifty other jobs. The other Fathers are in their old positions.

"Last word from Fathers John J. Williams, S.J., and Thomas F. Hussey, S.J., was that they were in Bombay. They don't have to be at Kurseong till the first of the year.

"Father Vincent Gookin, S.J., asks you to thank Father Edward Garesche, S.J., and the Catholic Mission Board for the case of medicine, etc., that arrived."

PATNA, INDIA

Concerning Babies

"I have been but ten years in India yet in that time I have seen hundreds of baby girls grow to marriageable age," remarks Father Edward A. Scott, S.J., of Catholic Mission, Godda P.O., Santal Parganas. "The wedding drums have always borne to me a note of sadness. Why so? Well,

babies are the same the world over. You just have to love them, pink, brown, black or speckled. And they return your affection so naturally. As I sit on the mud ledge before my temporary church, or squat on the low footstool like *mochi* at the door, they crawl all over me, swarm about me like flies over carrion. It would be impossible to tell the children of God from the children of the devil amongst them. I never did like that latter appellation for any little pagan, though I have used it frequently in approaching their elders. 'See! They are not at all afraid of him,' say their mothers. They hold your white hands, whiter by contrast with their dark little fingers. The only other white skin in the village is that of a poor leper, of the pale variety. 'Father let us sing!' 'Father say prayers with us!' 'Father give me a *mala* (rosary)!' There are a dozen Sams and Marias, a few Josephs and Peters and Teresas; but the majority are still, Phulminis, Sujid, Takurs, and Samus.

About Brides

"Unlike our own mothers, who wished we could always remain young enough to coddle, Santal mothers, though no less motherly, long for the day when the drums and cymbals will announce their babies' *Bapla*, (the Santal word for marriage). This is par-

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

ticularly the case with girl babies, for they bring a bride price, any amount from Rs.12/- (four dollars) up. And here comes the big temptation for our Catholic girls. The highest bidder for the little hand may be a pagan boy. He, like the girl, has nothing to say in the matter, in that they are treated as babies. How can the missionary prevent this unlawful contract? Poverty, pagan tradition, pagan relatives are all against him. Could he not outbid the pagan bidders? This sounds detestable to Christian ears and yet it would be a solution had the missionaries the wherewithal to seal the *Bapla* bargain.

How About a *Bapla* Burse?

"I have time and again thought of appealing for a *Bapla*-burse,—sufficient capital to yield an interest that would make it possible to set up the bride with a Catholic marriage. A thousand dollars banked by some generous patron, would yield at ordinary interest enough to insure ten Catholic weddings a year. There is nothing new in the idea. It perhaps may appeal to some of your better-off friends.

"The Holy Childhood redeems thousands of pagan babies yearly. Why not redeem baby-brides from lives of sin and shame? St. Ignatius had just such schemes for young girls of his time. Jesuit missionaries have followed his lead. What a blessing it would be to the missionary as the little ones crowd about him to know that he had the means you provided, to bring each of these babies not pagan drums and cymbals but blessed *bapla*-bells."

Bring Your Own Gun

Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., of Catholic Mission, Chakni, P. O. Bagaha, Champaran Dist., tells us something about Chakni, the post to which he has been transferred:

"Chakni is an old Christian village with a suburb called Mariatola laid out ten years ago by Father James R. Gibbons, S.J. It numbers 400 Catholics. Native Sisters conduct a village

school and care for the orphans. Its fields produce sugar cane and rice and *dal* in abundance. Vegetables and fruit trees flourish. A native priest recently called it the spot nearest Heaven in Patna Diocese.

"Chakni lies twenty-five miles from the Nepal border. A fifteen miles' tramp in that direction brings one to the jungles. A few miles farther on rise the foothills of the Himalayas. In the distance one sees Mt. Everest.

"Visitors to Chakni bring their



Doctor as well as priest, Father Vincent A. Gookin, S.J., of the New England Province, now stationed in Iraq, can put to good use his knowledge of medicine acquired in his student days.

guns if they have any. There are crocodile in the rivers and deer in the forests. The wild elephant, the Bengal tiger and the rhinoceros, however, stay deep in the jungle. One needs a permit to hunt in those Governmental Reserves. Only occasionally some small-sized tiger will visit the clearings and carry off a calf or a dog. We generally sleep soundly in the shadow of the Himalayas."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Black Elk Instructs

Father Joseph A. Zimmerman,

S.J., of Holy Rosary Mission, writes:

"Our veteran catechist, Nick Black Elk, is a familiar personage to some of you. A few may know him only as the leading figure in the book, '*Black Elk Speaks*.' For the past forty years he has been far from being the pagan that the book portrays. So staunch is his profession of Christianity that after the book was published he made in English and in Sioux formal statements of his Catholic faith, signing them before witnesses lest he should be regarded as still a pagan. Though he was born into the paganism of 1862, as a boy assisted under Chief Crazy Horse in the Custer Massacre of 1876 and when grown practised as a 'medicine man,' he broke rather early with the pagan rites and voluntarily asked the Jesuit Fathers for Catholic baptism.

One of the old missionaries believes him responsible for at least four hundred conversions. Old age, blindness and the seven miles between him and the nearest Catholic church prevent him from often hearing Mass, so at times I promise to say Mass at his home. Then he sends out word and gathers in the entire neighborhood, and as in his old time catechist days, leads them in hymns and prayers.

One "Killer" Converts Another

"About two years ago, Little Killer, a Catholic Indian, died an hour after he had received Holy Communion. So beautiful and complete was his peace that an Episcopalian relative, Mrs. Bert-Kills-Close-to-Lodge, marveled. In all her years as leader in her own church she had never witnessed anything like it, and she immediately began on Sundays to turn her feet away from her church nearby and to walk some distance to the Catholic church which alone bestows such peace. She continued this for some months and then presented herself to me for Baptism. Later her husband also asked for Baptism and received it.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

More Comments

To the Editor:

In re J. M. O'N's letter in October JESUIT MISSIONS. It seems quite a novel idea to consider Hitler an instrument of God. He seems more like an instrument of the devil (if not the devil incarnate), seeking to destroy everything that is good and decent, religion, morality, honor, justice, and all individual rights of man. Surely this is not the work of God. It is blasphemy to attribute such works to a just and merciful God. I, for one, am hoping and praying that England will win her brave battle against the dictators, otherwise J. M. O'N may have a chance to sample Hitler's treatment of Christians.

San Francisco, Calif.

M. F.

To the Editor:

Yes, I am happy to be able to renew my subscription although I have had to cut very heavily my contributions. I've been a subscriber since JESUIT MISSIONS began and find it growing better.

Since "If the British Empire Falls" (JESUIT MISSIONS, July-August) I've read in succeeding numbers letters from several (who are English) making favorable comments. One (an Irishman or descendant) hopes no more such articles appear in JESUIT MISSIONS. Although I am a descendant of the Irish, I heartily agree with the article. Even though England has her faults, it will be far better for the world to have her win this war. Is it fair for any subscriber to rule on what shall or shall not appear in JESUIT MISSIONS or any other magazine or paper, as long as the article is not sinful? We constantly run across ideas that conflict with our own, but must give others the privilege of holding on to theirs when we ask the same.

Just to let you know that all the Irish that I know and myself hope that the British win.

Phila., Pa.

MARGARET E. RYAN.

Proceeds—One Subscription

To the Editor:

At last we are prepared to pay the subscription for the magazine. We are very sorry we did not have the money long ago but we are ready now. We are

sending you a few extra pennies for all the stamps you have used.

How did we get the money? We had to make up a play to get it and that is why it took so long. We made up the play from the booklet called "The Story Wonderful" by Father De Rop, S.J., (published by Jesuit Mission Press).

When we have read the magazines we send them to our soldiers in Camp Borden.

You promised to pray for us and we are very thankful. All of us promised to pray for the missions.

The Mission Crusade Club,

St. Mary's School.

Owen Sound, Canada.

A Suggestion—or Two!

To the Editor:

The following is only a suggestion which I sincerely hope will meet with your approval. The motive is help for the missions and the missionaries who in these troublesome times are in such dire need. The appeal is to all the subscribers and readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who like one big family, I feel sure, are not only vastly interested but more than anxious to help the missionaries in their noble work and sacrifice.

I do not know how many subscribers there are to JESUIT MISSIONS, but if each one would adopt the following plan it would be a great help and amount to six dollars a year for each one.

The idea is that each one put aside about twelve or thirteen cents a week to make fifty cents a month, the amount to be saved by a little sacrifice such as one carfare less, one daily paper less; and in marketing visit the stores where a few pennies may be saved. It requires only a little perseverance and a firm will not to let the week pass without putting this small amount aside.

The writer is not overburdened with much money yet this amount can easily be saved and sent to JESUIT MISSIONS, say every two months. For one person to do this the amount would be very small but if all would co-operate the financial help would be splendid.

Another suggestion, why could not JESUIT MISSIONS have a thanksgiving page as other magazines have? The Novena of Grace in honor of St. Francis Xavier may be made at any time during the year and he has promised his infallible help. Why could we all not ask his help in our difficulties and promise publication and a donation when favors are granted, another source of help for the missions.

I enclose my one dollar for two months, October and November and will pray daily that every reader of JESUIT MISSIONS will adopt the plan.

New York, N. Y. A SUBSCRIBER.

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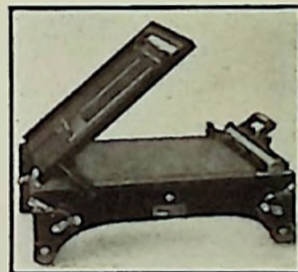
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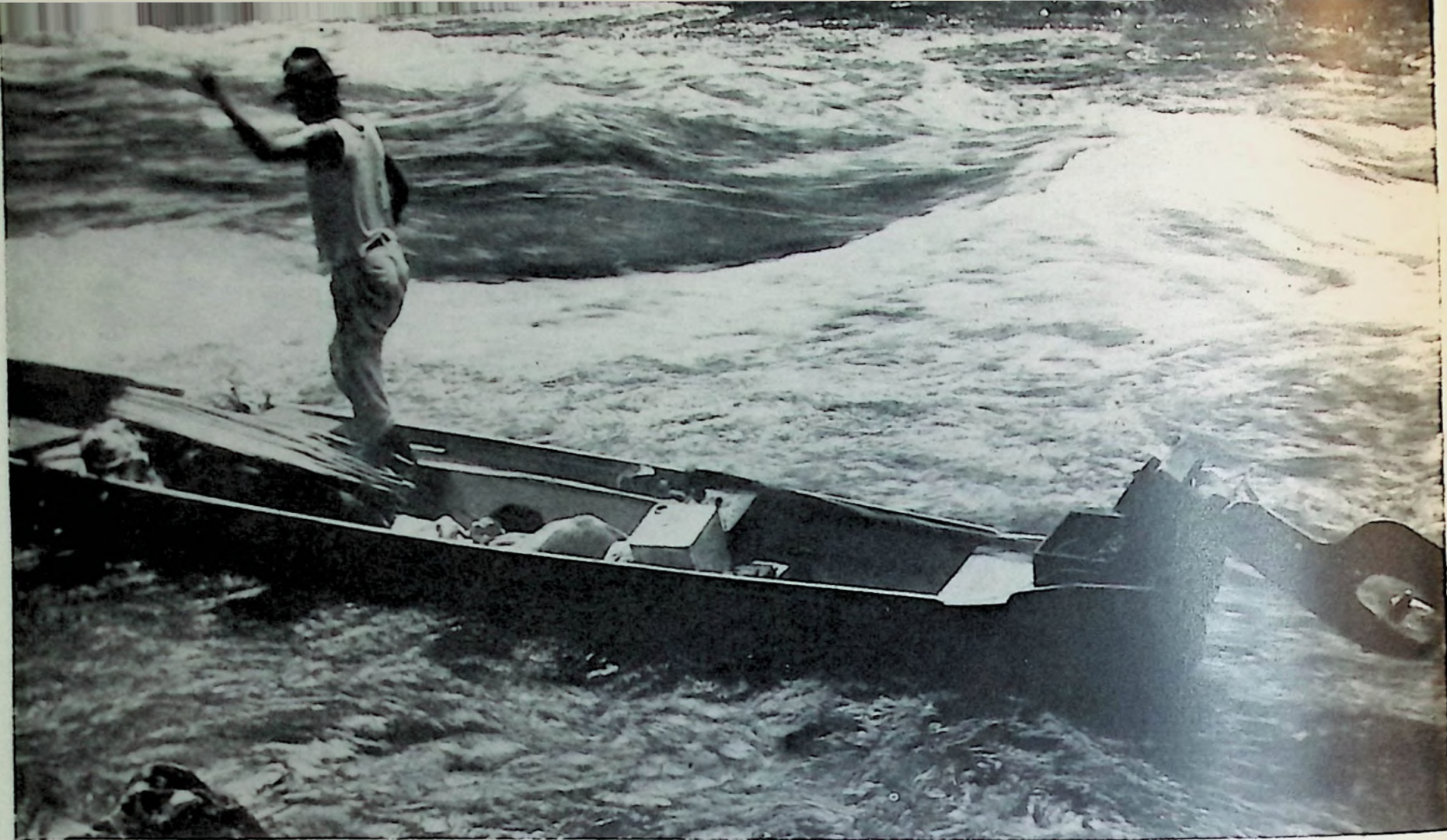
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WINES AND LIQUORS



The mouth of the Sarstoon River baring its white flashing teeth for a victim. The Jesuits in British Honduras fight this and other waterways to reach their parishioners.

Fire Enroute to Dolores

Allan A.
Stevenson, S.J.

This is the second and concluding installment of Father Stevenson's account of his mission trips in the bush of British Honduras with Brother Joe.—*Editor.*

THE Sarstoon River is the southern boundary between British Honduras and Guatemala. About forty miles up the river and then a few more miles inland (just as Santa Teresa from Moho River) there is the Indian village of Dolores. On that I picked as Brother Joe's second mission trip. About three quarters of the way up the river on the British side, there is a little trader's post, "Lucas' Bank," for the benefit of the scattered Indians both on the British and the Guatemala side. Mr. Lucas is one of our Caribs in Punta Gorda, where he has his main store, from which the "Bank" is periodically supplied. He plies an engine-powered trading sloop for that purpose and his next trip was to give us a welcome chance to attach ourselves to his party.

Our Carib trader-captain, usually called Nepóm, having loaded his boat with his wares and his family, Brother Joe and myself joined them and tied our cedar dugout to the stern of his craft. He himself had no towboat; and no flashlight, which was to prove fatal. Owing to a long stop-over in Baranco, a Carib village, twelve miles south of Punta Gorda (and the last along the coast), we reached the Sarstoon River only late in the afternoon and night caught us before we were half way up. When I noticed them lighting a kerosene lamp in the engine room I exclaimed: "Man alive, you'll have a fire on board one of these days! Why don't you take along a flashlight?" But I didn't make much of an impression.

Well, it was not "one of these days" but that very night that he was to learn his lesson! We had gone to sleep wherever we could coil up. I had slowly dozed off—after a specially fervent night prayer, I'll add—with the thought of a possible fire on board haunting my brain. All of a sudden—it was near midnight—the frightful screams of the captain's wife pierced the pitch dark night! I jumped up; a huge flame was shooting out of the engine room just behind me.

WHAT had happened? The crew consisting of "captain" and "engineer" had been pouring gasoline into the engine tank, with that blooming Dietz lantern good and near to light up the situation. The irresistible had happened: the gas vapors caught fire and so did the whole gasoline tank. Captain and engineer had presence of mind to jump overboard like frogs, quick enough to be only slightly burned. So the Padre took command of the situation.

"Women and children into the dory," was my first order. One of the swimmers in the now lurid river succeeded in untying the dory from the burning stern and bringing it alongside. Brother Joe, who kept admirably cool, helped the hysterical women and children into the dory and handed them their belongings for which they were screaming. I myself had to do some quick thinking of how to master the fire. Happily, Nepóm had a tarpaulin over his cargo with some old roofing on it to keep it down in the wind. I threw the zinc overboard, grabbed the tarpaulin, dipped it into the river and then

with the help of one of the men flung it over the flaming engine room. Then I called for a bucket or pan, scooped water from overboard, made my man hold one corner of the tarpaulin and threw several loads of water into the engine room, always closing again the tarpaulin.

THIS maneuver—really more instinct than calculation, or better still, the work of my Guardian Angel's guidance—created such dense fumes in the engine room that the flames were soon smothered. The engine was, of course, out of commission and we had to anchor in the middle of the river—no possibility of landing along the wildly luxuriant tropical bank. We sent the mothers and children in my dory to Lucas' Bank, still some miles away. One of the men paddled them up the river with orders to return in the morning.

The dory returned and I fixed up my Elto outboard and attached it. Then it had to tackle the biggest job ever: it had to tow the big mother boat up to its destination. And it did! By seven o'clock we were at the "Bank." I set up my portable altar and said a Mass of Thanksgiving in honor of the Sacred Heart, to thank our dear Lord for having saved us from the terrible danger of death in a burning ship.

After Mass and breakfast, Brother Joe and myself continued our trip alone. This Sarstoon River is wider, deeper and calmer than the Moho with its many runs and falls. After a couple of hours we reached "San Pedro Sarstoon" landing. This San Pedro was once a large coffee and cacao estate with nearly a thousand laborers, mostly Indians: now not a soul is there,—the church is fallen, the altar and the statue of "Señor San Pedro" (Mister St. Peter!) were taken to Dolores and so nothing but the shadow of the great name is left. From the landing to the village of Dolores it is about three miles. As the Indians were not aware of our coming, I walked again ahead to secure *cargadores* (carriers) for our baggage. Brother Joe again slowly plodded behind on the lonely bush track.

The scenes of welcome *à la* Santa Teresa were repeated here in Dolores, perhaps even *crescendo con amore*.

I WAS told last night that a young Indian in Crique Sarco, nine to ten miles away, was seriously ill. So I decided to give him the benefit of my unexpected visit in the bush and bring him Viaticum and Extreme Unction. There is no horse or mule around here—in fact, the jungle track with its many bridges consisting of a single log over, at times, treacherous creeks would hardly admit horse riding. So those nine or ten miles through the bush must be made *per pedes apostolorum*. I got to Crique Sarco all right, administered the last sacraments to Mateo—such was his name—and returned

the same afternoon. This was the longest bush walk I had ever made in one day. Happily, the creeks were passable over their log bridges; more than once I had had to swim over the Sarco Creek when the log bridge (or bridge log) was flooded. But I was pretty tired when I got back to Dolores and Brother Joe.

I FOUND that in the meantime the good Brother had tied even tighter ties of friendship here than in Santa Teresa. Reason: he had provided himself for this second bush trip to the Indians with all kinds of valuable presents in the form of holy pictures, crucifixes, medals and rosaries, which he had becomingly and generously distributed.

Long afterwards I heard as the only English from Kekchilips the sweet words of "Brother Joe." His memory is in benediction in Dolores. I really am tempted to put in here a number of interesting items about Dolores during the ten years off and on I had that mission; but this is Brother Joe's mission trip and I have to stick to that.

After Mass and breakfast and plenty of handshaking and good-byes we leave with our *cargadores* for San Pedro landing. There Brother Joe and myself get into my dory and we two alone again "elto" down to Lucas' Bank. There we tie our cedar dugout to the larger boat with its disabled engine and tow it down the river. We had hoped to get to Punta Gorda by night. But no! The "bar" at Sarstoon mouth was so rough with headwind that we had to turn back and pass the night

inside the river—this time without midnight fireworks. This Sarstoon bar is so rough at times that the poor Indians coming down the river in their dories on the way to Punta Gorda are marooned inside the mouth of the river for days and sometimes have to return when running out of provision. We ourselves this time had the ludicrous adventure of losing our dory when the big boat began sailing into the Caribbean; we had to tack to and fro several times before catching it again. Brother Joe thought that was great fun. I didn't. Well, we got back to Punta Gorda the next day and Brother Joe rested up in preparation for our next trip to Rio Grande.

THE most romantic of the little tropical jungle rivers in the southern district of British Honduras is the Rio Grande. In its lower regions the vegetation is so exuberant and fantastic that at times you have the feeling of moving through a huge mansion of botanical architecture—especially where the rank creepers and climbers cover the large trees like ivy mantling ancient ruins. Some scenes for instance, remind me of Dryburgh Abbey in Scotland where Scott lies buried.

It would be impossible to describe all the beauty Brother Joe and I witnessed on (Turn to page 28)



A boy from Crique Sarco offering you a little medicine to ward off seasickness.



NEW BOOKS



When The Sorghum Was High John Joseph Considine, M.M.

This is the story of Father Jerry Donovan, M.M. He grew up in Pittsburgh and in the Catholic atmosphere of an Irish Catholic family, received the call to become one of God's intimate friends. He followed his brother's footsteps to Maryknoll and from thence to China and an early grave. This is the story put briefly. The thing to remember is that Father Jerry was an American youth of our own age and generation. In him we find the spirit of cheerful generosity and sacrifice, measuring up to the finest traditions of the past. "Behind his seeming casualness, his smile and his nonsense," in the words of his Spiritual Director, "is a serious, interior, spiritual and intellectual life." An outstanding characteristic is his determination to become saintly by living the spirit of the martyrs. Here in this "gaunt, hard land" of China, Father Donovan faced difficulties fearlessly.—language, custom, climate, poverty, for a prize that was the Life Beyond. In his own words, "At Maryknoll we all go the whole way." Father Donovan is dead, Father Donovan lives. Other sons of Maryknoll take up where he left off, saying with surging enthusiasm, "Yes Shen Fu, I am remembering. Good-bye Shen Fu."

All this and more the author brings out in this book.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

Revolt

John Bunker

The present generation needs a seer to sound the warning and bring it to its senses. John Bunker assumes this role in his new poem "Revolt."

With trenchant and bitter eloquence, in a language that is apocalyptic, he whips and lashes, men of wealth, false leaders, "cold intellectuals with hearts of stone," "men of the pen, delvers in filth and foul imaginings," "drunkards and those who made them," "mockers and scoffers." All "who have ensnared the spirit of man," are beaten down with thunderous blows on the anvil of just wrath.

Of these and such as these who have crushed the people, he demands an answer. Their answer is a sullen righteous silence. So the poet "becomes the voice of common yearning" lest man used and abused as a machine rise up and crush his oppressors.

The poet's answer is summed up in the old but oft forgotten truth, The

Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man. The Law and Gospel of love must prevail. The lives of all men are not single but intertwined. Hence, there is no such word as "stranger." Men have forgotten or denied this kinship. Because they have sinned in doing so the hour of storm is approaching.

I could have wished that the poet had brought out the intimate supernatural brotherhood in and through and with Christ as expressed by Saint Paul. This gives a real and more profound meaning to the Fatherhood of God and the Law of love. As it is, the poem is a challenge to the present generation.

Campion Books, Ltd., New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

Stepping Stones to Sanctity

Rosalie Marie Levy

Pithy paragraphs are these stepping stones that do not constitute a formal treatise on the spiritual life or the virtues which make it up. But they offer as safe and sure a footing for the heaven bound as do the flagstones which make a path through swampy and wooded ways. This little book of a hundred and twenty-eight pages and pocket size could be a *vade mecum* for priest or religious, layman or laywoman. The authoress is rather a compiler as she gives to all who will read the words of wisdom which Father Paul R. Conniff, S.J., wrote and spoke, in his spiritual counsels through thirty-three years of priestly life. We venture no quotation from the book for the reason that we would have to quote every line of it.

R. M. Levy, Sta. O., New York City, \$1.00.

Man of Spain—A Biography of Francis Suarez

Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.

If there is one evil threatening the nations of today, that evil is the grim spectre of Totalitarianism. Hence it is quite befitting that we interest ourselves in a man whose jurisprudential theory of the derivation of power (a theory, by the way, upon which our own government is founded) is so opposed to many present-day governments. That man is none other than Francis Suarez, Jesuit theologian, philosopher and master of jurisprudence.

The book does not profess to be exhaustive, nor exceptionally profound, either in the sense that it goes deeply into the doctrines of Suarez, or that it attempts to answer his opponents. It does, however, give a remarkable pic-

ture of that too little known man, crowned by Pope Paul V with the glorious title, *Doctor Eximius et Pius*. His place as theologian, philosopher and jurist is well and clearly delineated by the author. And particular stress is laid on his prodigious capacity for hard, grinding labor—a capacity indisputably attested to by the numerous works that issued from his pen. But while attention is called to this side of Suarez, he is also depicted as a very saintly and religious man. So true is this that he was "ready to abandon it all (his knowledge) rather than sacrifice one hour to intimate communion with God."

All in all, the reader will find the book an enjoyable and inspiring account of a truly great man.

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

Modern Catholic Literature

A Discussion Outline by Rev. Herbert O'H. Walker, S.J.

This is an excellent handbook for literary groups and for people who wish to further their education in private. It gives outstanding selections for reading and most practical outlines for study. Best of all, it answers the baffling questions which confront all literary clubs: "How shall we begin?" "What should we say about a book in discussion?" "How can we keep interesting?"

The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo., ten cents.

Proceedings of the National Catechetical Congress of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, November, 1939.

These are reports illuminating and searching by experts in their respective fields from all over the United States, interested and experienced in this vital work. The Church's interest is indicated by the active participation of the hierarchy as shown in letters printed in the Proceedings from the Pope, the Secretary of State, Prefect of the Congregation, by a Pastoral Letter of Most Reverend John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati, an address by the Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, by Most Reverend Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, Most Reverend Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Milwaukee. There are contributions from eighty-nine writers, priests, nuns and laymen.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$2.00, cloth; \$1.50, paper.

JUBILEE OF A FAMOUS MISSION OBSERVATORY

(Continued from page 5)

to come to the Philippine Islands was stationed at the Observatory. This was Father William Stanton, S.J., who later became famous for his missionary activities in British Honduras. He has the distinction of being the only American, up to the present, to be ordained to the priesthood in the Philippines. It is interesting to note also that the first Japanese Jesuit of the restored Society, Father Paul Tsuchihashi, S.J., was an associate member of the Observatory staff from October 1894, until August 1895. At present the Observatory staff is composed of one Spanish and four American Fathers and one Filipino Scholastic.

Much could be said in praise of many of the Filipino laymen who have rendered very loyal and generous assistance to the Fathers of the Observatory. Some few of them have been with us over forty years. Some records may be found in the files on which the observers jotted down a note begging to be excused for defective records because their houses had been torn to pieces by the wind or carried off in a flood. When the roof of his house blew off, one observer crawled under his bed to save his life from flying debris, but not forgetting his duties as an observer, he took the barograph with him. At dawn, when he crawled out from under his bed, he found it covered with big pieces of wood, sheets of iron roofing and chunks of cement. At present the Observatory employs two hundred and forty-five Filipino laymen in the central office, provincial and foreign stations. In contrast to the seven observing stations outside Manila in 1870, there are now 170 official and 217 cooperative stations regularly sending their observations to Manila.

OFF TO BAGHDAD ON MAGIC WINGS

(Continued from page 7)

in perfect peace and contentment though we know full well that the very essence of hubbub is carrying on a few feet behind these banks. Past gaily lit coffee shops and their weird Arabic music and past modern factories and hotels, until the lights grow thinner and the noise less boisterous.

We make for a little island of sand and pile out and squat in a circle in the sand with the food piled up as a hub in the center. Most certainly all points on the circumference lead to the center of the circle! It is now pitch dark and the sky is like black velvet spangled with stars as bright and sparkling as if they had just been polished. They seem so low and close that you feel as if you could reach up for one or two to light your pipe. A few feet behind us the hungry jackals whine impatiently, eager to get at the remains of our picnic. They sound for all the world like crying babies. The dogs, not to be outdone, reply with their monosyllabic barks, and the water pumps

keep time with their rhythmic beats. And over all dominates the sad song of some Arab watchman, pouring out his plaint to Allah. Of all the characteristics of the East, this is the most striking, this sad longing for Something, for Someone. And we who know their names, Christ and His Peace, say a fervent prayer in our hearts before we part that They may come quickly to Baghdad, the City of Peace.

TEN CHAMAR VILLAGES

(Continued from page 15)

packed around while I showed them slide pictures and explained the Life of Our Lord. The show over, the village silently dispersed to bed.

The priest was nowhere to be seen in the yard. I stumbled into the black interior of the house where we stored our baggage.

"Father!"

"Huh?"

"It's just eleven. How about some good poached eggs?"

"Huh!"

"I say, listen . . ."

The incoherent words of an exhausted man were an evident "Do Not Disturb" sign, so I desisted. However, a greater evil than hunger threatened him. The flicker of a match picked out the objects of the low room, in one corner His Reverence fully dressed sprawled limply over a rope-woven cot.

"For the love of Mike, Father, you can't sleep there. Why man, the bugs will walk off with you during the night!"

Hollow gurglings sounded in his throat, but earthquakes and wild horses couldn't drag him from that cot. I abandoned him to a host of Angel Guardians, and plunged in search of the food box.

The countryside floated in moonlight and a primeval hush blanketed the slumbering houses. Three dogs sat respectfully eyeing me where I perched on the platform in the courtyard, with cheese and bread before midnight. King Arthur's sword was not more securely bound in the rock than was that cheese in its vacuumed tin, which evoked diabolical blessings on the inventive heads of all cheese magnates who lock up their wares in sanitary containers without providing a simple key to open them. My three dumb companions licked their lips, and so did I. But the tin remained sealed. Banging it on the platform only dented the tin and sent echoes flying through the ghostly streets. Anger and panic subsided into dull resignation before one last resort flashed on my dull wit. As easily as you please, the band girding the tin unrolled like milk running down a baby's chin, when I inserted the lip in my belt buckle and pulled firmly on the tin. The little dogs laughed to see such sport, and I jumped over the moon!

Comforted with bread and cheese, I had pulled the platform under the low eaves of the house to ward off the midnight dew, and was just slipping off into dreamland when my dreamy eye caught

sight of someone rubbing his back against the doorway. I got up stupidly.

"You were right, Jack. The bugs have got me."

"Look here, Father, you sleep on this platform. I'll . . ."

"No use. They're in my clothes now and only the washerman can get them out."

The truth was irrefutable and I stretched out to sleep on the boards while the poor missionary resumed his St. Vitus Dance. About three o'clock a sly jackal gnawing an ancient bone under my bed woke me up, and with half an eye I saw the woeful priest parading the fields to relieve his itch. At four he shook me gently. We set up a portable altar on the platform and Father said Mass on Palm Sunday with the moon for a sanctuary lamp and a handful of awe-struck catechumens watching their first Sacrifice. Just as the sun rimmed the horizon the missionary disappeared down the road on his motor cycle, off for home, a bath, and bed.

The sorrows of Good Friday follow hard on the cheers of Palm Sunday. The triumph of that first Mass in the village gave place to defeat. When the twenty faithful chiefs went to board the bus we had sent to fetch them on Wednesday, the dreaded *Samaj* set upon them with clubs and ridicule. Some were forced from the bus, others withered under abuse, and only one persevered to our bungalow to tell us the bad news.

Easter has not yet dawned in the ten villages. But as surely as Christ rose from the fetters of death, so shall those villages yet rise to Christ.

THE SOWER WENT FORTH . . .

(Continued from page 16)

suffered from an unexpected hemorrhage and was near death. Immediately I went to the hospital. . . . Many relatives of hers were there. Fortunately, they all agreed that I should baptize the sick woman. Tuesday morning she was released from her suffering.

As the acquaintances of Mr. Forest who had come to the hospital later than he, one after the other went home into Eternity, he sighed: "When finally will it be my turn! If I only knew which bed death will choose the next time or at least if I did not have to go through another hot summer!"—his wish was to be fulfilled. A few days before the anniversary of his Baptism his condition grew worse. Soon Mr. Forest's bed was empty. At last he, too, was delivered from his long suffering and I am pretty sure that in Heaven he enjoyed the happy reunion with his many fellow-sufferers who had gone before him from the same room into Eternity.

If I, as though by chance, can thus give Baptism in the last moment, I often wonder who merited eternal happiness for this sick person? What a moment it will be when on the last day all this will be revealed! And many a friend of the Japanese Mission will be very much sur-

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prised when upon his arrival in Eternity, an unknown soul from the country of the Rising Sun welcomes him with a grateful: "O kage sama de (by your honorable shadow, that is, owing to your kindness) I too am here."

FIRE ENROUTE TO DOLORES

(Continued from page 25)

this our third and last trip, or to record all our adventures. One or two incidents stand out. We arrived one day at the village of San Pedro on the Columbia Creek shortly after three o'clock. School was just out and the Carib teacher and his Kekchi children gave us a hearty welcome. As Brother Joe was shaking hands with the teacher he noticed a little lad hanging like a rag on the picket fence that surrounded the church and school compound, and crying piteously. He pointed out the tragico-comical scene to the teacher saying: "Why there is a boy hanging on the fence." The worthy pedagogue looked around and complacently observed, "Oh, yes"—as if that were quite in order. Well, the little fellow had climbed a wild plum tree and in reaching for a fruit or branch that overhung the fence had slipped and came down on the pointed pickets ripping open his stomach about six inches. When I saw the boy a few moments later in his mamma's hut, I exclaimed: "Why, that boy is going to die." However, I wanted at least to try if there were any chance to save him. Fortunately, I had brought along with me a good first-aid supply of medicines and bandages received shortly before from good Father Edward Garsche, S.J., and his Catholic Medical Mission Board of New York. After taking care of the little body I gave the child some simple instructions and prepared him for his first and, as I expected, his last Communion on the following morning.

At about eleven a.m., two days later, we proceeded to San Antonio, a large Maya village about seven miles south of San Pedro Columbia, Brother Joe on horseback, I on foot with a big machete (bush knife) to clear the path through the bush not only for Brother Joe but also for our two Kekchi pack carriers. These *cargadores* with the loads on their heads could not have handled the machete effectively in the condition in which the bush then was. We advanced at a rate of two miles an hour, up and down, through thick and thin. The road had not been cleared as we had not been expected. When finally our approach was announced by some people returning from their field work, great excitement prevailed in the village. The children ran out of school, the three bells were rung, necks were craned and hilarity reigned supreme. San Antonio is the largest and perhaps the most picturesque village in the Colony, surrounded by a wide circle of hills and itself nestling on a number of smaller hills as the center. Church, school and *cabildo* form the heart of the place.

There were 117 Communions, a good number for an out-of-the-regular program visit. On the last morning we had a wedding. The young couple decided to improve the occasion of Brother Joe's and my return to accompany us to Columbia and thus have a honeymoon trip, which is something unknown among bush Indians. The bride was on one horse, Brother Joe on another, while, if I remember rightly, the bridegroom and myself shared a horse between us. On one steep embankment after crossing the creek, this last horse slid down and was buried so awkwardly in the mud that it was only with the greatest difficulty that we were able to get him clear. A great wedding trip thought Brother Joe—shaking with laughter afterwards when he recalled the scene.

With that I had better bring these already too long reminiscences to a close. On November 10, after some more adventures, we were back in Punta Gorda. When Brother Joe returned to Belize and to his work at St. John's College, he was ten years younger.

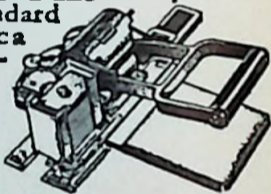
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