

Jesuit & Missions

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Ten Cents

**Vol. XV
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Venerable Brethern, to make yourselves even beggars for Christ and the salvation of souls. (Pius XI).



Poor lepers of Culion, ashamed of their deformities, but unashamed to beg for Christ, hold out their hands to you.

Whereas \$75,000 is needed for 272 Jesuits and their multiple mission activities during 1941 in the Philippines, where there is only one priest for every 10,000 Catholics, we are not ashamed to make ourselves beggars.

But frankly—we are rather confused by the following:

—Nazarenes, non-Catholics of the working class, for the year ending October, 1940, contributed to the support of their church \$30.89 per capita or more than \$120.00 for the average family.

—In one year to the missions:

200 million Protestants contributed 56 million dollars.

320 million Catholics contributed 5 million dollars.

(26c per capita Protestant contribution vs. 1½c per capita Catholic contribution.)

—In 1938, Americans paid 150 million dollars for dogs, and spent 600 million dollars on their upkeep.

We draw no conclusions, but please don't be ashamed to help the Procurator for the missions in the Philippines. Please send your gift to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or to the Mission Procurator

Rev. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.

51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Just mark your gift—I'M NOT ASHAMED!

CONTRIBUTORS

In October of 1933, FATHER BERTRAM E. ERNST, S.J. (*I Almost Forgot About Sital*), left the United States for Patna, India. Patna Mission is manned by the Chicago Province. Now a veteran of seven years, Father Ernst is working among the Santals at Godda, Santal Parganas, India.



Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.

Last month, from the facts available at the time Father John J. O'Farrell, S.J., told how Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., met his death in China. Now TERENCE R. O'CONNOR, S.J., professor of English at Loy-

ola University, Los Angeles, gives us the story of Father Simons's early life in *Frontiersman of East and West*.

Life is hard at Hooper Bay along the coast of the Bering Sea, the main station of FATHER JOHN P. FOX, S.J., who belongs to Oregon Province. *Seal Hunters' Hazards* says nothing about the dangers Father Fox himself must face when mushing along the trail to his parishioners.

ROBERT L. BOGGS, S.J. (*The 'Cabins' Are Few*), is a Scholastic, studying philosophy at Spring Hill College in Alabama. He is well into his second year of a three-year course and belongs to the New Orleans Province.

The new pastor at Mandeville, Jamaica, B.W.I., FATHER FRANCIS G. DEEVY, S.J., has a parish larger than some dioceses. Only last week he got lost. It's small wonder since he must leave the main highways to find *Those Rare Souls on Soaring Hills*, just as the Good Shepherd used to do.

From prefecting Indian boys to prefecting books is quite a change. HAROLD A. FULLER, S.J., S.J., now a first-year Theologian and assistant prefect in the library at St. Mary's College, Kansas, looks back to his years of teaching in *"Stick 'Em Up Father!"*



John P. Fox, S.J.

FATHER AUGUSTIN S. CONSUNJI, S.J. (*Hocus-Pocus Cults in Gingoog*), is a Filipino Jesuit who was appointed pastor of Gingoog, Oriental Misamis, P. I., in nineteen hundred and thirty-nine.

Our faithful correspondent, FRANCIS X. CRONIN, S.J., professor at Baghdad College, Iraq, sends us this time, *I Only Live in Baghdad*.

FATHER FRANCIS J. CORLEY, S.J. (*"Ye, Badrinate, Ye, Ye"*), was ordained last year. This is his final year in theological studies at St. Mary's College, Kansas in the Missouri Province.

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COVER—The picture of this smiling young lady came to us through the courtesy of Father Joseph Reith, S.J., who is stationed at present in Dansalan, Lanao, Philippine Islands. The women of the Philippines are modest both in manners and dress. Typical of Filipino dress are the full shoulders made of pineapple fibre cloth and the skirt with its long train which the young lady is holding in her left hand. The skirt is, as madame would say, a creation, revealing the finest craftsmanship of feminine hands. The fan in her hands speaks of the charm of Old Spain. The Philippines belonged to Spain until 1898 when Dewey sailed into Manila Bay and won an easy victory for the Stars and Stripes. The Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province are today doing excellent work in the Philippine Islands.

EDITORIALS

FOR THE CHURCH AT HOME

ONE of the perennial emotions that urges on the editors of mission magazines in the United States is the hope that by their humble efforts they may produce more missionaries. And by "missionaries" we mean not those who labor in places which are called missions, whether in this country or abroad, but those who devote their activities to the apostolate of the United States—to the problem of making America Catholic.

This, by the way, is a missionary problem, so it should not be surprising that those who are interested in the missions should also be interested in it. But we are afraid that it is surprising to some. To these people the thing that constitutes a missionary or his editorial accomplice and sets him apart from the rest of men is that he has turned his back on the Church in his own country in order to dedicate himself totally to the spread of the Kingdom in foreign lands and among alien people.

Any one who has been a missionary or who has been acquainted with missionaries, knows that while part of this definition is true, another part is very false. It is true that a missionary does separate himself from his native land, but only by the purely physical business of sailing away on a boat. He never loses his interest in the progress of the Church in his own country, no matter how much he merges himself with the foreign land where his mission is situated. As a matter of fact, most missionaries are persuaded that in leaving their country they are doing the greatest possible thing for the increase of the Church in that country. They are, by their sacrifice, promoting the apostolic spirit which may be defined as the willingness to make sacrifices for the spread of the Kingdom of Christ. It is their hope that those who see the sacrifice that they are making may be inspired to make a similar sacrifice at home—to give up something in order that the Church may be spread in America.

The same may be said of the editors of mission magazines. While they do devote their time to the work of promoting interest in the foreign missions, and encouraging young men to go to the foreign missions, they know that in doing this they are not draining the Church of its resources here but are actually increasing its power. They are building up the apostolic spirit, the one force which will finally succeed in converting America.

And that it might not seem too strange that it is possible to contribute to the apostolic spirit in a country by sending zealous men and women away from it, it is well to recall the words in which Our Lord defined the es-

sence of that spirit: "Go into the *whole world*," He said, "and teach all nations." He spoke these words not only to the Apostles but to all Christians. He knew that all Christians could not leave their native lands and preach the Gospel but He knew also with Divine wisdom, that they would not make the sacrifices necessary to the work of spreading the Kingdom in their own lands unless they were willing to leave the world of their own self interest.

Those who object to the project of sending men and women "into the whole world" when there is so much work to be done at home, whose interest in Catholicism is confined to their own land, may possibly be called patriots but not Christian apostles, and they will not convert America. Christian apostles can only be produced in a society which subscribes whole-heartedly to the Divine project of sending at least some of its members to preach the Gospel in foreign lands, despite the needs at home, or, perhaps we should say because of the needs at home. It is a paradox of the apostolic spirit that it flourishes on this sort of sacrifice. Our Lord has made it so and we cannot change it.

So every missionary editor feels that in encouraging this spirit he is also making the best possible contribution to a project very dear to his heart, the conversion of America.

IS OUR LIFE SOFTER?

THE question is often asked: Do Americans make good missionaries? How do they compare with the Belgians, French, Germans or Italians? On the surface, this question seems to be a useless one since there should be no difference why a Catholic from America should make a poorer missionary than a Catholic from any other country. Behind the question, however, is this consideration: To many Europeans, America is looked upon as a country of great luxury and leisure. Its citizens are raised in a soft and comfortable way, so that they are a little less capable of standing the rigors and hardships of missionary life than other men.

Just how much softer our life is than that of the average European, just how much it unfits us for the hard things of life is a question that lends itself to perfectly futile academic dispute. Concrete instances, however, do help to throw light on the problem and that is why we offer in this issue, an article on the early life of the late Charles D. "Sancte" Simons, S.J., who was killed in Shuyang, around the first of the year.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

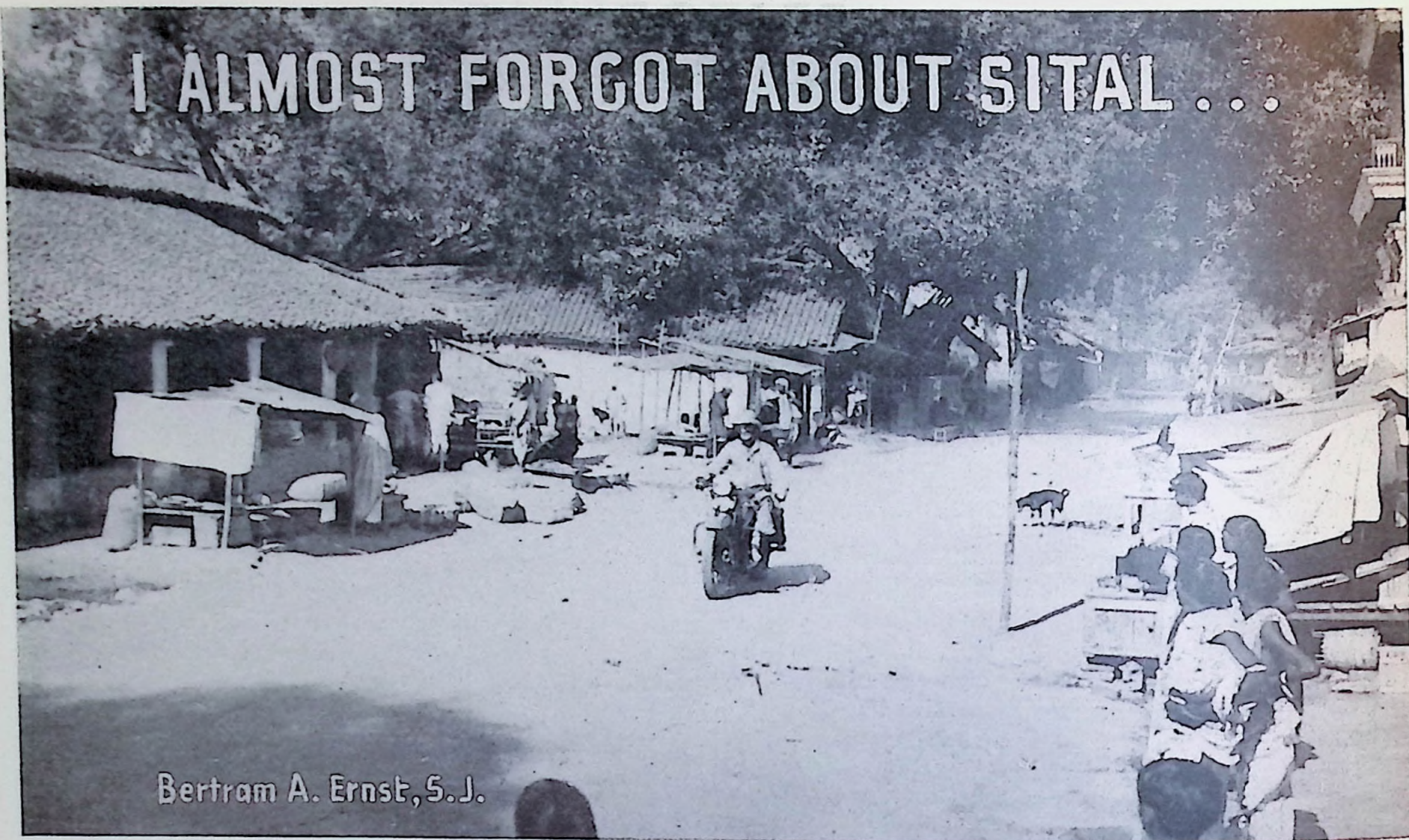
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I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT SITAL...



Bertram A. Ernst, S.J.

Main Street, Godda, echoes to the roar of Father Ernst's bike as he sets out to visit his extensive Santal district.

DALDALI means swamp or quagmire in Santali. Just why the name was given to one of the villages in Godda Mission, India, I do not know, as the village seems to be on comparatively high land. It is a euphonious name, but really doesn't enter into the story any more than that it contains several Catholic families, some of them good, some of them not so good.

Calling on one of the families some months ago, I first met Sital. He is a tall, thin venerable looking old Santal. I had baptized one of his sons a few years ago in another village, and another son, now dead, had been baptized in another mission. He told me who he was, said he had a Catholic grandson staying at his home and spoke as if he were thinking of becoming a Catholic himself. He can read and write and so is an educated man as he told me.

We had a good many talks in the same line, but he never seems to get any nearer the Church, and I almost forgot Sital until some time later when one of my catechists told me that the old man was ill and

could not live very much longer. He wanted to be baptized, but said the catechist: "It is rather hard to teach him prayers. He understands the religion pretty well, however."

SO a few days later I came to Sital's home. The old man was glad to see me. He was inside lying on his bed and said he was ready for Baptism. He managed to totter out into the courtyard of his little home, but was not able to stand for the ceremonies. I examined him a bit; he seemed to have a pretty clear idea of what he was doing, and finally with the place crowded with interested spectators, I baptized the old man. The ceremonies finished he gave his pagan neighbors a little harangue.

He told them that he was very glad to get this great gift. "I am an old man," he said. "I know that I am going to die. This is not to save my life, but to prepare me for the next world. I know how to read and write and I want to die a Christian. Now I am not afraid to die."

Everybody thought he would die. He thought so himself, but instead of being downhearted and de-

pressed, he talked about it cheerfully—it seemed almost exultantly. In this country where there is so much misery and you would think that death would often be a relief from poverty and suffering. Nothing is more dreaded than death. Men will do almost anything to prolong life. Then to hear this old man carry on in this strain, this was something the people had never heard before. My head catechist, a man of experience, says he never before saw any one like Simon Sital. He remarked to me in a hushed voice, "It seems that this old man got something in Baptism." I believe he did too.

AND strange to say the old man hasn't died. Instead, he rallied and to the amazement of everyone walked seven miles to be with his Catholic brethren for his first Easter celebration. The head catechist, a very sensible fellow, has remarked several times that the Sacrament of Baptism acted on that old man like a miracle. I am not ready to say one way or the other, but this I know, his Baptism was quite unique. The people were im-

pressed. It remains to be seen how many will heed the advice of Simon Sital and follow his example.

If all of the Santals who are ready and willing to be baptized could only muster up sufficient courage to overcome the difficulties in the way, the missionary's life would be much easier and the lives of the people much happier. The case of Mary Chalkat will illustrate this.

WE had entered the courtyard of a middle-aged Santal widow. Her son has been a Christian for many years, and she has also since become one. But at that time she was still a pagan. Quite a crowd of curious neighbors, as usual, entered to listen and look on. She was bashful and our efforts at instruction were not going too well. It was then that I noticed a sad, large-eyed young woman, rather thin and emaciated. Quite in contrast to the older woman, she came close and eagerly began repeating the prayers with us. Rather surprised, I asked her name.

She told me that her father, whom I now discovered that I had known, had been a Catholic and that her husband had been baptized by one of our catechists a few years earlier just before his death. She had several half brothers and sisters, Catholics. Her father in pagan times had had about five wives, some of them in succession, some of them concomitantly. He had given up Chalkat's mother in favor of another younger wife when he had accepted Baptism.

Chalkat, for that was the young woman's name, was a widow with two small children, though the girl, a little one of seven or eight, in accordance with pagan custom, was already married. As I heard her history, I could understand the look of wistful sadness in the young woman's eyes. And now she was ill, seriously so. She said that she would like to become a Catholic even as had her husband and father.

But Chalkat was living with pagan relatives and they were not of her mind. They strenuously ob-



Arrived at his destination, Father Ernst gets a "dobok" (bow) and a pitcher of drinking water from the lady of the house. This is the invariable ritual for a visitor to a Santal home

jected to her taking such a step. They made such filthy remarks to her about the missionary that they could not be repeated, and gave her to understand that if she made such a step, she might look for other living quarters and food. So, when we next met Chalkat she said she had given up the idea, but it was evident from her deportment that her heart spoke otherwise. We continued to visit her occasionally, until she was removed to her mother's village, miles away, in the hope that the change would benefit her.

SOMETIME later I passed by that village. She heard of our approach, or saw us coming and for fear that we would pass without seeing her, she managed to stagger to the road to call us. She was particularly ill that day and complained of a terrific headache. A bandage was around her head and her forehead disfigured by some medicine, applied as I later learned by the pagan village priest. She motioned for me to sit down beside

her. She first said that she was ready for Baptism there and then. She told me that her pagan relatives had just called the *guru* and had sacrificed a goat to the evil spirits to effect her cure. She said she had no faith in the performance. But villagers began to gather and she began to waver in her first resolution and finally not only refused Baptism but even to accept any of the medicine that I offered her.

THERE was a battle going on in her soul. At times grace seemed about to triumph, but then Satan gained the upper hand. Today the battle was lost, for Chalkat was very weak in body as well as spirit, and she was doomed to die in the service of the evil spirits. I warned her not to die in such a state, but doubted if my words would have any effect.

What was my surprise a few days later when the catechist of the town where I had originally met Chalkat came to call me. He said that she had (Turn to page 83)



"The ceremonies finished, he gave his pagan neighbors a little harangue."

Frontiersman

Terrence R. O'Connor, S.J.

Talking to a group of fellow California Province missionaries at Kaolieu, is the late Charles D. "Sancte" Simons, S.J. (extreme left).



As we go to press further details have arrived from Shanghai on the death of Father Charles D. "Sancte" Simons, S.J., the subject of this article, who was shot recently at Shuyang by bandits. The motive for the murder was apparently revenge. Father Simons had obtained from the military authorities the liberation of a number of children taken by the bandits and held for ransom. Shortly afterwards, the bandits entered his home at night, took what money he had and then ordered him to go outside. Father Goncalves, S.J., who was in the house with him was told to remain inside. A minute later he heard three shots and running out found Father Simons with a bullet through his eye. He died while the last sacraments were being administered.—*Editor.*

"UP here in front with me, Carlos. You climb in back, Henry."

The young woman pulled herself up to the driver's seat of the buckboard, tightened the cords of her buckskin jacket and reached for the reins. The withered stableman held his Stetson with nervous fingers.

"Ya oughtn't to do it, ma'am."

"It's a good wagon, isn't it?"

"Waal, that ain't the point . . ."

". . . and the horses?"

"Fine as they come, ma'am, but . . ."

"And we've plenty of water. So."

"But hang it, ma'am, yore a woman, and there ain't no woman yet who drove a wagon crosst that hell-hole an come out of it. I'll scrape 'round fer another driver, one that'll stay sober, an' then . . ."

There was the crack of a whip, and the liveryman stepped out of the cloud of dust to watch the buckboard roll off into the blazing midsummer heat of the valley . . . Death Valley . . .

But the Valley claimed no victims that day. Mother and both small sons completed the crossing safely, making history and taking it for granted.

Little "Carlos" up in the front seat was becoming used to such exploits. Years later when he would be Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., he would face similar dangers as a missionary in China; but he would face them as the seasoned soldier faces a new campaign. He would be schooled to danger and hardship.

FOR Father Simons was a child of the Old West. He was born into its struggle and grew up amid the tragedy and romance of its frontier days, so that the

stories of his youth read like the adventures of a character from fiction just as his recent death in China reads like a page from the Acts of the Martyrs.

His father was a miner on the wastes of Utah. It was there that Carlos was born, in the town of Mercur, on February 21, 1901. Carlos remembered but little of his father, who died when his children were almost infants. It was his mother who was the dominant influence on Carlos' life. She was, in fact, a dominant influence wherever she went, as fearless a frontier mother as any known to the turbulent southwest. Her buckskin garb was familiar to all the States of that territory, through which she traveled tirelessly, sharing with her small children her perilous existence.

"Perilous" is no exaggeration. For Carlos' mother was a Government agent employed to trace down the plots hatched in the lawless towns of the frontier. Her assignments often led her to the infamous Brown Park country in Colorado on missions that were dangerous but necessary in the work of frustrating the murderous activities of the "bad hombres."

Father Simons used to recount his own part in some of his mother's assignments. On one occasion a group of suspected outlaws were gathered in a small cabin. Carlos' mother could not get close to the window; but Carlos was small, and in the fading light of evening, might be able to creep within hearing distance. He wormed his way to a pile of fenceposts and concealed himself in the shadows, trying to still the thumping of his heart. One false move and . . .!

"Scared!" Father Simons used to say with a laugh. "I was so scared it stunted my growth." He was never more than five feet four inches tall, but as history tells us little men are often giants spiritually.

WHEN Carlos was about four years old, his mother moved to California where she staked a claim for a silver mine in Inyo County. She named the mine the "Silver Queen," but the inhabitants of that country soon applied the name to herself and by that title she is still remembered by some of the old-timers in Southern California.

A near disaster occurred the first night that Carlos,

f East and West

The "bad men" of China could kill but could not frighten the little missionary whose youth had been spent fighting outlaws in the Old West



Father Simons and Morgan Curran, S.J., talk things over with local mayors during their Haichow travels.

his mother, and his brother Henry spent at the mine. They were sleeping in a tent, since no permanent buildings had been erected at the new diggings. In the middle of the night Carlos' mother was awakened by a peculiar sound, and was startled to see the head of a mountain lion stretching in through the tent-opening, and sniffing about the ground. She knew that at the slightest move from herself or the boys, the beast would spring. She could not even reach for the rifle at her side. She could only do the hardest thing . . . lie perfectly still. For an interminable moment, the lion sniffed about, and then turned off into the night.

It was shortly after this incident that Carlos was sent to live with an aunt in San José, where he could attend school. His aunt, who was a Catholic, obtained his mother's permission for him to be baptized, and she then enrolled him in St. Joseph's Grammar School under the care of the Christian Brothers. Every year during the summer months he returned to his mother at the "Silver Queen."

IT was during one of these vacation periods that Carlos learned that a large holdings company in the vicinity was trying to "jump" the Silver Queen claim. He found that one attempt had already been made in which his mother had suffered a minor fracture of the skull. They had not long to wait for the second attempt. Carlos, now seven years old, was at the mine with his

mother and Henry. One morning they saw a small group of armed men moving up the road towards their cabin. But they were ready; the boys ran and got the guns and ammunition, and the straight shooting of their mother soon scared off the assailants.

The years pass. Carlos is now attending St. Joseph's High School in San José. In the summer months he still returns to mine at the Silver Queen. With "Old John" an experienced hand in any man's diggin's, he runs the jig-mill to crush the lead and silver ore and load it into hundred-pound sacks. Then the long trek to the railroad—fourteen miles over rough country with the sacks of ore strapped to the backs of burros. These long months of heavy labor would stand Father Simons in good stead in later years.

It was while he was attending school at San José that Charles (he was not Carlos now, except to his mother) decided to enter the Jesuit Novitiate at Los Gatos. At the time he was working after school hours as a Postal Telegraph messenger. Probably he did not realize then that one day he would again be carrying messages on a bicycle—not the terse messages of the business world, but the vibrant message of Christ, to Chinese peasants far out in the "bush."

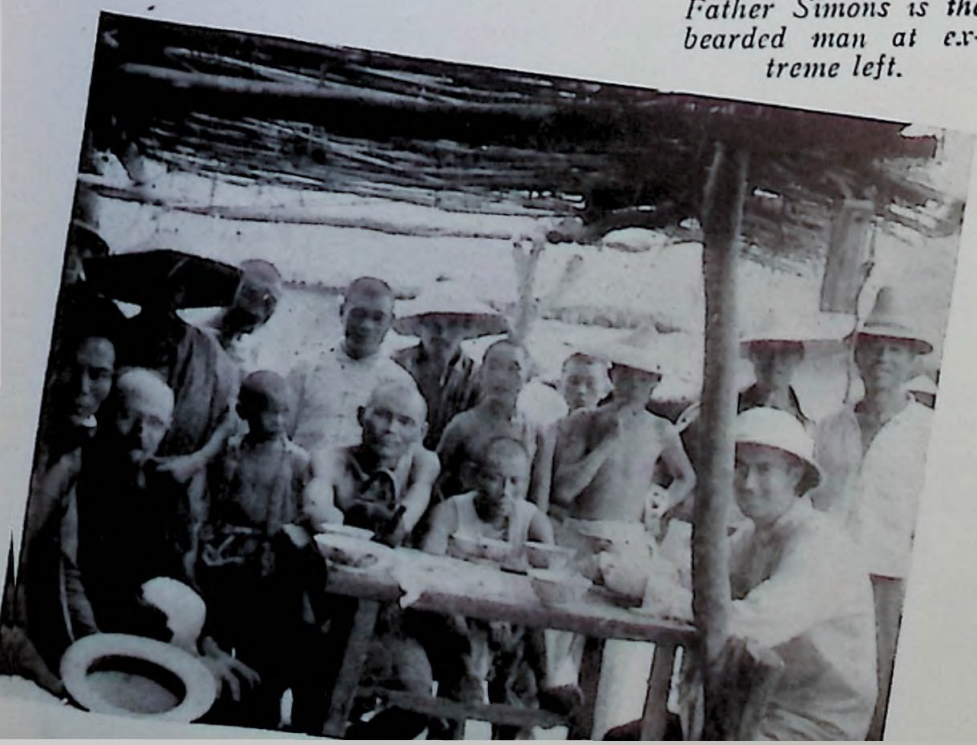
Such was the early life of Father Simons, such his "school of hardship." Such was his dauntless, picturesque mother, in whom we find the explanation for some of the surprising feats which the "little man of God" performed in later life.

When embarking for the Orient, Father—or rather Mr. Simons, for he was not yet ordained—overheard someone say, "These Americans won't be able to 'take it' in China." The remark was cutting, but Mr. Simons' only word, spoken to a Scholastic who was with him, was "I am going to China to be a missionary, and I'm never coming back."

ONCE in China, he had occasion to apply every lesson he had learned in his school of hardship. Lack of food and sleep, flood, famine, attack and capture by brigands, and towards the end, virtual confinement by the Communists—these called for all the stamina of the "little man of God," who said, with the courage and confidence of St. Paul:

"I am going to China . . . and I'm never coming back."

A stop for lunch during the same journey. Father Simons is the bearded man at extreme left.



Seal Hunters' Hazards

John P. Fox, S.J.

THERE is an element of danger in seal hunting in Alaska. For it happens at times that the floating blocks of ice, due to the sudden dropping off of a large piece, instantaneously roll over. If a kayak is too near, it may either be upset, as happened to one of our boys last year, or may be submerged by a projecting piece of ice as the block turns over.

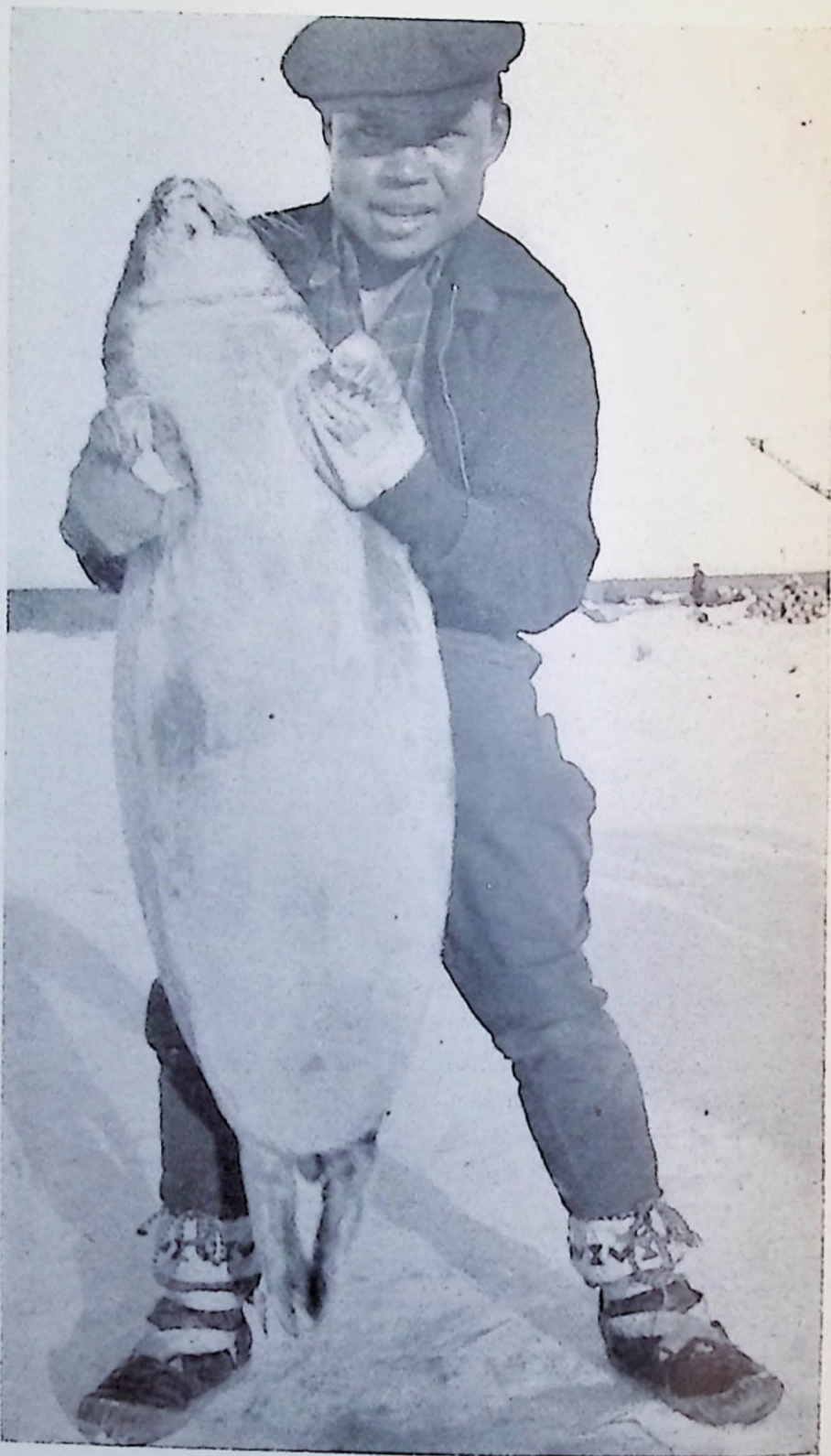
Not rarely, a sudden storm comes up when the hunter is a good distance from shore, surrounded by floating ice. The blocks begin to jostle each other around, thus threatening to crush the kayak; or the hunter finds himself surrounded by so much ice that he is cut off from the shore. When the tide begins to ebb he is forced out to the deep by the receding ice, and there may either be swamped by the waves, or crushed by the ice.

WITHIN recent years Hooper Bay lost two hunters in this way, and Kashunak also two. During the winter the hunter at times has to cross a few miles of ice lying between the beach and open water before reaching his hunting ground. He then wears snowshoes, as a rule, to distribute his weight, especially as he nears the edge of open water where the ice is rotten and thin and the danger of breaking through, even with snowshoes, is great.

If he is lucky, the dragging home of his booty is another job. Generally, they run a hook through the seal's nose and drag him. If they get more than one, they go back to the village for their sled, unless they brought it along in the morning.

THE seal supplies meat and oil for the family; oil for the dogs, for the native lamps, for water-proofing the boots, the skin-boats and kayaks; skins for their boats and kayaks, sinew for their thread, intestine for the windows and rain-parkas, trimming for their boots and bags in which to keep their fish, oil and berries. The inflated bladders are also used as floaters for their fish nets, and the larger stomachs are cleaned and used for water, berries, fish, eggs and oil. Most of the Eskimos' boots and many of their parkas, too, are made of seal skins.

We have only the hair seal here. Fur seals are found further down the coast on Pribilof Islands. There is quite a variety of hair seals. They differ little in looks and less in shape; but much in size. Common seals are about three to four feet long. Laftak, the next larger variety, are some four to five feet long; and mukluk, the largest kind, about four to six feet. The meat and oil of all these is much the same, though our Eskimos prefer the laftak in that respect. The skin of the larger varieties is used mainly for boats and kayaks, or is cut



One of the mission boys at Akulurak, exhibits a seal which he has just caught. Seal hunting, as Father Fox says, is a man's sport but this does not prevent the older boys from trying their hand at it.

up into lashing for snowshoes, sleds, boats, tow lines spear-heads and harness for the dogs.

HUNTING seal is real work, though much sport, too, at times. It is a strictly male occupation.

Fishing tom cod, especially through a hole in the ice is for the women and children. There is a knack to it, too, and whereas almost anyone can catch a few, one clever at it will catch a sack full. Tom cod are running in our little rivers and sloughs right now. You make a wire hook, tie a piece of red flannel and a sinker to your line and a very short stick to the end of it. You are all set for a catch. No bait needed; the flannel suffices. Here in Alaska where there are miles and miles of snowy waste the people have to be hardy and resourceful. There is a use for everything. Even the crumbs are gathered up. Danger is always looking over our shoulders. Down home you leave your professions and offices to find a little thrill and relaxation in hunting and fishing. With us this means our daily bread.

The 'Cabins' Are Few

Robert L. Boggs, S. J.

CHRISTMAS week, December, 1940, saw the opening of another mission house by the Jesuits of Spring Hill College in Alabama under the able direction of Father Andrew Fox, S.J. This little log cabin is situated in the heart of Sand Town about one mile north of the old Shell Road and is accessible to all the Negroes near and around Sand Town and Spring Hill.

Father Fox, pastor of Sacred Heart Church and shepherd of the Negro flock, realized the necessity of this center long ago but he has always been confronted with financial difficulties in his mission program. Now at last the little town will be spiritually nourished every Sunday and Thursday in the all-important truths of the Catholic Church.

The Christmas party served a two-fold purpose: namely, the opening of the new mission center and the annual tree for the Negroes. The opening was somewhat inauspicious as it was necessary to wait some time for the doors to be completed and for the workmen to clean up the dirt, but finally everything was in readiness and the little darkies piled in. When the tree decked with prizes met their anxious gaze they became very restless until Santa Claus arrived.

Coming from Spring Hill, Mr. Chase acted the part of St. Nicholas and awarded the little darkies dolls, trains, guns, books and whatever else goes to good boys and girls. Then came the games which made known to the village that the cabin was at last opened. "London Bridge is Falling Down" and "The Farmer in the Dell" were familiar notes that echoed and reechoed down "Main Street" in Sand Town. And so after these and other games were played, and the Negroes had enjoyed themselves to the full, the festivities ended with a hymn and all went home happy.

THE catechetical work, carried on every Thursday by the Scholastics of Spring Hill who sacrifice their recreation time to bring the light of the Gospel to these little ones of Christ, will henceforth be conducted in the new center under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier and the Little Flower of Jesus. About twenty "star" pupils are enrolled but as is quite customary with inconstant Negroes the number changes with every class.

Chief of the "star" pupils is a little Negro who has been laboring hard for two years to make the Sign of the Cross and to say the Lord's Prayer. Well, Scooter, for that is the little seven-year old boy's name, has at last mastered the Sign of the Cross but he is still woefully weak in his endeavors to say the Our Father perfectly. Many more classes in the little log cabin, together with others more or less gifted, will be necessary before Scooter has learned the most beautiful prayer he will ever be taught.

Converts in Sand Town are not frequent but at least we know that those made in recent years will form a nucleus around which we hope to build a flourishing



(Top) The newest of the cabin chapels for Negroes at Sand Town near Spring Hill, Alabama. (Bottom) Some of the children and their Jesuit Scholastic teachers after the opening party.

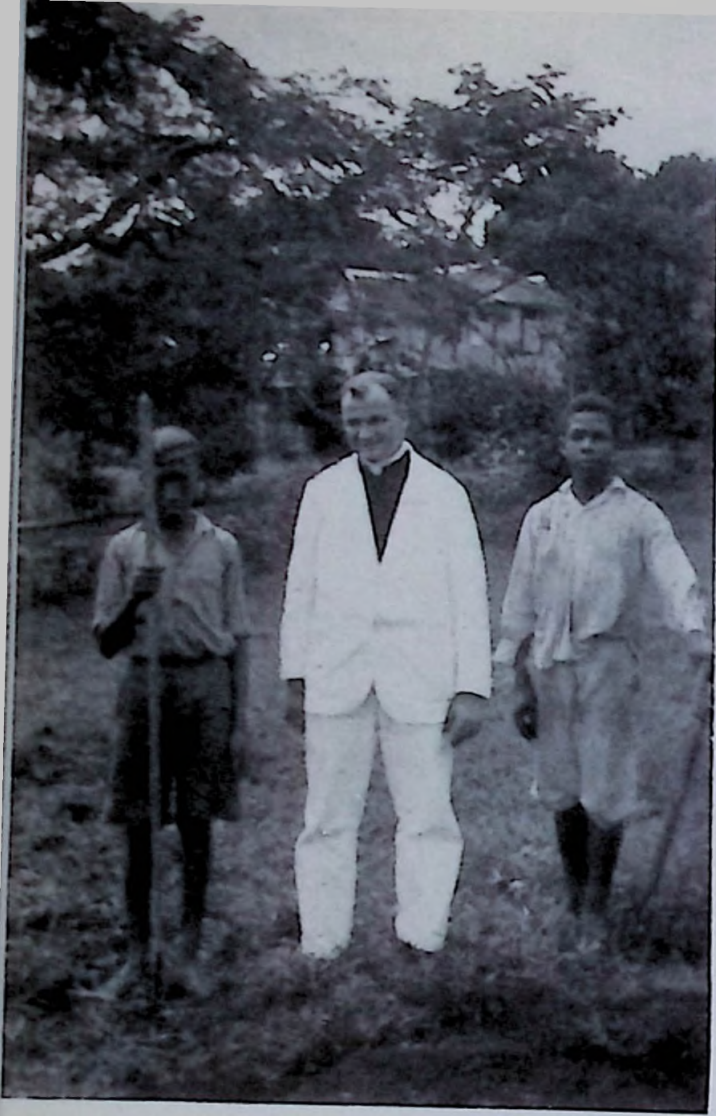
community. It seems to be a common delusion among Negroes that God meant divorce to be a part of His divine plan and it is this obstacle that makes converts so difficult. But now at last we hope that by teaching the Commandments of God and of the Church to the little ones of the "metropolis" of Sand Town to be sowing the seed that will bear fruit in after years.

Despite this fact, the Negroes on the whole are not prejudiced against the priests and the Scholastics as they always greet you with a "How yo Fawther?" Father is the Negro title for the Scholastics who enjoy it immensely. "Yes, Fawther, we studied our lesson hard," they will tell you but when questioned on the matter you wonder how true it is. After patiently asking and replying for them and asking again, you get, "Sho Fawther, there is three persons in God, I know that."

AND thus the work of our Lord goes on among very simple darkies, in a little log cabin, in a very simple way. The work, so dear to St. Peter Claver, is carried on by another generation of Jesuits.

Those Rare Souls On Soaring Hills

Francis G. Deevy, S.J.



Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., and two of his boys hope to make a little paradise out of the rectory garden.

EVERYBODY lives on a hill in the environs of Mandeville, Jamaica, B. W. I. It may surprise you that there are enough to go around. Actually there are a few left over for future tenants. Mandeville is as knobbly as the old blackthorn stick I inherited from my grandfather. That is one reason why it is a nice place to live in.

Climbing the hills, however, is a problem. Sometimes you can circumvent them by winding around them until you have finally reached the top. It is a sort of boa-constrictor action. At other times you leave the car and climb with bent knee and panting lungs in this rarer air until again you achieve your goal. Its like castor oil. The faster you take it, the easier it is. Whichever way you go, there is a sense of achievement, once you have done it. You are rewarded not only with the attainment of your goal but also with a view of breath-taking scenery, stretching away into mysterious distances.

LIKE all her neighbors, Mother Richards lives at the top of a hill. It is really a plateau, not very far from the road, but all up, over rocks and worn places, made treacherous by little spits of rain which had been falling all afternoon. Mother Richards is a pillar of the church

in black marble, venerable with age. Some have even said that she is a pillar of many churches, being indiscriminate as to place when devotion to Almighty God is concerned. Perhaps it is so. Such things have been known to happen. However, I can swear that I have never seen her in a non-Catholic church.

Come to think of it, I have never seen her in a Catholic church. She can, however, tell you about all "de good fadders" back to the time of Bishop Gordon. That must be something in her favor, even if she is a trifle weak in her Theology. In other words, she probably does go to other churches when her old knees can be trusted down the treacherous slope below her old house. She is not altogether unique in that respect. The concept of the One, True Church may be hard to grasp when there are such nice preachers in the others, not to mention the opportunity for a good soul-rending hymn.

THE good old lady is a fine, tall woman. Despite the many gnarls of age and some stiffness, she was still a slender tower. She was dressed much like the ordinary country woman, (we don't say bush when we are in it), except for the fact that she wore a huge white turban around her head. Her broad smile revealed the presence of a solitary tooth, now doing the work of departed companions. It looked still sound and capable of rending a tough piece of meat to the satisfaction of its owner. You will have to take my word for it, that on the rare occasions when Mother does have a piece of meat, it is uncommonly tough. Nearly all meat is

tough, though I have been told that it can be tenderized if wrapped in a *papaya* leaf.

The little room to which I was admitted wasn't very large, perhaps as spacious as a modern kitchenette. It served every purpose for which a room could be designed. There was a bed in a corner. It wasn't satisfied, however, with a corner and so projected over most of the available space, leaving room only for a chair and rough table. Under bed and table and along the walls were a thousand gimcracks, odds and ends, which are at once, furnishings and memories and wealth to the owner.

ON the table lay a short stemmed clay pipe as black and strong and almost as old as the ancient dame who smoked it. Fuel for the pipe is usually Jackass rope and it is well named. It lies in the market like coils of rope and is sold by the yard. One yard would do me a lifetime. One pipeful, judging by the fragrance, would be more than enough. My delicate lungs could not stand it but the country people, even the women, like their tobacco strong. A cigarette lacks character if smoked in the orthodox way. It must be smoked with the burning end in the mouth. Given a little practice, a Jamaican woman can flip a cigarette from one end to the other, puffing alternately at each, and never touch her fingers to it. She doesn't burn herself either, though I am dubious on that point. You might try it the next time you are entertaining guests. It should be very diverting.

Dinner was also on the table alongside the pipe. It consisted of a heap of white rice (there is also a brown variety) garnished with a few slices of avocado pear. The pear is a delicacy for which an

American must acquire a taste. To the Jamaican, high and low, it is a staple, almost as common as our apple. As far as I could see, there was no silverware. Only a knife was necessary, usually the large pocketknife variety. For larger orders, the machete, called a cutlass by those who use it, takes care of all needs.

Mother Richards confessed that she was having a hard time. She wasn't as strong as she used to be and it wasn't easy to make the "carn" grow in her stony little cultivation. Her husband, who had been a Baptist, was long dead and she lived alone with her ward, buxom, fifteen-year old Edna. Edna is a Catholic but probably doesn't know much about her faith. There are many obstacles to instruction. Therefore, we cannot expect too much from Edna nor from her guardian either.

DESPITE difficulties, the old lady has an optimistic outlook on life. In the midst of an eloquent sermon of which I was on the receiving end, she told me: "God don't dead yet. Jesus, Him still living." These words especially captured my attention. They epitomized a great deal. There was hope, shining hope and confidence in them, the vision of a surer better hill on which to live, where the corn would grow more easily. Surely Almighty God would be good to this poor soul who had nothing to offer Him but trust, yet gave that

entirely, willingly and constantly.

The climax of my visit came when I was led to Mother Richards' chapel. Outside of her front and only door, she had erected a wattle hut. It wasn't much but neither was the cave at Bethlehem. Within the hut, benches, three of them, had been constructed by driving the limbs of trees into the hard packed earth floor. Over these the discarded ends of timber had been nailed with the bark turned down. No paint was needed. In a corner there was a fenced-off enclosure which served as a pulpit. A few strips of sky blue cheesecloth decorated with white crosses were stretched beneath the roof. The whole thing served what purpose? I am not sure.

SOME Sunday afternoon when I have the chance, I shall make a visit of inspection. The old lady says she conducts Sunday school for the children of the neighborhood. Some of them have never gone to a real church. Either they live too far away or, what is more likely, they haven't the clothes. They don't mind the distance they have to walk, provided they are properly dressed for the occasion. Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes still have meaning for the poorer Jamaicans. I forgot to mention that the setting for all this wandering narrative is Miketown. Yes, that's the name of the place. I am afraid the original Mike, famous or otherwise, has been forgotten now.



Tucked away in these hills are the homes of parishioners to which the missionary must climb a sick call.

There are many heartaches and headaches to a missionary's life. In Miketown I had to refuse to baptize a baby because the parents were non-Catholic and I had no assurance that the child would be brought up a Catholic. Mr. W. says that he has been god-father for fourteen but "him don't know rightly where dem are." I have to climb many hills and hills are a problem for "de fat fadder."

AT the same time there is much that is amusing and colorful and stimulating. There are occasions where I am genuinely edified by the signs of grace and faith among the people. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson are subjects for a complete story in itself. She had been a Catholic "from I barn," but he was a recent convert. Reading Father Scott's books had won him to the faith. I met them on a Sunday morning when I went to Chapelton. *(Turn to page 83)*

This is Jamaica beautiful, but as the missionary learns from experience, you can't live on beauty.



Stick 'em up, Father!

Harold A. Fuller, S. J.

THE bells that call the Sioux Indian boys from the plains to the classrooms also contain a summons to the job of perfecting for the Jesuit Scholastics of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

At the Missions we have boys ranging in ages from five to twenty years. We are with the children more, and perhaps are closer to them in the Mission schools than in any other school. Our life is lived, we might say, with the children we watch and teach. I would say that our Indian boys are much the same as their white brothers, and would cover as great a variety as will be found anywhere.

The playground, which covers several acres, the playroom, which is of ample size, the gym, which is very fine for any mission, and the recreation room for the high school, furnish means for a varied number of amusements for all the boys.

Small boys are always interesting. At times they seem very ingenious at making things to play with and finding ways to amuse themselves.

"Krk-k-k-k-k-, put 'em up, Father." One turns to behold a little bronze lad with a smile lighting up his happy face like a miniature sun. Up go your hands and a serious and worried look, which is hard to keep, must be put on your face in turn, in order that the little one may see that you appreciate his fun.

THE least little trick will distract him from his gun, such as "where is your other shoe?" and you are able to get hold of his gun. I say "gun," but after examining them for sometime, I find that these little ones are not particular about the size and shape of the shooting-irons they use. Most of the time you cannot see the slightest resemblance to a gun, even by stretching the imagination. They range in size and shape from a four-foot board to a tiny chip held in the hand.

"Krk-k-k-k-," and then the sound of running feet, and you turn to watch a World War in progress, in which anywhere from ten to forty little Indian boys are engaged. They charge across the field and suddenly you see large clouds of dust in the air—the bombs are bursting over the battle ground. Then you realize that those are handkerchiefs falling to the ground. They had served as the containers for the powder. Soon the air clears and there before your eyes the tragedies of war are seen. On the field are the bodies of the dead and wounded, while the hale and hardy have withdrawn to their respective camps. Soon the dead and wounded



Indian boys of St. Francis Mission, engaged in a war game—a sport very popular with the young Sioux warriors.

rise and rush to their fortifications. The camps are usually at the opposite ends of the playground.

Let us make an inspection tour of the camp at the north end. This is arranged along the fence in a nice orderly row. Here we see a half a dozen shallow holes dug in the ground by bare hands or with the help of sticks and such things as the warriors could find to serve them. These are filled with boys lying flat on their stomachs peering through small pieces of pipe or manipulating longer pieces of pipe or boards. These are their field glasses, machine guns, cannon, and other implements of war.

Waiting for some time and finding that there is no activity, we ask, "Is the war over?"

"Yes, Father, we quit because they don't play fair."

"What do you mean, 'they don't play fair?'"

"Well, they would not die when we shot them."

"Do you die when they shoot you?"

"Yes, Father, we die."

On the return from the camp we come upon another group of boys at the other end of the fence. Some of these are squatted on the ground, others are on hands and knees crawling along. Here before us opens up a scene of a net work of a country's highways. Hills, valleys, bridges, and all that goes into a roadway may be found. All of this is found in some fifty or less feet of ground.

UPON observing we see that not a single vehicle found on these roads has wheels. Here small boards and bits of wood are the source of much wholesome and innocent fun.

"Whir-r-r-r-r-" and here comes a squadron of airplanes. Each boy has his plane held in his hand, some are flying high, some low. Away they go down the sidewalk and around the buildings, some of them making perfect banks on the turns, some taking nose dives, while others are trick diving out of danger. All of this is easy to see if the imagination can be stretched without limit.

Every little scrap of wood has been gathered and made to serve as an airplane. Some have been cut into shape, some have been made to look very much like a plane, seemingly by rather clever hands. Then again we find some that have none of the characteristics of their larger sister ships.

What brought this on? Oh, yes. (Turn to page 83)

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Real Men

We were walking up the river front, from Pier Nine, North River, in New York City. A missionary had returned to his post, after a brief furlough in the States, leaving us to pick up the normal threads of life once more. In the enthusiasm of the moment, my companion exclaimed: "You know the missionaries are the only ones who really live in this world. The rest of us are so hemmed in by convention and the demands of society that we can't live as we want to or ought to." At the time we agreed wholeheartedly.

St. Joseph

With the month of March upon us, the picture of a Carpenter, who once made tables and chairs in Nazareth comes to mind. If any man really lived, St. Joseph did and his was a very full life. Much more so was that of Mary, his wife. No other two people came as close to Christ actually and spiritually as these two. We know that there are thousands of other Josephs and Marys, living very close to Christ in their own Nazareths here in America. Their lives are real and full of virtue too, despite the murky atmosphere of temptation and degradation about them.

The distinction lies in the fact that their lives are hidden, lost in the crowd. They do not stand out like that of the missionary. It is not so easy to single them out because of the society in which they live and move.

Modern Society

American society is for the most part pagan. It places strong emphasis on the physical and material.

The Lord's day is accepted and tolerated as a "day of rest" to store up energy for another week. Its whole moral life is infected and shot through with doctrines and opinions derived from the very artificial world of stage and screen. From these sources many Americans draw up their code of living. As a result, they have no convictions of their own and are play-acting, not really living. It is a soft way of life which toys with morals, just as it toys with food.

The Infection Spreads

This blow at our social setup would be serious enough if it only affected some hundred odd million of non-Catholics in the United States, who with the collapse of Protestantism drift like rudderless ships on a spiritual ocean. Unfortunately, many Catholics brush shoulders with these in business and social life. What happens? Their vision becomes blurred, their faith stumbles, their lives fall out of focus with Christ and His teaching.

As a result, standing side by side in the professions and trades, you have the real Catholic, the make-believe Catholic and the non-Catholic. In this mixture although it is not quite as hard as finding a needle in the haystack, still it is difficult to single out those who really live the faith up to the hilt.

Declaration of Faith

With the missionary it is not so. His whole life is a proclamation of his belief. All who care may read. Even a cynical world cannot doubt its genuinity. He stands out like a light set on a hill. He sails off leaving everything he holds dear behind

him. His purpose in setting out is expressly for the spread of God's Kingdom. He is giving his life for the service of God. His actions are straight and point in only one direction. His profession is that of God's ambassador, his trade is in souls. There's no show, no pretense in the departure of a missionary. It's something more than an adventure. It's the fullest participation in the only real adventure on this earth, the salvation of one's own soul and the souls of men for the love of God.

In this "all out" sense in the service of God the missionary really lives his faith. The rest of us, even the best, may hold back something. Perhaps we are only lost in the crowd. Perhaps we are held back by the circle in which we move. Often we are lost in our own selfish interests and moods.

Vow Day

If there is one day in the life of every Jesuit when the spirit of the missionary floods his soul, it is that of his Vow Day. During the past month, Father John J. O'Farrell, S.J., one of our Associate Editors pronounced his Final Vows at St. Francis Xavier's Church here in New York. We rejoice with him in his Oblation. After almost sixteen years in the Society of Jesus, seven of which were spent in China, he approached the altar of God to pledge final and permanent allegiance to his King, Jesus Christ. United in spirit with him were not only his own brothers who stood by his side there at the altar, but also those other "Blackrobes" throughout this country and Europe and in far off missions which encircle the world. JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

Hocus-Pocus Cults in Gin



Father Consunji, S.J., and some of his flock. The Padre is ready to start for a fiesta in one of his barrios.

“**B**ATUGAN” is a prosaic word and innocuous enough, but for me it is the answer to a question of more than two years’ standing, the open sesame to a puzzle that has perplexed me since my arrival in Gingoog. Gingoog my main station is a large municipality in Oriental Misamis, containing more than ten thousand souls but of those ten thousand, not more than two hundred regularly attend Mass on Sundays in the town church. True, they had until recently been without a priest for many years and a consequent coldness towards religion has developed. But they are good enough people and I could not see why they did not come to Mass, especially since Protestantism and Aglipayanism are not very strong here. Then came to me in my perplexity the solution—*Batugan*. Here is how I came upon it.

ONE day as I was musing upon this point I called in Pecto. Pecto is a native of Gingoog who knows a good deal about the Faith and has been for a long time our big weapon against the Protestants.

“Pecto, why is it,” I asked him, “that in spite of the whole course of sermons in the Mass and the catechetical instruction, the people do not go to Mass on Sunday?”

“Father,” he said without much

thought, “I know the reason.”

“You do?” I replied, amazed.

“Well, what is it?”

“You know, Father,” he said, “that my parents are good Catholics but I am sure that you will be flabbergasted if I tell you that even they still practice *batugan*.”

“Well, what is *batugan*, and how does it prevent people from going to Mass on Sunday?”

Batugan is a superstitious ceremony during which a chicken is freed and chased out into the undergrowth and bush in order that the evil spirits may seize the chicken and take its life rather than the life of the sick person in whose behalf this ceremony is being performed. And *batugan* keeps people from Mass on Sunday because they usually perform these ceremonies on that day, their day of rest.”

THEN he went on to tell me of their other superstitious practices and beliefs. *Tabi-apo*, *Aog*, *Barangon* and *Bala* are in the order named the god of harvest, the god of planting fruit trees, the god of good luck and the god of propitiation for sin. The rites in their honor are performed by the *diwatero*, a man who claims and is believed to be in league with the *diwata* or spirits, and from each attendant he, of course, collects a fee upon which he lives. The people

spend much money on this *diwatero* if he is called in to cure a sick person or bring one who had died back to life again. He has a strong grip on the simple folk of the town.

PECTO told me of their other spirits, the *incanto* who dwell in the huge *balete* trees under which the people hold their ceremonies. The *incanto* are harmless enough but watch over with jealous care the semi-sacred *balete* tree and strike down with fever any one who would be so rash as to chop one down. The *dawindi* are dwarfs who live in the attics and lofts of tall buildings. They do not seem to have any particular function except to instill fear into the people. Then there is the giant spirit or *capri* who dwells in the forest and besets by night the wayfarer’s path. Pecto has never seen any of these ghosts but he assures me that he knows and has met several persons who have had nocturnal encounters with them.

“There is no one in this town,” Pecto continued, “whom we call *dakung tawo* (great man) who does not believe in and practice these superstitions. You alone, Father, will have a difficult task in eradicating these practices. You need a substantial and beautiful church which will awe these people more than their huge *balete* trees, their

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Augustin S.
Consunji, S.J.

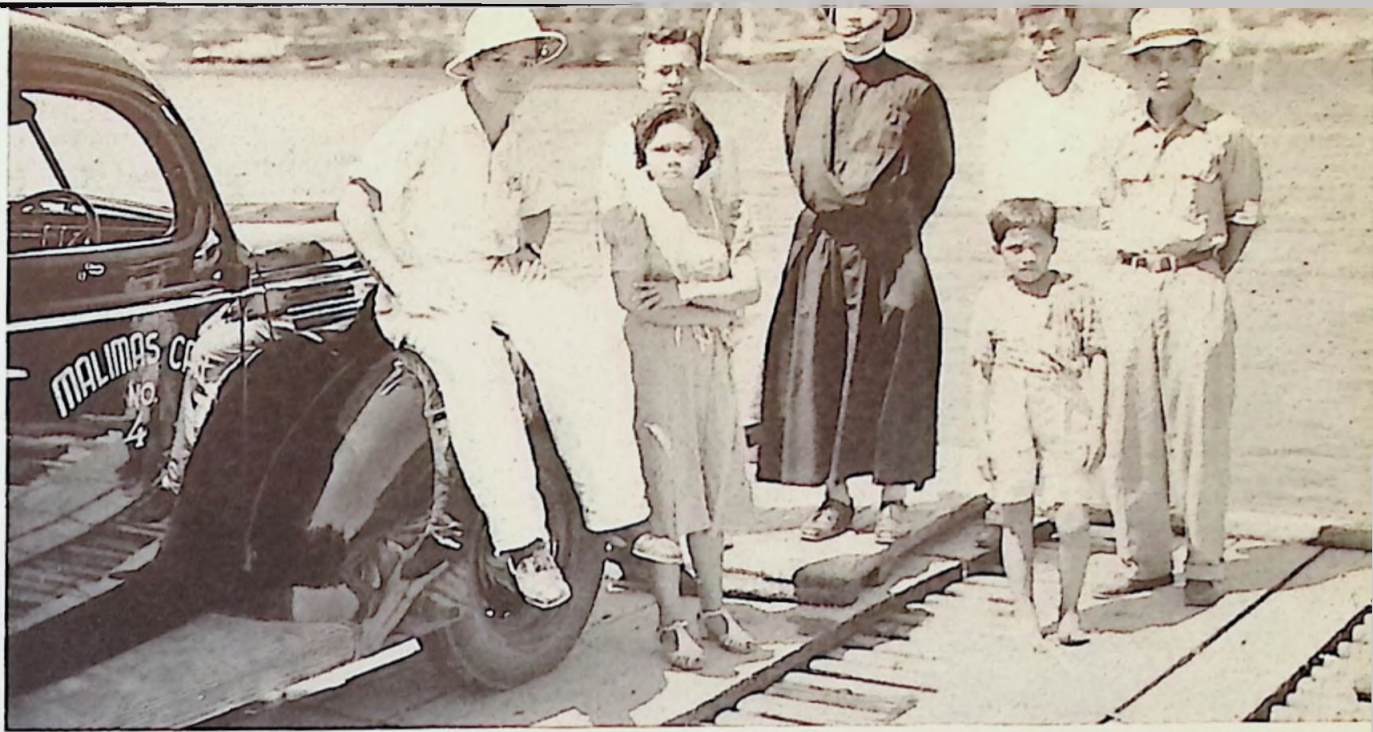
outdoor temples to false gods."

I thanked Pecto for his at least partial solution of my mystery. He outlined a huge task for me in the question of the church. A storm recently destroyed the flimsy wooden church of Gingoog and the present temporary one can hardly be called upon to awe even the most simple people.

FAIRY-DEMONS are also said to infest the jungle surrounding the village of Pangasihan, one of my mission posts in Mindanao. They are known in the Visayan dialect as *laing tawo* (strange people) and seem to have the same characteristics as fairies except that they are of giant stature. And if there were such creatures as *laing tawo* they might well choose this weird spot as a suitable habitat. The village lies on a rugged sea coast strewn with immense rocks which form mysterious alcoves in the jagged shore.

Behind the village is a high mountain range, once teeming with tropical deer and wild boars, and still a wilderness of gigantic timbers whose roots, like flying buttresses, begin to swell out from the tree trunks at a spot higher than a man can reach, to give the trees a diameter of six feet and more at the base. And, drawing its waters from mountain torrents, there flows through the village a river over which ageless crocodiles once held undisputed sway and along whose banks the vines and luxurious undergrowth form an impenetrable jungle.

THESE fairy-demons are supposed to be gods of the jungle to whom the *balete* tree is sacred, though they make their rendezvous the caves along the shore. And, while not unfriendly to man, they are capable of serious mischief and hence it is a brave man who would dare to drop a banana peel on the ground without saying "*tabi—excuse me*" as an apology to the spirits whose domain he had violated. Recently a baby, taken sick



(Top) Hardly any two consecutive rivers of the Philippines offer the same means of crossing. Here Father Consunji is crossing on a crude ferry or raft. (Below) The author visits one of his sick parishioners.

with a high fever, was submerged in the river because the *laing tarwo* were supposed to have appeared to an old man of the village and to have told him that its fever could be cured by this strange procedure. The baby died.

And there are stories of maidens having been carried off to take part in the bizarre rites of these fairy-demons. A lass of fifteen years once disappeared for a week, they say, and was discovered after a frantic search, unharmed but dazed, with an unusual pallor in her normally ruddy-brown cheeks. Dreamily, she explained that she had been carried off in the night by a giant white man to a magnificent hall and made to sit on a golden throne where she was adored by the demons of the jungle as a goddess of beauty and served with ambrosial viands on platters of solid gold. And as proof of the story the villagers to this day

point out a mound which they say is guarded jealously by the *laing tawo* and that every time an attempt has been made to build a house there, it collapsed.

I do not think there is any foundation to these superstitious tales but I find it difficult to dispel them because the *diwateros* find it not unprofitable to keep these superstitions alive. Sprinkling the streams with the blood of animals while mumbling unintelligible incantations, among which can be recognized distorted Latin phrases from the Mass, they keep the simple folk in awe of themselves and in fear of the fairy-demons. Sometimes they will sacrifice a pig to the spirits beneath the branches of the sacred *balete* tree. And, of course, propitiatory gifts offered to the jungle spirits through the mediation of the wizard are not unwell-

(Continued on page 83)

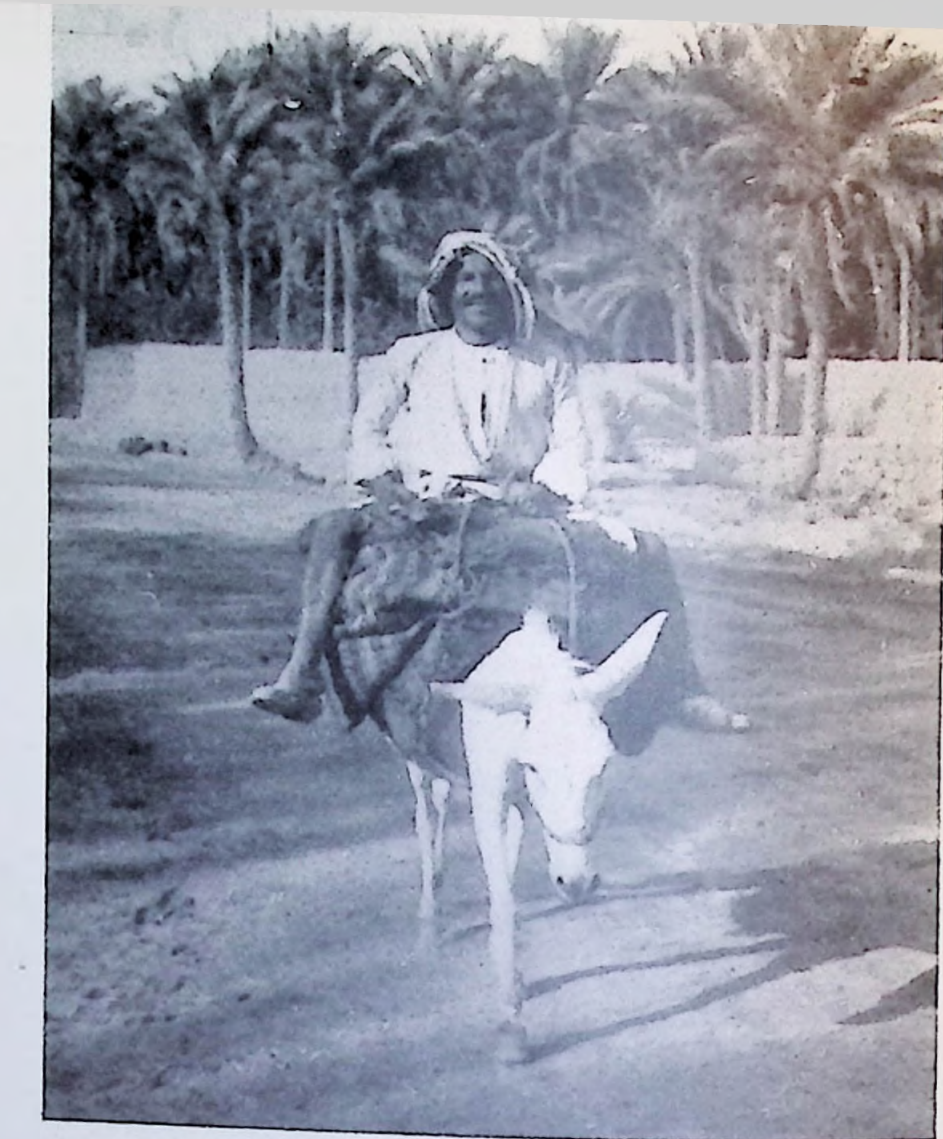
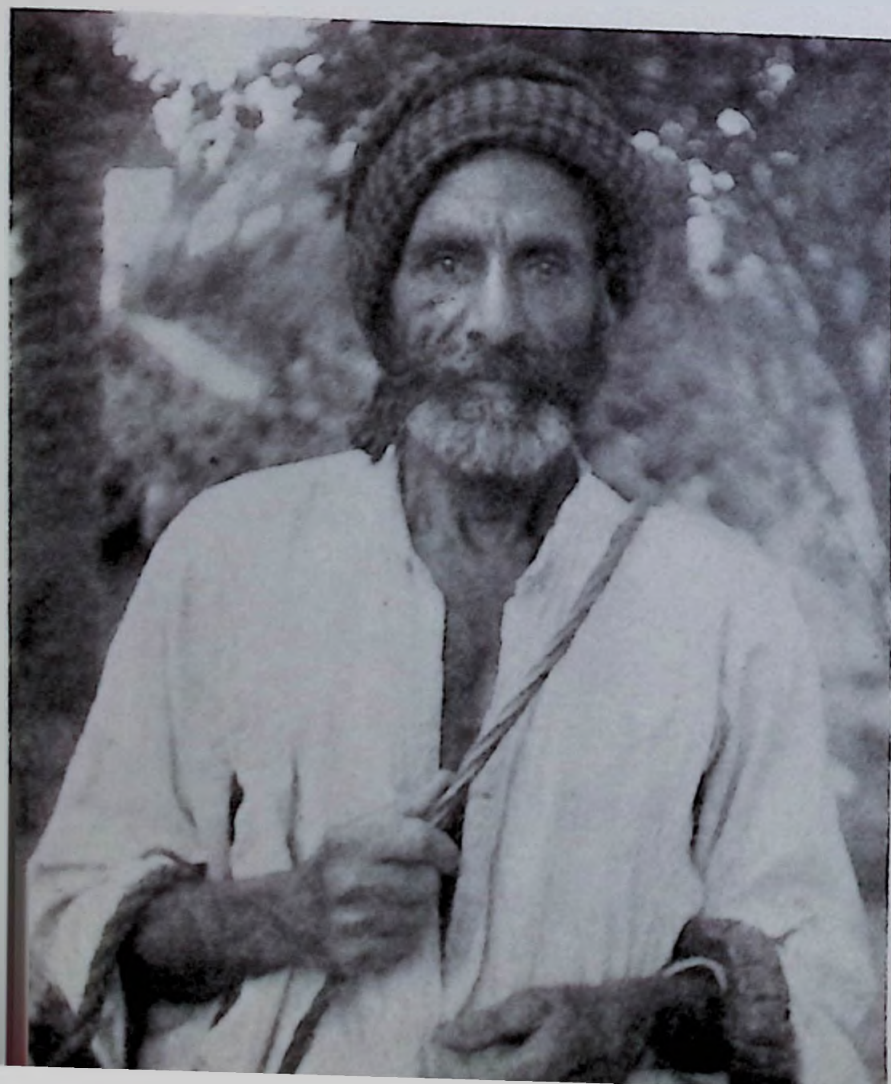
I Only Live in Baghdad

Francis X.
Cronin, S.J.

THERE are three disappointed Jesuits in Massachusetts right now. They had volunteered to come to Baghdad College. Their Superior said yes, but the war said no. I commiserate them in their chagrin, but I breathed a selfish sigh of relief when I heard they were not coming. For if they had come, it would mean that when we should go down Baghdad's streets, I should be embarrassed by questions like "What mosque is that?" or "What *sug* is that?" I am afraid I would not know. I asked those same questions, time and time again, but I can never remember the answers. You say: "You should remember." I answer "Maybe." To bolster up my non-committal retort, I will give you my explanation.

If my job over here demanded more than losing my hair over the study of Arabic and trying to influence our students for good, I should pray for the gifts of H. V. Morton, G. K. Chesterton and St. Paul.

If I were Morton, I would find delight in visiting the mosques, wheedling their histories from some beggar or bystander. I would stroll through the *sugs*, long, tortuously winding alleys, roofed with sheets of iron, and be infinitely interested in the colors, sounds and odors; the hundreds upon hundreds of little holes in the wall, where you can buy anything from an American penknife to an exquisite Persian rug. Or I might wander through the Christian quarter, visiting the churches of the different oriental rites, one after another, have tea with the Carmelites and sherbet with the truly patriarchal Patriarch of the Chaldeans, and learn just why there is a Christian quarter. However,



The patient jenny is strong for its size and is a common pack animal in warm climates.

Morton need fear no rival from this individual. A natural dislike for the mart and busy street, keeps me out in the quiet suburb of Sulaikh.

WERE I Chesterton, I would choose some point of vantage in the city and watch big American cars honk donkeys out of the way. I would see the daily parade on Rashid Street, green, white and red-turbaned Moslem divines rubbing elbows and exchanging salaams with men in perfect western dress; tall, eagle-like sons of the desert riding like lords in *arabanas* or European automobiles; Kurds half-bent under loads that would discourage a mule; women veiled and barefooted, women rouged and dressed like their western sisters; children snarl-haired and dirty, children in neat khaki uniforms with books under their arms.

I would sit in one of the coffee shops, with their perennial clientele sipping their coffee and sucking on their water-pipes, and swapping tidbits of news while a radio (always at high pitch) sends forth the music of the East, emotional and minor. Or I would visit the new, fast developing suburbs that have learned the value of space and light—and out of this conglomeration of sights I would make those wonderful Chestertonian generalizations and contrasts on the past and the present, the east and west, where the twain meets and where it does not meet, where it should meet and where it should not. But I do not know enough history and humanity to be a Chesterton.

If I were St. Paul—well, perhaps I can creep into a corner of this category, for to be like St. Paul in Baghdad merely demands that I go through the city with the heart and mind of our Lord. It means that I am not a total loss here if I have not a (Turn to page 83)

This eagle-eyed native of Baghdad, you would probably meet in the market-place, peddling his figs and dates.

For the Conversion of the Hindus

The Mission Intention for March

TWO hundred and fifty million souls languish in the mortally sick religion of Hinduism! 60 million of them—the Depressed Classes—have decided to leave Hinduism and embrace a religion that can lead them out of their miserable slavery! Led by their spokesman, Dr. Ambedkar—a graduate of Columbia University, this great mass of people have invited representatives of various religious bodies—Sihks, Moslems and Christians to speak to them on religion! It's one of the most stupendous events in mission history! Only a few thousand Catholic missionaries act as a leaven in such a promising mass! Less than 100 American Jesuits joyfully stagger under the tremendous responsibility of 28,000,000 immortal souls!

We speak with exclamation points, lest qualifying words and phrases obscure the bold outline of one of the most dramatic and tremendously consequential moments in the history of the missions. India's millions are at the crossroads and, after three thousand years of polytheism and superstition, are asking the eternally important question: "Which way lies Life?" In company with our Holy Father and the entire Catholic world, we prayerfully tremble as we await the answer of India's millions to that question.

But let us not wait. We must rise to the occasion, we must pray incessantly for this Mission Intention, we must determine upon some generous "all-out aid" to those valiant missionaries—priests, sisters and brothers who are burning themselves out and being burned out under the tropical sun of India. Briefly Hinduism is crumbling and the masses of India are looking for a new religion.

HINDUISM, represents the distorted and corrupted side of ancient Brahminism—a polytheistic nature worship of those ancient northern tribes who conquered India in the twilight of history before 1500 B.C.

Early Brahminism or Vedism, based upon Four Vedas or Sacred Books, consisted in the worship of many deities personifying the forces of nature, among whom was recognized a Supreme Being or Principle—the creator of all things and upholder of the moral law. In its purest form ancient Brahminism contained healthy signs of a deep spirit of religion and a strong current of real monotheism.

The Brahmin priests, though preaching a rather high moral code and practising a rather severe type of asceticism, proudly considered themselves and their followers to be vastly superior to their materially poorer and uneducated countrymen. This attitude, together with their theory on the transmigration of souls and the consequent impossibility of rising above the class and circumstances into which one was born, was largely responsible for the rigid caste system which exists in India today.

Since some form of Brahminism has always been the religion of the Indian intellectuals, it naturally was also

the religion of the ruling classes. The common people, however, enslaved by the caste system and despairing of ever establishing any relations with the inaccessible Brahma turned to the worship of many gods, chief of whom were Vishnu and Siva. Possessed of a strong but piteously misguided religious sense these poor, ignorant millions gradually developed grotesque forms of idolatry—even devil worship, and gross and morally degrading forms of superstition. This is Hinduism.

Under indirect pressure from foreign conquerors and the more positive enlightenment of missionaries, educated Hindus have made serious attempts to reform their national religion by rejecting all idolatrous and immoral rights, and by setting up a purely monotheistic form of worship. The results of their efforts bear a curious resemblance to the growth and gradual disintegration of that reform group known as Protestantism.

SO much for the broad, general outlines of Hinduism. Now for a brief indication of the Catholic part in this picture. St. Thomas, we are told, was the first apostle of Catholicism in India. How many he converted or how long they remained Christian, we do not definitely know. Early Christian historians speak of friction between St. Thomas' Christians and Nestorians.

All the world knows of the brilliant success of St. Francis Xavier in Goa and other seacoast towns of India, of the fruitful labors of Blessed Rudolph Acquaviva, John DeBritto and their companions, of the great intellectual apostolate of De Nobili among the Brahmins in the interior of India, of the heroic achievements of Father Lievens, S.J.—the second Xavier of India.

Of the thousands of missionaries and their 3 million Catholics in India today, the 1,309 Jesuits form the largest individual body of missionaries. Their mission field covers 350,000 square miles with a population of approximately 100 million of whom 800,000 are Catholics. Patna, entrusted to the American Jesuits, is the most extensive diocese with an area of 90,000 square miles and a population of 28 million, of whom 22,000 are Catholics.

THE rigid caste system, the Brahmin class who violently resent any effort to change the tenets of their eclectic national religion, the scandal of supposedly Christian nations at war with each other, and grave financial difficulties due to this present war, are only a few of the obstacles to the rapid spread of Christianity in India.

To offset these difficulties, our Holy Father appeals to you for your spiritual and material support. May the divine in this appeal, appeal to the divine in you. Our Lord is weeping over fields white for the harvest. What we need in our lives today is a little more vision, the vision of Christ that reaches out and embraces all men, and stoops even to the lowliest. "I live now not I but Christ liveth in me" for my day and generation.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

CHINA

"Sancte" Simons

Some interesting impressions of the late Father Charles D. (Sancte) Simons, S.J., as a missionary, are contained in a recent letter from Father Wilfred J. LeSage, S.J. at Shanghai. He writes:

"The moment the news of his death came this morning, my thoughts went back to only a few months ago when we were together in Shuyang. We had traveled together, lived and laughed together, enjoyed the many humorous events which come into

things to all to gain all to Christ.' And how often this true spirit of charity, his deep love for souls meant long and tiresome trips to distant villages. How often did he have to carry his bike through the mud, wade through the flooded areas, go hungry, and then go on and on when every footstep was torture. But in the end some dying soul received Extreme Unction, someone was reconciled to God—a soul was saved! Whatever the personal cost meant, Father Simons made no account of that—he was doing God's work and nothing else mattered.

S.J., and Morgan Curran, S.J. We all met together with Father Joseph Gatz, S.J., at Kao-Liu. We had just come in from that long pull from Shuyang to Kao-Liu and were plenty tired. Characteristic of Father Simons, tired though he was, he went out immediately on a long sick call. 'Use my bed, Father, I'll be back early in the morning for Mass.' And out into the night he went to save a poor needy soul.

"The following day Mr. Klement took some pictures. It so happened that we were all in our white Chinese shangs except Father Simons. 'I suppose there has to be one black sheep,' he said with a smile. The truth is that there was a little saint among us. Father Simons 'lived' his religious life. Others were aware of the fact and even from his early years at Los Gatos, Father Simons was nicknamed, 'Sancte' (from the Latin Sanctus), and not without reason."



Very Rev. Father Thomas Feeney, S.J., seems to be enjoying himself but the orphans of Alpha Cottage, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., look rather dubious about the whole affair. When not posing they are all smiles.

mission life. It wasn't all humor, but Father Simons could see the bright side every time; he was cheerful. And he never seemed happier than when he was trying to do something to make others happy.

"There is one part of Father Simon's life which stands out supreme. He was a man of God; a man of prayer. So often going along on the bike, I noticed the frequency that Father tipped his sun helmet. He kept united to our Lord, making aspirations of the Holy Name of Jesus.

"Due to his own personal love of God, Father Simons was loved sincerely by the Chinese. He was 'Father' to them all, had a cheerful word for everyone making himself as did St. Paul, 'All

He did God's work and he did it with a smile. He has gone from his mission field—to a better, a more glorious one, like another Father Pro."

"One Black Sheep"

"Certainly all of us who either met or lived with Father Simons last summer, or even before, will ever cherish the memory. Last August he came to Shanghai and visited with all the Fathers and Scholastics. Will not everyone remember his true zeal for the vast mission of Haichow? And up there in the mission itself—what a happy day it was to welcome home the little missionary, and happier still since he brought two future missionaries along with him, Messrs. W. Klement,

AMERICAN INDIANS

Sister Investigates

Mrs. F. C. Shrer of Burlington, Iowa, writes an account of her visit with her missionary brother, Father Louis E. Meyer, S.J., of Porcupine, South Dakota:

"Recently I had the privilege of visiting among the Sioux Indians in South Dakota. I wish I could make people see the need which these Indians have, first of all of God's grace, and, secondly, material support.

"Father Meyer, S.J., aided by his faithful assistants, the School Sisters of Notre Dame, is attempting to build a church which will undoubtedly be an inspiration to these prairie children. But he needs outside help.

"Our Lady of Lourdes Mission was founded by Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J. The story of its early successes and disappointments, is no doubt entered in the Book of Life with a huge balance on the credit side of the account for Father Cunningham and the Sisters of the Holy Humility of Mary of the Diocese of Cleveland.

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

"Do They Live Here?"

"I wish I could paint in writing a true picture of this beautiful spot in the wilderness. For hundreds of miles on all sides, rolling prairies, and dusty roads all seem to lead to one goal, Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, a veritable oasis, in a spiritual and a temporal way. Here and there along the road to the Mission, one might see a poor log cabin, or perhaps a tent. I asked, 'Do they live in there?' I had the privilege of accompanying Father Meyer on a sick call to one of these 'homes.' It made me wish all the more that I had unlimited funds at my disposal to help these people.

"But finally, we came to the Mission. The first sight that greeted our eyes, high up on one of the few hills in that section, was a grotto of Our Lady, which indeed seemed to invite me to spend the rest of my life there. It is near this spot that Father Meyer is building his church. With God's help, and Father surely needs it, there may be found some kind friends who will come to his assistance."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

"The Breaking Point"

This letter received from Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., Superior of the Ateneo de Cagayan, Cagayan, Or. Misamis, P.I., says more than thanks to his many friends here in the States:

"Your Air Mail letter of November 8th, did not cause me to faint—it was the one thing that saved me from a nervous breakdown. On Thursday morning, November 21st, one of our finest young college students had a heart attack and died while swimming. We worked on him for four hours. I returned to the college with the body at 3:30 p.m., to find that four students (one the brother of a Jesuit) had just run away, destination unknown.

"I took the dead boy on a four-hundred kilometer journey through Malaybalay to his home in Davao; returned late Sunday evening and found fresh trouble of all sorts. The students were

afraid to sleep in one of the dormitories, and one of them had real hysterics because the 'spirit of the dead boy had returned' during the night. Even one of the Scholastics believed the story—it was so realistic. The hysterical lad had to be sent home, the victim of a real nervous breakdown. I had to expel two of the runaways and have a third arrested until his father would arrive.

"Was our whole school falling to pieces? I was really at the breaking point, what with these things, unpaid bills, and pressing financial difficulties.—Yet that evening at supper all of us were gayer than for months.

"Is That Figure Correct?"

"When the mail came Father John McFadden, S.J., was in my office. I opened the brown Air Mail letter. Father Mac said I suddenly grew white, then red—that my face nearly split in a huge smile and I actually gasped as I waved a check at him: 'Is that figure correct?'

"In a few minutes everything seemed changed: our school was again the most important work of the missions in Mindanao; we again had real friends who believed in us; we would never lose faith in God's Providence; we would go on again with great courage—because at the right time, when the night was the darkest in years, God had sent us the clearest sign in years of His love and of the charity and care of our friends—and 'the friends of Father Amy.'"

Merely Routine

In the Culion Leper Colony, P.I., "the routine is really heroic,"—so writes Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., from Novaliches, Caloocan, Rizal. "I stayed a week with Father Anthony Gampp, S.J., and Father E. Hartnett, S.J., in Culion, and came to appreciate more than before the really heroic work they are doing. Of course, they do not think so—it is 'routine' to them as to the chaplains who were there before them—but what a routine! It begins at four a.m., when one of the priests goes



Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J., who died recently at Pilgrim Springs, Alaska. His death was a heavy blow to the Alaskan Mission. He was a zealous and energetic missionary and accomplished great things for the mission at Pilgrim Springs of which he was in charge for the past five years.

to the church in the colony to hear confessions before Mass.

Daily Communion

"During my short stay I had the consolation (and the exercise) of giving out Holy Communion in the hospitals a couple of days—the chaplain does it every day. Shortly after five a.m., the priest accompanied by leper boys with bell and candle, takes the Blessed Sacrament from the main church and begins his rounds of the eight hospitals, that is, 'wards' but each one distinct and clinging at various levels to the steep hill sides on which Culion is built. Patients who wish

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

to receive are usually sitting up at the end of their cots or have some one on watch to signal the Father in case they are too weak to sit up. Altogether there is an average of from one hundred fifty to two hundred Communion in the hospitals daily, and on First Fridays or special feasts the number goes to five hundred. The priest must keep moving rather quickly as the kitchen begins to send out breakfast to the hospitals before six o'clock. It took me forty minutes to make the rounds and I thought I did pretty well, ending up at the church out of breath from the steep climbs and in a lather of perspiration.

After Breakfast

"Well, that's the 'routine' of the Fathers in Culion before breakfast. After it, comes too many things to mention in detail—visits to hospitals; burying or at least blessing the dead; catechism in the schools, both for lepers and *sanos*; work in dormitories supervising, etc.; calls to the *barrios* for even Culion has been given roads so that the people have spread into the interior; and always studying languages—Tagalog, Visayan, Ilocano principally, but any single one is plenty; while on the side, Father Gampp is building an additional much needed chapel at the opposite end of the town proper from the big church and Father Hartnett had his theology notes out trying to snatch minutes for his 'quinquennials.'"

IRAQ

Educational Laws

In spite of present difficulties and the almost universal feeling of insecurity, Father Francis B. Sargeant, S.J., Superior of the New England Jesuits in Iraq, sees a silver lining in the future of Baghdad College:

"The new educational law which has been hovering over our heads the past year (and even as far back as five years ago) has been passed, signed, and published. It provides for a two-hundred and fifty dollar fine or six months in prison for all who



Father William J. Eline, S.J. (center), veteran missionary who recently celebrated his Golden Jubilee at Patna City, India. Father J. Stoy, S.J. (left), and Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., are working on the same mission.

send their children to a foreign primary school. Unless some arrangements can be made to have them considered as native 'community' schools, this will polish off most of the Catholic schools of the country which are run by the French Sisters or the Carmelites or the Dominicans. Then all private schools must follow very strictly the program of the Government, furnish a budget a month in advance of the school year, obtain the approval of the Government for all teachers and directors, to obtain funds from sources outside Iraq. The Arabic language, History, Geography and Civics must all be taught out of the Government textbooks, in the Arabic language, by teachers sent to the private schools by the Government and paid by the private schools. Violation of the law or any regulation published by the Department in accord with the law (quite broad) is punishable the first time by closing for one year and the second time for good. It sounds bad but we shall see what we can do. We can manage any reasonable regulations. However, the obligation to teach certain subjects in Arabic

by teachers sent from the Government is going to swell our expenses as it will mean more salaries each month. And teachers here are well paid even in comparison with the States. And the financial end of this regulation may not be the most odious. However, we are opening as usual and are in *manibus Domini*.

The Importance of Arabic

"This is only one more motive for pushing here the study of Arabic by the men who are scheduled to work here. The older men here have had no chance to study it and it is not a language to be learned on the run. Two solid years of study by no means makes one an expert at it; it only gives one a start. There is a great field here for us when we have some men who are Arabisants and Islamisants. The Scholastics who have had an opportunity to study the language are showing that it is not insurmountable if one applies himself."

PATNA, INDIA

New Hospital

The hospital of Doctor Anna Dengel's Medical Mission Sisters in Patna, begun before Christmas, had as its first patient, a Jesuit Scholastic, who had the measles.

There is now much sickness and suffering in the Patna district; leprosy is especially prevalent in that part of India. Then there are the sufferers of malaria, cholera, *kala-azar*, etc.

His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., has placed the 'old cathedral' building with its compound at the disposal of the Sisters for the hospital. Starting "with nothing, as usual," to quote the words of the pioneers, the present *status quo* is a hospital painted a beautiful pale green and equipped with twenty beds shining like silver, a total of three blankets, a bedside table and stool for each bed (the product of the Jesuit Fathers' workshop), an operating table (from the same place) a mattress and pillow for each patient-to-be, and a palm at each corner of the verandah to provide some shade.

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

Besides the hospital there is already a daily Dispensary and a small Nurses Training School with four Santal girls in attendance.

The dream of a medical center that will radiate its spokes of service throughout the vast Patna Diocese is thus slowly (very slowly, to be sure) becoming a reality.

Santal Vocation

Religious vocations among the Santals are not very frequent since they are a primitive people. However, Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., of Godda writes:

"Some Fathers visited me from Calcutta Santal missions. They pay me a visit about once a year. It was partly a business visit in regard to what may be our first vocation in this sector or in our whole Santal mission for that matter. After years of perseverance, the young lady is going to get a chance to get a trial. She has had enough to test any vocation and has so far remained firm. It is another case where we might not have done so well. After lunch I rode back with them to Poreya for a short visit with Father Francis Stoy, S.J. Father John Morrison, S.J., was away in the wilds on tour."

BRITISH HONDURAS

One Way to Get Quiet

The current war has made missionary work much more difficult in British Honduras, writes Bishop William A. Rice, S.J.:

"While the brethren next door in the recreation room are arguing, I might just as well run a little competition. The recreation room, as I said, is next door; there is only a thin partition separating it from my room; and a half window. Consequently, everything that goes on there at any time of the day or night is heard quite plainly in my room. Most of the houses here are built that way. The partitions between the rooms go up to within two feet of the ceiling, leaving some space for the air to circulate. The only way to shut out the noise is

to make some yourself, make or try to make more than they do!

"So I want to thank you first for your Christmas greetings, together with the Mass intentions and gifts. All those contributions, however small, are mighty welcome these days when such items as the following come in. Father Daniel Coady, S.J., from El Cayo, writes: 'With regard to the private schools along the river. We just have enough money to pay the teachers until December. After that, we will have to close these schools unless we get some money. Do you wish these schools to go on? Or shall I inform the teachers that they need not return after Christmas? We need about fifty dollars a month to carry on the work in these private schools, and under the present circumstances, I do not see that anything can be done for the other villages which are clamoring for schools.'

Note on Gum-chewing

"That is the answer to 'How are you all?' I suppose all the other missionaries are pretty much in the same situation. Business in the Colony is very poor.

Just last week an event took place that will give you some idea. Ten thousand crates of choice grape fruit were made ready for shipping to England. The big boat came and could take only five thousand of the crates. Result? The crates of fifty grape fruit were being sold at forty cents a crate! British Honduras has already sent some two million feet of mahogany and over a million pounds of chicle to the States for this year. The chicleros get about ten to seventeen cents a pound for their chicle, but by the time it reaches the United States, the price, I suppose, is nearly fifty cents a pound; more perhaps. And the job of the chiclero is hard, tough, dangerous. I wonder do American gum chewers ever think of the sufferings men undergo to provide them with gum to chew? There is not much of chicle left in British Honduras to export and the chicleros have a very hard time bleeding the few sapodilla trees that are not yet bled to death."

Changes at Punta Gorda

"Father Superior just finished his visitation of Punta Gorda and



The missionary like the mail must get through. When the bridge washed out at this point, Father Merlin Thibault, S.J. (right), and Brother Doyle, S.J. (left), took to a native boat called a banca. Brother Doyle is Father Cervini's assistant at Iligan, in the Philippines. White habits and a muddy stream! Safe landing.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

it looks as if we will have four priests here for a while," writes Father Q. P. Leonard, S.J., "The new addition is Father Bernard Zimmerman, S.J., who was transferred from Corozal. He will take over most of Father Edmund Coony's assignments. Father John Krisek, S.J., has just recovered from a rather serious attack of amoebic dysentery, which he contracted while on a trip up one of the rivers. My own health has been fairly good; fever threatened me a few times, but I was able to ward off the main attack.

"I've had to spend a considerable sum to build a septic tank and toilets for the school here, and at present I am trying to convert two of our old lots into a playground for the girls. It is a long job, as the ground is swampy, uneven and full of large crab holes. Now, however, we are within striking distance of completion. A few more weeks of work should make it look pretty good. The boys' playground is fairly satisfactory, but the girls really had nothing."

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

Visitors

The latest news from Kingston, Jamaica, comes from the pen of Father John Williams, S.J., who is teaching at St. George's College:

"Well, the visiting Fathers arrived safely, with Father Fred Donovan, S.J. Fathers Gavin and Ryan are conducting the Mission for the women this week in Holy Trinity Cathedral. The attendance is close to capacity. Next week will be for the men.

"We had *schola brevis* at St. George's College. Father Joseph Krim, S.J., will reopen his 'Prep' department on Monday. He expects to have close to fifty on the roll.

Every one is well, thank God, and things are going along rather smoothly, in spite of the war."

The Last Class

Father Francis J. Osborne, S.J., describes the "Break-up" at St. Anne's Infant school in Kingston, Jamaica:

"On the last day of class, it is customary to have a performance by the children. Sister Marie Jean, O.S.F., and Sister Philomena, O.S.F., trained their young charges for this occasion. They always produce excellent results. I liked the Old Mill Wheel by the second class—once it got on the stage it wouldn't stop. Gently, did one of the teachers beckon to the leader and the rest followed



At Porcupine Mission, South Dakota, one of Father Louis Meyer's little Sioux Indian boys poses for a picture after making his First Communion.

the tiny one off the stage. The children would have kept the Mill Wheel going for an hour, for once they get on the stage they do not want to leave."

Robbery

Just so that you won't think things are going too pleasantly at St. Anne's, Father Daniel Dwyer, S.J., the pastor, says a few words:

"Things are wilder than ever and I get just about enough time to breathe. Our latest robbery resulted in the loss of two chalices—an inside job where I acted the role of Sherlock. But I merely wasted time and energy. English law, you know. Life here is just one thing after another. We keep you in our Masses."

ALASKA

Plenty of Ice-water

"Our boys just finished cutting a supply of ice for the winter," writes Father John P. Fox, S. J., of Hooper Bay. "In case some one in California or Florida wonders what would be the idea of putting up ice in Alaska, it might be well to add a paragraph here on the subject. We tried to dig a well to supply drinking water, but at a depth of eight feet we struck silt, frozen solid as a rock in September. And though we went down thirty-three feet, both the soil composition and the frost remained the same. From our experience in the matter, we concluded that a well is not possible in this section unless one could go down about half way to China. So we put up ice in winter and keep several fifty gallon drums in the kitchen filled with it. There it thaws out naturally and keeps us supplied with drinking water.

"The wash water we get from our cistern. For during the rainy season from about the middle of August to October we drain the excess rain water into it, and from there draw it up with a bucket as needed during the winter. The cistern is five feet square and thirty-three feet deep, so holds a lot of water. It has a steady temperature of twenty-six above zero at the bottom of the well, and if not disturbed during the winter will make about six inches of ice at the twenty foot level. In digging it, Brother Hugo Horan, S.J., had a forge handy to sharpen his pick, usually twice a day, as the frozen silt worked on the pick something like a good file would. Though the experiment did not give us the well we hoped for, it did give us a very useful cistern. Just off our little mission hill one could dig a hole almost anywhere and have it fill up with surface drainage in a very short time. But the water would not be safe for drinking purposes, though the natives do use it a lot. The cistern has a heavy plank cover besides a shed built over it. This, of course, helps to keep the water clear of many things except unfriendly little germs."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

A Correction?

To the Editor:

I have read with a great interest your article by Father Richard A. Welfle, S.J., in JESUIT MISSIONS (December) entitled "Beguiled in Goa" but I cannot deny my disillusionment when I could not find the least reference to the nationality of Goa.

Nevertheless, Goa is Portuguese since the fifteenth century. The Portuguese were the first that brought the symbol of the Christian Faith into India and the Christian civilization.

St. Francisco (not Francis) Xavier was a Portuguese as were Portuguese and Catholics Vasco da Gama, Affonso d'Albuquerque, D. Francisco d'Almeida and so many others that lost their blood in the expansion of the Faith.

At Lisbon, capitol of Portugal, you can admire the magnificent monastery of Jeronymos which was erected by our King D. Manuel the first to thank God for having protected the caravels of Vasco de Gama with the sign of the Cross on their sails, on discovering the maritime way to India.

Excuse me for this badly written letter but unfortunately I cannot do better in your language. Being Portuguese I could not stay silent in face of an omission of your interesting article.

Phila., Pa. J. MONTEIRO.

Editor's note: History establishes that Francis Xavier was born in Navarre, which now forms part of Spain.

Who'll Second the Motion?

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find the explanation of my writing. I sent a dollar bill, as a bit of pleasantry more than anything, in reply to his (Mr. Gordon's), highly amusing account of the "foreign invasion" at the language school published in JESUIT MISSIONS in September, under the title, "The Peiping Front." Lo and behold the good Superior hails it as the first donation to the new "skycraper" he plans to add. (May this bring surcease from worry eventually to the "pill box" occupant!) Also is regarded as a "small miracle" the fact that said currency was received after going through many "official" hands. Now, Father, couldn't JESUIT MISSIONS sponsor a fund for Father Marin's worthy and much needed addition to the school? (Think of poor Mr. G. starving in his barricaded pill box!) Anyway, here's the first contribution to said fund. (Now he only needs \$9,999.00!!) Please return the precious letter, and thank you for your kindness in reading this.

Cambridge, Mass. "SHORTY."

To the Editor:

The missionaries certainly can "take it" is my thought after reading JESUIT MISSIONS. Words are all right but dol-

lars go further.

Naturally you have suggestions a plenty but here is mine. "A Missionary Sponsor Society" similar to the one the Colored Missions have. A dollar a month every month—but if you can't pay skip a month and then go on.

Well, here's my dollar and in my budget box will go an envelope marked "M.S.S." for next month's dues.

JOSEPHINE V. SCANNELL.

Roslindale, Mass.

Precious Memory

To the Editor:

I was shocked to read of the death of Father Simons, S.J., when I opened JESUIT MISSIONS two days ago. I hadn't seen anything about it in the daily papers. I wrote to him the beginning of last November and was expecting to hear from him about the middle of February. Father Pius Moore, S.J., was preaching in our church (Precious Blood) last summer. It was then I first learned he belonged to California. In spite of the misery amid which they live in China, he always wrote a cheerful letter. In his last letter to me dated January 16, 1940, he said he would say his Mass for me, which was a favor I didn't expect. In November I sent him a check for two dollars. If his fellow priests are unable to cash it, and it doesn't come back in a fair amount of time, I will send you another check and you can turn it over to his mission.

ALICE M. GIGNEY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

Read and Remail

To the Editor:

Somewhere I read the following and while I appreciate the Business Editor's job is to get new subscribers I thought if many of your readers put into practice the following they would be doing good and possibly new subscribers might be gained. "Remail your Catholic literature to those who desire it but cannot afford to pay for it, thus furthering the good accomplished by the Catholic Press. The next best thing to subscribing to a Catholic paper, magazine or periodical is to read it. Then remail it to another."

And may I suggest places to remail JESUIT MISSIONS, etc.

1. St. Anthony's Tubercular Hospital, Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.
2. St. Rose's Free Cancer Hospital, Front Street, New York, N. Y.
3. Hart's Island, Catholic Chaplain, Harts Island, New York, N. Y.
4. Sister Marie Constantine, Holy Rosary Mission, Philadelphia, Miss.
5. Father Thomas B. Cannon, S.J., 51 East 83rd St., New York, N. Y.
6. And any Jesuit missionary. Brooklyn, N. Y. MARY WISE.

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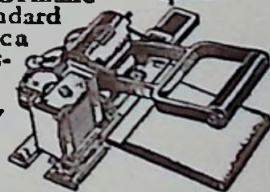
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"Ye, Badrinate, Ye, Ye!"

Francis J.
Corley, S.J.



The snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas which witnessed Father Andrade's historic journey.

secular history. Here is the account.

For more than forty years the Jesuits in northern India around the year 1624, had heard reports of a White race in Bhot, or Cathay, or Tibet, as the country was variously called, who had been Christians from ancient times. Father Montserrat, companion of Father Claude Aquaviva on the first mission to the Great Mogul in 1580, hearing of these supposed Christians, urged his Superiors to send missionaries to them. Since the Jesuits had already heard the wonderful tales of Prester John and of the many Christian communities throughout the East, they connected these two stories and during the succeeding years attempted unsuccessfully to penetrate into the mysterious land of Tibet.

FROM the river, the pilgrims clambering along the face of the cliff seemed little bigger than ants on the wall of a hut. Their frightened prayers that floated down the sheer rock walls of the gorge had lost the rich overtones of the chant and were only shrill little squeaks, scarcely heard above the thunder of the cataracts.

In the gorge of the Alaknanda, principal tributary of the Ganges river, there was none of the majesty with which the Ganges later strode to the sea. Here, crushed in between towering walls, the water surged up into a turbulent boar's back as it tumbled and hurtled on its way. That roar, redoubled as it beat back from wall to wall, came to the pilgrims as a terrifying shout of defiance. No wonder, with the perils of the path they followed, of the cliff, and of the river below, that the Hindu pilgrims chanted unceasingly their prayer to the gods: "Ye, Badrinate, Ye, Ye!"

A FEW men in the company of some hundreds raised no cry to Badrinate; unkempt as the rest though they were, obviously as terrified at the perils of their journey, what prayers they said were murmured softly instead of being shouted to the heavens. At every turn of the path, at every sharp rock to be clambered over or hazardously skirted, the leader of the group whispered softly to himself, "*Nunc dimittis, Domine . . .*" "*Nunc Dimittis . . .*" Here was a strange thing, indeed! Holy Latin in the gorge of the Alaknanda; Latin on a pilgrimage to Badrinath, great shrine of Vishnu, Latin from Hindu lips!

But the pilgrim from whose lips this prayer was coming was not a Hindu. He was a Christian—a Jesuit priest, Father Antonio de Andrade, the first European ever to enter the mysterious kingdom of Tibet. Although this celebrated journey of Father Andrade took place more than three hundred years ago it bears retelling today because of its importance both in missionary and

Now, Father Andrade, having seen an opportunity, seized it.

He was Superior of the Mission at Agra in the Mogul Empire of northern India, and having heard that a large Hindu pilgrimage was gathering near there for the journey to Badrinath, he decided to accompany it in the hope of being able to penetrate beyond Badrinath into Tibet. So successfully disguised as a Hindu that even the Christians at Delhi did not recognize him, he joined the company on March 30, 1624, accompanied by a Jesuit lay Brother, Manuel Marques, and two native Christian servants. At Hardwar, the last frontier town passed before entering the mountain country, they were almost excluded from the pilgrimage as spies, but managing to allay suspicions, they had just passed the town of Sringer, capital of Garhwal, when we overtook them.

THEY were already in the heart of the Himalayas, that stupendous barrier between India and Tibet, where no European had ever visited before. Behind them lay the first steps of that rise to the peaks beyond Badrinath; before stretched the tortuous road along the Alaknanda to the temple. Day after day the pilgrims toiled along the road which sometimes widened out into a fair highway, sometimes narrowed into a rocky footpath along the face of the cliff. At night they rested around the innumerable pagodas along the way.

The country was unrivalled in grandeur. Ever in the distance could be seen the snowy peaks, lofty, majestic, serene. At times the gorge widened into splendid valleys, covered with huge mountain pines or the cultivated fields of the Bhotias, who were the natives of the country. It was early May and the ground was covered with flowers of every kind. In the sunlight the air was warm and pleasant, but at night the chill winds howling down the valley gave ominous prophecy of what lay before them. Fifteen days out of Sringer the

party came to the last steep rise toward the summits. The road twisted about, crossing and recrossing the river, occasionally on perilously swaying rope bridges, more often, as the snow became deeper, on bridges of solid snow and ice arching above the waters that thundered beneath their feet.

SOMETIMES at the beginning of June, 1624, the party came in sight of the splendid temple of Badrinath, a great pile of stone rising in tower, and pinnacle, and bastion, on a shoulder of Badrinath peak at a height of more than ten thousand feet. Beside and behind the temple the mountain soared in snowy grandeur until its summit stood 23,200 feet above the sea. On its face was the huge glacier whose waters fed the Vishnu-ganga, as the upper course of the Alaknanda was called.

Father Andrade tells the story of the temple as he heard it from his fellow pilgrims:

"The temple itself is situated at the foot of a rock, from which several springs issue, one of which is so hot that it is impossible for the hand to bear the heat of the water even for a moment. This spring divides into three rivulets, which run into their several basins; in these basins the pilgrims bathe to cleanse their souls, the hot water being tempered with cold. The origin of this spring is explained by the Brahmins as follows: The Fire was very sorry for all the harm it had done on earth by burning houses, woods and fields, and came to this temple to find a cure for its affliction of spirit. It was answered that if it wished to obtain pardon it must stay. So the Fire stayed at the feet of the god and heated the water of the spring. But one-fifteenth part refused to submit and still walks the earth and is the cause of all the damage."

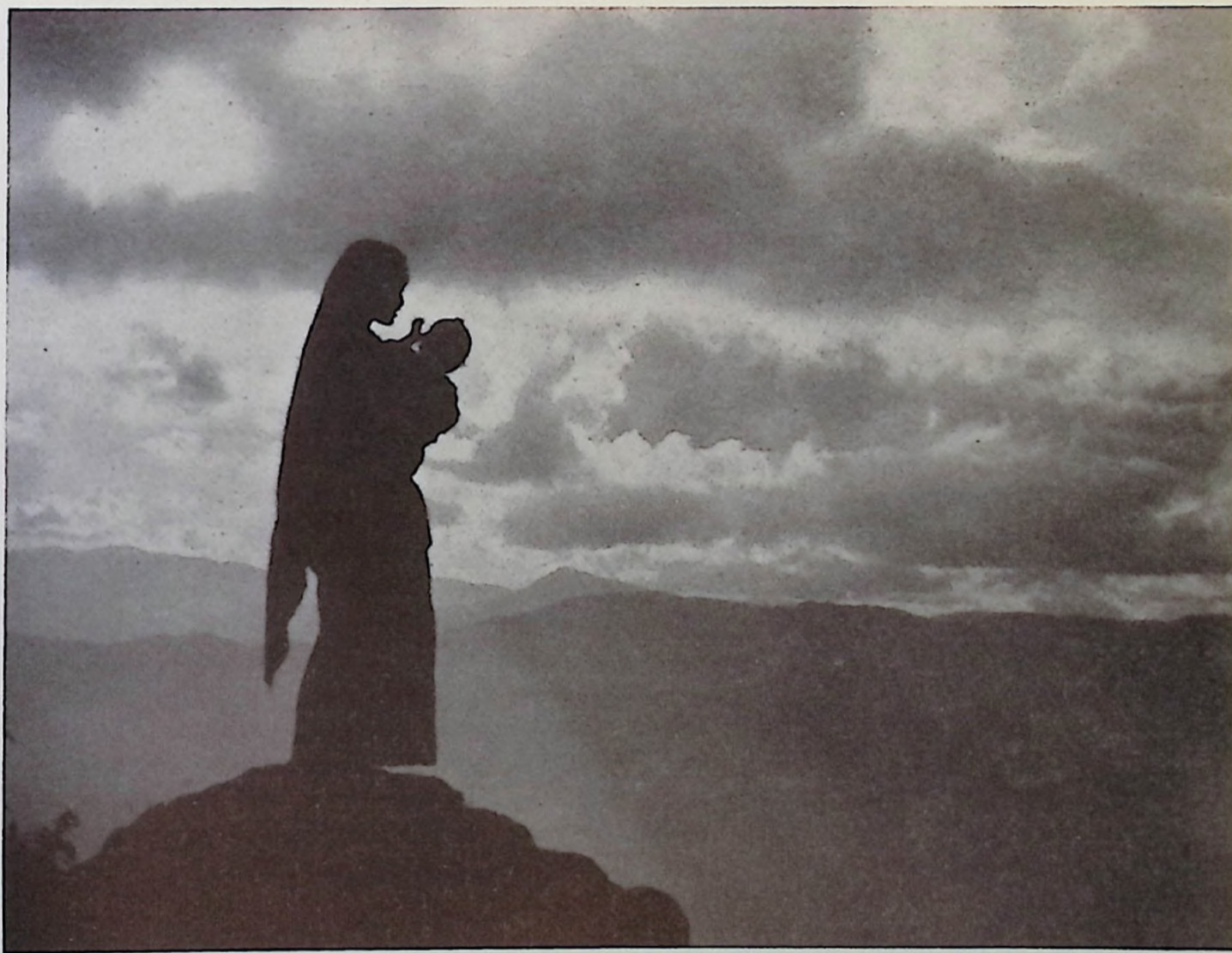
This temple, so remote from the life of India and so difficult of access, was nevertheless one of the most sacred and most famous shrines of India. Thousands of pilgrims came every year during the brief three months when it was possible to reach the place, and even in Father de Andrade's time it was covered with the offerings of innumerable clients.

BUT Andrade was less interested in the temple than in the country beyond. With his three companions he continued on the way up the mountains until he came to Mana, the last Indian town on the Tibetan frontier. Here he wished to wait a few days until a Bhotan caravan of traders would be journeying over the Dungri-la, or Mana pass as it is known today, but hearing that

the Rajah of Sringar intended to stop the party at the border, he resolved to push on at once despite the added hardships. Brother Marques was left at Mana, while Father Andrade set out with his two Christian Indians and a guide from the town of Mana.

After two days of travel more terrible than any it had yet experienced, Andrade's party was overtaken, on the morning of the third day, by messengers from the Rajah, demanding that they return. The newcomers told Andrade's Bhotan guide that his family was being held hostage for his immediate return and that they would be killed if he refused. Despite the guide's prompt desertion, Andrade resolved to struggle on without him.

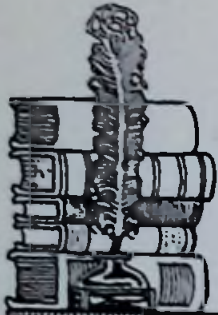
In the snow drifts that still lay deep upon the ground from the preceding winter, progress was at a snail's pace. Often the travelers sank to their shoulders and



High up in the Himalayas, a Tibetan mother and child, silhouetted against the sky, form a perfect Madonna of the Himalayas.

at times it was necessary to lie flat upon the snow and work forward by inches. In the intense cold on the slopes of the pass they lost all feeling in hands and feet; with miserable barley meal as their only food they managed to keep alive, but could prepare no fire to warm it or themselves. After twenty days of this agonizing progress the party reached the summit of Mana pass—more than 18,000 feet above sea level—a point higher than any mountain peak in the United States, where Father Andrade paused in utter exhaustion to recoup his party's strength.

Since they had traveled in a general north-easterly direction the blinding glare of sunlight upon dazzling snow was continually in their eyes. Despite gauze masks their eyes were so inflamed and weakened by snow-blindness that they could make out (Turn to page 84)



NEW BOOKS



The Four Horsemen Ride Again James F. Kearney, S.J.

"Down the nights and down the days, down the arches of the years" of Chinese civilization—from the days of the oracle bones over three thousand years ago down to the present holocaustal "incident" of 1941—have been heard the hoofbeats of that relentless troop: Pestilence, Famine, War, Death. But now a voice above that beat is heard in Father James F. Kearney's "The Four Horsemen Ride Again." And it is voice of admiration and joy: of admiration for those heroes and heroines of Christ "who have rushed out into the Road—not to be met by, but to meet the fourth Horseman"; of joy because the author views the trials of life for what they really are—"shade of a hard outstretched caressingly" and leading to the eternal joys of heaven.

The present volume, divided in two parts of unequal length, is a most successful attempt to snare in words some of the most dramatic yet historical pivotal points in the history of Catholicism in old Cathay. In the first part of this series of vivid pictures you will admire and love such saintly characters as Zi-Ko-Lao, made Prime Minister of China in 1632, and whose cause for beautification is being introduced in Rome; Brother Castiglione, a humble Jesuit lay-Brother, but who became an artist to Emperors and exerted a decided influence in Chinese painting; Pere Gain, S.J., who never wanted to count how many he had converted and baptized, but whom statistics reveal as having baptized 29,000 during the last 17 years of his life; Sister O'Sullivan, that human Irish girl, one of the outstanding heroines of the horrible Tientsin massacre; Pierre-Andre Retord, the vagabond Bishop whose martyrdom stretching over a quarter of a century was an inspiration to Blessed Theophane Venard, the model of many present-day American missionaries; Father Hugon, who passed up a brilliant career for three years in China that ended with his being buried alive.

The second part of Father Kearney's book, though shorter than the first, is just as interesting. Telling the story of Christian heroism displayed in the first three years of the China war, it pays a well-deserved tribute to the real modern heroines, our Sisters.

China Mission Procurator, 55 West San Fernando St., San Jose, California. \$1.00.

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This is a great story. It is a romance written on the dark canvas of pagan savagery and unleashed passion. Drama it is, stark, primitive, deadly. There is the love triangle of Arakoua, an Indian maid, and Godfrey, the Captain of the Guard in Huronia, and Diana, a white girl captured when a little child by the Iroquois who led them as a white goddess into battle. Here we have the primitive passion and jealousy of Arakoua pitted against the real love of Diana.

Lighting up the dark canvas is interwoven the story of men who fought the forces of darkness in all honor. The drama of the French Jesuits among the North American Indians is a glorious page in the history of the Church. They were a noble company waging perpetual warfare against the paganism and savagery of the Indians, their only armor, a tattered blackrobe, their only weapons, the white flame of devotion and service in their hearts and a crucifix in their hands. With these they came to the primitive world of the Indian. Theirs was a living and in many instances an actual martyrdom. They lived in the smoke filled wigwams, slept on the ground, had dogs and children howling and screaming over them, asked no quarter on the trail, endured the torment of fleas and mosquitoes in summer and the bitter cold of winter. Many of them ran the gauntlet, faced the stake, the fire and all the refinements of cruelty diabolical ingenuity could devise. "Out of the smoke and the smudge of the fire and the stake they fashioned a New Cavalry in a New World."

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The Lily of the Mohawks

Someone has well said that if the North American Martyrs had nothing else to show for their sufferings and death than the life of Katherine Tekakwitha, they would have been amply rewarded. This volume contains all the original documents used at the introduction of her Cause for Beatification and Canonization. It is beautifully done. The print is large and clear and the whole set up, with its pictorial maps and cuts of the Lily of the Mohawks, is very attractive.

Devotion to Katherine Tekakwitha is increasing among Americans. Why? Because in the midst of a thoroughly pagan atmosphere she practised all the virtues of a Christian in the highest degree. The Mohawks were known for their warlike spirit. Only a few years before Katherine's birth they put eight Jesuit missionaries to death, three of them in her own native village of Ossernenon. The life of Katherine Tekakwitha a resplendent with virtues needed in our present-day world with its neopaganism and its false prophets and teachers. Fidelity to personal virtue in open temptation, acceptance of harsh criticism and suffering and insult for her faith, the most intense love of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, the spirit of prayer in the distracting and degrading atmosphere of an Indian village; all these virtues may find a parallel application today.

This collection of documents, first published at the Vatican Polyglot press, was translated into English and published by the Fordham University Press. It should be in your bookcase.

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I ALMOST FORGOT

ABOUT SITAL

(Continued from page 61)

been brought back to the village and was calling for me to come and baptize her. He had been a bit slow in starting and she had sent again to urge him to hasten.

I lost no time in getting to her bedside. I found her lying outside in the sunshine for it was the cold season. Her face lighted up when she saw us. Her fears and struggle seemed to be over. She was ready this time and received Baptism and Extreme Unction with apparently the greatest satisfaction. She was suffering much, but a look of peace and satisfaction was on her face. The battle was finished and grace had conquered.

Two days later, Mary Chalkat was dead. I was not at home when a Catholic from a neighboring village came several miles to call me for the burial. I was working in another section of the mission and they did not know just where to find me. One of the boys, however, went back with the messenger and the two with the village catechist buried the poor wasted body. What did it matter to her now, if her pagan friends and neighbors refused to touch the body of a dead Christian. We may hope that her soul is with God, and perhaps it were unfitting that profane hands touch the clay that would one day again be reunited to the spirit washed clean with the waters of life.

These are the battles that are daily being fought in many a pagan soul. Fears of pagan relatives, fears of disinheritance, and how many other idle fears can arise to keep these people from the fold of Christ. It may be your prayers, dear reader, that swing the balance and opens the way for the triumph of grace. Mary Chalkat's children still remain in the hands of pagan relatives. They expressed their wish to become Catholics and attend a Catholic school. The relatives object. They have their fight before them. May the prayers of their dear parents and yours assist them and give them strength to follow the footsteps of the mother, Mary Chalkat.

THOSE RARE SOULS

ON SOARING HILLS

(Continued from page 67)

Chapelton is a promising mission, forty miles from here. I had to say my first Mass there and then return the forty miles to Mandeville for my second. When I arrived, the Richardsons were awaiting me with the present of a juicy *papaya*. They had come eight miles through the wet hills in order to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. They didn't have an automobile but either walked or shared an animal between them.

It must have been somewhat like the journey of Mary and Joseph to Bethlehem. In order to be at Mass on time, they had left their home at two o'clock in the morning. With such Catholics to support the priests, how can we doubt

the spread of the faith on our little island? There were only twenty-six people at Mass in Chapelton. If there had only been two like this pair, I would have considered my journey worthwhile. Gasoline, tires, bad roads and human weariness are trivial in the face of such devotion.

STICK 'EM UP, FATHER!

(Continued from page 68)

The last moving picture we had was about airplanes.

These little ones find much in the movies to imitate. At times there is a craze for horses, and then half of the boys become horses for the use of the other half. Then will follow the gun, dagger, sword, spear, bow and arrow, rope, or any other craze as the spirit moves them. We hope and pray that they will always imitate the good and wholesome things they see in the movies.

Wire, string, bits of leather and wood are ingeniously fashioned into horses' heads and into tiny horses complete with saddles and cowboy riders fully decked out. At present there is an old tire craze. One of the boys curls up inside the tire and is given a ride across the playground or down the sidewalk. Bumps do not hinder their enjoyment of the tire ride.

Often we see things that must be corrected. Often, too, we find this correcting a bit hard when we remember that we were once boys, and recall, as someone has so wisely said, that men are grown up boys and remain boys at heart.

The older boys have interest in the football games all over the country, and join the "pick the winners' contests" held weekly during the pigskin season. They follow the baseball world much the same as do their white brothers. They partake in both these sports as the seasons roll round. They enjoy watching all games and are very good "sports." Here the one sport is basketball, and the teams enjoy an enviable reputation and give a fine showing wherever they appear. They enjoy shooting baskets any time of the day and during any reason. We might say that there is no closed season for basketball, though the gym is not opened for their use until the regular practice begins.

All of the boys take advantage of the recreational facilities offered by the playground. Here we find the giant strides, wings, slides, playground rings, ocean waves, bars, outdoor baskets, horse shoe courts, ground for passball, baseball, indoor and anything that the young heart of a boy desires and his mind can devise.

The more I see of the boys here, and the more I read of the boys in the other parts of the world, especially in the writings from the various Missions, the more I realize how true the saying is—boys will be boys the world over.

Give them a stick and a string and their own rich imagination and they will be perfectly happy. Give the boy plenty of good clean sport and you need not worry about the future man.

HOCUS-POCUS CULTS

IN GINGOOG

(Continued from page 71)

come, — and quite lucrative for the *diwatero*.

Recently I came upon one of these charlatans in the process of preparing to sacrifice a pig. He was squatting beside a table; behind him rose the smoke of the *kama nyang*, the sacrificial fire, and in the foreground was the pig, trussed up and waiting to be sacrificed. The *diwatero* was chanting a litany, invoking the spirit of the jungle, the spirit of the rivers, the spirit of the stars, and the spirit of the birds, but as soon as my presence was detected the scoundrel changed his tune to invocations of St. Vincent Ferrer, St. Roche, the Souls in Purgatory, promising them all a novena if they would grant an abundant harvest this year.

I sought out the most influential man in the village and told him sternly that these goings on must stop. But he explained that the people resort to these superstitions because they understand the *diwatero* but they do not understand my religious ceremonies. "Why," I exclaimed, "am I not a Filipino? Do I not speak excellent Visayan?" "You speak Latin" he answered. "Do you not say '*Dominus vobiscum*' and '*saecula saeculorum*'?"

So it is clear to me that I can do little to stamp out these superstitions until I find the means to set up decent chapels in these villages and train catechists to teach these poor people the rudiments of religion and true worship. Some day, if I ever get enough money together, I must build a mission chapel on that "sacred" mound so jealously guarded by the fairy-demons that every building put there collapses, and thus prove to the people of this village that no power, visible or invisible, on earth or in hell, can stop the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

I ONLY LIVE IN BAGHDAD

(Continued from page 72)

Baedeker turn of mind. It would be good to know when a certain building was built and by whom and what kind of tiles are in the rich dome. Still, that is all incidental and secondary to the Christian reaction; a prayer that this house of God may some day house God Incarnate. It would be good to get an aesthetic thrill from the exotic garments one sees, whether they be the beautiful finery of the Moslem elite or the picturesque rags of the Kurdish coolie. But the Christian reaction is infinitely better: a compassion on the multitude that wears those clothes, a silent prayer for these children of God that some day they may carry Christ in their hearts, a yearning for the day when their eyes will see in us their Fathers, and not mere foreigners to be gaped at and frowned at.

This Christian attitude is all-essential. But it may be of little use to a cicerone. That is why I said I was a little relieved that the batch of Baghdadis for this year had to stay home. Perhaps when they

come next year I will have the sights boned up. Better still, I'll let Fathers Mifsud and Merrick show them the city, for there is, as a matter of fact, a bit of Morton and a bit of Chesterton, and a great deal of St. Paul in the both of them.

"YE, BADRINATE, YE, YE"
(Continued from page 81)

little more than the ground at their feet. For twenty-five days after this ordeal Father Andrade was unable to read even a line of his breviary. His beard, ordinarily short and neatly trimmed, was a matted, tangled mass, frozen with the moisture of his breath. His skin, beneath the weeks' accumulated grime, was raw and sore from the biting winds and tightly stretched over his skull; hunger, exhaustion, and cold had worn him to the bone.

They had already passed the watershed of India. From the slopes of Mana and Niti passes, from the towering sides of Mt. Kamet, and from the huge glaciers of the region water poured into the Vishnu-ganga, which, in turn, became the Alaknanda, and finally the sacred Ganges. Before Andrade, as he faced northeast in the past, lay the hidden land of Tibet, the mysterious kingdom he sought. To his right and left, far beyond the horizon, the majestic ranges of the Himalayas deployed their ranks. Majestic, eternally silent, in exalted splendor the mighty peaks shone brilliantly in the sun. High above the clouds their pinnacles towered into the heavens aloof, immaculate, the Hall of Snows of Vishnu. A pity that Andrade could not see, on this first day, the wonders that on succeeding journeys through the pass held him enthralled.

In the silvery distance before him, beyond the mountains that still barred his way, lay the Sutlej river. Deep in a gorge it had carved through the Tibetan high lands, it was completely hidden, but at Tsaparang, on its banks, the first Christian mission in Tibet was soon to be established.

Although the most difficult stages of their journey had been passed, danger in many forms still surrounded them. There was no indication of a road they were to follow; without guides and half blind as they were, they might easily wander for days amid the mountains without ever coming upon a settlement. The vast plains beyond the mountains were still deep in snow and seemed almost impassable. Besides, their supply of barley meal was almost exhausted and no provisions could be found in this barren, deserted land.

The three travelers would almost certainly have perished had they not been overtaken a day or so after their arrival at the pass by a Bhotan guide sent out by the authorities at Mana, who feared that the Tibetans might hold them responsible for any mishaps to the strangers. With the guide was faithful Brother Marques, loaded down with provisions.

It is impossible to tell here the story

of the mission Father Andrade founded; we must be content with his heroic crossing of the Himalayas. Enterprising and hopeful though its founder was, the mission in Tibet was not destined to succeed. It continued for more than twenty-five years, with indifferent success, until in 1649, the opposition of Tibetan authorities, the terrible rigors of life in the country, and the difficulties entailed in reaching the mission from India forced the Jesuits to discontinue the effort, although occasional visits were made to the country during succeeding years.

For the present, therefore, we must leave Father Andrade on the heights of Mana pass at the threshold of Tibet. He, himself, gave little thought to the achievements he had already to his credit. That he was the first European to visit the upper reaches of the Ganges and discover one of its principal sources, the first also to see the great temple at Badrinath and to scale the mighty Himalayas meant little to him. He would report all these events to his Superiors in due time, but his main interest was the land that lay before him. To the Catholic he will be remembered as the indomitable pioneer of a new mission field; to the world at large, as a noted explorer; to both he will always be seen as he appeared that June day in 1624, worn, haggard, triumphant, poised wearily on the heights of Dungri-la before his descent into the valley of the Sutlej river.

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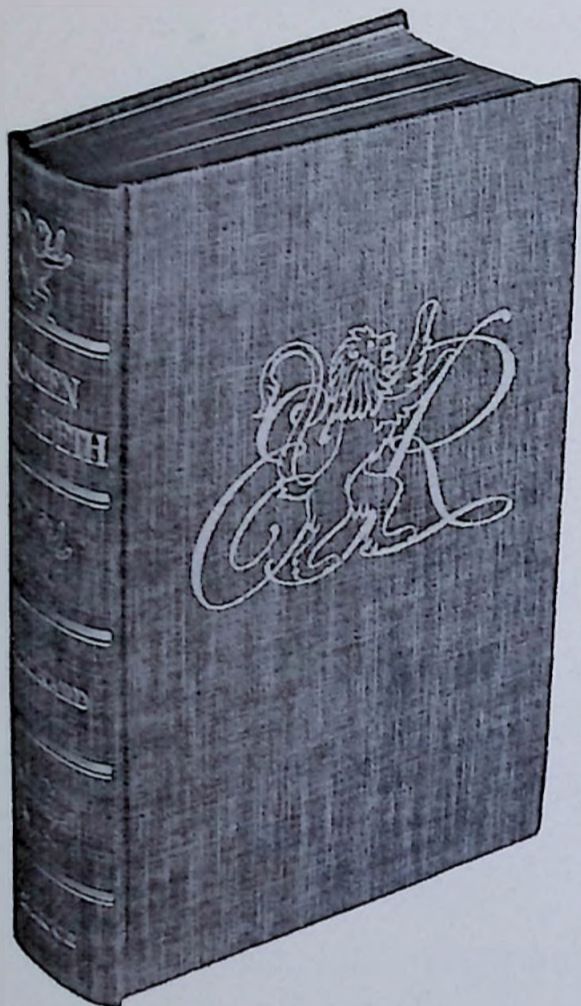
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