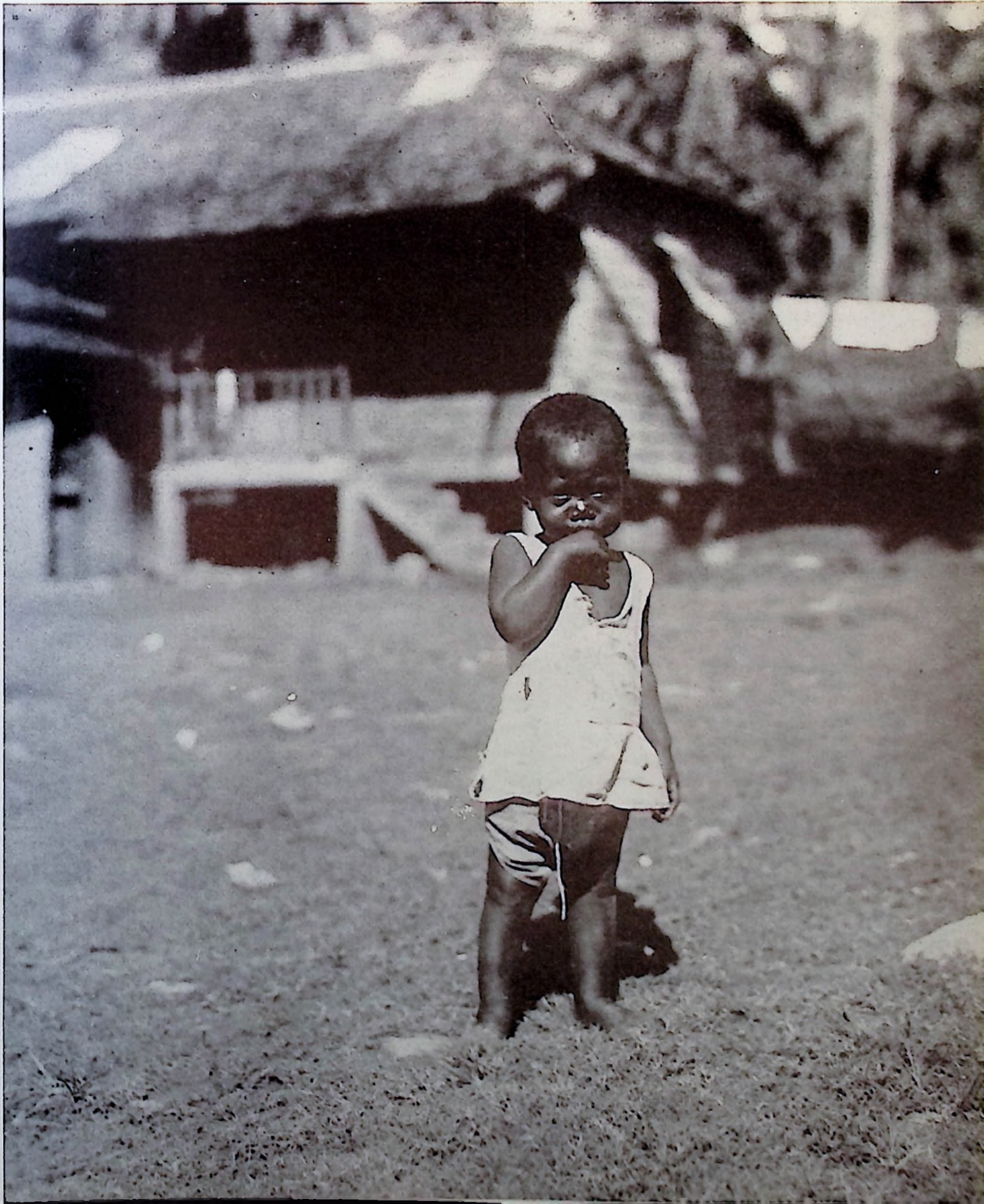


Jesuit & Missions

JULY -
AUGUST
1941

Ten Cents

Vol. XV
No. VII



WHERE EDUCATION IS HIGHER EDUCATION AND HIGHER EDUCATION IS CATHOLIC!

UNIVERSITIES

THE CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY

Omaha, Nebr.

UNIVERSITY OF DETROIT

Detroit, Mich.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Washington, D. C.

JOHN CARROLL UNIVERSITY

University Heights, Cleveland, Ohio

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Ill.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.

MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

615 N. Eleventh St., Milwaukee, Wis.

ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY

St. Louis, Mo.

UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO

2130 Fulton St., San Francisco, Calif.

UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

Santa Clara, Calif.

XAVIER UNIVERSITY

Cincinnati, Ohio

COLLEGES

BOSTON COLLEGE

Chestnut Hill, Mass.

CANISIUS COLLEGE

Main St. and Jefferson Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

Worcester, Mass.

LOYOLA COLLEGE

4501 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

REGIS COLLEGE

W. 50th Ave. and Lowell Blvd., Denver, Colo.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE

54th and City Line, Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE

Jersey City, N. J.

HIGH SCHOOLS

CAMPION

A Jesuit Residential School
Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin

CRANWELL PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Lenox, Mass.

GEORGETOWN PREPARATORY

Garrett Park, Maryland

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Are the Best Sign of a Paper's Vitality
The Correspondence Page of
THE CATHOLIC HERALD
Is Famous

In a single recent issue our correspondents included the following:

Richard O'Sullivan, K.C.; R. R. Stokes, M.P.; The Duke of Bedford; Philip G. Fothergill, Ph.D., Lecturer in Durham University; Dr. Halliday Sutherland; A. C. F. Beales, Lecturer in London University.

The CATHOLIC HERALD

Annual Subscription \$3.50
(Payable by International Money Order)
67 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, Eng.

HELP THE MISSION PROCURATORS

Rev. JOHN A. MADDEN, S.J.
300 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

is Procurator for the foreign missions in Jamaica, B.W.I., and for Baghdad College in Iraq, which are administered by the New England Jesuits.

Rev. THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.
51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

is Mission Procurator for the Maryland-New York Jesuits in the Philippines and among the Negroes of Maryland.

Rev. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada

is Procurator for the missions in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada, which are Suchow Mission in China and Canadian Indian Missions at Caughnawaga, near Montreal.

Rev. PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.
55 W. San Fernando St., San Jose, Calif.

is Procurator for the missions in Hainan, Nanking and Shanghai, China, entrusted to the Jesuits of the California Province.

Rev. VINCENT F. ERBACHER, S.J.
4511 W. Pine Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

is Procurator for the missions in British Honduras, C.A., and American Indian Missions in South Dakota and Wyoming, which are cared for by the Jesuits of the Missouri Province.

Rev. JOHN A. KILIAN, S.J.
1076 W. Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

is Procurator for the missions of Patna in Northern India in charge of the Chicago Province Jesuits.

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

is Procurator for the missions of Alaska and Indian Missions in the Northwest entrusted to the Oregon Province Jesuits.

Rev. EDWARD T. CASSIDY, S.J.
6363 St. Charles Ave., New Orleans, La.

is the Procurator for the home missions of the rural districts of the South cared for by the Southern Jesuits.

Rev. PAUL B. BRENNAN, S.J.
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

is Procurator for the Canadian Indian missions cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY

NEW YORK CITY

Conducted by the Jesuits
1841-1941

*At Fordham Road, Bronx,
New York City*

Fordham College

A Boarding and Day School on 70 acre campus. Two new residence halls, Bishops' Hall and St. Robert's Hall.

Graduate School of Arts and Sciences

College of Pharmacy

Fordham Preparatory School

Summer School July-August 1941

*At Woolworth Building,
233 Broadway, N. Y. City*

Fordham College

Manhattan Division

School of Education

School of Social Service

School of Law

School of Business

Catalogue of each department sent on request.

Register Now for Fall Semester

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Illinois

Conducted by the Jesuits

Outstanding Educators Since 1534
Four Centuries of Progress

Graduate...College of Arts and Sciences (Lake Shore Division)...University College (Downtown Division)...Law...Medicine...Dentistry...Nursing...Social Work...Commerce...Home Study.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
1843-1943

*Entrance by Certificate
or by Examination
Conducted by the Jesuits*

A.B. and B.S. COURSES

DEGREES

BACHELOR OF ARTS
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE in BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS, BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, HISTORY, SOCIAL SCIENCES and EDUCATION.

Beautiful Campus, 163 acres, 693 feet above sea level. Six Residence Halls, Library, Chapel, Dining Hall. Resident and Non-Resident Students.

*Bulletin of Information on Request
Address: Dean of Freshmen,
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.*

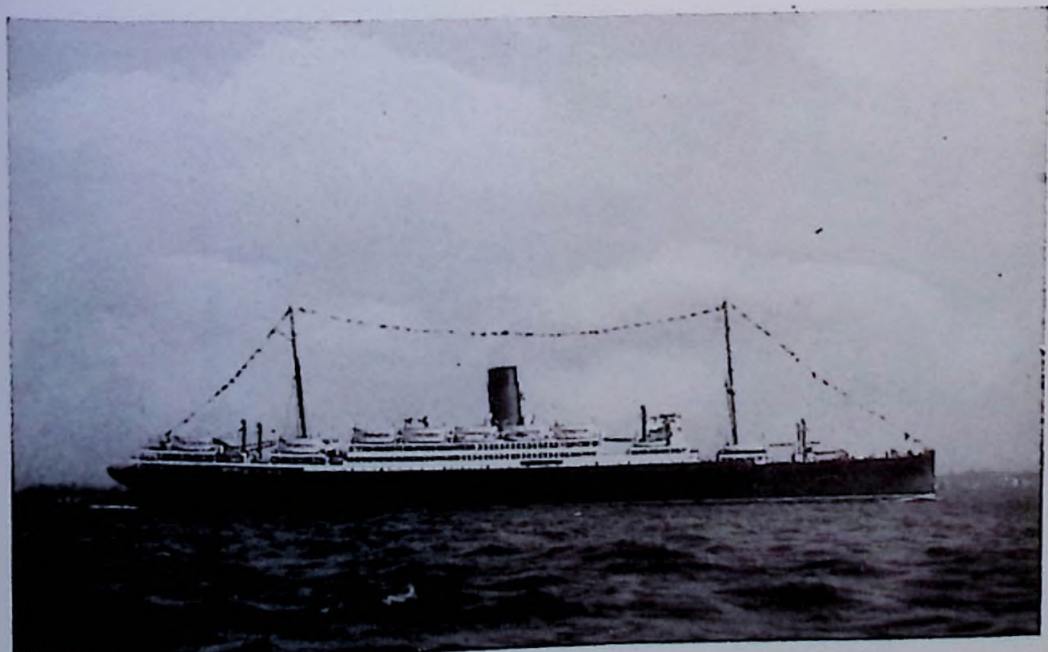
Army Transportation

THE daily papers are filled with war news, of armies in retreat or flight before an onrushing enemy, of concentration of troops for new offensives. But there is no room in the papers for news of a war that has been waging for nineteen hundred years, and of the concentration of the missionary forces that are and will be giving battle to the enemy of souls.



During the summer months new armies of missionaries will be going forth to the far flung battle lines. As for any army their transportation must be provided. No troopships will carry them to their destinations. No Government will defray their expenses. The means to provide for their travel must be found elsewhere. And so, as in other years, we appeal to you.

Some mission lands already are battle grounds. Others we fear may become such. To all of these—India, China, the Philippines, Iraq—soldiers of Christ must be sent. Will you help these warriors for souls on their way? Any gift, every gift will be welcome. You will help, won't you? Even with a mite? Please send your contribution for the transportation of these soldiers of Christ to their fields of battle, to



JESUIT MISSIONS

257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Just mark your gift

**FOR ARMY
TRANSPORTATION**

JESUIT MISSIONS

JULY-AUGUST

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

1941

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • AMERICAN INDIANS • JAMAICA • CHINA • BAGHDAD • INDIA

CONTRIBUTORS

FATHER CHARLES L. OWENS, S.J., did the reviving. DOTTIE C. EDWARDS, Editor of *The Catholic Register*, Kansas City, and contributor to other prominent periodicals, offers a description of *Revival in Big Horn*.



Louis J. Dowd, S.J.

The lessons learned in the company of FATHER DE GELOES, S.J., in *Wang Ko Is Proud of Father Su* have no doubt found expression in the classroom of MR. LOUIS J. DOWD, S.J., (author). He is a member of the California Province, teaching at present in Gonzaga College, Shanghai, China.

FATHER JOHN A. MORRISON, S.J., (*If You Like Bears*) is a tall, lean man from St. Louis whose face is always about to break into his perennial smile. We are indebted to him for many fine "shots" of his mission in Poreya Hat, Santal Parganas, India.

How the Scouts Took Corozal, is a sidelight on the extracurricular activities of Jesuit Scholastics. The author, STANISLAUS E. KALAMAJA, S.J., a Jesuit Scholastic of the Missouri Province, is finishing his second year of teaching at St. John's College, Belize.

A pleasant, soft spoken student of history at Fordham Graduate School, FATHER JOSEPH T. DURKIN, S.J., closed his books one day during Lent and found something very interesting in a *Catacomb in Carolina*.

Hooper Bay, Alaska, is cold, so cold, that the pastor, FATHER JOHN P. FOX, S.J., of the Oregon Province, tells us that up there they have *Icicles on Stovepipes*.

Little did FATHER WILLIAM J. FEENEY, S.J., (*The Rock in Jamaica*), realize, when he was sent to South America as a Scholastic, that the Spanish he acquired would be invaluable later on. The evacuees of Gibraltar speak only Spanish. Father Feeney is their new pastor.

Shortly after the Jesuits of the Chicago Province received charge of the Mission of Patna, India, FATHER PETER J. SONTAG, S.J. (*After the Trail Is Blazed*) became one of its pioneers. After those first hard years, he now feels that the trail is blazed.

MR. GERALD G. HEALY, S.J. (*No Fifth Column in Baguio*) a member of the Maryland-New York Province, gladly turned aside with his companions from the lowlands of Manila, to take up residence in the hills of Baguio. There they are completing their second year of philosophy.



John A. Morrison, S.J.

THIS MONTH

	Page
EDITORIALS	171
REVIVAL IN THE BIG HORN.....Dottie C. Edwards	172
WANG KO IS PROUD OF OLD FATHER SU.....Louis J. Dowd, S.J.	174
IF YOU LIKE BEARS.....John A. Morrison, S.J.	176
HOW THE SCOUTS TOOK COROZAL.....Stanley E. Kalamaja, S.J.	177
CATACOMB IN CAROLINA.....Joseph T. Durkin, S.J.	178
ICICLES ON STOVEPIPES.....John P. Fox, S.J.	180
THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS.....John P. Deevy, S.J.	181
THE ROCK IN JAMAICA.....William H. Feeney, S.J.	182
AFTER THE TRAIL IS BLAZED.....Peter J. Sontag, S.J.	184
THE MISSION INTENTIONS FOR JULY AND AUGUST.....	185
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....	186
COMMUNICATIONS	191
NO FIFTH COLUMN IN BAGUIO.....Gerald W. Healy, S.J.	192
NEW BOOKS	194
GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	197

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

COVER—All children are lovable but none more so than the colored child of Jamaica. With his shiny ebony skin, his fuzzy curls, his milk white teeth and flashing eyes, he walks right into a missionary's heart. A Jamaican missionary seeing what time would do to his little ones exclaimed, "Oh, if God would always keep them young." This little fellow staring at you through his tears is already poor. Across the expanse of his future life, suffering and neglect lie in wait for him. Before that happens, the missionary hopes to lighten up that little soul with the knowledge and love of Him Who loved all men but especially little children.

EDITORIALS

THE WAR ENTERS THE MISSIONS

ALL signs point to the fact that there will be fierce fighting during the summer in the Near East. This is not good news to the friends of the American Jesuit missionaries laboring in Iraq. As we write this, there is comparative quiet in Baghdad itself, but during May the Jesuits of Baghdad College saw the city seized by pro-Axis forces and heard for many days the crash of artillery and bombs during the assault on the British air field outside the city.

The Jesuits remained at their post in the city and, according to a cable received from Father Sarjeant, Rector of the College, no injury was sustained either by the missionaries or the College, which, by the way, is one of the newest and best equipped in the Near East.

The British are now in control of Baghdad and most of Iraq. There is comparative quiet in the "City of Peace." But this is apparently the lull before the storm. Within a few weeks the Axis drive towards Suez and the Mosul oil fields will be in full swing and it may bring the lightning war to the doors of Baghdad College.

Africa was the first mission territory to feel the destructive might of World War No. 2. Now it appears that the Near East will be next. After that, what? Will Hitler, if victorious in Syria and Iraq, push on into India and the Far East? Will the trail of fire that began in Europe sear its way through the eastern world, until it meets that other path of flame that has been destroying China for the past three years? Will the issues of both wars be decided by battles in mission territories?

As much as we would like to see both wars finished, we had hoped that the missionaries might be spared the actual horrors of at least one of them. But it seems that this is not to be. The Near East, at least, is in for a bitter fight soon.

How the Church's missions will fare in the impending conflict is difficult to see. If the war follows the same pattern as that in China, the chief damage will be a material one, the destruction of churches, schools and hospitals. This will be a serious loss, but it may be counter-balanced, as it has been in China, by an increased sympathy on the part of the harassed pagan peoples towards the Catholic missionaries who will be there to console them in their affliction and bind up their wounds. Yes, the missionaries will be there and their work will go on, altered somewhat perhaps, but it will continue. Please pray for them during this crisis.

MONTH OF THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

JULY is dedicated to the Precious Blood of Our Lord. We should think particularly during the month of the marvelous and continual fertility of the Precious Blood, how since it was first poured out on Calvary it has never ceased to be fruitful in saving souls; war has not weakened its effectiveness, nor revolution, nor famine, nor pestilence, nor any of the catastrophes so fatal to human projects. All these have happened in abundance during the last two thousand years. Empires have broken up, kingdoms have fallen, cities have disappeared, but the Church of Christ, the custodian of the Blood of the Redeemer, has marched on, expanding the frontiers of the Kingdom, applying the merits of the Precious Blood to an ever-increasing number of men.

The continual fertility of the Blood of Christ—that is a thought that all need during these months of war. There is a temptation in the uncertainty of the times, in our inability to visualize the shape of things to come, to allow the apostolic spirit to languish, to think that we must put off the work of saving souls until bombs have ceased to fall and the tramp of marching feet is stilled. We don't know what is going to happen, so why make plans?

But the point is, we do know what is going to happen. We may not know how long the war will last or who will win it, or what will be the nature of the new order that follows, but we do know that whatever comes, there will be souls to save and the Blood of Christ will still be as effective as before.

The war will end, as all wars have, and when it is over it will seem as but an episode in the history of the Kingdom of Christ. Why then let its momentary bigness paralyze our apostolic effort?

The last World War was a catastrophic affair. There were those who during it predicted the collapse of western civilization and allowed this vision to freeze them into inactivity. In the year 1916, it was evident to no one just when the war would end or who would win it, Germany or the Allies. That year found the present Father General of the Jesuits in Switzerland, an exile. It did not seem the auspicious moment for planning the future of the missions, yet that was what he was doing. And as a result of that planning, the Society of Jesus after the war experienced the greatest mission expansion in its history. Such confidence in the continual power of the Precious Blood is needed today.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

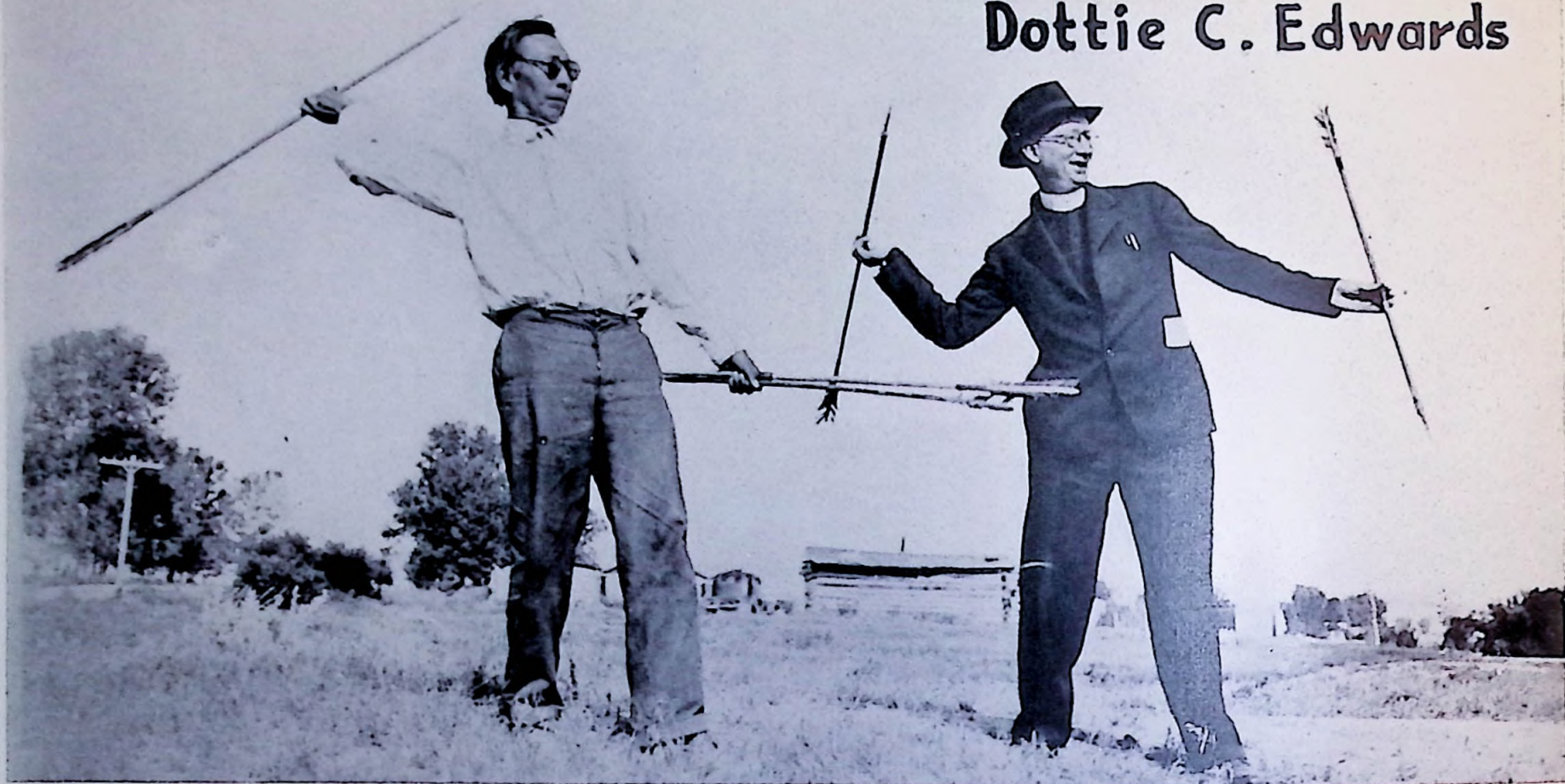
Associate Editors: JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.; JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J.; JOHN E. REARDON, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; FRANCIS J. KANE, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; PAUL BRENNAN, S.J.; ERNEST LALANDE, S.J.

Business Editor: E. PAUL AMY, S.J.

Editorial and Publication Offices: 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

REVIVAL IN THE BIG HORN

Dottie C. Edwards



The prime spirit behind the renovation of St. Francis Xavier's Indian Mission is Father Charles Owens, S.J. Here he tries his skill at a game of "arrows" with his Indian friend, Carl Crooked Arm.

CLOSED for fifteen years, St. Francis Xavier's Mission presented a down-at-the-heels appearance when Father Charles Owens, S.J., missionary pastor of Hardin, Montana, received permission to reopen it. One hundred dollars was the capital on hand and permission to reopen was given with the stipulation that no debts be incurred.

Weeds abounded, windows were boarded up or minus glass, farm acres had been rented out, and farm buildings were clearly the worse for their fifteen years' idleness and emptiness. Inside the main building, thick dust lay on old school desks, stoves were rusty, paint had peeled and plaster was coming down.

Pupils were scattered and gone and a generation of Indian children had grown up in the long interval who knew nothing of the Mission nor of what it could mean in their lives.

WHAT to do for these little youngsters was the question Father Owens wanted to answer. When they come to a Mission school, some of them have yet to learn about a washcloth, about soap, a toothbrush, and in the primary grades, English has to be taught along with the three R's. Cooking, ironing, washing and sewing are also part of the Indian girls' education in the mission schools, and the boys have their chores and tasks and shop work, too.

To open the school again so as to teach these things and care for the spiritual needs of the pupils, was a real task and to do so with such slender funds and no debts allowed, was a problem indeed.

A school couldn't run without Sisters, first of all, and where, wondered Father Owens, would be found the group to come to such a poverty-stricken building in such an out-of-the-way place? They were located at Oldenburg, Indiana, Sisters of the Third Order Regular

of St. Francis. They not only didn't mind the task ahead but brought sheets and bedding and dishes and silverware along and gave of their own means to the expenses of getting started.

And there was someone else to take into consideration. Father Owens called him "Andy"; he was introduced as Mr. Anderson, an elderly man with white hair and twinkling blue eyes. Andy took over the job of helping solicit funds by writing letters telling of the needs of the Mission, and many of them were answered with gratifying results.

Rooms took on new color under the vigorous wielding of mop and broom, the yard began to look better, fences were repaired. Someone donated a cow, someone gave a calf, someone gave a few chickens. No matter what was given, there was immediately a place for it. With the money that was coming in, Father Owens had plumbing installed in the big main building so that when school opened, there would be plenty of wash basins. (Even so, on bath nights, the little Crows use the Sisters' tub, too!)

AN outsider has no idea of the rooms needed in conducting a Mission school. There's the kitchen, the Sisters' dining room, a dining room for any hired help, another for the boys and girls (these are separate when room permits), a laundry room, a storage room (sacks of flour were piled high in the hall at the time of my visit). Classrooms, a playroom for rainy days, an auditorium, a chapel, rooms for the Sisters, dormitories for the pupils, not to mention the many bathrooms and washrooms for daily ablutions, the parlor in which to receive company, and the small dining room for visitors; these had to be built.

But with the above at last arranged for, the pupils had to be contacted. Scattered, dispersed, unknown—

how in the world would they be collected?

"The word just spread," said Father Owens. "Some had older relatives who had gone to school here years ago. We made special effort to take in the orphans and the half-orphans. To tell the truth, we have few Indian children at the mission who are not one or the other." A few white youngsters of the valley also attend the school.

THAT was six years ago. At the end of four years, there were 115 Indian boys and girls at the school, over 50 of them boarders. Today there are 155 and all are delighted about coming to the Mission and dread seeing vacation time roll around.

The day of my visit, I was shown about buildings and grounds, paying a special call to the historic old church in the trees near the main building. A huge iron stove of enormous size took up the space of several pews, and the furnishings were clearly of years gone by. Entering was like stepping back into the past.

The Mission building was heated with stoves and each Sister had certain stoves under her care to make sure that they were always safe. The boys and girls carried the coal and to see the assembling of the many scuttles full of the black lumps was an unusual sight.

The first cook stove in the kitchen was a plain old iron affair of ordinary family size. I practically fainted when they told me that in it, six or eight loaves at a time, had been baked the bread for their charges who surely must have eaten one hundred loaves a day! And all this while the regular three meals were in preparation on top of the stove. Fortunately, there is now a restaurant range which, while

neither new nor fancy, gives much more cooking space.

No donation goes to waste for the Mission; even old curtains find their uses at the long windows and if there are not enough to go around, then the corner windows get trimmed and the middle ones stay blank as if the scheme was intended so.

Of domestic fruits, the Mission has none. From the garden, however, come bushels of tomatoes for use as a vegetable and in sauce and preserves. From the cabbage patch comes the barrel or two of sauerkraut. Everything is canned that can be canned. Down along the creek, chokecherries grow and these are gathered for jam.

FOOD, food, and more food. The amount is tremendous and it has to be supplied. I asked how many quarts they put up in a given year and the Sisters looked at each other.

"We use half-gallons for everything," they answered. "In quarts, we had more than four thousand last year—and could have canned more if we had had it! . . . We strung beans from the garden by the tubfuls; canned over one thousand quarts of them alone."

There is a man who takes care of the farm now under Father's direction and the latter can watch a stand of wheat with all the enthusiasm of a wheat rancher.



(Top) The Crow Indians of yesterday with their feathered headpieces and other trappings. (Below) Their descendants of St. Francis Mission in cap and gown.

"Should be a thousand bushels there," estimates Father Owens, looking at a field. "That'll buy potatoes and coal this fall." He has seen to the pasture, too, and has thriftily arranged for the grazing of a small herd of sheep therein.

WE stopped at an Indian cabin on the grounds and the occupant, Mr. Carl Crooked Arm, talked of his daughter who was ill and whom he wanted in the Mission in the fall with the same ambition of many a white parent: "Educate her so she can be a lady when she grows up and be somebody."

The cabins were rude log huts, without floors. Quilts hung on lines around the house. The Indians sleep at night on the dirt floor, each rolled alone in his own comforter or blanket, hanging the latter on the line outside during the day. A washtub hung on the outer wall of the cabin and the garments of father and daughter were immaculate, the result of some former Mission training. The mother and other members of the family bashfully remained in the house but two little boys danced in the yard for the company at Mr. Crooked Arm's request.

The Indian asked Father if he would play a game with him before he left, collecting a fistful of arrows as he spoke. I was told later that this was a favorite Indian pastime, that they play in (Turn to page 195)

Wang Ko is Proud of Old Father Su

Louis J. Dowd, S.J.

A STAY with this old Holland missionary, eighty-four years old, and thirty-six years on the China missions, was bound to be a grand experience. Rumors ran high about old Father Su (Father Paul de Geloës, S.J.). He lived in a house like that of the Curé d'Ars. No furniture, few windows, etc., etc. He rode horseback entire nights to bring the Last Sacraments to a dying native. At Mass he wept bitter tears; and those who heard him pray, felt that he beheld in his glory the God hidden in the Host. These were but a few of the many stories told; and one day, curiously enough, my chance came to verify them.

Father Su was glad to have a helper for the summer months, so my proposal to spend six weeks with him was graciously accepted. I arrived at Wang Ko, his little bush mission center on Saturday evening. The rectory was as I had heard it described. Absolutely no furniture but a couple of old box chairs and gas pipe beds. The house was a large two-story building, but all the chambers were empty halls, except his and my own, which contained the two beds and two chairs mentioned above. Yes, there was a huge sort of ping-pong table, too, in the so-called dining room. When dinner was served, we would bring our wobbly chairs from the bedrooms. Father Su could refuse the poor nothing, and they had left him exactly that.

SUPPER time came, and I sat to take supper with this grand old saint with the white beard, and a smile that bespoke in a strangely vivid way, the charity and nobility of his soul. He began to tell me

stories of his past life. How he was a jockey till the age of forty-five. How he crashed almost to his death and then received the light, as St. Paul did, to arise and follow Christ.

He left all, and I found out later that this "all" was really a sizeable one. He was of the Holland nobility, and his uncle had been High Chancellor at the court of Wilhelmina. He began his business career by managing large iron mines in northern France. Then to British North Borneo to try his luck on coffee plantations. He and his brother formed a very successful stock company, leaving to others the management of extensive plantations. Finally, we find Mr. de Geloës controlling large tobacco fields in Burma. When he renounced all to enter the Society of Jesus, he had also added to his list a very profitable cheese business in Brittany.

Our story, however, is about Father Su in China, so we'll leave, as he did, his worldly glories, and see him at work for Christ.

ON the bare walls of the rectory hang a dozen or more colorful plaques. They all say more or less the same thing: "In grateful memory of Father Su's many remarkable cures of the people of our village." Every morning, thirty or so patients wait on the steps of the rectory. Such a sight would move one to tears. I would look out of my windows and see them wheeled in on wheelbarrows, or crawling in themselves, on their hands and knees; and children, many sick unto death, were carried in their mothers' arms. This grey haired old man would kneel before each one of them, washing and healing their wounds. Then he would make the



(Top) Father Su (Father Paul de Geloës, S.J.), washes out the sores of one of his people. (Below) He left behind his worldly glories and success to work for Christ's poor in China.

rounds of those more seriously sick, sheltered in many mud huts built within the Mission Compound itself. As Christ had done, so he now works countless cures, and many believe in him, that is to say, in Him whom he represents, Christ.

One morning, in the early days of the current war, soldiers came. They pushed open the gates of the Compound where over a thousand and more Chinese, men, women and children were huddled in fear (hoping that Father Su would protect them). Almost immediately, two were shot at the gate. Two more were stabbed to death before Father Su's eyes. Finally another victim was about to fall, when this aged priest stepped in front of the bay-

onet. The soldier, infuriated, pressed it against Father's stomach. With a security and resignation that completely overcame the soldier, Father Su took the bayonet and placed it on his heart saying: "Here is the place to drive it in." Conscious of his brutal tactics, and aware of a moral strength quite beyond his own, the soldier lowered his gun. From that time on he took orders from Father Su. They went away.

ANOTHER day two little children, brother and sister, were returning home from one of Father Su's country schools, when they were seized by two kidnappers and carried off to their camp in the mountains. The father and mother begged Father Su on bended knee to save their only two. It was pretty certain that the kidnappers were from Tang Chai, the bandit village thirty miles away. With unheard of imprudence and facing what all warned would be certain death, this old Padre called for his horse. Off he went that very day in mid-afternoon, arrived at the village at nightfall. The city gates were closed.

Nothing daunted, Father Su knocked; and after pleading urgent business with the Mayor of the town, he was finally admitted. Even he himself thought he would never come out of those gates alive. Finally he went to the city hall, a mud hut larger than the ordinary square structure, where the Mayor with his Board of Trustees, or if you will, the head bandit with all the little bandits, were holding council.



Louis J. Dowd, S.J., (the author) accompanies Father Su who has spent thirty-six years on the China missions.

"What could be the meaning of Father's visit at this hour?"

THERE was the old man before them, the bravest and noblest man they had ever met. They knew him well, for many had benefited by his charity and medical care in the past. The smallest child throughout his far-spreading district knew him and loved him and called him, "His old grandfather priest." Chinese bandits for the most part, keep their naturally warm and sympathetic hearts, and they were powerless against this white-headed old man whom they felt even loved them.

They, of course, knew nothing of the kidnapping, and never heard of such a thing. They were glad Father called on them, however, and would do their best to help him.

The town Chief of Police was called and ordered to make a search of the village for the two children. Our story ends as the poor mother and father who had lost their children

look down the distant road in early dawn and there behold the old man on horseback with their two little ones seated in front of him. Such was one of Father's many visits to the bandit and even Communist camps. His fame and daring spread far and wide, and again we may say, "many believed in Him."

Another time, Father Su came back from one of these visits with horses and

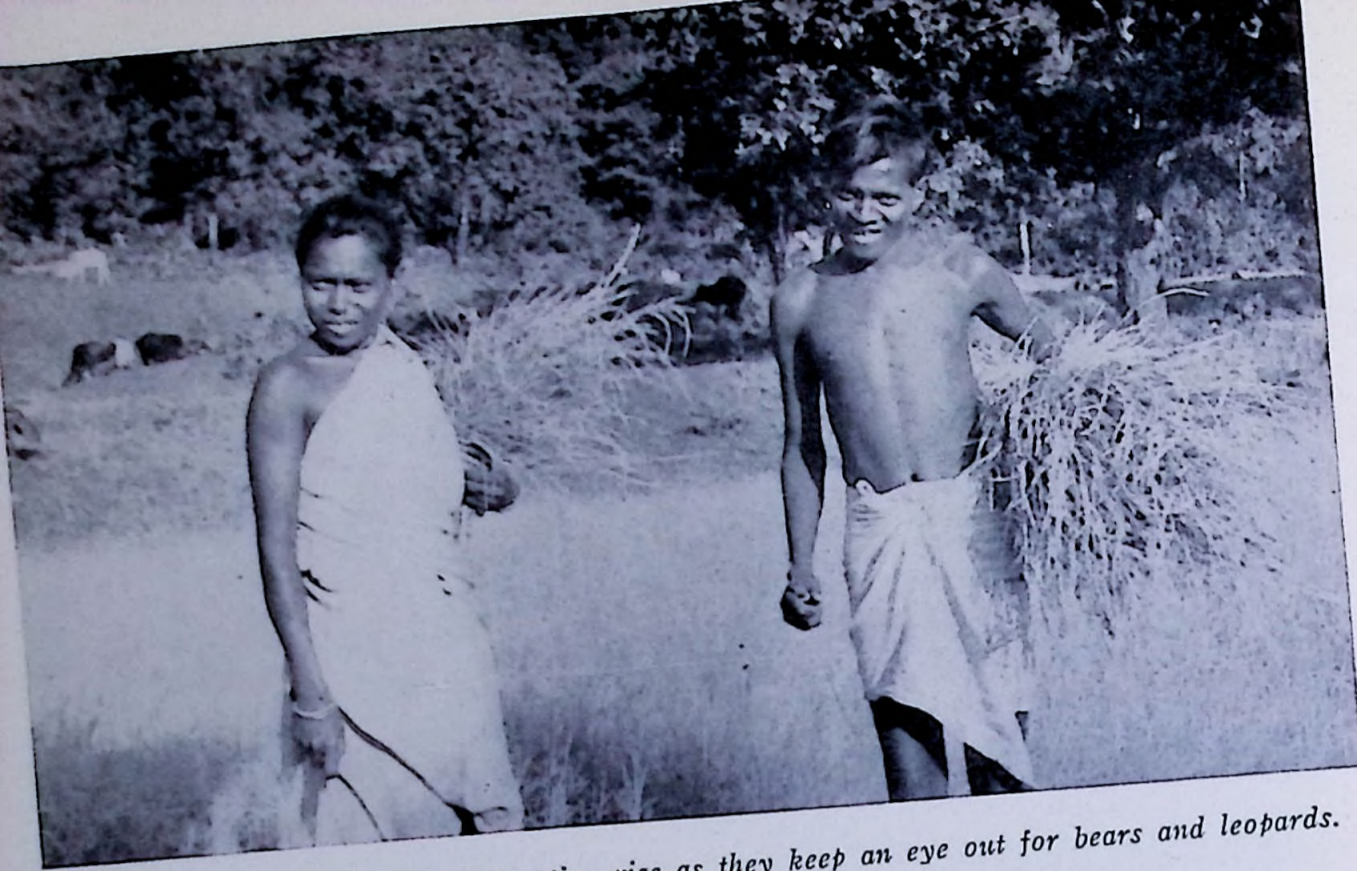
Even today at eighty-four years of age, Father Su covers over three hundred miles on horseback each month in ministering to his flock.

cows and goats trailing behind him. He had followed the robbers for twenty miles and overtook them. How they gave in to him is not easily to be explained.

There is no end to the stories about Father Su. How he stayed up nights with his sick ones. How the sacristan would come in the early morning to find him asleep at the foot of the altar. How, even to this day, he travels over three hundred miles a month on horseback, ministering to his flock. All these stories are well worth telling, for they are stories of life, the life which Christ spoke of when He said: "He that loses his life shall find it..." Father Paul de Geloës began his life for God by falling off his horse, as did his great patron St. Paul. Now with St. Paul he can end it saying: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice, which the Lord, the just Judge, will render to me on that day..."

THE time came to bid farewell to Wang Ko and Father Su. As I went back to Shanghai and the classroom, there was present in my imagination the picture of this aged priest whose real life began at forty-five. He is astride his white mare, his white cassock tucked up, his sun helmet lifted a bit off his forehead, his puttees battered from much travel, his face browned by the sun. He turns from the railroad station and rides back to his mission. Many children run out into the road to greet their venerable Shen Fu. At a turn in the road he looks back and waves a final salute. His white beard is whiter in the sun, a visible sign of his eighty-four years.





A Santalese boy and girl harvesting rice as they keep an eye out for bears and leopards.

If You Like Bears...

IF you like bears, leopards and temperamental ponies you would have enjoyed a little trip I took through part of my sector of Patna, India.

The first night I spent at a chapel we have about twenty-five miles from Poreya. It is a nice jumping off place for villages that lie farther out and that little chapel has a distinctive flavor all its own. The walls are of sun-baked mud, its roof is of thatching grass and I have not yet put in windows and doors. The holes for the windows and door are there but they simply stay open at night,—and there are bears and leopards in the nearby forest.

Oscar, my pony, would be quite a banquet for a prowling leopard so I tied him close up against a window before turning in, kept a couple of lanterns burning and nothing happened. I did hear a fox or two barking during the night, but it is a welcome sound out there. The fox would not have been so noisy if his bigger relatives had been near. It does give one a queer feeling, though, to wake up at two in the morning, realize that the only thing between you and a leopard or bear is a burning lantern and then roll over and hope that your Guardian Angel is on the job!

Half a day's trip on the pony

through the hills and forest brought me to my most distant village and it was good to see our Catholics out in that remote corner keeping the Faith in spite of their distance from church and the rare opportunities they have to hear Mass and receive the sacraments. A "new relative" the Santal idiom for a newly born baby, had arrived since the last time this village had been visited and we soon made a Catholic of him. That night I stopped at the house of a Catholic Santal half way on the road back to my chapel. I spread my blankets on the sun-baked *pindah*—the porch-like ledge that Santals build around their houses.

NEXT morning bear tracks on the trail proved that a bear had come within a hundred yards of my sleeping place. Out there my catechist carries a spear when we travel, but though he doesn't know it, it is for moral effect only. If we did see a bear at close range, Oscar would bolt and the catechist would climb the nearest tree! But the spear seems to buck the catechist up, so I humor him along.

We had Mass that morning on the *pindah* also, waiting until the village cows and goats had been driven out to pasture so they would not disturb us during Mass, as the

pindah is on the village road and they pass that way.

A few days later my pony carried me up to another hill top where I said Mass on an altar improvised from a bed and a plank, out under a gnarled old veteran of the forest whose spreading branches formed a natural chapel for our little congregation. It was the first time that Mass had been said in that village on the hill top since the beginning of the world and I got a tremendous thrill from offering the Holy Sacrifice under such circumstances.

IN spite of what we once said about Bruno Bhairo Potlicker and his ability to get rain by praying for it, the rice crop this year was a failure. We did get some rain, but rice needs lots of it, and before the grain could come to a head most of the fields dried up. Santals who harvested one-fourth of a full crop were fortunate. Some got nothing at all. In places they grazed their cattle over the fields without attempting to cut the rice as there was practically nothing to cut. As rice is our principal crop many of our people will be badly off this year.

Perhaps the worst effect of the failure of the rice crop was on our girls' school. The funds of this school are limited and as rice this year is very expensive, only half the number of girls can be accommodated. Our Sisters do splendid work in forming the characters of our village girls and we are grateful that we can send even half our usual number.

WE are still treating our rather numerous lepers in their own homes with chalmogra pills that we get from a Catholic gentleman in Burma. One of our young men seems to have been completely cured while others have improved. If we can catch the disease in time, there is every hope that we can arrest it, if not cure it.

Our catechists and village school teachers are keeping up their good work and we can thank God that His work is going ahead here in our Poreya Hat sector, despite the many difficulties of these war-days.

How the Scouts Took Coroza

Stanley E. Kalamaja, S.J.

WITH a song and a cheer from the group of boys on deck, the boat slid away from the wharf into the moonlit Caribbean on its way to the northern district and the town of Coroza, British Honduras. It was late at night when this group had boarded the boat for the excursion, as they had just finished giving a one-night run of their play and were scheduled for the following night in Coroza.

But perhaps we had better let out the information as to who this group is. Their official title is the Boy Scout Troops I and II of the Holy Redeemer Cathedral. Under the guidance of Brother John M. Jacoby, S.J., it has been customary for the Scouts to stage a short play each year in Belize; and, at the request of Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J., in Coroza. This year proved no exception, so with Father John M. Knopp, S.J., as director, they produced a Spanish play, "Las Almas en Pena," a musical comedy in one act which has to do with the scheme of three bad "hombres" to obtain a livelihood for themselves in the easiest possible way.

That takes care of the reason for the trip, now let us talk about the trip itself. Immediately after the performance in Belize, cast, band, stage hands, props, and guests hastened to the dock as Brother Jacoby warned us we would leave by ten (I lost a bet on that score because these people usually make things an hour or two late). Anyway, at ten, the whistle blew and we were off—three Fathers, two Scholastics, one Brother and the Scouts. The boys were wide awake with nervous energy and did not want to go to sleep, but who would, when you had to curl up on the deck floor to get any sleep. After

several hours, however, eyelids were too heavy even to mind a wooden deck, and many were fast asleep.

IF one is not tired, and if the boards are hard, and if a few restless lads are climbing over you and kicking dirt into your face, and if the sea breeze is cool, well, you don't sleep much. Then after you do get to sleep, it seems only a few minutes before the sun is up and some playful boy has enticed the ship's cat to walk over you. The only thing to do in a case like that is to get up and see what the morning has in store.

The schedule says a little refreshments for the boys, and when Brother has prepared sandwiches and fruit he toots his whistle and Scouts come a-running.

Even though Coroza is only the short distance of ninety miles, it takes thirteen to fourteen hours by boat. That brought us to the harbor about twelve noon and everyone was eager to be ashore and sit down to a good meal. A couple of sandwiches do not last long with the sea breezes blowing.

As luck would have it, one of the Scouts dropped his hat in the water just as we were nearing the dock. The process of circling around delayed us a full fifteen minutes, but when ropes were finally tied to the piers an eager crowd of Coroza Scouts with Father Corey and curious onlookers greeted us.

THERE was not much delay in conversation, though, as the priests were eager to say their Mass. In short order the Scouts, in full uniform, were in attendance and immediately after, their appetites were



"The Scouts have landed" somewhere in British Honduras, under the command of Brother John M. Jacoby, S.J., (holding Troop's colors). Brother Jacoby teaches mathematics at St. John's College.

satisfied by the generosity of the parishioners.

The afternoon still remained and the boys spent it in touring the town, swimming, or playing soccer. And now it was time to take care of the duty which brought us to this beautiful town.

All the boys began hurrying about crying "Next!" for the make-up; asking if their costume looked all right, etc. They had plenty of time, however, because of the feats of Scout-craft: spinning a rope, fire by friction, and fire by flint and steel. This was entertaining to the large audience which had gathered.

AFTER the demonstration, Mr. Barrow, District Commissioner of the Northern District, spent a few minutes complimenting the Scouts and Brother Jacoby, their director; he also expressed the desire and hope that the movement would grow in Coroza. Brother Jacoby then explained, in a few words, the purpose and work of the Scouts, and thanked the people of Coroza for their kindness.

Next thing in order was the play and when that was finished, we hurriedly gathered up our remaining things and (Turn to page 195)



Sunday Mass at Durham, North Carolina. It's being said in a beauty parlor. "We feel we are in the catacombs," said the colored Catholics, who were very devout but very crowded. These people of Durham are excellent Catholics.

Catacomb in Carolina

Joseph T.
Durkin, S.J.

A BEAUTY parlor on weekdays; and, on Sunday mornings, for an hour, a catacomb! That is the chequered destiny of a room on Fayetteville Street, in the town of Durham, North Carolina. For it is in that room that the little colored congregation of Durham finds its only available site, at present, for Mass. Until a year ago they really had no opportunity to attend Mass; and they wanted the Mass so much that today, in their eyes, the room on Fayetteville Street is a cathedral. Or, as one of them said, with a shy pride: "We feel we're in the catacombs!"

Saying Mass for the colored Catholics of Durham is an impressive experience. (The author, a few weeks ago, had the privilege, while the regular pastor, Father John Risacher, S.J., was temporarily absent.)

The priest arrives at 8:30 a.m., to find an efficient young colored lady, in her neat Sunday clothes, sweeping the floor and arranging the chairs for what will be, in a half hour, a church.

THE first shock the priest receives is to learn that the room has been donated free of charge for Sunday mornings by the Baptist proprietress of the beauty parlor. His second surprise is when he meets his acolyte, John Henry, a colored boy of twelve years, who introduces himself with the words, "This, Fadder, is John Henry the altar boy." A crown prince, modestly announcing his rank to a stranger, would employ approximately the same tone. This John Henry, whose worldly attachments seem largely concentrated in a small green hat with a jaunty feather, knows all about setting

up the temporary altar; and he proceeds to the task with evident reverence. He explains confidentially that he cannot, as yet, say the responses at Mass, since he will not be baptized for a few weeks yet. But he assures the priest that he will do everything else in good form.

The priest vests. In a few moments the congregation begins to assemble. The priest who comes for the first time will be momentarily puzzled as he watches this congregation come in. The difficulty is due partly to the fact that they enter with the light from the doorway behind them, and, for a few moments, their faces cannot be clearly distinguished. You behold several young ladies and gentlemen, of obvious refinement, smartly dressed, and bearing themselves with the easy poise of the person of education.

SEVERAL of them are students at the North Carolina College for Negroes. One of them, older than the rest, is a medical doctor, with an office in Durham's downtown district. Another, a young lady, will soon have her Ph.D. in biology. Some of them are well on in years, and of humbler occupations; and there are two or three children, grasping firmly their *Sunday Visitors*.

A few wish to go to confession. A back room, with a few chairs and packing boxes, becomes for a few moments the awesome and consoling tribunal of God. They tell their sins like carefully instructed, intelligent children, who love our Lord very much.

The Mass begins. It is Palm Sunday. One of the young ladies reads in English, with excellent elocution,

the prayers of the Holy Sacrifice. The congregation follow in their missals, except the children who just kneel starry-eyed and watch the altar, with their hands clasped so that their knuckles show white. At the Gospel, the young lady reads the Passion, and the thought comes to the priest: "Who taught her to read so beautifully?" That is one of the not-fully-answered questions which you carry away from your first visit.

THE priest gives them a short sermon. He sees before him a small group of intelligent Catholics who are also very, very hungry to be taught more about the Faith. The look on the face of every one of them says, plainer than words, as the priest talks: "This is *our* church! We're hearing a sermon at Mass!"

The priest needs no loud-speaker to fill that room with its handful of people. But the thought strikes him that this is perhaps the most significant Mass being offered in the whole United States that morning; for it symbolizes, in a vivid way, that quality of the Church which we call *universality*—the quality which sends the priest of the Catholic Church one Sunday to the Cathedral in New York and puts him the next in this strange room with the twenty-two Negro Catholics of Durham.

The scene symbolizes, too, the *reason* for the Church's universality. These people, the priest realizes as he had never realized before, are *worth* teaching and worth serving. Their whole appearance and manner, the way John Henry serves Mass, the way Alice Thorn reads the prayers of Mass, the look on the faces of all of them when the priest talks to them—all prove emphatically and very beautifully what kind of Catholics colored people make.

And the priest thought of our Lord, on the first Palm Sunday, riding into Jerusalem on the beast of the poor and humble; and the priest felt that Christ, if it was Durham He had ridden into, would have gently turned the donkey's head down Fayetteville Street.

AFTER Mass the priest met the congregation individually. Of their own accord, quite unaffectedly, they introduced themselves. Some of them asked, with affectionate anxiety, if their regular pastor would be with them for Easter. They *depend* so much upon him! One of the children wanted to show everybody her new miraculous medal. The boy from the North Carolina College graduate school had brought two of his Protestant buddies. One of the latter slipped a dollar bill into the priest's hand! Mrs. X, not yet a Catholic, insisted on taking home the alb and surplice, to be washed and ironed for next Sunday. Then the pleasant young men and the charming and gracious ladies went home. And the priest, having shaken hands gravely with John Henry, retired to think.

There are great and beautiful possibilities here. There exists in Durham, by a special combination of circumstances, the somewhat rare phenomenon of an educated colored middle class. This is due chiefly to the large number of Negroes with substantial jobs in the tobacco

companies which make the town a headquarters. With good salaries come better lives, more opportunity for elementary schooling and the trend to college and, in some cases, to professional life.

The all-Negro Insurance Company, too, with its main offices in Durham, offers good-paying positions to the colored, with consequent elevation of standards of living. The result is the presence in the town of a small but growing group of educated Negroes whose cultural level is far above the average for the race. This class does not, of course, comprise the whole of the Catholic population, but it is its basis, and gives the tone to the colored community.

TO meet these people is to be convinced that they are material for excellent Catholics. They deserve, therefore, the opportunity to be made and to remain Catholics. Those who were already of the Fold fought for years against great opposition, for the privilege of having a priest to take care of them and a place where they could practice their religion. As one of the oldest



Some day Father Risacher will lead his people out of the beauty parlor into a chapel like this. He has the plans (shown above) and that's about all.

and bravest of them said, simply: "Father, it took guts, but we're winning!"

Catholicism of that kind deserves support. They have a priest now, but no church, no school. But, they will tell you with great earnestness, their Jesuit pastor will soon be able to give them a church and a school. In the short time he has been in Durham he has already done much, but it has been hard, ground-breaking pioneer work in a section which, as regards colored missionary activity, is still a frontier. He boards with a non-Catholic family in the town and plans and prays for the things which surely the Lord would love to see here. He has secured, to the admiring wonder of the business men in Durham, an ideal plot of ground adjoining the colored college. It is made to order for his church.

THIS, however, is only a beginning. He cannot go on to real achievement without aid from outside sources. And, if you go down and watch his congregation some Sunday, you will see that they deserve it.



The Doctor Says

"The trouble with you Jesuits is that you don't take care of yourselves. You come down here to the tropics and rush around just as if you were back home in a northern climate. Not only that, but you stay down here too long. After a maximum of two years in the tropics, a man's efficiency diminishes. His pep is gone. He should get a change to tone up his blood and restore his energy." The missionary smiled at his medical friend. "That's right, go ahead and laugh, but look at the English Army. They know how to take care of their men and there's no molly-coddling about it either. After two years in the tropics, the whole regiment packs up and sails to a cooler climate."

The Priest Knows

The doctor was right, of course, but the missionary couldn't take time out now. The Garden Party was coming soon and he needed a new roof on the school and those converts, he must keep after them. True, the tropics wear a man down; his blood thins out, his skin becomes pocked with prickly heat or parched to a leathery texture. Rough roads and hills do things to a missionary's heart; the sun is none too gentle on his head; frequent wettings in sudden downpours leave him chilled and shaking with malaria. Sometimes these priests break under the strain and come home old and grey before their time. Then it is that the Superior's heart is moved with compassion and he wishes that he had at his disposal the means to take better care of his men. But money still does not grow on bushes.

A Comparison

The army of the state is cared for because it has unlimited resources to call upon. These come from the compulsory and necessary taxation of the people for their maintenance. Nothing is too good for the army. The President allocates a few million for proper housing, food, clothing and recreational facilities. The people acquiesce without a murmur. Not so with the Army of Christ. They must rely upon the generosity of their friends. Their maintenance comes from free-will offerings and, strange to say, comes not from those who could give much, but rather from those who stint themselves of some well-earned pleasure to give to the missions. No wonder the Jesuit missionary smiled at the scolding of his medical friend. In the light of all this, the idea of moving back and forth for a change every two years, was out of the question. The missionaries, like their poor benefactors, take these hard-earned gifts and spend them not on themselves but for the good of the mission. They count the pennies.

Divine Prodigality

The missionaries are prodigal of their lives. Back in their early years they offered them as a holocaust, a pure oblation to God. They meant it sincerely and do not pause now at the half-way mark. For most of them it is a devotion to their mission till death. But there is always present to them and with them Him who emptied Himself and became like us in all things, sin alone excepted. They are doubling for Christ. They could do all things in Him Who strengthened them.

You Are the Wise One

If we hold with Christ that death is but the beginning of life, we know that they are the wise ones. A grandmother of seventy odd years who had measured this life, looked upon her grandson as he was sailing away to the mission fields. Her lips moved. She spoke slowly with the wisdom of the years. "You are the wise one, lad, you are the wise one." We must reecho her words. Run the gamut of life, if you will. Dance along its peaks. Before you are well beyond forty and the decline sets in, you must admit the missionaries are the wise ones. What matter if they wear out in a year, five, ten, fifteen. With death, their life begins.

Refutation

Right into our office here in New York came the refutation to the doctor's statement in the person of Father Leo Butler, S.J., of Jamaica. He is now the veteran of the Jamaican Mission. His boast is that for the last twenty-nine years, twenty-two of which he spent teaching in Jamaica, he has not missed one day of class. Blessed with an unusually fine constitution, the years in Jamaica rest lightly upon him. We thought, well, perhaps he is the exception, when in walked Father Jeremiah F. O'Keefe, S.J., also of Jamaica, looking better even than we knew him six years ago in Kingston. So where are we? Maybe, after the first decade or so you adjust yourself to the tropics; maybe it's the case of hard work never killing a man, maybe it's just the reckless faith of the Irish race which belittles a doctor's advice and somehow God takes care of them.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



The "Rock" in Jamaica

William H.
Feeney, S.J.

WAR usually depopulates a mission. But the present war has been an exception to this as far as Jamaica, B.W.I., is concerned. For it has given to the Jesuit missionaries laboring there the spiritual care of fifteen hundred additional Catholics from the Rock of Gibraltar. These "evacuees" as they are called, were taken to Jamaica by the British Government and placed in a newly constructed city outside of Kingston called Camp Gibraltar where they would be safe from German bombs.

Camp Gibraltar became overnight the second largest city in Jamaica and since it was the only Camp for evacuees in the western hemisphere, we thought that the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* would like to hear something about it.

THE receiving and settling down of evacuees generally connotes bustle and confusion and the receiving of the 1,500 evacuees at Camp Gibraltar was no exception to the general rule.

On October 25, an army transport, sailing from Gibraltar, steamed into Kingston Harbor and from 3 p.m., until 11 p.m., auto buses poured the first contingent of 1,104

evacuees into their new home.

As the evacuees descended from the bus they found themselves in a newly erected township called Camp Gibraltar. In Camp Number One, fifty-four long barrack-like buildings had been erected. They are 75 feet long and 25 feet wide with a seven-foot verandah running the entire length of north and south side. Each building has twenty-eight rooms and maximum accommodations are for sixty persons.

THEY also noticed three enormous kitchens with dining rooms attached. The latter have seating facilities for six hundred persons each.

The evacuees, upon alighting, found Priests and Sisters to welcome them. As practically all the evacuees are Catholics, His Excellency, Sir Arthur Richards, Governor of Jamaica, had asked the Roman Catholic authorities of the Island to assist him in caring for them. He had specifically requested that the Catholic authorities take care of the religious, educational, recreational side of the Camp and aid in, what we might call, domestic discipline.

His Lordship, Bishop Thomas A.

Emmet, S.J., D.D., offered his fullest cooperation. Reverend Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of the Mission, was made a member of the Camp Gibraltar Committee. The Mission, never sufficiently manned, was asked to supply religious personnel for the new Camp which has a capacity for 7,000 persons.

Each of the four Congregations of Sisters contributed two Nuns for the forming of the Camp Convent. Father William Feeney, S.J., was named Camp Chaplain and for the first few months, Father Edward Scollens, S.J., dedicated himself almost exclusively to the Camp. He then resumed his work at his own Mission and was succeeded in the Camp by Father Thomas J. Hennessey, S.J., recently arrived in Jamaica from the States.

So Sisters and Priests, aided by a host of Catholic lay folks from Kingston, allotted rooms to the evacuees. The sick were brought to the Camp hospital. The eating arrangements were explained and dining rooms were supervised by Sisters and Priests. With the coming of the first contingent the hastily erected housing, hospital, lighting,

**War has given the American
suits in Jamaica the spiritual
of fifteen hundred evacuees
from the Rock of Gibraltar**

(1) At the base of the mountains outside Kingston nestles Jamaica's newest city—Camp Gibraltar. The evacuees say the location reminds them of their native "Rock." (Below) Two Missionary Sisters and a group of evacuee girls wait to serve their fellow Gibraltarians. (Right) Camp Gibraltar's governing board. In the center is the Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of the Mission, and to his left is his brother, Father William H. Feeney, S.J., the Camp Chaplain.



bustle and confusion. The improvised baggage room was open practically day and night. Although the rooms had furnishings, those who had been able to carry furnishings with them wished to install them in their new dwellings. The earnest desire on the part of hundreds to send back word to Gibraltar that all was well, forced the immediate opening of a cable and post office.

There was an urgent problem of providing clothing for the destitute and providing the materials for those who could buy clothing and food. Another (and still existent) problem was the providing of remunerative work for the evacuees.

But the difficulties, which at first

cred Heart Church, was by this time finished. It was originally destined to be a Recreation Hall, but was turned over to us for church purposes. The building is long, wide, quite open and low. The stage was turned into a sanctuary.

AN altar railing was erected along the outer edge. A beautiful white altar was set upon a three-step platform. Some of the evacuees presented their rugs and linens to beautify the sanctuary. Mr. Bonnici presented a Sacred Heart statue, which he had carried from Gibraltar. Friends in America sent down a statue of the Blessed Virgin for the Epistle side of the sanctuary—and friends in America did more. They sent vestments for the church, convent and priests' house; medals, holy pictures, religious articles, always acceptable, arrived in goodly numbers.

Friends have been very generous to us and we are very grateful and our church is fairly devotional now, though we admit it is rustic in appearance. It is unpainted and roof girders and wall beams are visible. (But before passing on, let us say that the lack of a monstrance, cope, chasuble, etc., at the convent, has deprived our good Sisters of Benediction.)

At present, the church activities are those of a normal parish church. Sunday Masses at 7 a.m., at 8 a.m., and at 10 a.m., with sermon in Spanish at 7 a.m., and 10 a.m. Evening services on Sundays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Confessions are heard for the sick on Thursday and Father Hennessey distributes as (Turn to page 195)

cooking, washing and drainage systems were tried out. They were satisfactory.

AND at supper the first evening, it was announced that there would be a Mass of Thanksgiving the next morning in Dining Room C. The building which we hoped to use as a church had neither walls nor roof at that time. Dining Room C became our church for a few weeks.

The first few days were days of

seemed staggering were being overcome and the organization was running more smoothly when on the morning of November 16, appeared in the Harbor, 496 more evacuees. There was a rush to prepare another set of buildings which before midnight were occupied by the newly arrived evacuees. And when the second group was settled, then we could dedicate more time to the more important work, the spiritual welfare of the evacuees.

The church, which we called Sa-



After the trail is blazed . . . Peter J. Sontag, S.J.



After Peter J. Sontag, S.J., veteran of the first order in Patna, India, having penetrated among the Untouchables is patiently watching and caring for the sown seed.

THE first stages of frontier work, when every forward step is a risk and an adventure, and each month's diary shows a handsome record of new converts and Baptisms, easily supply news that will grip the imagination of the home missionaries. Blazing the trail is almost always colorful. But after you have penetrated into the wilderness and planted your log cabin, and there comes the drudgery of daily clearing out of underbrush, and the laborious conquest of the virgin soil and the watchful nurturing, with oh! what infinite patience! of the sown seed,—well, who is going to be interested, now that our work among India's Untouchables has reached that stage?

But perhaps I should not say that. For the wonderful devotedness of the home missionaries whose prayers undoubtedly sustain our zeal and whose generous alms make possible the human part of our work, are a constant and eloquent witness to their correct understanding of mission work both in its supernatural as well as in its mundanely practical aspects,—God's way of making us poor humans partners in His own divine work of soul-saving.

IWONDER, though, how many even of our more understanding home missionaries appreciate what toilsome, unwearying patience is required to weed out the multitudinous pagan superstitions and practices that had governed practically every phase of the earlier lives of our neophytes, and replace them by genuine Christian faith and practice. Fear is one of the most powerful and most tenacious of human emotions. And fear plays a stupendous part in paganism's grip on India. This is surprisingly true even of our educated pagans. What then, of illiterates?

Outstanding among our problems in the Depressed Class work, is the marriage question. Our conversion work in my sector began over three and a half years ago. Few indeed were the boys and girls who at that

time had attained to the ages of six or seven years and were not already married. But though both custom and the law regard these child marriages as binding (though now illicit under a law that is almost entirely ignored), cohabitation is not supposed to be permitted until a further ceremony, the formal "home-bringing" of the bride, shall have taken place. This is supposed to take place only when the young husband and wife have arrived at maturity, but is in fact often anticipated by years.

Consequently, each year as the marriage and home-bringing season returns, the poor missionary stays up nights "figuring things out." First, each case has its own variants and requires its own adjustments to meet the demands of Christian law in theory. Then, to find a practical way so to negotiate matters that the requirements of the Christian law may be satisfied in practice,—well, it's a great life . . . ! Do you wonder why the missionary so frequently concludes his letters with an urgent appeal for prayers?

But there are compensations, and many of them. Three and a half years are after all a very brief period for social reform. Yet during these years the changes that have been wrought are truly a consolation. We are still far from where we want to be, but we seem securely moving in the right direction and, as human progress goes, especially among illiterates, results are gratifying.

THE brightest spot are the children in our schools. Visitors to my own boarding school for boys from seven to seventeen are constantly commenting on the high promise for the future of our work they see in the beautiful character development of our boys under the influence of Christian instruction and the flourishing Catholic life of a boarding school. That is why we are so keen on extending this part of our work as far as possible, to bring as many of our children as possible under its christianizing influence. It is our surest hope of training our converts to truly Christian life. And where there is not even a nucleus of mature and established Christian customs (for there was not a single Christian, let alone Catholic, in this area three and a half years ago), the boarding school as a focus of Catholic faith and practice seems an all but indispensable means.

Since we are working among people so poor that they are able to contribute next to nothing towards the expenses of a boarding school, this might at first seem to be too expensive to be practicable. But it must be remembered that the whole standard of living,—food, clothing, shelter, school furniture, games, etc.—is far different from what you in the West visualize when you think of a boarding school. It is a bit less than one dollar per month, gross expenses.

The Mission Intentions for July and August

Conversion of Mohammedans

STANDING on the bastions the Crusaders cut and slashed at the brown horde swarming in on them. The Moslems fell back only to rush again with renewed fury. Like great waves crashing and breaking themselves against the rocks, these rugged sons of the desert came on, climbing over the dead bodies of their slain. Scimitars flashed in the sun. Wild eyes gleamed. From thousands of throats thundered that savage war cry: "Allah, Allah, Akbar." These soldiers were Mohammedans. They wanted to die. Death at the hands of the infidel entitled them to the Paradise Mohammed promised them.

Born about the year 570 A.D. at Mecca, Arabia, Mohammed, was a true son of the Orient, a mixture of the mystic and the gross sensualist. He had ready material to work upon in the warring tribes of Arabia. Drawing upon the Old and New Testament, he fused these nomadic tribes into one nation with one religion, one code and one sanctuary. Mecca is the Holy City. The Koran is the bible and his dogma is summed up in the one formula: "There is no God but the one true God and Mohammed is His Prophet." The life of Mohammed is lost in legend but the consensus of modern scholars and even of some of his devoted adherents brand him as a deceiver and a hypocrite who did not live up to the loose standards of morality he himself set up.

Mohammedanism is monotheistic and purely fatalistic. Since it has the strongest antipathy towards the Divine Sonship of Christ, it hates all Christians and in the old days put them to the sword if they would not be converted. The Mohammedans are the elect, the rest of the world is infidel and reprobate. Politically, Islamism is a system of despotism at home and aggression abroad. At one time it aspired to become a world power and a universal religion. It rode right up to the gates of Western Europe only to be hurled back by Divine intervention.

For thirteen centuries now the vast desert of Arabia has accepted Mohammed as "The praised One, the prophet of Islam." Even today he has about 250,000,000 followers. Although they have always been the sworn enemies of Christianity, all that must soon change. At least they have this in common with us, the acknowledgment of God the Creator and Ruler of the earth.

Today the time is ripe to bring the Mohammedan to a fuller knowledge of God. In the present social revolution and upheaval, Mohammedanism will not remain static. It must change politically and since its politics and religion are so closely bound up together it will change its religion. It will either fall into step with nations wholly materialistic in outlook or reach out the hand of friendship to Christian nations, and enjoy the fullness of Christian revelation. So you must pray that the charity of Christ in His missionaries may lift up the minds and hearts of these people to the spiritual heritage of Christians. May they put aside the star and the crescent not for the hammer and sickle nor for the swastika but to take up the true standard of the Cross.

For Agnostics and Atheists

A GOOD question for debate would be: which is harder to convert to God, a nation out and out pagan, which always sat in darkness and never knew the Light, or a nation now oversown with the cockle of error? Of course, neither is possible without the grace of God, but to the missionary each has its heartaches and its difficulties.

Today we know whole countries and whole societies within a country which declare war on the very idea of God. To them materialism, evolution or naturalism are the vogue. They claim that they are atheists. Then there are the humanitarians who conceal their game under loud protestations of respect for Christ and freedom for His Church. These hold their hands close and keep you guessing. If they were just quacks or queer, we could ignore them or commit them to some institution. Unfortunately, they are the professors of universities and leaders in our public life. They become the advocates of every new hair-brained doctrine down the river. They pass over the traditional with a sneer and indoctrinate themselves and their subjects with what they call the progressive or new philosophy. These are the leaders today that do untold harm to the Church both at home and in the mission fields.

In recent years the progress of science has brought the four corners of the world much closer together. Nations and cultures are no longer isolated. Much good has resulted from the conjunction of men and nations. On the other hand, no little evil has resulted from man's conquest of time and space. People who once lived wholesome lives have been seduced by outside influences. The nations of the West having turned their back on God and His Church and having blotted out the spiritual, come bearing gifts in the material order to the nations of the East. China, Japan, India, accept these gifts but do not pause to reflect, nor do their leaders, that these strangers who come to them are atheistic, that they represent a culture and a nation wholly without God. The eye becomes all too easily blinded by apparent good. They will give them great universities, a fine press, the latest and finest in arts and science. All these are fine in themselves but beneath the surface they will be all shot through with "new thought." Summed up, it spells Atheism. This philosophy adapts itself handily. It tosses names and definitions and much more around loosely. We see the many names and shades of color it takes here in our own country. Radically, it is all atheistic and anti-Christian.

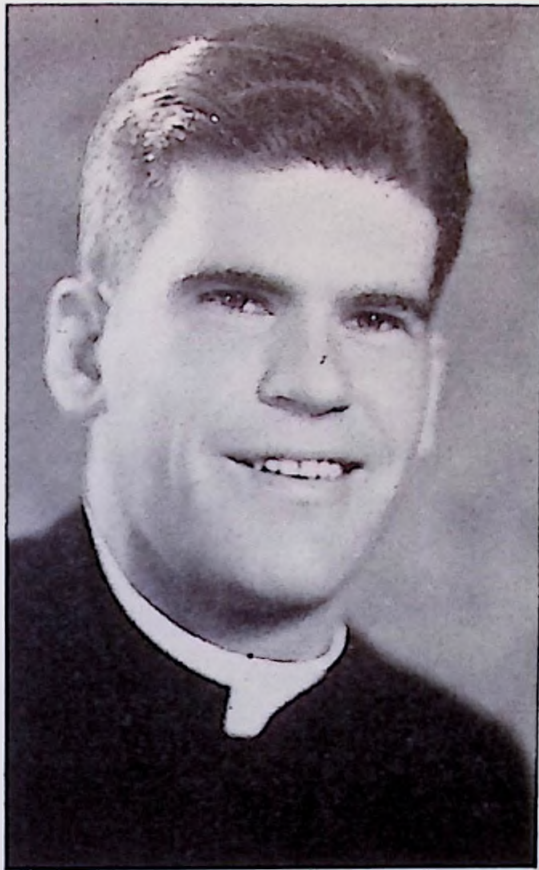
In the Mission Intention for August we are urged to pray for lay leaders that they may not be ensnared by every wind of doctrine, nor strike a compromise with the powers of evil, that they may not go farther down the road of atheism but come back to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Failing this, at least that those who are subject to them will not accept complacently those ideas which will poison the heart of a people and lead it to its own destruction, but will stand firm and cling tenaciously to the One True Faith.

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

137 years, and whose accumulated years of service in the Society add up to 208 years. Fathers John P. Coony, S.J., Louis Newell, S.J., Joseph Kammerer, S.J., and William Bennett, S.J., make up the quartette. Each has spent well over 30 years in the Mission and today we can present them as a pretty good argument that missionary life, lack of comforts and physical hardships do not shorten a man's life, but seem rather to prolong it! Father Coony is the Nestor of the group with 77 years to his credit, and Father Kammerer is the Benjamin, with only 67 years. Of course, we might make this figure much more impressive were we to add in the 27 years of mission service and the 49 years of religious life of good Brother Joe. And we haven't mentioned the 31 years in the Mission of Father Daniel Coady, S.J., nor the 27 years of Father Allan Stevenson, S.J., the 25 years of Father Anthony Corey, S.J.—we started wondering just how many Masses all these years represented, how many Baptisms administered, how many Holy Communions distributed, confessions heard, wandering souls reclaimed and brought to the feet of the Divine Master. But we gave up. Our weakness for statistics deserted us there, so we leave it to you to do the calculation if you have the heart for it. Our two years don't look so important any more in the presence of these splendid warriors."

"Lady Warrior"

"And speaking of warriors reminds me of a lady I had the good fortune to visit the other day. She is only 85 and has just retired from active service. Only a year ago she 'graduated' her last charge and thought it was about time to give up. When she was ten years old she took a fancy to an abandoned waif, and with the consent of her mother took him in—he was only a year and a half old. She brought him up, and did such a good job of it that she felt that this was her vocation in life. And from that time she has been bringing up other people's children. Her records



John J. Brennan, S.J., of the California Province, who will sail during August for missionary work in China.



Also sailing in August for missionary work in China is Eugene E. Fahy, S.J., of the California Province.

now stand at 35 orphans taken in educated and placed in some career. No she didn't run an asylum; she thinks God chose her to do some good in this world and that this was the way He wanted it done. She doesn't think she has done anything remarkable either. Anybody could have done it, she says. I wonder is this Catholic Action or isn't it? If so, she began a mighty long while ago to do her share of it."

JAMAICA, B W. I.

Good Example

Father Jeremiah F. O'Keefe, S.J., penned these lines from St. James Rectory, Montego Bay, Jamaica, just before he sailed for a well-earned vacation in the States:

"When I was at St. Anne's Church in Kingston we were having the Forty Hours; at the same time a British man-of-war was in port and quite a number of the men from it came up to Mass that morning. Of their own accord they took part in the Forty Hours Procession that day and it was a beautiful sight to see them. It impressed even the non-Catholics who were around the church; up

to that time they probably thought that the only ones who were Catholics were a few of their neighbors. The sight of those uniformed men from the ship made a great impression upon them."

She Missed Mass

In lieu of a story Father Richard A. Drea, S.J., sends us pen pictures of two of his parishioners at St. Joseph's Church, Spanish Town, Jamaica:

"Mrs. Irons has been in Spanish Town for forty years, working in some capacity, housemaid, cook or sextoness (her present position) for the Fathers since 1913. Recently she had a cold and I noted that she missed Mass and on being asked how she was, replied with regret: 'I'll be out to Mass tomorrow . . . it is the first time in twenty-two years that I have missed daily Mass.' She enjoys going back over the years and talking about the Fathers . . . her favorite seems to have been Father Wennerberg with Father Arnold a close second. Or old Samuel Jobson, poor as poor, living in a hut not as large as a double bed, almost delirious with fever, but able to put heart-rending feeling into his note of recog-

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

nition: 'Father, Father . . . the Sacrament?'"

ALASKA

Eskimo Theologians

How a Protestant Mission is stimulating theological controversy even among little Eskimo girls is told by Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay:

"Nunivak is a little down the coast here as you know. And it has for a long time been quite a thorn in my side. But I can do nothing about it. A Lutheran Mission was started there a few years ago. Through an unfortunate change of my plans made by one whom I had instructed to go and start a mission there, the Protestants beat us to the field and now have things all their own way there. And I guess they will have it so for a long time to come. For both the preacher stationed there as well as the local trader carry on the work of spreading the cockle. There are about one hundred and fifty people on the island, and the Government just built a new school there this past year.

Protesting Spirit

"The spirit of protesting is getting even into our very small children. A few days ago the following incident happened that is indicative of what is going on among our elders on a larger scale. It is the first time that I heard a youthful pair hardly out of their diapers having it out on a point of theology. The two little girls came in for a visit to the convent. They had little to say but sat there and looked around at the walls. It was not long when the little Catholic girl spotted a picture of the Immaculate Conception on the wall, and began telling her Protestant cousin, both about six years old, just what that picture meant. '*Picheunretok*' ('That's not true') objected Magdalene Chulurpak. '*Ilumun, picheuok*.' ('Really, it is true') rejoined Rosalia Percheralrea. And so they argued for some time, firing back at each other their '*Picheuok*.' and '*Picheunretok*' along with other appropriate argu-

ments we didn't catch. Too deep I guess. And as all or most such arguments, so this one, too, ended by each being firmly convinced of the righteousness of her cause and the correctness of her view. I heard an argument by two little six year old boys a few years ago. Would love to reproduce it here except for the vulgar *argumentum ad hominem* with which the little Protestant ended the debate."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Putting Salay on the Map

"Salay is now on the map of our mission stations," writes Father Edward F. O'Byrne, S.J., from

Fast Catholic Action

The headaches of Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., pastor of Kinoguitan, Misamis Oriental, P. I., might well be due to the price of building materials rather than one of the sun. He writes:

"Am I grateful for that twenty-five dollars! Yes sir, and here is the reason. I just returned from watching the carpenters at work on that new Chapel of SS. Peter and Paul. And did I have a headache from standing in the sun, despite my thirteen year old sun helmet! I was a bit depressed, also, seeing as how the prices of building materials have jumped.



Well known to readers of JESUIT MISSIONS is Father Albert R. O'Hara, S.J., who is returning to the United States from China for graduate work in sociology. Father O'Hara is shown here with two Chinese soldiers whom he converted.

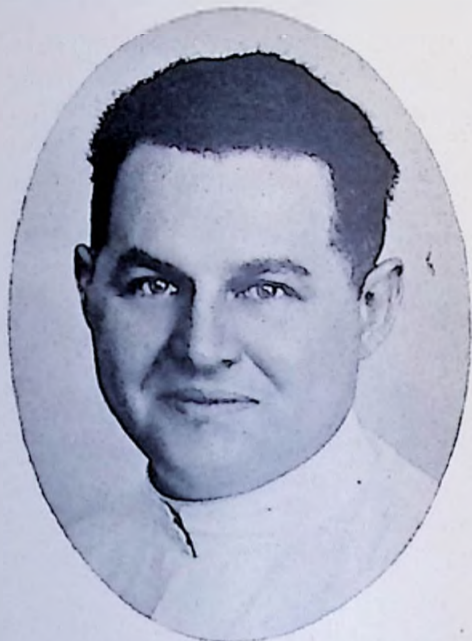
Balingasag, Eastern Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. "About a month ago I moved into the *convento* here at Salay, although it is far from finished as yet. Since then we had our fiesta in Salay on St. Joseph's Day. We had the first Solemn High Mass here in years. Father Alfred Kienle, S.J., preached a very effective sermon in the language all understood, their mother tongue, Visayan. Father Matthew Reilly, S.J., made a big sacrifice coming from Talisayan to be subdeacon."

O woe is me! But we are going to finish that chapel, and finish it in a hurry. The glory of God, the salvation of the hundreds of villagers who have been tricked by that Aglipayan priest who has been living there for years, demand it. The time for action, fast Catholic Action, has arrived, and we have to go ahead full speed.

"I am now crashing, with God's grace, the very center of the Aglipayan stronghold in this new parish. What a victory for Christ, the King! Pray for me. . . ."

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

More Philippine Departures



Five more priests of the Maryland-New York Province who are scheduled to leave for the Philippines sometime in August. They are (top, left to right), Father Joseph J. Parrell, S.J., and Father John J. McKeaney, S.J.; (center), Father Joseph H. Bittner, S.J.; (bottom), Father Thomas P. Tuite, S.J., Father Thomas J. Rocks, S.J. One other priest and six Scholastics were scheduled to leave June 15th but the boat on which they were to sail was commandeered by the War Department and they are at present waiting for passage on another boat.

EDITOR'S NOTE—As we go to press word has been received that Father Parrell has been assigned to the Jesuit Philippine Bureau in New York.

Starting from Scratch

"I received my appointment," writes Father Edward Wasil, S.J., from St. Joseph's Mission, Talakag, Mindinao, P. I., "as administrator of the mountain parish of Talakag. That means that I have two widely separated towns and more villages to serve than I now can name. The rough beauty of the country is really enchanting for one on a sightseeing tour. But a distant sick call on a stormy night is a thrill with which anyone would be satisfied once in a lifetime. The town of Talakag has at best had a priest once a month in the past and the more fortunate of the other places in the parish could never be visited more than two or three times a year. Ninety-nine per cent of the roads are narrow, steep, mountain trails and the canyons are wide and all having a high coefficient of ditch. My nine year old Ford and those

roads ought to make me quite an authority on bounce and mud before the end of the coming rainy season. This morning I was informed that the water around the church and house will be about three feet deep during that time.

"I am really very happy and enjoy this pioneering work more than I can say. The old timers claim that I am indeed starting from scratch and they envy me."

CHINA

Trust in "Sancte"

"The active apostolate" writes Father Mark Falvey, S.J., of Catholic Mission, Chutun, Ku, "is still moving along here, but not so happily as during the period before Christmas. My grain ran out at that time and funds to provide more are lacking so we go along on low steam. About thirty men and women catechumens for a month and the same number of

school children for two months was all that my supplies could provide for. These were all people in destitute circumstances, so could not supply for themselves. Many of them were from parts out of my district who had come to this area to beg. My understanding with them was that I would help them as long as I could, and then leave them to help themselves. To you the numbers may seem pitifully small. The record of Baptisms and First Communions was smaller still, but the books can't show the growth in knowledge and grace of God that accompany these busy seasons of 'planting and watering' and supply consolations to carry one through the duller seasons. A small school of day pupils is in session, and I may manage a few days' spread to provide Confirmation preparation for Christians from the outside towns when the Bishop makes his prom-

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS



Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., has just been appointed Superior at Talisayan, Father O'Connell had been stationed at the Ateneo de Manila.

ised visit after Easter. This will cap the 'scholastic year'—we call it 'Apostolic Year' here.

"We trust to our departed companion (Father Simons) to see us through the days ahead of us."

AMERICAN INDIANS

A Busy Morning

Some idea of what the life of a Brother porter is at Holy Rosary Mission, is told by Brother William Siehr, S.J.:

"During the whole time I have been here I have only seen a railroad train about four or five times. It is so seldom I get to Rushville or to any of the other towns near here that I can count the visits on my fingers. But I have not given it a thought until just now. I am glad to be away from it and 'to be a sort of hermit,' as Father Wels would say. We are too busy here even to think about some of these other places. Why, the old door bell is ringing oftener here than it ever did for St. Alphonsus when he was porter and there are more and varied requests coming in every day, from some poor old Indian like Eagle Elk coming and asking for *Awahnichi chamupa*, meaning some smoking tobacco (I give him a sack of Bull Durham) to the latest request from the Government about the easement on the property on Section 27, Township 36, Range 42 West, etc. Then along comes Charley Running Hawk asking for a priest to call and give Holy Communion

to William Red Hair. Next there are a couple of girls from 9th grade who want to see Father George Stroh, S.J. Father Thomas J. Martin, S.J., rushes in looking for a lost cause, rushes to the telephone. Buzz-z! Now what? Father Martin Schiltz, S.J., wants someone to get someone to take a girl down to the hospital for some examination or treatment. I get Father Francis Coffey, S.J., to go, but he tells me to ring Brother Edward Gilbertz, S.J., and find out if his car is ready. The car is ready. Away they go about ten minutes later. Just as I am getting ready to do a little book work



making entries from the Journal to the Ledger. Ding, Ding, Ding, there goes the door bell again."

The Fuller Brush Man

"I am a representative of the Fuller Brush Company, whom do I have to see about the buying of cleaning articles?" He shows me his line, just from the catalogue. Yes, we do need brooms and the like. You ought to see how the boys use them at times. A lad sits on the back of the broom and has a couple of the others pull him around over the playroom floor just for the fun of it. Or they use them for sword fights and break the handles doing so. I know how we need brooms, when the mud is so thick and the puddles of water standing about invite every lad to run through and try how leak-proof his boots and shoes might be. I know we need brooms. Only a dozen at a time, and it seems like only two weeks ago they got a fresh supply.

"Now Mr. Holzheiser, a Government school inspector, happens along. He is making the rounds of the schools of the Indians throughout the country and is a familiar figure around here each year. I had to show him over the whole school. So you see ours is a little world in itself and we are kept very busy."



Father Daniel P. Clifford, S.J., and Father Richard B. Meagher, S.J., both of the California Province, who were ordained at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China, last month.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

It's Not a "Kid Glove Mission"

To the Editor:

I want to congratulate whoever is responsible for that piece of smart advertising in your May issue, on Jamaica the "Kid Glove Mission" . . . the kid glove hides the leprous hand: perhaps the S.J.'s down here don't like the advertising of the work they do. They have a job to do and they are doing it: and it is sufficient that God keeps the score and not what others think of the smoothness of our exterior, politic cover. The kid glove packs a punch (to a visitor we would smilingly say "a Planter's Punch"), but we really mean a knockout punch to our own vanity or somepin, so that we do a better job A. M. D. G.

(Rev.) Frederick J. Donovan, S.J.
Jamaica, B. W. I.

To the Editor:

Your advertisement in JESUIT MISSIONS for May is pretty true. "Kid Glove Mission"! True it is that we are rather near the home base—a few days by boat and fewer hours by plane than it takes me to handle a call in the mountains. Just look up some of the incidents I have described in the mimeographed letters that have been sent to you and you will see that an all-day call—twice as long as it would take me to go from Kingston to Miami by plane—is no kid glove affair. And when one runs into yaws and the like, a pair of kid gloves would not be such a bad idea. We had a Secular priest staying with us on his vacation and one night while chatting he got off this remark after I had told him of the three months in five years vacation for us down here: "Five hours to come down and five years to get back." I took him on one of the calls—a close one and he got a taste of the trails once we left the main and parochial roads. I had lent him a pair of shoes to replace his own, much against his will. Also a pair of trousers. He was great company going up to the dying man. But coming back one would think we were a couple of one month novices making meditation on the road. He finally burst out with this: "Ye gods, man, you need three pairs of

legs, two pairs of tires, and all the clothes you have in stock for this mission."

(Rev.) Harold J. Sullivan, S.J.
Jamaica, B. W. I.

To the Editor:

When I picked up the May issue of JESUIT MISSIONS and turned the cover page I saw with vivid memories the picture of my first Somerton chapel with the rickety table on which I spread my Mass kit altar for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass once a month in that part of St. Ann.

About the same time my eye caught the caption: KID GLOVE MISSION and I nearly dropped the magazine. With an effort I recovered my grip on the issue and myself and started to read. Not a chance, I murmured, as I read: "A touch and go visitor to Jamaica would remark—'It's a kid glove mission.'" While building in Kingston, in Montego Bay and elsewhere in the Island I have discussed the life of a missionary here in Jamaica and none of them, priest or layman, ever entertained any such idea.

Even the visitor of a day could not see Kingston without gazing in dismay at the sights of poverty and destitution that greet his eyes around the wharves, in the slum area of Smith Village, as he tours to Spanish Town and up into the hills on the return trip to his ship. The beauty of the mountains also would speak of the physical hardship entailed climbing those mountains and descending into the gorge-like valleys to reach the souls who are sitting or lying in darkness and in the shadow of death. Visitors have held their breath as they drove slowly around hair pin curves of mountain roads that the missionary travels every day as routine business and thought not so much of the beauty as the danger of those mountains and sheer drops that lay just over the edge of the road.

Missionaries in Jamaica don't reflect, as touch and go visitors might, that the Island is a few hours by plane or a few days by boat. Why waste time when the missionary knows that he will get a furlough every five years, that it isn't a question of time and distance that creates the natural difficulty and what hardship there is but the permission to take advantage of the relatively short 1,500 miles between Kingston and New York. Most visitors I met expressed their opinions about loneliness and seemed to think it much worse than it really is. If you are busy on sickcalls and the thousand and one jobs that a missionary who is everything to his flock of desperately poor people he won't be too lonely for the simple reason that he won't have the time to

GEORGE WASHINGTON HOTEL

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 23rd ST.

Enjoy the Comfort of This
Friendly Hotel Located
in Smart Gramercy

FINE LIVING AT LOW COST

530 ROOMS All with Bath

WEEKLY RATES

Single from \$10—Double from \$16

(Based on 2 Weeks Occupancy)

TRANSIENT RATES

from \$2.50 Single—\$3.50 Double

Inspection Invited — GRamercy 5-1920

Write for booklet J.M. and Supervue Map

WILLIAM FROUDE
Managing Director

Elliott ADDRESSERETTE

A small addressing machine for Clubs, Lodges, Associations, Churches, Small Stores and Offices—anyone who wants to save time and labor and the bother of hand or typewriter addressing.



Write for illustrated folder.

THE ELLIOTT CO.
143 Albany St.
Cambridge, Mass.

The Lowest-Priced Addressing Machine Ever Offered
\$17.50
Prices—Denver West Slightly Higher

feel that way. He's busy all day in the bush and he attempts a deal of writing well into the night in order to interest friends of Christ in his particular place in the vineyard which cannot begin to support him or enable him to continue to work for them during the day.

Well, I thought you might like to have the impression of a chap who has spent a few years in Jamaica and who likes it well enough to want the work of the men down here rated for what it is.

I personally owe so much to JESUIT MISSIONS that I can never repay all that its Editors have done to put our work before our Catholic people. Do keep that work and ourselves in your prayers and good deeds.

(Rev.) Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J.
Jamaica, B. W. I.

**Mission
Garden
Tea**

FOR SALE AT ALL FOOD STORES



Mr. James B. Reuter, S.J., has the air of a field general planning his next move.

No Fifth Column in Baguio

Gerald W. Healy, S.J.

AS an ocean liner was pulling into the harbor at Yokohama, a small harbor launch drew alongside to deposit a few bags of American mail for the passengers of the big liner and to receive a few in return which it rushed over to the majestic, cream-white *Empress of Russia*, slowly steaming out of the harbor on the long, salty trail back to Canada. The incident is a commonplace one in the harbor life of any great port of call, but for five young American Jesuits stopping off at Japan on their way to the Philippines, the little incident assumed great proportions. In that load of mail we received word of a change in destination; we were not to go to our House of Studies at Novaliches, but were to spend our next three years of study at Baguio. And thereby hangs a tale.

NOW how could there be much difference between going to Baguio and going to Novaliches? They both sound equally distant and foreign and they are both on the same island, so there should not be much difference. Perhaps it will clear things up if we were to tell you that Novaliches is in the lowlands, but a few miles from Manila, while Baguio nestles in a little valley in the mountains, at an elevation of some five thousand feet; that

Novaliches bears the full burden of the tropical day while Baguio is cooled by the breezes that would be a credit to any temperate zone.

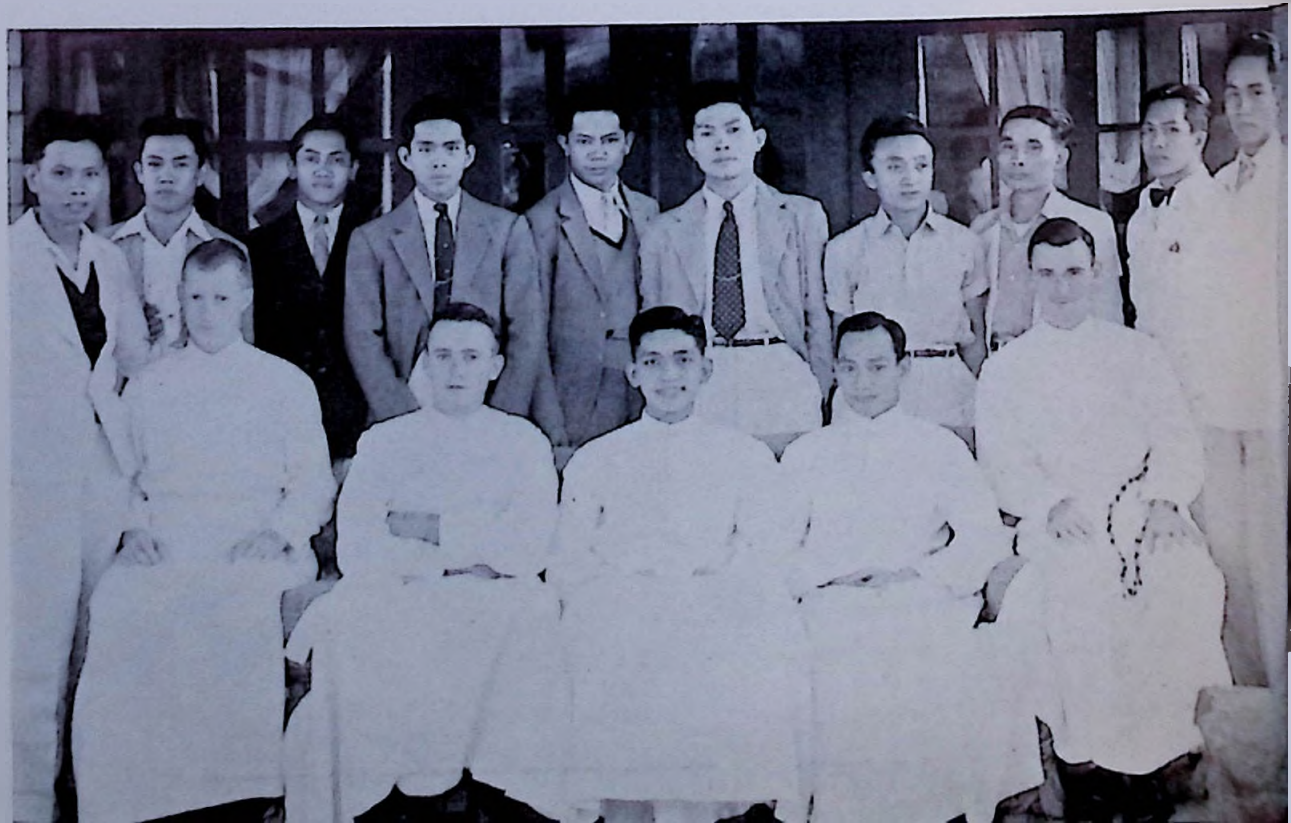
BESIDES all this, however, Baguio meant something far more for these newly arrived missionaries. It isn't every day that a seminary is moved bag and baggage from a secluded little country site to the very edge of a city, even though that be a small quiet little city such as Baguio is. Settling in a new place would be pioneer work and it would mean new outlets for zeal, a blessing for any missionary, even those who are just trying to win their spurs, and are still in the embryo stage.

Hardly had we settled when calls came in for our priests to say Mass at the various camps on Sundays and holidays. Baguio boasts three military posts, one the West Point of the Islands, one the largest

American camp site in the Islands, and the third, a citizens training camp. Weekly catechism for the trainees was an opportunity for the Scholastics and they leaped at the chance. The Boy Scouts asked for an organ player for their Sunday Mass at the Cathedral and one of the Filipino Scholastics was selected. Still, some of the Scholastics were not as yet working in the vineyard, and mournfully they looked at the large public school across the street and wondered if we could ever get permission to teach all those children. But that was slow work, for it meant dealing with the Government officials and red-tape. But meantime, we suddenly became aware that we were missing an opportunity under our very eyes.

WE were living in the Orient which was alive with rumors of wars and invasions. On the way out we had edged our way through

Jesuit philosophers of Baguio (left to right) James B. Reuter, S.J., Gerald W. Healy, S.J., Cicero B. Cebrero, S.J., Benjamin P. Javier, S.J., Samuel R. Wiley, S.J. Behind them stands the "home force" of Baguio Hotel.



destroyers of many nations riding at anchor in the harbor of Hong-kong. Our train ride across Japan had been on trains loaded with Japanese soldiers, uniformed youths and mere boys riding off to the front in China. War, war, war and here we had forgotten the great lesson of the modern war, namely, to make sure there are no fifth columnists in the neighborhood. As soon as we realized the situation, one of the Filipino Scholastics set to work to consolidate and check up on the home forces, for we were living in temporary quarters and not in one of our own religious houses. These temporary quarters were to provide us with the most likely material for a good catechism class. But we must first consider the whole situation.

OUR present home is a hotel that has been made to serve as a temporary seminary by dint of a few partitions put up and a few walls knocked down. The only thing pretentious about it is that name "hotel." In good old American parlance you would call it a low, rambling two-story boarding house, but respectable, modest and attractive for all that. It has plenty of rooms with three cottages separate from the main building proper, providing six more rooms and a make-shift chapel.

The proprietress, an elderly American school teacher, insists that our living there as seminarians must not change the essence of the place. The regular crew of hotel boys and manager have been kept on so that when we move out they may advertise the "Baguio Hotel" as open for business as usual. And behold in the crew of boys and the manager, a possible fifth column or the makings of a fine catechism class. We chose the latter. The war lesson had finally struck home.

WE felt strange at first having them around, but imagine how they felt finding themselves suddenly become part and parcel of a seminary! Five Masses were being said here each morning; the Blessed Sacrament was ever present in our little chapel; hushed tones and even silence was being imposed upon the boys "because Mass is be-

ing said" or "the Fathers are studying" or "at their morning prayers." And again, "shhh! that is the Angelus ringing" or "since we are having reading at table, try not to make any noise." Well, clearly, the best way to win their cooperation was to give them an appreciation of all these things that the Fathers held so dear.

CATHOLIC tradition is never far removed from a Filipino's life though it is in danger of being obscured by lack of instruction. So, with our boys. Instruction and advice were all that were needed and some hardly needed that, so faithful had they been in their religious duties.

Soon they had settled down into the routine of seminary life with good grace. In the evening we were beginning to find them in chapel when the day's work was done, often with rosaries in their fingers. Attendance at Mass was usually perfect and Communion was more and more numerous. When sorrow came into the life of one of them, one of the oldest and most likeable, every one noticed that it was the supernatural thought of his little daughter now being in Heaven and the assurances of the prayers of the Fathers that carried him over the crisis. Then, as if all this was not enough, there came a still greater change.

NO one had ever dreamt that it could happen but there was the evidence. You could both see it and hear it. Let us take Teodorico as an example. A cheerful smile and a broom were all that Teodorico used to carry, as he started off on his daily round of sweeping and dusting, and his whistling was only interrupted to get in his usual daily quota of "Good morning, Father," as he passed Scholastics and priests, hurrying past him to class or to the library or to study or to chapel. But now, the whistling has stopped and

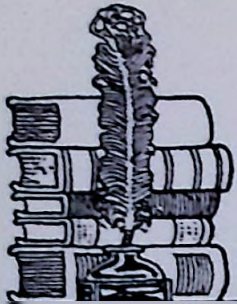


"Come to Me all you that labor and are heavily burdened . . ."

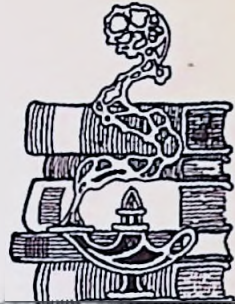
Teodorico has dispensed with the greeting, for the most part, for he has more important matters in hand. "In hand" is an apt phrase, for Teodorico starts to work each day now with a Baltimore No. 2 Catechism clutched between his fingers. As you draw near him you can hear a steady flow of phrases as he repeats and memorizes from morning to night, ". . . harbor the harborless, visit the sick and bury the dead. . . Harbor the harborless, visit the sick and bury the dead."

ENGLISH was, of course, an obstacle, for Teodorico. But he didn't mind that. A contest was on and he was determined to win it.

But what was this contest that had made the kitchen crew's conversation take on a theological trend? It was due in good part to the proprietress who realized the advantages of religious instruction for the help, even though she was a non-Catholic herself. The repetitions in the catechism took on a new interest when she donated a prize of one *peso* for the best in the class each week. (Turn to page 195)



NEW BOOKS



Scholasticism and Politics

Jacques Maritain. Translated and edited by Mortimer J. Adler

Scholasticism is the name of a philosophy. So is *Communism* and so, too, in a way, is *Fascism*. Scholasticism is pro-Catholic; Communism and Fascism are anti-Catholic. Obviously there is conflict between them on many fields. One of the fields of conflict is that of politics.

Politics is the science of government. It has to adapt itself to the changing situations of every generation. A philosophy, on the other hand, is a theory of life. A true philosophy is eternal; as unchanging as human nature itself.

Changing politics should be based on changeless philosophy. Every politic is based on some philosophy. It may come right out and say so; Bolshevism does when it admits it is based on atheistic Communism. Or it may try to conceal its basic philosophy, as Fascism does. But in every case, philosophy is the foundation, politics the superstructure.

The politics of the founders of our country was based on a philosophical foundation derived from Scholasticism. We are fortunate. For it is due to this philosophy that we have in our Constitution the right ideas about the freedom and equality of human beings. But the people of a lot of other countries are not so fortunate. Other philosophical theories underlie the politics of Bolshevism and Fascism and Nazism. To get for ourselves a clear idea of just what is wrong with them, besides the men who direct them, we have to measure them against the yardstick of sound philosophy.

This is what "Scholasticism and Politics" does. M. Maritain does a good job of it. If you have had a taste of scholastic philosophy in a Catholic college, you will recognize text-book definitions and theses in a new setting. The old ideas will come to life and take on new meaning for you. Democracy and authority; the individual and society; Catholic Action and political action; these are sectors on the front of political thought. The man who thinks and talks politics will learn a lot about them from this book.

He will conclude that it will be a bad day for us when we drop the ideas of our forefathers on human nature and freedom and the right to seek eternal happiness. These ideas are basic in the setup of any state. They do not change. To obscure or overlook them is very shortsighted and rank folly in the end. There's a lot of sense in this book.

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

Life and Work of Prince

Demetrius Augustine Gallitzen

Peter H. Lemcke, O.S.B. Translated by J. C. Plumpe

Father Plumpe has given us a literal translation of this reverent biography of one of the pioneer missionaries of our own country. The original German work was written nearly a century ago by the Benedictine priest who succeeded Father Gallitzin in Pennsylvania. While the style of the book is tedious and often hard to understand in its English garb, the author's devotion to his princely predecessor communicates itself to the reader. As he did, we can almost watch the obscure old saint growing up, coming to America and laboring for years amid suffering and hardship to bring Christ to His people in the New World.

Demetrius Gallitzin sacrificed honor and prosperity to labor among Dutch and German farmers of southern Pennsylvania. He never was able to see widespread results of his forty years there, but the faith of that section is in a large part due to the seeds he planted. He worked until his death there in obscurity and died there in the midst of his flock on May 6, 1840, just a little over a hundred years ago.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

The Spark in the Reeds

S. M. C.

Hirst Bocking, the hero of the book, was a spiritual rolling stone. He was an idealist, pursuing the Grail in an England which had thrown it away. His whole life is a series of reverses. He lost his father when but a boy. Then he was reared by a gentle mother and tutored by an exiled Breton Abbé. God called him and while he was studying for the priesthood, his mother and sister died in a smallpox epidemic. Ordained, Hirst faced a hard, ignorant and indifferent people. He conceived the idea of bringing French Trappists to live in his ancestral home and to pray for England. The hatred and superstition of the people drove them out. Hirst himself then went to France to become a Trappist. He grew restless there and came back to England to take up mission work among a people whose spirituality was stunted and choked by the harsh treatment of factory owners.

Whipped out of the village, he started back to his ancestral home. Hirst reached the gatehouse of his old home in a dying state, with nothing to show for his

efforts but a little child, whom a mother wishing to rid herself of, thrust into his arms. Even his own people did not recognize this scarecrow as their master. Thinking he was a tramp, his old caretaker sent him away. Hirst with the feverish bundle in his arms dragged himself up to his ancestral halls and there in the stillness of the empty monastery he died. The author has a thesis to prove, namely, "that in life achievement counts for little and prayer and suffering for everything. Nothing is ever lost. This time is not God's time, that is all and we must submit lovingly to His Holy Will. He only asks that we pray and be ready either to take up or lay down just as His Majesty wills. We must wait on God and if we wait in patience, either here or hereafter, we shall see fruition."

There is rare spirituality here. Since it is the story of an apparent failure, we all should read it. Those who kick against the goad and find the moulding of the Divine Potter unpleasant, should of all people read this book.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$2.00.



TWO BOOKS OF ABIDING WORTH

BY

KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.F.M.Cap.

Christ: Victim and Victor

Outlines the place of Christ the Redeemer in our lives. "... *Invaluable . . . to mental prayer.*"—The Sign. 222 pages.

Christ: Teacher and Healer

Considers our Blessed Saviour as the Mouthpiece of Divine Revelation and the Instructor of our souls. This volume is particularly practical, and is notably characterized by an understanding of the problems of the average soul. 244 pages.

EACH VOLUME IS \$1.00

Kindly address orders to Dept. 4-338. Postage is extra.

Saint Anthony's Guild

Franciscan Monastery, Paterson, N. J.



Mother Seton's Favorite Devotions

A Sister of Charity, Mt. St. Vincent-on-Hudson, New York City

This is a small book of only forty-eight pages. Elizabeth Bayley Seton was a convert to the faith. For that reason her devotions are interesting and give a fresh view of old truths. They were those all Catholics possess, for instance, a vivid realization and appreciation of Jesus, present in the Tabernacle, then devotion to Our Lady and her Magnificat, finally, her devotions to the Angels and Saints. These were all new to her and finding them out for herself she walked in an entirely new world. We take them too much for granted. Her prayers and ejaculations meant so much to her. Ours, though the very same, are merely on the lips. Why? Maybe the answer is in this little book.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y.

Christ, Teacher and Healer Kilian J. Hennrich, O.F.M.Cap.

This is a companion volume to "Christ: Victim and Victor." As may be gathered from the title, it is didactic and exegetical in form. The style is simple. The matter takes in the Sunday Gospels as found in the Missal. Besides the Gospel under consideration, there is frequent and apt quotation from other parts of Holy Scripture especially from the Old Testament. It takes the words of the Divine Teacher and elaborates upon them. The person who puts these lessons into his or her plan of life would be healed of many things.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$1.00.

The Philosophy of Silence Alice Borchard Greene

One would never believe that so much could be written on the notion of Silence. The subject is very worthy of discussion and much needed in the noisy world of today. The author shows that silence is a very positive subject. Culling her matter by broad research in the East and the West, from religious and secular sources, she brings out the value of silence. Only a few main roads are mapped out in a vast area to be explored.

The author offers a good argument for silence and its place in the scheme of things from a practical point of view as well as from the philosophical.

Richard R. Smith, 120 East 39th St., New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

REVIVAL IN BIG HORN

(Continued from page 173)

teams, camp against camp, village against village, even have regular tournaments of the sport which sometimes last all day or for several days. I asked Mr. Crooked Arm what it was called. "Arrows!" he said, surprised at my ignorance.

The arrows were about a yard long,

with metal points often made of nails pounded to a fine end and bound with leather thongs to the shaft of the arrow. Feathers tip the other end. They're quite heavy and if anyone should be careless enough to step in front of them . . . I saw Mr. Crooked Arm pile several arrows practically on top of one another at a distance of nearly one hundred feet. (His opponent wasn't able to do so well.)

The day came to an end at last and what a day it had been—for the one who visits St. Francis Xavier's Mission in the valley of the Big Horn is treading on the pages of history. Custer's battlefield is just to the east, over the range of hills that separates the Little Big Horn from the Big Horn itself. Crow Agency is there, too, and names of the past, of the Sioux and Sitting Bull and the Cheyennes, of Gall and Egan and Rain-in-the-Face, of Custer and Captain Keough and Major Reno and the Seventh Cavalry and untold others live again in the atmosphere that surrounds this Jesuit Mission in Montana.

HOW THE SCOUTS TOOK COROZAL

(Continued from page 177)

made for the boat. The trip home was about the same except that the boys were tired enough to go to sleep almost immediately. So, rolled up in a blanket, they found places along the deck and peacefully we sailed along to arrive in Belize for noon Mass on Sunday and then a long rest.

THE 'ROCK' IN JAMAICA

(Continued from page 183)

many as forty Communion to the ailing on Friday mornings.

Once the church was established, attention was next turned to the education for the children. Three buildings to the east of the church were taken over for educational work. Five of the Sisters could now devote themselves to education; the remaining three being in charge of hospital work. About the middle of January, 267 children resumed their long interrupted studies.

The schools are within the shadow of the church and weekly confession and Communion along with daily religious instruction is now a normal thing in their lives.

The children being in capable hands, attention was next turned to the young ladies. A Sodality was organized by Father Hennessey who is aided by Sister Frances and Sister Bede. The regular religious meetings will be supplemented by social gatherings at Building 35, the Sodality Club House.

The next group to be organized was the Married Ladies. They also will have their regular meetings and their monthly Communion Sunday.

The men in the Camp are few but they, too, we hope, will soon have their Sodality, and monthly Communion day. When that is accomplished, we shall feel that the Camp is running satisfactorily.

About 1,500 evacuees, practically all

Spanish speaking, have taken refuge in the Island Mission of Jamaica. They constitute one of the largest cities of Jamaica and certainly the largest exclusively Catholic Settlement of the Island. That their faith may not weaken but grow stronger and sturdier while they are with us is the aim of the Priests and Sisters who today labor in Camp Gibraltar.

NO FIFTH COLUMN IN BAGUIO

(Continued from page 179)

Teodorico and some of the other boys had finished school many years before but they had never gotten over that school boy weakness of wanting to get a good mark and of blushing various shades of scarlet if their names should appear among the "also rans" and dangerously near the bottom at that. There was, of course, the incentive of trying to please the young Jesuit who was teaching them, but that *peso* and the posting of marks on the back of the kitchen door seemed much more tangible things. They loomed much larger in Teodorico's eyes than the beaming smile of the pleased Scholastic.

Teodorico was just outside my window sweeping and dusting and reciting over and over, "Our sorrow for sin should be sovereign, for we should grieve more for having offended God than for any other evil that can befall us . . ." Suddenly he stopped and called out in a puzzled voice to Bernardo, the gardener, who was also going along with his catechism and sprinkling can and hoe, "What does that word, 'sovereign' mean?" All those who heard the question believed that Teodorico was trying to cheer Bernardo up. Poor Bernardo! He certainly needed cheering up for last week's contest had not dealt too kindly with him. There was his name on the kitchen door, as big as life, at the bottom of the list with a mark of sixty-six per cent! He felt like a heretic or a fifth columnist. With all these priests and Religious around him, practically a member of a seminary, and he only got sixty-six per cent in his catechism! He thanked his lucky stars that his duties as a gardener kept him outside and away from that kitchen door! But there were to be no regrets the next time. Bernardo was strongly determined and the grass was being cut, the plants were watered and the leaves raked to the tune of the familiar phrases of the Baltimore No. 2 Catechism.

All this was a pleasant distraction for both the young and old Jesuits at Baguio, American and Filipino alike. Thank God that our years in this temporary abode had given us a chance to reach these young fellows and bring our Lord and His Blessed Mother closer to them. And now the red-tape had unwound and we had permission to teach in the grade school across the street. In the years to come, may both the teachers and the pupils reap a bounteous harvest, the former as missionaries, the latter as Catholic leaders.

Students! Meet the Mission Crusade!

THE 12th NATIONAL CONVENTION

OF THE

CATHOLIC STUDENTS MISSION CRUSADE

WILL BE HELD AT

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 27th-30th, 1941



■ THE CRUSADE:

The official student organization to foster interest in the missions. The Bishops urge membership of Catholic students.

■ CONVENTION CITY:

The site of the convention, the City of Rochester, was hallowed by America's early missionaries. Many of these were Jesuits. St. John de Brebeuf, S.J., labored not far from the present Rochester, near Lockport. (Cf. Historians Foreman, Olds, Stewart, Selden.)

■ WHY ATTEND THE CONVENTION?

1. To learn about the missions, mission life, mission history. "Of all the works of the Catholic Church, the greatest and the holiest is that of the missions." Pope Pius XI.
2. To realize the great unity of the Church in the missions, and the unity of the nation-wide student mission crusade at home.

■ HIGH-LIGHTS OF CONVENTION PROGRAM:

Pontifical Mass. Mission Pageant. Discussions of Mission Work. First Solemn Mass of Fr. Alejo Regalado, newly-ordained Filipino Jesuit. Mission Movies. Latin-America Forum. Foreign Mission Forum. Nation-wide Oratorical Contest Finals.

■ MISSION EXHIBITS:

The Auditorium of the Columbus Civic Center will house a great collection of mission exhibits from June 25th to 30th. The treasures of the mission world will be displayed by practically all the religious orders represented in the Church's missions. Missionaries will be present at these exhibits, to tell of their varied, most interesting work.

■ PRACTICAL DETAILS:

Railroad fare: N. Y. City to Rochester, round trip, \$11.80.

Hotel rate: Fri., June 27th to Mon. P.M., June 30th: { \$18.00 each (3 to room)
\$20.00 each (2 to room)
\$22.50 each (single room)

Schools often pay delegates' expenses.

Write for reservation to Convention Secretary, Crusade Castle, Shattuc Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

Gifts for the Missions

B.S.G., C.C., New York, N. Y. \$50.00
 E.C.McK., Joplin, Mo. 50.00
 Mrs. C.H.K., Clayton, Mo. 25.00
 V.A., St. Louis, Mo. 10.00
 N.A.S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 8.00
 C.M., Milwaukee, Wis. 5.00
 A.J.S., New York, N. Y. 5.00
 Anonymous, Cincinnati, O. 5.00
 T.F.M., Brooklyn, N. Y. 5.00
 C.B., Detroit, Mich. 4.00
 L.H.B., Plattsburgh, N. Y. 3.00
 D.B., Reading, Pa. 3.00
 R.H.G., Detroit, Mich. 2.00
 Mrs. H.P.R., Detroit, Mich. 2.00
 E.C., New York, N. Y. 2.00
 M.H., Chelsea, Mass. 2.00
 C.C., Wayland, Mass. 2.00
 W.B., Everett, Mass. 1.00
 H.P.L., Detroit, Mich. 1.00
 M.F., New York, N. Y. 1.00
 K.K., St. Louis, Mo. 1.00
 J.V.S., Roslindale, Mass. 1.00
 S.J.D., Teaneck, N. J. 1.00
 Mrs. J.C., Columbus, O. 1.00
 E.C.K., New York, N. Y. 1.00
 L.K.B., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1.00
 J.R., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1.00
 Via C.A.K., Newark, N. J. 1.00
 L.J.S., Baltimore, Md. 1.00
 M.A.D., Portland, Me. 1.00
 L.M., Dorchester, Mass. 1.00
 W.B., Cleveland, O. 1.00
 J.P.R., Philadelphia, Pa. 1.00
 E.M.&E.C.T., Detroit, Mich. 1.00
 Mrs. C.E.C., St. Augustine, Fla. 1.00
 J.H., Cleveland, O. 1.00
 J.E.F., Cincinnati, O. 1.00
 W.B.R., Milwaukee, Wis. 1.00
 M.W., Long Island City, N. Y. 1.00

Mrs. B.W., Philadelphia, Pa. 1.00
 C.J.W., Los Angeles, Cal. 1.00
 M.M.D., St. Louis, Mo.75
 H.O'M., Hollywood, Cal.75
 Mrs. W.E.H., Detroit, Mich.75
 S. Family, Dorchester, Mass.50

For Philippine Islands Missions:

M.E.O'R., Woodhaven, N. Y. 13.00
 Mrs. M.O'C., Elmira, N. Y. 10.00
 H.F., New Orleans, La. 5.00
 C.A., Lakewood, O. 4.00

For Jamaica, B.W.I. Missions:

R.G.B., L. Island City, N. Y. 5.00
 C.J.W., Los Angeles, Cal. 3.00
 K.F., New York, N. Y. 2.00
 H.F.P., Jamaica Plain, Mass. 1.00
 J.F.L., Santa Barbara, Cal. 1.00
 Mrs. J.J.D., St. Louis, Mo. 1.00
 K.G., Providence, R. I. 1.00

For Patna Missions:

E.S., New York, N. Y. 20.00
 A.H.H., New York, N. Y. 15.00
 Via Sr.M.M., Sheffield, O. 5.00
 G.K., Indianapolis, Ind. 3.00
 E. K. G., Washington, D. C. 2.00
 Mrs. H.F.F., Cambridge, Mass. 1.00
 F.P.S., Detroit, Mich. 1.00

For China Missions:

K.B., Los Angeles, Cal. 10.00
 E.K.G., Washington, D. C. 3.00
 C.I.E., San Rafael, Cal. 1.00

For Alaska Missions:

E.K.G., Washington, D. C. 15.00

For British Honduras Missions:

M.S., Topeka, Kan. 1.00

For Ceylon Missions:

J.S.-M.H.N., New Orleans, La. 4.50

For Indian Missions:

M.C., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1.00

Gratitude is also expressed for three hundred and seventy-six Mass stipends.

BUNDLES FOR GOD!

Grand news! Representative Martin J. Kennedy, of New York, has introduced in Congress a resolution — **RESOLUTION H. Res. 216**—calling upon the Chairman of the Committee on Merchant Marine to invite to a special conference officials of shipping companies and the government officials concerned and representatives of missionary organizations, to decide upon legislation necessary to provide for the proper transportation to the missions in these troublesome times of required mission supplies. PLEASE WRITE TO CONGRESSMAN MARTIN J. KENNEDY, WASHINGTON, D. C., TO EXPRESS APPRECIATION OF THIS MISSION-MINDED ACT. Free transportation of mission goods, under government sponsorship, will mean life to the missions. It may be possible to obtain a special postal permit for free shipment, parcel post, of mission goods. PRAY FOR THE PASSAGE OF THIS PROPOSAL!

Subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS

Renew your subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS — subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS for a friend—subscribe if you are only a reader but non-subscriber

BUSINESS EDITOR
 JESUIT MISSION PRESS
 257 Fourth Avenue
 New York, N. Y.

	DOMESTIC	CANADIAN
1 Year	\$1.00	and
3 Years	2.75	FOREIGN
6 Years	5.00	1 Year \$1.25

Dear Father:

I am enclosing \$..... for which please list a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for year(s) in the name of

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



hazi I, former King of Iraq. His youthful son now is nominal King.

Baghdad, the ancient city of the Arabs, smitten now with the fever of today's war.



Another **BOOK** of the **HOUR**

AL BAGHDADI

Tales Told By the Tigris

by

Edward F. Madaras, S. J.

IT gives background and the setting of the present conflict in Iraq. It is the story of the work of the American Jesuits in Baghdad, the city now so much in the news.

It will help to interpret and understand the news of the war in the theatre of the Near East. It is a thrilling chronicle of another war for souls, that never makes the headlines.

End maps and more than 300 pen sketches make its 400 pages an asset to every library. Formerly it sold for \$2.50.

Pin this identification picture to a one dollar bill and send to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York City. Write your name and address clearly. The book, AL BAGHDADI, will be sent to you at once postpaid.