

# *Jesuit & Missions*



Vol. XV  
No. IX

**OCTOBER, 1941**

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■ **MASS INTENTIONS** — thousands of them — are urgently needed to help forestall disaster to our Missions.

■ **READ BISHOP SULLIVAN'S LETTER!** It is typical of the letters which every day's mail brings from harassed Jesuit Missionary Bishops and Superiors.



**BISHOP'S HOUSE,  
BANKIPORE.**

*June 30, 1941.*

*Dear Father:*

*The Holy Mass intentions and your \$53.00 together with your most welcome letter of May 9th are with us in Patna.*

*Your kindness to us stirs our deepest gratitude. I am saying the Masses myself, and I beg God that they may be a source of special graces for all of us, especially for the donors.*

*Fr. O'Leary is on the ragged edge in Masses and he needs about 1,300 a month.*

*Our field work and some of our institutions are feeling the pinch these days. We are doing all we can to keep them going. God knows our needs and hears our constant prayers, but I am afraid we'll have to find some extraordinary means of help before long. Our institutions were in a flourishing condition and doing grand good. We are willing to bear a share of the world suffering, but we do hate to have to see our institutions suffer.*

*The missionaries in the field are having a rather hard time of it. God bless them and sustain them, for their lot is a hard one when at its best.*

*I know you know all this and that you are keenly interested in all our needs, which are only a portion of the accumulated needs of the wide world today. God bless you and your co-workers.*

*Sincerely in Christ,*

**BERNARD J. SULLIVAN, S.J.**

*Bishop of Patna.*



The month of the **HOLY SOULS** will be fast upon us. How better remember dear ones than by having a Holy Mass offered for them.

THE **CATHOLIC WAY** of congratulations on a birthday, etc.—of sympathy in one's need, is that of having Mass celebrated for their intentions.

SEND YOUR

**MASS INTENTIONS  
AND OFFERINGS TO**

**JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.**



**CONTRIBUTORS**

It was during his philosophical course at St. Louis University, that JOHN W. MAGAN, S.J., first saw St. Elizabeth's Parish and 100,000 Souls to Save. He is at present attached to the Labor School in Brooklyn.



Francis G. Deevy, S.J.

RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J., of the Chicago Province (*My Battle with the Genii*), went out to India over a decade ago. The author of several novels, he is at present a member of the Pan-India Mission Band.

At Peiping, China, JOHN J. GORDON, S.J., of the California Province, has been studying Chinese

for the past two years. *Whenever There is Silence, I Am Startled by a Cry*, speaks in the universal language of the heart.

So many Sheas are in the New England Province, that you have to go to Baghdad to stand out from the crowd. LEO J. SHEA, S.J., a Baghdadian for the past few years writes *What! No Sunday Papers?*

J. FRANKLIN EWING, S.J., is really an anthropologist, having studied the subject at Paris and Vienna, with extensive field work in Syria. In this article he describes *Jesuit Ethnologists at Work with the Missionaries* in the Philippines. Father Ewing is no stranger to the Philippines. Before taking up his studies in anthropology he taught for three years in the Ateneo de Manila. At that time he established the College Editor's Guild which is still vigorous. He has received a government grant to carry on his present work among the aboriginal tribes of the Islands.

M. VILLASPINOSA is a *nomme de plume*. The author of *The Chinese Girl Goes to School* has a doctorate from London University and specialized in racial problems in Africa and India. For the past few years she has been teaching in China. She is making a detailed study of the character and needs of the Chinese girl in her changing world.

Just a few weeks ago, FATHER FRANCIS G. DEEVY, S.J., of the New England Province, completed his first year as pastor of Mandeville with a very busy Summer. Now he invites you to *Come to Jamaica to See the World*. Father Deevy taught for a year at Saint George's College, Kingston, previous to his appointment to Mandeville. He also prepared the Cathedral choir for the Christmas and Holy Week services after school hours.



Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

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JESUIT RELATIONS was the name given to the correspondence of America's first Jesuit missionaries who 300 years ago discovered, explored and evangelized large sections of this country. The Jesuit Provinces which grew from these missionary beginnings today conduct a string of missions which encircles the world. The American Provinces have 619 men in the Philippines, Alaska, India, Iraq, British Honduras, Jamaica, China, Ceylon and among the Indians and Negroes. The Canadian Provinces have 112 men in China and among the Indians of Ontario. JESUIT MISSIONS is their magazine, now "The Modern Jesuit Relations."

**COVER**—Of all the world's great stories, there is none more absorbing than the epic of our Redemption which Father William M. Markoe S.J. is here telling to a group of Colored children in St. Louis. Their evident interest is characteristic of the interest of their race in the truths of our faith, as many priests have discovered.

# EDITORIALS

## ROSARY FOR VICTORY

OF all the devotions of the Church, there is none perhaps with a more warlike background than the rosary. It has been intimately connected with signal victories of Christian armies. In fact, the feast of the Holy Rosary which we celebrate on the 7th of this month was placed in the calendar of the Church as a result of two military victories in which the recitation of the rosary by soldiers and civilians alike played an important part. Both at the Battle of Lepanto in 1571 and that of Peterwardein in 1716, the whole of Christendom was in grave danger. The Pope ordered the rosary to be said for victory and victories were won.

As we enter the month of October, Catholics all over the world will be renewing their devotion to the rosary, saying it in family groups and privately, in church, at home, in the fields and amid the roar of the city traffic. All, too, will be conscious that Christendom again is in the gravest peril, and that the rosary is today, as in past times, a most powerful weapon for a Christian victory.

It is true that in past crises of our civilization, the issues have been clearer than they are today. Victory for Christendom was definitely pinned to the victory of an individual army. This was true at Lepanto when Don John of Austria went out to meet an invading Turkish fleet. And we all wish that something of the same kind were true today. But, unfortunately, although both sides in the present conflict declare that they are fighting the Christian battle, it is not perfectly clear that a complete victory for either combatant would be a victory for Christendom.

Must Christians, then, during this month dedicated to the rosary, neglect this powerful weapon for a Christian victory? Must they restrict their petitions to private matters at a time when it is evident that the common good is most seriously imperiled? Must they despair of a Christian victory because there is no Christian army in the field?

It is well to point out in answer to these questions that there have been not a few "Christian" armies in the past whose victories have not been to the benefit of the Church. On the other hand, there had been notable pagan armies whose triumphs have done much to spread the Faith.

We can, then, in the present confused war situation,

so agonizing to the Christian soul, pray for a Christian victory. Indeed we must. Not to do so, would be equivalent to believing that God is not all-powerful, that He has abandoned the provident care of His children, that He is not capable of bringing good out of the ignorant, selfish and non-Christian aims of competing armies.

So during the month of October let us say the rosary every day for a Christian victory. Whenever we see the V for victory symbol let it be a reminder to us that "V" can also stand for the five decades of the rosary in which we place our hope for victory.

## NATIVE CLERGY

WE have always been of the opinion that there was something not quite sound in the popular demand for mission statistics showing just how many native Americans were laboring in the foreign missions. It is an edifying thing for us to know how many of our fellow citizens have left home to work among the heathen. Twenty years or so ago it was perhaps a necessary thing for some Americans (and some Europeans, too) to be informed that not all the foreign missionaries in the world were Belgian or German or French.

However, taken as a measure of our participation in mission work, the mere listing of the number of Americans, no matter how large, in the foreign fields, is not an accurate yardstick. It would be, of course, if our missionaries were sent out to colonize China or India. But the work of the missionary is not colonization. He is sent out to establish the Church. In the land where he labors he is a foreigner but the Church which he builds must be a native one. It is evident that no matter how many of his fellow citizens are sent out to help him his goal of establishing a native Church will not be realized until a large proportion of the clergy of that Church is native, not American.

What we should like to see, therefore, among mission enthusiasts is a demand for statistics on the number of native vocations American missionaries are developing in the missions assigned to them. We should like to see also a much greater inclination on the part of Catholics to contribute financially to the support and education of native priests and nuns. For there is no doubt that a Chinese priest is a much better acquisition for the Church in China than an American priest.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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# 100,000 SOULS TO SAVE!

John W. Magan, S.J.



Scene from the play, *Election Year Follies*, written by Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J. About seventy-five members of this cast belong to the dramatic club of St. Elizabeth's parish. Twenty thousand people attending the play applauded until hands ached.

**I**T'S noon time down in Saint Louis and two hundred and eighty-seven Negro children are hurrying down the corridors of Saint Elizabeth's school to feast on the dinner that Father George T. Andrews, S.J., and his helpers have prepared for them.

No, Saint Elizabeth's is not a boarding school, but every child there receives a fully balanced dinner every day. All they can eat is theirs and no one counts the cost. If their parents can afford it, they pay five cents to help cover the operating expenses, but if this is too high a price for them (and it is for a very great number) they just forget all about it and no one knows the difference.

It all started over a year ago when Father Andrews, the principal, noticed that many of the children found the afternoon classes very difficult. Putting on his Sherlock Holmes cap he began to seek

the causes of the trouble. The same six Nuns who had such success with their charges before the noon recess could not seem to teach them anything in the afternoon. Many of the children were sleepy and inattentive. Those who were so pleasant in the morning had drawn and grouchy faces in the afternoon. The Nuns had taught in other schools, but never before had they experienced just this difficulty. What could be the reason?

**C**CAREFULLY, unobtrusively, Father Andrews began to question the children and before long the cause was clear. Poverty forced most of them to be thankful if they had two meals daily, never mind about the third. After breakfast they came to school and would not taste food again until supper time and in many cases it was questionable just how much breakfast they had had or how much supper

they would receive that evening.

Father William Markoe, S.J., who was then the pastor, and Father Andrews knew there was but one solution to the problem. They must feed the children if they were to teach them. For a time they had to be content with giving them a bottle of milk and a few crackers but now that they can obtain large stores of surplus food regularly they are able to go about their self-appointed task of nourishing and building up their little Colored children with all the success of expert dietitians.

**B**UT meals are not the only concern of the Fathers at Saint Elizabeth's. Up until last April when the new Jesuit church of Saint Malachy was opened, they served single-handed the one hundred and ten thousand souls that make up the Colored population of Saint Louis.

**W**HILE the parish began in 1872 (it is the third oldest Negro parish in the United States) it is still in the mission stage, due to the dire poverty of the people. But poverty has not prevented Father Markoe and his assistants from spending themselves tirelessly for the cause of Negro souls.

From the church are directed three sodalities of Our Lady, a branch of the Third Order of St. Francis, a church and school society, a Religious Inquiry Forum, the Knights and Ladies of St. Peter Claver, a Children's Convert Class, an Employment Bureau, a St. Vincent de Paul Society, two summer camps for boys and girls, a Religious Vocation School and a League of Laymen's Retreats which has a yearly membership of about four hundred Colored men, women and children.

**T**WO Social Centers are also under the direction of the Fathers of Saint Elizabeth's. One, which bears the name of the parish, has a staff of eight Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament and is equipped

with a two-story gymnasium in addition to five rooms of the parish convent which are given over to social work and a fully equipped playground. From this center are directed boy and girl scout troops, convert classes, religious discussion groups, classes in domestic science, sewing and first-aid and a religious vocation school.

The second Social Center is named in honor of Saint Benedict the Moor and has a staff of five Helpers of the Holy Souls. Two small halls, ten rooms and a small playground comprise the facilities of this center. Here, too, are conducted classes in religion, sewing and domestic science and various recreational activities.

But most Saint Louisans know Saint Benedict's center for its annual Passion Play, for every year on Passion Sunday the young people of the Center present "The Upper Room" "Calvary" or some other drama of the Passion, and each annual production has attracted a larger audience than the previous one.

**D**RAMATICS of a lighter kind are also numbered among the activities sponsored by the parish of Saint Elizabeth. About seventy-five of the six hundred members of the cast of Father Lord's Election Year Follies were the young Colored people from the parish, and the twenty thousand people that witnessed the production, were unanimous in their acclaim of the Negro singers and dancers. So long and loud was the cheering for them that members of the audience complained that their hands ached after so much applauding.

Hospital work, too, is a large item on the agenda of the Fathers. Patients at the Homer G. Phillips Hospital, a new public institution for the Negroes of Saint Louis, are visited daily by Father Ralph W. Warner, S.J., who has succeeded the late Father John Lyons, S.J., as chaplain. Catholics and non-Catholics alike are visited with the

*Father George T. Andrews, S.J., Pastor of St. Elizabeth's, turned Sherlock Holmes to find out how to make his Colored charges smile all the time.*



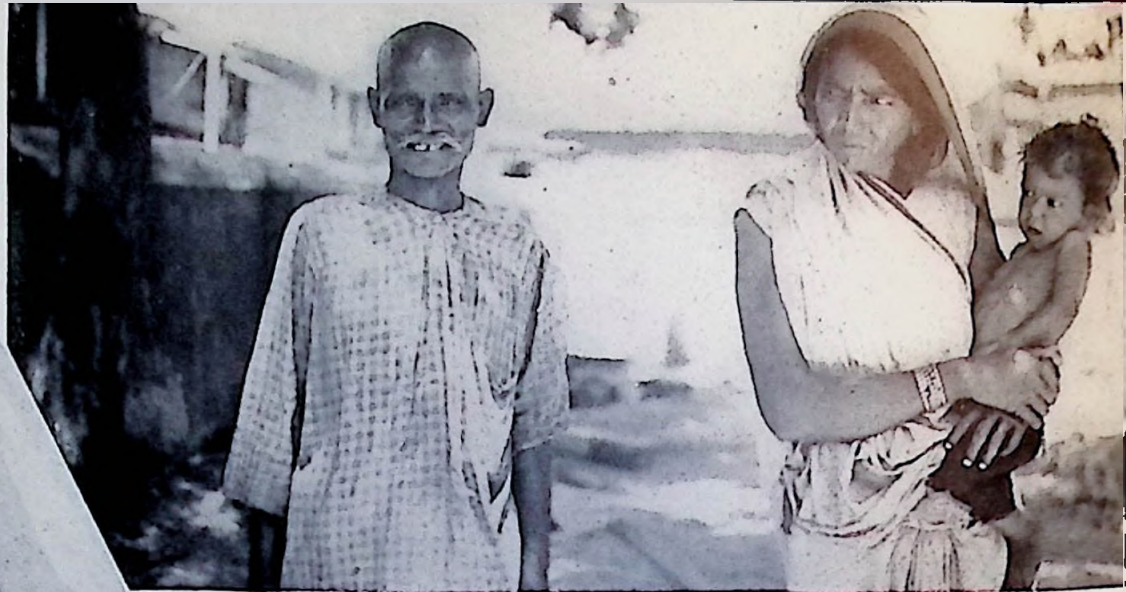
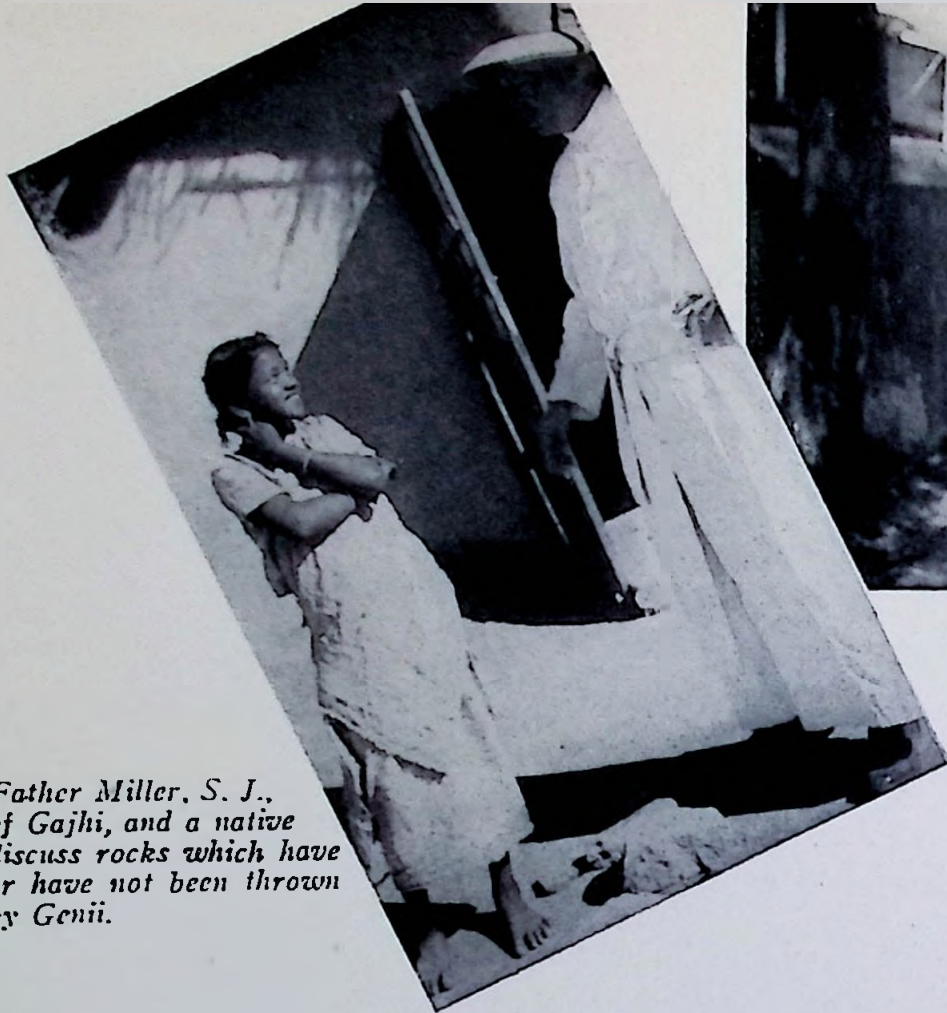
*Color and race and social cleavage pale into insignificance at the foot of the Cross on which the Son of Man died that all men might live*

consoling results of an average of two hundred conversions a year. Actions speak louder than words.

**S**AINTE ELIZABETH'S is alive with the activity of a large city parish. If one did not know, they might think that the priests assigned there have all the conveniences that city life affords, but those who have been back stage at the parish church and rectory know that Father Andrews and his aides are true Jesuit missionaries and their parish a real Jesuit Mission. The same may be said of St. Malachy's Church, a former White church which Archbishop Glennon last year turned over to the Negro Catholics and placed under the care of the Jesuits. There are two other Negro missions operated by the Jesuits in the St. Louis district, one at Robertson and the other at South Kinloch. Finally, a word of tribute should be paid to the Archbishop of St. Louis for his interest in the Colored Catholics and also to Father William Markoe, S.J., who for years has been the soul and center of apostolic work among the Negroes, in St. Louis.



Father Miller, S. J., of Gajhi, and a native discuss rocks which have or have not been thrown by Genii.



"Father, the Geens have been throwing stones at our house again. Please come and bless it."

## My Battle With

IT was just growing dusk. I was sitting out on the verandah of the mission bungalow, lapping up a deliciously cool breeze after a scorching hot day, when I was suddenly put on my guard by a confusion of voices and considerable commotion out in front of the compound gate. Then, as the gate banged open, a group of men dashed through, and came straight for the bungalow at the double quick. Thinking that my hour for martyrdom had struck, I screwed up my courage to the sticking point, rolled my eyes heavenwards, and waited in joyous anticipation of joining those "white horsemen who ride on white horses where the rivers of paradise flash and flow."

But, just as I was breathing a prayer of pardon for my assassins, I thought I recognized the voice of Gerardo. Now I knew that Gerardo, although a Christian, was also a big bully and a rascal, capable of many things not in conformity with the Christian code. Still, I felt pretty sure that he would not go so far as to take the life of his poor Padre. So, with a feeling of keen disappointment, I watched the heavenly vision vanish, and brought my eyes back to earth again.

LOOKING over the crowd before me, I saw that all of them were men from the Christian village.

And one of them, Lucas by name, appeared to be a prisoner. His arms were bound with rope behind his back.

"Now what?" I said. And I was pretty gruff about it, for I was still annoyed at being cheated of my martyr's crown, and besides it was pretty clear that some fresh mischief had been perpetrated. I was surprised, however, that Lucas should be implicated, for he was a smallish, retiring, peace-loving man.

"Father," charged Gerardo, breathing fire and brimstone, "he's been throwing stones on the roof of my house. Half of the tiles are broken, and . . ."

"Gerardo," I interrupted, "you've been drinking again. I can smell it all the way over here. Remove that rope from Lucas. Release him."

"But, Father, he . . ."

"Release him!"

Sullenly Gerardo obeyed.

"Now, how do you know it was Lucas and not some kid who threw those stones? Did you see him do it?"

"No. But he admits it."

"Admits it? Is that true, Lucas? Did you throw the stones?"

"No Father. Of course, not. I only said I did, because I was afraid he'd hammer me if I denied it."

"I don't blame—I mean to say . . ."

At this point the proceedings

were thrown completely out of gear by Gerardo's son, who came running up all out of breath, to report that another stone had just fallen.

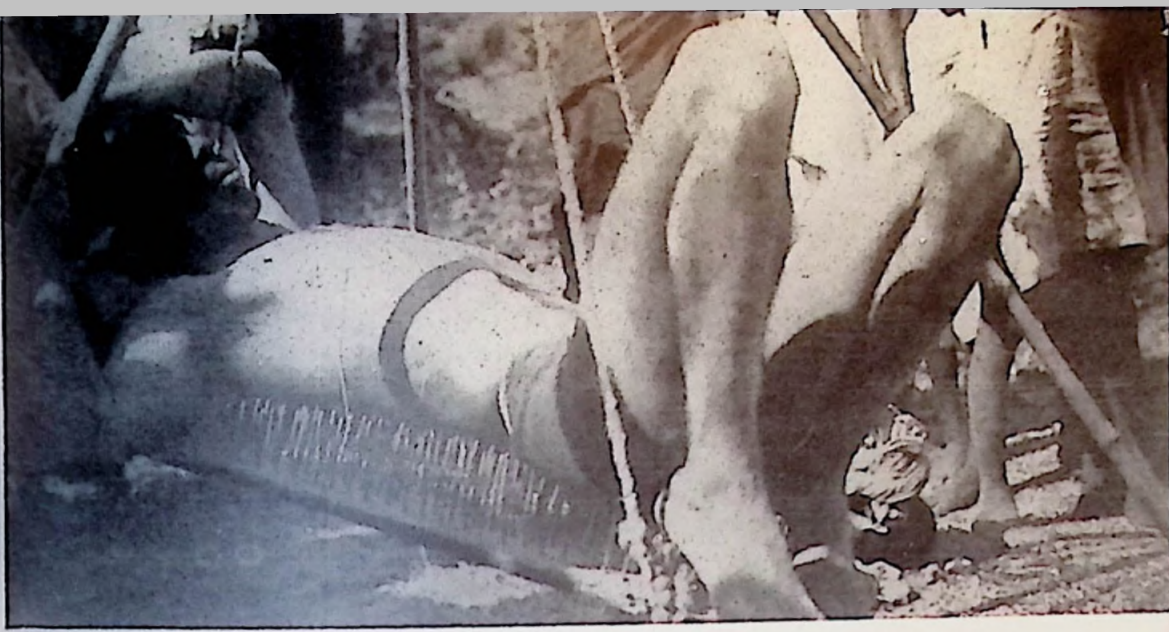
"Well, Gerardo," I observed, arriving at the deduction so swiftly and shrewdly that Hawkshaw would have been proud of me, "that makes it pretty clear that Lucas is not the culprit, doesn't it?"

BUT Gerardo remained dumb. He turned and walked off, pouting. Soon the others followed him. And I, thinking that the incident had now been consigned irrevocably to the limbo of oblivion, returned to my contemplation of the heavenly horsemen.

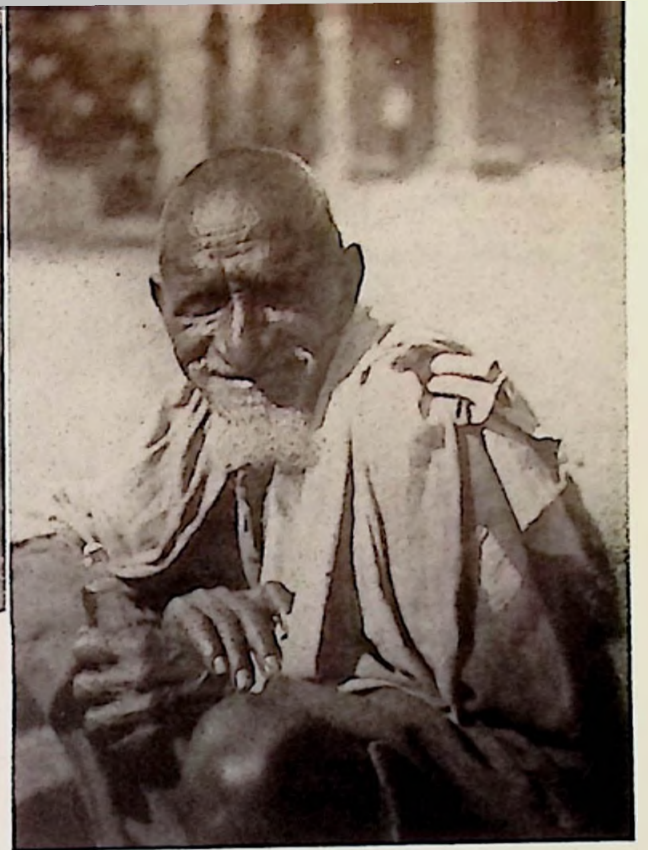
Next morning I had just finished my thanksgiving after Mass when an exhilarating whiff of freshly made coffee drifted over from the bungalow, and obeying the promptings of the inner man, I was proceeding in the direction of the coffee, when I encountered Gerardo's son, waiting for me at the sacristy door.

"Father," he said, with a kink in his voice, "there were two more stones last night, and another one this morning. My mother says it must be the Geens at work. And she wants you to come with holy water to drive them away."

Of course, you remember the Geens. You met them in the "Ara-



A Hindu fakir rests on a soft bed of nails. (Right) An old native keeps an eye out for the Geens.



# The Genii of India

These evil spirits are said to throw rocks, and they will certainly get you if you don't watch out.

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

bian Nights." Only there they were called *genii*,—those cunning rascals of the spirit world who perpetrated all sorts of pranks, good or bad, just as the occasion demanded. As Gerardo's wife has just informed you, they are still carrying on here in India under the name of *Geens*.

"You go right back home," I directed the son of Gerardo, "and tell your mother that it isn't the *Geens*, but her silly imagination that is at work. Can you remember that? *Silly imagination!*"

I had to repeat it with emphasis, because you know how boys are. You tell them something, and you think it has actually pricked their gray matter, but they've forgotten it before they're even out of sight.

I SAT down to breakfast, and for some reason or other—I think it was between the third and fourth cup of coffee—I began to reminisce. One just sort of gives into that sort of thing after ten years in India. And while I was reminiscing, I recalled that when on my way out here I took in London on the way, and there I had the pleasure of meeting Father Thurs-

ton, S.J. Now, as everyone knows, or ought to know, Father Thurston was keenly interested in spiritism, occultism, the preternatural,—anything along that line. He wrote extensively on these subjects, and was always on the alert to explode some current fraud. So, on this occasion, when he learned that I was bound for India, he mentioned that he had heard that stone-throwing was a rather common form of *poltergeist* out here, and would I please report any case that I might chance to come across? I hadn't the foggiest notion what that word "poltergeist" meant, but I told Father Thurston that I would be only too happy to pickle the first poltergeist I could lay hands on, and mail it to him. It was only just now when I consulted the dictionary for the correct spelling that I learned that the word refers to those crazy antics of the spirits when they go on a sort of binge and throw inkpots, upset tables, and so on.

SO, after breakfast I made for the house, and was met on the front steps by Gerardo's wife. I had never seen her before, and, of

course, after the message I had sent through her boy, I could scarcely blame her for being a bit surly. But even apart from this, she impressed me very unfavorably. I felt uncomfortable the moment I saw her. I think it was her eyes that did it, for she was afflicted with the most unpleasant case of strabismus that I have ever seen. That is to say, I have never seen any one so cross-eyed. While she fixed me with one eye, the other seemed to drift off by itself and go floating about in space. Then when that one would come back into focus, the other went off for a holiday. It was a bit uncanny, and I didn't dare look her straight in the eyes for fear of getting dizzy. I pretended to be interested in the landscape while I spoke.

"ANY more trouble with the stones falling?" I asked, gazing at the palm trees standing like sentinels in the distance.

"Well, there's the last one that dropped this morning," she replied, indicating a young boulder about five inches in diameter. The others, seven or eight in number, were piled up in one corner over on the verandah. I examined them, but found nothing that gave any evidence of *poltergeist*.

"From which direction do they seem to come?" I pursued.

"They don't seem to come from any direction," she said. "They just come from nowhere. All of a sudden there's a (Turn to page 251)



**BITTER ROOT VALLEY**, from now on, will be known for one great achievement. It gave birth to Catholicism in Montana a hundred years ago. We can thank Bishop Joseph M. Gilmore of Helena for this. His really great celebration at old St. Mary's Mission, Stevensville, Montana, successfully swept away decades of cowboy and bandit legends which have clung around the name of Bitter Root Valley and revealed to the American public the real story of its greatness.

We ran across Bishop Gilmore at St. Louis University last winter where he was digging into the musty records that told of the deeds of Fathers DeSmet and Ravalli and the other missionary heroes of the Northwest in the brave and early days. At the end of August the results of his findings and those of his associates were presented in a colorful three-day celebration of Montana's Centenary at Stevensville and Missoula. Hundreds of church and civic dignitaries and thousands of the clergy and laity attended the Mass of the Apostolic Delegate said at an outdoor altar, a replica of the one used by Father DeSmet when he said the first Mass for the Whites and Flathead Indians at old St. Mary's a hundred years ago. Our correspondent's story on the celebration will appear in the November number.

**FRONTIER NOW IS THE POTOMAC.** Soviet Russia is very close to Alaska—too close for comfort in case Joe Stalin decides to make a grab. So thought United States Army strategists not so long ago when Russia was still Hitler's ally. Mysterious Soviet preparations were reported on Big Diomed Island, just five miles away from Father Tom Cunningham's Mission on Little Diomed.

So United States defense preparations were accelerated in Alaska. New air bases were begun and Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., "The Glacier Priest," was called in as Army adviser. Father Hubbard arrived in Juneau, July 29th last. Less than a month later, two huge Soviet sea planes appeared over Nome. Had he arrived too late to help defend his beloved Alaska against the U.S.S.R.? Yes and no. The Russian planes did not drop bombs. They flew on to Washington, D. C.

**NEW "BRAHMIN" SAINT.** A new saint will soon be added to the long line of canonized mission heroes, according to a dispatch from Rome. He will be John de Britto, a Portuguese Jesuit, who was martyred in India in 1693.

The name of de Britto is prominently associated with one of the most amazing exploits in modern mission history. Early in the seventeenth century, a young Jesuit by the name of Robert di Nobile came to the conclusion that unless the missionaries in India forgot their respective European nationalities and merged themselves completely with the lives of the people they could not hope to make great progress in the conversion of souls. Bidding good-bye to his companions, he shut himself up in a house and began to live the rigid life of Brahmin ascetic. He became so proficient in Tamil and Sankrit that his knowledge of the sacred books exceeded that of the Brahmins themselves. Thousands came to him, attracted by his reputation for holiness and scholarship

**COMPARE THE FRONT PAGE** of your local newspaper today with the front page of the same paper ten years ago and you will discover that you are reading almost three times as much foreign news today as you were in 1931. The average Chicagoan is told more about the latest happening in Shanghai than he is about the local news in Milwaukee. Newspaper publishers say that the public has demanded this, that America has become world-conscious.

Of Catholic newspaper readers we wish we could say that, not the war, but the increased American foreign mission activity has stimulated this appetite for foreign news. Not being able to assert this, we can at least ask that Catholics sublimate this newly acquired world-consciousness into an interest in the progress of the Kingdom of Christ which goes on behind the news of battles and historic conferences. For there is no progress or reversal in any of the battle fronts today which does not have some bearing on the Universal Church.

So when you read about the proposed German drive in the Near East this winter, don't look upon it as merely a grab for oil. Catholic missions will be involved, including the college of the American Jesuits in Baghdad. If the present delicate situation that exists between Japan and the United States results in war, the whole Catholic Church in the Orient will be seriously imperiled. A German victory over Soviet Russia may or may not mean the return of Christianity to the vast territory of the U.S.S.R. These and a hundred other possibilities are in the international news you read every day. Learn to interpret the news in terms of the Kingdom of Christ. Thus interpreted events take on new significance.

and he lost no time in imparting to them the truths of Christianity from the background of their own religion.

Conversions multiplied and so did Nobile's difficulties with superiors who were not able to make as clear a distinction as he between what constituted Brahmin custom and what constituted the Brahmin religion. Many, including his uncle, Cardinal Bellarmine, thought for a while that he had apostatized.

Despite the storms the work went on with notable success. Other Jesuits followed di Nobile, forsook their European customs and became Brahmins in everything but religion. It was a terribly hard life. John de Britto who came to the Mission twelve years after di Nobile's death lived it for twenty-one years until he was finally put to death because of the large number of people that he had converted to the Faith.

●  
**ON THE SHORES OF GEORGIAN BAY.** Ontario, there is a little patch of land hardly more than two acres in area that played a tremendously important part in the early history of the United States and Canada. It is the site of old Fort Ste. Marie, for ten years the headquarters of many distinguished Jesuit missionaries, explorers and martyrs. It is good news to hear that the Royal Ontario Museum of Archeology has begun a scientific excavation of the site. It is the intention of the scientists eventually to restore the Fort to its original condition.

●  
**ST. ANDREW BOBOLA IN CLEVELAND.** The many stories that have come out of persecuted Poland about the several appearances of St. Andrew Bobola may or may not be true, but there is no doubt that the missionary spirit of this great Central European saint is very active in the American Great Lakes region where a large percentage of the Catholic population is from Central European stock.

In this connection, the Right Rev. John P. Treacy, Director of the Propagation of the Faith at Cleveland, Ohio, indicates a strikingly high mission development there. Missionary activity and missionary revenues have doubled themselves in the last ten years, according to the records of the Cleveland Propagation of the Faith. This has been accomplished by keeping an active downtown office in the heart of the city, by instituting a vigorous program of missions preaching, by the fostering of missionary clubs and societies under parish auspices and direction, and, especially by developing the interest of all classes of students in the missions of tomorrow. Eighty-five per cent of the students of Cleveland's Catholic schools are actively engaged in the mission program directed by the Cleveland Propagation of the Faith, under the leadership of Monsignor Treacy. A feature of this school interest is the Lenten Self-denial Program by which the students reserve their small luxury allowances for the missions.

Another interesting feature of the Cleveland mission program is a varied cycle of mission articles printed in the *Universe Bulletin*, the Cleveland diocesan paper. In this cycle, memberships in the Propagation of the Faith, foreign missions, the home missions, and individual missionary needs, each take their regular turn in press emphasis.

## Conversion of the Jews

### THE OCTOBER MISSION INTENTION

- The Jew is a marked man. Something about him enables Gentile as well as fellow Jew to recognize him.
- Because of that mark, he has been the object of ruthless persecution, of contemptuous discrimination, and most commonly the object of perpetual wonderment. But to understand his strange survival, we must remember that the Jew was first marked by God; he was set apart from all the world by God; he was selected, preserved, miraculously guided as a racial unit by God for a divine work. His culture for centuries upon centuries was dominantly religious; his mission in life was a divine mission, strangely and only gradually revealed to him by God.
- The Gentile world forgets this phase of Jewish history which is at the root of all Jewish culture and woven into the fibre of Jewish character. Originally the Jew's racial unity, his racial exclusiveness, his racial pride, his racial honor, his conviction of destiny, his confidence of ultimate triumph came from God. The Jew knew that he was the only one on the face of the earth so honored.
- But the Jew has forgotten something, too. He has forgotten that the only reason he was chosen, protected, and isolated was in preparation for a religious kingdom that was to spring from the Jews and to spread to the Gentiles. He was kept apart from a *pagan* world, not from a Christian world. He was made a man of hope, of promise, of expectation, and one day was to be a missionary to the world. Where is his hope today? What can he promise his children? When will his expectations be fulfilled? What has happened to his divine mission? Today, unfortunately, his only hope, his only expectation seems to be survival in an alien world.
- God did not give the Jew this destiny; all the centuries of preparation were not intended to end in this sad fate. God promised fulfillment and has granted it more wondrously than ever was anticipated. The Jew must somehow see this fact. He must see in Christianity continuity, fulfillment, completion of all that is most sacred in his own past; the Christian Church built by God upon the ruined Temple, the Christian vine grafted on the Root of Jesse; the Law fulfilled, not denied, the Promise granted, not forsaken. In Christianity, and that means Catholicism, alone, can the Jew find the full meaning of his past and the real hope of his future. Otherwise, he is doomed to never-ending compromises which are admissions of frustration; otherwise his once high destiny must degenerate into the sad, forlorn, most pitiable cry for mere survival.
- This month the Mission Intention is the conversion of the Jews. Let them see everywhere Christian charity. Let them feel the effects of our charity in our good example and our prayer. Let us pray that God's first chosen children be welcomed back into His household as Sons of God. Mary, Lily of Israel, guide these wandering children home. Jesus of Nazareth, go among them once again; they are your sheep and have no shepherd! Bring them back to the one true Fold.



*was a child's voice, pure and sweet and laden with pathos."*

ONCE in America I heard over the radio some verses which impressed me very deeply. They began:

Whenever there is silence  
Around me by day or night,  
I am startled by a cry . . .

I am no judge of the literary merit of the verses but it seems to me that the idea they express is packed with meaning and inspiration. They tell of a soul that day and night is haunted by a voice crying for help. At last the soul, tormented to action, rushes out into the night in quest of the voice. The soul finds that the voice comes from a Man on the Cross Who will not cease His cries till every man, woman, and child come to take Him down from the Cross.

About a year ago in China I, too, one night heard a cry which was a partial cause of Jesus' agony on the Cross. I cannot write a poem about this cry in the night, but memory of it has bothered me so much that I must bother others with my recollection of it.

Generally, no more than momen-

tary interest is excited by a cry in the night—especially here in the Orient. But circumstances of time and place added to this particular cry a note of pathetic distress which lent it compelling eloquence.

The place where I heard the cry was a fitting scene for such a drama. It was about ten miles from the railroad in a rocky ravine called, "The Dragon's Cavern." A flood had caught me in the midst of a journey and left me stranded and friendless. I have often been in similar situations and always on such occasions it seems to me that to missionaries especially is fulfilled God's promise to give brothers and sisters and a hundred homes to anyone who leaves hearth and loved ones for His sake.

supposedly dwells the rain-dragon and rain falls only when he leaves his lair for a whirl through the clouds. A Buddhist monastery is perched on the jagged peak of the ravine. In times of drought the monks rally pilgrims from far and wide and try with cymbal and chant to rouse the dragon from his cave. In the past there have been times when as many as ten thousand pagans gathered there to pray for rain for their crops.

For the accommodation of the more aristocratic visitors the Buddhists have built several little houses in the ravine, doubtless to protect the customers from impending showers. It was here, in the shadow of the Buddhist monastery, that I first heard the voice.

## "Whenever There is I am Startled by

This time I found a home with some American Brothers of Mary and some Chinese Franciscans. I gladly accepted their hospitality and till the flood subsided I took refuge with them at "The Dragon's Cavern."

NEVER have I seen such rugged beauty. The canyon winds and twists up into the hills I do not know how far. A stream courses along the bottom of the ravine and on either side rise rock walls of terrifying heights. Looking up at those massive cliffs one could more easily understand why Our Lord, to express the desire of those who wish to be annihilated, chose the phrase, "mountains fall upon us." All along the way crude statues of various pagan divinities grin from grottos and niches in the rock walls, while sable flocks of crows, zooming over their nests among the crags, make the canyon re-echo with their ceaseless cawing.

The cavern itself, a huge cleft in the side of the ravine, is about fifty feet above the ground. In this cave

WEARIED by the trek into the hills we had retired in the early evening. I had not been lying on my little cot for long when the solemn rhythm of a Buddhist gong shattered the stillness of the night. I have grown accustomed to Buddhist gongs and cymbals and they no longer disturb me. But the voice which chanted accompaniment to this gong snapped me into full consciousness.

It was a child's voice, pure and sweet, and laden with pathos. It was a solitary voice, lonely and desolate, but with a shade of timid hope welling from the heart of a child. Melancholy it was, and sad, but with an undertone of patient resignation at strong variance with the strident crash of the gong.

Long after the child's plaint had faded into the night and the canyon had resumed its interrupted repose, I lay awake thinking of that pathetic cry. Would the child's Father in heaven hear and answer that appeal? Was it recorded in the golden ledgers of eternity or did the prayer before the mud Buddha perish on

the night air, vanish as the sound of the voice had vanished, lose itself in the same oblivion which had swallowed the clash of the gong?

WAS this cry in the night a tiny echo reaching up to blend with the mighty chorus which rocks the battlements of heaven? Or was it an omen of that "land of misery and darkness" where seeking never finds, where asking never receives, where knocking is an endless and a futile beat upon a gate eternally shut?

Next morning I again heard the childish voice singing a Chinese folk song. I followed the voice up the ravine and found a little boy drawing water from a well. I approached and spoke to him and he

smiled a happy, "Good Morning," back to me. What a brave little fellow to smile so when his heart was breaking!

His parents, unable to feed their children or themselves, had sold this little boy and his brother to the *bonze* who ruled the canyon. The two boys were initiated into the rites of Buddhism by their new master. Their time was divided chanting an eerie service to Buddha and panting in weary service to Buddha's *bonze*.

ONE night they ran away, but the *bonze*, swooping down from his nest in the crags, flew after them through the rice fields and

over the dusty roads. The elder brother made good his escape but the younger of the two boys wearied of the chase and lay down by the side of the road till the irate *bonze*, breathing fire and sword, snatched him up and dragged him, prisoner again, back to the Dragon's Cavern. There the little slave resumed his double service to *bonze* and Buddha.

Sold by his parents, abandoned by his brother, living each hour under the exacting eye of a fanatic *bonze*,—may the Blessed Mother be kind to the little fellow. And may she be kind to the millions of her other children here, shackled with superstition, living in the slavery of paganism. They are naked and hungry, blind and crippled, sick and nigh unto death, for they know not Christ Who died for them.

When will they be clothed with Sanctifying Grace by Baptism and fed with the Bread of Angels? When will the Light Who is Life enter into their blind lives and help them along the way that leads to their Father's house? When will their sick souls find health and be liberated from the reign of death unto eternal life where tears and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow.

Whenever there is silence around you, listen and see if you can hear the cry of a Man on a Cross.

# Silence . . . Cry"

John J. Gordon, S.J.



(Top) The sharp bite of the night air in the ravine made the author almost hug this little stove for warmth.

(Left) A thin, brave smile cannot conceal the story of the empty basket.

(Right) "They are naked and hungry, blind and crippled, sick and nigh unto death, for they know not Christ."



# What! No Sunday Papers?

Leo J. Shea, S.J.

SUNDAY morning in May can be as glorious in Baghdad as any perfect holiday back home. The sun shines with dazzling brilliance; the breezes blow, brisk and invigorating; and flowers and fruit-blossoms give to the desert-city their "fair sweet smell." So after being up and around to enjoy that for an hour or more, Americans like ourselves soon get the old-time feeling: "Just the day for a family outing. It's down with the coffee, out with the machine and off for . . ." For where? That's the question. Where to go when you just want to celebrate with a change of scenery.

Well, there is one town about an hour and a half away by machine across a forty-mile stretch of desert-road, where vegetable and fruit gardens flourish and palm-tree groves afford some spotted shade. It is the one favorite site for excursions. But you must have access to a garden there and then plan on it not more than once or twice a year or the thrill wears off.

There is then hardly any place to go to and very few means of getting there. Trains move north and south at the rate of one a day and autos privately-owned are still a great luxury. So the people here must stay within the limits of the city. "Limits" is just the word, too, as those of us who have to make holiday with a boarding-school full of boys soon realize. One main road, with its short branches in the most thickly-populated sections, runs from end to end of the city parallel to the river but out of sight of it. The other roads are not much.

Baghdad, has, however, its riverside walk, a margin of government-owned land that extends for about a mile along one bank of the Tigris. When the sun in winter and the cool of evening in summer allow, Baghdadis by the thousands stroll up and down or sit in the park benches and watch the wide river drift dreamily by. The public gardens also accommodate some of the family groups and there on certain summer evenings Arab orchestras perform.

BUT by far the largest portion of the people spend their Sundays and holidays in the simple, old-fashioned way of family gatherings and visits with friends. Every visit is—unfortunately, for those who care about their figure—an occasion for refreshments. That nice distinction that we are accustomed to also holds here between "dropping in to say 'hello'" and "coming to tea" depending upon whether one has had a blanket invitation to "visit us sometime" or a more formal invitation for a set day and a definite hour. In the latter case you must be prepared to partake of sandwiches, cake, tarts, cookies, tea and fresh fruit and finally a demitasse of Turkish coffee, thick and black.

All the family come and sit around. While the elders chat and exchange news, the children observe quite



*A pastry vendor hawking his wares through the main street of Baghdad resents having his picture taken.*

strictly the rule that they are meant to be seen and not heard, unless it be to speak a piece or to sing.

WHEN the family have the day to themselves and no company comes, they rely on the victrola and, quite generally, on the radio to while away the hours. Of our favorite practice, however, of reading through the Sunday papers until tables, chairs, floor and all are covered with news sheets, "funnies" and supplements—of that the people in this little "old world" have no concept.

The simple sequel to all this is Father Joseph Merrick's special apostolate of utilizing his spare time, Sundays, holidays, and sometimes week-day afternoons, to call on Christian families and leave with them some Catholic reading matter. His truly apostolic perception led him from the beginning to seize upon this method of aiding the cause of Christ here. Beneath the shriveling sun on Baghdad's hottest days he can be seen, Catholic magazines and weeklies in hand, making his lone way in the Christian quarters of the city. The glad reception that is his everywhere he goes, proves that the blessing of our Lord is surely crowning his arduous labors. That same blessing no doubt reaches back across the Atlantic to those many friends in various parts of the U. S. A. who constantly keep him supplied with *America*, *The Sign*, *The Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, *Action*, all that great legion of American Catholic publications—including, of course, JESUIT MISSIONS.

# THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

## *Remembering Faces*

Are you good at remembering faces? Recently put to the test, we came through with flying colors. It happened on Sixth Avenue near Fourteenth Street. A young Colored fellow was approaching up the Avenue. That face! Where had we seen it before? Flash! It must be; it couldn't be; it was, six years ago in a classroom at St. George's College, Jamaica, about 1,500 miles south of where we stood looking at each other. Our young friend having finished St. George's was studying for his D.D.S. at New York University. He worked evenings and was on his way to work now. So we parted, promising to pick up in the near future the threads severed six years ago.

## *Another Surprise*

Shortly after this strange meeting, a letter arrived from Reverend Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of Jamaica. Would someone from this office please meet two young men at Pier 2, North River? They were entering the Society of Jesus on September the eighth. The name of one of the candidates had a familiar ring. Sure enough, it was another pupil from St. George's who had struggled through the maze of Latin conjugations and declensions under out tutelage. We spent a pleasant hour reminiscing about the class. What had become of them? Many of them had found positions in the public life of the colony. Some had gone seeking fortune in Panama. About a half dozen had entered different colleges in the States to take up professional careers. He was the only one from his class who had chosen the royal

road to the priesthood. This much we learned as he enjoyed his first ride on a subway.

## *The Missions Grow Up*

These two pleasant meetings of former pupils reawakened an idea we already had in mind. The missions are growing up far more rapidly than most of us realize. What is true of Jamaica is true of other missions. During the past summer there were eighteen vocations to the Society of Jesus in the Philippines. Glancing through our pictures files here in the office we see also an increasing number of natives of China and India studying for the priesthood or already ordained and working on the missions in these countries.

## *This Is a Good Thing*

Only the missionary who has striven to adapt himself to the ways and conventions of his adopted people, appreciates how consoling this fact is. As a veteran missionary put it: "It takes a native to understand a native. Might as well try to jump out of your skin as try to understand them. Just when you think you have every angle figured out, someone of them will upset the apple cart by doing the unexpected." A body of natives, both lay and sacerdotal, equipped for life with the best that our system of education offers, are a great leaven for the further expansion of the missions and the conversion of their people.

A more immediate reason for rejoicing in this growth is the suspicion that could easily overshadow foreigners in these grave times. Under the influence of propaganda

and mob fear, the work of the missions could suffer no little harm if missionaries should become suspect. Given any provocation, church property might be despoiled at the nod of some petty official. This is not likely if there is a nucleus of native clergy and Catholic laymen. They would have a voice where missionaries from other lands might be silenced out of hand.

## *Only the Beginning*

Encouraging as this growth in our missions is, we must not forget that there is still much pioneering to be done. The missionary in the mud hut is not of the past. He is very much in the present missionary picture. We stress this growth in the large central missions for his consolation. Now is the seeding time for him which means sweat and plenty of hard work. He is the builder, thinking in terms of stone and mortar and wood and dollars and cents. But he must not think of himself as one of them put it as a "glorified contractor."

## *Lone Missionary Important*

Discouraging as his outlook may seem and though his congregation be but a handful, the lone missionary holds the day. In virgin territory and bush country, he stakes out the landmarks of the Church in wood and stone. By material benefits and sound leadership, he wins good-will for the Church and makes the way easier for those who come after him. What is happening now in many missions will also happen in his corner of the world. Like St. Paul, the first great missionary, he must plant with faith depending on God to give the increase.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



# Jesuit Ethnology

## With the

J. Franklin Ewing

Father Ewing, S.J., barter with one of the Tirurays. A bargain is struck, a bolt of cloth for some weapons.

(Right) One of God's masterpieces in the land back of beyond, still unspoiled by man's machinery.

**A**LTHOUGH I am not a missionary, and at times do not even work in Jesuit mission fields, I think that as an anthropologist I can lay claim to a column or two in a magazine devoted to the missions.

It is sometimes difficult for people to understand how priests are acting as priests and advancing the cause of religion when they spend the greater part of their time in scientific work. What has chemistry to do with the Sacraments? Or physics with theology?

Leaving aside an explanation of this problem—too simple to dwell on for the readers of this magazine—I submit that such a difficulty does not exist for me, for, as an anthropologist, I can well be said to be working hand-in-glove with missionaries.

Normally, I must admit, I spend my time measuring people or examining dug-up skulls, but recently I have found myself spending a great deal of time as an ethnologist. Now ethnology studies the customs of peoples, their ways of living, thinking and believing; it collects interesting baskets and spears and cooking utensils which can be seen

in the museums, but, more important, it seeks to get inside the minds of the peoples under consideration. Having studied them, of course, it must act like a science and correlate the materials from the different peoples, form theories and seek for origins.

**A**LL this is of great interest and importance to the professors of various subjects, intimately connected with philosophy and theology. It can be seen at once that the exponents of Ethics, Psychology, Theodicy, Comparative Religions are eager to receive whatever the ethnologist can discover.

But these, after all, are not missionaries. And the study of a peculiar way of tying an outrigger, or of an interesting legend, would seem to be all very well in its way, but a bit trying, perhaps, to the missionary busy with Baptisms, building and begging.

Still ethnology has its interest for missionaries and their work.

**R**ECENTLY, Father Jaime Neri, S.J., and myself were engaged in studying the Tiruray people, one of a list of groups which we are

studying in a survey of Mindanao in the Philippines. These people live south of the Cotabato River, in the Province of the same name. To get to them we left civilization with seventeen natives and a rickety Ford and crossed the vast Cotabato plain. Turning right on the only road we ferried across river after river on native rafts and at last came to the hills and real jungle.

**T**HERE it is damp and dark under the big trees. Monkeys chattered at us as we passed, snakes, thirty-five feet long were coiled somewhere above us. At our feet the orchids in full bloom were glorious. What we thought dead logs in the stream would come to life and sink below the surface with a splash. Crocodiles! Deer ran in the open places and wild boar grunted in the bush. We were back of beyond, back into the regions which are marked "unexplored" on the map.

Here we found the Tirurays living in pagan villages which had never seen a White man. What

# ts at Work Missionaries



*Just a few skulls and old bones repulsive to the ordinary person but tremendously interesting to the ethnologist who, by means of these, brushes aside the veil of the past.*

bones. This was easily accomplished by the bribe of a gift or two of cloth and beads. Roll back the years for this method of winning good will!

We wanted to study the Tirurays because these people are not only primitive in culture but pure-blooded. Their stock is not mixed. They have never inter-married, were among the first tribes to migrate to the Philippines and have remained in comparative isolation ever since. As such they are worthy of study and observation.

**T**HE object of this expedition is to search out the remains of ancient man. We shall survey a number of these tribes, their customs, and their religion. We shall gather scientific data and attempt to solve the racial history of Mindanao which in turn will throw greater light on the racial history of the Philippines. All this study and research will also aid the missionaries who follow our footsteps.

This territory of the Tiruray people used to be Jesuit mission land. Now the Oblates of Mary Immaculate have come to take up the missionary work and are carrying on ably and enthusiastically.

The Reverend George Baynes, O.M.I., recently assigned to this territory and people, accompanied us on this trip through the interior of this unexplored country. Living with these people, we studied their ways, their utensils, their houses and their beliefs, photographing and sketching and making a collection of everything connected with their lives. We took movies of them at work and at play. All of which

offered us a full enough schedule.

The customs of the people were of paramount interest to Father Baynes. A missionary cannot hope to go among a people, and violate their taboos and outrage their ideas of etiquette and expect to become immediately popular! He can hardly expect that the ways of this people will coincide exactly with those of his native Boston or San Francisco! For so long now, Catholic missionaries have identified themselves with the people among whom they were working, they must become, perhaps without ever thinking of the word, amateur ethnologists! You begin to see, we hope, that our work is not as musty as it sounds.

**T**HE temper of the people was also of interest to Father Baynes. Were they peaceful and open to suggestion, trusting and simple? As a matter of fact, they were. Their religious beliefs interested him. Would they have a complicated system of religion and multitudinous prejudices which must be broken down? As a matter of fact, they had neither.

In this particular case, the way was smooth. Among other peoples, with rigid codes and settled prejudices, the path would be more rocky. But in any case, the missionary, by these ethnological studies, is forewarned and forearmed. He knows the character of the people he has to deal with, enters into an appreciation of their psychology, and plans his campaign in accordance with their needs and peculiarities. He knows what presents to give them, physical as well as spiritual. (Turn to page 251)



amazement shone in their eyes as we approached! They must have thought we were from another world. They were friendly and we made the most of this opportunity to prowl in caves and burial grounds looking for the bones of ancient men. Then we watched and studied the natives themselves, measured their heads, jaws, arms and chest

# Lost in the Ice Fields

Bellarmino  
Lafortune, S.J.

**T**HE health of our Eskimo community on King Island has been excellent. That was due in large measure to the natives staying here last summer and also to the mild weather and abundant hunting; finally, to the amount of work.

The natives had contracted for twelve hundred pairs of *muckluks* (seal boots) for the U. S. Army. I pitied the women, and, had not the men taken the lion share of the work, they would have been unable to fill the contract. The unfurring and scraping of the hides is hard work. The men did that and handed the skins ready to the women. All of which made the winter pass like a dream.

**T**HE spirit of the community also was good. The services of the Church were perfectly attended too. I will never forget Easter Sunday. It was one of the nastiest days I ever saw. A gale was blowing from the North that enveloped the village in a thick cloud of flying snow. The natives had to climb up on a grade of eighty degrees and in the surroundings of the church, they had to climb on their fours. All the women could have excused themselves from coming to church. I had to shovel my way out of my house and one minute after I had passed, every hole was filled.

I started the fire in low spirits, expecting only the strong men to come. The first to show up was a girl of fourteen years; the second, a young woman with her baby on her back; the third, an old woman panting and coughing; then an avalanche of boys and men; closing the procession was a woman who, for years, has had to walk on crutches, and she lives the farthest away from the church! It is a mystery to me that she could make it at all.

They sang the Easter hymns with gusto. The basses roared their part. They had beaten the weather devil on the day of the Resurrection and they felt jubilant.

The increase of the population was ten per cent. Right now there is no need for a nurse to come. I don't anticipate any sickness this summer unless the boats bring some bugs. The freighters are bad that way but the Army boats are pretty well fumigated.

During the course of the winter, we had a general alarm. Happily, it did not last long. A young hunter started with his big brother to see what he could do. They came to a patch of open water and there were seals popping up. His brother let him have the first chance. He got his seal all right. His brother got two and immediately hitched up his dog on one of them and pulled the other home himself.

The young fellow did not want to be beaten. He sent his dog home with the seal he had and then delayed along the water. He got two more seals and started home pulling them. They weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds. It was tough pulling on our jagged ice.

**D**ARKNESS came and he did not show up at the village. Then two shots in quick succession rang in the air. It is his S.O.S. The boy needed help. What for, was the question.

In a jiffy all the lanterns and the flashlights of the village were on the ice. But where to find him on that ice, bristling all over with hummocks ranging from ten to thirty feet in height and making thousands of angles and holes where a man can fall.

Systematically the searchers spread themselves out in a radius of one and a half miles long, and, slowly, carefully scrutinized every foot of that ice. Now and then they would

signal to him. No response, not even a shot. Ashore the crowd became nervous.

**F**INALLY, some one stumbled on him. He was found asleep with his two seals alongside of him and his gun in his hands. What had happened was this: by pulling those two seals he became so tired that he felt himself absolutely overpowered with sleep. He realized that it meant his death. He just gave his S.O.S. and fell asleep. Two days after he was out hunting again. It is like that up here. These people frequently brush shoulders with death. Their instincts are sharpened and they know all the danger signs. They are simple and hardy and unspoiled. They do not despise the weather devil, but they laugh at him and are happy in spite of him. You can't help loving such people.



*None but the strong and the hero breed could hope to wrest a living from this land bristling with ice. One of Father Lafortune's King Islanders scans the icy horizon to see if any seals are popping up.*

# The Chinese Girl Goes to School

M. de Villaspinosa

**I**F we want to understand the girls now studying in China's high schools and colleges, the first thing to do is to try and see them against their background and not against our own or against a stage scene representing what we imagine theirs should be. Achievement, whether national or personal, must be measured by objective standards.

The first obstacle to understanding is that we ourselves tend to generalize from the standpoint of our own conventions; we are apt to erect our conventions as principles and to think of different conventions as breaches of principle.

For example, Chinese courtesy forbids one to say anything that might be unpleasant to the hearer. When a girl tells us she is obliged for urgent family reasons to go to another part of China and we afterwards discover that she has merely exchanged to a rival school in the same town, we at once might say she—or, generalizing, "the Chinese"—have no idea of truth. It does not occur to us that if she came to call at our house and was told we were not at home, when she had clearly seen us through the window, she might make the same comment on the truthfulness of the West.

It would be as rude to her to say, "I do not like your school" as for us to say "I do not want to see you." But that, you say, is a recognized convention; and she did not know it merely because she was a stranger to our ways. Quite true—if only we could realize how often that is precisely our own position in China we should be less ready to judge and generalize and talk about "the Chinese" instead of

meeting them as individual people, and most interesting ones.

**N**O one ever got to know a nation in the lump; we can only really know individuals, and we shall not do that so long as we entrench ourselves in generalizations. After that it is a little difficult to write about "the girl students of China"; the subject must be limited to the Chinese girls I have known and what I have been able to learn from them.

They have made great progress in spite of very great difficulties. A program of modern education has been thrust on them ready-made and they have had to adjust themselves to it. They have not had the benefit of their parents' experience, for we are not yet fully in the second generation of "Western education." This prevents the normal cooperation between home and school and tends to make a breach in home life. The girls are flung into an entirely new setting, containing much that is good but much also that is dangerous or positively evil, and they have no traditions to guide them but must rely almost entirely on their own judgment.

In the matter of reading, for example, it is far easier for them to go astray than to choose aright. In their own literature, there is little of what we should call light reading, and they have, therefore, formed no habits of occupying themselves with a book. This does not mean they have no occupation, for conversation takes the place of reading and there is plenty of scope in the life of a "large family" for comedy, tragedy, romance and imagination. Now, however, they



*The Chinese girls with the progress of education are flung into an entirely new setting. These two thespians on the stage dance in an approved "Western" manner.*

are beginning to read and we are urging them to it; it is important that we should see the situation in terms of their lives.

**F**IRST of all, though this might not occur to us, they are put off by the very sight of a big book. Chinese books may be long—their best known novel has more than three hundred characters—but they are divided into slim sections, loose in the cover and meant to be taken out and handled separately. Next comes the choice of reading. English and still more American books are very expensive; war makes their price prohibitive. There remain pirated editions of Western books, translations, and modern Chinese books, most of them based on Western models. Unfortunately, both the pirated editions and the translations seem to avoid all that is best in our literature; on reading through catalogues one might easily gain the impression that western reading is a blend of Oscar Wilde, Dostoevsky and Flaubert. Scott, Dickens and Thackeray exist, but in the form of textbooks and no one reads a textbook save as an "assignment."

THERE are several Catholic presses in China but so far they have not caught up with their primary object of turning out catechetical and pious works and are limited, with few exceptions, to those categories. Not so the Communists who flood the market with attractively written and produced books. It is small wonder that the third type, the modern Chinese novel or story, in following western models, follows the same types.

But the question of books is not the main difficulty in reading. We, who were brought up to read books, know how difficult it is to keep up that habit ourselves and to form it in the younger generation in face of the flood of magazines, pictorials

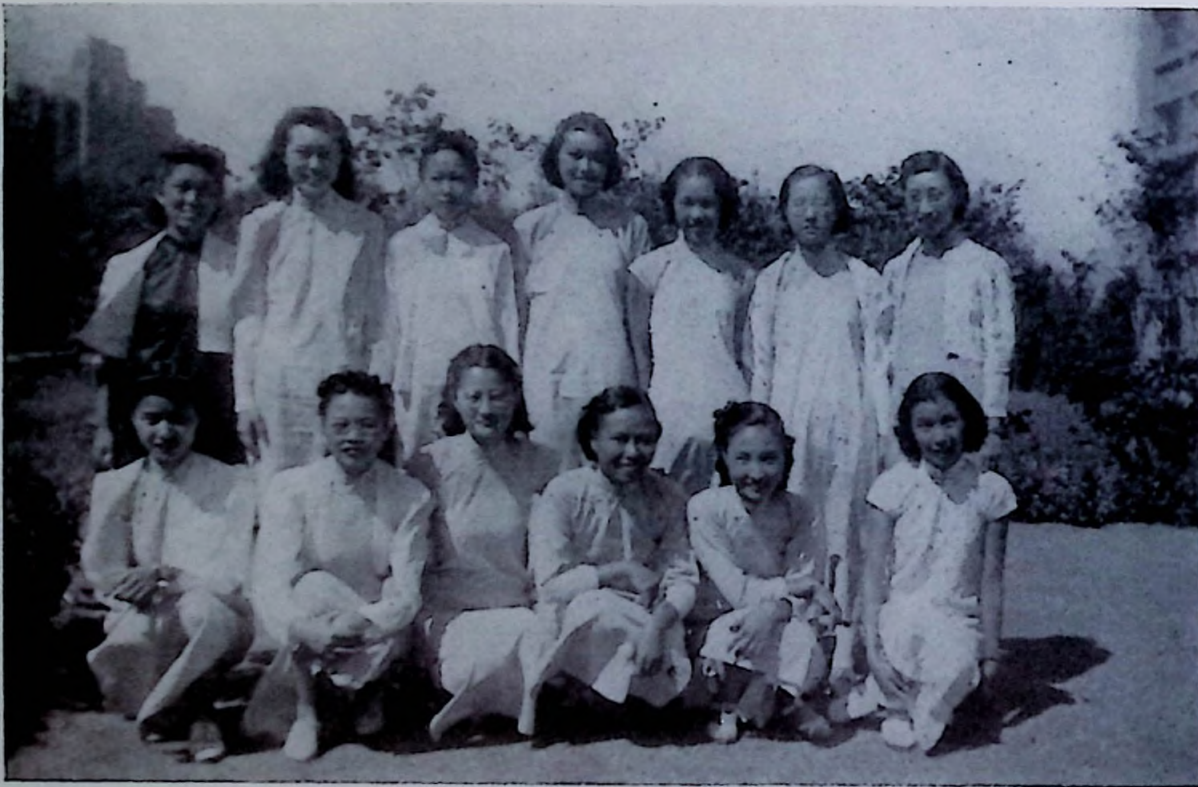
where there are some feather-headed seekers after excitement and "glamour"; but on the whole, they are level-headed enough. They owe to their background of ancient culture a certain poise and natural dignity and also a very real sense of the value of learning. New ways have thrown open to them the possibility of study and careers on equal terms with their brothers and they are taking such opportunities, and showing that they are very capable of profiting by them.

THEIR parents look on; they wish their girls to have the best the times can offer, but many of them feel they do not know enough about Western schooling to take

that in Arts, Sciences, Medicine, even Law, they can compete on equal terms with the boys or with students elsewhere. And yet they still keep leisure for the graciousness of home life in a "large family" with all its varying degrees of intercourse. Their new-found freedom has not emancipated them from social etiquette because they are able to combine, far better perhaps than we have done, what is essential in both old and new. Somehow, they find time for it all; to do their work, to discuss the latest film stars and to learn the innumerable Chinese customs that bewilder us by their complexity. They have been launched into our world of hustle and have not lost their leisure.

WHAT special gift has enabled them to combine worlds in this surprising way, with so little help from outside? Their own parents' experience is of little use to them, ours even less—what intuition guides them? I think it is partly the gift of their race for achieving perfect results with the simplest means; their tools are extraordinarily primitive and still more extraordinarily effective. In all their work you will find the same power of adaptation, the same blending of beauty and practical efficiency, the same tendency to develop essentials down to such simplicity that there is time to live as well as to work. There at least the experience of thousands of years lies behind them.

The second influence that moves them is from modern conditions. The weak point of the old Chinese family was its narrowness of outlook. The Revolution and the war have widened that outlook and broadened their loyalties without destroying the old. They think now in terms of their country and are keenly interested in social questions. Formerly, their own relations and household had every claim on them but beyond that service ended; "the poor" as such did not exist for them. That this was due to the social system, under which there were few unattached poor, rather than to any innate selfishness is shown by the way they have risen now to (Turn to page 251)



*Their background of ancient culture endows the Chinese students with a certain poise and natural dignity and also a very real sense of the value of learning.*

and pictures that shift modern attention from words to what is called "Visual Education." We can, therefore, imagine the still greater difficulty for girls who have no habit of prolonged reading. Here again, with no standards to judge from, they are in contact with all that is least desirable in the ephemeral reading of the West, and above all, with the innumerable film journals and movie magazines.

IN the face of all these impressions it is a never failing source of wonder to see how the Chinese girls of today have succeeded in keeping their dignity and their sense of values. Of course, here as else-

responsibility in the matter. They, therefore, tend to keep aloof from the schools, which is a great drawback from the point of view of the educators who would be glad of their cooperation. In these circumstances, there is great danger that the girls may lose all that is worth while in the older Chinese culture, and no one can be very long in contact with that culture without realizing that it has much to give as well as to receive in its dealings with the West.

This, fortunately, is where the girls themselves have so far shown themselves worthy of their background. They have put themselves to school and college and proved



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



## BLOW TO PEYOTE

• Army doctors examining young Indians for the draft found that those who were members of the Native American Church (peyote eaters) were to a man unfit for military service, writes Father Thomas J. Hallahan, S.J., of St. Francis Mission, South Dakota. So, beginning July 1st, the drug (peyote) has been outlawed by the Government and only a very limited amount will be permitted for strictly religious purposes. Both the Government and the missionaries have been trying to discourage the use of this drug because of the pernicious effect it has upon those who use it. The findings of the Army doctors are a conclusive evidence of its devastating effects.

## WAS I EMBARRASSED?

• Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., had a big building job to do recently on his Mission at St. Michael, Alaska, so he imported eight husky Eskimos from Chaneliak. "It was but natural for me, in such a case, to keep those men in my house while in St. Michael," writes Father Lonneux. "The very next day, the ocean steamer arrived and behold! the Mother Provincial of the Ursulines with another Sister arrived. Was I embarrassed? Not much. I turned over my bedroom to the Sisters and I went to the room of the men. I had ten boarders and all seemed most satisfied. I know that I had a very pleasant time. The Sisters left on the following Sunday and we on the following day, the 16th.

I am now visiting my camps."

## FRIENDLY RUSSIANS

• Isolated on tiny Diomed Island with his Eskimo community during the winter, Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., is only able to communicate with the mainland on rare occasions. Here's an excerpt from his most recent communication. "The winter was fair. Hunting was good, so no one suffered. There was very little sickness. Our five white Russian neighbors, scientists of some kind, bothered us not at all. They were not very friendly, but on the other hand, made no possible move that could be interpreted as unfriendly. The church work has been as consoling as ever. The people are fervent, the men more so than the women. Catechism classes were always faithfully attended, so much so that occasionally I used to hope the kids would forget an odd class."

## WELCOME TO THE U. S. A.

• Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., of British Honduras, writes that he expects to pay a short visit to the United States, sailing from Belize on August 29th. It will be his first visit to the U. S. since he returned from Baghdad on his way to his new post in British Honduras. He reports that recently five hundred woodmen sailed from Belize in the general direction of Scotland where they will be engaged in war work. There were also nine or ten candidates for the R.A.F. on the boat.

## NEW APPOINTMENTS

- The following appointments have been announced in the British Honduras Mission.
- Father Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J., who had been pastor at Punta Gorda, has been assigned the post of pastor of St. Ignatius Church, Belize.
- Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., has been made pastor at Orange Walk.
- Father H. A. Delaney, S.J., has been transferred from Orange Walk to Belize where he will take charge of youth work.
- Father Marion M. Ganey, S.J., formerly in charge of youth work in Belize, has been made pastor at Punta Gorda.
- Father John M. Knopp, S.J., has been made pastor at Stann Creek, replacing Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J. Father Stevenson is opening a new residence among the native Indians in the village of San Antonio near Punta Gorda.

## SCHOOL DIFFICULTIES

• The educational problems of the two Jesuit missionaries at El Cayo, British Honduras, seem to be restricted entirely to buildings and not to pupils. Father Daniel M. Coady, S.J., writes that it is necessary for him to build an addition to the school because of the increased attendance, while his assistant, Father John T. Newell, S.J., tells of conditions in a school directly across the river from El Cayo. He writes: "This year two of the Cayo Sisters took over the school at Santa Elena which up till then had been

taught by Carib men teachers. With the advent of the Sisters, the enrollment swelled. But it has not all been smooth sailing for the Sisters to date. A dory, or boat, hollowed from a cedar log, had to be obtained for their daily crossing. An expert dory builder got busy, made two dories and both turned out fizzles. The

you?" And remarks Father Murphy, "The old man's attitude was correct for in God's Providence we know there are no real accidents."

**TELL THEM A STORY**

• Children love stories and the children at the Philippine Military Academy are no exception. According to Daniel F. Corbett,

roofed church filled with people praying by themselves and patiently waiting for their new pastor to arrive. Much more pleased was he to find these simple mountain people crowding into the confessional and approaching the altar rail for Communion. After this experience in his own words, "Homeward bound I was far happier than outward bound."

• Not so pleasant was his visit to Silad a little village on the coast. This involved a water passage. First he had to yell across the water for a boat. After a half hour wait there was a response from the other side. Rough surf and slippery rocks didn't help the embarking at all. Once away from the shore, the rest was smooth sailing. But again and again while saying Mass the thought came to him: "How on earth am I going to get out of that boat on the return journey and climb those slippery rocks back to civilization."



*Father Vincent O'Beirne, S.J., at his mission in the Philippines, enacts symbolically the desire of all missionaries, to gather the sheep together till there be but one flock and one Shepherd. He is striving to make this desire a reality in his own mission.*

Sisters are still without their own dory."

**"RIDE-RIDE"**

• Religious ceremonies play a vital part in almost every phase of the lives of a truly Catholic people. In the Philippines they have a ceremony called the Sakay Sakay or "Ride-Ride." In a procession of small boats, with music and song, the people sail out with their priest to bless the sea. Father Harold A. Murphy, S.J., pastor of Jasaan, Balingasag, writes that after he had blessed the sea, according to annual custom, a fish about a foot long jumped up, turned a somersault and disappeared into the quiet waters again. "What's that?" asked Father Murphy. "A fish," replied an old patriarch whose whole attitude seemed to say, "Well, you blessed the sea, didn't

S.J., of the Jesuit Scholasticate in Baguio, the Scholastics accompany the chaplain to the Academy and teach Catechism to the soldiers' children after Mass. The beautiful stories of the Sunday Gospel the children could rattle off in their own words but they knew little of the other wonderful things Christ did on earth. Here was a golden opportunity for the Scholastics to point the lessons of the Catechism by apt illustration from further stories in the life of Christ and they are making the most of it.

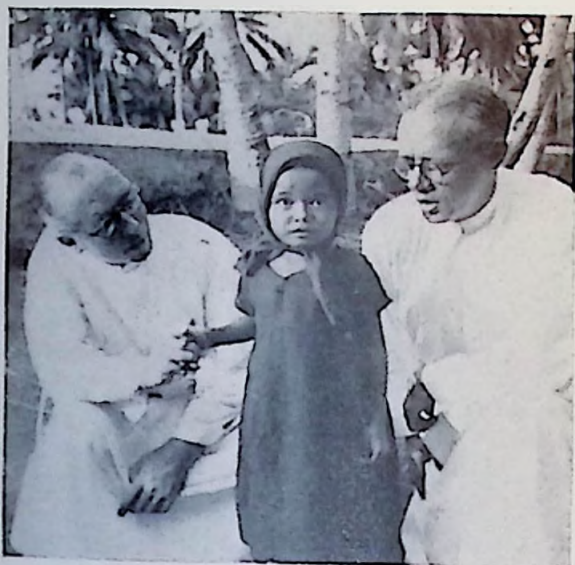
**UPS AND DOWNS**

• The newly appointed pastor of Kinoguitan, P. I., Father Raymond A. Lutz, S.J., is favorably impressed by the wholehearted signs of faith amongst his people. Going up into a mountain village he was amazed to find his nipa-

**COOPERATIVES**

• Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J., enterprising and hard-working pastor of Seafordtown, Jamaica, B. W. I., is thinking along cooperative lines these days. "Membership in our Egg Cooperative has grown to seventy-one. It pays well to belong. We give the members a shilling (twenty-five cents) a dozen for the eggs. The higglers pay six pence (twelve cents) and nine pence (eighteen). Besides we give a bonus on the shilling. We have made all our own egg crates. Someone gave us the trees. The men cut them down, sawed the trees into boards and then made boxes.

• The members divided into five groups are responsible for a week in turn, for the cleaning, packing and shipping of the eggs. The work for the most part is done on Saturdays. We ship from four hundred to a thousand dozen eggs each week. The book-keeping is a man's job and takes up most of my time. The move-



*This little Filipina maid of Balingasag, Philippine Islands, has lost her mother. Fathers Dowd and O'Shaughnessy are trying to console her in her sorrow.*

ment is a good one and will be a great benefit to the people here."

#### IT WAS THE GOAT'S FAULT

• Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., of Godda, Patna Mission, India, reports that he was speeding on his motorcycle towards Sundarmur for Mass recently when he ran into a flock of goats on the road. One of the goats got out of the way too slowly and as a result Father Ernst and his motorcycle crashed. He writes: "Some kindly Hindus and Mohammedans from a nearby village were soon on the scene, and when I found that I could not go on, arranged for a bullock cart to take me to the hospital.

• "Arrived at the hospital the doctor quickly diagnosed the trouble as a dislocated shoulder. As they had no bed long enough, they spread a blanket and sheet on the floor. The doctor having removed his shoes asked if I wanted chloroform and when I said I would let them try without, he and three assistants sweated and pulled until the misplaced member finally slipped back into place. I sat up to find all the available doors filled with interested spectators which didn't help to reduce the sweltering heat. Anyhow our little Indian doctor seemed to have done a nice piece of work but I still have my arm in a sling though I have said Mass for the last three days.

#### NEAR FAMINE

• "With this arm I will likely be laid up for another two weeks or so, but the rains have begun and the people are busy planting their new crops. Most of the people are in sore distress now. The Government has given small grants to save some of them from death of starvation. I just found one little boy out here in front of the mission eating a kind of red soft stone, whether from hunger or sickness, I could not tell from questioning him. These people can stand suffering that we never could. I also visited the local jail on my way back from the hospital. It, too, is crowded mostly with thieves."

#### LATEST WORD

• There was quite a bit of suspense on both sides of the ocean when the new missionaries from New York set out across the Pacific for the Philippines. They made it, thanks, no doubt, to the prayers offered up both here and there while they were on the high seas. A flash comes back across the ocean that they not only arrived safely, but also that all, except Father Leo McGovern, S.J., have received their assignments for the coming year.

• They are as follows: Father Joseph Bittner, S.J., is appointed to the new school, Ateneo de Naga, opened during the past year. Father Thomas Tuite, S.J., will be Minister at San Jose Seminary. Fathers John McKeane, S.J., and Thomas Rocks, S.J., will join the teaching staff in the Ateneo de Cagayan. Word also comes back that four Filipino Jesuits have become chaplains in the Philippine Army.

#### MR. McCARTHY FROM BAGHDAD

• As quietly as a summer breeze, Mr. Richard McCarthy, S.J., arrived in New York. You would not suspect he had come all the way from Baghdad. He brought with him the good news that all our men are safe at Baghdad College and that school is opening as usual for the present semester.

• Not a few have manifested an

interest in the type of student body at Baghdad College. Here are the statistics for 1941, classifying the students according to their religious denomination. Chaldeans, 50; Syrians, 34; Armenian Catholics, 7; Greek Catholics, 3; Latin Catholics, 22; Armenian Orthodox, 19; Greek Orthodox, 1; Nestorians, 2; Protestants, 3; Moslems, 15; Jews, 15. The total enrollment numbers one hundred and seventy-one students.

#### STUDENTS' RECREATION ROOM

• "Possibly some of your readers who are interested in boys would like to help, the youth of Bicolandia, P.I.," writes Richard T. McSorley, S.J., from the new Ateneo de Naga. "Many of the students come alone leaving their families and board in Naga, paying about five dollars a month. Left thus without guidance or restraint, we have felt a special need of interesting them.

• "Our method is the students' recreation room. In it we have two ping-pong tables, four pool tables, a few games of checkers and a radio. Around the unpainted walls we have pasted and tacked pictures cut from magazines and papers. These boys love to call the Ateneo their home. And this room goes far to making it just that. After class they all turn in that direction."



*Four American Jesuits, members of the largest group (37) ever to be ordained in China. (Left to right), Fathers Lavesque, Meagher, Meyers and Clifford. Father Meyers was ordained for the Oriental Rite.*



Father Edward Cunningham died this past year after years of sacrifice for Christ and the Eskimo

# ALASKA

Prodigal of life and love, heroic souls—AMERICAN JESUITS—have labored through long decades in Alaska, battling the elements, human caprice and ignorance to make sure Christ's Blood would not have been shed in vain for the Eskimos.

## HAS IT ALL BEEN IN VAIN?

Attacking the problem of waste, waste of time, energy and lives, has been one of the prominent fetishes of our era.

With the Mission of Pilgrim Springs closed (so poignantly told by Fr. Anable in our last issue) and other mission outposts of Alaska threatened with a similar fate or their work hopelessly curtailed, the world judges the spendthrift lives of men like Fr. Cunningham and Fr. Ruppert as scandalous waste.

In a familiar refrain it echoes the ancient cant: "Why this waste?"



Wait! Was it waste? In the world of saving souls there is no hidebound measure between effort and accomplishment.

In the idiom of their day Christ's contemporaries scored His every effort—even to the shedding of His Blood—as so much waste.

And today! The Life which was waste has become the only salvation of a world wearing itself out in a quest for peace, destined to be fruitless apart from Him and His lesson of Sacrifice!

## SHALL OTHER ALASKAN MISSIONS CLOSE?

Won't you give the lie to this taunt of "waste"?

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Fr. Ruppert died alone on the trail—  
a consummate sacrifice



THE MOST DIFFICULT MISSION"

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## Privileged Company

To the Editor:

I consider it a privilege to renew my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for another year. The joys and sorrows of the missionary Sons of St. Ignatius certainly make interesting reading and many a tug at the heart of those who would help them in spreading His Kingdom. Father Anable's story of "Pilgrim Springs" is one which should cause first, much serious reflection on the part of the all too many Catholics who consider the missions always somebody else's business and secondly the determination to do something about it. Enclosed please find \$1.00 for "Pilgrim Springs" in memory of Rev. Joseph P. Downey, C.S.S.R., \$1.00 towards Father George Marin's "Skyscraper in Peking," \$1.00 for my renewal to JESUIT MISSIONS.

Most sincerely wish I could send more. May God's blessings go with Father Amy in his new work and may you, Reverend Father, find much happiness in continuing his endeavors for JESUIT MISSIONS.

"Shorty of Cambridge"

Cambridge, Mass.

## "A Child Shall Lead Them"

To the Editor:

Last Saturday we ran across the September issue of JESUIT MISSIONS. The children and myself were deeply moved at realizing the hardships endured by your missionaries. Right then and there we resolved to do something to help in our small way. The children emptied their banks and so willingly. I'm really happy that their little hearts understand. Thomas wanted to send along the banks as they were. He's having a hard time to understand that the enclosed check represents his and Kathryn's savings. Kathryn wants to buy a Chinese baby. She would be delighted to have a playmate for Marilyn. But I've explained that we are going to keep her busy saving to feed one of those babies in the Catholic orphanages in China.

This is really quite a tale but they so love to have friends even in foreign lands.

The enclosed check they send to the missions. Please enter my subscription.

Every week you are going to receive some help from us in the hope that God will keep my husband well and employed.

We are in trying circumstances and it's a bit hard to make ends meet.

We will remember the missionaries in our prayers and will endeavor to send you a contribution every opportunity we have to help in our small way the Jesuits who have been the means of keeping me close to God.

Malverne, L. I. Mrs. A. A. O.

## Response Bountiful

To the Editor:

In response to your urgent appeal for help, I am herewith enclosing check for \$20.00, ten dollars to be applied to the Suchow Mission, China and ten dollars to the Pilgrim Springs Mission, Alaska.

My regret is that I can't send more. I hope and pray that these affairs may change so I may be in a better position to help more.

Chicago, Ill. G. J. O.

## Part of the Hundredfold

To the Editor:

Just received my copy of September issue of JESUIT MISSIONS and enclosed is check for \$50.00 for French Canadian Jesuits.

With best wishes for the Society, whom we know are in the forefront of the battle line of Christ.

Brooklyn, N. Y. J. J. McN

## Sacrifice!

To the Editor:

During the past week I was kept so busy getting ready to go on a short vacation that I had almost forgotten to read my last copy of JESUIT MISSIONS magazine for September. Then sitting down to rest one evening after dinner, I happened to pick up the mission magazine on the inside page was the caption "China Is Sad." Turning another page told the story of the "Tragedy of Pilgrim Springs." It was heartrending. It seems a pity, after all the hard work and sacrifices that our missionaries put into their work and when they are making such headway in bringing souls to God, that the missions should close for lack of funds. So with all thought of a vacation put aside I am enclosing a money order for \$20.00 and will you use a part of it for "Sad China" and please tell Father Anable that I intend to work for his cause by showing all of my friends individually and collectively the article on the closing of Pilgrim Springs and encourage them to send a contribution. Because now with the world going pagan we need our missionaries more than ever.

Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. M. B.

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## BACK ISSUES

From time to time requests for back numbers of JESUIT MISSIONS come to our office. Recently we have been asked to help complete sets of JESUIT MISSIONS for two valuable libraries.

We are listing below a number of the issues we were not able to supply. Should any of our readers have any of these copies and would care to spare them, we would be very happy to receive them.

Vol. I—Jan., June, July-Aug.  
Vol. II—May  
Vol. III—Feb., April  
Vol. IV—March  
Vol. V—Jan., Feb.  
Vol. X—July-Aug., Sept.  
Vol. XIV—June, Dec.

## JESUIT MISSIONS

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FOR SALE AT ALL FOOD STORES

# Come to Jamaica To See the World

Francis G. Deevy, S.J.

Columbus discovered Jamaica in 1494. It remained a Spanish possession for the next 160 years, then fell to the English and has since remained under British rule. On the direct trade route that leads to Panama from London and New York, Jamaica has acquired a cosmopolitan flavor in the ensuing years.

ONE delightfully odd phenomenon of Jamaica and one which continues to amaze me is the wide variety of people one meets in the course of a day's work. Eskimos are as scarce as snowstorms—but I've found nearly everything else. Down the lane from my house, lives a woman who was born and grew up in a town adjacent to my hometown. She's a Unitarian and in Jamaica, they are only less scarce than Eskimos.

The average American thinks of Jamaica as a backwater in the Caribbean with a negligible, uniformly, black population. "Oh yes, we have a military base there, haven't we? Important to the Canal, isn't it?" At least, so I reconstruct from my own previous impressions. What a surprise then, to find that Rumania, Norway, Spain, Belgium and Bohemia are represented in the neighborhood. Some of these people are refugees and evacuees but not all. The war has heightened the cosmopolitan flavor of the Island but the flavor has always been here, back even to the days when the French came from Haiti and the Portuguese

from Madeira and the Irish from everywhere.

TAKE an instance not so long ago, when I attended a Chinese New Year's dinner. There were four Occidental guests. One was a handsome Cuban, incidentally, a Jesuit boy, educated in one of our schools there; another was a Jamaican doctor with his degree from an American University. The third was Scotch, the manager of the local movie house. And, finally, myself. What did we talk about? Well, when all else fails, there's always the banana. Might I call it a fruitful topic? As a matter of fact, I was the only one to enjoy the delectable though mysterious repast. The Scot had to run a show, and so had to leave early. I suspect the doctor knew too much about gastric activity and capacity. The Cuban's difficulties, I do not know. It was too hard to understand him above the blare of an otherwise excellent radio. As for myself it was the fag end of a very busy Sunday. I had nothing further to do but abandon myself to the esoteric delights of birdnest soup and pickled duck.

If you went to a parochial school,



(Top) The station agent's children at Sutton could trace their ancestry back to the Gold Coast of Africa. (Bottom) Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Leiba, tobacco growers in the author's mission district, are probably of Spanish or Portuguese descent a few generations back.

as I did many years ago, then doubtless, you saved your pennies to save Chinese babies. It was a noble and thrilling adventure. Now, I'm baptizing the very counterparts of those little Orientals. I had an even dozen Chinese babies to baptize during the past year, besides four adults. A few weeks ago, one of the babies was named after me. That fact called for a solemn high Baptism. Be it said to the credit of

this latest Francis that he went through the ceremony like a man. Not a whimper from beginning to end. Ordinarily, Chinese children maintain a terrific squall throughout, climaxed by a deafening yowl when the water is poured on their heads. If I hear no protest from the youngster, I usually inquire for his health.

**B**EFORE finishing with my Chinese friends, let me introduce a young man whom I shall call Jean. That's not his name but it will do, because he has a French name and is a native of French Indo-China. Finding Jean is like finding a rare species of orchid. You won't find this variety in every laundry shop. Besides being interesting in himself, Jean adds another patch to the Joseph's coat of Jamaica's population. Of course, he is a Catholic. Doesn't he come from French Indo-China?

Being of an enterprising character, he runs the Anglo-American restaurant. It is American because it is near the American naval base. For the benefit of tourists, the food is excellent and the layout is the nearest thing to an American ice cream parlor, I have seen on the Island. (Note: Possibly, I should have sent this article to the *New Yorker*.)

**O**F all mission lands, India appealed to me the most in my youth. What reader of the *National Geographic* has not been charmed by the mystery of this far-off land? Oddly enough, I can find authentic India right here in Jamaica for India discovered Jamaica before I did. Down in the cane fields, I can find East Indians at work with the same gleaming teeth, the same deep eyes, the same texture of dark bronze skin that you see in the pictures from Patna. The back drop of the mist-encased Blue Mountains could easily be the Himalayas.

Is this a heat mirage because it is beastly hot in the cane fields, or is it a fact? Actually, it is a fact. These are really East Indians, though most of them are now second generation and Jamaica born. They came here as coolies under the indenture system to work the cane fields where they stand up

under the fiercest heat. Now the indenture system has gone out of existence, but the Indians remain a rather isolated and localized community with their own schools and civic and social organizations. Transplanted like the mango and the breadfruit they are now part of the Jamaican people. Mysore cattle graze in the pastures. These great, humpy beasts with their grey hides and flappy dewlaps further heighten the illusion of India. Standing almost motionless in the pastures they look as though they were suffering from perennial stiff necks. They thrive where the cattle of a more temperate climate would not survive.

**A**ND who would suspect that Jamaica might have a link with our sister mission in Baghdad? There's a Syrian Community here, many of them Catholics, and all of them are prosperous dry-goods merchants. They come from Baghdad, Beirut, Damascus, Bethlehem and other points between, including Providence, Rhode Island. One very good Catholic in my district is of Syrian extraction but was born and brought up in Chile. The Syrians are either Catholic or Orthodox. It depends on the part of the Near East in which they have their roots. The Orthodox have no church of their own on this island. Many drift over to the Anglican Church, but the greater part have come to us. More will follow in time.

The veneration and respect these people have for the father as head of the family meant nothing to me until I actually experienced it. One evening I visited a Syrian friend. To step inside his door was to step out of Jamaica into Damascus. All the old traditions and customs were there in full force.

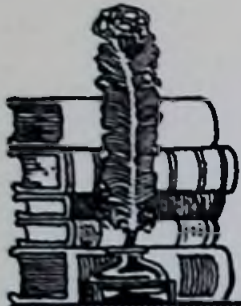
The father held the center of a large room seated on an old-fashioned red plush chair like a throne. I sat in the position of honor at his right. The sons sat around us. The women were very much in the back-

ground, coming forward first for introductions and after that only to pass dishes of raisins, figs, dates and nuts. The old man smilingly ruled over all, and the sons, though full-grown and capable business men, turned to the father for confirmation or approval of every statement uttered. The Fourth Commandment acquired a deeper meaning for me that evening in that Syrian family circle.



*We will leave it to your own imagination to single out the nations these features might represent. They are all very much at home in Jamaica.*

I could continue this fascinating subject indefinitely but I must conclude. So, I'll skip past the Indian from Ecuador, my globe-trotting English neighbors and the always interesting Irish. If I were a publicity agent, I would coin the paradoxical slogan, "Come to Jamaica and see the world." It is a consoling fact to find Catholics among all these people. It brings home the fact that the Church is universal. Her doors are wide enough for all to enter. Within her portals, all peoples find a common ground in one faith, one baptism and one obedience.



# NEW BOOKS



## The Man Who Got Even With God

M. Raymond, O.C.S.O.

Here is another attractive contribution to the rapidly expanding library of American sainthood. Thank God for the age of modern hagiographers who have not forgotten to appeal to human readers through the humanity of God's favorites. All saints have feet of clay and all stumble—John Green Hanning, the subject of the book, not least of all. There is no attempt by M. Raymond to hide the dangerously vindictive nature of John. While his passion was running riot, John thought little of burning down his father's barn, running away from home, becoming a cowboy in the Rio Grande for nine years, and even of losing his faith—just to "get even." Yes, John Hanning, the Kentucky cowboy, was intensely human, revoltingly so at times.

Conversion came through his mother's eloquent eyes; but only after God had taken her. Tremendous vindictiveness again soared as John determined to "get even" with all whom he had saddened by his deeds. He goes so far as to "get even" with God by showing Him and the world that he'll do the most heroic thing imaginable. He'll become a Trappist Brother and "get even" with self by bridling his terrific vindictiveness and turning it into white-heat flames of love for God. He'll match human love with divine and will die in the effort to square them evenly.

Besides a biography of remarkable heroism in the life of a humble Brother, the author has offered some definite and sound undertones on spirituality which help to make the book and Brother Joachim understandable. We should also be grateful for another outburst against the age-old notion that sanctity is synonymous with sadness. Brother Joachim is his best argument that Christianity is cheerful sacrifice—the more intense the Christianity, the deeper the joy.

Personally, I wish the author had left out the comparison between his hero and the leper colony saints, Father Damien and Brother Dutton. It will undoubtedly arouse a certain amount of comment on the part of some readers. Certainly, it doesn't help the case any in favor of a great man, whose greatness is clearly established without it. John Green Hanning's or Brother Joachim's, deeds and his sanctity stand by themselves. May his inspiring life have many readers.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$2.00.

## Cyril and Methodius, Apostles of the Slavs

Cyril Potocek

This attractive study features for the first time in English the labors of SS. Cyril and Methodius, who in influencing the numerous Slav peoples, have left an indelible mark on Western culture.

The author suggests a solution to the modern enigmatic Slavic disunion. The two saintly brothers came into Moravia (inhabited by Czechs and Slovaks) in 863. They gave the Slavs an alphabet and translated the Greek liturgy of Constantinople into Slavonic. Opposed by Germans of the Latin Rite, they won Papal approval, though later the Slavonic liturgy was suppressed in Moravia. Since the two brothers are hailed by all the Slavs, both Catholic and Schismatic, as their Apostles (for Methodius' exiled disciples had carried the Slavonic liturgy to the Russians, Serbians and Bulgarians—the great majority of whom later became schismatics) the two Saints become admirable patrons for the union of all with Rome.

Among other things, Roman Catholics will be delighted to discover the beauty of the Slavonic liturgy (Mass) which is translated in the Appendix. Further, as Dr. George Waskovich indicates in the Foreword, "for Slav or non-Slav, Catholic or non-Catholic, Father Potocek's volume will appropriately serve as an introduction to a field exceedingly rich in historical lore and interest."

We look for other like studies from Potocek's pen.

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

## The Rosary and the Soul of Woman

Donatus Haugg  
Translated by Sister Mary  
Aloysius Kiener, S.N.D.

The title of this little work tells us that the author wished in its composition to bring all women closer to Mary. And he wishes to accomplish this by means of her prayer, the Rosary. Briefly, he tells women how to live the Rosary. Acknowledging the difficulties of lengthy prayer, yet at the same time, stressing the necessity of some prayer in the life of every woman, the author offers the Rosary said meditatively as a solution. By this method they tap the well spring of the life of Christ and through Mary as a model, realize themselves spiritually. Said in this way, the Rosary becomes a source of many

virtues. It brings us closer to Mary and her Son in sacrifice, in labor, in joy and in sorrow. It colors our whole life with prayer by transporting us into the world of Christ and His Mother. Womanhood, to maintain or regain its spotless splendor, must kneel at the feet of her who was supremely womanly upon earth. All women may come to her through the school of the Rosary.

Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York & Cincinnati, \$1.25.

## Dust, Remember Thou Art Splendor

Raoul Plus, S.J.  
Translated by Sister Mary  
Thomas, S.N.D.

This is a book about royalty. It tells us how God from the immensity of His own wealth allows us to participate in the Infinite, to become children of God. Such is our destiny not to be mere human beings but rather to be divinized. Thus our true description is "a soul in a body and God in that soul." Though we are earthen vessels at the same time through Baptism we become the living Temples of God. Tremendous awe-inspiring reality! Despite our physical infirmities, the down-drag of original sin, the knowledge of our own weakness, we should exult in the fact that we have God within us. In this little volume we become aware of the nearness of God. This book is at the same time a challenge and an invitation to a deeper spiritual life to realize in ourselves the splendor of dust.

Frederick Pustet Co., Inc., New York and Cincinnati, \$1.00.

## Streets of Nazareth

Rev. Gerald M. C. Fitzgerald, C.S.C.  
Illustrated by John Leo Hendricken

Father Gerald M. C. Fitzgerald, known to many of his readers as Father Page, has touched the hem of beauty in this choice little volume "Streets of Nazareth." The poems within the volume are short fragrant little pieces on common things of our Faith, done uncommonly well. All of them are touched with vision, singing God's praises and reflections in the creatures about us. His poems on Our Lady are here published for the first time. The others have appeared from time to time in various papers and magazines as occasional poems. All are now presented in this volume. The publishers are to be commended for the attractive format. The illustrations of John Leo Hendricken are varied, artistic and appropriate.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

## JESUIT ETHNOLOGISTS AT WORK WITH THE MISSIONARIES

(Continued from page 239)

So the ethnologist can be of importance to the missionary. That the missionary is of importance to the ethnologist can be proven with fewer words. Recall only the *Relations* of the early Jesuits in North America. Without these painstaking records—often written under the most trying conditions—our knowledge of the unspoiled American Indian would be infinitely poorer. Today, Catholic missionaries all over the world are recording data which is of value to ethnology and other sciences.

The missionary, being continually on the scene, becoming trusted and loved for his charity and pure life, and becoming, as it were, a familiar part of the scenery for the people, can learn details and psychology and folklore which are difficult of access for an expedition spending a few months among the same people. He is trusted, a friend, and, above all, he comes to understand the people of his adopted country.

And that, in a word, is also the aim of ethnology in all its branches . . . to understand, better and better, Man. A study noble in itself. But how much ennobled when engaged in for the same reason that the missionary goes forth to minister to strange peoples, for the glory of God and the salvation of souls!

## THE CHINESE GIRL GOES TO SCHOOL

(Continued from page 242)

the conception of service. Learning is precious and therefore to be sought for; but also to be shared. And they do not wait until some problematic future. They begin at once, organizing night schools to teach the poor children or the illiterate women and girls in their country villages. The work is begun, simply but efficiently, and carried through without fuss.

Does all this give any picture of the girl students of China? They are good students, learning now to use their minds instead of relying solely on their amazingly good memories. In daily life they are self-reliant, a little shy but ready to be friendly, with race and breeding in every line and movement. They are not over keen on games but when they do go in for them they are first-rate players, quick, neat, light on their feet and controlled in every movement.

If only they can succeed in taking the best modern education has to offer and at the same time keep their hold on the best in their own traditions and transmit it to the next generation, then the women of China will in the future, as in the past, have something very fine and very precious to contribute to the life of the world, and we who try to help them through the present difficult stage will feel even more than we do now—and that is saying much—that no effort or sacrifice is too great in a cause so utterly worth while.

## MY BATTLE WITH THE GENII

(Continued from page 231)

thud, and there's the stone. That last one fell right behind me. Almost hit me."

Her voice seemed to be getting a bit shaky. So I took the risk of glancing at her eyes, and noticed that the one that was on me for the moment was misty with pent-up tears.

"Father," she whimpered, "it's the *Geens*. I know it's the *Geens*. Please drive them away with holy water."

This outburst of emotion moved me. Stronger men than I am have quailed before a woman in tears. So I proceeded at once to bless the house. Inwardly I flatly refused to share her unshaken faith in the *Geens*. I then bowed myself off the premises just as fast as I could, for nothing upsets me more than a weeping woman.

For three days it looked as though the blessing had turned the trick. The *Geens* had apparently gone into winter quarters. But on the morning of the fourth day, Gerardo's boy came again to say that there was more trouble. They had moved into another house, and the *Geens* were cutting up rougher than ever. His mother begged me to come and administer another blessing.

So I went again. The new house was almost at the other end of the village, and it was a frightfully hot morning. but I said, if the *Geens* can stick the heat, so can I. And I bounced right along, for it just so happened that I was at the jumpy swing of the pendulum. When I reached the house, I found Mrs. Gerardo terribly excited. She said that while she was cooking, the salt cellar was upset by some invisible force, the *ghee* was spilled on the floor, and another stone had fallen right inside the house. This one, too, almost hit. I examined the room where it had fallen. There was only one window, with wooden bars only an inch apart, but the stone was at least four inches in diameter. It could not possibly have come through that window. And it could not have been thrown from inside, for she was the only one in the room at the time. It was all very strange. All the evidence pointed to *poltergeist*. So I blessed the house once more, hoping fervently that this would be the end.

But it wasn't. After a few more days the boy called me again. And again they had moved to another house. And again the *Geens* were hot on the job. This time while cooking, the small earthen stove had exploded right in Mrs. Gerardi's face. And this time no stones had fallen, but rice, chillies, *biris* (Indian cigarettes), and a brass mixing bowl. There they all were strewn on the floor just where they had fallen. And, of course, the neighbors had gathered. Everyone was properly awestruck, and there were many sage comments concerning the *Geens*. Gerardo himself, to my amazement,—and suspicion, claimed that he had experienced

this sort of thing many times before, and he regarded this last hand-out of the *Geens* as a good omen.

"You wait and see, Father," he said. "It always turns out this way. First the *Geens* send rice and chillies and so on, then the next time rupees will fall. I've told my wife she must not worry. Much money will come. Just wait and see."

If there is anything that simply sends my head spinning, it is the sound of money. I resolved that I was going to keep my eyes simply glued on those *Geens* from now on. For, if rupees did fall,—well, all I had to do was warm up to the *Geens*, and my problem of financing the mission was solved.

So, for the next two days I lived from moment to moment in almost breathless expectation. And sure enough on the third morning Gerardo himself came running up to the bungalow to announce the glad tidings.

"Rupees have fallen!" he cried. "Many, many!"

"Really?"

"Yes, Father. Just as I said. More than a hundred!"

"Well, now, that certainly is luck, isn't it? Gerardo, if you get another shower like that," I said significantly, "you'll be able to buy a pair of bullocks and go to work."

He seemed to resent this comment. I could scarcely blame him, for it was a rather touchy point. I don't think anyone in the village could remember the last time Gerardo had done a full day's work.

I was now more anxious than ever to see if the *Geens* really would bless him with another shower of rupees. They did. The very next day. But this time no one from Gerardo's household brought the news to the bungalow. I had to get it from others. It wasn't long in coming, for the whole village was in a ferment of excitement over this marvelous event. I must confess that I was fairly excited myself. Not that I entertained any hope of the *Geens* solving my own financial problems, but where could those rupees have come from? And such a load of them! One wild estimate put the figure as high as one thousand. But Gerardo himself said that by actual count the number was only two hundred and fifty, putting both showers together. Still, a mighty tidy sum at that!

After this second shower, nothing further happened, except that Gerardo, in spite of the kindly treatment from the *Geens* in this last house, soon made still another move to a distant part of the village. Then as the days passed by, the excitement subsided, and after a few weeks the episode was completely forgotten.

But not by me. That mysterious rain of rupees kept clamoring for a solution. Often of an evening as I sat on the verandah I would go over all the incidents, step by step, and try to arrive at a natural explanation. For I stub-

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bornly refused to accept the intervention of the *Geens*. Not even *poltergeist* could satisfy me. But always my efforts came to naught. The whole thing remained a baffling enigma.

One morning, a month or so later, I received a visit from my good friend, Barnabas, who had just returned from the jungle up on the border of Nepal. Barnabas was a wheelwright by trade, and every year he went up to the jungle to cut his year's supply of wood. On these occasions he would be away for two and three months at a stretch. And during that time his house was unoccupied, for he had no family. His wife had died shortly after their marriage, and, being a man of rare prudence, Barnabas had never taken another.

So I greeted Barnabas enthusiastically, told him how happy I was to see him again, inquired about his health, and carried on in that strain quite rapturously. Barnabas didn't seem to enter into the spirit of the thing. He appeared to be worried.

"Is there something troubling you, Barnabas?" I asked with genuine solicitude.

"Yes, Father," he replied, dejectedly, "there is."

"Well, out with it! Let's see if we can't do something about it. What has happened?"

"Father, I've been robbed."

"Robbed?"

"Robbed! While I was away, someone got into my house, and tampered with the chest where I keep my wife's wedding jewelry. And they took a bag of rupees."

"Barnabas," I said, "do you recall more or less how much money you had in that bag?"

"I know exactly, Father. There were two hundred and fifty rupees."

"Well, sir, if that isn't a coincidence! You know, that's the exact sum I would have guessed. And who lives next door to you, Barnabas?"

"Patrick lives on the right, but the house on the left is vacant."

"And, if I mistake not, there is just a mud wall partition separating it from yours, isn't that right? Barnabas, did you know that that house was occupied for a week or so during your absence?"

"No, Father. By whom?"

"Barnabas, I see that you have not had time as yet to gather the news. Many things happened in the village while you were gone. For instance, there is the extraordinary bit of good luck that fell to the lot of Gerardo."

Barnabas listened with rapt attention while I related the doings of the *Geens*, but when I came to the climax of the shower of rupees, he completely lost control of himself.

"The cunning devil!" he exploded. "I'll break his neck!"

"Whose neck?"

"Gerardo's! He's a devil. And that cross-eyed wife of his is a she-devil."

"But, Barnabas!"

"It's clear, Father. They knew I was away in the jungle, and all this *Geen* business was simply a devilish trick; a pretext to keep moving from house to house until they got next to mine. Next to that bag of rupees. Now isn't it true, Father?"

"Barnabas, I must admit there seems to be something in what you say. In fact, I agree with you. But not all the way. Much as I sympathize with you, I prefer that you should not break Gerardo's neck."

"Well, what can I do then?"

"I'm afraid you can only mourn the loss of two hundred and fifty rupees. You see, Barnabas, the *Geens* are very clever. They have left no way for you to prove that the rupees which they showered on Gerardo were your rupees. And, even if you could prove that delicate point, there remains the further consideration that the *Geens* belong to the spirit world. And that makes it extremely difficult for a mere mortal to deal with them. So, as I say, it looks as though you can only check this up to experience, Barnabas. But, for the future, if I may be permitted to proffer a kind word of advice, I should say: watch those *Geens*."

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prayerful support, we note a few ac-  
complishments made possible by God's  
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830,017 Confessions were  
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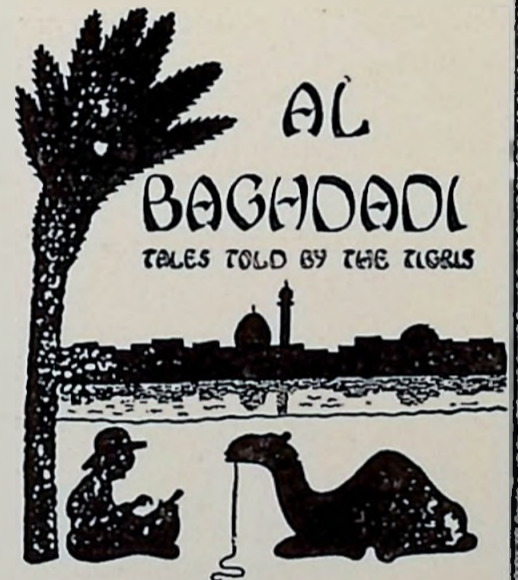
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# JESUIT MISSIONS

## PHILIPPINES

under the care of the Maryland-New York Province

BISHOPS	2	SCHOLASTICS	89	<b>TOTAL</b> 249
PRIESTS	121	BROTHERS	37	

## ALASKA

under the care of the Oregon Province

BISHOPS	2	SCHOLASTICS	2	<b>TOTAL</b> 31
PRIESTS	20	BROTHERS	7	

## BRITISH HONDURAS

under the care of the Missouri Province

BISHOP	1	SCHOLASTICS	3	<b>TOTAL</b> 32
PRIESTS	24	BROTHERS	4	

## IRAQ

under the care of the New England Province

PRIESTS	10	SCHOLASTICS	4	<b>TOTAL</b> 14
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## AMERICAN NEGROES

under the care of the Maryland-New York, Missouri, and New Orleans Provinces

PRIESTS	15	<b>TOTAL</b> 15
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## INDIA

under the care of the Chicago Province

BISHOP	1	SCHOLASTICS	33	<b>TOTAL</b> 96
PRIESTS	56	BROTHERS	6	

## JAMAICA

under the care of the New England Province

BISHOP	1	BROTHERS	5	<b>TOTAL</b> 58
PRIESTS	52			

## CEYLON

under the care of the New Orleans Province

PRIESTS	5	<b>TOTAL</b> 5
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## CHINA

under the care of the California Province

PRIESTS	18	BROTHERS	2	<b>TOTAL</b> 39
SCHOLASTICS	19			

## AMERICAN INDIANS

under the care of the Missouri and Oregon Provinces

PRIESTS	42	BROTHERS	28	<b>TOTAL</b> 80
SCHOLASTICS	10			

Are you aware—

- Of the large number of American Jesuit Missionaries?
- Of the different mission fields in which these Jesuits toil?
- That they represent you in advancing God's Kingdom on earth?
- That JESUIT MISSIONS presents to you the story of their failures and successes?

MAKING  
A GRAND TOTAL OF

# 619

AMERICAN JESUIT  
MISSIONARIES

Bishops 7    Scholastics 160  
Priests 363    Brothers 89

Numbers Are Not Everything!



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God's glory awaits your help by faithful prayer for and interesting others in JESUIT MISSIONS.

# JESUIT MISSIONS