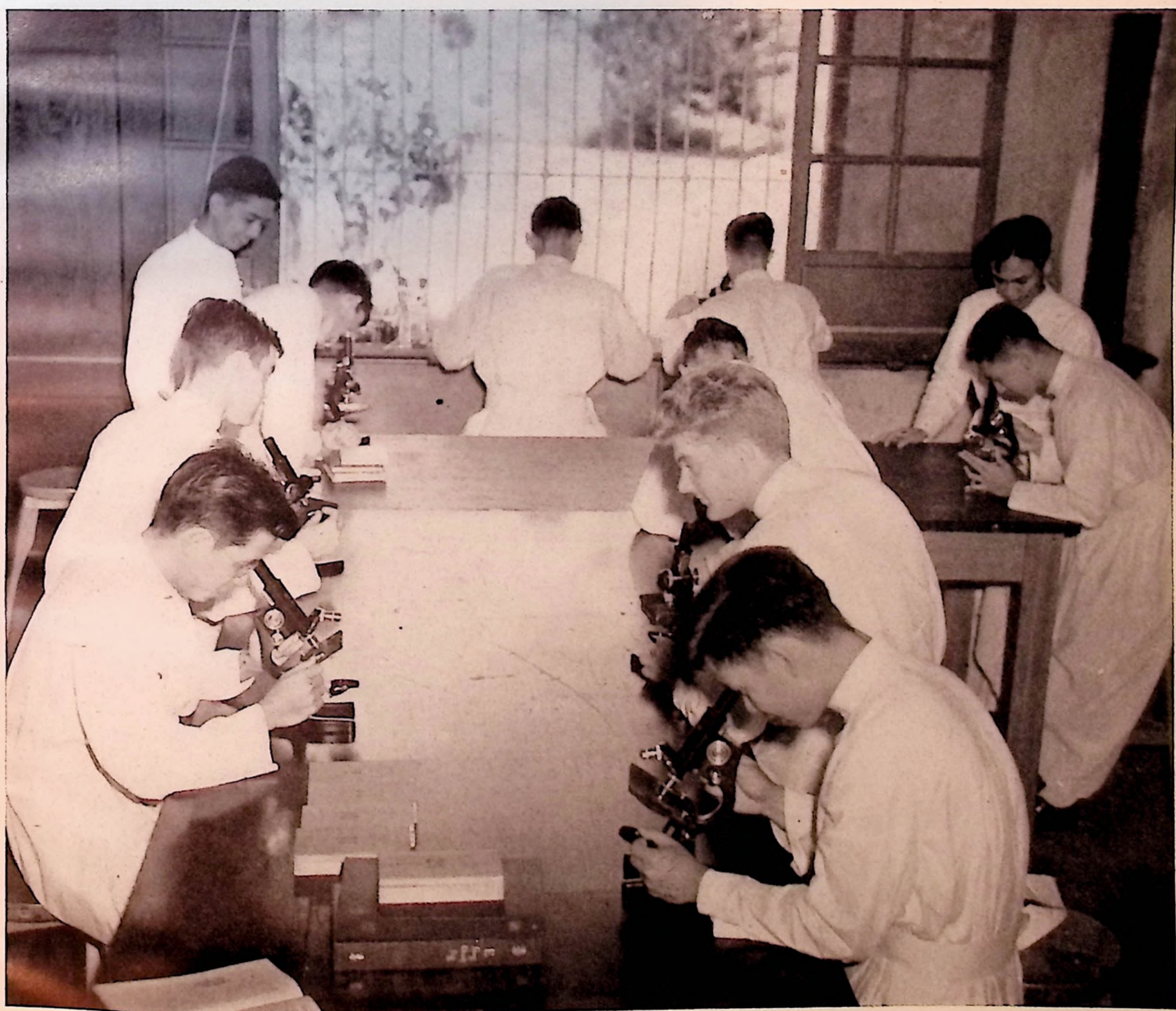


Jesuit & Missions



February
1942

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TO HELP HOME
AND MISSIONS. SEE P. 50**

February Catholic Press Month
You believe that Christ's teachings are the only solution to the world's ills.
They must be more thoroughly understood, more widely adhered to to be effective.
To aid in this is the mission of the Catholic Press. For how you can aid see
THE INSIDE BACK COVER OF THIS ISSUE

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR
Are the Best Sign of a Paper's Vitality
The Correspondence Page of
THE CATHOLIC HERALD
Is Famous
In a single recent issue our correspondents included the following:
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They Tell Us—
People are staying home more these days.

Winter winds, rationing of cars and tires, curbed income, plain anxiety drive folks back to the simpler pleasures of the parlor and study. In such, will America recapture the sturdiness and vision which made her great. We will have the time to read. We will have the need to read, to gather strength from our Faith and its heroes.

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We know when called upon you will eagerly "fall in" with your prayers to help hold the mission lines round the world. Any notable Christian success must be built upon the tried formula of "prayer and fasting," i.e., prayer accompanied by sacrifice.

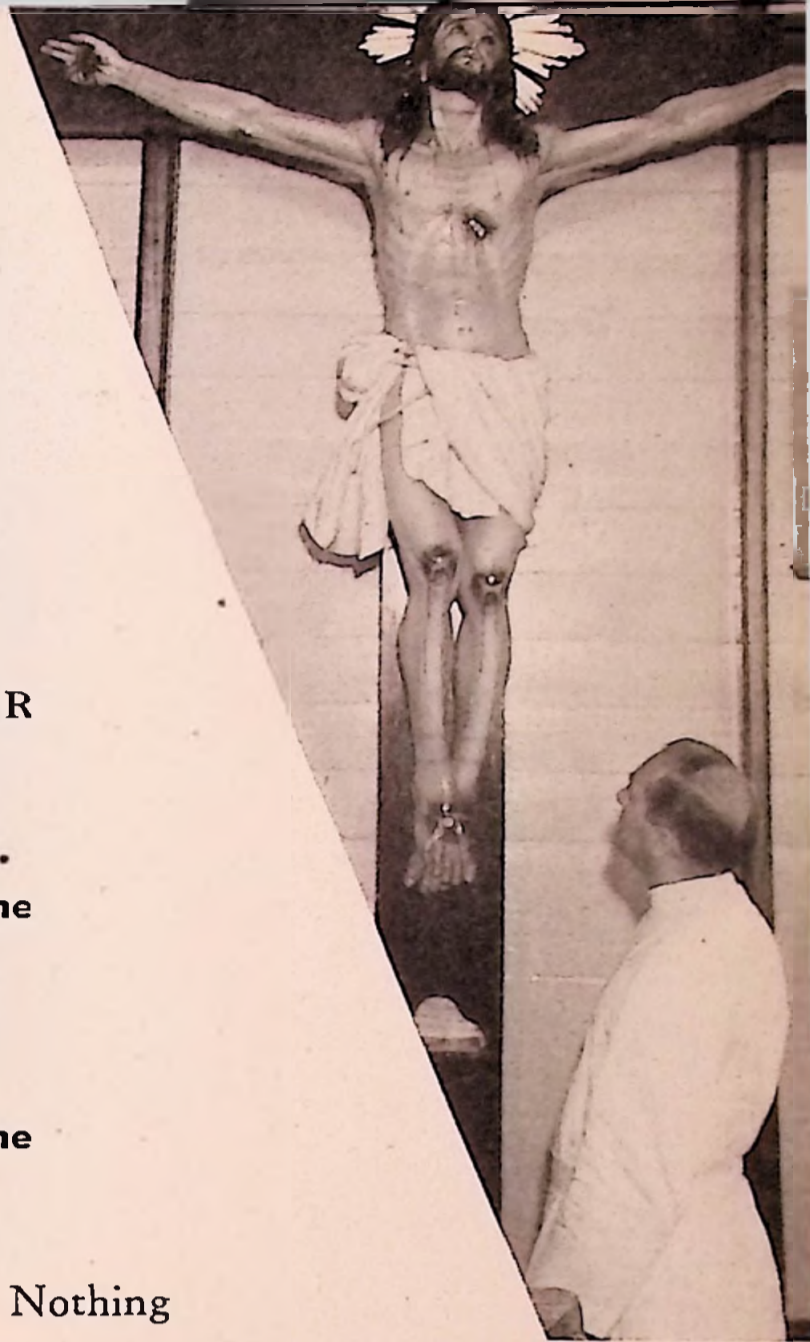
Meanwhile, we point our plea for prayers by asking what praying for the missions you have done

TODAY—THIS WEEK—THIS MONTH—THIS YEAR

May We Suggest—

- DAILY—Ejaculations, a few Our Fathers and Hail Marys, a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.**
- WEEKLY—The Rosary, Stations of the Cross, Holy Communion.**
- MONTHLY—A Mass offered for the Missions, A Novena (like the Novena of Grace) for the Missions.**

Can you offer any of these? Check those you can and send to us. Nothing could more effectively sustain our missionaries than to know how many friends back home were continually on the "alert" for them.



Fr. Jos. Reith, S.J., missionary at Dansalan, in Mindanao in the Philippines, draws new courage at the foot of the Cross.

Strange As It Seems—

Fr. Mastrelli, S.J., founder of the Novena of Grace three centuries ago is intimately associated with today's events.

His life was miraculously preserved thru the intercession of Xavier so that he might devote it to the missions. In pursuit of that call he labored in the Philippines, serving among other things as Military Chaplain. From that Christian outpost he pushed on to martyrdom in Japan.

In times of special need Fr. Mastrelli banded the Manila populace into a phalanx of prayer through the Novena of Grace. In the past three centuries the whole Christian world has come to know the extraordinary power of this Novena.

Today, the Christian world, and quite likely you, owe St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier (in whose honor the Novena is made) a great deal.

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NOVENA OF GRACE



FEBRUARY

JESUIT MISSIONS

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

1942

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

CONTRIBUTORS

Our Business Editor at JESUIT MISSIONS, FATHER WILLIAM F. MASTERTON, S.J., (*Pray for the Church in the Philippines!*), has been follow-



Mark A. Falvey, S.J.

ing with more than ordinary interest the present attack on the Philippines. As a member of the Maryland-New York Province, he was appointed to the Philippine Mission in 1933. In his three years as professor at the Ateneo de Manila, he was intimate with all the men stationed there and traveled extensively through the islands of Luzon and Mindanao doing mission work.

Another veteran of the war is FATHER JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J., Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, who comes from California by way of China. After a year's language study at Shanghai and Hsuehoufu with the Canadian Jesuits he made a tour of the universities of North China. His residence in such Japanese-occupied cities as Yangchow, Nanking and Wuhu during four years of war qualifies him to tell us of *Another War for the Jesuits in China*.

Also from California and still in the war zone, FATHER MARK A. FALVEY, S.J., gives us a sidelight on the ravages of war in *"Bellarmine Has a Secure Hold on My Heart."* Before sailing for China, Father Falvey displayed unusual talent for organization in the parish of Saint Clare, attached to Santa Clara University. That same talent made him very popular among the students during his three years at Gonzaga College, Shanghai. His appointment to the tough bush mission of Chutun Ku has brought to light other talents as priest, doctor and diplomat.

FATHER CLARENCE MCAULIFFE, S.J., of the Missouri Province, is professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Mary's, Kansas. When he was at St. Stephen's Indian Mission in Wyoming, he was told to *"Look Out for Rattlesnakes!"* by a friendly Shoshoni Indian.

FRANCIS G. DEEVY, S.J., (*From Starch to Fish*), of the New England Province, and pastor of Mandeville, Jamaica, B. W. I., tells us of some things a missionary must look out for along domestic lines.

In the Fall of 1936, FATHER FRANCIS J. WELZMILLER, S.J., (*Michael, the Chamar has What it Takes*), of the Chicago Province, went out to India shortly after his ordination to the priesthood. Thirty-six villages with a main station at Piru keep him cycling for souls among the "Untouchables" in the Shahabad District, India.



Francis J. Welzmilller, S.J.

THIS MONTH

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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—At Novaliches near Manila, one could enter any of the many classrooms and see American and Filipino Jesuit Scholastics busily preparing themselves for the Filipino apostolate. Those shown here are studying biology. But that was before Pearl Harbor! Now their classes have been disrupted and their instruments and books laid aside. These young men are the hope of the Filipino Church. May the Sacred Heart, their Patron, keep them safe.

**"ALL SAFE . . . SPIRIT
SUPERB, CHEERIO
UP KERRY!"**

**AMERICAN JESUITS CARRY
ON IN FLAMING ORIENT**



WELL known to every American are the words of Major James Devereaux, Catholic commander of the heroic Marine detachment on Wake Island. In the midst of the Japanese assault he was asked over the radio if he needed anything. He replied, "Yes, send us some more Japs."

Equally well known should be the words of the commander of the 250 American Jesuits in the Philippines, Very Reverend John F. Hurley, S.J. While Manila was being mercilessly bombed and the Japanese were on the point of taking it, he was asked by New York for a report, to which he cabled this gallant reply, "All well, Fathers and Scholastics . . . Spirit superb. Cheerio. Up Kerry!"

This was the last message received from our many missionaries in the Orient before the curtain of Japanese censorship closed. We give it as the eloquent and effective answer to the question: Will American Jesuits in China and the Philippines continue their missionary work despite the war? They will. But how about you, their co-workers at home?

The President of the United States formally commended Major Devereaux and the Marines of Wake Island for heroically sticking to their post to the very end. He

did this as a tribute to their heroism and also as a call to all Americans to carry on in the same spirit behind the troops in the field.

There will be no such presidential citations for Father Hurley or for any of the Catholic missionaries who are today remaining at their posts and suffering great hardships. This is expected of them. They are the shock troops of Christ and they will go down fighting as thousands have done before them.

BUT the magnificent spirit they are displaying should be an incentive to us at home and a challenge to our willingness to help them in this crisis. Now, more than ever, they need our help. We can't let them down. If the missionary work of these men is retarded, it will not be because the missionaries themselves lack the heroism to meet the desperate situation but because we, their co-workers at home, have lost heart, have become too timid.

We say this because we fear there is a disposition among some to regard the war that has flared up in the Orient as a fatal blow to missionary work. We had concrete evidence of this in the fact that after Manila had fallen the mail we usually receive from friends of our missionaries fell off appreciably. It was just as though many had said: It's

all over now. There is nothing we can do to help them.

But the fact is, that the contrary of this is the truth. We have more opportunity of helping them now than ever before. Recall that our missionaries in China have been through four years of devastating war there. It is true that their buildings were destroyed, their schools ruined. But their work did not stop. It is merely changed. Those who were sent to work among the Chinese intellectuals found themselves slaving for ragged victims of the war. University professors abandoned their classrooms to bind up wounds and to administer the sacraments. The total result of this change of work was a more intimate contact with people they would never have been able to reach had it not been for the war. Conversions multiplied and good-will for the Church increased on all sides.

THE same will happen in the Philippines. Buildings will be destroyed and schools closed, but the missionaries will carry on because the people will need them now more than ever. From material ruins will rise immense spiritual good. Meantime, these missionaries are greatly in need of our assistance, spiritual and financial. So, let's keep them working. Cheerio—Up Kerry!

JESUIT MISSIONS

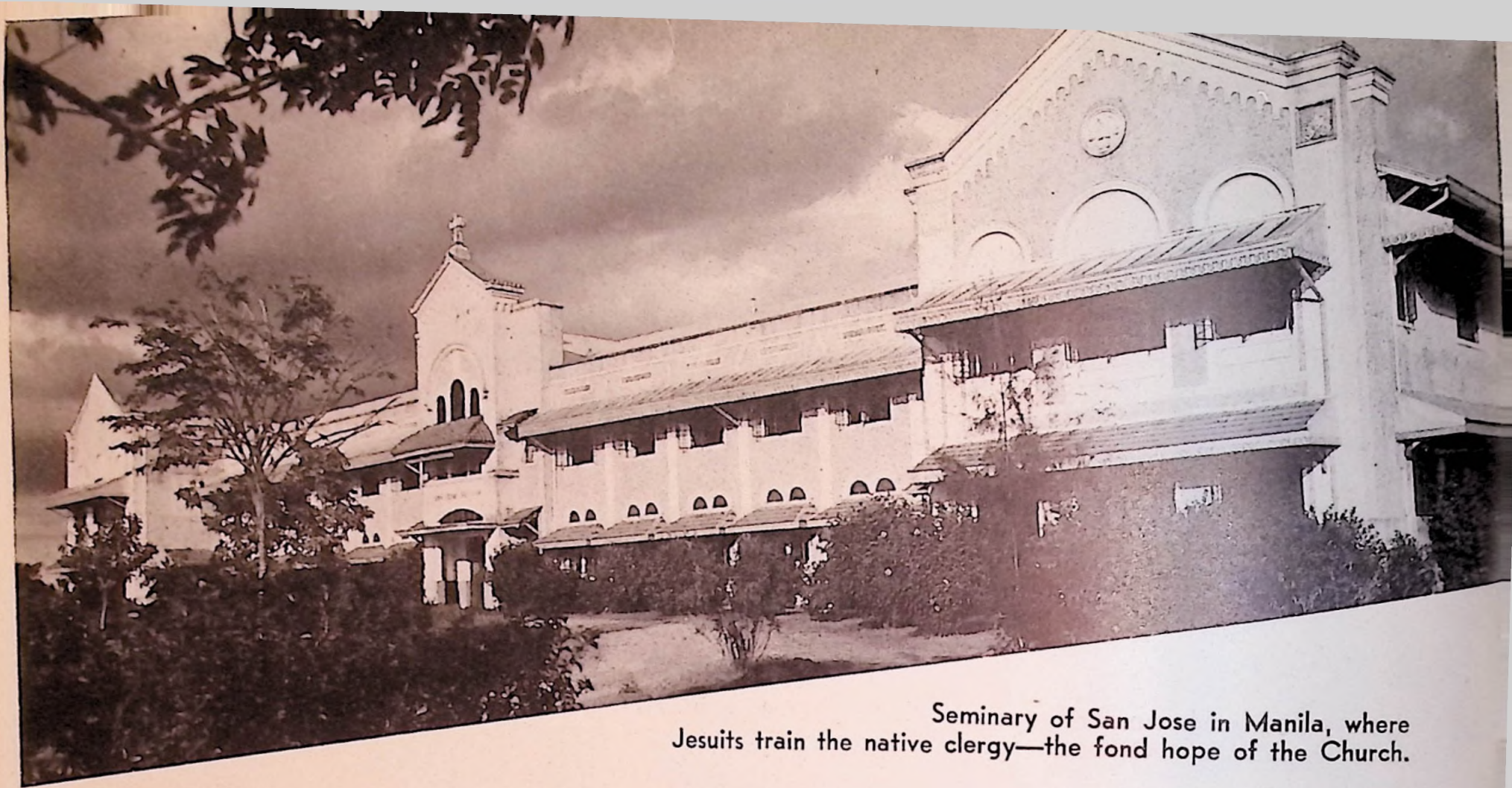
A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

Associate Editors: JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.; JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J.; JOHN E. REARDON, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; EDWARD A. MCNAMARA, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; PAUL BRENNAN, S.J.; HENRI BÉCHARD, S.J.

Business Editor: WILLIAM F. MASTERTON, S.J.

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



Seminary of San Jose in Manila, where Jesuits train the native clergy—the fond hope of the Church.

MANILA, capital of the only Catholic country in the Orient, has fallen! Its capitulation to the Japanese on January 2nd of the New Year marked the fourth time in four hundred years that it has been captured. First by the Spanish in 1571; then in 1762 by the British who held it for two years, next by America in 1898, and now finally by the Japanese. Yes, Manila has fallen four times in four hundred years, but never until today to a completely pagan power.

The key to all Filipino life, civil and religious, must always be Manila. So the fall of Manila and its clouded fate, projects important queries: What does it bode for the Filipino Church and its almost thirteen million Catholics? What effect will it have on the Oriental mission front? What is its bearing on the world parliament of Christian states?

POPE PIUS XI, Pope of the Missions, referring to the four-centuries old Faith of the Filipino Church, declared that it was destined, "to become a center from which the light of truth will radiate, and to be, as it were, the advance guard of Catholicism in the Far East, a great part of which is so disquieted and still plunged in the darkness of religious error."

Pray for the Church in the Philippines!

William F. Masterson, S.J.

Should there be an attempt by the Japanese conquerors to engraft their own pagan culture on the Filipino people, Manila's fall may bring through the years another temporary eclipse of Catholic life, painfully retarding the Philippines' manifest destiny as "the advance guard of Catholicism in the Far East." It will surely mean a rejection of basic Catholic truths in the fabric of the State. These truths, long the securest bases of all freedom, cannot be throttled in the Philippines without injury to the Orient and its European and American protectors.

IT is impossible to deny that the loss of the Philippines to the Japanese is a serious blow to Catholicism in the Orient. Just how serious this is, it is impossible to state at the present writing. It is not necessarily a mortal blow. The Filipino Church has recovered from serious set-backs before and it will

do so again. But meantime, we must all pray for the embattled Church in the Philippines, bulwark of Catholicism in the Orient.

The four-hundred year history of the Church in the Philippines, so little known to Americans, provides a secure basis on which we may found our hopes that she will recover from this temporary set-back.

FEW Americans know that in the Philippines was wrought one of the great conversion movements in history; that within twenty years of Legaspi's capture of Manila in 1571, the Christian Filipinos numbered 250,000; that by 1750, there were one million Christians in the islands; that about 1850, their number had grown to over four million.

In the pivotal year of 1898, there were more than six and a half million Catholics in the Philippines. The Spanish missionaries had poured by the hundreds across the dangerous seas to these unknown



Varied is the work carried on by the 250 American Jesuits in the Philippines. (Above) Some Filipino lepers with their Padre. (Right) Watching the stars at the Manila Observatory—famous Jesuit scientific post in Manila.



shores. Their heroic efforts had transformed a people entirely pagan into a people almost wholly Christian.

WITH the demise of Spanish sovereignty in the Philippines, a seemingly mortal blow was dealt the Church. In 1896, there were about 1,000 Spanish priests in the islands. Within five years, all but 200 of them were forced to depart. Our Government and the Holy See were principles to an agreement whereby the Spaniards were to be replaced by American priests. These latter never came in appreciable numbers, due to our pressing needs at home. Today, after forty years, there are less than 150 American priests in the islands, but these priests, together with American Nuns, Brothers and Scholastics and respectable numbers of European missionaries, largely Dutch, Belgian and German, have in the past three decades accomplished remarkable work in restoring the Filipino Church to its pristine vigor.

The training of the native clergy persistently called for by Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius XI, has wisely progressed, slowly but thoroughly. As a result, two-thirds of the dioceses in the Philippines are ruled

by Filipino Bishops. In all, counting one Archbishop, ten Bishops and two Auxiliary Bishops, there are thirteen Filipino members of the hierarchy. Their intellectual abilities and consummate zeal command the esteem of the nation and justify the confidence placed in them by the Holy See. Indeed, one of the greatest hopes of the Filipino Church in today's crisis is the strength and vigor of the native clergy.

The first American priests to come to the Philippines in large numbers were the American Jesuits in 1921. Other American Religious men and women followed, but the American Jesuits still constitute more than half of the American missionaries in the Philippines. The arrival at Manila in 1921 of the first large group of Jesuits from America was indeed a significant event in the uphill climb of the Filipino Church. The Jesuits assumed direction of the foremost private Catholic college in the Islands, the Ateneo de Manila (now a university with 1,968 students), along with its world-renowned Observatory, the official government weather bureau.

This educational and scientific work had a direct bearing on the religious life of every corner of the islands. To the Ateneo de Manila,

flocked boys and young men from the scattered islands. They were schooled most thoroughly in Catholic thought and fired with a zeal like to that of their mentors. Returning home they have in very many instances, practically reformed whole towns, behind the drive of their lay leadership. Among them, were formed lecture groups which on many occasions toured the Islands in the interests of the Faith. From out of these emerged lay leaders who became the Catholic publicists of the Philippines through the three Catholic papers published in Manila and extensive radio work.

From the college in Manila there were established sister schools in many points throughout the islands. Today, there are other Ateneos in Zamboanga, Cagayan, and Naga, with a further one projected for the town of San Pablo shortly before the war began.

IN quick succession the American Jesuits likewise assumed the pastoral care of what is now two dioceses. This meant rekindling a smothered Faith. It meant schools for the young; building churches on old ruins; in all, a huge outlay of energy and funds. Yet they were equal to the task, and within five years, their (Turn to page 55)

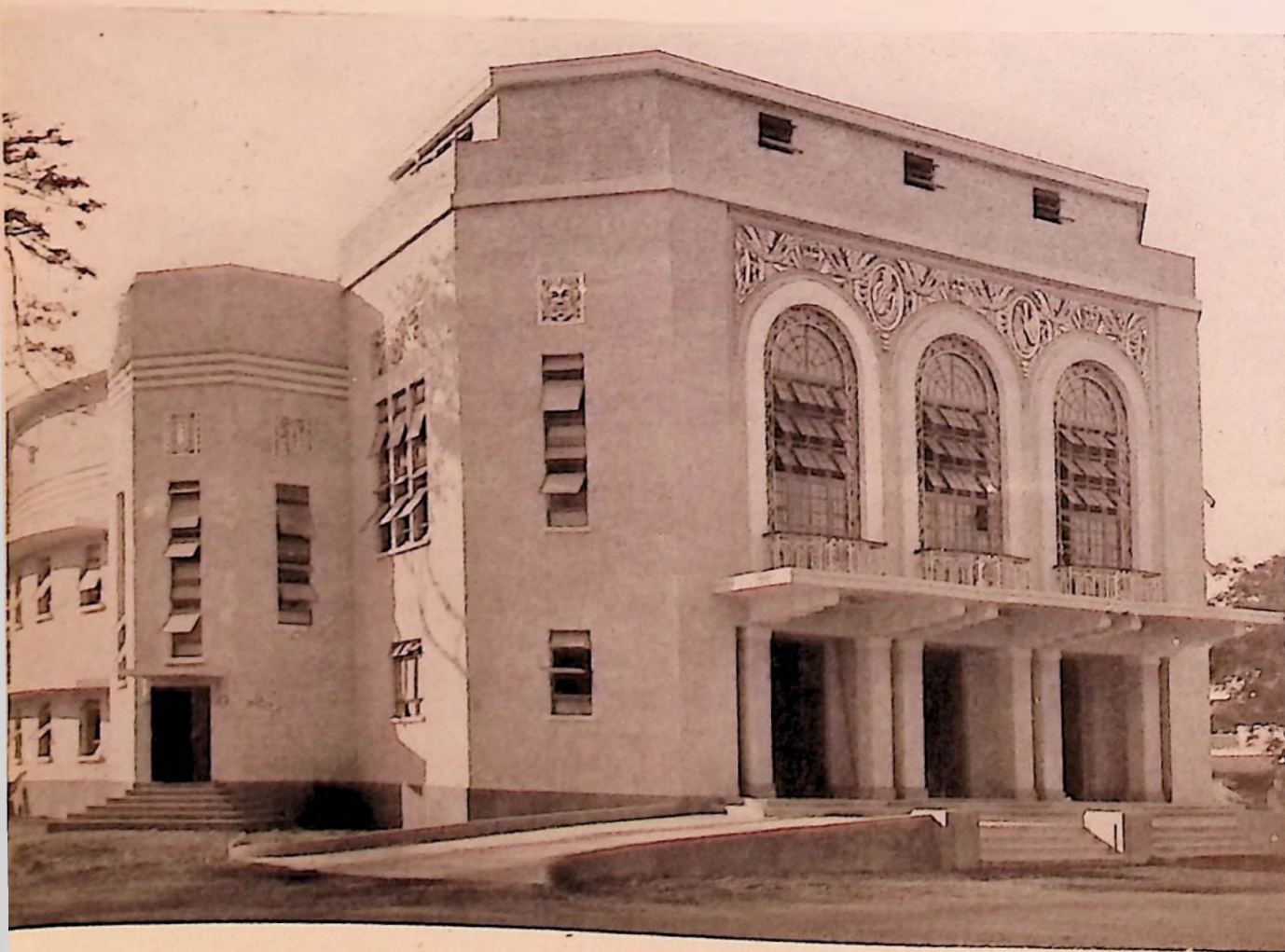
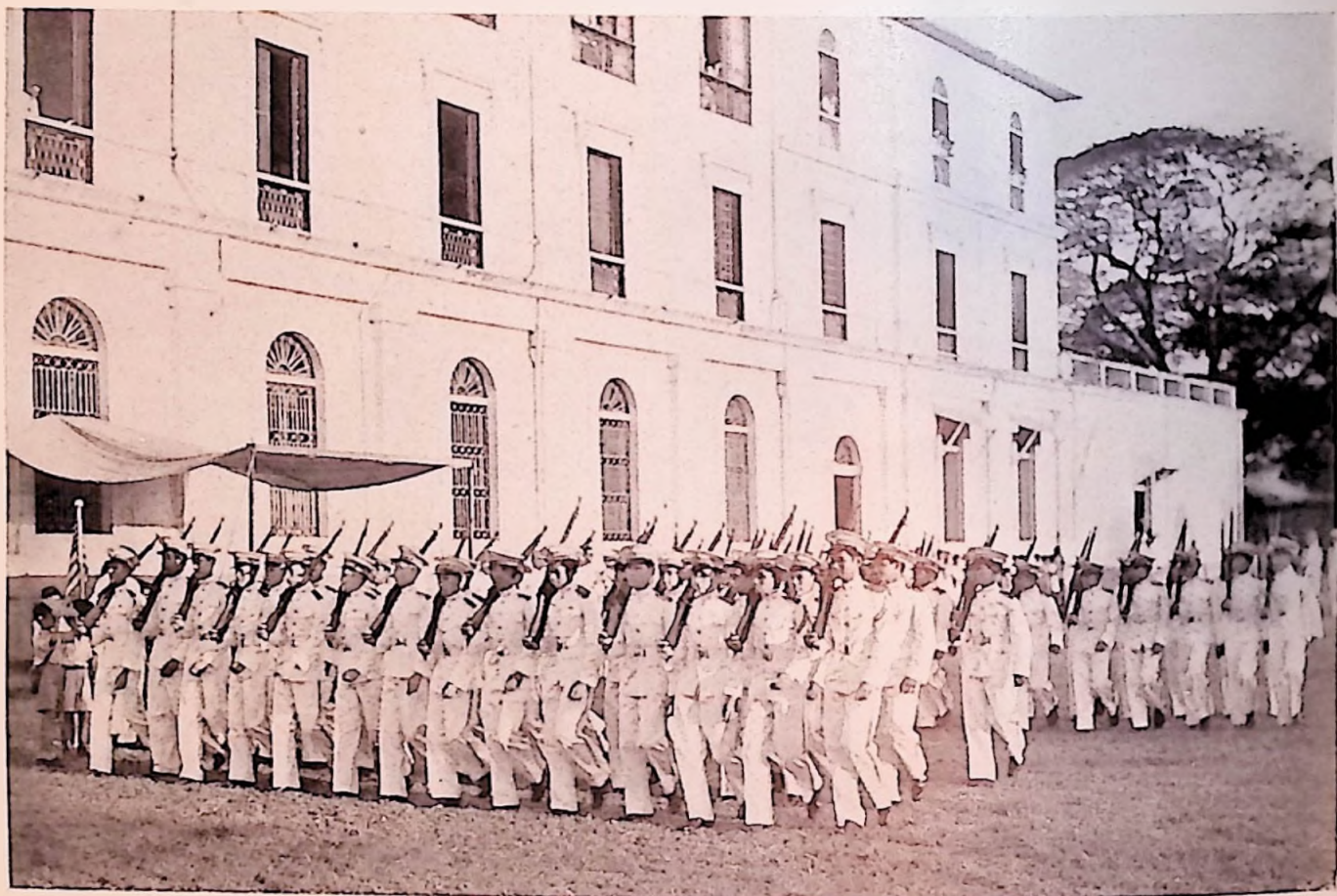


**AMERICAN JESUIT
COLLEGES IN THE
PHILIPPINES
THREATENED BY INVASION**

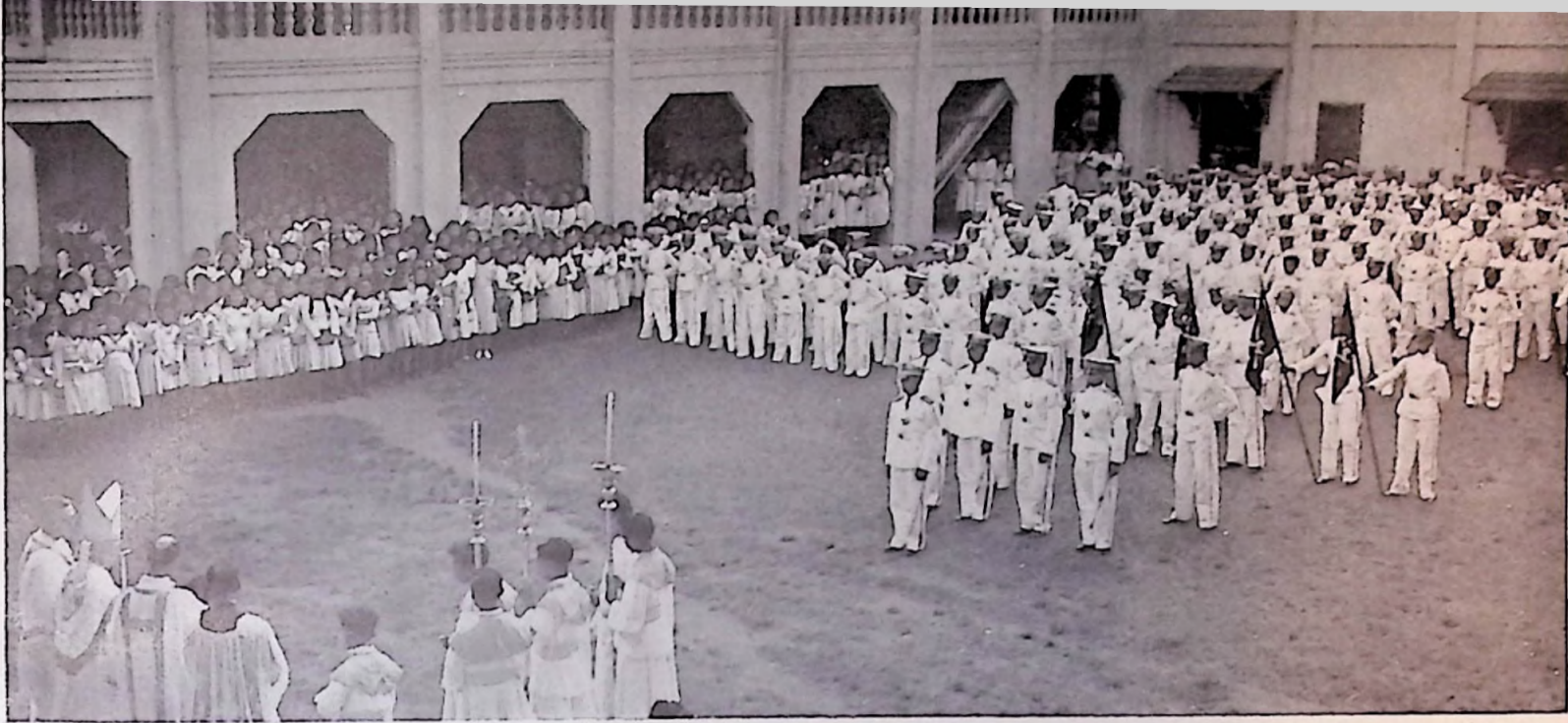
ATENEO DE MANILA

"West Point of the Philippines"

This famous university of the American Jesuits in Manila was the first school of higher education in the islands to have compulsory military training. At graduation its students receive commissions in the Philippine Army and it is estimated that more than 1,000 are now officers in the fighting forces. The Ateneo is a full university and has a student body of 1,968 men. It has long been regarded as one of the best missionary schools in the Orient. (Above) President Quezon reviewing the Cadet Regiment with the Rector of the university.



(Above) A Company of the Ateneo de Manila Cadet Regiment passes by the Administration Building. (Below) The new university auditorium. Located also on the university grounds is the Manila Observatory, the official Weather Bureau of the Philippines. Father Francis X. Reardon, S.J., of Brooklyn, is President of the Ateneo de Manila.



CAGAYAN

Situated in the city of Cagayan, this college has an enrollment of 664 students. The Jesuits also conduct a Normal School there. (Left) Blessing of the Colors in the patio of the Ateneo de Cagayan.

ATENEO DE NAGA

The first Jesuit school to be taken by the Jap invaders was the Ateneo de Naga, directly in the line of the column advancing from Legaspi. Father Francis D. Burns, S.J., of New York City, is President of the school, which has an enrollment of 750 students and is staffed by 10 American Jesuits. It is one of the newest and most flourishing schools of the American Jesuits in the Philippines.



ATENEO DE ZAMBOANGA

Pride of the city of Zamboanga in the southern part of Mindanao, is the Ateneo de Zamboanga. It has 375 students. Besides these schools, the American Jesuits conduct 2 seminaries and a trade school in Manila.



Another War for the Jesuits in China

John J. O'Farrell, S. J.



(Above) Squadron of Jap bombers over China. (Below) Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., who was murdered New Year's eve a year ago by Japanese-inspired bandits, chats with some Chinese soldiers near his mission.

COMPARED to the material stake of the 810 European Jesuits in China, the mission holdings of the American Jesuits are not very large. Barring any unforeseen persecution or sudden outbreak of diabolical revenge, we optimistically hope that the personal safety of our American missionaries as a group in China will not be seriously endangered. A militaristic pagan, however, when frustrated and humbled, can be ruthless.

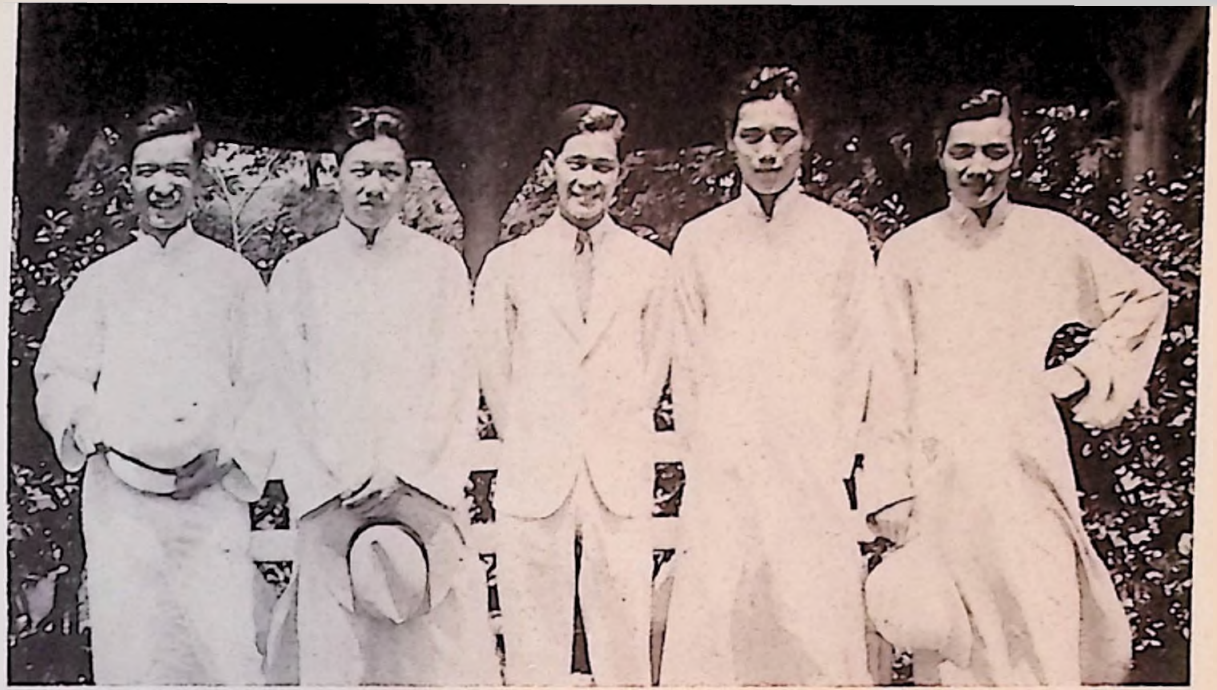
During the past four or five years of the Sino-Japanese war, the Japanese soldiery have very definitely manifested their violent dislike of missionaries who protected thousands of Chinese women from violation by them. Being of a very suspicious nature, these militarists have

been a source of continual annoyance and a great impediment to the work of the missionaries.

AS for the mission holdings of American Jesuits in China, before commenting upon the hoped for preservation of them, we might summarize them in general as follows:

In Shanghai, now under Japanese control, Gonzaga College—a well-organized high school and preparatory school; Christ the King Church—a flourishing cosmopolitan parish; and a promising and influential Catholic Hour radio program. In Nanking, a few old buildings that house a nascent library and a skeleton staff of an important papal institute to which, because of its sin-

gular importance, we shall refer to later on in this article; a middle school, Ricci College, with inherent possibilities, and some valuable property designated for important future peace-time projects. Yanchow, founded by the French Jesuits, now a poverty-stricken and war-strangled mission district was recently confided to the care of American Jesuits. The Haichow district, scene of Father Simons' labors and glorious sudden death, may be transferred to a new mission congregation when this war is over.



The American Jesuits were sent to China chiefly to work among Chinese intellectuals, such as the university students pictured at right. But since the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war, a large proportion of their missionary efforts have been expended on the war refugees and other relief work. (Left) Mr. Morgan J. Curran, S.J., of the California Province, teaching catechism to some Chinese children, who are distracted by the little "black box".

OF course, the large sum of money invested in the training of young missionaries over a period of eight years can be partially but definitely measured in the material terms of dollars and cents. Were these young missionaries interfered with or forcibly evicted for any great length of time, a considerable material loss would be incurred. Optimistically, we do not expect such a thing will happen in China.

Nor do we look for any destruction of our mission property. Our schools may be interfered with by the Wang Ch'ing-wei puppet regime of Nanking, perhaps our radio work in Shanghai will be suspended for the duration, but, since the conservative element has brought about the official recognition of the Catholic Church in Japan, we suppose the Japanese in China will tolerate us as Catholic missionaries even though we are Americans.

HOWEVER, it is not about this possible material loss of which I write, but rather of the relative importance of American Jesuit missionaries in China today.

The American Jesuit missionaries and their "stake"—to defer to current journalese, are relatively important in the China of the present moment, because they are Catholics, Americans and Jesuits.

The Far East is one of the most important, if not the most important mission field in the world today. The various portions of it, inexorably linked to and influencing each

other, contain nearly 800 million people, more than one-third of the earth's inhabitants. About 18 million of these are Catholics, and the majority of them are to be found in the Philippines where 85% of the population is Catholic.

Wars in China have usually resulted from the invasion of avaricious neighbors or have been civil wars during the collapse of some effete dynasty. The revolution of 1911 and the revolt against the Communists in 1927 were not for territorial aggrandisement but for the preservation of National life. China has always been a peaceful nation, and until recently was even devoid of any semblance of nationalism as we know it. As a mission field, China has the best developed and most solidly established of any native clergy group. Her culture has definitely influenced the entire Far East, including Japan and will continue to do so after this war. Since China is an ally of the United States in this war, American missionaries will be more favorably received than those of any other nationality. Double the number, then, of present American missionaries is of vital importance.

AFTER this war is over and the spirit of selfish individualism and crass materialism has been humbled on all sides it will be the primary mission of the Catholic Church through her missionaries to heal the wounds and hatreds begotten in conflict by pointing and leading the

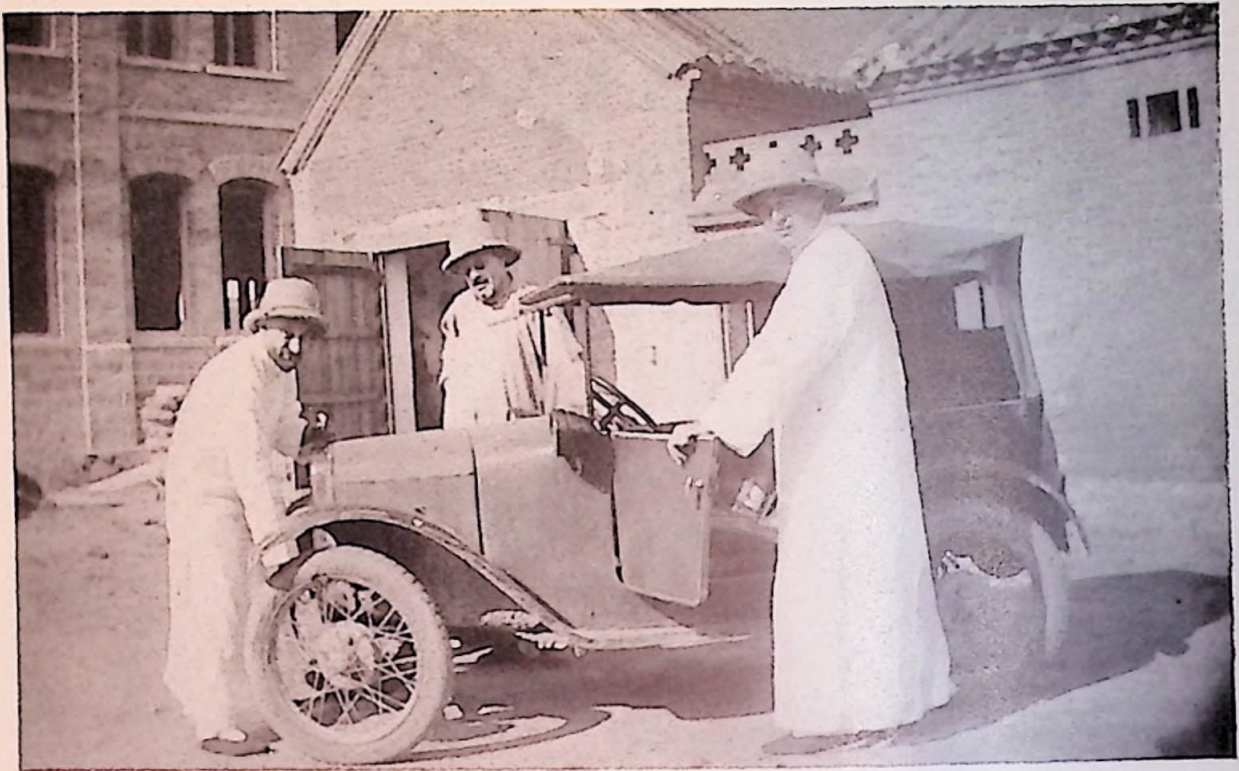
way towards an intelligent internationalism based upon Christian charity and justice.

By very reason of their training and missionary ideals and the traditional use of them by the sovereign Pontiffs of the past few centuries, Jesuits will play an important role in this momentous opportunity offered the Catholic Church. There must exist, however, between them and all other mission organizations, as well as between Jesuits of various nationalities, the closest bond of unity and the highest type of charity that mutually though indirectly benefits each individual form of the apostolate while directly contributing to that broader and vastly more valuable aim of intelligent internationalism based upon Christian charity and justice. To this end, Jesuits from 16 different nations, including America, are being trained together in the Collegium Maximum at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai.

SUCH is the relative importance of this small group of American Jesuit missionaries as Catholics. That importance, moreover, obtains not from any intrinsic value of the group. It depends entirely upon their practical and operative union with the Church and her interests. An admirable example of this concept of values was demonstrated a few years ago in Nanking when American Jesuits seemingly neglected what many people thought was their little isolated bit of the apostolate to work for the good of the

Catholic Church as a whole and realistically to meet the actualities of the moment. In the end it was the general opinion of competent observers that all the interests of the Catholic Church in Nanking had been safeguarded and that a respect had literally been won for the Catholic Church, even to some extent from Japanese soldiers. Such results would not have been obtained had these missionaries concentrated upon their so-called particular type of work.

WHAT of the importance of these American missionaries as Jesuits? Some are inclined to label Jesuits, even Jesuit missionaries, as a teaching group whose efforts are almost exclusively devoted to the education of the middle class. Really, though, their all-inclusive aim or purpose—A.M.D.G.—“For the Greater Glory of God”—embraces any form of the apostolate that in particular circumstances of time and place will be conducive to God’s greater glory. We feel it was for God’s greater glory for Father Charles Simons, S.J. to give his young life in martyr-like fashion for the poor of the Haichow district. The poor are having the Gospel preached to them under very trying circumstances by Jesuit missionaries like Fathers Gatz and Falvey. Others toil among the refugees. Such type of work is essential and as necessary as any



Three Canadian Jesuit missionaries at Suchow. Their large mission there has suffered extensively in the war but they continue heroically to carry on.

other form of the apostolate. In fact, the majority of missionaries in China are engaged in it and are seriously converting about 100,000 each year.

THE intellectual apostolate to which some American Jesuits have been assigned, and who are now preparing themselves for it, is equally necessary. True, this form of apostolate is being generally exercised in the Catholic University in Peiping, in the French Jesuit universities at Tientsin and Shanghai, and by the Irish Jesuits in Hongkong. However, the late Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, the present

Apostolic Delegate to China, and other Catholic leaders felt that a differently trained, more mobile and freer group than that found among hard-worked university professors was needed. Something, at least remotely akin to the Institut Catholique de Paris, was envisaged.

It might be generally described as an institute to be located in one of the leading cultural centers in China. Nanking, the capital of China, before the Japanese invasion, was considered the most logical site for such a project. It is an institute, directed by American Jesuits, to promote the intellectual prestige of the (Turn to page 55)

Some of the students and faculty of Gonzaga College, one of the American Jesuit schools in Shanghai.



1,417 JESUITS IN PACIFIC WAR ZONE

There are 204 Dutch Jesuits in Java, 83 German and Spanish Jesuits in Japan, 38 from the Spanish Province in the Japanese Caroline Islands, 250 Americans in the Philippines, and 842 Jesuits of various nationalities in China.

Before the war, 888 of these missionaries worked in territories owned or occupied by the Japanese. Most of the others have since come under Japanese domination.



(Above) Natives of the Japanese mandated Caroline Islands, situated in the Pacific between the Philippines and Hawaii. Spanish Jesuits work among these people. (Left) One of the buildings of the Catholic University of Tokio, run by the German Jesuits. (Below) The Catholic cathedral of Batavia, where the Dutch Jesuits have a very well organized mission.

No word has been received as to how the 50 Irish Jesuits fared in the Japanese bombardment and capture of Hongkong. The Irish Jesuits conduct there the Hongkong Regional Seminary for Chinese priests, the College of Wah Yan, Ricci Hall for Catholic students of the University of Hongkong, and a Language School for Jesuit students. Ricci Hall is pictured below.



Tokyo Protests
War Aid to Soviet
Via Vladivostok

U. S. Milit
MISSIONS

Japanese Raid
Takes Heavy Toll

By the United Press.
 KIATING, Szechuan Province,
 China, Aug. 24 (Delayed)—Jap
 nese planes yesterday
 killed at least 100
 Chinese and burned
 many houses.

Iran Invasion
MAKES THE
of Russian Aid

NEWS

French Police
House-to

By the Associated
 PRESS.
 PARIS, (Delayed)—
 French police, proceeding system-
 atically house by house, today
 blocked off a large section of the
 Fourth Arrondissement (Ward)—
 workers' district around City Hall
 —and lock into custody a number
 of Jews and Communists.
 All residents in the area, which
 lies along the River Seine, were
 required to remain inside their
 homes and submit identification

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NEIGHBOR
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Facts Discou
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 WASHI
 NGTON, Aug. 27.—
 America is more deeply involved
 in the Iranian war than indicated
 by official Anglo-Soviet explana-
 tions regarding Nazi agents or by
 also statements of Washington
 officials.
 Though Iran's failure to deal
 with Fifth Columnists is the oc-
 casion of the war, the basic cause
 is the need for a safer all-weather
 supply route for American aid to
 Russia.
 Pressure Followed Parley
 Washington officials denied that
 the Anglo-Soviet ultimatum to

time to the work of instructing the poor of Manila and also teaching catechism in the public schools during the two days allowed for this by the government. He also was active in the same work in his home on the island of Negros during the summer.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER about mission support has been well stated by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston: "It is true we have needs at our own doors. It is true we have many missionaries in spiritually barren sectors of this country who cannot survive without our help. They have the first call on our charity and generosity, but, if our giving ends there, our charity is not Christ-like and it is not Catholic. The truth of the matter is that those who help the needs at home and especially the needs of home missionaries are the very ones who give the most to foreign missions."

CATHOLIC JAPANESE ENCYCLOPEDIA. Ordered by the late Holy Father, Pius XI, composed under the direction of the German Jesuits at the Catholic University in Tokio, and passed without one critical murmur by the government censor, the first eight hundred-page volume of a Catholic encyclopedia was completely bought up within a few months time by Nipponese intellectuals.

LEPERS. Fifteen thousand lepers are cared for by Catholic missionaries in the Philippines. Ten thousand of these are listed in the five leper colonies under the direction of American Jesuit missionaries.

INDIA OFFICIAL ORDAINED. Perianayagam Pillai Ambrose, a graduate of the Jesuit College in Trichinopoly, and till 1938 assistant Postmaster General of Madras, was ordained at the age of 58 by Most Reverend Richard Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool. Father Ambrose will return to India next year to work with the Salesians under the Archbishop of Madras.

20,000 FEET OVER THE MARTYRS' SHRINE. Lieutenant Goudreau of Quebec City, aged eighteen, found his gas tank empty. To break the fall, he aimed at hydro-electric wires, which decreased the plane's momentum, though the crash deprived the surrounding country of electricity for two hours. After skimming along deep snow for two hundred yards, the plane turned over, leaving him unharmed.

The Martyrs' Shrine, where this crash-landing took place, is located near Midland, Ontario, Canada. It was from this now hallowed spot, the site of old Fort Ste. Marie, that the eight Jesuit missionaries left to become the North American Martyrs.

ATENELO GRAD DECORATED. One of the first Filipino officers to be cited for conspicuous gallantry in action was a graduate of the Ateneo de Manila, famous military school, conducted by the American Jesuits. He was Lieutenant Cesar Basa, twenty-five years old. General MacArthur's citation, which was the first to be issued by him on the activities of the Filipino soldiers, told how on the second day of the war, Lieutenant Basa and five other Filipino pilots broke up two formations of Japanese bombers, each numbering twenty-seven planes. The citation declared that even though the six Filipino pilots were hopelessly outnumbered and were flying obsolete training planes, they twice flew into large formations of Japanese bombers and broke up the formations, preventing them from bombing the city of Manila.



Lieut. Cesar Basa

Lieutenant Basa spent ten years at the Ateneo de Manila and was graduated in 1939 with a B.S. degree after which he immediately joined the Philippine Air Corps. One of his Jesuit instructors during his period at the Ateneo was Father William F. Masterson, S.J., Business Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS. Father Masterson remembers Lieutenant Basa as an outstanding leader in the school. He was a clever and fearless athlete, playing on the basketball, swimming and football teams. He was also an exemplary Catholic and was for many years a member of the Ateneo Catholic Instruction League, composed of men of the university who give their free

COLORED PRIEST, CELEBRANT OF JESUIT CENTENARY MASS. Reverend Basil Matthews, O.S.B., a Colored priest of Trinidad, B. W. I., was celebrant and preacher at a Solemn High Mass in St. Peter Claver's Church, Ridge, Maryland, commemorating the 400th anniversary of the founding of the Society of Jesus and the 393rd year of its apostolate among the Colored.

During his sermon, Father Matthews remarked:

"Within seven years after founding the Society of Jesus, St. Ignatius sent missionaries to our race in Africa."

During the course of the celebration some interesting facts were disclosed. The Colored make up about one-third of the Faithful served by the Jesuits in Southern Maryland. The five churches served by the Jesuits in Charles County have about 1,000 Colored parishioners, while in St. Mary's County, 3,700 or 75% of the Colored population are Catholic and served by the Jesuits, declared Father Matthews. At present there are 46 Jesuits working among the Colored in the United States.

NO. 1 WAR TRAGEDY. For ten years Father Joseph Reith, S.J., has been working among the fanatical Moros of the Philippines. Recall that Spain failed during 300 years to win over the Moros and that it took an American Army a decade to suppress them, and you will understand what Father Reith was up against.

He spent himself ceaselessly for these people, caring for their lepers and building medical dispensaries for their sick, staffed by Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. But the anti-Christian Moros still did not accept him completely. Then one day his Superior received a very unusual letter from the religious and political leader of all the Moros, Datu Amatonding. "In all my life I have never seen any one like Father Reith in Lanao," said the Datu. "I will do all I can to make the Moros friendly to the work of Father Reith. . . . This is an unsolicited letter; it is just my sign of gratitude for his work in Lanao." After ten years, complete success! The letter was dated November 14, just three weeks before Pearl Harbor. And now Father Reith, having conquered the Moros, has the Japs on his hands in the Philippines!



Father Joseph Reith, S.J., and Two Grateful Moro Lepers

For Colored Native Clergy

THE FEBRUARY MISSION INTENTION

- "The Holy Spirit is sweeping like a tornado over Africa," declared the late Holy Father, Pius XI. In Africa, continental and insular, out of about 166 million inhabitants, there are nearly eight million Catholics cared for by 5,000 foreign missionary priests and 10,000 foreign Sisters. In 1547, seven years after the canonical foundation of the Society of Jesus, Jesuit missionaries were sent to Africa. There are now 492 members of the Society of Jesus laboring there. There are, too, 3,000 native Sisters and over 400 native priests, including 2 Bishops and 1 Prefect Apostolic.

- It is for these latter you are asked to pray. Since the number of European foreign missionaries will be affected by the war, you are asked to pray not only for the doubling of native vocations, but also that from the present native clergy will come other Cyprians, other Augustines to re-Christianize Africa.

- The million Colored people in Jamaica should be included in this picture. The 54,000 Catholics are cared for by 61 American Jesuits. With American financial and spiritual aid they hope to have, within twenty-five years, a native clergy in charge of the entire island.

- You are also asked to pray for a more numerous native clergy among our own American Colored. It would be folly not to admit that the Colored problem in the United States is a very complex one. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that the economic and religious position of the Colored people is the white man's problem. Certainly it is one of the great problems of the Catholic Church in the United States.

- In recent years much progress has been made to meet the challenging problem of the Negro. A tremendous amount still remains to be done, and it must be done quickly. In the United States one out of every ten persons is Colored, yet only one out of every 43 Colored is a Catholic. With less than half of them professing any religion at all, there is grave danger that the Communists will organize the Colored people and turn them against established religion during the hard times following this war. There will be no real social justice if inter-racial justice is denied.

- The solution of this problem must be attempted equally from both sides and under the guidance of Catholic social principles. To this end we must have a goodly number of holy and highly trained Colored priests who will be able not only to direct the Colored people to contribute their individual and personal share toward the solution of this problem, but to present the just cause of the Colored people to responsible members of the Government and to the citizens at large in a progressive and prudent manner. A splendid example of this type of native clergy and his influence is described in our *Missions Make the News* column entitled, "Colored Celebrant of Jesuit Centenary Mass."



Normally you don't have to try very hard to squeeze a smile out of Chinese youngsters.

TO tell the truth, Bellarmine has quite a secure hold on my heart, but because of the shriveling propensity of my purse, I must do violence to such a tender organ as the heart and force it to shrivel in proportion. Here is his story to date—namely, until today, Sunday, for he came slyly and silently to Mass this morning.

Bellarmino is eleven and is the oldest of three children—he has a brother, age nine or ten, and a sister about four years of age. With his mother and father, brother and sister, a couple of families of relatives and many families of neighbors, he came from his home town in the Haichow district of China, some sixty miles west of here, to work over the already harvested sweet potatoes and peanut fields in order to store up enough of these leavings to keep them in food for the winter. Their food at home had been either flooded out or eaten out, or *taken* out—it does not matter which; it was “out” and so were they, of necessity, to scratch the worked-over fields and beg when

“Bellarmino Has a Secure Hold On My Heart”

Mark A. Falvey, S. J.

their scanty findings were consumed. Many scratch and beg today.

I FIRST came upon Bellarmine when a Christian woman, a relative of his, came timidly into my Mission to beg for some medicine for her child. More timidly after she had been given some, she mentioned something about a boy who was sick. But the boy not being a Christian, she thought, had no claim on our charity. Because she was difficult to understand and I didn't know what to send for what ailed the boy, I decided to go and take a look. I found him in delirium, eight days without having swallowed a mouthful of food, emaciated, most pitiable because all about him seemed so helpless and hopeless.

I watched him closely for a few days in order to baptize him should he be on the point of death. He reacted to treatment after three days and after a few more I stopped my visits, sent food out to him (the family were occupying an abandoned hovel outside the walls of the town) and with the food, an invitation to come into the Mission when he could walk, and live here for a couple of weeks until he became strong again.

TWO weeks passed, and no boy. Another, and still no boy showed up. His Christian relative came in again and on request, explained that the family feared I was going to hold the boy here for payment of “doctors'” bills or something to that effect. I responded, by inviting the whole family in to live at the Mission and hear a little Christian Doctrine. The answer came back that they feared I would charge them money when their time was up. I sent word that I feared they would rob the Mission while they were living on its charity, but still offered them a welcome. That worked. The boy came



The latest thing in hair fashions for young ladies at the Mission in Chutun Ku, China.

with his mother, knelt down in the ancient kowtow fashion—three times bumping the head on the ground in gratitude for his cure, and the mother offered a torn dollar bill toward medical expenses. Still afraid you see! They thought I was forcing the boy to come to the school with the intention possibly of keeping him to work out his cost to me or of selling him off to someone. I showed the two around the Mission; into the chapel, the classrooms, the girls' department, and then sent them home to their hut.

FREE at last from my clutches,—they must have thought things over, felt some assurance of safety, for, some days later, they came



After a heavy rain two of the boarders at the Catholic Mission enjoy a primitive mud bath. What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

bag and baggage. Such mild, timid rabbits as they proved to be the first week of their stay! The two boys never having been in school before, sat stiff as statues in fright for four days, crying silently together, never answering a word to any question put to them and evidently both wishing that both had died instead of one of them cured at such a cost.

At night they huddled under a common blanket with their father and cried themselves to sleep. Surely they felt out of place. I never lavished so much attention and so many smiles on anyone and received such little response. It wasn't stubbornness, nor ill-will, but pure unadulterated timidity. The father and mother were of the same cast.

AFTER four days of effort, I squeezed a smile out of the bigger boy. His brother later dutifully gave a weak imitation. After a week they would leave their father's side during recreation and *watch* the boys at their games. About the third week they were playing in the games, were able to bless themselves, recite the Our Father, Hail Mary and were picking up a little knowledge of writing.

The day after Christmas, because I was running out of grain rapidly, I had to close the boarding school. Of the more than thirty boys getting their daily bread at the Mission, only one gave any money, five dollars per month. Of the rest, about half gave a "good-bye" with "thanks" while the others gave just a "good-bye" or simply went home. Some came rather tearfully to know if I really meant the "Go" signal for them. For them it meant back to peanuts, dried sweet potatoes and begging. I had to be firm, however, and say, "Yes, for you," even though my heart cried out, "No, not yet."

WITH these latter, or rather separated from these latter and last of all—it was his way with me by this time—was "our" Bellarmine. I found him standing by me as I watched the gradual egress of the other boys, just looking up at me. He had grown from a fleshless frail child into a handsome lad, full-faced and heavy of limb for his eleven years. He seems never to speak except in monosyllables and seldom uses them. Now he was saying nothing, but he knew that I knew what he meant. I told him in return, more by looks than words, that I hated to do it but had to.

Ten minutes later, he was helping his father in a business-like manner, pulling their big wheelbarrow out of its shed, loading it with all of this world's goods they seem to possess and making ready for the plunge back to the daily round of begging. I saw them to the gate. Once outside the lad called a halt to the family march. Very deliberately he came up to within a soldier's salute distance in front of me, unloaded a more expressive smile of gratitude than I thought him capable, though I knew he felt it, doffed his earlapped winter hat, bowed low and swung back, confused at his own effusiveness, to the handles of the wheelbarrow. His brother and father imitated him, and they were gone.

I THOUGHT it might be the last I'd see of them, and the prospects of their Baptism, but no, the succeeding days the boys were in for Mass. Each Sunday young Bellarmine comes in, unobtrusively and sometimes as unobtrusively slips away again. But sometimes I find him as I did this morning, standing by me looking up at me without a word. How he gets there

I don't know, but how long he has been there before I notice him, I can't say. But he knows I know what he means, and knows I'm glad to find him there, and when he leaves he has some wheat cakes stuffed under his coat to unload before the expectant four waiting for him outside the walls.

Now what of his Baptism? He has asked me that too. Baptism is a long process here. To insure stability in the children, we require that the parents first go through the preparation. This takes at least two periods of catechumenate, or intensive instruction and drill in doctrine and practice. In between, there is generally a stretch of ten or twelve months when the first lessons are given time to sink in, and the applicants have time to test themselves on their ability and desire to follow Catholic practices.

THE priest has time to study their sincerity too. If the parents receive Baptism, it's an easy matter with the children. With the parents unbaptized, and practicing superstitions, unfamiliar with marriage laws of the Church and otherwise unacquainted with Christian ideas, it is almost hopeless to expect baptized children to grow up anything but baptized pagans.

Now Bellarmine's home is in another ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Whether or not his family will have the desire to go on with instruction or not I don't know. And if they have the desire, will they have the courage to make the acquaintance of the priest of their district?

I trust that their Christian relative will see them through the ordeal of introduction. I never saw such timidity as this family shows. How they live by begging, I can't understand, for most of the hundreds of beggars now living on this town are pretty forward to say the least. The seeds of the Faith have been planted in the little family in question, and while their understanding seems pretty dull, their natural simplicity and evident natural goodness is good ground for the roots to take hold and the Faith to grow. God will not allow all that has been done for them to go to waste. In time He'll bring them all into the fold.

Look out for Rattlesnakes!

Clarence McAuliffe, S.J.

MY spirits were somewhat depressed as I cautiously picked my way through the sagebrush towards the tiny Indian cabin a few hundred yards away. An hour before I had felt the thrill of anticipation at the prospect of our summer excursion to Moccasin Lake in the Wyoming Rockies.

I had bounded from my bed at St. Stephen's Mission near Riverton, Wyoming, shortly before five o'clock, had said Mass, taken a hasty breakfast and had been the first to tumble my fishing gear into the trunk of the car. "Hooray!" I said to myself. "My first trip into the Wyoming Rockies and perhaps a chance to land a plump rainbow from the icy waters of Moccasin Lake." My high spirits had been reflected in the faces of my companions making the trip.

BUT that had been an hour ago. We had spun along at a merry clip on the oiled road through Hudson and Lander. When we reached Fort Washakie, Father George Prendergast, S.J., Superior of St. Stephen's, insisted that we delay a few moments while he visited the hospital. Then off the highway we went and up the dirt road leading through the foothills of the mountains. The sky was azure blue! What a day! Yes, what a day until the motor began to splutter, until the odor of burnt carbon began to fume its way through every crevice, until we finally came to a dead stop surrounded by an ocean of sagebrush.

Father Prendergast spoke up first. "It sure is heated up. Must be out of water. Maybe the radiator leaks."

We peered into the deep gullies on either side of the road. No



"Lizzie" of St. Stephen's Mission and her spare goat defies the years as she churns and pants over the Wyoming Rockies.

water there. They were bone-dry.

"See that cabin about a mile away on the left? It's on the bank of Trout Creek. I'll hike over there, borrow some kind of container and bring back water for the car." In a twinkling I was on my way.

AT last I was within hailing distance of the cabin. It had been farther away than I supposed. Perspiration was rolling down my cheeks after twenty minutes of exposure to a wilting sun that made its first assault from above and then sprang from below, hurled back by the burning sand of the sagebrush country. Why was that mountain sun twice as hot as any other sun, I asked myself petulantly? Glumly, eyes down, I plodded on. "Hey you, look out for rattlesnakes!"

I started. A Shoshoni brave had emerged from the cabin and with hands still cupped about his mouth, was staring in my direction. His impassive and un hospitable face had two questions in its eyes: "Who are you and what do you want?" The Shoshoni still hated the White man and regarded him as an intruder.

"I AM a missionary from St. Stephen's Mission," I blandly explained. "We are on a trip to Moccasin Lake and our car is stalled. You can see it far up on the ridge. Could you give us some water? The car is bone dry." I shifted on my feet uneasily, primed

for anything from refusal to actual eviction.

"You are a missionary from St. Stephen's?" he queried in a silken baritone voice projected through a smile. "Then I will give you water. But keep your eyes open for rattlesnakes. One lives under the cabin; he always escapes me when I go after him. Come and see the one I killed last evening as I was returning on horseback from the range. See, there it is. Only three rattles, but the smaller ones are the most poisonous." I looked down in awe at the dead reptile, killed not fifty feet from the cabin just the night before.

"Step over to the cabin and I'll show you several sets of rattles taken from snakes I've killed this year. Of course, I haven't killed all I've seen. Sometimes I'm in a hurry."

THERE was nothing wrong with this Shoshoni. Our Catholic Arapahoes at the other end of the reservation could not be more polite. That fact puzzled me.

As we entered the one-room dwelling, I began to think of my fellow missionaries far up on the ridge. How would they take this delay? I inspected the walls of the cabin. The bare logs were concealed here and there by trappings of the woodsman and ranger. Several saddles were suspended in careless fashion; a small (Turn to page 55)



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

A Mural

If you stand in the western balcony of the Grand Central Station here in New York, a magnificent full length mural will hit you square in the eye. Coming at you from the upper crescent of the picture you see one of Uncle Sam's flagships sailing an ocean blue, escorted on each side by a field of tanks and above by a squadron of planes. Immediately below this are three panels; in the first a farmer stands in his field, asking you to help him defend the land he loves; in the second, a group of children, with pleading eyes beseeching you to help them face the future, unafraid; in the third, the builder in his overalls, asking your help to build a better world. In between these panels a life size soldier and sailor stand at attention. As you gaze at this mural a feeling of pride in your country will surge up in your breast. But if you are a friend of the missions, that pride cannot but be tinged with a little fear. For you feel that the thin small voice of the mission appeal may be drowned entirely in this national appeal.

Missionaries Are Soldiers

We are afraid that our many and loyal friends of the missions, who have stayed with us up to now, will be so distracted by national and civic appeals at their very door, that the mission appeal will be forgotten. For that reason, we ask you to continue your loyal support of the missionaries throughout this emergency. For they, too, are Americans and soldiers of the Cross. War or no war, they must carry on the work of Christ. And when the red tide of war has receded they, too,

will need your support and sympathy to pick up the pieces and build anew. Help them also to face the future unafraid for they, above all men, are building for a better world.

Why There's Father O'Hara!

Just a few months before the war dogs were unleashed in the Pacific, a smiling young Jesuit came back to this country to prepare himself for his part in the building of a future China. Father Albert O'Hara, S.J., about eight years ago sailed from California to China and was ordained over there. His superiors this past year sent him to study at the Catholic University in Washington.

A sociological convention in New York gave us the opportunity of meeting him face to face. He looks exactly like his smiling pictures in the Chinese section of our files. So much so, that as soon as he opened the door, someone remarked: "Why there's Father O'Hara," without ever having laid eyes on him before. Besides being photogenic, Father O'Hara is a very interesting conversationalist. He was not talking shop that day, so we didn't learn much about economics. But we found out that a missionary has to be very cautious in his choice of words in the land of his adoption.

That Word "Thing"

The Chinese people are normally the essence of courtesy but when provoked have their own way of putting things. Take that word "thing" for instance. To the American, "thing" is the most colorless word under the sun. The Englishman, though he uses it in salutation, will not die for it. Absurd

old thing, don't you know. Not, however, to the Chinese. To them, "thing" is a fighting word, a term of utter disdain and contempt. It means you are the lowest of the low, without reason, without sense, without life, without a soul, in brief, without a thing to recommend you. An inanimate clod would be about the nearest we could come to it. "Thing" then in Chinese, strips man, the king of creation, of every possible virtue, quality or faculty of his true nature. No wonder it's a fighting word.

And Rabbit

Another word you should use sparingly is "rabbit." Just say "rabbit" to a Chinaman and you'll think he suddenly had an attack of the rabies. Father O'Hara told us the following amusing incident about that word "rabbit." A student of Gonzaga, our college in Shanghai, China, was peddling leisurely along on his bicycle. Someone behind him insisted on coming through with his thumb jangling the bell impatiently. Annoyed, the student muttered over his shoulder, "rabbit" in Chinese. This little act repeated itself in the next hundred yards. This was too much for the American blood of a Jesuit Scholastic, and he shouted, "Hey, you, move over there." The student retorted with the insulting term, "rabbit," this time in English.

He glanced around to witness its effect. His jaw dropped as he looked into the angry countenance of his teacher who glared at him, saying, "It's not bad enough to call me a 'rabbit' in Chinese but you have to repeat it in English, too."

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



The fish peddler, without means of refrigeration, cleans his catch by the sea and rushes it to market without delay. His pace would do credit to a marathoner.

From Starch to Fish

Francis G. Deevy, S.J.

ALL the world comes to my backdoor. The peddlers, men and women, young and old, they are the heart of picturesque Jamaica. The beggars are welcomed at the front door. After all, I am the king of the beggars in the little town of Mandeville.

On Tuesday, the starch woman comes, selling the snowy starch she has rubbed and wrung from the tough cassava root. She is old enough, judging from her deep lined face. She has the patient rugged look of those who have lived close to the earth. Still she is dignified and colorful in her red bandanna and billowing blue skirt. She eases her basket from her head (the bandanna is not merely ornamental) and for a few pennies measures out the starch I purchase from her.

I won't see this worthy lady for some time in the future because my industrious old housekeeper has just made her own supply of starch. A basket of grubby cassava root has been brought up from the garden. Each root has been peeled and grated into a large tin tub. This is a heart and back breaking task. With one end of the grating board resting on her knee, the woman (it is always a woman's job) bends over and rubs the cassava to a pulp.

WHEN the grating is finished, the pulp will be soaked in water. When properly soggy, it will then be put into a cloth bag and squeezed. The resulting white juice contains the starch which will be left after evaporation in the hot Jamaica sun. There is plenty of that!

The residue of pulp is not thrown away. The Jamaican throws nothing away—but mixed with sweet potato, it will be baked into little cakes called *pones*. A portion of the *pones* will probably be tried out on me tomorrow and my housekeeper will watch with eagle eye to see if I approve them.

MY laundry is in the open air behind the rectory. The equipment is very simple. A wood fire is enclosed in a circle of stones. On the stones the laundress perches a kerosene tin in which the clothes are boiled. After boiling, they are transferred to the same tin tub of the cassava pulp where they are thoroughly scrubbed. There is no machinery, not even a scrubbing board. Everything is done by hand.

On ironing day, the same fireplace is used but now the circle of rocks has disappeared. Instead there is a sheet of metal scarred by many fires. A big log is at the back of the tin. Smaller faggots are kept burning against it and the faces of six irons are pushed close to the flames. When sufficiently heated, the irons are rubbed on dry strands of plantain leaf to remove any ashes and give them a shiny surface. The ironing table is the cloth covered kitchen table.

Primitive as these methods may sound to the modern housewife, the results are excellent. My laundry when packed away in the clothes press, is immaculately clean and neatly pressed. There is never a sign of tattle-tale grey. All the more credit to the hardworking laundress who has one difficult handicap peculiar to these mountains. Everywhere one goes, the surface soil is a dark red which is treacherously slippery when wet and which stains everything. White chickens and dogs always have a reddish tinge in feather and coat. A walk through the bush, brushing against grass and shrubs is sure to leave the red tell-tale marks of the priest's journey.

WHILE the ironing is being done, the mutton man calls. I can't miss his arrival because he has a harsh sepulchral voice. His days are Wednesday and Thursday. By looking (Turn to page 55)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



BEFORE THE INCIDENT

• It is interesting at times to pick up the news of the day before and read the comment on some future event after that event has become a fact. Last year **Father Leo McGovern, S.J.**, was teaching at St. Francis Xavier's High School here in New York City. Today he is somewhere in Manila. Just before the Pearl Harbor incident he wrote to his friends in New York an account of his trip across the Pacific. Many of his observations on that trip arrived in New York just a week or so before the Pearl Harbor incident.

• "The Passenger List showed a high number of Navy men and Marines. Some were on the way to Shanghai; most to Manila. So we had aviators, submarine men, men from battleships, etc. Fordham, Georgetown and Boston College had their representatives. We felt quite at home.

• "Our ship was made for slow motion. It averaged about thirteen miles an hour. That is one way of drawing out a thirteen-thousand mile trip. Fire Drill was a weekly attraction. There was no fooling about it. All were told that they *must* be on deck. The stewards made the rounds—to each cabin and gently and firmly declared the law. So all showed up in life preservers to watch the crew swing out the boats and squirt fire hoses into the ocean. Attendance was taken. Absentees were turned in.

WE PASS MOLOKAI

• "When I looked through the port hole early one morning, just one week after leaving San Fran-

cisco, I was so pleased with what I saw that I could hardly believe my eyes. There was honest-to-goodness land in sight. The islands, part of the Hawaiian group, looked like shadowy clouds at first, but cleared up as we came closer. A pilot came aboard and took the boat to rub shoulders with a mine. We passed Molokai at quite a distance.

• "At any rate, it makes one feel welcome. Contrary to custom, there was no band of stringed music on the dock to meet us and no one with leis. Our ship was strictly unannounced. No one lost much time getting ashore.

PEARL HARBOR

• "We went out to Camp Shaffner and met the Chaplain. He showed us around town. Rode by Pearl Harbor, the big naval base. The battleships were painted a dingy gray and that takes a good deal of their looks away. But as one Navy man remarked—'that's the way you want them to look when the enemy is shooting.'

• "The pilot took the ship out safely and we put back to sea for the long 4,200 mile run to Shanghai. Someone remarked to a fellow passenger next day: 'Beautiful place, Honolulu, isn't it?' He answered back: 'Oh, you could take the whole town and put it up in a corner of Harlem.' I think he was homesick for New York.

JAPANESE WATERS

• "After fourteen days of sail, sail, sail, we were beginning to

wonder whether we would ever see land again. But one night I noticed that a spotlight was focused on an American flag flying at the rear of the ship. That meant only one thing. We were coming into Japanese waters. Our ship was certainly easy to identify. The American flag was painted on both sides; also over the hatches (for the benefit of airplanes). No mistaking us. Next day came Japan itself. We came quite close to the southern end. Close enough to get a good look at it. What we saw was good to look at. Beautiful scenery. One object in particular was a *live* volcano, very symmetrical, cone-shaped, poking its head into the clouds. We met Jap fishing boats and sampans.

SHANGHAI JITTERS

• "A map of Shanghai was posted. The International Settlement was clearly marked off. We were strongly advised to stay inside of the Settlement. There was an air of expectancy. Some of the Chinese began to get the jitters. One of them wanted us to hide in our cabin some pictures he had taken of Shanghai. A pilot came aboard and took us up the Yangtze River and into the Wangpoo, where we anchored. On the way up the Wangpoo we saw for the first time the Chinese grass huts and barns. Also some of the relics of the Japanese shelling and bombing. Guttered buildings; just walls standing! One smokestack had been hit right in the center, is unrepaired but still standing. Saw some Jap gunboats. American and British flags were on the



Very Reverend John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Jesuits in the Philippines, Mrs. Quezon, her social secretary and her children look on while President Quezon inspects the cadets after a military Mass at the Ateneo de Manila.

river too. A couple of Italian ships were at anchor; there for the duration, I suppose.

GOOD-BYE MARINES

- "In Shanghai we said good-bye to our friends, the Marines. One of them served Mass the day of our arrival there. They are going to a hot spot and they know it. We promised to remember them at Mass.
- "The streets in Shanghai gave us our first picture of a city in war dress. We drove along a main street. The side streets were blocked off with barbed wire. Marines and native police occasionally stand at street intersections carrying sub-machine and machine guns.
- "We met Father James Kearney, S.J., or 'Pere Kar-nee' as they call him, the priest who writes occasionally for *America* and *Jesuit Missions*. He told us that Shanghai has been in a terrific state of expectancy for months; any day may bring the big flareup. The people are barely existing. Refugees in the city are starving in high numbers. Incidentally, the number of Chinese babies brought in to the Catholic orphanage daily is unbelievable.

JAP DESTROYER CIRCLES US

- "After a six-hour wait in the (yellow) Yangtze River we finally got back into the China Sea . . . and started *ferrying*, as one old salt expressed it, the rest of the way to Manila. The only interesting thing during that anchorage in the Yangtze was the antics of a Jap destroyer that came down the river, made a couple of circles not far from us, and steamed back up the Wangpoo. Every time a Jap boat came by us, we got tense. Any moment expecting the 'Incident.'
- "From Shanghai it is only a hop-skip-and-a-jump along the China coast down to Hongkong. Leaving Shanghai, we ran into a fleet of some fifty fishing boats. All the way we had boats or islands or mainland in sight. What a relief after so many days of nothing but water, sky and flying fish. We had quite a discussion about a suspicious looking object that was poking its head out of the water a couple of miles away and that looked like a *periscope*. Imagination helps out in these doubtful cases. The object was lying in the main ship lane. Made the situation interesting. Again we were on edge, on the

frayed edge, awaiting the bubble-bursting incident. However, it all proved just a bubble.

SUBMARINE NETS

- "Our passports were re-examined. A sign was posted, warning all that cameras were not to be used in Hongkong. No pictures to be taken! The harbor at Hongkong is the second best natural harbor in the world. So said one of the sailors. Again a pilot took us in. Across the narrowest approach (in the harbor) a submarine net is stretched. During the daytime, enough of the net is parted in the middle to allow vessels to enter. At night the net shuts things up tight.
- "We went ashore, got through Customs and took the ferry to the main part of Hongkong. I noticed that the Chinese on the ferry were perfectly cool; we were soaking in perspiration. The city is situated on the side of a hill. You can take the bulk of it in at one glance. At night it is a beautiful sight.

WE LEFT HONGKONG LAUGHING

- "We had to leave before nightfall so that we could get by the submarine net. (We had stayed one night in Hongkong.) We left Hongkong laughing. Just as the ship was pulling away from the dock two of our fellow passengers came galloping down to the water's edge. Standing on the dock helpless and watching the ship pulling away, they looked like a good picture for 'When a Fellow Needs A Friend.' If they were left on shore, heaven only knows when they could get passage on another ship. However, the boat moved out slowly and a sampan had no trouble in bringing them alongside. A ladder was let down and they scampered up.

MANILA AT LAST

- "The trip was practically over. We slid home to Manila. Only a thirty-six hour run. What a reception we got in Manila Har-

bor! Destroyers, submarines, airplanes. There were a large number of Navy men aboard and their buddies in Manila must have known it. Airplanes zoomed down close to the boat. Did all but come aboard. Our ship followed carefully on the heels of a guide boat that did a pretty bit of broken-field running through the mine-fields. We were met at the pier by the white-robed American Jesuits in Manila and were at the end of our trip. Don't try to walk it!"

MEASURING SKULLS

• Just before the Japanese troops landed on Davao, in the Philippines, Father J. Franklin Ewing, S.J. and Mr. Neri, S.J. completed some valuable research work in the neighboring hills of Cotabato. They had made a thorough study along anthropological lines of the Manobos in the Agusan Valley, and the Tirurays in the hills of Cotabato. They intended to follow up with a study of the Bilaan people who live in the southern parts of Mindanao, but that will have to wait.

• The complete picture will show representatives from the west (the Subanons), the northwest (the Manobos), the middle section (the Bukidnons). Had they not been interrupted by the invasion of the Japs they would have worked their way southeast to the Gulf of Davao studying the customs and manners and ways of living of various tribes as they went.

• This piece of scientific work will of course be held up for the time being on account of the war but when completed it will be the last word on the anthropology of Mindanao and the southern Philippines.

FATHER JOHN DUGAN, S.J.

• Before the attack on Manila. Father John Dugan, S.J., of the New England Province, Army Chaplain with the U. S. Forces, arrived in the Philippines to take

up his assignment at Fort McKinley. He had an opportunity to visit our houses there and renew friendships with many Jesuits who had spent the years of study with him back in the States.

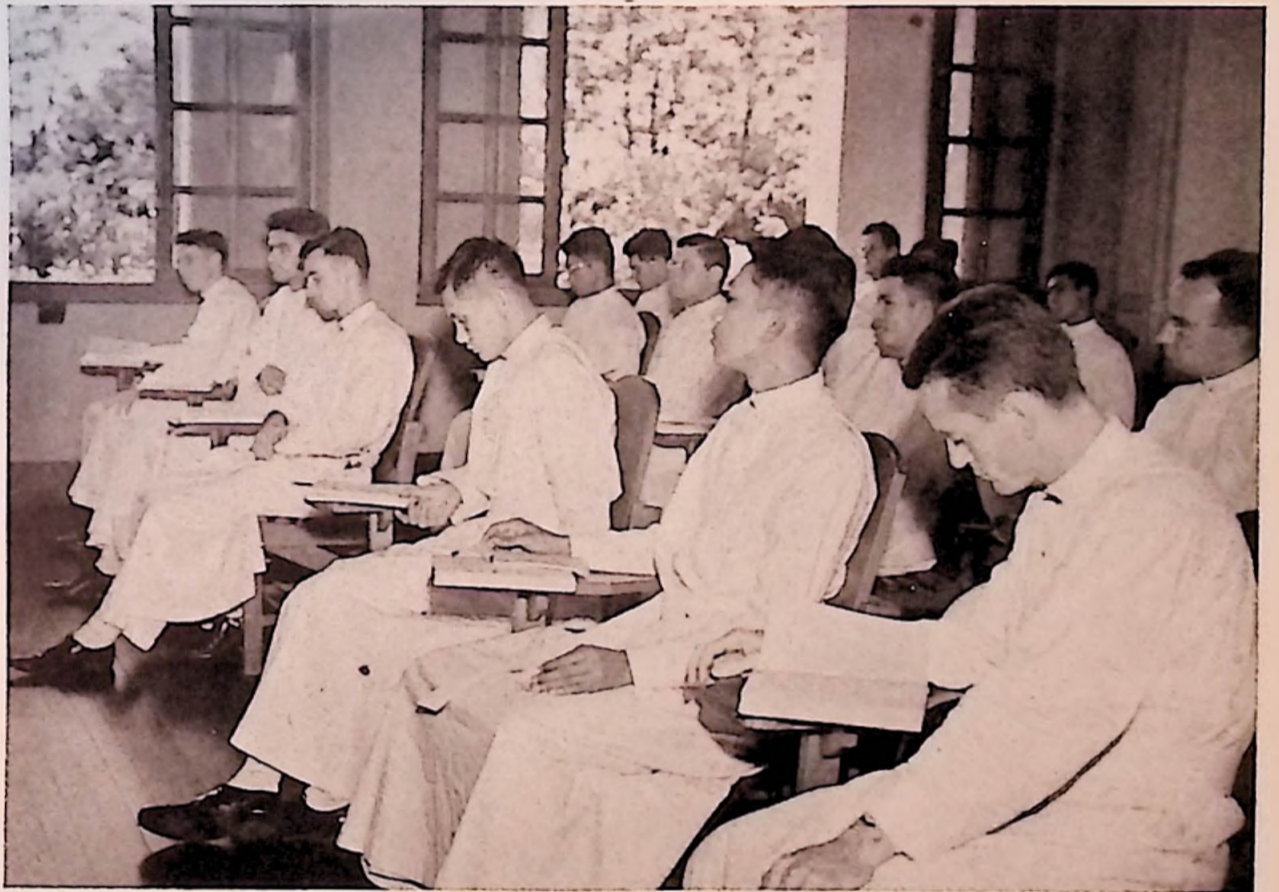
THE HOLY LAND

• With the sea lanes to far off Baghdad rapidly closing, a letter from Father J. Austin Devenny, S.J., of Baghdad College greeted us shortly before the New Year all the way from the Pontifical Institute in Jerusalem, where he made his annual retreat.

• "This has been a glorious visit. It is a peculiar thing to visit Jerusalem after two years in the

THE WAR IN IRAQ

• "On the whole we saw very little of what went on and lived on a diet of rumors. The last day of the war was for me the most exciting. At 5:00 A.M., as we were coming down off the roof, I saw a fleet of British bombers circling the city. There were, I think, twenty-one in all. They began bombing just as I started Mass at 5:30. It sounded near but I was where I couldn't go and see. All the time the roar of the engines seemed to be directly overhead. The house was shaking with the explosions but at 6:00 o'clock when I was free to take a look, all was over. I learned that practically all of the



White-clad American and Filipino Jesuits sit side by side in the classroom at Novaliches. This close association in the formative years is the best possible training for future missionary work in the Philippines.

Farther East. While here I had the happiness of saying Mass at the Holy Sepulchre, Calvary, Gethsemane, in a church on the former site of the Cenacle and at a convent which is on the grounds of Pilate's place of Judgment. In all my Masses and prayers at these sacred places, I remembered all our friends and benefactors. No doubt you are wondering how we fared last May. There was no difficulty."

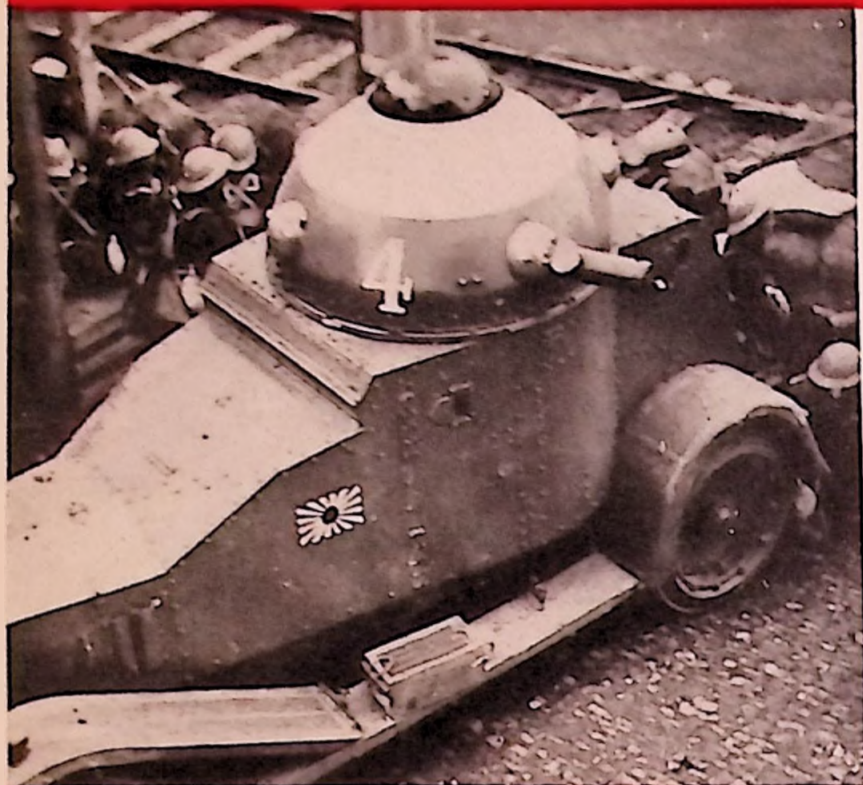
bombing had been on the other side of the Tigris.

• It's funny how the ridiculous things crop up in the wake of the solemn ones. While the whole country was in the throes of war the chief concern of us Prefects was to pick up in the course of the day enough stories to entertain the boarders during the black-outs. Anything from Mother Goose to The Arabian Nights."

EVERYWHERE IN LUZON . . .

PLANES BOMBED

and TANKS BATTERED



• Sacred edifices—the only shelter of a helpless people — barbarously blasted!

• Worshippers mercilessly mowed down!

• Priceless monuments of Christian culture gutted!

So, daily, mounted the score against Japan. Daily, too, rose the queries back home—

What now? Will the missions fold up?
Must decades of mission work be written off as a loss?
Too bad, we'd like to help, but how?

Defeatism must not corrode our missionary interests. Every advance in Christianity is born of apparent frustration.

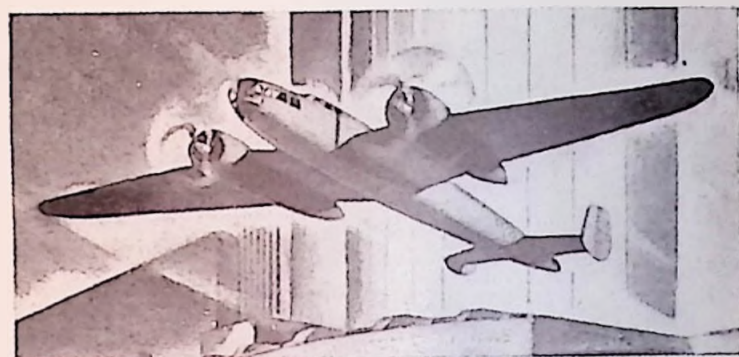
INVEST IN AMERICA—BUY DEFENSE STAMPS AND BONDS—GIVE THEM TO THE MISSIONS

In the peace, want of all sorts will drive the Filipinos, part of our nation, to the Church for aid. Didn't Christ welcome all in need?

In the peace, large scale restoration of mission enterprises will be necessary.

YOU CAN HELP — NOW

Tomorrow's needs must be met TODAY



In the war, American Forces insure the missions liberation from an enslaving Paganism.

Help America and the Missions by sending your gift to be invested in Defense Bonds to hasten the day when ships of mercy can travel the seven seas. On that day these bonds will be turned into cash to be sent to the Missions.

SEND

DIME or DOLLAR!

HELP US BUY

DEFENSE BONDS

for the

MISSIONS

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COMMUNICATIONS

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

One in a Hundred
To the Editor:

Enclosed is a gift to be sent to one of your priests. The one you think needs it the most.

I enjoyed the article in the November 1941 JESUIT MISSIONS telling how the martyrdom of Father Isaac Jogues grew from a seed to so strong a faith in Montana. May this Holy Martyr plead to our God for our Catholic missions now. They are in such dire circumstances and so few Catholics, unless one of their own family is a missionary, care to interest themselves in the mission cause.

I hope to see strong missionary societies in every parish of our diocese before I die. I think it offers the best possible means of building up the faith here in America sufficiently strong so that future isms will not be able to dilute it. Constant prayer, work and giving throughout the year seems far more practical to me than a once a year missionary collection. A good Catholic will not cut down on his other obligations to his parish church just because he has increased his missionary expenditure. I prefer to think that he will give a larger sum to every church activity.

May my words herein encourage you to greater efforts. I feel as though every missionary were working directly for me. Would that I was rich enough to take over the full support of all the missions. Next to being a priest is the great honor of supporting them. May God bless us through our missions.

East Rochester, N. Y.

JAMES HERENDEEN

Here's Hoping

To the Editor:

Noting the prominent display given to your Fifteenth Anniversary in the January issue, I scanned the pages to see whether there might not be some religious or social function commemorating this milestone.

Selling people, products and causes has been my line over the years. Hence I thought you muffed it when you did not have some celebration to cap the occasion.

Still, not all is lost. A correspondent



Mission Garden Tea
FOR SALE AT ALL FOOD STORES

in the January issue suggests the advisability of permanent, enlarged quarters. Granted the necessity of such, why not set the procuring of such a residence as the ideal birthday present for JESUIT MISSIONS.

Maybe I am wrong in this but I think there must be several Catholic gentlemen in the New York area in key positions in the real estate business who might be able to give you a steer along this line. But, you must bring their attention to your problem. They cannot be expected to be on the alert when they do not know your specific need.

Not a Jesuit grad, but long an admirer!

Tuckahoe, N. Y.

M. F. W.

"At All Times . . . In All Places Give Thanks"

To the Editor:

As a subscriber and to fulfill a pledge, will you kindly acknowledge in JESUIT MISSIONS a great favor obtained through the intercession of the late Pope Pius X.

My son was reported lost in action at Pearl Harbor. I interceded to Pope Pius X that I receive news that he was safe, and promised weekly Holy Communion throughout the war for his continued safety.

A few days afterwards I heard from my son advising he was safe and the day afterwards was officially notified by the Navy Department. I promised to publish this favor; what I could afford has gone for Masses in thanksgiving.

Houston, Texas. ANTHONY GIBBON.

Forerunner of Many Such—We Hope
To the Editor:

An old admirer in St. Ignatius Parish, it was not surprising for me to witness the stirring scene in the sanctuary of



FRIENDS OF JESUIT MISSIONS
on the occasion of
ITS FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY
have arranged a
BENEFIT CARD PARTY
for the
JESUIT PHILIPPINE MISSIONS
to be held at
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Bulletin of Information on Request

Address: Dean of Freshmen,
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

that church (the blessing of the flag, etc.) the first couple of Sundays after our entrance into the war. But it surely did thrill one to see such symbolic gestures of Christian Americanism.

And now along comes your January number with its typical Catholic appeal to us stay-at-homes to help in the successful persecution of the war by prayer. I hope that all our Catholic press will echo the same call for Masses and other prayers for our country, our "boys" in the armed forces, and our priests on the mission war fronts.

Please accept my offering for a Mass to be said every month for the intention you have suggested.

May St. Ignatius band all Catholics in a common crusade of prayer for the missions he loved so much.

New York, N. Y.

D. A. H.

Editor's Note: Since our January issue has been in circulation, we have already received requests for more than three dozen Masses to be said for our country, etc.



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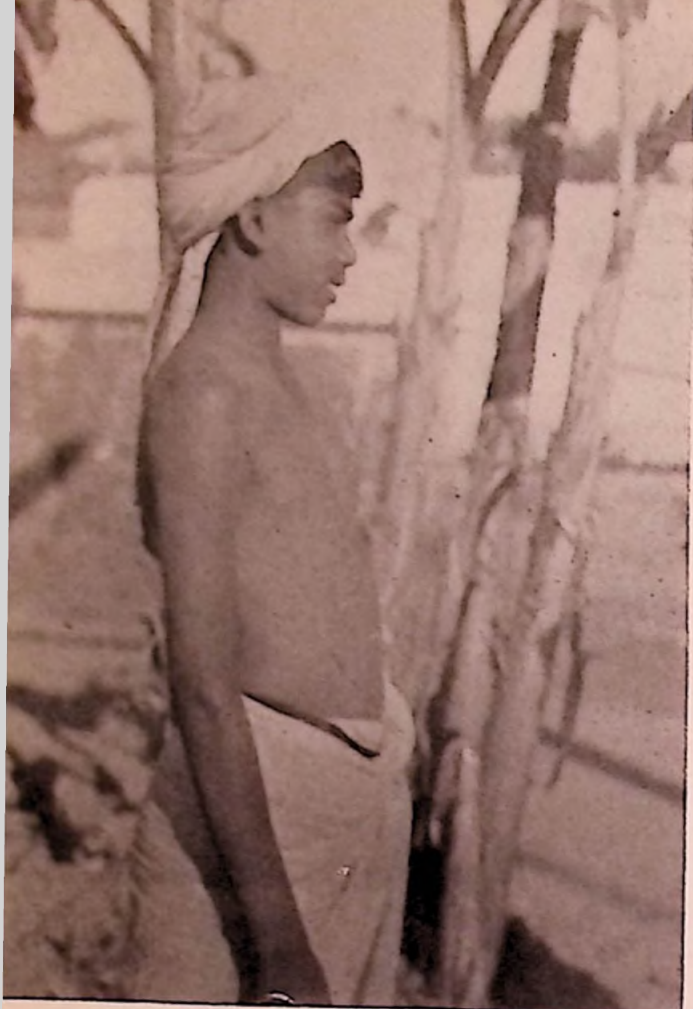
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Michael the Chamar Has What it Takes

Francis J. Welzmler, S.J.

Michael stood
pat for what
was right and
had character.



I FIRST met him at Father Peter J. Sontag's boarding school for Chamar boys at Patna City's Old Cathedral. He was a lanky, easy-going lad with growing pains then, and he's stretched out some since that time. That was almost five years ago during my first month in India.

Then I went to Ranchi for my final year of training. When I came back, it was Buxar for me where the Nawob of Oudh made his last unsuccessful stand. And then who should bob up but Michael Sahant, taller and huskier but the same grinning boy.

AFTER the usual *Yesu ki barai* (Praised be Jesus) and a bit of a chat, Michael's smile gave way to a worried look. It turned out that I wasn't alone in noting his sturdy frame. He was just the size now to start pushing a plow for a pittance to satisfy some farmer's cupidity. And there was one right on the job who wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

He started the usual process of trying to force the lad to do his work. He didn't know Michael when he started to browbeat him. Luckily for the latter, there was not the pretext of debts to be worked off. Michael didn't pretend; he never does. That quality is the key to his character. When it's a question of shuffle or suffer, he stands

pat for what is right and true. A rare enough quality in any man's country, but all the rarer here where the defense of the weak is often insincerity.

SO Michael got cuffed more than once for his firmness. Eventually, the farmer lost the tussle, for he didn't want the Father to call the law on him. This left the boy free to return to school. No he wasn't a howling success there, as far as marks were concerned, but he did drink deep of the faith.

He had a shadow of an excuse for going down in his studies in the crop of sores which he had to nurse for a number of weeks. As usual, he was straightforward about it. Of course, I was hardly pleased with him, and told him so. He didn't take it amiss, as was proved by the fact that of his own accord he began to relieve the Master in his village by teaching the tots their A B C's.

It was soon evident that he got results and could handle youngsters. As Michael was seventeen by now and his mother a widow, it was time that he should be doing something for a living. Would the farmer get him as plow boy after all? I had made contact with a village of some twenty families about twenty-five miles in the interior which gave promise of panning out. Why not give the boy a chance to try his mettle here as a village catechist?

The catechist is often the biggest "X" in the missionary's village problem. If any one tells you that he comes to order from school or may be picked at random, please tell him to ring another number. He may be as trained as you please, and oozing natural ability, but if he hasn't the "stuff" your village won't yield much fruit.

And this "stuff"? Well, Michael has it. It's a combination of pluck, deep faith and zeal, and a never-flagging energy and devotion to his people. High ideal, you will say, for a catechist. And must be, for a catechist is nothing short of a lay missionary; on him depends in large part the formation of catechumens and new Christians in the faith.

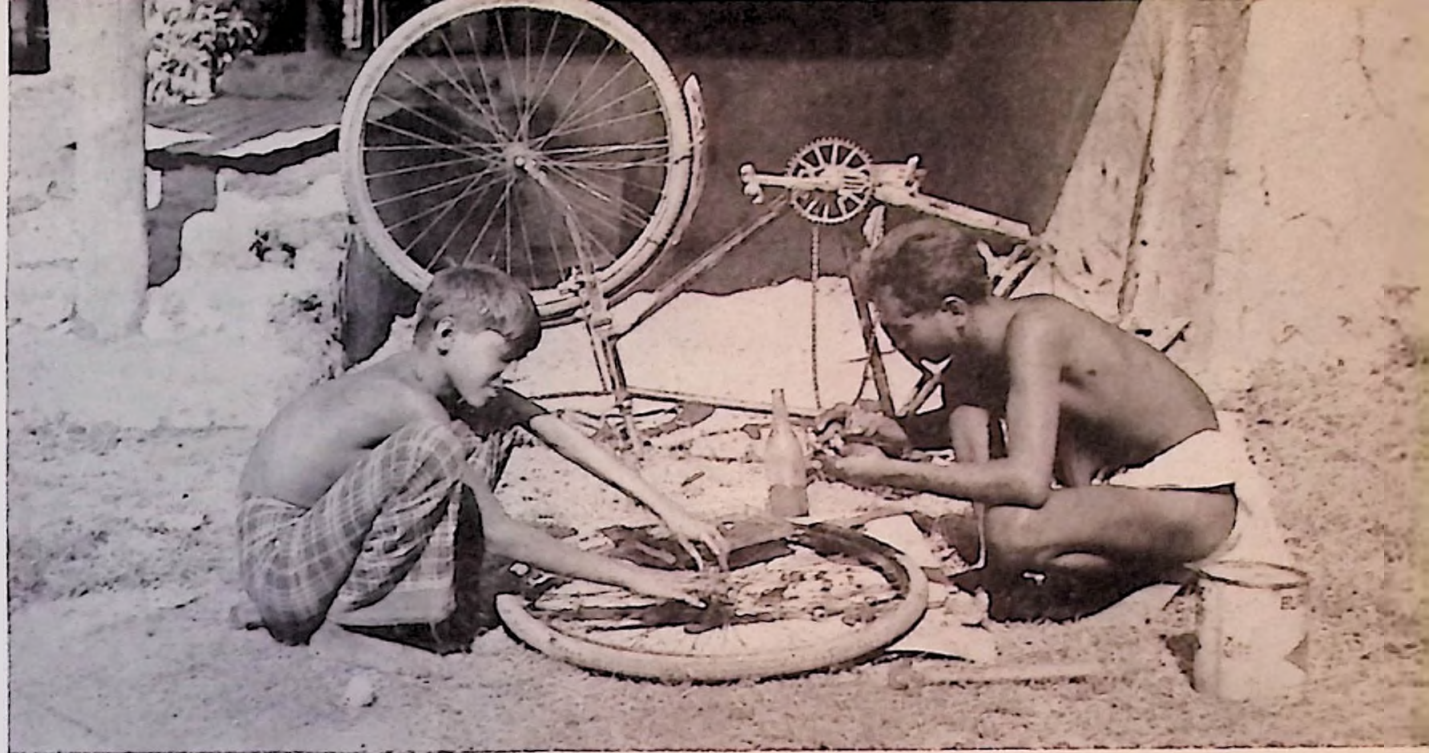
THERE was ample scope for Michael to show his pluck in this first assignment. The enemies of the faith did their best to frighten him away with threats. When they saw that this was not enough, they did not hesitate to act. One day they came where he was teaching beneath a *banyan* tree, and threw the class into confusion. They even went so far as to break some of the seats and carry off the Master's chair. Michael took the matter calmly and went to the proper authorities. Finally, the culprits were glad to get off with a compromise. That, however, didn't end the petty annoyances and insults which the catechist has to face con-

stantly. These things require a stout heart.

The wear and tear of promoting the faith under such conditions and the meager fare of the villagers brought on another trial in the form of incipient T.B. Injections and three months complete rest with good food, put Michael back on his feet. He didn't think of asking for a change to a less difficult village. He would go back home, as it were, for he had become one with his people. A missionary feels very thankful when he finds a man who faces things like that.

BUT what is most valuable and consoling in Michael is that he makes the people take their religion straight. The conviction with which he hammers home the truths of the faith and its obligations is more telling than any long harangues from the missionary. But there is something which tells more than this convincing preaching of Christ and confounding of the peddlers of idol worship and superstition.

You guessed it—practice. If Michael just got wound up every so often and loudly proclaimed the catechism, and then neglected its teaching, well, you know how much effect his words would have. But Michael isn't the sounding brass type. In spite of his youth, he commands respect, just because he is living the faith that is in him. That isn't such an easy accomplishment when you consider that he is with



Michael and his friend take Father's bicycle apart, dose it liberally with oil, and, believe it or not, put it together again. Often roads are too bad even for a bicycle.

his people day and night, and that the haters of the faith are hawk-eyed to detect all short-comings.

WHAT wins the hearts of all to him besides this is his sacrificing charity. Whether it be sickness or unjust oppression, or the need of help of any kind, Michael's sympathy and cooperation never fail to rise to the occasion. With his boys in school it is the same. He makes them toe the line and can be severe at times, but they know he's their big brother. He's their companion in work and play all day long.

When it's time for evening rosary, they're all on deck, and mothers and fathers come, too. And, then, after the meal, the Master will pave the way for the sandman with a Bible

or other story, while the youngsters stretch out on the mat with him.

ALL that when you add it together nets a village ready for Baptism, and when such a village comes in the missionary need have no qualms about the faith of the people. That is why I was glad here recently to make an extra trip during the rains to baptize the men folks before they leave to ply their cobbling in the big cities.

The roads were too bad for cycling. Twelve miles by rail, eight more by India's one-hoss shay, the *ekka*, and a final four miles over the rice bunds which make a checkerboard of the plains, brought us to the village. A stay of two days and another community is registered among the citizens of the saints with thirty names on the roster.

So Michael will carry on, for there is still much to be done. He is a boy of the soil doing his bit for his country, ungrateful though it be. The key of his activity is not the small pay we can offer. He knows the value of the faith that is in him. He makes the pundits of paganism take a back seat on occasion by the light which the faith gives him. He makes his people feel the error of their ways and the need of the new way. He works for God. May we also have a share in that work of works—the reason, sum and substance of life.

Father Welzmler, S.J., visits a Chamar village and questions some of Michael's people to see if they are well instructed and ready for Baptism.





NEW BOOKS



Thy People, My People

E. J. Edwards, S.V.D.

Here it is, the Catholic novel on mission life in the Philippines, the best story of its kind off the press in years. The author writes with all the sympathy and understanding of one who has experienced the hardships of the mission field himself. In a way we are glad he had to return home, broken in health, for it was during his period of convalescence in Tucson, Arizona, that he wrote this marvelous story of the missions. Only then did he find time to write of the lives of men who are too busy living for God to recount their own deeds.

The story briefly is the short life of Father Edward Courtney, an American missionary, who left home and friends to sail across the China Sea to go "all out" for Christ in the land of his adopted people. For a brief period he was assigned to teach in a native seminary, only getting a taste of the "bush" during the summer when he filled in at some mission station. This was not enough for his generous spirit. He was then assigned to the real thing as the assistant of Father Miguel, a veteran in the field. After a year of service under the kindly tutelage of Father Miguel he had a nasty spill from his horse and landed in a hospital. He came out with a slight limp and the request for the toughest post on the missions. The Superior, knowing that souls like that must go their own way, yielded to his request. Father Courtney was not long at his new post when he consummated his holocaust. He went out one night on a sick call. The river was high and the rain was coming down in sheets. They found his horse but the body of Father Courtney is buried somewhere in the China Sea.

There is much in the story we leave for your own appreciation. You'll love this thoroughly human priest as you watch him slowly putting on Christ with the years. You'll see him slogging through the torrential rains, riding for hours beneath fierce suns, sleeping in a leper's hut, contending against malaria, native food, superstition, ignorance, language and the manifold diseases of the tropics. You'll admire a man dedicating himself fiercely to something naturally repugnant, crying out to God and his Blessed Mother in his loneliness and discouragement yet each time rising from his knees with the strength of God to shirk no hardship, to reject no sorrow, to refuse no sacrifice. Here you will know that curious blending of hu-

man weakness and divine strength that is the Catholic missionary, the spiritual motives that send him driving on to utter exhaustion, which urge him to mount the treadmill of a daily round of baptisms, marriages, sick calls, conversions, financial worries and difficulties and will not let him come down because his Master would not come down from the Cross.

And in this book you'll realize that the lives of the missionaries voice like a trumpet the real chivalry of the Church, brave hearts, strong hearts, humble and loyal hearts; hardy apostles who ride for God and His Kingdom; lean men, eager men, sunburnt men, building the Church on the outposts of civilization. You'll envy them that virile and unique camaraderie of the priesthood emphasized all the more in those rare meetings in the lonely life of a missionary.

Even those of us who follow the Catholic ideal of sacrifice and the great lesson of the Cross from afar will wipe away a tear as we put down this story. We may laugh with these soldiers of Christ as they take the bitter with a jest and poke fun at their own discomfiture but we will weep with them in their suffering as they build in pain and sweat and blood. Under the influence and charm of these men whose lives breathe forth the spirit of love and sacrifice inspired by Love Incarnate our own lives will measure up better to the image of Christ. Like this heroic priest we'll learn how "to sing when it is bad."

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

China Through Catholic Eyes

Thomas F. Ryan, S.J.

What does the average American know of the real China, both past and present? Precious little. "Ten Chinese go abroad and see Western countries at first hand for every citizen of a Western nation who visits China, and, while the history of the great nations of the West is known to every educated Chinese, the past and present greatness of China is known to few in the West."

Several years ago Mr. H. H. Kung, Finance Minister of China, a graduate of Yale University, admitted that Catholic missionaries knew the Chinese about as well as the Chinese did themselves. An Irish Jesuit missionary in "China Through Catholic Eyes" gives us an eighty-page beautifully illustrated brochure just about the finest and most nicely balanced picture of the Chinese people that we have ever seen.

From Madam Chiang's inspired pref-

ace to the heart-touching epilogue printed along the Chinese artist's conception of Our Lady, Queen of Peace, you will thrill to the real story of China.

You will find in this book not the collection of oriental oddities and confused impressions of a fly-by-night journalist nor the ponderous and tedious research of the professional historian, but the clear yet candid appreciation of one well qualified to know China.

The ancient religion, history and culture of the Chinese is told so simply that even a child can appreciate it. The Chinese revolution of 1911, the present status of Communism, and the tremendous task of reconstruction facing China is clearly outlined. The successes of Matteo Ricci, S.J., and his companions in their intellectual apostolate have their just place. The splendid development of Catholic educational and charitable institutions in these modern days described by Father Ryan should produce a deep esteem and great confidence in the receptivity of the Chinese. Above all, this book, we hope, will be the fruitful source of many American mission vocations so badly needed in this trying hour.

Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, Linwood Station, Cincinnati, Ohio, \$1.50.

The Long Road to Lo-Ting

Julie Bedier and Louise Trevisan

This little book starts out with a game of hide and seek. From this you would gather that it is a story for children. Two Chinese children run away from home. It is really no longer a home to them because their mother is dying and they are about to fall into the hands of a pagan uncle who will sell them to buy opium. So, at their mother's urging, they set out for Lo-Ting and the Maryknoll orphanage where they are safe from the evil designs of their uncle. That is the story. The authors have woven into the telling a deep pathos for the dying mother and pity for the poor little children, taking the long road to Lo-Ting.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, N. Y., \$1.00.

Four Girls and in Other Poems

Sister M. Madeleva

In this little book you have thirteen gems of living song. There is such a lilt and a swing to the words that you almost hear overtones of music as you read along. All speak of a sturdy faith and touch off familiar truths in a fresh and vigorous way. Here and there the words betray the impetuous surges of a soul filled with the love of God.

St. Anthony's Guild, Paterson, N. J., fifty cents.

PRAY FOR THE CHURCH IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from page 33)

work was to win unstinted praise from the Apostolic Visitor to those missions. He could not believe such an achievement would have been possible.

The third lasting and most important contribution of the American Jesuits lay in their devoted fostering of the native clergy, both secular and religious. Through their administering, the Holy See's National Seminary of San Jose in Manila, they affect the spiritual life of the islands most intimately. The true priestliness of its alumni has repeatedly merited special mention from all ranks. Among its living alumni are a Bishop, a Vicar General, and many diocesan officials. Remarkable, also, has been the increase of native Jesuits over the past two decades. Today they number 116.

Most striking priestly work of our American Jesuits is the care of the leper colonies. In the Philippines they have the spiritual charge of five of these colonies, one, in the Island of Culion, the largest leper colony in the world, with over 6,000 lepers. In all, close to 10,000 lepers are ministered to by our Fathers in the Philippines. Their work in many instances includes rendering medical and material assistance.

Official recognition was given the resurgence of Catholic life in the Philippines when it was designated the scene of the 37th International Eucharistic Congress. Religious fervor, prompted by most extraordinary manifestations of grace, swept all before it. Veterans of fifteen years' labor in the Philippines never envisioned the like in their lifetime. In view of the grace won for the Islands through its unprecedented homage of the Eucharistic King, the progress of the past four years could not be otherwise than phenomenal. We know, too, that the Congress was instrumental in bringing as missionaries, American representatives of half a dozen Religious Orders and Congregations.

The uninitiated in the Mindanao Missions is soon cautioned by the crafty veteran "hinay-hinay, basta kanunay," "slowly but surely" to you. Slowly but surely the Catholic Church in the Philippines threw off the virus of Aglipayanism (nationalism masquerading as Catholicism) and imported evangelism. In the same way will it resist any pagan positions prescribed for Filipino life.

ANOTHER WAR FOR THE JESUITS IN CHINA

(Continued from page 38)

Catholic Church especially among government officials and returned students from America occupying responsible positions, by lecturing in Chinese universities and elsewhere, by conducting Catholic radio forums on the philosophical, sociological, historic and scientific problems of the day, and by editing a high-class Review to examine and to unify the best cultural efforts in the Far East.

Building plans for this National Catholic cultural center in China were rudely interrupted by the invasion of China in 1937. After the present conflict, when this institute is solidly established, it should prove a distinct aid to all Catholic mission groups in China.

We have already briefly indicated the relative importance of Jesuit missionaries from America. Here we might add that the 842 Jesuits who constitute one-fourth of all the male Catholic foreign missionaries in China, and the majority of whom are from the prostrate nations of Europe, look hopefully to the mission supporters and friends of American Jesuit missionaries to help prevent the collapse of their extensive missions. Their work is intimately linked with that of the American Jesuits and with the glorious opportunity awaiting the Catholic Church in the Far East. They have already lost heavily in the present Sino-Japanese war and may lose a good deal more. Their cause is our cause because we are Catholics and generous American Catholics. We, the ground crew, must also keep them flying.

LOOK OUT FOR RATTLESNAKES!

(Continued from page 44)

sized arsenal of rifles rested horizontally on rusty nails. In one full glance I spotted elk antlers, a bear skin, a few sombreros, a collection of beaded ammunition belts, some steel traps and other Daniel Boone equipment. A cozy place, just the thing for a man who loves the outdoors.

"See, here they are," he exclaimed, after fishing around in a little mound of assorted articles lying on the floor. In his hand he held up some dozen or more sets of rattles. "Not a one of them struck me, but I'm always prepared."

He tossed the rattles back on the scrambled heap and flicked up a small covered tin box on a low cabinet nearby. "I always carry this box with me when I'm off on a trip. See here," he pointed raising the cover, "my tourniquet and razor blade. If you get bit, you cut through the fang marks in the form of a cross, then suck energetically to increase the flow of blood. After that you apply the tourniquet above the bite. This stops the poison in its flow to the heart."

I felt that this Shoshoni was a friend of mine already, the only brave of his tribe who had ever manifested such cordiality. Those lines indenting his face would not have relaxed into smiles for many White men. Of that I was sure.

"The creek is not fifty feet away. I'll fetch the water for you." I fled out the door after him.

"I'm afraid you won't enjoy Moccasin Lake right now. Just came down from there yesterday. The lake is at its lowest level in years and the decaying vegetation along its shores is being cooked by the sun and sending out a stench for a mile or more all around." Bending over, he scooped up a gallon of ice-cold,

crystal water. "If you could go up there next month in September, you would see the nicest lake in this part of the country. Fine fishing too."

I told him that this was absolutely my only chance to make the trip. We had planned it for weeks; school would open shortly; odds and ends of all kinds had to be done at the mission.

"Well, good luck," he said standing on the doorstep. "Remember me to Father Doyle." I gaped in amazement.

"Are you a Catholic?" I inquired incredulously.

"No, I'm not," he answered, "but I think the Catholic Church is a fine Church."

"But how did you come to know Father Doyle?" I demanded.

"Well, last winter I was kicked by a horse and they took me to the Indian hospital at Fort Washakie. They thought I would die. One day Father Doyle dropped in to visit me. He knelt down and prayed for me, though I was not a Catholic. I'll never forget it. I think his prayers saved my life." One little act of charity had catapulted this burly Shoshoni out of his dislike for Catholic missionaries.

Now I understand why Father Prendergast had insisted on visiting this hospital when we passed through in the morning.

FROM STARCH TO FISH

(Continued from page 46)

at the calendar, I know what I shall have for dinner. The mutton man carries his wares and equipment in a flat wooden tray which rides from kitchen to kitchen on his head. The equipment is simple, a scale, a small chopping board and a sharp cutlass which is his only butcher's tool and cuts through meat, suet and bone with equal impartiality, leaving a spray of small splinters behind. He has only one price for his mutton, no matter what part you buy. If he comes to my house early on his round, I get a toothsome chop. If not, I get a tougher cut. I assure you it can be tough beyond imagination.

I pity the poor fish peddler. He has no means of refrigeration for his quickly perishable goods. He must get the fish from sea to table in the shortest possible interval. Mandeville is a good market, but it is twenty miles from the sea and up in the mountains, a thousand feet above sea level. Consequently, the fish peddler loads his flat tray with fish, balances it on his head and starts up the hills at a shuffling dog trot. His pace and endurance would do credit to a marathon runner. As he trudges along, he blows a shrill whistle to remind prospective purchasers of his passing. At the end of his journey, he has a handful of coppers to show for his efforts. But he doesn't mind. The coppers will buy all he needs, the tray is empty and the journey back is down hill. Unfortunately, the picturesque fish peddler is doomed to go. Trucks are now bringing the fish to market and the fish are packed in ice.

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