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January, 1943

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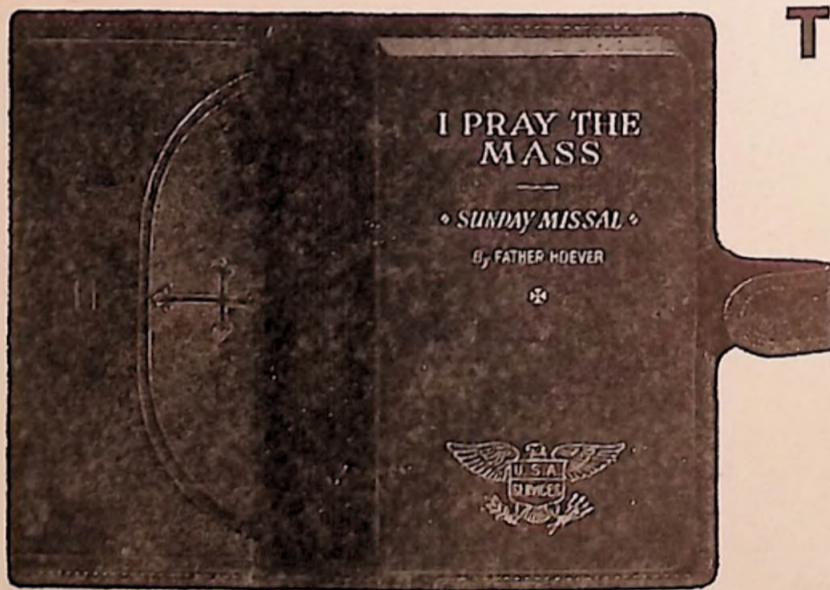
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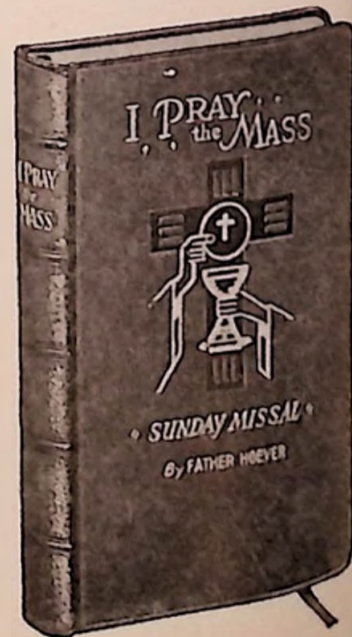
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CONTRIBUTORS

■ **Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J.** (Mission in Ruins), of the Missouri Province, is the



John Barrett, S.J.

Headmaster of St. John's College in Belize, British Honduras. Besides the supervision of studies and discipline he also teaches English and elementary Spanish. Any spare moments left he devotes to writing the history of the Mission and to preaching.

■ **Father John J. Barrett, S.J.** (Sam and the Witches), jumped from Syracuse to Chicago to India. He belong to the Chicago Province and was ordained in November at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India.

■ Before he ever went to China, **Roger Fortin, S.J.** (The Battle of the Crickets), of the Lower Province of Canada, had a fine appreciation of Boyology. He has returned from China to take up his theological studies at the Immaculate Conception College in Montreal.

■ A few years ago **Thomas J. O'Shaughnessy, S.J.**, was studying Arabic in Egypt. There he had an opportunity to observe (Islam and the Faith) at close range. He has since returned to the States and is now studying theology at Woodstock, Maryland.

■ **Joseph G. Snee, S.J.** (The Kalispels Greet Their Newborn King), of the New York Province, finished his philosophical studies at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington, last year. He is now teaching in the East.

■ **J. Patrick Walsh, S.J.** ("Valiant Warriors" for God and Country), of the Southern Province, while studying the classics as part of his course at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., acquires some mission experience at the Mission of Christ the King.

■ **Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J.** (Submarine Blockade in Jamaica), of the New England Province, is well into his third year at Mandeville and his fourth on the Jamaican Mission.



Francis G. Deevy, S.J.

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

COVER—Seated amid the ruins of the mission house at Orange Walk, British Honduras, Father Gregory Sontag, S.J., looks over some documents he has salvaged from the debris. Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., narrowly escaped being buried under the wreckage. Father Sontag was at another mission during the storm. Arriving at Orange Walk after a harrowing two days' journey, he surveyed with a flashlight the pile of kindling wood that was once his home.



Very Reverend Vlodymir Ledóchowski, S.J., for twenty-seven years General of the Society of Jesus, died at Rome on December 13, 1942, a Father in Christ, in war and peace, through persecution and acclaim, to 26,000 devoted Sons throughout the world.

American Jesuits and Sisters Face Disaster Bravely

AT exactly 4:49 a.m., as the tropical sun was about to usher in the morning of November 15th, Father Henry Delaney, S.J., young British Honduras missionary, stood in the belfry of the Cathedral at Belize. Eyes fixed on his wristwatch he waited for another revolution of the second hand and then gave the signal. The four bells of the Cathedral, silenced for many months by the war, rang out joyously in celebration of the British victory in Libya.

"It was good to hear those bells again," writes Father Delaney. There was bravery and grim tragedy in that remark. For as he stood there he knew that the bells in more than one-third of the Catholic churches and schools of this Central American Mission would never ring again. A hurricane, one week before, had wrought almost as much destruction in British Honduras as had the British Eighth Army in Libya. The blood, sweat and tears of several generations of Jesuit missionaries had been blown away in a night.

Typical, we think, of the high courage displayed by the missionary Sisters and Jesuits in the face of this disaster was Father Delaney's morning vigil of the bell tower. The Governor had given permission for the long silenced bells of the Colony to ring out in celebration of General Montgomery's victory in far-away Libya. What did it matter if at home there was havoc and destruction all about? What did it matter that the Church in British Honduras had been set back twenty years? The bells of the Mission's Cathedral must be the first to ring in the Colony, and the loudest. Father Delaney was there to make sure of that.

The eve of the hurricane witnessed the death of a veteran who for thirty-eight years labored to build up

the Mission. He was Father Edmund J. Cooney, S.J. Conscious to the last he must have felt the storm's approach, but he was spared the agony of witnessing it. He closed his long and heroic career early Sunday morning and according to the inexorable law of the tropics was buried Monday just as the warning signals began to fly from the public buildings and the wind began to blow. "And so," comments Father Delaney, "he went out of this world and will help the Mission he loved with a devotion as intense as any I have ever known. It was a passion that found no proper expression in words. He seemed quite unreasonable about it all to me before I got to know him and the life he led at Stann Creek for all those years."

Another veteran missionary, however, was not treated so mercifully. The jubilarian, Father William Bennett, S.J., after the storm hurried to his mission at Caye Caulker, where he had been for many years a visiting missionary, and found destruction everywhere. The raging sea had cut the island into three sections. A number of houses and the entire sacristy of the church had been carried out to sea by the tidal wave.

Before he became Vicar Apostolic of British Honduras, Bishop Rice was Superior and founder of Baghdad College in Iraq. The victory of the British Eighth Army in Libya probably saved his beloved Baghdad from invasion. Yet the same week that saw that victory, brought crushing defeat to his equally beloved British Honduras. Those who were acquainted with Bishop Rice know that he will not take this defeat "sitting down." He has plans for the immediate rebuilding of his ruined churches and schools and has issued an appeal for financial assistance which we know our readers will listen to when they learn of this catastrophe.

- MANY BELLS WILL RING NO MORE.
- ONLY ONE WAS SPARED.
- VICTORY FOR IRAQ. BUT FOR BRITISH HONDURAS . . .

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Associate Editors: JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.; JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J.; ARTHUR A. WEISS, S.J.; JOHN E. REARDON, S.J.; EDWARD A. McNAMARA, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; PAUL BRENNAN, S.J.; HENRI BÉCHARD, S.J.

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(Left) The roof and rafters of the Presbytery at Corozal went off in the first blast. Heavy tropical rains ruined the interior of the building. (Below) A communion rail and a broken altar with its back to the sea is all that remains of the former parish church at San Pedro.



MISSION IN RUINS

British Honduras counts its losses after a 70-mile-an-hour hurricane and finds that more than one-third of its mission buildings are either destroyed or badly damaged

Robert L. McCormack, S.J.

CHRIST will come this Christmas to British Honduras as He came to Bethlehem. No home will receive Him—for all of His homes in some of the districts are gone! Bright tropical stars will gaze upon Him at Midnight Mass in the jungle clearings. The tropic sun will hamper the open-air classes—for schools are no more! Disaster has struck the Belize Mission. The third hurricane in eleven years has laid waste the work of a century.

As more details of destruction come in from the interior, it is evident that the hurricane which struck the Colony on November 8th caused one of the worst disasters in the history of the Mission. More than one-third of the 199 Catholic schools and churches have been

either totally destroyed or very badly damaged. Already it is known that 34 mission churches and schools and 9 mission houses were completely destroyed, in addition to 15 schools and churches and 9 parish houses severely damaged.

Very Reverend Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Mission, is still trying to reach some of the isolated districts to determine the extent of the damage. Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Honduras, has sent out an appeal for financial assistance to repair the ruined missions and for clothing and medicine for the 3,000 people made homeless by the seventy-mile gale. "To make things worse, a cold, steady rain has been making the people still more miser-

able for the past four or five days," declared Bishop Rice.

HARDEST hit by the hurricane was the northern section of the Mission, especially Corozal and Orange Walk, although the Belize district also suffered extensively. In the Corozal district, of which the veteran missionary, Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J., is in charge, it is reported that only 1 out of the 16 schools there is still standing. Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J., who covered the coastal missions from this station has lost more than a score of his churches and schools.

There was no loss of life among the missionary Sisters and the 31, Jesuit missionaries, but several had narrow escapes. Father Joseph C. Kemper, S.J., Superior of the Orange Walk district, just got out of his parish house when it collapsed.

Loss in mission property is as extensive as that caused by the hurricane of 1931 when St. John's College was completely destroyed and 10 Jesuits lost their lives.

How can we narrate the story of the wreckage? Let us begin by telling you when it all began and how it happened as we remember events.



(Above) Bishop Rice and Father Marvin O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Mission, immediately began a survey of the ruined districts of the Mission, traveling by sea and by plane. (Right) Here is what Father O'Connor saw when he arrived in Corozal, which suffered the greatest damage.

ON the morning of November 8th, we in Belize got our first intimation of what was to come. For we saw the warning flag flying from the public buildings and from a general uneasiness running through the city, we felt the terror and destruction such a warning forebodes. Boats in the harbor were tied in safety up the banks of the Belize River. The government radio station sent out warning to its people and to boats in the vicinity to be on their guard. The wind increased in intensity until seven o'clock in the evening, remained strong at a gale of seventy miles an hour, and then toward midnight subsided.

Next morning people calculated their losses. Small houses were down, many others were wrenched from their foundations, some were damaged beyond repair. The College lost part of its zinc roofing and the Cathedral organ had been so wet by the driving rain that tore through every crack in the building that it has been rendered un-serviceable until repaired.

The next hint of the ravages of the storm came to us when Father John M. Knopp, S.J., pastor of Stann Creek, and two of the Holy Family Sisters came into Belize, drenched and bedraggled, early Monday morning. God brought



them through safely. They had set sail from Stann Creek the day before in clear weather. At four o'clock the storm struck them and tossed them in a boiling sea for the next fourteen hours with a broken steering-gear.

ALTHOUGH communications with districts outside Belize were cut off, reports of untoward happenings in various villages of the northern districts and at the cayes began to pour into the capital. Men who came down from the upper reaches of the Belize River had tales of destruction in their area. Coast-wise vessels brought similar accounts of ruin and wreckage. Finally the airplane flew news of misery wrought in the northern cities. As reports multiplied, Belize realized it had not suffered the full brunt of Sunday's storm.

Because it was easier to establish communications with areas up the inland road from Belize, accounts trickled in more rapidly from

such places as Santana and Maskall. But word came more slowly from the northern districts and from the islands. To ascertain the damage wrought in these places and to provide whatever help he could, Father O'Connor at once despatched various members of his community to some of these points, and he himself secured passage the following day for the northern district.

On Tuesday evening Father Michael Schaefer, S.J., returned from Santana with distressing confirmation of the ruin there. He told of

the bitterest kind of suffering. The hurricane had spared nothing. Further on, at the town of Maskall, he came upon crumbled and twisted wrecks that once were houses. The church and school were down. Despondent people stood in the drenched clothes they wore on the night of the hurricane. There was no food, no dry clothing, no shelter.

TO San Pedro went Father Harry A. Delaney, S.J., and Brother John Jacoby, S.J. Next day they returned with news of similar destruction and suffering and want. The island was a picture of devastation. The hurricane, they learned, had lashed furiously, stripping the island of ninety per cent of its coconut trees (on which the islanders earn their livelihood) and smashing the church residence, school and Boy Scouts' building to bits.

At Caye Caulker, ten miles away, Father William Bennett, S.J., found destruction on (Turn to page 27)



**Savage as
War was
this Wind**

Poor Corozal!

The hurricane caused its most widespread damage of the North around the immediate mission centers of Corozal and Orange Walk. Above is a typical street scene in the city of Corozal after the wind had subsided. Houses along the waterfront were practically all in ruins. There is a bit of irony in the fact that the veteran missionary, Father Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J., had returned from the United States and was expecting a few days of rest at Corozal to round out his thirty-five years of service in the Colony.



Belize also gets it

The hurricane of 1931 hit Belize hard and the district was not entirely spared in this latest disaster, as the pictures above and to the left indicate. They were taken by Father Delaney at San Pedro near the capitol. A tidal wave also caused extensive damage there.



"It is staggering—

at this time to think of all that will be immediately necessary for the rebuilding of the churches that have been erected with the toil and sweat of many Jesuit Priests and Missionary Sisters who have been laboring for three-quarters of a century in this section. The schools, too, are absolutely necessary in these parts. So, with God's help we must rebuild."

—Bishop Rice.

The Hurricane Box Score

Churches and schools destroyed.....	34
Mission houses destroyed.....	9
Churches and schools damaged.....	15
Mission houses damaged.....	9
	—
Total, destroyed and damaged.....	67

This picture at the top is another view of destruction in Corozal. At the right is a mission house at San Pedro which, despite its damaged condition, afforded some refuge to the people of the district during and after the hurricane.



Men who will rebuild

In a cocoanut grove (and in happier days) stands Father Joseph Wade, S.J., with gun in hand. Behind him is Father Bernard A. Zimmerman, S.J., while on the knoll stands Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J., Superior of devastated Corozal. All these men have been through much since this picture was taken, and they will go through it again in the work of rebuilding their devastated missions.

Sam and the Witches



JOHN J. BARRETT, S.J.

SAM is in the Army. As I conjure up the memory of that round, deep-brown, Santal face set with a stubby nose, flat, wide eyes and open smile, and now divest him of the broad-striped shirt and skirt-like *dhoti* to deck him in smart army khaki and rakish over-sea cap, I cannot help musing on the corresponding change that has come over Sam's little world in the past year.

Like the prudent camel, Sam may have buried his nose in the hot sands before Alexandria to avoid the hotter blasts of an African sand-storm; or perhaps he now patrols the lush velt of "Down Under"; or sleeps with one eye open on some Pacific isle. If time, fortune and the chief-of-staff all cast a benevolent eye on Sam, he may yet see more of the world than you or I. What sport it would be to meet smiling Sam swinging down the gang-plank at Sydney, or bump into his round, short person as he swaggers along Picadilly, or spy him at Mass in Cairo! All this would be a new world to Sam, as it is to the Iowa farm boy and the Chicago swell fetched from home by the call of the war to serve his flag and country.

A year ago Sam hung up his long bow and arrows on the smoke rafters of his neat, mud-walled parental home lost in the Santal jungle among the wild, black hills of Patna Mission. He smoked a last *hookah* with his agile old father, blinked back a tear when his kindly old mother wept over his bare feet, then with a few companions from nearby villages Sam cut across the flooded rice field to the railroad station, headed for the big town whence news had come that good pay was to be had for the asking in this war that someone was fighting somewhere.

THE horizon of Sam's world, even before he went off to war, had embraced more marvelous sights than most of his kindred were ready to credit. How few of the jungle folk had visited that great city of Patna where fleet runners carted you from the train in bouncing rick-shaws, where you could not see all the things in the bazaar shops in a full day, where the motor busses carried you madly over the ten-mile street along the Ganges all for a penny, and where the cinema houses bellowed the most enchanting In-

dian music across the town park on a hot summer night.

All these were familiar to Sam, so often had he journeyed to school in the far north where the American Jesuit Fathers welcomed him to Khrist Raja as a friend. At school Sam discarded his mother tongue and fell into the colloquial Hindustani of the other Hindu, Moslem and Catholic scholars. It was fun, this new world. Mass every morning in the bright chapel, football or hockey every day after classes, sometimes a walk through the town bazaar to satisfy a ravenous desire by staring at the sweetmeats on which one had not even a copper to spend. Best of all was the Sunday morning stroll with two countrymen scholars, Abraham and Marcus, along dusty back roads where chipmunks and small birds were easy marks for the trusty bow, with which to spice the Sunday dinner and sweeten the memory of that carefree Santal life Sam had abandoned for the world of books and the chance of promotion.

IT was on such hunting expeditions that Sam and I became true friends. Between his stealthy

charges on the small prey, the inevitable questions and answers about America filled most of our conversation; and if, from Sunday to Sunday, his interest flitted from that of railroad engineers (so he could travel and see the world, said Sam) to that of Texas cowboys, his vocations were always consistent with his ambition to travel.

From this undisguised interest in geography one might reasonably hope that Sam led his class in that subject at least, as his fellow Santals, Abe and Marc, did in all others. As Sam's one-time fond teacher I grieve to relate that in this, as in all else, he trailed the class; his failure was not due to any lack of endeavor, mind you, only that Sam was a more apt pupil in the School of Experience than in that of Books. He was not more glum than his teacher the day our Sam packed for home and the wild life of the jungle.

THAT summer I was a week in the Santal country with Father John Morrison, S.J., who sent me to put a new roof on an old chapel many miles from headquarters. My assistant and guide was our Sam, now a star catechist, as merry as Punch and honestly commiserating the poor lads still grovelling in their books at Khrist-Raja while we two set about man's work on that fine day.

Late in the evening some days later, Sam and I sat on a roadside culvert awaiting the desultory bus that would take me back to headquarters. This, indeed, might be a last parting for us both. The fragrance of the first monsoon storm now passed dispelled the lassitude of the preceding torrid days, and the lingering drops falling from the leaves overhead made ringlets on the shining pools at our feet. Those mad storm clouds had now settled down for the night in peaceful patterns painted blood-red by the last shafts of the setting sun hidden behind the black hills opposite us. Somewhere on the crest of those wild hills a Santal lad was piping home the village cattle, the long high notes of his reed flute marking his progress along the ridge. After the last faint melody had been gathered into the invisible village, Sam and

I sat on in silence, exchanging thoughts in that medium better than we could in words.

A FLOCK of giant bats on the first lap of their nightly peregrinations flapped lazily before us, silhouetted against the purple dusk. "Bats—and witches," said I to Sam. "That reminds me of Halloween when I was a youngster." And while daylight remained I introduced Sam to the pranks and parties of that American festival. "But, of course," I ended, "no one believes in witches anymore."

"Father, in my village we do," said Sam innocently.

"Yes? But you have never seen one, Sam."

"Yes, I saw one that our men,— I mean the pagan men, beat to death last year."

"Come, come, Sam. You mean they killed a woman as a witch?"

"She was, Father,—or so they said. Everyone knew she was a witch, but no one could catch her using that black magic until one day a man in our village got sick. The people were all out in the fields harvesting the rice when this witch came into the house where the sick man was and she breathed on his face. A little girl saw her doing it. And when the people came home they found the man dead. So they killed the witch."

"Does that prove she was a witch, Sam?"

"But, Father, many people had often seen this witch in the jungle under a *Mahua* tree at night, with other witches. They used to do *puja* (worship) to the devil, a certain devil, I mean, and then they all drank from a pot in which a man's liver and a jackal's head had been boiled. That gave them a secret power and they could kill people with some secret words."

Sam sensed, if he could not see, the scepticism of my unbelief.

"I TELL you the truth, Father. And I knew a pagan woman who didn't like her husband, so she brought this same witch to the house and told her to eat the husband. That evening when the man was digging a hole in the ground to put in a stake for tying up his



Santal Sam exchanged his skirt-like dhoti, his long bow and arrow and carefree life for a smart army uniform and a gun.

bullocks, this witch came up behind him and cut open his back. She took out the liver and heart and made his wife eat them; in that way, she, too, became a witch. The man felt some pain in his back, but he did not know that he had been cut open, for there was no mark where he had been cut.

"Two days later the man became very ill and called the medicine men,—you know, those who use charms to cure people, but they could do nothing to cure him. Then they put oil on a leaf, and when they looked on the leaf they saw the face of this man's wife, so they knew that she was the witch who tried to kill her husband. So they killed her with spears, Father."

I remembered the case of the woman speared to death as a witch in a village visited by Father John Brennan, S.J., and which he reported to the police, so I could not well doubt Sam's murder stories. When he perceived that my conversion was at hand, since (Turn to page 27)

Battle of the Crickets

There are wars within wars. Here is an inspiring and significant one within the brutal conflict now being waged in China

Roger Fortin, S.J.



Stuck-up, spiteful and spoiled, no one dared cross young Master Phoenix.

WHEN the Japanese were storming the town of Suchow, Kuo Feng-Wei was twelve years old. Stuck-up, spiteful and spoiled, he had everything that makes a boy thoroughly obnoxious. At home the "Flaming Phoenix" (as his first name signified) was a little god. Very much the baby in a family of wealthy civil servants, he had only to express a desire to get what he wanted. Mama, and even his big brothers, opened up their purses to satisfy every new whim.

In his own private toy boxes there were kites in the form of birds and fishes and dragons. There was no kind of top he hadn't bought. And the peanut vendor, who lived next to the shoemaker, did a thriving business with Feng-Wei. The five highly-paid servants in this wealthy home knew that if they wanted to keep their jobs they didn't dare cross young Master Phoenix. Heaven only knew what trouble he caused them!

FENG-WEI went to the biggest school in Suchow, the one called Tung-Shan. June had come around, in North China the time for crickets just as March in America means "marbles." Every boy had his pet cricket which he fed and trained to



Kites and tops and marbles were forgotten once Mr. Cricket entered the arena.

fight. Feng-Wei, too, had to have one.

Don't think for a minute that our young gentleman was going to run along the breakwater of the Little Yellow River to catch himself a cricket like the poor kids did. Feng-Wei, the "Flaming Phoenix" wanted a super-cricket. The bird-fancier had just such a fighter complete with bamboo cage and little gourd filled with rice—and all for fifty pennies. By angrily stamping his foot Feng-Wei got the lot for forty pennies. Master Phoenix was happy.

Kites, tops and shuttlecocks fell into disgrace for weeks, thanks to the newcomer, Mr. Cricket. Feng-Wei and his cricket were a right royal pair: the cricket had all the brash self-confidence of his young master. You should have seen the insect stretch his hind legs like a football player and bat his head, Sonnenberg-fashion, against the bamboo bars of his cage. Moreover, the man who sold him had given him a high recommendation. Yes, Feng-Wei possessed the finest specimen of a cricket in Suchow.



The author seems to be a kibitzer in this game of chess, but actually he is much more interested in checkmating paganism in the hearts of his pupils.

BEFORE class at noon the contests began. Feng-Wei smiled at the wretched looking crickets on display. He was priming his own in the secret of his room. Every time the cricket chirped he imagined it wanted food, so he gave it enough for half a dozen. Mr. Cricket got used to this princely life in no time, and without Feng-Wei catching on, put on more weight than a fighter should.

Now for a long time Feng-Wei had been aching for a chance to show up Fan Yu-Chen, his rival in studies, whom, however, he usually managed to beat—thanks to his so often getting his brothers to help him with his homework. His little scheme was to have his cricket liquidate Yu-Chen's and to have the whole school ring with the victory.

Yu-Chen was a Catholic, the son of a poor widow. His father, a mandarin, had died of grief when he lost all his money. All that Yu-Chen inherited was a clever mind and good manners. He was an ardent fan of that inexpensive sport provided by the crickets caught along the river bank. He knew just what to feed an insect destined for the arena and had acquired the knack of rolling his cricket around between the palms of his hands in a way that annoyed and irritated it and, in fact, made it fighting mad.

"Flaming Phoenix" took care to make no appointments with Yu-Chen: he wanted to catch him off

guard. So one noon they met quite unexpectedly. Feng-Wei was carrying his cage and rice-gourd, holding them up for the whole world to see. Surrounding him were his "friends," parasites all, ever ready to gobble up any little tidbit their wealthy patron might throw away. Yu-Chen knew that the "Flaming Phoenix" never took defeat well and so he wasn't over anxious to meet him. But this time there was no avoiding him.

"Well, if it isn't my old pal, Yu-Chen!" our brave hero cried, "let's see what that half-starved cricket of yours can do against mine."

THEY scraped the dust off a section of the yard. The arena's ready! Swollen with rice and pride, Mr. Phoenix-Cricket advances majestically, sizes up his weak opponent and makes a rush at the little battler, who weighs at least a quarter of an ounce less. The tiny warrior puts up a surprising fight. A clever feint to the right, another to the left, a sharp counter attack . . . and he's yanked off one of the giant's whiskers with his tiny fangs! The big fellow is stung with pain. He beats a hasty retreat. The tiny tornado charges again. He grabs a leg and breaks it, knocks his opponent flat for the count and skins him alive. It's all over in less than thirty seconds.

Defeated and humiliated right in front of his cronies "Flaming Phoe-

nix" got pop-eyed with fury, and reviled the owner of the audacious champion with all the bad names he could think of. "Bear! Tortoise-egg! Sting of a scorpion!" and other polite expressions.

As I said, Yu-Chen was a Catholic. When he was baptized he had resolved never to curse or swear at anyone again. The temptation was strong now. Would he answer back? No, he held himself in, though he was boiling with indignation. To sidetrack his spleen he snapped out this bit of advice to "Flaming Phoenix"—"Try training your cricket instead of stuffing him like a sausage!"

THE bell rang just in time. "Flaming Phoenix" figured he hadn't had his revenge yet. During recreation he dug into Yu-Chen's desk, seized his books and coldly tore them up. When Yu-Chen returned and saw the dirty trick he burst into angry tears. Now, this time, he really felt he should mete out justice. But how? "Flaming Phoenix" had a beautiful porcelain ink-stand and a very valuable ivory pencil. If he wanted to, he could so easily. . . . What's more, Yu-Chen had powerful biceps. . . .

A terrible battle raged inside him. In the midst of his agitation there came the thought of the Mass he had served that morning, of his Crusade Communion. And how would he be able to say every day in the rosary, "*Er mien wo chai . . .* as we forgive them that trespass against us"? He hesitated, then took a step forward. Was he going to strike the high-and-mighty Phoenix? A friend egged him on. "No, no . . . my Communion . . . the 'Our Father' . . . I can't do it." Feng-Wei was getting pretty scared. After all Yu-Chen could easily win like his cricket. "Don't worry, Feng-Wei. A Catholic's revenge, it's . . . forgiveness."

SEVERAL days went by. The Japanese had been bombing strategic points, the two railway stations, for two months. Now they began destroying the town's important buildings with the exception of the Mission. The Tung-Shan school was hit by three (*Turn to page 28*)



S.J., Bishop George Carroll, S.J., Bishop John Miege, S.J.

BISHOP CRIMONT'S RECIPE FOR COFFEE. Bishop Joseph R. Crimont, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, is at present in the States. He brings with him the Alaskan recipe for "coffee." Here it is: Take some stale bread, toast it till it is hard and almost, but not quite, burnt; then break it up into small pieces, place it in coffee cup and pour hot water over the same. Add milk (and sugar if you have it). You wouldn't call that coffee? Well, the Eskimos do.

"MAKE FATHER SHANAHAN A CAPTAIN!" MAC ARTHUR. When General MacArthur arrived in Australia he found a great deal of desk work awaiting him. Among the new commissions pending his approval was one for Father Thomas Shanahan, S.J., as First Lieutenant. The General inquired: "Isn't this the Father Shanahan who was chaplain of the *Mactan*?" It was. MacArthur crossed out the words, "First Lieutenant," saying "Make Father Shanahan a captain!"

MISSIONARY BISHOP DIES IN BRAZIL. Word has been received of the death of Most Reverend Henry Ritter, C.S.Sp., Prelate Nullius of Upper Jurua, Brazil. Bishop Ritter received his first mission assignment a year after his ordination in 1912. He was elevated to the hierarchy in 1935.

FATHER DAMIEN'S HELPER DIES IN UTICA, N. Y. Sister Leopoldina Burns, eighty-five, of Utica, N. Y., died at St. Francis Hospital there. She was the last surviving Sister of those who had served with Father Damien at the leper settlement on Molokai Island. Sister Leopoldina spent fifty-seven years in the Hawaiian Islands and forty on Molokai.

VATICAN HELPS FEED HONG KONG CAPTIVES. The Holy See is helping to feed British prisoners of war held by the Japanese in Hong Kong and Singapore, it was reported in the House of Commons by the foreign secretary. Anthony Eden said arrangements have been made through the good offices of the Vatican for the purchase by local missionary organizations of such supplies as can be obtained locally, and for their distribution to the camps.

QUOTING MR. WENDELL WILLKIE: "I bring back to you this clear and significant fact: That there exists in the world today a gigantic reservoir of good-will toward you, the American people. Now many things have created this enormous reservoir. At the top of this list go the hospitals, schools and colleges which Americans—many of them missionaries—have founded in the far corners of the world."

EASTERN RITE CATHOLICS IN CHINA. One of the largest groups of Byzantine Russian Catholics is located in Shanghai, China. There Father F. Wilcock, S.J., an English priest of the Oriental Rite, has labored among them very successfully. Aided by American and Irish

In Memoriam

THE GENERAL OF THE JESUITS IS DEAD. Very Rev. Vladimir Ledóchowski, General of the Society of Jesus, died in Rome on Sunday, December the thirteenth. Like the Founder of the Jesuits, St. Ignatius, who stayed in Rome but sent his sons to the four corners of the world to preach the Gospel, this latest General was the spirit behind the magnificent mission resurgence of the Society in the past quarter of a century. It was due to his constant concern and insistence upon the primitive Apostolic spirit of the Society of Jesus that today, despite its many diversified activities, it is the largest missionary body in the Church, with a personnel of 4,000 foreign missionaries alone. Mindful of the glorious mission tradition of the Society in early American history, he saw to it that the Jesuits in this country maintained that same tradition. Under him our missionary work has extended to the Philippines, to China, to India and to Iraq in the Middle East. He, likewise, encouraged and urged more intensive social work among the Colored people in the Home Missions. May his spirit and his universal interest in the spread of God's Kingdom live on in our midst.

FROM CARROLL TO SCHULER. With the resignation of his bishopric by Most Reverend Anthony Schuler, S.J., D.D., Bishop of El Paso, Texas, the line of Jesuit missionary bishops in the United States comes to an end. The other Jesuits who were consecrated bishops for the American Mission were Archbishop John Carroll, S.J., "The Father of the American Hierarchy," Bishop Leonard Neale, S.J., Bishop Benedict Fenwick, S.J., Bishop Michael O'Connor, S.J., Bishop James Van De Velde,

Sisters, he has built a church and schools for boys and girls.

•
NEW PORTUGUESE MISSIONARIES. In the Cathedral of Lisbon, Portugal, the departure ceremony for 33 priests for the African Mission recently took place. With the leaving of these 33 the number of missionaries who have sailed from Portugal during the past year totals more than 60.

•
164 CONVERSIONS A DAY is the average for these our own United States. These are for the most part adult conversions. More than half the population of our country is without any religious creed or leadership whatsoever.

•
CATHOLIC INDIANS. Less than one-third of the 360,000 Indians and Eskimos are Catholics.

•
LARGEST DIOCESAN MISSION FIELD IN THE WORLD is the Jesuit Mission of Patna, having a combined population of twenty-nine and a half million souls.

•
REDEMPTORIST CHURCH UNSCATHED. The Redemptorist Church in Pasay, a suburb of Manila, is reported untouched, although every building around it had been burned to the ground.

•
NEW JESUIT BISHOP. Macao in the Portuguese East Indies has a new Bishop, the Most Reverend Joao de Deus Ramalho, S.J., Superior of the Shiuhing Mission.



January Mission Intention

For the Youth of Infidel Lands

• "To establish the Church in every nation, among every people." There is Catholic missiology summed up in a sentence. To establish the Church, to plant the seed deep down in the minds and in the hearts of a people, then to nourish and foster it, and to watch that seed grow. These are the things every Catholic missionary sets before himself. And, thank God who always gives the increase, these things are coming to pass. The Church is growing, She is becoming better known and establishing Herself more and more throughout the entire world.

• Now to anyone who gives serious consideration to this missionary progress of the Catholic Church, one thing should be clear—the future of the Church, the hope of the missions lies in the young. The planting of the seed of faith, the nourishing and fostering of that seed are to be done principally in the receptive soil of young minds and young hearts. True enough, when there is question of saving a soul the missionary does not question whether that soul be in a youthful body or in a body worn with the years. A death bed conversion is as important as an infant baptism so far as individual souls are concerned. But when there is question of setting up a permanent community of souls, of an organization with the stability of the Catholic Church, then the more lasting results are to be looked for among the youth of the particular nation or people concerned. It is among the young that we find the buoyant energy needed to pursue a high ideal, the firm determination and courage to follow a great leader.

• The Society of Jesus offers us just one instance of a missionary order within the Church that has thrown itself wholeheartedly into working for the young people in mission lands. Following the example of St. Francis Xavier who went through the streets of Goa with a bell and gathered the children for catechism, Jesuit missionaries have organized hundreds of catechetical centers. Their methods are much like those of Xavier, who put the words of the catechism to music. It is true today, as in Xavier's time—the growing Church is ever young.

• Realizing the great importance of capturing the souls of youth in our mission lands, the Holy Father has centered all the Mission Intentions for 1943 around this one theme. During January we are asked to pray for the millions of young infidels who have never heard of Christ, never heard of the little Child of Bethlehem, of the young Carpenter of Nazareth, the beloved Son, whose one desire is to draw them to Himself "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Nazism, Fascism and Communism have stolen a page from the missionary methods of the Church. They have concentrated their energies on the education and indoctrination of youth. Today the Church is still striving to reach the hearts of the youth of Infidel lands who have never heard of Jesus Christ, for she knows that the hope of the missions still lies in the young, trained and educated to the Christian ideal.



Islam and the Faith

The war in Africa and the Middle East highlights one of the greatest challenges to Christian missionary zeal — the conversion of the vast Moslem world.

Thomas O'Shaughnessy, S.J.

The modern Moslem is gradually losing faith in the religion of Allah as announced by Mohammed and is beginning to look elsewhere for a creed.

THE world of Islam lies virtually unexplored across the map of Catholic missionary enterprise. Of it perhaps more than any other harvest field of souls may our Lord's words be fittingly spoken: "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few."

This world of Islam is a militant world: the very terminology used by the orthodox Moslem in dividing mankind tells us that. As we speak of those "beyond the pale of Christendom" to be led into the one fold of Christ, the Good Shepherd, so the Moslem speaks of non-Moslems as dwellers in the "land of battle" who are to be forced by the sword of a "holy war" when feasible, or by the enduring torture of petty persecution to submit to the

religion of Allah as announced by Mohammed.

Both as regards the number of its adherents and the vast extent of territory it embraces, Islam stands today as one of the greatest and least touched fields of Catholic missionary activity. 260,000,000 souls scattered from the Atlantic across North Africa, the Middle East and the north of India down the Malay Peninsula to the eastern tip of Java make up this world traditionally so hostile to Christianity.

POLITICALLY, the dwellers in lands where Islam holds sway are much in the limelight of present world events. Yet, far greater than their passing moment as inhabitants of a strategic zone in the present

war, is the importance of this mighty bloc of mankind as a missionary problem facing the true Church. As such it deserves a large share in our own post-war planning.

ALL the more is Islam worthy of our concert in the future because of the comparative neglect on our part to which it has been subjected in the past. Though in contact with Mohammed's followers for thirteen centuries, Christendom has, for various reasons, made little progress toward their conversion. In times past, the emphasis was necessarily placed on resisting the Mohammedan military advance by a military counter attack, typified by the Crusades.

Such an accusation of neglect on our part is not a denial of the heroic efforts of individuals and even of religious orders and congregations, such as the White Fathers,



Not an Arabian sheikh but a French Jesuit in Moslem dress. For the past fifty years they have preached the Gospel in the land of Islam.

to evangelize the Moslem. During centuries of glorious service to the Church the Orders of Saints Francis and Dominic gave scores of martyrs in their selfless attempts to preach the Faith in Moslem territory. Saint Ignatius of Loyola, too, in founding the Company of Jesus, intended his first companions to be the spearhead of a spiritual conquest of the strongholds of Islam. Providence, however, had other designs for the new-founded shock troops of Christ and the magnificent plan whose echoes fill the Saint's contemplation on the Kingdom of Christ had to be abandoned. But less than fifty years after Ignatius' death the apostolic labors of Blessed Rudolph Acquaviva, S.J., and his successors in the court of India's Moslem rulers were to form a unique chapter in modern missionary history.

NEVERTHELESS, efforts to convert the Mussulman have almost always been sporadic, un-systematic and destined to perish at the death of the individuals who were their moving spirits. Catholic missionary labors in Moslem lands have been directed almost exclusive-

ly to strengthening the Faith in native Christians or to converting the pagan who, unlike the Moslem, bore no prejudices against the message of Our Savior.

Despite their desires to win Mohammed's followers to the Faith, many interested in Islam as a missionary conquest have been discouraged by the opinion, false but unfortunately widespread, that Mohammedans are never converted. On the contrary, where work with them has been seriously pursued, as in Java and India, converts from Islamism to Christianity are numbered by the thousands. Many of these converts have been made by Protestant missionaries;—the fact should provide an additional spur to the zeal of the Catholic missionary who has so much more to offer.

IN turning his eyes to what seemed more hopeful fields the Catholic missionary of former centuries could more justly than we argue the danger of losing opportunities. The difficulties of nationalism, abhorrence of things occidental and a previous and falsified notion of Christianity were in the past obstacles chiefly among Moslem peoples. Today, due especially to the widespread, if superficial, diffusion of knowledge by modern tools of propaganda, the Catholic missionary must contend with similar prejudices among the peoples of nearly every missionary land.

On the other hand, the conquest of Islamism now offers greater hopes of success than ever before in its history. Within the past five decades Islamism as a religion has suffered a serious loss of influence particularly among its educated classes. The cult of science, of historical criticism and material progress seems destined to deprive Islam of the spiritual elements that were its strength. In every Moslem land traditional orthodoxy is on the wane. The crescent, once the emblem of Mohammedanism's extending domains, has now become its symbol of decline.

Islam's present state, then, holds promise of a better day for Catholic missionary effort among its adherents. Yet this better day is still in its dawning. The chill of Islamism's



In the Arabian desert the Moslem boy lives the nomadic life of his ancestors. Fifty Moslem boys are now being educated by American Jesuits at Baghdad College, Iraq.

darkness will be dispelled only by the warm light of faith in Christ as Divine King and Redeemer. The cold gloom of rationalism that is overtaking the educated Moslem can only lengthen the night that has already endured thirteen hundred years.

THE task of our own lifetime will no doubt be largely one of preparation. No harvest is reaped without a sowing of seed. The apostolate of Islam promises to be difficult, but so did the evangelization of the Empire of Rome to eleven Galilean fishermen two thousand years ago. With the grace of God "Who wishes all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth," all things are possible. Our Judge, moreover, will measure the merit of our toil not by results, by the charity and zeal that are its soul.

The East knew Christianity long before Islam. The first monks of the Church sanctified her deserts. In the present decline of the crescent if we are filled with the eagerness of Christ there is strong hope for a Second Spring in the land of Islam.

The Kalispels Greet their Newborn King

Joseph M. Snee, S.J.

BANG! bang! bang! The shots rang out through the little white church where I was serving Midnight Mass. My knees abruptly left the floor of the sanctuary, and as abruptly descended again. Gangsters or savage Indians on the warpath? No, it was merely the piety of the Kalispel Indians saluting the coming of the Infant Lord to their midst. It was their way of saying, "*Khwest Noël skhul-kult!*—Merry Christmas!" to the new-born Saviour.

The three of us—a Jesuit priest, a brother, and a scholastic—had come from Mount St. Michael's Scholasticate in Spokane to this Indian Reservation in northeastern Washington. It was Christmas Eve, and bitterly cold. Our first concern was to light a fire in the two old-fashioned barrel stoves—one in the little wooden church, the other in the adjoining room which was to serve us as sacristy, kitchen, dining room, bedroom, and parlor all in one. This done, we set about taking care of the interior man with sandwiches and coffee by way of supper. It was while we were thus refreshing ourselves that our first visitors arrived—Kalispel Indians on the reservation.

These Indians, probably the most primitive in the northwest, learnt the Faith from Father DeSmet, who offered Midnight Mass among them for the first time on Christmas, 1844, in a large cave about a mile from the site of the present church. The Indians, always fond of ceremonies, have preserved intact the customs which have come down from the time of that first Midnight Mass almost one hundred years ago.

THE hundred and ten members of this once powerful tribe all

speak the Kalispel tongue; only the younger people know English. All, however, came to our little "parlor" to pay us a visit after they had gone to confession in the church. They are not hard guests to entertain. Every few moments the door would break open, and some old brave or squaw, hair braided down over the shoulders, stepped in. A handshake, a guttural "How!" and then our visitor would sit stolidly in silence for fifteen or twenty minutes. Suddenly he would rise from his chair, shake hands again, and depart. It was rather disconcerting at first, but after a while I realized that they were paying us a perfect tribute in the Indian fashion. They merely wished to sit a while with their friends, the Blackrobes. That was enough. With a few old braves, however, despite the fact that they knew no English and I knew even less Indian, I managed to carry on a lively conversation, mainly by making faces and waving my hands about!

AT 11:30, after almost all had gone to confession in the church, a large bonfire was lit in front of the tall mission cross before the church, around which the whole tribe gathered. There were long speeches from the chief and other braves. At the stroke of twelve, the chief started a hymn in Indian (which I eventually recognized as the *Adeste Fideles*) and all came single file into the church.

Singing, they made their way up to the little crib, so tiny that it rested on the sanctuary railing, and there deposited their humble gifts to the Christ Child. No gold or myrrh or frankincense were there, but gifts which came no less from the hearts of these Indians—small coins and



Poor in the comforts of ordinary life, the Kalispel Indian has a strong faith which his ancestors received from Father DeSmet.

little candles they had bought in the Five-and-Ten across the river. Their offerings made, they filed into the pews; and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, that same Sacrifice which is offered in majestic Saint Peter's and in stately cathedrals the world over, began in this humble little Indian church.

DURING the Mass of Midnight and the second Mass, the Indians sang their Christmas hymns and chanted the rosary. Their whole hearts and souls went into the singing, which to our ears seems rather barbaric and harsh. It was not the quiet, recollected kind of Christmas we are used to in our seminaries and scholastics; but when every man, woman and child in the church came up at Communion time, as I held the paten and Father brought our Divine Lord to these children of the wilderness, a thrill of pride went through me and I thanked God for the praise and the love which these Indians were giving Him in that little church, tucked away from the eyes of the world. "*Tibi gratias agimus propter magnam gloriam tuam!*" (Turn to page 28)



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

From Murmansk to N. Y.

You might expect to find Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of Jamaica, B.W.I., running for a train, a plane or a boat. In the interests of that Mission, Father Feeney was in the States just before the turn of the year. The night, the following incident took place, he was enjoying a late bite at the Grand Central Terminal here in New York City. At an adjoining table, three sailors were doing the same. Seeing the collar, one of them approached Father's table and asked him to bless some beads he carried in a locket about his neck. Another blessing followed for the beads of one of his buddies. The blessings led to conversation. These sailors had been detailed to the northern convoy route to Murmansk, Russia, for the past four months. They had just come to New York and evidently Father Feeney was the first priest they had seen in all that time.

Dual Role

This may have been due to the fact that a Protestant or a Jewish chaplain was assigned to their battle wagon. Catholic men miss their priest when they put to sea. In the light of the above incident, a letter from one of our missionaries in a distant port is doubly interesting. It reveals the missionary playing a dual role on foreign shores; that of missionary to his adopted people and chaplain to our Army and Navy whenever opportunity offers. The letter, relayed through this office, was written to a sailor's relatives in the States and reads as follows.

Apostolate of the Sea

"Let me introduce myself as a Jesuit from Boston assigned to the ——— Mission. War time has brought us many opportunities to come in contact with the soldiers and sailors of the United Nations. Along with a fellow Jesuit, beside my other duties, I have been assigned to what might be called the Apostolate of the Sea. This means covering the water front and visiting the ships that strike our mission port. Some weeks ago I had the pleasure of meeting your nephew. He requested me to write to you and let you know that he is keeping in good company and enjoys good health.

He Knew the Ropes

"As I swung off a rope ladder onto the deck of one of the new Liberty ships I received a smiling and friendly greeting. . . . It was your nephew. I explained my business; to meet Catholics aboard, talk with them and help them in any way I could, above all, to hear confessions and, if sailing orders permitted, to have the sailors come to the Cathedral for Mass in the morning. Your nephew seemed to know the ropes. He had some authority, too, for it was not long before a room was provided and he lined up the Catholics outside. He did the thing right by coming in himself first at the head of the line.

It Was Inspiring

"After confessions I ate with the men and gave them a short talk while they sat at table. I arranged to meet them next morning at the

church. Your nephew and I planned everything for the morning, even to cajoling the Military Police to lend us their jeeps. In the morning they came, forty-five strong, pouring out of the jeeps. More confessions were heard; two of the sailors served Mass. It was their first opportunity in more than a month to attend the Holy Sacrifice. It was inspiring to see the church parade after Mass as they marched, two by two, the mile down to the dock. This is the Apostolate of the Sea. In this particular instance your nephew played a big part, God bless him. I did not get a chance to see them again as they put to sea straightway. I trust that you will remember our work in your Masses and prayers."

For obvious reasons we forebear to mention names and ports. The letter speaks for itself. It stresses another phase of missionary work intensified by the war.

Lovable Jubilarian

To grow old gracefully is charming. For a few weeks Jesuit Missions' Residence enjoyed the presence and blessing of Bishop Crimont. He has outlived all his contemporaries, strong men who told him he could never survive the rigors of a Winter along the Yukon. Watching him devoutly saying his Mass or blissfully smoking a stogy at recreation, the present world conflict falls into perspective. As the Bishop has survived the bleakness of many Alaskan winters serenely and calmly, even more so will the Church survive the present crisis and many more, going on serenely and calmly to her appointed end.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



Father Leander Martin, S.V.D., home for his First Mass, meets some former friends from Christ the King Parish in Grand Coteau, who have dedicated themselves to the service of God as Sisters of the Holy Family. This parish has now given a generous quota of her youth to the United States Armed Forces.

"Valiant Warriors" for God and Country

James Patrick Walsh, S.J.

YESTERDAY it rained, and as two Negro soldiers picked their way down the main street of Grand Coteau, they were grinning widely. Someone saw them from the perch of the house next to the gas station and shouted. They looked up, and if their grins could have widened any further they would have done it. As it was, their eyes danced livelier, and they walked more quickly. When they closed the gate behind them and stepped onto the porch, arms were around them, and people were patting them on their new uniforms, everyone speaking at once. First leave is a great success.

Grand Coteau's quota of Negro youth have joined the Service, and many of them have had a chance now to come back and see their families and friends. Sometime or other during their visit home they stroll over to the spot where their new parish church is nearing completion. Most of them think to drop in at the old church and make a

visit. Here they sat week after week hearing Father Cornelius Thensted, S.J., preach before they went away to "jine up." Maybe this was the very pew where they sat and were taught their Catechism by one of the young Scholastics from the neighboring St. Charles College. The echo seems to hang here yet, "Don't say Haily Mary. Say Hail Mary!" The statues and the Stations of the Cross are the same familiar ones. Over on the Gospel side there is the spot where the little crib used to stand every year. As they go out, they pass the confessionals where the good Fathers of their parish or of the nearby college waited in patience to cleanse them in the mercy of God.

BACK out into the blinding sunlight, and maybe they will bump into Father Thensted coming up the steps to make a visit. Father Thensted has been at Christ the King's for six years and is beloved by all his people for his zeal.

"Well, boy, how's the army treating you?"

"Fine, Father."

"That's good. Seen your folks yet?"

"This mornin', Father."

And maybe someone is sick. If so, Father Thensted will know of it and be doing all he can to help. He is an all-around Father to his people.

THEIR pastor is proud of these men who have entered Uncle Sam's army. But there is a group of whom he is even prouder. Out of his parish of about 3,000 souls, there have come through the years thirty vocations, thirty soldiers in the army of God. Twenty-eight of Grand Coteau's girls have been called to closer union with Christ as Sisters of the Holy Family; there is one Brother, and Father Leander Martin, S.V.D. Some of these soldiers of Christ receive no furlough, and cannot return to see their families, but the love and appreciation of their sacrifice is alive without their presence.

Father Martin received what might be called his furlough just one year ago. He came home to Grand Coteau as a newly ordained priest and sang here in the old Church of St. Peter Claver his first Solemn High Mass. Mr. and Mrs. Martin were in the first pew watching as their boy placed the chalice on the altar and came down the steps to recite, "I will go unto the altar of God." They watched as he performed the Miracle of the Mass in the same spot where they had so often prayed for him since he went away to "jine up" with God's army.

WHILE the soldiers are a source of consolation to Father Thensted, these men and women are his real strength and the construction of his parish to the first-line defence of the Kingdom of Christ in the world. These are the "valiant warriors" whose prayers and sacrifices are lining up with our P40's, and torpedo-boats, and these are the leaders of tomorrow on whose shoulders the burden of guidance for the next generation will fall in the years to come.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES

NARROWEST ESCAPE

◦ Narrowest escape in the British Honduras hurricane was had by Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., Superior at Orange Walk, who describes it as follows:

◦ "I had been somewhat disturbed as the storm grew in intensity and spent most of my time saying my prayers most of which consisted of fervent ejaculations. Finally when things began falling in the upstairs rooms I decided it was time to go elsewhere. It took a great deal of tugging to get the door open, but it finally yielded after some stout pulling. The night was pitch black, the wind was howling like mad and the drops of rain were like grains of sand driven before the wind. With the aid of my flash I could see many trees blown down. I worked my way over to one of these fallen trees and held on to it for dear life as the most stable thing I could reach.

◦ I think I shall never forget that two hours of torture while the storm spent itself and I did all I could do and that was to pray furiously with all the fervor I could muster. It was during this time that our house was demolished but I did not even hear the crash although I was only thirty feet away—so great was the noise of the wind and rain.

LULL IN THE STORM

◦ "All the time, of course, I could see nothing beyond the distance of a few feet. I wondered what had become of the Sisters and of their convent and the church, and as I wondered I prayed the harder.

◦ "When a lull in the storm came

about eleven o'clock at night some of the Sisters came looking for me as I was looking for them. After some time I started out to go about the town doing what I could to console people in their losses.

• "At daylight I returned to the Sisters' convent to say Holy Mass and then went out to survey the wreckage in the full light of day. It was a sad sight. Our dwelling was one mass of debris. The yard was full of fallen trees. The roof of our church and at least fifteen of the rather fine stained glass windows were ruined. The church building itself has some serious damage to the structural parts. Our large school is in miserable shape with the roof blown away and the building badly twisted. In addition if you will picture the effect of fire hoses turned on the interior of the buildings you will have some idea of the interiors of our various buildings."

CROOKED TREE TAKES IT

• Father Gregory Sontag, S.J., Father Kemper's assistant, was away on one of the missions at Crooked Tree when the hurricane broke. "The little frame house I was in withstood the storm while houses all around us were knocked flat," declared Father Sontag. "Retracing my steps back to Orange Walk, I found four badly damaged churches left out of the eleven which we had. This loss is very considerable since the churches were also used as schools for the twenty pueblos which I visit. I smile a bit at the simplicity of that phrase

'retracing my steps.' The various modes of transportation I used in this two-day journey would make a story in itself and could hardly be called just 'retracing my steps.' Frankly, it was the toughest trip I have yet made—and I have made some tough ones.

THIS WAS HOME

• "Well anyhow, two days later I got home—or I should say where home was. It is not exactly cheering to arrive tired and hungry, wet through by the rain, and in the dark survey a pile of kindling wood by the aid of your flashlight, realizing that this was home.

• "Thank the Lord a little two-room building still remains nearby and at least we can get out of the weather. In good time our dear Lord will send us the assistance we need and victory over obstacles will come even as it will come to our boys in the armed services. We, like them, will pray and fight and those at home will assist us as they may be able."

OLD BATTLESHIP

• A saving sense of humor is necessary for the missionary, especially these days. Father Richard A. Drea, S.J., manages to find a laugh or two as he works about Kingston, Jamaica. B. W. I.

• "What's in a name? I was making routine visits in the yards of Allmantown and walked into this yard, asking if there were any Catholics, and one woman came to me and said that she was not, but that two of her sons were. Out came my notebook, and feel-



Fr. Gregory Sontag, S.J., rests a little before he hitches on the axle and wheels to push his boat across a three mile portage on his mission in British Honduras.

ing that since two were Catholics it might be worthwhile to know about the rest as well, I asked her to name them. It turned out that she had eight boys . . . Sydney, Melbourne, Perth, Lancaster . . . and so forth. 'Those are pretty names. Where did you get them?' 'Oh, they are named after the cruisers in the British fleet.' All that I could think of was, 'I suppose that makes you an old battleship.' She enjoyed it very much. 'Father, joke.' A week or so later I passed by on my cycle and called out to her, asking where the fleet was . . . 'out cruising somewhere' was the answer.

WITH A QUACK-QUACK HERE

• "Before he went up, the Superior bought one of the dwelling houses on Emerald Road about opposite the kitchen . . . I thought that I was slated to go there . . . but I got a good room at Winchester Park instead. (Father Joseph LeRoy, S.J., begged for a room in the new house.) One of the Fathers did not like the Ducks for Victory Farm that has recently been placed right outside his window close to the tennis court . . . the quack-quacks have not bothered me but the other Fathers on the same side of the house are very much pleased with the duck suppers that we have been having lately . . . every quack on the table is one less out-

side the window to bother them.

ANOINT THE ARM

• "Yesterday I had a humorous one that I couldn't really laugh at: I was called to visit a sick woman. It was in a room hardly large enough for the bed and a chair; a woman of about sixty was lying on the bed . . . obviously a bed of pain, for she started to tell the story of her sore arm and shoulder, going into details about her fall a year ago, about seeing the doctor and going to the hospital, and all the while punctuating every four or five words with a dramatic 'ouch . . . the pain! Lord, I can't stand it.' I was tempted to ask her how high she could reach before the cramps took her, but I didn't have the heart to do it. She obviously was in pain, but wasn't in need of Extreme Unction, so I tried to soothe her by talking about seeing a doctor. I heard her confession and started kidding her along about not being 'on dying' and that Extreme Unction was only for those who were dying. She had an answer to that: 'But, Father, the arm is dead . . . I can't do anything with it . . . I want you to anoint the arm.'

THERE'S YOUR HAT

• "Father Ray Sullivan, S.J. tells a funny one on himself. While in here recently he wanted to

travel to St. Andrew and since gas is rationed pretty thinly, he borrowed a cycle from Winchester Park and started out. It's been years since Father Ray rode a bike. Starting out rather gingerly, he got the feel again, and made St. Andrews. On the way back, mostly down hill, he got going at quite a good clip. Something happened . . . I think that it was a mule that shied towards him . . . anyway, he landed in a heap in the gutter, bicycle and hat sprawled all over the street . . . a nasty tear in his trousers. Fortunately, he wasn't hurt himself. He picked himself up, and trying to retain some species of dignity, surveyed the damage and reached for the cycle . . . just at the right moment, a little black street urchin, who had seen everything that had happened, pointed out into the middle of the street and volunteered: 'Parson, there's your hat!' Father Ray could have killed him."

THE DEAD DID NOT STIR

• Plenty of work keeps Father Francis J. Gilday, S.J., pastor of Spanishtown, Jamaica, from writing too often. Judging from the following, his many friends should overlook his long silence.

• "Ephpheta! or is it Jonah out of the whale's belly? Or is it one of the 'Nine'? Your letter makes me look redder than the tropical sun. You can thank the tropical rains for this letter. In May and October we get a terrible ducking. My house is on a four corners and I live upstairs as the water goes round the corner 70 knots an hour. The other Monday was the last day on earth for a poor condemned fellow and to comfort him on that day I had to walk through water up to my knees to get to the prison.

• "Two years have passed—and what a two years. Things happen in such kaleidoscopic fashion day after day that they become humdrum and run-of-the-mill. As it is, it is just a case of square your shoulders, keep your chin

up, keep your eyes open and your mouth shut and pray for the best. The Sisters have been so good to the lepers that they don't bother to die any more—and then it's never from leprosy but something else. The other day I was at a funeral in a second floor house. I had just finished the prayers for the funeral and stepped back when there was a terrible crunch. My foot sank down through a rotten termite-eaten piece of board as far as the knee. The ants crawled all over my leg which was about the only painful thing; the wood was too soft to scratch. Of course, the people nearly died and the ladies screamed, but the dead person remained still inert.

WORK, WORK, WORK

◦ "It is just work, work and it's every kind of work, much of it that shouldn't be done by the priest. We fix the car, act as educators, business men, auditors, clerks, doctors, ambulance drivers, bankers, run infant schools, day nurseries, give to the poor, listen to sob stories, look at crocodile tears until we don't know the genuine from the trickster. There is so much doing that I would sooner try to stop a raging river than be able to tell you everything that happens. At one time the government requests that you sit on the Board of Directors for all the government institutions around here. I am on fourteen different boards which mean influence and prestige and work. When you look about and see the ignorance, superstition, poverty and sickness, you get discouraged. When I remember how they rushed people to the city hospital at city expense and then see what these people do without, I think I am having a nightmare. Once, I used to drive a car. For fourteen years I could hardly lay my hands on a wheel. Now I bend it around corners, over dirt roads, up hills and along mountain paths. The only thing I fear is a mule cart around the

the next bend in the road.

STILL PUNCHING

• "The lack of gasoline and nearly all the automobiles off the road means that the Fathers rarely see each other. The trains are still running but believe me they are a headache. No coal—the engine burns wood — sometimes leaves the station two hours late, the engine too weak to make the hills—all windows must be kept shut otherwise the burning brands will burn your clothes, meanwhile the odors increase with every click of the wheel. It

about two tablespoonfuls of wine at Mass. Each priest must make a bottle do him for a month. The last two ablutions we used only a drop. Only one candle is allowed to be lit. Possibly the war has punched you in the nose, but it has all but K. O. ed us. Father Scannell is out here with me where he is trying to step into the work and balance himself on a bicycle. I do all my work now by bicycle and thirty or forty miles a day is not extraordinary."

BAGHDAD BULLETIN

• Recent letters from the banks



Father Kemper, S.J., walked out of his parish house at Orange Walk, British Honduras, just a few moments before it crashed in complete ruins.

takes an hour to go about ten miles as this caboose really stops at every back yard. My disposition and temper is daily resembling the tropical atmosphere in which I live—hot. Wagons and drays are the only means of transportation. Food is really scarce or utterly lacking. The unemployment problem is acute because the merchants have nothing to sell in the stores, they can't replace their stock. The old tram cars that you and I saw back in 1915 are down here running on rails that are as worn as a 1920 Ford. The train coaches look like the box-cars that our grandfathers used to ride in. As for the Fathers, we are rationed to

of the Tigris report that the enrollment of students is so large that everyone, even the Superior, has been pressed into service as teacher. Father Joseph Merrick, S.J., has gone to Basrah to replace Father Leo Shea, S.J., who returned to Baghdad to teach Second High. Father Anderson is still toiling away in the barren land of the Transjordan. Right now he is not too sanguine about the reopening of some of his schools, principally due to financial reasons. Messrs. Hussey and Williams are finishing their second year theology at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India. The war outside India and the internal strife leave them unperturbed.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

The Season's Spirit

To the Editor:

I am sending five dollars as my Christmas gift to the Missions. I wish I could make it five hundred! Your magazine is read from cover to cover and believe me enjoyed by this family. I have almost a year's collection and am turning them over for the Forces.

Wishing you, Father, and all your Missioners a very holy and happy Christmas. Please remember my intention in your prayers.

New York, N. Y.

A. F.

Prayer and Sacrifice

To the Editor:

We have received a favor and in gratitude for St. Francis Xavier's intercession for our cause we have pledged ourselves to send a dollar every month to the missions which are so desperately in need.

We say the prayer for Missions every day as we feel that they are in need of prayers along with material aid.

JESUIT MISSIONS is a wonderful example of Catholic Action and our copy passes through many hands.

Miami, Fla.

E. L. F.

"The Most Fascinating Mission Publication"

To the Editor:

My subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS expires with the December issue. I don't

want to miss a copy of this, the most fascinating and best of Mission publications that I have seen. So please take the renewal out of the enclosed check. I would like the balance sent to Father Barrett, S.J., in the Patna Missions.

I don't know Father Barrett, S.J., but about a month ago I received a personal and very interesting letter from him in which he thanked me for my "generous gift." To the best of my recollection last year when I renewed my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS I added a dollar for Patna. So ever since Father Barrett's letter I have felt guilty about that "generous gift."

Toledo, Ohio

L. D.

A Fervent Amen

To the Editor:

I am happy to be able to renew my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. I give all the papers away after I read them and try to interest others in the missions. You cannot set the world on fire too quickly with the flames of Divine Love. May the Heart of Jesus be loved everywhere.

Forestville, Calif.

E. L. Offutt.

Lasting American Front

To the Editor:

May I thank Father Deevy for the frequent inspiration of the ever-timely comments in his columns. His remarks of last month on the real American front made this note of appreciation imperative. The views expressed in this particular column should be brought to the attention of those in high places. Send me a dozen copies of the November issue. I hope to place them where they will be influential.

Washington, D. C.

F. M.

Encouraging No End

To the Editor:

If I may, I should like to send a word of praise to the JESUIT MISSIONS. Aside from the fact that it keeps the Catholic laymen in touch with the work of the missionary, it is most interesting and enlightening from a historical standpoint. I might add that I find your articles on Alaska particularly interesting.

Whitestone, N. Y.

F. McF., Jr.

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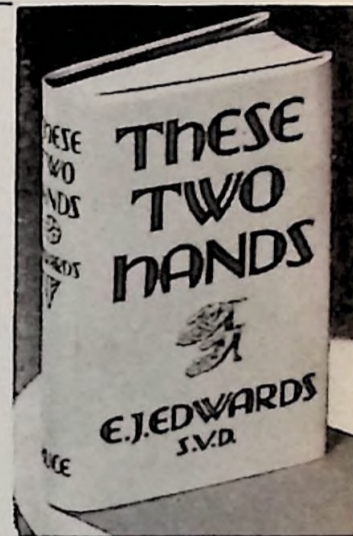
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257 Fourth Ave. New York, N. Y.

Submarine Blockade In Jamaica

Francis G. Deevy, S.J.



Jamaican fishermen haul in their catch. Beyond in the darkening waters enemy submarines lie in wait for unwary shipping to send it to a watery grave.



Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., picks some native tangerines for his table.

WAR came to Jamaica just four weeks after I did. There is no connection between the two advents but I would like to point out the fact that I had the merest whiff of Jamaica in peacetime. Of course, the war had to be felt here from the first. Aside from the fact that Jamaica is part of the British Empire, it is almost completely agricultural. It is, therefore, dependent on the outside world and particularly on the mother country for many commodities to which it had grown accustomed. As soon as the first hostile submarine made its presence felt in

the Atlantic, Jamaica knew the day of scarcities and restrictions.

Surprisingly enough though the restrictions came, they were not as bad as we expected. Until the United States entered the war and submarine warfare penetrated the Caribbean area, few people experienced any real privation. Perhaps some will disagree with this statement, since the decrease in imports must have been felt somewhere. Conversely the decrease in exports has meant less money in the pockets of the people. So that there was not only less money but less to spend it on.

WITH the need of diverting shipping to more important items, no bananas, could be shipped to England. This would have been a disastrous blow to the whole island were it not for the enlightened policy of the Imperial Government in subsidizing the fruit. Thus the cultivation of bananas will be maintained through the war years or at least until such time as they are again restored to the English table. At the same time the local government inaugurated a program of diversified crops which also helped to keep the island on an economical keel.

Naturally, prices climbed. Imported goods were not only scarcer but the cost of shipping was higher and importing involved more work for the middleman. Since Jamaica is a sterling area, most goods had to be purchased within the Empire

wherever possible. Fortunately, the government set up a price control authority which has kept down excessive profiteering. Still cloth goods and building materials have increased enormously over peacetime prices.

IN time the war may deprive us of two dishes which one always associates with the Jamaican table. One is rice and peas and a Sunday meal is never complete without it. I won't try to explain the culinary art necessary for its proper preparation. For the American palate, it demands practice but with a little practice it can become an obsession. The peas are dried red peas, equivalent to our American kidney bean. Jamaica never grew enough of them to satisfy its appetite, so a good quantity of peas has to be imported each year. All the rice consumed, and Jamaicans use a vast quantity of it, has to be imported. Now, most of the rice paddies of the world are in the hands of the Japanese. Jamaica will make heroic efforts to keep this dish on the table and now more red peas are cultivated within the island, which is a good thing because they enrich the soil, and rice cultivation is projected along the swampy southwest coast.

The other typically Jamaican dish is salt fish and ackee. I can only do my best to describe the ackee. I suppose its a fruit since it grows on a tree. The red clusters are beautiful when ripening. Each fruit, when husked, divides into four quar-

ters which resemble, in appearance, texture and even to a certain degree, in taste, an egg omelet, the size of a fig. The ackee grows plentifully enough throughout the island but to be perfect must be cooked with equal parts of salt fish which has become almost non-existent in the market. It must not only be caught at sea but must be shipped by sea. There's the whole difficulty and there's no substitute.

SUGAR is no problem at all, a fact which will make American readers envious. We have plenty and, I suppose, will always have. It may be coarse and sometimes brown, but it's always sugar, always sweet and can be used for every purpose. And the coffee bean grows in our backyard.

Once the United States entered the war, we began to feel important privations. First, the sale of tires was strictly controlled in order that available supplies of rubber might be conserved. The rationing of gasoline soon followed. Private cars of American make are allowed four and one half gallons of gasoline each month. English cars of less horsepower receive two or three. Essential services receive more in accordance with necessity but I doubt if anyone receives as much as he wants. Bus services which shake through the island had to halve their schedules. Taxis receive



Miles up in the Jamaican hills his people are "waiting for Fadder," who can no longer come to them because of the stringent rationing of gasoline.

one gallon a day, more for necessary long trips, when on application they can prove the need. Twice in four months, basic rations have been suspended.

GASOLINE rationing took me quite by surprise in the middle of a Sunday morning's work. With a thousand miles of traveling as a monthly average, I wondered with considerable alarm, how this particular restriction would affect the work of the mission. So far I have been able to do essential work and have missed no regular assignment. I think most of the missionaries on the island can say the same thing. And there is the further consolation that if you don't burn gasoline, you don't have to pay for it.

The small cultivator feels the shortage insofar as he cannot easily bring his produce to distant markets. Last Sunday, I saw many of these people trekking down the mountains behind their donkeys in a penetrating rain. They were going down to their homes in the next parish twenty-five to thirty miles away. They had climbed up the same route on Friday and had slept for two rainy nights in the market place. Up in the hills the nights are very chilly compared to their warm lowland homes. Before gas rationing, they could pile their produce on

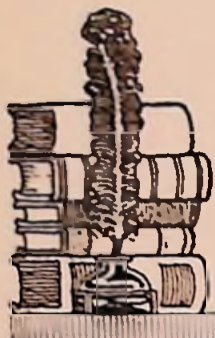
A bumper crop of potatoes picked from the author's victory garden.

a truck and make the journey in a few hours.

JAMAICA is a sterling area. Consequently, no money can go out except to another sterling area or without express permission of the proper authority in cases of necessity. This policy helps to keep the finances of the island in some equilibrium. Otherwise, with reduced exports the island would soon be completely drained of money. The tourist trade fairly vigorous before the war, had faded practically to a cipher. With the entrance of the United States into the war, many winter resorts didn't bother to open for the last season. The construction of the American Air Base, however, brought money into the island and gave much employment to the laboring classes, helping to take up the slack where it was most needed.

In having been thrown back upon their own resources, the people of the island are learning many valuable lessons. After the war they will undoubtedly be economically more independent and self-sustaining. Already there is considerable and consistent talk of the possibilities of manufacturing cement and paper, of growing rice and developing chocolate. Some of the projects might now be under way, if it were not for the impossibility of obtaining proper machinery. They will surely come in time.

It won't be (Turn to page 28)



NEW BOOKS



Dogsled Apostles

A. H. Savage

This book was a labor of love written by one who had gone to Alaska and felt the strange appeal of the bleak wastes of the North and seen at close range the hardships of mission life on the lower Yukon. Though the book is a tribute to Most Reverend Joseph Crimont, S. J., and his spirit gently pervades the telling, the story embraces the whole history of "the most difficult mission in the world." It is a composite picture of the Alaskan Mission and of the Dogsled Apostles who "stuck it out" with the sourdough to strike the spiritual gold of Eskimo and Indian souls.

The story starts with the first noble beginnings and comes down to the present day. Real heroes pass before our eyes,—Father Barnum—who first greeted Bishop Crimont, "Is it you, poor little Crim?—You aren't made for this country. Stay on the boat and go back." Archbishop Segher, who gave his life for the Alaskan Mission at the hands of a crazed guide; Father Lucchesi, a brilliant scholar who went to Alaska to save his soul; Father Monroe, the Alaskan-Hercules; the scholarly Father Jette and so on right down to our own day. The material is gathered from many sources and for the first time is put within the covers of a single book. It has been a painstaking job to gather this matter. It is worthwhile travelling to Alaska by means of these pages to gain a finer and warmer appreciation of our Dogsled Apostles.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$2.75.

My Father in China

James Burke

With Gospel-like simplicity, James Burke, born in Sungkiang near Shanghai in 1915, has modestly yet realistically outlined the sincere, noble and admirable character of his Father, William B. Burke, ordained Methodist Minister of the South Georgia Conference, a missionary in China these past fifty-five years.

Naturally one does not expect to find a complete analysis of Chinese characteristics or the oriental mind much less an historically complete record of the complex and changing background of the decadent Manchu dynasty, the revolutionary period preceding and following the establishment of the Chinese Republic and the events leading up to the present invasion by the Japanese; and yet, the author has succeeded so well as

to cause a genuine nostalgia in the heart of this reviewer whose adopted home is China, particularly the section of it covered in this book.

The inaccurate explanation in chapter fifteen of the "friction" between Protestant and Catholic missionaries in China may be attributed to an ignorance that can be pitied rather than to a conscious intolerance that would be criticized.

In spite of this flaw, "My Father in China" is an eminently readable and delightfully informative book on the China of the past fifty years and Methodist mission activity there.

Farrar & Rinehart, New York, N. Y., Net \$3.00.

Alaska Under Arms

Jean Potter

The completing of the strategic highway to Alaska, the American offensive through the Andreanof group, the steady pounding of Japanese-held Kiska, have all combined to make us "Alaska-conscious" since the Japanese attack on the Aleutians. Hence, the value of Miss Potter's book at this time. Sent by *Fortune* magazine to Alaska shortly before the United States entered the war, Miss Potter has returned with a very interesting account of the transformation of the once forgotten territory into an offensive base. She is in entire agreement with the late Brigadier General "Billy" Mitchell, who once declared that "an aerial campaign against Japan could be pushed to best advantage from Alaskan air bases." She returns again and again to the air potentiality of Alaska: "the global character of the conflict has suddenly transformed the territory from a remote byway into one of the most fateful crossroads of the entire war world." She tells the story of the economic, social and political problems of Alaska, chiefly from interesting interviews with the leaders of the military, political and governmental circles. People from every walk of life are interviewed in her excellent reportorial style. One wonders how Miss Potter could seemingly overlook the opinions and views of one who has been Bishop of Alaska for 25 years and a missionary for many years before his consecration, one who is well known to our readers, Bishop Crimont.

MacMillan Company, New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

Pack Rat

Francis Clement Kelley

Bishop Kelly has presented through the medium of a cleverly and interestingly

written story, that bristles with humor and satire, the Catholic view regarding the present war.

The leading character in the story is a pack rat who becomes tired of being a mere pack rat and yearns to get into the human swim of things. Through the help of the Ghost Boss (the devil) this is brought about. Although our friend, the pack rat, loses none of his "pack-rattiness" with many of the humans he meets he feels perfectly at home for he recognizes many kindred spirits. But there are many things which he cannot understand in this new world of men; especially that much used and little understood word "religion." It haunts him, it makes his life uncomfortable, it finally makes him want to get back to where he started from, to the haunted house where he used to carry on his pack rat business without interruption.

Throughout the story Bishop Kelley shows us the packrat mentality at work throughout the world, the mentality that has brought on the present war. He does not leave the matter rest there. When we leave our friend in the haunted house we are also quite sure of how his kind are to be gotten rid of if there is to be anything like peace among the race of men. Bishop Kelley considers this his most significant book. It well might be.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$1.75.

Great Modern Catholic Short Stories

Sister Mariella Gable, O.S.B.

This book is unique and exceptionally interesting. It comprises a collection of short stories about priests, monks and sisters written by some of the best writers of the present decade. There has been nothing before of comparable merit to the type of stories gathered in this one volume. The characters are not stilted nor pious nor remote but close-ups of normal intelligent persons doing normal intelligent work. There is originality and humor and insight, a recording of days often memorable and poignant. Moreover, you will search long to find stories that will match these in literary finish and quality.

Each story reveals various facets of the whole religious field hitherto untouched or if touched, spoiled by exaggerated piety. The variety will appeal to many tastes. An amazing fact is that these stories have for the most part been written by lay persons.

Sheed & Ward, New York, N. Y., \$3.00.

MISSION IN RUINS

(Continued from page 5)

all sides. The sea had cut two distinct channels through the island, dividing it into three sections with the result that some houses and the whole sacristy of the church were carried off by the tidal wave.

When Father O'Connor reached Corozal, he was met by reports of terrible loss and ruin. In Corozal itself the damage to the Fathers and Pallotine Sisters' property beggars description. The large stone rectory was unroofed, and the Sisters' residence, though not destroyed, was badly shaken and the long verandas around it were ripped from the sides of the house and hurled into the streets. The school buildings were also unroofed and through broken windows beat the incessant rain. Along the coast and for miles inland thatched huts were beaten in. In San Estevan, Pembroke Hall and twenty more villages in the Corozal district, from ten to fifty houses were down. One out of 16 churches in the area still stands. The heartless task of reconstruction in these places will fall to Fathers Anthony H. Corey, S.J., Joseph D. Wade, S.J., and Joseph H. Rochel, S.J.

News from Orange Walk tells of the parish house in complete ruins. Fortunately, Father Kemper moved out just before it crashed to the ground. As was to be expected, the church—a stone structure—withstood the hurricane, but its beautiful stained glass windows were blown out and the rain damaged large sections of the interior. Wonder of wonders, the convent of the Pallotine Sisters withstood the storm, though the large school building alongside it toppled to the ground.

By slow degrees information dribbles in from many of the missions scattered throughout the Colony and the loss mounts with every new detail. Comes word that Father Jose Lalin's Mission has been destroyed. Comes the teacher from Bermuda Landing, wailing that he is without school and home and that the mission church at Crooked Tree is now completely down. A visitor from Boom relates that the new brick church there had its doors blown in and windows broken. Fragmentary as they are, these bits of news confirm our suspicions that many people, estimated at several thousand, are without homes, without clothes, without food. Help will come from the government, but there will be much suffering in all this large area of British Honduras for many months to come.

The number of killed is unknown, although some bodies have been picked up on the coast lines and caves. It is unknown how many have not reported since drifting off in boats before the storm became so intense. Loss of life in scattered Indian villages is not yet computed, but the fear is that exposure will soon be accountable for many deaths.

The Priests and Sisters working in this Mission join their voices to the ap-

peal of their Head Pastor, Most Reverend William A. Rice, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Belize, in asking for whatever immediate help can be sent to them for the aid of their stricken people. Because of the uncertainty of sea traffic and the necessary preference of priority, it can hardly be expected that much clothing for foodstuffs can be supplied by our many friends in the States immediately. But if generosity prompts you to look with sympathy upon the suffering of your brothers and sisters in British Honduras, we shall welcome whatever financial aid can be given to supply immediate needs. Eventually medical supplies, clothing, books and all forms of church supplies and altar furnishings will be needed. These may be sent to the Foreign Mission Service at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri.

From their monuments of debris the missionaries and sisters look to you for help. From you it must come. Now is the time to help in the rebuilding of the churches and schools so much needed for the spread of Christ's Gospel in British Honduras.

SAM AND THE WITCHES

(Continued from page 9)

I offered no objection to his last tale, Sam reached down into the labyrinth of his memory and brought forth another.

"Of course, Father, our people don't always kill the witches; sometimes they convert them into *ojhas*."

"I don't know what an *ojha* is, Sam."

"Well, Father, they are—yes, they are the people who find out who the witches are, and they cure anyone whom the witches are eating. When we were pagans, Father, we used to be very afraid of the *bongas*, you know,—those spirits that live everywhere,—and so they would not harm us, we used to sacrifice all kinds of animals to them. Every witch is married to a *bonga*, and the *bonga* must protect the witch if the *ojha* tries to have her killed. That's what the pagan Santals believe, Father. When I was a small boy I heard a story about a witch who was supposed to be some distant relative of our family. Shall I tell you, Father?"

"Sure, Sam."

"One day my uncle was working in his fields, and at noon he went to bathe in the little river nearby. Just as he was getting into the water he saw a woman coming with a jug to get water, so he hid behind some bushes until she would go away. Then he saw it was this woman, his cousin. But she did not get water. Instead she began to dance and sing, 'The pig is fat, is fat; come to me, *Bonga*.' And at once the huge, shaggy, dark *bonga* came up out of the water to the woman. She told him that she was eating the liver of her nephew who was now very sick, and that when he would die after a few days, the *bonga* must come and protect her so the *ojha* could not find out who had killed the nephew.

"My uncle was frightened when he heard this, and ran home. But he did not tell anyone what he had seen. The next day the nephew was unconscious and ready to die. Then my uncle told the villagers all about the witch and the *bonga*. The men all took up bamboo clubs and began to beat the witch until she fainted. My uncle made them stop, then, and told the witch that they would spare her if she cured the nephew. She said, yes; they must bring her a grasshopper, a lizard, a black and white cat, a goat, and a red rooster. These things she sacrificed to the *bonga*. Then the village had a feast of rice and rice beer, and the next day the nephew was cured. After that she left off being a witch and became the *ojha* for that village."

"Some of your stories have a happy ending, anyway, Sam."

"Yes, Father, but not many. It was very sad what happened to my friend only last year. And I, too, had a narrow escape, Father. Shall I tell you? One day when I was only ten years old, another boy and I were out hunting a wild pig. We drove it into some jungle that was all thorns which cut our feet terribly. And right there, Father, we found an old witch teaching the witches' song to a small girl who was the sister of my friend. We could not understand the words. My friend took hold of his sister to take her away, but the witch grabbed him, too, and I ran away."

"And let the pig get away, Sam?" I asked to make light of Sam's seriousness.

"The pig? I don't know. But anyway, Father, this witch taught the boy the song, too, so he would not tell on his sister. He never told me what the witch said, for he would die surely, if he told anyone the secrets. When I went away to study at Khrist Raja, my friend married a girl from a far away village. Every year after the harvest he used to take his wife to her village for a visit. Last year they went, and the father was carrying their baby son. The baby pointed to a young red bull in the field and the mother said what a fine red bull it was. My friend gave the baby to his wife and after that took off his shirt and *dhoti*; into her hand he put a piece of a root which she must give him to smell when he came back—then everything would be all right. Whatever happened she must not be afraid, he said.

"My friend hid behind a bush near the young bull, and there he took off his loin cloth and ate it. Yes, Father, he did. Suddenly he turned into a tiger, and when his wife saw her tiger-husband leap on the bull, kill it, and drink the blood, she screamed and ran with the baby to her father's house. All that day the tiger stayed in the jungle, but at night he came to the father-in-law's house where they were all afraid and kept the door locked. The tiger scraped on the door until the old man threw the piece of root out to him; at that he became a man once more, so they let him in. Because

he was very weak they gave him hot milk to drink, and when he was well they sent him away. No one has seen him since that night, Father."

God willing, may Sam come marching home again, sound in mind and limb. After the dust and heat of Africa, having enjoyed the view of London from a Picadilly bus, having tasted the enchantment of China, or the spell of the land "Down Under," who will not venture to predict that ex-soldier Sam will pocket his earnings, smile at his former belief and dread of witches, and strike out in the world again to make his mark? Be not chagrined if I disagree with such a forecast. I know my Sam. With all the certitude of revelation in my mind's eye, I can already picture our Sam once again perched on the verandah ledge of his jungle home, a little naked brown Sam clapped on one knee, the *hookah* gurgling intermittenly as our Sam smokes that long pipe between tales of heroic action in foreign lands about which his attentive audience have no adequate concepts, yet all agreeing that never was there such a man as their Sam, now lord of good fields and the worthy oracle of his people. Woe to the devil and his witch consorts who dare enter that village when Sam says a prayer to St. Michael and besprinkles his house with holy water; for witches there are and must always be in the land that Sam calls home.

BATTLE OF THE CRICKETS

(Continued from page 11)

heavy-calibre incendiaries and was reduced to ashes. Needless to say, the "Flaming Phoenix's" books and inkstand and ivory pencil didn't escape. Yu-Chen had his revenge, but he was too kind-hearted to take any malicious delight in this calamity. Far from it. As soon as the tanks, with their hellish rumbling, were heard pouring through the town gates, everyone fled wildly. In the confusion Yu-Chen spotted Feng-Wei, grabbed him by the wrist and hurried him towards the Mission. They were saved—but only just. Right behind them the Japanese columns, yelling their war-songs, were charging with fixed bayonets.

For a month as one of the thousand refugees whom the Fathers protected the "Flaming Phoenix" did a lot of thinking. "What good were wealth and honors . . . ?" In the long periods of enforced leisure, he secretly read books on the Faith. One day he asked Yu-Chen, "I've been pretty bad. Do you think the good God would receive me into your religion?" Unable to contain his joy, Yu-Chen clasped his catechumen's hand, "Oh! I'm sure He will." Father Zi baptized Feng-Wei. Yu-Chen had been called Peter, so he took the name Paul.

Two years have gone by. If you are going by the Seminary garden in the evening you will see two levites in black Chinese robes strolling about. They are

Yu-Chen and Feng-Wei. In twelve years, please God, they will be priests.

THE KALISPELS GREET THEIR NEWBORN KING

(Continued from page 16)

After the second Mass we had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, during which the children sang the *O Salutaris* and the *Tantum Ergo* in Latin. After the distribution of our Christmas gifts of candy, popcorn and apples, the Indians went off to the few shacks in the camp, there to roll up in their blankets on the floor, fifteen or twenty in a room, to sleep until time for the third Mass of Christmas Day. No such luck for the Blackrobes, however. We had but two beds, and there were three of us. As a result, we took turns at sleeping, and one watched before the Blessed Sacrament while the others slept.

Next morning, the Jesuit Father who cares for these Indians told me something about them. They received the Faith from Father DeSmet and have preserved it without stain or blemish for almost one hundred years. All in the tribe are Catholics, and very good Catholics, too. It is by no means rare to hear many confessions among them without hearing of a mortal sin. Some have never lost their baptismal innocence. Their pastor, Father Louis Taelman, S.J., a grand old man of seventy-five, who has spent forty years among the Indians of Washington, Idaho, and Montana, visits this reservation to say Mass and administer the sacraments on the first Sunday of every month. But priest or no priest, the Indians gather faithfully every Sunday and holy day in their little church. There the chief leads them in reciting the commandments and their prayers, in chanting the rosary, and in singing their hymns. Desperately poor and uncultured as they all are, with very few of the advantages and comforts of ordinary life, they still give a shining example of fervent and faithful Catholicity to their white brethren.

SUBMARINE BLOCKADE IN JAMAICA

(Continued from page 25)

amiss to conclude with a few words about the effect of the war on the work of the Church. Generally speaking, the war does not seem to have affected the spirituality of the people, one way or the other. Perhaps we are too far removed from the theatre of action. This is my own personal conclusion. Others may disagree. The Church certainly has had to relinquish no activity because of the war. Individual missionaries have had to put up with personal privations. Building, always a concomitant part of the mission life, is more difficult because of soaring prices and actual scarcity of materials. Because of gasoline shortage it is also difficult to open new centers or to expand those already existing. These difficulties are being met and methods of organization are overcoming them.

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