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April, 1943

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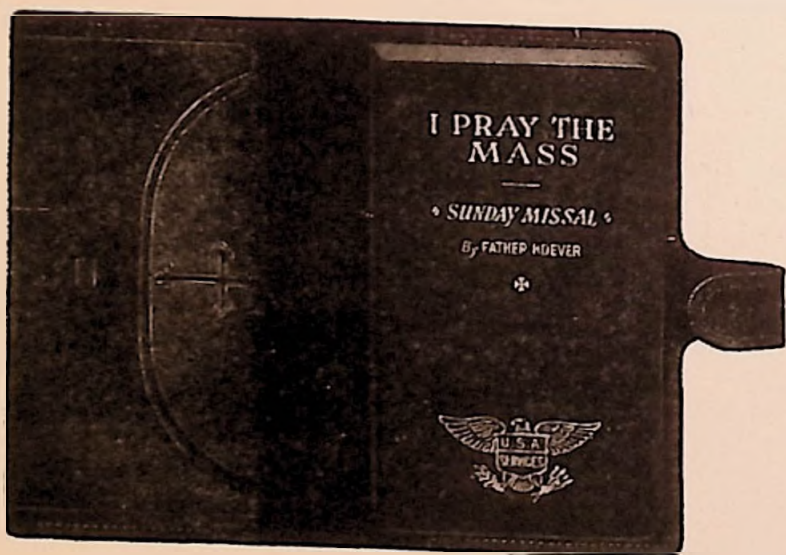
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THE MISSIONARY WORK OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS

PERSONNEL AND ACTIVITIES

(According to latest available complete figures)

3894 Jesuit Missionaries Laboring in 48 Missions All Over the World

■ EUROPE

51 in Albania

■ NEAR EAST

207 in Various Countries

■ AFRICA

128 in South Africa

145 in Belgian Congo

219 in Madagascar

■ OCEANIA

38 in the Caroline,
Marianas and Marshall Is.

■ ASIA

98 in Ceylon

83 in Japan

204 in Java

1201 in India

19 in Iraq

274 in Philippines

842 in China

■ AMERICA

■ NORTH

26 in Alaska

40 in Canadian Indian Miss.

81 in American Indian Miss.

20 in Mexican Indian Miss.

46 in American Negro Miss.

■ CENTRAL AND SOUTH

32 in Br. Honduras

61 in Jamaica, B.W.I.

32 in Br. Guiana

27 in Brazil

30 in Colombia

■ One-seventh of all the non-native missionary priests are Jesuits (1,858 of 14,215).

■ One eighth of all pagans are in the missions of the Society of Jesus (168,000,000 of 1,351,000,000).

■ One-seventh of all conversions (3,032,000 of 21,143,000) in 1939 were made by Jesuit missionaries.

■ One-sixth of all Baptisms (159,961 of 1,070,953) in 1939 were conferred by Jesuit Missionaries.

■ One-sixth of all catchetists and teachers (22,249 of 136,234) in 1939 were in Jesuit missions.

■ One-third of the students in mission lands (10,869 of 37,421) are trained by Jesuit missionaries.

■ Three-fifths of all mission universities and colleges (15 of a total of 24) are conducted by Jesuit missionaries.

■ One-fourth of the periodicals edited in mission lands (80 of 346) are edited by Jesuit missionaries.

■ One-eighth of all native seminarists (2,052 of 16,965) in 1939 were being trained by Jesuit missionaries.

■ One-ninth of the native secular clergy (750 of 7,000) in 1939 were being trained by Jesuit missionaries.

■ One-third of the native bishops are Jesuits (10 Jesuit bishops out of 32 in all).



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

CONTRIBUTORS

■ Fifteen years ago this coming Fall, Father Leon A. Foster, S.J., left Chicago for India.



Leon A. Foster, S.J.

At present he is working with Father James A. Creane, S.J., among the pagans in Gaya, India. He offers us an interesting appreciation of the religious beliefs of one of India's well known religious leaders in the article entitled "Is Gandhi Another Dictator?"

■ John P. Deevy, S.J., (The Long Last Mile to the Gallows Got Him) comes from Waltham, Mass., entered the Society of Jesus in the New England Province upon graduating from Boston College High School, spent two years in Jamaica, B. W. I., and is at present Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS.

■ Our perfect correspondent from the Alaskan missions, Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., decided to leave his mission at Kotzebue on the Bering Strait to go to Nome. Forsaking his usual mode of travel, mushing behind his dog-sled, as being too slow, he went by plane to Nome. He gives us a spine-tingling appreciation of what "Flying in the Arctic" is like.

■ Father Michael Hannan, S.J., (Rookie in Rhodesia) of the English Province, left England in 1941 to take up work on that mission.

■ Over a thousand nights spent in the city of Baghdad is the boast of Mr. Clement J. Armitage, S.J., (Father Sheehan Goes on a Baghdad Picnic). Like Father Sheehan about whom he writes, Mr. Armitage is proud of the Maroon and Gold, the colors of his Alma Mater, Boston College. In normal times he should have returned to Weston College, Weston, Mass., but due to war he had to remain in the "City of Peace"!



Francis J. Gilday, S.J.

THIS MONTH

	Page
EDITORIALS	87
IS GANDHI ANOTHER DICTATOR?.....L. A. Foster, S.J.	88
THE LONG LAST MILE TO THE GALLOWS GOT HIM John P. Deevy, S.J.	92
FLYING IN THE ARCTIC.....Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.	94
MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS.....	96
THE MISSION INTENTION FOR APRIL.....	97
THERE CAN BE UNITY IN INDIAMary Kearny	100
THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS.....John P. Deevy, S.J.	101
ROOKIE IN RHODESIAMichael Hannan, S.J.	102
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....	103
COMMUNICATIONS	107
FATHER SHEEHAN GOES ON A BAGHDAD PICNIC Clement J. Armitage, S.J.	108
NEW BOOKS	110
GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	112

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—The Upper Yukon meets the Lower Yukon in this picture of Lieutenant Maurice Smith, O.M.I., (right) and Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., coming out of an army barracks somewhere in Alaska. Father Smith, formerly an Oblate missionary on the Upper Yukon, is now a well-known Navy Chaplain in Alaska. Father Hubbard, famous for his scientific work in Alaska, is acting as a civilian adviser for the army in the Arctic. War brought together these representatives of two great missionary orders, famous for their labors in the Northland.

REMEMBER THE PHILIPPINES!

Thomas B. Cannon, S.J.

Director, Jesuit Philippine Bureau

IT is tragic to find among American Catholics such little knowledge of the position of the Church in the Philippine Islands. Few realize that the welfare of all the missions of the Orient depends to a great extent upon the welfare of the Church in the Philippines, because: The Philippines is the only Catholic nation of the Far East! There are more Catholics in the Philippines than in all the rest of Asia put together! The Philippines has 12,603,428 Catholics, the rest of Asia only 11,059,800.

Pope Pius XI predicted that the Philippines would supply apostles to convert the Far East! In the last letter which he wrote to any group of Bishops before he died, Pope Pius XI addressed the hierarchy of the Philippines in January, 1939. Recalling the splendor of the Thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress held in Manila in February, 1937, attended by more than 500,000 people from all over the world, His Holiness wrote: "Then indeed, We realized clearly how great and beneficent might be the mission of this dear people, destined, so long as it keeps alive and active that Faith which it has preserved for four centuries, to become a center from which the Light of Truth will radiate, and to be, as it were, an advance guard of Catholicism in the Far East, a great part of which is so disquieted and still plunged in the darkness of religious error."

The Philippines is the link be-

tween the Orient and Rome. For the culture of the Philippines is not the pagan culture of the rest of the Orient. It is a Christian culture. In his sermon on the occasion of the Mass to celebrate the Philippine Commonwealth Day, November 15, 1941, at St. Aloysius Church, Washington, D. C., the Reverend Robert I. Gannon, S.J., President of Fordham University, declared: "The presence of Christ in the Philippines for 300 years has made that country a land set apart, a garden enclosed, a cluster of green islands in a sea of paganism."

THE Philippines is the center of Oriental Christianity. The Eucharistic Congress of 1937 demonstrated the position of the Church in the Philippines as nothing else could. It was a magnificent tribute to the Eucharistic King. It was the crown and climax of the Church's work in the Philippines during the last three centuries. The whole Orient came as a pilgrim to Manila to the feet of Christ, recognizing the Philippines as the center of Christian culture in the Far East.

The Filipino people are instinctively Catholic. There is much work for the Church yet to accomplish in the Philippines. But there is a tremendous difference between work done in pagan lands and work in Catholic Philippines. In the Philippines the results are immediate. The same efforts which in a pagan mission may result in a few conver-

sions, result in the Philippines in bringing thousands of souls into the Fold of the Church. It is only necessary to supply the priests to found extraordinarily flourishing mission parishes. It is only necessary to provide some kind of a building to found a large high school.

STRATEGICALLY, the Church will do well to concentrate on the Philippine Islands in the years to come. For the Philippines, as Pope Pius XI predicted, will be a training school for the apostles and missionaries who will convert Asia. This is not merely a dream. It was predicted by other Pontiffs besides Pius XI.

Today the Church in the Philippines needs help—above all the help of prayer. But financial help, too, is needed now. The collection of alms to aid in the reconstruction of many mission projects after the war must not be delayed until the day when it is actually possible to send help. But above all, priests are needed. No Catholic nation of Europe has been more loyal to the Faith than the people of the Philippines. More than one Philippine-born priest has died a martyr for the Faith. But the Faith, to flourish, has need of priests to teach it and to foster it. The Catholic world has an average of one priest for every thousand Catholics; the Philippines has only one priest for every ten thousand Catholics. Remember the Philippines in your prayers.

JESUIT MISSIONS

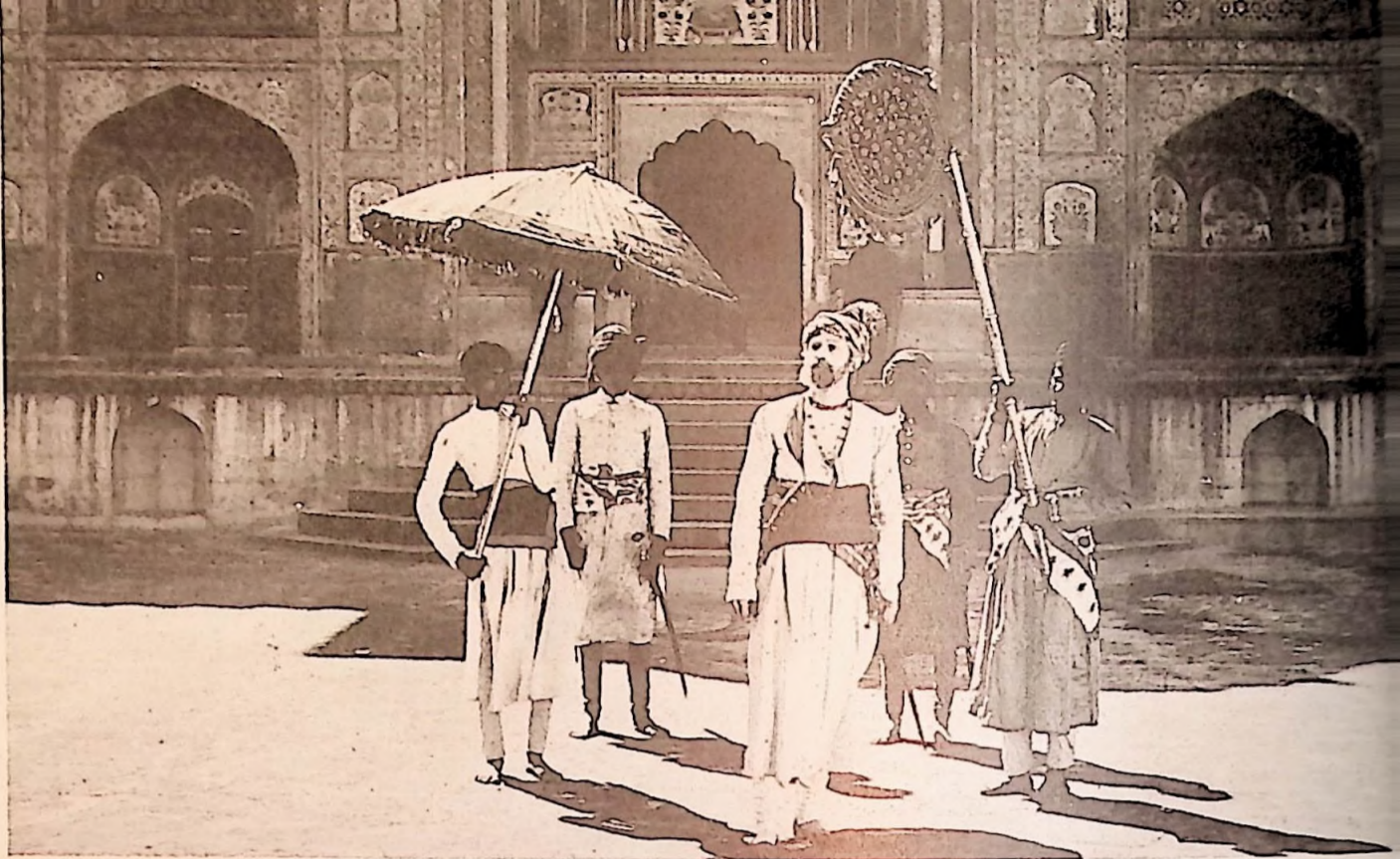
A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Mahatma Gandhi, politician, social reformer and religious ascetic of India, has enjoyed the international spotlight for a long time now. To the Hindu people, at least, he is considered a sort of god. Witness above the honor and attention bestowed upon a wealthy Hindu posing as the god Krishna as he disdainfully accepts the adulation of his servants.

Is Gandhi Another Dictator?

L. A. Foster, S.J.

TOTALITARIAN states have naturally enough given birth to the totalitarian man or the dictator. This was so in the Axis powers even before the war and now it is a fact in practically all countries, for there must be dictatorial powers in time of war for quick and efficient maneuvers.

India, too, has its quasi dictator, though he would never hear of such a title, it is Mahatma Gandhi, that is, the Reverend or the August Gandhi. Even now here in God's country he is considered sort of a god by the Hindu people at least, and will be apotheosized after his death, placed in the pantheon of the gods, just another one added to their million. Gandhi has been in the limelight for a long time, in fact, he is the oldest in point of age and service among the dictators of the world.

"Why should this man have become a god?" asks Shakespeare; how can one account for Gandhi's present position in India and the

world? Is it because of his simplicity of life and ideas, the sincerity and desire to help men, especially the 60,000,000 depressed Hindus of the country? Is it his development of the doctrine of non-violence, or his spinning wheel and other social reforms? Does his profession, ever on his lips, of seeking after truth make him world-famous? Has his renown spread because of what he has done or simply because of the man; is it in other words something objective or subjective that has made him a light in the world?

I WOULD say that it is something of all these things and not due to one alone, it is because he is the great politician here in India, the radical social reformer and the religious ascetic. It is the man with his ideas and aspirations, his thoughts and affections, his feelings and imagination; it is Gandhi the man. For like all famous men, there must be something about him which brought him into prominence

and placed him on a high pedestal.

In this short article, we shall consider Gandhi's ideas about truth and especially religious truth. He has always professed that he is a seeker after truth; it is his great desire and with him even a religious desire to come to the knowledge of the truth. He even calls his autobiography "My Experiments with Truth." The first thing to be noted is that he admits that he has not the truth, that he is seeking it, desiring it and this is so most especially again of religious truth. And strange as it may seem, this does not mean that he is not an orthodox Hindu, for he is, and in Hinduism, it has been said, there is no such thing as heresy. In fact, that can be said of almost any religion except Christ's Church.

AN all important thing to be noted about Gandhi's idea of truth is that it is perfectly subjective, for truth to him means that when he feels about a subject, what



A blacksmith and his assistant in an Indian village know how to hammer out a piece of iron for a bullock cart, but know little or nothing about the political factions disturbing their country. If Gandhi had his way, these two Ouraon boys would never have known Father Foster. Through Father Foster they came to know Christ, the Way, the Truth and the Life.

he thinks about it, is true. It amazes one who reads his writings—how Gandhi makes his truth the only truth and everything else is false. He is most egocentric and self-opinionated, a real egoist. There is no use then trying to convince such a man; he is bound up in a circle and the narrow circle of his subjective self. He is constantly denying objective truth, denying that whether he thinks or feels or imagines this or that, there is such a thing as truth outside of him, what we would call objective truth. We sometimes call such a man hard names, a bigot, a dreamer, a fadist, and actually I think these terms can be applied to the great Mahatma, though it would seem that he is sincere in his dreams and imaginings and believes most whole-heartedly in Gandhi.

ANOTHER fundamental doctrine with him is that we are always progressing towards truth; it is the theory of evolution carried out in the intellectual and even in the spiritual world. We must always be seeking truth, because no one has the truth; we must experiment in order that we may come to the truth. While we as Catholics would admit this principle in part, we must say, of course, that it is stupid to apply it to all religious truth as Gandhi does openly in his writings.

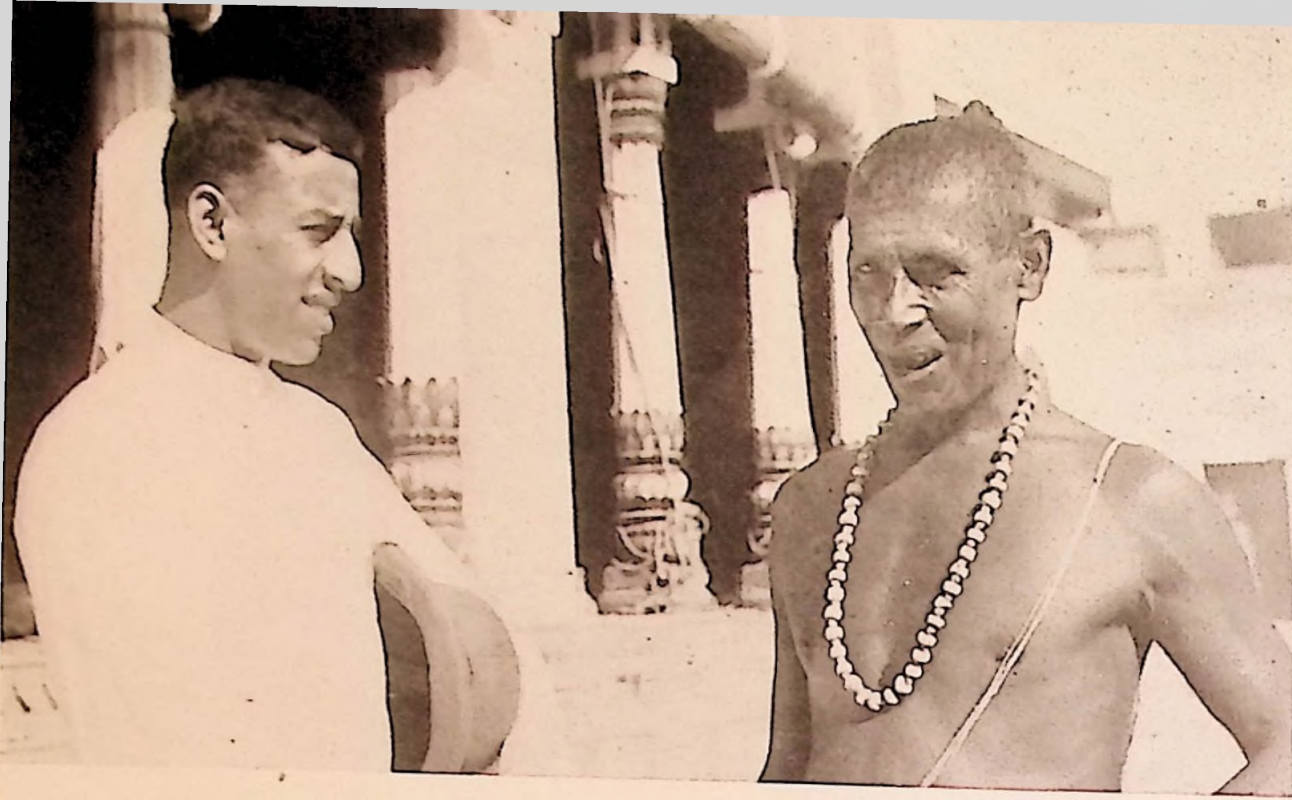
In the quotations from his book which we shall give below, the reader can notice how truth for him is always something subjective and it is developing. These ideals are supposed in all his writings so it will not be necessary to demonstrate what we are saying here by quotations.

IT is his religious ideas and especially his views with regard to missionary work that we shall examine. Gandhi always maintains that one religion is as good as another and one as bad as another, and, therefore, there is no such thing as infallible truth with regard to religious belief. The Bible is on the same level with the Mohammedan Koran and the Hindu Gita. They are all revealed religious truths, but not to be taken as infallible authority. Though they are revealed truths, they are imperfect because they come to us through men and, therefore, all must be interpreted by the individual. So naturally enough, according to him, we are on our way in religion, trying to arrive at truth, evolving truth from all scriptures.

We quote from his book on "Christian Missions" which bears the subtitle, "Their Place in India" published by the Navajivan Press of Ahmedabad, in 1941. This book is a selection of his writings

and speeches about the mission idea. A quotation will make this clear. We quote the extract on page four, called "Tolerance, i.e., Equality of Religion." He says, "And if we are imperfect ourselves, religion as conceived by us must also be imperfect. We have not realized religion in its perfection, even as we have not realized God. Religion in our conception being thus imperfect, is always subject to a process of evolution and re-interpretation. Progress towards Truth, towards God, is possibly only because of such evolution. And if all faiths outlined by men are imperfect, the question of comparative merit does not arise. All faiths constitute a revelation of Truth, but all are imperfect and liable to error. Reverence for other faiths need not blind us to their faults. We must be keenly alive to the defects of our own faith also, yet not leave it on that account, but try to overcome those defects. Looking at all religions with an equal eye, we would not only not hesitate but would think it our duty to blend into our faith every acceptable feature of other faiths."

THIS long quotation shows Gandhi's mind quite perfectly with regard to development in religion. The book is filled with such subjectivism and the "we" and "us" mean, of course, "I." In the selec-



When Gandhi dies this Brahmin priest talking to Richard Extrass, S.J., will place one more shrine in his temple. There he will kneel and tell his beads to Mahatma.

tion entitled "A Strange Seeker," page 166, he says, "Well, I go further, and tell you that religion is one and it has several branches which are equal. . . . But I suggest a better position. Accept all religions as equal for all have the same root and the same laws of growth. . . . Unless I accept the position that all religions are equal, and I have such regard for other religions as I have for my own, I would not be able to live in the boiling war around me."

FROM these false assumptions he argues logically enough—we do not maintain that he is never logical—that faith must come only by reason; it is a reasoning process, and that religion is never to be preached but is only to be lived. It is a life and not capable of being put into words. He says, "Try to preach the principles of Christianity to my wife. She can understand them no better than a cow. I can, because of the training I have had. . . . The only way I can supply my neighbors spiritual needs is by living the life of the spirit without even exchanging a word with him. . . . All I want them (Christians) to do is to live Christian lives, not to annotate the gospels. . . . To live the gospel is the most effective way. Preaching jars on me and makes no appeal to me and I get suspicious of missionaries who preach." And that from Gandhi who is always preaching and employing propaganda methods in his various organs!

HIS final conclusion with regard to missionary work is that conversions should not be attempted for converts cannot be made. "Well it is no use trying to fight these forces without giving up the idea of conversion, which I assure you is the deadliest poison that ever sapped the fountain of truth. . . . I would not only not try to convert but would not even secretly pray that anyone should embrace my faith. . . . Just forget that you have come to a country of heathens and think that they are as much in search of God as you are; just feel that you are not going there to give your spiritual goods to them, but that you will share your worldly goods of which you have a good stock. You will then do your work without mental reservation and thereby you will share your spiritual treasures."

The book "Christian Missions" by the way, is filled with the restatements of Gandhi's ideas about truth and religion. When one has read a few pages taken almost at random, one has read the book, for the same ideas are hashed and rehashed in it.

THIS is Gandhi, the religious Gandhi, the man who experiments with Truth. He is the typical Hindu also, who crystalizes out in himself the religious atmosphere of India. One of our thoughtful and experienced missionaries after reading "Christian Missions" remarked that it shows Gandhi to be a real Hindu. He meant that Gandhi's ideas and missionary attitude is

typical of Hinduism, which is a religion that has personal, subjective and eclectic dogma and objective truth is quite disregarded. Is it any wonder, then, that the work of turning the people of India to God, that is, giving them the Truth, is so difficult and naturally impossible without the grace of God?

GANDHI might even be said to be a good Protestant, for it is characteristic of Protestantism to believe what you will, make your own moral code and deny objective religious truth and what it connotes, authority. One last quotation, a conversation with a Protestant missionary.

Missionary: "You are really a Protestant?"

Gandhi: "I do not know what I am or am not. Mr. H. will call me a Presbyterian."

Missionary: "Where do you find the seat of authority?"

Gandhi: "It lies here (pointing to his own breast). I exercise my own judgment about every scripture including the Gita. I cannot let a scripture text supersede my reason. Whilst I believe that the principal books are inspired, they suffer from a process of double distillation. —Nothing comes from God directly."

SO Gandhi is wrapped up in Gandhi with his own personal and subjective ideas about God and our relationship to Him. He will not, he cannot be jarred out of them. He has good faith, I'm sure, but it is not true faith—he is sincere, I hope, but that's not the same as saying he possesses Truth. One thing is certain, Gandhi is far from being a Catholic for he spurns objective truth and what necessarily goes with it, authority and submission to God.

This frail little man is typical of the Hindu peasant raised to the nth degree of intellect, shrewd, simple, stubborn, a very child of India. Until his recent fast he remained the dominant figure in Indian politics. Though he failed to achieve his point Mahatma, with his loin cloth and his toothless smile, has not yet passed out of the Indian picture.



What to Wear in Alaska

MISSIONARIES ADVISE THE TROOPS

What the well dressed man will wear is as much a problem in Alaska as it is in New York. Not style, however, but warmth and mobility make it so. The extreme cold makes it imperative that clothes be warm. On the other hand, soldiers as well as missionaries must move about, so that the warm clothes must also be somewhat light in weight. Therein lies the problem confronting our forces.

The missionaries who have faced this problem for many years are giving our troops in Alaska the benefit of their experience. At the right, Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., is shown in the cockpit of a Navy PBY wearing his latest invention, a quilted eiderdown flying suit, copied from a Mongolian Eskimo garment. The entire suit weighs only 7½ pounds as compared with the 30 to 50 pound bulky suits used by many. He is shaking hands with Lieutenant Morris W. Smith, O.M.I., former missionary on the Upper Yukon and now Catholic Chaplain in the Aleutians.

Below, Father Hubbard is shown surrounded by a group of American soldiers somewhere on the Alaskan front.





That Long Last Mile to the Gallows Got Him

A desperate criminal climbs to the rooftop of Spanish Town prison, Jamaica and proclaims to all the splendid work of a zealous missionary

John P. Deevy, S.J.

Two lepers tend the gardens at the Leprosarium.

THE tropical morning was fresh and cool. The American tourists were carefree as their boat pulled up Kingston Harbor. This was in the days before the U-boats hunted unwary shipping in the Caribbean. Most of the voyagers were content to let the United Fruit Company show them the beauty of Jamaica on a brief conducted tour. One group, however, was independent. The first place they wanted to see was Spanish Town. They were not interested in the place as the ancient capital of Jamaica nor in its tropical beauty for whatever there was of that had been marred by the ruins left by men. Rather, they wanted to visit an old friend, a Jesuit priest, whom they had known in Boston, Mass. A few years past he had left Boston to take up mission work in Jamaica. Spanish Town was now his main mission station.

What a surprise it would be to their old friend to drop in on him unannounced! They arrived at his mission about nine o'clock and found him at home. Somehow the surprise

fell flat. He was glad to see them, of course, but terribly pale and upset. Hardly had he shaken hands with them than he begged them to take a ride around the town and not to return for an hour or so. Mystified they complied with his wishes.

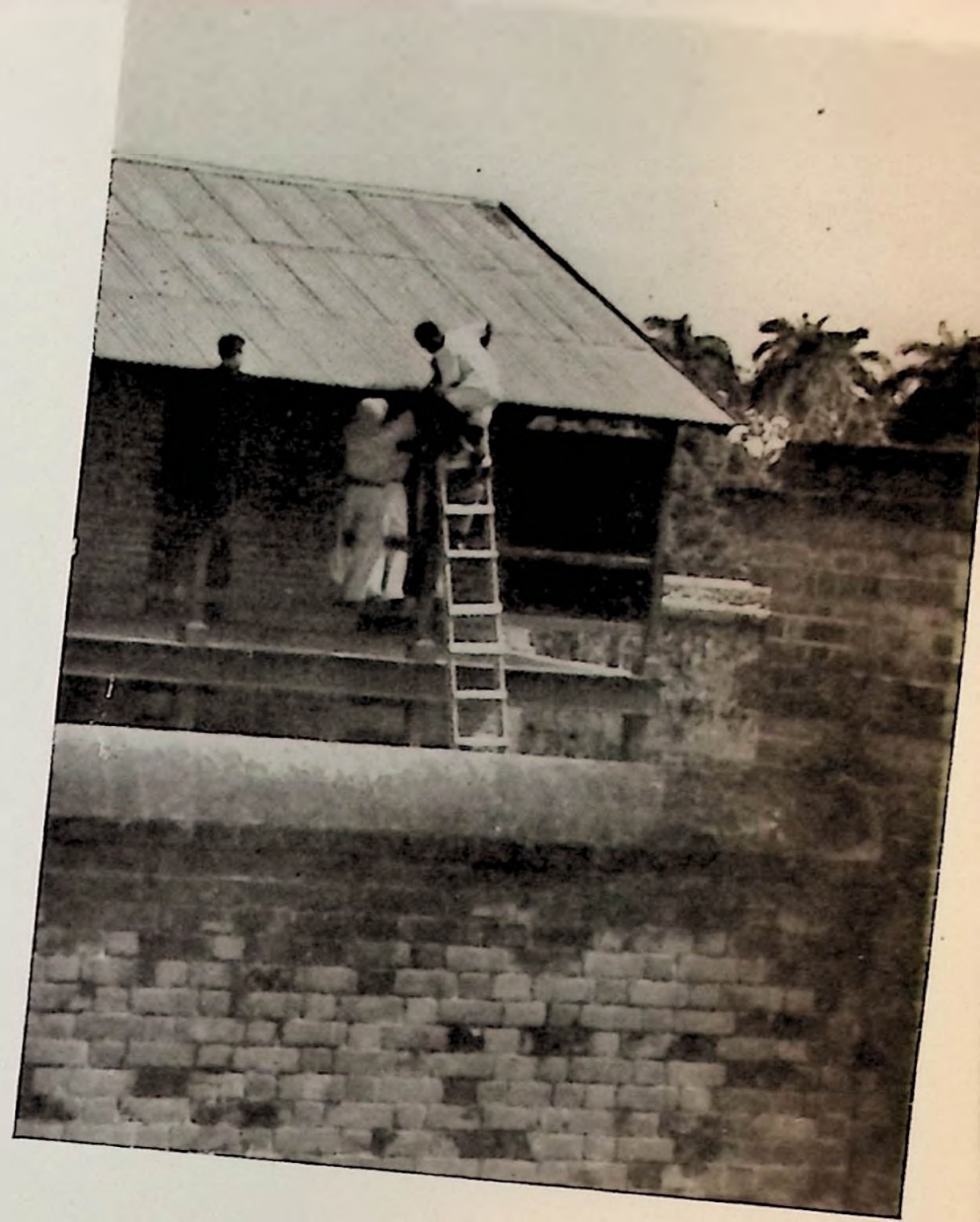
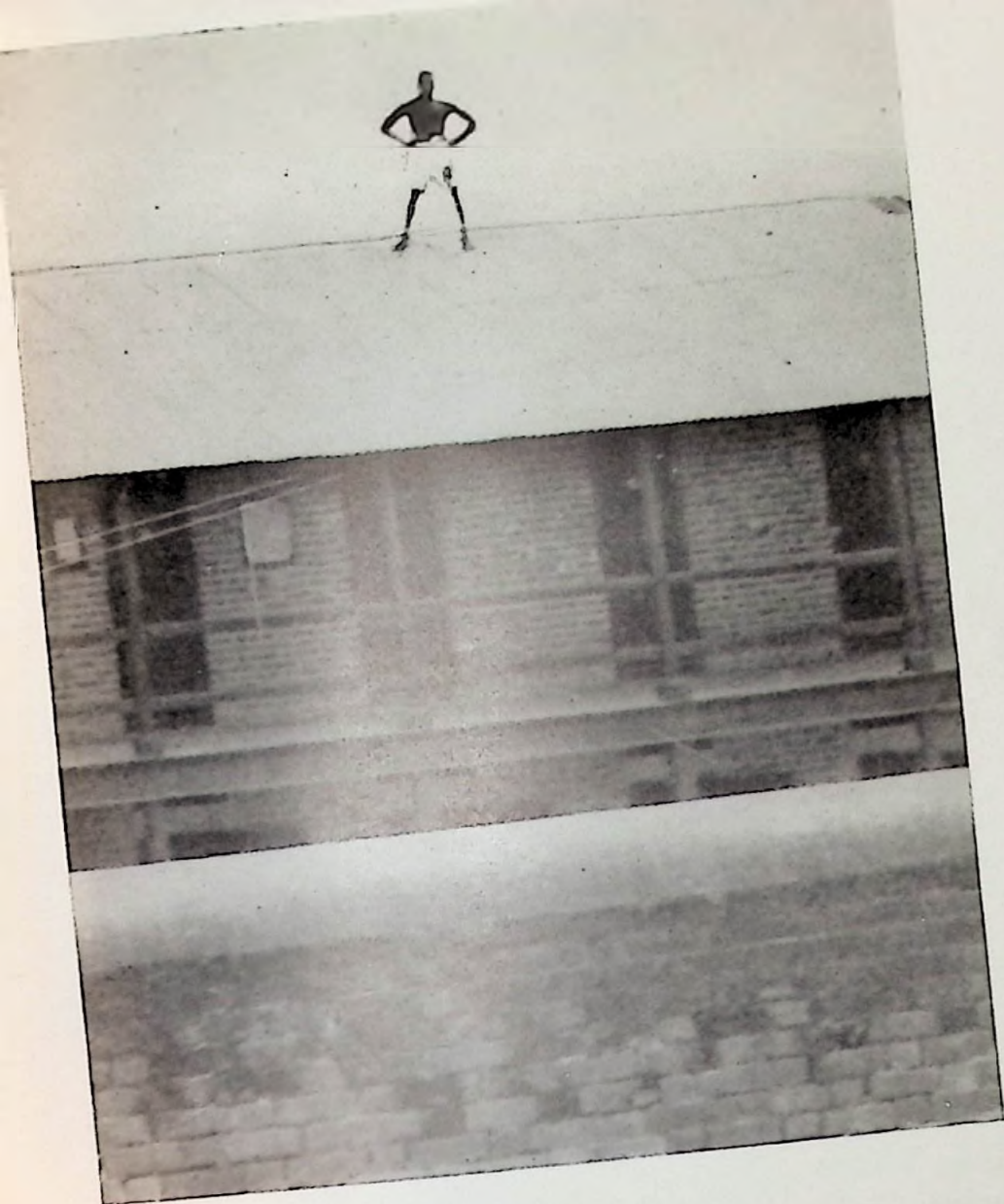
To this day those tourists do not know what upset their friend so much. Only years afterwards could he smile as he told the story. That morning about an hour before the arrival of his friends from the States he had walked to the gallows with a condemned prisoner, stood by his side an instant to console and absolve a soul dropping into eternity, almost felt himself pitching headlong with the victim into the pit, saw again that convulsive sickening jerk as the rope caught and held around the prisoner's neck. That was at eight o'clock. At nine his visitors arrived. And it was his first hanging!

SPANISH TOWN is a tough mission. It is old, poor and stifling hot. Added to its other bad features is the care of the Island's leper hospital and the penitentiary. This last phase of missionary work often passes unnoticed amid the

multifarious cares of a missionary's life. A recent incident in the Spanish Town prison serves to bring it to our attention again and shows clearly how the grace of God in the person of a zealous missionary can work wonders even in the soul of a hardened criminal.

FATHER FRANCIS GILDAY, S.J., present pastor of Spanish Town, is too modest as well as too busy to speak for himself so we shall piece together the story from other sources. First a Sister stationed in that mission writes: "Recently there were five men condemned to be hanged at Spanish Town and they were reputed to be the hardest criminals that had been in the prison for some time. Father became interested in them and spent much of his time trying to soften and convert their hearts before death. Today, thanks to his persevering efforts, I am sure that all five of them must be in Heaven."

One of these five was an extraordinary person, simple and direct and yet at the same time profound in his approach to death. We base the following account on the story as written by Clyde Hoyte for



(Left) While the other prisoners were walking about the yard, Michael somehow got to the rooftop and there took up his vigil. (Right) Father Gilday watches while one of the prison guards assists Michael as he reluctantly comes down.

the *Daily Gleaner* of Kingston. "Michael Oliver, condemned to be hanged as one of the murderers in a celebrated case, which has come to be known here as the Osborne Store murder case, made up his mind to die but not by hanging. His efforts to provide himself with an alternative were almost successful and must have caused the government and prison authorities in particular an unsupportable amount of trouble had it not been for the timely intervention of the one man whom this desperate fellow would obey—because he loved him—a Roman Catholic priest, an American, Reverend Father Francis Gilday, S.J.

"FOR some weeks Father Gilday had spent hours each day with Michael Oliver and these two had become friends. On Tuesday at eight o'clock in the morning Oliver was to be hanged. Locked away in the deep confines of St. Catherine's Prison he was hardly remembered by the public . . . then a desperate effort to meet death

without the experience of the noose was the sensation of the quiet community of Spanish Town on Sunday morning for well over two hours."

BROODING over the death sentence in those long hours and days, the thought of hanging became too much for the prisoner. He was ready to die but the rope seemed too slow a process. He wanted to get it over quickly. On Sunday while the other prisoners were walking about the yard he scaled the side of the building and took up his vigil on the roof. To his simple mind the only way the guards could get him down would be to shoot him down. In this way he hoped to accept his sentence and yet at the same time avoid the gallows.

The prison is only a short distance from the priest's house and Father Gilday was soon upon the scene. He urged the prisoner to come down. "No, Father, God is not vexed with me for coming up here. Yes, ah telling you I want to die by gunshot. And the only

way to do that is to remain up here. . . . I will stand same place and mek oonoo shoot me down. Face me and I will face you only let me hold this crucifix and kiss it so. . . . I am an innocent man. Christ was innocent, too. Dem spit pon Him, dem box Him. Dem put thorne pon His head. Dem nail Him foot and Him hands. Look what dem do Him. You mean I can't help Him bear something. . . ." Oliver stood thoughtfully for a moment, then he said: "Oonoo bruk a man heart man" and as he said this he made the Sign of the Cross.

THE Fire Brigade had arrived upon the scene to force the man to come down. Father Gilday made a last appeal and had a ladder placed against the roof. He ascended to the roof and held out his hand. Oliver took up his crucifix and slowly made his way to the ladder. "Father, if I come down I am going to die. If I stay up here I am going to die, I am not afraid, Father, but it is for you I am coming down. (Turn to page 111)



Traveling along the Alaskan airways during certain seasons makes a dog fight with the Japanese look tame. (Right) Pilot and missionary smile after a safe landing at King Island. Sudden storms from the Arctic make flying hazardous.

Flying in the Arctic

Paul O'Connor, S.J.



THIS winter I determined to drop down from Kotzebue to Nome and swap a few Arctic yarns with a fellow missionary. Besides I needed a bath and a few clothes—perhaps also a little mental adjustment. One must not go completely Eskimo—or even Sourdough!

Plane travel was a bit spasmodic. Late fall and early winter are ideal icing conditions. Although ice floes are to be seen in the Arctic Ocean—the water is still warm enough to vaporize. Heavy fogs roll in from the sea at a moment's notice with the slightest change in the wind. Days are short and shorter still if one moves from West to East. All in all, careful pilots are cagey about risking their lives and those of their passengers. Experience has proven that this is the time of the year when accidents most frequently occur.

Be this as it may—our weather looked good. The wind had swept

our field clear of loose snow, so off we taxied. While I was adjusting my safety belt, I noticed that the plane skidded and was rather slow in taking off. I learned later that we were within inches of a good crack-up. The chief engineer of the CAA later laconically remarked to me. "Father, you were just 12 feet from eternity. I measured the distance myself." I was to sense the protection of our Guardian Angels more than once before I returned.

WE had gone about fifty miles, in fact, had just crossed the Arctic rim when I began to notice that things were not too good in the skies. We skirted some low-lying clouds and began to pick up ice. This was my first experience with an icy plane. I scratched the frosted windows and could see little ice bubbles forming on the wings. We were up about 4,000 feet and trying to cross Eschscholtz Bay. I looked at the altimeter and saw that hand

slowly but surely swinging down. The water beneath was coming up uncomfortably fast. I looked at the opposite shore. It was fifteen miles away.

A fellow passenger, an experienced air traveler, tapped me on the shoulders and nervously pointed to the wings. They were well iced up now. Above the roar of the motor I heard someone mention—prayer. I must confess that I was more interested in the worried look of the pilot, the sluggishness of the plane, the feasibility of getting out of the plane should we hit down on the water—than about prayer! It is really strange the thoughts that dart through one's mind when stimulated by danger.

DOWN we sank! About fifty feet above the water we began to level off. The pilot breathed

easier and shouted in my ear that ice always comes off near open water. I could not help thinking that we were within seconds of having the ice taken off *in the water*. I notice also that beads of perspiration were still on his brow. It was icy cold in the plane, too!

OUR destination was Deering. Off in that direction we saw several black snow squalls. They were coming towards us. We made a bee-line for Candle hidden in a rift of clouds that melted dangerously with snow-covered hills. Long before we reached Candle the snow met and enveloped us. I could not see at all. The pilot, though, knew the turn of the hills and without

Arctic Ocean. I shuddered with anticipation. The plane rocked with the wind and blinding snow reduced visibility to nothing but black water beneath and a jagged coast-line to the side. The pilot I knew was following the coast line. Beyond that nothing but shadowy whiteness. The fact that a pilot last year had crashed and burnt up in this very vicinity, that this was also the anniversary of the crash and deaths of Fathers Delon and Walsh many years ago, did not exactly soothe my imagination. What a fool I was to leave Kotzebue! It might be lonely but at least it was safe.

On we went! I was really praying now and grimly determined to watch my step *into planes* in the

thanking God then and there. The weather was so bad and the wind so strong that the storekeeper was surprised to see us. He had not even heard our plane roar over his trading post.

THE storm looked like it had passed the next day (it had but we were soon to catch up with it). With the help of a big group of Eskimo boys who graciously volunteered to snow-shoe down the field we eventually took off in what looked like perfect weather. The storm though was playing hide-and-seek in the mountains. As we neared the tall range it came out to distract and worry us. We sidestepped it for over a hundred miles.



Very Reverend Philip I. Delon, S.J. (left), crash victim of the Alaskan airways some years ago, and Brother George Feltes, S.J., now stationed at Holy Cross, Alaska. (Right) Ursuline Nuns pose with a U. S. pilot before he takes off from the mission of Akulurak for points farther north.



circling, swooped down to a quick landing.

We could not delay at Candle. The field was such that more snow would prevent a wheel plane from taking off. In between snow squalls we again arose with a close margin at the end of the field. Ten miles of hazardous flying found us breasting a real blizzard cutting in from the

future. How I longed for the end of that trip.

With the wind howling through the airplane struts, the snow a white blanket—I dimly made out the radio pole of the store at Deering. We missed it by inches. I was still holding my breath when we dropped to a quick landing in the deep snow. Only our heavy load saved us from turning over. Only a sense of hypocrisy kept me from falling to my knees in the snow and

Death Valley looked up at us. How aptly, I thought, it was named! If we were forced down here—it would take a week to snow-shoe out.

WE were well off our course now. We had gone East and now were coming into Nome from the South. The weather was much warmer on the South side of the mountains. Finally, Nome appeared in the distance and immediately some Army (Turn to page 111)



BISHOP RICHARD J. CUSHING, Boston's zealous director of the Propagation of the Faith, in his catechism on the Negro Missions, supplies us with the information that there are now four communities of Colored Sisters in the United States: The Sisters of the Holy Family; The Oblate Sisters of Providence; The Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary; The Colored Sisters Magdalens. The Franciscan Sisters of Baltimore City is the only community of White Sisters devoted exclusively to the care of the Negroes.

ST. PUDENTIANA AND ST. ROSE OF LIMA have been declared secondary patronesses and the Blessed Virgin Mary primary and universal patroness of the Philippines according to the Papal Brief recently published in the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART has just awarded Richmond Barthe, Catholic Negro sculptor, a prize of five hundred dollars for his statuette "The Boxer." Mr. Barthe's piece was one of one thousand entries. He attributes his success to his pastor, Father Kane, S.S.J., who encouraged his artistic talents by obtaining tuition for him at the Chicago Art Institute.

FORDHAM SCHOLARSHIP FOR FILIPINOS. A prominent American business man was so impressed by Father Gannon's sermon preached at Washington in commemoration of the inauguration of self government for the Philippine people that he termed it "one of the clearest and finest treatments of this difficult and involved subject that it has ever been my pleasure to hear." Moreover, to show his practical appreciation he has established an annual scholarship of five hundred dollars at Fordham University, to be used for the benefit of one or more students, entirely at the discretion of the government of the Philippine Commonwealth and Fordham University, for Philippine Nationals who wish to study in this country and return to their own country later. President Quezon has already been asked to name the first candidate.

NEW LATIN AMERICAN PROJECT. Three priests of the Congregation of Holy Cross have recently assumed the administration of the Colegio San Jorge, a boys' school in Santiago, Chile. This move marks the first educational work of a permanent character undertaken in Latin America by the Holy Cross Fathers.

A BOSTON PRIEST is the benefactor of a beautiful church at Nattarkulam, India, recently blessed by the Jesuit Bishop, Bishop Roche of Tuticorin. Incidentally, two years ago Nattarkulam had not a single Catholic. Today it has 523.

CATHOLICITY IN CHINA. China now has 20 native bishops, 1,800 native priests, 6,000 native seminarians, nearly 9,000 native Sisters, and over 3 million Catholics.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED DESTITUTE CHINESE are being fed each day by the Chinese students at the Catholic University

"WHO'S WHO IN CHINA" shows that one out of every six Chinese leaders is a Christian; one out of every two has been educated in Christian schools or colleges.

DR. EDMUND A. WALSH, S.J., vice-president of Georgetown University, speaking at the conclusion of a radio drama in the "Inter-American University of the Air" program of the National Broadcasting Company, which told the story of the famed Jesuit missions of Paraguay, termed these 150 year old missions "one of the most successful social experiments ever recorded in the annals of human relationships."

FATHER ALOYSIUS F. COOGAN, editor of *Catholic Missions*, in his tour of the principal American seminaries, pointed out the great need there will be for missionaries after the war. Until the present war Europe furnished about ninety-five per cent, America five per cent of the Church's mission personnel. France, which once provided fifteen per cent of foreign missionaries now faces a serious shortage of priests. Before the fall of France, 2,000 parishes were without priests. Every seminary in Germany has been closed. Spain lost 5,000 priests massacred by the Communists in the recent Civil War.

ROTARIANS SPONSOR STATUE OF CHRIST. The Rotary Club of Tegucigalpa, Honduras, voted to sponsor a huge statue of Christ to symbolize the piety of the Honduras people. El Picacho Mountain will be the site of the monument which will be more than sixty feet tall.

in Peiping. The cost entailed is entirely provided for under Chinese Catholic auspices.

MAIL SERVICE TO INDIA. It may interest our readers to know that the mail service between the U.S.A. and India has not been disrupted by the war. A careful check-up shows that more than ninety-eight per cent of mail (letters, papers, parcels) sent to India has reached its destination. These days ordinary mail seems to take from two to three months; air mail, about one month.

TRAPPIST AND TRAPPISTINE MONKS of the Diocese of Sendai, Japan, have had to move their monasteries twice since that section became a fortified zone—first, to the Diocese of Fukuoka, and then to Tongking, in French Indo-China.

AUSTRALIA GETS PHILIPPINE SHIPMENT. Sixty-nine of seventy cartons of religious articles intended for the Jesuit missions in the Philippines shipped in December, 1941, before the outbreak of the war, have finally arrived in Australia and have been distributed by the office of the Chief of Chaplains of the Southwest Pacific Area to American Army Chaplains throughout Australia and New Caledonia.

CASABLANCA ORPHANAGE, North Africa, founded in 1914, for war orphans by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, is at present caring for more than 30 boys and 130 girls.

WOMEN IN THE MISSIONS. *The Pontificio Annuario* reports that while there are 20,578 priests dependent on the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide, there are 44,894 Nuns; more than twice as many women as men are working for Christ in foreign missions.

MOST SERVICE MEN MISSION-MINDED. The Most Reverend John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., Military Delegate, is convinced that a very mission-minded generation of Catholic laymen may be expected when America's fighting forces return from the war. According to His Excellency, "thousands of lives of American soldiers, sailors and marines have been spared because of the good-will of natives of far-flung countries whose tutors in Christianity have been the missionaries. You may be prepared for a very mission-minded generation of Catholic laymen in this country when our soldiers, sailors and marines come back home."

THE FIRST AMERICAN ORDINARY IN HAITI is Bishop Louis Collignon, O.M.I., of Lowell, Mass. According to predictions made by the new Bishop of Les Cayes, other communities from the United States will probably follow the Oblates to this territory which at present numbers 600,000 Catholics.

THE FIRST PRIEST to visit the world's "Loneliest Island" Tristan da Cunha, was Father Leo Herbert Barry, a member of the St. Joseph's Foreign Mission Society of Mill Hill, England. He died recently at Simonstown, South Africa.

April Mission Intention

Conversion of Pagan Youth By Catholic Companions

• Missionaries in the Solomon Islands write back and tell us of the great influence for good exerted on the natives by our American Catholic boys doing service in that part of the globe. The missionary has spent much time trying to impress on his neophytes the greatness of the Mass, the necessity of Holy Communion. Then the war comes. To this mission come a group of young Americans, fearless, sturdy fellows. Whenever they get a chance they gather around their chaplain for Mass and Communion. The natives notice this and they are impressed; their own faith is strengthened.

• Last month's Mission Intention drew our attention to this powerful influence exerted by example. We prayed that young people in the missions might not succumb to the pagan atmosphere that surrounds them. But example is a power for good as well as for evil. The more uncommon the example the more inciting it becomes. Here is how it might work out. Young Islam becomes a Catholic. His pagan friends Ishmael and Sahib remain attached to him but they notice a difference. His interests are broadened, his outlook on life has changed. They wonder. Wonder leads to interest; interest to inquiry. If they are sincere, with the help of God, their inquiry will eventually bring them to the faith of their friend. This case would not be unusual. Speaking for Jesuit schools in the missions, it is a fact that most of the conversions among the student body are effected by the Catholic students themselves. One of our Fathers in China recently reported the case of a little pagan lad who had been taught the Catholic prayers by his playmate when only seven years old. Twelve years later he was received into the Church. He had never forgotten his prayers.

• In much the same way the young mission catechist influences his pagan acquaintances. More than the missionary himself the mission catechist is peculiarly fitted to impress his fellow countrymen, being more familiar with their language, their difficulties, their mentality. The young especially are impressed by one of their own age who possesses a knowledge and character which they are quick to recognize as superior to their own. Some years ago a missionary in the Telegu country of India surprised his friends with the assertion that one catechist alone is capable of making five hundred converts a year. And he was right. In the words of Archbishop Rooney, former Apostolic Delegate to India and Japan, "In no phase of mission activity, if I may use the language of business, is the return on the investment so great."

• But good catechists are not so ready to hand. To attract others to Catholicity supposes first of all a solid grounding in Catholic principles and then a staunch adherence to those principles. Catholicity is a supernaturally attractive religion. It appeals to all men of good will. This appeal is almost irresistible to the young when it comes by way of good example.



Honduras Rises from the Ruins

PHOENIX-LIKE but somewhat less gracefully, the Mission of British Honduras is ascending from the disaster caused by the hurricane of last November which destroyed or seriously damaged more than one-third of the Mission's buildings.

All told, some 67 schools, churches and parish houses were involved in the disaster. "It is staggering," declared Bishop William A. Rice, S.J.,

in a statement issued then, "to think of all that will be immediately necessary to rebuild." But undaunted, these American Jesuits and Sisters began the work of reconstruction.

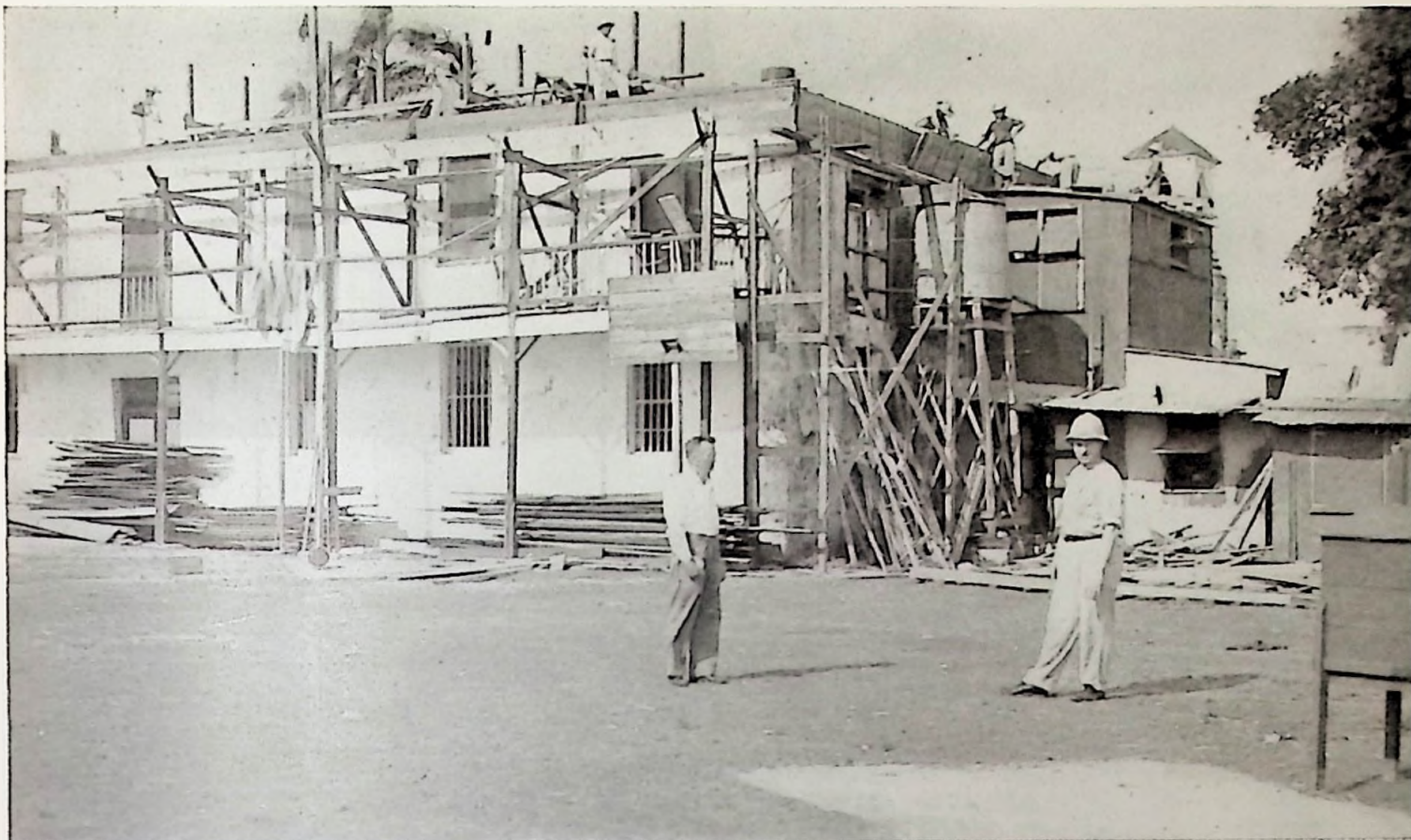
In the four months that have passed, wonders have been accomplished. Catechists and teachers held classes in the open or under shelters while the missionaries labored in the blazing sun with their people to make repairs on damaged

buildings and to rebuild completely destroyed churches and schools. The results are not marvels of ecclesiastical architecture but they are at least monuments to the courage and determination of these Catholic people and their missionaries.

Contributions sent in by those who read of the disaster in these columns and elsewhere have accomplished marvels in raising up the hearts of these heroic workers.

(Above) Typical of the happy enthusiasm of the rebuilders is this picture which shows several workers preparing a huge turtle for a feast amid the ruins of a school, while Bishop Rice looks smilingly on. (Right) Only the altar remains of this church at San Jose. Workers had to begin at scratch, but they began with goodwill. Much yet remains to be done, especially in the missions along the coast which usually receive the brunt of any hurricane blowing in its fury across the treacherous Caribbean Sea.





Fathers Corey and Rochel dressed in working clothes help in the reconstruction of the residence at Corozal. This job has since been completed, much to the joy of all concerned.

Reconstruction work on this mission house at San Pedro was quite primitive. It consisted of putting a strong wooden prop against it to keep it from toppling over. Simple, but effective enough while other more important work was being done.



Standing with Bishop Rice (right) in the bush while they try to locate boundaries of the Mission property, is the newly appointed Superior of the Mission, Very Rev. David F. Hickey, S.J. A veteran of British Honduras, he was in the States receiving his new appointment when the hurricane struck. He returned and rushed immediately into the work of reconstruction. British Honduras has always been a difficult Mission and Father Hickey has taken over the helm in one of its most critical periods.





There can be Unity in India Mary Kearny

UNDER the shadow of a Nipponese invasion threat to India, Sir Stafford Cripps, tried his best but failed to sell India's leaders the British proposal of dominion status after the war if she would cooperate fully with the United Nations in their war upon the Axis. Though Sir Stafford maintained that the Hindu-Moslem question was not the principle issue, it seems that the mutual fears and distrust of the Mohammedans and Hindus prevented any real solution of the Indian problem.

The Hindus welcomed autonomy, but wanted it immediately and completely before they would cooperate with the British. The Mohammedans, the principle minority party, feared that they would be completely dominated by the Hindus in all political issues. The Hindus did not like the clause in Britain's proposal of granting the right of secession of any minority group in their midst. Britain could ill afford to delete this clause which protected the Mohammedan, because, if she did so, it might stir up all of the Mohammedan races in the Near East against her.

SUCH a picture of mutual opposition recalls to my mind another rather recent picture in which

Mohammedans and Hindus met upon a common ground. The occasion of this rapprochement was the celebration held to honor the venerable French Jesuit missionary Rev. Father P. Carty who had been for forty years professor at the Jesuit College of St. Joseph of Trincomalie, India. Fater Carty was also the founder of the Pax Romana movement in India and of the South India Catholic University Federation under the patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Madras.

Father Carty recently celebrated his sixty-fifth birthday and was honored by his former pupils who established a scholarship in his name at the University of Madras. I sent on a clipping of this news account to Father Carty, hardly hoping that it would ever reach him. To my astonishment I received an acknowledgment together with a picture taken after the celebration in his honor. This celebration coincided with the meeting of the Academic Council of the Madras Presidency. Many of the members of this Council who are now teaching in the college of the Province are former students of Father Carty. In fact a good portion of Father Carty's former students of the past forty years are now engaged in various professions as well

as in the Government service throughout India. All of them united to arrange a very impressive manifestation of their gratitude to Father Carty for his kindly interest in them. The most significant fact about this group was that the great majority of them were Hindus and Mohammedans.

IN the photo above, on Father Carty's left is the Vice Chancellor of the University of Madras, who is a Mohammedan. On his right is Dr. C. R. Reedi, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Anmdhras who addressed the meeting, and offered to Father Carty a commemorative album written by his "old boys" now professors and officials scattered throughout India. Dr. Reedi also unveiled a portrait of Father Carty presented to the University. He is one of the best orators in India and made a splendid speech in which he himself, a Hindu, lavished the highest praises on the Society of Jesus and on the work of Catholic missionaries. Is peace between peoples impossible when such meetings can take place in lands so distant and so different from our own during a world war? Surely we can pray and hope for many more such splendid examples of good will and understanding.



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc

Madison Square Garden

Twenty thousand pairs of eyes stared. A slim straight figure in dark Chinese gown stood out against a gigantic silver back drop across whose surface was written, or rather emblazoned, the bold red Chinese *Kai*, symbol for Victory. Big dark eyes flashed with the sincerity of her message out of a face pale from recent illness and the ravages of six long years of war in China. Madame Chiang was speaking words of wisdom to the American people.

"What are we going to make of the future? I venture to say that certain things must be recognized. Never again must the dignity of man be outraged as it has been since the dawn of history. . . . No matter what we have undergone and suffered we must try to forgive those who injured us and remember only the lesson gained thereby. The teachings of Christ radiate ideas for the elevation of souls and intellectual capacities far above the common passions of hate and degradation. He taught us to help our less fortunate fellow beings, to work and strive for their betterment, without ever deceiving ourselves and others by pretending that tragedy and ugliness do not exist. He taught us to hate the evil but not men themselves."

Here Was a Leader

Here was a leader with spiritual vision. How could she propose such a sublime program to the American people? Perhaps it was because of the Americans she had come to know in her war-torn land. For the most part they were missionaries who had come to her people to teach and

preach this doctrine of Christ. As Bishop MacIntyre, Auxiliary of New York, pointed out so well in his invocation that night, what little we Americans know of China has come to us largely through the missionaries. Madame Chiang had seen these priests of God at work among her people long before Chennault and his Flying Tigers flew to the aid of China. Perhaps she thought all Americans were made from the same heroic mould. Would that we were, but the voice of self-interest usually gets priority.

Her First Appeal

A few days before, Madame Chiang had made history, taking both House and Senate by storm in her first appeal for aid to China. Then she pleaded for our nation to lead the way in creating a world where "all nations will be members of one corporate body." This plea struck fire in some circles. American generosity would go far but would be unwilling to cooperate to that extent. The United States could not be that altruistic on sheer natural motives. There would be too much of a clash of interests and cultures and material advantages to satisfy all the members of one corporate body. Here, too, Madame Chiang may have based her hopes on what she knew of American missionaries. She had seen them in her own country and on occasions more propitious than the present, had sung their praises. What she had not realized was that the self sacrifice, devotion and heroism of the missionaries was buttressed by the Divine grace of their vocation. No mere natural motives of goodness and altruism would suffice.

Fulsome Praise

Speaking of our Jesuit missionaries on one occasion, she said: "No account of China's resistance is complete unless it records the worthy part your missionaries have played whether at the front, in the rear in Free China or in Japanese occupied territories. They have not accepted the facile passivity of inaction; on the contrary they have hurled themselves unsparingly and with consecrated zeal into the task of alleviating pain and misery.

"Large numbers of Catholic missionaries, too, at the risk of their own lives have protected refugees and preserved the honor of the hordes of terrified and helpless women who ran into the compounds when the Japanese military approached. Others devoted themselves to the rescue and care of innocent and bewildered children caught in the whirlwind of war. The memory of their colleagues killed and wounded by Japanese bombs and machine guns must serve as an ever present reminder of the presence of death overhanging them. Their life of self denial and inner discipline has proved to be a source of inspiring courage to all those they serve and with whom they suffer. In following the footsteps of the Master, they dared to do and die."

We American Catholics bask in the reflected glory of our missionaries but we can't leave it there. As Madame Chiang said, "It takes little effort to watch the other fellow carry the load." That can't be our attitude towards the missionaries for we are already "one corporate body" with them in Christ.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



Rookie in Rhodesia

He Remembers the Blitz in Glasgow

Michael Hannan, S.J.

Dominiko's little brother hopes one day to beat the clapper as an altar boy of Musami Mission.

DOMINIKO took a real fancy to the clapper used on Holy Thursday. Do you think he'd be satisfied with a sedate single clap? Not on your life, it was rat-tatatat, rat-tatatat, each time, and do you think he would let the clapper out of his hand? It was as much as I could do to get it into his head that it was the bell he jangled during the Gloria and not the clapper that he beat. That was an intriguing little sidelight during the practices for Holy Week ceremonies, but when Maundy Thursday arrived I was still further intrigued.

Two years ago I was in Glasgow. We had the longest blitz of the war. Nine hours of continual bombing. Be kind and tell me that was the reason why only a handful came to listen to my carefully prepared panegyric of St. Patrick, delivered a few days after the bombs. There the watching before the Blessed Sacrament on Maundy Thursday followed the routine I had known back home in Canada, in Ireland, England and elsewhere. Young and old took turns, altar boys in cassocks, girls in white and with veils, old men with their Confraternity sashes. All praying quietly and in their own way. But at Musami they don't watch like that.

They didn't really know what to

do with the prie-dieus I put out for the watchers. It ended with two boys kneeling on one, the other sometimes unoccupied. But the day started with a whole village praying out loud together and singing every Lenten hymn they know, more than once. I don't think that during the whole day there was silence in the church for ten minutes at a stretch. Fidelis and William and Francis come in to take their half hour's watch. It's a new idea of the *Baba*, this putting on cassock and cotta, but since he tells us to do it and forbids the catechumens, we don't mind. As for this thing that he kneels on, give us the ground any day. Do you think they settle down to pray in silence? William opens the prayer book and sings the first line of *Aripano Yesu*, there are about twelve verses, the three and whoever else is in the church sing them all, then say an indefinite number of Our Fathers and Hail Marys, then sing another hymn.

AT Christmas they intrigued me by going into the crib several times on Christmas and subsequent days singing every carol they knew, more than once. On Maundy Thursday Konstansia who nearly died a fortnight ago went in for her singing to the Lord at half four,

she was still there at half five and was in bed again the next day. Today is Easter Sunday. There were seven hundred at Mass, one-third pagans, who came for the show. Some had come forty miles. Some were here already on Thursday. Now at seven in the evening they are still dancing, having paused for refreshment at six, and having begun at one o'clock. It's a big change from Glasgow.

IN Glasgow it was not the bombs but the booze that did the most damage, that's how it looked to me. There's booze here, too; it is called *wawa* or *doro*, and it breaks a few heads and homes. But what breaks my heart is not the *doro* but the dearth of teachers. Twenty-three years ago this Mission was built here. Even before that, old Father Richartz went with his donkey cart to Mayaga and Gwishiri, places twenty or thirty miles from here and, therefore, forty to fifty miles from his base at Chishawasha.

There used to be more than twelve out-stations run from here. Now there are two, one of which I opened this week. How is this? Government won't allow a school that is not approved. Government won't approve a school unless the teacher has certain qualifications. The teachers with those (Turn to page 111)



• **Afield** WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES

DOGS MUST GO

• The war has made food very scarce in Alaska, according to Father John P. Fox, S.J., Hooper Bay, Alaska:

• "Unless the war ends by spring we probably will have a hard time to get even the most essentials for next winter.

• "Forced by the lack of dog feed we had to give away about half of our dogs so as to keep the other half alive and fit for work. But recently our Eskimos located needlefish, and we are getting some feed again. So we looked for more dogs. For the fewer the dogs, the more one must run and push on the trail. And according to that I have to push twice as much now as last year.

MUSSOLINI INTERNED

• "On a recent trip to Akulurak, I ran into Mussolini, who had been already court-martialed and condemned to be shot sometime in April. His crime was the fact that he was seven years old. And a dog at that age is usually slow and hardly worth feeding. But Mussolini is still working up to form. So he was reprieved, taken to Hooper Bay, and interned there for the duration. We have one more dog.

IT MUST BE FROZEN

• "It seems that the mail always makes news here. There are many

mysteries about it. It used to be very slow. Not that it has practically stopped coming at all. No one seems to know where it is stuck. But stuck it is; not lost. A few letters dribbled in here the latter part of December. They were the first since September, as in November the carrier came empty, merely to take out our mail from here. And now the mail man is on his way here with only three letters for Hooper Bay, plus a few papers. Evidently there is no use sending us anything outside of letters. I doubt that at present it would get here even during the four months of summer. Letters will eventually arrive, but may be six months late. As we depend a lot on our mail for our support, all this is bad news.

HARD ON BOATS

• "The latter part of September we had a big storm along this entire coast. As usual at that season, it kicked up an extraordinarily high tide, that turned these flats into an ocean and did considerable damage in many places. Everything that was on low ground and loose was carried away to the Bering Sea. Our boat was completely thrown out of the river several times by successive tides. And finally it remained there. The boating season was about over, and it was in a good

high place for the winter. For once the Lord did our usual fall job of pulling up the boat.

LOST IN BERING SEA

• "At Scammon Bay, one of my five stations, two rowboats, each with outboard motors, were returning from a trading post some sixty miles to the north. When the storm broke they were traveling along the coast still about forty miles from home. They anchored on the shore; but the water kept rising and all banks disappeared. There were six of our Catholic men in one boat, and three Protestants in the other. The boats were heavily laden with supplies for the winter, and the young fellows worked hard to keep their boats afloat. After some time, however, one disappeared, and with it the three men and their whole outfit. All were carried out to sea, and when the storm was over not a vestige of them was found. The other boat finally got home, with both load and men safe. It was a sledgehammer blow for the village. The three drowned had each a family, and two of them had lived in the same igloo. The general opinion in the village is that the catastrophe was in punishment of drunkenness and impurity."

LIFE WITH FATHER

• Father James A. Creane, S.J.,



Arriving at one of the destruction centers of the recent British Honduras hurricane, Francis J. Wallace, S.J., Missouri Province scholastic, prepares to debark and assist in the rebuilding of one of the ruined mission stations.

of Gaya, India, tells of some of the difficulties under which he is obliged to carry on mission work in that territory:

• "Not so long ago I had five boys of a certain low caste in my boarding school. They were very happy and getting along splendidly till one day they went home for a visit. Result: they were not allowed to return, lest we make them Christians. One day sometime later when I went to the village to try to get the boys back to school, a little girl, cousin of one of the boys, led me to a hillside to show me where he was helping a group of men cracking rocks. Just as she pointed him out, her father, who was also there, jumped up in a fury, picked up a stick and rushed at us with full speed. I did not know whether he was enraged at me or his daughter. The tiny tot of a girl, however, sensed danger at once and screaming wildly fled for home with her father in hot pursuit. Three times he hurled the stick at her. The marvel is that he did not kill her. Meantime, I moved slowly on thinking it best to await a more propitious day to try to get that boy back to school.

ALMOST A MARTYR

• "On another occasion I went to visit a Hindu village. The villagers were all very friendly to me because I had saved many of them with timely medical aid during a cholera epidemic sometime before. Two of the families decided to send their boys with me to be put in our boarding school. But on the way a mob of Hindus from other villages forcibly took the children away from me and gave me a severe pelting with clods from the fields, hoping thereby to prevent me from ever going back to that village again. One blow on the right shoulder was a stunning one and left black and blue marks that stayed with me for almost a month."

RIOTS NO BAR

• The political disturbances in India have not been a bar to missionary work, according to Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., of Barh, India:

• "Though our mission was the center of the greatest trouble during August the arrival of the Military has produced at least a surface calm in this area. I dare say the future of this movement will depend largely upon the for-

tunes of war. What will interest you, however, is that instead of having shut down our mission work (except for a few weeks) we have been going ahead, if anything, even better than before. Our churches are over-packed every Sunday, our schools are full and converts continue to come in in gratifying numbers. Our big immediate worry is the extremely high cost of living."

"NO BRIGHTER LIGHT . . ."

• The success of Very Reverend Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of the Mission in Jamaica, British West Indies, in obtaining scholarships in the United States for Jamaican students has drawn great praise from the press in Kingston. The scholarships, which are thirty-two in number, embrace a large number of special studies and were donated to Father Feeney by Catholic colleges and universities in the United States. These scholarships will be awarded to deserving students in Jamaica who will be then sent to the United States to complete their studies. *The Gleaner*, leading paper of Kingston, comments editorially on the work of Father Feeney as follows:

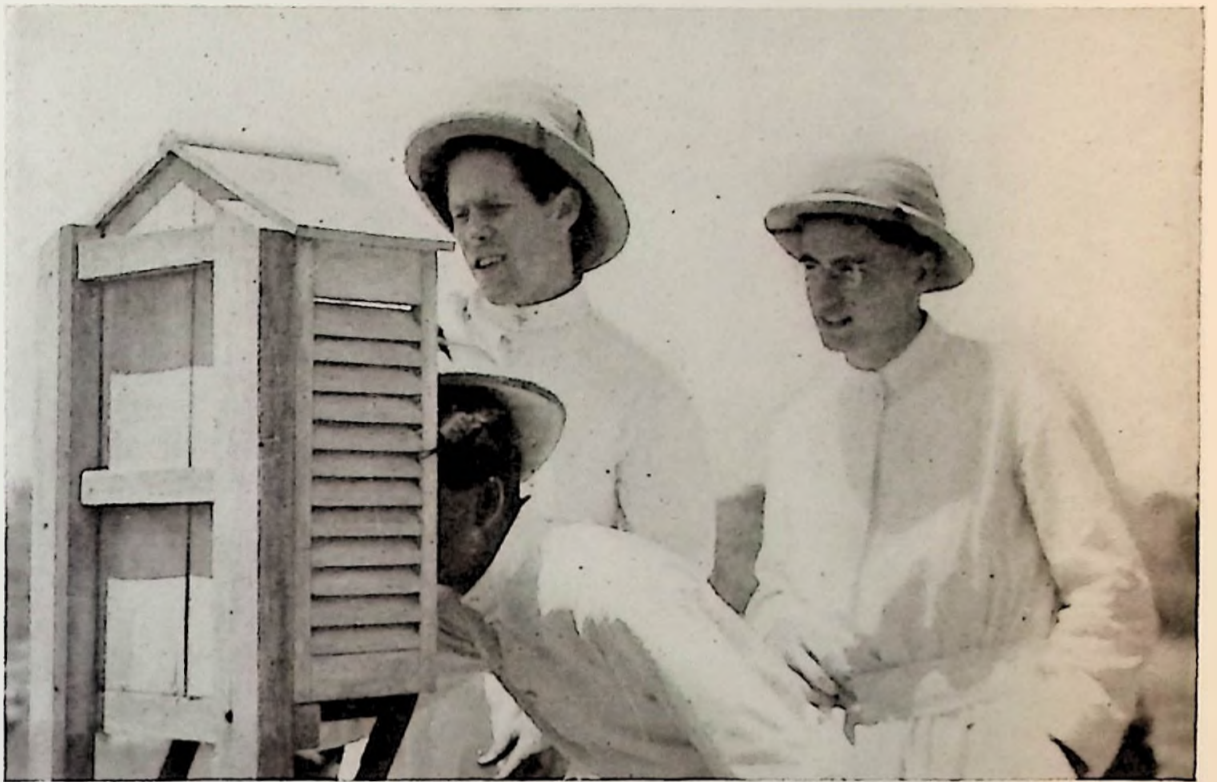
• "No brighter light has shone for years on the dark field of our educational opportunities than the announcement made this week by the Roman Catholics of their success in obtaining for this island over thirty scholarships at leading centres of advanced education in the United States. It is a ray of light which will reach far into the future, brightening its development and clarifying our vision, our purpose and our efforts. The motive which actuated the quest for these scholarships is eminently commendable. The purpose, as stated, was to get proper leadership, through education, so that the people of the island will be able to solve their own problems. We hope that the success of the Jesuit Fathers will be emulated by other influential

bodies, including the Government of Jamaica, and that increasing provisions and facilities for higher education both here and abroad will be made available for people of talent of all classes."

GASOLINE FROM ASPHALT

• Speaking on other aspects of his recent trip to the United States Father Feeney was quoted in another press interview as follows:

• "During my visit to El Colegio de Belen, Havana; Cuba, I acquired a formula for making paper from cane trash and what is perhaps more relative to the immediate needs of the hour in Jamaica, I witnessed the process of making gasoline from asphalt, with which Cuba is richly laden. This process was invented by the Jesuit Fathers in charge of Seismology at Belen. In the future, closer contact will exist between the Fathers at the Observatory at Belen and the Fathers in charge of Seismology and the Science



In Patna, India, two scholastics, Edward F. Mann, S.J., and Hubert Schmidt, S.J., consult a weather barometer, while Father John Lane, S.J., looks on.

Courses at St. George's College. During the coming summer, members of the Staff of El Colegio de Belen hope to visit Jamaica with the purpose, among others, of viewing the catalogue of Jamaican woods now in the Institute of Jamaica and, if possible, of adding to it.

• "In my search for Industrial Chemists who will teach at St. George's College Extension School, I came in contact with the heads of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Chemists' Club of New York. A list of more than twenty Industrial Chemists is now in the hands of the Headmaster of St. George's College. It is hoped to make a selection from this list and to bring one or more of these chemists to Jamaica in the near future."

HE'S A RENOVATOR

• The latest word from Jamaica comes from Father Charles Eberle, S.J., pastor of Holy Cross, Half Way Tree.

• "In Kingston today there is no such thing as rubbish. A storekeeper tells me that when the shop is swept each morning the people come and pick out everything, even smallish pieces of

paper. All that remains is bare dirt. How want teaches us to economize, and plenty, to squander.

• "Have just sent out a black suit to be pressed. J. Edward Thomson, who is the handy man about, was drawn from his task of painting an old bed to take it. I asked if there was a good tailor at Half Way Tree. 'No tailor,' said he, 'but a renovator.' That is the proper official to whom to take the suit. He can take out spots, patch and press. But a tailor's work is more technical. He is a snob. He just presses. He doesn't bother with spots and patches. Black suits get blue-mouldy in the damp weather. We seldom wear black—white, which is washable, is the usual thing and so mine was in bad shape.

BETTER AND WORSE

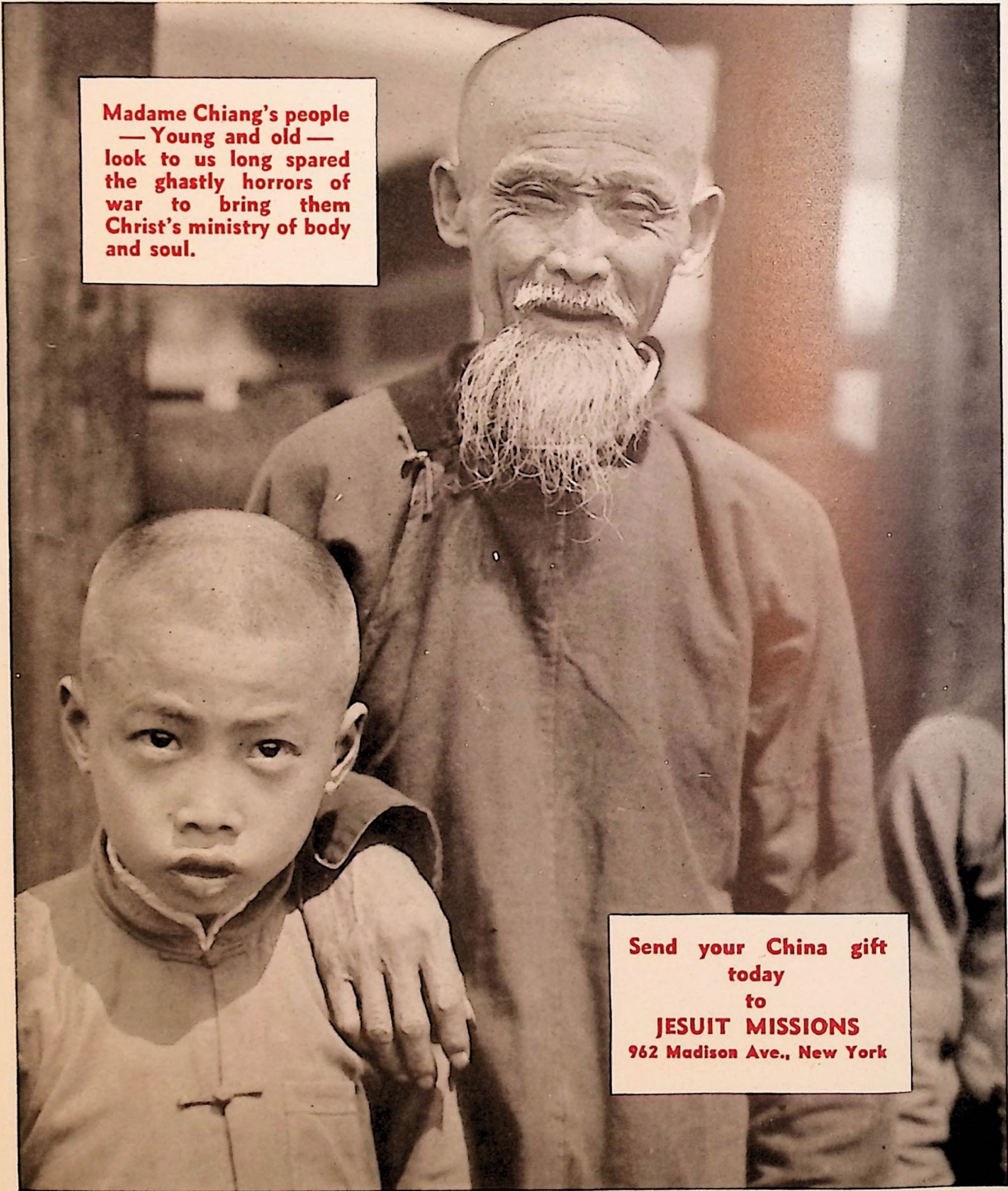
• "How are things here? Better and much, much worse. Business houses in Kingston, because they have been able to cut down a good deal on their overhead, no deliveries, etc., are doing well. Those people who owned cars are saving the expenses of the car. That has increased unemployment. We have no war industries to absorb the unemployed.



Father James A. Creane, S.J., a veteran of Patna, India, who has recently been appointed civilian chaplain for the Tenth U. S. Air Force somewhere near his mission in India.

AMERICA has just been captured! Incessant wranglers, skeptics, the most peaceable of citizens have all capitulated! The grace, wisdom and masterful presentation of a frail woman—Madame Chiang—whose person and message have stirred the country as nothing in many months. A frail woman has won our admiration.

AMERICANS will miss much of value in this heroic visit if we fail to realize Madame Chiang is China. There is far more than graciousness to her representing the unstinted affection bestowed on her as coming only because of the people whose very best she embodies.



**Madame Chiang's people
— Young and old —
look to us long spared
the ghastly horrors of
war to bring them
Christ's ministry of body
and soul.**

**Send your China gift
today
to
JESUIT MISSIONS
962 Madison Ave., New York**

IN her tour of this country, in repeated earlier expressions Madame Chiang has gone out of her way to laud the unparalleled work of our Catholic missionaries in her land. What the principles of Christ mean to her and her people sparkle in her every address.

IF our national infatuation is sincere it must flower in deeds. How better, personally, aid China than by aiding our missionaries in that harassed land. 880 Jesuit missionaries in China look to you to aid their ministry of food for the body and food for the soul.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Editor will welcome your communication on any topic connected with Jesuit Missions and Jesuit Missionaries.

No More Fitting Tribute

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find check for \$500 for Bishop Rice of British Honduras from The Rosary Retreat Group of Campion Hall, North Andover, Mass., in memory of Rev. John E. Lyons, S.J., our zealous and well-beloved retreatmaster. Several of our Retreat Group know and admire Bishop Rice and sympathize deeply with him in the disaster that has come to his missions. We feel that Father Lyons would want us to add our bit to the fund for Bishop Rice, his friend and fellow-Jesuit.

Milton, Mass. Joseph P. Carew

Are They Interested?

(Read the letter below this one)

To the Editor:

Please send me monthly three copies of JESUIT MISSIONS which I have had my pupils subscribe for and which we are sending to our boys in the Airfield here in Laredo. I may have a few more subscriptions later if we find the service men are interested. Candidly, I think the magazine ought to be very interesting to boys in the service, for the Jesuits are lined up in battle array for the souls of the very ones they are lined up to fight.

Wishing you all success and hoping thousands will see the need of the Jesuit Missions.

Laredo, Texas Sr. M. E.

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will find a money order for one dollar for a year's subscription to the Jesuit Mission magazine.

I happened onto one of your late issues while rumaging through the magazine rack in our Squadron day room. I took the magazine, found a comfortable chair and began to read each article. It was the first time that I had ever read completely a Jesuit Mission magazine, and it was the first one I have seen in any army camp.

The articles contained therein were

very interesting and especially an incentive to me as I have a great desire to enter the priesthood. I had been thinking of missionary work with great sincerity. By subscribing to the Jesuit Mission I am sure it would give me an added stimulus to my desire to reach the goal I am headed for.

Blythe, Calif. S. Sgt. J. G. P.

"Of Such Is the Kingdom of Heaven"

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will find a check for \$25 which represents the penny contributions of the little ones at St. Elizabeth's Day Home. The above amount was collected in their penny bank over a period of three months, for the pagan babies.

The Jesuit Mission Magazine with its appeal for the British Honduras Missions came the very day that the children gave their offering to the Superior. We feel that God wishes it to go to Belize or wherever it is most needed instead of to China where we usually send it.

Assuring you of the childrens' prayers in behalf of the missionary priests and sisters, we remain,

San Jose, Calif. Srs. of the H. F.

Unique Charity and Returns

To the Editor:

You may not have been Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS long enough to know that for years my "domestic help wanted" problems have been solved by the missions. I have an infallible formula—simply ask the missionaries to say Mass for the cook and housemen in Purgatory—and it works like a charm. Being my own cook and houseman for the present, I'm not even asking for that sort of help—but I want to translate the idea into something just as practical. Would you please ask some missionary—Father Pettitor or Father Sontag in India, unless you know of someone who is more desperately in need—to say some Masses for the souls of lay-sisters in Purgatory.

Oak Park, Ill. M. I. K.

Can You Help?

To the Editor:

I shall be much obliged to you if you get some kind soul to remail to me her copy of the following magazines:

"Sponsa Regis," published at St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota.

"The Messenger of the Sacred Heart," published at 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

Thanking you in anticipation, and assuring you of a memento at the Holy Sacrifice.

REV. GEORGE D'SOUZA
(R. C. Chaplain)
Amraoti Camp (Berar), India.

NEW BOOKS

For Sound Christian
Thinking in a
Confused World

THE KING'S ADVOCATE

Simone de Noaillet-Ponvert

Christ is the King, and Martha de Noaillet a modern French laywoman whose burning ardor caused establishment of the Feast of Christ the King by Pope Pius XI in 1925. An amazing biography of persistent zeal, which reads like fiction. \$2.75

THE CHRISTIAN STATE

Augustine J. Osgniach, O.S.B.

To win the peace, we do not need a new order, but only the honest and courageous application of historic Christian principles, says Father Osgniach, who here sets forth the elements of the true *Christian State*. \$3.75

WE STAND WITH CHRIST

Joseph Clifford Fenton, S.T.D.

The reasons why we stand with Christ and not against Him are here presented in a book of Christian apologetics which gives a clearer and more detailed picture than the usual work of this kind. \$3.75

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE

Gerald T. Brennan

The inimitable Father Brennan presents a second book in the *Angel Food Series* of delightful children's stories to help teach the child the truths of his religion in his own language. The little Devil Smir, Aberdeen Angus the cow, and White Cloud the little Indian girl are only a few of the appealing characters. \$1.75

Coming Soon

TALES FROM THE RECTORY

Francis Clement Kelley

The famous writing Bishop Kelley has gathered together a group of short stories which only a priest could tell of human events that tug at the heart strings.

Order From

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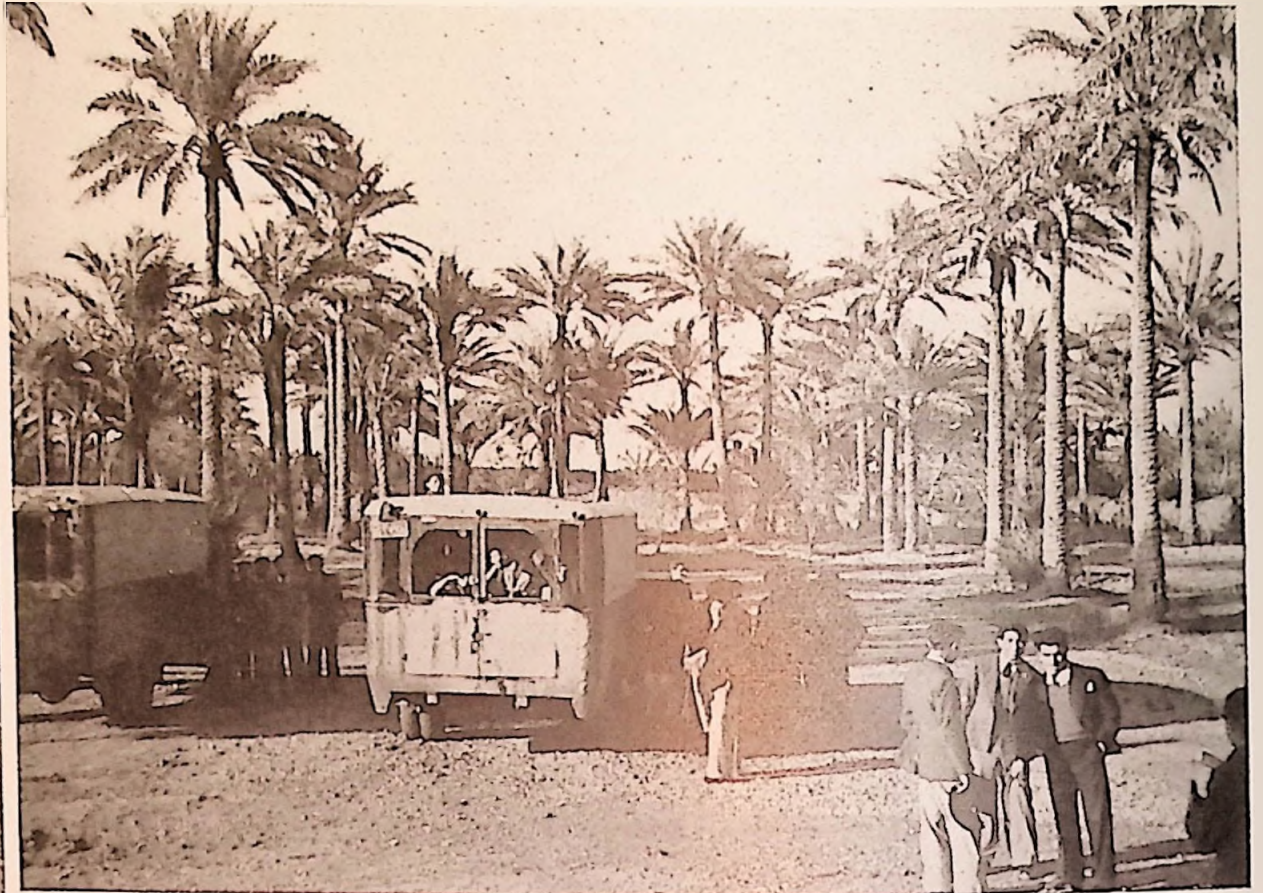
962 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.



Use Address Cards of plastic permeated fibre that are tough and as durable as metal. Yet an ordinary typewriter will stencil your addresses in them at typewriting speed. Send for booklet. "Story of a Father and Son or Unscrewing the Inscrutable."

THE ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
169 Albany Street Cambridge, Mass.

Father Sheehan was not so hot and bothered standing over a hot stove at the picnic as he later became on the return trip to Baghdad.



The school buses carried the students to the train.

Father Sheehan Goes on a Baghdad Picnic

Clement J. Armitage, S.J.

FATHER SHEEHAN is an eminent mathematician. His ability in that line has led him far—so far that our little tale begins with him in Baghdad. Like all stories of great men it tells of a journey and a search—but there is no Homer or Dante to eternally limn that stalwart figure against the graceful background of the Wonder Town of the Arabian Nights. The magic carpets still float down the long path of the moon but they are ribbed with steel and the Lancashire accent of their pilots lacks the soft, mellifluous tones of Scheherazade. And without Scheherazade how can tales of Caliph Town be told? There is only one way they can be told—and that is poorly.

It was sunset. Baghdad and Father Sheehan were at peace. The last rays of the sun reddened the golden domes of the one and brought a golden glow to the red heart of the other. The thought was pleasing to Father Sheehan. He liked balance in all things, especially

in algebra. He loved to contemplate long, equal rows of figures, squares in perfect array, circles centered by some celestial compass. Even now his eyes wandered with satisfaction over the orderly study hall of the boarding school. Eighteen boys on this side, eighteen boys on that side. He frowned slightly as a boy rose from his desk to cross to the other side of the room. It spoiled the precision. The balance of things should be kept. Night and day, eating and drinking, work and play—the frown deepened as he recalled that the playing of late didn't even remotely approach the amount of work put in.

TOMORROW was a holiday. Even the boarders would be out for it was the day for the class picnics. The frown vanished en-

tirely. He could spend the morning on calculus and the afternoon. . . . He smiled delightedly as Father John Devenny, S.J., Prefect of Studies and Discipline, entered the study hall. Here was a kindred soul, a fellow bondsman in the golden chain of mathematics. Perhaps they could get together in those pleasant hours of the morrow. That little question now about a schematic method for multiplying matrices. . . . He listened eagerly as Father Devenny leaned down to whisper to him. Then Father Devenny straightened up and walked quickly from the room, leaving Father Sheehan to stare at him with hurt, incredulous eyes. The last impression of that figure on Father Sheehan, even in the anguish of that moment, was one of a hitherto unnoticed stoutness. The feet of the



Baghdad boys may yield the palm to American boys in the matter of games on a picnic, but when it comes to appetite and food consumption, my, my!

idol were only clay, after all. For Father Sheehan was going on a picnic on that erstwhile golden morning. Numbly he stared at the grove of date palms outside the window. The purple mist of early evening cast a royal glamor around them. Purple—the traditional color of Holy Cross, where they didn't have picnics! The numbness changed to pain. Now only Baghdad was at peace.

IN all the tales that Scheherazade told on those soft nights so long ago there is no mention of a picnic. For Scheherazade was a wise woman and although there are magic carpets and fantastic figures in her stories she never stretched the truth so far as to include that contradiction in terms a "picnic in Baghdad." I know what the word "picnic" brings to my mind. I see a steamer packed with gaiety churning merrily down Boston Harbor towards Nantasket, or smoke curling lazily up from a cabin in the Berkshire Hills or a caravan of autos racing north to the lakes and playgrounds of New Hampshire. But harbors, lake and mountains are difficult to find in a desert country. There are places of historical interest like Babylon or the Arch of Ctesiphon but picnics there would be like a dance in Bunker Hill

Monument. So the only thing to do is to get on a train and ride to some distant town and sit beneath a date palm.

FATHER SHEEHAN was doing exactly that on the next day. The very beginning of the journey had been symbolic. He had settled down comfortably enough in what the railroad company insisted on calling a "wagon" a term that caused a vague discomfort in the soul which in its youth had haunted Somerville's Union Square. Then the train had begun to move backwards. For twenty minutes it moved backwards, a procedure that became increasingly annoying for Father Sheehan is a clear-thinking, forward-looking scientist. Gradually a few pointed questions had elicited light. In coupling the wagon to the train the crew had not bothered to notice which end of the wagon faced the engine. As a result, the seats faced the rear of the train, affording a view only of what to Father Sheehan was lost ground. He could look out and see where he had been a few moments before, a totally useless thing to do for he already knew, even before he looked, where he had been a few minutes before. Yet the longer he had gazed at what was past, the more consoled he had felt. It had been nice to

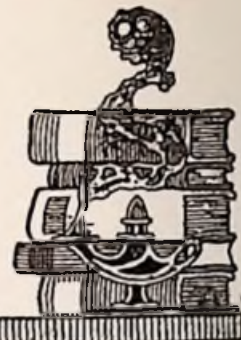
think that that particularly unattractive stretch of desert which his eye would rest on was something definitely ended, not to be seen again for many an hour.

AFTER sometime the train had arrived at their destination, a town which, in the spirit of the modern communiques, we shall call "B." The party had alighted and walked back about a mile in the direction of Baghdad, a peculiarly galling procedure to Father Sheehan who, having observed the places where the train did stop, could not understand why it refused to stop when an auspicious landmark such as a tree was reached. Entering a grove of date palms, interspersed with pomegranates, the boys had stretched out and begun to chat gaily in Arabic. Father Sheehan had joined in, for a while. After a minute or two he merely stretched out. But the man of action could not be held down for long. In one of the brighter moments of a dark morning he had had the forethought to bring a baseball bat and, as an afterthought, an indoor baseball. With an inspiring speech he had led the boys out of the wilderness in search of a baseball field. They had found a more or less level piece of ground some distance away, its only occupants a herd of water buffaloes. These looked at Father Sheehan. He had scowled at them. They scowled back. He had lifted the bat menacingly. They had lowered their heads in similar fashion. They moved nearer—but paradoxically the nearer they came to the place where Father Sheehan had been standing the greater the distance became between the two parties. Finally, a tiny girl toddled out and drove the buffaloes off.

FATHER SHEEHAN was remembering all this as he sat in the late afternoon under the date palms in the garden. Even the baseball game had been unsatisfactory to the heart of the man who had once worn with distinction the Old Gold and Maroon of Boston. His team had insisted on neglecting some of the fundamentals of the game, such as the constant failure of the first (Turn to page 111)



NEW BOOKS



Religion in Soviet Russia

N. S. Timasheff

This is an important and authoritative book. Dr. Timasheff, an Orthodox Russian who teaches sociology at Fordham University, lived in Russia after the Bolshevik revolution of 1917 and has studied his sources for the most part at first hand. His book is only incidentally concerned with the past history of religion in Russia; his chief interest—and the authoritative part of his work—is the Soviet persecution of religion and the religious state of Russia in the recent past and at the present moment.

The intimation he gives in his Foreword, that "a history of the stubborn resistance of a nation to the spiritual oppression of its rulers may, in part, explain the resistance of the Russian people to foreign aggression," is a new viewpoint on the heroic battle of Russia and it seems to be authentic. The failure of the Soviet persecution of religion to attain its objective, which Dr. Timasheff stresses, is amply demonstrated by documentary evidence.

He confesses that despite acknowledged defeat of its campaign to extirpate Christianity in Russia, the Communist party has not changed heart but postponed its persecution of religion.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$2.00.

Rice in the Wind

Kathleen Wallace

Kathleen Wallace has won distinction with her well-balanced and impressive war novel "Without Sign Posts" published in July 1941. Many readers wondered at that time how with her quiet yet impressive style she could tap the psychological well-springs of widely different characters. Perhaps "Rice in the Wind" gives us the answer. Her many happy years in China, raising her children, must have provided her with that elastic and subtle power of intuition into those many-sided characters one meets in China, especially in the port cities.

"Rice in the Wind" is a simple yet fascinating novel of the romance of Martin Drummond, an English Consul, and Jane Gallienne, the unsophisticated daughter of a medical missionary from the interior of China. Their lives are projected against the background of an emerging new China and interwoven with the emancipation of Miss Lei-ling Chen from the wealth and "face" of old China, the hollow artificiality of "Settlement" or "Concession" society, plus the typical Hollywood scene—lone-wolf English avi-

ator meets free lance American typist. The story is a good attempt to show how little real difference there is between freedom-loving people in this war-torn world.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

His Father's Business

Robert F. Grewen, S.J.

This thoughtful, well-written, spiritual book should find a place near the reading lamp of every Catholic home. Each chapter, and the chapters are short, could well be used for spiritual reading, and taken as a thought for the day.

Christ our Lord lives in this book. His miracles, like the cure of the man born blind; the words that He spoke on the Mount; His weeping over Jerusalem; the supper table on Holy Thursday night; the nailing of His Hands to the Cross, become, by the masterful touch of the author, alive with new meaning. The chapters on the Blessed Sacrament, on the Crucifixion and our Mother of Sorrows, will almost force the reader to re-read them and even want to meditate on them.

The America Press, New York, N. Y., \$1.75.

Epitome of Western Civilization

John F. Bannon, S.J.

This is a survey-text planned for college students as a basis for following intelligently a professor's lectures and for fitting into unity required readings from a variety of books. The period of history covered is wide: from pre-history and the ancients down to World War II. In effect, one has here a professor's notes printed instead of dictated or read off in class. The gain is thus great on the side of time that can, therefore, be given by students to understanding prime epochs of civilization and to making a fruitful synthesis of details.

Many of the chapters are excellent in themselves, so that, apart from textbook purposes, one who has read history of old and wishes to recall it easily and interestingly will find Father Bannon's book a heaven-sent gift. The publishers have succeeded in printing so compressed a survey in large, readable type. The review topics and suggested further reading lists accompanying each chapter are a distinct feature of the work.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc., \$3.00.

Gay Legends of the Saints

Frances Margaret Fox

Though primarily intended for children many a grownup will read this

book from cover to cover. The stories are told with an ease and a grace that will make them appeal to both young and old. They avoid two extremes—both the impression that the subject of the story never existed and the other equally false impression that everything told in connection with the saints must necessarily be true. In achieving a happy medium between these two extremes the author has done something for young people which is of inestimable value. She has connected two ideas that too often are disassociated in children's minds, the ideas of holiness and happiness.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

Headhunting in the Solomon Islands

Caroline Mytinger

Two artists start out on an expedition to the Solomon Islands via Australia to find typical Milanesian heads and bring them back, not on the points of spears but on canvas. The author's pen is as bold, frank and detailed in her description of the events of that expedition as is her brush in depicting native heads. The book is humorous and also timely. It gives the reader a very good picture of climatical conditions and the physical discomforts our Armed Forces in the Pacific have to endure.

MacMillan Company, New York, N. Y., \$3.00.

Crescent Carnival

Frances Parkinson Keyes

Carnival is in the blood of Louisianians from the best to the worst of them. This story sparkles with a glittering profusion of balls and banquets and parades; of passions, politics, prides and frustrations set against the background of Carnival days. The author gives us a complete picture with intimate detail of the life, customs and Catholic culture of the first French families of New Orleans. In the midst of carnival revelry, passions ran strong and love reigned supreme and righted itself in the end.

The story begins in 1890 and concludes in 1941. Briefly, it tells of the lives and loves of Andrew Breckenridge, the first, the second and the third. As the story closes the fourth Breckenridge is in the cradle. There is strong hope that he would be a better man than his father or any of his forebears not because of them but because of his mother who to our mind was the most beautiful and the strongest character in the book.

Julian Messner, Inc., New York, N. Y., \$3.00.

FLYING IN THE ARCTIC

(Continued from page 95)

fighter-planes shot down from the skies to look us over. With their terrific speed they made our little commercial ship look like a flying row boat. Were I a Jap I would hardly appreciate these armed vultures. Needless to say, they were business like, but treated us courteously. Up to their tireless post in the upper skies they darted. Nome is just one among many Alaskan cities that is ceaselessly guarded.

Should anyone wish for excitement—let him come to the Arctic and fly during late fall or early winter. I believe that it is worse than actual war. One dies three or four times in a single trip.

My stay at Nome lengthened into a month and a half. It felt good to get back to civilization and to be an eye-witness of what Uncle Sam is actually doing towards Alaska defense. It warmed my heart also to see some splendid Catholic boys among the army folk. I might add also that the boys from the East have it over those of the West. These eastern lads will go to a lot of trouble to be present at Sunday Mass. I met quite a few Russian flyers. I found out that despite high-powered propaganda they still believe in God. Several used to come around in the evenings and regale me with Russian songs. Perhaps the reason was that the parish house possessed a couple of good mandolins and guitars.

But after all I am the pastor of the Arctic and must get back to my icy wastes. Four times we tried to return before actually getting over the mountains. Once we had gone deep into them only to be met by a solid bank of clouds that rose just too high to risk a trip over the top. Back we went and were met by another bank rolling in from the Bering Sea—we got there not a moment too early. A tri-motor had also returned so we had company. For ten days all planes were grounded both by wind and fog. Once the wind reached the amazing proportions of a 105-mile gale. With the temperature 15 below this is distinctively chilly.

A few days later we tried our luck. Up three thousand feet we met a 95-mile wind and barely moved. Along the jagged sea coast we traveled our little plane rocking like a skiff on a stormy sea. At one point near Tin City we were slowly but surely being sucked into a mountain gap. The pilot turned abruptly out to sea and made a complete circle banking higher up in the skies. After tough going we dropped to a landing at Teller to give the people there their long delayed mail. Up again we went meeting the full blast of this terrible gale. We had to go high to cross the mountains. To make matters worse our oil pressure suddenly lost 40 pounds. We had to return to Teller. The wind pushed us back at a dizzy speed. Suddenly we got into an air-pocket and plummeted down 1,300 feet. Luckily I had my belt tight. The oil pressure hit lower levels still, but we

were at Teller. Later a small reindeer hair was fished out of the oil valve. We remained overnight and I was able to say Mass on a Sunday at Teller.

With the pressure up to normal, and the sky so clear that far off Siberia could be seen we headed towards Shishmaref. But fog again kept us from reaching our destination. We swung in from the coast and headed over the mountains for Candle. Our gas was getting low and the further North we went the shorter the day became. There was darkness already in the valleys when we finally set down in Candle. While the pilot hurriedly gassed up I took lunch and met a few Catholic families. Darkness was coming fast. It was about 25 below—the motor did not seem to be making much noise,—perhaps on account of the cold. Up high over Kotzebue Sound we rose. The sun made a dazzling picture as it hovered in crimson and gold far out at sea. It is just such a sight as this that makes one love this desolate waste land.

Grotesque mountain tops glistening with unnatural richness stretched out on three sides—to the West a vast sea of floating icy galleons. The sun seemed anxious to go, but before departing it flung its rays in careless splendor upon all—its midas touch lasted for a moment and then was gone. A lonely somber beauty settled down upon the Arctic. The day was done and so was our trip. How white and cold after that blaze of glory in the sky!

In the deepening twilight we bounced to a landing. I rushed up to my little church with a group of Eskimo boys. They had anticipated my coming and had a fire going. I dispatched them at once for a load of ice while I slipped over to a friend and dipped copiously into a reindeer stew. But the last nerve racking days had made me tired. It wasn't long before I dropped off to the Land of Nod. The mournful cry of the malemute, the intermittent booming of freezing ice was music to my ears after the deafening roar of the motor in the skies. I slept on undisturbed.

THAT LONG LAST MILE

(Continued from page 93)

Father . . . for you."

You have to go to Jamaica to appreciate the childlike simplicity of the very poor. No matter how hardened or vicious they become some vestige of it still remains. The reporter concludes his factual account of this incident by telling us that two days later the gallows fell to put an end to the lives of three men in expiation for the killings for which they were convicted. And one of them was Michael Oliver.

Before this incident took place a friend of mine visited Spanish Town. He came upon a scene that moved him more than anything else he had seen in his brief stay. It was the sight of Father Gilday playing the organ in the leprosarium, causing these poor creatures to forget

for a few moments the diseased years before them.

Spanish Town is a poor mission, a hard mission. There the priest may find some consolation as a spiritual Father in a well established parish but he will also find a real opportunity to become another Christ consorting with lepers and sinners.

RHODESIAN ROOKIE

(Continued from page 102)

qualifications won't work for us unless we pay them as much as the Protestants can. We haven't got the money. So we haven't got the teachers, so there "aint" no schools. Sorry, it ought to be different. There ought to be zealous and devoted teachers willing to work for a pittance. But that sort of teacher is scarce round about here.

There was one, Andrea was his name, who worked for Father Brennan at Monte Cassino. He was teacher at an out-school in Chiduku, I think it was. He converted the wife of the local witch doctor. Witch doctor he no like. He tells Andrea: "If my wife don't stop going to church I'll stop you teaching." Andrea told him to chase himself. A few months later Father Brennan was visiting that school and he found Andrea unable to write on the blackboard. Was Andrea scared or ready to quit? Not he, but he couldn't teach because his arm was paralyzed. Father Brennan gave him a year's holiday and then gave him a job in a new place.

Not long after there came a telegram from Andrea: "Come to me before I die." It was quite a job to find him. When Father found him he could not recognize him—he was swollen out all round, just able to stand, just able to speak. Father anointed him. He looked at his wife, "Do you love me Maria?" He looked at his children, "Do you love me Theresa?" "Father, I am ready to die." And he died. The doctor said he could not make out what was the cause of his death.

In Glasgow they lured Father Gallagher out on a bogus sick call, then hit him on the head in a dark closet. Here, the idea's just the same but the technique is different.

FATHER SHEEHAN GOES ON A BAGHDAD PICNIC

(Continued from page 109)

baseman to touch the base after receiving the throw.

Father Sheehan's general impression of the game as he now looked back was of long hours under the hot sun in the field and short minutes under the shade while his team was allegedly batting. Even now he sighed as he recalled the final score, so entirely out of proportion to the effort expended—and proportion is a dear thing to Father Sheehan.

Three hours later Father Sheehan stood amidst a swarm of mosquitoes at the railroad station waiting for a train that was already an hour late. He had

in the interval toured the town of "B" twice, the second time to verify the strange impression of his first trip. He shuddered as he recalled it. Somewhere to the west, Baghdad beckoned invitingly. The sweetest sound he had heard all day came to his ears, the whistle of the approaching train. There would be a special car reserved for the picknickers, a refuge from the mosquitoes and the crowd of curious Arabs both of which had been taking a deep interest in Father Sheehan. He had actually reached the point where he didn't even care whether the wagon was correctly coupled this time or not. The only important thing right now was to go far, far away from "B" and all it stood for. The moment was at hand; as the train whimpered in, the man who had soared to Nuclear Fission and the Fate of the Trans-uranic Elements smiled with the simple joy of one Going Home. The train, of course, did not stop at the station itself but a little beyond it. As the coaches went by Father Sheehan scanned each one with the ease of long practice in reading columns of figures. As he did so a tiny suspicion crept into his soul. It grew and deepened until utter horror reigned supreme! Every coach was packed with people, even to the aisle space! The boys realized it at the same time and the loungers at "B" will not soon forget the uproar that followed the arrival of the "down" train that night. A harassed conductor tried to explain about a certain station master further up the line who had evidently been reared on the bird in the hand theory. But the conclusion was what mattered. There was no room. The conductor was very sorry. Perhaps they could take a lorry back to Baghdad. Father Sheehan looked back at the blackness that was "B". Twice in daylight he had seen "B" and had not noticed any lorries. Donkeys, yes. Even camels. But lorries? The conductor was signalling the engineer. A noisy shudder ran through the expectant train. But it was nothing to the one that racked Father Sheehan's frame at the thought of a night spent in "B." It was a desperate man who seized the station master and pointed to the half dozen freight cars at the rear of the train. The station master gasped, nodded, and quickly unlocked a car faintly reminiscent of the Toonerville Trolley. Into it tumbled the picknickers. In the rush of boarding Father Sheehan caught a glimpse of some sacks, probably wheat, lying on the floor. Well, at least there would be something to sit on. He was also aware of a powerful but unidentifiable stench. A little air would soon take care of that. The train was moving now and Father Sheehan bent down to catch the last words of the station master as the latter ran alongside. Something about the sacks and their value. Father Sheehan nodded reassuringly. They belonged to the station master himself. Father Sheehan's wave indicated there was nothing to worry about. Faintly the last words came

to his ear. Even in the dark he visibly paled. The contents of the sacks were sheep intestines. The stench was identified.

Behind them the station master of "B" walked slowly back to his post. That last glimpse of Father Sheehan's face had not been very reassuring. There was something about the eyes which reminded one of Faust on his last night on earth. The station master had the feeling that he would never gaze again upon his cargo of valuable and beloved sheep intestines. He could not know that at that very moment in the now distant freight car Father Sheehan was playing the part of Pocahontas in the face of determined opposition. But Father Sheehan had given his word, with the uncompromising finality of a physicist and a mathematician. For well over an hour he argued, pleaded, cajoled, threatened and even wept to prevent his fellow travellers from jettisoning their cargo. Finally, he prevailed and the erstwhile picnickers gazed stonily out at the moon and desert scene which is the backbone of the poetry of the Arabs. The train moved on through the night, back to the city of the Caliphs, the Wonder Town of the Arabian Nights, the City of Peace. A gazelle raced across the path of the moon. The jackals were howling in the desert. A breeze may have whispered softly in the camel thorn. Certainly the stars swept brilliantly on in the cloudless heavens. Finally, far to the west, a glow crept into the sky, the bright sign of Baghdad. Father Sheehan's picnic was coming to a close.

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Easter Message

All of us know the story of Easter Sunday. It was the triumph of light over darkness; life over death. It was the vindication of a seemingly unreasonable faith. It was the glorious resurrection of a Leader, only three days before defeated and executed like a common felon. Today, on the commemoration of that resurrection, we can humbly and without presumption declare our faith and hope in our own inevitable victory.

We, too, were betrayed by Judases. We were taken in the night by force of arms, and though we have done wrong to no man, our people were bound and delivered into the hands of our enemies. We have been crowned with mock symbols of sovereignty, denied by weaklings, lashed with repeated oppression, tortured and starved. We have been given gall to drink and we have shed our blood. To those who look upon us from afar, it must seem that the Filipino people have now descended into hell—into the valley of death.

But we know that the patient and watchful men who said their simple prayers this morning in the hills of Bataan have not lost faith. And we know that the hushed congregations in the churches throughout the land drew from the gospel at Mass renewed hope in their own resurrection. To all of them we give today the message of the angel on Easter morning: "Be not afraid, for He is risen!"

We, too, shall rise. After we have paid in full the price of our redemption, we shall return to show the scars of sacrifice that all may touch and believe. When the trumpets sound the hour, we shall roll aside the stone before the tomb and the tyrant's guards will scatter in confusion. No wall of stone shall then be strong enough to contain us; no human force shall suffice to hold us in subjection!

We shall rise in the name of freedom, and the east shall be alight with the glory of our liberation!

Until then, people of the Philippines—be not afraid!

The above stirring quotation is the text of Col. Romulo's (Gen. MacArthur's Aide) broadcast to the Filipino people last Easter from the tunnels of Corregidor. We are indebted to the author and publishers of Col. Romulo's vibrant book "I Saw the Fall of the Philippines" for permission to quote thus extensively.

CATHOLICS OF AMERICA—

- For us there can be no idle waiting "until then." We yet glory in everything the Filipino people have been deprived of. It has always been the Christian, Catholic, way to share its blessings with those less fortunate.
- Despite a human anxiety akin to that of the Apostles in the dread hours between Calvary and Easter, we knew with the calm surety of Mary in those same hours that the day must come when missionary work will go on again unfettered in the Philippines.
- Against that day previous funds of prayer and money must be accumulated. Both these, in small and large, are at your disposal—now! The best commemoration of the profuse outpourings of God's love of Holy Week is imitation. Your gift, no matter what, will take on a bit of the glory of Easter. Send it to—

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