

JESUIT MISSIONS

September 1943

Ten Cents



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

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

In a single recent issue our correspondents included the following:

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

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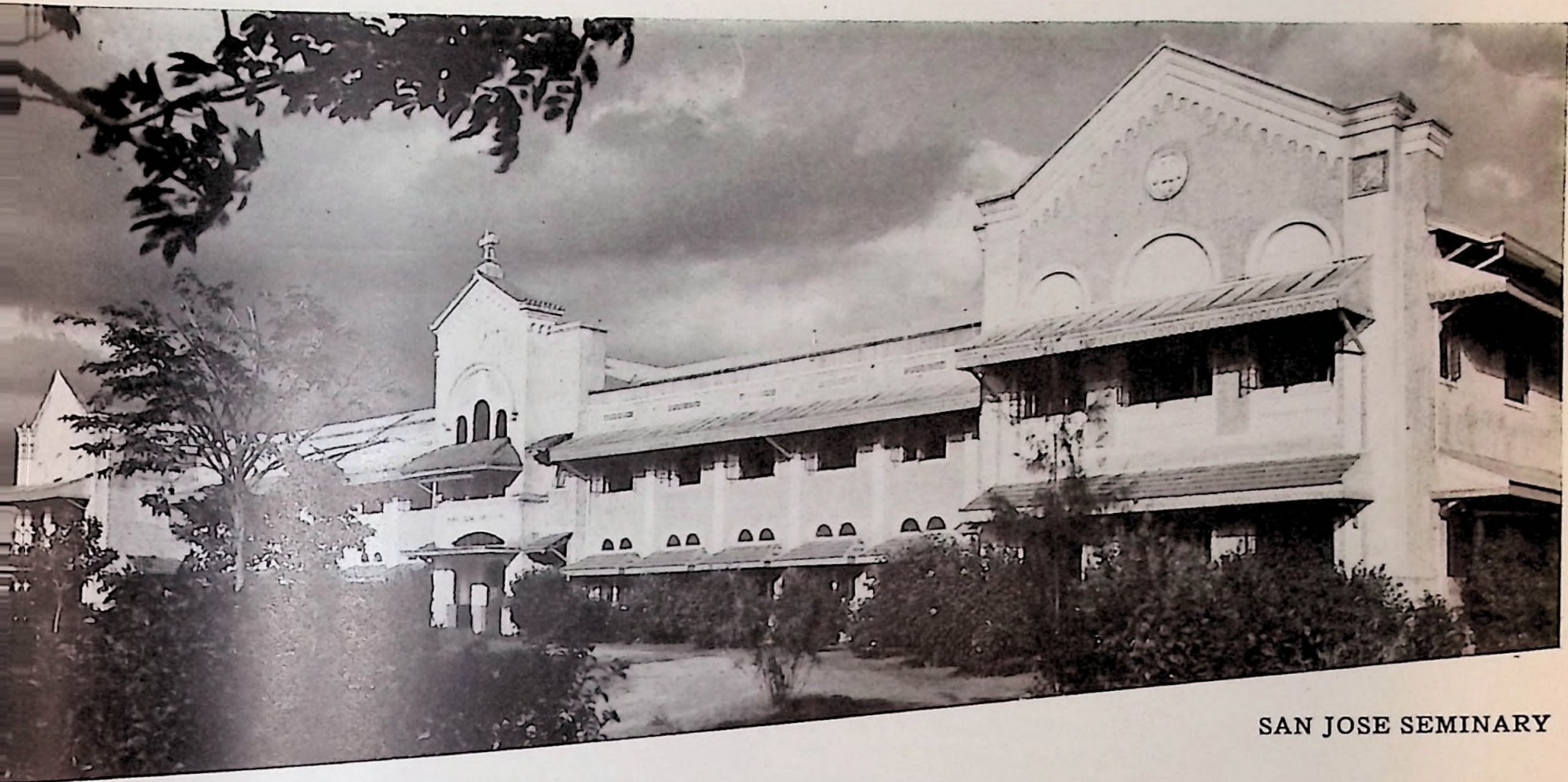
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SAN JOSE SEMINARY

BARRACKS FOR JAPANESE SOLDIERS

Located on the main road from Manila to the Northern Provinces, San Jose Seminary was exposed to the ravages of the invading army of Japan. Reliable reports state that the Seminary was used as a barracks for the Japanese Army.

Prior to the war, 110 Filipinos attended San Jose Seminary. Among the former professors of the Seminary was Father Thomas J. Rocks, S.J. He was killed while attempting to escape from the Japanese. The exact date of his death—as announced by the Red Cross—was June 4, 1942.

THE FATHER ROCKS MEMORIAL FUND is to perpetuate his memory. With this fund, native clergy will be trained for the Philippines. The necessity and importance of such a fund is evident from the following fact. There is only one priest to every 10,000 souls in the Philippines.



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CONTRIBUTORS

■ Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., is "stationed" just north of the Arctic Circle on the shore of the Arctic Ocean. By necessity he is "a lone wolf who must swing far and wide on missionary journeys." Yet nothing has been able to dim his ardor for writing or take from him his exceptional "human touch." Five times last year, his stories appeared in this magazine (a record!). An invalid in Boston, a lawyer in Chicago, a Jesuit



Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

in California, each feels the stories are written for him. Now soldiers have fallen under his spell in Alaska.

■ Mr. Albert Zabolio, S.J., we welcome as a newcomer to JESUIT MISSIONS. Editor of the Indian journal, *Tom-Tom*, prefect of discipline, etc., etc.—how he finds time for interest in Sodality work on the side is explained only by the magic formula of the missionaries—"Make time!"

■ Mr. Clement Armitage, S.J., is an old friend, and the delight of the editors. He writes often, superbly well, as shown by his description of Polish soldiers guarding the Cross, and has a flair for the flavor of a mission. The gift of writing is in the family. His brother, Father James Armitage, S.J., until his recent illness, was editor of the flourishing Jamaican magazine, "Catholic Opinion."

■ Mr. Cesar Maravilla, S.J., was one of the last Filipino Jesuits to reach the U. S. before his country fell. This is his ordination year at St. Mary's, Kansas. No word can be sent to his parents; no word from them can reach him. Yet not sadness but hope is the spirit of his analysis of the situation there. He is a credit to the Ateneo de Manila, where he studied as a boy in college, and there he later taught as a Jesuit Scholastic.



Cesar Maravilla, S.J.

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

COVER—A Father Hubbard photograph of an Eskimo mother and child, "close-up." Ice and drifting snow and howling winds are part of the Alaskan scene, but so, too, is mild weather. The little child's calm relaxed face and round bare arm show one side of the Alaskan climate as the fur on the mother's parka indicates the other. To thousands of other mothers and children, like these, the new highway moans eventually no more food shortages, the main thing they have to fear in the inaccessible regions of the Far North.

EDITORIAL

WATCH POST-WAR PLANNING

RECONSTRUCTION after the war is bound to affect the missions of the Church for good or evil. Beyond all the political and economic problems that will arise, the Kingdom of Christ will certainly be involved in any solutions that are proposed. As Catholics, therefore, we cannot remain indifferent. The Missions are an integral, vital part of the living Church, and as such, are our concern. We would all do well to watch developments with interest and to judge them from a truly Catholic point of view.

It is very difficult to see how we can avoid making decisions in the matter. All the signs point to the fact that large sections of the world will look to America for help after the war, a step which is natural enough from their point of view. We have no political imperialism; we are not out to regain a lost empire; nor do we wish to carve a new one for ourselves. As a result, they look to us with trust. A naïve picture of our land as littered with gold, and our consistent generosity with men, funds, and supplies, encourages them to look to us with confidence. Furthermore, our own government, in the few general lines of post-war planning it has made public, presupposes that we shall play our part in the inevitable and necessary reconstruction of the world. We are going to be faced with a fact, as inevitable as the war at present. It is important that we face it as thinking Catholics, for there is far too much at stake for us to consider it in any other light.

THERE is no question here of cooperating with economic exploitation or political interference on the grounds that thereby the cause of the missions can be advanced. Such a course would not only injure the missions, but would be unworthy of and degrading to the Kingdom of Christ. The interesting thing to watch is the spirit of the appeal that helpless countries make to us. It does not seem to be money they seek this time as much as men and women and ideals. Bitter experience has taught them that relief funds alone, though they are necessary for a time, leave them in the end still poor; and the investment of foreign capital in their countries, though it opens a labor market for them, keeps them economically helpless. This time, as far as we can judge the signs of the times, they want to learn how to help themselves. And, what is important for us to consider, they are looking to America to learn self-help. They

want to learn it from Americans themselves, who will be willing to go to their countries to show them how.

This is the point that should be of vital interest to Catholics. If the right sort of Catholics were to undertake this work, they could teach much more than trades, professions, industrial development and leadership. By their lives they could show the Christians ideal of life at its best. As laymen and lay women, their example would be worth more than countless sermons in spreading the knowledge of Christ and His Church. In the words of Bishop Yu Pin of China, quoted elsewhere in this issue, speaking on this very point, "There is no substitute for Christian men and Christian women."

Such a proposal may cause many to reexamine their concept of a Catholic's role in this world. Obviously it supposes that their interest and sometimes their duty extends far beyond the confines of their own environment and reaches out to any corner of the world where the Church has been planted. It does not imply that all must leave home to help those in need elsewhere, any more than it implies that all priests and nuns should be missionaries. But it does imply that all should be interested in the true Catholic spirit in the Universal Church of Christ. It does mean that some should be willing to accept Christ's command, "Go, teach all nations."

ARE we American Catholics in danger of losing the pioneer spirit that is the Christian heritage? We have passed through a strenuous era of building churches and schools; the work is not yet finished, but the strain is over, and one can sense at times a spirit of settling down to enjoy the fruits of hard-won victories. We have come to a stage where very few of the younger generation ever knew personally what pioneering was. That is a danger signal for Catholics, for the Catholic spirit can never afford to become complacent while there is yet work to be done. Who can afford to rest as we look about the world of today and world of tomorrow?

Our own Southern States cry out for the pioneer spirits of Catholics, and it may well be that so many Catholic soldiers stationed there have paved the way for a new era. South America for years has needed American Catholics from the United States to counteract harmful influences of those who do not understand their Catholic culture. In this issue, China makes an appeal of pioneer Catholics; and from Alaska, too, comes a story which reveals another opening for pioneers. Undoubtedly, before the peace there will be many more.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

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After a hard day in the field, Charlie walked sixteen miles to the mission of Piru to hear Mass on the feast of St. Joseph.

Budh Lal Overcomes a British Patrol

Francis J. Welzmler, S.J.

WIRY little Charlie Budh Lal had finished carrying the day's cutting of grey peas and grain in huge bundles to his threshing floor. It had been hot and hard work, and his evening shower at the well was gratifying to his weary limbs. For so small a man, he stowed away a surprising heap of rice and pulse sauce. There was nothing wrong with his appetite, but his wife, Paulina, noticed that he was quiet and preoccupied.

"You've said hardly a word since you came in; what's on your mind?" she asked.

"I just remembered that tomorrow is St. Joseph's Day, and I must go to Piru for Mass."

"Why, it's been dark an hour, and Piru's sixteen miles. What an idea!"

"Paulina, I must go to Mass."

"But think what might happen on the way. We Christians don't believe that devils can hurt us, but these nights robbers are prowling about. Stay home and rest."

"Don't worry. If I go to please the Lord, he'll take good care of me."

The pilgrim put on a shirt and coat while his wife continued to try to discourage him from his purpose. He did not even take his heavy, long bamboo without which very few villagers go out at night.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp — four miles along the mud road to the main road running south to Piru. There is the occasional glow of a fire from some threshing floor where men keep watch against thieves who have an eye on the fruits of their labor. Now and then the shrill call of the jackal pierces the quiet to be taken up by his fellows far and near.

It is perhaps ten o'clock as Charlie turns left into the crushed stone road. A half a mile ahead he passes a village, and caravanseri where many bullock carts are halted for the night. Travel isn't safe as often bands of dacoits pounce upon the slow-moving vehicles. Several

groups are still boiling their rice and pulse over a fire of dried cow manure. There is no set time for the evening meal in the villages. They cook when the work is done.

HIS legs felt heavy, but he kept plodding along undaunted. Suddenly there appeared ahead the twin lights of some motor vehicle rapidly approaching. Charlie moved across to the far side of the road for safety, for he thought that this must be some rich fellow hurrying to his home in the big town. But the motor car did not shoot by; it came to a sudden halt beside him. Charlie didn't like that and wished he had stayed out of range of the lights.

His misgivings weren't exactly dispelled when three men piled out and came towards him. Immediately he saw that they were English soldiers, and this gave him reassurance. But not for long. These fellows were in a serious mood.

"Come into the light here and let us have a look at you," came the



Father Welzmler, S.J., pastor of Piru, found Charlie asleep on his doorstep the next morning as he went to say Mass.

gruff order, and Charlie hastily obeyed. "What are you prowling along this road for at this hour?"

Charlie swallowed hard, but found his tongue sufficiently to say, "I am on my way to Piru, sir."

"Who are you? What business have you in Piru? Honest people travel by day."

"I'm a Christian and I'm going to Mass at Piru."

"You can't fool us that way. You're one of those rascals who pretends to be a Christian when he gets caught. It's to pick up fellows like you that we travel the country."

"No sir, I'm just a poor farmer. The Father at Piru knows me."

"I don't believe it. People don't go to church at midnight. Besides, they go on Sunday, and tomorrow is only Friday. You'd better jump in and come along with us to town."

"As you wish, sir. I started out to go to Piru for Mass and Communion as tomorrow is the feast of St. Joseph. If you take me to town, there is a Catholic Father there, too; so I'll be able to go there anyway."

"Still trying to pull the wool over our eyes," observed the spokesman to his companions. To Charlie, "What's your name?"

Charlie told him. "Name is not enough. Prove you are a Catholic." "Any other identification?"

CHARLIE unbuttoned his collar and showed his crucifix.

"Do you know who that is?"

Charlie explained that it was an image of Jesus Christ, the Son of

God and Savior of men.

The cross questioner's manner softened a little. "Anything else?"

Charlie brought forth his rosary and showed a satisfactory knowledge of its meaning and use.

"LOOKS like the real thing, boys; but there's nothing like making sure." To Charlie again, "You may be a genuine Christian and you may not be. Anyone can learn a few prayers and then pass himself off for the real article. Have you any papers to show you are a Catholic?"

Even here the redoubtable Charlie was not at a loss, and he promptly produced his baptismal certificate.

"Well, well; you win; I guess. What is the name of your village?"

Charlie told him.

"Why, you're only half way; you have still eight miles to go. Why such a long tramp at night?"

Charlie answered, "I remembered only this evening that tomorrow is St. Joseph's Day, and I felt so strongly urged to go that I couldn't resist the desire."

The Sergeant laughed and the other two scratched their heads.

"Whew! Sixteen miles on foot, alone, unarmed, at night, and after a hard day's work! That's faith!" exclaimed the former. "You mentioned the Father in the town. How do you know him?"

"Oh! we often go there to do some buying, and stay at the Mission for Mass, sir. I saw you at Mass, too, about a month ago."

"You saw me? What were you doing so far away from your home?"

"There's a retreat every year at the Mission in the neighboring Subdivision, forty odd miles from there. Four of us were on our way home and stopped for Sunday Mass."

"Glory be!" burst out the Sergeant. "You made a retreat?"

"Yes, sir," came back Charlie; "it was a good one, too. That's why I thought it was the right thing to do to make an extra effort to keep tomorrow's feast."

"Well, that's one for you! But you mean today's feast; it's after twelve. Hop in. A chap like you is worth a lift to Piru."

"Thanks a lot, sir. I couldn't do that. You're coming back from a hard day in the interior, and your camp-cots are calling you. I want to finish this trip right—on foot."

"Well, if you aren't a wonder!" laughed the Sergeant and paused to ask. "Many Christians in your village?"

"Twenty families," replied Charlie.

"Well, keep up your faith, and get as many as you can to give up their superstitions. Maybe I'll meet you at the Mission again some time. You really won't let us take you to Piru?"

"A thousand thanks again, sir. I really don't feel so tired."

"Goodbye then, Charlie. Say a prayer for us," as the clutch went home.

"Goodbye, sirs, to all of you. Remember me, too," shouted Charlie, as the car roared off.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, and Charlie reeled off the remaining long miles to the mission in the pale moonlight. The moon told him it was two o'clock when he arrived. He slipped into the compound quietly, and washed his dusty, tired feet from the bucket at the well. He felt a bit thirsty, but wasn't going to come this far and miss Communion.

After his ablutions, he spread the cotton sheet he carried on the verandah, and wrapping himself in it, slept the sleep of the just till the Father awakened him at dawn. To the surprised questions, he replied by relating with gusto and many a chuckle the events of the night.



The pioneer spirit of our soldiers awakens to the challenge of Alaska, where fortune and a full life await the resourceful.

Soldiers Feel the Lure of Alaska

Will it bring them back as settlers after the war?

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

IT is no military secret that tremendous changes have taken place in Alaska and are still taking place. It would be impossible to describe them all, just as it is impossible to describe the multiple war effort going on all over the States. To speak at all one must confine himself to a particular section. Here again one must be casual and vague for a military secret must be kept just that—secret.

There is one little item that I would bring to your attention and it is this. What do our soldiers think about Alaska? Do they like it? I must confess that I have not met too many. Most of them have been officers whom I have seen in the

oddest places in Northern Alaska. I am a lone wolf and swing far and wide in my missionary travels. Soldiers are constantly on the move. Some were shooting—not Japs, but the stars! (At last we are going to have a complete and detailed map of Alaska!) Others were laying out landing fields, both regular and emergency. Radio men of course are a tireless group and are to be found everywhere improving the means of intercommunication.

BUT I have also contacted buck privates. Fine young fellows—still wondering what the war is about, but not reticent when it came to expressing their views—sober

ones too—on Alaska and its astounding possibilities.

First of all there is an influx of soldiers to all parts of Alaska who have come not as vacationists, but, as men seriously employed in the business of war. They are up here to make Alaska their home for the duration. When one is forced to make a locality his home he naturally looks at its possibilities. Northern Alaska, especially, has its attractions. The spirit of the pioneer still lingers up here. Young soldiers who have spent their lives in Southern States, or in the business beehives of large cities stand aghast at the cold, the bleakness, the vast distances, and need I add, for man is



Hitherto in his cold, bleak domain the Eskimo saw few white men except the Catholic missionary as he battled the forces of nature for a livelihood.

ever a thinking animal, he cannot help but perceive the possibilities that lie waiting here for the young and the ambitious.

TRUE life in Alaska possesses the spice of gambling. Fortunes are made or unmade thrice over during a normal span of life. But what is money after all. It is meant to be spent. The thing that really counts is *living*—enjoying life in a way that helps others to enjoy it and to feel the greatness and beauty that God so lavishly spreads around us.

The soldiers think of these things. They cannot help it. I have sounded them out as I walked with them when they were on some lonely guard duty before a coastal battery. I remember one dark stormy afternoon. I met a lone guard cheerfully keeping company with an ugly male-mute pup. I asked the man from whence he hailed. "Georgia" was the prompt reply in the good old twang that those that live there give it. Our conversation wandered on. The thing that remained with me as I trudged back along that cold

windy beach was that this young soldier knew how to take it—and wonders of wonders he was coming back after the war to take more of it. And he was a good ol' Southerner.

WHAT was it about this bleak and desolate country that appealed to him? I really believe that most of our young men are fed up with big cities. The old call to a pioneer life, the life of animal activity combined with cool resourcefulness that makes a man battle the forces of nature and conquer them is asserting itself. This call lies dormant in so many natures and only needs to be prodded to leap again to life. Those that have lived in Alaska for any length of time know that real starvation is unknown up here. Men will both win and lose their fortunes in Alaska—but win or lose he will always have that grim satisfaction of knowing that he has lived and lived fully—that clean and refreshing existence that is found only in the wide open spaces.

This is an age of metal. Alaska is full of it—most of it waiting to be discovered. What a paradise for a young engineer who seeks adventure as well as a new strike! The small plane has made every nook and corner of Alaska accessible. A plane equipped with skis can land anywhere in winter—one with pontoons—anywhere in summer. Even with wheels a safe landing can always be maneuvered. There are rivers and sloughs without number and all have sand-bars.

The soldiers along the Aleutians and northern coastal areas have seen with their own eyes the fishing possibilities. This is a living jumping gold mine for those that have a flare for the fishing rod—but up here a net must be used—fish are just that abundant.

NEEED I go on? I do believe that Alaska has finally come into her own, but it took a war to do it. It did not take a war to show the Japs the priceless fisheries that can be realized in a floating cannery just outside the international limit of Alaska's coast. Why should they take what really should be ours?

You May Be



(Above) A joyous welcome reflected in a smile. (Right) Bishop Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking and outstanding religious leader, visions a new China.

AN extraordinary invitation has recently been presented to Americans to participate in the rebuilding of China. China is determined to build a new nation based on truly democratic principles and Christian ideas. Americans have been invited to take a leading part in training the leaders for the work.

As for the magnitude of the project, the people of China number about 450,000,000. This means they are one fourth of all the human beings in the world; more than Europe, twice as many as North and South America, combined; and 100,000,000 more than all the Catholics on earth.

Although China is the world's oldest cultured nation, it lags far behind in education, in organization of modern scientific achievements for the welfare of her people, and in the training of her own people to be leaders of tomorrow. Planning to meet this lack, her new leaders intend to open thousands of schools and several hundred colleges and universities. Beyond the work of education, there is the whole field of social service, medical, nursing, and health care, and the training in technical skills and professions to be developed. All things considered, the project is the most tremendous human undertaking in history. It is therefore a signal act of confidence in America that China should look to us for guidance and inspiration

in this the greatest crisis in her long history. It is also imperative that none but the best and noblest aid her in laying a sure foundation.

As for the spirit of the invitation, here are two statements by two people who know and love China. First, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek:

“WE still need missionaries, and welcome Christians from other lands, who serve the people of China with true sympathy and devotion. Do not feel that you are our guests. You are comrades working with us to save our people and to build a new nation. Christians from abroad and Christians in China are on the same footing, and can work whole-heartedly together for the reconstruction of China.”

Second, Most Rev. Paul Yu Pin, Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China, who was first educated in China, then earned four Doctorates in Europe, taught philosophy in Rome, and at present is lecturing and studying post-war plans here in the United States:

“The Chinese consider it important that the Christian laity play a distinctive role in building up our new and better world. We want thousands of the American laity to come to China, people who will join us not to exploit us, but unselfish men and women of bold vision who will help us to raise up leaders like themselves. How wonderful it



would be if during the coming years of reconstruction, we could welcome 100,000 Americans to China who give three to five years of their lives either teaching a craft or providing us with lessons in Christian social service, or moulding our youth to the glorious destiny which awaits them in tomorrow's world. Men and women are needed—not mere money, not mere ideas, not mere ideals. There is no substitute for Christian men and women.”

THE fact is that China has offered to Americans a unique combination of “vocation-career” after the war. It is no escape from boredom for adventurers nor “relief work for unemployed” in a possible post-war depression. It is a request for men and women with ideals, ambition, and talent, for a real career, and a new type of lay vocation.

Every year Catholic men and women with ideals, talents, and ambition are graduated from college in the United States. Before long many discover little scope for their ideals; gradually their ambition

Going to China

Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.

The war has opened new frontiers. Post-war China offers an unexpected and unparalleled opening for the Catholic pioneer spirit.

descends to resignation in a job that provides them with a living. Thousands of them today are doing the work that second rate doctors, lawyers, teachers, social workers, salesmen, etc. could do. Only half their talents are being used; their ideals are being choked by pitiless competition, and their philosophy of life, instead of inspiring others, is being used to ward off disillusionment in themselves. They are in jobs, routine jobs, when they should be in careers.

Catholics are best suited for a career that combines the element of a vocation. They must be inspired by something higher than merely self-interest and self-advancement. They have an instinctive repugnance for the ruthlessness that self-seeking competition around them demands. They are too keen, too logical, to be deceived by the counterfeit coin for charity which is humanitarianism. Yet in every really Catholic man and woman's ideals there is the desire and the hope of serving others out of devotion and generosity. A job doesn't satisfy that urge for service, neither does it leave them much time or resources for service on the side. All their lives they regret the failure to fulfill their early ideals.

THE appeal which now comes from China calls for people who are seeking a vocation-career. It is not for everyone. It does not require an immediate decision, but it

Not unwillingness to work but lack of modern methods holds China back.

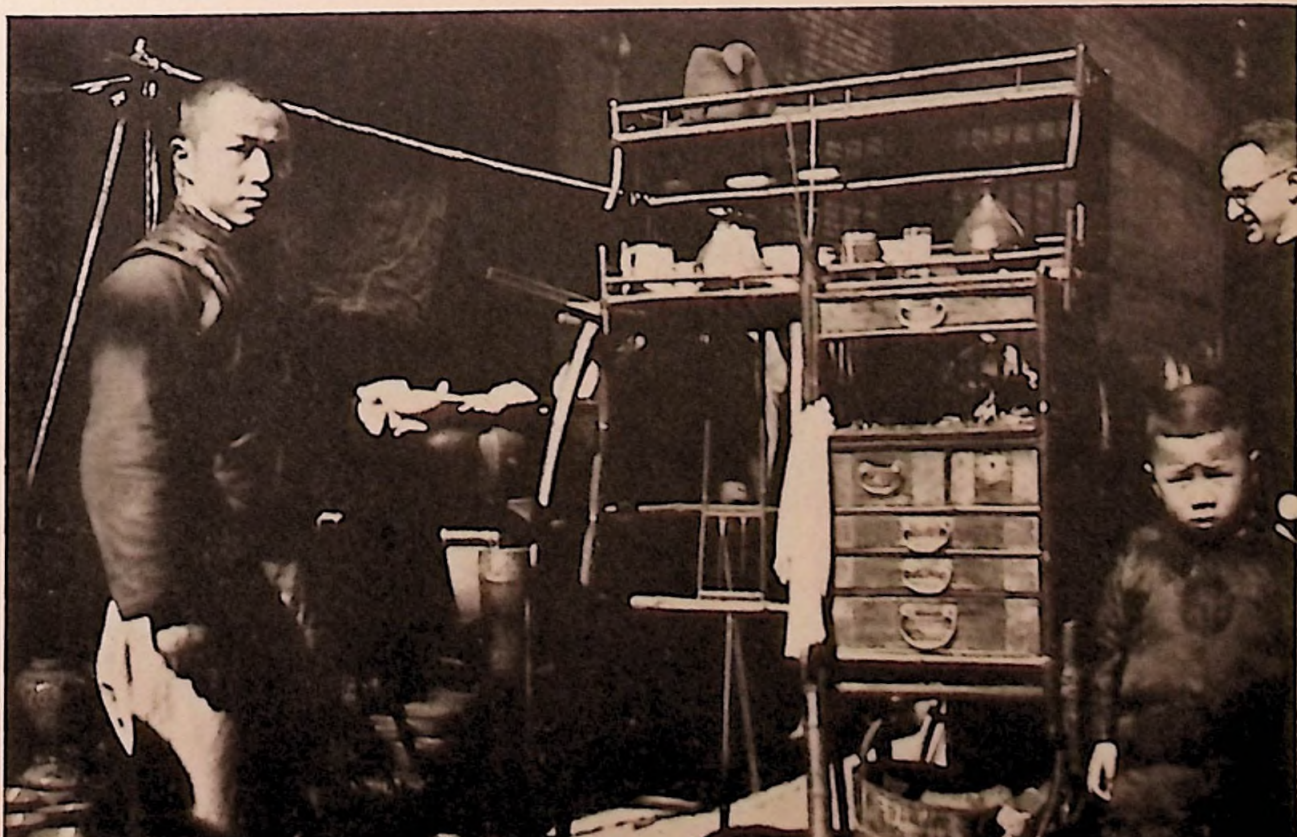
does call for serious consideration and prayer. Americans are not asked to give up America, but to share with those who seek and would appreciate it, the best America possesses. They are not asked to leave America for life, but for five years or less. They are not asked to live at mission stations but in the university centers and cities where the leaders are to be trained. They are not asked to study Chinese; the Chinese leaders study English and want to learn more. They are not asked to work without salaries as the missionaries do; the Chinese government offers to pay them and to support them as their careers rightfully deserve. They are not asked to undertake strange tasks but to carry on the same work they ambition and would want to do here in America if they only had the chance. Here is the chance.

Leader in this plan is the fore-

most Catholic figure in modern China, Bishop Yu Pin, a fact which gives us as Catholics not only an incentive to get busy, but also an assurance of full authorization and mature planning behind it. Actually it happens to be part of the best devised, and most intelligent method for converting and developing a nation the world has yet known. It is the intellectual apostolate which consists in training native leaders to guide and develop their own nation. Really, it is only an adaptation of the mission policy of the Catholic Church, whose aim is not only to bring the catechism and sacraments to a people through a missionary group from outside, but so to plant the faith in the native culture that both faith and culture will grow together in the souls of the people, developing native leaders to carry on by themselves without the need of missionaries. Training leaders does not mean making foreign agents of them but leaders of their own people as members of the universal Catholic Church.

To bring that about, the Catholic Mission program respects everything that is good in the native culture, and aims to satisfy all the intellectual needs of the people that they may acquire all truth for the fulness of human life.

HITHERTO there has always been one unavoidable drawback in carrying out the full religious, cultural, and progressively civilizing possibilities of that program — the lack of lay people to train native leaders in trades, (*Turn to p. 223*)



Manuel Colayco, Jesuit alumnus, scholar, editor and hero of Bataan, a splendid example of modern Filipino youth that is intensely Catholic.



Before the war there were huge churches in practically every city of the Philippines but they were dilapidated and crumbling to pieces like this Cathedral at Batangas because the minds of the people were poisoned by anti-clericals.

Undeveloped Strength of the Philippines

C. E. Maravilla, S.J.

AMERICAN Catholics often wonder why a Catholic country like the Philippines should still be a foreign mission field. It seems strange that sixteen million Filipinos, 82% of whom are Catholics, can not take care of their own spiritual needs.

A comparison may shed light upon this strange paradox. The United States has billions of dollars, enough raw materials and potential manpower to conquer easily the Japanese Empire. Yet she was wholly unprepared when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor and tore down her flag in the Philippines. She was not brought up in a militaristic tradition. She was stabbed in the back.

SOMEWHAT like this is the state of Catholic Philippines in matters Catholic. For three hundred years the Filipinos never felt the need of working for the well-being of the Church. They never had the fighting spirit of a struggling minority which Catholics in this coun-

try have gloriously manifested. Everything was done *for* the Filipinos, while they were not trained to do anything for their Church. The Spanish government maintained a salaried Spanish clergy to shepherd the faithful. As a result native vocations were not sufficiently fostered. It looked as though the Spanish missionaries, like their 700 massive churches, were to stay in the Islands forever, the mainstays of religion, the protectors against the oppressive tendencies of Spanish officials.

BUT Anti-clericalism ended the good services of the Spanish missionaries when the revolution broke out in 1896. After the revolution all but a very few of them were shipped back to Spain. Not

more than 200 elected to stay. Two hundred of the 800 native priests joined the schism of Aglipay.

Many priests were recruited from the Catholic population of the United States within the short space of forty years since 1900. But the Filipinos had a 300 year old tradition of passive participation in church affairs.

ANOTHER factor which has kept the Filipino youth from embracing the priestly state is lack of contact with priests. Hence that innate hunger for hero-worship is seldom satisfied. There is only one priest for every 10,000 Catholics in a country whose population is bigger than any of the Latin American Republics, Brazil alone excepted! The priest cannot care for all the



Since 1921 American Jesuits have conducted schools, universities and seminaries in the Philippines with marked success. Here American and Filipino Jesuits study side by side in the Novitiate at Novaliches, in the Philippine Islands.

adults of his mission; he has no time to devote special energies to the welfare of the young. The rapid modernization of the young generation has put Filipino youth almost a century apart from the generation of the revolution. The old padres, though zealous and holy, cannot but find that there is a wall between themselves and our twentieth century young hopefuls.

There are other walls which even a very modern young priest has to break down. The first is the secularist education which 90% of Filipino students receive in the public schools.

Another wall is the bad reputation which those anti-clericals have succeeded in smearing over the name of friar. It is notorious how diabolical was the propaganda of Latin Anti-clericalism in the nineteenth century. As late as 1922 a man forced his own wife into the room of our parish priest in a last desperate attempt to destroy the influence of one of the best mission preachers in the province.

THE army of the revolution had for its head chaplain that rabid anti-Catholic, Gregorio Aglipay, the founder of the Aglipayan schismatic church. Joining the ranks of anti-clericals, he took great advantage of the heightened passions of

the revolution to poison the minds of the people against the friars. "Down with the friars! We want native priests!" he made the people cry, knowing full well that there were too few competent native priests to replace the friars.

NOW all the prejudices and suspicions thus engendered were handed down to the young generation by the "veteranos" along with their blood-curdling tales of the revolution. Oh, they are "muy Catolicos," they still love the Church. They just want to warn the youth against the Spaniards and the Spanish friars. Satan himself could not have thought of a better way to make devout Filipinos undermine their Church than by sniping at the friars.

This is but a sketch of some of the factors that explain the paradoxical state of the Church in the Philippines. Before the war there was a church building in almost every town, sometimes facing a modern highway or a well-kept park, but the roof was leaking and the walls crumbling to pieces. If it had a resident priest, he lived in the same big but now dilapidated rectory once built by the friars. The people are Catholic but they are 75% dirt-poor and have a 300 year old tradition

of expecting the padre to give rather than to receive. Twelve million Catholics have only 1,094 native priests because the public schools and anti-clerical propaganda are not so very conducive to making the priest's life attractive to the young.

WHAT the Philippines need are more missionaries. More nuns are especially necessary for they are the sowers of the seeds of vocation. There are only about a thousand nuns in the Islands.

Rapid progress can and has been made as the record proves. In 1910 the Philippines had only three seminaries with 263 seminarians; in 1920 seven seminaries with 371 seminarians; but in 1942 she had twelve seminaries with 1,675 seminarians. And this despite the handicaps mentioned.

The census of 1918, a very enlightening document, has this to say: "The change of sovereignty brought with it the separation of Church and State and liberty of worship. But the data of the census shows that, notwithstanding the liberty of religion, the Filipino people in general have remained Catholic."

Such fidelity of the people in the new "liberty of worship" is the best refutation of the taunt that they were dragooned into the Catholic Church. Millions are waiting for priestly guides to lead them home from their wandering into indifferentism. Before that census was taken the province of Antique seemed to be entirely in the hands of the Aglipayanos. No Catholic priest lived there. But the Mill Hill missionaries entered the Aglipayan stronghold and the province became Catholic again. 100,000 reclaimed for the Church within two years. The same can be told of the missionary reconquest of the Jesuits in Mindanao, of the Redemptorists in the Visayas and even much more of Father Thompkins, S.J., and the S.V.D. missionaries in the Ilocos provinces.

The Philippines will need help only for a time. When she learns to shoulder her ecclesiastical burdens herself, she will become a Star of Faith shining in the Orient and pass on the missionary ideal to all the peoples of the East—helping others to help themselves.

TWO BELGIAN WHITE FATHERS were killed by a mine, which the Germans left in the grounds of the Missionaries' house near Carthage, North Africa, according to reports from this center.

"COBRA PILLS." Some of the best contemporary snake stories from India have been written by the veteran missionary, Father James A. Creane, S.J. of Gaya, India. Perhaps he feels that his tales have given the deadly cobra too bad a reputation. At any rate we find him in a recent number of the Patna Mission Letter stressing some of the virtues of this particular reptile. Scientists are discovering, he says, that cobra venom in solution has many therapeutic uses, chiefly in the work of bringing about relief from pain. It is being used as a substitute for opium narcotics and has been found to have a greater margin of safety and is not habit-forming. "We may smile at the reverential attitude of some of our Hindu friends towards the snake and their refusal to kill even the most poisonous varieties of them, but it may well be that we too may soon begin to feel more kindly sentiments toward the reptile ourselves, not because we consider them a kind of deity but because we regard them as a sort of doctor."

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN, on his return home from 45,000 miles of travel, principally in Africa and the Middle East, had this to say of the missionaries he visited: "I witnessed with admiration and with emotion the missionaries' meagre means of living and their self-sacrificing labors for God and neighbor. I have realized that their dedication was not alone for the duration of the war but for life's duration." Archbishop Spellman is chairman of the Episcopal Committee on Missions of the American hierarchy. During his visit to the Army camps in Africa and the Middle East he also called on the missionaries in these regions. One of the missions visited by him was that of the American Jesuits at Baghdad in Iraq.



The Most Reverend Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., former Bishop of Jamaica, B.W.I., who died at Weston College from a heart ailment.

September Mission Intention

The Training of Girls for Christian Motherhood.

- The work of building up a vigorous Christian society in mission countries involves problems that are similar to those faced by our Catholic sociologists here at home. But over and above these basic similarities there are always in mission countries many complicating circumstances which make the work of the missionary sociologist much more difficult and require much more tact and subtlety in executing social projects.
- Take for instance the case of the family. We know its importance in the Christian social order and what care must be exercised in the training of children so that they may be worthy and competent administrators of this social unit. It is evident that all of this training is not done in schools. Most girls learn to become good Catholic mothers more effectively at home than in the classroom. The school merely deepens and emphasizes the lessons learned by example in a good Christian home.
- It is quite different in mission countries. Many of the girls who are to become the mothers of the Catholic families of the future have never lived in a Catholic home. From their infancy they have been reared in pagan surroundings and have imbibed the principles of pagan family life as thoroughly as Catholic children imbibe the essentials of a Christian family life. The burden then of fitting these girls to become Christian mothers must be carried almost entirely by the missionary sisters who teach them. It is an extremely difficult work and one that requires not only patience, but a high degree of tact and prudence, together with a good knowledge of the customs of the people involved.
- A teacher cannot conclude, for example, that because her girls have come from the noxious influence of pagan homes, therefore the first step in their education to Christian motherhood should be to rid them of all these pagan family customs. As a matter of fact many of the things the girls learn in their pagan family circles are very good, and to try to eradicate them because they seem strange would be a serious error. The bad, it is true, must be destroyed, but the good must be allowed to remain as the firm natural foundation upon which the structure of a thoroughly Christian and a thoroughly indigenous family life must be built.
- It is well to note that not all of the erroneous notions on family life are native to the mission countries. Many of them today come from America via the Hollywood movies.
- The Holy Father, this month, has asked us to pray that these missionary teachers be enlightened by God in the important work of training young girls to become good Catholic mothers. Modern sociological methods are good and, indeed, necessary for the proper performance of this work. But they do not take the place of God's grace; without it mission work becomes a mere humanitarian project. You, by your prayers, can help obtain this grace for the missionaries.



Sioux women in the past had no voice around the Council fires of their tribe. Today Florence Twiss, a modern young Sioux woman, speaks with ease in the debating forum through the white man's magic microphone.

The Sioux and Catholic Action

Albert C. Zabolio, S.J.

THE lights have been out in the dormitory for half an hour, but Ray Whirlwind Horse, Lou Swallow, Cliff White Face, and Frank Red Elk as well as a number of other boys are still at work with the Shinola. The young Jesuit Scholastic in charge of the dormitory smiles to himself as he sees the boys pulling the old shoe-shine racket again as an excuse for staying up a little longer than the crowd.

But on this particular night he "doesn't notice" the slight violation because the Indian boys are shining them up in earnest. The morrow is Mother's Day.

Indian boys have great respect for their parents. Practically none of these boys will have a chance to see their Mothers. Nearly all live more than fifty miles from the Mission. They are preparing instead to honor the Mother of all Christians—the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Mother's Day is also World Sodality Day. And the Sodality is the most important and active organization among the high school Indian boys and girls of Holy Rosary Mission.

WORLD Sodality Day began with High Mass at which every Sodalist received Holy Communion. A Communion breakfast followed. Little more than fifty years ago, the grandparents of most of these young people were pagan primitives. And today their descendants are Christian gentlemen and Christian women, courteous, polite, and accomplished beyond the degree of many white men.

LEO GIBBONS, a mixed blood (Irish-Sioux) of Porcupine, S. D., entertained at the piano. A violin duet was played by Nadine Little and Doris Cuny. Eileen Tib-

bitts, another Irish-Sioux, sang the Ave Maria. Frances Schraeder played several of Strauss' waltzes on the piano.

At two in the afternoon, the Sodalists assembled in the gymnasium for a discussion on the topic: How a Sodalist Should Conduct Himself During Vacation. The discussion was under the patronage of Our Lady of Christian Defense. These general meetings (boys' and girls' sodalities united) are held once a month. I have no official connection with our local Sodality, but have tried all year to attend these general meetings whenever other duties would permit.

The student President opens the meeting with a prayer and presides as chairman. He then proposes the topic for discussion. Any Sodalist may ask questions or make suggestions. Before speaking, each individual must gain recognition from



(Above) A group of Indian sodalists assemble for World Sodality Day at Holy Rosary Mission. (Right) Father Francis J. Collins, S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission and Moderator of the Sodality in conference with two of his Sodalists.



the Chair, and then walk to the front of the room and face his audience, even though he may have but two or three sentences to offer. This is excellent training in self-confidence. After the first five minutes, there is never a dearth of speakers. Seldom have these meetings been completed in less than two hours.

FATHER FRANCIS J. COLLINS, S.J., Superior at Holy Rosary and director of the Sodality, believes that the real purpose of a Sodality is to give young people an opportunity to work out their own problems. This method certainly heightens the interest of the meetings. Experience has proved, too, that often the youngsters have a better and more practical knowledge of their own problems than have their elders. The training thus afforded in self-expression is invaluable, especially since it is usually of a Catholic action nature.

IT might be of interest to you to hear what a few definite problems are for our Indian youth of 1943. Indecent literature, dirty talk, and "firewater" at dances are the big problems which our Catholic Indians must face early in life. These are real difficulties for many, since one or all, as they frankly admit, are often encountered in their own

homes. Frank White Tree asked his fellow Sodalists how he could convince his folks that very many pictorial and cheap, pulp magazines were not fit to appear in a Catholic home. Mary Spotted Bear was perplexed with the problem of handling a father who cursed violently at the least provocation. The Sioux homes aren't all filled with these problems. Most, like Catholic homes everywhere, are very good. But if a young boy or girl wants to go out on a date, where can he go without running into quite a few serious temptations? A movie at the Mission on Sunday night is about the only clean entertainment on the entire reservation. Dances during vacation are of only one type—rough get-togethers in so-called community halls. Bootleg booze, reworked canned heat, and rubbing alcohol play quite a part at such gatherings for, officially, there is prohibition on all Indian reservations.

How to Act On A Date and War-time Marriages were the main topics during the last part of the meeting. So you see, the problems for Indian youth are in general about the same as they are for any other young Americans. Specific circumstances on the Reservation make the problems greater for an Indian boy or girl. All the above topics of discussion were brought up by the

Sodalists themselves. Their Director merely supervised the meeting. During the concluding three minutes, Father Collins spoke a few words of well-merited encouragement, and neatly summarized the discussion as follows: "If we are strong in our Faith and honest and pure in our life, we can do most towards our national defense."

CROWNING of the Blessed Virgin Queen of May at a solemn Benediction concluded World Sodality Day at Holy Rosary Mission. For this event, all the girls wore their blue and white uniforms, which they made themselves during their vocational class in sewing. Freda Waters, dressed in white, had the honor of placing the wreath on the statute of the Blessed Virgin. She was preceded in the procession by four little maids of honor from the first grade: Betty Merrival, Emma White Bull, Grace Red Cloud, and Louise White Crow.

This year marks the twentieth anniversary of the establishment of a branch of the Sodality at Holy Rosary Indian Mission. Father Louis Goll, S.J., now a veteran Indian Missionary at St. Francis Mission, organized the Sodality here in 1923. After twenty years it is still vigorous and productive of much good. The Blessed Mother must be proud.



Archbishop Spellman arrives on schedule at an airport in the Middle East. At Baghdad, he visited the College. (Right) With Bishop Gawlina, he leaves the airport altar after addressing the Polish troops.

Archbishop Spellman Arrives in Baghdad

Clement J. Armitage, S.J.

BAGHDAD was only another stop in the long journey of Archbishop Spellman. It was nothing like London, Malta, or North Africa, where he had recently been, centers of battle and focal points of the world's interest. It was only an outpost. But in the hearts of two groups his visit to Baghdad will never be forgotten.

The first group were the Jesuit Fathers and students of Baghdad College. As soon as he arrived in the city, he telephoned the college. Weary as he must have been, and busy as he undeniably was, an invitation to visit him at the American Ministry, where arrangements were made for his brief stay, would have been an honor. But with the same thoughtfulness which will make his journey memorable to hundreds of thousands of soldiers, he offered to visit the college and to say Mass there for the students. And thus he came to Baghdad College in the suburb of Sulaikh.

Young Iraqi boys from the legendary city of Baghdad on the fringes of the desert watched with rapt eyes the Archbishop of the fabulous city of New York say Mass in their school chapel, and listened, eyes unbelieving and ears all eager for every word of his talk to them afterwards. After breakfast, though his plane for Basrah was already being made ready, he visited *their* class-rooms, inspected with interest *their* science laboratories, and admired *their* school library. Very few things could have brought so much pride and inspiration to any group of boys anywhere as the thoughtfulness of this visit did to our students. You can imagine the joy it brought to the isolated Jesuits at their outpost in an alien Mohammedan world.

THE second group that will not forget his visit were 3,000 Polish soldiers at the R.A.F. air field some distance away. These were

men who fought their way to freedom when their homes were blasted, their people crushed, and their military strength overwhelmed. Across the Balkans they trekked, across Asia Minor, until they were allowed to reorganize in Iraq. If ever men had a right to be homesick, these Polish soldiers, exiled in Iraq, had the right. That a man of the rank of Archbishop Spellman in the midst of such a busy schedule, should seek them out to say a special Mass for them, did something for the spirit of those men that only the flaming soul of Polish fighting men can fully appreciate. For their faith is something no tyranny in history has ever been able to crush, or exile to starve. This war has only made it stronger. Knowing that, and having met their fellow countrymen in England and in North Africa, Archbishop Spellman went considerably out of his way, early in the morning, fasting, to say a special Mass for them in their barracks at the airfield.

HOW deeply they would appreciate the favor can be shown from two representative actions of theirs, one last Good Friday, and the other the morning of Archbishop Spellman's arrival.

On Good Friday, about the same hour of twilight that Pilate issued his last recorded command, "You have a guard; Go, guard it as you know!", we were hurrying down through the narrow, twisting alleys of Baghdad's old Christian quarter to a darkened (Turn to page 223)



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

Recover

A friend of ours, an instructor in the R.C.A.F. and home on furlough, told the following interesting anecdote: A French Canadian flyer was taking his final test prior to receiving his wings. The instructor anticipated no trouble because the youngster was a born flyer. At a word from the instructor the young pilot nosed the plane over in a head-long dive. Down they roared toward the field. "Recover" came the command of the instructor over the speaking tube. One, two, three, four, five. Beads of perspiration stood out on the instructor's forehead. Just as he was about to repeat his command the pilot responded and pulled his plane out of the dive. The instructor hated to wash the young flyer out but why this slow reaction? He would give him another try. Up they flew almost out of sight. The pilot nosed his plane over again in another thunderous descent. "Recover" came the quiet command. The same thing happened. The instructor signalled to make a landing. Turning to the pilot he said "What happened up there? Why didn't you recover immediately?" "Sorry sir," stammered the flyer, "but I guess I was blessing myself." "Blessing yourself, well I'll be — — — stay in there. We're going up again and this time I'll do the blessing for both of us. Get going."

Rene Goupil Lives

Three centuries ago another young Frenchman came to Canada. With him came many Jesuit missionaries leaving home and friends in Europe to preach the Gospel in our American wilderness. There Rene Goupil and the other North

American martyrs watered this land with their blood. Rene was savagely cut down from behind by an angry Iroquois. His crime? He was teaching an Indian boy to bless himself. The Indian brave had seen him making this strange sign. To him it was an evil charm. One day he found the young Frenchman alone. His tomahawk whistled through the air and crashed into the skull of his unsuspecting victim. Rene Goupil died but Rene Goupil lives forever in the Sign of the Cross.

The savage who murdered Rene, died. His wilderness was cut down. Cities sprang up. This great American nation was formed. Today you may ride from north to south from east to west across this continent. The suffering and blood and tears of other years have fructified. The Cross can be seen topping the spires of the Church of Christ in every State. Thus does the work of Rene Goupil and the other early missionaries come down to our own day.

Hold High the Cross

Recently we found a champion in a Protestant who answered the accusation of his brethren that Catholics use the Sign of the Cross as a fetish. He said, "The Roman Catholics have unfailingly and unerringly emphasized first, last and always the death of Christ on the Cross as something vital and of transcendent importance in the life of every man. They never let that fact be forgotten. They put the Cross on their Churches; they wear it about their necks; they hold it before the dying eyes of men and women and carve it in the marble over their dead. I like the way that the Catholics hold high the Cross of Christ."

Its Significance

Though the sign of the Cross was not merely a fetish or a good luck charm to the young flyer, he did not, nor do many Catholics, appreciate the vital importance of that sign in the life of every man. It remains for us to recover its full significance, to learn from men who like Rene Goupil realize that in the foolishness of the Cross is the power of God and the salvation of men.

Today as three centuries ago Jesuit missionaries are leaving American ports to carry the Cross and its full meaning to nations still sitting in darkness. In the sign of the Cross they see all men created by God the Father, equal in the redemption of Christ the Son and called to high estate as living temples of God through the gracious influence of the Holy Ghost. They exult in holding this sign aloft before the eyes of men. These ambassadors of a Kingdom that transcends all nations, preach Christ and Him crucified. They thank God for the privilege of suffering hardship, toil, even death itself for the sake of the Cross. In that sign they see clearly the difference between time and eternity. In it they find not merely strength but a flame of enthusiasm to live a daily life which naturally speaking is repulsive. The Cross speaks of immortality of resurrection and eternal life for all men. It speaks of Christ who humiliated Himself even to the death on the Cross.

So the missionaries willingly, gladly, exultantly dedicate their lives to carry the Cross of Christ to the ends of the earth.

JOHN P. DEEVEY, S.J.



Some of the greatest missionaries Europe sent to America worked among the Crow Indians in Montana. In the same tradition the author, Father Charles L. Owens, S. J. (right), has been their pastor for many years.



Where Custer Lost and DeSmet Won

Charles L. Owens, S.J.

THE Indian Reservation of the Crow's in Montana has two famous places of historical interest. The Custer Battlefield draws every tourist enroute to the geysers of the Yellowstone; and a rare visitor will stop under a venerable cottonwood tree where three enormous trunks rise from the ground. One has been struck by lightning and withered; the other two still carry to the sky their foliage of green leaves. Under that lonely tree, in 1840, Father DeSmet gathered the Crow Indians for the first time and spoke to them of the Blessed Trinity.

The first permanent mission among the Crows was established in 1887—the year Gonzaga University was founded in Spokane. The native population has remained almost stationary ever since. Then, as well as now, the Crows were a little over 2,000 souls. To this handful of pagans, Europe sent some of its greatest men as missionaries. Spain sent over Father Barcelo; Italy gave

Fathers Prando, Cataldo, Boschi, and a host of others. Bishop Crimont came from France; Fathers Taelman and Vrebosch from Belgium. These men, some of whom have gained national recognition, gave to these 2,000 Crows the best years of their lives.

I CAME here in 1933. The school, founded by the Ursulines in 1887, at the time when the mission was first opened, had been abandoned towards the close of World War No. 1. The good Sisters, who in the pioneer days, had written epic pages of the history of the Catholic Church in the Northwest, were compelled to abandon, broken hearted, their work at St. Xavier. Their building in 1933 was dilapidated. Yet the Indians were always there, together with some few whites, all as much in need of a Catholic school as before. Many difficulties had to be overcome before the school could be opened anew in 1935.

Five Sisters of St. Francis of Oldenberg, who with Mother Claris-

sa, former Mother General of the Community came to give her personal supervision to the opening of their first Indian mission in the history of the Order, came to take charge. Humbly, modestly, efficiently they have done a grand job, and our biggest consolations have come to us through the school. The children remain good after they leave us. Last year, one of our alumnae Una Rose Spotted was proclaimed "The Virgin of the Crows." It was none of your bathing beauty nonsense. With an appropriate ceremonial, surrounded with all the pomp of the ancient tribal gatherings, young Una was acclaimed as the greatest inspiration to Crow maidenhood.

WE have 125 children at the school; 65 are boarders. When St. Xavier's school was at its best, in the nineties, it had 150 students. True, several of our boys and girls are white, but if you add to these 125 the 50 children who go to school at Pryor, you will conclude that, materially at (Turn to page 224)



• Afield WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES

WAR MAIL

• The mail still comes through from Alaska, Central America, India, Baghdad and Iraq; no word from China or the Philippines. Though the war has affected all five widely separated corners of the world it is interesting to watch how the mission work adjusts itself to changing conditions. A kaleidoscopic picture of the Missions in War time can be gained from these reports:

ALASKA

• Bishop Walter Fitzgerald, S.J. military and naval vicar for Alaska, and coadjutor bishop of Alaska: "I just arrived at Ketchikan, Alaska, from a visit to the military posts along the Alcan Highway and Prince Rupert . . . expect to be on the Aleutians in August . . . return to Fairbanks late in September . . . it may take six months to visit all the military and naval posts in Alaska . . . interesting experiences but as yet the story may not be told. Time and again, I have heard men, and I have met thousands in all the principal posts in Alaska, say that they would surely take advantage after the war of the offer made by the Territory of a quarter section of land to the boys who have defended our territory."

Father Lafortune, S.J., King Island, Alaska. "We have five

months a year of open sea. Fuel is our main problem; it all has to come from the States. The natives use seal oil to heat their tiny homes, but there is not enough to heat the church. Not a shrub grows on this island; no drift wood ever comes in. Will there be a freighter this summer? We hope so. Last summer, one boat came. On account of the rough seas, it had to pass by many places, and the people there had an awful winter. At our island, they threw our supplies on the rocks (we have no beach) and vanished. The surf began to rise, and we had to steal everything from the jaws of an angry sea. When all was safely stored away, we had a Mass of thanksgiving at which all assisted and received Holy Communion. . . . Last winter, a bad spell of sickness, flu or grippe, or the like, threatened to sweep the island; we had no doctor, no nurse, no hospital. We were at the mercy of God and He did not fail us. Lots died on the continent; we did not lose a single soul. Pray for me and my flock."

STARVING AMERICANS

• Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Alaska: "Our food situation is critical again. Last winter was very severe, and on top of the weather, the flu hit us. Our poor

people, undernourished and poorly clad were in no condition to fight disease. Quite a few died. I put in a call to Uncle Sam for help in the emergency, and got a good going over for putting in an emergency call when we are trying to win a war! The plane that brought the scolding also brought a few items of what was needed. The censors would not want me to tell you what is most interesting up here now. Photos, especially, are taboo. I think after the war there ought to be an influx of settlers to Alaska. Much will depend on the right kind of government officials here. . . . In a recent trip I baptized thirteen babies and had seven weddings in less than a week. All gathered at the mission, though some had to come on foot over the snow as their dogs had starved to death. . . . Please remember my father who recently died."

BRITISH HONDURAS

• Now to the tropics in Central America. Bishop William A. Rice, S.J. of Belize, British Honduras; back on his mission after a visit to the United States for funds for the mission widely destroyed by hurricane: "In Maskall, the grown-ups and children have gathered tons of stone from the woods and river banks, and we are ready to start a stone school, strong enough to with-



Father Henry Milet, Golden Jubilarian this year, has spent twenty-two years on the Patna Mission in India.

stand any storm. Besides a shortage of cement, zinc, etc., there is a shortage of stone masons. Outside of Belize there are few stone structures in the whole Colony. When needed they have to be imported from Guatemala or Mexico. So we are doing something for the labor market and stimulating new methods of building. (Note: Bishop Rice had experience in Iraq, teaching the Arabs how to construct the modern buildings of Baghdad College.) We have four schools under way at present, stronger than before; the hurricane has taught us that much."

• Father Robert McCormack, S.J. of Belize. "Another batch of boys are reported heading for the R.A.F. via Mexico, United States and Canada, all alumni of St. John's College, Belize. Finally St. John's College had to stop taking in boarders. We have too many day students, and quarters are too crowded. It was a pity, for we had alumni throughout

Central America, but it was necessary for many reasons. Building is out of the question for the duration, especially with the plans for repairing the hurricane damage already under way. wood in the town for months." And there has been no cement, zinc, nails, paint, or imported wood in the town for months

• Father John T. Newell, S.J. of El Cayo, British Honduras. "In the face of the hardships forced on the missionaries for lack of resources and supplies, it must be aggravating to see Protestant missionaries from the United States furnished with seemingly endless funds, distributing pamphlets, etc., trying to break down Catholic morale among people of a town 100% Catholic. "At San Antonio, B. H., they arrived one evening with an organ, ready to attract the children with hymns. The lay teacher of the town, at once rang the church bell, gathered his own pupils in the church, and led them in hymn singing on his own. Next morning the opposition left in disgust as unintelligible as their misguided reasons for coming in the first place."

INDIA

• Father Francis Welzmler, S.J. of Piru, Bihar: "Our local enemies have kicked up a bit of trouble in two villages lately. In one they assaulted and beat a Christian who had testified in my behalf at their trial when they were for attempting to scare me away by force. In the other case, they set upon and beat one of our masters who protested their beating a poor woman whose pig had strayed into their sugar cane. Forty-one outstanding Catholics of eighteen villages recently made a laymen's retreat here. Two round table discussions were held for solution of problems. (We have an abundant crop of them always). The Gospel was set to Indian chant in their native dialect for spiritual reading. All were stronger in faith, and renewed in spirit when they re-

turned to their own villages.

• Father John Morrison, S.J., Poreya Hat, Santal Parganas: "This war has knocked a terrible hole in correspondence. It seems that practically everyone has stopped writing. The Congress trouble has died down almost completely, but in part of my sector, there are some bandits who have found an excuse to take up their cudgels, calling themselves "Bulltiyars," a corruption of the Congress "Volunteers." They hide out in the jungles and rob at will. Their victims are afraid to identify them for fear of reprisals. Several of my assistants have been threatened.

• "About fifty of my boys are in the labor battalions. The training seems to be doing them a lot of good. One of my boys, in the Middle East, visited Bethlehem, Calvary, Bethsaida, and Jerusalem, and was moved to the depths of his soul. But with all these fine young men in the service, I am left short of good catechists and village school



Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., Alaskan missionary, cited by U. S. Army for "safeguarding the lives of troops . . . and greatly improving the men's morale" in Northern Alaska.

teachers. Twenty seven missionaries from a nearby mission were sent into protective custody in an internment camp. That puts an unbelievable burden on Father Ernst and myself. But we'll manage somehow."

JAMAICAN PARADE

• Six new men have been appointed to the Jamaican mission. Fathers Thomas Glavin, Joseph McGinnis, Lawrence Ryan, Cornelius Shea, Charles Toomey and Francis Wilkie; depending upon priorities, they should reach Jamaica



Father Henry Westropp, Golden Jubilarian this year, has been for twenty-five years missionary on the Patna Mission, India.

in late August or early September. With them will return Fathers Raymond Fox, William Hannas and Joseph Leroy who enjoyed a quinquennial leave of absence in the States. The new fathers upon their arrival will be divided between Kingston and the country. Here's the latest word from Kingston:

• Father Richard Drea, S.J. took over Father Leroy's work as port Chaplain and spends his remaining hours organizing a new parish at Vineyard Pen, on the outskirts of Kingston. After a serious bout with typhoid, Father James Armitage, S.J. is well on the road to recovery. Very Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of the mission has added to his other duties, the editing of Catholic

Opinion until Father Armitage regains his health. Father Francis Osborne, S.J. is building a new school at St. Anne's parish in Kingston. One of the new fathers will become assistant at St. Anne's and help in this building project. This school has been the dream of the predecessors of Father Osborne. The old school, a mere shell of a structure could not accommodate the number of poor children in the parish. Father Andrew Ochs, S.J. professor at St. George's College substituted for Father Branon, S.J., at Holy Rosary who came down with a bad cold. Father Ochs also conducted the summer camp for College Boys at Montego Bay. Fathers Krim, Coleman and Knight, who teach at the Preparatory School, help Father Scollen, S.J. week-ends on his mission at Tollgate.

IN THE COUNTRY

• Moving away from Kingston we turn toward the Above Rocks Mission. The doctors have recommended a long rest for the pastor, Father Fred Donovan, S.J. a real missionary. Twelve years of roughing it in the "bush" have taken their toll. During the coming year Father Donovan will be stationed in Tampa, Florida as parish priest. Fathers Raymond and Harold Sullivan have developed a lime cooperative in the parish of Brownstown, which gives employment to several hundred of their parishioners. This is the latest in a series of splendid achievements for the betterment of their missions.

• In the short space of ten months Father Gerald Heffernan, S.J. has made real progress on his new mission at May Pen. He has started a new school under the patronage of St. Thomas More, painted the Church and fitted out a room in the rear for his living quarters. He still has plenty of heavy work ahead of him before this mission possesses all the needs of a main station but that does not bother the new

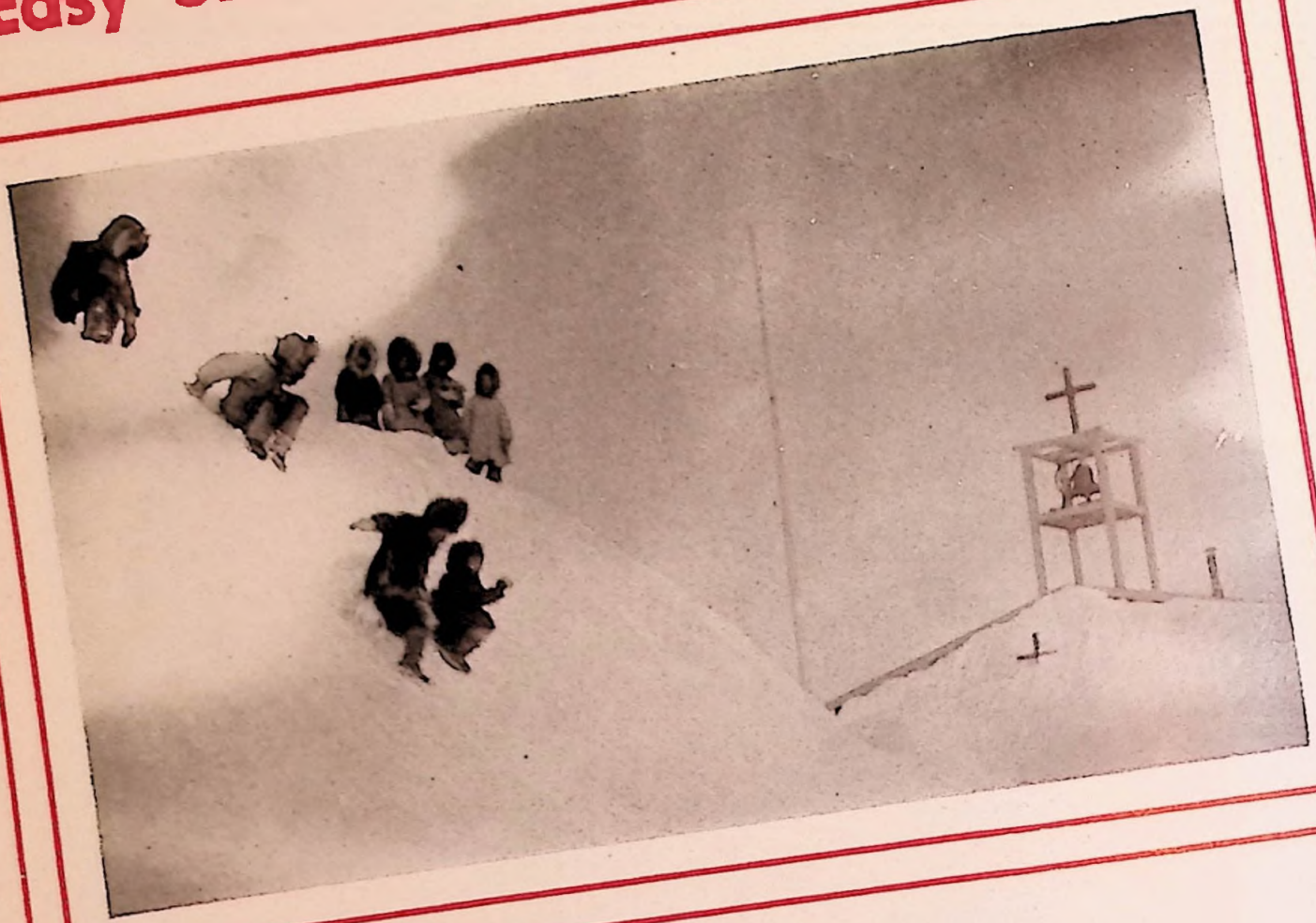


Word has been received of the death of Father Alban, called the "Dean of the Secular Priests", working with the Jesuits in Patna, India.

pastor. In his own words "We are ready for whatever may come." Before his appointment to May Pen, Father Heffernan worked for a year as assistant to Father James Harney, S.J. at Linstead. There perhaps he picked up a few tricks of the trade from a master builder. Father Harney is quite happy that his building program is nearing completion. He has built three new Churches on his various mission stations and now looks forward with high hopes to their fuller spiritual development.

"Many people say that they intend to become Catholics in those districts where I am building. I do not remember any time during my years of work here when so many people were interested in the Church."

Easy Sliding!



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FUEL

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Eskimos use seal oil to warm their tiny homes. All the seals on the Alaskan Coast would not be sufficient for the demands of the missions. On other missions, trees and drift wood help the fuel supply. In Alaska, sub-zero weather, frozen fields and rivers eliminate that source of fuel. To help solve this problem, we urgently ask your constant prayers and financial aid.

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Seattle, Wash.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find money order for \$10.00 in favor of the Belize Mission that was damaged by a tornado last January.

When I read the account of the disaster in the January issue of the JESUIT MISSIONS, I made up my mind to send something to aid the stricken mission, and as I received my first pension check today, I am sending this amount as my mite to help the good Fathers in their uphill struggle.

Buffalo, N. Y.

A. J. W.

To the Editor:

Will you please renew my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for two years. I like the magazine better all the time—could be no better!

Genoa, Wisc.

A. L.

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find my check for renewal of my subscription. May I have the privilege at this time to tell you how much we enjoy this little book. Each month we are waiting for the mailman to deliver the latest copy.

Personally, I cannot see why one should not be in every Catholic home. Surprising as it may seem, few of my Catholic friends know about JESUIT MISSIONS.

To my way of thinking, this magazine is doing much to spread the faith and it inspires sympathy for our unfortunate friends in the foreign missions. This is real global mindedness.

God grant you grace and fortitude to continue in your noble work. May I say that every Catholic should consider it an obligation and not a privilege to become a contributor to this cause of saving souls and spreading our divine heritage, the Catholic faith, throughout the world.

Paterson, N. J.

H. M.

To the Editor:

Please send me JESUIT MISSIONS for this year.

It is truly a wonderful magazine always interesting and instructive. Also send me "Al Baghdadi" which must be likewise.

Enclosed find money order for two dollars for the same.

Jamaica Plains, Mass.

J. P. S.

TWO FRONTS

To the Editor:

During war time there are two specific fronts, namely, the fighting and the home fronts. Since the day that the first Gospel was preached to mankind the establishment of these two fronts is a distinguished characteristic of the missionary work.

The missionary on the field afar must be supported by all of us remaining home. How splendid is the noble work of the gallant soldiers of the Company of Jesus performed in so many lands! And how grateful is the response of those at home providing the material aid to further the work entrusted to the Jesuits abroad.

Together with my humble prayer, I send \$3 for your Missions.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

N. I.

NO APOLOGIES NEEDED!

To the Editor:

We have received many letters from you but have never answered them. For that I am very sorry. The reason is my husband has been out of work for over a year, off and on. My daughter worked for two days and made enough to send you. My husband has found a job in a war plant. I hope you will forgive us for not writing sooner.

Camden, N. J.

A. R. C.

JESUIT MISSIONS TO CAMPS

To the Editor:

I do enjoy my mission magazine very much. When the family finish reading JESUIT MISSIONS we send it to some boy

in service. I am enclosing check for one dollar to cover copy of Al Baghdadi.

I wish I could do more.

Dorchester, Mass.

P. C.

To the Editor:

Enclosed is one dollar for the renewal of my subscription to the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine. This is the first year that I have remembered it is due this month.

I enjoy the magazine so much and it pleases me, too, that I am able to help the missions in a small way.

Brookline, Mass.

M. M. C.

To the Editor:

Enclosed find two dollars for two subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS. Would you please send the subscriptions to two Army or Navy chaplains. This magazine should be a welcome addition to any book-rack in the many camps of the nation.

Seattle, Washington.

G. Shea.

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HAUNTED HOUSE

FRANCIS G. DEEVY, S.J.

THANK God for the rain in Mandeville. It cascades from the roof to fill the storage tank on which many others beside myself depend for water. It slakes the thirst of my promising Irish potatoes which I cannot afford to lose. It keeps my English peas green and growing. But it also gives me enforced leisure for reflection. And if the reflections drift into reveries when the rain is pelting on the roof, it is good for the soul of the missionary, for the reveries of a priest are filled with sacred memories that deepen his faith and rekindle his sense of gratitude for all the gifts that have enriched his life.

From the time of my ordination as a priest, I have kept a record of the places where I have said Mass. In that record I find huge churches and small ones, convents, hospitals, camps and a prison. Many priests have had experiences more varied than mine, and today chaplains are writing more heroic records on bleak Attu and in the steaming jungles of the Pacific than I can hope to match. Yet I know that Providence has sent my way a generous share of memorable experiences for which I am truly grateful.

As I sit here looking out through the slanting rain to the steaming hills beyond, one experience in particular comes clearly and hauntingly to mind. You could call it "Mass

in a haunted house." Hitchcock could hardly choose a better locale for one of his shadowy thrillers.

About fourteen miles from Mandeville, to the south west, is an old estate that bears the name, "Far Enough." Today it is far off the beaten track. Few Jamaicans know of its existence; fewer still have ever been near it. Yet once it was the center of a prosperous and populous country. That was long before I came to Jamaica.

In the days of easy transportation, I used to go there four times a year on weekdays to say Mass. Invariably I would lose my way. Whenever I asked directions, I found them more confusing than helpful. People had forgotten how to get there. The first familiar landmark was the sagging main gate, half open, unused. Once there, I took my heavy Mass kit in hand, and stepped carefully along the treacherous clay path, slippery with morning dew. There were no footprints, no signs of life, no sounds but the creaking of the black leather bag in my hand.

AN old abandoned coffee house whose sturdy bullet wood plank-ing was unpainted and long since grey with age stood before me. The door was unlocked. The building was deserted. I had to pass through it to get to my "haunted house."

Inside, the floor was cluttered with rusty, cumbersome machinery, and littered with dust and debris. It felt good to step out into the air again on the other side.

I SHALL never forget the sight of the old Great House. It made the same indescribable impression on me every time I stared at it from the doorway of the old deserted coffee house. Constructed for the most part of Spanish Wall, it had once, long ago, been painted red, but untold years of wind and rain and sun had taken all the strength out of its bright color, and left a residue of pale, uneven, spotted pink. The garden was no longer enclosed; the picket fence had collapsed, its rotten remains weaving a crazy pattern on the weedy ground. Weeds sprouted between the cracks of the solid stone staircase leading to the front door. The bannister hung askew, supported by a single rusty nail. Only the front door retained any of the dignity of the days gone by. It was made of mahogany, which grows old gracefully. It opened on creaking, dry hinges as I drew near.

The front room was to be my chapel. It was crowded with dusty bric-a-brac survivals of more than fifty years ago. A surprised greeting of welcome was offered me by my "congregation," an old lady,

small, fragile, and of uncertain years, though they were many. She was surprised at my arrival simply because it never occurred to her that a card from me might be waiting for her at the nearest Post Office some miles away.

A lovely mahogany side table fit for kings serves as my altar, though it is unusually low for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. The Mass begins. There is no altar boy to make the responses, only an old lady kneeling in silence waiting for Communion. This is the unique setting for Mass in the "haunted house"!

Why should a priest travel fourteen miles to say Mass for one such person in such a place? Well for one reason, even one little old lady hearing Mass and going to Communion is worth it. But in the second place, saying Mass for her here is a tribute to the past.

MANY years ago this dilapidated old house was a "Mass House." It was then the manor of a prosperous coffee plantation, and the dusty bric-a-brac was bright and new and in the latest fashion. The faded pictures on the wall were then clear and much admired. The old lady was then a little girl playing in the enclosed rose garden with her sister now buried in the common below the house. The fence was sturdy to protect the roses from encroaching cattle.

In those days there were only a few scattered Catholics in Jamaica and very few priests to care for them. The little girl's father could recall the days when priests were outlawed and Catholics were ostracized socially. Whenever the priest found it possible to come, he would ride up past the coffee house on horse-back, a pack animal carrying the Mass kit and his other belongings. Word of the priest's arrival would be sent to the neighboring coffee estates. The next day

there would be Mass, confessions and communions. Perhaps twenty would come in the early morning when the dew was still on the grass, treading with careful step, as I have done, along the slippery path. Within the house, chairs would be assembled in orderly rows before the low mahogany table. Loud voices

had come to the "Mass House." With the great Sacrifice to be fulfilled, the priest would soon become absorbed in the Mass, scarcely aware of the silent group praying with him until the time came for the sermon and communion.

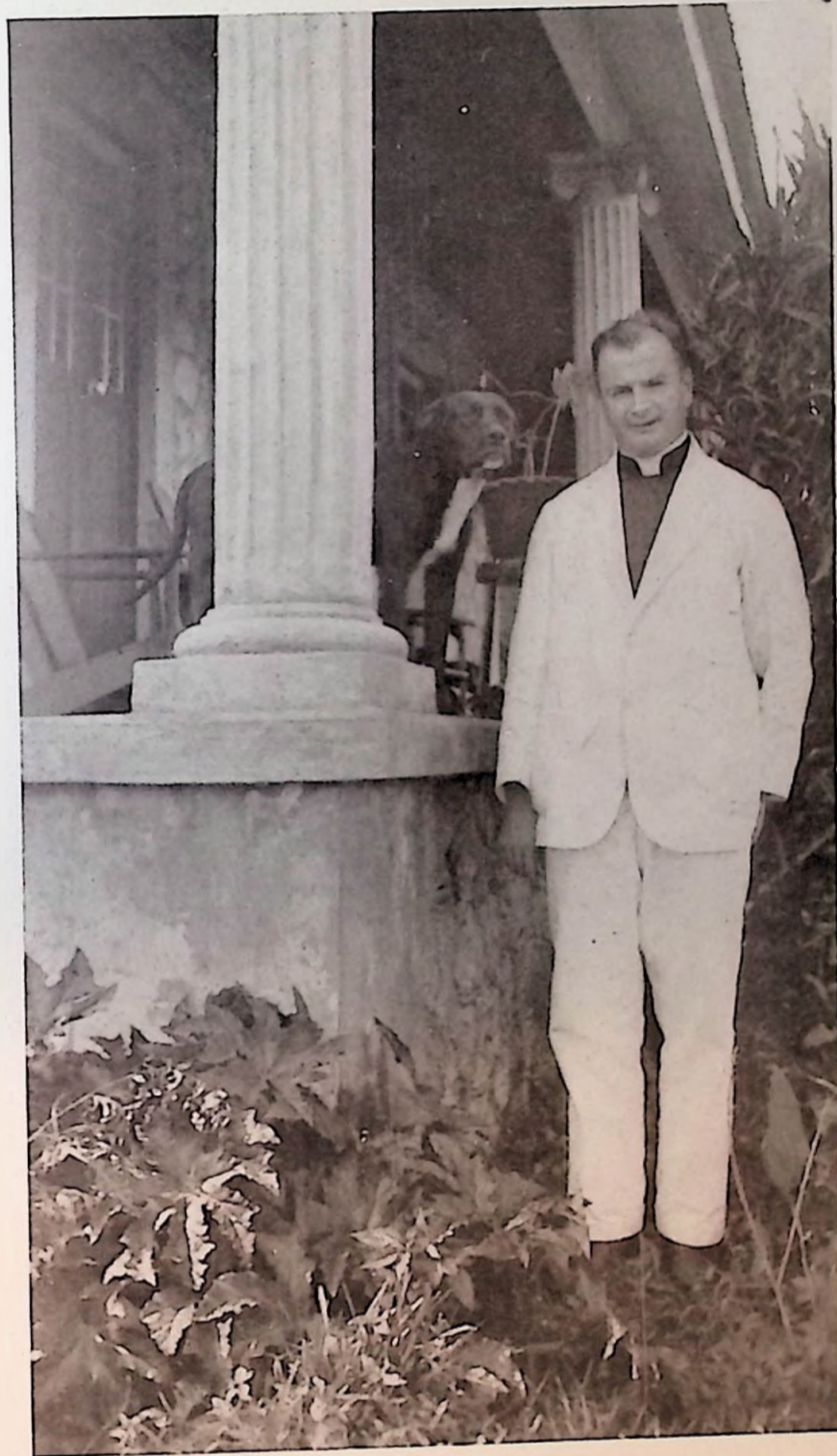
All these people have vanished except one old lady. The others are dead and their children and grandchildren are scattered to other parts of the world. The time came when there was no longer a market for Jamaican coffee. Kingston, England, America claimed the younger generation, leaving only relics behind, like the coffee house and the frail little old lady who knew no other home, no other life than the one that was hers in the old Great House beside the coffee mill.

OUTSIDE the house today there is a barbecue, a cement platform, an acre in size, on which the coffee beans were dried. Weeds sprout between its rain beaten cracks now, and lichen grows on its mottled surface. It is just another broken monument of past splendor when sailing ships carried Jamaican coffee to the far ports of the world. It is empty now, and idle, like the coffee house itself, and the over-grown clearings where the servants' homes once stood.

Only one thing remains the same, in silent reverence, the little old lady kneels before the low mahogany table in her front room while Mass is being said, just as in the days

when her home was the Mass House for the neighborhood. Everything else is abandoned and soon will pass away.

But look the rain has ceased. Let us leave the fragile hostess of "Far Enough" until the next time I return there. Come out into the garden now and I shall show you how my Irish potatoes and my English green peas are growing. The world seems fresh and new after a good rain.



The ghosts of a once prosperous coffee plantation return as Father Francis Deevy says Mass for a little old lady in the hills of Jamaica.

would babble outside to protect the secrecy of the confessions whispered in the front room.

NO Catholic appreciates confession more than those who miss its frequent regularity through no fault of their own. Coffee planters, their wives, children, and their servants all would go to confession. Coffee and trade would be forgotten on Mass morning, for the priest



NEW BOOKS



The Educational Aspects of the Missions in the Southwest

Sister Mary Stanislaus Van Well, O.S.B.

This is a well-documented and interesting study of educational activities of missionaries in New Mexico, Arizona, Texas and California. The study makes clear that the development of schools and of education in the arts and sciences had in many localities to wait until the missionaries laid the very ground work of civilized living. The process of humanizing the Indians, as a preliminary to Christianizing and educating them, involved teaching them how to till the soil, to sow, to harvest, to plan irrigation; how to erect homes and to fashion things both useful and beautiful; how to harness the force of wind and water to serve the needs of living; how to co-operate and live a social life. It is the account of this aspect of missionary labors in the Southwest that becomes central in Sister Mary Stanislaus' book, and it is an engrossing chronicle.

Marquette University Press, Milwaukee. \$2.00

The Arabs—A Short History

Philip K. Hitti

This condensation of "The History of the Arabs" by the same author contains 224 pages of straight Arabic History in its major developments. Its neat division into short chapters makes it quite readable for the average reader; and its index makes it a handy quick-reference book to allocate places and persons in their relation to the vast sweep of Arabic History.

Valuable for an acquaintance with the major movements of so large a portion of world history virtually unknown to most Americans, it should awaken in the reader a new respect for the Arab of the past and afford the general historical background with which to meet the Arab of today.

Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. \$2.00.

Between Tears and Laughter

Lin Yu-tang

Saturated with a taoistic approach to life as recorded in human events and somewhat intrigued with the Hindu "Karma" as a solvent for incipient internationalism, Dr. Lin, between the laughter and tears of a quite engaging ironic style, neatly exposes the cancer of materialistic thinking and roundly condemns it, turns a withering cross-fire of criticism upon British and American concepts of

geopolitics, and pleads for faith in principles rather than for the worship of a mass of uncorrelated facts "scientifically" detached from the common milieu of humanity.

Since writing "The Art of Living" Dr. Lin has become more robust in his thinking, but as yet he seems unable to evaluate the history of Christianity or to study the Christian philosophy of life. He is still the delectable "Little Critic" of Shanghai poking fun at people as he darts for cover behind Confucian proverbs and the hoary sayings of Lao-tze.

May his search for Truth continue, and may the virtue of humility help him honestly to accept the whole truth when he finds it.

The John Day Co., New York. \$2.50.

Letter from New Guinea

Vern Haugland

This compact book is an intensely interesting human document. Its publication accentuates one of the chief Christian, democratic principles—the value of the individual—which must not be engulfed by the colossus of this war.

In the midst of daily readings of movements of millions of men and tens of thousands of machines, it is stimulating to race through the record of a solitary man's struggle during many weeks of tortuous wanderings through dense jungles and over forbidding mountain barriers.

Vern Haugland, too, is another of those who found his chief staying power in faith in God. His simple, earnest protestation of this fact is made unashamedly early and often in these pages. Truly unique is the extraordinary account of the last period of his rescue.

Farrar and Rinehart, New York. \$1.50.

This Time for Keeps

John MacCormac

A journalist—long a *New York Times* correspondent—has written this book to orientate service personnel and civilians so that the soldier and those he defends may know why he must fight, what he fights against, and particularly what he fights for. There are consequently three parts: our soldiers; the enemy, what we fight for. The author fought in World War I and in this war is a civilian lecturer for the Army's Orientation Course. He gives a common sense view of war psychology. Perhaps the best chapter is that on "How to be Friendly though Allied."

The Viking Press, New York. \$2.00.

The Confessions of St. Augustine

Translated by F. J. Sheed

This new translation is providential at this time when men are not waiting for but restlessly, almost feverishly, seeking after the truth. Too long preoccupied with "this worldly" aims and achievements, they have gotten themselves into an appalling impasse. They live amid the privations and sufferings of war, and long for peace. They must be made to understand that they need holiness first, or holiness rather than peace. St. Augustine looked beyond the aimless and bloody chaos of history to the world of eternal realities. His *Confessions* are the vivid record of the fact that most of our needs are but repercussions of our one need for God. They are therefore timeless, "modern." It is a great benefit that Mr. Sheed has conferred by giving us his vigorous and competent translation.

Sheed and Ward, New York. \$3.00.

The Judgment of the Nations

Christopher Dawson

The Edge of the Abyss

Alfred Noyes

These two books, one by an eminent Catholic historian, the other by a noted Catholic man of letters, are both concerned with the present world conflict. Their special value is that they not only examine profoundly the causes of the conflict, but prescribe an effective cure. The second half of Dawson's book, "The Restoration of a Christian Order," is so particularly good that every Christian looking with longing toward a lasting peace should both read and publicize it. It might in this way come to the attention of those numerous groups of well-meaning but religiously sterile people who are sitting around conference tables at the present moment fervidly discussing the problems of the peace to come. It is worse than futile to plan a political, economic, and social new world divorced from Christian principles. There must be a dynamic spiritual force to discipline and restrain nations. It is the outstanding merit of both these books, especially Dawson's, that they offer a clear-cut and practical plan of Christian reconstruction. The quotation from the pagan poet, Horace, which Noyes puts on his title page, is prophetic: "The sins of thy forefathers, O Roman, thou, though guiltless, shall expiate, till thou restorest the crumbling temples of the gods."

Sheed and Ward, New York, \$2.00.
E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.00.

Circuit of Conquest

Relman Morin

An engaging, at times, depressing record of the whole Far Eastern theatre in the year prior to Pearl Harbor! The author was equally shrewd and fortunate in the areas he chose to cover in that period. Every scene to later witness Japanese aggression, except Burma, was studied on the spot.

His conclusions are very much the same as the many books criss-crossing the same field—"too little, too late" due to a bland underestimate of Japanese military power by the Western nations.

Its special value rests in the sections on the Dutch East Indies, Thailand and Indo-China. To the problems of the Indies Morin devoted the greatest part of his time. Hence, a fairly complete, though condensed, picture of this vast Dutch colony is given. The time chosen for his visit to Indo-China through Thailand could not have been better—coincidental as it was with the military occupation by Japan.

Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$3.00.

The Old Testament and the Critics

Translated from the French of J. Coppens by Edward A. Ryan, S.J., and Edward W. Tribbe, S.J.

This work is a survey of the copious literature published on Old Testament criticism. It is besides a critique of the various theories propounded and a positive guide along the way of sound Catholic exegesis.

One cannot praise the translators too highly for having undertaken to translate a work which is bound to have perennial importance in the field of Scripture study. Although for the most part a technical treatise yet there are certain parts which can and should be read by the novice in the field. We advise all seminarians and professors in seminaries to read the whole of Chapter Three. Here we have much sound advice and carefully thought out conclusions. The young seminarian just about to take up the study of Theology will gain some insight into what may be called the method of theology as compared with that of philosophy.

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YOU MAY BE GOING TO CHINA

(Continued from page 205)

nical skills, and professions, and *at the same time* to show in their own lives the strength and splendor of Christianity. It is difficult enough at present to supply the needs of the missionaries without trying to support teachers, doctors, etc. as well. Non-Christian governments were never willing to provide them with reasonable inducements and satisfactory living conditions. Nobody ever expected them to, or proposed that they should.



Youth is the hope of the world and the great strength of New China.

At last China has done it, and it seems such an intelligent and sensible thing that you wonder why someone did not think of it before. As Bishop Yu Pin has so clearly pointed out, it is the actual presence of competent and practicing Christian lay people that is needed so badly if the missions are to advance beyond the stage of being "bush stations" where many have been stalled for generations. The missionaries simply can not handle all the work themselves. In the words of Bishop Yu Pin, "Men and women are needed, not mere money—not mere ideas—not mere ideals. There is no substitute for Christian men and women."

Here is something for Catholics of "bold vision and ideals" to think about. It is one of the best challenges in many generations to the idealism that is in Catholic hearts—and so often remains locked up there. Bishop Yu Pin wants to know if there are trained Catholics in America who want a vocation-career in China for a few years after the war. 450,000,000 people there are waiting to be taught what you know and to try to become what you are.

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN

(Continued from page 212)

Latin Church. Within, at a side altar, a white figure on a black cross rested on a purple cushion. Even the memory of it today catches at our hearts, for standing rigidly at attention on either side were two soldiers of Poland. Steel-helmeted, rifles black against the shadows, save for the dull gleam of fixed bayonets, they watched over the figure of the dead body of their Saviour. "You have a guard, go guard him as you know." The command was being obeyed again, this time gladly by men who loved the Crucified Lord.

"Where the body is, there also the eagles shall gather." The black eagles of Poland were gathered now about the Cross. All the while the dusk crept further into the darkened church until at last the only things discernible were the white body on the cross, the glint of bayonets, and the pale faces of the eagles. The tragedy of man was thus united with the tragedy of God. These young eagles whose ancestors had once driven the enemies of the Cross from Europe, were now themselves driven out, but still they stood guard over the Cross in exile awaiting the day when they can carry it back to the land they love—their Poland.

Their other proof of faith was made known the morning of Archbishop Spellman's arrival at their airport altar. From their soldier's pay, they had saved enough money to commission a silversmith in Baghdad to make them a special chalice. Just as the Archbishop was about to begin Mass, they presented it to him, a token of gratitude that only faith could have inspired. A few minutes later, God came Himself to fill their gift with His Own Most Precious Blood.

From Wednesday noon, when he arrived in Baghdad, until Friday morning at 9:30 when he left, was a short span in which to bring so much unforgettable happiness into men's lives. There was still one more memorable touch. As the American Jesuits watched his plane taxi into position, with engines roaring making all farewells impossible, the Archbishop took from his possessions, one little treasured souvenir and proudly waved it before their eyes. It was a little American flag, given to him by the children of Malta. Out of the rocks and caves it had come; through all the bombing of that tiny outpost it had been preserved unharmed. Back to America it would be brought to be treasured in grateful memory. The last gesture spoke more than words could say of faith, of courage and of home to men who have volunteered to remain in exile at their outpost—for God.

An American is never so much an American as when he lives in a foreign land; a Catholic never so much a Catholic as when he stands alone. For these reasons alone the visit of Archbishop Spellman meant much to the Jesuits in Baghdad.

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FATHER DAILY, S.J.
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With a prayer for God's further blessing on your work, I am

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WHERE CUSTER LOST AND DESMET WON

(Continued from page 214)

least, we have no reason to feel ashamed of the present state of the Mission.

We would like to have you meet some of our Indians. Bull Over The Hill is one of our finest. A venerable ancient, who carries a huge rosary with a great crucifix around his neck, he spends his time in prayer. You must see him before the Blessed Sacrament to know what adoration is. How beautiful his massive bronze face becomes when he smiles towards the Tabernacle.

There are three priests at the Mission. Father John Balfe, S.J. was once Rector of Seattle College. This scholarly, gentle-mannered priest has a wonderful love for the Indians. Twice a month, on Sunday, after having said Mass at St. Xavier's at 8:00 o'clock, he gets into his car, drives to Lodge Grass, which is some 60 miles away, says his second Mass and preaches once more, before breakfast and comes back to St. Xavier. He is chaplain of the Sisters and of the children when he is not running around on sick calls, throughout his huge district.

At Pryor, some 64 miles in the other direction from St. Xavier, is Father John Laux, S.J. Until he came there, his health was poor. Time and again he had been operated on, and more than once it was almost a miracle that he escaped with his life. Pryor seems to agree with him and the Indians love him. He has a school of some 50 children, all Indians. Two Sisters teach and keep house whilst he himself takes care of the higher grades.

But how do we carry on? We never could except for the Sisters. We have a small farm at St. Xavier that furnishes the school and the missionaries with milk, eggs, meat, butter and a little cash. The Sisters are very good about making preserves of every description. Beautifully lined up on the shelves of our big cellar, are entire regiments of jars of canned food, while barrels of eggs wait for winter consumption along the walls. As to the quality of our tomato juice, we have the Bishop's word for it that it is gloriously superior to any sold by the most celebrated firms. It is hard to realize that such a multi-colored display of beans, carrots, peas and fruit could so warm the heart of a missionary.

Yet, all this is not enough. For the school and the five stations of St. Xavier's, Lodge Grass, Wyola and Pryor, we need some \$5,000 a year. But where do these \$5,000 come from? Frankly we do not know. So far we have faithfully paid our bills every month. The children have lacked nothing. Sisters and Missionaries are happy. A Kind Providence obviously blesses our efforts and has kept us from being too solicitous about the future. And there is quite a thrill in living from day to day, hanging upon the bounty of God, Who has been an exceedingly thoughtful Father for us all.

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