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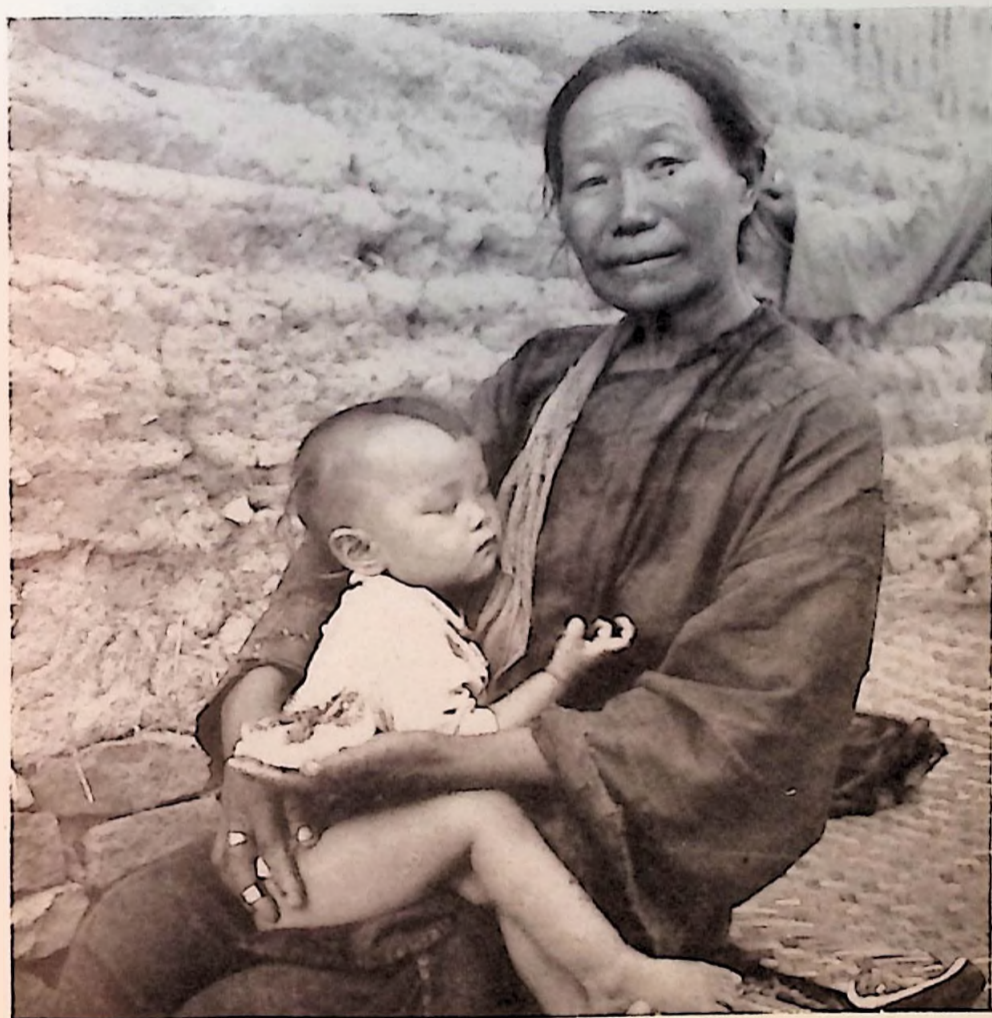
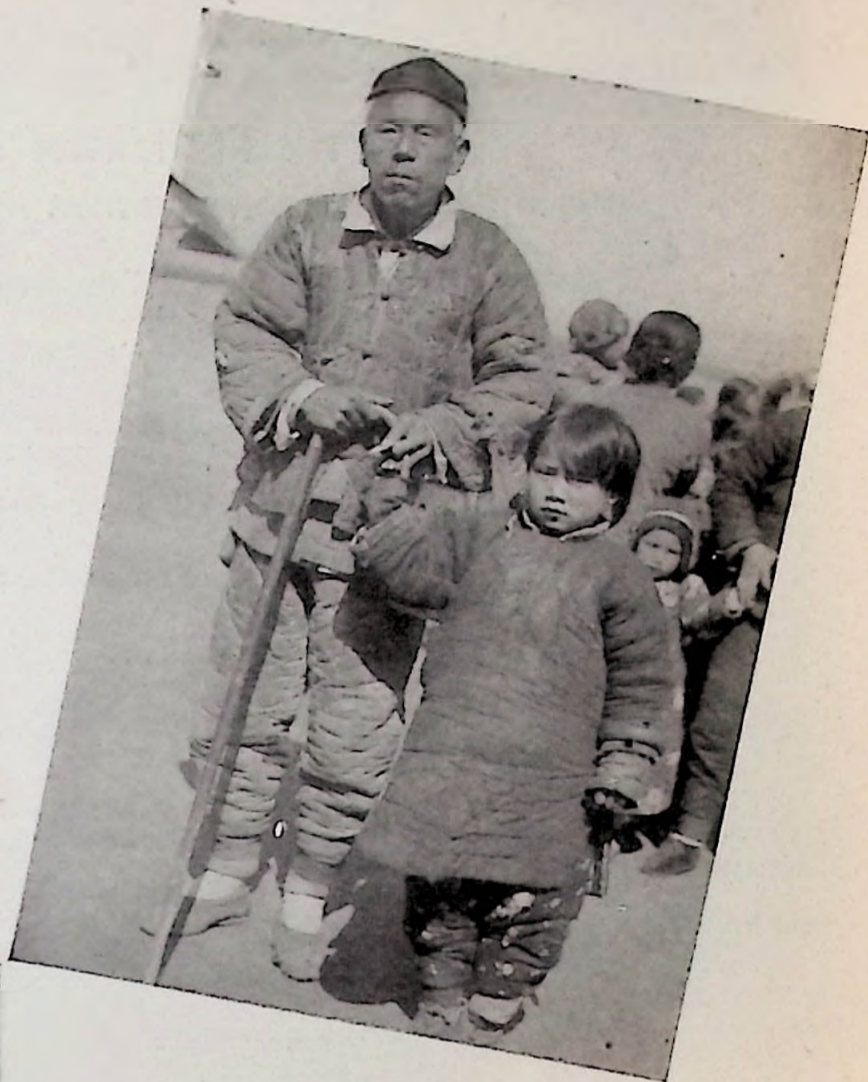
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Waiting

At Zi-ka-wei . . .

Thousands of Chinese wait each day at the Orphanage, Jesuit Church and Theologate and pathetically plead for food, clothing and protection. They also patiently await the release of the Jesuit Missionaries interned at Zi-ka-wei.



To describe cold weather Chinese rarely refer to the degrees of the thermometer, but rather use the expression: two garment weather or four garment weather. During "six garment weather" at Shanghai normally 1,000 people die each night from exposure. The privations of war have greatly reduced the resistance of public health. The death rate will undoubtedly rise this winter. The fact that coal sells for 900 Shanghai dollars will also contribute to increase of deaths.

The Jesuit China Relief Fund will deeply appreciate your support, which may be sent to either of the following agencies.

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THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

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

CONTRIBUTORS

THIS MONTH

■ Clement J. Armitage, S.J., wrote his latest story in Baghdad, after a visit to Bethlehem. He is now just outside Boston (Weston College)



Clement J. Armitage, S.J.

trying to study about Bethlehem and to forget about Baghdad for a while. In passage from the Tigris to Cherry Brook he stopped at and visited and eventually came home on the good ship Among its passengers were and from

That's the situation editors face today. One of our very best writers, . . . stories . in . abundance, style at its best, and silence imperative. But though the trip home may have to wait another day, four years on the Baghdad Mission have furnished the best stories of all.

■ Rev. James A. Armitage, S.J., elder brother of Clement, was for several years editor of "Catholic Opinion" in Jamaica. Orator, writer, student of rare ability, ill health has plagued him for years, occasionally limiting his activities but never dimming their lustre. For the present, he is back in Boston where, we hope, a rest will mean more writing. Another story of his will appear soon. An Armitage & Armitage book should be a best seller.

■ Rev. John T. Newell, S.J., is one of Jesuit Mission's most faithful correspondents. Yet we have not one single photograph of him in our files. With his love of his people in British Honduras and his zeal for the faith, amid poverty and very limited means with which to meet it, you can imagine his feelings when representatives of Protestant sects with endless funds set up outside his chapel to steal his people from him.

■ Rev. Paul O'Connor, S.J., has brought to light a situation which calls for thought. We Americans are unfamiliar with colonial administration on a wide scale. Never having had to build a culture of our own, or to adapt our own to another imposed upon us, we have failed to handle sympathetically the few we have met, the Indians, the Negroes, and lately, Latin America. The Eskimos must not be the fourth. The missionaries know both side of the problem, but they know the Eskimos intimately. Give them a hearing.



Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

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COVER—The early Spanish Jesuit missionaries in the Philippines built well. Their magnificent churches like this one in Bacolod were located in the center of the city. Around them the life of the people pulsed and throbbed from birth to marriage to death. For three centuries the Church has influenced the life of the Filipino people. Many of these beautiful buildings dedicated to the service of God may be destroyed or desecrated by Japanese bombs, but the Faith of the Filipino people will not weaken.

1943

JAN.

FEB.

MAR.

APR.

MAY

JUNE

1944

1943

JULY

AUG.

SEPT.

OCT.

NOV.

DEC.

Editorial

VERY few people would ever want to live through 1943 again. Certainly not the Americans who spent the year in Japanese or Nazi concentration camps. Not the soldiers who stormed ashore at Salerno or the sailors who came through the battle of the Savo Sea alive, or the marines who had to wade ashore at Tarawa. Not the families who had to take down the blue service star and hang in its place the gold one that hurts just to look at. Not the mothers who gather little children around them evenings trying to picture for them what their father looked like before he went to war. Those who have done all that they could this year would never want to live through the past twelve months again.

And the rest, though they shared no equal burden of sacrifice, did feel the weight of sorrow which the war has laid upon us all. All who have felt it would not go back again for anything. To those who have given their all last year we do not put this question, yet of the rest we think it fair to ask, "Was there anything you could have done last year and did not do?"

The world is mad, stark mad, and its leaders raving maniacs if all this "blood, sweat, and tears" are not worth while if somewhere ahead of us there is not a goal worth all this sacrifice—not just the ordinary pain of life but these extraordinary, almost inhuman demands now made upon us. And that something has to be more than just surcease from pain and horror, like the promise that we'll feel better once we stop beating our heads against the wall. It has to be commensurate at least with all the cost of battle and the militarization of human life. We call it peace, but it must mean much more than the end of bombing and terror and the digging of graves on lonely islands which widows will never see.

Those who undertook the frightening responsibility of summoning up the heroic forces of their people for such a battle—God help us if they had not seen ahead a goal worth fighting for. And when the time comes

for them to state that goal and to draw up the lines for its achievement, God help them if, seeing it, they do not do their best to make it real. For there is such a goal, and the hope of it is written in every human heart by the God who made them. It is life, life worthy of man, life in which a man can worship God and trust his fellow man and develop the gifts God gave him for the good of others and the glory of his Maker and the hope of Heaven hereafter; life in all the abundance Christ promised to mankind when justice and truth and charity prevail.

If that was the goal of all last year's striving, worth every bit and more of its pain and toil, should we not ask ourselves again, "Was there anything I could have done last year and did not do?"

NOW turn the picture around, broaden the scope, lengthen the view till you see the whole struggle for the Faith from the first place blood was shed on Calvary, across the plains where men and women fell exhausted trying to proclaim it, in the arenas where beasts of men set animals upon those who loved it, in the dungeons where they withered and rotted rather than betray it, in the wildernesses where they carved its standard on trees lest they ever lose sight of it, down to this present hour when nuns are gathered in the darkness of their concentration camps praying God that the Japanese soldiers will not break in on them when the tide of battle turns.

Talk of "blood and sweat and tears"! There is a toll of battle and a price of victory and a demand for sacrifice that only God could continue to ask for 2000 years. Those who gave it *knew* it was worth while; they had God's own word for it. And so have we.

That mission work, hard enough in peace time, went on all last year in the midst of war. Isn't it fair to ask again then, "Was there anything you could have done last year and did not do?" Now look ahead. 1944 is here, and the mission work goes on.



Eskimos, lured by the high wages of military posts, forsake the simple life of their parents. They are losing something which money cannot buy back.

SOUTHERN ALASKA has long been under the process of change. The same is true of some parts of the North, especially the big mining centers of Fairbanks and Nome. To these places the white man has come, settled down, and introduced his mechanical civilization. The Eskimo or Indian were utilized until more Whites came and then gradually they were eased out of the village.

Our policy up here is becoming a good deal like that of our dealings with the American Indian. We come, introduce our system of barter, buy what is good from the native (literally his all) and then gradually push him from his former home and land of opportunity. We apparently do not realize that what we have actually done is to elim-



WAR'S NEW ORDER

• Ways of life are being changed, but NOT for the betterment of the Eskimo

inate a race and its way of life. Just how much justice enters the problem is a matter of debate. We at least have salved our consciences by saying that we gave a fair price for the land and its produce. But there is something greater that complicates the question. We have in an indirect manner destroyed a mode of life that has been going on for centuries, and, if not our way of life, it was a happy one.

PERSONALLY, and 13 years of close contact with the native backs up this impression, I hate to see the Eskimo forced into the routine living of the White. I think that there is no comparison, for example, between an Eskimo miner shoveling dirt, and an Eskimo bear or whale hunter. I would rather by far see an Eskimo make his own net and fish for himself and family, than see him spoiled by high wage, earned by laboring in a cannery. One is a free and creative work, almost an art,—the other the rou-

tine drudgery of mass civilization. The bait of course for the Eskimo is high wages. The Eskimo cannot see that he is losing something that rates far higher than hard, cold money. He fails to realize that money becomes his standard of life, not the keen zest of living.

FOR a long time in Northern Alaska the Eskimo was king. The Whites did not last long up in this bleak iceland. They came to see, but not to remain. The trader and the missionary alone took up his abode with the Eskimo, but, the Eskimo remained an Eskimo. Now with the war and quick means of communication and travel, the young Eskimo is being seduced to white labor at big wages. The wages of course disappear only too rapidly. Generally, he returns home in fancy togs but with empty pockets. High living and airplane fares take the rest. He indolently passes the winter in a rather superior manner, living of course off the produce and



IN ALASKA

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.



American engineers learn a few things about Alaskan terrain from Father Hubbard, S.J. (in checked shirt). The U. S. Army rolled into Alaska and, without realizing it, is pushing the happy and contented Eskimos from their homes.

industry of the old folks. He becomes in fact a hybrid. He is neither White nor Eskimo.

The war has stepped up this process of change. Big military posts require much labor. High wages, too, are paid. The Eskimo jumps in a plane and is soon dropped hundreds of miles away at the scene of operations. He settles down, works hard, and incidentally, delights in picking up the ways of his white brother. Money is earned and quickly spent. He finally returns to the home of his father. Every Eskimo is a born story teller and he now uses to the full this innate ability. He describes graphically the marvelous mechanical feats of the whites.

HE has definitely been seduced. No longer does he feel the call of the hunt. He would rather remain at home and tinker with a new and expensive radio. He assumes a superior attitude towards those near and dear to him. He

ever harps on white ways and their easy comforts, though cleanliness is not among them! He is not smart enough to realize that the way of life of his own simple people is a great and democratic way of living and one of supreme contentment.

STRANGE as it seems the old listen with avidity to their sons and actually are proud of their showy pretensions. Too late, perhaps, in lonely old age, will they come to know that their sons and daughters have been stolen from them and that Eskimo civilization is dying with them. Our modern civilization has many useful contributions it could make to the Eskimo way of life—things that will improve rather than destroy their beautifully simple culture. Mass production and the factory, as I have indicated, are not among these.

The Eskimos are an artistic people. They respond immediately to anything we can offer them in the way of its arts. Take music as an

example. It does not take a new Alaskan missionary long to see and respect Eskimo musical talent. I have noticed that the successful missionary invariably capitalizes on this excellent trait in the Eskimo character. The old Italian and French missionaries were themselves good musicians and employed their art incessantly to win over the Northern aborigines. They translated the best hymns of the Christian Brothers' Hymnal into decasyllabic Eskimo and the melody seems to be improved by the version.

Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., has gone so far as to mimeograph an entire Eskimo Hymnal with most remarkable results. His work has become the standard text for almost three thousand Eskimos on the Lower Yukon. One has only to listen to the "Adeste Fideles" or "Mother Dear, Oh Pray For Me," as sung in Chiniliak, Akulurak, Mountain Village, Hooper Bay, or Nelson Island, to realize what heights can be achieved by commu-



A sudden invasion of a highly mechanized civilization upon a simple, primitive people will ruin them. The invaders seldom believe it; the people themselves do not see it until it is too late. Slowly, slowly, gradually, they must be taught. This is hard for Americans to learn. Our civilization can't be carried ashore in invasion barges, ready-made.

nity singing in Eskimo Land.

In the beautiful Church of St. Mary at Akulurak between three and four hundred Eskimo gather for the feasts of Christmas and Easter. When these deep-chested Eskimo raise their unabashed voices in the ringing melodies of "Silent Night" and "Adeste Fideles" the celebrant at Mass is thrilled through and through. All the voices converge towards the altar and the officiating priest gets the full benefit of the echoing emotions of his flock. What is said of Akulurak can be just as well said of the other above mentioned places. On big feast days, the Eskimos, one and all sing, and sing from the heart. Singing is one of the most important functions of their religion, as indeed, it should be.

Up here above the Arctic Circle the Eskimos are the same as on the Yukon. The Quakers early saw the importance of singing and have in it the one attraction in their rather plain services. Their well-drilled part chorus is something to be envied. When Father Francis Menager, S.J., came to Kotzebue, he at once set to work showing these people how to sing a High Mass. They took to it as naturally as a duck to

water. The Latin words were no impediment. In no time High Mass was a regular Sunday service. Many families had their own organs and patiently mastered the difficult parts alone.

Due to many deaths and the departure of many families to the Kobuk and Noatak regions the singing is not what it used to be. However, with a little practise we hope to have the Sunday High Mass as of yore.

If in sacred music one glimpses the really deep emotions of the Eskimos, it is in profane music that his lighter nature appears. I have reconditioned an old organ and reserved it for popular songs after our evening services. The good wholesome fun that comes from "Songs the Whole World Sings" is again revived up here in the Arctic as used to take place in the fine old family gatherings before the appearance of the radio.

I have noticed that a people who have leisure instinctively revert to music. The Eskimo is no exception. Some years ago I had an old banjo in the house which was gathering dust. One of the boys asked me if he could borrow it. I asked him if he knew how to play. No, but he would learn. He took the in-

strument out on a hunting trip. Three weeks later he came back with the banjo mastered. He could pick up a melody from the phonograph and render it in grand style. The long winter nights after a hard day on the trail trapping had not been wasted.

At Holy Cross and Akulurak the mission boys are constantly strumming a banjo, ukulele or a guitar. With no one to help them they will sit for hours fingering the strings until they get the notes. Little by little they will patiently construct a melody and before you know it their fingers are traveling deftly over the strings bringing out all kinds of harmony. Long blizzardy nights lose their dreariness when musical instruments are to be found.

But even up here in Alaska in villages where White influence predominates the radio and radio-phonograph are displacing the good old-time home-made music. Mechanical contrivances force native talent into learning the mechanism. The mastery of the engine becomes more fascinating than the fine art of the music itself. It is the old story—in the machine age everything becomes subservient to the machine. The Eskimo is led by his White brother.

- There will always be an army going forth, regiment after regiment of men and women, bearing as of old the Cross of Christ.

"The Last Crusade"

Clement Armitage, S.J.

WE stood on the lower roof of a convent at the eastern end of Bethlehem.

"And that," said the Mother Superior, pointing towards the south, "is the Mountain of the Latins."

It stood apart, and higher, than the other hills that guard the sacred town and in the last light of the setting sun, its bare, flat top shone solidly and dully against the purple remoteness of Moab. Around its base huge, shattered rocks lay in the darkening shadows like an indistinct, silent, besieging army of the dead.

So this was the place. Here it was, then, that they made their last stand, that remnant of the Crusaders, driven from Jerusalem, cut off from the sea, hemmed in on every side by the curved swords of the Crescent. Here that last handful of Christian knights from beyond the sea beat back wave after wave of assault, until the final tide of numbers covered them and swept them away and lost them in the rocks below. It was the end of a magnificent, fantastic tale and something in the soul of Europe died in that hour.

Men who told the story later would not lift their eyes to the heights on which the last Crusaders perished but fastened their gaze on those jagged rocks where all that was only human, all that was only earthly, of that last battalion lay among rusting breastplates and

broken swords. But it was on the heights that these had died and that which was more than human had gone back to God.

AS we turned to re-enter the convent I caught sight of a French nun on the roof above us. The parapet around the roof half hid her from view as she paced up and down watching the sunset. But the last rays of the sun gleamed on her starched immaculate wimple as on the shining breastplate of a figure in armor; the silver crucifix, held lightly in her hand, glinted like a drawn sword; and from beneath her hood in the eyes of the nun looking towards the sunset and the sea there was a flame. At the sight of that splendid watcher on the battlements of Bethlehem I knew that the Last Crusade had not ended.

It will never end. It will last as long as time and the Church of Christ. The tactics may change, the battlefield may not be the same, the goal may no longer be a sepulchre hewn in the rock. But always there will be an army going forth, regiment after regiment of men and women, bearing as of old the cross of Christ.

As the war sweeps aside the obscurity of remote villages and unheard of places the story of these men and women comes to light. The Marines may storm ashore to establish a bridgehead—only to find that Christian Europe or America had

built a bridgehead there years before. A warship creeps cautiously through unchartered waters—only to see on some nearby shore a huge cross that betokens that this land has been charted for Christ. Deep in northern snows a pilot makes a forced landing—and the hands that lift him from his plane are those of a priest while the hands that nurse his crippled body are those of a nun.

IN Baghdad we often glimpse units of this army enroute. They speak lightly of their destinations, the Malabar Coast, Rhodesia, China, Persia, the Sudan, the Himalayas. They stay for a night and move on. Sometimes they drop out of the sky. Then they are off again on their Magic Carpet to those places of the alluring, mysterious names, Khorramshah, Diego Suarez, Port Said, Karachi, Bandarshahpur. And the little twist of regret at each departure is smoothed away by the remembrance of the hearty laughter of the priest or the smiling cheerfulness of the nun.

Years from now in some forgotten village of the hinterland one will stumble upon their graves or, on the outskirts of a city, a neat row of markers will tell the dates of their birth, of their entrance into their religious order, and of their death.

And the last Crusade will sweep on until there is no spot on earth that has not seen and thrilled to their unselfish glory.

"JESUIT BARK" in WAR and PEACE

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.

IN the Spring of 1943, thousands of saplings of cinchona trees were transplanted from special nurseries in Maryland to Central American countries. Today, 10,000 acres in Costa Rica are devoted to their growth. From Guatemala comes the welcome boast that in ten years that country hopes to be one of the largest and best producers of those trees in the

world. Brazil, not to be outdone, sent Dr. Roberto Souza Coelho to explain to Americans the extensive transplanting experiments going on in Sao Paulo.

It will be nearly ten years before these trees will yield in sufficient quantities their priceless contribution to the welfare of mankind. Meanwhile literally hundreds of millions of people all over the world

will suffer and many millions die because their product is not available.

The tree is no new discovery. It was known and its product used 400 years ago. The product of the cinchona tree is quinine, the best remedy known against malaria. Is it new to America, then? No, its native habitat was originally South America. But today, an estimate: 98% of the world's quinine come from Java, completely controlled by the Japanese, completely lost to us. The once flourishing hillsides of South America have been stripped. Only now, when the scourge of malaria attacks our own soldiers in the tropical countries of the war front, are we taking steps to bring cinchona trees back to America their first home. Meanwhile we are seriously short of the precious quinine, at home and on the war front.

And quinine will be needed after the war. In India alone there are an estimated 3,000,000 deaths annually among its 100,000,000 malarial sufferers. Almost every tropical country needs it in great abundance. The cinchona tree is a tropical tree; it cannot be grown successfully in the United States; and that is why there is so much interest in its growth in Central and South America.

The history of cinchona is bound up with the history of the missions. No one would have suspected that a saint who never left Europe's shores would have so much to do with the story of a South American medicine, yet if Francis Borgia

Fighting men need quinine now.



World Wide Photo



Father Doino (left) and Father Ewing (above) extracted quinine from the poor cinchona bark of the Philippines to stem the ravages of malaria among the U. S. Armed Forces

third General of the Society of Jesus, had not sent Father Ruiz de Portillo and his little band of eight missionaries to Peru in 1567 to help undo the harm which the ruthless conquistadors had worked among the Indians, the whole history of quinine would be quite another story today. The Spanish Jesuit missionaries first learned of its medicinal qualities when one of them was cured of malaria at Loxa by use of the bark as taught by the natives. It grew in abundance on the western slopes of the Peruvian Andes. The Jesuits gave it its first name, "Loxa Bark."

In 1630 Countess Chinchon, the wife of the viceroy, who had just arrived from Europe, fell a victim of malaria. She was saved from death by some doses of the Loxa bark in crude powdered form prepared by the Jesuit missionaries. In gratitude, she had large quantities of it brought from the mountains to the Jesuit dispensary of St. Paul's College in Lima to be distributed to poor victims of the dread fever. Because of her gift the Fathers called it "Countess Powder" and the tree to this day is known as the Cinchona tree, but the natives insisted on calling the powder "Jesuit Bark" after their benefactors, who saved their lives with it.

In 1632, Father de Cobo, S.J. shipped it in powder form, back to

Europe. Eleven years later Bartolome Tafur made it widely known in Spain. But because of strong anti-Jesuit feeling among the Protestant reformers of Europe in those days, the so-called "Jesuit Bark" was frowned upon by many of the medical profession. To offset these attacks, Cardinal de Lugo wrote a defense of the cinchona bark after having some of it analysed by the papal physician who reported favorably on it. De Lugo, in turn, was followed by a host of other Jesuit scientists, notably Honore Fabri, who is credited with answering Dr. Jean Jaques Chifflet's anti-cinchona pamphlet. By 1658, London chemists sold "Jesuit's Powder" in their apothecary shops.

When the controversy over the bark was successfully ended, attempts were made to transplant the cinchona seeds to European soil, but all failed. The pioneers did not know that the seeds would die unless packed in sealed containers un-

der proper conditions of humidity and temperature.

Gradually it was transplanted to India and Ceylon in limited quantities, but one enterprising man succeeded in getting it to grow in the soil in Java. Before the war, 98% of the quinine came from there.

What happened to the original supply in South America? In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the world's whole supply came from Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador. In the eighteenth century, to keep up with the increasing demand the hills were laid bare, and there was no reforestation. Charles Morrow Wilson in an article in *Harper's* last August, bewails the devastation brought about by the reckless "cas-carilleras." The Jesuit missionaries at the time warned strongly against the destruction, and urged the American exploiters to lay out new plantations. Their voices were lost in the mad scramble for the most

(Continued on page 28)

ONLY a priest of two days, I boarded the Union Pacific *Challenger* and headed south towards a most thrilling and adventurous experience. I was bound for the Tarahumara Mission nestling in the misty peaks of the Sierra Madre Occidental down Mexico way. For three weeks, I lived in a totally different world, a world of semi-savage Indians, the Swift-Foot, who lived in mountain huts and caves and roved about their mountain haunts like wolf and coyote.

To get to the Tarahumara or Swift-Foot Mission, I had to go to Chihuahua City, change trains for Creel where the railroad ended. From Creel to Sisoguichi, the mission center, the traveling would be by horseback over the Mexican Andes. I looked forward to this ride never suspecting that after it I would eat my meals standing up.

In Chihuahua, I saw my first Swift-Foot. He was walking down a street in the typical dress of his people: loin cloth, long shirt with short sleeves. Around his neck hung colorful beads with a wooden cross at the end. His straight black hair was tied with a band encircling his head. I took a careful look at this impressive figure representing a forgotten world arrogantly walking down a modern city street. Majestically tall, the muscles in his legs and arms pulled and strained beneath dark brown skin. I was to see more of his kind when I reached Sisoguichi.

THE ride to Sisoguichi will long be remembered. With an Indian guide and a Jesuit scholastic, the three of us began one of the most exhausting trips I ever made. Up steep rugged paths, ever winding this way and that, down again, fording swift mountain streams, then up again, my horse went slowly and carefully. But he was a wise old horse, he knew I was no horseman so he took unmerciful advantage by going too slow, dragging one hoof after another. Soon I fell behind my guide, and had to dismount and pull my horse by the bridle. This added to my misery.



Strange experiences frequently come to the newly ordained. A young Jesuit finds a Christian Shangri-La down Mexico way.

Repeatedly, I would ask the guide, "Where is Sisoguichi?"

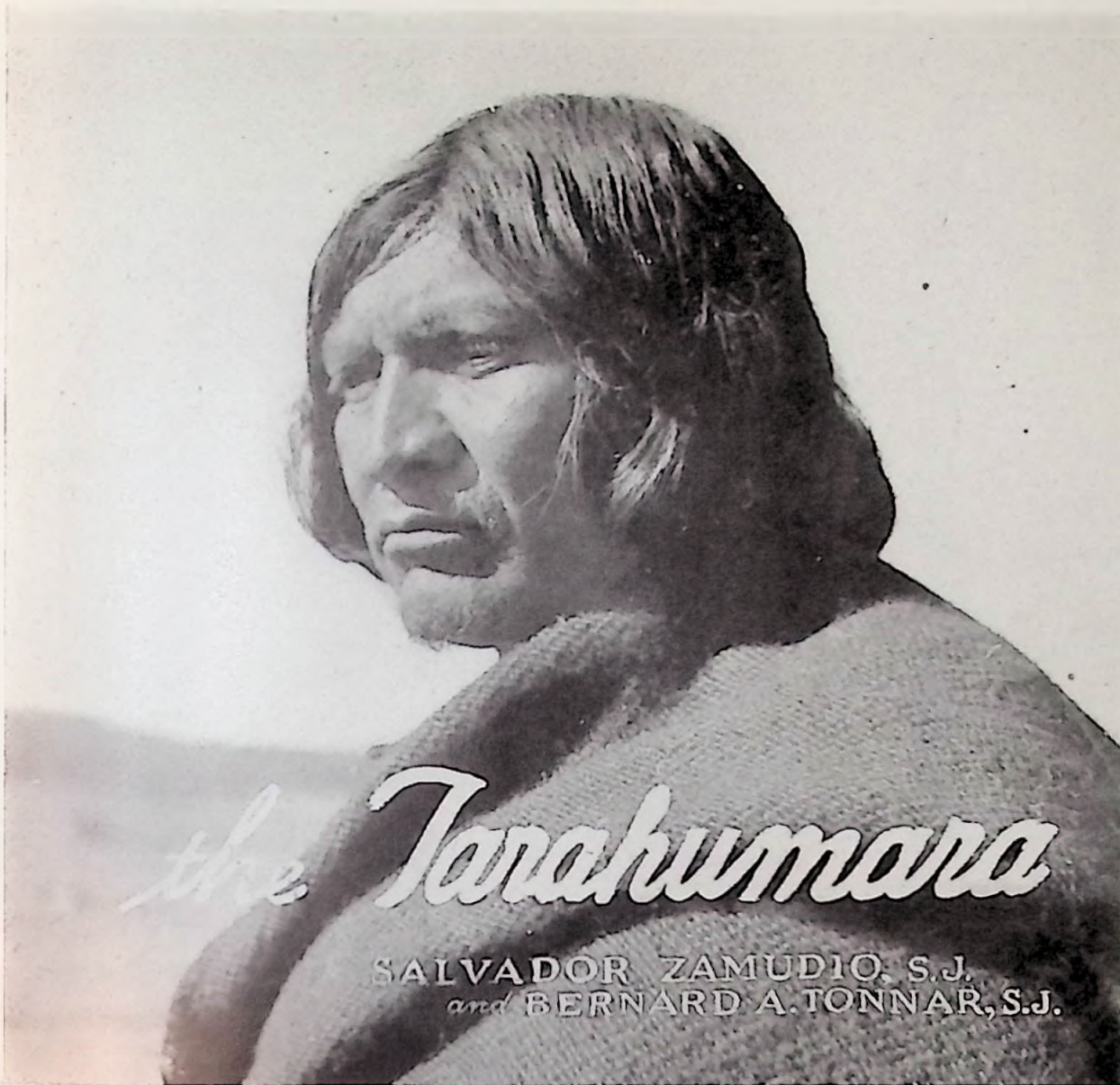
"Over there," he would answer pointing towards a mountain top.

But Sisoguichi was not there! Again I asked and the same answer came, "Over there." This time it would be in the direction of another peak. Darkness found me asking the same question—Sisoguichi was still "over there."

WHEN we did arrive, the Father Superior with his small community of priests, scholastics and brothers greeted us with true missionary style. A steaming hot meal was on the table, consisting of boiled rice, beans and *tortillas*. During the three weeks I was in Sisoguichi, I found that boiled rice, beans and *tortillas* were on the daily menu. Sometimes we had milk and coffee. Occasionally, a bit of meat. Naturally, I wanted to know why the fare was not better.

Father Superior told me that transportation across the mountains was very difficult and besides there was no money to buy canned goods or meat. Continual persecutions waged by the Mexican Government had thwarted all agricultural or cattle raising projects in the mission. However, he said that things looked much brighter under the present government and again they were trying to get a new start with cattle raising.

TARAHUMARA! What a glorious world! The village of Sisoguichi with its three hundred Catholic Indian inhabitants and Jesuit missionaries stretches like a sleepy dog in the warm sunlight. It was founded in the seventeenth century by some valiant Jesuit Fathers. Later, they were literally snatched from the mission by Charles III of Spain and shipped to Italy. Others came again in the twentieth century



The life of the Swift-Foot, outside the mission is Spartan. "The wild is still in their blood."

only to be persecuted, spied upon and hounded to death. Some Jesuits were able to defy the hirelings of the Mexican Government and hid in the caves and rough ravines. Their sacrifices have paid rich rewards.

The Sisoguichi I found had two flourishing boarding schools; one for the Indian boys, another for the girls conducted by Sisters. There were shops of every description: carpenter, shoe, tannery, blacksmith. One building had a room with many hand operating looms in it. The children of the schools were civilized and were taught a useful trade by the missionaries.

WHAT a difference is seen in them after a few months at Sisoguichi! No longer wild, they become accustomed to bathing, brushing their teeth, clean clothes and immaculate living quarters. They learn their prayers and begin the A.B.C.'s both in Spanish and

Tarahumara. When they grow up, the Christian boys marry the Christian girls, build a nice home on a plot of land given to them by the Fathers, and begin raising a new generation of Swift-Foot. These children are the hope of the mission. The future looks bright.

The heart of Sisoguichi is the village church where I said Mass daily. On ordinary days, over one hundred and fifty Communion are distributed. On Sundays and Feast days, practically every Indian not only those in the village, but the Christian ones still living in the mountains receive Communion devoutly and with great fervor. After the Sunday Mass, a rather impressive ceremony takes place in the Square outside the church. An Indian chief gives a talk to all the assembled people exhorting them to greater piety and zeal. I couldn't understand a word he spoke, but I was moved by his earnestness.

THERE are five mission centers in the Tarahumara lands, Sisoguichi the principal one. Of the fifty thousand Indians, around forty thousand are baptized. Twenty-five Jesuits administer to these forty thousand. It would not be as difficult if all the forty thousand lived in the missions centers. As it is, the majority still cling to their mountain caves and huts. The wild is still in their blood. They come to the mission occasionally to barter and trade with their civilized brothers, sometimes leaving their children with the Fathers and Sisters to be educated. While I was there, one such family came down to have the newest arrival in the family baptized. Father Superior let me administer the saving waters! It was my first baptism, a happiness I shall always treasure.

Both the Christian and the savage Swift-Foot of the mountains live a lonely life; they will not build their hut or have their cave near another family. Their food consists of herbs, berries, and the quarry of a day's hunt in the woods or fishing in the streams. The very name of Swift-Foot is apropos—they are indomitable walkers—ever walking in search of food.

MY three weeks in a forgotten world among a forgotten people (forgotten by all except their missionaries) has been continually in my thoughts. I have seen sacrificing Mexican Jesuits and Sisters toil days without end to spread the Kingdom of Christ. The progress made is remarkable despite the obstacles. On my way back to the plains of Kansas, I looked out of the train window at the wonders of America and wished time and time again that some of these good things could be sent to Tarahumara. After this devastating war, Christ will look to America to carry on His Divine Work. When the call comes to help the foreign missions in China, Japan, India and all the other places the world round, don't forget Tarahumara, a half forgotten people hidden amid the misty peaks of the Sierra Madre Occidental down Mexico way.

Tokyo Protests War Aid to Soviet Via Vladivostok

Japanese Raid Takes Heavy Toll
By the United Press.
 KIATING, Szechuan Province, China, Aug. 24 (Delayed).—Japanese planes yesterday killed 100 Chinese and burned 100 houses.

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NEWS

French Police House-
 PARIS, (Delayed).—French police, proceeding systematically house by house, today blocked off a large section of the Fourth Arrondissement (Ward) workers' district around City Hall and took into custody a number of Jews and Communists.

ber of converts received into the Catholic Church in the U. S. has increased 150%. It is noticeable that during the depression and since our entry into the war, people have turned more and more to God, with corresponding increases in conversions.

BISHOP HAYES TENTH ANNIVERSARY. Most Rev. James T. G. Hayes, S.J., celebrated on December 7, 1943, the tenth anniversary of his installation as Bishop of Cagayan in the Philippines. Since the fall of those islands, he has been interned by the Japanese, so that any public celebration there will be impossible. Among his 180 fellow Jesuits who are interned with him the day was one of prayerful hope in spite of every present hardship.

MEMORIAL TO SOLOMON ISLAND DEAD. One day the U. S. Armed Forces will leave the Solomon Islands to return home. But they will leave behind them many of their comrades who have fallen in battle and are buried there. For these brave dead the living have donated a splendid memorial. The missions of the islands are to be rebuilt in their honor. Their chaplain, Father Lawrence Brock, S.J. of Boston forwarded to Bishop Cushing, Boston Director of the Propagation of the Faith a gift of \$3,000 for that purpose. All members of the regiment stationed there, Catholic, Protestant and Jewish contributed. Other nearby units added to the total. It is a beautiful memorial to those who must remain—mission chapels to guard their fallen comrades, to strengthen the missionary priests and sisters, and to console the natives of the islands for the havoc of war.

OVER NINETY PERCENT REMAIN. Over ninety percent of the Catholic missionaries have remained at their mission posts in the Far East. This important fact was stated recently by Very Rev. John J. Considine, Vicar General of Maryknoll at a time when the return of the S.S. Gripsholm carrying its quota of repatriates, among them many returning missionaries, might lead many people to think that the missions in the Far East were being abandoned. Very Rev. George Marin, S.J. head of the 800 Jesuits of all nationalities in China reported to the Papal Delegate there that all of the Jesuits under him had volunteered individually and in groups to remain at their assignments, regardless of the dangers or handicaps. In a tribute to this heroic devotion by missionaries to the people of China, Madame Chiang Kai-shek stated recently: "No account of China's resistance is complete unless it records the worthy part your missionaries have played at the front, in the rear, in Free China, or in Japanese-occupied areas. Large numbers of Catholic missionaries, at the risk of their own lives, have protected refugees and preserved the honor of terrified and helpless women who ran into Catholic compounds when the Japanese military approached. Other Catholic missionaries devoted themselves to the rescue and care of innocent and bewildered children caught in the whirlwind of war. Others, with undaunted courage, continued educational work among the destitute."

LARGE INCREASE OF CONVERTS. Since 1927, the num-

"HIGHEST TYPE OF MANHOOD." Rev. James S. Maginnis, S.J. has recently been decorated for bravery under fire in the Southwest Pacific. The citation praised him as the "exemplification of the highest type of manhood."

EXTENSION SOCIETY DISTRIBUTES \$800,000. This past year, the Catholic Church Extension Society announced at its annual meeting that it had distributed over \$800,000 to needy home missions in the United States and its dependencies. The Society's funds aid missionary bishops to educate poor students through seminaries, to rebuild mission stations, and build new ones, and contribute to the support of nearly 125 needy priests in sparsely settled "home missions" of the United States.

WHITE FATHERS IN NEW HOME. The White Fathers of Africa were welcomed to America when their new home at Alexandria Bay in northern New York was solemnly blessed by Most Rev. Bryan McEntegart, D.D., Bishop of Ogdensburg.

MEDAL SAVES CHAPLAIN. Rev. Stephen Meany, S.J., former Business Manager of "America" and now serving as chaplain with the armed forces in the Pacific, narrowly escaped death during the attack on Makin. The "Miraculous Medal" of Our Lady which he was wearing deflected the bullet and saved his life. The bullet wounded his chest and arm. He lay for three hours in

the darkness but Our Lady saw the rescue through to the end. He was found and brought safely back to where medical care could be provided.

LIBERTY SHIP NAMED AFTER MISSIONARY. There is a ship at sea today which bears the proud old name "Anthony Ravalli," who for forty years labored as a Jesuit missionary in the Rocky Mountains of the Northwest, a father to the poor, a doctor to the sick, and defender of the Indians, besides being a mechanical genius, and sculptor of rare ability.

WORLD RENOWNED BOTANIST DIES. The death of Brother Gillet, founder of the Botanical Gardens in Kisantu, Africa, was a great loss to the scientific world. As a result of his work, many a descriptive plant classification ends with the word "Gilletti." He gathered every plant that could grow in Kisantu climate, developed many original methods of growing them, introduced many crops into Africa which have since become staple foods of the natives, and catalogued and identified all native trees with any commercial value. He was a Belgian Jesuit lay-brother.

British Honduras has a Golden Jubilee, fifty years a mission of the Missouri Province. Formerly it was under the England Province mission in Jamaica. Bishop Rice, S.J., of Belize (left), and Bishop Emmet, S.J., of Kingston (right), are the present Bishops of these two missions.



January Mission Intention

The Preservation of Africa from Mohammedanism

- Those who know the African mission field only from hurried glancings through the mission magazines may be inclined to sit back in their easy chairs and say, "The Faith is safe in Africa. It has its Martyrs of Uganda, it has a nascent native clergy, the statistics prove that each year there are about 67,000 converts to Christianity. Africa is no longer a dark continent but the bright continent for the Catholic Faith."
- In some respects these statements are true of Central Africa which gladdens the eye with the bursting buds of a flowering faith, but unfortunately there is a vast region along the whole northern section which is darkened by the ever threatening cloud of Mohammedanism which far from abating seems to cast its fatalistic shadow further and further.
- Mohammedanism has held sway in the north of Africa for close to fourteen centuries. It awoke with the cry: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is His prophet." Professing its belief in the unity of God, in the existence of the Angels, in the dogma of the Koran, (which contains the revelations to Mohammed,) in the hope of a resurrection and a future judgment it found many adherents among those who professed Christianity. Its lax code of morals which permits polygamy made a strong appeal to sensuous hearts and weak wills.
- The result of this pernicious teaching which regards Christ as a prophet but rejects His Divinity is seen in an area which is more than 91 percent Mohammedan. Of the more than 209,020,000 followers of Mohammed in the world today about 44,000,000 find their habitat in that section of Africa which extends from Nigeria and the Cameroons on the west coast to Egypt on the Red Sea. These figures already staggering become overwhelming when we reflect that in the whole Africa there are only 7,000,000 who profess the Catholic Religion. The picture becomes even gloomier when we realize that there are countries such as Mauritania and the three Somalilands which are from 99 to 100 percent Moslem. Most saddening of all is the fact that the north of Africa was once dotted with a flourishing church boasting of 579 Catholic Dioceses.
- Add to this the fact that it is almost impossible to convert a Moslem and you will not seek far to discover why our Holy Father bids us to pray this month for the preservation of Africa from Mohammedanism. It is a menace that threatens Africa as much as Communism threatens our modern culture.
- The chief weapons of the Church against the Mohammedan barrier to the spread of the faith have been the corporal and spiritual works of mercy which touch even the Mohammedan heart which is impervious to divine dogmas. Our prayers are solicited that those who have the Faith in Africa may be preserved from error and act as a leaven to the Mohammedan mass.



HE is known as "The Priest of the Blacks" and as "The Priest of the Poor" but mainly as "Father Semmes." For twenty-two years, under the tropical Jamaica sun, he has trudged the streets and lanes of Kingston, serving the slum-dwellers, the beggars, the prisoners, the sick and the insane. He "has no time," he says, for the others. And indeed he has not. God and the aforementioned consume his every walking hour.

Such a life would be exceptional in any case. In his it is almost unique. For Father M. Oliver Semmes, S.J., is an aristocrat of the American South. One grandfather was Admiral Raphael Semmes, Captain of the famed "Alabama," who sank seventy-two of the northern merchant marine in the Civil War, and made history in his fight with the "Kearsage." The other grandfather was a Confederate Brigadier-General. An uncle was Governor-General of the Philippines. A cousin was Mayor of New Orleans and chief opponent of Huey Long. Another cousin is the leading tank expert in the American army today. The name of Semmes is synony-

mous in the South with truly illustrious achievement.

M. OLIVER SEMMES has no share in the earthly glory of his family. His name will not go down in the history books. He is seventy-five years old now, a little shaky, more than a little bent. But the thousands of negroes in whose service this scion of Southern aristocracy grew old and withered and bent carry his name indelibly imprinted in their hearts. They have had many instructors in Christ—Anglican, Baptist, Moravian and what not; but only one father. I have seen them cry at the mention of his name, and the tears were tears of love. His has been a different pattern of glory from that of his kin. Who shall say an inferior one?

Father Semmes says Mass at 3:30 a.m., while Kingston sleeps. He is quite literally rapt in ardor as he offers the great sacrifice. Like St. Ignatius he takes nearly an hour

James A. Armitage, S.J.

for his Mass. Then confessions in the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity from five to seven. After breakfast he is down to his "district," chiefly negro hovels set around "yards" with anywhere from four to twelve hovels to a yard, each hut about the size of a kitchenette in a New York apartment house, and housing often seven or eight—or more—blacks of both sexes and all ages—poorest of the poor.

WHAT does he do there? Well, he visits the sick, he anoints the dying, he instructs the ignorant, he consoles the afflicted, he brings clothes and money to the poor. But chiefly he lays the "groundwork." If he goes to the poor, the poor will come to him. They will come to him for conversion, for confession, for the Blessed Sacrament, for marriage, for the baptism of their children, for Christian burial. They *have* been coming to him for these things for twenty-two years. (Eight hundred marriages; conversions—I believe he kept count once upon a time, but he lost track of the number many years ago.)

"Go to the people" wrote the

great Pius XI to his priests all over the world. In Kingston, Jamaica, Father Semmes simply kept on going to the people. It had been routine with him all his priestly life—in the Philippines, in the deep South, in the West Indies. Routine—except for the spirit of the thing. *That* has been the wildly delicious spiritual novelty that each new con-



tact with anyone of the million images of God—in his case black images under blazing tropical skies—must be for the true apostle of the one and only universal brotherhood, the Catholic Church.

TWICE a week, for two hours in the mid-afternoon, the beggars come in droves to Father Semmes at the Cathedral Rectory. They are not chiefly the poor whom he has visited in the morning; they are the city's outcasts, of all creeds and of none, and God—not Father Semmes—knows where they live. They are in rags, barefoot, often dirty, usually sick or blind or crippled, and always, humanly speaking, hopeless. On Tuesdays they receive a penny; on Fridays a penny, ha'-penny. Do not laugh; for those who have nothing, even a penny is something, and a penny, ha'-penny will buy them next day's breakfast; besides, they are so many he has to nurse his penny-pile lest it pass out before all are succored.

Two evenings every week the beloved Father conducts the Cathedral Convent Class. He uses the catechism he wrote himself entitled, "May Help You." In all his in-



For twenty-two years he had no time for the others.

struction he lays special emphasis on the Blessed Sacrament. For he knows that it is the Real Presence that most converts from Protestantism find hardest to realize. Realize. That is the word. Their minds receive the mental formula; yes, their minds open—for they are docile—but they fail to close on the Reality.

For M. Oliver Semmes himself it has long been the one Reality worth thinking about, loving, and living for. He spends hours daily praying before the Tabernacle.

SUNDAY finds Father Semmes saying Mass at the Kingston Prison, or at the Insane Asylum, or at both, if he is saying two Masses. These have been his special preferences for many years. It is perhaps more than coincidental that there is no priest more highly regarded and better loved in Jamaica today than the one who has ever sought out the least regarded and the least loved people as the particular objects of his own love.

On the prie-dieu of his room, as you kneel to him in confession, you

see pasted a little motto: "*Tantus Labor Non Sit Cassus*"—let not such great labor be in vain. It is distracting. For instead of seeing your sins you see a little old man, grey and bent, going up and down the lanes of Kingston on his daily round of visits to his beloved blacks. He has a pimento walking-stick in one hand, and a small, brown sick-call kit in the other. In the dazzling Jamaica sun his old black suit glints all the more for being a bit on the frayed and shiny side. As he enters a "yard" and removes his dusty sailor at the approach of a buxom negress with children trailing at her skirts, he is a rather odd and incongruous figure. His ancestors kept many slaves.

But he is not odd and incongruous to the denizens of the "yard." They rush out to meet him. "Their" priest has come, and in all the world there is no one quite as good as "their" priest.

No, it will not be in vain, Father Semmes. Neither, incidentally, is the distraction. One makes a better confession by reason of it.



MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS

■ A small group of Japanese accompanied their pastor, Father Farmer, S.J. as he went into internment at Zi-ka-wei. Reminiscent of the early Christians, they wept as their Father in Christ passed through the gates. All but five of the American Jesuits are at Zi-ka-wei. Real missionaries they face the future cheerfully. Some are pursuing regular studies; others are devoting themselves to the study of Chinese for post war work in China.

Fathers Philips, Magner, Le Sage, McGreal and Thornton are chaplains in nearby civilian concentration camps. The Churches and schools of the American Jesuits have been kept open and manned with a skeleton force of Jesuits from neutral countries. Father Gonsalves, a young Portuguese Jesuit, a native of Shanghai, was murdered at his mission station in Machang. Exact details are not known. Two years ago when brigands led Father Charles Simons, S.J., out into the night and put a bullet through his head, Father Gonsalves, his companion, expected a like fate but the brigands passed on as he rushed out of the house to aid his brother Jesuit. This briefly is the news about our missionaries in China, gathered from Fathers Moore and Lennon and Brother Finnegan, recent arrivals on the S.S. Gripsholm.

■ Father Edward Goulet's face with

its bright inquisitive eyes is that of a scholar. After the first World War he left Canada for the China Mission. This year for the first time he returned home. Five years he spent as a missionary, then came the call to Rome to take the office of secretary of Jesuit Missions around the world. In twenty years of research and study he has acquired an amazingly intimate and detailed knowledge of personnel, topography and culture of the missions. An informal lecture on the world picture of Jesuit Missions was enlightening. Four thousand Jesuit missionaries are entrusted with the care of two hundred million pagan souls. An interesting sidelight was the existence of a large Japanese colony in Brazil. They have accepted the Catholic culture of South America. Twenty Japanese Jesuits have already been ordained, a possible nucleus of missionaries to be sent to Japan for its ultimate conversion. After the war Father Goulet will return to Rome.

■ "I guess the Bishop can't take it" Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J. shivering in the intense cold of a deserted igloo twisted and turned in his sleeping bag trying to keep warm. He was wide awake while his companion, a veteran missionary, slept and talked in his sleep. Laughingly Bishop Fitzgerald, on a flying visit to New York, told the story on him-

self. They had started out for a distant mission for confirmations and ran into a blizzard. Fearing to lose the trail in the storm they found a deserted igloo and decided to put up there for the night. The food was frozen solid so they went supperless to bed. In the morning the sky was clear and they continued their journey. The Bishop can take it. He has returned once more to the "hardest mission in the world." As Military Ordinary to the armed forces in Alaska and auxiliary bishop he has a full-time job.

■ Four young sheiks came out of the Arabian desert for an education. Their guns and daggers they handed over to Father Mahan, prefect of boarders at Baghdad College. A few weeks later the father of one of these boys called at the school. He would see how his son was faring and take him out for the evening to visit some friends. He met Father Mahan. The son was doing well in his studies, but he did not get the evening off from study hall. After the interview the elder Sheik remarked, "I am the leader of 50,000 Arabs who are afraid of me and I am afraid of Father Mahan." Small in stature, Father Mahan rules with a firm hand. It is precisely because of the strict discipline enforced at Baghdad College that the Moslem leaders send their boys to us for an education. JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



The faculty of Baghdad College meets Archbishop Spellman.

Travelers from BAGHDAD

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

A FLYING boat circled in the air, waiting for the ship just below to pull out of the harbor of Diego Suarez in northern Madagascar. Blinker signals flashed identifications. On the ship below were four American Jesuits, Fathers Casey, Connell, McCarthy, and Shea, on their way from New York to Baghdad. In the plane above was the Archbishop of New York returning from Baghdad to New York.

Though Archbishop Spellman just missed these four Jesuits at Diego Suarez, he had enjoyed a very pleasant visit at Bagdad College with their brother Jesuits. According to his own account in "Action This Day" recently published by Scribners, he has the greatest admiration for the work they are doing there, and testifies to the appreciation of the Iraqi parents and boys for the splendid American school maintained there by the Jesuits. He was quick to notice the difficulty of getting supplies and replacements, and shared the concern of the Fathers over the precarious condition

of the buses which bring the boys to school, or as they say in Baghdad, "If the bus breaks down, the school breaks up."

A NOTHER chapter was recently added to the story of that memorable visit. Someone was calling JESUIT MISSIONS on the telephone, "Hello, bet you don't know who this is. It's the Baghdadis." And it was,—the three Jesuit Scholastics, Messrs. Armitage, Cronin, and Fennell, who for months had been trying to return to New England to complete their studies for the priesthood, were finally back in the United States. When last heard from they were in Cairo, Egypt. The war had held them up a year and a half in their studies. Then came the long awaited chance to come home on an American convoy after four years in the Middle East. Next thing we knew they were calling us by phone from New York City.

From them we received a first hand account of Archbishop Spellman's visit to their College which



Archbishop Spellman and Very Rev. Francis Sargeant, S.J., Superior of the Baghdad Mission.

added very much to the prestige of the school. Before his departure he took the names and addresses of all the men present. When he completed his 46,000 mile journey, arriving safely in this country, he wrote friendly letters to all the parents and relatives of these Jesuits assuring them that their sons were in good health. This word of assurance, coming when mail and communications were almost bogged down, meant much both to the missionaries and to their relatives.

T HE Bagdad mission should get some sort of medal struck for mission enterprise and replacement during war without a mishap. Well, there was one and it's the only bit of news we can add to the Archbishop's account. The school buses broke own. Every last ounce of life and service had been exacted of them. An American ground crew near Basrah had tried to reservice them with spare parts. Evidently even that failed to keep them going.

BETTIAH'S MODERN MAGI

Every year at Christmas time the Tibetans come from afar to worship.

JOHN BARRETT, S.J.

NEXT winter when the travellers from Bod come from their high Tibetan plateau three miles among the clouds down to the plains of India, their flat almond eyes should dance with delight as they enter Bettiah. A new church with a high clock tower will rise above the crowded, flat roofed houses of this squat provincial town.

In times past the pilgrimage from Lhasa in Tibet to the plains of India was incomplete without paying worship to the God living in the old Capuchin-built church that dominated Bettiah. Then, eighteen years ago the wrathful gods inhabiting the high Himalayas shook the earth, so the Tibetans said, and in a twinkling the glorious old church with clock and bells lay in a heap of dust. The travellers from beyond the Himalayas felt the loss of the grand structure almost as keenly as the Bettiah townfolk Catholic, Hindu, and Moslem. The magnificent old church was to all a symbol of prestige throughout the land.

Like swallows coming south on schedule, a company of the genial Tibetans appear in Bettiah every year about Christmas. Only people strong and well built as are the Tibetans could negotiate such a journey each year. Their round red faces glow with vitality. The naked left shoulder protruding from the coarse yak-cloth coat is round and firm, apparently immune to the frosty pinch that attacks the shivering plainsman wrapped in many layers of cotton cloth. Possibly the

heavy coating of dirt accumulated on his person since the last annual bath renders the Tibetan insensible to India's winter. The casual observer will hardly be able to distinguish the men from the women. Both are tall, roundly built, dress quite similarly in baggy trousers felt boots, and a loose fitting knee-length coat belted by yards of cloth at the waist. Men and women let the hair fall down the back in pigtails heavily greased with yak butter; moreover, the men are quite naturally as beardless as the women.

The colony which comes to Bettiah lives in the open warehouse shed near the railroad station. Yakhide bundles are pitched everywhere, their cooking fire is built on the loose brick floor, small woolly puppies are tethered to posts, the varied merchandise is spread out on the ground for all to examine, and the Tibetan is at home.

FATHER RAPHAEL PAUL, S.J., a Bettiah-born Jesuit, tells me that like other boys, he lived in mortal fear of the strange Tibetans. The wild disarray of their hair and dress and the display of ugly knives used for slaughtering goats which they ate almost raw, made the travellers seem more ferocious than wild tigers. But really, the genial people possess the charming naiveté of children, a ready sense of humor, and a deeply religious spirit.

Daily some of them pay a visit to the temporary church in Bettiah,



though the bare walls, mud floor, tin roof, and pew-less expanse are unattractive. But God is there. On entering the church the visitors bow profoundly from the waist and repeat this act three times as they advance to the sanctuary. All of the movements are unhurried, child-like. Then standing near the altar rail the leader sings Tibetan prayers while the others answer. From the depths of their loose cloaks they extract candles to be set on the floor and lighted. Slowly each describes a few simple dance steps, meanwhile chanting hymns in a low voice. This is followed by some minutes of quiet reflection sitting on the floor, until the leader arises to examine the Stations of the Cross and pictures of the Saints, and then leaves. In God's timeless Providence there will come a day when one of us may accompany them back to the Roof of the World and there establish the spiritual kingdom they have so often come to visit in India.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



JAMAICA, B.W.I.

REV. CHARLES B. TOOMEY, S.J.

"Your gift served my major problem of keeping a teacher who was vitally needed and at the same time paying her decent wages. What we could afford hardly paid her rent, leaving practically nothing for food and clothes. It was a common thing for her to come to school without breakfast. What you have sent will lighten this problem.

"Our principal concern is the education of the children. Helping us in this work are the native Franciscan Sisters at St. Peter and Paul and the Mercy Sisters at Gordon Town with three lay-teachers. Books, slates, pencils, charts and maps are needed to say nothing of cloth and materials for the sewing classes. It is impossible to describe the good that can be accomplished by even a little assistance. At times we are called on to furnish clothing for the youngsters who otherwise could not attend school."

REV. RICHARD A. DREA, S.J.

Mission items: "Father Judah has not been too well of late and has spent the last three weeks in town, while Fathers Fox and Scollen made their retreats at Savlamar. Father J. P. Sullivan is pushing Cooperatives, linking this work up with St. George's Extension School. Father Gladstone Wilson has been rundown and suffering from a throat infection and as a result has not

been teaching his popular Sociology course in the Ext. Sch. this term. Father McInnis, a newcomer is full of pep, putting new life into the Young Ladies Sodality, training a Glee Club in the college, contributing to Catholic Opinion, etc. Father Shea has building plans."

REV. FRANCIS SCANNELL, S.J.

"Have been here in Spanish Town for some months. Transportation is poor, but I was beginning to look like the place. So have just returned from a three days' visit at Above Rocks with Father Cornelius Shea, S.J.

"The bus was to leave at 4:30, but those country busses load up the roof with sacks and boxes, the inside with same and people. At 5:45 we were off, but only for two miles. Then the bus had to get petrol and air—and the driver his supper. The driver returned to find four passengers missing. Twenty minutes later they reappeared and we really got started at 7:05. No one seemed put out or disturbed."

BAGHDAD COLLEGE

REV. MICHAEL J. McCARTHY, S.J.

"You know that I took Father Merrick's job, releasing him for more chaplain's work. My cook tells time by the sun, so the breakfast that I want at 7:15 was coming in at all hours. With great difficulty I procured a clock, then discovered that the cook can't tell time by a clock, and can't read

the figures that we mistakenly call Arabic. After five lessons he now knows when it is quarter past something. I can't get him to understand three quarters. He studies the clock while I eat, squatting down in front of it, watching it with great determination. That is as far as we have come after a month and a half, and my breakfast still comes in at all hours.

"One tire on the black market here sells for over \$400. I told Father Collins to start collecting busses because mine and the two at Baghdad College are a constant headache and a terrific expense because of the shortage of supplies. The local merchants are developing their imaginations and every time they can think of a new figure they slap it on the stock of goods they have. Fortunately the troops here are generous, otherwise we'd have given up long ago."

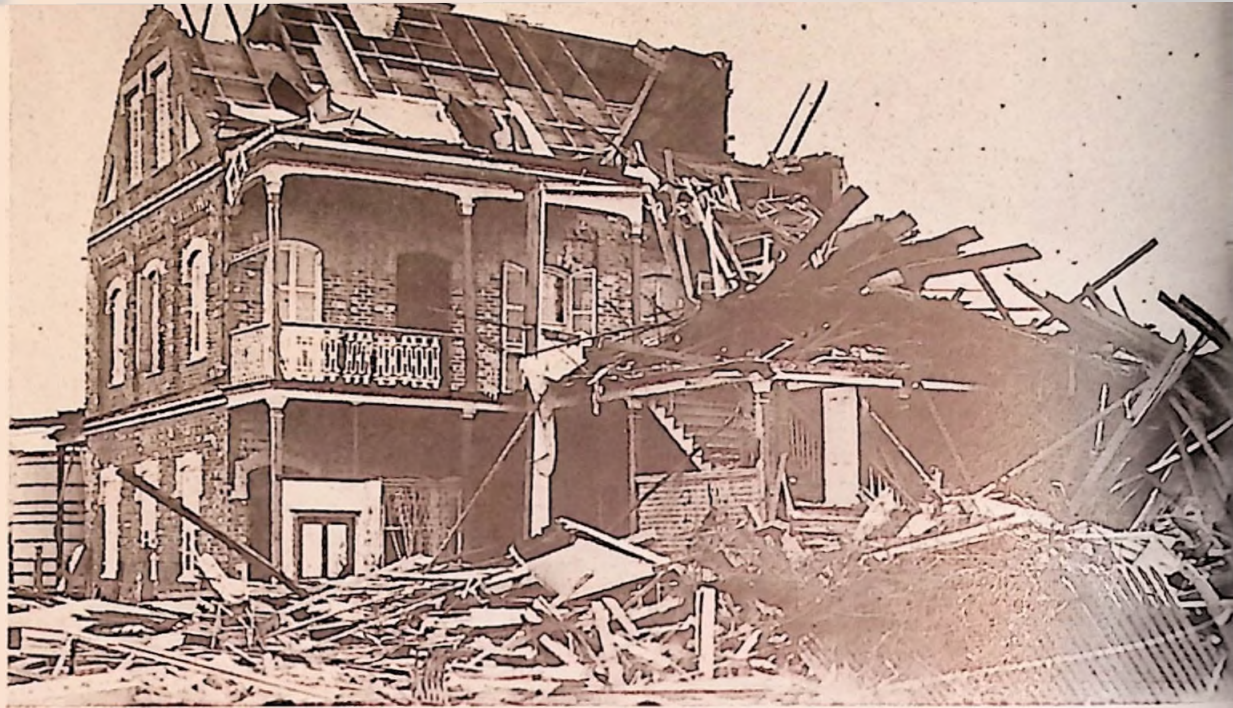
REV. JOSEPH P. CONNELL, S.J.

"Kindly accept this note as a statement of our well-being. It may be that the envelope will bear a postmark never before seen at the office of J.M. Do you find any record of penguin-hunters in the annals of our Jesuit missionaries?"

"We had Mass every day but one, unfortunately, the feast of Corpus Christi. Mass supplies held out well. Sealed in the container especially prepared by Monsignor McDonnell, the hosts



GOLDEN JUBILEE of a MISSION: BRITISH HONDURAS



British Honduras was entrusted to the Missouri Province in December, 1893. For fifty years it has been a Mission of men who simply refuse to despair. Bishop Murphy, S.J. (extreme left), was 67 years old when consecrated Bishop of Belize. Pioneers before him had built a promising mission and a flourishing college. A hurricane and tidal wave leveled them to the ground. Lives were lost, but the spirit was never broken. Bishop Murphy resigned at 80 years of age, and died at 81. Bishop Rice, S.J., pioneer and builder of Baghdad College, took over in 1939. He was hardly in office when another hurricane destroyed churches, convents and grade schools. Stone by stone the mission is rising from its ruins once again.

AFIELD • ALASKA • BAGHDAD • BRITISH HONDURAS • CEYLON • CHINA

are fresher than many a one I used at parish churches during the past year. After the first Sunday we had a public Mass at 9:00. One week, a Navy man served; the following week there were two servers; the week following, a member of the Merchant Marine (the third mate) took it away from the Navy, and gave all the Latin responses from memory.

"I had been absent from Baghdad for six years. During that time I carried in my mind an indelible picture of the city. Now that I am here again, I find many changes. Two steel bridges replace the old pontoon ones; streets, lined with trees and garden spots, are being cut through sections of the city which had been undisturbed for centuries. However, other familiar details of my picture remain. We drove along Haroun-al-Rashid Street in a shade temperature of 120. Here is the Baghdad I remembered. As of old, I watched our chauffeur

endanger the varied traffic of automobiles, horse-drawn carriages, laden donkeys and optimistic pedestrians. One of my companions, new to the country, kept looking behind in alarm. To his amazement, the road was not strewn with corpses."

BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS BISHOP WILLIAM A. RICE, S.J.

"Just fifty years ago the Missouri Province took over this mission of Belize. From the time the first Jesuits, Father Dupont and Father Dupeyron were sent over from Jamaica in 1851 till 1893, the Belize Mission was under the English Province and subject to the Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica. In 1895 the foundations of St. John's College were laid by Father Cassian Gillett. The school prospered from the very beginning and in 1917 the College was moved from its cramped quarters in the backyard of the Residence to the more spacious

grounds facing the sea. Here a new College Building was erected, a well equipped gymnasium and a memorial Chapel. The new College attracted many students till the number passed the 225 mark, more than half of whom came from the neighboring Republics. In the truest sense the College was promoting good will, good neighborliness and building lasting friendships on solid foundations long before these catch phrases were coined.

"All this however was swept away by the hurricane and tidal wave of 1931 which also claimed eleven missionaries. The College today is once more in the backyard, housed in nothing more pretentious than a converted warehouse, zinc covered, and as a wit facetiously described it, the only College in the whole Society without a front door knob. In fact, there isn't even a front door.

"During these years there were 64 vocations that God called to



Fire has ravaged what hurricane and flood could not reach. Yet nothing could prevent the missionaries from tramping mountain trails or paddling tropical streams through the jungle to their people. The mission may be without glamour, but it has had more than its share of glorious heroes in fifty years.

• INDIA • INDIANS • JAMAICA • NEGRO • THE PHILIPPINES • **A FIELD**

His Service; fifty Sisters, seven secular priests, and seven vocations to the Society of Jesus. Let me mention in passing our zealous and hard working cooperators, the Sisters. The Sisters of Mercy have been here sixty years; the Sisters of the Holy Family of New Orleans came here 45 years ago and the Sisters of the Pious Mission arrived in 1912.

"But you can't expect to pack the history of 50 missionary years into the small space of a page or two. More to the point it is to look to the future. There is a College to rebuild some day to continue that splendid tradition of friendship and understanding between the United States and the Central American Republics through education. St. John's has been doing just that for almost fifty years and will continue if only it can rise from the ruins. And then of course there is the reconstruction program which is

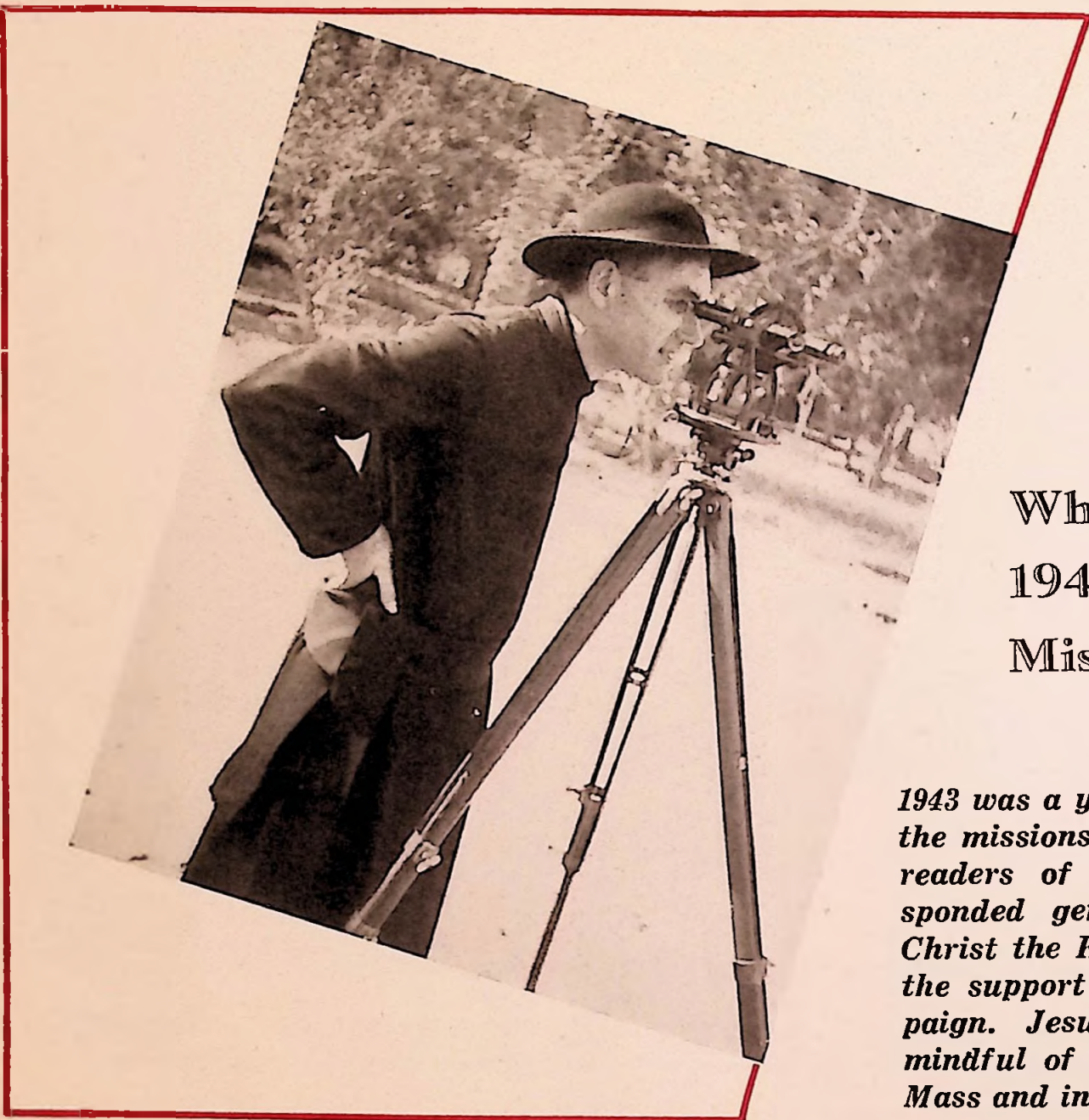
well under way under the competent direction of Father O'Connor, the former Superior of the Mission. Already five schools have been reconstructed, two of them of stone and a sixth one going up, this one, too, of stone. For the time being these schools are being used also as chapels by the visiting missionary Father on his periodic visits to the village. Some day we hope to have chapels here, too.

"A week or two ago I tried to get up to Mexico City for a Eucharistic Congress that was to be held in Tulancingo. I say I tried to get up to Mexico, but failed! It took me eight days to make 120 miles or so and then I was stranded in the little town of Chetumal, on the frontier of Mexico, near the Pan-American air field, the link between Mexico City and the south. But when I got there, with Father Halligan, we were told that the plane had been delayed till Saturday. While

we were taking our lunch we heard that there was a hurricane on the way. We paid no attention to it. Not that we have no reason to fear hurricanes, but it seemed to be only a rumor.

"At midnight we were aroused from sleep by an insistent knocking at the door. The hurricane was due at three o'clock—a bad one. So we rubbed the sleep out of our eyes, packed the grips and piled into a car heading for a safer shelter. The whole town was alive; every one making ready for the expected hurricane, nailing doors and windows fast, and making everything secure. At three thirty a weather report came through that the hurricane had changed direction somewhere near Guatemala. So we each departed to our several beds!

"The hurricane scare held up the plane for almost two weeks. By the time it arrived the Congress was over. But I did spend some miserable days waiting!"



Looking Ahead . . .

What will the year
1944 bring for the
Missions?

1943 was a year of intense distress for the missions. To relieve that distress readers of JESUIT MISSIONS responded generously to our appeals. Christ the King will eternally reward the support given to His global campaign. Jesuit Missionaries will be ever mindful of their benefactors at Holy Mass and in their prayers.

The entire world is amazed at the resourcefulness of America to cope with the gigantic demands of this war. Millions of tons of supplies have reached allied shores. Our enemies have felt the deadly blows of the millions serving in the armed forces.

The entire Catholic world prayerfully hopes that America may exhibit the same leadership on the mission fields. In 1942 Americans formed only five percent of the Catholic Missionary Personnel. In China, India, Africa, millions await Baptism! Will American youth respond?

To promote and sustain this missionary apostolate instructive and inspiring propaganda is essential. You can further this cause by increasing the circulation of JESUIT MISSIONS.



COMMUNICATIONS

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

OLD ACQUAINTANCES NOT FORGOTTEN

To the Editor:

My September issue of your very welcome magazine was waiting for me upon my return from my recent trip "Down Under," and the Father Rocks Memorial Fund appeals to me as I hope it does to thousands of others.

So, for the sake of Auld Lang Syne and in memory of happier days back in 1922 to 1925 when my dear friend, Father Byrne (God rest his soul) was Rector at the Ateneo and I was counted by all my friends as practically one of the community, I cheerfully add my mite to the Fund.

I am happy to tell you that I met Major Thomas Shanahan in Brisbane last month. Father Shanahan was a Scholastic during my days in the Philippines and it was a great joy to meet him again and to find him doing such an excellent job. Father is universally respected both by the Army and Church personnel. General MacArthur, I know, thinks very highly of him. You have every right to be proud of him.

During the past three years I have had more than a half dozen Jesuits under me. I can always count on them to measure up to any assignment. This does not surprise me as I have known Jesuits for a long time. I graduated from Boston College back in 1902.

If I take up any more of your time, I will have to make the check bigger to make up for it.

Hoping that you can read between the lines an abiding fondness for the Jesuits

and what they stand for, I am,
Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
A.P.O. . . . (Col.) Edmund C. Sliney,
Chaplain, U. S. Army

To the Editor:

Inclosed is the amount to renew my subscription to the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine. I have always enjoyed reading the articles contained in it, and now that I'm far from home, somewhere in Australia, I anxiously look forward to each copy.

I am in good health and perfectly resigned to God's Will. Spiritually my health is rather good, since I can get to Mass each Sunday and also twice during the week.

To date the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine has been arriving quite late. The fact that it eventually gets here is all that matters.

Your magazine finds its way around camp, and thus continues to interest many in your missions.

c/o Postmaster Pvt. H. B.

J. M. AGENT

To the Editor:

To all of the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS my sincere congratulations on the November issue. It was most attractive. I hope that you will even surpass the November issue during the coming year. If you have a few extra copies I would appreciate them and will distribute them among my friends as a means of soliciting new subscribers for the inspiring magazine of JESUIT MISSIONS.

Memphis, Tenn. M. A. S.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

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More Faith Robbing in Central America

John T. Newell, S.J.



The Evangelists tried to steal these "little ones" from their pastor, Father Joseph Wade, S.J., but the children used their own tactics against them.

IN spite of many handicaps, among them being small finances and difficulty of access to a population widely diffused in the bush, the church in British Honduras is able to minister to the religious and educational needs of the largely Catholic population. Even the outside districts, predominantly Catholic, are far from being neglected. For example, in this, the Cayo District, with its 5,000 souls and four priests based in the two principal towns of Cayo and Benque Viejo, there are eighteen churches and fourteen schools. The latter take care of more than

a thousand children, and are taught by fourteen Pallottine Sisters, nine Carib teachers and several others.

In view of the fact that Christianity is not neglecting these people, an explanation is needed why Protestant sects in the States think it necessary to come to this part of the world to evangelize. As Father Wade noted recently in *JESUIT MISSIONS*, the Seventh Day Adventists are active in the North, while here at El Cayo the Church of the Nazarene, a sect numbering less than 150,000 in the States, has been striving to preach "the pure word of God" among our Catholics

in this district for twelve years.

Regarding the activities, plans, methods, and achievements of this and similar sects, the *Revista Catolica* press has published books and pamphlets. From these one learns that delegates of the numerous sects at the principal conferences held in recent years at Havana, Panama and Montevideo were not lacking capable leaders to devise and elaborate plans for achieving their ends. They likewise attempted to make a division of the field of labor and warned against stressing the individual differences existing among themselves for the sake of concen-

trated and united effort in the common work of evangelization.

After these conferences and plans, what have the sects accomplished? The Spanish press describes the results by the word *fracaso*, meaning failure, and some distinguished non-Catholic writers have recently subscribed their amen to this, at the same time drawing up a strong indictment of the Protestant missionaries on many counts, not the least being the resentment and contempt they stir up against themselves and their fellow Americans.

IT is the same case here. To show that it is so, it is merely necessary to review the history of the Church of the Nazarene in our district. Twelve years ago, the first representative, an American woman, arrived in Benque Viejo from Coban, the stronghold of the sect in Guatemala, where it had established itself in 1904. In their first preachings and personal contacts with the people here, the emissaries of the sect violently denounced the doctrines of the Catholic Church, doctrines which, it is needless to say, they show they do not understand. At these meetings, a renegade from Guatemala was featured with his account of his conversion from the adoration of images. Naturally, at the beginning, there was an audience within hearing distance to satisfy his curiosity regarding what was being said.

Their preaching is simply expressed. Let Catholics abandon all the alterations which the Church has acquired during the centuries, accept the pure word of God as found in the Scriptures, and take the Only Son of the Father as the sole Mediator and Savior of men. Thus is ruled out intercession of the Saints, adoration of images, the Mass, Confession, and other such Catholic doctrine.

IN vain, however, have been all their offensive onslaughts against the doctrines of the Church. After years of residing in Benque Viejo, their headquarters, they are able now to attract only four persons to their cult. This is in reality

their personnel, since it includes the American woman missionary, the cart-man, who was graduated from their Bible College in Guatemala, and the family of the latter. Their excursions to Cayo and other places have likewise netted them nothing more than temporary crowds of the curious. They spent a month in Santa Elena, playing the portable organ, preaching and singing, with the same results. It was a repetition of this in Cayo, where they used to hold services in the Anglican school. They have never bothered to visit any of the remoter places.

Their invasion of the Maya village of San Antonio was typical. After this invasion of a week, two years ago, in spite of the hymn singing, dispensing of their errors and attacks on the Church, seeming the while to have an interested audience in the Mayas, these, while somewhat befuddled by it all, still clung to their religion. There were doubtless many unrecorded reasons that impelled them to keep allegiance to their Catholic faith, but one commonly given expression here was their unwillingness to leave the church of their fathers.

AWIT at San Antonio, who charitably allowed the Evangelists to conduct services in his house, said that the Evangelist religion was not for him since it takes all the joy out of life, prohibiting, as it does, smoking, dancing and drinking.

We are especially fortunate here, of course, since our Carib teachers have proved themselves more than a match for the Protestant missionaries. The initiative of the teacher at San Antonio nicely evidenced itself. When the Evangelists arrived in the village on one occasion, they immediately set up their organ and began to play, hoping to attract the children thereby. The teacher offset this at once by ringing the church bell, gathering the children, and playing on his own organ while the children sang their hymns.

IT is quite clear that the Protestant missionaries here, like their misguided brethren elsewhere, have



Some Government officials visit a Catholic school at Benque Viejo. A fine spirit of cooperation between Church and Government has prevailed in British Honduras, which is predominantly Catholic.

bogged down in their efforts. They have lost their audience, they have made no converts, and they have learned by experience the advisability of toning down their violence in attacks on the Church. They are now careful not to offend the Catholics, who on their part have lost all interest in them and ignore them completely. In view of this apathy on the part of their sole prospective converts, what is the attitude of the Evangelist missionaries? It was expressed in the reply recently made by the American woman to the Alcalde, when he inquired about the future plans of her sect. She replied that the Church of the Nazarene, far from yielding to discouragement, would persevere in its efforts until the people were delivered from their state of slavery and idolatry. Even admitting that she and her fellows are sincere in their religious convictions and intents, their zeal, as well as that of their supporters in the States, is woefully misdirected.



NEW BOOKS



Action This Day

Francis J. Spellman

Of all the diaries that have come from the Fighting Fronts thus far, *Action This Day* is different. It has not so much to do with the excitement of battle, the massing of troops, the launching of attacks, the laying down of barrages. Such accounts are left to the war correspondents. This book has to do with the war because the author visited the battlefronts to gaze with saddened eyes on the aftermath of war. He spent hours and days visiting hospitals of the wounded looking upon these soldiers with the eyes of a priest. He was concerned with them as individuals, men who had fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers at home. As he commended them and said Mass for them behind the fronts he reminded them that they were fighting for God and humanity. "Even amid the blackness of war there must be the light of love and charity."

In this kaleidoscopic travelogue Archbishop Spellman with an *entree* to high places met many distinguished persons of Church and State. Of these he gives vivid pen pictures and impressions. He was intensely interested in everyone and everything and had a keen eye for detail. With his own eyes he saw the tremendous surge of America's war effort and perceived the fighting spirit of the Armed Forces. He touches upon some of the complex problems that will face America and the world after the war.

But the war effort is only one phase of this book. What makes it different from other accounts are his visits and his comments on the mission work of the Church. Here hardly a stone's throw from the battle lines he saw the Catholic Church in action everywhere. The soldiers of the Cross won his unstinted praise and admiration. From his early student years in Rome he knew many of the priests and Bishops of those areas. With them he renewed old acquaintances. In out of the way places he came upon American missionaries. Their hospitals, schools, orphanages, all the various works of the missions he visited and encouraged.

With the eyes of a scholar the author sees the present on the background of the past. He philosophizes briefly on the changes. During the whole six months of that exhausting trip one gathers that the Archbishop did not find one dull moment. He talked with thousands of people

from all classes, listened to their opinions, formed definite impressions about places and situations. He must have jotted them down far into the night. The facts told in simple narrative form in the scope of this diary are interesting. A still more interesting book could be written, no doubt, on things the author could not tell at this time. The prefatory dedication of the book is sublime.

Charles Scribner & Sons, New York. \$2.75.

Men of Maryknoll

Rev. James Keller
and Meyer Berger

Here is a grand book of universal appeal, engagingly written, heart-warming to read, and inspiring in content. The co-authors, Father Keller of Maryknoll and Meyer Berger of the *New York Times*, hit upon a magic formula. With the whole mission field of the Church to choose from, where strange cultures, conflicting philosophies of life, tragedies like leprosy and hurricanes and banditry and destitution and war, which are the background for exciting living, are part of real life, they chose one thing which is of interest to everybody, Men among People. The background is there for those who understand, but doctrinal discussions, mission theories, education and the structure of the Church in the making are not discussed; all these are left for another time.

One thing in that rich, complicated, even exalted movement which we call the Foreign Missions has been presented for the admiration of the world, the character of men who are missionaries. And they richly deserve it. It is hard to imagine anyone who would not thrill to the way these American boys who are "Men of Maryknoll" have reacted to the world they discovered "in troubled corners of the earth." In fact, when you try to imagine the people who would not enjoy this book of 191 pages, you get a rather full list of all the disagreeable types there are. Without reservations, the book is grand, and all who try to make the missions better known should be grateful to Father Keller and Meyer Berger for having given us this human picture of men on the missions, "Men of Maryknoll."

Charles Scribner & Sons, New York. \$2.00

White Fire

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

It's a treat these days to lose your-

self in a book that extols a heroism that has nothing to do with war and death and destruction. Not one person dies in this story. In fact they all begin to live a little more fully because of the influence of a woman whose nature was prone to give and beautify.

As a young priest the author went out to the Philippines. There he saw the heroic work of the sisters of the missions. In this novel he pays tribute to all of them but especially to those appointed by God and their vocation to work among lepers. There he saw a human heart suffused with divine love which gave of its greatness, a love that beautified and brought light to the dark and despairing minds of lepers, a love that gave grandly, utterly, unselfishly. Fatigue, suffering, sickness, even leprosy itself could not crush the spirit of Sister Agnes. Where test tubes and microscopes failed she won out by sacrifice, prayer and trust in God.

Sister Agnes did not look upon her life as something heroic. This life of hers among the lepers was just ordinary! By trial, disappointment and suffering she was gradually learning the wisdom and peace of the Cross. But those around her sensed the fires of tribulation through which she passed. They saw the purification she endured. Refining fires made her soul white and she brought a spiritual beauty to the earth that made the company of lepers the gayest company in the world. This is the author's third novel and we consider it his best.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. \$2.75

Meet the Arab

John Van Ess

The Near East is practically unknown to most Americans. The author after forty years spent with the Arabs is competent, if any man ever was, to give us an appreciation of the Arab from first hand experience. In this study he deliberately avoids the ponderous scientific approach and, limiting his study to the Arab of Asia, leads us out into the desert as it were and shows him to us face to face. He wants us to know these nomads of the desert as intensely human persons whom we would welcome into our homes, accept as friends, men whose friendship would not be willingly forfeited once you have gained it.

The author touches upon every phase of Arabic life, their climate, their language, their laws, their civilization cen-

turies old, their folklore, their manners, their social life, their contributions to the West, their religion. He writes in an informal anecdotal fashion weaving into his story his own expeditions and adventures among these people. No one but a man who has lived so intimately with the Arabs could have written this book. His wife collaborated in the chapter on Arabian women, who still live behind the walls of their homes isolated from the world of men. The eyes of Americans will be opened when they meet the Arab in the pages of this book.

John Day Co., New York. \$3.00

Our Good Neighbor Hurdle

John W. White

John W. White is a Protestant, not a Catholic, but the case he makes out in this book is so strong against the Protestant missionaries of North America who proselytize among Catholics of South America that you find yourself saying, "This book is either material for the F.B.I. or for a libel suit." And you wonder why no action has been taken.

The theme of the book is clear. Protestant mission groups from the United States by their misguided policy insult the vast majority of the people of South America, and thereby make them suspicious of and antagonistic to the efforts from here toward unity between the Americas. They work almost exclusively in Catholic centers, usually in the cities or suburbs not "legitimate foreign mission fields." "Their 'mission stations' are located in the up-to-date capitals and their very attractive and comfortable suburbs, because their objective is not to carry the widely conflicting dogmas of their 250 sects to people who know nothing of Christianity, but to 'convert' people from the Catholic faith to their own." (p. 48) The insult consists of two steps which he asserts are almost universal: first (in their official reports) classifying the Catholics of the whole continent with the pagans of the primitive world as though they were not even Christians; and secondly, counting as "Christians" only those whom they "convert" or "baptize" themselves. By that standard, the Catholics of North America or any nation in the world are not Christians.

You can imagine the nice little situation they would have on their hands if they tried to preach that openly in Boston or Brooklyn or Chicago or New Orleans! Well, the South Americans resent it just as much, according to Mr. White, and the results are suspicions and ill-will which counteract all the good efforts of the Good Neighbor Policy. The Nazis are careful not to take such a line; the Fascists know better than to take such a line. Our Allies, the British, who manage to succeed fairly well down there, take no such line.

Names are named, and places and figures are given. It's all there for any-

one to read. But I wouldn't want to see the book become a best-seller. We would have too much bitterness right here, because they insult us just as openly as they do our own brethren. But the book should be read—read carefully by all concerned. The State Department should know about the situation; the Intelligence Services should know about it. Above all the Protestant Mission Groups should examine their souls before God. With over half the whole world still not Christian, and with all the money they have at their disposal, to snipe away at disgruntled Catholics in large Catholic centers is not only insulting, it is a tragedy. It is more than a "Hurdle," Mr. White, it is a "Barrier."

Bruce Publishing Co., 540 N. Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. \$2.50

The Priesthood in a Changing World

Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., LL.D.

The need of a new edition of "The Priesthood in a Changing World" speaks eloquently for the popularity of Dr. O'Brien's Book. While intended as a book of meditative considerations for seminarians and priests it is bound to be a stimulus to the zealous laity to cooperate its priests in leading into the fold of Christ those who are without.

No priest can read this book without feeling that there are vast fields of activity at his very doorstep. Those who have had experience with instructing converts will find here valuable hints culled by the author from masters in the field.

While one may not agree with all of Dr. O'Brien's conclusions, he will at least find his discussions provocative and stimulating.

The last chapter, the encyclical letter on the priesthood adds papal authority to many of Dr. O'Brien's statements and preserves for posterity a readable text of the solemn words of Pius XI.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$2.00

For Goodness Sake

Francis P. Donnelly, S.J.

There is a fund of easy pleasant reading combined with a deep spiritual insight compressed into these home fables. The author by association of ideas and personification has all the ordinary creatures we use and abuse daily, speak, chide and reprimand their lord and master in the form of a humorous dialogue. With a rich imagination the author emphasizes in a new and attractive way the fundamental lessons of Catholic life.

Fordham University Press, New York, N. Y. \$.50

Combined Operations

This is the official story of the training and the operations of the Commandos on land, air and sea. It starts with the early raids on the coasts of France and

Norway and the later attacks on Morocco and Algiers. It is a brand of warfare stealthy, fierce and implacable which keeps the enemy in a high state of nervous tension. Many names and details must perforce be kept secret until after the war yet nonetheless this is an interesting story well illustrated with pictures and maps.

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

Life Together

Wingfield Hope

Realizing that there is a divine pattern for marriage if it is to be a successful married life Wingfield Hope sketches this divine plan as manifested from scripture and the aberrations from it in the first section of the treatise.

In the second part the perfect plan as indicated in the marriage ceremony of the Catholic Church receives sound analysis.

The last portion offers a sane approach, which is the true Catholic point of view, to the sex problem. Neither over reticence, nor over frankness will ever give the proper balance.

The best review of the whole treatise is found on page 111 in the author's own words: "The whole of this book is written in the hope that it may light up within us (however feebly) some slight conception of the goodness and gloriousness of a married life lived near to God." *Sheed & Ward, New York.* \$2.50

The White Canons of St. Norbert

Cornelius James Kirkfleet, O. Praem.

Commemorating the eighth centenary of the establishment of the first Premonstratensian abbey in England and the first centenary of the coming of the Norbertines to the United States, Father Kirkfleet offers a well documented history of the Premonstratensian Order in the British Isles and America.

The greater portion of the volume presents descriptions and sketch histories of the Abbeys of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales prior to their dissolution begun during the English persecutions of Henry VIII. Due to his source material overemphasis is given to the defects rather than the virtues of the many communities which were established in the British Isles.

The chapters on the Norbertines in America aid in completing the glorious picture of the beginnings and progress of Catholicism in the Mid-west.

Several appendices of documentary evidence relative to the foundation charter of the abbey of Welbeck, letters of Abbot-General Gervase (1209-1228), a library catalogue of a medieval abbey and correspondence concerning the proposal of coming to the United States as well as a carefully arranged Index add special merit to the book for future historians. *St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.* \$2.00 plus postage.

MISSION DRAMA CONTEST

The Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, U.S.A., announces a mission drama contest to provide plays on a missionary theme for use without royalty in school and parish dramatic clubs. Prizes of \$125.00, \$50.00 and \$25.00 have been donated by the Maryknoll Society, Maryknoll, N. Y. All manuscripts must be submitted to the national offices of the Crusade at:

CRUSADE CASTLE,
Shattuc Avenue,
Cincinnati 26, Ohio

not later than April 10, 1944

RULES:

1. It must be motivated by Christian ideals.
2. It must be a good play.
3. It must deal with Catholic missionary work and life either in the United States or in any other country.
4. Choice of any one or combination of the following:
 - a. actual missionary work
 - b. life in mission countries
 - c. vocations to missionary work
 - d. relation of missionary work to Catholic life in general.

Prize-winning manuscripts will become the property of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade. Royalties will be arranged with author if any professional use is made of them. Plays not winning prizes also will become property of the Crusade, but if contestants wish them returned, postage should be enclosed with the manuscripts.

\$125.00 \$50.00 \$25.00

"Jesuit Bark"

(Continued from page 9)

and the best cinchona bark for the least effort and cost. Eventually there was no more to be had.

Fortunately some saplings had been already transplanted elsewhere. The world wide missions conducted by the Spaniards made quinine known the world over. But the American supply was gone.

Our American armies and the Filipino forces who saw the fall of Bataan learned this fact the hard way. When Lt. Col. Arthur F. Fischer, a malaria victim, heard the nurse answer his request for more quinine with the words, "Sorry, we're running low on quinine," the long overdue process of reclaiming quinine for America began. But for the present, desperate measures were needed. Then Fathers Ewing and Doino, two American Jesuits, one a scientist and the other a missionary, together with the chemistry laboratories of the college at Cagayan in Mindanao, were pressed into service to extract what they could from the relatively poor cinchona bark of the Philippine Islands. It was inferior to the Javanese product, but it did help to stem the ravages of malaria in an hour of desperate need. History was repeating itself. But there never should have been such a desperate need.

And now at last, cinchona and quinine are being brought back to South America mainly through the good, even if belated, efforts of the United States. Costa Rica and the volcanic slopes of the Guatemala and Mexican hills will be the greatest producers north of the Equator in the West, and south of the equator lie equally fertile fields for new plantations. How much of this precious product is needed can be gathered from the estimate that two out of every five persons in the world are stricken with malaria. For the war, the armed forces have first call on "Jesuit's Bark," but for the peace to come there will be many victims filled with malaria returning home after months of internment in the tropics. They will need quinine too, the best that can be produced.

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‘ ‘THE FATE AND WELFARE OF THE PHILIPPINES IS NEVER OUT OF MY MIND OR HEART. MY CONSTANT THOUGHT AND HOPE IS TO EASE ITS LOT AND TO HASTEN THE DAY OF ITS DELIVERANCE. THE JESUITS HAVE LONG SERVED THE ISLANDS. IN THESE DARK HOURS THEIR READY HAND AND RESOLUTE SPIRIT REMAIN AS STEADFAST AS IN THE DAYS OF PEACE. I ASK THESE HOLY MEN TO PRAY THAT A MERCIFUL GOD WILL CONTINUE TO GUIDE US ON OUR WAY BACK. ’ ’

On December 7, 1943, in the Roosevelt Hotel, New York, the above cable was read at the dinner honoring the gallant Filipino people and the Jesuit Missionaries in the Philippines on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the consecration of

The Most Reverend James T. G. Hayes, S.J.
Bishop of Cagayan, Philippines