

December

1947

JESUIT MISSIONS

Editor: Calvert Alexander

Managing Editor: Joseph F. MacFarlane

Associate Editors: Clement J. Armitage, Stephen B. Earley, Vincent S. Kearney, John H. McCumiskey, Robert P. Phalen, Anthony G. Schirmann, Andrew W. Vachon, Edward T. Wiatral

Regional Editors: Patrick A. Ryan, Thomas J. Hallahan.

Paul Brennan, Henri Bechard

Business Editor: Coleman A. Daily

Alaska • Am. Indians • Br. Honduras • Ceylon • China • Honduras • Iraq • Jamaica • Jamshedpur • Patna • Philippines

This Month

	Page
CH'EN CHIA CHI CHRISTMAS	254
<i>William J. Klement S.J.</i>	
NO PEACE IN PATNA	256
<i>John J. Barrett S.J.</i>	
UNTO HIS OWN	258
<i>Godfrey J. Cook S.J.</i>	
CHARITY IN INDIA	260
FAMILY DAY IN JAMAICA	261
<i>Charles A. MacMullan S.J.</i>	
A PRIEST'S FIRST CHRISTMAS	262
<i>Thomas M. Downing S.J.</i>	
TODAY IN BETHLEHEM	266
<i>John P. Banks S.J.</i>	
... AND IN JERUSALEM	267
<i>Joseph P. Connell S.J.</i>	
I BEG YOUR PARDON, ADMIRAL	268
<i>Edwin G. McManus S.J.</i>	
ARCTIC HOLY NIGHT	270
<i>Paul C. O'Connor S.J.</i>	
G. R. GROWS UP	272
<i>Peter J. Brown S.J.</i>	
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS	274

CONTRIBUTORS

■ Father Charles A. MacMullan S.J. comes from the north of Ireland. Not being a political review, we hesitate to venture a



Fr. C. A. MacMullan S.J.

guess as to his views on partition. Therefore we confine ourselves to the statement that he was born in Belfast. He came to America in time to begin his education at St. Catherine's School in Charlestown, Mass. After finishing at the Boston High School of

Commerce, he post-graduated at B.C. High and thereafter attended B.C., which, to the uninitiate, stands for Boston College. Father entered the Society of Jesus at Shadowbrook in 1930 and later received his M.A. in Latin at St. Louis University. Returning to B.C. in 1938, he was professor of Classics for one year previous to his theological studies at Weston College. Father is now a missionary priest in Jamaica. This is his first appearance in *Jesuit Missions* as an author. While he is new to the magazine, the Staff would like to feel that the magazine had much to do with shaping his vocation to the missions. He tells us that Jesuits on the missions influenced his desire to be a missionary. Where else would he have learned so much about them, except in the pages of *Jesuit Missions*?

COVER. This month's cover is a dual effort. It is the work of our Art Editor, Reverend Andrew Wm. Vachon S.J., capably assisted by Mr. Daniel B. Maher. The picture is symbolic, the symbolism self evident. It represents Our Lady and her Christmas offering, her Child, for the sins of the world, alongside the priest as he offers God's Christ-Mass Gift to all men of every race and color.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send change of address or other communications to JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Change must reach us at least five weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Send old address, with your new, enclosing if possible your ad-

dress label. Duplicate copies cannot be sent. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage.

JESUIT MISSIONS, December, 1947. Vol. 21, No. 10. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by the Jesuit Missions Press, Incorporated, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn.; in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, \$1.00; Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter, at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412. Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

■ Father Godfrey Cook S.J. is one of twelve sons, all of whom are following a priestly vocation in the New Orleans Province of the Society of Jesus. He was one of the first to leave for Ceylon in June, 1946, when that mission was entrusted to the Jesuits of the South. There a year, he finds the climate a bit like that of Miami, where he was formerly Principal of the Gesu Catholic High School, though he feels compelled to admit the heat

in the district of sultry Batticaloa is somewhat more oppressive. Father Cook is a man of not a few accomplishments, among these being a proficiency in Tamil,



Fr. Godfrey Cook S.J.

the native tongue of Ceylon acquired during his short stay on the Island. In fact, upon his arrival he promised his lepers short talks in their own language within two months. He is also Treasurer of St. Michael's College, Batticaloa. His chief complaint, and in this he is not

unique as a Treasurer, is the seemingly constant shortage of the wherewithal to pay bills, which contrariwise persist in accumulating. In this issue he tells us about the lepers for whom he celebrated the three Christmas Masses on the island of Mantivu.

■ John P. Banks S.J. finds peace and quiet in Palestine. In these days when the only news from that country tells of bloodshed his story may seem an anomaly, but it is not. He made his observation while visiting the town over which the Christmas star first stood in the sky, shedding its rays on the Prince of Peace. Bethlehem still has its pacifying effect, at least on the members of its own community. The contrast



John P. Banks S.J.

of Mr. Banks' article alongside that of Father Joseph Connell S.J., who tells of riot torn Jerusalem, makes a very appropriate Christmas story. Mr. Banks is a scholastic, teaching at Baghdad College, Iraq. Born in South Boston, he, too, is a graduate of B.C., thus making the second contributor to this issue claiming Boston College as Alma Mater. He is now beginning his third year as Professor of English and Mathematics in the Jesuit College in historic Mesopotamia, the cradle of civilization. The trip to Palestine is by way of vacation when professorial duties are not quite so pressing and the heat of the desert country to the east is more than usually overbearing. We hope the men in Baghdad will continue to pass on their impressions to us.



Dear Friends:

All of us can appreciate the appropriateness of that title of the Magi, "The Wise Men", who followed a star and found Christ. At every Christmastime we honor those men who travelled the desert and the hill country of Judea to lay their gifts at the feet of the Infant Savior.

Today's Magi are the missionaries who are travelling the distant roads of the world to bring their gift of the Infant Savior Himself to the hearts of peoples who have not known him. This year over one hundred Jesuit missionaries set out on the greatest of all jobs.

Here at JESUIT MISSIONS we realize how great a part you played in backing up our missionaries. Your generosity has brought Christmas to many a place this year which otherwise would not have known the happiness and joy of the coming of the Christ Child.

At the altar on Christmas morning we, the staff of JESUIT MISSIONS, and the Jesuit missionaries the world over will gratefully ask God to bless you in abundance for your generosity to us.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

The Editors

Ch'en Chia Chi

Christmas

William J.
Klement
S.J.



**It is not difficult
to find Bethlehem
among the little towns
of the faraway Orient**

TINSEL and gilt wrappings, new clothes and bright toys, yuletide carols and Solemn Mass—we all think of them when we think of Christmas. Yet really it takes only the Infant Jesus, His dear mother Mary, the ever-faithful Joseph and a few adoring shepherds to make another Holy

Night anywhere on this earth. Here in the Orient we are nearer to the cold Bethlehem night when Mary and Joseph sought shelter in vain; the drenching rain, and the cold and the slithery mud are very close to the reality of that first Christmas night. This morning in retrospect I feel very happy about my Christmas. I must confess I felt a little differently yesterday.

Ch'en Chia Chi is a little village some 25 miles to the west of the Grand Canal city of Yangchow; until five years ago it was a happy and thriving Christian community.

There was a lovely little chapel, a school, catechuminate buildings and a residence in the walled compound where the church stood. Across the street was the women's compound for the Native Sisters, the catechuminate, and a little girls' school in its high walled enclosure. Came the war; the Japanese and the Communists.

"To protect us from an attack and possible destruction by the hated Japanese," our wonderful Communist protectors ordered

us to level everything to the ground, so that there wasn't an odd brick left upon a stone. With no place to live, the missionary had to withdraw to Yangchow, and the little flock of 300 Christians lost their habits of prayer; children were married into pagan families; and the mission work of 15 years left only

a few plants among the rocks.

The end of the war and retreat of the Communists came; but there was no Father to send back to *Ch'en Chia Chi*. The best they could hope for was Mass a few times a year.

I left Yangchow by bicycle the morning before Christmas and pedaled three hours over hill and dale in the pleasant afternoon. The little three-roomed mud house of the former mission caretaker was headquarters; and to give me the comfort of the only bed, he and his wife slept on a pile of straw in the center room. Christmas morning dawned with a threatening sky.

I thought at the time I would be disappointed in my Christmas Mass. No organ pealed out in majestic chords, no far-sounding bells proclaimed His coming. Only hoarse country throats murmured the holyday prayers; but the same Infant of Bethlehem was there, resting on the altar of a rough table in a straw-thatched mud hut of *Ch'en Chia Chi*.

There He lay in the same poverty of His first night on earth. His rightful home destroyed, He was practicing the lot of rejection that has been His through the centuries, and the abandonment His Sacred Heart first sensed at a quiet midnight hour some 1900 years ago when His own kindred turned Him away from their doors, and only a few simple shepherds came to receive the new-born King.

This Christmas again there were a simple chosen few: seven, if one counted the Hosts lying on the paten ready to enter faithful hearts; and there were children, too young to receive the Sacrament. But His Mother Mary was there, for she is always where Her Son is; and even a great dog lay quietly at the open door to represent the shepherd dog who came that night to Bethlehem.

With my three Christmas Masses finished, and my heart strangely full of Christmas joy, I began my journey back to Yangchow. I hadn't gone five minutes before it began to rain, and in a few minutes I was soaked to the skin. I might have turned back, but at Yangchow fellow Jesuits were gathered to celebrate Christmas. Another quarter of an hour and I could no longer ride, but must walk my bike on the sticky mud of the paths. Weighted with my blanket roll and Mass kit, I found the going very heavy.

Then came a time when I could no longer push the bike for the mud mixed with the dry grass of the road clung to the tires and choked the forks of the wheels, and left a deep furrow in the mud. It took me an hour to cover a bare mile.

Through the mists of the rain I saw a little cluster of houses at the side of the road; how happy and surprised I was to discover Catholics at the very first house. One of the men offered to carry my bike into Yangchow.

And so, slipping and sliding we trudged through the day and into the night. It was so very much like what Mary and Joseph must have gone through to get to Bethlehem. There was even another similarity: Yangchow's gates were closed after dark and no one admitted into the city. But God was kinder to us than to His Son, for the gates opened to admit us almost immediately.

Drenched, tired, cold and hungry, I filled my shower-bucket with hot water, scrubbed, and got into bed. A few minutes later, Fr. Louis Dowd arrived with a big glass of hot brandy, and a big plate of hot Christmas dinner.

Just before I sank into sleep I remember thinking: Christmas is joyful the world over just for one reason, the blessing of the Infant Jesus on the people He came to save. There had been no rich cathedral in *Ch'en Chia Chi*; the mighty song of the angels, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" had not resounded across the fields; even the stars had been hidden by the clouds that hung low over China on Christmas Eve. Yet He had come among us again and brought the joy and happiness that belongs to Christmas alone. Somehow I could not help feeling that in the little village of *Ch'en Chia Chi* I had been nearer to Bethlehem than ever before. I was grateful for that and before sleep came I tried to whisper, "Thank you, Infant Jesus, for a wonderful Christmas day."

(Left) A Chinese painting of the Nativity. This is a popular subject among the Chinese who revere family life. (Below) The message to the Shepherd.





Ruins of the Buddhist monastery at Nalanda, India.

No Peace in PATNA

John J. Barrett S.J.

I LOOKED at the square jaw of the young missionary sitting beside me on a pile of loose brick, under the midday shade of a mango tree, and understood clearly why no daring Muslim or courageous Hindu had attacked Father Wilkinson's mission a year ago when rivers of blood flowed in Patna Mission along the Ganges. The deluge had abated only when the esteemed Jawaharlal Nehru and the revered Mahatma Gandhi appealed in person to the people. "I was called upon, first by one side, then by the other, to try to stop the carnage", he told me, "but the most effective protection I could offer was shelter to women and children within the walls of our mission, for neither side dare enter while I was there. Many thousands were killed here but it was far worse over at another town where I have a mission; fifteen hundred Muslims were wiped out there, and those who escaped have not returned, probably never will." Before picking a fight the devil himself would have looked twice at Father Bob's rugged profile, the deep crevices lining the red cheeks, the happy blue eyes under the light red brows pulled up in a squint due to the bright sun, the crop of red hair cut crew style.

We watched the panorama of India, Hindu and Muslim, trudge along the hot road nearby. The women passed in groups, bundles perched on their heads and begrimed *saris* swishing in the dust. Now and then a well-to-do farmer among the men travellers shielded his head from the sun with a white umbrella. A merchant rode by on a knock-kneed little pony, the rider's feet dangling just above the ground. Ox carts lumbered slowly on, their two great wheels creaking in discord with the driver's oaths as he prodded the patient beasts from his

perch on the wagon tongue of the ancient vehicle.

"They seem to get on well enough now, these Muslims and Hindus," I observed to my reflective friend.

He blew a big drop of sweat from the tip of his nose, and grunted, "Pakistan may be the answer but I don't think so. Like the Martins and the Coys. this feuding between the Muslims and Hindus has been going on for a long, long time and you know the force of tradition in India. I can tell you a story based on local tradition of an event that happened six hundred years ago, right on this plot of land where I am building a school."

Father Wilkinson offered me a big, black "Imperial Burma" stogie, lit his own, and began a tale in his own inimitable manner, the broad outlines of which ran like this: Atop the solitary rocky hill which rises impressively to the north of where Father Bob is building his new "Garden of the Lord", are seven tombs, the silhouettes of which are clearly visible from where we sit, a mile distant from the hill. That is the last resting place of the Muslim hero, Shah Malik Ibrahim, and his six wives. At the foot of the same hill is buried the head of the equally heroic Hindu, Raja of Rajghir. Six hundred years ago these two leaders killed each other in combat, and the pages of history have recorded many troubled days since then.

As now, so then the Muslims lived among the Hindus but held fast to their own religion of the Koran as dictated by Mohammed. In the vicinity of the Hindu-Buddhist University of Nalanda, still visible in its ruins twenty miles south of the hill, famed at that time for its lectures in Sanskrit, music, mathematics, medicine, astronomy and the reported

sayings of Buddha, there lived a poor Muslim widow with an only son. The son was to be married and the widow had a cow killed in preparation for the feast, thereby causing more grief than Mrs. O'Leary did in the burning of Chicago. For the Hindus, you know, worship the cow and forbid its eating and killing. Not so the Muslims.

While the Muslim marriage feast was in progress a giant crow swooped down into the courtyard and carried off a bone of beef. Fate was ruling the pagan world that day, and the crow, wearied of his burden, dropped the delicious morsel into the lap of the devout Raja of Rajghir who was saying his prayers in the Hindu temple precincts. With terrifying wrath the frantic Raja summoned his court and ordered search to be made for the offending party. Not only had a sacrilege been committed by the slaughter, but his own person and the temple grounds had been polluted by contact with the forbidden meat.

Before evening the gay wedding was surprised in a neighboring village by the Raja's soldiers. At the appearance of the Hindu force, the women screamed and ran for shelter within the house, the men retreated and there lay the evidence of the cow killing, the well picked bones of the carcass. In a flash the boy bridegroom was struck down and his head severed to atone for the sin. And that was the beginning of a slaughter that mounted into the thousands.

In the dark of night the grief stricken widow set out on foot to lay her grievance before the powerful Muslim Nawab at a town on the banks of the Ganges forty miles away. A night and a day she traveled, arriving before the palace gates in the height of a storm. The Nawab listened to the tale of the poor drenched woman at his feet and the fires of revenge were enkindled in his sharp eyes. His counsellors met to devise the action against the Raja, and they chose Shah Malik Ibrahim who summoned the Muslims from all the surrounding towns. The stalwart Shah, with full black beard, clasped on his scimitar for the holy war.

That was a pageant to thrill the hearts of the Hollywood producers. In the bright morning sunlight of a fair blue sky, the Muslim horde on horse and afoot, shouting slogans in unison to rock the world, swept along the road and fields with swords

and clubs upraised behind the hurrying stride of Shah Malik Ibrahim. A single theme beat in the collective mind, keeping time with the beat of marching feet, "It is glorious to fight and die for our holy religion, Islam."

Meanwhile, the Hindu Raja, forewarned of the advancing Muslims, gathered his forces and chose the battleground. He would await the attack upon the fortified hill near Bihar-Shareef, that eminence we two missionaries now contemplated. It is several hundred feet high, with a gradual approach from one side and a sheer drop on the other. Rocky and barren of vegetation it offered an excellent defense position.

At high noon the Muslim multitude encircled the base of the hill. The attack began and wave after wave surged up the craggy citadel like a storm-lashed sea flinging itself against a granite coast, only to be beaten back by the savage blows of the Hindu warriors. By mid-afternoon the slope was gullied with streams of Muslim blood. A foothold, however, was gained and at sundown, Shah Ibrahim stood face to face with the Raja at the very summit of the mount. At last, before the sunset colors fled from the clouds, the Muslim stood triumphant, holding aloft the blood-dripping head of the Hindu.

Victory's sweet nectar soon turned rancid for Ibrahim had received mortal wounds

in the fray. His men pursued the routed Hindus all the way to the famed University. There the final fight took place within the very walls of Nalanda.

The University treasures and all of its books were carried in triumph to their dying chief, but the victory was hollow. So complete had been the carnage, there remained not a living Brahmin to read and interpret the books. Nor did Ibrahim linger long to enjoy his success. At his death the warriors buried him atop the hill, and at the foot of the bloody mount they interred the head of the defeated Raja of Rajghir.

There they are, just as you see them today, six hundred years later. And still the war between the Hindu and the Muslim goes on. Yet the answer to this ancient communal problem is here in the shadow of the fatal hill where a church will enthrone the Prince of Peace, where convert Hindu and Muslim will at last become brothers to the Son of Man.



Rev. Robert E. Wilkinson S.J. of Patna.



UNTO HIS OWN

Godfrey
J.
Cook
S.J.

“LEPERS are things to be avoided” is the unspoken taboo of the world. The very thought of them makes our skin creep; and even lepers themselves, when they are buried in this living tomb, make sure that they have no forwarding address. Yes, leprosy is all that it is feared to be, and more. Leprosy here in Ceylon, as anywhere in the world, bears the same stamp as it wore 2,000 years ago when our Lord walked the earth.

When in those days Christ cured the lepers, He looked down the centuries and saw that some day in 1946 He would be the most welcome Guest in every Leper asylum. Surely the Blessed Eucharist was instituted by Him with a special eye on the infected and decomposing bodies of lepers in the world, and give them at least the soundness of soul that their bodies lacked.

Returning from Trincomalee unexpectedly the day before Christmas, I was happy to celebrate the three midnight Masses for them. The asylum is situated on an idyllic little isle, formerly known as Mantivu, or Deer Island, some three miles west of Batticaloa. Come with me to pay it our Christmas visit.

We go along the streets of sleepy Batticaloa by the hospital, then the causeway of an arm of the lagoon. A charming, swarthy Ceylonese, rows us across the expanse of water that separates us from Mantivu. Now we are landing at the other little pier, and you are walking in the leper asylum. It is 6 P.M. and it is growing dusk fast. Look; to the right is a long building, the asylum's auditorium, where the lepers entertain themselves periodically with Tamil or Singalese plays, etc. There are 230 lepers all told, and they have plenty of talent amongst them. A big red cross is painted on top of the hall, to remind you of war danger from Japanese planes.

We are now passing neatly arranged houses flanking the road. Everything is clean and tidy; the insistence of the good Sisters. But there is the Church, with the Sacred Heart, St. Francis Assisi, and St. Francis Xavier smiling down on you from their ivory-colored statues in their niches high on the facade of the Church. Enter into the Church, after saluting the Blessed Mother, in Our Lady of Lourdes Grotto, to the left. I have a baptism to perform. Listen to the name: Mr. Pereira baptized.

That name speaks volumes. He is either the descendant of or was named by one of the Portuguese Conquistadores back in the 16th century. He has been a Buddhist all his life. Now after my instruction, he is ready for baptism. He told me that when it was rumored abroad that he was going to become a Catholic, a Buddhist monk suddenly paid him a visit. He related to me that he frankly told the Buddhist he couldn't believe any more in the transmigration of souls, and requested a proof. The monk

admitted he couldn't furnish a proof, and soon made a hasty exit. But there he is, Mr. Pereira, a quiet person of some 40 years. He insists he wants to be called Edward Godfrey Charles Pereira. And so he was baptized. As Godfather he had a former St. Michael's College Professor, Mr. Oliver LeFebre, almost blind, a leper for over 27 years, with only stumps of hands. Though maimed now, he is a literateur and stylist of no mean proportions. He is a descendant of some French soldier, who in the days of French ascendancy in Ceylon, settled down in Batticaloa.

All is bright around the crib, solicitously prepared by Sister Raimunda from Spain, and decorated tastily with palms as a background, and moss and straw throughout the cave-crib and between the winsome figures. I hear confessions in Tamil, as one after the other, the lepers approach to get the grace of the Tribunal before the midnight Communion. Each one hobbles up, kneels devoutly, says the Confiteor, confesses, is absolved, and retires.

Then at 12 sharp, Mass starts. A Canadian Sister is at the organ, and the Sisters' voices ring clearly and devoutly through the chapel and over the island. The sermon is perforce in English, and unfortunately many of the patients cannot follow; but by multiplicity of gesture and intonation we endeavor to supply the deficiency until such time when the Chaplain can do justice to his Tamil.

At the Consecration the Catechist bursts out in reverential apostrophe to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and continues to pour forth the faith of the patients for a minute.

Communion is always a deeply emotional tryst with God, heightened this time by the Christmas thrill. First you go to the healthy Sisters, then to the healthy part of the congregation, then to the two leper Sisters, one French, one German, who have contracted the fatal disease. You feel like weeping; but they don't; glad they are, thus to give their lives for the benefit of the patients. And finally you go to the lepers themselves. And how they come or don't come! In every form and shape of progressive leprosy, without toes, fingers, nose or ear. And finally to one who just squats on the cement floor. It is heart-rending; and yet they are cheered tonight by the Infant Savior and the glow His doctrine sheds into their weary lives.

Tonight in his sermon, the Chaplain has reminded them that their affliction is not a punishment for sins either personal or ancestral, as the Hindus and Buddhists teach here, but a token of love from God,

their Father, who wishes to enhance their crown in heaven. He continues and asks them to offer their lives for the sins of the world, just as Christ came to Bethlehem to be treated as a Leper on Calvary, and give His life for leper and non-leper alike.

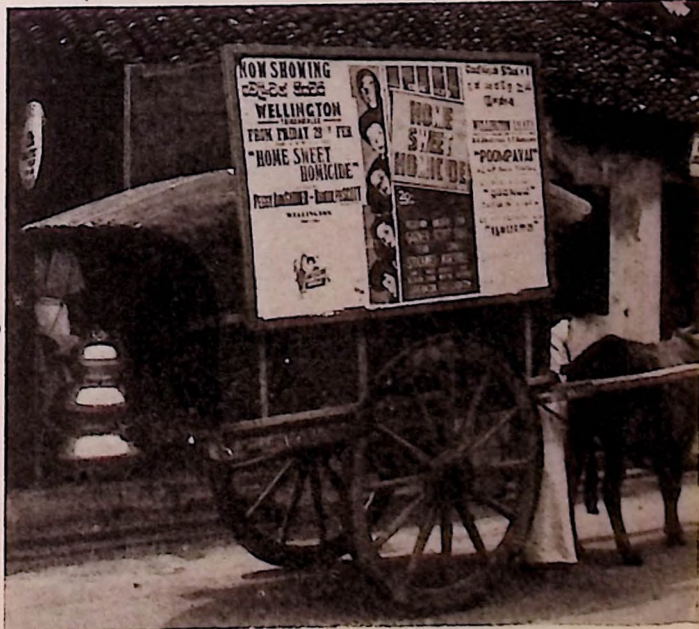
Before the second Mass, I turn and give the Sisters of St. Francis their Plenary Indulgence Absolution, and am reminded how they left all in France, Spain, Germany, Scotland and England and Canada for these poor creatures, to spend their lives for them.

For the last Mass we enthroned Our Lord and besought Him to look down upon these modern lepers and pity them as they still cry to Him "Unclean," and "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me." And He mercifully makes them forget their misery, for no sooner is the Mass over, than fire-crackers burst and boom from all around. The lepers are celebrating Christmas, and in their simple but hearty way are proclaiming their joy at their Savior's advent.

Back to bed we go, until 9 A.M. when the Mother Superior, Mother Our Lady of Roncesvalles, goes around the wards and distributes individual packages to every leper; as well as to the children that share the island confinement. So all is happy; all is Christmas cheer; and a beautiful interval of happiness has softened days and months of anguish.

Christmas to the lepers on the island of Mantivu is a time when their pain can be forgotten for a short hour

(Left) The author with students of St. Michael's College, Batticaloa
(Below) A Ceylon street scene combines the modern with the ancient.





(Left) Mokameh missionaries. Sisters Florence Joseph, Lawrencetta, Ann Cornelius, Crescentia, Ann Roberts and Charles Miriam. (Above) Science and love of God

CHARITY *in India*



OVER in Patna, India there are a lot of smiles these days. Father Marion Batson S.J. of the Mokameh mission, one of the largest in the Patna field, has had one of his most fervent prayers answered. The Sisters have come! Out of the rolling hills of Kentucky six Sisters of Charity of Nazareth have crossed three seas to take up mission work at Mokameh. Only a missionary can appreciate what that means and only God knows what reward is worthy of those generous souls.

Patna is the first mission field undertaken by the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth who teach in 11 schools, and conduct 3 hospitals in the Diocese of Covington, Kentucky. Sister Lawrencetta S.C.N. is the superior of the group which includes two nurses, one pharmacist and three teachers. There is many a missionary in the world today who longs ardently for such a talented group.

Father Batson has a convent and clinic ready for them, together with a grade school and plans for a high school and hospital. Later on they may assume charge of a leper colony. For when a nun has given her heart to God there is no end to the sacrifices she makes. May God bless a thousand-fold the Sisters of Mokameh!



Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Irons after 63 years.

Mr. Irons, ninety-six years old, was a school teacher in Jamaica for forty-six years—with the exception of five years of teaching at Grand Turk Island. Six months before, a doctor predicted that Mr. Irons would be dead within three days but Catholic Family Day found him and his wife along with their four married children at the Cathedral for the ceremonies. His legs, he will admit, do not seem to have the strength of former days. Alert of mind, Mr. Irons is intensely interested in the activities of the Catholic Church. Mr. and Mrs. Irons are converts and with justifiable pride relate that Bishop Gordon, first bishop of the Catholic Church in Jamaica, received them into the Church. As they look back on the long years of married life they have nothing but gratitude to Almighty God for His constant and manifold blessings.

The renewal of marriage vows at the Cathedral climaxed the first, island-wide observance of Catholic Family Day. In response to the wish of Bishop Thomas A. Emmet S.J., D.D., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, in all the Catholic churches which dot this lovely island of the Caribbean Sea, Catholic husbands and wives pledged themselves to uphold the dignity of Christian marriage.

By a series of four talks on the radio, by articles in *Catholic Opinion*, a weekly newspaper, by sermons and by observance of Catholic Family Day, the Catholic Church is endeavoring to impress upon the minds of the people of Jamaica the importance of the family to the State and to the Church.

The magnitude of the task which confronts the Church may be grasped from the fact that seventy per cent of the Jamaican children are born out of wedlock. Various reasons are given for this appalling condition. Some view concubinage as a relic of slavery abolished in Jamaica over a hundred years ago. In the days of slavery, slaves were not permitted by their masters to marry and mothers and fathers were sent to widely separated plantations. The disregard of the white man for the laws of God has led astray many Jamaicans. When people living in concubinage are asked by the priest why they don't marry, the answer often given is that times are hard. They are too poor to have a wedding ring, decent clothes, a wedding cake and a celebration for relatives and friends.

Whatever may be the reasons for the widespread concubinage, the Catholic Church in Jamaica is striving to bring about the restoration of marriage to a place of honor. Catholic Family Day was a step forward in that restoration. How successful it was can be gathered from the comment of one there, "As I held my wife's hand and repeated my marriage vows, I was proud that I was a Catholic."

Family Day in JAMAICA

Charles A. MacMullan S.J.

SOME time ago, while a crowded Cathedral watched, four hundred Catholic married couples of Jamaica, with their right hands clasped as a symbol of their indissoluble love, renewed their marriage vows. There were tears of joy in the eyes of some; there was a determined resolution to fulfill God's plan for married life in the strong voices of the husbands and the soft accents of the wives. Their minds travelled back to the day when they first spoke the words "for better, for worse" etc., and the intervening years with their joys and their sorrows seem to fade. For one couple, that day was but a short three weeks before; for many it was near to fifty years; for Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Irons it was sixty-three years ago.

A Priest's FIRST CHRISTMAS

*Thomas M.
Downing
S.J.*

Christmas cards and
Bing Crosby together
with Petromaxes transform
a little town in Purnea

THREE joyful, glowing weeks had passed since my ordination and First Mass. Now, I found myself twisting my way down our Himalayan hills in our local toy train to the plains below. I was going for my first outside priestly ministry. After changing trains three times, saying Mass at three A.M., and traveling in crowded, friendly third class Indian coaches, I arrived at Purnea. It was five A.M. when I hailed the strange pony and buggy transportation of this small Indian town. The buggy was a gaudy, four-square affair in which the passenger sat perched like a bird in a gilded cage. A good three miles stretched between the railroad station and the parish church. At this early hour the pony was in no mood to break Man-O-War records.



An Indian artist's conception of the Madonna and Child enthroned might well have been taken from the dark-eyed mother and son of today's new India.





That two Jesuit missionaries of diverse nationality and of missions almost as far apart as the Poles should meet in the United States is by no means unusual. The distinction of this picture is that both men are Bishops. Reading from left to right, they are Most Reverend Francis T. Roche S.J., of Tuticorin, India, and Most Reverend Thomas A. Emmet S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica. Bishop Roche was born in India, while Bishop Emmet is a native American.



MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

THREE EASTERN RITE PRELATES, the Melchite Patriarch of Antioch, the Bishop of Thebes and the Administrator of the Coptic Patriarchate of Alexandria officiated at the consecration of Archbishop Arthur Hughes, English convert and White Father who was appointed Papal Internuncio to Egypt. This is believed to have been the first time that Eastern Rite prelates took a direct part in the consecration of a British Bishop.

OVER 14,000 TYPEWRITTEN PAGES of the writings of Father Charles de Foucauld have been sent to the Sacred Congregation of Rites. This closes the first part of the ecclesiastical tribunal which has been meeting in the Sahara to prepare the process

of his beatification. Father de Foucauld, formerly the Lieutenant Vicomte de Foucauld, the explorer who became a hermit and apostle of the Bedouin Arabs, was slain by marauders in 1916.

CATHOLIC MISSIONS IN THE SAHARA are celebrating their 75th anniversary. Beginnings were difficult, marked as they were by the assassination of the first six missionaries. From 1883 to 1920 twelve White Fathers and some twenty White Sisters worked under great difficulties. The Sahara Missions of today have 13 mission stations comprising 30 communities made up of 45 White Fathers, 20 Little Brothers of Jesus, disciples of the work begun by Charles de Foucauld, 125 White Sisters and 10

Little Sisters of Jesus. Over 3,000 children attend their schools.

•

FOUR HUNDRED CATHOLICS in the "Green Hell" jungles of South America are the fruits of 18 years of labor by Father Andrew Linssen of the Society of Mary of Montfort, the only white man who has ever penetrated the tangled jungles of Wakkariguara of the Vicariate Apostolic of Llanos de San Martin. Only after eight years did Father Linssen baptize his first convert. Father Linssen who is a doctor as well as a priest is the only doctor within a radius of 1,000 miles.

•

THREE PRINCIPAL OBSTACLES to Catholic missions in Indonesia are Islam, Protestant proselytizing and colonial spirit, according to a Rome news release. Moslems are in the majority in Java and Sumatra and are influential in other places, notably Borneo and the Celebes. For two centuries from 1606 to 1807 Catholicism was a proscribed religion while Protestant missions received governmental encouragement. Colonial spirit exploited the natives for producing sugar, oil, tin, coffee, tea, tobacco, rice, cacao, pepper and quinine. Social uplift, education and equal rights for natives are the goals that Catholic missionaries must seek.

•

FATHER JOSEPH OLSR S.J. of the Pontifical Oriental Institute in Rome asks Catholics to "continue to love their separated brethren." He reminds Catholics: "It is necessary not to forget that in the Russian Church are valid sacraments, a valid priesthood, and that a true Eucharistic sacrifice is offered. Thus in a sixth part of the globe, despite the efforts of atheistic Marxism, the Eucharistic Christ is still present in many places."

•

"THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE" is the name of a Catholic Daily to be published in Kalgan, China. It will concentrate on promoting the material and moral prosperity of the people. Some 200,000 Catholics and great numbers of pagans dwell in the territory. This organ will make the nature, organization and teachings of the Church better known among the people. The founders of "The Voice of the People" plan to organize a book publishing section for Catholic literature in conjunction with the paper.

•

HOPE FOR THE CHURCH in North

China is seen from the fifty ordinations to the priesthood in a little more than one month. Sixteen were students of the Regional seminary of Kingsien, in exile in Peiping; eight were members of the Disciples of Our Lord founded by His Excellency Msgr. Celso Costantini; twelve were members of dioceses of Mongolia, two of whom were Mongols.

•

THE SHIELD, official organ of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade, informs its readers that approximately 4,335,000 Catholics live in Hindu India and 162,000 in Moslem Pakistan. Of the 54 dioceses 44 are in the new India State and 7 in Pakistan. The remainder are in independent states with a Catholic population of about 90,000.

•

BISHOP ANSGAR NELSON, O.S.B., Coadjutor to Bishop Johannes Erik Mueller, Vicar Apostolic of Sweden, was received into the Catholic Church in 1929 and was ordained in 1937. The Catholic population of Sweden numbers only 5,800 of a total population of over 6,500,000. In a report to St. Ansgar's Bulletin Bishop Mueller observes that "public opinion in our country during the last decade has been substantially better towards the Catholic Church." A plan for expansion for the Catholic Church in Sweden has been projected.

On the anniversary of Filipino independence the Jesuits of the Sacred Heart Novitiate at Novaliches assemble for the flag raising. Many of those here fought at Bataan and participated later in the guerrilla warfare.



Today in

BETHLEHEM

BETHLEHEM and Jerusalem are only six miles apart. A bus can cover the distance in fifteen minutes. Yet these two cities of Christ are far apart in spirit and atmosphere—as far apart now as they were in the days when Christ began His mortal life in one of them and ended it in the other.

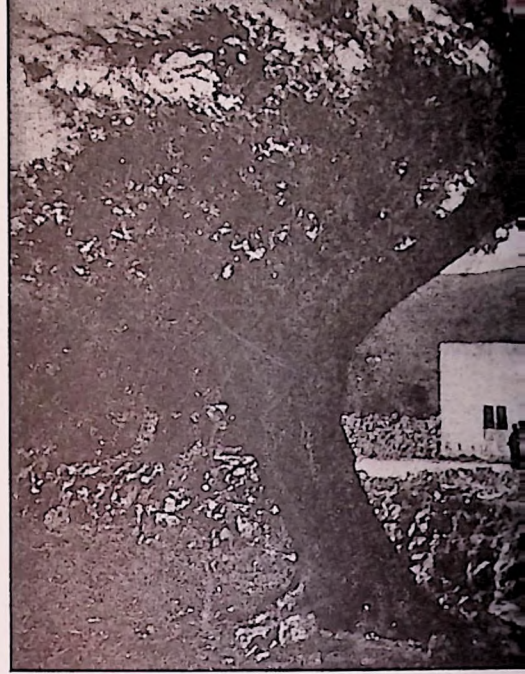
The quiet, humble birth of Jesus Christ has left its mark forever in Bethlehem. In this little town, in the cool quietness of a cave, Mary “brought forth a son, her first-born, whom she wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger.” All the world was at rest, and only shepherds heard the sweet rapture of the angels announcing the good tidings: “Glory to God in high heaven, and peace on earth to men that are God’s friends.” Midst surroundings of peace and tranquillity, the Prince of Peace came into this world with His message of peace.

Today in Bethlehem, it is still possible to recapture that peace and calm of the first Christmas Eve. Here is no roar and bustle of a great city, no riots and alarms, no tramping of soldiers and rumbling of tanks as in other cities of the Holy Land. Friendly laughter and conversation are heard in the streets and in the busses. Within the Grotto of the Nativity itself, this atmosphere of peace is more sensibly felt at certain times of the day. Morning may be rather restless with the intermingling prayers and chants of the Latins, Greeks and Armenians; afternoon may be distracted by talking of guides and visitors; but, towards evening, peaceful silence reigns in the dimly-lighted grotto. A few votive lamps flicker quietly above the softly gleaming silver star—the star which marks the spot where the Prince of Peace was born. You can kneel here, you can pray or think quietly, you can feel the soothing serenity of Christ stealing into your soul.

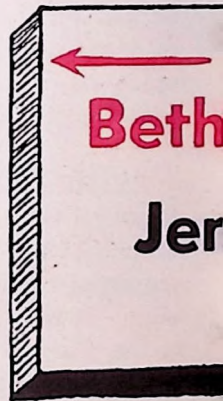
The streets of Bethlehem offer a marked contrast to those of the other cities of the East. There is no hurrying and crowding such as you find in the dark and narrow alleys of the old walled city of Jerusalem. The women, too, are not the veiled, furtive figures whom you see in other places hastening about their business. The women of Bethlehem walk the holy streets with simple dignity, crowned with the tall white headdress that is a reminder of the Crusades. In their unveiled features you can still trace the characteristics of those cross-bearers who long ago built their crude paradise around the manger of Christ as a part of the Kingdom of Jerusalem.

Bethlehem and Jerusalem—two holy cities, differing in spirit but both sanctified by Christ’s presence. In Bethlehem, Jesus brought His peace into the world; and in Bethlehem you may still find peace. In Jerusalem Jesus met with discord and restless tension and death; today you may find the same. . . .

John P. Banks S.J.



From
Peace
and
Stars
and
Silence



and in

JERUSALEM



hem

alem



to
War
and
Streets
and
Death



THE atmosphere of Jerusalem is tense, the people distrustful. The vicinity is an armed camp and death lurks in every corner and under the most innocent guise for the young British soldier. The British are living in three zones, surrounded by impenetrable barriers of barbed wire and road blocks; and the approaches are guarded with an alert that is almost a frenzy. To enter a zone one needs a pass. The night we arrived in the Holy Land we were stopped at the entrance to Zone B, a stone's throw from our Biblical Institute. We merely wished to announce our presence to the Superior and telephone ahead to Bethlehem. The corporal saw no difficulty and he escorted us to the house and back again ten minutes later. Next day we learned that his kindness had cost him two nights in the guardhouse for betrayal of duty. I regret our part in this but I do not blame the commanding officer. Last year the guards let the milkman into the nearby King David Hotel, and Jerusalem is still mourning the nearly one hundred dead whose bodies were buried for days in the ruins made by the bomb hidden in the can of milk.

I made my retreat at the Franciscan Biblical Institute on the Via Dolorosa. I could look across the narrow way to the police barracks built into the wall of the Temple area. This entire set of buildings occupies the site of the Antonia, and it is in the courtyard of the barracks that the Franciscans begin their weekly public Way of the Cross. It is the first station where Jesus was condemned to death. The barracks are there today for the same reason the Romans had the Antonia in that place—to watch over the Temple area and to nip trouble in the bud. And there was trouble aplenty! The night I began retreat there were two alerts. The sirens blow and give the signal for all traffic to stop; pedestrians may not go out of the walled city (the old Jerusalem); they may not move from zone to zone until the all clear is sounded. That night there was an explosion and the shrieking of sirens, and nearly one hour of machine gun and rifle fire. A young soldier, leaning over the balustrade of the barracks, interpreted the firing for me with "That's machine gun," or, "Hear that, that's the sten gun." Every night of my retreat at the sound of the alert I heard the soldiers rush out to their places of duty. The sound of their heavy boots on the cobblestone ramp of the barracks, the clinking sound of their guns and the loud roar of their tanks were eery disturbances. During the nine nights I was there there were thirteen alerts, generally preceded by the loud explosion that was the cause. And in the bombings and shootings those nights were nearly one hundred casualties, dead or wounded. The City of Peace has become a city of bloody war and death. "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! How often would I have gathered thee to Me. . . ."

Joseph P. Connell S.J.



Fr. McManus gathers some of his husky stevedores on the island of Truk in the Pacific for the camera.

I Beg Your Pardon, Admiral

Edwin G. McManus S.J.

QUITE recently I saw a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* for May 3, 1947, and read with a great deal of interest the article "Let's not Civilize These Happy People" by Rear Adm. Wright, Deputy High Commissioner for the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands. The picture with the article showed the Admiral and U'rik, chief of Ngulu Island. U'rik was quoted as desiring only relief from a toothache and a few matches, but when I visited the island he begged me for a resident priest, as he claimed that all the inhabitants wanted to become Catholics.

I couldn't stay there long enough to instruct the people, and I was afraid this was the all too familiar case of a chief ruling the personal lives of his people, so all I did was give him a few catechisms and promise to return as soon as I could. During the past year, from my base on Truk I have visited

quite a few of the Caroline Islands, and in practically every island, as in Ngulu, the people want the missionaries to come and live with them.

My visits and conversations with the chiefs and the people have led me to somewhat different conclusions from those expressed by the Admiral in his article, but I whole-heartedly agree that there should be no attempt to transplant American civilization in its entirety to these islands. Radios, movies, flush toilets, ice cubes, etc. are quite unnecessary here nor, in all probability, will the natives ever be able to afford such luxuries. These people are not Americans; any attempt to Americanize them would only destroy their own culture and substitute a shoddy imitation of the American way of life. Adm. Wright displays sound common sense when he says we should not try to make the natives Iowans or Californians or Virginians.

However, I feel I must take exception to some of the Admiral's views. He says all participate equally in the various aspects of community life and "in practice any attempt at despotism . . . is a short cut to deposal, if not disposal." From my experience I would say that the native chiefs, functioning under the American flag, wield power as absolute as can be found in any totalitarian state in the world. Theoretically, the U. S. Military Government is above the chiefs, but if the Military Government wants to hire a native, he will ask permission of his chief before accepting such employment. The nuns at Truk find it very difficult to gather the women together for sewing and handicraft classes for practically every day the chiefs assign some particular task to the women.

It would be almost impossible to expect that such absolute power would never be abused—and the people claim that it is abused frequently. Consequently I feel there is a crying need to teach these people the principles of democracy and respect for the rights and dignity of the individual.

A second point on which I cannot agree with the Admiral is the question of clothing. He believes the missionaries forced the people to adopt European style clothing and that with "the voluminous New England costumes they also acquired tuberculosis and other respiratory diseases."

Now while it is true that tuberculosis is a serious problem, it is not at all certain that the wearing of clothing is responsible. I do not profess medical knowledge as to the causes of tuberculosis, but I do know that it is widespread in the islands where the people do not wear, and never have worn, European style clothing. For example, the usual costume in Yap is g-string or grass skirt yet the Medical Officer on Yap told me tuberculosis is their No. 1 long range problem. It would seem, then, that clothing or the lack of it does not appreciably affect the incidence of tuberculosis. And I should like to conclude the subject of clothing by stating that I have frequently seen natives shivering from the cold.

A third and final point on which I cannot see eye to eye with Adm. Wright is the prohibition of the old pagan dances and songs. Both Catholic and Protestant missionaries have always opposed such pagan customs because they are inextricably linked with paganism, animism, devil-worship, etc. and as such are absolutely opposed to Christianity. Despite the Admiral's belief that "our own ideas of the essentials of Christian conduct have changed in a single generation," I still believe that "no man can serve two masters."

Adm. Wright has some nice things to say about the missionaries, and in the report he made of his inspection trip he urged that missionaries visit the outlying islands frequently. But he must expect that they will preach Christianity, and oppose paganism in all its forms. To do anything else would mean being false to their commission, as apostles and teachers of Jesus Christ, and they would much better stay at home.

As long as they have Christ would you spoil it with anything else?





ARCTIC

Holy Night

Paul C.
O'Connor
S.J.

IF Santa was looking for a good team of reindeer he certainly did not have far to go. Just before Christmas about 2000 deer were leisurely pasturing in the fringes of Hooper Bay. They paw away at the snow and then feed on the succulent bits of moss underneath. Just how Santa Claus fared I do not know, but I do know that the reindeer afforded many a nice juicy steak for Christmas day.

Christmas time is always a busy session for the priest. Teams straggled into the village from the four points of the compass. The Eve was devoted simply to giving out presents and hearing confessions. When a lull came in cleansing souls, I wandered over to our hall packed to the brim with every Eskimo in the village—Catholic and Protestant alike. All were enjoying themselves. A humorous Eskimo Santa was performing a jig in grand style. The corner of the hall was stacked high with presents. Arctic tastes differ from ours—packages of sinew, chewing tobacco, muklucs, parkas and what-not. Children, though, are the same in every clime. Boys were attracted by everything that moved and made a noise. Girls fondly hoped for dolls. I was amused at titbits of English on the gifts—"A kerchief to Susie from Tommy—Mukluk

soles to Bob from Grandma," etc. Not a word was said during the distribution of presents. The receiver was ever bashful. Packages were opened only at home.

I went outside for a breath of fresh air. Not a sound here under the cold, sparkling sky. Even the malemutes were silent. Most of them had a hard day. They seldom howl when they are exhausted. I looked up at the huge Dipper flung out before me. The stars seemed very close to the earth tonight. Certainly it must have been a night like this when Christ was born. I thought about the three Masses that I was soon to say. I had said many Masses in Eskimo land. But Midnight Mass at Christmas had a thrill all its own. Always huge crowds, crying babies, atmosphere so thick you can cut it, but, easy to be recollected all the same.

I slipped a couple of dolls under my parka and a few mouth organs, and re-entered the hall. The stack of presents was running out. I looked at one little girl all bright and shiny in a new calico parka. but no present. I slipped a doll under her arm. whispering that Santa says not to say a word.. Her eyes were big as saucers. I spied three other forlorn lassies and repeated the act. I knew beforehand

that they would be left out in the cold. They were too poor to receive anything from their folks, and too small to be noticed in general. A few mouth organs went the same way to a few of my altar boys. The girls of course would come running to me before the morrow was over with two new parkas for their dolls. The boys would be struggling for weeks over some crazy cowboy tune learnt from the family phonograph.

Promptly at the stroke of 12 the procession began. My tiniest and best looking lad held the Infant in his arms. We marched up to the crib to the strains of "O Holy Night"—("Tankeilrea Unuhpak.") The altar was ablaze with lights and flowers—all paper, of course, but made by each family. Every person in the congregation remained for the three Masses. The sermon was a flop,—it always is! It is just impossible to preach with opposition coming from twenty to thirty babies. Luckily Christmas songs were able to submerge them for most of the services. As I made my thanksgiving I could hear the cheery voices through the village. I stopped to blow out the twinkling lights before the crib when I noticed an Eskimo woman still bowed in prayer. I went up and found that she was fast asleep,—stranger, she had spent perhaps all day on the trail to come to midnight Mass. I tapped her on the shoulder. She arose with a start and left the church.

The babes behaved better during benediction. If you could have heard 500 strong sing *Adeste Fideles*—"Agayun Malreani"), you would have no trouble at all in experiencing the thrill that raises an Eskimo pastor above his bleak and chilly surroundings. The coming of Christ warms all hearts.

Fr. Paul O'Connor, long a favorite with our readers.



APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

MISSION INTENTION FOR DECEMBER, 1947
*The Restoration and Increase of Seminaries for
Native Clergy*


Your mission seminaries, dear Lord, form one of the glorious pages of mission history. In a way they are the yardstick by which one can measure the growth of Your missions. The establishment of seminaries for the training of Your native clergy has been the object of Your missionaries whenever one of their young converts looked up with hopeful eyes inquiring: "What must I do to be a priest like you, Father?" Your missionaries have not been wanting in the past in this vital matter, but the future demands heroic efforts to establish more and more seminaries for Your native clergy in mission lands. Emissaries of Satan are already at work whispering into pagan ears the false word that Catholicism is a "foreign" religion, that it is something European and for Europeans only. Native sects in Your mission lands, goaded on by a false spirit of exaggerated nationalism, have reechoed that cry in Africa, in Asia and in Indonesia. To these people who have been falsely led astray we must prove what Your Vicar, Pope Pius XII, has reiterated again and again during his pontificate that the Catholic Church is "supranational" and for all peoples. From the start of those nations where she has taken root and grown to a certain maturity she seeks her priests, her ecclesiastical hierarchy. When his Eminence Bishop Thomas Tien, a son of the Chinese soil, was elevated to the Cardinalate in the Catholic Church, it was more than a shining tribute to all that he had done as Bishop to foster Chinese vocations in the priesthood, to establish a native clergy in China. His investiture in the robes of a prince of the Church of Rome was a living witness of the universality of the Catholic Church.

But, dear Lord of the Missions, there will never be a strong clergy in mission lands without seminaries. And there will be no increase of seminaries without constant striving and boundless sacrifice. World War II has ravaged the seats of learning in China, Japan and the Philippines. When students were forced into military service, mission seminaries had to close their doors because they lacked the bare essentials for their conduct. Like the biblical phoenix, let these seminaries rise from their ashes with a more vigorous vitality. They are of prime importance to the future of Your missions. Inspire Catholics the world over to offer daily prayers and to gather alms to speed the work of restoration.

Author: G. Schumann S.J.

Peter J.
Brown
S.J.

There Is a Paradise
for Indian Boys
in the North Woods



The Garnier Residential School for Indian boys.

"G.R." Grows Up

"A ni!" is the Otchipwe for "Hello, friend!" and such is the greeting from the boys at Garnier Residential School for Indian boys. The school's post office is Spanish, Ontario; a modest village along the north shore of historic Georgian Bay, just where the Spanish River empties into the North Channel. The school itself is situated in a region that is a camper's paradise, with islands bristling with spruce and pine, woods tinged with a hazy blue that words cannot describe, lakes brimful with sparkling clear water. The students are at home the first day they arrive.

For years the boys from nearby Manitoulin Island, from Sagamok, Serpent River and Mississagi Reserve have been coming to this school for their education. Following a new "face-lifting" job on its quiet grey brick exterior, there has come a more radical change in the school's interior. For now at long last and after much hard work on the part of the present superior of the local missions and principal of the school, Father Raymond Oliver S.J., the boys have a High School and Technical School department, which they may attend after completing eight grades of primary education. There are at present over one hundred and fifty boys at the school, which has every grade from Primer to Second Year High School. Quite contrary to the common belief that higher education is unattainable or undesirable for these clear-eyed sons of the forest, the boys have surprised everyone by the facility and quickness

with which they mastered every subject on the Ontario curriculum for Entrance and First Year High.

It was due to the efforts of Father Raymond Oliver S.J., the trusted friend of the boys, and to Father "Dan" Hannin, their prefect, that new class rooms, machine shops and drafting rooms were built. The new Technical course added for the 1947-48 term will include Motor Mechanics, Electricity, Welding, Woodwork and Tinsmithing. The future graduates from the school will be tops in their trades. All this was made possible with little financial aid, a situation that was somewhat remedied by small donations and thrifty living.

The students find time despite their busy class schedules for plenty of games. Naturally lithe, trim and graceful, they pick up games fast. In two years of touch rugby they have developed a brand of game that is faster and more strenuous than what I have seen in many High Schools. The old timers in Spanish and Massey villages can no longer come near to beating the "College," as they call it, in either softball or baseball. One reason is that the boys have remarkable keen vision and seldom strike out. Their hockey record is even more enviable. These boys, sixteen years of age and some fourteen, proved more than a match for teams of senior men standing. They lost only one game last season and that to a team which they later beat by tripling their score. The boys are fast, tricky, cooperative and



Give a boy a swimming pond and an education with Christ and there is no need for worry.

have boundless confidence in their coaches. Full of love for the game and burning with school spirit, they provide their fans with plenty of thrills.

The school team is of course a select group, chosen from four senior teams in the school. They must have a satisfactory academic standing, but to date no one has had to be warned that he will be barred from games because of poor showing in class work. The grading of the student body into Midgets, Juniors, Intermediates and Seniors comes naturally from their age and size and is done as soon as possible after the school term begins. There are four teams in each division and each team plays at least one league game a day in one of the major sports at the school of Softball, Touch Rugby, Hockey, Basketball, depending on which is in season. Small wonder that there is no problem of discipline so frequently bemoaned by other schools.

Each month or at least once in two, the boys put on a dramatic performance. During the past ten months no fewer than ten plays were presented. Their presentation of the operetta H.M.S. Pinafore had never been equaled by any previous performance at the school. Every evening after study the older boys gather together in their club room to chat, read the newspapers, listen to the radio or work on their printed school paper called the "Club Star." Dancing lessons are on the new schedule and so the school has all the entertainments of a city high school.

The school year begins in September and ends in June. The boys from Garnier have always been commended on their gentlemanly conduct and good sportsmanship when away for the two summer months. Most of the boys want to come back, despite tempting offers of steady work with fair pay, a sign that a healthy restlessness has made the boy dissatisfied with just making the grade. Always cheerful and optimistic the future graduates from Garnier Residential School will without a doubt fill the responsible posts in the communities or reserves from which they come.

Father Oliver S.J. and his new assistant, Father Clifford Rushman S.J. are now planning an addition to the administration building. The new addition will be a much needed gymnasium and auditorium combined, with perhaps a swimming pool and shower room. To lessen the cost of building, the boys themselves will make the bricks.

The missionaries have been looking forward for many years to the time when their scattered parishes could number a few helpers trained to high ideals in a Catholic school. The present student body would not surprise anyone if among it were found future missionaries who in turn will spread the word of God they have been taught to love and practice. Such is each boy's progress that one would never recognize him as the shy and backward little Indian boy who enrolled at the school, five or even fewer years ago.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

Death in the Philippines
Batticaloa Blue Jay
Stann Creek Fashions
Morals in Hindi
Yanks in Zikawei

Father Thomas J. Feeney S.J., former Business Manager of *Jesuit Missions*, departs for his new mission of Kwajelein in the Marshall Islands.



Philippines

ATENEO DE MANILA
Fr. Paul B. Hugendobler S.J.



I had never been present at a death bed until Father Maurice A. Mudd S.J. passed away. The doctor had told us that he would live until morning so I had sent all the other Fathers home at 11:30 on the eve of the Assumption of Our Lady.

The Doctor was right—Father Mudd lived until morning, until 1:00 A.M., dying on the anniversary of St. Stanislaus' death, on whom he delivered his last spiritual exhortation to the community a few weeks before he died.

Father Mudd was born in Washington, D.C. in 1890; entered the Novitiate at Poughkeepsie in 1908 and was ordained by the late Archbishop Curley in 1922. On August 27, 1926 he arrived in the Philippines and was stationed at the Ateneo de Manila until his internment at Los Banos. Ateneans will link his name with that of Fathers Mulry and Morning and will miss him as much as they miss those two missionaries. After returning to the States in 1945 Father Mudd arrived in the Philippines a second time in June 1946 as Spiritual Father at the Ateneo.

He had begun the Triduum preceding Renovation of Vows on August 11. At 2:30 A.M. Father Ralph O'Neill who had been sitting up with him bade me get a doctor. What a night it was to venture forth! Manila had had its worst flood in years. The water on Taft Avenue was waist-high. We roused Father Walter Hogan and the two of us ventured out in his battered Ford. We tried to get out to Dr. Tan's house, above Rizal Stadium, but after we left Dewey Boulevard and pushed in towards Taft we saw we would not be able to make it. So we rolled over to Singian clinic. There the doctor on duty could prescribe nothing without seeing his patient, but he did give us a codine pill for a slight relief.

The next day the doctor arrived about noon after extricating himself from his flooded quarters. He prescribed hospitalization and an operation. The day after the operation Father Mudd rallied

Remember the "Living Dead"!



LEPERS can not plead for themselves; they are a people set apart, from home and dear ones and all we treasure, and almost life itself. Theirs is a hard loneliness which can be softened only by the coming of the Eucharistic Christ.

Each year at Christmas time JESUIT MISSIONS asks you to remember the almost-dead, the almost-forgotten. Four leper colonies in three lands will receive Christ this Christmas from the hands of American Jesuit Chaplains.

MANTIVU, Ceylon — CULION and ZAMBOANGA, Philippine Islands — SPANISHTOWN, Jamaica

Send your donations to

JESUIT MISSIONS
962 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.





OF LIFE

ON the fingers of one hand can be counted the years since an American boy, abandoning his flaming plane, parachuted down to a courtyard in enemy territory. He was armed and he took up his position in the most advantageous corner of the courtyard. The shouts of the enemy told him he had been spotted and he made ready to fight it out, frenziedly throwing up a crude barricade of rubbish. But he had overlooked what the excitement would mean to all the children in the neighborhood. As the gate of the courtyard flew open there poured in not only the soldiers but also the youngsters from blocks around. The American knew that he could not open fire without hitting some of the children and with that instant decision which is almost a reflex action he threw down his gun, stood up—and was shot dead. “Greater love than this no man hath. . . .”

Why is it that a courageous American boy, reared in the tradition of fighting back even when the shadow of his own goal posts is heavy upon him, the tradition that has no room for the quitter, could cast aside in one splendid, split-second decision all that part of the background into which his young life was woven? If he could be asked the reason for his act would not his answer be the gruff, embarrassed one so typical of American youth in the face of heroism? “The kids have to have their chance at life.” That would probably be his response even though he might find difficulty in explaining exactly what he meant. I wonder if most of us could explain it? Yet underneath that answer lies the meaning of life.

Long ago as a child that young hero might have stood before a Christmas

crib and heard his mother say, pointing to the tiny figure lying on the straw, “That’s God.” The child would have only vaguely grasped what was meant but he could sense that there was something wonderful in what his mother said. As he grew older that wonder would be deepened by greater understanding, by sorrow and loneliness and sin. The tiny figure in the crib would be twisted into an ugly shape on a cross. Human life was a precious thing, to be cherished, to be fought for. God Himself had taken it on—yet He had also thrown it away. So there must be something more precious than human life. The boy could see it dimly at first, then more clearly, like a white, broken Body standing out against the darkness that covered the earth from the sixth to the ninth hour. “I am come that they may have life. . . .”

The American boy whose bullet-ridden body had stiffened and then slumped behind the rubbish in a distant courtyard had grasped the meaning of life. For the sake of a few wide-eyed, dirty youngsters he had thrown away his gun and his life. Yet his act was not primarily that of an American but of a Christian. That act had its roots in what a man thinks of life, of physical life and of the Life Christ came to give us. One is used only for the sake of the other; one can be thrown away to gain the other. That American boy would have made a fine missionary.

The work of a missionary is one sweet Bethlehem after another. To bring Christ to the people who walk in darkness, to spend himself heedlessly because long ago he discovered the meaning of life and of Life in Christ and there was nothing else in the world that mattered except that Life. “No one comes to the Father except through Me.” Each time he wins a soul to God there is Christmas in a new heart. Each day at the altar he blends Bethlehem and Calvary; each day he tries to pay back the eternal generosity of God-become-Man that all men might have life eternal.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians

Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
900 Broadway
Seattle 22, Washington

Ceylon and Home Missions

Rev. Theodore A. Ray, S.J.
4133 Banks Street
New Orleans 19, La.

British Honduras, Yoro, U. S. Indians

Rev. James T. Meehan, S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Missouri

China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)

Rev. Pius L. Moore, S.J.
55 West San Fernando Street
San Jose 21, Calif.

China (Suchow)

Rev. Louis Bouchard, S.J.
Casier Postal 268, Station "B"
Montreal 2, Canada

India (Patna) and American Indians

Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1110 South May Street
Chicago 7, Illinois

India (Darjeeling) and Canadian Indians

Rev. Paul Brennan, S.J.
2 Dale Avenue
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and Home Missions

Rev. John C. Baker, S.J.
Calvert and Madison Streets
Baltimore 2, Maryland

Iraq and Jamaica

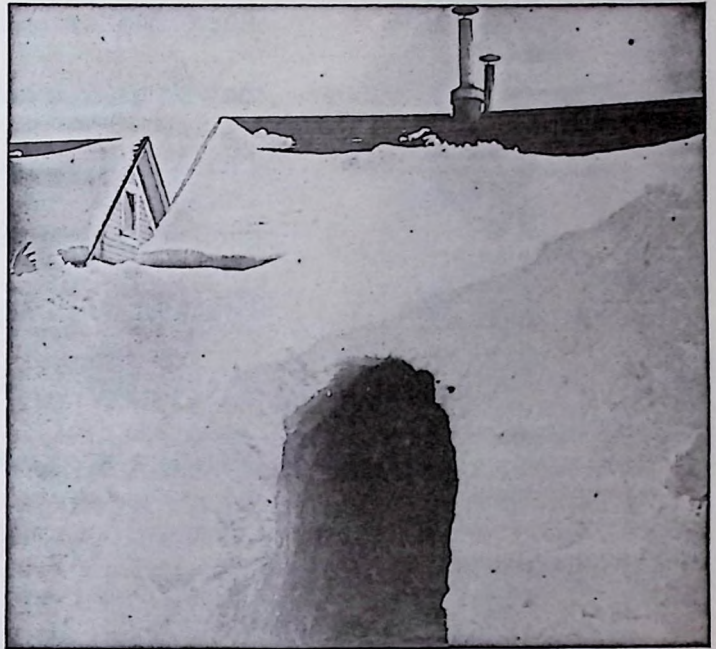
Rev. John H. Collins, S.J.
137 Newbury St.
Boston 16, Mass.

Philippines

Rev. John G. Furniss, S.J.
165 E. 72nd St.
New York 21, N. Y.

When they sing of

A WHITE CHRISTMAS



Think of

ALASKA

Did you ever pray for a blizzard? Last January it took a blizzard to break a cold spell which reached 84 degrees below zero in the Yukon! Yet the missionaries who work the field which Pope Pius XI called "*the most difficult foreign mission in the world*" must still follow the trails, their heads bent before the biting winds which lash across the tundra. Why? To bring Christ to their people!

Will those of you who like "dreaming of a white Christmas" help those who are working to bring Christ's Mass to their people in the Far North?

Send your Christmas remembrances to

Rev. Francis J. Kane S.J.
900 Broadway
Seattle 22, Washington

or

Jesuit Missions Press
962 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.

Elliott
ADDRESSING MACHINES

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

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

THE *thoughtful* Christmas Gift



These Madonna Note Heads are the ideal gift, for they may be used in countless ways, for general correspondence, Thank You notes, Sympathy and Birthday greetings, etc. Each box contains 20 different Notes and Envelopes. Together with a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS, the combination makes a dignified and welcome Christmas present which can be used throughout the year.



\$1.00 per box

\$2.00 for 2 boxes and a 1 year's subscription

\$5.00 for 6 boxes and a 2 years' subscription

(Write for special quotation for orders of 10 or more boxes)

Enclosed please find \$ _____ for _____ boxes
of Notes. Send Notes to:

Name

Street

City Zone State

Send subscription to:

Name

Street

City Zone State

9082-1
54