

April 1948



April 1948

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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**COVER.** These Arabs are warriors of the Beni Tamin tribe in Iraq, but their job right now is not to guard the future but the past. They are stationed at Aqar Quf, a small village a few miles west of Baghdad, where important archaeological excavations have been made. Meanwhile the boys who will one day be the shaikhs of this powerful tribe attend Baghdad College, run by the American Jesuits.

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## CONTRIBUTORS

There have been some hard things said about Chicago at various times, but the staff of *Jesuit Missions* will have no part in them. Last summer one of the gentle



Fr. J. H. McCummiskey

breezes which caress Lake Michigan at that particular time of the year blew into our midst Father John H. McCummiskey, and ever since we have felt most tolerant towards the Windy City. He is the youngest member (by five months) of what we like to consider a young staff,

although he himself notes ruefully that he is "getting gray." We suspect that the whisper of gray comes from his inability to recall a story he heard twelve years ago. (He hasn't forgotten any other one since then.) A born raconteur, he has given us some merry hours. But his moments in New York are few and far between. As we write this he is somewhere in the Middle West, arranging for a far wider circulation of his favorite mission magazine. He was back in New York for a brief week a short while ago, and in that time managed to get his "Hunter on Snowshoes" down on paper. Then off again to the roads he knows so well, Chicago, where he was born; Milford, Ohio, where he became a Jesuit seventeen years ago; St. Louis, where he received a Master's Degree in Latin; Cincinnati, where he kept his class very much alive with his irrepressible and infectious sense of humor; and West Baden Springs, Indiana, where he was ordained in 1941. The last word from him was to the effect that he cannot sit down at table now without clutching his plate like a steering wheel.

■ Austin Reinboth S.J. would not make an ideal roommate for many millions of people. When you read his story, "Cobra Kill," you will understand. His great hobby



Austin Reinboth S.J.

is the collecting of snakes, not only of the gentle garter type, but also the less pleasant ones which you meet with in your more disturbed dreams. He has at the present time an amazing collection of reptiles of all varieties which he is willing to exhibit at all times unless you are firm

with him. As you can gather from his story, he is eager to add to his collection even in the wee hours of the morning. This interest, which is not exactly universal, was fostered by the Director of the Museum at the Loyola University in Madras, India, when Mr. Reinboth attended class there. He became a Jesuit in 1938, and is a member of the Chicago Province, although born in India. At present he is at St. Xavier's High School in Jaipur.

■ Father William J. Moore S.J. is a native of Kansas City, Missouri, but in his sixteen years as a Jesuit he has spent very little time in his home town. His first missionary experience

was as a scholastic among the Indians of South Dakota. After finishing his Tertianship he was assigned to the mission of British Honduras, but before leaving he spent a year studying Spanish at Montezuma Seminary in New Mexico. In Belize;



Fr. Wm. J. Moore S.J.

Father Moore had a varied experience as teacher and Principal at St. John's College, and in the various mission stations. He has also directed social work in British Honduras. Last year because of his knowledge of Spanish he left the British colony and moved over to the district of Yoro in the Republic of Honduras. In this issue he tells of his work in the town of Olanchito.

JM



*Dear Friend:*

At the request of a subscriber, I forwarded a check to an Army Chaplain in Japan. His acknowledgment was two typewritten pages. The opening paragraph mentioned that as his tour of duty was at an end he was returning the check, not through any lack of appreciation for the gift but because he felt that it would be far more helpful to one of our missionaries than to himself.

For two and one half years Father was assigned to various islands in the Pacific. Wherever he went he met missionaries struggling to rebuild shattered Churches. His heart went out particularly to the orphans. Their tiny hands were outstretched begging for a rosary or a medal. With gifts from his friends Father assisted many a priest and Sister. In his own words "the courageous faith and self-sacrifice of the missionaries is beyond description." Like other Chaplains he felt that his greatest joy had been the little assistance he was able to give to the missionaries.

This tribute from a priest of another religious order is cherished by us. His comments should be a consolation to you also, as whatever we have sent to the missionaries was really not our gift but yours.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

*Quennan A. Saily*

Frederick C.  
Bailey  
S.J.

# Typhoon on YAP

**The wind  
can wreak  
more havoc  
than war**

**I** HAVE been wondering whether I should call this "The Wind's Will," "The Will of the Wind" or "The Wind Will Blow." Please make your own selection and then take it from me that the wind is mighty and shall prevail.

Shortly after two o'clock in the morning it ravaged the island of Yap from treetop to root and from roof-tree to foundation. It was the first typhoon

since 1936 and put an end to hours of speculation and not a little scepticism with one premature "all clear" thrown in. That was Monday.

All day Sunday, one could hardly have missed the threat of the wind's approach in nature's signs and man's activity. The morning rain, through which we plodded on the way to church, was more than a severe shower. My poncho afforded about as much protection as an inside-out umbrella. However, a little water never hurt anyone. As a matter of fact, as far back as I can remember, I have had a peculiar affection for it whether in puddles or in April showers.

I celebrated Mass in my house, not yet my home, to save the congregation the discomfort of sitting in the rain.

Storm warnings alerted the radio men. All hands turned to on the Base. They dragged the heavy, mobile equipment onto the hill away from the sea. They flung steel cables over the Quonset homes that they might be tied to the earth and nailed boards across the fastened shutters of the stone dwelling houses.

I saw them at work as I went to and from the afternoon services, which consisted of the Rosary and



Natives on the island of Yap gather for a festival.

hymns. Before leaving the chapel to go down for supper, I lit a candle before the altar crucifix and prayed that the Lord show Himself as He is—mightier than the wind. Later that evening when I stripped the altar, I blew out the candle myself.

By evening, Yap was ready. As the hospital was being evacuated, the wind turned the sky upside down and shook the rain out of its dark pockets. The night came. The dependents assembled in the stone dwellings and the enlisted men with a handful of Chamorros and natives settled down to spend the night in the school buildings.

By now everyone was conscious of but two things, the wind and the rain. Yet no one seemed much disturbed by either. There were two or three babies and several small children in the school and I do not remember hearing one of them cry or even whimper.

Shortly after midnight, the wind and rain ceased, but the barometer kept falling. Comparative quiet prevailed.

“If we are in the center of the storm, it will be like this for about fifteen minutes.” It was Henry Fleming, a Chamorro, speaking to me as I stood with him on the back porch of the school.

“By the last radio report that came to us, we are in the center of the storm,” someone else added.

We counted off the minutes. Fifteen—thirty—sixty. It was still quiet. Henry, believing that the storm was over, went home to join his boys who had remained there.

Ten minutes past one. An order came for the enlisted men to return to the Base. All clear!!! As I passed the administration hut at the foot of the hill, I met the Supply Officer and his Chief with, “Is that the best you can do with the wind?” I have had to eat those words several times since then.

My cot felt good. The sheets and mattress were dry. I had rolled them up in my raincoat before going to the school. Grateful to God for this chance to catch a few hours of sleep before Mass, I pressed my head into the pillow. Crude school benches provide a poor bed. This was much better.

Two o'clock. The zero hour that had been canceled by the all clear. But

the all clear did not prevail. Suddenly the storm broke forth. Our Quonset availed nothing. Every hidden chink in its armor became a yawning hole. There was water everywhere. And the spray of the salt ocean was in it. The wind was mighty and prevailed.

The Base jumped out of bed. Men dashed out of their quarters before they became a prey to the wind and the waves. The wind was a torrent of darkness across the narrow strip of land that separates the living-quarters from the administration area. We bucked our way through it on the run shortly before it twisted one of the two warehouses that stand on the edge of the narrows all out of shape. The other warehouse had its face pushed in.

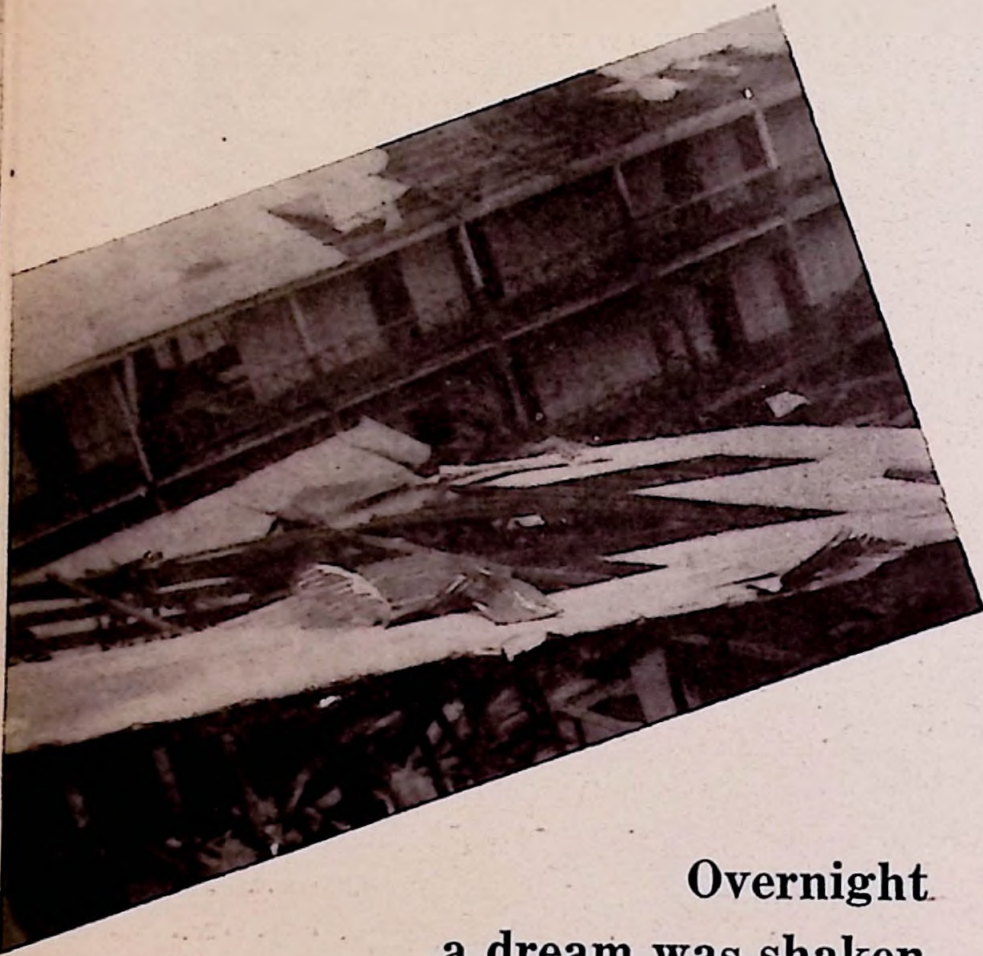
The whim of the wind: before the storm, two barrels of dishes stood one on top of the other in the middle of a warehouse. It was completely demolished, but they were undisturbed. As we shouldered our way up the hill to the school, the wind tore the electric wires loose. As they broke away and fell to the ground, they sent up a shower of blue sparks. The only stars in the night. The rest was patient waiting for the wind to abate.

The morning light revealed how much the wind had prevailed. The hospital and Commercial Store were gone. Some people lost their homes, others were without roofs over their heads. There were no serious injuries and only a few minor bruises. Thank God.

The major calamity was, there was no Mass on Monday. The chapel, with no wall on the wind side was a sorry sight. My house dripped water inside and out. I was sorry to miss saying Mass but that is the way it had to be. “Small storm,” the natives say. They ought to know. All I know is that it took me three days to dry out all my things.

# ... and again at *NAGA*

*Francis X. Lynch S.J.*



## Overnight a dream was shaken but not lost

**F**OR some reason the Weather Bureau called her *Jean*; and she played one night in the staid school and faculty residence of the Ateneo de Naga. Expensive little thing, her bill next morning totalled a bit more than \$10,000. That's a lot of money particularly when you haven't got it, and see no way of getting it.

Actually no one thought she was coming; the policeman whose job it was to post her notice somehow got lost, and while everyone expected a big wind, no one ever thought of *Jean*.

The lights went off at four thirty in the afternoon, and the roof started heaving back and forth. After dinner a window blew in, and Fr. Francis Burns and Fr. Hennessey worked like Trojans to replace it. We laughed afterwards about that window; what good is a window without a house?

The north wind began to whip up to tremendous force and drove pellets of rain through every joint and crevice of the wood walls; as we worked to seal

the north side of the house the wind velocity increased and the atmospheric pressure sank lower.

Sheets of galvanized iron roofing flapped crazily as the wind tore at the roof, pouring rain into the gaps. By eight o'clock the rain fell freely through the second floor ceiling, and we moved into the ground floor. It didn't take long to reach us there.

It must have been about ten that we heard the repeated trembling of the house as the roof, galvanized sheets, rafters, trusses, rose into the air, and smashed down again and again on its sills. The pounding stopped only when the entire roof, weighing about three or four tons, lost its northern side to the wind. The remaining part collapsed into the shell of the upstairs sitting room. From then on the sound of smashing glass and hurtled furniture was continuous.

It was almost by accident that we noticed the north side of the school building was being similarly battered. Brother Adriatico volunteered to make a try at nailing the windows, but the task was impossible.

By eleven rain completely flooded the faculty house, and we took refuge on the south side of the house. Fathers Hayes, Bello, Guerrero and Camins sat in the hallways, their chairs propped against the doors to keep out wind and rain. A half hour later they decided to make a dash for the school. Fr. Hayes tried in vain to leave by the front door.

"Try a window on the south side," someone suggested, and three of them made a mad dash for the school. Next day we discovered that their departure corresponded exactly with the height of the typhoon's intensity, with the wind blowing 95-105 miles an hour.

Within the faculty house we settled down again to wait out the storm. All around and above us was the sound of smashing furniture, pictures, windows, lamps, roof sheets, rafters and ceiling board.

"We threw out four anchors," Fr. McGovern quoted St. Paul, "and prayed for the dawn." We did better than St. Paul: we prayed for the four anchors as well.

At six in the morning we gathered in the kitchen to receive Holy Communion from Father Rector. We were a grim looking lot with our nondescript stained jackets and trousers, black-rimmed reddened eyes, and mussed hair. After thanksgiving we had hot



This is one of the rooms at Naga after the typhoon.

coffee and ham sandwiches, and set out to assay the damage.

The upstairs of the faculty house was totally destroyed; where four rooms had been there was but one, and that impossible to enter. Papers, books and clothing were scattered everywhere, soaked through during the rain-drenched night. Fr. Hennessey's glasses had been blown off his desk, clear across the room into a washbasin where they reposed completely undamaged. They were the only undamaged things in the whole floor. On one of the mattresses lay a rat, wet and dead. We thanked God we hadn't been trapped on the second floor, for we would have been with him.

We got out to look at the campus; it was strewn with every conceivable bit of wooden building. The whole north side of our faculty house was shorn off, the truck garage was just a mess. The basketball court the youngsters were so proud of, its gaily decorated baskets, its four big floodlights were twisted wreckage at our feet. Here and there the pallid blue fragments of the backboards poked helplessly out of the wreckage.

We had a beautiful nine foot cross of reinforced concrete atop the school building; it was gone, together with about ninety feet of the roof. On the

way down the 90 feet of roof had managed to destroy half the top of the recreation hall; and as if lusting for more damage had crashed squarely into the roof of the newly completed college store.

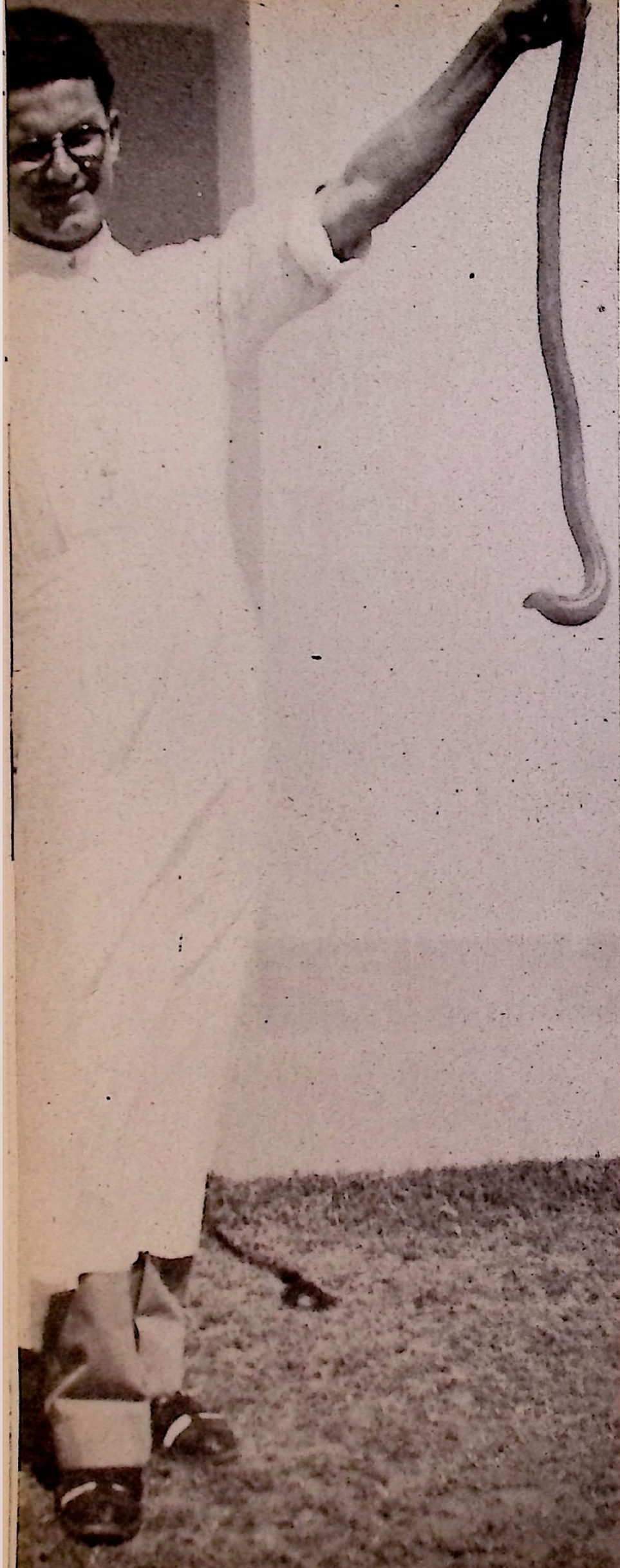
Chairs, splintered window frames, desks, files, walls were piled into a crazy jumble; twelve windows went out of the library, leaving it at the mercy of the driving rain; sodden books lay everywhere.

Did you ever want to cry and not have any tears to cry with? We did. We got back to build up after the war; we got a good start; books, desks, lots of other things from the States. And we lost it in one night. Ten thousand dollars. If someone had said ten million it wouldn't have looked blacker.

But we opened class two and a half weeks later. And we rearranged our classes to help accommodate the local public high school.

Paul plants and Apollo waters, it says somewhere in the Scriptures. Well, let no one ever say Apollo wasn't on the job the night of typhoon Jean.





# COBRA KILL

Austin Reinboth S.J.

**I**T had to happen at midnight, soon after I had retired to bed with a cracking headache. It had to happen at the tantalizing moment when sleep brooks no disturbance. And, it had to happen with startling suddenness, or there would be no thrill.

When it happened, it roused me more violently than the clanging of an alarm bell. From one side came the excited boom of a voice yelling "Cobra! Cobra!" From the other came the frantic barking of Prince and Ike, watch dogs of the night. I leapt from bed, and there in a pool of light stared at a majestic black cobra, full poised, hood expanded, hissing and striking viciously at the two dogs that kept him at bay against the boundary wall, some twenty feet from my bed.

That was enough for me. I jammed my feet into a pair of boots, grabbed a hockey stick and a flashlight, and joined the dogs.

The cobra kept us at a distance. It was murderous and menacing. It kept backing a little at a time, but every now and again it flashed up and flew at the dogs and drove them back. Then it would be off again, then attack again. I watched a running fight; darting, diving, gliding, hissing, howling, yelping. The dogs would not give me a chance to get in; so I could not close in on that poised hisser to pin it to the ground; for I had no intention of smashing it or crushing the life out of it. As a snake collector, I prefer to capture my snakes alive and uninjured.

I kept with the dogs. Their morale shot up; they grew more daring and the chase more dangerous. Still, the cobra kept up its attack and running retreat, and the dogs kept after it. Four Jesuit vocal batteries kept pounding from a distance. Confusion and excitement mixed freely, and nothing definite was really happening to that cobra. I thought a catapult might help to stun it and end the show speedily. I ran into the house for one. When I returned, I discovered the cobra escaping toward a wood pile. I decided to crack it before it could

get away. But as I rushed it, the torch went out and we were momentarily in the dark. When another light blinked on the cobra was already in the wood pile. The dogs still kept at him; his hissing grew more vicious and distant.

Hope vanished and we stood forlorn. We had missed a rich prize. The dogs felt the same about it; whimpered, bounced around, sniffed hard, and barked madly. Somehow the cobra refused to retreat further. Maybe it was caught in a log jam. Only that could account for the murderous hissing it kept up at the dogs.

The continued hissing brought us back to the attack in new hope. Father Hussey was the first over the wall trying to locate where exactly it was hissing among the planks. He did not take long to determine that. At once we settled down to combined operations. I leapt over the wall, too, and with two hockey sticks we began to lift plank after plank off the wood pile. We kept getting down nearer and nearer to the cobra; the hissing kept coming more furiously and violently. The dogs grew more excited as they sensed their quarry being run to earth. Their barking grew frantic. From across the wilderness came a watchman's anxious cries of inquiry.

Now, at least three torches were focussed on the woodpile. Deeper and deeper down we went tossing off the planks. Then came a gap and a cry of joy. The gap would provide a trap for the cobra. I selected a plank that I could wedge through the gap and down on the cobra. We continued poking at the hisser, and according to our plan he retreated just where we wanted him to. One of his coils filled the gap. I immediately drove the plank-wedge down on him and had him pinned. Instantly, half his length shot out of the gap. Head erect, hood spread, he fiercely struck at the plank that pinned him. He raged impotent. We watched in awful amazement. Then a new problem fell on our hands. The dog Prince, beyond all expectation, rushed in to make a kill. He was at the cobra's head, but that menacing head flashed back and forth elusive as ever. It struck wildly, fiercely. For a while it looked as if both mouths had found their marks and buried their fangs. I lashed at the dog with a hockey stick to break him free from the certain death he was recklessly courting in the final ring-down of the curtain. I did succeed in driving him

off and then pinned the cobra's head with the hockey stick.

It was high time to rest awhile and think of what next to do. I looked across at the panting Prince and saw blood streaming from his tongue. I said, "Prince, you're a goner." I had not, however, seen the cobra get in a clean bite on Prince's tongue, so there was hope that it never had the chance to inject its deadly venom into our sleek watcher of the night. As time passed that hope grew into a certainty.

Now, what to do with the pinned-down cobra? Of course, just do what I do with all snakes. Get down and grip it as hard as a vise behind the head, in that only grip of the forefinger, middlefinger and thumb, that chokes the life out of any snake that re-

fuses to stay quiet. But a chorus of prudent voices bel-  
lowed rather imperatively: "Don't be silly." One hastened to get a spade and make a speedy job of the business, but I pleaded for the helpless cobra. I at least wanted the head to mount, displaying the fangs. Once more I tried to persuade my companions that it would be all right for me to take the cobra by the head. I would be careful. "No, No-o-o!", that was too frightful even to think of; too foolish even to dare; and so I had to follow the minds of my elders. I called for the good old hunting knife, vaulted over the wall, and proceeded with operation cut-throat. In a moment the knife had cut a jagged line through the throat of the cobra; the blood flowed



Austin Reinboth S.J., with his dog, Prince.

and dyed the plank red; the cobra's body writhed, and the tail lashed through the gap, trying vainly to whip away the hand that was cutting at its life.

It took some time sawing through the soft flesh and the snake's spinal column. When the head was severed from the body, we placed it on the spade where it kept opening and closing its jaws, the while the body writhed and rolled on the ground. We tossed the trunk over the wall and went back to bed for the few remaining hours before dawn. One cobra a night is enough.

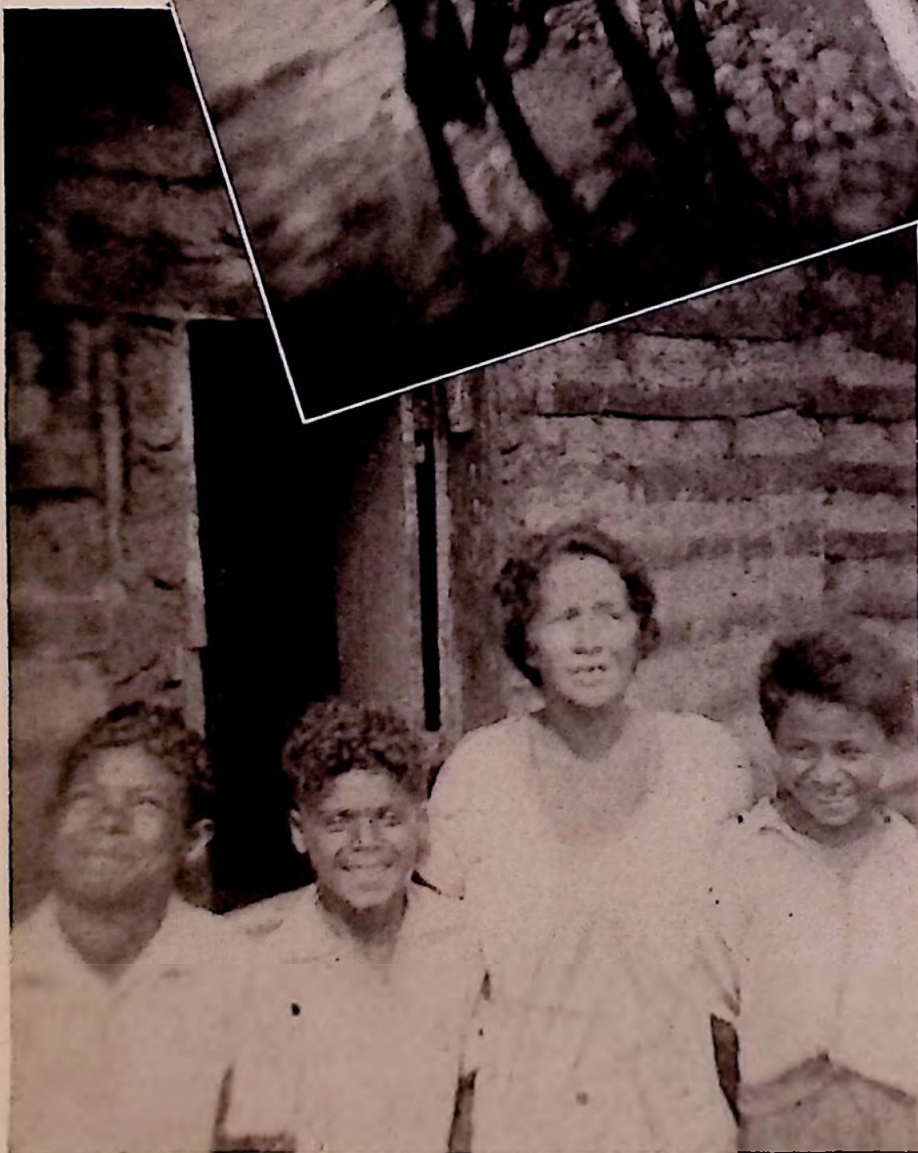


# Come Down to *YORO*

*William J.  
Moore  
S.J.*



House boys of Yoro and a typical family of Honduras.



**S**HOULD the itinerary of your next winter vacation call for a trip to Central America and British Honduras by air, your first glimpse of the drab little town of Olanchito in the Department of Yoro will be that of a cleared cow-field. You will look at it with a certain amount of trepidation, realizing that your plane is not going to land without difficulty. Cows roaming unfenced in the very near vicinity seem to insist on taking their meals dangerously close to the air strip. Don't be surprised to see your plane preceded by a howling group of boys "awhoopin' and ahollerin'" to scare Elsie and her friends away from the landing strip.

I have said that Olanchito is a

drab little town. It is that. Most distressing is the street situation. There are none. There is no paving or hard road anywhere. It seems that just about a year or two ago the need for modern plumbing was felt. The streets were torn up to provide the materials. They have never been properly repaired. Other streets were never in very good condition and the result—a church floor all too often heavily caked with mud after a rainfall. But why complain? At least the poor condition of Olanchito's streets affords undeniable evidence that my people are coming to Mass.

The industrial revolution has not made a very good impression in Olanchito. There is a belfry on the church, complete even to the bats that nest in its shadowy corners. By placing two electric lights on the tower I furnished a solution to a need that has existed for four centuries. At least the local political weekly, published just across the street from the church, put it that way. Whether for lack of other news, or for sincere appreciation, or both, the lighting of the tower received a two column front page headline. I am sure that the editor referred to the need for illumination and not electricity. The article concluded with a suggestion that the pastor install a clock as an additional adornment and service to the community.

Judging by the time spent in idle chatter by the Arab merchants and the Yoro farmers one wonders at the need of a public clock. The Arabs are immigrants from the Near East, dominating the dry goods, general retail and hardware business here in Olanchito. So many of them claim Bethlehem as their birthplace that one would almost believe that the town was entirely depopulated. Their presence presents difficulties to the conscientious pastor. Many of them are Greek Orthodox and while they know that there is some difference between a schismatic and a Roman Catholic they tend to minimize that difference. The problem becomes acute when a Hondurenian baby is to be baptized and the parents want a Greek Orthodox to be "padrino." With a wealthy merchant as godfather the little Hondurenian will go far.

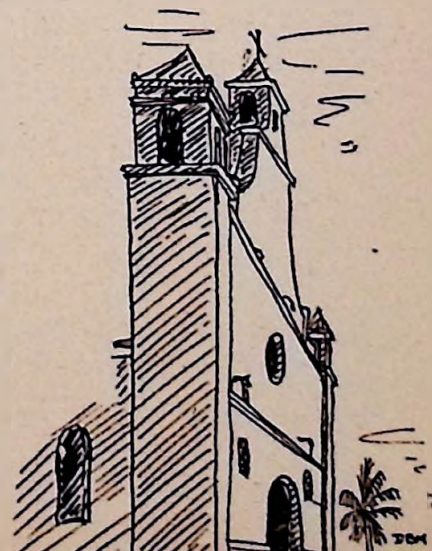
In spite of the drabness of Olanchito there is much beauty in the simple faith of the people. The other day a statue of the Blessed Virgin was carried through the streets in public procession. It was not an orderly affair judged by military standards. One is constantly forced to dodge puddles and other hazards. Custom has it that devout Catholic families will stop the procession at their homes to have the Padre sing a "Salve." I sang fifteen and thought that was fair enough, but a man from the neighboring town of Juticalpa pooh-poohed the local Catholicity, saying that in Juticalpa the priest was asked to sing two hundred "Salves."

Unfortunately the Yoro pastor cannot remain fixed in one spot. At Coyoles Central, the field headquarters of the Standard Fruit Company, there is neither priest nor church. Both are very much in demand by the officials of the fruit company. Then there is Esquipulas del Norte lying on the other side of a range of mountains which separates the Department of Yoro from the Department of Olancho. I made the trip on the back of a mule, a journey of seven and a half hours. As the crow flies we made little progress, though we kept moving steadily upward along torturous, narrow mule path. At 1 p.m. we paused for a little lunch. I had a tin of canned meat but lacked a key. To my surprise a native woman gripped the bit of metal in her strong white teeth and gave a tug. Yes, she opened the canned meat. What good are teeth if you can't use them?

At 5:30 we rode into Esquipulas while the church bell tolled a welcome to the Padre, the first visit in fourteen months. The town boasts not a single store. The nearest place where one can buy the simplest necessities is Olanchito, over the mountains, seven and one-half hours away. There is no doctor, no dentist, no light, no streets, nothing save a collection of white-washed houses and several hundred souls for whom Christ shed His Blood.

The people told me that in Camelote, a little village beyond the next range of hills, there were many sick people who could not bring their children for baptism to Esquipulas. My Mass there the next morning was the first ever celebrated in Camelote. It was said in a nice room with pine branches over the floor. No churches outside of Olanchito have anything but mud floors. None have benches. Children made their First Communion after an instruction the night before given in the yard outside the house. It was pitifully little preparation for First Communion but if these little people did not make their First Communion then, many would go through their whole lives without receiving. There are thousands of baptized Catholics down here who have never received any other sacraments and, knowing extremely little about their religion, they are quite unconcerned about it.

My parish, however, is Olanchito and these trips into the hinterlands are too infrequent. They have to be because I cannot leave my people in Olanchito without Mass of a Sunday. Priests in Yoro are too few. But I'll be back again to Esquipulas del Norte and Coyoles Central where there is much for a Yoro pastor to do.



# Hunter on Snowshoes

John H. McCummiskey S.J.



**W**HEN the news of the December "big storm" in New York reached Upper Michigan, there was probably no one who realized its import more fully than did the Rev. Joseph C. Lawless S.J., an energetic, muscular, and merry missionary who has been bucking snowstorms in the north for the past two winters. He very likely had a feeling of deep compassion for the stricken citizens of the big town, but if he chuckled quietly to himself, no one could really blame him for being inhuman. And if he wondered why two feet of snow could cause so much trouble, he could be forgiven. After all, he is accustomed to snow, lots of it. That's why he keeps snowshoes, skid-chains, sand, and shovel in the trunk of his car. He never knows when he is going to need them. The snow in Upper Michigan comes hard and often and deep—and it stays a long time.

As he mulled over the account of the greatest snowstorm in the history of New York, Father Lawless must have begun to make some comparisons. He must have thought of the day last year when he had to stop at the church in Paradise, Michigan, to borrow some candles so that he could say Mass up at Whitefish Point. His snowshoes came in handy then, for the snow between the road and the church was six feet deep.

And those poor stranded commuters who took 24 hours to get home from work, they must have reminded him of Mrs. Flynn of Neebish Island. Mrs. Flynn turned up one day for Mass a half hour ahead

of time. She had come through some snow—about three feet of it. Had walked, in fact, for two hours through the heavy snow. But then, Mass is said at Neebish only once a month during the winter and she did not want to miss Mass. A woman of 68 ought to get to Mass as often as possible, you know. After all, if old Ed Bouley, who is 87, can walk almost three miles to Mass, what's to stop a youngster like Mrs. Flynn? A little snow? The Saints be praised! What would St. Patrick think?

Maybe that's the way Father Lawless thought about the storm; maybe it isn't. But if he did, then it was not for long, because his job as missionary to the Indians of Upper Michigan leaves him little time for idle speculation. It's a full-time undertaking that keeps him constantly engaged in the taxing routine of covering his wide-spread territory, of saying Mass, preaching, instructing, baptizing, hearing confessions, and unraveling the myriad social, economic, and moral entanglements that develop among his far-flung flock. His is a job for a giant. Personally, I think that he is the giant for the job.

Home for Father Lawless is at St. Ignace, Michigan, but that is only where he keeps his "other shirt." Home, really, is the eastern half of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, for he is at home with his faithful on Sugar Island, Neebish Island, Drummond Island, Brimley, Eckerman, Raco, Whitefish, and the Sault.

His people do not have Mass every Sunday, although most of them have Mass every week during

good weather. For some there is Mass every Tuesday, for others every Wednesday or Thursday, and so on, as the case may be. For Father Lawless it means the constant travel from one mission to the next, come ice or snow or sleet or rain.

With an energy that is characteristic of him, Father Lawless has already begun to improve the status of the mission. Last summer in order to prepare about 100 children for first Holy Communion and Confirmation, he organized two-week Catechetical Summer Schools at Drummond, Neebish, and Sugar Islands. In this work he was ably assisted by Father Carmen de Christopher, former missionary in Patna, India.

But Father Lawless has other plans to better the religious situation among his scattered flock. He has ideas about building new chapels and remodeling existing ones. He would like to put two rows of cement blocks under the Sacred Heart Church at Baie de Wasai on Sugar Island, and thus turn the basement into a recreation center. He'd be happy to install a lighting plant in the trunk of his car and thereby provide electric power for five of his churches. He'd like a new church for Sugar Island, on a spot where St. Isaac Jogues once labored.

Those are only some of the things that he would welcome up there in the North. But most of all he wants PRAYERS—prayers for his people; prayers that God may bless the forlorn and neglected Americans of a snow-swept, ice-bound region; prayers, the spiritual snowshoes that will enable the Indians of the North to walk a clear path to heaven.

Sacred Heart Church, Sugar Island, Michigan.



# APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

MISSION INTENTION FOR APRIL, 1948

## *Protection of China from Atheistic Communism*

Propaganda and force were the two most effective tools by which the Communists strove to gain entrance to China before World War II. At that time they met staunch opposition from those truly patriotic Chinese citizens who hoped to establish a nation where unity, order and progress would reign. Frequent were the clashes between these two parties, and much blood was spilt on the field of battle. Despite successive Communistic attacks, the true patriots of China struggled step by step to make China a unified whole, and devoted themselves to the modernization of a new China without sacrificing at the same time that wisdom taught by their revered sages. Her gifted leaders even sought from Catholic social writings more solid foundations for an enduring progress.

Then came World War II which ravaged China for eight calamitous years. The termination of hostilities, however, in 1945 promised a rebirth of freedom, a reconstruction of all that was lost during the war. On all sides there sprang up the hope of a new day for Chinese progress. But its day was short-lived. China found itself divided into two main sectors, each bitterly opposed to the other.

Where Communists are today, there we find chaos, violence, deception and the abuses of periods of scarcity and want. True, many Chinese, particularly the "bandits" of yesteryear and unbridled youth, have rallied under the red flag and swelled the Communistic hordes; but the people now wearied with despotic domination and oppression are learning that they have been deluded by lying promises. China yearns for peace and needs it more. She stands petrified on the brink of civil war.

As for the missions in Communist dominated areas, everything is lacking. (Cf. pp. 70 to 73 of this issue.) Over a long period of time Communists have been either openly persecuting the missionaries or driving them far from the fields consecrated by long labors. The Chinese Catholics on the other hand, loyal sons of Mother Church, are opposed to this Communistic violence. They defend the missionaries and at the risk of their own lives even supply them with the necessities of life. These sacrificial undertakings of the Chinese Christians give hope of a more glorious morrow; but for the Catholic Church to fulfill her role in the China of today, it is paramount that there be banished from her borders the fear of war that is terrorizing the entire country.



There is a new spirit in Japan these days. Here the Emperor of Japan is shown visiting the Catholic Home for war widows and their children, conducted by native Sisters in Okayama.



## MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

NEGRO CATHOLICS in the United States number 343,830 in a total Negro population of some 15,000,000 and Catholic Indians on reservations number 90,388 in a total reservation population of 280,000 according to the annual report of Rev. J. B. Tenny, secretary of the Commission for the Catholic Missions among the Colored People and the Indians. Negro converts during 1947 numbered 7,963. Serving the Negroes are 566 priests in 395 churches, 1,800 religious and lay teachers in 292 Catholic schools for the Negroes and 10 Catholic Hospitals.

REDEMPTORISTS of the Eastern Rite, who in 1941 formed the Society of St. Joseph to aid Ruthenian and other Eastern Rite Catholics, are issuing a

monthly magazine, prayer books and other religious literature. The society has over 4,500 members.

TWO ITALIAN PRIESTS, The Rev. Egidio Caspani and Rev. Ernesto Cagnacci, attached to the Italian Legation in Afghanistan, are the only priests in that Moslem country where no missionary is allowed to enter. The former has spent 13 years in Kabul and is honored by the Afghans as an expert on Afghan lore.

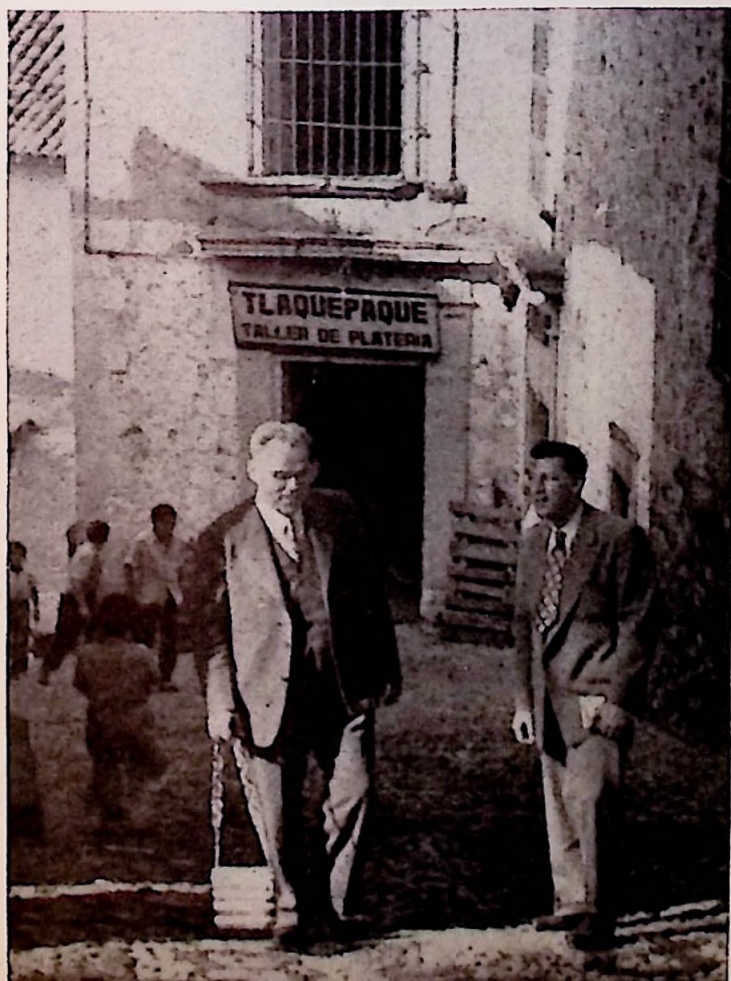
THE REV. RICHARD ARENS, S.V.D. of Fu Jen University reports that in 17 dioceses of Communist-occupied territory in China out of 553 schools formerly conducted by Catholic missionaries only 9 are in existence today. In addition, all Chinese schools—

Catholic, Protestant and government—are hindered by high administrative costs and unstable faculty situations.

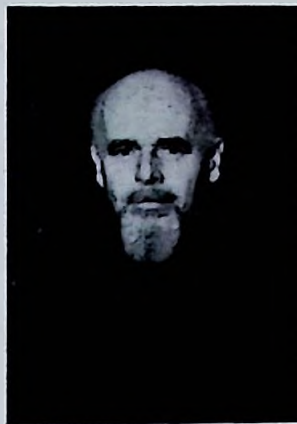
JAPANESE INTEREST in things American places on Americans "a grave responsibility to export to Japan our best products not only in the field of manufactured commodities, but in the domain of high ideals, personal conduct and moral leadership," the Rev. Dr. Edmund A. Walsh S.J., regent of the Georgetown University School of Foreign Service, declared recently. Father Walsh had visited 18 principal Japanese centers on the western part of the main island.

THE JUBBULPORE CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION has appealed for a veto of the legislation steam-rolled through the legislature by the Hindu majority as a violation of "a fundamental right assured to all by our national organization, the Congress." The disputed points of the bill stipulate that: (1) Conversions may take place only before the district or subdivisional magistrate; (2) the magistrate must be convinced that the conversion is voluntary; (3) whoever "converts or attempts to convert or abets the conversion" of any person contrary to these stipulations is liable to a fine or imprisonment up to seven years.

In the town of Taxco, 150 miles south of Mexico City, Thomas Farrelly (left), U. S. Deputy Collector of Customs, chats with Father John C. Meckes S.J., missionary from the Oregon Province.



## Come, follow me



As April approaches in Palestine there is a marvellous freshness in the air. The winter rains and the winds from the Mediterranean have rinsed the atmosphere to a sparkling clarity. The sky is that glossy blue that Della Robbia fixed so expertly in his

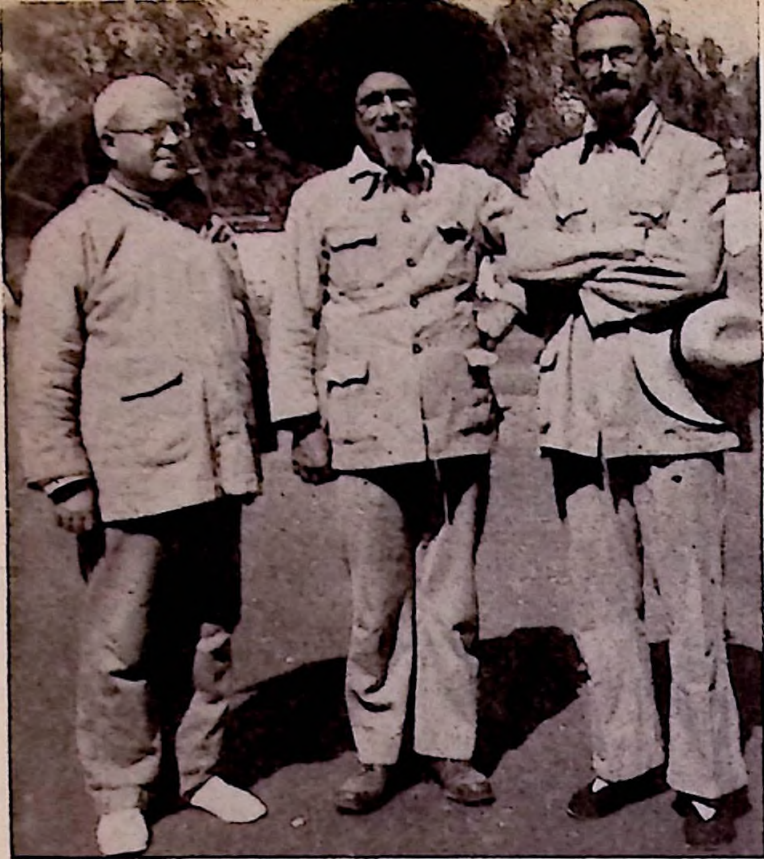
glazed terra-cotta Madonnas. The winter wheat blows in vivid green waves along the plains; and on the hill sides blend the gay red and white and somber amethyst of wild flowers.

Here is nature reborn and triumphant, a fitting stage for the Paschal festival that is ushered in by the solemn liturgy of Holy Saturday. The ceremonies unfold before the very Sepulchre of Christ in joyful anticipation of His Resurrection. The blessing of the Paschal candle begins. The candle is a two-fold symbol; of the pillar of fire that guided the Chosen People out of Egyptian slavery, and the Light that is Christ, leading us all out of the darkness of sin's bondage. The *Exultet* proclaims the triumph.

I have always found the *Exultet* a thrilling canticle. When it is chanted in our cold cathedrals of the West, there may be in it, as Monsignor Ronald Knox has observed, "an almost barbaric strangeness of music and of language," something foreign to the normal severity of the Latin liturgy. But to hear it in its proper setting—there where the triumph of the Resurrection was accomplished, where Hadrian and Saint Helena and the hosts of the Crusades and armies of pilgrims through the years have, in their several ways, born testimony to that triumph—is a profoundly stirring experience that finds in the canticle neither the barbaric nor the strange.

Its note of triumph still echoes in the soul as you go out from the dim Basilica of the Crusaders into that resplendent Palestinian spring. The exultant smiles of your fellow Christians reflect their joy in Christ's triumph. The Oriental Christian will not conceal the source of his rapturous happiness. "Christ is risen!" is his greeting; and his friend re-echoes the reason for all our joy—"He is truly risen!"

Francis W. Anderson S.J.



(Above) Three Jesuit missionaries in Communist uniforms. (Below) Brother Cyprian, Trappist cook who was captured by Communists but escaped and made his way to Peiping.



# Communist Persecution

by The Editors

**T**HE Catholic Church in the huge area of North China occupied by the Reds is today literally a church without a roof. The bitter two-year persecution of the Chinese Communists has wrought such widespread havoc that 1948 may see the almost complete annihilation of missionaries, churches and schools of 1,500,000 Chinese Catholics. This is the grim conclusion of a survey just completed by the editors of *Jesuit Missions*.

During 1946 and 1947 Chinese Communists murdered 49 Catholic priests; twenty of these missionaries died during Red tortures. Five hundred churches have been desecrated or destroyed: 183 turned into Communist halls, 123 made into movie theatres, 166 looted, and at least 25 completely destroyed. Another 500 small mission chapels have received similar Communist "protection."

One thousand seventy-one Catholic missionary schools and orphanages have been closed and confiscated; twelve of them burned to the ground.

The relatively small number of churches and schools completely destroyed highlights an ironic feature of the persecution. More than 2,000 schools and churches have been confiscated—only 37 destroyed. After expelling Sisters and priests, as well as school children and orphans, the Reds have turned the Catholic schools into Communist schools, the churches into Red indoctrination centers, the mission chapels into party headquarters. The church buildings in North China are being used by the Reds to train Chinese Communists, and to force millions into their new state religion.

In one church in the Hopeh province, Catholic statues and pictures were removed; and the pictures of Mao Tse-Tung and King Chu Teh placed over the main altar. At Shansi a monstrosity has a picture of Stalin where once the Blessed Sacrament reposed.

The policy of the Chinese Reds has followed very closely the Communist policy in Europe. In China the procedure is called *Tou cheng*, a word that has become grimly familiar to the harrassed Chinese of North China.

*Tou cheng* is a word very difficult to translate into English. For those who have experienced it, no

# Execution in CHINA

Editors

translation is necessary. It has a twofold meaning. It first implies equalization of property—all men have equal rights to property. Land, grounds, houses, even personal possessions are to be condemned until the Communist utopia is reached.

The second meaning of *Tou cheng* is more vicious. All personal property implies that a crime has been committed against the people. That crime must be expiated. If you own more property than Communist officials deem correct, you not only must give it up, you must be punished for owning it!

Legal right as such no longer exists. And if the Communist leaders can't find any grounds to condemn you, then lies must be invented. The accused is given no opportunity to defend himself. He must confess his "guilt." Should he refuse, he is tortured until he does confess. *Tou cheng* is accomplished through a People's Court trial.

"Communism in China," say the Communist leaders, "has condemned no one. All trials are held by the People's Court."

For the normal People's Court trial, the Communist supervisor calls a small group of the village, and spends many hours instructing them on the punishment to be given. When this small group has learned its lesson well, under threat of physical violence for non-cooperation, the charges are brought before all the people called together for the People's Court. Everybody, including priests and Sisters, even the small children of the village, must attend.

When the people have convened the accused is brought out. A speaker announces the charges, and asks the people if the accused is justified or not. The accused is not permitted to make any defense.

"You have heard the charges," calls the prosecutor, "is the accused justified or not?"

"He is not justified," the people shout, though in almost all cases the charges are ridiculous. Some priests have been accused of crimes committed many years before they were born.

Communist spies roam through the meeting. Should any person object to the charges, he is immediately taken captive and himself tried, as opposing the will of the people.

"Shall we beat him, or hang him up?" shouts the prosecutor.

"Beat him!" "Hang him up!" shout the people,



according to the way they may have been drilled.

"Then," wrote one missionary who had been through the People's Court, "the torture so demanded by the people is meted out to the victim. The accused is beaten with sticks; or his arms are bound behind his back and he is hung up by his wrists until he confesses, or until it is enough for the day. Sometimes he is hung by the thumbs so that his toes barely touch the ground."

"The trial of one person may last a whole day," the priest continued. "When the accused under torture becomes unconscious, he is brought again to consciousness so that the trial may proceed. The impression is given that everything is done by the people. Accusation, torture, judgment and punishment are proclaimed directly by the people. The Communist supervisor is present but only as a spectator and advisor. The real directors of the trials remain in the background screened from publicity, but woe to the person who dissents from the People's Court verdict!"

Somewhere in Hopeh (and for obvious reasons of safety, neither the place nor the missionaries may be identified) *Tou cheng* and the People's Court stripped a mission. Here is the account as it was received at *Jesuit Missions*.

In the beginning of November several districts of the town were ordered to search for accusations against the mission. The south district declared it could find no charges; it was followed by other districts, so the Communists turned to the pagans in the surrounding villages.

"We have two points of accusation," the pagans replied. "Whenever there is a flood the mission has

distributed grain and saved us from starvation. Second, whenever we have sick people in the family we send them to the Mission where they are treated free of charge. These are our two accusations."

"Nothing else?" the communists demanded.

"Nothing," they said.

Finally the Communists turned to the past. Some 10 miles out of town there had been a center of Boxer warfare near the turn of the century. Some 3,000 Christians had died a hero's death in defense of their religion. The missionaries were held responsible for the deaths. Only one of the missionaries had been alive at the time; he was seven years old.

But the *Tou cheng* was inevitable. Right after Christmas a meeting of the village was called, and Chinese Catholics insisted that no harm might come to the priests or their Bishop; that the mission be spared from blind looting; that the church itself and objects necessary for the propagation of the faith be spared.

In the morning of January 5th the militia was posted outside the house, and some minutes later the officials of the *Tou cheng* arrived. Ten missionaries were lined up at the gate.

"In the front," wrote the missionary, "were four soldiers with guns, at our sides soldiers with revolvers ready to fire, and in the rear more soldiers, and finally the band. The most incredible accusations were brought forth but not a single one of them true. For three days we were locked in the porter's lodge of the mission."

For each of the accusations a fine was assessed. Immense sums were named, 20 million, 40 million; not one was under five million.

During the following days everything was taken from the mission, the Bishop's residence, the seminary, the carpenter's workshop, the sisters' residence with the novitiate and high school, the pig stall, grain provisions, mules, kitchen implements, everything. After an appraisal at very low prices a deficit of 75 million dollars remained.

"The attitude of our Christians was consoling," the priests wrote, "there were very few of them among the accusers, only those who had been known as luke-warm. We owe it to their energetic attitude that we have not been bound or beaten up to the present time."

Not all the missionaries were as fortunate. One Bishop was arrested for trial by the People's

Court. He was stripped of all his clothing except his underwear, forced to mount a platform made of rickety tables, and assailed by the Communist officials. Whenever he tried to defend the priests under his jurisdiction he was struck on the head with a whip made of thorns, and beaten with iron rods. Pushed off the tables time and time again, the Bishop fell to the street and fractured the fingers of his hand. His trial lasted three hours, and during the trial he was beaten until he became unconscious. His head matted with blood, he was forced to assent to a fine of \$25,000 American dollars. The mission was unable to meet the fine, and his cathedral, priests' house, convent, seminary, schools, workshops were completely stripped of all furnishings, and finally burned to the ground.

Whenever the verdict of the People's Court is the death penalty, the prisoner is killed before the court adjourns, as this is judged to have good effect on the loyalty of the people themselves.

In the People's Court a great variety of tortures is used to extract confessions. Since torture is nothing new among the pagans of North China, the Communists have at their disposal many kinds of treatment such as beatings, forcing bamboo slivers under the nails of the fingers and so forth. One missionary was forced to kneel on chains, then a board was put across the calf of his legs, and his torturers put their weight on the board until the bones of his leg snapped.

A torture gaining rapidly in popularity is known as the Dragon Lantern, in which the back of the priest is slashed open, cotton saturated with gasoline inserted in the wounds, and the cotton ignited. The comical antics of the victim suggest the squirming dragon lanterns of Chinese parades. Some other forms of this torture are practiced: one Catholic layman had holes drilled in his back, the holes filled with gasoline and then ignited. For the women a heavy piece of cloth is soaked in oil and lighted, and then laid on the bare belly of the victim and moved back and forth until the necessary People's Court confession has been obtained. Then "justice" is speedily meted out.

Another popular form of forcing the confessions is known as the Tapestry Chair; a large basket is filled with thorns and the naked victim put inside. Bearers carry the basket in procession bumping it to the ground every few steps. The mother of a catechist was suspended by her ankles from a tall beam, then dropped to the ground until her confession was obtained.

Because the Chinese people have a great horror of defilement and believe it is a disgrace which may never be lived down, the Urination Corps has had great success in obtaining confessions. Teen age boys from the Communist schools appear at



almost every session of the People's Court. Mounted on a platform in relays of six to ten boys, with the victims both men and women tied underneath them, they begin to urinate on the head of the defendant. A great pot of tea is kept ready that the boys may be well supplied with water, and as many as a hundred boys are employed.

In the usual application of *Tou cheng* at the People's Court one of the favorite Communist accusations is that of "collaboration with the Japanese." Yet during the war every Catholic mission now persecuted was devoted to the Chinese people, to refugees, to the wounded. The Reds can no longer appeal to German nationality as the reason for the persecution of the missionaries. Belgian, French, Dutch, Canadian, and American priests have been freed from Japanese internment camps just in time to experience Communist class warfare. A Polish bishop who had been slapped in the face by the Japanese on the grounds that he was a spy for Chinese guerillas was recently accused by the Communists of being a Japanese spy.

"I had to face a People's Court," one missionary wrote, "and in an endless meeting listen to the accusations against the Catholic missions, and beg pardon for them though they were offenses supposedly committed before I was born.

"I pray you may never have to witness a People's Court trial. Someone is tortured, either smeared with kerosene and burnt, or flogged with leather whips, or tied to a mule and dragged through the streets, or tortured in other ways I hesitate to mention. Communist conspirators will stand at the street corners of the place watching the masses of spectators. Woe to him who does not acknowledge these actions by laughter and applause, or who even dares to show sympathy! In the next day or so, something similar will happen to him. The whole population sighs under this frightful manhandling. In the Communist paradise there are all kinds of freedoms, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, freedom of the press. But woe to him who meets reality. He will learn that he has got from a beautiful dream into hell. And there is in hell nothing but falsity and hatred."

There has been a change in the objectives of Communist leaders in China. Originally its arch-enemy was the Kuomintang. Now its fury is directed first at the missionaries and missions of the Catholic Church, second at any and all Americans, and last at the Nationalist Government Kuomintang.

Not content with stealing missionary property and making the work of the missions impossible, Communist leaders have set up a new *Tou cheng*, called *Su hsiang*. Chinese Christians are hailed before a Communist court of 15 members who investigate the mental attitude of the people. They are tried, and made to say, "I don't believe in God. I believe in our Communist leader Mao Tse-Tung."



Communist soldiers at a dispensary in Yanan.

As this report is finished the editors of *Jesuit Missions* are forced to conclude that, at the present time, there appears no hope for the Christians of North China. It even appears that Peiping itself with its 800 missionary refugees will fall before the end of the summer.

"Now that we have finished with the Japanese, our great enemy is the Catholic Church," say the Chinese leaders. But before Communism, and before Chinese Communists other men have called the Catholic church their great enemy. And they have disappeared into history, and the Church has been enriched with the noble blood of martyrs, and thousands of converts have sprung up where only tens were planted. And in death they have repeated what all His enemies must cry out in death, "Pale Galilean, thou hast conquered!"

May the souls of the 49 priests, and the uncounted thousands of Chinese Catholics, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!

Joseph Reith S.J.

Not only  
London Bridge  
is falling down



## Filipino Bridge Game

**Y**ou can put it down as final—the missionaries of Mindanao never cross their bridges until they come to them. The full truth is that they do not cross half of them even after arriving at the bridgeheads. The lofty mountains and woody hills that constitute the greater part of the second largest of the Philippine Islands pour their waters down to the lowlands in innumerable streams and rivers. They vary from a trickle to a torrent and each has its bridge to carry traffic across—or should have.

Many of these bridges were destroyed at the outbreak of the war. Some were rebuilt by the

American Army, and proud signs were erected to testify that “this bridge was erected by the skill and brawn of the Engineering Corps U.S.A.” to which some wag would add—“and destroyed by the little finger of God.” For the Engineers built their bridges to stand up under war traffic, but neglected to ensure that they would stay down under rising flood waters.

Any river of Mindanao might be converted into a raging torrent in a few hours during the rainy season. I go to Portulin on a Friday morning, and speed my jeep over twenty big and small bridges that cross the placid streams. On my way back, a storm in the hills pouring down a flood torrent might wash out a half dozen of these bridges to leave me stranded far from my center. My auto once remained three months on the far side of the Mandulog because a

sudden storm had carried off the ferry and the moorings.

This year, however, it is not the floods that have destroyed the bridges; the weather has been exceptionally placid. Neglect, and four and six-ton Army trucks laden with tons of copra have conspired to demolish the bridges and interrupt communication. For two weeks there has been no mail in Talisayan because three bridges in a small sector are down. When the third collapsed it carried a truck-load of copra and passengers with it, killing two of the latter and injuring more than I could find in a morning's search of the vicinity. Neglect of the bridges is not wilful on the part of the government; that little matter of war claims has not yet been adjusted by America, and, naturally, since the Philippines gave all it had to aid America, the government is practically bankrupt until America decides to repay her most loyal ally.

And so, when I tried to cross the Santa Inez bridge this morning, I had trouble. First of all, the bridge wasn't there. It hasn't been there for two years, and regularly I have gone down to the rocks and stones of the river-bed to get across. Usually the river isn't there either because it is dry in the dry season; but this morning the waters were rushing and only the necessity to get to Tupon for Mass made me attempt a crossing. With more luck than skill, with four wheel drive and high-powered appeal to my guardian angel, I got the jeep to the other bank where it stalled until the water dried out of the engine and its parts. But coming back, I was not so fortunate. The stall occurred in the very deepest part of the rushing stream. There was nothing else to do but to jump out and push, aided by my boy and some women who were washing clothes on the bank. We finally succeeded in getting the car to shallow water.

But going down in the river bed is not the most hazardous part of Mindanao travel. The real danger lurks in crossing the bridges. I am no expert at driving a jeep, nor do I claim distinction or seek it. But I have driven over bridges whose sole sur-

face was two eight inch boards. I did that the first time when I was still learning to drive; and to this day I repeat a prayer of gratitude to my guardian angel who got me safely over the planks. I was simply too ignorant of the art of driving to know what I was doing. To get on to some of our bridges you have to "jump" the car; some are crossed slowly so that they will not collapse; some are rushed before they do collapse; for some you unload to make the burden light; for some you pile on weight to prevent skidding or slipping.

But for myself I have set a ritual that I observe whenever I approach a bridge. First, I look to see if the bridge is there. Secondly, I investigate if it is all there; both ends of a bridge should end on terra firma; sometimes they don't. Thirdly, I ascertain if there is a support under the bridge. And, being assured of all these preliminaries, I stop the jeep, get out, kneel down and make a fervent act of contrition to make certain that my bridge to Heaven is also up and strong; and then, with prayer, trepidation, four-wheel drive, and usually my eyes closed, I proceed. To date (knock! knock!) I have reached the far side alive and unmaimed.

The Pantar River, near Dansalan, was traversed by the only suspension bridge I know of in Mindanao. It was built in the old Spanish days before the advent of the Americans. When the Spaniards left, the Moros stripped the bridge of all its metal parts, leaving only the two concrete pillars. On these the Americans reconstructed a strong suspension bridge with heavy cables. I crossed it hundreds of times, one of the few bridges that could be crossed without your heart leaping to your throat. Then one sad day, with a busload of passengers, it went down into the roaring waters of river. Originally, the cables were suspended across the piers over two steel roller bearings. Each year more and more strands of the cable broke, to be concealed by the next coat of paint. Eight strands of wire was the final support of the bridge before it collapsed. I asked a high official if the bridges are ever inspected. "Well, yes, this one is inspected every half hour *now*."

(Left) Father Haggerty S.J. at Maria Jose Falls, Dansalan. (Below) The author in a Moro marketplace.



John E.  
Blewett  
S.J.



Students of the Eiko  
High School, Yokosuka,  
Japan.

## *LIFE* in the Graveyard

**I**N one of the most touching passages in the Old Testament the prophet Ezechiel describes how he was led one day by God to a bone-strewn plain and asked, "Son of man, dost thou think these bones shall live?" The prophet cast his eyes over the withered, dry bones and replied, "Lord God, Thou knowest." God then commanded the army of bones, a symbol of the then captive Israelites, to join together, and into these skeletons He breathed the spirit of life.

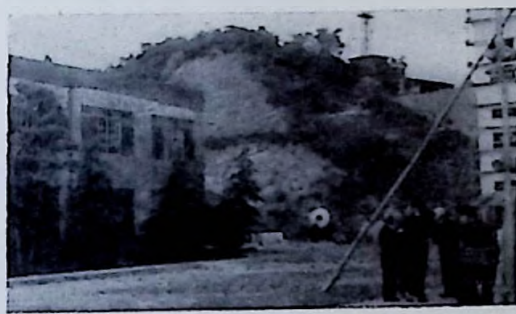
In the same uncertain frame of mind Fr. Gustav Voss S.J., eyed the gloomy, forbidding line of buildings that had been turned over to the Society of

Jesus in September, 1946 by Captain Decker, U.S.N., commander of the navy forces at Yokosuka. The German Jesuits, who took over the Japanese Mission in 1919, had been asked to transform some of the concrete shells, used by the Japanese during the war as repair stations for their submarines, into a high-school. They had accepted, and Fr. Voss was selected to direct the work.

The wind bit sharply at him that unpromising day in mid-December, 1946, as if to warn him that only a fool would attempt such a transformation. The dingy, debris-strewn buildings, staring coldly out over the pocket of water where during the war

Japanese submarines and destroyers pulled out on their unholy mission of death, might be converted into some sort of factory, but into a school—never!

With a fervent "Lord God, Thou knowest," on his lips Father Voss set to work. A contractor agreed to remodel the buildings, which like most structures in the Yokosuka area had not been bombed during the war, in return for the rights to the scrap-metal and fixtures. Work began early in January and continued steadily during the chill days of February and March and on into April. It was early in this month that an unusual chatter of voices could be heard on the grounds; the first group of Japanese boys had assembled to take the entrance exams. The school building was not yet finished, but the Jesuits went ahead on the principle that, wherever inquisitive, energetic young people are to be found, the learning process can go on. On April 21st a group of 72 boys, carefully selected from over 200 applicants, began classes as pupils at Eiko High School, the first Jesuit high-school in the heavily-populated Tokyo-Yokohama-Yokosuka area.



The school under construction.

Two causes kept the enrollment so low: lack of Jesuit teachers, and the determination of Superiors to admit only qualified students. Only two Jesuits were available for teaching in April, and Superiors did not want to overload the faculty with lay teachers, most of whom would be pagan, and all of whom would have to be carefully instructed on the precise objectives of Jesuit teaching.

As the new Eiko High boys chanted their parts of speech or recited carefully memorized English idioms through the delightful days of May and June, the ring of hammers and buzzing of saws reminded them that all the activity in the area was not confined to the school building. A faculty building was slowly coming to shape out of the unpromising shambles just west of the school. By the end of July the all-important language school for incoming Jesuits was ready for use, while an administration building was completed late in September shortly after the arrival of Fr. Joseph Eylebosch S.J., a veteran of the Japanese Mission.

A splendid science building now flanks the language school for Jesuits and will be ready for use whenever some of the thirteen Jesuits, now struggling with the intricacies of Japanese, are qualified to lecture to the boys in their own tongue. The Bishop of Yokohama will be asked soon to consecrate the church, now under construction. By that time the first converts among the high-school boys will be ready for Baptism.

Six buildings completed—that's the record to date.

Rarely, however, do the merry eyes of Fr. Voss linger in admiration on these invigorated bones. They are fastened on the remaining five concrete hulks to be transformed into: 1) a combination auditorium-gymnasium, 2) a second and larger classroom building, 3) apartments for lay teachers and workmen, 4) a sizeable dormitory for boarders, and finally, 5) a retreat house. By Christmas, 1948 the last scaffolding will have disappeared, and the eleven building power-plant of the Jesuits completely finished.

But buildings are not everything. Americans are painfully familiar with the fact that the most architecturally perfect school buildings often house the glib disciples of Marx, Sanger, Freud, and other false prophets. What is important is the intellectual training and moral development of the boys. As mentioned earlier, the policy of the Society in this new school is to limit the number of students to those who are qualified for serious work. Eiko High is building up an enviable reputation among educators in the Yokosuka area as is evident from the mounting number of applicants for the new school year,

beginning in April.

Of the eighty boys in the first year only six are Catholic, *but* 27 have asked for instruction in the Faith. The initial step must come from the boys, who, moreover, cannot begin the convert course without their parents' permission. This means that within eight months three-eighths of the student body has asked for more knowledge about Christ, with the intention of entering the Church when their instruction is finished.

Were the number of converts, actual or potential, limited to thirty, it would still be a wonderful tale of success, but very frequently the parents too ask for instruction. Unfortunately, however, Japanese-speaking Jesuits are at a premium at Yokosuka, four to be exact. Already gasping under a heavy teaching load, writing assignments, convert instructions for the boys, and other parochial duties, they can spare little time for this opening field. Until the first group of language students can rattle away in Japanese fluently, expansion of the high-school and an increase in convert work is well-nigh impossible.

But the dry bones have been clothed with flesh. "Lord, Thou knowest!"





# A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

The mission world of all the Jesuits. Missions staffed by American Jesuits are here printed in red.

Father Theodore Daigler S.J. on his horse, "Conqueror," at Aurora, Zamboanga.



## Missionary Cowboy

THAT modern civilization has not removed all the glamor and romance from the missionary life was revealed by a report of Father Theodore Daigler, Buffalo Jesuit now at Zamboanga in the Philippines.

Traveling by jeep, by one horse named *Starfire*, and an Arabian black named *Conqueror*, as well as on foot where neither horse nor jeep can manage, Father Daigler supplies the only parish priest for 95 little villages called barrios. Father Daigler has a dozen barrios within five miles of his home, another two dozen within 17 or 18 miles, and 40 more in the Salog river valley; the others range from 60-75 miles away.

To get to the Salog barrios he travels 20 miles in a jeep to Sudlon, then mounts *Starfire* or *Conqueror* and is on his way, sometimes as much as 15 miles. During one month recently he visited 21 barrios; and for the last four months of last year baptized 700, married 85 couples, and heard several thousand confessions. Each Sunday he offers three masses, two at Aurora and a third at Salog, 20 miles away.

Besides this territory he visits Malabang in Lanao some 80 miles from his residence. Typical of his missionary trips was a hurried call from Malabang to Lergau, 12 miles the other side of Aurora. He hired a Moro jeep to Iligan, flew 17 miles in a private plane, ran a mile and a half to get a bus, drove 45 miles in his jeep, rode the rest of the way on *Conqueror* at breakneck speed, anointed his pneumonia patient, married him, rushed home for sulfa medicine and cured him!

Sometimes when you've had a busy day remember the men who ride the range for Christ!

## *United Nations Build Church*

**F**OR Father Francis Menager of Bethel, Alaska, uniting the nations offers no problem. Father Menager just opened his fourth church in northern Alaska at McGrath.

Through help of friends in the States he collected funds to buy an old building. A Jewish contractor offered his tractor to pull the building into a new location. The tractor was driven by a Russian; an Irishman took charge of anchoring the church in its new home; a Pole fixed the windows while a Frenchman fixed the doors. A German and his wife completed the finishing of the interior with some Eskimo people to help decorate it. A Methodist woman provided the benches, and a recent convert played the organ. Fr. Menager, himself born in France, is an American citizen whose priestly life has been spent on the missions among the Indians of the northwest, and the Eskimos.

## *Father Gerry's Frogs*

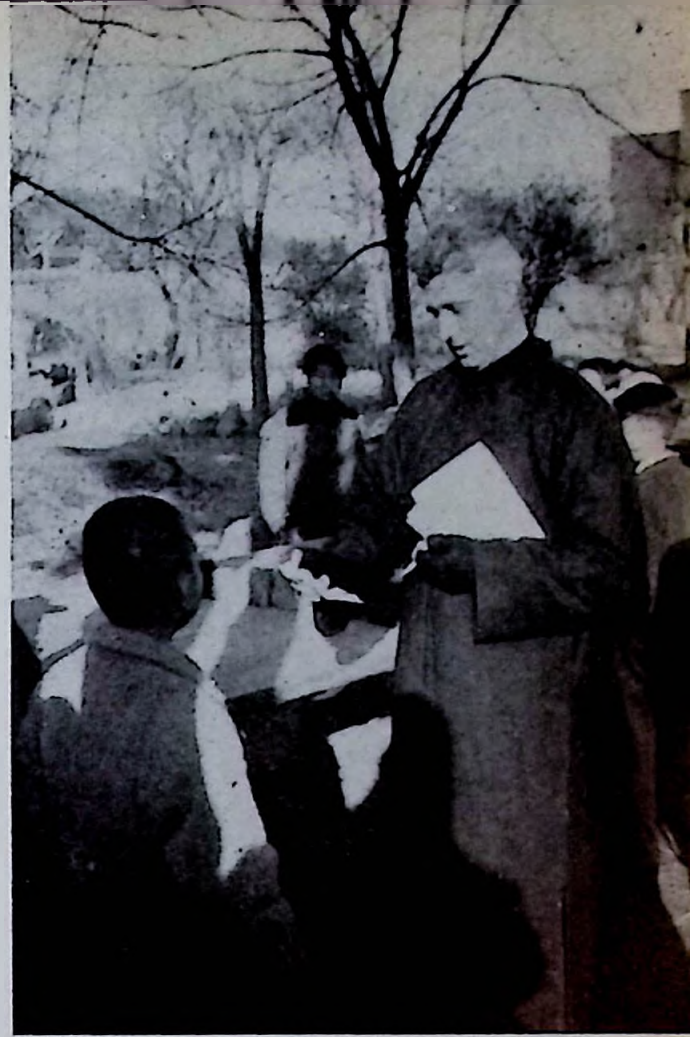
**I**F YOU want any frogs, just drop a line to Baghdad College. It all happened when Fr. Gerry of the science department let word drop that he required frogs for the student experiments in biology. In no time at all a neighborhood youngster was at the biology lab door with all the specimens Fr. Gerry could use for a year, and was rewarded with the nominal fee of two cents a frog plus a ten cent tip. But it didn't end there. Word went around Sulaikh and the desert encampments beyond that a Father wanted frogs and would pay for them. Then began the parade of frogs—and youngsters strange to the Fathers carried their tins of frogs to the school door. At first all were willing purchasers; you couldn't expect the kids to identify Fr. Gerry out of 28 Jesuits, and two cents wasn't such a risky investment, and after all Fr. Gerry had said he wanted the things. What began as a routine request of the biology department ended in a community venture—now the problem isn't the lack of them, but what on earth to do with hundreds of frogs. 'Tisn't easy to teach kids the nice relationships of the law of supply and demand.

## *Bing*

**O**NCE many years ago in Spokane a good Father who later became quite a famous missionary was director of the boys' choir at Gonzaga High. There was a lad named Harry Crosby in the choir too. I don't know the straight of it exactly; maybe it was that the Crosby child was always late; maybe he really couldn't sing. But tradition records that the good Father who later became a famous missionary actually fired the Crosby child out of the choir. Later generations at Gonzaga of course made up for it by awarding Harry a Doctorate of Music.

Many letters from far off lands have spoken about Christmas on the missions, and very many about Bing.

"Two or three evenings before Christmas we sat and listened to phonograph records of Christmas carols. And the sweet voice of our own Bing Crosby singing *"White Christmas"* made us dream pensively of Christmases gone by, of the white Christmases we had known, and of our dear ones far away."



Father Edward J. Murphy S.J. of Nanking, China, looks at Wong Ko-Jen's report card.

John J. McGrath S.J., professor of Physics and mechanic par excellence of Baghdad College.



## AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

It's quite a picture: waving palm and coconut trees, the lazy warmth of the mission country, the American Jesuits in their white cassocks sitting around a phonograph, and der Bingo's voice sending their thoughts back to their homeland.

For the missionaries at Christmas in all the far flung mission lands of the world, Bing Crosby has richly earned his doctorate

### *Wanted: One Emily Post*

IT TAKES some time for the missionary letters to get to the States, so perhaps another one about Christmas may not be too badly out of place in the middle of spring. Father Andlauer of Punta Gorda in the British Honduras has something interesting in his letter to the Keckchi Klub, his wonderful benefactors in St. Louis.

"Your Christmas toys came on the boat yesterday and I think I got almost as much fun out of playing with some of them as the kids will get. The checkers, dominoes and ring games especially I hope to make popular with the kids because that will be a big step forward in their training. They simply don't know how to engage in competitive games among themselves; it just isn't their way of life, and the thinking involved in such games is completely foreign. So if I can get them started on simple games like ring games, perhaps I can help them meet life."

"I was trying to explain to a group of children and some adults just where these toys, rosaries, pictures, jewelry, and in fact the money for visiting them, comes from. I'm sorry to say that they weren't too much impressed. Just as they take misfortune, so they accept good things as something which just comes their way. Gratitude is another of the things I am trying to put in their heads but it is terribly hard and slow to teach them."

Father Thomas Feeney S.J. (center) of Kwajelein in the Marshall Islands with Officers Smith, Sink, Schmidt and Fuqia, the volunteer Army air crew who made it possible for him to celebrate Christmas Masses on Likiep, Majuro and Kwajelein.



## WANTED

### *Subscriptions—Books:*

Father John J. Meyer S.J. of Samastipur, India, is anxious to receive subscriptions to the following magazines: "The Catholic Digest" (\$3.00), "The Sign" (\$3.50), THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART (\$2.50).

For his library Father also desires a copy of THE MAN WHO GOT EVEN WITH GOD (\$2.50) and THE SCARLET LILY (\$2.50).

To avoid duplication in the subscriptions it would be wise to send the money to JESUIT MISSIONS. Any balance will be applied to securing other books and magazines for Father Meyer.

• • •

### *Hospital Bill:*

Father Gampp, Rector of San Jose Seminary in Manila, wrote requesting help to pay a hospital bill of a young seminarian. He had an attack of meningitis and was unconscious for several days. Fortunately, he is well on the way to recovery. Due to the financial condition of the family it is very difficult to arrange for payment of the hospital bill. A donation of \$100.00 would relieve the situation considerably. By simple mathematics, if we had ten subscribers send us \$10.00 we could take care of a large portion of the hospital bill. Lesser amounts would certainly help.

• • •

### *Varia:*

For a short time in 1942 Father Joseph Stoffel was assigned to JESUIT MISSIONS. He then became the pastor of a mission in southern Maryland and shortly after that he left for the Philippines. At present, he is pastor of a mission parish dedicated to St. Peter in the town of Lamitan in the province of Zamboanga, Philippine Islands. Father Stoffel sent a rather detailed list of his needs. A few are cited below in the hope that we may be able to supply them. Any additional money received will be used to purchase the items which we have on file here at the office.

2 Branched Candle Sticks at \$20.00 a pair;

A set of small Altar cards for a Mass kit—\$3.50;

Compendium of Moral and Dogmatic Theology priced at \$3.00 each.

John W.  
Lange  
S.J.

Father Lange S.J. in the  
Instruction Van with its  
Blue Jay emblem of Jesuit  
High in New Orleans.



## Seeing is Believing

**C**ONFUCIUS said: "One picture is worth ten thousand words." Or, anyhow, if he didn't say that, he should have! Pictures talk. They can be made to say many things, in many languages. Missionaries, from the earliest times, have been wide awake to this fact. St. Isaac Jogues used plenty of pictures and illustrations. Nearly every missionary after him who labored among the Indians has done similarly. St. Peter Claver in South America, Fr. Ricci in China, Fr. Lievens in India, the English Jesuits in Africa, the Portuguese Jesuits in Japan, the American Jesuits in Alaska, Jesuits everywhere have always been keen visual educationists.

And so, when we here in Ceylon appear in the field with our "Religious Instruction Van," we are right in line with tradition. And when we come out with the most modern movie and slide projection equipment, we are right in step with the most modern methods. That's what we are doing. Thanks to the boys of the best school in America (sure, I don't mind sticking my chin out!), we have a neat International panel truck (our "Van"), a brand new 16 mm. movie projector, a slide projector, a portable electric plant, and enough films and slides to make at least a good start. The boys of Jesuit High School in New Orleans, national American Legion baseball champs in 1946, State and regional champs in every thing else practically annually, showed the world

that they could star in other activities too. In their Lenten mission drive of 1945, they collected the money to buy all our equipment—and did it as effortlessly as taking a basketball championship in Chicago!

Catholics in many places are prone to take their religion pretty much for granted. If they are sufficiently well informed that they know how to avoid grave sin and perform their ordinary duties, they consider it enough. If, in other lines of endeavor, they were to proceed with as little "know-how" as they have in religious affairs, they would be courting catastrophe. Catastrophe does occur, too. Getting married outside the Church is a catastrophe. Sending the children to non-Catholic schools is a catastrophe. Ignoring the Church's Sacraments is—well, it leads to catastrophe.

If this is true in the good old U.S.A., where literacy is high, and instruction is easily available, what about the missions, like ours here in Ceylon, where so many are illiterate, where there are too few priests and sisters to teach the people,



where the medium of instruction is a strange and difficult language, where the elementary education is in the hands of laymen who are themselves woefully ignorant of religious truth, where the Catholic press is practically nonexistent, and where pagans and pagan customs prevail?

It does not require a very intensive analysis to discover the cause of so much laxity and of so many sad defections from the Faith. *The people don't know their religion!*

And so, we're going out to teach them. Even with the most modern means, it may take years to build up a well-informed laity; but once we have that, we can begin to think about bringing more sheep into the fold. To attempt to bring them in now is, scripturally speaking, putting new wine in old bottles. Those old bottles have to be scoured (I nearly said scourged! That would help too, come to think of it!)

In Ceylon, as in other countries of the Orient, you have the queerest mixtures of ancient and modern. Just the other day, I saw a brand new Hudson car trying to squeeze past a lumbering bullock cart on a narrow road. One day you will have the town crier coming around the neighborhood, pounding a tom-tom, to announce that there will be no power tonight, as the power-house has to shut down for emergency repairs; and the next day a mobile P.A. unit will be blaring forth with election propaganda. And so, the people are bewildered. That's the only reason I can think of why they should so quickly lose interest in new developments.

So our approach, with our visual instruction outfit, has to be slow. Much, very much indeed in this part of the world, depends on first impressions. Unless the idea is sold right at the outset, progress will be slow; apathy will creep back in, and you will be a voice crying in the wilderness. That's why we have made a start with material that has, perhaps, more entertainment value than teaching value. We get out on the road, show them our equipment, let them see that it is as good as the shows they have been patronizing in the local and traveling movies. Then we know they will come back for more.

That was the way I introduced the people of one of our most backward mission centers to our Van. I



The worst hazard for the Van—a Ceylon ferry.

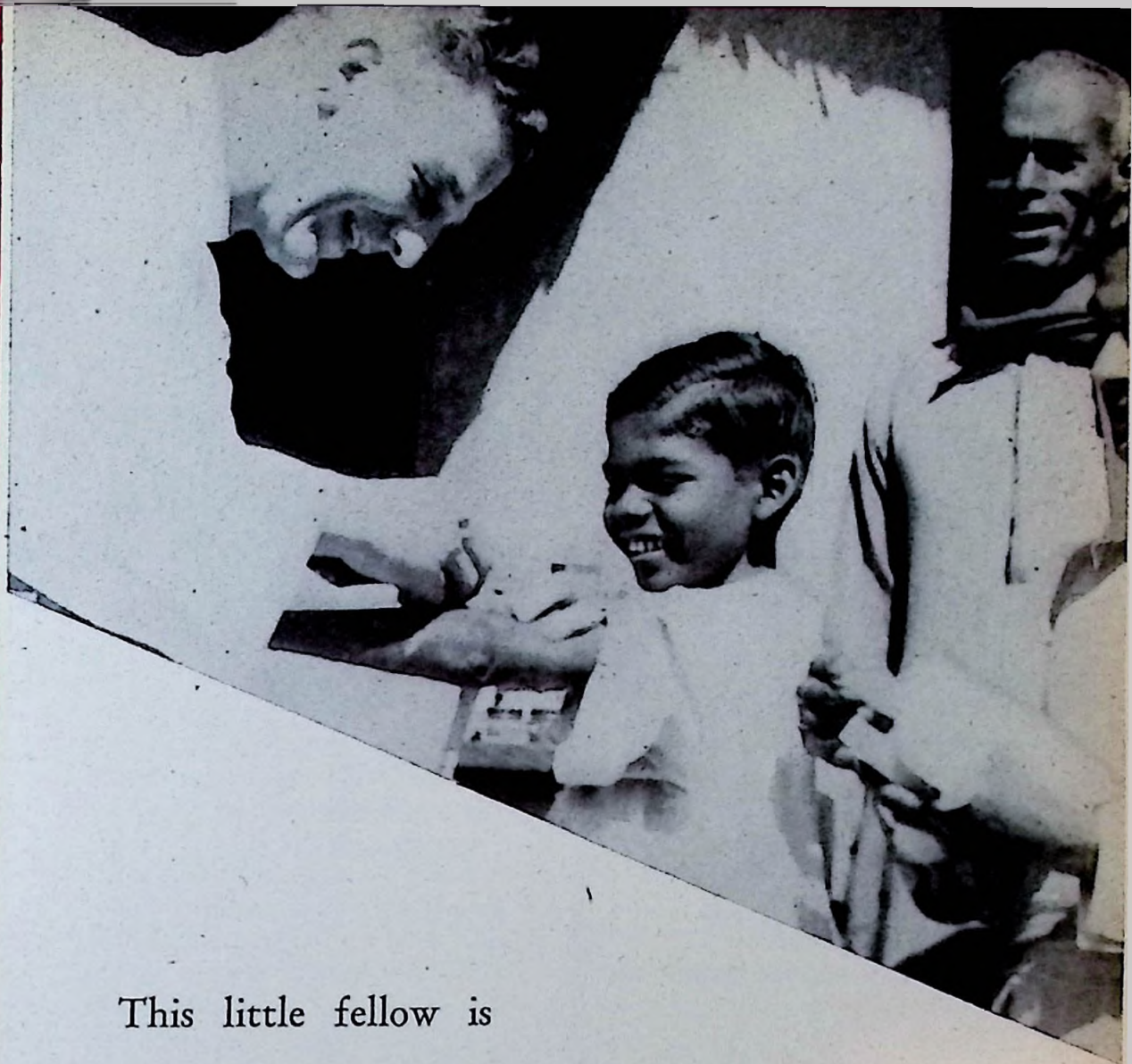
had advertised the show in advance, but when the starting time came there were about seventeen kids on hand to patronize our offering. So I turned up the amplifier full blast, and started running off a Disney film I had borrowed. Boy! did that fetch them! They came pouring out of the jungle, eyes bulging, ears cocked, curiosity radiating from every pore! The next time there won't be any trouble drawing a crowd in that place! And we got across some ideas to them, too.

With our little hand mike, we pipe in a running commentary in the Tamil language as the film is reeled off. For that reason, we prefer films that have only music on the sound track; or else, silent films.

Lucky for us, Ceylon has hard-surface roads. They are not superhighways, by a long shot, but they get us safely to the mission centres. There are exactly seven ferries, in a stretch of fifty miles, on the main coastal road between Batticaloa and Trincomalee. These ferries have to be seen to be believed. They consist of two big hollow-log canoes with a platform built over them, and they are poled or rowed with crude paddles. Our Van gives these contraptions just about their maximum load.

Anyhow we are out to make known the Words of Life to these unfortunate and much neglected people. To a certain extent we kill several birds with one stone, for, the lectures being in the open, the entire village rallies round. Sometimes there are more Hindus than Catholics. However, our chief concern is the instruction of our Catholics. Once they have been brought to know and appreciate *and practice* their religion, the approach to the non-Catholics will be much easier and more effective.

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way  
to  
a  
boy's  
heart*



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going to be grateful  
to the missionary and  
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Dear Father:

With this letter I am enclosing \$10.00 for the missions. After reading JESUIT MISSIONS for the past few months I couldn't decide which mission needed assistance most. They all seem in such desperate straits. Hence, I shall leave it to you to forward the money to any mission you desire. This is a small amount considering how many need so much for the important work of bringing eternal life to souls. The extra \$2.00 is for two gift subscriptions to be sent to anyone you select. This I give with the hope that the people will read your magazine and will be interested in helping the missions.

When I began reading JESUIT MISSIONS I wondered how I could help as it seemed so difficult to give even what I should to my own parish. Then the idea came to me of getting a little bank and seeing how many nickels and dimes I could spare from day to day. The \$10.00 is the result of about nine weeks of saving. If only all Catholic families would try the same system! It is very easy for me to flit away a nickel or a dime for something that really doesn't matter. I may be repetitious but again I urge a little bank for the missionaries who give up so much to bring the comforting peace of Christ to the desolate corners of the earth.

Please pray for me.

Sincerely yours,

Dear Father:

A few days ago I received your check designated for the Ateneo Scholarship Fund. You can appreciate how delighted I was to receive this grand gift. It was only a week before that I had announced publicly the intention of establishing several annual scholarships for deserving students from among the lower-salaried working people in the Manila area. One scholarship will be given each year to a son of some member of the Manila Police Force who receives less than

\$125.00 a month in salary. The same will be offered to the Fire Department.

As the result of one of the dying wishes of the late President Quezon, his family, and particularly his children, have devoted themselves to promoting religious training as well as secular training among the poorer students in Manila. Around the Quezon children have rallied some of the finest young women in the city and they have set up a remarkable program. They now have about half a dozen free schools. It is hard to estimate how many thousands of poor students will benefit by their efforts. To encourage that movement we decided to offer a yearly scholarship to one of the graduates from their free schools.

I am convinced that the above scholarship will prove a tremendous help to the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Church. You may tell your readers that approximately \$10.00 a month is sufficient for the tuition of students at the High School.

Again, my appreciation for the many favors extended by your readers to the Jesuits in Manila and promising all of them my prayers, I am,

Sincerely in Christ,  
REV. WILLIAM F. MASTERSON, S.J.  
Ateneo de Manila

Dear Father:

I made the Novena of Grace for an intention very important in my life. I promised that if, through the intercession of Xavier, I received it I would request you to publish my favor. My husband was recovering from a case of influenza when he developed pneumonia and a severe attack of hiccups. He was sent to the hospital and the Doctors could do nothing to stop the hiccups. On the last day of the Novena to St. Xavier the hiccups stopped. I and my family are grateful to Francis Xavier for my husband's recovery.

Please do not use my name but kindly publish the above.

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