

May 1948



May 1948

JESUIT MISSIONS

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COVER. On the isle of Truk in the Caroline Islands life is rapidly regaining its prewar quietness. Here are a group of girls who have just returned from fishing and pause for a moment to pose beneath the coconut trees. They are carrying the staves and nets that are used in shallow water fishing.

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

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CONTRIBUTORS

Forty years ago Father Walter J. Hamilton S.J. served as an altar boy at the first Mass ever celebrated in his home parish in Washington Heights, Manhattan. Nineteen



Fr. W. J. Hamilton S.J.

years later in 1927 he returned to the same Church of the Incarnation for his first Solemn Mass. During the intervening years he had attended Fordham Prep and Fordham College, had entered the Society of Jesus and taught for three years at the seminary college at Vigan in

northern Luzon in the Philippines. After his ordination and Tertianship he returned to Mindanao and for the next sixteen years labored there. When the war came he kept up his mission work and also served as chaplain to the guerrilla forces. He succeeded in eluding the Japanese but he experienced many narrow escapes. Each time the Japanese approached Father Hamilton escaped to the surrounding hills, carrying the sacred vessels and the mission records. During that period he was forced to change his abode sixteen times. Then after the war, and after nineteen years of service in the Islands, he returned to the States for hospitalization. But it was only a short stay. Thousands of miles from his native New York his people were waiting—and there is a restlessness in the heart of every missionary when he is away from his people. So Father Hamilton went back—not only to the Philippines but to the leper colony of Culion, the "isle of living death." We asked him to tell us the story of Culion today and despite his many activities he has taken the time. "It's May in Culion."

■ Father Robert H. Dailey S.J. is in one sense a man of extremes. Most of his life has been spent either in the Far West or the Far East. He was born in Denver, at-



Fr. R. H. Dailey S.J.

tended school there, moved on to Lincoln, Nebraska, and finally wound up at Loyola High School in Los Angeles. He entered the Jesuit novitiate at Los Gatos, California, in 1930. In 1937 he left for the China mission, little guessing what the next ten years had in store for him. He

could hardly have foreseen that after a period of studying the Chinese language and beginning his theology the great day of his life, the day of his priesthood, would dawn amidst the drab surroundings of an internment camp. Yet on March 18, 1943 in Shanghai Bishop Auguste Haouisee S.J. raised him to the glory of the priesthood. Father Dailey has taught at Aurora University and the Grand Seminary in the city of Shanghai. He was present at the coronation of Our Lady of Zose, which he so graphically describes for us in this issue. Shortly afterwards he returned to the United States for a brief visit before going to Rome where he is now engaged in the study of Canon Law.

■ Thomas M. Curran S.J. was introduced to the readers of *Jesuit Missions* by proxy in our March issue in that little pen picture of Spring Hill College, Alabama, where he was described as

"busily dashing off articles for the *Sacred Heart Messenger* with one hand while he worked out intramural baseball schedules with the other." Now he speaks for himself in "Mary-Time in Japan." The man from Cambridge, Mass. has found in a strange land the least common denominator that binds missionaries everywhere.



Thomas M. Curran S.J.

JM



Dear Friend:

Five Catholic students in a non-sectarian University decided to pray for China. They hesitated to promise a daily rosary so each one agreed to say a different mystery of the rosary. The persecuted Catholics of China deserve the prayerful interest and, indeed, the admiration of the entire Catholic world. During May, perhaps you and four of your friends could adopt the same plan of honoring Mary and aiding the Catholics of China.

Another means of honoring Mary is the use of Madonna Notes in offering congratulations and sympathy to your friends. The medallions of Mary on the notes will tactfully suggest recourse to Mary at all times.

Each box contains twenty Madonna Notes and envelopes to match. You can buy the Madonna Notes at JESUIT MISSIONS for \$1.00; ten boxes for \$8.50. Any profit realized in the sale of these notes will be applied to furthering our missionary endeavors.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

Robert H. Dailey, S.J.

MARY-TIME *in Japan*

In the Land of the Rising Sun a Second Spring for the Church dawns

I WAS placidly reading by a window that looks out on the hunched hills which shelter us from the bay of Kobe when I chanced upon the mission intention of the Apostolate of Prayer for the month of May, "That the Mother of God may lead the children in Japan to her Divine Son." Here was an intention that the American Jesuits at Yokosuka could whisper wholeheartedly. I felt very complacent.

But complacency is a very dangerous state, especially if it is padded round and entrenched with halfthought truths and errors. There are so many things we take for granted and never bother to think through with clear penetration; like, for instance, why May belongs to Mary.

About this question, I long ago had become complacent. But the other day I was reading Father Gerard Manley Hopkins, who, in his poetry, is precise and accurate in thought and expression. And, of a sudden, he dislodged me from a thought pattern which I had held so long that I had ceased examining the reasons for it. The poem was a quiet piece called "May Magnificat," almost disarming in the initial simplicity of its language and the prosaic tone of its opening phrases:

"May is Mary's month, and I
muse at that and wonder why:
Her feasts follow reason,
Dated due to season—"

As I read, I smiled the slight fatuous smile of the indulgent critic who has anticipated the thought of his author, and continues, merely to verify his own previous judgment. I knew what was coming; blue skies and white wisps of clouds, fresh flowers and the echoes of bird calls,

and all the bright and lovely things we have associated with May and Mary for as long as we can remember. But it did not come. He dismissed this phase with the simple question: "Is it being brighter, must delight her?" This was the obvious thing, the surface reply, so he asks Our Lady herself, and she responds by posing another question: "What is Spring?—Growth in everything." And then for the first time in my life, I believe, I really saw why May is Mary-Time, and what Mary-Time really means.

Mary-Time is always a time of brightness and soft beauty, but its loveliness ever consists in preparation. It is an advent time of humility and silence and growth; a time of mystic unfolding, and awesome reflection upon the beauty of God. It is the time of the seed, just like the May-time when "Bird and blossom swell in sod or sheath or shell."

"All things rising, all things sizing
Mary sees sympathizing
With that world of good
Nature's motherhood."

There's the answer!

"This ecstasy all through mothering earth
Tells Mary her mirth till Christ's birth
To remember . . ."

Mary's most precious title is "Mother," and the loveliest hours of her life were the nine months when she held Christ in her womb, lost in the mysterious wonder of His presence. It was a time of faith and darkness, before Christ appeared; it was Mary's hour, a time of imperceptible growth, in which she carried Him where she would, and gave Him her flesh and her very life that He might have life. Mary's absorption in Christ at this time was complete; it was impossible for a creature to be more intimately united to its Creator; she felt the Life swelling within her, and it was the "abundant Life," the "Light of the World," and with joy she nourished



Thomas M. Curran S.J.

A Japanese artist's conception of Our Lady at the time of the Visitation.

it, and with greater joy brought it forth, that all men might share this Life which was hers.

That's why May is Mary's. As its loveliness unfolds, says Father Hopkins, Mary sees in each new tiny being, a remembrance of the time when she held Christ within her during that first Springtime of man's redemption.

My complacency had been pierced and toppled, but the new realization of May and Mary-Time brought with it a more than compensating thrill of appreciation. Especially is it significant here in Japan, for in a double sense is it Mary-Time in Japan now. It is May-Time and all the tiny hills are thickening with green richness, and the rinsed skies are sparkling after the Spring rains. The cherry blossoms and plum trees dot the landscape, and tiny shoots burst open in fragrance. This must be lovely to Our Lady, all this fresh sweetness. But lovelier still, must be her reenactment of the Spring of man's Redemption in a very real sense, as she sees each new soul born to Grace in the life of her Son.

Christ is still hidden here, and the radiance of His splendor has not yet burst upon the eyes of these people; it is a time of darkness and faith as was the first Springtime. But Mary is here close, and with her is Christ. There is joy in the silent contemplation of her joy, and a deep peace in the assurance of her faithful motherhood. Her role is to bring forth Christ, as she has done before, and in her is our trust.

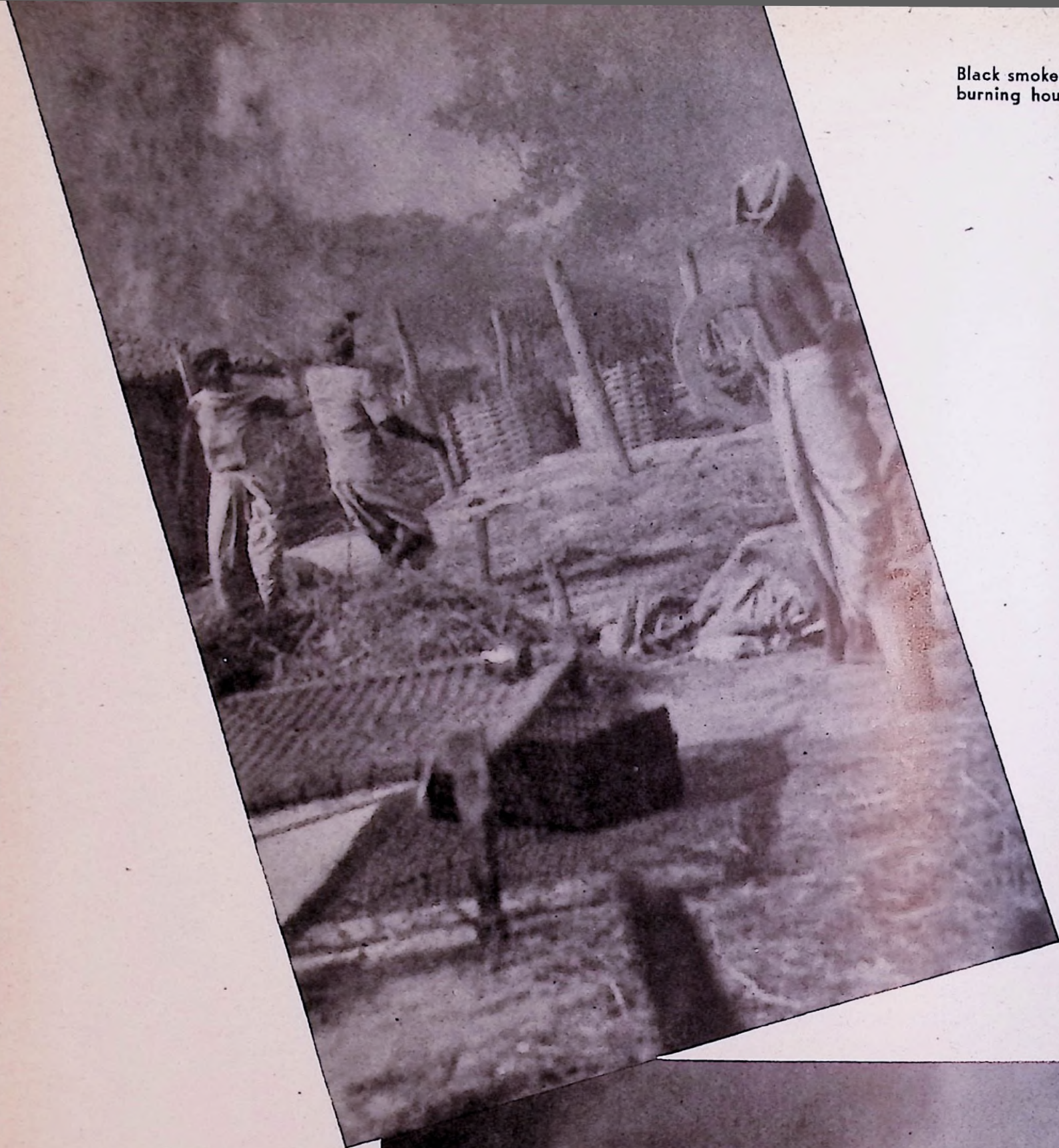
Long ago in the Springtime of her joy this girl from Galilee had cried out,

"My soul magnifies the Lord,
and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior;
Because He has regarded the lowliness of
His handmaid; . . .
He has filled the hungry with good things,
and the rich He has sent away empty.
He has given help to Israel, His servant,
mindful of His mercy. . . ."

Here in Japan, now that Spring and May have come, we remember—and are glad.



Black smoke pours from the
burning houses of Chuhari.



We Fought Chuhari's Fire

In an Indian village
the cry of "Ag!" means
death and desolation

Eugene L. Watrin, S.J.

A BURNING breeze sweltered under the blazing sun that Saturday afternoon when the cry, "Ag. Ag!" rang through the Mission compound. Over the Convent wall to the north a column of black smoke was rising angrily to the hot sun. Rushing toward the smoke I saw that it was not the Convent, but the closely-packed Hindu section of Chuhari that was aflame. As I reached the burning houses I saw a great crowd of people and thought they would quickly extinguish the fire.

I watched in horror as I realized that hardly any of the people were actually fighting the fire, but were all busy dragging and shoving the possessions out of their homes. It meant that they saw no hope of stopping the fire and were intent on saving whatever valuables they could move. By the time the other Fathers arrived the wind was fanning the fire to the adjoining houses. The bamboo siding and the thatched roofs made perfect tinder for the leaping flame.

Quickly stripping off our cassocks we started the slow process of drawing water from the well. The water was twenty feet below us and we had nothing but little well-buckets to lift it with. Even then we often had more water at hand than the people could carry away in their earthenware jugs and small brass pots. We were soon relieved by others at the well and hurried to the burning homes to see if we could stop the rapid advance of the fire.

Choosing a row of houses just ahead of the fire we began to tear, chop, pull, and tug to flatten them before the fire was swept up to them by the steady breeze. The heat was terrific. Several times I reached up to see if my hair was burning. More and more men began to help us now, and we got one of the houses down and went to the next. Everything was down but the roof. Two of us were inside cutting away the last of the roof supports when a great shout went up from the crowd outside. I suspected the worst and rushed out to see. And I was right—the roof was a blazing mass of thatched straw. We had failed to stop the advance of the fire.

Panting and sweating, we stepped back amid the wailing of the women and the shouting of the frantic men to see what could be done. Directing the villagers whose homes were across the road from the

burning section to pour water on their roofs, we decided to try to stop the advance of the leaping flames by removing a row of houses further ahead of the blaze. Here we met a new obstacle. The owners of the homes that were well in advance of the blaze would not let us raze them. They would take a chance on the fire being stopped before it reached their homes.

House after house was going up in flame and the water from the two wells was not at all adequate to fight the fire. Rather than stand idly by we started on another row of houses that was nearer to the fire than was safe. But the wind fell for a time and we were near success when again the flame leaped to the house in which we were working. But this time our efforts were not entirely futile, for we had been able to drive the fire toward the pond that bordered the village.

The pond was filled with ox carts on which the families had stacked high their pots, beds, clothes and valuables. Sickly cows and big black water-buffalo ran from the blazing homes as the fire slowly burned itself out on the edge of the village. Surrounding the smouldering ruins, knots of women and children set up a weird and constant wail. We and the men of the village were smoked, cut, and exhausted as the last threatening sparks were extinguished.

In all, eighty-four buildings burned. Thirty whole families were homeless. Several families near the origin of the fire had lost all their possessions. Earthen storage bins in the houses now held nothing but charred grain and burnt cane sugar—two hundred people without food or homes. Infants in arms and feeble old people with no one to turn to for help—that is what fire in India means.

With rice that had been obtained with the greatest difficulty we gave temporary relief to the most impoverished, hoping and praying that the kindness of Christ might win these poor to the Church of Christ, and trusting that God will help us find more rice. Many of the people will have to borrow money to rebuild their homes, and contract debts that will require the rest of their lives to pay off. Now I know why that cry "Ag, Ag!" ("Fire, Fire!") causes such panic in India.

Robert H. Dailey S.J.



(Top) The picture before which Father Della Corte made his vow. (Bottom) The procession up the hill.

SHENG MOU!

The story of Zose

is told in the whisper

of an aged woman

A MISSIONARY slowly ascended the steep slope. He had come 5 miles that day. He felt weary from his journey and sick at heart too. A terrible persecution was sweeping down from the north and it was almost certain to take the lives of his Christians and priests because the civil authorities had refused to intervene. The missionary was Father Della Corte S.J., Superior of the vast mission of Kiangnan.

Arriving at the summit of Zose, he entered the tiny pavilion and threw himself upon his knees before the picture of Our Lady, Queen of Christians, therein venerated. He said it simply:

"Mother, the mission is in your hands. Save us and I promise to build a sanctuary worthy of you."

He arose and returned to Shanghai. No one knew about his vow at that time. It was July 4, 1870.

Within a few days higher officials of the region, unexpected and unsolicited, called on Father Massi in order to assure him of their protection. The Mother of God had thrown her protecting mantle over her own. Now the mission had to fulfill its vow.

Here at Zose May 18th is the feast of Our Lady, Help of Christians. Last year on this day our aging Bishop decreed the Coronation of the statue of Our Lady.

The tiny pavilion of 1870 has grown to a graceful Basilica that crowns the summit of the wooded slope. The original vicariate which then sheltered only a few thousand Christians has grown and been divided so that now two Archbishops and seven Bishops rule 331,000 Christians. Under Mary's mantle, the infant Church has waxed strong and seemly.

This sunny day in May began early. As dawn broke out of the east watchers from the hill could see groups of pilgrims arriving from every direction. Along the dusty highway trucks bursting with humanity roared out from Shanghai. On the narrow paths winding through the paddies came the fervent Christians of near and distant districts. Sampans wiggled their ways on the canals that shone like stripes of silver in the dimlight of the morning. People came by tens of thousands to add to the thousands who had come the day before. Newspapers, English and Chinese, estimated the pilgrimage at 70,000, an overwhelming tribute to the Virgin.

Shanghai's Catholic Youth Associations undertook to keep order. They brought out 210 Scouts from four Catholic High Schools. But the backbone of the system were the fifty, uniformed Volunteers of the Pootong Peace Preservation Corps. They are Catholics to a man and to profess their faith they went to confession and Communion in the Basilica at 2:30 a.m. These groups handled an unprecedented crowd without incident or accident.

The morning wore on and the ceremonies, which were to last five hours, got underway at nine o'clock. For an hour the procession wound slowly up the hill. But there is a turn where the path breaks out of the trees into the morning sunlight. From that point there is a view below of the Delta's lovely plain, covered with rice paddies and studded with homey villages. Above, there is the Basilica with Mary, in bronze on the steeple, holding her Child high to bless the countryside. Not a few priests felt their hearts beat faster as they took in with a lingering glance, Mary, the populated plain, the thousands of Christians in the procession behind. All of these embraced by the loving heart of Mary!

All during the day the hum of human voices hung, as an overtone, over the hill. It was a hum of voices so multiplied by thousands that it amounted to a subdued roar. But when you analyzed the roar it usually broke down again into one prayer, the rosary.

These thousands knew how to be reverent. The simple, trusting faith of children is always a touching sight. Here it shone in the grave little faces of boys and girls marshaled in honor of Mary by the Sisters of the mission. They bore brave banners which proclaimed to all who wished to see who they were. Across their breasts they wore blue and crimson bands with the gold characters of the Eucharistic Crusade, the Children of Mary, the Sodality. Behind them marched their brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, as representatives of all the Catholic organizations in the mission. There were the Religious, men and women, the Clergy, the Bishops, the Archbishops and the Apostolic In-

ternuncio. At the end of the procession, as well as along the path leading forwards and on the esplanade in front of the Basilica, were other tens of thousands of Christians. All were children of Mary and deeply consoled to have this occasion to manifest their faith and love.

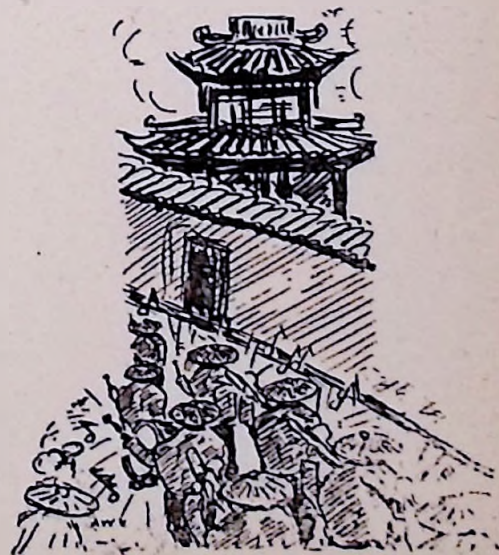
Such enthusiastic outpourings of the heart inspire sacrifices. Everyone gave; some of their riches, others of their poverty. There were those who gave their gems, jewelry, gold to make a golden crown for Mary. All collaborated to make this feast worthy of her.

The ceremonies went on. There were discourses by Archbishop Yu Pin and the Apostolic Internuncio, Archbishop Riberi, who imparted the Papal blessing to all present. Bishop Haouisee blessed the crown. A moment of intense and silent expectancy fell upon the multitude. The Bishop's voice rang strong and clear in spite of his weak health. "Just as by our hands thou art crowned on earth so also through thee by Jesus Christ, thy Son, may we deserve to be crowned with glory and honor in heaven." Together with Archbishop Yu Pin he placed the crown upon her head. Then these thousands repeated the consecration of China to Mary and broke out into the hymn of Our Lady of Zose, Mary, Help of Christians.

Why did Zose on this day give a throb to the heart? Because this external enthusiasm is only the sign of a rich reality. A sweet and pious affection for Mary rose as an incense from the heart of a pagan land. Christians gave spontaneously of themselves to her, the Mother of their Saviour, because they have realized that she is their heavenly mother by the affection of her heart and strength of her spiritual and temporal assistance.

The presence of such a multitude in a country place, far from the city, not easily accessible, was an inspiring act of praise. No temporal celebrity could have drawn the people so far. Yet hither were they led sweetly and irresistibly by affection for a simple virgin who became the Mother of Jesus, Queen of Heaven, Help of Christians.

One person summed it all up unwittingly. I was kneeling unseen in an obscure corner of the Basilica. An old mother came painfully up the side aisle. As she came in sight of the Madonna before which Father Della Corte had pronounced his vow 77 years ago, a word and a sigh escaped her lips, a word that told it all. "Holy Mother!" "Sheng Mou!" In that whisper was told the story of Zose.



POVERTY & CO.

Lowrie

J.

Daly

S.J.

There is no closed shop

or bargaining practices

for the Sioux of St. Francis

LITTLE Mary-Never-Misses-a-Shot scarcely realizes what a unique Clothing Store she is entering as she skips down the dark, cool entry way to Brother Parry's re-converted potato cellar. As a matter of fact the conversion is far from complete, for all around the sides of the white, low-ceilinged shop there are bushels and bushels of onions, giving forth a perfume rarely noted in modern shops for Milady. Next, one sees the clothes, each article hanging on an ordinary hanger but without price tag. There is no need for OPA here for *Poverty and Co.* prices are purely nominal.

Many moons ago, in about 1925 to be exact, *Poverty and Co.* came into existence. Its existence

was due to a slight misunderstanding. One of the missionary Fathers had generously given several articles of clothing donated by a friend to one of the many needy Indians. Not long after, another Sioux had approached the Padre bent upon similar ideas of negotiation. But he thought the clothing given to him less good than that given to his predecessor.

"You give me clothes which are not so good. You think me a poor Catholic. You do not like me so well." Shades of Sitting Bull! A few more incidents like that and the Indian wars will be on again. So feared the troubled missionaries. From similar experiences, *Poverty and Co.* developed.

When the harvest time comes even the girls do their share.



If the Indian pays a few cents for an article then no one can claim that injustice is being done in the name of charity. No one has to buy the articles. Every one is free to choose what he wants. The price, no matter how trivial, gives the purchaser a title and he has no need to say that he is the object of charity. The scheme worked and for more than twenty peaceful years the potato-cellar Clothing Store, without price tags or advertisements, has supplied countless Indian families with their wardrobe.

As one walks around the room to make his purchases, a variety of goods greets the eye. For John Lame-Omaha-Boy there is a selection of sweaters for 10c to 15c. If it is a really good one, then maybe a top price of 25c, and young John has some of the finest Men's Ready to Wear on the Mission grounds. Pants are divided into two categories—torn, 10c and untorn 25c; while top-price suit coats retail at 25c whether Army officers' blouses or some business man's fifth best which has found its weary way to St. Francis.

My visit happened to be in the middle of the vacation season and the shop was low on stock. But at least there were vests aplenty, all kinds and colors. Mr. Henry James Horse-Looking, who wants a vest for the cool Fall weather, will find a good selection, (20c to 25c please!) There were some

fur coats in one corner and selecting one I asked casually, "How much for this one, Brother?" The Brother took the coat, glanced at the lining and answered, "The lining is pretty good, for that one we ask a dollar." It wasn't a bad coat at that and I had no doubts that modern department stores would ask considerably more of the urban Made-moiselles who roamed their happy hunting grounds.

Where does *Poverty and Co.* get its merchandise? That is indeed the problem. A few American families in the Mid-West supply the cast-offs which go so far to solve the clothing problem. But *Poverty and Co.* lacks publicity and receipts of donations have fallen off during the past few years so the store at St. Francis (St. Francis Mission, St. Francis, S. Dak.) has many an empty place amidst the coat-hangers and onions.

And the money? Oh yes, the money! Well, it goes back to Indians. For example, in summer time Brother Parry's truck garden gets overburdened with potatoes and cucumbers, onions and beans, and those who pick are paid from the funds garnered during the shop's busier season. Again, many of the boys and girls who do the picking will eat the vegetables at the Mission School during the year.

As Brother Parry says, with a twinkle in his eyes, "It's charity with a hook—but such a little hook."

Four good reasons for the existence of Poverty & Co.



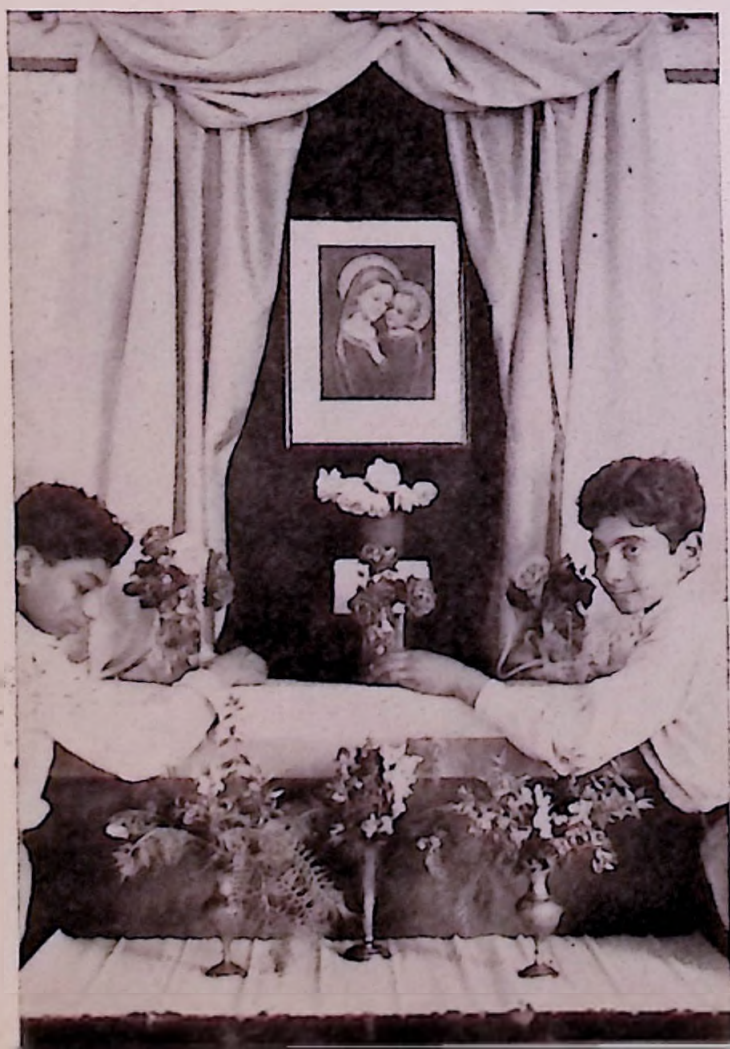
Joseph
L.
Ryan
S.J.

WHEN the Chaldean and Syrian Christians here in Iraq say the Magnificat in their native tongue, the words they say are close to the identical ones Our Lady herself used in speaking to Elizabeth. Our Lady did not speak Hebrew, for that had passed out of common use after the return from the Babylonian captivity. She spoke in Aramaic, which is now the liturgical language of the Chaldeans and Syrians (and also Maronites). The common language of many Christian villages in the north of Iraq today is a form of Aramaic called Assyro-chaldaic. Many people in Baghdad who come from those villages still speak this language. The workmen and servants here at Baghdad College, who were all born in the north of Iraq, speak this language more than Arabic.

Language is not the only tie that binds Mary to the Christians of Mesopotamia. We may not be sure where the Garden of Eden was, and we do not know two of the rivers, Gehon and Phison, which flowed out of it. But we can identify the other two, the Tigris and Euphrates. And the thought that the rivers which now flow by one's door once flowed out of Paradise brings the whole drama of Genesis very close to home. It makes the

*A prophecy
made in Eden
is recalled
on the banks of
the Tigris.*

MAGNIFICAT *in* Mesopotamia



fall of Adam almost local, and not only the fall of Adam, but also—and more important—the promise of Christ and His glorious Mother. The Tigris and Euphrates heard the promise of the coming of the Redeemer and His Mother, when God cursed the serpent and said: “I will put enmities between thee and the woman, and thy seed and her seed; she shall crush thy head, and thou shalt lie in wait for her heel.” And the Fathers of the Church saw in both Paradise and Eve figures or types of Mary; Paradise because from its earth, as yet undesecrated and uncursed, God formed the first Adam; and Eve as “Mother of all the living.”

On the feast of our Lady's Nativity, September 8, the Gospel of the Mass (Matt. 1, 1-16) traces the generation of Jesus from Abraham, and shows the deep roots Jewish history has in the land of the Two Rivers. This Gospel is probably dry and uninteresting for most Americans. But for people here in Iraq it is brightened up by references of local interest. For instance, Abraham was born in Ur of the Chaldees, which is situated about 200 miles south of Baghdad close to the Euphrates River. From Ur,

Abraham and his father moved up the river, past near the present site of Baghdad and settled in Haran, a town between the Tigris and Euphrates about a hundred miles from Aleppo, Syria. Haran is actually in Turkey now, just across the Syrian border. Here Abraham was when God called him. Here Isaac's wife, Rebecca, was born. Here Jacob came and married Rachel.

The same Gospel account of the generation of Jesus also mentions: "and Josias begot Jechonias and his brethren in the transmigration of Babylon." The ruins of ancient Babylon lie on the banks of the Euphrates about 50 miles south of Baghdad.

One of those brought captive to Babylon was the prophet Ezechiel, who in his vision of the temple described another figure of Mary, "the gate that looked towards the east." "And (God) brought me back to the way of the gate of the outward sanctuary, which looked towards the east: and it was shut. And the Lord said to me: 'This gate shall be shut. It shall not be opened and no man shall pass through it: because the Lord, the God of Israel, hath entered in by it.'" Thus was prefigured the virginity of the Mother of God.

It was also during the Babylonian captivity that Daniel found favor before God and men. For some time Daniel was in Susa also, and saw some of his visions there. He speaks of another vision he had while he was "by the great river which is the Tigris." The vision most to our interest here is the one in which the angel Gabriel appeared to him and foretold the time of the coming of Christ. "Know thou therefore and take notice: that from the going forth of the word to build up Jerusalem again, unto Christ the prince, there shall be seven weeks and sixty-two weeks."

That the Christian peoples here in the land of the Two Rivers feel a closeness to our Lady is evidenced by the number of churches which are dedicated to her name. Here in Baghdad the principal churches of the three largest rites (apart from the Latin) are



The statue of Our Lady and Child from the Fathers' chapel in the combined faculty and boarders' residence.

named for her. The Chaldean Church is named in honor of the Mother of Sorrows. The Syrian Church is the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary. And the Armenian Church honors Our Lady's Assumption. "Her glorious life is the adornment of all the churches."

During my first May here I saw a striking example of devotion of the people to our Blessed Mother. As I was sacristan at the time, Father Shea, the minister of the house, told me that some of the neighbors would come to the chapel during the afternoons in May for their May devotions. Our shrine to Our Lady had been set up, and one of the neighbors sent candles for the shrine, and oil for lamps to burn before it. The afternoon of the first day I made sure the door of the chapel was open and that everything was ready, and then retired to my room. Shortly afterwards I was startled by an outburst of song that made half the house resound. I left my room and crossed the corri-

dor to the chapel door to see what was happening. The chapel was full of both grownups and children; all were standing (as is customary here during prayer); and the father of one of the families had started the Rosary. They were singing it. The women began the first half of the Hail Mary, the men took the second half. The music was definitely eastern, and it took some time for my ears to become accustomed to the tune, though the lilt immediately appealed to me. These devotions went on for a full hour in deep-voiced expression, and they were repeated each day for the rest of the month.

During the month of May not only the chapel here at Baghdad College has its shrine, but each classroom and even the library. The shrines show a variety of forms and designs, and are decorated throughout the month by the flowers the boys themselves bring in. During religion period the devotions are carried on in each classroom. As a result the main building and the annexes echo during the first few minutes of the period with the singing of the Hail Mary. May in Iraq is really Mary's month.



On the occasion of the Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee celebration of His Grace, the Archbishop of Manila, Michael J. O'Doherty, the Ateneo de Manila Corps of Cadets held a special Military Parade and Review. Pictured above (l. to r.) are Msgr. Gatpayad; Msgr. Jose N. Jovellanos, Vicar General of the Archdiocese; His Grace, the Archbishop; Rev. William F. Masterson S.J., Rector of the Ateneo; and Father Olalia, Secretary to the Archbishop.

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

JAPANESE ADULT BAPTISMS have tripled in 1947. In 1946 there were 1,394; in 1947 they rose to 4,048. Catechumens in 1939 numbered 2,573; they jumped to 9,074 in 1947. The United States contingent of 61 priests, Brothers and Sisters stands fifth among the foreign Catholic missionary groups now working in Japan. Among the Catholic mission personnel of 2,781 are 164 Japanese priests, 187 Japanese Brothers and 1,596 Japanese Sisters. Despite the loss of Catholic lives in the A-bombings, Catholics in Japan number 109,285, exclusive of approximately 3,000 in the Ryukyu Islands, now administered to by the Capuchin Fathers from Guam.

SIX COLUMBAN FATHERS will be the first priests to take advantage of the permission for new

missionaries, as distinct from former missionaries, to enter southern Korea. They will work under Msgr. Thomas Quinlan of the Choochun Prefecture which touches the 38th parallel. No foreign missionaries are allowed into the Soviet-occupied zone of northern Korea.

ALL-CHINA'S FIRST CATHOLIC Educational Conference was held in Aurora College, Shanghai, during February. Catholic education in China has been reaching a total of more than 360,000 boys and girls in over 7,000 Catholic schools. In the north and northeast many schools have been suspended because of Communist persecution. Three out of seven students in China's Catholic schools are non-Christians.

BISHOP THOMAS THARAYIL, Coadjutor of Kottayam, India, may offer Mass both in the ancient Syro-Malabar rite and in the Syro-Malankara rite. The latter came into existence in the Catholic Church when Archbishop Mar Ivanios, a former Jacobite Bishop, was received into the Church. This privilege has been granted to Bishop Tharayil as an aid to bringing back to the Church thousands of Jacobite schismatics in his area.

THE DOMINION OF CEYLON, recently raised from the rank of a British Colony to dominion status, has one archdiocese and five dioceses. In the new dominion are about 380 priests and 1,300 Sisters serving 600,000 Catholics among its population of 6,000,000. Father J. H. Fengler S.J. of Trincomalee, Ceylon, states that nationalism is the most dangerous obstacle in the conversion of the Ceylonese.

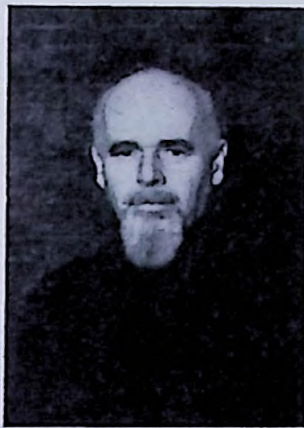
FATHER ALBINUS R. LESCH C.P. is believed to be the first Catholic priest and first American chaplain to see the North Pole. Flying over it in the B-29 "Northern Star" at an altitude of 12,000 feet he invoked "the blessing of God on this wild frozen ocean . . . to implore the Almighty and All-Merciful Creator . . . to return to Alaska the flyers whose duty it is to fly over the great open spaces north of America."

"THE LIFE OF A SOUL," the autobiography of the Little Flower, has been translated into Hebrew for distribution in Palestine in deference to the saint's reverence for the Hebrew language.

The Bishop of Alaska, His Excellency Francis Doyle Gleeson S.J., former Superior of St. Mary's Mission in Omak, Washington, greets Father Edward T. Wiatrak S.J., the representative of *Jesuit Missions*.



Come, follow me



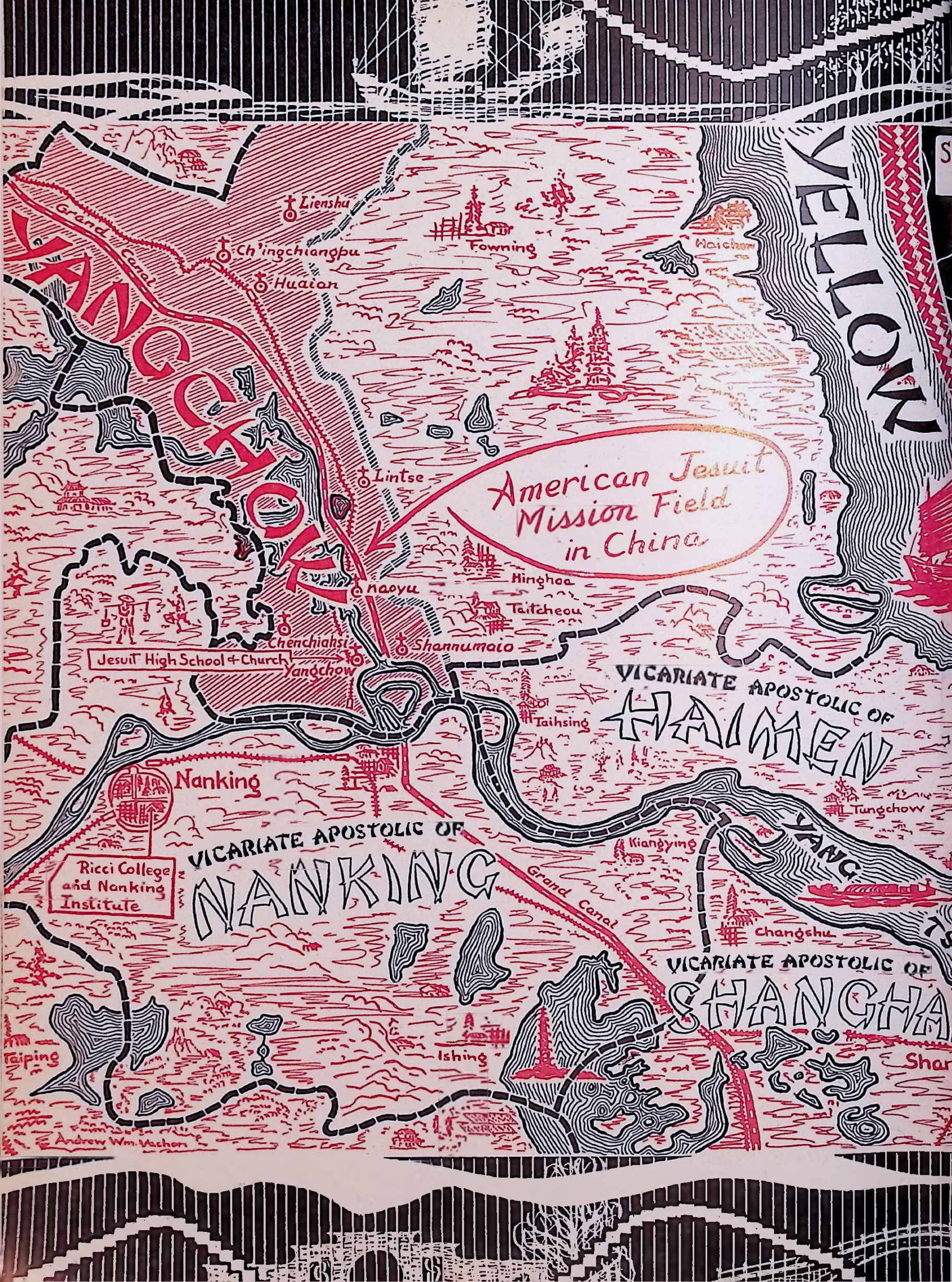
"AND they adoring went back into Jerusalem with great joy." In thus concluding the brief story of Christ's Ascension, Saint Luke pictures an almost incredible change in the spirit of the disciples.

These are the men who only a few weeks ago had fled in craven fear from the spectacle of Christ's Passion. They are the same men who, after His Resurrection, remained vague and confused and even sceptical about the reality of His Appearitions. This very day, as Christ led them up the slopes of the Mount of Olives for one last rendezvous, they showed a disconcerting lack of comprehension. They were looking back westward across the Valley of Kedron. There, a short half mile away, the thrilling panorama of Jerusalem lay spread below them. With excited imaginations like distracted schoolboys, while Christ was explaining the mission of the Holy Ghost that would "endue them with strength from on high," they broke in with their irrelevant question, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?"

We might have expected that with such a background of weakness and stupidity, the disciples would have been prostrated with grief and fear as Christ disappeared from their sight. Often, when tracing the steps of the disciples from the Mount of Olives "back into Jerusalem," I have reflected on the secret of their "great joy" in the face of Christ's departure from them. It lies in the power of divine grace to transform the soul from a blind and craven thing into a force with clear vision and courage.

In the very moment of losing their beloved Master, they found Him. For divine grace dissipated the mists that had obscured their insight. Now they saw the meaning of Christ's prayer at the Last Supper, "Glorify me, O Father, with the glory which I had with thee before the world was." Christ was returning, the triumphant Redeemer, to His eternal heritage, to the divine glory of which He had stripped Himself to become Incarnate. The disciples perceived it at last and joy surged in their hearts. "They went back into Jerusalem with great joy" because they knew that their Christ, who had suffered so greatly, had now entered into His glory.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



American Jesuit Mission Field in China

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF NANKING

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF HAIMEN

VICARIATE APOSTOLIC OF SHANGHAI

Ricci College and Nanking Institute

Jesuit High School & Church

Andrew Wm. Vachon



CHINA

Will it be the proving ground for Fatima?

IF My requests are granted, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. Otherwise an impious propaganda will spread its errors through the world, raising up wars and persecutions against the Church."

So spoke Our Lady of Fatima. Into Her hands today has been confided the greatest mission field in the world, the 480 million souls of China. One fourth of the world's people—and only 1% of them are in the Church of Christ! Now the forces of Communism are sweeping down on the more than four million Catholics who treasure the gift of their Faith. Persecution has set in and the missionaries are being killed or driven from their posts. For twenty years the Jesuits of the California Province have labored in this vast field. Now comes the hour when all for which they toiled, they and the 5000 priests and brothers and the 9000 sisters of the China mission, is endangered. It is not a time for words; it is a time for deeds, for prayer, for unceasing consecration and recourse to the one who once said, "My Immaculate Heart will finally triumph." China must not be lost!

(The map of China was drawn by our staff artist, Father Vachon. For the photograph of the Pilgrim Statue of Our Lady of Fatima, now on pilgrimage throughout the United States and Canada, we are indebted to Father Michael J. Ahern S.J., the well-known scientist and "radio priest" of Weston College, Massachusetts.)



Charles
A.
MacMullan
S.J.



JAMAICA

Remembers Fatima

*The Pearl of the Antilles
is another jewel
in the crown of
the Immaculate Mother*



“**M**y Immaculate Heart will finally triumph,” said Our Blessed Mother to the three children of Fatima. When and how will this take place? We do not know but in the meantime it is the wish of the Blessed Virgin Mary that the world be consecrated to her Immaculate Heart; as a result of this consecration Russia will be converted and a certain period of peace will be granted to the world.

On October 31, 1942, Pope Pius XII consecrated officially to the Immaculate Heart of Mary the

Church, the world and Russia in particular. Following the example of the Holy Father, diocese after diocese, in Europe, in Canada, in the United States and in every part of the world has heeded the call of Our Lady of Fatima.

We in Jamaica have not been deaf to the requests of Our Lady of Fatima. Two thousand men, women and children participated in the Holy Hour for World Peace at the grounds of St. George's College, a secondary school under the care of the American Jesuits of the New England Province. Led by acolytes with an honor guard of Sea Scouts and Girl Guides, the procession circled the field of the College while singing Our Blessed Mother's praises to the tuneful strains of the hymn "To Our Lady of Fatima" played by the boys of the Alpha Industrial School band.

A word about Alpha which is conducted by the Sisters of Mercy. Boys and girls irrespective of creed are sent to Alpha on the recommendation of the court or of the Inspector of the Poor. At the present time, approximately four hundred boys and three hundred girls are housed, fed, clothed and educated at Alpha. In addition to the usual elementary school education, the boys are taught printing, shoe-making, book-binding, carpentry and music, while the girls have the opportunity of learning handicrafts of all kinds. All this is accomplished on a government grant of about \$2.10 a person per week. Only the ingenuity, the self-sacrifice of the Sisters could make this possible in these days of high prices.

To return to the Holy Hour. Grouped before an outdoor altar which had been set up on the steps of St. George's College, all recited the Rosary. The invocation, "O my Jesus, forgive us our sins; save us from the fire of hell; lead all souls to heaven, especially those who have most need of your mercy," was inserted after each decade.

The Rev. William H. Feeney S.J. in his sermon recalled the apparitions of Fatima and the pleas of Our Blessed Mother for sacrifice and penance in order to avert the calamities which the sins of men have merited. The forces of evil, especially atheistic Communism, can only be routed by men, women and children consecrated not merely in word but in deed to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, the preacher stated.

As the shades of evening began to envelop the college

grounds. His Lordship, Bishop Emmett, S.J., presided at Pontifical Benediction. The clear, ringing tones of His Lordship carried the words of the Act of Consecration of Jamaica to the Immaculate Heart of Mary far beyond the college grounds. "Reign over us dearest Mother. . . . We want to be pure like thee. . . . We want to call down upon our country and the whole human race the peace of God in justice and charity. . . . Therefore we now promise to imitate thy virtues by the practice of a Christian life without regard to human respect."

The loudspeaker brought these words, which must have seemed strange, to the ears of a group of Seventh Day Adventists who were following the ceremonies from the upper porch of their temple which is just across the street from St. George's College. The Adventists who observe Saturday as the Sabbath and other Old Testament rites are very energetic in their evangelization. Recently, their benefactors in the United States contributed \$150,000 towards the building of a hospital in Jamaica.

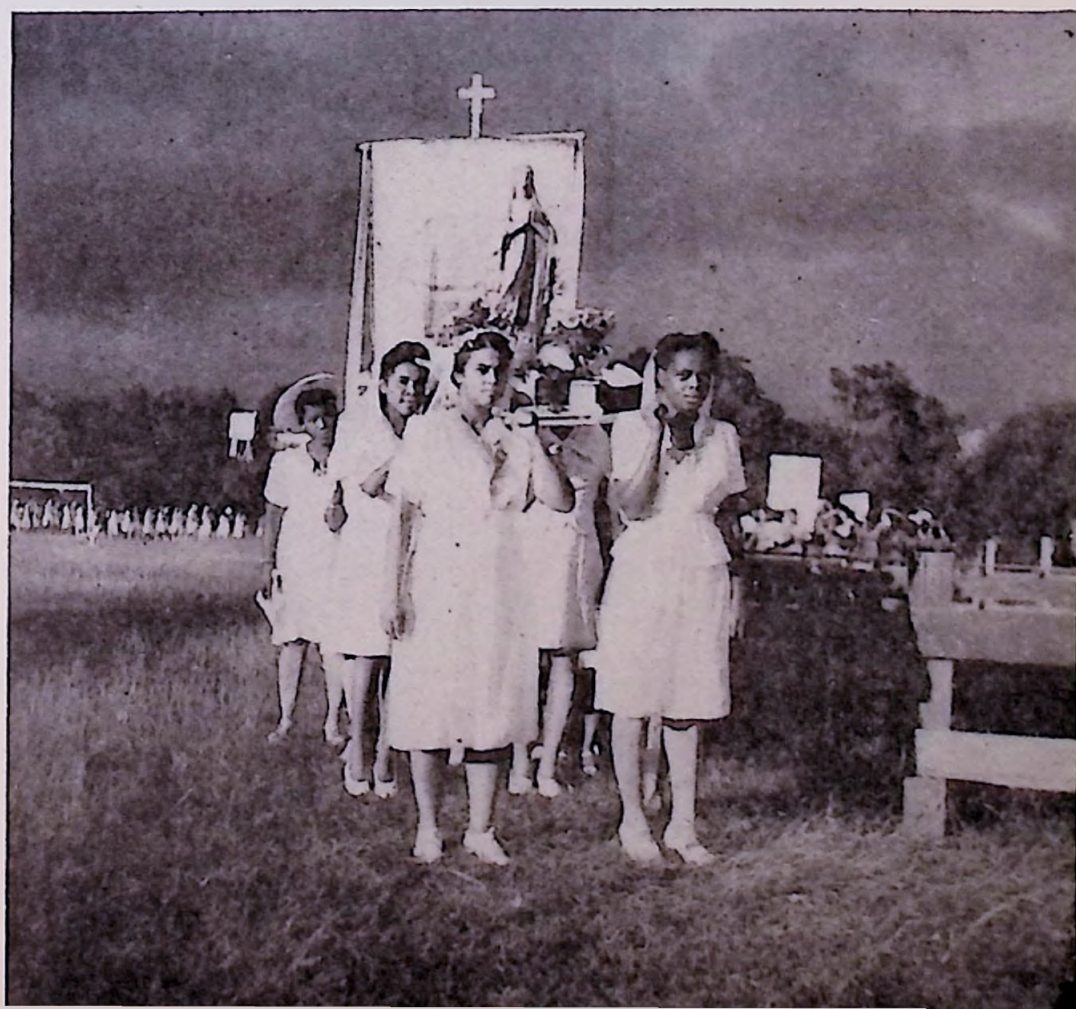
After the Holy Hour, a gentleman said: "A most impressive ceremony, Father."

"Are you a Catholic?" I asked.

"No, Father, I belong to the Church of England."

May Mary, the conqueror of heresy, lead the million and a quarter in Jamaica who are not members of the Catholic Church to her Divine Son! May the Pearl of the Antilles become one of the brightest gems in Her crown! May this dedication of Jamaica to her Immaculate Heart be a significant step on the long road to peace!

The girls of Our Lady's Sodality honoring the dedication of Jamaica to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.



APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

MISSION INTENTION FOR MAY 1948

That Mary May Guide the Youth of Japan to Jesus

One of the most serious problems confronting Japan today is the education of her youth. Literally speaking, Japan is teeming with youngsters. Each year are born over a million babes doomed today to the sequels of war. For the most part these children are poor; frequently deprived of life's bare essentials and growing up in contact with every physical malady.

Far worse are the moral perils to which their souls are exposed. But education can reshape morals; and we pray that the renovation may follow Christian principles. Today through the occupational administration a golden opportunity has been proffered the Catholic Church, an opportunity never before enjoyed in Japan. To the Church, as to other sects, has been granted freedom to instruct the young in the rudiments of religious belief. In Japanese schools religion may now be taught—a right hitherto forbidden her missionaries.

Great then is the urgency of establishing in Japan as many Catholic schools as possible. Education begun in the primary grades and continued through the college courses is the surest, one might almost venture the only, way of leading the Japanese nation to the Savior and of beginning a vast convert movement. If the Catholic Church allows this opportunity to slip by, non-sectarian groups and Protestant sects may seize upon the opportunity to use the educational field as a vehicle for disseminating religious indifference and heresy.

Dear to Mary's Immaculate Heart is the youth of the world; not less dear are the children of Japan. During two long centuries while the Catholic Church in Japan was forced into the catacombs, while Christians were hunted and missionaries were proscribed, the Japanese Catholics, sons and daughters of martyrs, fostered in the privacy of their homes and nurtured in the hearts of their offspring a tender devotion to the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God.

March 17, 1865 was a memorable day for Japanese Catholics. On that day three Christian women of Nagasaki entered the chapel of Monsignor Petitjean, and tested his orthodoxy by asking him whether he venerated the Virgin Mother of God and by begging him to show them her statue. Today this same Virgin Mother of God gazes affectionately on the children of Japan. Through Catholic schools erected on her islands she will lead the children of the Rising Sun to the knowledge and love of her Divine Son, the Sun of Justice.

It's

MAY

in

Culion

Walter J.
Hamilton S.J.

AWAY back in 1906, it was decided to segregate the lepers of the Philippines on the isolated island of Culion in Palawan, some 200 miles south of Manila. The colony is built on rocky, sandy ground, very hilly. Long ranges of stone steps lead to the various leper villages. On one of these hills I counted 100 steps. Further inland the soil is fertile, and can produce the fruits and vegetables common to the tropics. Of late, petitions have been made to the Secretary of Health, to provide the lepers with adequate agricultural implements. For it has been observed that a constant supply of fresh fruits and vegetables is a necessary condition for resisting the progress of the insidious leper bacilli. Fish forms a large part of the lepers' diet here, being found in colorful abundance in these waters of Palawan. And indeed the waters, too, sparkle and gleam with myriad color effects. Then the isles and islets, the stalwart mountains rising majestically in the background, the entrancing delight of the rising sun, and its ravishing glory at setting—all nature here combines so providentially to keep before our eyes a panorama of refreshing beauty and life.

In one of my mission stations in Mindanao, during the war, I was told by an old-timer that when the poor people would be hiding in the forests, suffering extreme hunger and thirst, the very birds seem to keep chirping in sympathy the Visayan word *Anugon*, "what a pity." Now here in Culion, the birds keep singing such words as *carino*, "pretty," etc. in perfect harmony with the surrounding scenery. The children, lepers and non-lepers, have found, day by day in the month of May, the sim-



Leper children of Culion in their "Flores de Mayo" devotion.

ple flowers in abundance for their touching devotion, "Flores de Mayo."

The war was a decided set-back for the poor people of "the isle of living death." What with the sudden cutting off of supplies from Manila, and surrounding islands under Japanese occupation, the hospitals were crowded; malaria was rampant; and many lepers were barely able to walk because they could receive no specified leprosy-treatment. It is wonderful that even 2,000 survived out of the 7,000 lepers here. Committees were formed of the younger men to seek food from the neighboring islands for the colony. A few were caught and killed by the Japanese, others were shipwrecked, etc. Our leper secretary here, Fernando, tells how his party was caught in stormy weather, their *banca* swamped. He never thought he could make the shore, but kept swimming and praying. On landing, he was overjoyed to find his rosary still in his pocket. For four days the party lived on raw bananas. Many who tried to return on *bancas* to their home provinces were killed.

Today we have some thirty thousand lepers in the Philippines, according to a rough estimate of a doctor who has spent many years at Culion. Most of these are at large, and a great increase can be expected, since so many lepers were free during the war years. To minimize the danger of contagion and promote propaganda for freedom of lepers may be dangerous for the common good.

Just mention promin or diasone to our lepers and you will see the light of hope return to their failing

eyes. Five of our patients have been receiving promin and seem to be improving. The course of treatment takes two years, and some notable improvement is to be expected after six months. The patients receive daily intravenous injections. Imagine the task with 2,000 patients! Diasone is more practical, since it may be taken orally. These sulfas have contraindications, nephritis being one. Vigilance must be exercised to prevent pernicious anemia. The lepers are constantly inquiring as to when the diasone is coming. And many a boat has come and gone since they first learned of the power of diasone! A race against death is now in progress. Observant lepers will tell you that the life expectancy of those who were lepers from birth is middle age only. They do age quickly. For some our appeal for diasone means a race against blindness, loss of voice and loss of fingers; and many others also who breathe with difficulty due to the breakdown of the bridge of their nose are looking forward to diasone as their last hope. To gaze on the disfigured faces of our advanced lepers, and then look at their photos taken from five to ten years ago would tax your credulity. The young lepers especially need constant encouragement. Some have told me that were it not for the consolations of the Faith, they might long ago have yielded to the call of the sea. And one lady graphically insisted on this fact, pointing to the sea below as we stood high on the rocks above.

The infants and children, how you would love them! How you would pity them, knowing as they

do what is before them! There's little seven year old Juan de la Cruz, in one of our village catechism classes, his cheeks already blotched with the tell-tale *maculae*, his ears swathed with cotton. You should hear them sing the praises of the Lord, and watch them at daily Mass, or at their daily visit in the colony church to pray for their friends and benefactors, and the little Mass servers as they, bell and candle in hand, trudge along before sunrise up and down the steep stone steps and rough roads, accompanying the priest who brings to the lepers the supreme consolation of their exile, Him who for love of each of us became also as a leper and outcast!

Our nursery is about to reopen after being closed many years. The new plan is to take infants at birth and place them under the Sisters' care. One of our Sisters here has specialized in pediatrics, and is working zealously to prepare everything. The young children who are negative will be placed here also. In former years the infants would be separated

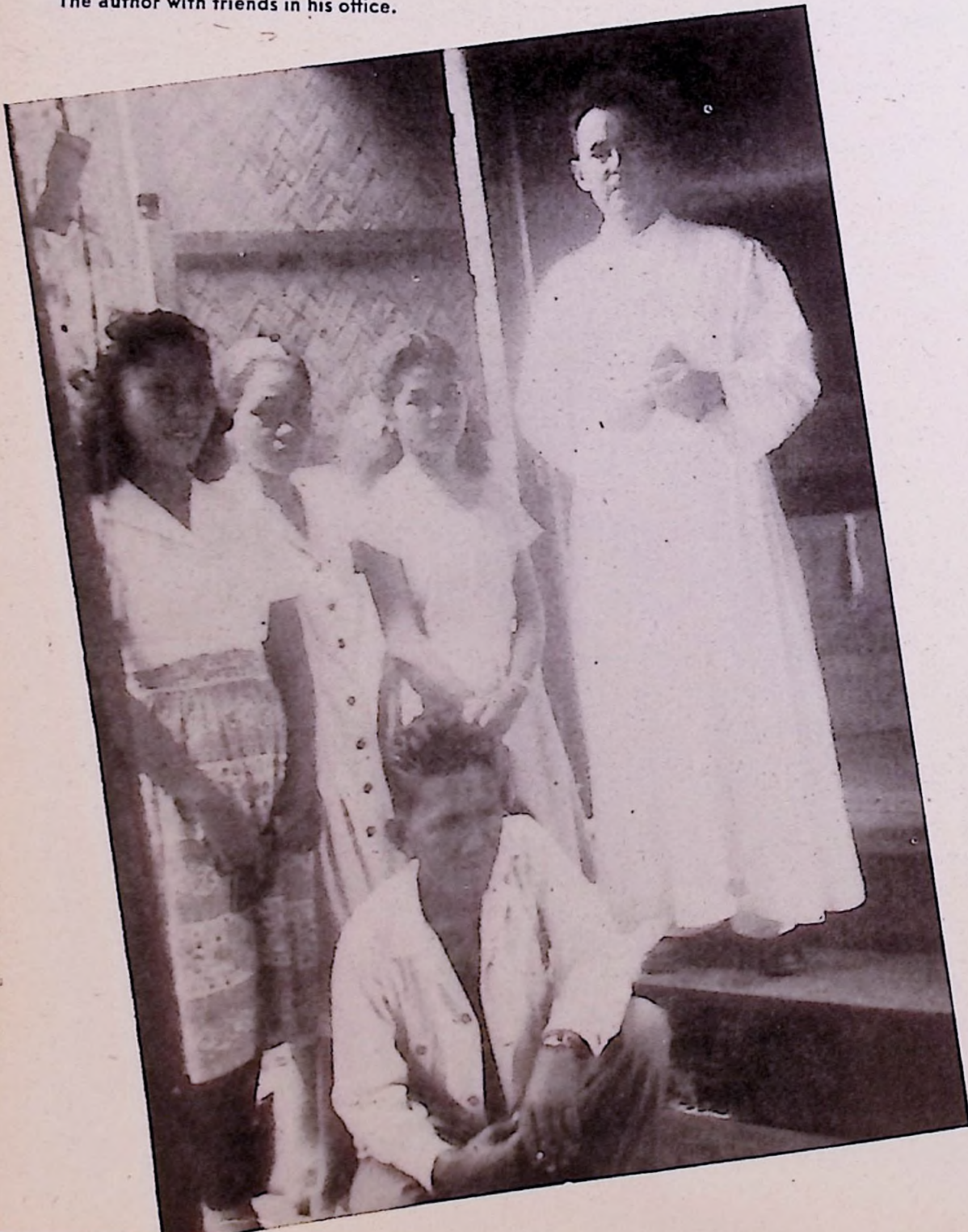
from their parents at the age of about four months, and only a small percentage would reach 21 free of leprosy, even though they were sent to Welfareville, Manila at the age of five or so. The nursery is situated just between the Sisters' Convent and our rectory. We will not be lacking entertainment from now on. The *sanos* (non-lepers) come to us at one end of our rectory, while the lepers drag themselves up the stone steps at the other side. Here we have built a small office where they can rest and read.

One can all but see the grace of God here in the lives of so many of the lepers, young and old. Only yesterday we buried a Moro, baptized here, who was never observed to whimper or complain during his long stay in our hospital. Ugly and hideous was his face, but his soul became beautiful, and having given him the final *Requiem aeternam* there in the drab morgue as his body lay on the table awaiting autopsy, I indulged in a few minutes of meditation.

Alone there I gazed at the poor Moro's corpse shrouded in a blanket. He was now at peace, a real conquest for Christ. May his prayers bring others of his brethren to the light and warmth of God's church—even though they must be lepers! Lepers must be autopsied and seldom do we have a real funeral. Rarely are there mourners. In order that the body be brought to the Church, a metal-base coffin must be provided. Occasionally, at the close of day, I wander down to the leper cemetery some four kilometers away, the end of the road. There, as one recites the "Liberate nos Domine" in the silence of that Campo Santo, he can understand in part the consoling peace the great Damien enjoyed as he said his breviary amidst the graves of his beloved lepers. The "isle of living death" has brought many unto deathless life.

So I ask all the readers of *Jesuit Missions* to keep in their prayers the poor people of this beautiful yet tragic island—now that it's May in Culion.

The author with friends in his office.



Paul C.
O'Connor
S.J.



ESKIMO Psychology

ONCE heard a young trader remark that he could cheat the eyes out of an Eskimo. Well, he learned later that he couldn't. It took a little time, but the Eskimos are a patient people, and of course they won in the end. Those who live up here for any length of time know that the Eskimos push a sharp and close bargain. Yankee shrewdness has nothing on them. Among themselves they can be generous to a fault at times, but they can also be as hard as stone. It takes a long time to learn Eskimo psychology in this respect. I for one have found it a difficult job to know how to give and how to refuse.

I think one of the reasons why diplomacy is the major requisite for a stranger dealing with Eskimos is the simple reason that nothing can be hidden up here. This is one country where murder will out. Villages are small and Eskimos travel a great deal. They can always find a relative somewhere. Incidentally, too, they talk and gossip a great deal. The fine art of conversation is cultivated and has a rich language to sustain it. Mechanical inventions have as yet not come in such quantities as to reduce conversation to monosyllabic words and simple sentences as so often happens even with college students "Outside." Eskimos also are not so much in a hurry as we are. They can literally spend hours over *Chia* (tea). Having no world interests, their thoughts and conversations deal with their immediate surroundings, and these being relatively small, they know every fault and virtue of their neighbor as well as the topography of the country. It is literally astounding how nothing escapes their eye in traveling or hunting. It is no less amazing how well they study their fellow man.

If a trader, for example, imagines that he can short weigh or short change an illiterate trapper, he is doomed to a rude awakening. Nothing will be said

Who is going to fool
whom among the Eskimos?

to him personally, but the whole countryside will know about it in a twinkling of an eye. Business will drop off almost imperceptibly.

In a slightly different way the same holds true for a missionary. Here at Hooper Bay for example my church is in the exact center of the village. Every person that comes either to my house or church is seen. If I give something to one, it is known to all. If I refuse so much as a pin, it is also known, considered, and of course discussed. Need I add that diplomacy is a prime requisite?

I remember one time when a murder was committed. (These things, by the way, don't happen often. Probably once in twenty-five years, if at that.) Well, the white authorities never did find out the culprit although it was common knowledge among the Eskimos. They punished him in their own way—*isolation*. The guilty man died of a broken heart.

I honestly believe that the Propaganda Fide made an understatement when it said that it takes 10 years to understand a foreign people. I am going on eighteen years right now and I am still learning.



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

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

In accordance with an old Jesuit custom, Father James Thornton S.J. went begging the day before his final vows, Feb. 2nd. The Irish Columban Sisters who run the Russian Girls' School in Shanghai were ready for him — with a pig's head and foot!



Pray for Us Sinners

THIS is Father Fred Bailey's story but it could be any missionary's story. Father is on Yap in the Carolines. "This afternoon, I walked to the pier where the boys were waiting to take me to Pikel Island, the home of the lepers. I brought the Holy Oils with me for a man named Yalome. As if leprosy were not enough Yalome is dying of tuberculosis of the larynx. His voice is but a whisper and I never thought that a human being could be so thin and live. He cannot swallow solid foods, nor enough liquids with vitamins to build him up. He will soon die saving a miracle.

"I didn't speak Yalome's language, nor he mine; Gomed the interpreter was not the best in the world, but Yalome understood that I had come with the sacraments; and though he had fear in his eyes, he had wonder and joy too as he realized that God had called a priest for him from a place halfway around the world.

"I heard his confession with the aid of a questionnaire that I always carry in my pocket; then anointed his eyes and ears and nostrils and hands and feet, and prayed that God pardon him whatever sins he had committed.

"I took out my beads and told Gomed to have the ones gathered there say the Rosary for him. Kneeling on the stone in the doorway of the chapel, the work of their own hands, I said the Rosary with them. I was the only one with a pair of beads. "Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Won't you pray this May for all of us sinners, Yalome, and me and my people, next time you say your Rosary?"

Speech—Plain and Fancy

I DON'T know if anyone else is, but I'm always interested in what happens to the English language in various parts of the missionary world. From Yokosuka, Japan, Brooklyn's Father Daniel McCoy writes that the Japanese do not say "I am sick," but "I am sickness." They do not say, "I am hot," but "I am heat." One of the students in school left for a visit to Tokyo and wrote back to his teacher.

"Dear Father," the lad wrote, "In Tokyo we have heard that Yokosuka is cold, and you are unbearable."

Maybe he had something. On the other end of the scale, one of the Fathers got the following invitation.

"As you are both a spiritual leader and a foremost educator in this country, to whom our youth and people, particularly in this section of the country, look upon for inspiration and guidance, we earnestly hope that you will grant us the rare opportunity of hearing the Baccalaureate address from you." He accepted!

The Story of the Month

FROM Father Sydney Judah down in Savanna-la-Mar, Jamaica, comes the most intriguing story, complete with spooks. Here it is in his own words.

"When I went to Revival yesterday I found that a young boy had gone down to the rocks last Saturday to fish, and had not since been seen. Calling on the mother, I found her anxious to have her house blessed. Apparently a request of simple piety. But was it? This woman lost her husband by sickness some years ago. Shortly before Christmas a daughter died also by sickness. Now comes this disappearance. Also comes a neighbor to warn her that someone has buried an object in her yard to hex her—a glass bottle with a bunch of feathers in it, eggshells and other things.

"Ridiculous nonsense say you? I agree; but doesn't the Church give you bits of cloth (scapulars), ashes, bits of tin (medals) and ask us to believe they are influences for good? Why can't eggshells and old feathers draw down the evil one? The Church in her blessings asks God to remove evil influences, so there must be evil influences to remove. Maybe the 'simple savage' is not so simple in his vivid faith in evil."

Now if that isn't the best start on a mystery story you ever saw, I'll eat it! And what happened to the boy? Or the mother? Or the bottle with feathers and eggshells?

Keep reading this column for the answer. Because Father Sydney just never finished the story. We sent an airmail letter off to him, and should have the answer soon. Or maybe there is no answer. But we'll find out one way or other.

Faith in the Philippines

THOUGH floods have ravaged the Philippine missions, floods of grace have also come out of the heavens for the flock of Father Joseph Reith. One morning before eight o'clock he had administered six different sacraments. Besides saying Mass, he heard confessions, distributed many Holy Communions, married four couples, baptized a sick baby and administered



John E. Blewett S.J. (left) and Thomas M. Curran S.J. in Yokosuka, Japan, get a little help in their study of the language.

Brother Italo Parnoff S.J., of Baghdad, making a wheat field out of the desert with the help of his jeep.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

Confirmation to him. And to top it off he had a sick call and gave Extreme Unction before he sat down to breakfast.

Father Daigler had a great January—he baptized 350 babies, and married 36 couples; but as we reported before he has a big parish. He is the only priest for 25,000 Catholic people.

And Father Arthur Shea had a heart-warming experience. He visited a village where no priest had been for a long time. He hunted up the oldest living inhabitant to get some information on what families should be Catholic; the man had served the priest 75 years before. As he sat down the old man offered him tobacco, and Father declined. Meanwhile the family had sent out for a bottle of American beer, and Father again declined. Then the man turned to his grandchildren.

"The Padre has no desires," he said solemnly, "he eats the Body of Christ and drinks the Blood of Christ." Then he spoke to Father Shea, "You are fortunate, Padre, for they who eat the Body of Christ shall not hunger, and they who drink the Blood of Christ shall never thirst."

"I'm not a Puritan but a realist," Father Shea wrote. "The reason I turned down the bottle of beer was that I know how much it costs and it would have choked me going down."

May Is Mary's Month And...

AND May is also the month of assignments to the Missions. Some fifty or sixty young Jesuits will be assigned this month to the missions, Japan, Philippines, India, Ceylon, Honduras, Alaska, China. They'll leave father and mother, sisters and brothers, and whatever else they have in the world to carry Christ to the ends of the earth.

But it won't be easy. Won't you pray during May that Our Blessed Mother will help all her children who are on the missions, and who are going to the missions? Pray particularly that she will care for the Sisters and priests who have been driven out of their missions in China. And while you're at it, slip in a little prayer for the homefolks who will stand at the dock and watch their boy or girl sail away. It's not easy for them either.

Father Francis M. Mcnager S.J. cruising on the Kuskokwim River in Alaska. The mosquito net he is wearing is in fashion until the warm season is over and the river starts to freeze again.



WANTED

Rosaries for Yangchow, China:—

For his prayer school in Yangchow, China, Father James T. Thornton wants rosaries. Amid persecution, the rosary has always inspired heroic courage and confidence in Jesus and Mary. His wonderful Catholics, now exposed to terrible persecution, need Mary's powerful intercession. Father would like at least one gross of rosaries. The price is \$36.00. Can you send \$3.00 for a dozen?

• • •

Books for Boys:—

Father Robert I. Burke of Alva, Jamaica, B.W.I. has sent a few requests stressing, in particular, the needs of his Boys' Club. He would like copies of Father Finn's books and general juvenile literature. Father Finn's books are \$1.75 each.

For High Mass and Benediction Father also needs a censer and boat. An attractive set can be procured for \$25.00.

• • •

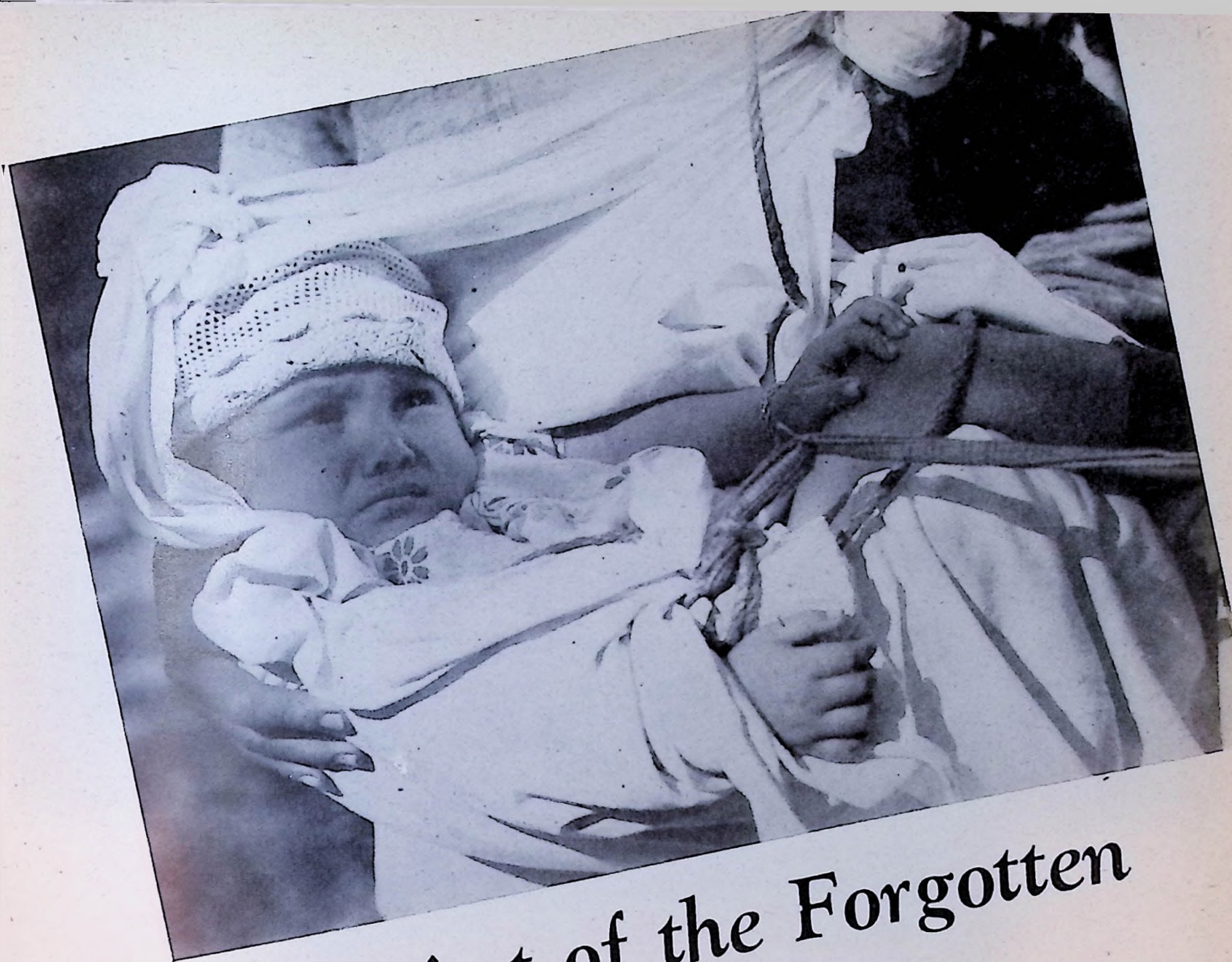
Basketball Uniforms:—

In the Philippines, basketball is a national sport. They seem to play it all year round. The smallest tots in the village learn to bounce the ball and train their eye for the basket. Father Paul Finster of Rockville Centre, N. Y. is moderator of athletics at San Pablo in the Philippines. He would like to outfit his basketball team with uniforms. The school colors are purple and white. Perhaps among our subscribers there are a few Holy Cross Alumni. In honor of the Cross' triumphant year they might be interested in helping along the team at San Pablo. Any contribution will help.

• • •

Catechisms:—

An appeal has come for catechisms. The children on the mission are poor and cannot afford to pay the full price for the catechism. From experience the missionary knows that if he charges the children a few pennies for the catechism they will take good care of it. He was wondering if a few subscribers would pay the balance of 20¢ on each catechism. For \$1.00 we could send him five catechisms.



Priest of the Forgotten

William
Brennan
S.J.

**In the files of Heaven
there is a golden card
with this man's record**

IF there were an interurban trolley in British Honduras, a clarion-voiced conductor might be heard calling some of the following names: "Double Head Cabbage, Bullet Tree, Baking Pot, Old Gal, Keyhole Alley, Petticoat Alley and all points south."

You may be inclined to doubt the existence of places with such picturesque names. But should you do so there is a missionary in British Honduras who can assure you that there really are places with these names. Among the people he has come to be known as the "priest who looks for Catholics." From his

title you will readily understand why he has learned to know many of the places in the vicinity of Belize. In congested Belize he is familiar with the devious meandering roads and alleys; outside of the city he is rapidly getting to know the out-of-the-way dwellings and settlements. And the reason for his knowledge is that all roads or half-roads which he travels have a Catholic at the end of them. Whether that Catholic be lost, strayed or stolen; whether his dwelling has a picturesque name or not, this priest of the Christly heart and the ever-wandering feet gets on the trail and ferrets him out.

The works of a missionary are many and various. Each and every one of those who toil in foreign lands is an "Ambassador of Christ." Not all, though, receive the same mead of honor and recognition this side of heaven. St. Francis Xavier, for example, baptized 10,000 pagans, a fact any nine year old member of the Holy Childhood Association will tell you. But how few know or even think of the veritable army of men and women that were needed to keep track of, cultivate and develop such a planting! Few are aware of the people who followed up Xavier's work and carried it on to fruition.

A follow-up man extraordinary in Belize and its environs is this "priest who looks for Catholics." Little white cards carry the factual history of those to whom pastors and missionaries before him have preached the "Word." On the Cayes along the coast, in Belize itself, and even in the interior under the shelter of bush huts, he may be seen scribbling his notes about the Catholics he has found. "Faithful Catholics; concubinage; absence from Mass and Sacraments; children in Evangelist school," these jottings and many more are scored on the brief reports. In this accurate, systematic way is carried on the work begun by a grand old missionary, now retired, Father Louis E. Newell S.J.

There is no better way to learn of a missionary's work than by consulting his files. Suppose we slip into this man's room and let some of his little white cards tell their own story. Flipping the alphabetical index at random, we take a chance stop at "G"; we find:

"Gomez, Leopold Jacob, 76. Home—9 miles from Belize; 3 miles off the road to Vargas Bank on Salt Creek; one block from the sea. Catholic in good state: Confessed, received Communion, married and given Extreme Unction, December 5th, 1946."

What the file card does not describe is the jeep

ride within walking range of Jacob's ramshackle, two-room hut, nor the hike, sloshing through the mud and bush under a steady, hot December rain. There is no mention either of Jacob's confession under a coconut shed, as the water dripped off his gray, kinky hair and off the padre's hat. There is no recording of the old man's voice when he said after ten years neglect of his Fatih, "My heart feels good now." No, these items are the commonplace of men at mission posts; these matters are filed away in the Great Catalogue where the work of all missionaries is eternally inscribed.

Our file cards, we must recall, are still at Gomez. If we flip one card we come to:

"Gomez, Natividad, 59. Home at "37 mile." Catholic O.K. She is a paralytic, bedridden for 14 years. Received Viaticum and Extreme Unction, Dec. 2, 1946."

This simple record makes it easy for one to imagine the circumstances under which the missionary visited this helpless woman. Confined to a three by six bed, curtained by a mosquito net, this woman has seen fourteen winters come and go. Language, whether spoken or written, is a difficult thing for Natividad Gomez. But there is one language she does not wish to know, and that is the words of complaint or impatience. When asked by the visiting Padre whether in all her fourteen years of confinement she has ever complained about God's treatment of her, she answered, "Oh, my! No!"

Of her many years of imprisonment, the fourteenth is the most memorable. For it was then that an alert padre discovered her. Like his Master of old he brought happiness to a paralytic. At his hands she received the first Communion she has received in many years. And when her pale, thin white face reclined on her pillow, a part of her prayer of thanksgiving was for "priests who look for Catholics."

We might go on flipping through the file cards of this special mission apostolate. With each card we could relive the drama of soul that the summary notations reveal. But the drama would soon fall into a pattern. For the theme of them all we know; it is an old one and a familiar, told by the greatest of raconteurs. It involves a shepherd on the mountain scouting through the brambles and over crevices for the sheep that is far from the flock.

Into these parlors the "Priest of the Forgotten" finds his way.



Tragedy or Comedy?

An empty canoe can tell of either. No matter how you look at it, the picture is forlorn. Something is missing.

Neither is there anything quite so forlorn as a mission without a missionary. Many a mission is without a priest. Some are without sufficient priests. Vocations are needed.

Did you ever stop to think how many mission vocations have been fostered just because a boy once read about a missionary?

June and graduation are near! Surely you must be thinking about a gift for some boy. How about gift subscriptions to Jesuit Missions? You will be helping the missions in more than one way. You might also help to foster a vocation. Subscription is \$1.00 a year.

Dear Father Daily:

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COMMUNICATIONS

Thanks to you:—

Dear Father:

I am taking advantage of the few days between my missionary excursions to thank your subscribers for their generous and timely assistance given to my two S.O.S. calls. One was for the rebuilding of the school and the other for the building of a new boat. Both appeals were generously met by the friends of the missionaries.

A portion of the money for the school was used to repair the old building so that it would satisfy the Board of Education until the present one was ready. Due to the dearth of material here in the colony it is not practical to build at present so we are patiently waiting for better times to build St. Bernard's school.

The old faithful mission boat, LOYOLA, which had been serving the mission for the past ten years went to its graveyard last July. This was my second S.O.S. appeal to you. Again, your readers responded generously.

The river excursions in the Belize district cover nearly 300 miles. To travel the Belize river several obstacles have to be encountered, especially the rapid falls with jutting rocks and, in the drier months, the extreme shallowness of the water. There are some 2,500 souls to be taken care of in these outlying districts. Some are of other denominations but very friendly. The more frequently I can get to them the more hope I have that with God's graces I shall be able to bring them to the true fold.

Your subscribers will have a special place in my prayers to St. Ignatius for their goodness in helping me to build my new LOYOLA.

REV. JOHN RUOFF, S.J.
British Honduras

St. Jude is honored:—

I prayed to St. Jude for a very special temporal favor. My prayers were answered. In thanksgiving to this great Saint for this favor granted and of the many

requests granted in the past I am enclosing a check in the amount of \$25.00. You, better than I, can best decide where this money should be used.

Dear Father:

Enclosed is \$50.00, a gift of a poor person to JESUIT MISSIONS. It is my husband's Christmas gift to me and I am sending it to you in honor of St. Jude who never forgets me. Please pray for my family.

Dear Father:

I am sending you the renewal of my subscription. I am only eight years old. I do like your magazine and I like the pictures, too. Will you say a prayer for my little brother who has polio? Mom and dad and I thank you.

Dear Father:

Here is a gift for your missions. Will you say a prayer for my daughter that she may not enter into a bad marriage and that she will return home safely?

Dear Father:

As superior of this district, on Christmas afternoon I had the joy of laying the foundation stone for a Church in honor of the Little Flower in the town of Karaikudi. The Christians in the district are very poor and, yet, they are doing their very best to give a little mite towards the construction of the Church. Would it be possible for you to ask the help of your friends, especially those devoted to the Little Flower, to give to the aid of this parish? The pastor is Father J. Fernando, S.J. The Church and the house for the priests will cost, in your money, \$15,000. That's a big amount but maybe someone can send a little. The parishioners and priests of this area will pray often for their benefactors.

REV. J. P. GERING, S.J.
De Britto High School
Brittonagar
Devakottah-Extension P.O.
Ramnad District, S. India

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Which has the better chance of survival? Pups or child?

Do you know

that in India the average peasant father is able to provide but 6¢ a day for each member of a family of five?

that the infant mortality rate is 16 per hundred?

that the average life expectancy is 28 years of age?

Under these circumstances could you promise the child a longer life than that of the pups?

American Jesuits are trying to help raise India above subsistence level by means of education and by fighting disease and death. They conduct three high schools and fifty village schools. They have a hospital and also village clinics that have handled as many as 100,000 cases in a single year.

Besides this they write, tour the villages, instruct converts, baptize, build, care for orphans, distribute medicine.

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A letter addressed to *You*

“It has been a busy three months, almost four, with me spending most of my time tearing down old Jap houses for lumber, salvaging Jap tools and machines to make a trade school. I am a combination superior, superman and Santa Claus. Everyone looks at me as though I am going to produce a miracle and put this place on its feet. As far as I can see I’m the guy who fixes all leaky pipes, goes shopping because no one else speaks any English, tears down buildings, builds buildings and pays all bills.

“My biggest problem is trying to keep up the intellectual life. A good book now and then would come in handy. Of all things I’d like a good edition of Virgil, one of the Iliad and an occasional good spiritual book—just to keep me in the spirit of the Church.”

We have often written about the needs of the missions. Too little have we told you of the personal needs of the missionaries. This letter is typical. Missionaries need things for the few hours of relaxation at the end of a long day.

Perhaps you haven’t things like copies of Virgil or the Iliad lying around the house. We know where to get them. Why not send us a donation for some needy missionary? You may have a good spiritual book that you have read. Would you like to give it to a missionary? Send it on to us.

Jesuit Missions Inc., 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.
