

June 1948



June 1948

JESUIT MISSIONS

Editor: Calvert Alexander
Managing Editor: Joseph F. MacFarlane
Associate Editors: Clement J. Armitage, Stephen B. Earley, Vincent S. Kearney, John H. McCummiskey, Robert P. Phalon, Anthony G. Schirmann, Andrew W. Vachon, Edward T. Wiatrak
Regional Editors: Patrick A. Ryan, Thomas J. Hallahan, Paul Brennan, Henri Bechard
Business Editor: Coleman A. Daily

This Month

	Page
MARRY THE EASTERN WAY! <i>Leon A. Foster S.J.</i>	114
JUNGLE JOURNEY . . . <i>Thomas H. Reilly S.J.</i>	116
THE SHINING TRAIL . <i>Clement J. Armitage S.J.</i>	118
MURDER IN MADURA . . <i>Joseph V. Sommers S.J.</i>	120
JOCHI BREAKS THE CIRCLE <i>John R. Hughes S.J.</i>	122
ALASKA HAS A NEW BISHOP	126
THIS IS JAMSHEDPUR <i>Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.</i>	128
DARK NIGHT ON THE MISSION	130
<i>John D. Crowley S.J.</i>	
CHINA'S RED FLOOD RISES . <i>A Jesuit Missionary</i>	132
AFIELD WITH THE AMERICAN JESUITS	134
<i>Stephen B. Earley S.J.</i>	
"THE OUTLAW" IN ZAMBOANGA	137
<i>Andrew F. Cervini S.J.</i>	

COVER. In the Philippine Islands a young girl puts on her best finery to pose outside her humble home. The cross she is wearing is not only a part of her costume but also a very important part of her life. In this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS the Catholicity of the Filipinos in the hills is described.

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.

JESUIT MISSIONS, June, 1948. Vol. 22, No. 5. Published monthly. September to June; bi-monthly. January-February and July-August, by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn.; in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, \$1.00; Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412. Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

CONTRIBUTORS

■ Father John R. Hughes was the first priest of the New England Province to be assigned to the Japan mission. He went off to his new job with the big smile that



Father John R. Hughes

has characterized him since his days at Boston College High School. He arrived in Yokosuka late last October, and that same afternoon was sitting in on his first formal class in the Japanese language. The Eiko School was still under construction and the new missionaries went through a bleak

winter with no heating in the house, windows that didn't fit and a suddenly developed affection for long underwear. Yet their letters home are filled with admiration for the patience and long suffering of the Japanese people; for their self control and the good will manifested towards the missionaries. Despite the physical hardships, these new ambassadors of Christ are optimistic for the future of the Church in Japan.

■ Father Edward T. Wiatrak has been a member of the JESUIT MISSIONS staff for the last five years but so little given to repose and the quiet life that we have been unable to get a picture of him with his hat off. His job on the circulation department has kept him constantly on the move, with the result that he is probably the most widely-known member of our staff. His most recent excursion was to the Pacific Coast, where he gathered together all the information possible on the new Bishop of Alaska, even down to the meaning of the various emblems on the Vicar's coat of

arms. So Father Wiatrak is responsible for our center spread in this issue.

Father Wiatrak has been a Jesuit for 23 years, but it came about only by the narrowest of margins. He had left St. Ignatius High in Chicago during his sophomore year when a sudden phone call from one of his teachers persuaded him to come back for the big football game against Loyola. He did, and remained on to become a Jesuit in 1925. He



Father E. T. Wiatrak

is a member of the Chicago Province and has taught in Cincinnati, Detroit and Cleveland. He was also on the American Indian Mission of St. Stephen's in Wyoming.

One of these days by means of gentle persuasion (because he stands well over six feet and weighs 225) we hope to lure him back to the East and induce him to remain long enough to remove his hat.

■ Father Joseph V. Sommers of Harrisburg, Pa., and the Trincomalee mission of Ceylon, has just finished an anything-but-dull year on the mainland of India. He was making his tertianship at Kodaikanal in the Madura district, a town only 150 miles from the southernmost tip of India, where the elevation calls for overcoats and many blankets and an occasional above - the - clouds view. Tigers and panthers were being slain a few miles away, and much closer to home, as he tells us in "Murder in Madura," also human beings. Father Sommers was among priests who spoke Tamil, Kanarese, Malayalam, Marathi, Gujerathi, Konkani and Hindi. He is brushing up on Tamil, of which he says, "All admit Tamil is difficult, but there comes a time when it no longer seems difficult, it seems impossible." Now he is in Ceylon again—and speaking Tamil.



Father J. V. Sommers

JM



Dear Friend:

At JESUIT MISSIONS we sincerely try to acknowledge each letter received. This is prompted by a sense of courtesy but especially by a feeling of admiration and fraternal gratitude for your goodness extended to our brother Jesuits. It is obvious that the gifts, subscriptions and Mass intentions are sent to us with a real sacrifice on your part.

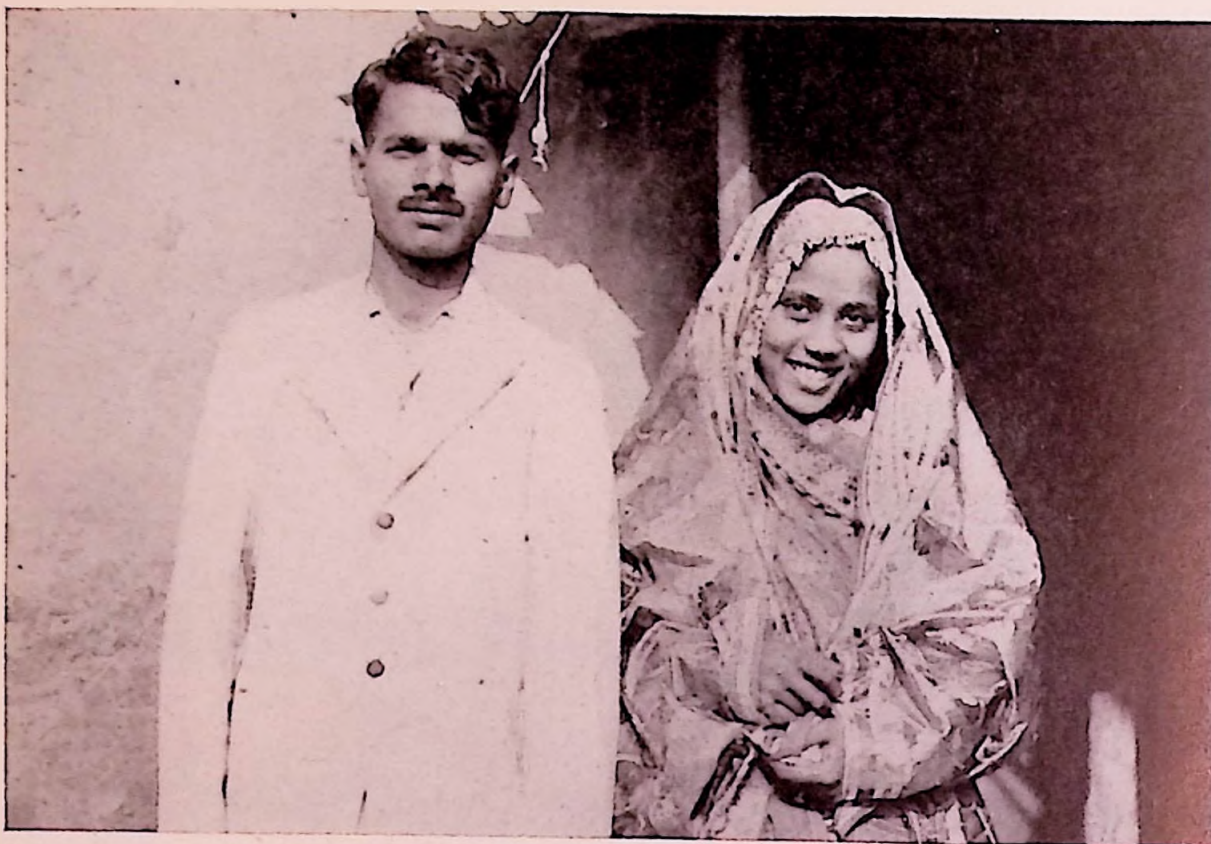
Occasionally a letter reads: "I renewed my subscription and within the past few days I received another request to do so." I am always sorry to receive such a letter as the subscriber may think that we are not grateful or that there is a lack of efficiency at the office. Actually, neither impression is true. You will find, I think, the real reason is that our letters crossed in the mail.

The receiving and checking of renewals involve several operations. An occasional error is inevitable, never deliberate.

During June we shall beg the Sacred Heart to reward richly your friendship with the Jesuit missionaries.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

Osman A. Saily



*Leon A.
Foster
S.J.*

A newly married Catholic couple in India face the future with confidence.

MARRY the Eastern way!

*An experienced missionary
suggests a solution
for the American scene*

JUNE is the month the wedding bells ring out and it might be well at this time to take a quick look at the marriage system as it is regarded here in India. So many marriages according to the western pattern do not work out, that we recommend that you consider the oriental marriage pattern.

The great distinction between the western and eastern pattern is that in the first you marry the one you love, while in the orient you love the one you marry. Love only begins with marriage in the east, while in the west it not infrequently is on the wane when the marriage vows are pronounced.

Marriage then here in the orient has quite a different set-up and aspect, for the pattern here stresses the social note in marriage, while the occident makes much of the individual. The boy and girl simply acquiesce. As a certain lawyer friend

here in Patna remarked to me, "Marriage," he said, "is not merely an individual affair, it is a social contract because the principals involved have much more than themselves to consider. I think therefore that parents or guardians should have something to say about the partner in marriage." This lawyer was a rare bachelor,—rare in the sense that there are not many bachelors in India—was about thirty-five years old and a man who had read law in England and so knew something of the world and its aspects.

An exception to the parent-arranged marriage occurs now and then. At one of our larger mission stations where we have a Catholic Indian community of some six or seven hundred souls, the boy met the girl and decided that they wanted to get married. That does not mean of course that they kept company, had dates, went out on parties, etc.—that means that somehow, rather clandestinely, they got to know each other and wanted each other. But the parents of the girl had other ideas and another boy in view, and proceeded to use pressure on her to make their choice. However, one of our Ameri-



can Fathers, the pastor of the station, being used to the western pattern, took the part of the girl and finally, after many difficulties, got her married to the boy of her choice. Some years later I asked her brother, an educated and cultured Indian, how his sister got on in marriage and he told me that it was not a happy marriage, and inferred that it would have been much better if she had loved the one her parents wished her to marry.

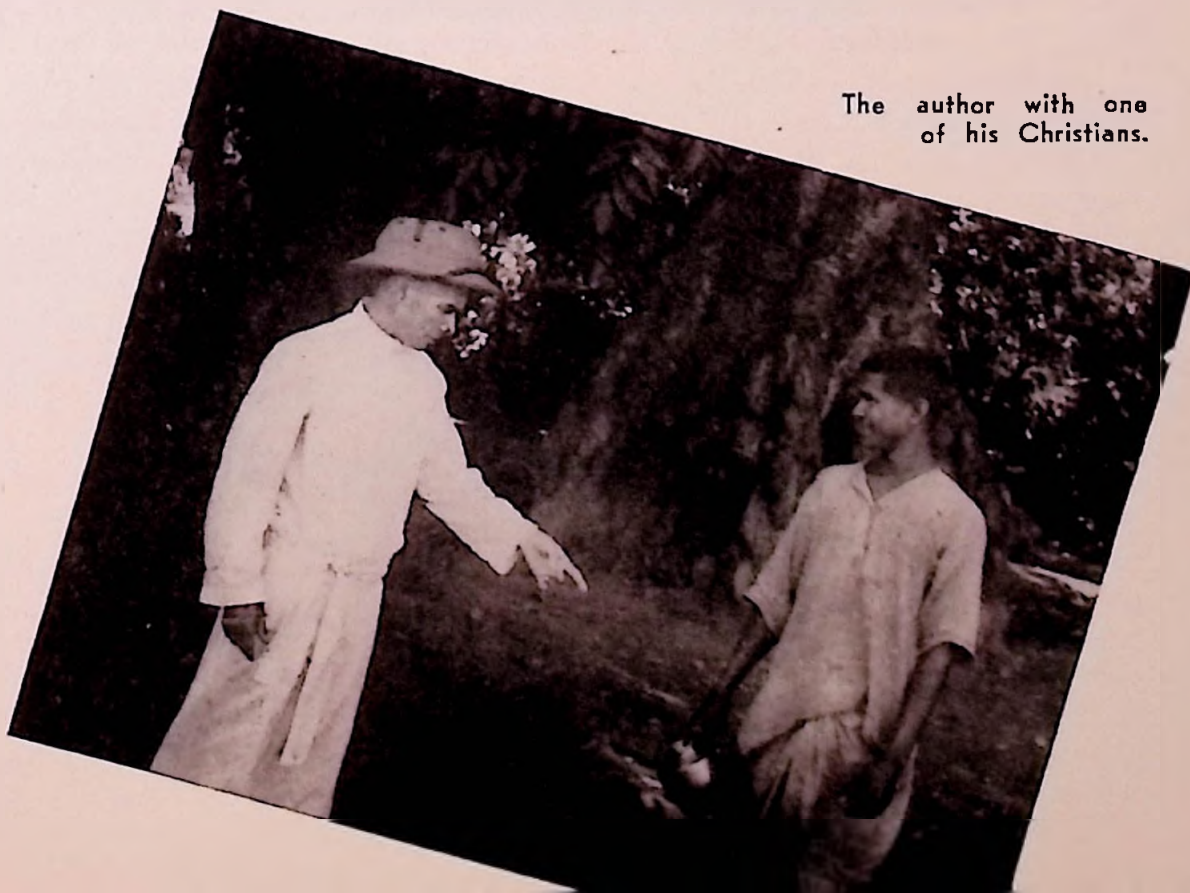
Among the Hindus the boy and girl have nothing to say. In fact, they marry when mere children of four, five and six years although, since 1938, when the Sarda law was passed, the girl is supposed to be sixteen and the boy eighteen. But it seems that the law is not generally observed and with the new government in the saddle, it is not too liable to be observed, for it is contrary to Hindu manners and customs. That the Hindus consider this parent-arranged contract a real marriage is shown by the fact that if the boy dies any time after the contract is ratified, the girl though a mere child, is a widow for life with all the miserable, hard conventions of widowhood, as fasts, no ornamentation, no social life, no remarriage. The lot of millions of widows in Hindustan is very unenviable and most unnatural, but it's the custom and therefore must be done.

The sane supposition in back of the oriental pattern is that if the parents of the boy and girl get to know each other and their respective family histories, they will know also the qualities of mind and heart the children have, and can judge if they will get along in married life. However the parents do not merely contract for two bodies, but for a sum of money and possibly other material considerations. Since there is sort of a business deal too, in marriage, it not unfrequently happens that parents consider their own interests more than the interests of the two souls to be married. But when the parents are not too much influenced by mere selfish motives as money and prestige, why should they not be in a better position to make a marriage contract for two children than the children themselves? For they can look sanely into the social background, they are not subject to mere likes, feelings and passions as the two children may be and often are in the western pattern, forgetting or not rationally considering the higher and stabler things that should govern marriage, such as char-

acter, mental and physical health and requirements, compatibility of mind and heart.

In 1929 I married a couple at Mass, as is the custom with all our Indian Catholics, when I hardly knew any Hindi. The girl and boy met for the first time at the altar and saw each other for the first time after Mass, for the girl was so wrapped up in bridal clothes, as is the custom, that practically nothing of even her face could be seen. There is then nothing that corresponds to company keeping here, there are no dates, no courtship, no visiting, nothing of the western courting between the boy and the girl. That's all short circuited and simplified by the parents who make the contract.

The all-important question is, does the oriental pattern work? The western mind, which has never even thought of another marriage pattern, would say off-hand that such a system would not work, or it ought not to work. But actually it does, and better than the "marry the one you love," (or think you love) pattern of the west. Here there is no divorce except among the handful of Protestant Christians living mostly in the larger centers. Hindus may at times separate from their wives, or occasionally desert them, or take other wives—polygamy is not uncommon among them,—but we do not have divorce in India, though now that, too, is being discussed in the social agenda. Our system here in the east works better by far than the western system. For "This Thing Called Romance" is often not so romantic, and love, true love, does not necessarily follow likes and passion and feelings. True love can only be love according to reason and will, and we make the astonishing claim that the marriage pattern of the orient is more reasonable and eventuates happily more often than in the occident.



The author with one of his Christians.



Boys of the Bukidnon jungle tribes in festive costume.

Jungle JOURNEY

Thomas H.
Reilly S.J.

*A people
without priests
learn to prize
their Catholic faith*

THE hope in this mission of Bukidnon lies in the simplicity of the people and their thirst for religious knowledge and practice. I had occasion recently to visit a far distant barrio called Dumalaging. It lies almost half way between Malaybalay and the border of Agousan Province, surrounded on all sides by a bleak wilderness of wild growing trees. There is no road to the place. We traveled for miles by jeep to barrio Impasugong, almost two full hours of riding from Malaybalay. We remained overnight in Impasugong, for it would not do to venture up the trail in a cloudburst of afternoon rain.

The next morning we set out on foot across cornfields and winding brooks until we came to the brink of a deep gorge that reminded us of the Colorado Canyon. We descended the gorge: down, down, down precipitously to the river bed, a treacherous descent. We began the long trek along the river stream, clambering over huge boulders, leaping from sharp crag to slippery stone. We came to an impassable wall of rock. Into the stream we went, a raging torrent that swept me off my feet; the water, in parts, was almost shoulder deep. The performance was repeated. We jumped from stone to stone some more, and again had to cross the stream to continue. We crossed and recrossed some twenty times before we reached Dumalaging. Always upstream we trudged. It took us six hours of this.

At noon it began to pour rain. We stopped to eat. There were a few soda crackers and a hard boiled egg for each of us, with water from the river. For three hours we had been exposed to the burning sun. The rain did not cool us off. The canyon became steamy hot. Our knees got wobbly. Strength returned after we stopped and swam around in the cooling waters. Then on again. At 3 o'clock we began to climb out of the canyon. About half way up the mountain the ground began to level off and there lay Dumalaging. It consisted of about 50 nipa huts scattered among the banana trees. Each hut bulged with people, every window was crammed with heads; the steps of the houses were crowded with squatting natives. For this was Fiesta time and there were more visitors to Dumalaging than there were Christian inhabitants.

The visitors were the untamed people from near the borders of Agousan who rove the forest hunting with spears. The men are tattooed; they wear ugly little knives at the waist; the arms of the women are encased with copper rings from wrist to elbow; string upon string of beads surround the neck. The hair of the men falls far down their back in wild tumultuous disorder, making them look like women. All have holes the size of a dime through the lobes of the ears. The upper teeth in front are filed down to the gums, a mark of beauty, and the gums are coal black from chewing beetle nut.

These are a pagan people, not Malaysians but the

aborigines of the Islands who still worship a multiplicity of gods, the spirits who dwell in the trees of the jungle, the spirits of the rivers, and the spirits of the stones; at night you hear their weird, moaning chant that rises and falls, as their high priest kills a chicken or a pig, and pours out its blood to propitiate their different deities, and their young maidens dance back and forth in rhythmic swing to the mournful air. Now they have come to Dumalaging Fiesta not only to sell their heavy bales of *abaca* which they have stripped from the trees in the jungle but to see the white American *patri* whom they have heard will be present at the Fiesta.

I asked the barrio lieutenant, "Who are the men with the long hair and strange dress?" He told me they were the people from the jungle. "I go among them," he said "to persuade them to give up pilfering and killing their neighbor."

"Are you not afraid to have so many here?"

"My grandfather," he told me, "was their leader in the jungle, and every year they come to the fiesta to honor me, his descendant."

The barrio lieutenant was a fine, apostolic Christian gentleman, and his spiritual influence impressed itself upon his people. He asked me to hear confessions as soon as possible.

I think every adult in Dumalaging went to Confession. They knew their Christian Doctrine. They knew their prayers. They knew how to go to Confession. I heard Confessions until 7 p.m. Then I retired for the night. About midnight, I was awakened by low murmuring voices under the house. Two men were crouching there smoking cigarettes. I wondered what they were up to. I recalled that some place between here and Balingasag, Father Thomas

Rocks was slain, probably by acquaintances of the forest people. They went away, and I pushed a heavy table against the door which had no lock. I soon forgot about them and drifted off to sleep.

In the morning it was still drizzling, and I feared we could not have a procession. It was still a bit dark. When I got to the Church, I rang the bell, and people began to come and there was a half hour of confessions. By this time the whole chapel was filled to overflowing, and I announced that we should start the procession. The rain had stopped and the sun was beginning to shine gloriously. I led the group of faithful about the houses and they sang the Lourdes Hymn beautifully, reciting the Rosary on the way. One man carried a large crucifix, another a group statue of the Holy Family, the Patrons of the Barrio. Holy Mass continued with all the people reciting their prayers aloud in Bisayan, and singing their Bisayan hymns. It was most edifying; so many Communion, so much sterling faith and solid devotion,—and to think that they have a priest only occasionally!

After Mass the lieutenant told me that Father Hausmann and Father Henfling were in admiration of the people's knowledge of their religion. "Every Sunday," he said, "all these people gather here. I read the Gospel to them in Bisayan. We recite the Rosary, and then I explain a Catechism lesson to them. That is the way it is done."

After breakfast there were 30 babies to be baptized. That kept me busy until dinner time. After dinner I had 19 marriages to solemnize. I finished about 3 o'clock. It had been an inspirational day to witness the love of these people for the presence of the priest.

The Kulaman Canyon in Bukidnon is typical of the country Father Reilly had to travel.





The Shining Trail

*The greatest
of his tribe did
not walk it alone*

Clement J. Armitage S.J.

SHE was of the Algonquin nation, of the Pikani tribe of the Blackfeet in Montana—and she was 21. She and the young brave who was her husband were riding eastward back over the trails where their fathers had fought stubbornly, courageously, against the forces that threatened to suffocate their people. The Pikani tribe in the moun-

tains of Montana had been among the last to be hemmed in by the westward push but with the passing of the years their glory had tapered to the thin remembrance of the past. . . . Until this girl and boy rode back over the famed Algonquin trails to bring a new and undying glory to their nation.

In an eastern city they stopped at a church where

(Above) Heart Butte, Montana. (Below) The church of St. Anne at Heart Butte.





John J. Brown S.J., the first priest of the Algonquin nation.

the Holy Hour was going on. The young couple knelt in the back until the service was over. Then they moved on. Two hours later their first child was born. He was named John. It was Sept. 8, 1916.

Now thirty-two years have passed and this June an Indian mother will walk quietly down the long aisle of the Cathedral in San Francisco. Down in the front pews she will join other mothers—mothers from Oregon, Idaho, California, Washington, Mexico and British Honduras. Her son will rise from his place in the sanctuary and kneel before Archbishop Mitty. The power of the priesthood will descend upon John J. Brown S.J. forever. For the first time a descendant of the Algonquin nation will be a priest.

Oftentimes during those thirty-two years the Indian girl had reason to be proud of her son. As the ceremony in the Cathedral proceeds those memories may come flooding in upon her. That day when he was an eighth grader in Philadelphia and came home with the American Legion medal for "scholarship, loyalty, leadership and courage"; and the years at West Philadelphia Catholic High where she saw honors heaped on his straight shoulders and was glad in her heart when she realized they had not changed him. Those were the years when she saw his father in him as the boy tramped the Wissihicken forest—the father who disliked city life and still longed for the open spaces. (Years later his son would recall the day the both of them lay on a river bank, watching the sun set, and his father sang songs of Montana, ending with a poignant "Home, Sweet Home.") She will remember the very hour

he decided to become a Jesuit—May 1, 1929 when as a member of the Perpetual Rosary Association he was keeping his Hour of Guard.

In his life as a Jesuit she will recall among many things his vow day in 1937 at Wernersville, Pa., a few months before her husband was killed by an auto; the time her son received his degree from Loyola University in Chicago; the letter in 1942 (it was the only day that ever came close to this June day) in which he told her of his appointment to the Sacred Heart Mission among the Coeur D'Alene Indians of Idaho. Then Alma, California, and the last years to this day in June.

He had not walked that shining trail alone. There is a woman now in her early fifties who has been going to daily Mass and Communion for a long, long time; a woman who waited during the war for news of two other sons, both volunteers, one a Captain in the Air Corps and the other with the Reconnaissance in North Africa and Italy; a woman with three daughters in nursing and four other children in college and high school; a woman who has been to the movies only 3 times in 28 years; a girl who rode back over the Algonquin trails years ago to bring forth a son who would be the pride of her people.

At Heart Butte in Montana on June 20th the Pikani tribe will gather at the church of St. Anne. Under the shadows of the Rockies the first priest of the Algonquins will ascend the altar for the first time. It will be the greatest moment in the history of a valiant nation. And a woman there will know a gladness beyond the reach of words.

MURDER in Madura



Father Sommers of the Ceylon mission, manned by the New Orleans Province.

Joseph V.
Sommers S.J.

HERE in Kodaikanal, Madura, the peace of Tamil study was abruptly broken one Sunday morning by a murder and my first Extreme Unction.

A young Catholic girl, married just six months, was fatally stabbed by her Catholic husband, less than fifty yards from the seminary gate. The first word was that she was a Muslim. The servant who brought the news insisted that her ear ornaments and her dress were Muslim. But I doubted his information, and went to find out for myself—not know-

ing how seriously she was hurt. When I reached the crowd near the seminary gate, the police were on the scene and the woman was still lying where she had fallen. She was unconscious. I inquired her religion. The police asked her husband. She was a Catholic. I gave her conditional absolution, and sent one of the seminarians running back to the house for the blessed oils. The police were quite polite, but were unwilling to wait till the seminarian returned. They weren't sure whether the woman was dead or alive; so they wished to get her to the hospital as quickly as possible. I asked if I might ride along in the truck-ambulance. They said, "Certainly."

The girl was placed on a stretcher, and they lifted it into the ambulance. I sat opposite the woman. Her body was limp, and shook as we went over the rough streets. But I didn't think she had much chance of surviving as the knife stab was deep, as I had seen when she lay on the ground. It showed in the same position where the spear entered the side of Christ. The shoulder-throw of her *saree* had been pulled aside, and the gaping lips of the wound could be seen just below the little tight-fitting jacket that she wore over her shoulders and breasts. I had noticed only one other stab wound, that was in the bicep of the left arm. But there was blood on her *saree* at the waist line, and some had stained the sand where she lay.

Beside me in the ambulance was the murderer. His hands were tied behind his back. I threw a spare blanket across some gasoline cans to make it possible for him to sit down. Sweat stood heavy on his brow, but he spoke a few words to the police guards at the far end of the truck about a loose bucket that was knocking against his legs. I set the bucket away from him, and as I did so, noticed white flaky scales part way up his right calf. He was a leper! I sat there praying for him and his wife; they were both very young—in the early twenties.

The seminarian I had sent for the oils did not overtake us before we reached the hospital, although we were held up at a train crossing for more than five minutes. So at the hospital I began searching for a bicycle to get to the nearest Church. Shortly I bagged one, raced to the Cathedral—got the oils, and rushed back to the hospital.

The woman had been pronounced dead, but it was only a little over an hour after the stabbing. The police were taking down the evidence of the witnesses. I worked my way through the crowd that stood around, and again asked the new officer in charge if the woman was a Catholic. The husband again said she was. I requested that I might give her the last sacrament of the Church. The officer did not understand. So I asked if I might perform the religious ceremony customary on the occa-

sion of death. The husband came to my aid and explained more fully in Tamil. The officer agreed.

Then I went over to the body—the stretcher was resting on the ground—and knelt down. As I was putting on the surplice and stole, the husband came over and knelt down beside me. He reverently bowed towards the wife he had so recently murdered and remained kneeling while I gave conditional Extreme Unction and prayed for a few minutes. When I rose, he too got up.

Later that day I learned the background of the story. The pair had been married six months before in Madura. The fellow had deceived the girl, not telling her that he was a leper. When she discovered his condition, she left him and came to Trichy. For sometime she had been living with another man here in town. On just the previous day the husband came to Trichy, went to the Parish Priest of the Cathedral and asked him to call the girl and try to persuade her to live according to her marriage promises. She came to the parish house, but could not be persuaded to go back to the leper. The husband was a bit rude to the girl, but gave no indication of what he intended to do if she did not come back with him. She asked whether he had brought along a rosary she had left behind in Madura. The priest asked the girl at least not to live with another man.

The priest instructed her to go to some convent until matters were a bit settled. Finally at 9 o'clock in the evening she consented to spend the night at St. Ann's Convent. The next morning (the Sunday of the stabbing) after Mass and *chota* (breakfast), she left the convent to go back to the house where she had been living in order to get her things. She was only a short distance from the convent, when the husband approached and began another attempt to urge her to come back to him. Argument ensued; threats flew; a knife was drawn, and the woman was stabbed while people looked on. Later when I thought of his small stature, I wondered why someone hadn't stepped up and knocked him down before he had finished the woman. When he had stabbed her fifteen times he threw the knife aside. He told the people nearby that he wished them no harm, and made no attempt to escape. At the moment of the stabbing a police officer had stepped off a bus at the very scene.

So one bright Sunday in Madura tragedy came into the lives of two young people; may God be merciful to both!



APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

MISSION INTENTION FOR JUNE, 1948

*The Safety of the Christian Annamites in the
Current Disorders*

In a February press release from Shanghai Father Patrick O'Connor wrote: "Within two years the mainland of Eastern Asia, from the top of Siberia as far south as French Indo-China, is likely to be one continuous stretch of Moscow's Communist empire." Since that time we have read much of what is happening in Northern China, in Korea north of parallel 38, and in the Russian occupied sector of Japan, but scarcely a word has appeared in print on the Communist situation in Indo-China. Here, however, the same Communist procedure is at work as on the other Communist fronts in Europe and Asia.

As early as 1930 the Communists attempted to get control of Indo-China. In 1932 their first foothold was gained among the pagan tribes of the Provinces of Vinh and Ha-tinh. The more civilized sectors would have nothing to do with these revolutionists. The plan of the Communists, however, matured slowly and insidiously until the opportunity of seizing power was afforded them during the Japanese invasion. The Communists under the pretext of seeking the freedom of the Annamites established the Viet Minh. Through this organization they achieved power in the Viet Nam independent state, comprising Annam and Tonkin. Almost 2,000,000 Catholic Annamites together with their 1,500 priests and four Annamite Bishops followed the more than 20,000,000 Annamite people in the movement for national independence only to learn too late that the Communist-inspired Viet Minh had gained key positions in the Viet Nam government. Communist persecutions were launched first against the French and Spanish missionaries under the pretext that they were too sympathetic with the foreign elements. But the true motives of the Communists became clear when open persecution was leveled against the Annamite Christians and their Annamite priests. For two years the Church in Indo-China has been suffering from Communist foes under Moscow-trained Ho Chi-Minh. The land that was evangelized by Jesuit Father Rhodes and saw the more recent apostolic preaching of the Redemptorist Fathers and the Paris Foreign Missionaries is again drinking the blood of martyrs of the Faith. For the safety of the Annamite Christians in Indo-China Holy Mother Church bids us pray this June.

Anthony G. Schrmann S.J.

Jochi Breaks the Circle

John R. Hughes S.J.

THE Jochi Catholic Settlement has a two-fold object. Founded in October, 1931, it has enabled the University Students, under excellent supervision, to be brought into contact with the misery of their destitute countrymen. Thus an interest in social work is developed in them, while, at the same time, the primary aim of the Settlement in giving aid to the poor is also accomplished.

The Settlement is located in Machiya Suburb in North-East Tokyo, now a part of the new Arakawa-Ku. Besides being one of the poorest suburbs in the city, it is also the section of Tokyo that suffered most in the bombings of the past war. Of the eighty thousand inhabitants, few have regular employment in factories. Most of them, receiving the insufficient salary of a few *sen* for such jobs as gathering waste paper, start their day's work at two and three o'clock in the morning. A few rainy days are enough to put these people and their families on the edge of starvation.

Due to their poverty, their lives are extremely miserable. Their homes are correspondingly poor, cramped, dirty and unhealthy. There are cases where seven people live in a room of four *tatami* (about 8 sq. yards), and eight people in a room of three *tatami*. The poverty of these people is also manifested in the insufficiency of their clothing. When winter comes it may be found that there is not even one piece of winter clothing in the family's belongings.

The circle of poverty is completed when the people are unable to pay a doctor for medical attention in times of sickness. In the neighborhood of the Settlement the greater number of children suffer from trachoma and other infectious eye-diseases. A doctor is never consulted.

The result of all this is a very low intellectual and



The only "movies" these youngsters can see are displayed by an itinerant bicyclist.

aesthetic standard. The children have no taste for anything delicate and they take no interest in stories that are not thrillers. Education of the intellect and, still more, of the heart, is badly needed.

The efforts of the Jochi Catholic Settlement are directed to this end—education and relief. There is a children's club where the children receive instructions of various kinds according to their age and sex. Students of Jochi University are in charge of the boys, and girls are under the instruction of the graduates and students of the girls' high schools. Three afternoons a week the boys and girls are assembled for a two-hour instruction. There is a very modest library which offers the children an opportunity of reading old reviews and other books which have been donated by friends of the Settlement. About one hundred and fifty children more or less regularly attend the classes.

One hundred and seventy children, whose parents go to work, are entrusted to the care of nurses in the Day Nursery, while there is a Baby Home for children from one to five years of age. Every second day about one hundred children from the poorest families receive a meal at noon. During the meal a book is read or a story is told and at the same time the children are taught good manners.

The necessary steps for opening a clinic, obtaining permission to dispense medicine and give treatment, are being completed.

Old clothes are obtained from more well-to-do families and put in order. For a nominal sum these clothes are distributed among the neediest. The charge is asked in order to avoid complaint of unfairness in distribution. Moreover, the consciousness of having bought these things gives people a certain satisfaction and self-confidence which have their own educational value. The money thus obtained is used in defraying the expenses of the house.

Considering the great number of people who get no help at all, these activities are insignificant. However, the task is actuated by our religious belief,—our love of God and God's poor. The work is done for all, irrespective of the religion of those who receive help. No pressure of any kind is brought to bear and only those children whose parents request it are instructed in our religion.





Archbishop Anthony Riberi, Apostolic Intermuncio to China, blesses a rosary for a Chinese schoolgirl at Wei Kuang School, Shanghai, during a visit to the Good Shepherd Sisters, who are engaged in apostolic work on the outskirts of the city. "You must let people know of your work to increase missionary vocations to your order," the Archbishop told Mother Francis Assisi of Brooklyn, the superior of the Shanghai convent.



MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

THE CATHOLIC PAKISTAN UNION has advised all Christians to drop from their names anything indicative of Hindu or Moslem origin to avoid risk of personal injury in the present Hindu-Moslem strife. During the recent weeks of violent bloodshed between Moslems and Hindus several persons escaped injury by exhibiting such symbols of Christianity as a crucifix or rosary.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER'S BODY may be publicly exposed, according to the Patriarch of the East Indies, Pose da Costa, who resides in Goa, in the hope that increased prayers at his tomb may bring peace to the Indian subcontinent.

THE TRADITIONAL FIVE-NOTE SCALE was used in singing the High Mass "Ite, Docete" at Our

Lady of Mt. Carmel Church in Peiping, China. The Mass was composed by Eleuthero Lovreglio, and the chant resembling the Ambrosian and Gregorian Chant corresponds to the classic Chinese music of the tenth to thirteenth centuries. The singers were Jesuits from the missionary language school in Peiping.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER SEMINARY in Tokyo, the interdiocesan seminary of Japan, has 48 candidates for the priesthood making studies there now and the number is expected to rise shortly to eighty. The seminary has been incorporated into the Catholic University of Tokyo so that seminarians may obtain university degrees. Rev. Dr. Paul Pfister S.J. was named Rector by the Holy See.

THE RELIGIOUS OF THE SACRED HEART will open a college for girls in the palace of the Prince of Kuni, father of the present Empress of Japan. Mother Elizabeth Britt of Albany, N. Y. will be its first president. The Religious of the Sacred Heart lost all but one of their nine buildings by fire during World War II.

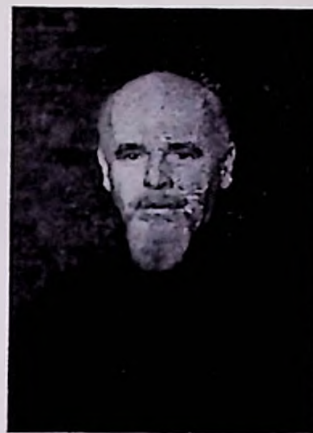
THE FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES OF MARY in Japan have the enviable record of opening five new establishments in the past 19 months. An asylum for homeless waifs, and a school of domestic science were opened near Kobe in 1946. In April 1947 they took over the Star of the Sea School of the Sisters of the Holy Infant Jesus of whom 22 had been killed by the A-bomb. In June 1947 they began direction of the International Hospital of Kobe and the nursing school of Sapporo in Northern Japan.

THE ISLAND OF FLORES is really the Flower of Indonesia. It is hoped that at the present rate of conversions 800,000 Indonesians will be Catholics in the next 20 years. At present 2,000 trained catechists assist the 96 Divine Word priests, 22 S.V.D. brothers and 56 Sister Servants of the Holy Ghost in winning converts to the Faith. The Minor Seminary of Flores counts 120 students, the Major Seminary 44 clerics. Last year 15,000 heathens were baptized and another 17,000 jammed the catechumenates.

On the roof of the main building Baghdad College students assemble every Friday during Lent for the Way of the Cross. There is no chapel yet for the students' devotions. Father Charles Loeffler is shown conducting the prayers.



Come, follow me



ALTHOUGH our modern devotion to the Sacred Heart was inspired by the apparitions to Saint Margaret Mary, we must not forget that the real origins of that devotion are to be found on Calvary. It was through the mystery of the Cross that Christ chose to express

His infinite love for us. It was the Heart of a crucified Christ that was pierced on Calvary when "one of the soldiers with a spear opened His side."

The brutal handiwork of the Roman soldier was to become the symbol of Christ's immeasurable love and the emblem of our devotion to His Sacred Heart. Unknowingly the pagan lay open the Heart of Christ so we "might dwell therein secure from the anxieties of the world."

In these troubled times it is that refuge alone that can offer us security. We will not find peace in the world. The world's leaders are baffled pilots in uncharted seas. And we are still floundering in the backwash of old wars, being drawn relentlessly into the current of new. In the midst of this world's anxieties the harrassed soul can find tranquility and strength only in the Heart of Christ.

During the recent war I frequently observed groups of Polish soldiers at the altar of Calvary. They were heroic figures of tragedy as they came in battle dress for a brief leave in Jerusalem. No other combatants had suffered more and been rewarded worse than they. Their valiant resistance to German might had been crushed by Russian treachery. Until Russia herself was attacked, they had known the horrors of the Soviet whip and bludgeon. Their homes had been pillaged and fired; their families scattered, many to death or to oblivion. They themselves were released only to bear arms for Allies who were, in the end, so callously to betray them. In the grim set of their features was written their endurance and their pale blue eyes were dulled by their endless search for beloved and familiar faces.

But as they confronted the figure of Christ on Calvary, they would drop to their knees in prayer, eyes now lit with recognition and their grim features relaxed with understanding. In the Heart pierced by another soldier they found refuge. In travail they comprehended—"Come to me, all you that labor and are burdened, and I will refresh you."

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

ALASKA *has a new Bi*



hop

His Excellency Bishop Francis D. Gleeson S.J. is the new Vicar Apostolic of Alaska. He has taken up the crozier that fell from the hand of the late Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald S.J. less than a year ago. Once again there is a Shepherd of the Northland.

The story of Bishop Gleeson's life is a haloed echo of the American way of life—the way of the humble origin, the westward trek, the weaving of human, homely virtues into a pattern resplendent with courage, leadership and holiness. His story is representative of America at its best.

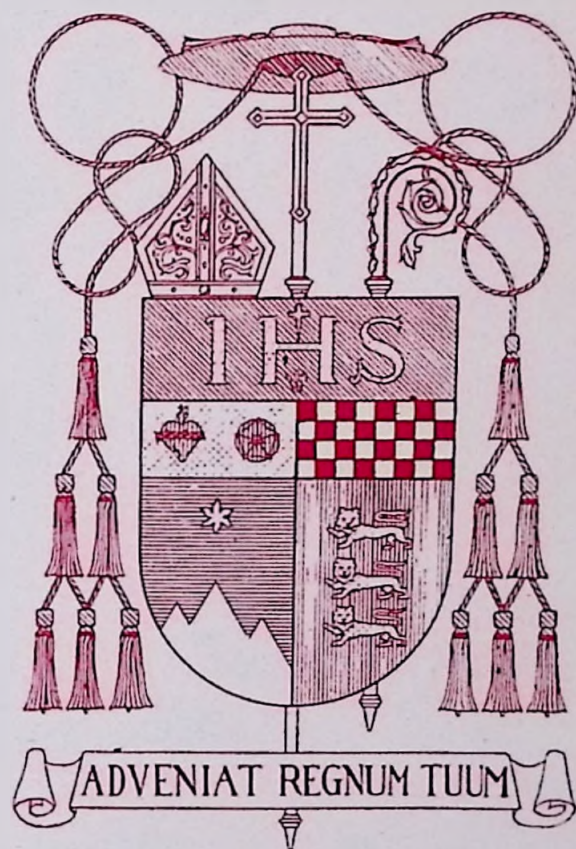
Francis Doyle Gleeson (his mother's name was Mary Doyle) was born in Carrollton, Missouri, on January 17, 1895. The family moved west when he was only six years old but the ties with his birthplace were never broken. The first news of his appointment as Bishop came in the form of congratulations from the school children of Carrollton.

The family settled in Yakima, Washington, where the future Bishop attended St. Joseph's grade school and Marquette High. The Bishop's father was a worker in marble and taught his son much of that trade, little knowing that years later that same son would do the carving on the first thirty-three tombstones in the cemetery at Mount St. Michael's.

After two years at Gonzaga College in Spokane Francis Gleeson entered the Society of Jesus in 1912 at Los Gatos, California. He followed the regular Jesuit course of training for that time; two years of noviceship, three years studying Latin, Greek and Rhetoric and another three years of Philosophy at Spokane. From 1920 to 1923 he taught Latin, Mathematics and Religion at Seattle Preparatory School, also conducting the orchestra there. His theology was made in Spain where he was ordained in 1926. He finished the long training as a Jesuit in Port Townsend, Washington, under the man who was to be his immediate predecessor as Bishop of Alaska, Walter Fitzgerald S.J.

In 1932 he began that career of leadership which was to culminate in his appointment to the Episcopacy; President of Bellarmine High in Tacoma, Rector of the novitiate at Sheridan, pastor in Lewiston, Idaho, and Superior of the Indian Mission at Omak, Wash. During all those years he never lost his characteristic touch of simplicity and humility. A typical story of those years is of the times in Tacoma when he would leave his office to go down to the kitchen and cook the meals for his community.

On April 5, 1948 in Spokane Francis D. Gleeson was consecrated Bishop of Alaska. Ad multos annos!



ACCORDING to a custom of long standing among prelates, Bishop Gleeson has adopted a coat of arms designed by Neill R. Meany S.J. of Spokane.

The topmost part of the shield bears the cross-mounted name of Jesus, I.H.S., above three passion nails. This design, in gold on a green background, forms the monogram of the Society of Jesus to which Alaska has been assigned as a mission field.

Below this are the arms of the Vicariate Apostolic, a field of gold emblazoned in red with the Sacred Heart and a heraldic rose. The former symbol commemorates the consecration of Alaska to the Sacred Heart by the late Bishop Seghers in 1874; the rose represents St. Therese of Lisieux, patroness of the Alaska mission. On the lower section of the same side are symbolically depicted the mountains of Alaska and the Polar star in silver on a blue field.

The other half of the shield contains the personal arms of the prelate himself. The upper area is checkered in black and silver, a pattern from the family arms of St. Francis Xavier, for whom the bishop is named. Beneath, on a divided field of red, are three lions, half gold and half silver, from the armorial bearings of the Gleeson family.

Surmounting the shield are the usual insignia of ecclesiastical rank. A green hat with six green tassels is the official emblem of a bishop. The miter, crozier and processional cross correspond to the crest of the shield on secular coats of arms.

Below the base of the shield is inscribed the Bishop's motto: "Adveniat Regnum Tuum"—"Thy Kingdom come." It is apt for the Shepherd of the Snows.

*A school
on the edge
of the jungle
with a pool table
and shining bar
in the classrooms*

EVEN in this Pittsburgh of India you sense the fact that you are in the midst of jungle lands. Seated on the porch in the evening one hears the low rhythmic *bongo, bongo, bongo* beat of the native drums in the distance. As night falls the jackals in the outlying fields curdle the air with their unpleasant cacophony. Off in the not too distant hills huge elephants, protected from hunters by law, lumber down to their watering holes and pick their way back to their haunts again along paths known only to themselves.

Father John E. Holland of Scranton, Pa. was the first Jesuit of the Maryland Province to arrive at the new mission. He had left New York on October 28, 1947 in company with three Sisters of Charity of Nazareth who were sailing for the Patna Mission of the Chicago Jesuits. Five other American Jesuits left somewhat later from New Orleans. They were Father Carroll I. Fasy, a Philadelphian by birth and a veteran of the Philippine Mission, where he had served as a scholastic and returned after his ordination as a priest in 1934; Father E. Hugh Dineen of Philadelphia, Father T. Quinn Enright of Bethlehem, Pa., Mr. Anderson Bakewell of St. Louis, Mo., and Mr. James V. Keogh of New York City. Father Fasy has been named the first American Superior of this new mission formed from the extremities of the Ranchi and Calcutta Missions of the Belgian Jesuits.

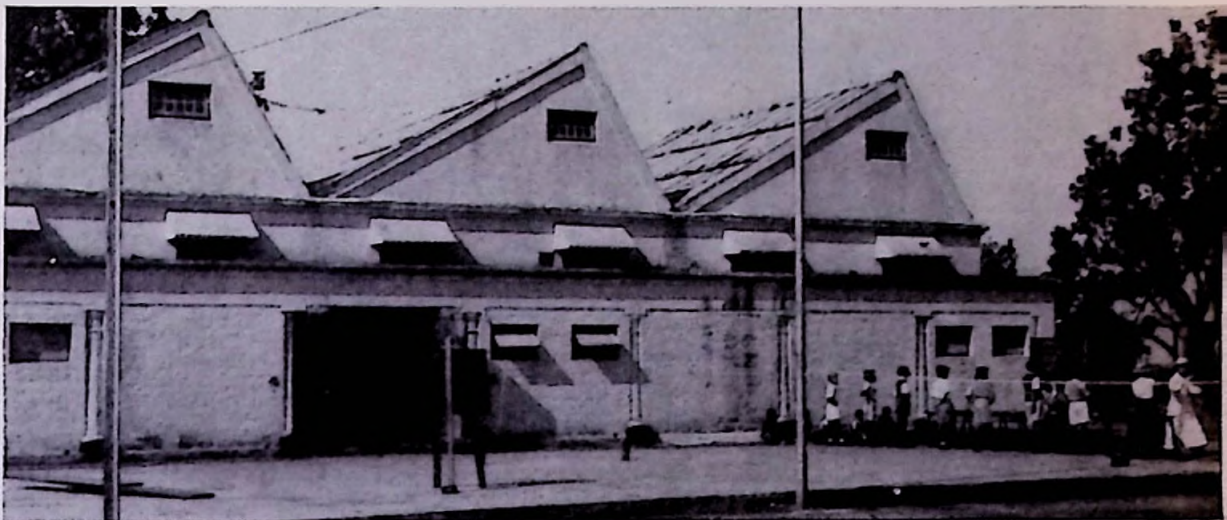
The territory assigned these Jesuits is situated about 125 miles west of Calcutta and extends northward and eastward. On the map it looks like a butterfly whose spread wings have been damaged. It embraces two large districts, Manbhum and Singbhum, and two smaller districts, Kharsawan and Saraikele,—in all an area of 8,569 square miles. The latest available statistics show that there are within its boundaries 4,382,287 persons. Of these only 9,552 are Catholics.

Father Enright, between attending to details of seeing shipments through from Calcutta and preparing for departure to Mokameh Junction, where for a short period, he will study Hindi with Fathers Dineen and Holland, found time to mail **JESUIT**

This is JAMSHEDPUR

Anthony G.
Schirmann
S.J.

(Left) Father Edward H. Dineen
pronounces his final vows be-
fore Father Carroll Fasy. (Right)
The converted clubhouse.



MISSIONS the following description of Jamshedpur. "It is a city unique in India. The main occupation is in the Tata Works. Tisco (Tata Iron and Steel Company) is situated in the very heart of Jamshedpur; Telco (Tata Electric Company) is in the suburban section of the city, Gohlmuri. The main street, which runs about four or five miles from the Tatanagar railway station to the river, is the very backbone of all business enterprise, and the population is pretty closely grouped along this route. Jamshedpur stores have a very pleasant variety of stock ranging from Chevrolets to Alka-Seltzer; and for those whose tastes in food run to European or American dishes there is a generous assortment of canned goods."

Father Charles Vrithoff S.J., the Belgian Pastor of St. Mary's Church in the southwest sector of the city offers some enlightening statistics of his parish. "There are some 2,350 Catholics in greater Jamshedpur" he says, "which is divided into two distinct parishes: St. Mary's parish in Jamshedpur proper with 1,400 Catholics and St. Joseph's in Gohlmuri with 950 more. These two parishes cover the whole area—about 25 square miles . . . without mentioning their respective mission districts . . . Among the Catholics you find Goans, Mangaloreans, Uraons, Mundas, Madrases, Anglo-Indians, Bengalis, Bettiah Christians, Nepalis and a few Europeans and Americans." This all-but-League-of-Nations in a town of 200,000 inhabitants is attributed to the Iron and Steel Works of Jamshed Tata begun in 1909. It has attracted workers from almost every corner of India, a fruitful field for missionary endeavor.

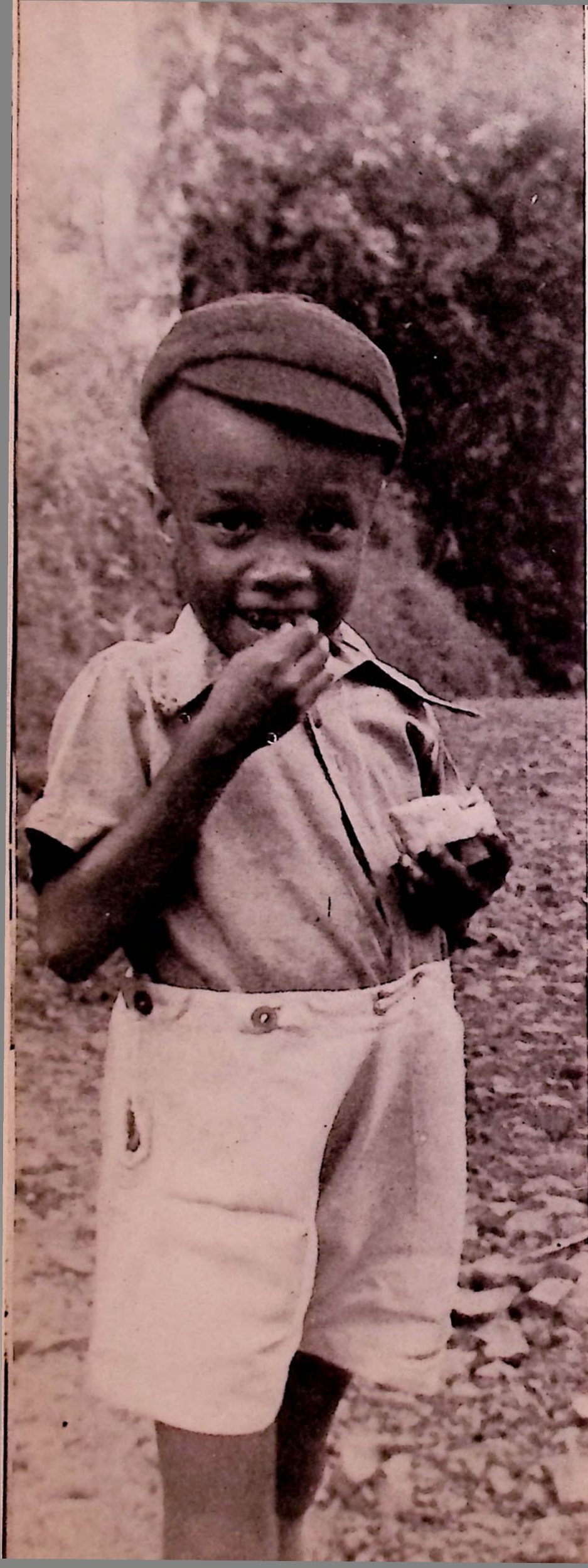
A composite description patched together from letters from Fathers Fasy and Enright would represent Loyola school somewhat as follows. Loyola School, envisioned by the Belgian Jesuits, is one of

four standards—third to sixth of the English system of education. Father Cecil Leeming, an Anglo-Indian Jesuit, is Principal, and Messrs. Bakewell and Keogh and Pandit Victor Johanna form its faculty. Although the American Jesuits are improvising in a borrowed clubhouse for school buildings, they are attracting more and more students from the overcrowded and understaffed Jamshedpur schools. In March there were 62 students: 27 Hindus, 16 Catholics, 11 Parsees, 4 Buddhists, 1 Syrian Christian, 1 Moslem, 1 Jew and 1 Church of England Protestant.

The club-converted classrooms of the one story Loyola School almost baffle description. There is a pool table in one classroom; a bar running the length of another with a portable black-board giving the sole appearance of a school; and two classes in the ballroom—one on the stage and one at the far end. The highest class, or Sixth Standard, is held in the music room, so called because of the piano at one end of it. Uniform text books and standard classroom furniture are nonexistent as yet.

All the students, regardless of creed, attend a course in "moral science" and for the Catholics there are catechetical classes. It is through the latter group that the League of the Sacred Heart and Our Lady's Sodality will begin to act as a Catholic leaven to Jamshedpur. Already plans are being formulated for hospital groups and catechetical groups functioning through the Sodalists.

So a half a dozen American Jesuits have undertaken this new mission in India at a difficult and delicate time. The road before them is the same laborious and dangerous road that Saint Paul followed, and Xavier, and Jogues and all the other thousands of men and women who have crossed the seas to bring Christ to soul-starved peoples. So in your prayers remember this new mission in Jamshedpur.



I'M AT Highgate, Jamaica, B.W.I. Right now I'm a seasoned campaigner of six months. But I don't think I'll ever forget my first real mission trip a couple of months ago. Even the old missionaries admit Jamaica is a strange land, rough mountains, lush verdant growth in the lowlands, strange heavy trees, roaring streams. At night the shadows are deep, and the air has a strange stillness on it.

I set out from Annotto Bay for May River in the mission's '38 Ford, saying a little prayer for myself and a more fervent one for the car. About 8 miles out, I had to cross a bridge which had the water flowing under it and over; I made that all right, and then came to one of the most winding roads in Christendom, up and up and up. And all the way up, little youngsters darted in from the side shouting advice and welcome.

When I finally got to the summit they rang a huge bell, and the people gathered for confession and Mass. The Mass was to be a high Mass, but unfortunately some previous "visitors" had chewed into the organ book. The organist couldn't play by ear. The people couldn't sing without an organ; so we had a low Mass with the prayers loud and strong.

After Mass the people rushed home for a cup of tea, and I had an hour's rest. But at one o'clock all were gathered again, and we had devotions to the Sacred Heart, and benediction.

The afternoon went quickly enough, and brought the darkness of the night at about six o'clock. The people went home, had supper, and presumably went to bed immediately; there is no night life in May River. When it is dark the people go to bed; when it is light they get up—simple, but difficult if you are not used to it.

I had a supper of canned beans and sausages, and learned that the parish oil lamp had no mantle. I lit it anyway, and it soon filled the cabin with acrid smoke. But it was only six-thirty. The last time I went to bed at six-thirty was the night before I made my first Communion. I never thought to bring something to read. But then I spied the Baptismal register.

That was interesting. On the faded and sometimes disintegrating pages of the ledgers I found the names of giants who had baptized here: Dupont, Butler, Splaine, Meyer, Porter, John Ryan, Harlin, Ernest Ryan, Mulry, Guiney, Kayser, Loydi, Chandler, Parker, Coleman, Beauclerk, Pohlmann, Bolster, Ford, Lowry, Skelly, Brannon, Tobin, Kilcoyne, Owens, Dooley, Knight, Dwyer. The next day John Dennis Crowley would join them. I smiled happily and said a little prayer I'd be worthy of them and their work.

The smoke from the oil lamp's unprotected wick made my eyes smart, so I closed the records, said

Dark Night on the MISSION

John D. Crowley S.J.

my beads and went to bed at eight o'clock. But I couldn't sleep.

How quickly all the benefits of modern science disappeared! I was one with Father Dupont, the first to come here, and Fathers Mulry or Bolster or Dwyer. The silence of the hills was oppressive, and I stirred uneasily in bed. Some slight breeze caught at the roof, and the rafters creaked ominously. In spite of myself my heart beat faster. I caught myself listening for the smallest sound.

Outside the eerie singing of the insects made the silence even heavier. And I began to think of malaria mosquitos, and the stories the missionaries back at Kingston had told of the long nights.

The section is really beautiful, but I could even hear the sounds of the tangerines growing outside my window! In spite of myself, I got up and made a hurried round of the cabin, locking the door and the windows.

Then came the bats. None of them came close enough to shake hands with me, but many times I thought surely they would. Who ever started that nonsense about bats getting stuck in your hair and beating their wings frantically to get themselves loose? I pulled the covers up over my head and left my poor feet uncovered to the elements.

"The coward dies a thousand deaths, the brave man dies but one." I kept saying it over and over, but as one of those bats took off from the ceiling into a power dive at the cot, it didn't help too much. Then peculiarly enough, all the bats would go back to refuel; and once more the heaviness of the silence descended. Before morning I got to like the bats.

I must say I was delighted to greet the dawn;

I had greeted each and every intervening hour. So I leapt out of bed, carefully shook my clothes and shoes as I was taught. This healthy precaution was for scorpions who snuggle in your shoes during the night, and are upset in the morning when they encounter a toe.

Actually even if I had slept, I would have been able to greet the dawn for some husky parishioner, just as the faintest glimmer of sun touched the sky, began to ring the bell. Forty times the bell rang out to call the people to Mass.

And for Monday morning Mass we had more than 50 Communions. The rest of my stay there was taken up with visiting the sick, baptizing, counseling.

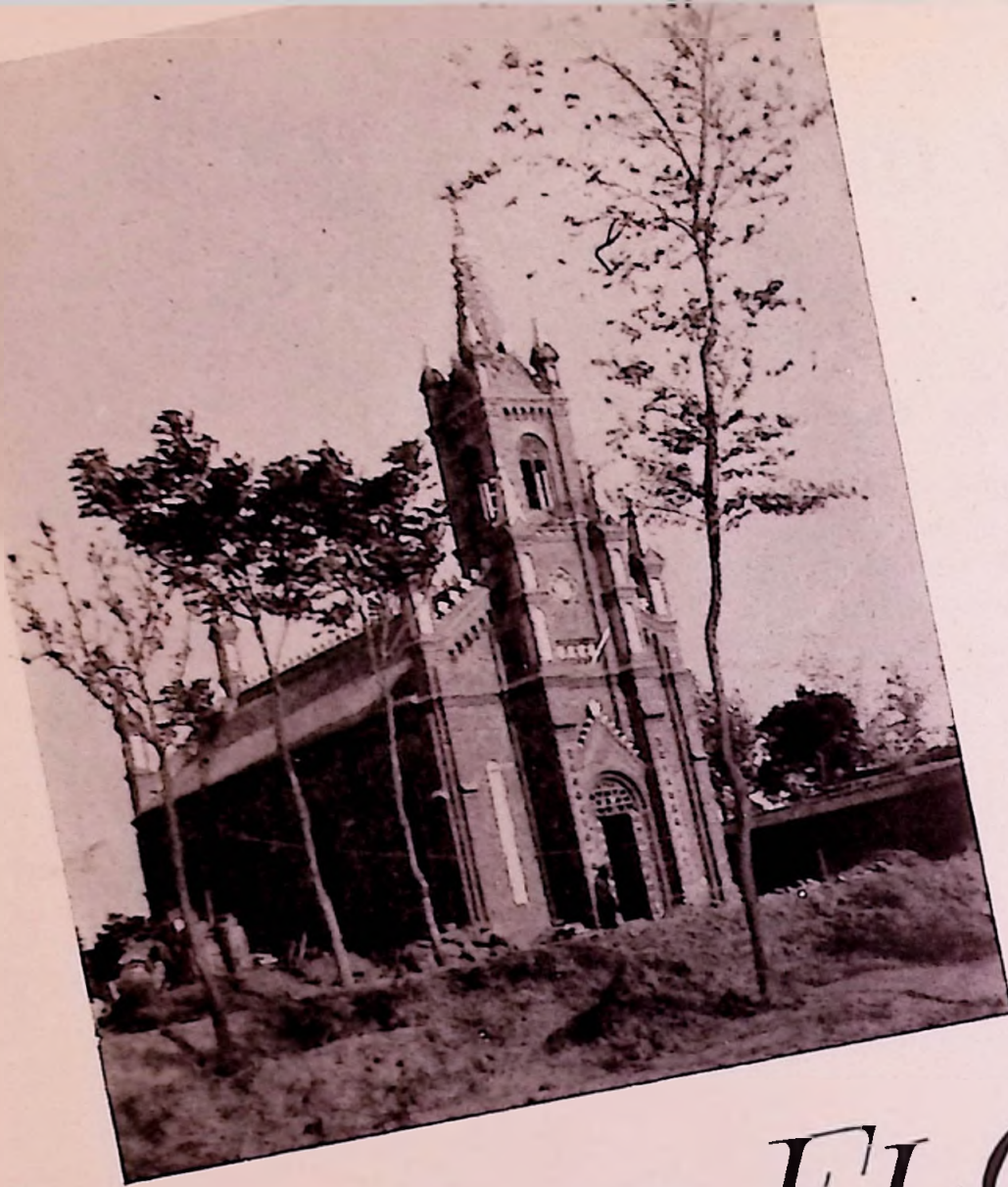
When I came back to Sacred Heart rectory, Fr. Leo Muldoon smiled at me. "Well," he said, "now you are a full-fledged missionary."

It made me feel lots better. For he, and every single one of those others on the Baptismal registry had gone through the same experience.

Sometimes we forget that behind the travel-folder seashore of Jamaica there is a rugged and uninviting tropical district.



A Jesuit Missionary



(Left) One of the churches taken over by the Communists. (Right) A Communist training school.

China's *RED FLOOD* Rises

*A man not far from death
sees all he labored for
in danger of perishing*

MY CHURCH shines today in its most beautiful feast day decoration, as it is the feast of our patron. The pink light of a clear winter morning makes the picture of the Holy Family shine at the high altar; it was painted by a Tirolean artist, and shows the Mother seated with her Son on her lap. It is my pride and the pride of my Christians.

But dark shadows have already appeared on the horizon; the devilish force which wants to crush religion and Church is becoming more menacing. The neighboring mission to the north has been plunged into the whirlpool already, the possessions of the mission stolen, the Bishop and his priests thrown to the street, put in prison, tortured. Fearful rumors reach our ears from all around. The mission to the west is orphaned with its Bishop and priests in flight, and just below us another Bishop

and his priests are being tortured and led through the streets in mock demonstration.

In full view of these dark shadows we celebrate our feast. Will it be the last? Many prayers are directed at the picture over the altar, and I implore protection for His house which today is decorated in its best dress. And the Child on the lap of the Mother smiles benevolently as if to say, "Have confidence, I am with you day and night."

One of the leaders of my Christians has come to me. "Father," he says, "you must leave and seek security. Just a few days ago the third Tju held a meeting very much opposed to religion and you. They threaten that when this West-devil priest is seen again they are going to bind you, and put you in prison and kill you."

"The worse hell fights," I answered, "the more faithful we shall be to Christ. Almighty God is with

us, what shall we fear? With a valiant attitude we shall break the back of Communist propaganda which only marches courageously where it meets cowardice."

. . . From now on, day in and day out, from morning to night, the *Nunghoi*, the People's Court, meets in my school yard. I am involuntary eyewitness of the terrible cruelties and beastliness which I till now only knew from hearsay. Scenes straight from Hell happen day in and day out before my window. The victims change, the accusers change, there are new torturers and new torments. There is no change in hate; no change in the cruelty whipped up by hatred.

My greatest worry is the school. There is no possibility of regular teaching. My pupils have to appear at the People's Court and work as shouters. Thank God that on the second day there were complaints already about the missionary pupils! They did not have the right spirit for shouting. Indeed the boys had disgust and distaste and fear of these wild happenings; but the daily view of these many inhuman cruelties must corrupt young hearts.

The People's Court continues. When will the mission be auctioned? The rumors spread, come quicker and contradict themselves; but in one point they are all the same. "There is no way for the mission to escape. It is only when and how."

We must prepare. The sacred vessels of the church I would like to place in security, but where can I put them? To bring them out to the Christians would be impossible; during the day there is a meeting in the yard, and during the night the Communists are in the classrooms, and howl and make noise far after midnight. How could I get through without being observed?

Besides, I need poor, honest Christians. The rich are as close to People's Court trials as I am, and fearful people will not take in things; and if they take them will surrender them at the next danger sign. As far as unreliable Christians are concerned, I can save my time and work from the very beginning.

There is still a last chance. After having submitted my plan to my catechist and talked it over,

we start its execution. It is night. The people in the house lie snoring under the blankets. The gate of the yard is well bolted and the noisy Communists do not disturb us. Now we can start.

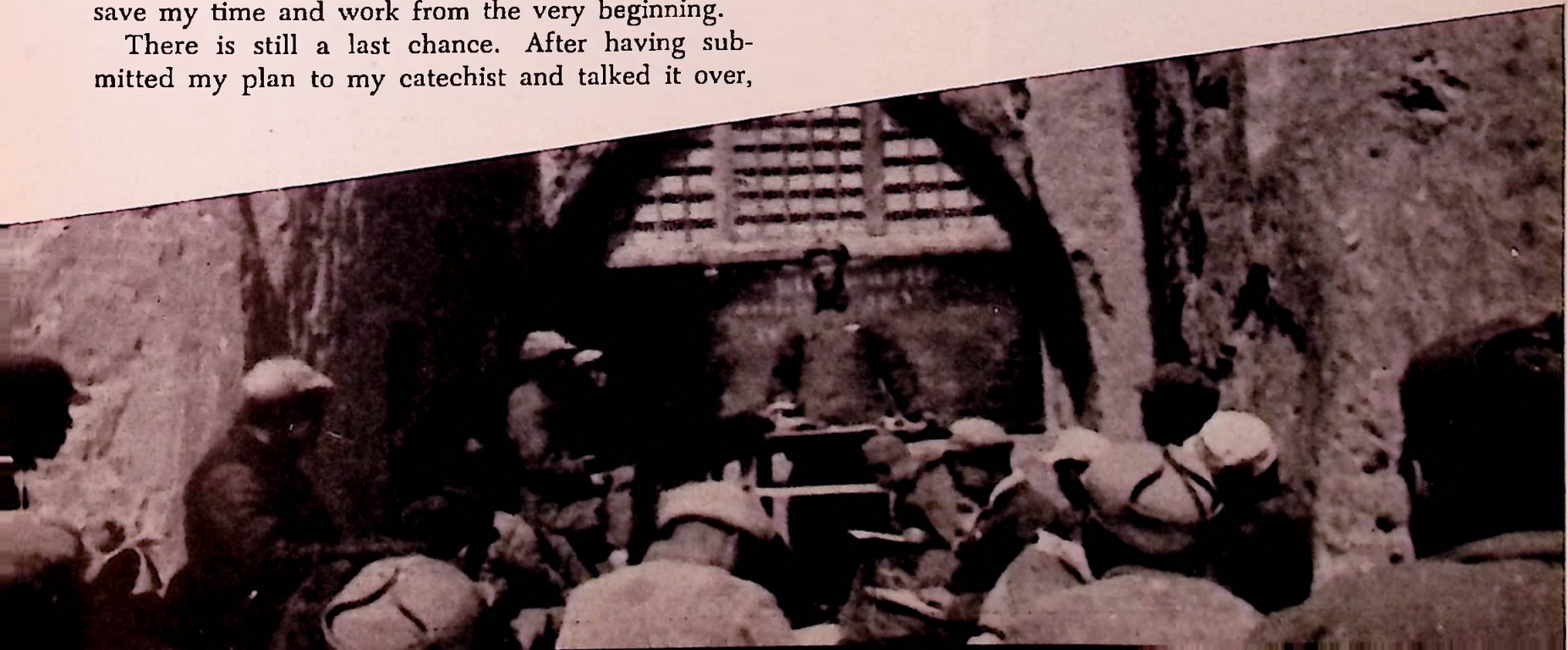
The catechist fetches a pick and shovel and a basket. I hang a black cloth on the window, as the light is a dangerous spy. The writing desk is taken away, a few stones taken up from the floor carefully, and now we dig eagerly.

Perspiration is running down our foreheads, but we have to be quick and the night is short. After a few hours of digging we have a ditch deep as a man. Then we bring the uplifted earth silently into the back yard. Finally it is distributed.

A big case of vestments, holy vessels, monstrance and chalice is ready. On top I put the most valuable pieces for the decoration of the church. Then the case sinks deep into the ditch. It reminds me almost of a burial in the times of the catacombs. After having put plenty of straw around the case so that the humidity will not play havoc with it, we close the tomb. The stones are put back artistically, the writing desk put back on top, and my room looks like before. Nobody except us knows what happened during the hours of the night. As we wipe off the perspiration the first glimmer of the morning appears. One night of hard work, but now we are happy; we have done the best we could, the rest is in the hands of Providence.

As I had hoped our work was kept completely secret. Even the people in the house did not see any difference in my room. Even the heap of earth well covered with branches and leaves did not look a bit suspicious. So it was our secret and I could rely on the catechist.

I closed our school in early December, and two days later I was led up before the People's Court. . . . Now my school is gone, but I have my church, and I can do mission work in the outer districts. It is not easy, but "my thoughts are not Your thoughts, and Your ways are not my ways."

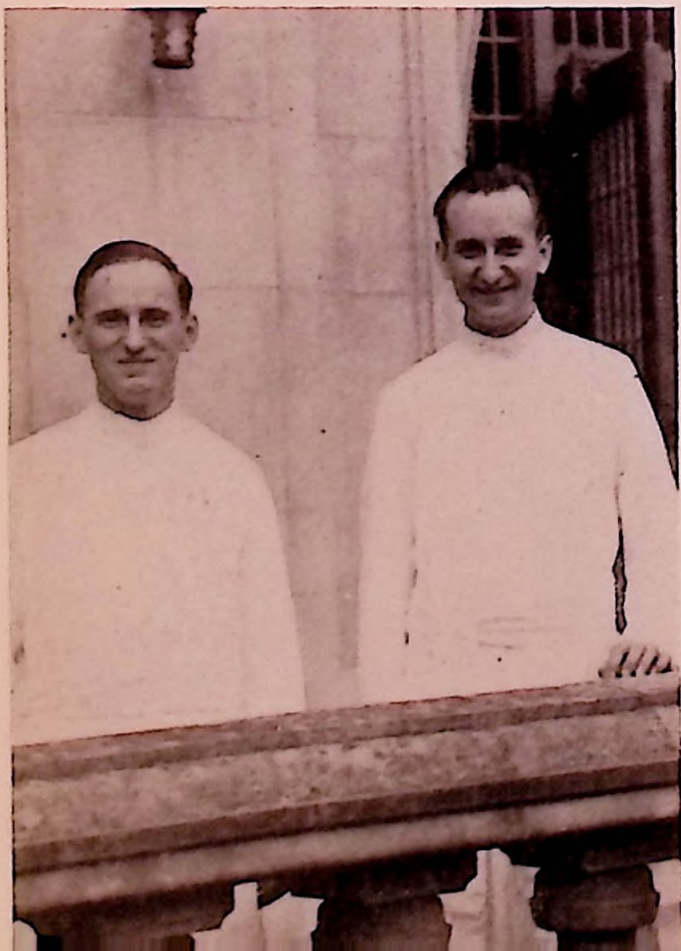




A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

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

The first Coadjutor Brothers from the Chicago Province to be sent to India, Raymond Schmidle S.J. and Bruno Karpinski S.J.



Buried Treasure

EXCITEMENT flared at the Eiko Middle School in Japan. Outside the faculty building is a large concrete block house, closed on three sides, its fourth side backing into a hill. The other day William Everett S.J. and Thomas Curran S.J. decided to plant pine trees in front of the eyesore; they had scarcely dug more than three or four feet when their shovels hit on a rusty sheet of metal. Curious, they scraped the dirt away, and came upon more metal. This too they uprooted. Under the metal was a wooden door right in front of the blockhouse!

The dirt flew furiously. The members of the community gathered, some to heckle, but all with a strange uplift . . . after all, who knew what might be concealed? A strange silence settled for a moment when the wooden door was pulled back to reveal a large pit of some soft white substance. This too the treasure seekers shoveled away madly. Finally, about four feet down they reached a huge concrete block, and some more metal. There was more furious digging, and finally another wooden door. It came off easily, almost too easily. The community leaned over anxiously, the scholastics ripped away the wooden door.

It took no more than a few seconds to learn the treasure, and the learning was pungent. They had discovered an abandoned sewer!

Older members of the community shrugged philosophically; for them romance was dead. But not Messrs. Curran and Everett. Soon as the blisters are healed they'll be back digging more buried treasure.

Jamaica Co-ops

OF COURSE everyone who is anyone has heard of Father John Peter Sullivan's "Jamaica Cooperative." Family reports say that down in Jamaica even the fish have formed their own cooperative. But the Fisherman's Credit Union deserves a little boost in a world where one is madly hating another; they earn between \$12 and \$16 a week. About three years ago with a combined savings of \$1 they started their Credit Union; and their capital today is over \$2,000.

Within the past year 11 boats costing about \$75 each were financed by the Credit Union, and the fishermen are justly proud of their efforts. One of them took Father to see his boats; there on the beach were two boats, one named *Faith*, and the other *Hope*.

"And as soon as I have paid off my present loan," he said proudly, "I'll borrow again, and get *Charity!*"

Mission Travel

MISSION travel always fascinates me. The Canadian Fathers Daly, Mackey, and Stanford of Darjeeling, India, were on their way to Ranchi to tertianship; at Calcutta they stopped to make some purchases. The train (so they claim) left early with only Father Stanford on it. Father Mackey dashed along the track, leapt over bags and baggage and managed to catch it before it left the yard. Father Daly wasn't so lucky; but a resourceful man is Father Daly. He learned that another train was leaving along the same route, found the engineer, bribed him to chase his departed brethren, and then sat up ahead with the engineer as old 97 buzzed down the track. All three walked calmly into tertianship at the same hour.

'Twas otherwise with Father Aloysius Smith of Minas de Oro, Honduras. Tragedy came into his life; his \$137 mule dropped dead. The Archbishop learned of the untimely death and offered his personal horse; but it was so skinny Father Smith had to put it to pasture. Naught was left but to buy another mule, a finely built gal of twelve summers whose outstanding virtue is that she eats anything, and cost a mere \$125. Unfortunately she is a bit shy; she also kicks. On his first trip, Father let the reins loose for a second, and away she went like a frightened mule, or gazelle, or something for three miles into the mountains, with Father Smith chasing and panting after her. Father finally caught her, but one more excursion like that one and they are going to have to put Father Smith to pasture to get him back to normal.

Of course all this business about travel brings to mind Father James Kearney's story. It seems that Chinese coolies always sing at their work. Generally the foreman leads the crew, and lots of times it is just as well if you don't understand the dialect. Not too long ago a foreign lady of considerable weight thought the coolies who carried her daily up the steep incline to her home by sedan-chair were enjoying themselves a lot.

"It's so lovely to hear them sing, and they are so happy. Tell me, what are they singing?" she asked.

Poor thing, she'll never get any fun out of Chinese singing again. For someone interpreted for her the coolies' song.



Father Kyran Egan, Dean of the Ateneo de Zamboanga, conducting the Air Derby.

Fathers Neil Donahue and Harry Ball who team together at the mission of Linstead, Jamaica.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

"Here we go," the coolies sang, "up the hill, up the hill, carrying the big white pig home again, home again, home again, ugh!"

Travel in China is no picnic. Father William Klement can cover the length of his mission in a day. "But," he says, "it always takes two days to recover from standing up on the platform of the truck with 60 fellow passengers. Last time from Kao Yu to Huai An, I boarded the truck from the sky down; but when my foot touched the floor there was no room for its mate. From eleven in the morning till five in the evening I was balanced like a stork in a big truck over a road which would make a plowed field look like a feather bed. Next time I'll go by train—if they ever get trains here!"

Mission Destruction

THE VATICAN has just released figures which give the appalling destruction the war brought to the missions. According to Vatican figures 1,430 missionaries were killed, and 540 were permanently injured or incapacitated for future mission work through malnutrition, shock, mental and physical strain.

A total of 2,870 mission centers were destroyed and more than 2,100 severely damaged. The loss exceeded some \$50,000,000. And that figure does not take into account the millions of dollars of property damage in the Philippines.

When you add to this the terrible loss of life and property in Communist areas of China, and the inability of European countries to rebuild, or even to supply the missionaries they have left, it brings into clear relief the enormous burden Americans must assume to keep carrying Christ throughout the whole world.

Father Cornelius Murphy of the St. Peter Claver Mission at Nulato, Alaska, displays a king-sized salmon before it goes through the canning process under the supervision of the Sisters.



WANTED

Oil Stocks

Father Regalado of Cagayan, Mindanao has a parish of 50,000 souls. In the normal course of events you can realize the constant number of sick calls that he must answer. Frequently, he is summoned at night to administer Extreme Unction in the houses of the poor. There is no light except a kerosene lamp which gives out a great deal of soot. On one occasion, it took several precious seconds to select the right oil stock.

Father Regalado would like a special oil stock for the sick. The price is \$9.25. He would also like a complete set of oil stocks priced at \$13.50.

. . .

Visual Education

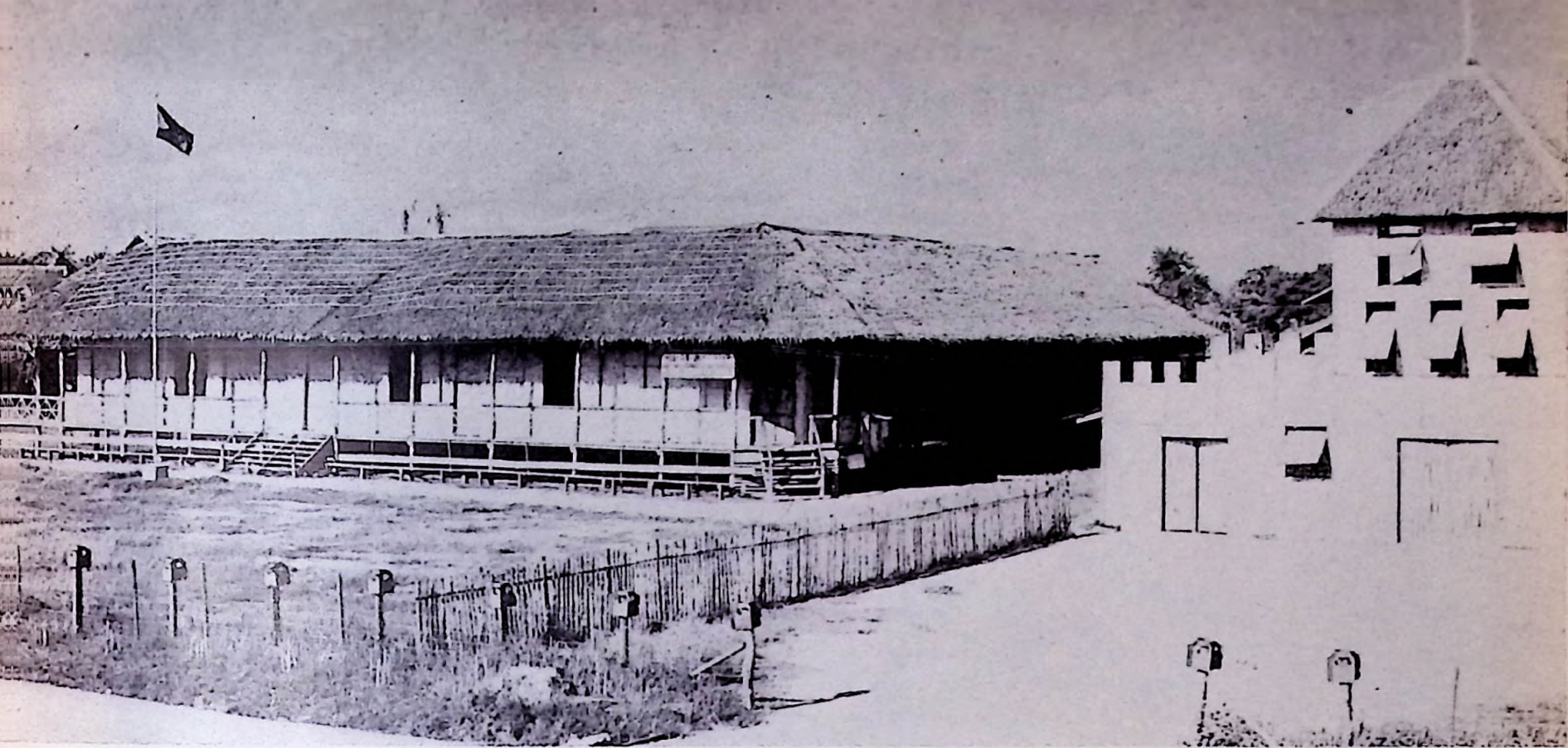
Everyone realizes the value of pictures, especially in teaching children. Father Thomas Reilly of Malaybalay, Mindanao is very anxious to secure a projector for his catechetical classes. There are two possible types—one priced at \$80.00 and another at \$218.50. Obviously, the latter machine has many advantages over the more reasonable model. Either one of the machines, however, would prove a very decided help to the catechetical classes not only in his parish but in the adjoining parishes. Partial payments for the projector will be a great help.

. . .

Catholic Literature

Attached to St. Joseph's parish, Spanish Town, Jamaica are several mission stations, a hospital, a leper colony, a prison and a poor house. Father Matthew J. Ashe is in need of recent Catholic literature for distribution among the various institutions. We ask that you send only recent publications. One further request is that you send the literature directly to Father Ashe. The following is his address:

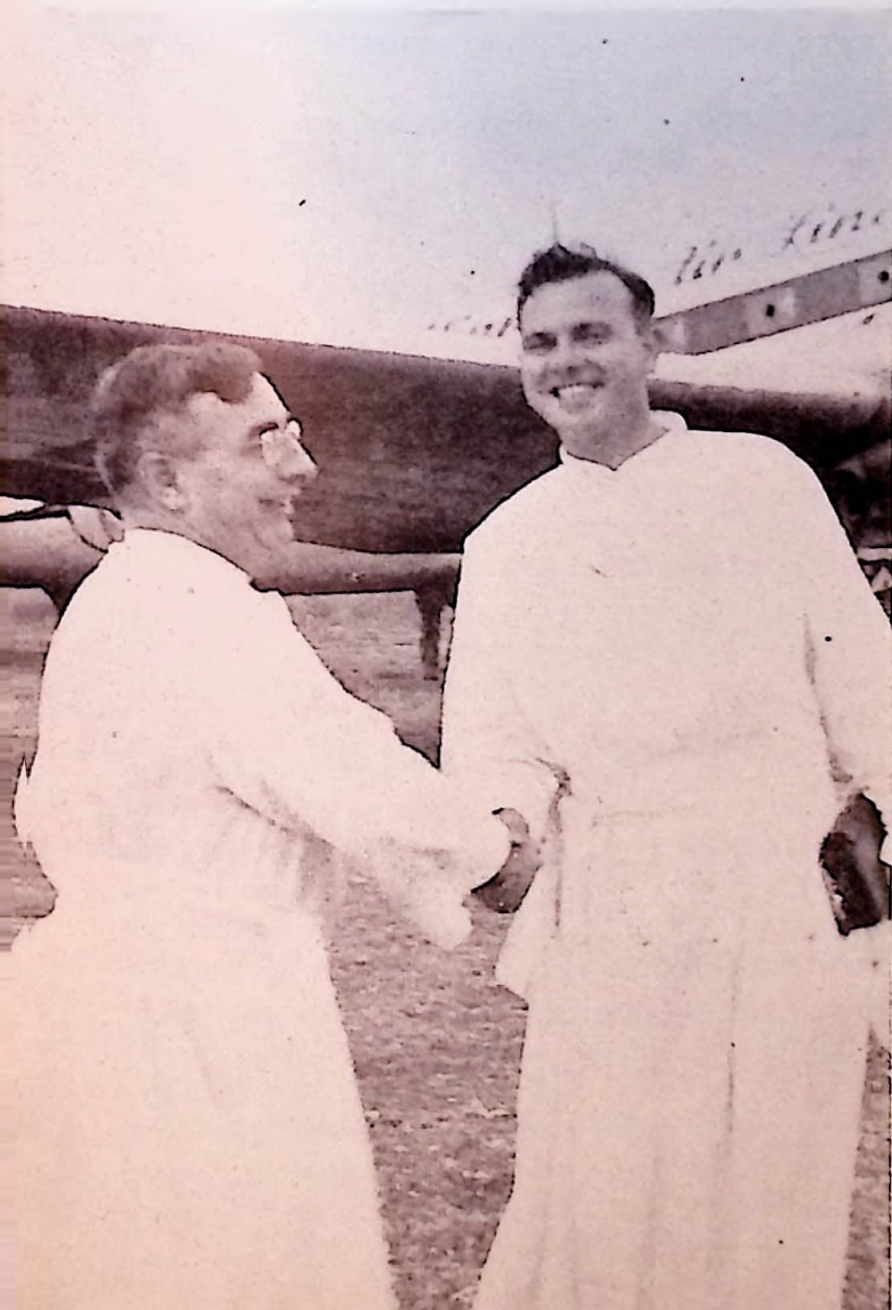
Rev. Matthew J. Ashe S.J.
St. Joseph's Rectory
Spanish Town
Jamaica, B.W.I.



“The *OUTLAW*” in the Orient

Andrew Cervini S.J.

(Above) The Ateneo de Zamboanga. (Below) The author greets Father James Burke on his arrival.



BY A strange twist of fate the same ship that carried the motion picture “The Outlaw” across the vast Pacific also had on its passenger list many a priest and nun bound for the vast mission fields of China, Japan, and the Philippines. But since these do not wear shoulder holsters, and carry carbines, they do not make the headlines. However, in Manila “The Outlaw” certainly did! The censors refused to let it go by. The backers of the “The Outlaw” took umbrage at the decision; got another preview, before different censors. These were undecided . . . it was a split vote. Parts had to be cut. “The Outlaw” appeared on the silver screens of Manila, and then began his invasion of the Provinces.

Father Cesar Maravilla S.J., who is Sodality Moderator at the Ateneo de Zamboanga, had trained his Sodalists to inform him of future features com-

ing to the three theatres in the city. One of the Sodalists spotted an advertisement saying "The Outlaw" was due. He made his report. Father Maravilla dropped everything and went to see the proprietor of the theatre. . . . The proprietor, Mr. Villacorte, a good Catholic, listened to Father Maravilla's reasoning. He had known that "The Outlaw" was on the condemned list, but he had been obliged to accept it, if he wanted another feature that would be a good box-office film. To refuse taking "The Outlaw" would mean the losing of this other film and hundreds of cold box-office pesos. Mr. Villacorte agreed to take the loss. He could not afford to make enemies of the Catholic people of Zamboanga City. Father Maravilla went to see the proprietors of the other two theatres and got their assurance that they also would not accept "The Outlaw" or any other film on the condemned list of the Legion of Decency. "The Outlaw" did not get a chance to appear before the mixed audience of Christians and Mohammedans that make up the public of Zamboanga City.

However, like all outlaws, he tried to make a comeback the next day. A columnist in one of the local newspapers took up the cudgel for the bandit. *"Who are these defenders of public morals who attempt to tell the people what they can see and what they cannot see on the silver screen? The picture is a mere cowboy picture with Jane Russell thrown in. . . . People who have not seen the picture are condemning it because of the lurid advertisements. . . ."*

It looked as if a certain group of anti-clericals in the city might get behind the columnist and get public opinion to have "The Outlaw" come in to teach the youth of Zamboanga, Catholic and otherwise, new methods of carrying on an old Oriental custom . . . banditry with a Western dress. "The Outlaw" had been refused admittance in Zamboanga City but he was still on the trail.

How to stop him? That was the problem that confronted the Fathers of the Ateneo de Zamboanga that evening during their recreation. Father James Burke, immediately upon seeing the article in the newspaper, began to ransack every Catholic magazine and newspaper in the Library in search for definite reasons for the condemnation of the picture. Father Kyran Egan, Dean of the Ateneo, recalled the news release sent out by the Catholic Education Association of the Philippines specifically on "The Outlaw." In a few minutes he had it out of his files. It was just what was needed. It was not the Legion of Decency in Manila that condemned the picture but the Board of Censors, headed by the Solicitor General, who gave as their first reason for its ban not the travesty on marriage that the picture conveys nor the portrayal of lurid

scenes but. . . . "The government and several civic-minded organizations are cooperating in the nationwide campaign for the diminution, correction and possible elimination of the current problem known as Juvenile Delinquency. The exhibition of this picture will counteract and destroy totally this joint effect." "The wave of criminality that is felt throughout the whole world, more so in this country after the nauseating contact of our people with our hated invaders, is a factor that urges the Board to suppress motion pictures that may inflame the imagination of the misguided youth and may be interpreted as glorification of the forces that seek to make law and its representatives ridiculous."

The Fathers of the school then decided on a plan of action. They would have this release mimeographed; a copy to be taken personally to their "friend" the columnist of the local newspaper, to show that it was not misinformed priests who had never seen the picture and yet who took it upon themselves to condemn the picture but the very Board of Censors, representing the Philippine Government in Manila, who banned "The Outlaw" from the screen. The boys of the Ateneo would then distribute copies to all prominent professional and business men of the city. The boys were enthusiastic and did an excellent job of mimeographing and binding the pages and finally of distributing the release in their free hours the next day.

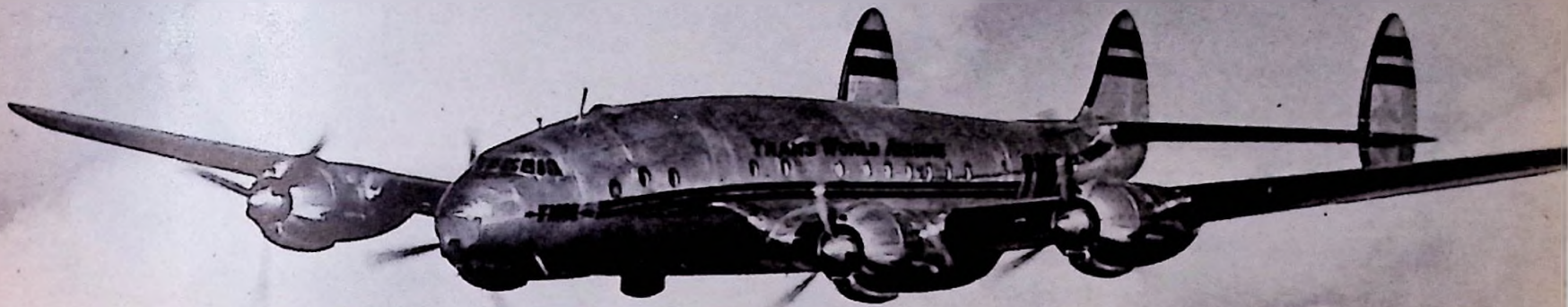
The next issue of the local newspaper carried an article by the columnist in which he admitted never having seen the picture himself, and of having written his article against the "so-called defenders of public morals" on the mere hearsay of friends. He ended his article with the remark that for the reasons given for the condemnation of the picture, "The Outlaw" now can never come to Zamboanga.

It was a victory for the Sodalists of the Ateneo. It was St. John Francis Regis who once said: If "I can prevent one single mortal sin, I will consider my life a success." Only the angels in heaven will be able to compute the evils and sins that have been avoided by the timely prevention on the part of the Sodalists of the Ateneo de Zamboanga to keep "The Outlaw" from entering Zamboanga City.

Law and order are a must for the proper development of any country, The Philippines are at present a Republic still in its childhood. The priests and nuns who have left their homes in the West are endeavoring to train the minds of the youth of the East in the principles of Christian education, the foundation of all law and order. Their task would be made easier and the day of juvenile delinquency would soon be over if "The Outlaw" with shoulder holsters and carbines with the necessarily accompanying scenes of disordered sex would be wiped from the screen that is called silver.

Doing it the smart way!

Doing what? Why, vacationing, of course!



It's summer and the season of wanderlust. I have to go west or south or abroad, and, of course, it's more fun doing it the smart way.

About 100 American Jesuit missionaries are going to do some traveling this summer, but—

*They are not going the smart way
It's not the urge of wanderlust that sends them
It's for Christ and for KEEPS*

Will you help them on their way? There is quite a problem. It costs \$550 for one man to go from New York to Calcutta by freighter. Men will have to be sent as well to the Philippines, China, Ceylon, Iraq, Honduras, Alaska, Jamaica, Japan and the Pacific Islands. Multiply 100 by \$550 and you have an approximation of what it is going to cost.

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

Dear Father:

Enclosed please find my contribution of \$..... to help send an American Jesuit Missionary on his way.

Name

Address

City Zone ... State

COMMUNICATIONS



**AMERICA'S
SECURITY
LOAN**

BUY BONDS TODAY!

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

Entrance by Certificate
or by Examination
Conducted by the Jesuits

A.B. and B.S. COURSES
BACHELOR OF ARTS
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE in BIOL-
OGY, CHEMISTRY, PHYSICS, BUSI-
NESS ADMINISTRATION, HISTORY,
SOCIAL SCIENCES and EDUCA-
TION.

Bulletin of Information on Request

Address: Dean of Freshmen,
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Elliot
ADDRESSING MACHINES

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

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

Dear Father:

I am enclosing \$10.00 as one installment on a thank-offering to be used for Jesuit missionary work in honor of St. Francis Xavier, the patron saint of missions.

Last Fall I discovered that my employer, to whom I am greatly indebted, would probably have to undergo an operation. Realizing his age and general physical condition I knew the operation would be serious. I then began to say each night a novena prayer to St. Francis Xavier for his spiritual and physical welfare.

When it was definitely decided that he would have the operation during March I asked him to wait until I had finished the Novena of Grace. This he did. The operation was very successful in every way. There was no malignancy (which he had feared) and his recovery has been rapid.

I also wish to thank Our Lady and St. Joseph whose help I asked along with that of St. Francis. I think it is to St. Joseph that I owe my present position, which is a very good one and a very pleasant one.

I'd like to have this letter published in grateful acknowledgment of this favor.

Sincerely yours,

Dear Father:

At present, I am assisting Father Edralin at the Cathedral parish in Cagayan. The parish, including the barrios, has practically doubled its pre-war parishioners, and now has approximately 50,000 souls. When we speak of needing priests in the Philippines you can understand the importance of our plea. Two priests are now assigned to take care of 50,000 souls.

The effects of the war are still with us. This is particularly noticeable in the condition of the roads. In going to the barrios, I have to cross a number of streams, in fact, during the rainy season, they look like rushing torrents. There are very few bridges.

Despite the various difficulties, the Fathers are more enthusiastic than ever to carry on their work.

I am making the following request as I know how good the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS have been in providing various gifts for the missionaries. I would like a set of oil stocks.

JESUIT MISSIONS is reaching us regularly. Here again, I want to thank the subscribers who have provided the gift subscriptions for the missionaries.

REV. A. REGALADO S.J.
St. Augustine's Cathedral
Cagayan, Or. Mis.
Mindanao, P. I.

Editor's Note: cf. the "Wanted" column on page 136.

Dear Father:

Last evening I read in the April issue the article on the Communist persecution in China. For the past twenty-four hours several thoughts have been constantly in my mind.

I wish that every person in the United States, especially Senators and Congressmen, irrespective of religious beliefs, would read the article. For my own spiritual life, I began to wonder if the convictions of my faith were so deep in my soul that I would be able to endure what the Catholics of China have suffered. I think it is a question that every Catholic should ask himself.

Secondly, I think the article is a powerful refutation to anyone who objects to sending missionaries to foreign countries. The Chinese people would never have been so heroically devoted to the Church if the missionaries had not sacrificed their lives giving them a martyr's love for Christ. This is also an encouragement to everyone who has contributed to the support of foreign missions. The investment has paid dividends by giving honor to the Church.

With a prayerful admiration for the Chinese and my appreciation to the Editors for giving me such a "spiritual lift," I am,

W. K.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians

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

British Honduras, Yoro, U. S. Indians

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

Ceylon and Home Missions

Rev. Joseph H. Fengler S.J.
4133 Banks Street
New Orleans 19, La.

China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)

Rev. Mark Falvey S.J.
2130 Fulton Street
San Francisco, Calif.

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

China (Suchow)

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

India (Patna) and American Indians

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

India (Darjeeling) and Canadian Indians

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

India (Jamshedpur) and Home Missions

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

Iraq and Jamaica

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

Philippines

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

For immediate delivery

VOLUME XXI

of

JESUIT MISSIONS

Attractively bound in heavy
red cloth, lettered in gold.

\$3.50 per Volume

Order at once from

JESUIT MISSION PRESS
962 Madison Ave., N.Y. 21, N.Y.

Waiting for something?



“Yes. But just for little things. Things like incense so we can have Benediction in the village church. Things like benches so the children can sit in school. Things like bike sprockets so we can be sure our missionary will arrive on schedule. Then there are things like books and athletic equipment and all the odds and ends that help to make a Chinese boy happy in an American Jesuit school in Yangchow. These are the things we are waiting for.”

Letters from a Chinese missionary tell us of these wants. Will you help us answer the letters? We mean in a tangible way because you can be assured that they only ask for what they really need.

Send your donation to:

Reverend Mark Falvey S. J.
2130 Fulton St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

Reverend Pius L. Moore S.J.
or 55 West San Fernando St.,
San Jose 21, Calif.

Tell Father you read about China in
JESUIT MISSIONS.



Someone to look up to!

The Ideal is Christ. Therefore He should be in every Catholic home as "*Someone to look up to.*" Remember His promise? "*I will bless every place where an image of my Heart shall be set up and honored.*" June is the month of the Sacred Heart.

JESUIT MISSIONS offers this statue pictured here for \$5.00 plus an additional 25 cents postage, which may be payable in stamps. It is 12 inches tall, hand painted, made of metal and unbreakable.

Perhaps you already have a suitable image of Christ. Your \$5.00 could bring this gift to some needy mission where the Sacred Heart desires honoring just as in your own home.

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

Dear Father:

Enclosed please find \$5.00 plus 25 cents in stamps as payment for a statue of the Sacred Heart, as advertised in the June issue. Kindly send the statue to me ; the missions .

Name

Address

City Zone State