

July - August 1948



July-Aug. 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. Phelan, Anthony G. Schirmann, Andrew W. Vachon, Edward F. Wiatrak
Regional Editors: Patrick A. Ryan, Thomas J. Hallahan, Paul Brennan, Henri Bechard
Business Editor: Coleman A. Daily

This Month

	Page
AND ONE NAMED "MIKE" <i>Robert J. Forbes S.J.</i>	142
AN HOUR TO KEEP . . . <i>John J. McGrath S.J.</i>	145
MY LAST SHIRT <i>Charles P. Miller S.J.</i>	146
ALASKA'S POOREST MISSION <i>Paul C. O'Connor S.J.</i>	148
JAMAICA MUSTARD SEED . <i>Harry W. Ball S.J.</i>	150
MY PATNA DIARY <i>Mrs. John J. Burke</i>	154
ICE DROP! ICE DROP! . <i>John W. McCarron S.J.</i>	157
A STEWARD IN CEYLON . . <i>John W. Lange S.J.</i>	158
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS <i>Stephen B. Earley S.J.</i>	162
THE LOST TREASURE . <i>Clement A. Andlauer S.J.</i>	165

COVER. Out of lonely Lanao on the island of Mindanao sails a *banca*. It is manned by Moros who are Malays by race but Mohammedans in religion—a fierce and rugged people who still preserve the old customs and dress of their Arab and Turkish preceptors. But their faith today is just "a painted ship upon a painted ocean." They need the Life that is found in Christ alone.

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

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

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

JESUIT MISSIONS, July-August, 1948. Vol. 22, No. 6. 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

■ A little over a year ago Father John W. McCarron S.J., of Washington, D. C., drove out of Manila in a former army truck and took the road that led south to the



Fr. J. W. McCarron S.J.

heart of the coconut region. He stopped after fifty miles or so and got out to examine a pile of ruins that once was the Seminary for the district of San Pablo. There was only rubble left after the bombing and fire of the war. Here he was supposed to start a school, the Ateneo

de San Pablo. He returned to Manila and gathered his few belongings. Then the young missionary borrowed a truck and returned "home" to San Pablo. He made his bed on a pile of Celotex, said Mass in the morning with his army Mass kit, and began his school. During the day he labored with hammer and paint brush; at night he planned class schedules and brushed up on educational theory. One time on his return to Manila for materials he was stopped by bandits armed with Japanese rifles. When they discovered he had nothing of value on him they gave him a thirty yard start and then began to fire. In his own characteristic way he says, "No cigar."

At San Pablo he shovelled debris, mixed concrete, erected partitions, painted, put on roofs. When his community of two men arrived there were five clean classrooms, an attractive library, offices, a basketball court and three living rooms with a bed and chair in each. The cook was Father McCarron. Then he began a campaign against the false rumors in the town. In July, 1947, the Ateneo de San Pablo began its history.

■ Father Charles P. Miller S.J. is one of the veteran missionaries of India and also one of the veteran contributors to *Jesuit Missions*. He was born sixty years ago in Toledo, Ohio,



Fr. Charles P. Miller S.J.

and this year he is celebrating his Silver Jubilee as a priest. Over twenty years ago he set out for India, where his first appointment was as chaplain to the Irish Christian Brothers in Kurji. He also had the care of the native Christians of the "neighborhood," which meant travel-

ing over a hundred miles to reach the stations. In 1930 he took over the direction of the industrial school and mission at Ghyree. Two years later he began his work among the Santals by founding the mission at Gajhi, and he has been there for sixteen years now. His stories on the Santals are always written with a smile, but it is easy to see that it is a happy smile which springs from the love he has for his children in Christ. Since 1929 he has regaled the readers of *Jesuit Missions* with many a delightful episode of his long missionary career. May his Golden Jubilee as a priest find him still among his Santals!

■ At the present time John J. McGrath S.J. is wending his way back from Baghdad to the welcome coolness of theology at Weston College. For the past three years he has been one of the main props of the Physics Department of the "College in the Desert." But his knowledge along that line has been far from academic. His hobby is piecing together broken-down busses or inventing ingenious contrivances to cover the scarcity of equipment in the laboratory. Father Gookin once said of him, "Give him a piece of wire and a Bunsen burner and he'll give you a new lab." It's a gift he has developed somewhere along the road from Bunker Hill to Boston College to Baghdad.

■ It is a rare occasion when a lady author appears in the pages of *Jesuit Missions*, but recently we read the diary kept by Mrs. John J. Burke on her visit to India. She and Mr. Burke flew to India to attend the ordination of their missionary son. We feel that it is required reading.

JM



Dear Friend:

There is no intention to impugn industrious students who, during the summer season, solicit subscriptions to magazines as a means of obtaining support for their collegiate studies. But this word of warning is prompted by several complaints sent to our office.

JESUIT MISSIONS has never authorized anyone to act as an agent in soliciting subscriptions to the magazine. Never pay a door-to-door solicitor for a new subscription or for your renewal to JESUIT MISSIONS. We do feel, however, that our subscribers could be effective agents, not by directly appealing to their friends for money but in conversation referring to an interesting article in JESUIT MISSIONS or the need of a particular missionary. Such comments might induce your friends to subscribe and to aid the missionaries.

Would you try this suggestion? Each new subscriber is a potential prayer and supporter of the missions and we really need additional spiritual and material aid.

For your publicity efforts we will be grateful.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

Quennan A. Ailey, S.J.



—and one named “MIKE”

A story of the

“G.I.’s Baby Home”

in Yokohama

(Above) A ward in the Sisters' Found-
ling Home. (Below) “Graduates”.



I HAD OFTEN heard of the “G.I.’s Baby Home” that was connected with the International Hospital in Yokohama, and I decided to see it for myself. Thinking that the “Home” was nothing more than a children’s ward in the Hospital, I patiently started my search. As I approached the building, having finally arrived through the kindness of an Army Captain and his jeep, I was struck by the marvelous simplicity and cleanliness that surrounded it. A Sister greeted me as I entered. She was a small, stout woman, dressed in the white habit of a hospital Sister. Her eyes betrayed her weariness, but she nevertheless wore the traditional Irish grin.

When I asked about the Baby Home, the Sister’s eyes lit up. Her story was a fascinating one. The babies had had to be moved from the hospital because their number had grown too large. The history of the “G.I.’s Baby Home” was started as we walked down a narrow street, lined on either side by Japanese homes, to the present residence of some

one hundred and thirty-five abandoned children.

Robert J. Forbes S.J.

The International Hospital had been in the care of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary before and during the war, although it had been owned and operated by the group of foreigners that inhabited the International Settlement. The Japanese had taken everything worth while from the hospital during the war, and with the cessation of hostilities the Sisters began the back-breaking work of reconstruction. One day, shortly after this task had been completed, the Mother Superior and a companion paid a visit to the local Prefecture to see what could be done about returning the hospital to its legal owners. While they were there, a young Japanese woman entered the station carrying a week-old baby in her arms. She pleaded with the Prefecture for official charity for her child. She herself was unable to support it, and the unknown father had returned to the United States. One thing was certain, if the Prefecture would not care for the child, the mother would throw it into the nearby river. The official turned to the two women. These Sisters already knew the heavy burden of operating the hospital and restoring it to its former condition; however they saw the desperation in the young mother's eyes. Thus the fair-skinned child of an unknown American father was accepted by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary.

These Sisters had never intended to start a foundlings' home, but the news of their kind deed quickly circulated around Yokohama. One evening, after a Sister had locked the hospital doors for the night, and had just finished her rounds, she heard a noise outside the front door. When she investigated, she found a little baby lying on the step. He was wrapped in a thin blanket and sucking a bottle of hot milk. His arrival had been a recent one. Soon the numbers of children began to increase. Babies were found in garbage cans, in the parks of the city, on the country roads, and even tied to lamp poles along the highway. The Military Police brought them in. The first arrivals were often seriously sick from malnutrition. The more seriously sick, suffering from pneumonia and severe diarrhea, were given every possible attention. Medicines were borrowed from the hospital supplies, but in many cases the Sisters' efforts were in vain.

These outlines of the birth of the 'G.I. Baby Home' were told me while we walked down the road. Before I knew it we were standing in front of a blue and white sign: 'Our Lady of Lourdes' Baby Home.' This was the place the Sisters had purchased and converted to suit their purpose. The news of what was being done for these little chil-

dren sped among the American Occupation Forces. It so happened that just when the need

of a new house arose, the Combat Troops were being sent back home. Before leaving, these men, be it through remorse or charity, gave the Sisters all the Japanese money that they had in their possession,—100,000 yen, the exact price needed for the purchase of a new house! The workmen whom the Sisters hired to convert the house into a Baby Home were soon joined by American soldiers whenever they had a chance to be free from the military duties. Donations came in that enabled the Sisters to buy the necessary equipment,—cribs, bed clothes, and baby clothes.

Soon every room that could be used for the babies' living quarters was filled. The Sister took me down a short corridor to a door over which the name of a saint had been placed. No sound could be heard, and the Sister explained that the children were still enjoying their afternoon nap. On entering, I stood in amazement before the sight that met my eyes. Cribs filled the room, all of them arranged into four neat rows. A few nurses stood at the far end of the room waiting for the children to wake. One little fellow was stretched down one side of his crib and was rubbing the remnants of a good sleep from his eyes. The other side of the crib was occupied by another boy who was still in the land of dreams. We walked over to the crib and the little fellow pulled himself up to the railing to have a better look at his visitors. The big blue eyes that looked up at us were eyes that one might expect in almost any American home. The Sister explained that very often the nationality of the father could not be told from the characteristics of the son. This lad was known to have had an American father because the boy's mother had come to the home before the lad had been born. A cute little brown boy had been awakened by our conversation, and his slanted eyes were threatening a flood of tears. But the Sister tickled him under the chin and told me over her shoulder that his name was 'Mike,' the home's only brown Irishman. So it went, Japanese-Chinese, Japanese-Dutch, Japanese-Russian, three at the most, and the rest were Japanese-American, brown and white.

All these children were about two years of age, the age when they would ordinarily be sent to the Japanese Orphanage at Sendai, which was also conducted by the Fran-





A bargain sale in a street of Yokohama.

ciscan Missionaries of Mary. Upstairs were more babies, none of whom were over a month old, and almost all Japanese-American. I asked at what age the children were when they were turned over to the Home, and received the answer that they usually arrived about one week after they were born.

My visit to Our Lady of Lourdes' Baby Home was almost over. However, the things I had seen kept running through my mind,—the warm clothes of the children, the ample facilities for their care, the warmth of the house, the numerous attendants,—my curiosity would not be restrained. When I asked how it all could be done, and how it was financed, the Sister smiled. They sometimes wondered them-

Some day I'll thank
you, Sister!



selves. The Japanese Government contributed a little to the support of each child, but that pittance was not enough to keep the babies alive; the American Government of Occupation had shown no official recognition of these half-American children; the Sisters themselves did not have enough money to keep the hospital in working order. Yet, every time money was needed, it was had. The care of the home was entrusted to four Sisters who lived there permanently and sixteen Japanese girls whom the Sisters had hired either as nurses or as nurses' helpers.

These were not the problems that worried the Sisters. There was another difficulty that had to be answered in the very near future. I had seen for myself how the children were 'bunked' two and three in a bed. The custom of the home was that the youngest children would be kept upstairs. Then, as they grew older, they would be moved down to the first floor so that room would be had for new arrivals. Some of the children that had distinct Japanese characteristics had already been sent to the Orphanage at Sendai, but the Sisters could not bring themselves to sending the fair-complexioned ones there, too. These children, their Japanese characteristics breaking through only in minor ways, would be raised to act, think, talk, and live as the Japanese, if they went to Sendai. There had to be another way. The Sisters were planning on buying another house as soon as they could, where these boys and girls could live with people of their own color. Perhaps they would appreciate it later. . . .

Now every time I think of that Baby Home, known in Japan as the 'G.I. Orphanage,' the words of Scripture run through my mind: ". . . My little ones," and "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." I see again the little faces of innocent children, all unaware of their future, and there comes to me the picture of a chubby little Sister tickling the chin of a slant-eyed brown boy. She is looking over her shoulder and saying, in the best of Irish brogues: "This is Mike,—the Home's only brown Irishman!"

An Hour to Keep

John J.
McGrath S.J.

TODAY the shells are falling in Jerusalem and I am remembering an hour there that may never be again. But it is an hour as vivid as the present one. . . .

At the Jaffa Gate, we leave the new city of Jerusalem and plunge into the narrow alley-ways of the bazaar. The mouth of the bazaar is thick with people for here are the food shops. That mass of Arabs, Jews and Christians swallows us too; we are on the way to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, or rather, the Church of the Resurrection.

The way is not narrow enough as it is; the trays of merchandise must crowd out from the shop doors. To reach his wares, the merchant swings out over the trays by hanging by one hand from a chain. You must be resigned to go slowly and to be jostled unendingly. But the warning cry of the meat coolies is heeded. They carry, swinging along their backs from head straps, the carcasses of sheep freshly killed and skinned; no one wants to brush with them.

We turn left and escape to the quiet in the vicinity of the clothes shops. The awnings and jutting structures cut out all visibility from below so though we are near the church, there is no sign of it except for the displays of religious articles that dot our path. At the foot of a stone stairway we step into an open space. Free at last from the dungeon-like *suq*, our gasp of relief is changed to one of awe as we behold the massive church of the Crusaders. It is showing signs of age; the steel girders that buttress it are out of place, but we are left with an impression of size and strength.

It is just after four p.m.; the Franciscans are ending their office; they will now go in procession with the pilgrims to the shrines. The procession forms and by the light of the tapers makes its way through the dim archways to the prison of Christ, the pillar of flagellation, the shrine of St. Helena, the altar of crucifixion and Calvary. The Franciscan cantor leads the chanting; a choir of orphans joins with the others in the responses.



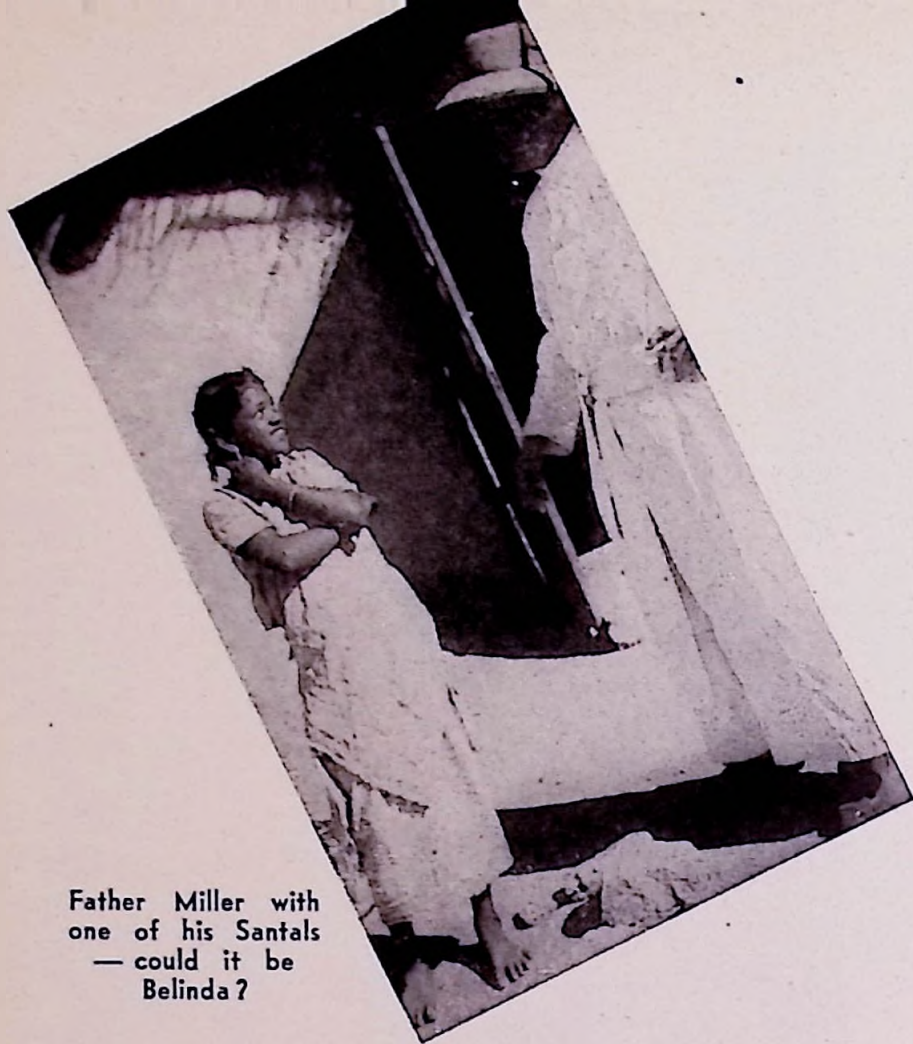
Once He walked these narrow streets.

In the spirit of Holy Week, you sorrow with Christ in His Passion. After Calvary, the procession stops at the stone of anointing; again a hymn of solemn tone is sung. You make the responses and rise from your knees, ready to go now in due sorrow to the tomb itself. But the burst of joy that rings from the throat of the cantor and the sweeping refrain of the orphans makes you experience a sensible somersault.

"Enough of tears, enough of weeping. . . ." In the spirit that marks our Faith, the song is one of exultation as the procession nears the tomb in the center of the circle of pillars that rise to the high, high dome. Before the tomb, with his back to the pillars, the cantor pours out a song of triumph for it is the message that this shrine speaks. Christ, King of kings, was here but He is not here now. You hear St. Paul's words: "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then is our faith vain." But our Faith is not vain. This is a glorious place; it will draw you to itself again and again to remind you and teach you that joy is yours and with it peace.

. . . I would like to live that hour once more. God grant that the peace of Christ, instead of shells, may fall over Jerusalem!

Charles P.
Miller
S.J.



Father Miller with
one of his Santals
— could it be
Belinda?

*Dark dawned
the wedding day
for bride Belinda*

My Last Shirt

IT was Belinda's wedding day. Mother and two or three of the neighbor women were, according to Santal custom, attending to the trousseau of the bride. There was oil for her long black tresses, and a nice red ribbon to tie up those same tresses, and a brass hair pin with a butterfly design. There was a wonderful blouse of brilliant green with flowers stamped on it. Then there was the *sari* with the purple border into which a flower design had been printed.

The heavy rain clouds of the day before had been dispelled, and now there was not a cloud in the sky, literally or figuratively, to cast a shadow on the earth or on the happiness of Belinda's wedding day. Then came disaster, disaster unannounced and unexpected. Belinda's elder brother had just discovered that there was no shirt for John Francis, the bridegroom!

It is a Santal custom that the parents of the bride provide their son-in-law-to-be with a new shirt, a new *dhotie* or loin cloth, and a new *cheddar* or mantle. The *cheddar* was there in the parcel, the *dhotie* was with the *cheddar*, but where, oh where was the shirt?

The day before Daniel and two of his friends had

accompanied his elder sister Belinda to the market place to buy these very clothes plus some ornaments for Belinda. Daniel swore that he could prove before the Police Inspector, the Magistrate, and the shopkeeper that he had purchased three yards of shirting cloth, nice cloth with a red stripe, for which he had paid 12 annas, and he could bring the tailor to bear testimony that he, said tailor, had from these three yards of red striped shirting cloth fashioned a shirt according to specifications given by said Daniel. He had bought the shirt, had wrapped it in the same parcel with the *dhotie* and *cheddar*, and given the parcel to Belinda to carry. He could *prove* all this.

"Prove, prove?" wailed his Mother. "Can we clothe the bridegroom with your proofs? Will all your proofs bring a new shirt to this house?"

Time was pressing. Something had to be done soon. The bridegroom and his party were already on the way. They might arrive at any minute.

Daniel was the only one who used his head. He had been challenged to produce a shirt. He would. Daniel worked for the Father in charge of Gajhi Mission, the same Father who was even now waiting for the wedding party to appear. Father wore

shirts. Daniel was pretty sure that Father had more than one shirt for he had seen the washerman bring in Father's washing on more than one occasion.

He communicated the result of his celebrations to his Mother. Mother shrieked again, this time with joy. She is a really efficient woman and though she never told her husband so, yet she is the boss of the household.

"Come," said Mother. And the two started off in haste for the house of the Father of Gajhi. Father was reading his Office in the chapel when little Barku, his faithful mass server, came bustling up and whispered in Father's ear: "Daniel and his Mother have come. They are calling you. Very urgent." And then he was gone.

Daniel and his Mother were on the verandah of my mud house. Said Mother: "This is Belinda's wedding day, and there has been such a great accident! Oh, that such calamity should have fallen on my house! It happened yesterday afternoon while this son of mine and Belinda were returning from the market. Either he or she lost the shirt that was intended for the bridegroom, and now he will soon be here, and . . . and . . ." but her sobs drowned the rest.

"What else did you lose?" I asked Daniel, for long experience has taught me that a Santal never breaks all the bad news at once but piecemeal.

"Only the shirt was lost," sobbed Mother.

"Is the bridegroom safe?" I asked, trying to cheer up the situation but only making it worse, for the mere mention of that individual brought on another paroxysm. When it had subsided, Mother said: "Daniel thought that perhaps you might have an extra shirt that you could loan for the occasion." I felt complimented.

"I'll see," said I.

Now, the Father of Gajhi receives from his friends old clothing for the poor, and from this old clothing he selects such shirts as fit him or nearly fit him, and thus he has in his repertoire of shirts garments of various sizes and colors.

Daniel and Father went through the whole repertoire. One was too long, another too wide, a third had a torn sleeve. No, there was no shirt that would meet the occasion. Daniel announced the sad news to his Mother. More sobbing. Here was a new situation for the Father of Gajhi to handle. He had been through cholera and smallpox epidemics, survived an earthquake, been thrown over the

handles of his motorcycle, faced a wolf on a lonely road, but never had he been up against a case like this. He must solve this problem. He dared not let down these two who had placed such great, implicit confidence in his ability to produce a shirt. A Houdini or a Thurston under the same circumstances would probably have produced a half dozen shirts all nicely laundered and done up in cellophane. But Father was no magician. He was just a missionary possessed of four shirts. And a fifth one was badly needed.

"Four shirts, five shirts," he repeated to himself. "I thought I had five shirts." Then he remembered. "Daniel," he cried, "we are saved. There is another shirt in that tin box. I forgot to unpack it when I returned from Jhajha the other day." We opened the box. There was a shirt, a nice khaki shirt, with a collar, nicely ironed, for it had been given to me by a friend of mine for whom it was too small.

"Will this do?" I asked holding up the garment before Daniel's expectant eyes.

"It is just what we want," replied Daniel smiling clear back to his ears.

"I knew Father would not let us down," said Mother between her sobs of joy. Mother and son departed at top speed for their village. Belinda's wedding day was saved!



Now the groom
has all his dowry.

Alaska's Poorest Mission



Little by little the church at Hooper Bay dwindles from sight.

Paul C. O'Connor S.J.

IN using the superlative when speaking about this mission, I know that I may be sticking out my chin. Certainly, all of the Alaskan missions are poor, but there are degrees in poverty.

Let us jump on the sled and take a little look at the village of Kashunak hidden up here on the Bering Sea coast. Father Jules Convert, the missionary at large in this section will be our guide. Father Convert is a tall, wiry, young Frenchman who came to Alaska five years ago and has spent most of that time mushing around this Bering coastal area. He is a musher that needs no guide but himself. He has learned the hard way and now knows the country thoroughly. He places his compass on the top of the sled and off we go.

Father Convert admits that there was a time when he started out on these trips with trepidation. There

are no landmarks in this wilderness of tundra. It is a good deal like traveling on the open sea. You take your compass settings and proceed. Measure the pace of your dogs and after so much time figure out that you are near a village. Then you generally run upon some side trails leading in. In a blizzard it is a different matter. One can get lost a hundred yards from a native settlement. Good leaders are an asset, but even leaders will sometime swing off the trail at the scent of a reindeer or a fox. A dog never loses his primitive instincts.

Well, our starting point will be Hooper Bay. It is spring time just after Easter. We strike out across the Bay which is frozen and covered with a crust of snow made hard and smooth by the constant play of winds in every direction. The dogs are hardened by much winter travel and spin along at a good pace.

Little by little Hooper Bay, made prominent by its two-story church and government school, dwindles from sight. There is nothing now but an ocean of snow on all sides. No wonder our young missionary at times got jittery! No trail; just a compass to find a tiny spot in the southeast. Now and then ice blocks will jut up with a formation that looks almost like a village. Father Convert hands you a pair of binoculars so that you can ease your curiosity. He has been deceived so often by them that now they hold little interest. He knows the pace of his dogs. In about four hours on this good trail we will sight the village. It would be a different matter if a fog would sweep in from the sea.

You marvel how easily and quietly the dogs step along. They are gentle fellows. Just then we rise over an ice cake. Mug is entangled momentarily with his harness. Spoon is to blame and he grabs him viciously by the throat. Spoon is quick on the trigger and unceremoniously swallows Mug's ear. A couple of good clouts on the head forces Mug to loosen his grip. Spoon quits like a gentleman, when Mug of a sudden decides to grab a leg. In the meantime the sled has overturned and you find yourself dumped out on a hard chunk of ice. A couple of more smashes on the nose make Mug believe that fighting is a hazardous occupation. He is removed to the tough position of a wheel dog and made to work out his chagrin by hard labor. Dogs in the twinkling of an eye can become vicious malemutes.

Out of the haze in the distance near the open water we spy a couple of tents—Kashunakers, sealing. They are probably spotting us with glasses and no doubt will be at the village tomorrow for Mass. On we go. Soon a few black spots appear in the distance. As we draw closer there is movement on all sides. Igloos buried in snow pour out Eskimos by the dozens. Nothing but stove pipes are sticking out, but this tiny hill houses about 150 Eskimos. Every igloo is packed close together, and each has from 6 to 12 occupants. Even the church is buried in the snow. However, this is nothing extraordinary; it is in fact an igloo church.

If there was ever a lowly church it is certainly God's dwelling place at Kashunak. The structure itself is built like a *kazim*. The sides and ceiling are made of split logs, the bracing with huge logs, and all covered with sod. It is tight, practically airtight, and this is the reason why it sweats and is quite damp inside. With the breath of a hundred people inside gathering moisture on the cold walls and afterwards freezing, it represents pretty much of an ice box. A little fire causes this to thaw, and we have rain. Father Convert remarks that if he could keep a steady fire going all the time like they do in the native igloos the place might thaw out. As it stands he has barely enough wood to heat it for Mass and evening services. Keeping nice vestments

and altar cloths in a place like that is simply out of the question. He awaits the time when he can build above ground at a new location.

As a matter of fact the people intend to build a new village further back from the sea on higher ground. If all goes well this may take place this summer. If winds are favorable, drift wood will come in abundance along the coast. If they are not—well, just patient

planning until God is good. Patience is a virtue of necessity for priest and people here.

Most Eskimo homes are now built of logs. As years go by and they come more in contact with white men, the houses themselves are getting better. Not so for the Kashunakers. They are a hundred years and more behind the times. A white man other than a priest may not be seen in years. They are a simple and good people, but death often knocks at their lowly igloo door. It is a survival of the fittest.



Father Jules Convert with his fighter, "Mug".

Have you read
Father O'Connor's book
"Eskimo Parish"?
 We have a few copies left.
JESUIT MISSIONS

\$1.75

Harry W.
Ball
S.J.

No wood or paper
lie around this yard.



Jamaica Mustard Seed

THE HISTORY of the mission at Concord is the story of the mustard seed. About 1930 Father Ford chugged in here in his model T. He found one very old man who claimed to be a Catholic and one middle-aged woman, a renegade from the Church. The rest of the people, poor and uneducated, were nominal Wesleyans, Baptists or "Nonarians" (a Jamaican term for those who belong to no church). Father Ford said Mass at the home of the reconverted renegade; and the ancient man became catechist. Soon the little group of Catholics would not fit in the small home, so the people constructed a crude shed, of bamboo uprights, laced with strips of bamboo, and roofed with the leaves of the coconut palm. Mass was celebrated more regularly in this "Church," and new converts were added—family by family. Father Dolan succeeded to the pastorate, and among other things, gave a mission

for a week in Lent. This proved a great help and the mission continued growing.

When Father Harney arrived, succeeding Father Dolan, he had to build a larger church, this time of solid walls, wooden floor and zinc roof. Despite its whitewashed walls it was still a makeshift church, and soon the membership had outgrown it. When I first arrived here the new and adequate church was well along. Situated high up on the side of a steep hill it dominates the area—in fact gives to Concord a location! The building is large, airy and bright; well furnished with benches, stations, confessional, baptismal font, organ. Above the small sacristy are two rooms simply furnished where the priest has his quarters while staying here. Downstairs an addition of two more rooms has been added to serve as dining room, store room and meeting house. There is even a water supply in a couple of drums which store the rainfall from the roof, and they are connected to a shower!

An elderly mammy who lives at the bottom of the hill cooks my meals; and a couple of youngsters think it a great privilege to fix up father's room each morning. The present catechist, and by far the best

in the line following ancient Edwards who died a couple of years ago at the reputed age of 101, is Roman Onfroy, a farmer and district constable, the father of a fine group of children, two of whom are in the Catholic Convent School, Alpha, and one son is the chief altar boy. We have Mass here two Sundays each month, and several week-days. Nowadays the church is comfortably filled, and our influence is growing. I preached Concord's first Novena of Grace this year, and St. Francis continues to make converts.

Concord is not as busy as Linstead, but I still find more than enough to do. I hike about the hills visiting the sick, the negligent, the non-Catholics, investigating conditions, needs, bad living, reasons for non-attendance at Mass, etc. In less busy hours I work at my pet project of exterior decorating, digging in the side of the hill with pick and shovel, forming a banking which when finished will give a setting appropriate for the beautiful Church.

One of the most difficult problems in Jamaica is the un-Christian practice of living in concubinage. This is so common that even those who eventually intend to marry live together for years first, and usually can supply all the flower girls and ring bearers from their own progeny when the wedding does take place. Here in Concord the work of straightening out this condition has gone on very well and

about a year ago we finally had all the cases cleared up. Now, however, a new crop are coming along, the Church is still growing and the children are maturing—so I am asking you to pray very fervently that we may keep ahead of this vicious practice, and may keep our young pure in body, and develop in them a Christian attitude toward marriage.

Behind this moral problem is the debasing poverty of the majority. You could not begin to understand how poor they are from any narration of mine. Even after living among them for so long I am still surprised by some new manifestation of their poorness. Nothing goes to waste—the smallest stick of wood is cherished for the fire, bits of newspaper are coveted to line their walls. They keep their one-room homes and yard scrupulously clean, both to be neat and to use every possible speck of matter that might be there. At night we go to bed with the birds, to save on kerosene, used in wretched little tin things that we call lamps. My people go about all week in rags endlessly patched that they may keep a more respectable garment for Mass. The children manage to keep ahead of the patches so successfully that Father has a job to keep from laughing at the various exposures of dark skin. The very little ones quite often do not bother with anything at all. While this has its funny side, it is pitiful too. Yet in spite of their poverty, they are generous. The collection on a good Sunday is about \$1; but they supplement this with gifts of eggs, yams, vegetables, fruits, etc., and they take care of the Church and grounds gratis. You can't help loving a people of that kind!



The church gives to Concord a "location".



Father Edmund A. Walsh, S.J. (extreme right), Vice-President of Georgetown University, recently made a survey of the Japan missions in his capacity of Visitor for the Society of Jesus. Shown with him at Eiko Middle School, Yokosuka, are (l. to r.) Fathers Hans Hellweg, Rector; Gustave Voss, Principal, and Hugo LaSalle, Superior of the Mission.



MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

THE COMMUNIST PERSECUTION has given 82 new "Martyrs" to China in 1947, according to fully documented evidence which had reached the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide in Rome last spring. About 150 more priests, nuns and faithful are in prison and hundreds of other missionaries have been expelled from areas in which they had flourishing missions. The documentation reveals that the persecutions took place in Manchuria, Jehol, Mongolia, Shensi, Shansi, Hopeh, Shantung and Kiangsu provinces.

IN 1848 ELEVEN DAUGHTERS OF CHARITY of St. Vincent de Paul arrived in Macao from France to open an orphanage. In this their centennial year they number 427 of whom 287 are Chinese Sisters.

They conduct 18 hospitals, 28 dispensaries, 14 homes for the aged, 14 orphanages, 13 schools and visit 10 prisons. The eleven pioneers were the first Sisters of any community to go to the Chinese missions.

IN A LETTER ON CATHOLIC ACTION addressed to the Hierarchy of India His Holiness Pope Pius XII stated: "It is of great consequence that the faithful committed to your care should be in a position to make a worthwhile contribution to the future of your nation, by sharing with their brothers in blood that heritage of sound doctrine which as Catholics they possess and cherish."

Almost simultaneously the Latin Rite Bishops in the Malabar Province issued a sharp denunciation of Communism, warning their flocks that "eventually,

instead of redeeming its promises to the masses, it completely betrays their cause, sacrificing them mercilessly to the idol of the totalitarian state."

PRESIDENT ELPIDIO QUIRINO of the Philippine Republic is generally conceded to be a man of sincere Catholic convictions. Many of his utterances show his deep appreciation of Catholicism. Typical is his statement "that Catholicism has rendered an invaluable service to our people. It is a service we can never forget because its effects . . . stand in every town as imperishable monuments of the efficacy of the Cross and the might of God."

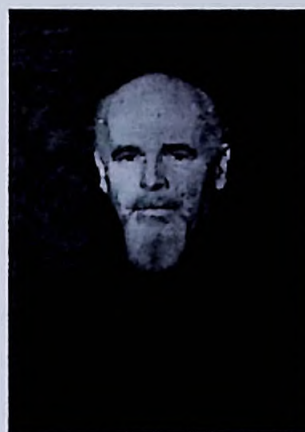
AT WADI HALFA ON THE EGYPTIAN-SUDANESE FRONTIER White Father Gordon Fournier, accompanying the American scientific expedition as chaplain, commissary and "mess officer," offered Mass for a Syrian Christian community of fifty. This tiny community retaining its Faith in the midst of a huge Moslem population had been without Mass for ten months. The schools conducted by the Fathers of Verona (Sons of the Sacred Heart) in this southwestern section of the Sudan enjoy the high esteem of all.

4,010,000 CATHOLICS IN A TOTAL POPULATION OF 14,000,000 is the record of the twenty-eight vicariates and prefectures apostolic of the Belgian Congo. In the Belgian Congo are 1,702 priests with 354 seminarians still in their studies.

Years from now this young Seminarian in Ceylon will boast that his teacher in Latin was no other than Bishop Ignatius T. Glennie, S.J.



Come, follow me



ONE of the loveliest shrines in all the Holy Land is the Benedictine Church of Our Lady's Dormition. It stands on the crest of Mount Zion, a stone's throw beyond the southern ramparts of Jerusalem's Walled City. It is a modern structure in stone, of Romanesque

design, massive yet graceful. Within, it is a happy combination of splendor and simplicity, reflecting her in whose honor it was built by the Catholics of Germany.

The ground on which it stands was a gift of Germany's last Kaiser to his Catholic subjects. It had been ceded to him by the Sultan of Turkey. But more important than the royal origins of the gift was its situation, hard by the site of the original Cenacle, the place of the Last Supper, the Mother Church of Christendom, where the disciples had "persevered in prayer with Mary, the Mother of Jesus," and where later the immaculate soul of the Mother of God took flight from this earth.

The singular name of the church is derived from the ancient Byzantine liturgy. For the Greek Church commemorates Mary's death with the Feast of Our Lady's Dormition, "the falling asleep" of Our Lady. This is not a conceit of oriental fancy. It is a graceful expression of doctrine, reminding us that Mary's death was not, like ours, the payment of a common debt, a consequence of original sin.

Her death was repose. It was not the awesome prelude to the grave's decay. Her "dormition" and descent into the tomb were the prelude to her glorious Assumption. With inspired and delicate artistry all this seems to be expressed in the recumbent figure of Mary enshrined in the crypt of the Dormition Church. Her figure and features are not death carved in stone. They are dynamic repose and tranquil strength ready for activation by the divine force that wrought her Assumption.

Body and soul, she was raised to reign as Queen of Heaven with her Son. As He ascended, so was she assumed. For God decreed that the full fruits of redemption should first be shared by her through whom our Redeemer came. "So I was established in Sion," says the Mass of her feast, "and in the Holy City I rested, and my power was in Jerusalem."

From the New Jerusalem may she protect the old, which so sorely needs her today!

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.I.

My PATNA Diary

(Mr. and Mrs. John J. Burke of Oak Park, Ill., flew to India last year for the ordination of their son, Edmund. Here are a few excerpts from the Patna section of Mrs. Burke's diary.)

Nov. 27th. Arrived in Patna at 5:45 a.m. We had to pick up our bedding in a hurry, jump off the train, and wash up at the Station. Arrived at St. Xavier's and were greeted by all the Fathers, Very Rev. Father Welfle, Fathers Loesch, Bohn, Foster, Lane, Gallagher, Westropp, Watrin—what a welcome by all! Was served breakfast in parlor after which Father Ed and Dad picked up a surrey and took me to the Convent where I was to stay. Greeted by Mother Ingrid and Sister Philomena. Rested a while, then went back to St. Xavier's. Visited Fathers; then rode to Medical Sisters' Hospital. Real missionary work is being carried on by these nuns who are caring for Indian people, little orphan boys, etc. You would just marvel at them. Then back to the Convent—for our first night in Patna.

Nov. 28th. Father Ed offered Mass at 6 30 a.m. at the Convent chapel. All the nuns were anxious to receive Fr. Ed's first blessing. Certainly to me it was an inspiring sight—our tow-headed Ed giving his priestly blessing to thirty wonderful nuns. Old ex-Mother Provincial and a couple of other nuns

said they were filled with emotion when for the first time they saw a newly ordained priest offer Communion to his mother and dad. Went with Mother Ingrid to see bridal gowns and wedding outfits for Mohammedan girl who attended the Convent. She is 19 years and the groom is 38 years. Such gorgeous gowns—50 gowns with everything to match. All pastel shades, all embroidered with gold thread; her jewels and her crown of gold must have cost a fortune.

Dec. 2nd. Left the Station about 12:30 p.m. for Our Lady Shrine at Mokameh. It was a lovely three hours' ride. What a host Father Batson is! He just cannot do enough for us. Father Philip is in charge here when Father Batson is away. Father Tom Downing is here also. Father Philip's boys—about 35 of them—had sports in our honor. We had dinner by lamplight, were entertained with songs and tricks by a boy, and then we were garlanded with big red roses. Then on to our rooms in the new convent.

Father Batson has prepared this great building for the nuns and it is to be their hospital. It was grand to be together for the first time with Father Ed under the same roof. Certainly Father Batson thinks of everything. I am sure he saw how we were separated at St. Xavier's because he sent a wire, had these rooms all furnished and fixed up a

The Sisters of Charity are welcomed to Patna by the Superior, Father Welfle, and Mr. and Mrs. Burke.



Reunion in
India. Father
Edmund P.
Burke, S.J.,
with mother
and father.

Mrs.
John
J. ◉
Burke



few hours before our arrival. Don't know if Father Ed realizes it but first time he has slept under roof with mom and dad for fourteen years, another great privilege for me to chalk down with my many others.

Dec. 13th. Sisters of Charity from Kentucky arrived at Mission at 4:00 this morning. Father Ed arose at 2:20 a.m. and offered Mass at 3:00 a.m. with dad serving for him. It was a grand sight to see Father Ed and dad at the altar together. Dad served as if he had been doing it every day. Eight priests and ourselves, with the boys of the mission who were carrying lanterns and horn pipes started for the station. The train arrived on time, the doors opened, and six scared looking nuns hopped out amid songs, fireworks, and music. And how glad they were to see an American lady to receive them!

After breakfast the Sisters walked up to the Shrine and around the grounds and Convent—their new home. They seem very happy and guess they would have been less afraid only for an unfortunate accident the Sisters from Bombay had on their train. A couple of thieves invaded their compartments after the train was started. Sister in the upper berth awakened and saw one thief going through her habit, the other crawling in the window. She threw her satchel at him, screamed, and pulled the chain; the other nun got after one and tried to scratch his eyes out. The train stopped—thank God the chain worked—and the thieves jumped out. The police came and the Sister told them the thieves were under the train. They were. It seems that the police had been trying to catch them for some time. These nuns from the States sure were on their toes. However, you can imagine what a reception that was for them . . . their first train ride in India!

Dec. 20th. Arose at 5:00 a.m. Did some last minute packing. Ed picked me up for the boat trip to Bettiah. The trip up the Ganges River was grand. Then we had to take a train. These trains are all packed. People hang on—beggars are everywhere at the station. Father Meyer had come to the Muzaffarpur station, but went back when he found the train would be late, so we made our own way to his parish church which is close to the station. We had a lovely dinner with Father in his mud hut which is covered with straw and canvas. It was the only place he could find to live. He is a grand man.

Christmas Eve. We all retired early. At 11:45 we all started for midnight Mass. The surprise Father Angelo had for us on our arrival was that Father Ed was to sing it. What an honor—his first Solemn High Mass in the parish church in Bettiah! Father Angelo, the Indian priest I used to write to when he was a scholastic at St. Mary's, and I believe, the

first native priest to be ordained in Patna, was Deacon. Surely my letters of friendship to him fourteen years ago paid dividends now—the privilege he gave Father Ed for us! Mr. Rice was sub-deacon. The women who came to church were beautifully dressed in their new *saris*—beautiful colors with silver and gold trim. With their babies dressed like glittering dolls in their arms, they looked like Madonnas, so erect, so graceful. They kneel right on the floor. How beautiful it all looked, the shining dresses of the women, the colored shawls and scarfs of the men, the church all alight, my own fair-haired Ed at the altar, and dad and myself seated with the nuns. Just wonder if there is another mother who has had so many privileges and blessings! On Christmas Eve, no matter where I am, I'll always go back to Bettiah in spirit.

Dec. 26th. This morning at nine Father Pettit came for us and drove us to Chuhari. (What a funny feeling it was standing there in the Mission which I helped a little to support. Nine years ago, when I started my Circle, who would have dreamed this would happen?) Father's people, men, women, children, and babies all came running. His people adore him and all who know him, his kindness, his fatherly smile, gather in. All had tea on Father's porch. The boys sang songs.—Then back to Bettiah.

Jan. 3rd. After Mass offered by Ed, we had breakfast and then rode over to St. Xavier's. Time is getting short for our stay in India. Just ten days from today we will be on the plane flying away from our Ed. I'm sure I won't be sad, pray God, for is there another mother on earth that has had the beauty, the grand privileges, and the blessings that Dad and I have had these past few months? One thing is certain; there is no horror in my mind of India. In my heart there is only great respect and wonder. These nuns and priests gave up their home, country, everything they hold dear, to come over here to teach Christianity to these simple people. Their many sacrifices and disappointments are written on their faces, but still they are happy; they smile and carry on. Certainly they are an inspiration and any parent, brother, sister, aunt, uncle who has anyone here should be proud and feel honored and thank God every day of their lives that they belong to a family who has one of these wonderful holy missionaries here or in any mission field in the world. If we in America could only remember these wonderful men after years pass; if you could only realize how sad it is to look at one of these Fathers here for 20 years with no contact with folks at home; it's heart-breaking to me. Dear God, never let that happen to our Ed!

(To be continued)

Ice Drop! Ice Drop!

“ICE drop! Ice drop!”
The cry of the ragged
vendor floats on the

John W. McCarron S.J.

dancing heat waves above the sticky asphalt of Rizal Street, San Pablo, Philippines. At simmering two o'clock it is a pleasant call to coolness. It also reminds me of a very unpleasant problem. As the bare feet pad across the steaming pavement, the cheerful lad is the unhappy symbol of the plight of thousands of Filipino boys.

Maybe the youngster is baptized. But he is as innocent of any knowledge of Our Lord, as his feet are of shoes. The same goes for his mother and father and sisters and brothers. Their frightening ignorance, the fruit of years of neglect, is our problem.

Our parish has about 30,000 souls. Three percent of these attend Mass. Less receive the Sacraments. Forty funerals each month, and no sick calls, spell out neglect in capital letters. The parish priest is capable and zealous. Mind you, these people have not fallen away from the Church—they scarcely ever come near it. What can one priest do for 30,000?

The Jesuits have started a high school. Let it flourish beyond our wildest dreams (and missionaries, being pioneers, are dreamers), and we shall accomplish not much more than a deeper realization of the problem. We have no Catholic schools—either parochial or high for girls. Private schools, run by laymen, are openly anti-Catholic, cheating youngsters of their birthright. Even this anti-Catholic belligerence is traceable to ignorance. Thousands of souls are lost each year—not indeed slipping through our fingers. No helping hand gets that close to them.

Statements are not solutions to problems. We need Priests and Sisters now, today. Fifty Sisters and five Priests would solve today's problem in San Pablo. Souls must be baptized—Souls must be fed with the daily Bread of the Altar. Christ

must step into the classroom, and the child must learn the glory of his birthright.

Turn our backs, and the new century will present us the same problem, complicated by neglect and demanding the importation, not of five, but of twenty Priests, and three hundred Sisters, not fifty. Action is needed now, for the present and future solution to our difficulty.

Importation of Priests from other parts of the Islands is impossible. There are no Priests to send from other parts of the Islands. San Pablo is a symptom of a national disease. The Philippine secular clergy is dying out. Figures show a downward trend in ordinations. Skip the reason. The fact remains. Present scarcity pleads for a present remedy. Future Priests will only be secured through Sisters' schools. These schools must be established now. And there are no Sisters to teach in them. Sisters must come from abroad.

We label it a San Pablo problem—a Philippine problem. But it can be called a Catholic problem for the whole life of the Church is effectively lessened because we are weak here. The Mystical Body of Christ is suffering in these parts because of a lack of Priests.

Priests and Sisters working hard in the Philippines are at times heroic in their efforts. They accomplish much. But no one believes we are fighting more than a holding action. There will be no victory without a generous supply of co-workers and that in the near future.

The Philippines have their freedom now. The building of a new nation has begun. But it must be built around Christ.

The cry of “Ice drop!” grows faint and merges with the noise of a passing truck. I am left with a vivid picture of an ailing church, assisted in its illness by its all too willing enemies. My earnest prayer is for hundreds of Priests and Sisters—now!

“Ice drop!” is the one thing in life which counts for him.





Orphanage boys with Father Linehan, Mission Superior; Father Alexander, Editor of JM, and the author.

A Steward in Ceylon

SUPPOSE you had 104 kids. Suppose, further, you were living in a very mild climate, like Miami or Palm Beach, where you didn't have to worry about providing heat or winter duds for your brood. And suppose, finally, that your kids had very plain tastes in the matters of food and clothing and recreation. Well, do you think you could fix them up for thirty dollars *a year*? All right, then, we'll raise the ante. Barring doctors' bills, could you keep your kids happy and healthy on \$300 a year, each? Let me tell you how I do it on eight cents a day, per head.

When I first got this job of running St. Sebastian's Orphanage here in Ceylon—a Jesuit has to be ready for *anything*, you know!—I sat down with a bundle of scratch paper and began to figure. What am I supposed to provide for these kids, and just what have I got to provide it with? Falling back on my Jesuit training, I delved into the *Summa Theologica*

of St. Thomas Aquinas, and came up with this: "Primum est vivere—the first thing is, to live." And the logical deduction from that is: to live you must eat. So, food.

Food in this part of the world is synonymous with rice. As often as they have had rice, they have eaten; if rice is absent from the board, they have not eaten. During the war years, rice had to be rationed, and other victuals had to be substituted for it, because Ceylon does not produce enough for its population, and has to import the stuff. These other victuals have now been with them for six or seven years, so that the younger generation has perforce acquired a slightly broader outlook on the subject than the elder. A school boy wrote in an essay in which he was describing a banquet: ". . . and there was rice, and rice, and rice: and curry, and curry, and curry!" The acme of gustatorial bliss!

Rice is still rationed; so we can give them only

one rice meal a day. And that will be at noon. In the evening, instead of rice and curry, they have bread and curry. Ever try that? Rich in carbohydrates. And the price of bread has jumped up eight Ceylon cents. In the morning they have to partake of a thing made of steamed flour called *roti*. It is washed down with sweetened black tea. And that's the menu. Milk? Eggs? Butter? Ha, ha, ha! Cake, ice-cream, fruit? Heh, heh, heh! Thirty dollars a year, remember! Shark liver oil has to supply the lack of these luxuries.

The catering arrangements are thus altogether simple and speedily disposed of. It seems criminal to consign little children of 8 to 12 to a diet like this; but it's all we can afford, and, bad as it is, it's better than what many children here are getting who have homes. If we had a farm, with cows and chickens and a truck garden, we could do better. But we haven't.

St. Thomas, as far as I know, doesn't offer any direct philosophical hints on the clothing problem. But after all, what clothes do these sun-kissed little beggars need? A couple of shirts, a couple of pairs of short pants, a sarong to sleep in. No shoes, no long-handled underwear, no suits, no overcoats, no neckties, and no (shhh!) handkerchiefs! And, while we're at it: no towels, no pillowcases, no sheets, no napkins. Abominably simple! Anybody who can't provide a bunch of little kids with such a sketchy wardrobe is a moron. Well, I look at the credit column, I look around at the sources of supply, and I discover: I am a moron! Why, there's no cloth to be had! Cloth is still tightly rationed in Ceylon; and even rationed stuff seems to have a hard time reaching Batticaloa. Then, once you get it, you have to hire a tailor to make the shirts and shorts. And wages are high. Just before my brain takes that final whirl, my calculations leap into perspective, and in an almost intuitive flash I see the answer: thirty dollars a year is not enough!

Well, never say die. There's plenty of war surplus *somewhere* in this little Island. The place was one huge military camp and naval base during the war. They surely could not have taken it all with them. As a matter of fact, we find that there are auction sales of war surplus goods practically every other week. However, these are not for us. So great is the shortage of all imported goods still in Ceylon, that there are always plenty of big traders at all these sales, with plenty of money,

John W. Lange S.J.

operating in rings. They corner everything, and resell it at terrific profits.

We haven't got a chance. By sheer persistence we do manage to pick up some old army pants and shirts. But they are pitifully insufficient. Some of the orphans must wear the same pants and shirt day and night for as long as six weeks on end!

But they've got to have some bedclothes. They sleep on the concrete floor, with only a thin straw mat under them, and nothing over them. And they are all coughing. So, we show our teeth, and we get some army blankets, which, cut into four, gives at least a scrap of covering to each little fellow and puts an end to the coughing. Why, the dormitory sounded like a T.B. ward!

And what about recreation? They have to have some sort of a ball; a couple of second-hand tennis balls will do, with a volley ball for the dozen bigger boys. It would do your heart good to see the fun they get out of an old tennis ball! We

haven't got enough room for a decent-sized playground, and we haven't got any playground equipment. But, thank God, that's not a big item of expense.

Seventy-five percent of these kids are Hindus.

They are Hindus when they come to this orphanage, and they are when they go away. We don't make Catholics out of any of them unless we have a guarantee that a boy will stay a Catholic. And that guarantee is hard to get. The Tamil people have the clan system, so that there's always some relation or other to look after an orphan. They may not be able to support the boy, but once he has grown up a little, they will step in and take over. And if these relations are Hindus, they don't pay much attention to the boy's being a Catholic. I heard it once, and once was enough, from a young man who had been in the orphanage as a boy, and is now an apostate: "Oh yes, I was baptized in the orphanage. What could I do? I had to please the Fathers!" I don't want any of that. They all go to Mass every morning, they say the Rosary, they have their group prayers. If the grace of God operating in their innocent little souls gives them the light and strength to adopt the Faith and stick to it, it will be a wonderful thing.

*"To feed the hungry;
to clothe the naked;
to shelter the homeless"*

APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

Mission Intention for July, 1948

A CHRISTIAN SOLUTION OF INDIA'S SOCIAL PROBLEMS

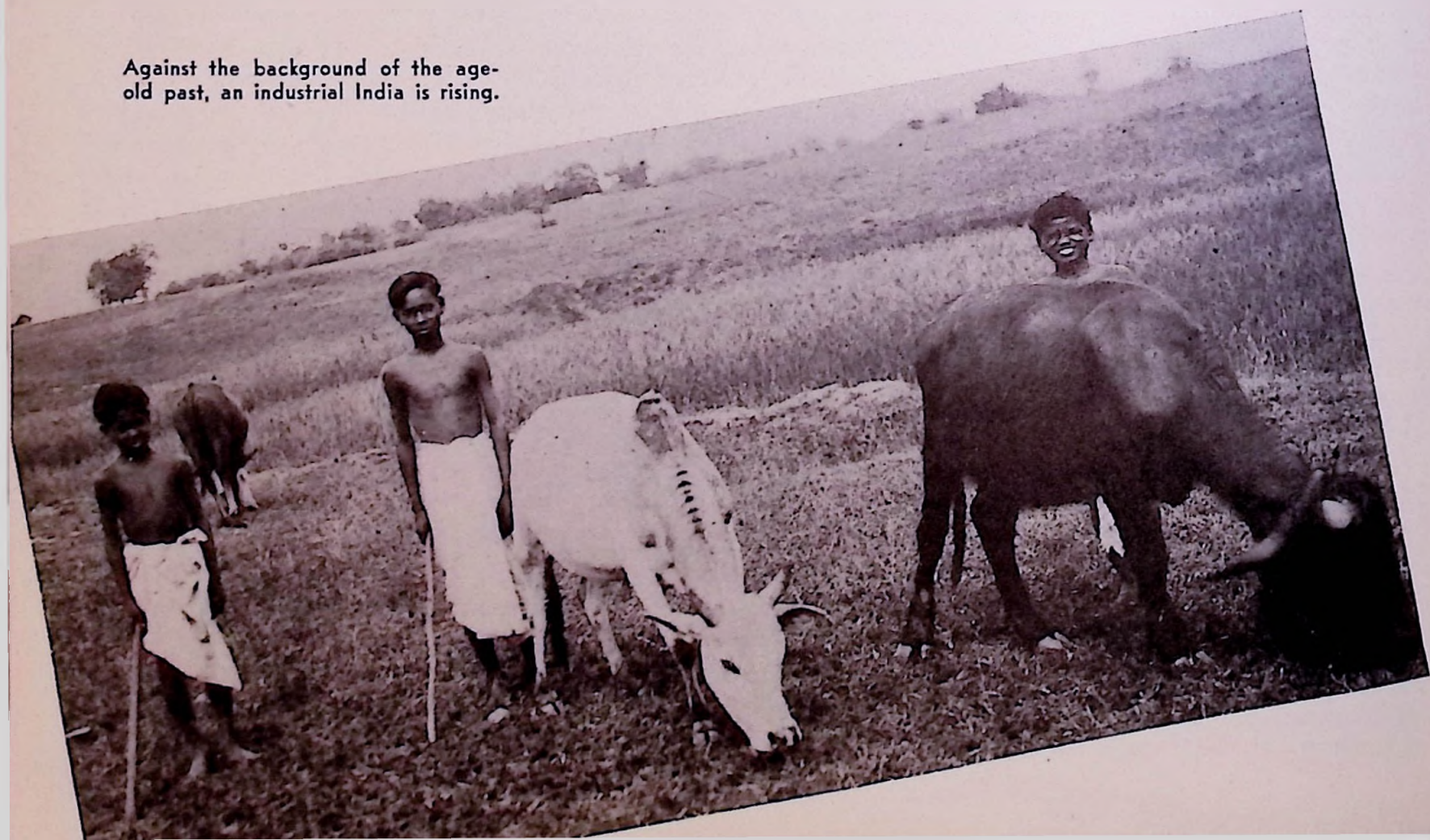
Until she had received her dominion status India for the most part had been an agricultural country. Of her more than 400,000,000 inhabitants less than 20,000,000 Indians live in the large cities. The remaining 380,000,000 are scattered through India's 700,000 small towns and rural villages. There they eke out an existence either as village artisans or more probably as farmers raising rice, tea, bananas or grain, or tilling India's pasture lands. Since India's large landed estates are in the hands of the wealthy few, the greater portion of her laboring class work in the fields at wages that are scarcely sufficient to ward off starvation. It is estimated that fifty percent of her men and twenty-seven percent of her women toil on Indian farms for low wages. Hence, their condition is no better than wage earning craftsmen of the lower brackets. This constitutes a problem filled with dangers.

With the dawn of independence the Dominions of India and Pakistan expect many radical changes. They envision a future India where industry will play no less important a role than agriculture. If

hopes are realized, the long neglected metal and iron works will be plied to greater utility; electrical plants will step up production and planned artificial irrigation will safeguard India from famine. A two-million-ton merchant fleet is also in India's plans for tomorrow.

Changes such as the ones mentioned are bound to introduce into India's two dominions a class of industrial workers, and with it many new social problems seeking solution. Besides these new problems India finds herself plagued by a very ancient one deeply imbedded in the lives of her people. It is caste system—a social problem, abetted in the name of the Hindu religion, that has kept some 80,000,000 "untouchables" bereft of human dignity. On April 29, 1947 the Indian Constituent Assembly outlawed "untouchability," but a 3,000-year-old caste system is not solved by pen and ink alone. Either India's social problems will be solved by the application of truly Christian principles or India's millions will in the near future become the prey of class warfare and godless communism.

Against the background of the age-old past, an industrial India is rising.





The hope of Japan lies in the priests who will bring Christ to the people.

Mission Intention for August, 1948

THE BISHOPS AND PRIESTS OF JAPAN

Statistics released by Fides Service in February 1948 reveal that there are in Japan only 164 Japanese priests and 414 foreign missionary priests. This means that in all there are only 578 Catholic priests serving one archdiocese, five dioceses, two vicariates and seven prefectures that form the mission of Japan—a territory embracing more than 78,600,000 souls of whom only 109,285 are members of the Catholic Faith. This number is far from sufficient for a mission that till now has experienced no mass conversions to Catholicism. Besides the priests devoted to the tedious task of instructing individual converts, others are needed to administer and staff the Catholic colleges, to lecture in the universities and to edit Catholic publications in the Japanese language. Hence the tremendous need of an ever increasing Catholic missionary personnel.

Since 1939 catechumens under instruction have increased five-fold, reaching an all time high of 10,788 for the year of 1947. In the near future this will demand before all else more and more Catholic elementary schools that their youth may grow to

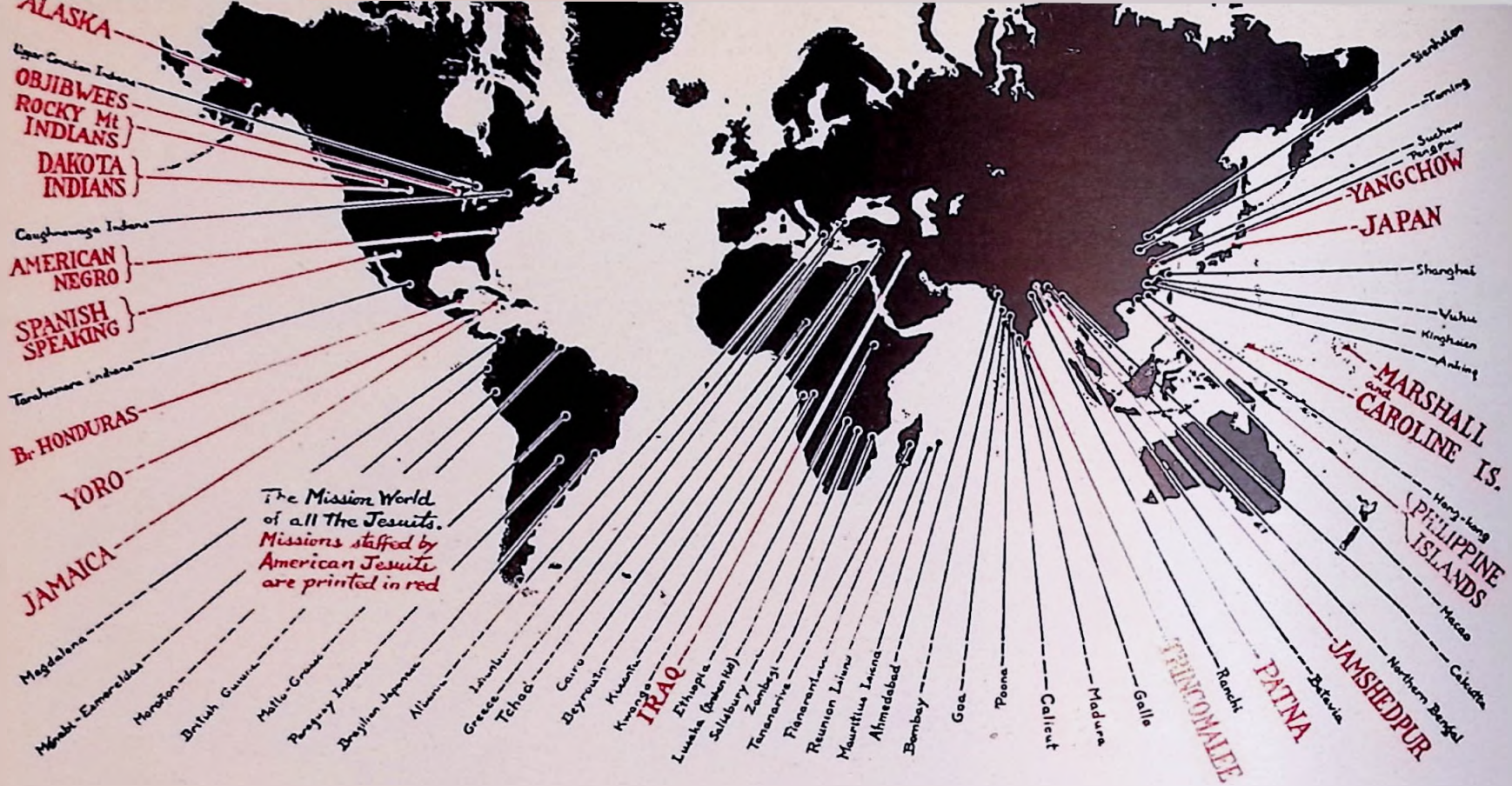
maturity in a truly Catholic atmosphere.

Native vocations to the priesthood must also be fostered if the roots of the Church in Japan are to grow deep. On December 22, 1947 three Japanese priests were ordained in the Major Regional Seminary of Tokyo by His Excellency Archbishop Peter Doi of Tokyo. These, however, were the first ordinations in Japan since the end of the war. But 164 Japanese priests are far too small a native clergy for the vast apostolate in Japan.

During August this year Our Holy Father bids the Catholic world pray that the number of priests in the Japanese mission increase proportionately with the hope of converts—a hope that is greater today than during any other era in Japanese history.

By a privilege, unique in Catholic mission history, all the fifteen ecclesiastical territories of Japan have been entrusted to Japanese Bishops or Japanese Apostolic Administrators. Let us pray that this Japanese hierarchy will measure up to the high trust of the Holy See in the native clergy of Japan.

Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

Father Francis Loesch, S.J., supervises construction of Patna Women's College, to be run by Sisters of the Apostolic Carmel.



Maria Dhanwatia

FROM Father Bertram Ernst of Piru, India, comes the story of Maria Dhanwatia. She arrived at the mission one evening recently, fresh and cheerful in spite of a sixteen mile trip on foot from her village.

"But how," Father asked, "did you get across the river?" It is a big river, swollen with the rains.

"Oh, I swam," she said matter-of-factly. Maria is a grandmother, and swimming any swollen river in India is an Olympic accomplishment.

Maria is the first lady of her native Chamar village; when she decided to become a Catholic almost the whole village followed her. And when Father Ernst visits these Chamars, the whole village—even the pagans—turns out 100% for night prayers and morning Mass. No one is big enough to refuse to obey Maria's orders.

She has tremendous charm; her voice is as clear and fresh as a young girl; in fact, when you hear her voice you are surprised to find her above middle age. She's straightforward and frank, and very intelligent. Says Father Ernst, she has her faults but she's wonderful in trying to overcome them. After her 16 mile hike she knelt upright through the long night prayers, helped prepare the food and was the last to bed, and the first at Mass in the morning.

Maria is a fine example of those who appreciate the treasures of their Catholic faith.

God grant us more Catholics in the whole world like Maria Dhanwatia, the new convert of Piru in India!

Games

“**I**N THE afternoon we had Catechism,” Father John Murphy writes from Olanchito, Honduras, “but very few children came. Finally I found them. They were playing a game called *Pinata*. An earthen pot is filled with candy and hung by a rope over the limb of a tree. The children in turn are blindfolded and given a short pole. As they swing the pole to break the pot, the leader quickly pulls it out of danger; and as a blind swing comes close to the pot, the children break out in wild shouts of encouragement. Someone is always lucky enough to hit the pot and break it; and then there is a mad scramble for the candy. Fifty children were playing the game. It made me see very clearly that if I’m to teach them catechism, I’ve got to get some medals, holy cards, chains and such like, and set up a rival game. You have to bait the hook to get fish—if anyone has any bait he’s not using, I’d sure be glad to get it.”

Mission Hardship—and Joy

NOT ALL the hardship is on the foreign mission field. Father Egan Mallman from Heart Butte, Montana, the Blackfoot Indian Reservation writes, “My territory covers 1500 sq. miles, and I have about 1500 Catholic Indians and four whites. I say Mass at Heart Butte one Sunday, Holy Family the second, Little Badger the third, and Old Agency the fourth. But the schedule is upset in winter: last year I was snowed in 50 days, but had better luck this year. I have no schools but teach Catechism in 11 county schools once a week, and we have a vacation school financed by the Marquette League.

“I live in an extension to the old church. When I first arrived I had to shovel snow out of the house all winter. The second year the temperature got to 54 below zero, and the chalice froze to my lips in the morning; but I have some insulation now. Of course our places are old, and require unending repairs, which I have to do myself for there is just never enough money to hire labor. But the people are good, God bless them; and are honestly glad to have a priest.”

In late June at Heart Butte Father Mallman’s cup of joy overflowed as Father John Brown, Algonquin, Jesuit, Priest of Jesus Christ, said his first Mass.

News

Father Bailey on Yap (remember, “Typhoon on Yap”) now uses the lower part of his school for Mass. Three typhoons destroyed his church. He also says Mass at the leper colony every week for 22 lepers. . . . Father Paulino Cantero the first Ponapean priest is now teaching English to his island people. . . .

Father Fritz Braun, the first German missionary to leave Germany since the war, sailed from San Francisco for Japan. “America is so big, and so nice to everybody,” he said, “I will never forget it.” . . . Over at Baghdad, the Fathers imported a Wayne bus body for their Ford truck. It arrived all right—in 800 pieces! Brother Parnoff is having the time of his life with an electric drill and an assortment of wrenches putting it to-



Fathers Thomas B. Mulvehill and Thomas J. Kelly of Baghdad College fly to Beirut to prepare the students' yearbook, “El Iraqi”.

The best moment in a month. The mail has come in for Father Raymond Mullen, Superior of St. Xavier's, Jaipur, India.



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

gether. If he's successful, there's still one more to go! . . . *Father Sheehan* of Baghdad, temporarily back in the States saw his first ball game in 10 years; Ted Williams obligingly hit a homer for him. . . . *Mr. Peter Beach* of Ceylon has gone on to India for his theology; before his departure the students at St. Michael's put on a party for him that dwarfed anything in the memory of the oldest citizen.

Father Pettit and his horse Millie Waukee have moved from Chainpatia to Chakni in India. Millie is doing fine; but Father has four Sisters, a boys' orphanage and school, and a girls' orphanage and school, his church and assorted help to feed; 'taint funny, McGee, he says. . . . *Father Peter Baltussen* out at Big Sandy, Montana, and the Lutheran minister travel around together to teach Sunday school; it wears out only one car at a time, and costs less. . . . Over in China *Father Gatz* found a pitiable little waif and brought him to the Sisters hospital. "He's a darling," Father told the Sisters. However, before the baby died the Sisters baptized it. Name: Theresa. . . .

This is the month of departures for the missions; and the time for the many on the missions in studies and language schools to "go to work." Not enough people pray for the missionaries, for strength, for the holiness they need in their work, for grace not to be homesick, for the physical ability to keep working on half-rations. Say a real special prayer these days for the hundreds of new missionaries from all over the world who are going to work this year in God's far distant vineyards.

Father John C. Ruoff holds the tail of an 8-foot tiger that will no longer bother him as he covers the missions along the Belize River of British Honduras. The tiger was hunted down at the mission station of Buri Boom.



WANTED

Jamshedpur:

Jamshedpur, India, the new mission of the Maryland province, needs practically every item you can think of for the establishment of a school, a rectory and a Church. Chairs and desks, pots and pans, candlesticks, etc. must be bought. There is, however, one explicit need—a complete set of vestments for solemn Mass. This includes the chasuble, the dalmatic, the cope and the veil. An unlined set of moire material can be purchased for \$150.00. Would you be willing to send a contribution to pay for part of the set?

. . .

Altar Wine:

When you see the Altar boy offer the priest the cruet of wine it is a very small amount. When the same amount is given each day to nearly one hundred priests, it is no longer small but a considerable amount. One Mission Procurator now has a bill of \$400.00 to pay for Altar Wine. True, it will last his missionaries for a considerable time but he does need immediate money for its payment. Can you help?

. . .

Machine:

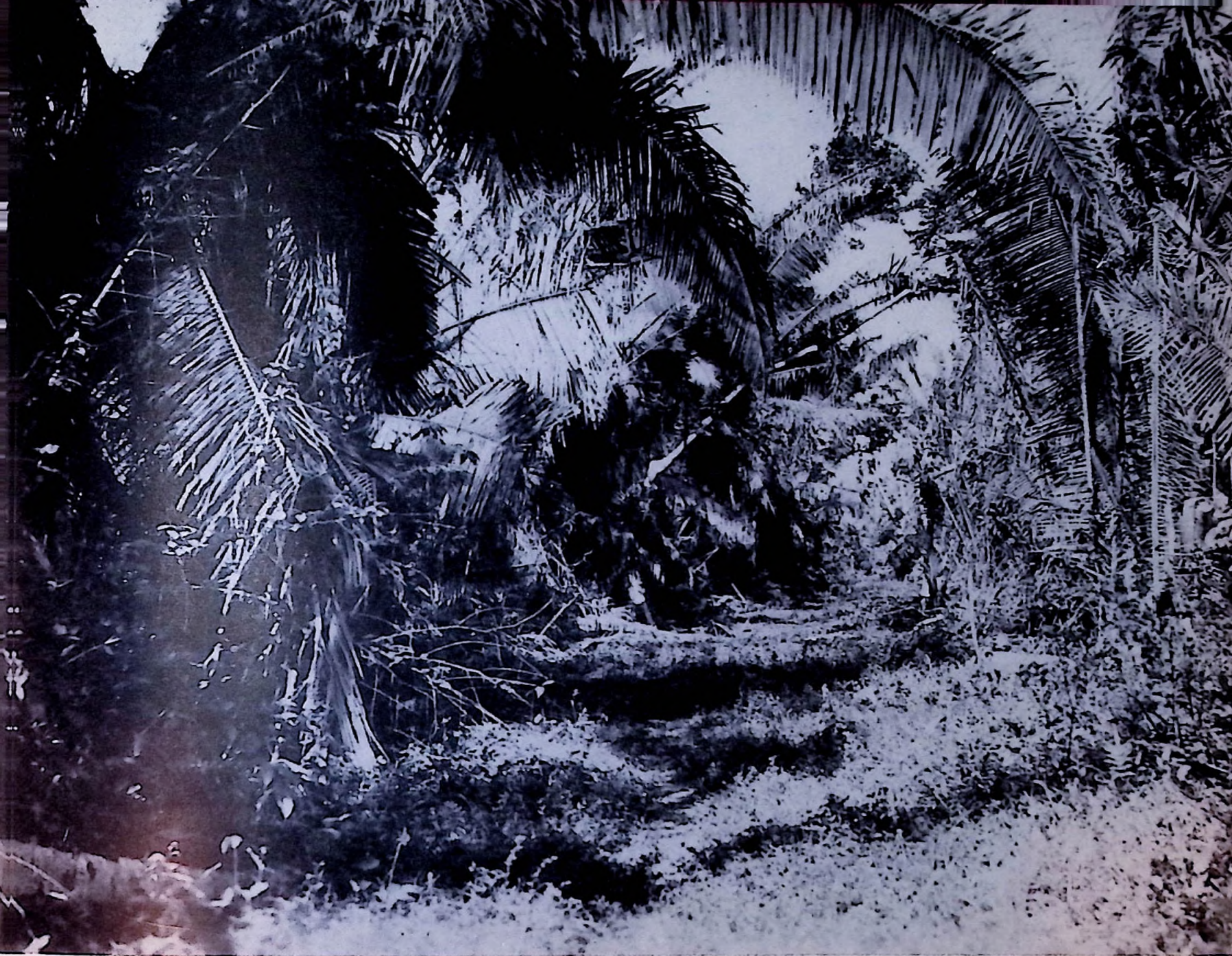
Father Joseph Reith, veteran missionary of Mindanao, has been changed to Malaybalay, Bukidnon in the Philippines. In each of his previous parishes he organized a splendid library, a dispensary and he also made tremendous improvements in the Church and school. For his office at the rectory, Father needs a new machine. The cost is approximately \$50.00.

. . .

New High School:

Very Reverend Leo A. Cullum, Superior of the Philippine Missions, has announced the opening of a new high school at Davao. Father Theodore Daigler is in charge of the new school. The readers of JESUIT MISSIONS would help greatly by sending books for the library. Please send these books directly to the Philippine Mission Bureau, 51 East 83rd Street, N. Y. 28.

For the Faculty we would like to secure subscriptions to philosophical and theological magazines. If you can send a dollar or more to JESUIT MISSIONS for the new library, you will help solve Father Daigler's problem.



“The Lost Treasure”

Clement A. Andlauer S.J.

THIS is a story that the Keckchi Indians of British Honduras tell, and most of it is true. Perhaps it is all true, because strange things do happen back in the jungle, but truth stiffly laced with imagination is more heady.

Lu Ul's name in English would be Peter Rubber, and neither of these two names is uncommon among the Keckchi. But Lu was an uncommon man on at least two counts. First of all, Lu was considerably more ambitious than the average Keckchi Indian. Where the crystalline waters of the ancient Moho soothingly purl as they patiently pour from the throat of a range of high hills Lu adopted a spot of jungle as his own. In the shadow of the six hundred foot cliff of towering limestone formation Lu

attacked the virgin jungle with axe and machete and won a home and fertile land for his plantation. With great effort he cleared a pasture and established several head of cattle. The domestic sounds of his chickens and pigs banished loneliness. Orchards of bananas and oranges replaced the matted trees and vines of centuries, and his fields of corn and sugar-cane smiled at him as though they knew that their defense against the smothering embrace of the jungle was in his hands. As we would say, Lu had got hold of a good thing.

But, unfortunately, Lu was also that very uncommon thing among the Keckchi; a miser. Lu did not save money; he hoarded it. No money would he spend even for many necessities. When the Father,

passing from one village to another would pause for a rest at Lu's house, Lu's wife and two daughters would usually have to hide in the bush because they literally had no clothes. Along with them would go Lu, if he had sufficient warning, because the Father's reproaches hit their mark.

So the years went on while Lu increased his hoard and buried it in the dirt floor of his house. But the time came when Lu's health began to fail, and one day he felt that his end was near. So he ordered his wife, two daughters and son to go and work in the corn fields and not to return until evening, and he watched them closely as they left.

Now Lu's wife had the natural cunning of simple

den and quickly made his way back into the stern, lonely hills.

His wife and daughter, hovering like ghosts, saw him conceal the treasure in a small cave among the weird rocks. Again he incensed the money and the cave. Again he uttered his curses on whomever might try to disturb his wealth. Then dragging himself back to his hammock he died a few days later.

Lu's wife knew the value of money. Not foolishly would she spend her husband's fortune. Neither would she bring it back and bury it in the house lest someone might rob her when she was working in the fields. Lu had found a good hiding place, and she left the money there. None but the elder daughter knew of the cave, and she was sworn to secrecy. Twice in the next few months Lu's wife visited the cave for the small sums of money needed to buy clothes and other articles. But on her third visit Lu's curse began to work.

As she approached the mouth of the cave, a huge snake raised its head and glared at her with hate in its cold eyes. They were the eyes of Lu! Attack the snake she did not dare, and though she waited for hours, the snake showed no indication of leaving. The next day and the day after

it was the same. It was now certain that the snake was really Lu, come back to guard his treasure, and the woman who faced Lu tremblingly during his life was not the one to defy him in his new role. She was very upset, and a few weeks later fever carried her away without a struggle.

The elder daughter was now married, and her practical husband loaded his gun and set out to bring home the treasure. But though the girl was sure of the location of the cave, a search of many days failed to reveal it. Lu's magic was too strong for them. In a few months Indians from miles around had looked in vain for Lu's cave. Many caves were found, but never again did man look upon Lu's wealth. Today, somewhere in those high, rugged, watching hills the treasure of Lu Ul still lies buried and guarded by his spirit.

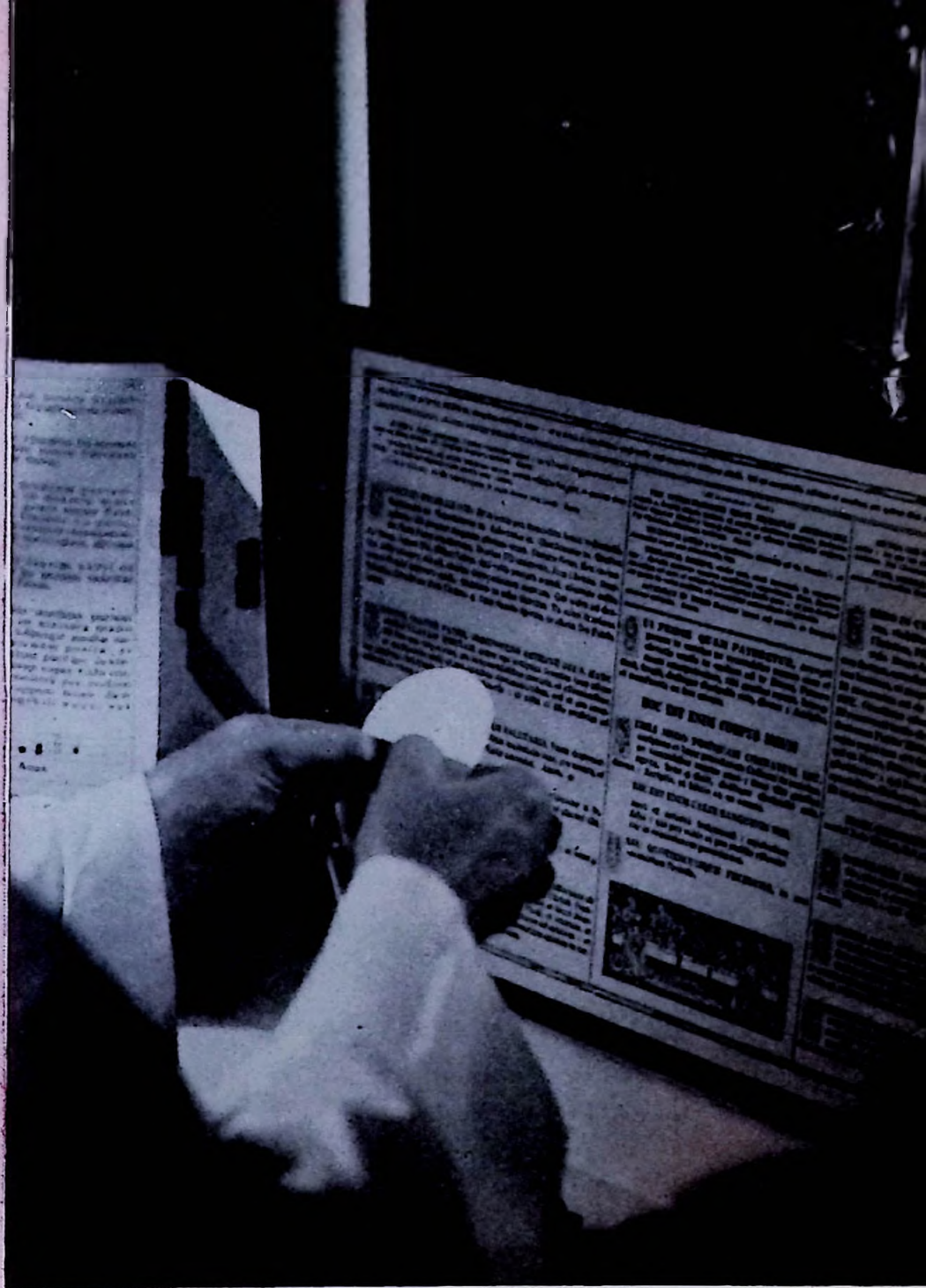


Lu Ul's hut did not differ from this.

people. She had watched her husband's brooding of late, and she was ready with a plan. Telling the younger daughter and son to go to the corn fields and to work fast that the work of four people might be done, she and her older daughter crept back to watch what would happen at home. This is what they saw.

Lu crawled from his hammock, heaped burning coals in a clay pot and dropped some lumps of copal incense on the embers. Then, swinging the censer from a cord, he incensed the house in all its corners and uttered some incantation during the ritual. He lit two home-made candles, placed them at each end of the house, and from different parts of the floor he dug up his accumulated wealth. The treasure was placed in containers and incensed, and then, still carrying the censer, Lu took his precious bur-

Consecrated Hands



Such hands are needed on the Missions. They must be Chinese hands, Filipino hands and Indian hands; hands that know the scorching heat of desert sands, or the touch of the warm south seas.

If the support of seminarians is a problem here in the United States, it is more than doubly so on the Missions. Yet seminaries are the principal work of the Missions. *"The ordination of one native priest is more important for the establishment of the Church than the Baptism of 50,000 pagans."* Pope Innocent XI.

Will you help to consecrate two more native hands? There are seminarians in China, India and the Philippines who need assistance badly. \$1.00 a day will support one.



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

Dear Father:

Please accept my donation of \$..... for the support of a native seminarian attached to one of your Missions.

Name

Address

City Zone State

THOSE TERRIBLE TEENS

Rev. Vincent P. McCorry S.J.



For this amusing and thought-provoking book write to JESUIT MISSIONS. The price is \$2.25.

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 typewriter will stamp your addresses in them at typewriting speed. Send for booklet, "Story of a Father and Son or Unscrewing the Inscrutable."

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

COMMUNICATIONS

Dear Father:

P.C.

You know the value of a prize for a catechism class. When the youngsters at Truk have done well in class I promise them a reward with the famous expression "wait 'til my ship comes in." Things were getting to the point that I thought at the end of each class I would be greeted with the chorus "wait 'til my ship comes in." Well, it did come in. Some wonderful packages arrived from the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. There were several sets of stations, harmonicas, rubber balls, jig saw puzzles, magazines, soap, tobacco, books and religious articles.

Do thank your readers for these packages. All of the things were put to good use—the distribution of harmonicas is not an unmixed blessing.

Appreciating the interest of your readers in the mission of Truk and with my prayers for them, I am,

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
(Rev.) EDWIN G. MCMANUS, S.J.
c/o U.S. Civil Admin. Unit
Truk, Caroline Islands,
Navy 3410, F.P.O.
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Father:

P.C.

A missionary learns the following lesson very quickly. Without help from the States, his work will soon come to a standstill. The lively interest of your readers is keeping the Church constantly growing here on this tropical island in the Caribbean.

Any delay in writing to thank your readers is due to the unbelievable amount of work entailed in the daily routine of running our eight main missions and countless smaller centers.

We would really like to give you a detailed account of each of these mission centers but we will limit this letter to an event or two of the past few days. On Sunday, both of us said two Masses, traveling an average of 120 miles

(with gas 54¢ a gallon) over the infamous "Devil's Racecourse." At 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, Bishop Myers confirmed 67. Hundreds of parishioners crowded our very inadequate Church. The incident made a great impression on all of the people of the town. On Tuesday we had a Penny Sale, the first ever to be held in these parts. Everything really ran very smoothly and the people were very proud of the results.

Promising your readers a constant place in our Masses and also assuring them of the gratitude of our people, we are,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
REV. HARRY W. BALL, S.J.
REV. NEIL H. DONAHUE, S.J.
St. Helen's Missions
Linstead, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Dear Father:

It is almost three years since a friend of mine told me a very impressive story about one of your missionaries. I gave her a donation to send to you. In a few days your letter of thanks came. Your sentiments of gratitude and assurances of prayers pleased me immensely. In your letter you said you would send me JESUIT MISSIONS.

I am sure that neither my friend nor myself ever suspected what blessings would come to me because of that donation. I read and at times reread some of the articles and found myself praying to God to protect the priests and to help me to do something for them. It was only a question of time before I began asking questions about the Catholic Church and finally I asked for instructions. I think you should know what a part your letter and the reading of JESUIT MISSIONS had in my conversion.

I want to thank you and the good Fathers for their prayers and to ask you now to pray that my husband may receive the same grace. If you publish this letter I would prefer that you would not use my name.

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.

Pacific Islands and Philippines

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

This is Jamaica



There are 76 Jesuits from New England here. They are trying to support 52 schools, a college, an orphanage, a hospital and a leper colony. They are responsible for numerous credit unions, co-operatives and a successful housing project.

In brief, all too briefly put in fact, this is what New England Jesuits are doing in Jamaica. How long they will be able to continue depends on the folks back home.

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

Dear Father:

*Please accept my offering of \$.....
to assist the Jesuits laboring in Jamaica.*

Name

Address

City Zone State

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.

*There are miles
and miles of
country like this!*



How does one missionary cover it all? He does, but not the way he would like to. He is committed to preaching Christ over very large areas, most often alone. He does the next best thing. He has catechists to help him. Logically enough even catechists need support.

Will you help a missionary support a catechist? They can manage on \$1.00 a day. A small donation will make you a Christ-bearer together with the missionary and his catechists.

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

Dear Father:

*Please accept my donation of \$..... for
the support of a catechist working with some needy
missionary.*

Name

Address