

November 1948

Authors



Father Joseph
D. Wade S.J.

Father Wade, one of the few Jesuits from Oklahoma City, has been a "bush" missionary for almost fifteen years. It is a hard, lonely, physically exhausting life. See what you think of his story of Yoro. Notice the respect he has for his people.



Father Joseph
I. Gatz S.J.

Father Joseph Gatz, though he was born in the Mid-West and went to school at St. Mary's, Kansas, moved to Los Angeles and joined the California Province of the Jesuits. From there he went to China and today a rugged missionary in a difficult post.



Father Robert
E. Wilkinson
S.J.

Don't get a false impression about Father Wilkinson. Neither camera nor pen does him justice. He is one of the missionaries in the article on India (pp. 5-6), one of those men to whom and for whom things happen. It's a sign of a great missionary.

Many years of toil and
many thousand dollars
built this fine mission.
And then one night—
(See inside back cover)

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COVER. When Father James Kearney S.J., veteran China missionary, saw this photograph, he remarked, "That's so real. A wonderful picture! I've walked that street many times. That's Father James Thornton of Ireland and Father Philip Oliger of New Jersey. In the background is the Yangchow church." Frederick Foley S.J., of Yonkers, N. Y., took the photograph.

JESUIT MISSIONS is the publication which represents all the American Jesuit missionaries in the world. For these 858 American Jesuits in Alaska, China, Japan, Philippine Islands, Marshall and Caroline Islands, Ceylon, India, Iraq, Jamaica, British Honduras, Republic of Honduras, Dominican Republic, Indian reservations, Negro parishes throughout the United States, and Spanish-speaking peoples in the Southwest, this magazine is their voice. It is also the record of their sacrifices for the Kingdom of God. For you, it is a window on a vast mission world. Pass it along.



THIS IS THE BLACK-BEARDED GOOD THIEF WHO BROUGHT HIS WHOLE FAMILY INTO THE CHURCH

ALL KINDS ENTER

All kinds of people enter the Catholic Church. It was designed by God especially so that everybody could enter it. Normally, conversion requires the labor of years by missionaries before people present themselves. Occasionally, out of the blue, the great grace of faith is accepted. Several such accounts came to us from different missions about the same time. They are combined in the first two articles. Let's all keep praying! "The fields are white..."

This is the story of three conversions in China. How do they make conversions on the missions, people often ask. The answer is that the Spirit breathes where He wills, and how He wills. Normally conversions come from the day to day labor of the missionary, the year to year devotion and example and spirituality of the mission's priests and brothers and nuns. But often enough conversions are bewildering. . . .

Mr. T. I. King, who took the name Albert in Baptism, is an outstanding political scientist in Shanghai. Graduate of the University of Michigan, the graduate school of Harvard, and of the London school of economics, professor at the Great China University in Shanghai, Mr. King was led into the Catholic church by—of all things—his 8 year old son.

in China



These snapshots were taken in Shanghai immediately after the baptism of all these good people. Above is a family who became Christians together. Below is part of another family, all just baptized. Reports show one hundred thousand adult conversions a year in China.

"I had always believed only in scientific progress," Mr. King told Father Joseph Gatz who baptized him. "China needed science above all, not religion. I was in fact anti-religious, wishing complete freedom of belief on all questions. My small son brought me to truth western education had not been able to teach me."

Albert Jr. had been sent to the Marist Brothers school; and while under instructions to become a Catholic, regularly said his prayers morning and evening. One evening in June the King family was returning home, and as they passed the Church of Christ the King in Shanghai, Albert Jr. suggested a visit to the church to thank God for His favors. The Church was closed, but Father Gatz was walking in the garden, saw them, and opened the doors.

It was quiet inside, cool, peaceful. The little sanctuary light bounced in happiness in front of the tabernacle. And the Kings knelt and prayed. Six months after their visit, Mr. and Mrs. King and their five year old son were baptized.

"We saw the goodness Catholicity put into little Albert's life," Mr. King said, "and then we learned how wonderful Catholic teachings are. Confession taught us to examine our conduct, and gave us a firm purpose to amend our lives; Holy Communion brought us so near Our Lord that we could trust ourselves to Him without worry. In this age of disorder and disbelief, Catholicity is the only faith that seems to assure the salvation of our soul. But we really started to believe because of the wonderful things we saw from Catholicity in little Albert."

How the Holy Ghost ever got inside the notorious guerilla band of the "Black-bearded Chief" is one of His own secrets. When children were naughty in Kaoyu their parents used to say, "The Black-bearded Chief will come and take you away!" and right away the children were good.

And yet in the village the old grey beards would say, "He's not bad, nor is he unjust; he is not cruel." But when the farmers heard that the Black-bearded Chief was in the vicinity, they rushed to the thick-walled towns and left their farms to his mercy.

With the Japanese occupation, guerilla bands formed all through north China, and the Black-bearded Chief with his fifty followers made up one such band. They were poorly armed, and had to steal their ammunition from the Japanese emplacements; led by their own towering captain they terrorized the Japanese throughout the whole district. The farmers were expected to keep the band in food; they were fighting for China; and the word of the Black-bearded Chief was the only Chinese law in the territory.

After the war, they received no bonus, no back salary, no honors or decorations even; disgruntled, many of the bands went over to the Communists. But the Black-bearded Chief had been a farmer; quietly he went back to farming. His cousin was a Catholic, and quite unexpectedly he informed the cousin that he wanted to become a Catholic. It might have taken years except for the events that followed almost immediately.

One night a band of Communist soldiers swooped down on the village, and nailed a note to his door. "Collect your band and report immediately to Communist headquarters." Obey or be killed, was the Communist law and the Black-bearded Chief knew it. He did a third thing; in the middle of the next

night he fled and headed toward the Catholic mission compound.

He was baptized Francis, and now attends Mass, rosary and night prayers daily. He works in the mission compound, quietly, efficiently, with a heroic obedience. Just before Christmas he returned to his village for his wife and children; the weather had turned bitterly cold, and the Communists were prowling over the whole countryside.

"But I took them all, even the baby," he told Father Morgan Curran, "to give an example to the others, and let them see that we should be ready to endure some hardships to receive the Grace of God."

He had only one desire in baptism, to have one name-day for himself and the following one for his wife. And so October 4th for St. Francis and October 3rd for St. Therese were chosen for baptism.

Father Curran writes about him, "Maybe the Church will have to add a Chinese Francis, the martyr, to her calendar; for if he's ever questioned by the Communists, he'll look them in the eye and say outright, 'Of course I am a Catholic!'"

In China only one out of every 1300 is a Catholic, and conversions don't really come easy; but one day recently Our Lord and the missionaries got 18 totally unexpected converts.

Ssu Feng Chi has a little private school in Ni Chia Kou. One day he wrote telling the Fathers that he had 18 children ready for Baptism. The news was so unheard of that the Fathers waited for some special request to follow the first letter; but none came. Father deGeloos quickly got out his bike and pedaled to Ni Chia Kou.

"First, the children will have to be instructed in the catechism," he said.

"But I've instructed them daily, Father," said Feng Chi.

It was true; they knew their catechism; they knew all their prayers by heart. The following morning there were 18 Baptisms, and first Holy Communions.

Ssu Feng Chi is 28 years old and was baptized ten years ago; with all the zeal of a new convert he is piling up one victory after another; 13 of his own friends were baptized last Christmas, 28 more during the summer. "And," he says, "I'll have lots more this Christmas!"

Nobody on earth understands the Holy Ghost. The Spirit still breathes where He wills. It is grand that it's that way. "Because," as Father Curran says, "people back in Chicago, in Davenport, Seattle, Boston, or New Orleans can win converts for the missions. We'll be there to baptize them, but the conversions will come from the States—from the people who pray, every day, for the spread of Christ's Kingdom on Earth."

THE END

THE DOOR

"I received from a group of novices in the U.S. 5,800 Masses, and half as many Communions, beads, and Stations of the Cross, 4,000 hours of labor, 11,000 mortifications, and 50,000 aspirations," wrote Father James Creane, beloved and veteran missionary of Patna, India. "What became of them? What good did they do?"

The day Father wrote the letter a Hindu was brought into the mission compound suffering from cholera. Father made arrangements for him to go to the hospital in town, and while they waited they talked about Christ.

"Father," said the Hindu, "make me a follower of Christ, I want to go to Him when I die."

When the ambulance came, it carried off a Christian.

One day Father was vesting for Mass when a woman convert came running to say that her husband was very sick. He took off his vestments, told the congregation to say a rosary for Benjamin, and cycled straight to his house. Penance was followed by Extreme Unction, and Father returned to his Mass; before the Mass was over Benjamin was dead.

Another time he was passing through a village and was hailed and asked to visit a pagan woman dying of consumption.

"Make me a Christian. Make me a Christian," she said over and over when she saw him. "Make my daughter a Christian."

"If I hadn't passed that way right then. . . ." Father Creane wrote, "but Who made me do it?"

Often enough it is uncanny how souls enter the church, or how Christ waits for a priest to arrive before calling them. Two of the weirdest happened to Father Robert Wilkinson of Cleveland, now stationed at Bihar-Shareef of the Patna mission. Father John Barrett wrote the story for us.

Cleveland's Father Wilkinson is big, red-faced, hewn with master strokes out of pure Ohio granite.

At Bihar-Shareef things have not always gone well; there is a group of Brahmins, called Bobbins, who pretty well own the country-side and terrorize the lesser castes into working for them. They never come into the open to threaten the missionary; but the Indian who shows interest in Catholicity is liable

is Open in India



to be found next day lying in the road and well beaten up.

It was a burning hot day just before the rains; Father Wilkinson was cycling home from one of his missions, and stopped for a minute alongside the swirling Ganges. Passerbys stopped to stare at the sweat-soaked Padre Sahib with the towseled red hair and rugged red face. Father had just peeled an orange when an old man stepped out of the crowd to face him. He was a Bobbin.

He stared until the last slice of orange was eaten; the priest stared grimly back at him, and when nothing else happened jumped on his bicycle and started off. They went five miles, and the heat forced them to stop again. Father Wilkinson took out his last orange, and out of the bushes appeared the same old, evil looking Bobbin. He walked up until he stood in front of the priest.

"Padre Sahib, I offer you some *rasa goolas*. Do you take?"

The shock was great; it was the first time a Bobbin had ever offered anything to a missionary. Cleveland hospitality came to the fore, and Father Bob offered the Bobbin the orange he held in his hand.

"Thank you," said the old man. "This I will take to my sick daughter, Indra. She has the cough. The doctor says she will not live."

"Well, let's go over and see her," said Father.

"You will come!" the Bobbin said incredulously, "May the gods bless you. My name is Bhisun. We do not live far from here."

Well sir, says Father Barret, if Joe Stalin had invited the Pope over for lunch it would not have been more startling. A Catholic priest admitted to a Bobbin home would cause tongues to wag over the whole neighborhood.

Through the narrow lanes of the village Bhisun led the way, as big black water buffalo slowly gave way before them, naked children dashed in fear back into their houses, and goats paused to eye them with an evil eye. Through the low doorway, and into a darkened room where a young woman about twenty-five lay under a thick quilt on a rope cot. Sitting on the bed were her two small sons.

It needed but one look to tell Father Wilkinson that there was another in the room: over the bed

hovered Death poised and ready to strike.

"My friend," Father Wilkinson said to Bhisun, "your daughter is very near death. I beg you, let me pray for her."

Sobs racked the old man, and he nodded assent.

"Here lad," Father said to one of her sons, "chase these people away, and get me some water, quick!"

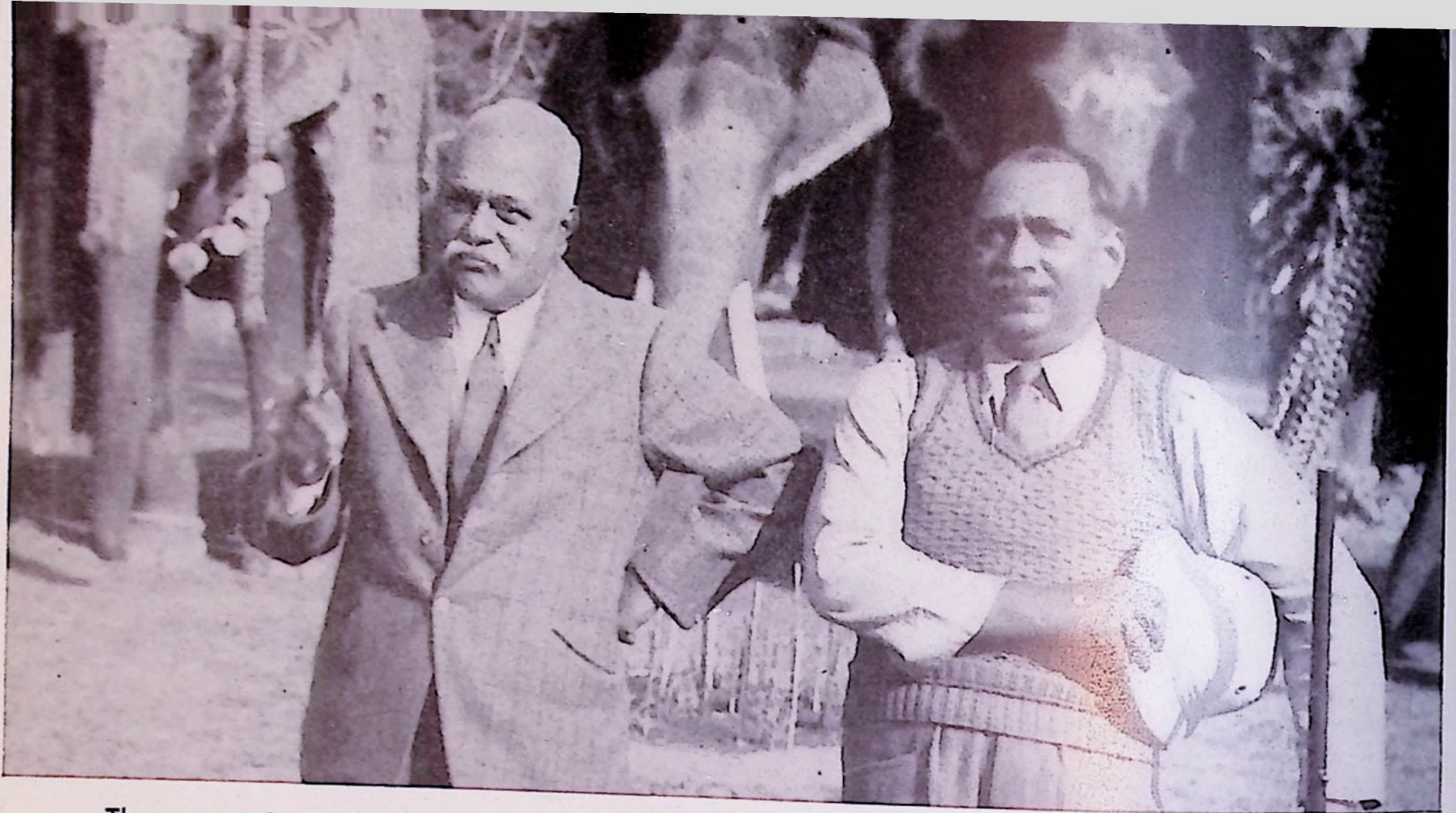
The puzzled villagers scattered before the waving arms of the priest, and the lad brought the water in a brass tumbler. The woman looked up at him, and smiled, and slowly forced her head up and down.

Taking the water and pouring it slowly and unobtrusively over her head, Father Wilkinson said, "Therese, I baptize you in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." She smiled again, and drifted off into a coma. She was dead within an hour of her birth into the Kingdom of Christ. She was the first Brahmin Catholic in the whole village.

It was only a short time later that Father met Chottu. Chottu came from a family whom Bhisun would never even speak to. He was a Chamar, people very low in the social scale because they cure hides and make shoes. The smell of their home tanneries forces them outside of town. Chottu was the leader of his people, and while not important in India, he was very important to his people.

For months he attended Mass faithfully, studied his Catechism, prayed with the Christians; at last the day of his Baptism was appointed. The Chamars from all the surrounding villages came to celebrate the occasion. But when the last minute arrived there was no Chottu.

Father Wilkinson tucked up the skirts of his cassock, and his face redder than usual, strode down the muddy lanes to Chottu's house. There he sat, leaning against the mud wall and pounding away



The conversion of such high-type, good-willed leaders as the Rajah of Bettiah (left) would do much

at his shoemaker's last. Father Wilkinson pushed the sun helmet back on his red hair, set arms akimbo, and faced the renegade.

"How come, bhai, you aren't at Mass?"

There was no answer.

"Well, answer mel!" he shouted.

An aged woman put herself squarely in the doorway beside the silent Chottu; she stared at the priest with a defiant look, spat on the ground, and disappeared into the blackness of the house.

Chottu looked up apologetically. "You see, Padre Sahib, I know which way to Heaven. But if I become Catholic she will leave me. And then who will cook my rice?"

"There'll be no Baptism today," Father said to the Chamars gathered in the mission courtyard.

In India, as elsewhere in the world, months pass. Chottu and the priest kept up a peculiar friendship, but there was no more talk of Catholicity.

Suddenly, as a dust cloud rising up from the desert, the dread cholera struck everywhere. A runner came to bring the news.

"Father, Chottu has the cholera. He says to come quick."

Shortly after sunrise Father Wilkinson came into the village. He arrived just an hour late, just in time to see four men bearing on their shoulders the familiar cot on which lay a corpse wrapped in a white shroud.

All the way to the sacred Ganges for cremation they carried the cot, chanting "Ram suc hai . . .

to bring India to Christ. Experience proves that prayers for the souls of such leaders are needed.

Ram is true." Chottu had died just before sunrise.

But there was no time to waste mourning a friend who might have died a Catholic; there was work for the missionary to do. From house to house he went tending the sick and dying.

Between these flying visits he heard the rumor the first time. Men gathered together, and conversation took on an electric buzz; a hundred excited tongues soon took up the news.

Chottu had come back to life. Chottu had been brought home. Chottu had just escaped being burned alive on his funeral pyre.

Dropping the medicines he held in his hand, Father Bob raced down the lane to the shoemaker's house, shouldered in past the great throng that jammed the courtyard, and stood in front of his friend Chottu.

He was still breathing, a labored, racking sort of breathing. He looked up at the priest, smiled, and then closed his eyes and sank back on his cot.

"Bring me a basin of water," Father Bob said to the old woman; and this time there was no denying his request. He said it quietly, but she moved off in haste.

And then while all looked on, Father Bob stood up and started to pour.

"I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," he said.

That night the funeral fires on the banks of the Ganges consumed Chottu's body. His soul was safe with God.



I think it was Carlyle who said that every man must have a hero; of course, Christ is the great hero for all of us Catholics, but each of us has another, private hero who leads the way when darkness might make us stumble.

I know one priest here in Trincomalee who gets strength thinking about the little nun who worked for years at Mantivu, the leper colony, and who one day startled her patients with the beautiful phrase, "We lepers." And another who gets inspiration from the fishermen of Amirthagali, and their devotion to Our Lady of Good Voyage.

My hero is a blind man. Thirty-two years ago in Batticaloa, Ceylon, Frederick Gabriel Francis was born, and given immediately the Tamil title of Turrae, first born. His eyelids had a shrunken appearance, for the sockets they covered were empty.

When he was twelve, Turrae went to a school for the blind and did very poorly in his lessons. It was the only school for the blind on the island; it taught the blind everything but a knowledge of God, and Turrae had no interest in other knowledge.

Turrae came back home to study; he developed a remarkable fluency in Tamil, and went on to English; his three younger brothers were honor students at the Jesuit college in Batticaloa, and he learned with them. Though deprived of sight, he developed keen hearing and memory and an extraordinary sense of touch. He became a proficient pianist able to reproduce by ear whole Masses.

He has some wonderful hobbies: one of them is a collection of mounted holy cards, the like of which few people have ever seen. Ask him for a picture of St. Sebastian, and he will reach for a bound volume, turn the right number of pages, and point infallibly to the picture. Then he'll tell you all about St. Sebastian and his martyrdom, or any other saint in whom you are interested.

He collects birthdays too, and feast days, and ordination days; and everyone looks for his congratu-

lations. He never disappoints them. One amazing thing is his uncanny ability to tell time—I've never known him more than five or ten minutes away.

Turrae is our church organist. He knows all the hymns of a dozen books, in original key, and knows exactly where they are in his cabinet. People are always teasing him about the location of hymns, but it's a rare man here in Batticaloa who found him wrong.

Over at the college, Turrae plays for the sing-fests. The lads gather around his piano, and flit with the greatest of ease from the nasal Tamil to the deeper western accents. I'm sure that even boogie-woogie is not beyond his capabilities, though the Tamil boys find our dreamier music easier to sing.

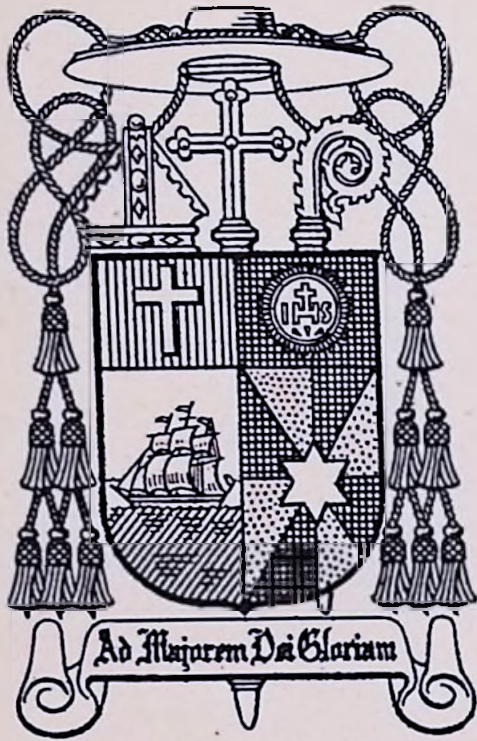
Organ and piano playing, anniversaries, and holy pictures are just hobbies to Turrae. His main job in life is praying. Long hours daily pass with Turrae in front of the Blessed Sacrament, praying for the success of our mission activities, praying for more and more converts, praying for Bishop Glennie's new minor seminary and for vocations to fill it to overflowing.

When he moves out of chapel, Turrae is just another blind man; but inside he has a remarkable clarity of vision. Hundreds of people go in and out the chapel, but none sees as Turrae does.

And as I look at him, I wonder if God didn't deprive him of world-vision just so that he could train the eyes of his soul more surely on God Himself. I wonder if I shouldn't have more of Turrae's sight. I wonder if we all shouldn't; for the things we see will pass away. *What he sees so clearly never will.*



Turrae
at the organ.



It's now

BISHOP HICKEY

Stephen B. Earley S.J.

At the turn of the century, football was mostly a polite way of committing murder. "Plays," mused Most Reverend David F. Hickey S.J. newly consecrated Bishop of British Honduras, "were mostly line plays, bone-bruising, too. Light teams had to face the flying wedge, and because our team was considerably smaller than the others the only way we won was by hurtling one of our men over the opposing line." That winning play the young football player never forgot.

St. Louis had a good team in the fall of 1901, and on it 150 pound Dave Hickey was a stand-out at, of all things, tackle. At the end of one of the best seasons St. Louis ever had, Dave Hickey, the 150 pound tiger, was elected captain for the following year. But he never played another game.

The following August he entered Florissant Novitiate to start his studies as a Jesuit: until 1909 only his family knew where he was, but then he started his five years of teaching, the normal time of those days, at Creighton University. Modern educators shudder at the variety of things Jesuit scholastics taught thirty years ago.

"I remember," His Excellency said, "I taught chemistry, trigonometry, plane and spherical geometry, and surveying in college; geometry, Latin, etc. in high school; was student prefect and director of the high school athletics."

Forty-six years after he entered the Society, Father David Hickey returned to St. Louis, and on the feast of St. Matthew was elevated to the dignity of the Episcopate. His Episcopal see is the Crown colony of British Honduras in Central America.

There is something wonderful in the elevation of Bishop Hickey. The priesthood, more even than any part of democratic government, is "of the people, by the people, and for the people." Bishop Hickey is and has always been "of the people." Fifty years ago he was a newsboy in St. Louis, selling the very "Post" and "Star" that acclaimed his elevation to the episcopate.

"Father's name, John Hickey. Mother's name, Catherine Walsh," his biography reads. "Prepared for first Communion by Father Timothy Dempsey, the famous Father Tim of St. Louis charities."

"And for the people, . . ." Back in 1926 Bishop Hickey was teaching at Creighton University in Omaha. He had been ordained in June of 1917, and received special training as a Jesuit in chemistry. As head of the Department of Chemistry, member of the American Chemical Society, he did his routine work in the classroom. It would be incorrect to say he was unhappy; he did manage to make even college-chemistry a Catholic subject. But, "for the people . . . for the people" kept dinning itself into his brain. Chemistry was good, was needed, was even Catholic—but it was not for David Hickey.

In June of 1926, on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul he arrived in Belize, British Honduras, Central America. He still taught chemistry; but now as a missionary.

Of course all the time, the Holy Ghost knew that in 1948 Bishop Hickey would be given the divine mandate to teach in British Honduras. And not just chemistry, but Catholicity. In 1929 he became an



MOST REV. DAVID FRANCIS HICKEY S.J., D.D., TITULAR BISHOP OF BONITZA AND VICAR APOSTOLIC OF BELIZE

When Bishop Hickey was the Superior of the Jesuit mission in British Honduras, he not only directed general policy from Belize, but he also visited the various mission stations to study the needs of each one.



The mission station of Orange Walk. Overland routes are slow and difficult. Water travel, wherever possible, is preferred. Bishop Hickey, now a veteran sailor, will make his pastoral journeys in river-boats of the type here pictured.

assistant at Holy Redeemer Cathedral; and in 1930, pastor. He was made, at the same time, the principal of the high school.

Through storms and hurricanes, one of which killed 11 of his fellow Jesuits, Bishop Hickey continued as pastor for ten years. And then he received the assignment longed for by all missionaries: he was sent into the bush.

There were eight mission stations along the road outside of Belize, and two near the sea. He said Mass at least once a month at each station, riding out 40 miles in a truck to his farthest station, and then coming back by bicycle, stopping at all the stations.

"For the people . . ." In 1942 Bishop Hickey was appointed superior of the Belize mission. In 1942 another of the Honduran hurricanes came to call: when it departed it had taken 25 schools and 13 churches. Two churches, convents and rectories were also badly damaged.

The record of his term as superior, as written in the Angel's book, is most interesting. It reads, "Twenty-five schools rebuilt, this time of hurricane-proof concrete; the schools serve now as churches. The church at San Estaban has also been rebuilt."

Bishop Hickey made recently a statement on the Belize Mission. "During my 22 years in British Honduras I have noticed steady progress in all phases of mission work. The Catholic spirit of the people is shown in their attendance at Mass in large numbers even on week-days. Religion is an integral part of their lives. Before planting crops, for example, they are present at High Mass and a special blessing. On Rogation Days they attend a field Mass and with the procession and a public singing of the Litanies; and so native vocations to the sisterhoods, the brotherhoods, and the priesthood, spring out of the fertile soil of a living faith, have reached the remarkable total of 120 in the past thirty years. The Catholics number 35,000, roughly 59 per cent of the Colony. During the past three years, Communion in Holy Redeemer Cathedral have averaged 69,000—in a church that seats only 500 people.

"There are 59 mission schools with a total enrollment of 6,601. Every Catholic child is actually in a Catholic school."

The final sentence of Bishop Hickey's report indicates his whole mentality in his priesthood, and gives promise of his activity in the Episcopate; it gives a small clue to why there is such tremendous Catholicity in the Belize mission.

"I firmly believe," Bishop Hickey wrote, "that the Church has the right and the duty of interesting herself in the social and economic welfare of her children."

With Bishop Hickey that is not a mere academic theory; it is a springboard into action.

In 1945 St. Louis University offered a summer institute for social work in the Missions. Five Belize missionaries attended, with the mission superior. And though superior, Bishop Hickey sat through every class, and attended every seminar. Miss Mary Dooling explained the theory and the superior of the Belize mission learned much about Credit Unions and Cooperatives.

The next three years witnessed an amazing increase in social work in British Honduras until today it is the most promising venture in the entire mission.

"For the people . . ." Bishop Hickey as superior held regular conventions of the pastors and of the traveling missionaries; he brought in Father Aloysius Heeg, the famous teacher of catechism to improve methods of teaching the children. He sent Fr. Clement Andlauer to learn the Keckchi language, and Fr. John Knopp (the new superior of the mission) to learn the Mopan-Mayan language. He founded a normal school to train young men for his primary schools, and started a juniorate for prospective candidates for the sisterhood. He replaced bicycles with Jeeps, and brought a complete mission trailer for Father Gregory Sontag, with full equipment for Holy Mass, and for religious open air programs. Just last year he started an extension course to St. John's College for adult education. If Belize is a model mission, much of its success came from Bishop Hickey's burning zeal, "for the people."

"And by the people . . ." The universal joy of priests, nuns, and people of British Honduras at the consecration of Bishop Hickey was something most unusual. There was not quite as much of a spirit of congratulations as of gratitude. The See of Belize has been vacant for two and one-half years; and the people of British Honduras have been praying. They are still praying: in gratitude for a prayer that was answered.

Bishop Hickey came out of St. Louis Cathedral and stood in his regal robes while photographers snapped pictures: the pictures showed a fine looking American, sturdy, intelligent, holy, commanding. The people gathered around saw a bit more than the camera. Some saw a little lad peddling newspapers on the wind-swept streets of St. Louis; others, a 150 pound tackle hurtling his fragile bones through opposing lines; a teacher of the "old grads" of Creighton who somehow was never forgotten; a pastor and missionary of incredible energy and supernatural kindness; a superior of extra-ordinary understanding and dynamic activity; a friend and father, a priestly priest.

And down in Belize an old Negro read the headlines in the paper. He took off his small glasses, and folded the paper. "Thank God," he said, "and may God bless every day of his life."

Ask the

Children

to Pray

PAUL A. NASH S.J.

We were talking one night at Baghdad College about the Pope's request for the prayers of the children; we made our own preparations to get our Latin, Chaldean, Syrian, Armenian, Greek, and even Moslem boys of Baghdad College to pray.

"What we really need," someone said, "is to get prayers FOR our children."

It was so true. There are about 35,000 Catholic children in Iraq. But no one knows the exact count of Iraqi children. The census counts some 5,000,000 souls; but there can be no census of the Bedouin bands who roam the desert sands outside of Baghdad. Even though some guess that infant mortality is as high as 80%, God alone knows the total number of children in the 116,600 square miles of Iraq. And though God knows them all, few know Him as we know Him.

How badly they need the prayers of the Catholic world! Fatima and Zeenab who came to us begging salve for terribly chapped hands and feet, children of the desert, of nose-rings and ankle-bracelets; boys like Mahmud and Ali, Zuhair, Faisal, and Ahmed—they need prayers, and more prayers.

Children of prayer, they know no prayers: the very nose-ring, though they don't know it, is a prayer symbol. It is set in the nose as the guardian of the soul: "And God breathed into man's face the breath of life." Ages ago it was decided to seal the entrance of the breath of life with a guard; it symbolizes man's dependence on God.

In a few years Fatima and Zeenab will be "taking the veil"—the Moslem kind that sets a wall between a woman and the world, hiding her from the passions and eyes of men. How beautiful when girls like Fatima and Zeenab "take the veil" in our own western sense, for pure love of God.

We are getting our children in Iraq to beg peace for the people of the world; and hoping that the people of the world, and particularly the children, will pray for our children in Iraq in the Middle East.



Father Paul Nash says that Fatima and Ali need prayers for their souls more than salve for their chapped hands.

Some estimate the infant mortality rate as high as 80%, but God alone knows the number of children in Iraq.



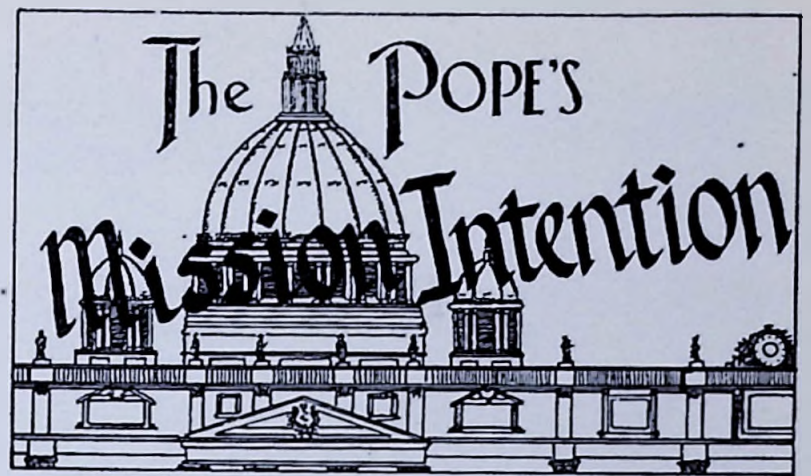
The Human Side

MR. JOHN BLEWETT TELLS US THAT THERE ARE 15 novices in Japan, all of them finished university; most are converts, and they approach the spirituality of the novitiate with a tremendous eagerness. They all gathered after supper to talk awhile—there were Spanish, Germans, Koreans, Americans and Japanese; a few years before their countries had been at war, one with the other; now they joined in conversation and laughter—"united," as Mr. Blewett says, "in Christ."

FR. JOSEPH CONNELL FEELS VERY PROUD OF THE FACT that several Baghdad College lads represented Iraq in the recent Olympic games: says he, "It was a great feather in the cap of Fr. Bob Sullivan." He's going to look funny going around with a feather in his biretta, but he's got the right. Fr. Sullivan's triumph reminds us of the wonderful old Indian missionary who played nine years of football for one of our good Jesuit colleges: four years as a student, and then five more as a teaching scholastic. Ah, them was the days!

TALKING ABOUT JESUIT SCHOLASTICS, AND WE SEEM to be doing that so far, Messrs. Con Quirke and Vincent Cullen have been thoroughly investigated by the FBI, Philippine branch. It seems somebody decided they were red spies! They went for a long walk, you'd be surprised what staid priests used to go for long walks when they were younger—up the side of a mountain; halfway up they met a watch tower and a sentry. He seemed a nice fellow so they began to ask him questions, the weather, how high was the mountain, when the clouds cover the scene, etc. The papers had it that, "Cullen *alleged* he was from the Ateneo de Manila, and Quirke *alleged* he taught at San Jose Seminary."

"FOOD IN CHINA," SAYS FATHER WILLIAM KLEMENT, "is not bad, with certain modifications. The Presentandines cook it, which means that the style is largely Chinese. The meat and vegetables are similar to ours—a pig is a pig anywhere. The only changes are rice for potatoes and bread, and getting used to eating the same thing day after day. For one who will take it, and I think any healthy man can, it is a sure-fired way of coming to St. Ignatius' indifference in the matter of eating. Missionaries who are alone have a much more difficult time of it: it's not much fun to sit down to all your meals alone; you eat too fast. Two men together is not perfect either; not even two missionaries can get along all the time. We often wonder how a husband and wife who have no children get along through the years. It must be difficult."



Christian Defense of Workers' Rights in Africa

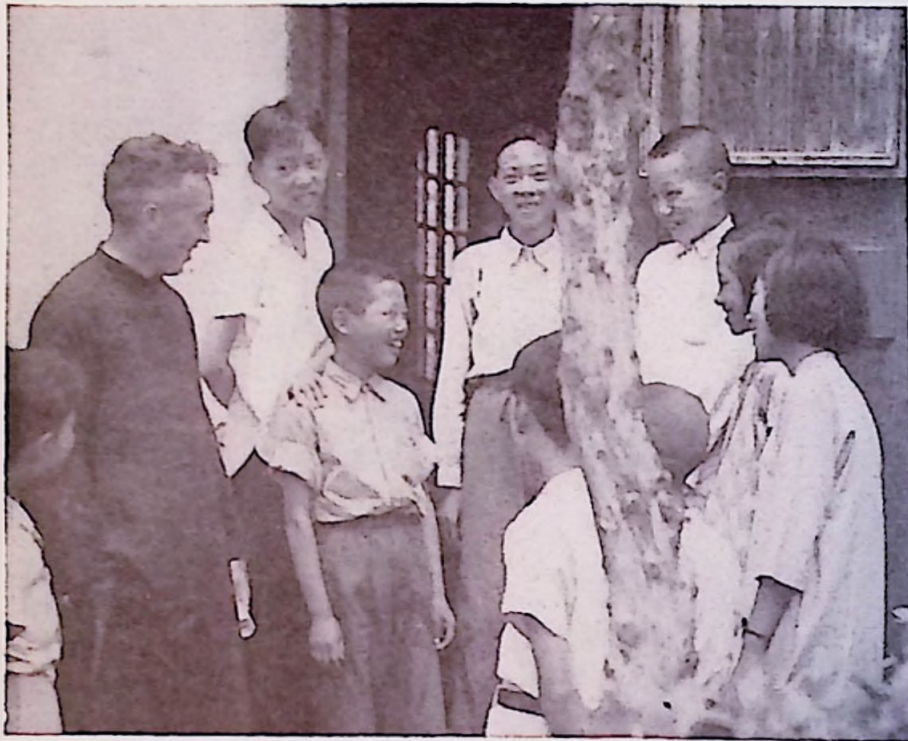
Gone are the days when the Negroes of Africa could be described as an ease loving people, content with their fishing and planting, most of which was done by the women of the tribe or by slaves. Today young Africans leave the Reserve areas of their ancestors and hie themselves to the mines, to the farms and to the cities buzzing with industry, there to earn salaries which they can spend at their pleasure—a thing unknown to their parents. Seventy-seven per cent of the men and sixty-two per cent of the women who leave the Reserve areas seek employment in the gold-mines of the Union of South Africa, in the copper mines, in the localities where diamonds, zinc, lead, coal, wolfram and manganese are mined and in the engineering works of the cities. In the gold-fields alone some 318,000 Negroes go down into the mines, and another 100,000 are in the diamond mines. In the Belgian Congo more than 1,000,000 are employed in industrial works, especially in the copper mines.

Despite advances in recent years the Whites still exploit the Negroes at minimum and too often slave salaries. Too often the Negro worker is forced to live in company compounds that resemble rather slave labor camps or in restricted Negro areas far worse than the unsanitary huts of their ancestral villages.

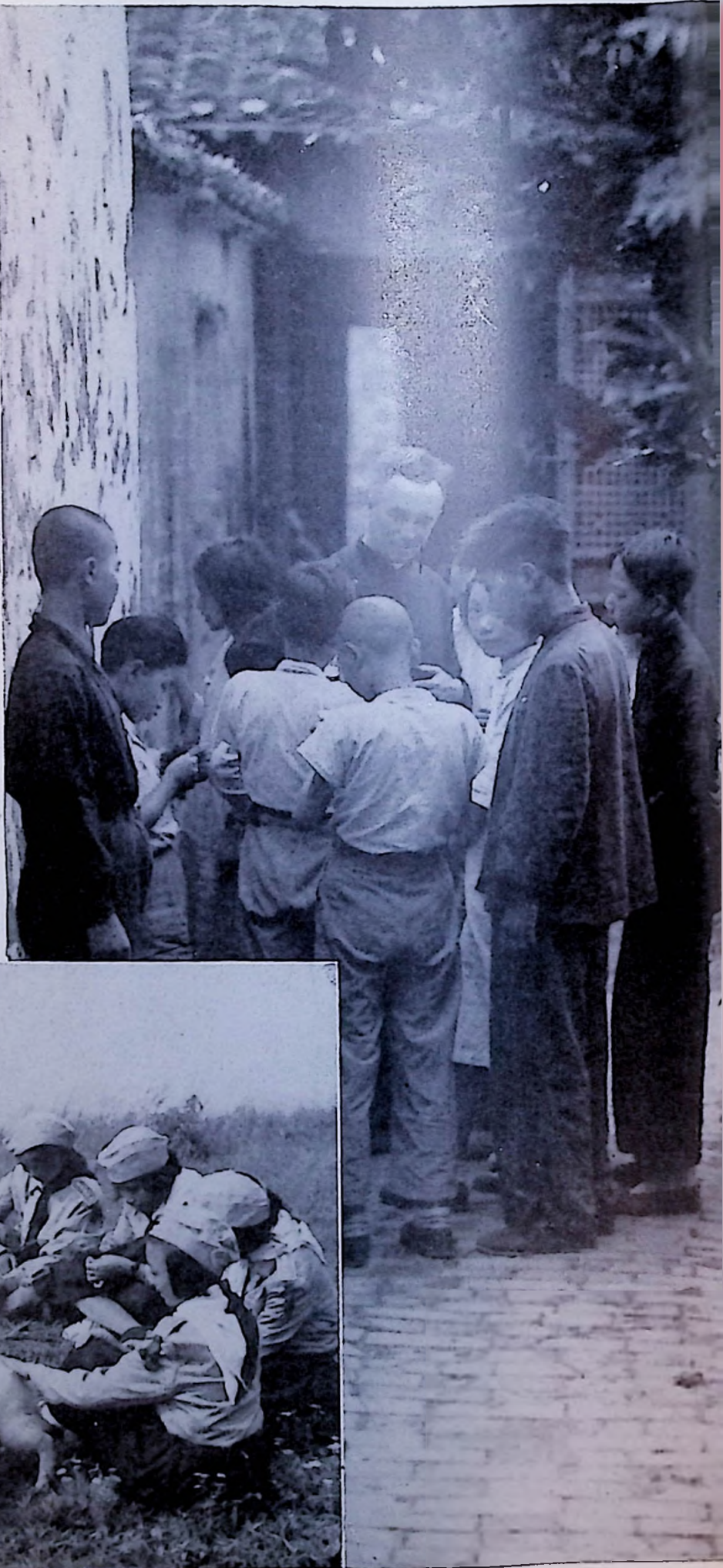
In recent years these victims of social injustice have begun to recognize their rights. Strikes among the African Blacks have become more and more frequent. In the industrial set up, especially of South Africa, the communist finds all the abuses of the Negro that serve to win him to the Communist cause as the means of overcoming these very abuses. To save these workers from an even worse slavery the Church must defend the human dignity of workers regardless of race or color or political affiliations. Her missionary work must be geared along the lines of the papal encyclicals on the social order. It must be the task of her missions and her missionaries to show the Africans the social program of the Catholic Church in action.

Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.

Stories In Pictures



Father William O'Leary S.J., of Portland, Oregon, was asked by God to give everything he had, and to give it swiftly. He went to China in 1940. In less than three years he was interned by the Japanese. After the war, he returned to the United States for a year, and then went back to China. In three years he was asked to give up his life. Some undiscovered ailment seized him at his mission of Siennumiao, Kiangsu, near Yangchow. On the 27th of August, he was brought to Yangchow and the next morning, while his friend, Father William Ryan, was anointing him, he died. These pictures show how he lived—for others.





In India, too, the world looks lovingly on lovers. (Upper) The wedding procession, smartly clad in Eastern and Western costumes, is complete with proud groom, demure bride, pretty bridesmaids and self-important younger fry, to say nothing of the natty band. (Lower left) You would have to pay more than a penny for their thoughts. Teen-agers dream dreams of dark and handsome heroes. (Lower right) Your album has pictures like this. Mother and Aunt Mary are shyly proud of chubby, stoical young Joe.



Father Wade washing bananas.

THIS IS YORO

Joseph D. Wade S.J.

Our parish at Progreso, Republic of Honduras, has 38,000 Catholics and two priests. Father James O'Neill, the pastor, cares for the town of Progreso and its 8,000 Catholics; and I am the traveling missionary, and visit the 38 villages of the area, and the other 30,000 of our Catholic population.

At seven o'clock the other evening I banged a hammer against a steel rail and called the people of Farm to church. Farm is a fruit company camp of 600 people, all natives of Honduras. They live in long buildings that house six families; each family has two rooms and a kitchen. For those not married or living in concubinage, there are barracks.

I got to Farm about noon, and immediately made

a short visit to all the houses saying that there would be rosary in the evening and Mass the next morning. The women arranged and decorated a place for rosary and for Mass, and some men went out to get palm leaves to make arches over the altar. When it was time for rosary, a great number of palms were in place, two large tables were decorated with pictures of Our Lord and the saints, and flowers were placed all about.

The first number on our program was the singing of a few Spanish hymns known to all the people. Then I gave my sermon on the four marks of the Church. It's my first time around the missions, and the preaching of the variegated sect-ministers dur-

The town fair in Progreso, Honduras, is the Procession on a Feast Day. The men don their Sunday suits, the belles their finery and the children have their touselled hair combed. Christ again mingles with the throng in the streets.



ing many years make such a sermon necessary. Then we have a few more songs, and the second sermon; this time on confession. It is a lot different than any you might give on the subject in the States.

All over twelve years of age who are not living in concubinage are urged to confess. They are told they do not need to know how to pray even the Our Father, nor to know how to make the sign of the Cross, nor even to have confessed before. All that is needed and necessary is attention to the sermon.

The sermon is a careful explanation of the common mortal sins, of the meaning of sorrow for sin and of firm determination not to sin again. I tell them not to fear the actual confession, for I'll ask all the questions, and give all the help needed.

Penance for those who do not know how to pray is explained; they are, I tell them, to speak to God the Father in their own words telling Him they are sorry for all their sins and determined to leave their sinful ways for the future, begging His mercy for help to lead a good life, and finally telling Him they love Him with their whole heart.

The difference in the penances is the number of times they must say the prayer; such a penance has to be given to about eighty-five percent who know no prayers at all; the greater number of those who confess are men from the age of sixteen to thirty.

There are few women living in the camps, and most of those have companions. Of all the women in my camps and villages who live with a man, only one out of more-or-less fifty are married in the Church, or even married at all. One of the reasons is that by law a civil marriage must precede the Church marriage. The civil marriage entails a long expensive trip to the municipal center, Progreso, birth certificate papers often to be obtained from distant places, the fee to civil authorities, the time required, and expense—some \$75; and most of the

people have never in their lives seen that much money at one time.

After the talk on Confession the crowd is invited to say the rosary and sing hymns while the Padre hears confessions. Usually one or two of the women know the prayers more or less correctly; in each village or camp there is always one who says the prayers at funerals and private novenas. That first night in Farm there were fifteen confessions.

On the second night I preach on sin and hell, but end up with the love and mercy of God; at Farm I had thirty-five confessions.

It is quite an experience to be hearing hundreds of confessions and giving hundreds of Holy Communions to adults, practically all of them firsts. This will continue all year, for it will take me about that long to make the rounds of all my villages, staying at least two days. In Bataan with 2,000 Catholics, I'll stay a week. And next year I'll have a round of second confessions.

The villages differ but little from the camps, except that ordinarily there are more family groups, and quite a few more women. The confessions are about the same, and the degree of instruction. Few of the villages have a Church, so I'll be saying Mass in a private home for a long time.

Most of the people read, so we have been distributing thousands of penny catechisms; and it is surprising how eager they are to get them. Many are beginning to learn a few prayers.

None of the camps, forty in all, has ever been visited by a priest in the thirty years of their establishment. Strangely, almost all of the children are baptized—the parents always make the arduous trip to Progreso for Baptism.

Progreso is scarcely much better than my own territory. Father O'Neill, with 8,000 Catholics, regularly has only 350 people at two Masses on Sunday.



THIS GRAND CHURCH AT MINAS DE ORO, HONDURAS, WAS BUILT BY THE SPANISH PIONEER MISSIONARIES

Progreso is a comparatively new town, headquarters for the United Fruit Company's banana farms that stretch for miles north and south in the beautiful valley of the swift flowing Uloa. Of our 65 villages, twenty-five are settlements of the Fruit Company laborers and their families; the others are settlement of subsistence farmers, scattered over the mountains that rise sharply from the Uloa Valley.

The main automobile road from Progreso winds precariously up the steep mountain side to the top of the range, and then down into another valley and the town of El Negrito where the Garcia lumber mills operate. The main automobile road resembles more than slightly a trip on Coney Island's best roller-coaster. The narrow road curves endlessly, and dangerously, about the steep mountain sides; but the Uloa Valley below, with its lovely green corn fields, and banana plantations cut by the graceful Uloa River makes the drive over the mountain roads much more thrilling than anything Coney Islanders ever saw.

Progreso has a church that measures sixty by a hundred and twenty feet; its concrete walls are about twenty feet high, and the church is the usual Romanesque architecture of these parts.

The altar is solid concrete, and has five gothic

arches over it. There are six statues and a painting in the sanctuary, lovely to the Spanish taste, but a bit overcrowded to the American.

Ninety-seven percent of Progreso's 8,000 population is Catholic: actually that means that they sincerely hope they will die with the sacraments. Maybe four thousand visit the church on Good Friday, but Sunday Mass brings a scant handful. Of our 7,500 we have some forty at Communion each Sunday, but this is a big improvement over the past.

The Evangelists have been active for a good number of years; and while they have gained few converts, for the most part they have only scattered any number of errors into the minds of the Catholics.

Recently an American minister has moved into Progreso with his jeep, and has purchased three buildings, and promises to erect a high school.

We have been trying hard, so far without success, to get American Sisters to open a clinic, start socialities for the girls, and contact children for religious instruction. We are both convinced that a round dozen American Sisters, or a dozen round ones, could bring this land back to Christ in ten years. The people are good but uninstructed.

The Republic of Honduras school system makes it difficult to get the children for instruction: all the

schools are government managed; and all religious instruction is forbidden. School goes from eight in the morning till five at night, and includes a half day on Saturday.

Last year Father O'Neill had 67 children in his December 8th First Communion class, and this year we shall have 75.

Sometimes down here you get discouraged, as well you might. The ignorance of the people is great, the hold of the devil on some of them is very strong. There are a tremendous lot of people not living in wedlock. There is a good bit of immorality. There is surely a lot of religious indifference, people just don't go to church, even when they have the opportunity.

And yet there is another side. You might easily expect that hardly any of these people would be Catholic, after so long a time; yet there have been hardly any apostasies from the Church. For fifteen years the sects have been spreading their propaganda; and in fifteen years they are exactly where they started.

My villages are visited once a year; we have no nuns; we have no churches; we have no way of instructing our people. And you sit there in confession and hear many, many confessions of absolute saints.

Christ holds on to these people, in spite of all natural temptations to become absolute pagans. To us, working as hard as we can, it seems that He holds them for the day when there will be enough priests, and enough nuns, to give them the same advantages we had when we were children. I've been at it more than a decade; when I was a young missionary I thought I'd see the day—I feel less sure of it now. But the day will come. You travel from village to village through jungle growth; it is dark and forbidding and full of fears, and seems to reflect your whole mission. Then a shaft of pure sunshine leaps out of a hole in the heavens; sometimes it grows bigger and bigger and the whole black jungle becomes vibrant, and vital and beautiful.

Today in Yoro we get shafts: but tomorrow will come, tomorrow and God's overpowering pure sunshine.

THE END

FACTS AND FIGURES ON YORO

Total area of Mission 15,000 sq. mi.

Total Population 78,359

MAIN MISSION CENTERS

Minas de Oro, Departamento de Comayagua, for southern sector of mission, and 8 main sub-stations.

Progreso, Departamento de Yoro for northern sector, and 8 main sub-stations.

Olanchito, Departamento de Yoro for Eastern sector, and sub-stations.

Come, Follow Me

The Feast of All Saints is an Armistice Day with a brighter message of hope. It is dedicated to the memory of those valiant members of the Church militant who, with Saint Paul, "have fought the good fight, have finished the race, have kept the faith." Most of them are unsung and perhaps even unsuspected heroes whose sanctity, though solid, was unspectacular. They will not be canonized. But their eternal place in the court of heaven is none the less assured.

It is of these that the author of the Apocalypse writes in the Lesson of the Mass of the Feast, "I saw a great multitude that no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb." You and I have lived close to many of them and their names are still a blessed memory in the household; our own flesh and blood, the intimate friend, the good neighbor. They were not flaming mystics like Theresa of Avila. The world and its cares weighed on them more heavily than on Francis of Assisi. They did not perform Xavier's prodigies of apostolic zeal nor share his gift of miracles. Briefly, they were not the "gold braid" but the rank and file of Christ's loyal army of disciples. It was their persevering fidelity to the grace of Christ that stamped their souls with true, if inconspicuous, sanctity. They were faithful, earnestly seeking to live Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

That Sermon begins with the familiar Eight Beatitudes. They are the standard of Christian living and basis of true sanctity. Remember that Christ first proposed them to the simple, rough and uncultured peasants of Galilee. They are not, therefore, an impossible or unreasonable moral code. For all have achieved sanctity who have lived detached from the world's riches, who were gentle, patient in affliction, just and merciful and pure of heart, who loved and labored for peace, who endured the scorn and malice of bitter critics for the name of Jesus. The Church very pointedly emphasizes this truth by recounting the Beatitudes as the gospel for All Saints.

To live that gospel is our own assurance that we too will join that blessed multitude, "standing before the throne and in sight of the Lamb."

F. W. Anderson S.J.

Short



While Philippine Ambassador Joaquin Elizalde looks on, Major General Hobart Gay presents the Medal of Freedom to Father Jaime Neri, and Father Pablo Guzman-Rivas.

Normally Jesuit scholastics are well guarded, and quite sheltered; but there was nothing normal about the Philippines five years ago. Crawling through Japanese lines in the dead of night, the two brought messages, food, and medicine to American prisoners; brought back information of Japanese activities. Then they joined the guerilla forces that wrought havoc with Japanese emplacements.

Mild mannered, scholarly, priests now, they have many a yarn to spill on dull teaching days of future years.

Father Patrick O'Connor, St. Columban priest, congratulates Father Charles McCarthy of the California Jesuits on his appointment as assistant editor of the Hua Ming News Service.

San Franciscan Father McCarthy studied journalism at Marquette University in Milwaukee, and returned a year ago to China. As special reporter for *JESUIT MISSIONS*, and for the N.C.W.C. News Service he earned universal admiration by his carefully documented reports of the Communist persecution in China.

The Hua Ming News Service will supply both Catholic and secular papers with China news; its founder, Father O'Connor, formerly editor of the mission magazine *Far East*, is also the former president of the Catholic Press Association of America.

The Jesuits in China, conscious of the great responsibility of keeping the world informed of the horrible persecution of priests, nuns and faithful in China, have also sent Fr. Alden Stevenson to Marquette to study journalism. With former newspaperman, Fr. Francis Rouleau, and poet Fr. Daniel Clifford, they hope to establish a Chinese newspaper very soon in Shanghai. Plans have also been made for a literary magazine of Catholic content.



'Mission Stories''

The lovely Indian Mission burned to the ground, and nothing could save it. Even the bell brought to Longlac in 1860 went. Fr. Joseph Couture, "the flying priest," first missionary to own a plane, and pastor of the Mission was in the hospital at the time. He once had the largest territory of any priest in the world. JESUIT MISSIONS prays that his new church may be even more beautiful than this one he lost so tragically.



Father William Masterson is now charged with the backbreaking task of erecting a new Ateneo de Manila to replace the beautiful high school and college destroyed by the war. With the approval of Jesuit authorities, Fr. Masterson has plans to move the college from its former location in the heart of the city out to a place quieter, and more helpful to study.

For several years Father Masterson, as head of the New York Philippine Bureau collected funds to send to the missionaries. He never knew that a day would come when he would need funds even more desperately than any he helped. Said the Ateneo's new builder, "I never knew how big a dime was until I found out how many I needed. Say, brother, can you spare a dime?"

"Hub of the Mission World," they call JM. Look at the German Fr. Kopp of Japan; the Bostonians Fr. J. P. Sullivan of Jamaica, and Fr. Francis Anderson of Baghdad and Washington; the Jamaican Fr. Leslie Russell, just ordained; Philadelphia's Fr. Coleman Daily of the Philippine mission and JESUIT MISSIONS; another German, Fr. Fidelis Buck of Poona; and the Spokane native Fr. John Buchanan of Alaska.

It was a fairly ordinary day at JM during the summer; the one difficulty is trying to follow the conversation: it jumps around like a convention of geography makers.





AFIELD WITH American Jesuits



FATHER JOHN KNOPP SUCCEEDS BISHOP Hickey as superior of the British Honduras mission. "All-embracing," he says, "is the best way to describe mission work. Not just Mass and sacraments but whatever helps the people—pulling teeth, or teaching soil conservation, and credit unions, or getting the people's produce to market." In the U. S. one group takes care of the sick, another of teaching, another of parish work. The missionary handles every bit of it."



WHEN THE BRITISH TOMMY, BROTHER John J. Duffy went to the Philippines in 1923 he got a welcome Churchill would envy. Twenty five years have deepened the love and increased the admiration Jesuits feel for their Brother.

He rebuilt the Ateneo de Manila in 1935, after it was destroyed by fire; World War II made that beautiful college a shambles—but there is still Bro. Duffy to build again. But he's not just a workman, nor foreman; he's the spirit of St. Joseph still living in the world.



FATHER FREDERICK HENFLING IS dead. He was 56, had been in the Philippines for 20 years. After the war, JESUIT MISSIONS wrote of him, "The veteran missionary at Tagoloan distinguished himself by giving away everything he had, food, clothing, and medicine, all of which he needed himself. He had malaria, Quinine would be sent him, but the day it arrived, he would be feeling better and at once would send the remedy to someone he knew who was ill. On one occasion he asked for shoes; at great risk a boat crossed the bay at night under the noses of Japanese patrols to bring the shoes to him. In less than a week he had given them away, and next week

was asking for other things for someone in need."

That was his record during the Jap occupation. We wonder if anyone in the world would ask for a more beautiful obituary. The people who knew him would want to add just one phrase: "And he did it all for the pure love of God."

FAMOUS SEVENTY-ONE YEAR OLD Bishop Auguste Haouisee, S.J. died in Shanghai. He was a missionary for 45 years. Born in Brittany, a famed teacher of such Chinese luminaries as Premier Wong- Wen-hao, he became Vicar in 1931. In 17 years he confirmed some 70,000 Catholics.

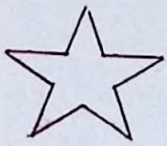


His great executive ability brought tremendous increases in Chinese conversions. He introduced the Sacred Heart, the Loretto, the Columban and the Good Shepherd Sisters to his diocese, and the Jesuits of the California province. But his greatest fame was for the outstanding saintliness of wonderful priestly life.

A BISHOP, A PRIEST, AND A BROTHER died since we last went to press, all Jesuits, all missionaries. I wonder which found most favor in Judgment. Brother Edward Bauerlein was 17 years in the Philippines; he was interned at Santo Tomas during the war, and he never regained his health. Quiet, spiritual, efficient, he loved and lived a model religious life.



It is interesting to reflect on the three deaths, and particularly in this month of the Holy Souls. It makes you realize that no job, no position in the world is important. One of the three may be closer to the Source of Divine Happiness than the other two: it isn't at all impossible that the one is the humble laybrother. May God the searcher of hearts be generous to all three wonderful men.



It was just a dark
Judean Night until
The Star Shone

Without Christ
It would be just
A pagan holiday

Send Christ's Blessing
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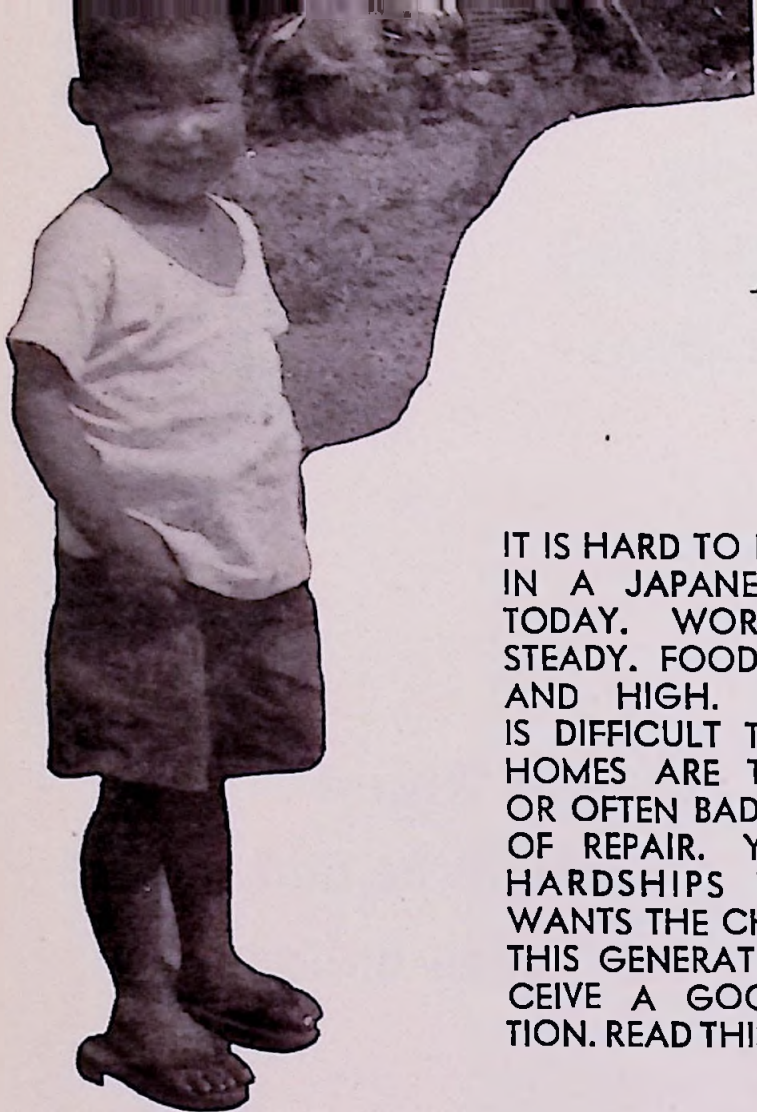
Rev. John G. Furniss S.J.
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Rev. John C. Baker S.J.
Calvert and Madison Streets
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Rev. John A. Kilian S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor S.J.
1110 South May Street
Chicago 7, Illinois

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

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



A Japanese Boy's Home

IT IS HARD TO BE THE DAD IN A JAPANESE FAMILY TODAY. WORK IS NOT STEADY. FOOD IS SCARCE AND HIGH. CLOTHING IS DIFFICULT TO OBTAIN. HOMES ARE TEMPORARY OR OFTEN BADLY IN NEED OF REPAIR. YET DESPITE HARDSHIPS EVERYONE WANTS THE CHILDREN OF THIS GENERATION TO RECEIVE A GOOD EDUCATION. READ THIS ACCOUNT

ROBERT J.
FORBES S.J.

I've often thought that the reason the Japanese are such courteous people is that they live at such extremely close quarters. Between houses in Japan there is scarcely a footpath separating one family from its next door neighbor. Built of fine Japanese wood, the houses do not need the protection of paint, and as they grow older the aromatic scent of the wood penetrates every room; the wood itself is light and thin, but strong. Tall houses might crumble under the many earthquake shocks, and falling beams could easily injure those beneath them, so practically all are of a single floor.

We strolled out one night in Yokosuka to visit a sick lad; his house was fairly typical of present day living. Barely visible in the moonlight is a small garden which bore the family's main food supply. The front door opens into a tiny courtyard about a stride long; at the other end of it are the two steps to a porch just wide enough to support the row of *geta*. *Geta* are the usual Japanese shoes, a piece of wood supported by two clogs, with a strap that passes over the instep; they add an inch or so to your height and are always left outside the house.

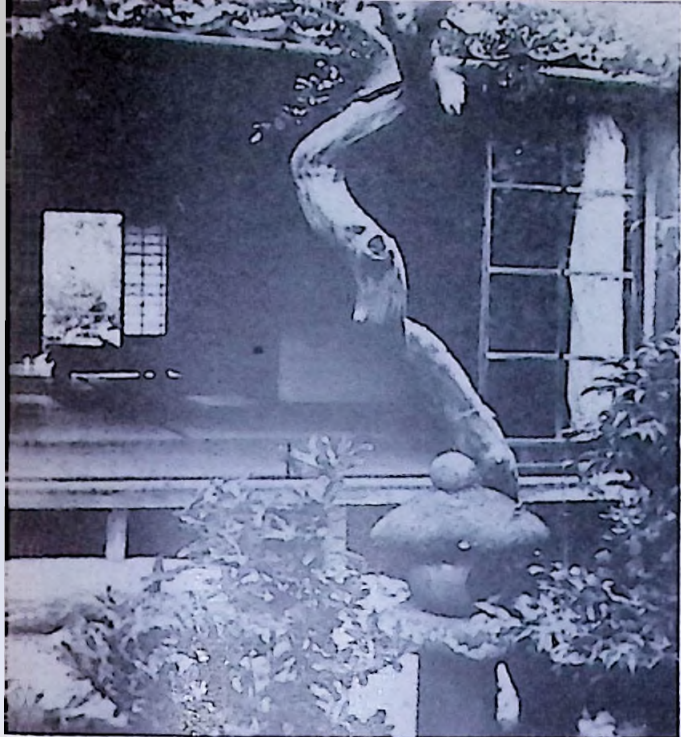
The door opens and we enter the main living room; it has no furniture, except a little table in the center of the floor. A brazier rests on the table; it is a deep bowl-like pot whose sides are black from

the burning of charcoal, empty now because there is no charcoal. Normally it would always be alight and the family would come to it from time to time to warm their fingers. It is the only type of heat known in a Japanese home. Even before the war Japanese custom had no central heat; rather everyone in the family wore large padded kimonos of beautiful colors.

There is a large mat on the floor; this one looks as if it might have been comfortable once, but there are holes in it now and it is badly frayed. It would surely be thrown away if mats could be had, and if the family had money to buy one.

A little corridor leads away from the room to the right; it shows four more rooms, bedrooms, and the kitchen. In one bedroom we can hear the wracking cough of the youngster we had come to see.

There is no furniture of any kind visible in a Japanese bedroom. Some comforters are stretched out on the floor, and the seven-year old youngster lies on one of them. He is well wrapped in thin and patched blankets; the comforters are not as thick as they once were. In former days these Japanese beds were large and soft and warm, and good blankets assured a person of a fine night's rest. Japan has nothing like our western-world bed. Two curtains cover alcoves in the wall; in one hang the



(Left) This is a middle-class home, such as the story describes. Looking in from the front garden you can distinguish the tiny table for the charcoal fire. In ordinary times it would be a comfortable home, but now the times are much out of joint.

These are slum-dwellings, the other side of the tracks. Such areas were badly blasted during the American bombing-raids. You can imagine what happened to such match-boxes when the atomic bombs burst over Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

clothes of the occupant of the room; in the other the comforters and blankets are folded during the day. In the usual Japanese house there are three rooms: two for the children, one for the parents.

The lad's mother walked over to the boy and put a gentle hand on his head. It doesn't look like the hand of one accustomed to hard work, and her face too showed she knew a different kind of life. Her clothes were patched remnants of things once lovely; unaccustomed household tasks, formerly done by servants, have put new lines into her face. And now, with the boy sick, they cannot even afford a doctor.

We moved out into the kitchen to get a bit of warmth from the rice stove; once there was one stove for rice, one for soup—one does them very nicely now. The kitchen shelves are bare except for the exact number of dishes needed by the family. In one corner their second boy squats and studies.

It is hard on the dad of a Japanese family: he works at whatever he finds; sometimes it is steady, and sometimes not. He'd like a new kimono for his wife, a new suit for himself. But there are no new suits in Japan, and he won't suffer by comparison; at least he doesn't have to wear the dirty brown army uniform. They all should have more food, but if they can continue a little while longer, he will have saved enough money for his older son's education. As we talked to the lad I saw him looking at us. You could see his thoughts in his eyes: these are the ones the boy loves, talks about, thinks about; they are the ones forming the character of his son into something noble and grand. It is worth the expense. When the other boy is well and strong he'll go off to their school. Maybe he too will ask permission to become a Catholic. . . . THE END

Teachers Prepare

JOHN BLEWETT S.J.

The new Jesuit language school at the former Japanese submarine base of Yokosuka now has eighteen pupils, ten priests and eight scholastics. Four of the priests and four scholastics are American, all transplanted from the States in 1947.

Father Joseph Eyllenbosch gave us a talk when we arrived, saying that of the twenty-five languages he learned how to speak, Japanese came hardest. The man was telling the truth. There's a fable that the devil presided at the birth of Japanese, and chuckled gleefully as he realized what a job lay before missionaries.

We Americans, actually, are living in clover: the Spanish, Belgian, French and Italian Jesuits must learn to speak English too.

The language school is only a stone's throw from the high school, so we have occasion to try our Japanese on the boys: they reply to our stammers in very polite and clear language. But there is a glint in their eye that shows they enjoy our sufferings, and are most likely secretly praying we won't forget the anguish of our own learning process.

It is great what precautions you must take to keep sane: we get out every day to play basketball, or to take a bicycle jaunt down MacArthur Boulevard through the sprawling towns that line its sides. Everybody says hello to you, and "Hi!" sounds the same in every language. They smile and grin, and you do too; and soon you are ready for five more hours of study.

The title 'FOLLOW the Salmon' is set against a background of stylized, wavy lines representing water. The word 'FOLLOW' is in a large, bold, serif font. The word 'the' is in a smaller, cursive script. The word 'Salmon' is in a large, bold, serif font. A detailed illustration of a salmon is positioned to the left of the word 'FOLLOW', appearing to swim towards the right. The entire title is enclosed in a thin black border.

The Fathers in Alaska were worried; it seems as if there was a part of the coast north of the Aleutians, stretching a mere 400 miles, that had no missionary. It really was too much to ask the man from Anchorage to travel 600 miles to cover the territory, and even more impossible to get the one from Nome. Of course, Fr. Cunningham in Nome also had King Island, now that Father La Fortune was dead.

And so early this summer Father George Endal left Mountain Village for Dillingham, Bristol Bay, on the Bering Sea. There was something from the Bible about starting out without scrip or staff, and Father Endal took it quite seriously: he didn't even take any money.

Father Endal doesn't look like an Alaska missionary: slight, bookish, with dark brown hair, blue eyes and a pair of old-fashioned turquoise glasses, he looks like a 46-year old accountant or physics teacher; but looks are deceiving, centuries ago he would have been a chaplain to Richard the Lion Hearted and in the front of the battle against the Turks.

He didn't mind the change particularly. "I have long since resolved not to be disturbed when I see torn down quickly what took me years of hard labor to establish. It's the fire in the heart that pleases God; He wants our love, not what it produces."

But there was much to be done in the salmon town of Dillingham: from the area at Bristol Bay millions of dollars worth of salmon are shipped annually from 20 different canneries. From June 25th to July 25th more than 5000 fishermen are brought in by boat and plane from as far south as San Francisco, and at least one-third of that number is Catholic. Italians, Scandinavians, Filipinos join the native Eskimo and Indians for the salmon run. They have been coming each summer for 50 years. And with them come wine, women, and gambling.

"And," says Father Endal in his slightly bookish style, "the Giver of all the wealth was unrepresented by His own servant to encourage His children to

remember Him in their good fortune, and not to abuse His bounty."

The competition was more than whiskey and gambling. Generations ago the Russian Orthodox priests were at Bristol Bay; however, cut off from the support of their home country they are in a dying condition. Not so the Seventh Day Adventists. The whole village of Pilot Point right in his new parish, and just a hundred miles south, is Adventist. And the so-called "Church of Christ" was there too.

Mr. Franklin Smith, the Church of Christ minister, earnestly entreated Father Endal to take his baggage and go elsewhere. He couldn't see that if it was all right for him to overthrow the Russians, it was all right for Father Endal to overthrow him. "But this," says Father Endal, "I told him as politely as I could, I had come to do."

"This preacher in his zeal to reach more natives bought himself a super-cub plane and has learned to fly, and of course that gives him a great advantage," says Father sadly. "But," he reflects in happier tone, "I speak Inuit, and he doesn't; and the bulk of the people speak only this language."

There was no room in the town when he came, and on the first Sunday he didn't even have a place to say Mass. It didn't take too long to find a place. Tuesday night there was a Union meeting in the Union Hall. No one could turn down a Union-man; and Wednesday morning a sign advertised 9 o'clock Mass in the Union hall. More than twenty attended, and the salmon-run mission at Bristol Bay was under way.

"My immediate problem," Father wrote during the summer, "is to erect a church and living quarters. I'd like it about 20 feet wide and fifty-six feet long: forty feet for the church, six feet for the vestibule and confessional, and ten feet for my own living quarters."

The trust in God of the missionary is an amazing thing. "I have about three months to do the job," he wrote, "and the time is ample if everything goes



(Upper) The salmon is tinned in the warehouse and ready for shipping. (Lower) A whopping catch being fed to the conveyor belt at the dock.

right—if I can get material and the labor needed. But since I have no money, I have to depend on volunteer labor. All I can do is plan and trust firmly that somehow, someday God will see me through with it.”

“This is all that appears to me at the present time to be worth writing,” his letter ends, “but I hope you will find it acceptable.”

And the world looked at the salmon-run missionary and spoke sharply. “Stupid!” the world said.

God whispered a little correction.

“Stupendous,” He said with a smile.

A letter

Dear Father:

Father Barrett’s article, “The School of Opportunity,” in the September issue of *Jesuit Missions* touched me deeply, and I am enclosing a check for \$150, in honor of our Blessed Lady, for one of the village schools which are so badly needed in India.

India has always held a special interest for me, although I have never been there. At present, I am a candidate for the Ph.D. in English at Columbia University, and I am writing my doctor’s dissertation on the subject of Anglo-Indian fiction. It seems to me, as a Catholic, that one of the most impressive things about novels of India is that whenever Catholic missionaries—especially Jesuits—appear as characters they are almost always portrayed with admiration. This is especially remarkable in view of the fact that the majority of these novelists are non-Catholic (some are even anti-Catholic in their views on other topics). Such praise from the opposite camp seems to be additional tribute to the outstanding work and self-sacrifice of Jesuit missionaries.

I cannot tell you how much I have enjoyed the many articles on India in *Jesuit Missions*. They have been a constant source of inspiration to me in my work—and of information, too, for I have often felt handicapped because of my lack of personal knowledge of India. I am devoting a chapter of my dissertation to the Indian educational issue, and as I work on it I hope and pray that our Catholic missionaries may have continued success in the educational field. I shall look forward to more articles in *Jesuit Missions* in the near future.

Sincerely yours,

C. A. H.,

New York City.



FATHER MARION BATSON, back in the States after almost twenty years in India, got a shock some weeks ago. The quick floods coming out of the Ranchi mountains at his Mokameh missions cost him exactly \$10,000, and in one night. The entire St. Stanislaus mission, center of 10 mission stations, with two priests, a chapel for 150, and a boys' school with 50 boarders was overwhelmed by the flood waters, and everything was lost. It was the worst monsoon in 50 years, and vestments, clothing, books, just everything was destroyed. I was with him when he got the news.

"You must feel terrible," I said.

"Another job," he said matter-of-factly. "It's got to be rebuilt."

That was all. He folded the telegram grimly, and put it in his pocket. He built the place. Bought an old abandoned house and made it a model mission.

Is there an old doll around the house? A set of blocks, or a dusty Lionel train set? Even a battered kiddie-kar? How about dusting it up and sending it to some mission? If you got it off this month, it might gladden the heart of some little waif in China, or India, Belize or Alaska. It doesn't have to be perfect: if you live in a tent, they say, you don't miss a palace; and babies who never saw a toy won't look too severely at the paint job. An old toy around your house might make a glorious Christmas present where children who have nothing to play with don't know how to pray, either.



962
Madison
Avenue

Dear Friend:

We do not often meet the missionaries from China. They are from the California province and naturally sail from the West coast. This summer, four of them were here in New York—Father Magner, Father Kearney, Father Murphy and Father Clifford—all veteran missionaries (from seven to eighteen years in China) who had experienced invasion, internment and liberation.

The inevitable question was asked, "How do you feel about going back?" There was a real ring of sincerity in the answer of the veteran of eighteen years in China—"A missionary cannot wait until the circumstances are ideal. If he did, nothing would be accomplished. When people are in trouble they need the missionaries most. If Jogues and his companions waited until the Indians put aside their bow and arrow and tomahawks, what would they have accomplished here in the state of New York? Wouldn't you be proud to have a part in the support of such missionaries?"

The China mission has many needs. There is one that may appeal to our readers . . . a host oven. The community of nuns is making hosts by means of rather primitive methods. They would like a new modern host-maker. It is rather expensive, though—\$265. Would you be interested in contributing a part or whole towards this gift for the mission of China? You would have a part in preparing the hosts for Mass and Holy Communion. Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament would certainly reward you with a deeper and personal realization of His Gift of Love.

Coleman A. Daily S.J.

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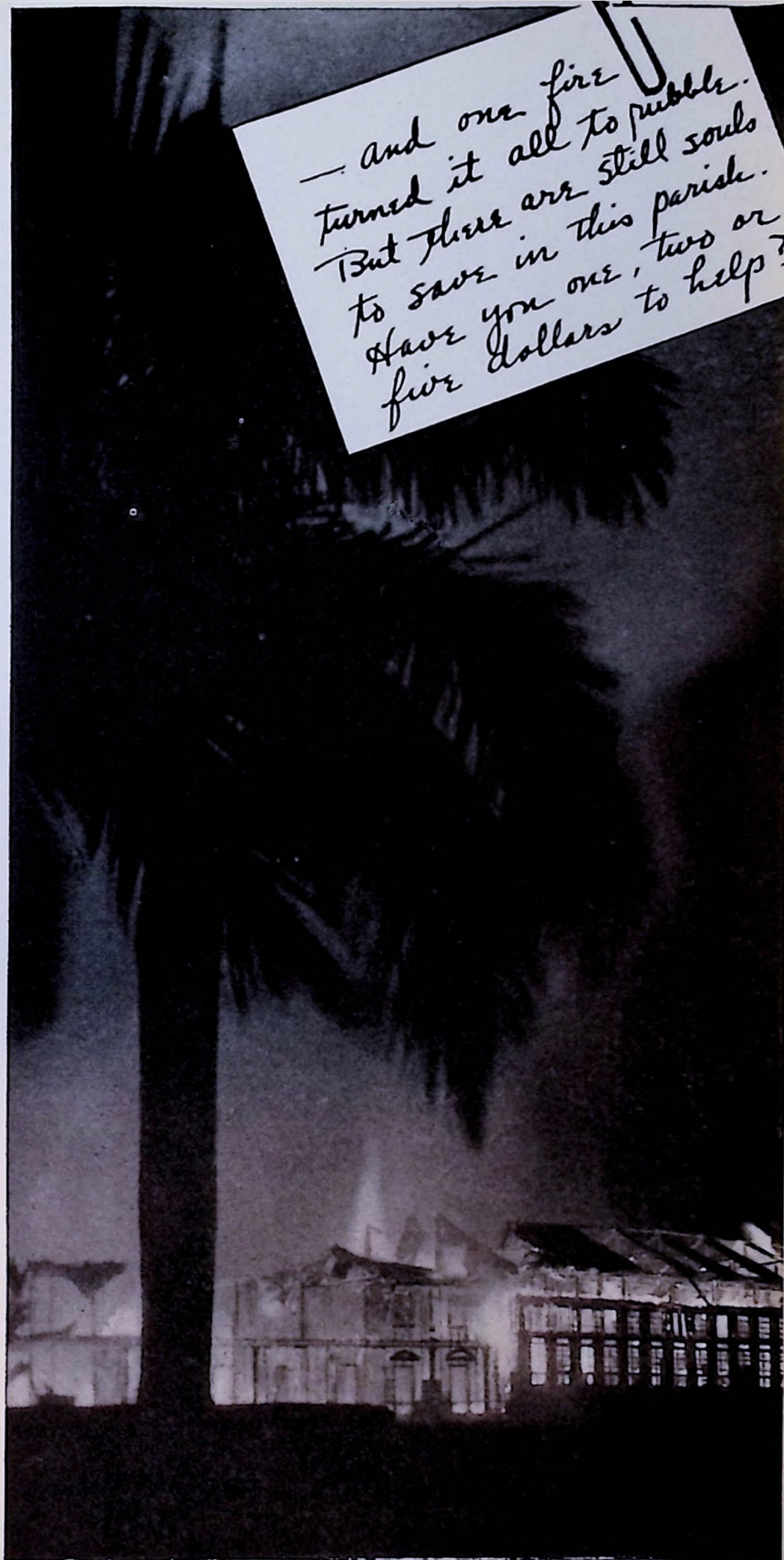
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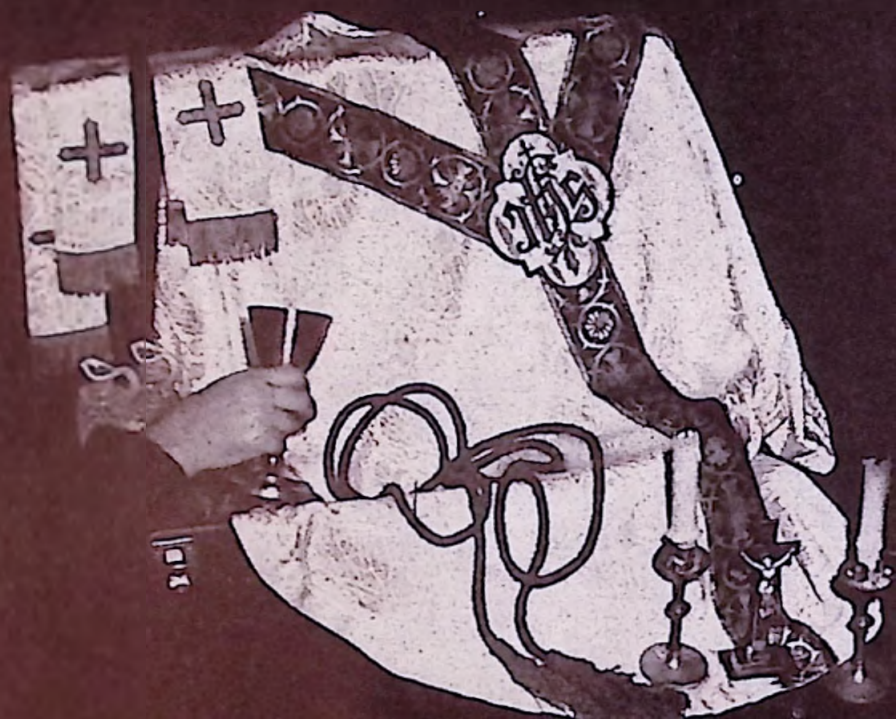
Dear Father Meehan:

Please accept this offering, in honor of St. Anthony, toward the rebuilding of the mission at San Antonio, British Honduras.

Signed

Address

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at Bethlehem*



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