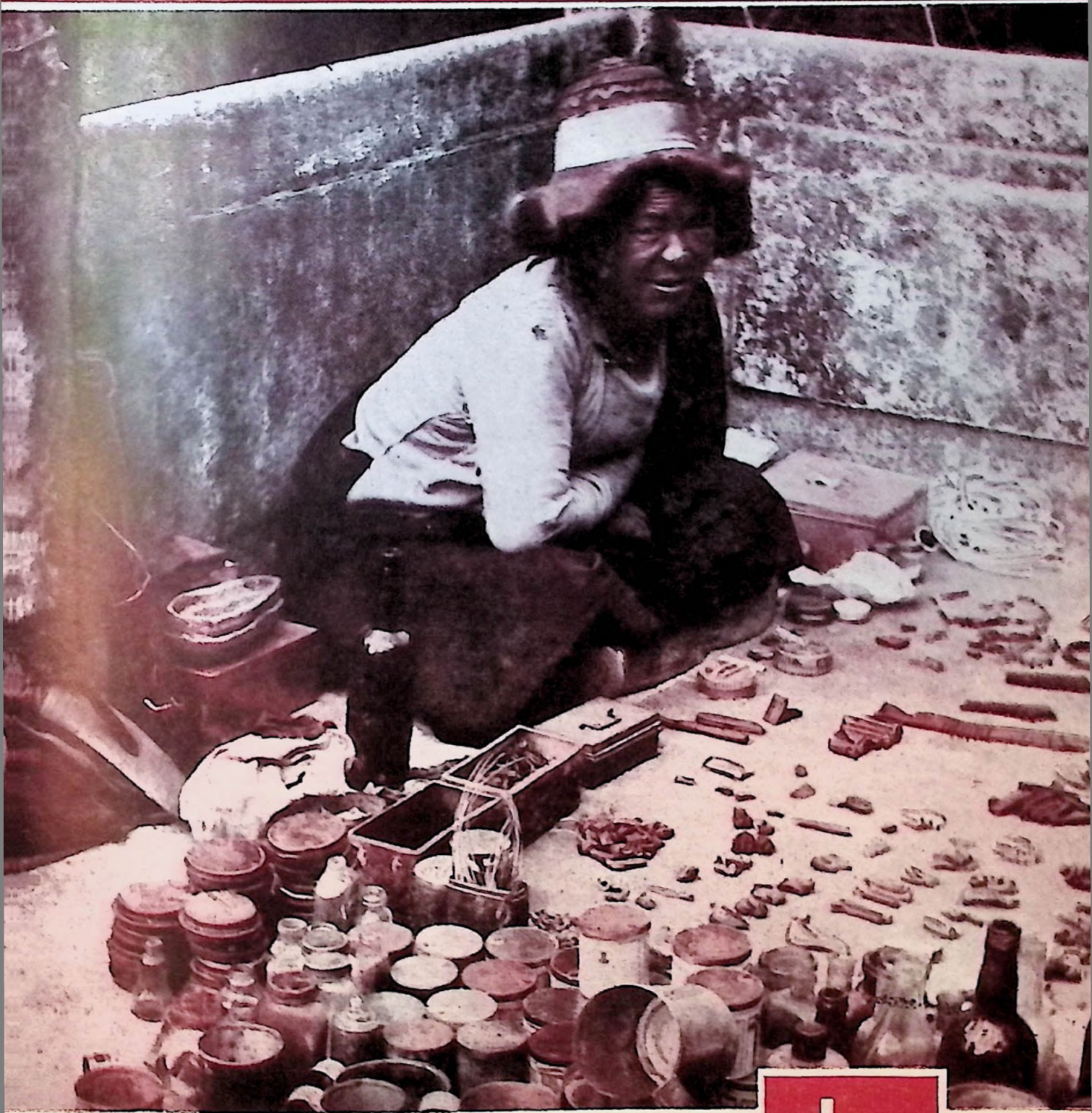


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JESUIT MISSIONS

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1949



200,000,000 SLAVES IN CHINA



AUTHORS



James F. Morgan, of the city of many vocations, Lawrence, Mass., was influenced to volunteer for the Baghdad mission by the late Bishop Rice. His first story is a picture of unity in the Near East.



Anderson E. Bakewell, of St. Louis, has climbed mountains since boyhood—in Europe and in North, Central and South America (National Geographic Expeditions). He is now in Jamshedpur mission.



Father James B. Reuter, from Elizabeth, N. J., one of the Jesuit missionaries interned by the Japanese during the war, really loves to write. He used to be a script writer for the Catholic Radio Hour in Manila before the war.

The Indian girl you see here is a type of an extinct culture. The change from the life of the range to that of the reservation was a radical one for which the Indian hunter had no preparation. The buffalo had supplied his needs—tent, food, clothing. By Act of Congress he was changed into a farmer. His laws, morals, customs were overthrown. His women lost their high safeguards. His absorbing of the new culture has naturally been slow and he needs patient technical, scientific and religious education. The white man owes him this to rectify the wrong done him.

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COVER. A Tibetan peddler of Darjeeling, India. His wares are old razor blades, teeth, bones, rabbits' feet, empty Scotch bottles, empty shoe polish tins, mucilage bottles, tins and dried cigarettes. He sits this way for hours and never gives away or sells a thing and is quite content.

JESUIT MISSIONS is primarily an eye-witness magazine—written by reporters on the scene. Even more than this our reporters have that deep sympathy with events and characters which comes from living, loving and suffering with the people they write about. They speak the language of the Alaskans, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Marshallese, East Indians, Hondurans, Iraqi, Ceylonese, Jamaicans, American Indians. They write your language—the language of the joyfully generous American Catholic heart, delighted to be doing for Christ. They are eager to tell of their gratitude for your help. Be a loyal apostle for their work by introducing your friends to JESUIT MISSIONS.

STARS in the ceiling



All the Ateneo looks like this
a view from the shell of a doorway
into the hope of God's sunlight
The culture and the spirit of the
past blend into the spirit of the
culture of the new Philippines.

JAMES B. REUTER, S.J.



A STEADY EARLY morning rain beat down as I wandered through the grounds of the Ateneo de Manila looking at the old destroyed buildings I had loved so well. I had taught at the Ateneo. Since then I had been in a prison camp and had returned to the States to finish my studies. And now I was back in the Philippines.

Slowly I walked through the grounds and headed north for the auditorium; I climbed a broken column and stood there in the downpour gazing sadly at the ruins of the most beautiful theatre in the East.

Once the balcony used to curve around to the stage; you could whisper on that stage and be heard in the far corners. The seats were banked so that everyone could see, and the theatre was so built that the audience seemed warm and small and intimate, though the place held a thousand people.

But there weren't any seats now, or balconies, or curtains on the stage, or lights or scenery. The fire had eaten them; it was strange how completely fire could consume cloth, canvas, velvet, wood, even the rope that lifted the scenery. The steel girder had gone white hot in the fire and twisted into queer shapes like taffy; then the roof had come plunging down into the orchestra. You could look up now through the roof and see the dark storm clouds hovering over the ruins.

It was destroyed four years ago; the Americans had shelled Manila for days, shattering most of the buildings; the retreating Japanese set fire to what was left. Then the typhoons had come driving rain through the open roof, through the broken

THE REAL SPIRIT OF THE PHILIPPINES CANNOT DIE

Windows; floods had washed in dirt. Green ferns grew up from the black silt, and young trees were flourishing where the side aisles used to be.

The world is full of ruins like our auditorium. In Manila it is just another wrecked building among thousands of wrecked buildings. But our auditorium never was just another building. Heroes walked that stage. And saints.

Heroes and Saints

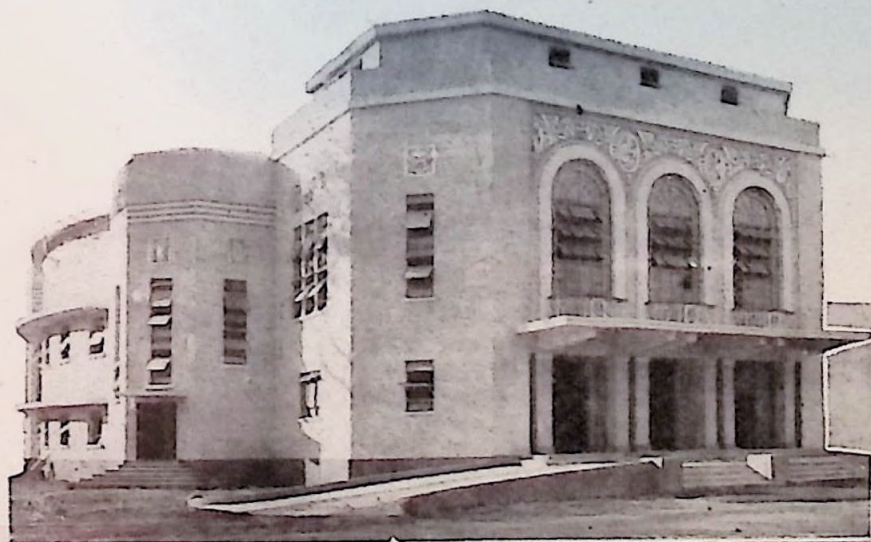
Back in 1941 when Manila was filled with rumors of war, the Ateneo staged a play about Edmund Campion, "Who Ride on White Horses." Luis Pimentel, the lead, was drafted into the army just before the show opened. We worked a pass from the war department to allow him to play, and he came to the opening night in uniform, a sergeant. He did a wonderful job. In the last scene Blessed Edmund is condemned to death and walks off to his execution. Luis walked off, changed into his uniform and rode out to Bataan where he was killed.

Ramon Cabrera almost stole that show with a minor role. A few months later he

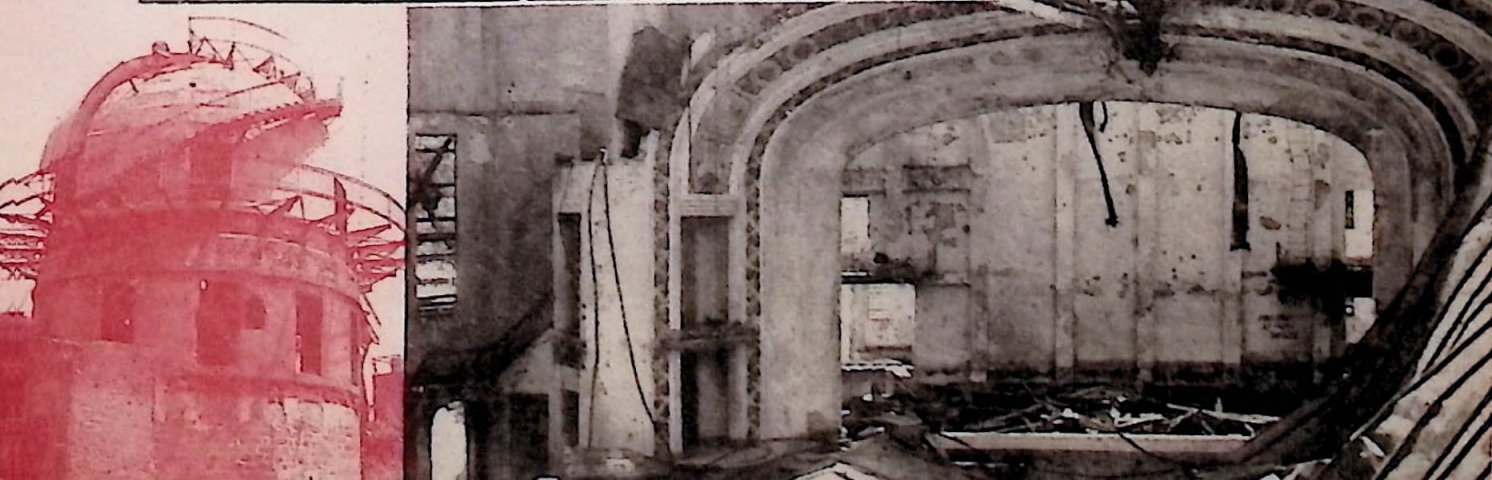
was bayoneted by the military police because he refused to betray his friends.

During the first year of the war we were interned in the Ateneo with about a hundred civilian refugees. When the strain of war and the diet of corn muffins was becoming unbearable, we Jesuits decided to put on a show ourselves. Father Horacio de la Costa wrote a musical comedy called "Fiesta," the story of the tiny Filipino village of San Bellarmino famous for its intelligent animals. A crook named Napoleon comes to steal the intelligent animals, and the village is panic-stricken; they all take their intelligent horses and roosters to bed with them. The mayor in desperation calls the FBI in Washington, who send six big Irish detectives to wipe out San Bellarmino's crime wave.

We set up a real village, and oh! did we work on it. Then into the sweetness of the little village barge the six Jesuit detectives smoking black cigars, and wearing derbies covered with mosquito netting. As a disguise they set up a hot-dog stand, a chair for guess-your-weight, a counter where you threw baseballs at the blackened face and



What was once the most beautiful theatre in the East where a whisper could be heard by every one of the thousand auditors, now lies ruined (below). Its successor, now on blueprints, soon will rise.



curly head of Clarence Martin, and a test-your-strength tower with a sledge-hammer and a bell on top.

Into the mess rode big Ed McGinty on a bicycle looking like a schoolboy at a fourth of July parade. Between scenes big Ed and I changed scenery.

After they caught Napoleon the villagers sang, and Ed McGinty did a native Filipino dance with Dan Corbett. I smiled to remember it: the *tinikling* is a graceful dance over moving bamboo poles; neither Corbett nor McGinty were lithe nor graceful—and the refugees laughed until they were doubled up in their seats.

It was one of McGinty's last acts of charity. He died nine days before the Americans landed in Lingayen. Joey Guerrero stayed with him till the end and buried him.

Abrogina played in "Fiesta," too. He was killed in the Lipa massacre; and Ricardo Pimentel, brother of Luis and another Jesuit scholastic, died in the auditorium while it was being shelled—shrapnel through the head. Still another scholastic, Lopez, ran across the parade ground in back of the theatre carrying bandages to the British nuns at Assumption and was shot in the back by a sniper. And Father Joe Mulry, the big man with the big heart who sat in the front row and laughed the loudest—I drove the nails into his coffin in the prison camp at Los Banos. Memories began to overwhelm me, and with eyes smarting I walked quickly out of the auditorium.

I went over toward the old chapel where I used to prefect the boarders at six o'clock Mass. The rains continued to pour down from the black heavens. The wide bases of

the old Spanish walls were still there, but the rest was rubble and rusty steel, with green trees and ferns and cogon grass trying to hide the ruins of the chapel.

The beautiful old acacia trees had burned in the battle of Manila; their charred skeletons looked so ugly that someone had characteristically cut them to the ground. The observatory was an abandoned dome, staring into the skies with empty sockets of windows, no telescope, no clocks, no storm signals going out to the China Sea. In the faculty building the elevator shaft still stood, running up for five stories with no building around it. The elevator used to take us up to the roof where we'd sit under the stars, looking out over the lights of Manila.

I wandered into the gym for consolation; that, I'd been told, had survived. But the gym was almost the worst shock. We used to have a black, polished, wooden floor; at night it gleamed in the lights and it was a joy to play on. American soldiers had cut it into sections to put under their tents and left only the rough cement.

Along the sides we used to have stanchions made of polished black board; they were gone too. We had a balcony, and a board that told you in lights all about the game. No balcony, no lights. They hadn't been destroyed by shells; they were looted.

It hit me hard because I hadn't expected it. For the first time I began to resent the war. I went back into the yard and watched the students gather for class. A young scholastic came briskly by; he was young, fresh from the States, all energy.

"Hiya, Father," he said, "just like old times, isn't it?"

Graduation—the spirit of the old Ateneo lives on even in roofless buildings.





Father Masterson awards Ramos his letter.

I managed to work up a weak smile. "Well . . ." I said hesitantly, "not exactly."

"The spirit's the same, though," he said with cheerful confidence. "Some say it's even better. Come out and see the basketball game this afternoon."

Like Old Times

It wasn't fair to resent him, I thought, as I made my way to Father John McCarron's office. Maybe it's just as well to have new men who didn't know the place before. I was in for a rude awakening, though I didn't know it at the time.

Father McCarron and I played basketball against each other at Baguio; he was lean and strong, a hard man to handle on the court. We won because of Mike Cashman, who was a natural, but Father John went down with all guns blazing. And now in the ruins of the Ateneo he had gray in his hair and blueprints on his desk, and his heart and head were full of one thing: building an entirely new Ateneo.

"These plans aren't mine," he said leaning back in his chair. "Father Masterson gathered the community together and told them to dream their fondest dreams. They all brought in suggestions, and I froze them into cubic feet and inches."

The blueprints startled me. The college will be much more beautiful than the old one, much more efficiently planned, modern, fireproof. There's a radio station com-

plete down to rehearsal studios. A new chapel. A new gymnasium. There'll be a new theatre. Father Irwin who built the old one in 1936 is planning the new one.

"The lights in the old one weren't versatile enough," said Father Irwin smoking his eternal pipe. "And the place got too hot sometimes."

When you look at the minute detail of the plans, when Father Masterson triumphantly wades into the room in the middle of a typhoon to report that our property in Quezon City is not under water, but draining as expected, though half of Manila is under water—when this happens you get a queer feeling that the new Ateneo is not just a dream. We haven't put a spade into the ground yet, but the building is going up in the minds of these men; their thoughts are full of the new school; they're planning it room by room; they're even designing the hinges for the doors.

The spirit of hope began to seep into my own heart; and in the afternoon I went over to the basketball game. Even with the wet cement floor and the rough wooden

Father McCarron praying at the grave of Father Joseph Mulry outside Manila.



benches I saw that the spirit was the same. The spark-plug of the old Ateneo varsity was the smallest man on the squad, all heart, all speed and spirit. The life of this year's team is a little man too, Tablente; he covers the whole court like Simon used to; he's left-handed too.

In the game the team trailed until the last quarter. Then the students in the stands began to stamp their feet. The team began to run harder, to cut faster, to go higher for the rebounds. Tablente intercepted a pass and shot down the court alone to score. The team went on fire. They won in the last minute of play. And I was on my feet shouting with the rest of them.

That night I went over to Calle Herran, a street near the Ateneo, to be measured for a white habit. It was an important night for me, because somehow that night I got measured for a new life too.

The street in front of our school was pitch black, but somewhere in the darkness Bing Crosby sang "A Tree in the Meadow" . . . *And carved upon that tree I see, I'll love you till I die.* In the silence of the wet street, in the peace after the storm, it sounded strong, peaceful, intimate.

I was on my way to visit a family of one of our Ateneo men. The mother, Mrs. Soliven, is our seamstress; her husband Benito, an Assemblyman before the war and an Ateneo graduate, fought on Bataan. He came out of prison camp consumed with disease, and very soon after his return home, died. Because he didn't die in prison camp the law grants his family no pension. His death left Mrs. Soliven with ten children, no money, and their home a pile of ashes. She runs a little dress shop now.

I went around in back to the nipa hut where the family lives. There was a flicker of light inside; and I knocked before I realized that the family was on its knees praying. Maximo, the eldest, opened the door to the one room home, and I entered.

Two white candles burned before a statue of the Sacred Heart; and in front of it Mrs. Soliven, slender and tiny, with black pig tails, knelt and led her family in prayer.

"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee . . ."

The unbroken rhythm of the prayer went on,—Mrs. Soliven's low soft voice, and then the high mixed chorus of the children. Against the wall by the door, kneeling by the chair which Max had brought, I said my rosary with them.

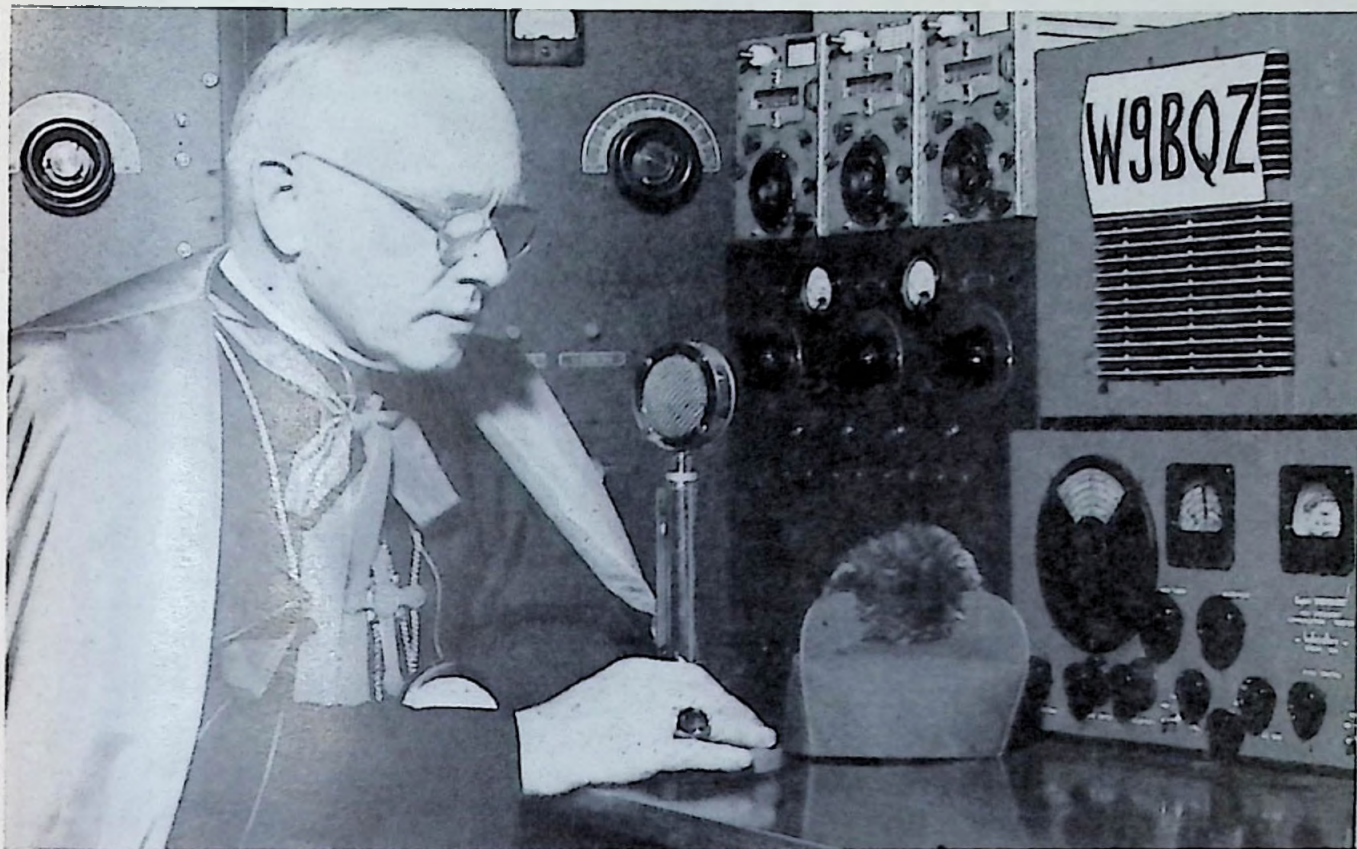
This faith is the only legacy an Ateneo man had for his family; but it has kept them together and strong. This is why the Ateneo will rise again, I thought. This is why the Philippines will rise. These people haven't changed. I was overwhelmingly happy to be back. I heard Mrs. Soliven's voice breaking the rhythm of the Hail Mary's.

"The fourth sorrowful mystery, Jesus carries His cross."

On the way back home I passed the auditorium; there were stars in the ceiling now, and the harsh lines of the broken walls were softened by the darkness. The new theatre in the new Ateneo will not take the place of the old. Just as no one will take the place of Father Joe Mulry. He's gone; he was the heart of the Ateneo once; he loved the school and the boys; but he is dead. A new man teaches freshmen and sophomores. A new man in a new classroom, with a new personality, helping the boys his own way.

But the scholastic was right; something is transferred. It's not the buildings, nor the students, nor the faculty—all those things have changed. It's like the Olympic torch handed from one man to another, from Father Joe Mulry to his successor, from big Ed McGinty to this new scholastic, from Luis Pimentel to the lead in the next Ateneo play, from Ramon Cabrera to every boy who will ever play even a minor role in the Ateneo of the future.





Bishop Hickey airwaves blessings and promises to his Honduran flock.

Belize Talks Back To The Bishop

JOHN M. SCOTT S.J.

As soon as it became known at Campion High School, Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, that the newly consecrated Bishop of Belize, British Honduras, was coming to address the student body, Father Robert J. Conroy, the operator of radio station W9BQZ contacted Armando Perez in Belize.

"Calling Station VPIAP, Belize," said Father Conroy. "Armando, could you possibly get some of the Jesuits in Belize to speak to their new Bishop from your place?"

Armando would be delighted. He got Father John Knopp, the superior of the mission, and Father Gregory Sontag. At seven the next morning all was ready.

Smiling in anticipation as Father Conroy handed him the microphone, Bishop Hickey spoke clearly. "God bless all of you."

"The people have prepared a large spiritual bouquet for you," said Father Knopp. "And we are all awaiting your return."

Bishop Hickey then thanked Armando.

"I'll have a special blessing for you Armando," he said. "You don't know how wonderful it is to talk to home."

"Your Excellency," said Father Knopp, "did you get the jeep for Father Moore?"

"It's been shipped already," Bishop Hickey said happily. "It left a couple of days ago on a Standard Fruit Co. boat."

Father James Meehan, mission procurator, took the mike. "I'm sending phonograph records of Bishop's consecration," he said. "And also twenty-three boxes of mission supplies."

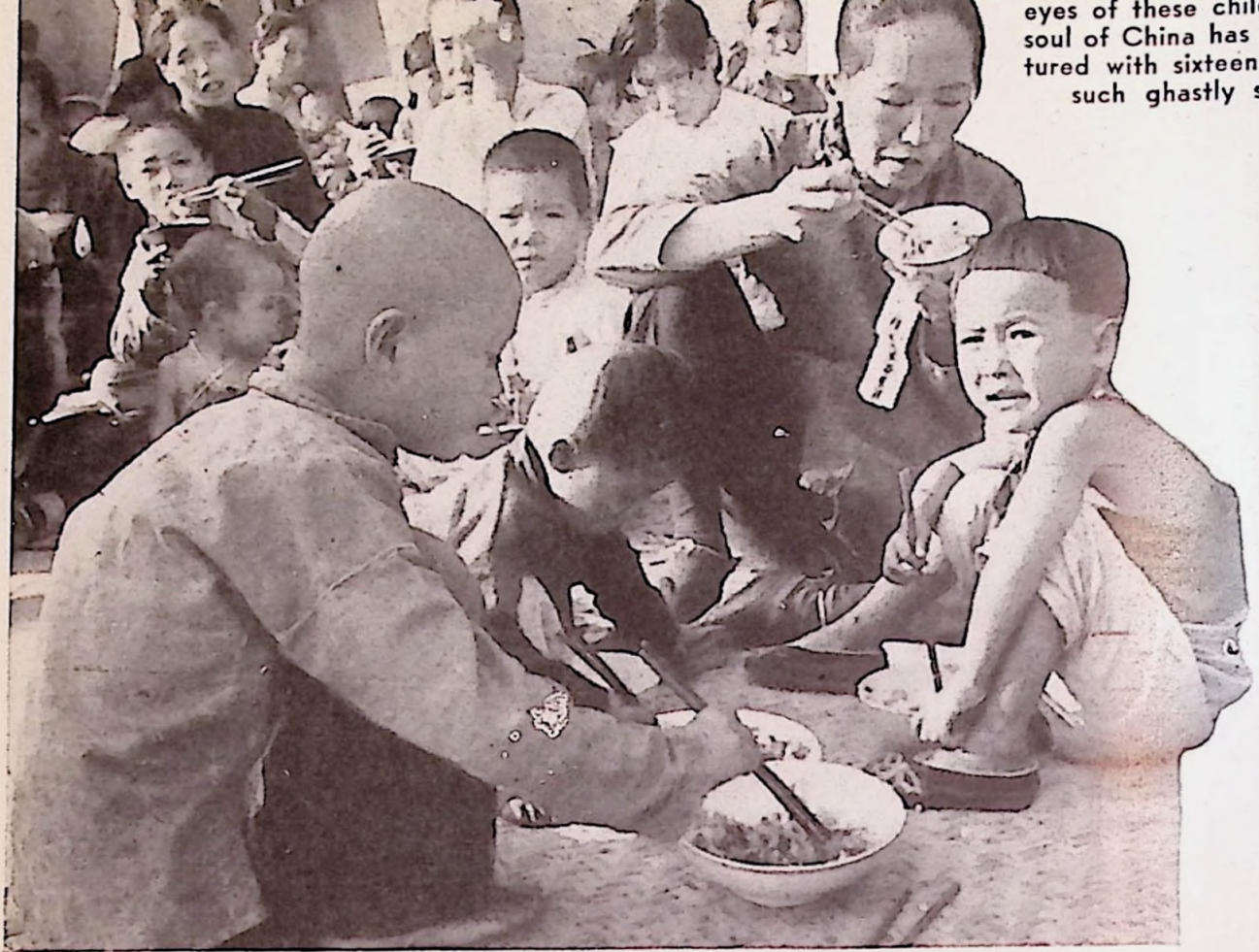
Bishop Hickey leaned over Father Meehan's shoulder. "And tell Fathers Hodapp and Sontag that I'll be in their home town of Mankato, Minnesota, tomorrow," he said.

The interview was all over when listeners at Campion heard an agonized gasp.

"Bishop, wait!" it was Father Knopp's voice.

"I almost forgot," he rushed on. "Sister Mary Catherine wants you to bring back a supply of hooks and eyes, and a spool of purple thread!"

The fatherly face of Bishop Hickey lit up with a warm smile. "Tell her not to worry," he chuckled. "And once more, God bless all of you!"



eyes of these children.
soul of China has been tor-
tured with sixteen years
such ghastly sights.

200,000,000 Slaves

JOHN J. O'FARRELL S.J.

WHEN THE ELECTIONS were over last November and all had eaten roast crow, the American press suddenly discovered the "greatest Chinese battle of all time in which a million troops evenly distributed on both sides were committed." The battle of Nanking was under way. Actually the battle raged for the territory north of the Yangtse River. Nanking and Shanghai are on the south bank of this mile wide river.

Though eventually filling space with the observation that there were some 4,000 American missionaries in China, the press never considered as newsworthy the fact that the following could be committed to the loss of their freedom: 200,000,000 people, of whom 2,000,000 are Catholic Chinese; 1,800 foreign priests and 1,300 Chinese priests; 1,000 foreign Sisters and 2,000 Chinese Sisters caring for 10,000 orphans in 160 orphanages, feeding 15,000 other children, nursing 20,000 patients in 170 hospitals, giving 4,000,000 medical treat-

ments yearly; educating 175,000 children in 2,700 schools. Of course, the Nationalist government's educational organization is dozens of times larger.

The church in north China took a lot of organization, a hundred years of building with sacrifices and small donations—and all of it can disappear behind the Iron Curtain. Yet some American university professors, some of our journalists, some of our State Department officials, some of our "unusually qualified" lecturers tell us that this civil war is . . . "just a peasant revolution that has been going on since 1850." . . . "Chiang Kai-shek failed to organize it these twenty years, but the Communists have organized it within five."

Unless America speedily develops a two-ocean foreign policy, and radically shifts its former policy of trying to force upon China a coalition government with the Soviet-dominated Chinese Communists, America must face nearly a billion disillu-

A group of leftist propagandists has used some Washington officials, some parts of the American Press, some professors of history, economics and geopolitics to dupe the American public about China. We now stand shamed before the world.

sioned, non-cooperative Asiatics from northern Manchuria to the end of Indonesia.

Our policy in China these past few years contradicts our policy in Greece, Turkey, and Japan. Our Department of State did not force the people of Berlin, or Paris, or Rome to cooperate with the Communists to the point of being controlled by them.

Of course, the question can be asked: "Why are we meddling in the Far East at all?" For the simple reason that we sold China down the river at Yalta by forcing her to sign a treaty with Soviet Russia. Russia on her part has committed the grossest violations of that treaty; and we have not made a single significant counter move. Most of the Japanese war material was taken



Types of Nationalist soldiers who have been fighting with too little against well-equipped Reds.

over by the Soviet army who held it till the Communist armies could move forward to receive it. Originally Russia agreed to give the Nationalists a large amount of the war supplies. Even supposing we could not have prevented Russia from cheating the Nationalists, we might have given China the munitions left in our huge stock pile in the Pacific—at least in time.

Competent reports on the China situation by former Ambassador Bullitt and General Wedemeyer were ignored. And with a crushing defeat in the Orient almost a stark reality, we are still sending investigators.

The Nationalists under American pressure have made many distinct concessions to the Communists; but have steadfastly refused to enter a coalition on even terms with them. Unlike the wartime coalition government in Britain, where a minority party's refusal to cooperate with the majority could not overthrow the government, the coalition in China would itself be the government. So much so, that within a week or two the Communists could withdraw their support, and the government would cease to exist. Then a few weeks later the Communists by their clever tactics and grand strategy could trump up another election and claim at last another *democratic* government.

When this *democratic* government would be hailed by the liberal pink intelligentsia in America, and duly recognized by peace-loving Soviet Russia, then freedom of religion would become the mockery it now is in all the countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Then Japan would be outflanked and all of MacArthur's great work would be destroyed: after all, he is essentially only a representative of the United States government. Why would the Japanese want to be caught in an anti-Communist trap? As China goes, so goes the whole Far East—Christian peace or Communist slavery for the next century.

Quite apart from the work of Christian missionaries who have given their lives to bring Christ into a pagan land, quite apart from the 200,000,000 Chinese who are on the brink of Communist slavery, quite apart from the murders, the starvings, the tortures of our fellow-members of Christ's Mystical Body, the United States has a stake in the Orient.

"Today Russia; tomorrow the world." That one world *could* be Communist.

JESUIT



This is the most stupendous mountain area in the world; Everest (29,141 feet), Kanchenjunga (28,186 feet), Chomolhari (23,997 feet).



(Top) Numpur and Namkya start out with provisions for the climb. (Middle) The party trekking upward over a barren stretch of hillside.

(Bottom) Near Nepal they passed through mountain villages like this.



MONSOON CLOUDS were forming over Calcutta when we began our trek from Manebhanjang to Phalut just below Mount Kanchenjunga the world's third largest mountain. The rains had already begun their long march up the Bay of Bengal and our march that brings them northward each day until they pour over the parched Indian plains, swirl in heavy clouds through the Darjeeling foothills, and finally fall in crystalline snow on the white slopes of Everest, Makalu, Jannu, Pandim and the other peaks forming the mountain barrier of southern Tibet. We timed our climb to fall between the *choti barsat*, or little monsoon, and the big monsoon that makes travel impossible.

Our party consisted of Fr. Richard I. Cross, headmaster at Krist Raja, Bettiah; Mr. William Goudreau of St. Xavier's, Patna; Mr. James Keogh of Loyola, Jamshedpur; the Sherpa porters, Numpur and Namkya, and myself.

Our first goal was Tonglu, rising immediately above Manebhanjang and pushing its head into a cloud that promised to dampen it thoroughly before nightfall. The Himalayan forests must be delightful at any season, but they were particularly beautiful

TAKE TO THE HILLS

ANDERSON E. BAKEWELL S.J.



The author thrives on hill-climbing.

now. Within an hour we had climbed into the clouds which crept silently through the heavily moss-laden trees and over the wild orchids hanging in profusion everywhere. There was an air of mystery and beauty made more eerie by the tinkling of pony bells of the occasional caravans passing along the trail in the mist.

Kanchenjunga Beckons

The cloud over Tonglu broke at dusk, and the rain washed the skies clear. In the morning Kanchenjunga gleamed to beckon us on, and we moved northward in high hopes, passing through hill villages with their prayer flags fluttering in the morning breeze.

The trail between Tonglu and Sandakphu drops steeply several thousand feet to the level of bamboo forest; then begins a long ascent to the Nepal frontier bungalow just below the summit of the peak. Fortified by a cup of tea we began the upward climb, listening to the creaking of bamboos as the wind swayed their tall tops. The hamadrayad, or king cobra, is reported from this area, though I am not certain it reaches the upper level of the bamboo forest.

The usual storm that evening brought

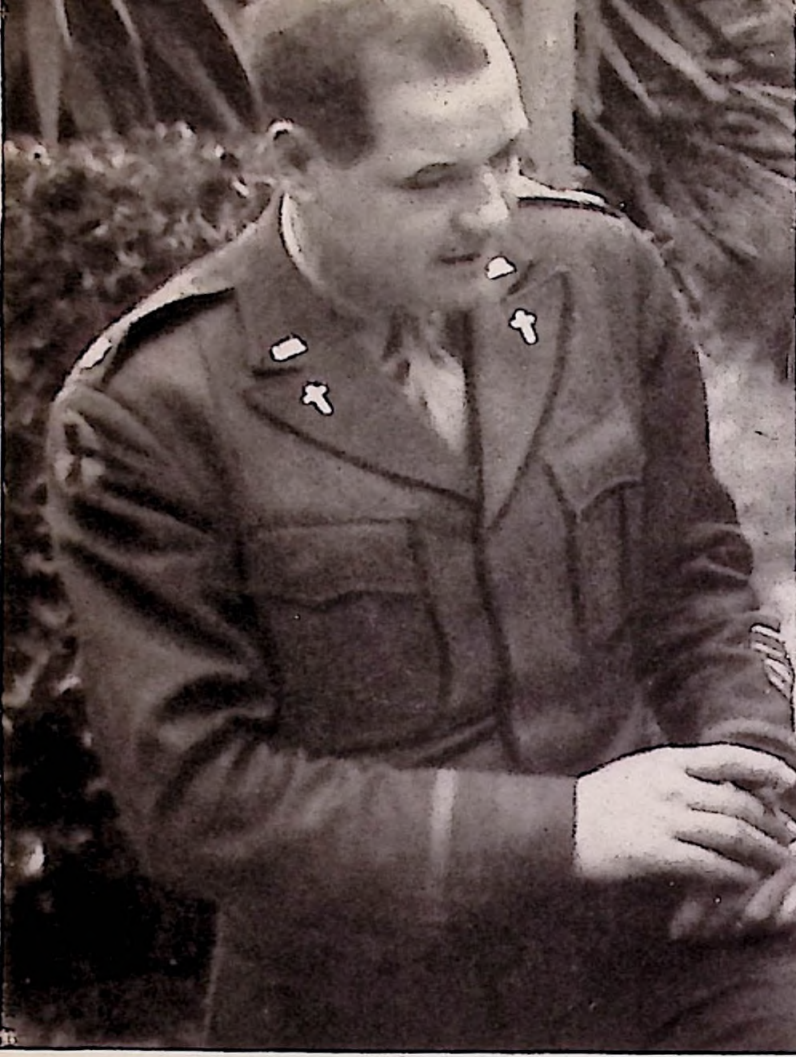
heavy hail, thunder and lightning; but the exceptionally clear morning brought Mt. Everest into view above the great valleys of the Tamur and Arun rivers. This is the most stupendous mountain area in the world: Everest (29,141 feet) eastward through Kanchenjunga (28,186 feet) and its satellites to Chomolhari (23,997 feet) on the Lhasa trade route. Here at 11,000 feet the rhododendrons were still in bloom. We marched over trails overhung with their blossoms, and drank from pools where the fallen petals lay like unmelted snow.

Clouds hung low over Nepal as we began the last stage of the journey to Phalut; they soon covered the Forbidden Kingdom and swept over the bare passes in a blinding white mist, cutting visibility to a few feet. When the clouds parted occasionally we could see the sunlight shining on patches of forest far below. About mid-afternoon we stumbled into a clearing, and there before us was the last frontier bungalow.

The next morning brought more mist and rain, but with it a promise of clearance. If it did clear, the view would be gorgeous; so we climbed to the *mendong* on the summit of Phalut and waited. Torn mist poured over a meadow carpeted with flowers. Through the cloud rifts Singalila, marking the boundary of India, Nepal and Sikkim, rose nearly to the height of Phalut.

As the sun rose we could see the huge vastnesses of the world's greatest mountains. Above great banks of clouds rising from the Arun valley, Mt. Everest appeared pure white. The ice battlements of Kanchenjunga, still thirty five miles away, rose in a terrific sweep from the darker glaciers below. Jannu, with its steep sides and moats of ice, perhaps the most difficult technical climb left to be done, thrust its twin summits upwards like watch towers. The summit of Pandim rose like an island above the mist.

As we watched, we saw the clouds draw like a curtain over the snows. An eagle rose into the skies out of Nepal, circled once, and dropped again into the Tamar valley. We turned southward back to the plains.



An on the spot account of the grand procession that accompanied Blessed Sacrament to its new home in Yokosuka, Japan



ROSE PETALS *in the Streets*

WILLIAM J. EVERETT S.J.

A STRANGE HUSH fell over the thousands of Japanese tradesmen, shipyard workers, and afternoon shoppers who lined the streets of Yokosuka. The procession which had been moving slowly down the main street came to a standstill; and to the great amazement of the townspeople who crowded together at either curb, the marchers went to their knees.

Everyone in the procession, Japanese and Americans alike, knelt side by side in the none too clean streets of this great Japanese naval base. Few of the watchers understood the reason for the kneeling; but almost unconsciously they felt themselves affected by the scene; and gradually their chatter died out, and over the streets came a strange hush of wonder and awe and, perhaps, grace.

Then from an altar erected in the public square, over the heads of Christians and pagans alike, the beautifully vested Bishop of Yokohama lifted the Blessed Sacrament

high in Benediction. Benediction over, the procession moved on again.

The U. S. Navy band, muting brass and muffling drums as best they could, led the way. After them came the Japanese school children, 1,500 of them, representing all the Catholic schools of the Tokyo-Yokohama area. Then, the U. S. Navy, officers and men with their wives and families; the Army officers and men, and the WACS, American and Japanese civilians.

Right after the lay people came the nuns, out of their convents for this very rare occasion. Brothers, priests, religious from every corner of the globe followed them, Bishops and the Apostolic Delegate—all marching together in this great triumphal procession carrying Christ the King to his new home. No wonder all of Yokosuka stopped and stared at the greatest demonstration the town had ever seen.

Jesus Christ had officially taken up His residence in the new Catholic Church of Yokosuka.

Originally the church had been a Navy chapel used by all denominations. A new chapel built for the use of Protestants made it possible for this to be given to the diocese for the use of American and Japanese Catholics.

The whole transaction would have been impossible without the active cooperation of the Navy's Captain Decker, in charge of reconstruction in Yokosuka. He believes that the introduction of democracy into Japan must be no mere superficial thing; that no mere economic or social reforms are sufficient without a solid Christian foundation. And the Captain puts his theories into practice; already his efforts have established two schools, a hospital, and now this church. This day was a triumph for all those who hope to see the Christian spirit take hold in Japan.

For the pagan Japanese it was also a memorable day. They knew nothing of the Blessed Sacrament. They'd seen the GI's laughing and joking, drinking beer and playing ball. But that the Americans usually so disdainful of Japanese "bowing and scraping" should themselves be kneeling and bowing in the streets to this foreign God—this was something to wonder at. And so they went to their homes pondering all these things in their hearts. As they went home they stared again at the flower petals strewn in profusion through the Yokosuka streets.

Come, follow me

THE EPIPHANY

On the feast of the Epiphany, the mothers and children of Bethlehem come into their own. At the Christmas solemnities, in normal years, they are pretty well crowded off the scene. For space is at a premium in the little Franciscan church, close by the Cave.

But at the Epiphany, the Christ Child is Bethlehem's own. Mothers lead their children to the manger and there, without the press of pilgrims or mere sightseers about, retell the familiar and local details of Bethlehem's night of glory, as the children gaze in wide-eyed wonder at the adorable Infant in the crib.

The afternoon procession of the Holy Child enthroned is the climax of the day. The recumbent Christ Child is taken from the manger and seated on a tiny throne which the Franciscan Custodian of the Holy Land carries before him like a monstrance. From the Cave where Christ was born, through the transept of St. Helena's 4th Century Church of the Nativity, under the cloistering arches of the convent garden and into the Franciscan church, the Royal Infant is borne. Along the way, the men have yielded every vantage point to the children. The buzz of excited voices blends with the chant of the vested choir. The Holy Child approaches. Eagerly, the mothers thrust their children forward in outstretched arms, slowing the progress of the Christ bearer. But with sweet patience the venerable Custodian pauses. The Infant on his throne, with tiny hand uplifted, is raised over each child of Bethlehem in the blessed sign of its redemption.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



Life with the Eskimos in ALASKA

As you can see above, there are village belles with hair-dos and kerchiefs even where there are no villages. And those fur pieces may be

silver fox! The small fry (left) have a paradise of hills and snow. Johnny and Joe (right) drag home Eskimo turkey (seal to you).





(Upper Left): A Husky Hooper Bay Mother and Dad line up the three kiddies for a family portrait. (Upper Right): Hooper Bay fashion parade. Mother and Daughter show their latest in snow suits. Daughter seems a bit disdainful of the inquiring camera. (Below): The lesson must have been a snap this morning, because the catechism class triumphantly waves good-bye to the departing teacher. These healthy children are wonderful advertisements for the benefits of cod-liver oil.





Likiép Chief Freddie Capelle presents outrigger model to Admiral Ramsey as Father Thomas J. Feeney S.J., and Governor Vest look on.



What are we doing in the MARSHALLS?

OUR MISSION in the Marshall Islands consists of 34 islands planted in an area almost twice the size of Texas. For this stupendous stretch of land and water there are two missionaries: Father Thomas Feeney and myself. We arrived a year ago, not to start a new mission, but to restore an almost abandoned one: it has been hard work, lots of fun, and quite a bit more rewarding than we hoped.

The thoroughgoing German Fathers laid the foundations of Catholicity so well that neither time nor neglect could harm them. And the American lads of the Navy and Marines helped us tremendously by the way they won all Marshallese hearts.

At Ailinglapalap Island forty Japanese were intrenched, and several ships and a detachment of Marines were sent to take the island. Wave after wave of Marines came ashore, and it took a bare half-day to finish their job. That afternoon the Marines lined up the boys on the island, and with a coconut for a ball, spent three hours teaching them how to play football.

"Father, who is Babe Ruth?" all the youngsters ask you now.

"Father, why do the cowboys in America carry guns?"

From the beginning we made our home at Likiép Island where we found a strong Catholic community of a hundred souls; we now have 165. When we arrived we moved into a wooden house left from the days of the German Fathers; we painted it a beautiful white and green with aluminum roofing, added two storerooms, two very large porches, a generator, electric lights, radio and a movie projector.

The larger porch, 82 feet long, is our chapel; we refinished an old German altar and added a beautiful brass tabernacle from the States, fitted with silks inside and out. The benches we got the hard way: sailed to an island 100 miles away, and brought them back from an old navy chapel.

I'm just back from a four month's tour of part of the "parish". At Ailinglapalap I had my first experience of getting into a place where a priest has not lived for years.

We figured that there might be 50 Catholics scattered in the atoll. I found 115, with a promise of many more to come. And it's strange, but we've found that the Marshallese do not promise lightly; in another year we ought to have 200.

When the "Mera," the Likiep ship, deposited me at Ailinglapalap. I had a funny feeling: no one on the island spoke English, and I was just beginning to talk Marshallese; but Peter, at whose home I stayed, was a fine guide and a wonderful teacher.

Among other things, I met the island King, Lailan; he's not exactly the romantic south sea island King of the movies. He's 80 years old, and very poor; he lost his home, ships, and a good bit of his property in the war; he's also blind, and so deaf you must shout everything you say to him. When we talked to him, he aimed his words in the wrong direction, and his nurse had to turn him around. Lailan laughed and seemed not to mind his infirmities. He told us that if we would build a church and school we could select any land on the island we wanted.

After seven weeks' entertaining their priest, the Ailinglapalap people took me on their new thirty-eight-foot sailing ship to Kwajelein. There was not much wind, and we were loaded with copra, so the trip took long enough for me to get tired of our diet of rice, fish, coffee and sugar. Father Feeney was at Kwajelein, and we spent two weeks between there and Majuro; then I was off with a PBM crew for Jaluit.

At Imroj in the Jaluit Atoll

The PBM circled and buzzed Imroj before they left me alone there; I'd always thought such goings-on were foolish, but I found something very warm about their greeting. Without them, our job would certainly be much more difficult.

I'd brought a hundred pounds of rice, fifty of sugar, cigarettes, chewing gum, soap, Marshallese catechisms, my own things—all in all, about 600 pounds of gear; it took some time to move it all up to the old German school where I set up headquarters.

Right away I started daily Mass, and after the last gospel, preached for a half hour in my best Marshallese; then we came

together in the evenings for hymns, rosary, and another instruction. Afternoons we gathered the children for two hours: I took the instructions, and Martha, an Imroj lady who had spent eight years in the old German hymn school, took the hymns. On the last Sunday we had a very impressive First Holy Communion group.

The Best Part of the Trip

The Marshallese doctor, trained by the Navy doctors in Majuro, told me that on Bukkon I'd find three Catholics too sick to come to Imroj. Bukkon proved to be a small island, with nine people. There was something about them I couldn't quite place, a look I'd seen once in mission magazines. Anyway, I shook hands all around, took my three Catholics aside for confession. They were lepers.

My Catholics were very well prepared: two, Andreas and Juliana were husband and wife, and the third was their convert. Many years before Juliana had been infected with leprosy, and moved to this point of segregation. Andreas took his "*in sickness and in health, until death do us part*" very seriously, and moved to a small neighboring island. For years he'd been taking extra food and other necessities to his wife; then during the war, he moved onto the island. When the Americans came he was put in charge of the group.

They were a grand couple, and I came back to say Mass for them, and to bring them a few supplies. I promised to visit them whenever I'm in Jaluit, and I'm certainly going to do it.

I visited Bingeleg, Jabwor, and about ten other islands and finally got back to Likiep. At Likiep we have a really strong Catholic center. We opened the school this fall, a trade school for the boys, and handicrafts for the girls. Everybody will study arithmetic, geography, English, religion; and since we have two pianos and a small organ, some will even get music.

We have a fifty-foot ship, which we'll call *Regina*. Right now we have two Marshallese ladies to teach the girls, but we are praying very hard for Sisters. When we get them, we'll be really ready to roll!

Dollars and sense in Punta Gorda

JOHN J. WHITE S.J.



IT'S NOT EASY to write objectively about British Honduras. At times you wonder why anyone would try to live here, or if he did want to live here why you should bother to help him. And then a healthy little Carib boy, his white teeth shining in the sun, struts down the path; or a little Maya lady peeks at you sheepishly from behind her fingers; or a silent single file of Gautemalan Keckchis place their statue of Our Lady on the altar so she can see the Mass before going back to their village chapel in the hills—and you think British Honduras is the most wonderful place in the world.

There are unbelievable obstacles to progress in the Colony: for one thing, there are no roads. Punta Gorda is scarcely ninety miles from Belize, yet it can be reached only twice a week by a little freight boat bucking along the coast for a day and a half. If you are lucky enough to have your disasters between seven and five on clear

days, the government radio is able to get the news through to Belize.

Punta Gorda has a church, school, parish house, and convent: every bit of metal and every bag of cement had to come first from England or the States to Belize, then re-shipped to Punta Gorda to a pier like the wooden ones you tie row boats to in Wisconsin rivers; there was a little cart to help Father get his material from the end of the pier to dry land, but after that he was on his own.

There's no street in Punta Gorda, only a gravel path along the sea. And there's no carpenter either: the ugly thatch-roofed houses peeking out at you under the coconut trees would convince you of that in a moment. When Father Ratermann built a wooden church with a tin roof, he built it himself, with prayer, work, worry, sweat, and a good bit of patience: Father Ratermann is the missionary builder of this generation.

It's too bad the people who have financed Jesuit missions in British Honduras can't see the good their sacrifices have accomplished. Few churches in the states are as well used as Holy Redeemer in Belize. At quarter past five in the morning this large brick church is well occupied by Creoles, Spanish, English, Caribs, old, young, black, white, male, female, all of them earnestly preparing their hearts for the 5:30 Mass. And at 6:30 another large crowd will be gathered. For a funeral in the afternoon a good number of parishioners will be there to sing the responses for the prayers.

At Stann Creek the Caribs fill their church every Sunday evening to sing vespers with their Carib priest Father Marin. They can sing the High Mass without books, and there are enough who can take a missal and fill in the Proper of the Mass. The same is true at Punta Gorda. Surely the Sisters and priests have made good use of the dollars sent them.

Why they don't marry

An American can scarcely grasp the extent of poverty in the Colony. In Belize you see enough of it to sicken you, but along the road from Punta Gorda to the Maya Hills you see it too horrible to believe. The Caribs of Punta Gorda are poor in the sense that they have little money, meager clothing, a limited diet, and no home conveniences; but their children are healthy and strong. Not so the half-starved East Indians along the road. These people lack everything: it takes them weeks to save the few pennies needed for a very simple gingham dress; as a result they repatch dresses until they almost blow away.

For the missionary the depressing thing is the few couples living in the shaggy bamboo huts along the road who are married.

"How I get married, Fadder?" they say, shrugging their discouraged shoulders, "I not get no money."

When you try to tell them money isn't needed for the Sacrament, that if they will just come to the little mission chapel they can have their union blessed and live in the state of grace, their eyes brighten with the brief flicker of a moment's hope. But the old worn-out *manana* look quickly comes back into their faces.

"How I go church, Fadder?" they ask, "I no got no pants, no shoes. My woman, she no got no dress."

And you know they are really telling the

truth. A few boxes of clothing from the States and a few dollars for gingham and white duck doubled the attendance at Mass at the Little Flower Church in the past few weeks.

Once the seed is planted you have no assurance it will grow; there are the wee-wee ants that will transplant a whole garden into their underground houses in the course of a few nights, or strip your fruit trees bare. There are citrus diseases, banana diseases, and ignorance, and lack of controls, and an inadequate agricultural agency. It is a marvel that people do as well along the Toledo gravel path as they do.

There's a bright side

That is one side of the picture; but there is another. In the little chapel at Fairview the poor children of these sinful unions look like angels in rags at the Communion rail. They are truly lovable, and most appreciative of any kindness you show them. Practically every one receives Our Lord each Sunday; and some of them come during the week, barefoot, to the early Mass in the Pallottine Sisters' chapel.

Some of the children, and adults, too, for that matter, walk several miles barefoot on a rough gravel road to reach Mass. And they come fasting. It isn't easy to swallow your breakfast, even though you are hungry after two Masses, when you think of the half-starved youngsters walking all the way home to a cup of tea and a few spoons of rice. If the Sisters don't watch too closely, and they are pretty good sports about it, I manage to slip a bit of breakfast through the window to my two hungry-eyed little altar boys. What's left of my breakfast tastes much better.

Considering everything, the catholicity of these East Indians is really astonishing; and it is the product of the prayer and sacrifice of the missionaries and Sisters who have worn away the years of their lives here; and of the sacrifices of the men and women in the States who financed them.

You do get discouraged all right, but at night before you tumble into bed you get to thinking: just to keep them trudging along the sharp gravel road to the Communion rail where they kneel in their tattered rags and turn their hungry faces up to receive Our Lord is worth a few American dollars and a couple of American lives.

"Call Me da Priest"

J. EMILE PFISTER S.J.

THAT gallant Southern Negro lady who knew how to turn all her troubles into treasures, Laura, whom our readers met a year ago, is dead. She had been paralyzed for eleven years, and confined to her bed for the past six; she lay there uncomplaining, cheerful, praying, though she could move only her head. Even with hands and feet completely bound by crippling paralysis, she managed to loosen her heart and let it soar to her God.

She had a simple little funeral, a light grey casket, bowed heads, small fidgety altar boys; but there wasn't a dry cheek in the whole church, and all the Jesuit community of Grand Coteau's novitiate knelt at her Mass.

Laura was the wife of Joe Smith one of the workmen at the novitiate; Claude Boudreaux, S.J., wrote her story in *JESUIT MISSIONS* a year ago. And from his article letters flooded into Laura's little two-room, white-washed cabin; and with them the radio and electric fan for which she had been praying. One day she looked up from her pile of mail.

"I tank y'all, you good peoples," she said sincerely.

Toward the end, when he sensed she was dying, Tee-boy, her adopted son, suggested calling the village doctor.

"Lawdy, no, boy!" exclaimed Laura. "I don't wants no doctor. Call me da priest." That was Laura, always putting first things first.

Eleven years ago Laura went to the Charity Hospital in New Orleans and learned that she was the victim of a creeping paralysis. For almost six years she had not moved from her polished iron bed in the tiny front room alongside the dusty road in Grand Coteau. During most of that time the paralysis had reduced her movement to a nod of her head. The young Jesuit scholastics dropped in almost every day to give her a word of cheer.

Actually Laura cheered the Juniors as much as they cheered her. A happier person never lived. She prayed, and prayed often, for what she called "da convershun of da world." No one can recall ever seeing her without her rosary and her smile.

She had a simple little funeral, a light grey casket, bowed heads.





Laura suffered from deadly creeping paralysis.

When the famous and extraordinary Statue of the Fatima Pilgrim Virgin came to the novitiate, the Scholastics arranged for it to pay a visit to Laura. A few went ahead to tell her that a very important person was coming to see her. They pulled the miniature ruffles across the front window and made her guess who it was.

"Let me see, Brudders," she said, "it's Fadder Minister!"

"No indeed," they said, and laughed at her idea of an important person. "And you've got only two more guesses."

"Well, Brudders, it's da Bishop or Fadder Convention!"

"No, Laura, it's not the Bishop," they said. "But who is Father Convention?"

"Oh, dat's your Superior," she replied. She meant the Father Provincial.

By that time the statue had arrived and was brought in. She turned her little head and spoke slowly.

"Brudders, it's da Bless' Mudder," she whispered, and a big tear ran down her cheek.

The rosary from the hands of the statue was given to Laura, and she was told to use it for her prayers. She did from then on, and the beads from the hands of the Fatima Virgin rested with Laura in the casket.

Toward the end of her life one of the scholastics asked her about her prayer.

"Whom do you pray for, Laura?" he asked.

"For everybody, Brudder," she replied.

While the church bells were calling the people to church on Sunday morning, October 3rd, the voice of Christ called Laura, and the gallant southern lady who knew how to turn troubles into treasures went to her reward.

WORTH REMEMBERING

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THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTIONS

JANUARY: Catholic Schools in China.

FEBRUARY: The Prosperity of the Church in the Belgian Congo.



AT THE PRESENT time the Catholic schools in China are endangered. As is their custom the Communists have employed every means to remove from the hands of the Church the molding of youth. In Communist-controlled sectors they have so increased the obstacles to training the young that the very existence of schools has become impossible. And even in the free sectors of China the conditions for educating the young are not without their difficulties.

In the elementary schools there are about 300,000 pupils; in the middle and high schools, 32,000; and 7,484 in the Catholic colleges and universities. A quick glance at these figures indicates that more middle schools are the crying need.

Article 13 of the Constitution of China grants religious freedom, but the actual working out of this freedom is very limited. Actual laws prohibit religion from being taught as part of the daily curriculum, nor may sacred rites be performed in the sanctum of the school.

In justice to the Nationalist government, however, we must admit that it not only does not show itself hostile to the Catholic Church but even seeks her help in the task of reconstruction, and encourages the building of Christian schools. Let us hope that the laws that are inimical to our Catholic schools will soon be delated from the law books, and to that hope let us join the prayer of our Holy Father that material sustenance from near and far will come to the aid of our Catholic schools in China.

Figures released by Fides Service last February revealed that in the 28 Vicariates

and Prefectures Apostolic of the half-century old Mission of the Belgian Congo and Ruanda-Urundi there are over 4,000,000 Catholics out of a total population of 14,000,000 people. The annual increase is almost 200,000 converts.

In the face of recent obstacles these figures are frightening rather than consolatory for the number of missionaries has not grown apace with the number of converts. In some regions half the population of the vicariate is Catholic. This means that the missionaries laboring among them are so occupied with their pressing pastoral care that they now have little time to go afield to convert pagans.

Another obstacle rises from the daily advance of western civilization among the Congolese through commerce and "big business." Contact with Europeans, many of whom are indifferent in religious matters, has led certain Congolese to become indifferent to religion themselves.

Another hindrance to the prosperity of the Church in the Congo comes from Protestantism. Formerly the only missions which received governmental subsidies were those conducted by Belgians. Today any mission meeting the specified requirements is entitled to them. Hence, the so-called "neutral" but in reality godless colleges are being erected next to the Catholic schools and colleges built at tremendous sacrifice.

The Church's antidote to these obstacles must be more Catholic secondary schools and more Catholic universities to form an instructed Catholic laity.

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Father Thomas Lynch and his BC French Class.

With One Mind

JAMES J. MORGAN S.J.

I'll never forget my first visit to Baghdad's Latin church. On the opening day of Baghdad College it is the custom for all students to assemble at the Carmelite church for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. We left Sulaikh at about half past seven.

To ride through Baghdad is ever interesting, ever new. Vivid, colorful, slumbering yet all afire with life, Baghdad is a giant chameleon flashing in the sun: the scorching heat, the cloudless blue sky, the strange vegetation of the date and banana trees, the dusty fields, the muddy Tigris, the irrigation ditches fed from the river in which the children play, the drab settlements of mud huts, the gleaming gold and yellow of the mosque domes, the graceful minarets from which the muezzin calls the Moslem to prayer, the horse-drawn carabanas, the letter writer sitting at his sidewalk desk, the slender maiden with her face forever veiled

and her body shrouded in black, the turbans of the descendants of the prophet, the sun-brown faces, the children in flowing robes of pink and yellow and green, the shrubbery of the public squares . . .

The whole East is caught up and echoed in this famous city, and through its noisy bustling, honking streets our bus quickly made its way. We entered the yellow brick Latin Catholic church, and took our place in the sanctuary. A crowded church of Iraqi boys knelt before the large white marble crucifix, the symbol of their unity. I was deeply moved by the scene.

Here were hundreds of boys of different religious rites and sects and creeds: Latin Catholics, Chaldeans, Nestorians, Jacobite Orthodox and Protestant, all on their knees in a unity beyond the ties of blood or nation. The priest entered the sanctuary and began the mass of the Holy Spirit.

In this world of hate and darkness and ignorance, I thought, they have before them the One Thing that matters. Something that knowledge seemed to inspire them to do. They knelt very quietly, even the ones who were not used to kneeling.

Baghdad College takes the lives of Jesuits from Boston, and Dorchester, Hartford, and Providence, Lynn and Portland. As you watched the youngsters honestly trying to pray, as you realized how much Our Lord gave "that they may be one," you were happy to be kneeling in the one Latin Church in far-off Baghdad. You looked up at the Host at the elevation, and you saw very quietly, very sincerely, "Thank you, Lord, Thanks."

Baghdad Faculty Residence and Boarding School



Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

In Spite of the Biju

Biju is the Japanese word for the B-29's. These sky-giants blasted and burned Okayama to the ground, so that only the facade of the Catholic Church remained standing. When Father Hammercher, S.J., first missionary to the city after the war, saw his mission, he said grimly, "I am here to be an undertaker."

"There were only a handful of Catholics in the city. The destruction was enough to crush almost any group. Yet it has only served to spur these Catholics on to greater activity. When I arrived in Okayama, I saw posters on telephone poles advertising the lectures of Father Francis Bosch, S.J., of the Jesuit University in Tokyo. The subject was 'Youth, Love and Marriage.' Young people had made the posters and posted them all over the city. After his lectures Father Bosch was invited to address non-Christians in the ruins of a Buddhist temple.

"Two of our parishioners have trained four men and seven women as a staff of catechists to handle regular classes and to participate in discussions with non-Catholics who are regularly stopping at the rectory seeking information about Catholic thought. A forum has now been instituted to train catechists for similar work in the other missions of the prefecture.

"On Saturdays, Mr. James Saito and a group of High School students mail out to every Catholic a copy of *The Catholic Shimbun*, Japan's Catholic newspaper published in Tokyo. After each of the three masses on Sunday, a book-shop is busy offering all the available books and publications for Catholics and inquirers. These people in the book shop have published their own edition of the prayers of the Mass for Mass servers. They display *The Catholic Digest* (in Japanese) whenever



Father Daniel J. McCoy S.J., missionary in Japan.

they can get it, but the demand for this magazine is *sixty thousand* greater than the supply (shortage of newsprint).

"Converts soon get the virus and bring their friends for instructions, and the idea of the vigor of Catholicism can no longer be overlooked. The *Nippon Times* in a recent editorial, declared that the Catholic group was the most consistent one in its stand on Birth Control. The Police recently expressed gratitude to the Catholics for their initiative in stopping the tons of pornography flooding the newsstands and shops of the cities (where newsprint is so scarce!). Ten Catholic medical students and seventeen young women from the College of Business canvassed the city (200,000 people) and obtained 40,000 signatures petitioning the National Diet to enact legislation to curb the distribution of obscene literature.

Daniel J. McCoy S.J.



Father Edwin McManus to welcome nuns on Koror.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS

The *Truk Times* has been suspended temporarily because I am no longer there. I'm on Koror in the Palaus. Temporarily. Some day I may be on Yap and can then edit the *Yap Yap*. But I am on Koror for the wonderful reason that some Sisters have arrived, Maryknoll Sisters from home, and there was no English speaking priest in the entire Palau group. This is a new mission for the Maryknoll Sisters. It means so much to us to have Sisters here that I was asked to leave my mission in Truk to welcome them and to give them Mass until a new man arrives.

We have worked like fury to make the convent presentable for the nuns. It was at least livable when they arrived; but workmen going back and forth all day through the house make it anything but "quiet as a convent."

I found one of my old neighbors, Nikasio, in a hospital here at Koror. He and six others set out on an inter-island trip in a sailing canoe, but they capsized and lost their sail. Though they righted the canoe, they could do nothing but drift; and drift they did for 750 miles! When they finally reached the small island of Sorol, only Nikasio was alive, and he was very close to death. Months of hospital care have made him about ready to return home—in a Navy ship this time. *Edwin J. McManus S.J.*

EARTHQUAKE IN CAMIGUIN

In my next earthquake and volcanic eruption, I'm going to arm myself with a wet cloth and sit tight. But that wasn't easy to do during this first experience, here at Camiguin Island in the Philippines.

I was getting ready for our biggest novena of the year when I noticed landslides on the mountain every five minutes or so; we'd had an earthquake that morning, but my own main worry was that I couldn't get anyone to shoot the cannon for the novena. A novena without a cannon is a flop out this way. I got my cannon all right!

I must have heard the first explosion of the mountain; but I don't remember it. I remember only being fastened to the spot staring up at the mountain to see a dense black cloud shoot up about 10,000 feet into the air, and mushroom out at the top. In another minute coarse ashes were falling all around us. It was the start of a week of nightmares.

The old mountain is still blistering. As I write smoke keeps pouring about 15,000 feet into the air; but we've re-opened the school. In Sagay we have about three quarters of the students; here in Mambajao less than one quarter.

I'm trying to keep the faculty together because they are really wonderful, and if they once disperse I'll never get their like again. So do pray that more of the students will come back. *Arthur F. Shea S.J.*

Father Arthur Shea, refugee from a Philippine volcano.



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

CONDITIONS AT BAGHDAD COLLEGE

The ring-necked doves are cooing softly in the swaying date trees and the deep morning blue of the sky is rapidly changing into—into a glare that makes your eyes ache. Its cuts across your forehead like a hot blast from an overheated oven. It is so hot it hurts.

On just such a day as this, in mid-summer, parents come to school with their boys, the boys who had trouble with their studies during the past season. Trouble means "conditions" or "failure." Most of them are the little darlings who fooled in class, came without their homework, copied whenever



Father John Williams and a lay teacher at Baghdad.

they could, etc. Now they come meekly with their fathers or some person of influence, as some member of the clergy. The plea of the parents is nearly always the same: "Please, Father, give my boy another chance. Everybody says, 'How did he fail? He is a smart boy.' He goes to church every Sunday. Every night he comes home and he wants to help me and I say, 'No, you must do your homeworks.' And he studies and then he sleeps. I do not want him to fail. I am going to send him to America. (They think that is a real trump card.) But Father, Jesus Christ was merciful."

All during this, the little darling is standing there as though his teachers had never pleaded with him, never punished him, never caught him copying, as though they had not repeatedly warned him of failure and even prophesied that one day his father would be here pleading his cause with tears, threats and entreaties—in vain.

John J. Williams S.J.

BISHOP GLEESON IN ALASKA

Hooper Bay welcomes its new Bishop, who was Fr. Francis D. Gleeson, S.J. of the Oregon province before his consecration last year as third Bishop of Alaska.

Episcopal robes in Alaska consist much more of the sensible outfit of a lumberjack than the glittering purples which keep out no cold.

Pope Pius XI called Alaska the most difficult mission field in the world. Bishop Gleeson's territory merely covers 586,000 square miles—about the same amount of real estate there is east of the Mississippi. Alaska has more acres than people: One person for every seven square miles.

About 14,000 Alaskans are Catholic. Right now thirty-three Jesuits are working in the mission, twenty-three priests, two scholastics, and seven brothers.

Born in Missouri in 1895, the Bishop has received a lot of preparation for his difficult see. He was rector of Bellarmine High School in Tacoma, and of the Novitiate at Sheridan, Oregon. Then he was two years pastor at Lewiston, Idaho, and two more years at the Indian mission of Omak, Wash. But that isn't all.

There's good reason to believe that Bishop Gleeson bakes the best pie of anyone in the hierarchy of the whole Church. On the cook's day off at Tacoma, the Father Rector used to invade the kitchen; and the community never had cause to regret it. And always the *piece d'occasion* was a luscious pie with a creamy crust that would have turned Betty Crocker green with envy. There has been ample opportunity in Alaska for the exercise of every talent the good Bishop possesses.

Bishop Gleeson (in the boat) arrives at Hooper Bay.





The Business of Missions

Dear Friend:

Last year a large number of our readers resubscribed to JESUIT MISSIONS. We were certainly pleased because it was an indication of your wonderful charity in supporting our brother Jesuit missionaries. Your zeal has been a constant inspiration to them. When you are thousands of miles away from home struggling against almost insuperable difficulties it means much to know that you are not alone but that others are interested in you, praying and sacrificing for you.

Most of you have never personally met one of the missionaries nor they you. But they do know about you, your sacrifices, especially your intentions. By your letters to this office and ours to the missionaries there is a real bond of interest in one great cause—the Kingdom of Christ. We want to preserve that bond always.

When you receive your renewal notice won't you try to be prompt in responding? It will help the Cause. It will expedite matters here at the office. Might I also ask this? Always return the renewal blank containing your name and address. If you misplace the card, do not hesitate to renew. With or without the card your renewal is needed and appreciated but, with it, we can easily locate your stencil and make the extension.

Our aim for 1949 is a one hundred percent renewal average. We ask it for the Cause. Your reward from Christ the King will be great.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
COLEMAN A. DAILY, S.J.

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WANTED



PUT A *Hammer* IN A BOY'S HAND... AND MAKE HIM A *Useful Citizen*

*Here's a chance to help the Indians
help themselves*

HOLY ROSARY MISSION of Pine Ridge, South Dakota, a Jesuit Indian School for sixty years, has undertaken a broad expansion program for its Vocational Training Department. This is an effort to prepare better its Oglala Sioux children for careers which will improve their status in life. War surplus buildings have been purchased from the government and will house the new carpenter shop, garage, smithy, machine shop and the mechanical drawing and practical engineering unit. Under expert manual training and domestic science instructors, the boys and girls at the mission will become expert craftsmen and efficient home-makers.

Equipment is needed. Specifically needed are: hand-saws, chisels, hammers, planes and drawing boards. Sewing machines are needed for the girls. Your gifts of \$1, \$3 and \$5 will help us purchase these tools. Not much cost for turning out useful citizens, is it?

Donations may be sent to

JESUIT MISSIONS

962 Madison Avenue

JM
New York 21, N. Y.

Linoleum:

Battleship linoleum, one-eighth inch thick is sold for \$3.50 per square yard. Could you afford to donate this sum to cover a yard of flooring for Alaskan Missioner Father John P. Fox, S.J.? The floors of his house at St. Lawrence Mission, Mountain Village, Alaska are in very bad repair. They are so broken and splintered that paint would be a waste of time and money. If you and you and you can put enough three-fifties together, Father Fox could refloor with durable linoleum. JESUIT MISSIONS will be glad to forward your contributions.

Vestments for High Mass:

The Church of the Sacred Heart in Yangchow, China, needs two sets of vestments, one black and one white for Solemn High Mass. This means three of each color, for each set includes a chasuble for the priest and dalmatics for the deacon and sub-deacon. The black set will cost \$98 in China and the white \$94. The Chinese have even greater love for the dignity of the solemn liturgy than we have. Especially do they love to see burial masses celebrated with solemn reverence for the dead. With many small donations from our readers we could purchase these vestments.

Mass Kit:

Father James Thornton, a California Jesuit now at the mission of Yangchow in China, makes frequent trips to his prayer schools. At each visit he likes to say Mass for his people . . . but he needs a Mass kit. We can gather one together by making purchases here and there. The following are a few prices quoted by Father Thornton.

For his tiny silver and gold plated Chalice he needs \$15.00.

A set of vestments—black on one side and gold on the other is \$30.00.

An Alb is \$7.00.

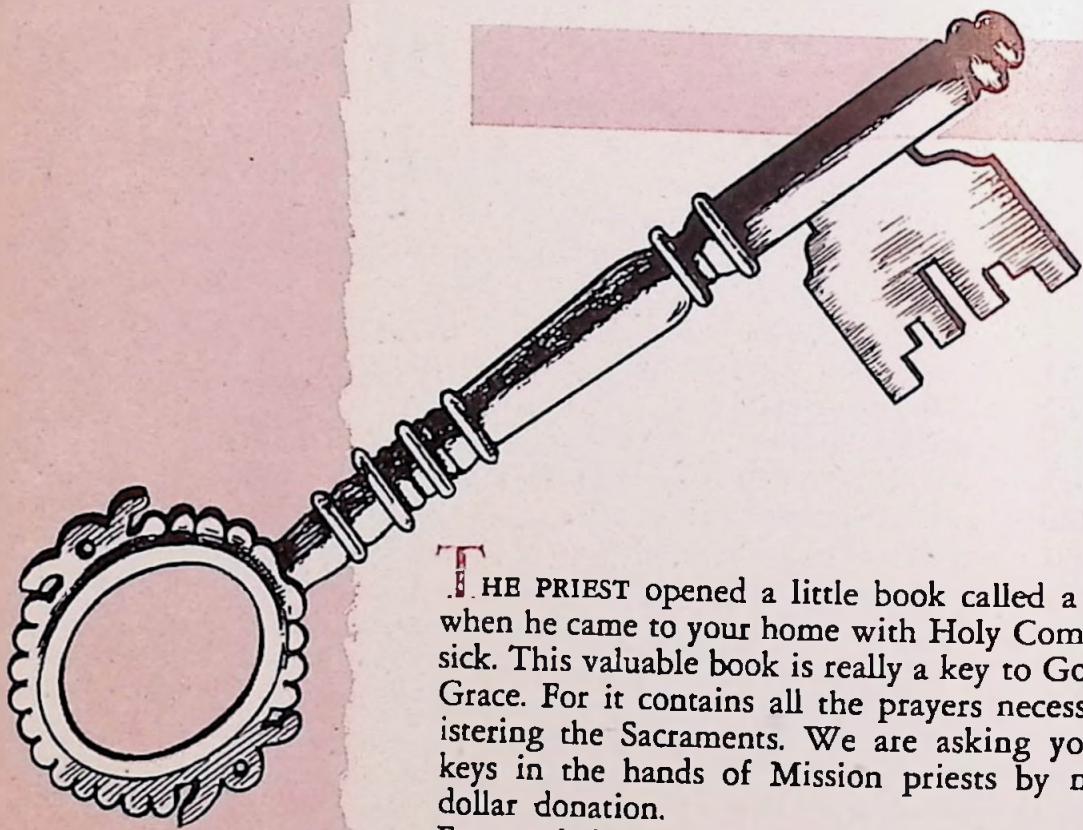
The cruets, crucifix and bell would amount to \$13.00.

A small Altar missal is \$20.00.

Perhaps you would like to donate one of the above articles. We will send your name and donation to Father Thornton. You will share in the Masses offered at his Mission.



YOUR GIFT TO BUY A
PRIEST'S RITUAL
IS THE KEY TO THE
Treasury of Grace



THE PRIEST opened a little book called a Priest's Ritual, when he came to your home with Holy Communion for the sick. This valuable book is really a key to God's Treasury of Grace. For it contains all the prayers necessary for administering the Sacraments. We are asking you to put these keys in the hands of Mission priests by making a three dollar donation.

Every missionary needs one, in fact, two. He needs one in his office at the rectory and he should keep one at all times with his sick call set. The calls come suddenly and in the excitement of rushing off moments are precious and the essentials simply cannot be left behind.

For every three dollar donation we will send a ritual to a missionary. It is a small amount and yet you can have a part in the administration of the sacraments. It would be difficult to guess the hundreds of times that a priest missionary will use your book and under such a variety of circumstances. Sometimes in a chapel—in a nipa hut—by candle light—or perhaps while someone holds a flashlight over his shoulder.

Send your donation
of \$3.00 to

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