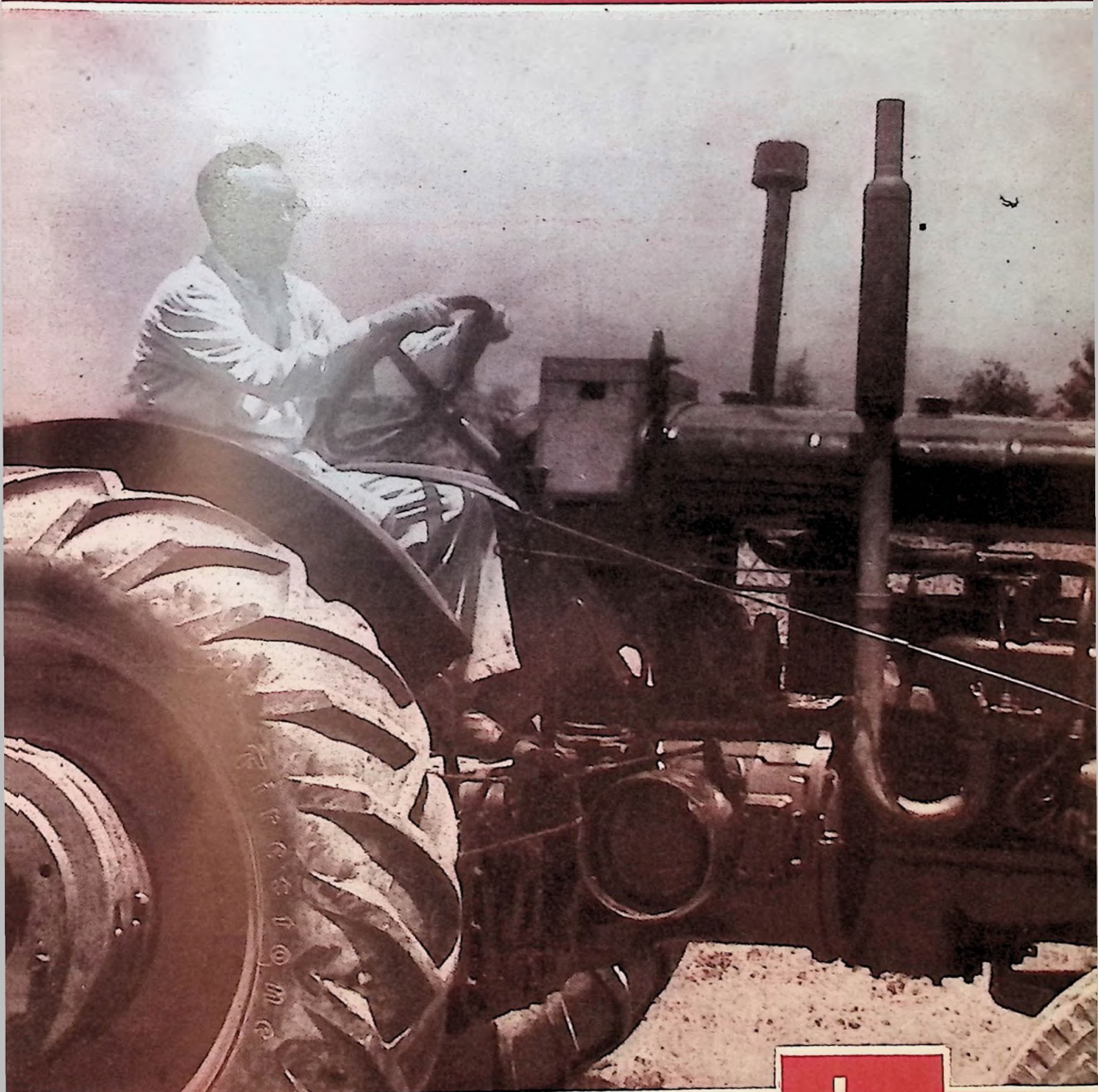


JESUIT MISSIONS

APRIL 1949



NOW WITH FREEDOM





Despite bombs and fire the thatched Cathedral of Cagayan still stands, though in dire need of repair. The Most Rev. James Hayes, S.J., of N. Y., has been Bishop of the diocese since 1933.



Father John Barrett S.J. of Rochester, N. Y., the Chicago Province and the Patna mission in India, is a rare missionary, both a man of action and a scholar. He learned to fly his own plane under "Wings of Mercy" at Belleville Airport; he is the director of the Jesuit Social Program in India; and he is an able student of Indian background and history. He is thus able to write on the crisis in India.



Father William Daly S.J. will be known to generations of Canadian Jesuits to come as one of their pioneers in India. Two years ago the English speaking Jesuits of Canada (from Halifax on the Atlantic to Vancouver on the Pacific) undertook a mission in northern India around Darjeeling. Father Daly was first to go, first to write, and is among the first on our list of interesting personalities in India today.

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JESUIT MISSIONS

APRIL 1949

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COVER. India at last has freedom. She wants to take her place along with the other nations on earth. The road ahead is long. Struggle is almost inevitable. With a village population of nearly 400,000,000, poorly educated, unskilled, and impoverished, the early steps of industrialization will be difficult. Brother Anthony Ugarte S.J., on our cover, for years ploughed with slow-footed oxen. The new tractor is a sign of the times. Part of the Jesuit Missionary work in India is to guide our people to sane Christian living through these times of social upheaval

Jesuit Missions has been a magic name for over four hundred years. Ever since St. Francis Xavier, there has been a long succession of an estimated 50,000 Jesuit missionaries in fields afar for the love of Christ and His Kingdom. They were not all heroes, though many are canonized martyrs and saints. Quite ordinary men have also known the love of the missions that gave them the extra urge to go—far off—and forever into foreign fields. To keep them from being forgotten today we publish this magazine for them. It makes you their friends and them yours. If you like it, why not pass the word along? Ask someone else to be a friend.

THE SPIRIT OF MAHATMA GANDHI'S non-violent revolution has set in motion the ponderous wheels of change which are now turning out a new society for India. Our country is trying desperately to discard the outmoded cloak of feudalism. One of socialist Nehru's first reforms is the abolition of the *zemindari* system or feudal landlordism which has so long been one cause of India's abysmal poverty. The *zemindars* are the owners of vast tracts of land to which they gained title by honest purchase, by foreclosures on mortgages, by force, or by grants

from the British Crown. Their estates include whole villages whose inhabitants work the fields on shares for the *zemindars*, and though the peasants cannot be dispossessed of the land entirely, they are just completely at the mercy of their masters. The provincial governments are now in process of compensating the landlords for their holdings and making the titles over to the peasants.

This reform in democratic India also does away with the sovereignty of 600 princes who are giant *zemindars* though recognized by the royal titles of rajah, maharajah, nawab, or nizam. One of the minor rulers whose possessions will soon be liquidated is the Maharajah of Darbhanga, lord of a feudal kingdom that lies within Patna Mission on the Ganges.

The medieval glory of this small kingdom will be lost to the next generation which will likely occupy the spacious palaces as a state university or hospital. But on the sparkling February morning when I arrived at Danbhanga, the realm was still fairy land. It is still an age when the king can wave his wand and his wish is granted, a day when oriental



EDWARDVS VII
PEX IMPERATOR

Now

Typical symbol of the British Rule in India is this arch of King Edward VII. (Opposite) Symbolic of the grandeur of the native rulers is the hunting elephant.





Three hundred and fifty millions of India's people inhabit such primitive, disease-threatened villages as the one shown here.

with Freedom

JOHN J. BARRETT S.J.

pageantry has not fully succumbed to the conveniences of progress.

Yet, the modern lamp posts, like sentinels along the wide paved boulevards of the royal city, elevate the splendor of the kingdom above the squalor of rural India which has neither good roads nor street lighting. The fine iron-wrought gates bearing the royal arms, a fish imposed on a six point star, admit the visitor to the little city, and marble monuments and majestic statues of former kings honor the boulevard intersections leading to the palace. The power of the Brahmins is evident in the costly temples beside the 'sacred' pools, and it is said that the king builds a new temple to the memory of the deceased on the death of any member of his family. Within the walled city the grass is green, the gardens luxuriant with playing



fountains to cool the heat-laden air. Walt Disney might gain inspiration from this fairy city.

The Maharajah and his brother, the Rajah, each has his own palaces, modern two-story white buildings of sixty and forty rooms, but these are only temporary until real palaces can be built to replace the ancient structures which fell in the 1934 earthquake. There is a third palace, the only one spared by the quake, in which the queens and princesses live with their retinue. This place is a huge old red brick affair set in a spacious garden and surrounded by a lofty wall, for no men but those of the royal family may ever set eyes on the women. They are in *purdah*. This custom is a vestige of medieval Hinduism and scrupulously observed by the family. Consequently no women live in the other two palaces excepting the score of nautch girls who entertain the royal brothers.

Each of the palaces has a throne room, exotic and incongruous. At one end stands a throne in hammered silver or gold, elaborately decorated with precious stones and plaques bearing the royal arms, figures of gods and goddesses, or hunting scenes. Two large leopards stand guard beside the throne, the Rajah's best trophies in many hunting expeditions. Other mounted trophies, tiger, leopards, and deer line the walls and are reflected in the polished floor. The incongruous note is introduced by the many full-length distortion mirrors such as are found in amusement parks, here prominently displayed with the rich throne, crystal chandeliers and beautiful beasts.

Set apart from the palaces is a red-stone Guest House, modern but in the best classical Indian architecture. I lived there four days in the company with two fellow Americans, the pilot and mechanic of the Maharajah's American airplanes. These are the latest conveniences acquired by a wave of his magic wand. The biggest is a new twin-engine, seven-passenger Beechcraft, for long journeys around India; for local hops the Maharajah uses a Cub Super Cruiser. Previously he traveled in his own private railway car or used his fleet of sixty motor cars which include the best makes from Europe and America. Even the Beechcraft cannot now accommodate his ordinary staff who are essential to his comfort, and he now plans to bring out a new 20-passenger Dakota such as his friend, the Maharajah of Jaipur is using.

For local show the ruler keeps 100 elephants, used only in state processions, a large stable of horses, for he was once Number Two polo player in India, and a kennel of prize-winning greyhounds which, however, do not race. And in the early morning hours you will be awakened, if you sleep in the Guest House, by the uproar of the captive tigers and hyenas and the screams of tropical birds in the royal zoo.

Of course it costs a fortune to maintain the royal establishment. The Maharajah fortunately has been able to make ends meet, as I was told that his estimated annual income is \$3,000,000. A good part of this is derived from the 10,000 acres of rich Gangetic soil that constitutes the kingdom, but the major part comes from the profits on his four Indian sugar mills and public utility investments in England.

Although the system is feudal, the kingdom is not yet a century old. Father Lucas Patrick, an Indian diocesan priest of the Mission, knew the first rajah, grandfather of the present ruler, and he related the family history to me. It seems that the grandfather was a Brahmin teacher in his youth, and had as a pupil a boy of wealthy parents. On the occasion of the latter's marriage the teacher asked what present the pupil would give him, according to Hindu custom. The boy unconcernedly promised to give the teacher whatever would be the first item of the bride's dowry, expecting it would have little value. It turned out to be this tract of rich marshy land in north Bihar, and so began the Kingdom of Darbhanga.

The present Maharajah has two wives but no male descendants. His brother, the Raj Bahadur, also has two wives and four children, the eldest of whom, Raj Kumar Jeeveshwara Singh Sahib, will inherit his uncle's and his father's estates. This youth had been married just before my visit, and the event had attracted as guests twelve maharajahs and four ordinary rajahs, many of whom were piloted to Darbhanga in their private planes. Naturally an occasion of this kind called for an adequate display. The cost of that display was a cool \$600,000, of which the catering item, all supplied by the Great Eastern Hotel and flown from Calcutta, represented a bill of \$100,000. No one can accuse eastern potentates of niggardliness.

I did not see the bride and groom. During my stay they were devoutly following the

example of the favorite Hindu divinities, Ram and Sita, by honeymooning in a jungle nearby. However, the local Patna newspaper shortly after carried the story that some progressive Socialist has filed suit against the Rajah to annul the marriage under the Sarda Act which prohibits child marriages. The suit claims that the bridegroom is only seventeen and the bride is eight!

Our country must make rapid advances from the Dark Ages in which she loiters today if she is ever to reach and keep pace with progress. She is rapidly instituting social reforms that will cure her social ills, but that advance is being held back by the drugs of paganism. This religion has been responsible for the degradation of the caste system, for the ignorance and inhuman condition of women in *purdah*, and for the courtesans that usurp the woman's rightful place in the home. It is responsible, too, for such extreme social evils as child marriages and the prohibition of widow remarriage.

The opportunity of embracing the right way of life is already open to the Maharajah and his subjects. Right in Darbhanga, close to the railroad station and beside a beautiful lake, is our mission chapel. He probably doesn't know the location, for it is not an impressive building like the Hindu temples—rather, it badly needs repair. One of the Jesuit missionaries visits the chapel for monthly Mass, visits that probably pass unnoticed also. Our first step, then, to the conversion of the well-meaning prince and his people must be the restoration of the chapel and a residence for a permanent missionary. (Father Superior will gladly receive donations for this purpose.) But even more, the ardent prayers of fervent souls are required that God's grace may change the hearts of these men and break the bonds of paganism that they may become free men under Christ.

"IF THEY CAN, I CAN"

That's what encouraged St. Ignatius to try to live a life for God.

Perhaps you want to be a Jesuit missionary as a priest or as a brother. Both are needed in the missions. There's so much work to be done! Write for information: Jesuit Missions, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

WHEREVER HE WENT

JAMES F. MORGAN S.J.

BACK IN THE 1800's, a young French priest, Pere Foucauld went apart from the world into the deserts of northern Africa, and plunged silently into the deepest outposts of the Moslem world. He lived and prayed in loneliness, and finally was slain by marauding Arabs who could not understand why he had come among them.

"But wherever I can penetrate," he wrote, "there will the Son of God be, glorified in my presence."

He had an idea deeply Catholic: wherever he went Jesus Christ went, and the places Christ went were sanctified by His presence. Wandering over the parched desert sands, never winning an outright convert to the faith, he spent his life bringing Christ's presence where it had never been before. And on his last day, he colored the sands with his own blood in imitation of the Christ he loved so deeply.

If the missionaries over the whole world did nothing else, mission work would be a task infinitely worth doing. It is a marvelous consolation to us in Baghdad to know that we are bringing Christ crucified into a land which does not know Him. But the missionary does not want to stop at that point.

The Christian church in Iraq is small and weak. The Christian Iraqi are few in number and hurt by persecution; they have few priests and far too few vocations to the priesthood. It is a wonderful feeling to know that you are strengthening the bond of Christ in this land so near the cradle of Christianity. In His missionary priest, Christ walks again through these lands He loves so well, just as He did 2,000 years ago; and in the morning Mass, Christ's death on the cross is daily renewed, reliving the testimony of His love.

Our Lord on the eve of His death prayed to His eternal Father, "that where I am, they may also be." We in Iraq pray that where we are He may also be; and that so near to the places where He suffered and died for us, we may in some small measure share His way of the Cross.



Snowbound AT PINE RIDGE



IT WAS South Dakota's worst storm in almost fifty years, and the worst winter in the memory of the oldest trapper. This is Charlie Spott's story about the blizzard. Charlie is a twelve-year-old Sioux Indian at Holy Rosary mission school, black-haired, tall for his age and sturdy-souled.

The blizzard first struck on January 2nd, lasting three days until late Wednesday; then came a lull on Thursday and Friday. Many people thought the storm was over, and traveled to nearby towns to get food which had run low during the previous week.

Charlie's dad and mother set out for Gordon, Nebraska, taking with them four-year-old Michael; and leaving Charlie at home with twenty-three-month-old Terry. Gordon is fifty miles from their home.

The brief spell of pleasant weather was just a breather between storms, and on January 8th the snow came down even more savagely than it had the week before. The

white fury descending on the plains trapped every living thing; it blocked roads, stopped railroad trains, buses, cars, even horses and sleds. Death crept with the storm to claim snowbound drivers, and unwary travelers fell into a cold sleep from which they never awakened.

The Spott's car broke down just outside of Gordon, and the frantic parents found it absolutely impossible to return home. They were worried—what was happening at home? Would the children be all right? Would they get frightened and try to run through the storm to a neighbor and perhaps freeze to death? It was no easy time on them. Charles told his part of the story to the wide-eyed inhabitants of the sixth grade at Holy Rosary.

"I was home alone with just my little brother," he said with a gulp. "The wind howled outside making creepy sounds as it blasted our house, whipping the snow all around the doors. My mother and father were gone, and it was getting late.

NORBERT C. EBERHARDT S.J.

"I tried to go outdoors, but Terry cried when I went out. So I stayed in. It was *really* snowing outside. I never saw such a bad storm. I was worried about Mom and Dad, but I was also worried about Terry and me."

The long hours of the first night crept by with agonizing slowness. Charles kept his vigil at home, watching, waiting and praying. Before long, Terry fell asleep and was tucked tight into bed. And it wasn't too much later that a tired twelve-year-old slept alongside of him. Morning came quickly, but brought no mother and dad with it. And the radio brought little comfort.

"This storm," said the announcer darkly, "is more severe than our first. Unfortunately all the snow equipment has been caught right in the middle of it, while trying to remove drifts of the first storm. The Mayor of Gordon has declared that the town is in a state of emergency, and that immediate aid is needed for the Indians trapped in the vicinity."

"I wanted to go for help," Charles said, "but the snow was really deep outside. And Terry was crying, so I had to stay. I cooked for us, and managed to shovel the snow away from the door and make a path to the oil tank. I had to pump the oil by hand.

"I listened to the radio and heard how the snow was all over South Dakota and Nebraska, and how more was coming. People were snowed in all over just like us; the broadcaster told how snow plows were trying to open up the roads but that the fresh snow was always drifting back into the open roads. We watched the road looking for Mom and Dad, and any minute expecting Father Zimmerman to come up in his car to save us because he always manages to get through.

"Pretty soon our oil was just about gone. Then a plane came over, saw the signal Dad had put out on the snow just before he left, and flew away again. Soon the plane came back, and the pilot flew over in circles and dropped three cans of oil; one of the cans dropped on some wood I had chopped and broke it all up.

"We could see the plane real easy. It flew low, and the man who was throwing the oil out the door slipped and almost fell. He was hanging by one arm and another man in the plane grabbed him and pulled him back."

Ten days stretched out interminably, with Charles taking care of little Terry, conserving his precious oil supply, and stretching the food rations as far as they could possibly go.

"Our food was almost gone," Charles said, "and sauerkraut was all we had left. Terry didn't like it, but there wasn't anything else to eat. I couldn't make another signal in the snow because it was piled up over our fence, and our fence is really high. It was getting awfully lonesome, and Terry was crying all the time because he was hungry. So on the 17th I wrapped Terry in a couple of blankets and started out for my cousin Ben Janis' house, about a mile away. It was a tough hike through the deep snow; you'd never believe how heavy a little baby can get. But Terry was awfully good, and we finally made it. Gee, food tasted good.

"Three days after we got to my cousin's I saw smoke coming out of our chimney at home. I thought it must be the road crew, so I walked back home. It was Mom and Dad!"

The older Spotts had a difficult time of it too. When the highway was finally opened, a bus took them to Rushville; from there a salesman took them to Pine Ridge; from Pine Ridge an oil truck took them through Wounded Knee to Manderson and home. A fellow in a jeep followed them all the way from Pine Ridge to make sure.

"That was yesterday," Charlie concluded, "the 20th, twelve days after Mom and Dad left that they finally got back. Today Dad brought me back to the Mission. I've been up in Father Edward's office telling him about it. I had a swell Christmas vacation, a whole month! I guess I was pretty lucky."



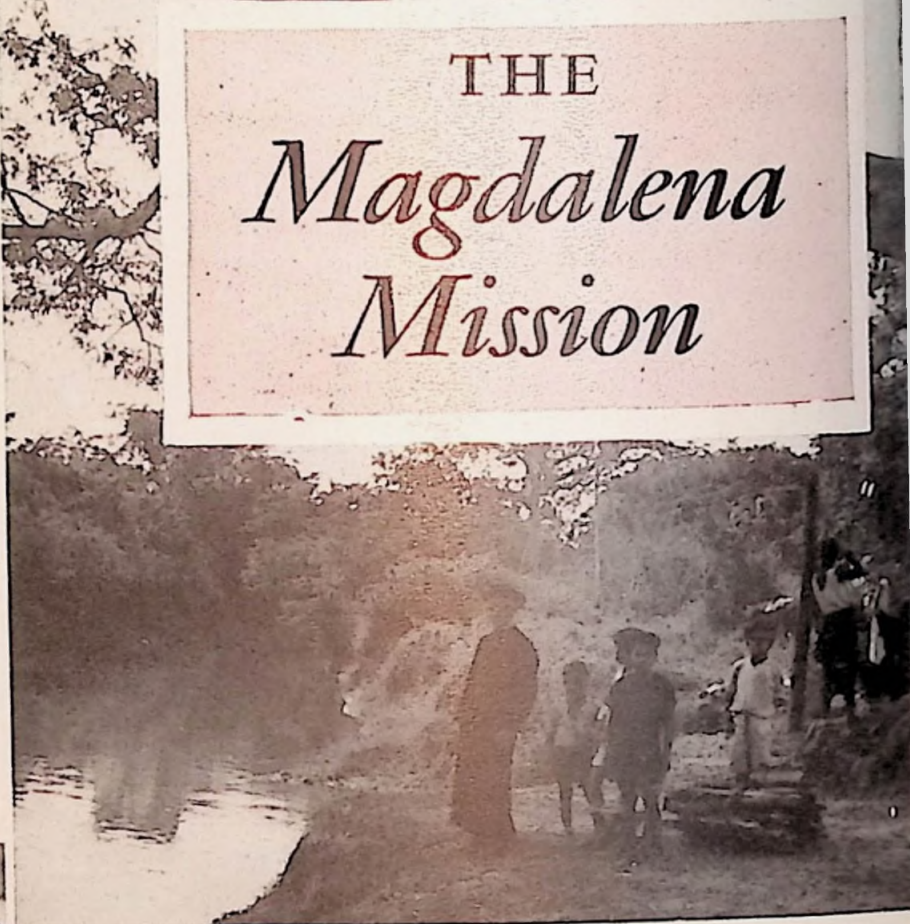
Charlie Spott is the five-feet-six hero of this story.



(Center) Brothers Gomez S.J. awaiting his canoe after catechism class under a 100-year-old ceiba tree. (Above) Well instructed children are the real hope of the mission. (Below) Many river-dwellers eke out a livelihood by fishing in the alligator-infested river. (Below center) Poverty-stricken natives often deprived of priests live in villages like this. (Below, right) Father Valdivieso, S.J., in a canoe on Yaridi Lake. Many such lakes in the mountains are a mile or two in width.



THE *Magdalena* Mission





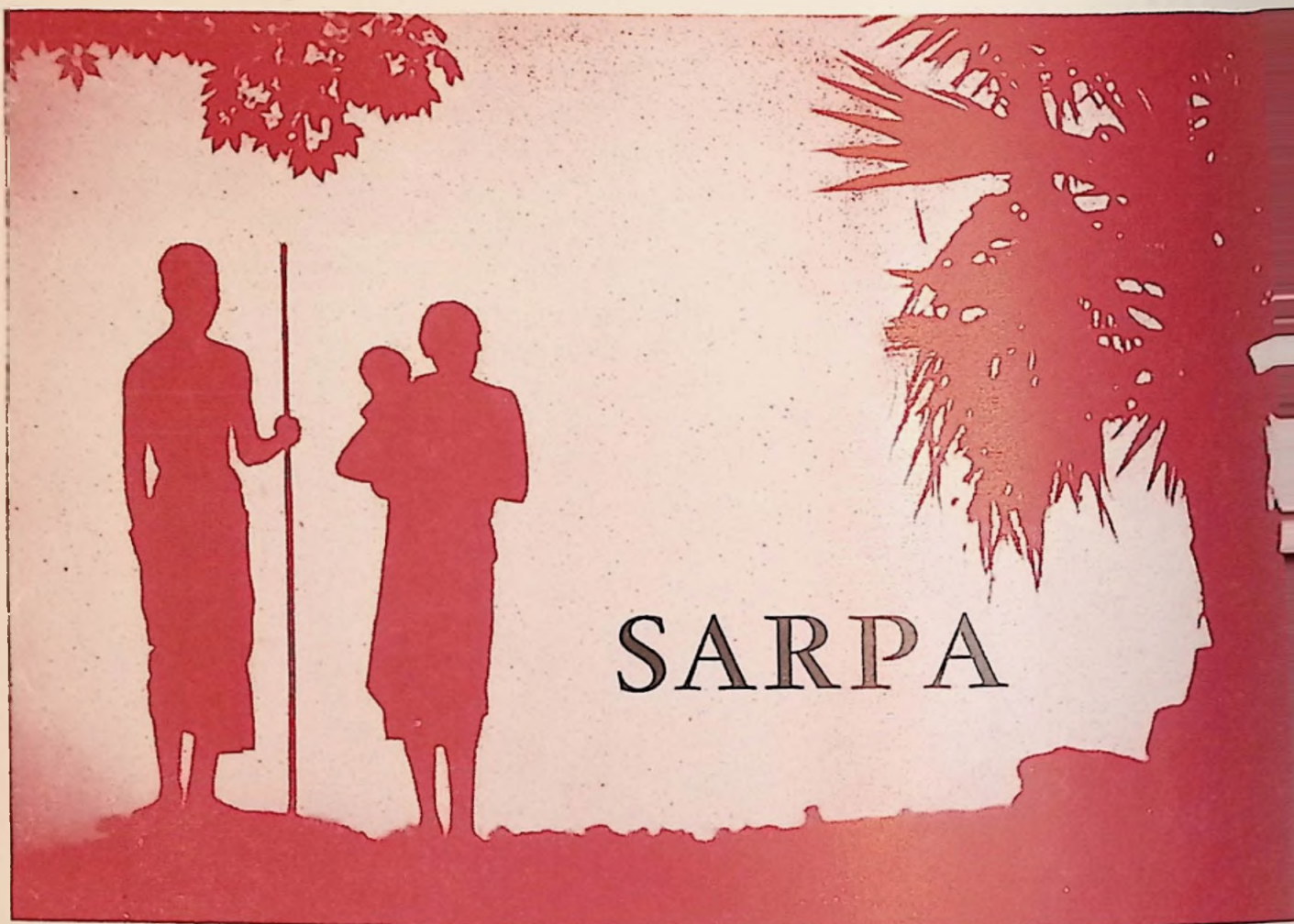
MISSION WITHOUT A ROAD

In the 2,750 square miles of malarial marshes along the lower Magdalena River in Colombia, South America, the Jesuits of Colombia have a mission where forty-six stations are cared for by twelve Priests, eight Brothers and a group of missionary Sisters. The Priests also conduct a minor seminary at Piedecuesta; the Sisters have a college for girls at the mission headquarters in Barranca Bermeja.

Some of the people, (today roughly twenty percent white, fifteen percent Negro, and sixty-five percent mixed) are direct descendants of the slaves converted by St. Peter Claver, Jesuit apostle of the Negroes. The suppression of the Jesuits and expulsion twice by anti-clericals have deprived these people of priests for generations at a time. Today, twenty years after the reestablishment of the mission on the Magdalena, there are over a thousand adults a year converted or brought back to the Church.

The people work for North American "Tropical Oil Co." and other petroleum industries or eke out a living fishing and farming at the edge of the tropical jungle a few miles above the equator. There are no roads; all travel is by dug-out canoe. Malaria, poverty, ignorance and neglect have retarded the development of these simple people. This modern mission, just twenty years old, is aiming with God's help, to change all that.





SARPA

I WAS ON MY WAY FROM TINKONUA, in the Bhagalpur district of India, to one of the mission stations in the hills. I remember I was thinking "Will I get Sarpa this time?" when the storm broke all around me.

I'd met Sarpa the first time some years ago before we had house or shelter of any kind in the village; there were no Catholics except the few fallen-aways from whom I would not take hospitality. Sarpa was a pagan but a very friendly old man; he didn't have much to give, a dry place under the thatch of his veranda to sleep and a corner of his mud walled stable where I offered Holy Mass. But he seemed glad to have us with him.

He used to listen as we explained the catechism to the groups of pagans in his courtyard; and I could see he was wavering. His wife, much younger than he, was barely civil toward us, and you could see she was holding Sarpa from becoming a Catholic.

The storm soon drove thoughts of the old man out of my mind. First a drying wind blew up the dust that for weeks had been accumulating under India's fierce sun, cutting visibility down to a few yards. Then came a torrential downpour of rain.

I couldn't drive in the storm, and even though I kept the motor running, the water got into the carburetor and the spark plugs. By the time the rains stopped and I managed to dry the carburetor and the plugs it was quite late in the evening. I got the old Ford going again, and chugged down the road till my mission station was in sight. I breathed my sigh of relief too soon, for just a hundred yards from the mission the rains had washed out the road, and I got no further.

It was pitch dark as I started to shovel in the gutted road. Almost immediately I spotted a lantern bobbing along the road. It was Francis, my catechist, a lantern in one hand, a spade in the other.

"Father," he said quickly, "Sarpa's little boy is very sick. He's at the mission."

"What's wrong with him?" I asked. All the children of Sarpa's first marriage had died prematurely. The poor old man was never able to understand whether it was bad luck, the disfavor of the gods, or what. This two-year old son of his second marriage, Lukhon, was the pride of his old age.

Francis hesitated a moment before he replied to my question. "I don't know,

Father, what's wrong with him. He's had a fever for two days, and his breathing is difficult."

When I reached the chapel, Sarpa was standing on the verandah with Lukhon in his arms, a worried look on his face. His wife stood behind him, half hidden in the dark shadows. Lukhon was gasping for breath; I took him in my arms, and made a hurried inspection. It was difficult to say what had to be said.

"Sarpa," I said slowly, and as sympathetically as I could, "Lukhon is dying; he'll go very quickly. You want him to go to heaven and be happy; let me baptize him."

The poor man was stunned. "Father, he is my only child. Why do all my children die? Why does God take all my children from me?"

I put the baby back in his arms. "I don't know, Sarpa," I said, "we are all in God's hands; He can take us when He wishes. Please let me baptize him; you know what it means."

Sarpa looked out into the darkness, and then back at little Lukhon gasping in his arms. He rocked him gently back and forth. His wife, already months gone with another child, stood mutely at his side.

"All right, Father," he said.

"And the mother?" I asked.

"She will not object," he said quietly.

There wasn't a minute to lose. Taking clean water I baptized the two year child then and there by the yellow light of an old kerosene lantern. I didn't even wait for surplice and stole. Lukhon was safe.

Quickly I went back to the car, got the baptism box, led them into the chapel, vested, and began to supply the usual ceremonies of baptism. But I never finished. Half way through the ceremony, Lukhon gasped his last breath. Had I waited to repair the road, Lukhon would have died without baptism.

Sarpa, dazed, stood quiet, his child's limp body in his arms. The wife broke into a heart-rending death wail. Taking off my surplice, and replacing the holy oils in the box, I led them outside.

Two months later Sarpa's wife gave birth to another boy. The man was pathetic in the love and care he lavished on the infant; the

child was seldom out of his arms, and he carried him wherever he went in the village. Sitting out on the edge of the fields watching the villagers work, or under the shade of a tree in the heat of the day, the father had his baby with him always.

I used to meet Sarpa on the village road, the baby held securely on his shoulder.

"See this fine boy of mine," he'd say, "how fat and strong he is."

"He is," I'd say. "Some day he will be a fine young man." And the two would continue down the road as I headed for home. He was always friendly, but fear still held him from baptism.

Some weeks later, Francis the catechist came down to Tinkonur. We talked for a while of the affairs of the mission.

"By the way, how is Sarpa?" I asked.

"Oh, he died, Father," he said.

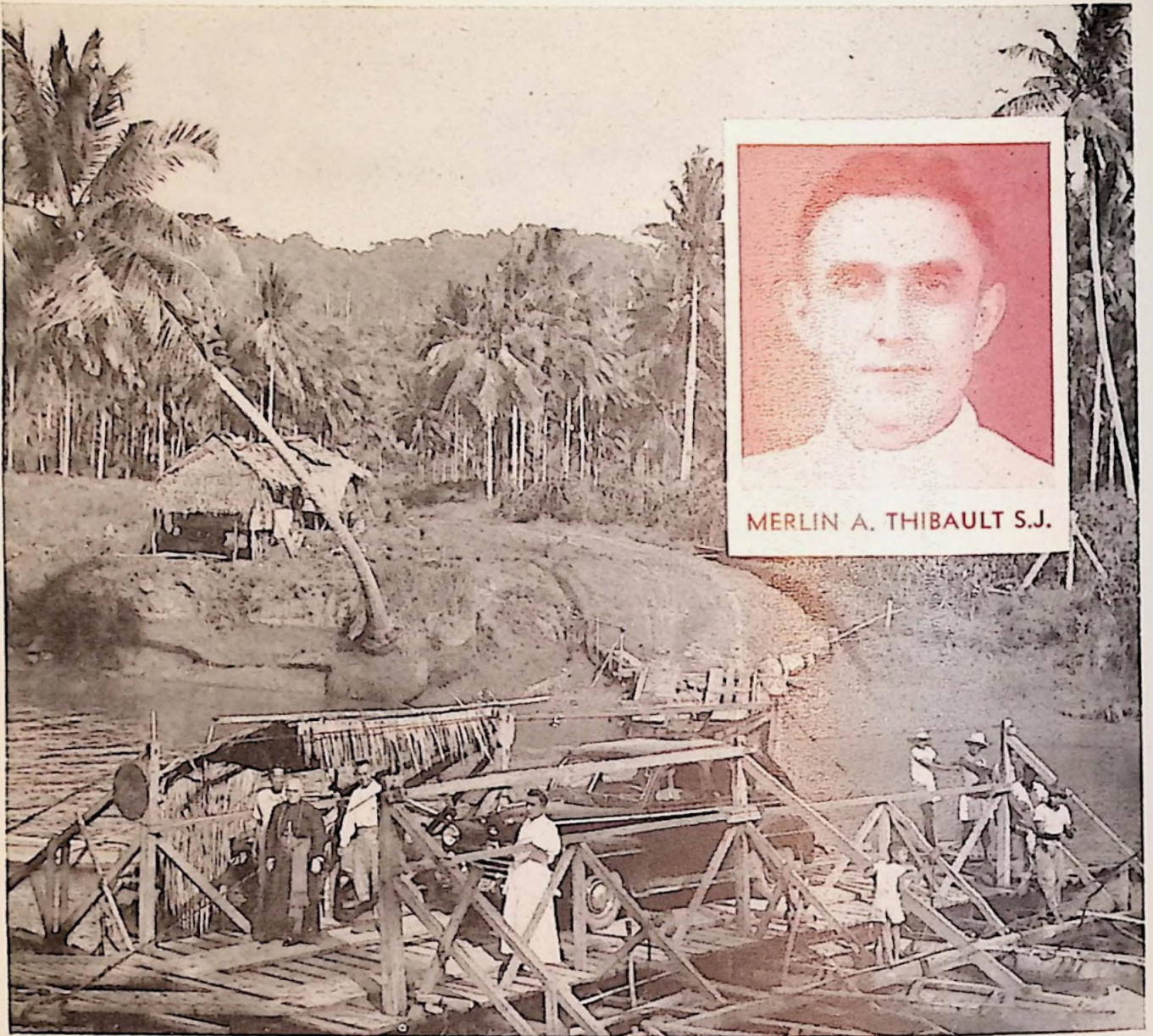
"Did he call you?" I asked quickly. Francis shook his head, and my heart sank. I had lost old Sarpa after all.

"But Father," Francis said smiling, "I baptized him! He really believed. When we used to talk, he told me that if anything should happen to him, I was to baptize him. When I went to him he was unconscious; but when his wife went out of the room, I took out a bottle of water and baptized him."

I gazed out of the window toward the hill where Sarpa now lay. "Old man," I mused, "Our Lord didn't forget the hospitality you once gave a missionary when he had no home of his own."



JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.



MERLIN A. THIBAUT S.J.

Bishop Olano is ferried across a river near Tubod, Lanao, P. I. on his arduous confirmation tour.

(Inset) Father Merlin Thibault, S.J., who eluded capture during the late war, is back on the job in the Cagayan hill-missions.

FATHER, THE BISHOP, when will he come for Confirmation?"

We were sitting around the breakfast table in a little town in Misamis Oriental in the Philippines. There were some twenty people watching me eat, paying their respects to the Father who came but once a month to offer Holy Mass, baptize the twelve or fifteen new babies and solemnize the marriage of two or three couples. The village, some fifteen miles over rutted and muddy roads from our parish, was comparatively new as are most of the barrios in this part of the country. And the Bishop's residence was nearly 100 miles away. The year was 1941.

The following months found the Bishop not on a Confirmation tour of his diocese as he had planned, but in a concentration camp.

I managed to be lucky and escape capture all during the war, went into the hills, and from several successive "headquarters" carried on a ministry of Mass, baptism and marriage right up to the liberation.

In the last part of 1947, Bishop Hayes of Cagayan obtained the services of Most Rev. Michael Olano O.F.M.Cap., who was formerly Ordinary of Guam but now resides in Manila. Bishop Olano's tour of Confirmation took more than seven months.

Up into the hills and through the forests the word flew like a wild fire.

"The Bishop is coming!"

"When?"

"Next week, Thursday!"

On Thursday, though there were not twenty houses within sight of the little nipa-grass chapel, the barrio played host to the

SHEPHERD IN THE HILLS

greatest crowd of babies, children, parents and sponsors the village ever saw.

The chapel, of course, was far too small to contain even a small portion of the crowd. His Excellency and his two assistant priests said the introductory prayers at the little altar of rough boards, decorated for the occasion with flowers, candles and holy pictures taken from the walls of nearby homes.

The names of the children were listed, and the people made to stand in a large semi-circle outside the chapel in the shade, if any could be found. The child to be confirmed stood before his god-parent until the Bishop approached with the Holy Chrism.

"Ego te confirmo . . ."

It was hot working out there in the morning sun, especially for the Bishop with all his episcopal robes, and the big cope, and the heavy mitre. We borrowed a huge umbrella and tried to keep it over his head. Before we finished the first round of the semi-circle, others had taken the places of those in the first group; and round and round we went with the Bishop until dinner.

In a nearby nipa-grass house the best of the barrio was placed at the Bishop's table, roast pig, chicken, eggs, bananas, and local specialties. After an hour's rest, Confirmation started all over again. And if we didn't finish by dark, someone brought a Petromax lamp. A usual day saw about twelve hundred children confirmed; eighteen hundred in a day was not impossible. And it was not just for one day, but day in and day out from September to March, without stopping.

Urged on by their faith in the Sacrament of Confirmation, many left home early in the morning, carrying the babies, and walked barefoot over the hills and through the fields to the little chapel by the roadside. Through four months I accompanied the Bishop on his tour of the diocese, hearing confessions, bap-

tizing babies, listing and preparing the children to receive the Sacrament from Bishop Olano. It was a routine of hard work, but Bishop Olano's hardiness and zeal made it easy for all of us.

In one little barrio we were surprised to find but a few children. I spoke to some woman present.

"All the children are in school, Father," she said hesitantly. "We have no money to make an offering."

His Excellency flushed with anger. "Tell them to bring up all the Catholic children immediately," he said.

Within ten minutes a hundred children were marching in line toward the chapel.

Another morning we were on our way to a distant barrio when several men suddenly stepped out into the middle of the road and halted our car. They wanted the Bishop to stop in their nipa chapel for Confirmation.

I tried to tell them that it was quite impossible; we were expected in the next barrio of Baroy; a stop would delay us two hours; there were many babies waiting.

"But there are many babies and children here, Excellency," they said, "and it is too far for us to take them to Baroy."

The Bishop opened the door of the car and got out; so we sat about listing the names of the children while the people all crowded around to kiss the episcopal ring.

Within a half-hour more than two hundred children appeared, as though from behind every cocoanut tree in the region. In a little more than an hour all had been confirmed and had

received the gentle slap on the cheek; and as we prepared to move on, the school children stood in line to sing a hymn for the Bishop.

Day after day, month after month, men worked, women and children prayed, and the Holy Ghost brought strength and fire to the Catholics of Misamis in the Philippines.

LIFE AFTER DEATH

Catholics know that the soul will live on after death. They also know that after they are gone some of their material possessions should continue to be of service to mankind through almsgiving and bequests to charity.

When you make your will remember the great charitable work of the missions. There are 860 American Jesuit missionaries who need your help. The legal title is: *Jesuit Mission Press, Inc.*, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

The Church Rises IN JAPAN

Mission work in any land of culture must be carried on simultaneously at three levels, 1) direct catechetical teaching to the poor and uneducated, 2) secondary education to train educated Catholics, and 3) seminaries and universities to train Catholic leaders and to make contact with non-Christian leaders of the country. The leaders and the present status of the top level mission work in Tokyo, Japan, are shown on these pages. Rev. Theodore Geppert S.J., Rector of the Catholic University of Tokyo, stands by the corner stone of the new University chapel in honor of St. Ignatius. The advanced stages also shown are of the building of St. Ignatius, and a view of the dedication exercises, with Father Lassalle S.J.

(center, insert) presiding at benediction, and students singing. The new Quonset huts (showing Miller S.J. of Pittsburgh, Pa.) where 80 Japanese are housed and fed. These dormitories are completely run by a student personnel of elected officers. The students have asked for instructions. (Below right) at the Tokyo Catholic Seminary, founded by Bishop Chambern, and reopened after the war of the Jesuits, now has 87 seminarians preparing for the priesthood. In the picture there are opened cases sent to them by the great missionary Archbishop Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing D.D.

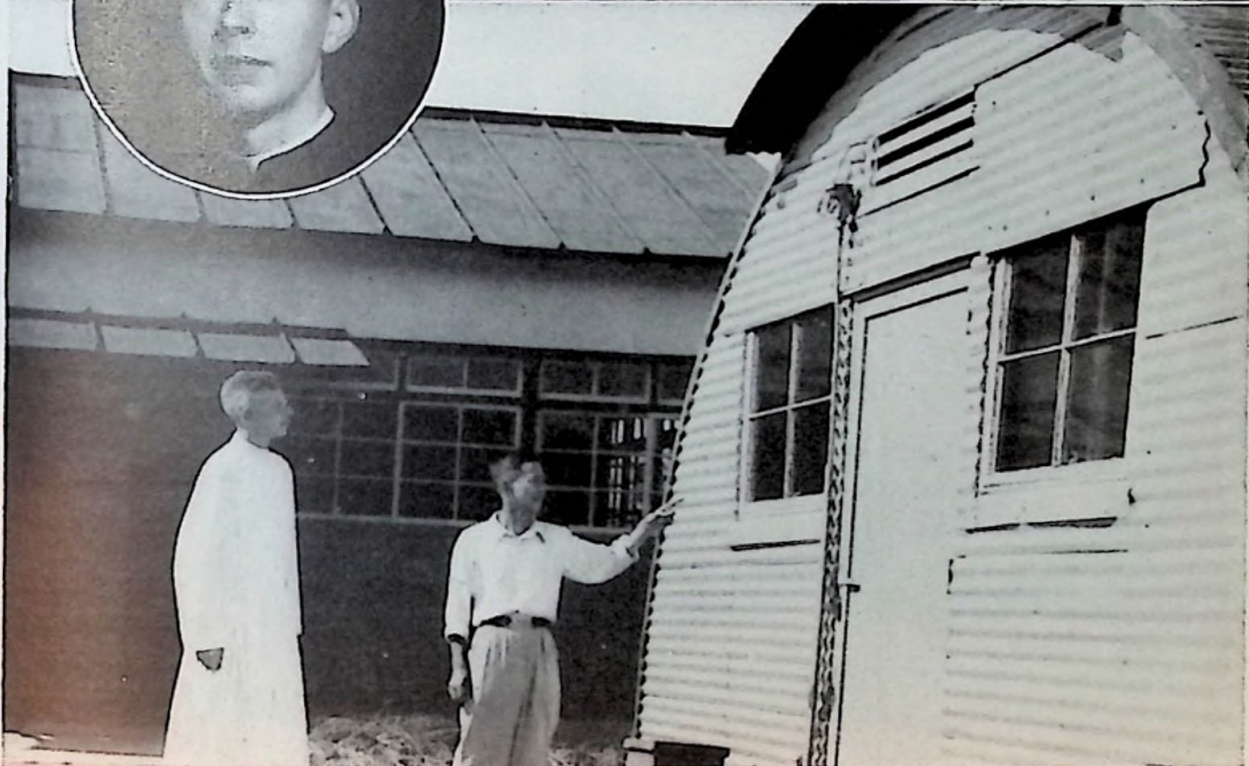
New University chapel of St. Ignatius rises as a symbol of the Church in Japan. A firm faith founded on an educated Japan's hope.



AN

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(Top) Father Hugo Lassalle, S.J., blessing the foundation stone of the new church. (Inset) Close-up of Father Lassalle, a survivor of the

atom bomb at Hiroshima. (Above) Students at St. Sophia live under student government in Quonset huts. (Below) Boston's gifts welcomed





The Christmas Spirit shines in this Jamaican face.

NO DIFFERENT *in some ways*

APRIL IS LATE IN THE YEAR to be remembering Christmas; but Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies, is the land of manana. Actually April in the States, and December at Kingston are very similar, and we did have a most unusual Christmas.

We showed a live Santa to the school youngsters, but they screamed and ran away. We built a fake fireplace but it was a mystery to youngsters who had seen a fire only between stones and under a pot in the backyard. Stockings hung by the chimney with care meant nothing either; they don't even have shoes. And we had no woody evergreens, no frosty air, no wreathes, and no Christmas tree.

We did have a turkey, though, served as a stag dinner should be served, on the front porch with bread and butter and ginger ale and milk. There was quite a battle between ourselves and the ants for the turkey—but there weren't enough ants to carry the bird away whole, so the Jesuits won. A lizard beat us to the milk pitcher (these remarkable creatures can jump six feet) but he drowned himself and it served him right.

Following our own meal we had a garden party for some ten thousand of Kingston's finest. The weather was just right for the Fourth of July, a date we never mention here; and there were clouds of dust, balloons, rockets, and firecrackers called "squibs." We were on our feet, streaming muddy sweat, from afternoon to beyond midnight greeting the people, helping a man who got his face burned with a "squib", rescuing lost children, and fixing the ice-cream booth when it collapsed in the press of the crowd. *Adeste Fideles*.

My own Christmas came on Christmas Eve. I had just settled down to a bit of rest when a sick call came. I groaned at first, then remembered it was the best night of the year for such a mission. When I got there the man lay dying: he had received the Sacraments a few days before, and in the still of the night I bade him depart, "in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the living God." He went home on Christ's birthday.

When I got back to the church, little boys were singing the universal carols. Beside them stood just such a crib as could be modeled from Jamaica, thatch roof, donkey, palm trees and all.

Then I went up to the choir loft, and on the stroke of midnight we greeted the Bishop's entrance.

Beckford pressed the organ, Delgado bit into his clarinet, Inchcliffe stroked his violin, Woods kissed his flute, and forty Jamaican voices sent forth the happiest invitation of the whole world, "*O Come Let Us Adore Him*." Christ everywhere the same. It thrilled me, truly, to feel utterly and completely at home; to sense as never before how truly the Redemption is superabundant and universal. Christmas, the real Christ's Mass, is no different at Kingston than anywhere else in the world.

In the early hours of the morning our house was so quiet I could hear the faint splutter of the candles. And while I said my Masses, all my kinsfolk and friends, all my loved ones past and present, seemed to steal in and gather silently around the altar. They came from afar, even from the grave to pray for me and to be prayed for. I never felt less lonesome in my life.

JAMES B. HEALY S.J.



Father Daly, S.J. (upper right), goes among the vegetable venders of the Darjeeling market-place.

BAMBOO in Lepchaland

WILLIAM DALY S.J.

WHEN I WAS WELL BACK in the Himalayas off the Kalimpong-Lhasa Trade route into Tibet, I came upon the most lovable, imp-like youngsters I have ever met. They were the lovable, light-skinned Lepchas.

Mostly our Darjeeling mission deals with Nepali and Bhutani people; actually the Lepchas were the original inhabitants of the Darjeeling and Sikkim districts. 300 years ago a dissension among Buddhist monks in Tibet brought a migration of Tibetans to the foot of the great mountain called *Five Treasuries of Snows*; they soon drove the Lepchas out of the district.

But today, way out in the hills, great clans of Lepchas carry on, commune with all the spirits they believe inhabit rocks and trees, streams and waterfalls, pay homage to the *All Father Spirit*, who made the earth, and wait for us to bring the news of the God Who became Man to dwell among them.

These mild, peaceable, improvident-as-children-on-a-picnic people have a folklore older than the Nepali. They know every beast, flower, tree, shrub, and fruit, and fungus, and can live for days off bark and berries they alone seem to recognize.

The children can mimic the songs and cries of all the birds. Many a morning I have been caught looking for a bird with a haunting call, only to discover a little Leprechaun hiding away in a grove chortling at me. The Lepcha shepherd youngsters play the most lovely, lilting melodies on bamboo flutes as they sit out all day in the hills with their goats and cows.

When you spend some time among a people who believe that the groves and streams are haunted by spirits, friendly or mischievous, you begin to see a sprite at every turn of the mountain path. And sure enough, you'll be right; for out will pop a little Lepcha from among the cardamon plants, eyes twinkling, grinning from ear to ear.

Ever see a real live Leprecahun? Here's one with mischief in her eye conjuring up an elfin prank.



Perhaps most amazing of all is their use of bamboo. I've always thought of bamboo in connection with a fishing pole—but once I got out in the hills with the Lepchas, I saw bamboo doing the most remarkable things.

When you come to an unfordable mountain stream in Lepchaland, you'll find a bamboo bridge to help you across; and along the stream will be ingeniously constructed bamboo fish traps; and climbing the hill in front of you will be a Lepcha girl carrying water in a huge bamboo hollow called a *dhiree*.

At a Lepcha wedding I tasted a barley beer served in a great, green, bamboo container that looked exactly like plastic; and I sucked the beer through a bamboo straw, sitting the while on a bamboo stool called a *mohra*, while my Lepcha friends sat cross-legged on bamboo mats, beneath a thatched roof whose frame was bamboo.

And outside, a bamboo pig-sty kept the pigs in check; a bamboo fence kept the cattle penned in; a bamboo aqueduct carried water to the hut from a mountain stream. Youngsters were playing with bamboo pop-guns, accurate at 40 feet, and a bamboo squirt-gun much more effective than any water pistol I ever had as a boy. My pony ate fresh bamboo leaves as I used a bamboo switch to speed him home.

One feast day I attended a Lepcha play—as all Indian plays, a direct steal from Eugene O'Neill—which started at six and went through eleven. The stage, outside the school house, was ringed with horizontal bamboo poles which had holes about every five inches; into the holes kerosene soaked wicks gave the light; and kerosene poured into one end of the hollow pole kept the flares glowing all night, a regular Broadway lighting effect.

From tooth-brushes to tow lines, from ladders to drainpipes, from baskets to bridges; bamboo is adapted for every need.

As I sit here in Ranchi, my heart is back in Lepchaland. I look to the day when I'll be back there.

They are a most wonderful people, and their belief in the spirits will make them very easy to convert. There will be no Lamas to contend with as among the Bhutani, no caste system to cut Christians off from their relatives as with the Nepali.

Just Leprechauns, cute little ones with puckish faces, and big wide eyes, and haunting bird calls; how Christ will love to have them for His Own.

Come, follow me

IN THE EARLY AFTERNOON of Palm Sunday many faithful from Jerusalem will go up the Mount of Olives. On its eastern slope, facing the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea deep below them, they will wait, as the excited populace waited two thousand years ago, for a figure humbly mounted on an ass, climbing the rough trail from the nearby village of Bethphage.

The mounted figure will be their bishop, enacting the role of Christ as He rode for His brief hour of triumph into Jerusalem on the first Palm Sunday. He will be surrounded by a choir of clergy, as was Christ by His chosen disciples; and their voices will renew the old "Hosannas." The faithful will join the procession, palms and olive branches in their hands, and they will take up the chant of the clergy, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."

They will not shout with the wild enthusiasm of those who believed that Christ had come to "restore the kingdom to Israel." In their deep and quiet faith, those who march with Him today down the western slope of Olivet know that His "kingdom is not of this world." As they approach a Jerusalem scarred in recent battle, they will remember the words of Christ as He wept over the obdurate city on Palm Sunday. For the once prophetic words carry a new urgency. "Jerusalem, if thou hadst known . . . the things that are for thy peace; but now they are hidden from thy eyes." Moslem and Jew have rent the city to restore a kingdom of this world. It is not thus that peace will come to Jerusalem.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

APRIL: *The Missions
in Burma and Ceylon*



ON JANUARY 4, 1948 Burma became an independent republic; a month later the British granted Ceylon full dominion status. Both countries are governed today under constitutions framed by men principally Buddhists. In Burma 64 Burmese and 169 foreign priests serve 140,300 Catholics and labor for the conversion of its other 17,000,000 inhabitants. In Ceylon 230 Ceylonese and 333 foreign priests serve 460,000 of its 6,879,000 inhabitants. As both nations face the beginning of a new political era we naturally inquire what sort of freedom to practice and to preach the Faith the Catholic Church will enjoy under their new constitutions.

Until now the national leaders in Burma have shown no hostility to the Church; rather they have manifested cordial relations with her, and have praised her publicly. Typical of this respect for the Church is the statement of the Burmese Minister of Public Instruction, Mr. Saw San Po Thin, himself a Baptist: "I have always admired Catholic missionaries . . . I have seen them in all corners of the country working with wonderful spirit and sacrifice . . . During the war when all the non-Asiatic missionaries of other confessions left, Catholics remained with their flocks and did not abandon them. Now that Burma is coming back to normal I am sure they will want to continue their work. We want a stronger, healthier and happier Burma. For this we need their collaboration."

However His Excellency Bishop Frederick G. Provost, Vicar Apostolic of Southern Burma, voices alarm lest Buddhism, now enjoying a semi-official character, make use of the rising surge of nationalism to secu-

larize the schools. Religious unity in Buddhism might well be used as a pretext for uniting the various racial groups—the Burmese, the Karens, the Shans, the Kachins and the Chins—into a solid front. Communists, already strong in central Burma, welcomed the recent Karen rebellion as an opportunity to discredit, disorganize and undermine the present government by staging strikes and general discontent.

While the Prime Minister is respected and trusted by all in the Dominion of Ceylon, the Minister of Education has shown a hostile attitude toward Catholic education. This hostility His Excellency Thomas Cooray, O.M.I., Ceylon's first Singhalese Archbishop, assures us does not spring from a hatred of Catholicism but from a desire of state controlled education. Measures have already been enacted which have seriously affected the efficiency of Catholic education. Limitations in the field of education, and Communism are the two foes of the Church in Ceylon. Speaking of the latter, Bishop Ignatius Glennie S.J. of the Trincomalee Mission in Ceylon said that the Communists, though few in numbers, are preparing cells to take over the controlling power should the new government commit too many blunders.

This month our Holy Father bids us pray that the Church in Ceylon and Burma will shine through her educational and charitable works with an ever increasing brilliance—brilliance that will penetrate the very souls of those Burmese and Ceylonese sincerely seeking the truth. To achieve this objective we pray for more missionaries and fuller freedom for the Catholic Church in Burma and Ceylon. *Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.*

WILLIAM J. BRENNAN S.J.

AT BELIZE, jutting out into the Caribbean in a two mile semi-circle which is bisected by a fairly navigable river, life begins at the waterfront. So does our story; it starts where the Belize River meets the sea. Here is the city market, a rambling structure always redolent of decaying fish, piled high with plantain, bananas, and cocoanuts brought there by the river dories from the interior.

Here the missionaries sail out to seaside mission stations, or take a boat up the river. About two years ago, Father John Ruoff walked down to the river bank, looked at the warehouses, wharves, boathouses; then trudged despondently to an empty pier, and entered a dilapidated boathouse.

In the center of this loosely knit shed,

propped up on two crosspieces that lay across four round, stubby blocks, was the mission boat. Beneath it crouched an elderly shipwright, his short, kinky hair gray and strewn with sawdust. With a hammer he tapped the wood, testing for rotten pieces; each tap registered with pain on the ears of the khaki-clad missionary who knelt on one knee, sun helmet in hand.

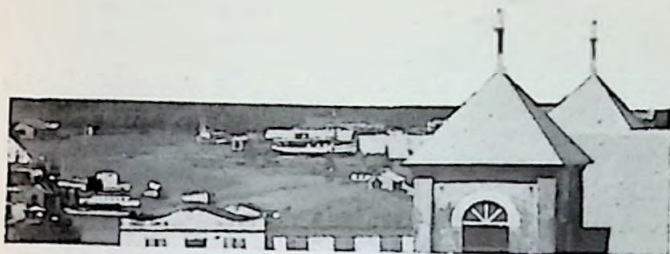
After a time the old negro crawled out from under the craft, and he and Father Ruoff sat on a pile of unfinished lumber.

"I'm sorry, Father," he said. "That boat had so many years in this warm water that it's through. Timbers are rotten, and so is the bottom planking. I think we could use the cypress siding and the motor, but as a boat it's finished."

The semi-tropical sun slipped behind the Guatemalan hills and brought a gloomy close to a missionary's gloomy day. About



*This
is Your Boat*



The Cathedral town of Belize on the river to the sea.

2,000 souls were stranded without priestly help; four hundred miles of winding river, shallow passes, and canals stood between them and their missionary. Though these 400 miles of travel lie within an area of twenty square miles, the trip can be made only by boat.

Like any other captain who ever lost a ship, Father Ruoff sent out an S.O.S. And he sent it through JESUIT MISSIONS relay station. In the very next issue, JM carried his plea, showing a deserted wharf, and telling of the sorrow it meant. Within the month, \$660 had been donated toward a new boat.

Today on the Belize River the *Loyola* is a thirty foot moving sermon in mahogany, cedar, and calabash wood; it is a symbol of the missionary spirit that built it, the spirit of "those who also serve," and it carries a zealous priest along the rivers, bayous, and inlets off the Caribbean to days and months of zealous work.

The *Loyola* also carries a crew of one, "Captain" Pete Vacarro. Cap is a composite altar boy, catechist, pilot, bell ringer, and organist. To hear him talk he steers the barque of Peter itself. And he is interpreter of sorts, too: the English of British Honduras is unrecognizable at first to an outsider. It is called Creole. With a peculiar inflection, consonants submerged in vowels, and a grammar all its own, Creole can always use an interpreter, it is a dialect difficult to understand, and impossible to imitate.

But Father Ruoff and Cap'n Pete make a team that is now hard to beat. Two years ago things were different. Victories for the Holy Ghost seemed more than difficult, they seemed impossible. Then came the big helping hand from the States. And right now Father Ruoff and Cap'n Pete are a team definitely hard to beat. Thanks to you!

LENTEN RESOLUTION

I will renew my subscription early.

MISSIONARY SISTERS The Ursulines

Four hundred years ago St. Angela Merici, missionary educator, founded the first order in the Church for the education of girls.

One hundred years later, in the year 1639, the first missionary nun to the New World, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, an Ursuline of France, sailed joyfully from her country to found at Quebec the first school for the French and Indian girls. In this way the Ursuline nuns were the pioneers who blazed the trail for the heroic missionaries of the different orders who followed them. The Jesuits were already in Canada and it was their appeal for help which brought the Ursulines to Quebec. Agnes Repplier, in her delightful books, *Mere Marie of the Ursulines* and *Pere Marquette S.J.*, has told all this most charmingly.

In 1727, Ursuline Nuns came to New Orleans and established the first school for girls in the United States, now replaced by the Ursuline College and High School at State Street.

Other Ursuline schools were soon established in Havana, Cuba; Puebla, Mexico; Galveston, Dallas, and San Antonio, Texas; in Illinois, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Idaho, Montana, Alaska, New York, Washington, D. C., Wilmington, Del., Maine, and California.

The Ursulines have since established missions for the Indians in Montana, and for the Eskimos in Alaska. In his book, *Eskimo Parish*, Rev. Paul O'Connor, S.J. pays tribute to the Ursuline Missionaries of Akulurak, Alaska.

In 1847, they opened schools for the Negroes and West Indians in Georgetown, British Guiana, and later in Barbice and Barbados. There are Ursuline mission schools today in South Africa; Chow-Chow Fu and Hopo in China; in Bangkok and Xieng Mai, Siam.

In pre-war Java, where the Ursulines had one of the most flourishing missions in the world, forty-three nuns died victims of the Java concentration camps from 1941-1945.

THE URSULINES ARE MISSIONARY!

By M. BERNADETTE DALY O.S.U.

(Below) Rev. Walter Hamilton, and Rev. Joseph Maxcy, Jesuit Chaplains to 2,000 Lepers at Culion Colony, P.I.



IT'S WORTH
8¢ a day
to cure a leper

Remember ...

\$26.00 A YEAR

\$2.40 A MONTH

Diasone is not a miracle drug. It will not cure all cases. It works slowly. Each leper needs eleven hundred tablets, a year's supply. But it does work. It does give hope to the hopeless.

JESUIT MISSIONS
962 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

Your generous charity last year enabled the doctors and nursing Sisters of Culion Leper Colony to cure many cases of leprosy. How? Through the use of DIASONE, a medicine which costs about eight cents a day. A year's supply costs \$26.00; a month's \$2.40.

At the Philippine Leprosarium of Culion where New York's Father Walter Hamilton and Brooklyn's Father Joseph Maxcy are Chaplains, there are 2,000 lepers. These poor, suffering humans would be utterly without hope of cure were it not for the Diasone you supply. Lepers can be cured today. The woman in the upper left was hideously marked on face and shoulders, but now is cured. The young lad is also a healed case.

"It's Worth Eight Cents A Day To Cure A Leper."

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

I LOST A PARISHIONER

Angel his name was, and I lost him from my parish in Chaibasa in the Jamshepur mission of India. He spoke with such authority at town meetings that even the old men listened; Angel was only 32, married and had three children; he was my outstanding convert.

During the war he caught a disease that gave him agonizing rheumatic pains; during the monsoon they were so intense he wanted to die. The local devil-doctors blamed his pain on his becoming a Catholic; he didn't believe them, but took their charms, as you'd take anything to get relief.

I told him that the pains would go when the monsoon ended. The local *Bedh* told him the pain would be gone when the root of his charm started to grow from the earth. That would be the end of the monsoon too.

The pains began to depart as the rains stopped, but the devil-worshippers kept close to him saying that the sickness was his punishment for becoming a Catholic. Frightened, perhaps more than a bit superstitious, Angel became a devil-worshipper; his wife no longer comes to church; the medals on the children gave way to roots and charms, and his home is no longer open to me. Now when I pass his house, I can hear the rhythmic chant, the jingling bells in broken staccato, and see the inevitable smoke: this is devil-worship, and inside



Father Quinn Enright instructs the instructors, his faithful catechists.

is my parishioner, whose name is Angel, a man who has forsaken Christ—for the time.

—Quinn Enright S.J.

SISTER THERESA CHEN

The pattern of Cardinal Mindszenty's trial is a new one to American readers; but not to us in China. The first charge against the missionaries is that we are "American Spies!"

Three priests and our Sister Theresa Chen had the great privilege of suffering for the faith. Sister had her headdress torn off her in front of 10,000 persons from five villages.

She is the head of the local Theresan Academy, and was ar-

rested among the very first in our city. Prison, then beatings, then a trial as they call it, then no more beatings. Her face was slapped until it was raw; she was prodded with a rifle time and time again.

She was ordered to write her confession of guilt; and when it was not found satisfactory, it was written for her. To her great sorrow her persecutors did not kill her; as a matter of fact, they didn't dare. But when they stripped her of her religious habit they sent her back to her village, telling her that if she became a nun again she would surely die.

Women are amazing: she prays daily for martyrdom; it is, she says, the only hope of the Chinese Church. —A China Missionary

SNOW IN IRAQ

Don't think Los Angeles was alone in the dubious privilege of snow: a day after Christmas a cold wave hit us at Baghdad College, and we practically froze to death.

You should have seen this hardy bunch of New Englanders as the thermometer began to move below 40°; down it went to 25°, and we had ice in the morning.



Brother Parnoff, B.C.-on Tigris

Of course the ice melted as soon as the sun got a grip on itself. We lost our lovely poinsettias in the frosty dawn, in spite of Father Loeffler's best therapeutics. But as is usual, Baghdad was lucky.

At Faish Khabur, Zakho, Kirkuk, Sulaimaiya, and as close as Baquba there was plenty of freezing weather. And hundreds of mud houses were covered with snow, the people hungry, homeless and frozen. Actually hundreds died.

MASSES

We give our greatest gift to God when we offer back to Him His greatest gift to us—the death of His Son—in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Jesuit missionaries all over the world will very gladly offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for your intentions. Jesuit Missions will forward them for you. Address:

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

Our chapel was really beautiful for Christmas, and praises of the magic hand of Brother Parnoff are being sung by all. He set his rock stable in a grove of eucalyptus and palm, so realistic that you might imagine the Sulaiikh birthplace of the Infant had been carved fresh out of the hills.

Building cribs or buses, Brother Parnoff has no equal; and again and again we say, what would we ever do without our Brothers.

—Joseph P. Connell S.J.

GUARDIAN ANGEL

Eskimos, unlike some of their more *civilized* brethren have a hardy respect and fear for the devil and his evil spirits. And converts are always delighted to learn that there are Angels appointed by God to help them win battles over the evil ones. They recite devoutly a daily prayer to their personal angel, and perhaps know him better than most of the world's Catholics.

My altar boy, Bobby, is a firm believer in angels now. I was telling the children how my alarm clock froze one cold day, and no amount of thawing could make it start. I wanted to get in an early Mass, so I said a fervent prayer to my own angel. Sure enough I awoke exactly on time next morning.

Bobby, who is usually late for Mass, came in the other morning right on the button; he was all elated.

"It works! it works!" he said to me with a happy smile.

"What works?" I asked.

"The guardian angel," he said witheringly. "I prayed to him last night, and this morning at seven thirty, I fell right out of bed."

I nodded very seriously. "Nobody, Bobby," I said, "really knows how strong they are!"

—Francis Menager S.J.



Eskimo lad hears a good one

ORNITHOLOGY IN ALASKA

At last a party of ornithologists has found a curlew nest in the mountains near here. They were Henry Kylingstad, Dr. Allen and his son David, who flew from New York for the hunt, and Warren Peterson. No one before had ever found a hatching nest of curlews: they filmed the whole

Father Fox, Alaskan veteran



atching process, and stuffed
 come of the curlews. I'm very
 glad about the whole thing, but
 I wish people were willing to
 spend time, effort, and money on
 Alaskan people as they do on
 these birds. —John Fox S.J.

CO-OP IN BELIZE

A few months ago I bought
 four acres of Cassava, a grain
 which the Carib people use to
 make bread. My people plowed
 and harrowed the field; about 45
 families cooperated. When it was
 time for the harvest, I got up at
 three o'clock, said Mass, and went
 out to the field with the people.
 By eleven o'clock that night we
 were baking bread.

Then next morning we opened
 a bakery and sold over \$60 worth
 of bread the first day. I was able



Father Sutti, Co-op director

to pay for the seed, and give the
 laborers ten cents an hour for
 their work.

Now we have a buying club
 started, and we hope one of these
 days to have our own store.

Best of all, the people are en-
 thusiastic about it, and have put
 their own money into a fund that
 will help us get started. It is
 difficult to tell how wonderful my
 Carib people are.

—Henry Sutti S.J.



Carib boy, a Co-op worker

CROWDED ATENEO

We had to turn 500 students
 away last year from the Ateneo
 de Manila and this year the
 crowd was even worse; I just
 was not able to stand the pressure
 of the Ateneo alumni for admis-
 sion of their sons; so I had to put
 up five more temporary class-
 rooms. They cost \$5,000 and will
 be torn down almost before the
 paint is dry; but we were able to
 take 200 more students. Now we
 have about 1,700: we are sure
 the new Ateneo will have a much
 larger enrollment than we ever
 had in the old days.

—William F. Masterson S.J.

DE NOBILI COLLEGE

When Father John Staffner re-
 opened De Nobili College in
 Poona, the newest Jesuit semi-
 nary, the second round of a dif-
 ficult battle got underway.

At Calcutta in 1935 the China-
 Burma-India mission Superior
 realized that St. Mary's Seminary
 at Kurseong High. in northeast-
 ern India, near Mt. Everest was

too crowded; they decided to
 open a new place at Poona, 115
 miles east of Bombay. Not until
 1941 was a suitable place found.

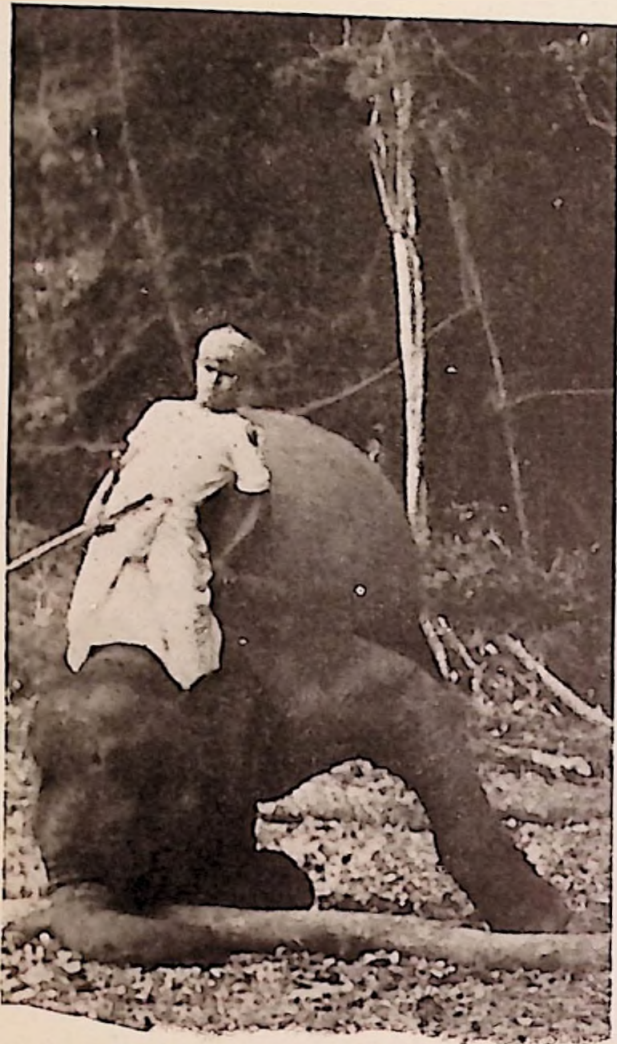
Meanwhile 17 young Jesuits for
 whom there was no room at St.
 Mary's started their studies at St.
 Vincent's High School in Poona
 in temporary bungalows. By 1940
 there were 52 of them scattered
 in vacant apartments all over the
 neighborhood. Their faculty also
 had to teach in high school and
 run a mission; two of them
 cracked under the strain. Then in
 1939 three German faculty mem-
 bers were put into a concentra-
 tion camp but De Nobili was al-
 most finished.

Not until February of this year
 was it possible to get a Theology
 course started again. In February
 thirty-four scholastics arrived
 with the four Americans, Gordon
 Murphy and Francis Moore of
 Patna, and Whitmel Macnair and
 yours truly from Trincomalee.

The place was barren, the li-
 brary shelves were empty and the
 chapel was bare and almost deso-
 late. It was a cheerless place the
 thirty-four came to; but they
 were smiling—all were Jesuit
 brothers in Christ—all were on
 the way to the priesthood for a
 lifetime work in a wonderful mis-
 sion.

The third round went to
 De Nobili. —Peter Beach S.J.





Educated elephant lumbering for his master



JOHN W. LANGE S.J.

"What is your name?" I ask as pleasantly as I can.

"Sonny Boy," he replies with a straight face.

"Yes, yes, nice name," I say indulgently, "but what is your right name?" All the conversation is in Tamil, of course.

"Sonny Boy!"

"What's your father's name?" I ask, trying a new approach to it.

"Ruth."

"But Ruth is a girl's name!"

This provokes a family discussion in Portuguese, the family language of the Burghers. Someone calls inside, and Granny issues forth like a rabbit out of a magician's dark hat.

Taking the Census in Ceylon

A PARISH CENSUS is a very interesting thing; for the pastor must be able to say, "I know mine, and mine know me!" At Puliyaikudah in Ceylon we have no census forms, no faithful helpers . . . and far too few results.

My parish is St. Sebastian's, a narrow strip along the lagoon outside of Batticaloa; it is about two miles long. I started out in the evening when the men were returning from work, the children from school, and the old tropical sun returning to the States to announce morning in Miami.

More than half the parishioners are Burghers, that is, descendants of the early Portuguese and Dutch conquerors of Ceylon who intermarried with the native Tamil and Singhalese inhabitants of the island. We approach the first house, creep in under the low hanging eaves of the little house. The man makes his appearance.

"Well, he was known as Ebbo," Granny says.

So it's now a toss-up between Ruth and Ebbo! No amount of cross examination will get you near the name you have in the baptismal register. All have changed their names fourteen times since baptism; and you discover that in spite of what you baptized their youngsters, they are now "Herrington, Yeardsley, Dolfus, Ruby, Trescella, Closetta." It reminds you of the lady who called her baby Kyrie Eleison Slapworth.

So these are the Burghers. The Tamils are little better. The first man you meet will inform you his name is *Kanapathipillai*, the name of a Hindu deity with a human body and the head of an elephant! And his wife, born and baptized a Catholic is *Rasamma* of which there are at least 4,000 in the neighborhood, mostly Hindus. You keep at it until you get enough names for cross

reference, and time to tabulate results.

There they are, those musty, worm-eaten old census books representing hours of toil and sweat on the part of your predecessors for generations past; if they have been long suffering men, they will have entered all the Ebbos and Closettias and Rasammas together with their proper official names. But the names change so much it would require the aid of the FBI to keep track of everyone.

You can spend as much as eight or ten hours searching through the various books for a single family; and as widows and widowers are seldom content with single blessedness, you may find yourself barking up a half dozen different trees. Unfortunately our university training did not provide us with any solutions for this kind of research.

And naturally there's a good reason for being careful: when you have a marriage to perform between two people of the same

munion, as they call it, is an event of importance in the social life of the people; the child has to be dressed like a prince or princess, and that costs money. There's got to be a celebration at home, and that costs money, for it is a wet celebration running into several gallons. So—no money, no Communion.

Their attendance at Sunday Mass, reception of the sacraments, support of the church, membership in various organizations—all this is secondary to an overblown sense of social prestige. If they haven't the best clothes in the parish, they don't come to Mass; if they can't put on a bigger celebration, they don't get married. If so-and-so is a member, they won't join.

Apathy, indifference, a fiendish egoism, indolence. It is a rotten state of affairs. We know that the Grace of God is with us; but day after day you ask yourself how can you



For your cup of brisk Ceylon tea these Singhalese women labor long in the torrid fields of the island.

name who are wishy-washy on their antecedents *and* morals, you've got to watch out!

Census tabulation is a heart-rendering job: the saddest thing I know is that of the 325 families of my parish, 39 couples are living in sin. That's 11% of the total.

I found that 108 children haven't made their First Holy Communion; and 67 of them are ten years old and over. Solemn Com-

put vitality into their spirituality; how can you convince them that the most important thing in the world is to please God? How can you make them see what wonderful good is waiting for them in the Sacraments?

They need God's help, ours, and yours. They are poor both materially and spiritually. Please pray for my little flock at Puliyadi-kudah in Ceylon.



The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

On July 4, 1946 the United States granted independence to the Philippines. After half a century of guidance, Filipinos were capable of managing efficiently every department of their government. The independence of the Philippines illustrates in part the purpose of the missions—the establishment of the visible Church of Christ.

Fundamental in this program is the training of the native clergy. This aspect of missionary life has not the attractiveness of riding off to the hill country or traveling down dangerous rapids in search of souls but its importance is paramount. It explains why American Jesuits have 10 colleges, universities, seminaries and 56 high schools in their missions.

This month, we appeal for the Jesuit seminary at Novaliches in the Philippines. To supply food, clothing and education for the 109 members of its community is a huge expense upon the resources of the mission. Christ, The Eternal High Priest, will plead before the Throne of God for all who help not only Filipinos but every native son towards the Altar of God.

Sincerely yours in Christ,
COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Books for Kobe:

Mr. Thomas Curran of the New England Province is now in Kobe, Japan, where he has recently been appointed Director of the Catholic Literary Guild. We hope that some of our readers will be interested in sending Catholic books and magazines to:

Rokko Catholic Church
Hg. Kobe Base, APO 317
c/o P.M., San Francisco, Calif.

Catholic Literature:

For several years, many of our readers have been forwarding Catholic literature to Father Thomas Downing at Kurseong in India. The Catholic Press work has been taken over by Father John Barrett. Both by Father Barrett and by his own friends here in the States we have been asked to quote him as needing "TONS of Catholic literature." We ask that you send Catholic books and magazines *directly* to:

Father John Barrett S.J.
St. Xavier's, Patna, India

Spanish Sunday Missals:

Father William J. Moore of Honduras asks for Sunday Missals printed in Spanish. We can procure the Missals at a wholesale price—50¢ per book. Upon receiving your donations we will purchase the prayer books and send them off to Father Moore.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
900 Broadway,
Seattle 22, Wash.

Ceylon and Home Missions
Rev. James C. Babb, S.J.
4133 Banks Street,
New Orleans 19, La.

British Honduras, Yoro,
U. S. Indians
Rev. James T. Meehan, S.J.
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St. Louis 8, Mo.

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Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
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Canadian Indians

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Calvert and Madison Sts.,
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Iraq and Jamaica
Rev. John H. Collins, S.J.
137 Newbury St.,
Boston 16, Mass.

Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands
Rev. John G. Furniss, S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

Convent for Nuns:

Father Thomas Downing is now stationed at Buxar. He would like to repair the roof of his combined bungalow and Church and also to erect a small convent for the Nuns and a hostel for girls. He plans to dedicate his Church to Our Lady of Fatima. Any gift sent to us we will forward immediately to Father Downing.

Tiger Defense:

In the December issue we published an article by Father Quinn Enright of the Jamshedpur Mission, India. He must make frequent visits to Chiria and Monhapur where there is a famed man-eating tiger who is still plying his trade with an average of about two killings a week. Don't you think we ought to supply him with a rifle? He doesn't have one. Send your gifts to JESUIT MISSIONS.

Altar Missals:

- \$45.00—Large Altar Missal
- 12.00—Requiem Altar Missal

Philippines:

Father Edward Rodes of the Church of the Purification, Santa Maria, Zamboanga, in the Philippines needs one large and one requiem Missal. Father Rodes, a Spaniard by birth, has served for many years on the mission of the Philippines, in fact, he was there before the American Jesuits took over in the early twenties. We would like to help him.

For the Jesuit House of Studies in the Philippines where there are twelve priests on the faculty we would like to purchase three requiem Missals.

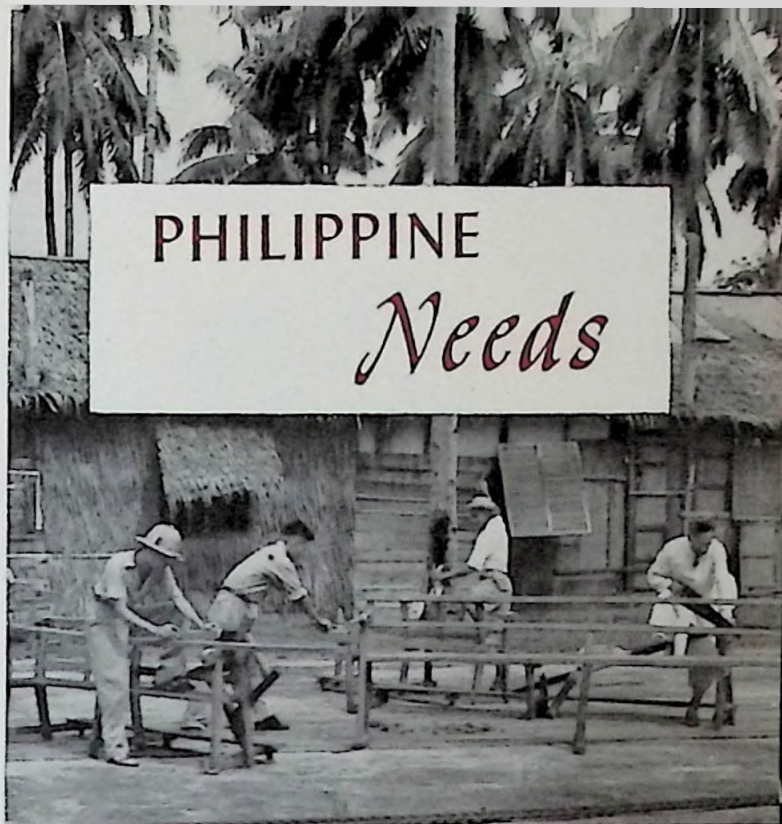
Yoro:

Father John C. Murphy of Casa Cural, Olanchito, Yoro, desires one large Altar Missal. He made no explicit request for a requiem Missal, yet we feel sure that he would like to have one.

Jamshedpur, India:

Less than two years ago, the mission of Jamshedpur, India was formally assigned to the province of Maryland. Father Fasy, the superior, writes that at least nine Altar Missals are needed for the mission parishes.

In addition to the explicit requests listed above, Altar Missals are needed in many other missions. If you can contribute the whole or part towards the fulfillment of the above requests, would you be good enough to send your donations to JESUIT MISSIONS.



NOVALICHES

Daily support of a	
Seminarian	\$3.00

MISSION CHAPELS

Altar	200.00
Sanctuary Lamp	50.00
Candlesticks	45.00
Pedestals for Statues	30.00
Mass Vestments (single-color set)	25.00
Alb	20.00
Altar Cards	15.00
Communion Paten	10.00
Cassocks for Altar Boys	10.00
Surplices for Altar Boys	4.00
Catechist (monthly support)	10.00

JESUIT MISSIONS





Who *made the World?*

REMEMBER THE ANSWER?

In 1555 Canisius published his Catechism. In a short time it was translated into 12




tongues. It has been called "the spirit and voice of the Church." In Germany children called

their catechism their "Canisius": filled with verses, pictures, and words divided into syllables "to enable my dear little children to learn it more easily. Win them and the world is won." On his feast day, April 27, a Mass will be said in 20 Jesuit Missions for every donor of \$1, \$2, or \$5 to support the catechists who carry on Canisius' great work.

"God made the world." You know that from the little dog-eared catechism you studied at Parochial or Sunday School. Did you ever stop to think how much you owe that catechism? Your whole religious life is built upon it. The power of the catechism is so strong that with St. Peter Canisius, the great Jesuit Catechist whose picture you see here, turned back the Protestant Reformation at its flood-tide in Europe.

In all parts of the world God made, Jesuit missionaries are using the catechism as the foundation stone of Christ's Church. Because their flocks are too scattered for them to do all the teaching, they employ native catechists, men well trained in the Faith, to teach the children and the new converts the truths of God's Love and Care for them. The Jesuit missionaries realize, as you do, how powerful the catechism is. That is why they beg so constantly for money to print catechisms in the native tongues and to support their invaluable catechists. Ten dollars a month will keep a catechist at work feeding souls as yours was fed with God's Truth in the catechism.

Mass Will Be Said in 20 Missions for Donors


JESUIT
Missions

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