

JESUIT MISSIONS

MAY 1949



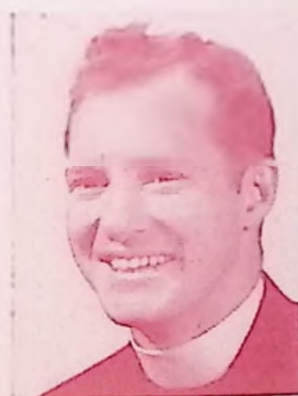
AMERICANS IN JAMSHEDPUR





Naga on the Philippine Island of Luzon lies near the base of a most perfectly formed volcano, Mayon. Unlike its hunch-backed and scowling elder brother, Isarog, Mayon has always been a well-mannered hill.

Father James B. Reuter S.J., script-writer for Manila radio, internee at Los Banos during the war, has sent us another of his outstanding articles on Jesuit Ateneos in the Philippines. He is a native of Elizabeth, N. J., alumnus of St. Peter's, Jersey City.



AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONS

*Alaska . . . American Indians . . .
British Honduras . . . Ceylon
. . . China . . . India . . . Iraq . . .
Jamaica . . . Japan . . . Marshall
and Caroline Islands . . . Philip-
pine Islands . . . U. S. Negroes*



One of JM's ace shutter-bugs is Frederick Foley S.J., of Yonkers, N. Y. and Shanghai, China. Mr. Foley has been learning Chinese and theology at Zikawei and has kept us informed by pen and picture of the latest turnings of events in strife-torn China.

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COVER. Father Quinn Enright S.J., of Philadelphia, Pa., is one of the pioneer American Jesuit missionaries of the Maryland Province in the new mission of Jamshedpur, India. His people are simple, likable, small in stature and small in number. This is almost a brand new mission territory. The missionaries have almost nothing to start with except the energy and zeal and faith of kindly priests like Father Enright. For more pictures see pages 16 and 17.

Many Catholics have the rather romantic if unreal idea that the sole work of the missionary is paddling up swollen jungle streams, or mushing across Alaskan wastes to baptize converts on their deathbeds. There is adventure and color in this picture, but it is only one-third of the reality. All converts are not simple primitives. Pagans must be met on high intellectual levels, too. Hence the need for schools, universities, Catholic press. Native seminarians and religious must be fostered and trained. In other words, the whole apparatus of the Church must be built solidly that complete Catholic life may flourish. JESUIT MISSIONS reports this growth vividly in detail. It represents 860 American Jesuits in their world-wide efforts to bring this fuller Catholic life to the 60,000,000 people in our missions.

Naga BY THE VOLCANOS

JAMES B. REUTER S.J.

YOU'VE HEARD of Stratford-on-Avon, of Devon-by-the-Sea, of St. Andrew-on-Hudson? Well, this is Naga. Naga-in-the-Swamp. Naga-on-Stilts. Naga by the Great Volcanos. Naga with its Bloody Past.

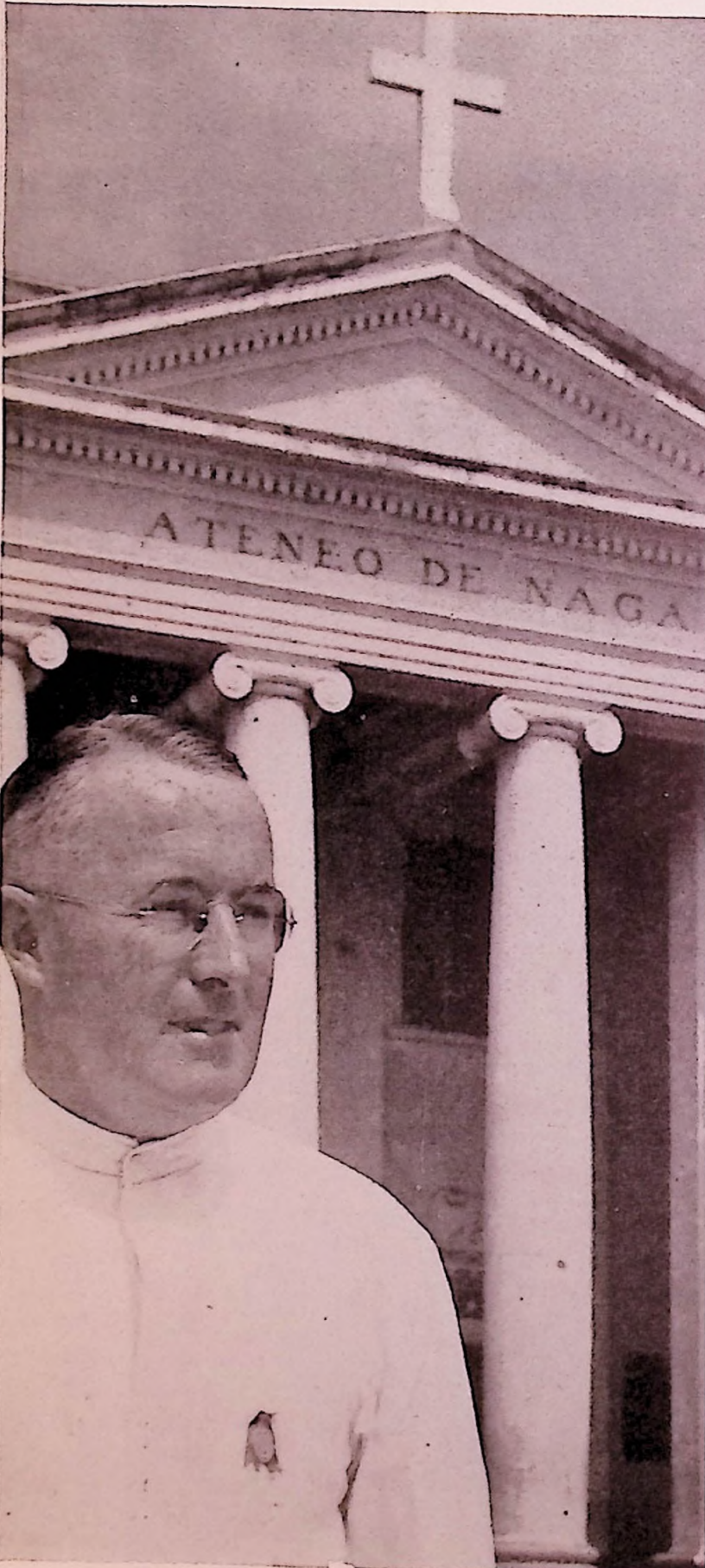
Our school is built in an abandoned rice field on the outskirts of the city of Naga in the Philippines, about three meters below the level of the town. On stormy days the streamlets from the town rush in a river down the long road to our school.

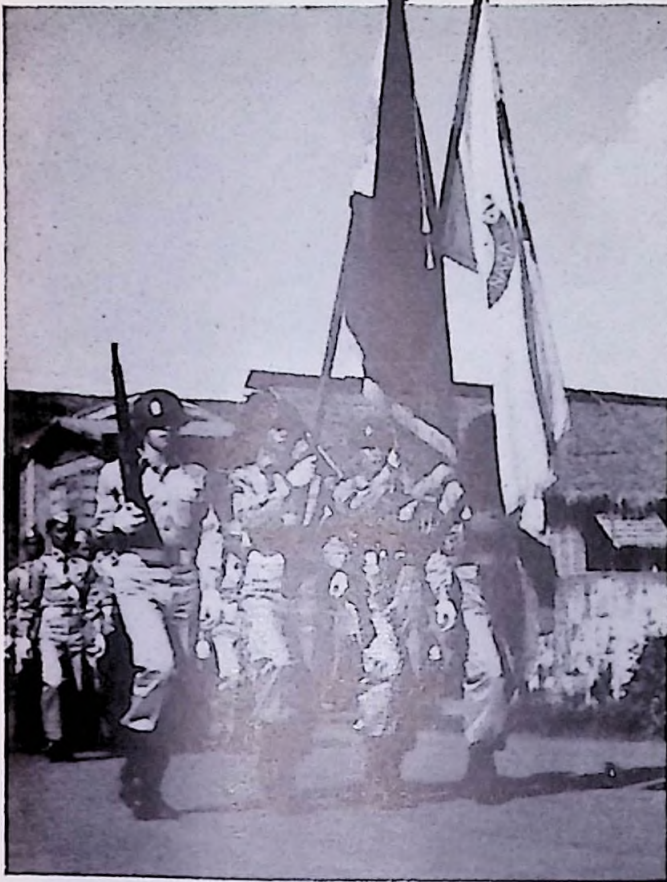
We hope some day to have our ground filled in; so every night about nine o'clock when all the town is sleeping, a tired *carabao* comes plugging down the dirt road to our school grounds pulling a two-wheeled cart filled with the town rubbish. The little old driver carries a flaming torch high in one hand, and the *carabao* plods along at about a mile an hour. When they get to the edge of solid ground the driver tugs at some ropes, the back of the wagon tips down, and the town rubbish slides into the water around the school.

Of course Newark airport, and LaGuardia Field and Mills Field in San Francisco were built this way, and so was that spot in New York where they held the World's Fair. Right now our campus is fit only for Sea Scouts, but some day we'll have rolling grass-covered lawns and a sweeping stretch of parade ground. It all depends on the lone *carabao*.

We are near the base of the most perfectly shaped volcano in the world: Mount Mayon. It towers there in the early morning, sharp against the sunrise, pure white smoke pouring straight up from its crater. Mayon is smooth, much prettier than Isarog, our other volcano. Years ago when the top blew off Isarog, the ridge along its summit was left all rough and rugged, and its sides full of jagged cliffs. Black Isarog, scarred with eruption, stands sullenly on the horizon, hunch-backed and scowling—the ugly elder brother of beautiful Mayon.

Rev. Francis D. Burns S.J. of New York, first Rector

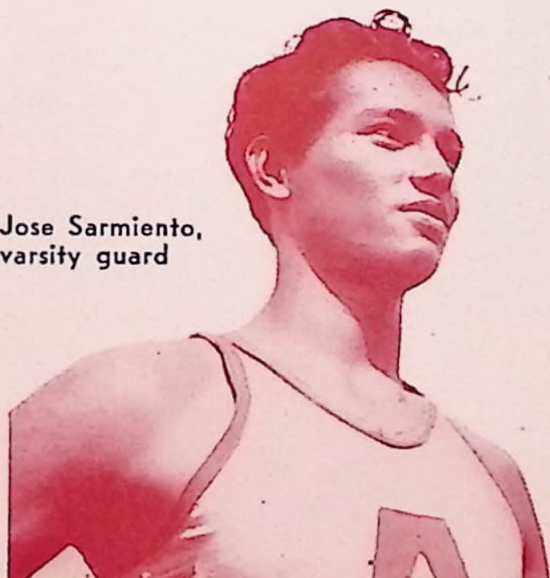




The Ateneo de Naga is proud of its R.O.T.C. cadets

We always see the sunrise on Mayon and Isarog because education begins early at the Ateneo de Naga. At 4:50 in the morning Father Sagrado makes his rounds with a searchlight in the dark dormitory, waking the altar boys who will serve the first Masses at 5:15. The little servers, immaculate in white and red, appear at their chapels about 5:14, sometimes with their hair combed crooked and the sleep still in their eyes. They are the sanctuary society; they go to Communion almost every day, and the Ateneo is proud of them.

Classes clip along in much the same way as they do in the States, with the young scholastics striding up and down the aisles,



Jose Sarmiento,
varsity guard



Father Jimenez instructs Villasenor, captain of J.V.'s

and the Fathers saving their strength, the lay professors calling for discipline.

The boarders eat at the school canteen which is painted blue and gold, sheltered from sun and rain but open to the air. They sit at counters on high stools, like truck drivers at a lunch wagon. At noon everybody is quiet, tired, dejected, meditating on his sins and on the futility of human existence; but things are cheered a bit by a little radio which plays sweet music and sometimes croons.

One of the boarders whose name is Buster has brown curly hair, blue eyes, and looks like an American. His father is a strapping Aussie and his mother, who is dead, was a Moro. Buster came to the use of reason in a Japanese prison camp during the war. I asked him once how he had liked the camp.

"Gee, Father," he said after a minute's pause, "I wish I was back there now."

"Why?" I asked casually.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "I guess I was more happier there."

That didn't speak so well for the sweetness and warmth of our happy home at Naga; but Buster explained it to me, and I think I understood. In the prison camp life was reduced to the bare simplicity of food, sleep, work, prayer and song. The



Ateneo de Naga, opened in 1940, was used by the Jap soldiers during the war for torture of prisoners.

very simplicity of those years brought a deep internal peace, a restfulness; there were so few elements in your life to take the world out of sharp focus; sometimes I'm homesick for the prison camp myself.

A psychiatrist might say that Buster is not fully readjusted, but the whole population of Naga who lived in high tension under the Japanese for three full years feels quite the same. The Japanese used our building. In shallow graves among the palm trees in back of the Ateneo you can still find skeletons, the bones of men and women who died under torture in our building. Our walls are still marked with machine gun bullets. Our floors are still stained with blood. You can't recover from a war as if it were an attack of mumps.

Last year Buster ran away from school and didn't come back for six months. This year—well, the prefect spends much time thinking about him as he trails into the dining room and sits down to his own supper.

The school moves at a fairly fast pace because our principal, Father Hayes, has worked out a dynamic system of weekly examinations. Every student takes a test in some subject every day; the professor marks the paper personally, and the marks are kept at the office. It keeps the boys alert, and forces the faculty into a gallop.

Most joyful of all the bells ringing at the Ateneo is the one at 3:45 when the boys snap their books shut, stand up and say the prayer, pour out of the classrooms into the canteen, to the armory for their guns, to the lockers for the bugles and drums, to the farthest classroom to practice their harmonica band, to the chapel for a visit, out to the basketball court for varsity practice, over the hills to home.

Orators withdraw to quiet corners where they are coached and trained; budding

altar boys ring bells in empty chapels, and carry the red missal around empty altars, practicing for the day when they will serve. The cadets line up for drill. Reporters for the school paper race up the steps two at a time to the office of the *Blue and Gold*, where they hammer Naga's lone typewriter with two fingers.

THE GOLDEN KNIGHTS

Sometimes the varsity plays a game away; and when our "Golden Knights" are barnstorming through the little barrios of the Bicol region, half of the color of the trip is supplied by Father Bello's drum and bugle corps. The big blue Ateneo bus stops just outside the town where the team is going to play; the little drummers and buglers climb out and line up in the dusty road; the drum major, majestic in his gold sash and cape of royal blue, holds up his silver baton; there is a moment of hushed silence, and then the corps goes swinging down the main street between rows of nipa huts and palm trees.

The whole town flocks around to watch, wide-eyed, elbowing each other to get into the front rows. Everyone from the mayor to the least citizen stands packed around the dirt court: old men with no teeth, solemn-eyed babies in their birthday suits; heavy muscled workmen with no shirts, young girls who smile coyly at the drummers, lonely dogs, loose pigs, stray kittens, and even—once—an eagle.

Some of the ball players we meet in the barrios are grizzled veterans of many winters whose children shout them on to victory. Having been guerrillas during the occupation, the local athletes feel that the honor of their town is at stake, and employ many of the tactics which they learned during the war. Jordana, one of our guards, wore bandages for a week after the battle of Bato.

Between halves the bugle corps comes into its own. At home during the town fiesta the bugle corps led the varsity out onto the court before the Southern Luzon game and so demoralized the opposition that our team had run up seventeen points before they were scored on. Next day, Nueva Caceres brought their brass band, but the big bass horns couldn't make half so much noise as the golden bugles and deadly drums. The Nueva musicians blew very hard on their piccolos and flutes, and could be heard four hundred yards away; but the wild call of the bugles stood out shrill and clear and could be heard a mile away in the plaza. Ateneo won.

The corps is made up of seventeen buglers, five snare drummers, one bass drummer, two cymbalists and the drum major; and Father Bello says, "*All I want is five more drums.*"

Father Burns, the former Rector, carried the school on his shoulders. He came here in 1940 to open the Ateneo, ran the enrollment up to 700, was imprisoned at the beginning of the war, returned after the occupation, started a college as well as a high school, and has 880 students, most of whom he knows by their first name.

College holds classes at night from five till nine, with courses in liberal arts, science, education and commerce; most of our college men work all day as tailors, truck-drivers, farmers and clerks. Our Bicolano people are not city folk; they are square-shouldered, deep-chested, and strong, with straight features and clear eyes. They work hard and play hard, but they are at their best when they sing. Our boys sing in

chapel, in the bus, in the dormitory, in the rice fields around fires at night. Father Horacio de la Costa once said that in all their poverty the Filipinos treasure two priceless gifts, diamonds hidden in a pauper's rags, their faith and their songs.

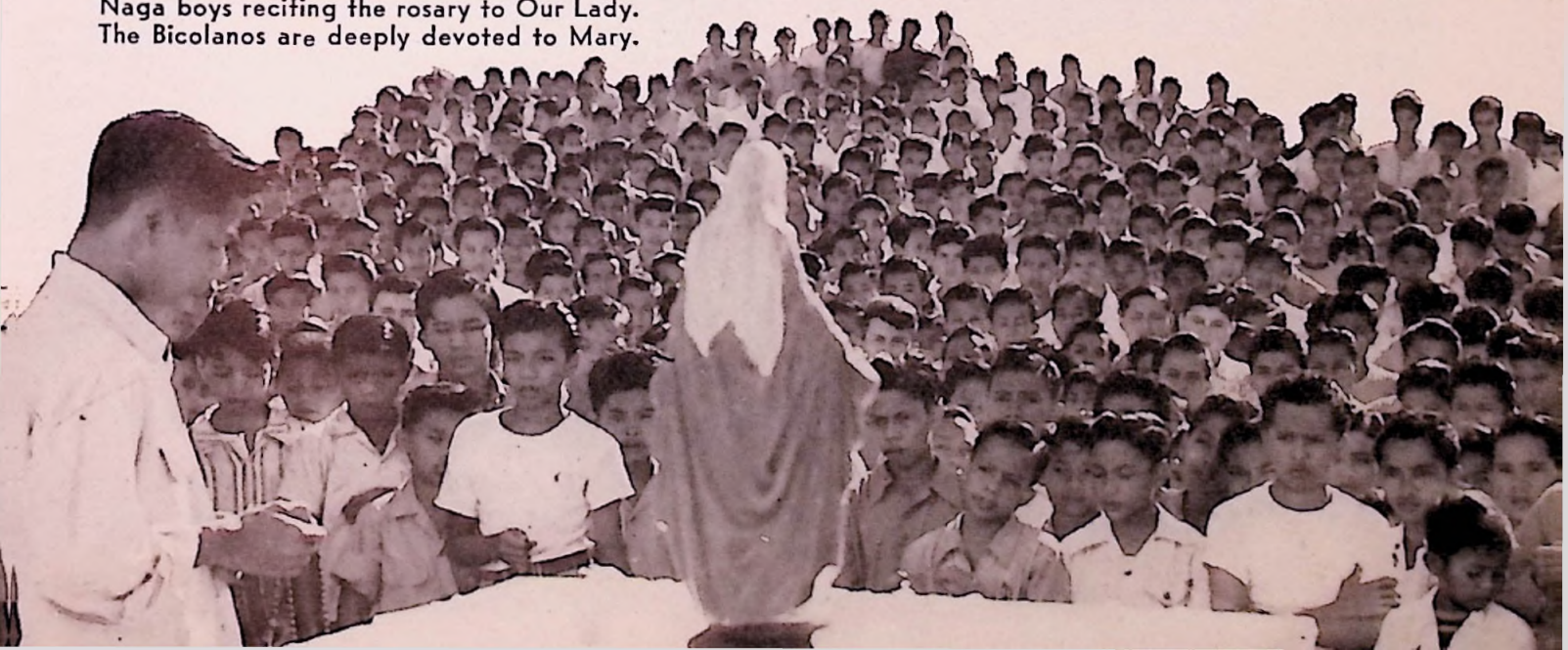
FROM TYPHOONS DELIVER US

When the lights are out in the college building and on the basketball courts, and everybody has gone home, the Rector listens to the wind and wonders if the typhoon will come tonight. For six months of the year our diocese has a prayer ordered in each priest's Mass "to avert typhoons." Veterans on the faculty say the prayer with intense fervor, because last year at Christmas time, when the priests had just stopped saying the oration, *Typhoon Jean* came. It whistled in from the sea and tore off the roof of house and school, blew down partitions, and threw furniture into the marsh.

In the Arctic, in New York, or in the tropics the last four things in any Jesuit house are points for the morning meditation, examen of conscience, litanies, and bed. Here we go to bed at nine-thirty gratefully. The moon climbs up over the shoulder of Mount Mayon drenching its crest with light; black Isarog scowls in the shadows.

The wind whispers in the swamp and rustles through the grass. The Ateneo is still and quiet, except that in the dormitory when everyone else is asleep Buster stands silently by the window, looking pensively out at the palms and the marsh and the birds on the shoulders of the sleepy *carabaos*. The birds are as white as doves in the moonlight, and another day is done.

Naga boys reciting the rosary to Our Lady. The Bicolanos are deeply devoted to Mary.



Direct Wire Service *to Mother*

MODERN INVENTIONS are reaching deeper and deeper into the life of the missions. The airplane, the radio, the jeep, movies, portable public address units, small electrical generators, new drugs, these and many others are introducing inevitable changes in missionary life. As these changes take place, our attitudes at home towards the missions will change too.

An instance of one simple such change can be seen in the case of Father Philip Olinger S.J. Fifteen years ago, Philip Olinger left home in New Jersey for California to enter the Jesuit Order. From California he was sent to China as a missionary. In those days, the 6,000-mile round-trip from San Francisco to New Jersey and back was considered too long a journey and so he went off to China without a visit home. He was not very long in China before he was cut off from home by the war and shortly afterwards was interned by the Japanese. During this time he was ordained a priest and said his first Mass, for all practical purposes, as a prisoner.

These were anxious times for his 79-year-old mother in Bloomfield, N. J., who for several years received no word from her son, and who for fourteen years had not laid eyes on him. But she bore it bravely and with faith, and eventually when he was liberated and returned to the States for medical care and rest, his First Solemn Mass and the family reunions were rich rewards for the courage and faith of the difficult years.

At the end of a year, Father Olinger said goodbye again and returned to China. Now he is in the path of the Communist advance. This time, however, there is a difference. When he returned to China he brought with him a portable wire recorder. His mother has one in her home. Now they can make their own recordings and send an hour's recording on a spool about the size of a small roll of adhesive tape across the world to each other.

When the big Communist break-through in China started last fall, there were very



After fourteen years Father Olinger returned home. This photo was taken as he was giving Communion to his Mother at his first Solemn Mass in Bloomfield, N. J.

anxious times home here. Our missionaries in China had just been through one long and most difficult internment by the Japanese. Were they now to face another at the hands of the Reds? Nothing would be as reassuring as the sound of a familiar voice telling just how a son or brother was getting along. That is where Father Olinger made use of his portable wire recorder.

Father John O'Farrell S.J., for seven years a missionary in China, and destined to return there soon, went with the writer to the Olinger home to hear Father Olinger's eye-witness account of the turbulent days in which China

JOSEPH F. MACFARLANE S.J.

now finds herself. His voice came into the living room of his home just as clearly as though he were sitting there with us. It was deeply moving and yet very personal and intimate. There were personal greetings to all his many relatives, by name and with thoughtful words for each. Then he began to tell us, just as he had witnessed it, the confusion, the fear, the delays, the crowds, the anxiety of the people, and very humbly, his own difficulties and ultimate success in handling the situation.

For almost an hour he spoke and at the end, when you felt as though you were really in China with him instead of merely hearing his voice in New Jersey, he closed with his blessing and faded out of the room. There was no longer uncertainty or needless anxiety. We knew just how things were. We all then made a recording of our reactions and greetings, and the spool was mailed off to him. Within a week he would be hearing news from home in China.

In itself this is only a little thing, but it is a sign of the change in the times. There are many other uses for the wire recorder. For missionaries, it gives them a chance to

have their people speak, recite prayers, sing hymns for recording so that the missionaries can play and replay them at home until they have learned the language of their people. The talks of catechists can be supervised and improved by this means. Sermons can be played in distant mission stations while the priest is elsewhere preaching himself. For people home here in America, in schools, parishes and gatherings of friends, the wire recorder brings a mission message that nothing else can supply today.

The machine is one more step in breaking down the remoteness and isolation of foreign missions. There was always a romantic appeal to far off inaccessible missions; the more remote the outpost in the Kingdom of God, the greater was the appeal—and the greater the number of missionaries who would volunteer to go there.

The steady breaking down of barriers between Catholics at home and missionaries abroad may never diminish the regard we have for the distant bush missionary but it should bring us gradually to a fuller understanding of the important things in mission work. Missionaries go far off, not to seek out bad climate, or unsanitary living conditions or danger zones; they go to establish a permanent, self-supporting, self-propagating Church among souls in need of the grace of God. Difficult living conditions are incidental; they have nothing to do with whether or not a mission is important or a missionary deserving of our interest and support. Distance has nothing to do with it, nor isolation. These may excite pity for the missionary, but what the missionaries want is not pity for themselves, but understanding of their mission and help for their people. Father Olier is a more effective missionary with a direct wire service home than he was as a helpless prisoner in an internment camp.

Just imagine what it would have been like if only St. Francis Xavier had had a wire recorder in his day. Please God, the progress of machines will bring greater understanding of the missions and greater help to mission people.

This is part of the scene described by Father Olier in the wire recorder message he sent home. These are refugees fleeing before the Reds by ferry across the Yangchow canal. There is only one Christian in the whole scene, Father John W. Clifford S.J. (facing camera in lower right corner). The other 85 people are unbaptized pagans. In Yangchow district, non-Christians outnumber Christians 1500 to one.



Without a Priest

OSSIE RENNY

MY DAUGHTER, PUSSY, is writing this for me. I'm telling her what to write, and she uses her eyes to put the words on paper. I've been blind for twenty-five years. I would not be telling the truth if I were to say that blindness causes no suffering.

And yet I wonder if it is as great an affliction as being without priests.

I've been living in Samastipur, India, these last fifty-two years; Samastipur is a railway station in the Patna mission, the largest station of these parts.

As far back as I can remember, our missionaries were Capuchins from Germany and Italy. I can still see them shuffling along in their sandaled feet, their arms pushed into their flowing sleeves, their wide cowl lying in gentle folds at the back of their necks. It was a sermon just to watch them walking quietly, prayerfully, through the mission compound. But their numbers dwindled during the first world war, and by 1918 Samastipur was left without a priest.

Our old Catholic assurance was gone. We had no priest to visit the sick. Children went without baptism; marriages could not be solemnized. There was no confession, there was no Holy Mass; and most painful of all we had no Jesus Christ in the Blessed Sacrament living in our midst.

The dead had to be buried without the rites of the Church. I myself, as best I could, buried six Christians. Sometimes a visiting priest came to us; sometimes you could travel to a far-off station for a priest. I did this myself in 1919 to marry my wife.

Our luck improved when we had a missionary loaned to us for a few days each month from the Agra diocese; but he had scores of other missions. It was only when the American Jesuits first began to enter India in any numbers that our hearts picked up. But our churches had been neglected.

Then in 1934 came the disastrous building-shattering earthquake. There was a shake and a rumble, and the very earth beneath our feet quaked and cracked open. I remember a feeling of despair and nausea; my wife was away at the time and I rushed out of the house with my children. All we could do was wait and pray. When things quieted down we went to look at the damage; it was appalling. Our church lay in sad, desolate ruins.

Cincinnati's Father Meyer helped us with the rebuilding, and we have the present small but clean church of today. From 1934 on we always had a priest to visit us; but he had so many other stations that we were often without a priest when we needed one.

Then the grace of God was really poured down on us; our mission increased in numbers, converts from all denominations have crowded into the Church, and now we have a priest again. And, wonder of wonders, not one but two, Fathers Sedlack and O'Brien both of them from Chicago.



The generosity of American Catholics has made it possible for us to have priests at Samastipur today.



On these pages you see American Jesuits actually saying Mass, administering the sacraments, chatting with catechists and distributing alms to the poor. A layman author writes of this important work.

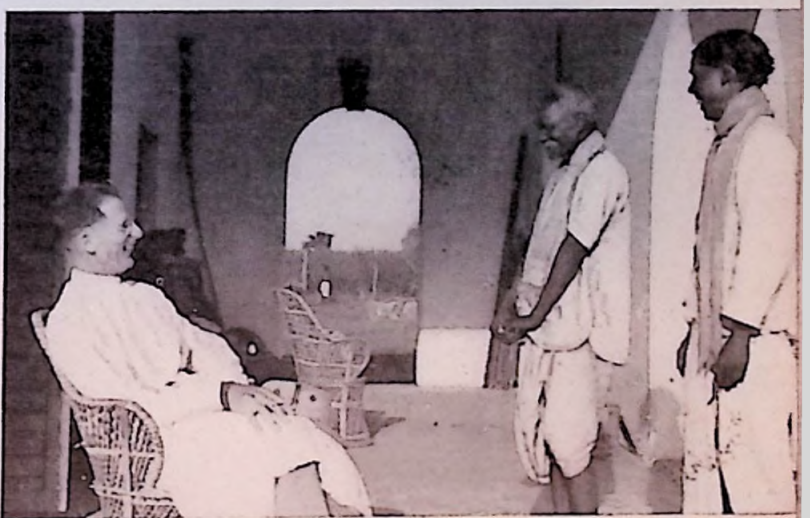
1918 to 1948. Thirty years without a permanent pastor; thirty years of not knowing if you might die without the last sacraments. Nobody knows the agony of it, unless he has lived thirty years without a priest.

I am an Anglo-Indian, and I've been blind for twenty-five years. I was a conductor on the railroad twenty-five years ago this June. I was young, happily married, already had several children. I had just finished my run. I was in the office writing my accounts when suddenly I went blind, totally blind. It happened as quickly as that. And I have been blind ever since. If it were not for my perfectly gorgeous English bride, whose face has never grown one minute older, I might not have made it. For blindness is a terrible affliction.

And yet humiliating and painful as it is, being without a priest can sometimes be even worse. I've prayed to be relieved of my blindness; many a day and often I asked God for the sight to be able to take care of my family the way a man wants to take care of his own. But may I say it? I always prayed that if we could have a priest instead, I would be content.

And now we do have priests. And the generosity of American Catholics has made it possible, the generosity of young Americans who left their own home to help us, the generosity of their friends whose contributions keep them alive and active.

That is why I have asked Pussy to write in very big letters, "THANK YOU AND GOD BLESS YOU."

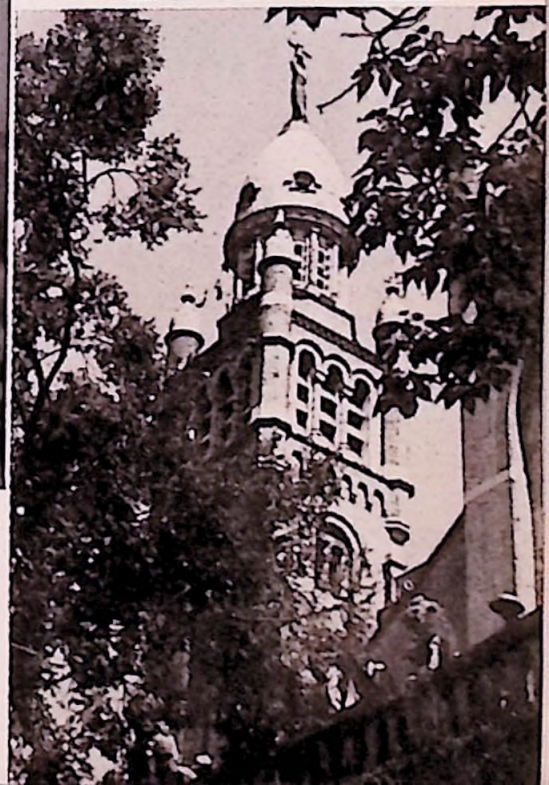
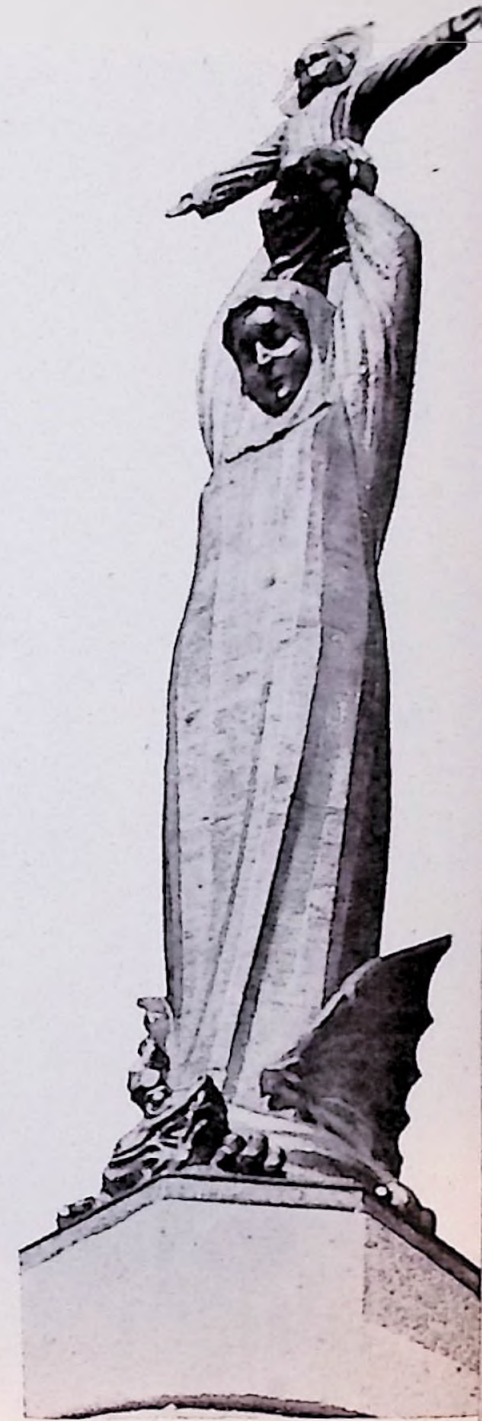


Madonna



(at left) Our Lady of Fatima.
(above) An Indian Madonna
by Captain Kenneth Hunt.
(below) Our Lady of the Sioux.

in the Missions



(Above) Our Lady of China and Our Lady of Bikfaya, Syria. (Below) Our Lady of Perpetual Help, (an Oriental Madonna), and Our Lady of Japan. (Right above) Heroic Statue of Our Lady of Zose atop her imposing Chinese Basilica. As Mother of mankind, all people picture her as one of their own.



Mayan women outside their old church in San Antonio. Though quiet and reserved they smile easily.

Ashes on Toledo Road

JOHN T. WHITE S.J.



A FELLOW IS APT to find a good sized lump in this throat when he stands on the ashes that were the proud little church of San Luis Rey in the quaint little Maya village of San Antonio, British Honduras. The church is utterly destroyed.

It wasn't really a large church. It was built of thin wooden walls, and it was covered with a cheap tin roof. But it stood high on the mountain side, well in view of every shaggy thatch-hut of the town. It gave a feeling of security to the place, and the lovable little Mayas stayed close to it, like chicks under their mother's wing. It was the first thing you saw as you came over the last hill that hides San Antonio from the sea. Its crosses were the sign of the faith of its people, its bells their only clock, its tin roof their water supply. It was the shrine of their Santos—it was everything to the Mayas. It was the end of the Toledo Road which wound up from the sea and disappeared into the front yard of the Church of San Luis Rey.

That is as it used to be. But now, there

is just a bare spot covered with fine black ashes where the bewildered Toledo Road loses itself in bush. One stormy night at midnight—no one knows how—the wind caught a tiny flame in one corner and whipped it into a fury. It took only a few minutes. The strong sapodillas that had matched their strength with wind and rain and repelled the persistent termites, sagged and fell, and the twisted roof settled down on the ashes of San Luis Rey. The starry-eyed little Mayas stood there around the ruins, filled with awe. This was the home of their Santos. What had they done? Why had God taken away their church?

There really isn't much use trying to describe it. You would have to stand there in the ashes and look down on the rustic thatch-huts and the busy little people to grasp the tragedy of it. For San Antonio is a place after a priest's own heart. From his breakfast table the pastor could look out on half of his parish. He could see his men, quiet little fellows five feet tall, with broad childish faces, pleasant smiles, straight short black hair, and bare feet, starting down the

path, across the valley, and up the steep mountain to work on their milpas of corn. From his desk he can see the rest of his flock. The lovely little ladies, the mothers of his parish, in ankle-length colored skirts and spotless white blouses, a flower or two in their long black braids, and buckets gracefully perched on their heads, swinging along down the rock path to the cistern for water. He could watch the children on their way to school. Like their parents, they come up the rock path in single file, busily swinging their arms and stopping to investigate each thing along the way. When they see something new or strange, they form a semi-circle around it, squat down and watch it, passing comments like serious little men and women. And all the other living things in his parish—the chickens, the ducks, the turkeys, the pigs, the dogs, the cats—they all live together right under the pastor's window in San Antonio.

For the priest's house, as the church, was built on the side of the mountain, and the shaggy thatch-huts of San Antonio are spread out along the ridge and down the valley in front of it.

The Maya Indians are simple, peaceful, lovable, and busy as children on a holiday. They are tiny, too. Their hands are delicate, their faces young, their eyes sparkling. They smile easily; still they are modest and reserved in a very nice way.

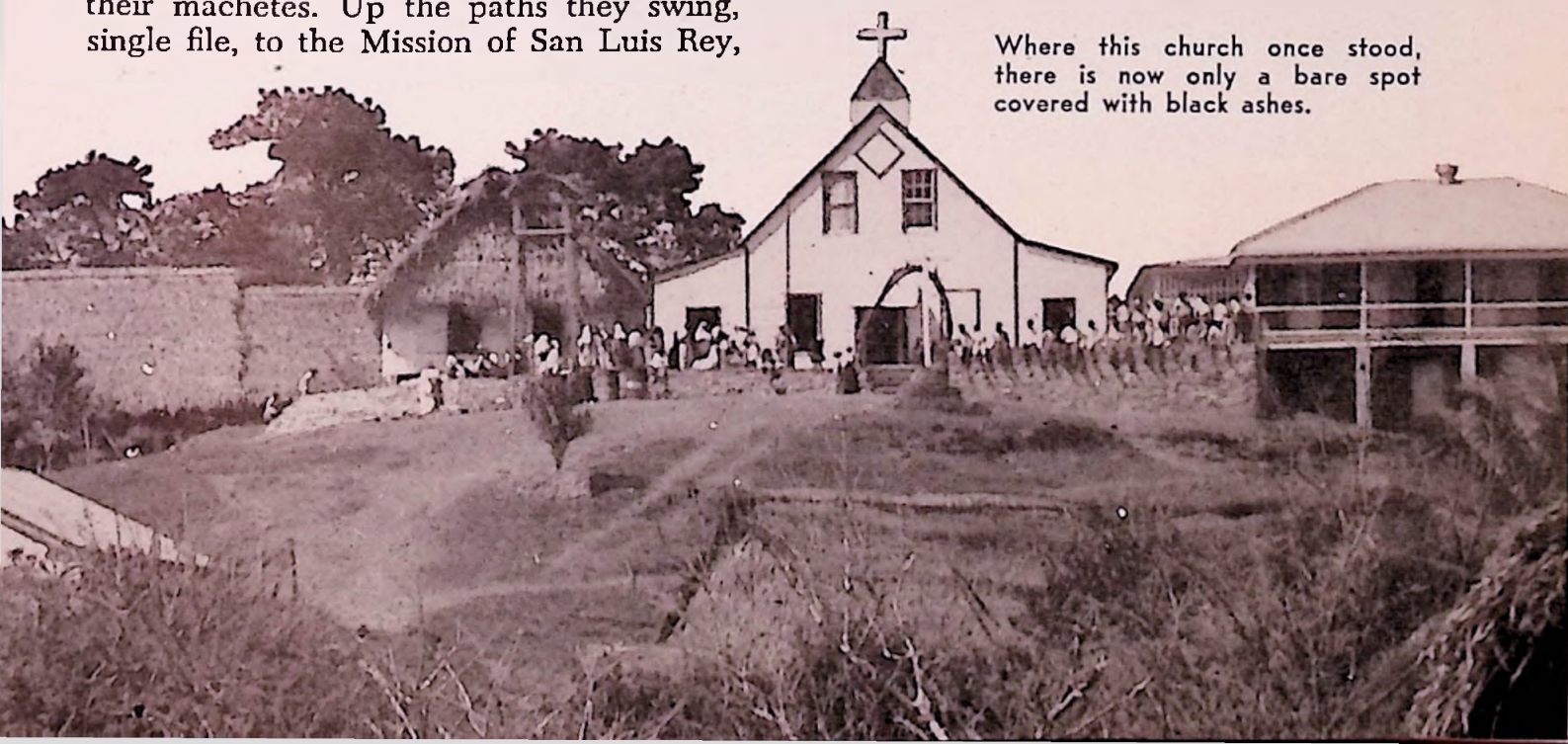
There is no department of public works in San Antonio; yet it is a neat well kept little place. Once every two months—more or less—the Mayas have a Fajina Day. The drums begin rolling early in the morning and out of every hut come the men with their machetes. Up the paths they swing, single file, to the Mission of San Luis Rey,

and there they begin the common task of cleaning their village. All day long they work, keeping time with the steady beat of the drums until the last patch of ugly bush far down the valley has been cut away.

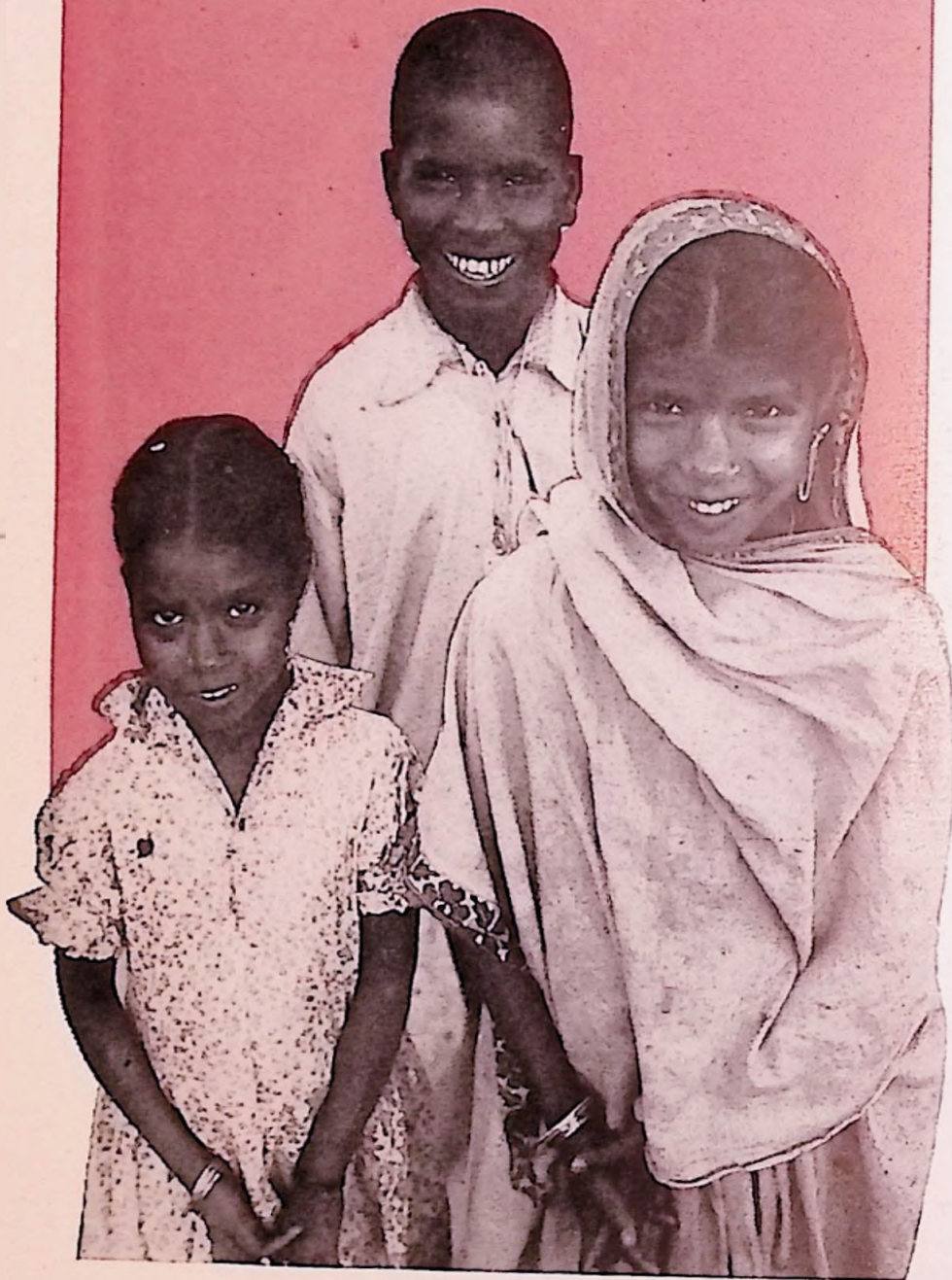
It's beautiful to watch the sun set on San Antonio after Fajina Day, and watch the tired little men come back up the paths to the Mission of San Luis Rey. They will be silent as they pass the ashes where they used to bring flowers and burn candles to their favorite Santos. For they feel that somehow they are responsible for the coming of the wind and the flames that in a few wild minutes devoured the heart of their village. These men are Catholics, they don't blame God. They blame themselves. Before they go home, they will hold a meeting with their pastor to make plans for the greatest public work of all, the rebuilding of the Church of San Luis Rey.

The new church will be of stone and concrete. Formerly this was impossible as there was no means of transporting the sand and cement to the Mission. The wood was there, so the buildings were of wood. The men of San Antonio know where to find the stone. There is plenty of it already cut, hidden deep in the jungle, the ruins of the once great Mayan Temples. These little men will carry it out, one stone at a time, and stack it along the road where their truck can pick it up and deliver it to the end of the Toledo Road at the feet of the new Church of San Luis Rey. There it will be piled neatly to await the sand and cement and the new tin roof that must come from the generous sacrifices of the Catholics of America.

Where this church once stood, there is now only a bare spot covered with black ashes.



Jamshedpur

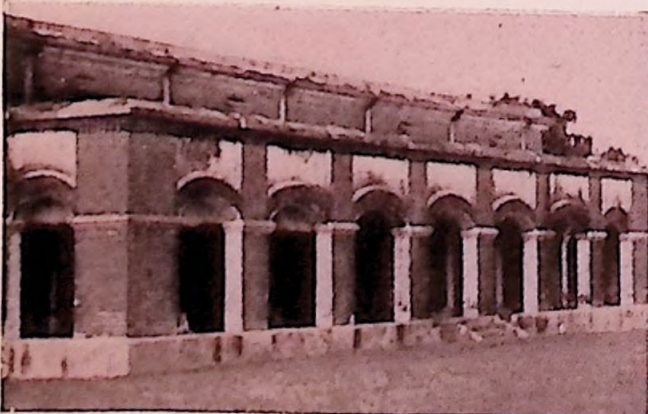


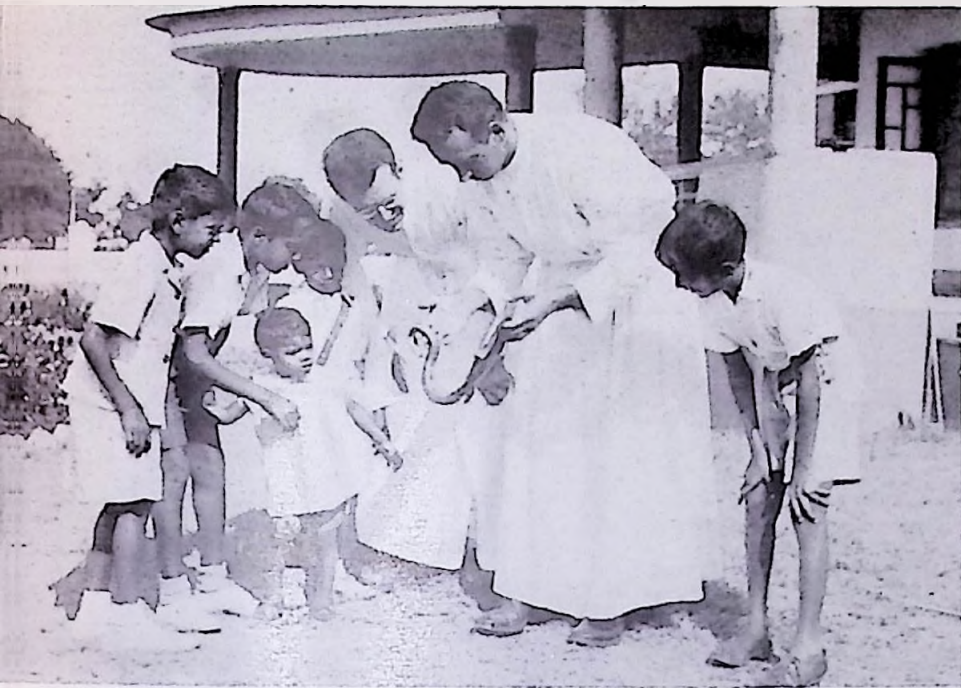
Very Rev. Carroll Fasy S.J., Superior

Jamshedpur Mission of the Jesuits is only a small segment of its staff of thirteen Jesuit Priests and two Diocesan Priests it represents. To begin with they are responsible for miles of territory inhabited by people of whom only 14,870 speak the difficult tongues of Oriya. As many men as can be employed in the language school at Gomoh teach the various tongues. The City of Jamshedpur is a manufacturing center. There is a school from the great Tata Company which has opened Loyola High School with a population of 62, but now over 100 pupils, sixteen are Catholics. It is staffed by two and four lay teachers. Outside the city are small and primitive villages, where an entirely different problem to that of mass centers has been set up. There are main stations and 21 sub-stations. Communications to this people brought by the Jesuits, 62 marriages and

Gomoh language school where Jesuits study Hindi.

Train winding through mountains of the mission.



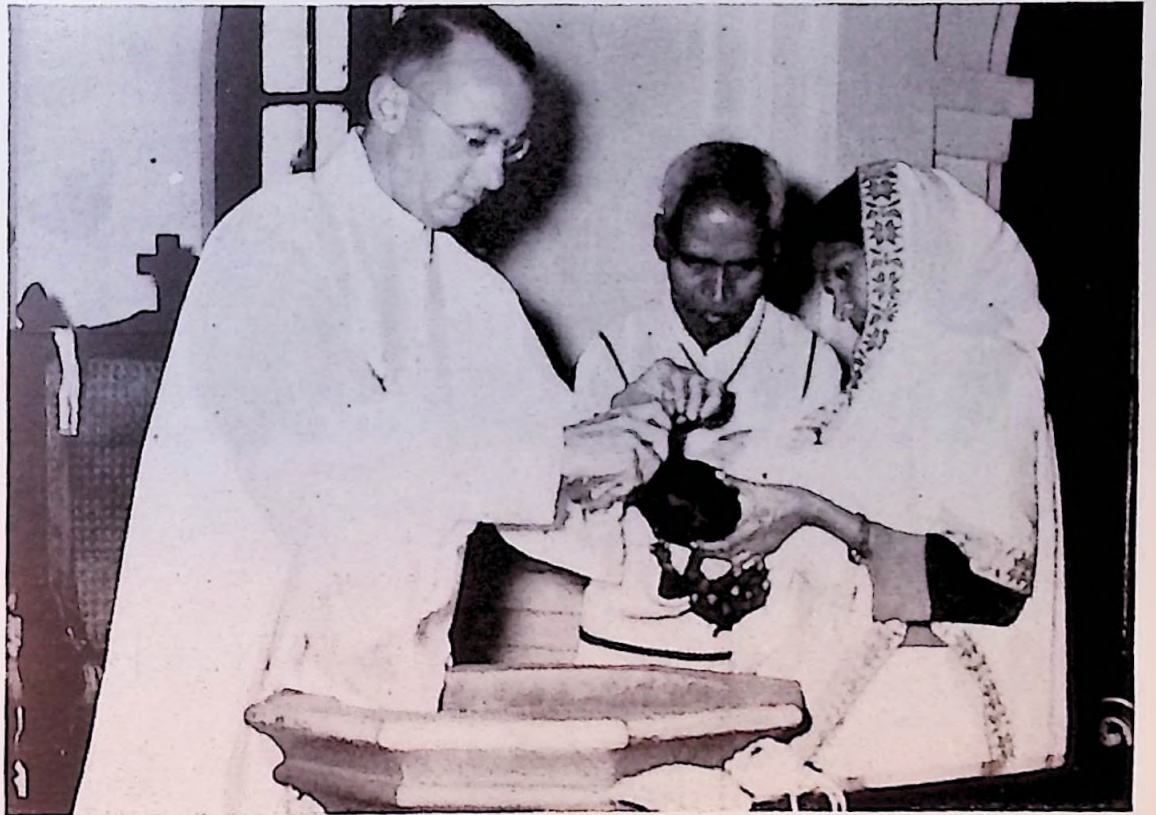


Fathers Keough and Bakewell with children at Loyola.



Boy scouts of Loyola school on a picnic.

Maryland Province
 of all India, but to
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 a gigantic task.
 for 8,837 square
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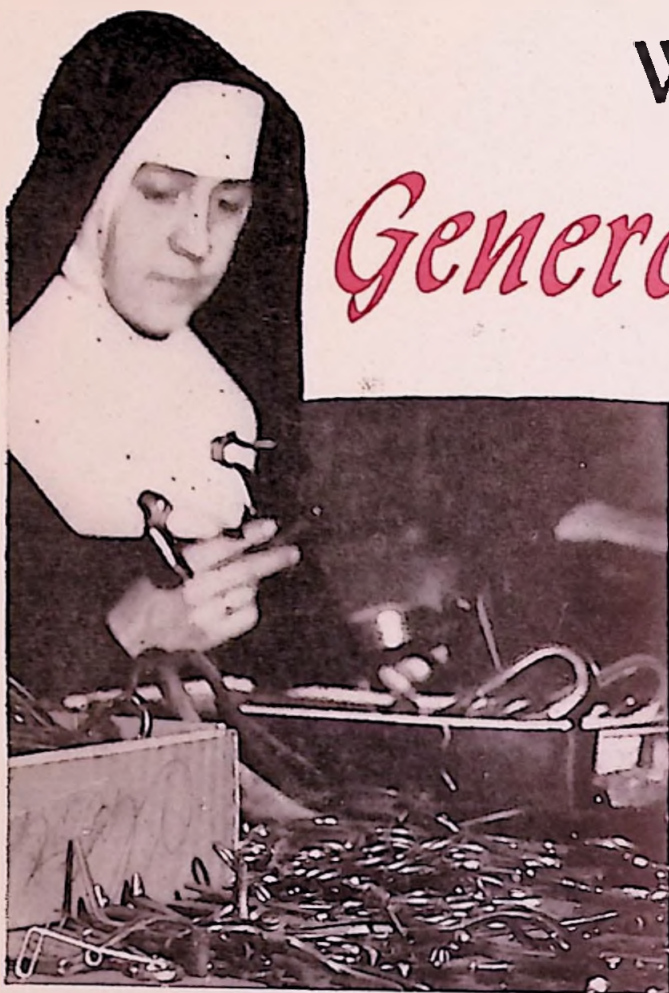


First baptism by an American Jesuit in Jamshedpur, Father John Holland S.J., in St. Mary's
 buildings of Loyola School, Jamshedpur, newest of the chain of Jesuit mission schools around the world.



WANTED

Generous Hearts



Some of the generous hearts for which Father Garesche (below) appeals are depicted at their varied works of mercy—collecting supplies, operating and training native nurses (India).



WE CATHOLIC AMERICANS, to use the phrase of an old friend of mine, are "the spoiled children of God." We have everything. It makes one uneasy to see how much we have, and how little has the rest of the world. As Americans we have freedom; endless opportunities in every line of worthy action; limitless material resources. As Catholics we have the Faith, a numerous membership in the one, true Church, which, in potential well doing, is inspiring. Christian charity tells us that we are meant by God to share this singular wealth with the rest of the suffering, needy world.

The world of the missions, in particular, needs our generous aid. Other sources of help of both men and money have dried up. Desperately hopeful eyes are now turned toward us for help. One of the great mission needs is medical aid. Our extraordinary discoveries in modern medicine for health and safety are shared only by comparatively few of our fellow beings on this earth; they are almost unknown in most of China, with its

400,000,000 inhabitants, and indeed in most of Asia, where, it is said, over a thousand million mortals exist.

There are 800,000,000 malaria sufferers in the world. Among the 2,151,000,000 human beings on earth there are more than that number of infections. So many poor wretches have two or three kinds! The mortality among mothers and children, often from preventable diseases, threatens to wipe out whole missions. "In my mission," said a missionary who visited us, "85% of the babies die almost as soon as they are born, and their mothers often die with them." Yet when the mothers are properly instructed the death rate drops to 2 or 3 percent.

At the Catholic Medical Mission Board, the only organization of its kind in the whole world, we are receiving ever increasing appeals for more and more medical supplies, advice, information. "Already," say the missionaries, "countless souls are in Heaven who would never have arrived there but for the medical work which you have made pos-

EDWARD F. GARESCHE S.J.

sible. But do not desert us now. If you do, we shall have to close our dispensaries and hospitals, drive away the pitiful multitudes who now come to use with hearts opened to grace by Christian charity in action."

Last year, we multiplied our efforts many times, and sent out over 200,000 pounds



of precious supplies, in about 4,000 cases, to 61 communities and many missionary Bishops, in all the mission lands including our own. Our Blue Cross Circles made hundreds of thousands of bandages and dressings. It is a total that we cannot hope to equal again unless our resources are greatly increased. All this is accomplished with a very moderate expenditure which is met by free-will offerings from many places by mail. The chorus of grateful letters is heartening indeed, and we are calling for new helpers, more means, to increase our works of mercy in honor of Our Lord and of His Mother.

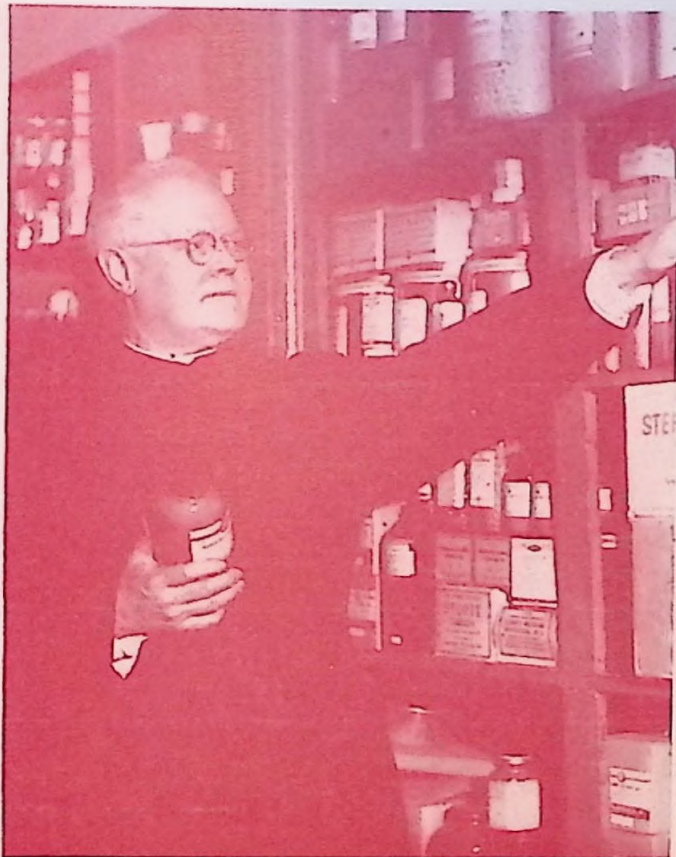
But there is another need which ought to be brought before our Catholic young folk. It is the need of generous hearts who will offer themselves for this service to sick bodies and souls, in the mission fields. The many thousands of bandages and dressings made by our Blue Cross Circles, the quantities of iodine, of various ointments, of atabrine for malaria, and diasone for leprosy, all are good and effective in helping to save bodies and souls, but the missions sorely need more workers, both men and women, Priests, Brothers and Sisters.

In view of this need the late Holy Father, Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions, issued his famous Instruction, on February 11th, 1936, calling for new communities of Sisters, to become not only nurses, but even doctors and surgeons, to save these lives.

Many devoted Sisters and a number of Priests and Brothers are already working to help these poor people medically, but what can they do among so many? A hundred times as many as are now working would still be too few to meet the need.

Surveys made by the writer show that out of the 300 or more communities of Sisters in our country very few are getting even enough applicants to keep up the work they are already doing, while for normal growth and expansion many more are required. Our latest survey, just completed, has shown that lately the situation has grown worse. What this will mean to the missions, one can easily imagine. There is also a great field for men, Priests and Brothers, who wish to work for medical missions. (*Write to me for full information about this work.*)

The Holy Father, in the epoch-making Instruction referred to above, declared that missionary Sisters should not try to do all the work themselves, but should train native women to work with their spirit and ideals.



Father Garesche at Headquarters in New York.

It is in this spirit, and with this high and generous purpose that the community for which I am responsible, the Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, are planning to help carry out the Holy Father's wishes, by establishing centers for the training of native nurse-catechists, who will be lay women, trained both as professional nurses and professional catechists. These nurse-catechists in turn will teach other native women to do nursing and catechetical work in their own villages or neighborhoods.

The Daughters of Mary, Health of the Sick, are a wholly American community, recruited and supported by our own country. The late Cardinal Hayes of New York gave to the present writer the Indult authorizing him to erect the community. These Sisters are not the same as those called Catholic Medical Missionaries, whose Motherhouse is in Philadelphia, nor are they in any way identified with the Catholic Medical Mission Board, which they serve. They are an independent institute.

Vista Maria, near Cragmoor, in Ulster Co., New York, is their motherhouse and novitiate. Here in this beautiful and holy spot postulants are received, the novitiate is made, and the young Professed receive their training. To enter, no special experience or training is needed beyond a high school education or its equivalent. The usual requirements for the religious life are sufficient—good health, a disposition and a character suited to religion, an age between 16 and 30, and the desire generously to give oneself to the work of the community, out of love for our Lord and His Blessed Mother, and a wish to help to save bodies and souls. The Sisters need many more aspirants.

There must be many Catholic young women and young men who will read these lines, to whom God has given all that is needed for a missionary vocation: good health, a Catholic training, a good disposition and no ties or obligations which would prevent them from offering themselves generously to God to help save the countless thousands who so pitifully need their aid. If there are, let them realize the great need the Church and her missions have today for generous hearts. A line, even a postcard, will bring them all the information they need as to how they may heed the call. Address me at 10 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y.—Rev. Edward F. Garesche S.J.

Come, follow me

There is a corner of the old walled City of Jerusalem which clients of Our Lady find attractive. It is the 12th century Crusader Church of Saint Anne. The spot had long been revered as the site of the home of Saints Joachim and Anne, the parents of Our Lady. And an ancient tradition points to a crypt beneath the Church as Mary's birthplace.

When the Moslem Saladin retook Jerusalem he converted the Church into a school. It remained a Moslem possession until 1856 when the Sultan presented it to France. It is now in the hands of the French White Fathers who conduct a seminary there for the training of the Greek Catholic clergy.

The splendid Byzantine liturgy is daily celebrated there and the strong rhythmic sweep of Arabic chant in the Mass sings the glory of Our Lady—"O holy temple, virginal glory of whom our eternal God was born an infant babel . . . Glory to thee, in whom all creation rejoices."

This shrine lies in the Moslem Quarter; a mere stone's throw from one of Islam's most jealously guarded sanctuaries, the "Haram esh-Sharif," site of the ancient Temples of Solomon and Herod. But there is nothing incongruous in this close proximity of Our Lady to Islam. The Koran itself speaks reverently of her and Moslems in general pay her a courtly respect.

Between the Haram and Saint Anne's the city wall opens its only gate to the east. It is "Bab Sitti Maryam," the Gate of Our Lady Mary; surely a gracious tribute on a Moslem tongue. Will she not be, then, in God's good time the Gate for Islam to enter the kingdom of her Son?

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

*MAY: Vocations of Young Ladies
for the Missions*



ON FEBRUARY 22nd the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae sponsored at Marymount College, N. Y., a symposium of missionary Sisters. The six panel-Sisters by sketching the work of their own religious institutes placed before the laity there assembled not only the great utility but the very necessity of missionary Sisters. Their words inspired by lives dedicated to Christ in His missions should do much to encourage American girls to push aside one of the chief obstacles to missionary vocations today—a fear of genuine Christly sacrifice for their neighbors' salvation.

The Society of Jesus has affiliated with it no Sisterhood nor Third Order of women with which to staff its many missions; and yet its foreign missions are a living example of the important role of women in the missions.

It is only through the untiring toil of teaching Sisters that the educational work begun by the priest and catechist finds its full flowering. When Father Vincent Kennally became Vicar Apostolic of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, his first letters extolled the educational miracles of these "angels of the missions." Where the Mercederian Sisters had opened schools, there was a deep faith manifested through the regular reception of the sacraments and other pious practices; on many other islands the people were scarcely one generation removed from superstition and savagery. Today the Maryknoll Sisters have answered his call for American missionary Sisters. When the Missouri Jesuits pioneered in the Yoro Mission, their first cry was for Sisters to give depth to their work among Honduran Catholic youth. They had been acquainted with the "bush" schools of the Pallotine and Mercy

Sisters in British Honduras. In India's Patna Mission and China's Yangchow Mission the Sisters not only mold the characters of their Catholic pupils but also have a lasting effect on the pagans attending their schools.

Charity is a language that the most unlettered and even hostile-spirited can understand; and charity preaches the Faith most eloquently. In the leproseries, hospitals and dispensaries the nursing Sisters exercise a most efficacious apostolate among the bed-ridden; better still they have rallied around them a corps of lay apostles by teaching young ladies of the missions nursing and midwifery. The Franciscan Sisters of Mary at Mantivu, Ceylon, the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul of Chartres at Culion, P. I., and the Marist Missionary Sisters of Spanish-town, Jamaica, by their devoted care of frail and diseased bodies have won countless lepers for Christ. Since the hospitals and dispensaries are in so many cases the vestibule to the Church, Mother Dengel's Medical Missionaries at Holy Family Hospital in Patna, and the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, more recently established at Mokameh, have a big reward awaiting them for they have led to the Church women removed from her influence by Indian *purdah*.

While praising the work of the Sisters in the active ministry on the missions, we must not overlook the silent sacrifices of the purely contemplative nuns. The Trappistine Nuns of Darjeeling, India, are but one answer to the earnest plea of Pope Pius XI of blessed memory. To quote his own words "by their austere kind of contemplative life" the contemplative religious "obtain from heaven an abundance of graces for missionaries and their work." A. G. Schirmann S.J.

Nicodemus
IN
Tsing Kiang Pu

FREDERICK J. FOLEY S.J.



ALL DAY LONG the priest had worked without leaving the mission compound. Here's how the day passed. Up in the morning with his 150 guests, two companies of soldiers quartered in the school. Holy Mass, said for the conversion of this town in Northern Kiangsu on the border between Government and Communist territory. Almost half a million people in the town, but at Mass only the cook who served, a small boy and a visiting scholastic.

Meditation on the call of Christ, breakfast of rice gruel flavored with a few sections of garlic, eggs in honor of the visitor. Before it was finished there was a crowd outside the big double doors watching the foreign priests use chop sticks. The boy cleared the table and the priest started to work.

Stomach-ache, tuberculosis and worse, sores, ring-worm, infected cuts, dysentery and cholera. Each one came forward and sat on the little stool giving his symptoms and complaint. Then the treatment, drops, pills, salve, powder and a word about what the priest is doing way up here. No money, this is a charitable work of the Catholic Church. The wounds, first swab with alcohol and remove the green leaves, cigarette wrappers, rags that have been applied as coverings, swab and swab again, then dust sulfanilamide crystals into the wounds and bandage. When they see the white crystals falling out of the little brown envelope they say "Mei kuo yao" American medicine, and they know that in two or three days the wound will be clean and healing, and this is the only place in town where sulfa is given away with a smile.

The noon meal is brought on time and cools till one o'clock when the priest clears the room with a promise to open up at five. The two eat, though tired, even the smell of disinfectant, which seems to pervade all the food, does not stop them; then an hour of respite to lean heavily on the table and talk. Through the closed shutters comes the glare of the sunbaked court yard. By three o'clock there is such a crowd that work must begin again, all afternoon. The visitor removes a dressing to find half an ear gone, third time deserter, sulfa and a prayer, come tomorrow.

A dozen little girls come for catechism in the late afternoon when it is cooler. The cook returns to say that chard and spinach cannot be bought on the streets, military

blockade, unrest, high prices. Outside the compound walls destruction goes on, houses being pulled down to make a glacis around the city walls and outlying forts.

At seven-thirty the priest tries to finish but soldiers continue to come. It is dark, and the two are drinking coffee from a thermos. The last soldier treated for trachoma stays and stays, one eye puffed and swollen. Finally all the others are gone and he takes a proffered chair and begins to talk to the priest. Trifles, rumors, soldier talk, boasting, apology, meaningless thrusts and parries of a man who is a little afraid. Then, with no connection, like a stunning blow, the question, "Father, who is Jesus Christ?" Well, what would you say? Quietly, almost embarrassed, the visitor stares at the flickering yellow flame of the oil lamp and listens as the priest begins to talk in the clear almost universally understood Northern dialect of Chinese, God's love for man, shown in so many ways over so many years, so loved the world that He sent his Son . . . "hear ye Him" . . . and so on, interrupted by the groping questions of a pagan mind struck by grace, and in contact with eternal truth for the first time.

There was no conversion, no baptism, no promise, but that night in Tsingkiangpu, a soul was started on the homeward road. The Nicodemus of Company 1096, knows he must love God and obey His law, be sorry for his sins. Some other day, some other town, he will meet another priest, and the seed will grow, or, struck down he will remember what the priest told him to say "Oh, my God, I am sorry."

And for this, was the long day's work in Tsing Kiang Pu all worth while.



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SAVE Souls +

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ISLANDS WITHOUT PRIESTS

A letter from **Father Edwin McManus S.J.**, Koror, Palau, (Caroline Islands) — "Recently I visited the island of Kyangel and learned that only one other priest had ever set foot on that island; and he spent but one day. Yet, I found there two Catholics, baptized in Koror years ago, who have been conducting a kind of prayer service every Sunday with an attendance of some 20 pagans who wish to become Catholics. Just another indication of how the Holy Spirit seems to work overtime in the Carolines. We're pitifully short of good catechists, (that's why I'm so anxious to get funds to open the school in September), but our best catechist was taken out of his post and sent to Kyangel to help with the instruction. In a month or two

I'll return there and I hope the people will be ready for Baptism.

The harvest is so ripe that I hated to leave Kyangel, just as I hate to leave any island I visit. No Catholic education; infrequent visits by a priest; and yet the people are so earnest in their devotion, and so pathetically eager to learn! I have looked back from canoes as we pulled away from shore and seen people literally crying because the Padre was leaving. And yet leave he must, for there are many more islands, and many more people just as eager for the Truth. There are more priests coming out to this mission every year, and thank God for it, but it will be a long time before we'll be able to give the people the care they should have. May your prayers help to make up the deficiency.

"The harvest of souls is so ripe that I hated to leave." (Father McManus)

"SI, SENOR!"



Father John Murphy S.J. of Yoro.

"For two hours we were passing banana groves and worker camps. I was on a small pedal car on rails. Then I changed to mule back. It was the most desolate country I had ever seen, dry and desolate. After an hour we arrived at Arenal. The church bell rang out telling the people that the Padre had arrived. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock we had catechism—but very few children came. Following the shouts down the street I found them playing a birthday party game called 'Pinata'. An earthen pot is suspended by a rope in the air. In turn the children blindfolded and armed with a short pole try to break it. At each lunge the pot is quickly pulled out of reach by a separate operator. And all this amid wild cheering. After many attempts someone gets in a telling shot, the pot breaks, and there is a mad scramble for the



'dulces.' Evidently I'll have to get something to sweeten up the catechism classes with medals, holy pictures, neck-chains, etc. The little church was packed Saturday evening for rosary, sermon and confessions. Easter Sunday Mass at 7:00 with a consoling group of 25 for Holy Communion. At 11:00 a baptism, a sick child. Toward the end of the doctrine class in the afternoon an old woman came into the church for confession. She was 86, one of those saintly old souls that you meet everywhere—proving that the Church is still Holy.

Came Monday morning, and my last Mass there. My old friend of 86 Summers received Holy Communion, and most devoutly. After Mass I read the Epistle and Gospel and explained it a bit. Every now and then I would pause and say, "No es verdad?" "Isn't it the truth?" My saintly friend would vociferously answer back: "Si, Señor!" So went my first trip in Arenal. I hope with God's grace there will be many more.

John Murphy S.J.

THE BLEAK BERING COAST



Father Edmund Anable of Alaska.

Father Edmund Anable S.J. writes: . . . "thanks a million for the check. I sent it on to Father Jules Convert S.J., who needs it badly. I doubt if there is a mission in the world where a priest must labor as hard and live so poorly as on this bleak section of the Bering Coast, Kashunak. He

and his people were recently driven from their miserable little mud huts by the water which swept in from the sea. When they returned, they found the floating cakes of ice, some of them huge affairs, had just about levelled what they call homes. And since they are built halfway into the ground, what did remain was just an unhappy version of the old mud swimming hole. So I know the fifty dollars will mean much to him."



Father Jules Convert of Alaska.

LIVING THE FAITH

Circumstances made it necessary for Father Cornelius Murphy S.J., stationed at Nome, to visit elsewhere. This temporarily left the town without a priest. All during Lent, the people gathered in the church themselves, and said the Rosary on Wednesday evenings, and the Stations of the Cross on Friday evenings. The Army sent in chaplains on several Sundays, all the way from Anchorage, but on the Sundays when none came, the people gathered and read the Mass together from the Sunday Missals. That's really living the Faith.

"TEMPORARY QUARTERS"

The dream of every new mission is to have its seminary. For it is a sure sign of having gained a foothold, and the promise of solid

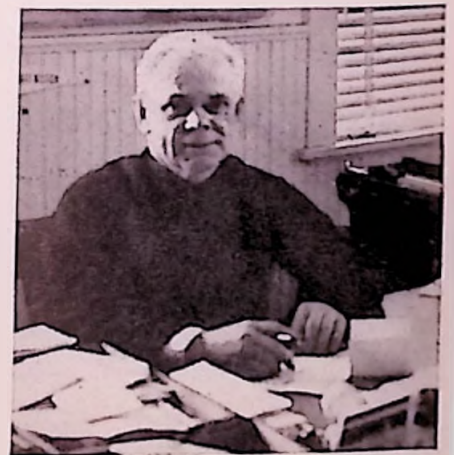
progress. Trincomalee Mission, Ceylon, entrusted to the American Jesuits of the New Orleans Province, is realizing that dream. Despite shortage of funds, and lack of a staff it has already begun. "Eight young men who aver-



Bishop Glennie teaches Latin.

age fifteen years of age are being housed in 'temporary quarters,'" writes Mr. Whitmel Macnair S.J. The Bishop, Ignatius Glennie S.J., because of lack of priests, is himself their instructor and Latin teacher. But the whole dream is to have a permanent place for the Seminary, and to have a permanent staff. Money and priests from America is a necessary part of that dream.

HOUSING PROBLEM



Father Doyle of Holy Rosary, S.D.

Holy Rosary Indian Mission, South Dakota, has its housing problems too. This is the way they are solving it. Four buildings of a former Army Airbase were

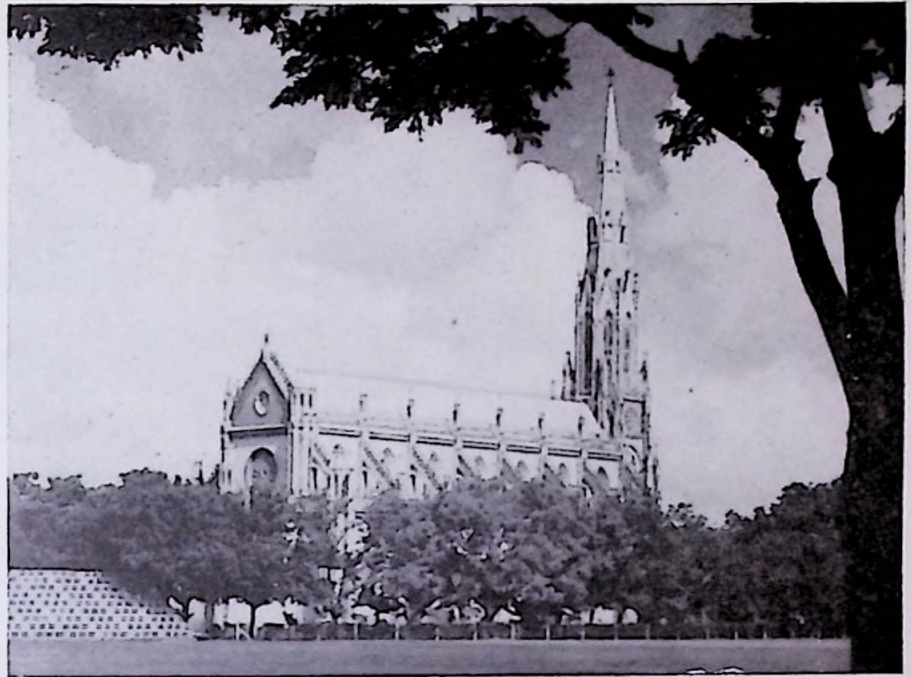
purchased. A week's holiday was called in the boys' school, and all the able boys made the hundred mile trip to do the work of dismantling the buildings under the direction of **Mr. Perry Roets S.J.** This task carefully accomplished, the material was transported to the Mission. The reconstruction will take more dollars than **Father Leo A. Doyle S.J.** has at the present. But he is hopeful that it will not be too long before he has completed these buildings so necessary for the vocational training of Indian boys and girls.

PRIEST-STATESMAN

Father Jerome D'Souza S.J., is writing his name in the annals of his native country India. Present Rector of Loyola College in Madras, he is a leader in Indian Catholic education. But the past two years has marked him too as an Indian National leader. Chosen by the Indian National Congress in 1946 he is engaged at the Constituent Assembly in the work of drafting the Constitution for the newly independent Indian nation. In the committee work he stressed the importance of freedom in matters of religion and education. The present draft of the Constitution contains clauses allowing the free propagation of religion throughout the country. As the leading national Christian



Father de Souza, Rector at Madras



Saint Ignatius Church at Loyola College, Madras, India.

representative, he is pressing for the natural rights and the sacred character of the family unit in India. His last speech in this regard was praised for its solid thought content, and Indian Catholic papers were delighted at the blows it dealt to the twin social evils of our day, divorce and birth control. This very general and personable national figure is one of five brothers, all priests in Christ's Indian vineyard. The mother of these five was recently awarded the Medal Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice by the Holy Father.

Peter Beach S.J.

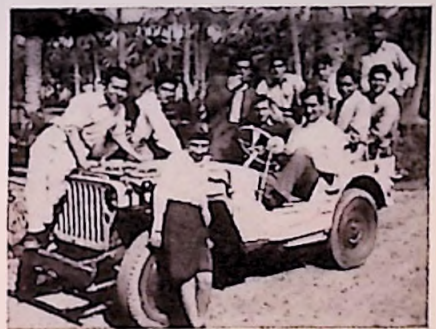
LEPERS SAY THANKS

From **Father Joseph Reith, S.J.**, Malaybalay, Bukidnon, P. I. ". . . After the Mass the Lepers gathered around me and urged me to thank the people of America for their gifts to them at Christmas. They had slept under warm blankets, and were now wearing the new clothing and shoes that I had presented to them. They were cooking their poor meals in regular cooking pots, no longer in rejected tin cans; and were eating their rice and viands from real plates and drinking their thin coffee from real cups—and with handles on

them, to aid the finger stumps. These and many others were the Christmas gifts you gave them and for which they pray God to bless and reward you.

BAGHDAD'S GROWING

The ground for a new building at Baghdad College is taped off; writes **Father Joseph Merrick S.J.**, but it will take all the genii of Aladdin and all the genius of the Jesuit Fathers to make the plot eventuate into an edifice of



A jeepful of Baghdad collegians.

learning. We have not yet discovered the magic touch that transmutes thought into rooms, laboratories and majestic architecture. However, our past growth was at times almost Aladdin-like, so we are quite undaunted by our present puzzle. So please do not forget us or our school in your prayers.



THE *New* SPIRIT

Once a great secret Naval base, these buildings at Yokosuka, Japan are now a center of Jesuit education.

ALOYSIUS J. MILLER S.J.

FORGE SWORDS INTO PLOWSHARES! A greater transformation even, is taking place at the big Naval Base at Yokosuka, Japan. A giant finger of rock points into the sea and forms the harbor of the former submarine base, Nagaura Bay. Ground out of the marrow of the rock are great caves, once concealed by clever camouflage. In these caves the little men of Nippon wound the coils of their motors, packed their bullets, machined out parts of their naval war

machine. They slept there, ate there, worked there, hid there. Out of their caves they came to man the harbor guns. Out of their caves they came to board ships, sow mines, and keep the wheels of war turning in the factories that surround them. When the smoke of battle had cleared and the last glowing ember at the altar of the god of war had died, out of the caves came a school.

The little men of Nippon junked the war machines, straightened out the twisted steel, rebuilt and repainted the scorched factories. Every bolt and scrap of wire, every splinter of wood and fragment of glass is being

salvaged for what shows promise of being one of the most complete and finest schools for boys in the Orient. And at the mouth of the bay, that striking church! It is the former covered slip for submarines. When completed that mill of armament will come to provide education for some eleven hundred high school boys.

The boys of Japan are ardent students, perhaps the most appreciative of their opportunity to study of any in the world. Some of the boys of this school walk two and three hours to, and again from, school every day, six days a week. And at home they burn the midnight oil. There is remarkable seriousness about school work. Not a gloomy seriousness, but spontaneous and joyful. The Japanese can be as mischievous as any boy, but he cannot be light-headed about his work and his school. He enjoys reading and library projects, but he also loves to play tennis, ping-pong, Japanese games, and above all the favorite sport, baseball.

FROM SIX TO SIXTY-SEVEN

And parents like to send their boys to our schools. They know that they are well organized, thorough, and disciplined. Catholic educators in Japan have guarded against having any of the Catholic schools labeled Mission Schools. Religion class is free, and after school hours. But look at the results. The first enrollment was eighty boys, of whom six were Catholic. After a few months a group of twelve spontaneously asked instruction in the Catholic Faith. Two months more and another fifteen sought admission to the convert class, and shortly after Christmas thirty-four more joined the ranks of catechumens. In the first year the class grew from six to sixty-seven. Many of the parents are showing a lively interest in our faith and are requesting instructions for themselves.

The Roman Catholic religion is what one might call a natural for the Japanese. In their civic and domestic life, a great deal of importance is attached to the virtue of reverence and devotedness to family and country. Our religion with its altar, shrines, ceremonies and liturgical worship has many things a Japanese would look for in a religion. The Church's priesthood, its Sacraments, its insistence on devotedness to the cause of Christ, and its reverential external

cult of God appeal strongly to the uncorrupted Japanese mind. The law of love of family and neighbor, and the law of obedience to authority seem to give them what they need, and what they seek in vain elsewhere.

The boys see in the truths their religious instructor teaches and in the example he gives, the model they are seeking. He is absolutely trusted by his students, and has been accepted by the boys and their parents, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, as a true and sincere friend.

One day while talking to Father Stolte, the religion teacher, the non-Catholics were referred to as 'pagans.' "No," said the Father, "not pagans, but non-Catholics. Every boy in Eiko High today, whether Buddhist or Shintoist, actually believes in a personal and infinite God in the Catholic sense. Each boy knows the meaning of heaven and hell, prayer and all other Catholic truths." It is edifying to see them all silently saying grace before and after meals. If thoughts are revealed by actions, we have reason to say that the boys love their religion teacher and their school, and above all the doctrines they are being taught. The reverence for 'Jesus-sama' and 'Mariasama' that is had by 'pagan' boys is turning into deep love. These boys, children today, are tomorrow's leaders. A Church is being born in Japan today.

HOW CAN I DO IT?

As readers of JESUIT MISSIONS pass from story to story, from country to country, each project has its own interest and appeal. People have said to us, "I can't help them all. I'd like to, but I just can't."

There is a way, an easy way. JESUIT MISSIONS helps them all. As an international service organization, we render services for over 860 American Jesuit missionaries without a cent of charge to them. No handling charge, no cost is ever charged to the missionaries. You might like to remember us in your will and thereby help us to help them all in the years to come. The legal title is, JESUIT MISSION PRESS INC., 962 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

When you sign a lease for an apartment, there is much more to be considered than the monthly rent. With your present salary, you feel that you can meet the monthly payments but, when you actually move in, there are so many little items that you never thought of—can opener, coat hangers, hammer, etc. These items are comparatively inexpensive, however, the dollars simply slip through your fingers when you are furnishing an apartment.

Two years ago, when the province of Maryland assumed responsibility for the mission of Jamshedpur, India, the initial expenses were great. In the interval, a hundred unexpected problems have come up, all demanding immediate expenditures.

On the opposite page are listed specific needs for the mission of Jamshedpur.

Remember, the appeal is for the mission of Maryland province and, as this is the month of May, I am sure that Mary, Queen of the Apostles, will beg a rich reward for your help extended to the sons of Her province now trying to furnish many new homes for Her Divine Son among the four million people of Jamshedpur.

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

Nome, Alaska:

If you know of anyone in a mood to donate something useful to a man in my position with Missions at some distance from Nome, I could make wonderful use of a record recording machine to transcribe sermons and catechetical instructions on records and send them by mail to these mission posts. I am not able to get to these places frequently enough especially during the winter months. Most of these natives have phonographs and are always eager to learn more about their religion. If you can help me get one of these machines I would appreciate it very much.

Rev. Neil K. Murphy S.J.

Tokyo, Japan:

In the last issue you saw a picture of the new church under construction in Tokyo. An electric organ is needed. It will cost \$4,000. Small contributions will all add up.

Minas De Oro:

Returning from a 16 day mule trip over the mountains and just before starting off on another 12 day trip, Father Newell sat down and wrote us a long letter telling of his experiences. He included in his letter the following requests.

He can use immediately a light set of Vestments. The set would cost approximately \$25.

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.

China (Suchow)
Rev. Louis Bouchard, S.J.
762 Sherbrooke St., West,
Montreal 2, Canada

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

British Honduras, Yoro,
U. S. Indians
Rev. James T. Meehan, S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard,
St. Louis 8, Mo.

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916 Pacific Street
San Francisco 3, Cal.
Rev. Pius L. Moore, S.J.
55 West San Fernando St.,
San Jose 21, Cal.

India (Patna) and
U. S. Indians
Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.

1110 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.
India (Darjeeling) and
Canadian Indians
Rev. Paul Brennan, S.J.
2 Dale Avenue,
Toronto, Ont., Canada
India (Jamshedpur) and
Home Missions
Rev. John C. Baker, S.J.
Calvert and Madison Sts.,
Baltimore 2, Md.
Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands
Rev. John G. Furniss, S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

He would also like a set of *Stations of the Cross*. He would like us to purchase the representations on cloth. He will have his carpenter make the frames.

Holy pictures and medals—At his catechetical centers, Father can distribute numerous medals and holy pictures. They are always an incentive for attendance and attention in class. We can purchase the medals and pictures at wholesale price. We were quoted the price of \$5.00 for four dozen medals and chains of Our Lady of Fatima. The same offer was given for medals of Our Lady of Lourdes.

Send all contributions for the above to
JESUIT MISSIONS.

Philippines:

Father Weiss is the assistant to the superior of the mission of the Philippines. To his desk come numerous requests from the Jesuits laboring throughout the hills of Mindanao and other parts of the Philippines. Father Weiss does know exactly what the missionaries need. Here are a few requests.

Ciboria—We quote \$50 as a nominal price. It is possible, however, to purchase a Ciborium for less or more than this amount, depending upon the size and quality of the gold-plating. Many Ciboria are needed for the mission. Anything you can do will help. Please send your contributions directly to
JESUIT MISSIONS.

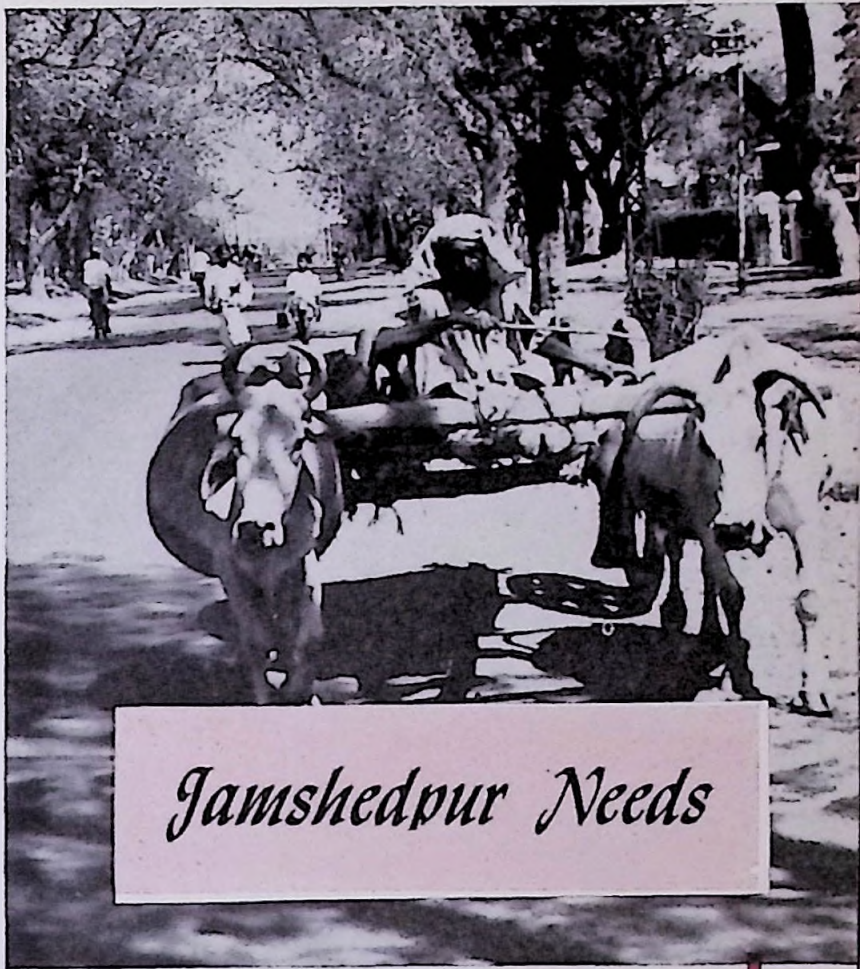
Mass Kits—Several of the missionaries need Mass Kits. All the requirements for the Kit can be gathered together, including the stone, Chalice, etc., for approximately \$150.

For administering the Sacrament of Extreme Unction there is an oil stock with a special ring which slips over the finger holding the stock securely within the palm of the priest's hand. Every priest will tell you how practical the oil stocks are. We would like to supply several of our missionaries with them. They cost \$12 each.

"You Can Change the World."

An American Jesuit missionary from India writes, "Every missionary should read Father Keller's book, 'You Can Change the World.' It seems to have been written especially for the missionaries of India. We could easily use 100 copies here in India."

The price of the book is \$3. Let us buy the book for our missionaries.



Jamshedpur Needs

\$300.00	MOTORCYCLE
175.00	TABERNACLE
150.00	WIRE RECORDER
45.00	ALTAR MISSALS
12.00	WORLD GLOBE
5.00	TOOLS

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JM



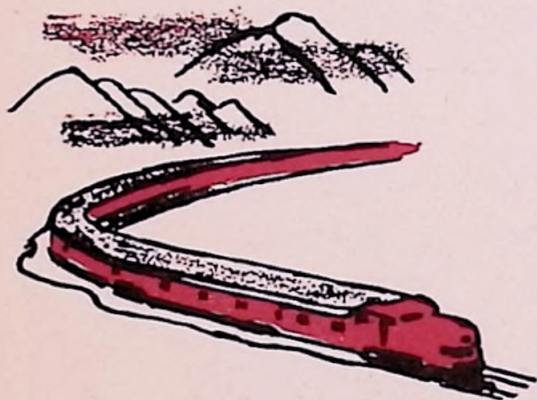
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Far Away Places... *with strange sounding names*

THERE IS MUSIC and mystery in place-names: Akulurak, Batticaloa, Culdesac, Dinapore, El Cayo, Fairbanks, Gingoog, Half Way Tree, Iligan, Jahanabad, Kandy, Likiep, Malaybalay, Nome, Orange Walk, Punta Gorda, Quinuguitan, Ranchi, Savanna-la-Mar, Tallakulam, Ulithi, Vigil, White Swan, Xavier, Yokosuka, Zikawei. But more important than the music and the mystery are the millions of souls in these far-flung towns. That is why American Jesuits have traveled to these strange-sounding places—to win these souls for Christ. Ten times a year JESUIT MISSIONS brings you the real-life stories of these American missionaries from Akulurak to Zikawei.

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