

# JESUIT MISSIONS

JUNE 1949



MASS CONVERSIONS IN JAPAN





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**SHRINE IN JAPAN** (left) A holiday crowd in Japan visiting the great shrine of Buddha with its 40-ft. bronze statue. Some day just such a crowd will be coming from Sunday Mass.



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**COVER**—A Chinese girl and her little brother in Yangchow, China, a Jesuit mission now in the hands of the reds. The picture was taken by Frederick Foley S.J. of Yonkers, N. Y.



*Father John J. Gordon S.J., of San Francisco and China, is one of our favorite authors. Several of his recent stories*

and photos were mailed but never reached America. They got lost somehow in the confusion of China's crisis. Father Gordon went to China in 1939; he studied Chinese at Peiping and taught in Gonzaga College, Shanghai. During his interment by the Japanese he studied theology and was ordained in 1945. He is now in red territory in China.



*Claude P. Boudreaux S.J., of the New Orleans Province of the Jesuits, has already written several articles for JESUIT MISSIONS.*

As a scholastic in his studies, first at Grand Coteau, La., and now at Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Ala., he taught catechism to the colored children nearby. Work among the Negroes of the South is one of the most serious obligations of the Church in America. That it can be a rewarding experience, Claude Boudreaux has already found out.

# Saga sent for CHRIST

THOMAS M. CURRAN S.J.



The sages of Saga, wise with more than earthly wisdom, fervently seek admission into the Church

THE CITY OF SAGA, NEAR OSAKA, JAPAN, is the scene of the most extraordinary event in the missions of the Far East for centuries. The entire six hundred families of the city, about three thousand people, sent a delegate to the Bishop of Osaka asking to be received into the Catholic Church in a body. Four neighboring towns, encouraged by this example, have also asked to be received into the Church. Mizu, a city of 9,000

to the south, has sent a similar appeal, signed by the Mayor, to the nearby Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

This section of Japan seemed to be turning to Communism. A Mr. Sakuji Takahashi, a farmer of the district and former Mayor of Saga, whose wife was a Protestant from Nagasaki, became alarmed at the trend, because he knew that Buddhism could not combat it. In fact, the only thing in the

whole world which seemed able to stop it was Christianity. So he started a little crusade on his own. After a bit of discussion and debate, he found quite a few people agreed with him, including the Buddhist *iosan* (Bonze), and his wife.

Then with no Catholic influence whatsoever, they decided on Catholicism as the most effective form of Christianity. Mr. Takahashi was sent as their delegate to the Bishop.

The Bishop immediately sent a Japanese priest, Father Itakura, to start instructions. The Father took some literature and several volunteer lay catechists from his former parish of Shukugawa to assist him.

On March 13, 1949, Sunday afternoon, I left the Osaka central station with Bishop Paul Taguchi of Osaka, two envoys from the village of Saga who had been sent to escort us, six choir girls and an organist from the Bishop's church, two altar boys and two lay catechists who are to remain in Saga to help with instruction until the mass baptisms take place on the 15th of August.

When we arrived in Fukuchiyama, the nearest railway terminal to Saga, at about 6:10 p.m., it was raining hard. The railroad station was cold, dark and windy. The Town Fathers were waiting for us with a 1940 charcoal burning Chevrolet, and a number of reporters and photographers of the "Mainichi", the "Asahi" and the "Yomiuri" news-

Volunteer catechists from Father Itakura's parish in Shukugawa mingle with the townspeople of Saga.

papers, the three largest dailies of Japan.

There is one main road in Saga, a dirt wagon path which runs straight through the village, and people were lined up with gaudy paper parasols, holding lanterns and waving greetings to us as we drove in. Amid bows from all sides we entered the house of Takahashi-san, took off our shoes, and went into a cozy little room where Takahashi-san welcomed us in the traditional Japanese style by touching his forehead to the floor. Then the present Mayor greeted us in the same way, and was followed in due order by the Principal of the high school, various Town Fathers, and every minor dignitary of the town.

The newsmen seemed to have more than an official and professional interest in this thing. Especially the reporter from the "Mainichi", a real Hollywood newsman even to the turned up overcoat collar, clipped speech and no hat. He was a sincere fellow; he had an article in the January "Readers' Digest" he told me, called "Green Buds in Hiroshima." And he has just published a book on the Hiroshima survivors which is soon to appear in English. He got me aside, and in low confidential tones asked me just what I thought of the whole thing. I was the only foreigner there and he wanted an outside reaction. He said that in preparing his book on Hiroshima he had spent eight hours with a young girl named Sasaki-san,

They will be instructed by them in the essentials of Catholicism for Japan's first mass baptism in August.



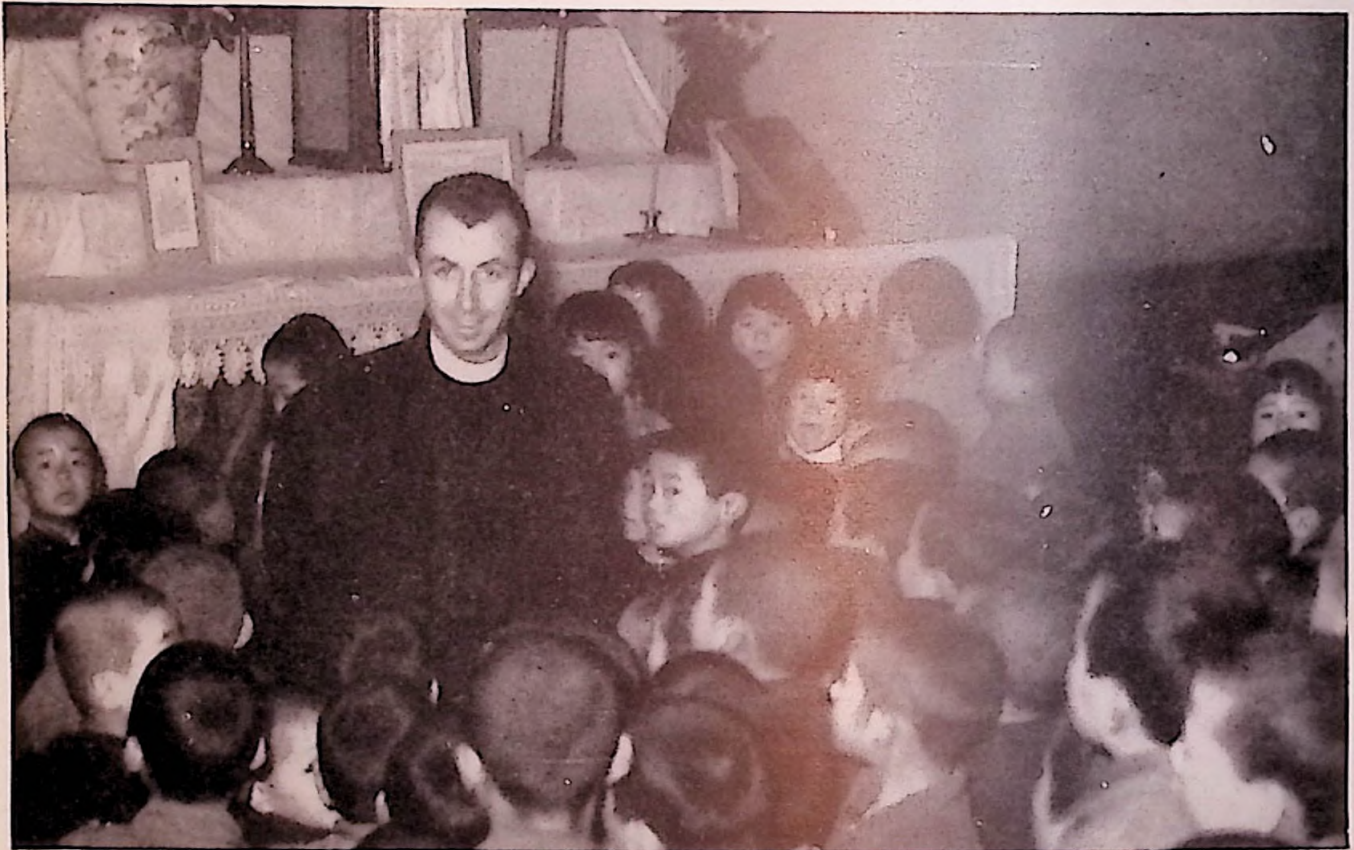
who was permanently crippled by the bomb, but had been converted by a Jesuit in Hiroshima, and now had a strange unearthly attitude about the whole thing. Even after eight hours though, he said, he still couldn't understand why she had become a Catholic. And now after diligent questioning of the people here in Saga, he still couldn't understand what led them to seek Catholicism.

Monday morning, March 14, was cold and raw with a windy, glowering overcast. But it was a holiday in Saga. The people were already up and bustling around at about six o'clock, and the Japanese "Rising Sun" flag was whipping at the door posts.

Takahashi-san, the general master of ceremonies, introduced Father Fuller, who gave a stirring fiery Redemptorist sermon in English. While he was talking Father Itakura came up behind me and asked me to translate into Japanese for the people, which I did with a full heart, you may be sure.

I was followed by the Monsignor from Kyoto, and then a Protestant woman rose, (of whom there are five in the village), to read a petition from them asking that the True Faith of the Lord Jesus and His Holy Mother be brought to the people of Saga.

That's the beginning of the saga of Saga. There are five Protestants in the town and



Thomas M. Curran, American Jesuit scholastic, who accompanied Most Reverend Paul Taguchi, Bishop

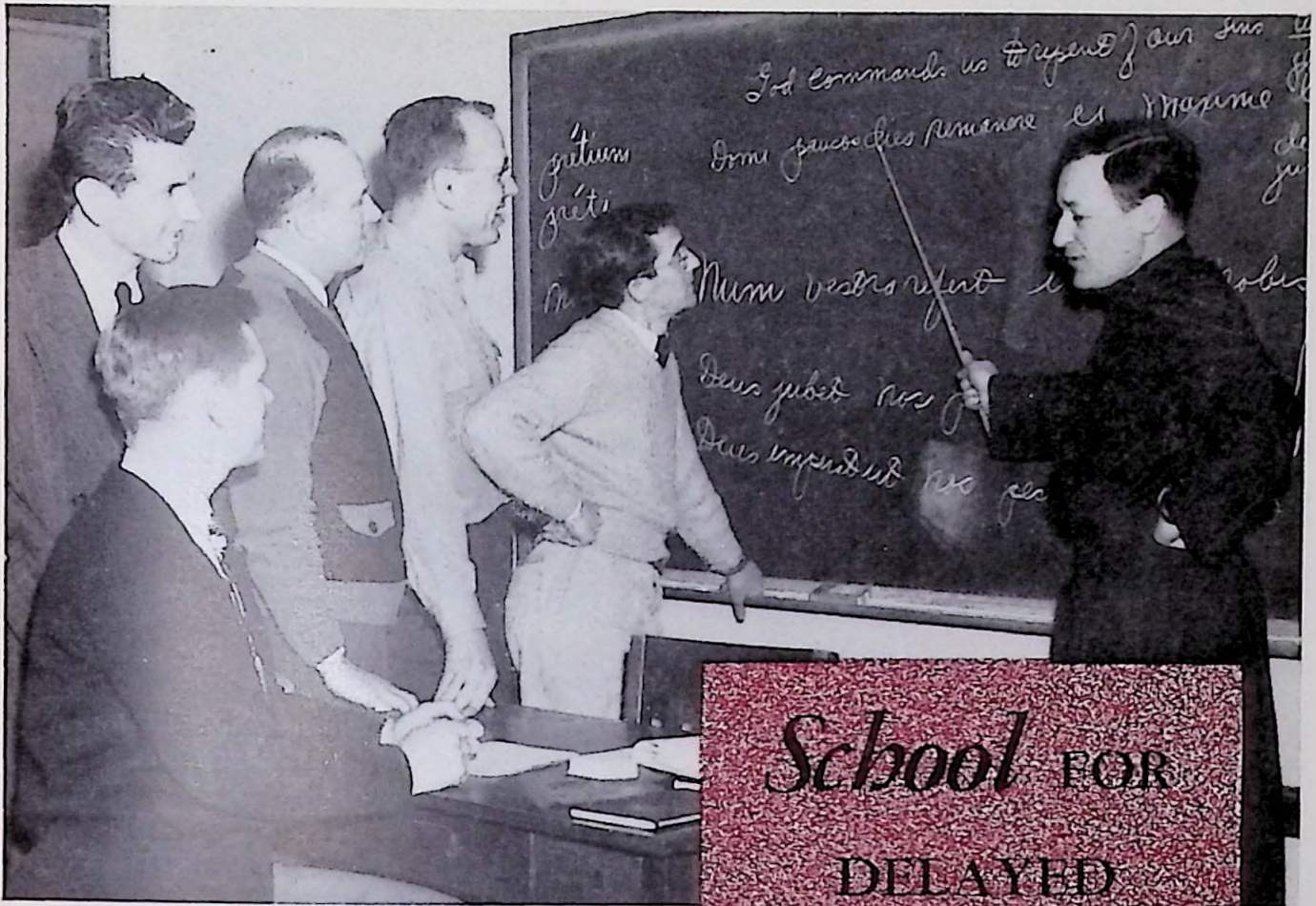
of Osaka, to Saga for the first Mass offered there. Saga's children crowded about the Catholic altar.

Mass was held in the school, and by nine o'clock the place was filled to the doors, and people were leaking out onto the stairways and milling around outside.

At nine o'clock, the Canadian Redemptorists from Maezuru arrived, and a little later two Maryknoll Fathers and a Brother, and a Japanese Monsignor from Kyoto.

After the Mass, the Mayor of the town stepped forward, and read to the Bishop a formal petition from the entire populace asking that the Catholic religion be granted to the inhabitants of Saga. The Bishop rose and made a speech of acceptance, and then

three Communists; there never had been any Catholic contacts. Takahashi-san's wife was a Protestant from Nagasaki, where she had seen the Church in all its strength and beauty there. When the town felt that it was lacking something which would be found in Christianity, it was she who suggested Catholicism. Investigations were made by the intelligentsia of the town, and finally they sent their formal petition to the Bishop. Now Father Itakura and his catechists have begun their work, and with God's grace it will come to fruition on the 15th of August when the townspeople are baptized in a group.



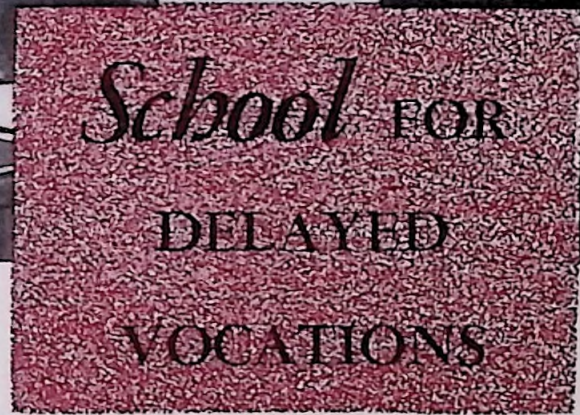
Former Army Chaplain Barry of the School of St. Philip Neri for Delayed Vocations teaches Latin.

### HERBERT A. KENNY

ON NEWBURY STREET IN BOSTON, there is a unique institution. Here men from all parts of America, wrenched from their proposed lives by the exigencies of war, are reorientated and set on the road to God's priesthood. It is the School of St. Philip Neri, —the School for Delayed Vocations.

Two years ago in June 1947, the first class of 71 students was sent forth by the Rev. George M. Murphy S.J., M.A., former major in the Army Chaplain Corps, and Director of the School. Today, 66 out of the first 71 are proceeding satisfactorily in junior colleges, minor seminaries and religious orders and congregations. Twenty-nine of them are preparing for the diocesan priesthood; thirty-seven for religious groups.

Among the 75 students this year taking the accelerated, intensive one-year course to prepare them for various seminaries, 21 States and Canada are represented. About 75 percent of the students are veterans of World War II. Their school is certified under the GI Bill of Rights, and has the approval of the Board of Collegiate Authority of the



Department of Education in Massachusetts.

The students are drawn from many walks in life; the average age is twenty-six. Among the students at the school now, there is a bull-fiddle player from a big name band, a convert who wanted at one time to be a protestant missionary, a singer from Hollywood, a concert singer, a widower, an elder brother who delayed his own vocation while working his two brothers through seminaries, a Trappist brother who wanted to become a priest, a navigator on a B-29, an infantryman who was a prisoner of war. Only five of the present group found their vocation coming to them in the war. Four knocked around the world until they got sick of it. Most of them, or better, the largest single group is composed of those men who long had the vocation but never had the financial means. The GI Bill of Rights is responsible for a good many finally realizing an ambition that otherwise seemed denied to them.

The disparities of their lives are forgotten in their daily regimen. They start five hours



Father George Murphy S.J., Director of St. Philip Neri School, interviews a future seminarian for the West.

of class at 9:20 a.m. each day with two hours of Latin, then a five minute break. The Latin classes are followed by an English class. Then comes the lunch hour, 12:10 to 1:10 p.m. The afternoon classes are given over to French, Greek, Religion, Mathematics. They are through at 3 p.m. There is an informality in the classes that is pleasant and pleasing. Many remain to study; most adjourn to their 'adopted' or 'foster' homes.

There is no question in the minds of the Jesuits in charge but that the School of St. Philip Neri is going to last.

"Throughout the history of the Church," Father Murphy has pointed out, "there have always been men who in mature years heeded the Call of Christ to the Holy Priesthood. A goodly number of the canonized saints became priests in later life. The patron of our school, St. Philip Neri, received such a belated call. Perhaps 50 percent of the vocations among these men were delayed by other considerations than the war. Finances, family relationships, periods of uncertainty played their part. When the veterans of World War II diminish in numbers in the classrooms of St. Philip Neri School, other men will fill the ranks."

One of the problems facing the school is the absence of rooms for dormitories. Father Murphy has a habit of meeting problems head on rather than delaying a project. The boys needed rooms. He went after rooms. He asked Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, to have an announcement read from the pulpits at all the Masses in two churches of the Archdiocese of Boston asking for Catholic families to volunteer to take these men as boarders, so that they might have a semblance of home life, and a Catholic atmosphere. He got instant cooperation from the Archbishop and from the people. Now he has a waiting list of families that would like to board the boys! The ones

Total candidates for 2 years	142
Discontinued studies	25
Continuing studies	117
For Diocesan clergy	54
For Religious clergy	63
Jesuits	11
Fathers of Sacred Heart	10
Paulists	8
Discalced Carmelites	6
Dominicans	5
Carmelites	4
Columbans	3
Holy Cross Fathers	3
Augustinians	2
Benedictines	2
Franciscans	2
Passionists	2
Atonement (Graymoor)	1
Marists	1
Josephites	1
Oblates	1
Trappists	1

who are boarding them are—well, killing them with kindness. Father Murphy says this is attested by the size of the lunches that the students bring to school. One woman took eight of the students into her home. They lead a sort of community life not too different from that which they will share later at seminaries.

Everything is done to make them feel at home. The "boarders" find themselves "babied" a bit too much on occasion. Their "landladies" are apt to hound them a bit about

taking care of themselves, not over-studying, but they are wonderful foster-mothers.

The constant stream of mail requesting further information on the school shows there is a desperate need for the school, and that that need is not merely a postwar phenomenon.

The swift success of the school is due in no small part to the personality of the director, Father George M. Murphy S.J., Army Chaplain from 1940-1946. In uniform Father Murphy looked like an idealized portrait of what the Army officer should look like. He is a tall, broad-shouldered man with a general's voice and a soldier's bearing. But he has a priest's heart.

Rooted in the love of God, the school is operated on strict business principles and the catalog reads as formally as any other.

Only students with a "sincere" desire to become priests and who fulfill the canonical requirements are admitted. They must have a letter from their pastor. The age bracket of acceptability is 20 years to 35 years with special exceptions made for older men who have provisional acceptance by seminaries. Refresher courses are constantly being given men who need special care in special studies. Good health of mind and body are, of course, required. The policy of marking is strict. This works no hardship on these men. This type of student is apt to be stricter on the teacher than the teacher is with him.

These are mature, intent men; some of whom have been away from school as much as 15 years; they are aware of their shortcomings, but they are after something long denied them. At the end of the road is a goal worth striving for. This is a school where every man puts his heart into everything he does.

Students from New Jersey, Ohio and New York find inspiration and encouragement in their delayed vocations through pamphlets about religious life.



## *Come, follow me*

**D**OWN A NARROW, roughly cobbled byway in the old Mount Zion quarter of Jerusalem lies a cluster of ancient stone buildings. Devoid of any architectural grace and dwarfed by the majestic, if not battered, Romanesque tower of the nearby Church of the Dormition, they are sought out only by those who know that they cover some of the most hallowed ground in Christendom.

They have been many times transformed, but not improved, since the Franciscans erected them in the 14th century, in the place where one of our earliest and strongest traditions fixed the first church in Christendom. It was known as the Church of the Apostles and the "Mother of Churches". It was the Upper Chamber of the Gospels, where the Last Supper was held and Christ enriched us with His Holy Sacrament; where the Apostles retired after His Ascension, awaiting the promised Paraclete. Here it was that on the first Pentecost the Holy Spirit infused into them the light of wisdom and the fire of courage, sending them forth to preach Christ to the world.

Since 1547 this hallowed spot has been in Moslem hands. Rarely may the Christian pray there. We deplore the loss, but we know that the Holy Spirit is not circumscribed by stone and the work of Pentecost continues in His Church. A Stepinac, a Mindzenty and a myriad of unnamed men and women, confronting a hostile world, are daily renewing the Apostles' confession of Christ. To share their Pentecostal gift of wisdom and courage is the noble wish of every soul receptive to the coming of the Holy Spirit.

*Francis W. Anderson S.J.*

# THE CHOSEN

# Few



The ten "chosen" ones, happy and merry as novices, recite their Fatima Rosary with Father John J. Gordon S.J.

IN NOVEMBER, '48, THE REDS swarmed down from North China to within striking distance of Nanking, the nation's capital. The government officials, their families and dependents packed up and went south. Nearly everyone who could afford to leave raced for homes elsewhere in Shanghai, Taiwan, Canton, and Hong Kong. Business came to a standstill. You could buy furniture and cars for a song. But it was not safe to own anything.

Our work came to a standstill, too. All the schools closed. Three-fourths of our students went south. We had final examinations for the boys who were still here, but after that we just had to close the school and wait for whatever the future might bring.

Along with the exodus there was general panic. I felt it myself. One day there were forty boys in my class. The next day there were thirty. Then twenty. Then ten. And the boys who did not leave school were too excited to listen. It was vain to try to carry on a school under such circumstances. With the school closed, most of the Fathers lost

their jobs. But as we were not ordained to sit around idle, we created jobs.

There are two methods of missionary endeavor. Let's call them the intensive and the extensive method. The extensive method aims to reach the greatest possible number

Father Gerald J. Pope S.J., who chose the "intensive" method, poses with one of his Mass-servers.



of persons and cover the greatest possible area. The intensive method concentrates its efforts on a few persons in a restricted area; it aims at a deeper religious training of a few rather than a wider catechizing of many. Both are necessary.

Some of the Fathers were attracted to extensive endeavor. For example, Father Le Sage felt compassion for the multitude of refugees who had paused in Nanking in their flight from the Reds. These refugees, about 40,000 people, are destitute materially and spiritually. Father LeSage got a weapons-carrier converted into an ambulance, and began regular visits to refugee centers. He preaches to the refugees while some Sisters give medical aid to any who want it. The National Catholic Welfare Committee supplied the ambulance and the medicine.

Some of the other Fathers determined to devote their time and energy to an intensive religious training. I was of this mind. What determined me in my choice of a new type of work was not only my inclination. All agree that the most important work of the missionary in any land should be to prepare a native clergy. John of Montecorvino, one of the first missionaries to China, bought forty pagan boys in Peking. He baptized them, taught them Latin, had them chant the Divine Office in choir, and prepared them all to be priests.

I couldn't buy forty pagan boys, but I could gather a dozen boys who would make good priests. I chose ten boys. Some of them had already left Nanking. I wrote to them, and asked them to come back. They came. I didn't tell them yet that I hoped they might become priests. I just asked them to come and live in the school and help me keep it clean and prevent soldiers from occupying our school buildings.

When word got around that I was calling some boys to live in the school, many other boys came and asked if they could join us. I turned them all down. Some whom I turned down are really good boys, but the boys I wanted had to be "extra special."

All but three of the boys are new Christians whom we baptized here. So they needed instruction in nearly all departments. Father Pope volunteered to teach them how to serve Mass. It is a great joy to me to see these boys, who a short time ago were pagans, serving Mass and making all the responses in flawless Latin. They have memorized the servers' part of the Mass.



Father Wilfred J. LeSage S.J. peddles off to Nanking's refugees, part of his "extensive" apostolate.

Now they want to memorize the parts the priest says. We put on some very impressive ceremonies now.

Father Olinger volunteered to teach them singing. They can sing parts of the Mass now and the Benediction hymns; and they know the meaning of every word of the Latin hymns. Father Murphy volunteered to teach catechism to the younger boys and he gave all the group a fine retreat, too. Father LeSage, absorbed in his own work, still made time to help the boys get settled in a material way. He borrowed a truck, and with the boys doing the hauling and packing, he got a number of beds and mattresses and blankets, not only for the boys, but for the Sisters' hospitals and orphanages as well.

The others here, from the start, have helped me and encouraged me in this work. Their zeal and kindness is of no ordinary brand. I do so little to further their works that I am sometimes ashamed to accept so much help from them.

These boys are entirely dependent on me. St. Joseph inspired some generous souls to send gifts which, together with what the boys could scrape together, managed to square things up for the first three months anyway. Many of my old friends who would want to help, have written to me saying that

JOHN J. GORDON S.J.

they were told they were not to send any money or gifts to us now. This was a false report. I haven't yet had time to write to them individually to tell them about our present needs, *and that checks are still welcome.* (Send them to our California Mission Director or c/o JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.)

I have absolute confidence in St. Joseph. He has never failed me. At present he is preparing to present me with a pair of hand clippers for cutting hair. I've been barbering the ten disciples. I have been teaching one of them to be the barber but he is learning rather slowly. Maybe that is because he has not a very good teacher. I just started too. Haircuts here now are close to \$2,000. That's only twenty cents U.S. but it's still two thousand dollars over here. And the fine margin we are working on would not allow an expenditure of \$20,000 for ten haircuts. We have a pair of electric clippers, a gift from Los Gatos. But we have no electricity anywhere.

Each of these ten youngsters is a winner. They are up in the morning so early that I'll have to change my habits if I want to get to chapel before them. They themselves have made a rule limiting themselves to serve only one Mass. But I had to make a rule forbidding them to attend more than two Masses a day. I don't see how they can get

up so early, work so hard all day, and stay up studying so late at night. The rule they find hardest to obey is the rule obliging them to retire at a fixed hour. No boys could study more diligently than these boys.

They say the Rosary every day in honor of Our Lady of Fatima. They are getting the pagan boys now to join them in the Rosary. They have started to build a shrine in her honor, that she will protect us, come what may. They make an examination of conscience every evening, and every Sunday evening one of the boys gives a talk on the life of some saint.

The boys lead a real novitiate life. But they have break days too, like all novices, and are as happy and merry as God wants all novices to be. Occasionally, when there are no Reds about, we go for a hike in the hills. Once we even went camping.

All but one of the boys want to be priests. The one exception is a little Protestant boy. But I asked him to join us because he is a little saint. He says the Rosary too.

If the Reds hadn't scared our students away, we never would have had time to develop these ten youngsters. And if the school were still filled to capacity we would not have a place for the boys to live here. This is the beginning of priestly vocations here, and as one of the Fathers said, "It's all because of Communism."

Father Edward J. Murphy S.J., Rector of the Hung Kuang Middle School, Nanking, found it difficult to

see attendance of lads such as these dwindle as the Reds advanced on Nanking from North China.



# Appointment with Our Lady



ANDREW B. OCHS S.J.

IT'S NOT EVERY DAY that one can tell a story of a boy who had a date with Our Blessed Mother in Kingston, and kept that date in Heaven. But such is the story of Dunstan Campbell of St. George's College, Jamaica, who met instant death, recently, on the Old Harbour-Spanish Town Road.

From the time he first came here a year ago it was evident that he was out for business. As I remember him those first days of class he was rather tall for his age and when he smiled you just had to like him, for it was a catching smile. His determination to grasp and understand all the subjects of the classroom soon brought results. When the year came to a close Dunstan was one of the leaders in his class.

Still it was not only in the classroom that he excelled. Were all the people in the world today as generous as he, the world would be a much better place to live in. You could always count on him to give a hand. Generosity seemed to be stamped on his every action. It didn't make any difference whether the job was big or little—you could count on Dunstan.

He frequently came into my office. One day I said to him: "You don't love Our Blessed Mother, do you?"

"Sure I do, Father," was his quick reply.

"Then I'll expect to see you at the Sodality Mass this coming Saturday."

Sure enough he was there and for many a Saturday after that. But then he had to move to Old Harbour and it was too much to expect him to attend Mass every Saturday after that, and so naturally I didn't see him

Dunstan Campbell of Saint George College, Jamaica, kept a date with Our Lady.

on Saturday for some time. On his visits to the office, we often spoke about the Sodality. On this last visit of his, he insisted again that I receive him into the Sodality. But as a probationer he must go through the time required by the Sodality rules. His determination to be received was evident from the words he spoke to me. "Father, I'll be in from Old Harbour for the Sodality Mass tomorrow morning—you will see me."

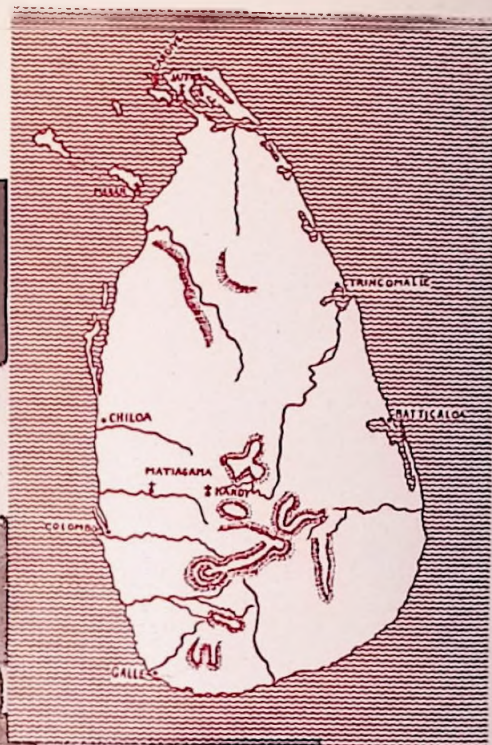
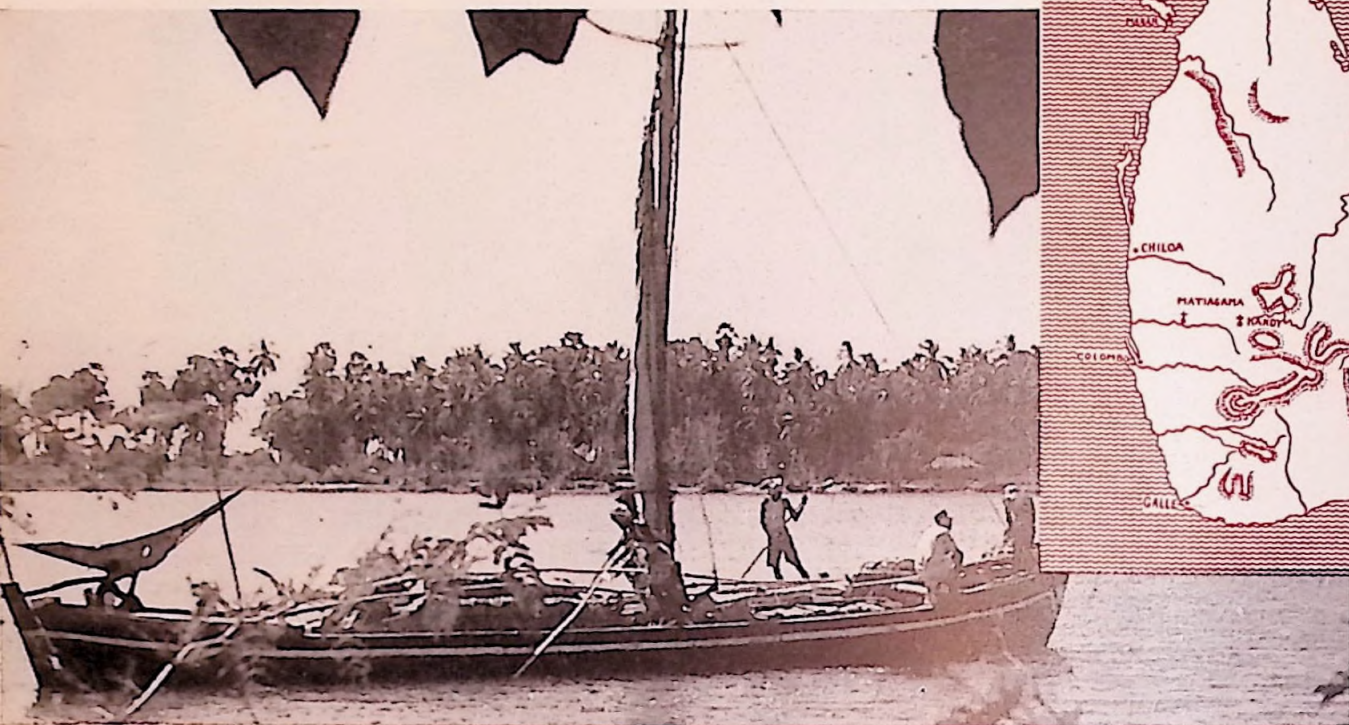
Well, I did see him Saturday—but dead. The newspaper account of his death says that the car in which he was traveling was going very fast. Knowing Dunstan as I do, I wonder if he perhaps did not suggest to the driver that he hurry a bit—it was then 6:30 and the Sodality Mass was to be at 7:30 in the Cathedral—after all he had a date with Our Lady, and he wanted to be on time. He was an hour early! He was not at Mass, but I rather think he kept his appointment with Our Lady in Heaven.

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## MASS INTENTIONS

*A very effective way to aid the Missions is to send your Mass Intentions to Missionaries. JESUIT MISSIONS gets constant appeals from 560 priests on Missions assigned to us for all the Mass Intentions we can send them.*

# HERE'S *Ceylon*



Looking from his rectory door Father Harold Weber S.J. of New Orleans and Tampa beholds Ceylonese schooners transporting hay across the placid waters of the Batticaloa Lagoon.

THERE ARE QUITE A FEW QUESTIONS that our friends from over and around have been asking us about our mission in Ceylon. "Where in India is Ceylon?" A careful microscopic scrutiny of the map in JM reveals that we are just suspended, like the famous mathematical point in a line. Ceylon is an island and a quite respectable one as islands go. Its position and size with respect to India is the same as Cuba to America. Ceylon, about one hundred and fifty miles wide and two hundred long, has been described as tear-shaped. The tear theme is a mistake, for Ceylon, as God made it, is nothing to cry about. A trip across its one hundred and fifty mile width, which can be made in twelve hours by car, is like going from the Florida coast to the California coast. But I am sure that Florida and California would give two or three months of their balmy weather for one tenth of the coconut trees that grow, like grass on a golf course, along the whole thousand mile coast of the island. Your first impression of the coast and miles inland is green, green, and then more green. Light, dark, shading to yellow, and purple. Unless you have seen Ceylon you have yet to derive an adequate understanding of the word 'luxuriant'.

An hour after you leave the blue green waters of the coast you begin to climb, and in two hours you are two miles up, clinging to the sides of sheer drops, and looking down on valleys that take your breath away. High though you be, there is no Sun Valley here, for you are in the tropics, but better than the snow is the paddy (young rice) terraced along the mountain sides and cascading, in the brightest green waves on earth, to the mountain stream below. You turn a corner, going up, and a roar hits your ears and spray dances in your face. A waterfall, falling, falling, and down below, like little splotches of moving brown earth, the island people taking their evening bath, so much a part of the Hindu religion. The innumerable taboos and purifications of the Hindu religion have over hundreds of years produced this good effect, that the people as a group are scrupulously clean.

For four hours, on the way to Batticaloa on the eastern coast, you wind and climb, fall and dip, and climb again through the 'up-country' and all around is tea, tea, and more tea. Fifty million pounds on little

HAROLD J. WEBER S.J.

tables in England and the Empire. You wonder how they ever got it there, at the tip top of that jagged peak, and then leaping across that valley, a mile below, in millions of rows of little bushes. The tea bushes, at the highest are three to four feet with the trunk as big around as a child's waist. And where there is tea there are 'coolies', seven hundred thousand of them from India. They climb up the bright clay roads cut into the mountains, and pluck the tender green leaves off the umbrella tops of the bushes, and with a quick sure gesture toss them into large hampers, bound to the head and back. There is conquest here. Conquest of a wild harsh land. The mountain roads and the tea are a lasting refutation of the statement that Britain did nothing for its colonies.

Then down at last, on the last lap of the journey across the island, to the rubber plantations. Cool glens, spotless, with the large, white-barked trees in perfect columns, oozing their sticky sap. We climb out of the car and peel off the rubber. Pure latex, bright, clean and white, later to be processed into the bright yellow crepe you get at the Imperial Shoe Store.

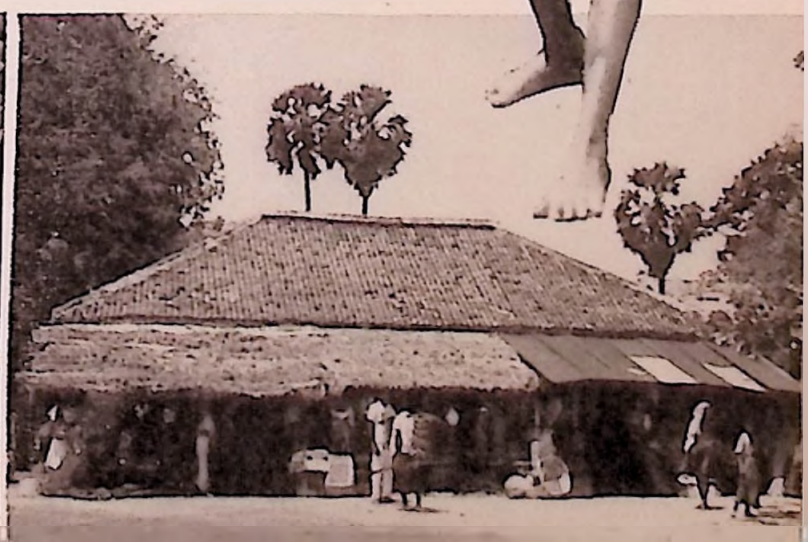
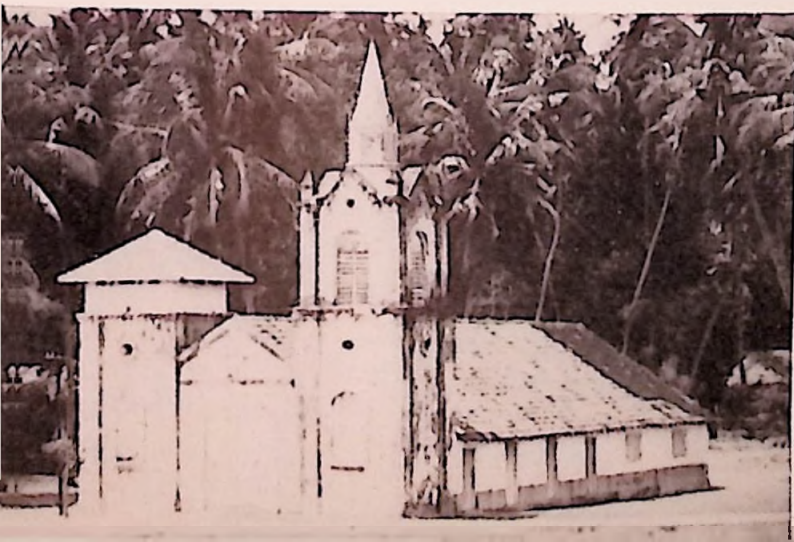
Then the paddy again, now in earnest, acres and acres of it in the plains. It looks exactly like winter grass, but three feet high and in the center of every field a cluster of coconuts. A monkey throws the green ball down from the top—you dodge—cut it open and drink the cool water. The coconut when dried is called copra, which is exported to Europe and other parts of the world for the making of soap, biscuits, etc. At home, the juice of the mature coconut, 'milk', is obtained by scraping out the kernel, mixing with water, and then squeezing out the liquid.

Yes, there is jungle too, and as you pass on the road you see broken branches and uprooted trees, crushed to a pulp and almost ready for *The New York Times*. In their midst is the fresh spoor of a rogue elephant. You press a little harder on the accelerator, for these big boys have never met Barnum, and play for keeps. There ahead of us is a Hindu fakir with his little cymbals and feathered dress. Through his cheeks is grandma's old hatpin. And all along, clinging to the road, the huts of the people, filled with laughing children and solemn adults. The women are modestly dressed; the men and children, for the weather. Then at last the sea again. From Colombo to Batticaloa in twelve hours, your mind crowded with hundreds of pictures and colors. Yes, Ceylon is beautiful but not all. For there are man-made things on this island Paradise and in these there is little beauty. Never can you forget that this is the East. The home of poverty and its accompanying sickness and undernourishment. You don't eat tea, and rice is little better than potatoes for vitamins, and all the milk of all the coconuts in Ceylon is not worth a herd of Holsteins for nourishment. The poor of Ceylon haven't time to stop and look around at this God-given beauty and even a saint finds it hard to pray on an empty stomach. And then, there are empty hearts. That's our job here—to fill them with the love of Christ. Thirty-five Jesuits and sixty-one Sisters ask your prayers for success.



(Below) St. Sebastian's Church, Puli-yadikudah, where Father John W. Lange instructs a Ceylonese flock.

(Below) Fruits, vegetables and notions fill Batticaloan market stalls. (Right) Tomorrow's hope, the youth of Ceylon.



The Trincomalee Mission of the New Orleans Jesuits is the largest in extent, smallest in population, poorest and most backward of the six dioceses in Ceylon. Extending westward along 200 miles of the eastern coastline, it embraces 5,024 square miles; has a population of 279,204 Tamils, Moslems, Singhalese and Burghers (descendants of Portuguese and Dutch colonists) of whom only 16,312 are Catholics. 35 Jesuits, 13 diocesan Priests, 13 teaching Brothers and 61 Sisters assist Bishop Glennie in the parochial and educational works of his mission. The Jesuits conduct a Minor Seminary, 2 high schools, 5 parishes with outlying missions.

Bishop Ignatius Glennie S.J. of Trincomalee.

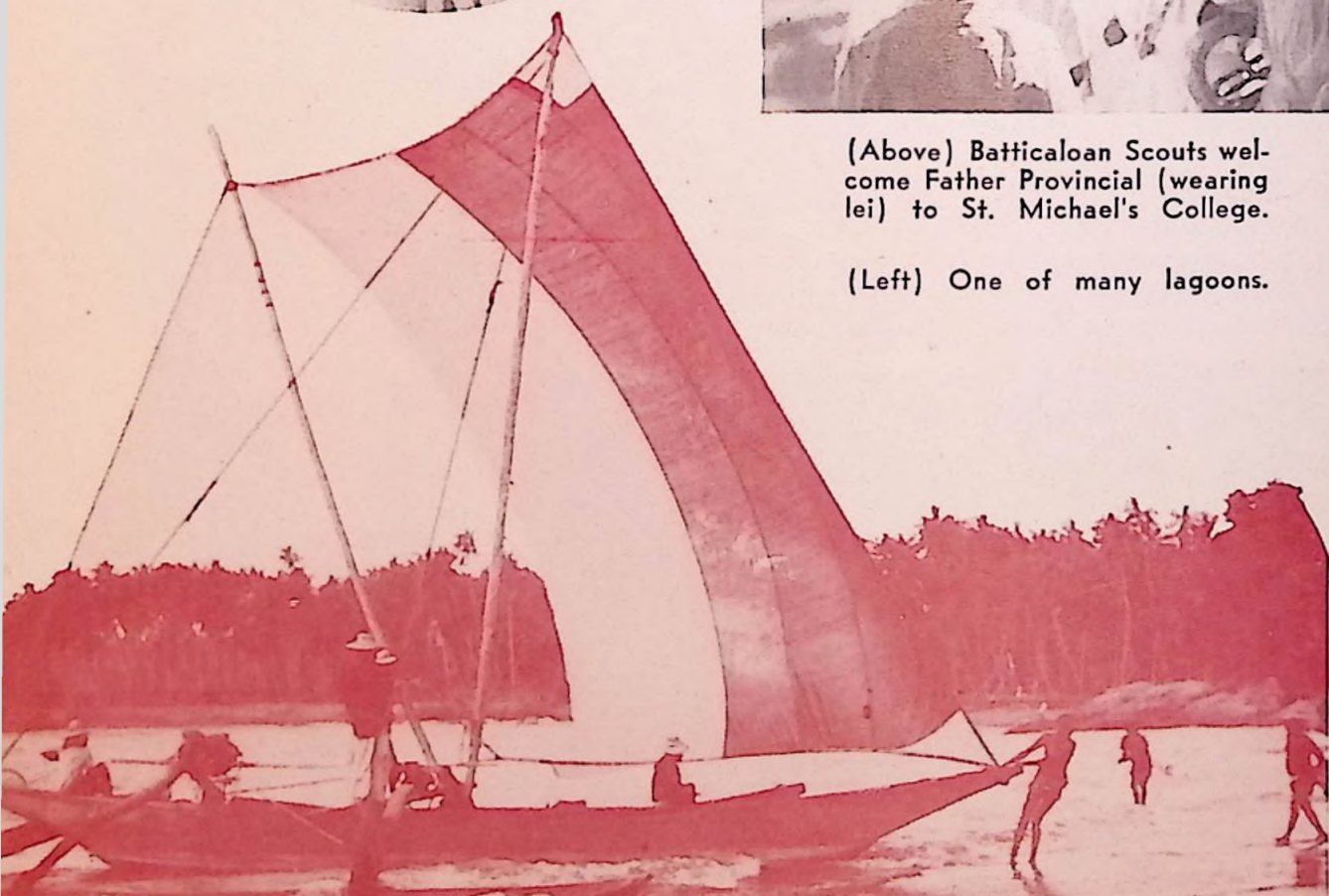


# Ceylon



(Above) Batticaloan Scouts welcome Father Provincial (wearing lei) to St. Michael's College.

(Left) One of many lagoons.



Young American who has joined  
Reverend John Marmol; Brother



(Above) The streets of Colombo reveal Ceylon's poverty.



Very Reverend John T. Linehan S.J. (at right) in Ceylon since 1935 was appointed Superior in 1948. He must direct and provide for 19 Jesuit Priests, 9 Jesuit Scholastics and 6 Jesuit Brothers manning the Mission in Trincomalee.



and Ceylonese Jesuits have accepted the torch from aging French Jesuits in Trincomalee since 1896. The Americans pictured above are: Very Linehan (Superior); Fathers Cook and Fengler; Messrs. Beach and del Booth. Parishes, schools, colleges and leprosary are their fields.

Father Joseph V. Sommers S.J., Vice-Rector of St. Michael's College, Batticaloa. His roster lists 16 Jesuits, 12 lay professors, 100 boarders and over 350 day students.

**I**N A LOG CABIN, NINETY MILES NORTH of Toronto, a priest sat at a table writing. His heart was heavy. With his own hands not long before he had just blessed the graves of two of his priests whose bodies had been burned and hacked to pieces by savages. Others would undoubtedly be put to death soon. They were his subjects. It had been his responsibility to send them to posts which became their arenas of martyrdom. It was now his duty to sit down and write home to his Superiors what had happened. The account would reach their families and all their friends. With a heavy heart he began to write.

“They cut off the hands of one; pierced the flesh of another with hot irons . . . set fire to their bodies . . .” “. . . at the height of these torments Father Gabriel lifted his eyes to Heaven, breathing a sigh to God, invoking His help. Father John suffered like a statue . . . his heart was communing with God. To prevent him from speaking to God they tore off his lips. The more they redoubled their torments, the more they prayed to God that the sins of these poor blind people would not be the cause of their damnation, that He would forgive them as they themselves forgave them.”



The Apotheosis of the North American Martyrs.



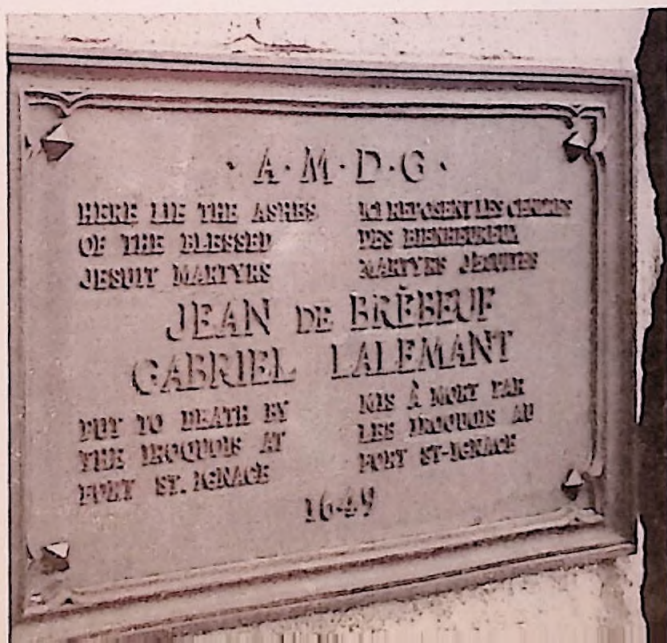
Father Michael Jacobs, Iroquois Jesuit, of Saint Regis.

## Pilgrimage to MARTYRS SHRINE

“At different times they forced flaming brands and torches of bark into their mouths and burned their tongues to prevent them from invoking, in their dying moments, Him for Whom they were suffering and Who could never die in their hearts.”

“We buried their precious relics on Sunday, the 21st of March. All those who assisted at their obsequies were filled with such consolation and tender devotion that

This bronze tablet marks the tomb at Fort Ste. Marie, Ontario, of John de Brebeuf and Gabriel Lalemant.





Exact replica of old Fort Ste. Marie (Schuelke)



Artist's concept of a Jesuit arriving at a mission.

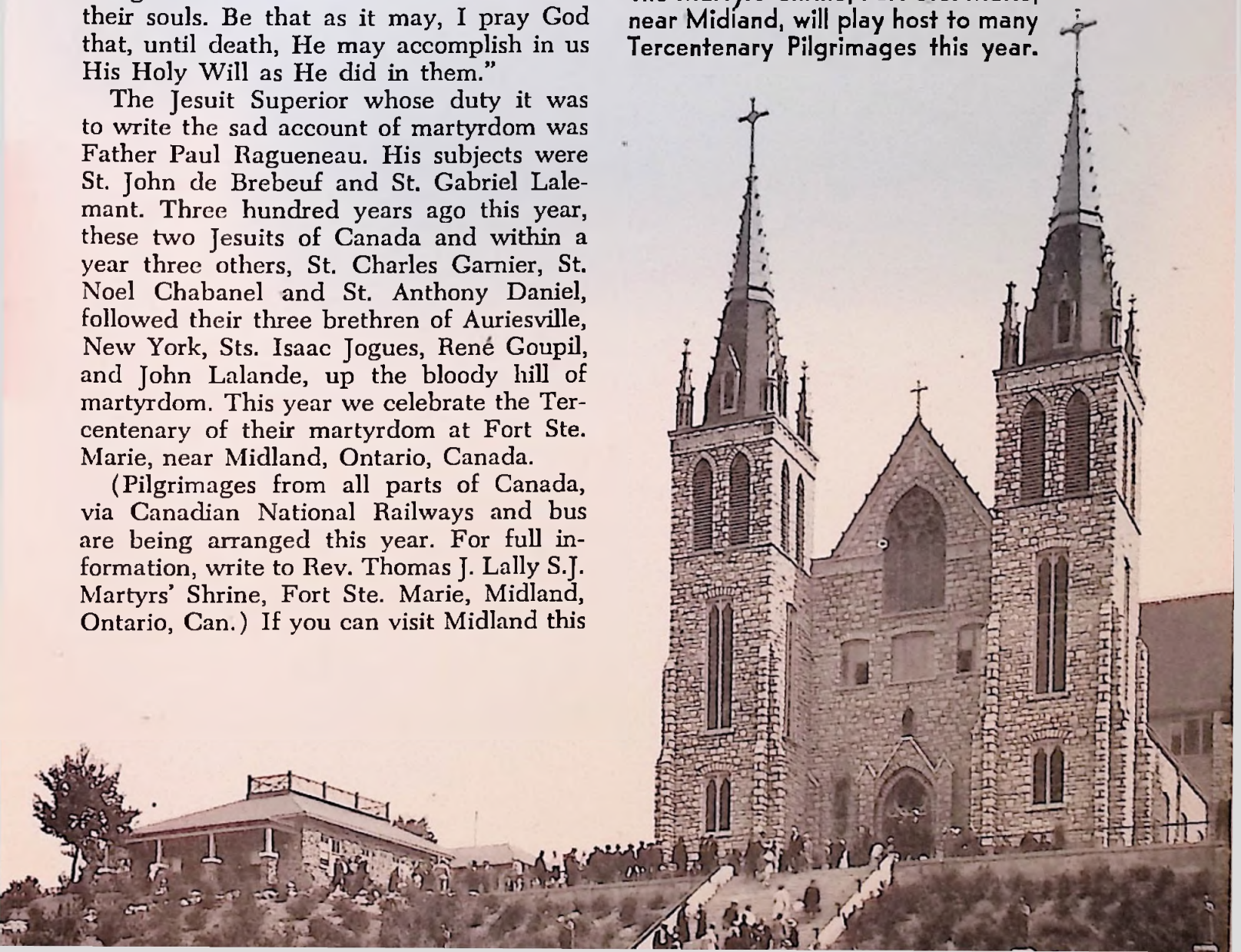
far from being afraid, they hoped for a like death themselves. They were even quite happy to be in a place where, perhaps in two days from then, God would give them the grace of shedding their blood and laying down their lives under similar circumstances. Not one of us could ever force himself to pray for them as if they in any way needed our prayers, but our thoughts were carried straight to Heaven where no doubt dwelt their souls. Be that as it may, I pray God that, until death, He may accomplish in us His Holy Will as He did in them."

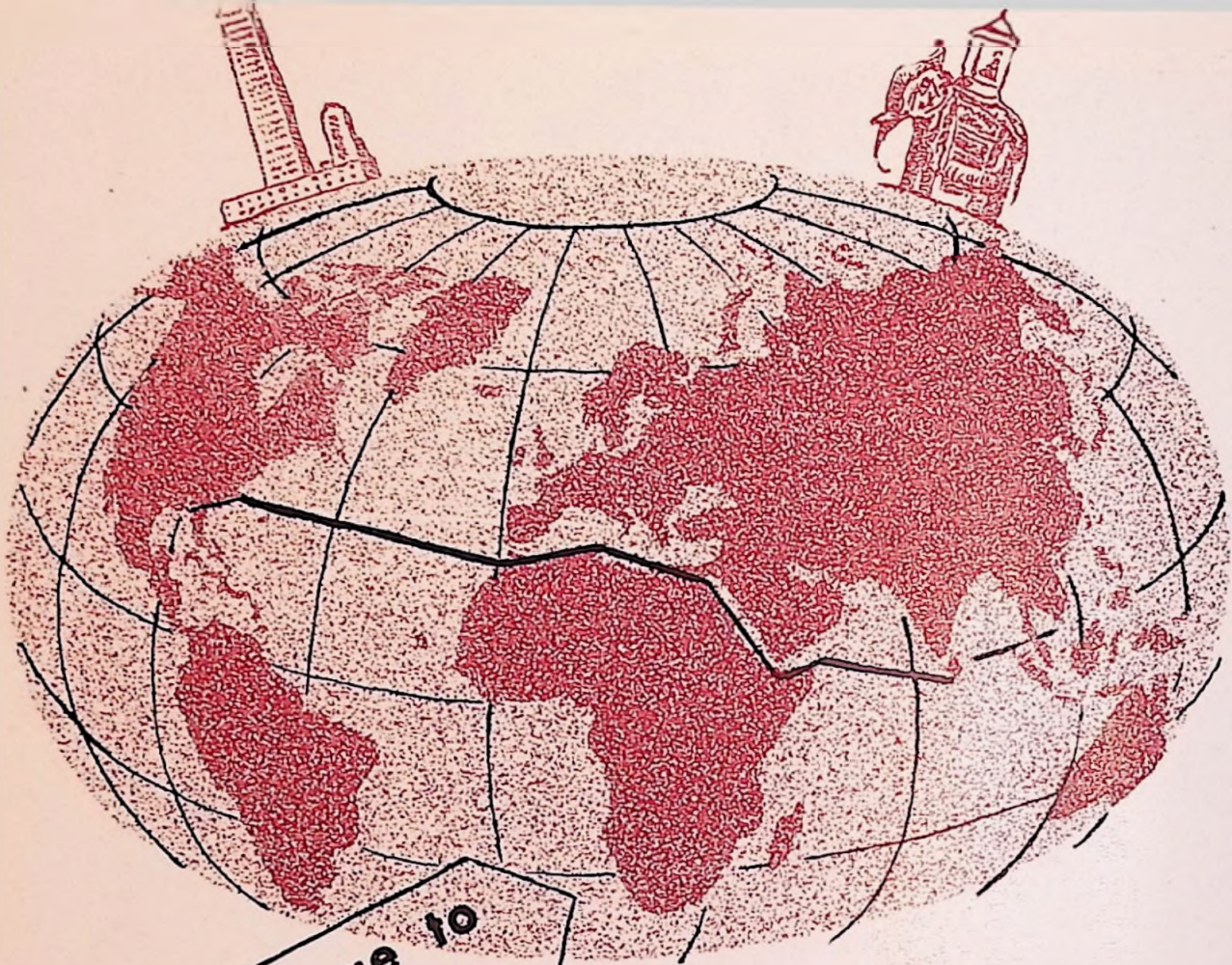
The Jesuit Superior whose duty it was to write the sad account of martyrdom was Father Paul Ragueneau. His subjects were St. John de Brebeuf and St. Gabriel Lalemant. Three hundred years ago this year, these two Jesuits of Canada and within a year three others, St. Charles Garnier, St. Noel Chabanel and St. Anthony Daniel, followed their three brethren of Auriesville, New York, Sts. Isaac Jogues, René Goupil, and John Lalande, up the bloody hill of martyrdom. This year we celebrate the Tercentenary of their martyrdom at Fort Ste. Marie, near Midland, Ontario, Canada.

(Pilgrimages from all parts of Canada, via Canadian National Railways and bus are being arranged this year. For full information, write to Rev. Thomas J. Lally S.J. Martyrs' Shrine, Fort Ste. Marie, Midland, Ontario, Can.) If you can visit Midland this

year, by all means go there. In prayer at the shrine, try to recapture the spirit of the holy place. If you cannot go, then unite your heart in prayer with these martyrs in Heaven for the courage to live heroic lives in the midst of this world's temptations, today. They first brought our Faith to these shores. From them we can learn its full value.

The Martyrs' Shrine, Fort Ste. Marie, near Midland, will play host to many Tercentenary Pilgrimages this year.





# 3 Across the Map

## Missioners Sail for Ceylon

TRAVEL EXPENSE FOR MISSIONERS is always a very large item on the Mission Procurators' books. For instance, the New Orleans Province is sending three more Jesuits to its Ceylon Mission this Summer. For each man the steamer fare will amount to \$430. Roughly, the distance is 8600 miles, so for each missionary the cost will be 5 cents a mile. These Jesuits are going to save souls and these souls will live with God for all eternity. Here is an opportunity for you to store up lasting treasures in heaven—the treasures of the saved souls and the treasure of merit for yourself. Would you buy a few miles of sea-voyage for Christ in search of souls?



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# THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

*JUNE: Japanese Neophytes.*



THE EFFECT OF THE OFFICIAL DECREE of August 11, 1884 proclaiming that there was no longer a Japanese state religion, and of Emperor Meiji's promulgation of the new constitution on February 11, 1889, granting religious liberty, fall into insignificance when one contemplates the tremendous changes in Japan effected by the surrender of the Japanese Empire on August 14, 1945. These changes touch the ruling classes of Japan as well as the common people; they are felt not only in religious circles, but also in the sphere of social activities. The defeat of the military forces and the invasion of Japan have done much to blast the centuries-old fable of the "divine destiny" of Japan. The declaration of the Emperor Hirohito denying that he was a divinity and asserting that he was merely a symbol of the unity of the Japanese people climaxed the most recent procession of changes.

Neither Shintoism with its thirteen different sects nor Buddhism with its twelve sects can satisfy the intellectuals or offer a solution to their social, economic and religious problems. Shintoism and Buddhism are not so much religions as philosophies offering moral codes for guiding one's private life. Communism with its gross materialistic doctrine will certainly never satisfy a people as idealistic as the Japanese. Catholicism alone can do it.

The Catholic religion which has grown slowly and steadily for a half century looks to a more hopeful morrow than it has witnessed in its four centuries old history in the land of the rising sun. Despite the loss of 8,000 Catholic lives—the toll of the A-bomb at Nagasaki, the Church there has

regained her pre-war level in converts to Catholicism. While the whole of Japan has not quite doubled its total population in the last half century, the Catholic Church has nearly tripled the number of her adherents and counts as prospective members of her fold some 15,000 catechumens already under instruction. The Church's influence, however, is more far-reaching than her numerical proportion to the total population of Japan.

In 1900 there were in Japan 115 foreign and 33 native priests, 93 non-priest religious men and 389 foreign and native religious women. In July 1948, according to statistics released by International Fides Service, there were in Japan 963 foreign missionary priests and 176 Japanese priests, with 165 Japanese students in Major Seminaries, and another 141 in Minor Seminaries. Of the Catholic Church's 267 religious Brothers 98 are Japanese, and of her 2,142 religious women 1,629 are likewise Japanese.

Though there have been no mass conversions till now, the number of Catholics has doubled since the end of the war. To keep a pace with its Japanese neophytes more and more priests, Sisters and Brothers are needed. Catholic schools, Catholic colleges, Catholic hospitals and Catholic cultural centers of all types are imperative if the Church wishes to consolidate these recent gains. These institutions are needed, too, to train Catholic lay apostles who will act as an elite corps to attract more and more pagans to the one true Faith. The Catholic growth of Japan depends in great measure on the solid Faith of her neophytes.

*Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.*



## "Granny"

"I ain't complainin', Father, 'bout my blindness."

CLAUDE P. BOUDREAUX S.J.

WE TEACH CATECHISM to the colored people at several homes in Crichton, Alabama. Once we found no one home. We were just about to leave when the children from next door came over to meet us and to tell us that they had a "Granny" who was old and blind. "Is that so? Well, could we see her?"

"Sure. Come on." They took us by the hand.

There, huddled near a wood stove sat Granny, a saintly soul who has seen many a hard day in her eighty-four years. When she found out that we were young men studying to be priests (or, as she calls us, "preachers"), she greeted us with enthusiasm and asked us to sit down. We did.

Granny began to tell us that she, her daughter, her granddaughter, and these two great-grand-children all lived together in this one-room shack. There are cracks in the walls, the chairs are make-shift. "At least we has a nice fire sometimes, where's some other poor folks don't have none."

"Years ago," she told us, "something fell

into my eyes while I was hangin' clothes. I paid no 'tention at first; but when it 'gan to bother me, I went to a doctor, and he tried to help me, but 'twas no use. A little later I went blind. I ain't complainin', Father, 'bout my blindness. I knows it's a gift from God, 'cuz it's brought me closer to Him."

"How so?"

"Well, you see, Father, all the family works,—I means, all 'cept the two little ones and me. The little girl is six now, and goes to school. That leaves Bubby, four, with me for the day, but he's always playin' somewheres."

"I sits here by myself, talkin' with God all day. No one else to talk to. I sits here by the stove when it's cold, and by the door when it's warm. 'Course, if the stove goes out, I sits here cold with only God to warm me. And He does it, Father. He takes good care of me. But I wants you to pray for me. I ain't askin' the Lord to take away my sufferin'; I ain't askin' to die right away, though I don't 'speck it'll be far off. But I does want you to ask Him to give me the strength to take everythin' like He wants me to." She paused, then asked, "Is you married, Father?"

Before I could answer, her daughter, who had come in during the conversation, said: "No, they's Catholic preachers, and the Catholic preachers and Sisters don't get married. They just prays and works and does good."

Granny smiled. Then she pleaded, "Ask the Sisters, too, to pray for me, please, Father. Y'all the first ones what ever come to see me. I 'preciates that, yes, 'deed I do."

"They teaches catechism 'cross the way at Miss Honey's," put in the daughter.

"Then, Father, you gotta stop here now and then, just to say hello to me, and maybe to read me a text from the Bible. I wants to talk to somebody about the Lord; I wants to pray with them. But everybody 'round here's too busy, as I said."

As we rose to leave, she said, "Father, if you can, I wish you would bring me somethin' for Christmas. Anythin', no matter what. It's not like I needs anythin', 'cuz I don't; it's just that I wants to feel that somebody's thinkin' of me on that day."

We did. We brought a scarf, which someone had given us for our missions. Her gratitude could not hold itself; she burst into tears of thanks.



Good Friday processions in the Philippines are dramatic. The float at right shows Christ under His Cross.

## Holy Week in Gapan

I'LL NEVER FORGET GAPAN, one of the little missions in northern Mindanao, Philippines. I arrived early for Mass on Holy Thursday. As I came out of my room on the way to church, imagine my surprise to see standing there as my escort "Twelve Apostles", for all the world like characters right out of daVinci's *Last Supper*.

They led me in procession to the church where the apostles had seats of honor flanking the sanctuary. After Mass they breakfasted with us, and then the pastor, having removed his shoes, and taking a basin and towel, washed his apostles' feet.

On Good Friday from twelve to three, two thousand worshippers packed the church. At the sacred hour of three, the pastor mounted the pulpit before a crucifix. As the pastor began describing the taking down of Our Lord from the Cross, the two men, representing Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, went into action, one removed the crown of thorns and showed it to the congregation; the other removed a nail from the right hand and held it aloft for all to see. When the corpus had been freed from the cross, it was lowered by means of a winding sheet to the floor, where a flower strewn coffin was waiting to receive it. That night, by the time darkness had deepened, our lighted candles showed us a slow moving line of people entering a store.

We pushed forward and found ourselves in Gapan's leading funeral parlor; dim-lit

with oil lamps. At the far end of the room a coffin contained the corpus that had been taken from the Cross that afternoon. It had been carried in procession for the veneration of the faithful. As the line passed through, each one bent over and kissed its feet.

Saturday, at five in the afternoon, there was a mammoth procession led by little school children, in flowing white robes and large angel wings strapped to their shoulders. There were bands and beautiful electrically illuminated floats.

On Easter Sunday morning just as day was breaking, two processions set out from opposite quarters of the town to meet in the plaza. One accompanied the statue of Mary which had been draped in a black veil of mourning. The other marched with the statue of the Risen Christ. Both statues met in the golden light of dawn under a massive canopy, thirty feet high. As the massed choirs of children's voices echoed with 'Regina Coeli Laetare . . .' two men with ropes lowered a five year old child in angel costume through the roof of the canopy until she hovered over the statue of the Sorrowful Mother. Slowly she removed the veil of mourning and just as slowly disappeared with it toward the heavens. Then to the church for the triumphant Easter Mass! I'll never forget it.

THOMAS H. REILLY S.J.



Rev. Wm. Klement S.J. (of Oakland, Cal.) after eleven years in China, is acting-Associate Editor of *Jesuit Missions*. The Reds hold his mission in China.



V. Rev. Father Kennally



#### HALF-WAY TREE

No small credit for the well organized parish life of Holy Cross parish, Half-Way Tree, Greater Kingston, Jamaica, goes to the former pastor, Father Charles Eberle, S.J. of Somerville, Mass. Father Eberle has been transferred to the growing mission of Mandville, Jamaica. Father Philip Kiely of Lynn, Mass. former pastor at May Pen and later assistant at Holy Cross, succeeds Father Eberle at Half-Way Tree.

## Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

### GOD SPEED THE DAY

Father Vincent Kennally S.J. has just finished a consoling round of some of his people in the Caroline Islands. "These islands had been visited by Spanish Jesuits many years before and many natives had been baptized. The last visit before the war, however, was made in 1934. During 1947 and 1948 Father Edwin McManus S.J. made three visits and found that despite their long neglect and lack of instruction, the people had the faith and wanted a priest. I visited thirteen islands and developed a "divine impatience" to go again and remain longer. I went by Navy ship, but this kind of trip does not permit more than a few hours at each place. God speed the day when we can have our own ship and remain at each at will. On Onanu in the Nomonuito Atoll our ship remained anchored off shore for the night. I went ashore in the evening. The people gathered in the well built chapel of wood and coconut palms. We had Rosary, some hymns, a few confessions of those well enough instructed, and when the people left I spread my mat on the sand floor of the chapel and spent a very comfortable night. Practically everybody was present for Mass early in the morning."

### BASILAN'S FIRST PHONES

Father Joseph Stoffel S.J. writes: "Father Fenton Fitzpatrick S.J. and I strung up the first telephone system in the city

of Basilan, Mindanao, Philippine Islands. Our school, just begun this year, first year high only, has 95 students, divided into two sections. The classroom for one section is a nipa palm shack, and that of the other section is part of the lower portion of a private residence. And these are no little distance apart. Off in still another direction 's the parish office. The phones will prevent many a good clothes soaking during the torrential tropical rains.

### A LITTLE SCRUBBER

The little begging paragraph you gave me in September has borne fruit. I'm going to Colombo next week to buy some cloth to make pants for the children.

Lately there was a rather vicious attack on our orphanages by a certain Hindu group here. They accused us of "proselytising", and complained to the Minister of Home Affairs. It came out in all the papers. So I wrote them a letter; wrote another to the Minister; and a third to the leading English paper. Then, just see! One of my Hindu lads who has been here about 7 or 8 years, of his own accord, wrote a letter in Tamil to one of the Tamil papers that had carried the item. And did that lad lay it on them! A little scrubber, too, 14 years old. Where he got his information, I don't know, but he pointed out how the Hindus won't take anybody into their little orphanage who hasn't got money. "They are not for the poor, like the Fathers are." *John W. Lange S.J.*

## BY FLASHLIGHT

"I was present recently at the administration of the Last Sacraments to a young woman who had a heart ailment that was 'swelling' her and choking her. So they thought it best to give the last rites. It was missionary all the way. Father Toga took me down. And down in its pure, literal sense: down a tremulous thread of a path that curled and twisted and tripped you up. The house: respectable enough from the outside: but crowded, clammy, cold and smoky within. Father Coffey gave Extreme Unction, a truly beautiful ceremony, not in a carnation-pink, candle-glow, sweet-music way, but in a way that abstracted from man's miserableness, destroying any illusions about Christ being 'nice' or particular about whom He loved. I held the book with my flashlight playing on it unsteadily while Father read from it and rubbed oil on her little eyes and ears and mouth and nose and hands and feet. She didn't know what it was all about; she was just a poor, suffering 'child of Eve' who was struggling with every ounce of energy to stay on in this life. I followed the young woman's coffin to its grave next morning."

*Murray Abraham S.J.*

## LARGEST SINCE CREATION

This year we went to Akulurak for a meeting of the missionaries presided over by the Bishop and the Provincial, a total of 13 Jesuits; the largest concentration of Jesuits in Alaska since the creation of the world.

Letters from Buenos Aires, Madrid or Rome come to Bethel, Alaska, in SEVEN days. Letters from Akulurak, 150 miles away, come in 29 days, and sometimes in 72 days. This goes to show the sort of mail service prevailing in the interior of Alaska in places off the beaten trail.

*Segundo Llorente S.J.*

## KODIAK, ALASKA

Five years ago, the local GRIF-FIN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL was taken over by five Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart at the urgent request of the Kodiak City authorities. Our Bishop had, of course, promised the services of a resident priest as chaplain and pastor. Thus was initiated the Catholic parish here, which had been contemplated for some years.

Until a year ago, we were renting the temporary quarters which still serve as Church and Rectory. Actual work on the new building has been delayed by reason of the terrific prices of both materials and labor, the scarcity of building materials as well as the difficulty in shipping them to Alaska.

Membership of our parish has grown steadily. The handful of Catholics who attended the first masses said here—in the theatre for some time—has grown to about 75, for whom we have the privilege of saying three masses on Sundays and holydays, because of the limited seating capacity of our little temporary Church. Plans call for turning the present quarters into a Parochial School as soon as the new building is occupied. Many non-Catholics are anxiously waiting for that day, as well as our own young families. Since opening our little church here, the pastor has never been without some adults taking instruction, with a view to becoming Catholics. Ordinary collections from our flock are hardly sufficient to cover running expenses. The Catholics at the Base have been very generous, and a princely benefactor in New York has made a building fund a reality.

The present estimated population of the city of Kodiak is 1500. Unofficial estimates of Navy Base at 2500, and Fort Greely 150.

Kodiak is the geographical gateway to the Aleutians, there-

## VOICES IN THE NIGHT

The able and versatile Father Gregory B. Sontag S.J., moves through the scattered bush missions of British Honduras in a jeep with a trailer. His newest work is a village-wide rosary. "On rainy nights when evening gatherings in the open are impossible I tell the people over the public address system, to get their dishes washed and hearts attuned to join me in this recitation of the Rosary right in their own homes. I lead the prayers from the trailer and they join me in answering. It is surprising



how far the loud speakers are heard down here in the quiet of the night. On nice nights they walk miles through jungle to see the pictures and to listen to things about God's religion.

fore of considerable strategic importance to our armed forces. The so-called "natives" are known as "Aleuts". (Alley-oots).

The Russian Orthodox Church has been here for more than 200 years. The Baptists have been on the spot for more than 50 years, and have orphanages here in Kodiak, and at Ouzinkie, a small fishing village north of here. There is a small "Church of God" in Kodiak; and weekly services are advertised for Latter Day Saints, and Christian Scientists.

For general information regarding the Catholic Church in Alaska, read such fine books as DOG-SLED APOSTLES (Sav-

age); ESKIMO PARISH (O'Connor); MUSH YOU MALEMUTES, CRADLE OF THE STORMS, etc. (Hubbard). The "Saturday Evening Post" for Feb. 15, 1947, ran a short illustrated article on KODIAK entitled "HANGOVER TOWN". The less said about this article, the better. It takes a prize for unwarranted offensiveness and bias. Author plays up all the undesirable aspects, ignores the many good points, e.g. the churches, Baptist Mission, thriving Community Center, the pride of the entire area, our small but efficient hospital conducted by the Grey Nuns. *Louis B. Fink S.J.*

Father Fink's temporary chapel at Kodiak, Alaska, will some day be a Catholic school. Across the street (right) is the Russian Ortho-

dox Church. (Below) Father John Meyer S.J., outside a hut of the type he describes in the accompanying story on this page.



Father Thomas M. Curran, S.J.

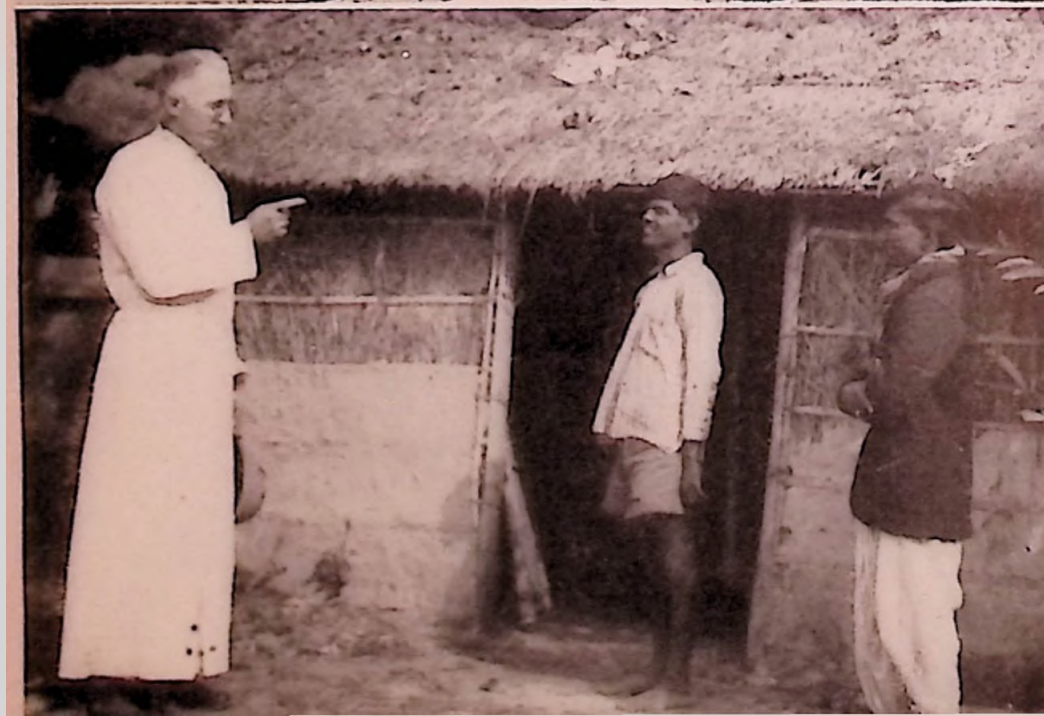
**Father Thomas M. Curran S.J.** whose story on the first mass conversion of Japanese is told on page four of this issue, had a number of personal experiences on the trip which are too good to keep hidden in a letter.

#### THE JOURNEY TO SAGA

It was raining. The train was mobbed. The Bishop looked like a little tired old priest as he sat opposite me, squirming for a comfortable position on the hard wooden benches, and lunching on tangerines. One of the catechists was a real enthusiast in philosophy, and he insisted on carrying on a conversation with me from across the aisle on the similarities he had discovered in Voltaire and St. Thomas. The choir girls, with a complete blissful ignorance

#### A VERY FEEBLE FLAME

Where in the world do I live? Well, there's a little 10 ft. by 10 ft. room at the back of the church, that served as a dining room, bedroom and office for many months. Then a rotten old tent of the Bihar Light Horse came my way, and I threw it up for a roof, making walls of grass



# The HUMAN side of a miracle

of gaping stares, took out their music scores and started to rehearse the "Adoro Te" and an "Ave Maria". And I was trying to read a life of Gerard Manley Hopkins by Eleanor Ruggles which I had just received from the States. This was the vanguard of the Mystical Body of Christ on earth who were about to inaugurate the mass conversion in Japan.

## SOLEMN HIGH MEDITATION

Monday morning I rose a little before six intending to make my meditation in the quiet of my room, but Father Itakura needed it for the preparations for the day's festivities. The Bishop was busy in the next room, the family was bustling around downstairs. I went to Takahashi-san's wife and asked for some quiet place to make my meditation.

Mrs. Takahashi sent one of her servants to guide me down the main street to the center of the town. He went into a store; came out followed by a woman carrying a package, and then we continued to some sort of public office building. The woman disappeared inside. After a few moments the fellow indicated that I should follow him, and we both stumbled into darkness. A sort of platform was set up at the end of a long low room, and on it two candles were burning. The man and woman dropped down in Japanese style to the floor, and when I recovered my composure, I joined them on the floor, said a rather distracted "Angelus" and "Morning Offering" and then dismissed my ministering acolytes to make my meditation. I don't know what they thought I meant, but it was probably the first time in quite a while that a Jesuit Scholastic has made a solemn high meditation.

## EX ORE INFANTIUM

There must be about a thousand or twelve hundred children in the village Saga. They had to be shooed out of the hall at about eight o'clock, since there just wasn't any room for them. They gathered around me. With all the kids around me I began to feel that I was being touched by the Holy Ghost with the charismata of Xavier, until one of the kids burst my bubble. They were just inordinately curious to know how I ever managed to get into that stiff, white, seamless collar without shaving my ears off!

lined with mud. This was cold in the winter, hot in summer, wet in the rains, so enabled you to live close to nature. At the end of the rains it threatened to dissolve, or at any rate lie down on the job.

Meantime I had built a house of bamboo, grass and palm trees, a 3-room affair, two rooms of which function as a school. The

other is where I sleep. The arrangement is not at all satisfactory. There is no place to meet a respectable visitor, so I can't ask people to come and see me. I have made some good contacts, but they are impossible to follow up without a house or suitable place for meeting and instruction. But it takes rupees to build.

I have started a school, pressed by the necessity of doing something for my Catholic children. It has been put under the patronage of Mother Cabrini because the need is so great, the means so small. Our equipment is shockingly meager. Two Catholic Indian women are doing heroic work as teachers, but I also am on the staff, necessarily, which cuts down my time for other parish and missionary work. Much remains undone.

## TRIPLE CHAMPIONS

St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, swept the field in sports. They won the three coveted awards of the Island; the Sun-



Father Edward J. Welch, S.J.

light Cup for Island championship in cricket; the Simpson Shield (4th successive year) for the swimming championship; the Mordecai Cup for football (soccer) championship. With all due credit to the able coaches and stellar players of St. George's, Father Edward J. Welch, S.J. of Cambridge, Mass., star athlete himself and missionary, deserves most of the credit for giving St. George's boys the added inspiration necessary to lift a good team to a championship.

# ONE MORE *Seraphim*

BERTRAM E. ERNST S.J.



People, aged and young, have learned to come to the missionary for help.

“SIVANANDAN IS VERY SICK and wants you to come.”

I had learned the hard way not to rush off at every call to administer to the sick. The priest is always ready to go anywhere at any time to fortify the dying, but he has the duty too when there are so many different calls on his time to inquire if it is really a sick call. Travel is hard and tiring and too often I had found my dusty trip to be a wild goose chase. As when I had traveled half a day by train, lorry, bicycle and foot to baptize a man dying of small-pox at the tearful request of his father, only to find on arrival that the man had left on foot that morning for his home in another village. So Father gets wiser as he gets older and makes inquiries. I sent medicine back with the messenger however. I asked a catechist passing through the village to visit the man, and word came to me several days later that I should come.

It was a blazing hot day, but fortunately

I now have a jeep and I had the petrol too, so we were soon ready for the road, which was covered with dust deep enough to bury the tires and conceal terrible ruts beneath. It was a road which only a jeep could maneuver. One bridge was so bad that even the jeep could not go over until we had thrown in earth to build up the approach. Then, just outside his village we had a flat tire. Some sharp object lying in the deep dust, probably a bullock's shoe, worn to a knife edge, or a nail from the same had done the work. The boys said they would fix the tire and I continued along on foot.

By some mistake I did not recognize the village. It was nearly noon and the sun's rays were scorching. Hindus looked at me in surprise to see anyone out at such an hour. After walking an hour I realized that I was lost and inquired. I was invited to rest, while they brought cold water. After resting a few minutes feeling as foolish as I felt warm, I started to tramp back to the right village.

Sivanandan was indeed in a serious condition. High fever had made him delirious at times. We baptized him and later his mind seemed to clear up a bit. He was delighted as a child at our coming and at his Baptism.

In the meantime relatives brought more water and I overheard Sivanandan, now Seraphim, direct his wife to get a few annas from their slender store. Ill as he was he could not forget the duties of hospitality; he must offer his guest some tea or sherbet, and for either of these sugar was necessary. Somebody brought sugar in a dirty looking cloth. The work of making a sugar and water drink was on. To insure that the sugar carried no dirt into the beverage one man volunteered his "Gamcha"—a sort of towel that the Indian uses for various purposes, to wrap around him when he takes a bath, on other occasions to make a turban for his head, etc. I tried not to imagine all the uses it might have been put to, while they carefully strained the sugar dissolved in water through it, and as carefully wrung the cloth into the drink to insure that no precious sugar be wasted. I was thirsty, but thirst hardly made the concoction palatable. However, I could not disappoint my friends.

Sivanandan seemed to be suffering from a case of neglected malaria and a few days later I heard that he was on the way to recovery. It was several weeks before I passed through his village. As I approached his hut, I was very much surprised to hear the wailings of women. I recognized the sign. After the death of a member of a family the bereaved female relatives greet visiting friends with great weeping and wailing. Someone had told his wife that I was approaching. I learned that Seraphim had died almost two weeks before. Better for a few days, the fever came back on him, and he died, but died happy as a child of God. Now his wife and daughter and small son wish also to join him in the fold of Christ.

They would be in the Church Militant from which the father has gone on, I firmly believe, to the Church Triumphant. They need more instruction and the children need a Christian school. That is the main problem with hundreds here today. They want to become Christians, but until they can be taught the doctrine, and their duties and obligations, Baptism is not the best policy.

Seraphim was fortunate, shall we say, or was he chosen. Yet his is not a unique case. That same week in another village in this



Father Bertram E. Ernst S.J. sees in a Santal child of the field a bright day for the Church in India.



Father Ernst's motorcycle does yeoman service for him and his people along the trails of India.

mission a young woman and her child went almost the same way, I believe, to join Seraphim and the others chosen by God. Her husband too, is now under instruction.

### ETERNAL MEMORIAL

It is normal, good, human to desire to be remembered after death. All of us want some memorial, especially in the hearts of those who love us. If we could build a memorial that would last forever, we would do it. Well, we can. A remembrance of the Missions in our Will is an eternal monument in the hearts of friends we help to save. Our legal title is, JESUIT MISSION PRESS INC., 962 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



# The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

Four centuries ago this very month, Xavier was on his way to Japan. Over the same sea lane, pilgrims are traveling to Nagasaki to celebrate the fourth centenary of his arrival in Japan. Their diary will be quite different from Xavier's, describing as his does the small schooner tossed by the typhoons of the China Sea, the treachery of pirates, the discouragement of the crew. It reads like an excerpt from the writings of Paul, his great predecessor.

This is an important year for the 181 Jesuits in Japan intent upon the work begun by Xavier. The majority of these Jesuits are from European countries and, thus, once they reached Japan they were financially cut off from all at home. They must look to others for help.

By your spirit of prayer and of sacrifice you can answer their appeals. If they have this two-fold aid many of their plans for the mission of Japan will be realized. One plan is the completion of the St. Ignatius Church in Tokyo. Your sacrifice will merit a place in the Holy Sacrifices of the Jesuits in Japan. United to their prayers, Jesuits the world over will beg Xavier to secure for you a reward worthy of your sacrifice.

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

## St. Ignatius Church—Tokyo:

It is a tribute to the Jesuits of Japan that their first major project after the war was the construction of a large Church in Tokyo. Despite the surrounding shambles of war, high prices, Government regulations, the Church was begun. You saw pictures of its construction in the April issue. Soon, the entire edifice will be completed. To furnish the Church has been a terrific expense. A list of appurtenances follows:

Ciborium . . . . .	\$120.00
4 Altar Missals . . . . .	40.00 ea.
Processional Cross . . . . .	35.00
Candlesticks . . . . .	30.00 per pr.
Vestments . . . . .	30.00 per set
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Censer and Boat . . . . .	15.00
Clock for Sacristy . . . . .	15.00
Sacristy Oil Stocks . . . . .	12.50
4 Requiem Missals . . . . .	10.00 ea.
Flower Vases . . . . .	10.00 pr.
Host Box . . . . .	5.00

## Mass Wine:

A cruet of wine is certainly not very expensive but, day after day, when you have many priests in many places offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and you must provide wine for each Mass then you have

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a problem such as Father Kennally's. In addition to the actual price, Father has the added expense of providing special packing, shipping and custom charges so that the wine will reach the tiny islands of the Carolines and Marshalls.

Father is trying to pay a rather expensive wine bill, in fact, it is for practically a year's supply. Could you help him by sending \$100? This will mean a place for you in the Masses offered by the Jesuit missionaries in the Caroline and Marshall Islands.

**Catechetical Charts:**

Several Catholic publishers have excellent catechetical charts depicting the Life of Our Lord, the Mass, the Sacraments, the Lives of the Saints. Such charts are needed by Father Murphy in Yoro, Father McManus at Korrer, Father Koller in the Philippines and Father Doyle at St. Stephen's Indian mission. For every \$5.00 received, we will do our best to strike a bargain with the publishers and send as many charts as possible to our missionaries.

**Alaskan Missions:**

Father Fink of St. Mary's Church in Kodiak, Alaska, like all missionaries, has a limitless list of needs. Perhaps you can help him with a few such as \$20.00 for a new alb, \$15.00 for a small Missal for his Mass kit, \$5.00 so that he can buy a few small linens for his Altar—finger towels, amices, purificators, etc.

Did you ever hear of McGrath, Alaska? It is a town miles away from nowhere in which Father Llorente has a small mission Chapel. For this Chapel, Father wants an Altar Missal with a stand—\$40.00, and also a censer and boat which he can use for Benediction and other ceremonies. A suitable set can be obtained for \$15.00.

**Early Christmas Shopping:**

To insure delivery by Christmas we should place the order for the following request immediately as the shipment must travel 11,000 miles to its destination—St. Roque's Church at Catarman on the island of Camiguin, Philippines. Father Bittner is the pastor and he begs a set of statues for a Christmas crib. For \$80.00 we can secure a very devotional set, including the Child Jesus, the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, the Shepherds, the Wise Men and a few sheep.

You may not be able to pay for the entire set but perhaps you can donate \$5.00 or \$10.00 for one or more of the figures.



In this issue of Jesuit Missions you have seen many pictures of Ceylon. Below is a list of vital needs of the missioners. Small gifts help greatly.

Support for Missioner	\$2.00 a day
Salary of Catechist	7.50 a month
Educate a Seminarian	1.00 a day
Small Mission Chapel	500.00
Typewriters	75.00 each
Copes for Benediction	50.00 each

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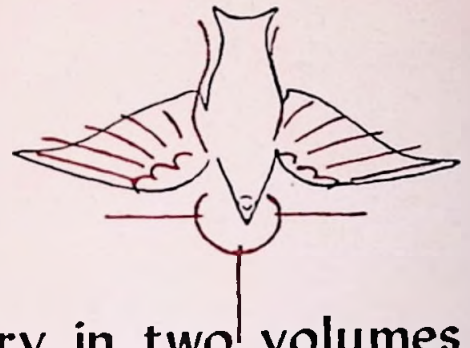


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