

JESUIT MISSIONS

JULY - AUGUST 1949



THE REDS ARE COMING





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JESUIT MISSIONS

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NOTICE

The Business Office of Jesuit Missions is at 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Editorial Offices are at 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y. You can be more sure of prompt attention to your letters if they are directed to these addresses.

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THE RIGHT ARM OF XAVIER (left) was brought to New York on its way to Japan for the 400th anniversary of St. Francis' arrival in Japan. Bishop Lopez (right) of Tuy, Spain, holds Xavier's crucifix. Bishop McDonnell (center), National Director of the Propagation of the Faith, holds the relic. Father Tynan S.J. (left) is Rector of St. Francis Xavier's, New York, where the relic was venerated by throngs for "the day Xavier spent in New York." (Photo by Klement)

COVER—Father William D. Ryan S.J., of Santa Barbara, Calif., remains at his post in Yangchow, China, behind the Red lines. At least one missionary has been selected to remain as long as he is permitted at every Jesuit mission station in the Communist controlled areas of China.



Father William J. Klement S.J., of San Francisco, was named pastor and vicar of the Jesuit mission parish of Yangchow,

China, after his release from internment in Shanghai at the end of the war. He had hoped to remain there in spite of the Red invasion, but Superiors wanted him to return temporarily to America after eleven straight years of difficult times in China. In the midst of a retreat in California he received word to come to JESUIT MISSIONS where he jumped at once into the work of production director and photographer.



Father Joseph P. Connell S.J., of Stoughton, Mass., is a Boston College ('29) Jesuit who has been a dozen years in

Baghdad, and now is dean of Baghdad College. He was one of the very first of that unique and invaluable Jesuit institution known as "teaching scholastics" to go to Baghdad. As dean he now has the chance to apply the infallible rule of success for any Jesuit school—Be good to the scholastics; they give your school its spirit. No one deserves more credit for unflinching cooperation and accurate information.



Father Dowd of Rochester, N. Y., now in Red China where such schools are not wanted by the Reds.

THE REDS *are coming*

THE COMMIES ARE COMING! So was winter. Experience got us busy laying in a supply of straw to burn in the kitchen stove, patching up our padded clothes, the usual winter routine. But getting ready for the Reds? What preparations did that call for?

These last years, a hundred missions had been swallowed in the Red advance. For most, the encirclement had been sudden, too sudden. But we had a few months to plan; and too, we had the precedent of what we had seen or heard of those fateless hundred. We had a guide too. Our venerable Bishop, veteran of a lifetime facing China problems, foresaw the coming of the wolves. And good pastor, he sent out his directive to the shepherds of his flock. This was not the first time the Church faced such a catastrophe. Augustine, Athanasius, and a hundred other giants of the Church had faced the same problem, and history records for us their procedure. Where practical, all pastors were to remain with their flock. If danger were imminent, the needs of the Christians and the possibility of

carrying on the work were to counsel flight or facing the music.

If some were to flee and some remain; the trying question for the poor superior was, who? He called a consultation of local superiors to mull over the question. In preparation for this meeting I had a talk with each of the Fathers of our Yangchow Mission. Whom did each think best to remain? Once again I felt the tingling thrill of association with these front line heroes of Christ on the missions. Long before, each had volunteered to come to this post. Now, not only did each one volunteer to remain, but seemed to be scheming even to do so. Each one without exception went through the list of Fathers, and very seriously gave reasons why it would be better for this or that one to leave. This one could do valuable work elsewhere, that one was more precious to the future of the mission and should therefore be spared dangers, and so on; but each contrived in his reasons that he himself should

WILLIAM J. KLEMENT S.J.

remain. Quite ironically, I who thought I should surely remain was sent home for a long postponed furlough, and all the rest remained.

The Reds came. I knew the spirit in which the Fathers remained. It has since been confirmed in the letters that filtered through from them during the first month under Hammer and Sickle rule. Then down came the Iron Curtain. No word for two months, and then a letter or two came through. What's going on there? And how are they taking it? Here are a few tidbits of letters from them.

"... on the Feast of St. Paul's Conversion I arose and found that dear old Yangchow flashed Red over night."

"During this week I was wondering how things were faring at my beloved . . . I went to see the police to get a pass to go out there. I might come after dinner. I did. 'Come an hour later.' Went. 'Come eight days from now.' 'Aiya!' But at the same time I got the nod to go without a pass. So off I go pedalling next morning. I found the residence and church in grand form. The old doggie greeted me with a wag and bark of glee. At first, with official approval, I determined to open my large school across the stream. But I caught on in time. The Commie mayor was still enough Chinese not to say no. But, it became too clear that they did not want me to open it. Rather they wanted the plant themselves for their school. In such circumstances you can understand who had his way."

"The first week the Nationalists sent over a couple of planes to bomb the bridge. The explosion gave us a real scare. I was in retreat and found myself meditating with greater fervor than ordinary."

"The people stop us on the street and ask why we haven't gone like all the rest. Ones who never gave us a tumble before are giving us the kowtow every day now. We should get some converts out of this even if it costs us some few tears, sweat, and maybe blood."

"Fervor and zeal seems to have increased under the stress of present circumstances, among the catechumens of the school. They are all so aware of the insecurity and implications for the body that they are seeing the necessity of complete connection with Him. Mary's help and protection are so evident at times that I find it hard to suppress

my tears. My little group of eleven is perhaps the greatest joy and consolation of all my work for souls in the Middle Kingdom. Li Chai and Tien Kung are determined to be priests as soon as we'll send them. (They're converts of only a few months.) Two other kids are preparing their little hearts for the same, and I feel sure that the day will come. Father Will's Latin class has five steady followers. Catechism class for the neighboring kids is booming. I send my boys over to teach and to study too, under the tutelage of Mr. Tai who is Number One as catechist. He gave a talk on prayer last week I shall not soon forget and the boys will not either. They think more of him than I do, if that is possible. Now he is going around to the families of my boys. This should produce some fine fruit, God willing."

The attendance at schools has dropped 75 percent. Half the former pupils have fled with their families. And of the remaining the greater part are conscripted by the new masters to attend their propaganda school for its six months indoctrination course.

"Your little school for the poor street ragamuffins is still going strong. I have four boys teaching catechism there twice a week. It has taken a sudden popular turn, so I've got to cut the lineup for a while. There is a limit to the rice bin. It might get the

Catholic Boy Scouts before their parish Church in Yangchow, China. The survival of the Faith in this area of China depends in great part on the loyalty of such lads. The Reds are now in control.



always put on it you, as the poor are not supposed to exist anywhere here; but One Who knows better has said: 'You will always have them with you.'

Now after two months of silence we have letters from them again. All goes well as you can see from these excerpts:

"There has been no interference with church services (though in the stations to the north the Fathers did not have the usual Holy Week ceremonies.) The soldiers visit us frequently, but it is only out of curiosity to see our big noses and our rooms.

"We have had to drop the three years of senior high school, and have only the lower three years. It is much easier to have some direction in this way.

"In the little dispensary in the center of the town, Mass is said every day, and yesterday, Sunday, there were not enough seats. Soldiers visiting the other day told the people that the Catholic superstition was finished—but not yet!

"Father Z divides his time between here and his bush parish . . . The Chinese Virgins on one occasion finished chanting the Stations of the Cross under the benches when bombs were dropped there . . . A few days ago a meeting was held in the church there. The speeches of the officials would offend pious ears. This superstition will soon be finished; the statues will be thrown in the sewer. But later there were apologies to the Father. All the primary schools are going, with fewer students of course, and only part time. But look at the difficulties we can be expecting. The sixth graders of the primary school demanded a meeting which they now have a right to do at will and insisted upon several changes of teachers. The third and fourth graders demanded the same."

And now their latest letter telling us about their Holy Week.

"After hearing from the Fathers in the north of the mission that they wouldn't be having any Holy Week services, it was all the more consoling that we were able here to go on with little difficulty, the faithful responding magnanimously. Holy Thursday

from four to five in the afternoon, Father Lou concluded the Holy Hour. After evening prayers (giving the late comers time to get there as no bell can be rung now) he preached on saying the Rosary at the Sepulchre, then led the Rosary with fervoros for each mystery. Good Friday afternoon Father led the Stations with a sermonette at each Station. Holy Saturday we had eight baptisms; two young men, two small boys, two baby girls and two women. Easter Sunday Solemn High, Father Tony stirring the hearts with a fine sermon. Moved one 'knee-higher' so deeply that when he asked the rhetorical question: 'Is the Catholic doctrine good?' the wee voice piped up: 'Good'. Standing room only at Mass, perhaps four hundred in all."

How lightly they are taking their trials. "Everybody has been looking on us as heroes."

"I have never heard so many nice things about myself. S'funny nobody ever noticed it before. But really, all joking aside, it's grand to be in for so many prayers and to have so many Masses said for our intentions. For myself I can actually FEEL the results. I shouldn't say for 'myself', because it is so apparent in all of us here. There is an excellent spirit of charity and cooperation, and we laugh our way along as though nothing was happening. The funny feeling in the bottom of my stomach has subsided to no small extent and one finds oneself going along as usual."

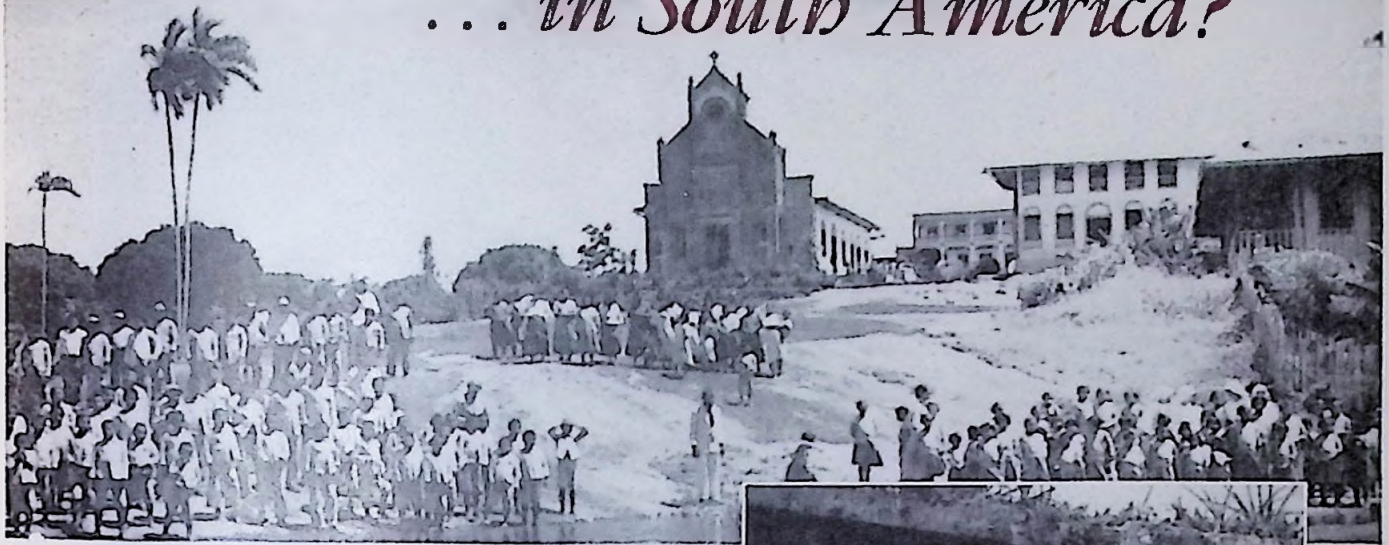
"We have certainly some special prayers storming heaven for us. The men are fine and in fine spirits. We know in Whom we have trusted, and we know that grace is abounding for us in all contingencies. God as usual has His plan for here; and if the Apostles were fooled in their divining His plan for them, who can blame poor us if we feel a

bit mystified at times at the working out of His plan for China."

Or as another puts it: "I wouldn't want to miss this for anything in the world. His grace is sufficient for us; and it is grand to FEEL in need of it."



NO JESUIT MISSIONS ... *in South America?*



(Above) Modern mission deep in Brazil, served by Jesuit missionaries who travel the rivers by boat.

ARE THERE NO AMERICAN JESUITS in South America? How would you answer the question? Does it not seem strange that there should be no American Jesuits in Latin America, a continent that cries for 40,000 priests?

Actually there are more than 2,200 Jesuits in South America; but most of them are South Americans, not missionaries from the United States.

Twenty-five years ago there were only 778 Jesuits in South America, most of them missionaries from European countries. One by one the territories entrusted to the Jesuits from Italy, Germany, Portugal and Spain passed to Jesuits from the South American countries.

Today, exclusive of purely missionary work, there are ninety Jesuit houses in the countries of South America. These houses vary from the tiny "casa cural" that serves several rural centers to Colleges with a staff of forty or fifty Jesuits and almost as many non-Jesuit instructors. There are Minor and Major Seminaries for the formation of a zealous diocesan clergy and Jesuit houses of study—novitiates, philosophates and theologates—for the training of South American Jesuits. Of the four Jesuit Provinces and five Jesuit Vice-Provinces all have shown an annual numerical increase in membership



(Above) The ruins of San Ignacio Mission, one of the famous Paraguay Reductions in South America.

except Chile which was recently separated from the Argentine Province.

So much for higher education and city parishes—but what of the vast rural areas? What of the Indians that dwell in the forests and the unexplored wooded ranges of the mountains? How about the Negroes; are there Jesuits following in the footsteps of St. Peter Claver, the Apostle of the slaves? The name of Anchieta is almost legendary; does he have modern successors? And what of Father Antonio Vieira and the Blessed Martyrs of the Paraguay Reductions; have they no successors in their work among the South American Indians?



Along the Magdalena River in Colombia, S. A., a Jesuit mission church, and a Colombian Jesuit missionary with his people.



Twelve Jesuit priests and eight Brothers serve fifty-two stations scattered over 2,750 square miles of malarial swampland.

There are 127 of them. The mission of British Guiana is still a mission served by the English Jesuits under His Lordship, Bishop George Weld S.J. Of the 35 Jesuits assigned to British Guiana about one-half of them are engaged in parochial and educational work in Georgetown and the Barbados where half the people of British Guiana dwell. The others work among the Indians of the jungle area, some of them covering savannahs 170 miles in length. Mr. J. R. Singh, a correspondent of the *Catholic Herald* (London), writing of the 10,000 Indians of British Guiana, stated recently that, but for the Jesuit missions, the aboriginals might have become "an extinct race through starvation and disease." He added that "conditions among the Makushis and more enlightened Wapishanas of the interior savannahs are better, owing to the influence of the Catholic Church there. Almost every Indian in this district has had some kind of schooling and owns at least one head of cattle, some hogs and a few chickens."

What the English Jesuits are doing in British Guiana the Colombian Jesuits are doing among the poor whites, old St. Peter Claver negroes and "mixed" population of the Magdalena River Mission. From their headquarters at Barranca Bermeja 12 Colombian priests and 8 Colombian Brothers serve fifty-two stations scattered over 2,750

square miles of malarial swampland. Annually they harvest 1,000 newly converted or reclaimed lapsed Catholics for the Church. Their latest undertaking is the Apostolic School of the Sacred Heart at Piedecuesta established precisely to foster priestly vocations from the youth of the Magdalena Mission.

In 1916 Spanish Jesuits of the Andalusian Province began the work of reclaiming souls in the provinces of Manabi and Esmeraldas in Ecuador. In these two provinces dwelt neglected creoles, 300,000 of them described as cholos, mestizos, mullatoes, zambos and negroes and another 4,000 Cayapa and Inter-Andean Indians. Today the province of Manabi is a mission of the Jesuit Vice-Province of Ecuador and the work that had been thwarted by the "liberal" policies of the anti-clericals of a former generation is being taken up again by Ecuadoran Jesuits. Ignorance and indifference in religious matters is being dissipated by patient instruction, and the social program of the Catholic Church is giving a neglected people an appreciation of the truths of the Faith.

Further down the western coast of South America we come to the Mission of San Javier of Marañon. This is but a small corner of the seventeenth century mission of the Jesuits of the Maynas. Today Peruvian Jesuits here serve 76,000 souls distributed

over an area of 12,600 square miles of territory in the Departamentos of Cajamarca and Amazonas. Since 1945 the annual yield of converts has been over five hundred souls.

Travelling across South America from the "Green Hell" of Peru, as the Marañon Mission is called, to the "Green Hell" of Brazil, as the jungle forests of Mato Grosso are known, we come to the Diamantino Mission of the Brazilian Jesuits. For almost twenty years now Brazilian Jesuits have been serving the Nhambiquares of the north, the Apiacas of the northwest, and the Pareci and Iranche Indians of the headwaters of the Rio Juruena. The Cajabis inhabiting the north central river valleys and the Tampanhumas and Baicaris of the south are also visited by the missionaries from Diamantino. Other tribes along the Rio Culuene and Xingu on the eastern borders of the mission have not yet been evangelized. In this whole mission only a little over 3,000 civilized people dwell, the remainder are Indian tribes whose population have never been counted.

Jesuits from the Argentine Province still labor where the Paraguay Reductions once flourished. Some of the ancient missions have become cities while others are little more than landmarks. From the "casa parroquial" at San Ignacio and at San Estanislao—both names are hallmarks of pioneer days—half a dozen Jesuits visit 15 substations where the descendents of the Paraguay Reductions still dwell.

Of more spectacular interest is the work done by Father Karl Leonhardt S.J. with the "Cristo Rey," his sea-going chapel, that until two years ago visited the farmers of the rich Parana Delta. Though 80 years of age, he still makes 100 or more visits an-

nually to visit his 22,000 parishioners, tillers of the delta lands. In fifteen years Father Leonhardt has established 40 mission chapels and churches. These he still visits by launch or train though the "Cristo Rey" has not criss-crossed the streams and arroyos that make up the delta in two years.

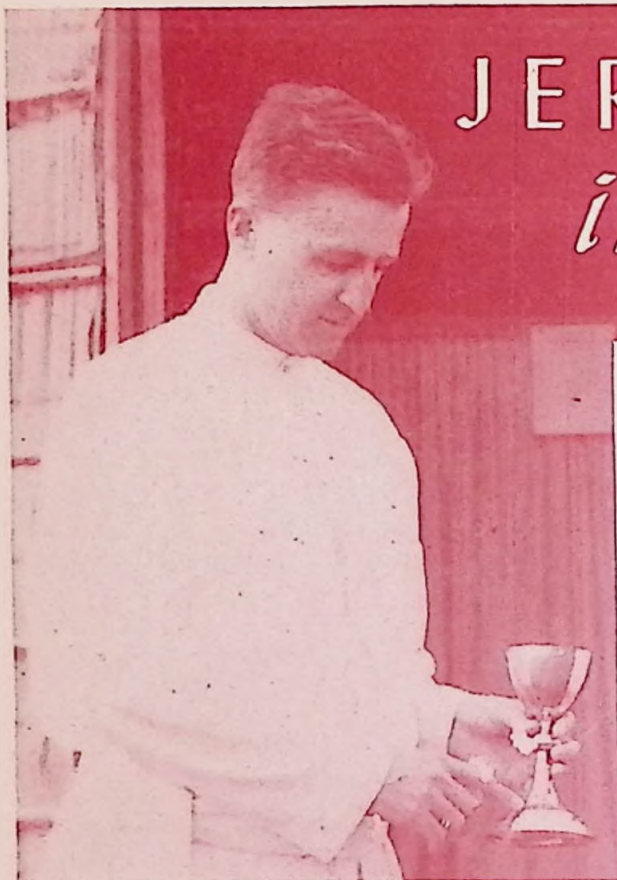
Most notable of the modern missionary work being done in Brazil is the mission to its 400,000 pagan Japanese. In 1926 a little Italian Jesuit, Father Guido del Toro, received his first Japanese convert through one of the children of his regular catechism classes. Today there are in Sao Paulo, Promissao and Marilia over 3,000 Catholics served by eight Jesuit priests and four Japanese Jesuit Brothers. Although the mission is not yet twenty-five years old it has seen an early flowering of vocations. Already there have been 24 vocations to the Jesuit Order of Brazilian Japanese who wish to work for the conversion of their own race in Sao Paulo and in Japan.

This in brief is the missionary work of the Jesuits of South America. As they increase numerically, they will extend their work. More Jesuits will labor in the colleges and parishes of the South American countries. More missionaries too will be sent into the "home" mission fields of the Magdalena, Marañon, and Parana Rivers. More will be sent to civilize the Indians of the interior of Brazil. But even now a vision is attracting the gaze of South American Jesuits. It is Japan, and China and India. It is the huge continent of Africa. As the Vice-Provinces grow into Provinces, just as the Missions have grown into Vice-Provinces, foreign fields will welcome Jesuit missionaries from our Latin American neighbors. Already they are preparing for new fields.

Father Leonhardt S.J. (below) and his Chapel boat "Cristo Rey" which for years went miles along the delta of the Parana River above Buenos Aires caring

for 22,000 souls. (right) Jesuits of Peru care for the mission of San Javier de Marañon in Peru. This is Mass in the open for natives, Christians mostly.





JERSEY

in the Jungle

Very Rev. Leo A. Cullum S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Philippine Mission holding the beautiful chalice inscribed: "In Memory of World War II dead of St. Peter's Holy Name Society, Jersey City, N. J."

VERY REV. LEO A. CULLUM S.J.

I HAD NEVER VISITED KABASALAN before because up to a few months ago it had been a mere "visita" to which Father Benigno Dagani made a perilous and fatiguing journey several times a year from Margosatubig. These expeditions were on foot, on carabao and in vinta, and they used to consume about two weeks. Finally Father Dagani was appointed to reside permanently at Kabasalan, and to set himself up with a church and convento. This was a tough assignment but Father Dagani is a tough *hombre*, who lives with Moro chiefs and penetrates mangrove swamps and jungle with the *savoir faire* of a crocodile. He is even tougher of late. Formerly he had some inconvenience on his expeditions because one of his legs used to become swollen with much walking. But in 1945 a carabao fell on him, pinning his leg against a cocoanut tree and, by some inscrutable therapeutic, Father Dagani's leg has been fine ever since!

At Zamboanga, Father Cervini arranged with Mr. Joseph Huber of the Goodyear Rubber Co. to give me passage on the Company's launch, a J-boat, fitted out with deck and superstructure. A fourteen-hour overnight run brought us to the mouth of the

Kabasalan River where it widens into the Sibuguey Bay. Two miles up the river between jungle banks, we swung into a little branch stream through which the launch maneuvered precariously.

This is the forest primeval. All that is needed is a poisoned arrow or two whizzing by one's ear and a few crocodiles flopping off logs to put one in the atmosphere of Livingstone and Stanley. If crocodiles do not flop off logs, it is not because they are not here. There are plenty of them, but the gay blades lead almost exclusively a night life.

There are other things too besides crocodiles. Recently, the employees played a joke on a fellow employee, whose job it is to open the office first thing in the morning. They got in before him and gracefully draped a 22-foot python around the office with the head near the door, its mouth propped open to horrific width. The python was dead, killed in self-defense. When the employee opened the door, he nearly put his foot into the python's mouth.

Father Dagani has other things in his parish besides crocodiles and pythons. He has the Goodyear Rubber Company's plantation, with 300,000 trees and 500 employees. There are two American families on this outpost of the rubber tire: Mr. Joseph Huber and his wife, and Mr. Komaromi and his wife. The Komaromi's have with them their delightful boys, David aged seven and Denis aged six. All are from Akron, Ohio, and are the soul of hospitality and kindness.

Last (but of course first) are the 21,000 souls that inhabit the area, more than 10,000 of whom are Catholics. The rest are Moros and Subanos. These people are not all in the "centro" of Kabasalan. Kabasalan is a "mu-

nicipality" but it is more like an American county than an American town. Some elements (barrios) of Father Dagani's parish are several days' journey away. There is no way out of Kabasalan save by water and footpath. A cobblestone road called a "National Highway" has been begun and some progress has been made, but it leads nowhere in both directions, terminating in jungle. However, at the crossroads of the Goodyear road and the "National Highway" there is a signpost as neat and complete as any similar institution on the Lincoln Highway. A monument to optimism.

Mr. Komaromi conducted Father Dagani and me through the plantation and explained all the steps of rubber production from tapping to baling. It is fascinating to follow the milking latex step by step through a process that turns it out in half a dozen hues of rubber, from beautiful white crepe to the dingy product of tree scrap, as they call the inevitable residue that sticks to the tree after the liquid is drawn off.

Father Dagani's church and convento are nipa. They are not imposing but they will do until something better can be built. At least the church suffices for the offering of the Holy Sacrifice and the house keeps off sun and rain. Sometime something better will be erected.

Shortly after my arrival in Kabasalan I said Mass. The appurtenances of the altar are not very rich. About the same level of elegance as the nipa house that shelters them. But when I removed the veil at the

Offertory I saw that the chalice was something different. That was worthy. And my eye fell on the inscription at the base. It would be hard to define the feelings with which I read the words I saw there. I was lifted out of this jungle as by a mighty hand and hurtled through miles and years, to be deposited in the scenes of my youth. The inscription read:

"IN MEMORY OF WORLD WAR II DEAD
OF ST. PETER'S HOLY NAME SOCIETY,
JERSEY CITY, N. J."

There were names beneath but I could not read them easily, for the urgency of my Mass swept me forward. St. Peter's and Jersey City! Their boys who went out to fight and die for their country now commemorated on the altar of this jungle outpost by another son of Jersey and St. Peter's.

After Mass I read the names carefully and wrote them down, boys from home whom I had met in my travels:

J. COFFEY	T. DROBNY	T. KENNEDY
T. DEMAREST	R. JOHNSON	N. MANOREK
V. HOLDEN	L. MANIKAS	J. MONTALBANO
F. MCGRAIL	W. MAHER	W. RIORDAN
V. MERRICK	J. CONNORS	J. SHERWOOD
M. CONNALLON	J. GOSHUE	

Familiar names some of them. I am sure I knew their families, their friends.

I once said in talking at St. Peter's that every truly *Catholic* community is *Missionary*. Certainly in Kabasalan, Jersey City and St. Peter's met the test.

This is the forest primeval. All that is needed is a poisoned arrow or two whizzing by one's ear and a

few crocodiles to make it Africa of Stanley and Livingstone. Crocodiles are here in all sizes.



The Goddess

DEMANDS REVENGE

DANIEL T. RICE S.J.

TRUTH IS SOMETIMES STRANGER than fiction and in India it is hard to distinguish the two. The story I am about to tell is about the young pagan boys among whom we work and live.

It was on the eve of the Pagan festival of Kali-ma Durga, the blood-thirsty, "black-mother." Three Hindu boys dropped in to see me, their prefect at Khrist Raja High School, Bettiah. The boys were quite talkative, particularly one Rajput boy. There was a little lull in the conversation when the Rajput put his finger near my face and said rather solemnly, "Look at this, Father!"

I looked. It seemed to be a healed over tip of the finger, as though the finger had been chopped off. I asked what had happened, and was told the following strange story:

"My family and relatives have always been worshipers of Kali-ma. Years ago there lived a Rajput king, Sri Madan Singh, and his court in a vast jungle on the Nepal border. One day the Raja and his hunting party came upon a small secluded grass hut in front of which sat a Rishi or holy-man. In answer to the Raja's question as to his identity, he said that he was the king of the jungle. The Raja of course was astounded because this jungle happened to be in his very own domain. Then the Rishi told the Raja that he was lord of all the beasts in the jungle and they obeyed his least bidding. In proof of this he led them to a nearby threshing floor where the amazed group saw lions and tigers yoked together treading out the grain. And when the Raja stooped to examine the grain he found it to be the fattest and most meaty he had ever seen. And the Rishi was talking



Indian artist's version of Goddess Kali-ma.

to the animals in their own language. Stupefied and struck with no little fear, the Raja demanded to know the secret of the Rishi's power over the things of nature.

"I am a devotee of Kali-ma," he confessed, "it is through her that these animals serve me and it is through her that the grain is so good". But he warned, that great calamities would come upon all those who curiously enquired into these mysteries or sought to attain them without fitting ceremony and sacrifice.

"The Raja, however, moved by greed and lust for the power he had seen displayed, was in no way deterred by these warnings and demanded the secret. As the Raja's insistence grew in violence the Rishi in fear called out in a loud but tremulous voice: 'Kali-ma come to me.' With this he nearly fainted from fright. Now Kali-ma dwelt in the great temple dedicated to her worship in Calcutta.

"Hearing the earnest but distraught prayer of her servant the goddess left her temple and came in wrathful haste. In a whirlwind of rage, amid fire and smoke, the head of the Rishi split wide open and before the stunned Raja's bulging eyes, one arm of the goddess jutted out from the cavity. Paralyzed with fear, the bewildered Raja had no time to think before the whole jungle amid the rumblings of thunder, shook and quaked, the earth cracked, and great pits opening swallowed the whole dreadful scene out of sight. The Raja and Rishi were no more. Kali-ma had taken her revenge—but not completely."

"But what has this got to do with the awful looking gash on your finger tip?"

"I am getting to that now, Father, let me finish," he replied, taking up the story again. "Not only was the Raja destroyed, but the nearby palace and all the royal court succumbed to the wrath of the goddess. However, one of the royal family had gone some distance with her young son. When she heard of the destruction and curse that had befallen her family, struck with fear, she immediately made a vow promising a life-time of reparation if she and her son were spared. The goddess

heard her prayer and after twelve long years of penance Kali-ma showed her pleasure by giving her the power her foolish brother had sought. At that time too, the deity revealed that the curse would continue on down through the generations; and therefore the male offspring after having their heads shaved on their twelfth birthday were to be especially dedicated to her service with the offering of he-goats' blood. As if this were not enough she further said that her curse would carry on until there were twenty-one living males at which time they and their families would be destroyed leaving only one surviving male."

I shuddered and asked, "And how many living males are there today?"

"Eighteen," he answered laconically.

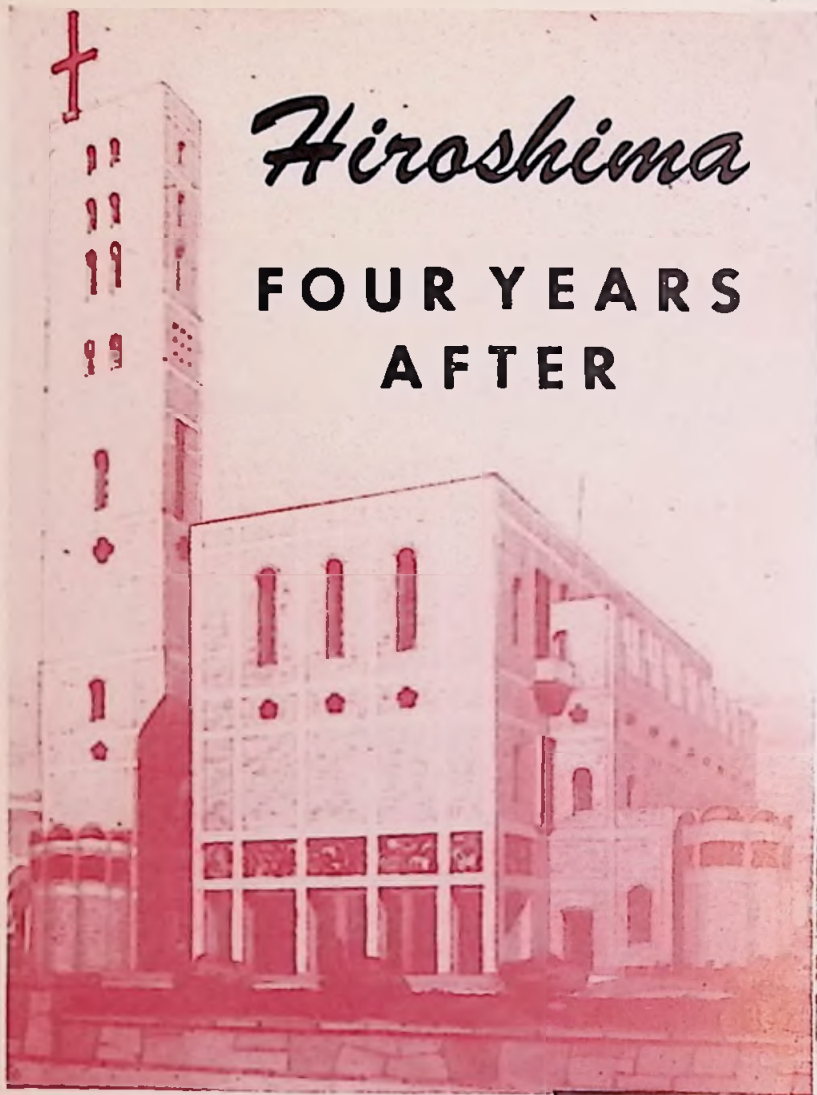
"You see, Father, these two weeks of Kali worship mean very much to me and my family. During this time in accordance with age-old tradition I prostrate myself before the image of Kali and again renew the pledge made by my ancestors to spend my life in reparation for the sacrilege of the Raja. At the time of this offering the goddess demands a blood sacrifice—she demands blood, human blood. I, being the priest of the idol, offer myself. In some mysterious way the goddess, accepting my sacrifice, drains off the life blood from my veins and growing weak I slip into a coma. After several hours of ecstasy when I regain my senses, I kill a he-goat. After making an offering, this time of the blood of the goat to Kali, I drink two earthen jars of it to regain the blood the goddess has taken from my body." By this time my head was spinning. The boy lapsed into a thoughtful silence. "I don't believe it!" was my only remark.

"Well, Father, I must go through all this ceremony next week during the puja holidays!" he said. "It was during such a ceremony that I cut off my finger tip and offered it to Kali. If she asked, I would gladly cut off my arm."

This is one of the Hindu boys studying here in our mission school. You have heard his story. I can verify no part of his story. However, I did notice when he returned to school after vacation that he appeared very thin and tired and acted rather strange, especially in the slowness and incoherence of his speech.

Father Daniel T. Rice S.J., of Chicago, Ill.





Hiroshima

FOUR YEARS AFTER



(Above) Father Lassalle S.J., Pastor at Hiroshima, and director of the Shrine. He was standing outside the church when the bomb fell. Somehow he managed to escape with only lacerations. (Below) Actual scene of the Jesuit mission church in Hiroshima after the atom bomb, August 6, 1945.



(Above) Architect's drawing of Memorial Shrine Church to be raised on the scene in memory of the war's dead and for peace.

JOSEPH F. MacFARLANE S.J.

BY AUGUST OF THIS YEAR four years will have passed since Japan was rocked by the atom bombs which fell on Nagasaki and Hiroshima. To the amazement of the world, the 80,000,000 Japanese people accepted defeat, surrender, occupation by foreign troops and abolition of the "divine cult" of their emperor without one single notable incident of disorder.

To the great joy of the mission world, the Japanese people are proving just as amazing in their intense interest in Christianity. St. Francis Xavier called these people "my delight." He seemed to prefer them to all the other people he met in Asia.

There is today great hope for our missions in Japan. In four years since the war, 459 new missionaries have gone to various parts of that nation. One hundred and thir-

teen of them are Canadians and 101 are Americans; the rest are divided among twenty-two different nationalities. The total mission personnel in Japan is now over 963 priests and brothers, and more than 2,290 sisters.

Though there are only about 122,000 Catholics in all of Japan, the growth in the last four years has been phenomenal. Last year alone, 6,845 *adults* were baptized, 15,278 prospective converts were under instructions, and 38,108 students, mostly non-Christian, went to our schools. To show how deeply the Faith has taken root in Japan, already one-fourth of all the priests and brothers and three-fourths of all the sisters in Japan are Japanese.

Father Cieslik S.J., of Hiroshima, tells of a Buddhist priest of Hiroshima who sent

out the following appeal to the people of the city:

"In order to pray for the salvation of the 200,000 victims of the atom bomb of Hiroshima, and at the same time for the perpetual peace of the world, that there may be no more Hiroshimas in future, a bell, to be called "the eight o'clock bell," will be made and put up in the tower of the Tamon-in temple in Hiroshima. It will be rung every morning at 8 o'clock with the invocation of the names of those deceased, in order to pray for the salvation of their souls and at the same time to indicate to the citizens of Hiroshima every day the time of the prayer for peace."

The daughter of this Buddhist priest has already been baptized as a Catholic with the consent of her father, and will enter the Trappist order this year.

A letter from a student-worker to a missionary in Okayama, sent by Father Miller S.J., of Pittsburgh, now in Japan, gives another insight into the thoughts of Japanese people today.

"Reverend Father,

Pardon a stranger for taking the liberty to write you these few lines. I am encouraged to do so after listening to your talk on "Knowing and loving God," at the cloth mill in our town.

Father, perhaps you may not remember, but on that occasion an enthusiastic member of the Communist cell in the mill put a number of pointed questions, and I too asked three or four questions. We got them answered.

I am of Buddhist stock. In the spring of 1946 my parents returned to Japan from Formosa where I had been attending a higher school for girls. I counted on finishing the course in Japan, but our straightened circumstances put further schooling out of the question. I was working in a factory when I first met you.

Being cut off from the ordinary channels of knowledge made me utilize every free minute to widen my horizon and learn as much as I could, particularly about the fundamental questions of life. Before



Buddhist goddess of pity.

I knew it, I was searching for something real, something true, and I felt there must be some answer to my craving.

Some time back I joined a "workers' school" at our factory, in which radical socialism was taught. After your lecture I was still far from realizing how indispensable religion is to life, but at least I saw that I could not simply and indiscriminately accept all they taught at the workers' school. However, I went on attending and got my certificate last April.

My only wish now was to enter a High School, even though doing so would mean near starvation. I was admitted to the dormitory of the Tokyo Women's College, not yet as a regular student, but as an unpaid worker-student with the hope eventually of entering High School, and in due time, College. I cannot tell you how happy I am that I was admitted into this *milieu* where the search for truth is pursued with so much zeal and enthusiasm. Now, having striven to have God in my heart, life without God has become utterly meaningless to me.

I am kept busy working from morning to night. Real study is out of the question and I am happy if I can snatch a few minutes here and there to do some reading. But I want to grow. I want to meet God in the surrounding world, for I feel He is there. I am groping. I need guidance. The seed that has been sunk in my heart, the desire to please Jesus, needs tending, or it might wither and die. I want to be told how to become more and more a true child of God.

Father, will you tell me how I can live with Christ, how I can become a true follower of Christ?

Yours sincerely"

God's ways are strange. One door never closes but another opens. Today the door is closing on our missions in China; another is opening in Japan. Let us make sure that what has happened in China will never happen in Japan. Remember, Japan is not Christian. There are 80,000,000 people in Japan proper. Only 122,000 of them are Catholics. There is great hope, but we are beginning.

Saga . . . FIRST CATHOLIC



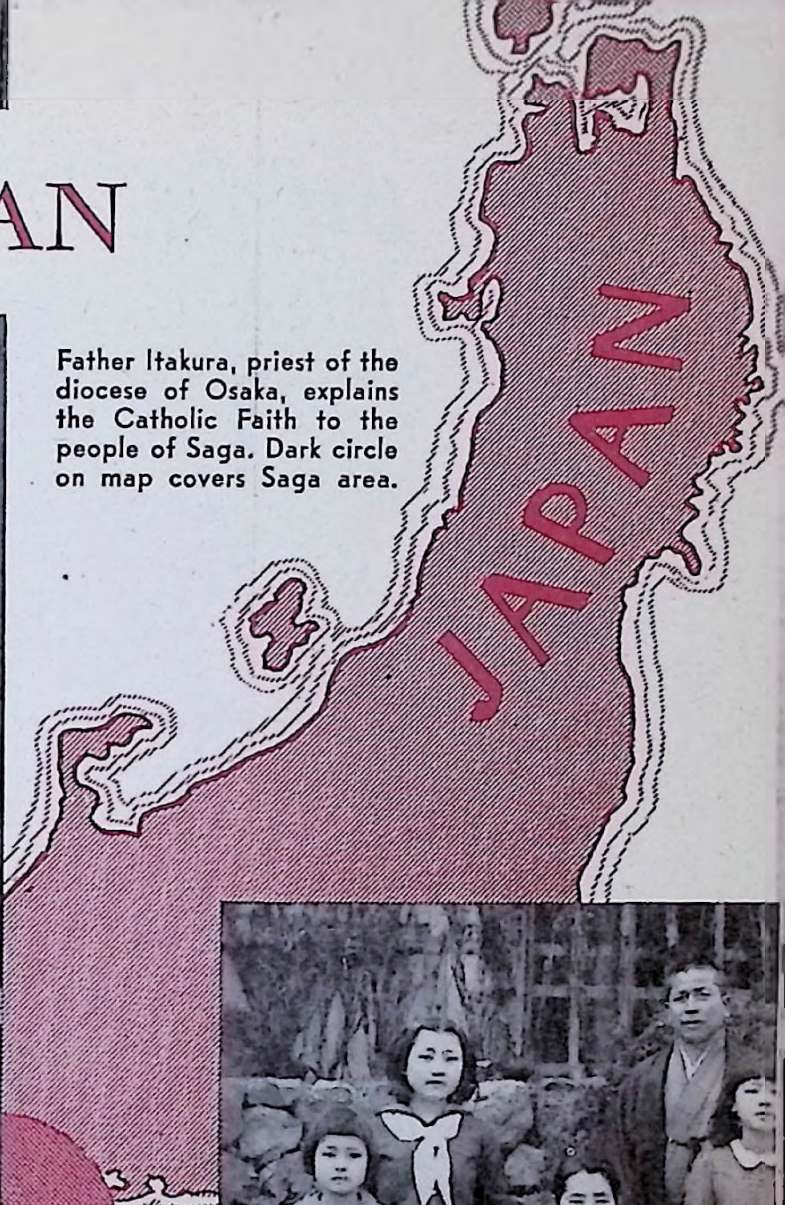
The town of Saga.
(Below) Bishop Taguchi gives first exhortation in Saga.



LIC CITY IN JAPAN



Father Itakura, priest of the diocese of Osaka, explains the Catholic Faith to the people of Saga. Dark circle on map covers Saga area.



All these photos by Jap newsphotographers of Osaka newspaper show the actual historical occasion in Saga, Japan, where all 3,000 people are under instructions to become Catholics on August 15, 1949. Below, Mr. Takahashi, ex-mayor, formally requests instructions from the Bishop. (right) Mr. Takahashi, seated, and the committee which chose Catholicism. (above) The family of the ex-mayor. His wife, seated, was once Christian.



Catholicism IN JAMAICA

Jamaica has some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. This is a typical scene along its palm-fringed shore.



About one in fourteen is Catholic. Only a handful receive a higher education.

THE PEOPLE OF JAMAICA ARE RELIGIOUS. Everywhere you go on the Island you meet it. On the street corners of Kingston or Montego Bay the clustered crowds and their rhythmic singing proclaim it. In the hills the steady beat-beat of a solitary drum and the occasional burst of charged voices repeat it. The temples and churches, ever present by the roadsides, through the same musical medium attest it.

In such an atmosphere, then, the missionary must meet with instant success. His work must be a continual process of reap-

ing and storing into the barns of the Lord. Certainly a religious atmosphere like this must make Jamaican ears receptive for the Word of God, Jamaican hearts eager with love of the Spirit.

A glance at the 1943 census is sufficient to dash this chimera with the cold water of reality. In the Island's religious rostrum Catholicism enjoys a dismal fifth. Yet in some districts it is second or third. The explanation for this seems to be that where there are a number of priests and religious, their work has a decided influence. Where

there are few or none, the Church is small or non-existent.

Hence, in Jamaica we are not discouraged. We know that our work is bearing fruit. We see the effects of our schools.

We can convert these people; the evidence of the census confirms this. But we encounter a real problem. The Jamaicans are emotional. It's intriguing to watch a group of road construction workers voicing and plunging their picks to the tempo of their rhythmic chanting.

See the Jamaicans at a festival, any festival whatever, and while the band scrapes its melody, the whole crowd will be moving to the beat.

Have a priest go over to the prison prepared for a low Mass, and the waiting inmates will boom out a Kyrie that would rival majestic Rome. The voices are arresting; their tones, beautifully and nobly tempered, tell of centuries of suffering and hardship, but in notes, so rich and full, that no one can hear them unmoved.

Yes, these people are musical. But it poses a problem for the missionary. If he provide the emotional attraction so powerful a magnet to the people, will he be able to sublimate it, and anchor it to the intellect, so essential for healthy Catholicism? Is he running the risk of adding one more emotional sect to the already myriad ones on the Island? His task, it would appear, is one of pruning and probing until he reaches the more solid bedrock that lies beneath the rolling, swirling, churning emotion. It is the work of education, of careful cultivation, of constant weeding and pruning, until a nucleus of well-founded Catholics has been created which will then grow out from its confined locale into all the villages, hamlets, and corners of Jamaica.

The fact that our nucleus is now well-founded around Kingston, that round the Island there are many little nuclei developing slowly and sturdily, speaks well for the health of our organism. That it is small, frightfully small, we must admit. But to sow hastily, to accept all those who would be willing to be baptized, would be to court disaster. The general tone of life, especially among the poorer, less educated masses, is fraught with too many pitfalls. The priest, like an anxious shepherd must be constantly in attendance, forever watching, lest the virulent poisons, the superstitions, the

JOSEPH M. FALLON S.J.

devil worship and numerous other practices infect his flock. He must cautiously screen and carefully nourish his new members to assure a steadfast adherence to the doctrines he preaches.

This is the work of the Jamaica missionary. He must be zealous for growth, yes, but constantly concerned with the danger of unhealthy growth. It is slow work, but social conditions here demand that we go slowly. The grace of God will work, but the grace of God works in a healthy environment. The supernatural superstructure is built on a solid natural foundation. This must be dug deep and solid by the workers of Christ in order that Christ Himself raise here an edifice of Catholicism that is representative, that pulses with the life and power of which Jamaica stands so sorely in need. Then and only then will religion become, not a release from the realities of life, but a way of life, a directing force that will bring Jamaicans to the goal of life.

Where a priest has a number of mission stations to visit, he must depend on reliable lay people to fill in for him when he is away and to prepare for him whenever he can come. There is hardly a more loyal helper in Jamaica than this gentleman of Port Morant, mission station of Morant Bay.





St. Mary's ON THE BERING



Father Menager, Alaskan missionary

TODAY WE ARE HAVING THE WORST BLIZZARD I have seen in years, so I decided that this was wonderful weather to stay at home with my typewriter. Let the wind howl like a hundred banshees and the sifting snow pile all over and around my house while I have a chat with you about my mission family of St. Mary's at Akulurak, Alaska.

This I assure you is no weather for anyone to do any traveling. What happened to me this morning is good proof of that. I offer Holy Mass every morning in a large chapel in the Sisters' Convent where our one hundred and five Eskimo pupils, the Sisters and the Jesuit community pray together. The Convent is about eight hundred feet from my house. Well, believe it or not, on my way down to the Convent this morning, even though I had a flashlight, an indispensable thing in the winter here. I lost my way twice in the swirling snow and the thirty mile-an-hour wind. And it took me quite a while to get back on the trail.

In such blizzards you simply lose every sense of direction. If you get caught in one between stations, the only way to save yourself from freezing to death is to burrow down deep in the snow and hope for the best. You must be careful to leave a small hole opposite the direction of the wind for air, else you will smother, and you must stay there till the storm has blown itself out. Two of our Jesuits several years ago were frozen on the trail because they did

not take these precautions and tried to keep going in spite of the storm.

But enough about the climate. I want to tell a bit about myself and our work here at St. Mary's Mission. If you pull down your map of Alaska and run your finger down the Yukon River to the area where the Yukon meets the Bering Sea, you will see Akulurak (if your map is very detailed) on the south shore of the river.

The personnel here consists of five admirably devoted Ursulines, two excellent Jesuit Brothers, and one young assistant priest, who spends most of his time with his dog-team on the trail visiting the seven hundred and fifty Eskimos who belong to our district. In our school we have a jolly, good-natured simple crowd of Eskimo boys and girls, one hundred and five altogether. We give them a vigorous industrial and religious training.

When the school of St. Mary's was started sixty years ago in one of the most forlorn and primitive parts of Western Alaska, its purpose was to train leaders for the surrounding villages. The graduates were to strive to improve the appalling living conditions of their people, and by their knowledge of English assist the Eskimos in their dealing with the whites. The plan has worked even beyond expectation, and now in almost every village you find two or three couples, our old school children, with good homes. They are only too happy to give hospitality to the missionary priest and help him in his work

Most American readers would call our living conditions primitive and they are. We use old wood-stoves to keep warm. We

FRANCIS M. MENAGER S.J.

have no running water, but the river isn't far away. We just cut a hole in the ice, jam a bucket down and lug it five hundred feet to the house. Our mail service is very poor, and we are cut off from the world a good part of the time.

But we do have a modern convenience we can brag about. We have a very efficient electric plant. It is so windy here that we can use an electric windmill of powerful proportions with a propeller twelve feet in diameter and batteries to collect the electric juice. It will interest the electricians among readers of JESUIT MISSIONS to know that with a thirty mile wind blowing at the moment, the generator on the windmill reads seventy amperes and the voltage forty, which makes almost three thousand watts. Quite sufficient for anybody!

This comes in handy for our big family celebrations, for instance, Christmas and New Year. Our big church which holds almost four hundred people is always jammed then. Eskimos come from all over the villages around in their Eskimo cars . . . the dog-sleds. They crowd the confessional and keep us busy many hours before Christmas. We have a grand Midnight Mass, a High Mass with incense and all the beautiful inspiring ceremonies. There are a dozen altar boys who show evident devotion and

careful training. All the people join with the school children in singing the Gregorian Mass perfectly. How many white congregations can do that? Everyone in the Church comes to the Holy Table to receive the Babe of Bethlehem. The men and women and children attired in their parkas and with their hands joined before their breasts, their eyes cast down, remind me of a crowd of devout Franciscans. For the Mass of Thanksgiving which follows, the Eskimos sing all the traditional carols in their own beautiful tongue. And after Mass a good chat and a warm lunch. On Christmas day there is another High Mass and then a children's party at which everyone, adults included, receives a present. Through the kindness of a friend in San Francisco, we are able to give the whole crowd a movie.

These are my family cares and joys at St. Mary's Mission by the Bering and the Yukon, Alaska. Your prayers and gifts have made it all possible these many years gone now. Perhaps you now can understand more fully how worthwhile all these years of sacrifice, yours, the Sisters', the Priests', have been. Only God knows how many graces they have brought down on us all and will continue to bring down while we, with your help, keep on combing the snowy tundras for souls.



Though we live in the most desolate country in the world,—no trees, no mountains, nothing but snowy tundra, there is a great spirit of peace and joy among our people.



Seminarists Exiled for Christ



CHINESE RELIGIOUS NEED
HELP DESPERATELY . . .

Father Albert O'Hara S.J.
(above) and Chinese Jesuits
(right) leave China for Ma-
nila on the "General Meigs."



Chinese peasants attempt to
flee in sampans to a place
safe from the Red ravagers.

IF YOU HAVE ever known a young seminarian or novice, here is a story that will appeal to your pity. Suppose your friend were driven from his seminary into sudden exile, where he was cut off from home and the support of his people. Such is the sad fate which faces 50 Chinese Jesuit Juniors and Philosophers and 150 diocesan seminarists exiled from China. The Philippines, though devastated by the war, have generously received the exiles at a tremendous sacrifice, because the exiles are precious to the Church.

Knowing that these young religious faced impressment into the Red Armies or forced teaching in Red schools or death (87 native priests and nuns have already perished), Superiors are attempting to save them for the Resurrection of the Church in China. For this glorious goal, three dollars daily support per man is needed.

JESUIT
Missions

962 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

Save a Priest for the Chinese Church

THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTIONS



JULY: Catholic Universities in the Missions.

FOR THE CHURCH'S GROWTH Catholic Universities, truly worthy of the name, are essential in mission lands. From cultured pagans a Catholic University wins respect for the Church; for Catholics it offers defense of their civil and religious rights. Where catechetical teaching and even charitable works brought negligible numbers of converts, the Catholic University has won the offspring of cultured pagans to the Catholic truths. Finally, without a Catholic University in a mission how can the Church hope to form a band of select Catholics, men of the highest worth, to influence and direct their fellow citizens?

The Dominion of India may well be cited as a striking example of the leavening effect of Catholic higher education. Alumni of India's 14 Catholic Universities have won seats in the Assembly not in proportion to the numerical strength of Catholics, which is only 1% of India's entire population. By way of contrast Indo-China may be cited. Lacking Catholic leaders because she had no Catholic Universities, her Catholics, 10% of the Annamite population, failed to meet the Viet Nam crisis.

Africa too needs Catholic Universities. Because there is only one Catholic University in South Africa, Blacks seeking a university degree are forced to attend either Protestant or non-sectarian universities, not without harm to their Faith through materialistic philosophy and atheistic communism introduced into these lecture halls under the guise of civilization.

AUGUST: Charity among the Nations and Peoples of the East.

Extreme Nationalism, so pronounced in Asia today, is one of the Church's greatest barriers to progress. It not only severs race from race, but even group from group, breeding fratricidal war and opening the door to Communist fifth columnists, who capitalize on every disorder.

A cleavage between East and West has been emphasized among the more advanced nations, which until recently were subjected either politically or economically to European powers. We have seen it in armed rebellions of Indo-China and Indonesia; in the "civil disobedience" of India and in the Palestinian struggle. Whatever savors of western culture has been rejected and pagan traditions and pagan morals have been extolled. Nationals imbued with this exaggerated Nationalism, either not recognizing that the Church is supra-national and her truths universal, or deliberately misrepresenting the Church, have striven to convince their people that Christianity is European, that Asian Catholics are traitors to the East.

Such propaganda has hindered the conversion of cultured Buddhists in Ceylon; it has fostered bloody persecutions in Indo-China and Indonesia; it has excluded Christianity from Afghanistan and Arabia. Though the occupation forces have fostered Christianity in Japan, and Chiang-Kai-Shek has not opposed it in China; though the Indian Constitution guarantees the same freedom to Catholicism that it grants to other sects; no one would dare prophesy whether the same thing might not happen in Japan, when the American forces withdraw, which is happening in China and happened in Indo-China's Viet Nam. Even in India the error is gaining ground that only a Hindu can be a true Indian and hence all other beliefs must be opposed to safeguard recently gained freedom. This same hatred bred of extreme Nationalism we see in the struggle in the Middle East. With the Pope we pray that the hatred bred of Nationalism will yield to the charity of Christ.



GRADUATION IN MANILA

In the bomb-scarred campus of the ancient Ateneo de Manila, Jesuit University of the Philippines, row on row of Filipino men were graduated this year, many of them veterans of the war. (center l. to r.) Archbishop O'Doherty of Manila, Father William Masterson S.J., of Brooklyn, Rector of the Ateneo de Manila, Mrs. Estrada and the late Dona Aurora Quezon, gracious former first lady of the country, recently assassinated by outlaw rebels in the mountains. (below, l. to r.) Hon. Pio Pedrosa, Secretary of Finance, the commencement orator of the occasion, Archbishop O'Doherty bestowing on Mrs. Josefa Gonzalez Estrada, outstanding leader in works of charity and service, the Ozanam Award, highest honor granted each year to an outstanding Catholic lay person by the Ateneo.

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

"THE FIELDS ARE WHITE unto the harvest." Out across the world 860 American Jesuits are *afield* in Alaska, Japan, China, the Philippines, India (Darjeeling, Jaipur, Jamshedpur, Poona, and Patna), Ceylon, Iraq, Jamaica, British Honduras, Republic of Honduras, Caroline and Marshall Islands home missions among the Negroes and in Indian reservations, laboring to reap the Lord's harvest.

The headline stories from the missions continue to come from Japan because of the astounding progress, from China because of the tragic Red conquest, and from the Philippines because of the extraordinary hospitality extended to the poor exiles from China. But interesting and important events in missionary life are not all tied to news headlines.

Besides the eight main stories in this issue and fifteen other articles to be used in forthcoming issues, seventy-three letters, articles and news items have recently arrived, each one representing some important event in the long line of our missions listed above.

We can only mention here **Father Newell's** account of the shootings in San Jose del Potrero; **Father Enright's** new job at Jamshedpur; **Father John P. Fox's** anecdotes about the Sisters and the retreat movement in Alaska; a brief report on two bills before Congress affecting the welfare of our Indians; the fight against birth control recommendations by American spokesmen in Japan; the Catholic Students'

convention in Tokyo; **Father Ball's** rebuilding operations in Donnington where a Jamaican hurricane a few years ago ruined the parish center; **Father Feeney's** wonderful analysis of the virtues of the Marshallese; the generosity of the Fathers of British Honduras in helping each other; **Father Fitzpatrick's** first five months all alone in his parish of 45,000 Filipinos; **Father Connell's** account of Father Raguin's meeting in Baghdad (on his way to China) of his 75-year-old aunt from France, and the rest.

We can become accustomed to it,—this almost pentecostal spirit of Americans, like the Apostles, speaking the tongues of all the peoples of earth;—this catholic, world-wide, generosity of the mission spirit; but we must not become indifferent to it. Missionaries can not afford to be forgotten. They do not ask pity; they beg your prayers.

WELFARE WORK IN JAPAN

Father Stanislaus J. Fitzgerald S.J. has carried his zeal for Social Welfare work from China to Japan



with him. A California Province Jesuit, he went to China in 1934 where the stark poverty of some of the people inflamed him with zeal for welfare work. Almost at once he organized a group of young men and women into a social-spiritual welfare group called *The Doves* which has been doing splendid work for the poor of Shanghai ever since.

Because he had already studied some Japanese, Father Fitzgerald was among the first to answer the call for volunteers for Japan. Now from Kobe, where he is at present stationed, teaching English and religion and preaching in Japanese and English, he writes:

"On my arrival here in Rokko, outside Kobe, I find that Father Fritz Braun S.J. has organized the young men and ladies into groups who are visiting the poor and even stinting themselves of the little that they have because they delight in helping others worse off than they are. Both they and Father Braun know the meaning of suffering. They have seen it at close range during the war and now their hearts go out generously to help and uplift others. Here at Rokko we appreciate all the spiritual and material help we can obtain. Food, clothing, medicines and athletic gear are on our list of needs. It is the practice of the spiritual and temporal works of mercy that accounts in no little part for the movement toward the Faith here in Japan. And well, for it is this above all, which will counteract the insidious enemy of Communism which threatens the future of Japan and all Asia today."

MANILA WELCOMES EXILES

Father Ralph Brown and I, (California Province Jesuits), and Fathers Bruckner and Zehetner, Austrian Jesuits, are shepherding a group of almost 200 seminarians and professors from China to

Manila where they will continue their preparation for the priesthood in the friendly exile of the Philippines.

It is exile, but the Philippine Government and the Jesuits of New York, particularly Father Cullum, Superior of the mission, Fathers Masterson, Lynch, McMahon, Hennessey and Huggendobler, have given such a warm and charitable welcome that some of the sting is out of the exile. For the time being Quonset huts and an old weapons-carrier and the baggage we carried with us will be our seminary. Like Douai, in France, where English priests were trained during persecution, Manila,—friendly, war destroyed, Catholic Manila,—may be the Douai of our generation. Hard hit as the Philippines were, they have received us exiles with open arms. May God bless these good people. We need everything. We have nothing but the charity of these good people here.

Rev. Albert O'Hara S.J.

HOUSE AND LAND FREE

KNOW ANYONE SUFFERING from the housing shortage? We have here in El Progreso a brand new house, an acre and a half of land, four airy bedrooms with closets, two baths, a kitchen and dining room, a small chapel, a screened-in porch, open to cool breezes on two sides; all furnished, and waiting—free—for four nuns! It was a gift of the Garcias for a convent. Dona Garcia has since passed away. Pray for her. Her sons were offered \$5,000 for the home. Do you know any nuns who would like to come?

Monthly communions of adults here are now about 700. Children are the main concern. We need nuns. There's a home ready and a grand mission apostolate waiting.

Rev. James O'Neill S.J.

El Progreso

Republic of Honduras, C.A.

CRUCIAL SPOT IN INDIA

The Superior of the Jamshedpur mission in India, Very Rev. Carroll Fasy S.J., for many years missionary in the Philippines, (below holding a relic of St. Francis Xavier) needs the help of the Apostle of the Indies for his most crucial mission in India—the industrial, coal and iron mining center of India's expansion,—the territory around Jamshedpur. Here is the center in which India's labor and industrial problems will soon develop. The new India is young politically, weak economically and old culturally. Advice from "outsiders" cannot be unwisely given. But it must be available when sought. The Maryland Province mission is only three years old. As yet only twenty Jesuits are available for a high school, mountain parishes and special projects. We recommend an important project to your prayers.

Rev. Edward H. Dineen S.J., former associate editor of *Jesuit Missions*.





FIRST ONES READY. Every summer and fall Jesuits set out for different corners of the world. (left) This year the first ones to be named, photographed and briefed are these Jesuits of the mid-West. (l. to r.) These five represent the missions of British Honduras, Nicholas E. Schiel, Patna; Paul E. Dent (temporarily absent), LeRoy F. Ryan, James J. Kenney; and Japan, Robert C. Dressman. (Center) Three more Jesuits of



the Chicago Province, in the vast covered rotunda of West Baden College, Indiana, discuss their departure for Patna, India. (l. to r.) Fathers Joseph F. Willmes, John L. Blanchard and Albert J. Wilzbacher. One hundred and twenty-seven American Jesuits are busy in the schools of Patna, Bettiah and Jaipur and the rural missions among the 30,000,000 people of almost every caste and sect in India.

LIFE IS A FUNNY THING

Father James B. Healy S.J., a man of rarest artistic appreciation, seems to love Jamaica and Jamaicans. His letters are full of kindly and often humorous observations. These few are typical.

"At the customs window in the Post Office the other day, a lady customer was complaining bitterly to the clerk about the long wait, the impudence of the staff, the inefficiency of the department, the stiffness of the import tax, and so on and on. The clerk said nothing for about five minutes. Then he leaned back in his chair, lit a cigarette, coolly blew a cloud of smoke through the grating and philosophized: 'Well, lady, I'll tell you. Life is a funny thing; very funny indeed. It gets funnier every day. Next.'

"You have heard me speak of Maisie, the maid, but her resourcefulness deserves another tribute. Like most humans she is reluctant to confess ignorance; if she doesn't

know the answer to a question she will say 'yes' anyway. The pay-off came when she was asked if she knew anything of Father Healy's whereabouts. That was a new word for Maisie, but she met the crisis head-on. 'Yes'm,' she averred soberly, 'they is in the laundry.'

"Let me protest against recurrent flurries of concern for poor Father, said to be wasting away in the tropics. Believe me; Father enjoys magnificent health. His eye is clear, his pulse firm, his hand steady. Father can still overtake, if he wants to, any fleet youngsters who fancy they can make away with stolen mangoes.

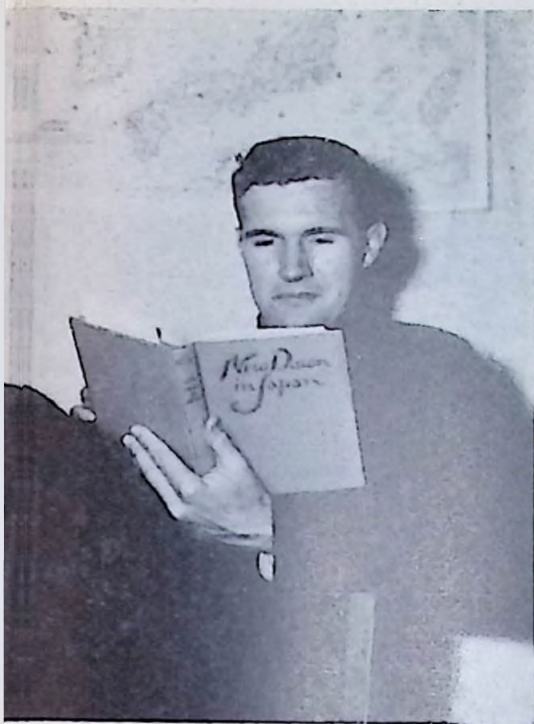
"The latest cause of wasted concern seems to be our reputation for heat and bugs. First, about the heat. We are all happy enough to get our doses of 86-94 on this side of the grave, hoping for that much less on the other. What harm if you start to drip a little? You know you have been earning

your breadfruit, and no harm done.

"As for bugs, take the dreaded scorpions. I've seen them in the rectory, and we are told they take refuge in shoes. But they seem to avoid Jesuit footwear and they scoot like mice if you ask them to. Come to think of it, though. I have met one person who was bitten: twice in succession. Sister Dolores it was, a frail, tiny and elderly little saint, and the scorpion got her in the neck. But the gross result was a dose of rum, under orders, and three days' sleep. Her one and only encounter with venom or alcohol, she assures me, and each of them stiff. She says she felt dead all over, but to this day doesn't know whether to blame the two stings or the Three Daggers."

MANY SIGNS ON PEKAL

THERE IS AN INNER AND OUTER circle to this Mission of Yap. The last of April and the first of May,



Robert C. Dressman S.J., above, Chicago Province Jesuit, is going to Japan. Foreign vocations are still needed. Each American province has been asked to send missionaries until Japan can supply its own in sufficient numbers.

I whirled around the outer rim. Sixteen hundred miles; thirteen islands or atolls visited in eleven days.

The Catholics were glad to see me and I wished a dozen times or more that I might stay with them. It is always that way but I can only be in one place at one and the same time and that place for the time being is Yap.

If, for some reason, the Padre casually mentions that he has to go to the Leper Colony tomorrow, people invariably shudder. "It must be frightfully difficult for you." It isn't really. I have found more joy on Pekal than in any other place in Yap.

The lepers of Pekal are as care-free and laugh as spontaneously and heartily as you—who are well and who may go wherever you please.

Actually all haven't a shrine like Monica with St. Joseph, the child Jesus in his arms, watching at the foot of her cot. All of them knew

Monica. They watched her die for weeks and they knew that the candle that burned itself out before her shrine was a symbol of the way her life was slipping away in prayer and resignation.

When first I saw that Monica was failing, I hurried home for the oils and returned to anoint her. This done, I told her that I would be back in the morning, say Mass and bring her Viaticum. And she started to weep. "She cries because she is happy," Gamed informed me, his own eyes filling with rainbows. It was then that he told me for the first time that he wanted to be a Catholic.

And now that Monica has been laid to rest, there is another whose spirit is like to hers. Below the path that runs the length of Pekal and close by the water on the Yap side of the island stands the house of Catherine. She is but twenty-five years old and already she is not able to do more than stumble the three steps from her porch to the place where she builds her fire and cooks her meals.

All may not have Monica's shrine, but all have this crucifix.

"Surely he hath born our infirmities and carried our sorrows; and we have thought him as it were a leper . . ." That could explain everything. Maybe it does.

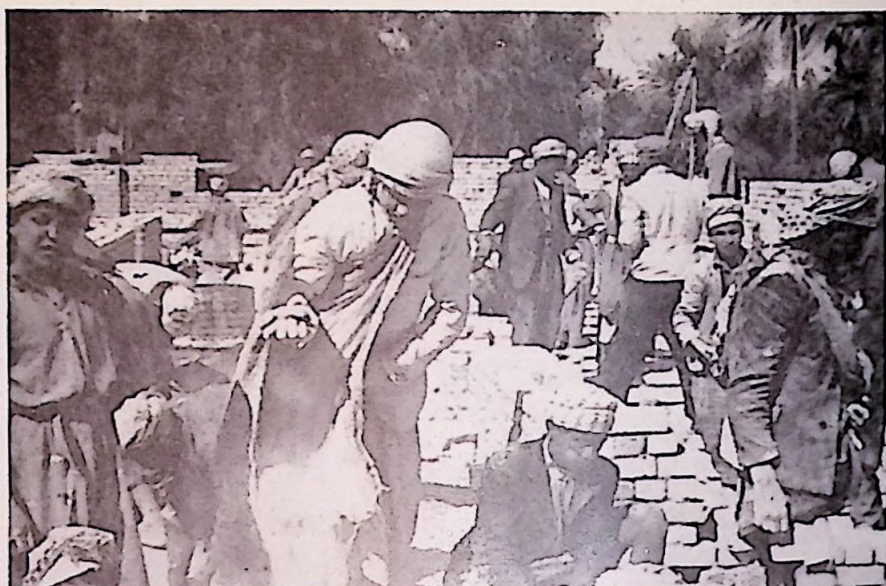
Recently, I have been a little concerned about Raphael, a fine looking, strongly built, very intelligent young man. He is only twenty-two and was formerly a school teacher. It is now only the seventh month since he came to Pekal. And I fear that he hasn't taken much time to look at the crucifix.

I wrote that last sentence yesterday. Today my worries are over. I saw him at Mass this morning and when I met him on the path after Mass, he was as gay as the hibiscus blossom he was wearing in his hair.

Frederick C. Bailey S.J.

Father Thomas C. Donohoe, a Jesuit of the Missouri Province, is a missionary at Kwajalein in the Marshall Islands of the Mid-Pacific. With him is Edwin Capelle, a wit, a carpenter, a father of nine children and a friend of the missionaries on the island of Likiep.





Very Rev. Father Rector and Yusuf, valuable helper for 15 years. Boys work, too, on the new building.

The School That Keeps Growing

ANTHONY S. WOODS S.J.

"THINGS ARE RUNNING SMOOTHLY HERE." It's wonderful to read that in a mission letter! Actually it is a direct quote from a letter of Very Rev. Edward F. Madaras S.J., Rector of Baghdad College and Superior of the Mission.

"We have been slowed up in our building of late by a flood in the desert. A tributary of the Tigris, the Diala River, overflowed its banks a while ago and the brickyards are all isolated out yonder. We are now beginning to get some bricks again because the company that hauls them, rather than be idle, is willing to make a detour amounting to 25 miles to get them to us." *Things are running smoothly here.*

There are minor irritations:—one priest cannot get a visa and is stranded hundreds of miles away; a letter condensed in *JESUIT MISSIONS* (April, 1949) gave the false impression that there was snow in *Iraq*. It should have stated clearly that snow fell in *Iran*; there are delays and long discussions over delivery of shipments from abroad. But in general *things are running smoothly now.*

The big reason is that the new dormitory building at Baghdad College is going up at

last. It will hold 32 senior boarders and sixteen members of the faculty. Father Madaras has been architect, builder and contractor for the new project. What made it the easiest of all the college buildings to erect is the presence of Brother Parnoff S.J. who became superintendent of construction, and who in his gentle, quiet, efficient way, is the reason why a dynamic Rector like Father Madaras can write, "Things are running smoothly here."

The construction of the new building is of reinforced brick. Iron rods are so placed throughout the brick walls that maximum efficiency and economy have been achieved. This is the second college building erected at Baghdad since the war. A classroom building was finished a couple of years ago. Now they can start thinking about an auditorium large enough to hold the entire student body at once, and a science building, both very much needed.

No wonder Father Madaras says, "Things are running smoothly here." But when things run smoothly so many boys try to be enrolled at Baghdad that the school bulges at every seam, and the Rector has to start building all over again. Keep growing, B. C. on the Tigris!

AMONG THE SMALL BOYS in the boarding section of Baghdad College, there are two, Faisal and Harry, so utterly devoted to one another that they could be mistaken for the Biblical friends, David and Jonathan. Faisal and Harry, however, eventually had a spat, as can happen even to the best of friends.

The outcome of the quarrel highlights the role Baghdad College is playing in this world of age-old feuds. "The thing" started at evening study. Faisal, on his way up from his desk to consult the prefect, had to pass Harry's desk. Fun-loving Harry could not resist the temptation. Out went his leg into the aisle and down went Faisal ingloriously to the floor. To the great joy of the other boarders, when Faisal arose, Harry was the most innocent looking boy in the room. Faisal was unhurt physically; he might have passed off the humiliation of the fall in the interest of friendship; but his pride was hurt, and the worst blow of all was that punishment was placed on *him* for disturbing the quiet of the study-hall. In anger, he stopped speaking to Harry completely.

It is not unusual for fast friends among the boarders to be at odds for a while. This little affair, however, lengthened into days, then weeks, and it was when another lad complained how unpleasant it was to dine at the same table with the little foes that Father Kelly decided to take action. Taking the boys aside one by one he tried to persuade them to make up. He exacted a willing promise from both, and the matter seemed settled. The next morning at breakfast it was evident that the youngsters were straining to avoid each other, so when the others left the

dining room, Father Kelly told Harry and Faisal he was disappointed in them. They had failed to keep their promise; therefore he would see them both at ten o'clock and have something for them to do. Ashamed to speak at the moment, they soon sought out Father Kelly separately to remind him

that the boarders had a day permission in Baghdad and were due to leave at eight o'clock.

"I know that very well," Father Kelly answered and hurried away.

Promptly at eight, the boarders drove off to Baghdad, leaving behind two thoughtful little lads. Half an hour later there was a knock at the door of Father Mahan, boarding school director. Faisal and Harry entered together and asked if they might please go to

Baghdad; it was lonely here, just the two of them. Father Mahan told them he would be glad to let them go, but he knew that Father Kelly had something very important to see them about at ten o'clock.

Promptly at ten Father Kelly strode solemnly into the boarding section. There before him he saw Faisal and Harry so absorbed in a ping-pong game, darting, grimacing, swinging and grinning at each other's company, that they did not notice him. When they did, they dropped their paddles sheepishly, and shyly asked,

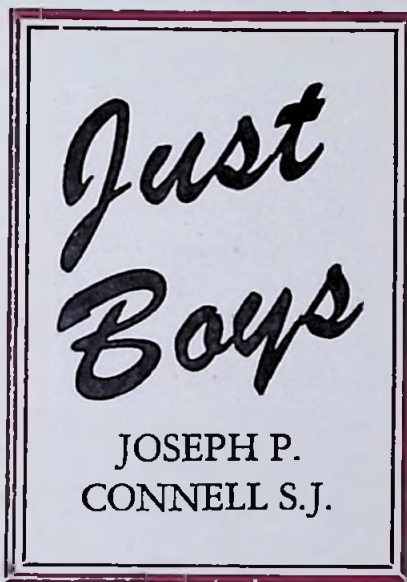
"Have you something for us to do now, Father?"

"Not now," came back the reply.

"But you said you had something for us to do at ten."

The smile started to spread across the solemn face of Father Kelly. The lads looked at one another, then at him, and suddenly catching on, joined with him in a long laugh. Without further ado, they picked up their coats and hurried off to Baghdad, hand in hand.

Several days later, Faisal called: "Father Kelly, come here. Do you see those two boys over there? They're not talking to each other. Fix them up, Father Kelly."



There are wonderful boys at Baghdad College.





The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

The year 1949 commemorates two anniversaries in the annals of Jesuit missionary history. Last month I referred to the 400th anniversary of the landing of Francis Xavier in Japan. The Jesuits of America are celebrating the 300th anniversary of the martyrdom of John de Brebeuf and his brother Jesuits. Pilgrims, both from Canada and the United States, will journey to the Martyrs' Shrine at Midland, Ontario to honor the memory of the Jesuit martyrs.

Father Francis Xavier Talbot has told in inspiring language substantiated by authentic documents the saintly and heroic sufferings of John de Brebeuf. The title of his book is "Saint Among the Hurons," \$3.75. It is a sequel to Father Talbot's book, *Saint Among Savages*, life of Isaac Jogues.

"Saint Among the Hurons" has the scope and greatness of an epic tale. You will really enjoy reading it and perhaps you can donate one for the missions.

In honor of John de Brebeuf a Mass will be offered at the Shrine of the Martyrs for the intentions of all of our subscribers and particularly for those honoring his memory.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Ceylon:

The Sacred Heart promised St. Margaret Mary that "those who shall promote this devotion shall have their names written in My Heart never to be blotted out." By adopting the following suggestion you can foster this devotion. Father Weber of Ceylon requests badges of the Sacred Heart enclosed in celluloid. His good people toil under the tropical sun and celluloid will protect the badge from disfigurement. The red ants love the glue with which the picture is pasted on the cloth. The protection will test their ingenuity. With every \$1.00 we can buy twenty badges.

For the consecration of the family to the Sacred Heart there is a beautiful picture. The missionaries can use many of these pictures available at 25 cents each.

India:

There are a few "must" books for every missionary book shelf and one is a compendium of Moral Theology. Father Leeming of the Jamshedpur mission needs a compendium which we can purchase for \$3.00. With any additional money we will purchase this book for other missionaries.

Father Meyer of Patna is teaching his parishioners to sing the Mass for feast days.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

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

A set of records will greatly help the proficiency of his instructions. \$10 will buy a set for Father Meyer.

Several of the missionaries in Patna need typewriters. It is so much easier to type out parochial reports and correspondence and we might add, write an article for JESUIT MISSIONS. Typewriters are expensive. However, a partial or complete payment of \$75 for each machine will help.

Philippines:

Father Superior of the Philippines forwarded the following letter from Father Cabonce:

"Please send an SOS to Father Daily of JESUIT MISSIONS telling him of our dire need of a portable organ. Many months

ago there was an ad in JESUIT MISSIONS for the organ. However, up to the present we have received no responses. We need an organ badly for our fiestas in the barrios.

For two reasons it would be better to send money and not the organ. We can buy one in Manila much cheaper and it will be the kind we want. The organ costs \$185."

A few degrees above the Equator, Father Richard Anable has a parish at Bolong in the province of Zamboanga. His brother, Father Edmund, a missionary of Alaska, has hardly the same domestic problem as Father Richard who needs a refrigerator. True, it is an expensive item but all will agree that it is a necessity for any home, particularly in the Tropics where meat and vegetables spoil so quickly. If we receive \$10 from twenty of our readers Father Anable will be a happy housekeeper.

Alaska:

For the boys and girls of St. Mary's Mission, Father Menager wants to buy fifty pairs of woolen stockings and socks. Father added that "the amount of darning to be done here is enough to scare anybody. The country is so wet in both winter and summer that the children must change their stockings frequently."

For his school Father Menager needs plates that will bounce, and cups without handles. Can you help his mission?



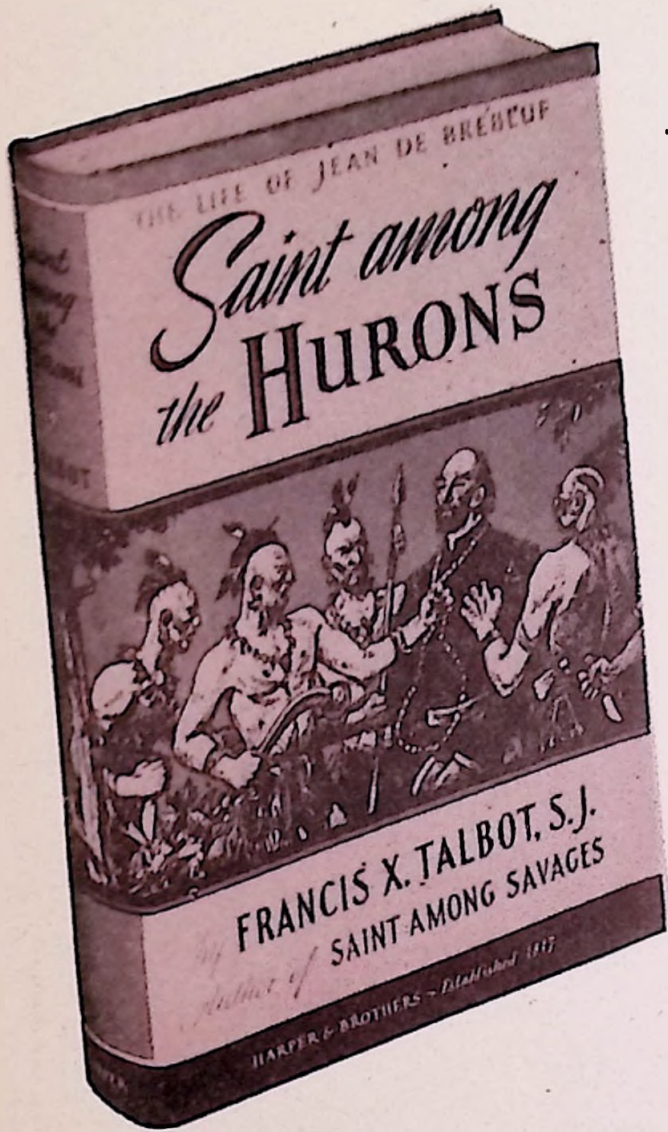
Pictured above is the new Dormitory Building at Baghdad College. The following furnishings are needed for various rooms. Small gifts help much.

- \$25.00 BED
- 15.00 STATUE
- 10.00 CRUCIFIX
- 8.00 CHAIR
- 5.00 BED LINENS
- 2.00 HOLY WATER FONT

JESUIT MISSIONS

JM

THRILLING LIFE OF A GIANT



*Jean de Brebeuf Was Martyred
Three Centuries Ago . . .*

HERE IS THE LIFE of a giant of body and soul sketched in strong colors by the dramatic pen of Father Francis X. Talbot S.J., whose *Saint Among Savages* thrilled so many readers. Jean de Brebeuf of the Society of Jesus, Martyr-Saint and heroic Missionary, is the hero of this new biography. For nineteen years he lived among the Huron Indians of New France, eating their raw food, paddling his share of canoe trips, winning their respect and love, leading them to the Faith of Christ. Finally he sealed their conversion by his incredibly heroic martyrdom at the hands of the savage Iroquois.

Harold Gardiner S.J., Literary Editor of *AMERICA*, says this book "has the sweep and grandeur of an epic tale."

\$3.75 For Book Plus Gift Subscription to *JM*

<p>Please Send <i>Saint Among the Hurons</i></p>		<p>NOTE: The purchase of <i>Saint Among the Hurons</i> entitles me to send without further charge a year's subscription to <i>JESUIT MISSIONS</i> to a friend. Please send the subscription to:</p>	
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