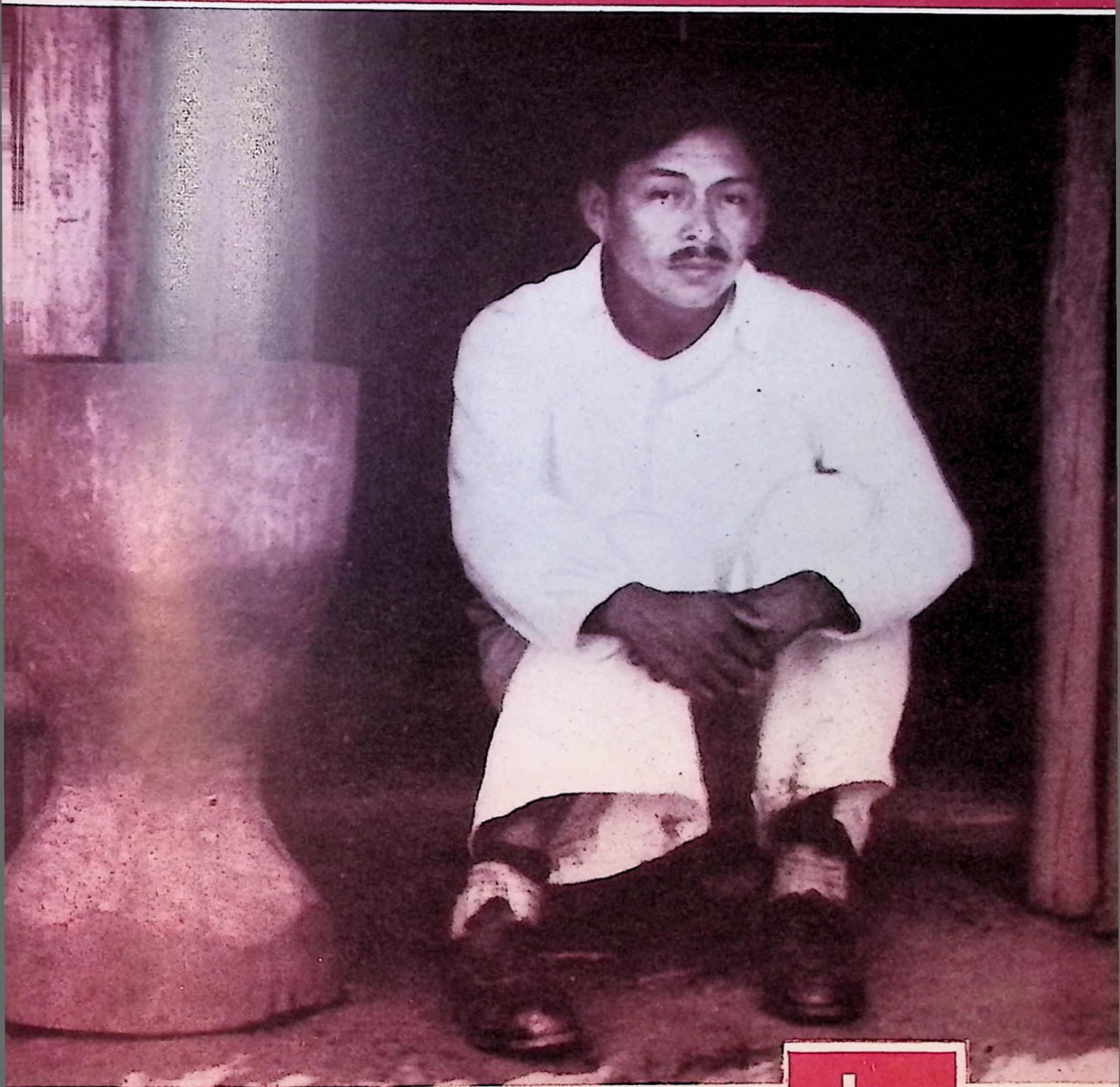


JESUIT MISSIONS

SEPTEMBER 1949



DUST TO GLORY



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The Cloud Tower of the famed Summer Palace outside the walls of Peiping (left). The Temple of Heaven (right) built of Oregon pine.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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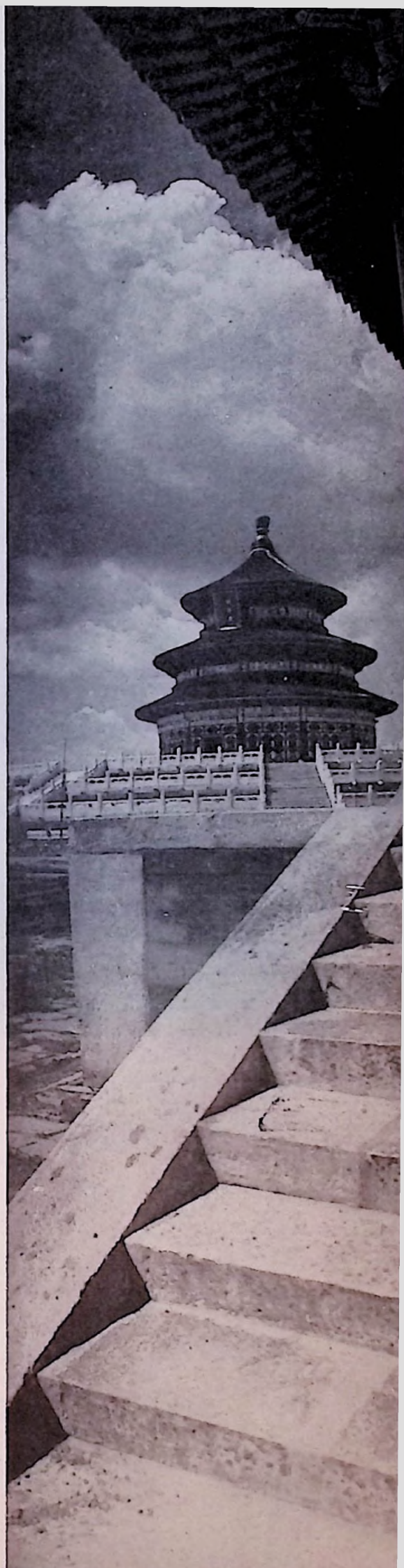
COVER. An Indian of Yoro, Honduras, takes refuge from the mid-day heat in the doorway of his thatch, stick and plaster hut. The Jesuit Fathers of the Missouri Province are bringing Christ to these peoples.

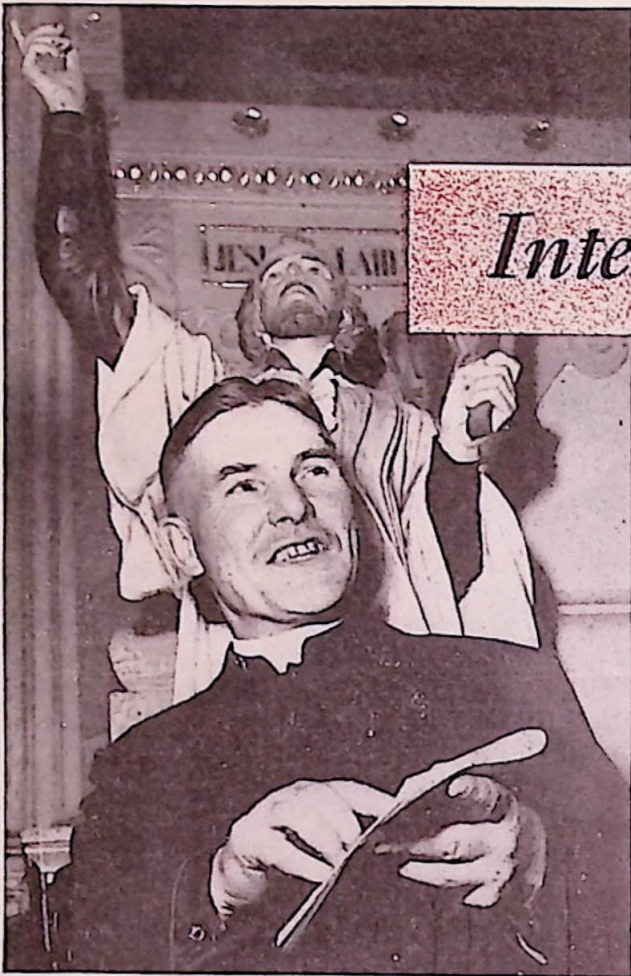


Father James F. Kearney S.J. now in America on his first visit home from China since 1930, was for years fearless editor of the *China Catholic Review*. Though the Japs interned him during the war, the *Review* continued to appear regularly. For 19 years Father Kearney has been a vital part of the China mission, a leader and an eloquent voice for the truth against every opposition, Japanese domination and present Red invasion.



Here's another missionary we're glad to have back in **JESUIT MISSIONS!** Father *Leon A. Foster S.J.*, one of the early mission directors for Patna, and for many years active missionary in India. He began the Patna Mission Service for promotion of mission activities. Though chiefly occupied of late with the burden of administration, yet he takes up field work to enable others to make their retreat. He writes about their labors rather than his own.





Interpreting the News

in CHINA

JAMES F. KEARNEY S.J.

that they have illusions of a rosy future; our Catholic missionaries have followed the Communist movement out there from its inception in 1921, and are familiar with it from A to Z. They know, for instance, that although almost 100 of their number have met death at Red hands since VJ Day, the present policy is not one of physical violence towards missionaries. It is rather a war of nerves, constant and systematic vexation meant to discourage and finally exhaust the missionaries so they will get up and go of themselves.

Here are some examples of how it operates. One group of missionaries were told that "by all means" they could open up their schools. But a thorough Red inventory of all mission property, mobile and immobile, was taken. The first sign of trouble appeared when the Fathers were ordered to double the professors' salaries. That was all right,

Back from China, Father Kearney S.J. exposes Reds.

WITH U. S. strength moving from the Pacific to the Atlantic, Americans remaining in Far Eastern countries are looking with concern to a future under Soviet rule.

Those in China are first in line. With over 200 Jesuits among the 1200 missionaries now behind the Chinese Iron Curtain, every item of news filtering through is being scanned for a hint as to what will happen to them if the Reds take over all China. Not

A group of Shanghai garrison soldiers patrol the city's waterfront in the last days of a futile defense.

Broken and discouraged, they represent the last barrier opposing the Communist tide sweeping China.



but it was objected that this would mean the tuition would also have to be doubled. The Reds were indignant. "On the contrary, you will not be permitted to charge the pupils anything, or you will be considered enemies of the people." The mission had to draw on its reserve funds. When these were exhausted they decided to close the school. "No," they were told, "you must keep it open." "But where is the money coming from?" "You can start selling your mission property," they were informed. "We shall buy it from you."

So the Fathers have been obliged to start selling their property bit by bit to pay the teachers' salaries. When everything is sold, the Communists will doubtless take over the school to train propagandists for their work. In another newly-occupied Red area the diocese is run by an American Bishop. He was told by a group of genial representatives of the new regime that "of course" he could open his schools. This he did, and for a couple of weeks everything went smoothly. Then the first disturbing report came through: "Last week Communist inspectors visited the schools twice and gave talks to the students." The following week: "Red inspectors took all the teachers aside and lectured them." A week later: "Reds are now giving regular lessons in Communism in our Catholic schools." And the following week: "They have appointed as principal of the school a man whom the Fathers had fired three years before." That meant that the new government was now in complete control of this American Catholic school.

Frederick J. Foley S.J., George B. Wong S.J., Fathers Thomas A. Phillips S.J. and John A. Houle S.J. visit with the former Minister to the Vatican, Dr. John C. H. Wu. Dr. Wu has translated the Psalms and New Testament into Chinese.

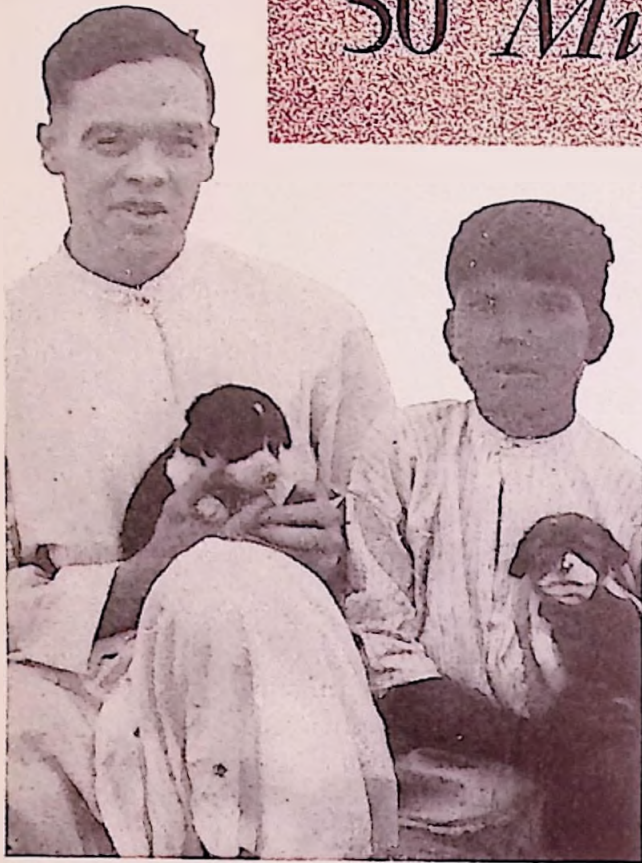
Meantime, the Bishop's residence had to be kept open day and night. There was a constant stream of Red visitors, whose purpose was to annoy the Bishop and the other missionaries by bursting into their rooms at any hour, asking endless rude and silly questions, inspecting everything without leave, even private papers, or "borrowing" anything that took their fancy. This uninterrupted flow of Communist visitors seems to be one of the hardest features of a Red occupation, for one never knows what will happen next—when he will be insulted by ignorant ruffians, beaten, falsely accused, or threatened with death.

The occupied schools are ruled by student soviets or councils. In one high school an outsider is the leader of the student soviet. The students themselves decide which teachers may remain on the staff and which must leave. If they disapprove of something a teacher has said or done, they may beat him. Meetings organized by the students' councils are frequent and may last as long as six hours. Serious students have given up all hope of receiving an adequate education under present conditions, and are trying to leave the North.

This is a realistic account of what has already happened to education in Red areas, and it is but the beginning. How utterly different from the optimistic picture of Chinese Communists painted for the American public by Red journalism. They are presented as idealistic land reformers who are, of course, in no way controlled by Moscow, but who merely have a patriotic ambition to help their own people rise to greatness! God help our poor missionaries, who; like the unfortunate Chinese, are now the victims of that lying propaganda!



50 Miles from Bread



Father Felix F. Farrell S.J. and three small friends.

A DESCRIPTIVE definition of Marpa, one of our mission stations, might well be, "It is a place fifty miles from bread." The present superior of the mission, Father Welfle, wrote an article about Marpa some years ago. In that article I still recall two things: Marpa being fifty miles from bread, and how sore he was after riding the six miles from the railway station of Bairagnia to Marpa on an "ekka." An ekka is one of the historic means of locomotion in India—a pony- or horse-drawn two-wheel cart with a flat board seat. With that flat board, a rough mud road and no springs, you can possibly feel for the superior.

When I stepped off the train at 12:30, prepared to take Father Felix F. Farrell's place for ten days, I feared that I too was going to be sore. I saw no mission servant at hand to take my little kit. A railway coolie did the necessary, and when we crossed the tracks in search of a Marpa bullock cart we found Masabali hastily unhitching his bullocks. He was a little late and the train, by way of exception, was on time. I spied Father Farrell, bareheaded as usual in the burning sunshine, pushing his bicycle

LEON A. FOSTER S.J.

toward the baggage car of the train I had just left. When the bike had been put into the car and his very small bag into the coach, he came over to chat. I would find a few notes, Father Farrell said, giving me all the necessary information. Brother John was at the mission and would hand me the keys. I had about two minutes with Father before the train pulled out.

When the train left, Masabali hitched up the bullocks by simply putting their necks under the wooden yoke. We were on our way to Marpa, six miles away in an Indian Rolls Royce—a rubber-tired bullock cart. It has a cruising speed of two miles per hour, but with Masabali at the helm, we managed to make about four miles per.

My most important duty at Marpa was to say Mass for Brother John, the three Indian Sisters, and the few people who attended. The farm work was superintended by Brother John and the staff, so I had much time to try to pray, to study Hindi, read and visit the school and village each day. I soon got to know the delightful youngsters. About a dozen of them would gather around me, grab my hands and chatter away.

The only excitement came one day at tea time. A horn blew. Brother jumped up from table and greeted someone from the doorway. I finished my tea before going to the verandah. I found four constables sitting around, and Brother talking to three Indian gentlemen. A deputy magistrate and two other men interested in collecting rice, wished me to give them 350 maunds—about fourteen tons of "paddy," or unhusked rice. According to them the government had assessed Father Farrell 450 maunds of paddy, and he had only handed over 100 maunds. The rest of it must be handed over now. They were serious,

Father Leon A. Foster S.J.



threatening to seal the godowns where the rice was stored. They intimated that Father Farrell was a clever Johnnie, who did not give what he should have last year. The ultimatum was that the grain be handed over in two days. "But you are supposing that Father Farrell is a malefactor," I said. The term being a little beyond their range of English, they thought I was accusing them of being bad men and proceeded to put me in my place. I left the company and they finally went off.

Brother John started for Bettiah and Father Farrell that evening—a railway trip of about eighty miles. He returned the next evening with a note from Father to be given to the deputy magistrate if he came around again. He had seven points listed for that magistrate, showing that he had given the rice demanded, that he was within the law, that he was ready to do whatever "Our Government" demanded, that he would not be outdone in patriotism by the officer, that they should not trouble me but await his arrival. It was a clever note, such as only a veteran missionary like Father Farrell could write.

In my "Who's Who" at Marpa, would be Father Felix F. Farrell,—farmer and great missionary of Patna. He hails from Denver, was schooled there, entered the Society of Jesus at Florissant, Mo., in 1924, came to India in 1928 and went to Marpa in 1939, two years after finishing his studies. He has been there successfully and successively since that time. A quiet missionary, Father Farrell is not in the limelight, for Marpa is a little deserted indigo plantation in the wilds of Patna mission noted for nothing except Father Farrell. Father makes no noise, has no publicity agents, does not talk or even think about himself. But he is a great missionary doing the Lord's sublime work in Marpa. He has developed a wonderfully successful farm, carrying out a great social apostolate where it needs to be done in India—on the land. Here in India where eighty percent of the people live off the land, Father Farrell is showing them how to get three to five times as much produce as the ordinary farmer or "ryot" does. Directly and indirectly he is showing the people of his area that the poverty stricken people of India can easily be adequately fed.

Since he is a farmer, he has had to study the land laws and is now the second best

man in the mission on that subject. He is the best Hindi scholar on the mission, and knows not only the classical but also the vernacular language, called "gaonwari." Seeing that medicine is such a useful means of carrying on mission activity and doing for people, he began to study homeopathy and is now the best homeopath in the mission. Whatever Father Farrell undertakes, he does in a scholarly and thorough way. He has brains and ability as well as perseverance and untiring industry. It might seem that his talents and powers are being wasted, but though hidden in Marpa, he does great work for his fellow men, and his God.

In my "Who's Who," would appear Brother John Dissanayake S.J. who was recently sent to Marpa from Khrist Raja, our high school at Bettiah. He came to Patna from Ceylon as a young man of seventeen in 1937, being the first of his family to leave Buddhism for the Church. Now all the members of his immediate family are Catholics. Brother says of himself that he has become an American. He is helping us to establish Christ's Kingdom in Patna.

Sisters Pauline, Prisca and Cecilia of the Sacred Heart congregation, teach in the school and help Father manage the stocks of grain, etc. The Sisters had the girls of the school give a concert in my honor. They sang their delightful songs and danced their simple dances. How they enjoyed it! I had to give them a holiday and some sweets.

The world will little care nor long remember what we have said about Marpa. But Christ, I'm sure, will always remember what is being done here.

An Indian bullock cart is the last thing to use in a rush. Two miles an hour is the leisurely bullock pace.



Christ Keeps



THOMAS J. FEENEY S.J.

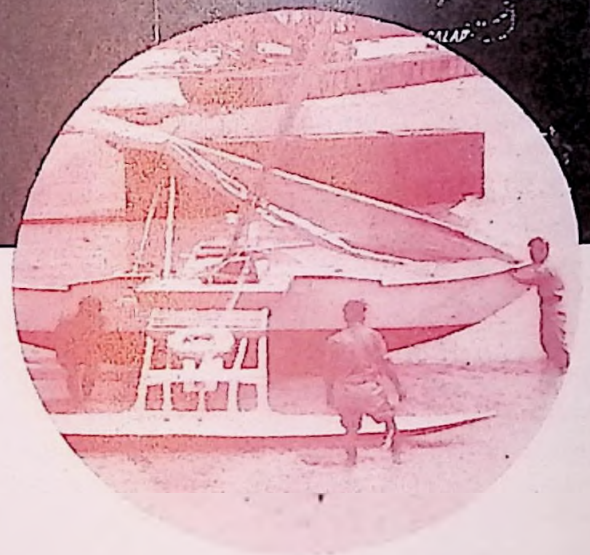
A VAST WHITE PUFF OF CUMULUS rode high over the first island of the Ebon group. As we pointed the boat toward the ramp, the sun rose and the cloud top swayed in the morning heat.

We tied to the ramp, and following a path lined with coral and tropical foliage came to the thatch roof home of Christopher and Barbara. It was pleasantly cool beneath the shade trees, but time was short and there was much to do.

There was Mass to be said, confessions to be heard, marriages to bless, baptisms, instructions and rosary. All this meant crowded minutes even without an unknown variable—in this case, a sick call to an aged man and his wife. Both were 80—he blind, and she deaf.

I questioned Christopher on the distance, and received the delightfully vague “etolok”—“over there.” His reply to my question regarding the time was as non-committal: “an hour—perhaps.”

Electing the sick call before other duties, we set out with two consecrated Hosts for the mystical “over there.” It was not long



Marshallese islanders sail outriggers with rare skill.

before I realized that an Irish mile has nothing on the Marshallese “over there.”

Fifty minutes of the “half hour” had passed before we arrived at a clean low hut of coconut palms. I turned to Christopher questioningly. He nodded.

Out of coral-white sunlight we stooped, and stepped into the darkness of the hut. As my eyes became accustomed to the dull interior, I saw a row of sea chests that split the room into living and sleeping quarters. On the floor matting behind the first chest, curled up in a deep and timeless sleep, was the blind Limaen. Atop the chest at her head lay an ancient cat, embalmed in a tropical trance, watching me with drugged eyes.

Glancing about the gloomy interior I saw the old man, Lejur, also slumbering on the floor. With shouts and tugs, Christopher drew them from their heavy sleep.

a *Rendezvous*

Father Thomas J. Feeney S.J. brings the Prince of Peace to islands whose names recall the savagery of recent war.

They were aroused at last and I confessed them. Then the thought occurred: "they may not be here when you return." But faith assured me that, whether they were or not, my 8000 mile journey from Boston to the tip of this tiny promontory at the end of a nameless cove in the last of the Marshalls had been well worth it. A thread of visible continuity with Christ's Church had been found.

An old, old memory stirred the blind Limaen—a memory of a white communion dress, a lei of Marshallese rose and fragile meria, and the climax of that day of long ago when she had first knelt to receive the sacred "Kuojkuoj," her own Marshallese for Holy Communion.

I was kneeling with my back to the doorway, and the face of Limaen glowed in a funnel of sunshine. Amidst wrinkles that could not be computed in years her eyes slowly opened, wavered and held—the dead-calm eyes of the blind. In that prism of light they met—the wrinkled old face of four score years and the Eternal God. He who had planned this rendezvous before time was, had kept it here on Ebon, 1949.

Old Lejur had his sight, and once aroused reacted quickly with the rubrical reflexes of his youth. Our time ran out as he received, and with a parting blessing we left them with their Lord.

Because our visit was so sudden, our stay so brief, if we are to see them no more, then old Limaen the blind and Lejur the deaf may compare disjointed notes as they sit by the shore in the shade of their century palms. And Limaen the blind will tell of a bright white Host that shone in the noonday sun. And Lejur the deaf may counter with a stranger tale—how a voice from nowhere whispered "Kuojkuoj" a word he had not heard for generations.

But it was not a dream. The Son of God really came to them, and kept His rendezvous in that forgotten corner where they wait by the shore for the tide of eternity.

The Corner of Remembrance

Every priest has tucked away in a corner of his heart a list of names—the names of those who were dear, of those who were kind, of those who remembered. Each morning as he offers the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass he opens that corner of his heart to God and at the Commemorations for the Living and for the Dead he whispers that litany of memories. It is the only way he has of paying back for the things that mattered the most to him across the years. But is there a better way—in life or in death—to be remembered? Can anything be treasured more than that daily blending of one's name with the prayers that ascend to the Throne of God?

A priest on the missions is especially alive to memories. He can never escape the fact that he is a stranger among these people who will exact of him his strength, his years, his life. Never does he begrudge that sacrifice—but he is human enough to remember all his life those at home who have been his friends and benefactors. And a name on a chalice, on a vestment; the names, unknown this side of Heaven, of those who built his altar, his chapel, his school, are names of a familiar pattern—and they are the names that a man in his gratitude, in his aloneness, in his alienness, weaves into his own pattern of memories. Those are the names he whispers at the altar each morning of his life.

Sometimes, I think, we forget how human, how-like-ourselves, the priests on the missions are. We appreciate a lift to Mass on Sunday morning from our neighbor; what about the missionary who gets a gift out of the blue sky from someone he doesn't even know?

Will you keep that thought in mind when you are making out your will? A prayer that goes before God each morning from the lips and heart of a missionary will be your priceless treasure in return. The legal title is:

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BRITISH *Honduras*



Father John C. Ruoff S.J. has sixteen mission stations. Sisters of Mercy teach the children.



Father Marion M. Ganey S.J. is the pioneer director of credit unions and cooperatives, the director of Sodalties and youth in the mission.



Most Rev. David F. Hickey S.J.
Vicar Apostolic of Belize.



Baby and doll are weighed at the children's clinic in Benque Viejo, British Honduras. The clinic is run by Pallottine Nuns.



Father Bernard C. Zimmerman S.J. points with pride to the convent, rectory and church at his mission headquarters in El Cayo deep in the interior. British Honduras lies on the shores of the Caribbean Sea in Central America. It covers about 8,590 square miles. A Franciscan missionary first preached there in 1832. Its people were originally Indians (Maya and Keckchi), Creoles and Caribs. Of the 57,000 people in the British Colony, about 65 per cent are Catholics. Jesuits have been missionaries in British Honduras for over fifty years. Today there are thirty-nine Jesuits of the Missouri province in this mission. Sisters of Mercy (from Providence, R. I.), Pallottine Sisters and Holy Family Sisters conduct a girls' college, parish and mission schools.



Very Rev. John M. Knopp S.J. and Father Anthony H. Corey S.J. direct the building of a new school.

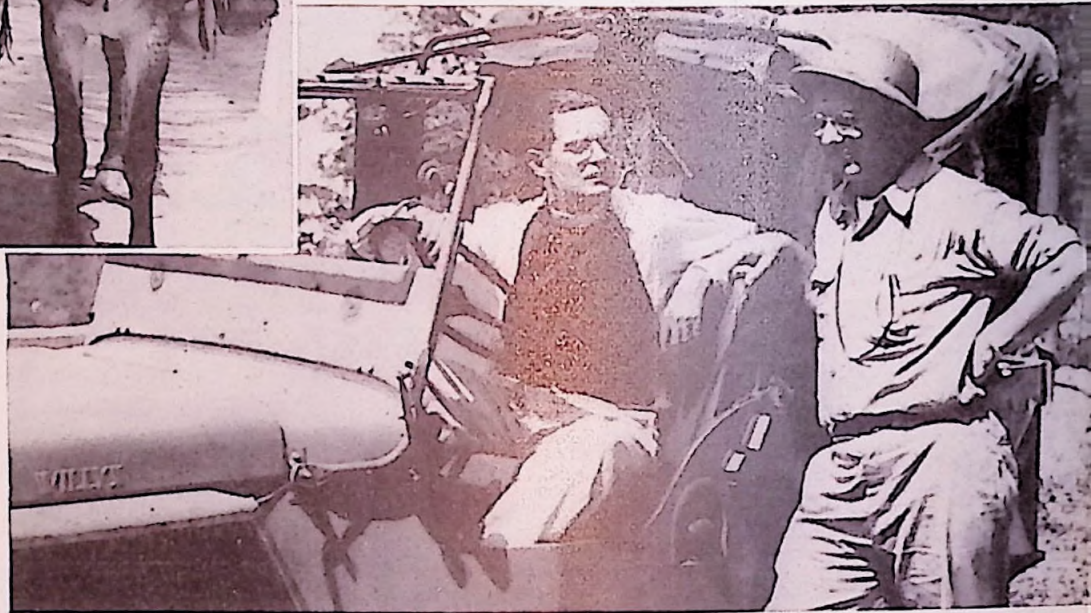


Congregation gathering at the Yo Creek church, Orange Walk district. Note air-conditioned walls.



Fathers Gregory B. Sonntag and John T. Newell S.J. visit with an American friend.

Father Joseph D. Wade S.J. (at the wheel) talks with Father Calvert Alexander S.J., editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, before setting out for his Progreso mission.



JAVA

from
Minas de Oro

MINAS DE ORO IN HONDURAS is a place of many moods, and the traveling missionary must fit into those moods as best he can. There are differences of elevation, climate, soil, and occupation. All of these add up to differences of people, and the missionary must be all things to all, at least part of the year. My people produce your morning eye-opener, coffee. Knowing how this crop is grown and harvested is a necessary step toward knowing the interesting people of Minas de Oro.

Early in January those who have coffee plantations in the mountains pack up, livestock and all, and set out for the hills.

JOHN T. NEWELL S.J.

Many of the people have little houses on their plantation since the work requires from three to four months. The town literally empties. There is a general exodus of chickens and pigs, goats and people; much like Moses and company pulling stakes in Egypt.

On the plantation, reaping the coffee is slow, but not altogether unpleasant. Coffee trees need shade, so some of the original timber is left. This not only provides shade for the plants, but for the reapers. Of course, the primitive methods of reaping are slow and require many hands. The most difficult part of the work is "peeling." The ripe red berries must be dried in the sun for days. When the pulpy part is dry and shriveled, the coffee is pounded with great effort in a large mortar. This killing work nets only a hundred pounds of coffee a day, provided the peeler is a strong man. The ordinary

family will reap between sixteen hundred and 2,000 pounds of coffee.

However, this is a vital industry to Honduras, so a very simple inexpensive machine has been introduced to speed up the work of peeling. It removes the pulp while still moist, and has the advantage of leaving intact the immediate covering on the grain itself. This doubles the merit and value of the coffee. A normal woman or child operating the machine by hand can peel and clean six to eight hundred pounds of better coffee a day. As a result the people are planting more coffee and finding the work not nearly so difficult.

When you see all this fine coffee being harvested, you look forward to a nice cup or two. But should you ever come to Honduras don't take a large cup. It is very difficult to roast coffee properly, and it just isn't done over an open fire. The stuff is burned black, and drinking the brew is like swallowing concentrated coal dust in solution. That's how people here have been drinking it for generations, and that's how they like it. They look on it as medicine too. So does any stranger who tastes it. It's about as palatable as quinine. They say it's good for people suffering from overwork in the sun—also as a general remedy for cattle disease. Our mule might not have died last year had we known of that remedy—or it might have died with its hoofs in the air.

At Las Flores you catch an encouraging glimpse of possibilities here. The people have built a permanent town surrounded by their coffee plantations. They are, for the most part, immigrants from Comayagua and are our best formed Catholics. I was there recently and found the church full for Mass and Rosary. The heavy work of the plantation didn't keep the people away. As usual

there were many confessions and communions. It helps keep a fellow kicking his mule up the hills.

At the end of April the coffee season is over, and with it the pleasure of a kind of social season in the mountains. Harvesting coffee is not a pressing business. It goes on in a leisurely fashion with a good deal of good human companionship. Once it is over the people move closer to their towns to plant corn, beans, and other crops.

The people here have a good sense of humor and really enjoy a joke. The other day my two companions remarked that my mule didn't like the spur. I told them about the Scotsman who used only one spur because he knew that if one side of the mule moved, the other would have to go along. Well, you'd think that was the joke of the year the way they spread it through the country-side. the poor Scots!

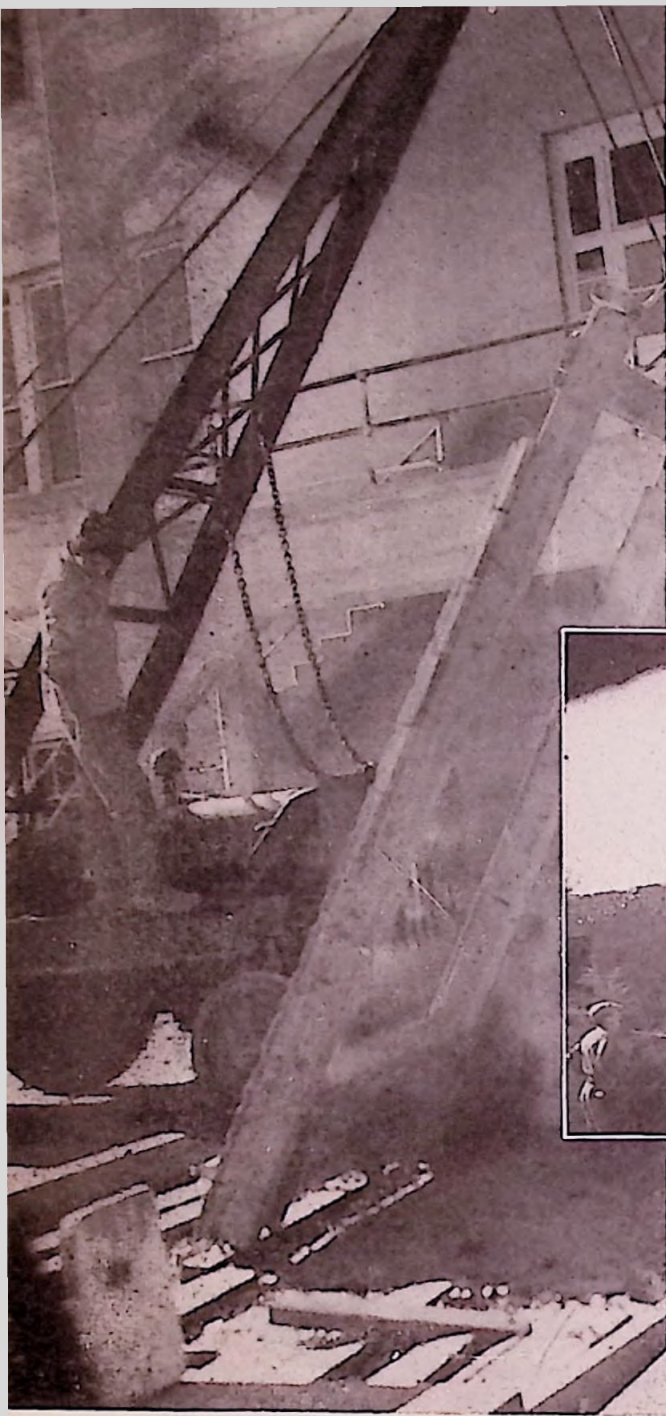
In the coffee area of the parish of Minas de Oro there are six principal towns, each with a large church and many small villages. There are some twenty thousand people.

Formerly they saw the priest only once a year when they came in to the fiesta. Now we are constantly visiting them. This makes for progress in every way. The churches and chapels are being improved, and the people have some instruction and a much better opportunity to practice their religion. This is some consolation for the great physical difficulty involved in bringing the church to them. The distances are great by mule, and a mule makes a mile much longer. Besides the constantly changing diet and irregularity of meals makes those miles longer still. However, for years to come that's how it must be in Honduras. It is a great apostolic opportunity and it does have its genuine consolation and satisfaction.

One of the frequent religious processions forms at Minas de Oro. Pictured here are the children of the

village, followed by the grown-ups. Major religious feasts are marked by a customary Fiesta procession.





Rosary Builds a House

BERNARD D. FAGAN S.J.



All the boys at Holy Rosary help to raise the new mission building.

IT'S ODD, BUT TRUE. Out here in the wide open spaces of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, one of our problems is space. This interested my sister on her first visit to the Mission. She was fresh from a school of social service—full of scientific norms for the care of children, and well versed in the number of square feet of playground space, volume of air and bed spacing per inches per child.

“How,” she asked in a puzzled tone, “do you provide for 400 Indian children in this amount of space?”

This has puzzled us too, but we’ve managed somehow. I gave her the only practical answer. “Don’t know what the books say,

but we get them in. And a healthier, happier group of youngsters would be hard to find.”

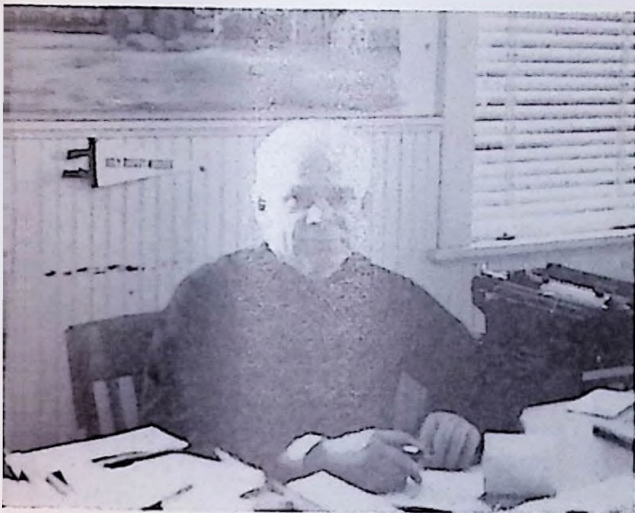
On a tour of the buildings she found a number of things that defied her rule book. I countered with the same defense—insisting on the good spirits of the children. I was holding my own until we came to the little girls’ dormitory. My defense sputtered and died. The dormitory was definitely overcrowded. Bed spacing failed to reach my sister’s minimum formula.

The problem of adequate space has long faced the Jesuit Fathers and Franciscan Sisters at Holy Rosary. Father Leo A. Doyle S.J., superior of the mission, dislikes turning away an Indian child. He knows that their chance of getting a sound Catholic education is small.

Last spring, Father Doyle and Father Lawrence Edwards S.J., principal of the school, decided to face the problem squarely. If the superintendent of a public school or a government official were advised of space difficulties, they could easily draw on

funds for the purpose and begin to build. It's not that simple at the missions. Missions, you know, are operated on a "shoestring and a prayer."

Opportunity gave a loud knock. At the Black Hills Ordnance depot in Igloo, large two-story barracks were being offered to schools at a low price. The opportunity was there—but so were the problems. Igloo is almost a hundred miles from the Mission.



Very Rev. Leo A. Doyle S.J., mission superior.

Then there was the matter of funds, workmen, room and board at the depot, and transportation.

But the good Lord and good friends have a way of moving difficulties aside. The Most Reverend William T. McCarty, C.Ss.R., Bishop of Rapid City, got word of the project and sent a generous donation. Army officials at the depot went out of their way to assist the dismantling crew. The housing office provided a five room apartment at a very reasonable rate. Back of the apartment was the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Whiteyes, former Pine Ridge residents whose children attended the Mission. Mrs. Whiteyes graciously offered to cook for the crew. She kept all the hungry young carpenters full and happy.

Most of the dismantling was done by a group of Holy Rosary high school boys under the supervision of Gilbert Bad Wound, a skilled carpenter who

had learned the trade at the Mission thirty years ago. Jesuit Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers pitched in. The "deadliest" demolisher was our principal, Father Edwards. Nothing he couldn't pry apart if you handed him a two-by-six.

In a month the building was down and the materials neatly piled about Red Cloud Hall at the Mission. Something of the spirit of devotion which through the centuries has erected cathedrals and missions all over the world, had fired the project from the start. The same spirit now inspired the big task of reconstruction.

Brother Peter Gross S.J., master craftsman from the old country, spent his seventy-second summer directing the operation. On-the-job supervision of the crew was in charge of Brother Edmund Stetzen S.J. The Scholastics and several hired hands helped out.

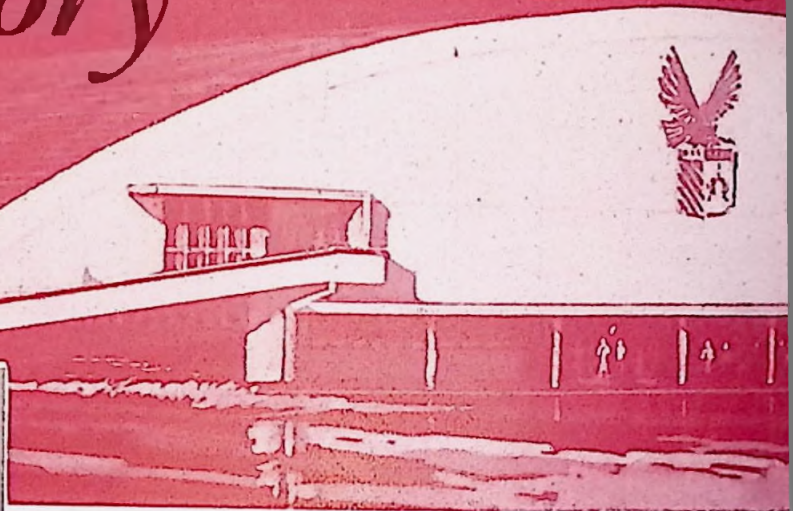
But Holy Rosary's new building is substantially the work of our Indian boys. Each morning and afternoon, despite the weather, you would find the young Sioux on the job. When school let out, a crew of grade school volunteers sacrificed playtime to lend a hand. Now and then you might find a couple "resting" in an out-of-the-way corner, but generally they needed little prodding. They have certainly received a valuable piece of vocational training. Ask these boys what a joist, plate, studding or stringer is, and you'll get a ready answer.

So Rosary has built a house. And the house that Rosary built is soon to be a fine school, with four spacious well-lighted classrooms and a large basement recreation room. God, as ever, is providing, and our benefactors are giving generously. The spirit of Holy Rosary is seeing us through.

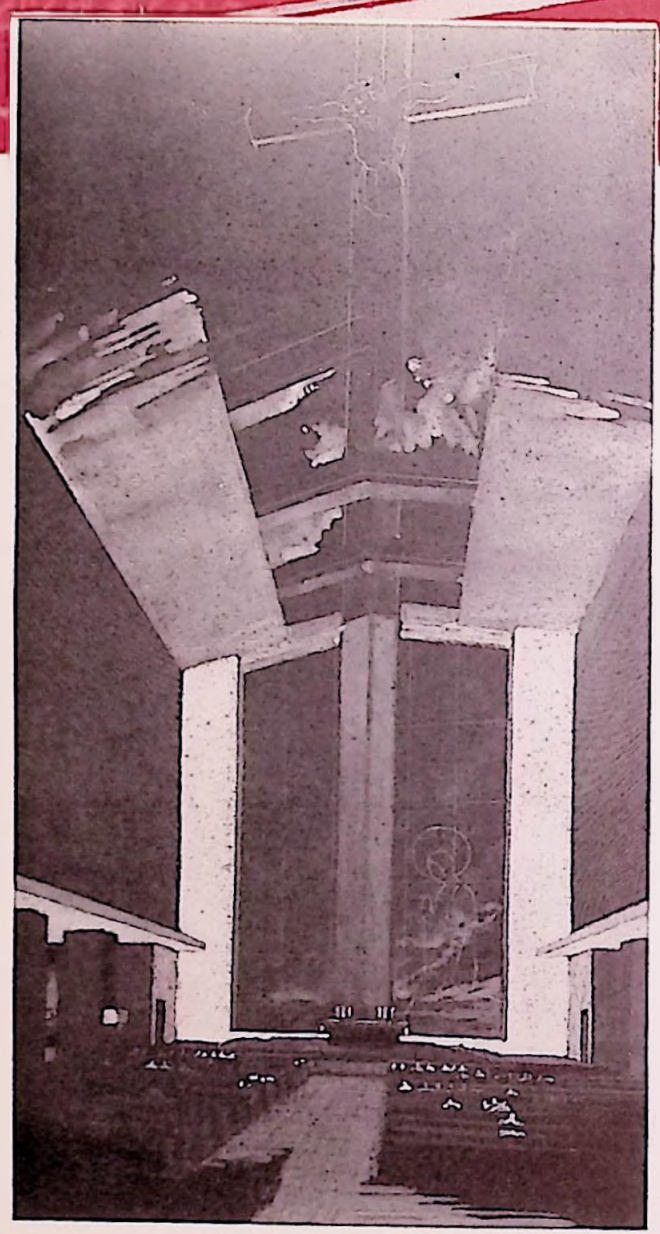
The next time my sister visits Pine Ridge, I'm taking her to the new building, handing her a yardstick with a small speech that goes like this: "Here you are, Miss Scientific Norm. Try this for size."



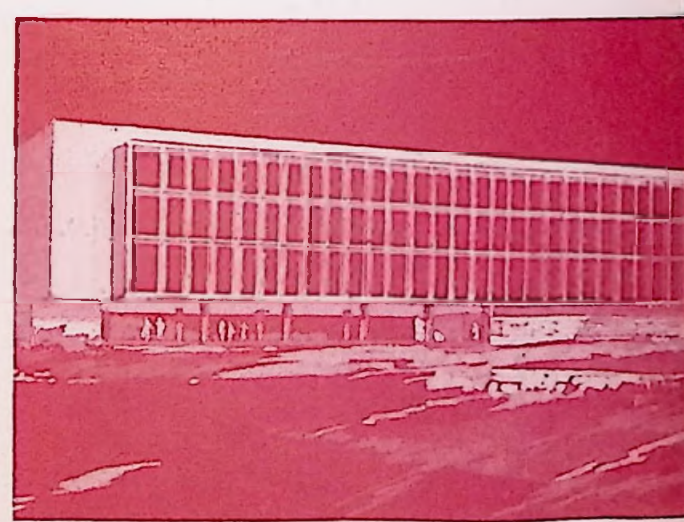
Dust to *Glory*



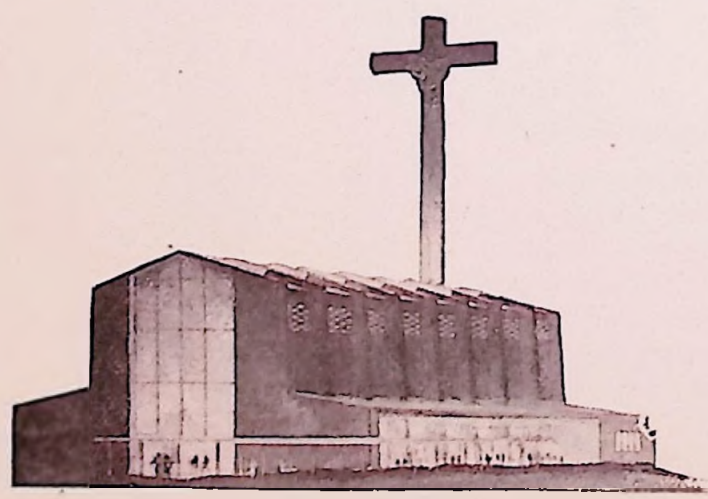
The new gymnasium will seat over 8,000. It will be used for the R.O.T.C., commandant's offices, bowling

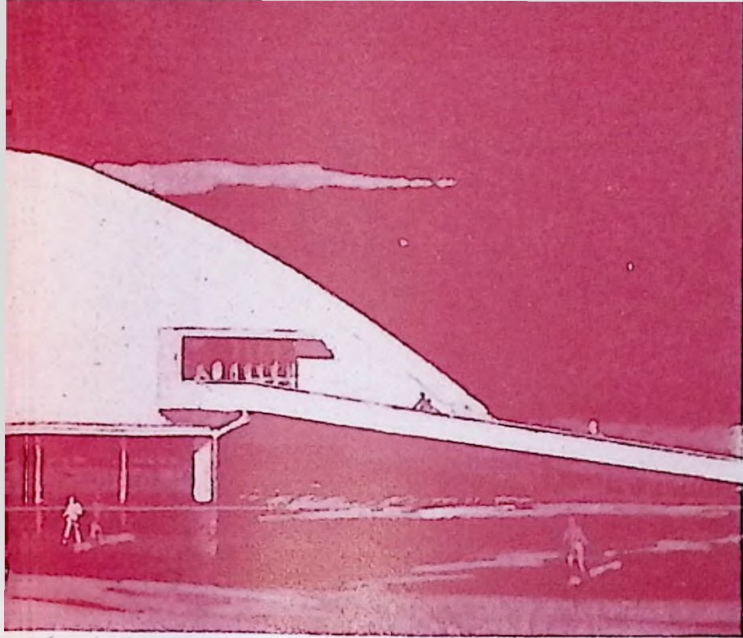


Administration and Science building. The administration building contains the Deans' offices, professors' lounge and activities room.



The chapel. The most striking feature of the new university is the proposed chapel. The huge crucifix which will rise from the floor of the chapel directly behind the altar to a height of 100 feet, will be seen from the chapel floor through the glass panels in the roof. The sanctuary windows will be polaroid glass. The figures of Our Lady and St. John will be etched on either side.



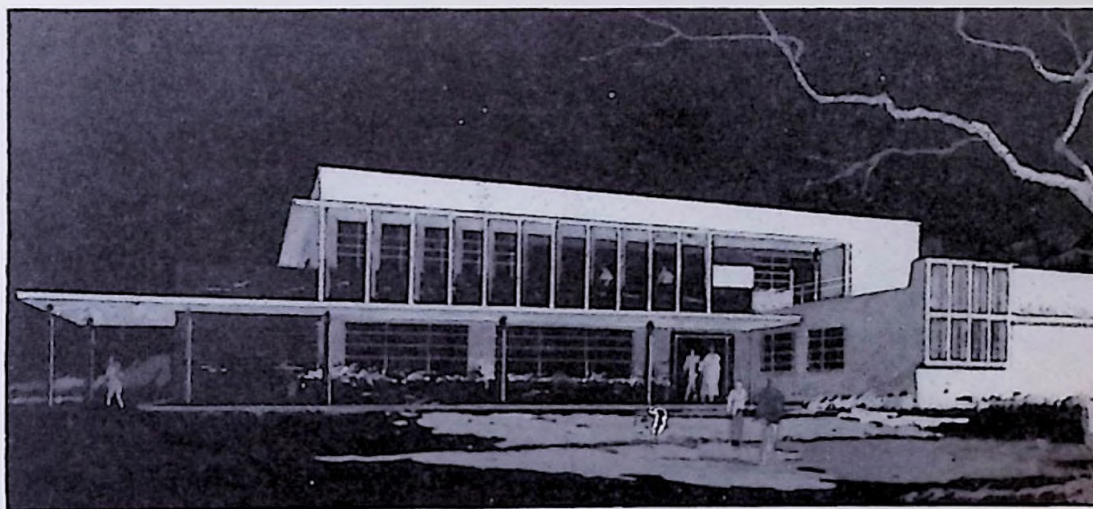


used as a general service building with an armory, physics, cafeterias, and athletic director's headquarters.

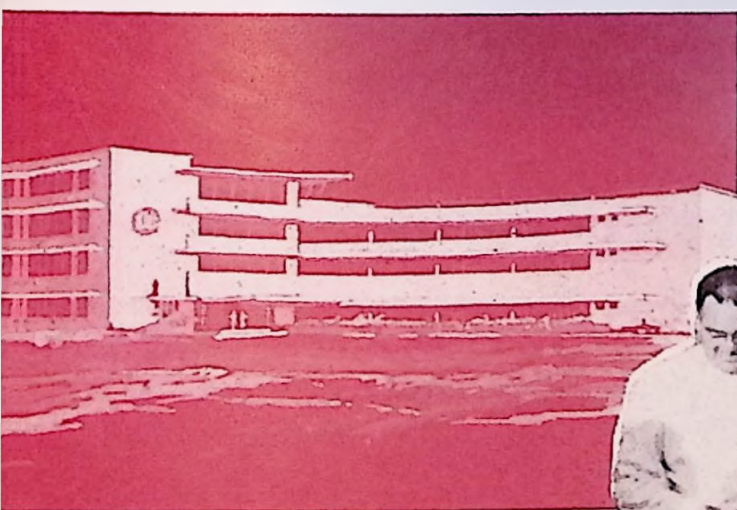
Twice, in one generation, the Ateneo in downtown Manila was destroyed—once by an accidental fire, and a second time by bombing and deliberate destruction in the last days of the Japanese occupation. Nothing remains of the old Ateneo today, save broken walls and a magnificent tradition. For generations it has been one of the most famous Jesuit schools in the world. Its lines were solid, but like so many of the public buildings in the old tradition, hardly suited to the tropics. The new Ateneo is designed by Filipino architects, Rivera and Arguelles, to meet tropical conditions. Twice destroyed, the new Ateneo now rises from the rubble and destruction of war on a new site, in a new style, but with the same spirit of glory.



College Science building (left) will house the main administration building (right).



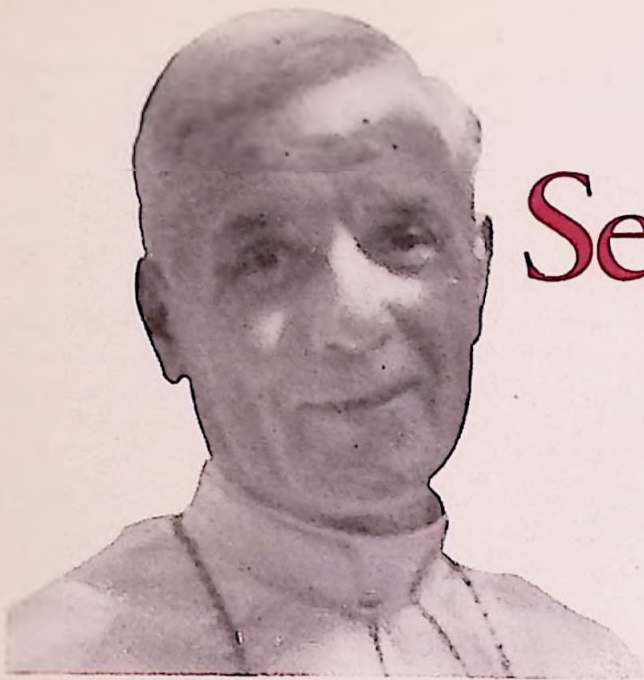
Main administration building. This building will be the central building of the Ateneo. In it will be the offices of the President, Treasurer, and Alumni.



Faculty residence. The building is designed to house fifty-two Jesuits. On the first floor will be a chapel, dining room and visitors' parlors. Like the other buildings, the wings are only one room deep to allow for cross ventilation. All buildings facing southwest have concrete extensions to shade the rooms.

Father William F. Masterson S.J., of Brooklyn, rector of the Ateneo de Manila (left foreground). With him are leading alumni inspecting the site of the new Ateneo. The location chosen is on the top of a hill in the suburbs of Manila overlooking the city and the bay.





Señor Obispo

ANTHONY M. CUNA S.J.

those are the words that well from their lips . . . "Good morning, Señor Obispo; thank you, Señor Obispo."

But the days they hold most dear to their hearts are those occasions during the year when they see their bishop in the glory of his ecclesiastical robes. There is SANTIAGO

Señor Obispo—The Most Rev. James T. Hayes S.J.



The beloved Bishop, with his people and Filipino soldiery, awaits the arrival of the President of the Republic.

TO THE FAITHFUL OF CAGAYAN, Bishop James T. Hayes, S.J. is SENOR OBISPO. Their love and reverence for him, their hope and their joy, their very pride . . . all this is crystallized in two simple words . . . SENOR OBISPO.

Whether they see him standing on afternoons at the porch of his 'palacio', or walking quietly up and down his lawn; whether they thank him for his kindness, or kneel down to kiss his ring in filial reverence,

DAY, his feast day. After Mass he stands in his purple before his children at the communion rail. With love and joy smiling in his eyes, he greets his people . . . "MGA IGsuON . . . my beloved brothers in Christ." After thanking them for their prayers and felicitations he lifts his hands in benediction over them, and they, one by one, come to kneel before him reverently and kiss his ring. In him they see a watchful shepherd and a kindly guide.

All look fixedly at him as he sits with mitre and crosier at the altar. Then craning their necks, they listen in hushed silence. He is explaining in perfect Visayan, the meaning and dignity of the Sacrament.

Then one by one, the children come with their sponsors to the sanctuary. Ready at hand are his "paraphernalia" . . . mitre, crosier, missal, oils—and the two names, Jose and Maria. You can easily guess why. A boy comes up with the name "Leyte," another, "Hirohito." Unperturbed, the Bishop pronounces "Jose Leyte, Jose Hirohito." Leyte and Hirohito are not in the Bishop's catalogue of saints, but this is not the time and place to argue.

The children come up in various moods—

of Cagayan. People from all the neighboring villages crowd the streets of the town. In festive mood, rich and poor line the sidewalks to watch the procession; to see SENOR OBISPO pass by in all the magnificence of his princely garb, silk shoes, shining ring, jewelled mitre, gleaming crosier; attended by priests, flanked by guards of the Knights of Columbus, greeted by the joyous peals of the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus." It is a brief flash of the eternal splendor of the Church.

Bishop Hayes came as Bishop of Cagayan many years ago. It did not take long for the people to learn to love him. True, he lives in his 'palacio,' but the doors are always open for the Faithful to come and say . . . "Good Morning." They know that they can talk to



!Senor Obispo tests the children's knowledge of their faith. He faces a roomful of waving hands and happy smiles as he leads these small members of his flock through their catechism lessons.

some completely unnerved at the sight of this big American, others more courageous look him straight in the face. Large and small, even infants in arms, (Confirmation is administered to babies in the Philippines), approach the altar. But whether awake or asleep, docile or frightened, the Bishop goes on . . . "Jose DARTAGNAN, Maria LYRA."

Perhaps the greatest of all occasions is the procession before the pontifical Mass on the feast of St. Augustine, the town fiesta

him in their own language. The war has changed much of the face of the city of Cagayan. But the simple faith and childlike reverence that make Cagayan and its people so dear to the missionary's heart . . . that is left untouched. The hair of their Bishop's head is graying, and the furrows on his smiling face grow deeper with the years, but he still is, and will always be to his people . . . SENOR OBISPO; and they to him . . . MGA IGSUON, my beloved brethren.

Backyard Mission in OMAHA

LOWRIE J. DALY S.J.



Father Joseph Moylan S.J. with the 1948 graduates of St. Benedict's school, Omaha, Nebraska.

EVER FIND A FOREIGN MISSION in your own backyard? We did—right here in the backyards of Omaha. It may not have the glamor of far-away places, but it has all the problems and objectives of a mission field.

Shaded by large elms on a quiet, though not always peaceful, street of North Omaha stands another expression of the Church's age-old mission to all mankind—St. Benedict the Moor's Negro parish. It's a city-wide parish with a membership of about 500. But there are more than 14,000 Negroes in Omaha today, and our job is to lead these people to Christ.

The heart of our backyard mission is the church and school. The school is conducted by four Sisters, Servants of Mary, and the structure is the "newest" of the lot. The playground, formerly an oversized mudhole, has been cemented and enlarged. The Christ Child Organization will be here soon, and the Center will change the neighborhood.

Two other buildings, composing the group, carry us back to memories of sod-house frontier days. What serves as a chapel, storage room, office and what-have-you is an antique brick affair which was successively a pie factory, dance hall, and African Methodist church. At present this "church" is fighting a losing battle with decomposition. Its weary mortar won't keep this Humpty Dumpty together much longer.

The parish house strikes the low note on the scale. Its ceilings are openly giving way to the law of gravity, and the tiny rooms cramp movement and initiative.

Across the narrow street is a spacious, well-built chapel in charge of a revivalist

minister. Besides appearance, there's a new strong-voiced electric organ to appeal to the musical Negro heart. It's a crisp looking "church visible" with far more natural attraction than the tumble-down home of the Lord Himself across the way.

But things are looking up at St. Benedict's. Despite years of cramped finances, we are looking forward to a better year. Plans for a new St. Benedict's have been drawn; and for a number of needed improvements that will make the parish what it can and should be—the biggest influence in Negro life in Omaha. The new day-nursery is being readied, the assembly room in the school basement is being made into an attractive club room, and the lunch room will be renovated.

Unused for some years, the gym will see much CYO activity in the near future. Athletic equipment offers an interesting problem. At present it doesn't exist. That will be got around somehow.

For the little Negro children playing in the street there lies a choice—whether they shall be Christians or criminals. St. Benedict's is doing all it can to see that Christ is their choice. These least favored of all God's children in America are our problem and care. But they are His and our work is His. That's why we're full of hope.

Sister Flavia, of the Servants of Mary, principal of the grade school, with some of her pupils.





PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

could have caught them, as Eskimo boys often do, with a whirl of stringed ivory bits.

It was hard to turn back from the sea. There is a fascination in watching the ever-moving ice, rocking slowly with the waves. With a sigh I turned my skis to a cluster of tents a short distance away.

The families had set up there to be closer to the hunt and a better wood supply. I was greeted with big smiles. These folk were living on a meat diet, and were looking all the better for it. Their store of flour, tea and sugar had long since been depleted. A DC-3 from the Alaska Rescue Squadron had skilanded just after Christmas, bringing milk, tea and sugar. It had not lasted long. Enough milk had arrived, however, to keep the youngsters happy until the boat came.

For the most part, the Eskimos were living completely off the land as did their forefathers. When they hold to their native diet they fare well. An interesting feature of this diet seems to be the lack of dental decay. Their teeth have a bright sheen—pearly-white without benefit of toothbrush.

ONE ARCTIC MORNING . . .

STRAPPED ON MY SKIS TODAY for a glide across the tundra to the sea. The snow is hardpacked and smooth as tile. Despite the lateness of the season, there has been no appreciable thaw. The gullies are full and the ridges coated with a clean white.

The morning was perfect for a cross-country ski. A light frost put a gloss on the surface, and the temperature held at about fifteen above. The air was clear, and the snow so dazzling white in the sunlight that sun glasses were necessary. A wind at my back, which would slow my return, pushed me along in grand style. Some thirty miles away the Eskinok mountains, with their brilliant frosting of snow, were etched against a hard blue sky.

I skirted the low hills near the shore and paused at the edge of the sea. Great crags of ice floated there, dotting the surface as far as eye could reach. Overhead the Eider Kings swept in graceful flight, looking as large as cranes. They passed by so low I

I told the Eskimos to pay overdue bills with their seal skins. Seal oil, too, would be needed all along the Yukon, and "mukluk" soles always have a ready market. The government is anxious that Eskimos save the money made in the canneries to build better homes. On a recent trip to Washington, D.C. we were able to get a \$15,000,000 loan for needed housing. As I write, a huge stack of lumber and galvanized iron has already been billed to Hooper Bay and district. This will be sold at cost. Though the Eskimo hut is a good answer to winter cold, it is woefully damp in spring and summer. With a good roof and flooring, the TB rate should be cut.

As I turned from the Eskimo tents another flock of Eider Kings whirred overhead. With swift strides I turned my face to the wind and homeward. Above me the flock sailed in graceful glides. I would have willingly traded skis for wings to tack, as they do, in the gusts of an Arctic wind.

Here's Just The Mission Gift You Have Been Seeking!



The Ciborium and the Chalice unscrew and pack into the wire-holder which fits into the 5-inch light-weight container.

A Practical Chalice . . .

PICTURED at left is one of the most practical gifts for the missionary you can find. Space and weight are of prime importance to him as he packs to journey to his next mission station in the hills. Skilled goldsmiths have come to his aid now. They have designed a chalice and ciborium to the missionary's own specifications. The stem and cup and base of each 8-inch vessel unscrews and both vessels fit neatly into a single container. Perhaps you, your Church society or club would like to give to the missions a memorial chalice that will be used constantly. Here is your opportunity.

WE CAN purchase this chalice and ciborium set for \$115. This is a very reasonable price for such a useful gift. If a smaller donation fits your budget, don't hesitate. Many small donations help us fill many great needs of the missions.

SEND DONATIONS TO

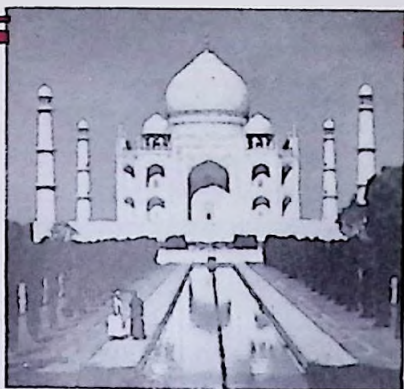


JESUIT
Missions

962 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION



SEPTEMBER: Catholic Action in India

WE CAN GAIN NO CLEARER CONCEPT of the mission intention that Our Holy Father recommends to us this month than those words contained in his Letter to the Hierarchy of India on January 13, 1948 on the subject of Catholic Action. In part His Holiness then wrote: "Your beloved country has reached a turning point in its history." (India and Pakistan had just received dominion status.) "A new era has dawned; the flaming torch of liberty with justice has warmed the hearts and fired the minds of your beloved people. In the burning fervor of newly won national independence the destiny of your great nation is being shaped. At this juncture in your history when problems of national importance must be faced and solved, it is of great consequence that the faithful committed to your care should be in a position to make a worthwhile contribution to the future of your nation by sharing with their brothers-in-blood that heritage of sound doctrine which they as Catholics possess and cherish.

"Catholic Action, wherein the first and essential duty of personal sanctification is combined with an intense apostolic activity under the mandate and encouragement of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy, provides an excellent means whereby the faithful, intensifying their own spiritual life and deepening their religious convictions, may confer on their nation those blessings which accrue to civil society from the due observance of the divine law and the zealous fulfilment of Christian duties. This high purpose of Catholic Action has been aptly stated in these words of Our Predecessor of blessed memory: 'It is the function of this type of Action

to form, as it were, a vast army of good citizens, men and women, and especially the young people of both sexes, whose first and dearest desire is to take some part in the sacred ministry of the Church, and to strive valiantly under her leadership and guidance to spread the kingdom of Christ in private and public life.' For human society this indeed is the greatest of all possessions."

The task of the Archbishop of Madras, the Director of Catholic Action for all India, is not an easy one but he has a certain directive: "The guiding principle therefore of all those who collaborate in this apostolate should be 'sentire cum Ecclesia'—to have the mind of the Church which is 'the pillar and ground of truth'." The Catholic Actionist of India must "undergo a training which embraces the whole man, and which brings mind and heart and will into subjection to Christ so that each apostle of Catholic Action may show himself 'an example of good works in doctrine, in integrity.' It is this integrity of Christian life solidly grounded in doctrine, nourished by the frequent reception of the Sacraments, supported by prayer and by the practice of Christian virtue that characterizes the Catholic Actionist and makes him a faithful soldier of Christ in his home, at his work or profession and in every phase of his social life."

The Catholics of India today number roughly 4,500,000 among India's 400,000,000 inhabitants, and yet from this almost one percent an elite corps is to rise, through Catholic Action, that will act as a leaven to the Dominions of India and Pakistan. In the words of the Pope: "As apostles of their brothers-in-blood they may win countless souls to Christ and enlarging His Kingdom in India may effect an even wider extension of the inestimable blessings of that Kingdom of truth and life, of holiness and justice, of love and peace."



YEARS OF SERVICE

In the Hall of Fame for missionaries, Father John A. Pollock S.J. of Cagayan in the Philippines deserves a special niche. He has spent twenty years in the rugged mountain districts of Cagayan, building the Kingdom of Christ. Long ago in JESUIT MISSIONS, he paid a tribute to his people that was an unwitting reflection of the secret behind his own sacrifices. "What reward, think you, will the Sacred Heart find for these loving generous hearts? Their hearts are given in full and unstinted measure to the Sacred Heart of the Master. They may never have travelled, nor seen paved streets, but they have seen the Lord God, and Him they know and love and serve."

In these words, Father Pollock has paid a splendid tribute to the piety and devotion of his people who seek the Kingdom of Heaven before all other things. It is characteristic of him to overlook the part that he himself has played in the development of that love of God in those he shepherds. For twenty years he has poured out upon them his time, his strength, and the whole of his priestly life. Ad multos annos!

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ECHOES FROM EIKO

Our school here has acquired a very fine reputation in the Yokohama-Yokosuka area. Over 370 boys came to take the entrance examinations, although it had been announced beforehand that only 160 would be accepted. All the boys who took the examination were the very best of other schools. As a matter of fact some grade schools even went so far as to have special classes for boys planning to take our entrance examinations. So the boys we admit are the cream of the cream as it were.

Part of the examination calls for a personal interview of each boy who is accompanied by one parent. As a result we have some interesting scenes outside the principal's office. The anxious parent who is next in line for the interview tiptoes to the window of the office and peers in. He then comes back and explains in detail to his son the arrangement of the furniture in the room, the seats they must take, etc. Together they then practice their entrance bows, the way they will enter the room, and each gesture that can be foreseen. Then as a final preparation the father makes the boy stand up with him in the hall and perform breathing exercises so that they will be in the 'pink' for the coming interview which is so important.

Recently we had a typical Japanese competition during an all-day outing for the boys of the school. There were three events:

a) all had to cover an 18-mile cross country run; b) each boy was given 30 minutes to make a sketch of some scene that had caught his fancy along the way; c) during another half hour each had to write a poem expressive of his feelings on the occasion. The winner was chosen for his excellence in all three fields. A tip for some American school.

As an incentive for English study a number of the top English students were allowed to have an interview with Captain Decker, U.S.N., Commander of Yokosuka area. The idea was to get a story for our 'Eiko News-Flash' but the interview strayed somewhat from its original purpose. After asking the Captain his opinion of the school, etc. the boys in some fashion swung the conversation around to the nickname of the principal, Father Voss S.J. The boys confided in the Captain that they called the principal *Yama-saru* or "mountain monkey." Then one of the boys made bold to ask, "Do you know your nickname?" The surprised Captain answered in the negative. "We call you Bulldog!"

"Why Bulldog?" was the natural but rather unwise question.

"Because you look like a bulldog!" was the frank response. The Captain laughed heartily and prolonged the interview to the extent of personally driving the boys around in his car for over an hour.

William J. Everett S.J.

INTO EVERY LIFE . . .

"I am writing this during the prolonged drought you are having in the States and at the moment I am wondering which of us is better off. Has it ever occurred to you that the pictures you see of Japan are all sunshiney, cheery blossomy scenes of brightness and gaiety—and that none of them pictures us as we really are, at least one day a week and for six weeks during the rainy season? If I had a deep sea camera I'd go out right now and flick off a dozen shots that would show driving nails of water for about fifteen feet, with an impenetrable mist as a backdrop. In and out of the mist move blurred faces, constantly slipping walkers, glossy rubber boots and rain capes. I might even get a shot of the lower playground, which we just completed, as this very moment it goes washing down the mountain with the rest of the debris. Now and then the lights go on in the darkened houses to show that the electricity has been connected again—for a while.

This morning I went off to the convent of the Sisters of the Infant Jesus for Mass, Benediction and a sermon in an original vernacular (Japanese being the vernacular and my version the original). We had recently had our jeep fixed so that the rain would not come up through the floor, but no one had thought of a way to let out the rain once it got in. So when I finished at the convent I made a mad dash for the dry interior of the jeep—only to find an inch or so of rain merrily chortling around on the floor. We came back together, with me trying to tilt the jeep into various angles so the water would drain off through some holes in the back. I have revised my original concept of the term 'human blotter'.

John R. Hughes S.J.
Kobe, Japan

QUIZ FROM FATHER KOLLER

Father J. Gordon Koller S.J. at Talisayan in the Philippines has sent back the answers to a series of questions asked him in recent months.

"There is no big city, in fact, no city here. As for conveniences, the biggest convenience is the jeep; without it my work would be terrifically curtailed. Electricity? Here I have my own generator when it works; the big trouble is to find a good mechanic. Right now they are erecting poles and expect to install electricity before long.

Shopping? Here in town we can always buy very good fish, rice, ground corn and usually eggs. Sometimes we can also buy native vegetables in fair abundance. Fortunately I like the native food, especially chicken, pork, different kinds of sweet potatoes, etc. And I can always order canned food from Manila.

How do my people make a living? In this parish about the only livelihood is cocoanut, or running a little store. If the price of cocoanut goes way down, I do not know what my poor people will do. How insecure is the lot of the poor! But God bless them!

Do my children get enough to eat? I am afraid that they have a very poor diet. Most of them live on fish, rice or corn, and cooked bananas. They have few vegetables and little meat. But the boys seem to be able to run up and down the basketball court all day long, and the little girls jump and skip until the sun goes down. Since practically no one has, or can afford, electricity, most of the children go to bed very early, and so what they lack in food, they make up in sleep. My children are tiny; it would seem strange for me to meet many American children together; they would seem fat and tall, just the way they did when I returned to the States some time ago.



CHINA JOURNALIST

There's something new under the sun in China . . . a Catholic News Service. The venture began a year ago under the direction of Father Patrick O'Connor, a Columban Father, assisted by Father Charles J. McCarthy S.J. (shown above at his typewriter). Hua Ming, as it is called, is operated concurrently with the China Bureau of the National Catholic News Service. Located in Shanghai before the Reds forced a move to the south, it began as a weekly release in Chinese and English. Since August of last year it has been issued twice weekly. "It is a contribution from Catholic sources to the common pool of significant news."

Before the Communist conquest of the city, Hua Ming was supplied with news items from nearly one hundred correspondents scattered throughout China. The dispatches received were written in Chinese or any one of the several European languages. Re-written by the Hua Ming staff, news stories are released in North and South America, Europe and Australasia.

Besides his duties at Hua Ming, Father McCarthy is also editor of the Catholic Review, Shanghai. Released from internment at the end of the last war, he returned to the States and spent a year at the Marquette University College of Journalism, Milwaukee, Wis. Equipped with editorial techniques, he returned to China and plunged into a whirl of journalistic activity.

No, my children have practically no imported toys. They make their own tops, sling shots, little wagons and autos, pea-shooters, kites. Right now some small boys are out in the calm ocean testing their small homemade sailboats. They are speedy. The little girls do not go in for dolls . . . almost every little girl has a smaller brother or niece about the size of a doll anyway. It is not uncommon to see a little tot of about 4 years carrying an infant as though she were the mother. It would be difficult to find a home that does not have at least one infant or very small child.

My work goes on as usual. But here is a very special intention you *must* pray for. Another high school is opening here. Pray that we can meet the competition adequately and that thus our influence will become yet greater.

J. Gordon Koller S.J.

CALLING INFORMATION

From Jamshedpur, India, **Father Quinn Enright S.J.**, who with **Father John Blandin S.J.** has already begun an Institute of Industrial Relations in this 'Pittsburgh of India', writes in search of information which our readers may possess. "Last night at a meeting of the Catholic Action Association of Jamshedpur (a parish organization here and quite active) a suggestion was made which added an unaccustomed rosy tinge to my dreams. So in the pale of the dawn I am passing it on to you in the hope that some of your readers may have the information I want.

The number of people dependent upon the charitable organizations of the Church here in the city is very great, as you might well guess. The Catholic Action Committee and the St. Vincent de Paul Society try to do their best but they have nowhere near



Father J. Gordon Koller S.J.

the means necessary for adequate aid. It was suggested last night that, since there were so many people needing work and since rosaries and medals are so difficult to obtain, we might be able to combine these two situations and find the solution for both.

The idea arose from an advertisement in an American magazine which implied that there are many firms which furnish a 'Plastic Modelling Set' on the basis of "making money in your spare time." If we could get a number of those sets and put these people to work manufacturing plastic crucifixes, medals, religious articles, book ends, etc. it would be a long step in the

A MINISTER'S TRIBUTE

A Protestant missionary pays tribute to Father Thomas J. Feeney S.J., Caroline Islands—Ed.

Dear Newbury Street:

As **Father Feeney** has warned you, the writer plans to visit Boston before the Fall if only to knock on your door to learn how you do it. How you keep up with Father, that is.

Today I suggested to Father that he permit me to work my way a bit closer to Eternal Peace by assisting him at the typewriter. My offer of menial aid was made on my own initiative, without hints or prodding from Father. It is possible, alas, that I may be mistaken. He works with great subtlety.

Father Feeney is an "experience." He talks in terms of schools and self sufficiency, and the dignity of the human equation. This has been a great surprise. When I heard of the expected Catholic invasion of the Marshall Islands, I believed that all men on either side of a Rosary would be spat upon; that a holy

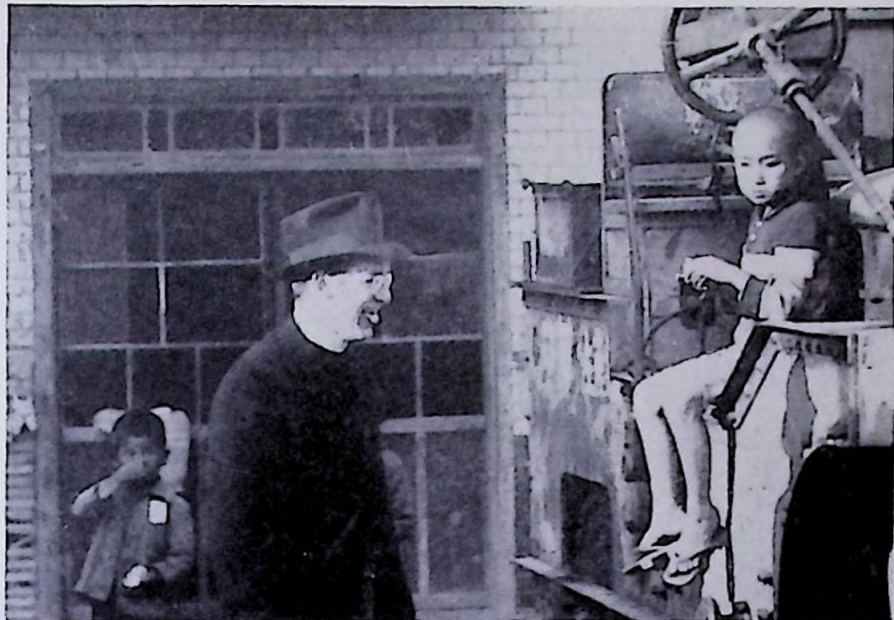
war was on the horizon. Instead, the Father seemed to be *Serving*. It made one think—a painful thing for me.

True, in a cold sense, the "Feeney way" is the way of the politician. He is an Operator, and he operates with incredible consistency and skill. But his shrewdness is redeemed and sanctified (new words to me, these) by his honesty. "I work above board," he tells you, "everything in the open." And the funny part of it is that it's true. He's a phenomenon, and it has been fun to watch the skeptics drop their guard and surrender with a brief but telling: "You gotta hand it to that man."

You begin to wonder: "What is this Catholicism? A way of life? Not a robe worn after all? Not just gestures and words? This vivid, constructive work being done by two men, this cutting of red tape and arrival at the heart of things, this sure-footed moving ahead—is this the Catholic way?" It makes you uncomfortable.

right direction. But is the whole thing workable? That is where my information is completely lacking. Would it be possible for you to send us some of those sets and requisite models? I am rather enthused about the idea and I know there would be a ready market if the plastic is the same as the rosary crucifixes which you recently sent us. It is impossible to get that material here. So can you help me?

The monsoons are just coming now, or rather, it is pre-monsoon storms we are getting. They are vicious things but brief—and oddly enough we have been getting samples of them all this summer season. At least they



Father Wm. J. Everett S.J. eyes a Japanese steamroller at Eiko School

You tell yourself that vision and energy are what is needed out here. Then two Jesuits bring these intangibles to bear on everyone and everything for hundreds of miles around. Why did they have to be Catholics? Is that fair?

I comfort myself with comfortable answers. Father Feeney is an exception. He's just one of those unusual men who are supercharged with divine powers of purpose and direction. The Jesuits got a break, that's all. It isn't typical; it isn't basic. But—perhaps it is. Perhaps some principle is at work.

I am getting on in years—will be 40 in July. I don't like to be disturbed at this ripe age.

So I'm going to call at Newbury Street. I hope to find a few dullards; a couple of old meanies and a sourpuss or two. Then I could be comfortable again.

But should I find more Father Feeneys, I don't know what will happen to me. I really don't.

Cordially yours,
(Signed)

keep the temperature down. While Patna was getting its usual sand storms and hot winds, we were hit with wet storms from the same westerly direction. Where the clouds picked up the water and dropped the sand I don't know. However, it cooled us off considerably and we didn't come anywhere near the stretch of 119 degree weather that Jamshedpur experienced last year.

T. Quinn Enright S.J.

THY PEOPLE, MY PEOPLE

For some time now I've been bursting to tell you a story about the people of Angaur, one of the southern Palau Islands, so here goes: On First Fridays a priest usually goes to Angaur, for the people there are extra-special fervent Catholics. One month recently neither Father Bizkarra nor I was able to make the trip. The people were waiting for the priest, and did not give up hope until late Thursday night, when they finally realized that no priest was coming. So early Friday morning a group of them got out their boat and set sail for Koror, some 40 miles away.

There was no rain that Friday,

nor any clouds in the sky—just the blistering tropical sun beating down on them all the way. They arrived at Koror and came to the Church to receive Holy Communion at 3 P. M. Not so much as a drop of water had passed their lips all that time. I don't have to make any comment on that! What priest wouldn't consider it a privilege to work for people like these?

Of course, it isn't all sweetness and light. There are sinners here too; but there are a lot of good, simple people who work hard at keeping their souls flooded with grace—and that is the definition of a saint. That's the kind of people you are helping.

Here is a letter I received when my sickness prevented me from making a scheduled visit to one of the villages. The author is twelve years old.

Baderei Mamanuus,

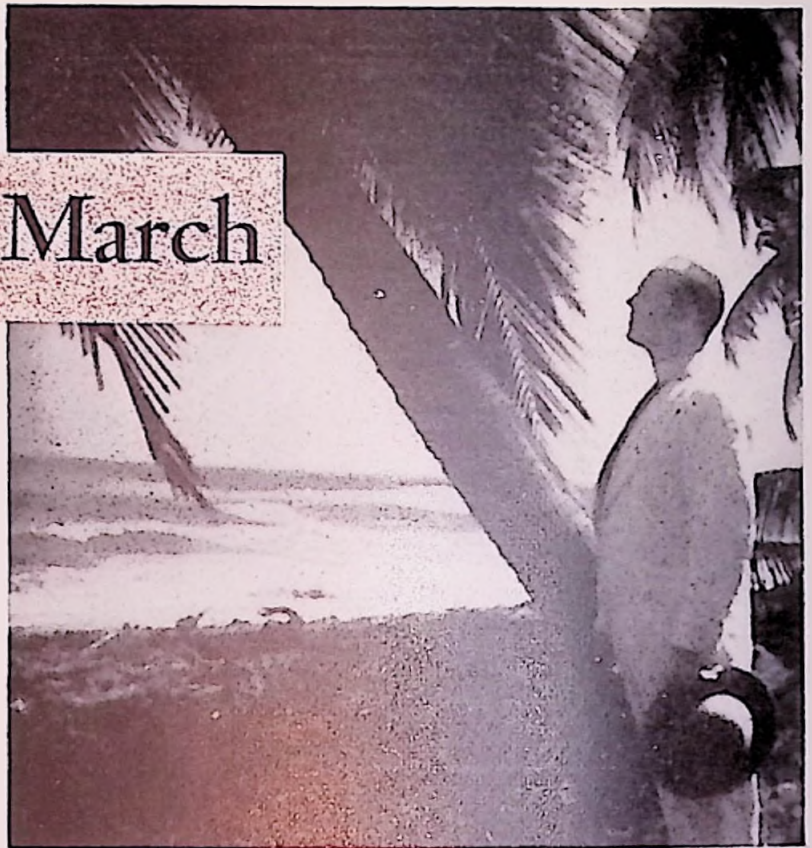
How are you? Sick, not? I am very well, my body is not sick. We wait for you Easter. If you do not come, wait for us. We will go. There is nothing of mine. (i.e., I have no gift to send you). Adios. Baderei. Oh! *Marta*

Edwin G. McManus S.J.

Brave Man's March

JOHN R. KNIGHT S.J.

"Through the clear morning air from above—somewhere—I seemed to hear the cheerful voice of Ben call softly—softly—"Good morning, Father!"



BEN WOULD HANG BY THE NECK till he was dead. He knew the day and the minute he would die—Tuesday morning at half past eight. No miracle saved Ben; no earthquake shook down the prison walls. Ben died at the appointed time.

Ben was a brave man. The way he greeted you day after day with that cheerful "Good morning, Father!" made you think twice about this murderer. He was human. I watched him fight to keep back the tears as he talked about his two little daughters. Yet, as approaching death clutched at his heavy heart, he was as pleasant as a child picking daisies on a hill-top.

"Be cheerful as a penance to God for your sin, Ben. Be cheerful as proof that you love Jesus. Be cheerful that He will take you straight to heaven when you die."

Ben answered, "I'll be cheerful, Father!"

Waiting day and night. Waiting in the death cell. Waiting for the death march, for the rope, for that drop through space. Waiting for hell—or would it be heaven? That waiting drives men insane; makes them savage beasts. Ben took it as a cross upon his shoulder, and to my mind it changed him from a murderer to a saint.

At eight o'clock that dread morning, the guard pulled back the bolt of the black

painted door and I passed into the gloom of the prison. I clutched my Bible and sick-call ritual under my arm and walked through the yard where the gallows gaped skeleton white. I kept my eyes to the ground.

With that brave "Good morning, Father!" Ben was waiting for me. God in heaven kept me from weeping. It was pathetic. He stood there behind the bars, dressed like a "Dapper Dandy." His suit was light grey with thin black stripes woven into the cloth. His white shirt and white bow tie were immaculate. White socks covered his feet. Condemned men don't wear shoes to the gallows. Ben stood erect, hands clasped behind him, his eyes raised to the blue of Jamaican skies stretching away beyond the prison walls. He wanted to weep—but this man, dressed for death, held back his tears and smiled.

"Ben, I'll read a bit from the Bible." With painfully clumsy fingers I found the lines I wanted. "He showed me a river of water of life . . . and there, night shall be no more . . . and the street of the City was pure gold . . . and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes and death shall be no more . . . nor sorrow, for these things are passed away."

I closed the Bible for awhile and tried

to make conversation. "Ben, that's a neat suit you're wearing."

"It cost me ninety dollars, Father. I like my things nice. I've put on a dash of perfume. They promised to put a few roses on my coffin."

"Ninety dollars! They wanted to charge me sixty for a suit in Boston, but it was too much for me," I replied. A long silence fell. I was afraid of silence. It would give Ben time to think of the rope. I turned to the Sermon on the Mount . . . "Blessed are ye that weep now: for you shall laugh . . . Blessed are . . ."

The crunch of the guard's heavy shoes on stone came to my ear. Now was the time. Death was five minutes away for Ben. Five minutes. I stood up and swung my chair to one side. The guard unlocked the cell door. Four of them moved in and strapped Ben's arms to his side. He did not fight. He was meek—Christ-like.

Together Ben and I led the march to the gallows. The officer and guards fell in behind us. "Pray aloud, Ben!"

We prayed. "Our Father . . . Thy will be done . . . Mary, pray for us now . . . hour of death . . . O my God, I love Thee!" Twice Ben went silent. Twice I said, "Come Ben, pray!" And Ben pulled his thoughts from the paralyzing picture of the noose and prayed. Ben stepped onto the trap door. They placed the death hood over his head. They slipped the noose around his neck. The trap was sprung and Ben dropped into eternity. My hand shook; my fingers trembled as I gave Ben the Last Anointing. Suspended in mid-air, his lifeless body swayed gently in the gloom of the pit.

I stood over Ben's grave, a low sandy mound, and read the prayers for the dead. Thorn bushes grew from the wretched soil and a lone tree cast a soft deep shadow across Ben's shallow mound. I closed the book at the last blessing and lifted my eyes across the Spanish Town plain to the distant mountains bathed in the enchanting fire of the morning sun. A strange prayer came to my lips, "Ben, give my love to God, and say, good morning, to Our Lady for me!" Then I turned and with bowed head walked down the thorn-choked path. Through the clear morning air from above, somewhere, I seemed to hear the cheerful voice of Ben call softly—softly—"Good morning Father!"

Come, follow me

IT IS MY HAPPY PRIVILEGE to write this month's column in Rome. From the terrace of our residence we look out on the Piazza San Pietro where Bernini's colonnade, like encircling arms, welcomes the faithful into the heart of the great Basilica. The majestic dome of Saint Peter's towers above us, standing in high relief against the brilliant Roman sky. The romantic story of the simple fisherman who became the Vicar of Christ evoked the splendid best of Michael Angelo's versatile skill, and his bold conception embodies in its massive grace, the tribute of the poet and painter, sculptor and architect, to the Prince of Apostles.

As I contemplated this noble monument, a vision of striking contrast flashed to mind. I saw again the now crumbled ruins of Capharnaum, with Galilee's gleaming waters along its shore, where Christ had invited Peter to join Him, where Peter immediately left all that he had to follow Him. Not so, a young aristocrat who toyed for a moment with the same invitation, but cautiously reckoned the cost and found it exceeded his generosity. "The young man went away sorrowing, for he had great possessions." He stepped from potential greatness into oblivion. Some obscure grave enshrouds him now on a remote and barren hill beyond the Jordan.

He reckoned by worldly standards and he lost; for "the man who tries to save his life shall lose it." But Peter's spendthrift liberality has paid rich dividends. He chose the "words of eternal life" and won immortality in both worlds. For "it is the man who loses his life for My sake that will secure it."

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

Over the months, I have noted a decided preference shown by all of you in fulfilling the requests of the missionaries. This preference is for anything which relates to the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

In the "Wanted" column, however, there are always some requests that apparently have no relation to anything spiritual, yet they can definitely contribute to the efficient and successful progress of the missions. Occasionally you might select one of them with this thought in mind. You could tell Our Lord that while you personally would feel a greater consolation in giving something to be used for the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, yet you realize that one of His missionaries urgently needs this or that material article for His work. Such a disposition of heart would manifest to Our Lord the primacy of your devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and also reveal your complete confidence in Him to understand the reason why you have made that selection.

For this sacrifice of your own personal desires may God grant all the desires of your heart as His missionaries constantly remember you in the supreme Sacrifice of the Mass.

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

Typewriter:

Several months ago you sent to JESUIT MISSIONS a large number of Mass intentions for Father Fox, Mountain Village, Alaska. In his letter of appreciation for your thoughtfulness Father Fox apologized for his "scribbled" thanks. He said that for more than a year he had been considering asking for a typewriter but feared that it might be too expensive an item to list. \$65 will buy a typewriter for Father Fox. If he receives donations for more than one typewriter he will play Santa Claus to the other missionaries in Alaska.

Altar Linens:

In India, Yoro, and Jamaica the missionaries need small Altar linens: amices, purificators, and finger towels. They can purchase the linen and have some women of their parishes cut it according to size. If you can send at least \$2 for Altar linens it will help the priests immensely.

Stations of the Cross:

Twenty-one years ago, Father Clement Risacher had his last glimpse of the United States as he sailed from San Francisco to the Philippines. Since then, he has been Chaplain of a leper colony and also pastor of several parishes in Mindanao. For his mission chapels attached to his parish at

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51 East 83rd St.,
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Balingasag Father needs four sets of Stations. He suggested that small pictures be purchased and he will have a local carpenter make attractive frames. A complete set of pictures for the Stations of the Cross will cost \$22.

Subscriptions:

For every profession and trade there are magazines published exclusively for their specific interest. The same is true of ecclesiastical magazines which give the latest decisions on moral problems, development of doctrines, suggestions for sermons, etc. For the missionaries who rarely have an opportunity of conferring with other priests or consulting a library, these magazines are very important. We have innumerable requests for subscriptions to magazines. They have come to us not only from our own missionaries but from many European missionaries. It is simply impossible for them to get help from their native lands. The average cost per subscription is \$3.

Clothing for Orphans:

From Father Lange, director of an orphanage in Ceylon, came the following suggestion which will apply only to those who live in rural districts. It implies, however, the desperate need of his orphans. He asked that we appeal for "feed sacks." Cattle feed is delivered in a special cloth sack and frequently the farmer's wife uses them for making aprons, dish towels, etc. Father Lange claims they could readily be made into playsuits and shirts for his orphans. Even for our rural subscribers it would hardly be practical to send sacks as it would involve the expense of packing, shipping and clearing the material through customs. Some of you may desire to send a donation to purchase cloth for the orphans. Obviously, Father Lange's appeal is urgent, so any contribution, whether it be 10c or \$10, will help.

New Roof:

Father Hubert Schmidt has taken the place of the famous missionary, Father James Creane, at Gaya, Patna, India. His rectory stands like an old roofless mill building. To protect himself and his household goods from the elements, particularly the heat, Father Schmidt must put a new roof on his rectory. The total amount needed, \$475 is rather exorbitant but, as usual, partial donations will soon make up the total.



MISSION NEEDS OF
BRITISH
HONDURAS

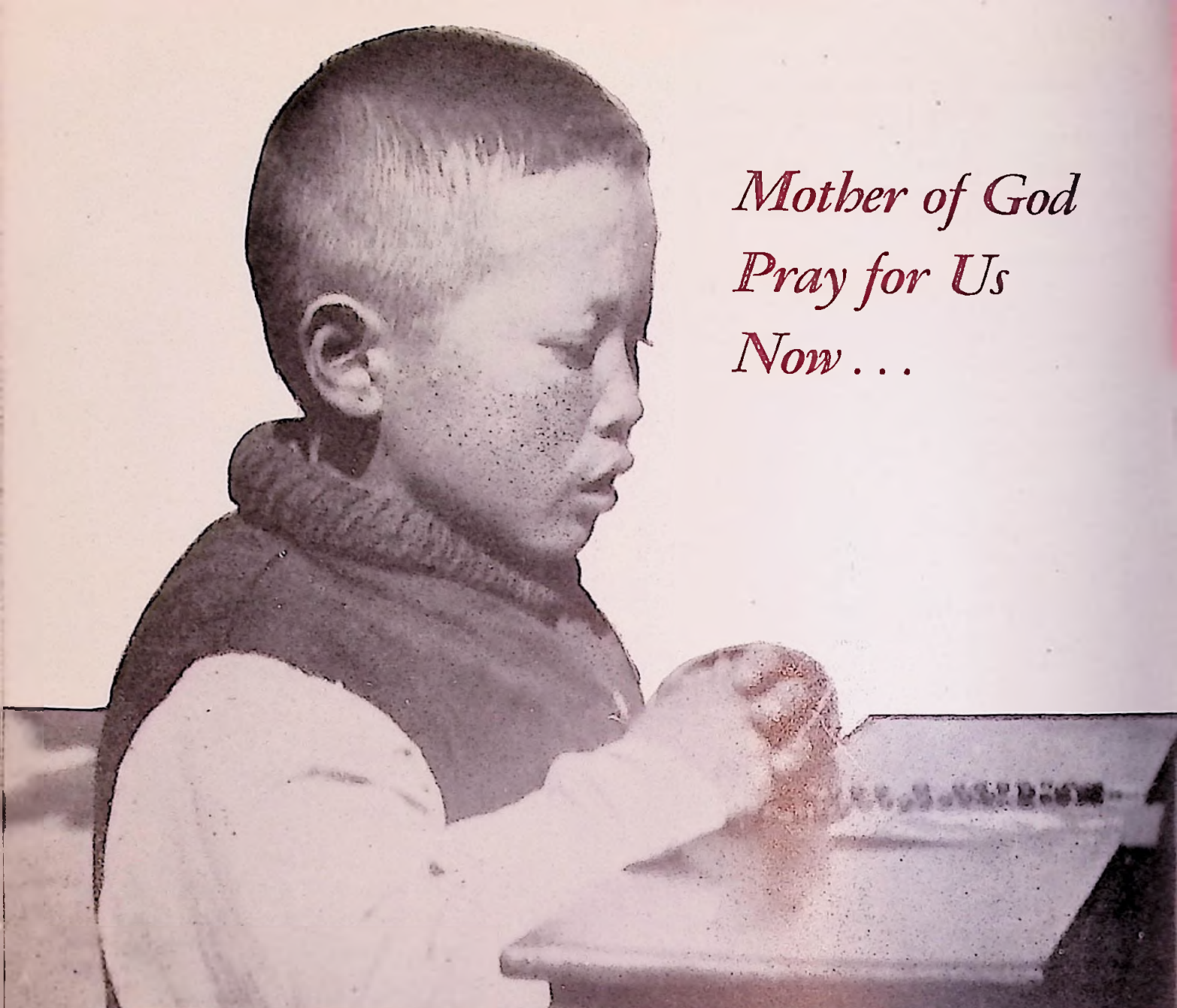
You can easily imagine, mission churches like this in British Honduras have many furnishing needs. Listed below are a few.

ALTAR MISSALS	\$40.00	each
BENEDICTION COPE	30.00	
HUMERAL VEIL	20.00	
ALTAR CRUCIFIX	15.00	
OIL STOCKS	13.00	a set
ALTAR CLOTHS	4.00	a yd.
SACRISTAN'S SALARY	2.00	a day

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Prayer is a very real need for a Chinese boy today. Anti-Christian Red armies march in the streets of his city. His church is closed. Do the children of your city pray for these Chinese children? JESUIT MISSIONS will inspire them. Here's how. Let your children give it as a gift to their nun in school. Sister will see to it that our American Catholic children pray for all the children in the missions.