

JESUIT MISSIONS

OCTOBER 1949



JAMAICA - PROBLEMS IN PARADISE





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SCENE IN ALASKA.

The rugged beauty of this quiet scene in Central Alaska is typical of certain sectors of Alaska. The thirty-four American Jesuits in Alaska need to be strong, healthy men to care for the 73,000 people scattered over 586,400 square miles.

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COVER At the busy institution of Alpha, conducted by the Mercy Sisters of Jamaica, a home is provided for orphan children. With loving care and with the aid of an able lay staff, the Sisters give the children an excellent education and sound practical training in useful skills.



Most Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell, D.D. should need no introduction to Americans interested in the missions. Without interruption since 1923 he has been Director of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith (N. Y. Diocese, 1923-1936; National Director, 1936—). As a boy in Xavier High School, N. Y., he never dreamed that he would one day receive into his hands (see picture) as Auxiliary Bishop of New York, the right arm of St. Francis Xavier.



Father Andrew Ouroussoff S.J., born in Russia, educated in Germany and Belgium, was a graduate of the Russian College and the Gregorian University in Rome where he was ordained in the Byzantine-Slav rite. After completing his studies in Rome he went to the emigree colony in Shanghai. As the Reds advanced, he was sent with several thousand Russians to the Island of Samar, P.I., where he now awaits entrance permits to Australia or Argentina.





Xavier Honored in Japan

25,000 Japanese Catholics and non-Catholics attend the Pontifical High Mass in atom-bombed Nagasaki.

MOST REV. THOMAS J. McDONNELL, D.D.
National Director, Society for the Propagation of the Faith

IT HAPPENED 400 YEARS AGO—St Francis Xavier, called “El Divino Impaciente,” “the Divine Hustler”, landed in Japan.

The story goes that a prominent Japanese was speaking with a Catholic missionary about the truths of Christianity. The Japanese declared that the doctrine of Christ was indeed the religion that should have been given to his people and he concluded by saying, “But how late you have been—after 2,000 years you come to us.”

The missionary answered “We have not waited 2,000 years. Five years after the discovery of Japan, the first Catholic Mis-

sioner to set foot upon your soil was the great St. Francis Xavier, who came half way around the world after many long, tedious months of dangerous travel and landed at the port of Kagoshima on August 15, 1549.”

It was to commemorate the Fourth Centennial of this historic event which prompted the Catholic Bishops of Japan at their annual meeting in May 1948 to lay plans for the now historical St. Francis Xavier’s Pilgrimage in Japan during the days of May 27th to June 12th, 1949. The time was advanced to meet the climatic conditions of Japan.

It was my distinctive privilege to be present in the "Land of the Rising Sun" for these inspiring ceremonies, as the representative of the American Hierarchy and of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The approval of SCAP for this celebration was expressed in the words of General Douglas MacArthur, "I am fully supporting the plan of inviting foreign pilgrims to Japan for the celebration of this anniversary and I sincerely hope that a great number will come to make this pilgrimage a success and an impressive manifestation of the Christian belief."

The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements was the thin, tireless Jesuit, with a genius for organization, Rev. Bruno Bitter S.J., Vice-Rector of Jochi Daigaku, the Catholic University of Tokyo. Some of the difficulties were obvious, particularly since Father Bitter's plans were to have a National Pilgrimage through Japan to the places made sacred by the footprints of St. Francis Xavier, with an international interest by the coming of visitors from many lands. Also to be considered was that at the most, Japan only has 121,000 Catholics among 80,000,000 non-Christian Japanese. But Father Bitter was not disturbed. His zealous efforts were blessed, for the pilgrimage and the national celebration in honor of St. Francis Xavier was a tremendous success, and gave opportunities for the Catholic Church to be better known, better understood and better appreciated by peoples and a nation who are seeking for that enlightenment which will build up the new Japan so that this Nation may soon take its place again in the family of Nations.

This hope was expressed in the message of His Excellency Seiichiro Yasui, Governor of Tokyo Metropolis. "It is a great pleasure to extend our greetings to the many followers of the Catholic Faith

who are gathered here from various parts of the world on the occasion of the 400th anniversary of the coming of St. Francis Xavier to Japan.

"We, the Japanese people, will forever cherish the memory of this great personage and his many valuable contributions in introducing among us the quintessence of Western civilization."

DEPARTURES FOR THE MISSIONS—1949

In this issue you will find the names of the 85 American Jesuits leaving for the missions this year. In this brief way we honor them and recommend them with confidence to your prayers for God's blessing.

In the Nishinomiya Stadium in Osaka on Pentecost Sunday, June 5th, at a Solemn Pontifical Mass in full splendor, there were 40,000 Japanese present, the largest congregation ever seen in this second city of Japan. All thrilled with inspiration at the singing and playing of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis" by the Nippon Philharmonic Orchestra and choir. After a magnificent sermon preached by the Very Rev. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., former President of Fordham University, a stir was created at the close of the Mass as Prince Takamatsu, the Japanese Emperor's brother, walked across the

grounds and took his place before the altar. He had been present for the entire Mass. He addressed the Cardinal Legate and a microphone carried his words to the whole assemblage of 40,000 people.

"The Faith that St. Francis Xavier brought to Japan is not dead, but still alive! Not only that, it will live forever," the Prince said. He expressed his admiration of the early Japanese martyrs, adding, "The example of sacrifice of these martyrs gives the present generation unlimited hope and encouragement. We have to make



Bishop McDonnell, as representative of the American hierarchy, is welcomed to Osaka.

a new epoch in adhering to the great teachings of St. Francis Xavier.”

As we traveled through Japan, two thousand miles, and participated in the civic and religious ceremonies during the days of the Novena of Grace, which were held in Nagasaki, Kagoshima, Oita-Byppeu, Hakata, Yamaguchi, Hiroshima, Kyoto, Osaka, Nara, Nagoya, Atomi, Tokyo, it was our delight, our inspiration and our hope for the future Japan, to hear the Governors and the Mayors of these Prefectures and cities visited, cite in their public addresses the same sentiments and hopes as expressed by Tokyo's Governor Seiichiro Yasui and Prince Takamatsu—the note of a peace-loving Japan with sincere appreciation for the Christian principles of living and the contribution of Christian culture left by St. Francis Xavier and his followers.

The pilgrimage was a great spiritual success. It brought to the Japanese Christians many consolations as they saw and heard from representatives of 15 nations, including the personal representative of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, His Eminence, Norman Cardinal Gilroy, who came to celebrate with them this great historical Christian celebration. We are certain that Japan is determined to rebuild a nation on the peaceful teachings of St. Francis Xavier. This conviction is expressed in the words of Prince

Takamatsu, spoken at the outdoor Pontifical Mass in Osaka on June 5th: “I pray that one hundred years from now, when our grandchildren or great-grandchildren celebrate the 500th anniversary of St. Francis Xavier, they shall be able to live in the world where there will be construction but no more destruction in eternal peace on earth and love between the nations.”

As representatives of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, in the U. S., we made a special study of religious conditions, in particular the Catholic missions. We were gratified to find that of the 459 new Catholic missionaries—priests, Brothers and Sisters—who entered the country from the end of war to the end of 1948, 101 came from the U. S.—the second largest group after the Canadians.

We noticed that while sharing the hardships of the people under post-war conditions here, the missionaries, have accomplished marvels in relieving the sufferings of the people. We noticed that the new churches being built are modest and simple buildings. The Church in Japan seems to have wisely preferred to use its limited resources in relieving human misery and in producing food for the mind—by providing books, educational facilities — rebuilding schools faster than churches.

Catholic social works in Japan have been



His Eminence, Norman Cardinal Gilroy, of Australia, personal representative of the Pope, speaks at Osaka.

almost doubled since the end of the war. There were 106 institutions such as hospitals, dispensaries, orphanages, homes for old folks, repatriates, lepers etc. in 1946. There are close to 200 such institutions in Japan now under Catholic auspices.

We find that the strongly progressive social program of the Church is becoming widely known in Japan through writings and lectures and the active work of groups of young laymen such as The Christian Social League. We feel that Catholic social principles as laid down in the social encyclicals of recent Popes can bridge the gulf created by present economic conditions between the worker and the employer. Japan needs more missionary priests, Sisters and Brothers to meet the requests on the part of the natives for instructions in the Catholic religion. Appeals were made to us everywhere as we traveled through Japan to send more missionaries.

We desire to express thanks for the courtesies granted us on so many occasions and in so many ways by the people of Japan through their civil and ecclesiastical officers. We are also sensible of the many courtesies extended by General MacArthur and other civil and military representatives of the United States Occupational Government.

St. Francis Xavier loved the Japanese more than perhaps any one else has loved them. In his own words, "The Japanese people were the best people who have yet been discovered. And it appears to me that there will never be found another people among the unbelievers superior to the Japanese."

"The Japanese Christians are my delight. They would sooner die than give up the Faith of Our Lord, Jesus Christ."

In his message for this Xavier Quadricentennial Celebration—His Eminence, Norman Cardinal Gilroy, the Papal Legate said: "Celebrations commemorating the Fourth Centenary of the arrival in Japan of St. Francis Xavier recall a noble endeavor by an Apostolic Missionary of profound faith—steadfast hope—and boundless charity.

"Francis Xavier frequently expressed the appreciation and love that he entertained for the Japanese people from his first contact with them until his last breath.

"He went to Japan to offer to all whom he met a share of the heritage that he valued above all else—His Faith—he had no other ambition."



Bishop McDonnell presiding, Father Gannon, the preacher (right, wearing biretta) at Pontifical High Mass for 40,000 in Nishinomiya Stadium, Osaka.

So we may conclude this article by saying, Japan is hopefully looking forward to the day when she can take her place in the family of nations as a democratic force for the peace of the world. But Japan first needs the teachings of God's true Church as the necessary foundation upon which to build. All in all, a second spring seems to have come to this land and the seed of Christianity—the blood of martyrs—is beginning to promise great growth under God.

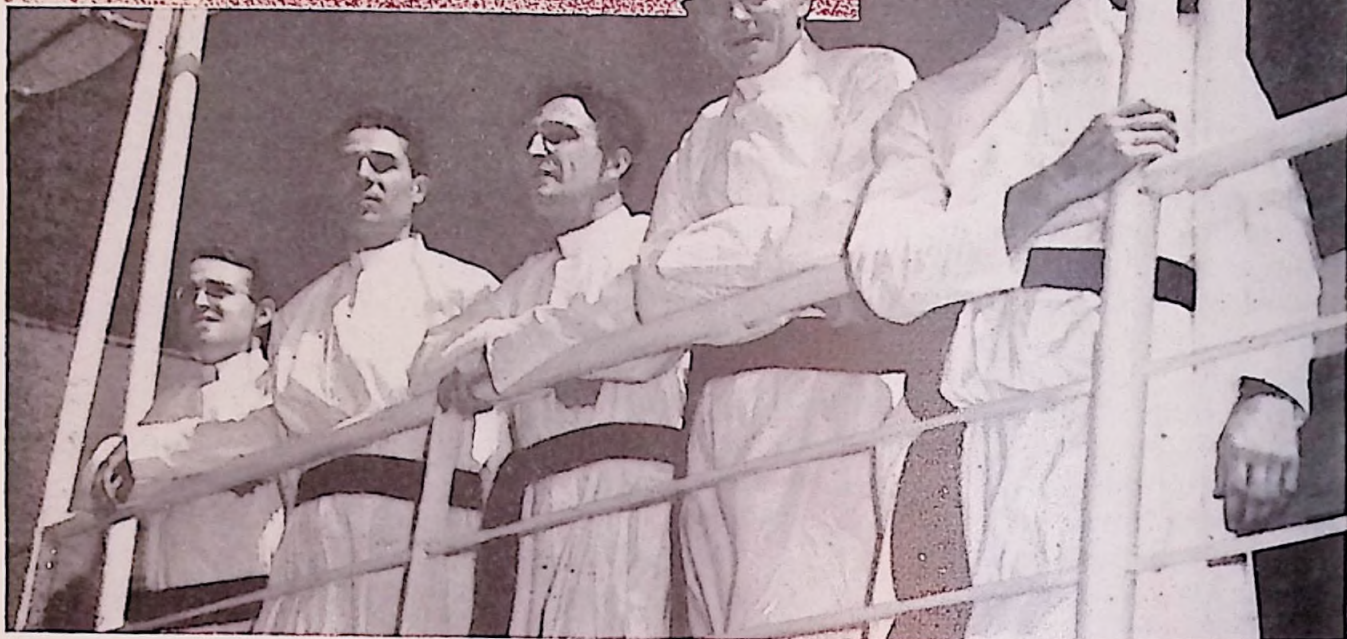
Departing for JAPAN

Rev. Allan P. Farrell S.J.
 Rev. Richard A. Schuchert S.J.
 Rev. William A. Daly S.J.
 Mr. Robert C. Dressman S.J.
 Mr. Norbert J. Tracy S.J.
 Mr. Oliver E. Nickerson S.J.
 Mr. John J. Lynch S.J.
 Mr. Joseph K. Slater S.J.
 Mr. George H. Minamiki S.J.
 Bro. James J. Cornwall S.J.

Departing for CEYLON

Rev. Malachy D. Cutcliff S.J.
 Mr. Frederick G. Cooley S.J.
 Mr. William H. Moran S.J.

They Sailed Away Quietly



These five sailed for the Ceylon Mission a year ago. It is not a little thing to say farewell to all that is dear.

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

These were the men who asked for it. They chose loneliness; they chose whatever else God would ask of them. Quietly, joyfully, they received word of their appointment to the missions. They made ready—and they sailed away.

These were the men who had lived the American way. Now they would never live it again—except in short furloughed flashes that can never recapture the original zest. They knew what they were doing. Every one of them went into it with his eyes open—and his heart, too. They had asked to walk the path of the exile for the sake of Christ.

It is not a little thing when a man turns his back on what is dear to him and goes out into the unknown—just because there is something dearer to him, something that took him years to really learn. For a man does not understand overnight what Christ meant when He said to him, “Come, follow Me.” It takes long years, and mostly on one’s knees, to unravel the full meaning of those three words. There was the word “Come”—and the lad in high school or college may have had his doubts whether or not he had heard aright, whether or not he had a vocation to the religious life. It is

only a very proud man who does not think he is presumptuous in admitting that God wants him—and Christ does not choose the very proud. That is why every religious order has its noviceship. It gives a person a chance to take apart and study that word “Come”—although never on this earth will he know why Christ picked him rather than the boy who sat next to him in class.

The word “Follow” with all it implies takes a lot of learning, too. Nobody becomes obedient or humble or charitable in a week or a month. A man has to work at it across the years. No one becomes another Christ overnight. He has to bury himself, as Saint Paul did in Arabia after the lightning struck him on the road to Damascus. Then as time passes a man realizes at last that of the “Come, follow Me”, the big thing, the deep and the burning thing, is the “Me”, the Christ, Whose love for this man was written against the sky in the hard message of the Cross. That is why some men cannot kneel before the Blessed Sacrament in New York or Chicago or San Francisco and be satisfied with saying, “I love Thee.” For the years have taught him too much. A man must try to pay back Christ in His own coin of sacrifice.

You can’t take a missionary’s heart and put it under a microscope to see what makes

it tick. If you could you would probably find the answer to our search for world peace. They will go into Asia, into Japan, the Philippines and the Pacific Islands, through war and peace, to teach those peoples the love of man for man for the sake of Christ, Who was nailed against the sky for their sakes. These men who have vowed to be poor because Christ was poor in Bethlehem and Nazareth will battle poverty with every available means among the peoples of Ceylon, Jamaica and British Honduras. New men in Iraq and India may strengthen the beachheads won among the Mohammedans and Hindus, but when a man is beating out his life against a wall of prejudice and hatred, his only big comfort is the love of Christ to whom the same thing happened long ago in Judea and Galilee. Those who travel the gale-whipped, icy tundra of Alaska do not battle only the elements but also the apathy and ignorance which freeze souls for whom the warm and loving Blood of Christ was poured out. For the only answer to all the world's needs is Jesus Christ. Why not take it on the testimony, on the sacrifice, of the experts on Christ, the missionaries who wear out their lives for Him?

One of the things that hurts a missionary most is that ultimate realization that he will never find home again on this earth. He may come back to the States on furlough after years have passed but he will feel like a fish out of water. He can walk the old familiar streets; he can ask, as several have, to see the Brooklyn Dodgers play again; he can reach out for the things that he remembered so vividly and so goldenly during the long nights in his mission—but the taste is gone. Things will never be the same again. He will be remembering a people far away, a people who are waiting for him to come back. And suddenly he is restless—and there is an ache in his heart for a distant land where he had often dreamed of the tumult and the American savor of Ebbets Field.

That is what these men, the American Jesuit missionaries of 1949, are walking into. There are 85 of them, off for Japan, India, Iraq, British Honduras, Alaska, Jamaica, the Pacific Isles, Ceylon and the

Philippines and home missions in U. S. Some of them won't have the glamor of geographical distance but will labor among the Negroes and the American Indians, "close to home"—and only God will understand what an entirely different world it is to them. And this year there is a third group—those who have been assigned to China and are forced to wait in this country, unable to take up their assignments, unable to stand beside their fellow missionaries in their mission's hour of greatest danger.

There was a day this past summer when a missionary stood with his mother on the deck of his ship. Gently he kissed her good-bye. For one long moment her eyes searched the face of her boy. Then she turned and went quietly down the gangplank, threading her way along the littered and turbulent dock—a woman walking quietly, dry-eyed, back into the silence, into the emptiness. And the man who was sailing away into loneliness would remember and take heart that always there would be a woman praying in the silence. I wonder if God sometimes chooses His missionaries because of the greatness of their mothers.

Departing for

BRITISH HONDURAS and HONDURAS

Rev. John P. Cull S.J.
Rev. Henry A. Delaney S.J.
Rev. Joseph L. Hebert S.J.
Rev. Francis E. Hogan S.J.
Rev. Eugene O. Latta S.J.
Rev. John W. Lilly S.J.
Rev. Francis J. Ring S.J.
Mr. Edward F. Justen S.J.
Mr. Nicholas E. Schiel S.J.

Long ago Ignatius of Loyola had fashioned the bedrock of the Society of Jesus with these words, ". . . to live in any part of the world where there is hope of God's greater service . . ." and he gave them as a motto. "For the greater glory of God." And these are men of God, twisting their lives to fit that greater glory of God, praying that their sacrifice may pay back in some small way for the tortured, broken body of the Son of God, flung against the sky one day in spring long ago. Sacrifice takes a lot of understanding—but so does love, and sacrifice is built around love.

85 AMERICAN JESUITS DEPART IN 1949

RED CHINA



Father Thomas Phillips S.J., California missionary in Shanghai, and Matthew Chia S.J., visit a camp on the outskirts of Shanghai for refugee boys who fled the Red advance.

THE RECENT PUBLICATION OF *The White Paper on China* by our State Department and the arrival at the National Office of JESUIT MISSIONS of a substantial amount of documentation from China dictate the need for a current appraisal of the Mission picture in Communist-controlled China. The history of the unyielding, atheistic aims of the Cominform and the purposes seemingly behind the issuance of *The White Paper on China* would indicate an absolutely pessimistic appraisal. Belief in the power of prayer does contribute toward eventual optimism about the future status of the Catholic Church in China. But we are concerned here with a realistic and factual interpretation of the current trend of events.

Since 1922 Communism in China has been irrevocably opposed to all religion, especially the Catholic religion.

Once well-organized and backed by Soviet Russia, the Chinese Communists began a horrible exhibition of their bloated power. Their "freedom of religion" record in less than two years was the murdering of 58 Priests, 16 Brothers and 13 Sisters, the destruction or expropriation of most Catholic establishments in 10 dioceses.

After the seizure of Manchuria most of the Communist advance has been from North to South through the heavily populated eastern provinces where 85% of the Catholic missions of China are located. The Communist advance was so rapid that they had to concentrate upon minimum immediate essentials. Their primary aim upon entering a given locality was to effect a great propaganda shock on the populace by instituting a vivid contrast between themselves—"the Liberators of the People" and the disorganized, retreating Nationalists. This was especially true in Nanking and Shanghai where the Nationalist soldiers unnecessarily dynamited the chapel and water tower in the center of a group of 8 buildings forming the modern insane asylum at Ming-Hong outside of Shanghai. The Communist army on the whole exhibits strict discipline. Physical violence toward the people is interdicted. No food or anything else can be requisitioned by the soldiers without payment.

But the ordinary Chinese, very shrewd observers of the ways and motives of men, are not fooled. They have accurately described the three stages of Communist occupation: 1) K'o T'ou; 2) Yao T'ou; 3) Sha T'ou—or 1) "to bow the head"—all sweetness and light for its propaganda effect; 2) "to shake the head"—in warning that if all their actions are not approved, all will not be well; 3) "to cut off the head"—with many different ways of accomplishing the same result.

The rapid Communist advance in the past few months still uses the first stage of their occupation technique. Most of the cities have been entered in an orderly fashion by well-disciplined troops. An early act of the military authorities in Hankow was to send the missionaries a proclamation guaranteeing protection and freedom. It was issued under the names of Mao Tze-tung and Chu Teh, top Communist leaders in China! Many schools have remained open and regular church services have been held in many cities and towns. Catholic dis-

JOHN J. O'FARRELL S.J.

... first stage

pensaries could hardly be closed by the Communists without a bad propaganda effect. But medical supplies will not last very long, especially in flood areas where millions of Chinese are homeless.

There is no clear and consistent pattern of treatment of missionaries and mission property in Communist-occupied areas. (Perhaps this is because of an insufficiency still of "properly" trained commissars.)

For example the two missions of Wuhu and Pengpu manned by Spanish and Italian Jesuits are side by side. In Wuhu everything up until the middle of June was going through the first stage of sweetness and light. The large technical school in the city of Wuhu remains open and has even been praised by the local Communists. Similarly favorable circumstances have been noted in the dioceses of Tsinan and Hsuechowfu. In Pengpu, however, just north of the Wuhu diocese, the Communists have rapidly advanced to their second stage. Boys' and girls' high schools have been withdrawn from the direction of the Fathers and Sisters. Former religious teachers are forbidden even to visit the schools. Church bells cannot be rung. Children up to 16 and 18 are "advised" not to go to church so that their "freedom" may be protected from undue influence! In some mission stations no one could assist at Mass without a permit, and no bureau felt qualified to issue them.

One of the most common techniques is to insist that mission schools be turned over to a Student-Governing Council, which, of course, the Communists can easily control. This Student Council can replace any teacher with one of their own "choosing" and can insist that courses in atheistic Communism be introduced and that tuition be absolutely free regardless of expenses. Such a Student-Government Council already operates in Aurora University in Shanghai and Fu Jen, in Peiping.

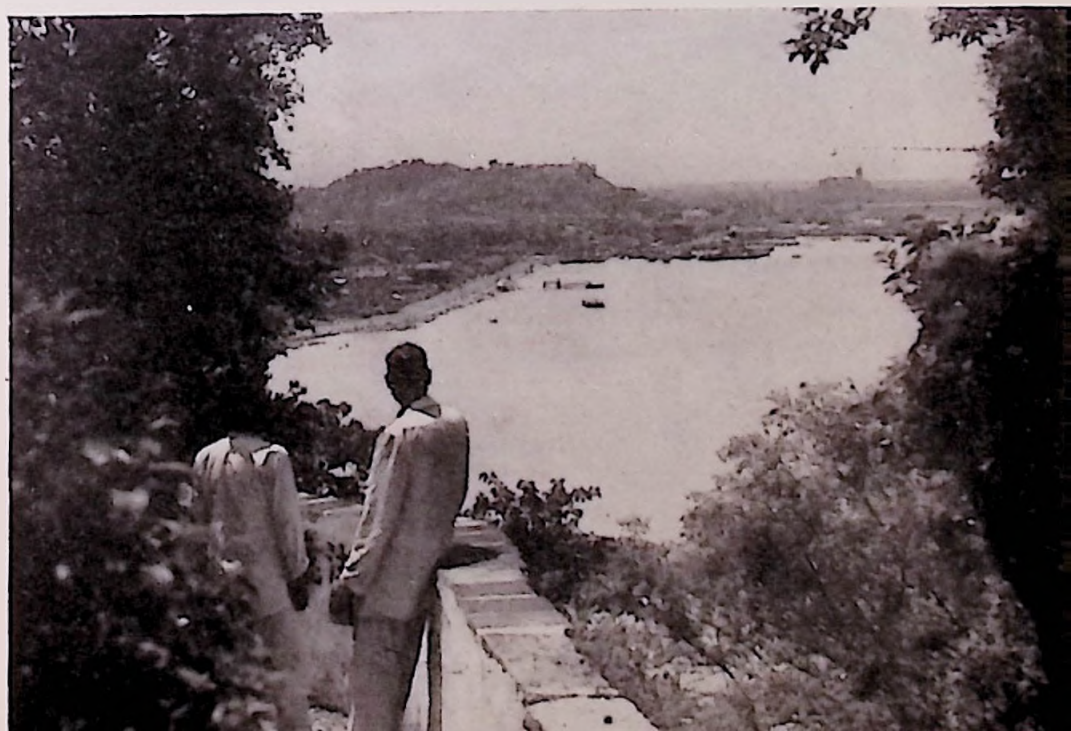
The most effective technique thus far employed to destroy the missions is confiscation through taxation. Churches, schools and seminaries, hitherto tax-exempt, have been taxed *one hundred times* their property evaluation. This tax is also retroactive and must be paid within twenty days! One Protestant mission school in Shanghai—a few modest buildings on a few acres of land—was taxed \$67,000 gold. It has been closed.

Departing for CHINA

Rev. Edmund L. Fitzgerald S.J.
Mr. Robert W. Cunningham S.J.
Mr. John J. Dahlheimer S.J.

From the above general view it seems that the immediate outlook is very dark for even maintaining a minimum status quo of the Church in China. Though all publications have ceased and most of the ordinary means of Catholic communication have been silenced a ray of light still shines in the gloom—there have been very few defections from the Faith considering all the insidious pressure constantly exerted upon Chinese Catholics. All missionaries are remaining at their varied posts as long as it is humanly and physically possible to do so. Some have turned to truck-gardening and to chicken-raising to keep body and soul together and to stay with their beloved people. All of them need your prayers and some positive, intelligent action on your individual part to correct the stupid "let the dust settle" policy so shamelessly incorporated in the recent White Paper on China.

Father John Houle S.J., of California, looks at Chenkiang, Kiangsu, where the Communists crossed the Yangtse River in force.





ANDREW OUROUSSOFF S.J.

WHEN RUSSIA FELL INTO THE HANDS of the Bolshevik Party, there was a mass migration of its people to foreign lands. Thousands fled across the China border and still more came by ships from Vladivostok. The majority settled down to begin their lives anew in Shanghai.

In all, some 16,000 Russians made their homes in this largest port of China. The first Russian Catholic parish work was begun in 1928 by Archimandrite Nicholas Alexeeff, a converted Orthodox priest. Rome, meanwhile, foresaw that Soviet Russia could not furnish spiritual leaders to spread freely the teachings of Christ among the Russian people, especially among the younger generation. It would be necessary to ordain priests of other nationalities in the Byzantine-Slavonic Rite. Theirs was the task to prepare new leaders from the younger Russian generation abroad.

Thus, in 1939 Father Wilcock, an English Jesuit, came to Shanghai. He soon saw that a school was required. He began collecting funds for that purpose and opened a new school building in January 1942. The school was a modern building with all the necessary equipment and had a library of over 8,000 books, with a thousand of them in the Russian lan-

Father Frederick Wilcock S.J. bids farewell to Father Ouroussoff S.J., departing on the Hwa Lien, IR sponsored ship bringing Russian refugees from Shanghai to Tububao in the Philippines. With them travelled two Russian orthodox clerics, a priest and a deacon who made a long trek overland from Sinkiang to escape the Reds.

Exiles ON THE MOVE AGAIN



These are Russian boys of St. Michael's College, Shanghai, exiles on the move again.



guage. A year after Father Wilcock began his work in Shanghai, Father Milner S.J. of the English Province arrived to help him and they were later joined by Father Meyers of the Chicago Province. But, when the Japanese decided to place all the enemy nationals in concentration camps, the school had to close down.

With the end of the war, they began their work again. By 1948, the school had begun eight classes and was approaching the university standard. It had the use of the famous Zikawei library, and had a hostel, where some 40 Russian boys were living. There were more than 100 male students, while the Columban Sisters were taking care of about 200 Russian girls. The school was run on the lines of an English public school, but half of the subjects were taught in Russian. The idea of the Fathers was to bring up the boys in a true Christian spirit, strong and healthy in mind, that they might take their place in the international community of Shanghai.

The Catholic priests were therefore entirely occupied with the College, parish work, and social welfare among the Russian community. In February 1948, when Father Meyers left for the United States, Father Brannigan S.J. arrived from England and in August 1948, I, a Russian Jesuit, arrived.

With the capture of Peiping and Tientsin by the Chinese Communists, the threat to Shanghai became evident and real. Over a thousand Russians left Shanghai for other countries. As the major part of the Russian colony favored the idea of resettling in Argentina, because of easier terms in resettling there and in obtaining entry permits, the College decided to move to that country. But for some reason, Argentina changed its policy, and all landing permits were cancelled.

Through the assistance of the International Refugee Organization in Geneva, the Philippines agreed to give temporary sanctuary in its country. Tubabao, a small island near Samar, was offered as a place of refuge for a period of a few months for six thousand refugees from Shanghai. In January 1949, the first group of refugees left by plane and ship. Now there are over 5,000 refugees gathered in the IRO Tubabao Camp, awaiting further resettlement.

With such an upheaval, the work of the Russian Catholic Apostolate in Shanghai began breaking up and may have to stop

altogether. Because of my status as a Russian refugee, I left Shanghai with the first group for Tubabao, and am still the only Catholic priest in the Camp. Father Wilcock and Father Brannigan are still carrying on with the College, but their work there depends mainly on events taking place in Shanghai, and on the number of Russians left behind. Father Milner is seriously ill.

Departing for RUSSIAN COLLEGE, ROME

Rev. Edward J. O'Kane S.J.

The refugees at Tubabao are at present living in US Army tents, of which many are old, torn, and rotten. The food is below normal requirements, especially for the children. The sanitary and hygienic conditions are poor, and camp life is badly organized. So far, only the Australian Government has sent a mission here which is selecting refugees for Australia, and about 1,500 Russians have signed up. A French Selection Commission was due to arrive in the summer.

With the help of the American Fathers in Manila and the Catholic Welfare Organization, I have been able to give a little aid to the poorer refugees. Frequent rains, mud, and the hot weather make the lives of the refugees very miserable, and the uncertainty of the future makes it all the worse.

Yet, in spite of all the drawbacks, the Russian Catholic Apostolate hopes, with the help of God, to resume and carry on its work in any Russian center abroad, for, you see, the exiles are on the move again.

View of the altar in the church attached to St. Michael's College where the Byzantine-Slavonic rite has been observed for years in Shanghai.



INDIA . . . a melting pot

HERBERT J. COVELY S.J.

AMERICA HAS OFTEN been referred to as a melting-pot of peoples. Sometimes this is meant as a sneer, though at other times as a genuine compliment. We Americans prefer to think of it as a compliment. Many were the growing pains of the New Republic. Fortunately, none proved fatal.

A melting process is taking place in India today, though it is much more difficult and will take longer. In India it is a question of renewing an exhausted country, bled white by centuries of invaders and opportunists and hampered by the age-old traditions which sternly forbid change.

One of the many aims of our school in Jamshedpur is to help this process, which means awakening the latent strength and hope of these wonderful peoples. The new political entity of India cannot become united and progressive unless the varied types learn to live, work and play together.

Only a third of our boys are Catholics. The rest provide a cross section of the Indian population. Even among Catholics there is a division. There are Syrian Catholics, a couple of Europeans, and some Goans—descendants of the original settlers of Goa, the scene of many of the labors of St. Francis Xavier. There are boys from all points in India representing such different religions as Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Sikhism, Zoroastrianism, and even

James V. Keogh S.J., Anderson E. Bakewell S.J. and Father John E. Holland S.J., stalwarts on Loyola School staff last year. (Anderson Bakewell is in theology this year.)



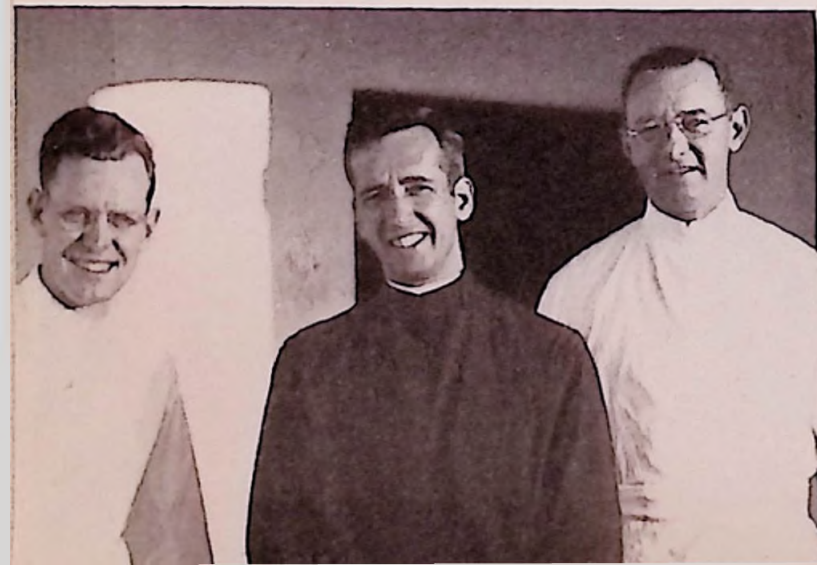
Indian lad and white friend at Loyola School.

Judaism. This great diversity is due to the search for talent and workmen from all over India by the Tata Iron and Steel Company.

Our constant aim is to get these varied types to live and work together, without offending the religious sensibilities of any of them. Our Boy Scout troop, ably directed by Father Matthews, has taught them to work and live together, at least during an over-night hike. It has been said that an Indian is essentially an individualist. He is never so happy as when alone. This may be true considering the rigid caste system and their meticulous regard for ceremonial purity, but it is not true of the young who can be taught to enjoy the society of others.

Catholics take Catechism. During this period the rest are given a course in "Moral Science" which emphasizes such basic principles as the existence of God, the end and immortality of man, and the moral law. Even here, however, it is not forbidden (in fact it is encouraged) to explain what we believe in order to break down age-old prejudices against Christianity.

Besides this, our aim is to provide these boys with what can be called a "Western" education. We use the Cambridge system, which seems to be built around a series of comprehensive examinations to be taken at the end of what we would call high school.



This has its proven merits. Boys are kept alert on all their subjects at least until they have taken the examinations, which, by the way are more difficult than the average College Entrance examination in the States. It has its faults, however, the smallest of which is the inordinate emphasis placed upon one examination.

Our school is conducted in English, American style, and this has induced many a parent to send his boy to us, since they are aware of the opportunities this language provides even in India. Besides the Cambridge-system schools in India there are many schools which function without English at all, but wide-awake parents see that if India is to take her place in the world, she must have men and leaders who can talk without the use of an interpreter.

Our school is still quite young, and all beginnings are slow. We have not been able
Father Holland, ball-player, is a novice at cricket.



Departing for JAMSHEDPUR, INDIA

Rev. Patrick F. Murray S.J.
Mr. Walter A. Cook S.J.
Mr. John J. Deeney S.J.
Mr. Joseph C. Hammett S.J.
Mr. Joseph M. Kennedy S.J.
Mr. Francis J. McGauley S.J.
Mr. Edward H. McGrath S.J.

Departing for PATNA, INDIA

Rev. John L. Blanchard S.J.
Rev. Joseph F. Willmes S.J.
Rev. Albert J. Wilzbacher S.J.
Mr. Anthony J. Grollig S.J.
Mr. James J. Kenney S.J.
Mr. John J. Kenealy S.J.
Mr. John A. Knapek S.J.
Mr. LeRoy F. Ryan S.J.

to introduce half of the many things we would like in our extracurricular program. But we have made some beginnings. Besides the Boy Scouts we have managed to produce a monthly school paper.

At Christmas time we produced a play in an effort to get the boys over the initial stage-fright that all youngsters dread. It proved delightful for all. This term we introduced a Spelling Bee between two of the lower standards, and an oratorical contest which turned out to be an exercise in elocution. It was amusing to help them polish their Oxford accent. The boys are somewhat inexperienced, but with the talent displayed we hope to have regular debates soon, as well as drama and all the other devices used to give students poise and presence before an audience.

Our first efforts in a city-wide sports event put only three boys in the finals. No, we did not win anything. That brings me to the subject of our sports. The boys have defied all efforts of Father Keogh and Father Graham to introduce American games such as soft-ball, and have persisted in their love for cricket and rugby.

Our Loyola School in Jamshedpur is only two years old, but with hard work and the help and prayers of our friends we hope to make it a first-rate school. We hope to make better Catholics of our Catholic boys, good friends among the rest, and fine Indian citizens of them all.





Glory of Kingston, Holy Trinity Cathedral; Winchester Park in back.



Missionary visits home in the bush, one re



In lush tropical surroundings, a little church serves as a school all week. Notice the bare feet, and the makeshift box cart without wheels.



A country store, owned and operated Chinese own most small shops. On sale:

Some of the cutest orphans turn up unwanted at Alpha. Here Mercy Nuns give them a good home and training un



Jamaica

PROBLEMS IN PARADISE

THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA is one of the beauty spots of the world. The voyager who sails southwestward out of Haiti or Cuba sees first the cloud-capped Blue Mountains rising out of the deeper blue of the Caribbean. Then as he draws nearer the island takes on the full and rich coloring which has won it the title "Pearl of the Antilles." The jumble of peaks that rise so abruptly from the sea are robed in the lush greens of the tropical foliage while the low coast is golden in the sun and a wavering line of white marks where the combers roll to the cliffs. The perfect blending of this jewel into the dark blue of its setting is a scene to be remembered.

Over the green and blue of the island hovers the golden aura of its legends. They are not quiet stories for the names around which they are woven smack of the open sea and close infighting. Columbus, Henry Morgan, Montbars the Exterminator, Dampier, Lord Nelson, Bligh of the *Bounty* are a few of the names that are written large in Jamaican history. But the scenery and the legends belong to the tourist, not to the missionary.

The gentle Arawak Indians, whose name for their homeland Xaymaca, "Land of wood and water", has outlived Columbus' designation "Santiago", disappeared after half a century of Spanish rule. To fill their places the Spaniards imported slaves from Africa. It was among these that the first missionaries worked. But in 1655 Cromwell's troops landed on the island and the darkness closed in on the Catholic Church in Jamaica. The monasteries and churches were destroyed; the priests were banished; Catholicism was proscribed. The buccaneers donned their red-dyed shirts and scurried forth to plunder (and sometimes to knighthood)



12' by 10'



Negroes.
and goods.

rying care.





from the infamous harbor of Port Royal which boasted itself "the nearest thing to hell on earth that men could devise."

In 1837 there occurred two events that mark the birth of the present Catholic Church in Jamaica. The island was made a Vicariate and was entrusted to the Society of Jesus as a mission. From that time on the story of the faith in Jamaica is one of hard and rugged growth. The tourist may admire the beautiful Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, the pride of the West Indies, yet the whole story is not written there alone but rather in the lives of hundreds of men and women who have toiled amid earthquakes, hurricanes, prejudice and ignorance to erect a shining memorial of love on the isle in the heart of the American Mediterranean.

Today Jamaica numbers over 1,200,000 people. Racially, those of African strain predominate by far but nevertheless there are liberal sprinklings of East Indians, Chinese and Syrians. There is also a distinctly European population of English and Scotch with some Americans. As a result of the Catholic black-out for a century and a half, there are only 70,000 Catholics on the Island today.

Today in Jamaica there are sixty-four American and four Jamaican Jesuits. It has been a long, hard, uphill battle to win a lasting foothold in this Caribbean Paradise. There was never the consoling leaps-and-bounds progress that other mission lands have known. It was a slow inching, a minute carving out of the Kingdom of God by priests and Sisters who were patient with the patience of the Christ Who murmured, "Do you not yet understand?" Next year St. George's College in Kingston will celebrate a century of existence while over twenty parishes with their outlying stations are scattered throughout the island. The Sisters of Mercy, the Franciscan Sisters, the Dominican Sisters, the Marist Sisters and the Jamaican "Blue Nuns" are running parish schools, hospitals, orphanages, leper asylums, training schools and secondary schools for girls. A system of cooperatives and credit unions has been established in various key spots. A Homestead Housing Project is well under way. A Catholic Weekly, evening school for adults, a labor school, almost every assistance the Church has to give is being poured out for the people of Jamaica.

But it will be a long time before there are no problems in this Caribbean Paradise.



"Father Ray" Sullivan, home builder.

Bishop Emmet S.J., Vicar Apostolic.

Very Rev. Walter Ballou, Superior.



Father Denis Tobin S.J., Rector of St. George's, with his former parishioners of Port Antonio mission.

Consumer co-operative store in Kingston owned and operated by Sodality members. Father John P. Sullivan S.J. and Father Francis Kempel S.J. pioneered in Catholic Credit Unions and Co-ops in Jamaica.





Threatened by Icebergs

SEGUNDO LLORENTE S. J.

HERE WE ARE ALMOST INTO JUNE and our Alaskan winter is only now beginning to loosen its deadly grip on us. It has been an extremely cold and long winter. The flyers coming west from Anchorage report that the ranges are today as white with snow as they have been all winter.

Last week the mighty Kuskokwim River, second only to the Yukon in Alaska, broke up at McGrath and sent down to us such a barrage of icebergs and high water that we have been fearing the worst. Although floods are usually taken for granted here at breakup time it is impossible to judge in advance just how bad any particular one might be. The old-timers still speak of the one in 1911 when, they say, ocean steamers could sail across country over hill and dale.

This year the flood is leaving bad scars behind it. At Aniak the water was 6 feet deep over the airfield which is located on the highest spot in the town. The flood was caused by a jam of ice six miles farther

down the river. The jam was so compact that the bombers couldn't break it with ordinary bombs. So the authorities resorted to evacuating the people in big army planes. But I can imagine what our church at Aniak must look like. I have visions of the mud left on the walls, on the altar steps, on the benches and in my living quarters! How long will it take me to beat off the mud from the black bear skin I have by the bed? I expect a detailed report of the damage soon.

Our church at Kalskag fared well. The ice didn't jam below the village, so the water, for the most part, just kept boiling along. But the people at Kalskag had a sight that few others have ever seen. Right across from their homes, on the other bank of the river, they saw a formidable bull moose who was evidently fleeing from the deep water in the brush. He must have been very tired for when he saw a huge cake of ice stuck in the willows he climbed it, lay on

it and went to sleep. Soon after, as the water receded, the cake was carried away by the current. The moose felt it moving, raised his head, looked around, found the cake comfortable, and went back to sleep. He was still resting peacefully when he disappeared around the bend.

Departing for ALASKA

Rev. John R. Buchanan S.J.

Rev. Henry G. Hargreaves S.J.

Mr. Robert J. Kirsch S.J.

The villagers of Tuluksak had always boasted that they had never been flooded owing to the fact that the village had been built on a little slough near the river and out of the path of the onrushing ice cakes. This year the water recognized neither traditions nor bounds and climbed right over the knoll, leaving the village seven feet under water. Now the people of Tuluksak will have to find another subject for their boasting.

The pilots who flew over the village of Akiak could distinguish perfectly the roofs and upper windows of the houses. I could picture the people waiting on the upper floors and measuring the water, inch by inch, as it rose higher.

Here at Bethel the ice had broken up but it jammed in a motionless mass of ugly cakes in the most grotesque positions. A four-engined bomber came out of the clouds, circled a few times, dove in and dropped a bomb that shook the buildings and tore a regular hole in the jam. Very slowly, almost imperceptibly, the ice began to move. After a while it stopped again. The water began to rise and rise. At 4:00 p.m. yesterday my neighbor, Bill, had six inches of water over his floor. My house became surrounded with water but I could still take four feet more than Bill. I had stripped everything from the floor and from three to four feet above. That may sound simple, but it isn't for an Alaskan bachelor. I discovered a number of things I had thought were lost forever. There was a veritable treasure-trove under my bed. Sometimes a flood is a help.

All day I watched that water. Then night came and the flood began to recede. By morning it was down two feet. I felt so good I thought I'd tell you about it.

Come, follow me

ERMEMIN, SAMAKIEH AND FEHEIS are names you have certainly never heard before. They are isolated little Arab villages across the Jordan among the mountains of Moab. Many towns in the region compel the interest of the archeologist, the biblical scholar and the pilgrim. But not Ermemin, Samakieh nor Feheis.

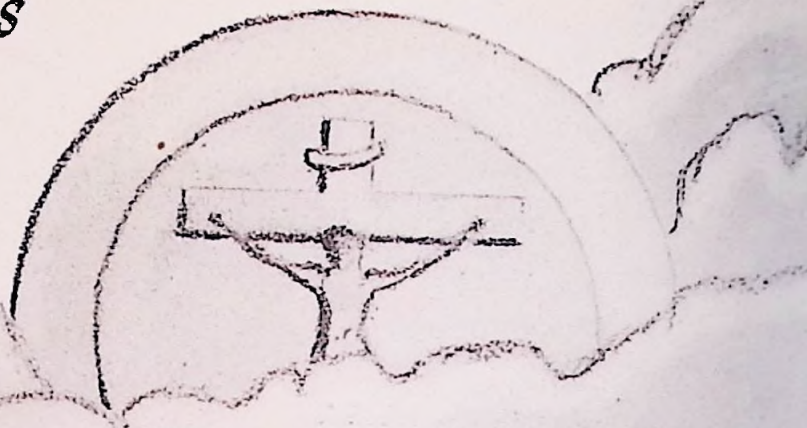
They are the type of remote and humble village to which a Nathaniel would refer with scorn,—“Can any good come out of Ermemin?” They are clusters of crude stone dwellings surrounded by arid pasture lands and rock-strewn grain fields. Untouched by modernization, their life still savors of the ancient simplicity of biblical times and customs. But for all their insignificance, much good has come out of them. Their people have preserved their Christian heritage from apostolic times, even under Moslem domination for these last thirteen hundred years. Their faith has been like the “pearl of great price” in the parable, and they have sacrificed all else to retain its possession.

What brings these villages to mind at present is the approaching Feast of the Holy Rosary. For it is the patronal feast of a valiant and zealous sisterhood whose lives are a benediction on the Ermemins and Samakiehs of Palestine and Jordan. They are the Arab Sisters of the Holy Rosary, whose mother house is in Jerusalem, whence they go to share the hard life of the villagers, teaching their children to grow in the love of God, while planting in their minds the simple elements of learning; touching all with their gracious presence as their patron, Our Lady, did in her own day at Nazareth.

Francis W. Anderson S.J.

The Light That Shines

In Darkness



THIS signpost points to some parts of the globe where American Jesuit missionaries offer the white Host of Holy Mass, the white Light that shines in the darkness of the clouded world. If there were no Mass, the living and the dead would have little hope of escaping from the surrounding gloom of paganism and Purgatory. You can share in keeping this white Light shining brightly by having Holy Mass offered for your intentions by the missionaries. Do so during the month of November, the month of the Holy Souls and you will gain two great goods—the much needed graces of faith and hope for those living in pagan lands and release from their debts for the suffering souls in Purgatory. If you send us your intentions now, we will see that they reach the Jesuit missionaries by November.

JESUIT
Missions

962 MADISON AVENUE
New York 21, N. Y.

THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION



OCTOBER: Greater Spread of Mission News by the Press.

THE written word has ever been the handmaid of the Catholic Church in bringing to mankind the glorious story of her apostolic ventures. St. Luke utilized the written word to chronicle in the Acts of the Apostles the apostolate of St. Peter to the Jews and the missionary meanderings of St. Paul among the Gentiles. The Acts of the Martyrs carried the story of the Church's spread to the early Christians. The Franciscans who accompanied Marco Polo on his journeys into China sent back to Europe strange reports of a stranger land that were avidly devoured by friends at home. When St. Francis Xavier began his voyages, that if stretched in a single line would thrice circle the globe, his letters from India, the Moluccas and Japan, sent at intervals to his Superiors in Rome and to the Catholic princes of Europe, were copied, translated and diffused among the faithful as an incentive to even greater zeal for the missions. The recordings of the Jesuit missionaries to New France, penned in the face of constant attacks by the Indians, were multiplied to arouse in the French court and in the universities of Old France a lively interest in the spread of the Faith in America.

There has been no era in the history of the Catholic Missions when the press or its forerunner, the scribes of the monasteries and abbeys, was not used to diffuse the good tidings of the far-off missionaries among the members of Christ's mystical body at home.

This same tradition of utilizing the press to make known the labors of her missionary institutes is the work of the Catholic press and the Society for the Propagation of the Faith through their mission magazines the world over. But the Catholic press reaches but a small minority of the Catholic world, to say nothing of the vast number of non-Catholics who would be interested in the Church and her missions if they but read of them. Some secular publications reject accounts of the missions on the score that there is no room in their pages for missionary articles; others who profess to be universal in their outlook cast aside missionary articles alleging that such articles would make their magazines too "clerical" for their readers; still others maintain that they fail to publish missionary articles because they do not have sufficient material at hand.

Not all of the above reasons are valid. The encounters of our armed forces during World War II with the missionaries of North Africa, Southeast Asia, Indonesia and the islands of Oceania have shown us that there is reader interest in the work and progress of the Church. And rightly so, for missionary Priests and Sisters and Brothers have their experiences that dovetail with the trend of world events. In recent months Africa has had her social problems in the Union of South Africa; Communism has upset the mission scene in China and the smaller countries of Asia; American occupation of Japan has given to Christianity its greatest impetus since the introduction of Catholicism to Nippon by St. Francis Xavier. The freedom of the Philippine Republic and the dominion status of India, Ceylon and Burma have brought to the fore new political, social and religious problems that are of interest not only to Catholics but to all thinking men.

Our Holy Father, then, would have us pray during this October that the Church will avail herself of every opportunity of utilizing the press, both secular and Catholic, to acquaint the world with her triumphs, trials and toils in worldwide mission territories. *Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.*



FATHER FRANCIS X. FARMER S.J.

When a man wills to say "yes" to God's grace, strange things happen. Father Francis X. Farmer S.J. is such a man, and the story of his life is one of strange turnings. He was born of Methodist parents in 1877 at Conyers, Georgia. At the age of twenty he decided on the ministry. While studying at Vanderbilt he reached another decision destined to channel his life. Drawn by foreign mission work, he sailed for China in 1901. While there he met and married a Methodist co-worker. Their child died, and Mrs. Farmer followed the little one in 1910. Alone now, he read, Newman especially, and reading lead to doubts. Returned to the States he became a Catholic. In 1915 he was admitted to the Society of Jesus and was ordained in France. Appointed to Shanghai in 1920 he has filled the years since then with devoted work for the China he loves—72 years of humble assent to the grace of God.

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

Distance Lends Enchantment

But a missionary soon discovers that it is only a loan and for a mighty short period. A missionary's job is dynamic and he has no time for a static thing like enchantment. Even if he had the time there's nothing in the job itself to induce that blissful state. But there are some Jesuit missionaries who labor within a day's journey of the States or even in the "backyards" of North America and have never experienced even that aura of distance. Yet their job is fully as important as the work done by the men beyond the horizons, even though it be less publicized or even less attractive to an age which specializes in glamor. For instance, how much do you know about Wikwemikong Reserve on Manitoulin Island, Ontario? **Father J. Edward O'Flaherty S.J.** in his delightful English-Indian newspaper *Catholic Indian News* has this to say in one of his columns: "Here are some redfaced redskins for you. You know, of course, that the Honorable Lester B. Pearson, M.P., besides holding down the job of Cabinet Minister for External Affairs, and being a driving worker on the North Atlantic Pact, has also the big and responsible job of looking after Wikwemikong's interests down at Ottawa since he's our member there. This position naturally entails a great deal of correspondence, and sometimes a slip will occur in all the tremendous volume of letterwriting. But you can imagine how redfaced we were to

see a letter come all the way from Ottawa, plainly addressed to Wikwemikong *Village*. It was perhaps a good-natured gag to relieve a little the tedium of a heavy day in Parliament, but did we blush! Imagine Wikwemikong, the most historical spot in all the North Country between Sault Ste. Marie and Penetanguishene, the ancestral home of the noble Ottawa nation, the proud possessor of the grandest stone church between Sudbury and the Soo, the largest priests' rectory on the North American continent; Wikwemikong, with its glorious past—the queen and mistress of all the Indian congregations of the North, the mother of churches, with her priests going forth from here to evangelize the entire north shore of Lakes Superior and Huron, to say Mass on a tree-stump where Sudbury stands today; Wikwemikong, with its thriving booming present and its promising glowing future—imagine, reader, if you can, its being called a village! Oh, well, Mr. Pearson, we do forgive you, for you really are a grand friend of ours and one vitally interested in this progressive community."

THIS SMALL WORLD

Last Summer, **Father Louis Taelman S.J.**, the eighty-three year old veteran missionary to the American Indians, conducted three vacation schools in religion for the Kalispel and Spokane Indians of Washington. Each school lasted two weeks, and all were well attended. The Indians' own

Blackfeet priest, **Father John Brown S.J.**, took over the instruction for the older children and was assisted by two Sisters of Providence from Spokane. At the end of the two weeks the ceremonies of Corpus Christi were held with a procession of adults and children. The devotion and reverence of those attending and participating in these ceremonies led a white observer to remark, "Indians today are among the most religious people in the country."

At the conclusion of the ceremonies at Wellpinit, the families gathered in front of the church to talk in the manner of country congregations everywhere. The women spoke of a twenty-mile trip in two automobiles the day before to see the "Pilgrim Virgin" of Fatima at Reardan when the priests in charge of a pilgrimage to Omak stopped with the statue purposely for the delegation of Indians from the Spokane Reservation. They told each other, "It was just like the Blessed Virgin stood there. She looked so sad. I would have waited all day and all night to see her. We just *have* to pray more."

Their conversation was interrupted by the voice of the leader, Antoine. He spoke to them in Indian. There were smiles and murmurs of agreement and then a jangle of money. In a few minutes

Assigned to U. S. INDIAN and NEGRO MISSIONS

Rev. Joseph N. Behr S.J.
 Rev. Francis J. Blaes S.J.
 Rev. Francis J. Collins S.J.
 Rev. Leo C. Cunningham S.J.
 Rev. William F. Ferrrell S.J.
 Rev. Harold J. Gibbons S.J.
 Rev. Joseph F. Gregory S.J.
 Rev. John J. Killoran S.J.
 Rev. Michael A. Schaefer S.J.
 Rev. Raymond L. Talbott S.J.
 Rev. Edward J. Tinney S.J.
 Mr. David W. Brehm S.J.
 Mr. Stephan V. Dillon S.J.
 Mr. Joseph F. Weber S.J.
 Mr. Francis G. Ziegler S.J.

Antoine walked over to Father Brown who had joined the crowd in front of the church. He put his hand affectionately on the young priest's shoulder. "Father Brown," he said in English, "we are proud of you. This is your anniversary of being made a priest, the first Indian priest out here. You know what happened in Montana last year."

Antoine was having difficulty trying to remember the word "ordination," but he went on, "We're going to give you a present for this day. We're going to buy you a set of those colored pictures that they took at St. Ignatius last Summer, and here is the twenty dollars to do it. We thank you for teaching our children and we want you to come back."

Good Spokanes! Father Brown smiled a very big smile upon his own people, not only for this gesture of appreciation from the assembled crowd but for the responses of the older children in class and for the enthusiastic attendance of adults every evening at religious conferences. Father Brown was but reaping the seeds sown for nine years by Father Taelman and in particular during the past year by **Rev. John Hanses S.J.**, his assistant from Mount St. Michael's, who gave Saturday instructions to the children of Ford and Wellpinit every week-end. It is not too much to hope that some of the good Spokane Indian boys will follow Father Brown's footsteps. Many people will encourage such holy ambitions, but none more so than Pope Pius XII. Father Brown told the people at Wellpinit of his interest in Indian lads. When the Father Visitor of the American Jesuits left Rome for his tour of the houses of the American Provinces he asked the Holy Father, "Are there any messages, your Holiness, that you wish to send to America?"

The Holy Father said, "Why



Brother Everard J. Booth S.J. is a Jesuit Brother in Ceylon. He is the first and the only American brother in the Island so far.

It was not easy for the Provincial of the New Orleans Province to let Brother Booth go to Ceylon. He was an invaluable assistant to Father Provincial himself. In the entire province there were only thirty-four Brothers — indispensable members of the Jesuit Order. But Brother Booth was outstanding. In Ceylon now, Brother Booth is Sacristan, Infirmarian, Supervisor of the Boarding School needs, Head of the Catholic Press, Buyer, Bookkeeper and friend of every boy in St. Michael's College, Batticaloa.

The new young Jesuit missionaries on their way to Ceylon this year told us that everyone in New Orleans, it seemed, asked them to bring their regards to Brother Booth who is still one of the best known Jesuits of the city.

The Vineyard of Our Lord needs men as Brothers. There's room for you, work for you, great happiness in God's service for you as a Jesuit Brother. Write to the nearest Jesuit House, or to Jesuit Missions, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.



Prelates visit San Pablo

It was like old times, in a way. Bishop McDonnell from 38th Street was there, and Monsignor Scally from 51st and Madison Avenue, and Father Gannon, formerly President of Fordham and now from Staten Island, and Father Masterson from the Philippine Bureau on 83rd Street, and Father Thomas Reilly from the City Hospital on the Island in the East River, and Father Paul Finster from Rockville Centre, L. I. Only they were far from New York. This group picture was actually taken in San Pablo, Philippine Islands. Bishop McDonnell, Msgr. Scally and Father Gannon, returning from the Xavier quadricentennial celebration in Japan, visited several of the Jesuit missions in the Philippines.

Among the new and still little known Jesuit schools in the missions is the Ateneo de San Pablo, San Pablo City (view of the city, above, from the tower of the

yes. There is a little Indian boy over there named Noel Campbell. He wrote to me once. Say hello to him for me."

When Fr. Visitor was telling Father Brown, then in California, about it, he said, "How could I hope to find one Indian boy in all the United States? Yet you know, I met Noel Campbell at DeSmet, Idaho. But I'll have to tell the Holy Father that he is no longer a little boy."

JOTTINGS ON JAMAICA

Father Richard Rooney S.J., of the staff of the *Queen's Work*, and editor of *Action Now* made a recent trip to Jamaica, B.W.I., one of the "half-day from the

States" missions. He has kindly sent to JM some of his impressions. "As we flew down the airways leading to the Kingston airport I looked down and saw little hamlets and houses isolated in the bush or on hilltops with a network of highways, roads and trails connecting them. I couldn't but wonder how many of them our own Jesuits had traveled by car, horse, burro and afoot in the past hundred years that we have been working on the Island. I was to learn later that the ways to Jamaican hearts had been hard to travel, too, for we only have about 70,000 converts out of its million and a half inhabitants.

Father Raymond Fox S.J., rector at the Cathedral in King-

ston, met me at the airport and drove me to town. I was all eyes as we sped along and picked up the following as my chief impressions: driving on the left hand side of the road; the hordes of bicycles which afford the chief means of transportation on the Island next to one's own feet; women dressed in modest calico, walking along with the grace of a Hollywood star despite the heavy baskets they bore on their heads; the two-wheeled carts of ancient design, some of them drawn by three burros or mules; the noisy trams; people all over the streets and roads barely missing death from the careening traffic.

Everywhere I went on the Island one thing was outstanding,

church). The old school was completely destroyed during the war. The group is standing on the stairs of the ruined main entrance. Others in the group are Filipino Jesuits, Father Torralba, former U. S. Army Chaplain, and Father Rosalino Pascua, ordained at St. Mary's, Kansas; Joseph Cruz, and the American Jesuit, Francis Reilly of Buffalo, N. Y. Father Paul Finster (front, right) is Vice-Rector of the busy, growing, and promising school, directing its resurgence from ashes to success.

San Pablo is a new type of mission in the Philippines. The Bishops of the Philippines, realizing that the greatest single need of the Church in the Islands was Catholic secondary schools, called upon the Jesuits and others to open High Schools in strategic centers. The war and internment had badly exhausted or reduced in numbers the available Jesuits. The old bombed-out schools still had to be staffed. But somehow, two men here and three more there were found to start the new schools for the Bishops. Today Jesuits conduct 19 High Schools for Filipinos.

**Departing for
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**

- Rev. James S. Collins S.J.
- Rev. Daniel F. X. Corbett S.J.
- Rev. Isaias X. Edralin S.J.
- Rev. G. Gregory Horgan S.J.
- Rev. James McGinley S.J.
- Rev. Edward P. Sullivan S.J.
- Mr. Leo H. Larkin S.J.
- Mr. Joseph L. Roche S.J.

**CAROLINE and
MARSHALL ISLANDS**

- Rev. John K. Fahey S.J.
- Rev. Thomas X. Lewis S.J.
- Rev. John T. McCarthy S.J.
- Rev. John A. Nicholson S.J.
- Rev. William J. Walter S.J.
- Bro. John J. Walter S.J.

the remarkable charity and hospitality of my fellow Jesuits who shared so graciously and so generously the little that they have. Off there in a strange land I never once felt strange in one of our houses. A man gives up home and family only to discover he has gained a new and wider family and scores of homes scattered throughout the inhabited world!

Though I had the good fortune to meet many wonderful and delightful people while there on the Island, the folk in general strike me as being much more serious, much less gay than our Negroes here in the States. There are few of the smiles, not much of the laughter and song that mark the latter. One has a sense of unrest and something sinister hanging over them, or brooding deep within them. They take themselves very seriously apparently.

Actually they are a slow and patient folk. Time seems to mean very little in their lives which are primitive in the sense that they are a struggle for food and survival at times against terrific odds. People are never in a hurry.

It was my good fortune to cover all of the mission stations scattered throughout the Island except one. The results of this tripping were varied. I was struck with great admiration for the men in these various places in the bush and small towns. Theirs is necessarily a lonely yet busy life. It is lonely because the people go to bed with the sunset. But it is busy! While I sat on the sidelines on one visit, three missionaries talked of cement blocks, movie cameras, broadcasting machines, egg co-ops, providential helps from abroad, a new porch for the convent.

DILEMMA IN ALASKA

At Mountain Village, Alaska one of JM's most faithful correspondents watched Winter go out at the beginning of July. "I had never heard that mosquitoes are amphibious. Still, as I stood at

my front door two days ago watching the ice break in front of the village, the first mosquito landed on my bare arm and dug in. I could not resist the thought that maybe the mosquitoes are shut in under the ice, and as soon as that starts breaking up, out they come. But I'm told they don't. Instead, it seems, they crawl into the hollow stocks of our wild rhubarb and other similar spots in the late Fall, and there wait for the first warm day in spring to wake them up. And come to think about it, June 29th when the ice broke this year was also the first really sunny day we had this month. Anyhow, the pests have returned. Last evening when I turned in I did not think it would be necessary yet to spread the mosquito net over my bed. But they kept coming till finally I got up and started a smudge of pyrethrum powder to calm them down till morning. It does not kill them, but they are laid out by it for some few hours, so that you can sweep them up if you wish. We have many ways of fighting them, but they all have their inconvenience. As one would expect, the smoke that will knock out the mosquito, or the spray that poisons it, can't add to the comfort of a man either. It's a matter of what one dislikes less.

John P. Fox S.J.



Father John P. Fox S.J., usually pictured in furs, was snapped all dressed up on one of his rare visits to U. S.

Roses are for Everyone



Father Michael McCarthy S.J. of Boston, surrounded by Arab boys by the bank of roses opposite Baghdad College.

AS I LOOK ACROSS THE STREET my eye is caught and held by a bank of roses, seventy feet in length, along the wrought-iron fence of our friend and neighbor, Najeeb al-Rawi, the Minister of Education. The roses are symbolic.

No one will deny that Iraq is a barren land. North, south, east and west of Baghdad stretch hundreds of miles of desert. Only along the river banks is a blade of grass to be seen, and if it is not sedulously given water and shade it will shrivel and die in the summer sun.

You can easily imagine the temptation that passersby gently yield to as they walk along our street.

From sunrise to sunset Baghdadis can be seen satisfying their hunger for color and beauty with our neighbor's roses. At dawn, bricklayers and their teen-age helpers hurrying to work snatch a bud or two in passing. All day long three-year-old tots tagging along after their big six-year-old brothers and sisters gather big bouquets to distribute to their friends. Ragged laborers and coolies sniff the perfume and continue up the street playing 'she loves me, she loves me not' as they go. Slick Effendis in faultless dress add the final perfect touch with a rose in the lapel. Mothers, both the well-to-do, pushing prams, and Bedouin, balancing bundles on their heads, instinctively know that their infants are squalling for a handful of

flowers. Hardly a person passes without taking tribute.

Bred in the urban New England tradition of KEEP OFF THE GRASS and above all DON'T PICK THE FLOWERS, I have been expecting something to be done about all this wholesale thievery. Yet, no guards have been posted, no complaints made to the police; no one has ever been rebuked. And new roses keep blooming in place of those taken away.

After a long winter of domination by foreign powers Iraq has come into a spring-time of freedom and independence. Educationally and intellectually it is a barren land, but barren for lack of irrigation, not for lack of fertile minds. As the people take possession of our neighbor's flowers, they are taking possession, too, of the education we both offer them. Our fondest hope is that we shall be able to satisfy their thirst for knowledge. We have enough for everybody and will turn no one away empty.

Departing for BAGHDAD

Rev. Joseph J. LaBran S.J.
Mr. Francis X. Curran S.J.
Mr. Charles J. Dunn S.J.
Mr. Frederick W. Kelly S.J.

MICHAEL J. McCARTHY S.J.

Easter Parade On A Mule

JOHN DENNIS CROWLEY S.J.

I USED TO RIDE A HORSE named "Wentworth," but he died. There is absolutely no connection between my riding him and his death; the animal died from not being ridden enough.

At any rate, Wentworth's death presented a grave problem on the road to Mt. Joseph. Since the road is incredibly awful, the mission car could take only a mile of it. At this point I used to climb aboard old Wentworth for the long, unpleasant pull to the mission.

Not having a horse last Easter Sunday raised a transportation problem. Having dropped Father McCluskey at May River, I pushed the car up the Mt. Joseph road and tried not to think of the long trek ahead.

I needn't have worried. The leader of Mt. Joseph had forwarded his mule to meet me. As I was mounting the beast, the boy who was steadying him slipped. The mule took off. Not being properly seated, I found myself hanging to his thick neck and thinking kind thoughts of Wentworth.

This sort of thing went on for 15 yards. I fell off. The mule watched me gravely as I picked bits of gravel and twigs from my flesh. This done, I remounted and gave him a touch of the switch. He seemed to take a dim view of the treatment. With nips and

Father Crowley S.J. of Boston, on Wentworth.



kicks he tried to unburden himself of my 225 pounds. I battled him all the way up the winding path.

As mule and I approached the church, I was rewarded for a long, hard pull with one of those odd little expressions of love and devotion that tug at a missionary's heart. My people were gathered before the chapel. At a signal, they began an Easter hymn — women taking the melody, and the men improvising the harmony. On muleback I made my way through the singing crowd.

Departing for JAMAICA

Rev. William A. Connolly S.J.

Rev. Silvio C. Garavaglia S.J.

Rev. Joseph L. LeRoy S.J.

Rev. Leo F. Quinlan S.J.

Rev. Leslie X. Russell S.J.

Bro. Louis M. Latibeaudiere S.J.

Then one of the leaders of the group stepped before me and began strewing flowers in my way. It was the first time these people were to have a Sunday Mass, and this gracious gesture was their way of telling me their happiness. I was touched by their gentle simplicity, and their evident joy at being able to attend a Sunday Mass in their own church. Even the mule moved with quiet dignity.

Coming from miles around, many of them had arisen at 5:30 to await the unpredictable arrival of their priest. There were 65 Holy Communions at our Easter Sunday Mass. Since Mass began about noon, there were at least 65 who had fasted through the long, hot morning. Ministering to people like these made the dreary ride seem like worthwhile effort.

After Mass I mounted the mule without mishap. My people crowded around me and wished me a "safe trip." I fervently wished for the same. Heading down-trail, the balky beast turned a couple of times and impaled me with a nasty look. With the memory of a lovely morning on the hilltop, I found it easy to smile at him. Still, old Wentworth was never like this.



The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

Prior to the Communistic conquest of China, the new Jesuit missionaries took a two year language course at Maison Chabanel, Peiping. Now it is impossible for the missionaries to enter China. With Christian optimism, we must prepare now for the resurrection of the Church in China.

Reverend Father General of the Society of Jesus has approved the establishment of a language school in the Philippines for future China missionaries. All the missions in China will for the time being train their missionaries in the Philippines.

The opening of the language school will involve a considerable expense. Altars must be provided for the missionaries, household equipment purchased, books bought for the library and students supported. Apart from the Jesuits of the United States and Canada there will be a large number from European countries. It is impossible for the European countries to provide sufficient funds. Earnestly we beg your help for the new language school. No matter what amount you are able to send, our gratitude will be great and you will have a part in the future conversion of China.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Chinese Language School:

Cf. column "The Business of Missions"

Altar Supplies	\$15.00
Household Supplies	10.00
Books	5.00
Support of Student	2.00

Gasoline:

Along the main highways in the parish of Father Cawley, Bukidnon, Philippines, there are ten public schools. Father Cawley plans weekly visits to each school for catechetical instructions. He will be driving his car for several hours each day with a considerable consumption of gasoline. Could you buy Father a day's supply of five gallons of gas?

The American Jesuits in the Marshalls and Carolines move around not in jeeps but in motor boats. You would never be able to find most of their mission stations on an ordinary map but they do exist and are often 200 and 300 miles away from the main mission station. Without gas for their motor boats the missionaries cannot answer the emergency sick calls, take care of baptisms, marriages and regular catechetical instructions. Your generosity towards these modern Apostles will certainly enjoy the special intercession of the Galilean Fishermen.

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51 East 83rd St.,
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Charts—Projectors:

At JESUIT MISSIONS we have on file requests from practically every mission for catechetical charts and also for projectors. The last item is expensive but it is a very effective means of instructing children. Visual education is a modern method and we must keep our missionaries up to date. If a few send in \$5.00 or \$10.00 we will be able to buy charts and at least one projector. Will you be one of the few?

Indian Missions:

It is always difficult to arouse interest in the home missions. No comparisons are intended but it is true that the home missions are important, difficult, and in need of help.

To the St. Francis Mission in South Dakota we would like to send a supply of bedding, religious articles for the instruction classes and farm implements for their trade school. Can you take care of the following needs:

Mattress	\$30.00
Shovel	5.00
Catechisms	3.00

Ceylon:

Father Linehan, the superior of Ceylon, is looking forward to the arrival of new missionaries. For each missionary he has a program which will require the energy of ten men. For the missionaries Father Linehan needs the following:

2 Altar Missals	\$40.00	each
Altar Boys' Cassocks and Surplices	15.00	
Baptismal and First Communion Supplies ..	10.00	
Altar Cloths	5.00	

Father also needs donations to repair Chapels and purchase school supplies.

Retreat Notes:

Years ago, there was a famous Jesuit retreat master by the name of Father Timothy Brosnahan. His notes have been compiled in book form by Father Francis P. LeBuffe. The book will be an inspiration to all of our missionaries as they make privately their eight-day retreat. The price of the book is \$4.00. It is available for your own personal use and, in addition, will be a very acceptable gift for Priests and Sisters. Send all orders to JESUIT MISSIONS.



*The Mission Needs
of
Jamaica*

Jamaica Jesuits have many needs. Some of their smaller requests are listed below. They are very useful items.

TYPEWRITER	\$65.00
BICYCLE	45.00
ALARM CLOCK	7.00
ALTAR LINENS	5.00
FLASHLIGHT	3.00
MEDICAL SUPPLIES	2.00

JESUIT MISSIONS

962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.






Send Mary's Rosary
To Guard
The Missions

Many times we have appealed for rosaries for people in mission countries. Our appeals have always been most generously answered but the supply of rosaries never fills the demand. This shows clearly how much your generosity is appreciated and how much devotion to Our Lady there is among mission peoples. They know from experience how powerful is her intercession. For instance the Japanese Catholics held on to their Faith through two hundred years without priests and Sacraments mainly by their daily recital of the rosary. We are appealing again now for funds to buy rosaries for the missions. We can purchase many very cheaply. Can you help with a small donation?

We can buy rosaries for \$36.00 a gross, or \$3.00 a dozen. So, small donations will enable us to buy many pairs of beads.

Send donations to

 **JESUIT**
Missions

962 Madison Ave.,
New York 21, N. Y.