JESUIT MISSIONS

DECEMBER 1949

KING ISLAND BOY

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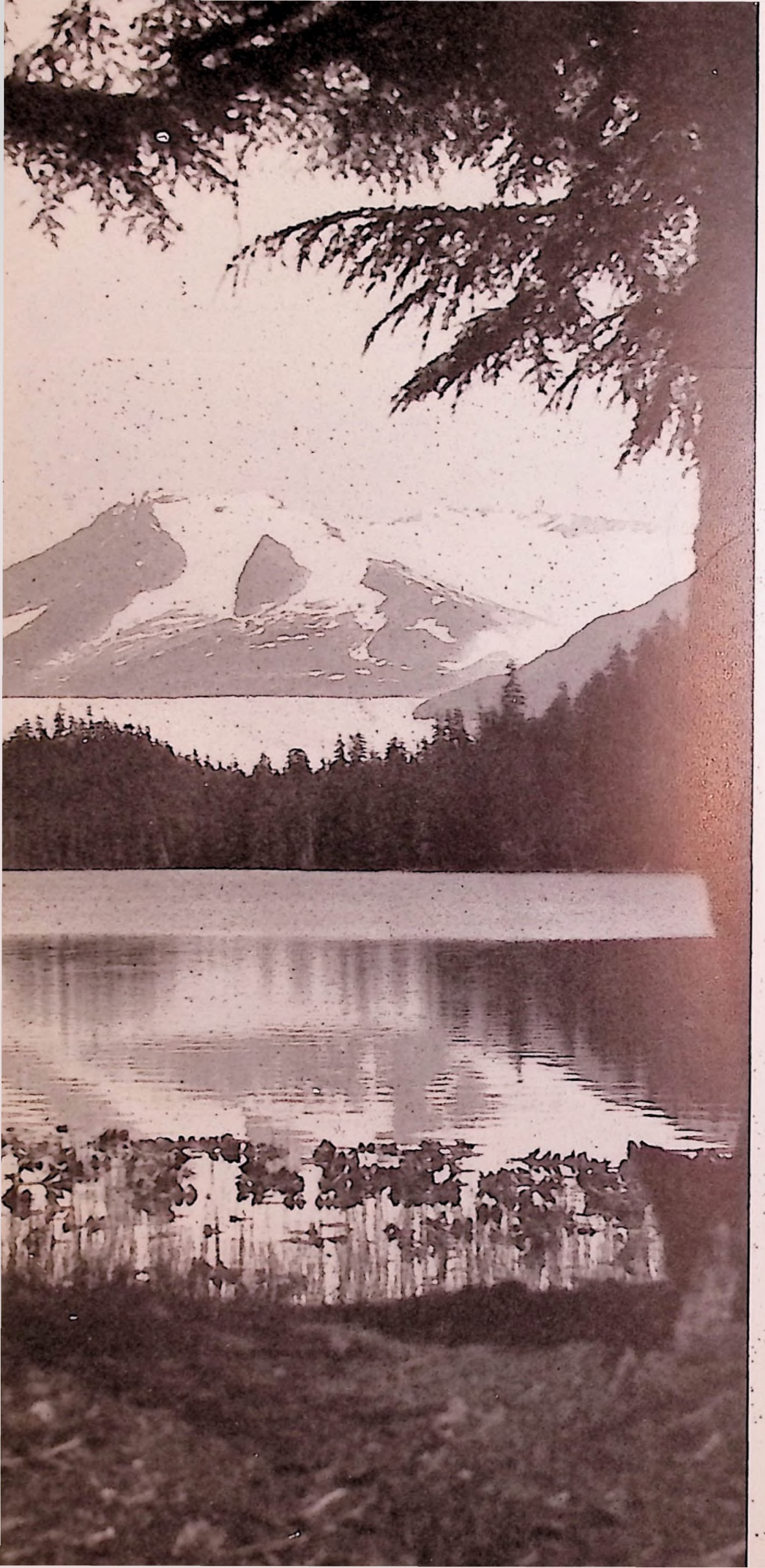

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ALASKA—a land of violent contrasts. This pictured quietness of glacier, lake and mountain-mass can dissolve suddenly in the elemental savagery of an arctic storm. Thirty-four American Jesuits are at work in this land of uneven moods.

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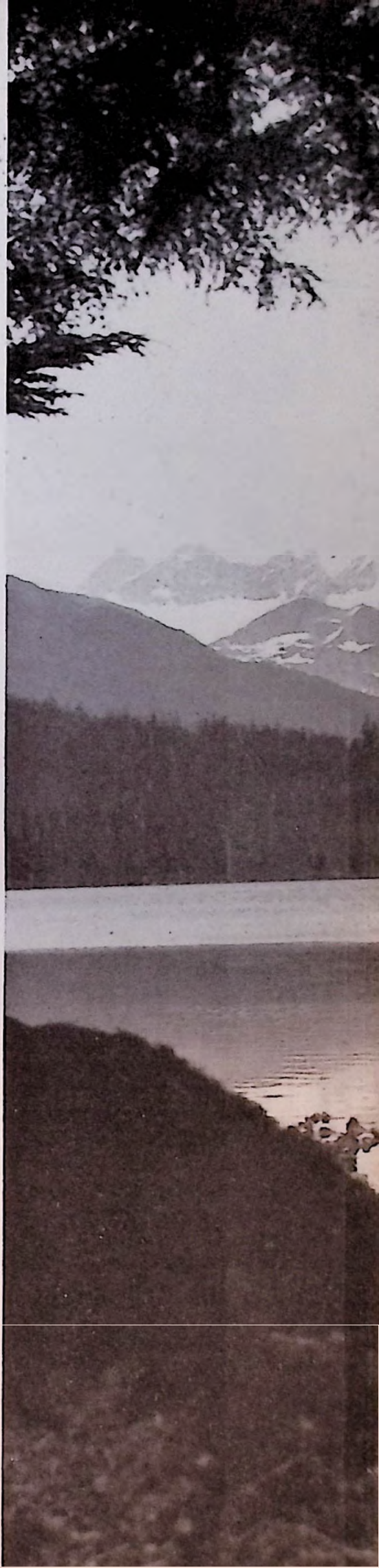
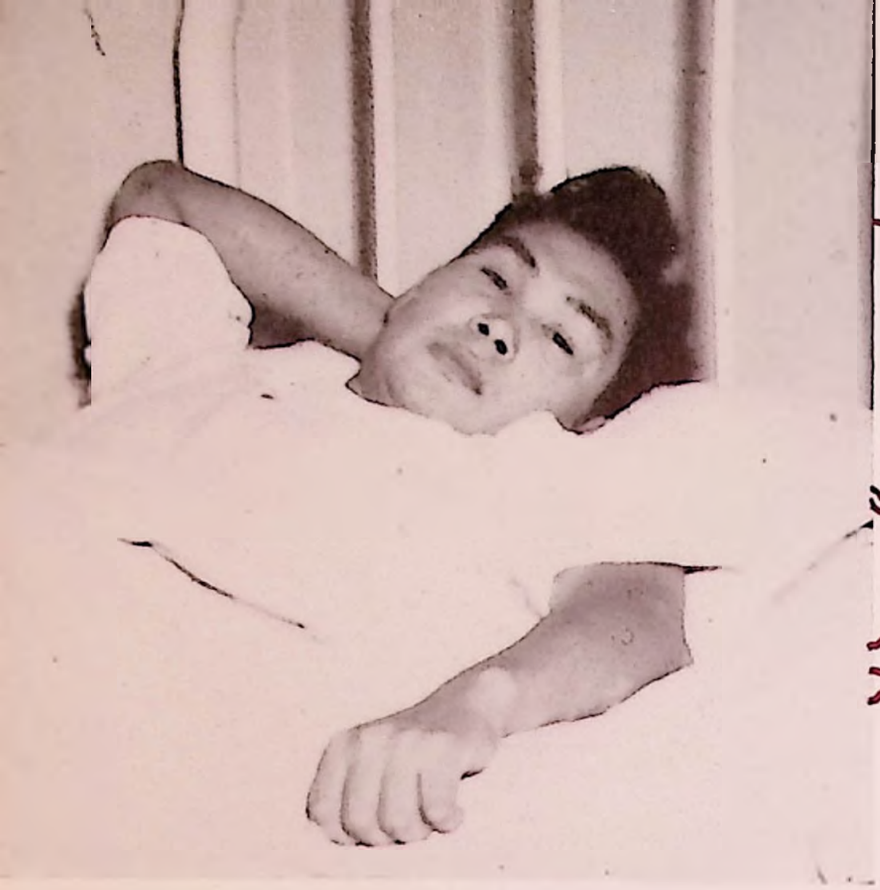
COVER. Filipina maiden re-enacts the loveliest scene in Christian tradition—Mary in reverie at the cradle of Christ. For 400 years these people of the "only Christian nation of the East" have clung to the Faith. 104 American and 121 Filipino Jesuits labor there to preserve this heritage.

Joseph P. O'Kane S.J. (left) of Providence, R. I., applies a deft pen in his article backgrounding the Christmas scene at Baghdad. At present, classes at Baghdad College are his concern. Members of the O'Kane family are well represented in religion. James is a Columban Father in the Philippines; Mary, a Sister of Mercy; Ann, a Good Shepherd nun.

The silken curtain, recently lowered over Shanghai, is raised a bit by **Frederic J. Foley S.J.**, of Yonkers, N. Y., in his story of the Jesuit theologate at Zikawei. From the relative calm of St. Peter's, Jersey City to the confusion of a conquered Chinese city, has been a long step—one he has taken joyfully. Knowing what the fall of Shanghai meant, he wisely stocked us with articles and excellent photographs. You shall hear from him again.





Gregory Ayac recuperating in Alaska Native Service Hospital at Kotzebue, Alaska;

(Below) The route of the three King Islanders.

King Island Boy

EDWARD J. FORTIER

The author of this account is the editor of "The Forty Ninth Star" of Anchorage, Alaska. (EDITOR)

GREGORY AYAC, 25-year-old Eskimo hunter of King Island in the Bering Sea, made good preparations for a man about to face soul-wracking fear, bleak loneliness and death.

On that dark day of January sixth, 1949, he made his way along the rocky cliffs of King Island to the simple Catholic church where his people worship. Quiet mukluks carried the devout young hunter to a pew, where he knelt to pray and prepare himself to receive the Body of Christ from the hands of Father Thomas Cunningham S.J., pastor of the King Islanders.

After Mass he joined Lawrence Mazenna, 35, and Raphael Patunac, 22. Carrying rifles, poles for testing the ice, hunting bags and small snowshoes, they clambered down the cliff-side to the ice pack below. Somewhere on this dismal expanse of frozen sea they hoped to bag a polar bear.

Here was the stage where Gregory's faith would triumph in one of the world's most dramatic conflicts. That stage stretches across two worlds—the No-Man's-Land between Siberia and Alaska. Here, in conquering the cruelest combination of elements in the world, he would shake old theories on man's ability to survive in the Arctic with no shelter and little food.

Incapable of considering himself a hero, Gregory bears living witness to the truth that a man who refuses to lose faith in God can journey through this planet's replica of Hell—and survive.

As the hunters moved away from the island, they came to a "lead," a stretch of ice that was broken and in motion. Jumping from floe to floe, they reached solid footing and continued the hunt. Suddenly the once solid ice on which they walked started to break up. They were swept northward. From their position they could see no one on the island. Their shouts and shots went unheard. They were swirled into the darkness on a grinding sea of white ice.

As darkness sealed them off from the world and the long night began, they knew they could risk only brief periods of sleep. To stop and let the cold creep in would mean death. They moved from floe to floe with no stars to guide them. Finally halting for a rest, they knelt on the ice and said their evening prayers as they would have had they been at home. It was a pattern

they would follow during the long nights and short days ahead. Prayers before sleeping, prayers on waking, prayers at death.

Blasting across the Bering Sea, with gusts measured at sixty miles an hour by the Weather Bureau, a southeast wind swept the lost King Islanders toward Siberia. It whipped salt spray against their clothes and turned them into icy ghosts. The floes on which they rode jammed into a large ice-field on the second day, and they moved in less danger.

The third day brought snow to further burden the men. On this day, too, they ate for the first time since leaving the island. Lawrence Mazenna shot a seal. They ate some meat raw, and carried the liver and a few pounds of meat with them. The odyssey continued at a slower pace; Mazenna's left foot was freezing, and he was unable to eat. Gregory remembers: "I tried to warm his feet by taking off his mukluks and putting his feet inside my clothing, but I could not make him warm."

The fourth day began. Only two men rose from the ice. Lawrence, father of three motherless children, knew he had reached trail's end. He told the younger hunters to go on. They refused to leave him, but he pointed to the dangerous "young" ice forming near the floe, and urged them to reach a safe place while there was time.

There was no panic as death approached. Mazenna was protected from the wind by blocks of pressure-ice. Gregory gave him an extra pair of cotton gloves. Then Raphael and Gregory knelt and asked God's mercy for their friend Lawrence, who lay waiting for death. They arose, turned away from the fallen hunter, and walked again into the unknown.

Alfred Kiyutelluk discovered Gregory's trail, identified it correctly and sent word to rescuers.

The bitter cold that descended with death on the fourth day, continued into the fifth as the temperature dropped far below zero. Gregory's left foot started to hurt, and Raphael felt pain in both hands and feet. Now that they had begun to freeze, every night might be their last.

"There was not much pain in my feet," said Gregory, remembering the hours he spent climbing over pressure-ice ridges. Seasoned Arctic travelers in peak condition admit that moving about such ridges, some as high as 15 feet, is one of the most difficult and perilous methods of traveling imaginable.

How far they traveled, they don't know. They were swept north past the Diomede Islands and through the Bering Strait. During the first five days the snow cut visibility. They passed the Diomedes without seeing them. As the weather cleared, they were at last given a point of reference.

To the southwest they glimpsed the high cliffs of Siberia. There was nothing to the south, where the Diomedes should have been. They knew they were well into the Arctic ocean. To the east, at a great distance, they could see the faint outline of an Alaskan mountain.

They were simple hunters and ivory carvers, these men, not students of international affairs. They had to make a decision based on meager information. Siberia looked close to men hungry for the sight of land. But what treatment would the Russians give two Eskimos who believed in God and prayer? What would they do with a man like Gregory who wore a scapular cross and miraculous medal, a man on whose parka his mother had sewed a Sacred Heart badge?

They answered by turning their backs on Siberia and starting for the distant Alaskan mountain. For five days they traveled east, moving slowly and carefully as they tested young ice. It was like walking on a treadmill, the wind and current pushing the ice farther into the Arctic and away from their destination. Their daily ration of seal meat grew smaller; their last cigarette had been smoked on the fifth day. Only their prayers and hope didn't diminish – even despite those brief heart-breaking moments when

Seasoned Arctic travelers in good health and peak condition admit that moving through, over and around these pressure ice ridges, some of which rise to fifteen feet in height, is one of the most difficult modes of traveling imaginable.

Arnold Olanna, an Eskimo hunter, having learned by radio of Kiyutelluk's discovery, set out to find the trail of a boy "dragging one leg" and found Gregory.

searching planes, seen in the distance, turned and left them to their terrible loneliness.

The last of their seal meat was eaten on the fifth day of their painful march to the mountain and their tenth day on the ice. Raphael had frozen his fingers on the previous day. "That night," Gregory remembers, "we made a shelter by breaking ice from the piled ridges. Next morning, Raphael was too weak to stand. Twice I lifted him, but when left alone he fell down. He said he couldn't make it, and started to cry. He insisted that I go on, just as Lawrence had done. He said he would pray for me and asked me to pray for him. I think he must have died pretty soon after."

Gregory Ayac was now alone with his God and his prayers. It was late that day when he reached the Alaskan mainland, ending his eleven days on the ice pack. His evening prayers were said on the Arctic coast on the night of January 17.

Growing constantly weaker from lack of food, his left foot dragging clumsily, he struggled on. The snow was deeper on the tundra. Each step grew more difficult, but he clung to his equipment and his faith in God. He slept on the open tundra on January 18, and the next day reached the base of the mountain. He admitted to himself that he had no idea where he was. As he turned back to the coast, away from the east wind, he wondered if he might have landed in Siberia.

The temperature dropped below zero, and a freezing wind lashed at the stumbling man as he stopped to pray and rest on the night of January 19. When Gregory awoke next morning and thanked God for giving him another chance, the storm had reached near-blizzard proportions. He struggled into his snowshoes and continued toward the coast. He gained new hope when he came upon a shovel stuck in the snow. It was the first evidence of man in this bleak land.

Daylight was fading fast as Gregory staggered on through the storm. He was approaching exhaustion and final surrender. But as he peered ahead wearily he suddenly rubbed his eyes in disbelief. Was that a cabin ahead, or was he delirious? Staggering in the fierce blasts of the wind he fell to his hands and knees a few yards from the door of a Sinrazat shelter cabin. But the man who had come so far refused to be stopped. He dragged his half-frozen body to the door. Inside, sleep came immediately—the first sleep under a roof in two weeks.

On January 19, Alfred Kiyutelluk, an Eskimo hunter from Shishmaref, was driving his dog-team from the coast toward Wales. Four miles north of the cabin he spotted snowshoe tracks leading from the ice pack toward Ear Mountain. The tracks were smaller than those made by mainland snowshoes. Kiyutelluk guessed the tracks had been made by one of the lost King Islanders.

He turned his team and followed the trail. The tracks showed that the left leg of the traveler was frozen. One snowshoe was dragging. He noted the man rested often; left no sign of food. As darkness fell, Kiyutelluk marked his trail with a shovel as a point for the next day's search. Having no camp outfit or food, he turned back to Shishmaref.

Another blizzard was beginning to blow when George Goshaw, veteran Shishmaref trader, learned of Kiyutelluk's discovery. Although he doubted any human could survive the storm without shelter or food, he radioed the news to the Marks Air Force base at Nome. The storm was so fierce on January 20 that men and dogs from Shishmaref abandoned the search. All planes were grounded. For three days nothing moved on the tundra or in the sky. Those who waited were sure they would find a frozen corpse.

Meanwhile, Gregory lived. He ate dried seal meat and blubber which he found in the small cabin. Through the storm he slept and prayed.

The storm abated on January 24. On that day, Arnold Olanna, an Eskimo hunter from the coastal village of Ikpik 45 miles southwest of Shishmaref, decided to look at his fox traps to the north. He had heard the report of strange tracks leading to Ear Mountain. After a long mush, Olanna crossed the snowshoe trail, now leading away from Ear Mountain. Patiently he followed the partially snow-covered trail. Nearing the Sinrazat cabin at noon, January 24, he saw where the wanderer had crawled the last few yards to reach the door.

Gregory well remembers the undramatic meeting. Olanna stepped into the cabin, saw him, and asked: "You King Island boy?" Gregory's reply was "Yes." Rescue had come for the man of faith and prayer.

A thirty mile ride to Ikpik brought food and warmth to the King Islander. His rescuer knew he was too exhausted to continue by dog-team. On January 25, Olanna's brother, Elliot, mushed down the coast 25 miles to Wales to ask for help. He carried with him a note Gregory had written with frost-bitten hands. This was delivered that evening to James Brooks, Weather Bureau observer at Wales. The message was radioed to King Island. The former 15th Air Force bomber pilot worked through the night to ready his small plane for a mercy mission. A gale was blowing on January 26 when Brooks landed on the ice 200 yards from Arnold Olanna's cabin.

Gregory's mukluks were cut away, and with tortured feet wrapped in blankets he was flown to Nome. Given emergency treatment at Nome, he was flown north to the Alaska Native Service Hospital at Kotzebue.

For more than six months, Gregory remained in the Kotzebue hospital. The cutting of flesh and bone finally ended and he began the task of learning how to use his new feet. At no time did his spirit sag or his faith diminish. Whenever possible, Father George Carroll S.J., Kotzebue missioner, brought Holy Communion to him. Said Father Carroll, appraising the King Islander: "What most people will not appreciate is the simplicity of a boy like this whose realization of the reality of Almighty God and His Providence is so obvious."

With the aid of a mechanical device, Gregory can walk again—slowly and without the old agility, but walking nevertheless. He returned to Nome recently, where his people spend the summer carving ivory and working as longshoremen. After more than six months he has been reunited to his mother, sisters, and to his friend and confessor, Father Cunningham.

Soon he will join his people on their return to King Island. The days have grown shorter, and the ice-pack is closing in.

When the first cry of "Seal!" is sounded, Gregory will start again for the ice with his rifle and spear. He is a hunter, and the place for an Eskimo hunter is on the ice. Never again will he jump the open leads or climb pressure ridges with his old speed. But that is not important to a hunter who walks with God.

James Brooks, former 15th Air Force bomber pilot, Weather Bureau observer at Wales, Alaska, landed his small plane in a gale to fly Gregory to a hospital.

Noel from Nepal

LAST CHRISTMAS MORNING a boy stood at the door of St. Mary's College, Kurseong, in a state that left no doubt whatever as to what he wanted. He was a beggar, and wanted some food. By chance one of the first members of the community to pass that way and see the boy was Father Köhlbrugge, a theologian, who assisted the parish priest by looking after the orphanage. He stopped to speak to the boy, and by a few questions elicited his story from him.

Bim Bahadur Darji, for that was his name, had lost his father eight months before. The man had died of tuberculosis, a disease which is very prevalent among the poor people of this district. A younger brother had died in the same way. Of his mother he said nothing. On the death of his father the boy was abandoned, for none of his relatives would take him in. For eight months he had lived as a beggar, spending his days in search of food, and the nights in whatever shelter he could find. The nights preceding that Christmas day he had slept on the station platform, in spite of a temperature of 45° F., with no other covering than his own clothes.

Hearing this, Father Köhlbrugge took Bim Bahadur to the parish priest, and they decided to admit him to the orphanage. He was given a change of clothes which pleased him greatly, but no amount of food could satiate his appetite. His poor body was so emaciated that during the first few weeks of his stay he was ready for a fresh meal every couple of hours.

His face started filling out, but when our Brother Infirmarian examined him, it was found that he was already in an advanced stage of T. B. and could be promised no more than two months of life. Meanwhile, he was learning to be a boy again. During those eight months on the road he had forgotten how to smile. It took him a week to learn to do so again, and still another week before he laughed. This is all the more re-

Noel on the day of his arrival.

markable, as the people here are extremely jovial. When Bim Bahadur's relatives heard where he was, they came to claim him lest he become a Catholic. The boy was too happy in the orphanage to think of going away again.

A few weeks later the tuberculosis began to assert itself, and Bim got thinner and thinner, until he finally had to be put to bed. His companions put aside their initial reserve towards a new boy whom nobody knew, and grew quite fond of him. Some of them tried to give him some religious instruction, but he did not show much interest. It was difficult to hold his attention for more than a few minutes. On the declaration of the doctor, however, that he might die at any moment, he was baptized without delay, receiving the name of Noel. The Canadian Jesuits are taking over this district, so the parish priest named the new orphans after the Canadian martyrs. Hence the name of Noel; which was all the more attractive because the boy had arrived on Christmas morning.

Even in his sick room our Noel was interested in food, but he was eating less and less. Although only thirteen years old, he was a great smoker, and was allowed four or five country cigarettes a day during his stay here. Among the Nepalese, boys and girls begin smoking very early in life, even before they reach their teens. It was at this time that Noel made his First Communion in bed, was confirmed, and received the Last Sacraments.

At the first crisis he seemed to be already at the end of his short life. His breathing was difficult and the parish priest was reciting the prayers for the dying when the boy's lips were moistened with Lourdes water. Immediately he rallied, looked around, and asked for a cup of cocoa. He had a couple of weeks to live, during which he took a keen interest in all that happened in the orphanage. His fellow orphans were by now so fond of him that there were always a couple of them by his bedside during the day, and two or three slept on the floor outside his little room so as to be near in case assistance were required. It was only on the last day of his life that he revealed that his mother was living. She had run away from home nine years before, but the boy had been afraid to mention her existence lest he be sent away from the orphanage.

After three or four more crises, the worst one came on the night of Maundy Thursday. Father Köhlbrugge stayed up with him till midnight, when the parish priest took over till morning. Shortly before midnight the sufferer began to cry out in his delirium: "O God! O God! O God!" Then, "What do you want from me? What do you want from me?—I can give you nothing.—I have nothing that I can give you.—Forgive me! Forgive me! Forgive me!" Each phrase was repeated several times. These were the words of a boy who had received the very minimum of instruction. He recovered shortly and asked for some milk. About five o'clock on Good Friday morning he lost consciousness, and died while the Mass of the Presanctified was being sung in the church not thirty yards away from where he was lying. The funeral took place on the same afternoon, attended by the orphans, some of the village people, and a couple of the boy's relatives. Thus Noel arrived at St. John's Orphanage on Christmas morning and left us on Good Friday.

Father Köhlbrugge has been replaced in the orphanage by Father Morgan, assisted by Fathers Abraham and Bruneau. They are Canadians who are studying the Nepali language, and who have made sufficient progress to hold their own among the boys.

St. John's orphanage at St. Mary's, Kurseong. American soldiers who made retreats at St. Mary's during the war, helped the poor children. The mountain parish alone can barely support the orphans.

Three Sisters AND TWO MILLION SQUARE MILES

A MARYKNOLL SISTER

Sister Loretta Marie, young Maryknoll Superior from Brooklyn, on the island of Koror, Caroline Islands, has no school yet but gathers groups of children for catechism lessons. The priest with the beard is Father Edwin McManus S.J., also from Brooklyn, missionary priest on Koror.

THE STAGGERING THING ABOUT the Southwest Pacific is the bigness and the smallness of it. Lots of water, specks of land, few people.

The Caroline and Marshall Islands' Vicariate takes in most of the Islands made famous by MacArthur's advance on the Philippines. American Jesuits from the New York province have staffed the missions on Truk, Kwajelein, Ulithi, Yap, Peleliu and Palau since 1945. This territory, once held by Japan, has undergone not only a military but a spiritual invasion from America.

Part of this invasion are three Maryknoll Sisters, who constitute the entire feminine religious population of the Palauan Islands.

"But we have neighboring convents," says Sister Loretta Marie, the young superior from Brooklyn. "There are two American Mercy Sisters on Guam, 800 miles north; Spanish Sisters on Truk, 1,500 miles east; and New Guinea is only 200 miles south. There must be Sisters on Mindanao in the Philippines, 600 miles west."

The commonest thing in the South Pacific is long mileage. Five hundred miles between parishes is nothing. The vicariate is 2,000 miles long by 1,000 miles wide, and must be covered through the courtesy of the U. S. Navy. Father Vincent I. Kennally S.J., Vicar Apostolic, needs the wings of an angel or the patience of a saint—preferably both. The Navy does what it can, but planes are scarce and the Navy has its own fish to fry.

"What this vicariate needs," says Father Edwin McManus at Koror, Palau, "is a giant bulldozer to push it all together."

I visited the Palau "parish" in March, 1949. Just getting there gives you an idea of the isolation of these missionaries. All traffic must go through Guam, Naval headquarters for the entire Trust Territories District. One plane a week and two boats a month leave Guam. The plane accommodates 8 or 10 passengers; it takes priority and persistence to persuade the Navy to let you aboard. The planes and boats stop only at Koror, the chief port.

Koror is the center of the Palau parish, covering ten inhabited islands strung out over 400 miles. There are but 6,000 people in the whole district, 2,000 of whom are Catholic. There are 1,300 Protestants; the rest are pagans. But what a task to care for these 2,000! Babelthuap, the largest island (10 by 22 miles), has some thirty villages scattered on the coast. No road connects the villages; no paths cross the interior. Small native boats loop the towns closely together, and they run on schedules known only to themselves. A mission journey to Babelthaup to bring Mass and the sacraments to approximately 1,000 Catholics of the 3,500 population can take the better part of a month.

Koror is insignificant in size—only six by one-half miles. It lies in a semicircle, like a half doughnut thrown into the sea. But that doughnut had power in its day. Its two arms embrace a harbor so deep, so secluded and capacious that 300 Japanese ships could rest secure in it. Today about 50 American navy men with perhaps 30 or 40 dependents hold the district.

So much for what was. Now for the mission itself. Spanish Capuchins came first, in 1891. In 1898, when Spain sold the islands to Germany, they were replaced by German Capuchins. The convent was built then and in 1911, three German Franciscan Sisters from Milwaukee came. They stayed for five years the people told me. Not always the same Sisters—but always three. They had more than a hundred girls in a school across the road. Thirty-one stayed at the convent.

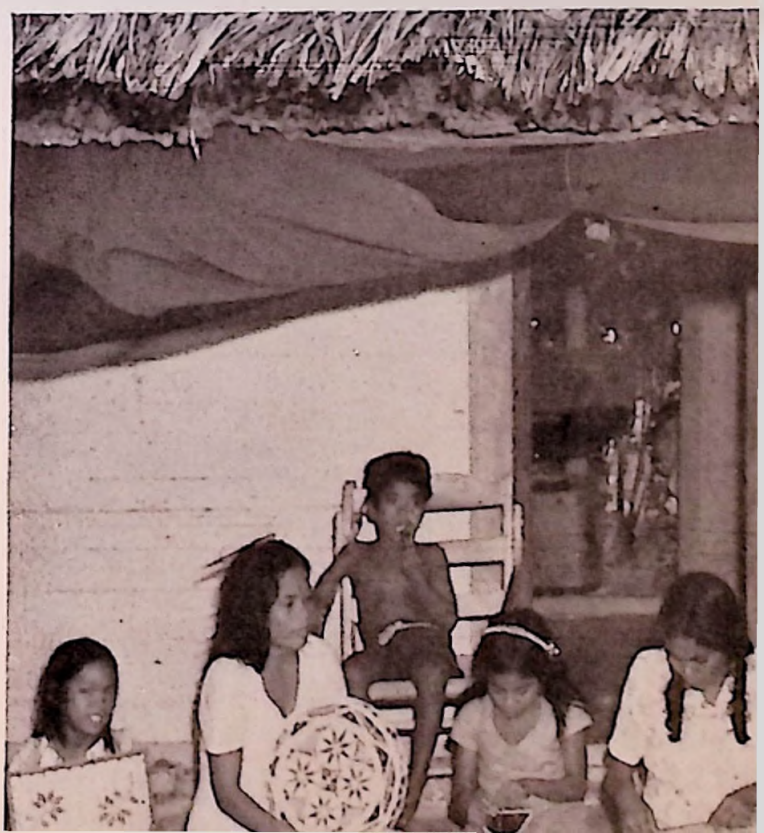
In 1916, the German Sisters and Fathers were asked to leave when Japan took over the civil government. At the personal request of the Holy Father, Spanish Jesuits staffed the mission in 1921, after the islands had been five years without Mass. They built the present church, a good concrete building. White, with a typical Spanish belfry, it has survived the war intact.

The convent was turned into a restaurant, however. Several attempts to bring Spanish Sisters here were thwarted by the Japanese. During the war, the present convent was used as Military Police headquarters.

The last of these Spanish Jesuits were Padre Elias Fernandez and Padre Marino de la Cruz. During the war and for some years before it, the Japanese were wary of having very many Palauans on Koror; they were confined to other islands for the most part. In 1935, Padre Elias and Padre Marino were arrested by the "Kempeitai," Japanese military police. After three months in prison on Babelthuap, they were executed.

For two years there was no priest in the Palaus. Then Padre Juan Bizkarra came from Japan with Brother John, just in time to celebrate Christmas Mass. They were Spanish Jesuits of the Toledo province; both

Family life in the Pacific Islands. The Palauan race is dying out. There are few large families. Most of the people are quite old.



Sister Camillus has a catechetical group of 20 three nights a week. Two of her pupils share a pair of cracked eye glasses between them.

The author during her visit to Koror last summer.

(below) Sister Andrew Marie, practicing her newly acquired Palauan. The only grammar is the typed notes of Father McManus which he composed in his first six months. The nun's teachers, two girls just learning English, use a Japanese-English dictionary.

Basques. Father Harry Furay S.J.. joined them at Koror in October, 1947. He was replaced by Father Edwin McManus S.J., loaned from Truk in August, 1948, and by Father Thomas Lewis S.J. in February, 1949. Father John and Brother John continued on with these recruits.

Three Maryknoll Sisters answered the call in September, 1948. They were Sister Loretta Marie (Hoffman), Sister Camillus (Reynolds) and Sister Andrew Marie (McIver). Once more there were Sisters in the convent, which was repainted and refurnished with Navy left-overs.

The Sisters have "regular classes": kindergarten and first grade. They are scheduled from 7:30 until 11:00 in the morning, but nobody watches the clock. In the afternoon, three times a week, there are catechism and English classes for the children who attend the public school, and the beginnings of a boys' choir on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

Three nights a week, catechism classes for women and girls are held. Sister Camillus has about 20 women worthy of any mission picture. Maria is tattooed from the elbow to the knuckles in an intricate blue design with glasses worn halfway down her nose. Caterina and Natalia own, in common, a pair of glasses with a cracked lens, and pass the spectacles between them when called on. These are the women who brought me a magnificent Palau dinner last Sunday—a crab with a pincer-spread of 18 inches, taro boiled, fried, candied and baked, tapioca wrapped in banana leaves and boiled (like Suman in the Philippines), and cocoanut in all disguises.

It's wonderful to hear the Sisters talking Palauan. They feel that they haven't even a toe-hold on this slippery language, but they seem to have made great progress to an outsider like myself. Their only grammar is a few typed notes Father McManus devised in his six months' stay; their teachers are two girls who are just beginning to understand English and who have never analyzed their own Palauan grammatically.

Palauan Catholics are extremely fervent. Between 75 to 100 people attend early Mass every morning; the church is filled again in the evening for rosary and night prayers.

Kayangel, the northernmost island, has a story like Korea. When Father McManus went up there last fall, the second time in history, he found two Catholics. They had

been baptized long ago on Koror. Father baptized three of the 20 and held out hope for the 17 remaining. Now there are five Catholics in Kayangel's 120 inhabitants.

The least Catholic of these islands is Peleliu. Here, on Bloody Nose Ridge, the Marines fought one of the costliest battles of the war. There are only 50 or 60 Catholics in Kayangel's inhabitants.

The power of the missionary is tremendous. His rulings are law. In a court case recently, a witness was explaining that he had told the accused not to commit the act.

"I warned him," he said, "that Padre Elias had said Catholics do not do such things."

"Was that the only reason you gave him for desisting?"

"Yes, and it should have been enough," was the firm answer.

On one of the islands, it is an ancient tribal ruling that no one may marry within his own clan no matter how distant the relationship may be. Incidentally, clan membership is traced through the mother's line. On the whole island, there were but five clans. Besides, of 290 people, there were only five girls between the ages of 10 and 20. When Father explained the Church's laws on affinity, the ancient tribal ruling was set aside without a murmur.

How the Palauans have kept their clan relationship on record is a mystery to me, for they have no last names. They are Mariana, or Artemio, or Florentina, and they let it go at that. Even their tattooing, of which they are exceedingly fond, does not seem to follow tribal or clan designs. Women, especially, are tattooed in a dark blue which does not show up well on their dark skins; it looks rather like a shadow or a discoloration caused by disease. However, there is an intricate design if you study it. The arms, from above the elbow to the knuckles of the hand are covered. A favorite trick is to tattoo a slender design down the calf of the leg so that, walking behind, one thinks at first the woman is wearing stockings with a fancy seam.

In the olden days, they made their own tattoo ink, but when the Japanese supplied them with a cheaper and better kind, they let their own art fall into disuse and have forgotten the formula. Consequently, the young people are not tattooed. Still, one of the most persistent requests to the U. S. Government is for tattoo ink; which has not as yet been supplied.

The Palauan race is dying out. This is true of all the Micronesian peoples. There are few large families. In the southern islands, it is noticeable that most of the people are quite old. Within 50 years, it is estimated, the 290 people on Sonsoral will have been reduced to about 50.

One evening, we watched the giant bats wheel overhead. I thought them large crows at first, until they dipped in flight as bats do, and I heard them squeak. These are the large Australian fruit-bats also found on Guam. The natives eat them. Often at night you can hear their leathery wings flapping outside your window like sails in a slack wind.

Other giants are the six inch snails—Achatina Fulica—which are overrunning the place. The story is that the Japanese introduced them because they liked snails, and figured that the bigger the better. But they found the snails ruinous to crops. Every morning there are hundreds of them crawling up the steps, galloping over the grass, breakfasting on every green thing they see. There is nothing retiring about these snails; they will use the shell as a last resort, but much prefer to fight it out in the open.

Snakes are rare, the people say, but last Christmas the Sisters rehearsing the Christmas program found a ten-footer coiled on the rafters of the quonset hut that serves as parish hall.

Certainly my visit to Koror covered the wettest two weeks of my whole life, but far from dampening my spirit they added fuel to the fire of my enthusiastic admiration for the three lone Maryknoll Sisters on that dot of land in the midst of 2,000,000 square miles of unending blue sea and sky.

Crib at Baghdad College built by Bro. Parnoff S.J.

Bethlehem and Baghdad

JOSEPH P. O'KANE S.J.

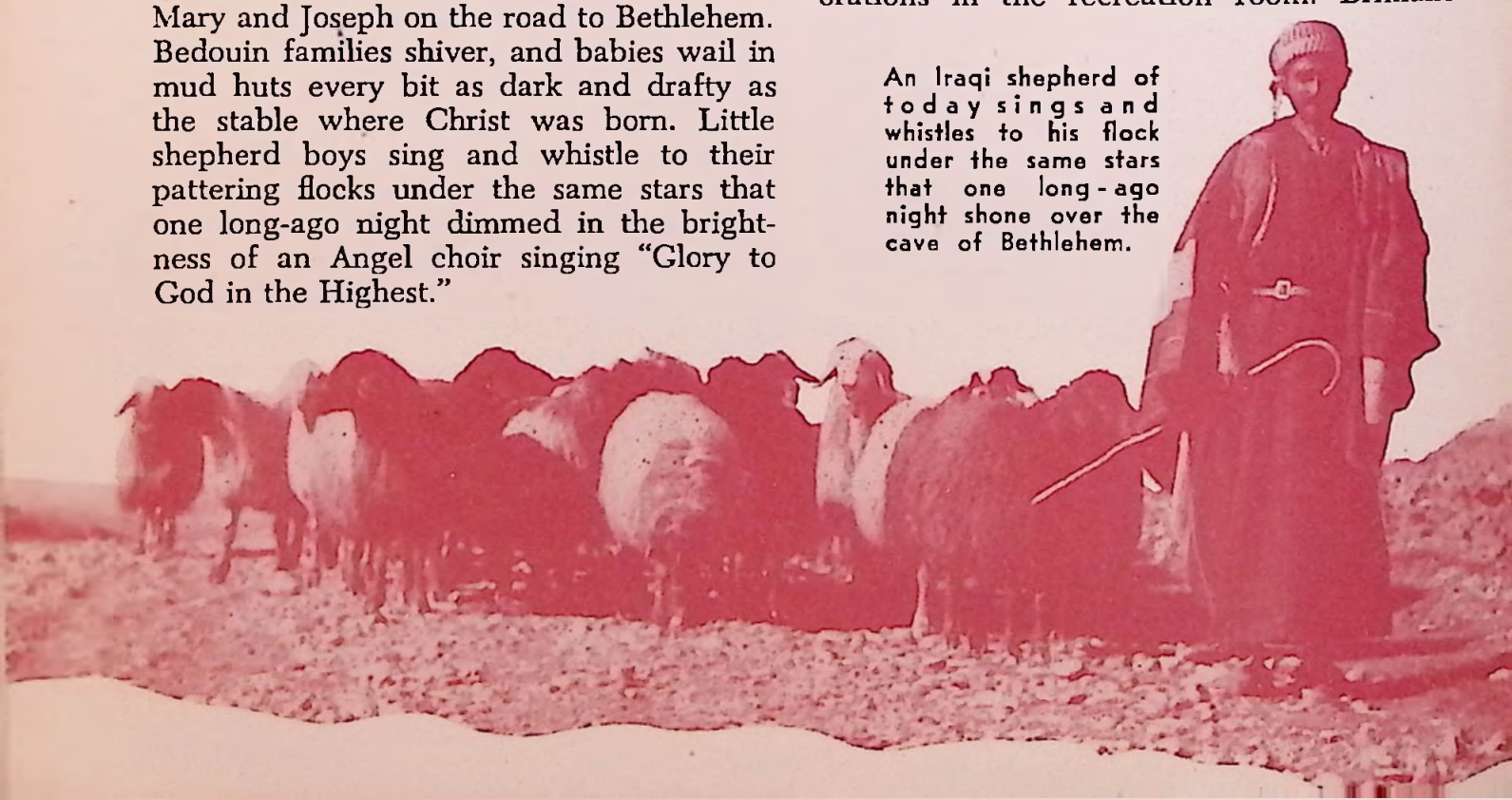
THE CHRISTMAS TREE is up and sparkling. The makeshift choir of Fathers has just rehearsed a whole Mass and ten Christmas carols in twenty-five minutes—flat. Your lungs are full of the dust of Christmas decorations, so a brisk walk about the neighborhood seems in order before supper.

Perhaps the biblical atmosphere of our Baghdad suburb will provide some authentic Christmas backdrops. You are not disappointed. Along the river road, their donkey's hoofs clopping in the mud-ruts, a young couple pass. Their silhouette under tall moon-washed palms might be that of Mary and Joseph on the road to Bethlehem. Bedouin families shiver, and babies wail in mud huts every bit as dark and drafty as the stable where Christ was born. Little shepherd boys sing and whistle to their pattering flocks under the same stars that one long-ago night dimmed in the brightness of an Angel choir singing "Glory to God in the Highest."

Here is a Christmas card come to life. Yet you feel that Christmas is not here. This teeming town of Baghdad, so like Bethlehem, so close to it, goes about its business on Christmas Eve as though Christ were never born. True, a few downtown merchants have decked their windows with tinsel and tattered Santa Clauses in hopes of luring Christian trade. The cinemas advertise midnight programs, and the gaudy Abdulla night club has hired a live Santa Claus with a bag full of gifts. But all this is only a trap for money, not a welcome for the Christ-Child.

Inside the brick walls of our Jesuit residence, of course, everything is different. Perhaps because the world outside is so indifferent to them, we have taken extra pains to make Baghdad College one Inn where the Holy Family will feel welcome. There are no laurel streamers festooning the chapel. Instead, tall straight palm branches with spear-like leaves form a guard of honor about the altar. Banked on either side of the tabernacle, poinsettias from our own garden stud the drab green of palm foliage like so many red stars. Beside the altar Brother Parnoff is strewing bits of straw about a Christmas crib that will be the wonder of all the Christian kids and grown-ups too for miles around. A most realistic road winds up a hill to the crib. There you can watch the Wise Men's camels come closer day by day, until rounding one last spectacular turn, they reach the crib in time for their feast on January the sixth.

Less grand, but more colorful are the decorations in the recreation room. Brilliant



An Iraqi shepherd of today sings and whistles to his flock under the same stars that one long-ago night shone over the cave of Bethlehem.

crepe-paper streamers hang from the teak-beamed ceiling and are draped over the big picture of the Madonna over the fireplace. You note with satisfaction that the Christmas tree lights you worked with this afternoon are still aglow. When they flicker and fade, as they do every half-hour or so, you can't be sure whether it's a tired fuse, or merely the Baghdad power plant trying to adjust itself to this new strain on its resources.

Very special decorations are reserved for our Diwan, or reception parlor, for the pleasure of such dignitaries of Church and State as may drop in tomorrow for Christmas greetings and coffee. Little tables well stocked with cigarettes are scattered among the chairs. On the central table is a tin of toffee. This toffee affords us no little amusement. You can't get the paper off! It's a rare spectacle to see a dignified Sahib, holding a dainty demi-tasse of Turkish coffee in one hand, a thin Arab cigarette in the other, struggling with his spare fingers to strip his toffee bare of innumerable shreds of sticky paper—especially if he is striving to maintain a grave conversation with a battery of solemn Jesuits.

Midnight Mass at Baghdad College does not seem like Midnight Mass at all. There's no walk through crisp night air to awaken you; no snow to shake off before the chapel door; no overshoes to clutter the floor. Even "Silent Night" seems out of place amid palm branches and the Easter-colored clothes of the congregation. Only when the organ is suddenly stilled, and all heads bow as the priest whispers the words of Consecration, do you feel one with the rest of the Catholic world. In that hush, Brooklyn and Baghdad become Bethlehem—Americans and Iraqis kneel side by side to adore the Lamb newborn tonight to take away the sins of the world.

Midnight Mass over, two others follow rapidly in the small hours of the morning. By three o'clock you are back in bed for the longest sleep of the year. About dawn, you are awakened by a Moslem muezzin in his far away minaret insisting, in oriental grace-notes, that prayer, after all, is better than sleep. But for once you ignore him and turn over to sleep on, confident that three times this night you have offered the world's best prayer—the prayer of perfect sacrifice begun in a stable long ago by the Christ-Child.

Come, follow me

THIS IS THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS AT Bethlehem in 1948 with its overtones so strangely reminiscent of the first night "the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us."

The ancient road from Jesusalem to Bethlehem is five winding miles hallowed by centuries of pilgrimage to the birth-place of Christ. On Christmas Eve the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem takes this road with his retinue of clergy and faithful for a solemn entry into the Basilica of the Nativity. It is the age-old prelude to the pontifical Midnight Mass.

A year ago the road was controlled, during the truce, by both Israeli and Arab armies. Assurance was sought that the accustomed ceremonies might proceed without hindrance. But the conditions laid down by the Israeli forces were such that the procession would have been stripped of all dignity and solemnity. So the direct Bethlehem road remained closed to the Christian faithful.

"There was no room for them in the inn." Monsignor Gelat, Auxiliary Bishop of Jerusalem, and his handful of pilgrims understood better the significance of that refusal as they toiled over a rough and rainsodden military bypass opened by the Arab Legion. They came into Bethlehem by the same route as the shepherds did long ago. They, too, were few, yet that brought them nearer to the manger and the clouds over the cave could not rob them of the peace Christ alone brings.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

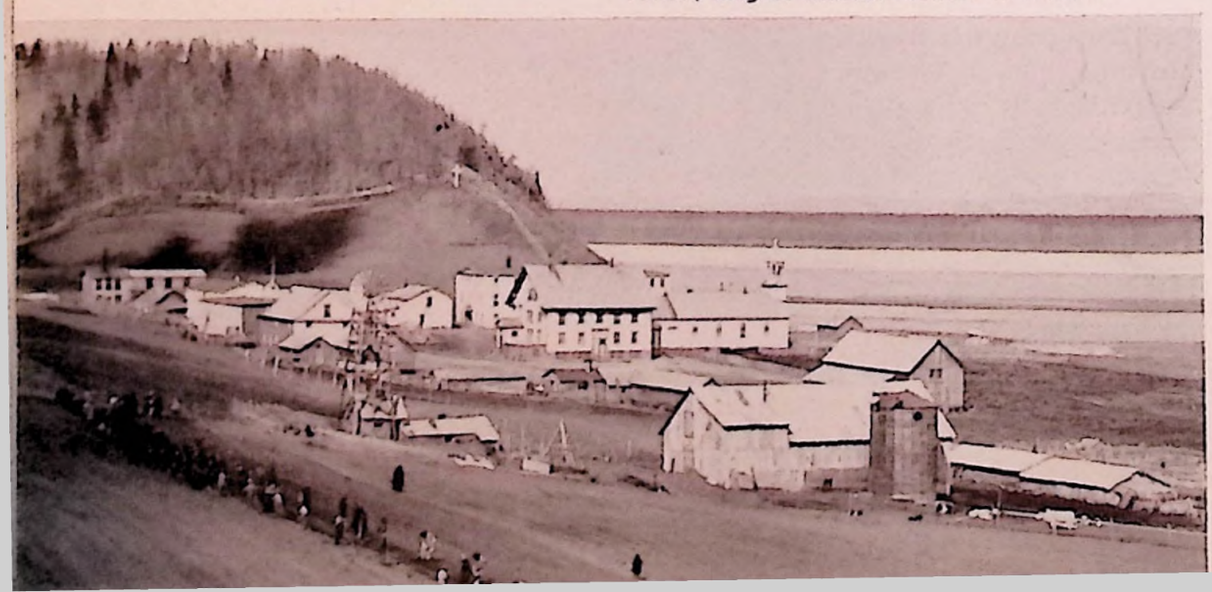
Alaska

FAR NORTH COUNTRY

Very Rev. Paul Deschout S.J., Superior of the 35 Jesuits in Alaska comes from Belgium. He has been more than a dozen years in Alaska, most of the time at Nelson Island.

Rev. Segundo Llorente S.J. came from Spain to be a missionary in Alaska. He is widely known in the Spanish speaking Catholic world.

Statue of Christ the King on King Island, facing Communist Siberia. (Below) Holy Cross on the Yukon, largest mission center in Alaska.



Brother Feltes S.J., Mes
and Father Hubbard S.

AKE one-fifth of the United States, 586,400 quuare miles, push it up north so that it will nad into the Arctic Circle, stretch a chain slilands westward towards Siberia, attach a idda-shaped sector to Canada's boundary, yyou have a cartographer's picture of Alaska. thhis vast territory dwell 92,000 people— tee, Indians and Eskimos. All have souls, but 14,000 are Catholics. To keep the Faith heeir hearts and spread it even further 35 iitts, 12 diocesan priests and 73 nuns endure geed lives in "Uncle Sam's Attic." There they onr Christ, the Teacher and Healer, in 7 oobls, 3 orphanages and 6 hospitals located Attulurak, Anchorage, Fairbanks, Holy Cross, eeau, Ketchikan, Kodiak, Nulato and Skagway. Heir Most Rev. Francis D. Gleeson, their opp, and Very Rev. Paul C. Deschout, their iitit Superior, travelling by boat, plane and -sled they bring Christ to the altars of 48 rchhes and 22 chapels scattered from tem- atde Ketchikan to frozen King Island. Your yeerful support will make Alaskans better nbbers of Christ's north kingdom in America.

imno mother and child. Babies are carried a pouch-like hood over the shoulders.

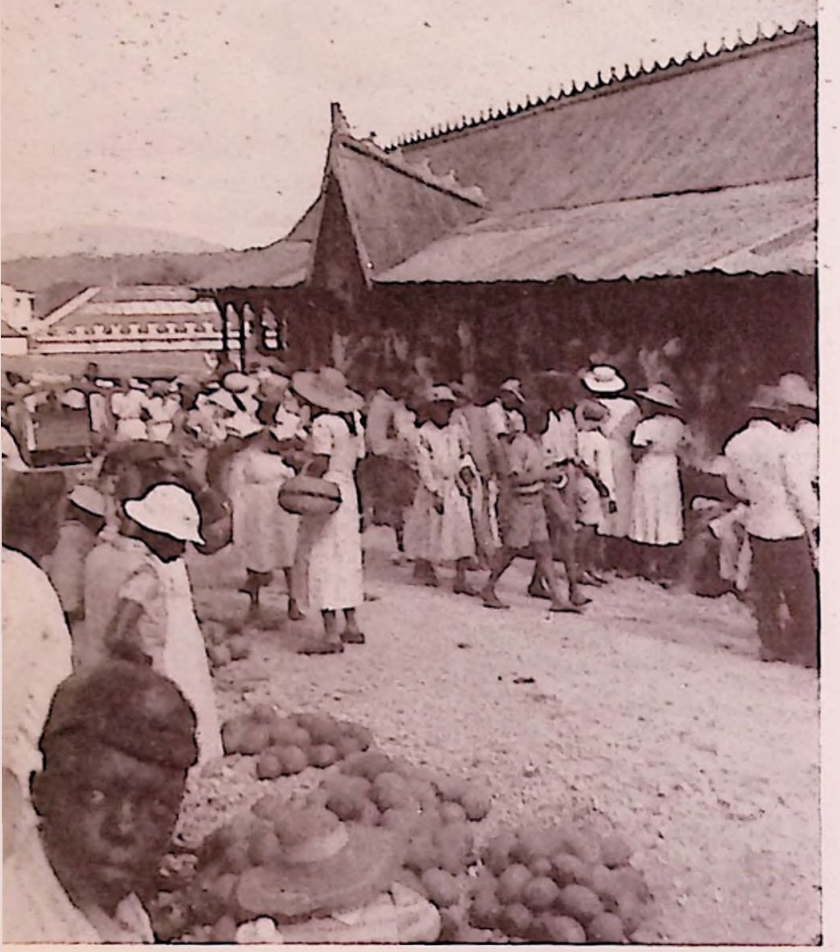
r.. Francis D. Gleeson S.J., D.D., Bishop of Alaska,

Father Paul O'Connor S.J. for year's Alaska's northernmost missionary, author and member of Alaska's housing commission.

(below) Father John P. Fox S.J., veteran of the trail.

Huskies last rest on the trail as shadows lengthen.

Wide are the Pastures



Christmas Eve in the Grand Market at Mandeville.

WIDE AND COOL ARE THE PASTURES where I now roam. After thirteen years in hot Kingston my superiors have sent me out to the high and welcome coolness of the district of Manchester. Down here in Jamaica the English term "parish" is the technical name for the geographical divisions of the island, so to avoid confusion I am calling my present location the "district" of Manchester. I live in the town of Mandeville and when New York was sweltering in last summer's heat we were wearing sweaters here. Even in the tropics elevation counts for a good deal.

Wide indeed are the pastures. Manchester has a population of over 92,000 spread over 339 square miles. That is as big as a diocese. The other day I stood on the brow of a high hill in Mandeville. As far as I could see, all was my parish. It gave me a bit of a lonely feeling I must confess.

There are only about 250 Catholics in all that territory—250 out of more than 92,000 people! West of Manchester is the district of St. Elizabeth. There is no Catholic priest in that region, although the population is well over 100,000. Father Francis Kempel S.J. lives in the district beyond Westmoreland, and both of us work St. Elizabeth a little, but obviously neither of us can do too much. I have a church at a place called Balaclava in St. Elizabeth and the Catholics there number about eighteen. Five miles north of Balaclava in a village named Siloah there are twelve Catholics, and five miles beyond that in Maggotty there are exactly two. Twenty-six miles south of Balaclava, in Warminster, there is just one Catholic family. So you can easily add up the total of Catholics in my section of St. Elizabeth.

However, though they be few in number, these people are sincere in their Catholicity. Some of them are real apostles, intent on spreading the Catholic faith. I only wish I could spend more time with them.

In my district of Manchester there are two churches, both established by Father Joseph Ford S.J. (Catholic churches in Jamaica are like motors cars—many, many, bear the stamp "Ford"). This priest alone built fifteen churches during his twenty years in Jamaica. How he did it is beyond

Mandeville is a favorite resort for the British.

me. It is true that none of his churches are too imposing, but he had to raise most of the funds himself. He truly built on a shoestring—that strong shoestring we call Faith.

The church at Mandeville is not a good model. It was bought from the Seventh Day Adventists seventeen years ago; the year I arrived in Jamaica. I am told that it was the first building the Adventists erected on the island. Maybe they had a hunch that one day the Catholics would take over the structure. At any rate it was poorly built and the walls are receding. It has been necessary to bolster them with buttresses. The other church in Manchester, also bearing the Ford stamp, is at Christiana. It was built in 1935 and is of wood, but still in good condition.

In a village called Porus there is a little mission with about twenty-five Catholics. It is just a beach-head, and at present a real one, too. Mass is celebrated on the second Tuesday of every month in a house. I give the lady of the house two dollars and a half each month to help her pay the rent. (Last Tuesday the monthly collection at Porus netted exactly one dollar!) But the house is now for sale, and if sold I suppose it's out we go, myself and the tiny congregation.

We are making efforts to build a little church there. The people are really poor, so most of the effort will have to be mine. At present we are angling for a piece of land and also drawing plans for the church. A generous Catholic landowner a few miles away, although not overencumbered with

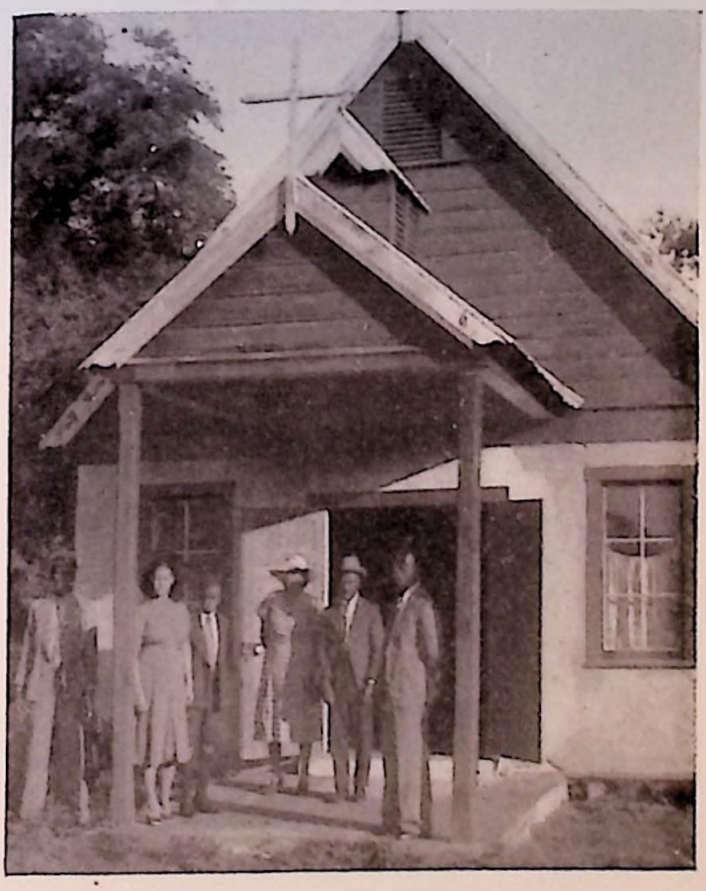
this world's goods, has offered some trees, good native hard wood, from his property. I have to pay for the cutting and sawing, but there were enough funds on hand to begin the work. Besides, the lumber will have to season, so it is good to get it cut early.

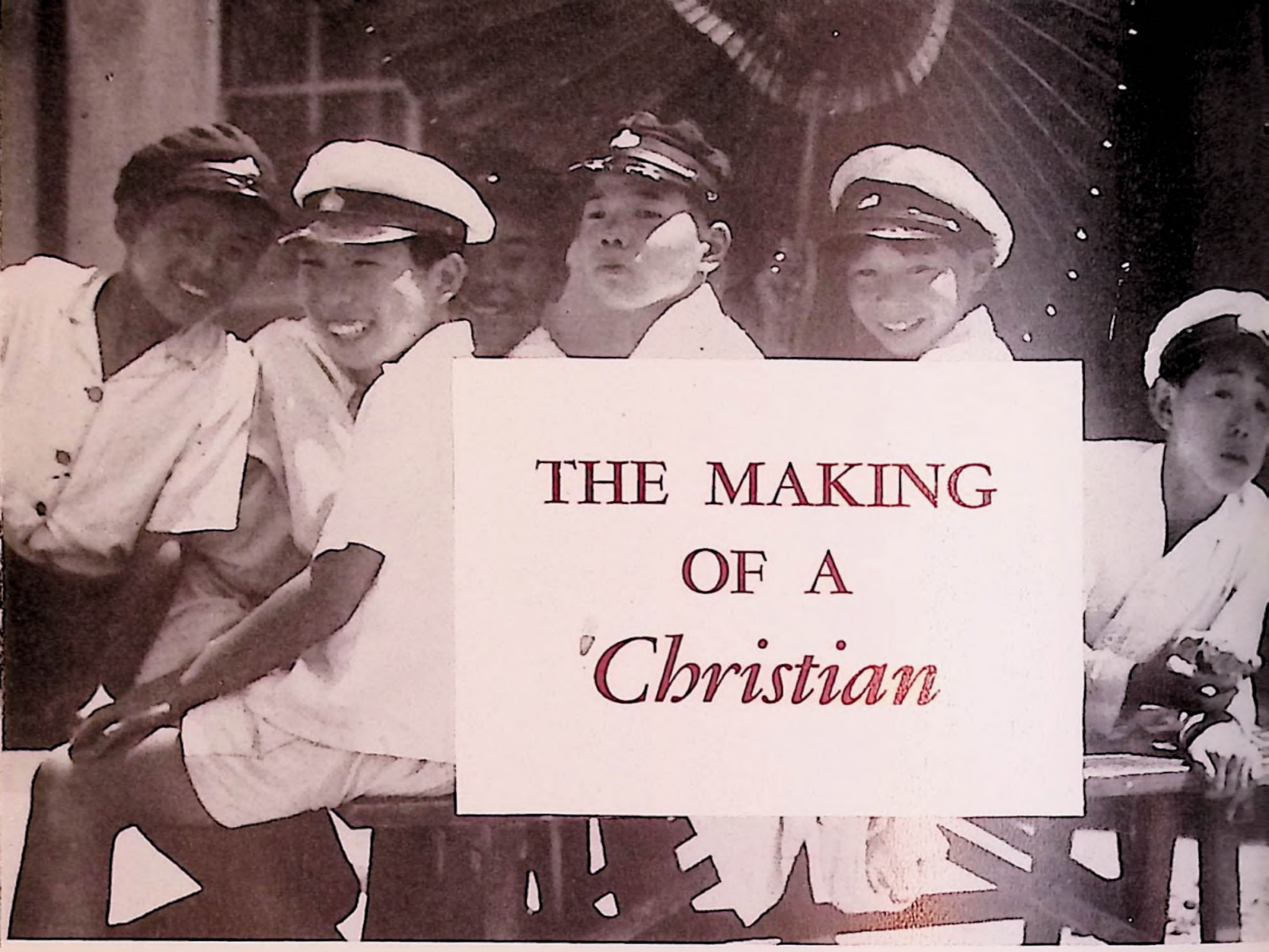
Over in Cross Keys we are a little better off than in Porus. There are about twenty Catholics there, and we make use of a Government Land Settlement place. There isn't as much danger of being put out. But Cross Keys is another place that needs a church. Father Charles Toomey S.J., my predecessor, had the foresight to purchase a nice piece of land. The next move is mine.

The real need of the mission is a parochial school here in Mandeville. There isn't a single Catholic elementary school in all the territory I cover. The Sisters are here and I believe they could supply a teacher, but there is no school building. That is a major need, for no mission will ever grow without a school. Father Ford had the same dream, but it was never realized. Maybe it will come true for me. If it does, the pastures won't seem so wide.

St. Luke's is just a little church.

The tiny chapel at Chapleton, mission station.





THE MAKING OF A *Christian*

The Japanese boy has an active mind constantly seeking the "why" of things.

ROBERT J. FORBES S.J.

"NATURE ABHORS A VACUUM" says an old axiom. It's true of human nature as well; especially in the spiritual order. In today's Japan a spiritual vacuum exists, created by the war and the Emperor's abandonment of the myth of his divine origin. Brought to its knees by terrible conquest, suffering Japan is learning to pray. Into this vacuum grace is moving, often in a startling fashion. Today is a time of wondrous opportunity for the Church.

Christianity, with its fullness and sense of direction, appeals to the Japanese. We here at Eiko high school have noted that in our boys. Since its inception in 1947 the rate of conversions has risen steadily. When the doors of Eiko opened in April of that year, eighty of the best boys from neighboring elementary schools were admitted. Five of them were Christians. Before Christmas, twenty-five were studying the Catechism.

After the holidays the boys were told that those who wished to begin or continue religious instructions should call at the office of the Prefect of Discipline. Returning to his room at the end of the day, Father found almost all the boys awaiting him. He sent them home to obtain written permission from their parents. They returned with the needed approval, and the ranks of Catechumens were swelled from twenty-five to seventy! This out of a class of eighty boys.

When the second class entered in April 1948, they became students of a "Catholic school" in a much fuller sense. In a short time the spiritual ferment at Eiko began to work on the newcomers. Of 140 boys admitted, seventy asked for instructions in the first months. With such large groups of Catechumens it was impossible for the Prefect of Discipline to handle them alone as formerly. Father Rector took over a portion of the class.

Since that time more boys have asked to be instructed. Some were refused because their scholastic ability might not allow them to remain at school. It would be imprudent to baptize children who would not grow up

in Catholic surroundings. Others were told to wait until their marks improved. There was a noticeable rise in the quality of their work, and they will undoubtedly soon join the ranks of new Catholics.

Last April 367 boys took the entrance examination. One hundred and sixty were accepted, of whom only two were Catholics. We feel sure many will seek instructions.

The ground that accepted the seeds of Christianity has been a fertile one, rich in natural virtues and readily receiving the gentle grace of God. The process, of course, is not automatic. We have had to do our part, and the first furrowing of this soil is far from easy. The boys are pagan. Their viewpoint is materialistic; a viewpoint impressed on them in the elementary schools. We find that they have been schooled in such notions as "man is directly descended from the ape," or "God is an invention of man." But rational proofs against such errors are gradually understood and accepted. The boys all believe in some sort of a personal God, despite what they have been taught. With this as a basis, it is not surprising that the innocence and natural virtue they possess should burst into a flame of love for Christ which will never die.

Last year we noted, even before the entrance examination, that the spirit of the school had been attracting parents. They wanted their children to be like Eiko boys. Its spirit *is* contagious. The generosity, friendliness, and politness of our students strongly appeal to newcomers. Moreover, when they start their games after school they will see upper-classmen willingly sacrificing playtime to study "Kokyotori"—Catechism. They will learn of the Sunday Mass which the boys attend, and will sense the joys of Christmas and Easter. What others happily possess, they, with God's grace, will want for themselves.

The fidelity and devotion of our new Christians make our personal sacrifies very worthwhile. In Japan, the home is a small intimate dwelling. The members of the family live in one another's presence. It was in such a home that one of our converts persevered in prayer under the watchful eyes of his pagan parents. They noted his piety and unabashed devotion, and it affected them profoundly. Their own prayer was an empty ritualism which failed to satisfy them. Drawn by their son's love for God, they decided to ask for instruction.

Examples of this sort can be multiplied, and it makes our work a pleasure. Through our boys, others are drawn to God, to Him Who can fill the emptiness of pagan centuries. But the Japanese do not come into the Church hastily. They reason their way to it, even though they be boys of twelve or thirteen. The most common difficulty of boys and parents is the profound mystery of the problem of evil. If God is good, why the evil in the world, why war, poverty and suffering? When they have been taught to trust the dispositions of a loving God, they yield in faith.

The Japanese boy is not a passive receptor. His is an active mind with a burning curiosity to find an answer to the eternal "why" of things. He comes to us a little pagan, but marvelously endowed with the finest of natural virtues. He grows with his classmates in such a way that the bud that was pagan bursts into a lovely Christian flower.

It is our privilege to nourish this plant, to see that it grows straight and true, that it may give glory to the God who fashioned it. Through the first years of new-found Christian freedom, the Blood of Christ will water it. It will grow strong in Christ with the help of the prayers of other members of the Mystical Body. Pray for these new Christians, and pray for us that through our efforts and God's grace, the boys of today will be the leaders of tomorrow in Japan.

Eiko Chugakko boys in a public religious procession. Their piety and unabashed devotion has led many parents to ask for intsructions in the Faith.

THE POPE'S MISSION INTENTION

DECEMBER: The Regions of Islam

ISLAM IS THE NAME OF THE RELIGION practiced by the Moslems. Its adherents are estimated at more than 300,000,000 members divided into several sects. Moslems, like Catholics, inhabit every continent of the globe, but the so-called Moslem regions extend geographically from Morocco in North Africa to Albania and Iraq in the Near East, eastward through Iran, and Pakistan and down through Malaya and Indonesia to the Islands of the South Pacific. Although Arabic is the language of the Koran, the sacred book of Islam, not all Moslems are Arabs. They embrace peoples as diverse as the Chinese of Sinkiang, the Persians of Iran, the Javanese, and the dwellers of the Sahara. Although Islam professes to be a religious cult it unites all its adherents through a quasi-nationalistic bond.

While naturalism, indifferentism and atheistic Communism have caused a weakening in many religious sects, recently the Moslems seem to have grown more fervent in their religious practices—ever harping back to the ancient doctrines with the cry: "Back to the Koran! Back to the Prophet!" Certain Moslem leaders have not hesitated to assert, falsely, that the salvation of mankind must not be sought from the doctrines of Marx, nor from the dogmas of the Christian West, now rent by wars and strife, but from a more realistic interpretation of the basic doctrines of Islam.

Although the current trends of events do not warrant a proximate formation of a pan-Islamic nation, still the solidarity of the nations in the pan-Arabic league of the Near East has given zealous Moslems hope for the future. The Palistinian problem, so much in the news during the past year, has shown the spirit of Islam by bringing "volunteers" from Morocco and funds from Pakistan to aid the Palestinian Arabs.

One good result, however, springs from this strong adherence of the Moslems to Islam and from their determination to unite among themselves. Till now they have prevented Russian Communism from penetrating their regions, though attempts have been made in Iran and more recently in Western China and India.

Moslem thinkers and propagandists are forced to admit that this recent Islamic movement, while wearing the cloak of a religious revival, is in practice a nationalistic movement. Nations in the East which have for years been subjugated under a foreign yoke have used the Koran as a means of obtaining civil independence. Thus in August 1947 the autonomous Moslem state of Pakistan severed itself from the rest of India. On the other hand this Islamic nationalism opposes any federation with non-Moslems and even considers foreigners enemies of Allah and of the Islamic cult. Not rarely does one find groups of Moslems who sincerely believe that the day is dawning when a "jihad," or holy war, will avenge the Islamic nations for their defeats of the past.

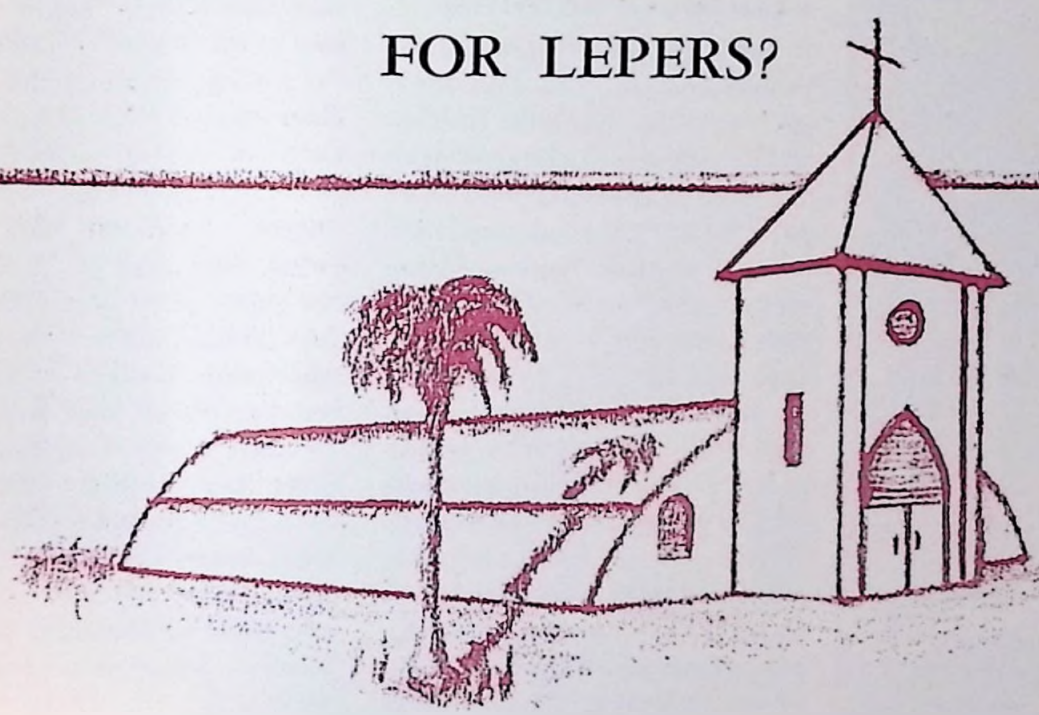
The history of the Catholic Church shows that the apostolate to the Moslems has been one of the most fruitless endeavors of her missionary movement. In some lands, as in Afghanistan, missionaries are forbidden entrance; in others, only the indirect apostolate of culture and charity may be practiced. The evangelization of the Moselm regions will be rendered even more difficult should a union of all Moslem peoples succeed.

Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.

WILL YOU HELP BUILD

A Chapel like this

FOR LEPERS?



Father Andrew Cervini, Superior at Zamboanga, hero of Philippine resistance during the War, badly wounded at Manila, is working tirelessly for the lepers now.

SOME facts are so awesome they turn you full face to God. Leprosy is such a fact—for God alone can give the strength to bear this cross. The lepers in the colony at Zamboanga in the Philippines need and want the Presence of Christ in the Mass and the Blessed Sacrament to be with them always. Through their Chaplain, Father Andrew Cervini S.J., they appeal to you for funds to erect a permanent chapel at the new station the Government is building. A simple, adequate chapel such as is pictured above can be built for $2,000. Gifts of a dollar or so from many people will do it. Can you think of a better Christmas gift for these suffering leper-children of Christ?

JESUIT *Missions* 962 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.

Though the Jesuit Mission in the Philippines involves 225 Jesuits in 36 centers of influence, the unofficial center is the Ateneo de Manila.

In 1947, (photo above), His Eminence, Cardinal Spellman was made an honorary alumnus of the Ateneo in grateful recognition of his years of interest in the Philippines.

On September 20, 1949, the Town Meeting of the Air, on tour around the world (England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, Turkey, Palestine, Egypt, India, Philippines and Japan) held its 578th broadcast in Manila on the subject "Is a Pacific Union Practical and Possible Now?" One of the four principal speakers was the President of the Ateneo, Rev. William F. Masterson S.J., of Brooklyn, former business manager of this magazine. On the panel with him were Miguel Cuaderno, Gil Puyat and Peter Grimm, Governor of the Central Bank of the Philippines, former president of the Manila Chamber of Commerce, and former president of the New York State Chamber of Commerce.

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

UNAMERICAN ACTIVITIES

HAVE YOU BEEN TRAVELING recently? Did you enjoy the smooth parkways, the new steel coaches on the railroads or the comfort of the latest interstate buses? There are a lot of fine things to be said for the American way of doing things in the matter of transportation. And there is no one who appreciates those things more than the missionary in a distant country. Every time he has to go any distance from his base he starts off with a deep breath and a heartfelt prayer. For there are few things requiring more patience in anyone who was reared in an atmosphere of efficiency, of service to the customer and of trains running on schedule. One of the best cures for the so-called "World Citizens" who give up their American citizenship would be to set them down on some distant mission station with instructions to start traveling. It's the easiest way to come to grips with people who do things differently, if at all. For the only "World Citizen" is the missionary and to him it is God's world and God's people. There is a reason for this traveling and **Father John Morrison S.J.** in the Bhagalpur District of India pinpoints that in the following letter.

ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

SOME TIME AGO I WENT TO GOKHLA to give a retreat to the Santal boys and girls there. It is less than sixty miles from here by air, but almost one hundred the only way I could make it; and it took twenty-four hours to reach there. I left here on the pony for my station, at about three-thirty; then got the train to Katihar Junction, 52 miles away, which I reached about nine. There is a chapel there, but no resident priest, so I slept in the chapel on the floor; then up at three-thirty for Mass, and the train at five. I was at the Ganges by seven and had to wait an hour or so for the steamer. There was quite a cosmopolitan crowd, Oraons and Mundas from Ranchi on their way back from the tea gardens in Assam, different castes of Bengalis and Biharis, Malwaris, and a few soldiers. Some took advantage of the wait for a dip in the river. We reached the other side about ten, then by train-shuttle to Sahibganj Junction. Mirzachauki station, only three miles from Gokhla, was only ten miles away, but there was no train due until five-thirty or so. A freight train came in around noon, though, and when I spoke with the guard, a pleasant Bengali, he let me ride in his caboose—cost of the ride, one cigarette. I was in Mirzachauki about one-thirty, but it was too hot to walk just then, so I read my office and dozed until it was cooler, and then started.

The first time I kicked the dust of that road was twenty years ago when I went there for a look around with **Fathers Kilian, Batson and Stoy**. There wasn't a Catholic there then, and I didn't imagine that some day I'd be giving a retreat there. Yet close to two hundred boys and a

hundred and twenty girls made the retreat. It strengthens a man's faith to see these people on this side of the world, so different from us in many ways, drink in the truths on which we were brought up.

THE QUIET LIFE

Father Charles Fox S.J. of St. Xavier's in Patna also had his difficulties on the road. "I just got back from West Pakistan July 27th. It was another long trip—over a thousand miles each way. Coming in from the other side of India, Assam, that is, I had to leave Patna immediately on a hope and a prayer. No Pakistan visa had yet been granted to me, and the retreat I was scheduled to give to the Medical Sisters of Rawalpindi in Murree was to begin within three days. Arriving at Delhi, I went to the Pak High Commissioner's office and was told that through the kind intercession of the Internunciature's secretary, Monsignor Neil McBrearty, a visa had been granted, and had been sent the previous day to St. Xavier's, Patna. My heart jumped —happy that the visa, which had seemed impossible previously, had been given, and disappointed, too, because I had missed connections. However, when I proposed they give me a certificate to the effect that a visa had been granted, they agreed, and with that I got across the border—from Amritsar (walking about three-quarters of a mile across no-man's land) to Lahore, where I stayed with the Patrician Brothers overnight.

The next day I got a bus for the 175 miles to Rawalpindi; stayed the night with the Mill Hill Fathers, and in the morning covered the forty miles to the top of Murree, 6,510 feet, just in time to begin the retreat for the American and Dutch Medical Sisters. The Irish Presentation Sisters from all over the Punjab and the Northwest Frontier Province for their summer holidays in Murree were next. The Patician Brothers from Lahore were to follow, but owing to sickness and whatnot, their community was split up and they had to postpone their retreat to the winter—when one of us may be able to get in again. Thereupon the Sisters of Jesus and Mary (also at St. John's, Kingsbridge, the Bronx) asked for a children's retreat, and a day of recollection for themselves and their religious guests up from the plains of Lahore and Sialket.

I was just finishing this last, when I received an airmail letter from my Superior, **Father Cecil Chamberlain,** telling me to give the Franciscan Sisters of Mary their annual retreat down in 'Pindi. I rushed down the mountain and started with them the next day. There were only thirteen of them but representing eleven nationalities. As the retreat went on I tried to extend my visa, which was for only thirty days, but without success. So I had to content myself and them with six full days and a little predirection for the seventh and eighth. I departed from 'Pindi on midnight the 23rd, by the "Pakistan Mail," got a taxi from Lahore to the border the next morning, and though my visa apparently was a bit overdue, and perhaps there were some other irregularities, I was allowed to

FATHER "ANDY" CERVINI S.J.

At La Guardia Field in 1946 Father "Andy" Cervini spoke to his many friends for the last time. As he mounted the plane that was to take him back to the Philippines, he turned and blessed them.

The words of the blessing were superfluous. Wherever he has been, he has been a blessing in action. He was that to the Filipinos of Zamboanga as he crossed their bridges of rope or sailed to his jungle mission in a Moro "vinta" before the war. During the war his presence was a blessing to Commander John D. Bulkley and his PT men as he moved from bed to bed sharing his smile and inner peace. He was a blessing in action to the maimed veterans of Bushnell General Hospital where he received the Purple Heart in 1945.

Today his presence is a blessing to the students of the rebuilt Zamboanga. But especially is he a wordless blessing for the "living dead"—the lepers of the Zamboanga Leprosarium. He hopes to erect a chapel for these sufferers, so that facing misery and death they may be near the Lord of Life.

Father Charles Fox S.J., retreat master.

pass out from Pakistan and into India again. The Indian customs officials seized nine single rupee currency notes from me as illegal for importation. The fact that I had just taken them out of India with me did not save the situation. However, that was a cheap price to pay, all things considered.

The Notre Dame Sisters of the Missions in Assam, praying a novena to the Infant of Prague, got me the visa and a safe entrance, and the various sisterhoods in Pak land with their prayers got me back home. I had to surrender my permanent police registration to the police at Amritsar, just as if I were leaving India for good. Usually there is a terrible amount of red tape on trying to renew this, furnishing financial guarantees, etc. But the officials promised to give me back my old one on returning, and they did. I have been very lucky. I got aboard the "Punjab Mail" at its starting station, and came straight to Patna, over nine hundred miles, in about thirty hours, arriving at midnight on the 27th. The Kurjee Irish Christian Brothers were awaiting till Tuesday for me to begin their boys' retreat. I was too late for suitable dates then, so instead, I took care of the girls' three-day affair at the German Loretto's Convent here in Bankipore, Patna, and will do the Kurjee St. Michael's boys beginning tomorrow. Then I'll make my own retreat. Afterwards I hope to get back into the Hindi field again.

DESERT CARAVAN

BUT THERE ARE SOME JOURNEYS a missionary will never forget. The last 500 miles of a 7,000 mile trip are described by **Charles J. Dunn S.J.** of Baghdad.

"Behind us the hills of Damascus flattened out. Ahead were nothing except endless stretches of brown plains. Eyes seeing the desert for the first time looked for soft sands. Then came the discovery that the deserts of the East are made up of rough, coarse dirt which has an abundance of small rocks spread over its surface. As the bus picked up speed, thick clouds of dust swirled around the windows. We quickly adopted the "chaffiyeh," the headdress of the Arabs. This was the desert.

Before we had gone five miles, long blue pools of water could be seen on both sides. You could shut your eyes and then open them again quickly but the pools would still be there. As the bus shifted direction the water disappeared suddenly—and so did my former disbelief in mirages.

Long caravans of camels moved

THE STORY OF A DREAM:

THIS IS THE STORY OF A DREAM that came true and stayed shining for ten beautiful years—and then went crashing down into bitter ashes.

A working girl in New York had always wanted to do something big for the missions. Over the years she had worked and saved and dreamed. Then one day she made her dream come true. On the plains of Wyoming she built a House of God for the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians. To her alone goes the credit for the beautiful Mission Church of the Blessed Sacrament that stood at Fort Washakie in Wyoming. It was completed in 1939 and was the most important mission chapel attached to St. Stephen's Mission. It was the heart and center for all the religious activities of the Indians there. They loved that church—you could see that in their usually impassive faces last September 10th. Some of them were even crying.

slowly by with their Arab riders bundled in flowing robes. Miles from any visible habitation, they lumbered on as sure of their direction as any cabbie on Broadway. The driver of the bus drove with that same certainty. No paved road to follow; no sign posts to mark a turn. The whole desert lay before him and he charted his own course. Now and then he turned as the swift gazelles sped faster than the bus across the "road."

Night came suddenly and coldly. The driver halted at a desert fort to change one of the red-hot tires. Four or five turbaned soldiers lounged comfortably against the fort wall, gazing impassively at the travelers. The youthful romanticism of the desert forts of "Beau Geste" faded before that isolation. This outpost was too far "out" for comfort.

Father John C. Murphy S.J., of Yoro (in surplice, top center), though the biggest man of the group is lost in the crowd.

Early morning revealed more of the East. Weird wailing music filled the air around another desert fort. The rising sun shone on sleeping Arabs, stretched on the hard ground beside their flocks. Small children, ragged and dirty, tapped on the bus windows, begging for the remains of our lunch boxes. Suddenly the heat of the desert moved in on us again. Then, after twenty-six hours, Baghdad—and the end of our traveling.

ONE IN THE HAND

OF COURSE SOME OF THE TRIPS a missionary makes can pay off in unexpected dividends. **Father John Murphy S.J.** of El Progreso in Honduras has been keeping a wary eye on things as he bounces over the roads in his jeep. "The other day when I was going to El Negrito by jeep I spotted five chachalacas feeding on some kind of wild fruit. The chachalaca is about the size of a small chicken and has dull gray feathers. It makes delicious eating. So I scrambled out of the jeep and hurriedly assembled my old .12 gauge shot gun. The birds waited patiently. I tried to line up two of them, for the gun is only a single-shot affair. But that was asking too much of those two and they promptly departed. I quickly drew a bead on one of those remaining and fired. The bird dropped into a valley, but an Indian boy came along and retrieved it for me.

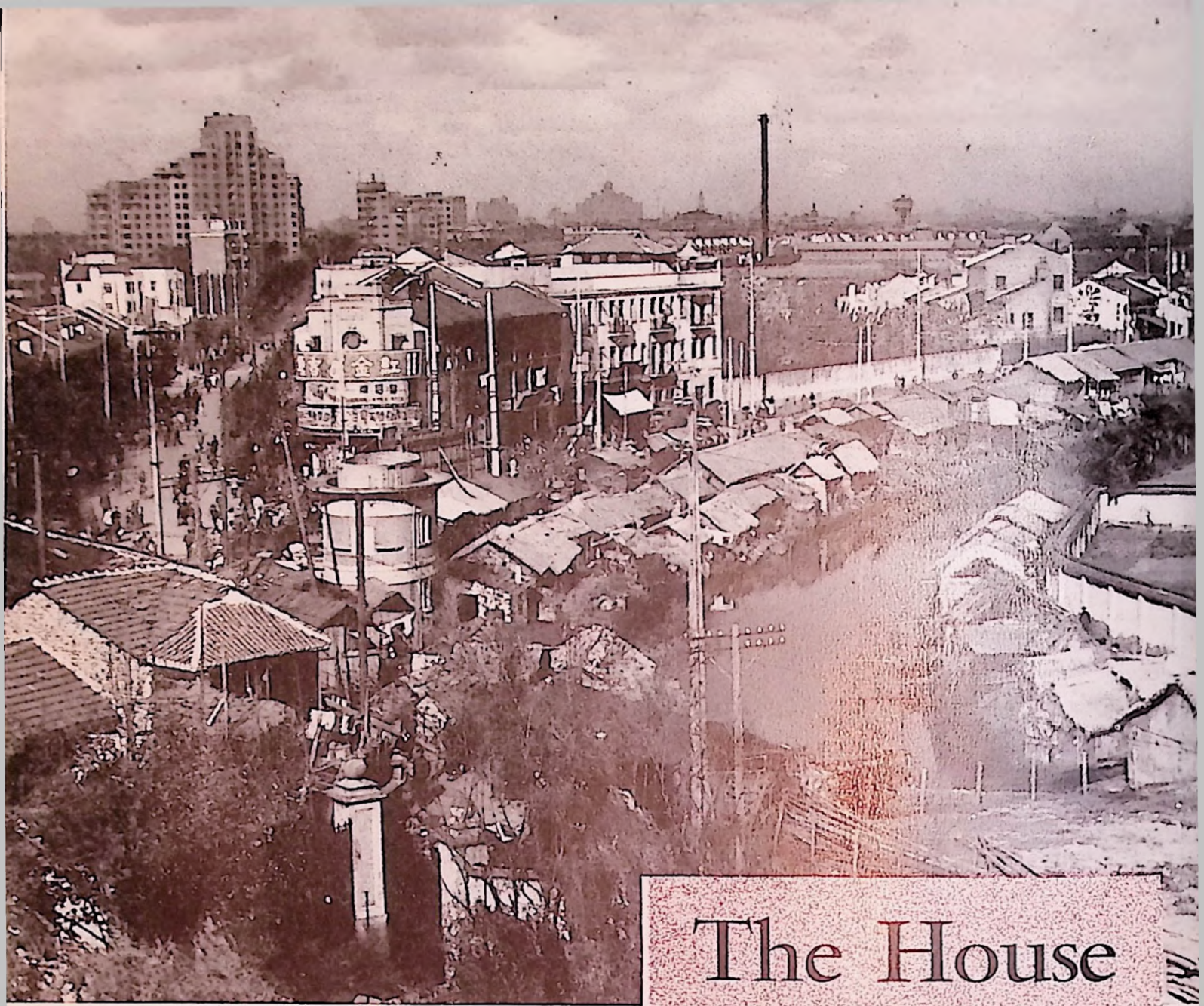
The next step was to look up Ramundo, the cook at the lumber camp where I stay in El Negrito. He gladly took charge of my chachalaca and before long it appeared on the table, accompanied with onions and tomato sauce. And what a change that was from the usual rice, beans and tortillas! So now as I go along, it is one eye for the road, one for chachalaca."

ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

BUT NO MISSIONARY HAS TO STRAY far from his base to encounter language difficulties. **Father John Linehan S.J.**, Superior of the American Jesuits in Ceylon, reports the following bit of local information. "While passing the jail yesterday I noticed it bore a new sign: Jail House. Formerly the sign read Gaol House but so many read it as Goal and acted accordingly that the authorities decided to remove the confusion and cut down on the number of inmates."

On that day the Church of the Blessed Sacrament burned to the ground. How it happened may never be known. Father Matthew Connell S.J., the Pastor, was reading his breviary in the chapel in the early afternoon, waiting for the Indian children who were to make their First Communion the next day. A lightning storm passed over. Later a smell of smoke sent Father Connell racing outside. The roof of the church was in flames. It was only a matter of minutes then. No help could possibly arrive in time. Silently, tearfully Father Connell's people gathered around him and watched it burn to the ground; the church that had meant so much to them—that had meant more to a girl in New York.

We want to rebuild that church. It will mean an expense of over $315,000 at the present time. But even as that chapel was burning to the ground Adam Shakespeare, an Arapahoe Indian and the father of six children, pressed a silver dollar into Father Connell's hand. It was all he had but his people want a church. Will you help in the rebuilding of this chapel?



A Foley picture taken from the roof of Zikawei theologate, showing the Creek and beyond the ill-fated city of Shanghai.

The House
By the side of the Creek

FREDERIC J. FOLEY S.J.

"THE HOUSE OF MR. ZI where the waters meet" is the meaning of Zikawei, the famous holy city that lies just outside the French Concession of Shanghai. Though originally built among canals and rice paddies, Zikawei is now surrounded by Shanghai's growing millions who cluster so close that the sounds of crying babies and blaring radios are an accepted part of our day.

Zikawei is Catholic and is perhaps the most unique mission center in the world. In a district about one and a half miles square you will find the Cathedral, a Major and a Minor seminary, a Jesuit theologate, St. Ignatius college, the Presentandine nuns and the Helpers of the Holy Souls with their schools and novitiate, a Normal school, the famous Observatory, orphanages for boys and girls, a Carmelite monastery. There is a history behind every one of those establishments. But I want to speak about just one: the one where I am now.

When you leave the French Concession and follow the former Petain Avenue into Zikawei you find the way blocked by a three-story building whose porches are reflected in the muddy Zikawei Creek. It is the Jesuit theologate, where the sons of Ignatius Loyola from all over the world spend the last few years of their training before they scatter to the various mission

fields of China. That theologate has played a prominent part in the mission annals of China; many are the famous names it has given to that history; many are the men who remember it with affection.

For over a hundred years Jesuit scholastics have studied at Zikawei, although not in the present building. At first all the students were French, but shortly after the beginning of this century they were joined by members of the Turin Province. Then in 1914 the war forced the closing of the scholasticate, although some men remained in another part of the Seminary.

The theologate was reorganized in 1930 when it was determined that the scholastics on the China mission should make their theological studies there. So Zikawei became an international house with 28 students from various nations. A few years later a new modern addition was built adjacent to the original structure. The first Rector was the present Bishop Leopold Brellinger S.J., a graduate of the theologate at Woodstock, Maryland, and now of Kinghsien, Hopei. Father Peter Lefebvre S.J., who in his 37 years in China has been rural missioner, Rector of Aurora University, and Superior of the China Mission, followed him.

From "the house of Mr. Zi where the waters meet" 283 Jesuits have been ordained to the priesthood. Of these 69 have been Chinese; the rest represent almost all the nations of Europe and South America, Canada, Mexico and the United States. The late Bishop August Haouissee S.J. of Shanghai performed most of the ordinations. Other ordaining prelates have been Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop Riberi, Archbishop Yu Pin, Bishop Simon Tsu S.J. and Bishop Walsh of Maryknoll. Some twenty-seven American Jesuits have made their studies at Zikawei and today eight of us are carrying on the tradition; Mr. John Clifford and myself in second year theology, and in first year Messrs. George Donohoe, Albert Klaeser, Arthur Latham, Everett Mibach, Arthur Rutledge and George Wong.

Today, young Jesuits in cassocks, robes or Chinese gowns walk the path beside the muddy creek and converse in two dialects of Chinese as well as in Latin, English, French and other European languages. They are part of a tradition that is older than Zikawei and the path beside its creek.

Father Charles Simons, the messenger boy from California and the first American Jesuit ordained in China, had walked that path before he went out to die at the hands of bandits. Father Joseph Gonsalves, the office clerk from Shanghai, had walked it with him—and had died in the same fashion. The same was true of Father Desire de Gassart. And of Father Joseph Hsieh who was killed by the Japanese. Fathers Christian Homo and Xavier Robert have been missing for three years, and are presumed killed by the Communists. And they are only the most recent of that Zikawei line stretching over 100 years. There will be others. Perhaps even now they are preparing in the "house by the side of the creek."

On the roof at Zikawei, young American Jesuits still in Shanghai. (l. to r.) Frederick Foley, George Wong, Arthur Rutledge, Albert Klaeser, Everett Mibach, George Donohue, John Clifford, Arthur Latham.

The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

Whenever you read the story of Christmas doesn't the thought come to you that if only you had been the innkeeper at Bethlehem you would have offered shelter to the Holy Family? The words, "There was no room for them at the inn" arouse sympathy in the hearts of all. That sympathy of your heart cannot change the circumstances of the first Christmas but it can find expression this Christmas Day in answering the pathetic appeal of two of our missions.

Up to the afternoon of September tenth there was a Chapel for the Indians at Fort Washakie, Wyoming. It was a question of minutes before the entire Chapel was in ashes. This Christmas Mass will be offered in an improvised Chapel, but we hope that by next December that mission will have a dwelling worthy of the Christ Child.

Thousands of miles away from most of our readers a Chapel is needed for the lepers at Zamboanga. Amid their suffering their greatest consolation will be to hear the sanctus bell at Mass, to spend hours in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament and to be blessed at Benediction by Our Lord.

Remember them this Christmas.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament

To rebuild the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament on the Indian reservation of Fort Washakie, Wyoming, (cf. page 26) Father M. A. Connell must raise $15,000. There are numerous other articles required for the complete furnishing of the Chapel such as:

Monstrance	$150.00
Sanctuary Lamp	60.00
Missal	40.00
Cope	35.00
Candelabra	28.00
Vestments	25.00
Censer and Boat	20.00
Prie Dieu	15.00
Altar Cards	13.00
Altar Linens	10.00
Cruets	3.00

Hymn Books

While waiting out a storm at Kuttu, Father William Rively wrote a long letter. The major part of it was in praise of the singing ability of the Mortlok Islanders. He commented particularly on the High Mass which they sang in four parts together with the perfect rendition of the "proprium" of the Mass. Father Rively is concerned over the fact that there are many Protestant hymnals on the island and no Catholic ones.

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
900 Broadway,
Seattle 22, Wash.

Ceylon and Home Missions
Rev. James C. Babb, S.J.
4133 Banks Street,
New Orleans 19, La.

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

Iraq and Jamaica
Rev. John H. Collins, S.J.
1106 Boylston St.,
Boston 15, Mass.

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

China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)
Rev. John K. Lipman, S.J.
916 Pacific Building,
San Francisco 3, Cal.
Rev. Pius L. Moore, S.J.
55 West San Fernando St.,
San Jose 21, Cal.

India (Patna) and U. S. Indians
Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1110 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

India (Darjeeling) and Canadian Indians
Rev. F. J. Costello, S.J.
403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto 2B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and Home Missions
Rev. John C. Baker, S.J.
Calvert and Madison Sts.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

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

It is difficult to restrain them from using the Protestant books, so Father begs for an immediate shipment of Catholic hymn books. Can you send $2.00 for Father Rively's choir?

Defense of the Faith

Father Latta of British Honduras has a real struggle on his hands. The opposition is doing everything possible to draw the children away from the Catholic Faith. As a first line of defense, Father Latta must erect four schools, each costing $1,000. That is a large amount and few can afford it. If one hundred of our friends can send $10.00, the faith of many children will be protected. Father will also be faced with the $2.00 per diem salary of a teacher. Send your donations to JESUIT MISSIONS.

Clothing for Missionaries

The American Jesuits in Japan are working with Jesuits from practically every part of Europe. The Americans have written mentioning that their brothers have not even the essential clothing. What they do have has seen years of service. Despite notions of parasols and cherry blossoms Japan really has cold weather. Could you send us $25.00, more or less, to purchase clothing for the Jesuits in Japan?

Chalice-Ciborium

Father D'Souza, an Indian Jesuit now a delegate to the U.N., saw the practical and very compact combination of a Chalice-Ciborium. It was advertised in the September issue of JESUIT MISSIONS and the request is now repeated. Father D'Souza, a missionary with many years of experience in India, felt that we would be besieged with requests once the missionaries saw the Chalice-Ciborium. So far, we have been able to send several to each mission of the American Jesuits. It is expected that not only our own American Jesuits but Jesuits in all parts of the mission world will write asking for the gift.

The price of the Chalice-Ciborium is $115. It is not necessary to send the full amount; instalment payments are acceptable. The donation can be given in memory of the living and deceased members of your family and the inscription can be made accordingly.

ALASKA
Mission Needs

Jesuit Missioners have many needs for their people and their chapels. Some of the most urgent are listed.

TABERNACLE	$150.00 each
BREVIARIES	40.00 a set
STATUES OF THE SACRED HEART AND OUR LADY	20.00 each
ALTAR CARDS	15.00 a set
ALARM CLOCKS	5.00 each
MISSIONER'S SUPPORT	2.00 a day
SCAPULAR MEDALS	1.00

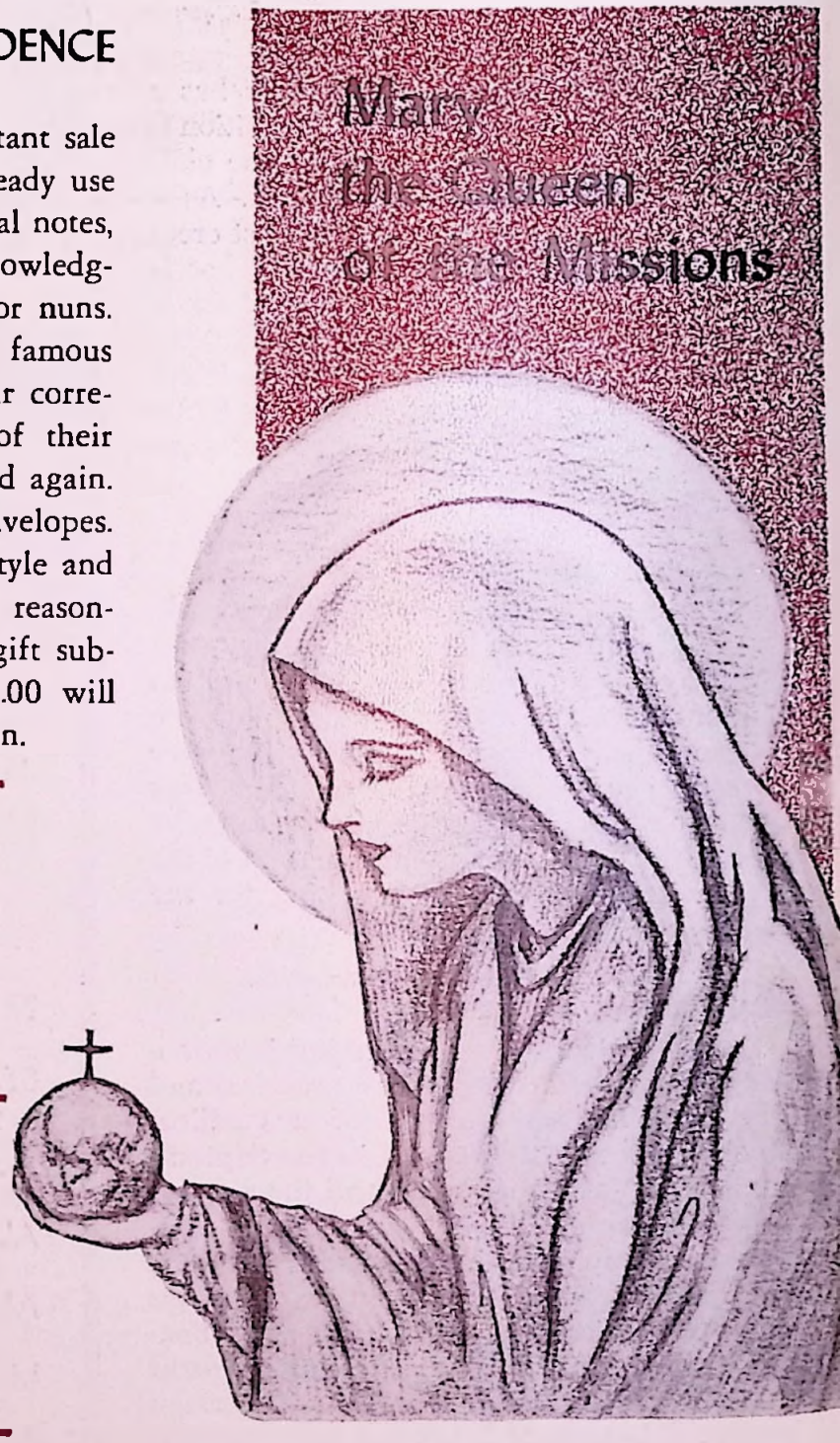
JESUIT MISSIONS

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

JM

Madonna Notes Are Practical

FOR THE OCCASIONAL GIFT OR PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE



OUR MADONNA NOTES have a constant sale because so many people find a steady use for them. They are ideal for short personal notes, letters of congratulation and gift acknowledgments. They make a really useful gift for nuns. With Our Lady's picture in colors by famous artists they give a beautiful tone to your correspondence. Delighted users assure us of their value when they re-order them again and again. Each box contains twenty notes and envelopes. The notes are the folded greeting-card style and the folded letter-paper style. The price is reasonable—$2.00 will buy two boxes and a gift subscription to JESUT MISSIONS while $5.00 will buy seven boxes and a gift subscription.

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