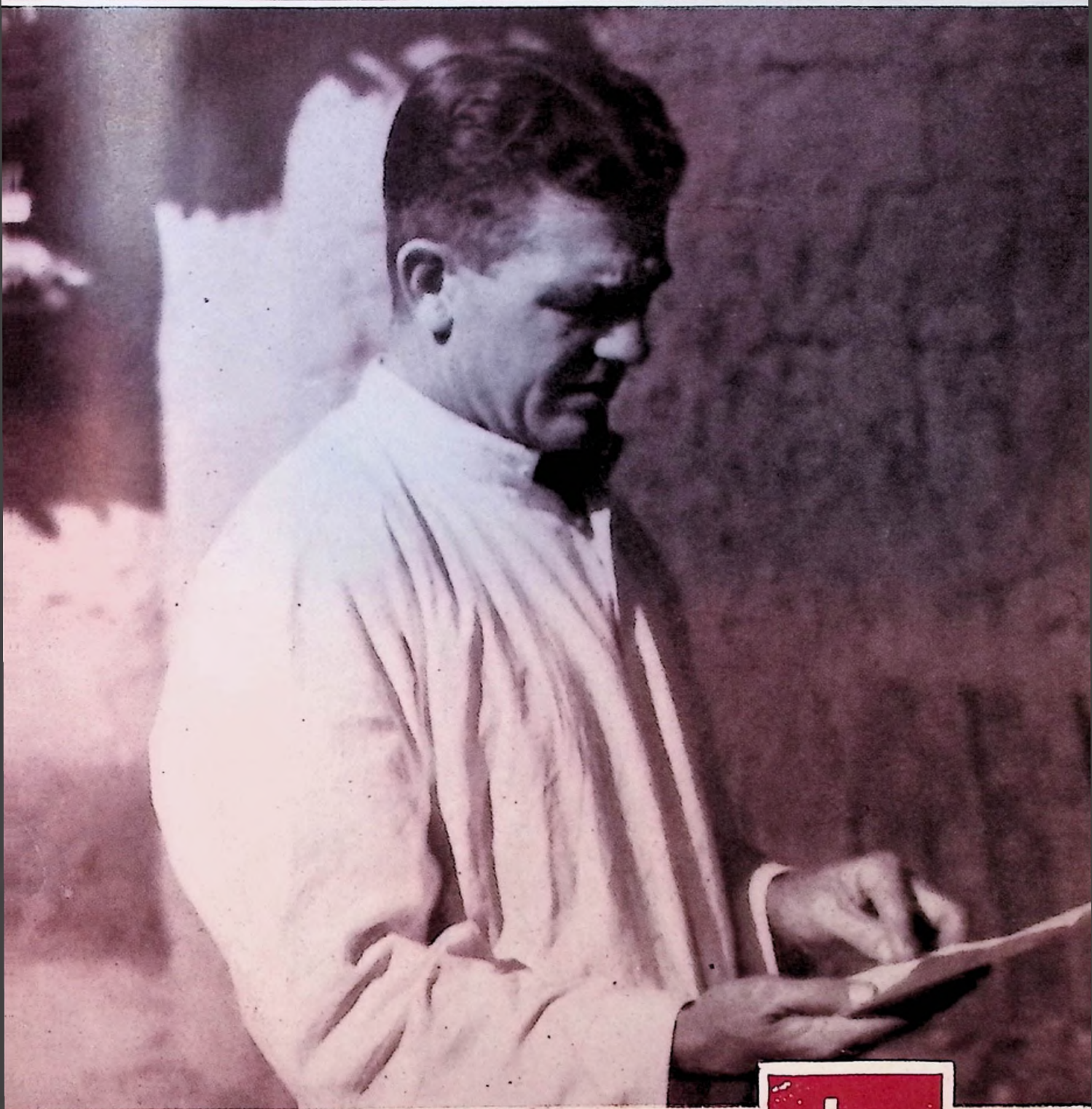


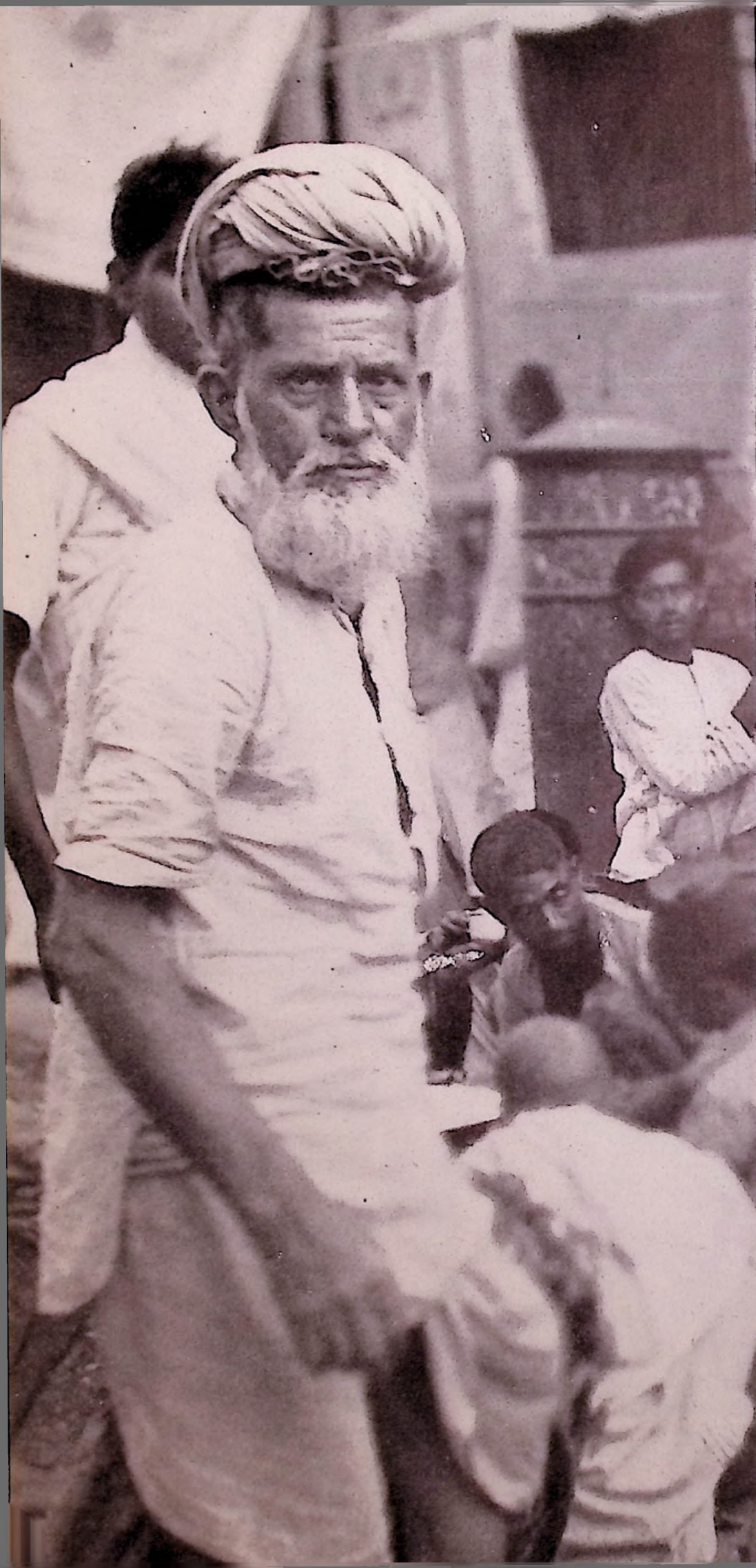
JESUIT MISSIONS

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1950



PATNA ON THE GANGES





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COVER

Father Marion Batson, S.J. of Mokameh Junction, Patna mission, India.

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Scenes from India on these pages

True to life scenes of the busiest place in every Indian city and village—
the market. The man on the left stares hard at the stranger—missionary
who took his picture.



Herbert J. Covely S.J. of Allentown, Pennsylvania, had never met a Jesuit until he appeared before the Master of Novices at the Wernersville Novitiate. The Pastor of the parish in Allentown was the famed Monsignor Fink whose book "Jesuit Trails in Penn's Forest" set a high school boy thinking. Now he is out in Jamshedpur, India, blazing a trail with the Maryland Jesuits. In this issue he has uncovered a "hot" story.



John M. Jacoby S.J. of Toledo, Ohio, and the Missouri Province is one of the Coadjutor Brothers who form the backbone of the Jesuits. He is no stranger to readers of Jesuit Missions for he has been in British Honduras for over twenty years. Many an account has carried his name. But in the account that God keeps, there won't be many names ahead of his. For his life has been spent with the youth of British Honduras, training them as Boy Scouts, and more especially, training them in Christ.





The men waded into the shallow river to accompany the statue of Our Lady in the procession.

Fiesta

JAMES B. REUTER S.J.

AT FOUR O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON of Friday, September the tenth, the bell ringers in the white tower of the Church of Peñafrancia began to turn the big bell round and round. In the sunlit square in front of the church lesser men pulled on the ropes that rang the little bells. They rang in counterpoint, the deep steady booming of the big bell made beautiful by the wildness of a dozen little ones. This was the opening chorus of the Virgin's fiesta, the music of the bells, which went singing through the packed streets of the city.

Down in the body of the church the bells could hardly be heard. In the sanctuary a noisy mob of men was surging around the Virgin's statue—strong men, stevedores, laborers, boatmen, some of them in rags, most of them barefoot—each one struggling to get close enough to the statue to help carry it.



The Virgin of Peñafrancia at midnight before the feast. Cadet Tolarom of the R.O.T.C. kneels in prayer.

The voice of a union leader, pitched high with excitement, cried: "Viva la Virgen" and a thousand workmen echoed: "Viva la Virgen."

The cheering crowd carried the Virgin's statue down the center aisle, out of the dark chapel and into the brilliant sunlight of the square. The silver of the Virgin's robe glistened in the sun. This was the statue of Peñafrancia.

which came to the town two hundred and fifty years ago when Naga was stricken with a plague which had died suddenly at the Virgin's entrance. There had been other miracles through the years. Now she was the heart and soul of the Bicol Region. For every fiesta all the people within traveling distance poured into Naga—the rich in beautiful Buicks and Packard Clippers, peasants in carabao carts with thatched roofs, the poor walking barefoot through sun and rain. At the beginning of the fiesta the Virgin was carried from her own little church to the great Cathedral, because her own chapel was too small to hold the crowds.

As the procession wove for two miles through the heart of the city, laborers with linked arms formed a bodyguard for the Virgin, clearing the way for her. Old men dropped to their knees on the muddy shoulder of the road, striking their breasts as the statue passed; women knelt with lighted candles, looking up at Our Lady. Little two-year-olds in ragged undershirts, who could honor the Virgin in no other way, clapped their hands when they saw her and cried: "Beeba!"

When Our Lady came in sight of the Cathedral the big bells in the tower tumbled round and round and upside down. The little bells sang to see her, and the Bishop met her at the door. She was carried into that great stone church, built in the time of the Span-

iards, where the walls are stained with the years, and the great stones in the floor have been worn smooth by two centuries of Spanish boots and slippers.

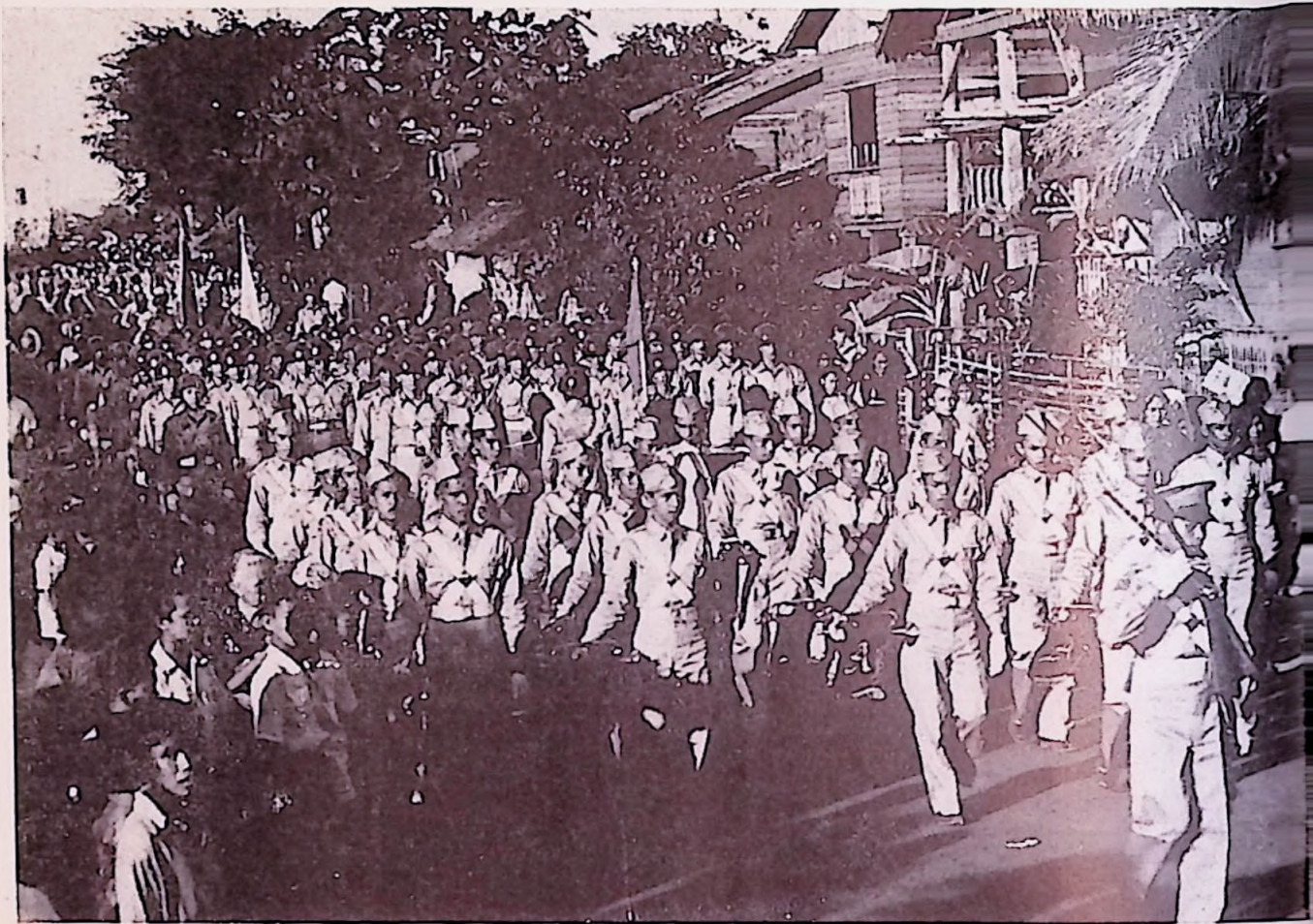
She held court in the Cathedral for nine days. Mass was said in the early morning, before dawn, and confessions in the afternoon, with the penitents standing in quiet lines and the sunlight streaming in through the great Spanish windows. Vespers, benediction, sermons at night—the church ablaze with lights and jammed to the doors. Most of the people returned even when there were no services. At high noon they came out of the bright sunlight into the cool darkness of the Cathedral to kneel in the shadows and look up at Our Lady in her circle of lights. They came to pray that there would be no drought and no typhoon; to tell her their worries, their fears, their triumphs and tragedies. Frequently, in a pitch of emotion, they prayed aloud. These people are poor, and most of them ignorant, but the intensity of their prayer would put many a priest to shame.

Then night came. Bright lights glowed in the heart of the city. There were music and dancing, pink cotton candy, waffles, bibinka and pancakes, and games of skill, games of chance, merry-go-rounds, aeroplane swings, sideshows and barkers.

The people loved it. All year long they lead lonely lives in the hills and fields. They

The girls of Santa Isabel, a fine school, march with their Sisters before Our Lady





The drum and bugle corps, and R.O.T.C. of the Ateneode Naga lead the procession in honor of Our Lady

liked to walk in the crowded streets at night, being pushed this way and that, feeling that they were part of a great throng. They liked to see and hear. For the poor the hardest thing to bear was the "sawali" fence built around the plaza which was used for dancing. It cost two pesos to get inside that fence; many of the people did not have two pesos. They did not care to dance, particularly, but they did want to *see!* They milled around in the streets outside, listening to the music, the murmur of the voices and the rhythmic shuffle of dancing feet, until they could stand it no longer. They tore the "sawali" from its iron frame, and stood happily around the square watching the dancers—all through the night.

On the last day of the fiesta the Virgin was carried down to the river, to the barge which would bear her back to Peñafrancia.

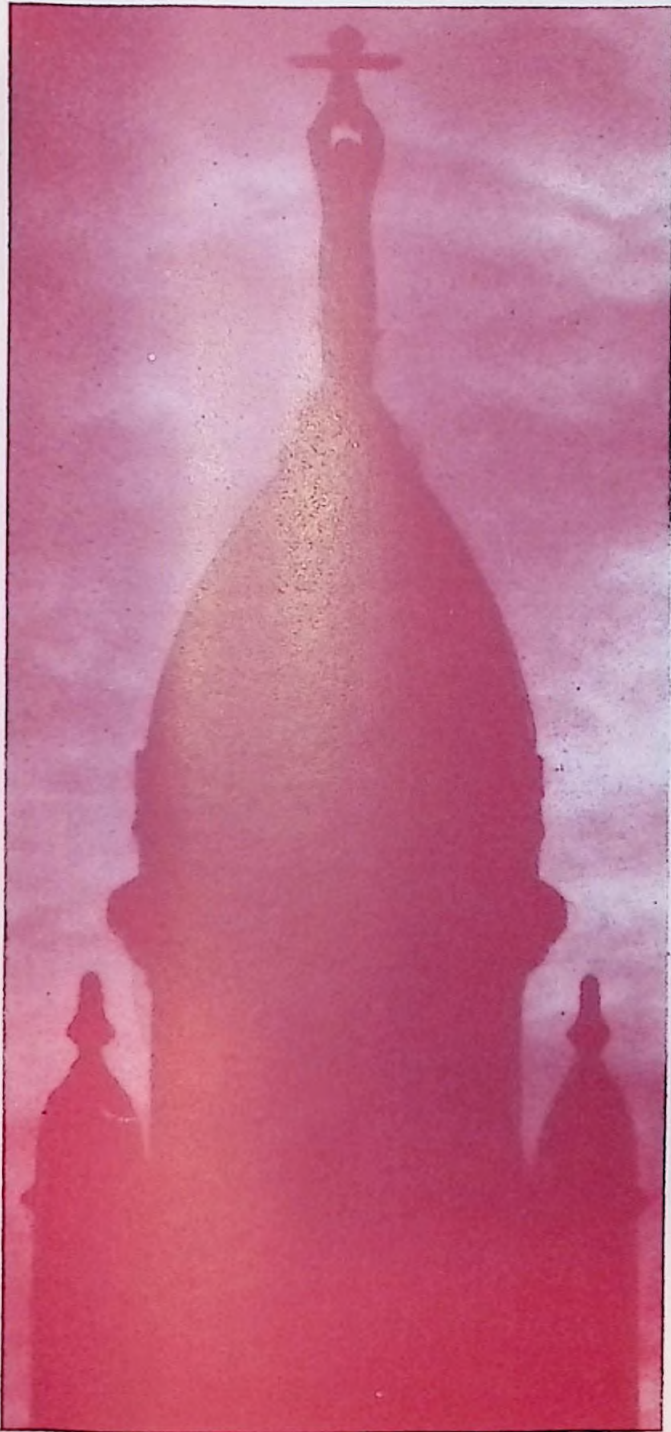
The river procession started as the sun was going down in the quiet of evening, and the boatmen poled the Virgin's raft up the dark river along the banks of the Bicol which were alive with people.

The sun sank lower, until the palm trees on the ridge to the right of the barge were silhouetted against the sky. Then night set-

tled. The barge was bright with lights and the people on the banks were clothed in darkness. Only their candles could be seen row upon row of tiny white flames on either side of the river, where people knelt and sang. No parade for a triumphant general was ever so beautiful.

The bells of Peñafrancia welcomed the Virgin home as she came up the muddy banks from the river. Fireworks cracked and sizzled, lit up the sky. The square outside the church was filled with the crowd, thousands of candles burning in the dark.

The cheering boatmen carried the Virgin into the church. They went cheering down the center aisle, with the Virgin swaying on their shoulders. When she had been set down in the sanctuary the wild cheering stopped suddenly, and the confusion vanished. The men sank to the floor in their wet clothes for the rest of the ceremony. Then one by one they came up to kiss the fringe of the Virgin's robe, or the base of her statue. Later that night, when most of the crowd had gone, Our Lady was carried up the high steps and set in her own circle of lights above her altar. She was home again and the Peñafrancia was over.



OUR HOLY FATHER'S MISSION INTENTION for January of the Holy Year is "Missions Menaced by Atheism." Since the Communists are the chief propagandists of atheism in mission lands this article attempts to sketch the current atheistic peril in the Asian area. What is said of atheistic Communism in Asia is true in varying degrees of other mission fields where Communists are seeking a foothold, whether it be in Africa or South America, Madagascar or Greenland.

Everywhere the Communists cunningly capitalize on the social upheavals and unrest following in the war's wake. But let us not judge too harshly the people of mission lands duped by the Communists. The so-called "Christian" West is partially responsible for their attitude. True, we have brought technical and scientific advancement to undeveloped areas, but this material development has in most cases been divorced from a corresponding spiritual progress. By neglecting the religious education of these peoples we have begotten irreligion and indifference, the handmaids of secularism. Godlessness is our reaping, and to their sorrow missionaries see years of sacrificial toil wrested from their hands by Communists. Even in Africa Communists are using for diabolical purposes organizations undertaken for the social, moral and national betterment of the Africans. Godless Muscovite interest in Africa may further be judged from Mr. Tsarapkin's query at the UN Trusteeship Council. He asked whether religious and moral subjects were taught in the government schools, whether missions engaged in commercial activities, whether the missions play as important a role in

ATHEISM

on the march in Asia

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

A survey of the spread of atheistic Communism throughout Asia shows it to be the most serious threat in centuries to the mission Church.





Communist soldiers outside dispensary at Yanan, China, before they began their conquest of the rest of China. Note the woman soldier, front left. The Chinese youngster in the foreground (right) was "Commander" of 285 street urchin beggars in a Shanghai Municipal camp. They gave him instant obedience. He is the type the Communists will destroy or use for their own ends.

medicine as they do in education, and what proportion of the funds are set aside for medical services.

While the whole world is the potential theatre for Communism, Asia is the proscenium of atheistic activity, and China holds the spotlight of the Red tragedy. Communist MaoTze-tung and his puppets stalk the stage as the "Bamboo Curtain of Stalin" lowers bit by bit over the map of China. As it closes we hear a strong clear voice repeating words penned by Pope Pius XI in March 1937: "Where Communism has been able to assert its power . . . it has striven by every means possible . . . to destroy Christian civilization and the Christian religion by banishing every remembrance of them from the hearts of men, especially the young. Bishops and priests were exiled, condemned to forced labor, shot and done to death in inhuman fashion; laymen suspected of defending their religion were vexed, persecuted, dragged off to trial and thrown into prison."

Those words once spoken of Spain are literally true of China today. Last April the atheistic Communists who had ravaged the Church in Mongolia and Manchuria had



worked their way to the Yangtze River. That placed 200,000,000 of China's 467,000,000 behind the "Bamboo Curtain." In October—only six months later—two-thirds of China, approximately 338,000,000 Chinese, most of Catholic China, had tasted Communist "liberation."

What has happened to the Church in China? Recent statistics are unobtainable. The press has been gagged since MaoTze-tung's "liberators" marched into Shanghai. But the following statistics released by "Fides" in Rome less than a year ago are indicative of what is happening everywhere. "Territories which the Communists had been staffed in 1947 by 1,286 Chinese and

Communism Stalks Asia in Secrecy and in Open War

1,428 foreign priests, by 2,493 Chinese and 837 foreign Sisters, and by 240 Chinese and 180 foreign teaching Brothers. It is known that at least 560 Chinese and 660 foreign priests are continuing work, under difficulty, as far as permitted them by local authorities. The proportion of Sisters and teaching Brothers in Red territories is as high as that of the priests.

"Since the end of the war with Japan, 47 Catholic missionaries are known to have been killed by Chinese Communists; another 32 died in Red prisons, and three died shortly after release. Thirteen others were taken captive during Red raids and are presumed to be dead . . . Seventy-three victims were Chinese."

Last September a news release bearing the Shanghai dateline announced that only one-half of China's mission schools were reopening. There was a general decline in the number of schools, especially in the rural areas, and private schools. The report continued: "There is the occasional forced closing of a school. There are objections to 'unacceptable' teachers, directors and curricula. Textbooks are imposed on schools. There is the occupation of school buildings by military and civil authorities . . . The tax burdens on Catholic schools are insupportable in some places."

And while the "Bamboo Curtain" lowers the atheistic scene-shifters, obedient to Moscow, are preparing props and focusing lights on adjacent stages. The stage hands in many instances are Chinese Fifth Columnists.

The 38th parallel is the artificial dividing line between North and South Korea. As early as 1946 the Soviet-controlled People's Interim Committee of North Korea began confiscation of Church property and a program of intimidation so that missionaries would voluntarily leave North Korea. In 1948 curbs were imposed on the religious instruction of youth, and by June, 1949 a Benedictine Bishop and 123 priests had been arrested. Communist North Korea has never recognized the election of President Syngman Rhee; and her Communist-led troops are constantly making raids on South Korean towns bordering the 38th parallel. In South Korea there are 300,000 Catholic Koreans, six prelates, 164 Korean and 58 foreign priests, three Brothers and over 400 Sisters. If the Communists succeed in their godless

campaign, what will be their fate? We may guess it from the awful silence that has settled over the vicariates of Kanko, Heijo and Tokugen in North Korea.

Japan looks brighter for the Church than ever before. Her Catholics number 130,388. But they are a small leaven among 80,000,000 Buddhists and Shintoists, and Communists are steadily working. Richard L-G. Deverall observes that "General MacArthur's statement on July 4th, hinting broadly that the Communist Party of Japan should be outlawed, is an indirect admission that the Communists of Japan may possibly muster sufficient strength to put the party in power."

The Communists have been active in Indo-China since 1930. The Catholic population is high—10% of her 20,000,000 population. When the Annamites sincerely sought independence and formed the Viet-Nam State, Communist-trained leaders tricked them into cooperation by bloodshed, the destruction of her Catholic missions and the butchery of her Annamite clergy. Communist leader Ho Chi Minh and his gangs still sit in the wings awaiting their cue, much heartened by the Communist victories in China today.

In Burma, Malaya and the Indonesian Ar-

Father Diniz S.J. at a Catholic Welfare Center in China. The great works of charity by the missionaries are being suppressed by the Communists. We can only hope the people will not forget.



chipelago the story is no different. Communists took advantage of the Karen rebellion in Burma to foment further disorders. The settlement of the Netherlands-Indonesian problem has been unnecessarily complicated by Communist aggression. Evgeny Zhukov voiced the part Russia is playing in this theatre. "The 'imperialists' are afraid of contact being established between 'democratic' China, Viet-Nam, Indonesia, Malaya and Burma."

The 17,359,000 Siamese are wedged in a fan shaped country, between Burma and Indo-China. Her prospects for success in the fight against atheistic Communism are brighter than that of other Southeast Asian countries. True, the Siamese Communist party was given legal status in 1946, but "the Reds continue to work underground" as Time (Aug. 29, 1949) observes. Its Buddhist Premier Phibun Songgram is nonetheless conscious of recent infiltration of atheistic Communists into Bangkok's press, sport clubs, night schools and labor unions. We hope he will not learn too late the truth of Pius XI's utterance: "It (atheistic Communism) has at its disposal great financial resources, gigantic organizations, international congresses and countless trained workers. It makes use of pamphlets and reviews of the cinema, theatre and radio, of schools and even universities. Little by little it penetrates into all classes of people."

Atheistic Communism is not yet strong in India. However it is growing to giant proportions in Northern India, Assam, Hyderabad and West Bengal. In the last named region Communist agents are stirring up unrest among the aboriginal tribes, urging them to rise up against the Government. A seventy-one-page booklet entitled "Communist Violence in India" was published last September by the Ministry of Home Affairs. It reveals through captured documents the Communist's instructions to party members for armed assault upon authority through guerrilla bands and "shock brigades" preparatory to a general revolution.

As we pray during January for the "Missions Menaced by Atheism" we should make a special memento that the Hierarchy of India meeting in Plenary Council this year will be able to formulate a program against atheistic Communism that will make the New India a bulwark of strength and a beacon of hope to all the other missions of Asia threatened by atheism.

The Pope's Mission Intention

FEBRUARY: Christianity in Japan

THE CATHOLIC POPULATION OF JAPAN in June 1949 was 130,388. This was an increase of 9.8% over the previous year, and 19.3% over 1947. In the last twelve months six of the 16 dioceses, prefectures and vicariates apostolic have shown an increase of 20% or more. Adult baptisms for the whole of Japan were 8,226. Conversions of entire towns, as Saga with its almost 3,000 converts since last August, and the Jonan region which reports 5,000 seeking admission into the Church, make the picture look very bright.

But let us not deceive ourselves. Latest estimates place the population of Japan at 81,300,000. That means that Catholics are only 0.16% of the population—a very small leaven for the whole pagan mass. It further means that while there is in Japan one priest for every 710 Catholics, there is only one for every 155,000 non-Christian Japanese.

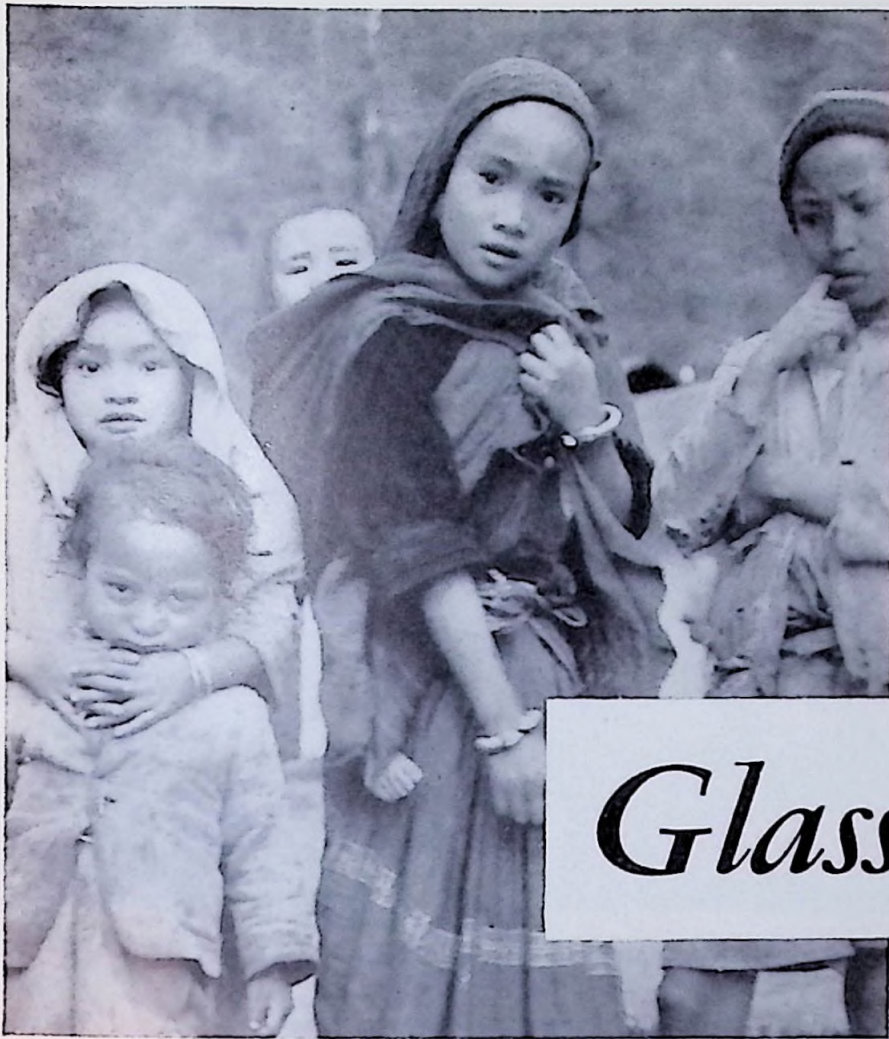
Not only Christianity but Shintoism and Buddhism too have experienced a renewal of fervor. In a visit to the United States last October, Chief Abbot Kocho Otani, leader of the Buddhists, estimated that the number of his adherents in Japan was 10,000,000. Buddhists have always considered the Christian religion something not only alien to Japan but even contrary to the Japanese way of life.

Prospective converts can further be alienated from Christianity by propaganda not only at variance with but even insulting to the Japanese moral sense which is naturally good. This we saw in the recent birth-control legislation inaugurated there with the approval of so-called "Christian" leaders.

Communists too are working covertly to bring about a state of affairs that will impede further religious progress in Japan.

Since war's end 26 countries have sent missionaries to Japan. But that is not enough. We, the Catholics of the world, must open our eyes to the prize at stake—a nation for Christ now or chaos for tomorrow!

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.



Glass House

Children playing along the path to the Glass House ran to tell their parents that Father had come.

THIS WAS NOT AN UNCHARTED JOURNEY into the Indian jungle. The first American Jesuit to make it as far as I know, was Father James Gibbons, and that was twenty years ago. In that hardier and more romantic age he galloped off over the mountain on horseback, and most dramatically fell off and broke his arm while returning from a sick call during the night.

Last Christmas another horse brought Father Maurice Stanford of the Canadian Jesuits along the same trail. Tragedy struck again. This time the horse broke down and refused to come home. It was just another day for the horse, but Father Stanford missed his Christmas dinner.

Now it was my turn to go to Hopetown and the little "Glass House." It meant a routine trip on very good roads to a very pleasant place with a very odd name. That would be all, ordinarily. But nothing on God's green and beautiful earth is ordinary to a newly

ordained priest on his first missionary journey. So it happened that I set out in a spirit of high adventure and joyous release from my seminary home.

It was noon when we went down hill toward town. "We" were a very happy priest and a very little boy, also happy. Emmanuel was his name, and he was coming because, though built close to the ground, he was an absolute whiz at answering the Mass prayers.

We went to town looking for a bus. The representative of the species which roams the Himalayan highroads is a mongrel breed, ancient and adventuresome. The fun began in the negotiation.

After some bitter bargaining, a bus driver and I reached an agreement. Soon we were rocking along gaily on the Darjeeling road. To the unprofessional eye the bus was full, but the humblest wayfarer got a chance to bargain. Once we slowed for a family of five, then for a grinning *sadhu* who lost his grin over the cash terms, and finally for a jolly Lama on his way to Tibet. By this time it was time for me to get off. We were in the little railroad town of Sonada, elevation

HERBERT J. COVELY S.J.



A Nepali mother, carrying her child in a tea-picker's basket, stops for a light.

6,500 feet, and one of the mistiest places in the world.

From here the path went off down the ridge toward Hometown and the Glass House. Emmanuel and I hurried along; it was getting late and over our shoulders we could see threatening black clouds which promised heavy rain.

We reached the Glass House in half an hour. Years ago this ridge had been surveyed by the railway, and it was thought that a spur would be built down as far as the Glass House. In anticipation a large establishment had been made to take care of the trade the railway would bring. When the plan fell through, the owner gave the building and property to the Mission. It had been a huge house, but in 1934 a great earthquake reduced it to ruins. A cottage or two rooms with a large glassed-in veranda had been salvaged. This is the Glass House.

Today it is used as a school for over 150 Nepali boys, most of them professing Hinduism. A little community of Catholic teachers with their families form a nucleus of what may some day be a flourishing Catholic settlement among the Nepalis of Darjeeling District in North Bengal.

Children were playing along the path leading to the teachers' houses. When they

caught sight of the white cassock, they fled toward the house to warn their family, shouting, "Father, Father has come." It was a rousing reception. William, the master, came out to welcome me and took me into his humble cottage. While I made friends with Susan, Monica, Zacharias and Michael, his wife Rosemary prepared a cup of tea.

Afterwards, since it was getting dark, William took me up to look at the chapel. It was a large light room, neatly kept, in the old Glass House. A wooden altar decorated with flowers for the feast and a platform covered with a rug completed the furnishings. In the morning the congregation would kneel and sit on the floor.

We opened the little cottage which was used as the priest's lodging. It was a small clap-board building with a zinc roof, consisting of two tiny unpainted rooms. Not a very luxurious rectory, but in warm countries houses are chiefly meant for shelter, and this was a cozy nook for the night. In the last few minutes before dark, I went outside again and walked up and down finishing my Breviary, my Rosary, and going over my Hindi sermon for the morning. After fourteen years of seminary and community life it was interesting, peaceful and consoling to be a priest, and the only priest in that solitary spot

so far off the beaten track. Tomorrow morning Christ would come and dwell on this windswept ridge, in the old Glass House, just as truly as He would in the magnificent cathedrals of Europe. He would come to this handful of new converts as eagerly as He would to the crowds flocking to the parish churches in America.

Night came swiftly. As I went into the little house, the first drops of rain pattered on the roof. I lit the lantern and was trying to decide whether it was bright enough to read by when a lad came running in with a message from the schoolmaster. He wanted me to go down to his house before the rain set in. I went out with the boy and was glad to visit William's home; to enjoy the warm yellow glow of his lantern and the shining eyes of the children as they gathered around.

Supper was served on a large brass plate and consisted of a really terrifying heap of rice. They served it with cauliflower, beans and meat mixed in a kind of oil and spiced with chili, ginger, and dal, which is a kind of pea soup used as a sauce or gravy.

After this tasty and filling supper I was ready for bed. Emmanuel and I went up the hill to our house. The sky had cleared and gave promise of a glorious dawn. Emmanuel spread a gunny sack on the bare boards of the floor, and curled up under a small rug which he used as a blanket. I had a bed of sorts. I couldn't find the mattress, but there



was a smooth layer of boards where common ordinary beds provide springs, and over the boards a quilt had been laid. Two of the blankets that were supposed to be in the house were missing, so I too curled up under the remaining blanket in all my clothes and passed a warm and almost pleasant night.

I was out of the house at sunrise and waiting for my "parish" to appear. Granny came first, and amazed me by coming straight up the hill. The children were close behind, dressed in their best. The little girls especially, were very proud of the big bows in their hair.

Before Mass everyone came to Confession, sixteen in all. As Mass began our hearts were full of joy. After the Gospel I turned to give the first sermon of my priestly life. I never dreamed my first sermon would be like this. There were sixteen persons, and a crowd of chubby little angels creeping about the floor. One or two were right at my feet. It had taken me two weeks to learn the simple little sermon, and I should have been nervous. But in that little room, with the children playing at my feet and the sympathetic men and women gathered at the foot of the altar, how could I be nervous?

It was a calm young priest who turned back to the altar for the Credo, and spoke the great truths of our faith. You can imagine the beauty of the Creed when spoken in a place where only sixteen among thousands believe in the one true God, Creator of heaven and earth. Slowly and solemnly the great drama unfolded, until at the Consecration our gifts were changed into the Victim of Calvary and we offered the sacrifice of the Cross. In that silent moment how well we realized and were consoled by the presence of Our Lord among His little flock.

Then the Mass was over, and I gave thanks for all the consolations of this beautiful morning. There was just time to gather my things and take a bite to eat before setting out again to seminary life with its classes and books. How well worthwhile that life has been! Years of labor, to be sure; but one morning like this far outweighs a century of books, bells and chalk dust.

Nepali mother and child, the type of simple people Father met along the road from Darjeeling.



Look into any kitchen, peer into any pot bubbling over the countless small fires of India and you come upon mystery. You breathe a sweet spicy aroma. You taste its delicate flavor and—and then it happens—the delayed action of curry.

Some like it hot!



ONE OF AMERICA'S CURRENT EXPRESSIONS is the odd greeting: "What's cooking?" Generally the response has nothing to do with the kitchen. But ask that question of a housewife here in India, and the answer will be decidedly interesting.

Since coming to India, we have sampled many new and different foods peculiar to the East and to India in particular. The difference lies not so much in the foodstuffs used, as in the way these basics are cooked. Peer into any pot bubbling over the countless small fires of this vast land, and you come nose to nose with mystery. You breathe a sweet, spicy aroma—like a distillation of all the enchantment of the East.

There's a taste and tang to an Indian dish that is all its own. We outlanders are convinced that the food's individuality lies, for

the most part, in India's use of spices. From the Malabar coast, the largest pepper supply in the world, to the Himalayas, people who "like it hot" spice their food.

All over India one finds spices: cloves, tumeric, chilies, and nutmeg, along with aromatic seeds like anise, caraway, cummin, mustard and cardamon. Many different leaves and herbs used in cooking, such as bay and basil, are found everywhere in this country. Saffron, the most costly spice in the world, is painstakingly picked by hand from the stigma of a small crocus-like flower to be found in the north of India. The people of India know how to use these spices to get the most out of otherwise unappetizing foods.

We will never forget our first real Indian food. To get to the mela, the Indian equivalent of our "State Fair," we had started out early that morning with a few sandwiches. Noon found us wandering about a hot railway station platform waiting for a train. W

EDMUND P. BURKE S.J.

met the father of a boy studying in one of our schools. When he learned that we had had only a bite to eat he insisted upon treating us to a meal. It consisted of *puris* (unleavened bread cooked in deep fat), potatoes, a few meat cakes and a curry. Stated that way it sounds like a prosaic meal, but it turned out to be a new experience for our uneducated palates. The potatoes, fried in clarified butter, were attractively sliced and arranged on the plate. No cook in India worth his salt will serve an unadorned dish. The meat cakes were actually delicate cones of unleavened whole wheat bread. Filled with chopped meat and rich with the famous spices of India, they tickled the taste buds delightfully. But the curry! Before coming to India we had heard of its "hot" foods, but up to this point had never experienced the reality. The curry was a thick stew-like mixture of vegetables. The first mouthful told us we had found an extraordinary dish. While commenting on its delicate aroma and "what in the world" taste—it happened! A burning sensation suddenly struck us dumb.

With a roaring bonfire in our mouths we looked about furtively for the gremlin who had pointed the blowtorch our way. We lunged for the water-glasses. Somewhere in that succulent dish lurked murderous chilies, cut up raw and thoroughly disguised. Amazingly enough, our much abused palates began to cool off and there was a pleasant lingering taste, which is perhaps the object of all this "hot" seasoning. Screwing up our courage we tried it again. Before the meal ended we were tossing off mouthfuls of semi-liquid fire like veterans.

Occasionally during the year the Sisters of the Convent school send the Fathers a native dish to adorn a table used to the blander foods of the West. These charming Sisters are from southern India, so a taste of their chicken curry is like a descent into Purgatory for the uninitiated. Along with such a dish they usually send a few Indian sweets. Even here one must build up a resistance. Most of them are so indescribably sweet that a mouthful makes your ears ring and your cavities cry out for mercy.

It was not until our boy scouts were taking their first-class cooking tests that we had an opportunity to see how India's food was prepared. They came armed with firewood, pots and pans, rolling pins, and the raw materials for whipping up a good meal *a la Indian* boy scout. Of course, there were the inevitable

packets of spices, without which they cannot cook.

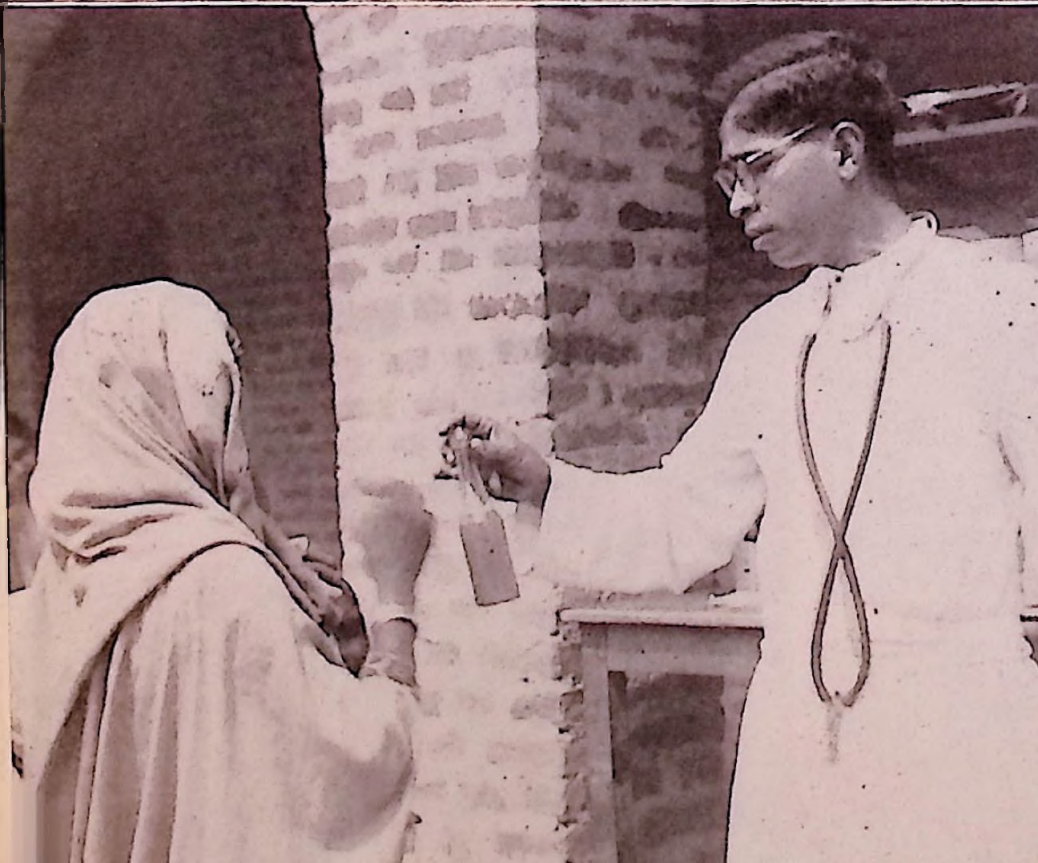
After the usual "two match limit" fire building, which involved a great deal of huffing and puffing, cooking started in earnest. Mixing the whole-wheat flour and wielding their rolling pins they prepared *chapatties*—flat, unleavened wheat cakes baked over an open fire. Others were cutting up vegetables for the various curries and preparing the proper mixture of spices—never forgetting a dash of red-chili powder. Later when things were well on their way, some of the boys began preparing a sweet made of *tilli* (sesame seeds). The taste was reminiscent of the sticky popcorn which the author consumed by the sackful in his youth. We teachers and the scoutmaster, Father Matthews, had to taste everything and pronounce on the merits of each dish. It was quite an undertaking. There were about 30 boys in teams of two. Each prepared a full meal. We encountered some of that stuff we now refer to as "Delayed Action." We were sure we had begun to make up some of the temporal punishment due to sin. By the time we made our round of judgment, our supper and the next morning's breakfast were irreparably spoiled.

With all this variety and abundance it may seem strange that India is still a land of hungry people. Millions in India go hungry each day because this vast land is not producing enough food to feed her own people. With vigorous campaigns afoot to "Grow More Food" some of this hunger may be alleviated. But no matter how poor the meal, it is usually well-prepared and tasty—though the inexperienced foreigner may find it mighty uncomfortable at first.

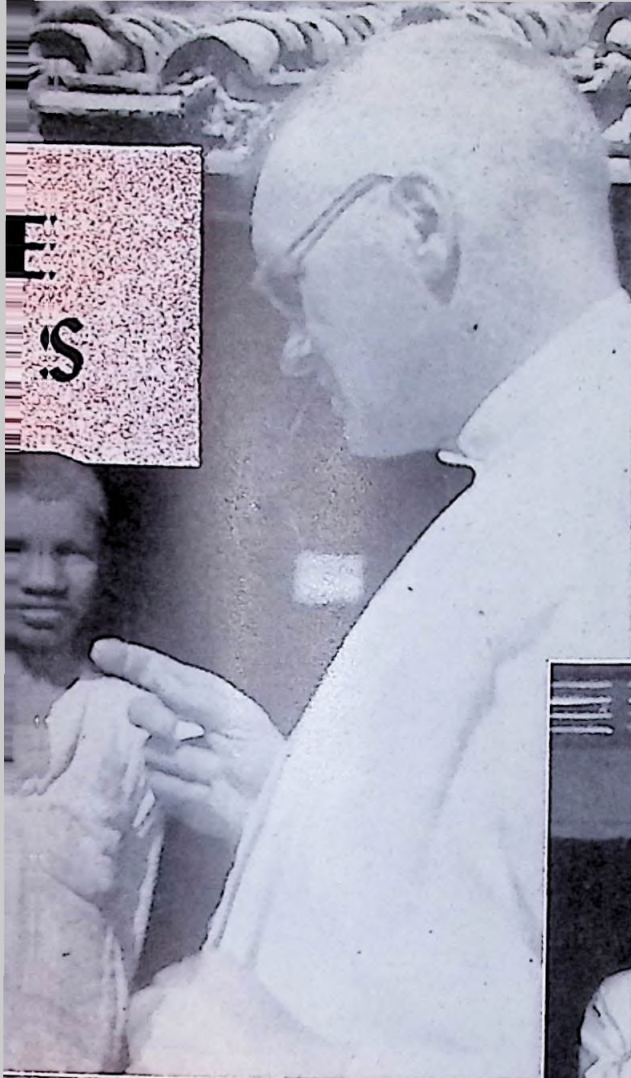
An Indian boy's dinner. Rice with curried meat is the entree. No forks, of course.



Patna ON GAM



(Left, top) Hindus washing
below; diocesan Indian pri
for his people. (Center, to
to an aged Hindu woman
his catechism class in a m
Medical. Mission Sisters,
Queen of the Apostles C
to a patient in Holy Fam
of Patna instructs 60 boys
Jesuit Superior of the P
Superior, was architect an
138 Jesuits of the Chica



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S



away in the sacred Ganges;
 munkal, conducts dispensary
 illard S.J. explains catechism.
 r Ernst S.J. hears the lessons of
 the poor. (Right, top) Sister Cyril of
 student nurse, Sister Dorothy of the
 room Dacca, administer forced feeding
 Patna; center, Bishop Wildermuth S.J.
 mfirm; Circle, V. Rev. Father Welfle,
 below, Father Loesch, former Jesuit
 for the splendid St. Xavier's College.
 have been assigned to Patna Mission.



NEW DAY FOR BAGHDAD

JOSEPH P. O'KANE S.J.

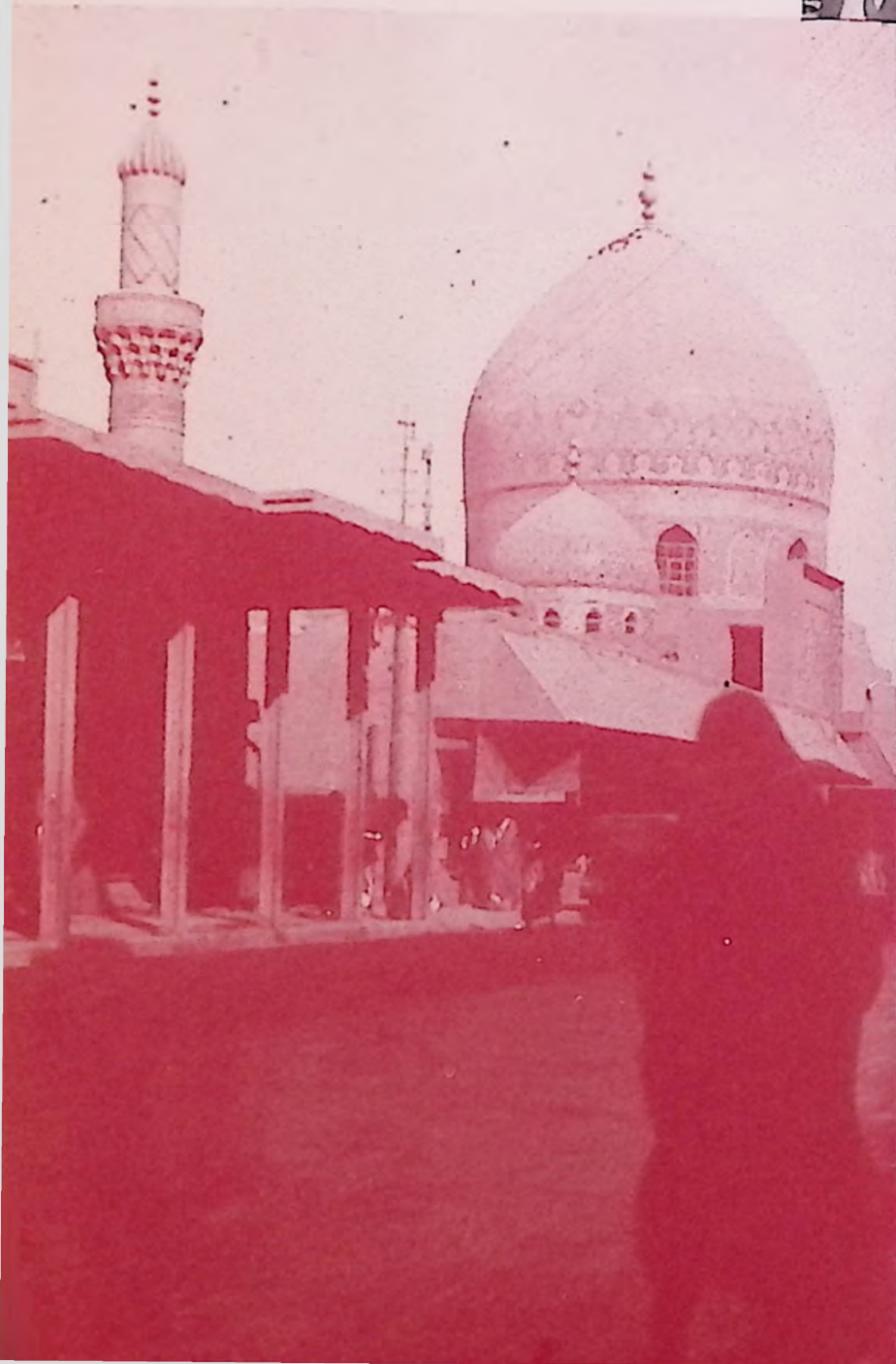
La ilah illa Allah: Muhammad rasul Allah.

"There is no god but God: Muhammad is the Prophet of God."

Early every morning while the stars are still shining, a plaintive-voiced chanter called the Muezzin climbs out on his slender minaret and serenades our neighborhood with this hymn. As he pauses for breath, he probably watches the city awakening beneath him with the same boredom with which centuries of Baghdad Muezzins before him have watched the scene. He sees a line of little



Above, Baghdad market scene unchanged for centuries. Left, a black veiled ghost of a woman shuffling along—in search of fuel.



donkeys softly pattering down a mud-walled alley, laden with the same cargo of bricks their ancestors might have borne when nearby Babylon was just a building. Down in the shadows along the river bank, grunting coolies splash about in the thick Tigris mud, as they launch their primitive wood-prowed date-boat on its weekly voyage. Outside the coffee shop across the square a waiter sleepily scatters his rickety little chairs and tables on the sidewalk. In the gloomy street below, the Muezzin perhaps discerns a black-veiled ghost of a woman shuffling along in search of fuel to warm the hovel when husband awakes.

For a thousand years, the Muezzins of Baghdad have watched the City of Peace thus awakening. Today's Muezzin, however, sees another very sig-

nificant awakening taking place. In the starlit panorama around and below him, he can discern mingled with the old familiar scenes, signs of a New Baghdad emerging. Tall smoke-stacks of modern factories, and the steel-girder skeletons of new buildings challenge his own lofty minaret for domination of the skyline.

Down the river he may see the graceful sweep of two magnificent new bridges, already alive with a steady stream of automobile headlights. Nearer home, the Muezzin perhaps watches with interest a cluster of little donkeys making way for a line of heavy tanks and jeeps, as a mechanized unit of the Iraqi army rolls off for maneuvers in the desert. From three corners of the city, white puffs of steam arise as early trains pull out of Baghdad's three terminals, while across the Tigris the Golden Domes of Kadhimain, the Holy City, glitter in the cold warmth of modern floodlighting.

These signs of Iraq's awakening to the twentieth century are still few and far between. The greater part of her people still sleep away their lives in material and social conditions of the past three or four centuries. But it must be remembered that it is only a beginning, only an awakening. Two decades of independence have not been enough for Iraq to shake off the torpor induced by four centuries of degrading and stifling tyranny on the part of her northern neighbor, Turkey. Against that dark background, such progress as has been made is bright with promise for the future.

More encouraging still, in the vanguard of this progressive movement stands Baghdad College. Founded when Iraq gained her independence, Baghdad College has sent out a new batch of young Iraqis every year, who will carry into the nation's life new thoughts, new ways of living and working learned from the U. S. The ranks of Law, Medicine, Engineering and Education are being swelled every year with promising new recruits who had their first solid groundings in the classrooms and laboratories of Baghdad College.

"La ilah illa Allah . . ." As the Muezzin's call dies away over the palm groves north of the city, twenty-seven American Jesuits at the College are already up and doing. Candles flicker in half-a-dozen chilly little chapels as the Fathers prepare for Mass. Before each one is a long full day; but first, God's blessing must be called down on that day. Without that blessing, Baghdad's new day may well dawn bleak for want of God.

Come, follow me

I HAVE ALWAYS ADMIRED THE FAITH OF the Wise Men that remained unshaken even when confronted by Jerusalem's indifference and unbelief; a faith that did not waver when the star that led them on their quest was, for a while, eclipsed; a faith that did not fail when the King they had come to adore was found in a simple peasant home in Bethlehem, with neither the retinue nor trappings of royalty.

A recent experience gave me to understand another phase of their courageous and persevering belief in Christ. Ancient Persia was their homeland. Though the tradition of the Middle Ages and the painters of the Renaissance made Kings of them, earlier tradition identified them as members of the priestly caste of the Zoroastrians, worshipping Ahura Mazda, the God of Light, whose cult still claims its thousands of devotees in today's Iran.

They came, these earnest seekers after truth, a weary and dangerous twelve hundred miles. In five swift hours by air from Teheran, I flew above the knife-edged mountain peaks and sandy wastes that cost them five slow months by camel and afoot. Lions and leopards are still hunted in those mountains and wolves are still a winter menace in the hills. And in the Magi's time, the desert caravan was easy prey for the wraithy Bedouin raider. It was a road to try severely even the hardened troops of ancient armies. To see it from above in all its harsh and dangerous complexity is to marvel anew at the strong yet simple faith of those who braved that road, led by a star and the inward call of grace.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.

Ten Salvo



ROKKO, THE JESUIT HIGH SCHOOL IN KOBE, Japan, has just celebrated its tenth anniversary. For the first time in ten years the clouds are lifting, and we're getting a glimpse of balmy days ahead.

Rokko is situated on the famed Mt. Rokko overlooking Kobe harbor. Although the setting has real scenic beauty, it has its drawbacks in other regards. For example, two months after the spanking-bright new school opened its doors to let the first students scuff its gleaming corridors with their wooden clogs, Mt. Rokko had a landslide. Washed our way by heavy rains, a great deal of the landscape oozed into the corridors and under the desks. The three Fathers and one scholastic praised the Lord, asked St. Ignatius to take it a little easier, and shovelled out from under.

About a year later the war began. From 1940 to 1945, Jesuit educational objectives here were under a cloud. Japanese Army officers were appointed to the faculty to give regular classes in military tactics. The faculty carried a full schedule on a slim diet of rice and well seasoned sea-weed.

But that came to an end. Came the dawn of peace and new hope, and Rokko started all over again. The curricula and organization were revamped and slowly set in mo-



(Top left) Students march onto the field for athletic meet, marking tenth anniversary of Rokko's founding. (Center) Set on the slope of Mt. Rokko overlooking the harbor of Kobe, the school is the center of Jesuit secondary education in Japan. It has an international faculty ably directed by a European-trained Japanese Jesuit.

tion. Now the first sprouts of success are beginning to show above the ground.

It is difficult to measure spiritual success with statistics, but of the six hundred and fifty boys enrolled in the school, almost three hundred are Catholic or are about to be baptized. A new Jesuit parish was inaugurated last November to care for the families who have followed their sons into the Church. Three Rokko graduates have entered the Society of Jesus since the end of the war, and three are about to enter this year.

THOMAS M. CURRAN S.J.

for ROKKO



This summer, for the second successive year, each Rokko Catholic boy and graduate has gone into the hinterlands of Mt. Rokko, to a very spacious and luxurious villa donated by a non-Catholic member of the Japanese Diet. There by the placid shores of the estate's private lake, they have mulled over their eternal destiny. They spend one week at the villa; three days in a strict retreat, and the remaining time on vacation.

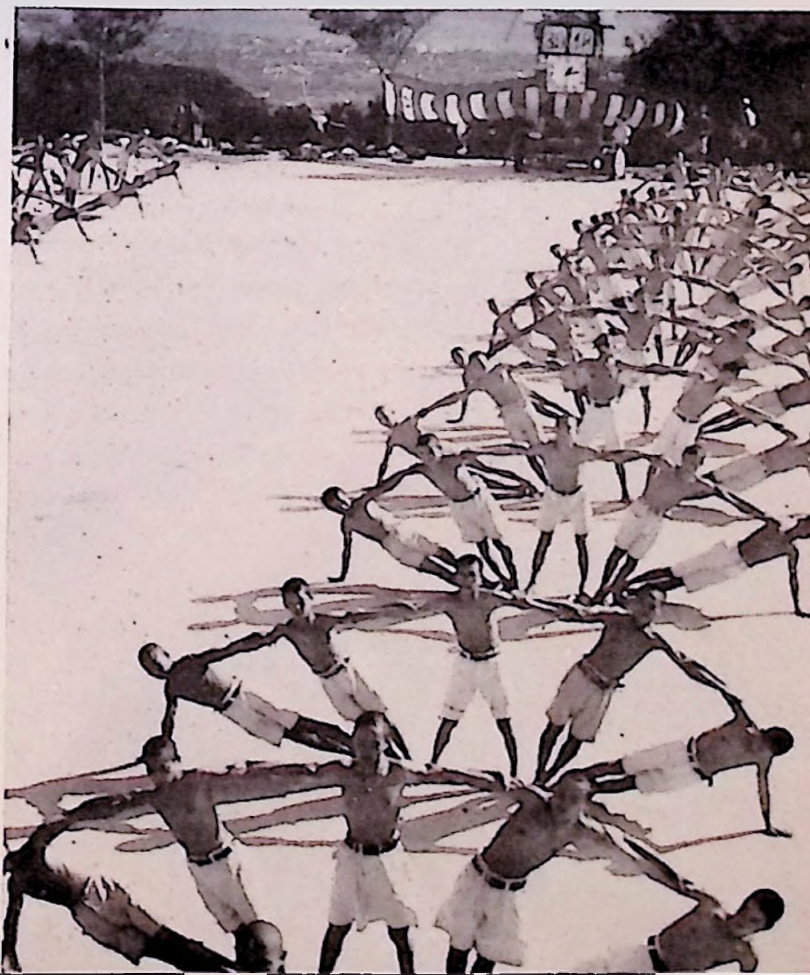
This period of retreat is very consoling and edifying. The boys make the retreat in strict silence and maintain recollection in earnest sincerity. They live the Catholic life to the full, starting with morning prayer and Mass, filling the time between conferences and meditations with Rosary and Stations of the Cross in common, and adding to their knowledge of Catholicism with general spiritual

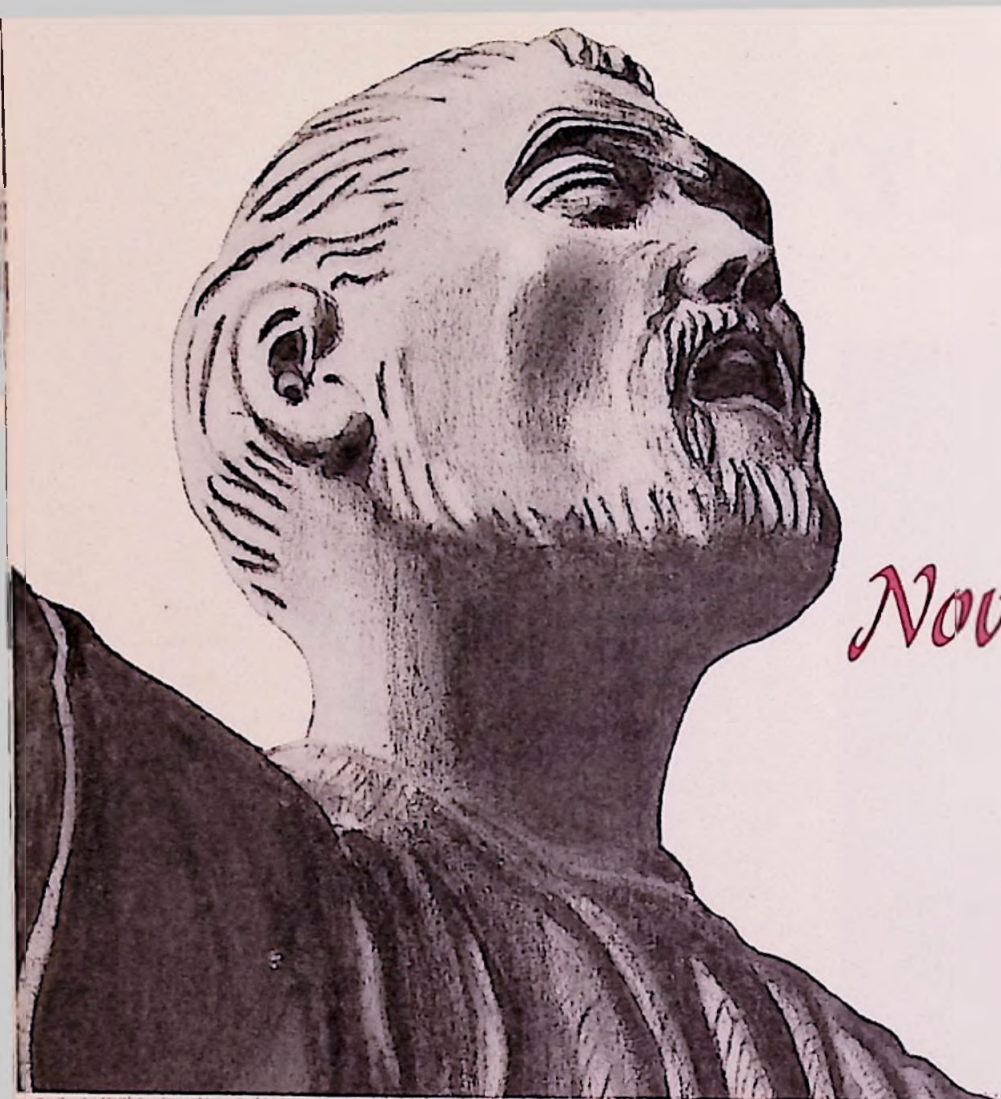
reading. They begin to realize that Catholicism is something to be lived every moment of their lives, and they come into an intimacy with Christ which will have a lasting effect.

Rokko, as the center of Jesuit secondary education in Japan, is most fortunate in its faculty. The Dean is a Japanese Jesuit who made his studies in Germany. He is not only well acquainted with Western educational methods, but as he is Japanese, he can apply them aptly to the Japanese mind. A foreign Dean is at a great disadvantage in this regard. The Rector is a universal genius whose special forte is music. He can take boys who don't know wood-wind from brass, and within a year have a functioning band. The head of the Science department is a young German Jesuit who has just completed the Japanese text books which will be used for biology in all Catholic schools. The Foreign Language department is well taken care of, with Americans and Germans on hand to teach their mother tongues.

So Rokko has celebrated its birthday with great hope. It has had a long probationary period. Now, fortified by the prayers of Ignatius and blessed by the finger of God in its beginnings, it has hopes of great and significant things ahead.

The Japanese boys train vigorously for every athletic event. Three hundred of the six hundred and fifty boys in Rokko are Catholic.





Novena of Grace

Pamphlets Medals and Leaflets

THE Novena of Grace to St. Francis Xavier from March 4th to 12th will be more popular than ever this year. The great relic of Xavier, the Saint's right arm, sent from Rome for the 400th Anniversary of his landing there was revered by over a million people throughout the islands. Millions paid honor to the Saint in the three month tour through 29 dioceses in the United States. For American Catholics have "experienced the effects of his great power in heaven" as he promised to all who make the Novena.

To assist devotion in this Novena JESUIT MISSIONS has published a twenty-four page pamphlet, illustrated with colored pictures of Xavier's life, and containing the special prayers of the Novena handy for congregational participation. To be sure of your supply of these pamphlets, the four page leaflet and the light-weight metal Xavier medals, order them now for certain delivery.

PRICE LIST

Novena Pamphlets	
Per thousand	\$60.00
Per hundred	7.50
Single copy	0.10
Novena Leaflets	
Per thousand	8.00
Per hundred	1.50
Medals	
Per hundred	9.00
Each	0.10
Postage additional.	



JESUIT MISSIONS

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

The White Death

PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT DOCTOR, NURSE, dentist, and X-ray technician are all at hand in such isolated places as Hooper Bay, Alaska. One or the other may drop in, off and on, but to get this whole medical personnel at hand on a well equipped boat was a matter of history last summer. Our little Eskimo village of some 300 people were examined under the searching eyes of the X-ray. T.B. was found to be on the march. Teeth were also found deteriorating among the young. The older people were much better. Sugar, candy, bubble gum—all coming with the advance of civilization—left indelible marks on the teeth of the youngsters.

Eskimos have great faith in doctors and nurses. They almost think that they can work magic. With skin infections and many common ailments the doctors do achieve a sort of miraculous cure, but when it comes to T.B. medical efforts stand still.

To prove this one of my little tots passed away in the midst of all this medical attention. I was busy getting water analyzed, having different herbs examined for their iron content and whatnot, when a summons came for me to see this little bedridden girl. I found her no worse than usual. She insisted that I stay around. After trying to sneak away without much success I suspected something was up and began to make good use of my time. She was as innocent as the angels in heaven, but wanted to go to confession anyway. The sacrament of Penance was followed by Confirmation and Extreme Unction. The next day I brought Viaticum in the dim hours of morning, before the rest of the village was up. As far as I could see, the child was the same as ever, but she still insisted that I stay. Not to be caught unawares I gave her the last blessing. I hardly had done so when her agony began.

We missionaries attend the death bed of many an Eskimo. Despite the repeated recitation of the prayers for the dying, I have yet to find that this is routine work. There is something about the passage of a soul from this world to the next that gives me second pause. The death of this little child Evelyn, a tot of eight years, was something altogether

special. It was the first time for a long, long time that I was completely overcome emotionally, and could not go on with the prayers. It was only after some time that I finally succeeded in going on. The agony was not long. I finished the prayers of the ritual and then recited the rosary. The soul of the little girl then passed on to her home in heaven. As her face relaxed in that sweet beauty which God gives only the innocent after death, it did not take much to imagine the joy of the guardian angel presenting his unstained charge to God.

Funeral preparations are made by the near relatives. The coffin for our little girl was finished the next morning. A cross for the head of the grave was also made. All came to the Requiem Mass and the school children sang. With the altar boys bearing the Cross and censer, a long procession slowly walked to the grave reciting the rosary. The whole thing is done simply and orderly, because death is a frequent visitor up here. The Eskimos are great individualists—both in hunting and fishing. But when it comes to religious ceremonies they all participate from the youngest to the oldest. When priest and people are thus united, the liturgy of the Church reaches ennobling heights. Even death loses some of its frightening aspects.

Many apparently healthy Eskimo babies fall victims of tuberculosis.





The Bishop of Patna, Most Reverend Augustine F. Wildermuth S.J., has behind him twenty years of experience in India. On his shoulders falls the tremendous task of governing a diocese that has no equal in the whole world. There are 29,483,450 people in thousands of villages, towns and cities of this district. That makes it the most densely populated diocese in the entire Church—but the number of Catholics constitute only 0.09% of the population. That is a challenge that Bishop Wildermuth has accepted. He realizes what the difficulties are after his long sojourn in India. The missionaries under him must learn the language of the people and then live among them for a period of years, winning their trust and confidence, before the age-old barriers crumble beneath the grace of God that works out through His servants. It is the pattern of victory through patience and courage, a pattern that is very clear in the life of Bishop Wildermuth. Quiet, unassuming, understanding with both missionaries and people, he reflects the patience of the Master and the courage demanded of the Cross.

Afield . . . WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

STRANGE HISTORY

This is the year when men ready their plaudits for the achievements and progress of the first half of the Twentieth Century. The triumph of man over nature, the long advance from the horseless buggy to the destruction of the atom, will be a history told to the blare of proud trumpets. Man and his forward march will be the theme on which all the changes will be rung. But God has His own record of the history that really counts, and when He unrolls it before the eyes of all mankind it may seem strange. It will be the story of men and women who triumphed, not over nature, but over human nature, and who marched, not forward but backward, leaving the most materially advanced country of the century to go quietly about God's business among uneducated and custom-ridden peoples. It has not been a century of enlightenment and progress for all the world. We can see that in the difficulties our American missionaries encounter in so fundamental a thing as marriage.

THE CHANGING SCENE

Father Bertram Ernst S.J. writes from Bihar, India: "The question of child marriages is one of our problems with new Christians. In many of the villages I find six- and seven-year-old girls who are not allowed to go to school. When I ask the reason the answer often is, 'Oh, she is married. Her husband's peo-

ple would not like it.' Yet the Sarda Law against such marriages is on the books. But when I had reason to call on it recently I didn't get very far. I had Father Welzmler ask the magistrate in Arrah whether or not the Law was a dead letter. We were assured that it was not. So I sent in the data on a couple of cases. The answer from Arrah was, 'Well, I can't do much about it now since it has already been gone through with. However, if you will let me know beforehand when a case like this comes up, I will send the police to stop it.' You can figure how effective the law is!"

On the island of Yap in the Carolines Father Fred Bailey S.J. has also run headlong into the hard wall of custom. "Children are trained for self-reliance at an early age and soon become extremely independent. But in one thing both boys and girls obey—in the matter of an arranged marriage. The most common explanation for an unholy union is that the father so ordered. If the child has some objections to the marriage, then only too often the father will agree that it need be only a temporary affair for a month or so.

"Even if such an unholy condition is not in the contract still the natural family union is short-lived. A man has his *salu* or men's house where he may spend a great deal of his day. He may eat there and even sleep there if he so cares. The mother spends some time each month away from

her family and so do her grown daughters. Even when all are home they never eat together. All the food needed for the day is cooked early in the morning by the mother. She does not eat until this task is done and if the family is a large one this can be a long job. But there is no special time for meals and no common board. A wife never sits down with her husband nor does a grown daughter ever eat with her father. The same holds true for grown brothers and sisters and for a young man and his mother.

"All this division in family life is inspired by superstition. Any violation will be accompanied, is their fear, by dire consequences the very least of which would be the publicity given it by the ever-present busybodies. Human respect keeps many Catholics from breaking away from these customs. And out here in the Islands the outspoken wrath of neighbors is not to be lightly treated.

"The young men presented a declaration of independence from the customs, especially the ones in regard to eating, to the chiefs and old men. They gained a verbal acceptance at least but few dare to put the practices aside and those who do are sure to hear about it in one way or another. It will take a long time to root out these ingrown customs."

THE SIMPLE OF HEART

Even among a Catholic people there occur incidents that cause one to wonder if it would not be better to bar the Twentieth Century and its "progress" lest the good things be spoiled. From deep in the Talisayan country of the Philippines **Father J. Gordon Koller S.J.** writes: "I wish I had the time to write an article on the marriage I performed tonight. I wish I had the time to think the whole thing out. The boy and the girl had come in from a barrio six kilometers

up in the mountains. He didn't know a single prayer and she was as simple as a child. Her eyes almost popped out when I explained how marriage was a Sacrament. Then when I warned them before confession to answer the questions truthfully so that all their sins would be wiped out before their marriage she turned and almost bawled out her *nahigugma*, her spouse-to-be. God is mighty good to the simple of heart; they walk so placidly into the often-troubled waters of marriage, never foreseeing the hard side of it. Up there in the mountains their lives are so simple; their needs are the essentials, their desires are few. They are uncontaminated by movies, radio, modern pagan dances. They are the children who shall find Heaven more easily than the pagan, "civilized" youngsters of the big cities. When the convenience and artificial trappings of modern life are stripped away, as out here in the hills, one gets a brief insight into the essentials of life—and then one wonders . . . how can we impart the benefits of education without robbing the people of their simplicity? I guess mankind will be jumbled up in Heaven, at least as regards social conditions. The childlike simplicity of these mountain people, the infectious smiles of the children, are things that win your heart—but they hardly establish or strengthen the Faith. I know there is an answer; but tonight I am too tired."

SPOILS OF THE VICTOR

There is a missionary in Japan who is known for his grand smile. But **Father John Hughes S.J.** wasn't smiling when he wrote the following: "In the time I have been here I have been watching a process that cuts me to the heart. Here we have a people who have lost the war. Their Emperor, whose word was taken without the slightest question by



Where Bishop Wildermuth thinks of souls in the thousands, **Father Richard A. Welfle S.J.** has the primary concern of thinking of the men confided to his care as Superior of the Patna Mission. He is the field general who must plan the attack, distribute his men accordingly, arrange his supply lines—and then go out and lead the advance. It is the kind of job that he would never have selected for himself—but fortunately he had no choice in the matter. Endowed with a winning personality, he has been an inspiration to cheerful generosity on the part of the American Jesuits in Patna. His genuine sense of humor has been a real morale builder for the missionaries under him and with him.

As a writer his fame is widespread. Novels, stories, poems and articles have been the welcome fruit of the many hours he has traveled the trains during his twenty years in India. But a lesser known trait is his fishing ability. He holds the records in a score of places—and it is always the whipping-the-stream variety, not the quiet pond. India today needs such a man.

most of the people, bade them accept the Americans and all they brought. Every official word and anything that resembles an Occupation Directive receives instant execution. But what is against the desires of the majority of the Japanese people—and consequently tyrannical and wholly undemocratic—has been served up to them with official approbation or apparently with an official stamp. Coeducation (which the parents and teachers as a whole opposed and still deeply resent), birth control and abortion (which is against the practices and sentiment of the nation as a people) and a whole round of some wild American customs that not even our own countrymen can handle, not to mention a people that will not be ready for them for years to come, have been served up to the Japanese in wholesale fashion.

"I have been teaching English to the Japanese who teach the same subject in the neighboring schools. So far the classes have been satisfying—I hope on both sides. But last night some of the teachers who usually hang around after class quickly slid into educational questions. What was particularly bothering them was the business of 'social dances,' the American modern dances permitted in the now co-ed high schools. These teachers (and parents, too, I am told) are strongly opposed to this. But the local educational adviser for the Occupation had given permission for these dances. The only thing I could do was to tell them to canvass the teachers and parents and present the 'vote' to the educational adviser.

"But that sent me out into the byways. The whole educational policy in Japan is a mess and often because the U. S. advisers go contrary to the aims of General MacArthur. Twice I have been to SCAP to find out about this policy but after wading through the usual mess of nonsense that one hears at such agencies, I finally

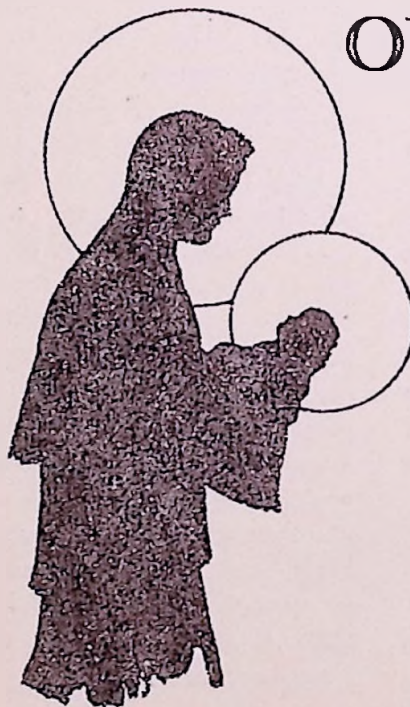


Indian girl and baby brother. Despite the law child marriages are still a problem.

got to one high official and told him what I was seeking. His answer was, 'When you find out please tell me.'

"I know this is not a complete picture. But there are things here that my own countrymen will answer to before God some day—and that is what hurts. I love this place, this people with customs so different from ours. Why does it have to be spoiled?"

Another excerpt from Japan comes from **John Blewett S.J.** in Tokyo. "The growling bear of Communism in Japan has grown from a cute little cub into a middle-sized bruin with slashing paws. I helped **Father Aloysius Miller** conduct an entrance exam



OUR LADY OF

on Calvary, to the Tomb of Resurrection, we noticed that devotions held at those places were always closed with the same prayer, either in French or Arabic. Finally in an Arabic prayer book I found the prayer itself, the beautiful and touching one that the Christians of Holy Land entitle 'To Our Lady of Palestine.'

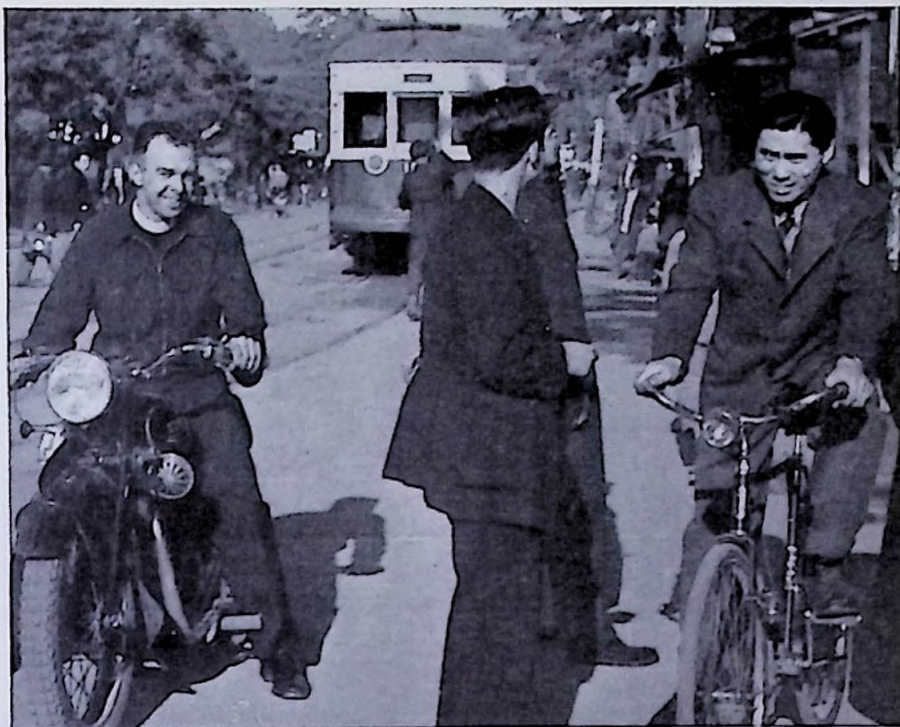
"O Mary Immaculate, gracious Queen of Heaven and of Earth, behold us prostrate before thy exalted throne. Full of confidence in thy goodness and in thy boundless power, we beseech thee to turn a pitying glance upon Palestine, which, more than any other country, belongs to thee since thou hast graced it with thy birth, thy virtues and thy sorrows, and from there has given the world the Redeemer to the world.

"Remember that there especially thou wast constituted our tender Mother, the dispenser of all graces. Watch, therefore, and

The American Jesuits from Baghdad were the last group of pilgrims to the Holy Land before the Arab-Israeli war broke out in all its fury. As we went from shrine to shrine, from the Basilica of the Nativity in Bethlehem to the chapel of Our Lord's Scourging, to the half-dark altar

for the night schools. Part of the examination consisted of an essay on 'The Political Future of Japan.' All the aspirants turned prophet for an hour or so and came up with their version of what Divine Providence has in store for their land. Practically every one of more than 100 examinees commented on the rising tide of Communism and its menace to the new-born democracy."

But the men and women who are making God's history go quietly along the chosen way. None of them write their own biographies but sometimes another missionary will draw aside the veil of obscurity. So **Father William McIntyre S.J.**, Supe-



Father John R. Hughes S.J. (left) has learned to love the Japanese.

PALESTINE

special protection over thy native country, dispel from it the shades of error, for it was there that the Sun of Eternal Justice shone. Bring about the speedy fulfillment of the promise, which issued from the lips of thy Divine Son, that there should be one fold and one Shepherd.

"Obtain for us all that we may serve the Lord in sanctity and justice during all the days of our life, so that, by the merits of Jesus and with thy motherly aid, we may pass at last from this earthly Jerusalem to the splendours of the heavenly one. Amen."

Well might our Heavenly Queen now look with pity on this country "which more than any other country belongs to Thee." Yet it is not a prayer to be said only by those who dwell in Palestine—it is a prayer for all of Mary's children.

John L. Mahoney S.J.

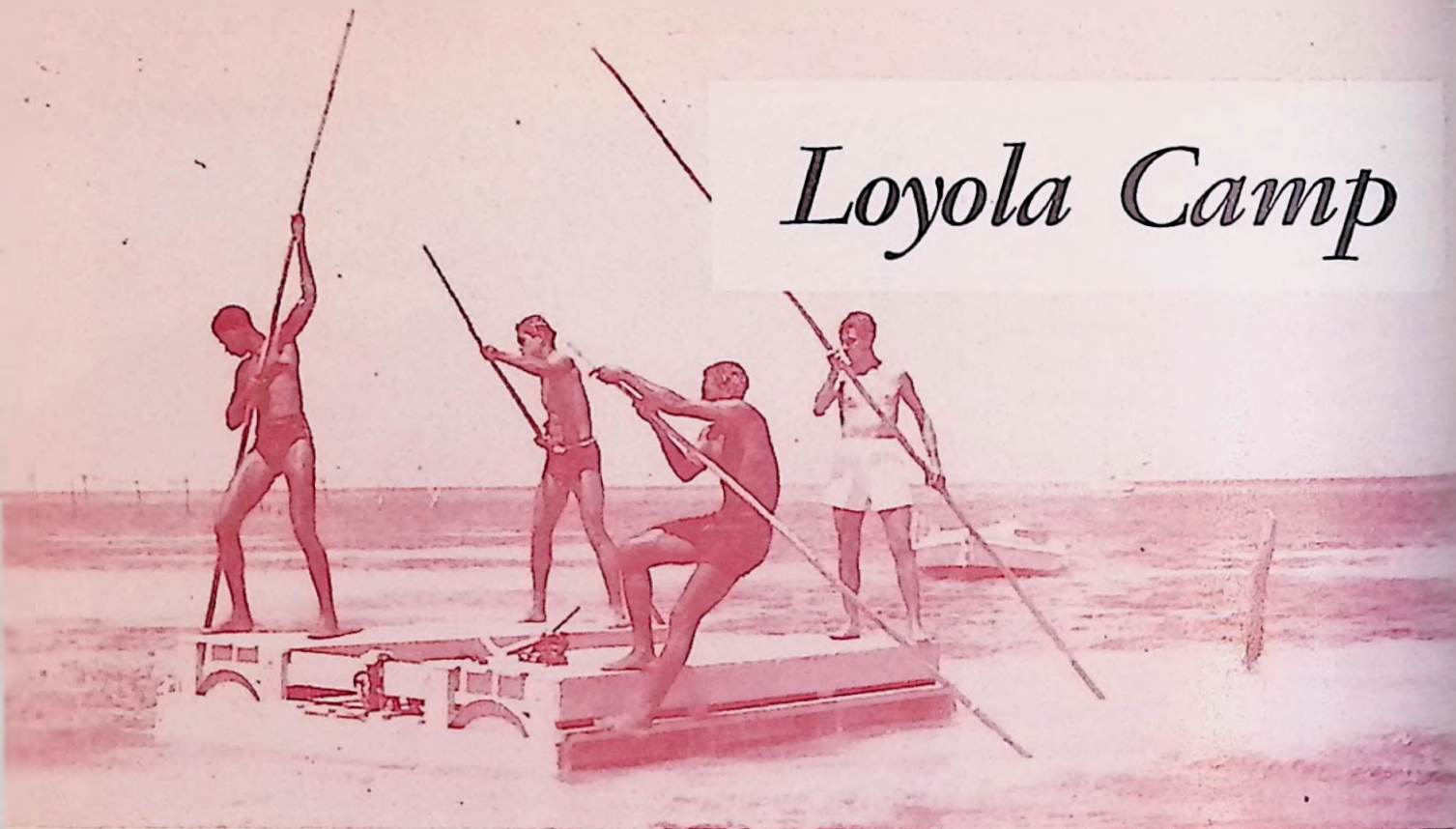
rior of Holy Cross Mission in Alaska, pays a tribute in the bulletin "Northern Winds": "Sister Sidonia, veteran missionary of Holy Cross, has been transferred to Victoria because of failing health. Holy Cross wasn't much to look at when the little sister arrived twenty years ago—and she didn't come by plane, either. From that day to this she has worked and prayed with all her heart to make Holy Cross a home for God's little ones. Her jobs haven't been exciting—gardening and laundry work aren't too thrilling—but down those long years she has given herself completely to her life of work and prayer, never asking to be relieved, always smiling, always doing "little things" for God. And now she has gone back to the land which she used to call home, but I know Holy Cross will ever remain her real home. A part of Holy Cross has gone . . ."

And down in the island of Jamaica **Father Charles Eberle S.J.** has met another unsung heroine of God. "I have been having quite a time lately with my neuralgia. This morning at the convent after Mass I asked the Superior if she ever had neu-

ralgia. 'Strange you should ask, Father,' was her reply. 'When I was quite young, I had it and begged the Lord to send the pains out of my head and into my leg. This limp that I have, I got in the earthquake in 1907. I was buried in the wreckage, and the rescuers happened to notice a black spot. They thought it might be a piece of the habit of one of the Sisters and came over to look, heard me cry, and dug me out. For seven years the doctors told me my hip was not broken, and for seven years I suffered. Finally at St. Vincent's in New York which I finally managed to reach, the Doctor just touched me and told me my hip was broken. Here they repaired the damage, but I still have the limp.' All these years Sister has been teaching class at the Academy of Alpha in Kingston and now at the little Academy the Sisters of Mercy have here in Mandeville."

A woman limping for over forty years down the road of His service. Some day before all the world God will pay back the men and women who went backwards, away from the world with its "progress," to do the things that were so important in His eyes.

Loyola Camp



Scouts poling the big raft "Powerful Katrinka" in to shore.

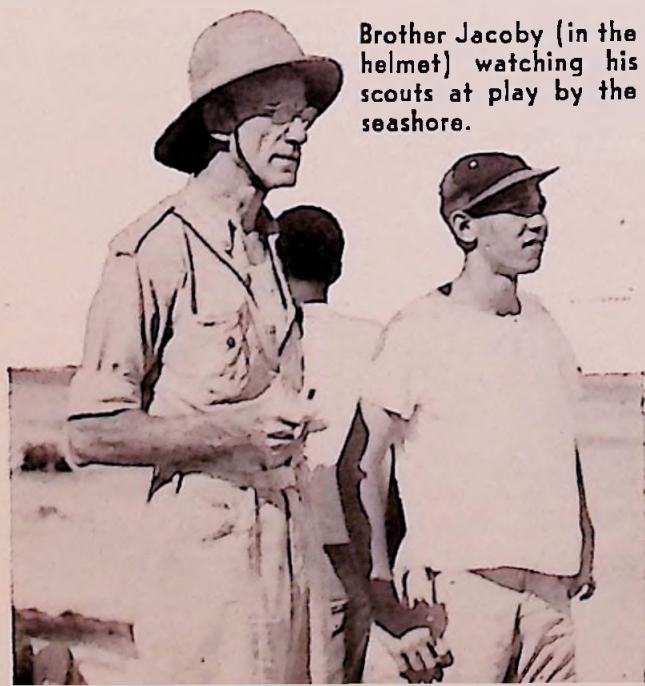
MY SCOUTS HAVE AGAIN COMPLETED three weeks of successful scouting. Of course, I am expected to say that. Common consent has it that "Jacoby is bats on scouting." Maybe so—but perhaps there is something in scouting that others miss. I'm convinced that at a properly conducted Scout camp a boy can learn more than he can in a year-full of classroom lectures.

This year, because of a shortage of priests, Father John M. Knopp S.J., the mission superior, had to preempt one of the Fathers from his mission to act as camp chaplain for the first week. Another Father took over the last two weeks. Both agreed that Loyola

Camp is tops—and that the boys are better yet. They marveled to see the Scouts serving up hot appetizing meals daily to a group of forty-five people. This takes a considerable amount of work and cooperation. But the Scouts turned the trick without any outside help. Tasty meals appeared not only in camp, but also on a two-day sailing trip to Xcalak, Mexico, and out in the bush where we staged one of our wild-woolly games called "Quislings" lasting over six hours.

Keeping kitchen, refectory, grounds and quarters clean imposes a lot of tedious, disagreeable work on the boys. To wash greasy pots, pans and dishes, to dispose of refuse and to launder clothes, shirts and trousers were every day chores done without the expected boy-like grumbling. The Scouts, using Tom Sawyer psychology, made a game of their work. No one complained of such dubious compliments as being made head of the garbage crew.

In school a boy can be told again and again to tidy his desk, room and yard. There he seems quite unimpressed with demands for neatness. But at camp—ah!—that's different. There a new light dawns, and he pitches into the job. Teaching a boy difficult things at camp is ever so much easier and effective than at school. I'm convinced that a Scout camp is the ideal school for imparting the often taken-for-granted things a boy must learn. In the smaller area of a camp, a boy



Brother Jacoby (in the helmet) watching his scouts at play by the seashore.

BROTHER JOHN M. JACOBY S.J.

is soon acquainted with the necessity of unselfish cooperation with others for smooth social living—something he will eventually meet in the wider, and often harsher, world of the community.

At camp the boys lead a full, well-rounded life. Each morning they begin the day in the most perfect way possible—with Holy Mass and a short instruction. With their day thus dedicated, they are ready for the instructive restraints and pleasant relaxations of camp life. Benediction and night prayers close their full day.

On the last Sunday in camp, the Scouts invite the people of San Pedro to join them in a procession in honor of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Since the hurricane of 1942 we have held this annual procession—begging Our Lady to keep Ambergris Caye out of the path of these terrible winds. About three-fifths of the village attends, and Our Lady guards them well. After seven lean years, we are again seeing coconuts being processed into copra for the production of oils and fats.

Yes, everything went gloriously this year, and we are especially grateful to the busy interest of our holy guardian angels who kept the Scouts from injury.

(Top) The Governor of British Honduras, Hon. Ronald Garvey, inspects the Scouts with Brother Jacoby. (Center) Loyola Camp for the Scouts. (Below) At the end of three glorious weeks, all packed and ready for home in Belize.





The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

At JESUIT MISSIONS we look back on the year 1949 as one of singular achievements, not with any pride on our part, but with a conviction of faith and of fact that our success is due primarily to God's blessings and, secondly, to you, our co-missionaries.

Letters from our office have told you of our appreciation for your sacrifices but I thought you would enjoy the following letter from an American Jesuit in Patna, India:

"What a thrill it would be for your many benefactors if they could see the results of their generosity and if they could realize that the churches and chapels that they help to build will be filled daily with grateful people and priests in whose prayers they will never be forgotten. And even if they could forget, God Who sees all could never forget those who have made it possible for His Church to exist in these remote corners of the world."

With God and with your cooperation 1950 can be a year of even greater blessings for souls on the missions. Both the missionaries and ourselves renew our promise to pray, with even greater fervor, for you and every intention of yours.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Altars:

The large group of 57 Jesuits gathered together at the Japanese Language School in Taura gives great promise for the future of the Church in Japan. But such numbers offer problems of the present as well.

Among the 57, there are 22 priests who celebrate Holy Mass each day. The main Altar of the Chapel, though simple, is quite suitable. As for some of the other "Altars," however, try as we may to disguise them, they still look like the plain old tables they really are.

Attractive new Altars can be had for about \$50.00 each. If there comes a time when Language School numbers are not as large, these Altars could easily be used in new mission stations. The Sacrifice of the Mass is still quite a rarity among the eighty millions of Japan. Please help us to celebrate those few Masses as reverently as possible.

Missals:

Ask a missionary what he needs in the line of equipment to make his work more effective and invariably he will begin his list with requests for church supplies. For example, requests for Missals for the celebration of Mass come from all over the world—from Ceylon, from Alaska, from Jamaica,

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.
821 Market Street,
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 28, 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.

from the Philippines, and from Honduras, Central America. Missals vary in price from \$40.00 for the large size to \$6.50 for use on small portable Altars.

Hercules:

As you know, the ordinary Altar stone is made of marble. These Altar stones weigh between twelve and fifteen pounds and are hard to pack. Picture yourself carrying one of these Altar stones as part of your equipment through the jungle hills and you can understand this appeal from Father Dolalas in Talakag: "In connection with my trips to the interior, I am begging for a lighter Mass kit, preferably the army jungle kit. At present, I am struggling with a heavy Altar stone and Chalice. Please help me. It will lessen physical fatigue."

For \$150.00 we can assemble a very attractive and devotional Mass kit for Father Dolalas. Will you help him?

The Amateur Hour:

On behalf of his one hundred Eskimo boys and girls in the boarding school at Akulurak, Father Menager asks for any kind of musical instruments: guitars, violins, mandolins — and above all, mouth organs. "We stress music a great deal because it brings joy to their lives."

N.B. Send donations or instruments directly to the Alaskan Mission Procurator:

Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
900 Broadway
Seattle 22, Washington

Broom-sticks for Rifles:

At Holy Rosary Mission in South Dakota, missionaries are making a manful effort at vocational training—carpentering, tinsmithing, auto mechanics and farming. To make this training really effective the pupils must learn by doing and for this they need tools.

In the carpenter shop each pupil needs a hand saw, square, hammer and wood chisel. In the tin shop a pupil should have a pair of tin shears, square and steel ruler. The auto mechanic should be equipped with socket wrenches, a crescent wrench and pliers. The farmer needs a shovel, pitchfork and spade. Would you like to help supply these tools for the training of the Indians? Could you send us \$2.00 to help purchase some of the above tools?

Patna
MISSION NEEDS



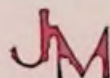
14 Stations of the Cross at \$50.00 each. The stations are imported from the Tyrol.

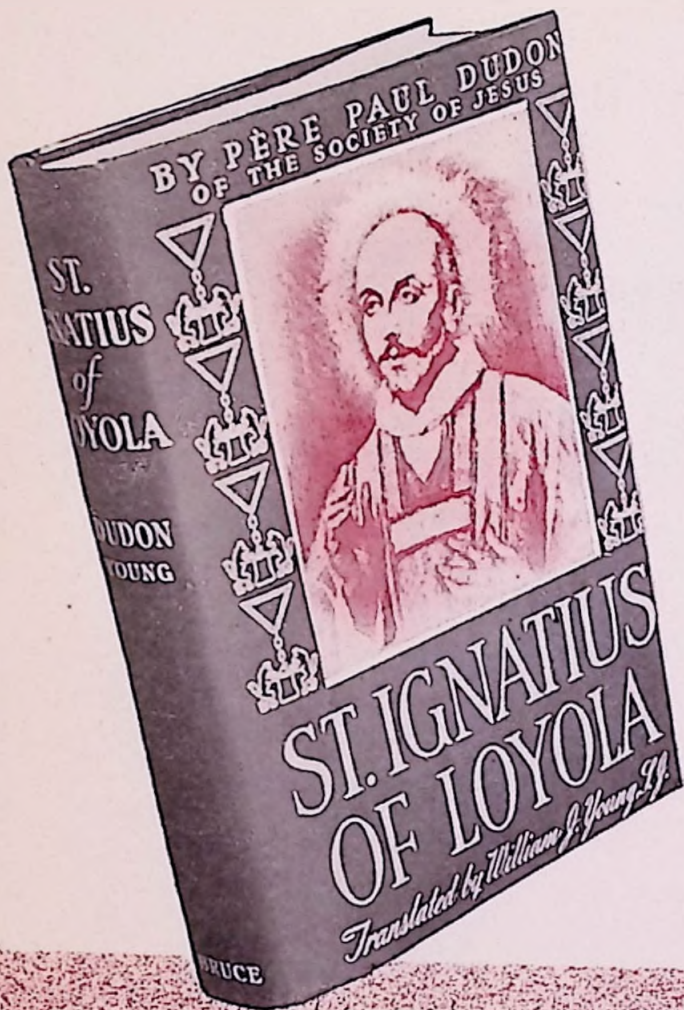
- SANCTUARY LAMP **\$125.00**
- ALTAR CARDS **\$15.00**
- VESTMENTS **\$20.00**
- MISSAL STAND **\$15.00**
- SANCTUARY BELL **\$2.00**

In addition to the explicit requests listed above, there are several other items required for the church. \$75.00 will purchase them.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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





IF YOU want to know why Jesuits are jailed in Hungary, why 103,000 Americans attend Jesuit colleges and universities, why the GIs met American Jesuits in Alaska, Baghdad and Manila, read this life of St. Ignatius Loyola by Pere Paul Dudon S.J. For the organizing genius of Ignatius is the human reason why the Society of Jesus has grown from five or six members to 28,000. Powerful persecutors like Queen Elizabeth and Adolph Hitler failed to crush it because Christ, Our Lord, gave Ignatius the spiritual weapons Jesuits still wield manfully for the defense of the Church. Available for the first time in English in the translation of Father William J. Young S.J., this is a masterly and absorbing biography of a world-mover who died in 1554, yet lives on in 1949.

\$5.00

SAINT AND GENIUS

Please send copy of St. Ignatius of Loyola

To myself To missionary

Name

Address

City Zone State



JESUIT Missions

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

NOTE

This book would make a very inspiring gift to a Jesuit missionary. In each missionary's heart there is an affectionate reverence for his great leader and father, Ignatius of Loyola. Help him be a better Jesuit by sending him this outstanding life of the saintly founder of his order. JESUIT MISSIONS will be glad to do the mailing.